

书虫

牛津英汉双语读物

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全集

书虫

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS



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牛津书虫英汉对照电子书

牛津

简介

牛津书虫系列简介

“书虫”是牛津大学出版社奉献给世界英语学习者的一大精品。书虫在英语中大约是颇可爱的形象，试想如痴如醉沉迷于书卷，孜孜不倦咀嚼着字母的那么一只“书虫”……如今这只“书虫”漂洋过海，轻盈地落在了中国英语学习者的掌中。“书虫”将首先给你以自信，即使你目前只有几百词汇，却可以不太费劲地浏览世界名作了。书虫还会用它细细的鸣叫声不停提醒着你：要坚持不懈地读下去，要广泛而丰富地读下去。待你读完丛书系列中的最后一本，也许会突然发现：你已如蛹变蝶飞一样，振翅欲翔了！

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图 书：爱情与金钱

作 者：[英]阿金耶米

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内容简介：

克拉克森家住在剑桥附近的乡下，离最近的村庄约有半英里路，距离河有1英里左右。他们有幢大而古老带有美丽花园的房子，花园里有许多花和许多古树。

7月的一个星期四早上，杰基从花园进了屋。她是个高大，肥胖，30来岁的女人。这是一年中最热的日子，而她却穿着暖色调的黄色衬衫和棕色裙子。她走进厨房去喝水，这时电话响了。

作者简介：

罗伊纳·阿金耶米是英国人，但在非洲度过了许多年，本书是她为英语学生写的第一部故事。

1 Chapter

The Clarkson family lived in the country near Cambridge, about half a mile from the nearest village and about a mile from the river. They had a big, old house with a beautiful garden, a lot of flowers and many old. trees.

One Thursday morning in July, Jackie came in from the garden. She was a tall, fat woman, thirty years old. It was the hottest day of the year, but she wore a warm brown skirt and yellow shirt. She went into the kitchen to get a drink of water. Just then the phone rang.

‘Cambridge 1379, ’Jackie said.

‘Hello. This is Diane. I want to talk to Mother. ’

‘Mother isn’t here, ’Jackie said. ‘She’s at the doctor’s. ’

‘Why? What’s Wrong? ’

‘Nothing’s wrong, ’Jackie said. ‘Why are you telephoning? You are going to come this weekend? Mother wants everyone to be here. ’

‘Yes, I want to come, ’Diane said. ‘I’m phoning because I have no money for the train ticket. ’

‘No money! Mother is always giving you money! ’

‘This phone call is very expensive, ’Diane said coldly. ‘Tell Mother please. I need the money. ’

Jackie put the phone down. She took a cigarette from her bag and began to smoke. She felt angry because her sister always asked for money. Diane was twenty years old, the youngest in the family. She lived in London, in one room of a big house. She wanted to be a singer. She sang very well but she could never get work.

Jackie went back into the kitchen and began to make some sandwiches. Just then the back door opened, and her mother came in.

‘It’s very hot!’ Molly said. She took off her hat and put it down on the table. She was a tall, dark woman with beautiful eyes.

Two big, black dogs came into the kitchen after her and ran across to her. She sat down and put her hands on their heads.

Jackie put the sandwiches on the table. ‘Mother, ’she said, ‘Diane phoned. She wants money for her train ticket. ’

Molly closed her eyes for a minute. Then she stood up. ‘This afternoon I want you to get the house ready for the weekend, ’she said. ‘Oh, and please go to the village later and get my tablets. ’

‘Yes, Mother, ’Jackie said.

Molly went to the door.

‘Mother, please wait a minute, ’Jackie said. ‘Peter Hobbs came here this morning. He’s very angry with you about that letter. He lost his job, you know. Why did you write to his office? He wants to talk to you about it. ’

‘Well, I don’t want to talk to him, ’Molly said. She opened the door.

‘But Mother, you don’t understand. He’s seventeen, and it was his first job. He’s very, very angry. He says… he says he’s going to kill you! ’

Molly did not answer. She went out of the room and closed the door.

1

克拉克森家住在剑桥附近的乡下，离最近的村庄约有半英里路，距离河有1英里左右。他们有幢大而古老带有美丽花园的房子，花园里有许多花和许多古树。

7月的一个星期四早上，杰基从花园进了屋。她是个高大，肥胖，30来岁的女人。这是一年中最热的日子，而她却穿着暖色调的黄色衬衫和棕色裙子。她走进厨房去喝水，这时电话响了。

“剑桥1379号，”杰基说。

“你好！我是黛安娜。我想和妈妈说话。”

“妈妈不在家，”杰基说。“她看医生去了。”

“怎么了？出了什么事？”

“没什么，”杰基说。“你打电话干嘛？这个周末你回来吗？妈妈希望每个人都在。”

“是啊，我想回来，”黛安娜说。“我正因为没钱买火车票，才打电话。”

“没钱！妈妈总是给你钱！”

“电话费很贵，”黛安娜冷冷说道。“请告诉妈妈，我需要钱。”

杰基放下电话，她从包里拿了枝烟抽起来。她因她的妹妹总是要钱感到生气。黛安娜20岁了，在家里最小。她住在伦敦，在一所大房子里有间屋子。她想成为一个歌唱家，她唱得很棒可是她却从来不愿找工作。

杰基走回厨房动手做一些三明治。这时后门开了，她的母亲走了进来。

“天太热了！”莫利说道，她脱下帽子放在桌上。她是位高个子、皮肤浅黑，有双美丽眼睛的女人。

两条大黑狗跟着她进了厨房围着她转，她坐下来把手放在它们的头上。

杰基把三明治放在桌上。“妈妈，”她说道，“黛安娜打来电话，她想要钱买火车票。”

莫利闭上眼一会，然后站起来。“下午我希望你收拾一下房子为周末做准备，”她说。“哦，随后请去村里给我买些药片。”

“好的，妈妈，”杰基说。

莫利向门口走去。

“妈妈，请等一会。”杰基说。“彼得·霍布斯今早来了，他对你的那封信很生气。你知道，他丢了工作。你为什么写信给他的办公室？”

他想和你谈谈这事。”

“好啦，我不想和他谈，”莫利说，她打开门。

“可是妈妈，你不明白。他17岁了，那是他第一份工作，他非常非常生气。他说……他说他会杀了你！”

莫利没答话，她走出房间关上了门。

2 Chapter

It was seven o'clock on Saturday evening. Jackie stood at the window. A car drove slowly up to the front door and stopped. A tall man with white hair got out, It was Albert, the husband of Molly's sister.

'Here's Uncle Albert,' Jackie said. 'Always late.'

She went out of the room and opened the front door. Albert came in and went at once to Molly.

'Oh, dear. I'm very late. I am sorry,' Albert said. 'Fifty years old today! What a wonderful dress!'

Molly did not smile. 'Thank you, Albert. We're all getting older.' Tonight she wore a long black dress, and the two black dogs sat at her feet. 'Everyone is here now. Let's go in to dinner,' she said.

Everyone stood up and went to the table.

'The table looks nice, Jackie. What wonderful flowers!' Diane said. She was a beautiful girl, with long black hair and dark blue eyes. She wore a long red dress.

Albert sat down next to Roger. Roger was Molly's son, her second child. He lived in Cambridge, in an expensive house.

'Someone called Peter stopped me down the road,' Albert said. 'Who is he? He's very angry with you, Molly.'

'That's Peter Hobbs, from the house across the road,' Jackie said quickly. She looked across the table at Molly. 'He lost his job last week and he's angry with everyone.'

'It's Molly he doesn't like,' Albert said.

Molly said nothing. Everyone began to eat.

'How is Aunt Annie?' Jackie asked.

'She's much worse now,' Albert said. 'She stays in bed all the time. She needs a nurse twenty-four hours a day.'

'I am sorry,' Molly said.

Albert stopped eating and looked at Molly. 'It's very difficult and very expensive, you know. Annie feels very unhappy because you don't visit her, Molly. She loves you very much. You are her little sister; you know.'

Molly closed her eyes for a minute. 'I know that, Albert. I am fifty years old, but I am always her "little" sister. Well, we can talk about it later.'

Albert laughed. 'Oh yes, we can talk later. It's always later with you, Molly. Always tomorrow. Never today.'

Jackie watched her mother. Her mother was angry with Albert. Molly never liked talking about her sister Annie and she did not like visiting her because she was very ill.

'That's a beautiful dress, Diane. Is it new?' Jackie asked.

'Thank you, Jackie. Yes, it's new, and very expensive. I got it on Wednesday,' Diane said. She smiled at Jackie.

'All your things are expensive,' Jackie said. She remembered the phone call on Thursday about the train ticket.

'I don't like cheap things,' Diane said. 'And I'm going to need more money soon. I want to go to America. Can you help me, Roger?'

'Oh no,' Roger said. 'Nobody wants to help you, Diane. You don't like working, we all know that, but we all want you to get a job.'

Diane laughed. 'It doesn't matter, Roger. I don't need your help. Mother always helps me. Mother loves me best.' She suddenly smiled, a quick, beautiful smile. But her eyes were cold.

Jackie looked at her mother. Molly's face was white. Jackie did not understand. Was her mother afraid of Diane? Jackie wanted her mother to be happy today.

'Would you like some more meat, Uncle Albert?' Jackie asked. 'Roger, can you give everyone some more to drink?'

Roger got up and began to give more wine to everyone. 'This is good wine,' he said.

Molly smiled for the first time. 'Yes, your father loved this wine. He often drank it.'

'Yes,' Albert said, and looked at Molly. 'Expensive, too.'

'Would you like to meet Mr Briggs this weekend, Roger? Jackie asked quickly. 'He's the new man at the farm. He wants to meet you.'

'Briggs? Briggs?' Molly said, suddenly angry. 'Don't talk to me about that man. I don't like him. He wants half my garden for his farm. He needs more land, he says. I don't want him in my house. He's always dirty and he has bad teeth.'

Jackie stood up and got her bag. 'Excuse me, I want a cigarette.'

'Cigarettes! Always a cigarette in your mouth,' Molly said. 'I don't like it. Cigarettes aren't good for you.'

Jackie began to smoke. She felt angry but she said nothing. She wanted her mother to be happy this evening, but it was very difficult.

Roger drank some more wine. 'Well, Mother, perhaps Mr Briggs is right. The garden is very big, you know,' he said. 'It's a lot of work for you. The house is big, too. You're fifty now. You need to be more careful.'

'Roger! I don't need a nurse, you know! I work in the garden every day; I feel happy there.' Molly stood up. 'I know you all want my money. You come here for a free dinner, you don't want to see me. You don't love me. You want my house, and my money. Well, you can all wait. No-body is getting more money from me, not before I die!'

'Don't say that, Mother!' Jackie cried.

Molly walked across the room to the door. 'I feel ill now. I'm going upstairs to bed.'

Molly left the room. Nobody moved.

'One day I'm going to kill that woman,' Diane said quietly.

Roger looked at Diane but said nothing. Albert moved his head slowly up and down. 'I'll! She's angry, that's all, 'he said. 'Molly always gets angry about money. Why can't she be good to her sister? Annie's going to die soon. Molly knows that. '

Jackie finished her cigarette and stood up. 'Would everyone like some coffee? Come into the kitchen and let's drink it there. '

2

星期六晚上7点。杰基站在窗前。一辆小车徐徐驶到前门停下来。一个白头发、高个子的男人下了车，他是艾伯特，莫利姐姐的丈夫。

“是艾伯特姨父，”杰基说。“他总是迟到。”

她走出房间打开前门。艾伯特走进来，立刻便走向莫利。

“哦，亲爱的，抱歉，我来得太迟了，”艾伯特说。“今天是你50岁生日！多漂亮的裙子！”

莫利没有笑。“谢谢你，艾伯特。我们都老了。”今晚她穿了一条长长的黑裙子，两条黑狗蹲在她脚边。“现在大家都到了，咱们吃饭吧。”她说。

大家都站起来走到桌前。

“餐桌看起来不错，杰基。多美的花啊！”黛安娜说。她是个美丽的女孩，有一头长长的黑头发和一双深蓝色的眼睛，她穿了一条红色的长裙。

艾伯特坐在罗杰的旁边。罗杰是莫利的儿子，她的第二个孩子。他住在剑桥一幢昂贵的房子里。

“有个叫彼特的人沿路阻挡我，”艾伯特说。“他是谁？他很生你的气，莫利。”

“那是彼得·霍布斯，家住在马路对面的房子里。”杰基很快地说。她看着餐桌对面的莫利。“他上周丢了工作，他生每个人的气。”

“他不喜欢的是莫利，”艾伯特说。

莫利一言不发。大家开始吃东西。

“安妮姨妈好吗？”杰基问。

“她现在更糟糕了，”艾伯特说。“她所有时间都呆在床上。她一天24小时都需要护士。”

“我真难过”，莫利说。

艾伯特停下来看着莫利。“你知道，这事非常麻烦并且非常花钱。莫利，安妮因为你不去看她很不高兴。她非常爱你，你知道，你是她的小妹妹。”

莫利闭上了眼。“我知道这些，艾伯特。我都50岁了，可我总是她的‘小’妹妹。好吧，我们以后再谈这事。”

艾伯特笑道。“哦，是啊，我们以后再谈。莫利，和你总是以后，总是明天。从来不是今天。”

杰基看着她的母亲，她的母亲生艾伯特的气。莫利从来就不喜欢谈论她姐姐，也不喜欢去拜访她。而她病得很重。

“这裙子真漂亮，黛安娜。是新的吗？”杰基问。

“谢谢，杰基。是的，新裙子，非常贵。我周三才买的。”黛安娜说。她冲着杰基微笑。

“你所有的东西都昂贵，”杰基说。她记起周四关于火车票的电话。

“我不喜欢便宜的东西，”黛安娜说。“我不久会需要更多的钱，我想去美国。罗杰，你能帮我吗？”

“哦，不行，”罗杰说。“没有人想帮你，黛安娜。我们都知道，你不喜欢工作，但是我们都希望你找份工作。”

黛安娜笑道。“没关系，罗杰。我不需要你的帮助，妈妈总是会帮我的，妈妈最爱我。”她突然笑了一下，一个转瞬即逝美丽的微笑。可她的眼神却是冷冷的。

杰基看着她的妈妈，莫利脸色苍白。杰基不明白为什么。她的妈妈会怕黛安娜？杰基希望她的妈妈今天快快乐乐。

“艾伯特姨父，你还要些肉吗？”杰基问。“罗杰，你能给每人再添些饮料吗？”

罗杰站起来动手给大家加了些酒。“这酒不错，”他说。

莫利第一次笑了。“是啊，你父亲爱喝这种酒。他经常喝。”

“是啊”，艾伯特看着莫利说“也非常贵。”

“罗杰，这个周末你想见见布里格斯吗？”杰基急忙问。“他刚来农场。他想见见你。”

“布里格斯？布里格斯？”莫利说，她突然生气了。“不要和我谈那个男人，我不喜欢他。他想要我把一半的花园当他的农场。他说，他需要更多的土地。我不希望他来我家，他总是脏兮兮的，还有一口坏牙。”

杰基站起来拿她的包。“抱歉，我想抽枝烟。”

“烟！你的嘴总是叼着烟，”莫利说。“我讨厌烟，抽烟对你不好。”

杰基开始抽烟，她感到很生气，但她什么也没说。她想让她妈妈今晚快乐些，可看来这非常难。

罗杰喝了好些酒。“好啦，妈妈，布里格斯先生可能是对的。你清楚，花园是太大了，”他说。“你要干许多的事，房子也太大了。你都50岁了，你需要更多的照顾。”

“罗杰！你明白，我不需要护士！我每天在花园里干点活，我在那儿感到快乐。”莫利站起来。“我知道你们都想要我的钱。你们来这儿只为一顿免费的晚餐，不是想来看看我，你们不爱我。你们想要我的房子，我的钱。好吧，你们都等着。在我死之前，任何人都别想从我这儿得一点儿！”

“别说这些，妈妈！”杰基叫道。

莫利穿过房间走到门前。“现在我感到不舒服。我要上楼睡觉了。”

莫利离开了房间，大家都没动。

“有一天我会杀了这女人，”黛安娜平静地说。

罗杰看看黛安娜，但什么也没说。艾伯特上下摇晃着脑袋。“不舒服！她生气了，就这样，”他说。“莫利谈到钱总要生气。为什么她不能对她姐姐好点？安妮不久就要死了，莫利知道这些。”

杰基抽完烟站起来。“每人都来些咖啡吗？到厨房去，咱们在那儿喝吧！”

Early next morning the house was quiet. Suddenly there was a cry from the room next to Roger's, his mother's room. Roger opened his eyes and looked at the clock. It was nearly seven o'clock. He got out of bed and opened the door quietly. At the same time the door of his mother's room opened and Diane came out. Her face was very white.

'Roger! It's Mother! I brought a cup of coffee for her and I found her dead. She's dead...dead in her bed,' she cried.

Roger went quickly to the door of his mother's room and looked in. The window was open but the room was warm. Molly was on the bed, one hand under her head. Roger went across to the bed and put his hand on her arm. It was cold. On the little table next to the bed was a hot cup of coffee and an empty cup.

'I'm going to call the doctor,' Diane said.

'She's dead,' Roger said slowly. His face, too, was white. 'Mother is dead!'

Diane walked across the room to the door. 'I'm going to phone the doctor,' she said again.

'Wait a minute!' Roger called. 'Let's tell the family first.'

'Family! Nobody loved Mother!' Diane went out and ran downstairs.

Roger slowly went downstairs after her and stood by the telephone.

'Dr Pratt, this is Diane Clarkson. It's my mother—she's dead. Can you come quickly?'

Diane put the phone down. 'It isn't true, Roger! Mother dead! Daddy died last winter, and now Mother.' Diane began to cry.

'Don't cry, Diane,' Roger said. 'Let's go upstairs and tell Uncle Albert and Jackie.'

'No! You tell them! Nobody loved Mother. You aren't sorry. Look at you! You want her money. That's all.'

Roger suddenly wanted to hit Diane. 'Be quiet!' he said. 'What about you? You didn't love Mother. You wanted her money, too. Don't forget that!'

'It's true,' Diane said. 'Oh, I can't stay in this house. I'm going out. I'm going to the river with the dogs.'

'No,' Roger said. 'The doctor's coming and I want you here.'

Diane said nothing. She went into the kitchen and at once the dogs got up and came to her. 'Beautiful dogs! Daddy loved you and Mother loved you. Now I'm going to love you.' She opened the back door and went out with the dogs.

Roger did not move. He stood by the telephone. 'It's true,' he thought. 'I am happy about the money. I needed money, and now I'm rich. Things are going to be easier for me now. But Mother...why didn't I love her more? And now she's dead.' Slowly, Roger went back upstairs. He wanted to dress before Dr Pratt arrived.

Dr Pratt was a little fat man without much hair. He was the family doctor and he knew all the Clarkson family very well. He went upstairs at once and looked at Molly's body. He looked carefully at the cup of coffee and the empty cup on the table next to her bed.

'I'm sorry, Roger,' he said. 'Where is Diane? She phoned me.'

'She went out with the dogs,' Roger said. 'She was angry with me—angry with everyone.'

Dr Pratt said nothing for a minute. 'This is going to be very difficult. I'm going to phone the police, Roger.'

'Police! Why? What's wrong?'

'I don't know. Your mother wasn't ill. I saw her on Thursday and she was very well. Why did she die? I don't understand. I want to find out.'

Roger went across to the window and looked out at the garden. It was a beautiful summer morning. The sky was blue and the garden was green. It was all very quiet. His mother loved this garden. But Tom Briggs wanted the garden. And Roger wanted the garden, too. Roger felt worse and worse.

'Your mother took sleeping tablets,' Dr Pratt said. 'Did you know? On Thursday she had a new bottle of tablets, but I can't find it here in her room.'

'I didn't know,' Roger said. 'Very well. Let's go downstairs and you can phone the police.'

Roger went into the kitchen and made some coffee. Just then Diane came in with the dogs.

'Roger,' she said. 'Look, I'm sorry. I was angry and said some angry things.'

'It doesn't matter,' Roger said. 'Here you are, have some coffee. Dr Pratt is phoning the police. Did you know Mother took sleeping tablets? Well, the bottle is not in her room.'

'What? I don't understand.' Diane took the coffee and began to drink. Her eyes looked big and dark.

Just then Dr Pratt came into the kitchen. 'They're coming at once,' he said. 'Diane—I'm sorry about your mother.'

'Dr Pratt, I want to tell you about last night. Everyone was very angry...'

'Be quiet!' Roger said quickly.

'Diane never thinks before she opens her mouth,' he thought angrily.

Diane did not look at Roger. 'Last night Mother went to bed early because everyone...'

'Don't tell me,' Dr Pratt said. 'You can tell the police.'

Roger's face went red. Suddenly he felt afraid. 'The police are going to talk to everyone, and ask questions,' he thought. 'And they're going to want answers. It's going to be very difficult.' He finished his coffee and stood up.

'I'm going upstairs,' he said. 'I'm going to tell Uncle Albert and Jackie about Mother...and about the police.'

打开门。正在这时他母亲房间的门也打开了，黛安娜走出来，她的脸非常苍白。

“罗杰！妈妈她，我端了杯咖啡给她，发现她死了。她死了……死在她床上，”她哭道。

罗杰急忙走到他母亲的门前往里看，窗户是开着的，可房间里是温暖的。莫利躺在床上，一只手在她头下。罗杰走到床前把手放在她的手臂上，尸体已经冷了。床边的小桌上有杯热咖啡和一个空杯子。

“我打电话去叫医生，”黛安娜说。

“她死了，”罗杰慢慢地说。他的脸也变白了。“妈妈死了！”

黛安娜穿过房间走到门口。“我去打电话叫医生，”她又说。

“等会儿！”罗杰叫道。“咱们得先告诉家人。”

“家里人！没有人爱妈妈！”黛安娜走出去跑下楼。

罗杰跟着她慢慢走下楼站在电话旁。

“普拉特先生，我是黛安娜·克拉克森。我的妈妈——她死了。你能尽快赶来吗？”

黛安娜放下电话。“这不是真的，罗杰！妈妈死了！爸爸去年冬天死了，现在妈妈也死了。”黛安娜开始哭泣。

“别哭了，黛安娜，”罗杰说。“咱们上楼去告诉艾伯特姨父和杰基。”

“不！你去告诉他们！没人爱妈妈，你们不必内疚。看看你们！你们想要她的钱。不过如此。”

罗杰突然想揍黛安娜。“安静点！”他说。“你怎么了？你不爱妈妈，你也想要她的钱，别忘了这点！”

“不错，”黛安娜说。“哦，我不能再呆在这儿了。我要出去。我要和狗去河边。”

“不行，”罗杰说。“医生就要来了，我想你留在这儿。”

黛安娜没说话。她走进厨房。狗立即站起来走到她旁边。“多漂亮的狗！爸爸爱你们，妈妈也爱你们。现在我会爱你们的。”她打开后门，带着狗走了出去。

罗杰没动，他仍站在电话旁。“不错，”他想。“我的确为钱高兴。我需要钱，现在我是富有的了。事情现在对我来说更容易。但是妈妈……我为什么不多爱她些呢？可现在她死了。”罗杰慢慢地上了楼，他想在普拉特医生来前穿好衣服。

普拉特医生是个矮胖没有多少头发的男人，他是家庭医生并且他非常清楚克拉克森一家人。他立即上楼查看莫利的尸体。他仔细看了床边桌子上的一杯咖啡和空杯子。

“抱歉，罗杰，”他说。“黛安娜在哪儿？她给我打了电话。”

“她带着狗出去了，”罗杰说。“她冲我生气，对每个人都生气。”

普拉特医生沉默了一会。“这事非常难办。罗杰，我要打电话给警察。”

“警察！为什么？出了什么事？”

“我不清楚，你的母亲没病，我周四见到她身体很好。她为什么会死？我不明白，我想找出原因。”

罗杰走到窗前向外看花园。这是个美丽的夏天清晨，天空蓝蓝的而花园是一片绿色，一切都非常安静。他的妈妈爱这个花园，然而汤姆·布里格斯却打着这个花园的主意，并且罗杰也想要这个花园。罗杰觉得事情越来越糟。

“你的妈妈服了安眠药，”普拉特医生说。“你知道吗？她周四买了瓶安眠药，可是我在她的房间却找不到。”

“我不知道，”罗杰说。“好吧。咱们下楼去，你可以给警察打电话。”

罗杰走进厨房弄了些咖啡，这时黛安娜带着狗走进来。

“罗杰，”她说。“你瞧，我很抱歉。我生气了并说了些令人生气的话。”

“没关系，”罗杰说。“给你，喝点咖啡。普拉特医生正打电话给警察。你知道妈妈服安眠药吗？嗨，瓶子不在她的屋里。”

“什么？我不知道。”黛安娜端起咖啡开始喝。她的眼睛看起来又大又黑。

这时普尔特医生走进厨房。“他们马上来，”他说。“黛安娜——我为你妈妈难过。”

“普拉特医生，我想告诉你有关昨晚的事，每人都非常生气……”

“安静些！”罗杰急忙说。

“黛安娜在张嘴前从不想想，”他生气地想。

黛安娜没看罗杰。“昨晚妈妈早早就上床了，因为每个人……”

“别告诉我，”普拉特医生说。“你可以告诉警察。”

罗杰的脸红了，突然他觉得有些害怕。“警察会找每个人谈话，问些问题。”他想。“然后他们会想要答案，这事非常棘手。”他喝完咖啡站起来。

“我上楼去，”他说。“我去告诉艾伯特姨父和杰基有关妈妈的事……还有报警的事。”

4 Chapter

The police arrived very quickly. There were a lot of them. Some of them with cameras went upstairs to Molly's room. Two detectives talked to Dr Pratt in the kitchen. The family waited in the sitting room. It was a hot day again and the windows were open. The dogs sat quietly at Diane's feet. Nobody talked. Jackie smoked. They waited for a long time. Suddenly the door opened and the two detectives came in.

'Good morning. I am Detective Inspector Walsh and this is Sergeant Foster. 'The Inspector did not smile. He was a big man in an old black suit and a black hat and coat. He wore a coat because he always felt cold. 'Last night someone put sleeping tablets in Mrs Clarkson's hot milk. We are going to question everybody, and we need a room, please. '

Roger stood up. 'I'm Roger Clarkson. You can have my father's old office. Come with me, it's along here, '

The office was not a very big room, but there was a table and three or four chairs. Roger opened the window.

'I would like to talk first to your uncle, Albert King, 'Inspector Walsh said. He took off his hat and coat and sat down behind the table.

'Of course, 'said Roger and left the room.

Sergeant Foster waited by the door. He was a very tall young man with black hair and a nice smile. He was not very happy this morning because he usually played tennis on Sunday mornings. He was one of the best players at the Cambridge Tennis Club.

Albert came in and sat down.

'I'm going to ask some questions, Mr King, 'the Inspector said, 'and Sergeant Foster is going to write it all down. '

Albert looked at his feet. 'Yes, yes. It's your job. I know that. '

'Tell me about last night, 'Inspector Walsh asked quietly.

'You were angry with Mrs Clarkson. '

Albert looked at Inspector Walsh for the first time. 'Yes, I was. Everyone was angry. Roger was angry. Diane wanted money to go to America. Then there's a man called Tom Briggs...He wants half the garden for his farm. Molly was a rich woman. I need money because my wife Annie—Molly's sister—is very ill. I told Molly this. '

'What happened next? '

'Well, Molly was angry with everyone and went upstairs. We went into the kitchen for coffee. Jackie wanted everyone to go up and say good night to Molly. She lives here with Molly so she wanted Molly to be happy. At first Roger said no. He was angry and didn't want to see his mother. '

'And did you see Molly in her room? '

'Yes. I was tired and I went upstairs first. I went to Molly's room and asked her for money again. But no—there was no money for her sister. 'Albert stopped and put his hand over his eyes.

Inspector Walsh watched Albert for a minute. 'Did you hear noises after you went to bed? '

'Everyone went into Molly's room to say good night, I think. Later, I heard someone...He—or she—went down—stairs. That was about midnight. '

'Very well, Mr King. Thank you, you can go now. 'Albert left the room.

Inspector Walsh put his hands behind his head. 'What time is it? I'm hungry. We're learning a lot, but I need some coffee. '

'Shall I go to the kitchen? 'Sergeant Foster asked.

'Oh, no. Later. Let's see Jackie Clarkson next. '

Jackie came in and sat down. She looked down at her hands and said nothing.

'We found the empty bottle of your mother's sleeping tablets in Diane's room, 'the Inspector said suddenly. Then he waited. Jackie's face did not change and she said nothing.

'Tell me, did your mother get her tablets from the shop in the village? '

'Yes. My mother usually took a sleeping tablet every night so she needed a lot of tablets. Sometimes she got them from the shop, sometimes I did. On Thursday, I asked Peter Hobbs to get them. He lives in the house across the road, and he often goes to the village on his bicycle. '

'I see. Your mother wanted to stay in this house. How about you? Did you want to move? '

Jackie looked up for a minute and then down at her hands again. 'This is Mother's house. I loved my mother. She was good to me. '

'Did you see your mother in her room last night? '

'Yes, everyone did. Diane made hot milk and took it to Mother. She usually drank a cup of hot milk before she slept. '

Inspector Walsh put his hands behind his head. Jackie was very quiet. 'What did your mother say? '

Jackie opened her bag and looked for a cigarette. 'Can I smoke? '

'Of course. This is your house, 'Inspector Walsh said. He watched Jackie. 'What did your mother say? 'he asked again.

'She wanted to go downstairs again. She remembered the dogs—she wanted to get some dinner for them. I went to my room and she went downstairs. '

'What time was this? '

'I don't remember. About midnight, I think. '

'And the cup of hot milk? '

‘It was on the table by her bed.’

‘Did you need your mother’s money?’

‘No, Inspector. Money is not important to me. There are more important things,’ Jackie said quietly.

‘Well, your uncle Albert wanted money. Tom Briggs wanted the garden. You wanted nothing?’

Jackie finished her cigarette and looked up at the Inspector. Her eyes were suddenly angry. ‘Don’t forget Peter Hobbs. He lost his job because of my mother. He wanted to kill her, you know. And what about Diane? You found the empty bottle in her bag.’

Inspector Walsh listened carefully. ‘We’re going to question everyone, Miss Clarkson.’

Jackie said nothing for a minute. ‘Would you like some sandwiches and coffee, Inspector?’

‘Ah! Yes, please!’ Inspector Walsh said warmly. ‘I would like sandwiches and coffee very much.’

Jackie left the room. Inspector Walsh thought about her. Why was she suddenly angry? The room was quiet.

4

警察很快就到了，来了许多人，一些人带着相机上楼到莫利的房间。两个侦探在厨房和普拉特医生谈话。家人在客厅等着。这又是个热天，窗户开着，狗安静地坐在黛安娜脚旁。没人说话。杰基抽着烟。他们等了很长时间。突然门开了，两名侦探走了进来。

“早上好。我是沃尔什探长，这是福斯特警官。”探长没有笑。他是个高大的男人，穿件黑色的旧衣服，披着件黑色外套，戴着顶黑色的帽子。

他总觉得冷所以穿了件外套。“昨晚有人把安眠药放在克拉克森太太的热牛奶里，我们会问每个人。劳驾，我们需要一个房间。”

罗杰站起来。“我是罗杰·克拉克森。你们可以用我父亲过去的办公室。跟我来，就在这儿。”

办公室不是很大，但有一张桌子和三四把椅子。罗杰打开了窗户。

“我想先和你的姨父艾伯特·金谈谈，”沃尔什探长说。他脱下帽子和外套，坐在桌旁。

“当然可以，”罗杰说，然后离开了。

福斯特警官等在门边。他是个高个子、黑头发，有着迷人微笑的年青人。他通常在周日早上打网球，因而今早他有些不高兴。他是剑桥网球俱乐部最好的队员之一。

艾伯特走进来坐下。

“金先生，我想问你几个问题，”探长说，“然后福斯特警官会把你说过的话都记录下来。”

艾伯特看着自己的脚。“好，好的。这是你们的工作。我理解。”

“告诉我有关昨晚的事。”沃尔什探长平静地问。“你对克拉克森太太生气了。”

艾伯特这才直视着沃尔什探长。“是的，我生气了。每个人都生气了，罗杰生气了，黛安娜想要钱去美国。然后有个叫汤姆·布里格斯的男人……他想要一半花园当他的农场。莫利是个富有的女人。我需要钱，因为我的妻子安妮——莫利的姐姐——病得很重。我把这些告诉了莫利。”

“接着发生了什么？”

“嗯，莫利冲大家生气，然后上了楼。我们进厨房去喝咖啡。杰基希望每人都上去对莫利道晚安。她和莫利住在一块，所以她想让莫利快乐些。开始罗杰不同意，他在生气，不想见他的妈妈。”

“接着你去莫利的房间见她了？”

“是的。我累了，我先上了楼。我去莫利的房间又向她要钱。但是不行——她没有钱给她的姐姐。”艾伯特停下来并用手蒙住了眼睛。

沃尔什探长看了会艾伯特。“你上床后听到什么声音吗？”“我想，每人都到莫利的房间对他道晚安。随后，我听到有人……他——或则她——下了楼。那时大概是午夜了。”

“很好，金先生，谢谢。你现在可以走了。”艾伯特离开了房间。

沃尔什探长把手放在脑后。“几点了？我饿了。我们了解了不少东西，但我需要点咖啡。”

“要我去厨房吗？”福斯特警官问。

“哦，不，呆会儿。咱们接下来见见杰基·克拉克森。”

杰基走进来坐下，她低头看着手没说话。

“我们在黛安娜的房间发现了你妈妈安眠药的空瓶子。”探长突然说，然后他等着。杰基脸色没变，她一言不发。“告诉我，你的妈妈是从村里的商店买到药的？”

“对。妈妈通常每晚都要服一片安眠药，所以她要许多药片。有时她去商店买，有时是我去。周四我请彼特·霍布斯去买。他住在马路对面的那幢房子，他经常骑自行车去村里。”

“明白了。你母亲想留在这幢房子里。你呢？你想搬家吗？”

杰基抬头看了会然后又低下头看着她的手。“这是我妈妈的房子。我爱我的妈妈，她对我很好。”

“昨晚你去她的房间见她了吗？”

“去了，每人都去了。黛安娜煮了热牛奶并端给了妈妈。她通常在睡前要喝杯热牛奶。”

沃尔什探长把手放在脑后。杰基很平静。“你的妈妈说些什么？”

杰基打开包找了枝烟。“我可以抽吗？”

“当然，这是你的家，”沃尔什探长说，他看着杰基。“你的妈妈说了些什么？”他又问。

“她又想下楼。她想起了狗——她想给它们弄点东西吃。我走回我的房间然后她下了楼。”

“这时几点了？”

“我记不清了。我想大概是午夜。”

“那么那杯热牛奶呢？”

“它在她床边的桌上。”

“你需要你母亲的钱吗？”

“不，探长。钱对我不重要。有比钱更重要的东西，”杰基平静地说。

“嗯，你的艾伯特姨父要钱，汤姆·布里格斯想要花园。你什么也不想要？”

杰基抽完烟抬头看着探长。她的眼里突然冒着火气。“别忘了彼特·霍布斯。是我妈妈使他丢了工作。你知道，他想杀她。还有黛安娜呢？你们在她包里发现了空瓶子。”

沃尔什探长仔细听着。“我们会对每个人提问，克拉克森小姐。”

杰基沉默了一会。“探长，你们要些三明治和咖啡吗？”

“哈！好，麻烦了！”沃尔什探长温和地说。“我非常想要三明治和咖啡。”

杰基离开了房间。沃尔什探长想，她为什么突然生气了？房间静悄悄的。

5 Chapter

After the coffee and sandwiches, Inspector Walsh called Roger Clarkson to the office. Roger came in and sat down. The Inspector began at once.

'Now, Mr Clarkson. Why was your mother angry with you last night? '

'This house is very big, 'Roger said. 'It was a lot of work for Mother. I wanted her to move. But no, she loved this house and garden. She didn't want to move. '

'Tell me about your job, Mr Clarkson. Your mother is dead and now you're rich. Do you need money? '

Roger's face was suddenly afraid. 'What are you saying? I didn't kill my mother. I need money, that's true. A friend and I want to build ten houses here, in this garden. We can get a lot of money for them. So. I wanted Mother to sell this house. It's true. But Mr Briggs wanted half the garden, too, you know, for his farm. '

Inspector Walsh moved a pencil on the table. 'Tell me, what happened upstairs? You went to your mother's room? '

'Yes, I did. I wanted to say goodnight to my mother. '

'Did you talk about the house again? '

'Yes, I did. Again, she said no. She loved the house and didn't want to sell it. '

Inspector Walsh watched Roger for a minute. 'I see. We found the empty bottle of sleeping tablets, Mr Clarkson, in Diane's room. '

Roger's face did not change. 'Oh? Someone put them there. Diane did not kill my mother, I know that. She found the body. '

'Very well. I would like to see Diane next. '

Roger got up and left the room.

Inspector Walsh stood up and put his hands in his pockets. He went to the window and looked out at the trees. Why was Roger Clarkson afraid? Was it important? He looked at Sergeant Foster.

'Tomorrow morning, go to Mr Clarkson's office-you have the name, 'he said. 'Ask some questions about him, about his job, friends, money. '

Sergeant Foster wrote it down. 'Yes, Inspector. '

'A good day for tennis, Sergeant? '

Sergeant Foster laughed. 'Don't say that. It's not easy, you know. I don't like sitting here looking at the sun. '

Diane came into the room and sat down. She looked at Sergeant Foster and smiled. 'I saw you at the Tennis Club last month, I think. You play very well. '

Sergeant Foster's face went red. Inspector Walsh looked at him. 'Oh yes. A fast and exciting player is Sergeant Foster. '

Diane smiled again at Sergeant Foster and his face went redder.

'Well, Miss Clarkson, 'Inspector Walsh said, 'I want you to talk about last night. '

Diane stopped smiling. 'Oh, I can talk about last night. I can't stop talking about it. We were all angry. Mother went to bed early and I made hot milk for her. We were all in the kitchen, and Peter Hobbs came in He nearly broke the back door down. 'Diane stopped.

'Yes? '

'He was very angry about a letter. He wanted to kill Mother. Are you going to talk to him? '

'We're going to talk to everyone. '

'Good. Tom Briggs came into the kitchen, too. Are you going to talk to him? '

'I'm asking the questions, Miss Clarkson. When did you take the milk upstairs? '

'I went up after Roger. 'She stopped for a minute. Then she began again. 'I didn't like my mother, Inspector. She killed my father, you know. Last winter, after Christmas, she drove the car into a tree and killed my father. '

Inspector Walsh watched Diane's face carefully. 'I see. So you wanted to kill your mother? '

Diane laughed. 'I wanted to kill her, but I didn't. I can tell you a lot of things about this family, Inspector. Everyone wanted Mother to die. Uncle Albert wanted her money for his wife, Annie. And then my brother. He needs a lot of money. He has an expensive house and an expensive car. And think of Jackie. Do you know that Jackie didn't like Mother? A long time ago, a nice boy worked here. He was the gardener. Jackie loved him very much, but Mother said no. A gardener was not a good husband for a Clarkson girl! '

Inspector Walsh listened quietly. All this was very interesting but was it important? Perhaps. What a happy family the Clarksons were!

'We found the empty bottle of sleeping tablets in your room, 'Inspector Walsh said quietly. He watched her face carefully.

Diane stood up suddenly, her face angry. 'What? I didn't put it there! I'm not going to listen to this! 'She ran out of the room.

'Well, well, well, 'Inspector Walsh said. 'She likes you, Sergeant. You need to be careful. '

Sergeant Foster laughed but his face went red again.

'Someone put sleeping tablets in Molly's hot milk, 'the In-spector said. 'All the family were in the kitchen last night. Peter Hobbs and Tom Briggs were there, too. One of them killed Molly. '

Inspector Walsh got his hat and coat. 'Come on. We need to talk to Peter Hobbs and Tom Briggs. Let's get some more

coffee first. I'd like a sandwich, too. I'm hungry again! ’

5

用完咖啡和三明治后，沃尔什探长叫罗杰·克拉克森到办公室，罗杰走进来坐下。探长马上就开始了提问。

“嗨，克拉克森先生，你母亲昨晚为何生你的气？”

“房子太大了，”罗杰说。“妈妈得干许多活，我希望她搬家。可是不行，她爱这所房子和花园，她不想搬。”

“克拉克森先生，告诉我有关你工作的事，你母亲死了，现在你富有了。你需要钱吗？”

罗杰的脸突然露出害怕的神色。“你在说什么？我没有杀我的妈妈。我需要钱，这是真的。我和一个朋友想在这儿的花园里建10所房子，这事能使我们赚许多钱，所以我希望妈妈卖了这所房子，这是真的。可是布里格斯先生也想要半个花园当他的农场，这你是知道的。”

沃尔什探长在桌上摆弄着铅笔。“告诉我，楼上发生了什么事？你去你母亲的房间了吗？”

“是的，我去了。我想对妈妈道一声晚安。”

“你又谈起了房子？”

“是的，我说了。她又说不行，她爱这所房子，她不想卖掉它。”

沃尔什探长看了罗杰一会。“明白了。克拉克森先生，在黛安娜的房间里我们发现了安眠药的空瓶。”

罗杰没变脸色。“哦？有某个人把它们放在那里了。黛安娜不会杀妈妈，我知道这事，是她发现了尸体。”

“很好。下一个我想见见黛安娜。”

罗杰站起来离开了房间。

沃尔什探长站起来把手放进口袋。他走到窗前看着外边树。为什么罗杰·克拉克森会害怕？这重要吗？他看着福斯特警官。

“明天早上，去克拉克森先生的办公室——你知道他的名字。”他说。“问些有关他的情况，工作、朋友、钱。”

福斯特警官记了下来。“好的，探长。”

“打网球的好天气，警官？”

福斯特警官笑道。“别说这个，你知道，这种天气可不容易遇到。我不喜欢坐在这儿看太阳。”

黛安娜走进房间坐下来，她看着福斯特警官并冲他笑。“我想，我上个月在网球俱乐部见过你，你打得很棒。”

福斯特警官的脸变红了。沃尔什探长看着他。“哦，是的。那位打得激烈、兴奋的球员就是福斯特警官。”

黛安娜又朝着福斯特警官笑，他的脸变得更红了。

“好了，克拉克森小姐，”沃尔什探长说。“我想请你谈谈昨晚的事。”

黛安娜收住了笑容。“哦，我可以谈谈昨晚，我的确是要谈谈。我们都生气了。妈妈早早就上了床，然后我端了杯热牛奶给她。我们都在厨房，随后彼特·霍布斯进来了，他几乎把后门给砸倒了。”黛安娜停住了。

“接着呢？”

“他对那封信很生气，他想杀妈妈。你会和他谈谈吗？”

“我们会找每个人谈。”

“很好。汤姆·布里格斯也进了厨房。你要和他谈谈吗？”

“克拉克森小姐，我提几个问题。你什么时候端牛奶上楼的？”

“在罗杰之后。”她停了一会，然后她又说。“我不喜欢妈妈，探长。你要知道，她杀了我父亲。去年冬天，圣诞节后，她开车撞着一棵树，害死了我父亲。”

沃尔什警官仔细看着黛安娜的脸。“我明白了，所以你要杀死你母亲？”

黛安娜笑了。“我是想杀她，但是我没干。探长，我可以告诉你有关这个家的许多事。每个人都希望母亲死。艾伯特姨父想要她的钱给他妻子安妮。还有我的哥哥，他需要很多钱。他有一所昂贵的房子和一辆昂贵的轿车。再想想杰基。你知道杰基不喜欢妈妈吗？很久以前，一个不错的男孩在这儿工作，他是个园丁，杰基非常爱他，可是妈妈不同意。一个园丁对克拉克森家女孩来说不是个好丈夫！”

沃尔什探长平静地听着。这些都很有趣，可是它们重要吗？也许如此。克拉克森家是一个多么快乐的家庭！

“我们在你的房间找到安眠药的空瓶，”沃尔什探长平静地说，他仔细看着她的脸。

黛安娜突然站起来，她一脸怒气。“什么？我没有放在那儿！我不要听这些！”她跑出房间。

“好了，好了，好了，”沃尔什探长说。“她喜欢你，警官，你得小心点。”

福斯特警官笑笑，他的脸却又变红了。

“有人把安眠药放在莫利的热牛奶里，”探长说。“所有人昨晚都在厨房。彼特·霍布斯和汤姆·布里格斯也在那儿。他们中有人杀了莫利。”

沃尔什探长戴上帽子穿上外衣。“走吧，我们需要和彼特·霍布斯和汤姆·布里格斯谈谈。咱们得先喝点咖啡，我还想要块三明治。我又饿了！”

They found Peter Hobbs under his car—an old green car. He got up slowly. He wore old blue trousers and a dirty orange shirt.

‘We want to talk about Mrs Clarkson,’ Inspector Walsh said.

‘Oh, it’s about her,’ Peter said. He looked at the Inspector. ‘I know she’s dead. Someone in the village told me.’

‘Why did you go to the Clarkson’s house last night?’

‘Jackie wanted me to come and see her brother, Roger.

“You’re angry,” she said. “Come and tell Roger.” I went to the house but nobody opened the door. So I made a lot of noise and then they opened the door. Old Mrs Clarkson wasn’t there. But I told Roger. I told them all!’ Peter hit the car with his hand. ‘I wanted to kill that woman. I lost my job, my first job, because of her. Last month I was in trouble with the police and that old woman wrote to my office and she told them about the police. I wanted to kill her!’

‘Take it easy!’ Inspector Walsh said. ‘What happened next?’

‘Jackie gave me some coffee, but her brother didn’t listen to me,’ Peter said angrily. ‘Then Tom Briggs came in. He wanted to talk to Roger, too. But Roger didn’t listen to him. Jackie was very unhappy—she nearly cried. Then I went home. That’s all.’

‘I see. Now tell me about the tablets. You went to the village on Thursday?’

‘Tablets? Oh, yes. I remember. Jackie wanted me to get her mother’s tablets from the village. I go to the village on my bicycle—this car doesn’t work.’

‘Thank you, Peter. That’s all.’

‘That’s all?’ Peter laughed angrily. ‘You’re going to come back, I know that! I know the police!’

Tom Briggs’ farm was about half a mile away, near the river. It was not a big farm, and the house was old and dirty.

‘Not much money here,’ Inspector Walsh said.

Tom Briggs was a young man, about thirty years old, with dirty hands and bad teeth. ‘What’s wrong? Excuse me, I’m eating my dinner,’ he said.

‘We can wait. Finish your dinner,’ Inspector Walsh said. ‘We want to ask one or two questions about last night.’

‘Come and wait in the front room,’ Tom said and opened the door.

Inspector Walsh looked at the things in the front room. There was an old black and white television, and some books on the table. There was a picture of a happy young girl with long brown hair on the table, too. Inspector Walsh looked at the picture for a long time. Who was the girl?

Tom Briggs came back into the front room.

‘Finished?’ Inspector Walsh asked. ‘You know Mrs Clark—son is dead?’

Tom Briggs sat down suddenly on the nearest chair. ‘What? How did she die? When did it happen? I was there last night.’

‘She died last night or early this morning. What did you do last night?’

‘Me? Why are you asking me? I went there to meet Mr Clarkson Roger. I’m losing money on this farm and I need more land. I want half Mrs Clarkson’s garden.’

‘You went into the kitchen. What did you do next? Can you remember?’

Tom Briggs looked at Sergeant Foster and then back at Inspector Walsh. ‘I remember it very well. All the family were in the kitchen. Peter Hobbs was there, too. I talked to Roger. He wants his mother to sell the house. But he wants the land. He doesn’t want me to have it. But now Mrs Clark—son is dead. What’s going to happen now?’

Inspector Walsh got up and took the picture of the girl from the table. ‘Who’s this?’

Tom’s face went red. ‘Who? Oh! That’s a friend. It’s not…It was a long time ago.’

The two detectives walked back to the Clarksons’ house through the garden. It was beautiful, green and quiet. Inspector Walsh felt tired and hungry. Who killed Molly? He knew the answer now, but he needed to ask one or two more questions.

‘Let’s go, Sergeant,’ he said, and put on his hat again. ‘Tomorrow is a new day.’

6

他们在小车下找到彼特·霍布斯——一辆旧的绿色小车。他慢慢站起来。他穿了条旧的蓝裤子和一件脏兮兮的桔色衬衫。

“我们想和你谈谈克拉克森太太，”沃尔什探长说。“哦，谈谈她，”彼特说。他看着探长。“我知道她死了，村里有人告诉了我。”

“昨晚你为什么去克拉克森家？”

“杰基要我去见她的弟弟，罗杰。”你生气了，”她说，”来告诉罗杰吧。”我去了那儿但没人给我开门。所以我弄出很大的噪音，然后他们开了门。老克拉克森太太不在那儿。但是我告诉了罗杰，我全都告诉了他们！”彼特用手敲打着车。“我想杀了那个女人。我丢了工作，我的第一份工作，就是因为她。上个月我跟警察有些纠纷，那老女人就写信给我的办公室，她告诉他们有关警察的事。我想杀了她！”

“很容易！”沃尔什探长说，“接下来发生了什么事？”

“杰基给我咖啡，可她的弟弟没听我说，”彼特生气地说。“然后汤姆·布里格斯进来了。他也想和罗杰谈谈，可罗杰不听他的。杰基很不高兴——她几乎哭了。然后我回家了。就这些。”

“明白了。现在告诉我有关药片的事。你周四去村里了吗？”

“药片？哦，是的。我想起来了。杰基要我从村里给她妈妈带些药片。我骑自行车去村里的——这辆车坏了。”

“谢谢，彼特。到此为止吧。”

“到此为止？”彼特生气地笑笑。“你们会回来，我知道！我知道警察。”

汤姆·布里格斯的农场离河大约有半英里远。这是个不大的农场，并且房子又旧又脏。

“这儿不值多少钱，”沃尔什探长说。

汤姆·布里格斯是个年轻人，大约30来岁，一双手很脏，还有一口坏牙。“出了什么事？抱歉，我正在吃饭，”他说。

“我们可以等，你去吃饭吧，”沃尔什探长说。“我们想问一两个有关昨晚的问题。”

“进来在前屋等吧，”汤姆说着打开了门。

沃尔什探长看着前屋的东西。屋里有一台旧的黑白电视机，桌上还有些书。一个棕色长发，充满快乐的年青女孩的相片也在桌上，沃尔什探长盯着照片看了好一会。这女孩是谁？

汤姆·布里格斯走进前屋。

“吃完了？”沃尔什探长问。“你知道克拉克森太太死了吗？”

汤姆·布里格斯突然跌坐在最靠近身边的椅子上。“什么？她怎么死的？什么时候发生的？我昨晚还在那儿。”

“她死于昨晚或是今天清晨。你昨晚干了什么？”

“我？你为什么要问我？我去那儿见克拉克森先生——罗杰。我的农场在亏损，我需要更多的土地。我想要克拉克森夫人的半个花园。”

“你进了厨房，你接下来干了什么？你能记得吗？”

汤姆·布里格斯看着福斯特警官，然后又回头看着沃尔什探长。“我记得非常清楚。所有的家人都在厨房，彼特·霍布斯也在那儿。我和罗杰谈话，他想要他母亲卖了房子，可是他要地，他不想让我得到它。但是现在克拉克森夫人死了。将会发生什么呢？”

沃尔什探长站起来，拿起桌上女孩的照片。“这是谁？”

汤姆的脸变红了。“谁？哦！那是一个朋友。这不是……这是很久以前的了。”

两人穿过花园走回到克拉克森家。花园美丽葱绿宁静。沃尔什探长觉得又累又饿。谁杀了莫利？他现在知道了答案，可他需要再问一两个问题。

“咱们走，警官，”他说，然后戴上帽子。“明天是新的一天了。”

7 Chapter

On Monday morning Sergeant Foster went to Roger's office and asked some questions. And then he went to Albert's house and asked some more questions. Inspector Walsh sat in his office and telephoned. He made phone calls about Peter Hobbs and he made phone calls about Tom Briggs. And then he had some coffee and sandwiches.

At three o'clock the two detectives drove to the Clarksons' house.

'I would like to see everyone,' he told Roger.

Everyone came into the sitting room and sat down.

Inspector Walsh stood in front of the windows and looked at them, one by one. 'I want to talk to you Someone killed Molly Clarkson. Someone put sleeping tablets in her hot milk and killed her Nobody wanted to tell me the true story, but now I know the true story and I'm going to tell you.'

The two dogs came slowly into the room and sat down at Diane's feet. It was very quiet in the room.

The Inspector looked at Albert. 'Mr King, your wife is very ill and needs a nurse. You told me this. You didn't tell me about your house. You're selling your house next month because you need the money.'

Albert was angry. 'Last year I asked Molly's husband for some money, and he said yes. But then he died in an accident.'

'Accident!' Diane cried. 'That was no accident. Mother killed Daddy because she wanted his money!'

'Let's talk about you now, Diane,' said Inspector Walsh. You visited your mother every month and you took money from her. Last month she gave you money for your television. This month she gave you money for your telephone. Every month you told your mother: "It was no accident; you killed Daddy. I'm going to tell the police." Your mother was afraid of the police and so she gave you the money. But in the end she wanted to stop you. She told Dr Pratt. No more money, she told Dr Pratt on Thursday; and on Saturday she died. You took the hot milk to your mother—what did she tell you?'

Diane began to cry. 'I loved Daddy! He always gave money to me; he loved me. It was Mother—she didn't love Daddy and she didn't love me. Diane stopped. The dogs got up and went to the door. 'It's true, I took a lot of money from Mother. On Saturday she told me—no more money. I wanted to kill her, but I didn't.'

The dogs came back and sat down again at Diane's feet. Inspector Walsh looked at Roger. 'Mr Clarkson also needed money.'

Roger's face went red. 'Don't tell them! Please!'

'Mr Clarkson lost his job last month. He has no money. But he has an expensive house and an expensive car. He likes expensive things.'

His sisters looked at him, but Roger put his hand over his eyes. 'Don't talk to me!'

'It doesn't matter now!' Diane said. 'Mother is dead and we have a lot of money. You don't need a job.'

Roger's face went red again. 'Be quiet, Diane!'

'Now, Inspector Walsh began again. 'Peter Hobbs is a very angry young man. Mrs Clarkson was not very nice to him. He got the sleeping tablets from the shop. But did he put the tablets in the hot milk? I think not. Tom Briggs wanted half the garden for his farm. He was in the kitchen that night. Did he put sleeping tablets in the hot milk? I think not.'

Suddenly it began to rain. For a minute everyone watched it through the window. Jackie took a cigarette from her bag and began to smoke.

'But someone wanted Peter Hobbs to come into the kitchen that night. She wanted everyone to see him, and listen to him,' Inspector Walsh said.

'She...? I don't understand,' Roger began, and stopped.

Inspector Walsh moved away from the window and sat down. 'I'm going to tell you the true story now. Miss Clark-son, you wanted Peter Hobbs to come to the house that night. He was very angry with your mother because of that letter. He said: "I want to kill her." And you wanted everyone to hear that. Why?'

Jackie's face went white. It's not true! What about Diane? You found the empty bottle in her bag!'

Diane stood up. 'In my bag? Jackie! What are you talking about?'

'Be quiet, please, and sit down,' Inspector Walsh said. He looked at Jackie. 'It's true: we found the bottle in Diane's bag. But how do you know that? We didn't tell you.'

'You did...before...you told me before!'

'No. We found the empty bottle in Diane's room. We told you that. You talked about Diane's bag; we didn't tell you. Sergeant Foster wrote it all down.' Inspector Walsh looked carefully at Jackie. 'A long time ago, you knew Tom Briggs. He was the gardener here and you loved him. But your mother didn't like him.'

Jackie put her hands to her head. 'No! No!'

'We found your picture—an old one—in Mr Briggs' house. You were younger then, and your hair was long. Last year Tom Briggs came back, and you wanted him. He loved you, too, but he had no money. He wanted the garden for his farm, he wanted money, he wanted you. But your mother said no. In the end, you wanted to kill your mother...and you did kill her. Your mother went downstairs to see the dogs and you put the sleeping tablets in her hot milk. Later, you put the empty bottle in Diane's bag.

Jackie stood up. Her eyes were dark and afraid. 'You don't understand! she cried. 'Mother gave me nothing...all those years. I wanted to be happy...to be with Tom. That's all. I love Tom, and he loves me. But Mother said no. Always no.' Then she began to cry. Nobody looked at her.

Jackie left the house in a police car. Inspector Walsh watched and then walked slowly to his car. He felt tired and hungry. He stopped and looked back at the house.

’Well,’ he said to Sergeant Foster, ’in the end, they go the money: Albert, Roger, Diane. They’re all rich now. But are they going to be happy?’

He got into the car. ’Let’s go,’ he said. ’I’m hungry; need a sandwich.’

7

星期一早上，福斯特警官去罗杰的办公室，问了几个问题，然后他去艾伯特家，问了些别的问题。沃尔什探长坐在办公室打电话。他打电话找彼特·霍夫斯，然后又打电话找汤姆·布里格斯。接着他要了些咖啡和三明治。

3点钟，两名侦探开车去了克拉克森家。

“我想见见每个人，”他告诉罗杰。

大家都走进客厅坐下来。

沃尔什探长站在窗前轮流地看了每个人一眼。“我想和你们谈谈。有人杀死了莫利·克拉克森，有人把安眠药放在她的热牛奶里杀了她。没人愿意告诉我实情，但现在我知道了事情真象，我将会告诉你们。”

两条狗慢慢走进房间坐在黛安娜脚旁。房间里非常安静。

探长看着艾伯特。“金先生，你妻子病得很重需要一名护士，你告诉了我。你却没告诉我有关你的房子。因为你们需要钱，你们下个月就要卖了你们的房子。”

艾伯特生气了。“去年我向莫利的丈夫要些钱，他答应了。可接着他死于一场事故。”

“事故！”黛安娜叫道。“那不是事故！妈妈想要他的钱，所以她杀了爸爸！”

“咱们现在谈谈你，黛安娜，”沃尔什探长说。“你每个月都来见你母亲，然后从她那儿要走钱。上个月她给你钱买电视，这个月她又为你的电话付钱。每次你告诉你的母亲：’那不是一场事故；你杀了爸爸。我要告诉警察。’你母亲害怕警察，所以她给你钱。但是最后她想阻止你。她告诉了普拉特医生，没有太多的钱了，她是周四告诉普拉特医生的。接着星期天她死了。你端热牛奶给你母亲——她给你说些什么？”

黛安娜开始哭。“我爱爸爸！他总是给我钱，他爱我。就是妈妈——她不爱爸爸，也不爱我。”黛安娜停住了。狗站起来向门口走去。

“是真的，我从母亲那儿要了不少钱。我想杀了她，可我没有。”

狗回来又坐在黛安娜脚旁。

沃尔什探长看着罗杰。“克拉克森先生也需要钱。”

罗杰的脸变红了。“请你别告诉他们！”

“克拉克森先生上个月失业了，他没有钱了。可他有一所昂贵的房子和一辆车。他喜欢昂贵的东西。”

他的姐妹看着他，可罗杰用手捂住眼睛。“别对我说这些！”“现在没关系！”黛安娜说。“妈妈死了，我们有很多钱，你不需要一份工作。”

罗杰的脸又变红了。“住嘴，黛安娜！”

“现在，”沃尔什探长又开始说了。“彼特·霍布斯是个非常忿怒的年轻人，克拉克森太太对他不太好。他从商店里买到安眠药，可他会把安眠药放在热牛奶里吗？我认为不会。汤姆·布里格斯想要半个花园当他的农场。他那晚在厨房，是他放安眠药在热牛奶里了吗？我认为没有。”

突然天开始下雨了。好一会儿大家都看着窗外的雨。杰基从包里拿了枝烟，开始抽。

“可有人要彼特·霍布斯那晚会厨房。她想要大家都看见他，并听他说话，”沃尔什探长说。

“她……？我不明白，”罗杰说着，然后又停住了。

沃尔什探长从窗边走过来坐下。“现在我将告诉你们事件的真象。克拉克森小姐，你那晚要彼特·霍布斯来家里。他因为那封信很生你母亲的气。他说：’我要杀了她。’因而你想要大家都听到这话。为什么？”

杰基的脸变白了。“这不是真的！黛安娜呢？你们在她包里发现了空瓶子！”

黛安娜站起来。“在我包里？杰基！你在说什么？”

“请安静，坐下，”沃尔什探长说，看着杰基。

“没错，我们在黛安娜的包里发现了瓶子。可你怎么知道的？我们并没有告诉你。”

“你们告诉了……先前……你们先前告诉了我！”

“没有。我们在黛安娜的房间发现了空瓶，我们告诉了你这事。你说的是黛安娜的包，我们没有告诉你。福斯特警官记下来了。”沃尔什探长仔细看着杰基。“很久以前，你认识了汤姆·布里格斯，他是这儿的园丁，你爱上了他，可你的母亲不喜欢他。”

杰基把手放在头上。“不！不！”

“我发现你的相片——一张旧的——在布里格斯家里。你比现在年青，头发长长的。去年汤姆·布里格斯回来了，你想得到他，他也爱你，可他没有钱。他想要花园当他的农场，他想要钱，他也想得到你。可你母亲不同意。最后，你想杀了你母亲……然后你真的杀了她。你母亲下楼去看狗，然后你把安眠药放在她的热牛奶里。随后，你把空瓶子放进黛安娜的包里。”

杰基站起来，她黑黑的眼睛带着恐惧。“你们不知道！”她大声道。“母亲什么也没给我……这么多年了。我想要幸福……和汤姆一起，就这些。我爱汤姆，他也爱我。可母亲不同意，总是不同意。”然后她开始哭，没人理睬她。

杰基走出房子上了警车。沃尔什探长注视着她，然后慢慢走向他的车。他觉得又累又饿。他停下来回头看着那所房子。

“好了，”他对福斯特警官说，“最后，他们得到了钱：艾伯特，罗杰，黛安娜。他们现在都富有了。可他们会快乐吗？”

他上了小车。“咱们走吧，”他说。“我饿了，我需要块三明治。”

[1 Fotheringhay](#)

[2 France](#)

[3 Darnley and Riccio](#)

[4 The death of David Riccio](#)

[5 My son is born](#)

[6 Kirk O'Field](#)

[7 Bothwell](#)

[8 England](#)

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简介

1561年，苏格兰还是个未开化的国家。当年轻的苏格兰女王从法国回到苏格兰时，起初，她的人民非常高兴见到她。她的丈夫——法国国王死了，现在，她需要一个新的丈夫。可是玛丽，这位苏格兰女王是个天主教徒，而当时大多数的苏格兰人都是新教徒。当时的英格兰女王——伊丽莎白一世也是位新教徒。在那个年代，人们都乐于为他们自己的教会而战，并不惜献出生命。

年轻的玛丽女王该嫁给谁呢？谁是她的朋友，谁是她的敌人？玛丽既美丽又聪明，她热爱生活，喜欢冒险，也热爱人民。或许，她爱的人太多了。人们说她“又狂又坏，认识她是危险的”。但那是真的吗？

1587年，玛丽坐在英格兰的福瑟临黑城堡里，疲惫又忧伤。现在她是伊丽莎白女王的囚徒，不久将被送上断头台。她拿起笔开始给她的儿子詹姆斯——现在的苏格兰国王写信。这就是她一生的故事……

提姆·维克瑞是位经验丰富的教师、作家。他在英格兰北部的约克镇上居住、工作。

1 Fotheringhay

My name is Bess Curle, but this is not my story. It is the story of my lady Mary, Queen of Scots. She wrote the story, and then she gave it to me. I am going to give it to her son.

She began the story a week ago. It was January 1587, and we sat here in our cold room in Fotheringhay Castle, in the north of England. We couldn't see much from the window. One or two houses, a river, some trees, some horses, and a road. That's all.

The road goes to London, the home of Queen Elizabeth of England. Mary sat with her little dog in her hands and watched it, all day long.

No one came along the road. Nothing happened. I watched Mary, unhappily.

'Please, Your Majesty, come away from that window,' I said. 'It doesn't help. No one is going to come. Queen Eliza—beth can't do it—Queens don't kill Queens.'

'Don't they, Bess?' Mary said. 'Then why are we here, in this prison? Why am I not free?'

'Why, Your Majesty? Because Queen Elizabeth is afraid of you.'

'That's right,' Mary said. 'She's afraid of me, and she hates me too. She hates me because I am beautiful, and she is not; because I had three husbands, and she never married. And because many people—good Catholic people in England, France, Scotland, Spain—say that I, Mary, am the true Queen of England, not Elizabeth. And Elizabeth has no children, so, when she is dead, my son James...'

She came away from the window and stood in front of me. 'James,' she said quietly, 'my son. Does he think about me sometimes? He was only ten months old when I last saw him. It is nearly twenty years...'

'Of course he thinks about you, Your Majesty,' I said. 'You write to him often. How can he forget his mother?'

'Then why doesn't he write to me?' Mary asked. 'Does he want me to say here in an English prison?'

'No, of course not, Your Majesty. But—he has a lot of work, Your Majesty. He is the King of Scotland, and...'

'He is not the King of Scotland, Bess,' she said. 'Not before I am dead. Remember that.'

'No, Your Majesty, of course not. But perhaps people tell him things that are untrue. You know what people say. Perhaps—perhaps he thinks you killed his father.'

Mary's face went white. She was very angry, and for a minute I was afraid. She said: 'You know that's a lie, Bess. It is a lie! I did not kill James's father—I knew nothing about it!'

'I know that, Your Majesty. But perhaps James doesn't know it. He hears so many lies, all the time. He needs to know the true story. Why don't you write, and tell him?'

Mary sat down slowly. She looked old and tired. 'All right, Bess,' she said. 'Give me a pen, please. I'm going to write to James, and tell him the true story. You can give it to him when I'm dead.'

'Dead, Your Majesty? Don't say that. You aren't going to die.'

Her old, tired eyes looked at me. 'Yes I am, Bess. You know what is going to happen. One day soon, a man is going to bring a letter from Queen Elizabeth. And then her men are going to kill me. But before I die, I would like to write to my son James. I want to tell him the story of my life. So give me a pen, please.'

I gave her a pen. This is what she wrote:

1 福瑟临黑

我的名字叫贝斯·柯尔，但这不是我的故事。它是有关我的夫人玛丽苏格兰女王的故事。她写下了这个故事，便交给我。我将把它转交给她的儿子。

她开始写这个故事是在一个星期以前。那是在1587年的1月，我们坐在英格兰北部福瑟临黑城堡中的一间寒冷的屋子里。透过窗户，我们看不到多少东西，一两幢房屋，一条河流，一些树木，几匹马和一条路，仅此而已。

这条路通往伦敦——英格兰伊丽莎白女王的住宅。一整天玛丽都坐着，手里抱着她的小狗，两眼望着这条路。

没有人从这条路上走来，什么也没有发生。我望着玛丽，心里很悲哀。

“陛下，请您离开那扇窗户吧，”我说道。“那没有用。不会有人来的。伊丽莎白女王不能那样做——女王不杀女王的。”

“难道他们不会吗，贝斯？”玛丽说。“那我们为什么会在这里，坐在这个监狱里？为什么我不能自由？”

“您问为什么吗，陛下？那是因为伊丽莎白女王害怕您。”

“对极了，”玛丽说。“她怕我，并且还恨我。她恨我是因为我漂亮，而她不漂亮；是因为我有三个丈夫，而她从没有结婚。还因为许多人——好心的英格兰、法国、苏格兰、西班牙的天主教教徒们说我玛丽才是英格兰真正的女王，而非伊丽莎白。伊丽莎白没有小孩，因此，她死后，我的儿子詹姆斯……。”

她离开窗口走过来坐在我的面前。“詹姆斯，”她平静地说，“我的儿子。有时他会想起我吗？我最后一次见到他时他才10个月。都快20年了……”

“他当然会想您的，陛下，”我说。“你经常给他写信，他怎么可能忘记自己的母亲呢？”

“那为什么他不给我写信呢？”玛丽问道。“他想让我呆在英格兰监狱里吗？”

“不，当然不，陛下。可是——他有许多事要做，陛下。他是苏格兰的国王，而且……”

“他不是苏格兰国王，贝斯，”她说。“我没死，他就不是。记住这点。”

“是的，陛下，他当然不是。可是也许人们会告诉他一些不真实的情况。您知道人们会说什么。也许——也许他认为是您杀死了他的父亲。”

玛丽的脸一下子变白了。她很愤怒，那会儿我真觉得害怕。她说：“你知道那是个谎言，贝斯。那是个谎言！我没有杀死詹姆斯的父亲——我对那一无所知！”

“我知道，陛下。可是也许詹姆斯不知道。他总是听到那么多谎言，他需要知道真实的情况。您为什么不写信告诉他呢？”

玛丽慢慢地坐了下来。她看起来又苍老又疲惫。“好吧，贝斯，”她说。“请给我一枝笔，我这就给詹姆斯写信，告诉他真实的故事。我死后，你可以把信交给他。”

“死？陛下，不要那样说。您不会死。”

她看着我眼神苍老而疲惫说道，“不，我会死的，贝斯。你知道将会发生什么。不久的一天，一个人带来伊丽莎白女王的一封信。随后，她的人便杀了我。但在我死之前，我要给我的儿子詹姆斯写信。我要告诉他我一生的故事。来，给我一枝笔吧。”

我拿给她一枝笔。这就是她所写的：

2 France

Dear James. Very soon I am going to die, and meet my God. Before I die, I want to write the true story of my life for you. Everything that I write here is true—I cannot lie to you, or to God. Please believe that, James. It's important to me.

My father died when I was one week old, so I was the Queen of Scots when I was a baby. At first I lived with my mother in Scotland, and then, when I was five, I went to France. My mother was French, but she stayed in Scotland, and died there.

I went to France to marry the King of France's son. His name was Francis, and he was one year younger than me. In 1559, his father died, so Francis was King. Then I was Queen of France, and Queen of Scotland too.

I was very happy in France. Francis, my husband, was like a little brother to me. I think he loved me, but he was very young, and he was often ill. And then, in 1560, he died. He was sixteen years old.

When he died I was very unhappy, and my life was very different. There was a new King and Queen, and I wasn't important in France, any more. But I was still Queen of Scots, so I came back to Scotland. When I arrived in Scotland, I was a young girl of eighteen. My mother was dead, and there was no one there to meet me. I walked off the ship, and I slept in a little house near the sea.

Next day, the Scots lords came from Edinburgh. They were pleased to see me, and for a week everyone was happy. People smiled at me and sang in the streets. I think everyone liked me. Then, that Sunday, I went to church.

James, my son, you are a Protestant and I am a Catholic. You are a good man, and you love God, but your church and my church are enemies. I was born a Catholic, and I am going to die a Catholic. I love God, too—I hope you understand that. I'm not going to change now.

That Sunday, people shouted angrily in the streets. 'Your Majesty,' said the Scots lords. 'Scotland is a Protestant country. You can't go to a Catholic church here. The Scottish people don't like Catholics.'

'I'm sorry, my lords,' I said. 'But I am your Queen—no one tells me what to do. I don't hate Protestants, and I'm not going to kill them. The people can go to their Protestant churches, and pray to God there. But I'm going to pray with Catholics, in my church.'

People were angry because of that. A man called John Knox came to see me. He was a famous Protestant churchman, but I didn't like him. He was a big, angry man with black clothes. He hated the Catholic church, and wanted all Catholics to leave Scotland. To him, the Protestant church was the only true church of God. He said: 'Your Majesty, you're a young woman, like my daughter. Women can't understand difficult things like God or the church. Find a good Protestant husband, girl. Let him rule this country for you.'

I was very angry with this man Knox. I was a Queen, but I was only eighteen. He didn't talk quietly—he shouted at me. I cried because of his angry words. I could not understand him—he talked so much, and he knew so many books. But I did not go to his church.

He was right about one thing. Perhaps I could rule Scotland without a man, but I could not have a child without one. And every Queen needs a son or daughter to come after her. So I began to look for a husband.

2 法国

亲爱的詹姆斯，很快我就要死去，去见我的上帝了。在我死之前，我要给你写下我一生的真实的故事。在这里我写的一切都是真实的——我不能对你说谎，也不能对上帝说谎。请相信这一切，詹姆斯，这对我很重要。

在我出生只有一个星期的时候我的父亲便去世了。因此在我还是个婴儿的时候我就成了苏格兰的女王。起初我和母亲一起住在苏格兰，后来在我五岁的时候我去了法国。我母亲是法国人，可是她却呆在苏格兰直到去世。

我去法国并嫁给了法国王子。他叫弗朗西斯，比我小一岁。1559年，他的父亲去世了，因此弗朗西斯成了国王。于是，我既是法国王后，又是苏格兰女王。

在法国我很幸福。我的丈夫弗朗西斯就像是我的一个小弟弟。我想他是爱我的，但是他太年轻了，还经常生病。之后，1560年，他死了，年仅16岁。

他死后我非常伤心，而且我的生活也发生了很大的变化。法国有了新的国王和王后，我在法国已显得不再重要。但是我仍然是苏格兰的女王，因此，我回到了苏格兰。我回到苏格兰的那会儿，我是个才18岁的小姑娘。我的母亲已经去世了，因此没有人来接我。我下了船，就在海边的一间小屋里过夜。

第二天，苏格兰的贵族们从爱丁堡来了。他们见到我很高兴。有一个星期大家都很开心。人们朝我微笑，在大街上唱歌。我以为每个人都很喜欢我。然后，在那个星期天，我去了教堂。

詹姆斯，我的儿子，你是新教徒而我是一个天主教徒。你是好人，且热爱上帝，可是你的教会和我的教会是仇敌。我生为天主教徒，死也是天主教徒。我也爱上帝，——我希望你能理解这些。即使现在我也不打算改变。

那个星期天，人们在大街上愤怒地叫喊。“陛下，”那些苏格兰贵族们说道。“苏格兰是个信奉新教的国家。你不能上这里的天主教堂。苏格兰人民不喜欢天主教徒。”

“很抱歉，我的勋爵们，”我说。“可是你们的女王——没有人能告诉我该怎样做。我不憎恨新教徒，也不会杀害他们。人们可以去他们的新教教堂，并在那里祈祷上帝。而我也将和天主教教徒们一起在我的教堂里向上帝祈祷。”

人们听到这些发怒了。一个名叫约翰·诺克斯的人来见我。他是个有名的新教教士，可我不喜欢他。他个头很大，怒气冲冲，穿着一身黑衣服。他憎恨天主教会，且想让所有的天主教教徒都离开苏格兰。对他来说，新教教会才是唯一真正属于上帝的教会。他说道：“陛下，你是位年轻女子，就像我的女儿。女人是不会懂得诸如上帝、教会这类困难的事情的。找一个新教徒的好丈夫吧，女孩，让他来为你统治这个国家。”

我对这个名叫诺克斯的男人很生气。我是女王，可我只18岁。他没有平静地和我说话——他对我大声叫嚷。由于他措词严厉，我哭了。我不能接受他——虽然他说了那么多，并读过那么多书，但我不会去他的教堂。

可有一点他是对的。没有男人，或许我可以统治苏格兰，但没有男人，我就不会有小孩。每个女王都需要有个儿子或女儿来继承王位。因此我开始物色一个丈夫。

3 Darnley and Riccio

At first I wanted to marry the son of the King of Spain, Don Carlos. But he was a Catholic, of course, and my Scots lords did not like that. It was difficult for me, James. I wanted to please myself. I wanted to please my friends and family in France and to please my people, too. And then there was the Queen of England.

At first I wanted very much to be friends with Elizabeth. We wrote many letters, and talked about a meeting—a meeting between two sister Queens. Elizabeth wrote to me at this time.

Our two countries need to be friends. You need a husband, I need a friend. Why not marry my friend Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester? He is a tall, strong man. I think he could be a good husband for you.

I was very angry about this letter. There were a lot of stories about Elizabeth and Robert Dudley. They were good friends—he often danced and sang and talked with her. Sometimes, people said, he stayed in her room all night. Dudley had a wife, but one day she died very suddenly. It was an accident—she fell down the stairs, they say. But then, perhaps she was unhappy, because of her husband and Elizabeth.

‘And she writes to me about a man like this!’ I thought. ‘She wants him to marry me, because he is her friend—her lover, perhaps! She wants her lover to be King of Scotland!’

I found a better man than Dudley, James. I found Henry Darnley, your father.

He was nineteen years old, and I was twenty-three. He was a tall man, with a beautiful face and big green eyes. He talked and sang well, and I liked dancing with him. He often wore expensive black clothes, and he laughed a lot when he was with me. He was very young and friendly, and I felt happy when I was with him. I liked him very much, and I thought he loved me too.

He was an important man, too. We were cousins—his grandfather was King of Scots, and his great-grandfather was Henry VII of England.

In July 1565, I married him. Elizabeth was very angry, and so were a lot of the Scots lords. My half-brother, the Earl of Moray, tried to stop the marriage. I had to fight him, and he ran south, to England. But I was happy. Your father and I laughed, every day. He was now Henry, King of Scots.

After one or two weeks, the laughter stopped. A King has a lot of work, James, you know that. He has to read hundreds of letters, talk to people, and think about a lot of important things. I did those things, every day. But now, I thought, I had a man to help me.

‘My lord Henry,’ I said. ‘Would you like to read all the letters with me? You can sit next to me, and you can work with me every day.’

Your father looked unhappy. ‘I’m not interested in work like that,’ he said. ‘I don’t understand it.’

‘Of course not,’ I said. ‘You’re a young man, my love. But I can teach you.’

For one or two days he sat down with me, and I tried to teach him. But it was true, he was not interested in the work, and he did not try to understand it.

‘You do it, Mary,’ he said. ‘I’m going out with my friends. We’re going to ride, and drink, and swim.’

So I did all the work. At night, too, he often went out with his friends in the town. They drank a lot, and laughed and sang, and there were often fights. But no one said anything, because he was the King, my husband. What could people say? They were unhappy, but they were afraid of him. Some of them went to England, to the Earl of Moray.

At this time I was often very tired, because I was pregnant. You, my son James, were alive inside me. But I did all the work of a Queen and I needed friends too. One of these friends was a young Italian, David Riccio.

Riccio was a little man and he was not tall or beautiful or strong. But he was a very clever, interesting man. He wrote many of my letters for me, and helped me. He sang well, too, and I sometimes sang with him in the evenings. I liked him very much, and at first, your father liked him too.

But then, Moray’s friends began to talk about me and Riccio. ‘David Riccio is in the Queen’s rooms every night,’ they said to your father. ‘She laughs and sings and dances with him, my lord—it is not right! He is not a Scotsman, and he is not her husband. He is always with her.’

Perhaps they said other things, too—I don’t know. A lot of Scots lords listened to them. But I tell you, James, before God, I did nothing wrong. David Riccio was a good man. He worked hard, and he helped me—so of course I liked him. Your father did not work—he went out to the town every night with his friends, and drank.

And then one night, your father came home.

3 达恩利和里奇奥

开始的时候，我想嫁给西班牙国王的儿子，唐·卡洛斯。可他是个天主教徒。当然，我的这些苏格兰贵族们不喜欢那样。这对我太难了，詹姆斯。我想让自己愉快，又想让我在法国的朋友和家人高兴，也想让我的人民满意。此外，还有英格兰女王。

起初，我极想和伊丽莎白交朋友。我们通了很多信，并讨论有关会面的事宜——两位姐妹女王之间的会面。这时，伊丽莎白给我写信道：

我们两个国家需要成为朋友。你需要一个丈夫，我需要一个朋友。为什么不嫁给我的朋友莱斯特伯爵罗伯特·达德利呢？他高大健壮，我想他会成为你的好丈夫的。

对这封信我很恼火。关于伊丽莎白和罗伯特·达德利之间有许多传闻。他们是好朋友——他经常和她唱歌、跳舞、聊天。人们说他有时还一整夜呆在她的房间里。达德利有妻子，但有一天却突然死了。他们说那是一次意外事故——她从楼上摔了下来。不过，也许她很不快乐，由于他丈夫和伊丽莎白的关系。

“她写信给我介绍这样一个男人！”我想。“她想让他娶我，是因为他是她的朋友——她的情人。或许，她想让她的情人成为苏格兰的国王！”

詹姆斯，我找到了一个比达德利好的男人，他就是你的父亲亨利·达恩利。

他19岁，我23岁。他很高大，有一张英俊的脸庞和一双绿色的大眼睛。他说话很动听，歌也唱得好。我很喜欢和他一起跳舞。他经常穿一

身高贵的黑色衣服，而且和我在一起时他常常面带微笑。他是那样的年轻和友善，和他在一起我感到很幸福。我非常喜欢他，我想他也爱我。

他还是个很重要的人物。我们是堂姐弟——他的祖父曾是苏格兰国王，他的曾祖父是英格兰的亨利二世。

1565年7月，我嫁给了他。伊丽莎白非常恼怒，许多英格兰贵族也是。我的同父异母兄弟，马利伯爵，试图想阻止这场婚姻。我不得不和他作战，他逃到了南方，去了英格兰。我很快乐。你的父亲和我每天欢声笑语。他现在是苏格兰亨利亲王了。

过了两三个星期，笑声不复存在。一个国王有许多工作要做，詹姆斯，你是知道的。他不得不阅读成千上万封书信；和民众交谈；仔细考虑许多重要的事务。我每天做这些事情，不过现在，我想我有个男人来帮我了。

“亨利，我的丈夫，”我说。“你想和我一起阅读这些书信吗？你可以陪在我身边，每天和我一起工作。”

你父亲看起来不太高兴。“我对那样的工作不感兴趣，”他说。“我不懂那些。”

“当然不懂啦，”我说。“你还年轻，我亲爱的。不过我可以教你。”

他和我一起坐了一两天，我试着去教他。但没错，他确实对这项工作不感兴趣，也不打算去领会。

“你做吧，玛丽，”他说。“我要和朋友们出去，我们要去骑马、喝酒、游泳。”

因此我又承担起所有的工作。晚上，他也经常和镇上的朋友一起出去。他们喝很多酒，又笑又唱，还经常打架。但没有人说什么，因为他是亲王，我的丈夫。人们能说什么呢？他们很不高兴，但他们怕他。他们有些人去了英格兰，到马利伯爵那里去了。

那段时间我经常感到疲惫不堪。因为我怀孕了。你，我的儿子詹姆斯，在我的体内生存着。可我仍在做一个女王应做的一切工作，因此我也需要朋友。朋友中有一位是个年轻的意大利人，叫达维·里奇奥。

里奇奥是个小男人，他不高，不好看也不强壮。但他是个非常聪明、有趣的男人。他替我写了许多信，给我帮助。他歌也唱得好，在晚上，有时我们一起唱歌。我很喜欢他，起初，你的父亲也喜欢他。

不过没多久，马里的朋友们开始谈论我和里奇奥。“达维·里奇奥整夜呆在女王的房间里。”他们对你的父亲说。“她和他唱歌、跳舞，笑声不断，我的亲王——这是不对的！他不是苏格兰人，也不是她的丈夫。可他总是和她在一起。”

也许他们还说了些别的事情。——我不知道。很多苏格兰贵族都听到了。不过我告诉你，詹姆斯，在上帝的面前，我没做任何错事。达维·里奇奥是个好人，他工作努力，还帮助我——我当然喜欢他。你的父亲不工作——他每天晚上和他的朋友到镇上去喝酒。

此后的一天晚上，你的父亲回家来了。

4 The death of David Riccio

It was a Saturday evening in March 1566. I was in Edin—burgh with some friends. David Riccio was there, with six or seven other people. We were in a small room, but there was a good dinner on the table, and we were happy. It was dark outside, but inside it was warm and friendly.

Suddenly, a door opened behind me. In the door was Henry Darnley, my husband. I stood up and smiled.

‘Good evening, my lord,’ I said. ‘Please come in. Would you like something to eat?’

‘No, thank you,’ he said. ‘I’m not hungry. But I want to sit next to you, wife. Please tell that man to move.’

A man got out of the chair next to me and Darnley sat beside me. Then he put his arms round me. I did not like it. His face was hot, and his eyes looked unhappy. But I smiled and said, ‘I’m happy to see you, my lord.’

‘Are you, Mary?’ He laughed. ‘Are you really?’

‘Yes, of course, my lord. But—’

Then the second door opened and his friend, Lord Ruthven, stood there. He had a knife in his hand. His face was red, and he looked very angry.

At first no one moved. Then Ruthven said, ‘Your Majesty, send David Riccio out of this room, now! I want him!’

I looked at Riccio. He was afraid. ‘Why?’ I said. ‘Why do you want him?’

‘He is a bad, wicked man!’ Ruthven said. ‘Send him out!’

‘No!’ I said. ‘You want to kill him. David Riccio is my friend! He stays here, with me!’

‘He goes out, woman!’ Lord Ruthven said. ‘King Henry, hold your wife, please!’

I stood up, but Darnley held my arms and I could not move. David Riccio ran behind me and held my dress. My friends in the room stood up too, and moved towards Ruthven angrily. But he had a knife in his hand.

‘Get back!’ he said angrily. ‘Don’t touch me!’

Then five men with knives ran into the little room, and there was a fight. One man held a knife in my face, and another man hit David Riccio, behind me. Then they pulled him out of the room.

‘Help me!’ he screamed. ‘Help me, my Queen—please! They’re going to kill me! Don’t—aaaaaargh!’

I couldn’t help him, because Darnley had me in his arms. But I could hear David Riccio’s screams. I think he fell down the stairs, and he screamed for two or three minutes. Then it was quiet.

‘What are you doing?’ I asked Darnley angrily. ‘Riccio is a good man—why are you doing this?’

Darnley laughed. ‘You are my wife, Mary—not David Ric—cio’s!’ he said. ‘so why are you with him every evening? You never talk to me!’

‘I don’t talk to you because you are never here!’ I said. ‘You are always drinking with your friends! You aren’t a king, you’re a stupid boy!’

He laughed again. It was not a nice laugh. ‘Well,’ he said. ‘Perhaps I am a boy, but that is better than David Riccio, now. Do you want to go and see him?’

I did see him, five minutes after that. He was very dead, and there was blood all over the floor. Poor David Riccio. He sings to God now, not me.

I looked at Henry Darnley, my husband. He had a stupid smile on his face. But I think he was afraid of me. I looked at him a long time, and the smile went away.

‘Remember this night, husband,’ I said to him. ‘Remember it well. Think about it when you look into my eyes, and before you go to sleep. David Riccio was my friend, and you killed him in front of me. I’m never going to forget that, Henry Darnley. Never!’

4 达维·里奇奥之死

1566年 3月的一个星期六晚上。我和一些朋友呆在爱丁堡。达维·里奇奥也在那里，另外还有六、七个人。我们在一间小屋子里，桌上摆着丰盛的菜肴，我们都很高兴。虽然外面夜幕笼罩，但屋子里充满了温暖和友好的气氛。

突然，我身后的门被打开了，门口站着我的丈夫亨利·达恩利。我站起来朝他笑。

“晚上好，我的丈夫，”我说道，“请进来吧，你想吃点什么吗？”

“不，谢谢，”他说。“我不饿。但我想坐在你身边，我的妻子。请叫那个人走开。”

一人从我身旁的座位上站起来，达恩利坐到了我身边。然后他伸出手环抱着我。我不喜欢这样。他的脸很热，他的眼神看起来很不高兴。但我还是笑着对他说。“很高兴见到你，我的丈夫。”

“是吗，玛丽？”他笑道。“是真的吗？”

“是的，当然是的，我的丈夫。不过——”

接着，第二扇门打开了，他的朋友——鲁斯温勋爵站在那儿。他手里拿着一把刀。他的脸红红的，满脸怒容。

起初，谁也没有动。然后鲁斯温说道，“陛下，把达维·里奇奥从这房间里赶出去，马上！我要他！”

我看着里奇奥，他显得很害怕。“为什么？”我问，“你为什么耍他？”

“他是个不道德的坏人！”鲁斯温说。“把他赶出去！”

“不！”我说。“你想杀他。达维·里奇奥是我的朋友！他呆在这里，和我在一起！”

“他得出来，女人！”鲁斯温勋爵说。“亨利亲王，抓住你的妻子，快点！”

我站了起来，可是达恩利抓住我的胳膊，我不能动弹。达维·里奇奥跑到我身后抓住我的衣服。我房间里的朋友们也站了起来，愤怒地向鲁斯温逼近，但是鲁斯温手里拿着刀。

“回去！”他怒吼。“不要过来！”

接着，五个拿刀的男人冲进了这间小屋。一场冲突开始了。一个男人把刀架在我面前，另一个人去攻击躲在我身后的达维·里奇奥。然后他们把他拖出了房间。

“救命！”他尖叫道。“救救我，我的女王——请救救我！他们要杀我！不要！——啊！”

我帮不了他，因为达恩利紧紧抓着我。可是我能听到达维·里奇奥的尖叫声。我想他是从楼梯上摔了下去，尖叫持续了二三分钟后。一切归于平静。

“你在干什么？”我愤怒地责问达恩利。“里奇奥是个好人——你为什么要这样做？”

达恩利笑道。“你是我的妻子，玛丽——不是达维·里奇奥的！”他说。“所以你为什么要每晚和他呆在一起？你从没对我说过！”

“我没有对你说是因为你从来不在这里！”我说。“你总是和你的朋友们不停地喝酒！你不是个亲王，你是个愚蠢的小男孩！”

他又一次笑了，那是个不带好意的笑。“好吧，”他说。“也许我只是个男孩，但也比达维·里奇奥强。你想去看看他吗？

五分钟后，我看到了他。他已经死了，地上到处是血。可怜的达维·里奇奥，他现在给上帝唱歌了，而不再为我。

我看着亨利·达恩利——我的丈夫。他脸上带着愚蠢的微笑。但我认为他还是怕我的。我盯着他看了很久，他脸上的笑容渐渐消失了。

“记住今天晚上，丈夫，”我对他说。“好好记住。在你看着我的眼睛的时候，在你上床睡觉之前，好好想一想这件事。达维·里奇奥是我的朋友，而你却当着我的面杀死了他。对此我永远都不会原谅，亨利·达恩利，永远不！”

5 My son is born

Next morning, Darnley came to see me. He was afraid. ‘What’s the matter, husband?’ I said. ‘Why are you crying?’

‘Oh Mary, Mary!’ he said. ‘I’m sorry! I was wrong! I helped those men to kill Riccio, and now the Earl of Moray is back here with them! He hates me! I am afraid they’re going to kill me, and you too. Think of our child, Mary, here inside you!’

He took me in his arms again. I was very angry. I am sorry, James, that this man was your father. He was a stupid boy, not a man. He was tall and strong and beautiful but he could never think like a man or a king.

I said, ‘You know these men, Henry. What do they want?’

‘They—they want our child, Mary. They don’t want us. They’re going to put you in prison. They don’t want you to be Queen—they want your child to be King or Queen. I—I don’t know what they want to do with me.’

‘Perhaps they want you to be King, too, without me,’ I said quietly. ‘Then you can do what they say, like a little boy.’

‘Perhaps, Mary. They said that, yesterday. But now that Moray’s here—I don’t know. I’m afraid. Please help me!’ He began to cry again. ‘What can we do?’

‘We can run away,’ I said. ‘We can leave Edinburgh quick—ly and quietly, before Ruthven and his men stop us. Be quiet for a minute. I want to think.’

I walked up and down for two or three minutes, then I said: ‘Henry, go back to these men. Tell them—’

‘No! Mary, please! I can’t! I’m afraid of them!’

‘Listen to me, Henry! And try to be a man. Go and tell them I’m ill, because of the child. Say I’m not angry with them. Tell them anything—lie to them. Then, tonight, bring some men and horses here, behind the castle…’

He went, and did it. All day I waited in my rooms, and lis—tened. Then, at one o’clock in the morning, Darnley and I went quietly down the stairs behind the castle. Some of my friends were there, with horses for us. Quickly, we rode away into the night.

That was a very bad night. It was dark and cold. I was ill, and Darnley was afraid. ‘Come on!’ he said. ‘Ride faster, woman! You’re too slow!’

But I was pregnant, and it was cold and dark. We rode for five hours in the rain. ‘I can’t, Henry!’ I said. ‘I’m ill. Think of the baby! I don’t want it to die!’

‘Why not?’ he said. ‘We can always make another one!’

I’m sorry, but it is true. Your father said things like that, James. Then he rode away in front of me, into the dark. I rode slowly behind, with my good woman, Bess Curle.

In the morning we arrived at Dunbar Castle. Darnley slept, and I wrote letters to my friends. Next day Lord Bothwell came to help me. I liked him—he was a good, strong man. Soon I had an army of 8, 000 men. Bothwell and I rode back to Edinburgh with the army. Lord Ruthven died, and some of his friends ran away. But the Earl of Moray stayed.

All that summer I ruled the country, and waited for the ba-by. My husband stayed outside my rooms. I did not want to see him. No one did. Perhaps he drank with his friends. I don’t know.

And then, on 19th June, in a small room in Edinburgh Cas—tle, my baby was born. It took a long time, but at last you were in my arms, James, my son.

I asked your father to come in. ‘My Lord Henry,’ I said. ‘This is our baby! Look at him, my Lord. Take him in your arms. He is your son—isn’t he beautiful?’

But your father did not love me, James. Very often, after you were born, he slept with other women. I know that be—cause he talked to everyone about it. I think he wanted people to know. And I am sorry, but I do not think he loved you, James. When I took you to church and gave you your name, he did not come. He wasn’t interested.

But because of him, David Riccio was dead. I could never forget that. Never.

5 我儿子的出生

第二天早晨，达恩利来见我。他显得很害怕。

“怎么了，丈夫？”我问道。“你干吗哭？”

“噢玛丽，玛丽！”他说。“对不起，我错了！我帮助那些人杀死了里奇奥，现在马里伯爵回来了，和他们在一起！他恨我！我怕他们会杀了我，还有你。玛丽，为你肚子我们的孩子想一想吧！”

他又一次抱着我。我很生气。很抱歉，詹姆斯，这人就是你的父亲。他是个愚蠢的男孩，不是个男子汉。他高大健壮又漂亮，可是他从来没想到要让自己像个男子汉或一个亲王。

我说，“你了解这些人，亨利。他们想要什么？”

“他们——他们想要我们的孩子，玛丽。他们不要我们。他们要把你关进监狱，他们不想让你做女王——他们想让你的孩子做国王或女王。我——我不知道他们要怎样处置我。”

“或许他们也想让你做国王，而不要我。”我很平静地说。“然后你就按他们说的去做，像个乖男孩。”

“也许吧，玛丽。他们昨天是这样说的。不过现在马里回来了——我不知道。我很害怕，请帮帮我吧！”他又开始哭了起来。“我们该怎么办？”

“我们可以逃走，”我说。“我们可以在鲁斯温和他们的人阻拦我们之前迅速而不声不响地离开爱丁堡。安静一会儿，让我想一想。”

我来来回回徘徊了二三分钟，说：“亨利，回到那些人那里去。告诉他们——”

“不！玛丽，请别这样！我办不到！我怕他们！”

“听我说，亨利！试着做一个男子汉。去告诉他们，我病了，是因为怀孕的缘故。说我不对他们生气。再跟他们说些什么——骗骗他们。然后，今天晚上，带上这里的一些人和马，从城堡后……。”

他去了，也这样做了。一整天我等在自己的房间里听动静。在清晨1点钟，达恩利和我悄悄地从城堡后的楼梯下来。我的一些朋友们已牵了一些马等在那里。很快地，我们骑马消失在夜幕里。

那是个很糟糕的夜晚。外面又黑又冷。我生病了，达恩利很害怕。“快点！”他说。“骑得快点，女人，你太慢了！”

可我是个孕妇，外面又冷又黑。我们在雨中骑了五个小时。“我不能，亨利！”我说。“我病了。为孩子想一想！我不想让它死掉！”

“为什么不呢？”他说。“我们可以再要一个！”

我很抱歉，但那是真的。你父亲是那样说的，詹姆斯。随后，他远远地骑在了我前面，消失在夜色里。我和我的好伙伴贝斯·柯尔在后面慢慢地骑着。

早晨我们到了唐巴尔城堡。达恩利睡着了，我给我的朋友写信。第二天，博思韦尔勋爵来帮助我。我喜欢他——他是个善良、健壮的男人。不久，我就拥有了一支八千士兵的军队。博思韦尔和我率领着军队驱马回到爱丁堡。结果鲁斯温勋爵死了，他的一些朋友逃走了。可马里伯爵留了下来。

整个夏季我治理着这个国家，并等待着孩子的降生。我的丈夫不在我房间。我不想见到他。没有人想见到他。或许他和他的朋友在一起喝酒。我不知道。

不久以后，6月19日，在爱丁堡的一间小房间里，我的孩子出生了。詹姆斯，我的儿子，生你费了好长时间，但最终，你还是躺在我怀抱里了。

我把你父亲叫进来。“亨利，我的丈夫，”我说。“这是我们的孩子！看着他吧，我的丈夫。抱抱他，他是你的儿子——难道他不漂亮吗？”

可是你的父亲不爱我，詹姆斯。在你出生之后，他经常和别的女人睡觉。我知道这个是因为他对谁都这么说。我想他是想让人们都知道。我很抱歉，可我认为他并不爱你，詹姆斯。当我带你去教堂给你取名字时，他没来，他没有兴趣。

可就是因为他，达维·里奇奥死了。我永远不会忘记这一点，永远不！

6 Kirk O'Field

I had a new man to help me now. The Earl of Bothwell—a strong, clever man. He was older than me; he was not a boy like Darnley. He worked hard and he could think. He was a good fighter and he was not afraid of other men. Perhaps you are like him, James, my son?

In January your father, Darnley, was ill in Glasgow. I went to see him, and took him back to Edinburgh. He was unhappy, and afraid of people. He saw enemies behind every door. Poor stupid boy! He said he loved me again. I was angry, but I felt sorry for him, too. He was very ill.

‘It’s not far now, Henry,’ I said. ‘You can sleep in the castle.’

‘No, not there, please, Mary!’ he said. ‘I don’t want to go into the castle. I’m afraid of it!’

‘But where do you want to go?’ I asked.

‘Find me a little house outside the town, and stay with me there,’ he said. ‘We can be happy there.’

So I found him a small house called Kirk o’Field, outside Edinburgh. He stayed there, in a room upstairs, and sometimes I slept in a room downstairs. Darnley was often afraid, and I visited him every day. Slowly, he got better.

On Sunday, 9th February, there was a big wedding in Edinburgh. After the wedding, Bothwell and I walked out to Kirk o’Field to see Darnley and talk to him. Everyone sang, and laughed, and was very happy.

At ten o’clock I was tired. ‘Good night, my lords,’ I said.

‘I’m going downstairs to bed.’

Lord Bothwell put his hand on my arm. ‘Your Majesty,’ he said. ‘You can’t sleep here now. Don’t you remember? People are dancing and singing in town tonight—everyone wants you to go.’

‘Oh, yes. I forgot,’ I said. ‘Of course, people want to see me there. So, good night, Henry. Sleep well.’

Darnley was very unhappy. ‘Please, Mary my love, don’t go!’ he said. ‘Don’t leave me here!’

But I did not love him now. I remembered the night when Riccio died. So I smiled and said, ‘Good night, Henry. Be a man now. don’t be afraid of the dark.’

Then I went downstairs with Lord Bothwell. Outside the house, we met one of Bothwell’s men. He looked afraid, and there was something black on his face and hands.

‘Jesus, man, how dirty you are!’ I said. ‘Don’t come near me with those hands.’

‘No, my lady, of course not,’ he said. He looked at Bothwell for a minute, and then ran away quickly. I laughed, got on my horse, and forgot about it.

I tell you before God, James, I did not kill your father. It was not me. I knew nothing about it—nothing!

I sang and danced in town, and then went to bed in Edinburgh Castle. Then, at two o’clock in the morning, there was a sudden noise—a very big BANG! Everybody heard it all through the town.

‘My God!’ I said. ‘What’s that?’

Everyone ran out of their rooms. Lord Bothwell was downstairs. ‘Don’t be afraid, ladies,’ he said. ‘My men are outside—they’re going to see what it is.’

After an hour he came to see me. ‘Please sit down, my lady,’ he said. ‘I have some unhappy news.’

‘Yes, my lord. What is it?’

‘It’s your husband, Lord Darnley. He is dead.’

‘But—how? How did he die? Who killed him?’

‘I don’t know, my lady. That bang—that was his house, Kirk o’Field. It’s not there any more.’

‘What? And Darnley was inside?’

‘Well, no, my lady,’ Bothwell said slowly. ‘My men found him in the garden, not in the house. He is wearing only night clothes, and there is no blood on him. But he is dead. I am sorry.’

‘Take me out there! I want to see him—now!’

‘Yes, my lady.’

I went out to Kirk o’Field in the early morning. There was no house now—no walls, no doors, no windows—nothing. And there in the garden, a long way from the house, was that poor dead boy, my husband.

I did not love him but I cried then. He was your father, James, and I did not kill him. I don’t know who killed him, but he had many enemies in Scotland.

I was very afraid. I, too, had enemies, and I often slept there. Perhaps someone wanted to kill me, too.

6 柯克·欧菲尔德

现在，我又有一个人来帮我了。博思韦尔勋爵——一个健壮聪明的男人。他比我大；他不像达恩利那样像个小男孩。他工作努力且会思考。他是个勇士，他不怕别人。或许你像他，詹姆斯，我的儿子？

一月份，你的父亲，达恩利在格拉斯加生病了。我去看他，并把他带回爱丁堡。他很不愉快且害怕周围的人。每一扇门后面都有他的仇敌。可怜、愚蠢的男孩！他说他又爱我了。我很生气，但我也觉得对不住他。他病得很重。

“现在不远了，亨利，”我说。“你可以睡在城堡里。”

“不，我不睡那儿，求求你，玛丽！”他说。“我不想走进城堡。我怕！”

“但是你要去哪儿呢？”我问道。

“给我在镇外找一间小房子，我们一起呆在那儿，”他说。“我们在那里可以很幸福。”

于是，我在爱丁堡外给他找了一间叫柯克·欧菲尔德的小屋。他住在那边楼上的一间小房间里，而我有时睡在楼下的房间里。达恩利经

常感到恐惧。我每天都去看望他。渐渐地，他好转起来了。

2月9日，星期日，在爱丁堡有一个大型的婚礼。婚礼结束后，我和博思韦尔一起出来去柯克·欧菲尔德看望达恩利，陪他聊天。人们欢歌笑语，非常快乐。

十点钟了，我感到很累。“晚安，我的丈夫，我的勋爵，”我说道。“我下楼去睡了。”

博思韦尔勋爵抓住我的胳膊。“陛下，”他说。“现在你不能睡这儿。你难道忘了？今晚人们在镇上载歌载舞——每个人都想你去。”

“噢，对，我忘了，”我说。“当然，人们想在那儿见到我。好吧，晚安，亨利，睡个好觉。”

达恩利很不高兴。“玛丽，我亲爱的，请不要走！”他说。“不要留下我一人在这里！”

可是我现在不爱他了。我想起里奇奥被杀的那一晚。于是我笑着说，“晚安，亨利。现在要像个男子汉。不要害怕黑暗。”

于是我和博思韦尔勋爵下了楼。在房子外面，我们碰到了一个博思韦尔的人。他看起来很惊慌，脸上和手上沾了些黑乎乎的东西。

“上帝，你这个人多脏啊！”我说。“手这么脏，不要走近我。”

“是，夫人，当然不，”他说。他朝博思韦尔看了一眼，很快就跑开了。我笑了，我骑上我的马，就把这事给忘了。

在上帝面前，詹姆斯，我告诉你，我没有杀死你的父亲。不是我杀的。我对此一无所知——一点儿也不知道！

我在镇上又唱又跳，然后就睡在了爱丁堡城里。早晨两点钟，突然传来了呼的一声巨响！整个镇上的人都听见了。

“我的上帝啊！”我说。“那是什么声音？”

大家都从自己的房间里跑出来。博思韦尔勋爵下了楼。“不要害怕，夫人，”他说道。“我的人已经出去了——他们去看看到底是怎么回事。”

一个小时后他来见我。“请坐下，我的夫人，”他说道。“我有一些不愉快的消息告诉你。”

“好的，我的勋爵，是什么？”

“是你的丈夫，达恩利亲王。他死了。”

“可是——怎么会？他怎么死的？谁杀了他？”

“我不知道，我的夫人。那声巨响——就来自他的房子，柯克·欧菲尔德。它已不存在了。”

“什么？可达恩利在里面吗？”

“噢，他不在，我的夫人，”博思韦尔慢慢地说。

“我的人花园里而不是在房子里发现了他。他只穿着睡衣，身上没有血迹。可他已经死了。我很难过。”

“把我带到那儿去！我想见他——现在！”

“好吧，我的夫人。”

清晨，我去了柯克·欧菲尔德。现在那里已经没有房子了——没有墙，没有门，没有窗户——什么也没有。而在花园里，离房子很远的地方，躺着那可怜的男孩的尸体——那就是我的丈夫。

虽然我不爱他，但那时候我哭了。他是你的父亲，詹姆斯，我没有杀他。我不知道是谁杀死了他，但他在苏格兰有很多仇敌。

我感到很害怕。我也有仇敌，而我经常睡在那里。或许有人也想杀我。

7 Bothwell

Soon everyone in Europe heard the news. The Queen of France and the Queen of England wrote angry letters to me. Who killed the King? they asked. I was very unhappy at this time, James. We looked for the killers, but we could not find them. Please believe me, James. The Scots lords are difficult men. Some were friends, some were enemies, but they changed all the time.

Many people in Scotland said: 'Bothwell killed Lord Darnley.' I heard them, outside the castle, and in the town. But I never believed it. People in Edinburgh sold horrible stories and pictures of Bothwell the same day that Darnley died. It was too soon. Perhaps Darnley's killers wrote these stories about Bothwell, before they killed Darnley.

I don't think Lord Bothwell killed your father, James. He was a good friend to me in difficult times. He was a good strong, clever man, and he worked hard. I liked that. A lot of women liked him, I think.

Three times that spring, he asked me to marry him. He had a wife, and I could not marry again, so soon. I asked him to wait.

Then, on 24th April, I rode out of Edinburgh to the north. I had five or six friends with me. Six miles outside the town, Lord Bothwell met us, with an army.

'Why are you here, my lord?' I said.

He smiled. 'Because I want to meet you, Mary,' he said. 'I want you to come with me to my castle.' He rode next to me, and his men rode between me and my friends.

I was afraid, and a little excited, too. 'But, my lord, you can't do this!' I said. 'I don't want to come with you now.'

'But I want you, Mary,' he said. 'Your friends can't stop me. I love you, and I want to marry you. What's wrong with that?'

I said nothing. What could I say? I liked him, and he had an army. I had only six friends. So I rode with him to his castle in Dunbar, and stayed there two weeks. And then... He was a strong man, and I was only a woman. And I did like him, James. I liked him very much.

After two weeks in Dunbar, Bothwell and I rode back to Edinburgh. His wife did not want him, and was happy to divorce him. So, on 15th May 1567, I married him.

He was a good man, James. A much better man than your father. I needed a strong man to help me rule the country.

But I was wrong. I understand that now. All the Scots lords were afraid of Bothwell, and many of them were his enemies. They had an army, and on 15th June, Bothwell and I rode out to fight them.

We met them at Carberry Hill. It was a hot day, and the two big armies stood, and looked, and waited. Their army had a big flag with a picture of your poor dead father, Darnley, on it. Under the picture, there were the words 'Find my killers, oh God.'

'Come on, my lord,' I said to Bothwell. 'Our army is better than theirs—let's fight them!'

Bothwell rode up and down, and talked to his men. But they didn't want to fight. They talked, and looked at the flag, and waited. Then some of them walked home.

At five o'clock that evening Lord Kirkcaldy rode from his army to talk to us. He said to me, 'My lady, leave your husband, and come with us. We don't want men to die.'

And so, because our men didn't want to fight, I went with him. It was a very bad day for me. They took me back to Edinburgh, and people in the streets screamed at me: 'Kill the woman! She sleeps with her husband's killer! We want James to be King! Kill her now!'

I was unhappy, and afraid, and I was pregnant again. They took me to Lochleven Castle, and put me in a room like a prison. There, I did not eat for two weeks, and Bothwell's children—there were two babies—were born dead. I nearly died too—I was so angry and tired and ill. Then, one day after the babies died, Lord Lindsay gave me a letter. It said:

I, Mary, Queen of Scots, give the kingdom of Scotland to my son, James. From today, James is the new King of Scots. But because he is a child, the Earl of Moray, my half-brother, can rule the country for him.

Because I was afraid, and tired, and ill, I wrote my name on the letter: Mary. But it is not important, James, it doesn't change anything. I am Queen of Scots, not you. That letter changes nothing.

Bothwell went over the sea, and died in a prison in Denmark. I was a prisoner in Lochleven for a year. A lot of people in Europe were angry about that. Queen Elizabeth wrote to the Earl of Moray. 'You cannot keep a Queen in prison,' she said. 'It is very wrong!' I was pleased about that. But Moray didn't listen.

Lord Douglas lived in the castle, and his young son, William, liked me. One day, there was a wedding in the castle. People sang and danced and drank. William Douglas gave me some old women's clothes. I put the clothes on, and walked quietly out of the castle with him. He shut the castle door behind us, to keep his father's friends in. Then we got on some horses, and rode away through the night.

All my friends came back to me. Soon I had a big army. 'Mary is our Queen again!' people said. 'Give her back her son!' You were in Earl Moray's castle, James, so I came to fight him. I rode with my army to Langside, near Glasgow. And there...

There, James...

There, my son, I lost the fight. I am so sorry. I had many good, strong men in my army, but Earl Moray's men were stronger. Many of my men died, and some ran away. After the fight, I ran away too.

I did not want to go to prison again. So I rode south, to England. 'Queen Elizabeth wants to help me,' I thought. 'She understands. She wrote to Moray and she is a Queen, like me. I can come back to Scotland with her army, kill Moray, and find my baby son James. I am in England but I am free. I can try again.'

I was wrong about that, too. Very wrong.

7 博思韦尔

不久，每个欧洲的人都知道这件事。法国的女王和英格兰的女王给我写来了愤怒的信。谁杀死了亲王？他们质问道。在那段时间里我很不愉快，詹姆斯。我们寻找凶手，但是我们没能找到。请相信我，詹姆斯。苏格兰的贵族们很难对付。有些是朋友，有些是敌人，可他们不停地变。

苏格兰的很多人都说：“博思韦尔杀死了达恩利亲王。”在城堡外，在镇上，我都能听到这种传言。但是我从来不相信它。爱丁堡的人出售有关博思韦尔的可怕的故事和图片，叫做《达恩利死的那一天》。这简直太神速了。或许杀达恩利的凶手们在他们杀死达恩利之前就写了这些有关博思韦尔的故事。

我认为博思韦尔勋爵没有杀害你父亲，詹姆斯。在我艰难时，他是我很好的朋友。他是个善良、健壮、聪明的男人，而且他努力工作。我很喜欢这点。许多女人都喜欢他，我想。

在那个春天，他向我求了三次婚。他有妻子，我不能这么快又一次嫁人。我让他等一等。

在4月24日，我骑马离开爱丁堡去北方。有五六个朋友随同我。在出城镇6英里的地方，博思韦尔勋爵带着一支队伍在那里迎候我。

“你怎么在这儿，我的勋爵？”我问道。

他笑了。“因为我想见到你，玛丽，”他说。“我想让你跟我到我的城堡去。”他骑马跟在我旁边，他的人骑马跟在我和我的朋友之间。

我很害怕，又有点儿激动。“可是，我的勋爵，你不能这样做！”我说。“我不能现在就跟你走。”

“但是我需要你，玛丽。”他说：“你的朋友们阻止不了我。我爱你。我要娶你。那又有什么错”？

我无话可说。我能说什么呢？我喜欢他，并且他有一支队伍，而我只有六个朋友。于是，我骑马随他来到他在唐巴尔的城堡，并在那儿呆了两个星期。之后……他是个强有力的男人，而我只是个女人。而且我确实很喜欢他，詹姆斯。我非常喜欢他。

在唐巴尔呆了两个星期后，我和博思韦尔驱马回到爱丁堡。他的妻子不想要他了，并且很乐意地和他离了婚。因此，在1567年5月15日，我嫁给了他。

他是个好人，詹姆斯。一个比你父亲好得多的男人。我需要一个强壮的男人来帮我统治这个国家。

但是我错了。现在我明白了。所有苏格兰贵族都很害怕博思韦尔，他们中有许多人是他的敌人。他们拥有一支军队。于是在6月15日，我和博思韦尔策马去迎战他们。

我们在卡贝琳山头相遇。那是个炎热的一天，两支大规模的军队站着互相观望等待。他们的军队有一面很大的旗帜，上面是你可怜的死去的父亲的画像。画像下面有一行字“找出杀死我的杀手，噢！上帝！”

“冲吧，我的勋爵，”我对博思韦尔说道。“我们的军队比他们的强，跟他们战斗吧！”

博思韦尔骑着马跑来跑去，并和他的人说着什么。可他们不想打仗。他们一边望着那面军旗，一边谈论着等待着。然后，有一些人回去了。

晚上5点钟，柯克考德勋爵骑马从他的军队里过来和我们谈话。他对我说，“我的夫人，离开你的丈夫，跟我们一起走。我们不想有人死亡。”

正因为我们的人不想打仗，我跟他走了。这一天对我来说实在太糟了。他们把我带回了爱丁堡，街上的人们冲着我尖叫：“杀了这个女人！她和杀她丈夫的凶手一起睡觉！我们要让詹姆斯做国王！现在就杀了她！”

我既伤心又害怕，那时候我又怀孕了。他们把我带到拉克利文城堡，并把我关进一间像监狱一样的房间里。在那里，我两个星期没有吃饭，并且怀着博思韦尔的孩子——两个婴儿——一出生就死了。我几乎也要死掉——我感到非常愤怒、非常疲惫，而且病得很重。在两个婴儿死去的那一天，林德辛勋爵给了我一封信。信上写道：

我，玛丽，苏格兰女王，把苏格兰王国交给我的儿子，詹姆斯。从今天起，詹姆斯就是苏格兰的国王了。但因为他还是个小女孩，可以由马里伯爵，我的同父异母兄弟为他治理这个国家。

由于我害怕、疲惫，又在生病，于是我便在信上签了名：玛丽。但这并不重要，詹姆斯，这并不能改变什么。我是苏格兰的女王，不是你。那封信改变不了什么。

博思韦尔飘洋过海，并死在了丹麦的监狱中。我在拉克利文做了一年的囚徒。许多欧洲人民对此感到非常愤怒。伊丽莎白女王写信给马里伯爵。“你不能囚禁一个女王，”她说。“这是极其错误的！”我很高兴她这样说。但马里根本不听。

道格拉斯勋爵住在这城堡里，他年轻的儿子，威廉很喜欢我。一天，在城堡里有一场婚礼。人们唱歌跳舞，举杯畅饮。威廉·道格拉斯给了我一些老妇人的衣服。我穿上这些衣服，并随他偷偷地离开了城堡。他关上了身后城堡的门，留下他父亲的朋友们在里面。于是我们骑上马，连夜骑马离开。

我所有的朋友都回到了我身边。不久，我就有了一支庞大的军队。“玛丽又是我们的女王了！”人们说道。“把她的儿子还给她！”你在马里伯爵的城堡里，詹姆斯，因此我去和他作战。我骑马率领我的军队来到格拉斯哥附近的朗塞得。并且在那里……

在那里，詹姆斯……

在那里，我的儿子，我战败了。我是那么伤心。在我的军队里，我有许多精良的战士。可马里伯爵的士兵比我们还要强壮。我的很多人都战死了，有些跑了。战争结束后，我也落荒而逃。

我再也不想进监狱了。因此我往南骑，去英格兰。“伊丽莎白女王会帮助我。”我想。“她能理解的。她写过信给马里，并且她像我一样是个女王。我可以带着她的军队回到苏格兰，杀了马里，找回我的孩子詹姆斯。我虽在英格兰但我自由人。我可以东山再起。”

关于这点我又错了，而且大错特错。

8 England

Elizabeth didn't give me her army. She put me in prison. You know this, James—it is the story of your life, not mine. I was twenty-five years old when I came to England, and I am forty-five now. Twenty years in English prisons.

Moray told lies about me. Mary and Bothwell killed Darnley, he said. Mary slept with Riccio and Bothwell and killed her husband. But it's not true! They're all lies, James—wicked lies! They only said these things because I am a woman, and a Catholic, and they don't want a Catholic queen in Scotland, they want a Protestant king.

A king like you, James. Why, James my son, don't you help me? Why are you friendly with Elizabeth, my enemy? You don't want me back in Scotland, do you? You believe these lies, don't you? You talk to Moray and his friends, every day. But they lied about me, James. Moray and his friends killed Riccio Then killed your father, too. They stole my husband Bothwell, stole my son...

Stole my son's love...

I am sorry, James. Forgive me. Sometimes I get very angry. It is difficult not to be angry, when you are in prison for twenty years.

Elizabeth didn't know what to do. Sometimes she believed Moray, sometimes she didn't. She was afraid to kill me, because I was a Queen. She was afraid to let me go free, because I have friends in England. The English Catholics want me to be Queen of England, not her. And she is a woman with no husband and no son, so she hates me, too.

Sometimes the English Catholics write to me and ask me for help, and sometimes I write to them. Sometimes Elizabeth's men find these letters. The English Protestants want to kill me because of these letters. 'You are a wicked woman!' they say: 'You killed your husband, Darnley, and now you want to kill our Queen Elizabeth. You're going to die!'

'I did not kill my husband,' I said. 'And when I came to England, I did not want to kill your Queen. I asked her for help—I wanted to go back to Scotland! But, my lords, she put me in prison for twenty years! Twenty years, my lords! I want to be free—don't you understand that? when men write to me and try to help me, then yes, sometimes I write back! Why not? Is that wicked, do you think?'

They didn't listen. Of course not. They want to kill me. And so they wrote to Queen Elizabeth. And now I sit here, in Fotheringhay Castle, and wait for her to answer. I do not want to die, James my son, but I do not want to live all my life in an English prison. I am old, and tired of life. Think well of me, James, my son, and...

8 英格兰

伊丽莎白没有给我她的军队。她把我关进了监狱。你知道这些的，詹姆斯——它是有关你生活的故事，不是我的。我来到英格兰时才25岁，而现在我已经45岁了，在英格兰的监狱里呆了20年。

有关我的情况马里撒了谎。玛丽和博思韦尔杀死了达恩利，他说。玛丽和里奇奥、博思韦尔同床共眠，还杀死了她的丈夫。但这不是真的！他们全在说谎，詹姆斯——恶意的谎言！他们只提这些事是因为我是个女人，是个天主教教徒，而且在苏格兰，他们不想要一个天主教教徒的女王，他们想要一个新教教徒的国王。

一个像你这样的国王，詹姆斯。为什么不帮助我呢？詹姆斯，我的儿子，为什么你还和伊丽莎白，我的仇敌友好相处呢？你不想让我回到苏格兰，是吗？你相信这些谎言，不是吗？你每天和马里以及他的朋友们说话。可是他们编造了关于我的谎言，詹姆斯。马里和他的朋友杀死了里奇奥，然后又杀死了你的父亲。他们偷走了我的丈夫博思韦尔，偷走了我的儿子。……

偷走了我儿子的爱……

我很抱歉，詹姆斯。原谅我。有时候我很愤怒。当你在监狱呆了20年之久，不生气是很难的。

伊丽莎白不知道该怎样做。她有时相信马里，有时候不。她不敢杀我，因为我是个女王。她不敢让我获得自由是因为我在英格兰有朋友。英格兰天主教教徒想让我成为英格兰女王，而不是她。再说她是个没有丈夫没有儿子的女人，因此她也恨我。

有时英格兰的天主教教徒们给我写信询问我是否需要帮助，有时我也写信给他们。有时伊丽莎白的人发现了这些书信。英格兰的新教教徒们想杀我就是因为这些书信。“你是个不道德的女人！”他们说：“你杀死了自己的丈夫，达恩利，而现在你又想杀我们的女王伊丽莎白。你死期将至了。”

“我没有杀害我丈夫，”我说，“而且当我来到英格兰时，我并没有想杀害你们的女王。我来请求她的帮助——我想回到苏格兰！但是，我的勋爵们，她把我关进了监狱整整20年！20年啊！我的勋爵们！我要自由——难道你们不理解吗？人们给我写信试图想帮助我，的确是，有时我也回信！为什么不呢？你们认为那很不道德吗？”

他们不听。当然不听了。他们想杀我。因此他们给伊丽莎白女王写信。现在我坐在这里，在福瑟临黑城堡里，等待她的答复。我不想死，詹姆斯我的儿子，但是我也不想一辈子呆在英格兰监狱里。我老了，对生活也厌倦了。多想一想我吧，詹姆斯，我的儿子，并且……

9 A death

Queen Mary stopped writing then. Yesterday afternoon, 7th February 1587, we heard a horse outside our win-dow. Mary looked out. There was a man there, on the road from London. He had a letter from the Queen of England.

In the evening, an Englishman, Lord Shrewsbury, came to see Mary, ‘I am sorry, my lady,’ he said. ‘But I have a letter from my Queen. You’re going to die, tomorrow.’

Mary did not move. ‘When?’ she asked quietly.

‘At half past eight in the morning,’ he said. ‘I am very sorry, my lady.’ He went away.

We did not sleep much that night. We talked and prayed to God, and she gave me her letter to her son, James. ‘Give it to him, Bess, please,’ she said. ‘And tell him how I died.’

‘Yes, my lady,’ I said. And so now I am going to tell you. King James. This is how your mother died.

At six o’clock she got up, prayed, and dressed. She put on a red petticoat first, then a black dress, and a white veil over the dress. The veil came from her head to her feet; she could see out through it, but we could not see her face. She looked like a woman on her wedding day.

When the Englishmen came we went downstairs with her. Her little dog walked beside her, under the veil, but the Englishmen didn’t see that. Six of us went into a big room with her. A hundred people stood and watched.

A Protestant churchman came to talk to her, ‘My lady,’ he said. ‘Pray with me—’

‘No,’ she said. ‘Thank you, but no. I was born a Catholic and I’m going to die a Catholic. I think God understands that.’ she prayed for five minutes, and then stood up. The executioner came towards her. He was a big, strong man with an axe, and something black over his face.

‘I am sorry, my lady,’ he said. ‘I don’t hate you, but this is my work. Please forgive me.’

‘Of course I forgive you,’ Mary said. ‘I am old, and tired, and you’re going to open my prison doors for me. I am going to see God. Do your work well.’

Then she looked at me and her friends. ‘Don’t cry for me, ladies,’ she said. ‘Please, don’t cry now.’

She could not walk to the block, so the executioner helped her. He took off her white veil, and then he took off her black dress, and put it on the floor. She stood there, in her red pet-ticoat, with a smile on her face. Then the executioner put something over her eyes. Very slowly, Mary put her head on the block.

‘The Lord my God is my one true friend,’ she said. ‘I give my life, oh God, into your hands.’

Then the executioner lifted his axe, once… twice… oh God! three times… and her head—her poor, poor head, fell on the floor.

It was very quiet in the room after that. It is a little thing, a head—a very little thing. But there was so much blood—blood on her red petticoat, blood on her black dress and her white veil, blood on the executioner’s shoes, blood all over the floor. Blood, blood everywhere.

We all looked, and said nothing. The executioner put down his axe and stood quietly. And then Mary’s little dog came out from under her bloody dress and veil, and walked slowly, un-happily, through the blood towards her head.

My lord, the story of your poor mother’s life finishes here. We, her friends, cry for her, but that is how your mother died. She died like a Queen. A good lady and a famous Queen.

Mary, Queen of Scots.

9 死亡

然后，玛丽女王停止了写信。昨天下午，即1587年的2月7日，我们听到窗外传来了马蹄声。玛丽向窗外望去，从伦敦方向来了一个男人，他捎来了英格兰女王的一封信。

晚上，一位英格兰人，休斯贝林勋爵来看玛丽。“我很抱歉，我的夫人，”他说。“可是我有一封英格兰女王写来的信。你明天将被处死。”

玛丽一动也没动。“什么时候？”她平静地问道。

“早上8点半钟。”他说。“我十分抱歉，我的夫人。”他说完就离开了。

那晚我们没睡多少。我们谈着话并且向上帝祈祷，她把给她儿子詹姆斯的信交给我。“请把信交给他，贝斯。”她说。“并且告诉我我是怎么死的。”

“好的，夫人，”我说道。因此，现在就由我来告诉你，詹姆斯国王，你母亲是怎么死的吧。

早上6点钟，她起床了，祈祷完毕，穿好衣服。她先穿上一件红色的衬裙，然后穿上一件黑色的连衣裙，再在裙子外面套上一件白色的薄纱裙。纱裙一直从脸罩到脚；透过它，她能看得见外面，但我们不能看到她的脸。她看起来像个婚礼上的新娘。

那英格兰人来的时候，我们就跟着她下了楼。她的小狗跟在她身边，跑在纱裙下面，但那英格兰人没有看到它。我们六个人跟她走进了一间大房间。有100人站在那里观望。

一个新教教士走过来和她说话。“我的夫人，”他说道。“跟我一起祈祷——”

“不，”她说。“谢谢你，但我不。我生为天主教教徒，死也为天主教教徒。我想上帝会明白的。”她祈祷了5分钟，然后站了起来。那刽子手向她走过来。他又大又壮，手里拿着斧子，一个黑乎乎的东西盖着他的脸。

“我很抱歉，我的夫人，”他说。“我不想伤害你，但这是我的工作。请原谅我。”

“当然我会原谅你。”玛丽说。“我老了，也感到累了，你将为我打开监狱的大门。我将去见上帝了。好好干。”

随后她看着我和她的朋友们。“不要为我而哭，夫人们，”她说。“现在请别哭了。”

她不能走到木台那儿，于是那刽子手拉她过去。他脱下她白色的纱裙，然后脱下她黑色的连衣裙，放到地板上去。她站在那里，穿着红色的衬裙，脸上带着微笑。接着，那刽子手用东西遮住了她的眼睛。慢慢地，慢慢地，玛丽将头放在了木台上。

“我的主上帝是我的一个真正的朋友，”她说。“噢，上帝，我把我的生命放进你的手中。”

然后那刽子手举起了他的斧子。一次……两次……噢，上帝！三次……她的头——她的可怜的，可怜的头颅，掉在了地板上。

在那之后房间是一片寂静。它只是个小东西，一只头颅——一个非常小的东西。但却有这么多血——鲜血渗到她红色的衬裙上，渗到她黑色的连衣裙和她那白色的纱裙上，鲜血流到了刽子手的鞋上，地板上到处是血，血，到处是血。

我们怔怔地看着，一句话也说不出。刽子手放下了斧子，一言不发地站着。那时，玛丽的小狗从她那被鲜血染红了的连衣裙和纱裙下面钻了出来，淌过鲜血很伤心地，慢慢地走向她的头颅。

我的国王，有关你可怜的母亲的一生就说到这里了。我们，做为她的朋友，为她哭泣，但这就是你母亲怎么死的。她死得像个女王。一位好夫人，一位驰名的女王。

玛丽，苏格兰女王。

[1 AOL](#)

[2 Visit to Australia](#)

[3 Earth Commander](#)

[4 Prison 888](#)

[5 Forest fires](#)

[6 Spaceship to the Moon](#)

简 介

太阳是一个巨大的燃烧着的火球。没有来自太阳的光和热，我们就不能在地球这颗行星上生存。在这颗行星周围有臭氧层保护着我们免受太阳之火的伤害。但是如果臭氧层破裂，将会怎样呢？现在臭氧层上已经有了小洞，有人说那些小洞会变得越来越——直到有一天再没有任何东西挡在我们和太阳的火焰之间。

事情发生在2222年。地球人制造了AOL——人工臭氧层。美丽的地球又有了1000年的生命。树又发芽了，下雨了，河里有了水……

但现在是2522年，人工臭氧层已经破裂。幼嫩的树林开始枯萎，河流也逐渐干涸。凯和瑞拉从他们的宇宙飞船里看到了这危险的情景，可他们又能做些什么呢？月亮下面的部族里住着他们的朋友，可是路途遥远，而地球首领高格又不肯听从他们的指挥。

本书的作者罗维纳·阿金耶米是英国人。曾在非洲居住和工作了多年。现在她在剑桥工作和生活。

Five hundred kilometres over Europe, Ship OM-45 moved north. In a room at the back of the ship, Kiah watched the numbers on the computer in front of him.

‘Time for dinner,’ Rilla said.

The numbers changed quickly and Kiah’s eyes didn’t move. Rilla went across the room to his table. She began to watch the numbers, too.

‘What’s wrong with the satellite?’ she asked. She was a beautiful girl, about twenty years old, with long black hair and big eyes.

‘Nothing’s wrong with the satellite,’ Kiah answered quietly. ‘It’s the AOL.’ He began to write the numbers in the book on his table.

Suddenly, the numbers stopped changing. Kiah looked at Rilla. ‘Over Europe,’ he said. ‘It’s happening. The AOL is breaking up. There are big holes in the AOL and they’re getting bigger.’

‘You’re right! Shall we see Captain Seru now, before dinner?’

Kiah stood up. He was nearly two metres tall, with dark eyes and hair. ‘Yes, come on,’ he said.

Quickly, they went to Captain Seru’s room. They waited at the door.

‘Come in!’ captain Seru called. She was a little woman with a fat face. ‘Come in! Would you like a drink?’

‘No, thank you,’ Kiah answered. ‘I’d like you to look at these numbers.’ Kiah gave Captain Seru his book.

Captain Seru looked at the numbers. Suddenly, her face changed. ‘No, no,’ she said. ‘I don’t want to talk. It’s late and I’m tired. Sit down and have a drink.’

Kiah and Rilla sat down. There was a big window in Captain Seru’s room. Kiah looked out of the window at the dark sky. He saw the Moon. It was cold and white in the dark sky.

‘Captain Seru,’ he began. ‘It’s important. Look at those numbers carefully. The AOL is beginning to—’

‘Stop!’ captain Seru stood up and put her hands in her pockets. She went to the window and looked at the sky.

‘Three hundred years ago, Earth nearly died,’ Rilla said. ‘Earth stopped dying because of the AOL. But now, over Europe, the AOL is breaking up. We would like you to talk to Earth Commander.’

Captain Seru did not move. ‘Do you remember Adai?’ she asked. She didn’t wait for an answer. ‘I was on his ship, two years ago. One evening, the satellite gave us interesting numbers about the AOL. We went back to Earth and saw Earth Commander.’ captain Seru stopped speaking.

Rilla looked at Kiah. ‘And then?’ she asked Captain Seru.

‘Gog was angry, very angry,’ captain Seru said. ‘In the end, he sent Adai to the Moon. Adai’s there now, Commander of the Moon colony, under the Moon.’

Kiah waited for a second or two. ‘I know about Adai. But we need to talk to Earth Commander again. These numbers are worse.’

Captain Seru’s face went red. ‘You don’t understand. I’m not going to talk to Gog. Last time, he sent me to a weather ship in the Antarctic! This is my first Ship for two years!’ And Captain Seru began drinking.

Kiah stood up. ‘Thank you, Captain Seru.’

Captain Seru said nothing.

Kiah and Rilla left the room, and walked slowly downstairs. The Ship was dark and quiet. It was eight o’clock and everybody was at dinner.

‘What are we going to do next?’ Rilla asked.

‘I need to talk to Adai,’ Kiah said.

‘OK, talk to Adai. But he’s far away on the Moon colony,’ Rilla said. ‘Let’s visit Commander Zadak.’

‘Zadak? Commander of Australia? He’s famous!’

‘Yes. He’s my father’s friend. He worked with my father in Brazil ten years ago. Perhaps he can help us.’

Kiah smiled. ‘Good! We return to Earth next week. I can phone Adai from Kisangani and then we can go to Australia. But now, I’m hungry! Let’s get some dinner.’

1 人工臭氧层

OM-45号宇宙飞船在欧洲上空500公里的高度向北飞行。飞船尾部的一个房间里，凯注视着面前计算机屏幕上的数字。

“该吃饭了。”瑞拉叫他。

那些数字飞快地变换着，凯眼都不眨一下。瑞拉穿过房间走到他的桌旁。她也开始观察那些数字。

“卫星怎么了？”她问。她是个美丽的女孩，大约二十岁，黑黑的长发，大大的眼睛。

“卫星没问题，”凯平静地回答，“是人工臭氧层。”他伏在桌上，开始往一个本子上记录那些数字。

突然，那些数字停止了变换。凯转向瑞拉。“在欧洲上空，”他说，“已经开始了。人工臭氧层正在破裂。那上面本来就有大洞了，现在那些洞还在增大。”

“说得对，咱们现在去见塞鲁船长吧，待会儿再吃饭好吗？”

凯站起身。他身高几乎有两米，眼睛和头发都是黑色的。“好，走吧。”他说。

他们迅速朝塞鲁船长的房间走去。他们等在船长的门外。

“进来！”塞鲁船长喊道。她是个胖脸的小个子女人。“进来！喝点什么吗？”

“不用，谢谢，”凯说，“我想请您看看这些数字。”凯把自己的笔记本递给塞鲁船长。

塞鲁船长看了看那些数字。突然，她的脸色变了。“不，不，”她说，“我不想谈。时候不早了，我也累了。坐下喝点什么吧。”

凯和瑞拉坐了下来。塞鲁船长的房间里有一扇大窗子。凯透过玻璃凝望黑色的天空。他看见了月亮。在黑色的天幕下月亮显得冰冷皎洁。

“塞鲁船长，”他开口了，“这事很重要。仔细看看那些数字。人工臭氧层已经开始……”

“别说了。”塞鲁船长站起身把双手插进衣兜。她走到窗前注视着天空。

“300年前，地球几乎毁灭，”瑞拉说，“因为有人工臭氧层地球才免于灾难。但是现在，在欧洲上空，人工臭氧层正在破裂。我们希望您能和地球司令高格谈一谈。”

塞鲁船长没有动。“你还记得阿岱吗？”她问。不等回答，她接着说：“两年前我在他的船上。一天晚上卫星发回了关于人工臭氧层的一些不寻常的数据。我们回到地球去见地球司令。”塞鲁船长停了下来。

瑞拉看了一眼凯。“然后呢？”她问船长。

“高格生气了，特别生气，”塞鲁船长说，“最后，他把阿岱分配到了月球。阿岱现在还在那儿，在月亮下面作月亮部族的司令。”

凯等了一两秒钟：“我知道阿岱的事。但是我们需要再和地球司令谈谈。这些数据比上次的还要糟。”

塞鲁船长的脸涨红了：“你不明白。我不会去跟高格说的。上次他把我发配到了南极的一艘气象飞船上。我第一次在飞船上呆了两年。”塞鲁船长喝了一口水。

凯站起身：“谢谢您，塞鲁船长。”

塞鲁船长没说话。

凯和瑞拉出了门，脚步迟缓地下楼去了。飞船里寂静漆黑。8点钟了，大家都在吃饭。

“下一步咱们怎们办？”瑞拉问。

“我得跟阿岱谈谈。”凯说。

“好，跟阿岱谈谈。可是他现在在遥远的月亮部族，”瑞拉说，“咱们还是去见扎达克司令吧。”

“扎达克？澳大利亚司令？他很有名气呢！”

“是的，他是我父亲的朋友。10年前他和我父亲一起在巴西工作。也许他能帮忙。”

凯笑了，“好，咱们下周回地球后。我可以在基桑加尼给阿岱打个电话，然后咱们就去澳大利亚。现在嘛，我可饿了。咱们吃饭去吧。”

2 Visit to Australia

On Friday, after three weeks in space, Kiah and Rilla finished work and left Ship OM-45 on a space plane to Kisangani. Kiah phoned Adai and Rilla phoned Commander Zadak in Australia. The next morning they took an aeroplane to Sydney. A taxi took them from the airport to Commander Zadak's office, some kilometres north of Sydney.

‘Wait for us here, ’ Kiah said to the taxi driver.

Kiah and Rilla walked to the gate. About ten guards stood in front of the gate. Across the road, a train waited.

‘Rilla, OM-45, ’ Rilla said. ‘To see Commander Zadak at four-thirty. ’

‘Let me call the Commander's office, ’ the guard said.

Kiah and Rilla waited. It was hot and Kiah began to feel thirsty.

The guard came back. ‘I'm sorry, ’ he said. ‘The Com-mander can't see you. ’

‘But I talked to the Commander yesterday, ’ Rilla said.

‘He wanted to see us at four-thirty. ’

‘The Commander is leaving on the train in three minutes, ’ the guard said.

‘Can we wait and see him here? ’ Kiah asked.

‘No! ’ the guard shouted. ‘Get out of here! ’

Kiah and Rilla walked back to the taxi.

‘Where's the driver? ’ Kiah asked.

‘Look! He's sitting under that tree, ’ Rilla said.

Just then, Commander Zadak came out of the gate. He was a very tall, big man with blue eyes and a lot of white hair. Two guards marched in front of him, and two guards marched be-hind him. They all carried guns.

‘There he is! ’ Rilla cried. ‘Commander! ’ And she began to run along the road to him.

‘Commander Zadak did not stop. A guard opened the door of the train and the Commander got in. Slowly, the train began to move. ’

Kiah ran to the taxi and jumped in. Then he drove the taxi fast down the road. The taxi driver saw him and ran after him. The train began to move faster. Suddenly, Kiah drove the taxi off the road. He drove in front of the train and stopped.

The train came nearer. And then the train stopped, very near the taxi, and some guards jumped off. Kiah opened the door and got out of the taxi.

‘Put up your hands! ’ the guards shouted.

Two of the guards began to hit Kiah.

‘Stop that! ’ someone shouted. ‘Bring him over here! ’ It was Commander Zadak.

Kiah stood in front of the Commander. Just then, Rilla ar-rived.

‘Oh, it's you! ’ commander Zadak said. He did not smile. ‘Rilla, your father's going to be angry. ’

‘We want to talk to you, Commander, ’ Rilla said. ‘It's very important. ’

‘Very well. I'm listening. ’

Kiah began to talk. ‘Two years ago, Adai told you about the holes in the AOL. Now they're worse. The AOL is break-ing up over Europe. Please look at these numbers and this satellite picture. ’

He gave his book to Commander Zadak and the Commander looked at the numbers.

‘It's important, Commander, ’ Kiah said. ‘In ten years Earth is going to die. ’

‘You stopped my train because of this? ’ commander Zadak asked. ‘Two years ago Adai talked to me about the AOL. Then he talked to Earth Commander, and what happened? Where is Adai now? Is the Moon colony helping the AOL? ’

‘We know about Adai, Commander, ’ Rilla said. ‘But someone needs to talk to Earth Commander again. ’

‘I'm going to talk to Gog about rain, I can tell you that. Earth needs rain: there was no rain last winter. Half of Australia has no water and my trees here are dying. Without rain, many people are going to die. Is Gog going to understand that? I don't know! ’

Commander Zadak began to walk back to his train. ‘Move that taxi! ’ he called to his guards.

Some guards moved the taxi back to the road and then they jumped on to the train again. The train began to move.

‘OK, ’ the taxi driver shouted. ‘What are you going to do next? Drive my taxi into the river? ’

Kiah smiled. He took some money from his pocket and gave it to the taxi driver.

The taxi driver looked at the money. ‘OK, OK, ’ he said. ‘Where now? Back to the airport? ’

Kiah took Rilla's hand, ‘Yes, ’ he said. ‘Let's get back to Kisangani. We can phone Adai again tomorrow. ’

2 访问澳大利亚

这是个星期五，凯和瑞拉已经在太空飞行了三周。他们结束了工作，离开OM-45号宇宙飞船，乘航天飞机飞往基桑加尼。凯和瑞拉分别跟阿岱和在澳大利亚的司令扎达克通了电话。第二天早晨他们乘飞机来到悉尼。一辆出租车把他们从机场带到了悉尼以北几公里以外扎达克司令的办公室。

“在这儿等我们。”凯吩咐出租车司机。

凯和瑞拉朝大门走去。门口站着大约十几个卫兵。一辆火车正等在马路对面。

“我叫瑞拉，OM-45号的，”瑞拉说，“扎达克司令4点半要接见我们。”

“我给司令办公室打个电话。”卫兵说。

凯和瑞拉站在那儿等着。天气很热，凯感到口干舌燥。

那个卫兵回来了。“对不起，”他说，“司令不能见你们。”

“可是我昨天跟司令说过，”瑞拉说，“他答应今天4点半见我们。”

“再过三分钟司令就要坐火车出发了。”卫兵说。

“我们能不能在这儿等着见他一面？”凯问。

“不行！”卫兵喊了起来，“出去！”

凯和瑞拉回到出租车那儿。

“司机哪去了？”凯问。

“那不是嘛！在那棵树下坐着呢。”瑞拉说。

正说着，扎达克司令出现在大门口。他高大魁梧，蓝眼睛，长着一头浓密的白发。四个卫兵两前两后阔步护卫着他。他们都带着枪。

“他在那儿！”瑞拉喊了起来，“扎达克司令！”她随即顺着马路朝他跑去。

扎达克司令并没有停下脚步。一个卫兵打开火车门，扎达克跨了进去。火车缓缓地开动了。

凯奔向那辆出租车，迅速坐进车里。随即他开着车飞快地顺路而下。出租车司机看见了他，在后面紧追不放。火车在加速。突然，凯把出租车开下了马路。直驶到火车前头停了下来。

火车越来越近了。在就要撞到出租车的时候，它停了下来。几个卫兵从车厢里跳了下来。凯打开车门从出租车里出来。

“举起手来！”卫兵们朝他喊。

两个卫兵对凯一阵拳打脚踢。

“住手！”有人喊了一声，“把他带到这儿来！”是扎达克司令。

凯站到了司令面前。正在这时，瑞拉赶到了。

“噢，是你。”扎达克司令说话了。他不带一丝笑容：“瑞拉，你父亲会生气的。”

“我们想和您谈谈，司令，”瑞拉说，“这事非常重要。”

“说吧，我听着呢。”

凯开口了：“两年前阿岱曾跟您谈过臭氧层上的洞。现在情况更糟了。欧洲上空的臭氧层已经开裂。请您看看这些数据和这张卫星照片。”

他把笔记本递给扎达克司令，扎达克看了看本子上的数据。

“这事非常重要，司令，”凯说，“10年后地球就要毁灭了。”

“你们拦住我的火车就为这事？”扎达克司令问，“两年前阿岱跟我谈过臭氧层的事。然后他又跟地球司令谈了这件事。之后又怎么样了呢？阿岱现在在哪？月亮部族能帮助修复臭氧层吗？”

“我们知道阿岱的事，司令。”瑞拉说，“但是得有人再去跟地球司令谈谈。”

“我可以告诉你们，我正准备去跟高格谈谈雨水的事。地球需要雨水：去年冬天没下雨。澳大利亚有一半地区没有水，我们的树都要枯死了。假如没有水的话很多人都要活不下去了。高格会理解这一切吗？我不知道。”

扎达克司令朝他的火车走去。“把那辆出租车弄走！”他朝卫兵们喊。

几个卫兵把出租车推到了公路上，然后跳上了火车。火车启动了。

“好啊，”出租车司机喊道，“你们还想干什么？把我的出租车开到河里去？”

凯笑了。他从衣兜里拿出一些钱递给出租车司机。

出租车司机看了看那些钱。“好吧，好吧。”他说，“现在去哪？回机场？”

凯拉住瑞拉的手。“是的，”他说，“咱们回基桑加尼去。我们明天再给阿岱打个电话。”

3 Earth Commander

The next day in Kisangani, Kiah and Rilla waited quietly in an office in Gog's house. Suddenly, Commander Zadak came into the office and gave some letters to the man behind the table. He saw the two young people and stopped in front of them.

‘You again!’ he said. ‘What are you doing here?’

Kiah stood up. ‘Good morning, Commander. We're here because we want to see Earth Commander.’

‘I saw Earth Commander some minutes ago and talked to him about rain,’ Zadak said quietly. ‘But he didn't listen. Your captain, Seru, was here earlier this morning and began to tell him about the holes in the AOL. But Gog doesn't want to hear about our planet. He's always talking about Mars. In the end, he's going to destroy Earth.’

‘Please help us!’ Rilla cried. ‘Come and see Gog with us!’

‘No.’ Zadak looked at Kiah and then at Rilla with his blue eyes. ‘I'm not talking to Gog again. And you—Gog isn't going to listen to you. Be careful—and good luck!’

Commander Zadak opened the door and left the office.

Rilla looked at Kiah. ‘Earth Commander is a difficult man. I don't understand him.’

‘Everyone is afraid of him,’ Kiah said. ‘And Commander Zadak isn't going to help us.’

Kiah and Rilla waited. They waited and waited. At nearly twelve o'clock, a guard came into the office.

‘Come!’ he said.

Kiah and Rilla went with the guard. The house was big and old, with big windows and many doors. The guard went downstairs and opened one of the doors. There was nobody in the room.

‘Wait here,’ the guard said, and left.

Kiah and Rilla sat down on the expensive green and black chairs and looked at the expensive flowers on the tables. There were no windows in this room. Suddenly, the door opened and a tall, fat woman came in. Her name was Bel, and she was Gog's wife. She had a lot of long red hair and she wore an expensive blue dress. Bel liked expensive things. She carried a cat. The cat was black and white; half its face was black and half was white; half its body was black and half was white.

‘Why are you here? Why do you want to see Earth Commander?’ she asked.

Rilla stood up. ‘How do you do?’ she said. ‘We want to talk to Earth Commander about the AOL. We have new numbers from the satellite.’

Bel's face was red. ‘The AOL! Earth Commander knows about the AOL, and he is the best man—’

‘Excuse me,’ Kiah said quietly. ‘We want to help Earth Commander.’

Bel began to laugh. ‘Help? You?’ the cat jumped down and walked across the room. ‘How can you help? Why can't you understand? Listen. Earth Commander is working on the spaceship for Mars. It's difficult and expensive work.’ the cat jumped on to Rilla's chair and looked at her with its yellow eyes. ‘Two years ago, Adai wanted more money for the AOL—and Earth Commander sent him to the colony under the Moon. Now you're talking about the AOL. Do you want to go to the Moon, too?’

The door opened again and a different guard came in. ‘Excuse me. Earth Commander is ready now.’

Bel stood up. ‘You can see Earth Commander now,’ she said coldly. ‘But you're going to be sorry!’

The guard opened a different door, and Bel and the cat went into a beautiful room with expensive, very old tables and chairs. Rilla and Kiah went in behind them. There were no windows in the room, but a lot of pictures. There was Gog! The richest man on Earth; and the worst man on Earth. He was tall and fat, and without much hair. He sat behind a big table with a television, three computers and five telephones. He watched the television and didn't look at Kiah or Rilla. Two guards with guns stood behind him and two more guards stood near the door.

‘Here they are!’ Bel said. ‘They aren't friends, oh no! They want to talk about the AOL, of course. No one understands about Mars—’

‘That's all right, that's all right,’ Gog said quickly. And then he looked up, first at Rilla and then at Kiah. His eyes were cold and green. ‘I know about you two,’ he said. ‘Your captain told me about you. You're famous! Two children! You want to help planet Earth, is that right?’ He waited. The cat jumped on to his table and sat down in front of the television.

‘Yes, Commander,’ Kiah began. ‘The AOL is breaking up—’

‘When? Tonight? Tomorrow?’ Gog said angrily. ‘I heard this old story two years ago, from Adai. Everyone comes here and wants money—money for the AOL, money for rain, money for the Moon colony. But I am Earth Commander, and you are nobody! I know about the AOL and the AOL is good for a hundred years!’

‘But the satellite—’ Kiah began again.

‘Be quiet!’ Gog cried. ‘I am Earth Commander! I'm not going to give money for the AOL! Or for rain! Or for the Moon!’ Gog looked at the guards near the door. ‘Take them—take them away. I don't want to hear them.’

The guards moved behind Kiah and Rilla, and Bel began to laugh. ‘Goodbye!’ she said. ‘You're not going to the Moon, you're going to prison! You can talk about the holes in the AOL there!’

3 地球司令

第二天在基桑加尼，凯和瑞拉在高格住处的一间办公室里静静地等待着。突然，扎达克司令走进办公室，递给办公桌后面的那个人一些信件。他看见了两个年轻人，在他们面前站住了。

“又是你们！”他说，“你们在这儿干嘛？”

凯站了起来：“早晨好，司令。我们来这儿是为了见地球司令。”

“几分钟前我见到了地球司令，还跟他谈了雨水的事。”扎达克平静地说，“但是他不听。你们塞鲁船长今天早晨来过，并且告诉他人工臭氧层有了洞。可是高格不想听我们这颗星球的事。他总是谈论火星。最终他会毁了地球。”

“请您帮帮我们！”瑞拉喊着，“和我们一起去看高格吧！”

“不，”扎达克用他蓝蓝的眼睛看了看凯，又看了看瑞拉，“我再也不去跟高格谈了。而你们——高格不会听你们的。小心点——祝你们好运！”

扎达克司令打开房门走出了办公室。

瑞拉看了看凯：“地球司令是个不好相处的人。我真不知道他是怎么想的。”

“大家都怕他，”凯说，“扎达克司令也不准备帮助我们。”

凯和瑞拉等待着。他们等啊等。快12点时，一个卫兵走进办公室。

“来吧。”他说。

凯和瑞拉跟在卫兵后面。这是座宽敞的旧房子，有许多大窗户，许多门。卫兵下了楼，打开了一扇门。房间里一个人也没有。

“在这儿等着。”卫兵说了一句就离开了。凯和瑞拉在昂贵的绿黑相间的椅子上坐了下来，观赏着桌子上那些名贵的鲜花。这个房间没有窗子。突然，门开了，一个身高体胖的女人走了进来。她叫贝尔，是高格的妻子。她有一头浓密的红色长发，穿着一件昂贵的蓝色裙子。贝尔喜欢昂贵的东西。她抱着一只猫。那是只黑白相间的猫：猫脸一半黑一半白；猫身也是一半黑一半白。

“你们来这儿干嘛？你们为什么要见地球司令？”她问，

瑞拉站起身。“你好，”她说，“我们要和地球司令谈谈人工臭氧层的事。我们从卫星上获得了新数据。”

贝尔的脸涨红了：“人工臭氧层。地球司令知道人工臭氧层的事。他是最——”

“对不起，”凯平静地说，“我们想帮助地球司令。”

贝尔笑了：“帮助？你们？”那只猫跳了下来走到房间的另一头。“你们怎么帮他？你们怎么不明白呢？听着，地球司令正忙着制造去火星的飞船。这可是既费力又费钱的工作。”那只猫跳到瑞拉的椅子上，黄色的眼睛看着她。“两年前，阿岱想为人工臭氧层要更多的钱——地球司令把他送到了月亮下面的部族。现在你们又在谈人工臭氧层，你们也想到月亮那儿去吗？”

门又开了，另一个卫兵走了进来：“对不起，地球司令可以接见了。”

贝尔站起身。“你们现在可以去见地球司令了，”她冷冰冰地说，“可你们会后悔的！”

卫兵打开另外一扇门，贝尔和那只猫走进一个摆满非常古老、昂贵的家具的房间。瑞拉和凯跟在他们后面。这间屋子也没有窗户，墙上挂满了图画。高格就在里面！这个世界上最富也最坏的人。他又高又胖，头发稀疏。他坐在一张大桌子后面，桌上放着一台电视，三台电脑，五部电话。只见他注视着电视屏幕，根本不看凯和瑞拉。两个持枪的卫兵站在他身后，还有两个站在门边。

“他们来了，”贝尔说，“他们不是朋友，噢，不是。当然，他们要谈谈人工臭氧层的事。没人懂得火星——”

“行了，行了，”高格不耐烦地打断她。之后他抬起头看看瑞拉又看看凯。那是一双冷漠的绿眼睛。“我知道你们俩，”他说，“你们船长跟我说起过你们。你们名气不小啊！两个孩子！你们想拯救地球，是不是？”他等着回答。那只猫跳上他的桌子坐在电视机前。

“是的，司令，”凯开口了，“人工臭氧层正在破裂——”

“什么时候？今天晚上？明天？”高格生气地说，“两年前我就听阿岱说过这个老掉牙的故事。每个人都到这儿来要钱——为人工臭氧层，为下雨的事，为月亮部族。但是我是地球司令，你们什么也不是！我知道人工臭氧层，它能坚持一百年！”

“可是卫星——”凯又开口了。

“少废话！”高格叫了起来，“我是地球司令！我不会为人工臭氧层花钱！也不为下雨的事花钱！也不为月亮！”高格看了一眼门口的卫兵，“把他们——把他们带走。我不想听他们讲话。”

卫兵们在凯和瑞拉身后行动起来，贝尔笑了：“再见了！”她说，“你们去不了月球，你们要去的地方是监狱！你们可以在那儿谈论人工臭氧层上的洞！”

Commander Zadak was in his room at the biggest hotel in Kisangani. Suddenly, he heard the phone.

‘Commander?’ someone said, very quietly. ‘A man and a woman—from Ship OM-45—in prison 888.’ the phone went dead. Zadak put the phone down, stood up, and left his room.

Prison 888 was a big white building without windows, near Gog’s house. There were a lot of guards at the gate, and some more guards marched past the bulding. All the guards carried guns.

Commander Zadak walked across the road to the prison. ‘I want to visit someone. My name is Commander Zadak.’

‘I’m sorry, Commander,’ a guard said. ‘We can’t open the gate. Nobody can go in without a letter from Earth Commander.’

‘That’s all right,’ Zadak said, and walked along the road, past the prison.

A guard ran behind him. ‘Excuse me, Commander,’ he said quickly. ‘Please come back tonight. I can open the back gate at midnight. You can see the two people from Ship OM-45.’

Zadak looked at the guard. ‘Your captain’s going to kill you.’

The guard smiled. ‘My captain phoned you about the two people from OM-45. He’s the brother of Captain Seru.’

Zadak didn’t smile. ‘The prison commander is going to kill you and your captain.’

‘It doesn’t matter,’ the guard said. ‘We want to help.’

‘Midnight,’ Zadak said, and walked away.

At midnight there were four guards at the front gate of prison 888, and there was one guard at the back gate. The guard opened the gate and Zadak went in. The guard said nothing. They walked downstairs into a big room. A lot of prisoners slept on the floor because there were no beds or chairs. Kiah and Rilla sat on the floor near the door.

‘You can talk for five minutes,’ the guard said quietly.

‘The next guard arrives at 12. 15.’

Kiah and Rilla stood up. ‘Good evening, Commander,’ they said.

Zadak looked at the prisoners. ‘Why are all these people here?’ he said to Kiah and Rilla. ‘They’re in prison because Gog doesn’t like them. I talk to Gog about rain, I talk to him about the AOL, but he never listens. Today, someone told me about some fires in the new forest here in Africa; but Gog doesn’t want to hear about those fires.’ Zadak laughed angrily. ‘And he doesn’t want to hear about my trees in Australia. He never listens to me. He’s always thinking about Mars, Not about our beautiful planet Earth.’

Kiah listened carefully. ‘Take it easy, Commander,’ he said quietly. ‘Please talk to Adai. Adai wants to help. He can come back from the Moon and help you.’

‘No,’ Zadak said. ‘I phoned Adai this afternoon. He’s a good man and he wants to help. But I don’t need help. I’m going to stop Gog: I’m going to kill him.’

Kiah closed his eyes for a minute. ‘Gog’s guards have guns. They can kill you, Commander,’ he said. ‘You need more people to help. Wait for Adai. He can help you to look for more people.’

‘No, Kiah,’ Zadak said quietly. ‘I don’t want more people. Adai can come back to Earth after Gog is dead—after I am dead, perhaps. I don’t want Adai to die, too.’

‘Excuse me, Commander,’ the guard said. He looked at the clock near the door.

‘OK. Let’s go,’ Zadak said to the guard. He looked at Rilla and then at Kiah. His eyes were very blue. ‘Goodbye,’ he said.

‘Goodbye, Commander,’ Kiah said.

‘Be careful!’ Rilla cried. ‘And good luck!’

Early that morning, Earth Commander’s house was quiet. A guard opened the door.

‘Good morning, Commander Zadak,’ he said. ‘Earth Commander isn’t in his office.’

‘That’s all right,’ Zadak said. ‘I can wait.’

Zadak went upstairs and waited.

At eight o’clock Bel came into the room. ‘Good morning, Commander,’ she said. ‘You’re early this morning. Are you happier today? Earth Commander was very angry with you yesterday. Don’t begin talking about rain or the AOL today.’

Zadak smiled, but his blue eyes were cold. ‘No,’ he said. ‘I’m not going to talk about rain today.’

Just then, Gog came into the room. He looked at Zadak. ‘What’s wrong? Why are you here at eight o’clock in the morning?’

Zadak took his gun from his pocket. Gog saw the gun and his face went white. His eyes were dark and afraid. For a second nobody moved.

Suddenly, Bel’s black and white cat ran into the room.

‘Guards! Guards!’ Bel shouted.

The cat jumped at Zadak, and Zadak hit the cat away from him. Bel ran across the room to Gog and Zadak, at that second, shot at Gog. But Bel was between him and Gog. She gave a cry and fell to the floor. Her hair looked very red on the black floor.

‘No!’ Gog cried. ‘You shot Bel!’

Three guards ran into the room with their big guns and stood in front of Gog.

‘Kill him!’ Gog shouted, and began to help Bel.

Zadak looked at the guards and then at Bel and Gog. Kiah was right: he was going to die.

‘I’m sorry, Kiah. I’m sorry, Adai,’ he said quietly. The guards shot Zadak. Slowly, he fell to the floor.

4 888号监狱

在基桑加尼最大的饭店，扎达克司令正呆在他的房间里。突然，电话铃响了。

“司令吗？”有人非常平静地说，“一个男的和一個女的——从OM-45号飞船上来的——正在888号监狱里。”电话挂断了。扎达克放下听筒，站起身，离开了他的房间。

888号监狱座落在高格家附近，是座没有窗户的高大的白色建筑。监狱门口有许多卫兵，还有更多的卫兵从监狱门口走过。所有的卫兵都带着枪。

扎达克司令穿过马路来到监狱门前：“我是扎达克司令。我要见一个人。”

“对不起，司令，”一个卫兵说，“我们不能开门。没有地球司令的信谁也不能进去。”

“好吧，”扎达克说。他顺着马路从监狱旁边绕了过去。

一个卫兵从后面赶了上来。“对不起，司令，”他说得很快，“请您今天晚上来吧。午夜的时候我可以打开后门。您能见到从OM-45号宇宙飞船来的那两个人。”

扎达克注视着那个卫兵：“你们队长会杀了你的。”

那个卫兵笑了：“是我们队长给您打电话，告诉您OM-45号那两个人的事的。他是塞鲁船长的哥哥。”

扎达克没有笑：“监狱长会把你和你们队长都杀掉的。”

“没关系，”那个卫兵说，“我们愿意帮忙。”

“午夜。”扎达克说了一声就走了。

午夜时分，888号监狱正门前有四个卫兵，还有一个卫兵守在后门。那个卫兵打开后门，扎达克走了进去。卫兵什么也没说。他们走下楼梯进了一个大房间。那个房间里没有床也没有椅子，许多犯人睡在地板上。凯和瑞拉坐在门边的地板上。

“你们可以谈五分钟，”那个卫兵悄悄说，“下一班卫兵十二点一刻来。”

凯和瑞拉站起身：“晚上好，司令。”他们说。

扎达克看了看那些犯人：“这些人为什么被关在这儿？”他问凯和瑞拉。“高格不喜欢他们，所以把他们关了起来。我跟高格说了下雨的事，还有人工臭氧层的事，可是他根本不听。今天有人告诉我非洲那些幼林失火了，可是高格根本不想听火灾的事。”扎达克愤怒地冷笑了一声：“他也不想知道澳大利亚我那些树林的事。他从来不听我的。他总想着火星，从来不想想我们美丽的地球。”

凯认真听着。“别太在意，司令，”他平静地说，“请您和阿岱谈谈。他会帮忙的。他可以从月球回来帮助您。”

“不行，”扎达克说，“今天下午我给他打了电话。他是个好人，也愿意帮忙。可我不需要帮助。我要阻止高格；我要杀了他。”

凯闭目凝神了一会儿。“高格的卫兵有枪。他们会杀了您的，司令。”他说，“您需要多一些入帮忙。等等阿岱。他能帮您找更多的人。”

“不，凯，”扎达克平静地说，“我不需要更多的人。阿岱可以在高格死了以后——也许我死了以后再回来。我不希望阿岱也来送死。”

“对不起，司令。”那个卫兵说。他看了看门边挂着的表。

“好吧，咱们走。”扎达克对卫兵说。他看了看瑞拉又看了看凯。他的双眼晶莹碧蓝。“再见了。”他说。

“再见，司令。”凯说。

“要小心！”瑞拉喊着，“祝您好运！”

那天清晨，地球司令的家里非常安静。一个卫兵打开房门。

“早晨好，扎达克司令，”他说，“地球司令不在办公室。”

“没关系，”扎达克说，“我可以等。”

扎达克来到楼上开始等待。

8点钟的时候贝尔走了进来。“早晨好，司令，”她说，“今天您可真早。您今天高兴点了吗？因为您地球司令昨天非常生气。今天可别上来就谈什么雨水或者人工臭氧层的事了。”

扎达克笑了，可他的蓝眼睛里透着寒光。“不会的，”他说，“今天我不准备谈雨水的事。”

正说着，高格走了进来。他看着扎达克：“这是怎么了？你为什么早晨8点钟就来这儿？”

扎达克从衣兜里掏出了枪。高格看见了那支枪，脸色煞白。他目光灰暗，充满恐惧。一时间大家都僵在了那儿。

突然，贝尔那只黑白相间的猫跑了进来。

“卫兵！卫兵！”贝尔喊了起来。

那只猫朝扎达克扑过来，扎达克把猫抢到一边。贝尔朝房间另一头的高格跑去，就在这时，扎达克朝高格开枪了。可是贝尔正好跑到他和高格之间。她叫了一声就倒在了地板上。在黑色地板的映衬下她的头发显得越发红艳。

“不！”高格大喊，“你打死了贝尔！”

三个拿着长枪的卫兵跑了进来，站在高格面前。

“杀了他！”高格叫着，一边去扶贝尔。

扎达克看了看那几个卫兵，又看了看贝尔和高格。凯说得对：他活不成了。

“凯，阿岱，我对不起你们。”他平静地说。

卫兵们朝扎达克开了枪。他缓缓地倒在地板上。

5 Forest fires

Later that morning, four guards took Rilla to Gog's office. His face looked tired and his eyes were red.

'Leave us,' he said to the guards. Then he looked at Rilla. 'Tell me about Kiah. When did you first meet him? Is Zadak his friend? What do they talk about?'

Rilla looked down at the floor and said nothing.

'Come on, tell me!' Gog said angrily. He waited, but Rilla said nothing. 'Tell me about Zadak, then. Your father and Commander Zadak were friends. Now, you're talking to Zadak about the AOL. I know that. What is Zadak saying?'

'Why? Why do you want to know about Commander Zadak?' Rilla asked.

'I'm asking the questions, not you,' Gog said. 'Did you see Zadak yesterday?'

'The AOL is important, not Commander Zadak,' Rilla said.

Gog watched Rilla carefully. 'Zadak is dead.'

'No!' Rilla cried.

'He is dead,' Gog said again. 'You lost your friend, here in this building, early this morning. My guards shot him.'

Rilla's face went white. 'What happened? Tell me!'

'I'm going to tell you one thing,' Gog said angrily. 'I'm going to destroy Australia. I'm going to burn Zadak's new forest there. You can tell all your friends! Zadak wanted to kill me, but I killed him. He wanted money for rain, money for the AOL, and now he's dead. You can tell all those prisoners in prison 888. They wanted to stop me, but they can't now. I'm going to Mars! Bel always wanted to go to Mars.' He began to hit the table with his hand. 'I'm going to leave this dead planet! Nobody can stop me!'

'You're crazy,' Rilla said. 'You killed Zadak, but one day someone is going to kill you.'

Gog stood up. His face was tired and he looked ill. 'Be quiet!' he said. 'Guards! Take her away. Back to 888.'

The guards came in and took Rilla out.

'What happened?' she asked them. 'Commander Zadak is dead; why is Gog angry?'

The guards said nothing. But after they returned to the gate of 888, a guard said to Rilla, very quietly: 'Bel is dead. Zadak didn't shoot Gog, but he shot Bel, before the guards shot him.'

A guard took Rilla into the prison, and soon she was with Kiah again.

'What happened?' Kiah asked. 'Tell me.'

Rilla put her hands over her face and began to cry. 'Zadak is dead,' she began. 'He didn't kill Gog. He killed Bel before the guards shot him, and now Gog is going to destroy Australia.'

Kiah sat down on the floor next to Rilla. His face was sad.

'Don't cry,' he said quietly.

Three or four prisoners came across the room.

'What's the matter?' they asked.

'Zadak is dead,' Kiah said. 'But Bel is dead, too.'

'What's going to happen next?' someone asked. But nobody answered.

The next afternoon, Captain Seru's brother took Kiah and Rilla to a little room at the back of the prison. They sat down, and five minutes later Captain Seru arrived. Nobody smiled.

'You were right, Captain,' Kiah said. 'Gog sent us to prison because we told him about the holes in the AOL.'

Seru smiled. 'You were right, Kiah,' she said. 'Those satellite numbers were very bad. I began to tell Gog, but he didn't listen to me.'

'Would you like some coffee? And some sandwiches?' seru's brother asked.

'Yes, please,' seru said. 'I'm hungry.' she looked at Kiah and Rilla. 'Things are very bad.'

'What's happening?' Rilla asked.

'You know about Zadak? And Bel?'

'Yes. Gog told Rilla yesterday,' Kiah said.

Seru smiled, but her eyes were not happy. 'Gog talked to me this morning,' she said. Her brother came in with the coffee and sandwiches and Seru began to eat. 'Gog wants to know about Zadak, and about you,' she said. 'He's going to kill us all, I think, before he goes to Mars.'

Suddenly, Rilla felt ill. 'I can't eat now!' she cried. But she took some coffee and began to drink. 'Let's get out of here,' she said. 'Perhaps we can get a plane to Brazil and go to my family.'

'Difficult,' seru said. 'Last night fires began in the new forest in Europe, and they're moving across Europe. The fires in Africa are burning fast. Gog began to destroy Zadak's forest in Australia yesterday.'

'Did you phone Adai?' Kiah asked.

'Adai! You never stop talking about Adai. What can he do?' Rilla said. She felt angry.

Seru looked at Rilla for a minute. 'Yes, I phoned Adai before I came here. I told him about Zadak and Bel, and about the fires. He asked about you, Kiah. He can't come down at Kisangani airport because Gog is there with a lot of his guards. Ship MARS 4 is nearly ready and Gog is watching it. He wants to leave Earth tomorrow.'

'How can Adai help us?' Rilla asked. 'He can't shoot all the guards here.'

Captain Seru finished the last sandwich. ‘Let’s leave that to Adai,’ she said. ‘We can do nothing.’

‘Are you going to stay here?’ Kiah asked.

‘Yes,’ seru answered. ‘Adai is coming to the prison after he arrives on Earth.’

‘Oh yes?’ Rilla said tiredly. ‘But when? Gog can kill us before Adai comes.’ ‘No, he can’t,’ seru’s brother said. ‘You can stay here, in this room. Gog’s guards are all afraid—afraid of the fires, afraid of the people. They aren’t going to look for you here.’

5 森林大火

那天上午发生了这些事情之后，四个卫兵把瑞拉带到了高格的办公室。高格一脸疲惫，眼睛红红的。

“出去吧。”他吩咐卫兵。之后他转向瑞拉：“跟我说说凯。你第一次见到他是什么时候？扎达克是他的朋友吗？他们都谈些什么呢？”

瑞拉低头看着地板，一言不发。

“说呀，告诉我！”高格生气地喊。他等待着，瑞拉仍旧什么也没说。“那就说说扎达克吧。你爸爸和扎达克司令是朋友。现在你把人工臭氧层的事告诉了他。我知道这些。扎达克他怎么说？”

“为什么？为什么你想知道扎达克司令的事？”瑞拉问。

“是我在提问，不是你，”高格说，“昨天你见到扎达克了吗？”

“人工臭氧层才是重要的，不是扎达克司令。”瑞拉说。

高格凝视着瑞拉：“扎达克死了。”

“不！”瑞拉叫了起来。

“他死了，”高格重复了一遍，“你失去了你的朋友。就在这座楼里。今天清晨，我的卫兵开枪打死了他。”

瑞拉的脸白了：“出了什么事？告诉我！”

“有一件事我得告诉你，”高格恼怒地说，“我要毁掉澳大利亚。我要把扎达克新栽的树木烧毁，你可以告诉你所有的朋友。扎达克想杀死我，可我杀了他。他想为下雨的事，为人工臭氧层要钱。可现在他死了。你可以告诉888号监狱里所有的人。他们想阻止我，可现在他们不可能了。我要去火星。贝尔一直想去火星的。”他用手敲打着桌面，“我要离开这个死亡的星球！没人能阻拦我！”

“你疯了，”瑞拉说，“你杀了扎达克，但总有一天也会有人把你杀掉的。”

高格站起身。他面色疲惫，憔悴不堪。“住嘴！”他喊着，“卫兵！把她带走。带回888号监狱去。”

卫兵们把瑞拉带了出去。

“出了什么事？”她问他们，“扎达克司令死了，高格为什么那么生气？”

卫兵们什么也没说。可是到了888号监狱门口，一个卫兵小声告诉瑞拉：“贝尔死了。扎达克没打着高格，可他打死了贝尔，然后卫兵才朝扎达克开的枪。”

一个卫兵把瑞拉带进监狱，很快瑞拉就回到了凯身边。

“出了什么事？”凯问，“告诉我。”

瑞拉捂着脸哭了起来。“扎达克死了，”她说，“他没能杀死高格。他打死贝尔之后那些卫兵杀了他，现在高格要毁掉澳大利亚。”

凯在瑞拉身边坐了下来。“别哭了。”他轻轻对瑞拉说，脸上流露出悲伤的神情。

三四个犯人走了过来。“出了什么事？”他们问。

“扎达克死了，”凯说，“贝尔也死了。”

“以后还会出什么事呢？”一个人问。可是没人回答。

第二天下午，塞鲁船长的哥哥把凯和瑞拉带到监狱后面的一个小房间。他们坐了下来，5分钟后，塞鲁船长来了。大家都很严肃。

“船长，不出您所料，”凯说，“我们告诉高格人工臭氧层有洞的事，他就把我们送进了监狱。”

塞鲁笑了。“你说得对，凯，”她说，“那些卫星数据的确很糟糕。我试着跟高格说，可他根本不听我的。”

“要点咖啡吗？还有三明治？”塞鲁的哥哥问。

“好吧，要一点，”塞鲁说，“我饿了。”她看着凯和瑞拉：“情况非常糟糕。”

“出了什么事？”瑞拉问。

“你知道扎达克的事吗？还有贝尔？”

“瑞拉知道，高格昨天告诉她了。”凯说。

塞鲁笑了，可她的目光中却没有喜悦的神情。“高格今天早晨跟我谈过了。”她说。她哥哥拿着咖啡和三明治走了进来，塞鲁边吃边说：“高格想知道关于扎达克的情况，他也想知道关于你们的情况。”她说，“我想，他要把我们大家都杀掉，然后再去火星。”

突然，瑞拉感到很难受。“我现在吃不下去！”她喊着，一边倒了杯咖啡喝起来。“咱们出去吧，”她说，“也许我们能搭上去巴西的飞机回我家去。”

“很困难，”塞鲁说，“昨天夜里欧洲的新森林起了火，火势正向整个欧洲蔓延。非洲的大火越烧越猛。昨天高格开始摧毁扎达克在澳大利亚的森林。”

“你给阿岱打电话了吗？”凯问。

“阿岱！你怎么老是说起他，他能干什么呢？”瑞拉非常生气。

塞鲁注视了一阵瑞拉：“是的，我来之前给阿岱打过电话。我告诉了他扎达克和贝尔的事，还有火灾。他还问到你，凯。他不能降落在基桑加尼机场，因为高格在那儿，他还布置了许多士兵。火星4号宇宙飞船已经基本准备就绪，高格正密切关注着它的进展。他想明天离开地球。”

“阿岱怎么帮助我们呢？”瑞拉问，“他也不能把这儿所有的卫兵都打死。”

塞鲁船长吃完了最后一个三明治。“这个问题就留给阿岱吧，”她说，“我们什么也做不了。”

“您准备呆在这儿吗？”凯问。

“是的，”塞鲁说，“阿岱降落在地球上之后就会到这座监狱来的。”

“噢，真的吗？”瑞拉疲惫地说，“可是什么时候呢？阿岱来之前高格可能就把我们杀了。”

“不，他不会，”塞鲁的哥哥说，“你们可以呆在这儿，在这个房间里。高格的卫兵都害怕——怕那些火灾；怕那些人。他们不会到这儿来找你们的。”

6 Spaceship to the Moon

And so they waited. And waited. Rilla slept in her chair. Kiah and Seru talked quietly. Seru's brother came and went. Most of the prison guards ran away with the prisoners. Seven or eight people—some prisoners and some guards—didn't want to run away, so they came into the room and waited, too.

Ten o'clock came, then eleven o'clock. It was very quiet. Seru walked up and down the room. Kiah sat next to Rilla. Seru's brother came into the room again.

‘It's after midnight,’ he said.

Just then, they heard the noise of a plane. Kiah stood up. ‘Come on,’ he said. ‘Let's get out of the building.’

Quietly, they left the building. It was a dark, hot night. There were no guards in front of the prison, so they went to the gate and waited there. Suddenly, they saw the plane. It was a little plane, and it was going to come down on the road in front of the prison!

Rilla took Kiah's hand. ‘You were right,’ she said. ‘I'm sorry.’

Kiah smiled. He began to feel happy. ‘That's all right. I understand. I know Adai very well, and you don't.’

The plane stopped and someone opened the door. Kiah ran across to the plane.

‘How many can you take?’ he called. ‘There are twelve of us.’

‘That's all right,’ someone said. ‘Quickly, the spaceship is waiting.’

The twelve people got into the little plane, and the plane began to move. Rilla looked at the captain of the plane. He was tall, with brown hair. He looked nice. Was this the famous Commander Adai?

‘Where is the spaceship?’ Kiah asked.

‘At the old airport,’ the man said. ‘One of the fires is moving very quickly across the new forest. It's going to arrive at the west of Kisangani before tomorrow, I think. But the old airport is OK.’ then the man looked at Kiah and smiled warmly. ‘My brother’, he said. ‘My little brother, in prison 888!’

‘Your brother? Commander Adai?’ Rilla asked. ‘But you didn't tell me that!’

Kiah smiled. ‘Nobody knew,’ he said. ‘But now—it doesn't matter now. Everyone can know.’

The little plane came down at the old airport, south of the town.

‘Let's be careful,’ Adai said. ‘We don't want someone to shoot us before we leave.’

The spaceship was dark. Quickly, everyone jumped down from the plane and ran across to the spaceship. Soon, the spaceship left Earth, and everyone looked down at the burning planet. They saw the dark smoke over Africa, and here and there, through the smoke, the red, angry fires.

‘The fires are destroying the forest very quickly,’ seru said.

Adai put his hand on Kiah's arm. ‘I'm sorry about Zadak,’ he said.

‘I wanted him to wait,’ Kiah said. ‘I wanted him to talk to you.’

Adai's face was sad. ‘He didn't want me to die,’ he said quietly. ‘He was a good man. And now he's dead.’

‘And Gog is going to Mars,’ seru said.

‘Mars? He's crazy! Mars isn't ready for people,’ Adai said.

‘But Gog wants to go, and so he's going,’ seru said. ‘Tell us about the Moon colony. That isn't ready: you need more money.’

‘No, I don't,’ Adai said. ‘The Moon colony is ready. I asked for more money because of Zadak: I wanted to give him money for rain. But Gog didn't listen; he wanted all Earth's money for the spaceship to Mars.’

‘I don't want to leave Earth,’ Rilla said sadly. She felt tired and afraid.

Adai smiled warmly at Rilla. ‘Nobody wants to leave Earth,’ he said. ‘But under the Moon is the best home for us now. Wait and see. The Moon colony is a beautiful, wonderful country, with rivers and rain, forests and flowers, buildings—and the first town. You can visit Earth again soon, and bring more people to the Moon colony. We all want to help Earth, because it's our first home. I know that. At the same time, you are going to be happy under the Moon.’

Suddenly, someone cried: ‘Look at the Moon!’

And through the window of the spaceship they saw the Moon before them, cold, white and beautiful; and under the Moon, there was the Moon colony!

6 飞往月球的宇宙飞船

于是他们等待着。等了又等。瑞拉蜷在她的椅子上睡着了。凯和塞鲁悄悄地谈着什么。塞鲁的哥哥进来一趟又出去了。监狱里的大部分卫兵都和犯人一起逃走了。只有大约七八个人——包括犯人和卫兵，不愿意逃走，于是也到这个房间里一起等待。

10点钟，11点钟。房间里安静极了。塞鲁在房间里走来走去。凯坐在瑞拉身边。塞鲁的哥哥又走了进来。

“已经过了午夜了。”他说。

就在这时，他们听到一阵飞机的轰鸣。凯站起身。“来啊，”他说，“咱们到楼外面去。”

他们悄悄地离开了大楼。这是个漆黑闷热的夜晚。监狱前面没有卫兵，于是他们来到大门口，在那儿等着。突然，他们看到了一架飞机。那是一架小飞机，正准备在监狱门前的马路上降落。

瑞拉抓住凯的手。“你说得对，”她说，“我很抱歉。”

凯笑了。他高兴起来：“没关系，我明白。我非常了解阿岱，而你并不了解他。”

那架飞机停了下来，有人打开了舱门。凯朝飞机跑了过去。

“你们能带多少人？”他喊着，“我们一共12个人。”

“没问题，”有人答道，“快点，宇宙飞船正等着呢。”

12个人都上了那架小飞机，飞机启动了。瑞拉看了看机长。他身材高大，头发是棕色的。这个人看上去很不错。他是不是那位著名的阿岱司令？

“宇宙飞船在哪儿？”凯问。

“那个老机场，”那人说，“一股大火正掠过新森林。我想明天之前这火就会烧到基桑加尼西部。好在那个老机场还能用。”说完，那人注视着凯，脸上带着亲切的笑容。“我的弟弟，”他说，“我的弟弟，住进了888号监狱！”

“他是你哥哥？阿岱司令？”瑞拉问，“可你从来没跟我说过！”

凯笑了。“以前没人知道，”他说，“可是现在——现在没关系了。大家都可以知道。”

小飞机在城南的飞机场降落了。

“咱们要小心，”阿岱说，“可不能在出发之前中了别人的枪子儿。”

宇宙飞船笼罩在一片黑暗中。大家迅速跳下飞机朝飞船跑去。很快，飞船离开了地球，大家俯视着下面这颗燃烧着的星球。他们看到了非洲上空的黑烟，以及黑烟下面到处肆虐的愤怒的烈焰。

“大火很快就会把森林烧毁。”塞鲁说。

阿岱把手搭在凯的臂膀上。“扎达克的事真让我难过。”他说。

“我曾希望他再等等，”凯说，“我本来想让他和你谈谈。”

阿岱神情悲切。“他不想让我送死，”他低声说，“他是个好人。可现在他死了。”

“还有，高格要到火星去。”塞鲁船长说。

“火星？他疯了！火星还不能住人。”阿岱说。

“可高格要去，他马上就要出发了。”塞鲁说，“跟我们讲讲月亮部族吧。它还不成形，你还需要很多钱。”

“不，我不需要，”阿岱说，“月亮部族已经准备就绪。我要更多的钱是为了扎达克：我想给他钱解决雨水的问题。可是高格不听；他要把地球所有的钱都用在去火星的宇宙飞船上。”

“我不想离开地球。”瑞拉忧伤地说。她感到又累又恐惧。

阿岱对瑞拉温和地笑了笑。“没有人愿意离开地球，”他说，“可是现在我们最好的家园在月亮下面。等着看吧。月亮部族是个美丽迷人的国家，有河流，有雨水，也有森林和鲜花，还有楼房——第一座城镇。你很快就可以再回到地球去。然后带更多的人到月亮部族去。我们都想帮助地球，因为它是我们的第一个家。我理解你。同时，你也一定会在月亮下面生活得愉快的。”

突然，有人喊了一声：“快看月亮！”

透过飞船的玻璃窗，他们看到了眼前的月球：冰冷，洁白，美丽；而在月亮下面，他们看到了月亮部族！

[1 THE PEDLAR](#)

[2 ROGER NOWELL](#)

[3 A FAMILY OF WITCHES](#)

[4 TRUTH AND LIES](#)

简 介

17世纪的时候，英格兰有许多人相信巫术。巫师可能是一个老太婆，或是一个年轻女子——有时甚至会是一个成年男子或小男孩。不过，巫师通常都是女人。人们都害怕巫师，因为巫师仅凭一句诅咒就能使人丧命。

1612年，在兰开夏郡的潘德尔山附近住着一个名叫詹妮特·迪瓦斯的小女孩。那时她刚9岁，因家里穷时常饿肚子，长得很瘦弱。她缺衣少鞋，有时一连几天吃不上饭。生活对于她来说十分艰难。

詹妮特的外祖母老德姆代克是一个巫师。她的母亲伊丽莎白和她的姐姐艾丽森也都是巫师。就连她可怜兮兮、傻头傻脑的哥哥詹姆斯也是巫师……不管怎样，村民们是这样认为的。

本书以女主人公詹妮特的口吻来讲述她一家人的故事。故事从1634年讲起，当时詹妮特被关押在兰开斯特城堡监狱里……

作者罗伊娜·艾金耶米是英国人，曾在非洲生活多年，现在在剑桥市工作、生活。她的这一有关潘德尔巫师的故事取材于发生在兰开夏郡的真实事件。

1 THE PEDLAR

The spring of 1634 arrives, but in the prison of Lancaster Castle it stays cold. The twenty women in the prison are dirty, hungry and cold. There are no beds or chairs and so they sleep on the cold floor. There are no windows, so it is al-ways dark. The women want to get out of the prison; they want to go home. Sometimes the guards open the big, old door and put some bread and water on the floor. Then they close the door again.

My name is Jennet Device, and I am one of the twenty women in prison. Day after day, I sit on the cold floor and wait. I want to feel warm again; I want to see the sky again, and Pen-dle Hill, the beautiful hill near my home. But I am in the dark prison of Lancaster Castle, and I sit on the cold floor and wait.

One day, something happens. The guards open the big, old door. 'Jennet Device! 'a guard calls. 'Come here at once, witch! Somebody wants to see you. '

I get up slowly because I'm very cold and I walk across the dark room to the door. Perhaps it' s someone from Read Hall! Perhaps I'm going home! 'Jennet Device, be quick! 'the guard calls again.

Someone is standing at the door with the guard. 'Jennet, 'he says quietly.

I see him then: a tall man with brown hair and tired blue eyes. He is not from Read Hall. It is Mr Webster, from the church at Kild wick. My legs stop moving and suddenly I want to sit down.

'Come on, come on, ' the guard says angrily. He begins to close the door.

'Come out here for a minute, Jennet, ' Mr Webster says quietly. 'Sit down and eat something. '

I sit down at a little table near the door. Mr Webster gives me some bread and some meat and I begin to eat hungrily.

'Ten minutes, 'the guard says. 'After ten minutes, she goes in again.

'Thank you, 'Mr Webster says.

'How is everyone at Read Hall? 'I ask at last.

Mr Webster smiles. 'Everyone is well. I was there yesterday. '

I close my eyes for a minute. ' Mr Webster, it' s not true. I'm not a witch, you know. '

'I know, Jennet, 'Mr Webster says. 'Last week, I brought Edmund Robinson and his father into my church, and asked them about the boy's story. Many people believed Edmund' s story, but some people didn' t. Edmund Robinson is going to London tomorrow with his father, and a judge is going to ques-tion them. '

The guard comes back and begins to open the door.

' Time! ' he says.

Mr Webster stands up. 'God is here with you, Jennet. Never forget that. You can be happy, when God is with you. '

I stand up too, and take the bread from the table. ' Yes, Mr Webster. God is with me; I believe that. ' But happy? How can I be happy?

I go back into the dark prison, and the guard closes the door behind me. The women run to me. 'Bread! Give us bread! 'they cry.

Quickly, I put the bread in my shirt. I don't want to lose it. I walk across the room and sit down on the floor. I am crying, but I feel a little better. Edmund Robinson, of Newchurch, is only ten years old. Edmund told lies about me and about many women: he saw us at a witches' meeting at a house called Hoarstones. It's not true, but many people believed him. What is he going to say in London? The truth? Or more lies.

But now, in the prison of Lancaster Castle, I want to tell my story. It is a story about rich men and angry villagers; about old women and hungry children. It is a true story, and it happened to me.

I was born in 1603. My family was always very poor, and after my father died, we were poorer. In winter, I was often ill and I was always cold and hungry. In summer, I was sometimes ill and I was often cold and hungry. We lived some miles from the village of New church, in an old house called Malkin Tower. It was dirty and cold. The rain came in through the windows and there were no doors. To the west, was the big hill called Pendle. Pendle Hill was beautiful. I loved Pendle Hill because it sat quietly all year and watched me.

My story begins on the eighteenth day of March in the year 1612. I was nine years old, and my life began to change on that day. My mother and my grandmother were ill and they sat on the floor, with their dogs, near the little fire.

My sister Alizon wanted to go out. 'I'm going to look for bread, 'she said.

My brother James sat near the fire, his mouth open. 'Go and look for bread, 'he said. 'Go and look for bread. 'James often said things again and again.

Alizon ran out of the house and I followed her.

'Go and look for bread! 'James called.

Alizon began to go east, up the hill and past the big trees be-hind Malkin Tower. Alizon walked fast. She was eighteen years old and she was tall with long, dirty brown hair and a white, hungry face. It was cold, but there was no rain . Alizon wore a coat and some shoes, but I had no coat and no shoes.

' Please wait a minute! ' I called to my sister. ' I want to come with you. '

'No! 'Alizon cried. 'Go back, I don't want you. '

Suddenly, a dog ran in front of Alizon.

' Good dog, good dog! ' Alizon called. The dog ran to her and she put her hand on its head. It was my sister' s dog and it liked her. It was a big dog with big teeth and I didn' t like it because it was always hungry.

I followed Alizon and her dog along the river to Colne. But before we arrived at Colne, we met John Law. John Law was a big fat man, about fifty years old.

‘Can I have some money, please?’ Alizon called. ‘I’m hun-gry.’

John Law didn’t answer. He walked slowly because he was fat and because he carried a big bag on his back. In his bag were a lot of beautiful things. He was a pedlar and he walked across the hills and visited all the villages.

‘Can I have some money?’ Alizon called again. ‘I’m very hungry!’

John Law stopped. ‘Stop following me,’ he said. ‘I’m not going to give you money.’

‘Give me money!’ Alizon said.

‘I don’t want to give you money,’ the pedlar said. He took his hat off. There was not much hair on his head. ‘I don’t like you and I don’t like your family. A lot of bad women, you are, and your father was a bad man, too.’

Alizon was angry. ‘Don’t talk about my father—he’s dead now! Give me some money, old man!’

John Law’s face was red. ‘No!’ he cried. He began to walk up the hill to the village. ‘Go back to your dirty family!’

Alizon began to laugh angrily. ‘A dead man! A dead man!’ she called. ‘Dead before dark, John Law!’ She looked down at her dog and put her hand on its head. ‘Go after him, dog,’ she said. ‘Go after him and get him!’

The big dog began to run after the pedlar. John Law stopped. He looked afraid and his face was very red. ‘Call your dog back, you bad girl!’ he shouted.

Suddenly, his mouth opened and his face went white. Slowly, he began to fall, and his big body hit the road. The dog came up to him, but the pedlar did not move.

Alizon watched John Law for a minute. Then she said to me, ‘Go and call someone from the village.’

I felt afraid, but I ran along the road very quickly. ‘Help! Help!’ I called to the villagers. ‘The pedlar is ill!’

The villagers came out of their houses and followed me down the hill. A young man looked at John Law carefully. ‘He’s not dead,’ he said, ‘but he’s very ill. Let’s move him to the nearest house. Someone must go and call his son.’

Just then, John Law began to talk very slowly. ‘I can’t move!’ he said. ‘I’m alive, but I can’t move!’

I went back to stand near Alizon. The dog sat at her feet.

‘That Device girl!’ John Law said slowly, ‘she—she cursed me! She wanted me to die! And her dog came to get me. All the villagers looked at Alizon.

‘I’m sorry,’ Alizon said quickly. ‘I’m very hungry and I wanted some money, that’s all.’

‘Go away!’ the villagers cried. ‘You’re a witch, and we don’t want you in our village.’

Alizon began to run away down the hill and her dog followed. I watched the villagers. They carried John Law slowly up the hill to the nearest house. And then I followed my sister down the hill. I was hungry and tired and Malkin Tower was many miles away. I was nine years old and I was angry. I was angry because the pedlar was ill. I was angry because the villagers didn’t like me. And I was angry because my sister was a witch.

1 小 贩

1634年的春天来了，但是在兰开斯特城堡监狱里却是寒冷依旧。关在狱中的20个女犯人又脏、又饿、又冷。牢房里既没有床也没有椅子，她们就睡在冰冷的地上。由于没有窗户，房间里总是一片黑暗。女囚们想离开监狱；她们想回家。有时候看守打开破旧的大门，把面包和水放在地上，然后将大门牢牢地关上。

我叫詹妮特·迪瓦斯，是20个女囚犯中的一员。日复一日，我坐在冰冷的地上等待着。我希望再次感受到温暖，我希望重新看到蔚蓝的天空和我家附近的美丽的潘德尔山。然而，我却是在黑暗的兰开斯特城堡监狱里，坐在冰冷的地上等待着。

有一天，发生了一件事。看守打开了破旧的大门。“詹妮特·迪瓦斯！”看守喊道。“快过来，女巫！有人要见你。”

因为太冷了，我缓慢地爬起来，穿过黑暗的房间向门口走去。也许是从里德宅院来的什么人！也许我要回家了！

“詹妮特·迪瓦斯，快点！”那个看守又喊道。

有一个人站在门边，和看守在一起。“詹妮特，”他轻轻地说了一声。

这时，我看清楚他了：他是一个长着棕色头发的高个子男人，一双蓝眼睛里带着倦意。他不是里德宅院的人，他是从基尔德威克的教堂来的韦伯斯特先生。我的两条腿停止了挪动，突然，我想坐下来。

“快点，快点。”看守生气地说。他开始关上大门。

“出来呆会儿，詹妮特，”韦伯斯特先生平静地说。“坐下来吃点东西。”

我在靠门的一张小桌旁坐了下来。韦伯斯特先生给了我一些面包和肉，我大吃起来。

“10分钟，”看守说，“10分钟后她就得回去。”

“谢谢你，”韦伯斯特先生说。

“里德宅院的人们都好吗？”我终于开口问道。

韦伯斯特先生微笑着说：“大家都好。我昨天到那里去了。”

我闭上眼睛，过了一小会儿，我说：“韦伯斯特先生，这不是真的。你知道，我不是女巫。”

“我知道，詹妮特，”韦伯斯特先生说。“上个星期，我把埃德蒙·鲁滨逊和他的父亲带到我的教堂，向他们询问起了埃德蒙讲的故事。许多人相信埃德蒙的话，但是也有些人不相信。明天埃德蒙将和他的父亲一起去伦敦，在那里，法官会盘问他们的。”

那个看守回来了并打开了牢门。

“到时间了！”他说。

韦伯斯特先生站了起来。“上帝与你同在，詹妮特。别忘了这一点。当上帝陪伴着你时，你会快乐的。”

我也站起身来，把面包从桌上拿走。“是的，韦伯斯特先生。上帝与我同在；我相信。”可是，快乐？我怎么可能快乐呢？

我重又回到了黑暗的牢房，看守在我身后关上了牢门。女囚犯们向我跑来：“面包！给我们面包！”她们大喊着。

我迅速地把面包放进衬衣里。我可不愿失去它。我穿过房间坐到了地上。我在哭泣，但是我感觉稍好一点了。纽丘奇村的埃德蒙·鲁滨逊只有10岁。他说了有关我和很多妇女的谎话：他说他看到我们在一所名叫霍尔斯特斯的房子里参加女巫会议。那不是真的，可是许多人相信他的话。在伦敦他会讲些什么呢？真话？也许是更多的谎言。

不过现在，在兰开斯特城堡监狱里，我想讲述我的故事。它是一个关于有钱人和愤怒的村民们；关于老年妇女和饥饿的儿童的故事。这是一个真实的故事，它就发生在我身上。

我出生于1603年。我的家庭一直非常贫穷。自从我的父亲去世后，我们的日子更艰难了。一年到头，我吃不饱、穿不暖，还常常生病。我们住在一所名叫马尔金塔的老房子里，离纽丘奇村有几英里远。这所房子又脏又冷，连一扇门也没有。下雨时雨水便从窗户浇进来。我家西面有一座潘德尔大山。它很美丽。我爱这座山，因为它终年宁静地坐落在那里，注视着我。

我的故事从这里讲起，那是1612年3月18日。当时我9岁。就在那一天，我的生活开始发生了变化。那天，我的妈妈和外祖母都生着病，她们围着一小堆火，和她们的几条狗一起坐在地上。

我的姐姐艾丽森想到外面去。“我去找点面包，”她说。

我哥哥詹姆斯张着嘴靠火坐着。“去找面包，”他说，“去找面包。”詹姆斯经常不断地重复他的话。

艾丽森跑出房子，我在后面跟着她。

“去找面包！”詹姆斯喊道。

艾丽森向东走去。她爬上山，走过马尔金塔后面的棵棵大树。艾丽森走得很快。她那年18岁，个子高高的，棕色的长发脏乎乎的。她脸色苍白，饥肠辘辘。天气很冷，但是没有下雨。艾丽森穿着外衣和鞋子，而我却既没有外衣也没有鞋子。

“请等一下！”我冲姐姐喊道。“我想和你一起去。”

“不！”艾丽森大声说。“回去，我不需要你。”

忽然间，一只狗在艾丽森面前跑着。

“乖狗儿，乖狗儿！”艾丽森招呼道。那条狗跑到她面前，艾丽森把手放在它的头上。它是我姐姐的狗，它喜欢她。它是条大狗，牙齿很大，可我不喜欢它，因为它总是显得饥饿不堪。

我跟着艾丽森和她的狗沿着河向科恩村走去。在路上，我们遇到了约翰·劳。他是个大胖子，五十岁上下。

“您能给点钱吗？”艾丽森大声说。“我饿着呢。”

约翰·劳没有回答。他走得很慢，一由于他胖，二来因为他背着一个大口袋，口袋里有许多好玩意儿。他是个小商贩，翻山越岭，跑遍了所有村庄。

“能给我点钱吗？”艾丽森又喊了一次。“我很饿！”

约翰·劳停住了。“别跟着我，”他说。“我不会给你钱的。”

“给我钱！”艾丽森说。

“我不想给你钱，”小贩说。他摘下帽子，他的头发已经很稀少了。“我不喜欢你，我不喜欢你们全家。你们都是些坏女人，你的爸爸也是个坏人。”

艾丽森生气了。“不许你提起我父亲——他已经死了！给我钱，老头！”

约翰·劳的脸涨红了。“不！”他喊道。他开始上山往村里走去。“回到你那肮脏的家里去吧！”

艾丽森愤怒地大笑起来。“一个死人！一个死人！”她大喊着。“天黑前就死，约翰·劳！”她低下头看看她的狗，把手放在它的头上。“去追他，”她说，“去追他，抓住他。”

那条大狗奔跑着去追赶小贩。约翰·劳停下了脚步。他看上去很害怕，满脸通红。“把你的狗叫回去，你这个坏女孩！”他大声喊着。

突然，他的嘴张开了，脸色煞白。慢慢地，他倒了下去，他那硕大的身躯摔倒在路上。大狗冲到他身旁，而小贩却一动不动。

艾丽森盯着约翰·劳看了片刻，然后她对我说：“去村里叫人来。”

我很害怕，但还是沿着路快跑起来。”救人呐！救人呐！”我向村民们大喊。“小贩生病了！”

村民们从各自家里出来，跟着我下了山。一个年轻人仔细地看了看约翰·劳。

“他没有死，”他说。“可是他病得很重。咱们把他抬到最近的房子里去吧。必须把他的儿子叫来。”

就在那时，约翰·劳十分缓慢地说道：“我动不了。”他说。“我还活着，可我动不了。”

我回到艾丽森身旁站着。大狗蹲在她的脚边。

“那个迪瓦斯家的女孩子…”约翰·劳慢吞吞地说。“她——她诅咒我！她想让我死！她的狗向我扑过来。”

村民们都看着艾丽森。

“我很抱歉。”艾丽森急忙说。“我很饿，我想要点钱，就是这么回事。”

“快走开！”村民们喊道。“你是个女巫，我们不想让你呆在我们村里。”

艾丽森向山下跑去，她的狗紧跟着她。我看着村民们。他们抬着约翰·劳缓慢地上山，向最近的一所房子走去。随后我跟着我的姐姐下了山。我又饿又乏，而马尔金塔远在数英里之外。那时我9岁，我很生气。我生气，因为小贩病了。我生气，因为村民们不喜欢我。我生气，因为我的姐姐是个女巫。

2 ROGER NOWELL

John Law was ill because Alizon cursed him, and his son wanted Roger Nowell to question Alizon. Roger Nowell was a rich and important man in Lancashire, and he was the judge for all the villages near Pendle Hill. He lived at Read Hall, seven miles from Newchurch.

On the thirtieth day of March, Mr Nowell's men came to Malkin Tower. Mr Nowell wanted to see Alizon at once.

We walked from Malkin Tower to Read Hall: my sister Ali-zon, my brother James, and our mother, Elizabeth Device. I followed them because I didn't want to stay at home with my grandmother. My grandmother was a difficult old woman, and I didn't like her.

Read Hall was an old house with a big garden and many old trees. Mr Nowell's servant opened the door for us.

'Come in,' Mr Nowell said. He was a tall man with a lot of white hair. His black coat looked warm and expensive.

Alizon followed Mr Nowell into a room with a big fire. When I saw the fire, I wanted to go in, too!

'Are you cold, little one?' Mr Nowell asked me. 'Come in, and sit near the fire.'

I went across the room and sat down on the floor, next to the wonderful, hot fire.

Mr Nowell sat behind a big fable. Two or three men, in black coats, stood near the window. Alizon stood in front of Mr Nowell. Her long hair was dirty, and her old dress looked dirtier.

'Two weeks ago, on the eighteenth day of March, you met John Law near Colne,' Roger Nowell said. His voice was slow and careful. 'Tell me about it.'

'I asked for money,' Alizon said. 'The pedlar was very angry and I didn't like him. I was angry, too, and I wanted him to die!'

'Tell me about your dog.'

'The dog is my friend,' Alizon said slowly. 'I wanted a friend, and I found that dog two months ago. I told my grandmother, and she liked the dog, too.'

'Did the dog run after the pedlar?'

'Yes, of course. I cursed the pedlar, and the dog ran after him!' Alizon said. 'I'm sorry now, because Mr Law is ill.'

'She's a witch!' one of the men said quietly.

Roger Nowell stood up and walked across the room to the door. 'James Device, come in. We want to question you.'

James came in and stood next to Alizon. James was thirteen years old, nearly a man, but he was afraid of many things. He began to cry.

'Don't be afraid,' Mr Nowell said. 'We want you to talk about your grandmother, Old Demdike.'

But Alizon wanted to talk. 'Don't ask him!' she said quickly. 'I can tell you about my grandmother because I'm with her every minute of the day. I go with her from village to village. I go with her across Pendle Hill. She asks people for money and food, and I help her.' Alizon stopped. She looked at James, and then she looked at Mr Nowell. 'She cursed a child once, and the child died later that year.'

'And you!' James said. 'You cursed a child, too! Somebody told me!' James suddenly sat down on the floor and began to laugh loudly.

'Be quiet!' Roger Nowell said coldly. 'Alizon Device, tell me the truth: did you curse a child?'

'Yes, I did,' Alizon cried. 'The child called me a witch, and I was angry. I cursed the child, but I was sorry when the child died.'

James looked up at Alizon, his mouth open. 'The child died, the child died,' he said again and again.

'Alizon Device, you cannot go home again,' Roger Nowell said slowly. 'You must go to the prison at Read.'

'But I need Alizon!' my mother shouted angrily from the door. 'She takes care of Old Demdike, my mother.'

I looked at my mother, at her red, angry face. I looked at Alizon in her dirty dress, and at James on the floor with his mouth open. And then I looked at Mr Nowell: his brown eyes were warm, and his face was kind.

On the second day of April, Roger Nowell and his men came to Ashlar House, near the village of Fence. Mr Nowell wanted to talk to my grandmother, and we all went with her to Ashlar House. Fence was not far from Malkin Tower, and my grandmother walked there easily.

Old Demdike was a little old woman with a fat face and no teeth. She was nearly eighty years old and she was a difficult old woman. Without Alizon, she was more difficult because my mother didn't take care of her.

When I saw Mr Nowell again at Ashlar House, I felt happy. I looked at his kind face and his warm brown eyes, and I wanted to be near him. But there were a lot of people in the room, and I was afraid to go to him.

'Old Demdike, I'm going to ask you some questions,' Mr Nowell began.

Old Demdike was not afraid. She looked at all the men, in their expensive coats and hats. 'What can a poor old woman tell you rich men?' She laughed, and when she laughed I felt afraid. My grandmother was going to tell them everything!

And she did!

'Twenty years ago, I met the Devil,' Old Demdike said. 'He was a boy called Tibb and he was my friend. Then a cat came to visit me—a beautiful cat—and then a dog. They were all my friends.'

Mr Nowell listened quietly to my grandmother, but some of the men began to talk angrily.

'Be careful, you rich men!' my grandmother cried. 'I can curse you! I can kill people! I make clay pictures of people—man, woman or child. And when I break the clay, that man, woman or child dies!'

People began to shout.

’ She’ s a witch! She must die! ’

’Say no more; she must die, with all her family! ’

Roger Nowell stood up. ’Be quiet!’ He looked at the guards near the door. ’Take her away,’ he said. ’Old Demdike and her granddaughter Alizon must go to the prison at Lancaster Castle. ’

The guards took my grandmother by the arms and carried her out of the door and put her on a horse. Everyone ran out of Ashlar House. They ran after the horses and shouted: ’Kill the witch!’

I looked for Mr Nowell, but he was on his horse, too, and he followed the guards quickly through the village.

Slowly, I followed my mother and James. Malkin Tower was my home, but I didn’ t want to go back there. I was a little child, and I wanted someone kind to take care of me.

We stayed at home days, because we were afraid to go out. James sat in front of the fire, with his dog, and talked. ’Lan-caster Castle, Lancaster Castle,’ he said, again and again. My mother hit me and shouted at me because she was angry with the rich men.

But after three days, my mother suddenly said, ’James! We’ re hungry and we must eat!’

James didn’ t answer.

My mother went across the room to James and pulled his hair. ’Get up!’ she shouted. ’Go out and find food for us! Your father isn’ t here now; you must find food for us. ’ She hit him over the head.

James stood up slowly. ’Go out and find food,’ he said. ’I must go out and find food. ’

It was dark, and James was out for hours. But in the morn-ing, he came back with a sheep.

’I went to Barley,’ James said happily. ’I got this sheep, and now we can eat. ’

’Get up, Jennet!’ my mother shouted ’Come and help me!’

It was Friday, the tenth day of April. My family had some friends, poor people, and on that day they came to Malkin Tower. They came and asked about Old Demdike and Alizon, and they stayed to eat and drink.

I helped my mother. We cooked the sheep over a big fire, and our visitors ate with us. At the same time, they drank. They sat by the fire and drank, and talked about Lancaster Castle.

’Let ’s go there!’ an old woman cried. ’Let ’s go to Lancast-er Castle and find Old Demdike and Alizon!’

’We can curse the guards, and break down the door!’ my mother said.

’Let’ s bring them home!’ said an old man.

’Jennet, bring the bottle! We need more drink!’ shouted my mother.

I got up and took more drink to my mother. But I fell over one of the dogs, and the bottle broke on the floor. The drink was gone!

’ You bad child!’ my mother shouted. ’You’ re a witch, too, you know!’ She got up and began to hit me. She hit me over the head and pulled my hair. An old man laughed, and then ev-eryone laughed.

I ran back across the room. I wasn ’t a witch; I was a child, nine years old, and I hated my mother and all her friends! My face felt very hot because I was angry. I left the room and went out of the house. It was afternoon, but the sky was dark with rain. Pendle Hill was dark, too. It sat quietly and watched me.

’I’ m going to Mr Nowell,’ I said quietly, to Pendle Hill. ’I’ m going to tell him about my mother and her friends. ’

2 罗杰·诺埃尔

由于艾丽森的诅咒，约翰·劳病倒了。他的儿子希望罗杰·诺埃尔审问艾丽森。罗杰·诺埃尔是兰开夏郡一个有钱有势的人，他是潘德尔山一带所有村落的法官。他住在里德宅院，离纽丘奇村7英里远。

3月30日那天，诺埃尔先生手下的人来到了马尔金塔，因为诺埃尔先生想马上见一见艾丽森。

我们一行离开了马尔金塔步行前往里德宅院：我的姐姐艾丽森，我的哥哥詹姆斯，还有我的母亲伊丽莎白·迪瓦斯。我之所以与他们同行是因为我不想和外祖母一起留在家里。我的外祖母是一个很难相处的老太婆，我不喜欢她。

里德宅院是一所老房子，里面有一个大花园和许多古树。诺埃尔先生的用人为我们打开了房门。

“进来，”诺埃尔先生说。他个子很高，白发苍苍。他的黑色大衣看起来既暖和又昂贵。

艾丽森跟着诺埃尔先生走进了一个房间，那里面生着旺旺的炉火。当我看到炉火时，真希望自己也能跟着进去！

“你冷吧，小家伙？”诺埃尔先生问我。“进来，坐到炉火旁边去。”

我穿过房间，坐到地板上，紧靠着那美妙的、暖烘烘的炉火。

诺埃尔先生在一张大桌子后面坐下。有两三个穿着黑大衣的男人靠近窗口站着。艾丽森站在诺埃尔先生面前，她的长发脏兮兮的，身上的旧裙子比头发还要脏。

“两个星期前，也就是3月18日那天，你在科恩村附近遇到了约翰·劳，”罗杰·诺埃尔说。他的声音低沉而谨慎。“给我讲讲这件事。”

“我向他要钱，”艾丽森说。“小贩很生气，我不喜欢他。我也很生气，我希望他死！”

“给我讲讲你的狗是怎么回事。”

“它是我的朋友，”艾丽森慢慢地说道。“我想要一个朋友，两个月前我找到了那条狗。我把这件事告诉了我的外祖母，她也喜欢那条狗。”

“那条狗是不是追赶小贩了？”

“当然追了。我诅咒了小贩，那条狗便去追赶他！”艾丽森说。“现在劳先生病了，我很抱歉。”

“她是个女巫！”一个男人轻声说。

罗杰·诺埃尔站了起来，穿过房间走到门口。“詹姆斯·迪瓦斯，进来。我们有话问你。”

詹姆斯走了进来，站在艾丽森身边。詹姆斯13岁，几乎是个男子汉了，但是，他对很多东西都感到恐惧。他哭了起来。

“别害怕，”诺埃尔先生说。“我们想让你讲讲你的外祖母老德姆代克的一些事。”

可是，这时候艾丽森却想说话。“别问他！”她急促地说。“我可以告诉你们关于我外祖母的事，因为我一天到晚和她在一起。我们俩一起翻越潘德尔山，走了一村又一村。她向人们讨饭要钱，我给她帮忙。”艾丽森停住了。她看了看詹姆斯，又看了看诺埃尔先生，接着说：“她曾经诅咒过一个小孩儿，后来，就在那一年，小孩儿死了。”

“还有你！”詹姆斯说。“你也诅咒过一个小孩儿！有人告诉我了！”詹姆斯突然坐到了地板上，大笑起来。

“安静！”罗杰·诺埃尔冷冷地说。“艾丽森·迪瓦斯，对我说真话：你曾诅咒过一个小孩儿吗？”

“是的，诅咒过，”艾丽森喊道。“那个孩子管我叫女巫，我生气了。我就诅咒了他，但是对于他的死我很抱歉。”

詹姆斯抬起头，张着嘴看着艾丽森。“那个孩子死了，那个孩子死了，”他一遍遍地说着。

“艾丽森·迪瓦斯，你不能再回家了。”罗杰·诺埃尔缓慢地说道。“我们必须把你送进里德监狱。”

“可是我需要艾丽森！”我的妈妈在门边气愤地喊着。“是她照顾我的母亲老德姆代克。”

我看了看我的妈妈，她的脸涨得通红，脸上带着愤怒的表情。我又看了看穿着脏裙子的艾丽森，还有张着嘴坐在地上的詹姆斯。然后我看了一眼诺埃尔先生：他的棕色眼睛流露出热情，他的面容是和善的。

4月2日，罗杰·诺埃尔和他的随从人员来到了芬斯村附近的艾什拉屋。诺埃尔先生想和我的外祖母谈谈，于是我们全家和她一起去了艾什拉屋。芬斯村离马尔金塔不远，我的外祖母并没有费多少劲就走到了那里。

老德姆代克是个身材矮小的老太婆，她长着一张胖胖的脸，牙齿全掉光了。她快八十岁了，很难相处。艾丽森不在她更使性子，因为我的妈妈根本不照顾她。

当我在艾什拉屋再次看到诺埃尔先生时，我感到很高兴。看着他和善的面孔和充满热情的棕色眼睛，我很想靠他近一些。可是房间里人很多，我不敢过去。

“老德姆代克，我要问你一些问题。”诺埃尔先生说。

老德姆代克并不害怕。她看了看所有衣帽华贵的男人。“一个穷老太婆能告诉你们有钱人什么呢？”她哈哈大笑的说。她的笑声令我恐惧。我的外祖母就要把一切都告诉他们了！

她真地说了！

“20年前，我遇到了魔鬼，”老德姆代克说。“他是一个名叫蒂勃的男孩，他是我的朋友。后来有一只猫来拜访我——一只美丽的猫——随后又来了一条狗。他们都是我的朋友。”

诺埃尔先生安静地听着，但是有些男人生气地交谈起来。

“小心点，你们这些有钱人！”我的外祖母喊道。“我能诅咒你们！我能让人丧命！我用泥制成人像——男人的，女人的或是小孩的，当我打碎人像时，那个男人、女人或小孩就会死去。”

人们开始大喊起来。

“她是个女巫！一定得要她的命！”

“不要再说什么了，她必须死，和她的全家一起死！”

罗杰·诺埃尔站了起来。“安静！”他看了看守在门口的警卫。“把她带走。”他说。“必须把老德姆代克和她的外孙女艾丽森关进兰开斯特城堡监狱。”

卫兵们抓住我外祖母的胳膊，把她带出门，放到一匹马上。大家全都跑出了艾什拉屋。他们追赶着马队，高喊：“杀死女巫！”

我寻找着诺埃尔先生，可是他也上了马，跟在卫兵们后面迅速地穿过村子走了。

我跟在妈妈和詹姆斯后面慢慢地走着。马尔金塔是我的家，但是我并不想回去。我还是个孩子，我希望有个慈爱的人来关心我。

因为不敢出门，我们在家里呆了好些天。詹姆斯和他的狗坐在火堆前，嘴里念叨着：“兰开斯特城堡，兰开斯特城堡。”他一遍又一遍地说着。我妈妈打我，冲我大嚷大叫，因为那些有钱人很让她恼火。

3天后，妈妈突然说：“詹姆斯！我们饿了，咱们得吃东西呀！”

詹姆斯没有答话。

妈妈穿过房间走到詹姆斯跟前，揪着他的头发。“起来！”她大喊着。“出去给我们找点吃的！你爸爸现在不在了，你必须给我们找吃找喝。”她打了一下他的头。

詹姆斯慢慢腾腾地站起来。“出去找吃的，”他说。“我必须出去找吃的。”

天黑了，詹姆斯已经出去好几个小时了。第二天早上，他带着一只羊回来了。

“我到巴利村去了。”詹姆斯高兴地说。“我找到了这只羊，现在我们可以吃饭了。”

“起来，詹妮特！”我妈妈喊道。“来给我帮忙！”

我们家有一些朋友，都是穷人。4月10日星期五那天，他们来到了马尔金塔。他们来询问老德姆代克和艾丽森的情况，然后留下来又吃又喝。

我帮助妈妈干活。我们在一大堆火上烤羊，客人们和我们一起吃饭。他们还喝起酒来。他们围坐在火堆旁一边喝酒，一边谈论着兰开斯特城堡。

“咱们到那儿去吧！”一个老太太大声说。“咱们去兰开斯特城堡救出老德姆代克和艾丽森！”

“我们可以咒死看守，然后把门打破！”我妈妈说。

“咱们把她俩带回家来！”一个老头儿说。

“詹妮特，把酒瓶拿来！我们得再喝点！”妈妈喊道。

我站起来去给妈妈再拿些酒。可是我绊倒在一只狗身上，酒瓶掉在地上摔碎了，酒洒了！

“你这个坏孩子！”我妈妈嚷道。“你也是个女巫，你清楚！”她站起来打我。她打我的头，揪我的头发。一个老头哈哈大笑，大家也都跟着哄笑起来。

我穿过房间跑了回去。我不是女巫；我是个9岁的孩子。我恨妈妈和她所有的朋友！由于愤怒我的脸很烫。我离开房间，走出了这所房

子。当时是下午，但是由于下着雨，天很黑。潘德尔山也是一片漆黑。它静静地坐落在那里，注视着我。

“我要去找诺埃尔先生，”我平静地对潘德尔山说。“我要告诉他有关我妈妈和她的朋友们的事情。”

3 A FAMILY OF WITCHES

I ran from Malkin Tower, down the hill into Newchurch. James followed me.

'I want to go to Read Hall, too,' he said.

We ran through the trees to Sabden Brook. The noise of the river was beautiful in my ears. We went along the river to the village of Sabden, and then it began to rain.

Suddenly, we heard the noise of horses behind us. We got off the road, and watched the horses. It was Roger Nowell with some of his men. They saw us, and Mr Nowell stopped.

'It's the Device children,' he said. 'What's your name, child?'

'My name is Jennet,' I said. 'We're going to Read Hall. I want to talk to you.'

Roger Nowell looked at me with his warm brown eyes. 'Very well,' he said. 'Come home with me, and we can talk.' He lifted me up on to his horse, and the horse moved quickly along the road to the village of Read. James ran along behind us.

Very soon, we arrived at Read Hall. The servant opened the door for us, and we went into the warm house. James came in, too, and sat down next to me near the fire.

Mr Nowell put his black hat down on the table. 'Bring a hot drink and some food for these children,' he told the servant. 'They're cold and hungry.'

The servant brought bread and hot milk for us, and James and I ate hungrily. I felt warm and happy in Mr Nowell's house. I wanted to stay there all my life; I never wanted to go back to Malkin Tower.

When we finished eating, Mr Nowell looked up from his book. 'You wanted to talk to me,' he said quietly. 'Well, I'm listening.'

I got up, went across the room and stood in front of Mr Nowell. 'I'm afraid of my mother,' I began. 'I'm afraid because she's a witch and she can kill people.'

The room was quiet. Mr Nowell said nothing, but his brown eyes were kind.

'My mother and her friends are at Malkin Tower,' I told him. 'They want to go to Lancaster Castle and kill the guards. They're going to bring Old Demdike and Alizon home again.'

Mr Nowell got up and left the room. After some time, he came back with two of his friends. They all sat down at the table.

'Jennet, I want you to tell me again about your mother and her friends.'

'They want to kill the guards at Lancaster Castle and bring Old Demdike home to Malkin Tower,' I said. Then I began to cry.

'Don't cry,' Mr Nowell said kindly. 'We can help you, but we must talk to your brother first. James!' he called. 'Tell me about your mother. Is she a witch?'

'She's a witch. We're all witches,' James began. 'Old Demdike's a witch. One night, she went to the church at Newchurch and got some teeth from dead bodies there. The Devil talked to her and she brought the teeth to Malkin Tower. They're under the ground by our door!'

'Old Demdike's a witch; we know that,' Mr Nowell said. 'Tell us about your mother.'

'Mother's a witch,' James said. 'She killed Mr Robinson, from Barley village. She made a clay picture, and then she broke it, and Mr Robinson died a week later.' James smiled at Mr Nowell. He liked Mr Nowell because Mr Nowell didn't shout at him. 'And I'm a witch, too! I can kill people!'

'No, James!' I cried. 'You're not a witch! You don't kill people!'

'Yes, I do,' James said angrily. His face went red. 'My dog, Dandy, is the Devil and he killed a man for me. I wanted a shirt and Mr Duckworth was going to give me one of his old shirts. But in the end, he didn't give it to me and I was very angry. I nearly killed Mr Duckworth! But I called Dandy, and he killed Mr Duckworth for me!'

I began to cry. My brother was a witch, too! All my family were witches!

'Don't cry, Jennet,' Mr Nowell said. 'Someone must take care of you. You can stay here at Read Hall with me.'

When Mr Nowell's men brought my mother to Read Hall, she said nothing at first.

'Tell us about the pictures of clay,' Mr Nowell said. 'My men found pictures of clay at Malkin Tower.'

My mother said nothing.

'Your mother, Old Demdike, is a witch. Your daughter is a witch,' Mr Nowell said. 'Your son killed Mr Duckworth because of shirt. Now, tell us about the clay pictures.'

My mother said nothing.

'James told us about Mr Robinson of Barley,' Mr Nowell said. 'Did you kill him?'

Suddenly, my mother's face went red and she began to shout at James. 'A good son, you are! You told this rich man about Jack Robinson of Barley. Well, you told the truth. I killed him! I made a clay picture, and then I broke it, and a week later he died. I killed him because I hated him.'

She stopped and looked at me. I wanted to run away but Mr Nowell's servant stood in front of the door. Then my mother laughed. 'Jennet Device, witch's daughter! You hate us, I know that. Well, it doesn't matter because you're right: you are different. You're my daughter, but you're not the daughter of my husband. Your father was a rich man, but he never gave me money. A witch's child, he called you. And when you were born, he never came near me again. Jack Robinson learnt the truth about your father. He told the villagers of Barley and they called me a bad woman, but they didn't call your father a bad man! Nobody in Barley gave me food again, because of Jack Robinson. I hated him, and so I killed him!'

The room was very quiet and my mother laughed again.

My hands felt cold and my face was hot, but I didn't cry. When Mr Device died, I cried for days. But he was not my father. I looked at my mother, at her dirty hair and her ugly face, at her angry eyes. I hated her then, and I hated her for many years.

3 巫师之家

我跑出马尔金塔，跑下潘德尔山来到了纽丘奇村。詹姆斯一直跟着我。

“我也想去里德宅院。”他说。

我们穿过树林来到了萨卜登小溪。潺潺的流水声在我听来十分悦耳。我们沿着河走到了萨卜登村，这时天下起雨来。

忽然，从我们身后传来了马蹄声。我们离开大路，看着那些马匹。那是罗杰·诺埃尔和他的手下。他们看到了我们俩，诺埃尔先生停了下来。

“原来是迪瓦斯家的孩子们，”他说。“孩子，你叫什么名字？”

“我叫詹妮特，”我说。“我们要去里德宅院。我想和您谈谈。”

罗杰·诺埃尔用他那双充满热情的棕色眼睛看了看我。“很好，”他说。”跟我一起回家吧，这样我们就可以谈谈了。”他把我举起来放到他的马上，马于是迅速地沿着大道向里德村行进。詹姆斯一路跑着跟在我们后面。

很快，我们到达了里德宅院。先生的用人打开屋门，我们走进了十分暖和的房子。詹姆斯也进来了，他挨着我坐在炉火边。

诺埃尔先生把他的黑帽子放在桌子上。“给孩子们拿点热饮和一些吃的来。”他吩咐用人说。“他们又冷又饿。”

用人给我们拿来了面包和热牛奶，詹姆斯和我大吃起来。在诺埃尔先生家里，我感到既温暖又快乐。我希望一辈子呆在那儿；我再也不想回到马尔金塔去了。

我们吃完了饭，诺埃尔先生不再看书，抬起头来。“你有事想对我说，”他轻声说。“好吧，我听着呢。”

我站起身，穿过房间，站在诺埃尔先生面前。“我害怕我妈妈，”我开始说道。“我害怕，因为她是女巫，她能杀人。”

房间里十分安静。诺埃尔先生什么也没说，但是他的棕色眼睛是友善的。

“现在，我妈妈和她的朋友们正聚在马尔金塔，”我告诉他说。“他们想要去兰开斯特城堡杀死看守。他们打算把老德姆代克和艾丽森带回家。”

诺埃尔先生站起身离开了房间。过了一些时候，他和他的两个朋友一起回来了。他们全都在桌前坐了下来。

“詹妮特，我要你再对我说一遍有关你母亲和她朋友的事。”

“他们想杀死兰开斯特城堡的看守，然后把老德姆代克带回马尔金塔。”我说。说完，我哭了。

“别哭，”诺埃尔先生和蔼地说。“我们能帮助你，不过我们必须先和你哥哥谈谈。詹姆斯！”他喊了一声。“给我讲讲你母亲的事。她是女巫吗？”

“她是女巫。我们都是巫师。”詹姆斯说。“老德姆代克是个女巫。一天夜里，她去了纽丘奇村的教堂，从那里的尸体上取下了一些牙齿。魔鬼和她对了话，随后她把牙齿带回了马尔金塔，它们就在我家大门旁的地下。”

“老德姆代克是个女巫，这我们知道，”诺埃尔先生说。“把你母亲的事告诉我们。”

“妈妈是女巫，”詹姆斯说。“她杀死了巴利村的鲁滨逊先生。她做了一个泥像，然后把它打碎，一星期后鲁滨逊先生死去了。”詹姆斯对诺埃尔先生微笑了一下。他喜欢诺埃尔先生，因为诺埃尔先生不冲着他大喊大叫。“还有，我也是个巫师！我能害死人！”

“不，詹姆斯！”我喊道。“你不是巫师！你不杀人！”

“不，我杀人。”詹姆斯生气地说。他的脸红了起来。“我的狗丹迪是魔鬼，它为我杀过一个人。有一次我想要一件衬衣，达克沃思先生准备把他的一件旧衬衣给我。可是最后他没有给我，我非常生气。我差点儿杀了他！不过我喊来了丹迪，它为我杀死了达克沃思先生！”

我哭了起来。我的哥哥也是个巫师！我的全家都是巫师！

“别哭，詹妮特，”诺埃尔先生说。“必须有人照顾你。你可以留在里德宅院，和我在一起。”

诺埃尔先生手下的人把我妈妈带到了里德宅院，起初她一言不发。

“把泥塑像的事告诉我们，”诺埃尔先生说。“我手下的人在马尔金塔找到了一些泥塑像。”

我妈妈没有作声。

“你的母亲老德姆代克是女巫。你的女儿是女巫，”诺埃尔先生说。“你的儿子为了一件衬衣杀死了达克沃思先生。现在把泥塑像的事告诉我们。”

我妈妈什么也没说。

“詹姆斯对我们讲了巴利村鲁滨逊先生的事，”诺埃尔先生说。“是你杀了他吗？”

突然间，我妈妈的脸涨红了，她冲着詹姆斯大喊：“你真是个好儿子！你把巴利村杰克·鲁滨逊的事告诉了这个有钱人。是的，你说的完全属实。是我杀了他！我做了一个泥像，然后把它打碎，一星期后他就死了。我杀了他是因为我恨他。”

她停下来看着我。我想跑开，可是诺埃尔先生的用人正站在门前。妈妈哈哈大笑说着：“詹妮特·迪瓦斯，巫师的女儿！我知道，你恨我们。嗯，这没什么，因为你是对的：你是不一样。你是我女儿，但你不是我丈夫的女儿。你的父亲是个有钱人，可他从来不给我钱。他管你叫巫师的孩子。从你一出生，他就再也没靠近过我。杰克·鲁滨逊得知你亲生父亲的真相后，便告诉了巴利村的居民们。他们说我是坏女人，却不说你父亲是一个坏男人！从那以后，在巴利村，再也没有人给我吃的了，这都是杰克·鲁滨逊造成的。我恨他，所以我杀了他！”

房间里静悄悄的，我的妈妈又大笑起来。

我的手冰凉冰凉，我的脸热辣辣。不过我没有哭。迪瓦斯先生去世时，我哭了好几天。然而他不是我父亲。我看着妈妈，看着她那肮脏的头发、丑陋的面容和愤怒的双眼。在那一刻，我真恨她，许多年来我一直恨她。

4 TRUTH AND LIES

On the twenty-seventh day of April, the guards took my mother and James to Lancaster Castle, and my life at Read Hall began. Suddenly, it was spring. The sky was blue and there were beautiful flowers on the hills. From Read Hall, Pendle Hill looked different : it looked smaller, and it was not so important in my life. Sometimes I walked along Sabden Brook to Sabden, and then to Newchurch, and I felt happy to be near Pendle Hill again. But I never visited Malkin Tower again.

Spring changed into summer, and in August I went to Lan—caster with Mr Nowell. Lancaster was thirty miles from Read Hall, and I got very tired because I sat on a horse for hours. It was a big, noisy town. I never saw so many people before in my life and I felt afraid.

The trial of the witches of Pendle began at Lancaster Castle on the eighteenth day of August, and the judge was an impor—tant man from London. Judge Bromley listened to many people on that day, because there were a lot of witches from Lan—cashire in the prison. Old Demdike was not there because she died in May, before the judge arrived.

I waited with Mr Nowell' s servant, and when a guard called my name, I went through a big door and saw the judge behind a table. Judge Bromley was rich and important, but his eyes were cold. Suddenly, I saw my mother! She was dirty and very thin. When she saw me, her face went red. My hair was clean now, and I wore shoes and an expensive dress. I saw my mother' s eyes: she hated me!

'Are you a witch?' Judge Bromley asked my mother.

'No, I 'm not,' my mother answered angrily.

'Did you kill Jack Robinson, of Barley village?'

' No, I did not. '

'Jennet Device is here, ' a voice said quietly. It was Mr Nowell. 'She can tell us the truth about her mother. '

For a minute, my mother did not move. Then she ran across the room and shouted at me. 'You know nothing, you bad child! And I'm your mother! Don' t forget that!'

The guards ran after my mother and pulled her to the floor.

' I'm no witch!' my mother shouted. ' It' s all lies! Jennet, you' re a witch—a child of the Devil! You' re my daughter, and I know!'

I was afraid and I put my hands over my eyes. I didn't want to see my mother' s ugly face. The guards pulled my mother out of the room and the noise stopped.

'Jennet Device, ' the judge said. 'Tell us the truth about your mother. '

Roger Nowell lifted me up and put me on a table in front of the judge.

'My mother is a witch, 'I began. 'She has a friend, a dog called Ball. When she wants to kill somebody, she tells Ball...'I talked and talked; I told the judge everything.

Judge Bromley listened carefully. 'My child, is this the truth?'

'Yes, 'I answered. 'I'm telling you the truth. '

The guards brought my mother back into the room again. Her face looked tired and her eyes were red.

'Elizabeth Device, your daughter told us about your dog, Ball. Your son, too, told us about the clay pictures. We know everything. '

My mother said nothing. She didn't look at the judge and she didn' t look at me.

Next, the guards brought my brother James into the room. When I saw James, I wanted to cry. James was thin and dirty and his hair was very long. He looked at the judge and at all the rich and important men in the room and he began to cry. Then he sat down on the floor.

'Stand up, James Device, ' Judge Bromley said.

The guards pulled James up, but he fell to the floor again.

'You killed Mr Duckworth, ' Judge Bromley said.

'I wanted a shirt, ' James cried.

'Is your brother a witch? ' Judge Bromley asked me.

' Yes, ' I said. My brother sat on the floor, his mouth open. He looked at me, but he didn't know me. I was clean, and fat because of all the good food at Read Hall.

'James told me about his friend, Dandy, 'I began. 'Dandy was the Devil and—'

James heard the name Dandy, and he began to cry again. 'I want Dandy! I want to go home!'

The guards pulled him up from the floor and took him out of the room. I never saw my brother again.

When the guards brought my sister Alizon in front of the judge, I said nothing. John Law, the pedlar, came into the room. He was a thin man now. He walked slowly and he talked slowly and his face looked ill . He told the judge about that day near Colne when Alizon cursed him and her dog ran after him.

'I'm sorry!' Alizon said. ' I was angry with you that day, but I'm sorry now. ' Alizon 's eyes were dark and afraid, but she had no friends in that room and nobody wanted to listen to her.

Then Mr Nowell took me out and I waited with his servant in a different room. An hour later, there was the noise of many people shouting and crying.

The servant smiled. 'The trial is finished, ' he said 'You' re a good child Jennet. You told the judge the truth about the Witches. '

Mr Nowell took me home to Read Hall. And on the twen—tieth day of August 1612, the guards took my mother, my sis—ter

and my brother out of prison , and hanged them in front of Lancaster Castle.

And so I lost my family.

When I was a child, I wanted to be happy. I wanted to be warm, to wear shoes, to eat good food. I wanted someone to take care of me. That’s all. My mother gave me nothing. She gave me no love. She never took care of me. Because my mother was a witch, my father ran away and I never knew him. My father was a rich man without a name, and I lived hungry and cold with a witch. And so I told Judge Bromley the truth about my family. Was I wrong? I don’t know.

I was happy for years at Read Hall. For twenty-one years, I forgot my family. I learned to cook for the Nowell family; I worked many hours every day but I was warm and I ate good food. Every Sunday, in my best dress, I went to church; every summer I walked over Pendle Hill. I never thought about my family, because I was happy at Read Hall.

In August 1612, the guards hanged my family in front of Lancaster Castle. But their dead faces waited for me there; and a year ago, in 1633, when the guards put me in the prison in Lancaster Castle, I met them again. Day after day, I see their ugly, dead faces and hear their cold, angry voices. I think of them all the time. God is with me here, in prison. I believe that. But my dead family is with me too.

Mr Webster, from the church at Kildwick, visits me again. His blue eyes are tired, but he smiles at me.

’Edmund Robinson and his father told the truth in London,’ he says quietly. ’The child told lies about you because he was afraid of his father. He wanted his father to love him.’

I say nothing. Mr Webster wants to be kind, but he cannot help me. Mr Nowell cannot help me because he is dead. Edmund Robinson is only a child; he tells lies one day, and the truth the next day. But the truth cannot help me. What can I do against hate , and lies? When Mr Nowell was alive, the Villagers didn’t talk about me. But when Mr Nowell died, the lies began. The villagers are all afraid of me——because my name is Device. They hate me——because my name is Device. They say I am a witch—— because my name is Device.

I come from a family of witches, but I am not a witch. No-body died because I cursed them. I never made clay pictures, I never had a cat or dog. I only wanted to live quietly at Read Hall and watch the changing skies over Pendle Hill.

When I was a child, I was always cold and hungry, and I hated my family because they were witches. In 1612, I told the truth, and the truth killed my family. Now, twenty-two years later, lies are going to kill me, here in Lancaster Castle, and I am cold and hungry again.

Mr Webster gives me bread, and I go back into the prison. I can never go back to Read Hall; I know that now. I must stay here in Lancaster Castle, with my dead family.

They are watching me, and waiting for me. I can never be free of them.

This is my true story; and I want to finish it now.

4 真相与谎言

4月27日，看守们把我妈妈和詹姆斯带到了兰开斯特城堡，我在里德宅院开始了新的生活。转眼间，春天来了。天空一片湛蓝，山上开着美丽的花朵。从里德宅院看去，潘德尔山显得和过去有些不同：它看起来小了点，而且它在我的生活中不再那么重要了。有时我沿着萨卜登小溪走到萨卜登村，然后再到纽丘奇村；我真高兴能再次靠近潘德尔山。但是我再也没有去过马尔金塔。

春去夏来，8月份我和诺埃尔先生一起去了兰开斯特。兰开斯特离里德宅院有30英里远，因为一连几小时坐在马背上，我很疲惫。兰开斯特是一个大而喧闹的市镇。我以前从来没有见过那么多的人，所以有点害怕。

8月18日，在兰开斯特城堡开始了对潘德尔地区的巫师的审判。法官是一位从伦敦来的重要人物。由于监狱里关着许多兰开夏郡的巫师，布罗姆利法官在那一天听取了很多人的证词。老德姆代克没有出庭，因为在法官到达之前，她已经在5月份死去了。

我和诺埃尔先生的用人在一起等候出庭。当看守叫到我的名字时，我穿过一扇大门往前走，看见了桌子后面的法官大人。布罗姆利法官十分富有并且地位显赫，但是他的眼睛冰冷无情。突然，我看到了妈妈！她又脏又瘦。当她看见我时，她的脸变红了。当时我的头发很干净，我还穿着鞋子和一条挺贵的裙子。我从她的眼神中看出：她恨我！

“你是女巫吗？”布罗姆利法官问妈妈。

“不，我不是。”我妈妈生气地回答。

“你是不是害死了巴利村的杰克·鲁滨逊？”

“不，我没有。”

“詹妮特·迪瓦斯就在这里。”一个声音平静地说。那是诺埃尔先生。“她可以告诉我们有关她母亲的真实情况。”

有一小会儿，我的妈妈一动不动。随后她跑着穿过房间，向我大喊：“你什么也不知道，你这个坏孩子！我是你妈妈，别忘了这点！”

看守们追着我妈妈，把她拉倒在地上。

“我不是女巫！”妈妈喊道。“那全是谎言！詹妮特，你是个女巫——魔鬼的孩子！你是我女儿，我知道！”

我很害怕，用手挡住眼睛。我不想看到妈妈那张丑陋的脸。看守们把妈妈拉出了房间，吵嚷声止住了。

“詹妮特·迪瓦斯，”法官说，“把你母亲的真实情况告诉我们。”

罗杰·诺埃尔把我举起来，放在法官前面的一张桌子上。

“我的妈妈是个女巫，”我说道。“她有一个朋友，是一条名叫鲍尔的狗。当她想杀死谁的时候，她就告诉鲍尔……”我讲啊，讲啊，把一切都告诉了法官。

布罗姆利法官仔细地听着。“我的孩子，这是真的吗？”

“是的，”我回答说。“我说的都是真话。”

看守们又把我妈妈带回了房间。她面带倦容，眼睛红红的。

“伊丽莎白·迪瓦斯，你的女儿对我们讲了你的狗鲍尔的事。另外你的儿子对我们说了泥像的事。我们什么都知道了。”

我妈妈一声不吭。她既没有看法官，也没有看我。

接下来，看守们把我的哥哥詹姆斯带进了房间。当我看到哥哥时，我真想哭。詹姆斯又脏又瘦，头发长长的。他看了看法官和房间里有钱

有势的人，哭了起来。然后，他坐在地上。

“站起来，詹姆斯·迪瓦斯，”布罗姆利法官说。

看守们把詹姆斯拖了起来，但是他又倒在了地上。

“你害死了达克沃思先生，”布罗姆利法官说。

“我想要件衬衣，”詹姆斯大声说。

“你哥哥是巫师吗？”布罗姆利法官问我。

“是，”我说。我哥哥张着嘴坐在地上。他看了我一眼，可是没认出我来。因为我很干净、胖乎乎的，那是由于在里德宅院吃得很好的缘故。

“詹姆斯给我讲过他的朋友丹迪的事，”我说。“丹迪是魔鬼，并且——”

詹姆斯听到丹迪这个名字，又叫了起来：“我要丹迪！我想回家！”

看守们把他从地上拉起来，带了出去。从此，我再也没有见过哥哥。

当看守们把我姐姐艾丽森带到法官前面时，我什么话都没说。小贩约翰·劳走进了房间。他变得非常瘦，走路、说话都很缓慢，一脸病容。他对法官讲述了那一天在科恩村附近，艾丽森诅咒他以及她的狗追赶他的事情。

“我很抱歉！”艾丽森说。“那天我很生你的气，不过现在我感到抱歉。”艾丽森的眼睛黑黑的，流露出恐惧。但是在那个房间里她没有一个朋友，没有人肯听她的话。

后来，诺埃尔先生把我领了出去，我和我的用人在另外一个房间里等着。一小时后，传来了许多人的哭嚷声。

用人笑了。“审判结束了，”他说。“你是个好孩子，詹妮特，你把有关巫师们的真相告诉了法官。”

诺埃尔先生把我带回里德宅院。1612年8月20日，看守们把我的妈妈、姐姐和哥哥押出监狱，在兰开斯特城堡前绞死了他们。

就这样我失去了我的一家。

当我还是个孩子时，我希望过得快乐。我想穿得暖和，想有鞋穿，有好东西吃。我盼望有人来关心我。仅此而已。我的妈妈什么也没有给过我。她从未给过我一点爱。她从不关心我。因为妈妈是女巫，我的父亲跑掉了，我根本不知道他是谁。他是一个没有名字的有钱人，而我却和女巫一起生活，过着饥寒交迫的日子。因此，我把我一家的真相告诉了布罗姆利法官。我错了吗？我不知道。

在里德宅院我幸福地生活了很多年。21年来，我忘记了我的家人。我学着为诺埃尔一家做饭；虽然每天工作很长时间，但是我穿得暖吃得好。每个星期天，我穿上最好的衣服去教堂祈祷；每年夏天我在潘德尔山上漫步。我从未想到过我的家人，因为我在里德宅院生活得很愉快。

1612年8月，看守们在兰开斯特城堡前绞死了我的一家。然而他们死去的面孔在那里等待着我。一年前，也就是1633年，看守们把我关进了兰开斯特城堡监狱。在狱中，我又遇到了他们。日复一日，我能看见他们丑陋的死去的面孔，听得到他们冰冷、气愤的声音。我总是想到他们。上帝在这里，在监狱中与我同在，对此我深信不疑。可是我死去的一家也与我同在。

基尔德威克教堂的韦伯斯特先生又来看我了。他看上去很疲劳，但是他向我微笑着。

“埃德蒙·鲁滨逊和他父亲在伦敦说了实话，”他轻声说。“那个孩子过去所说的有关你的事都是扯谎，因为他害怕他父亲。他希望父亲爱他。”

我什么也没说。韦伯斯特先生尽量和善地待我，可是他帮不了我。诺埃尔先生也无法帮我，因为他已经去世了。埃德蒙·鲁滨逊只是个孩子；他今天说谎，明天说真话，但是真话也帮不了我。我能做什么来对抗仇恨和谎言呢？诺埃尔先生在世时，村民们没有议论过我。然而诺埃尔先生去世后，谎言便开始流传起来。村民们都害怕我——因为我姓迪瓦斯。他们恨我——因为我姓迪瓦斯。他们说我是女巫——因为我姓迪瓦斯。

我来自巫师之家，可我不是巫师。我从未咒死过任何人。我从未制作过泥像。我从未养过猫或狗。我只想在里德宅院平静地生活，我只想凝望潘德尔山顶上那片不断变化的天空。

孩提时代，我总是挨饿受冻，我恨我的家人，因为他们都是巫师。1612年，我说了真话，而真话害死了我的一家。22年后的今天，谎言将使我在兰开斯特城堡中丧生，我再次陷入了饥寒交迫的苦难中。

韦伯斯特先生给了我面包，我又回到了牢房里。我再也无法重归里德宅院了；现在我知道这点了。我必须呆在兰开斯特城堡监狱里，和我死去的一家在一起。

他们正在注视着我，等待着我，我永远也无法摆脱他们。

这是我的真实故事；就讲到这儿吧。

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简 介

你相信有鬼吗？当然不会相信。我们喜欢谈论鬼，喜欢讲述关于鬼的故事，但我们并非真的相信有鬼……是不是？

1880年，在巴黎歌剧院发生了一件不可思议的事情：一个舞蹈演员在黑暗的走廊里遇见了鬼。它穿越墙壁来到她的面前，它的脸上没有眼睛；一个舞台工人看见一个穿黑色晚礼服的男人，但他却有一个死人般的头颅，黄色的面孔，并且没有鼻子；人们听到另一个房间里有声音，而那个房间却是空的。

这就是歌剧院的幽灵……

一个名叫盖斯顿·勒罗克斯的法国人最早创作了这个关于歌剧院的幽灵的故事。他的书很受欢迎，1925年它被拍成一部美国无声电影，由著名演员朗·钱尼扮演幽灵。从那以后，已经出现了许多其他的电影和戏剧，以及最近由安德鲁·劳埃德·韦伯创作的著名的英国音乐片。

本书作者詹妮弗·巴塞特是一位经验丰富的教师和作家。她生活和工作在英国西南部的德文郡。

1 The dancers

‘Quick! Quick! Close the door! It’s him!’ Annie Sorelli ran into the dressing-room, her face white. One of the girls ran and closed the door, and then they all turned to Annie Sorelli. ‘Who? Where? What’s the matter?’ they cried. ‘It’s the ghost!’ Annie said. ‘In the passage. I saw him. He came through the wall in front of me! And…and I saw his face!’

Most of the girls were afraid, but one of them, a tall girl with black hair, laughed. ‘Pooh!’ she said. ‘Everybody says they see the Opera ghost, but there isn’t really a ghost. You saw a shadow on the wall. But she did not open the door, or look into the passage. ‘Lots of people see him,’ a second girl said. ‘Joseph Buquet saw him two days ago. Don’t you remember?’ Then all the girls began to talk at once. ‘Joseph says the ghost is tall and he wears a black evening coat.’ ‘He has the head of a dead man, with a yellow face and no nose…’ ‘…And no eyes-only black holes!’

Then little Meg Giry spoke for the first time. ‘Don’t talk about him. He doesn’t like it. My mother told me.’ ‘Your mother?’ the girl with black hair said. ‘What does your mother know about the ghost?’ ‘She says that Joseph Buquet is a fool. The ghost doesn’t like people talking about him, and one day Joseph Buquet is going to be sorry, very sorry.’ ‘But what does your mother know? Tell us, tell us!’ all the girls cried. ‘Oh dear!’ said Meg. ‘But please don’t say a word to any one. You know my mother is the doorkeeper for some of the boxes in the Opera House. Well, Box 5 is the ghost’s box! He watches the operas from that box, and sometimes he leaves flowers for my mother!’ ‘The ghost has a box! And leaves flowers in it!’ ‘Oh, Meg, your mother’s telling you stories! How can the ghost have a box?’ ‘It’s true, it’s true, I tell you!’ Meg said. ‘Nobody buys tickets for Box 5, but the ghost always comes to it on opera nights.’ ‘So somebody does come there?’ ‘Why, no! … The ghost comes, but there is nobody there.’

The dancers looked at Meg. ‘But how does your mother know?’ one of them asked. ‘There’s no man in a black evening coat, with a yellow face. That’s all wrong. My mother never sees the ghost in Box 5, but she hears him! He talks to her, but there is nobody there! And he doesn’t like people talking about him!’

But that evening the dancers could not stop talking about the Opera ghost. They talked before the opera, all through the opera, and after the opera. But they talked very quietly, and they looked behind them before they spoke.

When the opera finished, the girls went back to their dressing-room. Suddenly, they heard somebody in the passage, and Madame Giry, Meg’s mother, ran into the room. She was a fat, motherly woman, with a red, happy face. But tonight her face was white.

‘Oh girls,’ she cried. ‘Joseph Buquet is dead! You know he walks a long way down, on the fourth floor under the stage. The other stage workers found his dead body there an hour ago—with a rope around his neck!’

‘It’s the ghost!’ cried Meg Giry. ‘The ghost killed him!’

1. 舞蹈演员们

“快！快！关门！是他！”安妮·索雷丽跑进化妆室，脸色苍白。

一个姑娘跑过去把门关上，然后她们都转向安妮·索雷丽。

“谁？在哪里？发生了什么事？”她们叫道。

“有鬼！”安妮说，“在走廊上，我看到了他。他穿过墙壁来到我的面前。我还……还看到了他的脸！”

绝大多数姑娘都很害怕，但她们中的一个高个子的黑发姑娘却大笑起来。

“呸！”她说，“每个人都说是看到了这个歌剧院的幽灵，但是这里其实并没有鬼。你看见的只是墙上的影子。”但是她没有去把门打开，也没有到走廊上去看个究竟。

“许多人都看到过他，”又一个姑娘说，“约瑟夫·比凯两天前也看到过他，你们难道不记得了？”

随后所有的姑娘们立即开始谈论此事。

“约瑟夫说这幽灵是个高个子，他穿着黑色晚礼服。”

“他有一个死人般的头颅，黄色面孔，没有鼻子……”

“……而且没有眼睛——只是黑洞！”

接着娇小的梅格·吉丽第一次开口说话了：“不要谈论他。他不喜欢。我妈妈告诉我的。”

“你妈妈？”黑头发姑娘问，“关于这幽灵的事儿，你妈妈都知道些什么？”

“她说约瑟夫·比凯是个傻瓜。这幽灵不喜欢人们谈论他，总有一天约瑟夫·比凯会后悔的，会非常后悔的。”

“但是你妈妈都知道些什么？告诉我们，告诉我们！”所有的姑娘都叫道。

“哦，亲爱的！”梅格说，“但是请不要跟任何人说一个字。你们知道我妈妈是歌剧院一些包厢的看门人。瞧！5号包厢就是这幽灵专用的！他用那个包厢看歌剧，并且有时候会留下一些鲜花给我妈妈！”

“这幽灵还有包厢！而且在包厢里留下鲜花！”

“哦，梅格，你妈妈在给你讲故事吧！幽灵怎么会有包厢呢？”

“这是真的，这是真的，我告诉你们！”梅格说，“没有人买5号包厢的票，但是这个幽灵却经常在演晚场歌剧时到包厢里来。”

“一些人也会来那里吧？”

“为什么，不！……只有幽灵来，但是那里一个人也没有。”

舞蹈演员们看着梅格。“但是你妈妈是怎么知道的？”其中一个问道。

“这里根本没有穿黑色晚礼服、黄色面孔的男人。那都是瞎扯。我妈妈从来没有在5号包厢里看到过这个幽灵，但是她听到过！他跟她说话，然而里面却没有人！而且他不喜欢人们谈论他！”

但是那个晚上舞蹈演员们却不能停止谈论关于歌剧院的幽灵的话题。她们在歌剧开演前谈论着，在歌剧整个演出过程中谈论着，在歌剧演出结束后还谈论着。但是她们谈话的声音很小，而且她们在说话前总要先看看她们的身后的动静。

当歌剧演出结束的时候，姑娘们回到了她们的化妆室。突然，她们听到走廊上有人，原来是吉丽夫人，梅格的母亲，跑进了房间。她是一个肥胖的、慈母般的妇人，有一张微红肤色的、快乐的脸。但是今晚她的脸色却是苍白的。

“哦，姑娘们，”她叫道，“约瑟夫·比凯死了！要知道他是从高处掉下来，掉在舞台底下的第4层。其他的舞台杂工一个小时以前在那里发现了他的尸体——有一根绳子绕在他的脖子上！”

“是幽灵！”梅格·古丽叫道，“是那个幽灵杀死了他！”

2 The directors of the Opera House

The Opera House was famous, and the directors of the Opera House were very important men. It was the first week of work for the two new directors, Monsieur Armand Moncharmin and Monsieur Firmin Richard. In the directors' office the next day, the two men talked about Joseph Buquet.

'It was an accident,' Monsieur Armand said angrily. 'Or Buquet killed himself.'

'An accident? ...Killed himself?' Monsieur Firmin said. 'Which story do you want, my friend? Or do you want the story of the ghost?'

'Don't talk to me about ghosts!' Monsieur Armand said. 'We have 1,500 people working for us in this Opera House, and everybody is talking about the ghost. They're all mad! I don't want to hear about the ghost, OK?'

Monsieur Firmin looked at a letter on the table next to him.

And what are we going to do about this letter, Armand?'

'Do?' cried Monsieur Armand. 'Why, do nothing, of course! What can we do?'

The two men read the letter again. It wasn't very long.

To the new directors

Because you are new in the Opera House, I am writing to tell you some important things. Never sell tickets for Box 5; that is my box for every opera night. Madame Giry, the door keeper, knows all about it. Also, I need money for my work in the Opera House. I am not expensive, and I am happy to take only 20,000 francs a month. That is all. But please remember, I can be a good friend, but a bad enemy.

O. G.

'Don't sell tickets for Box 5! 20,000 francs a month!' Monsieur Armand was very angry again. 'That's the best box in the Opera House, and we need the money, Firmin! And who is this O. G, eh? Tell me that!'

'Opera Ghost, of course,' Monsieur Firmin said. 'But you're right, Armand. We can do nothing about this letter. It's a joke, a bad joke. Somebody thinks we are fools, because we are new here. There are no ghosts in the Opera House!'

The two men then talked about the opera for that night. It was Faust, and usually La Carlotta sang Margarita. La Carlotta was Spanish, and the best singer in Paris. But today, La Carlotta was ill.

'Everybody in Paris is going to be at the opera tonight,' said Monsieur Armand, 'and our best singer is ill. Suddenly! She writes a letter to us just this morning—she is ill, she cannot sing tonight!'

'Don't get angry again, Armand,' Monsieur Firmin said quickly. 'We have Christine Daaé, that young singer from Norway. She can sing Margarita tonight. She has a good voice.'

'But she's so young, and nobody knows her! Nobody wants to listen to a new singer.'

'Wait and see. Perhaps Daaé can sing better than La Carlotta. Who knows?'

2. 歌剧院的经理们

歌剧院很著名，而歌剧院的经理们也都是些非常显要的人物。这是两位新经理阿尔芒·蒙沙曼先生和菲尔曼·理查德先生上任的第一个星期。第二天，在经理办公室里，这两位先生谈起了约瑟夫·比凯的事。

“这是个意外事故，”阿尔芒先生气愤地说，“要不然比凯就是自杀的。”

“意外事故？……自杀？”菲尔曼先生说，“你想要听一类故事，我的朋友？或者说你想听一个关于幽灵的故事？”

“不要跟我谈关于幽灵的事！”阿尔芒先生说，“这个歌剧院里有1,500人在为我们工作，而每个人都在谈论关于幽灵的事。他们都疯了！我不想听到关于幽灵的事，行不行？”

菲尔曼先生看着他临近的桌子上一封给他的信。“那对于这封信我们该做些什么，阿尔芒？”

“做些什么？”阿尔芒先生叫道，“为什么，什么也不做，当然！我们又能做些什么呢？”两位先生又读了一遍这封信。信并不很长。

致新任经理们

因为你们是歌剧院的新任经理，所以我写信告诉你们一些重要的事情。不要出售5号包厢的票；那是我观看每一场晚场歌剧的包厢。吉丽夫人，那位看门人，知道这一切。除此之外，我还需要在歌剧院工作的钱。我要价并不高，一个月拿两万法郎我就感到满足了。就这些。但是请记住，我会是一个好朋友，也会是一个死对头。

O. G.（注：O. G即 Opera Ghost的缩写。）

“不要出售5号包厢的票！两万法郎一个月！”阿尔芒先生又来气了，“那是歌剧院最好的包厢，而且我们需要钱，菲尔曼！谁是这个O. G. 啊？告诉我！”

“自然是歌剧院的幽灵，”菲尔曼先生说，“但你是对的，阿尔芒。我绝对不能按照信上说的那么做。这是一个玩笑，一个恶毒的玩笑。一些人认为我们是傻瓜，因为我们是新来的。歌剧院里根本就没有幽灵！”

然后这两位先生就谈论起当晚的歌剧来。当晚的歌剧是《浮士德》，通常由拉·卡洛塔演唱玛格丽塔。拉·卡洛塔是西班牙人，是巴黎最好的歌唱家。但是今天，拉·卡洛塔却病了。

“今晚巴黎的每个人都会到歌剧院来，”阿尔芒先生说，“而我们最好的歌唱家却病了。她今天上午方才突然写信给我们——她病了，她今晚不能演唱了！”

“不要再生气了，阿尔芒，”菲尔曼先生急忙说，“我们有克里斯廷·达埃，那个年轻的挪威歌唱家。她今晚可以演唱玛格丽塔那个角色。她有一副好嗓子。”

“但是她太年轻了，而且没有人知道她！没有人想听一位新歌唱家的演唱。”

“等着瞧吧。也许达埃还会比拉·卡洛塔唱得更好。谁知道呢？”

3 Christine Daaé

Monsieur Firmin was right. All Paris talked about the new Margarita in Faust, the girl with the beautiful voice, the girl with the voice of an angel. People loved her. They laughed and cried and called for more. Daaé was wonderful, the best singer in the world!

Behind the stage Meg Giry looked at Annie Sorelli. 'Christine Daaé never sang like that before,' she said to Annie. 'Why was she so good tonight?'

'Perhaps she's got a new music teacher,' Annie said.

The noise in the Opera House went on for a long time. In Box 14, Philippe, the Comte de Chagny, turned to his younger brother and smiled.

'Well, Raoul, what did you think of Daaé tonight?'

Raoul, the Vicomte de Chagny, was twenty-one years old. He had blue eyes and black hair, and a wonderful smile. The Chagny family was old and rich, and many girls in Paris were in love with the young Vicomte. But Raoul was not interested in them.

He smiled back at his brother. 'What can I say? Christine is an angel, that's all. I'm going to her dressing-room to see her tonight.'

Philippe laughed. He was twenty years older than Raoul, and was more like a father than a brother.

'Ah, I understand,' he said. 'You are in love! But this is your first night in Paris, your first visit to the opera. How do you know Christine Daaé?'

'You remember four years ago, when I was on holiday by the sea, in Brittany?' Raoul said. 'Well, I met Christine there. I was in love with her then, and I'm still in love with her today!'

The Comte de Chagny looked at his brother. 'Mmm, I see,' he said slowly. 'Well, Raoul, remember she is only an opera singer. We know nothing about her family.'

But Raoul did not listen. To him, good families were not important, and young men never listen to their older brothers.

There were many people in Christine Daaé's dressing-room that night. But there was a doctor with Christine, and her beautiful face looked white and ill. Raoul went quickly across the room and took her hand.

'Christine! What's the matter? Are you ill?' He went down on the floor by her chair. 'Don't you remember me Raoul de Chagny, in Brittany?'

Christine looked at him, and her blue eyes were afraid. She took her hand away. 'No, I don't know you. Please go away. I'm not well.'

Raoul stood up, his face red. Before he could speak, the doctor said quickly, 'Yes, yes, please go away. Everybody, please leave the room. Mademoiselle Daaé needs to be quiet. She is very tired.'

He moved to the door, and soon everybody left the room. Christine Daaé was alone in her dressing-room.

Outside in the passage the young Vicomte was angry and unhappy. How could Christine forget him? How could she say that to him? He waited for some minutes, then, very quietly and carefully, he went back to the door of her dressing-room. But he did not open the door, because just then he heard a man's voice in the room!

'Christine, you must love me!' the voice said.

Then Raoul heard Christine's voice. 'How can you talk like that? When I sing only for you...? Tonight, I gave everything to you, everything. And now I'm so tired. Her voice was unhappy and afraid.'

'You sang like an angel,' the man's voice said.

Raoul walked away. So that was the answer! Christine Daaé had a lover. But why was her voice so unhappy? He waited in the shadows near her room. He wanted to see her lover—his enemy!

After about ten minutes Christine came out of her room, alone, and walked away down the passage. Raoul waited, but no man came out after her. There was nobody in the passage, so Raoul went quickly up to the door of the dressing-room, opened it and went in. He closed the door quietly behind him, then called out:

'Where are you? I know you're in here! Come out!'

There was no answer. Raoul looked everywhere—under the chairs, behind all the clothes, in all the dark corners of the room. There was nobody there.

3. 克利斯廷·达埃

菲尔曼先生说对了。整个巴黎都在谈论歌剧《浮士德》中玛格丽塔的新演唱者，那个有着美妙歌喉的姑娘，那个有着天使一般嗓音的姑娘。人们热爱她。他们更多地笑啊喊啊叫啊。达埃的演唱确实不错，她是世界上最好的歌唱家。

在舞台的后面梅格·吉丽看着安妮·索雷丽。“克利斯廷·达埃以前从来没有唱得那么好，”她对安妮说，“为什么她今晚唱得这么好呢？”

“或许她已经有了一位新的音乐老师。”安妮说。

歌剧院里的喧闹声持续了很长一段时间。在14号包厢里，菲利普，这位沙尼家族的伯爵，微笑着转向他的弟弟。

“嘿，拉乌尔，你觉得今晚达埃表演得怎么样？”

拉乌尔，这位沙尼家族的子爵21岁。他蓝眼睛黑头发，有着迷人的微笑。沙尼家族古老而富有，巴黎的许多姑娘都爱上了这位年轻的子爵，但是拉乌尔对她们却并不感兴趣。

他对他的哥哥报以微笑。“我能说什么呢？克利斯廷是一位天使，就这样。今晚我要去她的化妆室拜访她。”

菲利普笑了。他比拉乌尔大20岁，与其说是拉乌尔的兄长，倒不如说是他的父亲。

“啊，我明白了，”他说，“你恋爱了！但是这是你在巴黎的第一个夜晚，是你第一次来歌剧院。你是如何认识克利斯廷·达埃的呢？”

“你还记得4年前，我在布列塔尼海边度假的时候吗？”拉乌尔说，“喔，我在那儿遇见了克利斯廷。当时我就爱上了她，而且今天我还爱着她！”

这位沙尼家族的伯爵看着他的弟弟。“嗯，我明白，”他一字一顿地说，“噢，拉乌尔，记住，她只是一个歌剧演员。我们对她的家庭一无所知。”

但是拉乌尔听不进去。对他来说，好的家庭并不重要，而且年轻人从来都听不进他们兄长的劝告。

那天晚上克利斯廷·达埃的化妆室里有很多人。但是克利斯廷的身边还有一位医生，而且她美丽的面容带有病色，显得苍白。拉乌尔快步穿过房间，握住她的手。

“克利斯廷！怎么了？你病了吗？”他俯下身去靠近她的座椅，“你不记得我了——沙尼家族的拉乌尔，在布列塔尼？”

克利斯廷看着他，她那蓝色的眼睛带着惊恐。她把她的手抽走。“不，我不认识你。请走吧。我身体不太好。”

拉乌尔站起来，他的脸红了。他还没来得及说话，那位医生就急忙抢着说：“对，对，请走吧。各位，请离开这房间。达埃小姐需要安静。她太累了。”

他走向门口，不久所有的人都离开了那个房间，只留下克利斯廷·达埃独自在她的化妆室里。

在门外的走廊上年轻的子爵感到不悦和扫兴。克利斯廷怎么会忘了他？她怎么会对他那些话？他等了几分钟，然后，轻轻地，小心翼翼地，他又走回到她的化妆室的门口。但是他没有把门推开，因为就在这个时候他听到屋里有一个男人的声音！

“克利斯廷，你必须爱我！”那个声音说。

接着拉乌尔听到克利斯廷的声音。“你怎么能那样跟我说话？什么时候我只为你歌唱……？今晚，我把一切都给了你，一切。而现在我太累了。”她的声音显得愁苦而害怕。

“你唱得象一位天使。”那个男人的声音说。

拉乌尔走开了。这样看来那就是答案！克利斯廷有一个情人。但是为什么她的声音显得如此不悦？他在她的房间附近的一处阴影里等着。他要看看她的情人——他的情敌！

大约过了10分钟左右，克利斯廷从她的房间里出来了。她独自一人，从走廊上下去。拉乌尔等着，但是没有男人跟着她出来。走廊上没有，于是拉乌尔快步来到化妆室门前，推门而入。他轻轻地把身后的门关上，然后喊道：

“你在哪里？我知道你在这儿！出来！”

没有回答。拉乌尔找遍了所有地方——椅子下面、所有的衣服背后、房间里的每一个阴暗角落。但毫无人影。

4 The Phantom is angry

That was Tuesday night. On Wednesday morning Mon sieur Armand and Monsieur Firmin were happy men. Paris liked the new Margarita—everything in life was good. The next opera night was Friday. It was Faust again, but this time with La Carlotta singing Margarita.

By Wednesday afternoon they were not so happy. A second letter arrived for them—from O. G.

Why don't you listen to me? I am getting angry. Leave Box 5 free for me. And where are my 20, 000 francs? On Friday Daaé must sing Margarita again. She is now the best singer in Paris. La Carlotta cannot sing—she has a very ugly voice, like a toad.

Remember, I am a bad enemy. O. G.

'So, Firmin, is this still a joke?' Monsieur Armand shouted.

'What are we going to do now, eh? Is O. G. the director here, or are we?'

'Don't shout, Armand,' said Monsieur Firmin tiredly. 'I don't know the answers. Let's talk to Madame Girya, the door keeper of Box 5. Perhaps she can help us.'

But Madame Girya was not helpful. Madame Girya was not afraid of ghosts, and she was not afraid of directors of Opera Houses.

'People say that you're a friend of the Opera ghost, Madame Girya,' Monsieur Armand began. 'Tell us about him. Some people say he has no head.'

'And some people say he has no body,' said Monsieur Firmin. 'What do you say, Madame Girya?'

Madame Girya looked at the two men and laughed. 'I say that the directors of the Opera House are fools!'

'What!' Monsieur Armand shouted. He stood up, and his face was red and angry. 'Listen to me, woman—'

'Oh, sit down, Armand, and listen,' said Monsieur Firmin. 'why do you say that, Madame Girya?'

'Because, Monsieur, the Opera ghost is angry with you. When the ghost wants something, he must have it. He is clever and dangerous, this ghost. The old directors before you, they knew that, oh yes. At first they tried to stop him. Then there were many accidents in the Opera House, many strange accidents. And when did these accidents happen? When the ghost was angry! So, the old directors learnt very quickly. The ghost wants Box 5? He can have it every night. The ghost wants money? Let's give the money to him at once. Oh yes, the old directors understood very well.'

'But we are the directors, not the Opera ghost!' Monsieur Armand shouted. He turned to Monsieur Firmin. 'This woman is mad. Why do we listen to her? On Friday night La Carlotta is going to sing Margarita. And you and I, Firmin, are going to watch the opera from Box 5.' 'Well, we can try that, Armand. But we don't want any accidents.'

Madame Girya came nearer to the two men. 'Listen to me,' she said quietly. 'Remember Joseph Buquet? I tell you, the Opera ghost is a good friend, but a bad enemy.'

The two men stared at her. 'Those words, Monsieur Firmin said slowly, 'why did you say those words, Madame Girya?'

'Because the ghost says them to me. I never see him, but I often hear him. He has a very nice voice and he doesn't shout at people.'

4. 幽灵发怒了

那是星期二的晚上。星期三上午阿尔芒先生和菲尔曼先生成了快乐的人。巴黎喜欢玛格丽塔的新演唱者——生活中的一切都是美好的。下一场晚场歌剧是在星期五，又是《浮士德》，但是这一次由拉·卡洛塔演唱玛格丽塔。

到星期三下午他们就不那么快乐了。第二封信送到了他们手中——来自O. G. 的信。

你们为什么不听我的话？我会发怒的。把5号包厢空着留给我。另外我的两万法郎在哪里？星期五达埃必须再次演唱玛格丽塔。她是当今巴黎最好的歌唱家。拉·卡洛塔不能演唱——她的声音非常难听，活象一只癞蛤蟆。

记住，我是一个死对头。O. G.

“如此看来，菲尔曼，这仅仅是一个玩笑吗？”阿尔芒先生喊道，“现在我们该做些什么，啊？O. G. 是这里的经理，还是我们？”

“不要喊叫，阿尔芒，”菲尔曼先生有气无力地说，“我也不知道如何是好。让我们同吉丽夫人，那个5号包厢的看门人谈一谈。或许她能帮助我们。”

但是吉丽夫人帮不了什么。吉丽夫人并不怕幽灵，也不怕歌剧院的经理们。

“人们说你是歌剧院幽灵的朋友，吉丽夫人，”阿尔芒先生打开了话题，“告诉我们有关他的情况。有人说他没有脑袋。”

“而有人说他没有身体，”菲尔曼先生说，“你说呢，吉丽夫人？”

吉丽夫人看着这两个人大笑起来。“我说歌剧院的经理们都是傻瓜！”

“什么！”阿尔芒先生喊道。他站起来，满脸通红，面显怒色。“听我说，小娘们——”

“哦，坐下，阿尔芒，听她说，”菲尔曼先生说，“你为什么那样说，吉丽夫人？”

“因为，先生，这歌剧院的幽灵对你们发怒了。因为这幽灵想要什么，他就必须得到它。他是聪明而危险的，这个幽灵。你们的那些前任却深谙此道，哦，对了。刚开始他们试图阻止他。接着在歌剧院里就发生了许多事故，许多意想不到的事故。而什么时候那些事故发生呢？就是这幽灵发怒的时候！所以，那些老经理们很快就知道该怎么做了。这幽灵想要5号包厢？他可以每个晚上都拥有它。这幽灵想要钱？让我们马上把钱给他。哦对了，那些老经理们领会得很好。”

“但是我们是经理，而不是这歌剧院的幽灵！”阿尔芒先生喊道。他转向菲尔曼先生。“这个女人疯了。我们为什么要听她的？星期五晚上由拉·卡洛塔演唱玛格丽塔。而你和我，菲尔曼，到5号包厢里去观看歌剧。”

“好，我们可以那样试试，阿尔芒。但是我们不希望发生任何事故。”

吉丽夫人走近这两个人。“听我说，”她轻声道：“记得约瑟夫·比凯吗？我告诉你们，这歌剧院的幽灵会是一个好朋友，但也会是一个死对头。”

这两个人凝视着她。“那些话，”菲尔曼先生一字一顿地说，“你为什么说那些话，吉丽夫人？”

“因为这幽灵跟我说过那些话。我从来没有见过他，但是我经常听到他说话。他有一副很好的嗓子——而且不对人喊叫。

5 A letter for Raoul

That Wednesday a letter also arrived for the young Vi comte de Chagny. He opened the letter, saw the name at the bottom, and smiled for the first time that day.

Dear Raoul

Of course I remember you! How could I forget you?

Meet me on Thursday at three o'clock in the Tuileries Gardens. Don't be angry with me, Raoul, please.

Christine Daaé

Raoul put the letter carefully into his pocket. Angry? How could he be angry with an angel? On Thursday he was in the Tuileries Gardens by two o'clock.

At ten past three he began to feel unhappy. At half past three he wanted to die, or to kill somebody.

And then... she came. She ran through the gardens to him, and in a second she was in his arms.

'Oh, Christine!' he said, again and again. 'Oh, Christine!' They walked through the gardens together and talked for a long time. They remembered their happy weeks in Brittany, four years ago.

'But why did you go away, Christine?' Raoul asked. 'Why didn't you write to me?'

For a minute or two Christine said nothing. Then she said slowly, 'We were so young, you and I. I was just a poor singer from Norway, and you...you were the Vicomte de Chagny. I knew I could never be your wife.'

'But I love you, Christine—'

'No, shh. Listen to me, Raoul, please. I went home to Norway, and a year later, my father died. I was very unhappy, but I came back to France, to Paris. I worked and worked at my singing, because I wanted to be an opera singer. Not just a good singer, but the best opera singer in Paris.'

'And now you are,' Raoul said. He smiled. 'All Paris is at your feet.'

Christine turned her face away and said nothing.

'Christine,' Raoul said quietly. 'I want to ask you a question. Who was the man in your dressing-room on Tuesday night? Tell me, please!'

Christine stopped and stared at him. Her face went white. 'What man?' she whispered. 'There was no man in my dressing-room on Tuesday night.'

Raoul put his hand on her arm. 'I heard him,' he said. 'I listened outside the door and heard a man's voice. Who was he?'

'Don't ask me, Raoul! There was a man's voice, yes, but there was no man in my room! It's true! Oh, Raoul, I'm so afraid. Sometimes I want to die.'

'Who is he? Tell me, Christine, please. I'm your friend, I can help you. Tell me his name!'

'I cannot tell you his name. It's a secret,' whispered Christine. 'I never see him, I only hear his voice. But he is everywhere! He sees everything, hears everything. That's why I didn't speak to you on Tuesday night. He is my music teacher, Raoul. He's a wonderful singer. I sang so well on Tuesday night because of him. I am famous because of him. He is my angel of music! And he says he loves me. How can I leave him?'

5. 一封致拉乌尔的信

那个星期三也有一封信到了年轻的沙尼家族的子爵手里。他打开信，看到信末尾的署名，露出了那天的第一个微笑。

亲爱的拉乌尔：

我当然记得你！我怎么会忘了你呢？星期四下午3点到杜伊勒利花园来见我。请不要生我的气，拉乌尔。

克利斯廷·达埃

拉乌尔小心翼翼地把这封信放进他的衣服口袋里。生气吗？他怎么会生一位天使的气呢？星期四他在2点以前就到了杜伊勒利花园。

3点过10分的时候他开始感到不快。或3点30分的时候他想死掉，或者杀人。

随后……她来了。她穿过花园奔向他，一下子扑到他怀里。

“哦，克利斯廷！”他一遍又一遍地说，“哦，克利斯廷！”他们一同漫步着穿过花园并且谈了很长时间。他们回忆起4年前在布列塔尼的快乐时光。

“但是为什么你离开那里了，克利斯廷？”拉乌尔问，“你为什么不给我写信？”

克利斯廷沉默了一两分钟，然后她才慢慢道来：“我和你太年轻，我只是一个从挪威来的贫穷的歌唱家，而你……你是沙尼家族的子爵。我知道我不可能成为你的妻子。”

“但是我爱你，克利斯廷——”

“不，嘘，别作声，请听我说，拉乌尔。我回到了挪威，一年后，我父亲逝世了。我非常悲伤，但是我回到了法国，来到了巴黎。我拼命地唱啊唱啊，因为我想成为一名歌剧演唱家。不仅仅是优秀的歌唱家，而是巴黎最好的歌剧演唱家。”

“现在你是了，”拉乌尔说。他微笑着，“整个巴黎都拜倒在你的脚下。”

克利斯廷转过脸去，沉默不语。

“克利斯廷，”拉乌尔轻声说，“我想问你一个问题。星期二晚上在你化妆室的那个男人是谁？请告诉我！”

克利斯廷停下来凝视着他。她的脸变白了。“什么男人？”她低语道，“星期二晚上没有男人在我的化妆室里。”

拉乌尔把手放在她的手臂上。“我听到他的声音了，”他说：“我在门外听，听到了一个男人的声音。他是谁？”

“不要问我，拉乌尔！是有一个男人的声音，是，但是我的房间里却没有男人！这是真的！哦，拉乌尔，我害怕极了。有时候我真想去死。”

“他是谁？请告诉我，克利斯廷。我是你的朋友，我会帮助你。告诉我他的名字！”

“我不能告诉你他的名字。这是一个秘密，克丽斯廷低声道，“我从来没有见过他，我只是听到他的声音。但是他无处不在！他什么都看得到，什么都听得到。那就是我星期二晚上没有和你说话的原因。他是我的音乐老师，拉乌尔。他是一个极好的歌唱家。我星期二晚上之所以唱得那么好就是因为他。我之所以出名就是因为他。他是我的音乐天使！而他说他爱我。我怎么能离开他呢？”

6 La Carlotta sings Margarita

On Friday morning La Carlotta had her break fast in bed. She drank her coffee and opened her morning letters. One letter had no name on it. It was very short.

You are ill. You cannot sing Margarita tonight. Stay at home and don't go to the Opera House. Accidents can happen. Do you want to lose your voice—for ever?

La Carlotta was very, very angry. She got out of bed at once and did not finish her breakfast.

'This is from Christine Daaé's friends,' she thought. 'They want her to sing again tonight. That Daaé girl is going to be sorry for this! I, La Carlotta, I am the best opera singer in Paris. And nothing is going to stop me singing Margarita tonight!'

At six o'clock that evening the dancers were in their dressing-room. They talked and laughed and put on their red and black dresses for Faust. But Meg Giry was very quiet.

'What's the matter, Meg?' Annie Sorelli asked.

'It's the Opera ghost, Meg said. 'My mother says he's angry. She's afraid that something's going to happen tonight. '

'Oh, pooh!' the girl with black hair said. 'Who's afraid of an old ghost? '

An hour later Monsieur Armand and Monsieur Firmin went into Box 5 and sat down. They were not afraid of ghosts. Of course not. There were no ghosts in the Opera House.

Then Monsieur Armand saw some flowers on the floor by the door of the box. 'Firmin,' he whispered, 'did you put those flowers there? '

Monsieur Firmin looked. 'No, I didn't,' he whispered back 'Did you? '

'Of course not, you fool! Shh, the music's beginning. '

La Carlotta did not sing for the first hour. There were no strange voices in Box 5, and the two directors began to feel happier. Then La Carlotta came out onto the stage, and Monsieur Firmin looked at Monsieur Armand.

'Did you hear a voice just then?' he asked quietly.

'No!' Monsieur Armand said, but he looked behind him twice, then three times, and suddenly felt cold.

La Carlotta sang and sang, and nothing happened. Then she began a beautiful love song.

'My love begins to-Co—ack! '

Everybody stared. What was the matter with Carlotta's voice? What was that strange noise-Co—ack?

Carlotta stopped and began the song again.

'My love begins to-Co—ack! '

I cannot forget my-Co—ack! '

It was the noise of a toad! People began to talk and laugh. Monsieur Firmin put his head in his hands. Then he felt Monsieur Armand's hand on his arm. There was a voice in the box with them! A man's voice, laughing

Poor Carlotta tried again, and again.

'I cannot forget my-Co—ack! '

Then the two directors heard the voice again, behind them, in front of them, everywhere. 'Her singing tonight is going to bring down the chandelier!'

The two directors looked up at the top of the Opera House. Their faces were white. The famous chandelier, with its thousand lights, broke away from its ropes and crashed down on to the people below.

That was a terrible night for the Paris Opera House. One woman was killed by the chandelier, and many people were hurt. The Opera House closed for two weeks. And La Carlotta never sang again.

6. 拉·卡洛塔演唱玛格丽塔

星期五早晨拉·卡洛塔在床上用早餐。她一边喝咖啡一边拆阅她的晨信。有一封信没有署名。它非常短。

你病了。今晚你不能演唱玛格丽塔。呆在家里不要去歌剧院。否则会有意外。你想失声吗？——永远？

拉·卡洛塔非常非常气愤。她立即下床，连早餐都没有吃完。

“这是克里斯廷·达埃的朋友写来的，”她想，“他们希望她今晚再次演唱。那个达埃姑娘将为此而感到懊悔！我，拉·卡洛塔，是巴黎最好的歌剧演唱家。没有什么能够阻止我今晚演唱玛格丽塔！”

当天晚上6点钟舞蹈演员们都来到了她们的化妆室。她们一边笑谈着一边穿上她们的红黑的《浮士德》歌剧服。但是梅格·吉丽却一言不发。

“怎么了，梅格？”安妮·索雷丽问。

“是歌剧院的幽灵，”梅洛说，“我妈妈说他发怒了。她担心今晚会发生什么事。”

“哦，呸！”那个黑发姑娘说，“谁会害怕什么幽灵？”

一个小时以后阿尔芒先生和菲尔曼先生步入5号包厢坐下。他们从不害怕幽灵。歌剧院里根本就没有幽灵。

随后阿尔芒先生发现包厢门边的地上放着一些鲜花。“菲尔曼，”他轻声问，“是你把那些鲜花放在那里的？”

菲尔曼先生看了看。“不，我没有，”他反过来轻声问：“是你吗？”

“当然不是，你这个傻瓜！嘘，歌剧开始了。”

拉·卡洛塔在开始的一个小时里不演唱。5号包厢里没有异样的声音，于是两位经理开始感觉心情愉快了。接着拉·卡洛塔出现在舞台上，这时菲尔曼先生看着阿尔芒先生。

“刚才你听到说话声了吗？”他轻声问。

“没有！”阿尔芒先生说，但是他往身后看了两次，随后又看了第三次，并且突然感到一丝凉意。

拉·卡洛塔唱啊唱，并没有发生什么事。接着她开始演唱一首优美的爱情歌曲。

“我的爱始于——科-艾克！”

众人面面相觑。卡洛塔的嗓音怎么了？那个陌生的杂音——科-艾克是什么？

卡洛塔停下来重新开始演唱。

“我的爱始于——科-艾克！”

“我无法忘记我的——科-艾克！”

这是癞蛤蟆的鼓噪！人们开始交头接耳并且哄笑。菲尔曼先生把头埋进双手之中。然后他觉得阿尔芒先生的手放在了自己的手臂上。包厢里有一个声音！一个男人的声音，大笑着！

可怜的卡洛塔试了一次又一次。

“我无法忘记我的——科-艾克！”

接着这两位经理又听到了那个声音，它来自身后，身前，各个方向。“今晚她的演唱将会使枝形吊灯落下来！”

两位经理抬头朝歌剧院的屋顶看去。他们的脸色变得惨白。那著名的有着上千盏灯的枝形吊灯，竟然脱离束缚它的绳索坠落在下面的观众席上。

对于巴黎歌剧院来说那是一个可怕的夜晚。一名妇女被枝形吊灯砸死，另外许多人被砸伤。歌剧院为此关闭两周。而拉·卡洛塔从此再没有演唱过。

7 My angel of music

For a week Raoul saw Christine every day. Some days Christine was quiet and unhappy, some days she laughed and sang. She never wanted to talk about the Opera House, or her singing, or Raoul's love for her. Raoul was very afraid for her. Who, or what, was this strange teacher, this man's voice, her angel of music?

Then one day there was no Christine. She was not at her home, not at the Opera House, not at their meeting places Raoul looked everywhere and asked everybody. Where was Christine Daaé? But nobody knew.

Two days before the Opera House opened again, a letter arrived for Raoul. It was from Christine.

Meet me in an hour at the top of the Opera House, on the tenth floor.

The tenth floor of the Opera House was a dangerous place. There were hundreds of ropes going down to the stage below it was a long, long way down.

Raoul and Christine sat in a dark corner, and Raoul took Christine's hands. Her face was white and tired.

'Listen, Raoul, 'she said quietly.' I'm going to tell you everything. But this is our last meeting. I can never see you again.'

'No, Christine! 'Raoul cried. ' I love you, and we--'

'Shh! Quietly! Perhaps he can hear us. He's everywhere in the Opera House, Raoul!'

'Who? What are you talking about, Christine? '

'My angel of music. I couldn't meet you last Saturday because he came for me, and took me away. I was in my dressing room in the Opera House and suddenly, he was there in front of me! I saw the voice for the first time! He wore black evening clothes and a mask over his face. He took me through many secret doors and passages, down, down under the Opera House. There is a lake down there, a big lake; the waters are black and cold. He took me across the lake in a boat to his house. He lives there, Raoul, in a house on the lake, under the Opera House!'

Raoul stared at her. Was his beautiful Christine mad? Christine saw his face, and said quickly:

'It's true, Raoul, It's true! And he... he is the Phantom of the Opera! But he's not a ghost, he's not an angel of music, he's a man! His name is Erik, and he loves me, he wants me to be his wife! No, Raoul, listen, there is more. He told me all this in his house, in a beautiful room. He said that no woman could ever love him, because of his face. He was so unhappy! Then he took off his mask, and I saw his face. '

She began to cry, and Raoul put his arms around her.

'Oh Raoul, he has the most terrible face! It is so ugly! I wanted to scream and run away. But where could I run to? He has the face of a dead man, Raoul, but he is not dead! He has no nose, just two black holes in his yellow face. And his eyes! Sometimes they are black holes, sometimes they have a terrible red light...'

She put her face in her hands for a second. Then she said, 'I stayed in his house for five days. He was very good to me, and I felt sorry for him, Raoul. He wants me to love him, and I told him...I told him...'

'No, Christine, no! You're going to be my wife! Come away with me at once, today! You can't go back to him. '

'But I must, ' Christine said quietly. 'He knows about you, Raoul. He knows about us. He says he's going to kill you. I must go back to him. '

'Never!' said Raoul. 'I love you, Christine, and I'm going to kill this Erik! '

Erik...Erik...Erik...Erik... The word whispered round the Opera House. Raoul and Christine stared.

'What was that? ' Raoul said, afraid. 'Was that... his voice? Where did it come from? '

'I'm afraid, Raoul, 'Christine whispered. 'I'm singing Margarita again on Saturday. What's going to happen? '

'This, 'Raoul said. 'After the opera on Saturday night, you and I are going away together. Come on, let's go down now. I don't like it up here. '

They went carefully along a dark passage to some stairs, then suddenly stopped. There was a man in front of them, a tall man in a long dark coat and a black hat. He turned and looked at them.

'No, not these stairs, 'he said. 'Go to the stairs at the front. And go quickly!'

Christine turned and ran. Raoul ran after her.

'Who was that man? ' he asked.

'It's the Persian, ' Christine answered.

'But who is he? What's his name? Why did he tell us to go to the front stairs? '

'Nobody knows his name. He's just the Persian. He's always in the Opera House. I think he knows about Erik, but he never talks about him. Perhaps he saw Erik on those stairs, and wanted to help us. '

Hand in hand, they ran quickly down the stairs, through passages, then more stairs and more passages. At one of the little back doors to the Opera House, they stopped.

'On Saturday night, then. After the opera, 'Raoul said.

'I'm going to take you away, and marry you. '

Christine looked up into his face. 'Yes, Raoul. '

Then they kissed, there by the door of the Opera House. Their first kiss.

7. 我的音乐天使

在一个星期的时间里拉乌尔天天都与克利斯廷约会。有时候克利斯廷显得沉默而不太高兴，而有时候她又笑又唱。她从不愿提及歌剧院，不愿提及她的演唱，也不愿提及拉乌尔对她的爱。拉乌尔为她感到非常担心。这个奇怪的老师，这个男人的声音，她的“音乐天使”到底是谁，或者是什么？

后来有一天克利斯廷不见了。她不在家里，不在歌剧院里，也不在他们约会的地方。拉乌尔到处找并且问遍了所有的人。克利斯廷·达埃在哪里？但是没有人知道。

在歌剧院重新开业的前两天，一封信送到了拉乌尔手里。它是克利斯廷写来的。

一个小时以后到歌剧院的顶层第10层来见我。

歌剧院的第10层是一个危险的地方。那里有数百条绳索垂向下面的舞台——长长地下垂着。

拉乌尔和克利斯廷坐在一个阴暗的角落里，拉乌尔握着克利斯廷的双手。她的脸色苍白，显得有些疲惫。

“听着，拉乌尔，”她轻声说，“我将把一切都告诉你。但是这是我们的最后一次约会。我再也不能见你了。”

“不，克利斯廷！”拉乌尔喊道，“我爱你，而且我们——”

“嘘！小声点！也许他能听到我们。在歌剧院里他无处不在，拉乌尔！”

“谁？你在说什么，克利斯廷？”

“我的音乐天使。上个星期六我不能来见你，因为他来邀我，并且把我带走了。当时我正在歌剧院我的化妆室里，突然地，他就出现在我的面前！我第一次看到了发出这个声音的人！他穿着黑色晚礼服，脸上戴着面罩。他带着我穿过许多秘密的门和走廊，在歌剧院的底下一直往下、往下走。那里的最下面有一个湖，一个挺大的湖；湖水又黑又凉。他用小船带着我渡过那个湖去他的住处。他住在那里，拉乌尔，住在湖上的房子里，在歌剧院的底下！”

拉乌尔凝视着她。他的美丽的克利斯廷疯了吗？克利斯廷看着他的脸，急急地说：

“这是真的，拉乌尔，这是真的！而他……他就是那个歌剧院的幽灵！不过他不是鬼，他也不是音乐天使，他是一个实实在在的男人！他的名字叫埃里克，他爱我，他希望我成为他的妻子！不，拉乌尔，听着，还有。在他的房子里，在一个漂亮的房间里，他把一切都告诉了我。他说没有一个女人曾经爱过他，都是因为他的脸。他是如此的不幸！接着他摘下他的面罩，我看到了他的脸。”

她开始叫起来，拉乌尔一把将她抱住。

“哦！拉乌尔，他有一张最最可怕的脸！它是如此的丑陋！我真想尖叫着跑掉，可是我能往哪儿跑？他有一张死人一样的脸，拉乌尔，但是他并不是死人！他没有鼻子，在他的黄色的脸上只有两个黑洞。而他的眼睛！有时候它们是黑洞，有时候它们则发出可怕的红光……”

她把脸埋入双手之中，片刻之后她说：“我在他的房子里呆了5天。他对我非常好，我觉得对不起他，拉乌尔。他希望我爱他，而我告诉他……我告诉他……”

“不，克利斯廷，不！你将成为我的妻子！来，马上和我离开这儿，今天！你不能回到他那儿去。”

“但是我必须，”克利斯廷轻声道，“他知道你，拉乌尔。他知道我们的事。他说他要杀了你。我必须回到他那儿去。”

“决不！”拉乌尔说，“我爱你，克利斯廷，而且我要杀了这个埃里克！”

埃里克……埃里克……埃里克……埃里克……这声音在歌剧院里低声回荡着。拉乌尔和克利斯廷面面相觑。

“那是什么？”拉乌尔害怕地说，“那是……他的声音吗？它们是从哪儿发出来的？”

“我害怕，拉乌尔，”克利斯廷轻声说，“星期六我将再次演唱玛格丽塔。到时候会发生什么事呢？”

“这样，”拉乌尔说，“演完星期六晚上的那场歌剧以后，你和我一起离开这儿。我们下去吧。我不喜欢呆在这里。”

他们小心翼翼地沿着黑暗的走廊朝楼梯走去，接着突然停住了。有一个男人站在他们前面，一个高个子男人，穿着深色长外衣，戴着一顶黑色帽子。他转过身来看他们。

“不，别走这楼梯，”他说，“去前面那楼梯，快走！”

克利斯廷转身就跑。拉乌尔跟着她跑。

“那个人是谁？”他问。

“是个波斯人。”克利斯廷回答。

“但是他是谁？他叫什么名字？为什么他告诉我们要走前面的楼梯？”

“没有人知道他的名字。他就是波斯人。他经常在歌剧院里。我想他了解埃里克，但是他从不提及他。或许他看到埃里克在那楼梯上，而想帮助我们。”

他们手拉着手飞快地跑下楼梯，穿过走廊，下面还有更多的楼梯和走廊。在快到歌剧院门口的一道门那儿，他们停住了。

“星期六晚上，到那时，演完歌剧以后，”拉乌尔说，“我要带你离开这儿，并且和你结婚。”

克利斯廷抬头深情地看着他的脸。“好吧，拉乌尔。”

随后他们接吻了，在歌剧院的那道门边。那是他们的初吻。

8 Where is Christine Daaé?

On Saturday morning Comte Philippe looked across the breakfast table at his brother.

‘Don’t do it, Raoul, please. All this talk about ghosts and phantoms. I think the girl is mad.’

‘She’s not mad, and I’m going to marry her,’ Raoul said.

‘She’s only a little opera singer,’ Philippe said unhappily.

‘And she’s very young. Are you still going to love her in ten, or twenty, years’ time?’

Raoul drank his coffee and did not answer.

There were two more unhappy faces in the Opera House, too. The directors now understood about O. G. They didn’t want any more accidents.

‘Box 5 is free tonight for O. G. Daaé is singing Margarita. And here is 20, 000 francs. Madame Girya can leave the money in Box 5 for him. Is that everything?’ Monsieur Armand asked Monsieur Firmin.

‘It’s a lot of money,’ Monsieur Firmin said unhappily. He thought for a minute. ‘What about some flowers in Box 5? Madame Girya says that O. G. likes flowers.’

‘O. G. can bring his own flowers!’ shouted Monsieur Armand.

The evening began well. The chandelier was now back in place, with new ropes. All Paris was in the Opera House. Everybody wanted to hear Christine Daaé’s voice again. People also knew about the love story between Christine Daaé and the Vicomte de Chagny. There are no love secrets in Paris! People watched the Comte and the Vicomte in Box 14 with interest. Young men from families like de Chagny do not marry opera Singers.

When Christine came onto the stage, her face was white and she looked afraid. But she sang like an angel. Ah, what a voice! All Paris was in love with Christine Daaé.

She began to sing the famous love song. Suddenly, every light in the Opera House went out. For a second nobody moved or spoke. Then a woman screamed, and all the lights came on again.

But Christine Daaé was no longer on the stage! She was not behind the stage, she was not under the stage. Nobody could find her.

The Opera House went mad. Everybody ran here and there, shouted and called. In the directors office, people ran in and out. The police came, and asked questions. But nobody could answer the questions. Monsieur Armand got angry and shouted, and Monsieur Firmin told him to be quiet. Then Madame Girya arrived in the office with her daughter Meg.

‘Go away, woman!’ Monsieur Armand shouted.

‘Monsieur, there are three people missing now!’ Madame Girya said. ‘Meg, tell the directors your story.’

This was Meg’s story.

‘When the lights went out, we were just behind the stage. We heard a scream—I think it was Christine Daaé’s voice. Then the lights came back on, but Christine wasn’t there! we were very afraid, and we began to run back to our dressing room. There were people running everywhere! Then we saw the Vicomte de Chagny. His face was red and he was very angry. “Where’s Christine? Where’s Christine?” he shouted. Suddenly the Persian came up behind him and took his arm. He said something to the Vicomte and they went into Christine Daaé’s dressing—room…’

‘Yes? And then?’ Monsieur Firmin said quickly. ‘What happened next?’

‘Nobody knows!’ Meg’s face was white. ‘We looked into Christine Daaé’s dressing—room, but…but there was nobody there!’

8. 克利斯廷·达埃哪去了?

星期六早上菲利普伯爵走到早餐桌那头他弟弟的面前。

“请不要做这样的事，拉乌尔。这里所有人都在谈论鬼啊幽灵啊。我想那个姑娘疯了。”

“她没有疯，而且我要和她结婚。”拉乌尔说。

“她只是一个毫不起眼的歌剧演员，”菲利普不高兴地说，“而且她太年轻。10年20年以后你还会仍然爱她吗？”

拉乌尔喝着咖啡没有回答。

在歌剧院里也有两张很不高兴的面孔。经理们现在终于知道了O. G. 的厉害。他们不想再出现任何事故。

“5号包厢今晚空着留给O. G. 由达埃来演唱玛格丽塔。另外这里是两万法郎。吉丽夫人可以把这些钱留在5号包厢里给他。所有的就那些事吧？”阿尔芒先生问菲尔曼先生。

“这是很多钱啊，”菲尔曼先生不高兴地说。他想了一会儿，“在5号包厢里放些鲜花怎么样？吉丽夫人说那个O. G. 喜欢鲜花。”

“O. G. 可以带上他自己的鲜花！”阿尔芒先生喊道。

这个夜晚到来时，一切还是令人满意的。那枝形吊灯换了新的绳索又回到了它原来的位置。巴黎所有的人都到了歌剧院。每个人都想再次欣赏克利斯廷·达埃的演唱。人们也都知道克利斯廷·达埃和沙尼家族的子爵之间的爱情故事。在巴黎没有什么爱情秘密！人们饶有兴趣地朝14号包厢里的伯爵和子爵张望着。出身于象沙尼那样家族的年轻人一般是不会与歌剧演员结婚的。

当克利斯廷出现在舞台上的时候，她的脸色苍白而且看上去有些害怕。但是她唱得像一位天使。啊，多么美妙的声音！整个巴黎都爱上了克利斯廷·达埃。

她开始演唱那首著名的爱情歌曲。突然，歌剧院里所有的灯都熄灭了。这片刻之间没有人走动，也没有人说话。随后一个女人尖叫起来，与此同时所有的灯又都亮了。

但是克利斯廷却不再在舞台上了！她不在舞台的后面，她也不在舞台底下。没有人能够找到她。

歌剧院里乱得一团糟。每个人都跑来跑去，又喊又叫。在经理办公室里，人们跑进跑出。警察来了，问了一些问题。但是没有人能够回答这些问题。阿尔芒先生发着脾气，喊叫着，菲尔曼先生要他冷静一些。接着，吉丽夫人领着她的女儿梅格走进了办公室。

“出去，你这个小娘们！”阿尔芒先生喊道。

“先生，现在有三个人失踪了！”吉丽夫人说，“梅格，把你看到的事告诉经理们。”

这是梅格的故事。

“当灯熄灭的时候，我们正在舞台的后面。我们听到一声尖叫——我觉得是克利斯廷·达埃的声音。随后灯又亮了，但是克利斯廷不见了！我们非常害怕，我们都往自己的化妆室跑。人们到处乱跑！接着我们看见了沙尼家族的子爵。他满脸通红而且显得非常愤怒。’克利斯廷你在哪里？克利斯廷你在哪里？’他喊着。突然那个波斯人从他后面走上来抓住他的手臂。他对子爵说了些什么，然后他们就进了克利斯廷·达埃的化妆室……”

“是吗？那么后来呢？”菲尔曼先生着急地问，“接下来发生了什么事？”

“没有人知道！”梅格脸色苍白，“我们朝克利斯廷·达埃的化妆室里面看了看，但是……但是那里并没有人！”

9 The house on the lake

When the lights came on, Raoul ran. He ran down stairs and along passages, through the Opera House to the back of the stage. In the passage outside Christine's dressing room, a hand took his arm. 'What's the matter, my young friend? Where are you running to, so quickly?'

Raoul turned and saw the long face of the Persian under his black hat.

'Christine!' Raoul said quickly. 'Erik's got her. Where is she? Help me! How do I get to his house on the lake?'

'Come with me,' said the Persian. They went quickly into Christine's dressing-room. The Persian closed the door and went to the big mirror on one wall.

'There's only one door into this room,' Raoul began.

'Wait,' the Persian said. He put his hands on the big mirror, first here, then there. For a minute nothing happened. Then the mirror began to move and turn, and a big dark hole opened in it. Raoul stared.

'Quick! Come with me, but be careful,' the Persian said. 'I know Erik. I understand his secrets. Put your right hand up near your head, like this, and keep it there all the time.' 'But why?' Raoul asked.

'Remember Joseph Buquet, and the rope around his neck? Erik is a clever man with ropes in the dark.'

They went down, down, down, under the Opera House. They went through secret doors in the floors, then along passages and down dark stairs. The Persian listened carefully all the time for strange noises.

'When do we get to the lake?' Raoul whispered.

'We're not going by the lake. Erik watches it all the time. No, we go round the lake and get into Erik's house from the back. I know some secret doors.'

Soon they were there. In the dark, the Persian felt the wall carefully with his hands. 'Ah, here it is,' he whispered. The wall moved under his hands and a small door opened. Very quietly, they went through, and then the door closed behind them. They could not get out.

Inside the room it was very dark. They waited and listened. The Persian put his hands on the wall.

'Oh no!' he whispered. 'It was the wrong door! This is Erik's torture room—the room of mirrors! We are dead men, Vicomte de Chagny, dead men!'

At first Raoul did not understand. But he soon learnt. The lights came on, and they heard a man's laugh. Erik knew they were there.

The room was all mirrors—walls, floor, ceiling. There were pictures in the mirrors of trees and flowers and rivers. The pictures moved and danced in front of their eyes. And the room was hot. It got hotter and hotter and hotter. Raoul was thirsty, hot and thirsty, and the rivers in the pictures danced and laughed at him. He closed his eyes, but the rivers still danced. Water, he needed water, but the mirrors laughed at him. Soon he could not move or speak, or open his eyes. He was not thirsty now, just tired, so tired. 'Oh Christine, I'm sorry,' he thought. 'I wanted to help you, and now I'm dying...'

Through a mirror in the wall Christine watched her lover in the torture room. Behind her Erik stood, with his hands on her arms.

'He's dying, Christine, dying. Watch him carefully. No, don't close your eyes. Watch him!'

Christine could not speak. She wanted to scream, but no words came. Then she found her voice again.

How can you do this, Erik! Why don't you kill me?'

'Because I love you, Christine. Marry me, be my wife, and love me. Then Raoul and the Persian can live.'

Slowly, Christine turned. She looked into Erik's terrible, ugly face, and spoke again, very quietly.

'Yes, Erik. From this minute I am your wife.' She put her arms around Erik's neck, and kissed him—kissed him slowly and lovingly on his ugly mouth. Then she took her arms away and said slowly, 'Poor, unhappy Erik.'

Erik stared at her. You kissed me! he whispered. 'I didn't ask you, but you kissed me—freely! Oh Christine, my angel! That was my first kiss from a woman. Even my mother never kissed me! She gave me my first mask when I was two years old. She turned her face away from me every time I came near her.'

Erik put his ugly face in his hands and cried. Then he went down on the floor at Christine's feet. 'You are free, Christine, free! Go away and marry your Raoul, and be happy. But remember Erik, sometimes. Go now, quickly! Take Raoul and the Persian, and go!'

9. 湖面上的房子

当灯亮起的时候，拉乌尔跑了。他跑下楼梯，沿着走廊，穿过歌剧院来到舞台的背后。在克利斯廷的化妆室的门外的走廊上，一只手抓住了他的手臂。

“怎么了，我的年轻的朋友？你跑得这么快要去哪儿？”

拉乌尔转过身来看到了那张黑色帽子下的波斯人的长脸。

“克利斯廷！”拉乌尔急急地说，“埃里克把她掳走了。她在哪里？帮帮我！我怎么去他湖上的房子？”

“跟我来。”波斯人说。他们飞快地进了克利斯廷的化妆室。波斯人把门关上，朝墙上的那面大镜子走去。

“进这个房间只有一扇门啊。”拉乌尔忍不住说。

“等一会儿，”波斯人说。他把手放在大镜子上，先从这儿，再从那儿。过了一会儿并没有什么动静。接着镜子开始转动起来，里面出现了一个大的黑洞。拉乌尔目瞪口呆。

“快！跟我来，不过小心点，”波斯人说，“我了解埃里克。我知道他的秘密。把你的右手举起来靠近你的头，像这样，并且要一直保持那样。”

“这是为什么？”拉乌尔问。

“还记得约瑟夫·比凯和绕在他脖子上的绳子吗？埃里克是个聪明人，善于在黑暗中使用绳子。”

他们往歌剧院的底下走，往下，一直往下。他们通过一层层密门，接着沿着走廊走下黑暗的楼梯。波斯人一直仔细倾听着有无异样的声音。

“我们什么时候才能到湖边？”拉乌尔轻声问。

“我们不从湖上走。埃里克一直在那儿看守着。不，我们绕过那湖从背后进入埃里克的房子。我知道一些秘密的门。”

不久他们到了那里。黑暗中，波斯人用手仔细地在墙上摸索。“啊，在这里。”他低声道。墙在他手下动起来并且出现了一道小门。他们脚步很轻地走进，然后门在他们的身后关上了。他们不能出去了。

房间里很黑。他们等待着、倾听着。波斯人把手放到墙上。

“哦，不对！”他低声道，“我们走错了一道门！这是埃里克的拷问室——那个都是镜子的房间！我们成了死人了，沙尼家族的子爵，死人！”

一开始拉乌尔还没有明白是怎么回事，但是不久他就意识到了。灯亮了，而且他们听到一个男人的笑声。埃里克知道他们在那里。

这个房间里全是镜子——墙，地板，天花板。镜子里有树、鲜花、河流的图画。这些图画在他们眼前跳动着。而且房间里热烘烘的。它变得越来越热。拉乌尔觉得渴，又热又渴，而图画上的河流跳动着仿佛在嘲笑他。他闭上眼睛，但是河流依旧在晃动着。水，他需要水，但是镜子在嘲笑他。不久他就不能动不能说话，也不能睁眼了。他现在不觉得渴了，只觉得累，累极了。“哦！克利斯廷，对不起，”他想，“我想帮助你，而现在我快要死了……”

透过墙里的镜子克利斯廷看着在拷问室里的她的情人。她的身后站着埃里克，他的双手放在她的手臂上。

“他快要死了，克利斯廷，快要死了。仔细地看他。不，不许闭上眼睛，看着他！”

克利斯廷说不出话来。她想尖叫，但发不出声音。接着她发现自己又能说话了。

“你怎么能这样做，埃里克！你为什么不杀了我？”

“因为我爱你，克利斯廷。和我结婚吧，做我的妻子，并且爱我。这样拉乌尔和波斯人就能活下来。”

慢慢地，克利斯廷转过身来。她看着埃里克那可怕、丑陋的脸，又一次开口说话了，非常温和地说。

“好的，埃里克。从这一刻起我就是你的妻子了。”她张开双臂搂住埃里克的脖子，并且吻了他——缓慢地充满爱意地吻了他那丑陋的嘴。随后她放下手臂缓缓地说：“可怜的不幸的埃里克。”

埃里克凝视着她。“你吻了我！”他轻声道，“我没有要求你，但是你吻了我——自愿地！哦！克利斯廷，我的天使！这是我从女人那儿得到的第一个吻。即便我的母亲也从来没有吻过我！当我2岁的时候，她给了我第一个面罩。每次我走近她，她都把脸从我那儿转开去。”

埃里克把他那丑陋的脸埋进双手哭了起来。随后他伏到克利斯廷的脚下。“你自由了，克利斯廷，自由了！去和你的拉乌尔结婚吧，祝你们快乐。不过有的时候不要忘记埃里克。现在走吧，快！带上拉乌尔和波斯人，走吧！”

10 Madame Giry visits the Persian

For weeks, all Paris talked about that night at the opera. Everybody asked questions, but nobody knew the answers. Where was Christine Daaé? Where was the Vi comte de Chagny? Were they alive, or dead?

And the Phantom of the Opera…?

Some weeks after that famous night Madame Giry went out one afternoon to a small house near the Rivoli Gardens. She went in and up the stairs to some rooms at the top of the house. The Persian opened the door.

Madame Giry looked at him. 'My friend, you know the answers. Please tell me. Are they alive or dead?'

'Come in,' the Persian said quietly.

They sat down on some chairs by the window, and looked out across the Rivoli Gardens.

'Yes,' the Persian said slowly, 'The Phantom is dead now. He did not want to live any longer. I saw his body three days ago, and because of that, I can talk to you about him. He can not kill me now.'

'So the Phantom was really a man?' Madame Giry asked.

'Yes, his name was Erik. That was not his real name, of course. He was born in France, but I knew him in Persia. He was a famous builder and I worked with him there. For a time I was his friend, but not for long. When he came to Paris, I came after him—I wanted to watch him. He was a very clever, very dangerous man. He could be in two, or three, places at the same time. He could be in one place, and his voice could come from another place. He could do many clever things with ropes, and mirrors, and secret doors. You see, he helped to build the Opera House. He built secret passages underground, and his secret house on the lake. He could not live in the outside world, because of his terrible, ugly face. Unhappy Erik! We can feel sorry for him, Madame Giry. He was so clever…and so ugly. People screamed when they saw his face. And so he lived this strange life half-man, half-phantom. But he was a man, in the end. He wanted a woman's love…'

He stopped, and Madame Giry asked quietly, 'And Christine Daaé and Vicomte Raoul? What happened to them?'

The Persian smiled. 'Ah yes! What happened to young Raoul and the beautiful Christine…? Who knows?'

Nobody in Paris ever saw Raoul and Christine again. Perhaps they took a train to the north, and lived a quiet, happy life together there. Perhaps Christine's wonderful voice is still singing, somewhere in the cold and beautiful mountains of Norway. Who knows?

10. 吉丽夫人拜访波斯人

几个星期以来，整个巴黎都在谈论歌剧院的那个夜晚。每个人都问这问那，但是没有人知道问题的答案。克里斯廷·达埃哪儿去了？沙尼家族的子爵哪儿去了？他们是活着，还是死了？

还有那歌剧院的幽灵……？

在那个出名的夜晚过去几个星期以后的一天下午，吉丽夫人出门去了里沃利花园附近的一座小房子。她进门上了楼梯来到房子顶层的几个房间前，波斯人打开了房门。

吉丽夫人看着他。“我的朋友，你知道结果。请告诉我，他们是活着还是死了？”

“进来。”波斯人轻声说。

他们在靠近窗口的椅子上坐下，看着窗外的里沃利花园。

“是的，”波斯人缓缓地说，“那个幽灵现在已经死了。他不想再活下去了。我三天前见到了他的尸体，正因为如此，我才可以告诉你他的事。他现在不能杀我了。”

“那么那个幽灵真的是一个男人吗？”吉丽夫人问。

“对，他的名字叫埃里克。当然，那不是他的真名。他出生在法国，不过我是在波斯认识他的。他是一位著名的建筑师，我在那儿跟他工作。我一度是他的朋友，但是并不长久。当他来巴黎时，我跟随他来了——我想监视他。他是一个非常聪明、非常危险的人物。他能够同时在两个或三个地方出现。他能够做到身在一个地方，而他的声音来自另一个地方。他能利用绳子、镜子和秘密的门做许多巧妙的事情。你看，他帮助建造了歌剧院。他建造了地下秘密通道和他的湖上秘密居所。他不能生活在外面的世界，因为他的可怕、丑陋的脸。不幸的埃里克！我们为他感到难过，吉丽夫人。他是如此聪明……而又如此丑陋。人们看到他的脸就尖叫起来。所以他过着这种怪异的生活——半人半鬼。但是他终究是个男人。他需要女人的爱……”

他话一停，吉丽夫人轻声问：“那克里斯廷·达埃和拉乌尔子爵呢？他们怎么样了？”

波斯人微笑着。“啊，对了！年轻的拉乌尔和美丽的克里斯廷怎么样了……？谁知道呢？”

巴黎没有人再见过拉乌尔和克里斯廷。也许他们坐上了北去的火车，在那里一起过着平静、快乐的生活。也许克里斯廷那美妙的歌喉依然在歌唱，在挪威寒冷而美丽的山里的某一个地方。谁知道呢？

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简 介

你可以许三个愿，你可以要世界上存在的三样东西，你的愿望将变为现实。你会说，“这在现实世界是不可能发生的。”那么，好好想想吧。你能要什么？你想要什么？

当你许愿的时候，这仅仅是个开始。当你改变了一样东西，接着你会改变世界上的每一样东西。一个变化引起另一个变化。谁又能知道这些变化又将在哪里结束？

在这个故事中，怀特一家可以许三个愿，但他们犯了一个小小的错误。他们的第一个愿望变成了现实。接着，顷刻间，他们的生活陷入了一场可怕的恶梦……

雅各布斯（1863—1943）是一位短篇小说作家。《猴爪》是他的最有名的小说之一。

Chapter 1

It was cold and dark out in the road and the rain did not stop for a minute. But in the little living-room of number 12 Castle Road it was nice and warm. Old Mr White and his son, Herbert, played chess and Mrs White sat and watched them. The old woman was happy because her husband and her son were good friends and they liked to be together. 'Herbert's a good son,' she thought. 'We waited a long time for him and I was nearly forty when he was born, but we are a happy family.' And old Mrs White smiled.

It was true. Herbert was young and he laughed a lot, but his mother and his father laughed with him. They had not got much money, but they were a very happy little family.

The two men did not talk because they played carefully. The room was quiet, but the noise of the rain was worse now and they could hear it on the windows. Suddenly Old Mr White looked up. 'Listen to the rain!' he said.

'Yes, it's a bad night,' Herbert answered. 'It's not a good night to be out. But is your friend, Tom Morris, coming tonight?'

'Yes, that's right. He's coming at about seven o'clock,' the old man said. 'But perhaps this rain...'

Mr White did not finish because just then the young man heard a noise.

'Listen!' Herbert said. 'There's someone at the doornow.'

'I didn't hear a noise,' his father answered, but he got up from his chair and went to open the front door. Mrs White got up too and began to put things away.

Mr White said, 'Come in, come in, Tom. It's wonderful to see you again. What a bad night! Give me your coat and then come into the living-room. It's nice and warm in there.'

The front door was open, and in the living-room Mrs White and Herbert felt the cold. Then Mr White came back into the living-room with a big, red-faced man.

'This is Tom Morris,' Mr White told his wife and son. 'We were friends when we were young. We worked together before Tom went to India. Tom, this is my wife and this is our son, Herbert.'

'Pleased to meet you,' Tom Morris said.

'Pleased to meet you, Mr Morris,' Mrs White answered. 'Please come and sit down.'

'Yes, come on, Tom,' Mr White said. 'Over here. It's nice and warm.'

'Thank you,' the big man answered and he sat down.

'Let's have some whisky,' Old Mr White said. 'You need something to warm you on a cold night.' He got out a bottle of whisky and the two old friends began to drink and talk. The little family listened with interest to this visitor from far away and he told them many strange stories.

1

外面的马路上又冷又黑，雨一直下个不停。但城堡路12号的一间小客厅里却满暖和。老怀特先生和他的儿子赫伯特在下象棋，怀特太太坐在一旁看着他们。老妇人因她的丈夫和儿子是好朋友并乐于在一起而高兴。“赫伯特是一个好孩子，我们等了很长时间才要到的孩子，他出生的时候我都快四十岁了，但我们的家庭很幸福。”老怀特太太想着、想着，脸上露出了笑容。

这是事实，赫伯特年轻又爱笑，他的母亲和父亲也总跟着乐。他们并没有很多钱，但他们有一个幸福的小家庭。

两个男人无言地下着棋。房间里很安静，但雨声现在更大了，他们能听到雨点打在窗上的声音。突然，老怀特先生抬起头说，“听听雨声！”

“是的，这是一个糟糕的夜晚，”赫伯特答道，“这样的夜晚不宜外出，但你的朋友汤姆·莫里斯今晚不是要来吗？”

“是的，你说得对。他将在7点钟左右到，但也许这雨……”老汉说。

怀特先生没有说下去，因为就在这时，年轻人听到了一种声音。

“听！”赫伯特说，“现在门外有人。”

他的父亲答道，“我没有听到声音。”但他还是从椅子上起来去开门，怀特太太也站起来开始收拾东西。

怀特先生说，“汤姆，快请进，快请进。又见到你真高兴。多么糟糕的夜晚！把外套给我，到客厅里去，那儿暖和。”

前门打开了，客厅里的怀特太太和赫伯特感觉到一阵寒气。怀特先生领着一位高大的红脸汉子回到了起居室。

“这是汤姆·莫里斯，”怀特先生告诉他的太太和儿子，“我们年轻的时候是好朋友，在汤姆去印度之前我们在一起工作过。汤姆，这是我太太，这是我儿子，赫伯特。”

“很高兴见到你们，”汤姆·莫里斯说。

“我们也很高兴见到你，莫里斯先生。”怀特太太答道，“请过来坐下吧。”

“对，过来，汤姆，到这儿来，这儿舒服暖和一点。”怀特先生说。

“谢谢你。”高大的汉子答应着坐下了。

“我们喝一点威士忌吧，”老怀特先生说，“这样寒冷的夜晚，你需要一点东西暖暖和身子。”他拿出一瓶威士忌，两位老朋友边喝边谈。这个小家庭饶有兴趣地倾听着这位来自远方的造访者告诉他们许多离奇的故事。

Chapter 2

After some time Tom Morris stopped talking and Mr White said to his wife and son, 'Tom was a soldier in India for twenty-one years. India is a wonderful country. '

'Yes, 'Herbert said. 'I'd like to go there. '

'Oh, Herbert!' his mother cried. She was afraid because she did not want to lose her son.

'I wanted to go to India too, 'her husband said, 'but...'

'It's better for you here!' the soldier said quickly.

'But you saw a lot of strange and wonderful things in India . I want to see them too one day, ' Mr White said.

The soldier put down his whisky. 'No!' he cried. 'Stay here ! '

Old Mr White did not stop. 'But your stories were interesting, ' he said to Tom Morris. 'What did you begin to say about a monkey's paw? '

'Nothing!' Morris answered quickly. 'Well...nothing important. '

'A monkey's paw?' Mrs White said.

'Come on, Mr Morris! Tell us about it, ' Herbert said.

Morris took his whisky in his hand, but suddenly he put it down again. Slowly he put his hand into the pocket of his coat and the White family watched him.

'What is it? What is it?' Mrs White cried.

Morris said nothing. He took his hand out of his pocket. The White family watched carefully—and in the soldier's hand they saw something little and dirty.

Mrs White moved back, afraid, but her son, Herbert, took it and looked at it carefully.

'Well, what is it?' Mr White asked his friend.

'Look at it, ' the soldier answered. 'It's a little paw...a monkey's paw. '

'A monkey's paw!' Herbert said—and he laughed. 'Why do you carry a monkey's paw in your pocket, Mr Morris?' he asked the old soldier.

'Well, you see, ' Morris said, 'this monkey's paw is magic! '

Herbert laughed again, but the soldier said, 'Don't laugh, boy. Remember, you're young. I'm old now and in India I saw many strange things. ' He stopped talking for a minute and then he said, 'This monkey's paw can do strange and wonderful things. An old Indian gave the paw to one of my friends. My friend was a soldier too. This paw is magic because it can give three wishes to three people. '

'Wonderful!' Herbert said.

'But these three wishes don't bring happiness, 'the soldier said. 'The old Indian wanted to teach us something—it's never good to want to change things. '

'Well, did your friend have three wishes?' Herbert asked the old soldier.

'Yes, 'Morris answered quietly. 'And his third and last wish was to die! '

Mr and Mrs White listened to the story and they felt afraid, but Herbert asked, 'And did he die? '

'Yes, he did, ' Morris said. ' He had no family, so his things came to me when he died. The monkey's paw was with his things, but he told me about it before he died, ' Tom Morris finished quietly.

'What were his first two wishes, then?' Herbert asked. 'What did he ask for? '

'I don't know. He didn't want to tell me, ' the soldier answered.

For a minute or two everybody was quiet, but then Herbert said, ' And you, Mr Morris : did you have three wishes? '

'Yes, I did, ' Morris answered. 'I was young. I wanted many things—a fast car, money... 'Morris stopped for a minute and then he said with difficulty, 'My wife and my young son died in an accident in the car. Without them I didn't want the money, so, in the end, I wished to lose it. But it was too late. My wife and my child were dead. '

The room was very quiet. The White family looked at the unhappy face of the old soldier.

Then Mr White said, 'Why do you want the paw now? You don't need it. You can give it to someone. '

'How can I give it to someone?' the soldier said. 'The monkey's paw brings unhappiness with it. '

'Well, give it to me, ' Mr White said. 'Perhaps this time it...'

'No!' Tom Morris cried. 'You're my friend. I can't give it to you. 'then, after a minute, he said, 'I can't give it to you, but, of course you can take it from me. But remember—this monkey's paw brings unhappiness! '

Old Mr White did not listen and he did not think. Quickly, he put out his hand, and he took the paw.

Tom Morris looked unhappy, but Mr White did not want to wait.

'What do I do now?' he asked his friend.

'Yes, come on, Father, Herbert said. 'Make a wish! ' And he laughed.

The soldier said nothing and Mr White asked him again, 'What do I do now? '

At first the old soldier did not answer, but in the end he said quietly, 'OK. But remember! Be careful! Think before you make your wish, '

'Yes, yes, ' Mr White said.

'Take the paw in your right hand and then make your wish, but...' tom Morris began.

‘Yes, we know,’ Herbert said. ‘Be careful!’

Just then old Mrs White stood up and she began to get the dinner. Her husband looked at her. Then he smiled and said to her, ‘Come on. Help me ! What can I wish for? We need money, of course.’

Mrs White laughed, but she thought for a minute and then she said, ‘Well, I’m getting old now and sometimes it’s difficult to do everything. Perhaps I need four hands and not two. Yes, ask the paw to give me two more hands.’

‘OK, then,’ her husband said, and he took the monkey’s paw in his right hand. Everybody watched him and for a minute he waited. Then he opened his mouth to make his wish.

Suddenly Tom Morris stood up. ‘Don’t do it!’ he cried.

The old soldier’s face was white. Herbert and his mother laughed, but Mr White looked at Tom’s face.

Old Mr White was afraid and he put the monkey’s paw into his pocket.

After a minute or two they sat down at the table and began to have dinner. The soldier told the family many strange and wonderful stories about India. They forgot the monkey’s paw, and because the soldier’s stories were interesting, they asked him many questions about India. When Tom Morris stood up to leave, it was very late.

‘Thank you for a very nice evening,’ Morris said to the family. ‘And thank you for a very good dinner,’ he said to Mrs White.

‘It was a wonderful evening for us, Tom,’ Old Mr White answered. ‘Your stories were very interesting. Our life isn’t very exciting and we don’t have the money to visit India, so please come again soon. You can tell us some more stories about India.’

Then the old soldier put on his coat. He said goodbye to the White family, and went out into the rain.

2

不知过了多长时间，汤姆·莫里斯停止了交谈。怀特先生告诉他太太和儿子，“汤姆到印度服兵役有21年了。印度是一个非常有趣的国家。”

“是的，”赫伯特说，“我喜欢去那儿。”

“不，赫伯特！”他母亲惊叫起来。她非常害怕，因为她不想失去儿子。

“我也想去印度，”她的丈夫说，“不过……”

“对你来说，这儿很不错！”老兵很快地说。

“你在印度看到了那么多奇怪又有趣的东西，我想有一天也能去看看。”怀特先生说。

老兵放下威士忌。“不！”他嚷道，“别说了！”

老怀特先生并没有停下，“你的故事很有趣，”他对汤姆·莫里斯说，“关于猴爪的事你想告诉我们什么？”

“没什么！”莫里斯很快地回答，“真的，无关紧要。”

“猴爪？”怀特太太惊问。

“继续给我们讲讲吧，莫里斯先生。”赫伯特说。

莫里斯用手拿起他的威士忌，但突然又把它放下，然后慢慢地把手伸进他的外套口袋。怀特一家看着他。

“那是什么东西？那是什么东西？”怀特太太叫道。

莫里斯什么也没说，他把手拿出口袋。怀特一家仔细地看——在老兵手里他们看到了一个又小又脏的东西。

怀特太太害怕地缩了回来，但她的儿子赫伯特却把那东西拿过来仔细地看。

“喂，那是什么？”怀特先生问他的朋友。

“看看吧，”老兵答道，“它是一只小爪子啊……一只猴子的爪子。”

“猴子的爪子！”赫伯特说着大笑起来。“为什么你在口袋里带着猴爪，莫里斯先生？”他问老兵。

“你要明白，这个猴爪是有魔力的！”莫里斯说。

赫伯特又笑了，但老兵认真地说，“孩子，别笑了，记住，你还年轻，可我现在老啦，我曾在印度见到了很多奇怪的事情。”他停了一会儿，接着说，“这个猴爪能做奇怪而又奇妙的东西，一个印度老人把这个猴爪给了我的一位朋友，我的朋友也是一个当兵的。这猴爪有魔力是因为它能满足三个人每人提出的三个愿望。”

“太妙了！”赫伯特说。

“但这三个愿望并不能带来幸福。”老兵提醒说，“印度老人想告诉我们——想改变现实并不一定是好事。”

“那么，你的朋友也有三个愿望吗？”赫伯特问老兵。

“是的，”莫里斯静静地回答，“并且他的第三个也是最后一个愿望就是去死！”

怀特先生和怀特太太听了这个故事感到有些害怕，赫伯特问，“他死了吗？”

“是的，他死了，”莫里斯说，“他没有家，所以他死的时候把他的东西全给了我，猴爪是这些东西的附带品，不过他死之前就告诉过我有关猴爪的故事。”汤姆·莫里斯静静地说。

“那么，他的头两个愿望是什么？”赫伯特追问，“他要求什么？”

“我不知道，他不想告诉我。”老兵回答说。

一两分钟里大家都沉默着，然而赫伯特又问，“莫里斯先生，你有三个愿望吗？”

“是的，我有过，”莫里斯回答说，“我年轻时，我想要很多东西——一辆跑车，还有钱……”莫里斯顿了一会儿，然后很艰难地说，“我的妻子和我年轻的儿子在一次事故中丧生，没有了他们我不再想要钱，以至到最后，我希望一无所有，但为时已晚，我的妻子和孩子并不能死而复生。”

房子里很静，怀特一家看着老兵苦楚的脸。

接着，怀特先生问，“为什么你现在还要这个爪子呢？你不需要它，你可以把它送给别人。”

“我怎么能送给别人呢？”老兵说，“猴爪会给拥有它的人带来痛苦。”

“那么，给我吧，”怀特先生说，“也许这次它……”

“不！”汤姆·莫里斯叫道，“你是我的朋友，我不能把它给你。”过了一会儿，他说，“我不能把它给你，但你可以从我身边把它拿走，不过要记住——猴爪会给你带来痛苦！”

老怀特没有听进去也没有仔细想，很快地伸出手拿走了猴爪。

汤姆·莫里斯看起来不高兴，但怀特先生等不及了。

“我现在能做什么？”他问他的朋友。

“对，这样吧，父亲，”赫伯特说，“许个愿吧！”赫伯特笑了。

老兵什么也不说，怀特先生又问他，“我现在能做些什么呢？”

开始，老兵什么也不回答，最后他静静地说，“好吧，但记住要小心，在你许愿之前要考虑好。”

“行，行。”怀特先生说。

“把猴爪拿在你右手，然后许愿，但是……”汤姆·莫里斯又开始了他那一套。

“行了，我们知道。”赫伯特说，“要小心！”

这时怀特太太站起来去做晚饭。她的丈夫看着她，并笑着对她说，“过来帮帮我，我能许一个什么愿呢？当然，我们需要钱。”

怀特太太笑了起来，她想了一会儿说，“是的，我开始变老啦，有时做事情很吃力。可能我需要四只手而不是两只手，那么好吧，让猴爪多给我两只手。”

“好吧，”她的丈夫说，他把猴爪放在右手。每个人都看着他，他等了一会儿然后张开嘴开始许愿。

突然，汤姆·莫里斯站起来。“不要这样！”他喊道。

老兵的脸变白了。赫伯特和他的母亲笑了起来，但怀特先生却看着汤姆的脸。

老怀特先生害怕了，他把猴爪放进了口袋。

一两分钟后，他们坐在桌旁开始吃晚饭。老兵告诉这一家许多有关印度的新奇的故事。他们暂时忘了猴爪，因为老兵的故事很有趣，他们问了许多有关印度的问题。当汤姆·莫里斯起来要走时，天色已经很晚了。

“感谢有这么一个美好的夜晚，”莫里斯对这一家人道谢，“感谢有这样一顿美好的晚餐，”他对怀特太太说。

“汤姆，对我们来说这也是一个美好的夜晚，”老怀特先生回答道，“你的故事很有趣。我们的生活很平淡，我们没有钱去印度，所以请你尽快再来，你可以告诉我们更多关于印度的故事。”

接着老兵穿上衣服，和怀特一家道别后，他就消失在雨中。

Chapter 3

It was nearly midnight. In their warm living-room, the two old people and their son sat and talked about the soldier's stories.

'India is a wonderful country,' Mr White said. 'What exciting stories! It was a good evening.'

Mrs White stood up to take some things into the kitchen, but she stopped and listened to Herbert and his father.

'Yes,' Herbert said. 'Morris told some interesting stories, but, of course, some of them weren't true.'

'Oh Herbert!' Mrs White said.

'Well, Mother, that story about the monkey's paw wasn't true. A dirty little monkey's paw isn't magic! But it was a good story.' And Herbert smiled.

'Well, I think you're right, Herbert,' his mother said.

'I don't know,' Mr White said quietly. 'Perhaps the story was true. Strange things can happen sometimes.'

Mrs White looked at her husband. 'Did you give some money to Tom Morris for that paw?' she asked. 'We don't have money to give away for nothing!' Mrs White was angry now.

'Well, yes,' her husband answered. 'I did, but not much, and at first he didn't want to take it. He wanted the monkey's paw.'

'Well, he can't have it,' Herbert laughed. 'It's our paw now and we're going to be rich and happy. Come on, Father. Make a wish!'

Old Mr White took the paw from his pocket. 'OK, Herbert, but what am I going to ask for? I have everything—you, your mother. What do I need?'

'Money, of course,' Herbert answered quickly. 'We need money! You're always thinking about money. That's because we haven't got very much of it. With money you can pay for this house. It can be your house! Go on, Father, wish for thirty thousand pounds!'

Herbert stopped talking and his old father thought for a minute. The room was quiet and they could hear the rain on the windows.

Then Mr White took the monkey's paw in his right hand. He was afraid, but he looked at his wife and she smiled at him.

'Go on,' she said.

Slowly and carefully Mr White said, 'I wish for thirty thousand pounds.'

Suddenly he gave a cry and Mrs White and Herbert ran to him.

'What's the matter, Father?' Herbert asked.

'It moved!' Mr White cried. 'The monkey's paw—it moved!'

They looked at the paw. It was now on the floor and not in the old man's hand. The family watched it, and they waited—but it did not move again.

So the little family sat down again and they waited. Nothing happened. The noise of the rain on the windows was worse now and their little living-room did not feel nice and warm.

Mrs White said, 'It's cold. Let's go to bed.'

Mr White did not answer and in the end Herbert said, 'Well, there's no money, Father. Your friend's story wasn't true.' But Mr White did not answer. He sat quietly and said nothing.

After some time Mrs White said to her husband, 'Are you OK?'

'Yes, yes,' the old man answered, 'but for a minute or two I was afraid.'

'Well, we needed that money,' Mrs White said, 'but we aren't going to get it. I'm tired. I'm going to bed.'

After Mrs White went to bed, the two men sat and smoked for some time.

Then Herbert said, 'Well, Father, I'm going to bed too. Perhaps the money is in a bag under your bed! Good night, Father.' And Herbert laughed and went out of the room.

Old Mr White sat in the cold living-room for a long time. The candle died and it was dark. Suddenly, the old man saw a face at the window. Quickly, he looked again, but there was nothing there. He felt afraid. Slowly he stood up and left the cold, dark room.

3

已经快半夜了。在他们温暖的客厅里，两位老人和他们的儿子在谈论着老兵的故事。

“印度是一个神奇的国家，”怀特先生说，“多么激动人心的故事！多么美好的夜晚。”

怀特太太站起来要拿东西进厨房，但她却停下来听赫伯特和他父亲谈话。

“是的，”赫伯特说，“莫里斯讲了一些有趣的故事，但是，有些东西不一定是真实的。”

“哦，赫伯特！”怀特太太说。

“是的，母亲，有关猴爪的故事不是真的。一只脏的猴爪哪会有魔力！但这个故事很好。”赫伯特笑着说。

“我想你是对的，赫伯特。”他母亲说。

“我不知道，”怀特先生平静地说，“也许这个故事是真的。怪事有时也会发生。”

怀特太太看着她的丈夫。“你从莫里斯那儿拿来猴爪给他钱了吗？”她问。“我们没有多余的钱去为无价值的东西付出！”怀特太太现在发怒了。

“是的，”她丈夫回答说，“我付钱了，但不多。开始他不想要钱，他要他的猴爪。”

“好啦，莫里斯不再拥有猴爪了，”赫伯特笑了起来。“猴爪现在属于我们，我们将变得富有幸福。来吧，父亲。许个愿！”

老怀特先生从口袋里拿出猴爪。“好吧，赫伯特，但我还要什么呢？我拥有一切——你，你母亲。我需要什么呢？”

“当然是钱，”赫伯特迅速回答，“我们需要钱！你总是为钱而费尽心思，那是因为我们没有钱。有钱你能买房子。真正属于你的房子！来吧，父亲，许愿吧，愿咱们有30 000英镑。”

赫伯特停止了讲话，他的父亲思考了一会儿。房子里很安静，他们能够听到雨点打在大窗户上的声音。

接着怀特先生拿出猴爪放在右手。他很害怕，他看着妻子；他的妻子冲他微笑。

“说吧。”她说。

怀特先生缓慢而又小心地说，“我希望有 30 000英镑。”

突然，他发出一声尖叫，怀特太太和赫伯特向他跑过去。

“发生什么事了，父亲？”赫伯特问。

“它动起来了！”怀特先生喊道。“那猴爪——它动起来了！”

他们看着爪子。爪子现在不在老人手里而在地板上。这一家看着，等着，但猴爪已不再动了。

于是，这个小家庭又坐下来等。但什么也没有发生。雨声现在变得更急，他们的小客厅已感觉不到暖和。

怀特太太说，“天冷了，我们睡觉吧。”

怀特先生不答话，最后赫伯特说，“瞧，没有钱出现，父亲，你朋友讲的故事不是真的。”但怀特先生还是不答话，他静静地坐着一言不发。

一会儿过后，怀特太太问她丈夫，“你没事吧？”

“是的，是的，”老人回答道，“但有一两分钟我很害怕。”

“不错，我们需要钱，”怀特太太说，“但我们不会凭空拿到钱。我累了，我要睡觉。”

怀特太太上床睡觉之后，两个男人坐着吸了一会儿烟。

赫伯特说，“父亲，我也要睡觉了。也许钱就在你床下的一个袋子里，晚安，父亲。”赫伯特笑着走出了房间。

老怀特先生在寒冷的客厅里呆了很长时间。蜡烛灭了，天黑了。突然，老人看见窗户上有一张脸。很快，他又看了一眼，但那儿什么也没有。他很害怕，他慢慢地站起来，离开了寒冷、漆黑的房间。

Chapter 4

The next morning the winter sun came through the window and the house felt nice and warm again. Mr White felt better and he smiled at his wife and son. The family sat down to have breakfast and they began to talk about the day. The monkey's paw was on a little table near the window, but nobody looked at it and nobody thought about it.

'I'm going to the shops this morning,' Mrs White said. 'I want to get something nice for dinner. Are you going to come with me?' she asked her husband.

'No, I'm going to have a quiet morning. I'm going to read,' her husband answered.

'Well, I'm not going to go out this evening,' Herbert said, 'so we can go to bed early tonight. We were very late last night.'

'And we aren't going to have stories about monkey's paws!' Mrs White said. She was angry. 'Why did we listen to your friend?' she asked her husband. 'A monkey's paw can't give you things!' she stopped but the two men did not answer her. 'Thirty thousand pounds!' she said quietly. 'We needed that money.'

Just then Herbert looked at the clock and stood up. 'I'm going to work,' he said. 'Perhaps the postman has got the money for you in a letter. Remember, I want some of it too!' Herbert laughed and his mother laughed too.

'Don't laugh, son,' Mr White said. 'Tom Morris is an old friend and he thinks the story is true. Perhaps it is.'

'Well, leave some of the money for me,' Herbert laughed again.

His mother laughed too and she went to the door with him.

'Goodbye, Mother,' Herbert said happily. 'Get some thing nice for dinner this evening at the shops. I'm always hungry after a day at work.'

'I know you are!' Mrs White answered.

Herbert left the house and walked quickly down the road. His mother stood at the door for some time and watched him. The winter sun was warm, but suddenly she felt very cold.

4

第二天早晨，冬日的阳光穿过窗户，房子里重新变得温暖。怀特先生感觉很好，他对着妻子和儿子微笑。一家子坐下来共进早餐，他们讨论着白天要干的事。猴爪放在窗子边的小桌上，但没有人去看它，也没有人想到它。

“上午我想去商店，”怀特太太说，“我想买一点好东西做晚餐，你愿意和我一块去吗？”她问丈夫。

“不，我想享受一个安静的上午。我想看书，”她丈夫回答说。

“今天晚上我不想出门，”赫伯特说，“我们就能早一点上床睡觉，昨晚我们睡得太迟了。”

“我们再也不相信有关猴爪的故事！”怀特太太说。她发火了。“为什么我们要相信你的朋友？”她问丈夫，“一个猴爪不会给你任何东西的！”她停了下来，但两个男人并没有回答她。“30 000英磅！”她平静地说，“我们需要那些钱。”

就在这时，赫伯特看看时间并站了起来。“我要去工作了，”他说，“也许邮差在一封信里把钱寄给你，记住，我也想要一些！”赫伯特笑了，她母亲也笑了。

“别笑了，孩子，”怀特先生说，“汤姆·莫里斯是我的老朋友了，既然他认为这个故事是真实的，也许就是真的。”

“好吧，给我也留下一些钱，”赫伯特又笑了起来。

他母亲也笑了起来并起身送儿子出门。

“再见，妈妈。”赫伯特高兴地说，“到商店买点好吃的晚餐，工作一天后我总觉得饿。”

“我知道！”怀特太太答道。

赫伯特离开了家，沿着马路快步地走。他母亲站在门边目送他远去。冬日的阳光很暖和，但怀特太太却突然觉得冷极了。

Chapter 5

Slowly, Old Mrs White went back into the house. Her husband looked up and saw something strange in her face.

'What's the matter?' he asked.

'Nothing,' his wife answered, and she sat down to finish her breakfast. She began to think about Tom Morris again and suddenly she said to her husband, 'Your friend drank a lot of whisky last night! A monkey's paw! What a story!'

Mr White did not answer her because just then the post man arrived. He brought two letters for them—but there was no money in them. After breakfast the two old people forgot about the money and the monkey's paw.

Later in the day, at about one o'clock, Mr and Mrs White sat down to eat and then they began to talk about money again. They did not have very much money, so they often needed to talk about it.

'That thirty thousand pounds,' Mrs White said, 'we need it!'

'But it didn't come this morning,' her husband answered. 'Let's forget it!'

Then he said, 'But that thing moved. The monkey's paw moved in my hand! Tom's story was true!'

'You drank a lot of whisky last night. Perhaps the paw didn't move,' Mrs White answered.

'It moved!' Mr White cried angrily.

At first his wife did not answer, but then she said, 'Well, Herbert laughed about it...'

Suddenly she stopped talking. She stood up and went over to the window.

'What's the matter?' her husband asked.

'There's a man in front of our house,' Mrs White answered. 'He's a stranger—very tall—and well-dressed. He's looking at our house...Oh, no...it's OK...He's going away...'

'Come and sit down! Finish eating!' Mr White said.

The old woman did not listen to her husband. 'He isn't going away,' she went on. 'He's coming back. I don't know him—he's a stranger. Yes, he's very well-dressed...' suddenly Mrs White stopped. She was very excited. 'He's coming to the door... Perhaps he's bringing the money!'

And she ran out of the room to open the front door.

The tall, well-dressed stranger stood there. For a minute he said nothing, but then he began, 'Good afternoon. I'm looking for Mr and Mrs White.'

'Well, I'm Mrs White,' the old woman answered. 'What can I do for you?'

At first the stranger did not answer, but then he said, 'Mrs White, I'm from Maw and Meggins. Can I come in and talk to you?'

Maw and Meggins had a big factory and Herbert White worked there on the machinery.

'Yes, of course,' Mrs White answered. 'Please come in.'

The well-dressed stranger came into the little living-room and Mr White stood up.

'Are you Mr White?' the stranger began. Then he went on, 'I'm from Maw and Meggins.'

Mrs White looked at the stranger and she thought, 'Perhaps he has the money... but why Maw and Meggins? And his face is very unhappy... Why?' suddenly the old woman was afraid.

'Please sit down,' Mr White began, but now his wife could not wait.

'What's the matter?' she cried. 'Is Herbert...' she could not finish the question.

The stranger did not look at their faces—and Mr White began to be afraid too.

'Please, tell us!' he said.

'I'm very sorry,' the man from Maw and Meggins began. He stopped for a minute and then he began again. 'I'm very sorry, but this morning there was an accident at the factory...'

'What's the matter? Is Herbert OK?' Mrs White cried again.

'Well...' the man began slowly.

'Is he in hospital?' the old woman asked, very afraid now.

'Yes, but...' the stranger looked at Mrs White's face and stopped.

'Is he dead? Is Herbert dead?' Mr White asked quietly.

'Dead!' Mrs White cried. 'Oh no... please...not dead! Not Herbert! Not our son!'

Suddenly the old woman stopped because she saw the stranger's face. Then the two old people knew. Their son was dead! Old Mrs White began to cry quietly and Mr White put his arm round her.

Some time later the man from Maw and Meggins said, 'It was the machinery—an accident Herbert called, "Help! ". The men heard him—and ran to him quickly, but they could do nothing. The next minute he was in the machinery. I'm very, very sorry,' he finished.

For a minute or two the room was quiet. At last Mrs White said, 'Our son! Dead! We're never going to see him again. What are we going to do without him?'

Her husband said, 'He was our son. We loved him.'

Then Mrs White asked the stranger, 'Can we see him? Can we see our son? Please take me to him. I want to see my son.'

But the stranger answered quickly, 'No!' he said. 'It's better not to see him. They couldn't stop the machinery quickly. He was in there for a long time. And at first they couldn't get him out. He was...' the man stopped. Then he said

，’Don’t go to see him!’

The stranger went over to the window because he did not want to see the faces of the two old people. He said nothing, but he stood there for some time and he waited.

Then he went back to the old people and began to talk again. ’There’s one more thing,’ he said. ’Your son worked for Maw and Meggins for six years and he was a good worker. Now Maw and Meggins want to help you at this unhappy time. ’Again the stranger stopped. After a minute he began again. ’Maw and Meggins want to give you some money. ’ Then he put something into Mr White’s hand.

Old Mr White did not look at the money in his hand. Slowly he stood up and looked at the stranger, afraid. ’How much?’ Mr White asked, very quietly. He did not want to hear the answer.

’Thirty thousand pounds,’ the stranger said.

5

慢慢地，年迈的怀特太太又回到了屋里。她的丈夫打量着她，瞧见她脸上有一种奇怪的表情。

“怎么啦？”他问。

“没事儿，”妻子说着就坐下来继续吃她的早餐。她又开始想汤姆·莫里斯的事。突然，她对丈夫说，“昨天晚上你的朋友喝了太多的威士忌！讲了神奇的猴爪！可怕的故事！”

怀特先生没有回答她，因为这时候邮差到了，邮差为他们带来了两封信，但里面并没有钱。早餐后，两位老人已忘记了钱和猴爪的事。

这一天晚些时候，大约1点左右，怀特夫妇坐下来吃东西；又开始了有关钱的谈论，他们没有富足的钱，所以他们常常需要谈论钱。

“我们需要 30 000英磅。”怀特太太说。

“可今天上午一分钱也没得到，”他丈夫说，“还是让我们忘掉它吧！”

接着，他说，“但那东西确实移动了。猴爪在我的手里动了！汤姆的故事是真的！”

“你昨晚喝多了。也许猴爪并未移动。”怀特太太回答道。

“它移动了！”怀特先生恼怒地叫了起来。

开始，他妻子没有理他，好一会儿才说：“赫伯特也嘲笑过这件事。”

突然，她止住话音，站起来向窗户走去。

“怎么啦？”她丈夫问。

“我们的房子前面有一个人，是一个高个子穿着讲究的陌生人，他朝我们这边看，呵，不，好了，他已经走了……”怀特太太告诉他丈夫。

“坐下来，吃完你的饭！”怀特先生说。

老妇人并没有听丈夫的话。“他没走，”她继续说，“他又回来了，我不认识他，他是陌生人。不错，他穿得很讲究……”突然，怀特太太不说话了，她很兴奋，“他正朝我们的门口走来……也许他给我们带来了钱！”

她跑出房间，打开了前门。

穿着讲究的高个子陌生人站在那儿。他什么也没说。好一会儿，他才开始说话。“下午好，我正要找怀特夫妇。”

“哦，我就是怀特太太，”老妇人答道，“我能为你做些什么吗？”

陌生人顿了顿才说，“怀特太太，我从莫和麦金森来，我能进去跟您谈谈吗？”

莫和麦金森有一个大工厂，赫伯特·怀特在那儿作机器操作工。

“当然可以，请进吧。”怀特太太答道。

穿着讲究的陌生人进了小客厅，怀特先生站了起来。

“你是怀特先生吗？”陌生人问。他又继续介绍，“我从莫和麦金森来”。

怀特太太看着陌生人，想道，“也许，他很有钱……但为什么来自莫和麦金森？从他的脸色看他并不高兴……为什么？”突然，老妇人很害怕。

“请坐。”怀特先生说，但她妻子已经等得不耐烦了。

“出了什么事？”她叫了起来，“是不是赫伯特……”她几乎不能把话问完。

陌生人并不瞧他们的脸，怀特先生也开始害怕了。

“请告诉我们！”他说。

从莫和麦金森来的人停了好一会儿才开始说，“对不起，非常对不起，今天早晨，工厂发生了一起事故……。”

“到底出了什么事，赫伯特还好吗？”怀特太太又叫了起来。

“是这样……”陌生人慢慢地说。

“他住院了吗？”老妇人问，现在她非常害怕。

“但是……”陌生人看了一眼怀特太太的脸又停了下来。

“他死了吗？赫伯特死啦？”怀特先生平静地问。

“死啦，”怀特太太哭叫着。“不，请不要这样说……，不，赫伯特不会死，我们的儿子不会死！”

突然，老妇人不喊了，因为她看见了陌生人的表情。两个老人明白，他们的儿子已经死了！老怀特太太呜咽着，怀特先生伤心地搂着她。

过了一会儿，从莫和麦金森来的男人说，“那是一起机器事故，听到赫伯特喊救命，工友们跑过去，可一点办法也没有。只能眼睁睁地看着赫伯特在机器里。对不起，非常对不起。”他结束了一讲话。

刹那间，屋子里非常安静。最后，怀特太太说，“我们的儿子，死了，我们再也不能见到他了，没有他，我们以后的日子怎么过？”

他丈夫说，“他是我们的儿子，我们爱他。”

接着，怀特太太问陌生人，“我们能看看他吗？我们能不能看看我们的儿子？请带我去，我想去看看我的儿子。”

但陌生人很快答道，“不行，最好不要去看他，他们不能快速把机器停下来，赫伯特在里面呆了很长时间，并且开始的时候弄不出来，

他……” 陌生人停了下来，接着他说，“还是别去看他吧！”

陌生人走到窗户边，因为他不想看到两位老人的痛苦的表情，他什么也没说，站在那儿等了好长时间。

然而，他又回过身来开始和两位老人谈话。“但是，你们的儿子是一个好工人，他为莫和麦金森工作了6年。现在，莫和麦金森要在这个不幸的时候帮助你们。” 陌生人又停了下来，过了一会儿又说，“莫和麦金森想给你们一些钱。” 说完，他把一些东西交到怀特先生手上。

老怀特先生没有看手里的钱，他慢慢地站起来，害怕地看着陌生人，“多少钱？” 怀特先生非常平静地问。其实他并不想听到答案。

“30 000英镑。” 陌生人说。

Chapter 6

Three days later, in the big, new cemetery two miles from their house, the two old people said goodbye to their dead son. Then they went back to their dark, old house. They did not want to live without Herbert, but they waited for something good to happen, something to help them. The days went by very slowly. Sometimes they did not talk because there was nothing to say without Herbert. And so the days felt very long.

Then, one night, about a week later, Mrs White got out of bed because she could not sleep. She sat by the window and she watched and waited for her son. He did not come and she began to cry quietly.

In the dark her husband heard her and he called, 'Come back to bed. It's cold out there.'

'It's colder for my son,' his wife answered. 'He's out there in the cold cemetery.'

Mrs White did not go back to bed, but Mr White was old and tired and the bed was warm. So, in the end, he went to sleep again. Suddenly he heard a cry from his wife.

'The paw!' she cried. 'The monkey's paw!' She came back to the bed and stood there.

'What is it? What's the matter?' Mr White cried. He sat up in bed. 'What's the matter?' he thought. 'Why is she excited? What's she talking about?' He looked at his wife.

Her face was very white in the dark. 'I want it,' she said quietly, 'and you've got it! Give it to me! Please!'

'What?' Mr White asked.

'The monkey's paw,' Mrs White said. 'Where is it?'

'It's downstairs,' Mr White answered. 'Why?'

Mrs White began to laugh and cry. 'We can have two more wishes!' she cried. 'We had one—but there are two more!'

'Oh, no! Not again! Think, woman!' Mr White cried. But Mrs White did not listen.

'Quickly,' she said. 'Go and get the paw. We're going to wish for our boy to come back to us!'

'No!' Mr White cried. 'You're mad!'

'Get it! Get it quickly!' Mrs White cried again.

Mr White said again, 'Think, woman! Think! Our boy was in the machinery for a long time. They didn't want to show him to us! Think! Do you want to see his body?'

'Yes! He's my son. I'm not afraid of him!' she answered.

'You don't understand,' Mr White said sadly, but he went downstairs to look for the monkey's paw.

In the living-room it was dark and Mr White did not have a candle. Slowly, he went across the room and he put out his hand for the monkey's paw. He touched it, and quickly took his hand away again.

'No!' he thought. 'I can't! I don't want to see Herbert! His face—after he was in the machinery... no!'

Then he thought about his wife—and he put out his hand and took the paw.

In the bedroom his wife waited. She saw the paw in Mr White's hand and cried, 'Quick! Make the wish!'

'I can't,' Mr White answered. 'Remember—he died in the machinery!'

'Make the wish! I'm not afraid of my own son!' Mrs White cried again.

Mr White looked sadly at his wife, but he took the paw in his right hand and said slowly, 'I wish for my son, Herbert, to come back to us.' then he sat down in the nearest chair.

But Mrs White went over to the window and looked out into the road. She stayed there for a long time and she did not move. Nothing happened. The monkey's paw could not do it!

'Thank God!' Mr White said, and he went back to bed.

Soon Mrs White went to bed too.

6

三天后，在离他们家两英里远的一个大而新的墓地，两位老人和他们死去的儿子道别了。然后，他们回到了又黑又旧的房子。没有了赫伯特，他们什么也不想做，他们等待着奇迹发生。时间过得很慢，有时他们连话也不想说，因为没有了赫伯特，就无话可说了。所以他们觉得白天很长。

一周后的一天晚上，怀特太太因失眠从床上爬了起来。她坐在窗户边看着，等着她的儿子回来。想到赫伯特也回不来了，她又低声地哭了起来。

黑暗中，她丈夫听见了她的哭声，叫她，“过来睡吧，那儿太冷了。”

“我儿子那儿更冷，”他妻子回应他，“他一个人呆在外面冰冷的墓地里。”

怀特太太没有回去睡觉，但怀特先生因又老又累，加上温暖的被窝，很快又睡着了。突然他听见了妻子的叫声。

“爪子！”她喊道，“猴爪！”她走到床边站在那儿。

“出了什么事？”怀特先生叫着从床上坐了起来，他想，“她为什么那么兴奋？她说什么？”他疑惑地看着妻子。

她的脸色在黑暗中显得很苍白。“我要猴爪，在你那儿，请把它给我，”她静静地说。

“什么？”怀特先生没听明白。

“猴爪，”怀特太太说，“猴爪在哪儿？”

“在楼下，但你为什么要它？”怀特先生不解。

怀特太太高兴地叫了起来。“我们可以再许两个愿！我们已经许了一个，还有两个！”

“不，再也不要了，好好想一想，老太太！”怀特先生大叫着，但怀特太太并不听他说的话。

“快点，去把猴爪拿来，我们许愿我们的儿子回到我们身边来！”她说。

“不，你疯啦。”怀特先生叫了起来。

“拿来，快拿来！”怀特太太又喊叫着。

怀特先生劝她，“好好想一想，老太太，我们的孩子在机器里呆了那么长时间，人家都不让我们看，你真的想看我们孩子的尸体？”

“是的，他是我儿子，我不害怕。”她回答说。

“你真不可理喻。”怀特先生悲哀地说。但他还是下楼去找猴爪。

客厅里很黑，怀特先生又没有蜡烛。他慢慢地穿过房间，伸手摸着找猴爪。他摸到了但又很快把手缩了回去。

“不，我不能，我不想看到赫伯特被机器轧烂的脸。”他想。

但他又想到了他可怜的妻子，还是把猴爪拿了起来。

卧室里，妻子在等他。一看到怀特先生手里的猴爪她就叫起来，“快，快许愿！”

“我不能，”怀特先生答道，“记住，他是死在机器里！”

“许愿吧！我不害怕我自己的儿子。”怀特太太叫道。

怀特先生悲伤地看了一眼他的妻子，把猴爪放在右手里慢慢地说，“我希望我的儿子赫伯特回到我们身边。”说完就在最近的椅子上坐了下来。

怀特太太走到窗户边上看着马路。她长时间地呆在那儿不走。但什么也没发生，猴爪并不起作用！

“感谢上帝！”怀特先生说着又睡觉去了。

不久，怀特太太也上了床。

Chapter 7

But they did not sleep. They waited and they listened. In the end Mr White got up to get a candle because the dark made him more afraid. He began to go downstairs, but suddenly he heard a noise at the front door. He stopped, and he listened. He could not move. Then the noise came again. This time he ran. He ran upstairs, back into the bedroom and he closed the door behind him. But again the noise came.

‘What’s that?’ Mrs White cried, and she sat up in bed.

‘Nothing! GO to sleep again!’ her husband answered.

But Mrs White listened—and the noise came again. ‘It’s Herbert! It’s Herbert!’ she cried. ‘I’m going to open the door for him.’

And she got out of bed and ran to the door of the bedroom. Mr White got there first and stopped her.

‘No!’ he cried. ‘Think!’

‘But it’s my boy! It’s Herbert,’ she answered.

‘No! Don’t go! Don’t!’ her husband cried again.

But Mrs White did not listen to him. She opened the bed room door and ran from the room. ‘I’m coming, Herbert. I’m coming!’ she called.

Mr White ran after her. ‘Stop!’ he cried. ‘Remember, Herbert died in the machinery! You don’t want to see him!’

For a minute Mrs White stopped and looked at her husband, but then the noise came again and she began to run downstairs.

‘Help me! Help me!’ she called to her husband.

But Mr White did not move. ‘The paw!’ he thought. ‘Where’s the monkey’s paw?’

He ran back into the bedroom. ‘Quick!’ he thought. ‘Where is it?’ At first he could not find it in the dark. Ah! There it was! He had it!

Just at that minute he heard his wife downstairs.

‘Wait! Wait, Herbert! I’m coming!’ she cried. She began to open the front door.

At the same time Mr White took the monkey’s paw in his right hand and he made his third wish.

Mrs White gave a long unhappy cry and her husband ran down to her. She stood by the open door. Very afraid, Old Mr White looked out into the dark.

The road was dark and quiet—and there was nobody there.

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他们睡不着。他们在等、在听。最终，怀特先生还是起床点了一枝蜡烛，因为黑夜使他们更害怕。他开始下楼，突然，他听到前门有声音。他停住了，仔细地听。他没有动。接着，声音又响了起来，这次他跑上了楼，回到了卧室，关紧了他身后的门，但声音又传来了。

“那是什么？”怀特太太叫着从床上坐了起来。

“什么也没有，睡觉吧！”她丈夫告诉她。

但怀特太太听到声音又响了起来。“是赫伯特，是赫伯特！我要去给他开门。”她说。

她起床跑向卧室的门，但怀特先生抢先挡住了她。

“不要这样，要好好想一想。”他叫道。

“但他是我的孩子！他是赫伯特。”她说。

“不，千万不要去……”他丈夫又叫了起来。

但怀特太太并不听他的，她打开卧室的门并从房间里跑了出来。“我来了，赫伯特，我来了。”她喊道。

怀特先生跟在她后面跑，“站住，别忘了赫伯特是死在机器里！你并不想看到他！”

怀特太太停下来看了他的丈夫一会儿，这时，声音又响了起来，她又开始向楼下跑。

“帮帮我，帮帮我！”她叫她的丈夫。

但怀特先生没有动。他想到了猴爪。“猴爪，猴爪放在哪儿了？”

他跑回卧室。他心里在想，“快，猴爪在哪儿？”开始，在黑暗中他找不着，它在哪儿，他终于拿到了猴爪！

就在这时，他听到了楼下妻子的声音。

“等一等，赫伯特，我来啦！”她喊着，并开始开前面的门。

与此同时，怀特先生把猴爪放在右手里开始许第三个愿。

怀特太太发出一声长长的失望的叫声，她丈夫跑下楼找她，她正站在打开的门旁。老怀特先生看着外面黑漆漆的夜，非常恐惧。

马路很暗且静，一个人影也没有。

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简 介

一百年前的世界与现在截然不同。大多数人生活在没有电的阴冷、潮湿的环境中。他们从不上医院，往往死得很惨。

本书讲述了一个贫穷、丑陋的人的故事。没有人喜欢他，大家都嘲笑他。人们将他放在笼子里，当作动物一样展览。直到有一天一位医生发现了他，觉得他很有趣，想研究他。象人就这样出了名，每个人都想去拜访他，甚至女王都来看望他。

为什么刚开始人们逃避他，后来又接近他？看了这本书，你便会明白。

蒂姆·维克瑞是一位经验丰富的教师兼作家，生活在英格兰北部的约克郡。

Chapter 1 The Creature in the Shop

My name is Dr Frederick Treves. I am a doctor at the London Hospital. One day in 1884, I saw a picture in the window of a shop near the hospital. I stopped in front of the shop and looked at the picture. At first I felt interested, then I felt angry, then afraid. It was a horrible, ugly picture. There was a man in the picture, but he did not look like you and me. He did not look like a man. He looked like an elephant.

I read the writing under the picture. It said:

Come in and see the Elephant Man. 2 pence. I opened the door and went in.

There was a man in the shop. He was a dirty man in an old coat with a cigarette in his mouth. 'What do you want?' he asked.

'I'd like to see the elephant man, please,' I said.

The man looked at me angrily. 'Well, you can't,' he said. 'The shop's closing now. You can come back tomorrow.'

'I'm sorry,' I said. 'But I would like to see him now. I have no time tomorrow—I have a lot of work to do. But I can give you more than 2 pence.'

The man looked at me carefully. Then he took the cigarette out of his mouth and smiled with his yellow teeth.

'All right, sir,' he said. 'Give me twelve pence then.'

I gave him the money and he opened a door at the back of the shop. We went into a little room. The room was cold and dark, and there was a horrible smell in it.

A creature sat on a chair behind a table. I say a creature, because it was not a man or a woman, like you or me. The creature did not move or look at us. It sat very quietly on the chair in the cold, dark, dirty room, and looked at the table. The creature had a cloth over its head, because of the cold. On the table in front of it, there was a dead flower.

'Stand up!' said the shopkeeper, loudly.

The creature stood up slowly. It took the old cloth off its head, and put it on the chair.

I looked at the creature and felt sad. I am a doctor, so I know a lot about accidents and ill people. I see horrible, ugly things every day. But this creature, this thing, was the worst of all. There were no men or women in the hospital like him.

He wore some old trousers, but no shirt, coat, or shoes, so I could see his body very well. His head was the most interesting thing. It was very, very big—like an enormous bag with a lot of books in it. The head did not have much hair, and there was another bag of brown, dirty skin at the back of it. This skin came down below his neck. I could not see one of his eyes very well, because a lot of skin came down in front of his face, too.

An enormous red tooth came out of his mouth, under his nose. It looked like an elephant's tooth. The mouth and nose were like holes in the face. The face could not smile or laugh or look angry or sad, because the skin could not move. It was dead, like an elephant's face.

There were more bags of dirty skin on the front and back of the creature's body. These bags came down to his legs. The right arm was enormous, and there were bags of skin on it, too. The right hand was like a man's foot.

But the left hand the left arm and the left hand were beautiful! The left arm had wonderful skin, and the fingers of the left hand were long and beautiful. It was like a young woman's hand!

'Walk, Merrick!' said the shopkeeper angrily. 'Come on, quickly, move!' He hit the creature with his hand.

Slowly, the creature walked across the room. But he could not walk well. His legs were very big and fat, and he had a bad back. He could not walk far without a stick.

'All right, thank you,' I said. 'Let him sit down. I don't want to see any more.' I felt ill, and the smell in the room was very bad.

'Yes, sir,' said the shopkeeper. 'Sit down, Merrick.'

We went out of the room and closed the door. The shop-keeper smiled at me with his yellow teeth.

'Wonderful, sir, isn't it?' he said. 'The best Elephant Man in England! Hundreds of people come to see him, you know, hundreds! I take him all over the country, I do!'

'Yes, very interesting,' I said. 'Can I sit down?'

'Yes, sir, of course. Here's a chair.' He looked at me, smiling. 'Would you like a glass of water, sir?'

'Yes, please,' I said. Then I looked at the things in the dirty shop. There were two or three bad apples and some old black bananas: that was all. 'Er, no...no, thank you. I'm all right,' I said. 'Did you...did you call the creature Merrick?'

'That's right, sir. Joseph Merrick. The best ElephantMan in England! I take him all over the country, you know. Lots of people want to see him.'

'Yes, I see. Do you get a lot of money?'

'Well, sometimes we do, sir, yes. But it's difficult, you see, sir, because of the police. The police don't like us, you see, sir. So we can't stay in a town very long. We usually move every week.'

'Yes, I see. Well, anyway, Mr...er?'

'Silcock, sir. Simon Silcock.'

'Yes, well, Mr Silcock, I'm a doctor at the London Hospital. My name is Dr Treves. I think this...er... this man Joseph Merrick is very interesting, and I would like to see him at the hospital. I want to look at him more carefully, you see.'

'Yes sir, I see. But how can he get to the hospital? It's going to be difficult.'

'Why, man? The hospital's not far from here.'

’Well, yes, sir. I know. But, you see, Merrick can’t walk very well. He needs help. ’

’You can come with him. Do you want more money? Is that it?’

’Well, yes, sir, I do. But, you see, people are afraid of him too… In the road, little boys always run after him and hit him. Then the police get angry because people are afraid. Sometimes they take us to prison. ’

’I see, ’I said. ’Well, how can he come to the hospital, then?’

’Bring a cab, sir, ’said Silcock. ’You can take him to the hospital in a cab. ’

1 店铺里的怪物

我是弗雷德里克·特里维斯博士，伦敦医院的医生。1884年的一天，我在医院附近一家店铺的橱窗里看见了一张照片。我停下来，看着这张照片。起先我觉得这张照片挺有趣，后来就感到生气、害怕起来。那是一幅可怕的、丑陋的照片。照片上有个男人，但不像你和我。他看上去不像个人，而像一头大象。我看了看照片下面的文字，上面写着：进来吧，看看这个象人，一次两便士。

我推开门走了进去。

店里有个男人，穿着一件旧外套，嘴里叼着一支烟。“你想干什么？”他问道。

“我想看看象人。”我说。

这个人生气地看着我。“不行。”他说，“店铺现在关门了，你明天来吧。”

“对不起，”我说，“我想现在就看，明天我没有空，我有许多事情要做，我可以另外多给一些钱。”

这个人仔细地打量着我，后来他取下嘴里的烟卷，露出了满嘴黄牙。

他说，“好吧，先生。就给十二便士吧。”

我把钱给了他，他就打开了店铺后门。我们走进一个小房间，房间又冷又暗，里面一股恶心的气味。

一个怪物坐在桌子后面的椅子上。我说那是一个怪物，它不像你和我，不是男人也不是女人。它一动不动地坐在这间又冷又暗又脏的房間里的椅子上，眼睛盯着桌子，由于阴冷，这个怪物的头上盖着一块布，在他面前的桌子上放着一朵枯萎的花。

“站起来，”店老板大声地说。怪物慢慢地站起来，取下头上的盖布放在椅子上。

看着这个怪物，我感到很悲伤。我是一个医生，我很了解事故和病人。我每天要遇到许多可怕的、丑恶的东西，可这个怪物却是最糟糕的。医院里没有任何一个男人或女人像他这个样子。

他穿着条旧裤子，没有穿衬衫、外套和鞋子。所以，我可以清楚地看见他的身体。他的头部最有趣，长得很大很大，就像一个装着许多书籍的大口袋。头上头发不多，脑后还耷拉着一块褐色的、肮脏的头皮，一直垂到脖子下面。我看不见他的一只眼睛，因为皮肤也从脸部垂下来。

一颗巨大的红牙齿从嘴里露出来，就像一颗象牙，嘴和鼻子就像脸上开的洞，从他脸上看不出微笑还是大笑，也看不出生气和悲伤，因为这种皮肤无法活动，它已经失去活力，像一只大象的脸。

这个怪物身体的前胸和后背的脏皮肤上有许多囊肿，这种囊肿<包状物>一直拖到他的腿部。右臂巨大，皮肤上也有包状物，右手像男人的脚。

然而左手——左臂和左手——却是长得很美，左臂上有漂亮的皮肤，左指头纤长、美丽，就像年轻女人的手一样。

“走一走，麦里克！”店老板生气地说，“朝前走，动一动，快！”他用手打着这个怪物。慢慢地，这个怪物走到房间的对面。可他走不好，他的腿又粗又肥，背部有病，没有拐杖走不远。

“好了，谢谢你，”我说，“让他坐下来，我不想再看什么了。”我感到恶心，房间里的气味难闻极了。

“好的，先生，”店老板说着。“坐下，麦里克。”

我们走出房间，关上门。店老板朝我笑了笑，露出满嘴黄牙。

“好极了，先生，是不是？”他说，“这是英国最棒的象人！成千上百的人来看他，知道吗？成千上百！我带他到全国各地去，真的！”

“挺有意思！”我说，“我可以坐下吗？”“当然可以，先生。请坐。”他朝我看了看，笑了笑说：“来杯水吗，先生？”“谢谢，请给我一杯水，”我说。接着我朝脏商店里那些东西看着，有两三个坏苹果、几根烂香蕉。仅此而已。“啊！不……不，谢谢，我没事！”我说。

“你……你把这个怪物叫作麦里克吗？”

“不错，先生，约瑟夫·麦里克。英国最棒的象人。我将把他带到全国各地去，你知道，许多人要看他。”

“那你会赚到很多钱吗？”

“嗯，有时会赚到很多钱。但是也很难，因为警察找麻烦，你知道的，先生，警察不喜欢我们，所以我们不能在一个城镇呆很长时间，通常每星期就换个地方。”

“是的，我明白，噢，……先生，您是……呃？”

“西尔库克，先生。西蒙·西尔库克。”

“是的，哦，西尔库克先生，我是伦敦医院的一个医生。我是特里维斯博士。我想，这个……呃……约瑟夫·麦里克这个人非常有趣，我想在医院里见到他，我想更好更仔细地看看他，你看怎么样？”

“是的，先生，我明白您的意思！但是，他怎能到医院去呢？这是很困难的。”

“为什么不行呢，先生，医院离这儿不远。”

“是的，先生，我知道，但是，您看，麦里克走不好，他需要别人帮他”。

“你可以和他一块儿来，你还要钱吗？是这样吗？”

“噢，是的，先生，你知道，人们也害怕他……走在路上，孩子们总是追他打他。警察也会生气，怪他吓着了大家。有时候警察就把我们送进监狱里。”

“噢，”我说，“那么，他怎么能到医院里去呢？”

“弄一辆马车来，先生，”西尔库克说。

“您可以用马车送他去医院。”

Chapter 2 The Card

So next day, at seven o'clock, I came to the shop in a cab. There were not very many people in the road, because it was early in the morning. In November it is dark at seven o'clock in the morning, and I could not see the shop very well. I waited five minutes. A postman walked past. Then the door of the shop opened, and the creature, Merrick, came out.

I could not see his face or his body. He had an enormous black hat on his head, like a big box. A grey cloth came down from the hat, in front of his face. There was a hole in the cloth in front of his eyes. He could see out of the hole but I could not see in. He wore a long black coat, too. The coat began at his neck, and ended at his feet, so I could not see his arms, his body, or his legs. On his feet he wore big shoes, like old bags.

He had a stick in his left hand, and he walked very slowly. I opened the door of the cab, and got out.

'Good morning, Mr Merrick,' I said. 'Can you get in?'

'Elpmyupasteps,' he said.

'I'm sorry,' I said. 'I don't understand.'

For a minute he stood by the door of the cab and said nothing. Then he hit the cab with his stick.

'STEPS!' he said loudly. 'Help me up the steps!'

Then I understood. There were three steps up into the cab, and he could not get up them.

'Yes, I see. I'm sorry,' I said. 'Let me help you.'

I took his left hand and began to help him. My right hand was behind his back. I felt very strange. His left hand was like a young woman's, but his back under the coat, was horrible. I could feel the bags of old skin on his back under the coat.

He put one enormous foot on the first step, and then he stopped. After a minute, he moved his second foot slowly. Then he stopped and waited again.

'Hello, sir. Can I help you?'

I looked behind me. It was the postman. And behind him, I could see three young boys. One of the boys laughed.

The postman smiled. 'Is the gentleman ill?' he asked.

I thought quickly. 'Yes. But this is a lady, not a gentleman. I'm a doctor, and she's ill. Take her hand, so I can help her better.'

The postman took Merrick's left hand, and I helped him with two hands from behind. Slowly, very slowly, Merrick went up the steps and into the cab.

One boy was very near the cab. He called to his friends.

'Come and see this, boys! A fat lady in a black coat! And look at that enormous hat!'

The boys laughed. They were very near the cab too, now. I closed the door quickly.

'Thank you,' I said to the postman.

'That's all right, sir,' he said. 'She's a strange lady, sir, isn't she?'

'She's ill, that's all,' I said quickly. 'We're going to the hospital. Goodbye, and thank you.'

The cab drove down the road to the hospital. I looked at Merrick. 'That was difficult, wasn't it?' I said.

At first he said nothing, but then he spoke. His voice was very strange, but I listened to him carefully, and I could understand him.

'The steps were very difficult,' he said. 'But most things are difficult for me.'

'Yes,' I said. 'Nothing is easy for you, is it?'

'No,' he said. He was very quiet for a minute. Then he said, 'Who are you, sir?'

'Who am I? Oh, I'm sorry, My name is Dr Treves. Here, this is my card.'

I gave him a card with my name on. Then I thought, 'That was no good. This man can't read.' But Merrick took the card and looked at it very carefully. Then he put it in his trousers pocket.

I did not talk to him very much at the hospital. I looked at his head and arms and legs and body very carefully. Then I wrote the important things about him in a little book. A nurse helped me. Merrick looked at her sometimes, but she did not smile at him or talk to him. I think she was afraid of him. I think Merrick was afraid too, because he was very quiet.

At four o'clock I took him back to the shop in a cab. The next day I looked in the shop window again, but the picture was not there.

2 名片

第二天七点钟,我乘着马车来到这家商店。天刚刚亮,路上没有多少人。十一月份的早上七点钟天还是黑的,商店还看不太清楚。我等了五分钟,一个邮递员恰好经过,后来商店门开了,那个怪物——麦里克出来了。

我看不见他的脸和身体,他头上戴着一顶大黑帽子,就像顶着一个大盒子。帽子上搭着一块灰色的布一直遮着脸,眼睛前面的布上有个洞, he 可以从洞里朝外看,可我却看不见里面。他还穿了一件黑色的长外套,外套从颈子上一直拖到脚下,所以我看不见他的手臂、身体和腿。他脚上穿着一双大鞋,就像两条旧口袋。

他左手拿着一根拐杖,走得很慢,我打开车门,走了出来。

“早上好,麦里克先生,”我说,“你能上去吗?”“Elpmyupasteps.他说。

“对不起,”我说,“我听不懂。”

他在车门边站了一会儿,什么话也没有说。后来他用拐杖敲了敲车子。

“上车。”他大声地说,“帮我上车。”

后来，我明白了，马车上有三级台阶，他迈不上去。

“噢，对不起，”我说，“我来帮你。”

我左手拉着他的左手，右手扶着他的背帮助他上车。我觉得很奇怪，他的左手就像年轻女人的手，而他外套里面的背部却是很可怕。我可以摸到外套里面背上那些老皮囊肿。他一只大脚先迈上了头一个台阶，就停下了。过了一会儿，又慢慢地挪动另外一只脚，然后又停了下来再次等着。

“喂，先生，要我帮忙吗？”

我朝身后一看，是那位邮递员，在他的身后还有三个小男孩，其中有一个在大声笑着。

这位邮递员微笑着问：“这位先生病了吗？”我灵机一动：“对，但这是位女士，不是先生。我是医生，她病了，拉着她的手，这样我能更好地帮助她。”

邮递员拉着麦里克的左手，我用双手从后面推他。麦里克慢慢地移动步子，走进马车。一个小男孩离马车很近，他对着他的伙伴们大声地喊着：“过来看，一个穿黑外套的胖女人！瞧那顶大帽子！”

孩子们哄笑着走到马车旁，我迅速地关上车门转身对邮递员说：“谢谢你。”他说：“不用谢，先生。这位女士长得很怪呀！”我很快地回答：“她是病人。我们要去医院，谢谢你，再见。”

马车沿着去医院的路驶去。我看了看麦里克说：“很不容易，是吧？”

他先是什么都不说，可后来他开口了，他的嗓音很怪，可我还是认真地听着，我能听懂他讲的意思。

“上台阶很困难。”他说，“大多数事情对于我都很困难。”

“对您来说没有容易的事，对吧？”

“对。”他沉默了一会儿，然后问道：“您是谁，先生？”

“我是谁？哦，对不起，我是特里维斯博士。瞧，这是我的名片。”

我递给了他一张上面有我名字的名片。但转念一想，这没什么用，他不识字。麦里克拿着名片认真地看了看，然后就收进裤子口袋里。

在医院里我和他谈得不多，我很仔细地看过他的头、手臂、腿和身子，然后我将有关他的重要情况记在了一个小笔记本里。一位护士来协助我工作。麦里克时不时地朝她看看，可她既不朝他微笑也不与他说话。我想她是怕他，麦里克可能也怕她，因为他一直很安静。

四点钟时，我用马车将他送回那个商店。第二天我又朝小店橱窗里看了看，可那张照片已不见了。

Chapter 3 A Letter to 'The Times'

I did not see Merrick again for two years. Then, one day, the police found him. He had my card in his hand, so they brought him to the London Hospital. He was very tired, hungry, and dirty, so I put him to bed in a quiet little room. But he could not stay at the hospital. He was not ill, and of course the beds in the hospital are for ill people. We have no beds for hungry people, or ugly people.

I told the Hospital Chairman, Mr Cars Gomm, about Merrick. He listened carefully, and then he wrote a letter to the editor of The Times newspaper.

From The Times, December 4th, 1886

A Letter to the Editor.

Dear Sir,

I am writing to you about a man in our hospital. He needs your help. His name is Joseph Merrick, and he is 27 years old. He is not ill, but he cannot go out of the hospital because he is very, very ugly. Nobody likes to look at him, and some people are afraid him. We call him 'The Elephant Man'.

Two years ago, Merrick lived in a shop near the London Hospital. For two pence, people could see him and laugh at him. One day Dr Frederick Treves—a hospital doctor—saw Merrick, brought him to this hospital, and looked at him carefully. Dr Treves could not help Merrick, but he gave him his card.

Then the shopkeeper, Silcock, took Merrick to Belgium. A lot of people in Belgium wanted to see him, and so after a year Merrick had £50. But then Silcock took Merrick's £50, left Merrick in Belgium, and went back to London.

Merrick came back to London by himself. Everyone on the train and the ship looked at him, and laughed at him. In London, the police put him in prison. But then they saw Dr Treves's card, and brought Merrick to the London Hospital.

This man has no money, and he cannot work. His face and body are very, very ugly, so of course many people are afraid of him. But he is a very interesting man. He can read and write, and he thinks a lot. He is a good, quiet man. Sometimes he makes things with his hands and gives them to the nurses, because they are kind to him.

He remembers his mother, and he has a picture of her. She was beautiful and kind, he says. But he never sees her now. She gave him to Silcock a long time ago.

Can the readers of The Times help us? This man is not ill, but he needs a home. We can give him a room at the hospital, but we need some money. Please write to me at the London Hospital.

Yours faithfully,

F. C. Carr Gomm.

Chairman of the London Hospital

The readers of The Times are very kind people. They gave us a lot of money. After one week, we had £50, 000, so Merrick could live in the Hospital for all his life. We could give him a home.

3 给《泰晤士报》的一封信

我有二年未见到麦里克了。后来有一天，警察发现了他，他手里有我的名片，所以警察就将他带到伦敦医院。他很疲劳、饥饿、肮脏，我就把他安置在一间很安静的小房间里休息。因为他没有生病，他不能呆在医院里，医院里的床当然是给病人用的。我们不能给饥饿的人或丑陋的人提供床铺使用。

我将麦里克的情况告诉了院长卡尔·戈蒙先生。他听得很仔细，并给《泰晤士报》的编辑写了一封信。

摘自1886年12月 4日的《泰晤士报》

亲爱的先生：

我写信给你是告诉你一个在我们医院里的人的情况，他需要得到你的帮助。他名叫约瑟夫·麦里克，现年27岁。他没有生病，但是他不能走出医院，因为他长得很丑很丑，没有人愿意看他一眼，一些人害怕他，我们叫他“象人”。

两年前，麦里克住在伦敦医院附近的一家商店里，花二个便士，人们就可以看到他、嘲笑他。有一天，医院医生弗雷德里克·特里维斯博士见到了麦里克，将他带到我们医院里，并给他仔细检查。由于特里维斯博士无法帮助麦里克，只好给了他一张名片。

后来店老板西尔库克将他带到比利时，在那儿许多人都想看他，所以，一年后，麦里克得到了50英镑钞票。但是后来西尔库克拿走了麦里克的50英镑，将他留在比利时，而自己回到了伦敦。

麦里克是独自一人回到伦敦的，火车上、轮船上的每个人都看着他、嘲笑他。在伦敦，警察把他关进监狱。后来，他们看到特里维斯博士的名片，就把麦里克带到了伦敦医院。

他没有钱，又不能工作，他的脸和身体都非常丑陋，当然许多人都害怕他。但是，他是一个很有趣的人，他能读书写字，会思考，他是一个安份的好人。有时他用自己的双手做些玩意儿送给护士们，因为她们对他很和善。

他记得他的母亲，他有他母亲的一张照片。他说他的母亲很漂亮、温柔。但是，现在他再也没有见过她。她在很久以前就将他给了西尔库克。

《泰晤士报》的读者们能否帮助我们？这个人没有生病，他需要有一个家，我们在医院里可以给他一间房子，但我们需要钱，请给我回信到伦敦医院来。

你的忠实的

F. C. 卡尔·戈蒙

伦敦医院院长

1886年12月4日

《泰晤士报》的读者们都很仁慈，他们给了我们很多钱。一星期后，我们收到了五万英镑，足够让麦里克在医院里住一辈子。我们可以给他安个家。

We gave Merrick two rooms at the back of the hospital. One room was a bathroom, so he could have a bath every day. Soon his skin was much better, and there was no horrible smell.

The second room had a bed, table, and chairs. I visited him every day, and talked to him. He loved reading, and talking about books. At first he did not know many books: the Bible, and one or two newspapers, that's all. But I gave him some books of love stories, and he liked them very much. He read them again and again, and talked about them often. For him, the men and women in these books were alive, like you and me. He was very happy.

But sometimes it was difficult for him. At first, one or two people in the hospital laughed at Merrick because he was ugly. Sometimes, they brought their friends to look at him. One day a new nurse came to the hospital, and nobody told her about Merrick. She took his food to his room, and opened the door. Then she saw him. She screamed, dropped the food on the floor, and ran out of the room.

I was very angry with the nurse, and went to see Merrick. He was not happy about it, but he was not very angry. I think he felt sorry for the girl.

'People don't like looking at me. I know that, Dr Treves,' he said. 'They usually laugh or scream.'

'Well, I don't want nurses to laugh at you, Joseph,' I said angrily. 'I want them to help you.'

'Thank you, doctor,' he said, in his strange slow voice. 'But it's not important. Everyone laughs at me. I understand that.'

I looked at him sadly. In his one good hand, his left hand, he had the little picture of his mother. He looked at the picture for a minute, and then put it by a flower on the table. A tear ran out of his eye and down the skin of his enormous, ugly face.

'Dr Treves,' he said, slowly. 'You and the nurses are very kind, and I'm very happy here. Thank you very much. But...I know I can't stay here long, and...I would like to live in a lighthouse, after the hospital, please. A lighthouse, or a home for blind people. I think those are the best places for me.'

'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Why?'

He did not look at me. He put the flower on the picture and looked at it carefully.

'Lighthouses have sea all round them, don't they?' he said. 'Nobody could look at me in a lighthouse, so I would be happy there. And blind people can see nothing, so they couldn't see me, could they?'

'But Joseph,' I said. 'This is your home. You live here now. You aren't going to leave the hospital.' 'Not today, perhaps,' he said. But soon. You are a kind man, Dr Treves. But I can't stay here very long. I have no money.'

I smiled. 'Joseph, I said. 'This is your home now. Don't you understand? You can stay here all your life.' Very carefully, I told him about the letter to The Times, and the money.

I don't think he understood at first, so I told him again. He was very quiet for a minute. Then he stood up, and walked up and down the room very quickly. A strange sound came from him, like laughing.

4 麦里克的第一个家

我们将医院后面的两个房间给了麦里克，一间是浴室，供他每天洗澡。于是他的皮肤好多了，再也没有难闻的气味。另一间里面有床、桌子和椅子。我每天都去看他，陪他说话。他喜欢看书，也喜欢谈论书里的内容。起初，他并不知道多少书，只知道《圣经》和一两份报纸而已。后来我给了他几本爱情小说，他非常喜欢，读了一遍又一遍，并经常谈论其中的故事。对他来说，书中的男女就像你我一样，都是活着的，他非常高兴。

对他来说，有时也很难。开始时，医院里有一两个人嘲笑他，说他长得丑陋，有时他们把自己的朋友带来参观他。有一天，一个护士新来到医院，没有人把麦里克的情况告诉她，她给麦里克送饭，当她打开门，见到他时，尖叫一声，将饭扔在地上跑了出去。

我去看望麦里克，我很生这个护士的气。他对此事不高兴但没生气，我想他感到自己对不起这个姑娘，他说：“人们不喜欢朝我看，他们经常对我嘲笑、尖叫，我知道为什么，特里维斯博士。”

我气愤地说：“约瑟夫，我不希望护士们嘲笑你，我要她们来帮助你。”“谢谢你，大夫。”他用奇怪的声音慢慢说着：“每个人都在嘲笑我，我理解，这并不重要。”

我忧伤地看着他。他的那只好手——左手——拿着一张他母亲的小照片，他仔细地看了一会儿，然后将照片放在桌上的一束花旁，一滴泪水顺着那张丑陋的大脸滚下来。

“特里维斯博士，您和这些护士们都是非常善良的，我在这儿很幸福。非常感谢您。可是……我知道我不能长期待在这儿，我想要住到医院后面的那座灯塔里。一座灯塔或是一间供盲人住的房子，我想那对我来说是最好的地方。”他慢慢地说完了这些。我问：“你这是什么意思？为什么？”他不看我，他把那束花放在那张照片上，仔细地看。他说：“灯塔四周是大海，对不对？在那里没有人朝我看，所以在那里我会幸福的。盲人什么也看不见，所以他们也看不见我，是不是？”我说：“约瑟夫，这就是你的家，现在你就住在这儿，你不要离开医院。”

他说：“不可能是今天，但很快。您是一个好人，特里维斯博士。我不能在这儿呆很长时间，我没有钱。”我笑着说：“约瑟夫，现在这儿就是你的家。你难道还不知道你可以在这儿呆一辈子吗？”于是我把如何为了他与《泰晤士报》联系的那封信及有关钱的来历详详细细地告诉了他。

开始我担心他不能理解此事，所以就又说了一遍。他沉默了片刻，然后站起来在房间里很快地来回走动，并发出一种奇怪的声音，像是在大笑。

Chapter 5 An Important Visitor

I did not want Merrick to live by himself, like a man in a lighthouse. He read his books, and talked to me, but I wanted him to talk to more people. And I wanted him to talk to women.

Merrick read about women in his books, but he did not often talk to women. He met the nurses every day, but they did not talk to him very much. For them, he was always a creature, not a man.

One day, one of my friends, a beautiful young woman, came to the hospital. I told her about Merrick, and took her to his room. She opened the door, and smiled at him.

'Good morning, Mr Merrick,' she said. Then she shook his hand.

Merrick looked at her for a minute with his mouth open. Then he sat down on his bed, with his head in his hand, and cried. He cried for nearly five minutes. The tears ran down his face, between his fingers, and onto the floor.

My friend sat on the bed beside him and put her hand on his arm. She said nothing, but she smiled at him and shook his hand again before she left.

'Dr Treves,' he said to me that night. 'That lady was wonderful! My mother smiled at me once, many years ago, but no women smile at me now. But this lady smiled at me too, and she shook my hand! A beautiful lady smiled at me and shook my hand!'

My young lady friend came again the next week, and talked to Merrick for half an hour. The week after that, she came again with a friend. They gave him some books, and had a cup of tea with him. It was wonderful for him. For the first time in his life, he had some friends. He was a very happy man. He sat in his room, and read his books, and said no more about living on a lighthouse.

People began to read about Merrick in the newspapers, so he had a lot of visitors. Everybody wanted to see him. A lot of important ladies and gentlemen visited him. They smiled at him, shook his hand, and gave him books. Merrick liked talking to these people, and he began to forget about his ugly body. His visitors never laughed at him. He began to feel like a man, not a creature.

One wonderful day, a very important lady came to the hospital to visit him. I met the lady, and took her to his room. Then I opened the door, and smiled at him.

'Good morning, Joseph,' I said. 'There is a new visitor to see you today. A very famous lady.'

Merrick stood up beside his table. He did not smile, because his face could not smile, but his eyes looked happy.

'That's good,' he said. 'Who is it?'

I moved away from the door, and the visitor walked in. 'Your Majesty, this is Joseph Merrick,' I said. 'Joseph, this is Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra, the Queen of England.'

Queen Alexandra smiled at him. 'How do you do, Mr Merrick,' she said. 'I'm very pleased to meet you.' Then she shook his hand.

Merrick did not move. For nearly half a minute he stood and looked at her with his mouth open. Then he spoke, in his strange, slow voice.

'How... how do you do, Your Majesty,' he said. But I don't think the Queen understood him, because he tried to get down on his knees at the same time. It was very difficult for him, because of his enormous legs.

'No, please, Mr Merrick, do get up,' said the Queen. 'I would like to talk to you. Can we sit at your table?'

'Yes...yes, of course,' he said. They sat at the table. She took his left hand, the good hand, in hers. She looked at the hand carefully, and then smiled at Merrick again.

'I often read about you in the newspapers,' she said. 'You are a very interesting man, Mr Merrick. You have a very difficult life, but people say you're happy. Is it true? Are you happy now?'

'Oh, yes, Your Majesty, yes!' said Merrick. 'I'm a very happy man! I have a home here now, and friends, and my books. I'm happy every hour of the day!'

'What a wonderful story!' she said. 'I'm very pleased to hear it. Now, tell me about your reading. I see you have a lot of books here.'

'Oh, yes, Your Majesty. I love my books,' said Merrick. And for nearly half an hour they sat and talked about books. The Queen gave him a little book, and some red flowers, before she left.

After her visit, Merrick began to sing. He could not sing easily, of course, because of his mouth, but all that day there was a strange, happy noise in his room. He looked at the flowers carefully, and put them on his table.

He had many visits from the Queen, and at Christmas she sent him a Christmas card.

Windsor Castle

20th December 1888

Dear Joseph,

Here is a small Christmas present for you. I think it looks like me, doesn't it? I do like visiting you very much, and I am going to come to the hospital again in the New Year.

Happy Christmas!

Your friend

Alexandra

The present was a picture of Queen Alexandra, with her name on it. Merrick cried over it, and put it carefully by the bed in his room. Then he sat down and wrote a letter to the Queen. It was the first letter of his life.

The London Hospital

23rd December 1888

My dear Queen,

Thank you very, very, much for your wonderful card and the beautiful picture. It is the best thing in my room, the very best, the most beautiful thing I have. This is the first Christmas in my life, and my first Christmas present. Perhaps I had a Christmas with my mother once, but I do not remember it. I have my mother's picture too, and she is beautiful, like you. But now I know many famous ladies and kind people like Dr Treves, and I am a very happy man. I am happy too because I am going to see you in the New Year.

Happy Christmas to you, my dear friend,

With all my love,

Joseph Merrick

5 一位重要的来访者

我不愿麦里克独自居住，就像一个灯塔守望人那样。他看书，也和我聊天，但我却想让他与更多的人甚至妇女们交谈。麦里克在书中读到过有关妇女的事，可他从不常与妇女们说话。他每天都与护士接触，可她们不常与他说话，在她们眼里，他始终是一个怪物而不是一个男人。

有一天，我的一位朋友，一位年轻漂亮的女子来到了医院，我告诉她有关麦里克的全部情况，并把她领到他的房间。她朝他微笑着问候：“早上好，麦里克先生。”她走上前握住他的手。麦里克张着嘴朝她看着，然后坐到床上捂着头哭了起来。他哭了近五分钟时间，泪水从指缝里滚落到地上。

我的这位朋友靠近他坐在他的床上，把手放在他的手臂上，什么也没说，只是朝他微笑，离开前又与他握手道别。

那天晚上他对我说：“特里维斯博士，那位女士漂亮极了，我的母亲曾经朝我微笑过，那是很多年以前的事了。直到现在没有一个女人朝我笑过，可是这位女士朝我微笑，还握了我的手！一个漂亮的女士朝我微笑，握着我的手！”

第二个星期，我的那位年轻的朋友又来了，与麦里克谈了半个小时。在这个星期以后她又与另一个朋友一道来，她们送给他一些书，和他一起喝了茶。对他来说这比什么都好，人生中第一次有了一些朋友。他很高兴，坐在屋子里看书，再也不提诸如生活在灯塔里之类的事了。

人们开始从报纸上看到有关麦里克的报道，所以他有許多来访者。每个人都想去看他，许多有身份的女士和绅士们访问了他，他们朝他微笑，和他握手，送给他许多书。麦里克喜欢与这些人交谈，渐渐忘了自己那丑陋的样子。他的来访者从不嘲笑他，他开始觉得自己像个男人了。

一天，天气非常宜人，一位很有身份的女士来到医院拜访他。我遇到这位女士，把她带到他的房间。我打开门，冲他笑着说：“约瑟夫，早上好！今天有一位新客人来拜访你，是一位名人！”

麦里克从桌子旁站了起来。他没有笑，因为他的脸不会笑，但从他的眼睛里能看出他很高兴。他说：“太好了，是谁？”我将来访者引进来给他们介绍说：“陛下，这是约瑟夫·麦里克。约瑟夫，这是陛下，亚历山德拉王后，当今英国女王。”

亚历山德拉王后与他握着手，朝他笑着说：“麦里克先生，你好。见到你非常高兴。”

麦里克没有移动，站在那里张着嘴朝她看了约半分钟之久，然后用一种奇怪的声音缓缓说道：“噢……陛下，您好！”也不知王后是否听清了他的话，因为与此同时他想要跪下，给王后请安，但由于他那两条腿太粗了，他很难跪下。

王后说：“麦里克先生，请不必这样，起来吧。我想与你说说话，我们可以在你的桌旁坐坐吗？”他回答着：“好的，当然可以。”他们都在桌子旁坐下，她拉着他的左手——那只好手放在她的手里。她仔细看了看他的手后又朝麦里克笑笑说：“我常在报纸上看到有关你的情况，你是一个很有趣的人，你生活虽难以自理，但人们说你很幸福，是真的吗？你现在很幸福吗？”麦里克回答说：“嗯，陛下，是的，我是一个很幸福的人，现在我有一个家，有许多朋友，还有许多书。我每时每刻都很愉快。”

她说：“多么精彩的故事，我非常想听，请把你读到的讲给我听，我发现你这儿有许多书。”

他说：“哦，陛下，是的，我喜欢这些书。”他们在那儿就书上的事谈了近半个小时。王后离开时送给了他一本小书和一些红花。

在她来访以后，麦里克开始唱歌。尽管他的嘴不能自如地歌唱，但那些日子里他的房间里总是回荡着一种奇怪、幸福的歌声。他仔细看了看这些花，将它们摆在桌子上。

王后多次拜访他，圣诞节那天她送给他一张圣诞卡片：

亲爱的约瑟夫：

给你一个小小的圣诞礼物，我想你见到这就如同见到我一样，是吗？我很喜欢拜访你，我将在新年那天去医院看你。

祝圣诞快乐！

你的朋友 亚历山德拉

1888年12月 20日于温莎城堡

这份礼物是亚历山德拉王后的一张照片，上面有她的名字。麦里克喜不自禁，把它放在房间里他的床边，然后坐下来给王后写信。这是他有生以来写的第一封信：

亲爱的王后：

您好！

非常感谢您给我精美的卡片和漂亮的照片，这是我房间里最好的东西，也是我所拥有的最好最漂亮的東西。我有生以来过第一个圣诞节，这是我的第一个圣诞节礼物。也许我曾与母亲一起度过一个圣诞节，但我已记不住了。我也有一张母亲的照片，她很漂亮，像你一样。现在我认识许多有名望的女士和好心肠的人们，他们都像特里维斯博士一样，我是一个很幸福的人。我很高兴将在新年里再次见到你。

祝我亲爱的朋友圣诞节愉快！

你的朋友 约瑟夫·麦里克

1888年12月 23日于伦敦医院

Chapter 6 Outside the Hospital

Merrick had a lot of friends now, but he was more like a child than a man. He could read about things, and talk to his visitors, but he could not go out of the hospital by himself. He thought and played like a child.

After Christmas, he wanted to go to the theatre. This was very difficult, because I did not want the people in the theatre to see him. But a kind lady from the theatre—Mrs Kendal—helped us. We bought tickets for a box at the side of the theatre. We went to the theatre in a cab with dark windows, and we went into the theatre by a door at the back—the Queen's door. Nobody saw us.

Three nurses sat at the front of the box, and Merrick and I sat in the dark behind them. Nobody in the theatre could see us, but we could see the play.

It was a children's Christmas play. Merrick loved it. It was a most wonderful, exciting story. Often he laughed, and sometimes he tried to sing like the children in the theatre. He was like a child. For him, everything in the story was true.

Once he was very afraid, because the bad man in the play was angry and had a knife. At first Merrick wanted to leave the theatre, but I stopped him. Then he was very angry with this bad man in the play. He hit his hand on his chair, and stood up and talked to the man. But nobody heard him. When the bad man went to prison, Merrick laughed.

Merrick thought the beautiful young lady in the play was wonderful. He wanted to talk to her too. At the end of the play he was very happy because she married a good young man.

He remembered this play for a long time, and he talked a lot about the people in it. 'What do you think they did after we left?' he asked me. 'Where do the young lady and the young man live? What are they doing now?'

'I don't know, I said. 'Perhaps they live in the country.'

Merrick thought about this for a long time. Then he said: 'Dr Treves, can I go to the country, please? I saw the country once from a train, but I never went there. I often read about it in books. It's very beautiful, isn't it? I would like to see it.'

The visit to the theatre was difficult but a visit to the country was more difficult. But again, one of his new friends helped us. She had a small house in the country, and Merrick could stay in it for the summer, she said.

I took Merrick to the country in a train with dark windows, so nobody could see him. Then we went in a cab to the country house.

There were a lot of trees near the house, but no people lived near it. A countryman brought food to the house everyday, but no people came near it.

I stayed with him that night. At night, it was very dark and quiet. In the morning, hundreds of birds sang in the trees, and everything outside the house was green. Merrick walked under the big trees, looking at things happily, and singing his strange song.

I went back to London, but Merrick stayed there for six weeks. He was wonderfully happy. Every week, he wrote me a letter.

Apple Tree House,

West Wickham,

Berkshire.

21st July 1889

Dear Dr Treves,

I had a wonderful day again today. It was very warm, so I walked under the trees and sat by a stream. The water in the stream made a beautiful noise, like singing. Did you know that? I listened to it for two hours.

Lots of little birds came near me. One had a red body in front, and a brown back. I gave it some bread, and it sat on my hand. A lot of birds are my friends, now.

I watched the fish in the stream, too. They were very exciting, because they move very fast. One minute they were there, and the next minute I couldn't see them. But I waited quietly, and they always came back. I put my hand in the water, but I couldn't touch them.

I met a big dog yesterday. It made a very loud noise, but I was not afraid. I sat down quietly and looked at it, and it came and smelt my hand. I saw it again today, and gave it some bread. It likes me now.

I am going to put some flowers from the country in this letter. There are hundreds of flowers here. Did you know that? I like the little blue ones best, but they are all beautiful. I have lots of them in my room. I give them water every morning. Little flowers are very thirsty, you know!

I am very happy here, doctor, but I want to see you again soon, too.

With love from your friend,

Joseph Merrick

At the end of the summer he came back to London. He was very well, and his skin looked much better. He talked about the country a lot, but he was happy to see his friends and his books again, too.

6 在医院的外面

现在麦里克有了许多朋友，他像个大男孩，他能通过阅读了解到许多事情，并将这些事告诉他的来访者们。但他不能一个人去到医院以外的地方。

圣诞节后，他想去看戏。这是件很难办的事，因为我不愿剧院里的人们看到他。剧院有一位好心肠的凯恩德尔夫人帮助了我们，给订了一个剧院里靠边上的包厢。我们乘坐窗户闭光的出租马车，从剧院后门进去。没有人看到我们。

三个护士坐在包厢的前方，我和麦里克坐在她们后面的暗处。剧院里无人能看到我们，这样我们可以专心看演出了。

这是一部儿童圣诞剧，麦里克喜欢看。这是一个极精彩并令人激动 的故事。他常常笑出声来，有时他也想像剧中的孩子们一样歌唱，他像个孩子似的，在他看来，故事里的每件事都是真实的。

剧中有个坏男人生气地拿着刀，他一度害怕起来，要离开剧院，我拉住了他。他非常生那个坏男人的气，击打着椅子，站起来骂那个坏男人，但无人听见。当那个坏男人被投进监狱时，麦里克高兴地大笑起来。

他觉得剧中那个漂亮的年轻姑娘非常可爱，他想和她讲话。剧终时他很高兴，因为她与一个很好的年轻人结了婚。

他好长时间都没有忘记这出戏，他叙述了许多有关剧中人的事。他问我：“我们离开以后他们怎么办？那个年轻人和那个姑娘在哪儿生活？现在他们在干什么？”我说：“不知道，或许他们住在乡下。”

这件事麦里克想了很久。后来他问我：“特里维斯博士，我可以到乡下去吗？我坐火车时曾看到过乡间，但我从来没去过那里。我在书上读到过有关乡间的事，很美，是不是？我想去看看。”

到剧场都难，去乡间谈何容易。他的一位新朋友又一次给予了帮助。她在乡间有一间小屋子，她说麦里克可以在那儿避暑。

我带着麦里克乘一列窗户不透光的火车来到乡下，没有人看见我们。然后我们又换乘一辆出租马车来到这幢乡间小屋。

房子附近有许多树，但无人住在附近。除了一个村夫每天送食物到这儿，没有其他人来。

那天晚上我与他待在一起。晚上天很黑，但很安静，清晨许多小鸟在树上歌唱。屋子外面一片翠绿。麦里克在树下散步，开心地欣赏着这里的一切，唱着他那奇怪的歌。

我回到了伦敦，麦里克在那儿又待了六个星期，他快活极了。每星期他都给我写一封信：

亲爱的特里维斯博士：

今天我又过得愉快极了，天气非常暖和，我在树下散步，坐在溪旁，溪水流动，就像一曲美妙的音乐，我在这里已听了两个多小时。

许多小鸟儿飞到我的身旁，有一只鸟长着红身褐背。我给它吃面包，它站在我的手上。这些鸟已成了我的朋友。

我还看到溪水中的鱼。真令人惊奇，它们游得快极了，一会在那儿，一会又不见了。我静静地等着，它们总是不停地来回游着。我把手伸进水里，可我摸不着它们。

昨天我碰见一只大狗，它大声地叫着，可我并不害怕。我坐下来静静地朝它看着，它走过来闻闻我的手。今天我又见到了它，还给它吃些面包，现在它很喜欢我。

我准备把乡下的花采摘一些放在信里寄给你，这里有几百种花。我最喜欢这种小蓝花。当然，这儿所有的花都很好看，我摘了许多放在屋子里，我每天早上给这些花浇水，这些花很渴！

大夫，我在这儿很愉快，但我也想尽快见到你。

非常热爱你的朋友

约瑟夫·麦里克

1889年7月21日于波克郡西维克

哈蒙苹果树庄园

夏季结束时他回到了伦敦。他非常健康，皮肤看上去也好多了。他讲了许多有关乡间的事情，但他也很高兴又见到了许多朋友和书。

Chapter 7 The Last Letter

Six months later, in April 1890, I found him dead in bed. He was on his back in bed, so at first I thought he was asleep. I talked to him, but he did not move. Then I saw that the skin on his face was blue, so I knew he was dead.

He did not usually sleep on his back. His enormous head was very heavy, so he usually sat up in bed with his arms round his legs, and his head on his knees. He could sleep well like this.

But he wanted to sleep on his back like you and me. He tried to sleep on his back that night, but his heavy head came off the bed, and he broke his neck. He died very quickly.

Next day, the Chairman of the London Hospital, Mr Carr Gomm, wrote to the editor of The Times again.

The Times, April 16th, 1890

Dear Sir,

Three and a half years ago I wrote to you about a man called Joseph Merrick. This man was called 'The Elephant Man' because he was born with a very ugly body. Merrick was not ill, but he could not work, and he had no money.

The readers of The Times felt sorry for him, and they gave me a lot of money for Merrick. Because of this money, we could give Merrick a home in the London Hospital. It was his first good home, and for three and a half years he lived here happily. The doctors and nurses of the hospital helped him, and many important people visited him. He read many books, he went to the theatre, and in the summer he stayed in the country for six weeks. Because of your readers' money, we could give him a happy life.

Last night Joseph Merrick died quietly in his bed. He was a man with a very ugly body, but he was a good, kind man, and he had a lot of friends. We liked to talk to him, and we are all very sorry because he is dead. A lot of people are going to remember him for a long time.

There is some money left, so I am going to give it to the hospital. Thank you, sir, for your help.

Yours faithfully

F. C. Carr Gomm

Chairman of The London

Hospital

7 最后一封信

过了六个月，也就是1890年4月，我发现他死在床上。他仰面朝天，开始我以为他睡着了，我朝他说话他不动，后来我见他脸上的皮肤发青，才知道他死了。

他通常不能躺着睡觉，因为他的脑袋又大又重，所以他常常坐在床上，用手抱着腿，把头放在膝盖上，这样他能睡得很好。

可是他也想像你我这样躺着睡觉。那天晚上他试着躺下来睡，结果他那个庞大的头跌下床，折断了脖子。他很快就死了。

第二天伦敦医院院长卡尔·戈蒙又给《泰晤士报》的编辑写了一封信：

摘自1890年4月16日的《泰晤士报》

亲爱的先生：

三年半以前我写信给你介绍了一个名叫约瑟夫·麦里克的男人，这个人被叫做“象人”，他天生有一个像大象一样的丑陋身躯。麦里克没有病，但他不能工作，也没有钱。

《泰晤士报》的读者们很同情他，给了他许多钱。有了这些钱，我们可以在伦敦医院里给他安个家，这是他的第一个家。三年半以来他一直生活得很幸福，医院里的医生和护士都帮助他，许多要人来拜访他。他读了许多书，去看过戏，在乡间避暑待了六个星期。有了读者们给的钱，我们把他的生活安排得很幸福。

昨天晚上约瑟夫·麦里克在床上静静死去。他是一个很丑的人，但是很好、很善良，他有许多朋友。我们都喜欢与他交谈，我们都很遗憾，他死了。许多人会永远记着他的。

现在还剩下一些钱，我准备把这些钱捐给医院。感谢你的帮助。

谨致

伦敦医院院长F. C. 卡尔·戈蒙

1890年4月16日

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简 介

当今，南极有一座房子，叫阿蒙森—斯科特南极站。室内暖融融的，无论夏冬，人们都可以在那儿生活、工作。飞机毫不费力地便能飞抵或是飞离南极站。从这儿到世界其它地方，要不了多少小时。但是从南极站出来走上500米，那儿的南极洲便再次成为地球上最寒冷、最空旷的地区。

在1911年，当时的南极既没见过飞机也没建有住房。除了茫茫大雪、冰封天地与凛凛寒风外，一无所有。没有英国国旗，没有挪威国旗。但是，有几个人缓慢地向南走着，横穿冰封大地。斯科特率领的人配备了小马，而阿蒙森率领的人配备了狗与滑雪板。当时的温度为－30℃或者更糟。这些人忍受着疲倦、饥饿和寒冷……他们中谁将是到达南极的第一人呢？

目前，在阿蒙森—斯科特南极站内，墙上写着一些字，是斯科特队长于1912年写在日记里的一句话：

“天啊，这地方太可怕了！”

本文的作者蒂姆·维卡里是经验丰富的教师和作家。他现今在英国北部的约克生活工作。

Chapter 1 Two Ships

The race began in the summer of 1910.

On June 1st, in London, a black ship, the Terra Nova, went down the river Thames to the sea. Thousands of people stood by the river to watch it. They were all excited and happy.

On the Terra Nova, Captain Robert Falcon Scott smiled quietly. It was a very important day for him. He was a strong man, not very tall, in the blue clothes of a captain. He was forty-one years old, but he had a young face, like a boy. His eyes were dark and quiet.

One man on the ship, Titus Oates, smiled at Scott.

‘What an exciting day, Captain!’ he said. ‘Look at those people! I feel like an important man!’

Scott laughed. ‘You are important, Titus,’ he said. ‘And you’re going to be famous, too. We all are. Do you see this flag?’ He looked at the big British flag at the back of the ship, and smiled at Oates. ‘That flag is coming with us,’ he said.

‘In the Antarctic, I’m going to carry it under my clothes. We’re going to be the first men at the South Pole, and that flag is going to be first, too!’

* * * * *

Five days later, on June 6th, a man opened the door of his wooden house in Norway. He was a tall man, with a long face. He waited outside the house for a minute. Everything was very quiet. He could see no houses, only mountains, trees, and water. It was nearly dark. The sky was black over the mountains.

The man smiled, and walked quickly away from the house, down to the sea. In the water, a big wooden ship waited for him. The man got onto the ship, and talked and laughed quietly with his friends.

The ship’s name was Fram, and the man was Roald Amundsen. The Fram was the most beautiful ship on earth, Amundsen thought. His friends were the best skiers on earth, too. One of them, Olav Bjaaland, smiled at him.

‘North Pole, here we come, Captain,’ he said.

‘Yes.’ Amundsen said. His friends could not see his face in the dark. ‘Fram is going to the Arctic.’

Everyone on the Fram was ready to go to the North Pole, to the Arctic. Amundsen wanted to go there, too. But first he wanted to go south. His friends didn’t know that.

At midnight on June 6th, the Fram moved quietly away from Amundsen’s house, out to sea.

1 两艘船

比赛开始于1910年夏天。

6月1日，伦敦。特若·诺瓦号这艘黑船顺泰晤士河而下，向大海驶去。成千上万的人伫立岸边观望，所有的人脸上都露出兴奋与幸福。

特若·诺瓦号上，队长罗伯特·福尔康·斯科特无声地笑了。这一天对他来说太重要了。他个头不高，但长得壮实，穿着蓝色的队长制服。他虽说已经41岁，但是由于长着一张娃娃脸，所以看上去仍像个小孩。他双眼乌黑而又沉静。

泰特斯·奥茨，船上的一位水手，冲着队长笑了。

“多么令人兴奋的日子啊，队长！”他说，“看看这些人！我觉得自己好似成为重要人物了！”

队长朗声笑了。“泰特斯，你的确是重要人物，”他说，“而且你很快就要名扬天下，就同我们大家一样。你看到这国旗了吗？”他注视着船尾那面巨幅的英国国旗，微笑着对奥茨说：“那面国旗将会随我们一道去。在南极洲，我将把它夹在衣服里面带着。我们将成为首批到达南极的人，那面国旗也将是第一面到达南极的旗帜。”

* * * * *

5天以后，6月6日。在挪威，一个人拉开了自己的木房子的门。这人高个、长脸。他在室外稍候片刻，四周万籁俱寂。他目光所及之处，没有住房，只有群山、树林和大海。天近傍晚，群山上面是黑沉沉的一片天空。

这人脸上露出微笑，快步离开木屋，朝海边走去。大海中，一艘大型木船正等着他。他来到船上，与朋友们聊着，悄悄地笑着。

这船叫弗雷门号，这人便是罗阿尔·阿蒙森。阿蒙森认为，弗雷门号是地球上最美丽的一艘船。

他的朋友是地球上最优秀的滑雪者。其中有位朋友叫奥拉夫·比阿兰德，正冲着他微笑。

“北极，我们去那儿，队长。”他说。

“是的，”阿蒙森说。由于天色已黑，这位朋友看不见他的面部表情。“弗雷门号正驶向北极。”

弗雷门号上的每个人全都准备就绪：到北极圈，上北极。阿蒙森也想去哪儿。然而他第一想做的事，便是向南航行。他的朋友却毫不知情。

6月6日午夜，弗雷门号无声地驶离阿蒙森的家园，驶向大海。

Chapter 2 The Race

The Fram went to an island in the south of Norway. It was a very little island, with only one small wooden house, two trees—and nearly a hundred dogs.

‘Look at that!’ Bjaaland said. ‘It’s an island of dogs! There are dogs in the water, near the trees, on the house—dogs everywhere!’

Two men came out of the house. ‘Hassel! Lindstrom!’ Amundsen said. ‘It’s good to see you! How many dogs do you have for me?’

‘Ninety-nine, Roald,’ said Hassel. ‘The best ninety-nine dogs from Greenland. And they’re very happy! They don’t work; they just eat and play all day! They’re having a wonderful summer here!’

‘Good, good.’ Amundsen laughed. ‘But that’s finished now. Hey, Bjaaland! Stop laughing—come down here and help me. Let’s get all these dogs onto the ship!’

It was not easy. The dogs were fat and strong, and they didn’t want to go on the ship. But at last, after three hours’ hard work, all ninety-nine were on the ship, and the Fram went out to sea again.

The men were not happy. The weather was bad, the dogs were dirty, and some of the men were ill. They began to ask questions.

‘Why are we bringing dogs with us?’ asked one man, Jo-hansen. ‘We’re going thousands of kilometres south, past Cape Horn, and then north to Alaska. Why not wait, and get dogs in Alaska?’

‘Don’t ask me,’ said his friend, Helmer Hanssen, ‘I don’t understand it.’

The men talked for a long time. Then, on September 9th, Amundsen called everyone to the back of the ship. He stood quietly and looked at them. Behind him was a big map. It was not a map of the Arctic. It was a map of Antarctica.

Bjaaland looked at Helmer Hanssen, and laughed. Then Amundsen began to speak.

‘Boys,’ he said. ‘I know you are unhappy. You often ask me difficult questions, and I don’t answer. Well, I’m going to answer all those questions now, today.’

We began to work for this journey two years ago. Then, we wanted to be the first men at the North Pole. But last year, Peary, an American, found the North Pole. So America was first to the North Pole, not Norway. We’re going there, but we’re too late.’

‘I don’t understand this,’ Bjaaland thought. ‘Why is Amundsen talking about the North Pole, with a map of Antarctica behind him?’

Amundsen stopped for a minute, and looked at all the men slowly. No one said anything.

‘We have to go a long way south before we get to Alaska,’ he said. ‘Very near Antarctica, you know. And Captain Scott, the Englishman, is going to the South Pole this year. He wants to put his British flag there. An American flag at the North Pole, a British flag at the South Pole.’

Bjaaland began to understand. He started to smile and couldn’t stop. He was warm and excited.

‘Well, boys,’ Amundsen said slowly. ‘Do we want the British to put their flag at the South Pole first? How fast can we travel? We have a lot of dogs, and some of the most wonderful skiers on earth—Bjaaland here is the best in Norway! So I have an idea, boys. Let’s go to the South Pole, and put the Norwegian flag there before the British! What do you say?’

For a minute or two it was very quiet. Amundsen waited, and the men watched him and thought. Then Bjaaland laughed.

‘Yes!’ he said. ‘Why not? It’s a ski race, isn’t it, and the English can’t ski! It’s a wonderful idea, of course! Let’s go!’

2 比赛

弗雷门号抵达挪威南部的一个小岛。该岛很小，仅有一间小木屋，两棵树，还有将近100条狗。

“看那儿！”比阿兰德说，“是座狗岛！海水里有狗，树旁有狗，房顶上有狗，处处都有狗！”

房内走出两个人。“哈塞尔！林德斯特伦！”阿蒙森呼唤说，“见到你们就好了！你们给我养了多少条狗？”

“99条，罗阿尔，”哈塞尔说，“99条格陵兰最好的狗。这些狗太好过了，啥事不干，整天好吃好玩！它们正在这儿欢度夏天呢！”

“好，好，”阿蒙森朗声笑了，“但是现在这一切全结束了。喂，比阿兰德！别笑啦，下船来这儿，帮帮我，把这些狗全弄到船上去！”

这事并不容易。这些狗又肥又壮，不愿上船。然而在苦干3小时后，所有99条狗全都上船，弗雷门号再度驶向大海。

船上的人员高兴不起来：气候恶劣，狗群肮脏，而且有人病倒了。于是，他们便开始提出种种问题。

“我们为什么要带这些狗？”有人提问说，他叫约翰森。“我们即将南行好几千公里，穿越合恩角，然后向北，到阿拉斯加。为什么不等等，等到阿拉斯加后再弄狗？”

“别问我，”他的朋友赫尔默·汉森说，“我也搞不懂。”

好长时间内，这些人一直都在议论纷纷。后来，9月9日那天，阿蒙森将所有人员召集到大船尾部。他静静地站着，看着众人。他身后有一大幅地图，然而这不是北极地图，而是南极洲地图。

比阿兰德看着赫尔默·汉森，笑出声来。这时，阿蒙森开始讲话。

“伙计们，”他说，“我知道你们心中不满。你们经常问我一些难题，我都没有回答。好吧，今天我当即解答所有的问题。”

“两年前，我们便开始为这次旅程做准备。当时，我们想成为最先抵达北极的人。然而去年，美国人皮里找到了北极。所以，美国人首先到达了北极，而不是挪威人。我们现在正要去那儿，但为时过晚了。”

“我听不懂这些话，”比阿兰德心想，“阿蒙森身后挂着南极洲地图，为什么却大谈北极呢？”

阿蒙森稍作停顿，缓缓地 looking 全体人员。这时没有任何人多嘴。

“到阿拉斯加前，还得南行好远的路，”他说。“你们都知道，几乎是到了南极洲。英国人斯科特队长今年正赶往南极。他想将英国国旗

插在那儿。美国国旗已经插上了北极，而英国国旗正插向南极。”

比阿兰德开始省悟了，脸上露出了微笑，难以自制。他浑身暖洋洋的，亢奋不已。

“好吧，伙计们，”阿蒙森缓缓地说，“眼睁睁地看着英国人将他们的旗帜首先插上南极，我们能同意吗？我们的前行速度非常之快，不是吗？我们不仅带着许多狗，而且拥有地球上最杰出的滑雪能手：我们这儿的比阿兰德便是全挪威最优秀的！所以，我有个主意，伙计们。咱们到南极去，赶在英国国旗之前，将挪威国旗插到那儿去！你们有何看法？”

一时间，整个场面安静极了。阿蒙森等待着，而这些人看着他，考虑着这些。这时，比阿兰德朗笑出声。

“对！”他说，“为什么不呢？这是场滑雪比赛，难道不是吗？再说，英国人不会滑雪！这主意绝妙之极！咱们就去那儿！”

Chapter 3 The Ponies

On October 27th, the Terra Nova arrived in Wellington, New Zealand. When Scott came off the ship, a newspaper man walked up to him.

‘Captain Scott! Captain Scott! Can I talk to you, please!’ he said.

Scott stopped and smiled. ‘Yes, of course,’ he said. ‘What do you want to know?’

‘Are you going to win?’ the man asked.

‘Win?’ Scott asked. ‘Win what?’

‘Win the race to the South Pole, of course,’ the newspaper man said. ‘It’s a race between you and Amundsen, now. Look at this!’ He gave a newspaper to Scott. Scott looked at it. It said: Scott’s face went white. ‘Give me that!’ he said. He took the newspaper and read it carefully. The newspaper man watched him, and waited. ‘Well, Captain Scott,’ he said at last. ‘Who’s going to win this race? Tell me that!’

Scott looked at him angrily. ‘This is stupid!’ he said. ‘It’s not a race! I came here to learn about the Antarctic—I’m not interested in Amundsen, or in races!’ Then he walked back on—to his ship, with the newspaper in his hand.

Later that day, he talked to his men. He gave them the newspaper, and laughed.

‘It doesn’t matter,’ he said. ‘We’re in front of Amundsen, and we have more men, and more money. He has only eight men, and a lot of dogs. I know about dogs—they don’t work in the Antarctic. We have sixteen men and the new motor sledges—they are much better. And tomorrow the ponies are coming. We need ponies, motor sledges, and good strong British men—that’s all. Forget about Amundsen! He’s not important!’

Scott asked Oates to look after the ponies, but he did not let Oates buy them. When Oates first saw the ponies, in New Zealand, he was very unhappy. Most of the ponies were old, and some of them were ill.

‘They’re beautiful ponies, Titus,’ Scott said. ‘They come from China—they’re wonderful ponies!’

Oates looked at them angrily, and said nothing. Then he asked: ‘Where is their food, Captain?’

‘Here!’ Scott opened a door.

Oates looked inside. He thought for a minute. ‘We need more food than this, Captain Scott! These ponies are going to work in the coldest place on earth—they need a lot of food—more than this!’

Scott smiled quietly. ‘We can’t take more food on this ship, Titus. Where can we put it? But it doesn’t matter, old boy. They’re very strong ponies, you know. The best ponies on earth.’

Later that night, Oates wrote a letter to his mother. There are nineteen ponies on the Terra Nova now, he wrote. All the ponies are in a small room at the front of the ship. We eat our food in the room under the ponies, so our table is often wet and dirty. Scott makes a lot of mistakes, I think, and Antarctica is a very dangerous place.

3 小马

10月27日，特若·诺瓦号船抵达新西兰的惠灵顿。当斯科特走下船时，一位报社记者迎面走来。

“斯科特队长！斯科特队长！我能与你谈谈吗？”他说。

斯科特停下来，面带微笑。“行，当然可以！”他说，“你想知道什么？”

“你们会是赢家吗？”那人问。

“赢家？”斯科特问，“什么赢家？”

“当然是赢得前往南极的竞赛。”报社记者说。“现在这个竞赛在你与阿蒙森之间展开。瞧！”他将一份报纸递给斯科特。斯科特看着报纸。报上是这样写的：

弗雷门号正与斯科特争先到达南极

阿蒙森说：“我们将赢得比赛！”

斯科特脸色变得苍白。“给我报纸！”他说。他拿过报纸认真阅读。记者观察着他，期待着。“那么，斯科特队长，”他最终开口了，“谁将赢得这场比赛？请告诉我！”

斯科特愤怒地看着他。“真是愚蠢！”他说，“这不是比赛！我来这儿是为了了解南极。我对阿蒙森对比赛都不感兴趣！”然后，他回到船上，手里拿着那张报纸。

当天晚些时候，他对同行人员讲起这事，将报纸递给他们，并且大笑起来。

“没关系，”他说，“我们现今还在阿蒙森前面。我们不仅人数占优势，而且钱也更多。他呢，除了许多狗外，只有8个人。我熟悉狗性：它们在南极洲干不了活儿。我们有16个人，还配有新式机动雪橇。这些雪橇比狗好使多了。明天，还有小马送来。我们需要小马、机动雪橇以及身强力壮的英国人！这些就够了。忘了那个阿蒙森！他并不重要！”

斯科特分配奥茨喂养小马，但不让他负责买马。在新西兰，奥茨一见到这些小马，便大为光火。这些小马大部分都已老态毕呈，有些还是病马。

“这些都是漂亮的小马，泰特斯，”斯科特说，“纯中国货，匹匹都极为出色！”

奥茨恼火地看着这些小马，没有说什么。随即他问：“队长，它们的饲料在哪里？”

“这儿！”斯科特打开一道门。

奥茨朝里看了看，思索了一会儿。“我们需要更多饲料，斯科特队长！这些小马将在地球上最冷的地区干活儿：它们需要许多饲料，远不止这些！”

斯科特无声地笑了。“这条船上，我们不可能带许多饲料，泰特斯。往哪放呢？没什么关系，老兄。你看见了，这些马十分壮实，是地球上最好的小马。”

那天深夜，奥茨给他母亲写了封信。信是这样写的：特若·诺瓦号船上现在有 19匹小马，所有小马都养在船首的小舱里。我们进餐的地方正好位于装运小马的船舱下面。所以我们的餐桌经常湿漉漉、脏兮兮的。我认为，斯科特犯了许多错误。南极洲其实是非常危险的地方。

Chapter 4 Food Depots

The two ships, Terra Nova and fram, arrived in Antarctica, in January 1911, at the end of summer. The Englishmen and the Norwegians wanted to stay on the ice all winter. They wanted to be ready to go to the South Pole at the beginning of the next Antarctic summer.

The dogs pulled the Norwegians'sledges. They ran quickly over the snow and pulled the big sledges from the ship onto the ice. The men ran beside them on skis.

They put a big wooden house on the ice. The house was full of food, and skis, and sledges. They called it Framheim. Outside the house, the dogs lived in holes under the snow. When the house was ready, the men made their first journey south.

Before the winter, they wanted to take a lot of food south, and leave it in depots. For the long journey to the Pole, they needed a lot of food, and they couldn't carry it all with them. On February 10th, five men, three sledges, eighteen dogs, and half a tonne of food left Framheim and went south.

It was easy. The weather was warm for the Antarctic, between—7° Centigrade and—17° Centigrade. The snow was good, and the dogs and skis went fast. They went fifty or sixty kilometres every day. After four days they reached 80° South, and made the first depot.

Amundsen made his depot very carefully. It was very important to find it again, next summer. So he put a big black flag on top. Then he put ten flags to the east of the depot—each flag half a kilometre from the next—and ten flags to the west. So there were flags for five kilometres to the left of the depot, and five kilometres to the right.

Then they went back to Framheim, and took some more food south, this time to 82° South.

This time it was harder. The temperature was sometimes —40° Centigrade, and there were strong winds with a lot of snow. The dogs and men were very tired, and the tents and boots were bad. At the second depot, they put out sixty flags, to help them find it again.

They came back to Framheim on March 23rd. It was nearly winter in the Antarctic. Their ship Fram was far away now, near South America. They were alone on the ice.

* * * * *

Oates went with Scott to make the first British depot. They left Cape Evans on January 25th. There were thirteen men, eight ponies, and twenty-six dogs. The dogs were faster than the ponies—they ran quickly over the top of the snow, but the ponies'feet went through it. Every morning the ponies started first, and the dogs started two hours later, because they ran faster. At night, the dogs made warm holes under the snow, but the ponies stood on top of the snow. It was —20° Centigrade.

After fifteen days Oates talked to Scott. There was a strong wind, and the two men's faces were white with snow.

'Three of these ponies are ill, Captain,' Oates said. 'They can't go on. '

'Don't be stupid, Oates,' Scott answered. 'They're good strong animals—the best ponies on earth. '

'Not these three,' Oates said. 'They're ill, and unhappy, and now they can't walk. Let's kill them, and leave the meat here, in the snow. We can eat it, or the dogs can. '

'Of course not!' Scott said angrily. 'These ponies are our friends, they work hard for us. I don't kill my friends! '

Three days later, two of the ponies were dead.

Scott's men were slower than Amundsen's; it took them twenty-four days to get to 80° South. They made a big depot there, and put one large black flag on top of it. Then they went back to Cape Evans.

Their camp was on an island in the ice, and the sea ice moved sometimes. There were holes in the ice, and black sea water under it. One day seven ponies went through the ice into the sea, and died. One motor sledge also went into the sea.

4 食品贮藏屋

两艘船, 特若·诺瓦号与弗雷门号都抵达南极洲, 时间为1911年1月, 夏末。英国人与挪威人均想在这冰封的天地里度过整个冬天。他们都想做好准备工作, 以求这儿第二年夏天刚开始时能向南极进军。

群狗拉着挪威人的雪橇, 在雪地上高速奔跑, 将从船上卸下来的大雪橇拉到了冰封世界。众人踩着滑雪板滑行在一旁。

他们在冰封世界上建起一座大木屋。屋子里堆满了食品、滑雪板以及雪橇。他们将这木屋称作弗雷门海姆。木屋外, 群狗住在雪下挖出的狗洞里。当木屋准备就绪时, 他们开始了首次南行征途。

在冬天来临之前, 他们打算向南方运出许多食物, 并将食物放到各个贮藏屋里。因为在奔赴南极的漫长旅程中, 他们需要许多食物。他们不可能随身带着所有的食物! 2月10日, 5个人、3辆雪橇、18条狗、以及半吨食物离开了弗雷门海姆, 向南而去。

事情进行得颇为顺利。此时的南极气候相对来说还算暖和, 介于—7℃与—17℃之间。雪地质量不错, 狗与雪橇都跑得不慢, 每天能走五六十公里。4天之后, 他们到达南纬80°的地方, 建立了第一个贮藏屋。

阿蒙森非常精心地修建他的贮藏屋。明年夏天需要再度找到它, 这点特别重要。所以, 他在贮藏屋顶上插上一面黑旗。随后他在贮藏屋的东边插上10面旗帜: 每半公里插一面; 在贮藏屋西边也插上10面旗帜。所以, 从贮藏屋向左延伸5公里, 见得着旗帜; 向右延伸5公里, 也看得见旗帜。

随后, 他们返回弗雷门海姆, 带上更多的食品后, 再度南行。这次抵达了南纬82°的地方。

这次旅程辛苦多了。温度有时低达—40℃。寒风凛冽, 雪花漫天。人困狗乏, 帐篷与靴子也不顶事了。在第二个贮藏屋附近, 他们插了60面旗, 目的是帮助他们能再次找到它。

他们再度回到弗雷门海姆时, 已是3月23日。这时南极时近冬天。他们的弗雷门号船早已远驶而去, 现在到了南美洲附近。只有他们孤独地留在冰封的天地里。

* * * * *

奥茨跟随斯科特, 前往修建第一座英国人的贮藏屋。他们于1月25日离开了开普埃文斯。一行13人、8匹小马、26条狗。这些狗比小马要快: 它们能够在雪地上快速地奔跑, 但是马腿却要陷进雪里。每天早晨, 都是小马首先出发。2小时后, 狗儿们才上路, 因为它们奔跑速度快些。夜里, 狗躲进挖在雪下面的温暖的洞里, 但是小马只能站在雪地上, 承受着—20℃的气温。

15天后，奥茨向斯科特请示。当时强劲的寒风刮起，两人脸上都沾上一层白雪。

“队长，有3匹小马病了，”奥茨说，“走不动了。”

“别犯傻了，奥茨，”斯科特回答说，“它们都是强壮的好畜牲，地球上最好的小马。”

“这3匹不是，”奥茨说，“它们病歪歪的，无精打采。现在它们根本无法走路。杀了它们吧，将肉留在这儿的雪里。要么我们吃，要么让狗吃。”

“绝对不行！”斯科特生气地说，“这些小马是我们的朋友，它们拼命地为我们干活儿。我可不想杀掉自己的朋友！”

3天后，其中有2匹小马死了。

斯科特的人比阿蒙森的人动作慢。他们花了24天才抵达南纬80°地区。他们在那儿修建了一个大贮藏屋，在棚顶上插了一面大黑旗。然后，他们返回开普埃文斯。

他们的营地构筑在冰岛上，海冰有时还会移动。冰层中还有些空洞，可以看到冰下的黑色海水。一天，7头小马从冰窟中掉进海里，死了。还有一辆机动雪橇也掉进了海里。

Chapter 5 A Long Cold Winter

It was dark for four months. Outside the wooden house at Framheim, it was often -60° Centigrade. The dogs lived in warm holes under the snow. The men stayed in the house, and worked in their rooms under the snow.

The skis and sledges came from the best shops in Norway, but Bjaaland wasn't happy with them. He changed a lot of things on the skis and sledges. Soon the sledges were stronger than before. The skis were better and faster, too.

All the Norwegians worked hard. They looked after their dogs, and worked on their equipment—the sledges, skis, tents. Every day they thought about their journey to the Pole, and talked about it. And every day, Amundsen thought about Scott. One day, in midwinter, he talked to his men.

'Let's start early, before Scott,' Amundsen said. 'Remember, Scott has more men than us, and he has motor sledges, too. Perhaps they can go faster than us.'

Bjaaland laughed. 'Oh no, they can't go faster than me,' he said. 'On snow, nothing can go faster than a good man on skis.'

'We don't know,' Amundsen said. 'You're the best skier in Norway, but you get tired, and dogs get tired, too. Motor sledges don't get tired. They can go all day and all night.'

Johansen laughed angrily. 'That's stupid,' he said. 'Perhaps the motor sledges can go all night, but the Englishmen can't. The English can't win, Roald—they don't understand snow, but we do. And they're too slow.'

'Perhaps,' Amundsen said. 'But I want to win this race. So we're going to start early! Do you understand?'

It was quiet and warm inside Framheim. Bjaaland looked at Amundsen, and thought about the long, cold journey in front of him. He thought about the dogs in their holes under the snow, and listened to the wind over the house. 'When, Roald?' he said quietly.

'On August 24th. The sun comes back on that day. We start then.'

'But we can't!' Johansen said. He looked angry, and unhappy. 'That's too early! We can't start then—it's dangerous and stupid!'

Amundsen looked at Johansen coldly. 'You're wrong, Johansen,' he said. 'We want to win, remember? So we start on August 24th.'

Bjaaland listened to the winter wind outside.

* * * * *

In Scott's camp, at Cape Evans, no one talked about Amundsen and no one worked hard. They had good food, and they played football on the snow. They wrote a newspaper—the south Polar Times—and read books. No one learnt to ski, no one worked on the motor sledges. Twice, men went for long journeys across the snow. They walked, and pulled the sledges themselves. Oates stayed at Cape Evans and looked after his ponies.

Over the window in Cape Evans, Scott put a map of Antarctica. With a pen, he made a line from Cape Evans to the South Pole, and he put a little British Flag at the Pole. Under the map, Scott wrote the day for the start of their journey.

We start on November 3rd, he wrote.

5 漫长的寒冬

4个月中不见天日，一片昏暗。在弗雷门海姆木屋外面，气温低到 -60°C 。狗儿们生活在温暖的雪洞里。众人则留在木屋里，在白雪覆盖下的房间里，忙着各自的活儿。

尽管滑雪板与雪橇都是从挪威最好的商店内购买的，但是比阿兰德对这些设备并不满意。于是，他在滑雪板与雪橇上换了许多部件。一会儿功夫雪橇变得结实多了。滑雪板变得更好使更快了。

所有这些挪威人干活儿都很卖力。他们照顾狗群，改良设备：雪橇、滑雪板、帐篷。每天，他们都想着远赴南极的旅程，谈论着这次旅程。每天，阿蒙森脑子里都装着斯科特。隆冬里的一天，他对众人说：

“我们早些走，赶在斯科特之前。”阿蒙森说，“别忘了，斯科特的人比我们多，他还有机动雪橇。所以，他们可能比我们快。”

比阿兰德大笑起来。“啊，不，他们不可能比我快，”他说，“在雪地上，没有任何东西能快过优秀的滑雪者。”

“很难料定。”阿蒙森说，“你虽是挪威最优秀的滑雪者，但是也有累乏的时候，狗也一样。而机动雪橇则不会累，它能没日没夜地跑个不停。”

约翰森怒极而笑。“真蠢，”他说，“也许机动雪橇可以整夜不停地跑，但是英国人不能啊！英国人不可能赢，罗阿尔。他们不懂雪性，而我们懂。而且他们行进速度非常缓慢。”

“也许如此，”阿蒙森说，“无论如何我想赢得这次竞赛，所以我们要早些出发！你们理解吗？”

弗雷门海姆的房内宁静而温暖。比阿兰德看着阿蒙森，思考起摆在面前漫长寒冷的旅程；想着那些躲在雪洞里的狗儿们；听着屋外的寒风。“什么时候出发，罗阿尔？”他轻声地问。

“8月24日，从那天起就又要出太阳了。我们就在那时出发。”

“我们不能那时就出发！”约翰森说。他显得很生气，一脸不快。“这太早了！我们不能在那个时候出发，那是危险又愚蠢的做法！”

阿蒙森冷冷地看着约翰森。“你错了，约翰森，”他说，“别忘了，我们想取得胜利。所以，我们的出发时间为8月24日。”

比阿兰德聆听着窗外的寒风。

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开普埃文斯，斯科特的营地，没有任何人谈论起阿蒙森的情况，没有任何人在努力地干活儿。他们吃好东西，在雪地上踢足球，编了一份定名为《南极时报》的报纸，翻阅书籍。没有人学滑雪，也没有人保养机动雪橇。这些人两度进行过横穿雪原的漫长旅程。他们走路不算，反而还得拉着雪橇走。奥茨留在开普埃文斯，喂养小马。

在开普埃文斯的窗户上，斯科特挂着一张南极洲地图。他在开普埃文斯与南极之间，用钢笔划了条线，并将一面小小的英国国旗插在南极上。地图下面，斯科特写下了他们的出发日期。

我们于11月3日出发，他写道。

Chapter 6 A Bad Start

On August 23rd, the Norwegians' sledges were ready. They took them outside, and the dogs pulled them across the ice. The sun came up for half an hour, but it was too cold: -46° Centigrade. They could not travel in that weather. They went back to Framheim and waited.

They waited two weeks, until September 8th. Then, with the temperature at -37° Centigrade, they started. They ran happily across the snow to the south—eight men, seven sledges, and eighty-six dogs. Only

Lindstrom, the cook, stayed behind in Framheim.

At first everything went well. They went twenty-eight kilo-metres on Saturday, and twenty-eight kilometres on Sunday. It was easy. Then, on Monday, the temperature went down—to -56° Centigrade. There was white fog in front of their faces. They couldn't see anything. But they travelled twenty-eight kilometres.

That night, in their tents, they nearly died of cold. Next day, they stopped and made snow houses. Inside the snow houses, it was warm. But everyone was unhappy.

'I told you, Roald!' Johansen said. 'Even September is too early! We can't travel in this cold. Do you want us to die? Let's go back and wait for better weather.'

Amundsen was very angry. He was angry with Johansen, but he was angry with himself, too. He knew Johansen was right.

'All right,' he said slowly. 'We can go on to the depot at 80° South, leave the food there, and then go back. We can't do more than that.'

It was thirty-seven kilometres to the depot. The wind was in their faces all day. Two dogs died on the way. At the depot, they did not stop. They put out the food and the flags, turned round, and went north.

At last the wind was behind them. The dogs ran quickly, and the men sat on the empty sledges. They went faster and faster. It was like a race. Amundsen was on Wisting's sledge, and soon he, Wisting, and Hanssen were three or four kilometres in front. Soon they were alone. They travelled seventy-five kilo-metres in nine hours, and they reached Framheim at four o'clock that afternoon.

Bjaaland arrived two hours later, with two more men. But the last two—Johansen and Prestrud—went more slowly. Their dogs were tired, their feet were wet and cold, they had no food, and they were alone in the dark. The temperature was -51° Centigrade. They reached Framheim at midnight.

Next morning, Johansen was angry. In front of everyone, he said: 'You were wrong, Roald. September was too early. I told you but you didn't listen. And then you left us alone and we nearly died in the cold! You're a bad captain—I'm a better captain than you are!'

Amundsen was very angry. But at first he said nothing, because he knew that Johansen was right. Then, that evening, he gave a letter to Johansen. It said:

You aren't coming to the Pole with me. When I go south, you can take some dogs and go east to King Edward VII Land. You can go with Prestrud and Stubberud. You can be the first men to go there—but not to the South Pole!

The Norwegians stayed in Framheim and waited. They lay in bed, listened to the wind outside, and thought about Scott and his motor sledges.

6 出师不利

8月23日,挪威人的雪橇准备就绪。他们将雪橇搬到户外,狗拉着雪橇穿行在冰封的大地上。太阳已升起半小时,但是气候仍旧很冷: -46°C 。他们不可能在这种天气上路,只好返回弗雷门海姆,等待着。

他们又等了两个星期,直至9月8日。他们冒着 -37°C 的低温,出发了。他们愉快地向南奔去,穿行在雪原之中。这一行共有8个人、7辆雪橇、86条狗。留在身后的只有厨师林德斯特伦,他留守在弗雷门海姆营地。

起初一切顺利。星期六他们走了28公里,星期天又走了28公里。事情并不难。然而在星期一,温度降到 -56°C 。眼前是一片白茫茫的浓雾,他们啥也看不到。即使如此,他们还是前进了28公里。

那天晚上,他们几乎冻死在帐篷里。第二天,他们停了下来,修筑雪屋。尽管雪屋内暖融融的,但是众人的心都很沉重。

“我给你讲过,罗阿尔!”约翰森说,“即使9月份也为时过早!在这种寒冷的天气下,我们不可能前行。你要我们死吗?咱们回去吧,等气候变好些再走。”

阿蒙森恼怒至极。他不仅恼恨约翰森,而且还恼恨自己。他心中明白,约翰森是对的。

“好吧,”他缓缓地说,“我们可以继续前行,到南纬 80° 的贮藏屋去,把食物留在那儿后,再折回。我们只能做这些事了。”

离贮藏屋有37公里。寒风扑面,整日不歇,有两条狗死在半路了。到达贮藏屋时,他们没有任何停顿,拿出食物与旗帜后,马上向北调头了。

他们终于将寒风抛在身后。群狗飞快地跑,众人坐在空雪橇上往回赶。它们速度越来越快,就像进行比赛。阿蒙森坐在威斯丁的雪橇上。很快地,他、威斯丁、汉森就领先了三四公里。再一会儿后,他们已经独领风骚了。9小时内,他们跑了75公里。他们到达弗雷门海姆时,是那天下午4点钟。

两小时后,比阿兰德与另外两个人赶了回来。最后两人约翰森与普雷斯楚德速度更慢。他们的狗非常疲倦。两个人的脚又湿又冷。他们的食品也光了,孤独地行进在黑暗之中。当时的气温降到 -51°C 。他们赶回弗雷门海姆时已经是半夜了。

次日早晨,约翰森大发其火。他当着众人说:“你错了,罗阿尔。9月份太早了。我早告诉过你,可是你听不进去。后来,你又扔下我们,搞得我们孤立无援,几乎冻死在这冰天雪地之中。你是个坏队长,让我当队长也比你强。”

阿蒙森愤怒至极。但起先一言不发,因为他知道约翰森骂得有理。后来,在那天晚上,他递给约翰森一封信。信中这样写:

你不必随我去南极了。在我出发南行之时,你可以带几条狗向东,赶到爱德华七世地。普雷斯楚德与斯塔伯鲁德也可以随你同去。你们可能成为首批到那儿的人——但不是南极!

这些挪威人留在弗雷门海姆,等待着。他们躺在床上,听着屋外的寒风,想着斯科特,想着他的机动雪橇。

Chapter 7 Motor Sledges and Mountains

Scott had two motor sledges now. They were the first motor sledges in the Antarctic—the first on earth. On October 24th, the motor sledges started south from Cape Evans. Four men went with them, but Scott stayed at Cape Evans for another week.

Oates was unhappy. He wrote to his mother: We had a very bad winter here. I don't like Scott. We were here all winter, but he didn't learn to ski, or to drive dogs. Our equipment is bad, and he doesn't think about other people. I'm going to sleep in his tent on the journey, but I don't want to.

On November 1st Scott and Oates and six more men left Cape Evans with eight sledges and eight ponies. The ponies walked slowly because their feet went down into the snow. It was hard work for them and they got tired very quickly. They travelled thirteen or fourteen kilometres in a day.

Behind the ponies came Meares with one sledge and some dogs. Meares knew how to drive dogs. Every day, Meares started two hours after the ponies, and arrived two hours before them.

After five days, they found the motor sledges.

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The Norwegians began again on October 20th. There were five men this time—Amundsen, Bjaaland, Wisting, Hassel, and Hanssen. They had four sledges, and forty-eight dogs.

There was a lot of wind and fog. On the first day, Wisting's sledge suddenly stopped, and the back went down. 'Come on, you dogs!' he said angrily. 'Pull! Pull!' At first nothing happened; then, slowly, the sledge moved again. Wisting looked down, over the side of the sledge. Under the snow, there was a fifty metre hole.

'Did you see that?' Amundsen said. 'The ice wants to eat us—men, dogs, sledges, everything.'

On the fourth day they reached the depot at 80° South. There was a bad snowstorm, but they found the flags easily. Next day the men stayed in their tents, and the dogs played in their holes under the snow. They were all happy. They had a lot of food, they had good equipment, and they were warm. They could travel fast.

Next morning, the snowstorm stopped, and the journey began again. Today, everything is wonderful, Bjaaland wrote in his diary. But where is Scott? In front of us, or behind?

* * * * *

There was no one with the motor sledges; they were broken. Scott looked at them angrily.

'It doesn't matter,' he said. 'Teddy Evans and his men are in front of us. They're good men—they're pulling their sledges themselves. We can get to the Pole on foot.'

Oates looked at Meares. Oates and the ponies were tired, but Meares and his dogs were not. The snow was home for them.

That night, Oates wrote: Three motor sledges at £1, 000 each, 19 ponies at £5 each, 32 dogs at £1. 50 each. Well, it's not my money, it's Scott's.

On November 21st, one of the ponies died.

* * * * *

On November 11th, the Norwegians saw the mountains.

The mountains were very high—some of the highest on earth. Bjaaland smiled.

'There is good skiing up there, Roald,' he said. 'But can dogs get up there too?'

'Of course they can,' Amundsen said. 'Come on.'

They left Hanssen with the dogs, and skied a little way up the mountains. It was difficult, but the mountains were big and beautiful. Behind the mountains, Amundsen thought there was a high plateau of ice. 'That's it,' Amundsen said. 'That's the road to the Pole. Tomorrow, we can bring the dogs and sledges up here. But now, let's have a ski race. Who can get back to camp first?'

They laughed, and skied happily down the white snow. 'This is like home,' Bjaaland thought. 'But it's bigger than Norway, and better.'

In the next four days, the dogs pulled the sledges eighty-one kilometres, and went up 3, 000 metres. At last, Amundsen and Bjaaland stood on the plateau behind the mountains. They were tired, happy men.

Bjaaland looked back at the mountains. 'Can a motor sledge get up here?' he asked.

Amundsen smiled. 'No,' he said. 'I don't think so. And Scott doesn't like dogs. So his men are going to pull their sledges up these mountains themselves. Would you like to do that, Olav?'

Bjaaland didn't answer. He smiled, and skied happily away across the snow.

7 机动雪橇与大山

斯科特现有两辆机动雪橇，这两辆机动雪橇不仅在南极洲而且在地球上也是首次出现。10月24日，机动雪橇向南进发，离开了开普埃文斯。4人随雪橇同往，但斯科特在开普埃文斯又逗留了一星期。

奥茨心中不快。他给母亲写信说：我们在这儿度过了一个极为恶劣的冬天。我不喜欢斯科特。我们整个冬天都在这儿闲着，可是他既不学滑雪，也不学驾驭狗。我们的设备不好，但他是不为别人着想的。一旦我们踏上旅程，我将与他同睡一个帐篷，这可不是我愿意的。

11月1日，斯科特、奥茨以及其他6个人离开了开普埃文斯，他们带着8辆雪橇、8匹小马。这些小马走得不快，因为马腿总会踩进雪里。这对它们来说太辛苦了。它们的体力消耗得很快，一天只能走十三四公里。

在小马后面，是米尔斯。他驾着一辆雪橇与几条狗。米尔斯懂得驾驭狗。每天，小马出发后两小时，米尔斯才上路，而且还比它们先到两小时。

5天以后，他们追上了机动雪橇。

* * * * *

10月20日，挪威人又出发了。这次共5人：阿蒙森、比阿兰德、威斯丁、哈塞尔和汉森。他们带着4辆雪橇和48条狗。

狂风呼啸，浓雾茫茫。第一天，威斯丁的雪橇忽然停住了，雪橇后部陷了下去。“使劲，你们这些小狗！”他狂怒地说，“拉呀！拉呀！”刚开始时，雪橇一动不动。后来，雪橇缓慢地移动起来。威斯丁从雪橇边探头往下一看。在雪地之下，有个50米深的大洞。

“你刚才看见这洞吗？”阿蒙森说，“冰窟窿打算将我们全都吃掉：人、狗还有雪橇，所有的一切。”

第4天，他们到达南纬80°的贮藏屋。虽说恶劣的暴风雪漫天遍野，但是他们还是顺利地找到旗帜。次日，他们呆在帐篷里，小狗也在雪洞里嬉闹。他们的情绪很高：食物充足，设备精良，人也暖洋洋的。他们可以快速前进。

次日早晨，暴风雪停了，他们又上路了。今天，一切美好极了！比阿兰德在日记里写道。可是斯科特在那儿呢？在我们前面，还是在我们后面？

这时，没有任何人驾驶机动雪橇了：全坏了。斯科特生气地看着这些雪橇。

“没什么关系，”他说，“特迪·埃文斯和他的人在我们前面。他们都很优秀：他们自己正拉着雪橇前进。我们可以凭双脚走到南极。”

奥茨看着米尔斯。奥茨与他的小马人困马乏，而米尔斯与他的小狗则不同，茫茫雪原对于他和他的小狗来说，就像家一样。

那晚，奥茨写道：3辆机动雪橇，每辆价值1000英镑；19匹小马，每匹5英镑；32条狗，每条1.5英镑。当然不是我花钱，而是斯科特掏的腰包。

11月21日，一匹小马死了。

11月11日，挪威人见到了群山。

群山高耸而立，它们属于地球上的一些最高山脉。比阿兰德露出了笑容。

“在上面可以很好地滑雪，罗阿尔，”他说，“但是狗群也能上得去吗？”

“当然，它们能上去。”阿蒙森说着，“走吧！”

他们将狗留给汉森，朝山上滑行了一小段。这可不容易，但群山巍峨秀丽，可以尽情领略。阿蒙森认为群山之后还有一片冰封高原。“就是那儿啦，”阿蒙森说，“那就是通往南极之路。明天，我们可以将狗与雪橇带到这儿来。现在，咱们来一场滑雪比赛，看谁最先回到营地。”

众人大笑，愉快地在白雪之上飞滑而下。“这仿佛是在家中，”比阿兰德心想，“然而这儿比挪威辽阔、美好。”

在后来的4天时间内，群狗拉着雪橇跑了81公里，爬了3000米的坡。最终，阿蒙森与比阿兰德站在大山后的高原上，他们虽然累了，但心花怒放。

比阿兰德回头看了看群山。“机动雪橇能上得来吗？”他问。

阿蒙森笑了。“不，”他说，“我认为不行。因为斯科特不喜欢狗，所以他的人得靠自己把雪橇拖上山了。你喜欢这样做吗，奥拉夫？”

比阿兰德没有回答，脸上露出了微笑。他愉快地一滑，又开始横越雪地。

Chapter 8 Across the Plateau

On November 21st, the Norwegians killed thirty dogs. 'They were happy,' Amundsen said. 'And now tney're going to die quickly. We need three sledges, and eighteen dogs, to go to the Pole.'

When the dogs were dead, the other dogs ate them. The men ate them, too. They were good friends, Bjaaland wrote in his diary. And now they are good food. Two days later, the dogs were fst. Then, in a snowstorm, they began the journey again.

After the snowstorm, there was fog, and in the fog, they got lost on an ice river with hundreds of big holes in it. They could see nothing, and it was very dangerous. In four days they moved nine kilometres. But the ice is beautiful, Bjaaland wrote. Blue and green and white. This is a wonderful place—but I don't want to stay a long time.

After the ice, there were strong winds and bad snowstorms. They could see nothing in front of them. But every day, they travelled twenty-five or thirty kilometres. Then, on December 9th, the sun came out. They were at 88° 23' South—175 kilometres from the Pole.

Five more long days, Bjaaland wrote. That's all now. But where is Scott?

* * * * *

For four days, Scott's men stayed in their tents near the mountains. There is a bad snowstorm outside, Oates wrote. It's too cold for the ponies, and our clothes and skis are bad, too.

On December 9th, Oates killed the ponies. They were tired and ill and they could not walk up to the plateau. Then Meares and his dogs went back to Cape Evans. 'We can pull the sledges ourselves,' Scott said. 'We can do it—we're all strong men.'

There were two sledges and eight men. They went twenty-four kilometres a day. On December 31st, Scott said to Teddy Evans, and the men on the second sledge: 'You can't ski well. Leave your skis here.' So they pulled their sledge twenty-four kilometres without skis.

Next day, Scott went to Teddy Evans's tent. 'You are ill, Teddy,' he said. 'You can't come to the Pole. Take two men and go back, tomorrow.'

Teddy Evans was very unhappy. 'Two men, Captain?' he said. 'Why not three?'

'Because Bowers is going to come with me,' Scott said. 'He's strong—we need him.'

'But...you have food on your sledge for four men, not five!' Evans said. 'And Bowers has no skis!'

'I'm the Captain, Teddy!' Scott said. 'You do what I say. Take two men and leave Bowers with me!'

Oates wrote to his mother: I am going to the Pole with Scott. I am pleased and I fell strong. But in his diary he wrote; My feet are very bad. They are always wet now, and they don't look good.

On January 4th Scott's men left Teddy Evans and went on. Scott, Oates, Wilson and Edgar Evans had skis, but Bowers did not. They were 270 kilometres from the Pole.

* * * * *

December 14th 1911 was a warm, sunny day. Five Norwegians skied over the beautiful white snow. It was very quiet. No one spoke. They were excited, and happy.

'Six more kilometres,' Bjaaland thought. Is there a British flag? I can't see a flag, but...

'Look!' Hassel said. 'What's that over there?'

Bjaaland left his sledge and skied quickly away over the snow. 'What is it?' he thought. 'Is it...? No!'

'It's nothing!' he called. 'There's nothing there... no-thing!'

Three kilometres, two. 'Roald!' Hanssen called to Amund-sen. 'Go in front of me, please. It helps my dogs.'

'That's not true,' Bjaaland thought. 'His dogs are running well today. But Hanssen wants Amundsen to be first. The first man at the South Pole!'

They skied on and on, over the beautiful snow.

'Stop!' Amundsen said. He waited quietly for his men. 'This is it,' he said.

Bjaaland looked at him. 'But there's nothing here,' he said.

Amundsen smiled. 'Oh yes there is,' he said. 'There's something very important here, Olav. Very, very important.'

'What's that, Roald?'

'Us. We're here now. Isn't that important, Olav?'

The four men stood on the snow, and looked at him. Then, slowly, they all began to laugh.

8 穿越高原

11月21日，挪威人杀了30条狗。

“这些狗活泼欢快，”阿蒙森说，“现在，它们很快就要丧生了。我们只需要3辆雪橇、18条狗，便能到达南极。”

这些狗处死后，活着的狗吃它们的肉，大家也都吃。它们是我们的好朋友，比阿兰德在日记里这样写道，现在又成为好食物。两天之后，群狗都养胖了。随后，他们冒着暴风雪再度踏上旅程。

暴风雪过后，浓雾弥漫。在隐有无数大冰洞的冰河上，他们完全被裹在茫茫浓雾之中，什么也看不见。这太危险了。4天内，他们仅前行了9公里。但是这些冰层非常美丽，比阿兰德这样写道，蓝、绿、白三色。这是个迷人的地方，然而我不愿久留。

走过冰河之后，又遇到凛冽的寒风和可怕的暴风雪。他们眼前一派茫茫，什么也看不见。但是每天，他们仍旧要走25至30公里。当时，也就是12月9日，太阳出来了。他们到达南纬88° 23' 的地区，距南极175公里。

再过5个漫长的日子，比阿兰德这样写，一切便完成了。可是斯科特在哪儿呢？

* * * * *

4天来，斯科特的人一直留在大山附近的帐篷内。外面下着可怕的暴风雪，奥茨这样写道，这太冷啦，令小马不堪忍受。我们的衣服与滑

雪板也都坏了。

12月9日，奥茨杀了几匹小马。这些马又累又病，不可能登上高原。这时，米尔斯与他的狗群返回开普埃文斯。“我们可以自己拖雪橇，”斯科特说，“我们能够做到：我们个个都是身强力壮。”

两辆雪橇与8个人，每天走24公里。12月31日，斯科特对特迪·埃文斯以及那些拖着第二辆雪橇的人说：“既然你们不太会滑雪，不如将滑雪板丢在这儿。”于是，他们没穿滑雪板拉雪橇走了24公里。

第二天，斯科特来到特迪·埃文斯的帐篷内。“你病了，特迪，”他说，“你去不了南极了。明天带着两个人回去吧。”

特迪·埃文斯非常不满。“两个人，队长？”他说，“为什么不是3个人呢？”

“因为鲍尔斯将同我一道前进，”斯科特说，“他身体很棒，我们需要他。”

“但是……你们雪橇上装的食物是供4人食用的，而不是5人！”埃文斯说，“再说鲍尔斯的滑雪板也扔了！”

“我是队长，特迪！”斯科特说，“你照我的话去做。带两个人走，将鲍尔斯留给我！”

奥茨给他的母亲写信说：我正跟随着斯科特向南极进发。我感到欣喜，而且感到精力旺盛。但是他在日记里却是这样写的：我的脚已经非常糟糕了，现在总是湿漉漉的，看来状况不妙。

1月4日，斯科特一行离开了特迪，继续上路了。斯科特、奥茨、威尔逊、埃德加·埃文斯都有滑雪板，然而鲍尔斯没有。他们距南极还有270公里。

1911年12月14日，天气暖和，阳光明媚。5个挪威人在美丽的白雪上滑行着，四周非常安静，没人讲话。他们感到兴奋、欣喜。

“再走6公里，”比阿兰德心想。英国国旗到达那儿了吗？我一面旗帜也没见到，但是……

“瞧！”哈塞尔说，“那儿是什么？”

比阿兰德丢下他的雪橇，在雪地上飞快滑行赶去看。“这是什么？”他心想，“难道是……？不！”

“没东西！”他高声叫着说，“什么东西也没有……啥也没有！”

还有3公里，还有2公里。“罗阿尔！”汉森高声呼唤着阿蒙森，“请你走在我前头，这对我的狗群有帮助。”

“不是这回事儿，”比阿兰德心想，“他的狗今天表现不错。汉森是想让阿蒙森成为第一人，第一个到达南极的人！”

他们继续向前滑行，在这美丽的雪原上滑行。

“停下！”阿蒙森说。他静静地等着他的属员。“就是这儿，”他说。

比阿兰德看着他。“可是这儿没有任何东西，”他说。

阿蒙森笑了笑。“啊，不对，有东西，”他说，“这儿有样非常重要的东西，奥拉夫。非常非常重要。”

“什么东西，罗阿尔？”

“我们这些人！我们现在站在这儿，难道还不重要，奥拉夫？”

4个人站在雪地里，看着他。渐渐地，大家开始大笑起来。

Chapter 9 The End of the Race

The Norwegians stayed two days at the Pole. They left a tent there, with a Norwegian flag on it. Inside the tent, they left some food, a letter for the King of Norway, and a letter for Scott.

They left some more black flags near the Pole, and one twenty-eight kilometres north. Then they skied away, back to the north.

It's a beautiful day, Bjaaland wrote. The sun is warm, the snow is good. But the dogs run too quickly—I can't get in front, of them!

They found their depots easily. There were ten between the Pole and Framheim. Each depot had a lot of food. They laughed and skied quickly down the mountains. Often, they skied fifty kilometres a day. On Friday, January 26th, 1912, they came back to Framheim. It was four o'clock in the morning.

Inside the wooden house, Lindstrm, the cook, was asleep. Amundsen walked quietly to his bed. 'Good morning, Lindstrm, 'he said. 'Is our coffee ready? '

* * * * *

The black flags waited at the Pole.

'What's that, Captain? 'Bowers said. 'Over there? '

'Where? 'Scott asked. 'What—oh my God! '

They all saw me small black flag in the snow, two kilometres in front of them. Slowly, they pulled their sledge to it.

Next day, January 17th 1912, they found the tent and the Norwegian flag. Near it, Scott took the British flag from under his clothes, and put it up. In his diary, Scott wrote: This is a very bad day. We are all tired, and have cold feet and hands. It is—30° Centigrade and there is a snowstorm. Great God! This is an awful place!

They turned north. Five tired, unhappy men, in the coldest, emptiest place on earth.

* * * * *

On March 13th, 1912, Scott's wife Kathleen, looked at her morning newspaper. NORWAY'S FLAG AT SOUTH POLE, it said. She looked at it for a long time, and then began to cry.

'What's the matter? 'her friend asked.

'My poor, poor husband, 'Mrs Scott said. 'What's happened to him? Where is he now? '

* * * * *

Scott's men were always hungry. There were not many depots and they were difficult to find. We need to find the next depot today, Oates wrote. But how can we find one black flag in all this snow? It's very difficult. And there is food for four men, not five.

They were all tired and ill, too. Oates's feet were black now, and he could not feel them. On February 16th, Edgar Evans died.

On the 17th they were past the mountains. At the depot there they ate one of the dead ponies. Then they went on—ten, eleven, twelve kilometres a day. They were ill because their clothes were not warm and they didn't have much food. The temperature was sometimes —40° Centigrade.

On March 7th Scott looked at Oates's feet. They were big and black. 'I can't pull the sledge now, 'Oates said. 'It's very difficult to walk. Am I going to lose these feet, Captain? '

Scott looked at Oates's feet, and said nothing.

On March 9th they found another depot, but there was not much food. Slowly, they walked on. Oates's feet were worse every day.

March 17th was Oates's birthday. He was thirty-two. He lay in the tent and listened to the wind outside. He was very cold, very hungry, and very very tired.

He wrote a letter to his mother and gave it to Wilson. Then he got up, and opened the door of the tent. He stopped in the door for a minute. Scott, Wilson, and Bowers looked at him. They didn't speak.

'I'm going outside for a minute, 'Oates said. 'I may be some time. '

They didn't see him again.

* * * * *

At Cape Evans, the Englishmen waited. On December 11th, Meares and the dogs came back. On January 3rd, Teddy Evans and his two men arrived at Cape Evans. The Terra Nova came, and went. Winter began. Scott did not come.

The Englishmen waited all winter at Cape Evans. Then, on October 26th 1912, they started for the south. Two weeks later, they found a tent.

There were three bodies in the tent—Scott, Wilson, and Bowers. They put the bodies under the snow. Then they took the men's letters and diaries, and went north to Cape Evans again.

In Scott's diary they read: Oates died like a good Englishman. We all did. Please, remember us, and look after our families. We did our best.

No one found Oates's body. But he is there, somewhere, under the snow and the wind, in the coldest, emptiest place on earth.

9 比赛结束

挪威人在南极逗留了两天。他们在那儿留下一顶帐篷，帐篷顶上插着一面挪威国旗。帐篷里，他们留下一些食物，一封致挪威国王的信，还有一封致斯科特的信。

他们在南极附近留下更多的黑旗，在南极以北28公里处插一面旗。随后，他们滑行而去，返回北方。

这天太美好了，比阿兰德这样写，太阳暖融融的，雪原也变得可爱。然而群狗跑得极快，我无法滑行到它们前面！

他们顺利地找到了自己的贮藏屋。从南极到弗雷门海姆，共有10座贮藏屋。每座贮藏屋都贮藏有许多食物。他们欢声笑语，飞快地向山下滑行而去。他们经常一天滑行50公里。1912年1月26日星期五，他们返回到弗雷门海姆。当时时间为凌晨4点。

木屋内，厨师林德斯特伦正酣睡着。阿蒙森无声地走到他床前。“早上好，林德斯特伦，”他说，“我们的咖啡准备好了吗？”

那些黑色的旗帜在南极等候着。

“那是什么，队长？”鲍尔斯问，“就在那儿。”

“哪儿？”斯科特问，“什么？啊，我的上帝！”

所有人都看见了插在雪地上的小黑旗，位于他们前面两公里处。他们缓慢地拖着雪橇朝那面旗帜走去。

第二天，1912年1月17日，他们发现了那顶帐篷与挪威国旗。来到帐篷附近，斯科特从衣服内拿出英国国旗，将它挂起来。在他的日记里，斯科特这样写道：这天简直糟糕透了。我们大家都疲惫不堪，手脚冰凉。气温为-30℃。这时又刮起暴风雪。天啊，这地方太可怕了！

在地球上最寒冷、最空旷的地方，站着5位心力交瘁、情绪低落的人。他们回头向北。

1912年3月13日，斯科特的妻子凯思林正阅读着晨报。报纸上登着：挪威国旗插上南极。她长时间注视着这条消息，然后开始哭泣。

“出什么事啦？”她的朋友问。

“我好可怜的丈夫，”斯科特夫人说，“他出什么事儿啦？他现在在哪儿？”

斯科特的人一直是饥肠辘辘。他们没设多少贮藏屋，而且找起来也很费事。今天，我们必须找到下一个贮藏屋，奥茨这样写，可是在这茫茫雪原之中，我们怎样找到一面黑旗？这太难了，现在的食物只够4个人食用，而不是5个人。

他们一行人病累交加。奥茨的双脚已经发黑，失去了感觉。2月16日，埃德加·埃文斯又辞世而去。

17日，他们翻过了大山。在那儿的贮藏屋，他们食用了一匹死马。随后他们继续上路，每天走10公里、11公里、12公里。他们全生病了，因为他们的衣服已经不能保暖，食物也不多。当时的气温有时是-40℃。

3月7日，斯科特看着奥茨的双脚，又肿又黑。“现在，我拉不动雪橇了，”奥茨说，“就连走路都非常吃力。我这两脚还能保得住吗，队长？”

斯科特看着奥茨的双脚，什么也说不出。

3月9日，他们找到另一个贮藏屋，但是食物并没有多少。他们缓慢地继续走着。奥茨的双脚日渐恶化。

3月17日是奥茨的生日，他年满32岁。他躺在帐篷里，听着外面的寒风。极度的饥寒交迫，他感到非常非常疲倦。

他给母亲写了封信，交给了威尔逊。随后，他起身，打开帐篷门，在门前犹豫一会儿。斯科特、威尔逊、鲍尔斯都看着他，谁也没讲话。

“我出去一会儿，”奥茨说，“或许过一阵子我才能回来。”

他们再也未见到他。

在开普埃文斯，好些英国人在翘首期待着。12月11日这一天，米尔斯与狗群回来了。1月3日这一天，特迪·埃文斯与另外两个人也回到开普埃文斯。特若·诺瓦号船驶来后，又离去了。又是一个寒冬来临，斯科特一直没回来。

英国人在开普埃文斯等待了整整一个冬天。随后，在1912年10月26日，他们向南出发了。两周后，他们发现一顶帐篷。

帐篷内有3具遗体：斯科特、威尔逊、鲍尔斯。他们将这些遗体葬在雪地里。随后，他们带着这些人的书信与日记，往北返回开普埃文斯。

在斯科特的日记里，他们读到这些内容：奥茨死得像个英国汉子。我们大家也不逊色。请记住我们，请照看我们的家人。我们已经尽了全力。

没人找到奥茨的遗体。但是他就在那儿，在地球上最寒冷、最空旷的地方的风雪里的某处。

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简介

1578年艾汶河畔的斯特拉福镇。有位男孩坐在书桌旁专心地学习，他认真听课、拼命看书。可他在想些什么呢？

1587年伦敦。一位年轻人首次到伦敦谋生。他听着闹市的喧嚣声，看看伦敦塔雄伟的大墙，望着泰晤士河的淙淙流水。“静谧的泰晤士河，潺潺地流淌，直到我唱完心中的歌。”

1601年伦敦。泰晤士河上的船夫对人群大声喊着：“快来，快来，快来呀！‘环球剧院’快挤满人啦！”2000多观众渡过河，前来观看莎士比亚的最新一部戏剧——《哈姆雷特》。

这本讲述莎士比亚生平故事的书是由托比叙述的。托比不是一个真实的人物——或许莎士比亚也曾有过这样一位朋友，不过，我们无法确知。但是书中的其他人物历史上确有其人。他们非常熟悉这位演员、诗人兼剧作家莎士比亚。他们称他“莎士比亚缙绅”，都认为他是英国最杰出的诗人。他的朋友本·琼生曾这样写道：

“他不属于一个时代，而是属于所有的时代。”

本书作者詹妮弗·巴斯特是位资历很深的教师和作家。她生活在英国西南的德文郡。

1 Toby remembers

My name is Toby. I'm an old man, eighty-three this spring. My house is right in the middle of Stratford-upon-Avon, and I can watch the street market from my window. But I live very quietly now. I'm just an old man, sitting in a chair.

I once knew the greatest man in England. For thirty years I was his friend. I worked with him in the theatre, through the good times and the bad time. He was a good friend to me. He was also the best playwright, the best poet, that ever lived in England. Will Shakespeare was his name.

I saw all his plays in the theatre. People loved them. They shouted, laughed and cried, ate oranges, and called for more. All kinds of people. Kings, Queens, Princes, great lords and ladies, poor people, the boys who held the horses... everyone. Will Shakespeare could please them all.

He put me in a play once. Well, he used my name-Toby. Twelfth Night was the play, I remember. Sir Toby Belch. He was a big fat man, who liked drinking too much and having a good time. Queen Elizabeth the First watched that play-on Twelfth Night, the 6th of January, 1601. She liked it, too.

Will's dead now, of course. He's been dead more than thirty years, and no one sees his plays now. The Puritans have closed all the theatres. There's no singing, no dancing, no plays. It wasn't like that in my young days. We had a good time in London, Will and I...

I've no teeth now, and my hair has all fallen out, but I can still think—and remember. I remember when Will and I were young, just boys really...

1 托比的回忆

我叫托比，一位年迈的老人，今年春天年过83岁。家住艾汶河畔斯特拉福镇中心，透过窗户，便可以望到街道的闹市。我的生活平和宁静，毕竟我已是一位要在轮椅上安度晚年的老头子了。

我曾认识英国的一位最伟大的人物。我与他相交30年，同在剧团工作，也共同度过人生中欢乐与艰辛的岁月。他是我的好友，也是英国有史以来最优秀的剧作家，最杰出的诗人。他就是威尔·莎士比亚。

我看过他所有上演的戏剧。这些戏剧颇受欢迎，也一度令观众狂喜大悲，不过他们都希望能看到他更多的戏剧。形形色色的人，上自国王、王后、王子和豪富名女，下至贫苦百姓和牵马的脚夫……所有的人，威尔·莎士比亚都能令他们开心欢娱。

他曾将我写进剧本，剧中用了我的原名——托比。我记得剧名为《第十二夜》，剧中的托比·培尔契爵士又大又胖而且喜欢酗酒行乐。女王伊丽莎白一世于1601年1月6号观看了此剧——《第十二夜》，也很喜欢。

当然威尔现在已不在人世，他过世都30多年了，如今没有人能看到他的戏。自从清教徒关闭了所有的剧院，就不再有歌声、舞蹈和戏剧了。如今的情形同我年轻时与威尔在伦敦度过的快乐时光相比已经大不一样了。

现在虽然我一副老态，没有牙齿，头发也掉光了，但我还能思考——还能回忆，我记得威尔和我年轻的时候，还是孩子的时候……

2 Stratford-upon-Avon

It was a sunny day in October 1579 when I first met Will, just outside Stratford, near a big field of apple trees. I saw a boy up in one of the trees. He had red hair and looked about two years older than me.

‘What are you doing up there?’ I called.

‘Just getting a few apples,’ he said, smiling.

‘Those are Farmer Nash’s apples, I said, ‘and he’ll send his dogs after you if he sees you.’

‘Mr Nash has gone to market,’ the boy said. ‘Come on! They’re good apples.’

The next minute I was up the tree with him. But Will was wrong. Farmer Nash wasn’t at the market, and a few minutes later we saw his angry red face above the wall on the far side of the field.

Will and I ran like the wind and only stopped when we reached the river. We sat down to eat our apples.

Will was fifteen, and lived in Henley Street, he told me. His father was John Shakespeare, and he had a sister, Joan, and two younger brothers, Gilbert and Richard. There was another sister who died, I learnt later. And the next year he had another brother, little Edmund—the baby of the family.

‘Now, what about you?’ he asked.

‘There’s only me and my sister,’ I said. ‘My parents are dead, and we live with my mother’s brother: He’s a shoe-maker in Ely Street and I work for him. What do you do?’

‘I go to Mr Jenkins’ school in Church Street,’ Will said. ‘Every day, from seven o’clock until five o’clock. Not Sundays, of course.’

I was sorry for him. ‘Isn’t it boring?’ I asked.

‘Sometimes. Usually it’s all right.’ He lay back and put his hands behind his head. ‘But we have to read and learn all these Latin writers. I want to read modern writers, and English writers, like Geoffrey Chaucer. Can you read?’ he asked.

‘Of course I can read!’ I said. ‘I went to school.’

Will sat up and began to eat another apple. ‘I want to be a writer,’ he said. ‘A poet. I want that more than anything in the world.’

We were friends from that day, until the day he died. We met nearly every day, and he taught me a lot about books and poetry and writers. He always had his nose in a book.

When Will left school, he worked for his father in Henley Street. John Shakespeare was a glove-maker, and he had other business too, like buying and selling sheep. But Will wasn’t interested.

‘What are we going to do, Toby?’ he said to me one day. ‘We can’t spend all our lives making shoes and gloves!’

‘Well,’ I said, ‘we could run away to sea and be sailors. Sail round the world, like Francis Drake.’

Drake sailed back to Plymouth in 1581, after his three-year journey round the world, but we were still in Stratford. We made lots of plans, but nothing ever came of them.

Will was still reading a lot and he was already writing poems himself. He sometimes showed them to me, and I said they were very good. I didn’t really know anything about poetry then, but he was my friend.

Will was not happy with his writing. ‘I’ve got so much to learn, Toby,’ he said. ‘So much to learn.’

Poor Will. He had a lot to learn about women, too. One day in October 1582 he came to my house with a long face.

‘I’ll never leave Stratford.’ he said.

‘Why not?’ I asked. ‘We’ll get away one day. You’ll see.’

‘Perhaps you will,’ he said, ‘but I’m going to be married in a few weeks’ time. To Anne Hathaway.’

My mouth fell open and stayed open. ‘Married! To Anne Hathaway? Is that the Hathaways over at Shottery?’

‘Yes,’ Will said. I was working on some shoes on the table, and Will picked one up and looked at it.

‘Well, er, she’s a fine girl, of course,’ I said uncomfortably. ‘But…but, Will, she’s twenty-six and you’re only eighteen!’

‘I know,’ Will said. ‘But I’ve got to marry her.’

‘Oh no!’ I said. ‘You mean, she’s…’

‘That’s right,’ said Will. ‘In about six months’ time I’m going to be a father.’

2 艾汶河畔的斯特拉福镇

我第一次遇见威尔是在1579年10月的一天。那天，阳光明媚，就在斯特拉福镇外一座大苹果园附近，我看见有棵苹果树上坐着一位小男孩，长着红棕色头发，看模样大概大我两岁。

“你在上边干什么？”我问道。

“摘苹果。”他笑着答道。

“那可是纳什农场主的苹果，”我说，“如果他发现了，就要放狗咬你的。”

“纳什先生去集市了，”男孩说道，“来吧！苹果不错。”

一会儿我也上了树。但是威尔错了，纳什先生并没去集市，几分钟后我们看见果园那端墙头露出一张气得发红的脸。

威尔和我见势撒腿就跑，一口气跑到河边才坐下来吃苹果。

威尔告诉我，他15岁，住在亨里街。家中有父亲约翰·莎士比亚，妹妹琼和两个弟弟，吉尔伯特和理查。我后来听说他另有一位姐姐死了。第二年他又添了一个弟弟——威尔家的赤子小埃德蒙。

“那么你呢？”他问道。

“家里只有我和姐姐，”我说，“父母死后我们住在舅舅家。他是埃利街的一个鞋匠，我为他打工。你现在干什么？”

“我在教堂街詹金斯先生的学校就读，”威尔说，“每天从上午7点到下午5点上学，当然不包括星期天。”

我真为他难过。“这难道不乏味吗？”我问道。

“偶尔有这种感觉，不过通常觉得学校的生活也不错。”他仰身躺下，双手枕着头，“在学校，我们不得不学习所有那些拉丁作家的作品。可我只想阅读现代作家和英国作家的作品，比如杰弗利·乔叟。你会看书吗？”他问道。

“当然会啦！”我说，“我上过学。”

威尔坐起来又吃了一个苹果。“我想成为作家，”他继续说道，“诗人。世上再没有比这更令我神往的。”

自那天起我们就成了莫逆之交，直到他过世。我们几乎每天见面，他教了我许多书本和文学上的知识。他总是埋头博览群书。

威尔离开学校后就在亨里街帮助父亲料理生意。约翰·莎士比亚是一位手套工匠，同时经营其他生意，如羊的买卖生意。但威尔对做生意却不感兴趣。

“托比，接下来你有何打算？”有一天他问我。“我们不能一辈子都做鞋和做手套吧！”

“对呀，”我说，“我们跑到海上当海员会，像弗朗西斯·杜雷克一样环绕地球航行。”

杜雷克在环绕地球航行三年后于1581年回到普利茅斯，可我们还是呆在斯特拉福镇。尽管也制定了种种计划，但始终未付诸行动。

这段时间威尔依然博览群书并开始自己写诗，偶尔给我看他写的诗。虽然嘴上我都说他的诗写得好，实际上我对诗歌是一窍不通。只不过他是我的好友我才这么说而已。

威尔对自己的诗歌并不满意。“托比，我要学的东西太多了。”他说，“实在太多了。”

可怜的威尔。他还得学会了解每个人。1582年10月的一天他来到我的住处，神情沉郁。

“我永远不能离开斯特拉福镇了。”他说。

“为什么不能？”我问道，“总有一天我们会离开此地。你等着瞧。”

“或许你还行，”他说，“但过几个星期我就要结婚了。同安·哈瑟维结婚。”

一听此言我张着嘴愣了好久。“结婚。同安·哈瑟维结婚？你是说肖特雷邻乡哈瑟维家的女儿？”

“没错，”威尔说。当时我在做鞋，威尔拿起桌上一支鞋，看看。

“当然，嗯，她是个好姑娘，”我同情地说道，“不过……不过，威尔，她已经26岁了，你才18岁呀！”

“我知道，”威尔说，“但是我非娶她不行。”

“哦，不可能这样吧！”我说，“你是说，她已经……”

“你猜对了，”威尔说道，“再过6个月我就要当爸爸了。”

3 The actors come to town

Will married Anne Hathaway in November, and she came to live in Henley Street. John Shakespeare was pleased that his oldest son was married, but I don't think Will's mother wanted him to marry so young. Families cost a lot of money, and John Shakespeare was having a lot of money troubles in those days. Times were hard in Henley Street.

Susanna was born the next May. All babies look the same to me, but Will was very pleased with her.

‘Look, Toby, she's got my eyes,’ he said happily. ‘She's going to be as beautiful as the Queen of Egypt, and as clever as King Solomon.’

‘Oh yes?’ I said. ‘All parents talk like that about their children. I don't believe a word of it.’

I didn't see much of Will's wife. I knew she didn't like me. To her, I was one of Will's wild friends, who got him into trouble. She came from a very serious, Puritan family. Lots of church-going, and no singing or dancing.

Soon there was another baby on the way, and one evening in February 1585 I hurried round to Henley Street to hear the news. Will's sister, Joan, opened the door, and then Will came running down the stairs.

‘It's two of them!’ he said. ‘Twins! A girl and a boy. Isn't that wonderful!’

Will had some good friends, Hamnet and Judith Sadler, and he called the twins after them. John Shakespeare was very pleased to have his first grandson, and everyone was happy. For a while.

Will and I still went around together when we could. He was still reading, and writing, and soon I could see a change in him. He was twenty-three now, and he was not happy with his life.

‘Stratford's too small, Toby,’ he said. ‘Too slow. Too quiet. Too boring. I've got to get away.’

‘Yes, but how?’ I asked. ‘You've got a family—three young children, remember.’

He didn't answer.

In the summer months companies of players often came to small towns, and in 1587 five different companies came. Will and I always went to see the plays. Will loved to talk to the actors and to listen to all their stories of London

The Queen's Men came to Stratford in June, and we went to see the play. I don't remember what it was. I know that I laughed a lot, and that Will said it was a stupid play, with not a word of poetry in it.

‘Why don't you write a play yourself?’ I told him.

‘Write a play?’ He laughed. ‘Anne would never speak to me again.’

I didn't say anything, and Will looked at me and laughed again.

It happened a few months later. I walked into the Shakespeares' kitchen one evening, and there was Anne, with a red, angry face, shouting at the top of her voice.

‘How can you do this to me? And what about the children—’ Then she saw me and stopped.

Will was sitting at the table, and looked pleased to see me. ‘I've told Anne,’ he said quietly, ‘that I'm going to live in London. I want to be an actor, and to write plays, if I can.’

‘Plays!’ screamed Anne. ‘Acting! Actors are dirty, wicked people! They're all thieves and criminals! They drink all day and they never go to church—’

‘Don't be stupid, Anne. You know that's not true. Listen. I'll come home when I can, but I must go to London. I can't do anything in Stratford.’ He looked at me across the room. ‘Are you coming with me, Toby?’

‘How soon can we start?’ I said.

3 演员来到镇上

11月威尔和安·哈瑟维结婚了，安就住进了亨里街。约翰·莎士比亚见长子成家心里很高兴，可我觉得威尔的母亲并不想他这么早就结婚。结婚花了家里不少钱，再加上约翰·莎士比亚那段时间财运不济，这样一来，日子过得有点艰难。

次年5月女儿苏珊娜出世。对我来说，所有的孩子没什么不一样，但威尔欣喜若狂。

“托比，你瞧，她的眼睛长得真像我，”他高兴地说着，“长大后，她会美丽如埃及艳后，聪明如所罗门国王。”

“是吗？”我说，“所有父母都是这么说自己的孩子。我可不信。”

我不常见到威尔夫人，也清楚她不喜欢我。对她而言，我是威尔的一个粗野朋友，这种朋友只会让他出麻烦。她出生于一个虔诚的清教徒家庭，除了去教堂外根本不懂音乐和舞蹈。

不久，又一个孩子要出世了。1585年2月的一个夜晚我急匆匆地赶到亨里街去打听消息。威尔的妹妹琼为我开了门，接着就见威尔跑下楼梯。

“一胎两个呢！”他说道，“是双胞胎！一女一男。真是妙极了！”

威尔根据好友哈姆奈特和珠迪丝·塞德勒的名字给孪生子女起了名。约翰·莎士比亚见第一个孙子出世，由衷地高兴，有一段时间，每一个人都很快乐。

只要有机会威尔和我仍然经常来往，他依然读书写作，但是不久，我发现他变了。当时他23岁，但对生活不再知足。

“托比，斯特拉福镇实在太小了，”他说道，“发展缓慢，生活宁静，日子又单调，我必须离开此地。”

“是啊，可怎么离开呢？”我问道，“别忘了，你已经成家——还有三个孩子。”

他没有答话。

夏天经常有剧团到小镇巡回演出，1587年分别来了五个剧团。威尔和我总是结伴去看戏。威尔爱找演员们交谈，听他们讲发生在伦敦的故事。

6月“女王剧团”来到斯特拉福镇，我们又去看戏。这出戏的内容我已记不清楚，只记得当时看了直笑，但是威尔说这戏很糟糕，没有一句像样的诗歌。

“那你为什么不自己动手写剧本呢？”我告诉他。

“写剧本？”他大笑，“这样的话，安可再也不理我了。”

我不再说什么，威尔看看我又笑了。

几个月后事情就发生了。一天晚上我走进莎士比亚家的厨房，只见安涨红着脸，气呼呼地，她高声在嚷着：

“你怎么能这样对我？孩子怎么办？”这时她瞧见我就将话止住了。

威尔坐在桌旁，见我来很高兴。“我已经告诉安了。”他平静地说道，“我打算到伦敦去谋生。我想当一名演员，如果行的话，写写剧本。”

“写剧本！”安尖声叫起来，“去演戏！做演员既丢脸又龌龊，他们都是小偷和罪犯！整天只知道喝酒行乐，也从来不去教堂——”

“别犯傻了，安。你知道事实并不是这样。听着，一有机会我就回家探望，但我非去伦敦不可。呆在斯特拉福镇我不会有作为的。”他看了看房间对面的我，“托比，你想一起去吗？”

“什么时候动身？”我说道。

4 A new life in London

It's two days journey to London by horse, and Will talked all the way. His eyes were bright and excited. He was full of plans, and poems, and a love of life.

'I talked to one of the Queen's Men,' he told me. 'He said that he could find me work in the theatre. Acting, perhaps. Or helping to write some plays. I showed him some of my writing, and he was very interested.'

When we rode into London, I began to feel afraid. This was a big, big city, and we were just two unimportant young men from a small town. I'll never forget the noise, and the smells, and the crowds. There were 200, 000 people living in the City of London—I never saw so many people before in my life.

We went down to the river Thames and saw the famous London Bridge, with all its shops and houses. Down the river was the Tower of London. Enemies of the Queen went into the Tower through the river gate, and mostly came out without their heads.

We found a small inn in Eastcheap, not too expensive, and had some bread, meat, and beer for our supper.

'Well, we're here!' Will said. 'At last!'

'Mmm,' I said. 'What do we do next?'

He laughed. 'Everything!'

The next day we began to look for work.

Those early years were wonderful. We didn't have much money, of course, and we had to work very hard. A new actor only got six shillings a week, and there wasn't work every week. I decided not to be an actor.

'Why not?' said Will. 'It's a great life.'

We were working that month for the Queen's Men at the theatre called The Curtain up in Shoreditch. Will was acting four small parts in two different plays. He played a soldier and a murderer in one play, and in the other play he was a thief, and also an Italian lord in love with the Queen of the Night. And he loved it.

'I'm not clever like you, I said. 'I can't remember all those words. I forget who I am! I say the soldier's words, when I'm an Italian lord. I come on stage too late, or too soon. I stand in all the wrong places...'

Will laughed. 'What are you going to do, then?'

'Costumes,' I said. 'And properties. I had a talk with John Heminges, and he said they need a new man to help with all the clothes and the other things.'

'Yes,' Will said slowly. 'You'll be good at that. Now, I've got a fight on stage tomorrow, and I have to die with lots of blood. How are you going to get me some blood?'

'I've already got it! I smiled kindly at him. 'Sheep's blood I got it down at Smithfield market this morning. You can have as much blood as you want. I'm keeping it warm for you!'

Will was good at acting. Not the best, but good. An actor had to do everything. He had to learn his words, of course—perhaps for six different plays at the same time. No theatre put on the same play every day. He had to dance, and sing, and play music. He had to jump, and fall, and fight. And the fights had to look real. The playgoers of London knew a real fight when they saw one.

John Heminges of the Queen's Men taught us both a lot. He was a good friend, then and for many years.

I had a lot to learn, too. I learnt how to make shoes out of brown paper. How to clean the actors hats with a bit of bread. Then they looked like new again. I ran all over London to buy the best hair for the wigs. I learnt how to make fish, and fruit, and a piece of meat out of wood and coloured paper.

Will was busy day and night. I don't know when he slept. He was acting in plays, he was writing his own plays, he was reading books, he was meeting other writers, making friends...He was learning, learning, learning.

One day we were having a glass of beer with Richard Burbage at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. Burbage was an actor with Lord Strange's Men. He was very friendly with Will.

'You've written four plays now, Will,' he said. 'They're good, and you're getting better all the time. And I'm getting better as an actor all the time. Come and work with Lord Strange's Men at the Rose theatre on Bankside. You can write for us.'

So we both went to the Rose. John Heminges came with us, and Augustine Phillips—he was a good actor, too.

We worked harder than ever at the Rose. Plays were always in the afternoon, because of the daylight. We had rehearsals in the morning, and by lunch-time people were already coming across the river to get their places for the play. And more and more people came. By 1592 London was hearing the name William Shakespeare again and again.

4 伦敦的新生活

坐了两天的马车我们抵达伦敦，一路上威尔谈笑风生，双眼熠熠生辉，此时他踌躇满志，对生活无限憧憬。

“我曾和‘女王剧团’的演员聊过天，”他告诉我，“他说可以帮我在剧团找个活干，或许可以演戏，或者让我帮忙写剧本。我曾给他看过一些我的作品，他很感兴趣。”

我们驱车进入伦敦城时，我开始感到心慌。这是很大、很大的一座城市，而我们只是两个从小镇来的微不足道的小伙子。城市的拥挤、喧嚣掺和着种种气味至今令我记忆犹新。伦敦市内生活着20万居民——我以前从未见过这么多的人。

我们来到了泰晤士河，看到了著名的伦敦桥以及商店和住宅鳞次栉比。河下游便是伦敦塔，女王的敌人一旦从河上的闸门进了这座塔，几乎不能生还。

我们在东切普塞德街找到一处不太贵的小客栈住下，晚饭吃了几块面包、肉，喝了点啤酒。

“哇，我们终于到了这儿！”威尔说道，“终于！”

“是啊，”我说，“接下来我们干什么呢？”

他笑道：“什么都干！”

第二天我们便出去找活干。

在伦敦最初几年的情况很好。由于身边钱不多，我们工作很卖劲。因为新演员一星期只能拿到6先令的报酬，更何况并不是每个星期都能上台演出，最后我决定放弃做演员。

“为什么不干呢？”威尔说道，“这生活不是很好吗。”

那个我们工作的“女王剧团”正在滨渠街的“窗帘剧院”演出。威尔分别在两出不同的戏中扮演了四个小角色，在一出戏中扮演士兵和凶杀犯，在另一出戏中同时扮演小偷和一位爱上奈特王后的意大利勋爵，他很喜欢这角色。

“我不如你聪明，”我说，“我总记不住全部的台词。上了台又忘记自己演的角色！当我演意大利勋爵时我竟背出演士兵的台词。上台不是太迟就是太快，甚至会站错位置。”

威尔笑道，“那你打算怎么办？”

“做戏装，”我说，“还有道具。我和约翰·海明谈过了，他说剧团也正需要有人能帮着安排戏装和其它事情。”

“那好吧，”威尔慢慢地说道，“你会干好的。对了，明天上台我要参加决斗，并且最后要失血过多而死。你打算怎样弄到血呢？”

“我早准备好啦！”我温和地笑道，“是羊血。今天早上我跑了一趟伦敦肉市场，你要多少血就有多少血。我会替你保管，不让它冻结。”

威尔善于演戏。虽称不上最出色，但已算很好的了。做演员真不容易，事事都得干。最起码得学会背台词——有可能同时得背六出不同的戏的台词，因为戏院并非每天上演同一出戏。做演员必须会奏乐，能歌善舞，还要跳跃，摔跤和决斗。决斗必须看起来像真的一样，否则伦敦市内的观众一眼就可以看出真假。

“女王剧团”的约翰·海明成了我们多年的朋友，他教会我们俩许多东西。

当然我要学的东西很多。我学会了如何用牛皮纸做鞋，学会了用一点面包洗掉演员帽子上的污渍，使帽子焕然一新。我要跑遍伦敦买到最好的头发制成假发，还要懂得如何用木头和彩色纸做成鱼、水果和肉片。

威尔夜以继日地忙碌，连我都不知道他什么时候睡觉。他不停地演戏、写他自己的剧本、看书，接触其他作家，结识新朋友……他一直在学习、学习、再学习。

一天我们在东切普塞德街的公猪头酒吧同理查·白贝芝喝酒。白贝芝是“斯特林奇大臣剧团”的演员，对威尔很友好。

“威尔，你已经创作了四个剧本，”他说道，“剧本写得不错，你的创作一直在进步，而我的演技也日益精湛。你就到‘斯特林奇大臣剧团’来，在河滨的‘玫瑰剧院’工作吧。你可以为我们写剧本。”

于是我们俩都进了“玫瑰剧院”。一起过来的还有约翰·海明和奥古斯丁·菲利普——他也是个演员。

在“玫瑰剧院”，我们比以往更加努力工作。由于需要日光，我们上午预演，下午演戏。到了吃午饭时，人们已经陆续过河来占位子等候看戏，而且每次来的观众有增无减。时至1592年，威廉·莎士比亚在伦敦已颇具名望。

5 The plague years

Will wrote his play Richard III for Richard Burbage, and it was a great success. Richard the Third was a wicked king—a murderer—but he was wonderful on the stage, with Burbage's great voice and fine acting. Soon all London was saying King Richard's famous words when his horse is killed in war:

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

All kinds of people came to see plays and Will was making a lot of new friends. One day, after the play, he was talking to a young man outside the Rose. He was a very beautiful young man, a bit like a girl, perhaps—but still very good-looking. Later, I asked Will who he was.

'The Earl of Southampton, Will said. He's only eighteen, but he loves poetry and plays. '

'Isn't he a friend of the Earl of Essex?' I asked. Everybody knew the Earl of Essex. He was young and good-looking—and some people said that Queen Elizabeth was in love with him.

I don't know about that. The Queen was fifty-nine years old, and a very, very clever woman. But it was true that she liked to have good-looking young men around her, and the Earl of Essex was her favourite. Then. It all changed later, of course. 'Yes, he is, ' said Will. 'But I think Essex is a dangerous man Henry needs better friends than him. '

'Henry, eh?' I said, surprised. 'My word! Do you really call him Henry? Not Lord Suthampton? '

'Only when other people aren't there. ' Will laughed. 'I'm still just an actor from Stratford, Toby. Not very important. Let's go and have a drink at the Boar's Head on our way home. '

Will was always like that. Quiet, never shouting about himself to the world.

In the Boar's Head we met some friends and started talking. The talk was all about the plague, which was coming back again into London.

'Have you heard the latest news? said one man. 'They say that more than thirty people are dying every week now. '

'And the City Council, ' said another man, wants to close all the theatres. They always do that when the plague comes to London. There'll be no work for any of us actors. '

'But the players can go on tour, surely?' said Will.

'Yes, ' said the first man. 'But it's a hard life. A different town, a different inn, a different play, every night. I think I'll stay in London. '

The plague is terrible in any place, but it was worst in London. In those narrow streets, with houses so close together, and the dirty water running down the middle of the street, there was no escape. When the plague came, it ran like fire through the town. If someone in a house got the plague, then the doors were shut and locked, and a big red cross was put on the door. Nobody could leave the house. You had to stay inside and fight—or die. If you were rich, you left London as fast as you could.

In September 1592 the City Council closed the theatres.

'Are we going on tour, Will?' I said to him one day. 'Or back to Stratford? We can't stay in London. '

'You go back to Stratford, Toby, ' he said slowly. 'I'm going to Lord Southampton's home in Hampshire for a while. He's asked me to go and stay with him. I can do some writing there, read his books, meet a few people. '

I looked at him. 'There's a woman in this somewhere, isn't there? You've had a strange look in your eyes for weeks. '

Will laughed, but didn't answer my question.

The theatres in London didn't open again until June 1594. Will often visited Lord Southampton, but sometimes we went on tour with the company, or spent time at home in Stratford. Will began to spend more time in Stratford, because it was quiet there, and he could do his writing. I never heard what Anne thought about it all.

During those years Will wrote a lot of poetry. He wrote his beautiful long poem, Venus and Adonis, for his friend Lord Southampton, and he wrote many of his famous short poems, the Sonnets. But they didn't go in a book; they were only for his friends to read.

One day, when we were back in London, I was reading some of his latest sonnets. Will was out somewhere, and I was at home in our lodgings in Bishopsgate. A lot of the poems were about a woman, a terrible, black-haired, black-eyed woman. She was cold and cruel, then she was true and loving, and then she was cruel again.

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,

Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

Was Will writing about himself here? I asked myself. And who was this woman, this Dark Lady?

I always like to know what's going on, so I listened, and watched, and looked at all his women friends.

Then one day I saw her. I was coming in the door at our lodgings, and she was coming downstairs. She had black hair and great stormy black eyes, and there was gold at her ears and round her neck. I stood back and she went past me like a ship sailing into war. She looked wild, and angry, and very, very beautiful.

'Whew!' I said to myself. 'If that's Will's Dark Lady, he'll never have a quiet, easy life! '

The woman looked Italian, so I went and asked John Florio about her. Florio was Lord Southampton's Italian teacher. We saw a lot of him in those days.

I described the woman, and he knew her at once.

'Emilia, ' he said. 'Emilia Bassano. Now Emilia Lanier, wife to Alphonso Lanier. Before that, she lived with the old Lord Chamberlain. She was not his wife, you understand. But why do you want to know, my friend? '

'If she's a married lady, she doesn't have a lover now, then? '

Florio laughed loudly. 'Lovers! You don't know Emilia Lanier! She's a bad woman, my friend, a bad woman. ' Now he spoke

very quietly. ‘For a time she was the friend of Lord Southampton. But not now. That is all finished.’

I didn’t ask him about Will. Perhaps Emilia Lanier was Will’s Dark Lady, or perhaps Will was just trying to help his friend Lord Southampton. Nobody will ever know now.

5 瘟疫流行时期

威尔为理查·白贝芝编写了剧本《理查三世》，获得巨大成功。剧中的理查三世是个虚伪狡诈的暴君——一个谋权篡位的凶手——由于白贝芝雄浑的嗓音和精彩的表演使这一形象在舞台上活灵活现。不久全伦敦传遍了理查王在战场上由于战马挨了一刀而摔倒时高喊的那句名言：

“来一匹马！来一匹马吧！我的王位换一匹马！”

形形色色的人慕名来看戏，威尔也因此结交了许多新朋友。一天，演出结束后，我看见在“玫瑰剧院”外他正和一个年轻人交谈。这人年少英俊，或许有点像女孩，不过依然相貌堂堂。后来，我向威尔问起这个人。

“他是索桑普敦伯爵，”威尔说道，“他年仅18岁，酷爱诗歌和戏剧。”

“他是不是爱塞克斯伯爵的朋友？”我问他。爱塞克斯伯爵无人不晓。他年轻英俊——有人说伊丽莎白女王也爱着他。

这件事我倒不清楚。女王年已59岁，是个非常非常聪明的女人。但是女王喜欢年轻的、面目俊俏的男人陪伴左右是千真万确的，而爱塞克斯伯爵最得宠。不过后来一切都变了。

“他的确是这样的人，”威尔说道，“但我认为爱塞克斯是个危险的人物，亨利需要结交比他更好的朋友。”

“哦，亨利？”我诧异地说道，“真没想到！你真的叫他亨利吗？而不叫索桑普敦伯爵。”

“只有别人不在时才叫的，”威尔笑了起来，“托比，毕竟我还只是从斯特拉福镇来的一个演员而已，无足轻重。我们回去吧，顺便到公猪头酒吧喝一杯。”

威尔这人就是这样，处世稳重，从不对世人标榜自己。

在公猪头酒吧我们遇见几位朋友，便开始高谈阔论起来。话题都是关于伦敦这次卷土重来的瘟疫。

“你是否听说了最新消息？”有人说道，“他们说，现在每星期都有30多人濒临死亡的危险。”

“还听说市政参议会，”又有人说道，“准备关闭所有剧院。每回伦敦流行瘟疫他们都这么做。我们这些演员要失业了。”

“但是我们可以巡回演出吗？”威尔建议道。

“这主意不错，”第一个开口的人说道，“但生活太苦。我们每晚要颠沛辗转，不同的村庄、不同的旅社、不同的剧目，与其过这种生活，倒不如呆在伦敦。”

其实，各地瘟疫都很严重，只不过伦敦尤其厉害。狭窄的街道、拥挤的房屋，街道中心污水横流，人们又怎能幸免。瘟疫一来，势不可挡，迅速传遍全城。一旦哪家有人染上了瘟疫，就被封闭房门，贴上红十字。任何人不准踏出房门。只得呆在家里与病魔作斗争——或者等死。如果家境富裕，还是尽早搬离伦敦才为上策。

1592年9月市政参议会封闭了剧院。

“威尔，我们是去巡回演出呢？还是回斯特拉福镇？”有一天我问起他，“伦敦不能久留了。”

“托比，你回斯特拉福镇吧，”他缓缓地说道，“我暂时到汉普郡的索桑普敦勋爵家住一阵。他已经邀我和他同住。在那儿我可以搞搞创作，看看书，会会客人。”

我看着他说道：“此外也多少有点因为一个女人，是吧？几个星期来，你神情总有点怪怪的。”

威尔笑起来，但没有回答我的问话。

伦敦的剧院到1594年6月才重新开放。威尔常去拜访索桑普敦勋爵，偶尔我们也随剧团到各地巡回演出，或者干脆呆在斯特拉福镇家中。威尔开始花更多的时间呆在斯特拉福镇，因为小镇的宁静，他可以安心搞创作。我从没听到安对此作何想法。

这些年间威尔创作了大量的诗歌。他写了诗体绮丽的长诗《维纳斯与阿童尼》献给好友索桑普敦勋爵，而且也创作了许多著名的短诗，十四行诗。但这些诗歌并没有编辑成书，只供朋友赏读。

我们又回到伦敦后的一天，威尔出门去了，我一个人呆在“毕晓普门街”的公寓里，翻阅着他最新创作的一些十四行诗。这组诗大都描写一个女人，一个黑头发、黑眼睛的可怕的女人。她性情乖张善变，一会儿冷若冰霜，冷酷无情，一会儿又热情洋溢，真诚多情。

“因为我曾赌咒说你美，说你璀璨，

你却是地狱一般黑，夜一般暗。”

威尔诗中写的是自己吗？我不禁纳闷。这女人是谁？这个黑女人会是谁呢？

我这人总喜欢将事情弄个水落石出。于是我仔细观察他的每位异性朋友。

于是有一天我碰见了她。那天我正走进公寓大门，正巧她下楼，只见她一头秀发乌黑发亮，一双眼睛锐利有神，耳朵上戴着金耳环，脖子上挂着金项链。我往后退了几步为她让路，而她犹如一艘负有使命的战舰奔赴战场般风风火火地走过我身旁。看模样她疯狂不羁、一腔怒气，但长得丰姿绰约。

“哎呀！”我心里想，“如果这就是威尔诗中的那位黑女人，那他的生活就不得安宁了。”

这女人看上去像意大利人，我便去问约翰·佛罗里欧。佛罗里欧是索桑普敦勋爵的意大利语教师。那些日子我们时常见面。

我把这女子描述了一番，他立即想起来了。

“是埃米莉亚，”他说道，“埃米莉亚·巴塞诺。现在叫埃米莉亚·拉尼尔夫人，阿尔索·拉尼尔的妻子。这之前，她曾与那个老的宫内大臣同居。你也清楚她不是他的夫人。但我的朋友，你怎么打听起她来了？”

“如果她是有夫之妇，那么现在她没有情人吧？”

佛罗里欧大笑起来。“情人！你还不了解埃米莉亚·拉尼尔的为人吧！我的朋友，她可是个坏女人，一个坏透了的女人。”这时他语气轻缓了下来，“曾有一段时间她和索桑普敦来往甚密。不过不是现在，一切都结束了。”

我不再向他打听威尔的情况。或许埃米莉亚·拉尼尔就是威尔的黑女人，或许威尔只是想帮助他的好友索桑普敦勋爵。现在也无从确知了。

6 Death in the family

After the plague years, we were busy all the time. There were new companies of players and Will now belonged to the Lord Chamberlain's Men. The Lord Chamberlain was a very important man, close to the Queen, and we often put on plays for the Queen's court, and in the houses of the great lords of England. We had some very good actors. There was Will, and Richard Burbage, of course, and John Heminges. And there was Augustine Phillips, Henry Condell, and Thomas Pope. There were other actors, too, but those six were the real company. They worked together for more than twenty years. And made a lot of money, too.

I did the costumes and properties for the Chamberlain's. John Heminges said I was the best properties man in the city.

Will was special—because he wrote the plays. And what plays they were! He never wrote the same play twice, like some writers. He was always trying something new, something different. And he wrote fast, too.

John Heminges could never understand that. 'How can you write so fast, Will?' he asked him. 'And you never make a mistake or change a word.'

Will didn't really understand it himself. 'It's all in my head,' he said. 'I think about it, and then it just comes out on paper.'

He wrote a play about love in 1595. Young love. It was Romeo and Juliet. It was a very sad play, because the young lovers die at the end. But the playgoers loved it. They wanted to see it again and again.

Will played the part of old Capulet, Juliet's father. One of the boy actors played the part of Juliet. There were no women actors, so boys played all the women's parts. Of course, Will never put real love-making on stage. He did it all with words—clever, beautiful words, and you forgot that the women and girls were really boys in dresses. Some of the boy actors were very good, and went on to play men's parts when they were older.

We played Romeo and Juliet at Richmond Palace that year. We always played before the Queen at Christmas. She liked to see the new plays, and she paid us £10 a play. We often had to work through the night to get the stage ready in time, but it was exciting to be in one of the Queen's palaces at Christmas. There was a lot of singing and dancing, and eating and drinking. Some years Christmas began in November and didn't finish until February or March.

The year 1596 began well, but that summer the weather was really bad. Cold. Wet. It never stopped raining, and the plague began to come back into London. We were in Stratford for the summer, but I went down to Hampshire for a few weeks to do some business for Will about some sheep. Will didn't need me at home, because he was busy writing his new play, A Midsummer Night's Dream.

I came back to Stratford one wet August evening. The house in Henley Street was strangely quiet, and I went round the back and up to Will's room—his writing room, we called it. He was just sitting there not doing anything, just sitting.

'What's the matter, Will? I said. 'Where is everybody?'

'At church. His face was grey, and his eyes looked empty, dead.

'What's happened?' I asked. 'What is it?'

He looked at me. 'Hamnet...' he began. 'Hamnet was ill last week, and...and he died, yesterday. He was only eleven, Toby, and he's dead. My boy. My only son. He's dead, Toby. Dead.' He put his face in his hands.

What Can you say to a man when something like that happens to him? I sat down next to him and put my hand on his arm. We sat together, silently. I knew that Will loved that boy of his—red-haired, bright as a new penny, full of life. Just like his father.

After a while I said, 'You'll have other sons

'Anne's forty already.' Will's voice was tired. 'She's had no children since the twins.'

'Well, now, you've got two fine girls in Susanna and Judith. They'll marry before long, and then you'll have more grandsons than you can count. You'll see. There'll be boys running up and down stairs, shouting for their Granddad Will!'

He smiled sadly, but his eyes were not so empty now. Pleased, I went on quickly:

'And there are all your brothers—Gilbert, Richard, Edmund. They'll have sons too. The Shakespeare family will never die out. Think of the family, Will, the family!'

And he did. He was already a famous poet and playwright, but he was a family man, too. The next year, 1597, he bought a new house for his family. It was a big, grand house, called New Place, right in the middle of Stratford. It cost £60—a lot of money—and the townspeople began to say 'Mr Shakespeare', not 'Young Will the actor' or 'John Shakespeare's boy'. They were happy to do business with him, and to borrow money from him.

Anne was very pleased with the new house. The wife of Mr Shakespeare of New Place was an important person in Stratford. But she still didn't like Will's work.

'Actors are wild, dangerous people,' she often said to him. 'I'm not interested in plays or the theatre, and I don't want to know anything about your work.'

But she liked the money, and the new house, and the new dresses—and the six fields of apple trees and the big farm north of Stratford that came a few years later.

Will never talked much about Hamnet. Life goes on and Will was busier than ever. But I know he thought about his son a lot; his grief was very deep inside him. A year or two later, I was talking to John Heminges about the costumes for Will's new play, King John. John Heminges was a family man—he had fourteen children in the end. The noise is his house! Shouting and laughing, coming and going...

John was looking at the playbook. 'You see this bit here, Toby,' he said. 'Will's writing about his son, isn't he?'

I read the words slowly, and remembered Will's empty eyes that day in August.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words...

Richard Burbage said once that Will’s writing changed after Hamnet’s death. Will still laughed at people in his plays, but he also felt sorry for them—sorry for all the world, good and bad, rich and poor, young and old. And his people were real. No one was all good, or all bad.

There was a man called Shylock in his play The Merchant of Venice. This Shylock was a money-lender and a cruel man — everyone hated him. But in the end, when Shylock lost everything, you had to feel sorry for him. He was just a sad old man.

Perhaps Richard was right. And if anyone understood Will, it was Richard Burbage.

6 幼子夭折

瘟疫流行过后的几年，我们一直忙个不停。市里又有几家新剧团，如今威尔属于“宫内大臣剧团”。宫内大臣身居要职，与女王关系亲密。这样一来，我们经常有机会被召进女王的宫廷演戏，或者到英国达官显贵的府邸演戏。我们剧团不乏出色的演员。其中有威尔，理查·白贝芝，约翰·海明，奥古斯丁·菲利普斯，亨利·康德和托马斯·蒲伯。当然还有其他演员，只是这六个人是剧团的台柱。他们已经一起合作了20多年，也赚了不少的钱。

我仍为“宫内大臣剧团”做戏装和道具。约翰·海明说我是伦敦市里最出色的道具师。

威尔就不同凡响了——因为他会创作剧本。而且写出的剧本让人叫绝！他总能标新立异，与众不同，笔头又快，而且从不像有些作家那样创作雷同的剧本。

约翰·海明一直感到纳闷。“威尔，你怎会写得这么快？”他问道，“并且你从未出过差错或是改动只言片语。”

说实在，威尔自己也说不清楚。“一切都已在我的头脑里。”他说，“我一想到，立刻就能跃然纸上。”

1595年他创作了一部爱情剧，讲述一对年轻的恋人，这就是《罗密欧与朱丽叶》。这是一出非常凄艳动人的悲剧。虽然最终这对年轻的恋人双双殉情而死，但是该剧广受欢迎，观众百看不厌。

剧中威尔扮演朱丽叶的父亲老凯布。女主角朱丽叶由剧团一位少年扮演。因为当时没有女演员，所以剧中所有的女角色都由少年来扮演。当然，威尔在舞台上对情爱并没有多加渲染，都是通过台词——优美生动的台词使你置身于剧中而忘了台上女角色实际上是化过装的少年。有些少年演员演技很好，年长后可继续上台扮演男角。

那年我们在里士满宫上演了《罗密欧与朱丽叶》。每逢圣诞节，我们常在女王御前演出，她爱看新剧，而且一出剧付我们10英镑。我们经常得通宵达旦，及时赶搭戏台，但圣诞节时能在女王宫廷内演出倒让人感觉是一件兴奋的事。宫廷内载歌载舞，大摆宴席，觥筹交错。有几年圣诞节11月便开始，一直热闹到次年二三月才结束。

1596年初风调雨顺，不料夏天天气很糟，潮湿阴冷，又遇连绵大雨，伦敦的瘟疫卷土重来，于是我们回到斯特拉福镇过夏天。威尔家中一时用不着我帮忙，当时他正忙于编写一部新剧本——《仲夏夜之梦》，于是我有几个星期去了汉普郡帮威尔料理羊毛生意。

八月的一个雨夜，我回到斯特拉福镇。亨里街的宅邸出奇地静，我便绕到后门径直到了威尔的房间——他的“写作室”，我们这样称呼。他正坐在那里，一动不动地只是呆坐着。

“出了什么事，威尔？”我问道，“其他人呢？”

“在教堂。”他脸色苍白，眼睛茫然呆滞。

“发生什么事了？”我问道，“到底怎么了？”

他望着我。“哈姆奈特……”，他开口说道，“上星期哈姆奈特病倒了，可是……可是他昨天死了。他才11岁呀，托比，可他却死了。我的孩子。我唯一的儿子。托比，他死了，死了。”他双手掩面哭了。

发生这样的事你又能说什么来安慰他呢？我挨着他坐下，把手放在他的胳膊上，就这样并排静静地坐着。我知道威尔很疼爱这个儿子——他长着红色闪着光泽的头发，聪明伶俐、生气勃勃，很像他父亲。

稍过片刻我说道：“你还会有儿子的。”

“安都40岁了，”威尔说这话时，声音充满倦怠，“自孪生子以后，她就没生孩子。”

“好啦，不用愁的，你还有两个可爱的女儿苏姗娜和珠迪丝。将来她们结婚后，你就有数不清的外孙了。你瞧，到时，这些外孙们会在楼梯上跑上跑下围着你亲热地叫他们的威尔外公。”

他戚戚地笑了一下，不过现在他的眼神不再那么茫然了。我心中一喜，顺势说道：

“你还有兄弟——吉尔伯特、理查和埃德蒙。他们也会有儿子的。莎士比亚家族绝不会无后的。想想整个家族吧，威尔，整个家族！”

他的确振作起来。尽管他已成为颇具名望的诗人和剧作家，但他也是一个关心家庭的人。翌年1597年，他为家庭购置了一座新住宅。这座叫作“新地方”的住宅就在斯特拉福镇中心，规模大且堂皇，花了60英镑——一笔数目可观的钱——于是镇上的居民开始改口称他“莎士比亚绅士”而不再叫“小威尔戏子”或“约翰·莎士比亚的儿子”，而且也乐意同他做生意，向他贷款。

安很高兴住进新房子，身为“新地方”的莎士比亚的夫人，在斯特拉福镇自然算是一个体面人物，不过她依然不喜欢威尔从事的工作。

“演员都是些粗野、危险的人。”她常对他这么说，“对戏剧和戏院我毫无兴趣，对你干的事也懒得知道。”

她感兴趣的只是钱、新房子、新衣服——以及几年后买下的六座苹果园和斯特拉福镇北部的大农场。

威尔不再多提哈姆奈特，日子照样周而复始，威尔比以往更忙碌。但我知道他很怀念儿子，只不过把悲痛深埋在心里。一两年后，当我和约翰·海明商谈威尔的新剧本——《约翰王》的服装时，我就更有体会。约翰·海明是个爱家的人——他共有14个孩子。孩子们在家又叫又笑，东奔西跑，家里热闹得不得了……

约翰正在翻阅剧本。“托比，你瞧这段话，’他说道，“威尔分明在写他的儿子，是吗？”

我细细地回味这段话，眼前又浮现出八月那天威尔一双失神的眼睛。

“悲哀填满了我那不在跟前的孩子的房间，

躺在他的床上，陪着我到东到西，

装扮出他美妙的神情，复述着他的言语……”

理查·白贝芝也曾讲过。哈姆奈特死后，威尔的创作风格迥然不同。威尔照样在剧本上讥讽世人，但也对人们寄予无限的同情——同情全世界的人，不论好与坏、贫与富、长与幼。他塑造的人物是真实的。世上本无十全十美的好人，也无十恶不赦的坏人。

《威尼斯商人》一剧就是最好的例证。剧中的夏洛克是个残忍无情的高利贷者——每个人都憎恨他，但故事最终，当夏洛克倾家荡产之后，你又不得不起恻隐之心。他毕竟只是个可悲的老头。

或许理查说得对，要说世上还有谁了解威尔，也就是理查·白贝芝了。

7 Queens, Kings, and Princes

Every year we took more and more plays to court at Christmas. In 1598 one of Will's plays was Henry IV. A lot of the play was about the King's son and his friend, Sir John Falstaff. Sir John was old, fat, lazy, drank too much, talked too much, laughed too much. But you had to love him. He was a great favourite with the London playgoers, and there were a lot of Falstaff jokes going round at the time.

After the play, the Queen wanted to speak to Will.

'Why? What have We done wrong?' John Heminges said to me in a very quiet voice.

'We'll find out in a minute,' I said.

We all watched while Will walked over to the Queen's chair. She was an old woman, she wore a red wig, and she had black teeth. But she was still a very great queen. And if the Queen was not pleased...

She had a good, strong voice—an actor's voice. We could hear her easily.

'Mr Shakespeare, she began. Then she smiled, and suddenly you knew why all Englishmen loved the Queen. It was like the sun coming out on a spring morning.

'Mr Shakespeare, you are the best playwright in England. I enjoyed your play, and I thought that Sir John Falstaff was very funny. I have known many Englishmen like him. Will you write me another play? I would like to see Sir John in love.'

When Will came back to us, his eyes were bright, but he was already thinking about it.

'Don't talk to me,' he said. 'I've got a play to write.'

He wrote it in two weeks, and we took it down to Richmond Palace and played it before the Queen on February the 20th. She laughed and laughed at The Merry Wives of Windsor.

She didn't have much to laugh about in 1599. There was a lot of trouble in Ireland, and the Queen sent the Earl of Essex with 20,000 men to fight a war. Lord Southampton, Will's friend, went with him. All London came out on to the streets to watch when Essex and his men left for Ireland. Will wrote an exciting play about war that summer, and he put in a word or two about Ireland. That was Henry V, about a very famous English King who fought a war in France.

But Essex was not Henry the Fifth. He didn't know how to fight a war, and he ran away back to England later that year. The Queen never spoke to him again.

In September we opened the Globe theatre. It was a grand, new building near the Rose. Will, Richard Burbage, and the others paid for it themselves. It was the best playhouse in London, and soon the most famous. The other companies had good theatres and some good actors, but we had the famous Richard Burbage—and the best plays.

We put on three new plays by Will in the next year, and some plays by other writers. One of the new playwrights was Ben Jonson. He was a clever man and he wrote clever plays, but people still liked Will's plays best. Ben couldn't understand it. He was always arguing with Will about how to write plays. He argued with everyone. He went to prison once because he killed a man in a fight. He was eight years younger than Will, but he and Will were very good friends.

Will's next play was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. We all met one day in the Boar's Head to talk about it. There were six of us—me and Will, Richard Burbage, Henry Condell, John Heminges, and Augustine Phillips.

Will put his pile of papers on the table and sat down.

'Well,' he said. 'You've all read it. What do you think?'

'It's very good,' John Heminges began, 'but it's too long. It'll take about four hours in the theatre.'

'We don't have to use it all,' Will said. 'We can cut it down to three hours, perhaps two and a half.'

Henry Condell picked up one of the paper from the table. 'Look at this bit, when Ophelia is talking about Hamlet,' he said. 'Hamlet sounds like the Earl of Essex to me. Were you thinking of Essex when you wrote this?'

Will smiled. 'Perhaps,' he said. 'And perhaps not.'

'Richard will play Prince Hamlet, yes?' said Augustine.

'Of course!' Will said. 'I wrote the part for him. He's our star actor. I'll play the ghost of Hamlet's father.' He looked at me. 'Hamlet will wear black, Toby, and Ophelia will wear white.'

Henry finished his beer. 'It's a good story, Will, with good parts for us all. But will the playgoers like it? It moves very slowly, and they like a play to be fast and exciting. Prince Hamlet knows that his uncle Claudius murdered the king his father. But he doesn't do anything about it for a long time. He just talks about it. And in the end nearly everybody dies, one way or another.'

Augustine didn't agree with that. 'You haven't understood the play, Henry. It is exciting, very exciting. The play is inside Hamlet himself. He wants to kill his uncle, but he can't. Murder is wrong. But he must kill him, because of his father. We can all understand how he feels.'

All this time Richard Burbage was silent. He was reading bits of the play again. Now he put down the paper in his hand and looked up. His eyes were bright, excited.

'Have any of you really listened to the language of this play? This is your best play yet, Will—the best of them all. Just listen to the language, the poetry!' He stood up, and his great voice filled the room.

To be, or not to be—that is the question...

We sat and listened, silently, while that wonderful voice brought the words to life. Will watched him, smiling. He knew that Richard, like him, was in love with words. ...To die, to sleep—

To sleep—perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub.

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil

Must give us pause.

Richard Burbage was right, of course. The people loved the play, they loved Burbage as Hamlet, they cried for poor Ophelia's death, and they shouted for the murderer Claudius to die. I think it was Will's most famous play.

7 女王、国王和王子们

每年圣诞节我们要安排愈来愈多的戏剧进宫演出。1598年上演了威尔的一部历史剧《亨利四世》。剧中大多描写亨利四世之子和他的朋友约翰·福斯泰夫爵士两人。约翰爵士已是垂暮之年，身体肥胖，游手好闲，只会酗酒聊天、寻欢作乐，但这个角色挺招人喜欢。他一度成为最受伦敦观众欢迎的人物，那时街头巷尾到处流传着关于福斯泰夫的种种笑料。

演完戏后，女王传令召见威尔。

“怎么啦？我们是否做错事啦？”约翰·海明轻声问我。

“我们一会儿就知道了。”我说道。

我们目不转睛地看着威尔走到女王的座椅前。女王已是垂暮之年，戴着红色假发，一口黑齿，但又不失女王风度。如果女王一不高兴……女王天生一副演员般的好嗓子，铿锵有力，我们可以很容易地听到她讲话。

“莎士比亚绅士，”她开口说道，接着启齿一笑，这微笑犹如春天早晨的旭日，我恍然明白，为什么全英国人民如此爱戴女王。

“莎士比亚绅士，你不愧为英国最杰出的剧作家，我非常欣赏你这部戏剧。我觉得剧中的约翰·福斯泰夫非常滑稽诙谐，我认识不少这样的英国人。你能否为我续写一部喜剧？我想看看福斯泰夫谈情说爱。”

威尔回到了我们身边，双眼闪闪发亮，看得出他已在构思了。

“暂且别来找我说话，”他说道，“我得着手续写一部戏剧。”

两星期后 he 就把剧本赶写了出来。2月20日我们便到里士满宫为女王演出此剧《温莎的风流娘儿们》，逗得女王开怀大笑。

但1599年时就没多少事能令她开心了。爱尔兰经常发生动乱，女王派遣爱塞克斯伯爵率兵2万去征战，随同出征的还有威尔的好友索桑普敦勋爵。当爱塞克斯率兵出征爱尔兰时，所有的伦敦市民都走上街头夹道欢送。那年夏天，威尔写了一部关于战争的鼓舞斗志的历史剧《亨利五世》，其中有一两处提到了爱尔兰的动乱。这部历史剧描绘了一位在法国征战的功名显赫的英国君主形象。

爱塞克斯毕竟不是亨利五世，他压根不懂如何作战，不久就逃回英国，女王也从此不再理他。

9月我们开放“环球剧院”。这座富丽堂皇的新剧院紧邻“玫瑰剧院”，由威尔，理查·白贝芝和其他股东出资建成，是伦敦当时最好的一座剧院，不久就成为最负盛名的剧院。尽管其它剧团的剧院设备和演员配备都不错，但是我们有著名的理查·白贝芝和最好的剧本。

第二年我们上演了威尔的三部新剧本和其他剧作家创作的一些剧本。其中一位就是刚出道的剧作家本·琼生。这人机智聪明，剧本也写得好，但人们还是推崇威尔的作品。本真不明白，他时常和威尔就如何创作剧本而争论不休，不过这人就爱与别人辩论。有一次因决斗杀了人，他还蹲过监狱。他比威尔小八岁，但两人是很好的朋友。

威尔的又一部剧是《丹麦王子哈姆雷特》。一天，我、威尔、理查·白贝芝、亨利·康德尔、约翰·海明和奥古斯丁·菲利普六个人一起聚在公猪头酒吧讨论剧本。

威尔将那堆手稿放在桌上，坐了下来。

“好吧，”他说，“剧本大家都看了，谈谈看法吧？”

“内容很好，”约翰·海明带头说道，“不过剧情太长，在剧院上演要演四个多小时。”

“我们并不需要全部剧情，”威尔说，“我们可以将剧本删减到三个小时，或者两个半小时也行。”

亨利·康德尔从桌上拿起一张手稿：“看这一段，奥菲莉亚谈论哈姆雷特，”他说道，“我感觉剧中的哈姆雷特酷似爱塞克斯伯爵。你在写这段时是否想到爱塞克斯呢？”

威尔笑了起来。“或许有，”他说道，“或许也没有。”

“理查扮演哈姆雷特王子，对吧？”奥古斯丁说。

“那当然啦！”威尔说道，“这个角色专为他而写的。他是我们剧团的明星。我将扮演哈姆雷特父亲的幽灵。”他看看我，又说，“托比，哈姆雷特要穿黑衣服，而奥菲莉亚就准备白衣吧。”

亨利喝干了啤酒。“这故事取材不错，威尔，你为大家准备了好角色。不过，剧情进展太慢，观众会喜欢吗？他们看惯了剧情进展快而令人振奋的戏剧。哈姆雷特王子明知道叔父杀了他的父王，但他长时间只是用空话泄气，却没有采取任何行动，再说故事最终人物几乎都这样或那样地死去了。”

奥古斯丁并不同意这看法。“亨利，你还未真正理解这部戏，它会令人振奋，振奋不已的。这部戏的关键就在于哈姆雷特的内心活动。他想杀死叔父，但却不能，谋杀是不赦之罪，可他为了父王又必须杀死他。我们完全可以理解他的感受。”

理查·白贝芝一直一言不发。他重新看了看剧本的部分章节，然后放下手中的稿纸，抬起头，双眼奕奕放光、洋溢着兴奋之情。

“你们当中有谁真正领会剧中的语言呢？威尔，这是你写的最好的剧本了——所有戏剧中最好的一部。听听剧中的语言，剧中的诗歌吧！”他站起来，顿时整个房间回荡起他雄厚的嗓音。

“活着还是死亡，这是问题……”

我们默默地坐着，倾听那绝妙的声音将纸上的文字赋予了生命。威尔望着他，会意地微笑着。他知道，只有理查能如他一样，深深地迷恋着语言的妙处。

“……死亡，就是睡眠——

睡眠——也许要做梦，这就麻烦了。

我们一旦摆脱了尘世的牵缠，在死的睡眠里，还会做些什么梦呢？

一想到就不能不踌躇。”

理查真的说对了。观众迷上了这部悲剧，他们迷上了白贝芝扮演的哈姆雷特，他们为可怜的奥菲莉亚的死而哭泣，他们怒吼着让凶手克劳狄斯死去。我认为这的确是威尔最负盛名的戏剧。

8 A Scottish King for England

Will's father died in September 1601. In his last years John Shakespeare was a happy man. His son was famous, and the Shakespeare family was important again in Stratford. But there weren't many children in the family. Will's sister Joan was married and had a little boy, but Will's brothers didn't have any children.

Susanna, Will's older daughter, was now eighteen, and Will said to her one day:

‘We must find you a husband soon, Susanna. ’

But Susanna shook her head. ‘Oh, I don't want to be married, Father, thank you. ’

We all smiled at that, because there was already a young man who was often a visitor at New Place. That was John Hall, a clever young doctor. Will liked him.

Back in London, the theatres were always full, and actors were now important people in the city. Will and I were now living in very fine lodgings in Silver Street, with the Mountjoy family. The Globe and the Lord Chamberlain's Men were doing very well, and the older actors in the company were making money, and buying houses and land. But some people still thought that actors were dangerous, wicked people.

Then Queen Elizabeth died, on the 24th of March 1603, at Richmond. I remember the day well. The theatres were closed—you can't have plays when a queen is dying—and we were all at Henry Condell's house. He and John Heminges lived very near our lodgings in Cripplegate.

We were all very worried. The new King of England was James the First. He was already King of Scotland, and he had a young wife, Queen Anne of Denmark, and three young children. But what was he like? Would he be a good king? And, most importantly, did he like plays?

‘If King James doesn't like plays, ’ said Henry Condell, ‘we're finished. There are already a lot of Puritans on the London City Council, and they'd love to close the theatres down. ’

Henry always looked at the black side of everything.

‘Well, he's written a lot of books himself, ’ said Will ‘Perhaps he'll be interested in plays, too We'll just have to wait and see. ’

We didn't have to wait long. On the 19th of May I was underneath the stage in the Globe. I was trying to mend a broken door in the floor of the stage. We used this door when a ghost came on or went off in a cloud of smoke. Suddenly, I heard feet running across the stage. I looked up through the hole, and saw Will and John Heminges and Richard Burbage. They were all very excited.

‘Listen to this, Toby, ’ said Will. He was holding a piece of paper in his hand. ‘It's a letter from King James! From today, we are the King's Men! We're working for the King himself, and he wants to see all the plays. ’

‘We're going to have new red coats to wear when we go to court, ’ Richard said.

‘And, ’ John said, ‘he's going to pay us 20 for every play at court. What do you think about that, Toby? ’

We were all laughing and smiling now. ‘Well, John, ’ I said. ‘If we're so rich, can I have a new door? I can't mend this one again—it's too old. ’

That summer the plague came back. By July a thousand people were dying every week in London. One of them was the little son of Will's friend, Ben Jonson. By the end of the year there were 33, 000 dead in England. The theatres closed, and the King's Men went on tour.

Will and I spent the summer at Stratford. When Christmas came, the King's Men put on a lot of plays at court. The King was at Hampton Court Palace that year, which was outside London, well away from the plague. I couldn't go because I fell off my horse one day and broke my leg. Stupid thing to do! I had to stay at home, but Will told me all about it when he came back.

‘The new King and Queen like to enjoy themselves, Toby, ’ he said. ‘They're a happy family. Prince Henry, Who's nine, is very a nice little boy, and his sister Elizabeth is beautiful. Little Prince Charles is only two. ’ He was silent for a minute. Perhaps he was thinking about Hamnet. Then he went on, ‘Queen Anne likes plays very much. She likes music and dancing, too—she showed her legs in one dance! ’

‘My word! ’ I said. ‘Things like that never happened at court in Queen, Elizabeth's days. ’

‘We live in different times, Toby. A lot of things are going to change. ’

But change only comes slowly. The King's Men went from one success to another. At the King's court at Christmas 1604, there were twenty-two plays, and eight of them were Will's. In 1605 there were thirteen plays at court—and ten of them were Will's.

We always did the plays at the Globe first, before we took them to court. Will was writing more slowly now, but during these years he wrote some of his best plays: Othello, Macbeth, and King Lear. That was a sad, dark play. When King Lear carried his dead daughter Cordelia on to the stage...Well, every man, woman, and child in the Globe was crying. It's true. Richard Burbage played Lear, of course. What an actor he was!

8 苏格兰来的英国国王

1601年9月威尔的父亲过世了。约翰·莎士比亚安然愉快地度过了晚年。他的儿子出了名，自然莎士比亚家族在斯特拉福镇又风光起来。只是这个家族子嗣不多，威尔的妹妹琼结婚后只生了一个小男孩，而威尔的几个兄弟都后继无人。

如今，威尔的大女儿，苏珊娜已是一个十八岁的大姑娘。一天，威尔问她：

“苏珊娜，我们很快该给你物色丈夫啦。”

苏珊娜拼命摇头，“哦，我还不想结婚呢，爸爸，谢谢你。”

我们会意地笑了起来，其实有个青年早已成为“新地方”的常客。他叫约翰·霍尔，是个聪明的青年医生。威尔很喜欢他。

再回到伦敦，形势已明显好转，剧院经常爆满，演员在市里已成为举足轻重的人物。威尔和我住进了银街的豪华住所，同住的是芒特乔伊

家。“环球剧院”和“宫内大臣剧院”事业兴隆，剧团中老资格的演员赚了钱，开始买地置产。不过，还有少数人始终认为演员既危险又龌龊。

1603年3月24日，伊丽莎白女王死于里士满宫。这天我记忆犹新，各家剧院关门息演——女王快要驾崩时，是不许演出的——于是大家都聚到亨利·康德尔家。他和约翰·海明就住在我们住处附近的“克里普勒门”大街。

大家都忧心忡忡。新继位的英国国王是詹姆士一世。他已经是苏格兰国王了，年轻的妻子是丹麦的安妮王后，膝下有三个孩子。不知这国王为人怎么样？他是不是位好国王呢？最重要的是，他是否爱看戏？

“万一詹姆士国王不爱看戏，”亨利·康德尔说道，“那我们全完了。伦敦市政议会中有许多清教徒，他们巴不得关闭剧院呢。”

亨利总是想到事情的阴暗面。

“然而，国王他自己也曾写过许多书，”威尔说，“或许他也会对戏剧感兴趣的。我们只能等着瞧。”

我们并没等多久。5月19日，我正在“环球剧院”的舞台下面修理舞台场地的一扇破门，这扇门是演出时，让幽灵驾着一团烟雾进出用的。突然，我听到一阵脚步声跑过舞台，透过洞眼，向上一看，原来是威尔，约翰·海明和理查·白贝芝，他们欣喜若狂。

“听着，托比，”威尔手中攥着一张纸条说道，“这是詹姆士国王的亲笔信。从今天起，我们属于“国王剧团”，要专为国王陛下服务，他想看我们所有的戏剧的演出。”

“这次进宫演出，我们将穿上新的红色大衣。”理查说。

“还有，”约翰说，“宫里演出费每场20英镑。托比，你觉得这事怎么样？”

这回我们都开怀大笑。“嗨，约翰，”我说道，要是我们有了钱，可得给我买一扇新门啦？这扇破门再也不能修了——它太旧了。”

那年夏天，瘟疫卷土重来。到7月，伦敦每星期都有上千人濒临死亡。其中就有威尔好友本·琼生的小儿子。时至年底，英国有3万3千人死于瘟疫。剧院被封，“国王剧团”开始下乡演戏。

那年夏天，威尔和我返回斯特拉福镇。到圣诞节来临，“国王剧团”入宫演出了很多出戏。那年，国王到伦敦境外的汉普敦宫躲避瘟疫。由于我不幸落马摔断腿而不能入宫。真是倒霉！只得呆在家里，不过，威尔一回来就会告诉我入宫演出的情况：

“托比，新国王和王后真懂得生活，”他说道，“他们家庭幸福美满，亨利王子，9岁，招人喜爱，女儿伊丽莎白公主长相姣好，还有一个才两岁的查尔斯小王子。”他沉默了片刻，或许又想起爱子哈姆奈特。然后他继续说道，“安妮王后非常爱看戏，还喜爱音乐和舞蹈——一次舞会中居然露出双腿呢！”

“真没想到！”我说，“伊丽莎白女王在位时，宫中从未发生过这种事呀！”

“我们已生活在不同的时代了，托比。许多事都将不断变化。”

但变化只是姗姗而来。“国王剧团”一次又一次取得成功。1604年圣诞节，我们入宫演出了22部戏剧，其中八部是威尔的剧本。1605年，入宫演出了13部戏剧——10部是威尔的剧本。

入宫演出前，我们通常先在“环球剧院”试演。尽管威尔创作速度已不如当年，但这些年间，他又创作了一些著名的剧本——《奥赛罗》、《麦克佩斯》和《李尔王》。《李尔王》是一部格调低沉的悲剧。当李尔王抱着死去的女儿考迪莉亚走上舞台时……哇，“环球剧院”内不论男女老少都失声痛哭。这可一点不假。当然，还是由理查·白贝芝扮演李尔王，他真是一个了不起的演员！

9 The Mermaid Tavern

During the next few years the plague was always with us. Some years it was bad, other years not so bad. When the theatres in London closed, we went on tour. Well, the King's Men did. Will and I were mostly at home in Stratford in the summers. Will was usually writing, and I did bits of business for him when I could.

Susanna married Dr John Hall in June, 1607, and Will's granddaughter Elizabeth was born in February the next year. We had a very cold winter that year. The river Thames in London froze right up to Westminster. People had parties and cooked sheep over fires on the ice.

Will's brother Edmund died that winter—he was only twenty-seven—and Will's mother died in September the next year.

Will was writing a different kind of play at this time. John Heminges said they were dark, cruel plays, and that Will was only looking at the black side of people. But that was the thing about Will. He was still changing, trying new kinds of poetry and stories in his plays all the time. And suddenly, there was a new kind of play, full of laughing and spring flowers and love: The Winter's Tale.

When we were in London, we often went in the evenings to the Mermaid Tavern in Cheapside it was a very good inn, with good beer, and all the writers and poets in London went there.

We were there one evening in the winter of 1610, I think it was. A lot of Will's friends were there—actors, writers. Ben Jonson was there, of course. He was a great drinker all his life. He was writing a lot of plays now and was doing very well. But he never had any money—Will always paid for the beer.

At first, the talk was all about King James and his court. We didn't like the King so much now—he was more interested in horses than in plays. Then Ben remembered something about The Winter's Tale. He knew, really, that Will's plays were the best, but he always liked to find mistakes if he could.

‘Now, Why did you put Bohemia by the sea, Will?’ he said. ‘Bohemia's in the middle of Europe! There's no sea for a hundred miles, you stupid man!’

‘Your plays are very clever, Ben,’ Richard Burbage said, ‘but they smell of the schoolbook, don't they, Will?’

Will laughed. ‘How many people are going to worry about that, Ben? What does it matter? They liked the play at court. The Queen said it was a very sweet play, and the King—’

‘The King!’ Ben said loudly. His face was red and angry. King James sometimes fell asleep during Ben's plays. ‘The King,’ he went on excitedly, ‘is a very stupid man! I told him, I said it to his face: “Sir, you don't understand poetry!”’

John Heminges laughed. ‘Oh my word!’ he said. ‘What a terrible man you are, Ben! I don't know how you've lived so long!’

Will laughed too, but he said, ‘Ben, you must be careful. You don't want the King to be your enemy. Don't forget that he pays twice as much as Queen Elizabeth did—and sees twice as many plays.’

‘Money?’ shouted Ben. He loved to argue about anything. ‘We're poets and actors, not businessmen! What does money matter?’

‘It puts bread and meat in your stomach, and a coat on your back,’ said Will, drinking his beer. ‘And you're the first to shout if you haven't got any money.’

Ben banged his beer glass on the table. ‘Now listen, Mr William Shakespeare of Stratford, with your fine big house and your expensive horses, you wrote in your play King Lear that money was—’

‘Oh, do stop it, you two!’ John Heminges said. He turned to talk to me, but a few minutes later Ben was arguing about another of Will's plays.

‘And what about Antony and Cleopatra? What kind of writing is that? You never know which place you're in! One minute you're in Egypt, the next minute you're in Rome, then you're at sea on a ship, then back in Egypt again—’

Richard Burbage didn't like that. ‘You're wrong again, Ben. It's only you who can't follow the play. You think Londoners are stupid, but they understand more than you do! And another thing...’

I decided to go home to bed. Ben's a fine man, but he does talk so much. He goes on and on. When I left, he was calling for more beer. I knew they would be there in the Mermaid for most of the night.

9 美人鱼酒店

随后的几年里，瘟疫流行不断，有些年份情况很糟，有些年份也好不了多少。只要伦敦内剧院关门停业，我们就下乡巡回演出。当然，国王剧团一直这么做。威尔和我夏天多半呆在斯特拉福镇的家中。威尔通常搞创作，而我则尽可能帮助他打理零碎的生意。

1607年6月，苏珊娜嫁给约翰·豪尔医生。翌年2月威尔的外孙女伊丽莎白出世。那年冬天，天寒地冻，泰晤士河伦敦河段到西敏斯特河段大面积结冰。人们就在冰上举行盛会，还生起篝火烤羊吃。

那年冬天，威尔的弟弟埃德蒙去世——年仅27岁——第二年9月，威尔的母亲又不幸过世。

这一时期，威尔创作风格大有变化。约翰·海明说威尔只看到人们丑陋的一面，使得戏剧带上沉郁、残暴的色彩。不过，他的创作风格一直在变，不断尝试在戏剧中运用新格调的诗歌的故事。出人意料，他又创作出一部新剧本《冬天的故事》，这部戏剧充满欢笑，春天的鲜花和爱情。

在伦敦时，我们晚上经常到切普塞特街的美人鱼酒店。这家酒店环境舒适，备有好酒，是伦敦文人墨客聚会喝酒的好去处。

1610年冬天的一个晚上，我们来到这家酒店，我记得没错。威尔的许多朋友——演员和剧作家都在场，当然少不了平生很能喝酒的本·琼生。虽然他创作了大量的剧本，也小有名气，但他还是身无分文——连啤酒的钱通常都要威尔掏腰包。

开始，议题总是关于詹姆士国王和他的宫廷大臣。说实在的，我们现在不大喜欢这位国王了——他爱看赛马已胜过爱看戏。这时，本想起《冬天的故事》剧本中的一些情节。尽管他确实承认威尔的戏剧是最优秀的，不过，他这人就喜欢鸡蛋里挑骨头。

“嗨，威尔，你怎么把波希米亚这地方说成是在海边呢？”他说道，“波希米亚可是在欧洲中部呀！方圆一百英里根本就没有海，你真糊涂！”

“本，你创作的剧本确实很妙，”理查·白贝芝说，“不过太书卷气，威尔，你说呢？”

威尔笑道：“本，会有几个人去深究那些细节呢？这有什么关系呢？在宫廷他们喜欢这部戏。王后说，这部戏剧很甜蜜，而国王——”

“国王！”本大嚷起来，脸气得发红。因为詹姆士国王看本的戏剧有时打瞌睡。“国王，”他仍然很激动，“简直笨得透顶！我曾告诉他，当面对他说过：‘陛下，你压根不懂诗歌！’”

约翰·海明听了此话大笑。“噢，真没想到！”他说，“本，你真是无可救药！我真不知道你怎么还能活这么长命！”

威尔也笑了起来，但他说道：“本，你可要小心呀。你不想与国王为敌吧！别忘了，国王付的报酬是伊丽莎白女王的两倍——看的戏也是她的两倍。”

“钱？”本大叫起来，他很爱争论事情。我们是诗人，是演员，不是生意人！钱有什么用？”

“钱可以使你有面包和肉果腹，有衣穿，”威尔喝了一口啤酒，说道，“要是没钱的话，你会第一个破口大骂的！”

本把啤酒杯砰地放在桌上。“现在听着，斯特拉福镇的威尔·莎士比亚先生，你不就拥有堂皇的居宅，高价的马匹吗？你在《李尔王》一剧中不是写道钱是——”

“呕，你们两个都住嘴吧！”约翰·海明劝道，然后便转身和我谈话。不过几分钟后，本又在评论威尔的另一部戏剧。

“《安东尼与克莉奥佩特拉》这部剧怎么样？到底写些什么呀？你根本就不知道自己呆在何处！一会儿在埃及，一会儿在罗马，接着坐船在海上，然后又回到埃及——”

理查·白贝芝渐生厌恶之情。“本，你又搞错了，只有你才不懂这部戏。你认为伦敦人都傻乎乎的，他们可比你清楚得多。还有……”

我还是决定回家睡觉。本是个好人，除了话太多之外。他讲得没完没了。在我抽身离开时，他又要了一些啤酒。我知道他们肯定又会在酒店呆上多半夜。

‘You’re losing your hair, Will,’ I said to him one day.

‘We’re both getting old, Toby,’ he said. ‘There’s no escape from it. Old and tired.’

‘Don’t talk like that,’ I said. ‘You’re only forty-seven. There’s still some life in you yet. And another twenty plays!’

‘No,’ he said slowly. ‘No, I think the poetry is nearly finished. I’m getting tired, Toby. I need a rest. I think The Tempest is going to be my last play. I’m saying goodbye to the stage. Times are changing, and people want a different kind of play now. There are lots of new, younger writers, who know how to please the playgoer. I’m not modern any more.

He never usually talked like this, and I didn’t like it.

‘There’s only one Will Shakespeare,’ I said, ‘and he’ll always be modern. Now, I must get on. I’ve got to go out and buy all the cloth for the new costumes in The Tempest. Why did you have to put it on an island? When the ship goes down, the actors all have to come on stage in wet clothes. It takes a day to dry the costumes, so that means two lots of clothes for everyone—wet and dry!’

That brought him back to life. ‘Can’t you read?’ he said crossly. ‘If you look at Gonzalo’s words in Act 2, Toby, you’ll see that it’s a magic island—and their clothes stay dry all the time. So they’ll only need one lot.’

I laughed, and then he laughed too.

But it was true, he was tried. I could see it, and others could see it too. But the company was always wanting new plays, and we had two theatres now. There was the Globe, and now we had the Blackfriars theatre. Plays in the Globe were in the open air and always had to be in daylight, but the Blackfriars was a building with a roof. We could put on plays in the evenings and in any weather. It also made more money, because every playgoer had a seat and paid a shilling for it. In the Globe they paid a penny to stand.

In February 1612 Will’s brother Gilbert died in London, and just a year later his brother Richard died in Stratford. That was in February, too. Will was the oldest brother, and he was the only one still alive. We spent most of our time in Stratford these days. Will didn’t act in plays now. He went to rehearsals for his new plays, of course, but he was always happy to hurry home again.

We were riding back to Stratford in the spring of 1613 and Stopped for the night at the Crown Inn in Oxford. Will was very friendly with the landlord John Davenant and his wife Jane. The next morning, when we left, their little son, William, came running out to say goodbye to his good friend Mr Shakespeare. He was a bright boy, about seven years old, with much the same colour hair and eyes as Will. Will talked with him for a few minutes, then gave him a penny.

Later, when we were riding along the road, I said, ‘The last time we were in Oxford, I heard some talk in the town. Someone said that you were the father of Jane Davenant’s son.

Will laughed, ‘Well, well,’ he said, ‘People say that, do they? What will they say next?’

‘Jane’s a nice-looking woman.’ I looked at him out of the corner of my eye. ‘Isn’t she?’

‘Come on, Toby. You know that Jane is a good wife to John.’ He was still smiling. ‘You mustn’t listen to stories like that.’

I never believed that story myself. But many years after Will died, William Davenant told a lot of people that he was Shakespeare’s son. But how did he know? His mother wouldn’t tell him!

Will was happy to get home, to see his daughters and John Hall, and little Elizabeth, who was just five then. He was happy to see Anne, I think. He never said much to her, nor she to him. But after more than thirty years together, you’ve already said everything, haven’t you?

I think Judith was Will’s favourite daughter. Susanna was brighter and cleverer, but Judith was Hamnet’s twin, and Will still remembered his son. He wanted a son, or a grandson, so much. Judith was twenty-eight now, and still no husband. But Will told her not to hurry. She must find the right man first.

Will worked hard all his life, and I think it was all for his family. I remember some lines from his play The Tempest, when Prospero is talking to his daughter Miranda.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,

Of thee, my dear one, thee my daughter...

10 退居斯特拉福镇

“威尔，你掉头发啦。”一天，我对他说道。

“我们俩都老了，托比，”他说，“谁也躲避不了，又老又不中用了。”

“别这么说，”我说，“你才47岁，日子还长着呢，还可以再写20部戏剧！”

“难啦，”他缓缓说道，“难啦，我发觉自己已是江郎才尽，我也感觉累了，托比。我需要休息。我想《暴风雨》将是我最后一部戏剧。我要和舞台告别啦。时代在变化，人们现在需要看些不同风格的戏剧。更何况纷纷涌现出一批年轻的新剧作家，他们懂得如何博得观众的欢心。我再也跟不上时代了。”

他从来不曾这样说过，我也不爱听。

“世上只有一位威廉·莎士比亚，”我说，“他永远属于这个时代。好啦，该干活了，我得出去购置《暴风雨》一剧新服装的布料。你为什么要将故事发生在一个荒岛上呢？轮船下沉后，演员们只能穿着湿漉漉的衣服回到舞台。衣服要花一天的时间才能晒干，这就意味着每人都得准备两套衣服——一件湿衣服和一件干衣服。”

这番话使他又恢复了生机。“你看不懂吗？”他忿忿地说，“托比，你若是看了第二幕贡柴罗那段话，你会觉得那是一座魔岛——他们的衣服一直是干的，所以只需准备一套衣服。”

我笑了，跟着他也笑了。

事实的确这样，他累了。我看得出来，别人也看得出来。不过，剧团总需要新剧上演，况且我们现在有两个剧院：“环球剧院”和“黑修

士剧院”。“环球剧院”是露天剧院，戏剧通常只能白天演。“黑修士剧院”是有盖顶的剧院，戏剧可以在晚上以及随便什么天气上演，钱也赚得更多，因为每个观众花一先令可以有一个座位，但在“环球剧院”，观众花一便士要站着看。

1612年2月，威尔的弟弟吉尔伯特死于伦敦。一年后，也在2月份，他弟弟理查死于斯特拉福镇。威尔是家中的长子，而今孑然一身于世上。这些日子，我们多半呆在斯特拉福镇。威尔不再上台演戏，不过他肯定赶去看新剧本的预演，然后，兴致勃勃地赶回家。

1613年春，我们骑马回斯特拉福镇，途中在牛津的“皇冠客栈”寄宿。威尔对房东约翰·达文南特和他妻子简非常友善。第二天早要离开时，他们的小儿子威廉跑出来向他的好朋友莎士比亚先生告别。这小孩聪明伶俐，大约7岁，发色和眼睛酷似威尔。威尔和他聊了几分钟，然后送给他一便士作纪念。

当我们策马上路之后，我说道，我们上次在牛津时，我在镇上听到一些闲话。有人说你是简·达文南特儿子的父亲。”

威尔大笑。“是吗，是吗，”他说，“人们这么说的，是吗？他们还会说什么呢？”

“简长得美丽动人，”我用眼角看看他，“不是吗？”

“好啦，托比。简是约翰的贤妻，你知道的。”他仍然微笑着。“你千万不能听信谣言。”

我才不会相信。但威尔死后的许多年后，威廉·达文南特却告诉许多人，他是莎士比亚的儿子。他又怎么知道的呢？他母亲绝不会告诉他。

威尔很高兴回家看望女儿和女婿约翰·豪尔以及才5岁的小伊丽莎白。我想他也高兴见到安。他从没对她多说几句话，她也一样。但是30多年的相处，该说的早已说过，不是吗？

我觉得威尔最宠爱珠迪丝，尽管苏姗娜更聪明伶俐，但是珠迪丝是哈姆奈特的孪生妹妹，威尔仍在怀念爱子，他太想有个儿子或外孙了。珠迪丝现在28岁尚未婚嫁，但威尔劝她不必急，首先得找到中意的人。

威尔一生勤奋工作，我想，这全都是为了这个家。我还记得在《暴风雨》一剧中，普洛斯彼罗对女儿米兰达讲的那几句话：

凡我所做的事，无非是为你打算，

为了你，我的宝贝，我的女儿……

11 The last years

Will did write another play, of course. That was Henry VIII and he wrote it because the King's daughter, Princess Elizabeth, was getting married. The King's Men had to have a new play for a special day like that.

We were in London for rehearsals at the Globe, and the actors put on the new play for the first time on the 29th of June, 1613. I remember the date well.

It happened soon after the play began. Richard Burbage was on stage and he suddenly looked up and stopped in the middle of a word.

‘Fire!’ he shouted. ‘The theatre's on fire!’

Wooden buildings burn fast, and Henry Condell shouted, ‘Everybody out! Quickly!’

The crowd of playgoers began to hurry to the doors, and I ran round to open them. We could all see the smoke now, and John Heminges shouted to Will, ‘The playbooks! We must get the playbooks out!’

Everybody got out and no one was hurt. One man's coat caught fire and his friend put the fire out with a bottle of beer. But the Globe burnt right down to the ground in an hour. Poor old John Heminges just stood there and cried.

But you can't kill a theatre that easily. A year later there was a new blobe in the same place. Bigger and better than the old one. People said it was the finest playhouse in England.

We didn't often go to London in those last years. Will was happy at home in Stratford with his family. He had time for his garden, time to talk to his Stratford friends, time to play with his granddaughter Elizabeth. He read his plays again, and he and I talked and laughed about the old days.

Judith got married at last in February 1616. She was thirty-one then, and married a man called Thomas Quiney, who was twenty-six. Will wasn't too happy about it.

‘Judith loves him very much,’ he said quietly to me. ‘But I'm not sure about him. I think she's making a mistake.’

He was right, of course. Will was usually right about people. Thomas Quiney was lazy, drank too much, and went with other women.

But Will didn't live to find that out. In March he went to London for a party at the Mermaid Tavern. Ben Jonson was now the play wright for the court of King James. The King was paying him some money every year, and Ben wanted to give a party for his friends.

It was a good party, I heard. But Will caught a fever and then rode home through the cold spring rain. When he got back to New Place, he was not a well man.

He died on the 23rd of April, in the year 1616.

They put his body in Holy Trinity Church, down by the river Avon. It was a bright, windy day, I remember. Ben Jonson came down from London, and cried in the church. He was a wild man, was Ben, always fighting and arguing about plays and poetry. But he loved his friend. He came up to me outside the church.

‘Toby,’ he said. ‘Will was a good, true man, and I loved him. We'll never see another poet like him in England.’

11 退隐的晚年

威尔又编写了一部戏剧《亨利八世》。此剧是为了庆祝国王之女伊丽莎白公主结婚大典而写的。像这样特殊的日子，“国王剧团”非得推出一部新剧本。

1613年6月29日，在伦敦的“环球剧院”，我们首次登台预演这一新剧。这个日子我记得一清二楚。

演出开出不久，意外事故就发生了。理查·白贝芝正在台上演出。突然，他抬起头，台词说到一半。

“着火啦！”他大嚷起来，“剧院着火啦！”

木制的房子火势蔓延很快，于是亨利·康德尔大叫着：“大家赶快出去！快出去！”

看戏的人群开始拼命向门口挤，我赶着打开所有大门疏散人群。这时我们都能看见烟雾弥漫，约翰·海明对威尔喊道，“那些剧本！我们必须把剧本抢出来！”

最后大家都安然无恙地脱险。有人衣服着了火，但他朋友用一瓶啤酒就给浇灭了。不过“环球剧院”一小时后全部烧毁，夷为平地。可怜的老约翰·海明只能站在那儿，顿足痛哭。

但是让剧院就此消失并不是轻而易举的事。一年后，在原地又盖起一座新的“环球剧院”，比原来的更大更气派。人们都说这是英国最好的一家剧院。

在威尔生前的最后几年中，我们不常去伦敦。在斯特拉福镇，他很高兴和家人呆在一起。这样一来，他就有时间搞搞园艺，和斯特拉福镇的朋友聊天，和外孙女伊丽莎白玩耍。他还重读他的剧本，而且与我一回忆起过去的岁月就谈笑风生。

1616年2月，珠迪丝终于嫁给了一位名叫托马斯·奎尼的男人，当时她31岁，丈夫26岁。威尔为此闷闷不乐。

“珠迪丝非常爱他，”他平静地对我说，“但我觉得这青年不可靠，我想她犯了一个错误。”

他确实说准了。威尔对人的直觉通常没错。托马斯·奎尼游手好闲，纵酒，还和其他女人勾勾搭搭。

但是威尔生前未能知道真相。同年3月，他去伦敦美人鱼酒店参加一个聚会。本·琼生这时已成为詹姆士国王的宫廷剧作家，国王每年付给他一些薪水，于是本决定宴请朋友。

听说这次聚会很热闹，但威尔不幸感冒发烧，后来骑马回家又淋了雨。当他回到“新地方”家中，人就垮了。

他于1616年4月23日去世。

人们将他安葬在艾汶河畔的“圣三一”教堂。我记得，那天天气晴朗，微风习习。本·琼生从伦敦赶来，在教堂内失声痛哭。他真是个人怪的人，唯有本才敢攻击和评论戏剧和诗歌。但他打心底里爱这位朋友。在教堂外面，他走到我身边。

“托比，”他说道，“威尔是个真正了不起的男子汉，我喜欢他。英国再也不会再有像他那样的诗人了。”

12 England will remember

Well, all that was thirty-three years ago. I'm an old man, and everyone is dying around me. Anne Shakespeare died in 1623, and John Hall went about twelve years later, fighting the plague Susanna's still alive, and Judith. She had three sons, but they all died. So there's no boy in the family to keep poor Will's name alive. Susanna's girl Elizabeth has had no children, and she's forty-one already...Susanna still comes to visit me sometimes, and we talk about the old days.

We live in sad times now; the Puritans cut King Charles's head off last January. But one day we'll have a king again. Then there'll be singing and dancing and plays.

You'll see. Oh yes. People won't forget William Shakespeare. In 400 years'time, the theatres will still be full. People will still laugh, and cry, over his plays. He was the finest poet that ever wrote in the English language. I think he knew that himself. There's some lines in one of his sonnets, I remember...

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments

Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme...

12 英国会永远记住

可这都是33年前的事了。我已是一个垂暮之年的老人，周围的人纷纷离我而去。1623年，安·莎士比亚去世，大约12年后，约翰·豪尔死于瘟疫，只有苏姗娜和珠迪丝尚健在。珠迪丝生过三个儿子，不幸都夭折了。所以这个家族是无人能将可怜的威尔的名字传下去。苏姗娜的女儿伊丽莎白已经41岁，依然没有一子半女。苏姗娜有时仍过来看我，和我谈谈过去的日子。

我们如今生活在动荡的年代。去年1月，清教徒把查理国王送上了断头台。但终有一天，我们又会有一位国王，到时又会歌舞升平，又可以看戏了。

你不久就可以看到的！哦，当然啦，人们不会忘记威廉·莎士比亚。400年后，剧院依然会爆满，观众依然会为他的戏剧欢笑或落泪。他是运用英语语言创作最杰出的诗人。我想这一点，他自己也清楚。我记得在他的十四行涛中曾写下这样的诗句……

没有大理石或王公们镀金的墓碑

能够和我这些有力的诗句比寿……

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简介

你想当国王、想拥有荣华富贵、名闻天下吗？你希望无论走到哪里都成为众人的中心吗？你希望自己每时每刻、每一天都是人们关注的对象吗？

国王永远不会独自一人。每时每刻总有人注视着他——有时是他的保镖，有时是街上成千的民众。他永远不会独自一人；每个人都认识他的面孔。他做事必须检点，因为他的所做所为是无法保密的。

国王今天说了什么，明天全世界的人都会知道。他说话得谨慎；因为总有人在听。

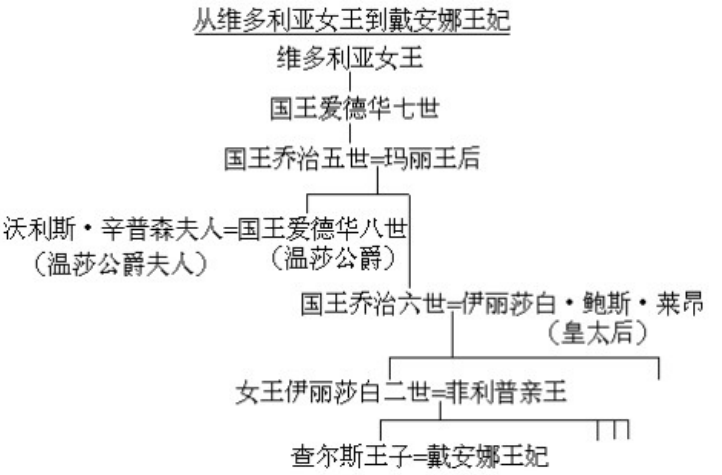
这可不像一般的工作那样，5点钟就可以下班。国王没有假期。国王永远是国王——每时每刻都是国王。

国王永远不会独自一人，但他总是感到孤独。谁会是国王的朋友呢？谁会与他共同分担那份孤独呢？

作者彼德·戴恩蒂从事英语教学多年，目前在伦敦工作。

家族世系图

家族世系图



The Duke and Duchess of Windsor

1894 Edward is born in Richmond, England.

1896 Wallis is born in Baltimore, USA.

1911 Edward becomes Prince of Wales.

1912 Edward enters Oxford University.

1914 The First World War begins. Edward sees fighting on the front line in Belgium.

1916 Wallis marries Winfield Spencer.

1920 Edward begins a five-year journey round the world. He visits 45 countries and travels 240 000 kilometres.

1927 Wallis divorces Winfield Spencer.

1928 Wallis marries Ernest Simpson.

1930 Edward meets Wallis at a weekend house party.

1936 January King George V dies. Edward is now King.

June Edward tells his mother that he wants to marry Wallis.

December Edward gives the crown to his brother and leaves Eng—land.

1937 Edward and Wallis marry in France. They take the name Duke and Duchess of Windsor. None of the Royal Family come to the wedding. For the next thirty years the Duke and Duchess live out—side England.

1966 Queen Elizabeth II meets the Duke and Duchess at a small party in London. 'It's time to forget the past,' she says.

1972 Edward dies in Paris. His body is buried in England at Windsor Castle.

1986 Wallis dies in Paris and is buried next to Edward at Windsor.

IN APRIL 1987, THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE CAME TO A SMALL room in Geneva, Switzerland. There were Presidents and Kings, film stars and millionaires. They came from the four corners of the world, east and west, north and south, and they spoke many languages.

But they all wanted one thing—to buy some jewellery. It was the jewellery that a man called Edward gave a woman called Wallis.

One woman, Mrs Namiki from Japan, paid \$105 000 for a gold ring.

'Why did you pay all that money?' a friend asked. 'You can buy a gold ring in Tokyo for half that money.'

'Because Wallis and Edward were special to me,' Mrs Namiki replied. 'I never met them but I'll keep that ring all my life.'

In the next few hours, in that small room in Geneva, the jew—ellery was sold for \$50000000. But who was Wallis? And who was Edward? And why was their love story so special?

Let's begin at the beginning...

温莎公爵和夫人

1894 爱德华出生在英国的里士满。

1896 沃利斯出生在美国巴尔的摩。

1911 爱德华成为威尔士亲王。

1912 爱德华进入牛津大学。

1914 第一次世界大战爆发。爱德华在比利时前线督战。

1916 沃利斯与温菲尔德·斯潘塞结婚。

1920 爱德华开始了为期5年的环球旅行。他访问了45个国家，行程达24万公里。

1927 沃利斯与温菲尔德·斯潘塞离婚。

1928 沃利斯与欧内斯特·辛普森结婚。

1930 爱德华在一个周末家庭招待会上与沃利斯相识。

1936 1月：国王乔治五世逝世。爱德华登基。

6月：爱德华告诉母亲，他要与沃利斯结婚。

12月：爱德华将王位让给弟弟，然后离开英国。

1937 爱德华和沃利斯在法国结婚。他们被封为温莎公爵和夫人。皇族中没有人去参加他们的婚礼。在以后的30年里，公爵和夫人一直在英国以外的国家居住。

1966 女王伊丽莎白二世在伦敦的一个小型聚会上与温莎公爵和夫人相遇。她说：“现在是忘记过去的时候了。”

1972 爱德华在巴黎逝世。他的遗体埋葬在英国的温莎城堡。

1986 沃利斯在巴黎去世，葬在温莎城堡爱德华的墓旁。

1987年4月，300人来到瑞士日内瓦的一间小屋子。他们当中有总统和国王，影星和百万富翁。他们来自世界各地，天南地北，操着各种语言。

但他们来的目的只有一个——买珠宝。这些珠宝是一位名叫爱德华的男人送给一位名叫沃利斯的女士的。

有一位从日本来的并木夫人，出价105 000美元买了一枚金戒。

“你为什么花那么多钱？”一位朋友问。“在东京，有这一半的钱就能买一枚金戒。”

并木夫人答道：“因为沃利斯和爱德华对我有特殊的意义，我从未结识过他们，但这枚戒指我将终生珍藏。”

在随后的几个小时内，这些珠宝在日内瓦的那间小屋里被拍卖，总额为5000万美元。但是，沃利斯是谁？爱德华又是谁呢？他们的爱情故事为什么那么特别？

让我们从头说起……

1 A Lonely Child

Prince Edward was born in 1894. His father, King George V, was a tall, cold man who did not like children. 'Why does Edward talk all the time?' he once said. 'He's a very noisy child!'

His mother, Queen Mary, agreed. 'It doesn't matter if Edward is happy or unhappy,' she said. 'A child must be silent and strong.'

The family lived in Buckingham Palace, which had 600 rooms. There were 8 kitchens, 19 bathrooms, 24 toilets, 11 dining rooms, 17 bedrooms and 21 sitting rooms.

Edward once told a story about the house: Buckingham Palace was very big, and people sometimes got lost. One night my mother, my father and I were sitting in the dining room. We were waiting for our dinner. We waited and waited, but the food did not come. After twenty minutes my father was very angry. He stood up and went to the kitchen. 'Where is the cook?' he shouted, and where is my food?'

'But, Sir,' the cook replied, 'your dinner left the kitchen fifteen minutes ago. Hasn't it arrived yet?'

'No, it hasn't,' my father shouted, 'and I'm hungry.'

The King left the kitchen and began to look for the food. Ten minutes later he saw a woman who was carrying three plates of meat and potatoes. 'What happened to you?' my father said. 'Why didn't you bring us our dinner?'

'I'm sorry, Sir,' the woman replied. 'There are a lot of dining rooms. I couldn't remember where to go. But if you return to the table, Sir, this time I can follow you to the right room.'

Edward did not go to school with other children. He stayed in Buckingham Palace where he had a special classroom just for him.

This is how Edward described his lessons:

My teacher, Mr Hansell, was a thin man. He never smiled and his nose was very red. We had lots of books but they were all very boring. They were full of words and they didn't have any pictures.

Sometimes I stopped reading and looked out down. Mr Hansell got very angry. He took a stick and hit me on the arm. 'Don't look out of the window, little boy,' he shouted. 'Look at the book.' He hit me many times and my arm was red.

Every Friday the teacher took me to my father's room.

'And what has my son learnt this week, Mr Hansell?' the King asked.

And the answer was always: 'Not very much I'm afraid, Sir. Edward doesn't like his lessons. He never listens to what I say.'

When Mr Hansell left the room, my father was angry with me. 'What's wrong with you, child?' he said. 'Are you stupid? Why can't you learn anything?'

'But the lessons are so boring, Sir,' I replied. 'And Mr Hansell hits me.'

'I don't understand you, Edward. You're a baby. You're so weak. You'll never be a good King. A King must be strong. Go to your room and stay there until the morning.'

'I spent many days alone in my room,' Edward wrote later. 'I never played with other children and I didn't have any friends. I lived in the most beautiful house in England but I was always lonely and sad. I saw my mother once a day at dinner time and I saw my father three or four times a week, but they never gave me any love. I was afraid of them and everything I did was wrong.'

1 一个孤独的孩子

爱德华王子出生于1894年。他的父亲乔治五世国王身材高大，性情冷漠。他不喜欢孩子。“爱德华为什么总是说个不停？”有一次，他说，“这孩子真闹人！”

他的母亲玛丽王后也这么想。“爱德华高兴与否并不重要，”她说，“小孩子一定要沉静而坚强。”

他们一家住在白金汉宫。这座宫殿有600个房间。其中有8个厨房，19间浴室，24个卫生间，11个餐厅，17间卧室和21间起居室。

有一次，爱德华讲了一个关于这座房子的故事：

白金汉宫非常大，人们有时会迷路。一天晚上，我和我的父母亲坐在餐厅里等着吃晚饭。我们等呀等呀，但饭菜迟迟没有送上来。等了20分钟，我父亲火了。他起身去厨房。“厨师呢？”他喊道，“我的晚餐在哪儿？”

“可是，陛下，”厨师说，“您的晚餐15分钟之前就送走了。难道还没有送到吗？”

“没有，”我父亲高声叫道，“我饿坏了。”

国王离开厨房，开始去找晚餐。10分钟后，他看见一个女佣正端着3盘子肉和土豆。“你是怎么回事？”我父亲问，“你为什么不把晚餐给我们端来？”

“对不起，陛下，”女佣回答道，“这儿有很多餐厅。我记不起应该进哪一间。但要是您能回到餐桌旁去，陛下，这次我会跟着您找到该去的餐厅。”

爱德华没有和其他孩子一起去学校上学。他待在白金汉宫，那儿有他的专用教室。

爱德华这样形容他的课程：

我的老师汉塞尔先生人很瘦。他从来不笑，鼻子红红的。我们有很多书，但都枯燥乏味。书里全是字，一幅画儿也没有。

有时读着读着我会停下来，往窗外看。汉塞尔先生非常生气。他拿起一根小棒儿打我的胳膊。“别往窗外看，小男孩，”他叫道。“看书。”他一下又一下地打我，打得我胳膊都红了。

每到星期五，老师都把我带到父亲的房间里。

“汉塞尔先生，这个星期我的儿子学了些什么？”国王问。

回答总是这样的：“恐怕没学多少，陛下。爱德华不喜欢上课。我讲什么他从来不听。”

汉塞尔退出房间后，我父亲便对我发火。“孩子，你怎么了？”他说，“你是不是脑子笨？你为什么学不会任何东西？”

“可是那些课程太有意思了，陛下，”我回答，“汉塞尔先生还打我。”

“我弄不懂你，爱德华。你真是长不大。你是个软骨头。你永远当不了一个出色的国王。国王必须坚强。回你的房间去，明天早晨以前不许出来。”

“许多个日子我都是独自一人在自己房间里度过的，”爱德华后来写道，“我从未和其他孩子一起玩过，我也没有朋友。我住在英国最漂亮的房子里，却总是感到寂寞、悲伤。我每天只是在吃饭的时候才见我母亲一面，父亲每星期见三、四面，但他们从不给我爱。我害怕他们，在他们看来，我做的每件事都不对。”

2 The Prince of Wales

In the spring of 1911 King George called Edward into his room and said:

‘Next month I’ll make you Prince of Wales and these are your clothes for the ceremony. ’

The King opened a small cupboard and Edward started to cry. ‘But father,’ he said, ‘I’m sixteen years old now. I can’t wear soft shoes and a skirt. I’ll look like a girl. Why can’t I dress like other people?’

‘Because you’re different and special,’ his father replied, ‘and one day you’ll be King. ’

Edward cried for the next two days, but there was nothing he could do.

And so, on 10th June 1911, the family drove to Caernarvon Castle in North Wales and the ceremony began.

The King put a small gold crown on Edward’s head. There was music and dancing and the crowd began to shout.

The new Prince of Wales closed his eyes. ‘I feel terrible,’ he said. ‘Can we go home now?’

‘Not yet,’ the King replied. ‘The people want to see you.

Edward walked to the front of the castle and looked down at the crowd. He was shaking and his face was red.

‘Smile, Edward,’ the King said. ‘You are happy!’

A few hours later the family were driving back to Windsor. ‘Wasn’t that a lovely day!’ Queen Mary said.

Edward took off his shoes and looked out of the window. ‘Never again,’ he thought. ‘Never again!’

2 威尔士亲王

1911年春天，乔治国王把爱德华叫到自己的房间，说：

“下个月我要封你为威尔士亲王，这是你要在典礼上穿的衣服。”

国王打开一个小柜子，爱德华哭了起来。“可是父亲，”他说，“我现在已经16岁了。我不能穿软鞋和裙子。那会使我看上去像个女孩子。为什么我不能穿得像其他人一样？”

“因为你和他们不一样，你是特别的，”他的父亲回答，“有朝一日你会成为国王。”

接下来的两天，爱德华哭个不停，但他没有办法。

就这样，1911年6月10日，王室成员驱车前往北威尔士的卡那封城堡，典礼开始了。

国王把一顶小号的金冠戴在爱德华的头上。现场有音乐和舞蹈，人群欢呼起来。

而新封的威尔士亲王却闭上了眼睛。“我觉得很难受，”他说，“现在我们可以回家了吗？”

“还不能，”国王回答，“人们想看看你。”

爱德华走到城堡前部，俯视人群。他浑身颤抖，脸涨得通红。

“笑一笑，爱德华，”国王说，“你应该高兴！”

几小时后，全家人驱车回到温莎。“多么愉快的一天呀！”玛丽王后说。

爱德华脱下鞋子，向窗外望去。“我再也不要这样了，”他想，“永远不！”

3 The Royal Star

After a year at Oxford University, Edward went to fight in the First World War. He wrote:

I lived in a house with twenty-five other soldiers. At night we talked about our lives and our families. It was very interesting.

I could speak freely to different people—rich and poor, young and old. But I also saw the blood and noise of war.

One day in 1916 my driver took me to the town of Loos in Belgium. I got out of the car and walked to the top of the hill. Down below me there was heavy fighting and I felt very sad.

An hour later I returned to my car. I'll never forget what I saw. My driver was dead. While I was away, somebody shot him in the neck.

When the war finished in 1918, Edward returned to Buckingham Palace. One night he was talking to his father in the dining room.

'I don't understand why countries fight,' the Prince said. 'The war has finished, but nothing has changed. There are still millions of poor and hungry people. It's not right. Somebody must do something!'

'Well,' King George replied, 'you can't change the world if you sit by the fire. You must travel. Meet people. Talk to them. Listen to what they say. And then, when you are King, you can make the world a better place.'

And so, in 1920, Edward left England again. During the next five years he travelled 240 000 kilometres and visited 45 different countries.

He saw India, Argentina, Nigeria, Mexico, New Zealand, Germany, and Japan. When he came to Toronto, in Canada, there were 500 000 people in the streets to meet him. Everywhere thousands of people waited to see him—there were crowds of 190 000 in Cape Town, 300 000 in Paris, 500 000 in New York, and 750 000 in Melbourne.

'Edward is the first royal star,' one newspaper wrote, 'and he is now the most famous man in the world. In the old days princes were cold and bored. But Edward is different. He gets out of his car and walks down the street. Every two or three minutes he stops and speaks with the crowd. He laughs. He smiles. He shakes a thousand hands. He is a man of the people with a heart of gold.'

3 皇族明星

在牛津大学学习了一年之后，爱德华参加了第一次世界大战。他写道：

我和其他25名士兵住在一间房子里。晚上，我们就谈各自的生活和家庭。谈话十分有趣。

我可以和各种各样的人随意交谈——无论是富人还是穷人，年轻人还是老年人。但我也领略了战争的血腥和喧嚣。

1916年的一天，我的司机送我去比利时的卢斯镇。我下了车，往山顶走去。山下正进行着激烈的战斗，我心里十分难过。

一小时后，我回到汽车上。我永远也忘不了我看到的那一幕。我的司机死了。我离开的时候，有人射中了他的颈部。

1918年战争结束后，爱德华回到白金汉宫，一天晚上，他在餐厅里同父亲交谈。

“我不明白国家之间为什么要打仗，”王子说。“战争已经结束了，但一切依旧。还是有许许多多的人生活在贫困中，忍饥挨饿。这不公平。总得有人做些什么！”

“嗯，”乔治国王答道，“光坐在壁炉旁是不能改变世界的。你得出去走走。去和人们结识一下，与他们谈一谈，听听他们说些什么。这样，当你成为国王的时候，就可以把世界变得更美好。”

于是，1920年，爱德华再次离开英国。在随后的5年里，他行程达24万公里，访问了45个国家。

他访问了印度、阿根廷、尼日利亚、墨西哥、新西兰、德国和日本。当他到达加拿大多伦多时，受到50万人的夹道欢迎。每到一处，都有成千上万的人盼着一睹他的风采——在开普敦有19万人，在巴黎有30万人，在纽约有50万人，在墨尔本有75万人。

“爱德华是第一位皇族明星，”一家报纸这样写道，“他是目前全世界最有名的人。以前的王子都态度冷漠而厌烦。但爱德华不同。他从汽车里出来，在街上走。每隔两三分钟，他就停下来和人们交谈。他有时开怀大笑，有时面露微笑。他和上千人握手。他平易近人，有颗金子般的心。”

4 The Meeting

In the autumn of 1930 Edward went to stay with his friends Lord and Lady Furness. This is how he described that weekend in a book called A King's Story:

On Saturday the weather was cold and windy. It was raining heavily so we could not ride our horses. We decided to stay in the house and have an early lunch with some of Lady Furness' friends.

At one o'clock Wallis arrived with her husband. She was beautifully dressed and she smiled all the time. She spoke with Lord Furness for a few minutes, and then Lady Furness brought her over to see me.

'Sir, I would like you to meet one of my dearest and sweetest American friends, Mrs Wallis Simpson.'

'How do you do, Mrs Simpson,' I said. 'Please come and sit down.'

Lady Furness left us and we began to talk.

I could see that Wallis was not feeling very well. She had a bad cold and her eyes were red. 'I'm afraid that our English houses aren't very warm,' I said. 'We don't have American central heating here.'

There was a long silence. Mrs Simpson turned her face and looked out of the window. Then she said: 'You have disappointed me, Sir.'

'And why is that?' I asked.

'Because everybody asks me about American central heating. I thought that the Prince of Wales would talk about something more interesting.'

I began to laugh.

'What's the matter, Sir?' Wallis asked. 'Have I said something wrong?'

'No,' I replied. 'I'm laughing because you didn't lie to me. You told me the truth.'

'But why is that funny? Doesn't everybody do that?'

'One day I'll be King of England,' I replied. 'And people are afraid of me. If I say that the sky is yellow, they say, "Yes, Sir, you are right". If I say that Wednesday is the first day of the week, they say, "Yes, Sir, you are right". And if I say that Scotland is bigger than Canada, they say, "Yes, Sir, you are right". But you told me that I was boring! You told me the truth. I like that!'

There was another silence and then Wallis began to laugh. 'Can I say one more thing, Sir?'

'Yes, Mrs Simpson, what is it?'

'It's your trousers, Sir.'

'My trousers?'

'Yes, Sir. They are black and your shoes are brown. 'These two colours don't look right together.'

I stood up and looked in the mirror. 'Yes, Mrs Simpson, you're right. I look very strange. The next time we meet, I will be better dressed.'

When lunch was ready, we walked through into the dining room. I sat at one end of the table and Wallis sat at the other end. I was watching her very carefully. I thought how beautiful her hands were. She began talking to Lady Furness and then, a few minutes later, she turned and smiled at me. I felt very happy.

After lunch Wallis came over to say goodbye. 'My husband and I have to leave now, Sir. We're going to another party in London.'

I wanted to speak to her but I could not find the right words. I don't know why. We shook hands and Wallis walked away.

I went into the next room and sat down near Lady Furness. 'Tell me about Mrs Simpson,' I said.

'What would you like to know?' she asked.

'Everything!' I said.

'Then perhaps, Sir, you would like to walk in the garden. We can talk more freely there.'

We stood up and left the house by the back door. We walked slowly through the trees, and Lady Furness told me about Wallis...

4 相识

1930年的秋天,爱德华去他的朋友弗内斯勋爵夫妇那里小住。在《一个国王的故事》一书中,他是这样描述那个周末的:

星期六,天气很冷,刮着风。雨下得很大,所以我们无法出去骑马。我们决定待在屋里,早点开午饭。与我们共进午餐的是弗内斯勋爵夫人的一些朋友。

1点钟,沃利斯和她的丈夫来了。她穿得很漂亮,始终面带微笑。她与弗内斯勋爵夫人谈了几分钟,然后弗内斯勋爵夫人把她带到我面前。

“殿下,我想介绍您认识我的一位最可爱、最甜美的美国朋友,沃利斯·辛普森夫人。”

“您好,辛普森夫人,”我说,“请过来坐坐。”

弗内斯勋爵夫人走开了,我们交谈起来。

我看得出,沃利斯不太舒服。她得了重感冒,眼睛红红的。“恐怕我们英国的房子不够暖和,”我说,“我们这儿没有美国的中央供暖系统。”

接着是长长的一段沉默。辛普森夫人转头向窗外望去。然后她说:“您让我感到失望,殿下。”

“为什么?”我问。

“因为每个人都问我美国中央供暖的事儿。我想,威尔士亲王会谈些比较有趣的事。”

我大笑起来。

“怎么了，殿下？”沃利斯问，“我说错什么了吗？”

“没有，”我回答，“我笑是因为你没对我说谎。你讲了真话。”

“可这有什么可笑的？难道大家不都这样吗？”

“有朝一日我会成为英国的国王，”我答道，“所以人们都怕我。如果我说天是黄的，他们会说，‘对，殿下，您说得对’。如果我说星期三是一周里的第一天，他们会说，‘对，殿下，您说得对’。如果我说苏格兰比加拿大还要大，他们会说，‘对，殿下，你说得对’。可是，您却告诉我，我令人乏味！您讲了真心话。我喜欢这样！”

又是一段沉默，然后沃利斯笑了起来。“我能再说一件事吗，殿下？”

“可以，辛普森夫人，什么事？”

“是您的裤子，殿下。”

“我的裤子？”

“是的，殿下。您的裤子是黑色的，鞋却是棕色的。这两种颜色配在一起有点儿不协调。”

我站起身，照了照镜子。“不错，辛普森夫人，您说得对。我看上去真奇怪。等我们下次见面时，我会穿得更得体些。”

午餐准备好了，我们走进餐厅。我坐在桌子一头，沃利斯坐在另一头。我仔细地打量她。我想，她的手多美呀！她开始和弗内斯勋爵夫人谈话，几分钟后，她转过头来向我微笑。我觉得很高兴。

午餐后，沃利斯过来向我道别。“我和我丈夫现在得走了，殿下。我们要去伦敦参加另一个聚会。”

我想对她说点什么，可一时找不到合适的话。我不懂为什么会这样。我们握了握手，沃利斯走了。

我走到隔壁房间里，坐在弗内斯夫人身旁。“给我讲讲辛普森夫人的事。”我说。

“您想知道什么？”她问。

“她的一切！”我说。

“那样的话，殿下，也许您会愿意去花园里走走。我们在那儿谈起来会比较自由些。”

我们起身从后门走出去。我们漫步在树丛中，弗内斯夫人给我讲起了沃利斯的事……

5 Wallis

This is how Lady Furness described Mrs Simpson's early life to Edward:

Wallis was born in Baltimore. She never knew her father. He died when she was five months old. But her mother was a strong and loving woman, and Wallis was a happy child.

When she was twenty, she married a man called Winfield Spencer. For the first few years they were happy together. But one day Winfield lost some money in the street. He was very angry. When he came home, he took a bottle of whisky from a cupboard and began to drink.

That night he hit Wallis in the mouth. She screamed and he hit her again. There was blood on her face and she was shaking like a leaf. 'Please, Winfield,' she said. 'No more.'

But Winfield took her arm and pulled her up the stairs. 'You're my prisoner,' he shouted at her, 'and you're not going to leave.' Then he pushed her into the bathroom and locked the door.

The next morning Wallis went back to her family. 'I can't stay with him,' she said. 'I want a divorce.'

'Poor Wallis,' Edward said. 'But what happened next, Lady Furness?'

'Well,' said Lady Furness, 'a few months later she met a fine man called Ernest Simpson. He's quiet, but interesting. They got married and they now live in a beautiful flat in the centre of London.'

'And are they happy?' asked Edward.

Lady Furness looked at the Prince and smiled. 'I don't know, Sir,' she said. 'I don't know.'

During the next two years the Prince saw Wallis once or twice a week. They had the same friends, and they often met at parties.

'Mrs Simpson knew a lot about life,' Edward once said. 'She loved books, food, people, and travel. She was very beautiful and her eyes were full of fire. She was friendly and easy to talk to and, after a while, I opened up my heart. We had no secrets. I told her everything. And that's how it all began.'

'His eyes were always sad,' Wallis said about Edward. 'And sometimes he looked like a child—so young, so quiet, so weak. He had no real friends. Perhaps people were a little afraid of him. But he was a warm and kind man. When he talked to me, I felt my heart jump. I wanted to be alone with him, but I knew that wasn't possible. Did the Prince love me in those early days? No, I don't think so. But each time we met, we just felt closer and closer.'

In June 1933 Edward gave a birthday party for Wallis, and during the next few months he visited the Simpson's flat in London almost every day.

One evening, the Prince asked Wallis and Ernest to go skiing in Austria. 'I'm sorry, Sir,' Mr Simpson replied. 'I have to go to America on business. But perhaps Wallis and her aunt can come with you.'

'We went to Kitzbühl as friends,' Wallis wrote later, 'but when we came home, we were in love. And a few months later the Prince asked me to marry him. It was just like a dream!'

5 沃利斯

下面就是弗内斯勋爵夫人给爱德华讲述的辛普森夫人早年的生活：

沃利斯出生在巴尔的摩。她从不认识自己的父亲。她才5个月大，父亲就去世了。她母亲是个坚强而充满爱心的女人，沃利斯童年很幸福。

她 20岁时与一位名叫温菲尔德·斯潘塞的人结了婚。在婚后的最初几年里，他们在一起很幸福。可有一天，温菲尔德在街上丢了钱。他很恼怒。回到家，他从柜子里拿出一瓶威士忌，喝了起来。

那天晚上，他扇了沃利斯一记耳光。她尖叫起来，他又打她。她脸上都是血，身体像一片叶子一样颤抖着。“求求你，温菲尔德，”她说，“别打了。”

但温菲尔德拽起她的一只胳膊，一直把她拖到楼上。“你是我的囚犯，”他对她吼道，“你别想走。”然后他把她推进浴室，锁上了门。

第二天早晨，沃利斯回到娘家。“我不能和他在一起生活了，”她说，“我要离婚。”

“可怜的沃利斯，”爱德华说，“可是后来呢，弗内斯勋爵夫人？”

“后来，”弗内斯勋爵夫人说，“几个月后她认识了一位叫欧内斯特·辛普森的好人。他很少说话，但很风趣。他们结了婚，现在住在伦敦市中心一套漂亮的公寓里。”

“那他们在一起快乐吗？”爱德华问。

弗内斯勋爵夫人看着王子笑了。“我不知道，殿下，”她说，“我不知道。”

在后来的两年里，王子每星期都能见到沃利斯一两次。他们有共同的朋友，所以经常能在聚会上碰面。

“辛普森夫人生活阅历丰富，”爱德华有一次说，“她爱看书，喜欢食物，关爱他人，也喜欢旅行。她非常漂亮，眼里总是充满热情。她待人友善，与她谈话很轻松，没多久我就敞开了心扉。我们之间没有秘密。我对她无所不谈。一切就是这样开始的。”

“他的眼神总是那么忧伤，”沃利斯这样描述爱德华，“有时他看起来像个孩子——那么年轻，那么温文尔雅，那么脆弱。他没有真正的朋友。也许人们有点儿怕他。但他是一个热心而善良的人。当他对我说话时，我能感觉到自己的心在跳。我想和他单独在一起，但我知道那是不可能的。王子在与我初识的那些日子里爱我吗？不，我想他不爱。但每次我们相见，都感到彼此更接近了。”

1933年6月，爱德华为沃利斯举办了一个生日聚会，在那以后的几个月中，他几乎天天都去辛普森夫妇在伦敦的公寓拜访。

一天晚上，王子邀请沃利斯和欧内斯特一起去奥地利滑雪。“对不起，殿下，”辛普森先生回答，“我得去美国出差。不过，也许沃利斯和她姨妈能和您一同去。”

“我们去基特普尔时是朋友，”沃利斯后来写道，“但返回时已经相爱了。几个月后王子便向我求婚，这真像是一场梦！”

6 The King is Dead! Long Live the King!

In January 1936 Edward went to Windsor for a few weeks. He was tired of town life and he wanted to work in his garden and ride his horses.

But then, one afternoon, there was a phone call from Queen Mary. 'Edward,' she said, 'you must come back immediately. Your father is very ill and I think he's going to die.'

When Edward arrived, he went straight to his father's room. He walked to the side of the bed and kissed his father's white face. The King opened his eyes and smiled. Then he took his son's hand and said: 'Be a good King, Edward. And be good to your mother.'

'Yes, father, I will.'

The King closed his eyes and did not speak again. Just after midnight he died.

Then Queen Mary took Edward's hand and kissed it. 'My child, you are now King,' she said softly. 'God be with you.'

His three brothers came to him, one by one, and they each kissed his hand. 'The King is dead. Long live the King,' they said.

At one o'clock Edward left the room to telephone Wallis. "My father is dead," he said.

'I'm so sorry, Sir.'

'I must stay here for a while,' Edward went on. 'But I'll phone you at the weekend. Nothing will change between you and me. I love you more than ever, and you will be my Queen.'

'Let's not talk about that now,' Wallis replied. 'You must go back to your family.'

'But you are my family, Wallis. You are everything to me. Goodnight. Sleep well.'

When Wallis put the phone down that night, she suddenly felt afraid. 'Edward is now King,' she thought, 'but what will happen to me?'

6 国王逝世！国王万岁！

1936年1月，爱德华去温莎小住几个星期。他厌倦了城市生活，只想侍弄侍弄自己的花园，骑骑马。

然而，一天下午，王后玛丽打来电话。“爱德华，”她说，“你必须马上赶回来。你父亲病得很厉害，我想他快不行了。”

爱德华一赶到，便径直去了父亲的房间。他走到床边，吻了吻父亲苍白的脸。国王睁开眼睛，微微一笑。他拉住儿子的手，说：“做个出色的国王，爱德华。要好好待你的母亲。”

“是，父亲，我会的。”

国王闭上眼睛，再没说什么。午夜刚过，他就去世了。

玛丽王后握住爱德华的手，吻了吻。“我的孩子，现在你是国王了。”她温柔地说，“愿上帝与你同在。”

他的3个弟弟先后走过来，吻了他的手。“国王逝世了，国王万岁！”他们说。

1点钟，爱德华离开父亲的房间，去给沃利斯打电话。“我父亲去世了。”他说。

“我很难过，殿下。”

“我必须在这儿待一段时间，”爱德华接着说，“但周末我会给你打电话的。什么也不能改变你我之间的事。我比任何时候都更爱你，你将成为我的王后。”

“现在我们还是不要谈这些，”沃利斯回答，“你必须回到你的家庭里。”

“可你就是我的家庭啊，沃利斯。对我而言，你就是一切。晚安。睡个好觉。”

那天晚上，沃利斯放下电话时，突然觉得很害怕。“爱德华现在是国王了，”她想，“但我会怎样呢？”

7 The Church

In the spring of 1936, Mrs Simpson wrote a letter to her husband.

‘Dear Ernest,’ she wrote. ‘You have been very kind to me. You are a good and strong man. But I must tell you that our marriage is finished. I am in love with the King and I want a divorce. Don’t be angry. There is nothing you can do. I’ll never forget you, but I have to be free.’

Ernest replied immediately: ‘Your letter arrived this morning. I will do what you ask, but I’ll never stop loving you. And if you need me, I’ll always be here.’

That night the King and Wallis met at a small restaurant in Piccadilly. Edward read Ernest’s letter again and again. ‘That’s wonderful news,’ he said. ‘Nothing can stop us now!’

The next day, when Edward came down to breakfast, Gordon Lang, the Archbishop of Canterbury, was waiting for him.

‘Good morning, Gordon,’ the King said. ‘How nice to see you again. And what can I do for you?’

For a minute the Archbishop said nothing. Then he opened a small black bag and took out three newspapers. ‘I have come to see you about Mrs Wallis Simpson,’ he began. ‘The newspapers say that you want to marry her. Are these stories true, Sir?’

‘Yes, Gordon, Wallis is going to be my wife.’

‘But that’s not possible,’ the Archbishop replied. ‘You know what the Church thinks about marriage and divorce. Divorce is wrong in the eyes of God!’

Edward smiled and then said: ‘Can I ask you some questions about God, Mr Lang?’

‘Yes, of course, Sir.’

‘Is God happy when two people fall in love?’

‘Yes, Sir, but…’

‘And is God happy when two people fall in love and get married?’

‘Yes, Sir, but…’

‘And is God happy when two people fall in love, get married, and live happily together?’

‘Yes, Sir, but…’

‘Then, Archbishop, Wallis and I will make God very happy. We are in love, we’ll get married, and we’ll live together happily!’

‘But you don’t understand, Sir,’ Mr Lang replied. ‘The Church says that divorce is wrong. Mrs Simpson cannot leave Mr Simpson and then marry you. You must forget about her and find another woman. Please, Sir, I must ask you to think again.’

‘That is not possible,’ Edward said softly. ‘When Wallis is free, I shall marry her.’

There was a long silence. The Archbishop looked down at the floor and shook his head. ‘You’re making a big mistake, Sir,’ he said. ‘The Church is very strong, and we will not have this woman as our Queen!’

Suddenly Edward stood up, his face red and angry. ‘Thank you for coming,’ he said. ‘But I have nothing more to say. And I want to be alone.’

The Archbishop stood up to go, but then turned and touched the King’s arm. ‘Please, Sir, think again. The Church will be against you.’

‘I don’t care,’ Edward replied. ‘I have God on my side, and that is all I need. Goodbye, Mr Lang.’

7 教会

1936年春天，辛普森夫人给她丈夫写了一封信。

“亲爱的欧内斯特，”她写道，“你一直待我很好。你心地善良，性格坚强。但我不得不告诉你，我们的婚姻结束了。我爱上了国王，我想和你离婚。请不要生气。你无能为力了。我永远不会忘记你，但我必须得到自由。”

欧内斯特立刻回了信：“你的信是今早到的。我答应你的要求，但我永远不会停止对你的爱。如果你需要我，我随时都会帮忙。”

那天晚上，国王和沃利斯在皮卡迪里的一家小餐馆见了面。爱德华一遍又一遍地读欧内斯特的信。“这消息太好了，”他说，“现在没有什么能够阻碍我们了。”

第二天，爱德华下楼吃早饭的时候，发现坎特伯雷大主教戈登·朗正在等他。

“早上好，戈登，”国王说，“又见到您真好。我能为您做些什么？”

大主教沉默了片刻，然后打开一个小黑包，取出3份报纸。“我来见您是为了沃利斯·辛普森夫人的事，”他开口说，“报上说您要娶她为妻。这是真的吗，陛下？”

“是的，戈登，沃利斯将成为我的妻子。”

“但那是不可能的，”大主教说，“您知道教会对婚姻和离婚的看法。在上帝眼里，离婚是错误的！”

爱德华笑了，然后说：“我能问您一些有关上帝的问题吗，朗先生？”

“当然可以，陛下。”

“当两个人相爱时，上帝高兴吗？”

“高兴，陛下，但是……”

“两个人相爱并结婚，上帝高兴吗？”

“高兴，陛下，但是……”

“两个人相爱、结婚、在一起幸福地生活，上帝高兴吗？”

“高兴，陛下，但是……”

“那么，大主教，沃利斯和我会让上帝十分高兴的。我们相爱，我们要结婚，我们在一起生活会很幸福！”

“但您不明白，陛下，”朗先生说，“教会认为离婚是错误的。辛普森夫人不能离开辛普森先生，然后和您结婚。您必须忘记她，去找另一个女子。陛下，我请求您三思。”

“这是不可能的，”爱德华轻轻地说，“沃利斯一离婚，我就娶她。”

沉默了许久，大主教低头看着地板，摇了摇头。“您正在犯一个很大的错误，陛下，”他说，“教会是强有力的，我们不会让这个女人做我们的王后！”

爱德华刷地站起身，脸色通红，怒容满面。“谢谢您的来访，”他说，“但我没什么可说的了。我想一个人待着。”

大主教站起身要走，但又回过头来，拍拍国王的手臂。“陛下，请您再想想。教会会反对您的。”

“我不在乎，”爱德华回答，“上帝会站在我这边，除此之外我不需要别的。再见，朗先生。”

8 The Storm

In July and August Wallis and the King sailed the Mediter—ranean. They met Prime Minister Metaxas in Greece, Kemal Ataturk in Turkey, and King Boris in Bulgaria. But that summer is famous for Edward’s clothes. On the journey from Athens to Istanbul, the King took off his shirt to get brown in the sun. It was hot, and ten minutes later he was asleep. So he did not see the young photographer who was now taking pictures of the King…

When Edward returned from the Mediterranean, there was a letter waiting for him.

It was from Mr Albert Thompson of Birmingham, who wrote: ‘I saw a picture of you in the newspaper this morning and I felt very angry. I have never seen a King dressed as bad-ly as you were! No shirt! And no tie, no socks, no hat… and in short trousers! How could you, Sir?’

Edward showed this letter to Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister. ‘What do you think of this?’ the King asked.

‘Mr Thompson is right, Sir,’ the Prime Minister replied. ‘You want to be modern, but the people don’t like it.’

Edward put the letter on the fire. ‘And do you think that divorce is “modern”, Mr Baldwin?’

The Prime Minister sat down. ‘Yes, Sir,’ he began, ‘I’ve read about this Mrs Simpson. She has two husbands still alive. And you must understand what that means, Sir. She cannot marry a King.’

‘But I cannot live without her,’ Edward said.

‘Then, Sir,’ the Prime Minister replied, ‘I can see there’s a storm coming. I have talked to your family and to Archbishop Lang, and we will not have this woman as our Queen.’

That night the Prime Minister and the King spoke for many hours. There were hundreds of questions, but only one answer. And so, in the early hours of the next morning, Ed-ward said:

‘You tell me that Wallis cannot marry a King. So there is only one thing that I can do. I will give the crown to my brother, and leave England. I must follow my heart. You tell me that it’s a crime to fall in love. You tell me that it’s wrong to be happy. How strange this country is!’

An hour later Edward telephoned Wallis. ‘The Prime Minister says that a storm is coming,’ Edward said. ‘So I want you to go away.’

Wallis packed her bags and left for France. Then Edward went to see his mother.

It was a sad, strange, and angry meeting. ‘Do you know what you are doing?’ the Queen asked. ‘Look out of that window. Outside this palace there are 400 000 000 people who call you King. They need you. And you will leave all this for Mrs Simpson?’

‘Yes, mother, I will. I’m in love.’

‘Love?’ Queen Mary shouted. ‘You’re a King! You must love your country first!’

‘But I’m also a man,’ Edward said softly, ‘and there’s nothing that I can do.’

That afternoon the King telephoned Winston Churchill, one of his closest friends.

‘I have some sad news,’ Edward began. ‘Last night Mr Baldwin came to see me. I have decided to go away next week.’

‘Do you mean on holiday, Sir?’

‘No, Winston, I’m leaving England. I’m never coming back. George will be King.’

‘But that’s not right, Sir. You’re a free man. You must stand and fight.’

‘No,’ the King said. ‘I have seen war and it’s a terrible thing. I don’t want to fight again.’

‘But the people love you. And they want Wallis to be Queen.’

‘Perhaps they do,’ Edward replied. ‘But she cannot be Queen. My enemies are stronger than I am. I am just a sailor. And when the winds change, the sea moves and it takes my boat away.’

8 风暴

7月和8月，沃利斯和国王游历了地中海。他们在希腊会见了梅塔克萨斯首相，在土耳其会见了卡迈勒·阿塔蒂尔克，在保加利亚会见了博里什国王。但那个夏天最著名的事情莫过于爱德华的着装风波了。在从雅典前往伊斯坦布尔的旅途中，国王脱去衬衫做日光浴。天气很热，十分钟后他就睡着了。所以他没有注意到，一名年轻的摄影师正在给国王拍照……

爱德华从地中海回国后，有一封信正等着他。

信是伯明翰的阿尔伯特·汤普逊先生写来的，他写道：“今天早上，我在报上看到一张您的照片，我很生气。我从未看到一个国王穿得如此糟糕！居然没穿衬衫！没打领带，没穿鞋，没戴帽子……还穿着短裤！陛下，您怎么能这样？”

爱德华把信交给首相斯坦利·鲍德温看。“您觉得这封信怎么样？”国王问。

“汤普逊先生是对的，陛下，”首相回答，“您想赶时髦，可人民不喜欢这样。”

爱德华把信烧掉。“那么，鲍德温先生，您觉得离婚‘时髦’吗？”

首相坐了下来。“是的，陛下，”他开口说，“我读了关于这位辛普森夫人的事。她有两个丈夫，他们还活着。陛下，您必须明白这意味着什么。她不能嫁给一个国王。”

“但没有她我无法生活。”爱德华说。

“那么，陛下，”首相回答，“看得出一场风暴就要来了。我已经与您的家庭成员及朗大主教谈过，我们不会让这个女人做我们的王后。”

那天晚上，首相与国王谈了好几个小时。涉及的问题很多，但答案却只有一个。于是，第二天凌晨时分，爱德华说：

“您告诉我沃利斯不能嫁给国王。那么，我能做的只有一件事。我将把王位让给我的弟弟，然后离开英国。我必须依从自己的心。你告诉我与人相爱是罪恶。你告诉我幸福是错误的。这个国家多么奇怪啊！”

一小时后，爱德华打电话给沃利斯。“首相说，一场风暴就要来了，”爱德华说，“所以我想让你离开这儿。”

沃利斯收拾了行装，启程去法国。然后爱德华去见母亲。

这次会面伤感、奇特，而又充满火药味。“你知道自己在做什么吗？”王太后问，“向窗外看看吧。宫殿外有4亿人叫你国王。他们需要你。而你却要为了辛普森夫人抛弃这一切？”

“是的，母亲。我爱她。”

“爱？”玛丽王太后喊道，“你是国王！你首先要爱自己的国家！”

“但我首先是一个男人，”爱德华轻轻地说，“我无能为力。”

当天下午，国王给自己的一位密友温斯顿·邱吉尔打电话。

“我有坏消息要告诉你，”爱德华说，“昨晚，鲍德温先生来见我。我决定下周离开这儿。”

“您是说去度假吗，陛下？”

“不是，温斯顿，我要离开英国。永远也不再回来。乔治将成为国王。”

“但这样不行，陛下。你是一个自由人。你必须坚决同他们战斗。”

“不，”国王说，“我见过战争，那太可怕了。我不想再同谁打仗。”

“但是人民热爱你。而且他们希望沃利斯做王后。”

“也许是这样，”爱德华说，“但她不能当王后。我的敌人比我强大。我只是一名水手。风向一转，海水就会把我的船卷走。”

9 The Woman I Love

A few days later Mr Churchill came to see Edward at Buckingham Palace. At first the King was quiet. Then he said: 'This is my last night in England, Winston. I love this country. I wanted to be a modern, kind King. I wanted to change the world, but they stopped me. And now I have to leave.'

It was ten o'clock. Edward stood up and walked over to the window. In the dark streets below there were hundreds of people. They were singing and calling his name: 'Edward, Edward, we love Edward!' they shouted. 'Long live the King! Long live love!'

Suddenly the King turned to Mr Churchill. 'Why is this happening to me, Winston?' he cried. 'What have I done wrong?'

He sat down and put his head in his hands. There was a silence in the room, but through the open window came the shouting from the street. 'Long live Edward! Long live love! Long live Edward! Long live love!'

Mr Churchill came over and put his hand on the King's arm. Edward looked up. 'Thank you, Winston,' he said. 'You were a good friend to me.'

'Thank you, Sir. And you were a good King.'

At ten o'clock the next morning the telephone rang in Edward's bedroom.

'They're ready for you now, Sir,' a voice said.

The King walked slowly down the stairs. In front of him there was an open door. The family were waiting for him. His mother sat near the window, dressed in black. His brothers stood beside her. 'How close they are!' the King thought.

On a small table in the centre of the room there was a piece of paper. Edward sat down and read these words:

I, Edward the Eighth, King of Great Britain, King of India, King of Australia, King of New Zealand, King of Canada, King of Kenya, King of Nigeria, King of Bur-ma, King of Malaya, King of Singapore, and King of thirty-two other countries, have today given the crown to my brother George.

God be with him and all his people.

10th December 1936.

Edward took a pen and wrote his name at the bottom of the page. Then he stood up and kissed his brother's hand.

'I never wanted this to happen,' George said. 'This is the worst day of my life.'

Edward walked over to his mother. 'Before I kiss you,' she said, 'there are some things that I want to say. I have never understood you, child. This morning you were a King. But tonight, you'll run from England like a thief. Alone. Angry. Afraid. You think that you're free. But you're not. You cannot be free.'

'Everyone needs their family. Everyone needs their home. And tonight you have lost both those things.'

'I love you. I am your mother and nothing can change that. But if you marry that woman, you will break my heart. Go now. It is all very sad.'

Edward kissed Queen Mary's hand. Then he turned and walked away.

The next day Edward returned to Windsor Castle. He went into a small, cold room at the top of the building. From there, he spoke on BBC radio to Britain and the world.

This is what he said:

Tonight, for the first time, I can say a few words to you. Earlier today I gave the crown to my brother George. He is now your King. I will soon leave this country and travel to France. My heart is with Wallis and I cannot live without the woman I love.'

I don't know what will happen to me. Perhaps I will never see England again. But think of me tonight when I sail across the sea.

God be with you. Long live King George!

Edward left Windsor Castle and got into a large black car. It was now midnight and it was just beginning to rain.

'Take me away as quickly as you can,' he said. The car moved off into the darkness and the rain.

'What a night!' said the driver. 'I think the sky is cry-ing, Sir.'

At 1. 30 a. m. they arrived at Portsmouth. Edward got out of the car and a voice said: 'The King is here!'

Edward stopped and looked out across the open sea. There was a thin, cold smile on his face. 'King?' he said. 'No, I am not the King. I am just a man in love.'

Then he turned and walked onto the ship and into the night.

9 我爱的女人

几天后, 邱吉尔先生来白金汉宫拜访爱德华。开始, 国王沉默不语。然后他说: “温斯顿, 这是我在英国的最后一个晚上了。我爱这个国家。我想做一个跟得上时代的、仁慈的国王。我想改变这个世界, 但他们阻止了我。现在, 我不得不离开。”

10点了。爱德华站起身, 走到窗前。夜幕中, 下面街道上站了好几百人。他们唱着歌, 叫着他的名字: “爱德华, 爱德华, 我们爱爱德华!” 他们喊着, “国王万岁! 爱情万岁!”

国王突然转向邱吉尔先生。“温斯顿, 为什么这会发生在我身上?” 他喊道, “我做错了什么?”

他坐下来, 双手抱着头。屋里一片寂静, 但街上的叫喊声从打开的窗户传进来。“爱德华万岁! 爱情万岁! 爱德华万岁! 爱情万岁!”

邱吉尔先生走上前, 把手放在国王的胳膊上。爱德华抬起头。“谢谢你, 温斯顿,” 他说。“你是我的好朋友。”

“谢谢您, 陛下。您是位出色的国王。”

第二天上午10点, 爱德华卧室里的电话响了。

“他们准备好了, 正在等您, 陛下。”一个声音说。

国王缓缓走下楼梯。在他面前，有一扇敞开的门。全家人都在等他。他的母亲坐在窗户旁，身穿黑衣。他的弟弟们站在她身旁。“他们之间是多么亲密呀！”国王想。

屋子中央有一张小桌子。上面放了一张纸。爱德华坐下来，读到下面的话：

我，爱德华八世，英国国王、印度国王、澳大利亚国王、新西兰国王、加拿大国王、肯尼亚国王、尼日利亚国王、缅甸国王、马来亚国王、新加坡国王，以及其他32个国家的国王，今天把王位交给我的弟弟乔治。

愿上帝与他同在，与他的臣民同在。

1936年12月10日。

爱德华取出一支笔，在这页纸的下部签了自己的名字。然后站起来，吻了吻弟弟的手。

“我从未期望过这种事发生，”乔治说，“这是我一生中最糟糕的一天。”

爱德华走到母亲身边。“在我吻你之前，”她说，“有些话我想说。孩子，我一直都不理解你。今天早晨你还是国王。但今晚，你就要像小偷一样逃离英国，孤零零一个人，愤愤不平，忐忑不安。你以为自己自由了，但你没有。你永远也不会自由。”

“每个人都需要自己的家庭。每个人都需要自己的家园。但今晚，这两样你都失去了。”

“我爱你。我是你的母亲，这是什么都改变不了的。但如果你娶了那个女人，就会伤透我的心。现在走吧。这太让人伤心了。”

爱德华吻了王太后玛丽的的手。然后他转身走了。

第二天，爱德华回到了温莎城堡。他走进城堡顶部一间狭小阴冷的房间。在那里，他通过BBC的广播向英国和全世界讲了话。

下面就是他所说的：

今晚，我第一次有机会向你们讲几句话。今天早些时候，我把王位让给了我的弟弟乔治。现在，他是你们的国王了。我不久将离开这个国家去法国。我的心和沃利斯在一起，没有我爱的女人，我无法生活。”

我不知道我将来会怎么样。也许我再也看不到英国了。但是，今晚我跨越海峡时，请大家想着我。

愿上帝与你们同在。乔治国王万岁！

爱德华离开温莎城堡，坐进一辆黑色大轿车。时值午夜，天下起了雨。

“带我离开这儿，越快越好，”他说。汽车驶入黑夜和雨幕中。

“这是怎样的一个晚上啊！”司机说，“我想天空都在哭泣了，陛下。”

凌晨1点30分，他们到达朴茨茅斯。爱德华走下汽车，只听一个声音叫道：“国王来了！”

爱德华停下脚步，向大海那边望去。他的脸上挂着淡淡的、冷漠的微笑。“国王？”他说，“不，我不是国王。我只是一个恋爱中的男人。”

然后，他转身走上船，消失在夜色里。

10 The Wedding

The next morning Edward telephoned Wallis from Boulogne.

‘Did you listen to me on the radio?’ he asked.

‘Yes, of course,’ she said.

‘And how did you feel?’

‘I was sitting in my room alone,’ Wallis said. ‘And when I listened to your words, I felt so sad. I put my hands over my eyes and I just cried. I couldn’t stop myself. You have left everything for me. But I love you so much, Edward, and with me, you’ll be the happiest man in the world.’

‘I am that already,’ he replied. ‘You are all that matters in my life.’

Edward married Wallis Simpson six months later, on 3rd June 1937. None of the Royal Family came to the wedding. Edward was forty-three. Wallis was forty-one. And they now took a new name—the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

A few weeks later Edward wrote to his brother King George. ‘I was surprised that you didn’t come to the wedding,’ he wrote. ‘But Wallis is now my wife and nothing can change that. As you know, we have a house in Paris. But France is not my home, and I want to live again at Windsor with Wallis by my side.’

I’m sorry, Edward,’ King George wrote back. ‘But you know how I feel about that woman. I do not like her. I will never like her. You can live here, but Wallis cannot.’

‘My brother’, Edward said later, ‘pushed me away like a dog. I will never forget what he did. And after that I decided that I didn’t want my family. They didn’t want Wallis, and so I didn’t want them.’

10 婚礼

第二天早晨，爱德华从布伦打电话给沃利斯。

“你听到广播上我的讲话了吗？”他问。

“当然听了。”她说。

“你觉得怎么样？”

“当时我正一个人在自己房间里，”沃利斯说，“我听到你的讲话，觉得难过极了。我捂着眼睛哭了。我忍不住要哭。你为了我放弃了一切。爱德华，我是那么地爱你。和我在一起，你将成为世界上最幸福的男人。”

“现在我是了，”他答道，“你是我生命中的一切。”

6个月后，也就是1937年6月3日，爱德华和沃利斯·辛普森结了婚。皇室没有人出席婚礼。爱德华时年43岁。沃利斯41岁。他们现在有了一个新的称号——温莎公爵和夫人。

几个星期后，爱德华写信给他的弟弟乔治国王。“你没有出席婚礼，我觉得很惊讶。”他写道，“但现在，沃利斯是我的妻子了，什么也改变不了这一点。你知道，我们在巴黎有一所房子。但法国不是我的家，我想和沃利斯一起回温莎去住。”

“对不起，爱德华，”乔治国王回信说，“但你知道我对那个女人的看法。我不喜欢她。我永远不会对她有好感。你可以住在这儿，但沃利斯不行。”

爱德华后来说：“我的弟弟把我像狗一样推开了。我永远也不会忘记他的所做所为。从那以后，我确信我不需要我的家人了。他们不接受沃利斯，所以我也不接受他们。”

11 Paris

For the next thirty years the Duke and Duchess lived in Paris. They gave parties and travelled round the world, but they never went back to Buckingham Palace.

When King George died in 1952 and Queen Mary died in 1961, Edward returned to Windsor for a few days. But Wallis stayed in France. 'It's your family,' she said. 'Not mine.'

But then, in 1966, the Duke and Duchess met Queen Elizabeth (the daughter of King George) at a small party in London. After thirty long years it was time to forget the past. Elizabeth kissed the Duchess and touched her arm. Then she turned to the Duke and said: 'Wallis is so beautiful, uncle. I think you're a lucky man.'

'That day Elizabeth was very kind to us,' Edward wrote later. 'But why couldn't my mother or my brother say those words to me?'

On BBC television in 1969 the Duke and Duchess spoke about their life together.

'Do you argue?' someone asked them.

'No, not really,' the Duchess replied. 'But there's one thing about my husband that I really don't like. He is always late. It doesn't matter if he's meeting a queen, a president, or a film star. He can never arrive on time. I don't know why. I have tried to change him, but it's just not possible.'

The Duke smiled and touched her hand. 'I know that I'm often late,' he said. 'But on our wedding day, I arrived at the church twenty minutes before you. I was early and you were late.'

'Yes, that's true,' the Duchess said. And they both laughed.

'You could see real love in their eyes,' one newspaper wrote. 'They were on television, but they forgot about the cameras and the millions of people who were watching. They were just two people in love.'

The Duchess was famous for her jewellery. 'After my husband,' she once said, 'I love jewellery more than anything else in the world.' And after thirty-five years with the Duke she had hundreds of pieces, which came from all over the world.

'I have never met a more beautiful woman than Wallis,' Edward wrote, 'and I love giving her presents. She has given me so much happiness. I buy her jewels to say "thank you".'

In May 1972 the Duke became ill. When the doctor arrived, he listened to Edward's heart and then said: 'How many cigarettes do you have a day, Sir?'

'About forty or fifty,' the Duke replied. 'But please don't ask me to stop. I've smoked for sixty years and I cannot change now.'

That night Edward called Wallis into the room. 'I feel very tired,' he said. 'And I'm afraid. I love you. I have been very happy with you, and you have been a wonderful wife. When I die, I want you to take my body back to Windsor. Will you do that for me?'

'Yes, of course,' she said. And they both began to cry.

The Duke of Windsor died one hour later with Wallis by his side.

Three days later, a blue aeroplane arrived in Paris. Wallis went back to England with the Duke's body and, for the first time in her life, she entered Buckingham Palace.

A week later the Duchess returned to France, and for the next fourteen years she lived alone in Paris. The big house was dark. The doors were locked and she did not go out.

In the afternoons she sat in the dining room with Edward's love letters. 'They were so beautiful,' she said. 'I read them again and again.'

But then, in 1986, Wallis became ill. She went to a small hospital near the house, and a few days later she died. 'Without Edward,' she once wrote, 'my life was empty.'

She was buried in England next to her husband at Windsor. 'It's a strange thing,' one newspaper wrote. 'When they were alive, the Duke and Duchess could never live in Britain. It was only in death that they could be there together.'

11 巴黎

在以后的30年里，公爵和夫人住在巴黎。他们举行各种聚会，周游世界，但从未回过白金汉宫。

爱德华分别在1952年乔治国王去世时，及1961年王太后玛丽去世时，回温莎待过几天。沃利斯则留在法国。“那是你的家庭，”她说，“不是我的。”

但是，1966年公爵和夫人在伦敦的一个小型聚会上见到了伊丽莎白女王（乔治国王的女儿）。事隔30年，该忘记过去了。伊丽莎白吻了公爵夫人，碰了碰她的胳膊。然后她转向公爵，说：“沃利斯真美，伯父。我觉得您真幸运。”

“那天，伊丽莎白对我们很和气，”爱德华后来写道，“但为什么我的母亲和弟弟就不能对我说这些话呢？”

1969年，在BBC电视节目里，公爵和夫人谈起他们的婚姻生活。

“你们吵架吗？”有人这样问他们。

“不，不真吵，”公爵夫人回答，“但我丈夫有一点我确实不喜欢。他总是迟到。无论是要会见女王、总统，还是电影明星，他从不准时赴约。我不知道为什么。我曾试图改变他，但就是不行。”

公爵微笑着拍拍她的手。“我知道自己常常迟到，”他说，“可我们举行婚礼那天，我比你早20分钟赶到教堂。我早到了，而你却迟到了。”

“对，这倒是真的，”公爵夫人说，他俩都笑了。

“在他们眼中，你可以看到真正的爱，”一家报纸如此写道，“他们在接受电视采访，但他们忘记了摄像机，忘记了几百万观众在注视着他们。他们只是两个相爱中的人。”

公爵夫人因她的珠宝而出名。“除了我丈夫，”她有一次说，“这世界上我最爱的莫过于珠宝了。”与公爵一起生活35年后，她拥有了来自世界各地的几百件珠宝。

“我从未见过比沃利斯更美的女人，”爱德华写道，“我喜欢送礼物给她。她给了我那么多快乐。我给她买珠宝，以表达谢意。”

1972年5月，公爵病倒了。医生赶来后，听了听爱德华的心脏，问道：“您一天吸几枝烟，先生？”

“大约四五十枝，”公爵回答，“但请别让我戒烟。我已经吸了60年烟，现在已经改不了了。”

那天晚上，爱德华把沃利斯叫进房间。“我觉得很累，”他说，“也很害怕。我爱你。和你在一起我很快乐，你是个出色的妻子。我死后，你要把我的遗体送回温莎。你会为我做这件事吗？”

“会，当然会，”她说。然后两个人都哭了。

1小时后，温莎公爵溘然长逝，沃利斯一直陪伴在他身旁。

3天后，一架蓝色飞机到达巴黎。沃利斯护送公爵的遗体回到了英国，这是她平生第一次踏进白金汉宫。

1周后，公爵夫人回到法国。在这以后的14年里，她独自一人住在巴黎，把自己锁在那所幽暗的大房子里，足不出户。

每天下午，她就坐在餐厅里，读爱德华写的情书。“它们是那么美，”她说，“我读了一遍又一遍。

然而，1986年，沃利斯病倒了。她住进离家不远的一家小医院，几天后便去世了。“没有爱德华，”她曾写到，“我的生活一片空虚。”

她被葬在英国温莎她丈夫的墓旁。“这真是件奇怪的事，”一家报纸写道，“公爵和夫人活着的时候不能住在英国。只有死后，他们才得以一起住在那儿。”

12 Long Live Love!

In 1970, two years before his death, Edward said:

There are some people who think that I was wrong to give away my crown. But they don't understand true love.

When I was young, I lived in Buckingham Palace. I could have anything that I wanted. But I wasn't happy because my heart was empty.

Then I met Wallis and everything changed. For half of my life I have lived here with the most beautiful woman in the world. And she is everything to me.

When I sit in my garden with the Duchess by my side, I sometimes think about my early life. I remember the days alone in my bedroom. I remember the teacher who hit me with a stick. I remember the war and my travels around the world. And then I remember the crowds of people below my window, who shouted: 'Long live love!'

On my last night in London I spoke with Winston Churchill. In the middle of our conversation he said: 'I think, Sir, that the best things in life are free.' I have never forgotten those words. And now, many years later, I understand what they mean. You cannot buy happiness. And you cannot buy love.

To be happy deep inside your heart is the most wonderful thing in the world. I have been a lucky man. And so I say:

'Thank God for Wallis, and LONG LIVE LOVE!'

12 爱情万岁!

1970年，即爱德华去世前两年，他曾说过：

有些人认为我放弃王位是错误的。但他们不懂得真正的爱情。

我年轻的时候住在白金汉宫。我想要的东西都能得到。但我并不快乐，因为我的内心是空虚的。

后来我遇到了沃利斯，一切都变了。我的后半生都和这位世界上最美丽的女人在这里一起度过。她就是我的一切。

我和公爵夫人一起坐在花园里时，有时会想起自己早年的生活。我想起自己孤零零待在卧室里的那些日子。我想起那个用棍子打我的老师。我想起战争和周游世界的旅行。我想起那些聚集在我窗下的人群，他们高呼着：“爱情万岁！”

我离开伦敦前的最后一个晚上和温斯顿·邱吉尔做过一次长谈。谈话中，他说：“陛下，我认为生活中最好的事情是无偿的。”我从未忘记这句话。现在，许多年之后，我才理解了它的涵义。幸福是买不到的。爱情也是买不到的。

内心深处的幸福是世界上最美妙的。我是一个幸运的人。所以，我要说：

“感谢上帝给了我沃利斯，爱情万岁！”

[1 Coming to England](#)

[2 The Island](#)

[3 The Photograph](#)

[4 The Locked Room](#)

[5 A Dead Man](#)

简介

一个人有了隐私又不想让别人知道时，我们就可以说他“衣橱里有具骷髅”。大部分人都做过一些不光彩的事，卡罗尔·桑德斯也不例外。她有具“衣橱里的骷髅”，不管走到哪儿都摆脱不了。这使她越来越沮丧。当然，这件不光彩的事正在慢慢地毁坏着她的生活。

后来她遇到一位更有隐私的人。他的隐私需要整个一个岛来遮掩。也许最有可能由卡罗尔发现他的隐私。但是如果她想探明他的隐私，他会怎么样呢？他会乐意把他的隐私告诉她吗？或者他会生气，非常生气吗？这全取决于他藏在锁着的房间中的那具“衣橱里的骷髅”究竟是什么——而卡罗尔要打开那扇锁着的门。

本书作者约翰·埃斯科特是一位经验丰富的作家，现在英格兰南部的博恩默思生活和工作。

1 Coming to England

My name is Carol Sanders.

I live in England now, but when I was younger, I lived in Hong Kong. My father was a businessman there and my mother worked as a secretary. We lived in Hong Kong for seven years.

I was happy at school, with lots of friends, and we had a good time. I liked pop music—the Rolling Stones, David Bowie and Jake Rosso were my favourites.

Jake Rosso was my favourite singer. He died in a car accident the year I left school, but I listened to his pop records all the time. I had hundreds of pictures and photos of him on my bedroom wall.

Then one day in winter when I was seventeen, things began to go wrong for me.

My father went to Australia on business. I loved him very much and didn't like him going away.

'Come home quickly, ' I always said to him.

He was in Australia for two weeks. Then, on the day of his journey home, an aeroplane from Sydney crashed into the sea just south of Hong Kong. Everybody on the plane died.

I heard about the plane crash on television. At first, I did not think about my father. Then I remembered he was flying back from Sydney on that day.

'Oh, no! ' I cried.

I telephoned the airport but they did not know the names of all the passengers then.

'Perhaps my father didn't get that plane, ' I thought. ' Oh, please! Please! '

My mother was at work and I called her on the telephone. She came home quickly and we went to the airport and waited for news.

Later, we learned my father was on the plane.

'It's not true! ' I shouted.

But it was true, and I began to cry.

I cried for weeks and weeks. I spent many days alone in my room. I was lonely and sad and I wanted to die, too.

I stopped going out with my friends. I didn't want to see other people. I stopped listening to Jake Rosso's records, and took his pictures off my bedroom wall. I didn't listen to music or watch television. Nothing mattered any more.

Then I stopped crying. I stopped feeling sad and began to feel angry.

'Why did it happen to him? ' I asked my mother. 'Why do the best people die? Jake Rosso. My father. '

'I... I don't know, Carol, 'my mother said. She was unhappy, too.

At the time of the plane crash, I was a student at college. I enjoyed the college work and life very much, but after my father's death I stopped doing my work at the college. I began to go out with some new friends. They were different from my other friends, and my mother didn't like them.

' They're bad people, Carol, 'she told me. 'They do dangerous things. '

'They're exciting, ' I said. 'And I like them. '

I knew she was angry but I didn't care. But then I learned my new friends took drugs, and I began to take drugs, too. It was wrong and stupid, I know that now, but I was unhappy and angry.

The police came to the college to arrest some of the students. They didn't arrest me, but I had to leave the college. It was a bad time.

My mother was very unhappy with me. 'What am I going to do with you, Carol? ' she said.

'I'm sorry, ' I told her.

'We'll go back to England, 'she said. 'You can find a college there. Perhaps you can be happier in England. '

'All right, ' I said. 'I want to forget what's happened. I want to forget what I've done and begin a new life, be a new person. '

A month later, we came back to England. We lived in London, in a hotel. It was strange, at first, with all the red buses and everybody speaking English. It was the beginning of the summer, three months before college began in the autumn. London was full of tourists.

We looked at all the famous buildings—Buckingham Palace, the Tower of London. And we went to restaurants and theatres in the evenings. It was interesting and exciting and I began to forget the bad times in Hong Kong.

'I'm pleased we came to London, ' I told my mother.

But after a few weeks, she said, 'You need to find a college, Carol. You must go on studying. And I need a job. '

That evening, we looked in the newspapers.

'What about this? ' I said. I showed my mother a job in the newspaper.

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‘Well, that sounds interesting,’ said my mother. ‘I’d like to work as a secretary on an island in Scotland. It’s a beautiful country, Carol, and you can go to a college there in the autumn.’

‘And it’s a place to live for the summer,’ I said. ‘Hotels are expensive.’

My mother telephoned Greta Ross.

Come and see me tomorrow, Greta Ross told her. ‘Come to Savoy Hotel at eleven o’clock.’

I went to Savoy Hotel with my mother. It was big and expensive, bigger than our hotel, and in the centre of London.

‘Mum needs this job, I thought. ‘And a private island in Scotland is a nice place to live. Perhaps I can forget what’s happened if I go there.’

‘Room twenty-two,’ said the woman at the hotel desk. ‘Go on up. Mrs Ross will see you now.’

Greta Ross was waiting for us. She was about thirty years old and very beautiful. She wore an expensive red dress and her hair was very long and dark.

‘This is my daughter, Carol,’ said my mother.

‘Hallo, Carol,’ said Greta Ross.

‘Hallo,’ I said.

‘Carol is eighteen years old,’ said my mother. ‘Can she come with me, if I get the job? Perhaps she can help in the house or in the garden. She likes gardening. She’s studying farming at college.’

‘Perhaps,’ said Greta Ross. ‘There’s a small farm on the island.’

‘I’d like to work on the farm,’ I said.

Greta Ross looked at my mother. ‘How long did you live in Hong Kong, Mrs Sanders?’

‘Seven years,’ answered my mother. ‘My husband died in a plane crash last year, so we’ve come back to live in England.’

‘Where did you live before Hong Kong?’

‘We lived in India for three years.’

Then Greta Ross took my mother into a room and asked her more questions. I waited outside.

‘Greta Ross is nice,’ I thought. ‘I hope my mother gets the job.’

Soon after, the door opened and my mother came out. She was smiling.

Greta Ross said, ‘Please wait here for a minute, Mrs Sanders. I want to make a phone call.’ she went back into the room, and closed the door.

I was sitting on a chair near the door, and I could just hear Greta Ross’s voice speaking on the phone.

‘I think I’ve found someone,’ she was saying. ‘She has a daughter, but the girl can work in the garden or on the farm... Don’t worry, they’ve been away from England for ten years... It’ll be all right, I tell you... Don’t worry.’

After a few minutes, Greta Ross put down the phone and came out of the room.

‘You’ve got the job,’ she told my mother.

My mother was pleased. ‘Thank you,’ she replied.

I was pleased, too, but now I was worried about that phone call. I didn’t understand it.

1 来到英格兰

我叫卡罗尔·桑德斯。

我现居英格兰，但我更年轻时住在香港。我父亲在那儿经商而我母亲是个秘书。我们在香港住了七年。

我在学校很快乐，有许多朋友；我们玩得很愉快。我喜欢流行音乐——滚石乐队、戴维·鲍伊和杰克·罗素是我至爱。

杰克·罗素是我最喜欢的歌手。我离校那年他死于一次车祸，但我一直在听他的流行歌曲唱片。在我卧室的墙上贴了成百上千的有关他的画片和照片。

接着在我17岁那年冬季的一天，事情对我来说开始变糟了。

我父亲去澳大利亚出差。我非常爱他，不愿意让他离家在外。

“快点回家来，”我总是对他说。

他在澳大利亚呆了两周。接着，在他要登上回程的那天，一架从悉尼起飞的飞机坠入香港正南部的海域。机上人员全部遇难。

我从电视上听到飞机失事的消息。起初，我并没有想到我父亲。后来，我想起来那天他正从悉尼乘机返回。

“啊，不！”我叫了起来。

我给机场打电话，但他们那时还不知道所有乘客的名字。

“或许我父亲没乘那架飞机。”我想，“啊，千万别乘！千万别乘那架飞机！”

我母亲当时正在上班，于是我给她打了电话。她很快回家；我们去机场并等待消息。

后来，我们得知我父亲正在那架飞机上。

“这不是真的！”我喊道。

但这是真的，我哭了起来。

我哭了一周又一周。好多天我独自一人呆在房间里。我既孤独又伤心，我也想过去死。

我不再和朋友们出去玩了。我不想见别人。我不再听杰克·罗素的唱片了，还把他的图片从我卧室的墙上取了下来。我不听音乐了，也不看电视了。一切对我都不再要紧。

后来我不哭了。我不再伤心了，而开始感到愤怒了。

“为什么这事让他碰上了呢？”我问妈妈，“为什么总是最好的人死呢？杰克·罗索。我爸爸。”

“我……我不知道，卡罗尔。”我妈妈说。她也不愉快。

飞机失事的时候，我正是个大学学生。我当时很喜欢大学的学习和生活，但我父亲去世后我在大学不学习了。我开始和一些新结识的朋友出去玩。他们和我的其他朋友不一样，而且我妈妈不喜欢他们。

“他们不是正经人，卡罗尔。”她告诉我，“他们在干一些危险的事情。”

“他们令人感到兴奋。”我说，“而且我喜欢他们。”

我知道她生气了，可我不在乎。后来我得知我新结识的朋友们在吸毒，我也开始吸毒了。我现在知道那样做既错又蠢，可那时候我心情郁闷。

警察来到大学抓了一些学生。他们没抓我，可我不得不离开那个大学。那段日子可真糟糕。

我妈妈对我很不高兴。“我拿你可怎么办呢，卡罗尔？”她说。

“对不起，”我告诉她说。

“我们回英格兰吧。”她说，“在那儿你可以找所大学上。在英格兰也许你会高兴些。”

“好吧。”我说，“我想把过去发生的事忘掉。我想把我所干的事忘掉，开始新生活，成为一个新人。”

一个月后，我们回到了英格兰。我们住在伦敦，呆在一家饭店里。起初，一切都很好奇：公共汽车是红色的，人人都说英语。时值初夏，离秋季开学还有三个月。伦敦到处都是观光客。

我们参观了所有著名的建筑物——白金汉宫、伦敦塔。而且晚上我们去餐馆和剧院。这令人感兴趣、令人激动，我开始忘掉在香港的那些令人难受的时光。

“我真为我们来到了伦敦而高兴，”我对妈妈说。

但是过了几周之后，她说：“你得找所大学上，卡罗尔。你必须继续你的学业。我也需要个工作。”

那天傍晚，我们翻看了一下报纸。

“这工作怎么样？”我说。我给妈妈看了看报上登的一条招工的消息。

招聘秘书启事

苏格兰一私人小岛上

夏季招聘秘书一名。

可与本家共享宽裕住所。

若人选合适，

工作有趣，薪金丰厚。

有意者请与格里塔·罗斯联系。电话：071……

“嗯，听起来挺有意思的。”我妈妈说，“我愿意在苏格兰的一个岛上干秘书工作。它是个很美丽的地方，卡罗尔，而且你秋季可以在那儿上大学。”

“夏季也可以在那儿过。”我说，“饭店很费钱。”

我妈妈打电话给格里塔·罗斯。

“明天来见我吧。”格里塔·罗斯告诉她，“11点请到萨沃伊饭店来。”

我和妈妈一起去了萨沃伊饭店。这个饭店既大又贵，比我们住的饭店大，并位于伦敦的中心地带。

“妈妈需要这个工作。”我想，“苏格兰的一座私人岛屿还是个生活的好地方。我如果去那儿，也许就可以把过去发生的事情忘掉。”

“22号房间。”饭店服务台的女士说，“上楼去吧。罗斯夫人现在就可以接见您。”

格里塔·罗斯正等着我们。她大约三十岁，很漂亮。她穿着一件很贵的红色连衣裙，头发很长很黑。

“这是我女儿卡罗尔，”我妈妈说。

“你好，卡罗尔。”格里塔·罗斯说。

“您好，”我说。

“卡罗尔18岁了。”我妈妈说，“如果我能得到这份工作，她可以跟着我吗？也许她能帮助做些家务活或干些园子里的活。她喜欢园艺。她正在大学学农业。”

“也许行吧。”格里塔·罗斯说，“岛上有个小农场。”

“我喜欢在农场里干活，”我说。

格里塔·罗斯看了看我母亲。“你们在香港住了多久，桑德斯夫人？”

“七年。”我妈妈说，“我丈夫去年因飞机失事去世了，所以我们回英格兰住来了。”

“住在香港之前你们呆在哪儿？”

“我们在印度住了三年。”

然后格里塔·罗斯带我妈妈进了一个房间，问了她更多的問題。我在外边等着。

“格里塔·罗斯挺好的。”我想，“我希望妈妈能得到这份工作。”

过了不一会儿门开了，我妈妈出来了。她微笑着。

格里塔·罗斯说：“请在这儿等一会儿，桑德斯夫人。我想去打个电话。”她返回房间，并关上了门。

我坐在门旁的一把椅子上，正好能听到格里塔·罗斯打电话的声音。

“我想我已经找到一个人。”她正在说，“她有个女儿，但这个女孩可以在园子或在农场干些活儿……别担心，她们离开英格兰已有10年了……不会出事的，我告诉你……别担心。”

过了一会儿，格里塔·罗斯挂上了电话并从屋里出来了。

“你得到了这份工作，”她告诉我妈妈说。

我妈妈很高兴。“谢谢您，”她说。

我也很高兴，可现在我对那个电话感到忧虑不安。我不明白它的意思。

2 The Island

We went to Scotland the next day, first by plane, then by train. Greta Ross travelled with us.

I looked out of the train window and saw fields and villages and mountains. 'Mum is right,' I thought. 'Scotland is a very beautiful place.'

'You're going to be my husband's secretary,' Greta Ross told my mother. He's a businessman, but he never leaves the island. He does all his work by telephone and letter and computer. He invests money in companies, all over the world.'

'Do many people live on the island?' I asked.

'Not many,' said Greta Ross. 'You'll meet them soon.'

'Greta Ross is young,' I thought. 'Is her husband young, too? How can a young man buy an island? Is he very rich?'

After the train, we went on Mr Ross's boat, which took us out to the island. The boatman was a young man. He had dark hair and was brown from the sun.

'This is Tony,' said Greta Ross. 'He works for Mr Ross.'

'Hi,' said Tony.

Soon we were near the island. I could see the beaches and the cliffs. The boat slowed down.

'There are dangerous rocks around the island,' explained Tony. 'A lot of them are under the water and you can't see them. I have to be careful. But the rocks keep other boats away, and that pleases Mr Ross.'

'Why?' I asked.

Tony looked at Greta Ross but she wasn't listening. 'Mr Ross doesn't like visitors to the island,' Tony said in a quiet voice.

Then Greta Ross looked at us and Tony said no more.

'Why doesn't Mr Ross like visitors?' I thought. 'Has he something to hide?'

When we arrived on the island, my mother and I followed Greta up to the house. It was very big and there were trees all around it.

A woman was waiting inside the house.

'This is Mrs Duncan, Tony's mother,' said Greta. 'She's the housekeeper and her husband is the gardener. Mrs Duncan will take you up to your rooms. I'm going to tell Mr Ross you've arrived.'

The housekeeper was a little woman with short hair. She went up the stairs, and my mother and I went after her.

My room was next to my mother's. I looked out of the window and saw the garden at the back of the house. A man was working in the garden, near some trees. 'Is that Mr Duncan?' I thought. I looked between the trees and saw the sea. 'It's a beautiful house and a beautiful island.'

That evening, we had dinner with Mr and Mrs Duncan and Tony. We ate in the big kitchen.

'What happened to Mr Ross's last secretary?' asked my mother.

'She's in hospital,' replied Mrs Duncan. 'She's going to be away all summer.'

'Isn't Mrs Ross lonely here?' I said.

'No,' said Mrs Duncan. 'She likes painting a lot. She has a room upstairs and goes there to paint. She's very good. Sometimes she goes to different places on the island to paint pictures.'

We finished eating our meal. Soon after, Greta Ross came into the kitchen.

'Mr Ross wants to see you and your daughter now, Mrs Sanders,' she said. Follow me, please.'

We followed her through the house and into a big room. This was Mr Ross's office and he was sitting behind a desk.

I was surprised. He was a young man, about thirty. He had a moustache, short dark hair, and he wore glasses.

Mr Ross was speaking into the telephone. 'Who does he look like?' I thought. 'Is it Tony Duncan?'

'Mr Ross is talking to a business friend in New York,' said Greta. 'Please, sit down.'

While we waited, I looked around the office. There were three telephones, a computer, and lots of books and papers.

There was another door and I could see a smaller room, next to the office. There was a smaller desk and another computer in there.

Mr Ross finished speaking on the phone, then looked carefully at my mother and me. For a few seconds he didn't speak, and just watched us. Then he said, 'I'm pleased to meet you, Mrs Sanders. I need some help with my work. My secretary is in hospital, and there's a lot of work to do. Sometimes you'll have to work late at night, because of time differences in New York and Tokyo. Is that all right?'

'Yes, that's all right,' said my mother.

'Can you use a computer?'

'Yes.'

'Good.' He looked at me. 'Is this your daughter?'

'Yes, this is Carol,' said my mother.

'Hallo,' I said.

'Greta says you like gardening. There's a big garden here, so you can help Mr Duncan. And there's a farm. Dan and Stella Parks live in the farmhouse and work on the farm. You can help them, too. We have some animals. Some sheep, a few cows and chickens. And there's a horse called Smoke. He's grey, like his name. Can you ride?'

‘Yes, ’ I said. ‘I can ride a horse. ’

‘You can ride Smoke around the is land, if you like. ’

‘I’d like that, ’ I said. ‘Thank you. ’

‘And we grow vegetable and fruit, ’ he said. ‘I work on the farm sometimes. I enjoy it. ’

I smiled at him but he didn’t smile back.

‘Carol will enjoy working on the farm, ’said my mother. ‘Won’t you, Carol? ’

‘Yes, ’ I said.

‘Mr Ross looks sad, ’ I thought. ‘But how did he get all his money? And why does he hide away on an island? ’

2 岛屿

第二天我们就去了苏格兰，先乘飞机，后乘火车。格里塔·罗斯与我们同行。

我从火车车厢的窗子向外望去，看到了田野、村庄和群山。“妈妈说得对，”我想，“苏格兰是个非常漂亮的地方。”

“你就要当我丈夫的秘书了。”格里塔·罗斯告诉我妈妈说，“他是个商人，但他从来离不开这个岛。他通过电话、信函和电脑来干他所有的工作。他向遍布世界各地的公司投资。”

“许多人住在岛上吗？”我问。

“不多。”格里塔·罗斯说，“不一会儿你就能见到他们了。”

“格里塔·罗斯年轻。”我想，“她丈夫也年轻吗？一个年轻人怎么能买得起一座岛屿呢？他很有钱吗？”

下了火车，我们上了罗斯先生的船，那船带着我们出海向岛驶去。船夫是个年轻人。他长着一头黑发，皮肤晒成了棕色。

“这是托尼。”格里塔·罗斯说，“他为罗斯先生工作。”

“你好，”托尼说。

不久我们就离这个岛近了。我能看到海滩和峭壁了。船慢了下来。

“岛的四周都是危险的礁石。”托尼解释道，“许多礁石在水下，人看不见。我得很小心。但这些礁石使别的船不能靠近这个岛，那使罗斯先生感到很高兴。”

“为什么？”我问道。

托尼看了一下格里塔·罗斯，但她没在听我们说些什么。“罗斯先生不喜欢客人到岛上来，”托尼轻声说。

接着，格里塔·罗斯看了看我们，托尼便没再说什么。

“为什么罗斯先生不喜欢客人呢？”我思考着。“难道他有什么事要遮遮掩掩吗？”

我们到了岛上之后，我和我妈妈随格里塔来到了那幢房子。它很大，四周都是树。

一个女人正在房子里等着我们。

“这是邓肯太太，托尼的母亲。”格里塔说，“她是女管家，她丈夫是园丁。邓肯太太将带你们上楼去你们住的房间。我去告诉罗斯先生你们已经到了。”

管家是个留着短发的小妇人。她上了楼，我和我妈妈随后跟着她。

我的房间就在我妈妈的房间的隔壁。从窗子向外望去，我看到了房后的园子。有个人正在园子里干活，那儿旁边有些树。“那就是邓肯先生吧？”我想。我透过树林，看到了大海。“这房子漂亮，这岛也漂亮。”

那天傍晚，我们与邓肯夫妇和托尼一起进餐。我们在大厨房吃饭。

“罗斯先生的上任秘书发生了什么事？”我妈妈问道。

“她住院了。”邓肯太太回答说，“整个夏季她都将不在。”

“罗斯夫人在这儿不寂寞吗？”我说道。

“不寂寞。”邓肯太太说，“她非常喜欢画画。她楼上有个房间，她常去那儿画画。她这个人很好。有时她去岛上不同的地方画画。”

我们吃完了饭。不久之后格里塔·罗斯来到了厨房。

“罗斯先生现在想见见你和你的女儿，桑德斯夫人。”她说，“请跟我来。”

我们跟着她穿过房子来到一个大房间里。这是罗斯先生的办公室，他正坐在办公桌的后面。

我很惊讶。他是个年轻人，大约三十岁。他留着胡子，长着黑色短发，并戴着眼镜。

罗斯先生正在打电话。“他看上去像谁呢？”我思考着。“像托尼·邓肯？”

“罗斯先生正在与纽约的一位商界朋友通话。”格里塔说，“请吧，坐下。”

我们等着的时候，我打量了一下这间办公室。屋里有三部电话、一台电脑以及许多书本和文件。

办公室还有一个门，所以我可以看到紧挨着办公室的一个小一些的房间。那里面有一张小一些的办公桌，另有一台电脑。

罗斯先生打完了电话，然后仔细地看了看我妈妈和我。有那么片刻他默默不语，只是在打量我们。然后他说：“见到你们很高兴，桑德斯夫人。我需要人帮助处理我的工作。我的秘书正在住院，有许多事情要处理。由于纽约和东京都有时差问题，有时候你得在深夜工作。你看行吗？”

“行，那没什么。”我妈妈说。

“你会用电脑吗？”

“会用。”

“那很好。”他看了看我。“这是你女儿吗？”

“是，这是卡罗尔。”我妈妈说。

“您好，”我说。

“格里塔说你喜欢园艺。这里有个大园子，所以你可以给邓肯先生帮帮忙。这里还有个农场。丹·帕克斯和斯特拉·帕克斯住在农舍里并在农场干活。你也可以给他们帮帮忙。我们养了些动物。一些羊，几头牛和数只小母鸡。还有一匹叫‘烟’的马。这匹公马灰色，跟它的名字

一样。你会骑马吗？”

“会骑，”我说，“我会骑马。”

“如果你喜欢，你可以骑‘烟’在岛上转转。”

“那太好了。”我说，“谢谢您。”

“我们还培植蔬菜和水果。”他说，“我有时在农场里干些活。我喜欢干农活。”

我朝他笑了笑，可他没回敬我的笑。

“卡罗尔会喜欢在农场干活的。”我妈妈说，“是不是，卡罗尔？”

“是的，”我说。

“罗斯先生显得有些忧伤。”我想，“但是他怎么会有那么多钱呢？而且为什么他要隐匿在一个岛上呢？”

3 The Photograph

I worked in the garden for the first two days. The weather was hot and sunny. I liked working with Mr Duncan, and he was pleased with my work.

‘You’re a good gardener, ’ he said.

‘I’ve always liked gardening, ’ I said. ‘But I’m studying at college to be a farmer. ’

Sometimes I saw Greta Ross.

‘She likes to be alone, ’ I thought. Once or twice I saw Greta go out with her painting things. She went up on the hills or down to the beach.

Mr Duncan took me to the farm and I met Dan and Stella Parks. They were very friendly.

‘You can work on the farm for the next three days, ’ said Day Parks. ‘Mr Duncan says you’re a good gardener. Are you a good farmer, too? ’

I smiled at him. ‘I am, ’ I said.

He smiled back.

So I worked on the farm with Mr and Mrs Parks. They were nice people. I helped with the cows and the chickens, and went up on the hills with Mr Parks and his dog to look after the sheep.

One afternoon I went out riding. Smoke was a big, lazy, friendly horse. I enjoyed riding and Smoke knew his way around the island very well. I learned new places to go to.

I rode along the cliff top and then in between some trees. When we came out of the trees, I saw the house from the other side. I tried to find the window of my room. Which one was it?

Suddenly, I saw a face at one of the windows. The face was looking at me. It was there for just a second or two, then it moved away quickly.

‘Who was thst? ’ I thought. ‘Was it Mr Ross? And which room was it? ’

I didn’t see my mother very much that first week. She worked all day and in the evenings. She wrote letters to South America, Japan, Canada and Australia. Sometimes, she worked after I was in bed.

‘Mr Ross works hard, ’ she told me. ‘He invests money in many companies and countries. But it’s not his money. ’

‘It’s not? ’ I was surprised by this.

‘No, it’s his wife’s money. And she bought the island. It’s her island, her house, her farm. Everything belongs to her. ’

‘How strange! But why does Mr Ross always look sad? And why does he never leave the island? ’ I asked.

‘I don’t know, ’ said my mother. ‘He says he likes it here and likes working on his farm. It’s strange, I know. ’

Sometimes, when I finished work, I walked along the beaches or the cliffs. Or I went swimming in the sea. I liked swimming. Greta Ross often came to the beach to swim, but Mr Ross never came.

‘Stay away from the rocks, Carol, ’ Greta Ross told me. ‘They’re very dangerous. ’

‘I will, ’ I said.

Sometimes I took my camera to the beach and took photographs of some of the boats that went by. I took photographs of the birds on the cliffs.

There were other small islands near our island, and boats with tourists stopped at them. But no boats stopped at our island. They kept away from the dangerous rocks. Tony was right. The island did not have visitors.

One day, I was walking back to the house, and had my camera with me. I stopped and looked at the big house. Mr Duncan was working in the garden in front of it. At first, he didn’t see me.

‘I’m going to take a photograph of the house, ’ I thought. ‘The sun is in just the right place, and it will make a good picture. ’

I looked at the building through my camera, and took the photograph. Mr Ross was coming out of a door. He was in my picture, too, and he looked angry.

‘That’s all right, ’ I thought. ‘It’s still a good photograph. ’

But Mr Duncan was running across the grass. He came quickly up to me and said, ‘Give me your camera. ’ He looked very worried.

‘What’s wrong? ’ I asked in surprise. I gave him the camera.

‘Never take photographs of Mr Ross, ’ he said. And then he opened the back of my camera and took out the film.

‘Hey! What are you doing? ’ I said. ‘You’ll spoil my film! ’

But he didn’t stop. ‘Sorry, ’ he said, and he put the film into his pocket. ‘But no pictures of Mr Ross. He doesn’t like people to take pictures of him. ’

Mr Ross was watching us. He saw the camera and he saw Mr Duncan take out the film, but he said nothing. Then he turned and went back into the house.

Later, I told my mother about Mr Duncan and the camera. ‘He spoiled my film, ’ I said.

‘I don’t understand, ’ she said. ‘Why did he do that? ’

‘I don’t know, ’ I said, ‘but there’s something strange about Mr Ross. ’

About a week later, I finished work early one day and came back to the house. My mother was working in her small room, next to Mr Ross’s office. Mrs Duncan was in the kitchen. Greta Ross was painting in her room upstairs.

I went to my room and began reading a book. I was sitting beside the window. After half an hour, I got tired of reading. I looked out at the rain, and the grey sea and rocks between the trees.

‘My book isn’t very interesting,’ I thought.

I got up and went out of my room. I walked along the passage and turned a corner. Then I saw the door at the end of the passage. There was a large plant in a plant pot outside the door.

‘Where does that door go?’ I thought. ‘I haven’t seen it before.’ I remembered the face at the window in my first week on the island. ‘Perhaps it’s the door to that room,’ I thought.

I walked along to the door and turned the handle. The door didn’t move. It was locked.

‘What are you doing?’ said a voice behind me.

I turned round quickly and saw Greta Ross. She looked angry.

‘That room is private,’ she said.

‘I’m sorry,’ I said. ‘I didn’t—’

‘Stay away from there,’ she told me.

I told my mother about the locked door.

‘What’s behind it?’ I said. ‘Is it a secret?’

‘I don’t know,’ said my mother. ‘It doesn’t matter. Mr Ross can have locked rooms if he wants them.’

‘I think he does have secrets,’ I said. ‘There’s something strange about him. There’s something strange about this island. Somebody isn’t telling us something. Something important.’

My mother laughed. ‘Stop playing detective, Carol,’ she said.

3 照片

头两天我在园子里干活。天气晴朗而炎热。我很喜欢与邓肯先生一块儿干活，他对我干的活也很满意。

“你是个好园丁，”他说。

“我一向喜欢园艺。”我说，“但我现在正上大学，以便当个农夫。”

我有时见到格里塔·罗斯。

“她喜欢一个人独处，”我想。有一两次我看见格里塔带着画具出去了。她到山上或到海滩去。

邓肯先生带我到农场去，我见到了丹·帕克斯和斯特拉·帕克斯。他们非常友好。

“接下来的这三天你可以在农场干活。”丹·帕克斯说，“邓肯先生说你是个好园丁。你也是个好农夫吗？”

我朝他笑了笑。“是的，”我说。

他回笑了笑。

这样我就和帕克斯夫妇一起在农场干活了。他们是好人。我帮着照看奶牛和小母鸡，还和帕克斯先生及他的狗一起上山去照看羊群。

一天下午，我骑马出去。“烟”是一匹懒散而友善的大马。我喜欢骑马，“烟”对岛上的路很熟。我知道了些新的去处。

我骑马沿着峭壁顶部走，然后在树林中间穿行。当我们从树林中出来时，我看到了那幢房子的另一面。我想找出我房间的窗子。是哪一扇呢？

突然我看见一扇窗子旁有一张脸。那人正看着我。那人只在那儿呆了一瞬间，接着很快就挪开了。

“那是谁？”我想，“是罗斯先生吗？又是哪个房间呢？”

第一个星期我没怎么见到妈妈。她整个白天还有晚上都在工作。她给南非、日本、加拿大和澳大利亚写信。有时我睡了之后她还在工作。

“罗斯先生工作很努力。”她告诉我，“他给很多公司和国家投资。可那不是他的钱。”

“不是他的钱？”对此我很惊讶。

“不是他的，是他妻子的钱。并且是她买了这个岛。这是她的岛屿，她的房子，她的农场。所有的东西都属于她。”

“多奇怪呀！可为什么罗斯先生总显得那么忧郁呢？为什么他从不离开这个岛呢？”我问道。

“我不知道。”妈妈说，“他说他喜欢这儿，喜欢在他的农场里干活。我知道，这的确有点儿怪。”

有时干完活以后，我就沿着海滩或峭壁散步，或者去海里游泳。我喜欢游泳。格里塔·罗斯常到海边去游泳，但罗斯先生从来不去。

“离礁石远些，卡罗尔。”格里塔·罗斯告诉我，“它们很危险。”

“好吧，”我说。

有时我将照相机带到海边，照照过往的船只，照照峭壁上的鸟儿。

我们这个岛附近还有些其他的小岛，载着旅客的游船停靠在那里。但没有船在我们这个岛边停靠。船只都远离那些危险的礁石。托尼说的对：这个岛上没有客人来。

有一天，我正朝房子走回去，随身带着照相机。我停下来，看着这幢大房子。邓肯先生正在房子前面的园子里干活。起初，他没看见我。

“我来给这幢房子拍一个照吧。”我想，“太阳正在合适的位置，拍出来会挺不错的。”

我把镜头对准了房子，拍了一张。罗斯先生正好从门里出来。他也被拍了进来，他看上去一副生气的样子。

“那也没什么。”我想，“仍然是张好照片。”

但邓肯先生从草地上跑过来。他很快跑到我跟前说：“把相机给我。”他看起来很着急。

“怎么了？”我惊奇地问道。我把相机交给了他。

“决不许给罗斯先生拍照，”他说。然后他打开相机后盖，把胶卷取出来。

“嘿！你干什么呀？”我说，“你会毁了我的胶卷的！”

可他不停手。“对不起，”他说，并把胶卷装进了他自己的衣袋里。“可不许给罗斯先生拍照。他不喜欢别人给他照相。”

罗斯先生正看着我们。他看见了照相机，也看见了邓肯先生把胶卷取出来的过程，可是他什么也没说。然后他转过身就回到房子里去了。

过后，我把邓肯先生和照相机的事情告诉了妈妈。“他毁了我的胶卷，”我说。

“我不明白。”她说，“他为什么要那样做呢？”

“我不知道。”我说，“可罗斯先生这个人真有点儿古怪。”

大约一周之后，有一天我很早就干完活儿，回房子里去了。我母亲正在罗斯先生办公室旁边的她那个小房间里工作。邓肯太太在厨房。格里塔·罗斯在楼上她的房间里画画。

我去了自己的房间，开始读书。我坐在窗子旁。半个小时后，我读腻了。我向外望去，看外面的雨，看隐蔽在树木之间的灰蒙蒙的大海和岩石。

“我的书不很有趣，”我想。

我站起来走出房间。我顺着走廊走，拐了一个弯。然后我看见走廊尽头有一扇门。门外的花盆里有一株很大的植物。

“这门通哪儿呢？”我想。“我先前没见过它。”我记起了我到岛上的第一周看到的、那扇窗子旁的那张脸。“可能这就是通向那个房间的那扇门，”我想。

我一直走到房门前，转了转门把手。门没动，是锁着的。

“你在干什么？”身后有人问我。

我赶紧转过脸，看到了格里塔·罗斯。她显得生气了。

“那是私人专用房间，”她说。

“对不起。”我说，“我不——”

“离那儿远点，”她对我说。

我把那扇锁着的门的事情告诉了我妈妈。

“那扇门后有什么？”我说，“是秘密吗？”

“我不知道。”我妈妈说，“那没什么关系。罗斯先生要是想的话，当然可以有锁起来的房间。”

“我想他一定有秘密。”我说，“他这个人有些古怪。这座岛有些奇怪。有人有什么事情瞒着咱们。重要的事情。”

我妈妈笑了。“别玩侦探游戏了，卡罗尔，”她说。

4 The Locked Room

Two days later there was a storm in the middle of the night.

I was hot and I couldn't sleep. I got out of bed, went across to the window and looked out at the night. Black clouds hurried across the sky, and the trees moved wildly in the wind. The rain made a loud noise on the window.

I opened my window and put my head out into the wind and the rain. I looked at the other windows in the house. Most of them were dark. But one window had a light in it. 'Somebody isn't sleeping,' I thought. 'Which room is that?'

There were six windows between my window and the room with the light.

'And there are six doors between my room and the locked door!' I thought. 'That light is in the locked room. Somebody's in there!'

I put on my dressing-gown and went out of my room. The house was dark, and at first I couldn't see very well. I walked along the passage and turned the corner.

There it was, the locked room. And there was a light under the door!

I went nearer and heard noises.

'Somebody's moving about in the locked room', I thought. 'Who is it?'

Then the light went off and the door opened.

I was afraid to move.

Somebody came out of the room, and into the dark passage. Lightning suddenly lit up the house, and I saw who it was.

'It's Mr Ross!' I thought. 'What was he doing in that room in the middle of the night?'

I didn't move and he didn't see me. He locked the door of the room carefully. He didn't put the key in his pocket, but hid it in the plant pot next to the door.

'He's coming along here,' I thought. 'I must get back to my room.'

And I ran back along the passage.

Mr Ross heard me. 'Who's that?' he called.

I didn't answer, but ran into my room and closed the door.

He came along the passage and stopped outside my door. Then he walked past and went on down the stairs.

I took off my dressing-gown and went back to bed. I was shaking because I was afraid.

'Now I know how to get into the locked room,' I thought. 'But what's in there?'

There was no storm in the morning, but it was still raining. I got up early and worked on the farm. There were eggs from the chickens and I put them in boxes. I helped to milk the cows and then took them out to the field.

Later, I went back into the house for breakfast. 'Did you sleep all right last night?' asked Mrs Duncan. 'Or did the storm wake you up?'

'I... slept all right,' I said. I didn't want to tell her about the light in the locked room, or about Mr Ross.

After breakfast, I went back upstairs. Mr Ross was talking on the telephone in his office. My mother was working at her desk. I knew that Mrs Duncan was in the kitchen and that Mr Duncan was working in the garden.

'Where's Mrs Ross?' I thought.

Then I looked out of the window and saw her with Tony Duncan. They were walking to the boat.

'He's taking her out in the boat,' I thought. 'Perhaps she's going to Edinburgh.'

The boat moved away from the island and I waited until it was out at sea. Then I opened the door of my room.

There was nobody in the passage and I ran along to the locked room. The key was still in the plant pot and I took it out. My hand was shaking.

Then I unlocked the door.

4 锁着的房间

两天后半夜里来了一场暴风雨。

我很热，睡不着。我下了床，走到窗边，望着窗外的夜色。乌云在天空中匆匆飘过，树在狂风中猛烈地摇摆。雨打在窗子上弄出了很大的响声。

我打开窗子，把头伸在风雨中。我看了看这幢房子的其他窗子。绝大部分窗子是黑的。但有一扇窗子里有灯光。“有人没睡。”我想，“那是哪个房间呢？”

我这个和亮着灯的那个房间之间隔六个窗子。

“而且我这个房间和锁着门的那个之间隔六扇门！”我思考着。“那个亮着的灯就在那个锁着的房间。那里面有人！”

我穿上晨衣，从我屋里走了出来。这座房子里很暗，起初我也看得不怎么清楚。我顺着走廊走，拐了一个弯。

那儿就是那个锁着的房间。而且门下面露出了灯光！

我走近了些，听到了动静。

“有人在这个锁着的房间里走动。”我思考着。“是谁呢？”

接着灯熄了，门开了。

我没敢动。

一个人从屋里走出来，到了黑暗的走廊里。忽然一道闪电照亮了这幢房子，我看清了这个人是谁。

“是罗斯先生！”我想。“他半夜在那个房间里干什么呢？”

我没动，他也没看见我。他小心地锁上了门。他没把钥匙放入他的衣袋里，却把它藏在门旁的花盆里。

“他正往这儿来了。”我想，“我必须回我的房间去。”

于是我就顺着走廊往回跑。

罗斯先生听见我了。“谁？”他叫喊着。

我没回答，却跑进自己的房间，关上了门。

他顺着走廊过来了，在我的门外停了下来。然后他就走过去了，往前下了楼。

我脱下晨衣，回到了床上。我因害怕而直发抖。

“现在我知道怎么进入那锁着的房间了。”我想，“但那里有什么呢？”

早晨风暴停了，但雨还在下。我很早就起了床，在农场里干活。那儿有小母鸡下的一些蛋，我把蛋放在箱子里。我帮着给奶牛挤奶，然后把它们带到了外面的田野。

后来我回房子里去吃早饭。“昨天晚上你睡得好吗？”邓肯太太问道。“还是暴风雨把你吵醒了？”

“我……睡得很好，”我说。我不想把锁着的那个房间里亮着灯的事或罗斯先生的事告诉她。

早饭后，我回到楼上。罗斯先生正在他的办公室里打电话。我妈妈正坐在她办公桌旁工作。我知道邓肯太太在厨房里而邓肯先生在园子里干活。

“罗斯夫人在哪儿呢？”我想。

接着我从窗子向外望去，并看见她和托尼·邓肯在一起。他们正向一条船走去。

“他要用船送她出岛。”我想，“她可能去爱丁堡。”

船离开了这座岛；我一直等着，直到它出海了。然后我打开了我房间的门。

走廊里没有人，我顺着路跑到那个锁着的房间前。钥匙还在花盆里，我把它拿了出来。我的手在颤抖。

然后我打开了门。

5 A Dead Man

I went into the room... and I was very surprised.

The room was full of strange things. Coloured shirts and suits. Three guitars. And there were posters and photographs on the walls.

I looked at the posters.

Jake Rosso's face looked down at me.

I looked at the dead Jake Rosso's pictures, and I remembered all the photographs on the walls of my room in Hong Kong. I could never forget that face—the face of my favourite singer.

Then, while I looked at his face, something strange happened. I began to see another face in the posters. An older face, and with a moustache, but the same face.

I saw the face of Mr Ross.

'No! ' I said. 'It's not true! '

But it was, I knew it was.

'Mr Ross is...Jake Rosso! '

'No! ' said a voice behind me.

I turned round and saw Mr Ross. He was standing in the doorway. He looked...afraid.

'I don't believe you! ' I said.

'You have to believe me! '

I looked at the posters. 'Who is that, if it's not you? '

'It's Jake Rosso. He was... my brother. '

'That's not true! I shouted. 'I don't believe you. Listen, Jake Rosso was my favourite singer—I had hundreds of photos of him. I still have all his records. I loved him, do you understand? Thousands of people loved him. '

'He's dead, ' Mr Ross said quietly.

'No! ' I shouted. 'You're Jake Rosso! You look different now, yes. You've got short hair, you've got a moustache now, and you wear glasses. But you're... Jake... Rosso. You were my favourite pop star, so I know. '

Mr Ross said nothing, and watched my face.

'He doesn't know what to do, ' I thought. 'He knows I don't believe him, and he's afraid. '

Then he said, 'It was you in the passage last night, wasn't it? '

'Yes, ' I answered.

He looked angry. 'I was wrong to give your mother a job, ' he said. 'I thought it was OK because you came from Hong Kong. And I needed help with my work. I needed a good secretary. '

'Does your other secretary know who you are? ' I asked. 'Do the other people on the island know? '

Mr Ross didn't answer, but walked across to the window. He was thinking.

'What's he going to do? ' I thought.

Then he turned round. 'OK, you're right. I...I am Jake Rosso. '

'I knew it! '

He looked worried and unhappy. 'Can you keep a secret? A very important secret? '

I thought for a minute, then I said, 'Yes, I can keep a secret. '

Then he told me:

'The other people on this island are my family. '

'Your family? ' I said.

'Yes. My real name is James Duncan, and Mr and Mrs Duncan are my father and mother. Tony is my younger brother, and his wife, Lisa, is my secretary. It's she who's in hospital. '

'And Stella and Dan Parks? ' I asked.

'My mother's sister and her husband, ' he said.

'But what are you doing here on this island? I don't understand. '

'I'll tell you, ' he said. He sat down on a chair and took a guitar in his hands, but he didn't play it. 'You were right. I was a famous pop star. I was very rich, and I had a beautiful wife. But things went wrong. '

'How? '

'I took drugs, ' he said. 'I drank a lot of alcohol. I got drunk and crashed cars. I did stupid, terrible things. I knew it was wrong but I couldn't stop doing it. I was... crazy, for a time. '

'I can understand that, ' I told him. 'I've taken drugs, too.

He looked surprised. 'You have? '

'Yes, ' I said. 'After my father died, I was very unhappy and things went wrong for me too. But go on with your story. '

He went on. 'One night, I was driving my car. I was drunk and— and I hit somebody. A young girl. She...died. I killed her. '

‘Oh, no!’

‘Yes,’ he said. ‘She was fifteen years old. I wanted to die, too. The money didn’t matter any more. Nothing mattered any more.’

‘What did you do after the accident?’ I asked.

‘I drove on in the car. I didn’t stop, and I didn’t tell the police. I had killed someone and I was afraid.’ He looked afraid now. He put the guitar down and went on with his story. ‘So I made a plan. Jake Rosso had to die, too. It was the best thing to do. And so… I “killed” him.’

‘But you’re still alive.’

‘My family know I’m alive, but no other people know.’ He looked at me. ‘But now you know.’

‘How did you do it?’ I asked.

‘I told my family about my plan and I told Greta, my wife. At first they didn’t like it. But after a long time, they said OK. Then I faked the car crash.’

‘Faked it?’

‘Yes,’ he said. ‘I put some of my things in the car. A guitar, and some clothes. Then I pushed my car over a cliff and burned it. The police found the burned car and thought I was dead. Everybody thought I was killed in the car crash.’

‘But you faked the crash,’ I said.

‘Yes.’

‘What did you do then?’

‘My family hid me away for months. I tried to change into a different person—with shorter hair, a moustache, quiet suits. All my money went to Greta and she changed her name to Ross. I told her to buy this island. Now I invest her money, the money that was mine. And now I’m “James Ross.”’

‘What about “Jake Rosso”?’ I asked.

‘Jake Rosso took drugs,’ he said. ‘Jake Rosso got drunk and crashed cars. He killed a young girl, so he had to “die”. I can never forget the girl. I think about her every day.’

‘And that’s why you always look so sad,’ I thought.

I looked around the room. ‘Why do you keep a room like this? Why do you keep the guitars, the posters and photographs?’

James Ross did not speak for a minute. Then he said, ‘I need to remember my old life, and what Jake Rosso was like. I’m never going to sing again and I’m never going to take drugs. But I need this room, to remember.’

I looked at the posters and the photographs. And I looked at his sad face. ‘I’m not going to say anything. I won’t tell my mother, I won’t tell anybody.’

James Ross looked at me. ‘I think you understand,’ he said.

‘I do,’ I said. ‘I’ve done bad things. I want to forget them, too. I needed to get away, to hide, too. That’s why we came to England, to begin a new life. Yes, I understand.’

He took my hand, and we walked out of the room and closed the door.

I never went into the room again, and I didn’t tell anybody.

My mother and I left the island at the end of the summer. Soon after, I went to college.

My life is better now. I work on a farm in England and my mother works in an office. My mother doesn’t worry about me, because I’m happier now.

I haven’t been back to the island.

But I know there’s a ‘dead man’ living there.

5 亡灵

我进了房间……并感到很惊讶。

屋里满是奇怪的东西：花衬衫和花衣服，三把吉它。墙上还有一些海报和照片。

我看着海报。

杰克·罗索的脸俯视着我。

我望着已故的杰克·罗索的图片，想起了在香港时我房间墙壁上的那些照片。我永远也不会忘记那张脸——我最喜爱的歌手的那张脸。

接着，正当我盯着他那张脸看时，奇怪的事情发生了。我开始在海报上看出另一张脸。这张脸显得年龄大了一些，留着胡子，但又是一模一样的。

我看到了罗斯先生的脸。

“不！”我说，“这不是真的！”

但这是真的，我知道这是真的。

“罗斯先生就是……杰克·罗索！”

“不是！”我身后有人说。

我转过脸，看见了罗斯先生。他正站在门口。他看上去……害怕的样子。

“我不相信你的话！”我说。

“你应当相信我的话！”

我望着海报。“如果那个人不是你，那是谁？”

“是杰克·罗索。他是……我兄弟。”

“那不是真的！”我大声喊道，“我不相信你的话。听着，杰克·罗索是我最喜爱的歌手——我存有他几百张照片。我现在还保存着他所有的唱片。我喜爱过他，你懂吗？成千上万的人喜爱过他。”

“他死了，”罗斯先生平静地说。

“没有！”我喊叫着，“你就是杰克·罗索！你现在看上去不一样了，是这样。留着短发，蓄着胡子，戴着眼镜。但是你就是……杰克……罗索。你曾是我最喜爱的那位流行歌手，所以我知道。”

罗斯先生没说什么，他看着我的脸。

“他不知道该怎么办了。”我想，“他知道我不相信他的话，他害怕了。”

然后他说：“昨天晚上是你在走廊里，对吗？”

“是我，”我回答说。

他看上去生气了。“我给你妈妈工作给错了，”他说，“我原认为不会有事，因为你们从香港来。而且我那时需要人帮我工作。我当时需要一个好秘书。”

“你另外的秘书知道你是谁吗？”我问道，“岛上其他的人知道吗？”

罗斯先生没有回答，但走到了窗户旁。他正思考着。

“他要干什么？”我想。

然后他转过身来。“好吧，你说对了。我……我是杰克·罗索。”

“我早就知道这点！”

他显得有些不安和不快。“你能保密吗？一个非常重要的秘密？”

我想了一下，然后说：“能，我能保密。”

然后他把秘密告诉了我：

“岛上其他的人是我家里人。”

“你家里人？”我说。

“是的。我的真名叫詹姆斯·邓肯，而邓肯先生和夫人是我的父母。托尼是我的弟弟，他的妻子莉萨是我的秘书。现在住院的就是她。”

“而斯特拉·帕克斯和丹·帕克斯呢？”我问道。

“是我姨妈和姨夫，”他说。

“但是你在这儿的这个岛上干什么呀？我不明白。”

“我会告诉你的，”他说。他在一把椅子上坐下来，拿起一把吉它，可他没弹。“你说对了。我过去是个有名的歌星，那时我很有钱，还有个漂亮的妻子。可后来出事了。”

“怎么了？”

“我吸毒，”他说，“我酗酒。我喝醉了并撞了车。我干了些既愚蠢而又可怕的事情。我知道这不对，可我不能罢手。有一段时间，我简直是……发疯了。”

“我可以理解。”我告诉他，“我也吸过毒。”

他看上去很惊讶。“你吸过毒？”

“吸过。”我说，“我父亲去世后，我很不快乐，我也出事了。可接着讲你的事吧。”

他接着讲了。“一天晚上，我开着车。我喝醉了，还——还撞了人。是个年轻姑娘，她……死了。我撞死了她。”

“啊，不！”

“真的。”他说，“她15岁。我也想去死。钱对我来说已不再有意义了。一切都不再有意义了。”

“出事之后你怎么办了？”我问道。

“我接着开车。我没停下来，也没告诉警察。我撞死了人，我真害怕。”他现在看上去还很害怕。他放下吉它继续讲他的故事。“所以我订了一个计划。杰克·罗索也得死。这是最好的办法。所以……我‘杀’了他。”

“可你还活着。”

“我家人知道我还活着，但别人不知道。”他看了看我。“但现在你知道了。”

“你是怎么做的？”我问道。

“我把我的计划告诉了我家里的人，还告诉了我的妻子格里塔。起初，他们不喜欢这个主意。可过了很长一段时间后，他们说‘行’。后来我伪造了那场车祸。”

“伪造车祸？”

“是的。”他说，“我在车里放了些我的东西。一把吉它，还有一些衣服。然后我把车从峭壁上推下去并且把车烧了。警察发现了烧毁的车，认为我死了。大家都认为我在车祸中丧生了。”

“可是车祸是你伪造的呀，”我说。

“是的。”

“后来你干了什么？”

“我的家里人把我隐匿了几个月。我尽力想变成一个完全不同的人——剪短头发，留起胡子，穿着不显眼的衣服。我所有的钱都归了格里塔，她把姓改为罗斯。我叫她买下这个岛。现在我用她的钱投资，这钱原来是我的。现在我是‘詹姆斯·罗斯’。”

“那‘杰克·罗索’呢？”我问。

“杰克·罗索吸毒。”他说，“杰克·罗索喝醉了酒，撞了车。他撞死了一个年轻姑娘，所以他不得不‘死’。我永远也忘不了那个女孩。我天天想着她的事。”

“而那便是你为何总是显得那么忧郁的原因，”我想。

我环视了一下这个房间。“你为什么把房间保持这个样子？你为什么保留这些吉它、海报和照片？”

詹姆斯·罗斯沉默了片刻。然后他说：“我需要记住原来的生活，记住杰克·罗索曾是什么样子。我决不会再唱歌，也决不会吸毒。可是我需要这个房间，以回忆过去。”

我望着海报和照片。我还望着他那张忧郁的脸。“我什么也不会说的。我不会告诉我妈妈的，我谁也不会告诉的。”

詹姆斯·罗斯看着我。“我想你理解，”他说。

“我理解。”我说，“我做过错事。我也想把它们忘掉。我也想出走，隐藏起来。那就是为什么我们来到了英格兰、来开始一种新的生活的原因。是的，我理解。”

他拉着我的手，我们走出了这个房间并关上了门。

我再也没进过这个房间，也没把这件事告诉过任何人。

夏末，我和我妈妈离开了那座岛。不久之后，我上了大学。

现在我的生活好多了。我在英格兰的一个农场工作，我妈妈在办公室工作。她不为我担心了，因为我现在快乐多了。

我再也没有回岛上去过。

但是我知道那儿住着一位“亡灵”。

[1 Huck in trouble](#)

[2 Huck escapes and finds a friend](#)

[3 Huck and Jim travel south](#)

[4 The Duke and the King](#)

[5 The plan to free Jim](#)

简 介

“我从来没有一个家，”哈克写道，“或像所有的其他的男孩子那样去上学。我睡在街上或林子里，只要我想做，我就能做我想做的事情。这真是一种美好的生活。”

所以，当哈克去和道格拉斯寡妇住在一起时，他根本不喜欢这样。他不得不保持干净、整洁，始终都要听话，还得去上学。然后，他爸爸来了，把他带走住在了林子里。起初，哈克挺高兴，但是，他爸爸总是打他，所以，哈克决定逃走。

他遇到了吉姆，一个逃跑的奴隶，他们决定结伴乘木筏沿密西西比河顺流而下。当然他们遇到各种各样的麻烦和危险，但是，哈克感到很愉快。河上的生活是如此的自由、轻松、舒适……

马克·吐温于1835年出生于佛罗里达州，1910年去世。他的真名是塞缪尔·克莱门斯，美国内战开始前，他是密西西比河船上的一名领航员。他也是一个报纸撰稿人和作家，他的小说《汤姆·索亚历险记》和《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》非常著名。

1 Huck in trouble

You don't know about me if you haven't read a book called The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Mr Mark Twain wrote the book and most of it is true. In that book robbers stole some money and hid it in a very secret place in the woods. But Tom Sawyer and I found it, and after that we were rich. We got six thousand dollars each—all gold.

In those days I never had a home or went to school like Tom and all the other boys in St Petersburg. Pop was always drunk, and he moved around a lot, so he wasn't a very good father. But it didn't matter to me. I slept in the streets or in the woods, and I could do what I wanted, when I wanted. It was a fine life.

When we got all that money, Tom and I were famous for a while. Judge Thatcher, who was an important man in our town, kept my money in the bank for me. And the Widow Douglas took me to live in her house and said I could be her son. She was very nice and kind, but it was a hard life because I had to wear new clothes and be good all the time.

In the end, I put on my old clothes and ran away. But Tom came after me and said that I had to go back, but that I could be in his gang of robbers. So, I went back, and the widow cried and I had to put on those new clothes again. I didn't like it at all. Her sister, Miss Watson, lived there too. She was al-ways saying, 'Don't put your feet there, Huckleberry, 'and 'Don't do that, Huckleberry. 'It was terrible.

When I went up to bed that night, I sat down in a chair by the window. I sat there a good long time, and I was really unhappy. But just after midnight I heard 'mee—yow! mee—yow!' outside. Very softly, I answered, 'mee—yow! mee—yor!' Quietly, I put out the light and got out through the window. In the trees, Tom Sawyer was waiting for me.

We went through the trees to the end of the widow's garden. Soon we were on top of a hill on the other side of the house. Below us we could see the river and the town. One or two lights were still on, but everything was quiet. We went down the hill and found Joe Harper, Ben Rogers and two or three more of the boys. Then Tom took us down the river by boat to his secret place, which was a cave deep in the side of a hill. When we got there, Tom told us all his plan.

'Now, we'll have this gang of robbers, 'he said, 'and we'll call it Tom Sawyer's Gang. If somebody hurts one of us, the others will kill him and his family. And if a boy from the gang tells other people our secrets, we'll kill him and his family, too. '

We all thought this was wonderful, and we wrote our names in blood from our fingers. Then Ben Rogers said, 'Now, what's the gang going to do? '

'Nothing, 'replied Tom. 'Just rob and kill. We stop people on the road, and we kill them, and take their money and things. But we can keep a few of the people, and then their friends can pay money to get them back. That's what they do in the stories in books. '

But Ben wasn't happy. 'What about women?' he asked. ' Do we kill them, too?'

'Oh, no, 'Tom answered. 'We're very nice to them, and they all love us, and they don't want to go home. '

'Then the cave will be full of women, and people waiting, and we'll have to watch them all night...'

'We'll all go home now, 'Tom said, 'and we'll meet next week, and we'll kill somebody and rob somebody. '

Ben wanted to begin on Sunday, but the others said no. It was bad to kill and rob on a Sunday.

My clothes were very dirty and I was very tired when I got back. Of course, the next morning Miss Watson was angry with me because of my dirty clothes, but the widow just looked unhappy. Soon after that we stopped playing robbers because we never robbed people and we never killed them.

* * *

Time went on and winter came. I went to school most of the time and I was learning to read and write a little. It wasn't too bad, and the widow was pleased with me. Miss Watson had a slave, an old man called Jim, and he and I were good friends. I often sat talking to Jim, but I still didn't like living in a house and sleeping in a bed.

Then, one morning, there was some new snow on the ground and outside the back garden I could see footprints in the snow. I went out to look at them more carefully. They were Pop's footprints!

A minute later, I was running down the hill to Judge Thatcher's house. When he opened the door, I cried, 'Sir, I want you to take all my money. I want to give it to you. '

He looked surprised. 'Why, what's the matter? '

'Please, sir, take it! Don't ask me why! '

In the end he said, 'Well, you can sell it to me, then. 'And he gave me a dollar and I wrote my name on a piece of paper for him.

That night when I went up to my room, Pop was sitting there, waiting for me! I saw that the window was open, so that was how he got in.

He was almost fifty and he looked old. His hair was long and dirty and his face was a terrible white colour. His clothes were old and dirty, too, and two of his toes were coming through his shoe. He looked at me all over for a long time, and then he said, ' Well, just look at those Clean, tidy clothes! And they say you can read and write now. Who said you could go to school? '

'The widow...' I began.

'Oh, she did, did she? Well, you can forget about school. I can't read and your mother couldn't read; no one in our family could read before they died, so who do you think you are? Go on, take that book and read to me! '

I began to read, but he hit the book and it flew out of my hand, across the room. Then he shouted, 'They say you're rich—how's that? '

'It isn't true! '

'You give me that money! I want it. Get it for me tomorrow! '

I haven't got any money. Ask Judge Thatcher. He'll tell you. I haven't got any money. '

'Well, give me what you've got in your pocket now. Come on, give it to me! '

'I've only got a dollar, and I want that to...'

'Give it to me, do you hear? '

He took it, and then he said he was going out to get a drink. When he was outside the window, he put his head back in and shouted, 'And stop going to that school, or you know what you'll get! '

The next day he was drunk, and he went to Judge Thatcher to get my money. The judge wouldn't give it to him. But Pop didn't stop trying and every few days I got two or three dollars from the judge to stop Pop from hitting me. But when Pop had money, he got drunk again and made trouble in town. He was always coming to the widow's house, and she got angry and told him to stay away. Then Pop got really angry and one day he caught me and took me a long way up the river in a boat. I had to stay with him in a hut in the woods and I couldn't go out by myself. He watched me all the time. The widow sent a man to find me and bring me home, but Pop went after him with a gun, and the man ran away.

1 哈克遇到麻烦

如果你没有看过《汤姆·索亚历险记》那本书，你就不知道我。这本书是马克·吐温写的，大部分是真实的。在那本书中，强盗们偷了钱，并把钱藏在了树林中一个很秘密的地方。但我和汤姆·索亚找到了这笔钱，在这之后，我们发财了。我们每个人得到了6000美元——全是金币。

在那些日子里，我从来没有一个家，或是像汤姆和圣彼得斯堡所有其他的男孩那样去上学。爸爸总是喝得醉醺醺的，经常转来转去，所以，他不是一个好的父亲。但是，这对我来说无所谓。我睡在街上或林子里，只要我想做，我就能做我想做的事情。这真是一种美好的生活。

当我和汤姆得到所有那些钱时，我们出了一阵子名。撒切尔法官是我们镇子上的一个重要人物，他替我将钱存在了银行。道格拉斯寡妇领我到她家去住，并说我可以做她的儿子。她非常和蔼，但这是一种令人难以忍受的生活，因为我不得不穿新衣服，而且始终都要听话。

最后，我穿上我的旧衣服跑掉了。可汤姆追上了我说，我得回去，但我仍可以加入他的强盗团伙。所以，我回去了，寡妇叫着，我不得不又穿上那些新衣服。我根本不喜欢这一切。她的姐姐沃森小姐也住在那儿。她总是说，“别把你的脚放在那儿，哈克贝利，”还有“别干那个，哈克贝利。”真是糟透了。

那天晚上，上床睡觉的时候，我坐在窗边的椅子上。我坐了很久，真是很难受。但是，午夜刚过，我听到外面“喵！喵！”的声音。我轻轻地回答着“喵！喵！”。我轻轻地吹灭蜡烛，从窗户钻了出去。汤姆·索亚正在树丛中等我。

我们穿过树丛来到寡妇的花园的尽头。不一会儿，我们就到了房子另一头的一个小山顶上。我们能看到山下的小河和镇子。一两处烛光仍亮着，但是，万物都是静悄悄的。我们下了山，找到了乔·哈珀，本·罗杰斯，还有两三个其他的男孩。然后，汤姆用船把我们带到了那个秘密的地方，这个秘密的地方是山坡深处的一个岩洞。当我们到那时，汤姆把他的全部计划告诉了我们。

“现在，我们就来组织这个强盗团伙，”他说，“我们就叫它汤姆·索亚团伙吧。如果有人伤害我们中的某个人，其他的人就要杀了他和他的全家。如果这个团伙的哪个男孩把我们的秘密告诉了其他人，我们也要把他和他的全家都给杀喽。”

我们都觉得棒极了，我们用手指上的血写上了我们的名字。然后，本·罗杰斯说，“这团伙到底要干些什么呢？”

“什么都不干，”汤姆回答道，“只是抢劫和杀人，我们在路上拦截人，杀了他们，拿走他们的钱和东西。但是，我们可以留下几个人，这样，他们的朋友可以交钱把他们赎回去。这就是人们在书中故事里所做的。”

但是，本不高兴了。“女人怎么办？”他问道，“我们也杀她们吗？”

“噢，不，”汤姆回答。“我们待她们很友好，她们都爱我们，她们不想回家。”

“那么，岩洞里全都是女人，人们等待着，我们将不得不整夜监视她们……”

“我们现在都回家吧，”汤姆说，“我们下周碰头，杀个什么人，抢劫个什么人。”

本想星期天开始，但是，其他的人不同意。星期天杀人抢劫是不好的。

我回来时，衣眼很脏，我也很疲倦。第二天早晨，当然是因为我的脏衣服，沃森小姐很生我的气，可寡妇只是看上去不高兴。之后不久，我们就不玩强盗的游戏了，因为，我们从来没抢劫过人，从来没杀过人。

时间流逝，冬天来到了。大部分时间我去学校上学，我学认字，也学着写一点。不太糟，寡妇对我挺满意。沃森小姐有一个奴隶，是个叫吉姆的老头，我和他是好朋友。我经常坐着和他聊天，但我仍然不喜欢住在房子里，睡在床上。

后来，一天早晨，地上覆盖了一层新雪，我能够看见后花园外边雪中的脚印。我出去更加仔细地察看，是爸爸的脚印！

片刻之后，我跑下山来到了撒切尔法官家。他打开门时，我叫喊着，“先生，我要你把我的钱都拿去。我想把钱送给你。”

他看上去很惊讶。“嗨，怎么回事？”

“先生，请收下！不要问我为什么！”

最后，他说，“好吧，你可以卖给我。”他给了我一个美元，我在一张纸上为他写上了我的名字。

那天晚上，当我走进我的房屋时，爸爸坐在那儿，正在等我！我看见窗户是开着的，所以，他是从窗户进来的。

他差不多50岁了，显得很老。他的头发又长又脏，脸色白得可怕。他的衣眼也又旧又脏，两个脚指头从鞋里露了出来。他久久地上下打量着我，然后说道，“噢，就看看这些干净、整齐的衣服吧！他们说你现在能认字、写字了。谁说你可以上学了？”

“寡妇……”我开始说。

“噢，她说的，是吗？好吧，你可以不提学校。我不认字，你妈妈不认字；咱们家人一直到死，都没有人认字，所以，你觉得你挺不错吧，拿起那本书，给我念念！”

我开始念，但是，他将书打飞出手，穿过房间。然后，他喊道，“他们说你发财了——那是怎么回事？”

“那不是真的！”

“你把钱给我！我要钱。明天给我把钱拿来！”

“我没有钱。问问撒切尔法官，他会告诉你。我没有钱。”

“好吧，把你口袋里的钱给我。快点，把钱给我！”

“我只有一美元，我想用它去买……”

“把钱给我，你听见没有？”

他拿了钱，然后，他说，他要去喝一杯。到了窗外时，他把头伸了回来，叫喊道，“别再去那个学校了，否则你清楚你会得到什么！”

第二天，他喝醉了，他去了撒切尔法官家去要我的钱，法官没给他。但是，爸爸不停地去要钱。每隔几天，我就从法官那儿拿两三美元给爸爸，免得他打我。但是，爸爸有钱时，就喝醉酒，在镇上惹麻烦。他总是到寡妇的家来，寡妇很气愤，让他走开。爸爸真生气了。一天，他抓住了我，用一只船带我往河上游走了很长一段路。我不得不和他呆在树林中的一个小木屋里，我不能独自外出。他一直监视着我。寡妇派了个人找我，要把我带回家，可是，爸爸拿了支枪跟在后面，那个人吓跑了。

2 Huck escapes and finds a friend

Mostly it was a lazy, comfortable kind of life, but after about two months Pop began to hit me too much with his stick. He often went away into town too, and then he always locked me in the hut. Once he was away for three days and I thought I was never going to get out again.

When he came back that time, he was drunk and angry. He wanted my money, but Judge Thatcher wouldn't give it to him. The judge wanted to send me to live with the widow again, Pop told me. I wasn't very pleased about that. I didn't want to go back there.

So I decided to escape and go down the river and live in the woods somewhere. When Pop was out, I began to cut a hole in the wooden wall of the hut. In a few days, when the hole was bigger, I could take the wood cut, escape through the hole, and put the wood back.

One morning Pop sent me down to the river to catch some fish for breakfast. To my surprise, there was a canoe in the water and there was no one in it. Immediately, I jumped into the river and brought the canoe to the side. It was lucky that Pop didn't see me, and I decided to hide the canoe under some trees and use it when I escaped.

That afternoon, Pop locked me in and went off to town. 'He won't be back tonight,' I thought, so I began to work hard at my hole. Soon I could get out through it, and I carried food and drink and Pop's gun down to the canoe. Then I put back the wood to hide the hole, took the gun and went into the woods. There I shot a wild pig and took it back to the hut with me. Next, I broke down the door with an axe. I carried the pig into the hut and put some of its blood on the ground. Then I put some big stones in a sack and pulled it along behind me to the river. Last of all, I put some blood and some of my hair on the axe. I left the axe in a corner of the hut and I took the pig down to the river.

'They won't know it's only a pig in the river,' I said to myself. 'They'll think it's me.'

Then I took the canoe and went down the river to Jackson's Island. By then it was nearly dark, so I hid the canoe under some trees and went to sleep.

It was after eight o'clock when I woke up the next day and the sun was high in the sky. I was warm and comfortable and I didn't want to get up. Suddenly, I heard a noise up the river. Carefully, I looked through the trees, and I saw a boat full of people. There was Pop, Judge Thatcher, Tom Sawyer and his Aunt Polly and his brother Sid, and lots of others. They were looking for my body in the river. I watched them, but they didn't see me, and in the end they went away. I knew that nobody was going to come and look for me again. I found a good place under the trees to sleep and to put my things. Then I caught a fish and cooked it over a fire.

I lived like that for three days, and then I decided to have a look round the island. So I went into the woods. 'This is my island,' I thought. 'I'm the only person on it.'

Suddenly, just in front of me, I saw a fire, and it was still smoking. There was somebody on my island! I didn't wait. I turned and went straight back. But I couldn't sleep. After a time, I said to myself, 'I can't live like this. I must find out who it is.'

Silently, I moved along the river in my canoe, under the darkness of the trees. And then I stopped. Through the trees I could see the light of a fire. Afraid, I left my canoe and went nearer. There was a man lying by the fire. Suddenly, he sat up and I saw that it was Jim, Miss Watson's slave! I was really happy to see him! 'Hello, Jim,' I cried, and I jumped out from behind the tree.

Jim fell to his knees. 'Please don't hurt me!' he cried. 'I've always been good to dead people!'

'It's all right, Jim. I'm not dead,' I said. 'But why are you here on the island?' I asked.

'Well, Huck,' he began. 'Old Miss Watson wanted to sell me. A man came into town and told Miss Watson that he'd buy me for eight hundred dollars. She couldn't say no, so I ran away. I ran down to the river to hide, but everybody in the town was there. They said you were dead, Huck. I had to wait all day to get away. When it was dark, I got on to a big boat and hid. When we came near this island, I jumped into the water and swam here.'

Jim finished his story and then we both carried all our things into a cave and hid the canoe under some trees. We were just in time because then the rains came. It rained for days, and the river got higher and higher. All kinds of things came down the river and one night there was a little wooden house, lying half on its side. We got the canoe out and went to take a look. Through the window we could see a bed, two old chairs and some old clothes. There was something lying in the corner and we thought it looked like a man. Jim went in to see, but he said, 'He's dead. Someone shot him in the back. Don't look at his face, Huck. It's terrible!'

I didn't want to see the dead man's face, so I didn't look. We just took the old clothes and a few other things, and went back to our cave on the island.

Another night, when we were out looking for things on the river, we found a raft. It was made of good, strong wood, and was about four metres by five metres. 'This could be useful,' I said to Jim, so we pulled it back to the island behind the canoe, and tied it up under the trees.

2 哈克出逃并找到一个朋友

大多是一种懒散、舒适的生活，但是，大约两个月后，爸爸开始更加狠命地用棍子打我。他也经常离开小木屋到镇上去，那时，他总是把我锁在小木屋內。有一次，他走了三天，我想，我永远也出不去了。

那次他回来时，醉醺醺的，而且还很生气。他想要我的钱，但撒切尔法官不给他。爸爸告诉我，法官想把我送去再和寡妇住在一起。我对此不太高兴。我不想回那儿去。

所以，我决定逃走，顺流而下，住在森林里的什么地方。爸爸出去的时候，我开始在小木屋的木墙上挖洞。过不了几天，洞大些的时候，我就可以把木头拿开，从洞里逃走，然后把木头放回去。

一天早晨，爸爸打发我到河里去抓鱼当早餐。令我吃惊的是河里有一只独木舟，里面没有人。我立即跳进河里，把独木舟带到了岸边。幸运的是爸爸没看见我，我决定把独木舟藏在树下，等我逃跑时好用。

那天下午，爸爸把我锁在屋里到镇上去了。我想，“他今晚不会回来了，”所以，我开始拚命挖洞。不久，我就能钻出去了。我带上食

品、饮料和爸爸的枪上了独木舟。然后，我把那块木头放回去把洞掩盖起来，拿上枪，进了林子。在森林里，我打了一只野猪，把它带回了小木屋。接着，我用斧子把门劈开，拖着猪进了小木屋，在地上弄了些猪血。然后，我在袋子里放了些大石头，拽着袋子一直到了河边。最后，我在斧子上弄了些血和我的头发。我把斧子丢在小木屋的一个墙角，把猪扔到了河里。

“他们不会知道河里的东西只是一头猪，”我自言自语道。“他们会以为那是我。”

然后，找解下独木舟，顺流而下来到杰克逊岛。那时候，天快黑了，所以，我把独木舟藏在树下，然后睡觉了。

第二天当我醒来时，已是八点多了，太阳已高高挂在天空。我感觉暖融融的，很舒服，我不想起来。突然，我听到河上游一阵喧闹声，我透过树丛仔细观看，看见一艘挤满人的船。船上有爸爸、撒切尔法官、汤姆·索亚和他的波莉姨妈，还有汤姆的弟弟锡德以及许多其他的人。他们在河里寻找我的尸体。我看着他们，可他们没看见我。最后，他们走了。我知道不会有人再来找我了。我在树下找了个睡觉、放东西的好地方。然后，我抓到了一条鱼，在火上煮了。

我在岛上就这样生活了三天。然后，我决定到岛上转一转。我进了森林。“这是我的岛，”我想，“我是这岛上唯一的一个人。”

突然，就在我面前，我看见了一堆火，仍然冒着烟。我的岛上还有别人！我一刻没停，转过身来，径直回到原地。但我睡不着觉。过了一段时间，我自言自语道，“我不能这样的生活下去，我必须弄清楚它是谁。”

我坐在独木舟里，借着树的黑暗，轻轻地顺流而下。然后，我停了下来。透过树丛，能看见一处火光。我胆战心惊地离开了独木舟，靠近火堆。有个人躺在火边。突然，他坐了起来，我看见那人是吉姆，沃森小姐的奴隶！看见他，我真高兴！“你好，吉姆！”我喊道，从树后跳了出来。

吉姆跪了下来。“请别伤害我！”他叫道。“对死去的人，我一直总是友好的！”

“没事儿，吉姆。我没死，”我说，“可你为什么在这个岛上呢？”我问。

“唉，哈克，”他开始道，“老沃森小姐想要卖我。一个男人来到镇上告诉沃森小姐，他要花800美元买我。她答应了，所以，我就逃了。我跑到河边藏了起来，可镇上所有的人都在那儿。他们说你死了，哈克。我不得不等上一整天再逃走。天黑时，我上了一条大船，藏在那儿，当我们靠近这个岛时，我跳进水里，游到了这儿。”

吉姆讲完了他的经历，然后，我们俩把我们所有的东西都搬到了一个岩洞里，把独木舟藏在树下。我们刚干完，雨就下起来了。雨接连下了数日，河水越涨越高。各种各样的东西从河上游漂了下来。一天夜里，有一座小木房子斜着浮在水面上。我们把独木舟弄出来，划过去看了看。透过窗户，我们能看到一张床，两把旧椅子，还有一些旧衣服。屋角那儿躺着什么东西，看起来像个人。吉姆进去看了看，可他说，“他死了。有人在他的背后开了枪。别看他的脸，哈克。太可怕了！”

我根本不想看死人的脸，所以，我没看。我们拿了些旧衣服和一些别的东西，便回到了岛上的岩洞里。

又一天夜里，当我们出去寻找河上的东西时，我们发现了一个木筏子。它是由很好、很结实的木头做成的，大约5米长，4米宽。“可能会有用的，”我对吉姆说。所以，我们把它拖在小木舟后带了回来，并把它栓在了树下。

3 Huck and Jim travel south

For some days everything went along quietly, but we were getting bored. We wanted to know what was happening in town and so I decided to go and find out. Jim said, 'Why don't you wear the old dress and the hat that we found in the house? People won't know you, then. They'll think you're a girl.' And so I did.

Just after it was dark, I got into the canoe and went up the river to the bottom of the town. There, I left the canoe and went on foot. Before long, I came to a little house which was always empty. Now there was a light on, and when I looked through the window, I saw a woman of about forty. She was a stranger and that was good because she didn't know me. So I knocked on the door. 'I must remember that I'm a girl' I said to myself.

The woman opened the door. 'Come in,' she said. She looked at me with her little bright eyes. 'What's your name?' she asked.

'Sarah Williams,' I replied. 'I'm going to see my uncle, on the other side of town. My mother's ill, you see, and she needs help.'

'Well, you can't go there by yourself now. It's too dark. My husband will be home in about an hour. Wait for him and he'll walk with you.'

And then she began to tell me about all her troubles. I was getting bored with all this until she said something about Pop and my murder.

'Who did it?' I asked.

'Well,' she replied, 'some people say old Finn did it him-self; other people think it was a slave who ran away that night. His name was Jim. They'll give three hundred dollars to anybody who finds him—and they'll give two hundred dollars for old Finn. He got drunk and left town with two strangers. A lot of people think he killed his boy and he's going to come back one day, and get all Huck Finn's money.' 'And what about the slave?' I asked.

'Oh, they'll soon catch him. People want the three hundred dollars. I think he's on Jackson's Island, you know. I've seen smoke there. My husband's gone to get two of his friends and they're going over there with a gun later tonight.'

When I heard this, my hands began to shake. The woman looked at me strangely, but then she smiled and said kindly, 'What did you say your name was?'

'M—Mary Williams.'

'Oh,' she said, 'I thought it was Sarah.'

'Er... well, yes, it is. Sarah Mary Williams. Some people call me Sarah and some people call me Mary, you see.'

'Oh, do they?' She smiled again. 'Come on, now—what's your real name? Bill? Bob? I know you're not really a girl.'

So then I had to tell her another story, with a different name, and I said I was running away. She said she wouldn't tell anybody, and gave me some food before I left. I hurried back to the island and Jim.

'Quick, Jim!' I cried, waking him up. 'They're coming to get us!'

We got out the raft as fast as we could, put all our things on it, tied the canoe on behind, and moved off down the river. When it began to get light, we hid. When it was dark again, we travelled on. On the fifth night we passed St Louis, and we decided to go on down to Cairo in Illinois, sell the raft there and get a boat to Ohio. There are no slaves in Ohio.

We slept for most of that day and we began our journey again when it was dark. After some time, we saw lights on the Illinois side of the river and Jim got very excited. He thought it was Cairo. Jim got the canoe ready and I went off in it to take a look at those lights. But it wasn't Cairo.

After that, we went on down the river. It was very dark that night and it wasn't easy to see where we were going. Suddenly, a big steamboat came at us very fast, and the next minute it was right over us. Jim and I jumped off the raft into the water. The boat hit the raft and went on up the river.

When I came up out of the water, I couldn't see Jim any-where. I called out his name again and again, but there was no answer. 'He's dead!' I thought. Slowly, I swam to the side of the river and got out. I saw that I was near a big old wooden house. Suddenly a lot of very angry dogs jumped out at me. They made a terrible noise and someone called from the house, 'Who's there?'

'George Jackson,' I answered quickly. 'I've fallen off a river boat.'

Well, the people who lived in that house were very kind, and they took me in and gave me some new clothes and a good meal. I told them that my family were all dead, so they said I could stay with them as long as I wanted. It was a beautiful house and the food was good there, so I stayed.

A few days later one of the slaves in the house came to me and said, 'Come with me!' Together, we went down to some trees by the river. 'In there!' he said and went away.

On the ground, I found a man, asleep. It was Jim! I was really pleased to see him. When the steamboat hit the raft, Jim told me, the raft didn't break up. Jim swam after it and caught it. Then he began to look for me.

We decided to leave at once. It's all right living in a house for a little while, but you feel more free and easy and comfortable on a raft.

3 哈克和吉姆向南旅行

几天来，一切都很顺利。但是，我们有点烦了。我们想知道镇上发生了什么事情，于是，我决定去查清楚。吉姆说，“你为什么不上我们在那木房子里找到的旧衣服，戴上那帽子呢？那样，人们就不会认出你。他们会以为你是一个女孩呢。”于是，我照着他说的做了。

天刚黑，我上了独木舟，往上游划去来到镇边。我把独木舟留在那儿，步行前往。不久，我来到了一座小房子前。这座小房子以前一直是空的，但现在里面有亮光，当我透过窗户往里望时，我看到了一位大约40岁的女人。是个陌生人，这不错，因为她不认识我。所以，我敲了敲门，“我必须记住我是一个女孩儿，”我自言自语道。

那女人开了门。“进来吧，”她说道。她用她那小小的、亮亮的眼睛打量着我。“你叫什么名字？”她问道。

“萨拉·威廉斯，”我回答道。“我打算去见我的舅舅，他住在镇子的另一头。你瞧，我妈妈病了，她需要帮助。”

“噢，你现在不能自己去那儿，天太黑了。我丈夫大约一小时后会回来。等等他，他会跟你一起去的。”

然后，她开始对我讲起她的烦恼。对她所讲的这一切我变得厌烦了，直到她谈起爸爸和我的那件凶杀案。

“是谁干的？”我问道。

“嗯，”她回答道，“有人说是老费恩自己干的，其他的人认为是一个那天夜里逃走的奴隶干的。他的名字叫吉姆。他们出价300美元悬赏捉拿吉姆——并且他们出价200美元悬赏捉拿老费恩。他喝得醉醺醺的，和两个陌生人离开了镇子。许多人认为是他杀了他的儿子，有朝一日，他会回来，并且会得到哈克·费恩所有的钱。”

“那奴隶怎么样了？”我问道。

“噢，他们不久就会抓住他的。人们想要那300美元。我想，他在杰克逊岛上，我看到了那里有烟。我丈夫去找他的两个朋友，今夜晚些时候，他们带着枪要到那儿去。”

当我听到这消息时，我的手开始颤抖起来。那女人奇怪地看着我，然后，她笑了，和蔼地说道：“你说你叫什么名字？”

“玛——玛丽·威廉斯。”

“噢”，她说道，“我原以为是萨拉。”

“欧……噢，是的，是萨拉·玛丽·威廉斯。听我说，有的人叫我萨拉，有的人叫我玛丽。”

“噢，是吗？”她又笑道，“得啦，现在把你的真实名字告诉我？比尔？鲍勃？我知道你的确不是一个女孩儿。”

然后，我不得不又编了一个谎话告诉她，谎话中我又换了一个名字。我说道，我正在离家出走。她言道她不会告诉任何人，并给了我些吃的，然后，我走了。我急忙回到了岛上，回到了吉姆那儿。

“快点，吉姆！”我喊着把他叫醒。“他们来抓我们了！”

我们尽快地把木筏拉出来，把我们所有的东西放在上面，把独木舟拴在木筏后面，顺流而下。天快亮时，我们藏起来，天再黑时，我们继续走。第五天夜里，我们经过了圣路易斯，我们决定继续顺流而下到伊利诺伊州的开罗去，在那儿卖掉木筏，弄条船到俄亥俄州去。俄亥俄州没有奴隶。

那天的大部分时间我们在睡觉，天黑时，我们又开始了我们的旅行。一段时间后，我们看到了河岸边伊利诺伊州的灯光，吉姆兴奋极了，他以为是开罗。吉姆把独木舟准备好，我乘着独木舟前去看看那些灯光，可那不是开罗。

之后，我们继续顺流而下。那天夜里，天很黑，不太容易看清我们在往哪儿走。突然，一只汽船速度很快地冲着我们开过来了，紧接着，它朝我们头顶上压过来。我和吉姆从木筏上跳进水里。汽船撞到了木筏，继续往上游开去。

当我露出水面时，我哪儿也看不到吉姆。我一遍又一遍地大声喊着他的名字，可是没有回答。我想，“他死了！”慢慢地，我游向河边上了岸。就在附近，我看到了一座宽大的老式木房子。突然，许多发怒的狗扑向我。他们发出可怕的吠声，有人在屋里喊道，“谁在哪儿？”

“乔治·杰克逊，”我很快地回答，“我从船上掉到河里了。”

住在那房子里的人很和蔼，他们领我进屋，给了我些新衣服和一顿丰盛的饭。我告诉他们我的家人都死了，于是，他们说我想住多久就能住多久。这是一座漂亮的房子，吃得也不错，于是，我住下来了。

几天后，那家的一个奴隶来找我说，“跟我来！”我们一起来到下游方向河边的小树林。“在那儿！”他说着走开了。

我发现一个人睡在地上，是吉姆！看见他，我真是高兴极了。吉姆告诉我，汽船撞着木筏时，木筏并没有散开。吉姆游着追上那木筏并抓住了。然后，他开始寻找我。

我们决定立即离开。在房子里小住一阵还行，但在木筏上，你感到更自由、更轻松、更舒服。

4 The Duke and the King

Two or three days and nights went by and nothing much happened. We travelled at night when it was dark and everybody was asleep. We didn't want anyone to see Jim and ask questions about him.

Then, one morning, just after it was light, I found a little canoe, so I got into it and went over to the side of the river. I was looking round, when, suddenly, two men ran through the trees.

'Help!' they cried. 'There are men and dogs trying to catch us. But we've done nothing wrong!'

One of the men was about seventy years old; the other was about thirty, and they both had very old, dirty clothes. I said they could come with me, and we ran quickly back to the canoe.

Back on the raft we talked for a time and then the young man said, 'My friends, I think I can tell you my secret now. I'm really a duke. My grandfather was the son of the Duke of Bridgewater, but he left England and came to America. When the old Duke died, my grandfather's younger brother stole everything and made himself the Duke of Bridgewater.'

Well, of course, we were all very unhappy for our friend the Duke, but he said, 'I'll be happier if you do things for me. Bring me my dinner!'

So we did things for him, and he liked it. But the old man spoke very little and he looked unhappy, too. After a time he said, 'You know, Bridgewater, I, too, have a secret.' And he began to cry.

'What do you mean?' the Duke asked. 'What's your secret?'

And then the old man told us that he was really the first son of the King of France. He asked us all to go down on one knee when we spoke to him. we could call him 'Your Majesty', too. So that was what we did, and they were both happy. Of course, I knew that they weren't really a duke and a king, but I didn't tell Jim. It's best if everybody is happy when you're living together on a raft.

The King and the Duke were very interested in Jim. 'Is he a slave?' they wanted to know. 'Is he running away?'

I had to tell them something, so I said that Jim belonged to my uncle and was taking me to my family in New Orleans.

'Well, we'll travel down river with you, then,' said the King. 'We'll have a fine time together.'

So the four of us went on down the river, but Jim and I didn't like those two men. They were always getting drunk and making plans to get money out of people in every town. It's all right to take a chicken or something if you're hungry, but these men were really bad! Jim and I decided to get away from them as soon as we could. It wasn't easy because they wanted to be with us all the time.

Then one morning the King went off into a town and told us to wait for him. We waited all morning and he didn't come back, so the Duke and I went into town to look for him. We looked all afternoon and in the end we found him in a bar, drunk, and then he and the Duke began to fight about some money.

Now we can get away from them, I thought. I turned and ran back to the river. 'Quick, Jim!' I shouted. 'It's time to go! But there was no answer. Jim wasn't there!

I ran into the woods, crying and shouting Jim's name. But there was still no answer.

Just then a boy came along. 'Have you seen a slave?' I asked him, and I described Jim.

'Why, yes,' the boy replied. 'He's a runaway slave. I heard all about it in town. A family called the Phelps have got him now. An old man in a bar told Mr Phelps that there was a runaway slave on a raft down by the river. He said he hadn't got time to take the slave back himself. So Mr Phelps gave him forty dollars and they went down and caught the slave this afternoon. The Phelps are going to take him back to his owner, and they'll get three hundred dollars for him!'

I knew those two men were bad! I asked the boy where the Phelps lived and he said it was a big white house a little way down the river.

I began to make plans to get Jim back. First, I took the raft and went down to a little island. I hid the raft under the trees and lay down to sleep. Before it was light, I went off down the river in the canoe. When I thought I was near the Phelps place, I stopped, got out of the canoe and went up to the house. Suddenly, a lot of dogs ran out. They came from everywhere and they made a terrible noise.

A woman about fifty years old ran out of the house, with some little children behind her. She was smiling all over her face and she took me by the hands and cried, 'It's you, at last, isn't it?'

I didn't stop to think. 'Yes, ma'am,' I said.

'Well, what took you so long? We thought you were coming two days ago. Your Uncle Silas goes to town every day to meet you. He's there now, but he'll be back soon.' She didn't stop talking and I couldn't tell her that she was making a mistake. 'Tell us all about them,' she cried. 'Tell me everything.'

I knew then that I had to tell her... but just then she cried, 'Here he is! Quick, hide!' and she pushed me inside the house and behind the front door. Then her husband came in and she asked him, 'Has he come?'

'No,' her husband replied.

'Look!' she shouted, and then she pulled me out from behind the door.

'Why, who's that?' Mr Phelps cried, surprised.

'It's Tom Sawyer!' she laughed.

4 公爵和国王

二三个昼夜过去了，没发生什么事。我们在夜里旅行，那时天黑，别人都在睡觉。我们不想让任何人看见吉姆，问起有关他的问题。

一天早晨，天刚刚亮，我发现了一只小独木舟，于是，我上了独木舟来到了河边。我正在环视着，突然，两个男人跑着穿过树林。

“救命！”他们喊道，“有人想要抓我们，还带着狗。可我们没做错事！”

其中一个人大约70岁，另外一个人大约30岁，他们俩都穿着很旧很脏的衣服。我说道，他们可以跟我来，我们很快跑回到了独木舟那儿。

回到木筏上，我们说了一会话。然后，年轻人说道，“我的朋友们，我想，现在我能告诉你们我的秘密了。其实我是个公爵。我祖父是布里奇沃特公爵的儿子，可他离开了英国，来到了美国。老公爵死时，我祖父年轻的兄弟偷走了一切，变成了布里奇沃特公爵。”

当然了，我们为公爵朋友感到很难过，但他说，“如果你们为我做事，我会更高兴，把我的饭拿来！”

所以，我们为他做事，他喜欢这样。可那个老人话说得很少，看上去也不高兴。过了一会，他说，“你要知道，布里奇沃特，我也有秘密。”他开始哭起来。

“你是什么意思？”公爵问道，“你有什么秘密？”

然后，那老人告诉我们，他的确是法国国王的长子。他要求我们跟他讲话时要单腿跪下。我们也可以称他为“陛下”。所以，这就是我们所做的一切，他们俩都很高兴。当然，我知道他们根本不是什么公爵和国王，可我没告诉吉姆。当你们共同生活在一只木筏上时，如果每一个人都快乐，那是最好不过了。

国王和公爵对吉姆很感兴趣。“他是一个奴隶吗？”他们想知道，“他正在逃跑吗？”

我得对他们说些什么，于是，我说，吉姆归我叔叔所有，他正把我送到新奥尔良的家去。

“噢，那么，我们和你们一起旅行，”国王说道，“我们在一起会度过愉快的时光。”

于是，我们四人顺流而下，可我和吉姆不喜欢那两个人。他们总是喝得醉醺醺的，并计划在每一个镇上从人们那里搞到钱。如果你饿了，拿只鸡或什么的还可以，可这俩人坏透了。我和吉姆决定尽快地摆脱他们。这不容易，因为他们总要跟着我们。

有一天，国王到一个镇上去了，让我们等他。我们等了他一上午，他没回来。于是，我和公爵到镇上去找他。我们找了一下午，最后，在一个酒吧里找到了他，他醉醺醺的。然后，他和公爵为钱开始打起来。

“现在，我们能摆脱他们了，”我想着。我转身跑回河边。“快点，吉姆！”我大声喊着，“是走的时候了！”可没人答应。吉姆不在那儿！

我跑进树林，喊着叫着吉姆的名字。可是，仍然没有回答。

正在那儿时，一个男孩过来了。“你看见一个奴隶了吗？”我问他，并描述了一下吉姆。

“看见了，”那男孩回答道，“他是一个逃跑的奴隶。我是在镇上听到这些的。斐尔普斯一家人抓到了他。酒吧里的一个老头告诉斐尔普斯先生，在河下游方向河边的木筏上有一个逃跑的奴隶。他说，他自己没有时间亲自把那奴隶抓来。于是，斐尔普斯先生给了他40美元，今天下午到那去抓住了那个奴隶。斐尔普斯打算把他送回到他的主人那儿去。为了这个奴隶，他们会得到300美元。”

我知道那俩人坏透了！我问那男孩儿斐尔普斯家住哪儿？ he说是河下游不太远的一座大白房子。

我开始制定救吉姆的计划。首先，我乘木筏顺流而下来到一个小岛。我把木筏藏在树下，躺下睡着了。天亮之前，我乘着独木舟顺流而下。当我觉得我已靠近斐尔普斯住处时，我停了下来，从独木舟上下来，朝那座房子走去。突然，有许多狗跑出来。他们朝我围过来，发出可怕叫声。

一位大约50岁的女人跑出屋来，身后跟着几个小孩子。她满脸笑容，拉住我的手叫道，“你终于来了，是吧！”

我连想都没想，就说，“是的，夫人。”

“是什么使你耽搁了这么久？我们以为你两天前就到哪。你的姨夫赛拉斯每天都到镇上去接你。他现在就在那儿，不过，他很快就会回来。”她不停地说着，我无法告诉她，是她弄错了。“把他们的事都告诉我，”她大声说道，“把一切都告诉我。”

那时我明白了，我不得不告诉她……可就在那时，她喊道，“他来了！快点，藏起来！”她把我推到屋里，藏在前门后。然后，她丈夫走了进来，她问他，“他来了吗？”

“没有，”她丈夫回答道。

“看看！”她大声说道，然后，她把我从门后拉出来。

“噢，这是谁？”斐尔普斯先生惊奇地大声说道。

“这是汤姆·索亚！”她笑道。

5 The plan to free Jim

When I heard that, I nearly fell through the floor, but it was a big piece of luck. It was easy for me to be Tom Sawyer because Tom was my best friend. He and his brother Sid lived with their Aunt Polly up in St Petersburg, and I knew all about them. Now I learnt that Aunt Polly had a sister, who was Mrs Phelps. She and her husband were Tom's Aunt Sally and Uncle Silas. And Tom was coming down south by boat to stay with them for a bit.

We all sat there talking and I could answer all their questions about the Sawyer family. I was feeling really happy about this when suddenly I heard a boat on the river. 'Tom could be on that boat, 'I thought, 'and he's going to walk in here and call out my name before I can stop him. I've got to go and meet him. '

So I told the Phelpses that I would go into town to get my bags, which were at the boat station. I hurried up the road and before I was halfway to town, there was Tom Sawyer coming along.

When he saw me, his mouth fell open and he looked a bit white in the lace. 'Aren't you dead?' he said. 'Everybody said that you were murdered! '

'I'm not dead yet, 'I said, 'but listen... 'I told him about my adventures, and Tom loved all that. Then I told him about the Phelpses and that they thought I was Tom Sawyer. 'What shall we do? 'I asked him.

Tom thought for a bit, and then he said, 'I know. You take my bags and say they're yours. I'll come to the house in about half an hour. '

'All right, 'I said, 'but there's another thing. You know old Miss Watson's slave Jim, who ran away? Well, he's a prisoner here, and I'm going to help him escape. '

'Jim?' Tom said. 'But he's—' Then he stopped and thought. 'Right. I'll help, too, I'll make a really good plan. 'He looked very excited.

So I went back to the house with the bags, and Tom came along half an hour later. He knocked on the door and when his Aunt Sally opened it, he said he was Sid, Tom's brother. He wanted his visit to be a surprise for his dear old Aunt Sally, he said.

Well, Aunt Sally was very pleased to see Tom and Sid. She thought it was wonderful. She and Uncle Silas were really nice people.

When we were alone later, Tom and I talked about Jim's escape. I said I had a plan, and Tom listened to it.

'It's a good plan, 'he said when I finished. 'But it's too easy! It's got to be a real escape, like a real adventure in a sto-ry-book. So we want something difficult and dangerous.

Now, listen to this...'

So he told me his plan. I knew it would be a good one be-cause Tom's plans are always crazy and exciting.

And we sure had a lot of fun with that plan! We knew that Jim was locked up in a hut outside the house. Every night we got out through our bedroom window and dug a hole right under the wall of the hut. It took us a week, and it was hard work. We talked to Jim secretly and told him about the plan, and he was really pleased.

We also wrote secret letters to everybody. Tom said that people always do this in books. We wrote that there was a gang of slave-thieves coming up from the south. They wanted to steal Jim and get the three hundred dollars from his owner. Well, the Phelpses and their friends got very excited, and on the night of the escape I went into the sitting-room, and there was a crowd of men in there—all with guns!

I ran and told Tom, and he said that this was really good. 'It's a real adventure now, all right, 'he said, very excited. 'Perhaps they'll come after us, and shoot, and we'll all get killed! '

Well, there wasn't time to think about it because it all happened so quickly. We got Jim out through the hole under the wall, and began to run down to the river. But the men heard us and came after us. They began to shoot, and so we ran as fast as we could to the canoe. We got in it and went over to Spanish Island. My raft was there, and our plan was to escape on that and go on down river.

'Now, Jim, 'I cried, 'you're a free man! 'We were all very happy, but Tom was the happiest of all, because he had a bullet in his leg.

When Jim and I heard that, we weren't so happy. Tom wanted the adventure to go on, but Jim and I said that a doctor must look at Tom's leg. Tom was getting angry about this, but Jim said:

'You listen to me, Tom Sawyer. You say I'm a free man now, and perhaps I am. But old Jim is not going to run away and leave one of his friends with a bullet in his leg! So I'm staying right here until a doctor comes. '

I knew Jim would say that. He was a good, true friend, and you can't say that about many people.

Well, that was the end of the adventure, really. I went and found a doctor in the town. He was a kind old man, and he said he would go over to the island. But Tom's leg got very bad, and the next day the doctor and some other men carried Tom home to the Phelpses' house. They brought Jim too, and they locked him up in the hut again. But the doctor said, 'Be kind to him, because he didn't run away and he stayed to help me with the boy. '

They took Tom up to bed because his leg was really bad, and Aunt Sally sat with him while he slept. I didn't want to answer any questions so I kept out of everybody's way.

When Tom woke up the next day, he felt better. I was in the room and he said to me, 'Jim's all right, isn't he? '

I didn't know what to say because Aunt Sally was listening, and before I could stop him, Tom went on:

'We did it, Aunt Sally. Me and Tom here. We helped Jim escape.' He told her all about the digging and everything, and Aunt Sally's mouth was opening and closing like a fish. Then she got really angry with Tom.

'That slave is locked up again and he's going to stay there. And if I catch you again—'

Tom suddenly sat up in bed. 'You can't do that! 'he cried. 'Jim was old Miss Watson's slave, but she died two months

ago. Before she died, she wrote that she wanted Jim to be free, and not a slave any more. Jim’s a free man, not a slave!

Well, that was a surprise to me and Aunt Sally! She thought Tom was crazy. ’But Sid, why did you help him to escape, if he was free already?’ she said.

’I wanted the adventure, of course!’ said Tom. ’We made a really exciting plan and… Oh my! …AUNT POLLY!’

We turned round, and there was Tom’s Aunt Polly in the doorway! That was the second big surprise. Aunt Sally was really pleased to see her sister, and jumped up to put her arms round her. I got under the bed as fast as I could. There was trouble coming for me and Tom, that was for sure.

Then Aunt Polly said to Tom, ’You always were a terrible boy, Tom Sawyer, and I want to know—’

’But Polly dear,’ said Aunt Sally, ’this isn’t Tom. It’s Sid. Tom was here a minute ago. Where is he?’

’Where’s Huck Finn, you mean,’ replied Aunt Polly. ’Come out from under that bed, Huck Finn.’

So Tom and I had to explain everything. Aunt Polly said that Aunt Sally wrote and told her that Tom and Sid were there. She knew that it wasn’t true, so she decided to come and find out what was happening. But she said that it was true about Miss Watson and that Jim was a free man now.

We got Jim out of the hut and Aunt Sally and Uncle Silas were really nice to him. Later, Tom, Jim and I had a long talk by ourselves. Tom talked and talked, and then he said, ’Let’s all three of us run away one night, and go and have adventures in the wild country down south.’

It sounded like a good plan to me. ’The only thing is,’ I said, ’I haven’t got any money to buy the right clothes and things. All my money back in St Petersburg will be in Pop’s pockets by now.’

’No,’ said Tom. ’Your money’s all there. Your Pop never came back.’

’No, and he won’t come back, Huck,’ Jim said. ’You remember that dead man on the river, when I said “Don’t look at his face”? Well, that was your Pop. You can get your money when you want.’

Tom’s leg is almost better now, and I haven’t got any more to write about. I’m really pleased about that because it was very difficult to write a book and I won’t do it again. But I think I’m going to have to run away before the others, because Aunt Sally wants me to live with her. I’ll have to sleep in a bed and wear clean clothes and learn to be good, and I can’t do that again. I’ve done it once already.

The End
Yours Truly
Huck Finn

5 使吉姆获得自由的计划

当我听到这话时，我差点儿没掉进地板缝里去，不过，这可是太幸运了。冒充汤姆·索亚对我来说是件容易事，因为，汤姆是我最好的朋友。他和他的弟弟锡德和他们的萝莉姨妈一起住在圣彼得斯堡，他们的事我都知道，现在，我知道了萝莉姨妈有一个妹妹，她是斐尔普斯太太。她和她的丈夫是汤姆的萨莉姨妈和赛拉斯姨夫。汤姆要乘船南下和他们小住一阵。

我们都坐在那儿聊着天，我可以回答所有的有关索亚家的问题。对此我感到很高兴。突然，我听到河上的船声。“汤姆可能在那条船上，”我想着，“他会走进这屋里来，我还来不及阻止他，他就会大声喊出我的名字。我得去迎他。”

于是，我告诉斐尔普斯一家，我要到镇子上的车站去取我的包。我急忙上路，还没走出一半路远，汤姆·索亚沿路走来了。他看见我时，嘴张着，脸色略微发白，“难道你没死？”他说道，“大家都说，你被杀死了！”

“我还没死呢，”我说道，“可你听着……”我对他讲了我的冒险，汤姆非常喜爱这一切。然后，我跟他讲了斐尔普斯一家的事，并告诉他，他们以为我是汤姆·索亚。“我们该怎么办呢？”我问他。

汤姆略加思索，然后说道，“我知道怎么办。你把我的包拿去，就说是你的。我大约半小时后到。”

“好吧，”我说，“可还有一件事。你知道老沃森小姐的奴隶吉姆吗？他逃走了。唉，他是这儿的一个囚犯，我打算帮助他逃走。”

“吉姆？”汤姆说道，“可他是——”然后，他停下来思考了一下。“好吧，我也帮忙。我要制定一个很好的计划。”他看起来很兴奋。于是，我拿着包回去了，汤姆半小时后来了。他敲了敲门，萨莉姨妈开门时，他说，他是锡德，汤姆的弟弟。他想使他的来访给他那亲爱的萨莉姨妈一个惊喜，他说道。

嘿，萨莉姨妈看见汤姆和锡德真是高兴极了。她觉得这真是好极了。她和赛拉斯姨夫的确是很好的人。

我们俩单独在一起时，我和汤姆谈起了吉姆逃跑的事。我说，我有一个计划，汤姆听着我的计划。

“这是一个好计划，”我讲完后他说道，“可太容易了！得像个真正的逃跑，像故事书中的真正的冒险。所以，我们要让这冒险困难点，危险点。听听这个……”

于是，他告诉了我他的计划。我明白，这会是一个出色的计划，因为，汤姆的计划41奋总是既疯狂又兴奋。

执行那计划肯定会给我们带来许多的乐趣！我们知道，吉姆被锁在屋外的一个小屋里。每天夜里，我们都从卧室的窗户钻出去，就在小屋墙下挖洞。挖洞花费了我们一星期的时间，这是一件苦差事。我们秘密地同吉姆交谈，并告诉他我们的计划，他高兴极了。

我们也给大家写密信。汤姆说，书中人们总是这样做。我们写道，有一群盗奴贼从南方来。他们想偷走吉姆，从他的主人那儿得到300美元。斐尔普斯一家和他们的朋友很兴奋，逃跑的那天夜里，我走进起居室，那儿有一大群男人——都拿着枪！

我跑去告诉了汤姆，他说，这真不错。“好吧，这是一次真正的冒险，”他说道，很兴奋，“或许他们会追我们，开枪，我们都会被打死！”

没有时间考虑了，因为，这一切发生得太快了。我们把吉姆从墙下的洞里弄出来，开始往河边跑去。但是，那些人听到了我们的声音，追了过来，他们开始开枪，我们尽快地往独木舟那儿跑去。我们上了独木舟，前往西班牙岛，我的木筏停在那儿，我们的计划就是逃到那岛上，然后继续顺流而下。

“嗨，吉姆，”我喊道，“你是一个自由之人了！”我们都很高兴，可汤姆是最高兴的一个，因为，他腿上中了一枪。

我和吉姆听到这话时，可不那么高兴了。汤姆想让这冒险继续下去，可我和吉姆说，一定要找个医生看看汤姆的腿。汤姆对此生气了，可吉姆说道：

“你听我说，汤姆·索亚。你说，我现在是一个自由人了，或许我是。可老吉姆不会逃跑，而丢下一个腿里有颗子弹的朋友！所以，我就

呆在这儿，一直到医生来。”

我知道，吉姆会这样说的。他是一个真正的好朋友，对许多其他的人，你不会这样说的。

说真的，这就是冒险的结束。我去到镇上找了个医生。他是个和蔼的老人，他说，他会到岛上去。可汤姆腿的伤势很重，第二天，医生和其他的一些人把汤姆抬到斐尔普斯家。他们也带回了吉姆，他们又把他锁在木屋里。可医生说，“对他好点儿，因为他没逃跑，他留在那儿帮我照顾这个男孩。”

他们把汤姆放在床上，因为，他腿的伤势很重。他睡觉时，萨莉姨妈坐在他的身边。我不想回答任何问题，所以，我远远地躲开大家。

第二天，汤姆醒来时，他感觉好多了。我在他房间里，他对我说，“吉姆没事儿，是吧？”

我不知道说什么好，因为萨莉姨妈在听着，我还来不及阻止他，汤姆继续说道：

“这件事是我们干的，萨莉姨妈。是我和汤姆。我们帮助吉姆逃跑的。”他把挖洞和所有的一切都告诉了她，萨莉姨妈的嘴像条鱼一样一张一闭。然后，她真的生汤姆的气了。

“那个奴隶又被锁了起来，他要呆在那儿。如果我再抓到你——”

汤姆突然在床上坐起来。“你不能那样做！”他喊道，“吉姆是老沃森小姐的奴隶，可她两个月前去世了。死前她写道，她要让吉姆自由，不再是一个奴隶了。吉姆是一个自由人，不再是一个奴隶！”

我和萨莉姨妈都感到很惊讶！她觉得汤姆疯了。“可是，锡德，如果他已经自由了，那你为什么还帮他逃跑呢？”她说道。

“当然，我想冒险！”汤姆说。“我们制定了一个很令人兴奋的计划，并且……呀，天哪！……茉莉姨妈！”

我们转过身来，汤姆的茉莉姨妈站在门那儿！这是第二个令人大吃一惊的事。萨莉姨妈见到她的姐姐的确很高兴，跳起来搂住了她。我赶快爬到床底下。我和汤姆要有麻烦了，这是肯定无疑的。

然后，茉莉姨妈对汤姆说道，“你总是捣乱，汤姆·索亚，我想知道——”

“可是，亲爱的茉莉，”萨莉姨妈说道，“这不是汤姆，是锡德。汤姆刚才还在这哪。他哪儿去了？”

“你是指哈克·费恩哪儿去了？”茉莉姨妈回答道，“从床底下出来，哈克·费恩。”

所以，我和汤姆不得不解释所有这一切。茉莉姨妈说，萨莉姨妈写信告诉她，汤姆和锡德在那儿。她知道这不是真的，于是，她决定来弄清楚到底是怎么回事。可她说，沃森小姐的事倒是真的，吉姆现在是一个自由人了。

我们把吉姆从小屋里放出来，萨莉姨妈和赛拉斯姨夫待他很友好。后来，汤姆、吉姆和我，就我们三个人，聊了很长时间。汤姆不停地说着，然后，他说道，“有那么一天夜里，我们三个人逃走，到南方荒野的地方去冒险。”

听起来倒是一个不错的计划。“唯一的事情是，”我说道，“我没有钱买合适的衣服和物品。我所有的在圣彼得斯堡的钱这时应该在爸爸的兜里了。”

“不会的，”汤姆说道，“你的钱都在那儿。你爸爸从来没回来。”

“对了，他不会回来了，哈克，”吉姆说道，“你记得河上那个死人吗？我说别看他的脸，那就是你爸爸。你想拿到钱时，你就能拿到。”

汤姆的腿现在差不多好了，我没有什么要写的了。对此我很高兴，因为，写一本书很难，我不会再写了。可我想，在其他人逃跑之前，我得准备先逃走，因为萨莉姨妈想让我和她住在一起。我将不得不睡在床上，穿干净衣服，学着有教养，我不能再那样了。我已经尝试过一次了。

——完——

你的忠实的

哈克·费恩

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简介

你曾长期独处过吗？你能够孤身一人在荒岛上生活多年吗？你能够给自己建造房屋，学会种植谷物并制作面包，学会用动物的皮为自己缝制衣服吗？

鲁宾孙·克鲁索厌倦了英国家里恬静的生活。他决意成为一名海员，周游世界。他有很多激动人心的冒险经历，并于1659年登上了一艘从巴西开往非洲的船只。一天，来了一场可怕的风暴。轮船开始碎裂，克鲁索和他的朋友们立即为求生而与愤怒的大海抗争。所有的朋友都死了，唯有克鲁索活下来并到达了陆地。他发现自己在一个陌生、荒凉的国度——还活着，却孤独地在一个小岛上，没有食物，没有船只，无路可逃。

随后的27年他将在那儿生活……

丹尼尔·笛福生于1660年，死于1731年。他的一生令人刺激，他曾作过记者和间谍，并由于政治性的作品而几番入狱。他一生中写了许多书，但《鲁宾孙漂流记》是他最著名的小说。

My first sea journey

Before I begin my story, I would like to tell you a little about myself.

I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York in the north of England. My father was German, but he came to live and work in England. Soon after that, he married my mother, who was English. Her family name was Robinson, so, when I was born, they called me Robinson, after her.

My father did well in his business and I went to a good school. He wanted me to get a good job and live a quiet, comfortable life. But I didn't want that. I wanted adventure and an exciting life.

'I want to be a sailor and go to sea,' I told my mother and father. They were very unhappy about this.

'Please don't go,' my father said. 'You won't be happy, you know. Sailors have a difficult and dangerous life. 'And because I loved him, and he was unhappy, I tried to forget about the sea.

But I couldn't forget, and about a year later, I saw a friend in town. His father had a ship, and my friend said to me, 'We're sailing to London tomorrow. Why don't you come with us? '

And so, on September 1st, 1651, I went to Hull, and the next day we sailed for London.

But, a few days later, there was a strong wind. The sea was rough and dangerous, and the ship went up and down, up and down. I was very ill, and very afraid.

'Oh, I don't want to die!' I cried. 'I want to live! If I live, I'll go home and never go to sea again! '

The next day the wind dropped, and the sea was quiet and beautiful again.

'Well, Bob,' my friend laughed. 'How do you feel now? The wind wasn't too bad. '

'What!' I cried. 'It was a terrible storm. '

'Oh, that wasn't a storm,' my friend answered. 'Just a little wind. Forget it. Come and have a drink. '

After a few drinks with my friend, I felt better. I forgot about the danger and decided not to go home. I didn't want my friends and family to laugh at me!

I stayed in London for some time, but I still wanted to go to sea. So, when the captain of a ship asked me to go with him to Guinea in Africa, I agreed. And so I went to sea for the second time.

It was a good ship and everything went well at first, but I was very ill again. Then, when we were near the Canary Islands, a Turkish pirate ship came after us. They were famous thieves of the sea at that time. There was a long, hard fight, but when it finished, we and the ship were prisoners.

The Turkish captain and his men took us to Salé in Morocco. They wanted to sell us as slaves in the markets there. But in the end the Turkish captain decided to keep me for himself, and took me home with him. This was a sudden and terrible change in my life. I was now a slave and this Turkish captain was my master.

1 我的第一次海上旅行

开始我的故事之前，我想先向你谈一点我自己的情况。

我1632年出生在英国北部的约克郡。我父亲是德国人，但他却来到英国居住和工作。此后不久，他与我母亲结了婚。我母亲是英国人，娘家姓鲁宾孙，因此，我出生后他们都称呼我鲁宾孙，沿用了我母亲的姓氏。

我父亲在生意上做得很出色，并且我也进了一所好学校。他希望我得到好的工作，过一种平静的、舒适的生活。但是我不希望如此。我喜欢冒险和刺激的生活。

“我想成为一名水手去航行，”我告诉父母亲。他们对此很不高兴。

“不要去，”父亲说。“你不会幸福的，你知道。水手过着艰苦而且危险的生活。”因为我爱父亲，他不高兴，我便试图忘掉大海。

但不可能忘掉，大约一年后，我在镇里遇到一个朋友。他的父亲有一艘船，我的朋友对我说，“明天我们航行去伦敦。你为什么不和我们一起走呢？”

于是，1651年9月1日，我到了赫尔港，第二天我们驶向伦敦。

但是，几天后，刮起了狂风，狂暴的大海危机四伏，船不断颠簸。我晕船晕得厉害，非常害怕。

“哦，我不想死！”我哭喊起来。“我想活着！假如我活着，我就要回家，再也不出海了！”

第二天，风停了，大海又重新恢复了平静而美丽。

“好了，鲍伯，”我的朋友笑着说。“现在你感觉如何？这风并不太令人讨厌。”

“什么！”我大叫起来。“这可是一场可怕的风暴。”

“哦，这不算风暴，”我的朋友回答。“仅仅是小风而已。忘记它吧，来，喝一杯。”

和朋友喝了几杯，我感觉好多了。我忘记了危险，决定不回家了。我不愿意我的朋友和家人嘲笑我！

我在伦敦停留了一段时间，但我仍然想去航行。所以，当一位船长要求我和他一起去非洲的几内亚时，我答应了。于是，我第二次去航海。

这是一艘好船，开始一切都很顺利，但是我又晕得厉害。此后，当我们接近加纳利群岛时，一艘土耳其海盗船跟上了我们。他们是当时有名的海盗。经过一场长时间激烈的交火，一切都结束时，我们连人带船都成了俘虏。

土耳其船长和他的部下把我们带到摩洛哥的萨利。他们想在那儿的市场上把我们当作奴隶卖掉。但最后土耳其船长决定把我留给他自己，带我随他回家。

这是我一生中一次突然的可怕的变故。现在我成了奴隶，这位土耳其船长是我的主人。

Down the coast of Africa

For two long years I lived the life of a slave. I worked in escape, but it was never possible. I thought about it day and night. My master liked to go fishing in a little boat, and he al-ways took me with him. A man called Moely, and a young boy also went with us.

One day my master said to us, 'Some of my friends want to go fishing tomorrow. Get the boat ready.'

So we put a lot of food and drink on the boat, and the next morning, we waited for my master and his friends. But when my master arrived, he was alone.

'My friends don't want to go fishing today,' he said to me. 'But you go with Moely and the boy, and catch some fish for our supper tonight.'

'Yes, master,' I answered quietly, but inside I was excited. 'Perhaps now I can escape,' I said to myself.

My master went back to his friends and we took the boat out to sea. For a time we fished quietly, and then I moved carefully behind Moely and knocked him into the water. 'Swim!' I cried. 'Swim to the shore!'

My master liked to shoot seabirds and so there were guns on the boat. Quickly, I took one of these guns. Moely was swimming after the boat and I shouted to him:

Go back to the shore! You can swim there—it's not too far. I won't hurt you, but if you come near the boat, I'll shoot you through the head! So Moely turned, and swam back to the shore as quickly as he could.

Then I said to the boy, 'Xury, if you help me, I'll be a good friend to you. If you don't help me, I'll push you into the sea too.'

But Xury was happy to help me. 'I'll go all over the world with you,' he cried.

I wanted to sail to the Canary Islands, but I was afraid to go too far from the shore. It was only a small boat. And so we sailed on south for some days. We had very little water, and it was dangerous country here, with many wild animals. We were afraid, but we often had to go on shore to get more water. Once I used a gun to shoot a wild animal. I don't know what animal it was, but it made a good meal.

For about ten or twelve days we sailed on south, down the coast of Africa. Then one day we saw some people on the shore—strange, wild people, who did not look friendly. By now we had very little food, and we really needed help. we were afraid, but we had to go on shore.

At first, they were afraid of us, too. Perhaps white people never visited this coast. We did not speak their language, of course, so we used our hands and faces to show that we were hungry. They came with food for us, but then they moved away quickly. We carried the food to our boat, and they watched us. I tried to thank them, but I had nothing to give them.

Just then two big wild cats came down to the shore from the mountains. I think they were leopards. The people were afraid of these wild cats, and the women cried out. Quickly, I took a gun, and shot one of the animals. The second wild cat ran back up into the mountains.

Guns were new to these African people, and they were afraid of the loud noise and the smoke. But they were happy about the dead wild cat. I gave them the meat of the dead animal, and they gave us more food and water.

We now had a lot of food and water, and we sailed on. Eleven days later we came near the Cape Verde Islands. We could see them, but we couldn't get near because there was no wind. We waited.

Suddenly Xury called to me, 'Look, a ship!'

He was right! We called and shouted and sailed our little boat as fast as we could. But the ship did not see us. Then I remembered the guns which made a lot of smoke. A few minutes later the ship saw us and turned.

When we were on the ship, the Portuguese captain listened to my story. He was going to Brazil and agreed to help me, but he wanted nothing for his help. 'No,' he said, when I tried to pay him. 'Perhaps, one day, someone will help me when I need it.'

But he gave me money for my boat, and for Xury, too. At first, I did not want to sell Xury as a slave, after all our dangerous adventures together. But Xury was happy to go to the captain, and the captain was a good man. 'In ten years'time,' he said, 'Xury can go free.'

When we arrived in Brazil three weeks later, I said goodbye to the captain and Xury, left the ship, and went to begin a new life.

2 南下非洲海岸

两年多的时间里，我过着奴隶的生活，我在屋子里、花园里干活，每天都计划着逃跑，但一直没能成功。我日夜思考着逃跑的事。我的主人喜欢乘小船去钓鱼，而且总是带上我。一个名叫莫雷的男人及一个小男孩也总跟随着我们。

一天主人对我们说：“我有些朋友明天想去钓鱼，把船给准备好。”

于是，我们搬了很多食物和饮料到船上，在第二天早上，我们等候着主人和他的朋友，但主人来时却是他独自一人。

“我的朋友今天不想去钓鱼了，”他对我说，“但你和莫雷及这孩子去为我们今天的晚餐捕些鱼来。”

“是，主人。”我平静地回答，但我内心很激动。心想，“也许这回我可以逃脱了。”

主人回到他的朋友们那儿去了，我们坐船出了海。静静地钓了一阵鱼，然后我小心翼翼地移到莫雷的身后把他推到了海里。“游回去，”我大声喊着“朝岸上游！”

我的主人喜欢打海鸟，所以有几只枪在船上。我迅速地抓过一支枪，莫雷正跟在船后面游，我朝他叫道：

“回到岸上去！你可以游到那儿，这儿离海岸不太远。我不会伤害你，但如果你一靠近这只船，我就会打穿你的脸袋！”于是，莫雷转过身尽他最快的速度游回岸上去了。

然后，我对这小孩说：“苏里，如果你帮我，我会是你的好朋友，如果你不帮我，我同样会把你丢到海里去。”

但苏里很乐意帮助我。“我愿意跟着你走遍世界，”他大声说。

我想驶向加纳利岛，但是不敢远离海岸，这只是一只小船。因此我们向南航行了几天，我们只有很少的水，这儿是危险的国度，有许多野生动物。我们害怕，但是我们常常不得不上岸去取水，有一次我用枪射死了一只野兽，我不知道这是什么动物，但它成了一顿美餐。

沿着非洲海岸我们朝南航行了大约10天至12天，随后一天我们看到岸上有些人——古怪的野人，他们看起来并不友善，那时我们的食物很少了，我们实在需要帮助，我们害怕，但我们不得不上岸。

开始，他们也害怕我们。或许白人从没有访问过这海岸。当然，我们不会说他们的语言，我们只好用手势和脸部表情来表明我们很饿。他们把食物搬给我们，随即迅速地离开。我们把食物搬上船，他们瞧着我们。我试图感谢他们，却没有什么东西可以送给他们。

正在这时候，两只大野猫从山上窜到海边来。我想它们是豹子。那些人们害怕这些野猫，那些妇女们尖叫起来。很快地，我拿起一枝枪，击中了其中一只野兽。另外一只跑回了山里。

枪对这些非洲居民来说很新奇，他们害怕这轰响的声音与烟雾。但他们对死的野猫很感兴趣。我送给他们这只死兽的肉，他们给了我们更多的食物和水。

现在我们有了很多的食物和水，我们继续航行。11天后我们接近佛得角群岛。我们可以看见它们，但由于没有风我们不能靠近。我们等着。

突然，苏里对我叫着，“看哪，一只船！”

他是对的！我们叫喊着并且尽可能快地划着小船。但是那只船并没看到我们。这时我想起枪可以产生很多烟雾。几分钟后那只船看到了我们并且转了过来。

等我们上了他们的船，葡萄牙船长倾听了我的故事。他正要去巴西并且答应帮助我，但他对我的帮助不要任何偿报。当我试图付钱给他时，他说：“不，也许，有一天，当我需要帮助时，有人也会帮助我。”

但是他却付钱买下我的船，也买下了苏里。起初，我不愿意把苏里卖作奴隶，毕竟一起经历了我们所有危险的冒险过程。但苏里很乐意跟随船长，这位船长是一个好人。“十年后，”他说，“苏里将会获得自由”。

三星期后我们抵达巴西，我告别了船长和苏里，离开了船。继续开始了一个新的生活。

The storm and the shipwreck

I stayed in Brazil and worked hard for some years. By then I was rich...but also bored. One day some friends came to me and said, 'We're going to Africa to do business. Why don't you come with us? We'll all be rich after this journey!'

How stupid I was! I had an easy, comfortable life in Brazil, but, of course, I agreed. And so, in 1659, I went to sea again.

At first, all went well, but then there was a terrible storm. For twelve days the wind and the rain didn't stop. We lost three men in the sea, and soon the ship had holes in its sides. 'We're all going to die this time,' I said to myself. Then one morning one of the sailors saw land, but the next minute our ship hit some sand just under the sea. The ship could not move and we were really in danger now. The sea was trying to break the ship into pieces, and we had very little time. Quickly, we put a boat into the sea and got off the ship. But the sea was very rough and our little boat could not live for long in that wild water.

Half an hour later the angry sea turned our boat over and we were all in the water. I looked round for my friends, but I could see nobody. I was alone.

That day I was lucky, and the sea carried me to the shore. I could not see the land, only mountains of water all around me. Then, suddenly, I felt the ground under my feet. Another mountain of water came, pushed me up the beach, and I fell on the wet sand.

At first I was very thankful to be alive. Slowly, I got to my feet and went higher up the shore. From there, I looked out to sea. I could see our ship, but it was wrecked and there was no-body near it. There was nobody in the water. All my friends were dead. I was alive, but in a strange wild country, with no food, no water, and no gun.

It was dark now and I was tired. I was afraid to sleep on the shore. Perhaps there were wild animals there. So I went up into a tree and I stayed there all night.

3 风暴与海难

我留在巴西苦干了几年。不久我就有了一笔财富……但我又感到了厌倦。一天，一些朋友来看我并对我说，“我们将要去非洲做生意。为什么你不和我们一起呢？这次航行后我们都会发财的！”

我是多么的傻啊！我在巴西已有了轻松、舒适的生活，然而我又同意了。于是，在1659年，我又一次出海了。

最初，一帆风顺，但不久就来了一场可怕的风暴。狂风暴雨持续了12天没有停息。我们在海上失去了三个同伴，而且没多久，船舷上就出现了漏洞。“这回我们都活不成了，”我自言自语。一天早上，一个水手瞧见了陆地，但紧接着我们的船就触到了海底的沙滩，船没法移动，我们此刻真正地陷在了危险之中。海浪似乎极力地想把船击成粉碎，我们只有很少的时间了。迅速地，我们往海里放下小艇，离开了船。但大海太粗暴了，我们的小船在这样的大浪中根本没法长时间航行。

半个时辰后，愤怒的大海掀翻了我们的船，我们全都落到了水里。我四处张望寻视我的伙伴，但却看不到一个人。只剩我一人了。

那天，我是幸运的，海水把我送到了岸边。我没法看见陆地，我的四周只有排山倒海的浪涛。突然间我触到了脚下的陆地。又一个浪峰盖过来，把我推上了沙滩，我跌倒在湿湿的沙地上。

最初，我非常庆幸我还活着。慢慢地我站起来，走到高外的岸上。在那儿，我眺望大海。我能够看见我们的船，但它已倾覆了。船的附近没有一个人，水中也没有人。我的伙伴们都死了。我活着，但却在一个陌生的荒山野地，没有食物，没有水，没有枪支。

此刻，天黑了，我很累，我不敢睡在岸上，也许这儿有野兽，我只好爬到一棵树上过了一夜。

A new life on an island

When day came, the sea was quiet again. I looked for our ship and, to my surprise, it was still there and still in one piece. 'I think I can swim to it,' I said to myself. So I walked down to the sea and before long, I was at the ship and was swimming round it. But how could I get on to it? In the end, I got in through a hole in the side, but it wasn't easy.

There was a lot of water in the ship, but the sand under the sea was still holding the ship in one place. The back of the ship was high out of the water, and I was very thankful for this because all the ship's food was there. I was very hungry so I began to eat something at once. Then I decided to take some of it back to the shore with me. But how could I get it there?

I looked around the ship, and after a few minutes, I found some long pieces of wood. I tied them together with rope. Then I got the things that I wanted from the ship. There was a big box of food—rice, and salted meat, and hard ship's bread. I also took many strong knives and other tools, the ship's sails and ropes, paper, pens, books, and seven guns. Now I needed a little sail from the ship, and then I was ready. Slowly and carefully, I went back to the shore. It was difficult to stop my things from falling into the sea, but in the end I got everything on to the shore.

Now I needed somewhere to keep my things.

There were some hills around me, so I decided to build myself a little house on one of them. I walked to the top of the highest hill and looked down, I was very unhappy, because I saw then that I was on an island. There were two smaller islands a few miles away, and after that, only the sea. Just the sea, for mile after mile after mile.

After a time, I found a little cave in the side of a hill. In front of it, there was a good place to make a home. So, I used the ship's sails, rope, and pieces of wood, and after a lot of hard work I had a very fine tent. The cave at the back of my tent was a good place to keep my food, and so I called it my 'kitchen'. That night, I went to sleep in my new home.

The next day I thought about the possible dangers on the island. Were there wild animals, and perhaps wild people too, on my island? I didn't know, but I was very afraid. So I decided to build a very strong fence. I cut down young trees and put them in the ground, in a halfcircle around the front of my tent. I used many of the ship's ropes too, and in the end my fence was as strong as a stone wall. Nobody could get over it, through it, or round it.

Making tents and building fences is hard work. I needed many tools to help me. So I decided to go back to the ship again, and get some more things.

I went back twelve times, but soon after my twelfth visit there was another terrible storm. The next morning, when I looked out to sea, there was no ship.

When I saw that, I was very unhappy. 'Why am I alive, and why are all my friends dead?' I asked myself. 'What will happen to me now, alone on this island without friends? How can I ever escape from it?'

Then I told myself that I was lucky—lucky to be alive, lucky to have food and tools, lucky to be young and strong. But I knew that my island was somewhere off the coast of South America. Ships did not often come down this coast, and I said to myself, 'I'm going to be on this island for a long time.' So, on a long piece of wood, I cut these words:

I CAME HERE ON 30TH SEPTEMBER 1659

After that, I decided to make a cut for each day.

4 孤岛上的新生活

当白天到来时，大海又恢复了平静。我找我们的船，令我惊诧的是它依然在那儿并且没有破碎。“我想我能够游到那儿，”我自言自语。于是，我朝大海里走去，不一会儿，我靠近了船绕着它游。只是，我怎样才能上去呢？最后，我从船舷一侧的一个洞里钻了进去，但却很不容易。

船里积了很多水，但海底的沙使船固定在了一个地方。船的尾部翘出了水面，这让我非常庆幸，因为船上全部的食物都储在那儿。我已经很饥饿，所以我马上开始吃东西。然后决定带一些食物回到岸上。可是我又怎样才能做到呢？

我察看了这只船的四周，几分钟后，我找到了几块长条的木板。我用绳子把它们紧扎在一起。然后我便搬上我想从船上带走的东西。那儿有一大箱食品——米、咸肉和硬面包。我还拿了很多坚固的小刀及其他工具，船帆、绳子、纸、钢笔、书及7枝枪。现在我需要在船上找一个帆，不一会儿，我就找好了。我慢慢地、小心翼翼地向岸边划，要使我的东西不掉到海里是挺困难的，但终于我把每一件东西都弄上了岸。

现在，我需要地方来存放我的东西。

在我的周围有些小山丘，于是我决定在其中的一个小山上给自己建一座小屋。我走到最高的小山的山顶往下看。我非常沮丧，因为那时我才明白我是在一个孤岛上。几英里外有两个更小的岛，更远的地方，只剩下了大海，绵延数英里的大海。

过了不久，我在小山的一侧找到了一个小洞穴。在它前面，是一个安家的好地方。于是，我用那些船的帆，绳子及木板经过很艰苦的劳作，我有了一个非常好的帐篷。帐篷后面的洞穴是存放食物的好地方，所以我称之为我的“厨房”。那天晚上，我便在我的新家睡觉。

第二天，我仔细设想了岛上可能存在的危险。在我的岛上，会不会有野兽，也许还会存在野人？虽然我不知道，但却很害怕。于是我决定建一个坚固的栅栏。我砍倒了一些小树，插入到地上在我的帐篷前围成个半圆。我还用了很多船上的绳子，最后我的栅栏就象一堵坚固的石墙。没有人可以翻进来，钻进来或者绕过来。

制作帐篷和建造栅栏篱笆是一项艰苦的工作。我需要很多工具来帮我。所以，我打算再次回到船上，去拿更多的东西。

我回去了12次，但就在我第12次回来之后不久又来了一场暴风雨。第二天一早我朝外瞧向大海时，船不见了。

目睹了这一切，我非常悲伤。“为什么我活着，而我所有的朋友们却都死了？”我问自己。“现在对于我又会有什么事情发生呢？没有朋友独自生活在岛上，我怎么才能够逃离这儿？”

但随即我告诉自己我是幸运的——能够幸运地活下来，幸运有食物、有工具，幸运自己还年轻力壮。但我知道我的海岛在远离南美海岸的某个地方。船只不太经常沿着这个海岸航行，我对自己说，“我会在这个岛上呆很长时间。”于是，在一长条的木牌上，我刻下了这些话：

我于1659年9月30日来到此岛以后，我决定每天都刻上一个记号。

Learning to live alone

I still needed a lot of things. 'Well, 'I said, 'I'm going to have to make them. 'So, every day, I worked.

First of all, I wanted to make my cave bigger. I carried out stone from the cave, and after many days' hard work I had a large cave in the side of the hill. Then I needed a table and a chair, and that was my next job. I had to work on them for a long time. I also wanted to make places to put all my food, and all my tools and guns. But every time I wanted a piece of wood, I had to cut down a tree. It was long, slow, difficult work, and during the next months I learnt to be very clever with my tools. There was no hurry. I had all the time in the world.

I also went out every day, and I always had my gun with me. Sometimes I killed a wild animal, and then I had meat to eat.

But when it got dark, I had to go to bed because I had no light. I couldn't read or write because I couldn't see. For a long time, I didn't know what to do. But in the end, I learnt how to use the fat of dead animals to make a light.

The weather on my island was usually very hot, and there were often storms and heavy rain. The next June, it rained all the time, and I couldn't go out very often. I was also ill for some weeks, but slowly, I got better. When I was stronger, I began to go out again. The first time I killed a wild animal, and the second time I caught a big turtle.

I was on the island for ten months before I visited other parts of it. During those months I worked hard on my cave and my house and my fence. Now I was ready to find out more about the rest of the island.

First, I walked along the side of a little river. There, I found open ground without trees. Later, I came to more trees with many different fruits. I decided to take a lot of the fruit, and to put it to dry in the sun for a time. Then I could keep it for many months.

That night I went to sleep in a tree for the second time, and the next day I went on with my journey. Soon I came to an opening in the hills. In front of me, everything was green, and there were flowers everywhere. There were also a lot of different birds and animals. I saw that my house was on the worst side of the island. But I didn't want to move from there. It was my home now. I stayed away for three days, and then I came home. But I often went back to the other, greener side of the island.

And so my life went on. Every month I learnt to do or to make something new. But I had troubles and accidents too. Once there was a terrible storm with very heavy rain. The roof of my cave fell in, and nearly killed me! I had to build it up again with many pieces of wood.

I had a lot of food now. I cooked it over a fire or dried it in the sun. So I always had meat during the rainy months when I could not go out with a gun. I learnt to make pots to keep my food in. But I wanted very much to make a harder, stronger pot—a pot that would not break in a fire. I tried many times, but I could not do it. Then one day I was lucky. I made some new pots and put them in a very hot fire. They changed colour, but did not break. I left them there for many hours, and when they were cold again, I found that they were hard and strong. That night I was very happy. I had hot water for the first time on the island.

By then, I also had my own bread. That was luck, too. One day I found a little bag. We used it on the ship, to keep the chickens' food in. There was still some of the food in the bag, and I dropped some of it onto the ground. A month later I saw something bright green there, and after six months I had a very small field of corn. I was very excited. Perhaps now I could make my own bread!

It was easy to say, but not so easy to do. It is a lot of work to make bread from corn. Many people eat bread, but how many people can take corn from a field and make bread out of it without help? I had to learn and to make many new things, and it was a year before I cooked and ate my first bread.

During all this time I never stopped thinking about escape. When I travelled across to the other side of the island, I could see the other islands, and I said to myself, 'Perhaps I can get there with a boat. Perhaps I can get back to England one day. '

So I decided to make myself a boat. I cut down a big tree, and then began to make a long hole in it. It was hard work, but about six months later, I had a very fine canoe. Next, I had to get it down to the sea. How stupid I was! Why didn't I think before I began work? Of course, the canoe was too heavy. I couldn't move it! I pulled and pushed and tried everything, but it didn't move. I was very unhappy for a long time after that.

That happened in my fourth year on the island. In my sixth year I did make myself a smaller canoe, but I did not try to escape in it. The boat was too small for a long journey, and I did not want to die at sea. The island was my home now, not my prison, and I was just happy to be alive. A year or two later, I made myself a second canoe on the other side of the island. I also built myself a second house there, and so I had two homes.

My life was still busy from morning to night. There were always things to do or to make. I learnt to make new clothes for myself from the skins of dead animals. They looked very strange, it is true, but they kept me dry in the rain.

I kept food and tools at both my houses, and also wild goats. There were many goats on the island, and I made fields with high fences to keep them in. They learnt to take food from me, and soon I had goat's milk to drink every day. I also worked hard in my cornfields. And so many years went by.

5 学会独自生活

我仍需要很多东西。“好吧，”我说，“我只能去做出来。”于是，每天，我都工作着。

首先，我把我的山洞扩大。我从洞里运出石头，经过许多天的艰苦劳动我在小山的一侧有了个大的山洞。然后，我需要一张桌子和一把椅子，这便是我接下来的工作。为此，我不得不长时间地干。我还想要找些地方存放我的食物，以及我全部的工具和枪支。每一次我需要一块木板时都不得不砍倒一棵树。这是一项漫长艰难的工作，在随后的几个月里我学得熟练地使用工具了。无须焦急。我拥有世界上的全部时间。

我依然每天出去，而且总是随身带枪。有时我杀死一只野兽，然后，就可以有肉吃了。

但每到天黑，因为没有灯，我就只好睡觉。由于看不见我不能读书也没法写字，好长一段时间我不知道该怎么做。但最终我学会了如何使

用死兽的脂肪来点灯。

岛上的天气通常很热，经常有暴风雨。第二年的六月一直在下雨，我不能够经常出去。我也病了几个星期，但慢慢地我好转了。当我强壮起来时，我又开始外出。第一次我杀了一只野兽，第二回我捕获了一只大海龟。

当我去参观岛的其他地方时，我在岛上已有10个月了，在这期间，我为我的洞穴、我的房子、我的篱笆忙活，现在我可以进一步了解该岛其他地方的情况了。

首先，我沿着一条小河岸前行。那儿，我发现一片没有树木的开阔地。随后，我到达了一片结着各种水果的树林。我决定多摘些果子把它们在太阳下放一阵晒干。然后就可以保存很多个月了。

那个晚上，我第二次睡在了树上，第二天便又继续我的旅行。不久，我到了这个小山的开阔地。在我面前，一片郁郁葱葱，鲜花遍野。还有很多各种各样的鸟类和动物。我明白我的房子是在这个岛的最糟的一侧。但我并不打算从那儿迁移，那是我的家。我在外呆了三天，然后回了家。但我经常回到这岛的另外的绿色的一边。

我的生活继续着。每个月我学会干点或制造点新的东西。但也总有麻烦和灾祸。一次一场夹着大雨的风暴来临，我的山洞的顶层塌了下来，差点就送了我的命！我不得不用很多木材把它重新建好。

现在，我有了很多食物。我把它架在火上烤或搁在太阳下晒干。因此，既使在雨季我不能够带枪外出时我也总有肉吃了。我学会做陶罐存放我的食物。但我非常想要做一个更坚固的罐子——一个放在火里不会破裂的罐子。我试了很多次，可我没有成功。但有一天我太走运了。我制了几个新的罐子把它们搁在旺火里。它们变了颜色但却没有碎裂。我把它们放在那儿好几个小时，当它们再次冷却下来时，我发现它们既坚硬又牢固。那个晚上，我非常高兴。在这岛上我第一次喝到了热水。

从那时起，我也有了自己的面包。这也是一件幸运的事。一天我找到一只小袋子。在船上时我们用它来存放小鸡的饲料。在那袋子里还一直放着些食物，我把它们全倒在了地上。一个月后，我看见一些亮绿的幼苗，六个月后我便有了一块非常小的庄稼地。我很激动。或许现在我可以制自己的面包了。

这些事说起来容易做起来却很困难。从谷物到面包需要很多工作。很多人吃面包，但又有多少人可以无须帮助地种出谷物又生产出面包呢？我不得不学着去做而且去做很多新的东西，在我烧出并食用我第一个面包时又一年过去了。

在这期间，我从来没有停止设法逃离小岛。当我纵深探索小岛的另外一侧时，我能够看见其他的小岛，我对自己说，“或许我用一只小船可以到达那儿。也许，有一天我便可以回到英格兰了。”

于是，我决定造自己的小船。我砍倒了一棵大树，然后开始掏成一个长条形洞。这是很苦的工作，但六个月后，我就有了一只很好的独木舟。接下去，我必须让它下水。我是多么的愚蠢啊！为什么开始工作前却没想到呢？毫无疑问，这只独木舟太重了。我不能够移得动它！我又拉又推用尽一切方法，但它却纹丝不动。这以后很长一段日子我都不开心。

造船是发生在我到岛上之后的第四个年头。在我的第六年里我又造了一只更小的船，但我没有用它来试图逃离。要想长途航行，这船太小了，我可不想死在海上。现在这岛便是我的家而非我的监狱，我相当快乐地生活着。一年或两年后，我在岛的另一侧又造了一只独木舟。我还在那儿建了第二座房子，所以我有两个家。

我的生活总是从早忙到晚，总是有很多事情要做。我学会用兽皮给自己做新衣服，虽然看起来挺古怪，但穿着它在雨季能使我保持干燥。

我在我的两所房子里都储放了食物和工具，也都养了野山羊。在这个岛上有很多野山羊，我用高栅栏圈了块地把它们围在里面。它们学会了从我这儿找食物，于是不久，我就每天有了羊奶喝。我同时也还在我的地里辛苦耕耘。于是，很多年就这样过去

A footprint

Then, one year, something strange and terrible happened. I often walked along the shore, and one day I saw something in the sand. I went over to look at it more care—fully, and stopped in sudden surprise.

It was a footprint—the footprint of a man!

Who could this be? Afraid, I looked around me. I listened. I waited. Nothing. I was more and more afraid. Perhaps this man was one of those wild people who killed and ate other men! I looked everywhere, but there was nobody, and no other footprint. I turned and hurried home. 'There's someone on my is—land,' I said to myself. 'Perhaps he knows about me...Per—haps he's watching me now from behind a tree...Perhaps he wants to kill me.'

That night I couldn't sleep. The next day I got all my guns ready and I put more wood and young trees around my house. Nobody could see me now. But, after fifteen years alone on the island, I was afraid, and I did not leave my cave for three days.

In the end, I had to go out to milk my goats. But for two years I was afraid. I stayed near my home and I never used my guns because I didn't want to make a noise. I could not forget the footprint, but I saw and heard nothing more, and slowly I began to feel happier.

One day, a year later, I was over on the west side of the is—land. From there I could see the other islands, and I could also see a boat, far out to sea. 'If you have a boat,' I thought, 'it's easy to sail across to this island. Perhaps that explains the foot—print—it was a visitor from one of the other islands.'

I began to move more freely around the island again, and built myself a third house. It was a very secret place in a cave. 'No wild man will ever find that,' I said to myself.

Then one year something happened which I can never forget. I was again on the west side of the island and was walk—ing along the shore. Suddenly, I saw something which made me feel ill. There were heads, arms, feet, and other pieces of men's bodies everywhere. For a minute, I couldn't think, and then I understood. Sometimes there were fights between the wild men on the other islands. Then they came here to my island with their prisoners, to kill them, cook them, and eat them. Slowly, I went home, but I was very angry. How could men do this?

For many months I watched carefully for the smoke from fires, but I didn't see anything. Somehow the wild men came and went, and I never saw them. I was angry and afraid. I wanted to shoot them all, but there were many of them and on—ly one of me. 'Perhaps I can shoot two or three,' I said to my—self, 'but then they will kill and eat me.'

Then, one morning in my twenty—third year on the island, I was out in my fields and I saw the smoke from a fire. Quickly, I went up the hill to watch.

There were nine men around the fire, and they were cooking their terrible food. Then these wild men danced round the fire, singing and shouting. This went on for about two hours, and then they got into their boats and sailed away. I went down to the shore and saw the blood of the dead men on the sand. 'The next time they come, I'm going to kill them,' I said angrily.

6 一个脚印

有一年，古怪而且可怕的事情发生了。我经常沿着海岸走，一天我看见在沙滩上有些东西。我跑过去想瞧个仔细，但却在震惊中停了下来。

那是一个脚印——一个人的脚印！

这是谁的呢？我害怕极了，环顾四周，我倾听着、等候着，却什么也没有，我越来越怕。也许，这是一个杀死并吃掉其他人的野人！我到处看，但都没有人，也没有别的脚印。我转过身匆忙赶回家。“岛上有人，”我自言自语，“也许他知道我……也许他现在正从树后面观察我……也许他想杀了我。”

那一夜我不能入睡。第二天我把所有的枪备好并在房子的周围堆上更多的木头和小树。现在没有人能够看见我。可是，岛上独自生活了十五年后，我还是害怕，以至于一连三天没离开过我的山洞。

最终，我还是不得不出去给我的山羊挤奶，但两年里我一直提心吊胆。我呆在房子的附近，从来不使用我的枪因为我不想弄出声音。我忘不掉那个脚印，但由于再也没有听到其他什么，渐渐地，我的感觉开始好起来。

一年以后的一天，我来到小岛的西侧，从那儿我能看到其他岛和远处大海中的船。“如果有一只船，”我想，“穿过海面来到这个岛是挺容易，也许，这样可以解释这脚印——是一个来自其他岛的来访者。”

我又开始在岛上自由自在地走动并给自己建了第三所房子。它是在一个山洞里非常隐蔽的地方。“没有野人能够找到它，”我对自己说。

然而有一年，有些事出现令我永远不能忘记。我又一次在岛的西侧沿着海岸散步。突然，我瞧见令我作呕的东西，那儿到处是人头、手臂、脚和一些人体其他部位的碎块。那一刻，我简直无法思考，随即，我就明白了。以前另一个岛上的野人之间发生了一场战斗，然后他们带着他们的俘虏来到了我的岛上，杀了俘虏，接着烹了吃掉。慢慢地，我走回家中，我愤怒。人怎么能够做这样的事？

几个月来，我仔细观察火堆升起的烟，但我什么也没看见。究竟野人如何来来去去我却从来没有发现过。我又愤怒又害怕。我想把他们全都杀了，但他们很多人而我只有一个人。“也许，我可以杀死两、三个，”我自言自语，“可是，然后他们却会杀了我并把我吃掉。”

此后，正是我在岛上的第23个年头的一个早上，我正在我的地里劳作，我看见一堆火上升起的烟，飞快地，我爬上山去观察。

有9个人围绕着火堆，正在烹煮着可怕37的食物。接着那些野人围绕着火堆跳起了舞，唱着叫着。这样整整持续了两个小时，然后他们上了小船离去。我下到海滩上，目睹了沙滩上死人的淋漓鲜血。“下次他们来，我一定会杀了他们，”我愤怒地说。

Friday

For two years I never went anywhere without my gun. I felt lonely and afraid, and had many sleepless nights. One night there was a very bad storm, and I thought I heard the sound of guns out at sea. The next morning I looked out, and saw a ship. It was lying on its side not far from the shore. Quickly, I put my little boat in the water and sailed out to it.

There were two dead men on the ship, but no one alive. The bodies of the other sailors were lost in the sea. I took some clothes and tools, and also a box of Spanish gold and silver money. I was a rich man now, but what use was money to me? I could not buy anything with it.

I wanted people, a friend, somebody to talk to...somebody who could help me escape from my island. One morning I woke up and made a plan. 'I'll try to catch one of the prisoners of the wild men,' I said to myself. 'He'll be happy to be alive and perhaps he'll help me to escape.' I watched day and night, but for a year and a half there were no boats.

Then one day five boats came. There were about thirty men and they had two prisoners. They made their fire on the sand and danced round it. Then they killed one of the prisoners and began to cook their terrible meal. The second prisoner waited under the trees, with two men to watch him. Suddenly, the prisoner turned and ran. The two men ran after him, but the other wild men were busy round the fire and did not see what was happening.

The prisoner ran like a wild goat, and soon I saw that he was coming near the bottom of my hill. As fast as I could, I ran down the hill and jumped out of the trees between the prisoner and the two wild men. I hit the first man with the wooden end of my gun and he fell down, but I had to shoot the second man. The poor prisoner did not move. He was afraid of the noise of my gun.

I called to him and tried to show him that I was friendly. Slowly, he moved nearer to me, but just then the first wild man began to get up from the ground. Then the prisoner spoke and I understood that he wanted my sword. How happy I was to hear words again! I gave him my sword, and at once he cut off the head of his enemy.

Hurriedly, we hid the dead bodies under some leaves, and then left quickly. I took my prisoner to my secret cave on the other side of the island and gave him food and drink. After that, he went to sleep.

He was a fine young man, about twenty-five years old, tall and well-built, with a kind face and a nice smile. He had a brown skin, black hair, bright eyes and strong white teeth. I decided to give him the name of 'Man Friday', because I first saw him on a Friday.

When he woke up in the morning, he ran out to me. I was milking my goats in the field, and he got down on the ground and put his head near my foot. I understood that he was thanking me, and I tried to show him that I was his friend.

I began to teach him to speak English, and soon he could say his name, 'Master', and 'Yes' and 'No'. How good it was to hear a man's voice again!

Later that day we went back to my first house. We went carefully along the beach, but there were no boats and no wild men. Just blood and bones all over the sand. I felt ill, but Friday wanted to eat the pieces of men's bodies which were still on the ground. I showed him that this was terrible for me, and he understood.

When we got to my house, I gave Man Friday some trousers, and I made him a coat and a hat. He liked his new clothes very much. Then I made him a little tent to sleep in, but for a few weeks I always took my gun to bed with me. Perhaps Friday was still a wild man and would try to kill me in the night. At first, Friday was very afraid of my gun. Sometimes he talked to it, and asked it not to kill him.

Friday was a quick learner and his English got better day by day. He helped me with the goats and with the work in the cornfields, and soon we were good friends. I enjoyed teaching him and, most of all, having a friend to talk to. This was the happiest of all my years on the island.

Friday and I lived together happily for three years. I told him the story of my adventures and about life in England, and he told me about his country and his people. One day we were at the top of the highest hill on the island, and we were looking out to sea. It was a very clear day and we could see a long way. Suddenly, Friday began to jump up and down, very excited.

'What's the matter?' I said.

'Look, Master, look!' Friday cried. 'I can see my country. Look over there!'

I looked, and there to the north-west, between the sea and the sky, was a long thin piece of land. I learnt later that it was the island of Trinidad, and that my island was in the mouth of the River Orinoco on the north coast of South America.

I began to think again about escape. Perhaps Friday wanted to go home too. Perhaps together we could get to his country. But what then? Would Friday still be my friend, or would his people kill me and eat me?

I took Friday to the other side of the island and showed him my big canoe. It still lay under the trees. It was very old now, and there were holes in the wood.

'Could a boat like this sail to your country, Friday?' I asked him.

'Oh yes,' he answered. 'A boat like this can carry a lot of food and drink.'

'Then we'll make another canoe like it, and you can go home in it,' I said.

But Friday looked very unhappy. 'Why are you angry with me?' he asked. 'What have I done? Why do you want to send me home?'

'But I thought you wanted to go home,' I said.

'Yes. But you must come with me. Kill me if you want, but don't send me away from you!'

Then I saw that Friday was a true friend, and so I agreed to go with him. We began work on the canoe at once. Friday chose the tree himself—he understood wood better than I did—and we cut it down. We worked hard and in a month the boat was finished. Two weeks later it was in the sea, and we began to get ready for our long journey.

7 星期五

两年来，没带枪我从不四处乱走。我感到孤独和害怕，许多晚上无法入睡。一个晚上来了一场非常厉害的风暴。我想我听到海上的枪声。第二天早晨我往外望去，看到一只轮船斜搁在离海岸不远的海面上。我迅速地把我的小船拖下水并朝大船驶去。

船上有两个死人，但没有人活着，其他水手的尸体都消失在海上。我带走一些衣服和工具，还有一箱西班牙金币和银币，现在我成了一个富翁，但这些钱对我有什么用呢？我用它们什么也买不到。

我渴望人类，一个朋友，可以谈话的人……可以帮助我逃离孤岛的人。有天早上我醒来作了个计划。“我将试图能救一个那些野人的俘虏，”我自言自语，“他将因为活着而高兴，可能他会帮助我逃跑。”我日夜观望着，但一年半过去了，却再也没见到船只出现。

有一天，海上来了五只船，大约有30个人和两个俘虏。他们在沙滩上生火并围着火跳舞，然后他们杀了一个俘虏并开始煮可怕的食物。另一个俘虏在树下等候，留有两个人看守，突然，这个俘虏转身就跑，两个人在后面追赶，但其余的野人围着火忙着，并没有看见发生的事。

那俘虏像一只野山羊在奔跑，不一会儿我看到他已跑到我的山脚下。我尽快地跑下山去，在俘虏和另两个野人之间的树丛里跳出来。我用木制的枪柄击倒第一个野人，但我却不得不开枪打死第二个。可怜的俘虏没有移动，他被枪声吓呆了。

我大声招呼他，努力向他表明我是友好的。他慢慢地向我靠近，但这时第一个野人开始从地上爬起来。然后这俘虏说话了，我明白他需要我的刀。能够听到人的语言我是多么高兴啊！我给他我的刀，他立刻砍掉了敌人的脑袋。

我们急忙把尸体藏在了落叶下，然后迅速地离开。我把俘虏带到岛的另一面我隐蔽的洞穴，并给他食物和水，不久，他睡着了。

他是一个可爱的年轻人，大约25岁，身材高大健壮，和善的脸上带着开心的微笑。他褐色皮肤，黑头发，明亮的眼睛和坚固的白牙齿。我决定叫他“仆人星期五”，因为我是在星期五第一次见到他。

当他早上醒来时，他跑到我的身边。我正在田里挤羊奶，他跪在地上把他的头贴在43我的脚边。我明白他在感谢我，我努力向他表明我是他的朋友。

我开始教他说英语，不久，他能够说他的名字，“主人”及“是”与“不是”。重新听到人的声音是多么美妙啊！

那天傍晚，我们回到我的第一次建造的房子，我们沿着海滨小心走着，但那儿没有船和野人，只有血迹和尸骨散落在沙滩上，我感到恶心，但星期五想吃地上的尸体的碎块，我向他表示这对我来说很可怕，他明白了。

当我们回到房子里，我给星期五几条裤子，而且给他做了件外套和一顶帽子，他非常喜欢他的新衣服。然后我给他搭了一座小帐篷睡觉，但一连几个星期我总是带枪睡觉，或许因为星期五还是一个野人，也许他会在夜里杀了我。开始，星期五害怕我的枪，有时他对枪说话，叫枪不要杀死他。

星期五学得很快，他的英语讲得一天比一天好。他帮我养山羊和在田地里干活，不久我们成了好朋友。我乐于教他，最重要的是有一个朋友可以谈话，这是我在岛上最快乐的时光。

我和星期五幸福地一起生活了三年，我告诉他我的冒险经历和在英国的生活，他告诉我有关他的国家及人民。一天，我们站在岛的最高的山顶，眺望大海，天气十分晴朗，我们可以看得很远。突然，星期五跳上跳下，非常兴奋。

“发生了什么事？”我说。

“看，主人，看哪！”星期五叫起来。“我能看见我的国家。看，就在那儿。”

我看到从这儿往西北，在海天之间，有一片狭长的土地。我后来知道这是特立尼达岛，而我的岛在南美洲北部海岸的奥里诺科河的河口。

我又重新开始考虑逃离。也许星期五也想回家。或许我们能一起回到他的国家。但那会怎样呢？星期五仍会是我的朋友么？他的伙伴会杀死并吃掉我么？

我把星期五带到岛的另一边，向他展示我的庞大的独木舟。它仍躺在树下。现在它非常旧，木头上有些洞。

“星期五，像这样的船能驶到你的国家吗？”我问他。

“哦，能，”他回答说。“像这样的船能装运许多食物和水。”

“那么我们将制造差不多的另一只独木舟，你就可以乘着它回家了。”我说。

但星期五看起来很不开心。“为什么你生我的气呢？”他问。“我做了什么？为什么你想送我回家？”

“但我认为你想回家，”我说道。

“是的。但是你一定要和我一起去。假如你想杀我也可以，但不要把我送走！”

此后我发现星期五是一个真诚的朋友，因此我同意和他一起走。我们马上开始建造独木舟。星期五亲自挑选木头——他比我更懂得木材的好坏——我们砍倒树木。我们辛苦地工作，一个月就把船造好了。两个星期后船下水了，我们开始为长途旅行作准备。

Escape from the island

I was now in my twenty—seventh year on the island, and I did not want to be there for another year. We worked hard to get the corn in, and to make a lot of bread. We had dried fruit and salted meat, and big pots to keep water in. One evening Friday went out to look for a turtle for meat and eggs. But in less than an hour he was back, and he looked very afraid.

'Master! Master!' he cried. 'There's a great ship near the island, and men are coming to the shore in a boat!'

I jumped up and ran with him down to the shore. To my great surprise, I saw that it was an English ship! But why was it here? English ships never came this way. Perhaps they were pirates! 'Don't let them see you, Friday!' I called. 'We'll hide in the trees and watch.'

There were eleven men in the boat, but three of them were prisoners. Their arms were tied with rope, but their legs were free and they could walk. The other sailors pushed the three prisoners up the beach, laughing and shouting and hitting them. Then some of them sat down on the sand and began to drink. Others walked away to look at the island, and two men stayed to watch the boat. The three prisoners walked slowly a-long the beach and sat down under a tree, not far from us. They looked very unhappy.

Very quietly, I came up behind them through the trees, and called out to them in English.

'Don't be afraid,' I said. 'I'm an Englishman. Perhaps I can help you.'

The three men turned and looked at me. They did not answer at once; they were too surprised. Perhaps they thought I was a wild man myself, in my strange home—made clothes of animals' skins, and with my long hair and beard. Then the old—east man spoke.

'I am the captain of that ship,' he said, 'and these two men are my first and second officers. Last night there was a mutiny, and the seamen took the ship from me. Now they're going to leave the three of us here, to die on this island.'

'De these mutineers have guns?'

'Only two,' he answered, 'and they've left those on the boat.'

'All righ,' I said. 'We'll fight them, but if we get your ship back for you, you must take me back to England.'

The captain agreed immediately and thanked me very warm—ly for my help. Friday ran back to my house to get all the guns, and the captain and I made a plan.

The first part was easy because the seamen were not ready for a fight. We shot the two men at the boat, and the captain shot another man. This man, Tom Smith, was the worst of them all and he began the mutiny on the ship. Then the cap-tain talked to the other five men, and they agreed to help him. They did not really want to be mutineers, but they were afraid of Tom Smith.

'Now,' I said to the captain, 'we must get back your ship. How many men are on it?'

'Twenty—six,' the captain replied, 'and they will fight hard because they won't want to go home. It is death for all muti-neers in England. But not all the men are bad. I'm sure that some of them will help me.'

Just then we saw another boat, which was coming from the ship to the shore. There were ten men in it, and they all had guns. We ran into the trees and waited.

It was a long hard fight, but by now it was dark and this helped us very much. We ran here and there in the trees, calling and shouting. The seamen could not see us and did not know how many men they were fighting. In the end the first officer shouted to them:

'Put down your guns and stop fighting! The captain has fifty island people to help him. We can kill you all!'

So the seamen stopped fighting and we took their guns. Three of the men agreed to come back to the captain, and we put the others in my cave. Friday and I stayed to watch the prisoners, while the captain and his men went back to fight for the ship.

All night we listened to the sound of guns and shouting, but in the morning, when the sun came up, the captain was master of his ship again. I went down to the shore to meet him.

'My dear friend,' he cried, 'There's your ship! I'll take you to the ends of the world in it!'

I put my arms round him, and we laughed and cried together. How happy I was to leave the ialand!

My good friend Friday came with me, of course, but we left the mutineers on the island. We decided not to kill them; they could begin a new life on the island. I showed them my three houses, my cornfields and my goats, and all my tools. Their life would be easy because of all my hard work for so many years.

And so, on the nineteenth of December 1689—after twen-ty-seven years, two months and nineteen days—I said good-bye to my island and sailed home to England.

8 逃离孤岛

现在我在岛上已经呆了27年，我不愿再呆下去了。我们勤劳地工作，收割谷物，制成许多面包。我们准备了干果、咸肉和装水的大罐子。一天傍晚，星期五为了吃肉和海龟蛋去抓海龟。但不到一个钟头他就回来了。他看起来非常害怕。

“主人！主人！”他叫喊着。“在岛的附近有一只大船，他们坐着一条小船上岸来了！”

我跳起来跟他一起下山朝岸边跑。令我非常惊奇的是，我看到那是一艘英国船！但为什么会在哪儿？英国船只从不朝这个方向来。或许他们是海盗！“别让他们看见你，星期五！”我叫到。“我们躲到树后，瞧着。”

船上有11个人，但其中3个是俘虏。他们的手臂用绳子捆着，但他们的脚是自由的，可以走路。其他水手把这3个俘虏押到海滩上，笑着，叫着并踢他们。一些人坐在沙滩上开始喝酒。其他人走开去观察小岛，留下两个人看守小船。3个俘虏沿着海滩走得很慢，在离我们不远的树下坐了下來。他们显得非常沮丧。

我悄悄地穿过树丛走到他们后面，用英语招呼他们。

“不要害怕，”我说。“我是英国人。或许我能帮助你们。”

这3个人转过身来看着我。他们没有马上回答；他们很惊讶。可能会认为我这个穿着用动物皮毛自制的古怪衣服，长长的头发和胡须的人是个野人。稍后，最年长的人说话了。

“我是船长，”他说，“这两个是我的大副和二副。昨晚发生了一场叛乱，水手夺走了我的船。现在他们将把我们3人丢在这儿，让我们死在岛上。”

“这些反叛者有枪么？”

“只有两支枪，”他回答，“他们把枪留在小船上了。”

“好的，”我说。“我们来打他们，但是如果我们为你夺回了船，你们必须带我回英国去。”

船长立即同意并热情感谢我的帮助。星期五跑回房子取来所有的枪，船长和我作了计划。

第一步还是容易的，因为水手没有作战的准备。我们开枪打死了船上的两人，船长击毙了另一个。这个叫汤姆·史密斯的，是最坏的一个。他发动了这个船上的叛乱。然后船长和其他5个人谈话，他们答应帮助船长。他们并非真的想成为反叛者，只是他们畏惧汤姆·史密斯。

“现在，”我对船长说，“我们必须回到你的船上。船上有多少人？”

“26个，”船长回答，“他们会顽强抵抗，因为他们不想回家。在英国所有的反叛者都会处以死刑。但并非所有的人都坏。我相信有一些人会帮助我的。”

这时我们看见另一只小船，正离开大船向岸边驶来。船上有10个人，他们都带了枪。我们跑进树丛等着。

这是一场艰苦的持久战，但此刻天已黑了，这对我们很有利。我们在树丛里到处跑，叫喊着。水手们看不见我们也不知道和他们打仗的有多少人。最后，大副朝他们喊：

“放下武器。停止战斗！船长得到了50名岛上居民的帮助，我们能把你们全部消灭！”

因此水手们停止了作战，我们缴了他们的枪。其中3人同意回到船长这边，我们把其余的人送进我的山洞里。我和星期五留下看守俘虏，而船长和他的手下回去为夺船而战斗。

整夜我们听见枪声及叫喊声，但到了早晨，当太阳升起时，船长又成了大船的主人。我下山到海岸边去迎接他。

“我亲爱的朋友，”他喊道。“那是你的船！我会用他把你载到世界的每个角落！”

我拥抱他，我们一起又笑又叫。离开这个小岛我是多么高兴啊！

我的好朋友星期五当然跟随着我，但我们把那些叛乱者留在了岛上。我们决定不杀他们；他们能够在岛上开始一种新的生活。我给他们看了我的三间房子，我的庄稼地和我的山羊以及所有的工具。由于我的多年的艰苦劳动他们的生活会轻松得多。

于是，在1686年12月19日——经过了27年2个月19天——我告别了我的小岛乘船返回了英国。

Home in England

When I came back to England, I felt like a stranger in the country. Many things were different, and not many people remembered me. I went home to York, but my father and mother were dead, and also my two brothers. I did find the two sons of one of my brothers. They were happy to learn that I was alive, and I was pleased to find some family.

After some months I decided to go down to Lisbon in Portugal. I had friends there who could help me to sell my land in Brazil, and I needed the money. Friday came with me. He was always a good and true friend to me. In Lisbon I found the Portuguese captain, who took me in his ship to Brazil, all those years ago. It was good to see him again, and he helped me with my business. Soon I was ready to go home again—by land. No more adventures and dangers by sea for me!

It was a long, hard journey. We had to cross the mountains between Spain and France in winter, and the snow was deep. Poor Friday was very afraid of the snow. In his country it was always hot, and he did not like cold weather.

Back in England I found a house and began to live a quiet life. My two nephews came to live with me. The younger one wanted to be a sailor, and so I found him a place on a ship. After a while I married, and had three children, two sons and a daughter. Then my wife died, and my nephew, who was now the captain of a ship, came home to see me. He knew that I did not really like a quiet life.

'I have a fine ship, uncle,' he said. 'I'm going out to the East Indies—India, Malaya, the Philippines...Why don't you come with me?'

And so, in 1694, I went to sea again, and had many more adventures. Perhaps one day I'll write another book about them.

9 英国的家

当我回到英格兰，我觉得自己好像是这个国家的一个陌生客人。许多东西都变了样，没有几个人能记得我。我回到约克郡的家，我的父母亲及我两个兄弟都已去世了。我找到了我一个兄弟的两个儿子。知道我还活着他们非常高兴，我很高兴找到了一些家人。

过了几个月我决定去葡萄牙的里斯本。我有些朋友在那儿可以帮我卖掉在巴西的土地，我需要钱。星期五和我一起去。他一直是我的一个忠实的好朋友。在里斯本我找到了多年前带我去巴西的葡萄牙船长。再次见到他真是太好了，他帮助我做生意。不久我又准备回家——是经陆路。对我来说在海上航行已没有更多的冒险和危险。

这是一次长途跋涉的旅行。我们不得不在冬天穿越位于西班牙和法国之间的大山，积雪很深。可怜的星期五非常害怕雪。在他的国家天气总是很热，他不喜欢寒冷的天气。

回到英国我找了座房子，开始过平静的生活。我的两个侄子来和我住在一起。小的一个想做一名水手，于是我给他在船上找了个职位。过了不久我结婚了，生了三个孩子，两个儿子和一个女儿。后来我的妻子去世了，我的那个侄子回家看我，他现在已当了船长。他知道我并不真正喜欢平静的生活。

“我有一艘好船，叔叔，”他说，“我将去东印度——印度、马来西亚、菲律宾……为什么你不同我一起去呢？”

于是，1694年，我再次出海，有了更多冒险的经历。或许有一天我会另外写一本关于它们的书。

[1 Down the rabbit-hole](#)

[2 The pool of tears](#)

[3 Conversation with a caterpillar](#)

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[7 Who stole the tarts?](#)

简 介

“你得知道，这儿人人都是疯子。”切舍猫说：“我是疯子，你也是疯子。”

“你怎么知道我疯了？”爱丽丝问。

“你当然是疯子，”切舍猫说。“到这儿来的人都疯了。”

这是爱丽丝在很早以前一个夏日里的梦。在这梦的奇境里，白兔戴着白手套，毛虫吸着烟斗……疯了的制帽人和三月兔总是在喝茶，而红桃王后要砍掉每一个人的头……

这故事很奇怪，可是，在梦境里什么都会发生。

刘易斯·卡罗尔（他的真名叫查尔斯·道森）生于1832年，死于1898年。他在牛津大学教数学。《爱丽丝漫游奇境记》是写给一个名叫爱丽丝·利得尔的小女孩的。后来他又写了一本《透过镜子》，这两部爱丽丝故事都是最著名的儿童读物。

1 Down the rabbit-hole

Alice was beginning to get very bored. She and her sister were sitting under the trees. Her sister was reading, but Alice had nothing to do. Once or twice she looked into her sister's book, but it had no pictures or conversations in it.

'And what is the use of a book,' thought Alice, 'without pictures or conversations?'

She tried to think of something to do, but it was a hot day and she felt very sleepy and stupid. She was still sitting and thinking when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran past her.

There was nothing really strange about seeing a rabbit. And Alice was not very surprised when the Rabbit said, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' (Perhaps it was a little strange, Alice thought later, but at the time she was not surprised.)

But then the Rabbit took a watch out of its pocket, looked at it, and hurried on. At once Alice jumped to her feet.

'I've never before seen a rabbit with either a pocket, or a watch to take out of it,' she thought. And she ran quickly across the field after the Rabbit. She did not stop to think, and when the Rabbit ran down a large rabbit-hole, Alice followed it immediately.

After a little way the rabbit-hole suddenly went down, deep into the ground. Alice could not stop herself falling, and down she went, too.

It was a very strange hole Alice was falling very slowly, and she had time to think and to look around her. She could see nothing below her because it was so dark. But when she looked at the sides of the hole, she could see cupboards and books and pictures on the walls. She had time to take things out of a cupboard, look at them, and then put them back in a cupboard lower down.

'Well!' thought Alice. 'After a fall like this, I can fall anywhere! I can fall downstairs at home, and I won't cry or say a word about it!'

Down, down, down. 'How far have I fallen now?' Alice said aloud to herself. 'Perhaps I'm near the centre of the earth. Let me think...That's four thousand miles down.' (Alice was very good at her school lessons and could remember a lot of things like this.)

Down, down, down. Would she ever stop falling? Alice was very nearly asleep when, suddenly, she was sitting on the ground. Quickly, she jumped to her feet and looked around. She could see the White Rabbit, who was hurrying away and still talking to himself. 'Oh my ears and whiskers!' he was saying. 'How late it's getting!'

Alice ran after him like the wind. She was getting very near him when he suddenly turned a corner. Alice ran round the corner too, and then stopped. She was now in a long, dark room with doors all round the walls, and she could not see the White Rabbit anywhere.

She tried to open the doors, but they were all locked. 'How will I ever get out again?' she thought sadly. Then she saw a little glass table with three legs, and on the top of it was a very small gold key. Alice quickly took the key and tried it in all the doors, but oh dear! Either the locks were too big, or the key was too small, but she could not open any of the doors.

Then she saw another door, a door that was only forty centimetres high. The little gold key unlocked this door easily, but of course Alice could not get through it—she was much too big. So she lay on the floor and looked through the open door, into a beautiful garden with green trees and bright flowers.

Poor Alice was very unhappy. 'What a wonderful garden!' she said to herself. 'I'd like to be out there—not in this dark room. Why can't I get smaller?' It was already a very strange day, and Alice was beginning to think that anything was possible.

After a while she locked the door again, got up and went back to the glass table. She put the key down and then she saw a little bottle on the table ('I'm sure it wasn't here before,' said Alice). Round the neck of the bottle was a piece of paper with the words DRINK ME in large letters.

But Alice was a careful girl. 'It can be dangerous to drink out of strange bottles,' she said. 'What will it do to me?' She drank a little bit very slowly. The taste was very nice, like chocolate and oranges and hot sweet coffee, and very soon Alice finished the bottle.

* * *

'What a strange feeling!' said Alice. 'I think I'm getting smaller and smaller every second.'

And she was. A few minutes later she was only twenty-five centimetres high. 'And now,' she said happily, 'I can get through the little door into that beautiful garden.'

She ran at once to the door. When she got there, she remembered that the little gold key was back on the glass table. She ran back to the table for it, but of course, she was now much too small! There was the key, high above her, on top of the table. She tried very hard to climb up the table leg, but she could not do it.

At last, tired and unhappy, Alice sat down on the floor and cried. But after a while she spoke to herself angrily.

'Come now,' she said. 'Stop crying at once. What's the use of crying?' She was a strange child, and often talked to herself like this.

Soon she saw a little glass box near her on the floor. She opened it, and found a very small cake with the words EAT ME on it.

Nothing could surprise Alice now. 'Well, I'll eat it,' she said. 'If I get taller, I can take the key off the table. And if I get smaller, I can get under the door. One way or another, I'll get into the garden. So it doesn't matter what happens!'

She ate a bit of the cake, and then put her hand on top of her head. 'Which way? Which way?' she asked herself, a little afraid. Nothing happened. This was not really surprising. People don't usually get taller or shorter when they eat cake. But

a lot of strange things were happening to Alice today. 'It will be very boring,' she said, 'if nothing happens.'

So she went on eating, and very soon the cake was finished.

1 掉进兔子洞

爱丽丝开始觉得有点无聊了。她和姐姐正坐在树下。姐姐在看书，而爱丽丝无事可做。她不时看看姐姐的书，里面既没有图画，也没有对话。

“一本书没有图画和对话有什么用呢？”爱丽丝想。

她想找点什么事儿做做，可天气很热，她觉得又困又无聊。正坐在那儿想事，忽然，一只长着粉红眼睛的白兔跑过她身边。

看到一只兔子真没有什么可奇怪的。兔子说话时爱丽丝居然也不觉得太奇怪。兔子说，“噢，天哪！噢，天哪！我要迟到了！”（后来爱丽丝想起这事觉得有点儿奇怪，但当时她并不觉得有什么奇怪。）

然后兔子从自己的口袋里掏出一块表，看了看，赶紧走了。爱丽丝立刻跳了起来。

“我从未见过有口袋的兔子，或者兔子掏出一块手表来。”她想。她跟在兔子后面很快跑过田野。她也没停下来想一想，当兔子跑进一个大的兔子洞时，爱丽丝立即跟了进去。

走了一小段，兔子洞突然向下转，直深入地下。爱丽丝不由自主地掉了下去。

这个兔子洞很奇怪。爱丽丝往下掉得很慢，来得及看看四周。下面很暗，她什么也看不清。但她看到洞壁上有小柜子、书和画儿。她有时间从柜子里拿点东西，看上一眼，再放到下面的柜子里。

“嗯，”爱丽丝想。“跌了这一下子，我到哪儿也不会怕跌倒了！以后在家里跌下楼梯，我不会哭也不会说什么。”

往下掉呀，掉呀，掉呀。爱丽丝自言自语：“现在我掉下来了多深？也许我快到地球中心了。让我想想……那是地下4000公里。”（爱丽丝功课不错，能记住好多这样的事。）

掉呀，掉呀，掉呀。什么时候才能停下来呢？爱丽丝都快睡着了，突然，她一下坐到了地上。她很快跳了起来，看了看周围。她看见白兔正急匆匆走开，还在自言自语：“噢，我的耳朵和胡子！现在太晚了！”

爱丽丝跟在他后面像风一样跑起来。她就快追上他了，兔子突然转了个弯。爱丽丝也转过弯，然后停了下来。这是一个狭长的房间，很暗，墙四周都是门。她看不清白兔在哪儿。

她试着推开门，可门都锁着。“我怎样才能再出去呢？”她想，伤心极了。接着她看见一张三条腿的小玻璃桌，上面放了一把很小的金钥匙。爱丽丝马上拿起钥匙，试了试所有的门，可是天哪！锁都太大了，而钥匙大小了，她一个门也打不开。

这时，她看见另有一个门，只有40厘米高。小金钥匙轻而易举就打开了门，可爱丽丝过不去——她太大了。她趴在地板上看过去，门外是一个美丽的花园，里面长着绿树和鲜艳的花儿。

可怜的爱丽丝难过极了。“多漂亮的花园呀！”她想。“我要出去——不想呆在这个黑屋子里。可我怎么才能变得小一点呢？”今天真是奇怪的一天，爱丽丝开始琢磨什么事都可能发生。

过了一会她锁上门，站起来回到玻璃桌那儿。她放下钥匙，然后看见桌上有个小瓶子（“我敢肯定刚才它不在这儿，”爱丽丝说）。瓶颈上有一张纸，上面写着大大的两个字“喝我”。

但爱丽丝是个细心谨慎的女孩。“喝奇怪的瓶子里的东西会很危险，”她说。“喝了我会怎么样呢？”她慢慢喝了一点点。味道不错，有点儿像巧克力、桔汁和热的甜咖啡。爱丽丝很快把一瓶都喝了。

“感觉真奇怪！”爱丽丝说。“我想每秒钟我都在越变越小。”

她是在变小。几分钟后她只有25厘米高了。“现在，”她高兴地说，“我能穿过那扇小门去花园里了。”

她立刻跑到门那儿。到了那儿她想起来那把小金钥匙还在那个玻璃桌上。她跑回去拿，可是，她现在太小了！钥匙放得很高，在桌子上呢。她想爬上桌子腿，但爬不上去。

最后，爱丽丝又累又伤心，坐在地板上哭了起来。哭了一会儿她生气地对自己说了起来。

“噢，现在，”她说。“快别哭了。哭有什么用呢？”她是个挺怪的孩子，总是这样对自己说话。

很快，她看见自己身边的地板上有一个小盒子。她打开后发现里面有一小块蛋糕，上面写着“吃我”。

现在没什么能让爱丽丝奇怪的了。“好，吃就吃，”她说。“如果我长高了，就能从桌子上拿钥匙了。如果我变小点就能穿过门了。不管怎样，我得去花园里。发生什么都不要紧！”

她吃了点蛋糕，然后把手放在头顶。“是变大了还是变小了？”她问自己，心里有点害怕。什么也没发生。这一点也不奇怪。一般来说，人们吃点蛋糕并不见得就长高或变矮。但今天，爱丽丝身上发生了许多奇怪的事。“如果什么都没发生，”她说，“那太没意思了。”

于是她接着吃，一会儿蛋糕就吃完了。

2 The pool of tears

‘Curiouser and curiouser!’ said Alice. (She was very surprised, and for a minute she forgot how to speak good English.) ‘I shall be as tall as a house in a minute,’ she said. She tried to look down at her feet, and could only just see them. ‘Goodbye, feet!’ she called. ‘Who will put on your shoes now? Oh dear! What nonsense I’m talking!’

Just then her head hit the ceiling of the room. She was now about three metres high. Quickly, she took the little gold key from the table and hurried to the garden door.

Poor Alice! She lay on the floor and looked into the garden with one eye. She could not even put her head through the door.

She began to cry again, and went on crying and crying. The tears ran down her face, and soon there was a large pool of water all around her on the floor. Suddenly she heard a voice, and she stopped crying to listen.

‘Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess! She’ll be so angry! I’m late, and she’s waiting for me. Oh dear, oh dear!’

It was the white Rabbit again. He was hurrying down the long room, with some white gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other hand.

Alice was afraid, but she needed help. She spoke in a quiet voice. ‘Oh, please, sir—’

The Rabbit jumped wildly, dropped the gloves and the fan, and hurried away as fast as he could.

Alice picked up the fan and the gloves. The room was very hot, so she began to fan herself while she talked. ‘Oh dear! How strange everything is today! Did I change in the night? Am I a different person today? But if I’m a different person, then the next question is—who am I? Ah, that’s the mystery.’

She began to feel very unhappy again, but then she looked down at her hand. She was wearing one of the Rabbit’s white gloves. ‘How did I get it on my hand?’ she thought. ‘Oh, I’m getting smaller again!’ She looked round the room. ‘I’m already less than a metre high. And getting smaller every second! How can I stop it?’ She saw the fan in her other hand, and quickly dropped it.

She was now very, very small—and the little garden door was locked again, and the little gold key was lying on the glass table.

‘Things are worse than ever,’ thought poor Alice. She turned away from the door, and fell into salt water, right up to her neck. At first she thought it was the sea, but then she saw it was the pool of tears. Her tears. Crying makes a lot of tears when you are three metres tall.

‘Oh, why did I cry so much?’ said Alice. She swam around and looked for a way out, but the pool was very big. Just then she saw an animal in the water near her. It looked like a large animal to Alice, but it was only a mouse.

‘Shall I speak to it?’ thought Alice. ‘Everything’s very strange down here, so perhaps a mouse can talk.’

So she began: ‘Oh Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming, oh Mouse!’ (Alice did not know if this was the right way to speak to a mouse. But she wanted to be polite.)

The mouse looked at her with its little eyes, but it said nothing.

‘Perhaps it doesn’t understand English,’ thought Alice. ‘Perhaps it’s a French mouse.’ So she began again, and said in French: ‘Where is my cat?’ (This was the first sentence in her French lesson-book.)

The mouse jumped half out of the water and looked at her angrily.

‘Oh, I’m so sorry!’ cried Alice quickly. ‘Of course, you don’t like cats, do you?’

‘Like cats?’ cried the mouse in a high, angry voice. ‘Does any mouse like cats?’

‘Well, perhaps not,’ Alice began kindly.

But the mouse was now swimming quickly away, and soon Alice was alone again. At last she found her way out of the pool and sat down on the ground. She felt very lonely and unhappy. But after a while the White Rabbit came past again, looking for his white gloves and his fan.

‘The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh my ears and whiskers! She’ll cut my head off, I know she will! Oh, where did I drop my gloves?’ Then he saw Alice. ‘Why, Mary Ann, what are you doing here? Run home at once, and bring me some gloves and a fan. Quick, now!’

Alice hurried away. ‘But where is his house?’ she thought while she ran. Strangely, she was no longer in the long room with the little door, but outside in a wood. She ran and ran but could not see a house anywhere, so she sat down under a flower to rest.

2 泪水潭

“越奇越怪!”爱丽丝说。(她很奇怪,一会儿她就忘了怎么说好英语了。)

“只需要一分钟我就会长得像一所房子那么高,”她说。她试着看看自己的脚,刚刚能看到脚。“再见吧,脚!”她叫了起来。“现在谁能穿上你的鞋?噢天哪!我在胡说些什么呀!”

正在这时,她的头碰到了天花板上。她现在大约有3米高。她赶快从桌上拿了小金钥匙,跑到通往花园的门那儿。

可怜的爱丽丝!她趴在地板上,用一只眼睛往花园里瞧。她连头都塞不进门里。

她又哭了起来,哭个不停。泪水从脸蛋儿滑落,很快在她周围的地板上积成一大潭水。突然,她听到一个声音,她止住哭声仔细听。

“噢,公爵夫人,公爵夫人!她要气坏了!我迟到了,她在等我呢。噢天哪,天哪!”

又是白兔,他正从那长房间那边走过来,一只手上拿了些手套,另一只手上拿了把大扇子。

爱丽丝有点害怕,但她需要帮助。她轻声说:“嗯,先生,请——”

兔子猛地跳了起来,丢下手套和扇子,风一样地跑了。

爱丽丝拣起扇子和手套。房间里很热,于是她一边自言自语一边扇着扇子。“噢我的天!今天的每一件事都多么奇怪!晚上我是不是变了

呢？今天我是另外一个人了吗？但如果我变了个人，那下一个问题是——我倒底是谁？啊，真是个谜。”

她又伤心起来，然后她看看自己的手。她正戴着兔子的一只手套。“我怎么戴上这手套的呢？”她想。“噢，我现在又变小了！”她四下看看。“我已经不到一米高。每秒钟都在变小！我怎样才能不变小了呢？”她看到另一只手里的扇子，赶快扔了。

她现在很小很小了——可通往花园的小门又锁上了，而小金钥匙还在玻璃桌上。

“没有比这些更糟糕的事了，”可怜的爱丽丝想。她从门边走开，又掉进了咸水里，水没到脖子。一开始，她以为是海，但马上明白了，这是泪水潭，她的眼泪。当你3米高的时候，哭一下会流很多眼泪的。

“噢，我为什么总哭？”爱丽丝说。她游了起来，想找一条路，但水潭很大。正在这时她看到附近的水里有个动物。爱丽丝看着觉得像很大的动物，但它只是一只耗子。

“我要和她说说吗？”爱丽丝想。“这儿每件事都很奇怪，所以耗子也许会说话。”

于是她开口了：“喂，耗子，你知道出这水潭的路吗？我游得很累了，噢耗子！”（爱丽丝不知道这样和耗子说话对不对。但她想礼貌些。）

耗子用小眼睛瞅瞅她，但什么也没说。

“也许它不懂英语，”爱丽丝想。“可能它是只法国耗子。”她又开口了，这次是用法语：“我的猫儿在哪？”（这是她的法语课本上的第一句话。）

耗子从水里一下蹦出来半个身子，愤怒地看着她。

“哎呀，对不起！”爱丽丝马上说。“当然，你不喜欢猫，是吗？”

“喜欢猫？”耗子愤怒地高声叫道。“有喜欢猫的耗子吗？”

“嗯，也许没有，”爱丽丝开始友好些了。

但耗子还是迅速游走了，又剩下爱丽丝一个人。她终于游出了水潭，坐在地上。她觉得又孤独又难过。过了一会儿，白兔又经过这儿，他正在找他的白手套和扇子。

“公爵夫人！公爵夫人！噢我的耳朵和胡子！她会砍了我的头，我知道她会的！噢，我到底把我的手套掉在哪儿了？”他看见了爱丽丝。“玛丽·安，你在这儿干什么？赶快回家，给我带把扇子和一些手套。快点，现在就去！”

爱丽丝赶快跑。“可他的房子在哪儿？”她一边跑一边想。奇怪的是，她不再是在那间有小门的狭长房间里了，而是在一片树林里。她跑呀，跑呀，可在哪儿也没看见有房子，所以她坐在一朵花儿下休息休息。

3 Conversation with a caterpillar

‘Now,’ Alice said to herself. ‘First, I must get a little bigger, and second, I must find my way into that beautiful garden. I think that will be the best plan. But oh dear! How shall I get bigger? Perhaps I must eat or drink something, but the question is, what?’

Alice looked all around her at the flowers and the trees, but she could not see anything to eat. Then she saw a large mushroom near her. It was as tall as she was. She walked across to look at it, and there, on top of the mushroom, was a large caterpillar, smoking a pipe. After a while, the Caterpillar took the pipe out of its mouth and said to Alice in a slow, sleepy voice, ‘Who are you?’

‘I don’t really know, sir,’ said Alice. ‘I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I have changed so often since then. I think I am a different person now.’

‘What do you mean by that?’ said the Caterpillar. ‘Explain yourself!’

‘I can’t explain myself, sir,’ said Alice, ‘because I’m not myself, you know.’

‘I don’t know,’ said the Caterpillar.

‘It’s difficult to describe,’ Alice replied politely. ‘One minute I’m very small, the next minute I’m as tall as a house, then I’m small again. Usually, I stay the same all day, and changing so often feels very strange to me.’

‘You!’ said the Caterpillar, in a very unfriendly voice. ‘Who are you?’

They were now back at the beginning of their conversation, which was not very helpful. Alice felt a little cross and decided to walk away.

‘Come back!’ the Caterpillar called after her. ‘I’ve something important to say.’

This sounded better, so Alice turned back.

‘Never get angry,’ said the Caterpillar.

‘Is that all?’ said Alice, trying not to be angry.

‘No,’ said the Caterpillar. For some minutes it smoked its pipe and did not speak, but at last it took the pipe out of its mouth, and said, ‘So you’ve changed, have you? How tall do you want to be?’

‘I would like to be a little larger, sir, please,’ said Alice. ‘Eight centimetres is really very small.’

For a while the Caterpillar smoked its pipe. Then it shook itself, got down off the mushroom, and moved slowly away into the grass. It did not look back at Alice, but said, ‘One side will make you taller, and the other side will make you shorter.’

‘One side of what?’ thought Alice to herself.

She did not say this aloud, but the Caterpillar said, ‘mushroom.’ Then it moved away into the wood.

Alice looked at the mushroom carefully, but it was round, and did not have sides. At last she broke off a piece in each hand from opposite sides of the mushroom. She ate some of the piece in her left hand, and waited to see what would happen.

A minute later her head was as high as the tallest tree in the wood, and she was looking at a sea of green leaves. Then a bird appeared and began to fly around her head, screaming, ‘Egg thief! Egg thief! Go away!’

‘I’m not an egg thief,’ said Alice.

‘Oh no?’ said the bird angrily. ‘But you eat eggs, don’t you?’

‘Well, yes, I do, but I don’t steal them,’ explained Alice quickly. ‘We have them for breakfast, you know.’

‘Then how do you get them, if you don’t steal them?’ screamed the bird.

This was a difficult question to answer, so Alice brought up her right hand through the leaves and ate a little from the other piece of mushroom. She began to get smaller at once and, very carefully, she ate first from one hand, then from the other, until she was about twenty-five centimetres high.

‘That’s better,’ she said to herself. ‘And now I must find that garden.’ She began to walk through the wood, and after a while she came to a little house.

3 和毛虫的谈话

“现在，”爱丽丝想。“第一，我得变大一点，第二，我必须想办法进到那个美丽的花园里。我想，这是最好的计划。但天哪！我怎么才能变大呢？也许我得吃点什么或喝点什么，但问题是，什么呢？”

爱丽丝看看周围的花和树，但她看不见有什么东西可吃。这时，她看见附近有一个大蘑菇，和她一样高。她走过去看了看，在那儿，在蘑菇顶上有一只大毛虫，正在吸烟斗呢。过了一会儿，毛虫从嘴里取出烟斗，慢慢地、困倦地对爱丽丝开口了，“你是谁？”

“先生，我确实也不知道，”爱丽丝说。今天早上我起床的时候还知道自己是谁，但那之后我变了那么多次。我想现在自己是个不同的人了。”

“你这么说是什么意思？”毛虫问。“解释一下！”

“我没法解释自己，先生，”爱丽丝说，“因为你知道吗，我现在不是自己了。”

“我不懂，”毛虫说。

“这很难解释，”爱丽丝礼貌地回答。“这一分钟我还很小，下一分钟我就和房子一样高了，然后我又变小了。通常，我一整天都没什么变化，这样频繁地变来变去真让我觉得奇怪。”

“你！”毛虫很不友好地说。“你是谁？”

现在他们又回到谈话的开头了，这于事无补。爱丽丝有点生气了，决定走开。

“回来！”毛虫在她后面嚷嚷。“我有重要的事要说。”

这听起来还差不多，爱丽丝转回来。

“任何时候都别生气，”毛虫说。

“就这些吗？”爱丽丝说，努力让自己别发火。

“不，”毛虫说。它吸着烟斗，好一会儿都没开口，最后把烟斗从嘴里抽出来，说道，“你已经变过了，对吗？你想长多高？”

“我很想长高一点，”爱丽丝说。“80厘米实在太矮了。”

毛虫吸了一会儿烟斗。然后它晃晃身子，从蘑菇上下来，慢慢地爬到草丛里。它没有回头看看爱丽丝。只是说，“一边可以让你长高，另一边可以让你变矮。”

“什么的一边？”爱丽丝心里想。

她并没说出声来，可毛虫说，“蘑菇的。”然后它进了森林。

爱丽丝仔细看了看蘑菇，蘑菇是圆的，没有两边。最后，她从蘑菇正相对的两边一手掰下一片。她吃了点左手里的那片，然后等着看看会发生什么。

一分钟后，她的头和森林里最高的树一样高，她看着那一片绿叶的海洋。这时，有只小鸟出现了并绕着她的头飞，尖叫着：“偷蛋的贼，偷蛋的贼，滚开！”

“我不是偷蛋的贼，”爱丽丝说。

“不是？”小鸟生气地说。“但你吃蛋，对不对？”

“对，我吃蛋，但我不偷蛋，”爱丽丝赶忙解释。“你知道，我们早饭吃蛋。”

“那么，如果不是偷，你们怎么弄到蛋的？”

这个问题很难回答，爱丽丝把右手从树叶间抽出来，吃了点那片蘑菇。她马上开始变小了，然后，她小心翼翼地吃点这片，吃点那片，直到她有25厘米那么高。

“这还差不多，”她对自己说。“现在我得找到那个花园。”她走进树林，过了一会儿到了一所小房子面前。

4 The Cheshire Cat

There was a boy outside the door, with a large letter in his hand. (He was dressed like a boy, but his face was very like a fish, Alice thought.)The Fish-Boy knocked at the door, and a second later a large plate came flying out of an open window.

'A letter for the Duchess, 'the Fish-Boy shouted. He pushed the letter under the door and went away.

Alice went up to the door and knocked, but there was a lot of noise inside and nobody answered. So she opened the door and walked in.

She found herself in a kitchen, which was full of smoke. There was a very angry cook by the fire, and in the middle of the room sat the Duchess, holding a screaming baby. Every few minutes a plate crashed to the floor. There was also a large cat, which was sitting on a chair and grinning from ear to ear.

'Please, 'Alice said politely to the Duchess, 'why does your cat grin like that? '

'It's a Cheshire Cat, 'said the Duchess. 'That's why. '

'I didn't know that cats could grin, 'said Alice.

'Well, you don't know much, 'said the Duchess. Another plate crashed to the floor and Alice jumped. 'Here! 'the Duchess went on. 'You can hold the baby for a bit, if you like. The Queen has invited me to play croquet, and I must go and get ready. 'She pushed the baby into Alice's arms and hurried out of the room.

'Oh, the poor little thing! 'said Alice, looking at the baby, which had a very strange face. She took it outside into the wood and walked around under the trees. Then the baby began to make strange noises, and Alice looked into its face again. Its eyes were really very small for a baby, and its nose now looked very like the nose of a pig.

'Don't make noises like that, my dear, 'said Alice. 'It's not polite. You're beginning to sound like a pig. '

But a few minutes later, there was no mistake. It was a pig. Alice put it carefully on the ground, and it ran quietly away on its four legs into the wood.

'I'm pleased about that, 'Alice said to herself. 'It will be a good-looking pig, but it would be terrible to be a child with a face like that.

She was thinking about pigs and children when she suddenly saw the Cheshire Cat in a tree. The Cat grinned at her, and she went nearer to it.

'Please, 'she said, 'can you tell me which way to go from here? '

'But where do you want to get to? 'said the Cat.

'It doesn't really matter—'began Alice.

'Then it doesn't matter which way you go, 'said the Cat.

'But I would like to get somewhere, 'Alice explained.

'If you just go on walking, 'said the Cat, 'in the end you'll arrive somewhere. '

That was true, thought Alice, but not very helpful, so she tried another question. 'What kind of people live near here? '

'To the left, 'the Cat said, 'lives a Hatter. And to the right, lives a March Hare. You can visit either of them. They're both mad. '

'But I don't want to visit mad people, 'said Alice.

'We're all mad here, you know, 'said the Cat. 'I'm mad. You're mad. '

'How do you know that I'm mad? 'said Alice.

'Of course you're mad, 'said the Cat. 'Only mad people come here. '

Alice was thinking about this, but the Cat went on, 'Are you playing croquet with the Queen today? '

'I would like to very much, 'said Alice, 'but nobody has invited me yet. '

'You'll see me there, 'said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not really surprised at this, because so many strange things were happening today. She was still looking at the tree when, suddenly, the Cat appeared again.

'I forgot to ask, 'said the Cat. 'What happened to the baby? '

'It turned into a pig, 'Alice said.

'I'm not surprised, 'said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice began to walk on, and decided to visit the March Hare. 'It's the month of May now, 'she said to herself, 'so perhaps the Hare won't be as mad as he was in March. '

Suddenly, there was the Cheshire Cat again, sitting in another tree. Alice jumped in surprise.

'Do you think, 'she said politely, 'that you could come and go more slowly? '

'All right, 'said the Cat. And this time it vanished very slowly. First its tail went, then its body, then its head, and last, the grin.

'Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin, 'thought Alice, 'but never a grin without a cat! '

Soon she saw the house of the March Hare in front of her. It was a large house, so she ate a little piece of mushroom to get bigger, and walked on.

4 切舍猫

门外站着一个男孩，手里拿着好大的一封信。（他穿得像个男孩，爱丽丝觉得他的脸却很像一条鱼。）鱼孩敲了一下门，眨眼功夫一个大

盘子从一扇打开的窗户飞了出来。

“有封给公爵夫人的信，”鱼孩大喊道。他把信从门下塞了进去，然后走开了。

爱丽丝走上前去敲了敲门，里面一片嘈杂声，却无人应门。于是她打开门，走了进去。

她发现自己在一个小厨房里，厨房里尽是烟。火边有一个厨师，气哼哼地；在房间中央坐着公爵夫人，抱着一个正尖声大叫的婴儿。每隔几分钟就有一个盘子摔到地上。椅子上坐着一只很大的猫，正咧着大嘴笑呢。

“请问，”爱丽丝客客气气地对公爵夫人说，“你的猫为什么那样咧着嘴笑？”

“这是一只切舍猫，”公爵夫人说，“这就是原因。”

“我不知道猫会咧着嘴笑，”爱丽丝说。

“你不知道的事多着呢，”公爵夫人说。又有一只盘子摔到地上，爱丽丝跳了起来。“来！”公爵夫人接着说：“要是你愿意，这个孩子给你抱一会儿吧。王后请我打槌球，现在我得去准备一下。”她把孩子塞到爱丽丝的怀里，急匆匆地走出去了。

“噢，可怜的小东西！”爱丽丝说。她看了看孩子的脸，真是张很奇怪的脸。她带着它出了门，在树林里转了转。它开始发出一种奇怪的声音，爱丽丝又看看它的脸。眼睛很小，不像婴孩的眼睛，鼻子看起来像猪鼻子。

“亲爱的，别那样出声，”爱丽丝说。“这很不礼貌，听起来会像头猪一样。”

但过了一会儿这就算不上一个错误了。它确实是只猪。爱丽丝小心地把它放在地上，它四条腿着地，静静地跑进森林里去了。

“我很高兴，”爱丽丝自言自语道。“它会是只漂亮的猪，可小孩要长这么一张脸就太可怕了。”

正当她想着猪和小孩时，突然看见切舍猫正坐在一棵树上。猫冲她咧嘴一笑，爱丽丝向它靠了靠。

她说：“请你告诉我，从这儿我该往哪条路走？”

“可你要上哪儿去呀？”猫问。

“去哪儿倒无所谓——”爱丽丝答道。

“那你走哪条路都行。”猫说。

“但我想去个什么地方。”爱丽丝解释道。

“如果你一直走，你总会到个什么地方的。”猫说。

这倒是真的，爱丽丝想，可毫无意义。所以她试着问点别的。“这附近都住着什么样的人？”

猫回答：“左边住着一个制帽人。右边住了一只三月兔。你可以去看看他们中的谁。可他们都疯了。”

“我可不想去看疯子。”爱丽丝说。

“你得知道，这儿人人都是疯子。”切舍猫说：“我是疯子，你也是疯子。”

“你怎么知道我疯了？”爱丽丝问。

“你当然是疯子，”切舍猫说。“到这儿来的人都疯了。”

爱丽丝还在想着这个事，猫又接着问：“今天你去跟王后打槌球吗？”

“我很想去，”爱丽丝说，“可没人请我啊。”

“你在那儿会看到我的。”切舍猫说，然后一下子不见了。

爱丽丝也不觉得奇怪，因为今天发生了那么多奇怪的事。她还在那儿盯着树看，突然，切舍猫又出现了。

“我忘了问，”猫说：“那娃娃怎么啦？”

“变成了一头猪。”爱丽丝说。

“我一点也不觉得奇怪。”猫说，然后又不见了。

爱丽丝开步走了，决定去拜访三月兔。她想：“现在是五月，不是三月，也许这只兔不像在三月份那么疯了。”

突然，切舍猫又出现了。它坐在另一棵树上。爱丽丝吃惊地跳了起来。

“你说，”爱丽丝客气地说：“你可以慢一点一会儿出现，一会儿隐没吗？”

“可以。”猫说。这次，它慢慢地隐没。先是尾巴没了，然后是身体、头，最后，咧着笑的嘴。

“我常看见不咧开嘴笑的猫，”爱丽丝想，“可还没见过有咧开的嘴而没有身子的猫。”

一会儿她看到三月兔的房子就在眼前。房子挺大，所以爱丽丝吃了一小片蘑菇以便长大一点，然后走上前去。

5 A mad tea-party

There was a table under a tree outside the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea. A Dormouse was sitting between them, asleep. The three of them were all sitting together at one corner of the table, but the table was large and there were many other seats. Alice sat down in a big chair at one end.

‘Have some coffee,’ the March Hare said in a friendly voice.

Alice looked all round the table, but she could only see a teapot. ‘I don’t see any coffee,’ she said.

‘There isn’t any,’ said the March Hare.

‘Then why did you ask me to have some?’ said Alice crossly. ‘It wasn’t very polite of you.’

‘It wasn’t very polite of you to sit down. We haven’t invited you to tea,’ said the March Hare.

‘But there are lots of seats,’ said Alice.

‘Your hair’s too long,’ said the Hatter, looking at Alice with interest.

‘It’s not polite to say things like that,’ said Alice.

The Hatter looked surprised, but he said, ‘Why is a bird like a desk?’

Alice was pleased. She enjoyed playing wordgames, so she said, ‘That’s an easy question.’

‘Do you mean you know the answer?’ said the March Hare.

‘Yes,’ said Alice.

‘Then you must say what you mean,’ the March Hare said.

‘I do,’ Alice said quickly. ‘Well, I mean what I say. And that’s the same thing, you know.’

‘No, it isn’t!’ said the Hatter. ‘Listen to this. I see what I eat means one thing, but I eat what I see means something very different.’

Alice did not know what to say to this. So she took some tea and some bread-and-butter while she thought about it. The Dormouse woke up for a minute and then went to sleep again. After a while the Hatter took out his watch, shook it, then looked at it sadly.

‘Two days slow! I told you that butter wasn’t good for watches!’ he said angrily to the March Hare.

‘It was the best butter,’ said the March Hare sadly.

Alice was looking at the watch with interest. ‘It’s a strange watch,’ she said. ‘It shows the day of the week, but not the time.’

‘But we know the time,’ said the Hatter. ‘It’s always six o’clock here.’

Alice suddenly understood. ‘Is that why there are all these cups and plates?’ she said. ‘It’s always tea-time here, and you go on moving round the table. Is that right? But what happens when you come to the beginning again?’

‘Don’t ask questions,’ said the March Hare crossly. ‘You must tell us a story now.’

‘But I don’t know any stories,’ said Alice.

Then the March Hare and the Hatter turned to the Dormouse. ‘Wake up, Dormouse!’ they shouted loudly in its ears. ‘Tell us a story.’

‘Yes, please do,’ said Alice.

The Dormouse woke up and quickly began to tell a story, but a few minutes later it was asleep again. The March Hare poured a little hot tea on its nose, and the Hatter began to look for a clean plate. Alice decided to leave and walked away into the wood. She looked back once, and the March Hare and the Hatter were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

‘Well, I won’t go there again,’ said Alice. ‘What a stupid tea-party it was!’ Just then she saw a door in one of the trees. ‘How curious!’ she thought. ‘But everything is strange today. I think I’ll go in.’

So she went in. And there she was, back in the long room with the little glass table. At once, she picked up the gold key from the table, unlocked the little door into the garden, and then began to eat a piece of mushroom. When she was down to about thirty centimetres high, she walked through the door, and then, at last, she was in the beautiful garden with its green trees and bright flowers.

5 疯狂的茶会

房子外的树下有一张桌子，三月兔和制帽人正在喝茶。有只睡鼠在他们中间，睡着了。他们三个坐在桌子的一角，可桌子实际上很大，还有很多座位。爱丽丝在一头的一把大椅子上坐下来。

“请喝点咖啡吧。”三月兔友好地说。

爱丽丝看看桌子周围，可只看到一个茶壶。“我没看见有咖啡。”她说。

“是没有咖啡。”三月兔说。

“那你为什么让我喝呢？”爱丽丝生气地说。“你没有礼貌。”

“你自己坐下来就很不礼貌。我们没邀请你喝茶。”三月兔说。

“但这儿有很多座位。”爱丽丝说。

“你的头发太长了。”制帽人说，他很感兴趣地看着爱丽丝。

“说这样的事才没礼貌呢。”爱丽丝说。

制帽人看起来很吃惊，但他接着说，“为什么鸟像桌子？”

爱丽丝高兴起来。她喜欢玩拼字游戏。所以她说，“这个问题很简单。”“你是说你知道答案？”三月兔说。

“是的，”爱丽丝说。

“那你得说你是怎么想的，”三月兔说。

“当然，”爱丽丝立刻说：“我说的就是我想的。你该知道，这是一样的。”

“不，不是！”制帽人说。“听着，我明白我吃什么是一件事，而我吃我看见的是另一回事，这是很不同的。”

爱丽丝对这些不知该说什么好。她一边思考这事儿，一边喝了点茶，吃了点黄油面包。睡鼠醒了一会儿又睡过去了。过了一会儿，制帽人掏出自己的手表，摇晃了一下，很伤心地看了又看。

“慢了两天！我告诉过你，黄油对表没好处。”他气哼哼地对三月兔说。

“这是最好的黄油，”三月兔说，很是失望。

爱丽丝好奇地看了看表。“这表真奇怪，”她说。“它只报星期几，不报时间。”

“可我们知道时间，”制帽人说。“在这儿永远是六点钟。”

爱丽丝一下子明白了。“这就是为什么有杯子和盘子的原因吗？”她说。“这儿永远是喝茶的时间，你们就绕着桌子转。对不对？但你们回到开始后又会怎么样呢？”

“别问来问去，”三月兔生气了。“你现在得给我们讲个故事。”

“可是我什么故事也不知道，”爱丽丝说。

然后三月兔和制帽人转向睡鼠。“醒醒，睡鼠！”他们冲着它的耳朵喊起来。“给我们讲个故事。”

“对，请讲个故事吧。”爱丽丝说。

睡鼠醒了，马上开始讲故事。可过了几分钟，它又睡着了。三月兔把热茶倒在睡鼠的鼻子上，制帽人开始找一个干净的盘子。爱丽丝决定走，就进了小树林。她回头一看，三月兔和制帽人正想法子把睡鼠塞到茶壶里去呢。

“我再也不到那儿去了。”爱丽丝说。“这茶会真愚蠢！”这时，她看见一棵树上有一扇门。“真奇怪！”她想。“今天什么事都很奇怪。我想我该进去。”

于是她走了进去。她又回到那个有张小玻璃桌的长的房间里。她马上从桌子上拿起那个小金钥匙，打开通往花园的门，再吃一片蘑菇。当自己缩小到差不多30厘米高时，她就穿过门，终于又到了那个美丽的花园，里面尽是绿树和亮丽的鲜花。

6 The Queen's game of croquet

Near the door there was a rose-tree and three gardeners, who were looking at the roses in a very worried way.

'What's the matter?' Alice said to them.

'You see, Miss,' said the first gardener, 'these roses are white, but the Queen only likes red roses, and she—'

'The Queen!' said the second gardener suddenly, and at once, the three gardeners lay down flat on their faces. Alice turned round and saw a great crowd of people.

It was a pack of cards, walking through the garden. There were clubs(they were soldiers), and diamonds, and ten little children(they were hearts). Next came some Kings and Queens. Then Alice saw the White Rabbit, and behind him, the Knave of Hearts. And last of all, came THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

When the crowd came near to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said, 'Who are you?'

'My name is Alice, Your Majesty,' said Alice very politely. But she thought to herself, 'They're only a pack of cards. I don't need to be afraid of them!'

'And who are these?' said the Queen, looking at the three gardeners. Then she saw the white roses, and her face turned red and angry. 'Off with their heads!' she shouted, and soldiers hurried up to take the gardeners away. The Queen turned to Alice. 'Can you play croquet?' she shouted.

'Yes!' shouted Alice.

'Come on, then!' shouted the Queen. The crowd began to move on, and Alice went with them.

'It's—it's a very fine day,' said a worried voice in her ear. Alice saw that the White Rabbit was by her side.

'Very fine,' said Alice. 'Where's the Duchess?'

'Shhh!' said the Rabbit in a hurried voice. 'She's in prison, waiting for execution.'

'What for?' said Alice.

But just then the Queen shouted, 'Get to your places!', and the game began.

It was the strangest game of croquet in Alice's life! The balls were hedgehogs, and the mallets were flamingoes. And the hoops were made by soldiers, who turned over and stood on their hands and feet. Alice held her flamingo's body under her arm, but the flamingo turned its long neck first this way and then that way. At last, Alice was ready to hit the ball with the flamingo's head. But by then, the hedgehog was tired of waiting and was walking away across the croquet-ground And when both the flamingo and the hedgehog were ready, there was no hoop! The soldiers too were always getting up and walking away. It really was a very difficult game, Alice thought.

The players all played at the same time, and they were always arguing and fighting for hedgehogs. Nobody could agree about anything. Very soon, the Queen was wildly angry, and went around shouting 'Off with his head!' or 'Off with her head!' about once a minute.

Alice began to feel worried. 'The Queen is sure to argue with me soon,' she thought. 'And what will happen to me then? They're cutting people's heads off all the time here. I'm surprised there is anyone left alive!'

Just then she saw something very strange. She watched carefully, and after a minute or two she saw that the thing was a grin. 'It's the Cheshire Cat,' she said to herself. 'Now I'll have somebody to talk to.'

'How are you getting on?' said the Cat, when its mouth appeared.

Alice waited. 'I can't talk to something without ears,' she thought. Slowly the Cat's eyes, then its ears, and then the rest of its head appeared. But it stopped at the neck, and its body did not appear.

Alice began to tell the Cat all about the game. 'It's very difficult to play,' she said. 'Everybody argues all the time, and the hoops and the hedgehogs walk away.'

'How do you like the Queen?' said the Cat quietly.

'I don't,' said Alice. 'She's very—' Just then she saw the Queen behind her, so she went on, '—clever. She's the best player here.'

The Queen smiled and walked past.

'Who are you talking to?' said the King. He came up behind Alice and looked at the Cat's head in surprise.

'It's a friend of mine—a Cheshire Cat,' said Alice.

'I'm not sure that I like it,' said the King. 'But it can touch my hand if it likes.'

'I prefer not to,' said the Cat.

'Well!' said the King angrily. He called out to the Queen, 'My dear! There's a cat here, and I don't like it.'

The Queen did not look round. 'Off with its head!' she shouted. 'Call for the executioner!'

Alice was a little worried for her friend, but when the executioner arrived, everybody began to argue.

'I can't cut off a head,' said the executioner, 'if there isn't a body to cut it off from.'

'You can cut the head off,' said the King, 'from anything that's got a head.'

'If somebody doesn't do something quickly,' said the Queen, 'I'll cut everybody's head off.'

Nobody liked that plan very much, so they all turned to Alice. 'And what do you say?' they cried.

'The Cat belongs to the Duchess,' said Alice carefully. 'Perhaps you could ask her about it.'

'She's in prison,' the Queen said to the executioner. 'Bring her here at once.'

But then the Cat's head slowly began to vanish, and when the executioner came back with the Duchess, there was nothing there. The King ran wildly up and down, looking for the Cat, and the Duchess put her arm round Alice. 'I'm so pleased to see

you again, my dear!’ she said.

‘Let’s get on with the game,’ the Queen said angrily, and Alice followed her back to the croquet-ground.

The game went on, but all the time the Queen was arguing, and shouting ‘Off with his head!’ or ‘Off with her head!’ Soon there were no hoops left, because the soldiers(who were the hoops)were too busy taking everybody to prison. And at the end there were only three players left—the King, the Queen, and Alice.

The Queen stopped shouting and said to Alice, ‘Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?’

‘No,’ said Alice. ‘I’m not sure what a Mock Turtle is.’

‘Then come with me,’ said the Queen.

They found the Mock Turtle down by the sea. Next to him was a Gryphon, asleep in the sun. Then the Queen hurried away, saying, ‘I have to get on with some executions.’

The Gryphon woke up, and said sleepily to Alice, ‘It’s just talk, you know. They never execute anybody.’

Alice was pleased to hear this. She felt a little afraid of the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle, because they were so large. But they were very friendly, and sang songs and told her many stories about their lives. The Mock Turtle was in the middle of a very sad song when they all heard a shout a long way away: ‘It’s beginning!’

‘Come on! We must hurry!’ cried the Gryphon. It took Alice by the hand and began to run.

6 王后的槌球游戏

在门附近，有棵玫瑰树。旁边站了三个园丁，正焦虑地看着玫瑰花。

“怎么啦？”爱丽丝问他们。

“你看，小姐，”第一个园丁说，“这些玫瑰是白的，可王后只喜欢红玫瑰，而且她——”

“王后！”第二个园丁突然说。三个园丁马上趴下，脸贴在地面上。爱丽丝转过身，看见一大群人。

这是一副牌，正在穿过花园。有方块（他们是士兵），梅花和十个小孩（他们是红桃）。随后是国王和王后们。这时，爱丽丝看见了白兔，他后面是红桃杰克，最后是红桃国王和王后。

这支队伍来到爱丽丝跟前，大家都停下来打量她，王后说，“你是谁？”

“我叫爱丽丝，陛下，”爱丽丝很有礼貌地说。她想，“他们不过是一副纸牌，我不怕他们！”

“这些人都是谁？”王后看着三个园丁问道。正在这时，她看见了白玫瑰，脸一下子气得通红。“砍掉他们的头！”她喊道，士兵们赶快把园丁们拉走。王后转向爱丽丝：“你会打槌球吗？”她喊着。

“会！”爱丽丝也喊着。

“那么来吧！”王后吆喝一声。大队人马接着走，爱丽丝跟着他们。

“这——这是个好天气，”她听见一个发愁的说话声。白兔就在她身边。

“很好，”爱丽丝说。“公爵夫人在哪儿？”

“嘘！”白兔很快说。“她在监狱里，等着受刑。”

“为什么？”爱丽丝问。

正在这时，王后喊：“各就各位！”比赛开始了。

这是爱丽丝见过的最奇怪的槌球游戏！球是刺猬，木槌是红鹤。弓形小球门由士兵组成，他们转过身去，红鹤腿着地站着。爱丽丝用胳膊抱着红鹤的身体，但红鹤把脖子一会儿转到这边，一会儿转到那边。最后，爱丽丝准备好用红鹤的头去击球。可正在这时，刺猬等烦了，穿过槌球场走开了。当红鹤和刺猬都准备好时，却没有球门！士兵们也总是站起来走开。这场球可是太难打了，爱丽丝想。

打球的人总是同时打，老是争吵，争刺猬。在任何一件事上大家意见都不一致。很快王后气坏了，她走来走去，大约隔一分钟就大喊“砍掉他的脑袋”或者“砍掉她的脑袋”。

爱丽丝开始有点担心了。她想：“王后也会很快和我吵起来的，那可怎么办？在这儿他们一直在砍头。可奇怪的是居然还有人活着！”

这时她看到一个很奇怪的东西。她仔细看，过了一会儿她看出来了，是一张咧着笑的嘴。“是切舍猫，”她心里想。“现在我可有人说话了。”

“你怎么样？”猫问，嘴完全显露出来了。

爱丽丝等了等。她想，“我没法跟一个没耳朵的东西说话。”慢慢地猫的眼睛，然后是耳朵，然后是头都出来了。但到颈部就停下来了，身子没出来。

爱丽丝就给猫讲球赛的情况。“这球赛太难打了，”她说。“每个人都在吵个不停，球门和刺猬还总是走开。”

“你觉得王后怎么样？”猫静静地问。

“我不喜欢她，”爱丽丝答道。“她很——”正在这时，她看见王后就在她后面，所以她接着说，“——聪明。在这儿她球打得最好。”王后笑着走过去了。

“你到底在和谁说话？”国王问。他走到爱丽丝后面，看着猫的脑袋，觉得很奇怪。

“它是我的朋友——一只切舍猫，”爱丽丝说。

“我不知道我是否喜欢它，”国王说。“但如果它喜欢可以摸摸我的手。”

“我宁愿不摸。”猫说。

“哼！”国王气坏了。他对王后喊到，“亲爱的！这儿有只猫，我不喜欢它。”

王后没回头。“砍掉它的脑袋！”她喊着。“把执行官叫来！”

爱丽丝有点替朋友担心，但等执行官来了，大家开始争执起来。

“我没法砍掉它的头，”执行官说，“如果没有身子，怎么砍头呢？”

“你能砍，”国王说，“从头长出来的那个地方。”

“如果有人不赶快做事，”王后说，“我就把每个人的头都砍掉。”

没有人喜欢这个计划，他们都转向爱丽丝。“那么你说怎么办？”他们喊道。

“猫是公爵夫人的，”爱丽丝小心翼翼地说。“也许你们该问问她怎么办。”

“她在监狱里，”王后对执行官说。“把她立刻带到这儿来。”

但这时猫的头开始消失，等执行官带着公爵夫人回来时，那儿已经什么都没有了。国王狂燥地跑来跑去找猫，公爵夫人抱着爱丽丝。“我真高兴又见到了你，亲爱的！”她说。

“我们接着打球，”王后气呼呼地说，于是爱丽丝跟着她走回槌球场。

球赛接着进行，可王后总是与别人争吵，大喊“砍掉他的脑袋！”或者“砍掉她的脑袋！”只一会儿就没有弓形球门了，因为士兵们（也就是球门）忙着把大家抓到监狱里去。最后只剩下三个人了——国王，王后和爱丽丝。

王后不喊了，对爱丽丝说，“你见到充海龟了吗？”

“没有，”爱丽丝说。“我不知道充海龟是什么。”

“那么跟我来，”王后说。

他们在海边发现了充海龟。充海龟旁边是鹰头翼狮，它正晒太阳睡觉呢。王后快步走开了，说“我还得去执行那些死刑呢。”

鹰头翼狮醒来了，迷迷糊糊地对爱丽丝说，“只是说说而已，你该知道。他们从不真的砍谁的脑袋。”

爱丽丝听了这个很高兴。她有点害怕鹰头翼狮和充海龟，他们个子很大。但他们很友好，唱着歌，还给她讲他们生活中的故事。充海鱼正唱到一半时，有个声音从远处喊到：“开始！”

“快来！我们得快点！”鹰头翼狮喊到。它拽上爱丽丝就跑了起来。

7 Who stole the tarts?

The King and Queen of Hearts were sitting on their thrones when Alice and the Gryphon arrived. There was a great crowd of birds and animals, and all the pack of cards.

Soldiers stood all around the Knave of Hearts, and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand.

In the middle of the room there was a table, with a large plate of tarts on it. 'They look good,' thought Alice, who was feeling a little hungry.

Then the White Rabbit called out loudly, 'Silence! The trial of the Knave of Hearts will now begin!' He took out a long piece of paper, and read:

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,

All on a summer day.

The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,

And took them all away.

'Very good,' said the King. 'Call the first witness.'

Alice looked at the jury, who were now writing everything down. It was a very strange jury. Some of the jurymen were animals, and the others were birds.

Then the White Rabbit blew his trumpet three times, and called out, 'First witness!'

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other hand. 'I'm very sorry, Your Majesty,' he said. 'I was in the middle of tea when the trial began.'

'Take off your hat,' the King said.

'It isn't mine,' said the Hatter.

'Stolen! Write that down,' the King said to the jury.

'I keep hats to sell,' explained the Hatter. 'I don't have a hat myself. I'm a Hatter.'

'Give your evidence,' said the King, or we'll cut your head off.'

The Hatter's face turned white. 'I'm a poor man, Your Majesty,' he began, in a shaking voice.

Just then Alice had a strange feeling. After a minute or two she understood what it was.

'Don't push like that,' said the Dormouse, who was sitting next to her. 'I'm nearly falling off my seat.'

'I'm very sorry,' Alice said politely. 'I'm getting bigger and taller, you see.'

'Well, you can't do that here,' said the Dormouse crossly, and he got up and moved to another seat.

The Hatter was still giving evidence, but nobody could understand a word of it. The King looked at the Queen, and the Queen looked at the executioner.

The unhappy Hatter saw this, and dropped his bread-and-butter. 'I'm a poor man, Your Majesty,' he said again.

'You're a very poor, speaker,' said the King. He turned to the White Rabbit. 'Call the next witness,' he said.

The next witness was the Duchess's cook, who spoke very angrily and said that she would not give any evidence. The King looked worried and told the White Rabbit to call another witness. Alice watched while the White Rabbit looked at the names on his piece of paper. Then, to her great surprise, he called out loudly, 'Alice!'

'Here!' cried Alice, jumping to her feet.

'What do you know about these tarts?' said the King.

'Nothing,' said Alice.

The Queen was looking hard at Alice. Now she said, 'All people a mile high must leave the room.'

'I'm not a mile high,' said Alice. 'And I won't leave the room. I want to hear the evidence.'

'There is no more evidence,' said the King very quickly, 'and now the jury will—'

'Your Majesty!' said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry. 'We've just found this letter. There's no name on it, but I think the Knave wrote it.'

'No, I didn't!' said the Knave loudly.

'Read it to us,' said the King.

'Where shall I begin, Your Majesty?' asked the Rabbit.

'Begin at the beginning,' said the King, 'and go on until you get to the end, then stop.'

Everybody listened very carefully while the White Rabbit read these words.

They tell me you have been to her,

And talked of me to him.

She thought I was a gardener,

But said I could not swim.

He tells them that I have not gone,

(We know that this is true).

If she decides to hurry on,

What will they do to you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,

You gave us three or more.

They all returned from him to you,

But they were mine before.

‘That’s a very important piece of evidence,’ said the King. He looked very pleased. ‘Now the jury must—’

‘If anybody in the jury can explain that letter,’ said Alice (she was not afraid of anything now, because she was much bigger than everybody in the room), ‘I’ll give him sixpence. It’s all nonsense! It doesn’t mean anything.’

The jury busily wrote this down. ‘She thinks it’s all nonsense.’

‘All nonsense, eh?’ said the King. He read some of the words again. ‘But said I could not swim. You can’t swim, can you?’ he said to the Knave.

The Knave’s face was sad. ‘Do I look like a swimmer?’ he said. (And he didn’t—because he was made of paper.)

The King smiled. ‘I understand everything now,’ he said. ‘There are the tarts, and here is the Knave of Hearts. And now the jury must decide who the thief is.’

‘No, no!’ said the Queen. ‘Off with his head! The jury can say what it thinks later.’

‘What nonsense!’ said Alice loudly. ‘The jury must decide first. You can’t—’

‘Be quiet!’ said the Queen, her face turning red.

‘I won’t!’ said Alice.

‘Off with her head!’ screamed the Queen. Nobody moved.

‘It doesn’t matter what you say,’ said Alice. ‘You’re only a pack of cards!’

Then the pack of cards flew up into the sky and began to fall on Alice’s face. She gave a little scream… and woke up. She was lying next to her sister under the trees, and some leaves were falling on her face.

‘Wake up, Alice dear,’ said her sister. ‘You’ve been asleep a long time.’

‘Oh, I’ve had a very curious dream!’ said Alice, and she told her sister all about the strange adventures in her wonderful dream.

7 谁偷了果馅饼？

当爱丽丝和鹰头翼狮赶到时，红桃国王和王后正坐在宝座上。那儿有一大群鸟儿和动物，还有所有的纸牌。

士兵们都站在红桃杰克周围，国王旁边站着白兔，手里拿着一个喇叭。

房子中间有一张桌子，上面摆了一大盘果馅饼。“看起来真不错！”爱丽丝心想，自己觉得有点饿了。

这时，白兔高声喊道：“肃静！对红桃杰克的审判现在开始！”他拿出一张长纸，念道：

在夏日里的一天，

红桃王后做了果馅饼。

红桃杰克，

偷走了所有的果馅饼。

“很好，”国王说。“传第一证人。”

爱丽丝看了看陪审团，他们正做着记录。这个陪审团奇怪极了，有些陪审员是动物，另外的一些是鸟儿。

白兔吹了三下喇叭，喊道：“传第一证人！”

第一证人是制帽人。他一手拿着茶杯，一手拿着一片黄油面包。“对不起，陛下，”他说。“审判开始时，我正在喝茶。”

“摘掉你的帽子，”国王说。

“帽子不是我的，”制帽人说。

“那就是偷的！记下来，”国王对陪审团说。

“我的帽子是要卖的，”制帽人解释着。“我自己一个帽子都没有。我是做帽子的。”

“把证据拿出来，”国王说，“要不然我们就砍了你的头。”

制帽人的脸都变白了。“我是个穷苦人，陛下，”他说道，声音都打颤了。

这时爱丽丝觉得很奇怪。过了一两分钟，她明白是怎么回事了。

“别推我，”睡鼠说，坐在爱丽丝旁边。“我都快从座位上掉下来了。”

“对不起，”爱丽丝礼貌地说。“你看，我变大了，也长高了。”

“好，可你在这儿这样可不行，”睡鼠生气了，他站起来，坐到别的座位上。

制帽人还在做证，但没人听懂他在说什么。国王看着王后，王后看着执行官。

可怜的制帽人看到这些，面包片都掉下来了。“我是个穷苦人，陛下。”他又说。

“你连话都说不清，”国王说。他转向白兔。“传下一个证人，”他说。

下一个证人是公爵夫人的厨子。她气呼呼地说不想做什么证。国王有点担心，于是让白兔传下一个证人。爱丽丝看着白兔查看着那张纸。正在这时，让她大吃一惊，白兔大声喊道：“爱丽丝！”

“在这儿！”爱丽丝喊道，一下子跳了起来。

“你知道关于果馅饼的事吗？”国王问。

“一无所知，”爱丽丝说。

王后盯着爱丽丝。然后她说，“所有一英里高的人都得离开这个房间。”

“我没有一英里高，”爱丽丝说。“我也不离开这儿。我要听证词。”

“再也没有证词了，”国王马上说，“现在陪审团要——”

“陛下！”白兔马上跳了起来。“我们刚刚找到这封信。上面没有名字，我想是红桃杰克写的。”

“没有，我没写！”红桃杰克大声嚷道。

“念给我们听，”国王说。

“从哪儿开始，陛下？”白兔问。

“从开头开始，”国王说，“念到结束停止。”

大家都仔细听白兔念。

他们告诉我你去过她那儿，

还向他提起了我。

以为我是个园丁，

但说我不会游泳。

他告诉他们我还没有走，

（我们知道这是真的）。

如果她决定快点，

他们将把你怎么样？

我给她一个，他们给他两个，

你给我们三个以上。

他们都从他那儿回来去你那儿了，

但他们以前属于我。

“这证词非常重要，”国王说。他很高兴。“现在陪审团——”

“如果陪审团有谁能解释这封信，”爱丽丝说（她现在一点儿也不害怕，因为她现在比房间里任何一个人人都大），“我就给他六个便士。纯粹是胡说八道！什么也说明不了。”

陪审团赶快把这也记下来。“她认为这是胡说八道！”

“胡说八道，嗯？”国王说。他又读了一段。“但我不会游泳。你不会游泳，对吗？”他问红桃杰克。

红桃杰克脸上很悲伤。“我看起来像会游泳的吗？”他说。（他当然不会——他是纸做的。）

国王笑了起来。“我现在全懂了。”他说。“果馅饼在那儿，红桃杰克在这儿。现在陪审团必须决定谁是小偷。”

“不，不！”王后说。“砍掉他的头！陪审团以后再说它的决定。”

“胡说！”爱丽丝大声说。“陪审团必须先做出决定。你不能——”

“闭嘴！”王后说，脸都气红了。

“我不！”爱丽丝说。

“砍掉她的头！”王后尖叫着。没有人动。

“你说的话没什么用，”爱丽丝说。“你们不过是一副纸牌！”

这时，所有的纸牌飞向天空，然后掉在爱丽丝的脸上。她尖叫了一声……然后醒来了。她躺在树下，在姐姐身边，脸上有几片掉下来的树叶。

“醒醒，爱丽丝，亲爱的，”姐姐说。“你睡了这么久。”

“哦，我做了一个非常奇怪的梦！”爱丽丝说，然后她给姐姐讲了自己在梦里的奇遇。

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简介

“胡萝卜！胡萝卜！”吉尔伯特·布莱思一边轻声叫着，一边从课桌后伸出手来拽安妮的红辫子梢。安妮从座位上跳起来叫道：“讨厌鬼！我恨你！”随后她用课本重重地打了他脑袋一下。

自从安妮·雪利住进卡斯伯特家以后，埃文利村的生活变得不再死气沉沉。他们本想收养一个男孩来帮忙料理格林·盖布尔斯的农活，可他们却得到了安妮——一个长有红发、雀斑且叽叽喳喳有说不完的话的女孩。她是个富于爱心的孩子，但她的麻烦却总是不断！先是林德太太的来访，然后是给教区牧师妻子的蛋糕，还有她的红头发……

经过在学校的争吵，她还会理睬吉尔伯特·布莱思吗？

露西·莫德·蒙哥马利1874年出生于加拿大，1942年去世。她幼时与祖父母居住在爱德华太子岛上一座破旧的农舍里。她的《格林·盖布尔斯来的安妮》在全世界受到了欢迎，她还写了许多关于安妮·雪利的故事。

1 A surprise for the Cuthberts

Matthew Cuthbert lived with his sister Marilla on their farm on Prince Edward Island in Canada. Their farm-house, Green Gables, was just outside the little village of Avonlea. Matthew was nearly sixty and had a long brown beard. His sister was five years younger. They were both tall and thin, with dark hair. Everybody in Avonlea knew that the Cuthberts were quiet people who worked very hard on their farm.

One afternoon Matthew drove the horse and cart to the station. 'Has the five-thirty train arrived yet?' he asked the station-master.

'Yes,' the man replied. 'And there's a passenger who's waiting for you. A little girl.'

'A little girl?' asked Matthew. 'But I've come for a boy! The children's home is sending us one of their orphan boys. We're going to adopt him, you see, and he's going to help me with the farm work.'

'Well, perhaps the children's home didn't have any boys, so they sent you a girl,' answered the stationmaster carelessly. 'Here she is.'

Matthew turned shyly to speak to the child. She was about eleven, with long red hair in two plaits. Her face was small, white and thin, with a lot of freckles, and she had large grey-green eyes. She was wearing an old brown hat and a dress which was too small for her.

'Are you Mr Cuthbert of Green Gables?' she asked excitedly in a high, sweet voice. 'I'm very happy to come and live with you, and belong to you. I've never belonged to anyone, you see. The people at the children's home were very kind, but it's not very exciting to live in a place like that, is it?'

Matthew felt sorry for the child. How could he tell her that it was all a mistake? But he couldn't just leave her at the station. He decided to take her home with him. Marilla could explain the mistake to her.

He was surprised that he enjoyed the journey home. He was a quiet, shy man, and he didn't like talking himself. But today, he only had to listen, because the little girl talked and talked and talked. She told him all about herself while they drove along.

'My parents died when I was a baby, you know, and for the last three years I've had to work for my food. I've lived with three different families and looked after their children. So I've always been poor, and I haven't got any nice dresses! But I just imagine that I'm wearing the most beautiful blue dress, and a big hat with flowers on, and blue shoes, and then I'm happy! Do you imagine things sometimes?'

'Well, I... I...not often,' said Matthew.

They were now driving past some very old apple trees next to the road. The trees were full of sweet-smelling, snowy-white flowers. The little girl looked at them.

'Aren't the trees beautiful?' she said happily. 'But am I talking too much? Please tell me. I can stop if necessary, you know.'

Matthew smiled at her. 'You go on talking,' he answered. 'I like listening to you.'

When they arrived at Green Gables, Marilla came to the door to meet them. But when she saw the little girl, she cried in surprise, 'Matthew, who's that? Where's the boy?'

'The children's home has made a mistake,' he said unhappily, 'and sent a girl, not a boy.'

The child was listening carefully. Suddenly she put her head in her hands and began to cry.

'You—you don't want me!' she sobbed. 'Oh—oh! You don't want me because I'm not a boy!'

'Now, now, don't cry,' said Marilla kindly.

'Don't you understand? Oh! This is the worst thing that's happened to me in all my life!'

'Well, you can stay here, just for tonight,' said Marilla. 'Now, what's your name?'

The child stopped crying. 'Will you please call me Cordelia?' she asked.

'Call you Cordelia? Is that your name?'

'Well, no, it isn't, but it's a very beautiful name, isn't it? I like to imagine my name is Cordelia, because my real name is Anne Shirley—and that's not a very interesting name, is it?'

Marilla shook her head. 'The child has too much imagination,' she thought.

Later, when Anne was in bed, Marilla said to her brother, 'She must go back to the children's home tomorrow.'

'Marilla, don't you think...' began Matthew. 'she's a nice little thing, you know.'

'Matthew Cuthbert, are you telling me that you want to keep her?' asked Marilla crossly.

Matthew looked uncomfortable. 'Well, she's clever, and interesting, and—'

'But we don't need a girl!'

'But perhaps she needs us,' Matthew replied, surprisingly quickly for him. 'She's had a very unhappy life up to now, Marilla. She can help you in the house. I can get a boy from the village to help me on the farm. What do you think?'

Marilla thought for a long time. 'All right,' she said in the end, 'I agree. The poor child can stay. I'll look after her.'

Matthew smiled happily. 'Be as good and kind to her as you can, Marilla. I think she needs a lot of love.'

1 卡斯伯特兄妹俩大吃一惊

马修·卡斯伯特和妹妹玛丽拉住在加拿大爱德华太子岛上他们的农场里。他们的农舍——格林·盖布尔斯，就在埃文利小村外。马修年近六旬，留着褐色的长胡子。妹妹玛丽拉比他小5岁。他俩身材瘦高，长着深色的头发。埃文利村的每一个人都知道，卡斯伯特兄妹是默默无闻、勤勤恳恳的庄户人。

一天下午，马修驾着马车来到火车站。“5点半的火车到了吗？”他向站长询问道。

“已经到了，”站长回答。“有一位乘客正在等您，是一个小姑娘。”

“小姑娘？”马修问道，“但我是来接一个小男孩！那孤儿院给我们送来一个孤儿，我们准备收养他。你看，我还指望他帮忙干农活呢。”

“也许那孤儿院没有男孩子，所以他们给你送来一个小姑娘，”站长漫不经心地答道，“她来了。”

马修讪讪地转过身去面对那孩子。女孩大约十一岁，梳着两条粗粗的红色发辫，长满雀斑的小脸又瘦又白，上面有一双灰绿色的大眼睛。她戴着一顶褐色的旧帽子，衣服已小得不合身。

“您是格林·盖布尔斯的卡斯伯特先生吗？”她问道，嗓音清晰甜美。“我很高兴能来和你们生活在一起，成为您家的一员。您看，我从来没有真正成为哪家的成员呢。孤儿院的人都很好，但住在那种地方一点也不好玩，不是吗？”

马修很同情这孩子。他怎么能告诉她这一切都搞错了？他总不能把女孩一个人留在火车站。他决定先把孩子带回家，让玛丽拉向小姑娘解释。

让马修感到吃惊的是，在回家的路上他感觉非常愉快。他是个沉默、腼腆、少言寡语的人。但今天，他只要听就足够了，因为这小姑娘不停地说呀，说呀，说呀。一路上她向马修讲述关于自己的一切。

“爸爸妈妈在我还很小的时候就去世了。您知道吗，过去这3年我不得不自己挣钱养活自己。我曾在3个家庭里照看过孩子。我总是很穷，一件漂亮衣服也没有。我总是想像自己正穿着最漂亮的蓝衣服，戴一顶插满花的大帽子，还有蓝色的鞋子，这时我多高兴啊！您也经常幻想吗？”

“这，我……我……偶尔，”马修答道。

这时马车经过路边的一排老苹果树。树上开满了雪白而芬芳的花朵。小女孩欣赏着。

“这些树多美呀！”她感叹道。“可我不是说得太多了？如果是，请您告诉我。您知道，我会停止的。”

马修冲她笑笑答道：“你继续说吧，我喜欢听。”

当他们到格林·盖布尔斯的时候，玛丽拉到门口迎接他们。但当她看见小女孩时，她惊讶地叫道：“马修，她是谁？男孩在哪儿？”

“孤儿院弄错了，送来一个女孩，不是男孩。”他不高兴地说。

孩子先是仔细地听着，突然双手捂住脸哭了起来。

“你们——你们不要我！”她哭泣着。“噢——噢！因为我不是男孩你们不要我了！”

“哦，别哭，”玛丽拉和蔼地说。

“您不理解吗？这是我一辈子遇到的最糟糕的事情！”

“那好吧，你可以呆在这里，但只能呆一个晚上，”玛丽拉说。“你叫什么名字？”

孩子停止哭泣。“您能叫我科黛拉吗？”她问道。

“叫你科黛拉？那是你的名字吗？”

“不，不是的，但那名字很好听，不是吗？我喜欢幻想着我的名字叫科黛拉，因为我的真名叫安妮·雪利——那名字没什么意趣，不是吗？”

玛丽拉摇摇头，“这孩子太爱幻想了，”她心里暗想。

稍晚些，等安妮睡着以后，玛丽拉对哥哥说：“明天这孩子必须回孤儿院去。”

“玛丽拉，你不认为……”马修说道。“这小家伙挺可爱的。”

“马修·卡斯伯特，你难道是想让她留下？”玛丽拉生气地说。

马修一副不知所措的样子。“可是，这小姑娘聪明、有趣，而且……”

“但我们不需要女孩！”

“但也许她需要我们，”马修的回答来得出奇的快。“玛丽拉，这孩子到现在为止生活一直很不幸。她可以帮助你干些家务活。我可以从镇上找一个男孩子帮我干农活。你觉得怎么样？”

玛丽拉想了很久。“好吧，”她终于说，“我同意。这可怜的孩子可以留下。我会照顾她的。”

马修高兴地笑了。“尽可能对她好些，玛丽拉。我想这孩子太需要人疼爱了。”

2 At Green Gables

And so the next morning Marilla said, 'Well, Anne, Matthew and I have decided to keep you, only if you're a good girl, of course. Why, child, what's the matter?'

'I'm crying,' sobbed Anne, 'because I'm very happy! It's beautiful here! People say I'm very bad, but I'll try very hard to be good. Oh, thank you! Thank you!'

'Now stop crying, child,' said Marilla a little crossly, 'and listen. We're going to adopt you, and send you to school after the summer holidays.'

Anne stopped crying. 'Can I call you Aunt Marilla? I've never had any family at all, so I'd really like to have an aunt. We could imagine that you're my mother's sister.'

'I couldn't,' answered Marilla firmly.

'Don't you imagine things?' asked Anne, surprised.

'No, I don't,' Marilla replied. 'I do my housework, and look after Matthew, and go to church on Sunday. There's no time for imagining things in this house. Just remember that, Anne.'

Anne was silent for a few minutes. Then she said, 'Marillam do you think I'll find a best friend in Avonlea? Someone who really understands me and knows all my secrets. I've always wanted a friend like that.'

'Our friends, the Barrys, have a daughter called Diana, who's eleven, like you But if you want to play with her, you'll have to be very good. Mrs Barry is very careful about Diana's friends.'

'Diana! What a beautiful name!' said Anne excitedly. 'Her hair isn't red, is it? I hope it isn't.' She looked sadly at her red plaits. 'I hate my hair.'

'Diana has dark hair. She's a good, clever girl. Try to be like her, Anne.'

When the two girls met, they knew at once that they would be good friends. They often played together, in the fields, or by the river, or in the garden. In the morning Anne helped Marilla with the housework. Then in the afternoon she played with Diana, or talked happily to Matthew while he worked on the farm. She soon knew and loved every flower, tree, and animal at Green Gables.

The Cuthberts had another friend, Mrs Rachel Lynde. She liked to know everything that was happening in and around Avonlea. She was very interested in the Cuthberts' little or-phan girl, so one day she visited Marilla.

'I was very surprised to hear about the child,' she told Mar-illa. 'So you and Matthew have adopted her!'

'I'm surprised myself,' answered Marilla with a smile. 'But she's a clever little thing, you know. And she's always dancing, or singing, or laughing.'

Mrs Lynde shook her head sadly. 'What a mistake, Marilla! You've never had any children yourself, so how can you look after her?'

Just then Anne ran in from the garden. She stopped sudden-ly when she saw a stranger in the kitchen. Mrs Lynde looked at the thin little girl in the short dress, with her freckled face and red hair.

'Isn't she thin, Marilla?' she said. 'Just look at those freckles! And hair as red as carrots!'

Anne's face went red. She ran up to Mrs Lynde.

'I hate you!' she shouted angrily. 'I hate you! You're a horrible, fat old woman!' And she ran upstairs.

'Oh dear, oh dear!' said Mrs Lynde. 'What a terrible child! You'll not have an easy time with her, Marilla.'

'You were rude to her, Rachel,' Marilla replied, before she could stop herself.

'Well!' said Mrs Lynde. She got up and walked to the door. 'I think this orphan is more important to you than I am. When I think how long we've been friends...You'll have trouble with her, I can tell you. Well, I'm sorry for you, that's all. Goodbye.'

Marilla went upstairs to Anne's room. The child was lying on her narrow bed, sobbing loudly.

'You mustn't get angry like that, Anne. Mrs Lynde is my friend, and you were very rude to her.'

'She was rude to me!' said Anne. 'She said I was thin and freckled and red-haired. It was very unkind!'

'I understand how you feel,' said Marilla. 'But you must go to her and tell her you're sorry.'

'I can never do that,' said Anne firmly.

'Then you must stay in your room and think about it. You can come out when you agree to say that you're sorry.'

Anne stayed in her room all the next day. Downstairs the house was very quiet without her. That evening, while Marilla was busy in the garden, Matthew went up to Anne's room. The child was sitting sadly by the window.

'Anne,' he said shyly, 'why don't you say you're sorry? Then you can come down, and we can all be happy.'

'I am sorry now,' said Anne. 'I was very angry yesterday! But do you really want me to...'

'Yes, do, please. It's lonely downstairs without you. But don't tell Marilla I've talked to you.'

Marilla was pleased to hear that Anne was sorry. Later that evening, when she and Anne were in Mrs Lynde's warm kitchen, Anne suddenly fell on her knees.

'Oh Mrs Lynde,' cried the little girl, 'I'm very sorry. I can't tell you how sorry I am, so you must just imagine it. I am a bad girl! But please say you will forgive me. I'll be sad all my life if you don't!'

'She's enjoying herself!' thought Marilla, watching Anne's face. 'She doesn't look sorry at all, but happy and excited!'

But Mrs Lynde said kindly, 'Of course I forgive you. And later she said to Marilla, 'Perhaps you're right to keep her. She's a strange little thing, but I think I like her.'

2 在格林·盖布尔斯

第二天早上，玛丽拉说，“好吧，安妮，马修和我已经决定将你留下，当然，你必须听话。怎么了，孩子，发生什么事了？”

“我在哭，”安妮抽泣着说道，“因为我非常高兴！这里很漂亮！大家说我很淘气，但我会尽力做一个好孩子。哦，太感谢你们了！谢谢！”

玛丽拉有些不快地说：“别哭了，孩子。听着，我们将收养你，暑假后还要把你送到学校去。”

安妮停止了哭泣。“我能叫您玛丽拉姨妈吗？我从来没有过家，所以我特别想有一个姨妈。我们可以将您想像成我的姨妈。”

“我无法那样想像，”玛丽拉坚定地说。

“您从来也不幻想吗？”安妮惊讶地问道。

“不，从来不幻想。”玛丽拉回答。“我要做家务，照顾马修，周日还要去教堂。在这家里没有时间去幻想。记住这一点，安妮。”

安妮沉默了一会。然后说道：“玛丽拉，我在埃文利会找到一个最好的朋友吗？一个真正理解我，知道我所有秘密的朋友。我一直想要一个那样的朋友。”

“我们的朋友巴里家里有一个小姑娘叫戴安娜，她今年11岁，与你同岁。但是如果你想和她一起玩，就必须非常乖。巴里太太对戴安娜交什么样的朋友要求很严。”

“戴安娜！多好听的名字！”安妮兴奋地说。“她的头发不是红色的吧？我希望不是。”她伤心地看着她的红发辫。“我恨我的头发。”

“戴安娜长着黑色的头发。她是个聪明乖巧的姑娘。多向她学吧，安妮。”

两个小姑娘初次见面，立刻就知道她们会成为好朋友。她们经常在田野、小河边或花园里一起玩耍。早晨安妮帮助玛丽拉料理家务。下午和戴安娜一起玩，或者与在地里干活的马修高兴地聊天。很快她就认识并爱上了格林·盖布尔斯的每一种鲜花、树木和动物。

雷切尔·林德太太是卡斯伯特家的另一个朋友。她喜欢打听发生在埃文利村及其四周的一切事情。她对卡斯伯特家收养的小孤女很感兴趣，因此有一天她特意来拜访玛丽拉。

“听到小女孩的事我很吃惊，”她告诉玛丽拉。“那么你们已经收养她了！”

“我自己也很吃惊，”玛丽拉笑着答道。“但你知道，她是个小机灵鬼。总是唱啊、跳啊、笑啊。”

林德太太难过地摇摇头。“玛丽拉，你犯了一个大错误。你自己从没有过孩子，你怎么能照顾她呢？”

这时安妮从花园里跑进来。当她看到厨房里的陌生人时突然停了下来。林德太太看着这个穿着短小衣服的瘦弱女孩、她的红色头发和一张布满雀斑的脸。

“她多瘦啊，玛丽拉。”她说，“看她那些雀斑！还有像胡萝卜一样红的头发！”

安妮的脸红了。她跑向林德太太。

“我恨你！”她生气地喊道。“我恨你！你是个可怕的胖老太婆！”说完跑上楼去。

“天哪，天哪！”林德太太说道。“多可怕的孩子。你就甭想省心了，玛丽拉。”

“你对她太粗鲁了，雷切尔，”玛丽拉说道，话没说完，玛丽拉已经后悔了。

“好吧！”林德太太说。她站起身走到门边。“我想这孤儿对你来说比我重要。当我想到我们成为好朋友已经多年……这孩子会给你找麻烦的，我敢保证。好吧，我只想说我为你感到难过，再见吧。”

玛丽拉来到楼上安妮的房间里。孩子躺在她窄小的床上，正在大声地哭泣。

“你没必要那么生气，安妮。林德太太是我的好朋友，而且你对她太没礼貌了。”

“是她先对我失礼的！”安妮争辩道。“她说我瘦小枯干，还长着雀斑和红头发。这也太刻薄了！”

“我理解你的感受，”玛丽拉说道，“但你必须到林德太太家去向她道歉。”

“我不能那么做，”安妮斩钉截铁地回答。

“那么你只能呆在你的房间里好好想一想。直到你同意去道歉才能出来。”

第二天，安妮整日呆在自己的房间里。由于安妮不在，楼下的房间里非常安静。那天晚上，玛丽拉在花园里忙碌着，马修来到楼上安妮的房间。孩子正神情忧郁地坐在窗前。

“安妮，”他有些难为情地说道，“你为什么不肯道歉呢？那样你就可以下楼去，我们大家都可以高高兴兴的了。”

“我现在是后悔了，”安妮说，“昨天我太生气了！可您真想让我去……”

“是的，去道个歉吧。楼下没有你太冷清了。但别告诉玛丽拉我和你谈过。”

玛丽拉听到安妮愿意道歉非常高兴。那天晚上，当玛丽拉和安妮在林德太太温暖的厨房里时，安妮突然跪了下去。

“哦，林德太太，”小女孩抽泣着，“我非常对不起您。我说不出我有多后悔，所以只能请您想像一下。我是个坏女孩！但请您告诉我您会原谅我的。如果您不原谅我，我一辈子都会很难过的！”

“这孩子好像还挺喜欢这样做的！”玛丽拉看着安妮的表情暗想，“她看上去一点也不难过，倒是有一点高兴和兴奋！”

林德太太和蔼地说道：“我当然原谅你。”后来她对玛丽拉说：“也许你让她留下是对的。这小家伙有些特别，但我想我挺喜欢她。”

3 At Avonlea school

When school started in September, Anne and Diana walked there and back together every day.

‘What a beautiful day,’ Anne said happily one morning, as the two little girls walked across the fields. ‘I’m very lucky to have you as my best friend, Diana. You are my best friend, aren’t you?’

‘Of course,’ replied Diana, taking Anne’s hand. ‘And just think, today you’ll meet Gilbert Blythe. He’s three years older than us, and very good-looking. He’s just come back from holiday, and starts school today.’

‘Oh, boys!’ said Anne. ‘I’m not interested in them.’

But she did look at Gilbert when they arrived at school. He was a tall boy, with curly brown hair and a friendly smile.

‘He is good-looking,’ Anne whispered to Diana, ‘but why does he smile at me? He doesn’t know me!’

Avonlea school was quiet that day. The teacher, Mr Phillips, was helping some of the older children at the back of the schoolroom. Anne was looking out of the window at the reds and yellows of the trees, and the silvery blue of the river. She was far away in the world of her imagination. But Gilbert wanted her to look at him. He whispered to her, but she did not move. He was surprised. Girls were usually very ready to look at him.

Suddenly he put his arm out, pulled her red plaits, and said in a loud whisper, ‘Carrots! Carrots!’

Anne jumped up and looked angrily at Gilbert.

‘You horrible boy!’ she cried. ‘I hate you!’ And then she brought her heavy book down on Gilbert’s head.

Mr Phillips heard the noise, and came slowly to the front of the schoolroom.

‘Anne Shirley, why did you do that?’ he asked. She stayed silent. Gilbert said, ‘I’m sorry, Mr Phillips. I was rude to her. That’s why she hit me.’ But the teacher did not listen to Gilbert.

‘I cannot have bad children in my school,’ said Mr Phillips firmly, ‘Anne, go and stand in front of the class.’ And there Anne stood for the rest of the day, a lonely little girl with a small white angry face.

‘I hate Mr Phillips!’ she thought. ‘And I’ll never look at or speak to Gilbert Blythe again!’

The next day some of the school children were playing in a farmer’s field in their lunch hour, so they were a little late for afternoon school. Anne ran into the classroom at the same time as the boys, just after the teacher.

‘You’re late, Anne,’ said Mr Phillips. ‘You won’t sit with Diana today. I see that you enjoy being with the boys very much, so go and sit next to Gilbert this afternoon.’

Anne’s face went white. ‘He can’t mean it!’ she thought.

‘Did you hear me, Anne?’ asked Mr Phillips.

‘Yes sir,’ said Anne and moved slowly to Gilbert’s desk. There she sat down and put her head on the desk, with her arms over it.

‘This is the end,’ she was thinking. ‘I wasn’t the only person who was late. And he’s sent me to sit with a boy! And that boy is Gilbert Blythe!’

The rest of the day went very slowly for Anne. When it was time to leave, she went to her desk, next to Diana’s, and took all her books, pens and pencils with her.

‘What are you doing, Anne?’ asked Diana.

‘I’m not coming back to school,’ replied Anne firmly.

‘Oh! But Anne—we’re reading a new book next week—and we’re playing a new game on Monday, and… It’ll be very exciting! And you’ll miss it, Anne!’

But Anne was not interested. ‘I’m sorry, Diana,’ was her only answer.

That evening Marilla ran round to Rachel Lynde’s house. ‘Rachel, please help me! Anne says she won’t go back to school. What am I going to say to her?’

Mrs Lynde already knew about Anne’s troubles at school, and she was always very pleased when people asked her to help. She smiled and sat back comfortably.

‘I’ve had ten children myself, so I know all about them,’ she said. ‘Anne can stay at home for a while. She’ll want to go back to school again soon, I’m sure.’

So Anne stayed at home, and only saw Diana in the evenings. She was a child who felt very strongly. She hated Gilbert Blythe, but she really loved Diana.

One evening Marilla found Anne crying in the kitchen. ‘What’s the matter, child?’ she asked in surprise.

‘I love Diana very much,’ sobbed Anne. ‘I can’t live without her, Marilla! But what will happen when she marries? I hate her husband already! I can imagine her in the church in her long white dress—and then she’ll go away! And I’ll never see her again!’

Marilla turned away to hide her smiling face. What a strange, funny child Anne was! Marilla tried not to laugh, but she couldn’t stop herself.

‘You and your imagination, Anne Shirley!’ she cried, and she laughed and laughed.

Mrs Lynde was right, of course. After a few days Anne decided to go back to school. All the children were pleased to see her again, but she did not speak to Gilbert Blythe.

3 在埃文利学校

九月，学校开学了，安妮和戴安娜每天一起步行上下学。

一天清晨，当两个小姑娘穿过田野的时候，安妮感叹道：“多美的一天啊！戴安娜，我有你这样一位好朋友真幸运。你是我最好的朋友，不是吗？”

“当然了，安妮。”戴安娜握住安妮的手回答道。“想想看，今天你就要见到吉尔伯特·布莱思了。他比我们大3岁，长得很帅。今天他刚刚度完假回学校上学。”

“男孩！”安妮说道。“我对他们不感兴趣。”

但当她们到达学校的时候，安妮还是打量了吉尔伯特一下。他是个长着鬃曲的棕色头发的高个男孩，脸上挂着友善的微笑。

“他长得是帅，”安妮小声对戴安娜说，“但他为什么冲我笑？他根本不认识我！”

埃文利学校那天非常平静。学校的教师，菲利普斯先生在教室后面辅导一些大孩子。安妮欣赏着窗外红黄相间的树木和波光粼粼的蓝色小河。她已经被自己的幻想带到了遥远的地方。但吉尔伯特希望她看着自己。他对她低语，但她一动不动。他很惊讶。女孩们通常都很愿意看他。

他忽然伸出手去，拽住她的红色发辫，一边轻声叫着，“胡萝卜！胡萝卜！”

安妮从座位上跳起来瞪着吉尔伯特。

“讨厌鬼！我恨你！”她一边叫，一边用重重的课本打了他脑袋一下。

菲利普斯先生听到了这边的动静，缓缓地从教室后面走了过来。

“安妮·雪利，你为什么那样做？”他问道。安妮一言不发。吉尔伯特答道：“我很抱歉，菲利普斯先生。是我对她无礼，所以她打我。”但老师没有听吉尔伯特的解释。

“我不能让坏孩子留在学校里，”菲利普斯先生斩钉截铁地说。“安妮，去站在全班同学的面前。”那天安妮就一直孤零零地站在那儿，一张小脸气得煞白。

“我恨菲利普斯先生！”她想。“我再也不理吉尔伯特·布莱思了！”

第二天午饭的时候，一些学生在一个农夫的田里玩耍，因此下午上课时他们迟到了一会儿。安妮和男生们一起跟在老师的后面进了教室。

“你迟到了，安妮，”菲利普斯先生说。“今天你不能和戴安娜坐在一起。我发现你很喜欢和男孩子们一起，今天下午你去和吉尔伯特坐在一起吧。”

安妮的脸变白了。“他不会是真的！”她想。

“你听见我说的话了吗，安妮？”菲利普斯先生问道。

“是的，先生，”安妮边回答边慢慢地挪到了吉尔伯特的书桌旁。她坐下来，头埋在前臂里趴在书桌上。

安妮想：“这下全完了。我不是惟一个迟到的学生。可他竟然让我坐在一个男孩旁边！而这男孩竟是吉尔伯特·布莱思！”

对于安妮来说，那天过得很慢。等到了放学的时候，她回到了戴安娜旁边，从自己的课桌里取出了课本、钢笔和铅笔。

“你干什么，安妮？”戴安娜问道。

“我不会再回学校里来了，”安妮坚定地回答。

“噢！可是安妮……下周我们就要读一本新书……星期一我们还要玩一个新游戏，还有……在学校里会很有趣！你会错过这些的，安妮！”

但安妮对戴安娜所说的都不感兴趣。只是回答道：“对不起，戴安娜。”

那天晚上，玛丽拉来到了雷切尔·林德家里。“雷切尔，请帮助我！安妮说她不肯再回学校了。我该怎么说服她？”

林德太太已经听说了安妮在学校的麻烦，她总是很高兴有人请她帮忙。她微笑着靠在舒适的椅背上。

“我自己有10个孩子，所以我对孩子很了解，”她说。“可以让安妮先在家里呆一段时间。很快她就会想回到学校去的，我敢肯定。”

这样安妮就留在家里，每天晚上才能见到戴安娜。她是个爱憎分明的孩子。她恨吉尔伯特·布莱思，而又确实喜欢戴安娜。

一天晚上，玛丽拉发现安妮在厨房里哭泣。“怎么了，孩子？”她惊讶地问道。

“我非常喜欢戴安娜，”安妮抽泣着说。“我的生活中不能没有她，玛丽拉！但如果她结婚会怎么样？我已经开始恨她的丈夫了！我可以想像到戴安娜穿着长长的婚纱在教堂里……然后她就要走了！我就再也见不到她了！”

玛丽拉转过身去偷偷地笑。安妮真是既奇怪又有趣的孩子！玛丽拉尽力想止住笑，但还是忍不住。

“你和你的幻想，安妮·雪利”她大声说，说完笑个不停。

当然，林德太太说的是对的。几天后，安妮决定回到学校去。看到她回来所有的孩子都很高兴，但安妮还是不理睬吉尔伯特·布莱思。

4 More trouble for Anne

'I think I'll ask the new vicar, Mr Allan, and his wife to tea on Wednesday. 'said Marilla one day.

'Oh yes, please do! 'cried Anne excitedly. 'Mrs Allan is young and beautiful, and has a very sweet smile! Can I make a cake for tea? Say yes, Marilla! '

Marilla agreed, and for the next few days Anne planned what she would put in her cake.

'I do hope it's going to be a good one, 'she told Diana. 'Sometimes I forget to put in the right things. '

'You made a very good one last week, 'said her friend. 'I'm sure it'll be all right. '

On Wednesday the tea party started very well.

'These are very good cakes, Miss Cuthbert, 'Mrs Allan said to Marilla. 'You have been busy. '

'Anne made this one, specially for you, Mrs Allan, 'replied Marilla.

'Oh well, I must try some, 'laughed the vicar's wife. But after the first mouthful there was a very strange look on her face.

'Is anything wrong? 'asked Marilla. She ate a piece of Anne's cake herself. 'Oh! Anne! What have you put in this cake? 'she cried.

'Isn't it...isn't it all right? 'asked Anne, her face red.

'All right? It's horrible! Don't try to eat any more, Mrs Allan. Anne, you've put my medicine in this cake! '

'Oh! I didn't know! It was white, and in a bottle! I thought it was milk! 'sobbed Anne. She ran upstairs and fell on her bed, crying loudly.

But later that evening, when Mr and Mrs Allan went home, Marilla came to talk to her.

'Oh Marilla! 'cried Anne. 'Everybody in Avonlea will laugh at me for putting medicine in a cake! '

Marilla smiled and touched Anne's hot face. 'No, they won't, Anne. Mrs Allan wasn't angry, you know. She said it was very kind of you to make her a cake, and she's asked you to tea at her house! '

'Oh, so she's forgiven me! She is nice, isn't she? 'said Anne thankfully. 'Why do I get into trouble like this? Perhaps I won't make any mistakes tomorrow. '

Marilla shook her head, still smiling. 'You'll think of some-thing, Anne. You're very good at making mistakes! '

Spring came, with its bright green leaves and early flowers. One April evening Marilla came home late after visiting friends. She found the kitchen empty, and no supper on the table.

'Where's Anne? 'she thought crossly. 'I told her to get the supper ready. 'She hurried upstairs to Anne's room, and found the girl sobbing on her bed.

'Don't look at me, Marilla! 'Anne cried. 'I know I'm bad, I know I am! '

'What is the matter? 'asked Marilla. 'Are you ill? '

'Oh Marilla, I just want to die! Look at my hair! '

And Marilla saw that Anne's long thick red hair was now a horrible dark green.

'Oh Anne! 'she said, 'What have you done now? '

'I...I bought a bottle of something special from a man who came to the door. He said it would change my hair from red to black! Oh, I know it was stupid of me! But what shall I do? '

They washed Anne's hair again and again, but it was still green. Anne stayed at home for a week, saw nobody, and washed her hair every day. But at the end of the week, Marilla said, 'I'm sorry, Anne, we'll have to cut it all off. You can't go to school with green hair. '

Anne had to agree. 'Perhaps this will teach me not to think about being beautiful, 'she said sadly.

Everybody was surprised to see Anne with very short hair, but no one learned the secret. And some weeks later, there were some new, darker red curls, which pleased Anne very much.

* * *

That summer Anne and her friends often played in an old boat on the river.

'Today, let's imagine that I'm a prisoner and I'm escaping from prison by boat, 'said Anne. 'I'll hide in the boat and the river will carry it down to the bridge. You're my family, and you must meet me at the bridge. '

The other girls agreed, so Anne got into the boat and hid under some coats. Her friends pushed the boat off down the river and ran across the fields to get round to the bridge. For a few minutes the prisoner enjoyed the game, but then she suddenly felt wet and sat up. Water was coming in very fast through a hole in the bottom of the boat! Luckily, there were some trees by the river and Anne saw a low branch over the water. She jumped up and caught the branch. The boat went on without her and a few seconds later went down under the water.

Her friends on the bridge saw the boat, but they did not see Anne under the tree. 'Oh! Oh! Anne's dead! The boat's gone down and she's in the river! 'they screamed, and ran back to the village for help.

Poor Anne could not move. She held on and held on, but her arms were getting tired and she knew that she would fall in a minute. Suddenly, there was Gilbert Blythe in his boat!

'Anne Shirley! 'he cried. 'What are you doing there? 'He did not wait for an answer, but quickly helped Anne into his boat. She didn't say a word. When they arrived at the bridge, she got out and turned away.

'Thank you for helping me, 'she said coldly.

But Gilbert jumped out, and put a hand on her arm.

’Anne, ’he said quickly, ’I’m sorry I called you “carrots.”It was a long time ago. I think your hair is really nice now. Can we forget it, and be friends?’

For a second Anne wanted to say yes. But then she remembered standing alone in front of the school children all afternoon, because of Gilbert. She would never forgive him for that! ’No, ’she replied coldly, ’I shall never be your friend, Gilbert Bly the!’

’All right!’ Gilbert jumped angrily back into his boat. ’I’ll never ask you again, Anne Shirley!’

Anne walked home with her head held high, but she felt strangely sad, and wanted to cry.

’Why are you always in trouble, Anne?’ asked Marilla, when she heard about Anne’s adventure.

’Well, I think I’m learning, Marilla, ’answered Anne. ’I learn from my mistakes, and after today, I won’t use my imagination so much. I don’t think Avonlea is the right place for imagination. ’

’No, it isn’t, ’agreed Marilla a little crossly.

When she went out, Matthew, who was sitting quietly in his corner, whispered to Anne, ’Keep a little imagination, Anne, not too much, of course, just a little. ’

4 安妮还有更多的麻烦

一天，玛丽拉说：“星期三，我打算请新的牧师阿伦先生和他的太太来喝茶。”

“那太好了，请他们来吧！”安妮兴奋地叫道。“阿伦太太年轻漂亮，笑起来可甜了！我能为他们做块茶点蛋糕吗？答应吧，玛丽拉！”

玛丽拉同意了。在以后的几天里，安妮盘算着在蛋糕里放些什么。

“我真希望蛋糕会好吃，”她对戴安娜说。“但有时我会忘了应该放些什么。”

“上星期你做的蛋糕很不错，”戴安娜回答道。“我想这次也不会有问题的。”

星期三到了，下午茶聚会开始得很顺利。

“蛋糕看上去很不错，卡斯伯特小姐，”阿伦太太对玛丽拉说。“把您忙坏了吧。”

“这蛋糕是安妮特意为您做的，阿伦太太。”玛丽拉回答道。

“噢，是吗？我一定要尝尝。”牧师太太笑道。但当她尝了一口之后，脸上出现了一种奇怪的表情。

“有什么不妥吗？”玛丽拉问。她自己也吃了一块安妮做的蛋糕。“噢！安妮！你在这蛋糕里放了些什么？”她叫道。

“难道……难道不好吃吗？”安妮红着脸问。

“好吃？简直是难以下咽！阿伦太太，别再吃了。安妮，你把我的药放进蛋糕里了。”

“噢！我不知道！它是白色的，放在一个瓶子里！我以为是牛奶！”安妮边哭边说。她跑上楼，趴在床上大声哭了起来。

那天晚上，阿伦先生和太太回家以后，玛丽拉来劝安妮。

“唉，玛丽拉！”安妮抽泣着说。“埃文利村的每一个人都会嘲笑我把药放在蛋糕里！”

玛丽拉微笑着摸了摸安妮滚烫的小脸。“不，他们不会的，安妮。你知道吗，阿伦太太没有生气。她说很感激你为她做了一个蛋糕，她还邀请你去她家喝茶呢！”

“真的吗？那么说她原谅我了！她真好，不是吗？”安妮充满感激地说。“我怎么会遇到这样的麻烦？也许我明天不会再犯错误了。”

玛丽拉面带微笑，摇了摇头。“你还会想出其他点子的，安妮。你是个闯祸专家！”

春天来了，嫩绿的树叶和早开的花儿挂上了枝头。四月的一个黄昏，玛丽拉探望朋友很晚才回家。她发现厨房里一个人也没有，餐桌上也没有晚餐。

“安妮去哪儿了？”她想，心里感到很不高兴。“我让她准备晚餐呢。”她很快赶到楼上安妮的房间，发现小姑娘正在床上哭泣。

“别看我，玛丽拉！”安妮叫道。“我知道我不好，我知道我不好！”

“发生什么事了？”玛丽拉问道。“你是不是病了？”

“噢，玛丽拉，我真想去死！看看我的头发！”

玛丽拉发现安妮红色的长发辫已经变成难看的深绿色。

“唉，安妮！”玛丽拉说，“这次你又干了些什么？”

“我……我从门外的一个男人那里买了一瓶特制的东西。他说那东西可以把我的红头发变成黑色！我知道自己真是太傻了！但我现在究竟该怎么办？”

她们把安妮的头发洗了一遍又一遍，但它还是绿色的。安妮在家里呆了一个星期，什么人也不见，每天洗头。但等到了周末，玛丽拉说：“我很抱歉，安妮，我们必须把你的头发都剪掉。你不能留着绿色的头发上学去。”

安妮只得同意了。“也许这能使我明白别总想变漂亮，”她难过地说。

每个人见到留着短发的安妮都很惊讶，但谁也不知道这其中的秘密。几周后，安妮的头上长出了新的、颜色更深的红色髻发，这使安妮感到非常高兴。

那年夏天，安妮和她的朋友们经常在河上一条破旧的船上玩。

“今天，我假装是一个囚犯，刚刚用船从监狱里逃出来，”安妮说。“我藏在船里，河水会把船推到下游的小桥那里去。你们是我的亲人，你们必须在桥那里接我。”

其他的女孩都表示赞同，安妮上了小船，藏在几件衣服下面。她的小伙伴们把船推入水中，然后穿过田野向小桥跑去。刚开始的几分钟，“囚犯”还玩得很开心，可随后她就觉得身上很湿，就坐了起来。河水从船底的一个洞中飞快地涌了进来！幸运的是，岸边有一些树木。安妮看到河上低垂着一条树枝。她跳起来抓住了树枝。空船顺流而下，几秒钟后沉入了水中。

在桥上，安妮的小伙伴们看到了船，但她们没有看到紧紧抓住树枝的安妮。“哎呀！哎呀！安妮死了！船沉了，她掉进河里了！”孩子们尖叫着跑回村里求救。

可怜的安妮只能一动不动。她努力坚持着抓牢树枝，但她的胳膊感到越来越累，安妮知道很快她就会掉进河里。就在这时，吉尔伯特·布莱思和他的船出现了。

“安妮·雪利！”他呼喊着重。“你在那儿干什么？”他没等安妮回答，迅速地帮助安妮进到他的船里。安妮什么也没有说。当他们到达桥边的时候，她下了船，转过身去。

“谢谢你帮助我，”她冷冷地说。

吉尔伯特跳下船，将手放在安妮的肩膀上。

“安妮，”他说，“我很后悔叫你‘胡萝卜’。那是很久以前的事了。我认为你的头发现在真的很漂亮。我们能不能忘掉以前的事，成为好朋友？”

安妮本想马上说可以。但是她想起就是因为吉尔伯特，她被罚整个下午独自站在学校的孩子们面前。她不能原谅他！“不，”她冷冷地回答，“我永远也不会做你的朋友，吉尔伯特·布莱思！”

“好吧！”吉尔伯特愤怒地跳回到他的船里。“我再也不会请求你了，安妮·雪利！”

安妮昂着头走回了家，但奇怪的是她感觉很难过，甚至想哭。

“为什么你总是有麻烦，安妮？”听完安妮历险的经历，玛丽拉问道。

“我想我正在学习，玛丽拉，”安妮回答。“从我犯的错误中学习。从今以后，我不会总是幻想了。我觉得埃文利村不是个进行幻想的好地方。”

“对，这儿不是，”玛丽拉有些不快地赞同道。

马修一直静静地坐在角落里，等玛丽拉出去以后，他轻声对安妮说：“保留一点幻想，安妮，当然，别太多，保留一点。”

One day Marilla said, 'Anne, your new teacher, Miss Stacy, spoke to me yesterday. She says you must study for the examinations for Queen's College in two years' time. Then if you do well, you can study at Queen's in Charlotte-town for a year, and after that you'll be a teacher!'

'Oh Marilla! I'd love to be a teacher! But won't it be very expensive?'

'That doesn't matter, Anne. When Matthew and I adopted you three years ago, we decided to look after you as well as we could. Of course we'll pay for you to study.'

So in the afternoons Anne and some of her friends stayed late at school, and Miss Stacy helped them with the special examination work. Diana didn't want to go to Queen's, so she went home early, but Gilbert stayed. He and Anne still never spoke and everybody knew that they were enemies, because they both wanted to be first in the examination. Secretly, Anne was sorry that she and Gilbert weren't friends, but it was too late now.

For two years Anne studied hard at school. She enjoyed learning, and Miss Stacy was pleased with her. But she didn't study all the time. In the evenings and at weekends she visited her friends, or walked through the fields with Diana, or sat talking to Matthew.

'Your Anne is a big girl now. She's taller than you,' Rachel Lynde told Marilla one day.

'You're right, Rache!' said Marilla in surprise.

'And she's a very good girl now, isn't she? She doesn't get into trouble these days. I'm sure she helps you a lot with the housework, Marilla.'

'Yes, I don't know what I'd do without her,' said Marilla, smiling.

'And look at her! Those beautiful grey eyes, and that red-brown hair! You know, Marilla, I thought you and Matthew made a mistake when you adopted her. But now I see I was wrong. You've looked after her very well.'

'Well, thank you, Rachel,' replied Marilla, pleased.

That evening, when Matthew came into the kitchen, he saw that his sister was crying.

'What's the matter?' he asked, surprised. 'You haven't cried since...well, I can't remember when.'

'It's just...well, I was thinking about Anne,' said Marilla. 'I'll...I'll miss her when she goes away.'

'When she goes to Queen's, you mean? Yes, but she can come home at weekends, on the train.'

'I'll still miss her,' said Marilla sadly.

In June the Avonlea boys and girls had to go to Charlotte-town to take their examinations.

'Oh, I do hope that I've done well,' Anne told Diana when she arrived back at Green Gables. 'The examinations were very difficult. And I've got to wait for three weeks before I know! Three weeks! I'll die!'

Anne wanted to do better than Gilbert. But she also wanted to do well for Matthew and Marilla. That was very important to her.

Diana was the first to hear the news. She ran into the kitchen at Green Gables and shouted, 'Look, Anne! It's in Father's newspaper! You're first... with Gilbert...out of all the students on the island! Oh, how wonderful! 'Anne took the paper with shaking hands, and saw her name, at the top of the list of two hundred. She could not speak.

'Well, now, I knew it,' said Matthew with a warm smile.

'You've done well, I must say, Anne,' said Marilla, who was secretly very pleased.

For the next three weeks Anne and Marilla were very busy. Anne needed new dresses to take to Charlottetown.

The evening before she left, she put on one of her new dresses to show Matthew. Marilla watched the happy young face. She remembered the strange, thin little child, with her sad eyes, who arrived at Green Gables five years ago, and she started crying quietly.

'Marilla, why are you crying?' asked Anne.

'I was just thinking of you when you were a little girl,' said Marilla. 'And...you're going away now...and I'll be lonely without you.'

Anne took Marilla's face in her hands, 'Marilla, nothing will change. Perhaps I'm bigger and older now, but I'll always be your little Anne. And I'll love you and Matthew and Green Gables more every day of my life.'

Marilla could not say what she felt, like Anne, but she could show it. She put her arms round her girl and held her close to her heart.

And so for the next year Anne lived in Charlottetown, and went to college every day. She sometimes came home at weekends, but she had to study hard. Some of her Avonlea friends were at Queen's too, and also her enemy, Gilbert Blythe. Anne saw that he often walked and talked with other girls. She felt sure that she and Gilbert could have some interesting conversations. But she didn't want to be the first to speak to him, and he never looked at her.

There were examinations at the end of the college year, in May. Anne studied very hard for them.

'I'd love to get the first place,' she thought. 'Or perhaps I could get the Avery prize. 'This was a prize for the student who was best at English writing, and Anne knew she was good at that. The Avery prize paid for a free place for four years at Redmond College, one of the best colleges in Canada.

When news of the examinations came, Anne waited for her friends to tell her. She heard shouting. 'It's Gilbert! He's the first!' She felt ill. But just then she heard another shout. 'Anne Shirley's got the Avery!' And then all the girls were round her, laughing and shouting.

'Matthew and Marilla will be pleased!' thought Anne. 'Now I can go on studying, and they won't have to pay!'

一天，玛丽拉说：“安妮，你的新老师，斯塔西小姐昨天跟我谈了谈。她说你必须准备参加两年后的女王学院入学考试。如果你考得好，可以在夏洛特镇的女王学院学习一年，然后成为一名教师。”

“哦，玛丽拉！我喜欢当老师！可那是不是太贵了？”

“那没关系，安妮。3年前马修和我收养你的时候，我们决定尽力照顾你。我们当然会花钱让你上学。”

这样，每天下午，安妮和她的一些伙伴在学校呆到很晚，斯塔西小姐帮助她们准备考试。戴安娜不准备去女王学院上学，因此她很早就回家，可吉尔伯特留了下来。他和安妮还是不说话，每个人都知道他们是敌人，因为他们都想在考试中获得第一名。安妮为她没有和吉尔伯特成为朋友暗暗感到后悔，但已经太晚了。

安妮在学校里刻苦学习了两年。她热爱学习，斯塔西小姐对她很满意。但她并非把所有的时间都花在学习上。晚上或周末的时候，她去拜访朋友，或与戴安娜在田野里散步，或坐着与马修聊天。

一天，雷切尔·林德对玛丽拉说：“你们的安妮现在已经成了大孩子了。现在她比你还高了。”

“是的，雷切尔！”玛丽拉有点惊讶地回答。

“她是个好姑娘了，不是吗？现在她不再惹麻烦。我想她帮你干很多的家务活，玛丽拉。”

“对，我不知道没有她我该怎么办，”玛丽拉笑着说。

“看看她现在！那双漂亮的灰色眼睛和红褐色头发！你知道，玛丽拉，你们刚刚收养她的时候，我觉得你们犯了一个错误。可现在我知道是我错了。你们把她照看得真好。”

“哦，谢谢，雷切尔。”玛丽拉高兴地回答。

那天晚上，当马修走进厨房的时候，看见他的妹妹正在哭泣。

“发生什么事了？”他吃惊地问道。“你上一次掉眼泪是在……唉，我也想不起是什么时候了。”

“只是因为……我在想关于安妮的事，”玛丽拉说。“她走了以后我会……我会想念她的。”

“你的意思是当她去女王学院的时候？是的，但周末的时候她可以坐火车回来。”

“但我还是会想念她，”玛丽拉难过地说。

六月里，埃文利村的男孩子和女孩子们必须去夏洛特镇参加考试。

“噢，我真希望我考得很好，”安妮回到格林·盖布尔斯后对戴安娜说。“考试非常难。而且我还得等3周才能知道成绩！3周啊！我会着急死的！”

安妮希望超过吉尔伯特。但她也希望为马修和玛丽拉争气。这对她很重要。

戴安娜是最先听到消息的。她跑进格林·盖布尔斯的厨房高喊道：“看，安妮！登在父亲的报纸上！你是第一名……还有吉尔伯特……超过了岛上所有的学生！哦，多棒啊！”安妮用颤抖的手接过了报纸，看到自己的名字在200个学生的名单中排在首位。她激动得说不出话。

“好，现在，我终于听到这好消息了，”马修面带微笑地说。

“我必须说，你干得很出色，安妮，”玛丽拉说，她的心里暗暗高兴。

在随后的3周时间里，玛丽拉和安妮非常忙碌。安妮需要一些新衣服带到夏洛特镇去。

出发的前一天晚上，安妮穿上一件新衣服给马修看。玛丽拉端详着安妮年轻快乐的脸。她回忆起5年前到格林·盖布尔斯来的那个奇怪、瘦弱、眼神忧伤的女孩，玛丽拉轻声地哭了起来。

“玛丽拉，您怎么哭了？”安妮问。

“我只是想起了你小的时候，”玛丽拉回答。“而你……你现在就要走了……没有你我会感到很孤单的。”

安妮双手捧着玛丽拉的面颊。“玛丽拉，一切都不会改变。也许我长大一些了，但我永远是您的小安妮。这辈子我每天都会更爱您、马修和格林·盖布尔斯的。”

玛丽拉无法像安妮那样说出自己的感觉，但她可以显示出来。她伸出双臂将安妮紧紧地搂在胸前。

这样，第二年安妮住在夏洛特镇，每天去上学。有时她周末回家去，但她必须刻苦学习。女王学院有她在埃文利村的一些朋友，还有她的敌人吉尔伯特·布莱思。安妮发现他经常与其他女孩交谈或散步。她觉得自己和吉尔伯特可以谈得很开心。但她不想主动和他讲话，而吉尔伯特从来也不看她一眼。

五月，学年末的考试就要来了，安妮刻苦地准备着。

“我想得第一名，”她想。“或许我能得到艾弗里奖学金。”这是为英语写作成绩最出色的学生颁发的，而安妮知道这门功课是自己的强项。得到艾弗里奖学金的学生可以在加拿大最好的大学——雷德蒙德大学免费学习4年。

考试的成绩公布以后，安妮等待着朋友来告诉她消息。她听到喊声。“是吉尔伯特！他是第一名！”她感觉很难过。而就在这时她听到另外有人喊。“安妮·雪利得到了艾弗里奖学金！”所有的女孩子都来到了安妮的身边，笑啊叫啊。

“马修和玛丽拉会很高兴的！”安妮想。“现在我可以继续学习，而他们不必付学费了！”

6 Matthew and Marilla

But when she arrived back at Green Gables, Anne knew at once that something was wrong. Matthew looked much older than before.

'What's the matter with him?' Anne asked Marilla.

'He's had some heart trouble this year,' replied Marilla. 'He really isn't well. I'm worried about him.'

'And you're not looking well, Marilla,' said Anne. 'Now you must rest, while I do the housework.'

Marilla smiled tiredly at Anne. 'It's not the work, it's my head. It often hurts, behind my eyes. I must see the doctor about it soon. But another thing, Anne, have you heard any-thing about the Church Bank?'

'I heard it was having a difficult time.'

'All our money is in that bank. I know Matthew's worried about it.'

The next morning a letter came for Matthew. Marilla saw his grey face and cried, 'What's the matter, Matthew?'

Anne, who was bringing an armful of flowers into the kitchen, saw his face too. Suddenly, Matthew fell to the ground. Anne dropped her flowers and ran to help Marilla. Together they tried everything, but it was too late. Matthew was dead.

'It was his heart,' said the doctor, who arrived a little later. 'Did he have any bad news suddenly?'

'The letter!' cried Anne. 'Shall I see what's in it? Oh Mar-illa, look! The Church Bank has had to close down! Your money, and Matthew's, has all gone!'

Everybody in Avonlea was sorry to hear that Matthew was dead. For the first time in his life, Matthew Cuthbert was an important person.

At first Anne couldn't cry. But then she remembered Matthew's smiling face when she told him about the Avery prize. Suddenly she started crying and couldn't stop. Marilla held her in her arms and they sobbed together.

'Crying can't bring him back,' whispered Marilla. 'We'll have to learn to live without him, Anne.'

* * *

In the next few weeks Anne and Marilla worked hard together on the farm and in the house. Everybody in Avonlea was very kind to them, but it was a sad time.

One day Marilla said, 'I'll miss you when you go to Red-mond College, Anne. What are the other Avonlea students going to do?'

'Some of them are going to teach, and some are going to stay at Queen's.'

'Gilbert's going to teach at Avonlea school, isn't he?' Anne didn't reply, so Marilla went on. 'He's very tall and good-looking now, don't you think? Like his father, John, when he was younger. You know, John and I were very good friends, years ago.'

Anne looked up, interested. 'What happened? Why didn't you...?'

'Well, we had a fight about something. He asked me to be friends again, but I couldn't forgive him. Later I was sorry, but he didn't speak to me again. Perhaps we...Oh well, it was a long time ago.'

The next day Marilla went to see the doctor. When she came back, she looked very tired and ill.

'What did the doctor say?' asked Anne worriedly.

'He says I mustn't read or write, and I must wear glasses. Then my head won't hurt. But if I'm not very careful, I'll be blind in six months!'

For a minute Anne was silent. Then she said firmly, 'Then you must be careful, Marilla.'

'Think how terrible it is to be blind! But how lucky you've got a free place at Redmond College! I can't give you any money, you see. All our money's gone, and I can't work now. I think I'll have to sell the farm, and go and live with Rachel Lynde!' and poor Marilla sobbed wildly.

That night Anne sat alone in her bedroom. She thought and thought for some time, and then she smiled. When she went to bed, she knew what she was going to do.

The next day she explained it all to Marilla.

'You can't sell Green Gables, it's our home! Just listen, I've planned everything. I'm not going to Redmond College, it's too far away. I'm going to teach, in one of the village schools near here. Then I can live there during the week and come home at weekends to look after you. Diana's father will use our fields and pay us for them, and so we'll have some money. You see?'

'Oh Anne! I'll be all right if you're here. But you must go to Redmond, if you want to study...'

'Redmond College doesn't matter,' laughed Anne. 'I'm going to study at home in the evenings. And I'm going to be a really good teacher! That's better than anything!'

Marilla shook her head and tried not to cry. 'You're a good girl, Anne. Now we can keep Green Gables!'

A few days later Rachel Lynde came to the farm.

'Do you know,' she said, 'that Gilbert isn't going to be the Avonlea teacher now?'

'Isn't he?' cried Anne. 'Why not?'

'When he heard that you wanted to be near Marilla, he de-cided to teach at a school in another village. So you can be the Avonlea teacher now.'

'Oh!' said Anne, surprised. 'That's...that's very kind of him.'

And that day, when she saw Gilbert by the river, she stopped him and held out her hand.

’Gilbert, ’ she said shyly, ’I… I want to thank you. It’s very good of you. If I’m the Avonlea teacher, I can help Mar-illa much more at home. ’

’I’m happy to help you, Anne, ’ said Gilbert. He smiled and held her hand firmly. ’Are we going to be friends now? Have you forgiven me for calling you “carrots”? ’

Anne laughed. ’I forgave you a long time ago. ’

’I’m sure we’re going to be very good friends, Anne. Can I walk home with you? ’

And when Anne came into the Green Gables kitchen, Maril-la said, ’You look very happy, Anne. Was that Gilbert who was with you just now? ’

’Yes, ’replied Anne, her face red. ’Gilbert and I’ve decided to be friends. Oh Marilla, I think life is going to be good for all of us! We’ll have to work hard, but we’ll be happy. And we’ll keep our dear old Green Gables! What could be better than that! ’

6 马修和玛丽拉

当她赶回格林·盖布尔斯的时候，安妮立刻有一种不祥的感觉。马修看上去比以前老了很多。

“马修怎么了？”安妮问玛丽拉。

“今年他的心脏病犯了几次，”玛丽拉回答。“他的情况确实不太好。我很为他担心。”

“你的气色也不太好，玛丽拉，”安妮说。“现在你必须休息，家务活由我来做。”

玛丽拉疲倦地笑了笑。“家务事倒没什么，主要是我经常头疼，就在眼睛后面。我得尽快看医生。还有一件事，安妮，你听到关于车茨银行的事了吗？”

“我听说它经营困难。”

“我们所有的钱都在那家银行里。我知道马修很担心。”

第二天马修接到一封信。玛丽拉看到马修的脸一下变灰了，连忙喊道：“发生什么事了，马修？”

安妮刚刚抱着一捧花走进厨房，她也看到了马修的脸。突然，马修倒在地上。安妮扔下花来帮助玛丽拉。她们想尽了一切办法拯救马修，可已经太晚了。马修死了。

晚些时候，大夫来了，他说：“是因为他的心脏。他有没有突然听到什么不幸的消息？”

“是那封信！”安妮叫道。“我能不能看看里面写了些什么？哦，玛丽拉，你看！车茨银行已经倒闭了！你的钱，还有马修的，都没了！”

听到马修去世的消息，埃文利村的每一个人都很难过。马修·卡斯伯特这辈子第一次成了一个重要人物。

起初安妮哭不出来。但当她想起马修听到她获得艾弗里奖学金时脸上的笑容，就突然忍不住大哭起来。玛丽拉搂着安妮，俩人一起哭泣。

“哭也没法让他回来了，”玛丽拉小声说道：“我们必须学会习惯没有马修的生活，安妮。”

* * *

在以后的几周里，安妮和玛丽拉在田地里和家中辛勤地劳作。埃文利村的每一个人都对她们很好，但这是一段伤心的日子。

一天，玛丽拉说：“你到雷德蒙德大学以后我会想念你的，安妮。埃文利村的其他孩子有何打算？”

“他们中的一些人会成为教师，还有一些留在女王学院。”

“吉尔伯特将留在埃文利学校当教师，是吗？”安妮没有回答，所以玛丽拉继续说下去。“他现在已经是高个子的帅小伙了，你不这么认为吗？像他父亲约翰年轻时一样。你知道，许多年前，约翰和我曾经是很要好的朋友。”

安妮很感兴趣，抬起头问道：“发生什么事了？为什么您不……？”

“哎，我们为了一件事吵了起来。他请求我重新成为他的好朋友，但我不能原谅他。后来我很后悔，但他再也不和我讲话了。也许我们……哎，那已经是很久以前的事了。”

第二天，玛丽拉去看病。当她回来的时候，看上去非常疲倦，好像是生病了。

“医生说了些什么？”安妮焦急地问。

“他说我不能再读书写字了，而且我必须戴上眼镜。那样我的头就不会疼了。如果我不小心的话，6个月以后我就会失明！”

安妮沉默了一会儿。随后她坚定地说：“您必须好好照顾自己，玛丽拉。”

“想想双目失明多可怕！但你能够在雷德蒙德大学免费学习真是幸运！你看，我已经没法给你钱了。我们所有的钱都没了，我现在又不能劳动。我想我必须卖掉农场，然后搬去和雷切尔·林德同住！”可怜的玛丽拉边说边哭了起来。

那天晚上安妮独自坐在她的卧室内。她思量了很长时间，然后她的脸上出现了笑容。当她上床休息的时候，她已经知道自己该如何去做。

第二天，安妮向玛丽拉解释了一切。

“您不能把农场卖掉，它是我们的家！您听我说，我已计划好一切。我不打算到雷德蒙德大学去，那里太遥远了。我将在附近村庄的一所学校教书。这样，平常的时候我可以住在那里，周末的时候回来照顾您。戴安娜的父亲可以使用我们的土地，同时给我们地租，这样我们就有一些钱了。您看这样不好吗？”

“噢，安妮，你在这里我当然会很好。但如果你想学习，你必须去雷德蒙德……”

“去不去雷德蒙德大学没有关系。”安妮笑道。“晚上我可以在家自己学习。而且我会成为一名非常出色的教师！那比什么都好！”

玛丽拉摇摇头强忍住眼泪。“你是个好姑娘，安妮。现在我们可以留住农场了！”

几天后，雷切尔·林德来到了农场。

“你们知道吗，”她说，“吉尔伯特现在不想当埃文利村的教师了？”

“不当了？”安妮高声问道。“为什么不当？”

“当他听说你希望离玛丽拉近一些，他决定在另外一个村的学校教书。那样你就可以成为埃文利村的教师了。”

“噢！”安妮吃惊地说。“那……那他真是太好了。”

那天，当安妮在河边见到吉尔伯特的时候，她叫住了他，并向他伸出手去。

“吉尔伯特，”她腼腆地说，“我……我想谢谢你。你这样做真是太好了。如果我当埃文利村的教师，我就可以在家里更多地照顾玛丽拉。”

“能帮助你我很高兴，安妮，”吉尔伯特说。他笑着紧紧抓住安妮的手。“我们现在可以成为朋友了吗？你现在原谅我叫过你‘胡萝卜’吗？”

安妮笑道：“我很久以前就已经原谅你了。”

“我肯定我们能成为非常好的朋友，安妮。我能送你回家吗？”

当安妮走进格林·盖布尔斯厨房时，玛丽拉说：“你看上去非常高兴，安妮。刚才和你在一起的是吉尔伯特吗？”

“是的，”安妮红着脸回答。“吉尔伯特和我决定成为朋友。哦，玛丽拉，我想我们都会有幸福的生活！我们的工作会很辛苦，但我们会很快乐。我们将留住我们心爱的老农场！还有什么比这更好呢！”

[1 Beautiful Children](#)

[2 The Children Wish to Be Rich](#)

[3 Wings](#)

[4 Bigger than the Baker's Boy](#)

[5 The Last Wish](#)

简介

它是个“赛米德”（即沙精）。有一大孩子们在砾石坑中挖沙时发现了它。它已经几千岁了。当然了，沙精们可以帮人们实现他们的愿望——愿望每天只能实现一个，而且当太阳落山时一切也就结束了。安西娅、西里尔、罗伯特和简觉得这棒极了。他们的小弟弟还太小，不会许愿，而且大部分时间都呆在家里；可其他几个盘算着要些激动人心的东西。

可那又是什么呢？变得漂亮，富有，还是能像鸟儿一样飞翔？有时候想出真正的好愿望很困难，可是脱口说出“但愿……”却是很容易的，那时你就得到了并不真正想要的东西。这时沙精就不肯帮忙了。出了差错时它就生气地说：“为什么你不先想好了再说？”

而事情的确常出差错……

伊迪丝·内斯比特1858年生于伦敦，1924年逝世。她一生从事写作，为儿童写了很多书。其中著名的有《五个孩子和沙精》、《长生鸟与地毯》及《铁路上的孩子》等。

1 Beautiful Children

The house was about four kilometres from the station, but after only a minute or two the children began to ask, 'Are we nearly there?' And every time they saw a house they said, 'Oh, is this it?' But it never was. Then they came to the top of a hill, and there was a White house with a green garden and lots of fruit trees. 'Here we are!' Mother said.

Everyone hurried to get out of the carriage—— Robert, Anthea, Jane, Cyril, and Martha, the nursemaid, with the baby. But Mother did not hurry. The children ran round the house and all through the garden to see what there was. But Mother stood and watched the driver while he carried the boxes into the house.

The children loved the house. They knew immediately that they were going to be happy there. Mother did not like the house very much because it was old and there were no cup-boards. But it was deep in the country and after two years in London the children thought that it was wonderful. If you live in London and your family is not rich, you get bored because you cannot go to shops and theatres, and people say, 'Don't do this' and 'Don't go there.' In the country you can go anywhere and do anything.

The white house was on the hill, with a wood behind it and a gravel-pit on one side. It was at the gravel-pit, a week later, that the children found a fairy. Well, that was what it called itself. But it was different from other fairies.

It happened when Mother had to go and stay with Grand-mother, who was ill. Martha stayed with the children, of course. But the house was very quiet and empty. The children did not know what to do. Then Cyril said, 'Let's go to the gravel-pit.'

The gravel-pit was very large, with grass and wild flowers round the sides at the top. When they got there, the children decided that they would go down into the pit to play in the sand.

'Let's dig a deep hole— perhaps we can get all the way down to Australia,' said Robert.

The others agreed and they all began to dig hard in the sand. But it was a very hot day. Baby went to sleep and Robert, Cyril, and Jane sat down to rest, but Anthea went on working on the hole.

Suddenly she screamed. 'Cyril! Come here! Quick! There's something alive!' she cried.

They all jumped up and hurried over to see what it was.

'It's got feet,' Anthea said. 'And fur. Don't hurt it. I know this sounds stupid, but it said something.'

'What did it say?' asked Cyril.

'It said, "You leave me alone."

The others just laughed, but the two boys began to move away more of the sand. Soon they could see that there really was something moving in the hole.

Suddenly a hard little voice cried, 'Leave me alone!'

They all jumped back and no one spoke for a minute. Then Robert said, 'But we want to see you.'

'Yes, I wish you'd come out,' Anthea said.

'Oh, well, if that's your wish,' the voice said, and the sand began to fly about everywhere. Then something brown and furry and fat fell out into the hole. 'I think I was asleep,' it said.

The children stood and looked at it. It really was very strange. It could move its eyes in and out on stalks, it had big ears and its body was fat and round and furry. Its legs and arms had soft fur all over them too, and it had hands and feet.

'What is it?' asked Jane. 'Shall we take it home?'

The thing turned its long eyes to look at her. 'Does she always say stupid things?' it said.

'She doesn't mean it,' Anthea said. 'Don't be afraid. We won't hurt you.'

The little thing was angry. 'Hurt me!' it cried. 'I'm not afraid of you!'

'Oh, don't be angry,' said Anthea kindly. 'Tell us who you are. We really don't know.'

'You don't know?' it said. 'Don't you know a Psammead when you see one?'

'A Sammyadd? What's that?' Jane said.

'A sand-fairy, of course. Don't you know a sand-fairy when you see one?'

It looked very unhappy, and Jane said, 'Of course! I can see that you're a sand-fairy now.'

And Robert said, 'Well, I didn't know that you were a Psammead, but I can see that you are something very wonderful. Please talk some more to us.'

The Psammead looked a little happier when it heard that, and it said, 'Well, you can talk to me, if you want to. Perhaps I'll answer you and perhaps I won't. Now saysomething.'

At first the children could not think of anything to say, but then Robert asked, 'How long have you lived here?'

'Oh, thousands of years,' the Psammead answered.

The children waited, but the Psammead was silent.

'Please tell us more,' Robert said.

'Well, all right, then,' the Psammead said. 'There were lots of us then,' it went on. 'People sent their children out to look for Psammeads, and when they found us, we gave them a wish.'

'What happened to all the Psammeads, then?' Robert asked.

'Well, if they get wet, they get ill and they usually die, and that's what happened. Most of them got wet and died. And I'm not going to tell you another thing.'

'Oh, just one more question, please,' said Robert. 'Do you give wishes now?'

‘ You’ve had one, ’ said the Psammead. ‘ You wished to see me, and here I am. ’

‘ Oh, please. Just one more, ’ Anthea cried.

‘ Well, all right, but be quick! I’m tired of you! ’

It is very difficult to think of a really good wish, in just a second or two. Then Anthea remembered a wish of hers and Jane’s. She knew that the boys wouldn’t like it, but it was better than nothing.

‘ I wish we were all very, very beautiful, ’ she said.

The Psammead pushed out its long eyes and got bigger and fatter, and the children waited. Then it said, ‘ I’m sorry. I haven’t done this for a long time. I’ll try again, but I can only do one wish a day for you. Do you agree to that? ’

‘ Yes, oh yes! ’ the children cried.

‘ But remember, the wish is only for a day, ’ said the Psammead. ‘ When the sun goes down, everything goes back to what it was. ’

The Psammead slowly got bigger, then suddenly went small again. ‘ That’s all right! ’ it said. At once it turned and went back into the sand at the bottom of the hole.

The children stood there for a second, and then Anthea turned to speak to the others. But they were not there! She was looking at three strangers— a girl with beautiful red hair and big blue eyes, and two very good-looking boys. Suddenly she understood. They had their wish. The strangers were Robert and Cyril and Jane—but now they were beautiful. Cyril’s hair was golden now, and Robert’s was black.

‘ I liked you better before! ’ Robert cried angrily to his brother and sisters. ‘ Jane’s hair looks like carrots, and Cyril looks really stupid with long golden hair. ’

They went to find Baby, but he was just the same as he was before.

‘ Perhaps it’s because he’s young. He can’t have wishes. We’ll have to remember that next time, ’ Anthea said, and she held out her arms to him. But Baby’s mouth turned down at the corners and then he began to cry loudly. He did not know them!

It took an hour to stop him crying and then, very tired and cross, they took him home. Martha, Baby’s nursemaid, was waiting at the front door. She took Baby from them quickly:

‘ Where are the others? ’ she asked. ‘ And who are you? ’

‘ we’re us, of course, ’ Robert said. ‘ You don’t know us because we’re beautiful. ’

‘ And we’re very hungry, ’ said Cyril, ‘ and we want our lunch, please. ’

‘ Go away! ’ Martha screamed. ‘ Or I’ll send for the police, ’ and she closed the door in their faces.

The children were very hungry by then, and they tried three times to get into the house—but Martha would not let them in. After a while they went and sat at the bottom of the garden to wait for the sun to go down. ‘ The wish will finish then, won’t it? ’ Jane said.

But the others didn’t answer because no one was really sure.

It was a terrible afternoon. They had no lunch, no tea, and they were tired, angry and afraid. It’s true that they were all very beautiful, but that’s not a lot of help when you’re unhappy. In the end they fell asleep.

It was nearly dark when they woke up. Anthea was the first to wake up and she looked at the others. They were no longer very beautiful. Everything was all right again. Happily, they all went back to the house. Of course, Martha was angry.

‘ Where have you been all day? ’ she cried.

It is not easy to explain a Psammead to an angry nursemaid, so the children didn’t try.

‘ We met some beautiful children and we couldn’t get away from them until it was nearly dark, ’ Anthea said. ‘ They were terrible, and we never want to see them again. ’

And they never have.

1 漂亮的孩子

他们的新家距车站大约四公里远，而每过一两分钟孩子们就开口问：“我们快到了吗？”而且他们每看到一幢房子都说：“哦，是这个吗？”可总不是。接着他们来到一个山顶，那儿有一幢带有绿色的花园和很多果树的白房子。“我们到了！”母亲说。

大家急忙下车——罗伯特、安西娅、简、西里尔，还有抱着婴儿的保姆马莎。可母亲不慌不忙。孩子们绕着房子跑，都穿过花园看看那里有什么。但是赶车人把箱子搬到房子里去时妈妈站着看着他。

孩子们喜欢这房子。他们马上就明白在那儿他们会很快活的。母亲不太喜欢这房子，因为它很旧，也没有柜子。可是这房子位于真正意义上的乡间；在伦敦住了两年之后，孩子们认为这一点太好了。要是住在伦敦可你的家庭又不富有，你就会觉得厌倦，因为你不能去商店和剧场，人们还会说“不许干这个”、“不许去那儿”的。在乡下你想去哪儿就去哪儿，想干什么就干什么。

这白房子位于小山上，后边有一片树林，在一边还有一个砾石坑。就是在这个砾石坑里孩子们一周之后发现了一个精灵。唔，它是这样称呼自己的，但是它和别的精灵可不一样。

事情发生在母亲去探护祖母的时候，祖母病了。当然马莎留下来和孩子们在一起。可房子里静悄悄的，空荡荡的。孩子们不知道做些什么好。过了一会儿，西里尔说：“咱们去砾石坑吧。”

砾石坑大极了，坑口四周长着青草和野花。孩子们到了那儿时，他们决定到坑里去玩沙子。

“咱们挖个深深的洞——也许能一直挖到澳大利亚呢，”罗伯特说。

别的孩子同意了，他们就都起劲地挖起沙来。可天气很热。小弟弟睡觉去了，罗伯特、西里尔和简坐下来休息，可安西娅继续挖着洞。

突然她尖叫起来。“西里尔！到这儿来！快！有什么活的东西！”她叫道。

他们都跳起身来，急忙过去看是什么东西。

“它有脚，”安西亚说，“还有毛。别伤着它。我知道这话听起来有些蠢，可它说话了。”

“它说什么？”西里尔问。

“它说：‘别来打搅我。’”

别的孩子只是笑，可那两个男孩开始挖开更多的沙子。很快他们就能看见洞里真有个东西在动。

突然一个刺耳的、细小的声音喊道：“别打搅我！”

他们都向后退了几步，一时谁也没说话。过了一会儿罗伯特说：“可是我们想看看你。”

“是啊，我希望你出来。”安西娅说。

“哦，好吧，如果那是你们的愿望的话，”那个声音说；沙子开始到处乱飞。一会儿一个褐色的、长着毛的、胖乎乎的东西从沙里飞落到洞中。“我想我刚才睡着了，”它说。

孩子们站着看着它。它的确长得很奇怪。它有一双伸缩自如的柄眼、一对大耳朵，身体又胖又圆，还毛绒绒的。它的胳膊和腿上也覆盖着柔毛，而它还长着手和脚。

“是什么呀？”简问道，“要不要把它带回家！”

这东西转动它的柄眼看着她。“她老说蠢话吗？”它说。

“她不是那个意思。”安西娅说，“别怕，我们不会伤害你。”

这小东西生气了。“伤害我？！”它叫着，“我才不怕你们呢！”

“哦，别生气，”安西娅和蔼地说，“告诉我们你是谁。我们真不知道。”

“你们不知道？”它说，“你们看到一个赛米德时难道会不认识？”

“赛米德？那是什么啊？”简说。

“当然是沙精了。你们见到沙精会不认识？”

它显得很不高兴，简就说：“当然！现在我知道你是个沙精了。”

罗伯特也说：“喔，我原来不知道你是赛米德，可现在我看得出你棒极了。请再跟我们说些话吧。”

听到那个这个赛米德显得稍微高兴些了，它说：“好吧，如果你们愿意，你们可以和我说话。我也许回答你们的问题，也许不回答。现在在说什么吧。”

开头孩子们想不出要说什么，然而不一会儿罗伯特就问：“你在这儿住多久了？”

“哦，几千年了吧，”赛米德回答说。

孩子们等赛米德往下说，但它不说话了。

“请多告诉我们一些情况，”罗伯特说。

“唔，行，那好，”赛米德说。“当初我们有许多人马呢，”它接着说。“人们打发孩子们去找赛米德，找到时我们就给他们实现一个愿望。”

“那后来赛米德都怎么样了？”罗伯特问。

“噢，要是它们弄湿了自己，就会生病，常常会死的，事情就是那样。大部分赛米德弄湿了，死了。我不再告诉你们别的事了。”

“哦，请再回答一个问题，”罗伯特说，“你现在还帮人们实现愿望吗？”

“你们已经实现一个了。”赛米德说，“你们希望看到我，我就来了。”

“噢，求求你了。就再来实现一个愿望吧。”安西娅叫道。

“唔，那好吧，可是快点！你们真烦人！”

一两秒内就想出一个好愿望真困难。接着安西娅记起了她和简的一个愿望。她知道男孩子们不会喜欢它，可总比没有强。

“我希望我们都非常非常漂亮，”她说。

赛米德将双眼从眼眶伸出去好远，并变大变胖了，孩子们等待着。一会儿，它说：“对不起。我很久没这样做了。我再试一次，但是一天只能为你们实现一个愿望。你们同意吗？”

“同意，同意！”孩子们喊道。

“但是记住，只能维持一个白天。”赛米德说，“太阳落下去时，一切就恢复原样了。”

赛米德慢慢地大起来，然后突然又变小了。“好了！”它说。它马上转过身回到洞底的沙中去了。

孩子们站了一下，然后安西娅转身去和其他的孩子说话。可他们不在了！她看见三个陌生人——一个长着漂亮的红头发和大大的蓝眼睛的女孩，还有两个很好看的男孩。她忽然明白了。他们的愿望实现了：陌生人就是罗伯特、西里尔和简——只是他们现在漂亮了。西里尔的头发现是金色的了，罗伯特则是黑头发。

“我更喜欢你们原来的样子！”罗伯特生气地对他的姐弟们叫着，“简的头发像胡萝卜，西里尔长着金色长发的样子看起来真傻。”

他们去找小弟弟，可他还是原来的样子。

“也许是因为他大小了吧。他也不会希望要什么。下次我们得记住。”安西娅说着并向他伸出手臂。可小弟弟撇着嘴开始大哭起来。他不认识他们！

花了一个小时才哄他不哭了。他们又累又气，把他带回家。小弟弟的保姆马莎正在前门等候。她很快地把孩子接过去。

“别的孩子们在哪儿呢？”她问，“你们是谁？”

“我们就是我们，当然了。”罗伯特说，“你不认识我们是因为我们漂亮了。”

“我们还非常饿，”西里尔说，“我们想要午饭，求求了。”

“走开！”马莎叫道，“不然我要叫警察了。”她当着他们的面关上了门。

那时孩子们已经非常饿了，他们三次试图进门——但是马莎每次都不让他们进去。过了一会儿，他们去坐在花园尽头，等太阳落下去。“到那会儿愿望就结束了，不是吗？”简说。

其他人没有回答，因为谁也不敢肯定。

那个下午可真糟。他们没有午饭，没有茶点，还又累又气又害怕。他们确实都很漂亮，可人不高兴时漂亮也帮不了多大忙。最后他们睡着了。

他们醒来时天都快黑了。安西娅第一个醒来，她看看其他孩子。他们不再很漂亮了。一切都恢复原样了。他们都高高兴兴地回屋了。当然，马莎很生气。“你们一整天到哪里去了？”她喊道。

对一个发怒的保姆解释清楚赛米德是什么可不是件容易的事，所以孩子们没试着解释。

“我们遇到了些漂亮孩子，直到天快黑才脱身。”安西娅说，“他们太可怕了，我们不想再见到他们。”

他们实际上从来也没见过那几个孩子。

2 The Children Wish to Be Rich

The next morning Martha took Baby out with her and the children decided to go back to the gravel-pit to look for the Psammead again. At first they could not find it. 'Perhaps it wasn't really here,' Robert said. But they began to dig into the sand with their hands and suddenly they came to the brown furry body of the Psammead. It sat up and shook the sand out of its fur.

'How are you today?' Anthea asked.

'Well, I didn't sleep very well, but thank you for asking,' the Psammead answered.

'Can you give wishes today?' Robert said. 'Because we'd like to have two, if we can. But one is a very little wish.'

'Well, all right,' said the Psammead, looking at Robert with its long eyes. 'Let's have the little wish first.'

'Martha mustn't know about the wishes,' Robert said. 'I mean, she mustn't see anything different about us. And can you do that for every wish on every day?'

The Psammead went a little bigger and then went small again. 'I've done that,' it said. 'It was easy. What's the next wish?'

'We wish,' said Robert slowly, 'to be very rich.'

'How much money do you want?' asked the Psammead. 'It won't do you much good, of course,' it said quietly to itself. 'Well, how much—— and do you want it in gold or notes?'

'Gold, please,' Robert said. 'Millions!'

'A full gravel-pit, all right?' said the Psammead, sounding bored. 'But get out before I begin, or you'll die underneath it.'

Its thin arms got very long and it began to move them about. The children were afraid, and ran as fast as they could up to the road. When they were there, they turned to look back. They had to close their eyes and open them again very slowly. The gravel-pit was full, right up to the top, with new, shining, gold coins!

The children stood with their mouths open, and no one said a word.

Then Robert took one of the coins in his hand and looked at it. 'It's different from English money,' he said.

'Well, it doesn't matter. It's gold,' said Cyril. 'Don't forget that it will all go when the sun goes down. Come on! Let's put as much as we can in our pockets and go and spend it.'

So they all put gold coins in their pockets and went off to the village. But the gold was heavy, and soon they were very tired and hot. They decided to get something to drink in the village and then go on to the town of Rochester.

Cyril went into the shop and the others waited outside. But when Cyril came back with a bottle of lemonade, he said, 'I had to pay with my real money. When they saw all the coins, they wouldn't change the gold.'

'Well, I'll try to get something with the gold,' Anthea said. 'We need a horse and cart. Come on.'

Anthea went to talk to a man who had a horse and cart, and the others waited. After a few minutes she came back, looking very pleased with herself. 'I wasn't stupid like Cyril,' she said. 'I only took out one coin, not all of them, and the man said he'll drive us to Rochester and wait for us.'

On the way to Rochester, they did not speak. They were making plans about how to spend their gold, and they did not want to talk in front of the driver.

But when they arrived in Rochester, with about twelve hundred gold coins in their pockets, they found that it was very difficult to spend them. Anthea tried to buy a very nice hat, but the woman in the shop looked very strangely, first at the gold coins, then at Anthea.

'I can't take that,' she said. 'It's not modern English money.'

They went from shop to shop, but no one wanted to take their gold. 'It's because our hands are dirty and we look untidy. People think we've stolen the gold,' Anthea said.

And it was worse when they tried to buy a horse and carriage. Cyril showed the man his gold, and the man called to his son, 'Send for the police!'

'It's our money,' said Cyril angrily. 'We're not thieves.'

'Where did you get it from then?' said the man.

'A sand-fairy gave it to us,' said Jane. 'He gives us a wish a day and they all come true.'

The man shook his head slowly. 'Oh dear, oh dear,' he said. 'Stealing, and then telling stories about it.'

Just then a policeman arrived and when he heard about the gold, he said to the four children, 'Come with me. I'm taking you to the police station!'

The children were angry and unhappy, but the policeman walked along the road behind them and they couldn't escape. They held their heads down because they did not want anyone to see them, and suddenly Robert ran into someone. 'Robert, what have you done now?' a voice cried. It was Martha and Baby!

The policeman explained everything to Martha, and Cyril had to take the gold out of his pocket and show it to her.

'I can't see anything—just two very dirty hands,' she said. 'There's no gold there. What are you talking about?'

And then the children remembered that Martha couldn't see the wishes.

It was getting dark when they arrived at the police station. The policeman explained about the gold and the Inspector said, 'Well, let's see it.'

Cyril put his hands into his pockets—but they were empty! The others put their hands into their pockets. They were empty, too! Of course, all the fairy gold went when the sun went down!

’ How did they do that?’ cried the policeman.

Martha was very angry with him. ’ I told you that there wasn’t any gold,’ she shouted. ’ You’ll be in trouble for this. Saying that these poor little children are thieves!’

But she was very angry with the children too. ’ What were you doing in town alone?’ she said to them outside the police station.

And she took them home and sent them to bed early.

2 孩子们希望变得富有

第二天早晨，马莎带着小弟弟出去了，孩子们决定回砾石坑那儿再去找赛米德。开头他们没有找到。“也许它不一定真在这里，”罗伯特说。可他们还是开始用手挖沙子，忽然他们触到了赛米德褐色的、毛绒绒的身体。它坐起来抖掉毛上的沙子。

“你好吗？”安西娅问。

“嗯，我没睡好，但谢谢你的问候。”赛米德回答。

“今天你能给人实现愿望吗？”罗伯特说，“因为如果可以的话我们想要实现两个愿望。不过有一个是非常小的愿望。”

“那么，好吧。”赛米德说，用它的柄眼看着罗伯特。“先来实现这个小愿望吧。”

“不能让马莎知道愿望的事。”罗伯特说，“我的意思是她不能看出我们有什么变化。你能每天对每个愿望都这样办吗？”

赛米德变大了一点儿，然后又变小了。“我把那个办好了。”它说，“这容易。下一个愿望是什么？”

“我们希望，”罗伯特慢慢地说，“变得非常有钱。”

“你们想要多少钱？”赛米德问道。“这当然对你们没什么好处，”它在心里默念着。“好吧，要多少——还有，想要金子还是钞票？”

“请给我们金子，”罗伯特说，“几百万！”

“满满一砾石坑，行了吧？”赛米德说，听起来它不耐烦了。“可在我开始之前先走开，不然你们会被压死的。”

它把细胳膊变得很长并挥动起来。孩子们害怕了，尽快地跑到上边路上去。在那儿时他们扭头看了看。他们不得不闭上眼睛，再慢慢睁开。砾石坑满满的，到顶上都是闪闪发光的、崭新的金币！

孩子们站着，嘴巴张着，谁也没说话。

然后罗伯特将一块金币放在手里看着。“和英国钱不一样，”他说。

“唔，那没关系。是金的。”西里尔说，“别忘了太阳落下去的时候它们就都没了。快点儿！尽量往兜里装，然后去把它们花掉。”

所以他们都往兜里装金币，然后朝村子走去。可金子很沉，一会儿他们就又累又热。他们决定在村里买点喝的，然后再继续赶往罗彻斯特城去。

西里尔走进商店，其他孩子在外边等着。可是当西里尔拿着一瓶柠檬汽水回来时，他说：“我得付我自己的真钱。他们看见所有这些金币时不肯找钱。”

“那我去试着用这金子买点东西。”安西娅说，“我们需要一辆马套二轮单马车。来吧。”

安西娅走过去和一个有马套二轮单马车的人谈起来，别的孩子等着。几分钟后她回来了，看起来很得意的样子。“我可不像西里尔那么傻。”她说，“我只拿出一块金币，而不拿出所有的金币，那个人说他把我们拉到罗彻斯特去并等着我们。”

在去罗彻斯特的路上他们没有讲话。他们计划着怎样花他们的金子，而且他们不想在赶车人面前谈论。

可是当他们兜里装着大约一千两百块金币到了罗彻斯特时，他们发现要花掉这些金币很困难。安西妮想买一顶很漂亮的帽子，可店里的那个女人很奇怪地先看看金币，再看看安西娅。

“我不要那个。”她说，“这不是现行的英国货币。”

他们去了一个又一个商店，可是没有人要他们的金子。“这是因为我们的手脏，我们自己看起来也不整洁。人们认为这金子是我们偷的。”安西娅说。

当他们试图买一辆马套四轮马车时，事情就更糟了。西里尔把他的金币给那人看，那人朝他的儿子喊：“叫警察来！”

“这是我们的钱，”西里尔气愤地说，“我们不是贼。”

“那你从什么地方搞到它的？”那人说。

“一个沙精给我们的。”简说，“他每天为我们实现一个愿望，而且都实现了。”

那人慢慢地摇摇头。“天啊，天啊，”他说，“偷东西，然后又编故事。”

这时警察来了，听了金币的事他对这四个孩子说：“跟我走。我带你们去警察局！”

孩子们很生气，很不快。可是警察沿路跟在他們后边，他们逃跑不了。他们低着头，因为不愿让别人看到。突然罗伯特撞到了人身上。“罗伯特，你们干什么去了？”一个声音喊道。原来是马莎和小弟弟！

警察对马莎解释了这一切。西里尔只得从兜里拿出金子给她看。

“我什么也没看见——只是两只脏手。”她说，“没有金子。你在说些什么呀？”

于是孩子们记起马莎是看不出这些许愿的事的。

到警察局时，天快黑了。警察解释了金子的事，巡长说：“好吧，让我们看看。”

西里尔把手伸进兜里——可兜里是空的！其他孩子把手伸进兜里，也都是空的！当然了，太阳一落下山去所有这些变出来的金币就没有了！

“他们是怎么搞的？”那警察叫起来。

马莎很生他的气。“我告诉你没有什么金子。”她喊道，“你会为此触霉头的。竟然说这些可怜的小孩子是小偷！”

可她也生孩子们的氣。“你们自己在城里干什么呢？”在警察局外她对他们说。

她把孩子们带回家，早早地就叫他们睡觉了。

3 Wings

The next day was very wet. It rained all day and the children could not go to see the Psammead. They stayed at home and wrote letters to their mother. But none of them told her about the Psammead. And the day after that, their Uncle Richard came and took them out, so they did not see the Psammead for two days. But Anthea spent a lot of time think-ing about what to wish for.

The next morning, while Martha was busy with Baby, the children left the house quietly and went to see the Psammead. On the way, Anthea said to the others, ' I know what we can ask for—— wings! '

The others were silent for a minute, but then they all agreed that they too would like to have wings.

They found the Psammead easily. ' I wish we all had beauti-ful wings to fly with, 'Anthea said.

The Psammead made itself very big and then went small again. The children felt strange for a minute and when they looked, they saw that they had beautiful soft wings of many colours. They moved them about and jumped up and down, and soon they could see the green fields and sunny woodsbelow them and the blue sky above. They could fly! It was wonderful, and they flew over the woods and trees, the townsand villages, for a long time. But they began to get hungry.

Just then they saw below them some trees full of large red plums. ' We mustn't steal, 'Cyril said.

, ' We've got wings, 'Jane answered quickly, ' so we're birds. It's all right for birds to take things. Birds can't steal.

So they flew down onto the trees, and they ate as many of the plums as they could.

They were finishing the plums when they saw a very angry little fat man, who was hurrying through the trees. They were his plums and the poor man thought that boys from the village were stealing them. But when he saw that the children had wings, his mouth fell open and his face went green. Anthea did not want to steal anything, of course, so she flew down and pushed some money into his pocket.

'Don't be afraid, 'she said. ' We've had some of your plums. We thought that it wasn't stealing, but now I'm not so sure. So that was some money to pay for them. '

The little man sat there on the ground and looked up into the sky. 'Talking birds! Children with wings! This is a lesson for me. From now on, I'm going to live a better life, 'he said. And he went into the house and was very kind to his wife.

Plums are very nice, of course, but you soon feel hungry again. So the children stopped first at one house, then another, to ask for something to eat. They didn't get anything because everyone was afraid of them and screamed and ran away when they saw them. By four o'clock they were getting very tired and hungry, so they flew down onto the roof of a church, to think what to do.

' We can't possibly fly all the way home without something to eat, 'said Robert.

In the end they decided to take some food from the vicar's house next to the church.

' He's a good man . He'll understand. We'll leave some money for the food, 'Cyril said, 'and a note saying that we're sorry. '

Cyril got in through the window and gave the food to the others, who were outside. There was some cold meat, half a cold chicken, some bread and a bottle of soda-water. Then they all flew back up onto the church roof to eat it. They were very hungry, so they really enjoyed it. But when you are very hungry, and then you eat a big meal and sit in the hot sun on a roof, it is very easy to fall asleep. And so they did— while the sun slowly went down in the west.

They slept for a long time. When they woke up it was dark —and, of course, they had no wings.

' We must get home, 'Cyril said. ' There's a door over there. That's the way down. '

But when they tried the door, they found that it was locked from the other side. They were on top of the church and they had no wings! How were they going to get down?

Anthea put her arm round Jane, who was beginning to cry. 'It will only be for one night, 'she said.

Then Cyril said, 'I know. Let's shout! The lights are on inthe vicar's house. Someone will hear us and get us down. '

So they shouted and screamed as loudly as they could, and the people in the house heard them. The vicar ran out with his servant.

' Someone is murdering somebody in the church! 'the vicar said, afraid. 'Perhaps it's the thief who stole the cold chicken and things. '

But they could not understand why the voices were coming from the sky. So the children shouted, ' We're up here —on top of the church! '

The two men were still afraid, but, slowly and carefully, they went up the stairs inside the church. When they came to the top, the vicar shouted through the closed door, 'How many of you are there? Have you got guns? '

' There are four of us, and, no, we haven't got guns, 'Cyril answered.

Slowly, the vicar opened the door.

'Good Heavens! 'he cried. 'They're children! '

' Oh, please take us down, 'cried Jane.

So the vicar and his servant took them down and into the vicar's house. Of course, the vicar wanted to know why the children were on the church roof.

' We went up there because we wanted to see what it was like, 'said Cyril. 'But then we couldn't get down again be-cause the door was locked. 'He didn't say anything about the wings, of course.

' But who locked the door? 'the vicar asked.

’ We don’t know,’ Jane answered. ’ But we’re not telling you everything. ’

’ Ah! There’s a friend in it, then,’ said the vicar’s servant man, who was called Beale.

’ Yes, but we can’t tell you about him,’ said Anthea, think-ing of the Psammead. ’ We really are very sorry, and please, can we go home now? ’

The vicar still did not understand, but he was a kind man, so he sent the children home in a carriage with his servant. Martha, of course, was very angry with them, but Mr Beale explained everything very well. He was a good-looking young man with a nice smile, and after a while Martha forgot to be angry.

So the day ended happily after all.

3 翅膀

第二天外面很湿。雨下了一天，孩子们不能去看赛米德。他们呆在家里给母亲写信。可谁也没把赛米德的事告诉她。又过了一天，他们的理查德叔叔来了并带他们出去了，所以他们两天没见赛米德。可安西娅花了很多时间想她该许些什么愿。

再一天的早上，马莎正忙着照顾小弟弟时，孩子们悄悄离开家去看赛米德。在路上安西娅对大家说：“我知道我们希望要什么了——翅膀！”

一时别人都没说话，可然后他们都赞成，他们也愿意长出翅膀。

他们没费劲就找到了赛米德。“我希望我们都有美丽的、可以用以飞翔的翅膀，”安西娅说。

赛米德把自己变得非常大，然后又变小。一时孩子们觉得有些异样，可当他们一看，他们看见自己已长出了五颜六色的、软软的、美丽的翅膀。他们拍着翅膀跳上跳下，很快看见他们下方绿色的田野和阳光照耀着的小树林以及上方蔚蓝色的天空。他们会飞了！这太棒了。他们飞过树林、城乡，飞了好久。可他们开始饿了。

正在这时他们看见下面有些树，树上满是又大又红的李子。“我们可不能偷啊。”西里尔说。

“我们长了翅膀，”简很快地答道，“所以我们就是鸟。鸟拿点东西没关系。鸟不会偷。”

所以他们飞下来落在树上，尽情地大吃李子。

他们正要吃完的时候，突然看见一个非常生气的小矮胖子。他正急急忙忙地在树间穿梭。那是他的李子，那可怜的人认为是村里的孩子们在偷他的李子。但是当他看见这几个孩子长着翅膀时，他张大了嘴巴，脸色苍白。安西娅当然不愿偷东西，所以她飞下来把一些钱塞在他兜里。

“别怕，”她说，“我们吃了你的一些李子。我们起初觉得这不是偷，可现在我也不敢那么肯定。所以那是付给你的些李子钱。”

那个胖子坐在那儿地上，仰望天空。“会说话的鸟！长翅膀的孩子！这对我可是一课。从今以后，我要过得好点儿，”他说。他进房里去，对他的妻子很和蔼。

李子当然很好吃，可很快你就又饿了，所以孩子们在一幢又一幢房子前停下来，想要些东西吃。他们什么也没得到，因为所有的人见到他们时都很害怕，尖叫着跑开了。到4点时他们变得又累又饿，于是就飞落在教堂的屋顶上，想想怎么办。

“我们要是没有东西吃，就不可能飞回家去。”罗伯特说。

最后他们决定从紧挨着教堂的牧师家里拿些食物。

“他是好人。他会理解的。我们留些食品钱，”西里尔说，“再留张便条说我们很抱歉。”

西里尔从窗子进去，把食物拿给在外边的其他孩子。有些冷肉、半只冷鸡、一些面包和一瓶汽水。然后他们全飞回到教堂房顶上吃起来。他们很饿，所以吃得很香。可是当你很饿的时候大吃了一顿、又在屋顶上晒着太阳时，那是很容易睡着的。他们就睡着了——这时太阳慢慢地从西边落下去。

他们睡了好长时间。他们醒来的时候天黑了——当然了，他们也没有翅膀了。

“我们得回家了。”西里尔说，“那儿有个门。那是下去的路。”

可他们试着开门时才发现门是从另一面锁上的。他们在教堂顶上，又没有了翅膀！他们怎么下去呢？

安西娅用单臂挽住简，简这时已开始哭起来了。“只不过呆一夜，”她说。

接着西里尔说：“我知道了。我们喊吧！牧师的家里有灯光。会有人听见并帮我们下去的。”

所以他们用最大的声音喊叫起来，房子里的人听见了他们的叫声。牧师和他的仆人跑了出来。

“教堂里有人在杀人！”牧师害怕地说，“可能是偷了冷鸡和别的东西的小偷。”

可他们不明白为什么声音是从空中传来的。于是孩子们就嚷：“我们在这儿——在教堂顶上！”

这两个人还很害怕，可他们慢慢地、小心地从教堂内的楼梯走上来。当他们到了顶上时，牧师在锁着的门的另一边叫道：“你们几个人？有枪吗？”

“我们四个人；没有，我们没有枪。”西里尔回答。

牧师慢慢地打开门。

“天哪！”他叫道，“是些孩子！”

“哦，请带我们下去吧。”简哭着说。

牧师和他的仆人带他们下来，进了牧师屋里。当然喽，牧师想知道孩子们为什么在教堂顶上。

“我们上那儿去是因为我们想看看那是什么样子。”西里尔说，“可是我们下不来了，因为门被锁上了。”关于翅膀的事他当然什么都没说。

“可谁锁的门？”牧师问。

“不知道。”简说，“可我们不会把一切都告诉你的。”

“啊！那么是有个朋友参与其中吧。”牧师的男仆说。他叫比伊尔。

“是的，可我们不能告诉你他的事。”安西娅说，想起了赛米德。“我们真的非常抱歉；还有，请问，我们可以回家了吗？”

牧师仍然不明白，可是他是个好心的人，所以他让仆人用马车送孩子们回家。马莎当然十分生他们的气，可是比伊尔先生把事情解释得很好。他是个漂亮的、脸上带着愉快的笑容的青年，不一会儿马莎就忘了生气了。

所以，这一天总算快乐地结束了。

4 Bigger than the Baker's Boy

The next morning Martha said that the children could not go out. ' You can stay in and be good, ' she said.

' There's something that we all want, ' said Robert. ' Can I just go out for half an hour to get it? ' And Martha, who was really very kind, said that he could.

Of course, they all wanted the day's wish. So Robert hurried to the sand-pit.

The Psammead was waiting for him, but when Robert tried to think of a really good wish, he couldn't, and the others were not there to help him.

' Hurry up, ' the Psammead said. ' I can't wait all day. '

' Oh dear, ' Robert said. ' I wish that we didn't have to come here to get our wish... Oh, don't! '

But it was too late. The Psammead was already making it-self big.

' There! ' it said. ' That wasn't easy, but I've done it. You don't need to come here to have your wish. '

Robert thanked the Psammead and then hurried back to tell the other children. ' We must wish for something really good tomorrow, ' he said.

The next morning they thought and thought, but they couldn't think of a really good wish, so they decided to go to the gravel-pit. Suddenly they saw a baker's boy, who was coming along the road with his basket of bread, and they decided to play a game with him.

' Stop! ' cried Cyril.

' Your money or your life! ' shouted Robert.

And they stood on each side of the baker's boy.

The baker's boy, who was tall and large, was not very interested and he pushed them both away.

' Don't be stupid! ' he said.

But Robert pushed him back and knocked him over. The bread fell out of the boy's basket and went all over the road. The baker's boy was very angry. He hit Robert and they began to fight. But the baker's boy was much bigger and stronger than Robert. He was also not a nice fighter—he pulled Robert's hair, kicked him in the leg, and hit him hard in the stomach. Then he picked up his bread, put it back in the basket, and went on his way.

Cyril wanted to help Robert, but the girls held his arms and stopped him. So Cyril was angry with the girls, and everybody was unhappy. They went along to the gravel-pit, and Robert began to kick the sand angrily. ' I'll teach that baker's boy a lesson one day, ' he said. ' I wish I was bigger than him! '

Just then they saw that the Psammead was sitting behind them, and was watching them!

The next minute, Robert had his wish. He was bigger than the baker's boy! Much, much bigger! He was now more than three metres tall! He was not pleased because he looked very strange next to the others, who were still small.

The others felt sorry for him then, and asked the Psammead for another wish. But the Psammead was very cross and unhelpful. ' Why don't you think before you wish? ' it said. ' He's a wild, noisy boy, and he can stay like that for the day. It will do him good. Now go away and leave me alone! '

The others turned back to their enormous brother. ' What are we going to do? ' They asked.

' First, ' said Robert, ' I'm going to get that baker's boy! ' And because he had very long legs, he arrived at the bottom of the hill long before the baker's boy, who was stopping at the houses along the road to leave the bread.

Robert hid behind a haystack and waited for the boy. When he saw the baker's boy coming, he jumped out from behind the haystack and the boy's mouth fell open in surprise. Then Robert took hold of him and put him on top of the haystack.

' Now get down from there, if you can! ' Robert said.

It was very late when the baker's boy got back to the shop, and the baker was very angry!

Then Robert and the others went home, and down to the bottom of the garden. Anthea asked Martha to bring their lunch out there. She knew that Robert was too big to get into the house. Of course, Martha could not see that Robert was much bigger than before, and she only gave him as much meat and potatoes as usual—and no more. Poor Robert was very hungry.

The others were feeling unhappy too because there was a fair in town and they wanted to go to it. ' We can't go anywhere now, ' Cyril said. ' Not with Robert like this. '

Suddenly Jane cried, ' I know! Let's take Robert to the fair! Someone there will pay us to show him to people. We can make a lot of money. '

The others thought that this was a good plan, and they left at once. When they arrived, they asked to see the head man. His name was Bill, and when he saw Robert, he got very excited.

' How much do you want for him? ' he asked.

' You can't buy me, ' said Robert, ' but I'll come and show myself this afternoon, if you give me fifteen pounds—and some food! '

' Right! ' Bill agreed.

So Bill took Robert inside one of the big fair tents and gave him something to eat. But while Robert was eating, Bill put men outside to stop him from escaping.

Then Bill stood outside the tent and began to shout to the crowds. ' Come and see the biggest man in the world! ' he cried.

Very soon, people began to stop and listen. A young man and his girlfriend were the first to go and look at Robert. They paid their money to Bill and went in. The people outside heard a loud scream from the girl, and then they all wanted to go in too.

Soon Robert was the most exciting thing to see at the fair, and Bill was making a lot of money. ' Much more than fifteen pounds! ' Cyril said to the girls.

Poor Robert got very bored. He had to shake hands with everybody and talk, to show that he was real. And how could he escape at the end of the day? ' They'll kill us when I go small again, ' he said.

Cyril thought for a minute. Then he said, ' I've got a plan, 'and he went outside the tent to talk to Bill. 'Look here, ' he said, ' my brother must be alone when the sun goes down. He gets very strange and angry then. I don't know why, but you must leave him alone, or he'll hurt someone. '

Bill was not very happy about this, but he agreed, and when the sun went down, they left Robert alone. Robert quickly got out under the back wall of the tent, and no one knew who he was because he was just a small boy again.

The children ran all the way home— and we do not know what Bill said when he found that Robert was not there!

4 比面包师的儿子个子大

第二天早上马莎说孩子们不可以出去。“你们可以呆在家里，乖乖的。”她说。

“有个东西我们都想要。”罗伯特说，“我能出去半个小时把它取来吗？”马莎的确是非常好心的，就答应了他。

当然他们都希望实现那一天的愿望。所以罗伯特急忙向沙坑跑去。

赛米德在等着他，但是罗伯特想要想出一个真正好的愿望时却想不出来了，而其他孩子又不在那儿不能帮他。

“快点，”赛米德说，“我可不能等一整天。”

“天啊，”罗伯特说，“但愿我们不用跑到这儿来实现我们的愿望……噢，不！”

但是已经晚了。赛米德已经把自己变大了。

“好啦！”它说，“那可不容易呀，可我办好了。你们用不着来这儿实现愿望了。”

罗伯特谢过赛米德后急忙回去告诉别的孩子。“明天，我们得有个真正妙的愿望，”他说。

第二天早上，他们想呀想呀，可也想不出一个真正的好愿望，所以他们决定到砾石坑去。突然他们看见面包师的儿子，他正拿着一篮子面包走过来，于是他们决定和他开个玩笑。

“站住！”西里尔喊。

“拿钱或拿命来！”罗伯特喊。

他们分别站在面包师的儿子的两侧。

面包师的儿子又高又大，对此不感兴趣，把他俩都推开了。

“别犯傻了！”他说。

可是罗伯特把他推搡回来并把他打倒了。面包从篮子里掉出来，撒了一地。面包师的儿子非常生气。他打了罗伯特一下，俩人打起架来。可面包师的儿子比罗伯特大得多，也强壮得多。他也不是个有教养的斗士——他揪罗伯特的头发，踢他的腿，使劲打他的肚子。然后他拣起面包，把它放回篮子里，又上路了。

西里尔想帮助罗伯特，但女孩子们拉着他的胳膊阻止了他。所以西里尔生她们的气；大家都不高兴。他们一起向砾石坑走去；罗伯特开始生气地踢沙子。“早晚有一天我要教训教训面包师的儿子。”他说，“真希望我比他个子高！”

就在这时，他们看见赛米德正坐在他们后面注视着他们！

罗伯特的愿望马上实现了。他比面包师的儿子个子还高，高得多得多！他现在有三米多高！他不高兴，因为呆在其他几个孩子身旁他看起来很古怪，他们还是那么小。

其他孩子于是为罗伯特感到遗憾，要赛米德再实现一个愿望。但赛米德很生气，不肯帮忙。“为什么你不事先想好？”它说，“他是个放肆的、吵吵闹闹的男孩子，就让他整个白天都这个样子吧。这对他有好处。现在走开吧，别打扰我了！”

这几个孩子转身回到他们的大个子兄弟那里。“我们怎么办呢？”他们问。

“首先，”罗伯特说，“我要去找面包师的儿子！”因为他的腿很长，所以他远比面包师的儿子早到山脚下；那时那男孩还在沿路一家家地送面包呢。

罗伯特藏在一个干草堆后，等着那男孩子。他看见那面包师的儿子走来时，就从草堆后边跳了出来，那男孩惊奇地张大嘴巴。罗伯特抓住他，把他放在草堆顶上。

“你能下来就从那儿下来吧！”罗伯特说。

面包师儿子回到店里时已很晚了，面包师很生气！

罗伯特和其他几个孩子回到家，一直走到花园尽头。安西娅要马莎把午饭拿到外边那里去。她知道罗伯特个子太高进不了屋子。当然了，马莎看不出罗伯特比原来高得多，她只给他与平时一样多的肉和土豆——一点儿也没多给。可怜的罗伯特非常饿。

其他孩子也不高兴，因为城里有集市而且他们想去。“我们现在哪儿也去不了，”西里尔说，“不能带着罗伯特这个样子去。”

突然简叫起来：“我知道了！带罗伯特去集市！那儿有人会将为罗伯特展出而付给我们钱的。我们能挣好多钱。”

其他人觉得这是个好计划，于是他们马上出发了。他们到了时就要见班主。他叫比尔。当他看见罗伯特时，他非常激动。

“你们想把他卖多少钱？”他问。

“你不可以买我。”罗伯特说，“今天下午我来展览自己，如果你给我15镑——和一些食物的话！”

“好吧！”比尔同意了。

于是比尔把罗伯特带到其中的一个大的集市帐篷里，给他东西吃。可罗伯特吃东西时，比尔在外边安排些人以防止他逃跑。

然后比尔站在帐篷外并开始对着人群叫喊。“来瞧瞧世界上个子最高的人！”他喊道。

很快，人们开始停下来听他说。一个青年和他的女朋友第一个去看罗伯特。他们把钱付给比尔就进去了。外边的人听到女孩一声尖叫，他们也就都想进去了。

不久罗伯特就成了集市上最让人看了感到激动的东西了，而且比尔赚了很多钱。“比15镑多得多！”西里尔对女孩们说。

可怜的罗伯特觉得很厌烦。他得和每一个人握手、讲话，以表示他是真人。还有，天黑时他怎么才能逃跑呢？“我又变小的时候他们会杀死我们的，”他说。

西里尔想了一下。然后他说：“我有一个办法。”他去帐篷外对比尔谈起来。“你听着，”他说，“太阳落下去时我哥哥必须独自一人在那儿。那个时候他既古怪又生气。我也不知道是怎么回事，但你决不可打扰他，不然他会伤着谁。”

对于这一点比尔不太高兴，可他同意了。太阳落下去时，他们将罗伯特一个人留在帐篷里。罗伯特很快地从帐篷后壁下面出来，谁也不认识他，因为他又是个小男孩了。

孩子们一路跑回家——我们不知道比尔发现罗伯特不见了时说了些什么！

5 The Last Wish

The next day there was a letter to say that the children's mother was coming home that afternoon. So they decided to wish for something for their mother. They were busy trying to think of something when Martha came into the room, very excited.

' There were thieves at Lady Chittenden's last night, ' she said. ' They took all her jewels! She's got lots of beautiful dia-monds— they cost thousands of pounds, I've heard. '

' When I'm older, I'm going to buy Mother jewels like that , ' Robert said.

' I'd lide Mother to have all Lady Chittenden's beautiful jewels now, ' said jane. ' I wish she could. '

' Oh Jane ! ' cried the others. ' What have you said? '

' Well, she will have them, ' said Robert. ' You've wished! Everyont will think she stole them! We'll have to try to find the Psammead and ask it to take the wish back. '

They hurried down to the gravel-pit, but they could not find the Psammead. So they hurried home again and looked in their mother's room for the jewels, but they were not there yet.

' Well, we'll tell Mother about the Psammead, and she'll give back the jewels when they come, ' Anthea said.

Cyril shook his head slowly. ' She isn't going to believe us. Can anyone believe about a Psammead if they haven't seen it? And adults never believe things like that. No, she'll think we are the thieves and we'll all go to prison, and everything will be terrible! '

And that afternoon, when Mother came home, the children ran to meet her, and put their arms round her— and tried to stop her from going upstairs to her room.

' But I must take my coat off, and wash my hands! ' she cried, laughing. And she went up to her room.

The children went after her— and there, on the table, was a green box. Mother opened it.

' Oh, how beautiful! ' she cried.

It was a ring. A beautiful diamond ring.

' Perhaps it's a surprise present from Father, ' she said. ' But how did it get here? '

But then she found a diamond necklace— and brooches—and bracelets. There were jewels in every cupboard in her room. The children began to look unhappy, and Jane began to cry.

Mother was no longer smiling. ' Jane, what do you know about this? ' she said slowly. ' The true story, please. '

' We met a sand-fairy, Mother, ' Jane began.

' Don't be stupid, Jane, ' Mother said angrily.

' Some thieves stole all Lady Chittenden's jewels from her house last night, ' Cyril said quickly. ' Perhaps these are her jewels! '

Then Mother called for Martha. ' Have any strangers been in this room, Martha? ' she asked.

' Yes, but it was just my young man, ' Martha answered, afraid. ' He was moving a heavy cupboard for me. ' (This, of course, was Mr Beale, the vicar's nice young servant, who was now very friendly with Martha.)

So, of course, Mother thought that he was one of the thieves. She would not listen to the children and decided to go at once into town to tell the police. The children could not stop her.

' This is terrible! ' said Anthea. ' Poor Martha! And poor Mr Beale—he isn't a thief! What are we going to do? ' Then she cried, ' Come on! We must find the Psammead! '

They all hurried down to the gravel-pit, and this time they found the Psammead, sitting on the sand and enjoying the evening sun. When it saw them, it tried to get away, but Anthea put her arms round it. ' Dear, kind Psammead... ' she began.

' Oh, you want something, don't you? ' it said. ' Well, I can't give you any more wishes today. '

' Don't you like giving wishes? ' Anthea asked.

' No, I don't, ' he said. ' Go away and leave me alone! '

But Anthea went on. ' Listen, ' she said. ' If you do what we want today, we'll never ask you for another wish. '

' I'll do anything for that, ' it said. ' I really don't enjoy giv-ing wishes. It's very hard work, you know, and I get so tired. '

' Well, first I wish that Lady Chittenden will find that she has never lost her jewels. '

The Psammead got bigger, and then went small again. ' Done! ' it said.

' I wish that Mother won't get to the police. '

' Done! ' the Psammead said again.

' And I wish, ' said Jane suddenly, ' that Mother and Martha will forget all about the jewels. '

' Done! ' the Psammead said, but its voice was tired. ' Now, it went on , ' will you wish something for me? '

' Can't you give yourself wishes? ' asked Cyril.

' Of course not, ' the Psammead said. ' Wish that you will never tell anyone about me. '

' Why? ' asked Robert.

' Well, you children always ask for stupid things. But adults aren't like that. If they get hold of me, they'll want to wish for real, important things—like free houses for poor people, and new schools for children everywhere in the country, and money to give to old people. Boring things like that. And they'll find a way to keep them after the sun goes down. And what will happen to the world if all those changes come at once ? There'll be terrible trouble. So go on , wish

it! Quick!’

Anthea said the Psammead’s wish, and it got very, very big. When it was small again, it said, ‘Now, I’m very tired. Do you want one last wish?’

‘Thank you for everything,’ said Jane. ‘Have a good long sleep—and I wish that we’ll see you again someday.’

Then, for the last time, the Psammead went big, then small again. It looked at them all once more with its long eyes, and then dug itself quickly into the sand.

And when they arrived home again, everything was all right. Mother came home and she and Martha remembered nothing, and Lady Chittenden found that her jewels were not lost.

‘Will we ever see the Psammead again, do you think?’ Jane said to the others, later in the garden.

And, of course, they did, but not in this story. It was in a very, very different place. It was in a… But I must say no more.

5 最后一个愿望

第二天来了一封信说孩子们的母亲当天下午要回来了。所以他们决定为妈妈想要点什么东西。他们正忙着想要想出些什么的时候，马莎走进房间，很激动的样子。

“昨天夜里奇滕登夫人家里来了贼。”她说，“他们把她的珠宝首饰都拿走了！她有好多美丽的钻石——我听说它们值几千镑呢。”

“我长大了，我要给妈妈买那样的首饰。”罗伯特说。

“我想让妈妈现在就有奇滕登夫人的美丽的珠宝。”简说，“我希望她能有。”

“噢，简！”其他的孩子叫起来，“你说了些什么呀？”

“哦，她将会有的。”罗伯特说，“你已经许愿了！大家会认为是她偷的！我们得试着找到赛米德，让它把愿望收回去。”

他们急忙跑到砾石坑，可是找不到赛米德。所以他们又急忙回家，在母亲房里找珠宝，可珠宝还不在那里。

“嗯，我们告诉妈妈赛米德的事，他们来时她会把珠宝还给他们的。”安西娅说。

西里尔慢慢地摇头。“她不会相信我们的。没见过赛米德时人怎会相信呢？何况大人们从来不相信那类事情。不，她会认为我们是贼，我们都会进监狱，一切会糟得很！”

那天下午，母亲回家来了，孩子们跑着去迎接她，拥抱着她——并且不想让她上楼回自己房间去。

“可我得脱掉外衣、洗洗手啊！”她笑着大声说。于是她上楼回自己的房间去了。

孩子们跟着她——在那里，桌子上有个绿盒子。母亲打开了它。

“哟，真漂亮！”她喊道。

那是只戒指。一只美丽的钻石戒指。

“可能是你父亲给我的出乎意料的礼物，”她说，“可是它是怎么送到这儿来的？”

可后来她找到一条钻石项链——还有许多胸针——还有许多手镯。她房间的每个柜子里都有珠宝。孩子们开始愁眉苦脸的，简哭起来了。母亲不再微笑了。“简，关于这些你知道什么？”她慢慢地讲道，“请讲真话。”

“我们遇到了一个沙精，妈妈。”简开始说。

“别说傻话，简。”母亲生气地说。

“昨天夜里一些贼从奇滕登夫人家里偷走了她所有的珠宝。”西里尔很快地说，“这些可能是她的珠宝！”

于是母亲叫来马莎。“有陌生人到这房间来过吗，马莎？”她问道。

“有，可只有我的男友。”马莎回答，她害怕了。“他为我搬一个很重的柜子。”（当然这是比伊尔先生了，那个牧师的年轻漂亮的仆人，他现在对马莎很好。）

所以，母亲当然认为他是小偷之一了。她不听孩子们的话，决定马上进城去报告警察。孩子们阻止不了她。

“这太糟了！”安西娅说，“可怜的马莎！还有可怜的比伊尔先生——他不是小偷！我们怎么办？”然后她喊道：“快！我们必须找到那个赛米德！”

他们都急忙朝砾石坑跑去，这次他们找到了赛米德，它正坐在那儿看夕阳。看见他们时它想走开，但安西娅搂住它。“亲爱的、好心的赛米德……”她开腔道。

“哦，你想要东西，是不是？”它说，“可我今天再不能实现你的愿望了。”

“你不喜欢帮人实现愿望吗？”安西娅问。

“对，不喜欢。”它说，“走开，别打扰我！”

可安西娅接着说了下去。“听着，”她说，“如果你实现了我们今天的愿望，我们就再也不要别的了。”

“那样的话我可以做任何事情。”它说，“我实在是不喜欢实现人们的愿望。这是件难事，你知道，我变得这么累了。”

“唔，首先我希望奇滕登夫人发现她的珠宝从没丢。”

赛米德变大，又变小。“办好了！”它说。

“希望妈妈别到警察局去。”

“办好了！”赛米德又说。

“我还希望，”简突然说，“妈妈和马莎把珠宝的事全忘了。”

“办好了！”赛米德说，可它的声音显得很累。“现在你们能为我许愿吗？”

“你不能为自己实现愿望吗？”西里尔问。

“当然不能。”赛米德说，“希望你们别把我的事告诉任何人。”

“为什么？”罗伯特问。

“唉，你们孩子们老要愚蠢的东西。大人们可不那样。要是他们抓住我，他们就希望要真正的、重要的东西——比方给穷人免费住房啦，给全国各地的孩子建新学校啦，给老人们钱啦。就那种使人厌烦的事。而且他们会想办法在日落后留住它们。如果所有的那些变化立刻发生，

世界会怎么样？那可就会有麻烦了。所以接着许愿！快点！”

安西娅说出了赛米德的愿望，它变得非常非常大。当它又变小时，它说：“现在我很累了。你们想要最后一个愿望吗？”

“感谢你做的一切。”简说，“美美地睡一觉——我还希望有一天能再见到你。”

然后赛米德最后一次变大又变小。它用柄眼把他们全又看了一遍，然后很快地钻进沙子里去了。

当他们又到家里时，一切都是好好的。母亲回到家，她和马莎什么都忘了，而且奇滕登夫人发现她的珠宝没丢。

“你们认为我们究竟还能再见到赛米德吗？”晚些时候简在花园里对其他孩子们说。

当然喽，他们又见到它了，可不是在这个故事里见到的。是在与这里很不一样的一个地方。那是在一个……可我不该再多说了。

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[15.Captain Walton’s Note](#)

简 介

或许以这个悲伤而恐怖的故事拍成的电影要比世界上由任何其他故事拍成的电影都要多。为什么有这么多的人喜欢它？因为当我们第一次读到它时，它就好像是出自我们梦中的记忆一样。

这是一个古老的故事，也是一个新的故事。说它“古老”是因为它创作于一百五十多年以前，那时的科学发展才刚刚起步；说它“新”是因为弗兰肯斯坦的问题也就是我们今天所面临的问题。科学给予我们力量去改造世界，但这种力量也可能与我们作对并毁灭我们。弗兰肯斯坦创造了一个新的人，他比任何其他人都要巨大和强壮——然而弗兰肯斯坦控制不了他，这个怪物毁灭了弗兰肯斯坦所爱的一切。今天的科学家正在创造着巨大的机器、电脑和武器，他们声称这些东西对我们有益——但我们能够驾驭它们吗？

玛丽·雪莱（1797—1851）是维多利亚时代的一位重要作家。她的丈夫是英格兰最著名的诗人之一——珀西·比希·雪莱。

‘Captain! Something is moving on the ice. Look over there!’

The sailor stood at the top of the mast, high above the Captain. His hand pointed away from the ship, across the miles of ice that covered the sea.

The Captain looked to the north, where the sailor was pointing. He saw something coming fast towards the ship across the ice. He put his telescope to his eye, and through it he could see the shapes of ten dogs pulling a sledge over the ice. He could also see the driver of the sledge—a huge figure, much bigger than a man.

The sledge came nearer and nearer to the sea. Soon it was only a quarter of a mile from the ship. No one needed a telescope now to see the huge figure of the driver.

Suddenly the sledge went behind a mountain of ice and disappeared. At that moment another sledge appeared. It, too, was moving fast, and was clearly chasing the first sledge. This driver was a smaller figure, more like an ordinary man. Faster and faster the dogs ran; then the second sledge also disappeared behind the mountain of ice.

Two hours passed. The sledges did not appear again. Nothing moved on the ice. Soon night came, and in the night there was a storm. In the morning, the sailors saw that great pieces of ice were floating round the ship. Suddenly the sailor on the mast shouted again:

‘Captain, I can see a man on the ice.’

The sailor was pointing to a piece of ice that was floating near the ship. A man was sitting on the ice, and near him was a broken sledge. The man was nearly dead from cold and could not walk. The sailors carried him carefully onto the ship, and took him to the Captain, who said:

‘Welcome to my ship. I am the Captain and my name is Robert Walton.’

‘Thank you, Captain Walton,’ the man said. ‘My name is Frankenstein, Victor Frankenstein.’

Then he fainted and said no more.

Two days passed before the man was strong enough to talk and then the Captain asked him to tell his story.

‘I am trying to catch someone,’ said Frankenstein. ‘That is why I have come so far north on the ice.’

‘We saw you following someone,’ the Captain said. ‘He was huge, much bigger than a man. We saw his sledge just in front of you on the night before the storm.’

‘I am pleased you all saw that huge figure,’ Frankenstein said. ‘Perhaps that will help you to believe my story.’

During the days, while the Captain worked on the ship, Frankenstein wrote down his story, and each evening he read what he had written to the Captain.

Here is Victor Frankenstein’s story.

1

“船长，有东西在冰面上移动！瞧那儿？”

那个船员高高地站在船长头顶的桅杆顶上。他的手指着离船数英里以外覆盖着大海的冰面。

船长朝那个船员指示的北方望去。他看见有个东西正穿过冰面、快速地朝船靠近。他把单筒望远镜凑近眼前并透过它看见有十只狗在冰面上拉着一只雪橇。他还看到驾驶雪橇的那个人——那是一个巨大的身躯，比常人要大得多。

雪橇离水面越来越近，很快它便离船只有1 / 4英里之遥。现在已不需借助望远镜便可看见那个乘雪橇的人的庞大的身躯了。

突然那个雪橇驶到一个冰山的后面消失了。就在那时，另一辆雪橇出现在眼前。它也在急驰着，并且显然是在追逐那第一辆雪橇。驾驶这辆雪橇的人身形小些，更像个普通人。狗跑得越来越快，接着第二辆雪橇也消失在了冰山的后面。

两小时过去了，雪橇再也没有出现过。再没有东西在冰上移动。不久夜晚降临了，晚上起了一场风暴。早上，船员们看到轮船的周围都漂浮着巨大的冰块。突然，桅杆上的船员又喊了起来：

“船长，我看见冰上有一个人。”

那个船员正指着漂近轮船的一块浮冰。有个人正坐在冰上，他的身旁有一辆坏了的雪橇。那个人快要冻死了并且走不了路。船员们小心地把他扶上了船，并把他带到船长跟前。船长说道：

“欢迎您到我的船上来。我是船长，叫罗伯特·沃尔顿。”

“谢谢您，沃尔顿船长。”那个人说道，“我的名字叫弗兰肯斯坦，维克多·弗兰肯斯坦。”

然后他就昏过去，不再说什么了。

两天后，这个男人方才恢复过来能够谈话了，这时船长让他讲讲自己的故事。

“我要尽力抓一个人，”弗兰肯斯坦说道，“这就是我为什么要到这么远的北方的冰面上来的原因。”

“我们看见了你在追赶什么人。”船长说道，“他很大，比常人要大很多。我们在风暴的前夜看见他的雪橇就在你的前面。”

“我很高兴你们都见到了那个庞然大物，”弗兰肯斯坦说道，“那也许能帮助你们相信我的故事。”

白天，船长在船上工作时，弗兰肯斯坦写起了他的故事；晚上他便把写的东西念给船长听。

下面就是弗兰肯斯坦的故事。

2. Victor Frankenstein's Story Begins

I was born in Switzerland, in the town of Geneva. My parents loved each other very much, and I learnt from the example of their love. I learnt that to love and to be patient are the most important things in the world.

My mother hoped to have a daughter after I was born, but for five years I was the only child. And then my mother found a sister for me. She was helping a family in which there were five children. They were very poor, and the children were thin and hungry. One of the children was a little girl, with golden hair and blue eyes. Her name was Elizabeth. My mother took the little girl into our family, and Elizabeth became the daughter that my mother had always wanted. As I grew older, my love for Elizabeth became stronger all the time.

Later my mother had two other sons, Ernest and William. A young woman called Justine came to live in the house to help my mother with the children. We loved her as much as she loved us.

The years passed happily, and we had everything that we needed. At school I met another very fine person. His name was Henry Clerval, and he was very clever. My family also liked him very much, so he was a welcome visitor to our house.

I studied very hard at school. I wanted to know the secrets of life, and, most of all, I wanted to know how to make living things. I read all the books that I could find. One day, something happened that added a new idea to the ideas that I already had. I was fifteen at the time, and we were on holiday in the mountains. There was a wild storm, and with it came the most frightening thunder and lightning that I had ever seen in my life. About twenty metres in front of our house was a great tree. Suddenly a huge fork of lightning hit the tree. After a few seconds, there was nothing left of it except a black piece of wood two metres high. The lightning had destroyed it.

I saw how strong electricity was. I began to read all the books that I could find about electricity and its terrible power.

维克多的故事开始了

2

我出生在瑞士的日内瓦城。我父母彼此相爱至深，而且我以他们的爱心为榜样。我懂得了去爱他人和富有耐心是世界上最重要的事情。

在生下我后，我母亲希望再生一个女儿，但在五年之中我都是唯一的孩子。后来我母亲给我找了一个妹妹。她那时在一个有五个孩子的家庭里帮忙。他们非常穷，孩子们都又瘦又饿。其中一个孩子是一个头发金黄、有一对蓝色的眼睛的小女孩。她名叫伊丽莎白。我母亲把那个小女孩带到了我家，于是伊丽莎白便成了我母亲盼望已久的女儿。随着年龄的增长，我对伊丽莎白的爱与日俱增。

后来我母亲又生了两个儿子：欧内斯特和威廉。有个名叫贾斯汀的年轻女子来我家帮我母亲照看孩子们。我们像她爱我们一样地爱她。

岁月快乐地流逝着，我们拥有所需要的一切。在学校里我遇见了另外一个非常好的人，他的名字叫亨利·克勒沃，人非常聪明。我的家人也非常喜欢他，所以他是我们家受欢迎的客人。

我在学校学得很刻苦。我想要知道生命的奥秘，而且我最想知道的便是如何制造有生命的东西。我阅读了我能找到的一切书籍。有一天发生了一件事情，它给我新的启发。我那时15岁，我们正在山中度假。那天有一场暴风雨，夹杂其间的是我平生见过的最为吓人的雷霆和闪电。在我们的房子前面约二十米处有一棵大树。突然间一个叉状闪电击中了大树。几秒钟之后，那棵大树便只剩下两米高的一块黑木头。闪电摧毁了它。

我看到了电的力量有多么大。我开始阅读我能找到的有关电及其可怕力量的一切书籍。

For seventeen years my life was very happy. Then the first sad thing happened. My mother became very ill, and soon she knew that she was dying. Just before she died, she asked Elizabeth and me to go to her room. She held our hands and said:

‘My children, I am very happy because you love each other, and because one day you will get married. Everyone in the family loves you, Elizabeth. Will you take my place in the family, my dear? I can die happy if you will look after them when I have gone.’

My mother died, and we were very sad, because we loved her dearly Elizabeth was brave and helped us; her sweet smile gave us some happiness in the unhappy days after my mother’s death.

The time came for me to go to university. I did not want to leave my sad family, but we all knew that I should go. It was hard to leave, too, because the parents of my good friend Henry Clerval would not let him go to university with me. And so I had to go alone.

On my first day at the university I met my teacher, Professor Waldman, who was one of the greatest scientists in the world. He gave a wonderful talk to all the students who were starting at the university. He ended his talk by saying: ‘Some of you will become the great scientists of tomorrow. You must study hard and discover everything that you can. That is why God made you intelligent—to help other people.’

After the professor’s talk, I thought very carefully. I remembered the storm when I was fifteen. I remembered how the lightning had destroyed the tree. I wanted to use electricity to help people, and I wanted to discover the secrets of life. I decided to work on these two things. I did not know then that my work would destroy me and the people that I loved.

I started work the next day. I worked very hard and soon Professor Waldman and I realized that I could learn to be a very good scientist.

The professor helped me very much, and other important scientists who were his friends helped me, too. I was interested in my work and I did not take one day’s holiday during the next two years. I did not go home, and my letters to my family were very short.

After two years I had discovered many things and I built a scientific machine that was better than anything in the university. My machine would help me answer the most important question of all. How does life begin? Is it possible to put life into dead things? To answer these questions about life I had to learn first about death. I had to watch bodies from the moment when they died and the warm life left them. In the hospital and in the university, I watched the dying and the dead. Day after day, month after month, I followed death. It was a dark and terrible time.

Then one day, the answer came to me. Suddenly I was sure that I knew the secret of life. I knew that I could put life into a body that was not alive.

I worked harder and harder now. I slept for only a short time each night, and I did not eat much food. I wrote to my family less often. But they loved me and did not stop writing to me. They said they understood how busy I was. They did not want me to stop work to write or to see them. They would wait until I had more time. They hoped to see me very soon.

The professors realized that I was doing very important work, and so they gave me my own laboratory. There was a small flat above the laboratory, where I lived, and sometimes I stayed inside the building for a week and did not go out.

Above the laboratory I built a very tall mast. It was 150metres high, and higher than the tallest building in the city. The mast could catch lightning and could send the electricity down to my machine in the laboratory. I had never forgotten the lightning that had destroyed the tree. There had been so much power in the electricity of that lightning. I believed I could use that electricity to give life to things that were dead.

I will say no more than that. The secret of my machine must die with me. I was a very clever scientist, but I did not realize then what a terrible mistake I was making.

3

在17年的生命历程中我都很幸福。后来第一件悲伤的事发生了。我母亲病得很厉害，不久她便知道自己将不久于人世。就在她去世之前，她把伊丽莎白和我叫到她的房间。她抓住我们的手说道：

“孩子们，你们彼此相爱并且将会结婚，我因此非常高兴。家里的每个人都很爱你，伊丽莎白。你愿意取代我在家中的位置吗，亲爱的？如果你在我走后能照顾他们，我将会走得很幸福。”

我母亲死了，我们都非常伤心，因为我们非常爱她。伊丽莎白很勇敢并帮着我们；她那甜美的微笑在母亲死后的那些不快的日子里给我们带来了一些快乐。

到了我该上大学的时候了。我不想离开我那悲伤的家，可我们都知道我应该去。离别也是很难的，因为我的好朋友克勒沃的父母不让他和我一起上大学。这样我只能独自一人去了。

大学的第一天我遇到了我的老师沃得曼教授，他是世界上最伟大的科学家之一。他给我们所有开始大学生活的学生做了一次精彩的演讲。他在结束讲话时说：“你们中的一些人将成为明天的科学家。你们必须努力学习并且去揭示你们所能揭示的事物。这就是上帝为什么给了你们智慧——去帮助他人。”

教授演讲过后，我进行了非常认真的思考。我想起了我15岁时的那场暴风雨。我记得那次的闪电是如何摧毁了那棵树的。我想利用电去帮助人们，我还想去揭示生命的奥秘。我决心去从事这两项工作。我当时没有想到我的工作会毁了我还有我所爱的人们。

第二天我就开始了工作。我工作非常努力，我和沃得曼教授不久便意识到我可以通过学习成为一名出色的科学家。

教授帮了我很多的忙，那些是教授的朋友的、重要的科学家们也帮助过我。我对我的工作很感兴趣，在接下来的两年里我没有休过一天假。我没有回过家，给家里写的信也非常短。

两年后我发现了很多的事物并建造了一台比大学里的任何机器都好的科学机器。我的机器能帮助我回答最重要的问题。生命是如何开始的？可以把生命注入无生命的东西中去吗？要回答有关生命的这些问题我首先得了解死亡。我得从他们刚死、滚热的生命离开人体的那一刹那起进行观察。在医院里和大学里，我观察着垂死的人和已死的人。日复一日、月复一月，我都在跟踪死亡。那是黑暗和恐惧的日子。

后来有一天我得到了答案。我突然间确信自己懂得了生命的奥秘。我知道我能将生命注入一个无生命的身体中去。

现在我工作越来越努力。每天晚上我只睡很短的时间，吃的东西也很少。我给家里写的信更加少了。但是家里的人爱我，他们没有停止给我写信。他们说他们理解我有多忙。他们不想让我停止工作而去给他们写信或是去看望他们。他们愿意等到我有时间的时候再说。他们希望很快见到我。

教授们意识到我在从事一项重要的工作，因而给了我一间实验室。实验室的上面有一个小的套房，我就住在里面；有时候我一个星期都呆在那座建筑物里不出去。

我在实验室的上方建起了一个很高的杆子。它有150米高，比全城最高的建筑物都要高。那个杆子能够“捕获”闪电并把电送到我实验室的机器上。我从未忘记摧毁那棵树的闪电。那次闪电中的电曾有那么大的力量。我相信我可以利用电给无生命的东西注以生命。

我不想再多说什么了。我的机器的秘密必须随我一起消亡。我是个很聪明的科学家，可我那时没有意识到我在犯多么可怕的错误。

In my laboratory I made a body. I bought or stole all the pieces of human body that I needed, and slowly and carefully, I put them all together.

I did not let anybody enter my laboratory or my flat while I was doing this awful work. I was afraid to tell anybody my terrible secret.

I had wanted to make a beautiful man, but the face of the creature was horrible. Its skin was thin and yellow, and its eyes were as yellow as its skin. Its long black hair and white teeth were almost beautiful, but the rest of the face was very ugly.

Its legs and arms were the right shape, but they were huge. I had to use big pieces because it was too difficult to join small pieces together. My creature was two and a half metres tall.

For a year I had worked to make this creature, but now it looked terrible and frightening. I almost decided to destroy it. But I could not. I had to know if I could put life into it.

I joined the body to the wires from my machine. More wires joined the machine to the mast. I was sure that my machine could use electricity from lightning to give life to the body. I watched and waited. Two days later I saw dark clouds in the sky, and I knew that a storm was coming. At about one o'clock in the morning the lightning came. My mast began to do its work immediately, and the electricity from the lightning travelled down the mast to my machine. Would the machine work?

At first nothing happened. But after a few minutes I saw the creature's body begin to move. Slowly, terribly, the body came alive. His arms and legs began to move, and slowly he sat up.

The dead body had been an ugly thing, but alive, he was much more horrible. Suddenly I wanted to escape from him. I ran out of the laboratory, and locked the door. I was filled with fear at what I had done.

For hours I walked up and down in my flat. At last I lay down on my bed, and fell asleep. But my sleep was full of terrible dreams, and I woke up suddenly. The horrible thing that I had created was standing by my bed. His yellow eyes were looking at me; his mouth opened and he made strange sounds at me. On his yellow face there was an awful smile. One of his huge hands reached towards me...

Before he could touch me, I jumped off the bed and ran downstairs into the garden. I stayed there all night, but I could not think clearly. I was afraid. And when morning came, I went out into the town and began to walk about.

I did not notice where I was walking, but soon I came to the station. A train from Geneva had just arrived, and the passengers were leaving the station. One of them ran towards me when he saw me. It was my dear friend Henry Clerval.

He was very pleased to see me. He took my hand and shook it warmly.

'My dear Victor!' he said. 'What a lucky chance that you are here at the station. Your father, and Elizabeth and the others, are very worried about you, because you have not visited them for a long time. They ask me to make sure that you are well. And I have very good news. My father has agreed to let me study at the university, so we shall be able to spend a lot of time together.'

I was very happy to hear this news, and for a moment I forgot my fears. I took Henry back to my flat and asked him to wait outside while I went in to look. I was afraid that the creature was still there. But he had disappeared. At that time I did not think of other people, and what the creature could do to them. I took Henry into the flat and cooked a meal for us. But Henry noticed how thin I was, and that I was laughing too much and could not sit still.

Suddenly he said: 'My dear Victor, what is the matter with you? Are you ill? Has something awful happened?'

'Don't ask me that,' I cried. I put my hands over my eyes. I thought I could see the horrible creature there in front of me. I pointed wildly across the room, and shouted: 'He can tell you. Save me! Save me!' I tried to fight the creature, but there was nothing there. Then I fainted and fell to the floor.

Poor Henry! I do not know what he thought. He called a doctor and they put me to bed. I was very ill for two months, and Henry stayed and looked after me. His loving care saved me from death.

I wanted to go home and see my family as soon as possible. When I was well enough, I packed my clothes and books. All my luggage was ready, and I was feeling very happy when the postman arrived with some letters. One of the letters ended my short time of happiness.

4

我在我的实验室中造了一个人体。我所需要的人体各部分均是我买来或偷来的，然后我缓慢而细心地把它们拼凑到了一起。

在干这项可怕的工作时，我没有让任何人进入我的实验室和我的住处。我不敢告诉任何人我那可怕的秘密。

我曾想造一个漂亮的男人，但这个家伙的脸非常可怕：皮肤又薄又黄，眼睛同皮肤一样黄。黑长的头发和白色的牙齿倒也漂亮，脸上的其余部分却很丑陋。

它的腿和胳膊的形状是对的，但它们太大了。因为拼接小片的人体太困难了，我只得用大片的去拼接。我创造的这个东西2.5米高。

我曾为制造这个东西工作了一年时间，现在它却看上去恐怖吓人。我几乎要决定毁了它。但我做不到。我必须知道我是否能将生命植入其中。

我把那个身体同我机器上的那些电线连接起来。更多的电线再把机器和杆子连接起来。我确信我的机器可以用闪电给那个身体生命。我观察着、等待着。两天后我看到天上有了乌云，知道将有一场暴风雨来临。大约在凌晨1点钟闪电闪了一下。我的杆子立即开始工作，闪电通过杆子传到了我的机器上。机器会管用吗？

起先没有发生什么。但是几分钟过后我看见那个东西的躯体在动。那具躯体缓慢而怕人地变活了。他的胳膊和腿开始移动，而且他慢慢地坐了起来。

那个无生命的躯体本来就可怕，而现在变成活的就更加恐怖了。突然间我想逃开。我跑出实验室并且锁上了门。我对我所做的一切充满了恐惧。

有好几个小时我都在我的房间里走来走去。最后我躺倒在床上并睡着了。可是恶梦萦绕着我，我便猛然醒了过来。我所创造的那个可怕的

东西正站在我的床边。他的黄色的眼睛正看着我。他的嘴张着并对我发出奇怪的声音。他的黄色的脸庞上露出可怕的笑容。他的一只大手伸向了我……

没等他碰到我，我便跳下床冲到了楼下的花园里。我整个晚上都呆在那儿，只是思维已不清楚了。我很害怕。等到早上，我便走出花园到城里去并开始四处逛悠。

我没注意我在什么地方走，但不久便到了火车站。刚好从日内瓦来了一趟火车，乘客正走出车站。其中一位见到我后便朝我跑了过来。原来是我的好朋友亨利·克勒沃。

他见到我很高兴。他抓住我的手热情地握了起来。

“我亲爱的维克多！”他说道，“你在车站这儿真是巧极了。你父亲、伊丽莎白还有其他人都非常为你担心，因为你很久没有探望他们了。他们让我来看看你的身体是否还好。另外我还有个好消息。我父亲已同意让我上大学学习，这样我们就能有好多时间呆在一起了。”

我听了这个消息后很高兴，并且有一阵儿都忘记了我的恐惧之感。我把亨利带回我的公寓并让他在外面等着以便我能进去看一看。我害怕那个家伙还在那儿。但是他已经不见了。那时我没有想到过其他人以及那个家伙会对他们怎么样。我把亨利领进屋里并给我们做了顿吃的。然而亨利注意到了我有多么瘦削，我还笑得太多，也不能安静地坐着。

他突然说道：“我亲爱的维克多，你怎么啦？你生病了吗？发生了什么可怕的事情了吗？”

“别问我这个，”我喊道。我用手捂住眼睛。当时我想我能看见那个可怕的家伙正在我的面前。我发疯似地指向屋子，并且喊道：“他能告诉你。救救我！救救我！”我想去同那个家伙搏斗，但那儿什么也没有。然后我就晕过去，倒在了地板上。

可怜的亨利！我不知道他当时是怎么想的。他叫了个医生并且一起把我扶到了床上。我大病了两个月，亨利一直留下来照顾我。他那充满爱意的护理把我从死亡那儿救了回来。

我想尽快回家去见我的家人。在我恢复得足够强壮后，我便收拾起衣服和书籍。我的行李都已准备好了，但是正当我无比高兴时邮递员给我送来了几封信。其中的一封结束了我短暂的快乐时光。

The letter was from my father in Geneva, and this is what he wrote:

My dear Victor,

I want you to know before you arrive home that an awful thing has happened. Your dear youngest brother, William, is dead. He was murdered. It happened last Thursday evening when Elizabeth and I and your two brothers, Ernest and William, went for a walk outside the city. William and Ernest were playing. William had hidden from Ernest, and Ernest asked Elizabeth and me to help find William. We all began to search for him, but we couldn't find him. We searched all night. At five in the morning I found him. He was lying on the grass, white and still. I could see the marks of fingers on his neck—the murderer had strangled him.

Elizabeth had let him wear a gold chain of hers round his neck. On the chain was a very small picture of your mother. We all think that someone murdered William to steal the gold chain. Poor Elizabeth is terribly unhappy at William's death. She thinks he died because she let him wear the chain. Hurry home, my dear Victor. You are the only one who can help Elizabeth, and we all need you.

With all our love,

Your Father

Henry helped me to catch the train. The journey seemed very long, and it was late at night before the train reached Geneva. I decided to spend the night in a village outside the town and go home early in the morning. I wanted to see the place where William had died.

As I started my walk, a storm broke and lightning lit the sky. The police had put posts round the place where the murderer had strangled William, so I found it easily. I cried sadly as I stood there. My poor brother had been a kind and happy boy, and we had all loved him.

Again the lightning lit the sky, and I saw a huge figure standing in the rain. When I saw it, I knew at once what it was. It was the creature that I had made.

What was he doing there? But although I asked myself the question, I knew the answer. He had murdered my brother. I was sure that I was right.

I decided to try and catch him. But as I moved, he ran to—wards the mountains. He ran much faster than any man. He climbed the mountain easily, reached the top, and disappeared.

I stood there in the dark and the rain, and knew that I had created a monster. And he had murdered my brother.

5

信是我父亲从日内瓦写来的，下面就是他写的内容：

我亲爱的维克多：

在你到家之前我想让你知道所发生的一件可怕的事情。你亲爱的小弟弟威廉死了。他是被谋杀的。这件事发生在上个礼拜四，那时我和伊丽莎白以及你的两个弟弟欧内斯特和威廉正在城外散步。威廉同欧内斯特当时正玩耍。威廉从欧内斯特那儿藏了起来，于是欧内斯特要我和伊丽莎白帮着找威廉。我们都找了起来，但没能找到他。我们找了一整夜。早晨5点钟时我找到了他。他躺倒在草地上，脸色苍白，身子一动也不动。我能看出他脖子上的手指印——是凶手勒死了他。

伊丽莎白曾让他把她的一根金链子戴在脖子上。链子上有一张非常小的、你妈妈的照片。我们都认为是有人为了偷取那条金链子而杀死了威廉。可怜的伊丽莎白对威廉的死非常伤心。她认为他的死是因为她让他戴了那条链子。赶快回家吧，我亲爱的维克多。只有你能帮助伊丽莎白，并且我们都需要你。

我们都爱你！

你的父亲

亨利帮我上了火车。旅途似乎非常漫长；火车到达日内瓦之前已经是深夜了。我决定在城外的一个村子里过夜，然后清晨再回家。我想看看威廉死去的地方。

在我开始步行时，暴发了一场暴风雨，闪电划亮了天空。警察已在威廉被凶手勒死的地方围上了木桩，这样我很容易地找到了那儿。我站在那儿伤心地哭泣着。我可怜的弟弟一向是个善良而快乐的孩子，并且我们都很爱他。

闪电又一次照亮了天空，我看见雨中站着一个巨大的人。当我看见时，我立马就知道那是谁了。那是我创造的那个家伙。

他在那儿干什么？尽管我在问自己这个问题，却已知道了答案。是他杀死了我的弟弟。我敢肯定我是对的。

我决心要抓住他。但在我走动时，他朝山上跑去了。他比任何人都跑得快。他轻松地爬着山，到了山顶并且消失不见了。

我在黑暗中站着并淋着雨，知道自己创造了一个怪物。是他杀死了我的弟弟。

At first I decided to tell the police my story. But would they believe me? I had been very ill. When the police learnt about my illness, they would think the monster was just one of my bad dreams. I decided that I could not tell anybody.

I went home to my family and they were very pleased to see me. Then they told me that the police had found the murderer. Perhaps you will think that this was good news, but I have not told you who the police had arrested.

As I went into the house, I noticed that one person did not come to meet me. It was Justine, the young woman who looked after the children and who was like a sister to us. And it was Justine that the police had arrested.

A few days after the murder, the police had searched the house and had found the gold chain in Justine's coat pocket. Everyone in the family knew that Justine had not murdered William. I knew who the murderer was, but I could not tell anyone. We were sure that Justine would be free after the trial, because nobody could believe that she was a murderer. But we were wrong.

The trial did not go well for Justine. There were a number of strange facts that were difficult to explain, and the judge decided that she was the murderer. The punishment for murder was death. We argued and cried. We said she could not murder anyone. But nothing could change the judge's order.

So I got up early and went to the judge's house and told him about the monster. He did not believe me. He thought I was lying in order to save Justine's life.

In the prison Justine waited quietly for death. We spent many hours with her, and she spoke calmly and kindly to us. She was happy because we believed that she had not killed William. And she was almost looking forward to death, because then she would be with William and our dear mother in a place of peace.

Her love and gentleness added to my great unhappiness. I knew she was going to die because of me. I knew my brother had died because of me. I had brought nothing but sadness and misery to my family.

I took a boat and went out on Lake Geneva. Why didn't I end my life then? Two things stopped me. My father was old and another death would probably kill him. And I had to stay alive—to keep my family safe from the monster.

Fear for my family and hate for my monster were with me day and night. I became ill again, and Elizabeth's love could not help me. I needed to escape for a while—to leave my unhappiness behind me. So I went to walk alone in the Alps. I hoped the wild beauty of the mountains would help me.

Slowly I became calmer among the beautiful mountains. I learnt to sleep again, and for days I did not see anybody. Then one morning I saw a figure coming towards me faster than any man could go. It jumped easily over the rocks and I saw with horror the monster that I had created. On his face was a look of deep sadness, but also of evil. At first I could not speak because I hated him so much. But at last I said:

'You are an evil creature. I shall kill you if I can, because you have killed two people that I love.'

The monster's yellow eyes looked at me. 'I am the unhappiest creature in the world, but I shall fight for my life,' he said. 'I am bigger and stronger than you, but I will not start the fight. I shall always be gentle to you because you are my king and creator. You made me, and you should love me and be kind to me, like a father. William and Justine died because you did not love me. Why did you create me if you were not ready to love me?'

'We are enemies,' I said. 'Leave me now, or let us fight until one of us is dead. You are a murderer. How can I be kind to you?'

'You say I am a murderer,' the monster said, 'but you want to kill your own creature. Isn't that wrong, too? I ask you to do one thing for me—listen. Come with me to a warmer place, and listen to my story. Then you can decide.'

I thought carefully about what he had said. It was true that I had given him life but I had not given him love. I decided to go with him and listen to his story.

He took me to a mountain hut where he lit a fire. We sat down by the fire and he began to tell me his story.

6

起先我打算把我的故事告诉警察，但他们会相信我吗？我一直都生着病。如果警察了解到我的病情，他们会认为那个怪物只是我的一个恶梦而已。我决定不去告诉任何人。

我回到家里，家人都为见到我而高兴。接着他们告诉我说警察已找到了凶手。你也许会认为这是个好消息，但是我还没有告诉你警察抓的是谁。

在我进屋时，我注意到有个人没有来见我。那就是贾斯汀，就是曾照看孩子们并像姐妹一样对待我们的那个年轻女孩。而警察逮捕的就是贾斯汀。

在谋杀案发生了几天之后，警察搜查了房子并在贾斯汀的外衣口袋里找到了那条金链。家里人都知道贾斯汀没有杀害过威廉。我清楚凶手是谁，但是我不能告诉任何人。我们确信审判过后贾斯汀将会被释放的，因为没有人相信她是凶手。但是我们错了。

审判对贾斯汀不利。有许多难以解释的奇怪现象，但法官认定她就是凶手。谋杀的处罚乃是死刑。我们又申辩又哭喊着。我们说她不可能谋杀任何人。但没什么能改变法官的判决。

于是我一大早便起床到法官的家中并告诉他有关那个怪物的事情。他不相信我。他认为我是为了救贾斯汀而在撒谎。

贾斯汀在监狱里安静地等着死去。我们同她呆了好几个小时，她从容而温和地同我们说话。她为我们相信不是她杀害了威廉而高兴。她几乎在期盼着死去，因为那样她就可以在一个安宁的地方同威廉和我们亲爱的妈妈在一起了。

她的爱心和温柔加重了我那巨大的痛苦。我知道她将因我而死去。我知道我弟弟已经因我而死。我给我家里带来的只有悲伤和苦难。

我乘船去了日内瓦湖。我那时为什么没有结束自己的生命呢？那是因为两件事情。我父亲已经年迈，再有人死很可能会要了他的命。并且我必须活着——以便我的家人免遭怪物的伤害。

对家人的担忧和对怪物的痛恨日夜牵扯着我。我再一次病倒了，连伊丽莎白的爱也帮不了我。我需要逃避一阵子——去将伤心抛诸脑后。因此我便独自一人去阿尔卑斯山散步。我希望群山的旷野之美能够帮助我。

在美丽的山峦中我慢慢地平静了些。我又学会了安心去睡，并且有好几天我都没有见任何人。后来的一天早晨我看见有个人朝我走来，比任何人走得都要快。在其轻松地跳过岩石之时，我便恐惧地看见了我所创造的那个怪物。他的脸上露出深深的悲伤，但也带着邪恶。起先我说不出话来，因为我太恨他了。但是最后我说道：

“你是个邪恶的东西。如果我做得到的话，我便会杀了你的，因为你已害死了我爱的两个人了。”

怪物的黄色的眼睛看着我。“我是世界上最不幸的人了，但是我得为我的生命而战斗。”他说道，“虽然我比你大，又比你强壮，但我不会挑起战斗的。我将永远温柔地对待你，因为你是我的国王和我的创造者。你既然造了我，那就应该爱我并善待我，就像一个父亲那样。威廉和贾斯汀的死是因为你不爱我。既然你没有打算爱我那又为什么要创造我呢？”

“我们是敌人。”我说，“马上给我离开，否则就让我们搏斗到我们中的一个死去为止。你是个杀人凶手，我怎么会待你好呢？”

“你说我是一个杀人凶手，”怪物说道，“然而你却要杀死你自己创造的生物。这不也是错误的吗？我请你为我做一件事——听着。跟我到一个暖和些的地方去并且听听我的故事。然后你就可以做出决定了。”

我认真地考虑了他所说的话。我给了他生命却没有给他爱，这是事实。我决定跟他走并听听他的故事。

他带我到了一间他已生了火的山间茅屋。我们围着火坐下后，他便开始讲起了他的故事。

7. The Monster's Story

After I had left the laboratory, I escaped into the country outside the town. I soon felt hungry and thirsty, and my first food was fruit which I found on some trees near a river. I drank from the river and then lay down and went to sleep.

At first my eyes and ears did not work very well, but after a while I began to see and hear clearly.

One day, snow began to fall. Of course, I had never walked in snow before, and I found that it made my feet very cold. I realized that I needed food and a place to get warm. Soon I saw a small hut where an old man was cooking his breakfast over a fire. When the old man saw me, he shouted loudly and ran away as fast as he could. I did not understand what the man was doing, but I wanted to be near the fire. So I sat down in the warm, and ate the man's breakfast. Then I walked across empty fields for some hours until I reached a village. I went into one of the houses, but there were children inside. They began to scream when they saw me, and their mother fainted. The whole village came to see what was the trouble. Some of the people ran away when they saw me, but the others shouted and threw stones at me. They wanted to kill me. I was badly hurt, but I escaped and ran into the open country.

Later, I found an empty hut, which was built against the wall of a small house. I was afraid to go into the house after what had happened in the village, so I hid in the hut. There I was safe, and could escape from the cold, and hide from people who wished to hurt me.

And then I found that there was a small hole in the wall between the hut and the house. Through this hole I could see in—to the room next to the hut. Three people lived in the house—a beautiful girl, an old man, and a young man.

Day after day I watched the three people. I saw how kind they were to each other. I wanted so much to go into the house and be with them, but I knew I must stay in the hut. I could not forget how the village people had hurt me when I tried to go into the house there.

Each night, after the people in the house had gone to bed, I stole some of their food for myself. But soon I realized that the old man was blind. And I realized too that often the three of them did not have enough to eat. I saw the two young people put extra food on the blind man's plate, although they were hungry themselves.

When I saw that, I stopped stealing their food. Their life was already hard enough, so I went back to the wild fruit in the woods. I tried to help them in other ways, too. During the night I cut firewood for them, and added it secretly to the wood which the young man had cut during the day. I was very happy to see how much this pleased the young man.

After a while I began to understand some of the noises that the people made to each other. The first words that I understood were words like 'fire', and 'bread'. I also learnt that the three people called each other by names. The girl was Agatha, the young man was Felix, and the old man was called Father. I tried to make the noises that they made, and slowly I began to speak.

The two young people were very beautiful. One day I saw my own face in the water of the river. It was a terrible face. I understood why people were frightened, why they shouted and threw stones. I knew then that I could not let these beautiful people see me. They would be frightened by my horrible face and body.

Summer was coming, and I continued to watch and learn. I also continued to help the two people and their father, and did many jobs for them in the night. They were always surprised in the morning when they saw what I had done. I heard them talk about the 'good creature' who did these 'wonderful' things.

But the family were often sad, and I wished I could make them happy. I looked forward to the time when I could speak well enough to talk to them. And I was happy because I was sure I would soon have three good friends.

怪物的故事

7

我离开实验室后，便逃到了城外的乡间。不久我便感到又饥又渴；我的第一顿食物是我在河边的树上找到的果子。我喝了河里的水，然后躺倒睡着了。

开始时我的眼睛和耳朵不大灵便，但过了一会儿我就能看清楚、听明白了。

有一天，天下起了雪。当然，我以前从未在雪中走过，我发现它让我的双脚感觉非常冷。我意识到我需要食物和住处取暖。我很快便看到了一个小茅舍，里面有个老人正在火上做早饭。当那个老人看到我时，他大声喊叫了起来并以自己最快的速度跑开了。我不明白这个老人在干什么，但是我想靠近火堆。于是我暖暖和和地坐下并吃了这个人做的早餐。然后我在空旷的田野中走了好几个小时，直到到了一个村庄。我走进了其中的一家房子，可是里面有几个孩子。他们见到我后便尖叫起来，他们的母亲也晕倒了。全村的人都来看发生了什么事情。有些人见到我后便跑开了，但另外一些人则喊叫起来并朝我扔石头。他们想要杀死我。我伤得很重，可还是逃脱了并跑进了旷野之中。

后来，我找到了一个空茅屋。它是靠着一个小屋子的一堵墙而建起来的。在那个村子里发生了那桩事之后，我不敢进屋，因而便藏在茅屋中。我在那儿是安全的，并且可以避寒，还可以逃避那些想要伤害我的人。

接着我发现在茅屋和那房屋之间的墙之间有一个洞。通过这个洞我可以看见茅屋隔壁的房间。有三个人住在那个屋子里——一个漂亮的女孩，一个老人，还有一个年轻人。

我一天天地观察着这三个人。我看到他们之间是多么亲密。我非常想进屋去加入他们的行列，但我清楚我必须呆在茅屋里。我想走进那个屋子时总忘不了村民们是怎么伤害我的。

每天晚上，在屋子里的那三个人睡下之后，我便把他们的食物偷来给自己吃。然而不久我就意识到那个老人是个瞎子。并且我还意识到那三个人常常食不裹腹。我见到那两个年轻人常给那个老盲人的盘子里多放些食物，尽管他们自己在挨饿。

看到这些后，我就不再偷他们的食物了。他们的生活已经够艰苦的了，于是我便重新靠树林里的野果为生。我还尽力想一些其他办法帮助他们。晚上我为他们砍柴火，还暗中把它们添在那个年轻小伙子白天砍的柴火中。我很高兴看到这能如此取悦于那个年轻人。

不久我开始懂得了那些人彼此之间发出的一些声音了。我最初理解的单词是像“火”还有“面包”这样的词。我还了解到那三个人彼此之间称呼的名字。那个女孩叫“阿加莎”，那个小伙子叫“菲力克斯”，而那老人则叫“父亲”。我努力去发他们发出的声音，于是慢慢地开始说话了。

那两个年轻人很漂亮。有一天我从河中看见我自己的脸。那是张可怕的脸。我明白了人们为什么会害怕、为什么会喊叫并扔石头的原因。那时我才知道我不能让这些漂亮的人们看见我，他们会因为我那可怕的脸和身体而惊恐的。

夏天临近了，我在继续观察和学习。我也在继续帮助那两个人和他们的父亲，并且在晚上给他们干很多活儿。他们早上看到我所做的事情

后总是感到很惊奇。我听到他们谈论那个做了这些“好”事的“好人”。

可是这家人经常闷闷不乐。我希望我能让他们高兴。我期盼着我能学会说话而同他们交谈的那一时刻。我也很高兴，因为我确信不久我会有三个好朋友了。

One day in summer a lady on horseback rode up to the house and knocked on the door. She had dark hair, and was very beautiful. The family were all very pleased to see her. I soon learnt that her name was Sophie.

She could not speak the family's language, and each evening Felix taught her some words. This was a very great help to me, because I was able to learn the meaning of many words that I had not been able to understand before. Felix taught Sophie from books about what had happened in the world in the past. So I learnt about the Greeks and Romans, and about Christ, and about the first white men in America and the sad story of the Indians. I could not understand why men who knew all about good and evil could hate and kill each other.

I learnt other things too. I learnt that people think it is very important to have money and to come from a good family. I learnt of the love between mother and father and child. And I realized that I had no family. The more I learnt, the more I thought, and the more unhappy I became.

Soon I discovered who Sophie was. The two families had met in France after Sophie and her father arrived there from Turkey, their own country. Sophie's father was put in prison by the French, but Felix and his father helped him to escape and leave France. When the French discovered this, Felix and his family lost all their lands and money, and had to leave France for ever. Now I knew why they were so sad, and why they were poor.

But that was not all. Sophie and Felix loved each other, and Sophie's father had promised that they could marry. Then, when he learnt that Felix had lost all his money, he broke his promise. But Sophie loved Felix very much, so she took some money and escaped from her father to search for Felix.

I had learnt to love these good people and I could not wait another day to introduce myself. I decided to speak first to the father, because he was blind, and would not be frightened by my terrible face and body.

One day the three young people went for a walk while the old man rested. When they had gone, I went to the door of the house and knocked on it.

The old man told me to enter, and to sit down.

'Thank you,' I said. 'I am a traveller, and I'm tired and sad. I have no family or friends. The people that I want to have as my friends have never seen me. If they don't take me into their home, I shall be alone in the world.'

'Don't be so sad,' the old man said. 'You will find that the hearts of men are full of love. If these friends are good people, they will welcome you.'

'They are kind, and the best people in the world,' I said. 'But when they meet me, they may not see a kind creature who has helped them. Instead they may see a monster, and they will hate me.'

'That mustn't happen,' the old man said. 'My family and I have had our difficult times, and we'll help you.'

'You are a very good man,' I said, 'and if you help me, I shall be able to live with my friends and enjoy their love.'

At that moment I heard the young people returning from their walk. I caught the old man's hand, and cried, 'Now is the time! Save me and help me! You and your family are the friends that I am talking about.'

Then the door opened, and in came Felix, Sophie, and Agatha. Their faces were filled with horror and fear when they saw me. Agatha fainted, and Sophie ran out of the house. Felix ran forward and pulled me away from his father. He threw me to the ground and hit me again and again with his heavy stick. I did not lift a hand against him. I did not want to hurt him—or any of them. My heart was heavy, and all hope left me. I ran out of the house and later returned silently to my hut. Nobody saw me.

8

夏季的一天，一位女士骑马跑到了那所房子并敲了敲门。她有一头黑发，人很漂亮。那家人见到她都很高兴。我不久了解到她的名字叫苏菲。

她不会说那个家庭的语言，菲力克斯每个晚上都要教她几个单词。这对我大有帮助，因为我可以知道以前我不懂的许多单词的意思。菲力克斯照着课本教给苏菲这个世界上过去发生的事情。于是我了解到了希腊人和罗马人，还有基督，还有关于美洲的第一批白人及印第安人的悲惨故事。我不能明白那些明白善恶的人们为什么要互相仇恨和残杀。

我也了解到了别的事情。我了解到人们认为有钱和好的家庭出身是非常重要的。我了解到了父母及孩子之间的爱。我并且意识到我是没有家庭的。我了解得越多便想得越多，从而也越伤心。

不久我便知道了苏菲是什么人。在苏菲和她父亲当初从她们的祖国土耳其到达法国后，他们两家便相识了。苏菲的父亲被法国人投进了监狱，但菲力克斯和他父亲帮他逃离了法国。法国人发现了这件事情之后，菲力克斯和他家便失去了所有的土地和钱财，还得永久地离开法国。现在我明白了他们为什么那样悲伤以及他们为什么贫穷。

但是这还不是全部真相。苏菲和菲力克斯彼此相爱，苏菲的父亲也曾答应他们可以结婚的。后来，在他了解到菲力克斯已失去了所有的钱财后便背弃了自己的诺言。然而苏菲非常爱菲力克斯，于是她便拿了些钱从父亲那儿逃开来找菲力克斯。

我已经学会去爱这些好人并再也忍不住要去介绍我自己了。我决定先和那个父亲谈谈，因为他是瞎子，不会被我那恐怖的面容和身体吓倒。

一天，那三个年轻人出去散步而老人（在家）休息。他们走后，我便走到房屋的门前并敲响了它。

老人让我进去并坐下。

“谢谢您，”我说道。“我是个旅行者，我又疲惫又伤心。我没有家庭或朋友。我想和他们交朋友的那些人从未见过我。如果他们不接受我、把我纳为其家的一员的话，我就会孤独于世的。”

“不要这样悲伤。”那个老人说道，“你会发现人们的心中都充满了爱。如果这些朋友是好人，他们就会欢迎你的。”

“他们很善良，是世界上最好的人，”我说道，“可是当他们遇见我时，他们就看不出我是一个曾帮助过他们的善良的人了。相反，他们会看到一个怪物，并且他们会恨我。”

“不会这样的。”老人说道，“我和我们家曾度过艰苦的日子，我们会帮助你的。”

“你真是个好人。”我说道，“如果你肯帮助我，那么我就能够同我的朋友们生活在一起并享受他们的爱了。”

就在那时，我听到那些年轻人散步归来。我抓住老人的手并哭喊道：“现在正是时候！救救我，帮帮我！你和你的家人就是我所谈论的朋友们。”

接着门开了，菲力克斯、苏菲还有阿加莎走了进来。他们看到我时脸上都充满了恐惧的神色。阿加莎晕了过去，苏菲还跑出了屋子。菲力克斯跑上前来，把我从他父亲手中拽开。他把我摔倒在地并用沉重的棍棒不停地打我。我没有还手。我不想伤着他——或者他们中的任何人。我的心情很沉重，所有的希望都破灭了。我跑出了屋子并在晚些时候悄悄地返回到我的茅屋中。没人看到了我。

Isat in my dark hut, and felt both angry and sad. One half of me wanted to hurt the people who had hurt me. The other half of me still loved them. In the end I decided to try to speak to the old man again. I fell into an unhappy sleep, but when I woke in the morning, the family had gone. They had left the house during the night.

I knew the name of only one other person. Although I had seen you, Frankenstein, for only a few moments, I knew that I belonged to you. When I had left your house, I had picked up a small bag. There was a book in the bag, and I could now read it. From it I learnt my creator's name and address. You had made me, but why had you not looked after me, and saved me from this pain and unhappiness? I decided to go to Geneva, to find you.

One day as I was travelling, I saw a young girl running along the side of a river. Suddenly she fell into the water. I jumped into the river, fought against the fast-moving water, and brought her back to land. While I was doing this, the girl's father, who was looking for her, reached us. He was carrying a gun, and when he saw me, he fired. The bullet hit my arm and broke it. I fell to the ground in great pain, and the man and the girl ran into the woods as fast as they could, and left me.

The bullet was deep in my arm, and I lost a lot of blood. After some days my arm began to get better, but I became sadder and angrier than before. I had saved the girl's life, and how did they thank me? With a bullet in the arm! I began to realize that there was no happiness for me in life. Hate grew stronger in me every day. Hate for you, my creator, who had made me.

Two months later, I reached Geneva. That evening I hid among some trees outside the town, and went to sleep. But I woke when a little boy ran into my hiding place. I thought I would catch the child and make him my friend before he was old enough to be frightened of my terrible face. I caught the little boy, but when the child saw me, he covered his eyes with his hands and screamed loudly.

'Let me go, you monster,' the child shouted. 'Let me go, or I will tell my father, Mr Frankenstein. He will call the police, and they'll punish you.'

'Frankenstein!' I shouted. 'You belong to my enemy, the man that I want to hurt.'

The child fought and screamed, and I put my hand round his neck to stop him shouting. In a moment, the child lay dead at my feet. I looked down at his body, and was pleased with what I had done. I knew that the death of this child would hurt you, Victor Frankenstein, my creator.

Then I saw something bright round the child's neck. It was a gold chain, and on the end of it was a picture of a very beautiful woman. I knew that a beautiful woman would never smile at me, and I wanted to run into Geneva and kill as many people as I could. But I stopped myself, and went to look for another hiding place. Soon I found a hut, which seemed to be empty, but when I entered I saw a pretty young woman asleep on the floor. I hated her because she was pretty. So I put the gold chain into one of her pockets, and then, before she could wake up, I ran away. I knew the police would think that she had killed the little boy.

9

我坐在黑暗的小茅屋里，感到既愤怒又悲伤。我一方面想去伤害那些伤害过我的人，另一方面却又仍然爱着他们。最后我决定再去试着同那个老人谈一谈。我躺倒后伤心地睡着了，在早上醒来时却发现那家人已经走了。他们是在夜里离开的。

我当时只知道另外一个人的名字。弗兰肯斯坦，尽管当时我只见到你一会儿工夫，但我知道我是属于你的。在我离开你的房子时，我曾捡起过一个小包。包里有一本书，现在我能读懂它了。我从中了解到创造我的人的姓名和地址。你造了我，但为什么你没有照料我并把我从这样的痛苦和伤心之中拯救出来呢？我决心去日内瓦找你。

一天，在旅行时，我看见有个小女孩正沿着河边跑。她突然掉到了水里。我跳进水里同激流搏斗，把她带到了岸上。在我做这件事时，女孩的父亲来到了我们身边，他正在寻找她。他带着一把枪，在看到我们后便开了枪。子弹打中了我的胳膊并打断了它。我带着巨大的疼痛倒在了地上，而那个男人和那个女孩则以最快的速度跑进了树林，把我撇在了一边。

子弹在我的胳膊中打得很深，我失了很多血。几天后我的胳膊开始好起来，但我比以前更伤心、更愤怒了。我救了那个女孩的命，他们是怎么感谢我的呢？用一颗子弹射进我的胳膊里！我开始认识到我的生命中没有幸福可言。我心中的仇恨一天比一天强烈。这仇恨是针对你、我的创造者的。

两个月后，我到了日内瓦。那天晚上我躲到城外的几棵树中间并且睡着了。但是在我醒来时有个小孩跑到了我躲藏的地方。我想我可以抓住那个小孩以便在他长大到害怕我那令人恐怖的脸之前同他交个朋友。我抓住了那个小男孩，但当那个孩子看到我时，他用双手捂住了脸并大声尖叫了起来。

“放开我，你这个怪物。”那个孩子嚷道，“放开我，不然我就要告诉我父亲弗兰肯斯坦先生了。他会叫警察来，而且他们会惩罚你的。”

“弗兰肯斯坦！”我喊道，“你属于我的敌人，我想要伤害的那个男人。”

那个小孩一边搏斗一边叫喊，我于是用手卡住他的脖子以阻止他叫喊。过了一会儿，那个孩子便倒在我的脚下死了。我俯视着他的尸体，对我所做感到高兴。我知道这个孩子的死会伤害你，维克多·弗兰肯斯坦，我的创造者。

后来我看见孩子的脖子上有个亮闪闪的东西。那是一条金链，它的末端有一张非常漂亮的女人的照片。我知道漂亮女人是绝不会朝我微笑的，于是便想跑到日内瓦去尽量多杀死几个人。然而我阻止了自己的行动，并去找别的躲藏之处。不久我发现了一个茅屋，它似乎是空的；但当我进去后便见到一个年轻漂亮的女人熟睡在地板上。我恨她就因为她漂亮。于是我把那条金链放到了她的一个口袋中，然后在她醒来之前跑开了。我知道警察会认为是她杀死了那个小男孩的。

10. Victor Frankenstein Continues His Story

The monster finished telling me his story, and then he said:

‘I am alone and miserable. Only someone as ugly as I am could love me. You must make another creature like me, a woman monster to be my wife. ’

‘I shall never make another creature like you, ’ I shouted

‘You have done enough evil on your own. ’

‘If you don’t help me, I shall make you more miserable than you have ever been in your life. You will wish you were dead, ’ the monster said. ‘But if you make another monster to be my friend, we won’t hurt anyone. Be kind to me now, and I will learn to love and be kind. ’

I thought long and hard about the monster’s words. I felt sorry for him. He was so miserable. Perhaps I should help him.

‘I shall do what you ask, ’ I told him. ‘But you must promise to live somewhere in the world where nobody lives. You must promise to stay away from other people. ’

‘I promise! I promise! he cried. ‘Please start your work. I shall watch you, and when you are ready, you can be sure I will come back. ’ He turned and left me, and ran down the mountain.

I went back to Geneva immediately. My family were very worried when they saw me. I was pale and my eyes were wild. I could not forget my promise to the monster, and the awful work that waited for me. But I had to do it. It was the only way to keep my family safe… safe from his murdering hands around their necks.

I needed to study for several months to make a woman monster successfully. I heard that an English scientist had done some useful work, so I decided to go to England. Before I went, my father asked me: ‘Are you going to marry Elizabeth, or do you love another woman? Is this why you are so unhappy? ’

‘No, father, ’ I replied. ‘I have always loved Elizabeth, and I want to marry her. But I must do one more piece of scientific work before we can marry. I must go to England to do the work and I want to marry Elizabeth when I return. ’

My father and Elizabeth did not want me to go to England alone, because I had been so ill. They spoke to my old friend Henry Clerval, and he was very happy to travel with me. I was pleased that he could come, although I did not want him to discover anything about my horrible work.

Henry and I reached London in early October and stayed there for a few months. I met and talked with English scientists, and learnt many useful things from them. Then Henry was invited to visit some friends in Scotland. I planned to travel with him, but I told him that I wanted to go walking in the mountains alone. Henry was not happy with my plan, but in the end he agreed.

I bought all that I needed for a laboratory, and sent every-thing to Scotland. Henry and I travelled to Edinburgh together, and then I went further north, to find a good place for my laboratory. At last I found the right place on an island off the north coast. It was a wild and lonely place. Only five people lived on the island, so I could work alone, and nobody would discover my awful secret.

There was a large, empty hut on the island, and I brought builders from Scotland to make the hut into a laboratory for me. I showed them how to build my mast, and soon everything was ready for me to start work on the woman monster.

维克多·弗兰肯斯坦继续讲他的故事

10

怪物讲完了他的故事，然后说道：

“我孤独而凄惨。只有某个像我一样丑的人才会爱我的。你必须另外造像我这样的一个人怪物来当我的妻子。”

“我决不会再造一个像你一样的人的，”我喊道，“你自己已经干够了邪恶的事情了。”

“如果你不帮我，那么我就会让你过得比你以往任何时候都要凄惨。你会求死不得的，”怪物说，“但是如果你另外造一个怪物当我的朋友，那么我们就不会伤害任何人。现在善待我吧，我也会学着去爱人并变得善良的。”

怪物的话让我费力地考虑了很久。我感到对不起他，他是如此痛苦。或许我应该帮助他。

“我会照你说的去做，”我对他说道，“但你得答应要呆在没人生活的地方。”

“我答应！我答应！”他喊道，“请你开始工作吧。我会监视你的；在你准备好了以后，你可以肯定我会回来的。”他转身离开了我，并跑下了山。

我立即返回日内瓦。我家人见到我时都非常为我担忧。我脸色苍白，眼睛发狂。我忘不了我对怪物的允诺，还有那等着我的可怕的工作。但我必须去做。那是保证我家庭平安的唯一出路……使他们不致被怪物的手扼死。

为了成功地造一个女怪物我需要几个月的时间进行研究。我了解到有个英国科学家已进行了一些有价值的工作，于是决定去英国。

在我去之前，我父亲问我：“你是打算娶伊丽莎白，还是爱上了另外一个女人？你是不是因为这个而如此不高兴？”

“不是，爸爸。”我回答道，“我一直都爱伊丽莎白，并且我要娶她。但是在我们结婚之前我必须再进行一项科学工作。我必须去英国做那项工作而在回来后便同伊丽莎白结婚。”

我父亲和伊丽莎白不想让我单独去英国，因为我一直生病。他们对我的老朋友亨利·克勒沃讲了，而他非常高兴同我一起去。他能去我很高兴，尽管我不想让他知道有关我那可怕的工作的任何事情。

亨利和我于10月初到达伦敦并在那儿呆了几个月。我同几个英国科学家见了面并谈了话，并从他们那儿了解到许多有用的东西。后来亨利被邀请去拜访几位苏格兰朋友。我计划同他一起去，但告诉他说我想独自一人在山中散步。亨利对我的计划不满，但最终还是同意了。

我买了实验室所需的一切东西，并把所有的东西都送到了苏格兰。亨利同我一起到了爱丁堡，然后我继续朝北走，以便为我的实验室找到合适的地点。最后我在远离北部海岸的一个岛上找到了合适的地点。那是个荒凉偏僻的地方。岛上只有五个人居住，因而我可以独自工作，没有人会发现我那可怕的秘密。

岛上有一个大的空茅屋；我从苏格兰带去了建筑工人以便把茅屋改造成我的实验室。我指示他们如何建杆子，不久所有为我造女怪物的准

备工作均已就绪。

One evening two months later I was sitting in my laboratory. Most of my work was done, and I could finish the woman monster that night. But I wondered if I should finish the work.

Was I making a monster more evil than the first creature? Perhaps a thousand times more evil. How could I know? Perhaps the woman monster would be another murderer. She had not promised to stay away from other people. Perhaps the two monsters would hate each other...and would kill, and murder, and destroy... without end.

As I thought these things, I looked up at the window. Suddenly, in the moonlight, I saw the monster's awful face looking at me. And in his yellow eyes I could see only hate and evil. I knew he would not keep his promise.

I went over to the laboratory table where the new creature was lying. I pulled off the wires that joined her to my machine. I took a sharp knife and cut through the body that I had joined together so carefully. Through the window the monster saw me destroy his woman. With a loud and miserable scream of sadness and lost hope, he ran into the laboratory.

'You have destroyed all my hopes of happiness,' he cried. 'You have left me with one feeling—hate...and with one wish—to destroy your happiness. You will be sorry that you were ever born. Remember this: I shall be with you on your wedding night.'

He ran quickly out of the laboratory, and I watched him as he left the island in his boat and sailed away across the sea.

I sat and cried as I thought of the danger to Elizabeth. But I knew that the monster would not visit us until our wedding night. I would not die easily, and I would try to kill him before he could kill me.

The next morning I received a letter from Henry. He told me that he was waiting for me to return. I decided to clear the laboratory and to leave the island on the following day. So I re-turned to the laboratory, where the pieces of the woman monster's body still lay on the floor. I put them all in a large bag with some heavy stones. Then I took the bag to my boat and sailed out to sea. I threw the bag into deep water, and watched it disappear.

I was happier than I had felt for months. I knew I had done the right thing, and now there would be no second monster to follow the first.

I was very tired, and I went to sleep in the boat. I do not know how long I slept, but when I woke up, I was in the middle of a storm. The wind was driving me further out to sea and my boat began to fill with water. I knew I was in great danger. After some hours the storm passed, and I saw land to the south. Soon I could see the beach...and a crowd of people standing and watching me. Their faces were cold and unfriendly.

As I landed, four of the men came towards me and took me by the arms.

'We are taking you to Mr Kerwin, the judge. He wants to ask you some questions about the murder of a man here last night,' one of the men told me.

I was sad to hear of the murder, but I did not worry about it. I had been far away at the time, and knew nothing about any murder. It would be easy to explain that. So I went with the men to the large house where Judge Kerwin lived.

11

两个月后的一天晚上，我坐在了我的实验室里。我的大部分工作均已完成，那天晚上我就可以完成女怪物的制作工作了。但是我不知道是否应该完成这项工作。

我是否在造一个比第一个家伙更加邪恶的怪物呢？也许要邪恶一千倍。我怎么知道呢？也许这个女怪物会成为另一个杀人凶手。她可没有答应要呆在远离旁人的地方。或许那两个怪物会相互仇恨……并且会没完没了地凶杀、谋害和毁灭……。

我想这些事时抬头望了望窗户。突然，在月光下我看见那个怪物的恐怖的脸正看着我。并且在他那黄色的眼中我只看到了仇恨和邪恶。我知道他是不会遵守诺言的。

我走到那个新的家伙躺着的实验室桌子的旁边。我扯开了连接她和我的机器的电线。我拿起一把锋利的刀切碎了精心拼凑起来的那个身体。怪物从窗户里看见我毁了他的女人。于是，随着一声悲伤和失望的、凄惨的吼声，他跑进了实验室。

“你已经毁灭了我所有的有关幸福的期望，”他哭喊道，“你只给我留下了一种感情——仇恨之感……和一种愿望——毁掉你的幸福的愿望。你会为你来到这个世界上而后悔的。记住这一点：在你的新婚之夜我会跟你在一起的。”

他快速跑出实验室，我看着他划船离开海岛向大海驶去。

当我想到对伊丽莎白构成的危险时坐下来哭了起来。但是我知道在我们的新婚之夜之前怪物是不会“造访”我们的。我不会轻易地死去，而且要在杀死我之前设法杀死他。

第二天早上我收到了亨利的一封信。他告诉我说他在等着我回去。我决定清理一下实验室并在第二天离开海岛。于是我返回实验室，女怪物的那具身体还躺在地上。我把它们和一些重的石头一起装进一个大袋子。然后我把袋子扛到船上并驶向大海。我把袋子投入深水中，看着它消失了。

我现在比好几个月以来感觉要好些了。我知道自己做对了一件事，现在不会有第二个怪物步那第一个的后尘了。

我非常疲劳，在船上睡着了。我不清楚睡了多长时间，只知道我醒来时正处在一场暴风雨之中。风把我吹向离海岸更远的地方，我的船开始进水了。我明白自己正处于极大的危险之中。几个小时后暴风雨过去了，我看见往南有陆地。很快我就看见了海滩……一群人正站在那儿看着我。他们的表情既冷酷又不友好。

在我登陆时，四个男人走向我并抓住了我的胳膊。

“我们要把你带到法官克文先生那儿去。他要审问你这儿昨晚发生的一桩谋杀案的事，”其中的一个人告诉我。

听了那桩谋杀案我很伤心，但我没有为此担心。我那时正在远处，根本不知道什么谋杀的事。将会容易地解释清这一点。这样我便随那些人去了克文法官住的大屋子。

The judge was an old, kind man, but his face was very serious as he looked at me. He asked a number of men to tell me what they had seen and found the night before.

The first man told his story. He and his son were coming home from a long day's fishing. It was a dark night, and on the beach they had fallen over the dead body of a man. They had carried the body to the nearest house, and found that it was a good-looking young man about twenty-five years old. There were the marks of fingers round his neck. When they spoke of the marks of fingers, I remembered the murder of my brother and I felt a terrible fear.

The son then told his story. He had seen a boat with a man in it, not far from the beach. He thought it was my boat. A woman had also seen a man in a boat sailing away from the beach. She thought I was the man.

Then I was taken to the room where the dead body lay. How can I tell you what I felt when I saw the body? I put my arms round it and cried: 'What have I done? My friend! My dear friend!' The body was Henry Clerval's, and so now I had destroyed another person.

This third death was too much for me. I fell down in a kind of madness, and they had to carry me from the room. For two months I was very ill and wished only to die. But slowly my madness left me, and my health began to return. At last I was able to speak to Judge Kerwin, and I asked for news of my family.

'There is someone here who can answer your question better than I can,' he said. 'Your father arrived a few minutes ago, and is waiting to see you.'

For the first time since Henry's death I felt some happiness. I held out my hands to my father as he came into the room, and he took me in his arms. He gave me the good news that Elizabeth and Ernest were safe and well.

I was really too ill to travel, but I asked my father to take me home immediately. The police had found somebody who had seen me on my island at the time of the murder, and so the judge let me go free.

My father looked after me on the long journey home, and sat with me for every minute. Night after night while I was asleep, I shouted that I was the murderer of William, Justine, and Henry. My father asked me why I said these awful things. I wanted to answer his question, but I could not tell him my terrible secret. He thought that I was still a little mad.

We stayed for a few days in Paris on the way home, and Elizabeth wrote to me at our hotel. This is what her letter said:

My dearest Victor,

I am so happy to know that you will soon be home. But I am afraid that Henry's death is not the only reason for your sadness. Do you still want to marry me, or do you love another woman? You must tell me.

I love you, Victor, and I dream of the day when I shall be your wife. But I do not want you to marry me just because your parents wanted it. I can only be happy if you are happy.

Do not answer this letter. Wait until you arrive before you give me your answer. But if you are well, and if I can make you smile, I need nothing more to make me happy.

With all my love,

Elizabeth

I replied immediately. I told her that I loved her very much and wanted to marry her.

I remembered the monster's promise to be with me on the night of my wedding. Let him come. We would fight to the death on that night. And after that fight, I would either be dead and at peace, or alive and free... free to be happy with Elizabeth.

We arrived in Geneva soon after my letter had reached Elizabeth. It was wonderful to see her again. She ran into my arms and I held her close. She cried when she saw how thin and old I looked. She, too, was thinner because she had worried about me so much. But her gentleness and her love made her as beautiful as ever.

We agreed that the wedding would be in ten days' time. As the day came nearer, I became more and more afraid. I tried to hide my fear, and laughed and smiled as often as I could. Elizabeth knew that I was unhappy, but she was sure she could give me happiness. She looked forward to our wedding.

I began to carry a gun and a knife with me everywhere I went.

12

法官是个善良的老人，但他在看着我时表情非常严峻。他叫了好几个人来告诉我他们在前一天晚上都看到了并发现了什么。

第一个人讲了他的故事。他和他的儿子钓了一天的鱼后正往家里走。那是个黑暗的夜晚，他们在海滩上被一具男尸绊倒了。他们把尸体扛到最近的一所房子，发现那是一个二十五岁左右的、面貌英俊的男人。他的脖子上有指痕。当 they 说起指痕时，我想起了杀害我弟弟的凶手，于是便不寒而栗。

之后，那个儿子讲起了他的故事。他曾在离海岸不远的地方看到过上边有一个男人的一只船。他认为那是我的船。一个女人也曾看到有个男人驾着一只船朝海里划去。她认为我就是那个人。

然后我被带到尸体停放的那个房间。我该怎么形容我看到那具尸体时的感觉呢？我抱住尸体哭道：“我都干了什么啦？我的朋友！我亲爱的朋友！”那是亨利·克勒沃的尸体，这样我又毁了另一个人的生命。

这第三起死亡事件对我打击太大了。我近乎疯狂地倒在了地上，他们不得不把我从房间里抬走。我大病了两个月的时间，一心只想死去。但渐渐地我不再疯狂，身体也开始恢复了。最后我可以同克文法官谈话并问起我家人的情况。

“这儿有更好的人来回答你的问题。”他说道，“你父亲几分钟前来了，正等着看你呢。”

自从亨利死后，我首次感到了些许的快乐。我父亲走进屋时我朝他伸出了双手，他把我搂进了怀里。他告诉我一个好消息说伊丽莎白和欧内斯特均健康平安。

我病得实在是太重，路也走不动了，但我要我父亲立刻把我带回家去。警察已查到在谋杀发生时有人看见过我正在岛上，这样法官便释放

了我。

我父亲在回家的漫长旅途中一直照顾着我，每时每刻都坐在我的身边。一个个晚上，我在熟睡时都大声说我是杀害威廉、贾斯汀和亨利的凶手。我父亲问我为什么说出这些可怕的话。我想要回答他的问题，但又不能告诉他我那可怕的秘密。他认为我的大脑仍有些不正常。

回家途中我们在巴黎逗留了几天，伊丽莎白给我写了封信寄到了旅店。信是这样写的：

我最亲爱的维克多：

知道你很快就要回家了我非常高兴。可是我担心亨利的死并不是你伤心的唯一原因。你是仍然想要娶我，还是爱上了另外一个女人？你必须告诉我。

我爱你，维克多；我梦想着成为你的妻子的那一天。但是我不希望你只是因为你父母的意愿而娶我。只有在你幸福时我才会幸福。

不要回信。等你回来再给我答复。但是如果你身体健康或者我能让你微笑的话，那么我就再高兴不过了。

爱你的，

伊丽莎白

我立刻回了信。我告诉她我非常爱她并想和她结婚。

我想起了怪物许过的要在我的新婚之夜同我在一起的诺言。就让他来吧，我们可以在那天晚上拼死搏斗。搏斗之后，我要么安详地死去，要么自由地活着……自由而幸福地同伊丽莎白呆在一起。

伊丽莎白收到我的信后不久我们便到了日内瓦。再见到她真是太好了。她扑到我的怀里，我紧紧地搂住了她。当她看到我又瘦削又显老时哭了。她因为一直非常牵挂我也瘦了。但是她的温柔和爱意使她永远美丽。

我们商定十天后举行婚礼。这一天越是临近，我越是害怕。我竭力隐藏我的恐惧之感，尽量露出欢声笑语。伊丽莎白知道我不高兴，但她确信她可以给我幸福。她期盼着我们的婚礼。

我开始随身携带着一把枪和一把刀子。

After the wedding a large number of our friends came to a party at our house. When the party had started, Elizabeth and I said goodbye and left for our honeymoon. We travelled first by boat, and planned to spend the night at a hotel on the other side of the lake. The mountains and the lake were calm and beautiful, and at last Elizabeth and I were together. For the first time for months, and for the last time ever, I enjoyed the feeling of happiness.

In the evening the wind became stronger and soon a great storm broke above us. Every noise frightened me, and I kept my hand on my gun under my coat. I saw the monster in every shadow. Suddenly I realized how terrible the fight would be for Elizabeth. I asked her to go to bed and I decided to search for the monster. I planned to join her when I was sure he was not in or around the hotel.

Elizabeth left me and I searched every corner of the hotel—every dark doorway and staircase. I could not find him, and I began to hope that he had not followed us to the hotel. But suddenly, I heard a loud and terrible scream.

It came from our room.

Then—too late—I understood. The monster had promised to be with me on my wedding night, but he had not planned to kill me.

The scream came again, and I ran to our room. Why did I not die there and then?

On the bed, Elizabeth lay still, in the cold sleep of death. I took her in my arms... and saw the marks of the murderer's fingers on her neck.

Other people in the hotel had heard the screams and came into our room. I sent one of them to call the police. The others left me alone with my misery. I held Elizabeth close, and as I held her, I saw the monster watching me through the open window of the room. There was an evil laugh on his face. I pulled my gun from my coat and fired at him. I missed, and he ran from the window and jumped into the lake. The other people heard the noise of the shot and came back into the room. I showed them the place where the monster had jumped into the lake. We searched the edge of the lake, but we could not find him. I returned to our room and lay on the bed next to my dear wife.

Suddenly I had another terrible thought. At this very moment perhaps my father was fighting the monster, with Ernest dead at his feet. I left the hotel and returned to Geneva as fast as I could. My father and Ernest were safe, but the awful news of Elizabeth's death killed my father. He had loved Elizabeth dearly. He became ill, and after a few days he died in my arms. So the evil monster had brought unhappiness and death to a dear old man who had never hurt anybody.

I do not know what happened next. I think I left the real world, and entered a dangerous world of dreams and madness. Later I found that they had put me in prison because of my madness.

After many months they let me free. I had only one wish—to find and kill the monster.

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婚礼之后我们的大批朋友都来我们家聚会。聚会开始后，我和伊丽莎白向他们道了别并离开度蜜月去了。我们首先乘船旅行，并计划晚上在湖对岸的一家旅馆过夜。群山和湖泊宁静而美丽，我和伊丽莎白终于结合在了一起。我几个月来第一次、也是最后一次享受到了幸福的感觉。

傍晚风刮得更猛了，不久还来了一场大的暴风雨。每一个声响都让我恐惧，我一直把手放在外套下面的枪上。我在每个阴暗处都看到了那个怪物。突然间我意识到这场搏斗对于伊丽莎白来说将会是多么恐怖。我让她上床睡觉而我则决定去寻找那个怪物。我打算在确信怪物不在旅馆及其附近后再回到伊丽莎白身边。

伊丽莎白离开了我，我搜寻了旅馆里的每一个角落——每一个黑暗的厅和楼梯。我没能找到他，于是便开始希望他并没有随我们到旅馆来。但是突然间我听到了一声可怕的尖叫。

那是从我们的房间里传出来的。

于是我明白过来了——但已经是太晚了。怪物曾许诺要在我的新婚之夜跟着我的，但他并未打算要杀了我。

尖叫声又一次传来，我于是跑到了我们的房间。我为什么没有在当时当地便死去呢？

床上，伊丽莎白静静地躺着，在冰冷中长眠。我把她抱在怀中……并看见了凶手在她脖子上留下的指痕。

旅馆里的其他人听到了尖叫声，他们走进了我们的房间。我让其中的一人去报警。其他人走后，留下我一个人在痛苦中煎熬。我紧紧地搂着伊丽莎白，而我抱着她时看见怪物正透过开着的窗户看着我。他的脸上挂着邪恶的笑容。我从外套中拔出枪朝他开了火。我没有打中，他从窗户处跑开并跳到了湖里。其他人听到了枪声便又来到了那个房间。我将怪物跳湖之处指给他们看。我们在湖边搜寻，但没能找到他。我回到房间里躺到我亲爱的妻子身旁。

突然间我有了另外一个可怕的想法：也许我父亲这时正在同那个怪物打斗并且欧内斯特已死在他的脚边。

我离开旅馆并以尽最快的速度赶回了日内瓦。我父亲和欧内斯特都平安无事，但伊丽莎白死去的噩耗夺去了我父亲的生命。他曾深深地爱着伊丽莎白。他病倒了，几天之后便死在了我的怀里。这样那个邪恶的怪物将不幸和死亡带给了从未伤害过任何人的我那亲爱的老人。

我不知道接下去会发生什么。我想我当时离开了现实的世界而进入了梦幻和疯狂的危险境界。后来我才知道他们当时因为我疯狂而把我送进了监狱。

好几个月之后他们释放了我。我只有一个愿望——找到并杀死那个怪物。

I decided to leave Geneva for ever. I took all the money that I needed, and left the town. Before I left, I went to visit the place where William, Elizabeth, and my father lay at rest. I stood there and promised them that I would stay alive until I had killed the monster.

A loud, evil laugh rang out through the silent night. Then I heard the monsters's voice: 'It pleases me that you have decided to live, because that is just what I want.'

I ran towards the voice, but I could not catch the monster. I saw him running away, but he ran faster than any man could go—too fast for me to catch. But I followed him, and I have been following him since that day. I shall stay alive until I can catch him. He wants me to live as long as possible. He wants me to feel, day after day, the pain and misery that he has given me. He leaves messages to tell me where he is. He knows that I shall follow him.

I am only happy when I am asleep. I dream that I am with my family, and Elizabeth and Henry. When I am awake, I look forward to my death, to the day when I shall be with them.

In his last message the monster told me that he was going north. He wanted to take me where the cold would hurt me and make me more miserable. I followed him to the cold lands of the north, and bought dogs and a sledge. Until now, he has always left me further and further behind when I chase him. But the dogs were very fast and I was getting closer and closer to him. Soon he was only one day's journey in front of me. He was going towards the sea, and I hoped to catch him before he reached it. The chase over the ice continued for about three weeks. The pain from the cold was very great, and I began to lose hope. I thought I would never catch him. My dogs could not run much further, and one of them died. Then I saw something on the ice in front of me. It was the monster and his sledge. Suddenly I was full of hope again, and I gave a great shout of happiness.

I got closer and closer to him. Then a great storm started. The ice began to break, and the sea carried him away from me. My sledge was broken, and I lost my dogs. I was left on a piece of ice that was becoming smaller all the time. Many hours went by, and then I saw your ship. The rest you know. I ask you, Captain Walton, to chase the monster and kill him. Do not listen to what he says. He knows how to argue, and perhaps you will feel sorry for him. But remember that he is evil. Remember the deaths of William, Justine, Henry Clerval, Elizabeth, my father...and remember me, Victor Frankenstein.

There is no more for me to say, except to thank you, Captain Walton, for your help and kindness. Thank you also for listening to my story. I want you to tell the world that the monster is a danger to everyone.

I know that I have only a few hours left to live, but I can feel my loved ones near me, and I welcome death.

Goodbye. This is the end of Victor Frankenstein's story.

14

我决定永远离开日内瓦。我带上了我所需要的一切费用便离开了那个城市。走之前，我去了威廉、伊丽莎白还有我父亲的安息之处。我站在那儿向他们发誓我要活到杀死那个怪物之时。

一声响亮而邪恶的笑声响彻了静静的夜空。接着我听到怪物的声音：“你决定活下去我很高兴，因为这正是我想要的。”

我朝声音的方向跑去，但没有抓到他。我看着他跑开了，只是他跑得比任何人都快——太快了，我没法赶上他。但我跟踪着他，打那天起我一直在跟踪他。我要活到抓住他的那一天。他希望我尽可能活得长一些，以便我日复一日地感受到他带给我的痛苦和悲伤。他给我留下口信告诉我他在什么地方。他知道我会跟踪他的。

只有在熟睡时我才感到快乐。我梦见我同我的家人们、伊丽莎白和亨利在一起。我醒来时便盼望着死去，盼望着和他们在一起的那一天。

在怪物留下的最后的一个口信中，他告诉我说他要去北方。他是想把我带到寒冷的地方受煎熬，以便让我更加痛苦。我跟踪他来到北方寒冷的地方，并且买了狗和雪橇。直到现在，自打我追赶他的那个时候起，他就一直把我远远地甩到后面。可是狗跑得很快，这让我离他越来越近。不久他便离我只剩下一天的行程了。他在朝大海的方向跑去，而我希望在他到达大海之前抓住他。冰上的追逐持续了三个星期。严寒给我带来了巨大的痛苦，我开始失去信心了。我想我永远也别想追上他了。我的狗再也跑不动了，其中还死了一只。后来我看到在我前面的冰上有个什么东西。那是怪物和他的雪橇。突然间我又充满了希望，于是欢快地大喊了起来。

我离他越来越近。后来刮起了一场大的风暴。冰开始破裂，海水载着他远我而去。我的雪橇毁了，狗也都丢了。我被困在一块不断消融的冰上。好几个小时之后，我看见了你们的轮船。接下来的事你都知道了。

我请求你，沃尔顿船长，请你去追上并杀死那个怪物。不要听他说什么。他知道怎样辩解，你可能还会同情他的。但你要记住他是邪恶的，要想到威廉、贾斯汀、亨利·克勒沃、伊丽莎白、我父亲这些人的死……还有我，弗兰肯斯坦。

我没有更多要说的了；只是我得谢谢你，沃尔顿船长，谢谢你的帮助和善心，也感谢你倾听了我的故事。我想让你叫全世界的人都知道那个怪物对所有的人来说都是个危险。

我知道我只能再活几个小时了，但我能够感觉到我所爱的人们离我近了，因而我欢迎死亡的到来。

再见。这就是维克多·弗兰肯斯坦的故事的结尾。

15. Captain Walton's Note

I, Captain Robert Walton, have added this final note to the story. When you have read it, you will know that Victor Frankenstein's story was true.

Victor Frankenstein died a few hours after he had written his last word. I was sad to see him die, because he had become a good friend. But he will not be unhappy or in pain any more, and I am happy for him

We laid his body in a cabin near my own. Later I heard a voice coming from the cabin. I went into the cabin and saw a huge shape standins over the dead body. I knew that the horrible creature which was standing there was Frankenstein's monster.

‘So I have killed you, too,’ the monster said to Frankenstein's body. ‘Oh, Frankenstein, forgive me. How I wish you could answer me.’

I went towards him, and said: ‘It is too late for Frankenstein to forgive you. He is dead. His pain is ended.’

‘You do not know how much pain and unhappiness I have felt,’ said the monster. ‘I knew that I was doing evil things, but I could not stop myself. Do you think I enjoyed killing people? My heart was made for love, like a man's heart. After I killed Henry Clerval, I hated myself. But I could not stop myself from more murder. Frankenstein would not give me a wife, but he hoped to find happiness with a wife of his own. He was not fair to me. But now it is ended. Frankenstein is the last person I shall kill.

‘I have done all those evil things, but am I the only person who has done wrong? I wanted love and friendship. Think about Felix and his family, who hated me after I had given them love. Think about the man who shot me after I had saved his little girl from the river. But I know that I have done evil, and I hate myself more than you hate me. My own death is near. I shall leave this ship and go north, across the ice. I shall build a great fire, and lie down on it to die. I shall welcome the pain of the fire, because it will help me to forget the pain in my heart. I have felt more pain than Frankenstein. And when the fire has died down, I shall be at peace.’

The monster jumped from the cabin window as he said this. He got into the small boat in which he had reached the ship. The sea soon carried him away, and he was lost in the darkness.

沃尔顿船长的记录

15

我，罗伯特·沃尔顿船长已给该故事加了如下记录。读过后，你就会知道维克多·弗兰肯斯坦的故事是真实的。

维克多·弗兰肯斯坦在写完他最后一个字几小时后便死去了。看到他死去我很伤心，因为他已经成了我的好朋友。然而，他将不再会有伤心和痛苦了，因此我为他而高兴。

我们把他的尸体放在了我旁边的船舱里。后来我听到了从船舱里发出的响声。我走进那个船舱，看见尸体旁站着一个巨大的身躯。我知道站在那儿的那个令人恐怖的家伙就是弗兰肯斯坦的那个怪物。

“这样一来我把你也杀了。”怪物对着弗兰肯斯坦的尸体说道，“噢，弗兰肯斯坦，请原谅我。我多么希望你能回答我。”

我走近他说道：“让弗兰肯斯坦原谅你已经太晚了。他已经死了，痛苦已经结束了。”

“你不知道我感受到了多少痛苦和悲伤。”怪物说，“我知道我做的事情是邪恶的，可是我阻止不了我自己。你认为我喜欢杀人吗？我的心是为爱而造的，如同一般人的一样。在我杀死亨利·克勒沃后，我恨我自己，但是我阻止不了自己去杀更多的人。弗兰肯斯坦不肯给我一个妻子，他却想着给自己找个妻子并从那儿找到幸福。他对我不公平。但现在这件事情已经结束了。弗兰肯斯坦将是我杀死的最后一个人。”

“我已经做了那么多邪恶的事情，但难道只是我一个人的错吗？我需要爱和友谊。想一想菲力克斯和他的家人：我给了他们爱而他们却恨我。想一想那个男人：我从河里救了他女儿而他却朝我开枪。然而我知道我做了邪恶的事，我因而比你们还要恨我自己。我的死期已经不远了。我将离开轮船越过冰面往北去。我要生一堆大火，然后躺在上面死去。我将欢迎烈火所带来的痛苦，因为它会帮我忘记内心的痛苦。我已经比弗兰肯斯坦忍受了更多的痛苦。在烈火熄灭之时，我也会安宁了。”

怪物边说这些话边从船舱的窗户跳了出去。他上了他曾用来爬上轮船的那只小船。海水很快把他带走，他消失在了黑暗之中。

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简 介

在加利福尼亚的家里，巴克过着安逸舒适的生活。他是那儿最高大强壮的狗，地位举足轻重。他和孩子们一同散步，在水中嬉戏，冬天的时候他就坐在主人的炉火边取暖。

但是在1897年，人们在育空河发现了金矿，他们需要像巴克这样的狗。于是巴克被从家乡偷运到北方。他在那里学会了拉雪橇，在冰天雪地中日复一日地跋涉。他学会了偷食以慰饥肠，破冰取水解渴，还学会了反击来对付那些欺负他的狗。而且他学得很快。

不久巴克成为了北方所有著名的拉雪橇的狗之一。但是北部是狼群出没的森林，在那里他们对着明月长嚎。野性的呼唤在巴克的梦中回响，越来越响亮……

杰克·伦敦1876年生于旧金山，死于 1916年。他出身穷苦，在他短暂的一生中他有丰富的经历——海员、工人、育空河的淘金人、旅行家、记者和作家。他写了很多书，但是其中以《野性的呼唤》和另一本写狗的书《白芳》，最广为流传。

1 To the north

Buck did not read the newspapers. He did not know that trouble was coming for every big dog in California. Men had found gold in the Yukon, and these men wanted big, strong dogs to work in the cold and snow of the north.

Buck lived in Mr Miller's big house in the sunny Santa Clara valley. There were large gardens and fields of fruit trees around the house, and a river nearby. In a big place like this, of course, there were many dogs. There were house dogs and farm dogs, but they were not important. Buck was chief dog; he was born here, and this was his place. He was four years old and weighed sixty kilos. He went swimming with Mr Miller's sons, and walking with his daughters. He carried the grandchildren on his back, and he sat at Mr Miller's feet in front of the fire in winter.

But this was 1897, and Buck did not know that men and dogs were hurrying to north-west Canada to look for gold. And he did not know that Manuel, one of Mr Miller's garden-ers, needed money for his large family. One day, when Mr Miller was out, Manuel and Buck left the garden together. It was just an evening walk, Buck thought. No one saw them go, and only one man saw them arrive at the railway station. This man talked to Manuel, and gave him some money. Then he tied a piece of rope around Buck's neck.

Buck growled, and was surprised when the rope was pulled hard around his neck. He jumped at the man. The man caught him and suddenly Buck was on his back with his tongue out of his mouth. For a few moments he was unable to move, and it was easy for the two men to put him into the train.

When Buck woke up, the train was still moving. The man was sitting and watching him, but Buck was too quick for him and he bit the man's hand hard. Then the rope was pulled again and Buck had to let go.

That evening, the man took Buck to the back room of a bar in San Francisco. The barman looked at the man's hand and trousers covered in blood.

'How much are they paying you for this?' he asked.

'I only get fifty dollars.'

'And the man who stole him—how much did he get?' asked the barman.

'A hundred. He wouldn't take less.'

'That makes a hundred and fifty. It's a good price for a dog like him. Here, help me to get him into this.'

They took off Buck's rope and pushed him into a wooden box. He spent the night in the box in the back room of the bar. His neck still ached with pain from the rope, and he could not understand what it all meant. What did they want with him, these strange men? And where was Mr Miller?

The next day Buck was carried in the box to the railway station and put on a train to the north.

For two days and nights the train travelled north, and for two days and nights Buck neither ate nor drank. Men on the train laughed at him and pushed sticks at him through the holes in the box. For two days and nights Buck got angrier and hungrier and thirsti-er. His eyes grew red and he bit anything that moved.

In Seattle four men took Buck to a small, high-walled back garden, where a fat man in an old red coat was waiting. Buck was now very angry indeed and he jumped and bit at the sides of his box. The fat man smiled and went to get an axe and a club.

'Are you going to take him out now?' asked one of the men. 'Of course,' answered the fat man, and he began to break the box with his axe.

Immediately the four other men climbed up onto the wall to watch from a safe place.

As the fat man hit the box with his axe, Buck jumped at the sides, growling and biting, pulling with his teeth at the pieces of broken wood. After a few minutes there was a hole big enough for Buck to get out. 'Now, come here, red eyes,' said the fat man, dropping his axe and taking the club in his right hand.

Buck jumped at the man, sixty kilos of anger, his mouth wide open ready to bite the man's neck. Just before his teeth touched the skin, the man hit him with the club. Buck fell to the ground. It was the first time anyone had hit him with a club and he did not understand. He stood up, and jumped again. Again the club hit him and he crashed to the ground. Ten times he jumped at the man, and ten times the club hit him. Slowly he got to his feet, now only just able to stand. There was blood on his nose and mouth and ears. Then the fat man walked up and hit him again, very hard, on the nose. The pain was terrible. Again, Buck jumped at the man and again he was hit to the ground. A last time he jumped, and this time, when the man knocked him down, Buck did not move.

'He knows how to teach a dog a lesson,' said one of the men on the wall. Then the four men jumped down and went back to the station.

'His name is Buck,' said the fat man to himself, reading the letter that had come with the box. 'Well, Buck, my by,' he said in a friendly voice, 'we've argued a little, and I think the best thing to do now is to stop. Be a good dog and we'll be friends. But if you're a bad dog, I'll have to use my club again. Understand?'

As he spoke, he touched Buck's head, and although Buck was angry inside, he did not move. When the man brought him water and meat, Buck drank and then ate the meat, piece by piece, from the man's hand.

Buck was beaten (he knew that) but he was not broken. He had learnt that a man with a club was stronger than him. Every day he saw more dogs arrive, and each dog was beaten by the fat man. Buck understood that a man with a club must be obeyed, although he did not have to be a friend.

Men came to see the fat man and to look at the dogs. Some-times they paid money and left with one or more of the dogs. One day a short, dark man came and looked at Buck.

'That's a good dog!' he cried. 'How much do you want for him?'

'Three hundred dollars. It's a good price, Perrault,' said the fat man.

Perrault smiled and agreed that it was a good price. He knew dogs, and he knew that Buck was an excellent dog.

“One in ten thousand,” Perrault said to himself.

Buck saw money put into the fat man’s hand, and he was not surprised when he and another dog called Curly were taken away by Perrault. He took them to a ship, and later that day Buck and Curly stood and watched the coast get further and further away. They had seen the warm south for the last time.

Perrault took Buck and Curly down to the bottom of the ship. There they met another man, Francois. Perrault was a French—Canadian, but Francois was half—Indian, tall and dark. Buck learnt quickly that Perrault and Francois were fair men, calm and honest. And they knew everything about dogs.

There were two other dogs on the ship. One was a big dog called Spitz, as white as snow. He was friendly to Buck at first, always smiling. He was smiling when he tried to steal Buck’s food at the first meal. Francois was quick and hit Spitz before Buck had time to move. Buck decided that this was fair, and began to like Francois a little.

Dave, the other dog, was not friendly. He wanted to be alone all the time. He ate and slept and was interested in nothing.

One day was very like another, but Buck noticed that the weather was getting colder. One morning, the ship’s engines stopped, and there was a feeling of excitement in the ship. Francois leashed the dogs and took them outside. At the first step Buck’s feet went into something soft and white. He jumped back in surprise. The soft, white thing was also falling through the air, and it fell onto him. He tried to smell it, and then caught some on his tongue. It bit like fire, and then disappeared. He tried again and the same thing happened. People were watching him and laughing, and Buck felt ashamed, although he did not know why. It was his first snow.

1 北部之旅

巴克不曾读过报纸，他不知道人们需要高大强壮能够在北方的严寒和冰雪中工作的狗。人们在育空河发现了金矿，因此对加利福尼亚的每一条大狗来说都在劫难逃。

在阳光明媚的桑塔·克拉拉山谷中，巴克的家就在米勒先生的大房子里。房子的周围是开阔的庄园和种满了果树的田野。一条小河从附近流过。这样一个辽阔的地方，是狗的乐园。诸如看门狗和牧羊犬，但他们是无足轻重的。真正的狗的首领是巴克；他生于斯长于斯，这儿简直就是他的天下。他4岁，体重60公斤。他同米勒先生的儿子一起游泳，也陪着他的女儿们一起去散步，有时他还会给米勒先生的孙儿们当马骑。冬天到了，他就偎着炉火蹲坐在米勒先生的脚边。

然而到了1897年，巴克不知道这一年人们都带着狗蜂涌到加拿大西北部寻找金矿。他更不知道，米勒先生的一个园丁曼纽埃勒需要钱养活他的一大家子。有一天，米勒先生出去了，曼纽埃勒带着巴克离开了庄园。对于巴克来说，他还以为这只是傍晚的散步。没有人看到他们，只有一个人看见他们到了火车站。这个人同曼纽埃勒说了什么，然后塞给他一些钱，随后他将一条绳子系到巴克的脖子上。

巴克咆哮起来，却吃惊地发现脖子上的绳索勒得紧紧的。他跳起来直扑向那个人。那人一把抓住了巴克，突然巴克就被仰面朝天摔在地上，舌头也被拽了出来。过了好一会儿他都动弹不得，于是两个人轻而易举地把他送上了火车。

当巴克醒过来的时候，火车仍然在开。那人坐在那儿注视着他，然而巴克却更加迅疾，狠狠地咬住了那人的手。但脖子上的绳索又一次勒住了他，巴克不得不松了口。

那天晚上，那个人把巴克带到旧金山一间酒吧的后屋里。酒吧老板看了看那人血迹斑斑的手和长裤。

“他们付你多少钱？”他问。

“我只挣50美元。”

“那么那个偷狗的人——他又赚多少？”酒吧老板问道。

“100美元。他不肯少一个子儿。”

“也就是说150美元。对于这样一条狗可真是个好价钱。这边来，帮我把他弄到这里去。”

他们解开巴克的绳索然后把他推进一只木箱。他在酒吧的后屋里在那个木箱中过了一夜。他的脖子仍然因为绳子勒过而疼痛不已，而且他对于所有的一切都如坠五里云中。这些陌生人他们想让他做什么呢？米勒先生又在哪里呢？

第二天巴克被关在木箱里运到火车站，送上了北去的列车。火车向北开了两天两夜。这两天两夜，巴克忍饥挨饿，滴水未进。火车上的人们嘲笑他，把木棍从箱子上的洞中伸进去捅他。这两天两夜，巴克越来越怒火中烧，也越来越饥渴难忍。他红着眼睛，撕咬所有移动的东西。

在西雅图，四个人把巴克抬进一座小小的但却有高高院墙的庄园里。一个身着旧红外套的肥胖男人等在那里。这当口儿巴克已经愤怒到了极点。他跳着，咬着木箱的边缘。那胖子微微一笑，拿来一把斧子和一根木棍。

“你打算现在就把他放出来吗？”其中一人问道。

“当然。”胖子说。他开始用斧子劈开木箱。

立即，另外4个人爬到院墙上去，从安全的地方观望着。

当那个胖子用斧头劈开木箱时巴克在边缘处跳着，咆哮着、撕咬着，用牙齿扯着碎木片。一会儿，就有一个洞，大到足可以让巴克钻出来。

“现在，过来，你这急红了眼的。”那胖子说着扔下斧头，右手抄起木棍。

巴克60公斤的愤怒之躯扑向那人，他大张着嘴准备一口咬住那人的脖子。就在他的牙齿刚刚碰到皮肤的时候，那人用棍子给了他一下，巴克摔倒在地。这还是头一次有人用棍子打他，他不知所措。他站起来，再次猛扑过去，木棍再次击中了他使他瘫倒在地。他扑了10次，木棍就打他10次。他慢慢地站起来，现在他仅能勉强站住。鲜血从他的口鼻和耳朵中涌出来。然后那人走上前又打了他，狠狠地击中了他的鼻子。剧痛袭来，巴克再一次扑向那人，但他又被打倒在地。最后一次他扑上去，而这一次，当那人把他打倒时，巴克再也没有动弹一下。

“他可知道如何把狗制得服服帖帖的，”墙上的一个人说。然后这4个人跳下来，回车站去了。

“他的名字叫巴克。”那胖子自言自语道，读着写在木箱上的字母。“咳，巴克，我的孩子，”他用友好的语气说道。“我们有个小小的争斗，现在我想我们最好停战。做一只好狗，我们会成为朋友的。但是你若使坏，我就不得不用棍子对付你了，明白吗？”

他一边说，一边抚摸着巴克的头。虽然巴克愤恨难平，他却没有再反抗。当那人给他拿来水和肉时，巴克喝了水，又从那人的手上一片又一片地吃着肉。

巴克挨了打（他现在知道怎么回事了），但他并未就此垮掉。他知道那个拿棍子的男人比他强大。每一天他都看见许多狗被送进来。每条狗都被那胖子痛打过。巴克明白他虽然不必成为那人的朋友，却必须听从他。

人们来找胖子看狗。有时他们付了钱牵走一只或更多的狗。一天一个黑矮的人来了，他看见了巴克。

“那可是条好狗！”他叫道。“你卖多少钱？”

“300美元。这是个好价钱，佩诺特，”那胖子说。

佩诺特笑了，他知道这价钱合适。他是狗的行家里手，他明白巴克是一条优秀的狗。“千里挑一”，佩诺特心里说。

巴克看见那胖子收了钱，并且当他和另一条叫科莉的狗被佩诺特带走时他对此已经不足为奇了。他把他们带上船，那天不久巴克和科莉站在那儿看着越来越远的海岸，这是他们最后一次看见温暖的南方了。

佩诺特把巴克和科莉带到船尾，在那里他们见到另一个人，弗朗索瓦斯。佩诺特是法国与加拿大的混血儿，弗朗索瓦斯则有一半印第安人的血统，又黑又高。巴克很快就了解佩诺特和费朗索瓦斯为人不错，沉稳可靠。他们对于狗的习性可谓了如指掌。

船上还有两只别的狗。其中有一只大狗叫斯皮兹，浑身雪白。他起初对巴克倒挺友好，时时冲他微笑致意。但吃第一顿饭时，他就企图偷吃巴克的食物，而脸上居然微笑着。在巴克还来不及采取任何行动之前，弗朗索瓦斯就迅速给了斯皮兹一下。巴克觉得这事处理得挺公道，他对弗朗索瓦斯有了一点儿好感。

另一只狗戴夫并不友善。他喜欢独自呆着。他除了吃就是睡，对一切都漠不关心。

有一天一切如常，但巴克留意到天气渐渐地在变冷。一个早晨，船的马达终于停止了，船上有一种令人兴奋的气氛。弗朗索瓦斯用绳子拴出狗，把他们带出船舱。巴克一迈脚就陷进一种轻软洁白的东西里，他惊恐地跳了回去。那轻软洁白的东西也正从空中飘下来，落在他的身上。他尝试着嗅嗅它，然后又用舌头舔舔它，那东西嚼起来像火一样灼烧，但转瞬就无影无踪了。他又试了试，还是同样的结果。人们看着他笑了起来。虽然巴克不知道为什么，但他害了羞。这毕竟是他第一次接触到雪。

2 The law of club and tooth

Buck's first day at Dyea Beach was terrible. Every hour there was some new, frightening surprise. There was no peace, no rest—only continual noise and movement. And every minute there was danger, because these dogs and men were not town dogs and men. They knew only the law of club and tooth.

Buck had never seen dogs fight like these dogs; they were like wolves. In a few minutes he learnt this from watching Curly. She tried to make friends with a dog, a big one, although not as big as she was. There was no warning. The dog jumped on Curly, his teeth closed together, then he jumped away, and Curly's face was torn open from eye to mouth.

Wolves fight like this, biting and jumping away, but the fight did not finish then. Thirty or forty more dogs ran up and made a circle around the fight, watching silently. Curly tried to attack the dog who had bitten her; he bit her a second time, and jumped away. When she attacked him again, he knocked her backwards, and she fell on the ground. She never stood up again, because this was what the other dogs were waiting for. They moved in, and in a moment she was under a crowd of dogs.

It was all very sudden. Buck saw Spitz run out from the crowd with his tongue out of his mouth, laughing. Then he saw Francois with an axe, and two or three other men with clubs jump in among the dogs. Two minutes later the last of the dogs was chased away. But Curly lay dead in the snow, her body torn almost to pieces. Curly's death often came back to Buck in his dreams. He understood that once a dog was down on the ground, he was dead. He also remembered Spitz laughing, and from that moment he hated him.

Then Buck had another surprise. Francois put a harness on him. Buck had seen harnesses on horses, and now he was made to work like a horse, pulling Francois on a sledge into the forest and returning with wood for the fire. Buck worked with Spitz and Dave. The two other dogs had worked in a harness before, and Buck learnt by watching them. He also learnt to stop and turn when Francois shouted.

'Those three are very good dogs,' Francois told Perrault. 'That Buck pulls very well, and he's learning quickly.'

Perrault had important letters and official papers to take to Dawson City, so that afternoon he bought two more dogs, two brothers called Billee and Joe. Billee was very friendly, but Joe was the opposite. In the evening Perrault bought one more dog, an old dog with one eye. His name was Sol-leks, which means The Angry One. Like Dave, he made no friends; all he wanted was to be alone.

That night Buck discovered another problem. Where was he going to sleep? Francois and Perrault were in their tent, but when he went in, they shouted angrily and threw things at him. Outside it was very cold and windy. He lay down in the snow, but he was too cold to sleep.

He walked around the tents trying to find the other dogs. But, to his surprise, they had disappeared. He walked around Perrault's tent, very, very cold, wondering what to do. Suddenly, the snow under his feet fell in, and he felt something move. He jumped back, waiting for the attack, but heard only a friendly bark. There, in a warm hole under the snow, was Billee.

So that was what you had to do. Buck chose a place, dug himself a hole and in a minute he was warm and asleep. He slept well, although his dreams were bad.

When he woke up, at first he did not know where he was. It had snowed in the night and the snow now lay thick and heavy above him. Suddenly he was afraid—the fear of a wild animal when it is caught and cannot escape. Growling, he threw himself at the snow, and a moment later, he had jumped upwards into the daylight. He saw the tents and remembered everything, from the time he had gone for a walk with Manuel to the moment he had dug the hole the night before. 'What did I say?' shouted Francois to Perrault, when he saw Buck come up out of the snow. 'That Buck learns quickly.'

Perrault smiled slowly. He was carrying important papers, and he needed good dogs. He was very pleased to have Buck.

They bought three more dogs that morning, and a quarter of an hour later all nine dogs were in harness and on their way up the Dyea Canyon. Buck was not sorry to be moving, and although it was hard work, he almost enjoyed it. He was also surprised to see that Dave and Sol-leks no longer looked bored and miserable. Pulling in a harness was their job, and they were happy to do it.

Dave was sledge-dog, the dog nearest to the sledge. In front of him was Buck, then came Sol-leks. In front of them were the six other dogs, with Spitz as leader at the front. Francois had put Buck between Dave and Sol-leks because they could teach him the work. Buck learnt well, and they were good teachers. When Buck pulled the wrong way, Dave always bit his leg, but only lightly. Once, when they stopped, Buck got tied up in his harness, and it took ten minutes to get started again. Both Dave and Sol-leks gave him a good beating for that mistake. Buck understood, and was more careful after that.

It was a hard day's journey, up the Dyea Canyon and into the mountains. They camped that night at Lake Bennett. Here there were thousands of gold miners. They were building boats to sail up the lake when the ice melted in the spring. Buck made his hole in the snow and slept well, but was woken up very early and harnessed to the sledge. The first day they had travelled on snow that had been hardened by many sledges and they covered sixty kilometres. But the next day, and for days afterwards, they were on new snow. The work was harder and they went slowly. Usually, Perrault went in front, on snowshoes, flattening the snow a little for the dogs. Francois stayed by the sledge. Sometimes the two men changed places, but there were many small lakes and rivers, and Perrault understood ice better. He always knew when the ice across a river was very thin.

Day after day Buck pulled in his harness. They started in the morning before it was light, and they stopped in the evening after dark, ate a piece of fish, and went to sleep in their holes under the snow. Buck was always hungry. Francois gave him 750 grams of dried fish a day, and it was never enough. The other dogs were given only 500 grams; they were smaller and could stay on less food.

Buck learnt to eat quickly; if he was too slow, the other dogs stole his food. He saw Pike, one of the new dogs, steal some meat from the sledge when Perrault wasn't looking. The next day Buck stole some and got away unseen. Perrault was very angry, but he thought another dog, Dub, had taken it and so punished him instead of Buck.

Buck was learning how to live in the north. In the south he had never stolen, but there he had never been so hungry. He stole cleverly and secretly, remembering the beatings from the man with the club.

Buck was learning the law of club and tooth.

He learnt to eat any food—anything that he could get his teeth into. He learnt to break the ice on water holes with his feet when he wanted to drink He was stronger, harder, and could see and smell better than ever before. In a way, he was remembering back to the days when wild dogs travelled in packs through the forest, killing for meat as they went. It was easy for him to learn to fight like a wolf, because it was in his blood. In the evenings, when he pointed his nose at the moon and howled long and loud, he was remembering the dogs and wolves that had come before him.

2 暴力原则

巴克在戴依海岸的第一天糟透了。每时每刻都会有令他惊恐而又新奇的东西。这里没有静谧，也没有休憩——只有无休止的喧嚣和来来往往。在这里每一分钟都会有危险，因为这些人 and 狗都不是来自城镇，他们只承认大棒和牙齿。

巴克从未见过像这群狗一样争斗的狗，他们像狼一样凶狠。不过几分钟，他便从科莉的遭遇中悟出了这个道理。她试图同一只狗做朋友，一只大狗，虽然他不及科莉块头大；但连警告都没有，这狗猛地扑向科莉，犬牙交错。然后他跳到一边，而科莉的脸从眼睛到嘴都被撕开了。

只有狼才这样攻击、撕咬和跳开，但是战斗并未结束。三四十条狗跑过来，围着战场站成一圈，静静地观望着。科莉竭力想反击那条咬她的狗；他又一次咬住了她，然后跳开。当她再度进攻时，他把她向后撞倒在地。她再也没有站起来，因为这正是其它的狗等待的。他们冲了进来，然后不消一会儿，她就葬身在数条狗的撕扯践踏之下了。

这一切都发生得那么突然。巴克看见斯皮兹从狗群中跑出来，耷拉着舌头，脸上还挂着微笑。然后他看见弗朗索瓦斯手拿斧头和另外两三人拿着木棍跳进狗群。两分钟之后，最后一只狗也被赶开了。但是科莉已经倒死在雪地上，她几乎被撕成了碎片。科莉之死后来常常出现在巴克的梦中。他明白一旦一条狗倒在地上，就意味着死去。他还记得斯皮兹的笑容，从那时起，他对他生出一种仇恨来。

这之后，巴克又有了一个新的惊奇。弗朗索瓦斯把挽具套到他的身上。巴克以前只看见马被套上马具，而现在他不得不像马一样工作了，把弗朗索瓦斯用雪橇拉进森林然后再装满食物拉回来做饭吃。巴克和斯皮兹还有戴夫一起工作。这两条狗以前拉过雪橇，于是巴克就通过模仿他们来学习。他还学会了听从弗朗索瓦斯的指示停步和转弯。

“这三条狗可真不赖，”弗朗索瓦斯告诉佩诺特，“那个巴克拉得非常好，他一学就会。”

佩诺特要把一些重要的信件和官方文件带到道桑镇去，所以那天下午他又买了两只狗。这两个是同胞兄弟，分别叫贝利和乔。贝利性情很随和，乔则正相反。一天晚上，佩诺特又买了一只独眼老狗，他叫索拉克斯，意思是“愤怒者”，同戴夫一样，他喜欢独来独往，没有朋友。

晚上巴克遇到另一个难题。他该去哪儿睡觉呢？弗朗索瓦斯和佩诺特睡在帐篷里，可是当他走进去时，他们生气地冲他叫嚷着，扔东西撵他。外面是酷冷和狂风的世界。他躺在雪地上，冻得睡不着。

他围着帐篷打转儿，想找到自己的同伴。但是，让他吃惊的是，所有的狗都不见了踪影。他围着佩诺特的帐篷走着，他是何等的寒冷啊，可是他却不知所措。突然，他脚下的雪地塌陷了下去，他踩在一个活物上。他跳回去，等着一场恶斗。但是他却听见一声友好的低吠。原来是贝利躺在雪地下一个温暖的洞穴里。

这就是不得已而为之的事情。巴克选了一个地方，挖了一个洞，不一会儿他就又暖和又瞌睡。他睡得很香，尽管做了很多恶梦。

当他醒过来的时候，起初不知自己身在何处。雪下了一整夜，积雪又厚又重地压在身上。蓦地，他感到了恐惧——一种野兽被抓住而无从脱身的恐惧。咆哮着，他用身体撞着积雪。一会儿，他就跳了上来，外面已经是白昼了。他看见帐篷，记起了发生的每一件事，从他和曼纽埃勒散步的那一刻起直到前一夜他挖洞睡觉的时候。

“我说什么来着，”弗朗索瓦斯看见巴克从雪中跳出来时嚷道。“那个巴克一学就会！”

佩诺特慢慢地绽开了笑容。他随身带着重要的文件，他需要优秀的狗。有巴克在着实令他高兴。

那个早晨，他们又买了3条狗。一小时又一刻钟之后，9条狗都套上了挽具，直奔泰依峡谷而去。巴克并不觉得奔跑是一件坏事情，虽然这活儿不轻，他却几乎着了迷。让他更惊奇的是他看到戴夫和索拉克斯不再萎靡不振，无精打采。套上挽具拉雪橇是他们的工作，他们是乐此不疲的。

戴夫最靠近雪橇，也就是所谓的雪橇狗。他前面是巴克，后面是索拉克斯。他们前面是另外6条狗，斯皮兹跑在最前头，他是领队。弗朗索瓦斯把巴克放到戴夫和索拉克斯之间，因为他们能教他如何工作。巴克学的很快，而他俩也是好老师。当巴克拉错了的时候，戴夫就咬他的腿，但只是轻轻的。有一次，当他们停下来时，巴克在挽具里扭了结，他们花了10分钟才起程。戴夫和索拉克斯为此狠狠揍了他一顿，但巴克自知罪责难逃，从此加倍小心。

这一天旅途异常辛劳，翻过泰依峡谷进入山区。那晚他们在贝耐湖湖边宿营。这儿有成千上万的淘金者。他们正在制造小船准备着春天冰雪消融时过河。巴克挖了一个雪洞，美美地睡了一觉，但他很早就被叫起来套上挽具拉雪橇。第一天，他们在雪地里奔波，雪已经被数百个雪橇碾过，压得结结实实的，他们赶了60公里路。但是第二天和以后的日子里，他们在新雪上奔跑。21这工作非常辛苦，他们进程缓慢。通常是由佩诺特穿着雪地靴走在前面，为狗把雪地踏得平实一些。弗朗索瓦斯呆在雪橇上，有时他们调换一下。但佩诺特对付冰比较在行，而路上有许多小湖泊和河流。他总是知道什么时候河上的冰层最薄。

巴克日复一日地拉着雪橇。他们天不亮就起程，直走到日落西山才停下来，吃一点鱼，然后钻到雪洞里睡觉。巴克总是吃不饱。弗朗索瓦斯一天喂给他750克干鱼，但他仍然不够吃。其余的狗每天只能得到500克鱼吃；他们体型较小，进食少一些仍可以生存。

巴克学会了快速进食；因为如果他吃的慢了，别的狗就会偷他的食物吃。他见到新来的狗中一只叫派克的狗趁佩诺特没看见时从雪橇上偷肉吃。第二天巴克也偷了嘴，但没有被发觉。佩诺特非常生气，但他还以为是另一条叫达布的狗干的，他教训了它一顿，而巴克得以幸免。

巴克适应了北方的生存方式。在南方他从未于过偷窃的行当，但在那儿他也从来不用饿肚子。他偷得巧妙又隐蔽，牢牢记着那个拿大棒的男人给他的痛打。巴克正在学会如何对付大棒和牙齿。

他学会了吃各种食物——吃只要他咬得动的任何一种东西。他学会了用脚破冰取水来解渴。他变得更加强壮、威猛，嗅觉和视觉也比以前更发达了。从某种意义上说，他逐渐地恢复野性，像以前的野狗一样穿梭在丛林中捕食。对他来说，学会像狼一样厮杀易如反掌，因为这是与他血脉相通的本性。晚上，当他仰望望月，凄厉地长嗥时，他记起来他的祖先。

3 The wild animal

The wild animal was strong in Buck, and as he travelled across the snow, it grew stronger and stronger. And as Buck grew stronger, he hated Spitz more and more, although he was careful never to start a fight.

But Spitz was always showing his teeth to Buck, trying to start a fight. And Buck knew that if he and Spitz fought, one of them would die.

The fight almost happened one night when they stopped by Lake Laberge. There was heavy snow and it was very cold. The lake was frozen and Francois, Perrault, and the dogs had to spend the night on the ice, under a big rock. Buck had made a warm hole in the snow and was sorry to leave it to get his piece of fish. But when he had eaten, and returned to his hole, he found Spitz in it. Buck had tried not to fight Spitz before, but this was too much. He attacked him angrily. Spitz was surprised. He knew Buck was big, but he didn't know he was so wild. Francois was surprised too, and guessed why Buck was angry. 'Go on Buck!' he shouted. 'Fight him, the dirty thief!'

Spitz was also ready to fight, and the two dogs circled one another, looking for the chance to jump in. But suddenly there was a shout from Perrault, and they saw eighty or a hundred dogs around the sledge. The dogs came from an Indian village, and they were searching for the food that they could smell on the sledge. Perrault and Francois tried to fight them off with their clubs, but the dogs, made crazy by the smell of the food, showed their teeth and fought back.

Buck had never seen dogs like these. They were all skin and bone, but hunger made them fight like wild things. Three of them attacked Buck and in seconds his head and legs were badly bitten. Dave and Sol-leks stood side by side, covered in blood, fighting bravely. Joe and Pike jumped on one dog, and Pike broke its neck with one bite. Buck caught another dog by the neck and tasted blood. He threw himself on the next one, and then felt teeth in his own neck. It was Spitz, attacking him from the side.

Perrault and Francois came to help with clubs, but then they had to run back to save the food. It was safer for the nine sledge-dogs to run away across the lake. Several of them were badly hurt, and they spent an unhappy night hiding among the tress.

At first light they returned to the sledge and found Perrault and Francois tired and angry. Half their food was gone. The Indian dogs had even eaten one of Perrault's shoes. Francois looked at his dogs unhappily.

'Ah, my friends,' he said softly, 'Perhaps those bites will make you ill. What do you think, Perrault?'

Perrault said nothing. They still had six hundred kilometres to travel, and he hoped very much that his sledge-dogs had not caught rabies from the Indian dogs.

The harness was torn and damaged and it was two hours before they were moving, travelling slowly and painfully over the most difficult country that they had been in.

The Thirty Mile River was not frozen. It ran too fast to freeze. They spent six days trying to find a place to cross, and every step was dangerous for dogs and men. Twelve times they found ice bridges across the river, and Perrault walked carefully onto them, holding a long piece of wood. And twelve times he fell through a bridge and was saved by the piece of wood, which caught on the sides of the hole. But the temperature was 45° below zero, and each time Perrault fell into the water, he had to light a fire to dry and warm himself. Once, the sledge fell through the ice, with Dave and Buck, and they were covered in ice by the time Perrault and Francois pulled them out of the river. Again, a fire was needed to save them. Another time, Spitz and the dogs in front fell through the ice—Buck and Dave and Francois at the sledge had to pull backwards. That day they travelled only four hundred metres.

When they got to the Hootalinqua and good ice, Buck and the other dogs were very, very tired. But they were late, so Perrault made them run faster. In three days they went a hundred and eighty kilometres and reached the Five Fingers.

The other dogs had hard feet from years of pulling sledges, but Buck's feet were still soft from his easy life down south. All day he ran painfully, and when they camped for the night, he lay down like a dead dog. He was hungry, but he was too tired to walk to the fish, so Francois brought it to him. One day Francois made four little shoes for him, and this made Buck much more comfortable. Francois forgot the shoes one morning, and Buck refused to move. He lay on his back with his feet in the air, until Francois put the shoes on. Later his feet grew harder and the shoes were not needed.

One morning, at the Pelly River, a dog called Dolly went suddenly mad. She howled long and loud like a wolf and then jumped at Buck. Buck ran, with Dolly one step behind him. She could not catch him, but he could not escape from her. They ran half a kilometre, and then Buck heard Francois call to him. He turned and ran towards the man, sure that Francois would save him. Francois stood, holding his axe, and as Buck passed, the axe crashed down on Dolly's head.

Buck fell down by the sledge, too tired to move. Immediately, Spitz attacked him and bit his helpless enemy twice, as hard as he could. But Francois saw this, and gave Spitz a terrible beating for it.

'He's a wild dog, that Spitz,' said Perrault. 'One day he'll kill Buck.'

'Buck is wilder,' replied Francois. 'I've been watching him. One day he'll get very angry and he'll fight Spitz; and he'll win.' Francois was right. Buck wanted to be lead-dog. Spitz knew this and hated him. Buck started to help the other dogs when Spitz punished them for being lazy. One morning, Pike refused to get up, and Spitz looked for him everywhere. When he found him, he jumped at him. But suddenly, Buck attacked Spitz. The other dogs saw this, and it became more and more difficult for Spitz to lead them. But the days passed without a chance for a fight, and soon they were pulling into Dawson City on a cold grey afternoon.

They stayed in Dawson for seven days. When they left, Perrault was carrying some more very important papers, and he wanted to travel back as fast as possible.

They travelled eighty kilometres the first day, and the same the second. But it was difficult work for Francois. Buck and Spitz hated each other, and the other dogs were not afraid of Spitz any more. One night Pike stole half a fish from Spitz, and ate it standing next to Buck. And every time Buck went near Spitz, he growled and the hair on his back stood up angrily. The other dogs fought in their harnesses and Francois often had to stop the sledge. He knew that Buck was the problem, but Buck was too clever for him and Francois never saw him actually starting a fight.

One night in camp, the dogs saw a snow rabbit and in a sec-ond they were all chasing it, with Spitz in front. Nearby was another camp, with fifty dogs, who also Joined the chase. The rabbit was running fast on top of the snow, but the snow was soft, and it was more difficult for the dogs. When Spitz caught the rabbit, throwing it in the air with his teeth, Buck was just behind. Spitz stopped, and Buck hit him, very hard. The two dogs fell in the snow. Spitz bit Buck very quickly, twice, and then jumped away, watching carefully.

The time had come, and Buck knew that either he or Spitz must die. They watched one another, circling slowly. Themoon was shining brightly on the snow, and in the cold still air not a leaf moved on the trees. The other dogs finished eating the rabbit and then turned to watch.

Spitz was a good fighter. He was full of hate and anger, but he was also intelligent. Every time Buck tried to bite his throat, he met Spitz’s own teeth. Then, each time Buck attacked, Spitz moved and bit him on the side as he passed. After a few minutes, Buck was covered in blood.

He attacked again, but this time turned at the last minute and went under Spitz, biting his left front leg. The bone broke, and Spitz was standing on three legs. Buck tried to knock Spitz down, and then repeated his earlier attack and broke Spitz’s right front leg.

There was no hope for Spitz now. Buck got ready for his final attack, while the circle of sixty dogs watched, and crowded nearer and nearer, waiting for the end. At last Buck jumped, in and out, and Spitz went down in the snow. A second later the waiting pack was on top of him, and Spitz had disappeared. Buck stood and watched. The wild animal had made its kill.

3 野性

巴克身上有着强烈的野性。当他在雪野上奔跑时，这野性也就越来越强烈。在他日益强壮的同时，虽然他加倍小心不挑起争端，他对斯皮兹的仇恨也与日俱增。

但是斯皮兹却常常对着巴克龇牙咧嘴，试图找碴打架。巴克心中很清楚，两犬相争，必有一死。

一天晚上，当他们停驻在雷伯格湖畔的时候，一场恶战一触即发。那里天寒地冻，积雪深厚。湖面冻住了，弗朗索瓦斯、佩诺特和狗们不得不在冰上的一个巨岩下过夜。巴克在雪下为自己做了一个暖和的洞穴，这使他很不情愿起身去吃掉自己的那份鱼。但当他吃完回到洞里时，发现斯皮兹已经占据了那里。以前，巴克总是避免同斯皮兹冲突。但这一次却忍无可忍，他愤怒地进攻了。斯皮兹吃了一惊。他知道巴克个头高大，却未料到 he 这样凶猛。弗朗索瓦斯也惊呆了，他猜到了巴克为什么生气。

“上，巴克！”他喊道，“教训教训他，这下流坏。”

斯皮兹做好了迎战的准备。两条狗一个接一个地兜着圈子，寻找出击的机会。但是突然，佩诺特叫了起来。然后他们看见有80到100多条狗围上了雪撬。这些狗来自一个印第安村落，他们在找食物时嗅到了雪撬。佩诺特和弗朗索瓦斯试图用木棍吓退他们，但是那些狗被食物的气味刺激地发了疯，他们露出牙齿进行反击。

巴克从未看见过这样的狗。他们瘦骨嶙峋，但是饥饿使他们如野兽一样凶猛。其中3条狗进攻巴克。不过几秒钟，他的头和腿就受了重伤。戴夫和索拉克斯并肩作战，浴血奋斗。乔和派克扑倒了一条狗。派克一口咬开了他的脖子，巴克咬住了另一条狗的脖子，尝到了鲜血的滋味。他又扑向另一个，却觉得自己的脖子被咬住了，那是斯皮兹从边上偷袭他。

佩诺特和弗朗索瓦斯手拿木棍来帮忙。但他们不得不跑回去看管食物。对于这9条拉雪撬的狗来说，从湖上逃开更安全些。因为其中几个已受了重伤。他们在树林中藏身，度过了一个不快的夜晚。

在黎明第一道曙光中，他们回到了雪撬上，发现佩诺特和弗朗索瓦斯疲惫不堪，怒火中烧，他们一半食物都没有了。那群印第安狗甚至吃掉了佩诺特的一只鞋子。弗朗索瓦斯悲伤地看着他的狗。

“唉，我的朋友们，”他轻声说道，“这些伤口可能会让你们难受的。你说呢，佩诺特？”

佩诺特一言不发。他们仍然还有600公里路，他不希望自己的狗从印第安狗那里染上狂犬病。

挽具也被扯得七零八落。他们花了两个小时才起程赶路。在他们旅途中最艰难的国度中缓慢而艰难地跋涉。

“30里河”没有结冰，因为它的流速太快了。他们花了6天工夫企图找到一处过河的地方——每一步对于人和狗来说都险象环生。12次他们都发现了河上的冰桥，佩诺特小心翼翼地走上去，手持一块木板，12次他都跌了下来，幸而有木板的边缘撑住冰洞。佩诺特才得以生还。但是由于气温下降到零下45℃，所以佩诺特每次落水，都不得生火烤干自己。一次，雪撬连带着戴夫，巴克一同跌到冰层下。当佩诺特和弗朗索瓦斯把他们救上来时，他们从头到脚都结了冰。他们不得不再次生火取暖。又一次，斯皮兹和前面的狗跌入了冰里——巴克、戴夫和雪撬上的弗朗索瓦斯不得不费力把他们拽回来，那天他们只走了400米。

当他们到达呼塔林格时，冰层很厚，巴克和其余的狗已经筋疲力竭了。可是由于他们已经耽误了，所以佩诺特驱赶他们跑得更快一些。3天时间里，他们赶了180公里路，抵达一个叫“五指”的地方。

别的狗由于长年拉雪橇，脚上已经磨出了茧子。但巴克的脚却由于在南方舒适的生活而非常娇嫩；一整天他都忍着痛苦奔跑，但当他们晚上安营休息时，他像死狗一样瘫在了地上。他饿极了，但极度的疲惫让他连起身吃鱼的力气都没有了。于是，弗朗索瓦斯把鱼拿过去喂给他吃。一天，弗朗索瓦斯做了4只小鞋给他。这使巴克比以前好受多了。一天早晨，弗朗索瓦斯忘记给他穿鞋子，巴克就四脚朝天地躺在地上拒绝动身，直到弗朗索瓦斯把鞋子给他穿上。后来他的脚比以前厚实多了，鞋子就不需要了。

一天早晨，在派克河，一个叫多莉的狗突然发了疯。她像狼一样凄厉地长嗥着，向巴克扑去。巴克拔脚就逃，而多莉紧追不舍。她无法抓住他，但他同样不能摆脱她。他们追跑了半公里，巴克听见弗朗索瓦斯在叫他。他掉头向他跑去。他知道弗朗索瓦斯肯定是要救他。弗朗索瓦斯站在那里，拿着斧头，当巴克跑过去之后，他用斧子一下子劈碎了多莉的脑壳。

巴克扑倒在雪撬上，疲惫地再也动弹不得。立刻，斯皮兹就偷袭了他，用尽全身的力气，狠狠地咬了他已经无力反抗的敌人。但弗朗索瓦斯看到了这一幕，他狠狠揍了斯皮兹一顿。

“那个斯皮兹简直是条野狗”。佩诺特说，“总有一天他会杀了巴克的。”

“巴克更野。”弗朗索瓦斯说道，“我总是在观察他，有一天他气极了就会和斯皮兹决一雌雄的，我包他会赢。”

弗朗索瓦斯说对了，巴克想做一名头狗。斯皮兹知道这一点并因此而憎恨他。当别的狗由于偷懒而受到斯皮兹的惩罚时，巴克却纵容他们。有个早晨，巴克不愿起来，斯皮兹到处找他。当被他发现了之后，斯皮兹立刻就扑了过去；但突然，巴克袭击了他，其它的狗都看出了他们的对立，对斯皮兹来说领导他们越来越难了。但是，时间一天天地过去，他们没有机会打架。不久，在一个灰冷的下午，他们到达了道桑镇。

他们在道桑逗留了7天。离开的时候，佩诺特带了更多极其重要的文件，他希望能够尽早赶回去。

第一天，他们赶了80公里路，第二天如是。但对于弗朗索瓦斯来说却是件苦差。巴克和斯皮兹彼此仇恨。而斯皮兹对其余的狗来说也失去

了他的权威性。一天晚上，派克从斯皮兹那里偷了半条鱼，公然站在巴克旁边吃起来。每一次巴克接近斯皮兹的时候，他就会咆哮起来，背上的毛发愤怒地倒竖起来。其余的狗也套着挽具打架。弗朗索瓦斯经常要停下来，他知道问题出在巴克身上，但是巴克非常聪明，弗朗索瓦斯从未抓住他挑起事端的时候。

一天晚上在营地，狗群发现了一只雪兔。立刻他们就开始追逐，斯皮兹打头。附近还有另一个营地，那儿的50条狗也加入了追逐的行列。兔子在雪地上迅速地飞掠而过，但松软的雪却不利于狗的奔跑，当斯皮兹擒住雪兔时，他用牙齿叨住它又把它扔到了空中，巴克随后也赶到了。斯皮兹停住脚，巴克凶猛地扑了过来。两只狗在雪地上翻滚。斯皮兹迅速地咬了巴克两次，然后跳开，仔细地观察着。

机会终于来了。巴克知道他和斯皮兹中有一个必死无疑，他们观察着对方，慢慢地兜着圈子。明亮的月光映着雪野，空气冰冷静止，甚至连树上的叶子也纹丝不动。其余的狗吃完了雪兔也转过身来观阵。

斯皮兹是一个打架的好手。他尽管满腹怒火和仇恨，却同时非常机智。而每次巴克试图咬他的咽喉时，他就会撞上斯皮兹的牙齿。然后，每一次巴克袭击时，斯皮兹让过他，然后在他擦身而过时在另一边咬他。不消几分钟，巴克就浑身是血。他再次出击，但在最后关头他突然掉头扑向斯皮兹的下身，咬住了他的左前腿。骨头被咬碎了，斯皮兹3条腿站在那里。巴克试图把斯皮兹撞倒，然后像前一次出击一样，咬碎了斯皮兹的右前腿。

现在斯皮兹已回天乏术。巴克业已做好最后一击的准备。而另外60条狗围成一圈观望着，躁动着越来越远，等着战斗的尾声。最后巴克跳起来，一进一退之时，斯皮兹已倒在雪地上，不过一秒钟光景他就葬身在狗群之下了，斯皮兹从此渺无踪影。巴克站在那里冷眼旁观。这野性的动物终于完成了他的捕杀。

4 The new lead-dog

‘Well, what did I say? Buck’ s a real fighter, all right, ’ said Francois the next morning when he discovered that Spitz had disappeared and that Buck was covered in blood.

‘Spitz fought like a wolf, ’ said Perrault, as he looked at the bites all over Buck.

‘And Buck fought like ten wolves, ’ answered Francois. ‘And we’ll travel faster now. No more Spitz, no more trouble. ’

Francois started to harness the dogs. He needed a new lead—dog, and decided that Sol-leks was the best dog that he had. But Buck jumped at Sol—leks and took his place.

‘Look at Buck! ’ said Francois, laughing. ‘He’s killed Spitz, and now he wants to be lead—dog. Go away, Buck! ’

He pulled Buck away and tried to harness Sol—leks again. Sol-leks was unhappy too. He was frightened of Buck, and when Francois turned his back, Buck took Sol-leks’ place again. Now Francois was angry.

‘I’ll show you! ’ he cried, and went to get a heavy club from the sledge.

Buck remembered the man in the red coat, and moved away. This time, when Sol-leks was harnessed as lead-dog, Buck did not try to move in. He kept a few metres away and circled around Francois carefully. But when Francois called him to his old place in front of Dave, Buck refused. He had won his fight with Spitz and he wanted to be lead—dog.

For an hour the two men tried to harness him. Buck did not run away, but he did not let them catch him. Finally, Francois sat down, and Perrault looked at his watch. It was getting late. The two men looked at one another and smiled. Francois walked up to Sol-leks, took off his harness, led him back and harnessed him in his old place. Then he called Buck. All the other dogs were harnessed and the only empty place was now the one at the front. But Buck did not move.

‘Put down the club, ’ said Perrault.

Francois dropped the club, and immediately Buck came up to the front of the team. Francois harnessed him, and in a minute the sledge was moving.

Buck was an excellent leader. He moved and thought quick—ly and led the other dogs well. A new leader made no difference to Dave and Sol-leks; they continued to pull hard. But the other dogs had had an easy life when Spitz was leading. They were surprised when Buck made them work hard and punished them for their mistakes. Pike, the second dog, was usually lazy; but by the end of the first day he was pulling harder than he had ever pulled in his life. The first night in camp Buck fought Joe, another difficult dog, and after that there were no more problems with him. The team started to pull together, and to move faster and faster.

‘I’ve never seen a dog like Buck! ’ cried Francois, ‘Never! He’s worth a thousand dollars. What do you think, Perrault? ’

Perrault agreed. They were moving quickly, and covering more ground every day. The snow was good and hard, and no new snow fell. The temperature dropped to 45° below zero, and didn’t change.

This time there was more ice on the Thirty Mile River, and they crossed in a day. Some days they ran a hundred kilometres, or even more. They reached Skagway in fourteen days; the fastest time ever.

For three days the dogs rested in Skagway. Then Francois put his arms around Buck’s neck and said goodbye to him. And that was the last of Francois and Perrault. Like other men, they passed out of Buck’s life for ever.

Two new men took Buck and his team back north on the long journey to Dawson, travelling with several other dog—teams. It was heavy work; the sledge was loaded with letters for the gold miners of Dawson. Buck did not like it, but he worked hard, and made the other dogs work hard, too. Each day was the same. They started early, before it was light, and at night they stopped and camped and the dogs ate. For the dogs this was the best part of the day, first eating, then resting by the fire.

Buck liked to lie by the fire, looking at the burning wood. Sometimes he thought about Mr Miller’s house in California. More often he remembered the man in the red coat and his club, the death of Curly, the fight with Spitz, and the good things that he had eaten. But sometimes he remembered other things. These were things that he remembered through his parents, and his parents’ parents, and all the dogs which had lived before him.

Sometimes as he lay there, he seemed to see, in a waking dream, a different fire. And he saw next to him, not the Indian cook, but another man, a man with shorter legs, and longer arms. This man had long hair and deep eyes, and made strange noises in his throat. He was very frightened of the dark, and looked around him all the time, holding a heavy stone in his hand. He wore the skin of an animal on his back, and Buck could see thick hair all over his body.

Buck sat by the fire with this hairy man, and in the circling darkness beyond the fire he could see many eyes—the eyes of hungry animals waiting to attack. And he growled softly in his dream until the Indian cook shouted, ‘Hey, Buck, wake up! ’ Then the strange world disappeared and Buck’s eyes saw the real fire again.

When they reached Dawson, the dogs were tired, and needed a week’s rest. But in two days they were moving south again, with another heavy load of letters. Both dogs and men were unhappy. It snowed every day as well, and on soft new snow it was harder work pulling the sledges.

The men took good care of their dogs. In the evenings, the dogs ate first, the men second, and they always checked the dogs’ feet before they slept. But every day the dogs became weaker. Buck had pulled sledges for three thousand kilometres that winter, and he was as tired as the others.

But Dave was not only tired; he was ill. Every evening he lay down the minute after the sledge stopped, and did not stand up until morning. The men looked at him, but they could find no broken bones. Something was wrong inside.

One day he started to fall down while in his harness. The sledge stopped, and the driver took him out of his harness. He wanted to give him a rest, and let him run free behind the sledge. But Dave did not want to stop working. He hated to see another dog doing his work, so he ran along beside the sledge, trying to push Sol-leks out of his place. When the sledge made its next stop,

Dave bit through Sol-leks’ harness and pushed him away. Then he stood there, in his old place in front of the sledge, waiting for his harness and the order to start pulling.

The driver decided it was kinder to let him work. Dave pulled all day, but the next morning he was too weak to move. The driver harnessed up without Dave, and drove a few hundred metres. Then he stopped, took his gun, and walked back. The dogs heard a shot, and then the man came quickly back. The sledge started to move again; but Buck knew, and every dog knew, what had happened.

4 新的头犬

“喏，我说什么来着？巴克是员真正的战将，棒极了。”第二天当弗朗索瓦斯发现不见了斯皮兹，而巴克遍身是血时说道。

“斯皮兹打起架来真像狼一样狠。”佩诺特说，一边察看着巴克身上的伤痕。

“巴克抵得上10条狼。”弗朗索瓦斯回答说，“我们可以走得快些了。斯皮兹不在了，麻烦也没有了。”

弗朗索瓦斯开始给狗套挽具。他需要一条新的头犬，并觉得索拉克斯最合适不过了。但是巴克却扑向索拉克斯，抢了他的位子。

“瞧，巴克！”弗朗索瓦斯说，笑了起来。“他杀了斯皮兹，现在他又想成为头犬了。一边去，巴克！”

他拉开巴克，想再次套上索拉克斯。索拉克斯也不高兴，因他害怕巴克，所以弗朗索瓦斯刚一转身，巴克又站到了索拉克斯的位置上。这下子弗朗索瓦斯可动了气。

“我得教训教训你！”他嚷着，从雪撬上取了一根沉重的木棍。

巴克记起了那个穿红外套的男人，躲开了。这一次，当索拉克斯被套上头犬的位置时，巴克没有动。他保持着几米远的距离，小心地绕着弗朗索瓦斯打转。而当弗朗索瓦斯站到戴夫前的老位子时，巴克却不情愿。他已经战胜了斯皮兹，他想成为头犬。

两个人忙乎了一个小时试图套住他，但巴克虽不逃跑却不让他们抓住他。最后，弗朗索瓦斯坐下来，佩诺特看了看表，天色已经晚了，两个人互相瞅着，笑了。弗朗索瓦斯解下索拉克斯身上的挽具，把他牵回去套在原来的位置上。然后他招呼巴克。所有的狗都套好了，只有前面有一个空位子，但巴克还是不动。

“放下棍子。”佩诺特说。

弗朗索瓦斯扔掉了棍子，立刻巴克就蹿到了队伍前面。弗朗索瓦斯套好他，不一会儿，雪撬就前进了。

巴克是个优秀的领队，他拉得很快而且反应敏捷，把别的狗也领导得很好。对戴夫和索拉克斯来说，新的领队对他们来说没有什么不同，他们仍然很卖力地拉着。但其余的狗在斯皮兹做领队时不卖力气，现在却惊奇地发现巴克迫使他们卖力工作，而一旦犯错就会受到惩罚。跑在第二位的狗派克总是偷懒。当第一天的工作结束时，他感觉在整整一生里都没这么卖过力气地拉过雪撬。宿营的第一个晚上，巴克对付了另一条总惹事的狗，乔。自此，他再也没找过麻烦。整个狗队齐心合力拉雪撬，越跑越快。

“我可真的从来没见过巴克这样的狗！”弗朗索瓦斯叫道，“从来没有！他能值1000美元。你说呢，佩诺特？”

佩诺特也同意这一说法。他们赶路很快。每一天都多赶路。雪地又平又结实，没有新雪落下来。气温恒定在零下45°。

当“30里河”上的冰层结得更厚一些的时候，他们只花了一天时间就走过去了。有一阵他们一天跑100公里，甚至更多，而且只用了14天就到了斯开格威；这是最快的速度了。

狗在斯开格威休整了3天。然后弗朗索瓦斯搂着巴克的脖子和他说明天再见。这是巴克最后见到佩诺特和弗朗索瓦斯了。像别人一样，他们从巴克的生活中永远地消失了。

另外两个人接手了巴克和他的队伍。同别的狗队一起再度奔赴北去道桑的漫长旅途。任重而道远，雪撬上载满了给道桑寻找金矿的人的信件。巴克很不喜欢，但他非常努力地工作，带着别的狗一起费力地拉着车。日复一日，他们披星戴月，起早贪黑。对于狗来说，晚上停下来安营喂饱肚子是一天中最美好的时光，先吃一顿饭，再靠到火边休息。

巴克喜欢躺在火边，注视着燃烧的木柴。有时他会想起米勒先生在加利福尼亚的屋子，但他回忆中更多的是那个穿红外套的男人和他手里的棒子、科莉的惨死、同斯皮兹的恶战以及他所品尝过的美味；但有时他会记起别的事情，这些东西来自他的父母，他父母的父母，以及他所有的祖先。

有时候他躺在那儿。他似乎在清醒的遐想中看到了另一堆火焰。他看见身边并不是那个印第安厨子而是另一个人。那个人腿短而臂长，深目长发，喉咙中发出古怪的声音。他非常惧怕黑暗，手里握着一块沉重的石头，左顾右盼。他的背上裹着兽皮，巴克可以看到他周身浓密的毛发。

巴克同这个毛人坐在火边，在火周围的光晕里他看到许多双眼睛，那是饥饿的动物伺机捕食的眼睛。他在梦中低低地咆哮着，直到那印第安厨子喊道：“嘿，巴克，起来！”然后所有的奇异都幻灭了，他目之所及的还是真实的火焰。

他们到达道桑时，狗已经疲惫不堪了，需要一周的休整。但是两天后，他们又带上沉重的邮包奔赴南方了。狗和人都不痛快。雪没日没夜地下着，在轻软的新雪上拉雪撬非常辛苦。

人们照看着他们的狗。晚上，狗先吃饭而人在其次。睡觉时他们总是查看狗脚。但是每一天，狗群都越来越虚弱。那个冬天，巴克拉着雪撬赶了3000公里路。他同别的狗一样，疲惫到了极点。

戴夫不但疲惫而且生了病。每天晚上，雪撬一停下来，他就瘫倒在地，直到第二天早上才站起来。人们检查了他的脚，没有发现骨折的迹象。因此断定它是内伤。

一天当他开始在挽具里跌交时，雪撬停了下来，驾雪撬的人解下他的挽具想让他休息一下，让他空身跑在雪撬后面。但戴夫不愿意停止工作，看到别的狗做他的工作他恨极了。所以他沿着雪撬边缘奔跑，试图把索拉克斯从他的位子上推开。当雪撬再度停下来时，戴夫咬住了索拉克斯身上的挽具要把他推开，然后他就站在那儿，在雪撬前面他的老位子上，等着套上挽具和拉车的命令。

赶车的人觉得最好还是让他工作。戴夫拉了一天的车。但第二天早上他虚弱得无法动弹。撇下戴夫，赶车的人套上雪撬走了几百米。然后他停了下来，拿起枪又走了回去。狗听见一声枪响，然后那人很快折了回来，雪撬又前进了。但是巴克知道，每条狗都知道发生了什么事情。

5 More hard work

Thirty days after leaving Dawson City, the team arrived back in Skagway. They were very, very tired. Buck now weighed only fifty kilograms, and the other dogs were also very thin.

They were not ill; they just needed a long, long rest. But at Skagway there were mountains of letters waiting to go north, so the men had to buy new, strong dogs. The old ones, now useless for work, were sold.

Two American men, called Hal and Charles, bought Buck and his team, together with the harness. Charles was forty years old, with light hair and watery blue eyes. Hal was a young man of twenty with a big shiny gun and a big knife in his belt. These things, more than anything, showed how young he was. Both men were clearly new to the north, and its hard and dangerous life.

They took the dogs back to their untidy camp, where a woman was waiting. This was Mercedes—Charles's wife and Hal's sister.

Buck watched the men take down the tent and load all their luggage on the sledge. They didn't know how to do it sensibly, and every time they put something on the sledge, Mercedes moved it. Often they had to take things off the sledge and start again.

Three men came up and watched, laughing.

'You've got a heavy load on that sledge,' said one of them. 'Why don't you leave the tent here in Skagway?'

'How could we live without a tent?' asked Mercedes, throwing up her hands in the air.

'It's spring now. You won't have any more cold weather.'

'I must have a tent,' she answered, and helped Charles and Hal with the last few boxes.

'Do you think that load will stay on?' asked another man.

'Why shouldn't it?' asked Charles.

'Well, it's a bit heavy on top. Do you think your dogs will be able to pull that?'

'Of course they will,' said Hal. The sledge was now ready to go. 'Come on, dogs, pull!' he shouted.

The dogs pulled as hard as they could, but the sledge did not move.

'The lazy animals!' shouted Hal, picking up his whip.

But Mercedes stopped him. 'Oh, Hal, you mustn't,' she cried, pulling the whip away from him. 'The poor dogs. You must promise to be nice to them or I'm staying here!'

'You know nothing about dogs,' answered Hal. 'Leave me alone. Dogs are lazy, and you have to whip them. Everybody knows that. Ask those men if you don't believe me.'

Mercedes turned and looked at the watching men.

'They're tired, if you really want to know,' said one of them. 'They've been working very hard and they need a rest.'

'Rest?' laughed Hal. 'These stupid dogs are just lazy.'

Now Mercedes decided that her brother was right. 'Don't listen to that man,' she said. 'You're driving our dogs and you do what you think is best.'

Now Hal used his whip on the dogs. They pulled and pulled, but the sledge stayed where it was. Hal was still using his whip when Mercedes stopped him again and put her arms around Buck.

'You poor, poor dears,' she said. 'Why don't you pull hard?—then nobody will whip you.'

One of the men watching now spoke again. 'I don't care what happens to you,' he said, 'but I'm sorry for the dogs. The sledge is frozen to the snow, and you'll have to break it out. Push it from one side to the other to break the ice.'

Hal tried again, but this time he broke the ice under the sledge. The heavy sledge started to move slowly, Buck and his team pulling hard under the whip. After a hundred metres they had to turn into another street. It was a difficult turn with a top-heavy load, and Hal was not a good driver. As they turned, the sledge went over onto its side, throwing boxes and packets into the street. The dogs didn't stop. The sledge was not so heavy now and they pulled it easily on its side. The whip had made them angry and they started to run. Hal cried 'Stop!' but the dogs continued through Skagway, and the rest of the luggage fell off as they ran.

People helped to catch the dogs and to pick up all the things from the street. They also told the men that if they wanted to reach Dawson, they needed twice as many dogs and half as much luggage. Hal and Charles went back to the camp and started to look at the luggage and throw things away. Tent, blankets and plates were taken out. Mercedes cried when most of her clothes went. When they had finished, Mercedes was still crying, there was a lot of luggage on the road, and there was still a lot to go on the sledge.

Then Charles and Hal went out and bought six more dogs, so they now had fourteen. But the new dogs were not real sledge-dogs and they knew nothing about the work. Charles and Hal put them into harness, but Buck could not teach them how to pull a sledge. So now there were six dogs who couldn't pull at all, and eight who were tired after pulling for four thousand kilometres. But Charles and Hal were happy. They had more dogs than any sledge that they had seen at Skagway. They didn't know that no sledge could carry enough food for fourteen dogs.

The next morning Buck led the team up the street. They moved slowly, because they were tired before they started. Buck had pulled to Dawson and back twice, and he didn't want to do it again. He had watched Hal and Charles and Mercedes and he saw that they didn't know how to do any thing. And, as the days passed, he saw that they could not learn. It took them half the evening to get everything ready for the night; and it took them half the morning to get ready to leave. And when they did start, they often had to stop because something had fallen off the sledge. On some days they travelled twenty

kilometres and on some days only ten.

They didn't have enough dog food when they started, and they used what they had much too quickly. Hal gave the dogs extra food because he wanted them to pull harder. Mercedes gave them extra food because she was sorry for them. But it was not food that they wanted, but rest.

Soon Hal saw that they had travelled only a quarter of the way to Dawson, but had eaten half their food. He had to give the dogs less food. It was easy to give them less food, but it was impossible to make them travel faster.

Dub had pulled hard and well all the way from Skagway, but he had hurt his leg. It got worse and worse until finally Hal had to shoot him. The six new dogs, now weak and ill from hunger and hard work, died next.

Hal, Charles, and Mercedes had started the journey happily; but now they were tired, cross and miserable. Charles and Hal argued about everything, because each thought that he was working harder than the other. And Mercedes was unhappy because she thought that she shouldn't have to work. She was tired, so she rode on the sledge, making the work even harder for the dogs. She rode for days, until the dogs could not move the sledge. The men asked her to walk, but she would not leave the sledge. One day they lifted her off. She sat in the snow and did not move. They went off with the sledge and travelled five kilometres. Then they turned, went back, and lifted her on again.

Buck and the other dogs were now just skin and bone. They pulled when they could, and when they couldn't they lay down in the snow. When they were whipped, they stood up and tried to pull again.

One day Billee fell and could not stand up. Hal killed him and threw him into the snow. Buck and the other dogs knew that soon they were going to die, too. On the next day Koonah died, and there were only five dogs left: Joe, Pike, Sol-leks the one-eyed, Teek, and Buck.

It was beautiful spring weather. The snow and ice were melting, the plants were growing, and the forest animals were waking from their winter sleep. It was a lovely morning when the two men, and the five dogs pulling Mercedes on the sledge, came into John Thornton's camp at White River. They stopped, and the dogs dropped down immediately to rest.

John Thornton was mending an axe, and he went on working as he talked to Hal.

'Is it safe to cross the river here?' asked Hal.

'No, the ice is too thin. It's much too dangerous,' answered Thornton.

'People have told us that before,' laughed Hal, 'but we got here with no problems.'

'Only somebody very stupid would cross the White River here,' said Thornton.

'That's what you think,' said Hal. 'But we've got to get to Dawson.' He picked up his whip. 'Come on, Buck! Get up now! Let's go!'

Thornton went on working. He had warned them, but he knew he couldn't stop these stupid men from going on.

But Buck didn't get up. Sol-leks stood up slowly, then Teek and Joe, and finally Pike. But Buck stayed where he was. The whip came down on him again and again. Thornton started to speak, then stopped, and began to walk up and down.

Hal now put down his whip and started to hit Buck with a club. But Buck had decided not to get up. He had felt thin ice under his feet all day and he saw thin ice in front of him. The club hit him again and again, but Buck felt almost nothing.

Then suddenly, with a wild cry, John Thornton jumped on Hal, throwing him backwards. Mercedes screamed.

'If you hit that dog again, I'll kill you,' Thornton shouted.

'He's my dog,' Hal replied. There was blood on his face. 'Get out of my way, or I'll hit you, too. I'm going to Dawson.'

Thornton stood between Hal and Buck and did not move. Hal took out his long knife, but Thornton knocked it out of his hand. Mercedes screamed again. Then Thornton picked up Hal's knife and cut Buck out of the harness.

Hal didn't want to fight, and Buck was not worth fighting for; he was nearly dead. Hal started the sledge and went down towards the river. Buck lifted his head and watched the sledge move away. Pike was leading, and Joe, Teek and Sol-leks were behind him. Hal was walking in front of the sledge and Mercedes was riding on it; Charles was walking behind.

As Buck watched, Thornton felt his body with gentle hands, searching for broken bones. Buck was very thin, very tired and very weak, but Thornton didn't think he was going to die. Then both dog and man watched the sledge as it went slowly out on to the ice in the middle of the river. Suddenly the back of the sledge went down and the front went up into the air. Mercedes screamed, and Charles turned and took one step back. Then a big piece of ice broke off, and dogs, sledge and people disappeared; there was only a big hole in the ice.

John Thornton and Buck looked at one another.

'You poor thing,' said John Thornton, and Buck licked his hand.

5 更艰苦的工作

离开道桑镇30天后,队伍回到了斯开格威。他们筋疲力尽。巴克瘦得只剩下50公斤,别的狗也是瘦骨伶仃。

他们并没有生病,只是需要一个长长的休息。但是在斯开格威还有堆积如山的信等着运到北方。所以人们买了更强壮的狗,以前的狗因为对工作没有用,被卖掉了。

两个美国人,哈尔和查尔斯,连同挽具买下了巴克和他的队伍。查尔斯大约40岁左右,浅色的头发,有一双水汪汪的蓝眼睛。哈尔20岁上下,皮带上别着一把闪光的大枪和一把大刀。这两样东西比任何东西都能显示他的幼稚。这两个人显然对北方和它艰苦危险的生活茫然无知。

他们把狗带回凌乱的帐篷,有一个女人正等在那里。她是查尔斯的妻子,哈尔的姐姐,叫玛尔赛蒂。

巴克冷眼瞧着他们拆掉帐篷,把所有的东西都放到雪橇上。他们不懂得如何把东西有条理地安置好。而且更糟的是,每一次刚把东西放到雪橇上,玛尔赛蒂就动手移开它。所以他们常常不得不把东西搬下来重新开始。

3个男人走上前看到这情景,笑了起来。

“你们放在雪橇上的东西太沉了,”其中一个人说道,“你们干嘛不把帐篷留在斯开格威?”

“没有帐篷我们怎么活下去呢?”玛尔赛蒂问道,向空中伸出双手。

“春天来了，天气不会再冷啦。”

“我可不能没有帐篷。”她答道，帮着查尔斯和哈尔搬着最后几只箱子。

“你那些东西装的不太稳当吧？”另一个人说。

“这为什么呢？”查尔斯问。

“哦，顶头太重了。你想你的狗拉这么多东西吃得消吗？”

“他们当然拉得动。”哈尔说。雪橇已经准备起程。“来，狗，拉车。”他喊道。

狗使出全身的力气拉，但雪橇纹丝未动。

“懒东西！”哈尔叫着，抡起了鞭子。

然尔玛尔赛蒂制止了他，“哦，哈尔，别这样！”她哭叫道，夺过鞭子。“可怜的狗。你必须发誓从此要善待他们，不然我就呆在这儿不走了。”

“你懂什么，”哈尔回答，“别管我。狗都是犯懒的，你必须鞭打它们。这道理人人皆知，不信你问问那些人。”

玛尔赛蒂转身去看围观的人。

“他们太累了，如果你真想知道答案的话，”一个人说。“他们干的太苦了，着实需要休息一下。”

“休息？”哈尔笑道。“这些蠢狗只是犯懒。”

现在玛尔赛蒂认为她弟弟是对的。“别听那人的，”她说。“你驾驭我们的狗，你觉得怎么好就怎么办。”

于是哈尔对狗抡起了鞭子。他们拉呀拉呀，但是雪橇仍然原地不动。正当哈尔抽打狗的时候，玛尔赛蒂又制止了他，然后她用手搂住巴克。

“你这可怜的，可怜的宝贝，”她说，“你为什么不使劲拉呢——这样没有人会打你了。”

其中一个观望的人又说话了，“我可不愿管你们，”他说，“但我认为狗太可怜了。雪橇冻到雪地上了，你必须把冰砸开，从一边向另一边推雪橇可以破冰。”

哈尔又试了一次，但这一次他终于把雪橇下的冰弄破了，沉重的雪橇慢慢地开始移动。巴克和他的队伍艰难地在鞭打下拉着雪橇，100米之后他们不得不拐到另一条街上去。拉着头重脚轻的雪橇是很难转弯的，何况哈尔又不是个赶车的好手。转弯时，雪橇向一边倾斜，把一些包裹和箱子扔到了街上，但狗并未停住脚。雪橇此时不再那么沉重，而他们拉起来容易多了。鞭答激怒了他们，他们开始奔跑。哈尔叫着“停下”，但狗却继续在斯开格威跑着，其余的行李也随着他们的奔跑纷纷掉下来。

人们帮着拉住狗，捡起街上掉落的行李。他们还告诉这些人如果他们想到达道桑，他们需要多一倍的狗，而行李必须减半。哈尔和查尔斯返回营地，开始检查行李，扔掉多余的东西。帐篷，毯子和碟子被拿了下来。玛尔赛蒂哭喊起来，她大部分衣服也被扔掉了。最后他们结束时，玛尔赛蒂仍然在哭泣。路上仍然有许多行李，而雪橇上的东西仍然太多。

然后查尔斯和哈尔跑出去买了6条狗，现在他们有14条狗。但是这些新狗并不是真正的拉雪橇的狗，他们不知道如何工作。查尔斯和哈尔给他们套上挽具，但巴克却无法教他们如何拉雪橇。于是有了6条根本不会拉车的狗，和8条在跋涉了4000公里之后筋疲力尽的狗。但查尔斯和哈尔很高兴，他们的狗比斯开格威任何一座雪橇上的狗都多。他们根本不知道没有一个雪橇可以负载14条狗的食物。

第二天早上，巴克带领狗队沿街出发了。他们走得很慢，因为在旅途开始前他们就很疲惫了。巴克已经从道桑来回往返了两次，他不想再跑了。他观察了查尔斯、哈尔和玛尔赛蒂，他看出他们对所有的事情都手足无措。而且，随着时间一天天过去，他发现他们学不会任何东西。他们花掉半个夜晚准备晚上的休息；然后又花了半个早晨才准备停当起程。而真正起程后，他们经常不得不停下来，因为有些东西从雪橇上滑落下来，有一阵子他们每天只走20公里，有时只走10公里。

他们起程时就没有足够的狗食。现在他们的给养用得太快了。哈尔给狗加餐因为他想让他们更加卖力地拉车。玛尔赛蒂也总是多给狗食物，因为她可怜他们。但是他们需要的不是食物，而是休息。

很快，哈尔发现他们只走了去道桑的四分之一的路，却吃掉了一半的食物，他不得不减少给狗的食物。少给狗食物容易办到，但是却无法让他们跑快。

达布在离开斯开格威的一路都拉得很卖力，但是他的腿受了伤。他的腿伤越来越厉害，直到最后哈尔不得不杀了他。那6条新狗，由于饥饿和辛苦而病弱不堪，很快就死掉了。

哈尔、查尔斯和玛尔赛蒂开始旅行时高高兴兴，但现在他们疲惫，暴躁又沮丧。查尔斯和哈尔为每件事争吵不休，每个人都自觉比别人干的活儿更多。玛尔赛蒂也不高兴，因为她觉得她不应该工作。她很累，所以就坐到雪橇上，这使狗的工作更加艰难。她一直坐着直到狗拉不动雪橇了。男人们请求她走路。但她不肯离开雪橇，一天他们把她抬了下来，她坐到雪地上不肯起来，他们扔下她走了5公里，然后又返回来捎上了她。

巴克和其余的狗都已瘦得皮包骨头了。他们能拉车时就拉，拉不动时就倒在雪地上，当鞭子抽打下来时，就再站起来吃力地拉雪橇。

一天，贝利倒下去再也没有站起来。哈尔杀了他然后把他抛在了雪地上。巴克和别的狗都意识到他们很快也要死去。第二天，科娜也死了，现在只剩下五条狗：乔，派克，独眼索拉克斯，蒂克还有巴克。

美丽的春天终于来了，冰雪消融，万物复苏。在一个可爱的早晨，两个人，和5条狗拉着雪橇上的玛尔赛蒂，抵达了白河河畔，约翰·桑顿的营地。他们刚停下来，狗立刻瘫倒在地休息。

约翰·桑顿正在做一把斧子，他一边同哈尔聊天一边干活儿。

“现在过河安全吗？”哈尔问道。

“不行，冰太薄了，非常危险。”桑顿回答。

“人们老早就告诉过我们这个。”哈尔笑道，“但是我们平安到了这里。”

“只有愚蠢的人才会从这儿过白河。”桑顿说。

“也就你这么想吧，”哈尔说，“但我们无论如何是要到道桑去的。”他拾起鞭子。“来，巴克！现在起来！我们走！”

桑顿继续他的工作。他已经警告过他们，但是他知道他无法阻止这些愚蠢的人。

但是巴克却没有起来，索拉克斯慢腾腾地爬起来，然后是蒂克和乔，最后是派克。只有巴克没挪身子，鞭子一次又一次抽到他的身上。桑顿想说什么，又忍住了，然后他开始走来走去。

哈尔放下鞭子开始用木棍打巴克。但是巴克铁了心不再站起来。整整一天他的脚下都是稀薄的冰，现在他看到那不堪重负的冰层就在面前。木棍劈头盖脸砸下来，而巴克却全无知觉。

突然，伴着一声狂吼，约翰·桑顿扑向哈尔，把他向后撞去。玛尔赛蒂尖叫起来。

“如果你再动那狗一下，我就宰了你，”桑顿怒喊着。

“他是我的狗。”哈尔回答说，他的脸上沾着鲜血。“别碍我的事儿，否则我连你一块揍，我要去道桑。”

桑顿站在哈尔和巴克中间一动未动。哈尔抽出了他的长刀，但是桑顿把它打落了。玛尔赛蒂又尖叫起来，然后桑顿拾起哈尔的长刀，劈开巴克身上的挽具。

哈尔并不想打架，何况为巴克也不值得去打架，他已经奄奄一息了。哈尔驾着雪橇向河驶去。巴克抬起头望着移动的雪橇。派克打头，乔，蒂克和索拉克斯跟在他后面。哈尔走在雪橇前面，玛尔赛蒂坐在雪橇上，查尔斯随后。

巴克一边看着他们，桑顿一边用手轻轻抚摸着他的身体，寻找着破碎的骨头。巴克虽然瘦骨嶙峋，衰疲不已，但桑顿却仍然觉得他有救。人和狗一起注视着雪橇缓缓地行到河中央。突然雪橇的后部陷了下去，前部向空中翘起。玛尔赛蒂尖叫起来，查尔斯转身刚后退了一步，随后一大块冰破裂了，雪橇、狗还有人一起没了踪影，冰面上只留下了一个大洞。

约翰·桑顿和巴克互相对视着。

“你这可怜儿，”约翰·桑顿说，巴克舔着他的手。

6 For the love of a man

John Thornton had been ill in December, and his two friends had had to leave him at White River and go on to Dawson. They left him in the camp with plenty of food, and with his two dogs, Skeet and Blackie. Now the spring had come, and he was almost well. He lay in the sun by the river with Buck, watching the water and listening to the birds, slowly getting stronger and stronger.

A rest is very welcome after running five thousand kilometres, and Buck slowly got fatter and stronger. It was a peaceful, lazy time for both man and dogs while they waited for Thornton's friends to return from Dawson.

Skeet made friends with Buck immediately, and while Buck was still very ill, every morning she washed his cuts carefully with her tongue. Blackie, too, was friendly, and as Buck grew stronger, the three dogs often played games together. Sometimes Thornton joined the games too.

The days passed very happily, and for the first time, Buck learned to love. He had never loved a man before. He and Mr Miller in the Santa Clara valley had been very good friends, but Buck had not loved him. John Thornton had saved his life, but he was also a man who was naturally kind to animals. He took very good care of his dogs, not because it was sensible to do that, but because he felt they were his children. He was always talking to Buck, holding his head and shaking it lovingly. In answer, Buck liked to take Thornton's hand gently in his mouth.

Buck was happy to lie on the ground all day and watch Thornton. And when Thornton spoke to him or touched him, Buck went wild with happiness. At first, he was afraid that Thornton was going to disappear, like Perrault and Francois, and at night he sometimes woke up and went to the tent to make sure that he was still there.

But something was changing in Buck. He had lived in the north a long time now, and he was almost a wild dog. He was happy to sit by Thornton's fire, but he sat as a wild animal, and his dreams were filled with other animals—dogs, half wolves, and wild wolves. They seemed to call him into the forest, and sometimes Buck wanted to leave the fire and answer the call. But every time he went into the trees, his love for Thornton brought him back.

It was only Thornton who stopped him going into the forest. Other men did not interest him. Visitors to the camp tried to make friends with him, but Buck stayed cold. When Thornton's two friends, Hans and Pete, arrived from Dawson, Buck refused to notice them at first. Then he saw that they were friends of Thornton's and after that he accepted them; but they were not his friends. They were, like Thornton, kind men, and they understood that Buck loved Thornton, and him alone.

Thornton, too, understood Buck. One day, Buck and the three men were sitting on some high rocks, a hundred metres above the river. Thornton wondered if Buck would obey any order, even a crazy one. 'Jump, Buck!' he shouted, pointing down to the river. A second later the three men were holding Buck back as he tried to jump.

'That was very strange,' said Pete, when they had sat down again.

'Not strange; wonderful,' said Thornton. 'Terrible, too. Sometimes it frightens me.'

'Yes. I feel sorry for any man who hits you when Buck's near,' said Pete.

'So do I,' said Hans.

It happened in the autumn in Circle City. A man called Burton was starting a fight with another man in a bar. Thornton stepped between them to try to stop them. Buck was, as usual, lying in the corner watching. Burton hit Thornton and he nearly fell, just catching a table. Buck flew through the air at Burton's throat. Burton saved his life by putting up his arm, and was thrown on to the ground, with Buck on top of him. Buck took his teeth out of the man's arm and this time bit into his throat. Then a crowd of people pulled Buck off, and a doctor was called. Everyone agreed that Buck had only attacked because he saw Thornton in danger, and from that day Buck's name became famous all over the north.

Later that year, Buck saved Thornton in a different way. The three men were taking a boat down a fast and rocky river. Thornton was in the boat, while Hans and Pete moved along the river bank, holding the boat with a rope. Buck followed them, keeping a worried eye on Thornton.

They came to a more dangerous part of the river, and the boat started to go too quickly. Hans pulled on the rope to stop it, and pulled too hard. The boat turned over, and Thornton was thrown into the water and carried down river towards rocks where no swimmer could live.

Buck jumped in immediately and swam three hundred metres until he reached Thornton. Then he turned, and with Thornton holding his tail, Buck swam towards the river bank. But they moved slowly, and all the time the river was carrying them towards the place where the water crashed twenty metres down onto rocks. Thornton knew that they would not get to the bank quickly enough, so he let go of Buck, held on to a rock in the middle of the water, and shouted, 'Go, Buck, go!'

Buck swam as hard as he could to the bank, and Pete and Hans pulled him out.

It was hard for Thornton to hold on to his rock in that wild water, and his friends knew they had only a few minutes to save him. They tied their rope round Buck, who at once jumped into the river and tried to swim to Thornton. The first time, the water took him past the rock, and Pete and Hans had to pull him back. The second time, he swam higher up the river, and the water brought him down to Thornton. Thornton held on to Buck, and Hans and Pete pulled the rope as hard as they could. Man and dog disappeared under the water, banging into rocks, turning over and over, sometimes with Buck on top, sometimes Thornton. When Hans and Pete finally pulled them out, both seemed more dead than alive. But after a while their eyes opened and life returned.

That winter, at Dawson, Buck did something that made him even more famous in the north. It was also very helpful to the three men. They wanted to make a journey to look for gold in the east, and they needed money. They were in a bar one day when some of the men started to talk about dogs. One man said that he had a dog who was strong enough to pull a sledge with two hundred kilos on it. Another said his dog could pull two hundred and fifty. A third man, called Matthewson, said his dog could pull three hundred kilos.

'That's nothing,' said Thornton. 'Buck can pull three hundred and fifty.'

'Can he break the sledge out when it's frozen to the ice and then start it moving? And pull it a hundred metres?' asked Matthewson.

“He can break it out, and start it, and pull it a hundred metres, said Thornton.

“Well, ” said Matthewson, speaking slowly and loudly. “I’ve got a thousand dollars here, and I say he can’t. ” As he spoke, he took a bag of gold and put it down on the table.

Suddenly Thornton was worried. He knew Buck was strong, but was he strong enough? Now ten men were watching him and waiting. He didn’t have a thousand dollars, and neither did Hans or Pete.

“I’ve got a sledge outside with three hundrd and fifty kilos on it, ” said Matthewson. “So it’s easy if you want to try. ”

Thornton didn’t know what to say. He looked at the other men in the bar. One of them was an old friend, Jim O’ Brien.

“Can yon lend me a thousand dollars, Jim? ” he asked softly.

“Sure, ” said O’ Brien, putting another bag of gold next to Matthewson’s. “But I don’t think the dog can do it, John. ”

Everybody went out into the street. There were two or three hundred men around Matthewson’s sledge. The sledge had been outside the bar for two hours, and it was frozen to the ice, in a temperature of 50° below zero. Most of the men thought that Buck was not strong enough, and Matthewson smiled happily.

“Shall we make it two thousand dollars? ” he asked.

Thornton, Hans and Pete talked for a minute. They had only four hundred dollars, but they added this to O’ Brien’s thousand. Matthewson, very sure of winning, also put down another four hundred dollars.

Matthewson’s ten dogs were taken away, and Buck, who could feel the excitement in the air, was harnessed to the sledge. Buck was, without question, a very fine animal—bright-eyed, intelligent, his thick coat shining with health. And he looked as strong as a horse.

One man went up to Thornton. “I’ll buy him now, ” he said. “I’ ll give you eight hundred dollars for him. ”

Thornton shook his head and sat down on the snow next to Buck. He held Buck’s head in his hands and spoke softly into his ear. “If you love me, Buck. If you love me. ”

Buck took Thornton’s hand between his teeth, then let go, and Thornton stood up and stepped back.

“Ready, Buck, ” he said.

Buck pulled on the harness a little, getting ready.

“Right! ” cried Thornton.

Buck pulled to the right, hard, stopped suddenly, and the ice under the sledge began to break.

“Now, left! ” called Thornton, and Buck pulled to the left, breaking more of the ice.

“Now, pull! ”

Buck threw himself against his harness, and pulled. He held his body low to the ground, his head down and forward, and his feet dug into the hard snow. Harder and harder he pulled. Suddenly, the sledge moved a centimetre…two…three… and, little by little, it started to go forward across the snow. With each second it went a little faster, and Thornton ran behind, calling to Buck as he pulled the sledge towards the end of the hundred metres. The watching men were shouting and throwing their hats in the air; Buck had won.

Then Thornton was on the snow next to Buck again, talking to him, and Buck had Thornton’s hand in his teeth.

6 对人的热爱

约翰·桑顿在12月份时生了病，他的两个朋友不得不把他独自留在白河然后奔赴道桑。他们把他留在营地，备下大量食物和两条狗，斯开特和布莱吉。如今春天来了，他几乎康复了。他和巴克一同躺在河边晒太阳，看着流水潺潺，聆听着鸟声啾啾，慢慢地强壮了起来。

对巴克来说，在奔波了5000公里之后，休息是最快意的事情了，他逐渐恢复了强壮，长胖了许多。在等待桑顿的朋友从道桑回来的日子，对人和狗来说，是一段宁静舒赖的时光。

斯开特立刻同巴克成了朋友。当巴克仍然非常虚弱的时候，每天早晨她都用舌头舔净他的伤口。布莱吉也很友好。在巴克越来越健壮之后，三条狗常在一起嬉戏。有时桑顿也加入其中。

时间愉快地飞逝，而平生头一次，巴克学会了爱。从前他从未爱过别人。他和米勒先生从前在桑塔·克拉拉山谷时只是极好的朋友，但是巴克从来没爱过他。约翰·桑顿救了他的命，但他还是一个天性善待动物的人。他细致地照看着他的狗，并不是出于什么意识，而是因为他觉得他们是他的孩子。他总是和巴克说话儿，捧着他的头怜爱地摇晃着。作为回答，巴克喜欢轻轻地把桑顿的手噙在嘴里。

巴克也很高兴整天躺在地上看着桑顿。每当桑顿同他说话或抚摸他时，巴克就会高兴地发狂。起初，他很害怕桑顿也会像佩诺特和弗朗索瓦斯一样消失，于是他常常会在夜里醒来溜到帐篷里去看看他是否还在那儿。

但是巴克的本性发生了变化。如今他已经在北方呆了很久，他几乎变成了一条野狗。他喜欢蹲坐在桑顿的火边，但他蹲坐的姿势像野兽，而他的梦中则充满了野兽的影子——狗，狼狗，还有野狼。他们似乎在丛林里向他呼唤，有时巴克想离开火堆回应那呼唤。但是每当他跃入丛林时，对桑顿的热爱又将他拉了回来。

只有桑顿才是阻挡他回到森林中去的人。他对别的人漠不关心。到营地来的人试图同他交朋友，但他却毫无兴趣。当桑顿的两个朋友，汉斯和皮特从道桑回来时，巴克起初连正眼都不瞧他们。直到后来他看出来他们是桑顿的朋友才开始接受他们；但他们并不是他的朋友。他们和桑顿一样善良，知道巴克深爱着而且只爱桑顿一个人。

桑顿也明白巴克的心意。有一天，巴克和3个男人一同坐在高高的岩石上，距河水有100米的距离。桑顿想知道巴克是否会遵从任何命令，甚至是一个疯狂的命令。“跳下去，巴克！”他喊着，指着河水。一秒钟之后那3个男人使劲把要往下跳的巴克拽了回来。

“这可真奇了，”皮特说，他们重新坐了下来。

“不奇怪，真是棒极了，”桑顿说，“也可怕，有时我真有点害怕。”

“没错，如果有人揍了你，只要巴克在跟前，我可就真替那人难过啦。”皮特说。

“我有同感。”汉斯接道。

在圈城的秋天发生了一件事。在酒吧里，一个叫伯顿的人同另一个人动手打了起来。桑顿夹在他们中间试图阻止他们。巴克像平常一样躺

在角落里观注着，伯顿打了桑顿，如果不是抓住一张桌子，他几乎倒在了地上。巴克凌空扑向伯顿的咽喉。伯顿情急之下伸出胳膊才救了自己一命，但他还是被掀倒在地，巴克扑在他身上，巴克松开咬住胳膊的牙齿这一次咬住了他的咽喉。之后一群人把巴克拉开了，医生也被叫了过来。每个人都认定巴克只有确认桑顿在危险中时才会攻击别人。从那天起，巴克就名扬北方了。

那年不久，巴克又用另一种方式救了桑顿一命。3个人那时正把一只小船推到一条水流湍急而且多礁石的河里去。桑顿在船上，而汉斯和皮特则沿着河岸走，用一根绳索拉住小船。巴克跟着他们，担忧地盯着桑顿。

当他们走到河中比较危险的地段时，小船开始极快地滑行。汉斯拉住绳索想拦住它，但用劲太猛。船翻了个个儿，桑顿被抛进水里，沿着河流向岩石撞去，而那里几乎没有人能生还。

巴克立即跃入水中，游了300米才到桑顿的身边。然后他转过身，让桑顿抓住他的尾巴，巴克向河岸游去。但是他们游的很慢，河水始终冲着他们向一个急流漂去，那个急流从20米高的地方掉到下面的岩石上去。桑顿知道他们大概不能很快到达岸边，就松开了巴克，抓住水中的一块岩石喊着，“走，巴克，快走！”

巴克使尽全身的力气向岸边游去，皮特和汉斯把他拉了上来。

在那样湍急的水流中抓住一块岩石对桑顿来说恐怕艰辛异常，他的朋友们知道他们只有几分钟的时间来营救他。他们把绳索系在巴克身上，他立刻又跳到水中用力向桑顿游去。第一次，水把他冲过了岩石，皮特和汉斯不得不把他拽回来。第二次，他从河的上游游过去，河水把他带到桑顿那里。桑顿抓住巴克，汉斯和皮特用尽力气拉着绳索。人和狗一会儿消失在水下，撞进岩石中，在水中翻上翻下。有时巴克在上面，有时桑顿在上面。当汉斯和皮特最后把他们拉上来的时候，人和狗都几乎死过去了。但是不一会儿他们的眼睛睁开了，身上恢复了生命力。

那个冬天，在道桑，使巴克在北方更加闻名遐尔的是他干的另一件事。对3个人来说也受益不浅。他们打算到东部去旅行寻找金矿，但他们缺钱。一天他们在酒吧的时候有一些人开始谈论狗。有一个人说他有一只狗强壮得能拉200公斤重的雪橇。另一个人则夸耀他的狗能拉250公斤。第三个人叫马修逊，他甚至说他的狗可以拉得动300公斤。

“那算什么，”桑顿说。“巴克能够拉350公斤。”

“他能够把冻在冰上的雪橇拉动吗？再拉100米远？”马修逊问道。

“他能破冰拉动雪橇，而且能拉100米远。”桑顿答道。

“好，”马修逊说，他的声音又慢又响亮，“我有1000美元，我打赌他办不到。”他一边说，一边掏出一袋金子放在桌上。

突然桑顿开始担心了。他知道巴克是健壮的。可是他真的如他所说的那样强壮吗？现在10个人都盯着他等待着。他没有1000美元，汉斯和皮特也没有。

“我外面的雪橇上有350公斤的东西。”马修逊说。“如果你想试一下的话，很容易。”

桑顿不知说什么好了。他巡视了一下酒吧里的人。其中一个是他的老朋友，吉姆·奥布赖恩。

“你能借我1000美元吗，吉姆？”他轻声问到。

“没问题，”奥布赖恩说，拿出另一袋金子搁在马修逊的金子旁边。“不过我觉得你那狗办不到，约翰。”

每个人都跑到街上。大约有两三百人围着马修逊的雪橇。雪橇已经在外面停了两个小时。在零下50°的气温中，牢牢地冻结在冰上。大部分人都认为巴克不会有这么大的力气，马修逊得意地笑着。

“我们打2000美金的赌怎么样？”他问。

桑顿，汉斯和皮特交谈了一会儿。他们只有400美元，他们把这加到奥布赖恩借的1000美元上。马修逊感觉会稳操胜券，也加了400美元。

马修逊的10条狗被牵到一边。巴克，嗅到空气中弥漫的兴奋，被套上了雪橇。毫无疑问，巴克是非常出色的——双眼炯炯有神，机智伶俐，一身浓密油亮的皮毛闪着健康的光泽，他就像一匹马一样健壮。

一个人走上前对桑顿说：“我买他，我给你800美元。”

桑顿摇了摇头，然后就坐在巴克旁边的雪地上。他把巴克的头捧在手中在他耳边轻声说：“如果你爱我，巴克，如果你爱我。”

巴克把桑顿的手含在嘴里，然后松开了，桑顿站起来并走了回去。

“准备，巴克，”他说。

巴克拉紧了挽具，做好了准备。

“向右！”桑顿喊道。

巴克向右使劲拉了一下，突然停住，雪橇下的冰开始碎了。

“现在，向左！”桑顿喊道。巴克向左拉去，弄碎了更多的冰。

“现在，拉！”

巴克用力抵住挽具，拉着。他的身子低低地向地面弯着，头向前埋着，脚用劲蹬住坚硬的雪地越来越使劲地拉着。突然，雪橇移动了一厘米，……两厘米……三厘米……渐渐地，雪橇开始沿着雪地移动了。每一秒钟都移得快一点，桑顿跟在后面跑，当巴克拉至100米的终点时喊住他。围观的人们欢呼起来，把帽子扔到空中，巴克赢了。

然后桑顿再次坐到巴克旁边的雪地上，和他说话，巴克含着桑顿的手。

7 The call of the wild

In five minutes Buck had made fourteen hundred dollars for Thornton and his friends. The money made it possible for them to travel east, where they wanted to look for a lost gold mine. Men said that this mine had more gold than any other mine in the north. Many had looked for it, and some had died looking for it. The only men who knew where it was were now dead.

Thornton, Pete and Hans, with Buck and six other dogs, started off to the east in the spring. They travelled up the Stewart River and crossed the Mackenzie Mountains. They did not move quickly; the weather was good, and the men shot animals for food when they needed it. Sometimes they travelled for a week, and sometimes they stopped for a week and searched for gold in the ground. Sometimes they were hungry, and sometimes they had lots of food. They spent all the summer in the mountains, carrying everything they needed on their backs, sometimes making boats to go down rivers or across lakes.

In the autumn they came to a strange, flat country, with many lakes. They travelled on through the winter and met nobody, but once they found an old wooden house, with an old gun in it.

When the spring came, they found, not the lost mine, but a lake in a wide valley. Through the shallow water the gold showed like yellow butter, and here their search ended. There was gold worth thousands of dollars in the lake, and they worked every day, filling bag after bag with gold.

The dogs had nothing to do except watch the men and eat the food which the men shot for them. Buck spent many evenings sitting by the fire.

As he sat, he saw again his dream world, where the strange hairy man sat next to him. He also heard something calling him into the forest. Sometimes, in the middle of the day, he lifted his head and listened, and then ran off into the forest.

One night he woke up and heard the call again, a long howl. He ran into the forest, following the sound, and came to an open place in the trees. And there, his nose pointing to the sky, sat a wolf.

The wolf stopped howling and Buck walked slowly towards him. The wolf ran, and Buck followed. After a time, the wolf stopped and waited, watching Buck, ready to attack. But Buck did not want to fight, and soon the wolf realized this, and the two animals became friendly. Then the wolf started to run again, and he clearly wanted Buck to follow him. They ran for hours through the forest, and Buck remembered again his dream world where he, and others like him, had run through a much older forest.

Then they stopped to drink, and Buck remembered John Thornton. He turned and started to run back. The wolf followed him, then stopped and howled, but Buck ran on and did not turn.

Thornton was eating dinner when Buck returned. Buck jumped all over him, and for two days never left his side. He followed him every where, watching him while he ate and while he slept. But after two days the call of the wild came again, and he remembered the forest and the wolf who had run beside him.

He started to sleep out in the forest at night, sometimes staying out for three or four days. Once he was away for a week, fishing and killing animals for food. He ate well, and he grew stronger and quicker and more alive. His golden brown coat shone with health as he ran through the forest, learning its every secret, every smell, and every sound.

‘He’s the finest dog that I’ve ever seen,’ said Thornton to his friends one day as they watched Buck walking out of camp.

‘There’ll never be another dog like him,’ said Pete.

They saw him walking out of camp but they didn’t see the change that happened when he was inside the forest. At once he became a thing of the wild, stepping softly and silently, a passing shadow among the trees.

In the autumn, Buck started to see moose in the forest. One day he met a group of about twenty. The largest was two metres tall, and his antlers were more than two metres across. When he saw Buck, he got very angry. For hours Buck followed the moose; he wanted the big one, but he wanted him alone. By the evening Buck had driven the big old moose away from the others, and then he began his attack. The animal weighed six hundred and fifty kilos—he was big enough and strong enough to kill Buck in seconds. Patiently, Buck followed him for four days, attacking and then jumping away. He gave him no peace, no time to eat or drink or rest, and slowly the moose became weaker. At the end of the fourth day Buck pulled the moose down and killed him. He stayed by the dead animal for a day and a half, eating, and then turned towards camp and John Thornton.

Five kilometres from the camp, he smelt something strange. Something was wrong. He started to run. After a few hundred metres he found the dead body of Blackie, with an arrow through his side. Then he found another sledge-dog, dying, with an arrow in his neck.

Buck was near the camp now, and he could hear voices singing. Then he saw the body of Hans, lying on his face, with ten or fifteen arrows in his back. Buck was suddenly filled with a wild, burning anger.

The yeehats were dancing around the camp, when they heard a deep and terrible growling. Buck came out of the trees faster than the north wind, and threw himself on the Yeehats like a mad dog. He jumped at the first man, and tore out his throat, killing him at once. He jumped onto a second, then a third man, going each time for the throat. The Yeehats could neither escape nor use their arrows. Buck moved like a storm among them, tearing, biting, destroying, in a madness that he had never known before. Nothing could stop him, and soon the Yeehats were running, wild with fear, back to the forest. Buck followed for some time, then returned to the camp.

He found Pete, killed in his bed. He followed Thornton’s smell to a deep pool, and found Skeet lying dead by the edge. Thornton’s body was somewhere under the water.

All day Buck stayed by the pool or walked restlessly round the camp. But when the evening came, he heard new sounds from the forest; the wolves had come south for the winter, and were moving into Buck’s valley. They came into the camp in the moonlight, and Buck stood silently, waiting for them. Suddenly, the bravest wolf jumped at Buck. In a second, Buck had bitten, and then stood still again. The wolf was dead behind him. Three more wolves jumped at him, and were killed.

Then the pack attacked in a crowd all at once. But not one of them could bring Buck down; he was too quick, too

strong, too clever for them all. After half an hour the pack stopped attacking and moved away. Then one wolf moved forward slowly, in a friendly way; it was the wolf that Buck had met before in the forest. They touched noses. Then another wolf came forward to make friends, and another. Soon the pack was all around Buck, and the call of the wild was loud in Buck's ears. And when the wolves moved on, back into the forest, Buck ran with them, side by side

That is perhaps the end of Buck's story. But after a few years, the Yeehats noticed that some of the wolves had golden brown in their grey coats. They also talked of a Ghost Dog that ran at the head of the pack.

And sometimes men were found dead, killed by the teeth of a terrible animal. And each autumn, when the Yeehats follow the moose, there is one valley that they will not go into.

In the summers there is one visitor to that valley: a large, golden-brown wolf, larger than any other wolf. He walks alone round the lake where the yellow gold shines in the water, and howls. But he is not always alone. In the long winter nights, he runs at the head of the wolf pack through the moonlight, calling into the night with them, singing a song from a younger world.

7 野性的呼唤

不过5分钟，巴克就为桑顿和他的朋友们赚了1400美元。他们有足够的钱去东部旅行，他们想在那里寻找一座下落不明的金矿。人们传说那座金矿比任何一座北方的金矿都富足。许多人都在寻找它，有一些人为了寻找它而命丧黄泉。那唯一知道金矿下落的人已经死了。

桑顿，皮特和汉斯，带着巴克和另外6条狗，在春天向东方启程了。他们渡过了斯塔沃特河，翻过了麦肯瑟山脉。他们走的并不快。天气很不错。有时人们就打点野味来充饥。有时他们连续走一星期，有时他们会逗留一星期在地下寻找金矿。有时他们忍饥挨饿，有时又食物富足。他们在山区里度过了夏天，背着所有必需品，有时他们制造小船沿河漂流或者横渡湖泊。

秋天的时候他们来到一个奇特而平坦的国度，有许多湖泊。他们跋涉了整整一个冬天，没有碰到一个人。但是他们曾经发现过一座古式的木屋，还有屋内一杆旧枪。

当春天又来临的时候，他们发现的不是那座下落不明的金矿，而是一个位于宽阔峡谷中的湖泊。透过浅浅的湖水，金子就像黄澄澄的奶油一样。他们的搜寻到此结束了。湖中的金子价值连城，他们每天都工作，装满了一袋又一袋的金子。

狗无所事事，只好看人们工作和吃人们打来的野味。巴克总是坐在火边消磨着夜晚的时光。

当他蹲坐在那里时，他又一次看到了他梦中的世界，那个奇怪的毛发浓密的人坐在他的旁边。他依然感受到那来自丛林的呼唤。有时正值正午，他就抬头聆听着，然后就会蹿进森林里。

一天晚上他从睡梦中醒来，又听到那呼唤，长长的嗥叫。他跑进森林，追随着那呼声，来到了林子间的一片空地上。在那儿，蹲坐着一头狼，仰首望天。

狼停止了嗥叫，巴克慢慢向他走过去。狼跑开了，巴克紧追不舍。过了一段时间，狼停住步子等待着，打量着巴克，准备着一场恶斗。但是巴克无意开战，很快狼就意识到了这点。两头动物变得友好起来。然后狼又开始了奔跑，很明显他希望巴克跟着他。他们在森林中跑了数个小时，巴克又想起了他梦中的世界，在那里他和他的同类，穿过一座古老的森林。

当他们停下来喝水的时候，巴克想起了约翰·桑顿。他掉头向回跑去。狼跟着他，然后停下来嗥叫着，但是巴克头也不回继续奔跑回去。

巴克回来的时候，桑顿正在吃晚饭。巴克扑在他的身上，有两天不肯离开他的左右，到哪儿都跟着他，即使睡觉和吃饭也不肯把目光挪开。但是两天之后，那野性的呼唤又响了起来，他又想起了森林和那头同他并驾齐驱的狼。

他开始在夜晚露宿在森林里，有时一呆就是三四天。有一次他跑出去了一个星期，捕鱼猎兽觅食吃。他吃的很好，变得越发健壮敏捷，也更有生气。在他奔跑在森林里的时候，他的金褐色的皮毛闪着健康的光泽。他探索着森林中每一处的神秘，每一种气味，每一声声响。

“他是我见过的最出色的狗，”桑顿有一天对他的朋友们说，他们正看着巴克跑出营地。

“绝无仅有”。皮特说。

他们只看见他跑出了营地，但是他们无从知晓他在森林中发生的本质的变化。他会立刻变成一头野兽，步子轻捷无声，像一道阴影擦过森林。

在秋天，巴克开始在森林中发现驼鹿。有一天他碰上了大约有20头的一群驼鹿。最大的一头有两米高，两只鹿角甚至有两米多宽。他看见巴克的时候，十分生气。巴克追随了这只驼鹿数个小时；他想要头大个儿的，并单独捕杀他。到傍晚时分，巴克把那头大个儿的老驼鹿赶到了鹿群之外，然后发动了进攻。那动物重达650公斤——他高大强壮到足以在数秒中杀死巴克。巴克耐心地追随了他4天，进攻一下就又跳开，他让他不得安宁，没有时间进食喝水，也无法休息。渐渐地那驼鹿衰弱下去。到第4天结束的当口儿，巴克扑倒了那头驼鹿杀死了他。他在死兽旁呆了一天半的光景，吃食，然后返回到营地和约翰·桑顿那里去。

离营地5公里远，他嗅到了异味，出事了。他开始奔跑。几百米之后他发现了布莱吉的尸体，一支羽箭插在他身体的一侧。然后他又发现了另一只雪撬狗，脖子上插着一支羽箭，奄奄待毙。

现在巴克已经接近营地了，他听到歌声传来。之后他看到了汉斯的尸体，脸向下俯在地上，大约有10到15支羽箭插在他的后背上。巴克突然心中燃烧起了狂野的怒火。

印第安人正围绕着营地跳舞，他们听到一声低沉可怕的咆哮。巴克比北风还要迅捷，从树丛中蹿了出来，他像一条疯狗一样直扑到印第安人身上去。他扑向第一个人，撕开了他的喉咙，令他当场毙命。然后他又扑向第二个人，然后又是第三个人，每一次都瞄准咽喉。印第安人既不能逃走也不能用他们的箭。巴克像暴风雪一样掠过他们，撕扯，啃噬，破坏，他陷入过去从未有过的疯狂。没有任何人能制止他，于是很快印第安人就在恐惧的狂乱中逃进了森林。巴克追赶了一阵，就返回了营地。

他发现皮特被杀死在床上。他嗅着桑顿的气味找到了一个深水潭，发现斯开特倒毙在潭边。桑顿的尸体可能在水下的某个地方。

整整一天巴克呆在水潭边，闻或围着营地不停地奔走。但是当夜幕降临的时候，他听到森林中传出新的声响；狼群来到南方过冬了，他们正朝着巴克的山谷而来。他们在月光下来到了营地。巴克静静地仁立着等待着他们。突然，一只最勇敢的狼扑向巴克。仅仅一秒钟，巴克就咬住了他，然后重新站直。狼死在他的身后。另3条狼又扑了上来，也死掉了。

然后狼群集体一起出击了。但是没有一头狼能扑倒巴克；他们对整个来说，太过迅捷，太强壮，也太聪明了。半小时之后狼群停止了进攻，开始撤退。有一头狼缓缓地走上前来，做出友好的姿态；这就是巴克以前在森林中遇到的那只狼。他们互相碰碰鼻子致意。然后另外一只狼也走上来交朋友，然后又是一只。很快巴克就被狼群围在了中心。野性的呼唤在巴克耳边响彻。狼群前进了，他们返回森林，巴克和他们一起并肩奔跑。

这也许就是关于巴克的故事的尾声了。但是几年之后，印第安人注意到灰色的狼群中有一些有金褐色的皮毛。他们还谈论着跑在狼群前的一只幽灵一样的狗。

有时有一些人被发现被一个可怕动物用牙齿咬死了。每年秋天，当印第安人追赶驼鹿的时候，有一个山谷他们从来不去。

在夏天的时候，山谷里只有一个探访者：一头高大金褐色的狼，比任何一头狼都高大。他沿着湖边走着，嗥叫着，水底的黄金闪烁着光芒。但他也不总是独自一个的。在漫长的冬夜，他带领狼群在月光下跑过，同他们一起在夜晚呼喊，在一个更有生气的世界里唱着歌。

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简 介

“咱俩差不多，”本·威瑟斯塔夫老头对玛丽说。“长得丑，脾气也不好。”

可怜的玛丽！谁都不要她，也没人喜欢她。父母去世以后，她被人从印度送回英国的约克郡，住在她舅舅的家里。那是一幢旧房子，很大，差不多有上百个房间，可大部分都关得严严实实，还上了锁。玛丽住在那儿，情绪很坏，她感到厌烦、孤独，整天没事可做，除了园丁本·威瑟斯塔夫老头，没人跟她说说话。

不过后来玛丽听说了有关秘密花园的事。那花园的门紧锁着，钥匙也不知哪儿去了。10年了，除了那只能够飞过围墙的知更鸟，没有一个人进过那园子。玛丽望着知更鸟，琢磨着钥匙会在哪儿……

再后来，夜里房子中什么地方传来奇怪的哭声，听起来像是个孩子……

弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特生于1849年，卒于1924年。从16岁起她大部分时间住在美国，但经常回英格兰。她是一位终身作家，写了很多书，《秘密花园》是她的代表作。

1 Little Miss Mary

Nobody seemed to care about Mary. She was born in India, where her father was a British official. He was busy with his work, and her mother, who was very beautiful, spent all her time going to parties. So an Indian woman, Kamala, was paid to take care of the little girl. Mary was not a pretty child. She had a thin angry face and thin yellow hair. She was always giving orders to Kamala, who had to obey. Mary never thought of other people, but only of herself. In fact, she was a very selfish, disagreeable, bad-tempered little girl.

One very hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she woke up and saw that instead of Kamala there was a different Indian servant by her bed.

‘What are you doing here?’ she asked crossly. ‘Go away! And send Kamala to me at once!’

The woman looked afraid. ‘I’m sorry, Miss Mary, she— she—she can’t come!’

Something strange was happening that day. Some of the house servants were missing and everybody looked frightened. But nobody told Mary anything, and Kamala still did not come. So at last Mary went out into the garden, and played by herself under a tree. She pretended she was making her own flower garden, and picked large red flowers to push into the ground. All the time she was saying crossly to herself,

‘I hate Kamala! I’ll hit her when she comes back!’

Just then she saw her mother coming into the garden, with a young Englishman. They did not notice the child, who listened to their conversation.

‘It’s very bad, is it?’ her mother asked the young man in a worried voice.

‘Very bad,’ he answered seriously. ‘People are dying like flies. It’s dangerous to stay in this town. You should go to the hills, where there’s no disease.’

‘Oh, I know!’ she cried. ‘We must leave soon!’

Suddenly they heard loud cries coming from the servants’ rooms, at the side of the house.

‘What’s happened?’ cried Mary’s mother wildly.

‘I think one of your servants has just died. You didn’t tell me the disease is here, in your house!’

‘I didn’t know!’ she screamed. ‘Quick, come with me!’ And together they ran into the house.

Now Mary understood what was wrong. The terrible disease had already killed many people in the town, and in all the houses people were dying. In Mary’s house it was Kamala who had just died. Later that day three more servants died there.

All through the night and the next day people ran in and out of the house, shouting and crying. Nobody thought of Mary. She hid in her bedroom, frightened by the strange and terrible sounds that she heard around her. Sometimes she cried and sometimes she slept.

When she woke the next day, the house was silent.

‘Perhaps the disease has gone,’ she thought, ‘and everybody is well again. I wonder who will take care of me instead of Kamala? Why doesn’t someone bring me some food? It’s strange the house is so quiet.’

But just then she heard men’s voices in the hall.

‘How sad!’ said one. ‘That beautiful woman!’

‘There was a child too, wasn’t there?’ said the other. ‘Although none of us ever saw her.’

Mary was standing in the middle of her room when they opened the door a few minutes later. The two men jumped back in surprise.

‘My name is Mary Lennox,’ she said crossly. ‘I was asleep when everyone was ill, and now I’m hungry.’

‘It’s the child, the one nobody ever saw!’ said the older man to the other. ‘They’ve all forgotten her!’

‘Why was I forgotten?’ asked Mary angrily. ‘Why has nobody come to take care of me?’

The younger man looked at her very sadly. ‘Poor child!’ he said. ‘You see, there’s nobody left alive in the house. So nobody can come.’

In this strange and sudden way Mary learnt that both her mother and her father had died. The few servants who had not died had run away in the night. No one had remembered little Miss Mary. She was all alone.

Because she had never known her parents well, she did not miss them at all. She only thought of herself, as she had always done.

‘Where will I live?’ she wondered. ‘I hope I’ll stay with people who’ll let me do what I want.’

At first she was taken to an English family who had known her parents. She hated their untidy house and noisy children, and preferred playing by herself in the garden. One day she was playing her favourite game, pretending to make a garden, when one of the children, Basil, offered to help.

‘Go away!’ cried Mary. ‘I don’t want your help!’

For a moment Basil looked angry, and then he began to laugh. He danced round and round Mary, and sang a funny little song about Miss Mary and her stupid flowers. This made Mary very cross indeed. No one had ever laughed at her so unkindly.

‘You’re going home soon,’ said Basil. ‘And we’re all very pleased you’re leaving!’

‘I’m pleased too,’ replied Mary. ‘But where’s home?’

‘You’re stupid if you don’t know that!’ laughed Basil. England, of course! You’re going to live with your uncle, Mr Archibald Graven.’

‘I’ve never heard of him,’ said Mary coldly.

‘But I know about him because I heard Father and Mother talking,’ said Basil. ‘He lives in a big lonely old

house, and has no friends, because he's so badtempered. He's got a crooked back, and he's horrid!'

'I don't believe you!' cried Mary. But the next day Basil's parents explained that she was going to live with her uncle in Yorkshire, in the north of England. Mary looked bored and cross and said nothing.

After the long sea journey, she was met in London by Mr Craven's housekeeper, Mrs Medlock. Together they travelled north by train. Mrs Medlock was a large woman, with a very red face and bright black eyes. Mary did not like her, but that was not surprising, because she did not usually like people. Mrs Medlock did not like Mary either.

'What a disagreeable child!' thought the housekeeper. 'But perhaps I should talk to her.'

'I can tell you a bit about your uncle if you like,' she said aloud. 'He lives in a big old house, a long way from anywhere. There are nearly a hundred rooms, but most of them are shut and locked. There's a big park round the house, and all kinds of gardens. Well, what do you think of that?'

'Nothing,' replied Mary. 'It doesn't matter to me.'

Mrs Medlock laughed. 'You're a hard little girl! Well, if you don't care, Mr Craven doesn't either. He never spends time on anyone. He's got a crooked back, you see, and although he's always been rich, he was never really happy until he married.'

'Married?' repeated Mary in surprise.

'Yes, he married a sweet, pretty girl, and he loved her deeply. So when she died—'

'Oh! Did she die?' asked Mary, interested.

'Yes, she did. And now he doesn't care about anybody. If he's at home, he stays in his room and sees nobody. He won't want to see you, so you must stay out of his way and do what you're told.'

Mary stared out of the train window at the grey sky and the rain. She was not looking forward to life at her uncle's house.

The train journey lasted all day, and it was dark when they arrived at the station. Then there was a long drive to get to the house. It was a cold, windy night, and it was raining heavily. After a while Mary began to hear a strange, wild noise. She looked out of the window, but could see nothing except the darkness.

'What's that noise?' she asked Mrs Medlock. 'It's—It's not the sea, is it?'

'No, that's the moor. It's the sound the wind makes, blowing across the moor.'

'What is a moor?'

'It's just miles and miles of wild land, with no trees or houses. Your uncle's house is right on the edge of the moor.'

Mary listened to the strange, frightening sound. 'I don't like it,' she thought. 'I don't like it.' She looked more disagreeable than ever.

1 幼年的玛丽小姐

似乎没有人注意玛丽的存在。玛丽出生在印度，父亲是驻印的英国官员，总是忙着工作，母亲长得非常漂亮，把所有时间都花在参加聚会上。所以，一个名叫卡玛拉的印度女人被雇来照看这个小姑娘。玛丽长得不漂亮，消瘦的脸上总是一副生气的样子，头发稀疏枯黄。她总对卡玛拉发号施令，卡玛拉只好顺从她。她很少想到别人，只顾自己。她确实是一个非常自私，脾气怪戾，很难相处的女孩。

在她9岁那年的一个上午，天气很热，她醒来时发现站在床前的不是卡玛拉，而是另外一个印度女仆。

“你在这儿干什么？”她生气地问。“走开！叫卡玛拉马上到这儿来！”

那个女人看来很害怕。“对不起，玛丽小姐，她——她——她来不了了！”

那天发生了一些很奇怪的事情，房子里的一些仆人不见了，每个人看上去都惊恐异常。可是没有人告诉玛丽任何事情，卡玛拉也始终没来。最后玛丽只好一个人来到花园，在一棵树下玩耍。她假装是在给自己造一座花园，摘来大朵的红花插在土里，一边玩还一边堵气地自言自语。

“我讨厌卡玛拉！等她回来我要接她一顿！”

就在这会儿，她看见妈妈和一个年轻的英国人走进花园，玛丽听见了他们的谈话，他们却没注意到她。

“很严重，是吗？”妈妈问那个年轻人，声音充满焦虑。

“非常严重，”他严肃地说。“人们像苍蝇一样死去，再在城里呆下去太危险了，你得到山里去，那里没有疾病。”

“哦，我知道！”她叫道，“我们得马上离开！”

突然，他们听到房子侧面用人屋里传来嚎啕大哭的声音。

“出了什么事？”玛丽的妈妈慌乱地大叫着。

“我看是你的一个用人刚刚死去。你没告诉过我这儿也有疫病，在你的房子里！”

“我根本不知道！”她尖声叫着。“快，跟我来。”他们一同冲进屋去。

现在玛丽明白是哪儿不对了。可怕的疫病已经夺去了城里很多人的生命，到处都有人在死去。在玛丽家刚刚死去的正是卡玛拉。那天后来又有3个用人死了。

整整一夜到第二天，人们跑进跑出，哭着，喊着，谁也没想起玛丽。她躲在卧室里，被周围这些可怕的声音吓坏了，不时地哭着，哭累了就睡上一会儿。

第二天，当她醒来时，房子里一片寂静。

“说不定疫病已经过去，人们又和从前一样健康了，”她想着，“谁会接替卡玛拉来照看我呢？为什么家里没人给我送点吃的来，房子里这么静，真是太奇怪了。”

就在这时，她听到客厅里男人说话的声音。

“太惨啦！”有人说。“这么漂亮的女人！”

“还应该有个孩子的，是不是？”另外一个人说，“尽管我们都没有看见她。”

几分钟后，他们推开门，玛丽站在房间的中间，两个男人吓得跳了回去。

“我叫玛丽·莲诺丝，”她生气地说。“他们生病时我睡着了，现在我很饿。”

“就是这个孩子，谁都没看见她！”年长一点的男人对另一个说。“他们都把她忘了！”

“为什么把我忘了？”玛丽气呼呼地问。“为什么没人来照看我？”

年轻一点的男人忧伤地看着她，“可怜的孩子！”他说。“听着，这幢房子里的人全死了，所以没有人能来照看你。”

以这样一种奇异而突然的方式，玛丽得知她的父母已不在人世，活下来的几个用人也趁半夜逃走了。没人想起年幼的玛丽小姐，就只剩下她一个人了。

由于她跟父母并不亲近，也并不想念他们。像以前一样，她只想到了她自己。

“我该住哪儿呢？”她思量着。“我想跟那些让我想干什么就干什么的人在一起。”

一开始她被带到一户英国人家，他们认识她的父母。可她讨厌他们凌乱的房间和吵吵闹闹的孩子们，而宁愿一个人在花园里玩。一天，她正玩着最喜欢的造花园游戏，那家的孩子巴兹尔走过来想帮她忙。

“走开！”玛丽大声喊道，“我才不用你帮忙！”

巴兹尔呆站了一会儿，很生气，可很快又乐开了。他围着玛丽又蹦又跳，一边唱起一支滑稽的有关玛丽小姐和她愚蠢的花儿的歌。这可把玛丽气坏了，还从来没人这么刻薄地嘲笑过她呢！

“你就快回家了，”巴兹尔说。“我们真高兴你快走了。”

“我也高兴，”玛丽答道。“可回哪儿的家？”

“你连这都不知道，可真够傻的！”巴兹尔笑道，“当然是英国！你要去跟你舅舅阿奇伯德·克莱文先生住了！”

“我从来没听说过他。”玛丽冷冷地说。

“可我知道，我听我爸爸妈妈谈论过他。他住在一幢孤零零的、又大又旧房子里，一个朋友都没有，因为他脾气太坏了，他还是个驼背，可怕极了！”

“我才不信呢！”玛丽大声说。可是第二天，巴兹尔的父母解释说她将要到英格兰北部的约克郡，跟她的舅舅住在一起。玛丽显得又烦躁又恼怒，可什么都没说。

轮船在海上航行了很久，克莱文先生的管家梅洛太太到伦敦来接玛丽，带她坐火车去北方。梅洛太太是个高大的女人，红脸膛，长着一双明亮的黑眼睛。玛丽不喜欢她，这也没什么好奇怪的，因为她谁也不喜欢。梅洛太太也不怎么喜欢玛丽。

“这孩子可真不讨人喜欢！”管家心里想。“不过也许我能跟她聊聊。”

“要是你愿意，我可以给你讲讲你舅舅的事。”她大声说。“他住在一幢很大的老宅子里，离哪儿都不近。那个宅子差不多有一百个房间，可大部分都是上了锁的。房子周围有一片很大的园林，还有各式的花园。你觉得怎么样？”

“不怎么样，”玛丽答道。“跟我一点关系都没有。”

梅洛太太笑了，“你这个小倔丫头！好啦，如果你不在乎，克莱文先生自然也不在乎。他从不把时间花在任何人身上，他是个驼背，而且，尽管一直很有钱，在他结婚之前他从来没有真正快乐过。”

“结婚？”玛丽惊奇地重复道。

“是啊，娶了个温柔美丽的姑娘，他非常非常爱她。所以那姑娘一死——”

“哦！她死了吗？”玛丽感兴趣地问道。

“是啊，她死了。所以克莱文先生谁也不关心了，他在家的时候就呆在屋子里谁也不见，他不会想见你的，所以你必须躲着他，照别人吩咐你的去做。”

玛丽望着车窗外灰色的天空和飘落的雨水，对于住在舅舅家的生活没有一丝期盼。

火车走了一天，到站时天已经黑了。可离那幢房子还有很远的路，要搭马车才能到。这是一个寒冷的夜晚，风疾雨骤。过了一阵，玛丽听到一种奇怪的狂野的声音，她向窗外看去，可除了黑暗什么都看不见。

“那是什么声音？”她问梅洛太太，“那——那不是海，对么？”

“对，那不是海，是荒原的声音，是风吹过荒原时发出的声音。”

“荒原是什么？”

“就是大片大片的荒地，没有树，也没有房屋，你舅舅家就住在荒原的尽头。”

玛丽听着那奇怪而又可怕的声音，心里想着“我讨厌它，我讨厌它。”她看上去更加不讨人喜欢了。

2 Mary in Yorkshire

They arrived at a very large old house. It looked dark and unfriendly from the outside. Inside, Mary looked around the big shadowy hall, and felt very small and lost. They went straight upstairs. Mary was shown to a room where there was a warm fire and food on the table.

‘This is your room, ’ said Mrs Medlock. ‘Go to bed when you’ve had some supper. And remember, you must stay in your room! Mr Craven doesn’t want you to wander all over the house! ’

When Mary woke up the next morning, she saw a young servant girl cleaning the fireplace. The room seemed dark and rather strange, with pictures of dogs and horses and ladies on the walls. It was not a child’s room at all. From the window she could not see any trees or houses, only wild land, which looked like a kind of purple sea.

‘Who are you? ’ she asked the servant coldly.

‘Martha, miss, ’ answered the girl with a smile.

‘And what’s that outside? ’ Mary continued.

‘That’s the moor, ’ smiled Martha. ‘Do you like it? ’

‘No, ’ replied Mary immediately. ‘I hate it. ’

‘That’s because you don’t know it. You will like it. I love it. It’s lovely in spring and summer when there are flowers. It always smells so sweet. The air’s so fresh, and the birds sing so beautifully. I never want to leave the moor. ’

Mary was feeling very badtempered. ‘You’re a strange servant, ’ she said. ‘In India we don’t have conversations with servants. We give orders, and they obey, and that’s that. ’

Martha did not seem to mind Mary’s crossness.

‘I know I talk too much! ’ she laughed.

‘Are you going to be my servant? ’ asked Mary.

‘Well, not really. I work for Mrs Medlock. I’m going to clean your room and bring you your food, but you won’t need a servant except for those things. ’

‘But who’s going to dress me? ’

Martha stopped cleaning, and stared at Mary.

‘Tha’ canna’ dress thysen? ’ she asked, shocked.

‘What do you mean? I don’t understand your language! ’

‘Oh, I forgot. We all speak the Yorkshire dialect here, but of course you don’t understand that. I meant to say, can’t you put on your own clothes? ’

‘Of course not! My servant always used to dress me. ’

‘Well! I think you should learn to dress yourself. My mother always says people should be able to take care of themselves, even if they’re rich and important. ’

Little Miss Mary was furious with Martha. ‘It’s different in India where I come from! You don’t know anything about India, or about servants, or about anything! You… you…’ She could not explain what she meant. Suddenly she felt very confused and lonely. She threw herself down on the bed and started crying wildly.

‘Now, now, don’t cry like that, ’ Martha said gently. ‘I’m very sorry. You’re right, I don’t know anything about anything. Please stop crying, miss. ’

She sounded kind and friendly, and Mary began to feel better and soon stopped crying. Martha went on talking as she finished her cleaning, but Mary looked out of the window in a bored way, and pretended not to listen.

‘I’ve got eleven brothers and sisters, you know, miss. There’s not much money in our house. And they all eat so much food! Mother says it’s the good fresh air on the moor that makes them so hungry. My brother Dickon, he’s always out on the moor. He’s twelve, and he’s got a horse which he rides sometimes. ’

‘Where did he get it? ’ asked Mary. She had always wanted an animal of her own, and so she began to feel a little interest in Dickon.

‘Oh, it’s a wild horse, but he’s a kind boy, and animals like him, you see. Now you must have your breakfast, miss. Here it is on the table. ’

‘I don’t want it, ’ said Mary. ‘I’m not hungry. ’

‘What! ’ cried Martha. ‘My little brothers and sisters would eat all this in five minutes! ’

‘Why? ’ asked Mary coldly.

‘Because they don’t get enough to eat, that’s why, and they’re always hungry. You’re very lucky to have the food, miss. ’ Mary said nothing, but she drank some tea and ate a little bread.

‘Now put a coat on and run outside to play, ’ said Martha. ‘It’ll do you good to be in the fresh air. ’

Mary looked out of the window at the cold grey sky. ‘Why should I go out on a day like this? ’ she asked.

‘Well, there’s nothing to play with indoors, is there? ’

Mary realized Martha was right. ‘But who will go with me? ’ she said.

Martha stared at her. ‘Nobody. You’ll have to learn to play by yourself Dickon plays by himself on the moors for hours, with the wild birds, and the sheep, and the other animals. ’ She looked away for a moment. ‘Perhaps I shouldn’t tell you this, but—but one of the walled gardens is locked up. Nobody’s been in it for ten years. It was Mrs Craven’s garden, and when she died so suddenly, Mr Craven locked it and buried the key— Oh, I must go, I can hear Mrs Medlock’s bell

ringing for me. ’

Mary went downstairs and wandered through the great empty gardens. Many of the fruit and vegetable gardens had walls round them, but there were no locked doors. She saw an old man digging in one of the vegetable gardens, but he looked cross and unfriendly, so she walked on.

‘How ugly it all looks in winter! ’ she thought. ‘But what a mystery the locked garden is! Why did my uncle bury the key? If he loved his wife, why did he hate her garden? Perhaps I’ll never know. I don’t suppose I’ll like him if I ever meet him. And he won’t like me, so I won’t be able to ask him. ’

Just then she noticed a robin singing to her from a tree on the other side of a wall. ‘I think that tree’s in the secret garden! ’ she told herself. ‘There’s an extra wall here, and there’s no way in. ’

She went back to where the gardener was digging, and spoke to him. At first he answered in a very badtempered way, but suddenly the robin flew down near them, and the old man began to smile. He looked a different person then, and Mary thought how much nicer people looked when they smiled. The gardener spoke gently to the robin, and the pretty little bird hopped on the ground near them.

‘He’s my friend, he is, ’ said the old man. ‘There aren’t any other robins in the garden, so he’s a bit lonely. ’ He spoke in strong Yorkshire dialect, so Mary had to listen carefully to understand him.

She looked very hard at the robin. ‘I’m lonely too, ’ she said. She had not realized this before.

‘What’s your name? ’ she asked the gardener.

‘Ben Weatherstaff. I’m lonely myself. The robin’s my only friend, you see. ’

‘I haven’t got any friends at all, ’ said Mary.

Yorkshire people always say what they are thinking, and old Ben was a Yorkshire moor man. ‘We’re alike, you and me, ’ he told Mary. ‘We’re not pretty to look at, and we’re both very disagreeable. ’

Nobody had ever said this to Mary before. ‘Am I really as ugly and disagreeable as Ben? ’ she wondered.

Suddenly the robin flew to a tree near Mary and started singing to her. Ben laughed loudly.

‘Well! ’ he said. ‘He wants to be your friend! ’

‘Oh! Would you please be my friend? ’ she whispered to the robin. She spoke in a soft, quiet voice and old Ben looked at her in surprise.

‘You said that really nicely! ’ he said. ‘You sound like Dickon, when he talks to animals on the moor. ’

‘Do you know Dickon? ’ asked Mary. But just then the robin flew away. ‘Oh look, he’s flown into the garden with no door! Please, Ben, how can I get into it? ’

Ben stopped smiling and picked up his spade. ‘You can’t, and that’s that. It’s not your business. Nobody can find the door. Run away and play, will you? I must get on with my work. ’ And he walked away. He did not even say goodbye.

In the next few days Mary spent almost all her time in the gardens. The fresh air from the moor made her hungry, and she was becoming stronger and healthier. One day she noticed the robin again. He was on top of a wall, singing to her. ‘Good morning! Isn’t this fun! Come this way! ’ he seemed to say, as he hopped along the wall. Mary began to laugh as she danced along beside him. ‘I know the secret garden’s on the other side of this wall! ’ she thought excitedly. ‘And the robin lives there! But where’s the door? ’

That evening she asked Martha to stay and talk to her beside the fire after supper. They could hear the wind blowing round the old house, but the room was warm and comfortable. Mary only had one idea in her head.

‘Tell me about the secret garden, ’ she said.

‘Well, all right then, miss, but we aren’t supposed to talk about it, you know. It was Mrs Craven’s favourite garden, and she and Mr Craven used to take care of it themselves. They spent hours there, reading and talking. Very happy, they were. They used the branch of an old tree as a seat. But one day when she was sitting on the branch, it broke, and she fell. She was very badly hurt and the next day she died. That’s why he hates the garden so much, and won’t let anyone go in there. ’

‘How sad! ’ said Mary. ‘Poor Mr Craven! ’ It was the first time that she had ever felt sorry for anyone.

Just then, as she was listening to the wind outside, she heard another noise, in the house.

‘Can you hear a child crying? ’ she asked Martha.

Martha looked confused. ‘Er—no, ’ she replied. ‘No, I think—it must be the wind. ’

But at that moment the wind blew open their door and they heard the crying very clearly.

‘I told you! ’ cried Mary.

At once Martha shut the door. ‘It was the wind, ’ she repeated. But she did not speak in her usual natural way, and Mary did not believe her.

The next day it was very rainy, so Mary did not go out. Instead she decided to wander round the house, looking into some of the hundred rooms that Mrs Medlock had told her about. She spent all morning going in and out of dark, silent rooms, which were full of heavy furniture and old pictures. She saw no servants at all, and was on her way back to her room for lunch, when she heard a cry. ‘It’s a bit like the cry that I heard last night! ’ she thought. Just then the housekeeper, Mrs Medlock, appeared, with her keys in her hand.

‘What are you doing here? ’ she asked crossly.

‘I didn’t know which way to go, and I heard someone crying, ’ answered Mary.

‘You didn’t hear anything! Go back to your room now. And if you don’t stay there, I’ll lock you in! ’

Mary hated Mrs Medlock for this. ‘There was someone crying, I know there was! ’ she said to herself. ‘But I’ll discover who it is soon! ’ She was almost beginning to enjoy herself in Yorkshire.

2 玛丽在约克郡的日子

她们来到一座很大的旧房子前，从外面看上去黑暗而冷漠。玛丽走进投满阴影的大厅，觉得自己非常渺小，不知身在何处。她们径直上了楼，玛丽被带进一个房间，里面生着火，很暖和，桌上摆着食物。

“这就是你的房间，”梅洛太太说。“吃点东西就睡吧。记住，你必须呆在自己的房间里！克莱文先生可不想看见你在房子里乱逛！”

第二天一早玛丽醒来时，看见一个年轻的女仆正在清理壁炉。房间看上去很暗，有点古怪，墙上挂着狗、马还有女人的画像，一点也不像个孩子的房间。从窗子望出去，她看不到任何树或房屋，只有荒原，看上去像一片紫色的海。

“你是谁？”她冷冷地问那个仆人。

“我叫玛莎，小姐。”女孩笑着回答。

“外面是什么？”玛丽又问道。

“那是荒原，”玛莎笑着。“你喜欢吗？”

“不，”玛丽很快地答道，“我讨厌它。”

“那是因为你还不了解它。你会喜欢它的。我喜欢它。春天和夏天都开满了花，可爱极了，连空气都是甜的。那儿的空气新鲜极了，鸟也叫得那么动听，我从来都不想离开它。”

玛丽感到很懊恼。“你可真怪，”她说，“在印度我们从来不跟用人交谈。我们下命令，他们服从，这就够了。”

玛莎对玛丽的小姐脾气好像并不在意。

“我知道我说得太多了！”她笑着说。

玛丽问道，“你会给我做用人吗？”

“嗯，也不全是。我为梅洛太太工作。我要打扫你的房间，给你拿吃的东西，可除此之外你并不需要一个用人。”

“那谁给我穿衣服呢？”

玛莎停下手里的活儿，瞪着玛丽。

“你自个儿不会穿衣服？”她惊讶地问。

“你是什么意思？我听不懂你的话！”

“噢，我忘了。我们这儿都说约克郡的方言，当然你是听不懂的。我是说，你自己不能穿衣服吗？”

“当然不能，总是用人给我穿的。”

“哈！我看你得学着自已穿衣服。我妈妈常说不管一个人多有钱，多尊贵，他都得能自己照顾自己。”

玛丽小姐有些生玛莎的气了。“我从印度来，我们那儿就不这样！你根本不知道印度，不知道用人，什么都不知道！你……你……”她没法表达清楚自己的意思。突然间觉得非常困惑，非常孤单，索性倒在床上大哭起来。

“好啦，好啦，别哭啦，”玛莎轻轻地说。“对不起，你是对的，我是不知道。请你别哭了，小姐。”

她的声音和善而友好，玛丽感觉好了一些，很快止住了哭泣。玛莎打扫完继续说着话，可玛丽却无聊地望着窗外，假装根本不去听她讲话。

“你看，小姐，我家有11个兄弟姐妹，家里没什么钱，他们又都吃得那么多！我妈妈说是荒原上清新的空气让他们这么饿的。我弟弟狄肯总是在荒原上，他今年12岁，有一匹马，偶尔他会骑一骑。”

“他的马是从哪儿来的？”玛丽问。她一直都想有只属于自己的动物，因此开始对狄肯有了一点兴趣。

“哦，那是匹野马，可狄肯是个好孩子，动物都喜欢他。这会儿你该吃早餐了，就放在桌子上呢。”

“我不想吃，”玛丽说，“我不饿。”

“什么！”玛莎叫道，“我的弟弟妹妹们可要不了5分钟就能把它们都吃光！”

“为什么？”玛丽冷冷地问。

“因为他们没有足够的东西吃，就因为这个，他们总是觉得饿。你有饭吃可是很幸运的，小姐。”玛丽什么也没说，不过她喝了点茶，还吃了点面包。

“好了，穿上外套跑到外面去玩儿吧，”玛莎说，“新鲜空气对你有好处。”

玛丽望了望窗外冷暗的灰色天空，问道，“这种天气干嘛要出去玩呢？”

“因为屋子里也没什么好玩的，对不对？”

玛丽觉得玛莎说得不错，又说，“可是谁跟我一块去呢？”

玛莎瞪着她，“没人会去。你得学会自己玩，狄肯一个人在荒原能玩上几个小时，他跟飞鸟、羊还有其他动物一起玩。”她把目光移开，停了一会儿，“也许我不该告诉你这个，不过——不过有一座被墙围住的花园是上了锁的。有10年没人进去过了，那是克莱文太太的花园，她死得那么突然，克莱文先生就把它锁上了，还把钥匙也埋了起来——哦，我得走了，我听见梅洛太太在摇铃叫我呢。”

玛丽下了楼在空旷的花园中闲逛。很多果园和菜园周围都有围墙，可没有锁上门的。她看见一个老人在其中一个菜园中挖地，不过他看上去脾气不好，也不和善，于是玛丽继续往前走。

“冬天一切看上去都那么丑！”她想。“可那座锁上的花园多神秘啊！舅舅为什么要把钥匙埋起来呢？要是他爱他妻子，他干嘛那么讨厌她的花园呢？也许我永远也不会知道了。我看就是看到他我也不会喜欢他，他也不会喜欢我的，所以我还是没法儿问他。”

正在这时，她看到一只知更鸟在一堵墙后面的树上冲她叫着，“我看那棵树就在秘密花园里！”她自己说着，“那儿另外有一堵墙，而且没有进去的路。”

她回到园丁挖土的地方，跟他搭话。一开始他的回答很不耐烦，可是突然那只知更鸟飞到他们身旁，老人开始有了笑容。这会儿他看上去像换了个人。玛丽想，人微笑的时候看着就要好许多。园丁温和地跟知更鸟说话，而那漂亮的小鸟就在他们旁边的地上跳来跳去。

“他是我的朋友，他是，”老人说，“园子里没有别的知更鸟，所以它觉得有点孤独。”老人说话带着浓重的约克郡口音，所以玛丽得非常仔细才能听得懂他的话。

她紧紧盯着那只知更鸟，说，“我也很孤独。”在这之前她从没有意识到这一点。

“你叫什么名字？”她问园丁。

“本·威瑟斯塔夫。我自己也很孤独，瞧，这只知更鸟是我唯一的朋友。”

“可我什么朋友都没有。”玛丽说。

约克郡人从来都是心直口快，本这个老头正是约克郡荒原上的人。“你和我，咱俩差不多。”他对玛丽说，“长得丑，脾气还不好。”以前从来没有人对玛丽说过这些。她有些怀疑，“我真是像本一样又丑又不招人喜欢吗？”

突然，知更鸟飞到玛丽近旁的一棵树上，开始对着她唱歌。本大声笑起来。

“看哪！”他说，“他想做你的朋友呢！”

“哦！你愿意做我的朋友吗？”她小声地对知更鸟说。她的声音又轻又柔，本老头惊奇地望着她。

“你说的真好！”他说，“你听起来像狄肯，他在荒原上跟动物说话时就是这样。”

“你认识狄肯吗？”玛丽问道。但就在这时知更鸟飞走了。“哦，看哪，他飞到那个没有门的花园里去了！本，请问，我怎么能进去呢？”

本收起了笑容，拾起他的铲子。“你不能进去，就是不行。那不是你的事儿，没人能找到那扇门。到别的地方去玩吧，好吗？我得接着干活儿了。”然后他就走开了，甚至连再见也没说。

以后的几天，玛丽几乎所有的时间都呆在花园里。荒原上吹来的新鲜空气让她感到饥饿，而她也变得强壮，变得健康了。一天，她又看见了知更鸟。他好像是在说，“早上好！多好玩啊！上这儿来！”一边沿着围墙跳着。玛丽一边跟在他旁边跳着，一边放声笑起来。“我知道秘密花园在这堵墙的那一边！”她兴奋地想着。“知更鸟就住在那儿！可是门在哪儿呢？”

那天晚饭后她让玛莎留下，在壁炉边上陪她说话。她们听到风在房子周围盘旋，而屋子里又暖和又舒适。玛丽的脑子里只有一个念头。

“给我讲讲那个秘密花园吧。”她说。

“嗯，那好吧，小姐，不过你知道我们是不许谈论它的。那是克莱文夫人最喜欢的花园，她和克莱文先生曾亲自打理它。他们时常在里面呆上几个小时，读书，谈心，他们非常幸福。他们拿一棵老树的枝当座椅。可是有一天，当克莱文夫人坐在上面时，树枝断了，她摔下来，伤得很重，第二天就死了。这就是为什么克莱文先生那么讨厌那个花园，而且不让任何人进去的原因。”

“太惨了！”玛丽说。“可怜的克莱文先生！”这是玛丽第一次为别人感到难过。

就在这时，当她倾听着外面的风时，她听到了另一个声音，就在这房子里面。

“你听到小孩在哭吗？”她问玛莎。

玛莎看上去很为难，“嗯——没有，”她答道，“不，我想——肯定是风。”

可是这时风把她们的门吹开了。她们真切地听到了哭声。

“我说的没错吧！”玛丽大声说。

玛莎立刻把门关上，还是说，“那就是风声。”可她的声音不像平时那么自然，所以玛丽根本不相信她。

第二天雨下得很大，玛丽没有出去，而是打定主意在房子里转转，看看梅洛太太讲过的那上百个房间。她整个上午都在出入那些昏暗寂静的房间，房间里满是笨重的家具和古旧的油画。她没看到一个用人，当她转身回房间吃午饭时，听到有人哭泣的声音。“听起来很像昨天晚上的哭声。”她想。就在这时管家梅洛太太出现了，手里拎着大串钥匙。

“你在这里干什么？”她生气地问道。

“我不知道该从哪儿出去，我听见有人在哭。”玛丽回答。

“你什么也没听见！现在就回你的房间去，你要是不呆在那儿，我就把你锁起来！”

玛丽不喜欢梅洛太太这种样子，“就是有人在哭嘛，我知道肯定有！”她自言自语道。“不过我会很快弄清楚是谁的！”她几乎开始喜欢在约克郡的生活了。

3 Finding the secret garden

When Mary woke up two days later, the wind and rain had all disappeared, and the sky was a beautiful blue. 'Spring'll be here soon,' said Martha happily. 'You'll love the moor then, when it's full of flowers and birds.'

'Could I get to the moor?' asked Mary.

'You've never done much walking, have you? I don't think you could walk the five miles to our cottage!'

'But I'd like to meet your family,' Mary said.

Martha looked at the little girl for a moment. She remembered how disagreeable Mary had been when she first arrived. But now, Mary looked interested and friendly.

'I'll ask Mother,' said Martha. 'She can always think of a good plan. She's sensible and hardworking and kind—I know you'll like her.'

'I like Dickon, although I've never seen him.'

'I wonder what Dickon will think of you?'

'He won't like me,' said Mary. 'No one does.'

'But do you like yourself? That's what Mother would ask.'

'No, not really. I've never thought of that.'

'Well, I must go now. It's my day off, so I'm going home to help Mother with the housework. Goodbye, miss. See you tomorrow.'

Mary felt lonelier than ever when Martha had gone, so she went outside. The sunshine made the gardens look different. And the change in the weather had even made Ben Weatherstaff easier to talk to.

'Can you smell spring in the air?' he asked her. 'Things are growing, deep down in the ground. Soon you'll see little green shoots coming up—young plants, they are. You watch them.'

'I will,' replied Mary. 'Oh, there's the robin!' The little bird hopped on to Ben's spade. 'Are things growing in the garden where he lives?'

'What garden?' said Ben, in his badtempered voice.

'You know, the secret garden. Are the flowers dead there?' She really wanted to know the answer.

'Ask the robin,' said Ben crossly. 'He's the only one who's been in there for the last ten years.'

Ten years was a long time, Mary thought. She had been born ten years ago. She walked away, thinking. She had begun to like the gardens, and the robin, and Martha and Dickon and their mother. Before she came to Yorkshire, she had not liked anybody.

She was walking beside the long wall of the secret garden, when a most wonderful thing happened. She suddenly realized the robin was following her. She felt very pleased and excited by this, and cried out, 'You like me, don't you? And I like you too!' As he hopped along beside her, she hopped and sang too, to show him that she was his friend. Just then he stopped at a place where a dog had dug a hole in the ground. As Mary looked at the hole, she noticed something almost buried there. She put her hand in and pulled it out. It was an old key.

'Perhaps it's been buried for ten years,' she whispered to herself. 'Perhaps it's the key to the secret garden!'

She looked at it for a long time. How lovely it would be to find the garden, and see what had happened to it in the last ten years! She could play in it all by herself, and nobody would know she was there. She put the key safely in her pocket.

The next morning Martha was back at Misselthwaite Manor, and told Mary all about her day with her family.

'I really enjoyed myself. I helped Mother with the whole week's washing and baking. And I told the children about you. They wanted to know about your servants, and the ship that brought you to England, and everything!'

'I can tell you some more for next time,' offered Mary. 'They'd like to hear about riding on elephants and camels, wouldn't they?'

'Oh, that would be kind of you, miss! And look, Mother has sent you a present!'

'A present!' repeated Mary. How could a family of fourteen hungry people give anyone a present!

'Mother bought it from a man who came to the door to sell things. She told me, "Martha, you've brought me your pay, like a good girl, and we need it all, but I'm going to buy something for that lonely child at the Manor," and she bought one, and here it is!'

It was a skippingrope. Mary stared at it.

'What is it?' she asked.

'Don't they have skippingropes in India? Well, this is how you use it. Just watch me.'

Martha took the rope and ran into the middle of the room. She counted up to a hundred as she skipped.

'That looks lovely,' said Mary. 'Your mother is very kind. Do you think I could ever skip like that?'

'Just try,' said Martha. 'Mother says it'll make you strong and healthy. Skip outside in the fresh air.'

Mary put her coat on and took the skipping-rope. As she was opening the door, she thought of something and turned round.

'Martha, it was your money really. Thank you.' She never thanked people usually and she did not know how to do it. So she held out her hand, because she knew that adults did that.

Martha shook her hand and laughed. 'You're a strange child,' she said. 'Like an old woman! Now run away and play!'

The skippingrope was wonderful. Mary counted and skipped, skipped and counted, until her face was hot and red. She was having more fun than she had ever had before. She skipped through the gardens until she found Ben Weatherstaff, who was

digging and talking to his robin. She wanted them both to see her skip.

‘Well!’ said Ben. ‘You’re looking fine and healthy today! Go on skipping. It’s good for you.’

Mary skipped all the way to the secret garden wall. And there was the robin! He had followed her! Mary was very pleased.

‘You showed me where the key was yesterday,’ she laughed. ‘I’ve got it in my pocket. So you ought to show me the door today!’

The robin hopped on to an old climbing plant on the wall, and sang his most beautiful song. Suddenly the wind made the plant move, and Mary saw something under the dark green leaves. The thick, heavy plant was covering a door. Mary’s heart was beating fast and her hands were shaking as she pushed the leaves away and found the keyhole. She took the key out of her pocket, and it fitted the hole. Using both hands, she managed to unlock the door. Then she turned round to see if anyone was watching. But there was no one, so she pushed the door, which opened, slowly, for the first time in ten years. She walked quickly in and shut the door behind her. At last she was inside the secret garden!

It was the loveliest, most exciting place she had ever seen. There were old rose trees everywhere, and the walls were covered with climbing roses. She looked carefully at the grey branches. Were the roses still alive? Ben would know. She hoped they weren’t all dead. But she was inside the wonderful garden, in a world of her own. It seemed very strange and silent, but she did not feel lonely at all. Then she noticed some small green shoots coming up through the grass. So something was growing in the garden after all! When she found a lot more shoots in different places, she decided they needed more air and light, so she began to pull out the thick grass around them. She worked away, clearing the ground, for two or three hours, and had to take her coat off because she got so hot. The robin hopped around, pleased to see someone gardening.

She almost forgot about lunch, and when she arrived back in her room, she was very hungry and ate twice as much as usual. ‘Martha,’ she said as she was eating, ‘I’ve been thinking. This is a big, lonely house, and there isn’t much for me to do. Do you think, if I buy a little spade, I can make my own garden?’

‘That’s just what Mother said,’ replied Martha. ‘You’d enjoy digging and watching plants growing. Dickon can get you a spade, and some seeds to plant, if you like.’

‘Oh, thank you, Martha! I’ve got some money that Mrs Medlock gave me. Will you write and ask Dickon to buy them for me?’

‘I will. And he’ll bring them to you himself.’

‘Oh! Then I’ll see him.’ Mary looked very excited. Then she remembered something. ‘I heard that cry in the house again, Martha. It wasn’t the wind this time. I’ve heard it three times now. Who is it?’

Martha looked uncomfortable. ‘You mustn’t go wandering around the house, you know. Mr Craven wouldn’t like it. Now I must go and help the others downstairs. I’ll see you at teatime.’

As the door closed behind Martha, Mary thought to herself, ‘This really is the strangest house that anyone ever lived in.’

3 找到秘密花园

两天后，当玛丽早上醒来时，风住了，雨也停了，天空是一片美丽的蓝色。

“春天就要来了！”玛莎快活地说道，“那时到处是花儿和小鸟，你会喜欢荒原的。”

“我能去荒原吗？”玛丽问。

“你没有走过那么远的路吧，对不对？我看你走不了5里路到我们住的小屋去！”

“可是我想见一见你的家人。”玛丽说。

玛莎对着这个小女孩注视了片刻，她想起玛丽刚来这儿时是多么的不讨人喜欢，可是现在，她看上去兴致勃勃的，也很友好。

“我得问问妈妈，”玛莎说，“她总能想出好办法的。她聪明、能干，还很善良，我想你会喜欢她的。”

“我喜欢狄肯，虽然我没见过他。”

“我不知道狄肯会不会喜欢你。”

“他不会喜欢我的，”玛丽说，“没人喜欢我。”

“但是你喜欢自己吗？妈妈会这么问的。”

“不，不知道，我从来没想过。”

“哦，我得走了，今天是我休息的日子，我得回家帮妈妈做家务，再见，小姐，明天见。”

玛莎走后，玛丽觉得更孤单了，于是她走到外面。阳光使花园看上去与往日不同，而且天气的变化似乎让本·威瑟斯塔夫也变得喜欢说话了。

“你能闻到春天的气息吗？”他问玛丽，“在深深的泥土下面，万物在生长。很快你就会看见绿色的嫩芽长出来——那些幼苗，你会看见它们的。”

“我会的，”玛丽答道。“噢！知更鸟！”小鸟在本的铲子上蹦跳着。“它住的园子里生物也在生长么？”

“什么园子？”本问道，语气中有些暴躁。

“你知道的，那个秘密花园。那儿的花儿死了吗？”她是真的想知道答案。

“问知更鸟吧，”本不耐烦地说，“它是唯一在这10年里去过那儿的。”

10年是段很长的时间，玛丽想。她是10年前出生的。她走开了，想着心事。她已经开始喜欢上园子、知更鸟、玛莎、狄肯、还有他们的母亲。在她来约克郡之前，她从来也没喜欢过谁。

她正在秘密花园长长的围墙外走着，一件惊人的事情发生了。她突然发现知更鸟在跟着她，她感到非常高兴，非常激动，她叫道。“你喜欢我，对么？我也喜欢你！”知更鸟一蹦一跳地在她左右，她也一样跳着唱着，告知知更鸟她是他的朋友。这时知更鸟在一个地方停下来，那儿的地上有一个狗挖出来的洞。玛丽往洞里看时，发现有个东西埋在里面，她伸手进去拣出来，是一把旧钥匙。

“说不定它已经被埋了10年了，”她低声对自己说。“说不定这就是秘密花园的钥匙！”

她拿着钥匙看了很久。要是能找到秘密花园，就能看看10年间都发生了些什么变化！她就能一个人在里面玩儿，谁也不知道她在哪儿啦。她把钥匙小心地放进口袋里。

第二天早晨，玛莎回到庄园，她给玛丽讲述了她一天的情况和她家人的事。

“我真高兴，我帮妈妈把一个星期要洗的东西都洗了，还烤了一个星期要吃的面包。我对孩子们讲起你，他们都想知道你在印度的仆人们，带你来英国的大船，一切的事情！”

“下次我会多讲些给你听，”玛丽说，“他们会喜欢听骑大象和骑骆驼的事，对么？”

“噢，小姐，你真是太好了！对了，看，妈妈送给你的礼物！”

“礼物！”玛丽重复道。一个有着14个挨饿的人的家庭怎么能给人送礼物！

“妈妈从上门卖货的人那儿买的。她告诉我说，‘玛莎，你是个好孩子，把工钱都给了我，我们需要用钱，不过我要给庄园里那个孤单的孩子买点东西。’于是她就买了一个，瞧，就在这儿！”

那是一根跳绳。玛丽瞪大眼睛望着它。

“这是什么？”她问。

“在印度没有人跳绳吗？好吧，你得这么用，看着我。”

玛莎拿着绳子跑到房间中央，跳了有100下。

“真好看。”玛丽说道。“你妈妈真好，你觉得我能跳得那么好吗？”

“试试看，”玛莎说。“妈妈说它会让你健康又强壮。要在外面新鲜空气中跳。”

玛丽穿上大衣，拿起跳绳，要去开门的时候她好像想起了什么，又转回来。

“玛莎，这其实是花你的钱，谢谢你。”她平常从来不去感谢别人，也不知道该怎么做。于是她伸出手，因为她知道大人们都那么做。

玛莎握住她的手笑起来，说，“你可真是怪孩子，像个老太婆！现在就到外面玩去吧！”

跳绳真棒，玛丽跳着数着，数着跳着，跳得脸蛋儿又红又热，她从来没有这么快活过。她跳过花园，找到本·威瑟斯塔夫，老人正在挖土，一边跟知更鸟说着话。她想让他们俩都看她跳绳。

“哈！你今天看上去不错，很健康，接着跳吧，这对你有好处。”他说。

玛丽一路跳着来到秘密花园的墙外，知更鸟也在那儿！它是跟着她来的，玛丽高兴极了。

“你昨天告诉了我钥匙在哪儿，”她笑着说道，“我把它放在兜里了，今天你该告诉我门在哪儿啦！”

知更鸟跳到墙上的一根老藤上，唱起他最动听的歌。突然，风吹动了藤蔓，玛丽看见了那暗绿色叶子下面的东西。那沉重粗壮的植物遮掩着一扇门。玛丽的心跳加快了，当她推开藤蔓，发现钥匙孔时，手都在颤抖。她从兜里掏出钥匙，插进孔中，双手一起使劲打开了那道锁，然后她转过身看看有没有人看见，但是一个人也没有，于是她推动了那扇门。门缓缓地开了，这是10年来第一次。她很快走进花园，随手关上了门。她终于进了这座秘密花园！

这是她所见过的最美丽、最令人心动的地方。眼前全是生长多年的玫瑰，墙也被蔓生的玫瑰盖住了。她细细地端详那灰色的枝条，那些玫瑰还活着吗？本一定知道。她希望它们都没死。可她是在这座奇妙的花园的里面，在一个属于她的世界里。这里陌生寂静，可她一点也不觉得孤单。这时，她一眼注意到一些从草地上冒出来的小小的绿芽，花园总算有东西在生长！当她在其他地方又看到更多的嫩芽时，她想它们一定需要更多的空气和阳光，于是开始拔掉它们周围浓密的杂草。她埋头干着，清理着地面，一直忙活了两三个小时，而且已经脱掉了大衣，因为她实在是太热了。知更鸟在四周跳着，看到有人整理这个花园它很高兴。

她几乎忘了去吃午饭，当她回到房间时觉得饿极了，吃掉了平常两顿饭的东西。“玛莎，”她一边吃一边说道，“我一直在想，这么一座孤零零的大房子里，我实在没什么可干。你觉得，如果我买把小铲子，造一座自己的花园怎么样？”

“妈妈就是这么说的，”玛莎回答。“你会喜欢挖土，然后看着植物长起来的。要是你愿意，狄肯能给你弄一把铲子，还能给你些花籽。”

“哦，太感谢你啦，玛莎！梅洛太太给了我些钱，你能给狄肯写封信，让他给我买吗？”

“我会写的，他会自己给你送来。”

“哦！那我就能见到他了，”玛丽显得很兴奋。接着她又想起了什么，“我又听见房子里的哭声了，玛莎，这次不是风，我都听到过3次了，那是谁呀？”

玛莎看上去有些为难，“你看，你不能在房子里乱走，克莱文先生不喜欢这样。我这会儿得下楼去给别人帮忙了，喝茶的时候见。”

玛莎关上门出去了，玛丽独自想着，“这可是人们住过的最奇怪的房子。”

4 Meeting Dickon

Mary spent nearly a week working in the secret garden. Each day she found new shoots coming out of the ground. Soon, there would be flowers everywhere—thousands of them. It was an exciting game to her. When she was inside those beautiful old walls, no one knew where she was.

During that week she became more friendly with Ben, who was often digging in one of the vegetable gardens.

‘What are your favourite flowers, Ben?’ she asked him one day.

‘Roses. I used to work for a young lady who loved roses, you see, and she had a lot in her garden. That was ten years ago. But she died. Very sad, it was.’

‘What happened to the roses?’ asked Mary.

‘They were left there, in the garden.’

‘If rose branches look dry and grey, are they still alive?’ asked Mary. It was so important to know!

‘In the spring they’ll show green shoots, and then—But why are you so interested in roses?’ he asked.

Mary’s face went red. ‘I just…wanted to pretend I’ve got a garden. I haven’t got anyone to play with.’

‘Well, that’s true,’ said Ben. He seemed to feel sorry for her. Mary decided she liked old Ben, although he was sometimes badtempered.

She skipped along and into the wood at the end of the gardens. Suddenly she heard a strange noise, and there in front of her was a boy. He was sitting under a tree, playing on a wooden pipe. He was about twelve, with a healthy red face and bright blue eyes. There was a squirrel and a crow in the tree, and two rabbits sitting on the grass near him.

‘They’re listening to the music!’ thought Mary. ‘I mustn’t frighten them!’ She stood very still.

The boy stopped playing. ‘That’s right,’ he said. ‘Animals don’t like it if you move suddenly. I’m Dickon and you must be Miss Mary. I’ve brought you the spade and the seeds.’

He spoke in an easy, friendly way. Mary liked him at once. As they were looking at the seed packets together, the robin hopped on to a branch near them. Dickon listened carefully to the robin’s song.

‘He’s saying he’s your friend, he told Mary.’

‘Really? Oh, I am pleased he likes me. Can you understand everything that birds say?’

‘I think I do, and they think I do. I’ve lived on the moor with them for so long. Sometimes I think I am a bird or an animal, not a boy at all!’ His smile was the widest she had ever seen.

He explained how to plant the seeds. Suddenly he said, ‘I can help you plant them! Where’s your garden?’

Mary went red, then white. She had never thought of this. What was she going to say?

‘Could you keep a secret? It’s a great secret. If anyone discovers it, I’ll…I’ll die!’

‘I keep secrets for all the wild birds and animals on the moor. So I can keep yours too,’ he replied.

‘I’ve stolen a garden,’ she said very fast. ‘Nobody goes into it, nobody wants it. I love it and nobody takes care of it! They’re letting it die!’ And she threw her arms over her face and started crying.

‘Don’t cry,’ said Dickon gently. ‘Where is it?’

‘Come with me and I’ll show you,’ said Miss Mary.

They went to the secret garden and entered it together. Dickon walked round, looking at everything.

‘Martha told me about this place, but I never thought I’d see it,’ he said. ‘It’s wonderful!’

‘What about the roses?’ asked Mary worriedly. ‘Are they still alive? What do you think?’

‘Look at these shoots on the branches. Most of them are alive all right.’ He took out his knife and cut away some of the dead wood from the rose trees. Mary showed him the work she had done in the garden, and they talked as they cut and cleared.

‘Dickon,’ said Mary suddenly, ‘I like you. I never thought I’d like as many as five people!’

‘Only five!’ laughed Dickon.

He did look funny when he laughed, thought Mary.

‘Yes, your mother, Martha, the robin, Ben, and you.’ Then she asked him a question in Yorkshire dialect, because that was his language.

‘Does tha’ like me?’ was her question.

‘Of course! I likes thee wonderful!’ replied Dickon, a big smile on his round face. Mary had never been so happy.

When she went back to the house for her lunch, she told Martha about Dickon’s visit.

‘I’ve got news for you too,’ said Martha. ‘Mr Craven’s come home, and wants to see you! He’s going away again tomorrow, for several months.’

‘Oh!’ said Mary. That was good news. She would have all summer in the secret garden before he came back. But she must be careful. He mustn’t guess her secret now.

Just then Mrs Medlock arrived, in her best black dress, to take Mary down to Mr Craven’s room.

Mary’s uncle had black hair with some white in it, and high, crooked shoulders. His face was not ugly, but very sad. During their conversation he watched her in a worried way. Perhaps he was thinking of other things at the same time.

He looked at the thin child. ‘Are you well?’ he asked. Mary tried to keep her voice calm as she replied,

‘I’m getting stronger and healthier.’

“What do you want to do, in this big empty house?”

“I—I just want to play outside—I enjoy that.”

“Yes, Martha’s mother, Susan Sowerby, spoke to me the other day. She’s a sensible woman—and she said you needed fresh air. But where do you play?” “Everywhere! I just skip and run and look for green shoots. I don’t damage anything!”

“Don’t look so frightened! Of course a child like you couldn’t damage anything. Play where you like. Is there anything that you want?”

Mary came a step nearer to him, and her voice shook a little as she spoke. “Could I—I have a bit of garden?”

Mr Craven looked very surprised.

“To plant seeds in—to make them come alive!” Mary went on bravely. “It was too hot in India, so I was always ill and tired there. But here it’s different. I—I love the garden!”

He passed a hand quickly over his eyes. Then he looked kindly at Mary. “I knew someone once who loved growing things, like you. Yes, child, take as much of the garden as you want.” He smiled gently at her. “Now leave me. I’m very tired.”

Mary ran all the way back to her room.

“Martha!” she shouted. “Mr Craven’s really a nice man, but he looks very unhappy. He said I can have my own garden!”

She was planning to work in the garden with Dickon every day, to make it beautiful for the summer.

4 见到狄肯

玛丽花了将近一个星期的时间在秘密花园里干活儿。每天，她都看到新的嫩芽从土里冒出来，很快，到处都将开满成千上万的花朵。对她来说，这是一个让她兴奋不已的游戏。她一走进那道美丽的旧围墙，就没人知道她去了哪儿。

那个星期她开始对经常不停地在那块菜地里挖土的本更加友好了。

一天，她问他，“本，你最喜欢什么花？”

“玫瑰。我曾经给一位喜爱玫瑰的女士干活儿，她的花园里有好多玫瑰，那都是10年前的事了。可是她死了，很惨，是不是？”

“那些玫瑰怎么样了？”玛丽问。

“它们就留在花园里了。”

“要是玫瑰的枝子看上去又干又暗，它们还活着吗？”玛丽问道。弄懂这个简直是太重要了！

“到了春天它们就会长出绿色的嫩芽，然后——你怎么会对玫瑰有兴趣呢？”他问。

玛丽的脸红了。“我只是——设想自己有个花园，没人跟我一起玩儿。”

“嗯，那倒是真的，”本说。他似乎是在为她感到难过。玛丽知道自己喜欢本，尽管他有时脾气不大好。

她蹦蹦跳跳着来到花园尽头的树丛中，突然，她听到一个陌生的声音，有个男孩出现在她的面前。他正坐在一棵树下，吹着一根木管。他大约十二岁，脸色健康、红润，有一双明亮的蓝眼睛。树上有一只松鼠，还有只乌鸦，他身边的草地上还有两只小兔子。

玛丽想，“它们都在听音乐，我可别吓着它们！”她静静地站着。

男孩停下来，说，“这就对了，动物们不喜欢你唐突的动作。我是狄肯，你肯定就是玛丽小姐了。我给你带铲子和花籽来了。”

他说话的样子轻松友善，玛丽一下子就喜欢上他了。他们一起看装着花籽的小包时，知更鸟在旁边的树枝上蹦着，狄肯仔细听着知更鸟的歌声。

他告诉玛丽说，“它说它是你的朋友。”

“真的吗？哦，它喜欢我，我真太高兴了。你能听懂鸟说的每一句话吗？”

“我觉得是，它们也这么想。我跟它们一起在荒原上住了这么久，有时候我觉得自己就是一只鸟或是一只动物，根本就不是个孩子！”玛丽从来没有见过像他这样开心的笑容。

他讲解着该怎么种那些花籽，他说，“我可以帮你种！你的花园在哪儿？”

玛丽脸红了，然后又变得苍白。她没想到这一点，她该怎么说呢？

“你能保守秘密吗？这可是个大秘密。要是有人知道了，我就……我就得死！”

狄肯回答，“我在荒原上为所有的鸟和兽保密，所以我也能为你保密。”

“我偷了一个花园，”她说得很快。“谁都没进去过，谁也不想进去。我喜欢它，可是没人照理它，他们就由着它死掉！”她的手蒙着脸，哭了起来。

狄肯轻轻地说，“别哭了，它在哪儿呢？”

“你跟我来，我让你看看它。”玛丽说。

他们来到秘密花园，一起走了进去。狄肯四处走着，每样东西都看看。

“玛莎跟我说过这个地方，可我从没想到能见到它，”他说，“它可太棒了！”

“那些玫瑰怎么样？”玛丽挂念地问道。“它们还活着吗？你觉得呢？”

“看看枝子上的那些嫩芽，大部分已经活了。”他掏出小刀割去一些已经枯死的枝条。玛丽给他看了自己在花园里干的活儿。他们一边修剪枝条，清理残叶，一边说着话。

“狄肯，”玛丽说道，“我喜欢你。我从没想到能喜欢5个人！”

“才5个人！”狄肯笑了。

他笑的样子很滑稽，玛丽心里想。

“是的，你妈妈、玛莎、知更鸟，本和你。”然后她用约克郡的方言问了一个问题，因为他就讲这种话。

她的问题是，“你喜欢我吗？”

“当然！我很喜欢你！”狄肯回答，圆圆的脸上露出灿烂的笑容。玛丽从来没有这么开心过。

回去吃午饭时，她告诉玛莎狄肯过来了。

“我也有事要告诉你，”玛莎说。“克莱文先生回来了，而且要见你！他明天又要走了，要走几个月呢。”

“哦！”玛丽说。那可是好消息。在他回来之前，她可以整个夏天都呆在秘密花园里。不过她一定要小心，可不能让他这会儿就猜出她的秘密。

这时，梅洛太太进来了。她穿上了她最好的黑色长裙，带玛丽下楼到克莱文先生的房间。

玛丽的舅舅黑发中夹着银丝，高高的个子，背有些驼。他长得并不丑，但脸色阴沉。谈话中他神色忧郁的看着她，也许他同时在想着什么别的事情。

他看着这个瘦弱的孩子，问道，“你好吗？”玛丽在回答时尽量使自己的声音保持平静。

“我越来越结实、健康了。”

“在这样一座空荡荡的大房子里，你想做些什么呢？”

“我……我只是在外面玩——我喜欢那样。”

“是啊，玛莎的母亲，苏珊·索尔比那天也这么说。她是个聪明人——她说你需要新鲜空气。可你都在哪儿玩呢？”

“哪儿都玩！我跳跳绳，跑来跑去——找那些绿色的嫩芽。我什么也没弄坏！”

“别这么害怕！像你这样的孩子当然什么也弄不坏。喜欢哪儿就在哪儿玩儿吧。你想要什么东西吗？”

玛丽往他身边走了一步，说话时声音有点发抖，“我能——我能有一小块花园吗？”

克莱文先生显得有些不解。

“用来播种子，让它们长起来！”玛丽壮着胆子接着说道，“在印度天气太热了，所以我老是生病，老是觉得累。可这儿就不一样。我……我喜欢花园！”

克莱文先生很快地用一只手挡在眼睛前面，然后他和蔼地看着玛丽，“我曾经认识一个人，也喜欢种东西，像你一样。好吧，孩子，花园你想要多大都成。”他和善地对她笑着。“现在你可以走了，我很累了。”

玛丽一路小跑回到了自己的房间。

“玛莎！”她喊道，“克莱文先生真是个好人，可他看不上去很不开心。他说我能有自己的花园！”

她打算每天与狄肯一起在花园里干活儿，让花园在夏天漂亮起来。

5 Meeting Colin

In the middle of the night Mary woke up. Heavy rain had started falling again, and the wind was blowing violently round the walls of the old house. Suddenly she heard crying again. This time she decided to discover who it was. She left her room, and in the darkness followed the crying sound, round corners and through doors, up and down stairs, to the other side of the big house. At last she found the right room. She pushed the door open and went in.

It was a big room with beautiful old furniture and pictures. In the large bed was a boy, who looked tired and cross, with a thin, white, tearful face. He stared at Mary.

‘Who are you?’ he whispered. ‘Are you a dream?’

‘No, I’m not. I’m Mary Lennox. Mr Craven’s my uncle.’

‘He’s my father,’ said the boy. ‘I’m Colin Craven.’

‘No one ever told me he had a son!’ said Mary, very surprised.

‘Well, no one ever told me you’d come to live here. I’m ill, you see. I don’t want people to see me and talk about me. If I live, I may have a crooked back like my father, but I’ll probably die.’

‘What a strange house this is!’ said Mary. ‘So many secrets! Does your father come and see you often?’

‘Not often. He doesn’t like seeing me because it makes him remember my mother. She died when I was born, so he almost hates me, I think.’

‘Why do you say you’re going to die?’ asked Mary.

‘I’ve always been ill. I’ve nearly died several times, and my back’s never been strong. My doctor feels sure that I’m going to die. But he’s my father’s cousin, and very poor, so he’d like me to die. Then he’d get all the money when my father dies. He gives me medicine and tells me to rest. We had a grand doctor from London once, who told me to go out in the fresh air and try to get well. But I hate fresh air. And another thing, all the servants have to do what I want, because if I’m angry, I become ill.’

Mary thought she liked this boy, although he seemed so strange. He asked her lots of questions, and she told him all about her life in India.

‘How old are you?’ he asked suddenly.

‘I’m ten, and so are you,’ replied Mary, forgetting to be careful, ‘because when you were born the garden door was locked and the key was buried. And I know that was ten years ago.’

Colin sat up in bed and looked very interested. ‘What door? Who locked it? Where’s the key? I want to see it. I’ll make the servants tell me where it is. They’ll take me there and you can come too.’

‘Oh, please! Don’t don’t do that!’ cried Mary.

Colin stared at her. ‘Don’t you want to see it?’

‘Yes, but if you make them open the door, it will never be a secret again. You see, if only we know about it, if we if we can find the key, we can go and play there every day. We can help the garden come alive again. And no one will know about it except us!’

‘I see,’ said Colin slowly. ‘Yes, I’d like that. It’ll be our secret. I’ve never had a secret before.’

‘And perhaps,’ added Mary cleverly, ‘we can find a boy to push you in your wheelchair, if you can’t walk, and we can go there together without any other people. You’ll feel better outside. I know I do.’

‘I’d like that,’ he said dreamily. ‘I think I’d like fresh air, in a secret garden.’

Then Mary told him about the moor, and Dickon, and Ben Weatherstaff, and the robin, and Colin listened to it all with great interest. He began to smile and look much happier.

‘I like having you here,’ he said. ‘You must come and see me every day. But I’m tired now.’

‘I’ll sing you a song. My servant Kamala used to do that in India,’ said Mary, and very soon Colin was asleep.

The next afternoon Mary visited Colin again, and he seemed very pleased to see her. He had sent his nurse away and had told nobody about Mary’s visit. Mary had not told anybody either. They read some of his books together, and told each other stories. They were enjoying themselves and laughing loudly when suddenly the door opened. Dr Craven and Mrs Medlock came in. They almost fell over in surprise.

‘What’s happening here?’ asked Dr Craven.

Colin sat up straight. To Mary he looked just like an Indian prince. ‘This is my cousin, Mary Lennox,’ he said calmly. ‘I like her. She must visit me often.’

‘Oh, I’m sorry, sir,’ said poor Mrs Medlock to the doctor. ‘I don’t know how she discovered him. I told the servants to keep it a secret.’

‘Don’t be stupid, Medlock,’ said the Indian prince coldly. ‘Nobody told her. She heard me crying and found me herself. Bring our tea up now.’

‘I’m afraid you’re getting too hot and excited, my boy,’ said Dr Craven. ‘That’s not good for you. Don’t forget you’re ill.’

‘I want to forget!’ said Colin. ‘I’ll be angry if Mary doesn’t visit me! She makes me feel better.’

Dr Craven did not look happy when he left the room.

‘What a change in the boy, sir!’ said the housekeeper. ‘He’s usually so disagreeable with all of us. He really seems to like that strange little girl. And he does look better.’ Dr Craven had to agree.

5 见到柯林

半夜的时候，玛丽醒了。天又开始下雨了，狂风在房子周围猛烈地刮着。突然，她又听见了哭声，这次她决定要搞清楚那个人是谁。她走

出房间，在黑暗中循着哭泣的声音，绕过墙角，穿过一扇扇门，上下楼梯，来到这所大房子的另一侧。终于她找到了那个房间，推开门，走了进去。

那是个很大的房间，摆着古旧的家具和油画，非常漂亮。在一张大床上躺着一个男孩，看上去疲惫、烦躁。他的脸颊消瘦、苍白，挂满了泪痕。他瞪大眼睛看着玛丽。

“你是谁？”他小声问。“我是在做梦吧？”

“不，不是。我是玛丽·莲诺丝。克莱文先生是我舅舅。”

“他是我父亲，”那个男孩说道。“我叫柯林·克莱文。”

“从来没有人告诉过我他有个儿子！”玛丽说，觉得十分蹊跷。

“嗯，也没人告诉我你在这儿住。你看到了，我病了。我不想让人们看见我议论我，要是我活下来，我可能会像父亲一样成为驼背，但是我可能会死的。”

“这所房子真是奇怪啊！”玛丽说。“这么多秘密！你父亲常来看你吗？”

“不常来。他不喜欢见到我，因为我让他想起妈妈。她是生我的时候死的，所以他八成是恨我，我这么想。”

“你为什么说自己会死呢？”玛丽问。

“我一直在生病。我已经死过几次了，而且我的脊背向来就很弱。我的医生肯定我会死的。他是我父亲的表弟，而且很穷，所以他巴不得我死呢。那样等我父亲去世以后，所有的钱就都归他了。他给我药吃，让我休息，有一回我们从伦敦请了个有名的大夫，他让我到外面呼吸新鲜空气，尽量休养好。可我不喜欢新鲜空气。还有一件事，所有的用人都必须照我的想法去做，因为要是我一生气，我就会生病的。”

虽然他看上去有些怪怪的，可玛丽觉得自己挺喜欢这个孩子。他问了她很多问题，而她就给他讲在印度的生活。

“你几岁了？”他突然问道。

“我10岁了，你也是，”玛丽回答，一时说漏了嘴，“因为你出生时花园的门就被锁上，钥匙也被埋起来了，我知道那是10年前的事。”

柯林从床上坐起来，一副好奇的样子。“什么门？谁把它锁上的？钥匙在哪儿？我要看看。我要让用人告诉我它在什么地方。他们会带我和你去的。”

“哦，别这样！请别这样！”玛丽大声说。

柯林瞪着她。“难道你不想看看它吗？”

“想，可要是你让他们打开门，它就再也不是个秘密了。你想，如果只有我们知道这事，如果我们——如果我们能找到那把钥匙，我们就能每天都去那儿玩儿了。我们还能让花园重新充满生机，而且谁也不会知道——只有我们！”

“我明白了，”柯林慢条斯理地说。“好吧，我愿意这样。它是我们的秘密，我从来没有过自己的秘密。”

“也许，”玛丽机敏地接着说道，“在你走不动的时候，我们也能找个男孩子用轮椅推着你，我们可以一起去那儿，再也没有别人了。你到外面就会感觉好些的。我就是这样，所以我知道。”

“我愿意这样做，”他憧憬着，说，“我想我会喜欢一座秘密花园里的新鲜空气的。”

玛丽接着又给他讲荒原，讲狄肯，讲本·威瑟斯塔夫，还有那只知更鸟。柯林非常新奇地听着这一切，他开始有了笑容，样子开心多了。

“我喜欢你在这儿，”他说。“你得每天来看我，可我这会儿有点儿累了。”

“我给你唱个歌吧。在印度时我的用人卡玛拉就常这样。”玛丽说。柯林很快就睡着了。

第二天下午，玛丽又来看柯林。一见到她，柯林显得很高兴。他已经支走了他的护士，也没有告诉其他人玛丽来过。玛丽同样谁也没有告诉。他们一起看柯林的书，互相讲故事。就在他们自得其乐，放声大笑的时候，门突然开了。克莱文医生和梅洛太太走了进来，他们都很吃惊。

“怎么回事？”克莱文医生问道。

柯林坐直身子。在玛丽看来，他就像是个印度王子。“这是我的表妹，玛丽·莲诺丝，”他平静地说，“我喜欢她，她必须经常来看我。”

“哦，真抱歉，先生，”可怜的梅洛太太对医生说。“我不知道她是怎么找到他的，我告诉过用人们要保密的。”

“别傻了，梅洛太太，”印度王子冷冷地说，“谁也没告诉她，她听见我哭就自己找来了。现在去给我们沏点茶来。”

“我恐怕你在发热，过于激动，孩子，”克莱文医生说。“这对你可不好，别忘了你有病。”

“我就想忘掉！”柯林说。“要是不让玛丽来看我我就要生气了！她让我觉得好多了。”

克莱文医生离开的时候似乎很不高兴。

“这孩子变多了，先生！”管家说。“他总是跟我们合不来，他好像真的喜欢这个古怪的小姑娘，而且他看着的确好些了。”克莱文医生不得不同意她的话。

6 Colin is afraid

Because it rained all the next week, Mary went to talk to Colin every day instead of visiting the garden. But she woke early one morning to see the sun shining into her room, and she ran out to the secret garden at once. She did not even wait to have her breakfast. It was beautifully sunny and warm, and a thousand more shoots were pushing their way out of the ground. Dickon was already there, digging hard, with the crow and a young fox beside him.

‘Have you seen the robin?’ he asked Mary. The little bird was flying busily backwards and forwards as fast as he could, carrying pieces of dry grass.

‘He’s building a nest!’ whispered Mary. They watched the robin for a moment. Then Mary said,

‘I must tell you something. You probably know about Colin Craven, don’t you? Well, I’ve met him, and I’m going to help him to get better.’

‘That’s good news.’ There was a big smile on Dickon’s honest face. ‘We all knew he was ill.’

‘He’s afraid he’ll have a crooked back like his father. I think that’s what’s making him ill.’

‘Perhaps we can bring him here and let him rest under the trees. That’ll do him good. That’s what we’ll do.’

They had a lot of gardening and planning to do and Mary did not have time to visit Colin that day. When she came back to the house in the evening, Martha told her that the servants had had trouble with Colin.

‘He’s been very badtempered all afternoon with all of us, because you didn’t come, miss.’

‘Well, I was busy. He’ll have to learn not to be so selfish,’ replied Mary coldly. She forgot how selfish she had been when she was ill in India. ‘I’ll go and see him now.’

When she went into his room, he was lying in bed, looking tired. He did not turn to look at her.

‘What’s the matter with you?’ she asked crossly.

‘My back aches and my head hurts. Why didn’t you come this afternoon?’

‘I was working in the garden with Dickon.’

‘I won’t let that boy come to the garden if you stay with him instead of talking to me!’

Mary suddenly became very angry. ‘If you send Dickon away, I’ll never come into this room again!’

‘You’ll have to, if I say so. I’ll make the servants bring you in here.’

‘Oh, will you, prince! But no one can make me talk to you. I won’t look at you. I’ll stare at the floor!’

‘You selfish girl!’ cried Colin.

‘You’re more selfish than I am. You’re the most selfish boy I’ve ever met!’

‘I’m not as selfish as your fine Dickon! He keeps you playing outside when he knows I’m ill and alone!’

Mary had never been so furious. ‘Dickon is nicer than any other boy in the world! He’s like an angel!’

‘An angel! Don’t make me laugh! He’s just a poor country boy, with holes in his shoes!’

‘He’s a thousand times better than you are!’

Colin had never argued with anyone like himself in his life, and in fact it was good for him. But now he was beginning to feel sorry for himself.

‘I’m always ill,’ he said, and started to cry. ‘I’m sure my back is a bit crooked. And I’m going to die!’

‘No, you’re not!’ said Mary crossly.

Colin opened his eyes very wide. Nobody had said that to him before. He was angry, but a bit pleased at the same time. ‘What do you mean? You know I’m going to die! Everybody says I’m going to die!’

‘I don’t believe it!’ said Mary in her most disagreeable voice. ‘You just say that to make people feel sorry for you. You’re too horrid to die!’

Colin forgot about his painful back and sat up in bed. ‘Get out of the room at once!’ he shouted, and threw a book at her.

‘I’m going,’ Mary shouted in reply, ‘and I won’t come back!’ The door banged shut behind her.

When she reached her own room, she had decided never to tell him her great secret. ‘He can stay in his room and die if he 66wants!’ she thought. But soon she began to remember how ill he had been, and how frightened he was, frightened that one day his back would become as crooked as his father’s. ‘Perhaps...perhaps I’ll go back and see him tomorrow!’

That night she was woken by the most terrible screams that she had ever heard. Servants were opening and shutting doors and running about.

‘It’s Colin!’ thought Mary. ‘He’ll go on screaming until he makes himself really ill! How selfish he is! Somebody should stop him!’

Just then Martha ran into the room. ‘We don’t know what to do!’ she cried. ‘He likes you, miss! Come and see if you can make him calmer, please!’

‘Well, I’m very cross with him,’ said Mary, and jumped out of bed. ‘I’m going to stop him!’

‘That’s right,’ said Martha. ‘He needs someone like you, to argue with. It’ll give him something new to think about.’

Mary ran into Colin’s room, right up to his bed.

‘Stop screaming!’ she shouted furiously. ‘Stop at once! I hate you! Everybody hates you! You’ll die if you go on screaming like this, and I hope you will!’

The screams stopped immediately. This was the first time that anyone had spoken so angrily to Colin, and he was

shocked. But he went on crying quietly to himself.

‘My back’s becoming crooked, I can feel it! I know I’m going to die!’ Large tears ran down his face.

‘Don’t be stupid!’ cried Mary. ‘There’s nothing the matter with your horrid back! Martha, come here and help me look at his back!’

Martha and Mrs Medlock were standing at the door, staring at Mary, their mouths half open. They both looked very frightened. Martha came forward to help, and Miss Mary looked carefully at Colin’s thin white back, up and down. Her face was serious and angry at the same time. The room was very quiet.

‘There’s nothing wrong with your back!’ she said at last. ‘Nothing at all! It’s as straight as mine!’

Only Colin knew how important those crossly spoken, childish words were. All his life he had been afraid to ask about his back, and his terrible fear had made him ill. Now an angry little girl told him his back was straight, and he believed her. He was no longer afraid.

They were both calmer now. He gave Mary his hand. ‘I think I’m almost sure I will live, if we can go out in the garden together sometimes. I’m very tired now. Will you stay with me until I go to sleep?’

The servants went out very quietly.

‘I’ll tell you all about the secret garden,’ whispered Mary. ‘I think it’s full of roses and beautiful flowers. Birds like making their nests there because it’s so quiet and safe. And perhaps our robin—’

But Colin was already asleep.

The next day Mary met Dickon as usual in the secret garden, and told him about Colin. Mary loved Dickon’s Yorkshire dialect and was trying to learn it herself. She spoke a little now.

‘We mun get poor Colin out here in th’sunshine—an’ we munnot lose no time about it!’

Dickon laughed. ‘Well done! I didn’t know you could speak Yorkshire! You’re right. We must bring Colin to the garden as soon as we can.’

So that afternoon she went to see Colin.

‘I’m sorry I said I’d send Dickon away,’ he said. ‘I hated you when you said he was like an angel!’

‘Well, he’s a funny kind of angel, but he understands wild animals better than anyone.’ Suddenly, Mary knew that this was the right moment to tell him. She caught hold of his hands. ‘Colin, this is important. Can you keep a secret?’

‘Yes—yes!’ he whispered excitedly. ‘What is it?’

‘We’ve found the door into the secret garden!’

‘Oh Mary! Will I live long enough to see it?’

‘Of course you will! Don’t be stupid!’ said Mary crossly. But it was a very natural thing to say, and they both laughed.

Colin told Mrs Medlock and the doctor that he wanted to go out in his wheelchair. At first the doctor was worried the boy would get too tired, but when he heard that Dickon would push the wheelchair, he agreed.

‘Dickon’s a sensible boy,’ he told Colin. ‘But don’t forget—’

‘I’ve told you, I want to forget that I’m ill,’ said Colin in his prince’s voice. ‘Don’t you understand? It’s because my cousin makes me forget that I feel better when I’m with her.’

6 柯林害怕了

由于接下来下了一个星期的雨，玛丽没有去花园，而是每天去看柯林。可一天早晨她很早就醒了，看见阳光洒进她的房间，她立即跑出去到秘密花园，连早餐也没来得及吃。天气晴朗，阳光明媚，无数的嫩芽拱出地面，狄肯已经在那儿了，正起劲地挖着土，他的身边有一只乌鸦和一只小狐狸。

“看见知更鸟了吗？”他问玛丽。小鸟正忙碌地飞前飞后衔着枯叶。

“它在筑巢呢！”玛丽低声道。他们看了一会儿，然后玛丽说：

“我得告诉你一件事。你听说过柯林·克莱文，是吗？我见过他了，而且我要帮助他好起来。”

“这可是好消息，”狄肯质朴的脸上露出了开心的笑容。“我们都知道他有病。”

“他是害怕会像他父亲那样驼背，我看这就是他生病的原因。”

“也许我们可以带他来这里让他在树下休息。那会对他有好处。而那正是我们要做的。”

他们忙着在花园里修整、种花，所以玛丽一整天没时间去柯林。当她晚上回到房间时，玛莎告诉她用人们在柯林那儿惹了麻烦了。

“他整个下午冲我们所有人发脾气，就因为你没去看他，小姐。”

“哦，我很忙。他得学着别这么自私。”玛丽冷冷地说。她忘了她自己在印度生病时有多自私了。“我现在就去看他。”

她走进房间时，他正躺在床上，显得很疲倦，没有扭头看她。

“你怎么啦？”她不太耐烦地问道。

“我后背疼，头也疼。下午你为什么没来？”

“我在花园里跟狄肯一起干活儿。”

“要是你净跟他在一起不来跟我说话，我就不许那个孩子到花园里来！”

玛丽当即就生气了。“你要让狄肯走的话，我就再也不到这儿来了！”

“你必须得来，因为我说了让你来，我会叫用人把你叫来。”

“哦，是吗？王子！可是没人能让我跟你说话呀！我会连看都不看你，就盯着地板！”

“你自私！”柯林叫嚷道。

“你比我自私多了。你是我见过的最自私的人！”

“我可不像你可爱的狄肯那么自私，他明知我一个人在生病，却让你一直在外面陪着他玩！”

玛丽从来没生过这么大的气，“狄肯比世界上任何男孩都好！他像个天使！”

“一个天使！别逗了！他不过是个乡下的穷孩子。鞋底还漏着窟窿！”

“他比你好上一千倍！”

柯林长这么大从没跟自己年龄相仿的人吵过架，这实际上对他有好处。可这会儿他觉得自己可怜极了。

“我老是生病，”他一边说一边哭起来。“我肯定我的背有点驼了，而且我就快死了！”

“不，你不会的！”玛丽不耐烦了。

柯林睁大了眼睛，以前从来没人这么说过他。他生气了，可同时又有点高兴。“你什么意思？你知道我就要死了！每个人都说我快死了！”

“我不信！”玛丽说，声音很刺耳。“你这么说只是想要别人可怜你。你怕死，你不敢去死！”

柯林忘了背疼的事，从床上坐起来，“马上从这儿滚出去！”他吼道，把一本书朝她扔过来。

“我这就走。”玛丽大声说，“我再也不会来了！”她撞上门走了。

回到自己的房间后，她下决心永远不告诉他自己的大秘密。“他可以呆在他的房间里，要死就死吧！”她想。可马上她又想起他病得那么厉害，他是那么恐惧，担心有一天他的背会像父亲一样驼。“也许……也许明天我会回去看看！”

这天夜里她被从未听过的尖叫声惊醒。用人们开门又关门，跑来跑去。

“是柯林！”玛丽想。“他会不停地叫下去，直到真弄出病来！他多么自私啊！该有人去制止他！”

这时玛莎跑进她的房里，“我们不知道该怎么办！”她叫着。“他喜欢你，小姐！去看看你能不能让他安静下来，好吗？”

“好吧，我烦死他了，”玛丽说着从床上跳下来，“我得去制止他！”

“没错，”玛莎说。“他需要像你这样的人，一起吵吵嘴，这能给他点新鲜的东西让他去琢磨。”

玛丽跑到他的房间，径直走到床前。

“别叫啦！”她气冲冲地喊道，“马上停住！我讨厌你！人人都讨厌你！你再这么喊下去就会死的，我希望你死！”

喊叫声立即停住了。这可是第一次有人这么气愤地对柯林说话，他被吓坏了。不过他还是在小声哭着。

“我的背开始驼了，我能感觉到！我知道我就要死了！”大颗的泪珠从他的脸上流了下来。

“别傻了！”玛丽叫道。“这跟你可怕的背没关系！玛莎，过来让我看看他的背！”

玛莎和梅洛太太都站在门边，瞪着玛丽，嘴巴半张着。看来她们都给吓坏了。玛莎走过来帮忙，玛丽小姐上上下下仔细看了柯林那消瘦苍白的脊背，神色严肃，同时又很生气。房间里很静。

“你的脊背一点毛病也没有！”她最后说道。“什么也没有，像我的背一样直！”

只有柯林明白这些带着怒气说出的孩子气的话有多么重要。他长这么大一直都不敢问起自己的脊背，而他的恐惧总是让他病歪歪的。现在这个愤怒的小姑娘告诉他，说他的脊背是直的，而他相信她。他再也不怕了。

他们俩这会儿都安静多了，他把手伸给玛丽。“我想——要是我们哪天能到花园里去的话，我几乎可以肯定我会活下去的。我现在很累了，你能等我睡着后再走吗？”

用人们悄悄地退了出去。

“我要告诉你秘密花园的事，”玛丽低声说。“我想里面满是玫瑰和美丽的花儿，鸟儿喜欢在里面筑巢是因为那儿宁静、安全。而且也许我们的知更鸟……”

可柯林已经睡着了。

第二天玛丽像往常一样在秘密花园里见到狄肯，她告诉他柯林的事。玛丽喜欢狄肯的约克郡口音，所以努力在学他，她现在已经能说一点了。

“我们得把可怜的柯林弄到这儿来晒晒太阳——我们不能再耽搁了！”

狄肯笑了，“你说的不错呀！我还不知道你会说约克郡的话！没错，我们得尽快带柯林到花园里来。”

于是下午她来看柯林。

“很抱歉我说过让狄肯走的话，”他说。“你说他像个天使，我就讨厌你了。”

“嗯，他是那种有趣的天使，而且他比任何人都了解那些动物。”这时玛丽觉得是告诉他的时候了，她握住他的手，“柯林，这很重要，你能保守秘密吗？”

“能——能！”他小声兴奋地说道。“是什么？”

“我们找到了进秘密花园的门！”

“哦，玛丽！我能活着看看它吗？”

“当然能！别傻了！”玛丽不耐烦了，可这么说又非常自然，于是两人都笑了。

柯林告诉梅洛太太和医生他想坐轮椅出去。开始医生担心他会累着，可当他听狄肯说用轮椅推着他时，他同意了。

“狄肯是个懂事的孩子，”他对柯林说。“但是别忘了——”

“我告诉过你，我想忘了我有病，”柯林用他那王子般的口气说。“你不明白吗？就是因为表妹让我忘掉我有病，跟她在一起我才觉得好些的。”

7 Colin and the garden

Of course, it was most important that no one should see Colin, Mary, or Dickon entering the secret garden. So Colin gave orders to the gardeners that they must all keep away from that part of the garden in future.

The next afternoon Colin was carried downstairs by a man servant, and put in his wheelchair outside the front door. Dickon arrived, with his crow, two squirrels and the fox, and started pushing the wheelchair gently away from the house, and into the gardens. Mary walked beside the chair.

Spring had really arrived now and it seemed very exciting to Colin, who had lived indoors for so long. He smelt the warm air from the moor, and watched the little white clouds in the blue sky. In a very short time he heard Mary say, 'This is where I found the key...and this is the door...and this...this is the secret garden! '

Colin covered his eyes with his hands until he was inside the four high walls, and the door was shut again. Then he looked round at the roses climbing the old red walls, the pink and white flowers on the fruit trees, and the birds and the butterflies everywhere. The sun warmed his face, and he suddenly knew he felt different.

'Mary! Dickon! ' he cried. 'I'm going to get better! I'm going to live for ever and ever and ever! '

As Dickon pushed the wheelchair all round the garden, he told Colin the names of all the plants. The sun shone, the birds sang, and in every corner of the garden there was something interesting to look at. The three children talked and laughed, and by the end of the afternoon all three were speaking Yorkshire together.

'I'll come back here every afternoon, ' said Colin. 'I want to watch things growing. '

'Soon you'll be strong enough to walk and dig. You'll be able to help us with the gardening, ' said Dickon kindly.

'Do you really think I'll be able to...to walk and...dig? ' asked Colin.

'Of course you will. You've got legs, like us! '

'But they're not very strong, ' answered Colin. 'They shake, and...and I'm afraid to stand on them. '

'When you want to use them, you'll be able to, ' said Dickon. The garden was quiet for a moment.

Suddenly Colin said, 'Who's that? ' Mary turned her head, and noticed Ben Weatherstaff's angry face looking at her over the garden wall.

'What are you doing in that garden, young miss? ' he shouted. He had not seen Colin or Dickon.

'The robin showed me the way, Ben, ' she replied.

'You...you—' He stopped shouting and his mouth dropped open as he saw Dickon pushing a boy in a wheelchair over the grass towards him.

'Do you know who I am? ' asked the boy in the chair.

Old Ben stared. 'You've got your mother's eyes, ' he said in a shaking voice. 'Yes, I know you. You're Mr Craven's son, the little boy with the crooked back. '

Colin forgot that he had ever had backache. 'My back's as straight as yours is! ' he shouted.

Ben stared and stared. He only knew what he had heard from the servants. 'You haven't got a crooked back? ' he asked. 'Or crooked legs? '

That was too much. Colin was furious, and it made him feel strong.

'Come here, Dickon! ' he shouted, and threw off his blanket. Dickon was by his side in a second. Mary felt sick with fear. Could Colin stand?

Then Colin's thin feet were on the grass and he was standing, holding Dickon's arm. He looked strangely tall, and he held his head very high.

'Look at me! ' he shouted at Ben. 'Just look at me! '

'He's as straight as any boy in Yorkshire! ' said Dickon.

Tears were running down Ben's brown old face. 'They said you were going to die! he whispered.

'Well, you can see that's not true, ' said Colin. 'Now, get down from the wall and come here. I want to talk to you. You've got to help us keep the garden a secret. '

'Yes, sir, ' said old Ben, as he dried his eyes.

That was the first of many beautiful afternoons in the secret garden. Colin was brought there by Dickon and Mary nearly every day, and he saw all the changes that happened there during the spring and early summer. Ben Weatherstaff, now in the secret, joined them as often as he could.

One day Colin spoke to all of them. 'Listen, everybody. I think there's something like magic that makes gardens grow and things happen. Perhaps if I believe in it, the magic will make me strong. Let's all sit down in a circle and ask the magic to work. '

So they all sat on the grass in a circle, Dickon with his crow, his fox and the two squirrels, Mary, Colin, and Ben. Colin repeated these words several times. 'The sun's shining. That's the magic. Being strong. That's the magic. Magic! Help me! Magic! Help me! '

At last Colin stopped. 'Now I'm going to walk round the garden, ' he said, and took Dickon's arm. Slowly he walked from one wall to another, followed closely by Mary and Ben. And when he had walked all the way round, he said, 'You see! I can walk now! The magic worked! '

'It's wonderful! ' cried Mary. 'Your father will think he is dreaming when he sees you! '

'I won't tell him yet. I'm going to keep it a secret from everybody. I'll come to the garden and walk and run a little more every day until I'm as healthy as any other boy. Then, when my father comes home, I'll walk up to him and say, "Here I am, Father. You see? I'm not going to die! " '

Now began a difficult time for Colin and Mary. Dickon told his mother about it one evening as he was digging the cottage garden.

‘You see, mother, they don’t want the doctor or the servants to guess that Colin can walk and is getting better. So they have to pretend he’s still ill and just as disagreeable as he used to be!’

‘If they’re running about all day in the fresh air, that’ll make them hungry, I should think!’

‘Yes, that’s the problem. They’re both getting fatter and healthier, and they really enjoy their food now. But they have to send some of it back to the kitchen, uneaten. If they eat it all, people will realize how healthy they are! Sometimes they’re very hungry!’

‘I know what we can do,’ said Mrs Sowerby. ‘You can take some fresh milk and some of my newly baked bread to the garden in the mornings. If they have that, it’ll do them a lot of good! What a game those children are playing!’ And she laughed until tears came to her eyes.

One afternoon when they were all working in the garden, the door opened and a woman came quietly in.

‘It’s Mother!’ cried Dickon, and ran towards her. ‘I told her where the door was, because I knew she would keep the secret.’

Colin held out his hand to her. ‘I’ve wanted to see you for a long time,’ he said.

‘Dear boy!’ Susan Sowerby whispered, holding his hand. ‘You’re so like your mother!’

‘Do you think,’ asked Colin carefully, ‘that will make my father like me?’

‘I’m sure it will,’ she answered warmly. ‘He must see you—he must come home now.’

‘You see how healthy the boy is, Susan?’ asked old Ben. ‘Look how strong and straight his legs are now!’

‘Yes,’ she laughed. ‘Playing and working outside, and eating good Yorkshire food, has made him strong. And Miss Mary too,’ she added, turning to Mary. ‘Mrs Medlock heard that your mother was a pretty woman. You’ll soon be as pretty as she was.’

‘Do you believe in magic?’ Colin asked her.

‘I do,’ she answered, ‘but everybody gives it a different name. It makes the sun shine and the seeds grow—and it has made you healthy.’

She sat down on the grass and stayed for a while, talking and laughing with the children in the quiet, sunny garden. When she stood up to leave, Colin suddenly put out a hand to her.

‘I wish—you were my mother!’ he whispered.

Mrs Sowerby put her arms round him and held him to her. ‘Dear boy! You’re as close to your mother as you could be, here in her garden. And your father’ll come back soon!’

7 柯林在花园里

当然，重要的是不能让人见到柯林、玛丽和狄肯进秘密花园里面去。所以柯林吩咐园丁们以后不准到那片花园去。

第二天下午，柯林由一个男仆抱下楼放在大门外的轮椅上。狄肯来了，带着他的乌鸦、两只松鼠和狐狸，开始慢慢推着轮椅离开房子到花园里去。玛丽在旁边跟着。

春天已经来了，而柯林已经在房间里生活了那么久，所以显得十分激动。他闻到荒原上飘来的温暖的气息，看到小朵的白云在蓝天上浮动。很快，他听见玛丽小声说，“我就是在这儿找到钥匙的……门在这儿……这儿……这就是秘密花园！”

柯林用手捂住眼睛，直到进了那四堵高大的围墙里才松开，门又被关上了。然后他四周看了看，看见玫瑰爬满了古老的红砖墙，果树上开着粉色和白色的花儿，到处都是鸟儿和蝴蝶。阳光暖暖地照在他的脸上，他顿时感到自己与以往不一样了。

“玛丽！狄肯！”他喊着。“我会好起来的！我会永远永远活下去！”

狄肯推着轮椅在花园里转着，告诉柯林所有植物的名字，阳光明媚，鸟儿歌唱，花园的每一个角落都有有趣的东西可看。三个孩子说着笑着，到了傍晚就都说起约克郡话来。

“我每天下午都要来，”柯林说。“我要看着它们生长。”

“你很快就会强壮起来，能自己走路，自己挖土。你还能帮我们收拾园子。”狄肯友好地说道。

“你真的觉得我能……能走路，还能……挖土？”柯林问。

“你当然能！你有腿，跟我们一样！”

“可是我的腿没有劲，”柯林答道。“总是不稳，我……我不敢站起来。”

“你想用它们时，你就能。”狄肯说。这会儿花园里非常安静。

突然，柯林说，“那是谁？”玛丽转过头，看见本·威瑟斯塔夫生气的眼睛正从围墙上边望着她。

“你在花园里干嘛，小姐？”他吼道，他没看见柯林和狄肯。

“知更鸟带我来的，本。”她回答。

“你……你——”当他看见狄肯在对面的草地上用轮椅推着个男孩时，他不再吼叫，嘴巴也张得老大。

“知道我是谁吗？”轮椅上的男孩问。

本瞪大了眼睛，“你的眼睛跟你妈妈的一模一样，”他说，声音有点发抖。“是啊，我知道你，你是克莱文先生的儿子，那个驼背的小男孩。”

柯林忘了自己曾一度背疼。他嚷道：“我的背跟你的一样直！”

本从上到下仔细打量。他只是听仆人们说起过。“你的背不驼？”他问道，“你不是罗圈腿？”

这可太过分了。柯林生气了，这反而让他觉得强壮起来。

“过来，狄肯！”他叫道，甩掉了盖毯，狄肯立刻来到他身旁，玛丽感到有点担心，柯林能站起来吗？

柯林瘦弱的脚放在草地上，扶着狄肯的胳膊站了起来。他看上去异常高大，头高高地扬着。

“看我！”他冲本喊道，“看看我呀！”

“他像约克郡别的男孩一样直！”狄肯说。

泪水从那本棕色而苍老的脸上滑落下来。“他们说你要死了！”他小声说。

“那么，现在你该知道那不是真的，”柯林说道，“现在从墙上下来到这儿来吧。我想跟你谈谈。你得帮我们保守花园的秘密。”

“好的，先生。”本说着，一边擦干了泪水。

这是秘密花园中第一个美丽的下午，这样的下午以后还有很多。柯林几乎每天都由狄肯和玛丽带到这儿，他看到了春天和初夏这里的所有变化。本·威瑟斯塔夫，现在也是秘密的一部分，一有空就加入他们。

一天，柯林对大家说：“你们大家听我说。我想是什么魔法使花园里的植物生长，使很多事情发生。或许要是我相信，魔法也会使我变得强壮起来。咱们坐下来围成圈请魔法显灵吧！”

于是他们围坐在草地上，狄肯和他的乌鸦、狐狸以及两只松鼠，玛丽、柯林、还有本。柯林重复说着：“阳光在照耀，这就是魔法。强壮起来，这就是魔法。魔法！帮帮我！魔法！帮帮我！”

最后柯林停下来。“现在我得在花园里走走了。”他说。于是他扶着狄肯的胳膊，慢慢地从一面墙走到另一面墙，玛丽和本紧紧跟着他们。当他走完一圈时，他说：“看哪！我能走了！魔法显灵了！”

“太棒了！”玛丽叫着。“你父亲看见你一定会以为是在做梦呢！”

“我还不想告诉他。我要保守秘密，不让任何人知道。我要每天都到花园里散步，再跑上一小会儿，直到我像其他人一样健康。到那会儿，等我父亲回家时，我要走到他面前，说，‘我在这儿，爸爸。你看到了吗？我不会死的！’”

这可给玛丽和柯林出了难题。狄肯一天晚上在挖屋前的菜园时把这事告诉了妈妈。

“您看，妈妈，他们不想让医生或用人猜出柯林能走路，而且身体也好多了。所以他们假装他还病着，而且还像从前一样不讨人喜欢！”

“要是他们整天跑来跑去，呼吸新鲜空气，那样他们会感到饿的，我想。”

“是啊，就是这件事。他们俩都长胖了，也健康了，而且很能吃饭了。可是他们却不得不剩下一些送回厨房，要是都吃光了，人家就会知道他们很健康！所以，他们有时饿得很厉害！”

“我知道我们能做些什么，”索尔比太太说，“上午你带点新鲜的牛奶和我刚烤好的面包到花园去，吃了这些会对他们有很大好处的！孩子们这是在玩什么把戏啊！”她笑得眼泪都流出来了。

一天下午，他们正在花园里干活儿，门开了，一个女人悄悄走了进来。

“是妈妈！”狄肯喊道，跑了过去，“我告诉了她门在哪儿，因为我知道她会保密的。”

柯林伸出手，说：“我一直都想见到您。”

“好孩子！”苏珊·索尔比小声说着，握住他的手，“你长的可真像你妈妈。”

“您觉得，”柯林小心地问道，“这会让我父亲喜欢我吗？”

“我肯定他会的。”她热情地答道。“他得看看你——他现在应该回家了。”

“苏珊，瞧这孩子多健康啊！”本说，“看他的腿，现在又直又结实！”

“是啊，”她笑了，“在外面玩，在外面干活，加上约克郡的美食，这就让他壮实起来了。再加上有玛丽小姐。”她加了一句，转向玛丽。“梅洛太太听说你妈妈很漂亮，你很快也会像她一样漂亮的。”

“您相信魔法吗？”柯林问她。

“相信。”她回答，“不过每个人都给它起了个不同的名字。它使阳光照耀，种子生长——同样也让你健康。”

她在草地上坐了一会儿，和孩子们在洒满阳光、宁静的花园里说笑着。她站起身临走的时候，柯林向她伸出一只手。

“我真希望——您是我的妈妈！”他小声说。

索尔比太太把他搂在怀里，“好孩子！在你妈妈的花园里，你离她要多近有多近。而且，你爸爸也快回来了！”

8 Mr Craven comes home

While the secret garden was returning to life, a man with high, crooked shoulders was wandering round the most beautiful places in Europe. For ten years he had lived this lonely life, his heart full of sadness and his head full of dark dreams. Everywhere he went, he carried his unhappiness with him like a black cloud. Other travellers thought he was half mad or a man who could not forget some terrible crime. His name was Archibald Craven.

But one day, as he sat by a mountain stream, he actually looked at a flower, and for the first time in ten years he realized how beautiful something living could be. The valley seemed very quiet as he sat there, staring at the flower. He felt strangely calm.

‘What is happening to me?’ he whispered. ‘I feel different—I almost feel I’m alive again!’

At that moment, hundreds of miles away in Yorkshire, Colin was seeing the secret garden for the first time, and saying, ‘I’m going to live for ever and ever and ever!’ But Mr Craven did not know this.

That night, in his hotel room, he slept better than usual. As the weeks passed, he even began to think a little about his home and his son. One evening in late summer, as he was sitting quietly beside a lake, he felt the strange calmness again. He fell asleep, and had a dream that seemed very real. He heard a voice calling him. It was sweet and clear and happy, the voice of his young wife.

‘Archie! Archie! Archie!’

‘My dear!’ He jumped up. ‘Where are you?’

‘In the garden!’ called the beautiful voice.

And then the dream ended. In the morning, when he woke, he remembered the dream.

‘She says she’s in the garden!’ he thought. ‘But the door’s locked and the key’s buried.’

That morning he received a letter from Susan Sowerby. In it she asked him to come home, but she did not give a reason. Mr Craven thought of his dream, and decided to return to England immediately. On the long journey back to Yorkshire, he was thinking about Colin.

‘I wonder how he is! I wanted to forget him, because he makes me think of his mother. He lived, and she died! But perhaps I’ve been wrong. Susan Sowerby says I should go home, so perhaps she thinks I can help him.’

When he arrived home, he found the housekeeper very confused about Colin’s health.

‘He’s very strange, sir,’ said Mrs Medlock. ‘He looks better, it’s true, but some days he eats nothing at all, and other days he eats just like a healthy boy. He used to scream even at the idea of fresh air, but now he spends all his time outside in his wheelchair, with Miss Mary and Dickon Sowerby. He’s in the garden at the moment.’

‘In the garden!’ repeated Mr Craven. Those were the words of the dream! He hurried out of the house and towards the place which he had not visited for so long. He found the door with the climbing plant over it, and stood outside, listening, for a moment.

‘Surely I can hear voices inside the garden?’ he thought. ‘Aren’t there children whispering, laughing, running in there? Or am I going mad?’

And then the moment came, when the children could not stay quiet. There was wild laughing and shouting, and the door was thrown open. A boy ran out, a tall, healthy, handsome boy, straight into the man’s arms. Mr Craven stared into the boy’s laughing eyes.

‘Who—What? Who?’ he cried.

Colin had not planned to meet his father like this. But perhaps this was the best way, to come running out with his cousin and his friend.

‘Father,’ he said, ‘I’m Colin. You can’t believe it! I can’t believe it myself. It was the garden, and Mary and Dickon and the magic, that made me well. We’ve kept it a secret up to now. Aren’t you happy, Father? I’m going to live for ever and ever and ever!’

Mr Craven put his hands on the boy’s shoulders. For a moment he could not speak. ‘Take me into the garden, my boy,’ he said at last, ‘and tell me all about it.’

And in the secret garden, where the roses were at their best, and the butterflies were flying from flower to flower in the summer sunshine, they told Colin’s father their story. Sometimes he laughed and sometimes he cried, but most of the time he just looked, unbelieving, into the handsome face of the son that he had almost forgotten.

‘Now,’ said Colin at the end, ‘it isn’t a secret any more. I’ll never use the wheelchair again. I’m going to walk back with you, Father to the house.’

And so, that afternoon, Mrs Medlock, Martha, and the other servants had the greatest shock of their lives. Through the gardens towards the house came Mr Craven, looking happier than they had ever seen him. And by his side, with his shoulders straight, his head held high and a smile on his lips, walked young Colin!

8 克莱文先生回家了

当秘密花园恢复着生机的时候，一个高大、驼背的男人正在欧洲最美的地方游荡。10年来他就是过着这种孤独的生活，他的心中充满了悲凉，脑海也为黑暗的恶梦所占据。他每到一处，情绪总是忧郁的，像被一团黑色的云笼罩着。别的游客觉得他是半个疯子，或是个无法忘掉某种恐怖罪行的人。他的名字就是阿奇伯德·克莱文。

但是有一天，当他坐在山谷中的一条小溪旁时，他注视着一朵花，10年来他第一次意识到生命可以是这么美丽。山谷非常幽静，他坐在那里，凝视着那朵花，心中异常的平静。

“我怎么了？”他低声说，“我感觉不一样了——我几乎觉得自己又活了！”

也就在那一刻，在几百英里外的约克郡，柯林第一次见到了秘密花园，正在说着，“我会永远永远活下去！”但克莱文先生并不知道这些。

那天夜里，在旅店的房间里，他睡得比平时香。几周过去了，他甚至开始有点想家，有点想他的儿子。一个夏末的晚上，他静静地坐在湖边，再次感到那种奇异的平静。他睡着了，做了一个非常真切的梦。他听见一个声音在叫他，声音甜美、清晰而欢快，那是他年轻的妻子的声音。

“阿奇！阿奇！阿奇！”

“亲爱的！”他跳起来，“你在哪儿？”

“在花园里！”那美丽的声音说。

然后梦就醒了。他早晨醒来时，还记得那个梦。

“她说她在花园里！”他思索着，“可是门是锁着的，钥匙也埋起来了。”

那天上午他收到了苏珊·索尔比的信。信上她请他回去，却没说明为什么。克莱文先生想起他的梦，决定立刻动身回英国。在回约克郡的漫长路途中，他想起了柯林。

“不知道他怎么样了！我想忘记他，因为他总是让我想起他的妈妈。他活着，可她却死了！也许是我错了。苏珊·索尔比说我应该回家，也许她是想让我帮助柯林。”

他回到家里，发现管家对柯林的身体状况大为不解。

“他很怪，先生，”梅洛太太说，“他看上去好些了。真的，可有时他什么都不吃，有时又吃得像健康的孩子一样。以前只要提到新鲜空气他就要尖叫，可现在他每天都坐着轮椅去外面，跟玛丽小姐和狄肯·索尔比一起。这会儿他在花园里呢。”

“在花园里！”克莱文先生重复着。那正是梦中听到的话！他冲出房子，奔向他很久都没再去过的地方。他找到被藤蔓遮蔽的门，站在外面，听了一会儿。

“我真的听到里面有声音吗？”他想，“难道那不是孩子们在里面低语、嬉笑、奔跑吗？还是我快要发疯了？”

当孩子们难以保持安静时，这一刻终于到来了。开心的笑声和欢叫声中，门被撞开了，一个高高的、健康漂亮的男孩跑了出来，正好撞进他的怀里。克莱文先生直愣愣地看着孩子欢笑的眼睛。

“谁呀——什么？这是谁呀？”他叫起来。

柯林没想到会这样见到他的父亲。但是同他的表妹和朋友一起跑出来，也许这才是最好的方式。

“爸爸。”他说，“我是柯林。您不会相信的！连我自己都不能相信。是花园、玛丽、狄肯和魔法使我康复的。我们一直保守着这个秘密。爸爸，你不高兴吗？我要永远永远地活下去！”

克莱文先生把手放在孩子肩上，好一会儿说不出话来。最后他说：“带我到花园里去，告诉我这一切是怎么回事。”

在秘密花园中，玫瑰花盛开着，蝴蝶在夏日的阳光下、在花丛中飞舞，他们向柯林的父亲讲述着他们的故事。他时而开怀大笑，时而落泪，更多的时间只是注视着他儿子那英俊的脸庞，不相信这就是他几乎遗忘的那个孩子。

“现在，”柯林最后说道，“这不再是秘密了。我再也用不着轮椅了。爸爸，我要和你一起走——走回家去。”

于是那天下午，梅洛太太、玛莎，还有其他的用人都感受到有生以来从未有过的惊奇，克莱文先生从花园走向房子，脸上露出他们从未见到过的幸福神态。而走在他身边，昂首挺胸、面带微笑的正是年轻的柯林！

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简介

鲁道夫·拉森狄尔年轻富有，出生于一个历史悠久的英国家庭，可他却长着卢里塔尼亚王室所特有的深红色头发和长而笔挺的鼻子。这是多年前一个小小的家庭“意外”造成的结果。

鲁道夫决定去参加卢里塔尼亚新国王的加冕典礼。他到了曾达城，并在森林里漫步。第二天上午他却发现自己身陷意想不到的奇遇之中。他与新朋友萨普特上尉和弗里茨一起制定了营救曾达城堡中的囚徒的计划。很快他就与国王的死对头黑迈克和鲁帕特交上了手，而且爱上了国王的表妹，美丽的弗蕾维亚公主。

然后国王……然而，谁才是真正的卢里塔尼亚的国王呢？

安东尼·霍普1863年生于伦敦，1933年去世。他的真名是安东尼·霍普·霍金斯爵士。他成为专职作家之前是一位律师。他最著名的作品有《曾达的囚徒》和《鲁帕特》。

1 The Rassendylls-and the Elphbergs

‘I wonder when you’re going to do something useful, Rudolf,’ my brother’s wife said. She looked at me crossly over the breakfast table.

‘But why should I do anything, Rose?’ I answered, calmly eating my egg. ‘I’ve got nearly enough money for the things I want, and my brother, Robert, is a lord—Lord Burlesdon. I’m very happy.’

‘You’re twenty-nine, and you’ve done nothing except…’

‘Play about? It’s true. We Rassendylls are a rich and famous family, and we don’t need to do anything.’

This made Rose angry. ‘Rich and famous families usually behave worse than less important families,’ she said.

When I heard this, I touched my dark red hair. I knew what she meant.

‘I’m so pleased that Robert’s hair is black!’ she cried.

Just then my brother, Robert, came in. When he looked at Rose, he could see that there was something wrong.

‘What’s the matter, my dear?’ he said.

‘Oh, she’s angry because I never do anything useful, and because I’ve got red hair,’ I said.

‘Well, I know he can’t do much about his hair, or his nose…’ Rose began.

‘No, the nose and the hair are in the family,’ my brother agreed. ‘And Rudolf has both of them.’

In the room there were many family pictures, and one of them was of a very beautiful woman, Lady Amelia, who lived a hundred and fifty years ago. I stood up and turned to look at it.

‘If you took that picture away, Robert,’ Rose cried, ‘we could forget all about it.’

‘Oh, but I don’t want to forget about it,’ I replied. ‘I like being an Elphberg.’

But perhaps I should stop for a moment and explain why Rose was angry about my nose and my hair and why I, a Rassendyll, said I was an Elphberg. After all, the Elphbergs are the royal family of Ruritania, and have been for hundreds of years.

The story is told in a book about the Rassendyll family history.

In the year 1733 Prince Rudolf of Ruritania came to England on a visit and he stayed for several months. Like many of the Elphberg royal family, he had blue eyes, an unusually long straight nose and a lot of dark red hair. He was also tall and very good-looking.

During his stay here, he became friendly with Lady Amelia, the beautiful wife of Lord Burlesdon. They became very good friends indeed, which, naturally, did not please Lord Burlesdon. So, one cold wet morning, the two men fought. The Prince was hurt in the fight, but got better and was hurried back to Ruritania. There he married and became King Rudolf the Third. But Lord Burlesdon fell ill, and six months later he died. Two months after that, Lady Amelia had a baby son, who became the next Lord Burlesdon and the head of the Rassendyll family. The boy grew into a man with blue eyes, a long straight nose, and dark red hair.

These things can happen in the best of families, and among the many pictures of the Rassendylls at home, you can see that five or six of them have the same blue eyes, the same nose, and the same red hair.

So, because my hair was red and I had the Elphberg nose, Rose worried about me. In the end, to please her, I promised to get a job in six months time. This gave me six free months to enjoy myself first.

And an idea came to me. I would visit Ruritania. None of my family had ever been there. They preferred to forget all about the Lady Amelia. But I saw in the newspaper that, in three weeks, the new young King, Rudolf the Fifth, would have his coronation. It would be an interesting time to visit the country.

I knew my family would not like my going, so I told them I was going walking in Austria.

1 拉森狄尔家族与艾尔弗伯格家族

“我在想你究竟什么时候才会做一些有用的事儿，鲁道夫。”我的嫂嫂说。她在餐桌的那头生气地望着我。

“但我干嘛要做事呢，罗丝？”我一边回答她，一边从容地吃着鸡蛋。“我的钱够多的，差不多想要什么就能买什么，再说我哥哥罗伯特又是一位贵族——伯利斯顿勋爵，我挺幸福。”

“可你都29岁了，你还什么都没干，除了……”

“除了胡闹？你说对了，我们拉森狄尔家的人又有钱又有名，而且我们什么也不用做。”

我这么说让罗丝生气了。“又有钱又有名的人家通常比那些普通人家更不规矩！”

听了她的话，我用手摸摸我的深红色头发。我懂她的意思。

“我真高兴罗伯特的头发是黑色的！”她说道。

正在此时，我哥哥罗伯特走了进来，他一看罗丝，就看出有些不对头。

“怎么了，亲爱的？”他问道。

“她生气了，因为我从没做过什么有用的事儿，而且我还长着红头发。”我说。

“当然，我知道他对他的头发和鼻子无能为力……”罗丝说。

“是的，这样的鼻子和这样的头发是祖传的，”我哥哥同意她的话，“而且鲁道夫两样都占了。”

房间里有很多家族成员的画像，其中一幅画着一位非常美丽的女人，阿米莉亚夫人，她生活在150年以前。我站了起来，转身去看她。

“如果你把那画像拿走，罗伯特，”罗丝说，“我们就可以把这件事忘掉。”

“哦，可是我并不想忘掉它。”我回答。“我喜欢做艾尔弗伯格家族的一员。”

也许我应该停下来一会儿，解释一下为什么罗丝对我的鼻子和头发那么生气，究竟又为什么，我，一个姓拉森狄尔的，会说我自己是艾尔弗伯格家族的一员。毕竟艾尔弗伯格家族是卢里塔尼亚的王族，而且，几百年来一直如此。

这个故事在一本关于拉森狄尔家族史的书里是这么描述的：

1733年卢里塔尼亚王子鲁道夫前来英国访问，他逗留了几个月。像艾尔弗伯格王室的许多人一样，他长着蓝色的眼睛，一只不寻常的又长又挺的鼻子和很多深红色的头发。他个子很高，相貌英俊。

他在此地停留期间，与伯利斯顿勋爵美丽的妻子阿米莉亚夫人结识，事实上，他俩成了十分亲密的好友，这当然不会让伯利斯顿勋爵愉快。因此，在一个寒冷潮湿的早晨，两位男士决斗了。王子负了伤，但很快好转并且匆匆返回卢里塔尼亚。在那里他结了婚，成了国王鲁道夫三世。但是伯利斯顿勋爵病了，六个月以后去世。他辞世之后两个月，阿米莉亚夫人生了一个儿子，这个男孩即成为新的伯利斯顿勋爵以及拉森狄尔家族的首领。他成人以后有着蓝色的眼睛，长而挺直的鼻子和深红色的头发。

这一类的事情可能在最上流的家庭发生。在拉森狄尔府上的许多画像中，你能看见五六个人长着同样的蓝眼睛，同样的鼻子，同样的红头发。

因此，由于我的头发是红的，而且我长着艾尔弗伯格家的鼻子，罗丝为我发愁。结果，为了让她高兴，我保证六个月以内找到一份工作。这样起码我能在六个月的时间里过得快快乐乐的。

我有了一个主意——我要去卢里塔尼亚。我的家族从来没有一个人去过那里。他们更愿意忘记跟阿米莉亚夫人有关的事情。可是我看到报纸上说，在三周之内，卢里塔尼亚的年轻的新国王，鲁道夫五世，将会举行加冕典礼。这时候去这个国家看看一定很有意思。

我知道家里的人一定不喜欢让我去，所以我告诉他们我要去奥地利走走。

2 The colour of men's hair

On the way to Ruritania I decided to spend a night in Paris with a friend. The next morning he came with me to the station, and as we waited for the train, we watched the crowds. We noticed a tall, dark, very fashionable lady, and my friend told me who she was.

'That's Madame Antoinette de Mauban. She's travelling on the same train as you, but don't fall in love with her.'

'Why not?' I asked, amused.

'Ah,' said my friend, 'all Paris knows that she's in love with Duke Michael of Strelsau. And he, as you know, is the half-brother of the new King of Ruritania. Although he's only the second son and will never be king himself, he's still an important man and very popular, I hear, with many Ruritans. The lovely Madame Antoinette won't look twice at you, Rudolf.'

I laughed, but he had woken my interest in the lady. I did not speak to her during the journey, and when we arrived in Ruritania, I left the train at Zenda, a small town outside the capital. But I noticed that Madame de Mauban went on to Strelsau, the capital.

I was welcomed very kindly at my hotel. It belonged to a fat old lady and her pretty daughter. From them I learned that the coronation was to be on the day after next, and not in three weeks.

The old lady was more interested in Duke Michael of Strelsau than in the new King. The Castle of Zenda and all the land around it belonged to the Duke, but the old lady said, 'It's not enough. Duke Michael should be king. He spends all his time with us. Every Ruritanian knows him, but we never see the new King.'

But the daughter cried, 'Oh no, I hate Black Michael. I want a red Elphberg-and the King, our friend Johann says, is very red. Johann works for the Duke and he's seen the King. In fact, the King's staying just outside Zenda now,' she added. 'He's resting at the Duke's house in the forest before going on to Strelsau on Wednesday for his coronation. The Duke's already in Strelsau, getting everything ready.'

'They're friends?' I asked.

'Friends who want the same place and the same wife,' the pretty girl replied. 'The Duke wants to marry his cousin, Princess Flavia, but people say she's going to be King Rudolf's wife and the Queen.'

Just then their friend, Johann, entered the room.

'We have a visitor, Johann,' the girl's mother said, and Johann turned towards me. But when he saw me, he stepped back, with a look of wonder on his face.

'What's the matter, Johann?' the daughter asked.

'Good evening, sir,' Johann said, still staring at me. He did not seem to like what he saw.

The girl began to laugh. 'It's the colour of your hair, sir,' she explained. 'We don't often see that colour here. It's the Elphberg red-not Johann's favourite colour.'

* * *

The next day I decided to walk through the forest for a few miles and take the train to Strelsau from a little station along the road. I sent my luggage on by train and after lunch, I started out on foot. First, I wanted to see the Castle of Zenda and in half an hour I had climbed the hill to it. There were two buildings the old one, with a moat around it, and the new, modern building. Duke Michael could have friends to stay with him in the new castle, but he could go into the old castle when he wanted to be alone. The water in the moat was deep, and if he pulled up the drawbridge over the moat, no one could get to him.

I stayed there for some time and looked at the castle, and then I walked on through the forest for about an hour. It was beautiful and I sat down to enjoy it. Before I knew what had happened, I was asleep.

Suddenly I heard a voice say, 'Good heavens! He looks just like the King!'

When I opened my eyes, there were two men in front of me. One of them came nearer.

'May I ask your name?' he said.

'Well, why don't you tell me your names first?' I replied.

The younger of the two men said, 'This is Captain Sapt, and I am Fritz von Tarlenheim. We work for the King of Ruritania.'

'And I am Rudolf Rassendyll,' I answered, 'a traveller from England. My brother is Lord Burlesdon.'

'Of course! The hair!' Sapt cried. 'You know the story, Fritz?'

Just then a voice called out from the trees behind us. 'Fritz! Fritz! Where are you, man?'

'It's the King!' Fritz said, and Sapt laughed.

Then a young man jumped out from behind a tree. I gave a cry, and when he saw me, he stepped back in sudden surprise. The King of Ruritania looked just like Rudolf Rassendyll, and Rudolf Rassendyll looked just like the King!

For a moment the King said nothing, but then he asked, 'Captain...Fritz...who is this?'

Sapt went to the King and spoke quietly in his ear. The King's surprise changed slowly to an amused smile, then suddenly he began to laugh loudly. 'Well met, cousin!' he cried. 'Where are you travelling to?'

'To Strelsau, sir to the coronation.'

The King looked at his friends, and, for a moment, he was serious. But then he began to laugh again. 'Wait until brother Michael sees that there are two of us!' he cried.

'Perhaps it isn't a very good idea for Mr Rassendyll to go to Strelsau,' Fritz said, worried, and Sapt agreed with him.

'Oh, we'll think about the coronation tomorrow, the King said. 'Tonight we'll enjoy ourselves. Come, cousin!'

We returned to the Duke's house in the forest, where we had an excellent dinner. The King called loudly for wine, and Captain Sapt and Fritz seemed worried. Clearly, the King liked his wine a little too much.

'Remember the coronation is tomorrow,' warned old Sapt.

But the King was only interested in enjoying himself tonight, so we all drank and talked, and drank again. At last the King put down his glass and said, 'I've drunk enough.'

As he said that, old Josef, the King's servant, came in. He put some very special old wine on the table in front of the King and said, 'Duke Michael offers you this wine and asks you to drink it for love of him.'

'Well done, Black Michael!' the King cried. 'Well, I'm not afraid to drink your wine!'

And he drank every drop of wine in the bottle, himself. Then his head fell forward on to the table, and soon afterwards I too remembered no more of that wild evening.

2 头发的颜色

去卢里塔尼亚的途中我决定在巴黎的一个朋友处过一夜。第二天早晨他跟我一起来到火车站，等车时我们看着站台上的人群，我们看到一位个子高、肤色棕黑、非常时髦的女士。我的朋友告诉我她的身份。

“那位是安东纳特·德·莫班女士，她和你坐同一列火车，但是你可别爱上她。”

“为什么不行？”我觉得很有意思。

“哎呀，”我的朋友说，“全巴黎都知道她爱着斯特莱索的迈克尔公爵，他是卢里塔尼亚新国王同父异母的兄弟。虽然他只不过是次子，他也决不能当国王，他仍然是个重要人物，而且我听说他也受到许多人的爱戴。鲁道夫，那位可爱的安冬纳特女士不会朝你看第二眼的。”

我笑了，但他的话引起了我对那位女士的兴趣。旅途中我没跟她说话。我们到达卢里塔尼亚以后，我在靠近首都的小城曾达下了车，但我注意到莫班女士去了首都斯特莱索。

在旅店我受到了很热情的接待。这家旅店是一位胖老太太和她可爱的女儿开的。从她们那儿我听说加冕典礼是后天而不是三星期后举行。

老太太对迈克尔公爵比对新国王更感兴趣。虽然曾达城堡和附近所有的土地都属于这位公爵，老太太却说，“这些还不够，迈克尔公爵应该当国王。他总是和我们在一起，每个卢里塔尼亚人都认识他，而新国王我们却从来没见过。”

她女儿却说，“哦，不，我讨厌黑迈克尔！我希望一个红头发的艾尔弗伯格当国王。听我们的朋友约翰说，新国王的头发非常红。他见过国王。事实上，国王现在就在曾达。”她又说，“他星期五去斯特莱索加冕。在此之前，他呆在公爵的林中住地休养。公爵已经去了斯特莱索，为国王准备好一切。”

“他们是朋友吗？”

“朋友，只不过两人想得到同样的地方和同一个女人。”漂亮姑娘回答，“公爵想和他的表妹弗蕾维亚公主结婚，可是据说弗蕾维亚会成为国王鲁道夫的妻子和王后。”

就在这时，她们的朋友约翰走进了房间。

“我们来了个客人，约翰。”姑娘的母亲说。约翰就转向我。当他看见我后，他后退了一步，脸上露出惊奇的表情。

“怎么啦？”姑娘问。

“晚上好，先生。”约翰说，仍然紧盯着我。他看上去不喜欢他所看见的东西。

姑娘笑了起来。“是因为你的头发，先生。”她解释道。“我们在这儿不常见到这种颜色的头发。这是艾尔弗伯格家族的红色。这可不是约翰最喜欢的颜色。”

第二天，我决定步行数英里穿过森林，然后从路边的一个小站上火车去斯特莱索。我把行李交火车托运了。午饭后我开始步行。首先我想看看曾达的城堡。半小时后我爬到了城堡所在的山上。那儿有两幢建筑物，一旧一新，旧的被一道护城河所环绕，新的是一座现代的建筑。迈克尔公爵可以和朋友一起呆在新城堡里，但假如他想要一个人呆着，他可以去旧城堡。壕沟里的水很深，如果他拉起跨越壕沟的吊桥，没人能靠近他。

我在那儿呆了一会儿，看着城堡，然后我走了差不多一个小时穿过森林。森林很美，我坐下来欣赏。一会儿我就睡着了。

突然间我听到一个声音说：“天哪，他真像国王！”

我睁开眼睛，面前站着两个人，其中一个走近我。

“请问您尊姓大名？”

“可是，您干吗不先告诉我您的姓名呢？”我回答。

两人中年轻的一位说：“这位是萨普特上尉，我是弗里茨·冯·塔伦汉姆。我们是卢里塔尼亚国王手下的。”

“我是鲁道夫·拉森狄尔，”我回答说，“我是从英国来的游客，我哥哥是伯利斯顿勋爵。”

“当然啦！瞧那头发！”萨普特叫道，“你知道那个故事吧，弗里茨？”

正在这时，一个声音从我们背后的树林里传来：“弗里茨！你在哪儿呢，伙计？”

“是国王。”弗里茨说。萨普特笑了。

然后一个年轻人从一棵树后面跳了出来，我叫了一声，当他看见我时，惊愕地后退了一步。卢里塔尼亚国王看上去正像鲁道夫·拉森狄尔，鲁道夫·拉森狄尔看上去正像卢里塔尼亚国王。

有一小会儿国王什么也没说，然后他问：“上尉……弗里茨……，这是谁？”

萨普特走上去对着他的耳朵轻轻说了几句，国王惊讶的表情慢慢变成了一个感到有趣的微笑。“幸会，表弟！”他突然高声叫道，“你打算去哪儿？”

“去斯特莱索，去看加冕典礼。”

国王看看他的朋友，严肃了一会儿。然后他又笑起来了，“等着吧，让迈克尔老弟看看我们有两个。”

“也许，拉森狄尔先生不应该去斯特莱索。”弗里茨担心地说。萨普特也同意他的看法。

“哦，我们明天再谈加冕的事吧。”国王说，“今晚我们要好好乐一乐。来吧，表弟！”

我们回到公爵的林中住宅，在那儿吃了一顿非常不错的晚餐。国王嚷嚷着要酒，而上尉萨普特和弗里茨看上去很焦虑不安。很显然，国王过于喜欢喝酒了。

“记住，明天就加冕了。”老萨普特警告说。可是国王只对今晚让自己好好乐一乐感兴趣，所以我们都喝酒，说话，然后又喝酒。最后国王放下杯子说：“我已经喝得够多的了。”

这时，国王的仆人约瑟夫进来了，他把一瓶非常古老特别的酒放在国王面前的桌子上说道：“迈克尔公爵奉上这瓶酒，并请您为了他对您的爱而喝了它。”

“干得好，黑迈克尔！”国王叫道，“好吧，我才不怕喝你的酒呢！”

他一个人喝干了瓶里的最后一滴酒。然后他的头伏在了桌子上。很快我自己也记不清那个疯狂的夜晚发生的别的事情了。

3 The King goes to his coronation

I do not know how long I was asleep, but when I woken I was cold and wet. Sapt and Fritz stood there looking at me. 'We had to wake you,' Sapt said. 'Gold water was the only way.'

Fritz took my arm and turned me round. 'Look!' he said.

The King was on the floor, and when Sapt pushed him with his foot, he did not move.

'We've been trying to wake him for half an hour,' said Fritz. 'But he's sleeping like a dead man.'

The three of us looked at each other.

'Was there something in that last bottle of wine?' I asked.

'I don't know,' Sapt said, 'but if he doesn't get to his coronation today, there'll never be a coronation for him. All Ruritania is waiting for him in Strelsau and Black Michael with half the army, too. We can't tell them that the King is too drunk to go to his own coronation!'

'You can say he's ill,' I said.

'Ill!' Sapt laughed angrily. 'Everybody will know what that means. He's been "ill" too many times before.'

'Tell me, do you think somebody put something in his wine?' I asked.

'It was Black Michael!' Fritz replied. 'We all know he wants to be King himself.'

For a moment or two we were all silent, and then Sapt looked at me, 'You must go to Strelsau and take his place!'

I stared at him. 'You're crazy, man! How can I do that? The King...'

'It's dangerous, I know,' said Sapt. 'But it's our only chance. If you don't go, Black Michael will be King and the real king will be dead or a prisoner.'

How could I refuse? It took me two minutes to decide.

'I'll go!' I said.

'Well done, boy!' cried Sapt. He went on quickly and quietly. 'After the coronation they'll take us to the palace for the night. When we're alone, you and I will leave and ride back here to fetch the King. He'll be all right by then. I'll take him back to Strelsau and you must get out of the country as fast as you can.'

'But what about the soldiers? Fritz asked. 'They're Duke Michael's men, and they're coming to take the King back to Strelsau for the coronation.'

'We'll go before the soldiers get here,' Sapt said, 'and we'll hide the King.'

He picked up the King in his arms and we opened the door. An old woman, Johann's mother, was standing there. She turned, without a word, and went back to the kitchen.

'Did she hear?' Fritz asked.

Don't worry. I'll make sure she can't talk,' Sapt said, and he carried the King away.

When he returned, he told us that he had locked the old woman in a room underground. The King and Josef were hidden in another room underground. 'Josef will take care of the King and tell him everything when he wakes up. Come,' he went on, 'there's no time to lose. It's already six o'clock.'

Soon I was dressed in the King's clothes, the horses were ready and we were on our way. As we rode through the forest, Sapt told me everything that he could about my life, my family, my friends, and the things I liked or did not like. He told me what to do when we got there, and how to speak to different people. He was a wonderful teacher, and I listened hard. One mistake could mean death for all three of us.

It was eight o'clock when we arrived at the station and got on the train, and by halfpast nine we were in Strelsau.

And when King Rudolf the Fifth stepped out of the train, the people shouted, 'God save the King!'

Old Sapt smiled, 'God save them both,' he said quietly. 'I only hope we are all alive tonight!'

3 国王加冕

我不知道自己睡了多长时间，醒来时我发觉又冷又湿。萨普特和弗里茨站在那儿看着我。“我们得弄醒你，”萨普特说，“凉水是唯一的办法。”

弗里茨抓住我的胳膊让我转过身：“你看，”他说。

国王在地板上。萨普特用脚碰他，但是他不动。

“我们一直在想弄醒他，都有半个小时了。”弗里茨说，“可他睡得像死人一样。”

我们三人你看看我，我看看你。

“最后那瓶酒里有什么东西吧？”

“我不知道。”萨普特说，“不过假如他今天不去加冕，他就永远别想有另一个加冕典礼。所有的卢里塔尼亚人都在斯特莱索等着他。黑迈克尔也在那儿，还带着一半儿军队。我们没法告诉他们国王醉得太厉害，参加不了自己的加冕大典。”

“你可以说他病了。”我说。

“病了！”萨普特冷笑道，“谁都知道病了是什么意思。他以前已经病得太多了。”

“告诉我，你们想会不会有人把什么东西放在他的酒里了？”我问。

“是黑迈克尔干的！”弗里茨回答，“我们都知道他自己想当国王。”

有那么一会儿我们都没说话，然后萨普特看着我，“你必须去斯特莱索代替他。”

我紧紧盯着他，“你疯了！我怎么能干这个！国王他……”

“这很危险，我明白，”萨普特说，“但这是我们唯一的机会，要是你不去的话，黑迈克尔就会成为国王，而真正的国王就会死去或者成

为一名囚徒。”

我怎么能拒绝呢？我想了两分钟就下了决心。

“我去！”我说。

“太好了，小伙子！”萨普特叫道。他快速而小声地说下去，“大典之后，他们会带我们去王宫过夜，等到就剩我们的时候，你和我骑马回来接国王。他那时就没事了。我会带他去斯特莱索，而你必须离开这个国家。”

“可是那些士兵怎么办？”弗里茨问，“他们是黑迈克尔的人，他们会前来带国王到斯特莱索去加冕。”

“士兵还没到达之前我们就走。”萨普特说，“而且我们还要把国王藏起来。”

他抱起国王，我们打开了门。一个老太太，约翰的妈妈，正站在门外。她转过身，一句话也没说就走回了厨房。

“她听到了吗？”弗里茨问。

“别担心，我会弄妥让她没法告诉别人的。”萨普特说着，把国王弄走了。

等他回来时，他告诉我们，他已经把那个老太太锁在一间地下室里了。“约瑟夫会照顾国王的，等国王醒来时会把什么都告诉他。来吧，”他说，“没有时间了，已经6点了。”

很快，我穿上了国王的衣服，马早已备好，我们就上路了。当我们穿过森林时，萨普特尽他所能地告诉我一切，有关我的生活，我的家庭，我的朋友，我喜欢什么不喜欢什么。他告诉我等到了那儿要做什么，以及怎么和不同的人说话。他是个好老师，我听得也很努力，因为一个错误就可能让我们三人丧命。

我们到车站上车的时候是8点钟。8点半我们就到了斯特莱索。

当国王鲁道夫五世迈出车厢时，人们欢呼道：“上帝拯救国王！”

老萨普特微笑道，“上帝拯救他们两个人。”他小声说，“我只希望今晚我们都还活着！”

4 My adventures begin

As we made our way to the palace, I began to feel that I really was the King of Ruritania, with Marshal Strakencz, the head of the army, on my right and old Sapt on my left. I could see that Strelsau was really two towns the Old Town and the New Town. The people of the Old Town, who were poor, wanted Duke Michael to be their King, but the people of the New Town wanted King Rudolf. We went through the New Town first, and it was bright and colourful, with the ladies' dresses and the red roses of the Elphbergs. The people shouted loudly for their King as we passed through the streets. But when we came to the Old Town, the Marshal and Sapt moved nearer to my horse, and I could see that they were afraid for me.

'Stay back!' I called. 'I'll show my people that I'm not afraid of them.' Some of the crowd were pleased when they heard this, but most of them watched me in silence.

Finally, we reached the great church of Strelsau. I remember very little of the coronation-only two faces. One was a beautiful girl with wonderful red hair, the Princess Flavia. The other was the face of a man with black hair and dark, deep eyes-Black Michael. When he saw me, his face turned white. Clearly, he was surprised and deeply unhappy to see me.

The coronation seemed to last for hours, but I managed to say and do all the right things. At last it was over, and I was now the King of Ruritania! As Princess Flavia and I drove back to the palace in an open car, one man in the crowd called out, 'When's the wedding?'

The Princess's face went a little pink when she heard this. After a while she said, 'You seem different today, Rudolf. Quieter and more serious. Are you going to become a more sensible person now?'

The Princess, I realized, did not think very highly of the King. As for me, I thought the King was a very lucky man.

'If that will please you, I'll try to do it,' I said softly.

The Princess's face went pink again. Then she said, 'You must be careful of Michael. You know.'

'I know,' I said, 'that he wants what I have, and also what I hope to have one day.' As I spoke, I looked at her, and she smiled at me prettily.

'I wonder what the King's doing now,' I thought.

* * *

The royal dinner went on for a long time, but at last Fritz, Sapt, and I were alone in the King's dressing-room.

'You did well,' Fritz said, 'but, Rassendyll, be careful! Black Michael looked blacker than ever today-because you and the Princess had so much to say to each other.'

'She's very beautiful,' I replied.

'Come on,' Sapt cried. 'There's no time for that now. We must leave for Zenda at once, to find the King! If we're caught, we'll all be killed! Black Michael has had a letter from Zenda, so perhaps he knows already. Don't unlock the door, Fritz, while we're away, or you'll be a dead man. Say the King must be left alone to rest. Now, come on. The horses are ready.'

Fritz and I shook hands, then I covered my red hair and most of my face. Sapt and I left the room by a secret door, and we found ourselves outside, at the back of the palace gardens. A man was waiting there with two horses.

Soon we left the town behind us, and we were out in the country. We rode like the wind and by ten o'clock had come to the edge of the forest of Zenda.

Suddenly Sapt stopped. 'Listen!' he said quietly. 'Horses behind us! Quick! Get down! The castle's to the left,' he continued. 'Our road's to the right.'

We hid in the thick trees, and we waited and watched. The men came nearer. It was Black Michael and another man. When they came to the two roads, they stopped.

'Which way?' the Duke asked.

'To the castle!' the other man cried 'They'll know there what's been happening.'

The Duke waited for a moment. 'To Zenda then!' he cried finally, and the two men took the road to the left.

We waited for ten more minutes, and then we hurried on.

When we arrived at the house in the forest, we ran to the underground rooms. The one where Sapt had locked up the old woman was empty. She had escaped! The other room was locked. Sapt's face was white with fear. Between us, we broke down the door and ran in. I found a light and looked round the room. The servant Josef was on the floor-dead! I held up the light and looked in every corner of the room.

'The King isn't herer!' I said.

4 我的历险开始了

在去王宫的路上,军队的首领斯特肯茨元帅站在我的右边,老萨普特站在我的左边,我开始感到自己真的是卢里塔尼亚的国王了。我看到斯特莱索实际上是两个城——老城和新城。老城的人是穷人,他们想要迈克尔公爵当国王。新城的人却希望鲁道夫当国王。我们先经过新城,城里女人们的衣饰和艾尔弗伯格玫瑰使得城市明亮艳丽。我们经过大街时,人们高声为国王欢呼。但当我们来到老城时,元帅和老萨普特靠近我的马,我能看出他们为我担心。

“退回去!”我叫道:“我要让我的人民看看我并不害怕他们。”人群中有些人听到了我的话感到很高兴,但大多数人沉默地看着我。

终于我们来到了斯特莱索大教堂,大典的事儿我差不多都记不得了,除了两张面孔以外。一张是一个漂亮姑娘的,她长了一头绝妙的红头发。她是弗蕾维亚公主。另一张脸是一个男人的,他长着黑头发,深黑色的眼睛。他就是黑迈克尔。当他看见我时,他的面色发白了。很清楚,他见到我很吃惊,而且非常不快。

加冕典礼持续了几个小时,但我总算说对了也做对了所有的事儿。最后仪式终于结束了,现在我是卢里塔尼亚国王了!当弗蕾维亚公主和我乘着敞篷车回宫殿时,人群中有人对我们喊道:“什么时候举行婚礼?”

公主听到这话时她的脸有点儿发红。过了一会儿她说:“鲁道夫,你看起来不大一样,你变得安静严肃了。你现在会变得更明智些了吧?”

我明白了，公主对国王的评价不太高。在我看来，国王是一个非常幸运的人。

“如果那样能使你高兴的话，我就试试这么做。”我柔和地说。

公主的脸红了，然后她说：“你得小心迈克尔，你知道……”

“我知道，”我说，“他想得到我所拥有的，还想得到我有朝一日想得到的。”我这么说的时候眼睛看着她，她对我微笑着，很可爱。

“我真想知道国王现在在干嘛？”我暗想。

宫廷晚宴持续了很长时间，不过弗里茨、萨普特和我总算单独呆在国王的更衣室里了。

“你干得不错，”弗里茨说，“但是拉森狄尔，小心一点！黑迈克尔今天看起来特别黑，因为你和公主两人有那么多可说的。”

“她美极了。”我回答。

“得了，”萨普特说，“现在没工夫说这些了，我们得立即去曾达，去找国王！假如我们被逮住了，我们都得死！黑迈克尔收到了一封曾达来的信，所以他也许已经知道了。我们不在的时候你别开门，弗里茨，不然你会死的。你就说国王得一个人呆着休息。现在，走吧，马已经准备好了。”

弗里茨和我握握手，然后我挡上我的头发和大半个脸。萨普特和我从一个秘密的门出了房间，就到了宫殿的花园后面，一个人正牵着两匹马等着我们。

很快我们将城市抛在了身后，进入了乡间。我们骑着马像风一样快，10点钟时我们已经来到了曾达的森林边。

突然萨普特停住了。“听！”他悄悄地说，“我们后面有马蹄声！快！下马！去城堡走左边的路，我们的路是右边这条。”

我们躲在密密的树林里，等待着，注视着。那些人走近了，是黑迈克尔和另一个男人。当他们走到两条路口时，他们停住了。

“怎么走？”公爵问。

“去城堡！”另一个说，“他们会知道那儿出了什么事。”

公爵等了一会儿。“那就去曾达！”他终于说道。然后两人就朝左边的路走了。

我们又等了十多分钟，然后赶紧上路。

我们到达林中小屋，冲进地下室。萨普特老太太的那间房间空了。她逃走了！另一间房子锁着。萨普特的脸因为紧张而发白。我俩砸开门冲了进去，我找到一盏灯，朝四周看去，老仆人约瑟夫躺在地板上死了。我举着灯，把房间的每一个角落都看遍了。

“国王不在这儿。”我说。

5 His Majesty returns to Strelsau

It was one o'clock in the morning. For a few minutes we said nothing. Then Sapt cried, 'The Duke's men have taken the King prisoner!'

Then we must get back and wake everyone in Strelsau! 'I cried. 'We must catch Black Michael before he kills the King. '

'Who knows where the King is now?' Sapt answered. Then suddenly he began to laugh. 'But we've given Black Michael a problem,' he said. 'Yes, my boy. We'll go back to Strelsau. The King will be in his palace in Strelsau again tomorrow. '

'No!' I cried.

'Yes!' Sapt answered. 'It's the only way to help him. Go back and take his place for him. '

'But the Duke knows...'

'Yes, but he can't speak, can he? What can he say? "This man isn't the King because I've taken the real King prisoner and murdered his servant." Can he say that? '

But people will soon realize I'm not the real King, 'I said.

'Perhaps, perhaps not,' said Sapt. 'But we must have a King in Strelsau, or Michael will ride in tomorrow as the new King! Listen, boy, if you don't go back to Strelsau, they'll kill the King. And if you do go back, they can't kill the King. Because if they kill him, how can they ever say that you're not the real King? Don't you see?' he cried. 'It's a dangerous game, but it gives us a chance of winning. '

It was a wild, hopeless plan, but I was young. I would never have the chance of an adventure like this again. 'Sapt, I'll try it, 'I said.

'Good for you!' Sapt cried. 'But we must hurry! Look! '

He pulled me over to the door. The moon was low now, and there was not much light, but I could just see a small group of men on horses. They were Black Michael's men, probably coming to take the dead body of Josef away.

'We can't let them go without doing something, 'I said, thinking of poor Josef.

'Right, 'Sapt agreed. We ran out of the back of the house, and quickly got onto our horses. Silently, we waited in the darkness, and then we galloped round the house and straight into the group of men. Between us, we killed three of them, but a bullet hit my finger and it began to bleed.

We rode hard all night and it was about eight or nine o'clock in the morning when we reached Strelsau. Luckily, the streets were still empty. We arrived at the palace, went in, and got to the dressing-room. When we opened the door, Fritz was asleep, but he woke immediately. When he saw me, he fell to the ground and cried, 'Thank God, Your Majesty! You're safe! '

'Well done, boy!' Sapt shouted. 'We'll do it! '

Fritz stood up. He looked at me, up and down, down and up. Then he took a step backwards. 'Where's the King?' he cried.

'Be quiet, 'Sapt warned him. 'Someone will hear! '

Fritz's face was white now. 'Is the King dead?' he asked quietly.

'Please God, no, 'I answered. 'But Black Michael has him. '

* * *

The next day was a long one for me. Sapt talked to me for three hours about what I must do and what I must say, what I liked and what I didn't like. Then I had to do some of the King's business, but, because of my damaged finger, I did not have to write my name on any papers.

When, at last, I was alone with Sapt and Fritz, we began to talk about Black Michael. Fritz told me that Black Michael had six very dangerous men among his servants—three Ruritanians, a Belgian, a Frenchman, and an Englishman. They did anything that the Duke ordered, and did not stop at murder. Three of them—the foreigners, Fritz had heard were in Strelsau now with Duke Michael.

Sapt banged the table with his hand in excitement. 'Then the King must be alive! Michael's brought the foreigners with him, and left the three Ruritanians to hold the King prisoner. Usually, the Six, as they're called, go everywhere with him. '

Fritz wanted to do something immediately about Black Michael and his men, but Sapt and I realized that we could not do anything openly.

'We'll play a waiting game, and let Michael make the first move, 'I said.

And so I continued as King of Ruritania. In order to help the real King, I tried to make myself popular with the people. I went riding through the streets, smiling and talking to everybody. I also went to visit the Princess Flavia. The King's officials had told me that the Princess was very popular, and the people hoped that she would become my wife.

It was easy for me to pretend to be in love with the Princess. Too easy. Those beautiful eyes and that lovely smile were stealing my heart. Here was my greatest danger! I was pretending to be another man, but losing my own heart. On my first visit, we sat together for a long time, talking of this and that. When I got up to leave, Princess Flavia said, 'Rudolf, you will be careful, won't you? You have enemies, as I'm sure you know, and your life is very important to...Ruritania. '

'Only to Ruritania?' I asked softly.

'And to your loving cousin, 'she answered quietly.

I could not speak. I took her hand in mine. Then, with a heavy heart, I left.

Of course, I made many mistakes in my new life as King. But I managed to talk my way out of them, with luck and with help from Fritz and Sapt. It was like living on a knife edge. Once I met my brother Michael in the Princess's house. We smiled and talked politely, but I could see the anger in his black eyes.

5 国王回到斯特莱索

此刻是凌晨一点钟。有几分钟的时间我们一句话也没说，然后萨普特叫道：“公爵的人把国王关起来了！”

“我们必须回到斯特莱索，唤醒那儿的每一个人。”我说，“我们必须在黑迈克尔杀了国王之前抓住他。”

“谁又知道国王在哪儿呢？”萨普特回答。然后他突然笑了起来：“不过我们已经给了黑迈克尔一个难题。”他说，“是的，我的孩子，我们回斯特莱索去。明天国王又会在斯特莱索的宫中的。”

“不！”我说。

“是的！”萨普特回答，“这是唯一能帮助他的方法。回去，替他去当国王。”

“可是公爵明白……”

“没错，但他没法说出来，对吗？他能说什么呢？”这个男人不是国王，因为我把真正的国王关进牢里，而且杀了他的仆人。’他难道能这么说吗？”

“可是人们很快就会知道我不是真正的国王。”我说。

“也许会，也许不会。”萨普特说。“但我们必须得有一个国王在斯特莱索，否则迈克尔明天就会奔去成为新国王。听着，孩子，如果你不回斯特莱索，他们就会杀掉国王。可是如果你回去了，他们就不能杀他，因为假如他们杀了他，他们怎么才能说明你不是真正的国王？你难道不明白吗？”他说，“这是一场危险的游戏，不过它给了我们一次获胜的机会。”

这是一个疯狂无望的计划，但是那时我正年轻，我不可能再有这样的奇遇了。“萨普特，我试试。”我说。

“太棒了！”萨普特说。“可我们得快点儿，你看。”

他把我拖到门边。月亮现在低低的，没有什么光亮，但我恰好能看见一小群人骑在马上。他们是黑迈克尔的人，可能是来运走约瑟夫的尸体。

“我们不能就这么让他们走了。”我说，心里想着可怜的约瑟夫。

“好吧。”萨普特同意了。我们从屋子背后跑出去，很快地骑上了马。在黑暗中我们悄悄地等着，然后飞快地绕过房子，直冲进那群人中。我们杀了他们三个人，不过有一枪打中了我的手指，手指流血了。

我们骑着马整整走了一夜，到达斯特莱索是早上八九点钟，幸运的是，街上还是空空的。我们到达王宫，走进去直到更衣室。当我们开门时，弗里茨正在熟睡，但他立刻就醒来了。当他看见我时，他跪倒在地叫道：“感谢上帝，陛下，您平安无事！”

“干得好，孩子！”萨普特说，“我们就这么办。”

弗里茨站了起来，他看着我，从上到下，从下到上。然后他后退一步：“国王在哪里？”他嚷道。

“安静点，”萨普特警告他，“别人会听见的。”

弗里茨的脸变白了，“国王死了吗？”他静静地问。

“上帝保佑吧，他还没有死。”我说，“不过黑迈克尔抓住他了。”

第二天对我来说十分漫长。萨普特对我说了三个小时，告诉我应该做什么，不能做什么，什么是我喜欢的，什么是不喜欢的。接着我不得不做一些国王该做的事。不过，由于我的手伤了，我不用在任何纸上签名。

最后，当我又和萨普特、弗里茨在一起时，我们开始谈论黑迈克尔。弗里茨告诉我，黑迈克尔的随从中有六个非常危险的家伙，其中三个是卢里塔尼亚人，一个比利时人，一个法国人，还有一个英国人。黑迈克尔让他们做什么就做什么，就是杀人也干。弗里茨听说其中三个外国人现在正和黑迈克尔一起呆在斯特莱索。

萨普特兴奋地用手拍了一下桌子，“这么说国王肯定还活着。迈克尔带了三个外国人，让那三个卢里塔尼亚人看着国王。通常总是黑迈克尔走到哪儿他们六个跟到哪儿的。”

弗里茨想立即就对黑迈克尔和他的人采取行动，可萨普特和我觉得我们什么事也不能公开地干。

“我们要玩一场等待游戏，让迈克尔先动手。”我说。

因此，我就继续当卢里塔尼亚的国王，为了帮助真正的国王，我试着得到人民的爱戴。我乘车穿过每条街道，对每个人微笑，跟每个人说话。我也去拜访弗雷维亚公主。国王的官员们告诉我公主非常受百姓的欢迎，人们希望她会成为我的妻子。

对我来说，假装我正爱着公主是很容易的事儿，太容易了。她那美丽的眼睛和可爱的微笑正悄悄占据我的心。这才是我最大的危险！我假装是另外一个男人，但失去的是我自己的心。在我第一次拜访她的时候，我们在一起坐着，说这说那，过了很长时间。当我站起来告别的时候，弗雷维亚公主说：“鲁道夫，你会小心的，是吗？你有敌人，你肯定知道这个，而且你的生命对于卢里塔尼亚是很重要的。”

“只对卢里塔尼亚重要吗？”我温柔地问。

“对爱着你的表妹也一样。”她静静地回答。

我说不出话来。我握住了她的手，然后带着一颗沉重的心离开了她。

自然，在作为国王的新生活中，我犯了许多错误，但我很幸运，加上有弗里茨和萨普特的帮助，都设法掩饰过去了。这真像在刀刃上过日子。有一次我在公主的房子里遇见了我的兄弟迈克尔。我们微笑着，彬彬有礼地聊天，但我能看出他黑眼睛里的怒火。

6 An adventure with a teatable

One day Sapt brought me some news he had found out where the King was. Duke Michael was holding him prisoner somewhere in the Castle of Zenda.

Sapt also brought me a letter. It was in a woman's handwriting.

'To know what you most wish to know,' the letter began, 'meet me tonight in the garden of the big house in New Avenue. Come at midnight, and come alone.'

There was another note on the back of the letter. 'Ask yourself which woman does not want Black Michael to marry the Princess. A. de M.'

'Antoinette de Mauban!' I cried. 'She wants to marry the Duke.'

'That's true,' Sapt said. 'But you won't go, of course. They'll kill you! Duke Michael made her write this letter!'

'I must,' I replied. 'Every day we play this game there's more danger. I could make a mistake at any time, and, if I do, we'll all die. Don't you see? I have to go tonight. We can't go on much longer.'

'Then I'm coming too,' said Sapt.

So, at half-past eleven that night, Sapt and I rode out to the house in New Avenue. We left Fritz to watch my room in the palace. The night was dark, so I took a lamp. I also had my revolver and a knife.

We soon reached the house, and came to a gate in the wall. I got off my horse.

'I'll wait here,' said Sapt. 'If I hear anything, I'll—'

'Stay where you are!' I answered quickly. 'It's the King's only chance. They mustn't kill you too!'

'You're right,' said Sapt. 'Good luck!'

Silently, I opened the gate and went into the garden. In front of me I could see the dark shape of a summer-house and I moved towards it. Without a sound, I went up the steps, pushed open the door and went in. A woman hurried over to me and took me by the hand. I turned my lamp on her. She was beautiful.

'Close the door!' she said. 'We must be quick, Mr Rassendyll! Michael made me write the letter—three men are coming to kill you—three of the Six! They'll tell everyone that Sapt and Fritz von Tarlenheim murdered you. Then Michael will make himself King and marry the Princess. 'Antoinette's beautiful eyes were sad as she added softly, 'I can't let him marry her. I love him!'

'But the king,' I said. 'I know he's in the Castle of Zenda—but where?'

'Go across the drawbridge and you come to a heavy door—Listen! What's that? They're coming! They're too soon! Put out your lamp!' she cried, her eyes filled with fear. 'Quickly! You must go. There's a ladder at the end of the garden, against the wall!'

But it was too late. The three men were already outside. There was a small hole in the door, and I put my eye to it. My hand was on my revolver. It was no good! There were three of them. I could kill one perhaps, but then—

A voice came from outside. 'Mr Rassendyll—' It was the Englishman. 'We only want to talk to you. Open the door.'

'We can talk through the door,' I replied. I looked through the hole again and saw that they were on the top step. When I opened the door, they would run at me.

'We'll let you go if you leave the country and we'll give you fifty thousand English pounds,' continued Detchard, the Englishman.

'Give me a minute to think,' I answered.

Wildly, I looked around the summer-house and saw a metal garden table and some chairs. I picked up the table and held it in front of me, by the legs. Then I went to the back of the room and waited.

'All right, I agree,' I called. 'Open the door!'

I heard them arguing with each other, and then Detchard said to the Belgian, 'Why, Bersonin, are you afraid of one man?'

A second later the door opened.

De Gautet, the Frenchman, was with the other two, and the three men were standing there with their revolvers ready. With a shout, I ran at them as hard as I could. They tried to shoot me, but the bullets hit the table. The next second the table knocked them to the ground and we all fell on top of each other. Quickly, I picked myself up and ran for my life through the trees. I could hear them coming after me. Was Antoinette right? Was there really a ladder by the wall? I reached the end of the garden. The ladder was there! In a minute I was up it and over the wall.

Sapt was waiting with the horses and seconds later we were on our way home. And, as we rode, we laughed because I had fought Duke Michael's dangerous men—with a tea-table!

6 茶桌历险

有一天萨普特带来了一个消息——他发现了国王在哪儿。迈克尔公爵把他关在曾达城堡里的什么地方。

萨普特还给我带来了一封信，是一个女人的笔迹。

“要想知道你最想知道的事，”这封信的开头这样写着，“请今晚去新马路大房子的花园见我。半夜12点，一个人来。”

信封的背面还有一句话：“问问你自己哪个女人不想让黑迈克尔和公主结婚。A. deM.”

“安东纳特·德·莫班！”我叫了起来，“她想嫁给公爵。”

“确实如此。”萨普特说，“但是你可不能去。当然不行，他们会杀了你的！是迈克尔公爵让她写这封信的！”

“我得去。”我说。“我们玩这场游戏，每过一天，危险就增加一分。我随时可能出错，而一出错我们就都完了。还不明白吗？我今晚必须去。我们没法老这样继续下去。”

“那我也去。”萨普特说。

于是，那天晚上11点半，萨普特和我骑马去新马路的那所大房子。我们把弗里茨留下来照应我在王宫中的屋子。夜很黑，我带了一盏灯。我还带了我的左轮手枪和一把刀。

很快我们来到那所大房子跟前。围墙中间有一座大门，我下了马。

“我在这儿等着。”萨普特说，“假如我听见什么动静，我就……”

“你就在这儿呆着！”我很快地回答，“这是国王唯一的机会。他们不会连你也一块杀的。”

“你说得对。”萨普特说，“祝你好运！”

我静悄悄地开了门，走进花园。我眼前能看见的是一所避暑别墅的昏暗轮廓。我朝它走去。我悄悄地走上台阶，推门进去。一个女人急步走过来拉住我的手。我用灯照着她，她很美。

“关上门！”她说。“我们得快一点，拉森狄尔先生。是迈克尔让我写这封信的，有三个人会来杀你——那六个人中的三个。他们会告诉每个人萨普特和弗里茨·冯·塔伦汉姆杀了你。然后迈克尔会登上王位，并且和公主结婚。”安冬纳特美丽的眼睛露出悲哀，低声说，“我不能让他娶她，我爱他。”

“我知道国王在曾达的城堡里，”我说，“但他在哪里？”

“过了吊桥你能看见一座厚重的大门……听！什么声儿？他们来啦！他们太快了！把灯灭了！”她说，眼睛里满是惊恐。“快点儿！你得走。花园尽头有一个梯子靠在墙上！”

但是已经太晚了。那三个人已经来到屋外，门上有一个小洞，我从洞里向外看。我的手放在左轮手枪上。这不管用！他们有三个人，我也许能打中其中的一个，但是……

外面响起一个声音：“拉森狄尔先生……”是那个英国人。“我们只是想跟你谈谈，开门。”

“我们可以隔着门谈。”我回答。我又从小洞往外看，见他们已经上到了最高一层的台阶。假如我开门，他们就会朝我扑过来。

“假如你离开这个国家，我们会让你走，而且会给你五万英镑。”戴查德，那个英国人说。

“让我想一想。”我回答。

慌乱中我朝房子四周扫了一眼，看见了一个金属的花园用的桌子和一些椅子。我抓着桌腿把它挡在身体前，然后退到房子的尽头等着。

“好吧，我同意了。”我高声说：“开门吧！”

我听见他们互相吵嚷，然后戴查德对那个比利时人说：“伯索宁，难道你还怕一个人吗？”

片刻之后，门就开了。

德·高蒂特，那个法国人和另外两个人在一起。他们三个端着上了膛的左轮手枪站在那儿。我大叫一声，用尽全力向他们冲去。他们向我开枪，但是子弹打在了桌子上。紧接着桌子打倒了他们。我们都倒下了，你压着我，我压着你。很快我爬了起来，穿过树林飞快逃走。我听见他们追了上来。安冬纳特没说错吧？墙上真有一个梯子吗？我跑到了花园的尽头，梯子真的在那里！一刹那间我就登上了梯子越过了围墙。

萨普特牵着马在等我。几秒钟后我们就已经在回去的路上了。我们一边骑着马，一边大笑。因为我已经和迈克尔公爵的杀手斗了一场，而且只用了一张茶桌！

7 For love of the King

Every day I was sent a secret report by the Chief of Police, and the next afternoon I was playing cards with Fritz when Sapt brought it in. We learned that Duke Michael and the Three had left Strelsau, and that Antoinette de Mauban had also left. Clearly, they had gone to Zenda. The report also said that the people were unhappy because the King had not yet asked Princess Flavia to marry him.

‘Yes,’ said Fritz. ‘It’s true. I’ve heard that the Princess loves the King and she’s very sad…’

‘Well,’ Sapt informed us, ‘I’ve arranged a dance at the royal palace this evening, for the Princess.’

‘Why wasn’t I told?’ I asked angrily.

But Sapt continued, ‘Everything is arranged. And tonight you must ask the Princess to marry you.’

‘No! I’ll do nothing to hurt her!’ I cried.

‘All right, my boy,’ Sapt smiled gently. ‘Just say something nice to her, then. Remember, she thinks you’re the King and we don’t want her to be angry with him, do we?’

I understood, of course. If the King was saved, then Flavia must marry him. If he was not saved, then Sapt would ask me to stay and marry the Princess. Duke Michael must not be King.

The dance was wonderful. Flavia was beautiful and I danced with her again and again. Everyone could feel our happiness. I forgot about the crowd of rich, colourful people who were watching us. I had eyes only for my beautiful Flavia.

When supper had finished, Fritz touched me on the shoulder. I stood up, took Flavia’s hand and led her into a little room. They brought coffee to us and then the door was closed quietly. The Princess and I were alone.

The windows of the little room opened onto the garden. The night was fine and the room was filled with the sweet smell of the flowers outside. Flavia sat down and I stood opposite her. I was fighting with myself…But then she looked at me—and I was lost! I forgot the King, I forgot who I was, I forgot everything! I fell to my knees, took her gently in my arms and kissed her.

Suddenly she pushed me away. ‘Is it true? Do you really love me?’ she cried. ‘Or is it because you’re the King and you must marry me?’

‘No!’ I answered quietly. ‘I love you more than my life!’

Flavia smiled. ‘Oh, why do I love you now?’ she said softly. ‘I didn’t love you before, but I do now.’

How happy I was! It was not the King she loved. It was me—it was Rudolf Rassendyll! But as I looked into her lovely face, I knew I could not live with the lie. How could I pretend to be the King any longer?

‘There’s something I must tell you…’ I began in a low voice.

‘Your Majesty,’ said a voice from the garden. ‘People are waiting to say goodbye.’

It was Sapt. He had heard me talking to the Princess.

‘We’ll come,’ I replied coldly.

But Flavia, her eyes full of her love for me, held out her hand to Sapt as he came into the room. He took it and said softly and sadly, ‘God save your Royal Highness.’ And then he added, ‘But before all comes the King—God save the King!’

When Sapt told the people that Princess Flavia had accepted the King as her future husband, they were wild with happiness.

‘You know, Sapt,’ I said sadly, ‘I could marry the Princess and let my people kill Duke Michael—and the King.’

‘I know,’ Sapt replied quietly.

‘So we must go to Zenda and bring the King home at once!’ I said.

Sapt put his hand on my shoulder. ‘You’re the finest Elph-berg of them all,’ he said with feeling.

* * *

Before we left Strelsau, I saw the Marshal and asked him to stay near Flavia, to take care of her and to keep her safe from Duke Michael. Then I went to say goodbye to her. At first she was cold with me. She did not understand why I wanted to leave her. But her anger changed to fear when I told her that I was going after Duke Michael.

‘Oh, Rudolf, be careful!’ she cried. ‘He’s a dangerous man! Please come back safely to me.’

‘Duke Michael can never keep me away from you,’ I promised. But in my heart I knew that another man could.

7 为了对国王的爱

第二天下午我和弗里茨打牌时，萨普特带给我一封密信，那时每天警察长都要给我送一份秘密报告。我们得知迈克尔公爵和他的三个杀手离开了斯特莱索，安冬纳特·德·莫班也走了。很明显，他们去了曾达。报告还说臣民不太高兴，因为国王还没有请求弗蕾维亚公主嫁给他。

“是这样，”弗里茨说，“这是真的，我听说公主爱国王，她很伤心……”

“喂，”萨普特通知我们，“我今晚在王宫为公主安排了一个舞会。”

“为什么事先不告诉我？”我生气地说。

可是萨普特继续说着：“一切都安排好了。今天你就向公主求婚。”

“不！我决不做任何伤害她的事！”我叫道。

“好的，我的孩子。”萨普特温和地微笑着。“那就只对她说些好听的话。记住，她以为你是国王。我们不想让她对国王生气，对吗？”

我当然明白，如果国王得救了，弗蕾维亚就必须跟他结婚，如果他没得救，萨普特就会请我留下来，并且娶弗蕾维亚公主。决不能让迈克尔公爵当国王。

舞会好极了。弗蕾维亚很美丽。我跟她一遍又一遍地跳舞，每个人都能感到我们的快乐。我忘了那些有钱的，打扮得多姿多彩的人们在看着我们。我的眼里只有我美丽的弗蕾维亚。

晚餐结束后，弗里茨碰了碰我的肩膀，我站了起来，拉着弗蕾维亚的手，把她带进一个小房间里，他们给我们送来了咖啡，然后门就轻轻关上了，公主和我单独呆在一起。

小房间的窗户朝花园开着，夜色明朗，屋内充满了窗外鲜花的甜香。弗蕾维亚坐了下来，我站在她的对面。我跟自己在斗争着……可是她看着我，我失败了。我忘了国王，忘了我是谁，忘了一切。我跪了下来，轻轻地搂住她，吻了她。

突然她推开了我：“这是真的吗？你真的爱我吗？”她说，“还是因为你是国王而不得不娶我？”

“不！”我静静地回答：“我爱你胜过爱我的生命！”

弗蕾维亚微笑了：“哦，为什么我现在爱你了？”她温柔地说，“以前我并不爱你，可现在我爱了。”

我多么幸福啊！她爱的并不是国王，而是我——鲁道夫·拉森狄尔！可是当我望着她可爱的脸，我知道我没法再对她撒谎。我怎么能继续装扮我是国王呢？

“有件事我必须告诉你……”我低声说。

“国王陛下，”花园里有人说道：“人们都在等着跟您告别呢。”

是萨普特，他听见我和公主说的话了。

“我们就来。”我冷冷地回答。

可是弗蕾维亚的眼里充满了对我的爱，对走进房间的萨普特伸出手去。他握着她的手，温柔而又伤感地说：“上帝拯救公主殿下。”然后他又加了一句：“可是国王高于一切，上帝拯救国王！”

当萨普特宣告说弗蕾维亚公主接受国王作为她未来的丈夫时，人们都乐得发疯了。

“你知道，萨普特，”我悲哀地说，“我可以娶了公主，并且让我的人民杀了迈克尔公爵，还有国王。”

“我知道。”萨普特静静地回答。

“所以我们必须立即去曾达，把国王弄回来！”

萨普特把手放在我的肩上：“在所有艾尔弗伯格家族的人当中，你是最好的一个。”他动情地说。

在我们离开斯特莱索之前，我见了元帅，并且请他呆在弗蕾维亚身边，照顾她并且使她免受迈克尔公爵的打扰。然后我去向她告别。起初她对我很冷淡，她不明白为什么我想离开她。但当我告诉她我去追赶迈克尔公爵时，她的怒气变成了恐惧。

“哦，鲁道夫，小心点儿！”她说，“他是个危险的家伙！请你一定要平安地回到我的身边。”

“迈克尔公爵永远也别想让我离开你。”我保证道。但在我心里，我知道另一个人却能做到。

8 Back to Zenda

The next day Sapt, Fritz, and I left Strelsau to go to Tarlenheim House. This fine modern house belonged to Fritz's uncle and was near the Castle of Zenda. We had ten brave young men with us. Sapt had told them that a friend of the King's was a prisoner in the Castle of Zenda and that the King needed their help.

Michael, of course, knew of my arrival. But I was sure he did not understand why I had come. He would think that my plan was to kill him and the King—and marry the Princess myself. So, I had not been in the house an hour when he sent three of the Six to me. These were not the three men who had tried to kill me. This time he sent the three Ruritians—Lauengram, Krafstein and young Rupert of Hentzau.

'Duke Michael is very sorry that he can't welcome you himself,' explained Rupert of Hentzau. 'But, sadly, he's ill at the moment.'

'I hope that my dear brother will soon be better,' I replied with a smile.

Rupert threw back his head, shook his black hair and laughed. He was a good-looking young man. People said he had broken many hearts already.

'Oh, I'm sure he will!' he answered.

* * *

That evening, instead of having dinner at the house, Fritz and I went to the little hotel in the town of Zenda where I had stayed before.

'Ask for a room where we can dine alone,' I said to Fritz. 'And ask the pretty girl to bring our food.'

I covered my face and the girl came and put the wine down on the table. When she turned to go, she looked at me and I let her see my face.

'The King!' she cried. 'You were the King! Oh, I'm sorry, sir! I'm sorry! The things that we said!'

'Forget that now,' I answered. 'You can help me. Bring our dinner, but tell no one that the King is here.'

She came back in a few minutes, looking very serious.

'How's your friend Johann?' I began.

She looked surprised. 'Oh, we don't see him very often now,' she answered. 'He's very busy at the castle.' 'But you could get Johann to meet you tomorrow night, couldn't you? At ten o'clock, perhaps, on the road out of Zen-da.'

'Yes, sir...You're not going to hurt him?'

'Not if he does what I say. Go now, and say nothing about this.'

After dinner, we left to go back to Tarlenheim House. We had almost reached it when we saw Sapt running to meet us. 'Have you seen them?' he cried.

'Who?' I asked.

'Duke Michael's men. Don't go out unless you have six men or more with you!' he said. 'You know Bernenstein, one of your men?'

'Of course,' I answered. 'A good, strong man, about as tall as me.'

'Well, they tried to kill him. He's upstairs now with a bullet in his arm. He was walking in the woods and he saw three men. Suddenly, they started shooting at him, so he began to run. He was lucky. They were afraid to come too near the house, so he escaped. But it was you they wanted to kill!'

'Sapt, I said, I promise I'll do one thing for Ruritania before I leave it.'

'What's that?' asked Sapt.

'I'll kill every one of the Six. Ruritania will be a better place without them!'

8 回到曾达

第二天萨普特、弗里茨和我离开斯特莱索去塔伦汉姆庄园。这所新式的庄园属于弗里茨的叔叔，离曾达城堡不远。我们带了10个勇敢的年轻人。萨普特告诉他们说，国王的一个朋友被关在曾达的城堡里了，国王需要他们的帮助。

迈克尔当然知道我来了，可是他肯定不明白为什么我要来。他会以为我的计划是把他和国王都杀了。然后我自己和公主结婚。因此，我到庄园还不到一个小时，他就派了那六个人中的三个来见我。他们不是曾经追杀我的那三个人。这一次他派了三个卢里塔尼亚人——劳恩格兰姆，克拉夫斯坦，和年轻的亨佐鲁帕特。

“迈克尔公爵很抱歉他不能亲自来欢迎您。”鲁帕特解释说，“很遗憾，他现在病了。”

“我希望我亲爱的兄弟很快会好起来。”我微笑着回答。

鲁帕特一仰头，甩了甩他的黑头发也笑了。他长得很精神，据说他已经让很多女人心碎了。

“哈，我肯定他会好起来的！”他回答。

那天晚上，弗里茨和我没在庄园里吃饭，我们去了曾达城中我曾经住过的小旅店。

“你去要一个我们可以单独用餐的小房间，”我对弗里茨说，“还有，请那个漂亮的姑娘给我们上吃的。”

我挡住我的脸。那姑娘进来把酒瓶放在桌上，当她转身要走时，她看着我，我让她看见了 my 脸。

“是国王！”她叫道，“你是国王！哦，我很抱歉，先生，对不起，我们说了那些话！”

“现在忘了那些。”我回答，“你能帮我的忙。给我们把晚餐拿来，不过别告诉任何人国王在这儿。”

几分钟后她回来了，看上去非常严肃。

“你的朋友约翰他好吗？”我问。

她看上去有点吃惊：“噢，我近来不常见到他。”她说，“他在城堡里很忙。”

“可你能叫约翰明天晚上跟你见面，对吗？大概晚上十点，在曾达城外的路上。”

“是的，先生，你们不会伤害他吧？”

“如果他照我说的做就不会。现在去吧。对这事一个字也别出去。”

吃完晚饭，我们回到塔伦汉姆庄园。我们快到的时候，看见萨普特跑出来迎接我们。“你们看见他们了吗？”他问。

“谁？”

“迈克尔公爵的人。如果你身边没有六个人或更多的人，就别到外边去！”他说：“你知道伯南斯坦吧？他也是你的人。”

“当然啦。”我回答，“他人好，又强壮，差不多跟我一样高。”

“嗯，他们想杀了他。他现在是楼上，胳膊上中了一枪。他在树林散步的时候看见三个人，突然他们向他开枪，他就跑。他很幸运。他们不敢太靠近这所房子，所以他侥幸逃脱了。可是他们想杀的是你！”

“萨普特，”我说，“我保证在我离开卢里塔尼亚之前要做一件事。”

“什么？”萨普特问。

“我要干掉那六个人中的每一个。没有了他们，卢里塔尼亚会更好！”

9 News of the prisoner

The next morning I was sitting in the garden in the sun when suddenly I saw young Rupert of Hentzau on horseback coming through the trees towards me. He was not afraid of my men, but asked to speak with me alone. He said he had a message for me from the Duke of Strelsau. I asked my friends to move away, and Rupert came and sat down near me.

‘Rassendyll, ’he began, ’the Duke... ’

‘Don’t you know how to speak to the King?’ I asked.

‘Why pretend with me?’

‘Because it isn’t finished yet. ’

‘well, I’m here because I want to help you...’

‘Then give me the message. What does the Duke want?’ I asked.

‘He wants you to leave. He’ll take you safely out of the country and give you a hundred thousand pounds. ’

‘I refuse, ’I replied immediately.

Rupert laughed. ‘I knew it!’ he cried. ‘Duke Michael doesn’t understand men like us! ... You must die, then, ’he added carelessly.

‘Yes, ’I answered. ‘But you won’t be alive to see me die!’ I laughed. ‘How’s your prisoner?’ I added.

‘Alive, ’he replied. ‘How’s the pretty Princess?’

I took a step towards him. ‘Go now, before I kill you, ’I shouted angrily.

Rupert turned, but suddenly he came back. He put out his right hand. ‘Shake hands!’ he called.

Of course, he knew what I would do. I put my hands behind my back. Quickly, his left hand moved towards me. In it he held a dagger and it was coming straight at my heart! I jumped to one side, and the dagger went deep into my shoulder. Before my friends could do anything, Rupert of Hentzau was on his horse and galloping through the trees. I heard my men going after him with their guns and then everything went black.

When I awoke it was dark, and Fritz was at my bedside. He told me that I was not badly hurt, and that the plan to catch Johann had been successful.

‘He seems pleased to be here, ’Fritz said. ‘I think he’s afraid of Duke Michael. ’

Later Sapt brought Johann up to see me. At first Johann was afraid to speak, but then he began to talk. We asked him many questions, and finally Johann gave us the information we wanted.

In the Castle of Zenda, near the drawbridge and below the ground, there were two small rooms, cut out of the rock itself. In the first of these rooms there were always three of the Six. At the back of this room there was a door which led into the second room. The King was in the second room.

‘If someone tries to get into the first room, two of the three men will fight, but Rupert of Hentzau or Detchard will run into the second room and kill the King, ’Johann said. ‘There’s a small window in the second room with a large pipe going down into the moat outside, ’he went on. ‘You can get a man inside it, and they’ll tie a heavy stone to the King’s body and push it down the pipe. The body will go down and disappear under the water, and the murderers will then go down the pipe themselves, and swim across the moat. ’

‘And if I bring an army to the castle?’ I asked.

‘Duke Michael will still murder the King, ’replied Johann. ‘He won’t fight. He’ll kill the King and push his body down the pipe. And he’ll put one of the Six in the prison. He’ll say the man had done something to make him angry. That will stop the stories about a prisoner in Zenda. ’Johann stopped for a minute, but then he added, ‘If they know I’ve told you this, they’ll kill me. They’re all bad, but Rupert of Hentzau is the worst. Don’t let them kill me...’

‘All right, ’I said. ‘But if anyone asks you who the prisoner of Zenda is, don’t tell him. If you do, I’ll kill you myself!’

Johann left the room and I looked at Sapt.

‘It doesn’t matter what plan we make, ’I said. ‘The King will be dead before we can get to him!’

Sapt shook his grey head angrily. ‘You’ll still be King of Ruritania in a year’s time. ’

‘Perhaps one of the Duke’s men will turn against him...’ I began.

‘Impossible, ’replied Sapt.

‘Then we need the help of God, ’I said.

9 有关囚犯的消息

第二天早晨, 我正坐在阳光下的花园里, 突然看见鲁帕特骑着马穿过树林朝我走来。他并不怕我的人, 但是请求和我单独谈谈。他说他有斯特莱索公爵给我的口信。

我请朋友们离开, 然后鲁帕特过来在我旁边坐了下来。

“拉森狄尔, ” 他开始说, “公爵……”

“难道你不知道应该怎样对国王说话吗?” 我问。

“干吗跟我装假?”

“因为事情还没完。”

“好吧, 我来这儿是因为我想帮助你……”

“那就告诉我那个口信。公爵想要什么?”

“他要你离开。他会帮你安全地离开这个国家。而且会给你10万英镑。”

“我拒绝。”我立即回答。

鲁帕特笑了：“我知道，”他说：“迈克尔公爵不了解你我这样的人！……那么你就得死。”他漫不经心地加了一句。

“对。”我回答：“不过你也别想活着看到我死！”我笑着说：“你的犯人怎么样了？”

“还活着！”他回答：“美丽的公主怎么样了？”

我朝他跨了一步，“在我杀了你之前赶紧滚！”我生气地喊道。

鲁帕特转过身，但他突然又回来了。他伸出右手，叫道：“握握手吧！”

他当然知道我会怎么做。我把手放在背后。他的左手却一下子伸过来，手里的短剑直刺向我的心脏。我跳向一边，短剑深深地刺进我的肩膀。没等我的朋友反应过来，鲁帕特已经上马跑进了树林。我听见我的人开枪追赶他，然后一切都变黑了。

我醒来时天已经黑了。弗里茨坐在我的床边。他说我的伤不重，并且告诉我我们抓约翰的计划已经成功了。

“他看上去很高兴能呆在这儿。”弗里茨说，“我想他害怕迈克尔公爵。”

过了一会儿萨普特带约翰来见我。一开始约翰不敢说话，然后他开始说了。我们问了他许多问题，最后约翰终于把我们想知道的说了出来。

在城堡靠近吊桥的地方，有两个地下小屋，是从岩石中凿出来的。那六个人中的三个总是在第一间小屋里呆着，屋子的尽头安着一扇门通向第二间屋子，国王就在那里面。

“假如有人想进第一间屋子，那三个人中的两人就会应战，而鲁帕特或者戴查德就会冲进第二间屋子把国王杀掉。”约翰说：“第二间屋子里有一个小窗子，一根大排水管穿过窗户通往外面的护城河。”他接着说，“排水管能容纳下一个人。他们会在国王身上绑上一块很重的石头，然后把他推下排水管。尸体掉下去，消失在水下，然后杀人犯们也会顺着排水管下来，再游泳穿过护城河。”

“假如我带领一支军队去攻打城堡呢？”我问。

“迈克尔公爵仍然会杀了国王，”约翰说。“他不会跟你硬打的。他会把国王杀了，推下排水管，然后把那六个家伙中的一个关进监狱。他会说那个家伙做了让他生气的事儿。这样就可以制止人们关于曾达有个囚徒的传言。”约翰停了一会儿，又说：“如果他们知道我告诉了你们这个，他们会杀了我。他们都很坏，可是最坏的是鲁帕特。别让他们杀了我……”

“好吧！”我说，“但如果有人问你曾达的囚徒是谁，你别说出来，不然的话我会杀了你！”

约翰离开了房间。我望着萨普特。

“我们订什么计划都无关紧要了。”我说，“还没等我们到国王身边他就已经死了。”

萨普特愤怒地摇着他灰白的脑袋：“一年之内你照样还是卢里塔尼亚的国王。”

“也许公爵的人里面会有一个起来反叛他……”我说。

“不可能。”萨普特回答。

“那我们就需要上帝来帮忙了。”我回答。

10 A night outside the castle

I wanted Duke Michael to think that I was still very ill, so we told the newspapers that the King had had a very serious accident. When Princess Flavia read this, she was very worried and she decided to come and see me. The Marshal could not stop her, and, although I was afraid for her, I was excited at the thought of seeing her again. We spent two wonderfully happy days together.

We had sent Johann back to the Castle of Zenda and suddenly we had a message from him. The real King was very ill.

'I must save him,' I said to myself. 'I love Flavia more each day. I can't go on like this much longer.'

I talked to Sapt. He agreed, so we made our plans.

* * *

Late the next night, Sapt, Fritz, and I, with six more men, rode out towards the Castle of Zenda. Sapt was carrying a long rope and I had a short, thick stick and a long knife.

The night was dark, and it was wet and windy. We stayed away from the town and we met no one. When we came to the moat, we stopped near some trees and the six men hid there with the horses. Then Sapt tied the rope round one of the trees near the water. I pulled off my boots, put the stick between my teeth and gently went down the rope into the water. I was going to take a look at the pipe.

It had been warm and bright that day, and the water was not cold. Slowly and carefully I swam round the dark walls of the castle. There were lights in the new buildings, and from time to time I heard people shouting and laughing. 'That must be young Rupert and his friends,' I thought. Suddenly a dark shape appeared in front of me. It was the pipe! The bottom of it was very wide and came out into the moat. And then I saw something which nearly made my heart stop. It was a boat, and in the boat there was a man! His gun was beside him, but, luckily, he was asleep. As quietly as I could, I moved closer. The man still slept. What could I do? I had to save the King. I took out my knife and drove it through the sleeping man's heart! On the other side of the castle they were still singing.

I had very little time. Someone could come at any minute. I looked up at where the pipe went through the wall into the prison. There was a thin line of light at the bottom edge. I heard Detchard's voice, and then I heard the King reply. Just then the light went out, and, in the darkness, I heard the King crying. I did not call to him. I had to get away safely- and take the body of the dead watchman with me.

I climbed into the boat and began to go back to where my friends were. No one could hear me because the wind was strong. But from somewhere behind me, I heard a shout. Someone was calling to the watchman. I reached the side of the moat where Sapt and Fritz were waiting. Quickly, I tied the rope round the man's body and Sapt and Fritz pulled it up. Then I climbed up the rope myself.

'Call our men from the trees,' I said quietly. 'And hurry!'

But just then, three men rode round from the front of the castle. Luckily, they did not see us, but they heard our six friends riding out of the trees, and with a shout they galloped towards them.

Seconds later we heard the sound of shots and I ran to help our men. Sapt and Fritz followed.

'Kill them!' cried a voice. It was Rupert of Hentzau.

'Too late! They've got both of us!' cried another voice. 'Save yourself, Rupert!'

I ran on, holding my stick in my hand. Suddenly, through the darkness, I saw a horse coming towards me. I jumped at the horse's head, and saw the man's face above me.

'At last!' I shouted. 'Rupert of Hentzau!'

He had only his sword, and my men were coming at him from one side, and Sapt and Fritz from the other.

Rupert laughed. 'It's the play-actor!' he cried, and with his sword he knocked my stick from my hand. Then he turned his horse, galloped to the moat, and jumped into the water with our bullets flying round his ears. Our men tried to shoot him in the water, but it was dark, there was no moon-and we lost him.

We had killed two of the Six-Lauengram and Krafstein- but I was angry. Three of our brave friends were also dead, and we carried them home with a heavy heart.

And I did not like to hear Rupert call me a play-actor.

* * *

Of course, Michael and I could not let the people know that we were enemies. So, in the daytime it was safe to be in the town of Zenda. One day, soon after our night outside the castle, Princess Flavia and I were riding through the town when we saw a group of people dressed in black going to the church. Rupert of Hentzau was with them, and when he saw us, he turned his horse and came towards us.

'It's the funeral of my dear friend, Lauengram,' he said, in answer to our question.

'I'm sorry your friend is dead,' I said to him.

'And I'm sorry, too,' Flavia added, her beautiful blue eyes sad.

Rupert looked at her and smiled. Then he turned and rode away. Although I was angry because he had smiled at Flavia, I went after him.

'You fought bravely the other night,' I said, 'and you're young. Help me save the King-and I'll help you.'

But Rupert was not interested. 'No,' he answered. 'But if they were both dead-the King and the Duke- then you could be King and marry your Princess, and I could be rich, and have the woman I want.'

'Antoinette de Mauban?' I asked carelessly, trying not to show my interest.

'Yes,' replied Rupert. 'I hate the Duke. She loves him, not me!' Angrily, he joined the funeral group again.

Strangely, when we returned home there was a message for me from Antoinette herself.
'I helped you once. Help me now. Save me from this terrible place! Save me from these murderers!'
I was sorry for her, but what could I do?

10 城堡外的一夜

我想让迈克尔公爵以为我还十分虚弱，所以我们在报纸上说国王出了很严重的意外事故。当弗蕾维亚公主看到这条消息时，她非常忧虑，决定前来看我。元帅阻止不了她。虽然我替她担心，但也很高兴能再见到她。我们在一起过了幸福的两天。

我们派约翰回曾达的城堡去了。突然，我们得到了他传来的一个消息：真正的国王病得很重。

“我得救他。”我对自己说，“我对弗蕾维亚的爱每天都在增加，我没法儿再这样继续下去了。”

我和萨普特谈了我的想法，他同意了。我们就决定了行动计划。

第二天深夜，萨普特、弗里茨和我，还有另外六个人，骑马向曾达城堡进发。萨普特带着一根长绳，我拿着一根又短又粗的棍子和一把长刀。

夜色很黑，空气潮湿。我们绕开城市前进，没有撞上什么人。我们来到护城河的附近，在树丛里停了下来，那六个人和我们的马藏在里面。然后萨普特把绳子系在水边的树上，我脱下靴子，用牙咬着棍子，轻轻地顺着绳子下到河里，我要去看一下那根排水管。

那天很暖和，水也不冷。我缓慢而小心地绕着黑暗的城墙游着。城堡的新楼里有灯光，我不时能听见人们的叫声和笑声。“这一定是年轻的鲁帕特和他的同伙们。”我想。突然，一个黑影子出现在我的面前，是那根排水管！它的底部非常宽，伸进护城河里。然后我见到一样东西，我的心脏都几乎停止了跳动。是一只船，而且船里有人！他的枪就靠在身边。幸运的是，他睡着了。我尽量轻轻地靠近他，他还在睡。我能怎么办呢？我得救出国王。我抽出刀，刺进了他的心脏。在城堡的另一边，那些人还在唱歌。

我的时间很紧，随时可能有人会来，我看了看排水管穿过城墙进入监狱的地方，在那个地方的底端有一丝光亮透了出来。我听见了戴查德的声音。然后我听见了国王的回答。就在这时灯光灭了。在黑暗中我听到了国王的哭声。我没叫他。我必须安全地离开，而且得带上那个死去的哨兵。

我爬进小船，开始往朋友们所在的地方划，没人能听见，因为风很大。但从我的背后，我听见一声叫唤，有人正在叫那个哨兵。我到了河边，萨普特和弗里茨正在等我。我很快地把绳子绕在那个哨兵的身上，他们把他拖了上去。然后我也顺着绳子爬了上去。

“把我们的人叫来，”我悄声说。“要快！”

可就在此时，从城堡正面过来了三个骑马的人，很幸运他们没有看见我们，但他们听见了我们的六个朋友骑马从树林里出来，于是叫喊着扑向他们。

数秒钟后我们听见了枪声，我冲去帮助我们的人，萨普特和弗里茨紧跟着。

“杀死他们！”一个声音叫着，是亨佐的鲁帕特。

“太迟了，他们把我俩都抓住了，”另一个声音叫道：“快逃吧，鲁帕特！”

我跑着，手里拿着棍子。突然，透过黑暗我看见一匹马向我这边冲来，我跳到了马头前，看见了我头顶上方那个人的脸。

“总算见面了！”我叫道：“亨佐的鲁帕特！”

他手里只有剑，我的人从一边向他靠近，萨普特和弗里茨从另一边向他靠近。

鲁帕特笑了。“原来是那位演员！”他叫道。他用剑打掉我的棍子，然后掉转马头，冲进了护城河。我们的子弹在他耳边飞舞，我们的人向水中射击，但天太黑了，没有月亮，他逃脱了。

我们杀死了那六个人中的两个——劳恩格兰姆和克拉夫斯坦，但我很生气，我们三个勇敢的朋友死了，我们把他们的尸体带回去，心情很沉痛。

我讨厌鲁帕特管我叫“演员”。

当然，迈克尔和我不会让人们知道我们是对头，因此白天在曾达城里是安全的。有一天，城堡外的那一夜之后没多久，当我和弗蕾维亚公主骑着马在城里穿行时，看见一群人穿着黑衣服走进教堂。鲁帕特也和他们在一起。他看见我们，掉转马头冲我们走来。

“这是我的朋友劳恩格兰姆的葬礼。”他回答我们的问题说。

“你的朋友死了我很难过。”我对他说。

“我也很难过。”弗蕾维亚说，她那美丽的蓝眼睛变得悲哀了。

鲁帕特看着她，微笑了。然后他骑马离开了。虽然他对弗蕾维亚微笑使我生气，我还是追了上去。

“那天晚上你很勇敢。”我说，“而且你正年轻，帮助我救出国王——我也会帮助你的。”

但是鲁帕特不感兴趣。“不，”他回答。“不过如果他俩都死了——国王和公爵——你就能当上国王，娶你的公主，而我就可以有很多钱，而且得到我想要的女人。”

“安·德·莫班？”我满不在乎地问，试图装着不感兴趣的样子。

“对。”鲁帕特回答。“我恨公爵，她爱的是他，不是我！”他气冲冲地又回到葬礼的人群中去了。

奇怪的是，当我们回家时，一张安冬纳特本人写来的纸条正等着我们。

“我曾经帮助过你，现在帮帮我。把我从这个可怕的地方救出去！从这些杀人凶手中间救出去！”

我为她感到难过，但是我又能怎么样呢？

11 A dangerous plan

One day Johann came to tell us that the King was now very sick, and that Antoinette de Mauban and a doctor were looking after him. But the Duke never left Rupert of Hentzau alone with Antoinette. I understood why, after what Rupert had told me. There were often angry voices in the castle these days, Johann told us.

Two of the Six were now dead, but there were always two men watching the King. The other two slept in a room above and would hear them if they called. Detchard and Bersonin watched by night; Rupert of Hentzau and De Gautet by day. The Duke's rooms were on the first floor, in the new buildings of the castle, and Antoinette's room was on the same floor. But at night the Duke locked the door of her room, and pulled up the drawbridge. He kept the key himself. Johann slept near the front door of the new castle with five other men—but they had no guns.

We could not wait any longer. 'Listen!' I said to Johann. 'I'll make you rich if you do what I say.' Johann agreed.

'You must take this note to Madame de Mauban.' I said, 'and tomorrow, at two o'clock in the morning, you must open the front door of the new castle. Tell the others that you need air, or something—and then escape.'

Johann was clearly afraid, but he seemed to understand. I explained my plan to Sapt and Fritz.

'When Johann opens the front door,' I said, 'Sapt and his men will run into the castle and hold the men who are sleeping there. At the same time Antoinette will scream loudly again and again. She'll cry "Help! Help me, Michael!" And she'll shout Rupert of Hentzau's name. Duke Michael will hear and he'll run out of his room—straight into the hands of Sapt! Sapt will get the key from the Duke and let down the draw-bridge. Rupert and De Gautet will hear the noise and hurry to cross the drawbridge. I'll hide by the bridge in the moat, and when they try to cross, I'll kill them. Then we'll hurry to the room where the King is, and kill Detchard and Bersonin before they have time to kill the King.'

The others listened in silence. It was a very dangerous plan, and I did not really think it would work—but we had to try!

That evening I went to visit Flavia. She seemed very thoughtful, and as I was leaving, she placed a ring on my finger. I was wearing the King's ring, but I took off my Rassendyll family ring and gave it to her. 'Wear this for me always,' I said.

She kissed the ring, and replied seriously, 'I'll wear it until the day I die.'

And then I had to leave her. I had already told the Marshal that if anything happened to the King, he must take Flavia to Strelsau, tell the people that Duke Michael had killed the King—and that Flavia was their Queen. I knew this could be my last day alive.

11 一个危险的计划

一天约翰来告诉我们，国王病得很重，安冬纳特和一个医生正在照顾他。但是公爵从来不让鲁帕特和安冬纳特单独呆在一起。我明白这是为什么，鲁帕特已经告诉我了。约翰告诉我们，城堡里最近常有愤怒的叫嚷声。

虽然“那六个”中的两个已经死了，可是总有两个人看着国王，另外两个睡在楼上的一间屋子里，一叫就能听见。戴查德和伯索宁夜里看守，鲁帕特和德·高蒂特白天看守。公爵的房间是在城堡里新楼的一层。安冬纳特的房间也在这一层。但是一到夜里，公爵就把她的房门锁上，把吊桥拉起来，他自己拿着钥匙。约翰和另外五个人睡在新楼的正门附近，不过他们都没有枪。

我们不能再等了。“听着！”我对约翰说：“我会让你发财，假如你照我的吩咐去做的話。”他同意了。

“你把这张纸条交给德·莫班夫人。”我说，“明天凌晨两点钟，你必须把新城堡的正门打开，告诉别的人你想透透空气，或者别的什么——然后就逃走。”

约翰显然很害怕，但是他看上去听懂了。我把我的计划告诉了萨普特和弗里茨。

“等约翰打开正门，”我说，“萨普特和他的人就冲进去抓住睡在那儿的人。同时，安冬纳特就会不停地大声尖叫：'救命！救救我，迈克尔！'然后她会叫鲁帕特的名字。迈克尔公爵听见了就会冲出房间——正好落进萨普特的手里。萨普特就从公爵那儿拿到钥匙，放下吊桥。鲁帕特和德·高蒂特听见动静会冲过吊桥，我就藏在桥边的护城河里，他们过桥时我就除掉他们。然后我们就冲到国王在的那个房间里，在戴查德和伯索宁杀死国王之前先杀死他们。”

其他人静静地听着。这是一个非常危险的计划。我自己也并不真的相信它能成功。可我们必须试试！

那天晚上我去看望弗蕾维亚。她看上去心事重重。当我离开时她将一个戒指给我戴在手上。我戴着国王的戒指，但我摘下我的拉森狄尔家族的戒指给了她：“永远替我戴着它吧。”我说。

她亲吻了戒指，严肃地回答：“我会到死都戴着它的。”

我不得不离开她了。我已经告诉元帅，如果国王出了什么事，他必须把弗蕾维亚带回斯特莱索，告诉人民是迈克尔公爵杀死了国王——然后弗蕾维亚将成为他们的女王。我知道这也许是我生命中的最后一天了。

12 The prisoner and the King

We needed bad weather, but it was a fine, clear night.

At midnight Sapt, Fritz, and their men left and rode quietly through the woods towards the castle. If everything went well, they would get there at a quarter to two and wait for Johann to open the front door. If Johann did not open the door, Fritz would come round to the other side of the castle to find me. If I was not there, then I was dead—and the King, too! Sapt and his men would go back to Tarlenheim House and return with the Marshal and more men to get into the castle.

So, half an hour later, I, too, left Tarlenheim. I took a shorter way than Sapt and when I reached the moat, I hid my horse in the trees, tied my rope round a strong tree and let myself down into the water. Slowly, I began to swim along under the castle walls. Just after a quarter to one, I came to the pipe and waited quietly in its shadow. Light was coming from Duke Michael's window opposite me across the moat, and I could see into the room. The next window along, which Johann had said was Antoinette's room, was dark.

Then the Duke's window opened, and Antoinette de Mauban looked out. Behind her there was a man. Rupert of Hentzau! What was he doing in the Duke's room? I wondered.

Rupert tried to put his arm round Antoinette, but she moved quickly away. At that moment, I heard the door of the room open and then the angry voice of Duke Michael.

'What are you doing here?' he cried.

'Waiting for you, sir,' Rupert replied quickly. 'I couldn't leave the lady alone.'

'Well, now you can go to bed. Are Detchard and Bersonin watching the prisoner?'

'Yes, sir.'

A few minutes later, Rupert crossed the drawbridge and it was pulled up. The light in Duke Michael's room went out, but a light came on, and stayed on, in Antoinette's room. In the silent darkness, I waited.

For about ten minutes everything was quiet, but suddenly I heard a noise on my side of the moat. A dark shape appeared in the gateway to the bridge, then turned and began to climb down some hidden steps in the wall. It was Rupert of Hentzau again—with a sword! Silently, he went down into the water and swam across the moat. Then he climbed out, and I heard him unlock the door. It was clear that Rupert of Hentzau had his own secret plans for that night.

It was not yet time for Johann to open the front door for my friends, and I still had to wait. I climbed up to the gateway of the bridge and hid in a dark corner. Now no one could enter or leave the old castle without fighting me. I wondered what Rupert was doing now, and a few seconds later I found out.

There was a sudden crash, and then a woman's screams rang through the night.

'Help me, Michael! Rupert of Hentzau!'

Those were the words that I had written for Antoinette! But these were screams of real fear and soon I heard shouts and the sound of fighting from Antoinette's room. Then Rupert appeared at the window. His back was towards me, but he was fighting. 'That's for you, Johann,' I heard him cry. Then, 'Come on, Michael!'

So Johann was in there too, fighting at the Duke's side! How could he open the door for Sapt now?

More of the Duke's men had run to the room and the noise of the fighting grew louder. Suddenly, Rupert gave a wild laugh, and with his sword in his hand, jumped from the window into the moat below.

At that moment the door of the old castle opened and De Gautet appeared beside me. I jumped at him with my sword, and a second later he fell dead in the doorway without a word or a sound.

Wildly, I searched his body for the keys. I found them, and in a minute I was in the first room, where Bersonin and Detchard were. But there was only Bersonin in the room. Before he had time to realize that I was there, I had killed him. Detchard had run into the King's room and locked the door behind him. I ran at it to break it down. But would I be in time? Was the King already dead?

The King was standing helplessly by the wall. But the doctor was also in the room and the brave little man had thrown himself at Detchard. He gave his life for the King, because, as I entered, Detchard pulled himself free and drove his sword into the doctor's side. Then, with an angry shout, Detchard turned to me.

We fought long and hard. Detchard was an excellent swords-man, and I was growing tired. He drove me back against the wall, gave me a deep cut in the arm, and began to smile. In a second he would kill me.

Suddenly, the King realized who I was.

'Cousin Rudolf!' he cried. Then he picked up a chair and threw it at Detchard's legs. The Englishman, jumping to one side, turned his sword against the King, and with a cry the King fell to the ground. Detchard moved towards me again, stepped in the doctor's blood on the floor—and fell to the ground himself. I had him! A second later his body lay across the dead doctor.

But was the King dead? I had no time to find out, because just then I heard the noise of the drawbridge coming down. And that wild-cat Rupert of Hentzau was still alive. The King must wait for help while I fought his enemies. I ran out of the room and up the steps towards the drawbridge. And then I heard the sound of laughter—Rupert of Hentzau was laughing!

He was standing alone in the middle of the bridge. In the gateway on the far side stood a group of the Duke's men. They seemed too frightened to move.

'Come out, Michael, you dog!' Rupert shouted.

But a woman's wild cry answered him. 'He's dead! He's dead!'

The men in the gateway moved to one side and a woman came forward. Her face was as white as her long dress, and her dark hair lay over her shoulders. In her hand she held a gun. The shot rang out, but she missed. Rupert laughed. Again Antoinette de Mauban faced him, her gun ready. But, before she could shoot, Rupert jumped over the side of the bridge, and

down into the moat below.

At that moment I heard the sound of running feet inside the new castle— and the welcome voice of my old friend, Captain Sapt! Then I knew that the King was safe and needed me no more. I ran out on to the bridge and jumped down into the moat. I had business to finish with Rupert of Hentzau.

* * *

I swam hard and caught up with him round the corner of the old castle. He had found my rope, climbed out of the moat, and was already running towards the trees where I had left my horse.

I ran after him as fast as I could. He turned and saw me, and called out, laughing, 'Why, it's the play-actor!' But then, with a cry of surprise, he found my horse, and in a minute he was on its back.

'Get down!' I shouted. 'Stand and fight, like a man!'

He turned, waiting for me, and I ran at him with my sword. For a few minutes we fought wildly. Blood ran from his face where I had cut it, but I had fought too many fights that night. He would surely kill me now.

I was saved by Fritz, who came galloping round the castle to find me. When Rupert saw him coming, he knew he had no chance.

'Goodbye, Rudolf Rassendyll! 'he called. 'We'll meet again!'

And he rode away into the forest, laughing and singing...and still alive.

I fell to the ground. Blood was running again from the cut in my arm, and I could not stand. Fritz jumped down from his horse and lifted me in his arms.

'Dear friend!' he said. 'Thank God I've found you! When Johann did not come, we had to break down the castle door. We were afraid we would be too late.'

'And the King...?' I said.

'Thanks to a very brave Englishman,' Fritz said gently, 'the King is alive.'

12 囚徒与国王

我们需要坏天气，但那天却是个晴朗的夜晚。午夜时分，萨普特、弗里茨和他们的人骑马出发了。他们悄悄穿过树林奔向城堡。如果一切顺利的话，他们一点三刻会到达那儿，等待约翰打开大门。如果约翰没开门，弗里茨就绕到城堡的另一面来找我。要是我不在那儿，那我就是死了——国王也一样。萨普特和他的人就回塔伦汉姆庄园，然后随同元帅一起带着更多的人去攻打城堡。

于是，半小时以后我也离开了塔伦汉姆庄园。比起萨普特来我抄了一条近路。到了护城河，我在树林里藏好马，把绳子系在一棵粗壮的树上，然后下到水里。慢慢地，我开始沿着城墙游着，差一刻一点的时候，我到了排水管边，在阴影里静静等待。河对岸正对着我的是迈克尔公爵的房间，灯光从窗户外照射出来。我可以看见屋子里面旁边的那扇窗子，照约翰所说，就是安冬纳特的房间了。那间屋子是黑的。

这时公爵的窗子打开了，安·德·莫班向外看着，她的身边有个男人，亨佐的鲁帕特！他在公爵的房间里做什么？我真想知道。

鲁帕特试图用胳膊去搂安冬纳特，可她很快挪开了。就在此时，我听见房门打开了，然后听见迈克尔公爵气冲冲的声音：

“你在这儿干嘛？”他叫道。

“等着你呢，先生。”鲁帕特很快回答。“我不能让这位女士一个人呆着。”

“那好吧，现在你可以去睡觉了。戴查德和伯索宁在看囚犯吗？”

“是的，先生。”

几分钟以后，鲁帕特走过吊桥，然后吊桥拉了起来。迈克尔房间的灯灭了，但是安冬纳特屋子的灯亮了，而且一直亮着。在寂静的黑暗里，我等待着。

大约过了十分钟什么声音也没有，可是突然我听到了在护城河我在的这一边有一点儿响动，一个黑影出现在通向吊桥的城门边，然后转过身开始顺着藏在墙里的台阶往下爬，是亨佐的鲁帕特，而且他手里还拿着剑！他悄悄地下到水里，游过护城河，然后爬了上去。我听见他打开了门锁。很显然，鲁帕特当夜也有他自己的秘密计划。

现在还没有到约翰为我的朋友打开大门的时候，我还得等待。我从水里爬上对着吊桥的那座城门，在一个黑暗的角落里藏着。无论谁想进入老城堡或离开它，都得经过我这一关。我很想知道鲁帕特正在做什么。几秒钟后我就明白了。

突然响起了碰撞声，然后一个女人的尖叫在夜色中震响：“救救我，迈克尔！鲁帕特！”

这正是我要安冬纳特说的话。但那尖叫却带着真正的恐惧，而且立刻听见从女人房间传出叫喊和打斗声。然后鲁帕特出现在窗口，他的背冲着我，可他正和人格斗。“这一剑是给你的，约翰。”我听见他说。然后又说，“来吧，迈克尔！”

原来约翰也在那儿，站在公爵那边为公爵而战！现在他怎么可能去为萨普特开门？

更多公爵的人冲进房间，厮杀声更响了。突然，鲁帕特狂笑一声，手里握着剑，从窗子里跳出来，跳进了下面的护城河。

正在这时，老城堡的门开了，德·高蒂特出现在我身旁，我手握利剑向他跳过去，片刻之后他倒在门前死了，没能说出一个字或发出一点声响。

我疯了一样在他身上搜寻钥匙，我找到了。一瞬间我已经冲进了第一间屋子，伯索宁和戴查德呆着的那间屋子，但房间里只有伯索宁。还没等他明白过来我已经杀死了他。戴查德已经冲进了国王的房间，并从里面锁上了门。我冲上去砸开门。我还来得及吗？国王是不是已经死了？

国王正无助地站在墙边，那位医生也在里面，这个勇敢的小个子扑向戴查德，他为国王献出了自己的生命。等我冲进去时，戴查德已经挣脱出来，并将剑刺进医生的肋部，然后他怒喊一声转向我。

我们打了很久，非常激烈。戴查德是位优秀的剑客，而我却越来越疲惫，他逼得我退到了墙边，在我的胳膊上深深地刺了一剑，然后开始微笑。很快他就能杀死我了。

突然，国王认出了我是谁。

“鲁道夫表弟！”他叫道。随即抄起一张椅子扔向戴查德的腿。那个英国人跳到了一边，将手里的剑刺向国王。国王叫了一声倒在地上。戴查德又转身向我。可这时他踩上了地板上医生的鲜血，自己倒在了地上。我赢了！片刻之间他的尸体就倒在死去的医生身上了。

国王死了吗？我没时间去理会，因为就在此时我听到了吊桥放下的声音，而且那个如豹子般凶猛的鲁帕特还活着，国王只好等人来帮他的忙，我得去打败他的敌人。我冲出房间，跑上通往吊桥的台阶。然后我听见了笑声——鲁帕特在笑！

他一个人站在吊桥中间，远处桥头城门那儿站着一群公爵的人，他们看上去太害怕了，动弹不得。

“出来，迈克尔，你这条狗！”鲁帕特叫道。

可是一个女人的狂叫回答了他：“他死了！他死了！”

城门旁的人挪向一旁，一个女人朝前走来，她的脸像她的长裙子一样白，她的黑头发披散在肩头，她手里端着一支枪，枪响了，但她没打中。鲁帕特笑了，安冬纳特又一次面向他，子弹上了膛，但在她开枪之前，鲁帕特越过桥边，跳进了下面的护城河。

就在此时我听见了新城堡中有人奔跑的声响——还有我的老朋友萨普特上尉高兴的声音。我知道国王还活着，而且再也不需要我了。我冲过吊桥，也跳进了护城河。我跟鲁帕特还有账没算完。

我拼命游着，在老城堡边上追上了他。他发现了我的绳子，爬出了护城河，正要跑向那片树林。树林里还有我的马。

我尽全力追赶。他回身看见了我，笑着喊道：“嘿，是那位演员！”可就在此时，他惊喜地叫了一声，他看见了我的马，刹那间他已骑在马背上了。

“下来！”我叫道：“站着跟我打，像条汉子！”

他转过身来，等着我。我握着剑冲过去，一转眼我们就疯了似地打在一起了。他的脸上被我刺伤的地方血流了出来。但我那天晚上已经厮杀了好多次，现在他肯定会杀了我。

是弗里茨救了我。他骑马绕着城堡找我。当鲁帕特见他过来时，就明白没有机会了。

“再见，鲁道夫·拉森狄尔！”他说：“我们会再见面的！”

然后他骑马跑进了树林，一边笑一边唱……他还活着。

我倒在地上，血又从我胳膊上的伤口流出来，我站不住了。弗里茨跳下马抱起我。

“亲爱的朋友！”他说：“感谢上帝我找到了你！约翰没来开门，我们只好砸开城堡的门。我们真担心太迟了。”

“国王呢？”我问。

“多亏了一位勇敢的英国人，”弗里茨轻柔地说，“国王还活着。”

13 Goodbye to Ruritania

Old Sapt worked hard to keep our secret hidden. He sent messages, told lies, and gave orders. All his plans were successful, except one. Nothing can stop a woman in love.

When Princess Flavia heard that the King was hurt, she refused to stay at Tarlenheim House and rode at once to the Castle of Zenda. Sapt had hidden me in a room in the old castle, and he and Fritz brought her to me there. How happy she was to see me! She threw her arms round my neck and kissed me.

‘No!’ cried Sapt. ‘It’s not the King. Don’t kiss him. He is the man you love—but he is not the King!’

Flavia’s face went white. ‘What do you mean?’ she cried. She turned to me again. ‘Rudolf! Why do you let them say these things?’

I looked deeply into her eyes.

‘It’s true,’ I said quietly. ‘I am not the King.’

For a minute she continued to hold on to me. She looked at Sapt, at Fritz, and finally at me again. Then, slowly, she fell forward and I laid her gently on the ground.

‘I wish that Rupert had killed me,’ I said.

* * *

I saw the King once more. He thanked me, and I gave him back the royal Elphberg ring. If he noticed Flavia’s ring on my finger, he said nothing. We both knew that we would never meet again.

Before I left Ruritania, Princess Flavia asked to see me again, and Fritz took me to her. They had told her everything.

We had so much to say—and so little to say. A princess is not free to choose who to love.

‘Flavia,’ I said, ‘I love you. I’ll love you until the day I die.’

As I walked away, I heard her say my name again and again. ‘Rudolf…Rudolf…’ I can hear it now.

* * *

I live quietly now, but every year Fritz and I meet in a little town outside Ruritania. There, he gives me news of the Queen of Ruritania, the wife of King Rudolf the Fifth. And every year he brings me a red rose and a note with the words written: Rudolf-Flavia-always. And I send her a red rose with the same message.

Shall I ever see her again? Who knows?

13 告别卢里塔尼亚

老萨普特花了很大力气使我们的秘密不泄露出去。他发布消息，撒谎，下命令。他的所有计划都成功了，只有一件事除外。什么也阻挡不了一个恋爱中的女人。

当弗蕾维亚公主听说国王受了伤，她拒绝呆在塔伦汉姆庄园，而是立刻骑马赶来曾达城堡。萨普特把我藏在城堡的一间房子里，他和弗里茨把她带到我这儿。当她见到我时她是多么幸福啊！她搂住我的脖子亲吻我。

“不！”萨普特叫道：“他不是国王，别亲他。他是你爱的那个男人，但他不是国王！”

弗蕾维亚的脸白了：“你是什么意思？”她叫道，她又转脸对着我：“鲁道夫！为什么你允许他们说这些？”

我深深地看着她的眼睛：

“这是真的。”我平静地说：“我不是国王。”

有一会儿她仍然搂着我。她看看萨普特，弗里茨，最后又看着我，然后，慢慢地，她倒下了。我把她轻轻地放在地上。

“我真希望鲁帕特杀死了我。”我说。

我又一次见到了国王。他谢了我。我把艾尔弗伯格的王室戒指还给他。即使他看见弗蕾维亚的戒指戴在我的手上，他也没说什么。我们都 知道我们再也不会相见了。

在我离开卢里塔尼亚之前，弗蕾维亚公主请求再见我一面。弗里茨带我去见她，他们把一切都告诉了她。

我们有这么多话可说——然而又没什么可说的。一位公主是没有权利自由选择爱什么人的。

“弗蕾维见，”我说，“我爱你。我会一直爱你直到我死的那一天。”

我离开的时候，我听见她一遍又一遍叫我的名字：“鲁道夫……鲁道夫……”我现在还能听见。

如今我过着平静的生活。不过每年在靠近卢里塔尼亚的一座小城里，我和弗里茨会见上一面。在那儿，他告诉我关于卢里塔尼亚王后的消息，她是鲁道夫五世的妻子。每年她都给我一枝红玫瑰，还有一张纸条，上面写着“鲁道夫——弗蕾维亚——永远！”而我也送给她一枝红玫瑰，还有同样的字条。

我会再见到她吗？谁知道呢？

[1 Looking-glass house](#)

[2 The garden of live flowers](#)

[3 Looking-glass animals](#)

[4 Tweedledum and Tweedledee](#)

[5 The White Queen](#)

[6 Humpty Dumpty](#)

[7 The Lion and the Unicorn](#)

[8 The White Knight](#)

[9 Queen Alice](#)

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[11 Waking](#)

[12 Who dreamed it?](#)

简 介

红方王后对爱丽丝说：“你可以充当白方王后前面的卒。卒第一步走两格。然后，你可以飞快地通过第三格——可能乘火车。到了第四格，你会碰见特威丹、特威帝孪生兄弟。第五格大部分是水，第六格则是矮胖子的地盘。第七格全是森林——马将做你的向导。”

进入第八格，爱丽丝将变为王后。象棋可真是奇特的游戏！在镜中世界里，所有的象棋子儿都与你争吵；你得跑得飞快才能留在同一个地方。在这儿，时光倒转，白方王后忘不了两星期以后要发生的事情。

这到底是谁的梦境？是爱丽丝的？还是她只是红方国王梦境中的一个角色？如果是这样，红方国王一旦醒来，又会有什么事发生呢？

作者刘易斯·卡罗尔（真名为查尔斯·道奇森）出生于1832年，于1898年逝世。他曾是牛津大学的数学教师。他为现实生活中一个名叫爱丽丝·利德尔的小女孩写了《爱丽丝漫游奇境记》、《爱丽丝镜中世界奇遇记》两本书，它们是儿童读物中出色的名著。

1 Looking-glass house

One thing was certain, it was the black kitten that began it all. The white kitten had been unable to do anything for the last quarter of an hour, because the old cat was washing its face, very slowly and very carefully.

But the black kitten was free to do what it wanted. And so, while Alice was sitting in a corner of the great armchair, half talking to herself and half asleep, the kitten was playing a grand game with a ball of wool. Soon the wool was lying in a terrible tangle all over the carpet, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.

‘Oh, you bad little thing!’ cried Alice, when she saw the wool. She picked up the kitten and climbed back into the armchair. ‘You really mustn’t play with the wool, you know. It will take me so long to roll the ball up again. Why don’t you play chess instead, Kitty? When I was playing a while ago, you were watching me so carefully. In fact, you look just like the Red Queen yourself.’

And Alice picked up the Red Queen from the chessmen on the table, and held it up to show the kitten. But the kitten tried to escape, and, to punish it, Alice lifted it up to the looking-glass above the fireplace. ‘If you’re not good, Kitty,’ she said, ‘I’ll put you through into looking-glass house. How would you like that?’

‘I do wonder,’ Alice went on, ‘if everything in that room is the same as in our room. The things that I can see look the same—except the books, because the words go the wrong way. But perhaps the rest of the house is really different and full of interesting things. Oh, I wish we could get through, Kitty! Let’s pretend we can. Let’s pretend the glass has gone soft and—Why, I do believe it has! It’s turning into a kind of cloud—’

Alice did not know how it happened, but while she was speaking, she found herself climbing up to the looking-glass. And the glass was beginning to disappear, just like a bright silvery cloud.

In another moment Alice was through the glass and had jumped down into the looking-glass room. At once she began looking around and noticed that several things were very different from the old room. The pictures on the wall all seemed to be alive, and the clock above the fireplace had the face of a little old man, who smiled at her.

‘This room isn’t as tidy as the other one,’ Alice thought to herself, as she noticed several chessmen on the floor by the fireplace. But the next moment, with a little ‘Oh!’ of surprise, she was down on the floor herself, watching them.

The chessmen were walking around, arm in arm!

‘Here are the Red King and the Red Queen,’ Alice said, in a whisper, in order not to frighten them. ‘And there are two Castles walking together. And two of the Pawns, and a white Bishop reading a newspaper—I don’t think they can hear me or see me,’ she went on. ‘I wonder—’

Then something on the table behind her made a noise. Alice turned to look and saw that one of the White Pawns had fallen over and begun to cry. She watched it with interest.

‘It is the voice of my child!’ cried the White Queen by the fireplace. ‘My dear Lily! My sweet child!’ and she began to climb wildly up the table leg.

Poor little Lily was now screaming loudly. Alice wanted to be helpful, so she picked up the Queen and put her on the table next to her noisy little daughter.

The Queen sat very still, with her mouth open, for almost a minute. Then she called down to the White King, who was still on the floor by the fireplace. ‘Be careful of the storm!’

‘What storm?’ said the King, looking round worriedly.

‘There’s a terrible wind—it blew me up here in a second. You come up the usual way, and be careful!’

Alice watched as the White King slowly began to climb the table leg. Then she said, ‘It will take you hours to get up. Why don’t I help you?’ Gently, she picked him up and moved him slowly upwards. The King was very surprised indeed. His eyes and his mouth got larger and larger, and rounder and rounder. Alice nearly dropped him because she was laughing so much.

When she put him down on the table, he immediately fell flat on his back and lay still. But after a while he sat up, and spoke to the Queen in a frightened whisper.

‘I tell you, my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my hair! I shall never, never forget that moment.’

‘You will,’ the Queen said, ‘if you don’t write it down.’

Alice watched with interest as the King took out a very large notebook and began writing. Then she saw a book lying on the table near her, and began to turn the pages.

‘It’s all in some language that I don’t know,’ she said to herself. It was like this.

Puzzled, she looked at it for some time, then suddenly understood. ‘Of course, it’s a looking-glass book! If I hold it up to the glass, the words will go the right way again.’

This was the poem that Alice read.

JABBERWOCKY

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.

‘It seems very pretty,’ Alice said, ‘but a little hard to un-derstand.’ (Actually, she didn’t understand a word of it, but didn’t like to say so.) ‘It seems to fill my head with ideas—but I don’t know what they are!’

Then she suddenly jumped up, as another idea came to her. ‘If I don’t hurry, I shall have to go back through the looking-glass before I’ve seen the rest of the house, and the garden. I’ll look at the garden first, I think.’

In a moment she was out of the room and running down the stairs. But it wasn't really running, because she was moving gently through the air and her feet weren't touching the stairs at all. At the bottom she managed to catch hold of the doorpost, and after that she was pleased to find herself walking again in a natural way.

1. 镜子屋

小黑猫是这个故事的缘起，这是肯定的。小白猫什么事也干不了，因为，过去的一刻钟，他一直在慢悠悠地仔细地洗着自己的脸儿。

相反，小黑猫却自由自在。爱丽丝坐在一张大扶手椅的角上，自言自语，睡意蒙眬，就在这当儿，小黑猫逗着一个毛线团儿，玩得正开心。过不多时，整个地毯全是一团糟的毛线，小黑猫在中间追着自己的尾巴跑。

爱丽丝看见毛线，叫了声“你这个小淘气！”她提起小黑猫，重又回到扶手椅上。接着又说：“你真不应该追着线团儿玩。要把它绕好，我要费多大功夫呀！小猫儿，干吗不下下棋？刚才我下棋，你一直在用心看我。其实，你外表活像红方王后。”

爱丽丝从桌上棋子里拿了红方王后，举在空中给小黑猫看。但猫儿挣脱着想逃跑，爱丽丝就把它提到壁炉上方的镜子前，以示惩罚，并说：“猫儿，如果你不乖，我就让你穿透镜子，把你放到镜子屋去。你意下如何？”

爱丽丝继续说：“我的确不知道那儿房间的摆设是否跟我们这儿的一个样子，我看得见的东西外形都没有什么两样——只是书不同，因为字体方向倒错。可能屋子的其他方面确有差别，而且有许多好玩的东西。小猫，我们能到那儿去该多好！我们装作可以进到里面去。假设玻璃软化了……化作了一团云，我真的信以为真了呢！”

爱丽丝不明白这是怎么回事，但正在她说话的当儿，她发现自己正在往镜子上爬，镜子开始消失，就像银光闪闪的一朵云。

片刻之后，爱丽丝钻入镜子，跳进了镜子屋。她马上环顾四周，注意到有好几件东西与刚才的迥然相异。墙壁上的画中物都会动，活生生的，壁炉上方的闹钟像小老头的脸，向她微笑。

爱丽丝看见壁炉边地板上散落了几个棋子，想着，“这个房间没有刚才的整洁。”随后她发出了“哦”的一小声惊叹，坐在了地板上看着这些棋子。

这些棋子儿手挽着手四处走动！

为了不使他们害怕，爱丽丝轻声说：“红方国王与王后都在这儿，还有两枚车并排走，两枚卒子，还有一枚白象在读报……我想他们既听不见我，也看不见我。”她接着说：“我不清楚——”

随后，她身后的桌子上传来响声。爱丽丝转身瞧了瞧，看见一只白卒在桌上摔了一跤，哭了起来。她端详着，感到很有意思。

白方王后站在壁炉边，叫道：“那是我孩子的哭声！我可爱的百合！我的心肝宝贝！”然后拼命顺着桌腿往上爬。

可怜的小百合这时哭喊得更响亮了。爱丽丝想帮点忙。她提起王后，把她放在她乱喊乱叫的小女儿旁边。

王后坐在那儿，一动不动，张着嘴，持续了大约一分钟。然后她叫底下的白方国王：“当心风暴！”这时他正纹丝不动地站在壁炉旁边的地板上。

“什么风暴？”国王不安地四处环顾，问道。

“有一阵极其猛烈的风——眨眼功夫，就把我吹到了这儿来。你还是走原路，千万当心！”

白方国王开始缓慢地往桌腿上爬，爱丽丝观望着。然后她说：“你爬上桌面得费几小时，为什么我不帮帮你呢？”她轻轻地把国王拎了起来，慢慢地往上移动。国王真是吃惊不小。眼睛、嘴巴张得越来越大，越来越圆。爱丽丝开怀大笑，差点儿松了手。

她把国王放到了桌面上。他马上仰面平躺，一动不动。可是过了会儿，他坐了起来，受惊地轻声对王后说：

“亲爱的，我确实怕得毛骨悚然！那片刻我永世也难忘。”

王后说：“如果你不记下来，肯定会忘记的。”

爱丽丝饶有兴趣地看着国王掏出了一本超大号笔记本并开始在上面写东西。她还看见旁边一张桌子上放着书，就随手翻了起来。

她自言自语道：“用的语言我一点都不懂。”其中有一首诗是这样写的：

她看了一会儿，开始迷惑不解，随后茅塞顿开。“当然，这是本镜子世界的书！把它放在镜子前面，词儿就会恢复到正确的顺序上来。”

下面是爱丽丝读到的诗：

怪 兽

烤晚餐肉时辰，粘柔的三不像怪兽

围着日晷草坪转悠钻地洞；

蓬头垢面的小鸟脆弱、发抖，

绿猪迷路，又吼叫又吹哨又打喷嚏。

爱丽丝说：“看起来是首好诗，但有点儿费解。”（其实，她一个字都不懂，但不愿意这么讲。）“这首诗好像把很多思想塞进了我的脑子，但那到底是些什么思想，又糊里糊涂。”

说完，她突然跳了一下，另一个想法来到了心头。“如果我不赶紧点，就得穿过镜子走回去了。这样我就看不见镜子屋的其他地方，以及那个花园。我想还是先看看花园吧。”

不一会儿，她就出了房间往楼下跑。其实那不是真跑，因为她是在空气中轻轻地飘过，双足一点儿也没有触到楼梯。到了底层她握住门柱。之后她很高兴地发现她又能正常地走路了。

2 The garden of live flowers

There was a small hill not far away and Alice decided to walk to it. 'I shall be able to see the garden better from the top of the hill,' she said.

She tried very hard to reach the hill, but it seemed impossible to get to it. She went first this way, then that way, but every time she turned a corner, she found herself back at the house.

'I'm not going in again yet,' she told the house crossly. 'I'll have to go back through the looking-glass into the old room and that's the end of all my adventures then!'

She tried once more, and this time passed a large flowerbed, with a tree growing in the middle.

'Oh Tiger-lily,' Alice said to one of the flowers, 'I wish you could talk!'

'We can talk,' said the Tiger-lily, 'if there is anybody interesting enough to talk to.' For a minute Alice was too surprised to speak. Then she said, almost in a whisper, 'And can all the flowers talk?'

'As well as you can,' said the Tiger-lily. 'And a lot louder.'

'It isn't polite for us to begin, you know,' said the Rose, 'and I was really wondering when you would speak.'

'But why can you all talk?' Alice said, puzzled. 'I've been in many gardens before, and none of the flowers could talk.'

'Put your hand down and feel the ground,' said the Tiger-lily. 'Then you'll know why.'

Alice did so. 'It's very hard,' she said, 'but how does that explain it?'

'In most gardens,' the Tiger-lily said, 'they make the flowerbeds too soft-so the flowers are always asleep.'

This sounded a very good reason to Alice. 'I never thought of that before!' she said.

'Do you ever think at all?' asked the Rose, unkindly.

'I never saw anybody with a more stupid face,' said a Daisy suddenly. It was the first time it had spoken, and Alice jumped in surprise.

'Oh, be quiet!' cried the Tiger-lily. 'What do you Daisies know about the world?'

'Are there any other people in the garden?' Alice asked.

'There's one other flower that can move around like you,' said the Rose. 'She's the same strange shape as you, but she's redder, with more leaves than you have.'

'She's coming now!' cried another Daisy. 'I can hear her feet-bang, bang, bang, on the ground.'

Alice looked round quickly, and saw that it was the Red Queen. 'She's grown a lot,' Alice thought. When she had seen her by the fireplace, the Queen had been only eight centimetres high. Now she was taller than Alice herself!

'I think I'll go and meet her,' Alice said.

'You can't possibly do that,' said the Rose. 'You must walk the other way if you want to meet her.'

This sounded nonsense to Alice, so she began to walk towards the Red Queen. To her surprise, she found herself a minute later walking in through the front door of the house. She turned round crossly, and saw the Queen again, on the other side of the garden. This time she tried walking the other way, away from the Queen.

It succeeded beautifully. A minute later she was standing opposite the Red Queen, and very near the hill that she had wanted to get to.

'Where do you come from?' said the Red Queen. 'Where are you going? And why are you here at all? Look up, speak nicely, keep your hands still. And curtsy while you're thinking what to say. It saves time.'

Alice tried to obey all these orders, feeling just a little frightened of the Queen.

'I only wanted to look at the garden, your Majesty, from the top of that hill,' she began.

'Hill!' cried the Queen. 'Some people would call that a valley.'

'But a hill can't be a valley,' said Alice. 'That would be nonsense.'

The Red Queen shook her head. 'You can call it nonsense if you like. Some people would say it was sensible!'

Alice curtsied again, and decided it would be safer not to argue any more. Together, they walked on in silence up the hill. At the top Alice could see right across the country-and a very strange country it was. There were lots of little brooks running across from side to side, and there were long lines of hedges, going the other way. It was a country of squares.

'It's just like a large chess-board!' Alice said at last. 'Oh, and I can see some chessmen down there!' Her heart began to beat fast with excitement. 'It's a great game of chess, as big as the world itself-if this is the world at all. Oh, what fun! I wish I could be in it, even as a Pawn. Although I would love to be a Queen, of course.'

She looked a little worriedly at the real Queen as she said this. But the Red Queen smiled kindly, and said, 'You can be the White Queen's Pawn, if you like. Lily is too young to play. You're in the Second Square now, and when you get to the Eighth Square, you'll be a Queen-'

Just at that moment, they began to run. Alice never did understand how it happened, but she had no time to think about it because they were running so fast.

'Faster! Faster!' cried the Queen, pulling Alice's hand. They ran like the wind, but the strange thing was that they never seemed to pass anything. The trees and other things round them never changed their places at all.

Alice was very puzzled by this, but still the Queen cried, 'Faster! Faster!' Now they were almost flying over the ground. Alice had never run so fast in her life.

When at last they stopped, she had to sit down because her legs were shaking. Then she looked around in surprise.

‘But we’ve been under this same tree all the time! We’re still in the same place!’

‘Of course we are,’ said the Queen. ‘Why shouldn’t we be?’

‘Well, in our country,’ said Alice, ‘if you run very fast for a long time, you usually arrive at a different place.’

‘What a slow kind of country!’ said the Queen. ‘Here, you see, you have to run very fast, just to keep in the same place. If you want to go somewhere different, you must run twice as fast. Now,’ she went on, ‘I shall tell you what to do. While I’m speaking, I shall take five steps, and at the fifth step, I shall go.’

She took two steps away from the tree and turned round. ‘A pawn goes two squares in its first move. So you’ll go very quickly through the Third Square—by railway, probably. Then you’ll be in the Fourth Square, which belongs to Twee-dledum and Tweedledee. The Fifth Square is mostly water, and the Sixth belongs to Humpty Dumpty. But why haven’t you said anything?’

‘I didn’t know I had to say anything,’ said Alice.

‘It’s polite,’ said the Queen, ‘to say thank you for all this information. But never mind. Let’s pretend you said it. The Seventh Square is all forest—one of the Knights will show you the way—and in the Eighth Square we shall be Queens together, and it’s all parties and fun!’

Alice got up and curtsied, and sat down again.

The Queen took another two steps and turned round again. ‘Speak in French when you can’t think of the English word—and always remember who you are!’

She took another step, and was gone. Alice did not know if she had disappeared into the air, or run into the wood. But she had certainly gone, and Alice began to remember that she was a Pawn, and that it would soon be time to move.

2. 会说话的花园

不远处有座小山丘，爱丽丝决定步行到那边去，她说：“站在山顶上，我可以把花园看得清楚些。”

为了到那山去，她做了各种努力，但要到那儿，似乎是不可能的。她先走这条路，然后走那条路，但每次一拐弯，她发现自己又回到出发前的那所房子。

“我现在还不想进去，”她望着房子，生气地说，“我得再次穿过镜子，回到那老房间去。那么，我的探险可就全完结了。”

她又重试了一次。这次她经过了一个大花坛，中间长了一棵树。

爱丽丝对其中一株花说：“原来是株卷丹，你能讲话该多好！”

卷丹答道：“我们会讲话的，只要是同我们讲话的人要有趣味性。”爱丽丝顿时惊异得哑口无言。然后，她压低声音问：“这儿所有的花儿都会讲话吗？”

卷丹答道：“不会讲得比你差，而且声音还要洪亮得多。”

玫瑰说：“我们先开口就失礼了，我很想知道你什么时候愿意讲话。”

爱丽丝迷惑不解，问：“但你们怎么都会讲话的？我到过不少花园，花儿都不会讲话。”

卷丹答道：“把手放下来摸摸大地，你就会明白了。”

爱丽丝照办了，接着说：“地很坚硬，但这能说明什么问题呢？”

卷丹答道：“大多数花坛地太软，花儿总是昏昏欲睡。”

爱丽丝觉得这倒很有道理，她说：“我从未想到这一点。”

玫瑰不留情面地问了句：“你曾经用脑筋想过？”

雏菊也冲出了一句：“这脸蛋是我所看见过的最傻里傻气的。”爱丽丝诧异得跳了起来，这是雏菊第一次讲话。

卷丹叫了声：“别胡说！你雏菊对这世界了解多少？”

爱丽丝问：“园中还有其他人吗？”

玫瑰答道：“还有另外一种花，像你一样能自由走动。她的外形跟你一样奇特，但她更红，比你多些树叶。”

另一株雏菊喊了起来：“现在她来了！我听得见她呼呼的脚步声。”

爱丽丝马上看了看周围，原来是红方王后。她想：“她长大了不少。”那次在壁炉边看见王后时，她只有8厘米高，而今竟比爱丽丝还高些。

爱丽丝说：“我想我还是去见她。”

玫瑰说：“这你办不到。你要见她，就必须走另外一条路。”

在爱丽丝听来，这似乎是无稽之谈，于是她开始朝红方王后走过去。令她惊讶的是，一分钟后，她发现自己又踏进那幢房子的正门。她气恼地转过身来，又瞧见王后在花园的另一头。这次，她试着走另一条路，远离王后。

这次她终于完满地成功了。片刻之后，她站到了王后的对面，并且离她要去的那座小山丘已经很近了。

红方王后问：“你从哪里来？要到哪里去？你来这儿究竟干什么？讲话要抬头，要有礼貌，手要放好。在考虑下一句该讲什么时，要行屈膝礼。这样会节省时间。”

爱丽丝试图遵循这些命令，但内心还是有点儿害怕王后。

她开了言：“王后陛下，我只是想站在山顶看看底下的花园。”

“山！有人称那为峡谷。”王后高喊了一句。

爱丽丝应了声：“但山决不会是峡谷。这是无稽之谈。”

王后摇了摇头，“你可以把这种讲法称作无稽之谈，但有人却认为很有道理。”

爱丽丝又行了一个礼，拿定主意还是别争辩的好。他们双双一言不发地上了山。从山顶，爱丽丝可以俯瞰整个原野，这真是片奇特的原野。有条条小溪与排排的小树林，在其间纵横交错。整个原野被分割成一个个方块格子。

爱丽丝最后说：“多像一个大棋盘！啊，我还看见了那儿站着些棋子哪！”她激动得心蹦蹦直跳，“这是一场大型的象棋游戏。如果世界就在我们眼前，那么它就跟整个世界一样大。啊，多有趣！真希望我能在那里面，做一个小卒也行。当然，我更喜欢当一个王后。”

讲到这里，她有点不安地看了眼真正的王后。可是，红方王后好心地微笑着说：“如果你愿意，你可以做白方王后前面的卒子。百合太小，玩不了棋。现在你站在第二格，当你走到第八格时，就升变为王后了——”

话音刚落，两个就开始跑起来。爱丽丝还摸不着头脑这是怎么一回事。但是她们跑得太快了，没有时间去考虑这个问题。

王后拉着爱丽丝的手，叫喊着：“跑快点！快点！”她们像一阵风似地跑过，但奇怪的是，她们似乎从未把什么景物甩在后面。两边的树木及周围其他物体根本没有改变位置。

爱丽丝很纳闷，但王后还是喊叫着：“跑快点！快点！”这时她们几乎是足不着地向前飞着。爱丽丝从没有跑得这么快过。

她们终于停住，爱丽丝双腿颤抖得厉害，不得不坐下来。她惊奇地环顾四周。

“但我们一直是在同一棵树下！我们仍然在同一个地方。”

王后说：“那当然，这有什么不对？”

“但在我们那地方，假如你快速地跑了很久，一般会跑到另一个地方去。”爱丽丝说。

王后却说：“你那地方可真‘慢’！在我们这儿，要保持原地不动，你得跑得飞快。如果你要到别处去，至少得跑刚才两倍的速度。”她又接着说：“我这就告诉你怎么个走法。在我讲话的同时，我将迈出五步，到了第五步，我就走了。”

她从那棵树迈出两步，然后转过身来。“卒子第一步走两格。然后你可以飞快地通过第三格——可能乘火车。然后你就进入了第四格，这是特威丹、特威帝孪生兄弟的地方。第五格大部分是水，第六格则是矮胖子的地盘。你怎么一言不发？”

“我不清楚我还得讲话。”爱丽丝答道。

王后说：“告诉你这么多详情，道声感谢就显得礼貌。不过没关系。就当你讲过了吧。第七格全是森林——一枚马将做你的向导——到了第八格，我们就都是王后了，那时我们有享受不完的欢乐时光！”

爱丽丝起立行了个礼，又坐了下去。

王后又迈了两步，再次回过头来，说：“想不起英文词儿就用法文来表达——永远别忘了自己的身份！”

她又迈了一步，就不见了。爱丽丝不清楚王后是飞上了天还是跑进了树林。但她确实是不见了。爱丽丝开始想起她是一枚卒，不久，她就该走动了。

3 Looking-glass animals

Alice stood at the top of the hill and looked down.

‘Which way should I go?’ she wondered. On one side she could see, a long way away, some kind of large animals walking around. She wasn’t sure that she liked the look of them, so she decided to go the other way. She ran down the hill and jumped over the first of the six little brooks.

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‘Tickets, please!’ said the Ticket Inspector, putting his head in at the window. In a moment everybody was holding out a ticket; the tickets were almost as big as the people, and seemed to fill the train.

‘Show your ticket, child!’ the Inspector went on, looking angrily at Alice. And then several voices said all together, ‘Don’t keep him waiting, child! His time costs a thousand pounds a minute!’

‘I’m afraid I haven’t got a ticket,’ Alice said in a frightened voice. ‘There wasn’t a ticket-office where I came from.’

‘Why didn’t you buy one from the engine-driver?’ said the Inspector. And again the voices said, ‘The engine-driver’s time costs a thousand pounds a minute!’

The Inspector looked at Alice first through his glasses, then over the top of them. Then he said, ‘You’re travelling the wrong way,’ and shut up the window and went away.

‘She ought to know which way she’s going,’ said the gentleman sitting opposite Alice (he was dressed in white paper), ‘but perhaps she doesn’t know her own name.’

A Goat, that was sitting next to the gentleman in white, said loudly, ‘She ought to know her way to the ticket-office, but perhaps she can’t read or write.’

There was a Beetle next to the Goat, and he had something to say about Alice as well. Then other voices spoke, but Alice could not see who they were. One voice sounded like a horse, she thought. And then a very small voice, right next to her ear, said, ‘You could make a poem out of that-something about “a horse, of course”.’

The gentleman in white paper spoke again. ‘Don’t worry, my dear,’ he whispered. ‘Just buy a return ticket every time the train stops.’

‘No, I won’t!’ Alice said crossly. ‘I don’t belong to this railway journey at all. I was in a wood just now, and I wish I could get back there.’

Then she heard the little voice again. She looked round, but could see nothing. ‘I know you are a friend,’ the voice said in her ear, ‘a dear friend. And you won’t hurt me, although I am an insect.’

‘What kind of insect?’ Alice asked, a little worried. But just then there came a long scream from the engine, and everybody jumped up. The Horse put his head out of the window, then pulled it back in and said calmly, ‘It’s only a brook that we have to jump across.’

Alice did not like the idea of trains jumping brooks. ‘But we’ll get into the Fourth Square, I suppose,’ she said to herself. In another moment she felt the train go straight up into the air. Frightened, she caught at the thing nearest to her hand, which happened to be the Goat’s beard.

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But the beard seemed to disappear as she touched it, and she found herself sitting quietly under a tree. There was an Insect sitting near her, on a low branch of the tree.

It was a very large insect indeed-almost as big as a chick-en. Alice thought.

‘So you don’t like all insects?’ the Insect said, quietly continuing their conversation.

‘I like them when they can talk,’ Alice said. ‘None of them ever talk, where I come from. But everything here is so different. I probably don’t even know the names of the insects here.’

‘Can you remember your own name?’ asked the Insect.

‘Of course,’ said Alice. ‘Nobody forgets their own name.’

‘Don’t they?’ said the Insect. ‘There’s a wood down there, for example, where things have no names.’

Alice looked round, and saw a dark wood on the other side of an open field. When she looked back, the Insect had flown away. She got up and began to walk across the field. ‘This must be the way to the Eighth Square,’ she thought, ‘but I hope I don’t lose my name in this wood.’

She soon reached the wood and was pleased to get out of the hot sun and into the shadows under the trees. ‘How nice and cool it is in here, under the...under the...under the what?’ she said, surprised that she could not think of the word. She put her hand on a tree. ‘What does it call itself? I do believe it’s got no name!’

She stood for a moment, thinking. ‘And now, who am I? I will remember, if I can.’ She tried and tried, but she just could not remember her name. It began with an ‘L’, she thought, but she wasn’t really sure.

So she hurried on through the wood, hoping to get to the other side quickly, and after a while she came out into another open field. She stopped, and thought hard. ‘Why, it’s Alice, of course!’ she said. ‘My name’s Alice-I won’t forget it again. And now, which way should I go?’

It was not a difficult question to answer. There was only one road, and a large signpost, which said:

To TWEEDLEDUM’S HOUSE

To THE HOUSE OF TWEEDLEDEE

‘I’ll just call in and say hello,’ Alice said, ‘and ask them the way to the Eighth Square. I would like to get there before it gets dark.’ So she walked on, talking to herself as she went. After a long time the road came into another wood and suddenly turned a corner, and there in front of her Alice saw two fat little men standing under a tree.

3. 镜中动物

爱丽丝站在山顶上向下面看。她心里纳闷：“我该走哪条路？”在很远的一边，她能够看见某种庞大的动物四处走动。很难说她喜爱它们的外貌。于是她决定走另外一条路。她跑步下山，跳过六条小溪中的第一条。

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“请出示车票！”检票员把头伸进窗户大声嚷嚷。片刻之后，每个乘客都拿出了车票；车票几乎与人一样大，似乎把整个火车都给塞满了。

“孩子，出示你的车票！”检票员面带怒色看着爱丽丝又讲了一句。紧接着有好几个声音同时说道：“孩子，别让他久等了！他每分钟值1000英镑。”

爱丽丝带着惊恐的声音说：“我恐怕没有车票。我来的那个地方没有票房。”

检票员说：“你怎么不向机车司机买张票。”许多声音又在说：“机车司机的每分钟值1000英镑。”

检票员先透过望远镜看爱丽丝，然后又从镜子上面看了看，说：“你乘错车了。”随后关上窗户就走了。

坐在爱丽丝对面的先生（他的衣裤是用白纸做成的）说：“她应该清楚走哪条路的，但她可能不知道自己的名字。”

坐在那一身白衣先生旁边的一只山羊大声嚷嚷道：“她应该知道去票房的路的，可能她是个文盲吧。”

坐在山羊边上的是只甲壳虫，他也要说爱丽丝几句。然后还有其他的声音，但爱丽丝看不清楚到底是谁，她想其中有一个声音好像是马发出的。随后有一个很细微的声音凑着她的耳朵讲：“你可以根据那个编一首诗，内容当然是一匹马的故事。”

穿一身白纸的先生又说：“小宝贝，别着急。”他低声说，“火车每停一站就买张回程票。”

爱丽丝生气地应声道：“不，我不买！我根本不属于这次列车。刚才我还在树林里，我希望能回去。”

然后她又听见那个细微的声音。她看了看周围，但什么也没有。“我知道你是个朋友，一个亲爱的朋友。我是只昆虫，你不会伤害我吧。”声音在她耳边响起。

爱丽丝问：“哪一类昆虫？”她有点儿焦急。就在同时，火车头长鸣一声，每个人都吓得跳了起来。马向窗外探出了头，然后重又缩回来，平静地说：“只是一条小河，我们得跳过去。”

爱丽丝不喜欢火车跳越小河这个想法。“不过我想我们即将进入第四格，”她自言自语道。过了一会儿，她感觉火车径向空中开去。她惊恐万状，随手抓住离她最近的一个东西，凑巧是山羊胡子。

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但她一触到山羊胡子，胡子似乎就失踪了。她发现自己静静地坐在一棵树下。一只昆虫坐在她身旁的低矮的树枝上。

爱丽丝想，这真是只硕大的昆虫——几乎同小鸡一样大。

“这么说你不喜欢昆虫？”那只昆虫问，轻声地继续他们的对话。

爱丽丝答道：“他们能说话，我就喜欢。我来的那地方，没一只昆虫讲过话。但这里什么都不一样。这里的昆虫我可能连名字都叫不上来呢。”

“你记得住自己的名字吗？”昆虫问。

“当然记得，没人会忘记自己的名字。”爱丽丝答道。

“是吗？譬如那边有一片树林，里边的东西就没有名字。”昆虫说道。

爱丽丝环顾四周，看见一个开阔地的另一边有一片黑树林。她回转头时，昆虫早就飞走了。她站了起来，踏步跨越这片田野。她心里想：“这条路肯定通向第八格，可是我希望我不会把自己的名字丢落在这儿。”

不久她就抵达树林。终于摆脱了烈日烤晒，享受到树阴下的清凉世界，这使她很高兴。“在这儿，在……下，在……下，在什么（？）下，多凉爽啊！”她很奇怪，怎么就是想不起那个词儿。她把手放在树上，问：“它怎样称呼自己的？我确信它是无名无姓的。”

她站了一会儿，想：“那么，我是谁呢？我一定会想起来的。”她想了又想，就是记不起自己的名字。她想自己名字好像是“L”开头，但又难以确定。

因此她快速穿过树林，希望早点到另一边去。过了一会儿，她又来到了一个开阔地。她停住，拚命地想。“哦，当然是爱丽丝了！”她说，“我叫爱丽丝——我不会再忘了。现在，我该走哪条路？”

回答这问题并不困难。其实只有一条路，边上有一个巨大的路标，上面写着：

前方是特威丹的房子

前方是特威帝的房子

“我这就登门问个好，”爱丽丝说道，“然后询问一下去第八格的路。太阳下山前我要赶到那里。”爱丽丝又继续上路了，边走边自言自语，过了许久，脚下的路通到了另一片树林，又急转了个弯。就在前方，爱丽丝看见两个胖墩墩的小人站在树下。

4 Tweedledum and Tweedledee

Alice knew immediately which one was which, because each had his name on his shirt. They were standing very still, with their arms round each other, and Alice forgot that they were alive. 'They look just like schoolboys,' she said aloud. Then one of them spoke, and Alice jumped in surprise.

'You've begun wrong!' cried the one called Tweedledum. 'The first thing in a visit is to say "How do you do?" and shake hands.' And here the brothers held out the two hands that were free, to shake hands with her.

Alice did not know which hand to shake first, so she took hold of both hands at once. The next moment they were all three dancing round in a circle. This seemed very natural at the time, and Alice was not even surprised to hear music playing.

The two brothers were fat, and soon got tired. 'Four times round is enough for one dance,' Tweedledee said, and they stopped as suddenly as they had begun. Then they stood looking at Alice in silence.

Alice did not know what to say. How do you begin a conversation with people that you have just been dancing with? she wondered.

'I hope you're not too tired?' she said at last.

'Not at all. And thank you very much for asking,' said Tweedledum.

'Very kind of you,' added Tweedledee. 'Do you like poems?'

'Ye-es... well, some poems,' Alice said carefully. 'Would you tell me which road to take out of the wood?'

'What shall I repeat to her?' Tweedledee said to Tweedle-dum, not noticing Alice's question.

'The Walrus and the Carpenter is the longest,' Tweedle-dum replied, putting a friendly arm round his brother.

'If it's very long,' Alice said politely, 'would you tell me first which road-'

Tweedledee smiled gently and began his poem. It was a very long poem indeed—all about a Walrus and a Carpenter, who went for a walk along a beach and invited lots of young Oysters to go with them. The Oysters accepted happily.

'Perhaps that wasn't very sensible of them,' Alice said.

Tweedledee only smiled, and continued:

The Walrus and the Carpenter

Walked on a mile or so,

And then they rested on a rock

Conveniently low;

And all the little Oysters stood

And waited in a row.

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,

'To talk of many things:

Of shoes-and ships-and sealing-wax-

Of cabbages-and kings-

And why the sea is boiling hot-

And whether pigs have wings.'

Alice waited with interest to hear about this conversation, but it never happened, because the Walrus and the Carpenter went on to eat all the Oysters instead.

At the end Alice said, 'I like the Walrus best, because he said he felt sorry for the poor Oysters.'

'He ate more of them than the Carpenter,' said Tweedledee. 'He ate faster, you see.'

'Oh!' said Alice. 'Well then, I like the Carpenter best.'

'But he ate as many as he could get,' said Tweedledum.

'Well, they were both very unkind-' Alice began, then stopped when she heard a noise in the wood. It sounded like a wild animal. 'What's that?' she asked, afraid.

'It's only the Red King snoring,' said Tweedledee. 'Come and look at him.'

The brothers each took one of Alice's hands and they went through the wood to where the King was sleeping.

'Doesn't he look lovely?' said Tweedledum.

Alice really couldn't agree. The King was lying in a very untidy way, and was snoring loudly.

'He's dreaming now,' said Tweedledee, 'and what do you think he's dreaming about?'

'Nobody can guess that,' said Alice.

'Why, about you!' Tweedledee said. 'And if he stops dreaming about you, where do you think you will be?'

'Where I am now, of course,' said Alice.

'Oh no!' said Tweedledum. 'You'll be nowhere. You're only a kind of thing in his dream! If he wakes up, you'll go out-bang! -just like a light!'

'What nonsense!' Alice said crossly. 'And if I'm only a kind of thing in his dream, what are you, I'd like to know.'

'The same!' the brothers cried together.

'Shhh! Don't make so much noise,' Alice said. 'You'll wake him up.'

‘How can you wake him,’ said Tweedledum, ‘when you’re only one of the things in his dream? You know very well that you’re not real.’

‘I am real!’ said Alice, and began to cry.

‘I don’t know why you’re crying,’ Tweedledee said un-kindly. ‘You won’t become real that way.’

‘I know they’re talking nonsense,’ Alice thought to herself, ‘and there really isn’t anything to cry about.’ She gave herself a little shake, then said, ‘I think I must find my way out of the wood now, because it’s getting very dark. Do you think it’s going to rain?’

‘Possibly,’ Tweedledum said, opening a large umbrella.

It was now getting very dark indeed and Alice thought there must be a storm coming. ‘What a thick black cloud that is!’ she said. ‘And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it’s got wings!’

‘It’s the crow!’ Tweedledee shouted fearfully. The two brothers turned to run and had disappeared in a moment.

Alice ran too, and hid under some low trees. ‘It can’t get me under here,’ she thought, ‘but I wish its wings didn’t make so much wind. It’s blowing everything around terribly—and look! Here’s somebody’s shawl flying through the air!’

4. 特威丹与特威帝

爱丽丝一下子就把这对孪生兄弟辨认出来了，因为衬衫上都标明了名字。他们纹丝不动地站在那儿，手挽着手，爱丽丝因此竟忘了他们是活的。她大声地说：“他们看起来就像小男学生。”接着两个中的一个讲话了，爱丽丝惊奇地跳起来。

叫特威丹的那位叫道：“你开头就错了。拜访朋友，第一件事是打招呼‘你好！’同时握手。”这时，两兄弟伸出了闲着的两只手，与她握手。

爱丽丝搞不清楚要先握哪只手，于是就同时抓住了两只手。随后，他们就围成一个圈跳舞。当时这似乎非常自然，爱丽丝听见音乐奏起，也不感到奇怪。

这两兄弟长得胖墩墩的，一会儿就疲惫不堪了。特威帝说：“一曲跳四圈就够了。”他们停下来就像开始时那样突然，然后他们站在那儿，静静地看着爱丽丝。

爱丽丝不知道该说些什么。如何开始同刚刚与你跳过舞的人谈话呢？她拿不准。

她终于开了口，说：“希望你们不会太累。”

“一点也没有。谢谢你的关心。”特威丹答道。

“你太好了。你喜欢诗歌吗？”特威帝补充说。

爱丽丝非常谨慎地答道：“是……是的，有些诗歌。劳驾你告诉我哪条路可以走出树林？”

“我该给她背诵什么？”特威帝对特威丹说，没有注意到爱丽丝的发问。

特威丹很友好地搂住自己的兄弟，说：“海象与木匠这首诗是最长的。”

“如果这首诗很长，劳驾你先告诉我哪条路……”爱丽丝很有礼貌地恳求道。

特威帝微微一笑，就背诵起诗来了。那真是首长诗，讲的是海象与木匠去海边散步，并邀请许多小牡蛎同往。小牡蛎很高兴地接受了邀请。

爱丽丝说：“它们恐怕不太明智吧。”

特威帝只笑了笑，又继续背：

海象与木匠

步行一英里，

要坐岩石上

石头低又矮；

牡蛎站成排

等待又等待。

海象先开言：

“时光已来临，”

“谈论许多事：

鞋、船与封蜡—

甘蓝与国王—

大海怎滚烫—

猪猡有无翼。”

爱丽丝觉得非常有趣，等着听海象与木匠的对话，但就是没声响，因为他们接着忙着吃牡蛎了。

最后爱丽丝说：“我最喜欢海象，因为他说他为可怜的牡蛎感到难过。”

特威帝说：“他比木匠吃得还多，还快。”

“哦，是这样。那么我最喜欢木匠。”爱丽丝改口说。

但特威丹说：“其实木匠也在拚命地吃。”

“哦，他们两个都不是什么好人——”爱丽丝刚一出口，就住了口，这时她突然听见树林里传来好像是野兽的吼叫。她害怕了，忙问：“那是什么声音？”

特威帝答道：“那只是红方国王在打呼噜。来，我们去看看他。”

两兄弟每人拉住爱丽丝的一只手，他们穿过树林，来到国王睡觉的地方。

特威丹问：“他够可爱的，是吧？”

爱丽丝真是不敢苟同。国王躺在那儿，邈里邈遏，呼噜打得山响。

特威帝说：“他在做梦呢。你说他在做什么梦？”

“谁也不会知道的，”爱丽丝答道。

特威帝说：“他在梦见你呢！如果他不再梦见你，你说你会在哪儿？”

爱丽丝答道：“当然还是在这儿。”

“哦，不！你将不在任何地方。你只是他梦中的一种东西！他一醒来，你就出去了一就像一道光！”特威丹说。

爱丽丝生气地说：“一派胡言！如果我只是他梦中的某种东西，那么我倒想知道，你又是什么呢？”

“同样的东西！”兄弟俩异口同声道。

爱丽丝说：“嘘！别嚷嚷了，否则会把他的吵醒的。”

“你只是他梦境中的一件东西，你又怎么能把他吵醒呢？你并不是真实的，这你很清楚。”特威丹说。

爱丽丝说：“我是真实的！”说完就哭了起来。

特威帝不友好地说：“我不明白你为什么哭了。这并不能使你变为真实的。”

爱丽丝思忖着，“我清楚他们在胡言乱语，不过确实没什么好哭的。”她轻微抖动一下身子，说：“我想眼下我必须要找到走出树林的路。因为天越来越暗了。你认为要下雨了吗？”

“可能的”。特威丹说着，打开了一把大伞。

天空一片漆黑，爱丽丝揣测一定会有场暴风雨。她说：“那云团又密又黑，来势多凶猛！我肯定它长了翅膀。”

特威帝吓得惨叫一声：“那是乌鸦！”俩兄弟转身拔腿就跑，一会儿就不见了。

爱丽丝也跑了起来，躲到低矮树林下面。她想：“我躲在这下面，乌鸦不会抓到我的，但我还希望它的翅膀不要刮起太大的风。周围一切都被席卷而去——你瞧！有人的披肩都被卷上了天。”

5 The White Queen

She caught the shawl as she spoke, and looked around for the owner. A moment later the White Queen came running wildly through the wood. Alice went to meet her with the shawl.

‘I’m pleased I was able to catch it for you,’ Alice said, as she helped the Queen to put on her shawl again. ‘Am I speak-ing to the White Queen?’ she added politely.

‘Yes,’ said the Queen, as she pulled helplessly at her shawl. ‘Oh dear! I don’t know what’s the matter with my shawl today. I think it’s angry with me. I’ve pinned it here, and I’ve pinned it there, but it’s just not happy.’

‘But it can’t go straight, you know, if you pin it all on one side,’ Alice said, as she gently put it right for her. ‘And I’m afraid your hair is terribly untidy.’

‘The hairbrush is lost in it somewhere,’ the Queen said un-happily.

Alice carefully took out the brush and pinned up the Queen’s hair more tidily. ‘There, you look better now,’ she said. ‘But really you should have a lady’s maid.’

‘I’d be happy to take you,’ the Queen said. ‘Twopence a week, and jam every other day.’

‘I don’t want you to employ me,’ Alice said, laughing. ‘And I don’t like jam.’

‘It’s very good jam,’ said the Queen. ‘Well, I don’t want any today, thank you.’

‘But you can’t have jam today,’ the Queen said. ‘It’s jam tomorrow and jam yesterday-but never jam today.’

‘It must be “jam today” sometimes,’ Alice argued.

‘No, it isn’t,’ said the Queen. ‘It’s jam every other day. Today isn’t any other day, you know.’

‘I don’t understand that,’ said Alice, very puzzled.

‘That’s because we live backwards here,’ explained the Queen kindly. ‘It’s always a little difficult at first.’

‘Live backwards!’ Alice repeated, in great surprise. ‘I never heard of anybody doing that.’

‘But there’s one very useful thing about it,’ the Queen went on, ‘you can remember things both ways.’

‘I only remember things one way,’ Alice said. ‘I can’t re-member things before they happen.’

‘That’s not very useful,’ said the Queen. ‘I can remember things that happened the week after next. For example, the King’s Messenger is in prison now, but he hasn’t done any-thing wrong yet. His crime will come much later.’

‘But what happens if there is no crime,’ asked Alice, ‘and he doesn’t do anything wrong at all? That seems a strange way of-’

At that moment the Queen began to scream very loudly, and to shake her hand around in the air. ‘Oh, oh!’ she shout-ed. ‘My finger’s bleeding! Oh, oh, oh!’

Alice put her hands over her ears. ‘What is the matter?’ she said, in between the Queen’s screams. ‘Have you cut your finger?’

‘I haven’t cut it yet,’ the Queen said, ‘but I soon shall-oh, oh, oh!’

‘When do you think you will do it?’ Alice asked, trying not to laugh.

‘When I fasten my shawl again,’ the Queen said unhappily, ‘one of the pins will come out and-oh, oh!’ As she said the words, one of her shawl pins came undone and she quickly took hold of it, trying to fasten it again.

‘Take care!’ cried Alice. ‘You’re holding it wrong!’ She tried to help the Queen, but it was too late-the pin had al-ready gone deep into the Queen’s finger.

‘That explains the bleeding, you see,’ the Queen said to Alice with a smile. ‘Now you understand the way things hap-pen here.’

‘But why don’t you scream now?’ Alice asked, holding her hands ready to put over her ears again.

‘I’ve done all the screaming already,’ said the Queen. ‘Why do it all again?’

‘It’s very difficult to believe,’ Alice said, ‘that life can happen backwards.’

‘Try to believe something a bit easier,’ said the Queen helpfully. ‘For example, I’m a hundred and one years old.’

‘I can’t believe that!’ said Alice.

‘Can’t you?’ the Queen said, shaking her head sadly. ‘Try again. Put your hands together and shut your eyes.’

Alice laughed. ‘There’s no use trying,’ she said. ‘Nobody can believe impossible things.’

‘Perhaps you don’t work hard enough at it,’ said the Queen. ‘When I was a child, I worked at it for an hour a day. Why, sometimes I’ve believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. There goes my shawl again!’

The pins had come undone again as she spoke, and a sudden wind blew her shawl across a little brook. The Queen went flying after it, and managed to catch it. ‘I’ve got it!’ she called happily. ‘Now you will see me pin it on again, all by myself.’

‘Then I hope your finger is better now?’ Alice said very po-litely, as she crossed the brook after the Queen.

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‘Oh, much better!’ cried the Queen, her voice getting higher and higher as she went on. ‘Much be-etter! Be-e-e-ter! Be-e-eh!’ The last word sounded very like the sound that a sheep makes, and Alice looked at the Queen in surprise.

And indeed, the Queen was now covered in a thick woolly coat, and...Alice closed her eyes, then opened them again. She couldn’t understand what had happened at all. The wood had disappeared, and she was in a little dark shop-and it re-ally was

a sheep in front of her, wearing large glasses and sit-ting calmly on a chair, knitting.

‘What do you want to buy? ’ the Sheep said at last, lookingup for a moment from her knitting.

‘I’m not sure at the moment, ’ Alice said gently. ‘May Ilook round first? ’

She began to walk round the shop, looking at everything. But every time she looked hard at something, it seemed tomove and then appear again a moment later in a differentplace. So it was difficult to see clearly what was there. Shewent on walking, and soon realized that the shop was muchbigger than she had thought.

‘What a strange shop! ’ Alice said. ‘I wish things wouldkeep still! ’

A few minutes later the shop became even stranger, becauseAlice found herself walking beside a large lake, with tall greenplants growing round the edge. She put out her hand to picksome, but the plants disappeared when she touched them.

‘Oh, what a pity! ’ said Alice. ‘I would like to take somehome. They look so pretty. ’

‘There are lots of other things here, ’ said the Sheep. ‘Butyou must decide what you want to buy. ’

‘To buy! ’ Alice said, jumping a little in surprise. The lakehad gone, and she was back in the little dark shop. The Sheepwas still knitting, and was looking at her crossly over the topof her glasses.

‘I would like to buy an egg, please, ’ Alice said. ‘Howmuch do they cost? ’

‘Fivepence for one, twopence for two, ’ the Sheep replied.

‘So two are cheaper than one? ’ Alice said in a surprisedvoice, taking out her purse.

‘But you must eat them both, if you buy two, ’ said theSheep.

‘Then I’ll have one, please, ’ said Alice, giving the Sheepfivepence.

The Sheep took the money, then said, ‘You must get ityourself, you know. It’s at the end of the shop. ’

The end of the shop was very dark, and was crowded withtables and chairs. Alice could see the egg, but she neverseemed to get near it. She almost fell over a chair, and thenrealized that it was not a chair at all, but a small tree. ‘Whyare trees growing here? ’ she wondered. ‘This is the strangestshop that I ever saw! And now here’s a little brook as well! ’

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So she went on, wondering more and more at every step. Af-ter a while everything had turned into a tree, and she thoughtthat the egg would soon do the same.

5. 白方王后

讲话的当儿，她抓住了披肩，四处张望，寻找主人。片刻之后，白方王后穿过树林，飞奔而来。爱丽丝手拿披肩迎上前去。

爱丽丝说：“我很高兴能把围巾抓住。”同时，她给王后重新披上披肩。她又很有礼貌地补充了一句：“我现在是跟白方王后讲话吗？”

王后答道：“是的。”同时徒然地拉了拉披肩，“天哪！我不明白今天我的披肩是怎么回事。我想它在生我的气。我把它别在这儿，又别到那儿，但它就是不满意。”

“你如果把披肩别在一边，它就不可能挺直，这你也清楚。”爱丽丝说着就轻轻地把披肩给她披好。“恐怕你头发也太乱了。”

王后不高兴地说：“梳子不知丢在头发里的什么地方了。”

爱丽丝小心地拿出了梳子，把王后的头发更整齐地别起来。“这样看起来就好多了。说真的，你应该有一个侍女。”她说。

王后说：“纳你做侍女，我会很高兴。一周两便士，再加上隔天吃果酱。”

“我不要你来雇我。再说我也不喜欢吃果酱。”爱丽丝说完，笑了起来。

王后说：“那是很好的果酱。”

“我今天一点也不想要，谢谢了。”

王后又说：“但你不可能今天有果酱。只是明天或昨天有果酱—今天决没有果酱。”

爱丽丝争辩说：“有时肯定会‘今天有果酱’的。”

“不会有的。隔天才有果酱。今天不是隔天中的任何一天。”王后说。

爱丽丝摸不着头脑，说：“我真不明白那一套。”

“那是因为在这儿我们往后过日子。要理解这一点起初总是困难的。”王后很友善地解释道。

“往后过日子！”爱丽丝重复了一遍，大吃一惊。“我还从没有听说过有人这样过日子。”

王后又说：“但这样有一点很有用处，你就可以用两种方法记事情了。”

“我只能用一种方法记住事情。我不会记住那些还没有发生过的事情。”爱丽丝说。

王后说：“那可没有好处。我可以记住两周后发生的事情。譬如说，国王的信使现在坐牢了，但他至今还没有做错什么事。他犯罪的时间要晚得多。”

爱丽丝问：“如果他根本没犯罪，没做错事，那又能有什么后果呢？这似乎是用离奇的方式来—”

王后突然大声尖叫起来，并在空中挥舞着手，叫喊着：“哎呀，哎呀！我的手指在流血！哎呀，哎呀，哎呀！”

爱丽丝用双手捂住了耳朵，在王后尖叫的间隙，问：“怎么回事？你割破了手指头？”

“我还没有割破手指，但我不久就会了，哎呀，哎呀，哎呀！”王后说。

爱丽丝问：“你认为什么时候会割破手指？”尽量不笑出声来。

王后不高兴地说：“当我再次系牢披肩时，一只别针会脱落下来—哎呀，哎呀！”正说着，披肩上的一只别针松了，她快速把它抓住，想重新把它固定住。

爱丽丝喊道：“小心！你抓错了方向！”她想帮王后个忙，但太迟了—别针已经深深地扎进了王后的指头。

王后笑着对爱丽丝讲：“那就解释了流血的事。现在你明白了这儿事情是怎样发生的吧。”

“可是你现在为什么不叫喊？”爱丽丝问，扬起双手准备再次把耳朵捂住。

王后说：“我已经叫喊过了。干吗又要重复一遍呢？”

“人生阶段可以倒过来发生，这真令人难以置信。”爱丽丝说。

王后有意指点她，就说：“设法相信得更容易点。譬如说，我已101岁了。”

“我不能相信。”爱丽丝说。

王后沮丧地摇摇头，说：“你怎么不相信？再试试。合上双手并闭上眼睛。”

爱丽丝笑了，说：“试也没用，没人会相信不可能的事。”

王后说：“也许你不够努力。我小时候，每天花一小时来相信不可能的事。有时早餐前共相信多达六件这样的事。我的披肩又飞了！”

她说着，别针又松了，一阵风把披肩吹过小溪。王后飞速追了过去，设法抓住了披肩。她高兴地叫起来：“我抓到了！你将看到我重新把它别上，全部自己来。”

爱丽丝非常有礼貌地说：“希望你的手指头好些了。”同时紧随王后跨过了小溪。

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“噢，好多了！”王后高叫道，她不停地叫着，声音越来越高：“好多一了！好一多一了！好一！”最后一个词听起来就像绵羊在叫唤，爱丽丝不禁惊奇地看了看王后。

一点不假，王后现在身披着一件厚厚的毛外衣。爱丽丝闭上眼睛，然后又睁开。她真的弄不明白到底是怎么回事。树林消失了，她在一家昏暗的小商店里—而且在她面前确实是一只绵羊，戴着大眼镜，静静地坐在椅子上织毛活。

绵羊终于抬起眼睛问话了：“你要买什么？”

“现在我还拿不准。我可以先看看吗？”爱丽丝轻声轻气地问。

她开始在商店里转悠着，什么东西都浏览一番。但每当她盯着一件东西看，那东西似乎就动起来，过一会儿出现在另一个地方。因此要看清楚那儿有些什么是不容易的。她继续走动，不久就发现那商店比她想的要大得多。

爱丽丝说：“这商店太奇特了！我希望东西摆在那儿不动。”

几分钟后，商店变得更加奇特了，爱丽丝发现自己在一个大湖边散步，湖边长着高大的绿色植物。她伸出手去采摘，但当她一触手，植物就消失了。

爱丽丝说：“太可借了！我要带些回家，它们看起来多漂亮。”

“本商店还出售许多其他东西，但你必须想好到底买些什么。”绵羊说。

爱丽丝惊奇地跳了一小步，说：“买！”湖消失了，她又回到了那个昏暗的小店。绵羊还在织毛活，抬眼从眼镜上面愤怒地看了看她。

爱丽丝说：“我想买个鸡蛋。怎么卖？”

“一个五便士，两个两便士。”绵羊答道。

爱丽丝拿出钱包，非常惊奇地说：“这么说，两个比一个要便宜。”

“你要买两个，就得吃两个。”绵羊说。

“那我就买一个。”爱丽丝说着，递给绵羊五便士。

绵羊接了钱，然后说道：“你得自己去拿。就在店面那一头。”

店面那头很暗，摆满了桌椅。爱丽丝看得见鸡蛋，但似乎永远也接近不了。她差点儿倒在了椅子上，却发现那根本不是椅子，而是一棵小树。“树怎么会长在这儿？”她不明白：“这是我看到过的最奇怪的一家商店。而且里面也有一条小溪！”

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因此她继续走着，每走一步，心里都在想，这到底是怎么一回事。片刻之后，样样东西都变成了一株树。她想鸡蛋恐怕也会变成树的。

6 Humpty Dumpty

But the egg got larger and larger, and more and more like a person. Then Alice saw that it had eyes and a nose and a mouth, and she realized that it was HUMPTYDUMPTY himself.

‘It must be him,’ she said to herself. ‘There he is, sitting on a high wall, and he looks just like an egg.’
He was sitting very still and seemed to be asleep, so Alice stood and repeated to herself the words of the song:
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King’s horses and all the King’s men
Couldn’t put Humpty together again.

‘Don’t stand there talking to yourself,’ said Humpty Dumpty suddenly, opening his eyes. ‘Tell me your name.’

‘My name is Alice—’

‘That’s a stupid name!’ said Humpty Dumpty. ‘What does it mean?’

‘Must a name mean something?’ Alice asked, puzzled.

‘Of course it must,’ Humpty Dumpty said with a short laugh. ‘My name means the shape I am—and a very good shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you could be almost any shape.’

‘Why do you sit out here all alone?’ said Alice, not wishing to argue.

‘Because there’s nobody with me!’ cried Humpty Dumpty. ‘Did you think I didn’t know the answer to that? Come, let’s have some intelligent conversation now.’

Alice tried to think of something intelligent to say, but couldn’t. ‘What a beautiful belt you’re wearing!’ she said, suddenly noticing it.

‘That’s better,’ said Humpty Dumpty, looking pleased. ‘Yes, it was a present from the White King and Queen. They gave it to me for an unbirthday present.’

Alice looked puzzled. ‘What is an unbirthday present?’

‘A present when it isn’t your birthday, of course.’

Alice thought about this. ‘I like birthday presents best,’ she said at last.

‘You don’t know what you’re talking about!’ cried Humpty Dumpty. ‘How many days are there in a year?’

‘Three hundred and sixty-five,’ said Alice.

‘And how many birthdays have you?’

‘One.’

‘And if you take one from three hundred and sixty-five, what is left?’

‘Three hundred and sixty-four, of course.’

‘So there’s only one day when you can get birthday presents,’ said Humpty Dumpty, ‘but three hundred and sixty-four days when you can get unbirthday presents! There’s success for you!’

‘I don’t know what you mean by “success”,’ Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled. ‘Of course you don’t—until I tell you. I meant “there’s a clever idea for you!”’

‘But “success” doesn’t mean “a clever idea”,’ Alice argued.

‘When I use a word,’ Humpty Dumpty said, looking down his nose at Alice, ‘it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.’

‘But can you make words have different meanings?’ asked Alice.

‘Words are difficult things, I agree,’ said Humpty Dumpty. ‘But you have to be strong with them. Give them orders. Tell them to obey you. They must work hard, and do what they’re told!’ He banged his hand excitedly on the wall as he spoke.

‘You seem very clever with words, Sir,’ said Alice politely, hoping to calm him. She was worried about him falling off the wall.

Humpty Dumpty looked pleased. ‘I can explain most words, and get them to do what I want,’ he said. ‘Some of them are like suitcases, you know. They’ve got several meanings packed up in them. Take poems, for example. One short poem can carry as many meanings as five people’s luggage.’

‘Somebody repeated a poem to me earlier today,’ said Alice. ‘It was Tweedledee, I think.’

‘Oh, I can repeat any number of poems, if you like,’ said Humpty Dumpty.

‘Well, not just at the moment,’ Alice said quickly, hoping to stop him from beginning.

‘This piece was written specially for you,’ Humpty Dumpty went on, not listening to her. ‘It will amuse you.’

‘Thank you,’ said Alice sadly. She could not refuse to listen, she thought, if the poem was specially written for her.

In winter, when the fields are white,

I sing this song for your delight—

‘But I don’t sing it,’ he explained.

‘Yes, I can see that,’ Alice said.

‘If you can see me singing or not singing, you’ve better eyes than most people,’ said Humpty Dumpty. Alice was

silent, and he went on.

In spring, when woods are getting green,

I'll try and tell you what I mean.

‘Thank you very much,’ said Alice.

In summer, when the days are long,

Perhaps you'll understand the song.

In autumn, when the leaves are brown,

Take pen and ink and write it down.

‘I will, if I can remember it so long,’ said Alice.

‘Don't go on saying things,’ Humpty Dumpty said. ‘They're not sensible, and I forget where I am.’

I sent a message to the fish;

I told them ‘This is what I wish.’

The little fishes of the sea,

They sent an answer back to me.

The little fishes' answer was

‘We cannot do it, Sir, because—’

‘I'm afraid I don't understand,’ said Alice.

‘It gets easier as it goes on,’ Humpty Dumpty replied.

But the poem went on for a long time, and Alice thought it got harder, not easier, to understand. Then Humpty Dumpty suddenly stopped, and there was a long silence.

‘Is that all?’ Alice asked politely.

‘That's all,’ said Humpty Dumpty. ‘Goodbye.’

Alice waited a minute, but Humpty Dumpty closed his eyes and did not speak again. So she got up, said ‘goodbye’, and quietly walked away.

‘What an extraordinary person!’ she said to herself as she walked. ‘I don't think I ever met—’ She never finished what she was saying, because at that moment a heavy crash shook the forest from end to end.

6. 胖墩儿

但鸡蛋越变越大，越变越像个人。爱丽丝看见他有眼，有鼻，有嘴巴。她才知道那原来就是胖墩儿。

她自言自语道：“肯定是他。他就坐在一堵高墙上，外表像个鸡蛋。”

他纹丝不动地坐在那儿，好像是睡着了。爱丽丝就站在那儿，口里背诵着一首歌词：

胖墩儿坐在墙上，

胖墩儿摔下重伤。

国王的骏马、骑士，

再不能将他拼上。

胖墩儿突然睁开眼睛说：“别站在那儿自言自语。告诉我你的名字。”

“我叫爱丽丝——”

胖墩儿说：“那是个蠢名字！是什么意思？”

“名字都得有意思？”爱丽丝不解地问道。

“那当然。”胖墩儿笑了一下说：“我的名字说明了我的体形——我的体形多好。像你那个名字，你几乎什么体形都能用。”

爱丽丝不想争辩，就问：“你怎么一个人坐在这儿？”

“那是因为没有人与我在一起！”胖墩儿大声叫道，“你认为我不能回答你那个问题？好了，让我们谈些更明智的话题吧。”

爱丽丝试图想些明智的话题讲讲，但就是想不起来。“你腰上的皮带多漂亮！”她突然发现了这点，就说了。

胖墩儿面有悦色，说：“这话题好多了，这是白方国王与王后送我的礼物，是件非生日礼物。”

爱丽丝迷惑不解，“非生日礼物到底是什么？”

“那当然是你非生日那天送你的礼物。”

爱丽丝想了想，最后说：“我还是最喜欢生日礼物。”

“你在讲些什么呀！一年有多少天？”胖墩儿叫嚷道。

爱丽丝说：“365天。”

“其中有多少天是你的生日？”

“一天。”

“那么365天减去1天剩多少？”

“当然是364天。”

胖墩儿便说：“这么讲你只有一天能收到生日礼物。但其他364天都能收到非生日礼物，你就‘成功’了！”

“我不明白你说‘成功’指的是什么？”爱丽丝问。

胖墩儿笑了笑，“我不告诉你，你当然不晓得，我指的是‘给你个聪明的主意！’”

“但‘成功’没有‘聪明主意’的意思呀。”爱丽丝争辩说。

胖墩儿不理睬爱丽丝，说：“我用一个词儿，我要它什么意思，那词儿就是什么意思。”

“但你可以叫词儿具有另外的意思吗？”爱丽丝问。

胖墩儿说：“我同意，用词儿是件不容易的事。但你得对它们显示你的威力。给它们发号施令。要它们遵从你。它们必须好好干，对你百依百顺！”他说着，激动地将手重重地在墙上拍了一下。

“你好像对词儿很有些办法，先生。”爱丽丝很有礼貌地说，希望使他平静下来。她担心胖墩儿从墙上摔下来。

胖墩儿面带悦色，说：“我能解释大多数的词儿，并叫它们为我服务。有些词儿像皮箱，里面有好几种意思。譬如诗歌，一首短诗的意思可以像五个人的行李一样丰富。”

爱丽丝说：“今天早些时候，有人给我背诵了首诗。我想那是特威帝吧。”

“哦，只要你不厌烦，我背诵多少首诗都可以。”胖墩儿说。

爱丽丝马上抢着说：“哦，现在不必了。”希望他别开始背。

胖墩儿并不听她，继续说：“这首是专门为你写的。它将给你带来快乐。”

“谢谢！”爱丽丝沮丧地说。她想：如果这首诗是专门为她写的，她就不能不洗耳恭听。

冬日里田野白雪皑皑，

我唱起这首歌，只为你开怀——

他解释说：“但我不唱歌。”

“是的，这我明白。”爱丽丝应道。

胖墩儿说：“如果你能看出我是否在唱歌，那么你的眼力比大部分人都要好。”爱丽丝沉默着，于是他又背：

春天里树木郁郁葱葱，

我要设法告诉你我的意思。

爱丽丝说：“非常感谢。”

夏日里炎炎日长，

也许你会懂得我的歌唱。

秋天枝叶枯黄，

拿起笔墨永记不忘。

“我会的，如果我能在它长久记住的话。”爱丽丝说。

胖墩儿说：“别说了，你说的话不明智。我忘了讲到哪儿了。”

我给鱼儿捎个信；

告诉它们“这是我的心愿。”

大海里的小鱼儿，

给了我一个回音。

小鱼儿的回音是

“先生，这事我们做不了，因为——”

爱丽丝说：“恐怕我理解不了。”

“越往后听，就变得越简单了。”胖墩儿说。

诗歌又背了好长时间，可是爱丽丝觉得理解起来越来越难，而不是越来越容易了。胖墩儿突然停住，随后是长久的沉默。

爱丽丝客气地问：“背完了？”

“背完了，再见！”胖墩儿答。

爱丽丝等了一会儿，但胖墩儿闭上眼，不再说话。她站了起来，道了“再见”，轻轻地走开了。

“这真是个非常奇特的人！”她一边走，一边自言自语，“我想我从未见过——”但话只讲了半截，因为就在那时，强烈的撞击声震动了整个森林。

7 The Lion and the Unicorn

The next moment soldiers came running through the wood, at first in twos and threes, then ten or twenty together, and at last in great crowds that seemed to fill the forest. Alice got behind a tree and watched them go past.

They were very strange soldiers, she thought. They were always falling over something or other, and when one soldier went down, several more always fell over him. Soon the ground was covered with fallen men.

Then came the horses. With four feet, they managed better than the foot-soldiers, but even they fell more often than not. And when a horse fell, the rider always fell off at once. It was almost like a battle in itself, and Alice decided it would be safer to move on. Soon she came to an open place, where she found the White King sitting on the ground, busily writing in his notebook.

‘I’ve sent them all!’ the King cried happily when he saw Alice. ‘Did you happen to meet any soldiers, my dear, as you came through the wood?’

‘Yes, I did,’ said Alice. ‘Several thousand, I think.’

‘Four thousand two hundred and seven,’ the King said, looking at his book. ‘I couldn’t send all the horses, because two of them are wanted in the game. And I haven’t sent the messengers, Haigha and Hatta. I need them myself, of course—to come and go. One to come, and one to go.’

‘I don’t think I understand,’ said Alice. ‘Why one to come and one to go?’

‘I’ve told you,’ the King said crossly. ‘I must have two—to fetch and carry. One to fetch, and one to carry.’

At that moment Haigha, one of the messengers, arrived. He had very large hands and great eyes, which were always moving wildly from side to side.

‘What’s the news from town?’ said the King.

‘I’ll whisper it,’ said Haigha, putting his mouth close to the King’s ear.

Alice was sorry about this, because she wanted to hear the news too. But, instead of whispering, Haigha shouted at the top of his voice, ‘They’re at it again!’

‘Do you call that a whisper?’ cried the poor King, jumping up and shaking himself. ‘Don’t do that again!’

‘Who are at it again?’ Alice asked.

‘The Lion and the Unicorn, of course,’ said the King.

‘Fighting for the crown?’

‘Yes, and it’s my crown that they’re fighting about!’ said the King. ‘Amusing, isn’t it? Let’s run and see them.’

They began to run, and as they went, Alice repeated to her-self the words of the old song.

The Lion and the Unicorn

were fighting for the crown;

The Lion beat the Unicorn

all round the town.

Some gave them white bread

and some gave them brown;

Some gave them plum-cake

and drummed them out of town.

Soon they saw a great crowd in front of them, and in the middle the Lion and the Unicorn were fighting. Hatta, the other messenger, was standing at the edge of the crowd, with a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other. He looked very unhappy.

‘He’s only just come out of prison,’ Haigha whispered in Alice’s ear, ‘so he’s very hungry and thirsty, you see. How are you, dear child?’ he said to Hatta, in a friendly voice.

Hatta looked round, but went on eating his bread and butter and drinking his tea.

‘Come, tell us the news!’ cried the King. ‘How are they getting on with the fight?’

‘They’re getting on very well,’ Hatta said through a mouthful of bread and butter. ‘Each of them has been down about eighty-seven times.’

‘Then I suppose they’ll soon bring the white bread and the brown,’ Alice said.

‘It’s waiting for them now,’ said Hatta. ‘I’m eating a bit of it myself.’

The fight stopped just then, and the Lion and the Unicorn sat down, looking tired.

The King called out, ‘Ten minutes for tea!’, and Haigha and Hatta began to carry round plates of white and brown bread. Alice took a piece to taste, but it was very dry.

‘I don’t think they’ll fight any more today,’ the King said to Hatta. ‘Go and order the drums to begin.’

As Alice watched him go, she suddenly saw somebody run-ning out of the wood.

‘Look!’ she cried excitedly. ‘There’s the White Queen! She came flying out of the wood. How fast those Queens can run!’

‘There’s probably an enemy after her,’ said the King, not looking round. ‘That wood’s full of them.’

‘But aren’t you going to help her?’ asked Alice, very surprised.

‘No use, no use!’ said the King. ‘She runs so terribly quickly. You can’t catch a Queen when she’s running.’

At that moment the Unicorn came past, with his hands in his pockets. When he saw Alice, he stopped and looked at her for some minutes. He did not seem to like what he saw.

‘What- is- this?’ he said at last.

‘This is a child!’ Haigha said helpfully, coming forward to introduce Alice. ‘We only found it today. It’s as large as life, and twice as natural!’

‘I always thought they were fantastic monsters,’ said the Unicorn. ‘Is it alive?’

‘It can talk,’ said Haigha.

The Unicorn looked dreamily at Alice. ‘Talk, child.’

Alice smiled. ‘I always thought that Unicorns were fantastic monsters, too! I never saw one alive before.’

‘Well, we have now met and spoken, so we can believe in each other, yes?’ The Unicorn turned to the King. ‘Fetch out the plum-cake, old man. I’m tired of brown bread!’

‘Certainly, certainly,’ said the King, sounding a little frightened. ‘Quick, Haigha, open the bag.’

Haigha was carrying a big bag round his neck, and now he took out of it a very large cake, a plate and a knife. He gave them to Alice to hold.

The Lion had joined them while this was going on. He looked very tired and sleepy, and his eyes were half shut. ‘What’s this?’ he said, looking at Alice.

‘An, what is it, then?’ the Unicorn cried. ‘You’ll never guess! I couldn’t.’

The Lion looked at Alice without interest. ‘Are you a vegetable or an animal?’ he asked tiredly.

‘It’s a fantastic monster!’ the Unicorn cried, before Alice could reply.

‘Then pass round the plum-cake, Monster,’ the Lion said, lying down on the ground. ‘And you two sit down,’ he said to the King and the Unicorn.

The King looked very uncomfortable when he had to sit between the Lion and the Unicorn, but there was no other place for him. His crown nearly fell off because he was shaking so much. The Unicorn looked amused, and then tried to argue with the Lion about who was winning the fight.

‘I beat you all round the town,’ said the Lion angrily. ‘And why is the Monster taking so long to cut up the cake?’

‘It’s very difficult,’ said Alice. ‘I’ve cut off several pieces already, but then they join up again immediately!’

‘You don’t know how to manage looking-glass cakes,’ said the Unicorn. ‘Pass it round first, and cut it up afterwards.’

This sounded nonsense, but Alice got up and carried the plate round. At once the cake cut itself into three pieces, and then Alice returned to her place with the empty plate.

‘Look at my piece of cake!’ cried the Unicorn. ‘The Monster has given the Lion twice as much as me!’

‘She hasn’t kept any for herself,’ said the Lion. ‘Do you like plum-cake, Monster?’

But before Alice could answer, the drums began. The air seemed full of the noise, and it rang and rang through her head. Frightened, Alice began to run and jumped over the brook.

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Then she fell to the ground and put her hands over her ears, trying to shut out the terrible noise.

‘If that doesn’t drum the Lion and the Unicorn out of town,’ she thought to herself, ‘nothing ever will!’

7. 狮子与独角兽

稍后，士兵跑步穿过树林，起先是三三两两的，随后是十个二十个，最后是成群成群的，似乎把整个森林都塞满了。爱丽丝躲在树后看着他们过去。

她想这些士兵真够奇特。他们总是跌倒在什么东西上。一个士兵倒下，更多的士兵就倒在他上面。片刻之间，地面上到处是倒下的人了。

后来马过来了。马有四条腿，因此跑得比步兵平稳，但即使这样也经常摔倒。马一摔倒，骑士总是马上掉下来。这种局面几乎本身就像一场战斗。爱丽丝拿定主意，离开此地会更安全。不久，她来到了一个开阔地。在那儿，她看见白方国王坐在地上，忙着在笔记本上写东西。

国王一看见爱丽丝就高兴地叫嚷道：“我把士兵都派出去了，小宝贝，你走过树林时，碰见他们了吗？”

“碰上了，我想有好几千。”爱丽丝答道。

国王看了看本子，说：“共4207位。我不能把马匹都派出去，因为象棋里需要两枚马。而且我也没把黑格与哈特两位信使派去。当然，我需要他们来回穿梭送信。一个来，一个去。”

爱丽丝说：“我想我还是不明白。干吗一个来，一个去？”

国王面有愠色，说：“我告诉你，我得有两个帮手——一个取信，一个送信。”

这时，叫黑格的那个信使来了。他长着巨手、大眼，眼珠老是左右乱转。

国王问：“城里有什么消息？”

“我悄声告诉你。”黑格凑近国王的耳朵说话。

爱丽丝也想听听城里的消息。于是心里有点遗憾。但突然黑格转而又大叫一声：“他们又斗起来了！”

“你把这称作悄悄话？不允许再这样大喊大叫了！”可怜的国王吓得跳了起来，浑身颤抖。

爱丽丝问：“谁又斗起来了？”

“当然是狮子与独角兽。”国王说。

“为了争夺王冠？”

“是的，他们为争夺我的王冠斗了起来！太有趣了，是不是？我们赶紧去瞧瞧！”国王说。

他们开始跑起来，一边跑着，爱丽丝一边背着一首古老的歌词：

狮子与独角兽
为王冠而格斗；
狮子打败了独角兽，
把他满城追逐。

有些人给他们白面包
有些人却布施黑面包；
有些人送上了葡萄干蛋糕
击鼓把他们送出城。

不久他们就看见前面聚集了一大群人，狮子与独角兽在圈中打斗。另一个叫哈特的信使站在人群的外围，一只手端着一杯茶，另一只手拿着黄油面包。他看上去很不高兴。

黑格凑着爱丽丝的耳朵轻声说：“他刚从监狱里出来，所以又饿又渴。你好吗，亲爱的孩子？”随后他非常友好地对哈特讲话。

哈特看了看周围，又继续吃他的黄油面包，喝他的茶。

国王喊道：“好了，告诉我们他们打斗得怎么样？”

“他们打得很顺利，每人都已被打倒了大约八十七次。”哈特说着，满嘴是黄油面包。

爱丽丝说：“那么我想他们不久就会带来白面包和黑面包的。”

“面包都在等着他们呢。我自己先吃点儿。”哈特说。

就在这时，打斗告一段落，狮子与独角兽坐了下来，显得疲惫不堪。

国王喊叫着：“喝10分钟茶！”黑格与哈特开始分发白面包和黑面包。爱丽丝拿了一片尝尝，但太干了。

“我想今天他们不会再打了。去叫人击鼓。”国王对哈特说。

在爱丽丝看着他走的当儿，她突然瞧见有人跑出树林。

她激动地说：“看呀！那是白方王后！她正飞奔出树林，那些王后跑得可真快！”

“可能有敌人追她，那树林里面多的是。”国王头也不转地说。

爱丽丝非常惊奇地问：“可是你不打算去救她？”

“没用了，没用了！她跑得太快了，王后跑起来你是追不上的。”国王说。

这时，独角兽路过这里，双手插在口袋里。他看见了爱丽丝，就停了下来，端详了她好几分钟。他似乎并不喜欢他所看见的这个东西。

最后他问：“这一是一什么？”

“这是个孩子！”黑格自告奋勇地上前将爱丽丝做了介绍，并说：“我们也是今天刚碰上的。她跟真小孩一样大，但比一般小孩自然大得多！”

“我一向认为他们是些奇异的怪物。它活着吗？”独角兽问。

黑格说：“它能讲话。”

独角兽蒙眬地看着爱丽丝说：“孩子，讲吧。”

爱丽丝笑了。“我也向来认为独角兽是种奇异的怪物。以前我从未看见过活的。”

“我们见了面，又讲了话，我们可以互相信任了，是吗？”独角兽转向国王说：“老头子，拿出葡萄干蛋糕。黑面包我吃厌了！”

国王有点怕了，忙说：“当然，当然。黑格，赶快把袋子打开。”

黑格脖子上挂一个大袋子，他从里面拿出一个很大的糕，一个盘子，一把刀。他给爱丽丝递过去，要她拿着。

这时狮子来到了他们中间。他很疲劳，睡意蒙眬，双眼半睁半闭着。“这是什么？”他看看爱丽丝问。

独角兽叫道：“啊，这是什么？你永远猜不出的！我刚才也猜不出。”

狮子毫无兴趣地看着爱丽丝，无精打采地问：“你是植物，还是动物？”

没等爱丽丝回答，独角兽就叫道：“这是只奇异的怪物。”

“那就把葡萄干蛋糕给大家递过去，怪物。”狮子说着，躺了下来。“你们两位也坐下来吧。”他又对国王与独角兽说。

国王坐在狮子与独角兽之间非常不自在，但确实没有其他地方让他坐。他全身颤抖得厉害，王冠也差点掉了下来。独角兽显得很高兴，然后他便与狮子争论谁会赢得这场打斗。

狮子愤怒地问：“我满城追着你打。这怪物怎么这样久还没把葡萄干蛋糕切开？”

“切糕不容易。我已切下好几块了，但它们又粘在一起了。”爱丽丝说。

独角兽说：“你不懂切镜子屋蛋糕的方法。要先递给大家，然后再切开。”

这听起来荒唐，但爱丽丝还是站起来，端着盘子转一圈，蛋糕马上把自己切成三块，然后，爱丽丝拿着空盘子回到自己的位置上。

独角兽叫道：“看看我这块糕。这怪物给狮子的那块比我的大一倍。”

“她一点没给自己留。怪物，你喜欢葡萄干蛋糕吗？”狮子问。

爱丽丝还没来得及答话，鼓声就响了起来。空中满是噪音，她的头好像要被吵炸了。爱丽丝心惊胆颤，赶紧跑开，跳过了小河。然后她倒在地上，用双手捂住耳朵，试图挡住那震耳欲聋的噪音。

“这鼓声如果还不能把狮子与独角兽逐出本城，那也就没希望了。”她心里想着。

8 The White Knight

After a while the noise of the drums slowly died away and everything became silent. Alice lifted her head and saw that she was alone, but there, lying at her feet, was the plate on which she had tried to cut the plum-cake.

‘So I didn’t dream the Lion and the Unicorn, then,’ she said to herself. ‘But—oh dear! Perhaps we’re all part of the same dream. I do hope it’s my dream, and not the Red King’s! I don’t like belonging to another person’s dream.’

At this moment there was a loud shout, and a Knight in red armour came riding through the forest towards her. Just as he reached her, the horse stopped suddenly.

‘You’re my prisoner!’ the Red Knight cried, as he fell off his horse.

Alice was more worried for the Knight than for herself, but he got up and slowly climbed back on to his horse. He began again to say, ‘You’re my—’, but then another shout rang through the forest. Alice looked round in surprise.

This time it was a White Knight. He rode up to Alice and when his horse stopped, he too fell off at once. He got on again, and then the two Knights sat and looked at each other silently. Alice watched them both, feeling very puzzled.

‘She’s my prisoner, you know!’ the Red Knight said at

‘Yes, but then I came and saved her!’ the White Knight replied.

‘Well, we must fight for her, then,’ said the Red Knight, and he began to put on his helmet, which was in the shape of a horse’s head.

When the White Knight had got into his helmet as well, the two began fighting each other very noisily. Several times one knocked the other off his horse, but then always fell off himself. Alice got behind a tree, where she could watch more safely.

‘What a noise their armour makes when they fall off!’ she said to herself. ‘And how calm the horses are! They just stand there like tables while the Knights get on and off!’

The battle ended when they both fell off at the same time. Then they shook hands and the Red Knight got on his horse and rode away. The White Knight came up to Alice.

‘I won that battle easily, didn’t I?’ he said.

‘I don’t know,’ said Alice, uncertainly. ‘I don’t want to be anybody’s prisoner. I want to be a Queen.’

‘So you will, when you’ve crossed the next brook,’ said the White Knight. ‘I’ll see you safe to the end of the wood—and then I must go back, you know. That’s the end of my move.’

‘Thank you very much,’ said Alice. ‘May I help you take off your helmet?’

It was difficult to do, but at last the helmet came off.

‘Ah, that’s better,’ said the Knight. He pushed back his long wild hair with both hands, and turned his gentle face and large sad eyes to Alice.

He was a very strange-looking soldier, Alice thought. His armour fitted him very badly, and he had a great many things fastened to himself, and to the horse. There was also a small wooden box on his back, which was upside-down.

‘I see you’re looking at my little box,’ the Knight said in a friendly voice. ‘It’s my own invention—to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside-down, and then the rain can’t get in.’

‘But the things can get out,’ Alice said gently. ‘Did you know that the top was open?’

‘No, I didn’t,’ the Knight said. ‘If all the things have fallen out,’ he went on unhappily, ‘there’s no use keeping the box.’ He unfastened it as he spoke, and put it carefully on the branch of a tree. ‘Perhaps some birds will make a home in it. Now, if you’re ready—What’s that plate for?’

‘It was used for plum-cake,’ said Alice.

‘I think we should take it with us,’ the Knight said. ‘It’ll be useful if we find any plum-cake. Help me to get it into this bag.’

This took a long time to do because the bag was not really big enough and already had a lot of carrots in it. But at last it was done, and they started walking through the forest. It was a slow journey because the Knight was not a good rider. Every time the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front. When the horse went on again, he fell off behind. Sometimes he fell off sideways as well, and Alice learnt not to walk too close to the horse.

‘Perhaps you should have a wooden horse, on wheels,’ Alice said with a little laugh, as she helped him get back on his horse for the seventh time.

‘Do you think so?’ the Knight said seriously. ‘Yes, I’ll get one. One or two—several.’

As they went, the Knight told her about his many inventions. Alice listened with great interest, but found most of them hard to understand. She was thinking about his invention for turning fish eyes into buttons when she saw, to her surprise, that they had reached the end of the forest.

‘You are sad,’ the Knight said in a worried voice. ‘Let me sing you a song to cheer you up.’

‘Is it very long?’ Alice asked. She felt that she had heard a great many poems and songs that day.

‘It’s long,’ said the Knight, ‘but it’s very, very beautiful. Everybody that hears me sing it—either they cry, or—’ He stopped suddenly.

‘Or what?’ said Alice.

‘Or they don’t, you know. The song is called I’ll tell you everything I can. It’s about an old, old man that I met one summer evening long ago, while sitting on the grass.’

Years afterwards Alice could still remember very clearly those strange moments—the Knight’s gentle smile as he sang, the sunlight shining on his armour, the horse quietly moving around, and the black shadows of the forest behind.

She stood and listened very carefully, but she did not cry. It was a sad song, certainly, and as the Knight came towards the end, he seemed lost in his own sad dreams.

And now, if accidentally I put
My fingers into glue,
Or try to push a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe,
Or if I drop upon my toe
A very heavy glass,
I cry, as it reminds me so
Of that old man I used to know—
Whose face was kind, whose voice was slow,
Whose hair was whiter than the snow,
Who shook his body to and fro,
And whispered words both sad and low—
That summer evening long ago,
While sitting on the grass.

As the Knight sang the last words, he began to turn his horse round to go back into the forest.

‘You’ve only a little way to go,’ he said, ‘down the hill and over the brook, and then you’ll be a Queen.’
‘Thank you very much for coming so far,’ said Alice, ‘and for the song—I liked it very much.’
‘I hope so,’ the Knight said worriedly, ‘but you didn’t cry very much.’

They shook hands, and then the Knight rode slowly away into the forest. Alice stood and watched him for a while.

‘It won’t be long before he falls off again,’ she said to her-self. ‘Yes—there he goes! Right on his head as usual! But he doesn’t seem to mind a bit.’

When he had gone, Alice turned and ran down the hill. ‘Now for the last brook, and to be a Queen! How grand it sounds!’ A few steps brought her to the edge of the brook.

‘The Eighth Square at last!’ she cried, as she jumped over

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and sat down to rest on the soft green grass. At once she felt something very heavy on her head. ‘What is this on my head?’ she said. ‘And how did it get there?’ She lifted it off, to see what it was.

It was a golden crown.

8. 白衣骑士

过了一会儿，鼓声慢慢消失，万籁俱寂。爱丽丝抬头发现自己孤身一人，脚边是刚才她要上面切葡萄干蛋糕的那个盘子。

她自言自语地说：“那么我没梦见狮子与独角兽。可是一我的天！可能我们都是同一个梦境的一部分。我真的希望那是我的梦境，而不是红方国王的！我不喜欢成为其他人的梦中物。”

这时传出了一高声喊叫，一位身披红色铠甲的骑士骑马穿过森林向她走来。马突然在她前面停了下来。

“你是我的阶下囚！”红衣骑士喊叫起来，同时从马上摔了下来。

比起她自己，爱丽丝更为骑士担心，但他站了起来，慢慢地重新跨上马。他又说：“你是我一”，但此时又一声喊叫传遍森林。爱丽丝惊奇地四处张望。

这次来的是一个白衣骑士。他骑马来到爱丽丝面前，马一停步，他也即刻摔了下来。他又骑了上去，然后两位骑士骑在马上面面相觑。爱丽丝看着他们两个，心里迷惑不解。

红衣骑士最后说：“她是我的囚犯！”

“没错，但后来我来搭救了她！”白衣骑士回答道。

“那我们得为她打一仗。”红衣骑士说着，他开始戴上头盔，头盔形状像马头。

白衣骑士也戴上了头盔，俩人就杀声震天地打起来。一方把对方摔下马好几次，胜方总是同时也摔了下来。爱丽丝跑到树后，在那儿，她可以更安全地观看这场战斗。

她自言自语地说：“骑士摔下马时，他们的铠甲发出的声可真响！但是，马儿却毫无声响！骑士跨上跨下，他们总是站在那儿像桌子一样，纹丝不动。”

俩人同时坠地，战斗也到此结束。然后他们握手言和，红衣骑士骑上马走了。白衣骑士向爱丽丝走过来。

他说：“我很轻松就赢得了那场战斗，不是吗？”

“这我不清楚，我不想做任何人的囚犯，我要当王后。”爱丽丝犹豫地说。

白衣骑士说：“你会的，当你跨过了下一条小河的时候。我将护送你安全抵达树林的尽头—然后我必须返回。那是我最后的一步。”

“多谢，多谢！我可以帮你摘下头盔吗？”爱丽丝问。

摘下头盔并不容易，但最后终于成功了。

“啊，这就舒服多了。”骑士说着，双手往后梳了梳自己的又长又乱的头发，他面带温驯转向爱丽丝，那双大眼睛看上去很忧伤。

爱丽丝想，这个士兵的样子非常怪异。铠甲一点也不合身，身上、马上都捆绑了好多东西，背上还有个倒放着的小木箱。

骑士友好地说：“我知道你在看着我的小木箱。这是我自己的发明创造——用来放衣服、三明治的。你看我倒放在背上背着，那是为了防止雨水漏进去。”

“但这样东西会掉出来，你知道盖是开着的吗？”爱丽丝轻声地说。

骑士说：“这我不知道。”他不高兴地又说：“如果里面的东西都掉出来了，那留着箱子就没用了。”他说着就卸下了箱子，小心地把它放在树枝上。“也许鸟儿可以在里面做个巢，哦，你如果准备好了……那盘子是干什么用的？”

爱丽丝答道：“那是用来盛葡萄干蛋糕的。”

“我想我们应该把它带上。如果我们找到葡萄干蛋糕，那就派上用场了。帮我把它放进袋子里。”骑士说。

放盘子用了很多时间，因为袋子太小，而且里面已装了许多胡萝卜。但最后终于放下了。他们就开始穿越森林。骑士骑马技术不好，因此速度很慢。每次马儿一停下来（马儿经常停顿），他就从前头摔下来。等马又继续走时，他又从后头摔下来。有时也从旁边摔下来，爱丽丝记住了走路不能同马靠得太近。

“也许你应该备匹有轮子的木马。”爱丽丝第七次把他扶上马时笑着对他说。

骑士严肃地说：“这是你的想法吗？确实，我要买一匹。一匹或两匹——几匹。”

在路上，骑士给她讲他的许多发明。爱丽丝很有兴致地聆听着，但觉得这些发明大多数难以理解。她正考虑着他把鱼眼睛变成纽扣的发明时，突然出乎意料地看见他们已抵达了森林的尽头。

骑士焦虑地说：“你情绪低落，我唱支歌，让你高兴起来。”

“歌很长吗？”爱丽丝问。她觉得那天她听到的诗、歌已够多了。

骑士说：“很长，但非常非常动听。每个人只要一听见我唱起来，不是哭就是一”他突然停住了。

“或者什么呢？”爱丽丝问。

“或者不哭。这支歌名叫‘我要告诉你我所知道的一切。’讲的是很久以前一个夏日夜晚，我坐在草地上遇见的一个年岁很高的老人。”

事隔多年，爱丽丝还能够清楚记得那个奇怪的时刻——骑士唱歌时慈祥的笑容，铠甲上闪耀的太阳光，马儿静静地转悠，以及身后长长的树林的影子。

她站在那儿仔细地听，但没有哭。那当然是首悲伤的歌。骑士走到森林尽头时，他似乎沉浸在他自己的凄凉梦境之中。

而今，如果我碰巧把

手指伸进胶中，

或者把右脚

塞进左脚的鞋里，

或者把一块大玻璃

砸到了自己的脚趾上，

我哭，因为这使我想起

那个曾经认识的老人——

他有慈祥的面容，讲话慢悠悠，

他的头发雪白，

身子颤巍巍，

讲话低沉，语调悲凉——

那是久远的一个夏日黄昏，

我坐在草地上。

骑士唱完最后一句，开始掉转马头，回到森林里面。

他说：“你下山跨过小河，只需走一小段路就能做王后了。”

“非常感谢你护送我在这儿，也谢谢你的歌——我很喜欢。”爱丽丝说。

骑士不无焦虑地说：“我希望如此，但你并没有哭啊。”

他们握了手，然后骑士就慢慢地骑马走回森林。爱丽丝站在那儿，目送他一会儿。

她心想，“过不了多久，他又要摔下来了。不错，又来了！像往常那样，又一头栽下来！但他似乎一点也不在意。”

他背影一消失，爱丽丝转身跑下山去。“现在只要跨过这最后一条小河，就做王后了！多快乐啊！”几步她就来到了小河边。

“终于到达了第八格！”她跳过小河坐在了一片毛茸茸的青草地上，叫道。突然她感觉头上戴了个沉重的东西。“头上是什么？哪儿来的？”她问道，同时把它摘了下来，看个明白。

那是一顶金冠。

9 Queen Alice

‘Well, this is grand!’ said Alice. She got up and walked around for a while, but the crown felt very heavy and strange, so she sat down again. Then she noticed that the Red Queen and the White Queen were now sitting on either side of her. How they had got there, she had no idea. But she was not at all surprised. Nothing could surprise her now in the looking-glass world.

‘Now I am a Queen,’ said Alice, ‘does this mean that the game of chess has finished, or—’

‘Speak when you’re spoken to!’ the Red Queen said. ‘Think before you speak, and write it down afterwards.’

‘But I only—’ Alice began.

‘And you can’t be a Queen,’ the Red Queen went on, ‘until you’ve done your lessons.’

‘Are you good at sums?’ the White Queen asked. ‘What’s one and one and one and one and one and one and one?’

‘I don’t know,’ said Alice. ‘I lost count. But why—’

‘She can’t do sums,’ said the Red Queen. ‘What about languages? And can you read?’

‘Of course I can read!’ Alice said. ‘And I know a little French, but I really don’t see why—’

‘It’s clear,’ said the White Queen, shaking her head sadly, ‘that she wants to argue about something, but she doesn’t know what to argue about!’

Alice decided it would be safer to say nothing, and for a while there was silence. Then the Red Queen said to the White Queen, ‘I invite you to Alice’s party this afternoon.’

‘And I invite you,’ the White Queen replied. ‘But I must have a rest first,’ she went on. ‘I am so sleepy.’

‘And so must I,’ said the Red Queen. She looked at Alice. ‘You can sing to us, to help us sleep.’

Then the two Queens put their heads against Alice’s shoulders. In a moment they were both asleep, and snoring loudly.

After a while the snoring seemed to change and began to sound almost like music. Alice thought that she could even hear some words. She listened hard, and suddenly she found that the Queens had disappeared, and she was standing in front of a tall and very grand-looking doorway. Above the door were the words QUEEN ALICE in large letters.

Alice knocked, and the door flew open. There seemed to be hundreds of voices singing, and Alice could now hear the words very clearly. They went like this:

Then fill up the glasses with everything nice,

And cover the table with buttons and rice.

Put cats in the coffee, and salt in the tea—

And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times-three!

‘I suppose I should go in,’ Alice said to herself. So in she went, and at once everyone in the hall became silent.

As she walked down the long hall, she saw that there were animals, birds, and even a few flowers among the crowd seated round the table. At the top there were three chairs; the Red and White Queens had taken two of them, but the middle one was empty. Alice sat down, feeling a little uncomfortable and wishing that someone would speak.

At last the Red Queen began. ‘You’ve missed the fish. Bring the meat now!’ And at once the waiters put a large joint of meat in front of Alice.

But before she could begin to cut up the joint, the Red Queen spoke again. ‘Let me introduce you to the joint,’ she said. ‘Alice-Meat. Meat-Alice.’

The joint of meat then stood up on the plate and curtsied to Alice. Alice, feeling both frightened and amused, picked up the knife and fork. ‘May I give you some meat?’ she said, looking from one Queen to the other.

‘Certainly not!’ the Red Queen said. ‘It isn’t polite to cut anyone you’ve been introduced to. Take away the joint!’

The waiters immediately carried away the joint, and brought a large plum-pudding in its place.

‘Please don’t introduce me to the pudding,’ said Alice quickly, ‘or we shall get no dinner at all.’

But the Red Queen said loudly, ‘Pudding—Alice. Alice-Pudding. Take away the pudding!’ And the waiters took it away at once.

Then Alice decided to give an order herself. ‘Waiter! Bring back the pudding!’ When the pudding appeared again, she quickly cut off a piece and gave it to the Red Queen.

‘That’s really friendly!’ said the Pudding. ‘How would you like someone to cut a piece out of you?’

Alice was too surprised to speak.

‘Say something,’ said the Red Queen. ‘You can’t leave all the conversation to the pudding!’

By this time the party was beginning to get very noisy, and more and more strange things were happening. Bottles and plates were now walking around on the table, arm in arm, and the White Queen began to whisper in Alice’s ear a long poem about fishes. Then the Red Queen screamed at the top of her voice, ‘Let’s drink to Queen Alice’s health!’

Some of the animals put their glasses upside-down on their heads, others got inside them or knocked them over on the table. The forks began to dance with the spoons, and the noise got wilder and wilder. The White Queen said in Alice’s ear, ‘You must stand up and give thanks now, you know.’

Alice stood up. ‘I must stop all this!’ she cried, and she took hold of the table-cloth with both hands. One good pull, and everything came crashing down on the floor.

‘And now for you!’ she went on, turning to the Red Queen, who had suddenly become very much smaller and was running around on the table. ‘You started all this trouble, and I’ll shake you into a kitten! Yes, I will!’

“啊，多壮观！”爱丽丝说。她站起来，来回走了一会儿，但王冠太重，戴着不自在，她重又坐下。然后，她发现红方王后与白方王后正坐在她两边。她不知道她们怎么会坐在这儿的。但她一点儿也不奇怪。现在镜中世界的一切对她来说都是不足为奇的。

爱丽丝说：“现在我是王后了，这是否意味着象棋游戏就到此为止了，或者——”

“有人跟你讲话，你才讲，讲话前要先思考，过后再记下来。”红方王后说。

“但我只是一”爱丽丝开口说。

红方王后又说：“直到你学好功课，你才能当王后。”

“你擅长算术吗？1加1加1加1加1加1加1总共得多少？”白方王后问。

爱丽丝答：“我不知道。我算不清。但为什么——”

“她做不了算术，语言能力怎样？能读书吗？”红方王后问。

爱丽丝答道：“我当然会读书，我还懂点法语，可是我真的不明白为什么——”

“显然她想争辩点什么，但不清楚想争辩些什么！”白方王后遗憾地摇摇头说。

爱丽丝判定一言不发更保险。有一会儿，大家都不吭声。随后，红方王后对白方王后说：“我邀请你参加今天下午爱丽丝的聚会。”

白方王后答道：“我也邀请你去。但我得先休息一下。”她又补充了一句说：“我太困了。”

“我也同样。”红方王后说。她看着爱丽丝，“你可以给我们唱歌，帮助我们入睡。”

然后，两个王后把头都靠在爱丽丝的肩膀上。一会儿，她们就睡着了，鼾声如雷。

过了片刻，鼾声似乎变了声调，听起来几乎成了音乐。爱丽丝认为她甚至可以听出一些歌词。她用心地听，突然发现两个王后不见了，自己站到了雄伟壮观的一个门廊前。门上方写着，“爱丽丝王后”几个大字。

爱丽丝敲了敲，门突然打开了。里面似乎有成百的声音在歌唱，爱丽丝歌词听得很清楚。歌词是这样的：

让玻璃杯充满一切好东西，

让桌子摆满纽扣和米饭。

把猫放入咖啡，给茶加点盐——

热烈欢迎爱丽丝王后的到来。

爱丽丝对自己说：“我想我应该进去了。”她走了进去，顿时大厅里一片寂静。

她走过长长的大厅时，围坐在桌旁的人群中还有牲畜、飞鸟，甚至还有几种花。上座的地方摆着三张椅子，红白王后占了两个位置，中间一个空着。爱丽丝坐了下来，但感到有点拘束，希望有人发言。

红方王后终于开口了。“你没吃上鱼。现在上肉！”男侍即刻把一大块腿肉放在爱丽丝前面。

未等她切开腿肉，红方王后又讲了：“让我把你介绍给腿肉，”她说，“爱丽丝，这位是肉。肉，这位是爱丽丝。”

于是，腿肉在盘里站立起来，向爱丽丝行屈膝礼。爱丽丝拿起刀叉，心里感到既恐惧又好玩，目光从一个王后转到另一个王后，问：“我可以给你们分些肉吗？”

红方王后说：“当然不行！把刚刚介绍认识的人切了是不礼貌的，把腿肉拿走！”

男侍马上把腿肉拿走，换上了一个大干果布丁。

爱丽丝抢着说：“请别做介绍了，否则我们晚餐就什么也没有了。”

但红方王后还是大声说道：“布丁，这位是爱丽丝。爱丽丝，这位是布丁。把布丁拿走！”男侍又马上把它拿走了。

然后，爱丽丝决定自己来点个菜，“男侍！把布丁拿回来！”布丁一端上来，她就快速地切下一块递给红方王后。

布丁说：“你太友好了！有人从你身上切下一块，你感觉怎样？”

爱丽丝惊讶得说不出话来。

红方王后说：“讲几句吧。谈话中你不能让布丁唱独角戏。”

这时，聚会开始喧闹起来，怪事接连不断地出现。瓶子、盘子在桌上手挽着手行走，白方王后开始凑着爱丽丝的耳朵背一首有关鱼的长诗。然后，红方王后声嘶力竭地喊道：“咱们为爱丽丝王后健康干杯！”

有些牲畜把杯子倒放在头顶，还有些钻到杯子里面去，或者把它们打翻在桌上。又开始同勺跳起舞来，喧闹声越来越响。白方王后冲着爱丽丝的耳朵说：“你现在必须站起来答谢各位了。”

爱丽丝站了起来。“我必须让这喧哗声停住！”她叫道，她双手抓住桌布，狠狠地一拉，桌上的东西统统砸到了地上。

“现在轮到你了！”她转向红方王后又说。红方王后这时突然变小，并在桌上乱窜。“你是这场混乱的罪魁祸首，我要把你摇晃成只小猫！是的，我会的！”

10 Shaking

She took the Red Queen off the table as she spoke, and shook her backwards and forwards, very hard.

The Red Queen did not try to fight or escape... but her face grew very small, and her eyes got large and green...and, as Alice went on shaking her, she grew shorter-and fatter-and softer- and rounder-and...

10. 摇晃

她说着，便把红方王后从桌上拿开，用力地前后摇晃起来。

红方王后并没有试图自卫或逃跑……但她的脸变得很小，眼睛变大变绿……爱丽丝不停地摇晃着，她又变得更矮--更胖--更软--更丰满--更……

...and it really was a kitten, after all.

11. 苏醒

.....那毕竟就是只小猫。

12 Who dreamed it?

‘You shouldn’t be so noisy, Your Majesty,’ Alice said to the black kitten. ‘You’ve woken me out of a very nice dream. I’ve been all through the looking-glass world. And I think that you were the Red Queen, weren’t you?’

It is impossible to guess if a kitten is saying ‘yes’ or ‘no’. Alice looked among the chessmen on the table until she found the Red Queen. Then she sat on the carpet and put the kitten and the Queen to look at each other.

‘Curtsy while you’re thinking what to say,’ Alice said, with a little laugh. ‘It saves time, remember!’

But the kitten turned its head away and wouldn’t look at the Queen.

‘Now, Kitty,’ Alice went on, ‘who was it who dreamed it all, do you think? No, listen—don’t start washing your paws now. You see, Kitty, it was either me or the Red King. He was part of my dream, of course—but then I was part of his dream too! Was it the Red King, Kitty?’

But the kitten began to wash its other paw, and pretended it hadn’t heard the question.

Who do you think was dreaming?

12. 谁做的梦?

爱丽丝对黑猫说：“你不该这么吵，陛下，你把我从一个美梦中吵醒。我已漫游了整个镜中世界。我想你是红方王后，不是吗？”

要揣测小猫的回答是“是”，还是“否”是不可能的。爱丽丝看着桌上的棋子，直到她找到了红方王后。然后她坐在地毯上，把小猫与王后摆在一起，互相对视。

“考虑话题前要先行个礼。别忘了，这样会节省时间！”爱丽丝微笑了一下说。

但小猫扭转了头，不愿正面看王后。

爱丽丝接着说：“好了，小猫，你认为谁做了这一场梦？不，听着——现在别洗爪子了。小猫你也清楚，不是我就是红方国王。他当然是我梦的一部分——然而，我也是他梦的一部分！是红方国王吗，小猫？”

但小猫开始洗另一只爪子，装作没听见。

你以为是谁做了这个梦？

[1 The river](#)

[2 The open road](#)

[3 The Wild Wood](#)

[4 A meeting with Mr Badger](#)

[5 A lesson for Mr Toad](#)

[6 Toad' s adventures](#)

[7 Return to Toad Hall](#)

简 介

“你知道，”鼹鼠说，“我这辈子还从未坐过船。”

“什么？”水鼠叫道。“我亲爱的伙计，你算白活了！相信我，没有什么——真的没有什么——比在船上打发时光更惬意。”

从此，鼹鼠在他的朋友水鼠身边体验到了一种新的生活。在河边，在漫长的金色的夏天，风吹过柳树时，在轻轻低语着它的秘密。生活充满了兴奋和冒险，还有新的朋友：水獭和獾，当然少不了蛤蟆先生——著名的，聪明的，勇敢的，了不起的癞蛤蟆先生……

嗨，那只是蛤蟆自己对自己的评价，他的朋友们可不以为然。当他疯狂迷上驾车时，他变成了一只极愚蠢，极危险的癞蛤蟆……

肯尼斯·格拉姆，1859年生于爱丁堡，死于1932年。他就职于英格兰银行多年，同时也是一名作家。《风语河岸柳》最初只是他讲给他绰号小家鼠的小儿子阿拉斯特听的床边小故事。于1908年出版，从而成为有史以来最著名的儿童读物之一。

1 The river

The Mole worked very hard all morning, cleaning his little home. He brushed, and he washed; he cleaned the floors and the walls, he stood on chairs to wash the tops of cup boards, he got under the beds, he took up the carpets. He cleaned and he cleaned, until his arms and his back ached with tiredness.

It was springtime, and the smell and the sound of spring were everywhere, even in the Mole's dark little house under the ground. And with the spring comes the promise of change, of sunshine, of new green leaves. So it was not surprising that the Mole suddenly put down his brushes and said, 'Oh bother!' and then, 'I'm tired of cleaning!' 'Something up above the ground was calling to him, and he ran out of his house and began to dig his way upwards to the sun.

He dug and he pushed, and he pushed and he dug. 'Up we go! Up we go!' he said to himself, until at last his nose came out into the sunlight, and he found himself in the warm grass of a field.

'This is fine!' said the Mole. 'This is better than cleaning!' The sunshine was warm on his back and the air was filled with the songs of birds. He gave a little jump for happiness, shook himself, and then began to cross the field towards some trees. Here and there he went, through the fields and the woods, looking and smelling and listening. Everywhere animals and birds were busy, talking and laughing, looking for food, making new homes for the spring. The Mole enjoyed it all.

Then, suddenly, he came to a river. He had never seen a river before in his life—this wonderful bright shining thing, which danced its way in and out of the shadows under the trees. It was never still for a minute, hurrying and laughing and talking to itself.

And at once, the Mole was in love with it. He walked along the river bank, listening and watching all the time. At last he sat down on the grass and looked across the river to the bank opposite. There was a dark hole in the bank, and the Mole watched it dreamily, thinking that it would be very pleasant to have a little house by the river. As he watched, he saw something shining in the hole. Soon he saw that it was an eye, and then a face appeared as well.

A brown little face, with whiskers.

With bright eyes, and small ears, and thick shiny hair.

It was the Water Rat!

Then the two animals stood up and looked at each other.

'Hello, Mole!' said the Water Rat.

'Hello, Rat!' said the Mole.

'Would you like to come over?' asked the Rat.

'Oh, it's easy to talk,' said the Mole, a little crossly. The river was new to him and he did not know how to get to the other side.

The Rat said nothing, and disappeared. Then he appeared again, in a little blue and white boat, which came quickly across the river towards the Mole. It stopped by the bank, and a moment later the Mole, to his great surprise and excitement, found himself actually sitting in a real boat.

'Do you know,' he said, as the Rat began to row away from the bank, 'I've never been in a boat before in all my life.'

'What?' cried the Rat. 'My dear fellow, you haven't lived! Believe me,' he went on seriously, 'there is nothing—really nothing—nicer than just messing about in boats. You can go up river, down river, stay where you are, it really doesn't matter. There's always something to do, but you don't have to do it if you don't want to. You can do what you like. Look here! If you're not busy today, why don't we spend the day on the river together?'

The Mole had listened to all this with great interest. Now he sat back in the comfortable seat and said, 'What a wonderful day this is! Let's start at once!'

But first the Rat went into his hole, and after a while came out carrying a very large and heavy lunch basket. This went in to the boat, under the Mole's feet, and then the Rat began to row down river. The two friends talked from time to time, but mostly the Mole just watched the river dreamily, enjoying the sounds and the smells and the sunlight. At last they turned off the big river into a little side river that came down to join it. The Rat stopped the boat and they got out on to a bank of soft green grass under tall willow trees. It was very quiet and very peaceful.

The Mole sat down and looked around him. 'What a beautiful place!' he said happily.

'Time for lunch,' said the Rat, opening the basket. 'Come on, Mole! Let's get to work.'

The Mole was happy to obey, because he was very hungry indeed after all his cleaning earlier in the day. And what a lunch it was! There were cold meats and egg sandwiches, cooked chicken and tomatoes, apples and bananas and a large cake.

When at last they could eat no more, the Mole lay back and watched the river lazily. After a while he sat up.

'I can see a long line of bubbles in the water,' he said. 'I wonder what it is.'

'Bubbles? Oho!' said the Rat, and he called out across the river in a friendly kind of way.

The bubbles stopped and turned. Soon a wet whiskery nose appeared above the edge of the bank, and the Otter pulled himself out and shook the water from his coat.

'A lunch party!' he said, going straight towards the food. 'Why didn't you invite me, Ratty?'

'We didn't plan it,' explained the Rat. 'We only decided to come this morning. Oh, and this is my friend, Mr Mole.'

'Happy to meet you,' said the Otter, and the two animals were friends at once.

'All the world seems to be out on the river today,' said the Otter while he ate. 'I came up this side river to try and get a moment's peace, and then I find you fellows having a lunch party!'

Suddenly there was a noise in the thick bushes behind them, and a big black and white head looked out at them.

'Come on, old Badger!' shouted the Rat.

The Badger came forward a few steps, then stopped. 'Hmm! A crowd!' he said crossly, and turned his back and disappeared again into the bushes.

'What a pity!' said the Rat. 'Dear old Badger! He's a good fellow, but he does hate a crowd. We won't see him again today. But tell us, who's out on the river?'

'Toad's out, for one,' replied the Otter. 'In his shiny new boat. He's got new boating clothes, and everything!'

The Rat and the Otter looked at each other and laughed.

'Toad's always trying something new,' the Rat explained to the Mole. 'But he always gets bored so quickly. Last year it was a house-boat, and he wanted to spend the rest of his life living on the river. This year it's rowing-boats.'

'He's a nice fellow, of course,' said the Otter. 'But he never learns from his mistakes!'

From where they sat they could see a bit of the big river. And just then they saw a rowing-boat going past, and in it a short fat animal, rowing very hard and very badly.

'There's Toad going past now,' said the Rat. 'Look at him! He'll turn that boat over in a minute.'

'Of course he will,' laughed the Otter. Toad had now disappeared up river, and the Otter went on, 'Did I ever tell you that story about Toad and the...'

There was a sudden movement in the water near the bank. Something silvery shone for a second, then it was gone. And so was the Otter. The Mole looked down. The Otter's voice was still in his ears, but the Otter had disappeared.

There was just a long line of bubbles in the river.

The Rat sang a little song to himself, and the Mole remembered that it was not at all polite, in the animal world, to say anything if your friends disappeared at any moment, for any reason.

'Well, well,' said the Rat. 'I suppose we should think about getting home.'

The Mole packed the things away in the lunch basket, and soon the Rat began to row gently homewards while the after noon sun went down behind the trees. The Rat was dreaming quietly to himself, but the Mole was very full of lunch and the excitements of the day. He began to think that he knew every thing about boats now.

And in a while he said, 'Ratty! Pleas, I want to row!'

The Rat shook his head with a smile. 'Not yet, my young friend,' he said. 'Wait until you've had a few lessons. It's not as easy as it looks.'

The Mole was quiet for a minute or two. But he wanted to row very much indeed. He was sure that he could row as well as Rat. Then, before the Rat could stop him, he jumped up, and pulled the oars out of the surprised Rat's hands. The Rat fell backwards off his seat, calling out, 'Stop it, you silly fellow! You'll have us in the river!'

The Mole made a great dig at the water with the oars, but the oars never touched the water at all. The Mole's legs flew up above his head, and he found himself lying on top of the Rat in the bottom of the boat. Frightened, he tried to get up, got hold of the side of the boat, and the next moment-splash!

Over went the boat, and the Mole and the Rat and the lunch basket were all in the water.

It was the Rat, of course, who pulled the Mole out of the water, who turned the boat right way up, who found the oars, who got the lunch basket from the bottom of the river. And he laughed and laughed.

When all was ready again, the unhappy Mole sat in the boat very wet and very miserable. As they left, he said in a low voice, 'Ratty, my dear friend! I have been so silly and so ungrateful. I really am very sorry indeed.'

'That's all right!' replied the Rat kindly. 'I'm always in and out of the water myself, so don't worry about it. But I really think you should come and stay with me for a while. You'll be very comfortable, and I'll teach you to row and to swim. Soon you'll be as good a boatman as any of us.'

The Mole was almost too happy to speak and could find no words to thank his friend.

When they got home, they had a good hot supper in front of a bright fire while the Rat told exciting stories of life on the river. Then he took the Mole upstairs to the best bedroom, and soon the Mole was lying warm and comfortable, listening to the sound of his new friend the River running past his bedroom window.

That was the first of many wonderful days for the Mole, as the spring turned slowly into a golden summer. He learnt to swim and to row, and he learnt to love the sound of the wind when it went whispering its secrets through the trees and the plants by the river.

1 河

鼹鼠整个早上都在辛苦地打扫着他的小屋。他扫着，洗着；拖地板，掸墙壁，一会儿站在椅子上擦洗着食品柜顶。一会儿钻进床底清理杂物，一会儿又卷起地毯。他不停地清扫着，直到累得胳膊酸脊背疼。

这正是开春时节，到处都充满了春天的气息，就连鼹鼠这个地下阴暗的小窝里也洋溢着春意。春天，意味着万物变化，阳光明媚，新叶吐芽，所以大家一点也不奇怪鼹鼠突然扔下扫帚感叹道：“噢，真无聊！我讨厌大扫除！”地面上有什么东西在召唤着他，他跑出房间，开始挖洞钻向有阳光照耀的地方。

他挖了推，推了挖，嘴里还喃喃自语着“向上！向上！”最后他的鼻子触到了阳光，他发现他正在一块田地的暖烘烘的草丛里。

“这真不错！”鼹鼠说道，“这比大扫除要好的多！”太阳照在他的背上，暖洋洋的，四周有鸟儿在唱着动听的歌。他高兴地蹦了一下，活动活动筋骨，然后穿过田地 toward 树丛走去。他这里走走，那里转转，穿过田野，逛过树林，最大限度地调动自己的视觉，嗅觉和听觉。各处的动物和鸟儿都一边说笑着，一边忙着找食物，忙着为春天筑新巢。鼹鼠可喜欢这些了。

不知不觉，他来到了一条河边。他至今还从未见过河水——这个明澈耀眼的奇妙之物，它欢蹦乱跳地穿梭在岸边树林的倒影之间。它从不停息，匆匆奔流着，却一路欢声笑语。

鼹鼠马上就喜欢上它了。他沿着河岸走着，并一直听着，看着。最后他坐在草地上欣赏着河对岸的风景。那儿有一个黑洞，鼹鼠出神地看着，想：在河边有一间小房子应该会很惬意的。他看着看着，发现有东西在洞里闪烁。很快他看清那是一只眼睛，然后一张脸也出现了。

一张褐色的小脸，长着几根胡须。

眼睛亮亮的，耳朵小小的，毛发厚而亮。

这是只水老鼠。

于是他们俩都站了起来，看着对方。

“你好，鼯鼠！”

“你好，水鼠！”

“你愿意过来吗？”水鼠问道。

“噢，说起来容易，”鼯鼠有点嗔怪地说。河，对他来说是很陌生的，他不知道怎样才能到达河对岸。

水鼠一声没吭便不见了，不久又出现了，坐在一条蓝白相间的小船上，它很快地向鼯鼠这边驶来，靠岸边停了下来。不一会儿，鼯鼠满怀好奇和兴奋地发现他自己确确实实地坐在了一条真正的船上。

“你知道吗，”当水鼠将船划离河岸时，鼯鼠对他说，“我这辈子还从未坐过船呢。”

“什么？”水鼠叫道。“我亲爱的伙计，你算白活了！相信我，”他一本正经地继续着，“没有什么——真的没有什么——比在船上打发时光更惬意。你可以划向河的上游，或下游，还可以随意停下来，一点问题也没有。总有事做，但如果你不想去做也不用勉强，你可以干你愿意干的事。看这儿！如果你今天没事，我们为什么不一起在河上玩它一整天呢？”

鼯鼠带着极大的兴趣听完了这一切。然后，他向后靠坐在那张舒服的座位上回答道：“这将是多么美妙的一天！我们现在就出发吧！”

但是水鼠先回到了洞里，一会儿又出来了，提着一只又大又沉的午餐篮。他把篮子移进船内鼯鼠的脚下，然后开始向下游划去。这俩朋友时不时地聊着天，但更多的时候，鼯鼠仅仅是神思恍惚地注视着河水，享受着自然界的音响，气味，还有阳光。最后他们划离主河道转入一条与大河交汇的小支流。后来水鼠把船停了下来，他们就一起上了岸。岸上高大的柳树掩映着一片松软的绿油油的草地，非常安怡恬静。

鼯鼠坐下来，看了看他的周围，愉快地说道：“多么美丽的地方！”

“该用午餐了，”水鼠边说边打开篮子，“快点，鼯鼠！过来准备吧。”

鼯鼠高兴地服从吩咐，经过一早上的大扫除，他确实非常饿。这是一顿多么丰富的午餐啊！有冷肉和鸡蛋三明治，有炸鸡和西红柿、苹果、香蕉，还有一大块蛋糕。

最后他们再也吃不下了，鼯鼠躺倒在地，懒懒地看着河水。不一会儿，他坐了起来说：“我看见水里有一长串水泡，那是什么？”

“水泡？哦噢！”水鼠友好地向河水那儿叫道。

水泡没了，又转到了另一个地方。很快一个湿漉漉的长着胡须的鼻子出现在河岸边，水獭爬上了岸，抖动着外衣上的水。

“午餐派对！”他边说边径直向食物走去。“你为什么不邀请我，阿鼠？”

“我们不是事先计划好的，”水鼠解释道。“我们今天早上才决定过来的。哦，这是我的朋友，鼯鼠先生。”

“很高兴认识你，”水獭招呼道，这两只动物马上就成了朋友。

“今天所有人似乎都在河上，”水獭边吃边说，“我游到这条支流上是想安静一会儿，不想却碰到你们哥俩在搞午餐派对！”

突然，他们身后浓密的灌木丛里发出了响声，一个大大的黑白脑袋探出头瞅着他们。

“过来，老獾！”水鼠叫道。

獾向前走了几步又停下来，“噁，这么挤！”他愠怒地说着，转身消失在灌木丛里。

“多遗憾！”水鼠叹道。“亲爱的老獾！他人倒不错，就是讨厌人多，今天就甭想见他了。但你给我们说说，谁还在河上？”

“癞蛤蟆出来了，算他一个，”水獭回答道。“坐在他那亮晃晃的新船上，穿着崭新的划船装，总之，什么都是新的！”

水鼠和水獭相互对视一下，然后笑了起来。

“癞蛤蟆总是在尝试新鲜的玩意儿，”水鼠向鼯鼠解释。“但他总是很快又厌倦了。去年是一种房子船，他曾打算在河上度过他的余生。今年他又喜欢上了划艇。”

“当然，他这哥们儿不错，”水獭接着说，“但是他从来不从他的错误里吸取教训！”

从他们坐的地方能看见大河的一点风景。这时，他们恰好看到一艘划艇经过，一只短粗肥胖的动物正在非常吃力、非常笨拙地划船。

“正朝这边来的就是蛤蟆，”水鼠说，“看他！很快就会把船弄翻的。”

“那是当然的，”水獭笑道，癞蛤蟆此时已不在他们视线里了，水獭继续着，“我曾告诉你关于蛤蟆的故事和那……”

只见岸边的水突然晃动了一下，什么东西银光一闪便不见了，水獭也一晃眼就离开了。鼯鼠低头看着河水，水獭的声音仍在耳边未落，但身影已消失。河面上仅仅留下了一长串水泡。

水鼠自个儿哼着歌，鼯鼠记起来了：在动物世界里，不管你的朋友在何时为何事突然消失，你都不能发表任何看法，否则就会被视为无礼。

“好了，好了，”水鼠说。“我想我们该准备回家了。”

鼯鼠把东西收拾到午餐篮里，很快水鼠就开始轻松地划着船回去了。午后的太阳已落在树后，水鼠在那儿一声不吭沉浸在自己的梦中，鼯鼠则满肚子的午餐，满脑子的兴奋。他开始认为他现在完全了解船了。

过了一会，他说：“阿鼠！拜托，我想划船！”

水鼠微笑着摇摇头。“还不行，我年轻的朋友，”他说。“等你学了几招再划，这并不像看起来那么简单。”

鼯鼠安静了一两分钟，但是他确实非常想划船，他相信他能划得像水鼠那样好。紧接着，他跳了起来，水鼠还没来得及阻止，他已从吃惊的水鼠手中抽过船桨。水鼠从座位上摔了下来，叫道：“停下，你这傻蛋！你会把我们弄下水的！”

鼯鼠用木桨在水面上划过很大的弧度，但双桨根本挨不着水，而他的腿已翘过他的头，他发现他正压在摔倒在船底板上的水鼠身上。惊恐中，他试图站起来，便抓住船的一边，只听——扑通一声。

船翻了，鼯鼠，水鼠，午餐篮统统落入水里。

是水鼠，当然是水鼠把鼯鼠拉出水面，是他把船翻正，找回双桨，从河底捞出午餐篮，然后他笑个不停。

待一切收拾停当，鼯鼠不开心地坐在船上，浑身湿漉漉的，非常可怜。当他们起程回家时，他低声地说，“阿鼠，我亲爱的朋友！我是多么愚蠢，多么不知好歹，我真的非常抱歉。”

“没什么！”水鼠友善地回答道。“我总是在水里出入，不要为此担心。但是我真的认为你应该来和我呆一段时间。你会很舒服的，我将教你划船，教你游泳，不久你就会和我们划得一样好。”

鼯鼠太高兴了，他简直不知道该说什么来感谢他的朋友。

他们回到家，坐在明亮的火炉前用着可口的热乎乎的晚餐，水鼠边吃边说着河上的生活趣事。然后他把鼯鼠带到楼上最好的卧室，不久鼯鼠就暖和地，舒服地躺下了，聆听着他的新朋友——河水——流过窗边的声音。

那是春天慢慢向金色的夏天转变时，鼯鼠所经历的多彩生活的第一天。从那以后，他学着游泳，划船，还学着去喜欢听风声——听它吹过河边的树木和花草时沙沙低语着自己的秘密。

2 The open road

One bright summer morning the Mole and the Rat were out on the river bank, watching the world go by. The Rat was writing a song and was singing quietly to himself as he tried different words.

'Ratty, 'said the Mole, 'could I ask you something?'

'Mmm, 'the Rat said, not really listening. 'Sky, fly, high, die, why...Oh dear! What did you say, Mole?'

'Will you take me to visit Mr Toad? I've heard so much about him, and I do want to meet him. '

'Why, of course, 'said the Rat kindly. 'Get the boat out, and we'll row up there now. Toad's always happy to see his friends. '

'He must be a very nice animal, 'said the Mole, as he got into the boat and took the oars.

'He's the best of animals, 'replied the Rat. 'Kind, friendly-not very clever, perhaps, and sometimes he's just a little bit boastful, but he's a good fellow really. '

The Mole rowed hard up the river and in a while they came to a large red house, with beautiful gardens reaching down to the water's edge.

'There's Toad Hall, 'said the Rat. 'It's a lovely old house-Toad is very rich, you know, and this is really one of the nicest houses on the river. But we never say that to Toad, of course. '

They left their boat by the boathouse at the end of the garden. The boathouse was full of expensive boats, which looked new and mostly unused.

The Rat looked around him. 'I see that all the boats are out of the water, 'he said. 'I suppose Toad has finished with boating now and has some new interest to amuse him. '

They walked over the grass towards the house and soon found Toad, resting in a garden-chair and carefully studying a large map.

'Wonderful! 'he cried, as he saw them. 'You're just the fellow that I wanted to see, Ratty. 'He jumped up and came towards them, talking all the time, and gave the Rat no time to introduce the Mole. 'I need you very much-both of you. You've got to help me. It's most important! '

'It's about your rowing, I suppose, 'said the Rat, keeping his face very serious. 'You will learn to do it in the end, you know, if you're patient and work hard and----'

'Oh, bother boats! 'the Toad said crossly. 'I've finished with boats. Silly way to pass the time. No, I've discovered the real thing-the best way, the only way, to spend one's life. Come with me, dear Ratty, and your kind friend too, and I will show you! '

He took them round to the other side of the house, and there they saw a shiny new gipsy caravan. It had yellow and green sides, and red wheels.

'There you are! 'cried the Toad. 'There's real life for you. The open road, the fields, the hills...villages, towns, cities! Here today, off to a different place tomorrow! Travel, change, interest-the world in front of you! '

The Mole was very interested and excited, and followed the Toad inside the caravan to look around. But the Rat shook his head and waited outside.

When they came down the steps again, the Toad was still talking excitedly to the Mole. 'So you see, everything is ready for when we start this afternoon. '

'What was that?' said the Rat slowly. 'Did you say "we" and "start" and "this afternoon" ?'

'Now, dear good old Ratty, 'said Toad quickly, 'don't talk in that cross voice. You know you've got to come. You can't stay by your boring old river all your life. I want to show you the world! '

'I don't care, 'said the Rat calmly. 'I'm not coming, and that's final. I'm going to stay by my old river, and what's more, Mole's going to stay with me, aren't you, Mole?'

'Of course I am, 'said the Mole bravely. But his face looked sad. Poor Mole! He thought that life in a caravan on the open road would be an exciting adventure.

The Rat saw his sad face and felt worried. He liked his friends to be happy and he could see that the Mole really wanted to go.

Toad watched them both carefully. 'Come in and have some lunch, 'he said pleasantly, 'and we'll talk it over. '

During lunch-which was excellent, of course, because everything at Toad Hall always was-the Toad talked and talked. He was full of wonderful plans. How interesting each day would be! What adventures the three friends would have together! Ah, the happiness of the travelling life!

In the end, of course, the Rat agreed to go, and by the evening they found themselves on a lonely hillside miles from home. It had been a golden afternoon, and even the Rat had enjoyed the journey so far. Only the old grey horse was not very happy. He had to do all the hard work of pulling the caravan, and he was not at all pleased about it.

The next morning the Toad was still sleeping deeply when the other two got up. They shook him very hard but couldn't wake him, so they had to do all the work. The Rat took care of the horse, lit the fire, and did last night's washing-up. The Mole walked to the nearest village, a long way away, to get milk and eggs and bread, which the Toad had, of course, for gotten to bring. And when at last the Toad got up, he said what a pleasant easy life it was on the open road.

The day passed happily as they travelled over green hills and along narrow country roads. But the next morning the Rat and the Mole got Toad out of bed and made sure that he did some of the work. Because of this, Toad said very little about a pleasant easy life. Later, he even tried to get back into bed, but the Mole and the Rat pulled him out again.

The end of their journey came very suddenly. In the afternoon they were travelling along a big road. The Mole was walking beside the horse, and the Toad and the Water Rat were walking behind the caravan, talking together. Actually, the

Toad was talking, and the Rat was listening—some of the time.

Then they heard a noise behind them, and looking back, they saw a small cloud of dust. It made a ‘Poop-poop!’ sound, and it was coming towards them very fast indeed.

Seconds later, the peace of the afternoon was destroyed in a storm of noise and wind and dust. The ‘poop-poop’ rang with a shout in their ears, and an enormous, long, shining motorcar roared past them and disappeared over the hill.

The old grey horse, wild with fear, tried to get off the road. The caravan’s wheels began to go down into the ditch along the edge. Then there was a terrible crash—and the beautiful yellow and green caravan lay helplessly on its side.

The Rat jumped up and down in the road, shouting angrily. ‘Stupid, dangerous people! The police should lock you up in prison!’

He and the Mole managed to calm the horse, and then they went to look at the caravan. Two wheels had come off, the windows were broken, and bits of wood lay everywhere. They tried to pull it out of the ditch, but they couldn’t move it.

‘Hi! Toad!’ they cried. ‘Come and help us, can’t you!’

The Toad never answered a word, so they went to see what was the matter with him. They found him sitting in the middle of the road, with a dreamy smile on his face and happily whispering, ‘Poop-poop!’

The Rat shook him, not very gently. ‘Are you coming to help us, Toad?’ he asked crossly.

‘Oh, what happiness!’ whispered Toad to himself. ‘The real way to travel! The only way to travel! Here one minute—miles away in seconds! Wonderful! Poop-poop!’

‘Oh, do stop being so silly, Toad!’ cried the Mole.

‘And I never knew!’ the Toad went on dreamily. ‘I never dreamt! What clouds of dust will fly up behind me as I drive like the wind! I’ve finished with silly old caravans for ever. Poop-poop!’

‘What are we going to do with him?’ the Mole asked the Water Rat.

‘Nothing,’ replied the Rat. ‘There’s nothing that we can do. I know Toad. When he gets a new idea into his head, he always goes crazy at first. He’ll be like this for some days now. Come on, we’ll have to do everything by ourselves.’

They had to leave the caravan in the ditch and walk to the nearest town, five or six miles away. There they asked somebody to take care of the horse, and found somebody who agreed to fetch the broken caravan. Then they caught a train to a station near Toad Hall, took Toad home, went down to the boat, and then at last they sat down to a late supper in Rat’s comfortable little home by the river.

The next day was a lazy one. In the evening the Mole was sitting on the river bank fishing, when the Rat, who had been to visit friends, came to find him.

‘Heard the news?’ the Rat said. ‘Everybody’s talking about it, all along the river bank. Toad went up to town by an early train this morning. And he has ordered a large and very expensive motor-car.’

2 宽敞的公路

一个灿烂的夏日早晨，鼹鼠和水鼠在河岸边散步，欣赏着世界的变幻。水鼠正在写一首歌，他试着用不同的词轻声地自哼自唱。

“阿鼠，”鼹鼠说，“我能问你一些事吗？”

“嗯，”水鼠似听非听地说着，“天空、飞翔、高潮、死亡，为什么……噢，亲爱的！你说什么，鼹鼠？”

“你能带我去拜访癞蛤蟆先生吗？我已听了许多有关他的事，我确实想见他。”

“呃，当然，”水鼠和善地说，“把船拉出来，我们现在就划过去，蛤蟆一直都很乐意见他的朋友。”

“他一定是只很不错的动物，”鼹鼠边说边走上船拿起双桨。

“他是动物中最好的，”水鼠回答道。“善良，友好——也许不很聪明，有时他仅仅有点爱吹牛，但是他确实是个好人。”

鼹鼠吃力地向上游划着，不一会儿他们到了一所大大的红房子前面，那儿美丽的花园一直延伸到河的边缘。

“那是蛤蟆宅第，”水鼠说，“一所可爱的老宅——癞蛤蟆很富有，你知道吧，这是河边最好的房子之一。当然我们从来没有对蛤蟆这样说过。”

他们把船停在花园尽头的船室里，船室内停满了昂贵而崭新的船，看上去大多没用过。

水鼠看了看他的周围，说：“我发现所有的船都没停在水里，我猜蛤蟆现在不再玩船了，肯定又有什么新鲜有趣的东西吸引着他。”

他们穿过草坪向房子走去，很快便看见了癞蛤蟆，他正坐在花园椅里仔细地研究着地图。

“太棒了！”癞蛤蟆一看到他们就叫了起来。“我正想见你呢，阿鼠，”他跳了起来，向他们走去，嘴里说个不停，根本不给水鼠时间来介绍鼹鼠。“我非常需要你——你们俩。你们得帮我，这是最重要的！”

“我想，是关于划船吧，”水鼠一本正经地说。“你总算要学了，你知道吧，如果你耐心点，刻苦点，再——”

“噢，讨厌的船！”癞蛤蟆气恼地说。“我不再划船了，简直是打发日子的傻办法。是的，我已发现了一个真正的活法——最好的，唯一的活法。跟我来，亲爱的阿鼠，还有你好心的朋友，我要带你们去看看！”

他带他们绕到了房子的另一头，那儿他们看见一辆锃亮崭新的吉普赛大篷车，镶滚着黄绿边，轮子是红色的。

“你们看！”癞蛤蟆叫道，“这才是属于你们的真正的生活。宽敞的公路、原野、山峦……村庄、城镇、都市！今天在这儿，明天到另一个不同的地方！旅行、变幻、趣味——世界就在你的面前！”

鼹鼠觉得非常有趣，非常兴奋，他跟着癞蛤蟆走进大篷车参观，但水鼠摇着头，在外面等着。

当他们再次踩踏脚板下来时，蛤蟆仍兴奋地对鼹鼠说：“你看见了，一切已准备就绪，我们今天下午就出发。”

“你说什么？”水鼠慢慢地说，“你是说‘我们’‘今天下午’‘出发’？”

“好了，亲爱的好阿鼠，”蛤蟆急忙说，“不要用那种厉害的口气说话，你知道，你该有所进展了，你不能一辈子呆在你那条乏味的老河边，我想带你看看外面的世界！”

“我不在乎，”水鼠平静地说，“我不想有所改变，这就是我最终的决定，我将呆在我的老河旁，另外，鼹鼠将和我呆在一起，是不是，鼹鼠？”

“当然，是这样，”鼯鼠勇敢地说，但却显得有些垂头丧气，可怜的鼯鼠！他想：坐在大篷车里走在宽敞的公路上的生活一定是很刺激有趣的经历。

水鼠看着他那伤感的样子，很担心。他希望他的朋友开心快乐，他能看出鼯鼠真的想去。

癞蛤蟆审视着他们俩，然后愉快地说：“进来用点午餐，然后再聊这事。”

就餐时——午餐当然是一流的，因为蛤蟆宅第的一切总是如此——癞蛤蟆说个没完。他满脑子美妙的计划，每一天都将多么有趣！他们三位朋友在一起将会有多么刺激兴奋的经历！啊，幸福的旅行生活！

最后，当然，水鼠同意去了。傍晚他们到了离家数里的一个孤零零的山坡上。那是一个金色的下午，现在甚至水鼠也非常喜欢这次旅行。只有老灰马不很乐意，他得干所有拉大篷车的苦力活，他根本就不爱这份工作。

第二天早上，水鼠和鼯鼠起床了，癞蛤蟆还在呼呼大睡。他们俩用力摇他，但弄不醒他，因此他们不得不干所有的活。水鼠照料马，生起火，还清洗了昨晚的脏物。鼯鼠则步行长长的一段路到最近的村庄去弄些牛奶、鸡蛋和面包，这些，癞蛤蟆当然忘了随车带来。最后癞蛤蟆起床了，他说，在宽敞公路上的旅行生活是多么轻松愉快。

然后，他们翻过青山，沿着一条狭窄的乡村小路旅行着，就这样快快乐乐地过了一天。但是第三天早上，水鼠和鼯鼠把癞蛤蟆从床上拉了起来，要他也干些活。就为这，癞蛤蟆很少再说多么轻松愉快之类的话了。后来他甚至还想回到床上继续睡觉，但鼯鼠和水鼠又把他拉了出来。

他们的旅行结束得很突然。那天下午，他们正行进在一条大马路上，鼯鼠走在马旁，癞蛤蟆和水鼠在大篷车后面边走边聊着天，确切地说——很多时候——癞蛤蟆在说，水鼠在听。

这时他们听见身后有什么声音，便回过头，他们看见一小团尘雾，发着“扑扑-扑扑”的声音，正朝他们疾速地席卷而来。

几秒钟之后，下午的宁静就在一阵嘈杂中、风中、尘雾中被打破了。伴随着震耳欲聋的“扑扑-扑扑”声，一辆巨大的、长长的、锃亮的汽车从他们身边呼啸而过，消失在山那边。

老灰马极度恐惧试图离开公路。大篷车的轮子便开始顺着路沿向沟里滑去，然后只听一阵可怕的稀里哗啦声——美丽的黄绿大篷车无助地歪倒在地。

水鼠在公路上又蹦又跳，愤怒地喊道：“愚蠢、危险的人！警察应该把你们关在监狱里！”

他和鼯鼠设法使老马安静，然后开始检查大篷车。车的两只轮子掉了，窗子也摔烂了，木头片到处都是。他们试着把它从沟里拉出来，但却弄不动它。

“嗨，癞蛤蟆！”他们叫道，”过来帮帮我们，行不行，你！”

癞蛤蟆不答一句话，因此他们走过去看看他是怎么了。只见他坐在公路中间，脸上挂着梦幻似的微笑，嘴里愉快地嘟哝着，“扑扑-扑扑！”

水鼠用力地摇着他，“你能不能过来帮帮我们，癞蛤蟆？”他生气地问。

“噢，多么幸福！”癞蛤蟆自言自语道，“旅行的真正方式！旅行的唯一方式！刚才在这儿，几秒钟后就在数里之外！太棒了！扑扑-扑扑！”

“噢，不要犯傻了，癞蛤蟆！”鼯鼠叫道。

“而我竟不知道！”癞蛤蟆仍然魂牵梦萦似地继续着，“我从未梦想过！当我风驰电掣似地驾车时，多少尘雾将在我身后扬起！那辆可笑的愚蠢的大篷车将永远消失。扑扑-扑扑！”

“我们将拿他怎么办？”鼯鼠问水鼠。

“没办法，”水鼠回答道，“我们什么也帮不了。我了解癞蛤蟆，当他有了新的想法时，刚开始他总是有些疯狂。他像这样还得过一些日子。过来，我们得自己干完这一切。”

他们不得不将大篷车先留在沟里，步行到五、六英里以外最近的城镇。在那儿，他们叫人照看灰马，又找了个愿意取回破车的人。然后他们坐火车到蛤蟆宅第附近的车站，把癞蛤蟆送回家后，他们坐上船，最后终于坐在了水鼠舒服的河边小屋吃迟到的晚餐。

第二天是慵懒的一天。傍晚时分鼯鼠坐在河岸钓鱼，水鼠拜访朋友回来后找到了他。

水鼠对他说：“听到消息了吗？河岸边的每个人都在谈论这件事。癞蛤蟆今早搭头班火车去了城镇，订购了一辆非常昂贵的大汽车。”

3 The Wild Wood

The Mole had wanted for a long time to meet the Badger. He often spoke about his wish to the Water Rat, but the Rat didn't seem to want to do anything about it.

'It's all right, 'the Rat always said. 'Badger will come past one day, and then I'll introduce you. '

'Couldn't you invite him to dinner or something?' asked the Mole.

'He wouldn't come, 'said the Rat. 'He hates crowds, and parties, and dinners, and all that kind of thing. '

'Well then, shall we go and visit him?'

'Oh, no! , the Rat said. 'He's very shy, and he wouldn't like that at all. I know him very well, but I've never visited his home. And it's not really possible to go there, because he lives right in the middle of the Wild Wood. '

'You said you would tell me about the Wild Woo, 'said the Mole, 'but you never did. Aren't they-aren't they very nice people in there?'

'Well, 'said the Rat, 'the squirrels are all right, and the rabbits-most of them. And Badger, of course. He likes living there. And nobody gives him any trouble. '

'But who could give trouble?' asked the Mole.

'There are, well, others, 'the Rat went on slowly. 'Weasels...stoats...ferrets, and so on. They're all right in a way. Most of the time. But, well, you wouldn't want to turn your back to them in the dark, and that's a fact. Don't worry about Badger. He'll come along one day. '

But the summer passed and the Badger never came along.

Soon the days grew shorter, and the cold weather kept the animals inside their comfortable houses. The Rat slept a lot in the winter, going to bed early and getting up late. During his short day, he wrote songs and did small jobs in the house. And, of course, there were always animals calling in for a comfortable talk round the fire, telling stories and remembering the good times and the adventures of the past summer.

One afternoon, while the Rat was sleeping peacefully in front of the fire, the Mole decided to go out by himself and take a walk in the Wild Wood. 'Perhaps, 'he thought, 'I'll meet Mr Badger, and then I can introduce myself. '

It was a cold afternoon, with a hard grey sky. The Mole hurried along, enjoying the quietness of the winter day, and after a time he saw in front of him the black shape of the Wild Wood.

He was not at all frightened at first. It was a strange, dark place, but the Mole found that exciting. He went deeper and deeper into the wood, where the light was less and the trees grew close together. Everything was very still now, and the darkness seemed to come down quickly, shutting the Mole off from the outside world.

Then the faces began.

Out of the corner of his eye, the Mole thought that he saw a face looking at him from a hole a little narrow face, with hard unfriendly eyes. When he turned to look straight at it, the thing had disappeared.

He hurried on, telling himself not to be silly. He passed an other hole, and another, and yes! Eyes were looking at him, then disappearing again into the darkness. Soon, every hole had a face, which watched him with eyes full of hate.

The Mole felt he had to get away from these faces. He turned off the path and hurried into the thickest part of the wood.

Then the whistling began.

It was soft, and far behind him, when he first heard it. Then it seemed to come from in front of him, more loudly. The Mole stopped and listened, then went on again. He was trying hard to stay calm, but his heart was beating very fast. He was alone, and far from help, and the night was coming down quickly.

Then the pattering began.

At first he thought it was only falling leaves, but then the noise grew louder and nearer, and the Mole knew what it was. It was the sound of little feet running-behind him, in front of him, on all sides of him. All the wood seemed to be alive, running, following, chasing something-or somebody. The frightened Mole began to run too, but he did not know where. He ran into trees and bushes, he fell over things and into things, he picked himself up and ran on. At last he found a deep dark hole in the bottom of an old tree and fell into it, too tired to run another step. He lay there, shaking with fear, and listened to the whistlings and the patterings outside. Now he understood why the Rat did not want to talk about it, and why other small animals from the fields and the river bank never came here. Because now, the Mole had felt it himself-the Terror of the Wild Wood.

All this time the Rat, warm and comfortable, was sleeping in front of his fire. When he woke up, he looked round for his friend, but the Mole was not there. He called out 'Moly! 'several times, and when he heard no answer, he got up and went out into the hall.

The Mole's hat was missing, and so were his boots.

The Rat left the house and looked around. The ground was soft from rain, and he could see clearly which way the Mole had gone-straight towards the Wild wood.

The Rat stood thinking for a moment, looking very serious. Then he went back into the house, took a gun and a thick heavy stick, and hurried away across the fields.

Inside the wood it was nearly dark, and the whistling and the pattering began almost at once. But when the faces in the holes saw the Rat's gun and his thick heavy stick, they disappeared immediately, and everything became still and quiet. Patiently, the Rat began to search the wood from end to end, calling all the time, 'Moly, Moly! Where are you? It's me-it's old Rat! '

At last, to his great happiness, he heard a little answering cry, and soon he found the Mole in his hiding-place in the

tree.

‘Oh, Ratty!’ cried the Mole. ‘I’m so pleased to see you! I’ve been so frightened, I can’t tell you!’

‘I can understand that,’ said the Rat kindly. ‘You see, Mole, it’s really not a good idea to come here alone. We river bankers always come in twos or threes, if we have to come here. Of course, if you’re Badger or Otter, then there’s no problem.’

‘Surely the brave Mr Toad is happy to come here alone, isn’t he?’ asked the Mole.

‘Old Toad?’ said the Rat, laughing loudly. ‘He doesn’t put his nose inside the Wild Wood—much too frightened!’

The Mole felt a little happier when he heard this, but he was still too tired to start the journey home. So he lay down to sleep under some dry leaves, while the Rat sat next to him, patiently waiting.

The Mole woke up feeling much better, and ready to leave. The Rat put his head out of the entrance of the hole, and then the Mole heard him say, ‘Oh dear, oh dear!’

‘What’s the matter, Ratty?’ asked the Mole.

‘Snow,’ replied the Rat. ‘It’s snowing hard. But we can’t stay here all night—it’s too cold, and too dangerous. We’ll just have to start walking, and hope. The trouble is, I don’t really know where we are, and in the snow everything looks so different.’

It did indeed. The white blanket of snow covered everything, hiding the paths, changing the shapes of the trees and bushes. An hour later, they were wet, cold, aching with tiredness, and had no idea where they were.

They sat down for a rest and were moving on again when the Mole gave a sudden cry and fell forward on his face.

‘Oh, my leg!’ he cried. ‘I’ve hit my leg on something really hard.’

‘Let’s have a look,’ said the Rat, sitting down beside him. ‘That’s a very deep cut,’ he said, surprised. ‘I wonder what…’ Suddenly, he got up and began to dig in the snow.

‘What are you doing, Ratty?’ said the Mole.

The Rat just went on digging. Then he found something, and immediately began to dance round it excitedly.

‘Look at this, Mole!’ he shouted. ‘Just look at this!’

The Mole looked. Then he looked at his friend. ‘It’s a door-scraper. Why get excited about a door-scraper?’

‘Don’t you understand, you silly animal?’ cried the Rat.

‘I understand that somebody’s been very careless, leaving a door-scraper lying in the middle of the Wild Wood, for other people to fall over. And when I get home——’

‘Oh, dear, oh dear!’ cried the Rat. ‘Just stop arguing, and dig! Or do you want to spend all night in the snow?’

The Mole did what he was told, although he thought his friend was going crazy. The two animals dug and dug, and after ten minutes’ hard work they were successful.

The Mole had thought that they were digging into a snow bank, but now he saw that there was a door under the snow. A green door, with a long bell-pull beside it, and a name on it in big letters which said:

MR BADGER

The Mole fell backwards on the snow in surprise. ‘Oh, Rat!’ he cried. ‘How clever you are! And how stupid I am!’

‘Never mind all that,’ said the Rat. ‘Just get up and pull on that bell, while I knock on the door.’

The Rat banged on the door with his stick, and the Mole pulled. And from somewhere far under the ground they could just hear the sound of a deep, slow bell.

3 野树林

很长时间以来鼹鼠一直想见獾，他时常把这个愿望告诉水鼠，但水鼠似乎对此无动于衷。

他总是说：“没问题，獾总有一天要经过这儿，到时我会把他介绍给你。”

“你能不能邀请他吃饭或别的什么？”鼹鼠问道。

“他不愿意来。他讨厌人群、派对、聚餐和诸如此类的事。”

“那么，我们是不是应该去拜访他？”

“噢，不！”水鼠答道，“他非常害羞，他根本就不喜欢来访。我跟他很熟，但我从没去过他家。而且去那儿也不大可能，因为他刚好住在野树林中间。”

“你说过要告诉我一些关于野树林的事，但你从没谈过。他们——他们那儿的人不是很好吗？”

“喔，”水鼠说，“松鼠很好，还有野兔——他们中大多数都不错，当然还有獾。他喜欢住在那儿，而且谁也没敢给他找麻烦。”

“但是谁会惹麻烦呢？”鼹鼠问。

“有那么一些，”水鼠不紧不慢地继续说，“黄鼠狼……大白鼬……雪貂等等。大部分时间里他们一般都不错，但是，在黑暗中你别想背对着他们的，这是事实。不要担心獾，他总有一天要经过这儿的。”

但是夏天过去了，獾还是没来过。

不久，白天越来越短，寒冷的天气使得动物们都呆在他们舒适的家里。水鼠在冬季也是早睡早起，瞌睡很多。在短短的白天里，他在家里写些歌，干些小活。当然，总是有些动物来串门，围坐在火炉边舒舒服服地闲聊，说说故事，回忆逝去的夏日里的美好时光和冒险经历。

一天下午，水鼠在火炉前安睡，鼹鼠决定独个儿出去，到野树林里散散步。“也许，”他想，“我能碰见獾先生，然后我可以作个自我介绍。”

那天下午很冷，天空阴沉沉的。鼹鼠向前赶着路，享受着冬日里的宁静，一会儿，他就看见了前面野树林黑黝黝的轮廓。

这是一个陌生的，阴暗的地方，他起先一点也不害怕，反而觉得很兴奋。他向森林深处走着走着，光线越来越淡，树木长得越来越密。现在一切非常安静，黑暗似乎一下子笼罩下来，将鼹鼠与外面的世界隔绝开来。

然后，出现了许多脸。

从他的眼角，鼯鼠觉得他看见了一张脸正从一个洞里盯着他：一张小小的，窄窄的脸，一双锐利而不友善的眼睛。当他转过去直视它时，那小东西便不见了。

他一边向前奔着，一边告诉自己不要犯傻。他走过一个又一个洞，哇——是的！一双双眼睛在盯着他，然后又消失在黑暗里。很快，每个洞里都有一张脸，用那充满仇恨的眼睛观察着他。

鼯鼠感到他得避开这些脸，于是他离开这条道，向树林最茂密处奔去。

这时，口哨声响了。

他刚听到这种柔和的声音时，觉得是从身后远远的地方发出的。然后这哨声似乎又来自于他的前面，而且声音更响。鼯鼠停下来，听了一会儿，然后继续向前赶路。他努力使自己平静下来，但他的心跳得飞快。他孤立无援，而且夜很快就要降临了。

然后啪喀声开始响了。

起先他以为只是落叶声，但声音越来越大，越来越近，鼯鼠知道是什么了。这是小脚奔跑的声音——在他身后，身前，以及他的四周。整个树林似乎都活了，奔跑着，跟随着，追赶着什么东西或什么人。鼯鼠吓坏了，也开始跑，但他不知道身在何处。他跑进树林和灌木丛里，摔倒在这个或那个东西上面或里面，然后爬起来继续跑。最后他发现一棵老树根部有个深深的黑洞，他掉了进去，累得再也跑不动了。他躺在那儿，听着外面的哨声和脚步声，吓得浑身发抖。现在他知道了为什么水鼠不想谈野树林，为什么田野和河岸上别的小动物从不来这儿，因为现在鼯鼠他自己感受到了它——野树林的恐惧。

这段时间里，水鼠正舒服地睡在暖暖的火炉前。当他醒来，看看四周，没有看到他的朋友。他叫了几声“阿鼯！”，没有回答，他便站了起来，走进客厅。

鼯鼠的帽子不见了，靴子也不在。

水鼠走出屋子，四处看了看。雨后的地面很松软，他能清楚地看见鼯鼠所走的路线——直指野树林。

水鼠显得非常严肃，站在那儿想了一会儿。然后他转身回到屋里，取了一杆枪和一根粗重的木棍，穿过田野向树林奔去。

树林里几乎漆黑一片，哨声和啪嗒声几乎是同时开始。但是当洞里的脸看见水鼠手中的枪和粗棍时，便马上消失了，一切又恢复了平静。水鼠开始耐心地在树林里搜寻，并一直叫着：“阿鼯，阿鼯！你在哪里？是我——我是老阿鼠！”

最后他非常非常高兴地听到了低低的带有哭腔的回答声，很快他便在树底里找到了鼯鼠的藏身处。

“噢，阿鼠！”鼯鼠哭叫着，“我真高兴见到你！我好害怕，我都不知该怎么说！”

“我能理解，”水鼠和善地说，“你看，鼯鼠，独自来这儿真不是好主意。我们河边动物如果有事非来不可时总是三三两两地来这儿。当然如果是獾或水獭，那就没问题。”

“勇敢的癞蛤蟆先生肯定高兴独自来这儿，是不是？”鼯鼠问。

“老蛤蟆？”水鼠大声地笑起来，“他甚至不敢把他的鼻子伸进野树林——他怕得要死！”

鼯鼠听了这个觉得有点儿开心，但他还是太累而不能启程回家。于是他躺在一些干叶上睡着了，水鼠坐在他的身边耐心地等待着。

鼯鼠醒来感到好多了，便准备离开这儿。水鼠把头伸出洞口，这时鼯鼠听到水鼠叫到：“啊呀，啊呀！”

“怎么啦，阿鼠？”鼯鼠问。

“下雪了，”水鼠答道，“雪下得可大啦。但是我们不能在这儿呆一晚上——这太冷，而且很危险。我们得马上动身，这样还有些希望。麻烦的是，我真的不知道我们在哪儿，雪天里什么看起来都与往日不同。”

的确是变了样。雪像白色的毛毯覆盖了一切，遮了小路，改变了树林和灌木丛的形状。一小时以后，他们又湿又冷，累得浑身酸疼，但还是不知道身在何处。

他们坐下来休息了一会儿，又继续向前赶路，这时鼯鼠突然叫了起来，向前摔扒在地。

“噢，我的腿！”他叫道，“有个好硬的东西磕了我的腿。”

“让我看看，”水鼠说着，坐到他的身边。

“好深的一个口子，”他有些吃惊地说，“我想知道什么……”突然他站起来，开始在雪地里挖着。

“你在干什么，阿鼠？”鼯鼠问。

水鼠只是不停地挖。然后他发现了什么，马上开始激动地绕着它跳舞。

“看这，鼯鼠！”他喊道，“就看这！”

鼯鼠看了看，然后又看看他的朋友，“这是门铲，为什么对门铲这么感兴趣？”

“你难道不懂？你这个傻蛋。”水鼠叫道。

“我知道是有人大意，把门铲乱扔在野树林中间绊人。而且当我回家时——”

“噢，天哪！”水鼠叫道，“停止你那论调，赶快挖！难道你想在雪地里度过整个晚上？”

鼯鼠便按吩咐干着，尽管他觉得他朋友有些疯疯傻傻。这俩朋友挖呀挖呀，经过十分钟的辛苦努力，他们终于成功了。

鼯鼠原以为他们挖的是一个雪堆，但现在他看见雪下有一扇门。一扇绿色的门，旁边有一根长长的门铃拉绳，门上用大大的字体写着：

獾先生

鼯鼠吃惊地向后坐倒在雪地上。“噢，水鼠！”他叫道，“你真聪明而我真是太笨了！”

“不要说这些了，”水鼠说，“赶快站起来拉那个门铃，我来敲门。”

鼯鼠便去拉门铃，水鼠则用他的棍子猛敲着门。他们能听见从地底下一个远远的地方传来的低沉悠长的门铃声。

4 A meeting with Mr Badger

They waited patiently for a very long time, jumping up and down in the snow to keep warm. At last they heard feet coming slowly towards the door. Then the door opened, just enough to show a long nose and pair of sleepy eyes.

'And who, ' said a deep, angry voice, 'is making visits at this time of night?'

'Oh, Badger, 'cried the Rat, 'let us in, please. It's me, Rat, and my friend Mole, and we're lost in the snow. '

'What?' said the Badger, in a very different voice. 'My dear Ratty! Lost in the snow, and in the Wild Wood! Come in at once, both of you, and get yourselves warm. '

That was a wonderful moment for the Mole and the Rat, when they heard the door close behind them, shutting out the Wild Wood. They followed the Badger down long dark tunnels until they came into a large kitchen. There was a bright fire, with comfortable armchairs round it, and a great wooden table with long seats.

'This is not the kind of night for small animals to be out, 'the Badger said, in a fatherly way. 'Sit yourselves down by the fire, while I get you some supper. '

Soon the Mole and the Rat were warm and dry, and the dangers of the Wild Wood seemed a long way away, like a bad dream. Then supper arrived. It was enough for ten small hungry animals, and the Rat and the Mole realized just how hungry they were. When at last they could eat no more, they sat with the Badger round the fire, and told him the story of their adventures.

Then the Badger said, 'Now then! Tell me the news from your part of the world. How's old Toad getting on?'

'He's going from bad to worse, 'said the Rat sadly. 'He had another crash only last week, and a bad one. You see, he thinks he's a wonderful driver, the best in the world. But he isn't. He's terrible! But he won't take lessons, he won't listen to anyone. '

'How many has he had?' the Badger asked.

'Crashes, or motor-cars?' asked the Rat. 'Well, with Toad, it's the same thing. This is the seventh car, and the seventh crash. His garage is full to the roof with bits of broken motor car! '

'He's been in hospital twice, 'the Mole added. 'The police have arrested him for dangerous driving three or four times. And he's spending so much money! '

'That's another problem, 'the Rat went on. 'Toad's rich, we all know that; but his money won't last for ever. Sooner or later, one of two things will happen. He'll kill himself in a crash, or he'll have no money left at all. Badger! We're his friends—can't we do something?'

The Badger thought for a while. 'You know, don't you, that I can't do anything now?' he said at last.

'No, no, of course not, 'the Rat and the Mole said together. Everybody knew that in the animal world the winter was a time for rest and sleep. Nobody wanted to do anything important or tiring.

'Very well, 'continued the Badger. 'But when the days are longer and warmer, then we'll do something. We—you and me and our friend the Mole here—we'll try to teach Toad a lesson. We won't listen to any silliness. We'll bring him back to reason, and turn him into a sensible Toad at last. But now, it's time for bed. Don't hurry tomorrow morning—come for breakfast as late as you want! '

The two tired animals slept long and deeply, and came down to breakfast very late indeed. In the kitchen they found two young hedgehogs, busy with bowls of bread and hot milk.

'Hello! 'said the Rat pleasantly. 'Where did you two come from? Lost your way in the snow, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir, 'said one of the hedgehogs politely. 'We got lost on the way to school, and Mr Badger said we could come in and have some breakfast. '

The breakfast things were all ready on the table, and the Mole and the Rat quickly got to work. The Rat made the coffee while the Mole fried several pieces of bread and an enormous number of eggs.

When the door bell rang, one of the hedgehogs went to answer the door. He came back followed by the Otter, who gave a shout of happiness when he saw the Rat. He ran across the room and almost knocked the Rat off his chair.

'Get off! ' said the Rat, with his mouth full of fried bread.

'I thought I'd find you here all right, 'said the Otter happily. 'Everybody along the river bank has been so worried about you. Rat never came home last night, and nor did Mole; something terrible has happened, they said. But if anyone's in trouble, Badger usually gets to hear about it, so I came straight here this morning. And oh my, didn't the Wild Wood look grand, with the snow everywhere and the red sun coming up, shining through the black trees! Halfway here I met one of those silly rabbits. He told me that Mole had lost his way last night, and that "They" were out and chasing him all over the wood. I'd like to meet one of "Them" myself this morning, and tell them what I think. '

'Weren't you at all—um—afraid?' asked the Mole, remembering how frightened he had been.

'Afraid?' The Otter laughed and showed his strong white teeth. 'I don't think any of them would argue with me. Here, Mole, be a good fellow and fry me some eggs. I'm terribly hungry, and I've got a lot to talk about with Ratty here. Haven't seen him for weeks. '

Breakfast was almost finished when the Badger entered, looking sleepy. 'It's nearly time for lunch, ' he said. 'Stay and have some with us, Otter. You must be hungry this cold morning. '

The hedgehogs were sent home, the breakfast things were cleared away, and soon the four animals sat down to lunch together. The Rat and the Otter were having a long conversation about river-bank matters, so the Mole began to talk to the Badger.

'This is a wonderful, comfortable home you have here, ' he said. 'There's really nothing better than a place underground like this. You can shut off the world up there when you don't want it. And when you do, you can just go up and there's the world waiting for you. '

The Badger smiled warmly at him. ' That's just what I say,' he replied. ' Down here, you're safe and dry and warm. With a house above ground, you've got to worry about fire, and wind and rain, holes in the roof and broken windows. No, above ground is fine in its way, but one's home should be underground. '

The Mole agreed with everything that the Badger said. His own little home was underground, so it was natural for him to feel comfortable there. He and the Badger became very friendly, and after lunch the Badger took him all round his home, down tunnel after tunnel, through room after room. The Mole was interested in everything and thought it was all wonderful. '

When they got back to the kitchen, the Rat was walking up and down, very restless. Unlike the Mole, he didn't really feel comfortable underground. He wanted to be back in his own home, where the windows looked out over the river, and where he could hear the wind whispering through the trees.

' Come along, Mole,' he said. ' We must get off while it's daylight. We don't want to spend another night lost in the Wild Wood. '

' It's all right,' said the Otter. ' I'm coming with you and I know all the paths. '

' You mustn't worry, Ratty,' added the Badger calmly. ' My tunnels go further than you think, and I've several back doors at the edge of the wood—although I keep them secret from most people. '

So the journey home was really very easy. When they came out of the Badger's secret back door, they found a path across the fields and soon they could see the river in front of them. The Mole looked back at the Wild Wood for a moment, thinking of the terror that he had felt there. Then he hurried on after the others, happy to be back in the open fields, and looking forward to the bright firelight of home.

4 与獾先生相遇

他们耐心地等了很长时间，在雪地里又蹦又跳以保持身体的暖和。最后他们终于听到了脚步慢腾腾地向门口走来。然后门开了，仅仅够露出一只长鼻子和一对困倦的眼睛。

“是谁，”一个低沉、愠怒的声音问道，“这么晚还来串门？”

“噢，獾，”水鼠叫道，“请让我们进去。是我，水鼠，还有我的朋友鼹鼠，我们在雪地里迷路了。”

“什么？”獾用完全不同的语调说，“亲爱的阿鼠！在雪地里迷路，在野树林！赶快进来，你们俩，先暖和暖和。”

听到门在他们身后关起来，把野树林隔离在外，对鼹鼠和水鼠来说，这真是美妙的时刻。他们跟着獾向下走过长长的黑通道，来到一个大大的厨房。那儿有明亮的炉火，四周摆放着舒服的扶手椅，一张特大的木桌和长椅。

“这种夜晚小动物们是不应该出来的，”獾慈父般地说，“坐在火边，我给你们取点晚餐。”

很快他们就烤干了衣服，也感觉暖和了，野树林的危险像一场恶梦显得已很遥远。晚餐准备好了。它够十只饥饿的小动物吃个饱，水鼠和鼹鼠也才意识到他们已饥肠辘辘了。他们吃饱了以后，便与獾围坐在火炉边，说着他们的危险经历。

最后獾安慰道，“现在好了！告诉我你们那边的消息，老蛤蟆怎么样啦？”

“他的情况越来越糟糕了，”水鼠难过地说，“上星期他又撞车了，很严重。你知道，他自己认为他是驾车能手，是世界上最好的。但是他不是，他很差劲！但他不吸取教训，也听不进别人的劝告。”

“他已有多少了？”獾问。

“撞车，还是汽车？”水鼠问。“不过，对于蛤蟆来说是一样的。这是第七辆车，也是第七次撞车。他的车库里堆满了撞坏的汽车残骸！”

“他还住了两次医院，”鼹鼠补充道。“因为危险驾车，他被警察抓过三四次，他正在花大把的钱呢！”

“那是另一个问题，”水鼠接着说。“癞蛤蟆很富，我们大家都知道；但他不可能永远有钱的。迟早总有一件事要发生。他要么被撞死在车祸中，要么一无所有。獾！我们是他的朋友——难道我们不能为他做些什么？”

獾想了一会儿，最后说，“你知道的，难道你忘了，我现在什么也干不成吗？”

“不，不，当然不是现在，”水鼠和鼹鼠齐声说。每个人都知道，在动物世界里冬季是休息和睡眠的季节，没有谁想干任何重要或吃力的事情。

“很好，”獾继续说。“但是日子变长变暖后，我们还是会干些事的。我们——你和我，还有我们的朋友，鼹鼠——我们设法教训他一下。我们不愿再听到任何蠢事了。我们要让他恢复理智，最后变成聪明的癞蛤蟆。但是现在该睡觉了，明天早上不要赶时间——睡够了再用早餐！”

这两只疲倦的动物沉沉入睡了很长时间，的确很迟才下来吃早餐。在厨房里他们看见两只小豪猪正忙着吃碗里的面包和热牛奶。

“你们好！”水鼠愉快地说，“你们俩从哪儿来？在雪地里迷路了吧，我猜？”

“是的，先生，”其中一只豪猪礼貌地答道，“我们去学校的路上迷了路，獾先生说我们可以进来用些早餐。”

早餐配料已准备好在桌子上，鼹鼠和水鼠很快开始工作。水鼠煮咖啡，鼹鼠煎了几片面包和一大堆鸡蛋。

门铃响了，一只豪猪起身去开门，回来时后面跟着水獭，当他看见水鼠，高兴地叫了起来。他小跑着穿过房间，差点把水鼠从椅子上撞了下来。

“走开！”水鼠说道，嘴里塞满了煎面包。

“我想我会在这儿见到你们安安全全的，”水獭高兴地说，“河岸边的每个人一直都很担心你们。他们说，水鼠昨晚没回家，鼹鼠也没有，一定发生了什么事。但是，只要有人遇到麻烦，獾常常能听说点什么的，因此我今早就直接过来了。噢，野树林是不是看起来很壮观，到处都是积雪，红红的太阳升起来，透过茂密的树林照射下来！半路上我碰到一只傻野兔，他说昨晚鼹鼠迷了路；‘他们’出来，满树林里追赶他。我今早倒愿意碰见‘他们’中的一个，然后告诉他我是怎么想的。”

“难道你——一点也不害怕？”想起他吓得半死，鼹鼠不禁问道。

“害怕？”水獭笑起来，露出他那坚硬的白齿，“我想他们中还没谁敢和我作对吧。好了，鼹鼠，好伙计，给我煎些蛋。我饿得很，而我现在有许多话要和阿鼠说，几个星期没见他了。”

早餐几乎结束了，獾才睡眼惺忪地走了进来。“马上该用午餐了，”他说道，“留下和我们一块吃些吧，水獭。早上这么冷你一定很饿吧。”

豪猪被送回家了，早餐的用品也被清理干净，不久这四只动物又坐在一起吃午饭了。水鼠一直和水獭聊着河岸边的事情，因此鼹鼠开始和

獾交谈。

“你这个房子真好，真舒服，”他说。“真的没有比像地下这儿更好的地方了。你不想见它，就可以把世界关在你的上面；你愿意，你只要走上去，就有一个世界等着你。”

獾对他温和地微笑着。“这正是我的看法，”他回答道，“在地下，你是安全、干燥、温暖的。住在地面上的房子里，你得担心火、风和雨，还有房顶上的洞和破窗户。是的，从某种意义上说，地上的房子是不错，但‘家’应该在地下。”

鼯鼠非常同意獾的说法。他自己的小家就在地下，因此他觉得这儿舒服是很自然的。他和獾之间变得非常的默契，午餐后，獾带他去参观他的家，向下穿过了一个又一个通道，走过了一间又一间房子。鼯鼠对什么都感兴趣，认为这里的一切都是那么美妙。

当他们回到厨房，水鼠正在那儿来回踱步，一副很不安的样子。不像鼯鼠，他在地下感到不太舒服，他想回到他自己的家，在那儿，从窗户里能看见潺潺河水，能听到风过河岸树时的轻轻低语。

“快点，鼯鼠，”他说。“趁天亮，我们得马上走。我们不想在野树林里再迷失去路而浪费又一个晚上。”

“没问题，”水獭说，“我和你们作伴，我熟悉所有的路。”

“你不必担心，阿鼠，”獾平静地补充道。“我的地道要比你们想的远得多，在树林的尽头，我开了几个后门——尽管我对大多数人都保守着这个秘密。”

因此回家就真的很容易了。当他们走出獾的秘密后门，他们就看见了穿过田野的小路，很快他们就看到了前面的河。鼯鼠回过头看着野树林，想了一会他在那儿的可怕经历，然后急忙赶上他俩，庆幸自己又回到了广阔的田野，并期待着炉火明亮的家。

5 A lesson for Mr Toad

Winter passed, and spring returned to the river bank. Then came a fine morning in early summer, when the world seemed full of sunlight and new green leaves. Down by the river bank, the Mole and the Water Rat were hard at work, mending and cleaning boats, looking for lost oars, and getting ready for a summer on the river. Then they went in to breakfast and had nearly finished when they heard a heavy knock on the door.

The Mole went to see who it was, and came back with a very surprised face. 'Mr Badger' he said.

This was a wonderful thing indeed, for the Badger to come and visit them. He came into the room and stood looking at them, very seriously. The Rat dropped his egg-spoon, and sat open-mouthed.

'The hour has come!' said the Badger at last.

'What hour?' asked the Rat worriedly, looking at the clock on the wall.

'Whose hour, you mean,' replied the Badger. 'Why, Toad's hour! The hour of Toad! I said I would teach him a lesson when the summer came, and I'm going to begin today.'

'Toad's hour, of course!' cried the Mole. 'I remember now. We'll teach him to be a sensible Toad!'

'I learnt last night,' continued the Badger, 'that another new and very fast motor-car has just arrived at Toad Hall. You two must come with me immediately, and we will save Toad from this madness.'

'Right!' cried the Rat, jumping up. 'Let's go at once.'

When they reached Toad Hall, they saw the new motor-car in front of the house. It was long, shiny, and bright red-Toad's favourite colour. Then Toad himself came down the steps in an enormous overcoat, hat and driving goggles.

'Hello, you fellows!' Toad called. 'Come for a drive. You're just in time to...to...'

He saw his friends' serious faces and stopped.

The Badger walked up the steps. 'Come inside the house, Toad,' he said. 'We have to talk to you.'

The three of them took Toad inside and shut the door.

'Now,' the Badger said to Toad, 'first of all, take off those silly driving-clothes.'

'No, I won't!' replied Toad. 'What is the meaning of this? Explain yourself at once!'

'Take his things off, you two,' ordered the Badger.

It wasn't easy to do. The Rat had to sit on Toad, while the Mole pulled off his overcoat, hat and goggles. And Toad called them some very unpleasant names while this was going on. But when he stood up again, he seemed more like himself, the Toad that they had always known.

'You knew this would happen one day, Toad,' explained the Badger. 'We've warned you so many times, and you haven't listened. You're spending all your money, you're always in trouble with the police, and you drive like a madman. You will come with me into the next room, and there you will hear some facts about yourself. And you will come out a different Toad.'

He took Toad into a room off the hall and closed the door. The Rat shook his head.

'We won't save Toad by just talking to him,' he said. 'He'll say anything—and then just go and do what he likes.'

After about an hour the door opened, and a very sad and sorry Toad came out, followed by the Badger.

'My friends,' said the Badger, looking pleased, 'I am happy to tell you that Toad now realizes how silly he has been. He has promised never to get into a motor-car again.'

'That is very good news,' said the Mole seriously.

'Very good indeed,' the Rat said, watching Toad's face carefully.

'Now, Toad,' continued the Badger, 'I'd like you to repeat your promise in front of your friends.'

There was a long, long silence.

'No!' said Toad suddenly. 'No, I won't. I'm not sorry, and I haven't been silly at all. It was all wonderful! And I won't promise anything!'

'What?' cried the Badger. 'But in there you told me—'

'Yes, yes, I know,' said Toad quickly. 'You argue so beautifully, dear Badger, and I can't stop myself agreeing with you. But I've been thinking about it. I love driving, I'm a wonderful driver, and I promise you I'll go on driving for ever! Poop-poop!'

'I told you so, didn't I?' the Rat said to the Mole.

'Very well,' said the Badger. 'If you won't listen to reason, we'll have to try another way. We're going to stay with you in your house until you become sensible. Take him upstairs, you two, and lock him in his bedroom.'

So Toad, fighting and shouting, was pulled upstairs by his two friends.

'It's for your own good, Toady, you know,' said the Rat kindly. 'We'll all have good times together again soon, when this—this madness has passed.'

'We'll take good care of you, Toad,' added the Mole. 'No more trouble with the police. No more crashes, and weeks in hospital.'

Then began a very tiring few weeks for the three friends. Day and night they guarded Toad, and one of them was always with him. They talked to him and tried to amuse him, hoping that he would forget his motor-car madness.

But Toad did not seem to get better. He often put the bed-room chairs together to look like a motor-car. Then he sat in the front one and pretended to drive, making terrible engine noises all the time. His friends tried to interest him in other things, but Toad just became sad and silent.

One day the Rat was the guard for the morning. He went upstairs and found Toad still in bed, 'How are you today, old fellow?' he asked brightly.

A sad whisper came from me bed, 'Thank you so much, dear Ratty! But how are you, and the excellent Mole, and dear old Badger?'

'Fine, fine,' replied the Rat. 'Badger and Mole,' he added, perhaps not very sensibly, 'have gone out for a run round. They'll be out until lunch-time, so you and I will spend a pleasant morning together.'

'I don't want you to trouble yourself about me,' Toad said, in a sad little voice. 'I was wondering if you would go down to the village and fetch the doctor. But no, it's not important. It's probably too late by now.'

'Are you feeling ill, Toad? What's the matter?'

'I don't know... I think my heart... But you mustn't be sad, Ratty. Dear, kind friend... I have enjoyed knowing you so much... hate to say goodbye...' Toad's whisper became slower and slower, and then stopped.

The Rat felt very worried. Toad lay so still and quiet—perhaps he really was ill. The Rat wished that the other two were not so far away. What should he do? He looked again at the still and silent Toad, and decided that he must get the doctor at once. He hurried out, carefully locking the door behind him, and ran off to the village as fast as he could.

When Toad heard the front door bang, he jumped out of bed, laughing loudly. He quickly put on his best suit and filled his pockets with money. Then he took the sheets off the bed, tied them together, and in minutes he had climbed down from the bedroom window and was running across the garden towards the fields.

A few hours later he was a long way from home. As he walked happily along the road, he felt very pleased with him-self. 'A clever piece of work, that was! he boasted to the trees and the fields. 'Poor old Ratty! A good fellow, but not very intelligent. Badger will be so angry with him!'

Soon he came to a small town and decided to have lunch in the pub there. He was very hungry after his long walk. Halfway through his meal, he heard a sound that he knew very well indeed. Poop-poop! The car stopped outside and the people in it came into the pub to have lunch.

Shaking with excitement, Toad paid his bill and hurried out. He walked slowly round the car, looking at it lovingly. Every-body was having lunch and the street was empty.

'I wonder,' Toad said to himself, 'I wonder if this kind of car starts easily?'

It started very easily, and Toad found himself in the driver's seat. He did not know how it happened, but a minute later he was driving out of the town, forgetting right and wrong, forgetting everything except this wonderful, beautiful madness.

Faster and faster he drove, singing and laughing, as the car ate up the miles. Once again he knew that he was Toad-Toad the dreamer, Toad the adventurer, Toad the terror of the open road!

'You are a dangerous criminal,' said the Judge. 'You stole a valuable motor-car, and you drove like a madman. It's surprising that you didn't kill somebody. And finally, you were very rude indeed to the police when they arrested you. Because of all this, I am sending you to prison for twenty years. Guards! Take the prisoner away!'

And so, shouting and crying, Toad was taken away. He was taken to an old dark castle, pushed into the smallest and darkest room below the ground, and the door was locked behind him.

5 给癞蛤蟆先生的教训

冬天过去了，春天回到了河岸。这是初夏一个晴朗的早上，世界似乎充满了阳光，长满了新叶。下游的河岸边，鼹鼠和水鼠正卖力地干着活，修补着船然后把它清洗干净，又寻找着不知遗落在何处的船桨，为夏天在河上划船做着准备。忙碌了一阵他们便回家吃早餐。快吃完时，他们突然听到重重的敲门声。

鼹鼠过去看看是谁，回来时表情非常惊讶。他说，“獾先生！”

獾来拜访他们，的确是不可思议的事。他走进屋里，非常严肃地站着看着他们。水鼠坐在那儿张大着嘴巴，手中的汤匙掉在地上。

“时辰到了！”獾最后说。

“什么时辰？”水鼠担心地问，一边看着墙上的钟。

“你是说，谁的时辰？”灌回答道。“哎，蛤蟆的时辰！癞蛤蟆的时辰！我说过夏天来了我要教训教训他，今天我就要着手干了。”

“癞蛤蟆的时辰，当然！”鼹鼠叫道。“我现在想起来了，我们要把他教育成理智的癞蛤蟆！”

“昨晚我听说，”獾继续着，“另一辆崭新的、高速的汽车刚刚抵达蛤蟆宅第，你们俩必须马上跟我走，我们得把癞蛤蟆从疯狂中救醒过来。”

“好！”水鼠叫道，然后跳起来说：“我们马上走。”

当他们到达蛤蟆宅第，他们看见这辆新车正停放在房子前。车身很长，锃亮耀眼，是蛤蟆最喜欢的艳红色。只见癞蛤蟆他自己穿着特大外套，戴着帽子和护目镜，正从台阶上走下来。

“你们好，伙计们！”癞蛤蟆打着招呼，“你们来得正好，一起兜风去……”

他看到朋友们都板着脸，便打住了。

灌走上台阶，说：“进屋去，癞蛤蟆！我们得和你谈谈。”

他们把癞蛤蟆带进屋里，然后关上大门。

“现在，”獾对癞蛤蟆说，“首先，脱下你那可笑的驾车服。”

“不，我决不！”癞蛤蟆答道，“这是什么意思？马上给我解释！”

“脱下他那身玩意儿，你们俩，”獾命令道。

这可不是件容易的事。水鼠不得不坐在癞蛤蟆身上压住他以便鼹鼠脱下他的外衣，帽子和护目镜。癞蛤蟆嘴里一直对他们骂骂咧咧的。但当他再次站起来时，他似乎更像他自己，更像大家所熟悉的癞蛤蟆了。

“你应该知道这件事总有一天会发生的，蛤蟆，”獾解释说。“我们警告过你多次而你从来不听。你正在花光你所有的钱财，又总是给警

察找麻烦，因为你开车像疯子。你跟我到另一个房间去，在那儿你会听到你自己的一些荒唐事。你出来后将会变个样。”

他带癩蛤蟆离开大厅走进一个房间关上了门。水鼠摇着头，说：“仅仅跟他谈谈是救不了他的，他将会作一些许诺——然后又去干他喜欢干的事。”

大约过了一小时，门开了，一只很伤心、很愧疚的癩蛤蟆走了出来，獾跟在他的后面。

“朋友们，”獾看起来很开心，“我高兴地告诉你们癩蛤蟆现在已认识到他曾经有多愚蠢。他已发誓再也不走进汽车。”

“这倒是非常不错的消息，”鼯鼠一本正经地说。

“的确不赖，”水鼠边说边审视着癩蛤蟆脸上的表情。

“好了，蛤蟆，”獾接着说，“我要你在你朋友面前重复你的诺言。”

接下来是一段长长的沉默。

“不！”癩蛤蟆突然说。“不，我不。我不感到愧疚，我一点儿也不愚蠢。那整个太精彩了！我才不发什么誓呢！”

“什么？”獾叫道。“但是在那儿你告诉我——”

“是的，是的，我知道，”癩蛤蟆赶快说，“你说得那么至情至理，亲爱的獾，我就忍不住答应你了。但是我一直在想这个问题。我喜欢开车，我是了不起的驾车手，我发誓我将继续永远开车！扑扑-扑扑！”

“我告诉过你吧，是不是？”水鼠对鼯鼠说。

“很好，”獾说，“如果你不听忠告，我们将不得不采取另一种方法。我们打算和你呆在你的屋里直到你清醒过来。带他上楼去，你们俩，把他锁在卧室里。”

癩蛤蟆又打又叫，但还是被他俩朋友拉上了楼。

“这是为你好，蛤蟆兄，你知道，”水鼠和善地说。“当这种——这种疯狂过去时，我们又可以一起享受美好时光了。”

“我们会好好照顾你的，蛤蟆，”鼯鼠接着说。“你不会再给警察找麻烦，不会再撞车，不再会几星期呆在医院了。”

接下来三个朋友开始了几星期的辛苦行动。他们日夜看管着癩蛤蟆，并且总有一个人和他在一起。他们和他聊天，想方设法逗他开心，希望他会忘记他那驾车狂热。

但是癩蛤蟆似乎并没有变好。他时常把卧室里的椅子摆成汽车状，然后他坐在前面的椅子上假装开车，还不停地发出刺耳的引擎声。当他的朋友试着用别的事情以引起他的兴趣时，他却只是在那儿一言不发，显得很伤感。

一天早上，轮到水鼠看管癩蛤蟆。他走上楼看见癩蛤蟆仍躺在床上，便轻快地问：“今天怎么样，老伙计？”

从床上传来伤感的低低的答案声：“非常感谢你，亲爱的阿鼠！不过你怎么样，还有极好的鼯鼠和亲爱的老獾？”

“好，都好，”水鼠答道。“獾和鼯鼠，”他也许不很明智地又补充说，“已出去跑步了，他们要到中饭时间才回来，所以就你和我将一起度过这个愉快的早上。”

“我不想因为我而麻烦你，”蛤蟆伤心地低声说。“我想你能否下楼去村里找位医生。不过算了，这已不重要了。很可能现在已经太迟了。”

“你病啦，癩蛤蟆？怎么啦？”

“我不知道……我想我的心……不过你不必伤心，阿鼠。亲爱的，善良的朋友……我真高兴跟你这么熟……真不愿对你说再见……”蛤蟆低低的声音越来越慢，然后停了。

水鼠非常担心，癩蛤蟆躺在那儿安安静静的，一动不动——也许他真的病了。水鼠希望他们俩没跑得太远，他该怎么办？他又看了一眼安静沉默的癩蛤蟆，决定马上去叫医生。他急忙出去小心地锁上了门，然后尽可能快地向村子跑去。

当癩蛤蟆听到大厅前门砰地一响，他马上从床上跳下来，大声地笑起来。他快速地穿上最好的外套并往口袋里塞满了钞票，然后他从床上扯过床单，把它们系在一起。几分钟后，他已从卧室的窗户爬了下来，穿过花园向野外跑去。

几小时以后，他已离家很远了。他高兴地走在公路上，对自己的行为非常满意。“那真是聪明之举！”他对着树木和田野自吹道。“可怜的老阿鼠！一个好人，但不太聪明。獾肯定要对他发火的！”

不久他来到了一座小镇，便决定在那儿的酒馆用午餐。走了那么长的路，他已经非常饿了。吃到半截，他听到了他实在是非常熟悉的声音。扑扑-扑扑！汽车停在了外面，车上的人下来走进酒馆来用餐。

癩蛤蟆兴奋得浑身发抖，他付完账冲了出去。他跑到汽车跟前绕着它来回走，用爱抚的目光盯着它。每个人都在吃午饭，街道里空无一人。

“我想知道，”癩蛤蟆自言自语，“我想知道这种汽车是不是容易发动？”

很容易就启动了，癩蛤蟆发现他坐在了驾驶室。他不知道是怎么发生的，反正一分钟之后，他已驶出了小镇，除了这美妙迷人的疯狂，他忘记了对与错，忘记了一切。

当汽车驶出数英里时，他不断地加大马力，唱着，笑着，把汽车开得越来越快。他再一次认识到他是蛤蟆——集梦想家，冒险家，还有公路上的恐怖分子于一身的癩蛤蟆！

“你是一个危险的犯人，”法官说，“你偷了昂贵的汽车，还像疯子似的驾车。真奇怪你居然没有撞倒人。最后当警察逮捕你时，你还对他们非常粗鲁。基于此，我判你入狱二十年。卫士！把犯人带下去！”

癩蛤蟆叫嚷着哭喊着，被带到一座破旧黑暗的城堡，推进了一间地下最小最黑的房子里，然后门在他身后锁上了。

6 Toad's adventures

For weeks Toad refused to eat. He lay on the floor of his prison and cried and cried. ' This is the end of every-thing, ' he said miserably, ' I shall never again be a popular and good-looking Toad, a rich and important Toad, a free and happy Toad. All my friends will forget even the name of Toad! '

But the keeper of the prison had a daughter, and she had a very kind heart. She often came to visit Toad, bringing him nice things to eat, and hot drinks. She asked him questions about his home and his old life, and because Toad loved to talk about himself, it wasn't long before he began to sit up and answer her questions. He also realized how hungry he was, and so he ate and drank the things that she brought. And after a few days of this kindness, Toad was as loud and boastful as he had always been.

One morning the girl seemed very serious. ' Listen, Toad, ' she said, ' I have an aunt who is a washerwoman. ' ' You mustn't worry about it, ' said the Toad kindly. ' I have several aunts who ought to be washerwomen. ' ' Don't talk so much, Toad, ' said the girl. ' Now listen, I think I have a plan. ' And here she whispered in the Toad's ear. ' What? ' cried Toad. ' Me—dress as an old washer woman? Impossible! ' ' All right then, ' said the girl crossly. ' You can stay in prison for the next twenty years, you ungrateful animal! ' ' No, no, ' said Toad quickly. ' You are a good , kind, clever girl, and I am just a stupid toad. I shall be very happy indeed to meet your excellent aunt. '

The next evening a little business was done in the Toad's prison. Several gold coins left the Toad's pocket and disappeared into the washerwoman's purse. Soon afterwards Toad began to climb up the stairs towards the castle entrance. He was wearing an old cotton dress and a black bonnet, and carrying a large basket of washing. And his heart was beating very fast indeed.

He passed the guards, who called out a friendly 'good night' to him, and soon Toad was walking through the streets of the town. He was free! Wild with excitement, he found his way to the railway station—and then came the first problem. He had no money to buy a ticket. His wallet, his keys, his watch—everything was in the pockets of his coat, lying on the prison floor.

He had to get away from this town as quickly as he could. But how could he do it? He walked along beside one of the trains until he came to the engine. Then he stood there, crying and looking up at the engine-driver.

' Hey! ' called the driver. ' What's the matter, old lady? ' ' Oh, sir! ' said Toad. ' I'm a poor unhappy washerwoman, and I've lost all my money, and I must get home tonight. ' ' Come on, then, ' said the engine-driver kindly. ' Jump up, and you can have a free ride. But don't tell anyone! '

So far everything was going well for Toad. The train hurried through the night, taking him away from the hateful prison. But Toad's luck didn't last for long.

There came a moment when the engine-driver put his head out of the window and looked back.

' That's strange, ' he said. ' There's a train behind us, coming up very fast. I can see it in the moonlight. I think they're chasing us! I wonder what... ' And then the engine-driver gave Toad a long hard look.

So Toad had to tell the true story of his crime and his escape. The engine-driver looked very serious. He thought for a bit, then said, ' I don't like policemen telling me what to do. And I don't like to see an animal crying. So cheer up, Toad! This is what we'll do. In a mile or two the train goes through a wood. I'll slow down there, and you'll be able to jump off the train and get away in the dark. '

Half an hour later both trains had disappeared into the night, and Toad was hiding under some dead leaves in the middle of a strange wood. There, he fell asleep and didn't open his eyes again until early morning. He woke up cold and hungry—but still free!

His next adventure was with a barge on a canal. He had walked out of the wood and found a road, which after a while began to run along the side of a canal. Toad liked the idea of getting a free ride, so when he saw the barge coming along the canal, he quickly jumped from the canal bank on to the end of the barge. Then the barge-woman turned and saw him. Toad was ready with his story.

' I'm a poor unhappy washerwoman, ' he began.

But the barge-woman, Toad quickly discovered, was a most unpleasant person. She came up to Toad and looked hard at his face under his bonnet. ' Washerwoman indeed! You're a fat lazy little toad, that's what you are! ' she said rudely. ' Get off my barge! ' And she actually pushed Toad off the barge into the canal.

Toad swam to the bank and climbed out. He was wildly angry. How could he punish this rude and terrible person? Then he saw the horse which was pulling the barge, and an idea came to him.

Two minutes later he was riding the horse across the fields away from the canal. Behind him, the barge-woman was shouting and screaming angrily. Toad rode on, laughing at his own great cleverness.

Later that morning he met a man with a caravan, who was cooking over a fire in a field. Toad sold him the barge-woman's horse for a good price and a hot breakfast. He ate and ate until he was almost too full to move . But he still had a long way to go to get home, so he got up and went on. The sun was shining brightly, his clothes were dry again, and the new coins made a pleasant sound in his pocket. He took off the bonnet, which was too hot, and began to think about all his adventures and escapes.

' Ho, ho! ' he said to himself. ' What a clever Toad I am! How brave! How intelligent! No problem is too difficult for Toad! ' He began to sing a song about himself as he walked along, although there was no one to hear it. It was perhaps the most boastful song that any animal ever sang.

If there's a need the world to save,

Then send for Mr Toad!

There's none so clever, none so brave,

As famous Mr Toad!

There was a lot more of it, and it got more and more boastful as it went on.

He came to a road and began to walk along it, hoping for an-other free ride. After a time he saw a small cloud of dust coming up the road behind him, and he heard the noise, that beautiful noise, of a motor-car. He stood in the middle of the road and when the car saw him, it began to slow down.

And then a terrible thing happened. Toad recognized the car and the people in it. And what is worse, the people recognized Toad.

'It's the car thief!' they shouted. 'The criminal who has escaped from prison! Stop him! Catch him!'

Toad turned and ran. He picked up his skirts and ran faster than he had ever run in his life. But the people from the car were now running after him, shouting and screaming at him to stop. They chased him through a wood, across fields, up a hill, and down into a valley. Once Toad looked back and saw that two policemen had joined the chase. He tried to run even faster, but he was a fat animal and his legs were short, and the people were catching up with him.

On and on he ran. He was now among tall trees, and again he looked behind him. At that moment the land disappeared beneath his feet, and, splash! he found himself in deep water, cold water, fast-moving water. In his terror, he had run straight into a river!

And away the river took him, pushing him along, first on one side, then on the other. The cotton dress tied itself round his legs, trying to pull him under, and Toad had to fight to keep his head above water.

'Oh my!' cried poor Toad. 'I'll never look at another motorcar for the rest of my life!'

At last he managed to catch hold of some water plants by the river bank. He held on, too tired to pull himself out of the water. Then he saw something bright in a dark hole in the bank. It moved towards him, and became a face.

Brown and small, with whiskers.

It was the Water Rat!

6 癞蛤蟆地冒险经历

癞蛤蟆绝食了几星期。他躺在监狱的地板上哭个不停。“一切都完了，”他悲惨地说。“我再也不是受人注目，英俊潇洒的蛤蟆了，我不再富有，不再重要了，不再有自由和幸福了。所有的朋友甚至将忘记蛤蟆这个名字！”

不过监狱的看守有个女儿，她的心肠很好。她时常来看他，带给他好东西吃，热饮料喝。她问起他的家和他过去的的生活，因为癞蛤蟆极爱谈论他自己，不久他便开始坐起来回答她的问题。他也感觉到好饿，于是便拿起她的东西又吃又喝。这样受惠了几天后，癞蛤蟆又变得像过去那样好招摇，好吹牛了。

一天早上，女孩非常正经地说：“听着，癞蛤蟆，我有一个姑妈，她是洗衣婆。”

“你不必为此忧虑，”癞蛤蟆友善地说，“我有几个姑妈，她们本应该是洗衣婆。”

“少说点，癞蛤蟆，你听着，我想我有个计划。”然后她对癞蛤蟆耳语了一番。

“什么？”癞蛤蟆叫起来，“我——装扮成老洗衣婆？不可能！”

“那么好吧，”女孩生气地说，“你就在监狱里呆够二十年吧，你这个不知好歹的东西！”

“不，不，”癞蛤蟆赶快说，“你是一个善良聪明的女孩，我只是傻乎乎的癞蛤蟆，我的确应该非常乐意你那了不起的姑妈。”

第二天晚上，在癞蛤蟆的牢房里进行了一次小小的交易。几个金币离开了癞蛤蟆的口袋落入了洗衣婆的钱包。不久，癞蛤蟆开始向城堡的出口处爬去。他穿一件旧旧的棉外套，戴顶黑色的无边帽，挎着一大篮衣物，他的心跳得飞快。

他经过卫兵时，卫兵还友好地对他道“晚安”，很快他就走在了城镇的街道上。他自由了！他激动得要命，找到去火车站的路——这时第一个问题出现了，他没有钱买票。他的钱包、钥匙、表统统都装在上衣口袋里，而他把上衣扔在了监狱的地板上。

他得尽快离开这个城镇。该怎么办呢？他沿着一辆停靠着的火车向前走，走到了车头。他站在那儿，边哭边看着火车司机。

“嘿！”司机叫道，“你怎么啦！老婆婆？”

“哦，先生！”癞蛤蟆说，“我是可怜的不走运的洗衣婆，我把所有的钱都弄丢了，但我今晚必须回家。”

“那么上来吧，”好心的司机说道，“跳上来，你可以搭个便车，但不要告诉任何人！”

到目前为止，一切都很顺利。火车穿过黑夜向前奔驰，带他远离了这可憎的牢狱。但癞蛤蟆的好运没有维持多久。

有那么一会儿，司机将他的头伸出窗外，向后看了看。

“这很奇怪，”他说，“我们后面有辆火车，开得飞快。我能借着月光看见它，我想他们是在追赶我们！我想知道……”然后司机把不解的眼光盯在癞蛤蟆的脸上。

癞蛤蟆不得不告诉他自己是怎样犯罪的，又是怎样逃出来的。司机看起来很严肃，他略想了一下，然后说：“我不喜欢警察告诉我该怎么做。我也不喜欢看动物哭。振作起来，癞蛤蟆！这才是我们该做的。过一、二英里，火车要经过一片树林。到那儿我会把速度放慢，你就可以跳下火车趁天黑逃走。”

半小时后，两辆火车都消失在夜幕里。癞蛤蟆藏在一片陌生树林中的一些落叶下面。他躺在那儿不知不觉就睡着了，直到第二天清晨才睁开眼睛。他又冷又饿——但仍是自由的！

他的下一个冒险经历是在运河的一条驳船上。他走出树林看见了一条路，这条路延伸到一条运河边，他便沿着运河向前跑着。癞蛤蟆喜欢上了搭便车，因此当他看见一条驳船沿河开来时，他毫不犹豫地河岸跳到船尾。恰巧船婆转过身看见了他，癞蛤蟆又开始讲他的故事。

“我是个可怜的不走运的洗衣婆，”他开始讲道。

但他很快发现，这个女人是世界上最不友善的人。她走到蛤蟆跟前，死死盯着无边帽下蛤蟆的脸。“好一个洗衣婆！你是一只又肥又懒的小癞蛤蟆，这才是你的真面目！”她粗暴地说着。“滚出我的船！”同时她就真地把癞蛤蟆推入了运河。

癞蛤蟆游到岸边爬了上来。他气得要发疯。怎样才能治治这个粗鲁可恶的老妇人？后来他看见了那只正拉着驳船的马，立刻计上心头。

两分钟后，他骑在马上穿过田野离开了运河。船婆在他身后气愤地又喊又叫。癞蛤蟆骑着向前，为他自己伟大的聪明之举开怀大笑。

那天早上，他还遇见了一位驾大篷车的人，他正在野地火堆上烧东西吃。癞蛤蟆开了一个好价把老妇人的马卖给他并享受了一顿热乎乎的早餐。他吃呀吃呀直到撑得几乎不能动。但他想到仍有很长的路要赶，便站起来又出发了。太阳明晃晃地照着，他的衣服又干了，新得的硬币在他口袋里发出令人愉悦的声音。他觉得太热便摘下了帽子，开始回顾着他所有冒险和逃跑的经历。

“嚯，嚯”他自言自语道：“我是多么聪明的蛤蟆！多么勇敢！多么机智！没有什么事能难倒我蛤蟆！”尽管没有谁能听到，他还是边走边唱着赞美自己的歌。这也许是所有动物曾唱过的最最自夸的歌：

如果世界需要人拯救，
那么去找蛤蟆先生！
没有谁如此聪明，如此勇敢，
像著名的蛤蟆先生！
还有许多诸如此类的歌词，反正是吹得越来越离谱。

他上了公路并沿着路向前走，希望再次搭个便车。过不了多久，他看见身后有一团尘雾卷来，而且还听到了那种声音，那种美妙的引擎之声。他站在公路中间，司机看见他便开始减速。

然后一件可怕的事发生了。癞蛤蟆认出了汽车和车里的人。更糟糕的是，这些人也认出了他。

“那是汽车盗贼！”他们叫道，“是刚从监狱里逃出来的犯人！截住他！抓住他！”

癞蛤蟆转身就跑。他提着裙摆以他一生中最快的速度向前跑。但是车上的人穷追不舍，在他身后喊着叫着喝令他站住。他们追着他跑过树林，穿过田野，越过山峦，又追进了山谷。有次癞蛤蟆回头瞥了一眼，看见又有两名警察加入这次追捕。他想跑得更快些，但是可怜他身材矮胖双腿短小，根本无法甩开他们。

他跑呀跑，跑进一片高高的树林里，他又回头看了看。一瞬间他感到双脚悬空，紧接着，啪地一声，他发现自己已在深水里，冰冷、湍急的水里。惊恐中，他直接跑进了一条河里！

河水带着他向前流，一会儿把他推到这边，一会儿又推到那边。棉布外套裹住了他的腿，将他向下拽，他不得不挣扎着让头浮在水面上。

“哎呀！”可怜的癞蛤蟆哭喊道，“我下半生再也不想见到汽车了！”

最后他好不容易抓住了河边的一些水草。他坚持着，但是他太累了，不能将自己拉上岸。这时，他看见河岸边一个黑洞里有个亮亮的东西向他凑过来，然后他看见了一张脸。

小小的，褐色的，还有胡须。
是水鼠！

7 Return to Toad Hall

The Rat got hold of Toad's neck, pulled him out of the water, and took him into his hall.

'Oh Ratty!' cried Toad. 'I've done so many wonderful things since I last saw you! The dangers that I've been in! I was put in prison—escaped, of course! Pushed into a canal—swam safely away! Stole a horse— sold it for a lot of money! Oh, I am a clever Toad, and—'

'Toad,' said the Water Rat, very seriously, 'stop boasting! Go, upstairs at once, wash yourself, and put on some of my clothes. I've never seen anything as wet and dirty as you are.'

Toad went upstairs a little crossly, but he was pleased to get out of the washerwoman's dress. He came down very clean and tidy, and ready to tell the Rat all about his adventures— how clever, how brave, how successful he had been. The Rat gave him lunch, and listened, unsmiling, while Toad talked and talked and talked. When at last he finished, the Rat looked up.

'I have to tell you, Toad,' he said slowly, 'that I feel ashamed— yes, ashamed, to have a criminal, an escaped prisoner, for my friend. Can't you see that none of this is exciting or amusing?'

There was a little silence. Then Toad said sadly, 'You're right, Ratty. Of course you are. How silly and boastful I have been! I shall become a quiet, sensible Toad from now on. In a while I'll walk down to Toad Hall and—'

'Walk down to Toad Hall?' cried the Rat. 'What are you talking about? Haven't you heard?'

'Heard what?' said Toad, looking frightened. 'Quick, Ratty, tell me! What haven't I heard?'

'About the Wild Wooders!' cried the Rat. 'The Stoats and the Weasels and the Ferrets— they've taken Toad Hall! When you were sent to prison, they came out of the Wild Wood one dark night and broke into the Hall. They've been living there ever since— eating your food, drinking your drink, giving wild parties. They've got guns and knives and sticks, and they keep guards round the house night and day. They say they're going to stay there for ever.'

At first Toad couldn't believe it. But he had gone up to Toad Hall, and two ferrets in the garden had laughed at him, and the stoats who were guarding the walls had shot at him. Toad dropped flat in the road and the bullet passed over his head. He went back, very unhappy, to the Water Rat.

That night there was a meeting in the Rat's house. The Mole and the Badger came, to talk about plans to take back Toad Hall from the Wild Wooders.

When they came in and saw Toad, the Badger shook his head sadly. 'Poor Toad! This is not a happy home-coming for you.'

But the Mole was very pleased to see him. 'Here's old Toad!' he cried. 'How did you manage to escape from prison? It was very clever of you to do that.'

'Clever?' said Toad. 'Well, I don't want to boast, Mole. I'll tell you all about it and you can decide if— 'Toad, do he quiet, please!' said the Rat. 'We need to discuss plans. I think I know the best way for Toad to—'

'No, you don't!' said the Mole. 'I know what Toad should do. He should—'

'Well, I'm not going to!' cried Toad, getting excited. 'I'm not taking orders from you fellows! It's my house that we're talking about and—'

By now they were almost shouting at each other, when suddenly a deep low voice came from an armchair.

'Be quiet at once, all of you!' said the Badger. 'And listen. The Mole and I have been watching Toad Hall. The stoats, with their guns, are on guard all round the walls, and they're very good guards too. We can't attack the place from outside. They're too strong for us.'

'Then there's no hope,' cried Toad miserably. 'I shall go and join the army or something, and never see my dear Toad Hall again!'

'Cheer up, Toady,' said the Badger, 'because now I'm going to tell you a very great secret.'

Toad sat up, interested. He loved secrets, although he could never keep them.

'There— is— an —underground— tunnel,' said the Badger slowly, 'which goes from the river bank near here, right up into the middle of Toad Hall.'

'Don't be silly, Badger!' cried Toad. 'Of course there isn't! I know Toad Hall, inside and outside, and—'

'My young friend,' said the Badger calmly, 'your father—who was a great friend of mine— told me many things that he didn't tell you. "Don't tell my son about this tunnel," he said to me. "He's a good boy, but he talks far too much."

Toad opened his mouth to argue, and then decided not to.

'I asked Otter,' continued the Badger, 'to do some spy work for us. He pretended to be a gardener and went to the back door of the Hall, asking for work. During the conversation he learnt that tomorrow night there will be a big birthday party—the Chief Weasel's, I think—in the dining-hall. All the weasels will be there, eating and drinking and laughing, and making a lot of noise.'

'But the stoats will still be on guard on the walls,' said the Rat.

'True,' agreed the Badger. 'But the weasels, you see, know that, so they won't have any guns or sticks with them at the party. And the tunnel comes up into that little room right next to the dining-hall. We only have to—'

'—run into the dining-hall—' cried the Mole.

'—with our guns and sticks and knives —' shouted the Rat.

'—and chase them and beat them and hit them!' cried the Toad, greatly excited. He ran round and round the room, jumping over the chairs.

'Very well, then,' said the Badger, sitting back comfortably and opening his newspaper. 'That is the plan, and

there's nothing more for you to argue about. '

All the next day the Rat hurried about, getting the guns and the knives and the sticks ready. Once the Badger lifted his head from the newspaper.

'We shan't need guns or knives, Ratty, 'he said. 'We four, with our sticks, will clear the dining-hall in five minutes. I could do it by myself. '

'Better to be safe than sorry, ' said the Rat.

At last the evening came, and the four friends went quietly along the river bank to find the entrance to the secret tunnel. Toad, of course, managed to fall in the river and his friends had to pull him out. The tunnel was cold, and wet, and dark, and narrow. Poor Toad got frightened and ran into the Rat by mistake, who then nearly knocked the Mole over. All this made a lot of noise, and the Badger, who was in front with the lantern, turned round.

' If Toad can't keep quiet, ' he whispered angrily, 'I'll leave him here alone in the dark! '

After that, the Toad kept very quiet.

They could hear the noise of the party while they were still underground. Silently, they pushed open the door in the roof of the tunnel, and climbed up into the small room next to the dining-hall. Now they could hear one of the weasels singing a very rude song about Toad the car-thief.

'Just wait until I get my hands on him! ' Toad whispered angrily, showing his teeth.

' Right, boys! ' said the Badger, looking round at his friends. ' The hour has come! Follow me! '

And they crashed through the door into the dining-hall.

What a battle it was! How the four friends roared as they ran through the hall! What screams of fear came from the surprised weasels and ferrets! Tables and chairs were knocked over, plates and glasses went crashing to the floor. Up and down went the four friends, shouting and roaring, and their sticks whistled through the air. There were only four of them, but they seemed enormous to the weasels and the ferrets. The Wild Wooders ran in terror, escaping through the doors and windows , and even up the chimneys—anywhere to get away from those terrible sticks.

In five minutes the room was cleared. The stoats outside, the four friends discovered later, had gone too. They were already frightened by the noise of battle from the hall, so when the weasels and the ferrets started running out in terror, the stoats dropped their guns and ran back to the Wild Wood. In fact, after that night there was no more trouble from the Wild Wooders for a long time. And when any of them met the Badger and his friends out for a walk, they were very polite indeed.

Back in Toad Hall, there was a lot of tidying up to do after the battle. At last it was all done, and the four friends, tired but happy, went upstairs to bed.

'And now, ' said the Badger, after breakfast the next morning, 'we must have a Victory Party. Toad, you must write and invite all our friends for tonight. '

'What—me do all the work?' said Toad crossly, 'Why...'He suddenly stopped, then said, ' Yes, of course. I'll do everything. I'll plan the party, and the singing and—'

'Oh no, ' said the Rat, 'You're not going to sing any of your songs. '

'Not just one little song?' asked Toad miserably.

' No, Toady. You know very well that your songs are all about you and how clever you are. They're just one long boast! '

' Come on now, Toad, ' said the Badger kindly. 'You know that you have to change your ways and become a sensible animal. Why not begin now? What better moment could there be, on your return to Toad Hall?'

Toad looked at his three friends' serious faces. For a long while he seemed to be thinking deeply. At last he spoke. 'My friends, you are right, ' he said sadly. 'And I am wrong. From today, I will be a very different Toad. You will never be ashamed of me again. '

The party was a great success. Everyone wanted to hear about the battle, and there was a lot of noisy talking and laughing. But Toad was not at all noisy. He moved quietly round the room, making sure that everyone had enough to eat and drink. He said very little about the battle, only, 'Oh, it was Badger's clever plan. And the Mole and the Rat did all the hard fighting.

His three friends watched him with their mouths open in surprise—which pleased Toad very much. Towards the end of the evening, some of the younger animals started banging on the table and shouting, ' Toad! Song! Mr Toad's Song! ' But Toad only shook his head gently, and immediately began a quiet conversation with Otter, asking in an interested voice about his children.

He was indeed a different Toad!

7. 重返蛤蟆宅第

水鼠抓住癞蛤蟆的脖子将他拉出水面，然后把他带回客厅。

“噢，阿鼠！”癞蛤蟆叫道，“最后那次见你之后，我做了好多了不起的事！险情层出不穷！我被投入监狱——逃出来了，当然！被推进了运河——安全游上了岸！偷了一匹马——卖了好多钱！噢，我真是聪明的癞蛤蟆，而且——”

“癞蛤蟆，”水鼠很严肃地打断道，“不要再吹牛了！快上楼，洗洗干净换上我的衣服。我从来没见过谁像你这样又湿又脏的。”

癞蛤蟆有点温怒地上楼了，但是他还是很乐意脱掉这身洗衣婆的装扮。他一身整洁干净地下楼了，准备告诉水鼠他的冒险经历——他是多么聪明，多么勇敢，多么成功。水鼠给他取来午餐，不苟言笑地听癞蛤蟆在那儿滔滔不绝。最后癞蛤蟆结束了，水鼠抬头看着他。

“我得告诉你，癞蛤蟆，”他慢慢地说着，“我感到羞耻——是的，羞耻有一位朋友是犯人，一位逃出来的犯人。难道你看不出这一切一点也不有趣，一点也不令人兴奋吗？”

一阵沉默，然后癞蛤蟆难过地说：“你是对的，阿鼠。当然，你对。我太愚蠢，太好吹牛了！从现在起，我应该做一个安静，理智的癞蛤蟆。过一会我就回蛤蟆宅第，然后——”

“回蛤蟆宅第？”水鼠叫道，“你在说什么呀？难道你没听说？”

“听说什么？”癞蛤蟆问道，一副惊恐的样子，“快，阿鼠，告诉我！什么我没听说？”

“关于野树林的动物！”水鼠叫道。“大白鼬，黄鼠狼和雪貂——他们占据了蛤蟆宅第！当你被送进监狱，他们在一个漆黑的晚上走出野树林，闯进了你的宅第。从此他们就住在那儿了——吃你的，喝你的，开狂欢晚会。他们有刀，有枪，有棍棒，日夜都有卫士把守在房子周围。他们说他们将永远住下去。”

刚开始癞蛤蟆怎么也不能相信这件事。他还是去了蛤蟆宅第，只见两只雪貂站在花园里嘲笑着他，守卫在墙头上的大白鼬向他开枪射击。癞蛤蟆急忙趴在地上，子弹从他头上飞过。他非常沮丧地回到了水鼠家。

那天晚上在水鼠家里有个会。鼯鼠和獾要来一起商量怎么从野树林动物手中夺回蛤蟆宅第。

当他们走进房子看见癞蛤蟆时，獾很遗憾地摇摇头说：“可怜的蛤蟆！对你来说，这不是一次愉快的回家之行。”

当鼯鼠见到他显得非常高兴。“你这个老蛤蟆！”他叫道，“你是怎么设法从监狱里逃出来的？你真是聪明。”

“聪明？”癞蛤蟆说，“得了，我不想吹牛了，鼯鼠。我将告诉你所有的一切，然后你会决定我是否——”

“癞蛤蟆，请你务必保持安静！”水鼠说道，“我们必须研究些方案。我想我知道癞蛤蟆应采取的最好方法——”

“不，你不知道！”鼯鼠打断道。“我知道癞蛤蟆应怎么做，他应该——”

“够了，我什么都不想做！”癞蛤蟆叫道，他有些激动。“我不会听从你们这帮家伙的命令！我们现在谈论的是我的房子，而且这时，他们几乎是在互相大叫大嚷了，突然从手扶椅那儿传来一个低沉的声音。

“你们全给我马上安静下来！”獾说道。“听着，鼯鼠和我一直在注意着蛤蟆宅第的动向。持枪的大白鼬把守在围墙周围，他们还都是很不错的卫兵。我们是不能从外面攻打进去的。对于我们来说，他们太厉害了。”

“那么没有希望了，”癞蛤蟆痛苦地叫道。“我将离开这儿去参军或干别的什么，我将再也见不到我心爱的宅第了！”

“振作起来，阿癞，”獾说，“因为我将告诉你一个非常重大的秘密。”

蛤蟆很有兴趣地坐直了身。他喜欢秘密，尽管他从来不能保守秘密。

“有一个地-下-通-道，”獾缓缓地说，“从附近的河岸刚好通到蛤蟆宅第的中部。”

“别荒唐了，獾！”癞蛤蟆叫了起来。“当然没有！我熟悉蛤蟆宅第的里里外外，而且——”

“我的年轻朋友，”獾平静地说，“你父亲——我最好的朋友——告诉过我许多没对你提过的事情。‘不要把这个通道告诉我儿子，’他对我说，‘他是好孩子，但他话太多。’”

癞蛤蟆张大嘴巴准备争辩，马上又决定放弃了。

“我让水獭，”獾继续道。“为我们作了些侦察。他扮成园丁去宅子后门找活干。在交谈中，他了解到明天晚上那儿将举行大型的生日晚会——我想是黄鼠狼头头的——在餐厅里。所有的黄鼠狼将在那儿吃喝玩乐，并制造出许多噪声。”

“但是大白鼬肯定还会在墙头上巡逻，”水鼠说道。

“是的，”獾赞同道，“但是你要明白，正是因为黄鼠狼知道有人放哨，他们在舞会上就不会随身带枪棍之类的。而地道刚好通到餐厅隔壁的那所小房间，我们只要——”

“——冲进厅——”鼯鼠叫道。

“——带着我们的枪、棍和刀——”水鼠喊道。

“——然后赶他们，揍他们，砍他们！”蛤蟆也叫了起来，他异常激动，跨过椅子，在房间里跑圈儿。

“很好，那么，”獾舒服地向后靠坐着，打开报纸。“这就是计划，你们没有什么再争吵了吧。”

第二天一整天，水鼠忙上忙下，准备着枪、刀和棍棒。一次，獾从报纸上抬起头，说：“我们不需要刀枪，阿鼠。我们四个带着棍棒在五分钟内就可以清理好餐厅，其实我一个就能解决。”

“最好能万无一失，免得有遗憾，”水鼠答道。

夜幕终于降临了，这四个朋友悄悄地沿着河岸找到了秘密通道的入口。癞蛤蟆竟然掉到了河里，这也是情理中的事，他的朋友不得不将他拉了上来。地道里又冷又湿，既黑也窄。可怜的癞蛤蟆害怕极了，不小心撞倒了水鼠，水鼠又差点碰倒了鼯鼠。这未免弄出了很多响声，獾提着灯笼走在前面，这时转过头。

“如果蛤蟆不能保持镇定，”他压低声音生气地说，“我就把他独个儿留在黑暗里！”

此后，癞蛤蟆就一直特别安静。

他们在宅第的地下就能听到晚会的喧闹声。悄悄地，他们推开了地道顶上的门，然后爬进餐厅隔壁的那间小房子。现在他们可以听见一只黄鼠狼正唱着一首相当粗俗的歌，什么癞蛤蟆这个盗车贼如何如何。

“待会儿我要掐住他的脖子！”癞蛤蟆呲牙咧嘴，愤愤地低声说道。

“好了，小伙子们！”獾看着他的朋友们说。“时候到了！跟我来！”

紧接着，他们撞开门冲进饭厅。

那是一场怎样的战斗啊！这四个朋友是怎样地怒吼着冲进了大厅！吃惊的黄鼠狼和雪貂发出了怎样的尖叫声！桌子和椅子给撞倒了，杯子和盘子摔碎在地板上。这四个朋友横冲直闯，怒吼狂叫着，他们的棍棒在空中发出嘶嘶挥舞声。他们仅有四位，但在黄鼠狼，雪貂眼里他们似乎非常强大。这些野树林动物吓得到处跑，从门那儿，从窗户那儿，有的甚至从烟囱那儿——任何能躲开那些可怕的棍子的地方。

五分钟内房间就被清除干净。这四个伙伴后来才发现外面的大白鼬也不见了。其实，大厅里的战斗声把他们给吓倒了，于是当黄鼠狼和雪貂在惊恐中乱窜时，他们也扔下枪逃回野树林。事实上，自那晚后的很长时间内，野树林的动物没再来找过麻烦。而且当他们中的任何一位遇见獾和他的朋友在外面散步，他们显得的确非常有礼貌。

会战后的蛤蟆宅第有许多清扫工作要做。最后收拾妥当，这四个伙伴虽累但很开心地上楼睡觉了。

“现在，”第二天早餐后，獾开口道，“我们应该举行一个庆功宴会。癞蛤蟆，你应该写些请柬邀请我们所有的朋友今晚来这儿。”

“什么——我干这所有的活？”癞蛤蟆生气地说，“为什么……”他突然停下来，然后说道：“是的，当然。我将照办，安排一个派对，又唱又——”

“噢，不，”水鼠打断道，“你不要再唱你的那些歌了。”

“一首都不行吗？”癞蛤蟆伤心地问道。

“不行，阿癞。你很了解你的歌全是关于你自己，还有你是多么聪明之类的。那仅仅是些冗长的吹牛皮罢了！”

“好了，蛤蟆，”獾和善地说。“你知道你得改变你的行事方式，成为一只理智的动物。为什么不从现在开始呢？如今你重新返回蛤蟆宅第，还有比现在更好的时刻吗？”

癞蛤蟆看着三位朋友严肃的表情，很长时间，他似乎沉浸在思考中。最后他开口了。“我的朋友，你们是对的，”他难过地说道，“我错了，从今天开始，我将洗心革面，你们将不再会为我感到羞耻了。”

晚会非常成功。每个人都想听听那次袭击，大家在那儿说着，笑着，吵吵嚷嚷的。但是癞蛤蟆一点也不吵。他在房间里静静地转悠着，保证大家都有足够的食品和饮料。关于那次战斗，他只谈了一点点：“哦，那是獾的妙计，鼯鼠和水鼠的英勇作战。”

他的三位朋友张大嘴巴吃惊地看着他——这让癞蛤蟆非常开心。晚宴临近尾声时，一些年轻的动物开始敲着桌子叫着：“蛤蟆！唱歌！唱首蛤蟆先生的歌！”但是癞蛤蟆只是轻轻地摇了摇头，很快又转过去静静地和水獭聊天，还很感兴趣地问着他孩子们的情况。

他确实是改变了！

[Sredni Vashtar](#)

[The Story-Teller](#)

[Gabriel Ernest](#)

[Tobermory](#)

[The She-Wolf](#)

简 介

想像一下，你正置身于湖畔的一座古旧宅邸之中。时间是夜里，外面暴雨肆虐，狂风绕着灰色的石墙嘶吼。房子下面的一间阴森的地窖里放着一口棺材，里面躺着玛德琳小姐的尸体。同你一起待在房间里的是她的哥哥，正在用疯狂的目光望着你。想像一下吧……你这是在鄂榭府上。

翻到另一页，可以见到一只黑猫被人勒住脖子吊在树上。再翻一页，你就会听到一次美妙绝伦的假面舞会上响起的音乐声，看见一千个人在唱歌、跳舞。你现在是在普洛斯佩罗亲王的城堡中。城堡里面灯火通明、生气勃勃，人人纵情狂欢；但是在城墙外面，逡巡着那可怕的戴面具的红死魔……

这些故事将会带你进入一个阴暗的幻想世界，一个充满了恐怖、梦幻与疯狂的世界。

不要一个人读它们！

埃德加·爱伦·坡（1809—1849）出生于美国波士顿。在短暂而郁郁不得志的一生中，他曾供职于几家报社，并发表了很多短篇小说和诗歌。也许最令他声名远播的是他的短篇小说创作。

Sredni Vashtar

Conradin was ten years old and was often ill.

'The boy is not strong,' said the doctor. 'He will not live much longer.' But the doctor did not know about Conradin's imagination. In Conradin's lonely, loveless world, his imagination was the only thing that kept him alive.

Conradin's parents were dead and he lived with his aunt. The aunt did not like Conradin and was often unkind to him. Conradin hated her with all his heart, but he obeyed her quietly and took his medicine without arguing. Mostly he kept out of her way. She had no place in his world. His real, everyday life in his aunt's colourless, comfortless house was narrow and uninteresting. But inside his small, dark head exciting and violent thoughts ran wild. In the bright world of his imagination Conradin was strong and brave. It was a wonderful world, and the aunt was locked out of it.

The garden was no fun. There was nothing interesting to do. He was forbidden to pick the flowers. He was forbidden to eat the fruit. He was forbidden to play on the grass. But behind some trees, in a forgotten corner of the garden, there was an old shed. Nobody used the shed, and Conradin took it for his own.

To him it became something between a playroom and a church. He filled it with ghosts and animals from his imagination. But there were also two living things in the shed. In one corner lived an old, untidy-looking chicken. Conradin had no people to love, and this chicken was the boy's dearest friend. And in a dark, secret place at the back of the shed was a large wooden box with bars across the front. This was the home of a very large ferret with long, dangerous teeth and claws. Conradin had bought the ferret and its box from a friendly boy, who lived in the village. It had cost him all his money, but Conradin did not mind. He was most terribly afraid of the ferret, but he loved it with all his heart. It was his wonderful, terrible secret. He gave the ferret a strange and beautiful name and it became his god.

The aunt went to church every Sunday. She took Conradin with her, but to Conradin her church and her god were without meaning. They seemed grey and uninteresting. The true god lived in the shed, and his name was Sredni Vashtar.

Every Thursday, in the cool, silent darkness of the shed, Conradin took presents to his god. He took flowers in summer and fruits in autumn, and he made strange and wonderful songs for his god. Sometimes, on days when something important happened, Conradin took special presents. He stole salt from the kitchen and placed it carefully and lovingly in front of the ferret's box.

One day the aunt had the most terrible toothache. It continued for three days. Morning and evening Conradin put salt in front of his god. In the end he almost believed that Sredni Vashtar himself had sent the toothache.

After a time the aunt noticed Conradin's visits to the shed.

'It's not good for him to play out there in the cold,' she said. She could always find a reason to stop Conradin enjoying himself. The next morning at breakfast she told Conradin that she had sold the chicken. She looked at Conradin's white face, and waited for him to cry or to be angry. But Conradin said nothing; there was nothing to say.

Perhaps the aunt felt sorry. That afternoon there was hot buttered toast for tea. Toast was usually forbidden. Conradin loved it, but the aunt said that it was bad for him. Also, it made extra work for the cook. Conradin looked at the toast and quietly took a piece of bread and butter.

'I thought you liked toast,' the aunt said crossly.

'Sometimes,' said Conradin.

In the shed that evening Conradin looked sadly at the empty corner where his chicken had lived. And, for the first time, he asked his ferret-god to do something for him.

'Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar,' he said softly.

He did not say what he wanted. Sredni Vashtar was a god, after all. There is no need to explain things to gods. Then, with a last look at the empty corner, Conradin returned to the world that he hated.

And every night, in the shed and in his bedroom, Conradin repeated again and again.

'Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar.'

So Conradin's visits to the shed continued. The aunt noticed, and went to look in the shed again.

'What are you keeping in that locked box?' she asked. 'I'm sure you're keeping an animal there. It's not good for you.'

Conradin said nothing.

The aunt searched his bedroom until she found the key to the box. She marched down to the shed. It was a cold afternoon, and Conradin was forbidden to go outside. From the window of the dining-room Conradin could just see the door of the shed. He stood and waited.

He saw the aunt open the shed door. She went inside. Now, thought Conradin, she has found the box. She is opening the door, and feeling about inside the box where my god lives.

'Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar,' said Conradin softly. But he said it without hope. She will win, he thought. She always wins. Soon she will come out of the shed and give her orders. Somebody will come and take my wonderful god away—not a god any more, just a brown ferret in a box. Then there will be nothing important in my life... The doctor will be right. I shall sicken and die. She will win. She always wins... In his pain and misery, Conradin began to sing the song of his god:

Sredni Vashtar went into battle.

His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white.

his enemies called for peace but he brought them death.

Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful.

Suddenly he stopped singing and went nearer to the window. The door of the shed was still open. Slowly, very slowly

the minutes went by. Conradin watched the birds on the grass. He counted them, always with one eye on that open door. The unsmiling housekeeper came in with the tea things. Still Sonradin stood and watched and waited. Hope was growing, like a small, sick flower, in his heart. Very softly he sang his song again, and his hope grew and grew. And then he saw a very wonderful thing.

Out of the shed came a long, low, yellow—and—brown animal. There were red, wet stains around its mouth and neck. 'Sredni Vashstar!' said Conradin softly. The ferret—god made its way to the bottom of the garden. It stopped for a moment, then went quietly into the long grass and disappeared for ever.

'Tea is ready,' said the housekeeper. 'Where is your aunt?'

'She went down to the shed,' said Conradin.

And, while the housekeeper went down to call the aunt, Conradin took the toasting—fork out of the dining—room cupboard. He sat by the fire and toasted a piece of bread for himself. While he was toasting it and putting butter on it, Conradin listened to the noises beyond the dining room door. First there were loud screams—that was the housekeeper. Then there was the cook's answering cry. Soon there came the sound of several pairs of feet. They were carrying something heavy into the house.

'Who is going to tell that poor child?' said the housekeeper.

'Well, someone will have to,' answered the cook. And, while they were arguing, Conradin made himself another piece of toast.

斯莱德尼·瓦什塔

康拉丁10岁，经常生病。

“这孩子不结实，”医生说，“他活不了太久。”但是医生不了解康拉丁的想像力。在康拉丁孤独无爱的世界里，他的想像力是唯一支撑他活着的東西。

康拉丁的父母已亡故，他和姑妈住在一起。姑妈不喜欢康拉丁，经常对他不好。康拉丁从心底里恨她，但是平静地服从她，而且毫无怨言地服药。多数时间他远离她。她在他的世界里没有一席之地。在姑妈单调不舒服的家里，他真正的日常生活狭窄无趣。但是在他又小又黑的脑袋里，活跃、思想在狂奔。在想像中的明快世界里，康拉丁健壮勇敢。这是一个美好的世界，姑妈被锁在了这个世界之外。

花园里不好玩，没有有趣的事情做。他被禁止摘花，被禁止吃果子，被禁止在草坪上玩耍。但是在一些树后，在花园一个被遗忘的角落有一个陈旧的小屋。

没人用这个小屋，康拉丁便把它据为己有。对他而言小屋成了一个介于游戏室和教堂的地方。他在其中装满了想像中的鬼怪和动物。但是里面也有两个活物。在一个角落有一只蓬头垢面的老母鸡。康拉丁没有什么人去爱，于是这只鸡成了他最好的朋友。在小屋靠后的一个黑暗秘密的地方有一只大木箱，它的前面横竖着一些铁条。在这木箱里有一只长着又长又危险的牙齿和爪子的大雪貂。康拉丁从住在村里的一个很友好的男孩那里买下了这只雪貂和箱子。这花掉了他所有的钱，但是康拉丁不在乎。他非常害怕这只雪貂，可又全心全意地爱它。它是他精彩可怕的秘密。他给雪貂起了一个又古怪又好听的名字，它成了他的上帝。

姑妈每个星期天都去教堂。她带康拉丁一起去，但对康拉丁来说她的教堂和上帝毫无意义，而且似乎灰暗枯燥。真正的上帝住在小屋里，它的名字叫斯莱德尼·瓦什塔。

每个星期四，在小屋阴凉沉寂的黑暗中，康拉丁都给他的上帝带些礼物。他带来夏季的鲜花和秋天的果实，他给他的上帝编唱些古怪奇妙的歌曲。有时，在有某件重要事情发生的日子，康拉丁会带来特殊的礼物。他从厨房偷来盐并小心疼爱地放在雪貂箱子的前面。

有一天姑妈的牙疼得特别厉害。疼痛持续了三天。早上和晚上康拉丁都在他的上帝面前放点盐。最后他几乎相信是斯莱德尼·瓦什塔带来的牙疼。

过了一段时间，姑妈注意到康拉丁总是去小屋。

“在外面冷风里玩对他不好，”她说。她总是能找到一个理由不让康拉丁玩得开心。第二天早上吃早餐时，她告诉康拉丁她已经卖掉了那只鸡。她看着康拉丁苍白的脸，等着他哭或者生气。但是康拉丁一句话没说；没什么可说的。

可能姑妈觉得内疚了。那天下午喝茶时上了热黄油面包。烤面包平时是不让吃的。康拉丁喜欢吃，但是姑妈说吃烤面包对他不好。而且，烤面包对厨子来说太费事。康拉丁看着烤面包，平静地拿了一片面包和黄油。

“我想你喜欢烤面包，”姑妈生气地说。

“有时候是，”康拉丁说。

那天晚上在小屋里，康拉丁伤心地看着母鸡曾住过的那个空空的角落。于是，第一次，他让他的雪貂上帝为他做一件事。

“为我做一件事，斯莱德尼·瓦什塔，”他轻声地说。

他没有说出他的想法。斯莱德尼·瓦什塔终究是上帝，没有必要向上帝把什么事都说的一清二楚。然后，在看了那个空角落最后一眼之后，康拉丁回到了他憎恨的世界。

每天晚上在小屋和卧室里，康拉丁反复重复着那句话。

“为我做一件事，斯莱德尼·瓦什塔。”

因此康拉丁继续去小屋。姑妈发现后，又去小屋察看。

“你在那个锁着的箱子里养了什么？”她问。“我肯定你在那儿养了一只动物。这对你不好。”

康拉丁一言不发。

姑妈搜他的卧室，最后她终于找到了那个箱子的钥匙。她冲向小屋。这是一个寒冷的下午，康拉丁被禁止到外面去。从餐厅的窗户那儿康拉丁刚好能看见小屋的门。他站着等着。

他看见姑妈打开小屋房门进去了。现在，康拉丁想，她已经找到了箱子。她正在开箱子门，正在我的上帝居住的箱子里面摸索。

“为我做一件事，斯莱德尼·瓦什塔，”康拉丁轻声说。但是他说这话时没有抱什么希望。她会赢，他想，她总是赢。一会儿她就要从小屋出来，对他发号施令。会有人来拿走我的好上帝——再不是上帝了，只是木箱里的一只棕色雪貂。然后我的生活里就没有了重要的东西……医生是对的，我将生病死去。她将赢，她总是赢……在痛苦中，康拉丁开始唱他的上帝之歌：

斯莱德尼·瓦什塔上战场，他的思想鲜红牙齿雪亮。

敌人乞求和平，他将他们灭亡。

美丽的斯莱德尼·瓦什塔。

突然他停止歌唱，走近窗户。小屋的门还开着。慢慢地，非常慢地过了几分钟。康拉丁望着草地上的小鸟，数着它们，一只眼睛却总是看着那扇开着的门。毫无笑容的管家端着茶点进来，康拉丁还是站着、看着、等着。希望在增长，像心里一朵生病的小花。他又非常轻声地唱起了歌，希望又增长了。然后他看见了一个非常奇妙的东西。

从小屋出来一只又长又矮的黄棕色动物，它的嘴和脖子周围有湿红的血斑。

“斯莱德尼·瓦什塔！”康拉丁柔声说。雪貂上帝走向花园深处。它停顿片刻，然后悄悄地走进深远的草丛，永远地消失了。

“茶点好了，”管家说，“你姑妈在哪儿？”

“她下楼去小屋了，”康拉丁说。

于是，管家下楼去叫姑妈时，康拉丁从餐厅的壁柜里拿出面包叉。他坐在炉火旁给自己烤了一片面包。正当他烤着面包、在上面抹黄油时，康拉丁听着餐室外的吵闹声。先是尖叫声——那是管家，然后是厨子的喊叫声。一会儿传来几个人的脚步声。他们正往屋里拍个很沉的东西。

“谁去告诉那可怜的孩子？”管家说。

“哎，总得有人去，”厨子回答。当他们在争论的时候，康拉丁又给自己烤了一片面包。

The Story-Teller

It was a hot, airless afternoon. The train was slow and the next stop was nearly an hour away. The people in the train were hot and tired. There were three small children and their aunt, and a tall man, who was a bachelor. The bachelor did not know the little family, and he did not want to know them.

The aunt and the children talked, but it was not a real conversation. It was more like a battle with a small housefly which will not go away. When the aunt spoke to the children, she always began with 'Don't... 'When the children spoke to her, they always began with 'Why...' The bachelor said nothing aloud.

The small boy opened his mouth and closed it again. It made an interesting little noise, so he did it again. Open. Close. Open. Close.

'Don't do that, Cyril,' said the aunt. 'Come and look out of the window.' The boy closed his mouth and sat next to the window. He looked out at the green fields and trees.

'Why is that man taking those sheep out of that field?' he asked suddenly.

'Perhaps he's taking them to another field where there is more grass,' said the aunt. It was not a very good answer, and the boy knew it.

'But there is lots of grass in that field,' he said. 'The field is full of grass, Aunt. Why doesn't the man leave his sheep in that field?'

'I suppose the grass in the other field is better,' answered the aunt.

'Why is it better?' asked Cyril at once.

'Oh, look at those cows!' cried the aunt. There were cows in nearly all the fields along the railway line. Cyril did not look at the cows. He wanted an answer to his question.

'Why is the grass in the other field better?' he said again.

The bachelor gave them an angry look. The aunt saw him. He's a hard, unkind man, she thought. He doesn't like children. She searched for a suitable answer to Cyril's question, but could not find one.

The smaller girl began to say some words from a song:

'On the road to Mandalay, where the happy children play,' she began.

Then she stopped. She could not remember any more words, so she said the first words again, quietly but very clearly. Then she said them again. And again. And again.

The bachelor looked angrily at the girl, and then at the aunt.

'Come here and sit down quietly,' the aunt said quickly to the children. 'I'm going to tell you a story.'

The children moved slowly towards the aunt's seat. They already looked bored. Clearly, the aunt was not a famous story-teller.

The story was horribly uninteresting. It was about a little girl. She was not a beautiful child, but she was always very, very good. Everybody loved her because she was good. Finally, she fell into a lake and her friends saved her because she was so good, and they loved her so much.

'Did they only save her because she was good?' asked the bigger girl. Shouldn't we save bad people too, if they fall in to a lake?' The bachelor wanted to ask the same question, but he said nothing.

'Well, yes, we should,' said the aunt. 'But I'm sure the little girl's friends ran specially fast because they loved her so much.'

'That was the stupidest story that I've ever heard,' said the bigger girl.

'I didn't listen after the first few words,' said Cyril, 'because it was so stupid.'

The smaller girl was already quietly repeating the words of her song for the twentieth time.

'You're not very successful as a story-teller,' the bachelor said suddenly from his corner.

The aunt looked at him in angry surprise. 'It's not easy to tell stories that children can understand,' she answered coldly.

'I don't agree with you,' said the bachelor.

'Perhaps you would like to tell them a story,' said the aunt. She gave him a cold little smile.

'Yes— tell us a story,' said the bigger girl.

'A long time ago,' began the bachelor, 'there was a little girl called Bertha, who was extraordinarily good. She always worked well at school. She always obeyed her teachers and her parents. She was never late, never dirty, and always ate all her vegetables. She was polite, she was tidy, and she never, never told lies.'

'Oh,' said the children. They were beginning to look bored already.

'Was she pretty?' asked the smaller girl.

'No,' said the bachelor. 'She wasn't pretty. But she was horribly good.'

'Horribly good. I like that!' said Cyril. The children began to look more interested. The words 'horrible' and 'good' together was a new idea for them, and it pleased them.

'Bertha was always good,' continued the bachelor. 'Because she was so good, Bertha had three medals. There was the "Never Late" medal. There was the "Politeness" medal. And there was the medal for the "Best Child in the World". They were very large medals. Bertha always wore them on her dress, and they clinked as she walked along. She was the only child in her town who had three medals. So everybody knew that she must be an extra good child.'

'Horribly good,' repeated Cyril happily.

'Everybody talked about Bertha's goodness. The king of that country heard about her, and he was very pleased. "Because Bertha is so good," he said, "she may come and walk in my palace gardens every Friday afternoon." The king's gardens were famous. They were large and very beautiful, and children were usually forbidden to go in them.'

'Were there any sheep in the palace gardens?' asked Cyril.

'No,' said the bachelor, 'there were no sheep.'

'Why weren't there any sheep?' asked Cyril at once.

The aunt gave a little smile, and waited with interest for the bachelor's answer.

'There were no sheep in the king's gardens,' explained the bachelor, 'because the king's mother had once had a dream. In her dream a voice said to her, "Your son will be killed by a sheep, or by a clock falling on him." That is why the king never kept a sheep in his gardens or a clock in his palace.'

The aunt thought secretly that this was a very clever answer, but she stayed silent.

'Was the king killed by a sheep, or by a clock?' asked the bigger girl.

'He is still alive,' said the bachelor calmly, 'so we don't know if the dream was true or not. But, although there were no sheep, there were lots of little pigs running around everywhere.'

'What colour were the pigs?' asked the smaller girl.

'Black with white faces, white with black faces, all black, grey and white, and some were all white.'

The bachelor stopped for a moment, while the children's imaginations took in these wonderful pictures. Then he went on again.

'Bertha was sorry that there were no flowers in the palace gardens. She had promised her aunts that she would not pick any of the kind king's flowers. She wanted very much to be good and to keep her promise. So she was very cross when she found that there were no flowers to pick.'

'Why weren't there any flowers?'

'Because the pigs had eaten them all,' said the bachelor immediately. 'The gardeners had told the king that he couldn't have pigs and flowers, because pigs eat flowers. So the king decided to have pigs, and no flowers.'

The children thought that this was an excellent idea.

'Most people choose flowers,' said Cyril. He looked very pleased. 'But of course, pigs are much better than flowers.'

'There were lots of other wonderful things in the palace gardens,' the bachelor continued. 'There were lakes with gold and blue and green fish in them. There were trees with beautiful birds that could talk and say clever things. There were also birds that could sing popular songs.'

'Well, on the first Friday afternoon in May, Bertha came to the king's gardens, the king's soldiers saw her beautiful white dress and her three medals for goodness, and they opened the doors to the gardens at once.'

'Bertha walked up and down and enjoyed herself very much. As she walked along, the three medals on her beautiful white dress clinked against each other. She heard them clinking, and she thought: "I'm here in these lovely gardens because I am the Best Child in the World." She felt pleased and happy and very, very good.'

'Just then a very big, hungry wolf came into the gardens. It wanted to catch a fat little pig for its supper.'

'What colour was the wolf?' asked the children, who were listening to the story with great interest.

'He was grey,' said the bachelor, 'with a black tongue and angry yellow eyes. He had long black claws and big, strong, yellowish teeth. The wolf was hungry. He smelled the ground with his long grey nose. Then he saw Bertha's beautiful, clean white dress and began to move quietly towards her.'

'Bertha saw the wolf and she wished she had not come to the gardens. Oh, why did I come here?' she thought. 'All the bad children are safe at home. I wish I wasn't an extraordinarily good child! Then I could be safe at home too.' She ran as hard as she could, and the wolf came after her on his long grey legs.

'At last Bertha managed to reach some big, sweet smelling myrtle bushes, and she hid herself in the thickest bush. The wolf walked round and round the bushes, with his angry yellow eyes and his long black tongue. But he couldn't see Bertha because the bushes were too thick, and he couldn't smell her because the smell of the myrtle was too strong. So after a while the wolf became bored, and decided to go and catch a little pig for his supper.'

'Bertha was terribly frightened. Her heart beat very fast and her body shook with fear. Her arms shook and her legs shook. Her three medals for goodness shook too. And as they shook, they clinked together. The wolf was just moving away, when he heard the medals clinking, and he stopped to listen. The medals clinked again. The wolf's yellow eyes shone, and he ran into the myrtle bushes, pulled Bertha out, and ate her. He ate everything except her shoes, a few small pieces of her dress, and the three medals for goodness.'

'Were any of the little pigs killed?' asked Cyril.

'No, they all escaped.'

'The story began badly,' said the smaller girl, 'but it finished beautifully.'

'It is the most beautiful story that I have ever heard,' said the bigger girl.

'It is the only beautiful story I have ever heard,' said Cyril.

The aunt did not agree. 'It was a most improper story!' she said angrily. 'You mustn't tell children stories like that! You have destroyed years of careful teaching.'

'Well,' said the bachelor. He put on his coat and picked up his bags. 'The children sat still and were quiet for ten minutes while they listened to the story. And they didn't do that for you.'

'I feel sorry for that woman,' thought the bachelor as he stepped down from the train at the next station. 'What will

people think when those children ask her for an improper story!’

讲故事的人

这是一个炎热无风的下午。火车缓慢行进，离下一站还有将近一个小时的路程。火车里的人又热又累。有三个孩子和他们的姑妈，以及一个单身高个子男人。单身男人不认识这个小家庭，也不想认识他们。

姑妈在和孩子们说话，但算不上真正的交谈，更像和一只不愿离开的小家蝇的打斗。姑妈对孩子们说话时总是用“不许……”几个字开头，孩子们对她说话时总是用“为什么……”开头。单身男人没有出声。

小男孩张开嘴又闭上，发出一种有趣的、小小的响声，于是他又这样做了一遍。张嘴。闭嘴。张嘴。闭嘴。

“不许那样做，西里尔，”姑妈说。“来看看窗外。”男孩闭上嘴靠窗而坐。他向外面的绿地和树木张望。

“为什么那个人把羊带出田地？”他突然问。

“可能他正带它们去另外一块草多的田地，”姑妈说。这不是一个很好的答案，男孩知道这一点。

“可是那块地里的草很多，”他说。“地里全是草，姑妈。为什么那个人不把羊留在那块地里呢？”“我想别的地里的草更好，”姑妈回答。

“为什么更好？”西里尔马上问。

“哎哟，看那些牛！”姑妈喊道。铁路沿线几乎所有的地里都是牛。西里尔不看牛，他想得到问题的答案。

“为什么别的地里的草更好？”他又说。

单身男人生气地看了他们一眼。姑妈看见了他，认为他是一个严厉、不和善的男人。他不喜欢孩子。她在思索西里尔问题的合适答案，但是没找到。

小女孩开始说歌词：

“在去曼德雷的路上，快乐的孩子在玩耍，”她开始说。

然后她停住了，她记不住更多的词，于是又说前面几句词，声音不大但很清楚。然后她又一遍又一遍地说这几句词。

单身男人生气地看着女孩，又生气地看着她的姑妈。

“到这儿来安静地坐着，”姑妈马上对孩子们说。”我给你们讲个故事。”

孩子们慢慢挪向姑妈的座位。他们已经感到无聊了。很明显姑妈不是讲故事的好手。

故事无聊透顶，是关于一个小女孩的。她不漂亮，但总是非常非常地乖。因为她乖所以每个人都喜欢她。最后，她掉进了湖里，她的朋友救了她，因为她太乖了，他们非常喜欢她。

“他们救她只是因为她乖吗？”大点的女孩问。“如果坏人掉进湖里，我们就不应该救他们吗？”单身男人想问同样的问题，只是没说出

口。

“这个，是的，我们应该救，”姑妈说。“但我能肯定小女孩的朋友跑得飞快，因为他们太喜欢她了。”

“这是我听过的最蠢的故事，”大些的女孩说。

“我只听了前面几句，”西里尔说，“因为它太蠢。”

小女孩已经在第二十次轻声重复她的歌词。

“你的故事讲得不成功，”单身男人突然在他的一角说话了。

姑妈生气地看着他，很惊讶。“讲孩子们能懂的故事不容易，”她冷淡地回答。

“我不同意，”单身男人说。

“可能你想给他们讲个故事，”姑妈说。她对他冷冷地笑了笑。

“给我们讲个故事，”大女孩说。

“很久以前。”单身男人开始讲。“有一个小女孩叫伯莎，她出奇地好。在学校她的成绩总是很好。她总是听老师和家长的话。她从不迟到、邋遢，总是把菜吃光。她有礼貌、整洁而且从不说谎。”

“哦，”孩子们说。他们已经开始不耐烦了。

“她漂亮吗？”小女孩问。

“不，”单身男人说，“她不漂亮，但是她好得可怕。”

“好得可怕！我喜欢！”西里尔说。孩子们开始感兴趣了。把“可怕”和“好”这两个词放在一起对他们是个新鲜的说法，这提起了他们的兴致。

“伯莎总是很好，”单身男人继续说。“因为表现太好，伯莎得了三枚奖章，分别是’从不迟到’奖章，“礼貌’奖章和’世界上最好的孩子’奖章。奖章都很大，伯莎总是把它们戴在衣服上，走路时它们丁当作响。她是镇上唯一得了三枚奖章的孩子，因此每个人都知道她一定是个极好的孩子。”

“好得可怕，”西里尔高兴地重复。

“每人都谈论伯莎的好行为。国王听说了她，很高兴。’伯莎表现这么好，’他说，’每星期五下午她可以来我皇宫的花园里散步。’国王的花园很有名，很大，很漂亮，孩子们一般是不准进去的。”

“皇宫的花园里有羊吗？”西里尔问。

“没有，”单身男人说，“没有羊。”

“为什么没羊呢？”西里尔马上问。

姑妈轻轻一笑，满有兴趣地等着单身男人的回答。

单身男人解释说，“国王的花园里没有羊是因为国王的母亲曾经做过一个梦。在梦里一个声音对她说，’你的儿子会被羊杀死，或者被掉下的钟砸死。’所以国王从不在花园里养羊，从不在皇宫里放钟。”

姑妈暗自想这是个很聪明的回答，但她没说话。

“国王是被羊杀死的还是被钟砸死的？”大女孩问。

“他还活着，”单身男人平静地说。“因此我们不知道梦是真的还是假的。但是，虽然没有羊，有很多小猪在里面四处跑。”

“猪是什么颜色？”小女孩问。

“黑猪长着白脸，白猪长着黑脸，都是黑色、灰色和白色相间的，有一些是纯白色的猪。”

孩子们正想像着这些奇妙的图画时，单身男人停顿了片刻，然后他又继续讲：

“皇宫花园里没有花，伯莎觉得很不高兴。她向姑妈保证过她不会摘善良的国王的花。她很想表现好，信守诺言，因此当发现无花可摘时她很生气。”

“为什么没花？”

“因为猪把花都吃了，”单身男人立刻说。“园丁告诉过国王他不能既有猪又有花，因为猪吃花。于是国王决定养猪，不种花。”

孩子们想这是个好主意。

“大多数人选择花，”西里尔说。他很高兴。“可是猪当然比花好得多。”

“皇宫的花园里还有很多其它好东西，”单身男人继续讲。“湖里有金色、蓝色和绿色的鱼。树上有会说话、会讲聪明事情的鸟。还有会唱流行歌曲的鸟。

“好啦，5月第一个星期五的下午，伯莎来到国王的花园。国王的士兵看见了她漂亮的白裙和她的三枚好品行奖章，于是他们马上打开了通往花园的门。

“伯莎来回散步，很开心。她走路时，漂亮白裙上的三枚奖章相互碰撞。她听见奖章的丁当声，想道：‘我来到这漂亮的花园是因为我是世界上最好的孩子。’她愉快、幸福，感觉很好。

“正在这时一只很大的饿狼走进花园，它想捉一只小肥猪当晚餐。”

“狼是什么颜色？”孩子们问，他们都在非常感兴趣地听故事。

“是灰色的，”单身男人说，“长着黑舌头和发怒的黄眼睛，爪子又黑又长，黄牙又大又结实。狼饿了，它用灰色的长鼻子在地上闻味。它看见了伯莎漂亮干净的白裙，开始悄悄地向她走来。

“伯莎看见了狼，她希望她没来花园该多好。’哦，我为什么来这儿？’她想。’所有的坏孩子都安全地在家，我希望我不是个好得出奇的孩子！那么我也可以安全地呆在家里。’她拚命跑，狼用灰色的长腿紧追。

“终于伯莎跑到了一片散发着甜味的高大爱神木丛，她把自己藏在了浓密的树丛里。狼在树丛周围走了一圈又一圈，睁着发怒的黄眼睛，吐着又黑又长的舌头。但是它看不见伯莎，因为树丛太密。它闻不出她，因为爱神木的味太冲了。过了一会儿狼厌倦了，决定去抓只小猪当晚餐。

“伯莎吓坏了，她的心在急促跳动，她的身体因害怕而发抖。她的胳膊在抖，腿在抖，连三枚好品行奖章也在抖。奖章抖动时便发出了丁当的响声。狼正要离开时听见了奖章的丁当声，便停下来听。奖章又丁当作响。狼的黄眼睛闪着光，跑进爱神木丛，拖出了伯莎，吃了她。它吃掉了一切，只剩下她的鞋，她裙子的一些小碎片和三枚好品行奖章。”

“有哪只小猪被吃了吗？”西里尔问。

“没有，它们都跑了。”

“故事开头不好，”小女孩说。“但是结尾漂亮。”

“这是我听过的最精彩的故事，”大女孩说。

“这是我听过的唯一一个精彩的故事，”西里尔说。

姑妈不同意。“这是一个最不成体统的故事！”她生气地说。“你不能给孩子讲这样的故事！你破坏了多少年的精心教育。”

“好吧，”单身男人说。他穿上大衣提起包。“孩子们听故事时安静地坐了10分钟，他们这么做不是为了你。”

“我为那女人难过。”单身男人在下一站走下火车时想。“当那些孩子让她讲个不成体统的故事时人们会怎么想！”

Cunningham had spent an agreeable week in the country with his friend Van Cheele. Now Van Cheele was driving his guest back to the station. Cunningham was unusually quiet on the journey, but Van Cheele talked all the time, so he did not notice his friend's silence.

Suddenly Cunningham spoke. 'There is a wild animal in your woods,' he said.

'A wild animal? A few rabbits, perhaps. Nothing very terrible, surely,' said Van Cheele. Cunningham said nothing.

'What did you mean about a wild animal?' asked Van Cheele later, at the station.

'Nothing. It was my imagination. Here is the train,' said Cunningham.

That afternoon Van Cheele went for a walk through his woods. He knew a little about plants and animals, and he enjoyed walking through the woods around his house and looking at the birds and flowers there. He also enjoyed telling everyone about them afterwards. Of course, he never saw anything very surprising—until that afternoon.

During his walk Van Cheele came to a deep pool under some tall trees. He knew it well: after all, it was his pool. But today, he saw a boy of about sixteen lying on a large rock beside the pool. The boy was drying his wet, naked brown body in the sun. His hair was wet too, and he had long, golden, wolfish eyes. He turned those eyes towards Van Cheele with a look of lazy watchfulness.

Van Cheele was surprised to see the boy. Where does this wild-looking boy come from? he thought. Can he be the miller's son? He disappeared two months ago. People say he fell into the river. It's a fast-running river, and nobody ever found his body. I wonder? But the miller's boy was only a young child...

'What are you doing here?' asked Van Cheele.

'Enjoying the sunshine, of course,' said the boy.

'Where do you live?'

'Here, in these woods.'

'You can't live in these woods.' said Van Cheele.

'They are very nice woods,' said the boy politely.

'But where do you sleep at night?'

'I don't sleep at night. That's my busiest time.'

Van Cheele began to feel cross. What did the boy mean?

'What do you eat?' he asked.

'Meat,' said the boy. He opened his mouth, showing very white teeth.

'Meat? What kind of meat?'

'Well, if you must know, I eat rabbits, wild birds, chickens from the farm and young sheep from the hills. I like children when I can find them. But they're usually too well locked in at night. It's two months since I tasted child meat.'

The boy is joking about the children, thought Van Cheele. But perhaps he really is stealing animals from the woods and farms. I must find out more about this.

Aloud he said, 'You catch rabbits? You must be joking. Our rabbits are much too fast for you.'

'At night I hunt on four feet,' was the boy's surprising replp.

'You mean that you hunt with a dog?' guessed Van Cheele.

The boy sat up suddenly and laughed a strange, low laugh. To Van Cheele that laugh sounded horrrlby like a growl.

'I don't think any dog would like to hunt with me,' the boy said. 'Not at night...'

There is something horrible about this boy, thought Van Cheele. I don't like the way he looks and I don't like the way he talks.

'I can't let you stay in my woods,' he said aloud.

'Very well then— shall I come and live in your house?' replied te boy.

Van Cheele thought about his quiet, tidy house. No, he did not want this strange, wild boy at all. Of course, the boy was joking...but Van Cheele was not amused.

'If you don't go away,' he said, 'I shall have to call the police.'

At once the boy turned and jumped head-first into the pool. A moment later, his shining, wet body landed half-way up the grassy bank where Van Cheele was standing. Van Cheele stepped backwards. His foot slipped on the wet grass and he fell. He found himself lying on the grass with those wolfish yellow eyes uncomfortably near to his. He felt a moment of horrible fear. The boy laughed again, a laugh that was like the growl of a wild animal, then disaggearred among the bushes.

'What an extraordinarily wild animal!' said Van Cheele as he picked himself up. And then he remembered Cunning ham's words about a wild animal in his woods.

As he walked slowly home, Van Cheele thought about several things which had happened in and around the village recently. Perhaps this boy knows something about them, he thought...Something has been killing rabbits and birds in the woods lately. Something has been stealing the farmer's chickens and carrying off the young sheep from the hills. Is it possible that this wild boy is hunting at night with a fast, intelligent dog? The boy talked of hunting on four feet at night...But he also said that dogs did not like to hunt with him at night...Very strange indeed.

As Van Cheele walked along, he turned the questions over and over in his head. Suddenly he stopped. The miller's

son! he said to himself. The child disappeared two months ago. Everyone thought that he had fallen into the river and been carried away. But the child's mother did not believe this. She said she had heard a scream—and the scream came from the hill, a long way away from the water.

It's impossible, of course, said Van Cheele to himself. But the child disappeared two months ago, and the boy talked about child meat. He was joking, of course—but what a horrible joke!

Van Cheele usually talked to his aunt about the birds, plants and animals he saw on his walks. But today he said nothing. He was an important man in his village. If there was a thief living in his woods, he did not want anyone to know. If people hear about the boy, he thought, perhaps they will want me to pay for their lost chickens and their disappearing sheep.

He was unusually quiet at dinner. 'What's the matter with you?' joked his aunt. 'Did you see a wolf on your walk?'

At breakfast the next morning Van Cheele realized that he still felt uncomfortable about yesterday's adventure. I know what I'll do, he said to himself. I'll take the train to London and I'll go and see Cunningham. I'll ask him if he was joking when he said there was a wild animal in my woods.

After he had decided this, Van Cheele felt better. He sang a happy little song as he walked to the sitting-room for his morning cigarette. His fat old dog walked beside him.

As Van Cheele entered the sitting-room, the song died on his lips and his dog ran away with his tail between his legs. There on the day-bed, with his hands comfortably behind his head, lay the boy from the woods. He was drier than yesterday, but he was still naked.

'What are you doing here?' asked Van Cheele angrily.

'You told me I couldn't stay in the woods,' said the boy calmly.

'But I didn't tell you to come here. What if my aunt sees you? What will she think?'

Van Cheele hurriedly covered his unwanted guest's nakedness with a newspaper. At that moment his aunt entered the room.

'This is a poor boy,' explained Van Cheele quickly. 'He has lost his way—and lost his memory too. He doesn't know who he is, or where he comes from.'

Miss Van Cheele was very interested. 'Perhaps his name is on his underclothes,' she said.

'He has lost his underclothes too,' said Van Cheele. The newspaper was slipping off the boy's naked body. Van Cheele hurried to replace it.

Miss Van Cheele was a kind old lady. She felt sorry for this naked, helpless child.

'We must help him,' she said. She sent the housekeeper to a neighbour's house to borrow some clothes.

Soon the boy was clean and tidy, and dressed in shirt, trousers and shoes. Van Cheele thought he looked just as strange and wolfish as before. But Miss Van Cheele thought he was sweet.

'We must give him a name until we know who he really is,' she said. 'Gabriel Ernest, I think. Those are nice, suitable names.'

Van Cheele agreed. But he was not sure that the boy was a nice, suitable boy. Van Cheele's old dog, when he saw the boy, had run away in fear and would not come back into the house. Van Cheele decided to go and see Cunningham at once.

As he got ready to go to the station, his aunt was busily arranging a children's tea party in the church hall.

'Gabriel Ernest will help me with the little ones,' she said happily.

When Van Cheele got to London, Cunningham did not want to talk at first. You'll think I'm crazy,' he said.

'But what did you see?' asked Van Cheele.

'I saw something—something unbelievable. On the last evening of my visit to you I was standing half-hidden in the bushes, watching the sun go down. Suddenly I noticed a naked boy. He has been swimming in a pool somewhere, I said to myself. He was standing on the hillside and he too was watching the sun go down. Then the sun disappeared behind the hill and its light was gone. At the same moment a very surprising thing happened—the boy disappeared too.'

'What? He disappeared just like that?' said Van Cheele excitedly.

'No. It was much more horrible than that. On the open hillside where the boy had been, I saw a large, blackish-grey wolf with long white teeth and yellow eyes. You'll think I'm crazy—'

But Van Cheele did not wait. He was running towards the station as fast as he could. He did not know what he could do. I can't send my aunt a message, he thought. What can I say? Gabriel Ernest is a werewolf? My aunt will think I'm joking. I MUST get home before sundown.

He caught his train. With painful slowness it carried him to the station a few miles from his home. He took a taxi to his village.

'Take me to the church hall—and hurry!' he ordered. The taxi drove along the quiet country roads, and the sky turned pink and purple as the sun got lower and lower in the west.

His aunt was putting away some uneaten cakes and sand wiches when he arrived.

'Where is Gabriel Ernest?' screamed Van Cheele.

'He's taking little Jack Toop home,' said his aunt calmly. 'It was getting so late. I didn't want to send the dear little boy home alone. Isn't the sky beautiful this evening?'

But Van Cheele had no time to talk about the beautiful sky. He ran like the wind down the narrow road that went to the Toops' house. On one side was the fast-running river, on the other was the dark hillside. In a minute I'll catch up with them, Van Cheele thought.

Then the sun went down behind the hill and the whole world became grey and cold. Van Cheele heard a short scream of

fear, and he knew he was too late.

Nobody ever saw litele Jack Toop or Gabrid Ernest again. Gabriel Ernest’s clothes were found lying in the road.
'Poor littler Jack fell into the river,' said Miss Van Cheele. 'And dear Gabriel Ernest took off his clothes and jumped into the river to try to save him.'

Mrs Toop had eleven other children and did not cry too long for her lost son. But Miss Van Cheele was terribly sad about Gabriel Ernest.

'He must have a memorial in the church,' she said. She chose the words herself:
GABRIEL ERNEST, AN UNKNOWN BOY
WHO BRAVELY GAVE HIS LIFE
FOR ANOTHER.

Van Cheele usually did what his aunt wanted. But he refused to give any money at all for Gabriel Ernest’s memorial.
加布里埃尔·欧内斯特

坎宁安和朋友范·切尔在乡下过了愉快的一周。现在范·切尔正开车送客人去车站。路上坎宁安与往常不一样，非常安静，但是范·切尔一直说个不停，所以没注意到朋友的沉默。

坎宁安突然说，“你家的小树林里有一只野兽。”
“一只野兽？一些兔子还有可能，肯定没有什么太可怕的，”范·切尔说。坎宁安一句话没说。
“你说一只野兽是什么意思？”范·切尔后来在车站问。
“没什么，是我的幻觉，火车来了，”坎宁安说。

那天下午范·切尔去林子里散步。他对植物和动物略知一二，因此喜欢走路穿过他家房子周围的树林，观赏那儿的花鸟。事后他也喜欢向每个人讲述。当然他从没看见过令人非常惊奇的东西——直到那天下午。

范·切尔走到高树下的一个深水塘旁。他对这个水塘非常熟悉：毕竟这是他的。但是今天，他看见一个大约十六岁的男孩正躺在水塘边的大石头上。他正在太阳下晒自己潮湿、裸露的棕色身体。他的头发也是湿的，他长着一双金黄色、狼一样的长眼睛。他眨着那双眼，用懒洋洋的警惕神情看着范·切尔。

范·切尔见到男孩很吃惊。这个相貌野性的男孩从哪儿来？他想。是磨坊主的儿子吗？他两个月前失踪了。人们说他掉进了河里，是湍急的河，没人找到他的尸体。我想，会不会是他？可是磨坊主的儿子还只是一个小孩……

“你在这儿做什么？”范·切尔问。
“当然是享受阳光，”男孩说。
“你住在哪儿？”
“在这儿，在这些树林里。”
“你不可能住在树林里，”范·切尔说。
“树林里挺不错的，”男孩礼貌地说。
“可是你晚上在哪儿睡觉？”
“我晚上不睡觉，那是我最忙的时候。”
范·切尔有点生气了。这个男孩说的是什么意思？
“你吃什么？”他问。
“吃肉，”男孩说，他张开嘴，露出雪白的牙齿。
“肉？什么肉？”

“哎，如果你一定要知道的话，我吃兔子、野鸟、农场的鸡和山上的小羊。如果能找到，我喜欢小孩，可是小孩在晚上总是被锁在家里。我有两个月没有吃小孩肉了。”

范·切尔想这个男孩在开小孩的玩笑。可是他可能真的偷树林和农场的动物，我得把这事搞清楚。
他大声说，“你抓兔子？你一定在开玩笑。我们的兔子跑起来比你快得多。”

“夜里我用四只脚狩猎。”这是男孩令人吃惊的回答。
“你是说你用狗打猎？”范·切尔猜。

男孩突然坐起来，发出了古怪低沉的笑声。对范·切尔来说，这笑声听起来像可怕的嗥叫。
“我想没有哪条狗愿意和我一起打猎，”男孩说，“在晚上没有……”

男孩有些可怕，范·切尔想。我不喜欢他看人的样子和说话的方式。
“我不能让你呆在我的树林里，”他大声说。
“很好，那么——我可以去你家住吗？”男孩回答。

范·切尔想着他平静整洁的家。不，他根本不想接受这个古怪野性的男孩。当然，这个孩子在开玩笑……但是范·切尔不觉得好笑。
“如果你不走，”他说，“我就要叫警察。”

男孩马上头朝下翻身跳进水塘。片刻后，他闪亮、湿淋淋的身体便一半出现在范·切尔站着的长满青草的岸上。范·切尔朝后退，他的脚在湿草上一滑便跌倒了。他发现自己躺在草地上，那双狼似的黄眼睛离他很近，令他不舒服。他感到一阵恐惧。男孩又笑了，笑声像野兽的嗥叫，随即他就消失在树丛里。

“多么离奇的野兽！”范·切尔站起身时说。这时他想起了坎宁安关于他家树林里有野兽的话。
慢慢朝家走时，范·切尔想着最近村子里和周围地方发生的几件事。可能这个孩子知道些什么，他想……最近什么东西一直在杀树林里的兔子和鸟，一直在偷农夫的鸡、吃山上的小羊。有可能是这个野孩子晚上带着一条敏捷聪明的狗在打猎吗？男孩谈到了晚上用四只脚打猎的事……可是他也说了狗不喜欢和他在晚上打猎……真奇怪。

范·切尔走着，脑子里反复想着这些问题。突然他停住脚步。磨坊主的儿子！他自言自语。这孩子两个月前失踪的，每个人都认为他掉进

河里被河水卷走了。可是孩子的母亲不相信，她说她听见了一声尖叫——尖叫声从小山传来，那儿离河水很远。那当然不可能，范·切尔对自己说。可这孩子两个月前失踪的，那个男孩说起了小孩肉。他当然是在开玩笑……可这是个多么可怕的玩笑啊！

范·切尔常向姑妈谈论路途上看见的鸟、植物和动物。但是今天他什么都没说。他是村里的一个重要人物，如果他的树林里住着一个贼，他是不想让任何人知道的。如果人们知道了这个男孩，他想，他们可能会让我赔偿他们丢失的鸡和羊。

晚饭时他异乎寻常地安静。“你怎么了？”姑妈逗他说。“你在路上看见狼了吗？”

第二天早餐时范·切尔还在为昨天的奇遇颇为不爽。我知道我要做什么，他自言自语。我要乘火车去伦敦，去看望坎宁安。我要问他当他说我家树林里有一头野兽时是不是在开玩笑。

做出这个决定之后，范·切尔觉得好了一些。朝客厅走去拿早上抽的烟时他唱起了快乐的小曲。他的老肥狗走在他的旁边。

当范·切尔走进客厅，他的歌声在嘴唇上嘎然而止，他的狗夹着尾巴逃跑了。在那张白天休息的床上躺着那个树林里来的男孩他的头舒服地枕在手上。他比昨天干多了，但还是赤身裸体。

“你在这儿做什么？”范·切尔气愤地问。

“你告诉过我我不能呆在树林里，”男孩平静地说。

“但我没告诉你来这儿。我姑妈看见你会怎样？她会怎么想？”

范·切尔赶紧用报纸盖住这位不速之客的光身子。正在这时姑妈进了房间。

“这是个可怜的孩子，”范·切尔马上解释。“他迷了路——也失去了记忆。他不知道他是谁，从哪儿来。”

范·切尔小姐很感兴趣。“他的名字可能在内衣上，”她说。

“他连内衣也丢了，”范·切尔说。报纸从男孩的光身子上滑了下来，范·切尔赶忙又把报纸盖在男孩的身上。

范·切尔小姐是一个和善的老妇人，她为这个裸露无助的孩子感到难过。

“我们得帮助他，”她说。她让管家去邻居家借些衣服。

一会儿男孩变得干净整洁，穿上了衬衣、裤子和鞋。范·切尔认为他和以前一样古怪，就像一只狼，但是范·切尔小姐认为他很可爱。

“在我们知道他到底是谁以前得给他起个名字，”她说。“我想该叫加布里埃尔·欧内斯特。这是合适的好名字。”

范·切尔同意。但是他不敢说这个男孩是个适宜的好孩子。范·切尔的老狗一看见男孩就吓得跑掉了，不愿意回屋里。范·切尔决定马上去见坎宁安。

正当他准备好去车站时，姑妈正忙于筹办在教堂举行的儿童茶会。

“加布里埃尔·欧内斯特将帮我照看小家伙们。”她高兴地说。

范·切尔到了伦敦，坎宁安开始不想谈此事。“你会认为我疯了，”他说。

“可是你看见了什么？”范·切尔问。

“我看见了一件事情——一件让人难以相信的事情。在我拜访你的最后一个晚上我一半隐在树丛里看日落。突然我看见了一个裸着身体的男孩。我对自己说，可能他刚在某个地方的池塘里游过泳。他站在山坡上，也在看日落。过后太阳落山了，光线渐去了。就在同一时刻发生了一件非常惊奇的事——男孩也消失了。”

“什么？他就那样消失了？”范·切尔激动地说。

“不，比那可怕得多。在男孩呆过的山坡空地上，我看见了一只灰黑色的大狼，长着白色的长牙和黄色的眼睛。你会认为我疯了——”

但是范，切尔没再等，他拚命往车站跑。他不知道能做什么。我不能给姑妈捎口信，他想。我能说什么？“加布里埃尔·欧内斯特是个狼人”？姑妈会认为我在开玩笑。我必须在太阳下山前到家。

他上了火车。在令人难受的缓慢中火车把他带到了离家几里的车站。他乘出租车向村子驶去。

“带我去教堂——要快！”他命令说。出租车在安静的乡村路上行驶，在西边太阳越落越低，天空也随着变粉变紫。

他赶到教堂时姑妈正在端走没吃的蛋糕和三明治。

“加布里埃尔·欧内斯特在哪儿？”范·切尔尖叫。

“他正送小杰克·图布回家，”姑妈平静地说。“天太晚，我不想单独让可爱的小家伙回家。今晚天空很美吧？”

可是范·切尔没时间谈论美丽的天空，他像一阵风在通向图布家的窄路上奔跑。路的一旁是快速流动的河水，另一旁是黑漆漆的山坡。再过一分钟我就能赶上他们，范·切尔想。

太阳下山了，整个世界变得灰暗、寒冷。范·切尔听见一声恐怖、短促的尖叫，于是他知道他来得太晚了。

没人再看见小杰克·图布或加布里埃尔·欧内斯特。在路上人们找到了加布里埃尔·欧内斯特的衣服。

“可怜的小杰克掉到河里了，”范·切尔小姐说。“亲爱的加布里埃尔·欧内斯特脱掉衣服跳进河里，想去救他。”

图布夫人还有11个孩子，她没有为丢失的儿子哭得太久。可是范·切尔小姐却为加布里埃尔·欧内斯特难过。

“他在教堂里该有个纪念碑，”她说。她亲自选择词句：

加布里埃尔·欧内斯特，

一个不相识的男孩

勇敢地把自己的生命

献给了别人。

范·切尔通常照姑妈的意愿做事，但是他拒绝为加布里埃尔·欧内斯特的纪念碑捐一分钱。

Tobermory

It was a cold, rain-washed afternoon in late August. Lady Blemley and her guests were sitting round the teatable. Everyone was listening open-mouthed to Mr Cornelius Appin.

Although he was one of her guests, Lady Blemley did not know Mr Appin well. She had invited him to stay at Blemley House because she had heard that he was clever. But until teatime that day he had not done or said anything clever. He did not play tennis, or sing, or make intelligent conversation. But now Mr Appin was describing a most extraordinary discovery and the other guests were listening with deep interest. 'Are you telling us that you have found a way of teaching animals to talk?' Sir Wilfrid was saying. 'And our dear old Tobermory is your first successful student?'

'I have studied this problem for seventeen years,' said Mr Appin, 'but I didn't have any real success until eight or nine months ago. Of course, I have studied thousands of animals, but recently I have worked only with cats. A cat, of course, is a wild animal who agrees to live with you. All cats are intelligent, but naturally some cats are more intelligent than others. When I met Tobermory a week ago, I realized at once that here was an extraordinarily intelligent cat, a very special cat indeed. In Tobermory, I found the student I needed. With him I have succeeded in my plan.'

Nobody laughed, and nobody actually said 'Rubbish', although Clovis's lips moved silently...

'And have you really taught Tobermory,' asked Miss Resker, 'to say and understand short, easy words?'

'My dear Miss Resker,' said Mr Appin patiently, 'we teach little children and very slow, stupid adults in that way. But Tobermory is a most intelligent cat. He can speak English as well as you or I can.'

This time Clovis said 'Rubbish!' aloud.

Sir Wilfrid was more polite, but it was clear that he did not believe Mr Appin's story.

'Shall we bring the cat in here and hear him for ourselves?' said Lady Blemley.

Sir Wilfrid went off to look for Tobermory.

'Mr Appin will try to be clever,' said Miss Resker happily, 'but if we watch him carefully, we shall see his lips move.'

In a minute Sir Wilfrid returned, looking very excited.

'It's true, you know!' he said. 'I found Tobermory sleeping in the smoking-room, and called out to him to come for his tea. He lifted his head and opened one eye. I said, "Come on, Toby, don't keep us waiting!" and he said calmly, "I'll come when I'm ready!" I couldn't believe my ears!'

The guests all started talking at once, while Mr Appin sat silently and looked very pleased with himself indeed.

Then Tobermory entered the room and calmly walked over to the tea table. The conversation stopped. Nobody knew what to say to a talking cat. At last Lady Blemley spoke:

'Would you like some milk, Tobermory?' she asked in a high, unnatural voice.

'I don't mind if I do,' answered Tobermory. Lady Blemley's hand shook with excitement and some of the milk went onto the carpet.

'Oh dear! I'm so sorry,' she said.

'I don't mind. It isn't my carpet, after all,' replied Tobermory.

There was another silence, then Miss Resker asked politely, 'Did you find it difficult to learn English, Tobermory?'

Tobermory looked straight through her with his bright green eyes. Clearly, he did not answer questions that did not interest him.

'What do you think of the intelligence of people?' asked Mavis Pellington.

'Which people's intelligence?' asked Tobermory coldly.

'Well, my intelligence, for example,' said Mavis with a little laugh.

'You make things very uncomfortable for me,' said Tobermory, although he did not look at all uncomfortable. 'When Lady Blemley wanted to invite you here, Sir Wilfrid was not pleased. "Mavis Pellington is the stupidest woman I know," he said. "That's why I want to invite her," Lady Blemley replied. "I want her to buy my old car, and she's stupid enough to do that."'

'It isn't true!' cried Lady Blemley. 'Don't believe him, Mavis!'

'If it isn't true,' said Mavis coldly, 'why did you say this morning that your car would be just right for me?'

Major Barfield did his best to help. He tried to start a new conversation. 'How are you getting on with your little black and white lady friend in the garden?' he asked Tobermory.

Everybody realized at once that this was a mistake.

Tobermory gave him an icy look. 'We do not usually discuss these things in polite company,' he said. 'But I have watched you a little since you have been in this house. I think perhaps you would not like me to discuss your lady friends.'

The Major's face became very red, and all the other guests began to look worried and uncomfortable. What was Tobermory going to say next?

'Would you like to go down to the kitchen now, Tobermory,' asked Lady Blemley politely, 'and see if the cook has got your dinner ready?'

'No, thank you,' said Tobermory. 'I've only just had my tea. I don't want to make myself sick.'

'Cats have nine lives, you know,' said Sir Wilfrid with a laugh.

'Possibly,' answered Tobermory. 'But only one stomach.'

'Lady Blemley!' cried Mrs Cornett, 'Don't send that cat to the kitchen. He will talk about us to the cook!'

Everyone was very worried now. They remembered uncomfortably that Tobermory moved freely all over the house and gardens, at all hours of the day and night. He could look into any of the bedrooms if he wanted to. What had he seen? What had he heard? Nobody's secrets were safe now.

'Oh, why did I come here?' cried Agnes Resker, who could never stay silent for long.

'You know very well why you came here,' said Tobermory immediately. 'You came for the food, of course. I heard you talking to Mrs Cornett in the garden. You said that the Blemleys were terribly boring people, but they had an excellent cook.'

'You mustn't believe him!' cried Agnes. 'I never said that, did I, Mrs Cornett?'

'Later, Mrs Cornett repeated your words to Bertie van Tahn,' said Tobermory. 'She said, "That Resker woman will go anywhere for four good meals a day," and Bertie said—'

Just then Tobermory looked out of the window and saw the doctor's big yellow cat crossing the garden. Immediately he disappeared through the open window.

Everyone started talking at once, and Mr Appin found himself in a storm of angry questions.

'You must stop this at once,' everyone said to him. 'What will happen if Tobermory teaches other cats to talk? We shall never have a moment's peace!'

'It's possible that he has taught the gardener's cat,' replied Mr Appin thoughtfully, 'but I don't believe he has had time to teach any other cats.'

'Then,' said Mrs Cornett, 'although Tobermory is a valuable cat, he and the gardener's cat must die. Don't you agree, Lady Blemley?'

'You're right,' said Lady Blemley sadly. 'My husband and I love Tobermory—well, we did before this afternoon—but now, of course, he must die as soon as possible.' 'We will poison his dinner,' said Sir Wilfrid, 'and I will kill the gardener's cat myself. The gardener won't like it, but I'll say it has some kind of disease—'

'But what about my discovery?' cried Mr Appin. 'What about all my years of work? Are you going to destroy my only successful student?'

'You can go and teach the cows on the farm,' said Mrs Cornett coldly, 'or the elephants at the zoo. Elephants are very intelligent, they tell me, and elephants don't hide behind chairs or under beds and listen to people's conversations.' Mr Appin knew when he was beaten.

Dinner that evening was not a success. Sir Wilfrid had had a difficult time with the gardener's cat and later with the gardener. Agnes Resker refused to eat anything, while Mavis Pellington ate her meal in silence. Everyone was waiting for Tobermory. A plate of poisoned fish stood ready for him in the dining-room, but he did not come home. Nobody talked much, and nobody laughed. It was a most uncomfortable meal.

After dinner the Blemleys and their guests sat in the smoking-room. Everyone was quiet and worried and nobody wanted to play cards. At eleven o'clock the cook and the housekeeper went to bed. They left the kitchen window open for Tobermory as usual, but he did not come.

At two o'clock Clovis spoke:

'He won't come home tonight. He's probably in the newspaper office selling them his story. They'll love it. The story will be the excitement of the year.'

After that everyone went to bed, but nobody slept.

In the morning Tobermory had still not come home.

Breakfast was another quiet, uncomfortable meal. Then, half-way through the coffee, the gardener brought in Tobermory's blood-stained body.

'Look at his claws!' cried Clovis. 'He's been fighting!' And there, on Tobermory's claws, was the yellow hair of the doctor's cat.

By lunchtime most of the guests had left Blemley House. Lady Blemley began to feel better. She took out her pen and paper and wrote a very angry letter to the doctor about the death of her valuable cat.

Tobermory was Mr Appin's only successful student. A few weeks after Tobermory's death an elephant escaped from the Dresden Zoo and killed an English visitor.

The zoo keeper said that the elephant had always been a calm and gentle animal before. But suddenly it seemed to become very angry with the English visitor, who was talking to it.

The dead man's name was reported in the newspapers as Oppin, but his first name was Cornelius.

'If Appin was trying to teach the poor elephant to speak German,' said Clovis, 'I'm not surprised it killed him.'

托博莫里

这是8月底一个寒冷的下午。布莱姆雷夫人和客人正坐在桌旁吃茶点。大家听了科尼利厄斯·阿普因先生的话都很吃惊。

虽然他是其中的一个客人，但是布莱姆雷夫人并不太了解阿普因先生。她只是听说他聪明，所以邀请他来布莱姆雷家。但那天直到喝茶的时候他还没有做或说任何聪明的事情。他没打网球、没唱歌也没说什么机智的话。但是现在阿普因先生正在描述一个极其特别的发现，其他客人正兴致勃勃地听着。

“你是说你找到了教动物说话的办法？”威尔弗雷德爵士说。“而且我们可爱的老托博莫里是你的第一个成功的学生？”

“我研究这个问题17年了，”阿普因先生说，“但是直到八九个月前我才真正成功了。当然，我研究了成千上万种动物，但是最近我只研究了猫。猫自然是愿意和你生活在一起的野生动物。所有的猫都聪明，但是一些猫自然比其它的更聪明。一星期前遇见托博莫里时，我立刻意识到这是一只极其聪明的猫，一只实际上非常特殊的猫。在托博莫里身上我找到了我需要的学生，借助于他我成功地实现了我的计划。”

没人笑，没人说“胡说”，虽然克洛维斯的嘴唇在无声地嚙动……

“你真的教了托博莫里说话并听懂一些简单的短句吗？”雷斯克小姐问。

“亲爱的雷斯克小姐，”阿普因先生耐心地说，“我们用这种方式教小孩和非常迟钝、愚笨的成人。但是托博莫里是一只非常聪明的猫，他的英语讲得和你我一样好。”

这次克洛维斯大声地说：“胡说！”

威尔弗雷德爵士比较有礼貌，但是很明显他不相信阿普因先生的故事。

“我们把猫带到这儿来亲自听他说好吗？”布莱姆雷夫人说。

威尔弗雷德爵士离开房间去找托博莫里。

“阿普因先生会想办法来些聪明的把戏，”雷斯克小姐高兴地说，“可是如果我们仔细观察他，我们就会看见他的嘴唇要动。”

一分钟后威尔弗雷德爵士回来了，他看上去非常激动。

“你们知道这是真的！”他说。“我发现托博莫里在吸烟室睡觉，就叫他出来喝茶。他抬起头睁开一只眼。我说，‘来吧，托比，别让我们等你！’他平静地说，‘我准备好了就来！’我真不相信我的耳朵！”

客人马上开始谈论起来，这时阿普因先生沉默地坐着，看起来很为自己高兴。

托博莫里进了屋，沉着地走到茶桌旁。谈话停止了，没人知道该对一只会说话的猫说些什么。最后布莱姆雷夫人说：

“你来点牛奶吗，托博莫里？”她用高而不自然的声音问。

“我不介意来点牛奶，”托博莫里回答。布莱姆雷夫人的手激动得颤抖，牛奶洒在地毯上。

“哦，亲爱的！非常抱歉，”她说。

“没关系，那毕竟不是我的地毯，”托博莫里回答说。

又是一阵沉默，然后雷斯克小姐礼貌地问，“你觉得学英语难吗，托博莫里？”

托博莫里用明亮的绿色眼睛直视着她。很清楚，他不想回答让他不感兴趣的问题。

“你认为人的智力怎么样？”梅维斯·佩林顿问。

“哪个人的智力？”托博莫里冷冷地问。

“这个，比如说我的智力，”梅维斯微笑着说。

“你让我不舒服，”托博莫里说，虽然他根本不像不舒服。“布莱姆雷夫人想邀请你来这儿时，威尔弗雷德爵士不高兴。’梅维斯·佩林顿是我认识的最愚蠢的女人，’他说。’那正是我想邀请她的原因，’布莱姆雷夫人回答。’我想让她买我的旧车，她这么笨，会买的。’”

“这不是真的！”布莱姆雷夫人叫道。“别相信他，梅维斯！”

“如果这不是真的，”梅维斯冷淡地说，“那么今天早上你为什么说你的车对我正合适呢？”

巴菲尔德少校尽力帮忙，他努力开始新的话题。“你和花园里你的黑白色相间的小女士朋友处得怎么样？”他问托博莫里。

马上每个人都意识到这是个错误。

托博莫里冷冰冰地看了他一眼。“我们在礼貌的客人面前通常不谈论这些事情，”他说。“但是自从你来这个房间，我就观察了你一阵子。我想你可能不喜欢我谈论你的女士朋友。”

少校的脸红了，其他客人开始担心和不舒服。托博莫里下一步要说什么？

“你现在愿意去厨房吗，托博莫里？”布莱姆雷夫人礼貌地问，“去看看厨师给你做好晚饭了吗？”

“不，谢谢，”托博莫里说。“我刚喝完茶，我不想让自己生病。”

“要知道猫有九条命，”威尔弗雷德爵士笑着说。

“可能，”托博莫里回答。“但只有一个胃。”

“布莱姆雷夫人！”科尼特夫人叫道，“别让这猫去厨房，他会向厨师谈论我们！”

每个人现在都非常担心。他们不安地记起托博莫里在白天晚上的所有时间里自由自在地在房间和花园里走动。如果他想的话，他可以窥视任何一间卧室。他看见了什么？他听见了什么？没有谁的秘密是安全的。

“哦，我为什么来这儿？”阿格尼丝·雷斯克叫道，她总是不能长时间地保持沉默。

“你很清楚你为什么来这儿，”托博莫里立刻说。“你来当然是为了食物。我听见了你在花园和科尼特夫人的谈话。你说布莱姆雷这家人无聊透顶，可是他们有一个好厨师。”

“你别信他！”阿格尼丝叫喊着。“我从没说过那话，对吗，科尼特夫人？”

“后来，科厄特夫人又把你的话重复给伯蒂·范·塔安，”托博莫里说。“她说，’那个雷斯克女人为了点好吃的会去任何地方吃四顿饭。’然后伯蒂说——”

正当这时托博莫里朝窗外看，看见了医生的大黄猫正走过花园。随即他从敞开的窗户那儿消失了。

每个人立刻开始说话，阿普因先生发现自己被愤怒的提问包围了。

“你必须立刻停止这一切，”每个人都对他说。“如果托博莫里教其它的猫说话将会发生什么事情？我们将再不能有片刻的安宁！”

“可能他已经教了园丁的猫说话，”阿普因先生思考着回答，“但我相信他还没时间教其它的猫说话。”

“那么，”科尼特夫人说，“虽然托博莫里是只珍贵的猫，但是他和园丁的猫必须死。你同意吗，布莱姆雷夫人？”

“你说得对，”布莱姆雷夫人难受地说。“我丈夫和我喜欢托博莫里——唉，在今天下午之前喜欢——但是现在，他当然必须尽快死掉。”

“我们在他的晚饭里下毒，”威尔弗雷德爵士说。“我要亲自杀死园丁的猫。园丁可能不喜欢这样做，可我会说他得了某种疾病——”

“可是我的发明怎么办？”阿普因先生嚷道。“我多年的研究怎么办？你要毁掉我唯一的成功的学生吗？”

“你可以去教农场的奶牛，”科尼特夫人冷冷地说，“或者动物园里的大象。别人告诉我大象很聪明，而且不会藏在椅子后面或床下面听人们的谈话。”

阿普因先生知道自己在哪里被驳倒了。

那天晚饭大家都没吃好。威尔弗雷德爵士先是和园丁的猫，后来和园丁很困难地打了一通交道。阿格尼丝·雷斯克拒绝吃任何东西，而梅维斯·佩林顿吃饭的时候一声不吭。每人都在等托博莫里。一盘放了毒药的鱼已经在餐室为他准备好了，但是他没回家。没人多说话，没人笑。这是一顿非常令人不安的晚餐。

晚饭后布莱姆雷夫人和客人在吸烟室坐着。每人都默不出声地焦急地待着，没人想玩牌。11点时厨师和管家上床睡觉了。他们把厨房的窗户像往常一样给托博莫里开着，但是他没有回来。

两点钟克洛维斯说：

“今晚他不回家了，他可能在报馆出卖他的故事，他们喜欢这个故事，它会成为今年的热门话题。”

过后每人都上了床，但是都没睡着。

早上托博莫里还没回家。早餐又是平静不安的一顿饭。然后，在咖啡喝了一半时，园丁带来了托博莫里血迹斑斑的尸体。

“看他的爪子！”克洛维斯叫道。“他打了架！”在托博莫里的爪子上有医生那只猫的黄毛。

午饭时候，多数客人已经离开布莱姆雷家。布莱姆雷夫人开始觉得好受些。她拿出笔和纸，给医生写了一封非常生气的信，叙说她的珍贵的猫的死亡。

托博莫里是阿普因先生唯一成功的学生。托博莫里死后的几个星期之后，一只大象从德莱斯顿动物园跑了出来，杀死了一个英国游客。

动物园管理员说这只大象以前一直很安静、温顺，但是正当这个英国游客和它说话时，它突然变得非常恼怒。

报纸上说这个死去的人姓奥普因，他的名字是科尼利厄斯。

“如果阿普因在尝试教可怜的大象说德语，”克洛维斯说，“它杀死了他，我不觉得奇怪。”

The She-Wolf

To Leonard Bilsiter the real world was not very agreeable or interesting. He preferred to live in an 'unseen world' of his imagination. Children are often very good at this, but they are happy in their own dream worlds and do not try to make other people believe them. Leonard Bilsiter talked about 'the unseen world' to anyone who would listen to him. Nothing very strange happened to Leonard, until one year he travelled by train across Eastern Europe. He had a long conversation with a Russian passenger, who talked about magic and 'hidden powers' in a most interesting way. Leonard listened excitedly. He came home with many stories about the strange, dark mysteries which he called Siberian Magic. His aunt, Cecilia Hoops, was deeply interested in Leonard's Siberian Magic. When she told her friends about it ('My dears, he took a garden vegetable and changed it into a bird in front of my eyes!'), her friends realized that she also had a wonderful imagination.

Leonard, together with his hidden powers, was invited to Mary Hampton's house-party. Several other people were also staying in the house, and they all had to listen to Leonard talking about the mysteries of the unseen world.

'Do please change me into a wolf, Mr Bilsiter,' said Mrs Hampton during lunch on the day of his arrival.

'My dear Mary,' said her husband. 'What a strange idea!'

'A she-wolf, of course,' continued Mrs Hampton. 'I don't want to change into a man as well as an animal!'

'We should not joke about the unseen world,' said Leonard.

'Oh, I'm not joking, I promise you. But don't change me into a wolf tonight. I want to play cards, and there are only eight of us in the house today. I've invited some more people to come here tomorrow. Wait until tomorrow night.'

Leonard was not amused. 'Mrs Hampton, you really must not laugh at these dark mysteries. They can be stronger and more dangerous than we realize.'

Clovis Sangrail listened silently to this conversation, and after lunch he spoke to Lord Pabham in the smoking-room.

'Tell me, Lord Pabham,' began Clovis. 'Have you got a she-wolf in your zoo at Pabham Park? A quiet, friendly she-wolf?'

'There's Louisa,' said Lord Pabham thoughtfully. 'She's very quiet and gentle. Why do you ask?'

'I'd like to borrow her tomorrow evening,' said Clovis lightly. 'May I, please?'

'Tomorrow night?' repeated Lord Pabham in surprise.

'Yes. Wolves usually sleep during the day, don't they? So a night-time journey won't hurt her. Could you ask one of your men to bring Louisa here when it is dark? Then he can take her quietly into the conservatory at the same time as Mrs Hampton leaves the dining-room.'

Lord Pabham looked at Clovis in surprise. Then he smiled. 'I understand!' he said. 'You're going to try a little Siberian Magic. And has Mrs Hampton agreed to help you?' 'Mary has promised—if your she-wolf is quiet and gentle.'

'Louisa won't give you any trouble,' said Lord Pabham. The next day several more guests arrived. Leonard Bilsiter enjoyed telling them all about Siberian Magic and hidden powers. He talked all through dinner. When the coffee arrived at the end of the meal, Leonard's aunt spoke.

'Dear Leonard,' she said, 'please show us your powers. Change something into another shape.' She turned to the other guests. 'He can do it if he wants to,' she told them. 'Oh, please show us,' said Mavis Pellington excitedly. 'Well...' began Leonard. 'If somebody will give me a small coin...'

'Oh, surely you aren't going to do stupid things with disappearing coins?' said Clovis. 'We want to see something really surprising.'

'That's right,' said Mary Hampton. 'Why don't you change me into a wolf? You promised!' She got up from the table and walked into the conservatory with a bowl of fruit for her macaws.

'I have already warned you,' said Leonard seriously. 'It is dangerous to joke about these things.'

'I don't believe you can do it!' laughed Mary from the conservatory. As she spoke, she disappeared behind a large green plant.

'Mrs Hampton—' began Leonard seriously. Then a icy wind seemed to fill the dining-room, and at the same time Mrs Hampton's macaws began to scream.

'What's wrong with those stupid birds, Mary?' asked her husband. Just then, a big grey wolf stepped out from behind the large green plant.

Leonard's aunt saw it first. 'Leonard!' she screamed. 'Bring Mrs Hampton back at once! We don't want a dangerous wild animal in here!'

'I—I don't know how to bring her back,' said Leonard in a small, frightened voice.

'Rubbish!' shouted Mr Hampton. 'You changed my dear wife into a wolf. Now you must bring her back again!'

'Please believe me,' said Leonard. 'I didn't change your wife into a wolf.'

'Then where is she, and how did that animal get into the conservatory?' asked Mr Hampton angrily.

'Of course, we must believe you when you say that you didn't change Mrs Hampton into a wolf,' said Clovis politely. 'But you must agree that it all looks very strange.'

'How can you stand there arguing,' cried Mavis Pellington, 'with a wild animal in the house?'

'Lord Pabham,' began Mr Hampton, 'you know a lot about wild animals...'

'I buy all my animals,' said Lord Pabham. 'I have never found one in a conservatory before. But this is a wolf, I am sure of that. I think it's probably a North American she-wolf.'

'Oh, who cares where it came from!' screamed Mavis, as the wolf came a few steps further into the room. 'Can't you offer it some food, and take it away safely somewhere before it bites somebody?'

‘If this animal is really Mrs Hampton,’ said Clovis, ‘she’s just had an excellent dinner. She won’t be interested in food.’

‘Oh, Leonard,’ cried his aunt, ‘can’t you use your wonderful powers to change this terrible animal into something small and gentle, like a rabbit?’

‘I don’t think Mr Hampton would like that,’ said Clovis.

‘You’re right!’ shouted Mr Hampton. ‘I forbid it!’

‘All my wolves love sugar,’ said Lord Pabham. ‘If you like, I’ll offer this one a piece.’ He took a piece of sugar from the table and pushed it along the floor towards Louisa. She ate it quickly and then, clearly hoping for more sugar, she followed Lord Pabham out of the room.

The guests left the table thankfully and hurried into the conservatory. It was empty. Mrs Hampton had disappeared.

‘The door to the garden is locked on the inside!’ said Clovis. (He had quickly turned the key while he was pretending to try the lock.)

Everyone turned towards Leonard Bilisiter.

‘If you have not changed my wife into a wolf,’ said Mr Hampton, ‘will you please explain where she has gone? Clearly she could not go out through a locked door—so where is she?’

‘I tell you, I had nothing to do with it!’ repeated Leonard again and again. But nobody believed him.

‘I’m leaving,’ said Mavis Pellington. ‘I refuse to stay another hour in this house.’

Just then Mary Hampton entered the room.

‘What happened?’ she asked crossly. ‘Someone has been playing a stupid game with me. I found myself in the kitchen, eating sugar from Lord Pabham’s hand. I hate stupid games, and my doctor has forbidden me to eat sugar.’

‘Well, my dear…’ began Mr Hampton. Mrs Hampton listened excitedly as he explained.

‘So you really did change me into a wolf, Mr Bilisiter?’ cried Mrs Hampton.

‘No, no,’ said Leonard. ‘It’s all a mistake.’ ‘Actually, I did it,’ said Clovis. ‘You see, I spent two years in Russia, and I know a little about Siberian Magic. Of course, I don’t like to talk about it. But when other people talk a lot of rubbish about hidden powers, I like to show what Siberian Magic can really do… May I please have a drink? I feel a little tired now.’

Leonard Bilisiter looked at Clovis with hate in his eyes. At that moment he wished strongly that he could change Clovis into some small helpless animal, and then step on him very hard.

母狼

对伦纳德·比尔斯特来说现实世界不很惬意或有趣，他喜欢生活在想像中的“神秘世界”里。孩子们经常擅于这样，他们在自己的梦幻世界里非常快乐，并不想让别人相信他们。可伦纳德·比尔斯特对任何愿意听的人都大谈“神秘世界”。

伦纳德没碰到过什么奇特的事情，直到有一年他乘火车穿越东欧旅行。他同一个俄国乘客谈了很长时间，这个人用很有趣的方式大谈魔法和“隐秘的力量”。他带回家很多关于奇怪、隐晦的魔法的故事，并把它们称作“西伯利亚魔法”。

他的姑妈，塞西莉亚·霍普斯，对伦纳德的魔法很着迷。她告诉朋友“天哪，他在我眼前把花园里的一棵菜变成了一只鸟！”朋友们认为她的想像力也真够丰富的。

伦纳德带着他神秘的力量应邀参加玛丽·汉普顿的家庭聚会。屋里还有其他几个人，都在听伦纳德讲述神秘世界里的离奇故事。

“请你一定把我变成一只狼，比尔斯特先生，”汉普顿夫人在他来那天的午餐时说。

“亲爱的玛丽，”她丈夫说，“你这念头真奇怪！”

“当然是一只母狼，”汉普顿夫人继续说，“我不想变成一个男人或一头牲畜！”

“我们不能拿神秘世界开玩笑，”伦纳德说。

“哦，我不是在开玩笑，我向你保证。但是今晚别把我变成狼，我想玩牌，今天屋里只有我们8个人。我已经邀请了更多的人明天来这儿，等到明天晚上。”

伦纳德没有觉得好笑。“汉普顿夫人，你真的不能嘲笑这些隐秘的离奇故事，它们比我们想像的更强大、更危险。”

克洛维斯·桑格瑞尔不出声地听着。午餐后他在吸烟室对帕布汉姆勋爵说起此事。

“告诉我，帕布汉姆勋爵，”克洛维斯说。“帕布汉姆公园你的动物园里有母狼吗？一只安静友好的母狼？”

“有，叫路易莎，”帕布汉姆勋爵思索着说。“她很安静温顺。你为什么问这个？”

“我明晚想借用她，”克洛维斯轻轻地说。“可以吗？”

“明天晚上？”帕布汉姆惊奇地重复。

“是的，狼通常白天睡觉，不是吗？因此白天的旅行不会伤害她。你能让你的一个人在天黑后把她带到这儿吗？然后他可以在汉普顿夫人离开餐厅的时候悄悄把她带进暖房。”

帕布汉姆勋爵吃惊地看着克洛维斯，然后一笑。“我懂！”他说。“你要表演一个西伯利亚小魔法。汉普顿夫人同意帮你了吗？”

“玛丽保证过——如果你的母狼安静温顺。”

“路易莎不会给你们什么麻烦，”帕布汉姆勋爵说。

第二天又来了几个客人。伦纳德津津乐道地给他们讲西伯利亚魔法和神秘的力量。他整个晚餐都在讲这些事。晚餐最后喝咖啡时，伦纳德的姑妈开口了。

“亲爱的伦纳德，”她说，“请给我们表演你的力量，把某件东西变成另外的形状。”她转向其他客人。“如果他愿意他会做到的。”她告诉他们。

“哦，请表演给我们看，”梅维斯·佩林顿激动地说。

“这个……”伦纳德开始说，“如果谁给我一枚小硬币……”

“哦，你当然不会用消失的硬币做傻事吧？”克洛维斯说。“我们想看真正令人吃惊的事情。”

“对，”玛丽·汉普顿说。“你为什么不把我变成一只狼？你保证过！”她从桌旁站起身，端着喂她的鹦鹉的一碗水果走进了暖房。

“我已经警告过你，”伦纳德严肃地说，“开这些事情的玩笑是危险的。”

“我不信你会做这事！”玛丽从暖房笑着说。说着话，她在一颗高大的绿色植物后面消失了。

“汉普顿夫人——”伦纳德开始严肃起来。过后一阵寒风吹进餐室，同时汉普顿夫人的鹦鹉尖叫起来。

“那些笨鸟怎么回事，玛丽？”她丈夫问。就在这时，一只大灰狼从高大的绿色植物后面走出来。

伦纳德的姑妈最先看见。“伦纳德！”她尖叫着。“立刻把汉普顿夫人变回来！我们不想有一只危险的野兽在这儿！”

“我——我不知道怎么把她变回来，”伦纳德小声害怕地说。

“胡说！”汉普顿先生叫嚷道。“你把我亲爱的妻子变成了狼，现在你必须将她再变回来！”

“请相信我，”伦纳德说，“我没有把你的妻子变成狼。”

“那么她在哪儿？那只动物怎么进暖房的？”汉普顿先生气愤地问。

“当你说你没有将汉普顿夫人变成狼时，我们当然相信你，”克洛维斯礼貌地说，“但是你必须承认这太奇怪了。”

“房子里还有一只野兽，你们怎么还能站在那里争来争去？”梅维斯·佩林顿喊道。

“帕布汉姆勋爵，”汉普顿先生说，“你对动物了解很多……”

“我的动物都是买的，”帕布汉姆勋爵说。“我以前从没在暖房见过。可这是一只狼，我敢肯定。我想它可能是一只北美母狼——”

“哦，谁管她是哪儿来的！”梅维斯尖叫着，这时狼又走进房屋几步。“你难道不能给它些食物，趁它还没咬谁时把它带到某个安全的地方吗？”

“如果这只动物真的是汉普顿夫人，”克洛维斯说，“她刚吃过丰盛的晚餐，不会对食物感兴趣。”

“哦，伦纳德，”姑妈嚷着，“你难道不能用你神奇的力量把这只可怕的动物变成某个小巧温顺的动物吗？比如说一只兔子？”

“我想汉普顿先生不会喜欢，”克洛维斯说。

“对！”汉普顿先生叫嚷道。“我不准这样做！”

“我所有的狼都喜欢糖，”帕布汉姆勋爵说。“如果你不反对的话，我会给这只狼一块。”他从桌上拿起一块糖，顺着地板推给路易莎。她很快就吃完了，然后就跟着帕布汉姆勋爵出了屋，很明显还想要糖。

客人们非常感谢地离开桌子，急忙走进暖房。暖房是空的，汉普顿夫人不见了。

“通往花园的门是从里面锁着的！”克洛维斯说。（他假装试着开锁时迅速转动了钥匙。）

每个人都转身对着伦纳德·比尔斯特。

“如果你没有把我妻子变成狼，”汉普顿先生说，“那么你能解释她去哪儿了吗？很明显她不会从一扇锁着的门出去——所以她在哪儿？”

“我告诉你，我与此事无关！”伦纳德一遍又一遍地重复着说，但是没人相信他。

“我要走了，”梅维斯·佩林顿说。“我再不愿在这房子里多呆一小时。”

这时玛丽·汉普顿走了进来。

“怎么搞的？”她生气地问。“有人在我玩愚蠢的游戏。我发现自己在厨房里，吃帕布汉姆勋爵手上的糖。我恨这愚蠢的游戏，医生不准我吃糖。”

“好吧，亲爱的……”汉普顿先生开始说。当他解释时，汉普顿夫人激动地听着。

“那么你真的把我变成了一只狼，比尔斯特先生？”汉普顿夫人喊道。

“不，没有，”伦纳德说。“那只是个误会。”

“事实上，这是我做的，”克洛维斯说。“你知道，我在俄国呆了两年，知道一些西伯利亚魔法。当然我不喜欢谈论它。可当人们说一大堆关于神秘力量的废话时，我愿意显示西伯利亚魔法到底能做些什么……我可以来一杯吗？我现在觉得有点累了。”

伦纳德·比尔斯特用愤恨的眼神看着克洛维斯。就在这时他强烈地希望他能将克洛维斯变成某个矮小无助的动物，然后狠狠地踩上几脚。

[1 Marley's ghost](#)

[2 The first of the three spirits](#)

[3 The second of the three spirits](#)

[4 The last of the spirits](#)

[5 The end of the story](#)

简介

埃比尼泽·斯克罗吉是一位脾气暴躁、可怜、吝啬的老头儿。当他的外甥在圣诞前夜去看望他并祝他圣诞快乐时，斯克罗吉一点儿也不高兴。“呸！骗人的东西！”他说。“圣诞节是骗人的东西！所有到处游逛说‘圣诞快乐’的人的舌头都应被割掉。是的，他会！”

噢！对了，斯克罗吉是一个刻薄、吝啬的人。他的雇员鲍勃·克拉奇蒂每周只能挣得15先令，而且只能在一间又冷又小的办公室上班，办公室里生的火小得连脚指头都暖和不过来。

但是那年的圣诞前夜，斯克罗吉已故多年的合伙人雅各布·马利的鬼魂拜访了他，其后又有另外三个鬼魂来访……那一夜格外漫长和恐怖，当圣诞节最终来临的时候，斯克罗吉的确已判若两人了。

查尔斯·狄更斯是英国最著名的作家之一，1812年生于朴次茅斯，于1870年去世。他家境贫寒，在不幸的童年之后，他很快变得富有并一举成名。他的著名作品包括《雾都孤儿》、《双城记》和《圣诞欢歌》等。

1 Marley's ghost

It is important to remember that Jacob Marley was dead. Did Scrooge know that? Of course he did.

Scrooge and Marley had been partners in London for many years, and excellent men of business they were, too. When Marley died, Scrooge continued with the business alone. Both names still stood above the office door: Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people who were new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. He did not care what name they called him. The only thing that mattered to him was the business, and making money.

Oh! He was a hard, clever, mean old man, Scrooge was! There was nothing warm or open about him. He lived a secretive, lonely life, and took no interest in other people at all. The cold inside him made his eyes red, and his thin lips blue, and his voice high and cross. It put white frost on his old head, his eyebrows and his chin. The frost in his heart made the air around him cold, too. In the hottest days of summer his office was as cold as ice, and it was just as cold in winter.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with a happy smile, 'My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?' No poor man asked him for money, no children asked him the time, no man or woman ever, in all his life, asked him the way. Animals as well as people were afraid of him. Dogs used to hide in doorways when they saw him coming. But what did Scrooge care! It was just what he wanted. He liked being on the edge of people's busy lives, while warning everyone to keep away from him.

One Christmas Eve, old Scrooge was working busily in his office. It was cold, frosty, foggy weather. Outside it was already dark, although it was only three o'clock in the afternoon, and there were candles in all the office windows. The fog covered everything, like a thick grey blanket.

Scrooge kept his office door open, in order to check that his clerk, Bob Cratchit, was working. Bob spent his days in a dark little room, a kind of cupboard, next to his employer's office. Scrooge had a very small fire, but Bob's fire was much smaller. It was very cold in the cupboard, and Bob had to wear his long white scarf to try to keep warm.

'Merry Christmas, uncle! God bless you!' cried a happy voice. Scrooge's nephew had arrived.

'Bah!' said Scrooge crossly. 'Humbug!'

'Christmas is humbug! Surely you don't mean that, uncle?' said his nephew.

'I do,' said Scrooge. 'Why do you call it "merry" Christmas? You're too poor to be merry.'

'Well,' replied the nephew, smiling, 'why are you so cross? You're too rich to be unhappy.'

'Of course I'm cross,' answered the uncle, 'when I live in a world full of stupid people like you! You say "Merry Christmas"! But what is Christmas? Just a time when you spend too much, when you find yourself a year older and not an hour richer, when you have to pay your bills. Everyone who goes around saying "Merry Christmas" should have his tongue cut out. Yes, he should!'

'Uncle! Please don't say that!' said the nephew. 'I've always thought of Christmas as a time to be helpful and kind to other people. It's the only time of the year when men and women open their hearts freely to each other. And so, uncle, although I've never made any money from it, I think Christmas has been and will be a good time for me! And I say, God bless Christmas!'

Bob, in the cupboard, agreed loudly, without thinking. He immediately realized his mistake, and went quickly back to his work, but Scrooge had heard him.

'If I hear another sound from you,' said Scrooge, 'you'll lose your job!'

'Don't be angry with him, uncle,' said the nephew. 'Come and have dinner with us tomorrow.'

'Dinner with you? I'll see you dead first!'

'But why won't you come? Why?'

'Because Christmas is humbug! Good afternoon!'

'I want nothing from you. I ask nothing of you. Why can't we be friends?'

'Good afternoon!' said Scrooge.

'I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you like this. I have never wanted to argue with you. But I came to see you and invite you because it's Christmas, and so I'll say, a merry Christmas, uncle!'

'Good afternoon,' said Scrooge.

'And a happy new year!'

'Good afternoon!' said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room, without an angry word, stopping only to wish Bob Cratchit a merry Christmas.

Then two other gentlemen came in. They were large, round, comfortable-looking men, with books and papers in their hands.

'This is Scrooge and Marley's, I think,' said one of them, looking at the papers that he was carrying. 'Am I speaking to Mr Scrooge or Mr Marley?'

'Mr Marley is dead,' Scrooge replied. 'He died seven years ago today, on Christmas Eve.'

'I'm sure that you are just as kind to the poor as your partner,' said the gentleman, smiling.

What was true was that Scrooge was just as mean as Marley, and Marley had been just as mean as Scrooge.

'At this happy time of year, Mr Scrooge,' the gentleman went on, taking up his pen, 'we should help poor people who have no food or clothes or homes.'

'Are there no prisons?' asked Scrooge coldly.

'Plenty of prisons,' said the gentleman.

‘And the workhouses, where poor people can live and work? Are they still open?’

‘Yes, they are, I’m sorry to say.’

‘I’m happy to hear it,’ said Scrooge. ‘I thought, from what you said at first, that perhaps these useful places were closed, for some reason.’

‘But some of us feel,’ replied the gentleman, ‘that these places don’t offer enough to poor people. We’re hoping to give some meat and drink, and wood for a fire, to people who need all these things. This is a time when we should all be able to enjoy ourselves. How much will you give, sir?’

‘Nothing!’ Scrooge replied. ‘I don’t have a merry Christmas myself, and I won’t pay for other people to be merry. We all have to pay for prisons and workhouses—they cost enough. The poor will have to go there.’

‘Many can’t go there, and many prefer to die.’

‘If they prefer to die, why don’t they die, then? There are too many people in the world, so it’s a good thing if some of them die. All this is none of my business! It’s enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to think about other people’s. I’m a very busy man. Good afternoon, gentlemen!’

The gentlemen shook their heads a little sadly, and left the office. Scrooge went back to his work, feeling pleased with himself.

Now the fog was at its thickest outside, and the cold was biting. Lights shone brightly from the shop windows. People were hurrying here and there—rich and poor alike—to buy what they needed for tomorrow’s Christmas dinner.

At last it was time to close the office. Scrooge got up slowly from his desk. Bob was waiting for this moment, and he immediately put on his hat.

‘You’ll want a holiday all day tomorrow, I suppose?’ said Scrooge.

‘If you don’t mind, sir.’

‘I do mind. It’s not fair. I have to pay you for a day’s work when you don’t do any work.’

‘It’s only once a year, sir,’ said Bob politely.

‘That’s no reason for robbing me every twenty-fifth of December!’ said Scrooge, putting on his coat. ‘But I suppose you must have it. Be here early next morning.’

‘Yes, sir, I will, I promise,’ Bob said happily. Scrooge walked out, without another word. When Bob had closed the office, he ran home to his family in Camden Town as quickly as possible.

Scrooge always used to eat his dinner alone, in the same miserable little eating-house. Tonight was no different from other nights. He read the newspapers, looked at his bank books, and went home to bed. He lived in rooms which had once belonged to his dead partner. They were in an old, dark building in a lonely side street, where no one except Scrooge lived.

In the blackness of the night, through the fog and the frost, Scrooge had to feel his way along the street with his hands. He finally reached his front door and put the key in the lock. Suddenly, to his great surprise, he saw that the knocker was not a knocker any more, but had become the face of Jacob Marley!

He had not thought of his partner for seven years, until that afternoon, when he spoke Marley’s name to his visitors. But there in front of him was Marley’s face, white and ghostly, with terrible staring eyes.

As Scrooge looked, it became a knocker again. He was afraid, but he did not show his fear. He turned the key, opened the door and walked in. He did look around before he shut the door, and he did look behind the door, to see if anyone was hiding there. But there was nothing there. He shut the door with a bang, to show that he was not afraid.

With his one candle he went slowly up the stairs. It was impossible to see into all the dark corners. Darkness was cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But he remembered the face, so he walked through all his rooms, checking that everything was all right. Nobody under the table or the bed, nobody behind the door! On the small fire in the bedroom there was a pot of soup, and Scrooge’s bowl was ready on the table. Nobody in any of the rooms! Sure that he was safe now, Scrooge shut and locked his bedroom door behind him. He sat down by the fire to eat his soup.

The fireplace was an old one, with hundreds of pictures on the tiles around the fire. But Scrooge could only see Marley’s face on every tile.

‘Humbug!’ said Scrooge to the tiles, and walked across the room. When he sat down again, he noticed a bell on the other side of the room. As he looked, he saw, with great surprise and fear, that the bell was slowly beginning to move from side to side. Soon it was ringing loudly, and so was every bell in the house.

Suddenly they all stopped ringing at the same moment, and then came a strange noise from down below. It sounded like someone pulling heavy chains across the floor. Scrooge remembered hearing that ghosts in old houses sometimes pulled chains behind them. Then a door below opened with a crash, and the noise started coming up the stairs. It was coming towards his door.

‘It’s humbug still!’ cried Scrooge. But the colour left his face when, without stopping, it came straight through the heavy, locked door, and appeared in front of him. It was Marley’s ghost!

Scrooge could see right through its body. Around its middle was a long chain, which had money-boxes, keys, bank books, and heavy purses on it. The ghost’s death-cold eyes stared fixedly at Scrooge.

‘Well!’ said Scrooge, trying to pretend that nothing strange was happening. ‘What do you want? And who are you?’

‘In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.’

‘It’s humbug, I tell you!’ said Scrooge. ‘There are no ghosts!’ But when he said this, the ghost gave a terrible cry, and shook its chain in a very frightening way. At once Scrooge fell on the ground in great fear, crying, ‘Yes! Yes! You are real! I see that now! Why have you come? Why do ghosts come back from the dead? Tell me, Jacob!’

‘The spirit of every man who does not help other people in life has to travel endlessly through the world after his death. We have to carry the chains that we made for ourselves in our lifetime. Do you, Ebenezer Scrooge, recognize my chain? It is very like the one that you wear!’

Scrooge looked around him, but could see no chain. ‘Jacob,’ he said, ‘please tell me more!’

‘I cannot help you much, Ebenezer! I cannot rest, I cannot stay anywhere for long. I have been dead for seven years and all that time I have been travelling on the wings of the wind! No peace, no rest for me in death, because I was never good or kind in life!’

‘But you were always a good man of business, Jacob,’ said Scrooge, who was now beginning to worry about his own life.

‘Business!’ cried the ghost miserably. ‘Why didn’t I think of people as my business? I thought only about making money, not about being kind and helpful to other people. Listen to me, Ebenezer! I am here tonight to warn you. You still have a chance to save yourself from what has happened to me. Three spirits will come to visit you: the first tomorrow at one o’clock, the second at the same time the next night, and the third at midnight the following night. You will not see me any more, and for your own peace after death, remember what I have told you!’

The spirit walked slowly backwards to the window, which began to open. When the ghost reached the window, it held up its hand, and Scrooge listened. He could hear a noise of sad crying in the air. The spirit began to cry, too, and it moved out into the frosty, dark night to join the others. Scrooge ran to the window. Outside, the air was full of spirits, all wearing chains like Marley’s ghost, all crying miserably as they realized, too late, the terrible mistakes that they had made in their lives.

Little by little, the spirits and their voices disappeared into the fog and the darkness, and the night was silent again. Scrooge closed the window, and checked his bedroom door. It was still locked. He started to say, ‘Humbug!’ but stopped suddenly. Perhaps because he was very tired, or because it was late, he went straight to bed, without taking off his clothes, and fell asleep immediately.

1. 马利的鬼魂

要记住雅各布·马利已经死了，这可是件重要的事儿。斯克罗吉知道这个吗？他当然知道。斯克罗吉和马利在伦敦曾是多年的合作伙伴，并且他们还都是精明的生意人。当马利死的时候，斯克罗吉一个人继续操持着生意。办公室门口的上方悬挂的依旧是两个人的名字：斯克罗吉和马利。有时初次来这儿打交道的人们喊斯克罗吉斯克罗吉，有时喊马利，但两个名字他都应答。他不在乎别人叫他什么名字。对他来说唯一重要的事情是他的生意和赚钱。

噢！他是一个刻薄、精明、吝啬的老头儿，斯克罗吉的确是这样的！他没有丝毫热情，也从来不敞开心扉。他过着神秘、孤独的生活，对别人丝毫不感兴趣。他内心的冷漠使他的眼睛呈红色，他的薄唇呈蓝色，他的嗓音既高又暴躁。他的冷漠使他的老脑壳、眉毛和下巴罩上了白色的冰霜。他内心的冰雾使得他周围的空气都变得寒冷。在最炎热的夏日里他的办公室也很冰冷，就像冬天一样寒冷。

走在街上没有人截住他并面带幸福的微笑向他说，“我亲爱的斯克罗吉，你好吗？你什么时候来我这里坐坐？”穷人没有向他讨过钱，孩子们没有向他问过时间。在他一生中，从没有任何人，无论男女，向他问过路。人和动物都怕他。狗见到他来了就藏到门廊下。但斯克罗吉在乎什么呢！这正是他梦寐以求的。他喜欢处在人们繁忙生活的边缘，他警告所有的人都离他远点儿。

在一个圣诞前夜，老斯克罗吉正在办公室忙碌着。天气寒冷，还有霜冻，雾蒙蒙的。虽然才下午3点，但外面天已经黑了，办公室窗子里都亮起了蜡烛。雾就像一条厚厚的毯子笼罩了一切。

斯克罗吉办公室的门总是敞开着，目的是监督他的雇员，鲍勃·克拉奇蒂有没有怠工。鲍勃整天呆在老板隔壁的一间小黑屋里，它实际是一个壁橱。斯克罗吉房间的火很小，鲍勃的火更小。壁橱里冷极了，鲍勃不得不戴着他那条白色的长围巾取暖。

“舅舅，圣诞快乐！上帝保佑你！”一个声音高兴地说。斯克罗吉的外甥已经到了。

“呸！”斯克罗吉恼怒地说。“骗人的东西！”

“圣诞节是骗人的东西！舅舅，当然你不是这个意思？”他外甥说。

“我就是这个意思，”斯克罗吉说。“你为什么管它叫‘快乐’的圣诞节？你太穷了，根本快乐不起来。”

“哎，”外甥笑着回答说，“你为什么这么生气？你很有钱不该不高兴啊。”

“我当然生气，”舅舅回答说，“当我生活在一个满是像你这种蠢人的世界里！你说‘圣诞快乐’！但圣诞节是什么？不过是一个让你大把大把花钱的日子，这时你会发现你老了一岁可财富却没有增加半点，而且你还得去付所有的账单。所有到处游逛说‘圣诞快乐’的人的舌头都应被割掉。是的，他会！”

“舅舅，请不要这么说！”外甥说。“我一直把圣诞看作是一个帮助别人、善待别人的日子。一年中只有这么一天男男女女可以彼此自由地敞开心扉。所以舅舅，尽管我从未发过圣诞的财，我认为对我来说圣诞节一直就是而且也将是美好的时刻！愿上帝保佑你！”

坐在壁橱里的鲍勃未加思索大声表示赞同。但他立刻意识到自己所犯的错误，便又立即埋头工作，但斯克罗吉已经听见了他的话。

“如果我再听到你发出一点声音的话，”斯克罗吉说，“你就会丢掉这份工作！”

“舅舅，别生他的气，”外甥说。“明天来和我们一起吃晚饭吧。”

“和你们吃晚饭？门儿也没有！”

“那你为什么不来呢？为什么？”

“因为圣诞节是个骗人的把戏！再见！”

“我什么也不要你送给我，我什么都不问你要。我们为什么不能成为朋友呢？”

“再见！”斯克罗吉说。

“看到你这样，我真感到难过，我从来就没想过要与你争吵，但我来是为了看看你并邀请你，因为是圣诞节，所以我要说一声，舅舅，圣诞快乐！”

“再见。”斯克罗吉说。

“新年快乐！”

“再见！”斯克罗吉说。

他外甥离开了房间，没有一句愠怒之言。他停下来只是为了祝鲍勃·克拉奇蒂圣诞快乐。

然后进来了另外两位绅士，他们身材魁梧，胖胖的，仪表堂堂，手里拿着书和文件。

“我想，这是斯克罗吉和马利的办公室吧，”其中一位看着手中的文件问到。“你是斯克罗吉先生还是马利先生？”

“马利先生死了，”斯克罗吉回答说。“他是七年前的今天死的，死在圣诞节。”

“我肯定你对穷人同你的合伙人的态度一样好，”绅士微笑着说。

事实是斯克罗吉同马利一样的吝啬，马利在世时也曾和斯克罗吉一样吝啬。

“在一年中这个幸福的日子，斯克罗吉先生，”绅士拿起笔继续说，“我们应该帮助那些没有衣食和无家可归的穷人。”

“没有看守所吗？”斯克罗吉冷冷地问。

“有很多看守所，”绅士说。

“还有可供穷人生活和工作的济贫院呢？它们还开着吗？”

“是的，它们开着，很抱歉。”

“我很高兴听到这个，”斯克罗吉说。“听你最开始说的，我还以为这些能够提供帮助的地方由于某种原因都关掉了呢。”

“但是我们有些人感到，”绅士回答说，“这些地方无法为穷人提供足够的东西。我们希望为那些需要帮助的人提供一些肉类，饮料和柴火。这个时候我们都应该能够过得开心。你能给多少，先生？”

“什么都不给！”斯克罗吉回答说。“我自己圣诞节都不快乐，所以我也不会花钱去让其他人快乐。我们都要付钱给看守所和济贫院——这笔开销够大的了。没钱的人应该去那儿。”

“很多人不能去，还有很多人宁愿去死。”

“如果他们宁愿死的话，他们为什么不去死呢？世界上的人太多了，所以如果有些人死了的话这倒是件好事。这些都与我无关！一个人能清楚他自己该做什么就够了，用不着去考虑别人的事。我很忙，再见，先生们！”

两位绅士难过地摇摇头，离开了办公室。斯克罗吉又重新开始工作，心中很得意。

现在外面的雾大得不能再大了，天气寒冷刺骨。商店的窗户闪烁出耀眼的光。人们匆忙地穿梭着——有钱人和穷人都一样——去采购他们明天圣诞晚餐所需要的东西。

最后终于到了关门的时间了。斯克罗吉慢慢地从桌子后站起身。鲍勃等的就是这一刻，所以他立即戴上了帽子。

“我猜测你想明天一天都放假，是吗？”斯克罗吉问。

“先生，如果你不介意的话。”

“我确实介意，这不公平。你不做任何工作，我还得付你工钱。”

“先生，一年就这么一次，”鲍勃礼貌地说。

“这也并不能成为每年的12月25日你抢夺我钱财的理由！”斯克罗吉边说边穿上了大衣。“但我想这个节你必须得过。第二天早晨早点到。”

“是的，先生，我会的，我保证。”鲍勃高兴地说。斯克罗吉再没说一名话走了出去。鲍勃关上办公室的门后，以最快的速度跑回他位于卡姆登镇的家。

斯克罗吉总是独自一人在同样寒酸的小饮食店里吃晚饭，今晚也同往常一样。他读着报纸，看着银行的存单，然后回家去睡觉。他住在他的合伙人曾住过的房子里，它在一幢临街的孤零零的又旧又黑的楼里，只有斯克罗吉一人住在这里。

夜幕下，要穿过雾和霜，斯克罗吉不得不用手摸索着在街上前行。最后终于来到了他的前门，把钥匙插进锁里。突然，令他大吃一惊的是，他看到门环已不再是门环了，它已变成了雅各布·马利的脸了。

直到今天下午他对来访者说起马利的名字时，他已经有七年没有想过他的合伙人了。但呈现在他面前的是马利的脸，惨白似鬼一般，还有一双怒目圆睁的恐怖的眼睛。

斯克罗吉看着看着，它又变成了门环，但他没有表现出他的惧怕。他转动钥匙，打开门走了进去。在关上房门以前，他的确环顾了四周，也的确往门后看了看，其目的是看看是否有人藏在那里，但门后没有人。他“砰”地一声把门关上以示他并不惧怕。

他手举起唯一的一根蜡烛慢慢地上了楼，他无法看见所有黑暗的角落。黑暗便宜得很，所以斯克罗吉喜欢它。但他记起了那张脸，所以他到所有的房间都走了一遍看看是否一切都安然无恙。桌子底下和床底下都没人，门后也没人！卧室微小的炉火上炖着一锅汤，斯克罗吉的碗已经摆在了桌子上。所有房间里都没有人！确信此刻安全无误之后，斯克罗吉随手关上并锁上了卧室的门。他坐在火旁开始喝汤。

这是一个旧壁炉，火周围是数以百计的印有图案的瓷砖，但斯克罗吉在每张瓷砖上所看到的都是马利的脸。

“骗人的东西！”斯克罗吉对着瓷砖说，并在屋里踱着步。当他坐下之后，他发现房间的另一面墙上挂着一个铃铛。他看着看着，惊奇而又恐惧地发现铃铛慢慢地开始左右摆动起来，不一会儿，它响了起来，声音很大，紧接着屋里所有的铃铛都响了起来。

突然它们在同一时间都不响了，紧接着从下面传来了一个奇怪的声音，听上去像是有人拖着沉重的链子从地板上走过。斯克罗吉记起曾听说过有时旧房子里的鬼魂身后拖着链子。然后楼下的一间房门当啷一声开了，声音开始朝楼上走来，朝他的房门走来。

“又是骗人的鬼把戏！”斯克罗吉大声说道，但当声音径直地穿过厚厚的被锁着的房门出现在他面前时，他面无血色。这是马利的鬼魂！

斯克罗吉能够看穿它的躯体。一条长长的锁链缠在腰间，上面挂着钱盒子、钥匙、存折和厚厚的钱包。鬼魂死一般冷漠的眼睛盯着斯克罗吉看。

“哎！”斯克罗吉说，极力装出什么怪事也没发生的样子。“你想要什么？你是谁？”

“活着的时候我是你的合伙人，雅各布·马利。”

“我告诉你，这是骗人的。”斯克罗吉说。“没有鬼魂！”但当他说此话时，鬼魂发出了可怕的叫声，疯狂地摇动着身上的链子。斯克罗吉吓得立刻趴在地板上，大声说，“是的！是的！你是真的！我现在明白了！你来干什么？为什么人死后鬼魂要回来？告诉我，雅各布！”

“那些在世时不帮助他人的人，其灵魂死后都要在这个世界上永无休止地游荡。我们不得不戴着我们活着时为自己制造的锁链。埃比尼泽·斯克罗吉，你认出我的锁链了吗？它和你戴的锁链很相似！”

斯克罗吉向他四周看了看，但没看到锁链。“雅各布，”他说，“请你再多告诉我一些！”

“我帮不上你太大的忙，埃比尼泽！我不能停下来，我不能在一个地方久留。我已经死了七年了，在这七年中，我一直借着风的翅膀飘游着！没有安宁，死了也不得休息，因为我活着的时候从来没有行善积德！”

“但你是一个精明的商人，雅各布，”斯克罗吉说，他现在开始担忧起自己的命运来。

“生意！”鬼魂悲惨地说。“我为什么不把人看作是我的生意？我一心想的就是赚钱，但没有想过善待别人或是帮助别人。听我说，埃比尼泽！我今晚来这儿是要警告你，你还有机会拯救你自己避免重蹈我的覆辙。有三个幽灵将来看你：第一个于明天一点钟来，第二个于次日的

同一时间来，第三个于大后天的午夜来。你不会再见到我了，为了你自己死后能太平，务必记住我对你说的话！”

幽灵慢慢地退回到窗前，窗户开始打开。当鬼魂到了窗前时，它举起一只手，斯科罗吉听着。他听见空中传来一声凄惨的叫声。幽灵也开始大叫，它来到了雾蒙蒙、黑漆漆的夜色里，加入到其它幽灵的行列。外面的空中到处都是幽灵，它们都戴着和马利鬼魂一样的锁链，它们都在悲惨地叫着，因为它们过晚地认识到了它们活着的时候所犯下的不可饶恕的错误。

渐渐地，幽灵们和它们的吵闹声消失在雾霭和夜色中，夜晚又恢复了平静。斯科罗吉关上窗户，检查了卧室的门。门依然锁着。他开始说，“骗人的东西！”但突然停住了。也许是因为他太累了，或是太晚了，他连衣服也没脱就上床睡觉了，而且立刻就睡着了。

2 The first of the three spirits

When Scrooge woke up, it was very dark in the room. He heard the church clock start striking, and listened to see what the time was. To his great surprise, the heavy bell went on striking up to twelve, then stopped. Twelve o'clock! It was past two in the morning when he had gone to bed. The clock must be wrong! He looked at his watch. It said twelve o'clock too!

'Have I slept all day? Is it the next night already?' scrooge asked himself. 'Or has something happened to the sun? Perhaps it's midday, not midnight! But that's impossible!'

He climbed out of bed, and felt his way to the window. But there was nobody outside in the dark, foggy streets, and he realized it must be night-time. He went back to bed again, but could not sleep. He was worried, because he could not understand what was happening. 'Was Marley's ghost a dream?' he wondered. 'But it seemed very real...'

He lay awake until he heard the clock striking a quarter to the hour. Suddenly he remembered. The ghost had warned him that a spirit would visit him at one o'clock. He decided to stay awake until one o'clock had passed. The quarter of an hour passed very slowly, but at last he heard the clock striking the four quarters.

'It's one o'clock!' cried Scrooge delightedly, 'and nothing has happened!' But he spoke before the hour bell had sounded. The clock now struck a deep, sad ONE, and immediately light shone into Scrooge's bedroom. The curtains round his bed were pulled open. Scrooge sat up in bed, and stared at his ghostly visitor.

A strange figure, half like a child, half like an old man, looked back at him. It had long, white hair, but its skin was soft and young. It wore a short, white robe, covered with both summer and winter flowers. But the strangest thing about it was that from the top of its head shone a bright, clear light. Perhaps this light was sometimes too bright, because under one arm it carried a hat, which looked like a large extinguisher.

'Who and what are you, sir?' asked Scrooge.

'I am the ghost of Christmas Past,' replied the spirit, in a soft, gentle voice.

'Do you mean long ago in the past?' asked Scrooge.

'No. Your past.'

'Spirit, please tell me why you are here.'

'I am here for your own good,' answered the ghost.

'Thank you,' replied Scrooge politely. But secretly he thought, 'Bah! A night of unbroken sleep is a more useful thing to have!'

The spirit seemed to hear him thinking, and said at once, 'I am here to help you change your life! Watch and listen!' It put out a strong hand, and held Scrooge by the arm. 'Get up, and come with me!'

It was dark and cold outside. Scrooge did not want to go anywhere, and for a moment he thought about pretending to be too ill to go out. But he did not like to refuse, so he said nothing, and got out of bed. Together they passed through the wall of the house out into the darkness.

Suddenly Scrooge realized they were standing on an open country road, with fields on each side. London, the fog, and the darkness had all disappeared, and it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow on the ground.

'Good Heavens!' cried Scrooge. 'I was born near here! I remember it well!'

The spirit looked kindly at the old man. 'How strange that you've forgotten it for so many years! What is that on your face? Are you crying?'

Scrooge put a hand over his eyes. 'It's nothing—I've got a cold, that's all. Take me where you want, spirit!'

Scrooge recognized every field, post, and tree, as they walked along the road towards a little market town. All around thgm were young schoolboys on horses and in farmers' carts, laughing and wishing each other a merry Christmas, as they travelled to their homes for the Christmas holiday.

'They are only shadows from the past,' said the spirit. 'They cannot see us.'

Scrooge knew and named all of them. Why was he so delighted to see them? Why did his cold heart beat faster when they went past, shouting 'Merry Christmas!' ? What was 'merry Christmas' to Scrooge? What good had it ever done to him?

'Not everyone has left the school,' said the ghost. 'There is one lonely child there still, one child whose friends have all gone.'

'I know!' said Scrooge. And now he was crying openly.

They turned into a smaller road, and soon came to the school. Inside, in the long, cold, silent classroom, a lonely boy sat reading near a small fire. When he saw his poor forgotten past self, Scrooge sat down at one of the desks, put his head in his hands and cried.

'Poor boy! I wish—but it's too late now.'

'What's the matter?' asked the spirit.

'There was a boy singing Christmas carols at my door yesterday. I'm sorry I didn't give him anything, that's all.'

The ghost smiled, and lifted its hand, saying, 'Let's see another past Christmas!'

The schoolroom became darker and dirtier. There was the young Scrooge again, a little older and bigger than before. He was not reading this time, but was walking up and down, looking very unhappy. The door opened, and a little girl, much younger than him, came running in. Putting her arms round his neck, she said lovingly to him, 'I've come to bring you home, dear brother! Father is so much kinder than he used to be! The other day I asked him if you could come home, and he said yes! And we're going to spend Christmas together, and have the merriest time!' she was laughing delightedly as she began to pull him towards the door. They went out happily together, hand in hand.

'What a warm heart she had!' said the ghost.

‘You’re right, ’ said Scrooge. ‘I agree with you, spirit! ’

‘She married, I understand, ’ continued the ghost, ‘and had children, I think, before she died. ’

‘One child, ’ answered Scrooge.

‘True, ’ said the ghost. ‘Your nephew! ’

Scrooge did not answer at once. ‘Yes, ’ he said at last.

Now the school had disappeared, and they were in the middle of a busy town, with shadowy crowds and carts all around them. Here it was Christmas time again, but it was evening, and there were lights in the shops and streets.

The ghost stopped at an office door. ‘Do you know this place, Scrooge? ’ he asked.

‘Know it! ’ cried Scrooge. ‘Why, I was a clerk here! ’

They went in, and when they saw a large, kind-looking old gentleman sitting at a high desk, Scrooge cried excitedly, ‘Good Heavens, it’s old Fezziwig! God bless him! It’s Fezziwig alive again! ’

Old Fezziwig put down his pen, and looked at the clock. Fastening his coat buttons over his fat stomach, he started laughing as he called out in a rich, deep, happy voice, ‘Ebenezer! Dick! Seven o’clock! No more work tonight! It’s Christmas Eve, remember! ’

The young Scrooge hurried in, with another clerk.

‘That’s Dick Wilkins! ’ said Scrooge quietly to the ghost.

‘He always liked me. Oh dear! poor Dick! ’

Together the two young clerks put away all the pens and papers, and, following Fezziwig’s orders, cleared all the furniture away from the centre of the room. In came a fiddler. In came Mrs Fezziwig, fat and smiling. In came the three Fezziwig daughters, sweet and pretty. In came the six young men who were in love with them. In came the cook, with her young man, the milkman. In came the boy from next door, with the girl from the house opposite. In they came, some quietly, some noisily, but all happy because it was Christmas Eve. The fiddler started playing, and away they all went in the dance, twenty pairs at the same time, round and round, down the middle and up again. When they were all tired, old Fezziwig cried out, ‘Well done! Now, have something to eat and drink! ’ there was cake and hot meat and bread and cold meat and fruit, and all kinds of drinks, on a long table near the door. And after they had eaten, they danced again.

When the clock struck eleven, the dancing ended. Mr and Mrs Fezziwig stood by the door, shaking hands with each person as he or she went out, and wishing him or her a merry Christmas.

During this time Scrooge had thought of nothing except what was happening in front of his eyes. He remembered and enjoyed it all with the greatest delight. But when the dancing came to an end, he realized that the ghost was looking at him. The light on the spirit’s head was burning very clearly.

‘It seems easy enough to amuse these childish people, ’ said the ghost. ‘It was nothing much that Fezziwig did, was it? After all, he only spent a few pounds, on food and drink and paying the fiddler. ’

‘It isn’t a question of money, ’ replied Scrooge warmly. He was speaking like the young man he used to be, not the old man he was now. ‘No, spirit, you see, our employer can make us happy or sad. His words, his looks, all these things are so important! The happiness that he gives is just as valuable as money! ’

He suddenly stopped speaking, when he felt the spirit watching him closely.

‘What’s the matter? ’ asked the ghost.

‘Er—nothing, ’ said Scrooge. ‘Just that—I’d like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk now. ’

Now Scrooge could see himself again. He was older now, and it was clear that he was beginning to show an unhealthy interest in money. His eyes were restless, and his mouth looked thin and mean. He was not alone, but was sitting beside a lovely young girl. The light that shone brightly from the ghost of Christmas Past showed that she was crying.

‘I know it doesn’t matter very much to you, ’ she said softly. ‘You care about gold more than you care about me. Perhaps I shouldn’t be sad. Money will give you the happiness that I wanted to give you. ’

‘But I haven’t changed towards you, have I? ’

‘You have changed. We promised to marry a long time ago, when we were both poor, and happy to be poor. I have stayed the same, but you have different hopes and dreams now. I loved the man that you used to be, but I know that you do not wish to marry me any more. So I’ve come to tell you that you’re free. Be happy in the life that you’ve chosen! ’ And she left him.

‘Spirit! ’ cried Scrooge. ‘Show me no more! Take me home! This is too painful! ’

‘One shadow more! ’ said the ghost.

‘No more! ’ cried Scrooge. ‘I don’t wish to see any more! ’ But the spirit held his arms, and he could not escape.

Now they were in another place, in a room which was not very large, but comfortable. Near the fire sat a beautiful young girl. Scrooge thought she was the girl that he had just seen, until he saw her, now a good-looking married lady, sitting opposite her daughter. The room was full of children, and noise, and shouting, and laughing. Just then the door opened, and the father entered, carrying a great pile of Christmas presents. The noise became twice as loud, as the children received their presents with delight, and kissed their father gratefully. Finally, the younger ones went upstairs to bed, and Scrooge watched more sadly than ever, as the father sat down with his loving daughter and her mother by the fire.

‘Belle, ’ said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, ‘I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon. Guess who? Mr Scrooge! He was sitting alone in his office. His partner is dying, and I don’t think he has any other friends. ’

‘Spirit! ’ said Scrooge in a broken voice. ‘Take me away from this place. ’

‘These are shadows of the things that happened in the past, ’ said the ghost. ‘You chose the life that you preferred, so why cry now? ’

‘I can’t watch any more! It’s too awful! Leave me alone, spirit!’ And Scrooge, noticing that the ghostly light was burning high and bright, suddenly took the extinguisher, and pushed it down hard on the spirit’s head. But although it covered the ghost’s head and body, Scrooge could not hide the light, which continued to shine out strongly from underneath.

Now Scrooge found himself back in his own bedroom again. Feeling very tired, he climbed into bed and at once fell into a deep, heavy sleep.

2. 三幽灵中的第一位

当斯克罗吉醒来的时候，房间里黑极了。他听见教堂的钟声响了，他听着想知道是几点了。令他大吃一惊的是，沉重的钟声一直敲了12下，然后停了。12点了！他上床睡觉的时候已经是凌晨2点了。一定是钟出了问题！他看了看他的手表，也是12点。

“我睡了一整天吗？难道已经是第二天夜里了吗？”斯克罗吉问自己。“或者是太阳出了问题？也许是正午而不是午夜！但那又不太可能。”

他下了床，摸黑来到窗前，但外面漆黑的、雾蒙蒙的街上一个人也没有，他知道一定是晚上。他又上了床，但是却睡不着。他忧心忡忡，因为他不明白正在发生的一切。“马利的鬼魂是梦吗？”他想知道。“但它似乎是真的。”

他睁着眼睛躺着直到听见钟敲45分。突然他记起了。鬼魂曾警告过他1点钟时有个幽灵要来见他。他决定睁眼等到1点钟过去。15分钟过得极慢，但最后他终于听到钟敲了4刻。

“1点了！”斯克罗吉高兴地大叫道，“而且什么也没发生！”但他是在整点的铃响之前说这番话的。现在钟敲了沉闷悲伤的1点，立刻就有亮光照进了斯克罗吉的卧室。他床周围的帘子被扯开了。斯克罗吉从床上坐起注视着鬼魂般的来访者。

一个奇怪的影子，一半像孩子，一半像老头儿，回头看着他。它的头发又长又白，但它的皮肤柔软而富有弹性。它穿着白色的短袍子，上面满是夏季和冬季的花儿。但最奇怪的是它的头顶上闪耀出明亮的光。

也许这光有时太亮了，因为它的一只胳膊下夹着一顶帽子，看上去像是一个大的灭火工具。

“你是谁，是干什么的，先生？”斯克罗吉问。

“我是昔日圣诞鬼魂，”幽灵用柔弱、温柔的声音回答说。

“你是指过去很久以前吗？”斯克罗吉问。

“不。是你的过去。”

“幽灵，请告诉我你为什么来这儿。”

“我来这儿纯粹是为了你好，”鬼魂说。

“谢谢你，”斯克罗吉礼貌地回答说，但他心里想，“呸！睡个一晚上没人打扰的觉比什么都强。”

幽灵似乎懂得了他在想什么，便立刻说，“我来这儿是帮助你改变你的生活的！看好了，听清楚！”它伸出一只强有力的手，抓住斯克罗吉的胳膊。“起来跟我走！”

外面又黑又冷。斯克罗吉哪儿也不想去，所以一时间他想装成病入膏肓的样子无法出去，但他又不愿拒绝，所以他什么也没说就下了床。他们一起穿过房子的墙壁来到了夜色中。

忽然斯克罗吉发觉他们来到了一条空旷的乡间马路上，两边都是田野。伦敦、浓雾和黑夜都已消失，现在是一个晴朗、寒冷的冬日，地上覆盖着积雪。

“天哪！”斯克罗吉喊道。“我出生在这儿附近，我记得很清楚！”

幽灵友善地看着这位老人。“奇怪得很，这么多年你都把这忘记了！你脸上是什么？你哭了吗？”

斯克罗吉用一只手捂住他的眼。“没事儿——只是我得了感冒。幽灵，带我去你想去的地方吧！”

在他们去往一个小集镇的路上，斯克罗吉认出了每一片田野，每一处城堡和每一棵树木。他们周围到处都是学校的男孩子们，他们有的骑在马上，有的坐在农夫的马车里，在他们赶回家过圣诞节的路，他们笑着并彼此祝愿圣诞快乐。

“他们只不过是过去的影子，”幽灵说。“他们看不见我们。”

斯克罗吉全都认识他们，并能叫出他们的名字。为什么他看见他们这么高兴？为什么当他们走过，高喊着“圣诞快乐”时，他冷酷的心跳得快了？“圣诞快乐”对斯克罗吉意味着什么？它给他带来了什么好处？

“不是所有的孩子们都离开了学校，”鬼魂说。“那儿还有一个孤独的孩子，他的朋友们全都走了。”

“我知道！”斯克罗吉说。现在他毫不掩饰地哭了。

他们拐到了一条更小的路上，不一会儿就来到了学校。在那间狭长、寒冷、寂静的教室里，一个孤独的孩子正坐在微弱的火旁着书。当他看见自己那寒酸的、已被忘却的过去的自己时，斯克罗吉坐在一张课桌旁，双手抱头痛哭了。

“可怜的孩子啊！我希望——但现在太晚了。”

“什么事？”幽灵问。

“昨天有一个男孩子在我的门口唱圣诞颂歌，很抱歉我什么也没给他，就是这事儿。”

鬼魂笑了，举起一只手说，“咱们再去看看另外一个昔日圣诞节。”

教室变得更暗更脏了，又出现了年轻的斯克罗吉，比以前稍微长大了一些而且个头高了一些。这次他没在看书，而是来回踱着步，看上去很不高兴。门开了，跑进来一个比他小得多的女孩儿。她双手搂着他的脖子亲昵地对他说，“我是来带你回家的，亲爱的哥哥！父亲比从前慈爱多了。不久前的一天，我问他你可不可以回家，他答应了！我们可以一起过圣诞节了，而且会过得比以前都快活！”她开始把他往门口拉并开心地笑着。他们手拉着手，一起高兴地出去了。

“她真是热心肠！”鬼魂说。

“你说得对。”斯克罗吉说。“我同意你的看法。”

“她结婚了，我知道，”鬼魂继续说，“而且我想，在她死之前有了孩子。”

“有一个孩子，”斯克罗吉回答说。

“对，”鬼魂说。“你的外甥！”

斯克罗吉没有马上回答。“是的，”他最后说。

现在学校不见了，他们来到了一座繁忙的镇子中心，周围都是模糊的人群和马车。这里也是圣诞节的日子，但已是夜晚，商店和大街上都亮起了灯。

鬼魂在一个办公室的门前停下。“你认识这个地方吗，斯科罗吉？”它问。

“认识！”斯科罗吉大声说。“怎么了，我曾在这儿的一名雇员啊！”

他们走了进去，当他们看见一位身材魁梧、慈眉善目的老绅士坐在一张高高的桌子旁时，斯科罗吉兴奋地喊道，“天哪，他是老费泽威格！上帝保佑他！费泽威格又活了！”

老费泽威格放下笔，看了看表。系好覆于其胖肚子上的外衣扣子，他一边用圆润、低沉、幸福的声音大声说，“埃比尼泽！迪克！7点了！今晚就干到这儿了。记得吗，今天是圣诞节！”一边开始笑了起来。

年轻的斯科罗吉带着另一个雇员匆匆地进来了。

“这是迪克·威尔金斯！”斯科罗吉悄悄地告诉鬼魂。“他一直都喜欢我。噢，亲爱的。可怜的迪克！”

两个年轻的雇员一起把所有的笔和文件都收拾好放到了一边，并按照费泽威格的吩咐把所有的家具都从屋子中央挪开。一个小提琴手走了进来；费泽威格走了进来，胖胖的，面带笑容；费泽威格的三个女儿走了进来，她们长得甜甜的而且很漂亮；六个爱着这三位姑娘的年轻人走了进来；厨师和她年轻的丈夫，送奶工走了进来；隔壁家的男孩，带着对面房子里的女孩走了进来。他们都进来了，有的静悄悄的，有的吵吵嚷嚷的，但都兴高采烈，因为今天是圣诞节。小提琴手开始演奏，他们全都加入到跳舞者的行列，同时有20对儿，来回地转着圈跳着。当他们都跳累了的时候，老费泽威格大声说，“跳得好极了！现在吃点东西或喝点什么吧！”在门口的一张长桌子上摆着蛋糕、烧好的热乎乎的肉、面包、冻肉、水果和各种喝的。他们吃过之后又重新跳舞。

当钟敲11点的时候，舞会结束了。费泽威格先生和太太站在门口，他们和每个离开的人一一握手并祝愿他或她圣诞快乐。

在这斯间斯科罗吉想的只是他眼前所发生的一切。他以从未有过的兴奋，记住了发生的一切并且觉得一切都很开心。但当舞会结束的时候，他觉察到鬼魂正看着他。幽灵头上的光明亮地闪烁者。

“好像轻而易举就能给这些傻里傻气的人们带来娱乐，”鬼魂说。“费泽威格并没做多少事情，不是吗？他充其量不过是花了几个英镑买了些吃的、喝的和付了小提琴手的报酬。”

“这不是钱的问题。”斯科罗吉热情地回答说。他说话的样子和他年轻时一样，可不是现在年迈的那副神情。“不，幽灵，要知道，我们的雇主能够令我们高兴或悲伤。他的话语、他的表情，所有这些都很重要！他给我们带来的幸福同金钱一样有价值！”

当他感到幽灵正密切地注视着他的时候，他不再说下去了。

“怎么了？”鬼魂问。

“哦——没什么，”斯科罗吉说，“只是——我想现在和我的雇员说一两句话。”

斯科罗吉现在又能看见他本人了。他现在比以前老了，很显然他对钱已经显示出一种不良的兴趣。他目光焦虑，嘴看上去刻薄且吝啬。他不是独自一人，他身边坐着一个可爱的姑娘。借着“昔日圣诞”鬼魂身上发出的明亮的光可以看出她在哭。

“我知道这对你来说算不了什么，”她轻柔地说，“你把金子看得比我还重。也许我不该难过，金钱会给你带来我想带给你的幸福的。”

“但对你我并没变心，不是吗？”

“你已经变了。在很久以前当我们都还很穷但又穷得快乐的时候我们就许诺过要结婚。我一直没改变想法，但你现在有了不同的希望和理想。我爱的是过去的你，但我知道你不再想要我了，所以我来是想告诉你你自由了。祝你在你自己选择的道路上幸福生活！”她离开了他。

“幽灵！”斯科罗吉大声说，“别再让我看下去了！带我回家吧！这太痛苦了！”

“还有一个影子！”鬼魂说。

“一个也不要再看了！”斯科罗吉高声喊道。“我不想再看了！”但幽灵抓住他的胳膊，所以他无法逃脱。

现在他们来到了另一个地方，一个不是很大但非常舒适的房间里。火边坐着一位漂亮的年轻姑娘。斯科罗吉想她就是刚才看到过的女孩，到他见到她时，她已是一位漂亮的已婚妇女了，她坐在女儿的对面。房间里都是孩子，满屋子吵闹声、喊叫声和笑声。这时门开了，父亲抱着一大摞圣诞礼物走了进来。当孩子们高兴地拿到礼物时，吵闹声比刚才高了一倍，他们充满感激地吻了父亲。最后，小点儿的孩子上楼睡觉去了。父亲同他可爱的女儿及妻子在火炉旁坐下，这时，斯科罗吉比往常更加伤心地看着。

“贝尔，”丈夫说着把脸转向妻子，面带微笑。“我今天下午看见了你的一位老朋友，你猜他是谁？斯科罗吉先生！他正独自一人坐在他的办公室里。他的合伙人快要死了，我认为他再没有别的朋友了。”

“幽灵！”斯科罗吉用颤抖的声音说。“带我离开这个地方吧。”

“这都是过去所发生的事情的影子，”鬼魂说，“你选择了你喜欢的生活，现在干嘛要哭呢？”

“我不能再看下去了！太可怕了！幽灵，让我一个人呆着吧！”当斯科罗吉看到鬼火高高地明晃晃地照着时，他突然夺下灭火器，重重地放在了幽灵的头上。但尽管它盖住了鬼魂的头和身体，斯科罗吉还是盖不住它身上的光，那光依旧从下面强烈地放射出来。

现在斯科罗吉发现他又回到了自己的卧室。感觉非常疲劳，他爬上床立刻就进入了沉睡的梦乡。

3 The second of the three spirits

When Scrooge woke up, he realized immediately that the church clock was just going to strike one. He felt sure that the second spirit would soon visit him. This time he wanted to be ready, so he pulled back all the curtains round his bed himself, and lay there, waiting. At one o'clock, instead of a spirit, a strong light shone down on Scrooge's bed. He felt very frightened. After a few minutes he thought that perhaps the light was coming from the next room, so he got up and went to the door. When he touched it, a strange voice called his name, and asked him to enter. He obeyed.

Although he recognized it as his own room, it looked very different now. The walls were covered with bright green leaves, and there was a good fire burning in the fireplace. On the floor were big plies of the best Christmas food—wonderful rich dark cakes, warm soft bread, colourful apples and oranges, plates of yellow butter, cooked chickens, boxes of chocolates and sugared sweets. Sitting beside all this was a large, smiling spirit, who called out cheerfully to Scrooge, 'Come in! Chme in, man! I am the ghost of Christmas Present! Look at me! '

Since the first ghost's visit, Scrooge was no longer very sure of himself. So although the spirit's eyes were clear and kind, Scrooge was afraid to look straight into its face. But he could see that its body was dressed in a long green robe, its long brown hair fell freely down its back, and its face wore a warm and friendly smile. Light shone from the torch which it was holding in its strong right hand.

'Spirit, ' said Scrooge quietly, 'take me where you want. Last night I learned a lesson which is working now. If you have anything to teach me tonight, let me learn from you. '

'Touch my robe! ' said the spirit, and Scrooge obeyed.

The food, the room, the fire all disappeared, and they were standing outside in the cold, snowy streets on Christmas morning. Although the sky was grey and the streets were dirty, the people looked surprisingly cheerful, as they hurried to the bakers'shops with their Christmas dinners, all ready for cooking. The spirit seemed specially interested in poor people. He stood with Scrooge in a baker's doorway and held his torch over the dinners as they were carried past him. Sometimes, when he saw people pushing each other or getting angry, he lifted his torch over their heads, and immediately they became kinder, or stopped arguing, 'because it's Christmas, ' they told each other.

'What does your torch do, spirit? ' asked Scrooge.

'It gives a special taste to people's dinners on this day, ' answered the spirit.

'Why do you use it most on poor people? ' said Scrooge.

'Because poor people need it most, ' was the reply.

They went on through London, and came to the small house where Scrooge's clerk lived. Here the spirit smiled, and held his torch high over the door. Inside, Bob Cratchit's wife and second daughter, Belinda, in their everyday dresses, but looking clean and pretty, were putting plates on the table for their Christmas dinner. Bob's son Peter was helping to cook the potatoes, and two smaller Cratchits, a boy and a girl, were running round excitedly. Just then the eldest daughter, Martha, arrived home from work.

'Here's Martha, mother! ' cried the two young Cratchits happily. 'We're having a really big chicken for dinner, Martha! ' In fact it was only a small chicken, but it seemed large to the excited children.

'My dear, how late you are! ' said Mrs Cratchit, kissing her daughter several times.

'We were so busy yesterday, mother! ' replied the girl. 'That's why we didn't finish until this morning! '

'Well! Never mind, now that you're here. God bless you! Sit down by the fire, my dear! '

'No, no! Father's coming! ' ried the two young Cratchits. 'Hide, Martha, hide! '

So Martha hid herself, and in came Bob in his thin coat and long white scarf, with his son Tiny Tim in his arms. Poor Tiny Tim! He had not walked since he was born, and although he could pull himself and his thin little legs along with the help of a wooden crutch, he was not strong enough to travel far alone.

'Why, where's Martha? ' cried Bob, looking round.

'Not coming, ' said Mrs Cratchit.

'Not coming! ' repeated Bob, his cheerful smile disappearing. 'Not coming on Christmas Day! '

But Martha didn't like to worry her father for a minute, so she ran out from behind the door and kissed him, while the two young Cratchits showed Tiny Tim the chicken, now ready to eat.

Scrooge and the spirit watched as the family sat down to eat. It was a poor enough meal, but to them it seemed wonderful, and they ate every bit of it.

'It's the best chicken I've ever tasted, ' said Bob, smiling round at his family, who, with their mouths full, all agreed.

And then, the most exciting moment of the day! Belinda put a clean plate in front of each person, and they all turned to look at Mrs Cratchit as she came in from the kitchen. Her face was hot from her morning's work, but she was smiling happily as she carried in the Christmas pudding, in its little circle of blue fire!

Oh, it was a wonderful pudding! They were all delighted with it.

'It's your greatest success in all the years that we've been married, my dear! ' said Bob.

'Well, I did wonder how much fruit to put in it, ' said his wife, 'but, yes, it's a good one! ' And she laughed just like a young girl.

Nobody said that it was a very small pudding for a large family. Nobody even thought it. No Cratchit ever said or thought things like that.

At last, when they had finished their meal, the children cleared the table and washed the plates. Then they all sat round the fire, eating apples and oranges. There was a large bowl of fruit and sugar and hot water and something a little

stronger, but only three people could drink at the same time, because the family only owned two glasses and a cup. But this did not worry the Cratchits at all. Now Bob lifted his glass and said, 'A merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us!'

The family repeated his wish, and Tiny Tim said, last of all, 'God bless us every one!' He sat very close to his father, on a small chair. Bob held his son's thin little hand in his own. The boy had a special place in his father's heart.

'Spirit,' said Scrooge, with an interest that he had never felt before, 'tell me if Tiny Tim will live.'

'In the future I see an empty chair by the fire, with a crutch beside it. If these shadows do not change, the child will die.'

'No, no!' said Scrooge. 'Oh no, kind spirit! Say that he will live!'

'If his life does not change soon, he will die before next Christmas. What does that matter? There are too many people in the world, so it's a good thing if some of them die.'

Scrooge was ashamed and sad to hear his own words spoken by the spirit. But he lifted his head when he heard his name.

'Mr Scrooge!' said Bob. 'Let's drink to Mr Scrooge, whose money has paid for this meal!'

'His money!' said Mrs Cratchit angrily. 'What can we buy with his fifteen shillings a week? Why should we drink to the health of a hateful, hard, unfeeling, mean old man like Scrooge?'

'My dear,' said Bob gently, 'remember it's Christmas.'

'Well, Bob, I'll drink to his health only because of you and because it's Christmas. Long life to Mr Scrooge! A merry Christmas and a happy new year to him! He'll be very merry and very happy, I'm sure!'

When the children heard Scrooge's name, a dark shadow came over their happiness for a while, and they were quiet and a little sad. But five minutes later they were talking, and laughing, and telling stories, ten times merrier than before. They were not a good-looking or a well-dressed family, but they were happy and grateful and loved each other. As they disappeared in the light of the spirit's torch, Scrooge could not take his eyes off them, especially Tiny Tim.

By this time it was getting dark, and snowing heavily. The spirit took Scrooge into many houses, where fires were burning cheerfully, and food was cooking, and people were merrily welcoming their friends and families into their homes. The ghost was delighted to see all this excitement, and made sure that he lifted his torch over every poor family, to give them more fun, and better food, and greater happiness.

Then the spirit took Scrooge away from the busy capital, to a wild, lonely place in the country, where no trees grew. Here they visited a small stone house, a long way from any town or village, where an old man and woman were singing Christmas carols, with their children and grandchildren. The spirit did not stay long here, but told Scrooge to hold his robe again.

'Where are we going? Not up in the air, surely!' And Scrooge, terribly frightened, looked down as they flew over the land and then over the sea. It was stormy, windy weather, and the waves crashed violently underneath them.

The spirit took Scrooge to a lighthouse built on a lonely rock, several miles from land. A light was kept burning at the top, in order to warn sailors to keep away from the dangerous rocks. Two men lived here in this cold, unfriendly place, far away from their families, but the spirit smiled to see them shake hands, wish each other a merry Christmas, and sing a carol together in front of their fire.

Again the spirit and Scrooge flew on, and together they landed on a ship in the middle of the sea. Here every man, although many miles from home, had a kind word for his friend, or thought warmly of his family, because it was Christmas.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the noise of the wind and waves, to hear a happy laugh. He recognized it as his nephew's, and found himself, with the smiling spirit beside him, in his nephew's bright, warm sitting-room.

When Scrooge's nephew laughed, everybody who was with him wanted to laugh too. He had that kind of laugh. And at the moment, his very pretty wife and several of his friends were laughing with him.

'He said that Christmas was humbug! Ha ha ha!' cried Scrooge's nephew.

'That's very bad of him, Fred!' said his wife.

'He's a strange old man,' said Scrooge's nephew, 'but I'm sorry for him. His money is no use to him, you see. He isn't at all happy or comfortable, although he's rich. It's sad to think of him sitting alone in his cold room. And so I'm going to invite him every Christmas. He can be cross and miserable if he likes, but I'll go on inviting him and one day perhaps he'll think better of Christmas!'

After tea, the cheerful little group sang songs, and played music. Scrooge recognized the song that his little sister used to sing, and remembered sadly what the ghost of Christmas Past had shown him. Later the friends played guessing games, and Scrooge joined in the games with delight. Nobody except the spirit could hear him, but he often guessed the right answer.

'It's time to go now,' said the ghost, smiling at the old man's childish excitement.

'No, spirit, please, let me stay a little longer. Look, they're playing a new game!'

It was a game called Yes and No, in which Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the others had to ask questions to discover what it was. The only possible answers were Yes or No. Scrooge heard that Fred was thinking of a living animal, a wild animal, sometimes an angry animal, which lived in London and walked in the streets. Every time he answered a question, Fred could not stop himself laughing. At last, his wife's dark, pretty sister started laughing too.

'I know what it is, Fred! I know!' she cried out. 'It's your uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!'

Everyone laughed until they cried. What a wonderful game! What a clever idea of Fred's! But at last Fred dried his eyes, and said, 'We've been very merry because of him, so I think we should drink to his health. Here's to Uncle Scrooge! A merry Christmas and a happy new year to the old man! Uncle Scrooge!'

‘To Uncle Scrooge!’ they all cried, cheerfully lifting their glasses.

Uncle Scrooge wanted to thank them, but the spirit hurried him away. The ghost seemed much older now: his brown hair had become grey.

‘Are spirits’ lives so short?’ asked Scrooge.

‘My life in this world ends at midnight tonight. Listen! It’s a quarter to midnight now!’

The church clock was striking the three quarters.

‘Excuse me for asking, spirit,’ said Scrooge, ‘but what are those strange things near your foot?’

‘Oh man, look here!’ said the spirit sadly, and brought out from under his robe two ghostly figures, a boy and a girl. They were thin and poorly dressed, with cold, mean eyes and dry, yellow skin, and their faces showed only a frightening and murderous hate. Scrooge had never seen anything so terrible or so sad.

‘These miserable children are Man’s,’ said the spirit. ‘The boy is Crime. The girl is Need. They will destroy Man if nothing is done about them.’

‘Can’t anyone help them?’ cried Scrooge.

‘Are there no prisons?’ said the spirit, turning on Scrooge for the last time with his own words. ‘Are there on workhouses?’

The clock struck twelve. Scrooge looked, but could no longer see the ghost or the children. He was alone again.

3. 三幽灵中的第二位

当斯科罗吉醒来的时候，他立刻发现教堂的钟就要敲响1点钟了。他肯定第二个幽灵不久就要来看望他了。这次他想做好准备，所以他自己把他床周围的帘子都拉开了，躺在那儿等着。1点钟时，幽灵没有来，但一束强光从上面照在了斯科罗吉的床上。他害怕极了。几分钟之后，他以为光是从隔壁的房间照过来的，所以他起身下床来到了门口。当他的手摸到门时，一个奇怪的声音叫他的名字并让他进去，他听从了。

尽管他认出这是他自己的房间，但它现在看上去已完全不同。墙壁被鲜亮的绿叶所覆盖，壁炉里燃烧着熊熊的火焰。地板上摆着大堆的上好的圣诞食品——味道浓郁的巧克力蛋糕、热乎乎松软的面包、五颜六色的苹果和桔子、一盘盘的黄油、炖好的鸡、一盒盒的巧克力和糖果。坐在这些东西旁边的是一个身材高大、面带笑容的幽灵，它高兴地对斯科罗吉高声喊，“请进！请进，伙计！我是今日圣诞鬼魂！看着我！”

自从第一个鬼魂的来访，斯科罗吉对自己就没了把握。所以尽管幽灵的眼睛明亮且充满善意，但斯科罗吉还是不敢正视它的脸，但他能看见幽灵身穿一件绿色长袍，它长长的棕色头发随意地散落在背上，它面带热情友好的笑容。光是从他强有力的右手握着的火把里发出的。

“幽灵，”斯科罗吉轻柔地说，“你想带我去哪儿就去哪儿。昨天晚上我接受了教训，而且这教训现在正在生效。如果今晚你也有什么让我借鉴的话，请让我向你领教。”

“拽着我的长袍！”幽灵说，斯科罗吉从命了。

食品、房间、炉火都消失了。是圣诞早晨，他们正站在冰天雪地的户外。虽然天空灰蒙蒙的，街上也很脏，但当人们拿着他们的圣诞晚餐匆匆赶往面包房准备烤制的时候，他们看上去都出奇的欢喜。幽灵似乎对穷人特别感兴趣。它和斯科罗吉一同站在面包房的门口，当晚餐从它面前经过时它把火把照在上面。有时当他看见人们相互拥挤或发脾气时，他把火把举在他们的头上，他们立刻就会变得温顺或停止争吵，“因为今天是圣诞节，”他们彼此告诫着。

“你的火把是作什么用的，幽灵？”斯科罗吉问。

“它能给人们今天的晚餐带来特殊的味道，”幽灵回答说。

“你为什么大多把它用在穷人身上？”斯科罗吉问。

“因为穷人最需要它，”幽灵回答说。

他们继续前行，穿过伦敦，来到了斯科罗吉雇员居住的狭小住处。在这儿幽灵笑了，把他的火把高高地举过房门。屋里，鲍勃·克拉奇蒂的妻子和二女儿贝琳达身穿她们平日的服装，但看起来干净漂亮，她们正往桌子上摆圣诞晚餐用的盘子。鲍勃的儿子彼得正帮着烧土豆，两个再小点的克拉奇蒂，一男一女，正高兴地来回跑着。这时大女儿玛莎下班回来了。

“玛莎回来了，妈妈！”两个小克拉奇蒂高兴地喊着。“晚饭我们能吃到一只真的很大的鸡了，玛莎！”实际上它不过是一只很小的鸡，但对这些兴奋的孩子来说它似乎很大。

“我亲爱的，你这么晚才回来！”克拉奇蒂太太边说边吻了女儿好几下。

“我们昨天非常忙，妈妈！”女孩回答说。“所以我们直到今天早晨都没有干完！”

“哎！既然你回来了就没关系了。愿上帝保佑你！亲爱的，来坐到火边来！”

“不，不！爸爸回来了！”两个小克拉奇蒂嚷道。“藏起来，玛莎，藏起来！”

所以玛莎藏了起来，鲍勃身穿他的薄大衣戴着白色的长围巾走了进来，怀里抱着小蒂姆。可怜的小蒂姆啊！自从他降生就没行走过。尽管他借助于一个木拐杖能够拖着身躯和他那瘦骨嶙峋的腿往前走，但他毕竟太弱了，一个人走不了多远。

“怎么了，玛莎呢？”鲍勃高声喊道，并朝四周看了看。

“还没回来呢？”克拉奇蒂太太说。

“还没回来！”鲍勃重复了一遍，他欢快的笑容不见了。“圣诞节了，还没回来！”

但是玛莎不想让父亲为她多担心一分钟，所以她从门后跑出来，吻了父亲，这时两个小克拉奇蒂在给小蒂姆看那只已经烧熟了的鸡。

当全家人坐好准备吃饭时斯科罗吉和幽灵看着。这是一顿粗茶淡饭，但对他们来说它似乎是很丰盛的，他们把它吃了个精光。

“这是我曾经吃到过的最好吃的鸡。”鲍勃说，并对全家人都笑了笑，每个人的嘴里都塞满了吃的，他们都表示同意。

接着是这一天最激动人心的时刻！贝琳达在每个人面前放了一个干净盘子，当克拉奇蒂太太从厨房出来时，大家都转过身看着她。由于从一大早就开始忙，她的脸发热，但当她把带着蓝火圈的圣诞布丁拿进来时，她幸福地笑了。

噢，多好的布丁啊！他们看到它都很高兴。

“亲爱的，这是我们结婚这么多年来你做的最成功的一件事！”鲍勃说。

“哎，我的确不知道里面该放多少水果，”他妻子说，“不过，是的，它很不错！”她像一个小姑娘似地乐了。

没有人说这布丁太小，尤其对这么个大家庭来说。没有人这么想过。

最后，当他们吃完饭后，孩子们收拾好桌子并把碗洗干净了，他们团团围坐在炉火旁吃着苹果和桔子。有一大碗水果、糖、热水和略含酒精的东西，但只有三个人可以同时喝，因为他们家只有两个玻璃杯和一个茶杯，但克拉奇蒂一家并没因此而犯愁。鲍勃现在举起杯子说，“祝我们大家圣诞快乐，亲爱的！上帝保佑我们！”

全家人重复着他的祝愿，最后，小蒂姆说，“愿上帝保佑我们每一个人！”他紧靠着爸爸坐在一把小椅子上。鲍勃手握着儿子瘦小的手，这个男孩在他父亲的心目中占据着特殊的位置。

“幽灵，”斯科罗吉以他以前从未有过的热情问，“告诉我小蒂姆是否能活下去。”

“将来我会看到火旁边有一把空椅子，边上有一根拐杖。如果这些影子不变的话，他就会死去。”

“不，不！”斯科罗吉说。“噢，善良的幽灵！说他会活下去的。”

“如果他的生活近期内不能改变的话，他在明年的圣诞前就会死去。这又有什么关系呢？世界上的人太多了，所以若有一部分死了的话，岂不是件好事吗？”

斯科罗吉听到幽灵重复着他曾说过的话感到羞愧悲伤。但听见自己名字的时候，他抬起了头。

“斯科罗吉先生！”鲍勃说，“让我们为斯科罗吉先生干杯，是他付的钱使我们才能吃上今天的这顿饭。”

“他的钱？”克拉奇蒂太太生气地说。“他一星期给的15先令够我们买什么的？我们干嘛要祝一个像斯科罗吉那样可恨、刻薄、没有感情、吝啬的老头健康？”

“我亲爱的，”鲍勃温柔地说，“记住今天是圣诞节。”

“好吧，鲍勃，我祝他健康只是看在你的面子上，况且今天还是圣诞节。祝斯科罗吉先生长寿。祝他圣诞、新年快乐！我肯定他会很快乐和幸福的！”

当孩子们听到斯科罗吉的名字时，不悦笼罩了他们原本高兴的笑脸，他们都不出声了，并且有些沮丧。但10分钟后他们又开始有说有笑，讲故事，比先前要高兴十倍。他们一家人长相平平，穿着一般，但他们幸福，对彼此充满感激之情并且互爱。当他们在幽灵的火把的光下消失的时候，斯科罗吉的目光无法从他们的身上移开，尤其是小蒂姆。

这时天渐渐黑了，雪下得很大。幽灵带着斯科罗吉去了很多家，每家都燃烧着欢乐的火焰，烧着吃的，人们都兴高采烈地欢迎着他们的朋友和家人的到来。鬼魂看见这兴奋的场面很是高兴，凡是在穷人家它都把火把高高举起，目的是给他们带来更多的欢乐、更好的食品和更多的幸福。

然后幽灵带着斯科罗吉离开了繁忙的都市，来到了乡下一个荒凉、偏僻的地方，这里连一棵树都不长。在这里他们去了一所石头房子，它离所有的小镇和村庄都很远。房子里一个老头和一个老太太同他们的孩子们一起正唱着圣诞颂歌。幽灵没有在这久留，它让斯科罗吉再一次地抓住它的袍子。

“我们要去哪儿？当然不会是去天上吧！”斯科罗吉吓得要命，当他们飞过田野然后又飞过海洋的时候，他朝下看着。风雨交加，海浪在他们下面咆哮。幽灵带着斯科罗吉来到了一座建在一块孤零零的礁石上的灯塔上，礁石距陆地有数英里之遥。灯塔顶上有一盏灯一直亮着，为的是提醒水手们远离那些危险的岩石。在这个冰冷荒凉的地方住着两个男人，他们远离自己的家人，但当幽灵看见他们握手，彼此祝福圣诞快乐并一起在炉火前唱着颂歌时，它笑了。

幽灵和斯科罗吉继续向前飞，他们又都同时落在了大海中央的一条船上。在这儿，虽然离家甚远，但每个人都向朋友说了一句祝福的话，或者向自己的家人给以温馨的祝福，因为今天是圣诞节。

当斯科罗吉正听着风的吼叫和浪涛的汹涌时，他很吃惊地听到了笑声。他听出这是他外甥的笑声，他发现他和面带微笑的幽灵一起来到了他外甥明亮温暖的起居室。

斯科罗吉的外甥笑着，和他在一起的人也都想笑，他的笑就具备这样的感染力。此刻，他漂亮的妻子和他的几个朋友和他一起在笑。

“他说圣诞节是骗人的！哈哈！”斯科罗吉的外甥大声说。

“他真是太坏了，弗雷德！”他妻子说。

“他是一个怪老头，”斯科罗吉的外甥说，“但我很是为他感到难过。你知道，他的钱没有给他带来什么，他既不幸福也不舒服，虽然他有钱。想到他独自一人坐在他那冷飕飕的屋子里我心里就不是滋味，所以每个圣诞节我都将去邀请他。他爱发脾气，那就发好了，但我会继续邀请他，也许终究有一天他对圣诞节的感受会好起来的。”

下午茶后，这几个欢快的人唱歌并演奏音乐。斯科罗吉听出了他小妹妹过去常唱的那支歌，记起了“昔日圣诞”幽灵给他看过的东西。后来朋友们进行了猜谜游戏，斯科罗吉高兴地同他们一起猜。只有幽灵能听见他说什么，但他请的答案大都正确。

“现在该走了，”鬼魂说，这个老头孩子般的兴奋劲儿使他觉得好笑。

“不，幽灵，请让我再多呆一小会儿。看，他们又要做一个新游戏！”

这个游戏的名字叫‘是与否’，在这个游戏中斯科罗吉的外甥要想点什么事情，其余的人便可以问问题以便知道他想的是什么。唯一可能的答案就是‘是和否’。斯科罗吉听见弗雷德在想一只活着的动物，一只野兽，有时是一只暴怒的动物，它生活在伦敦，走在大街上。他每回答一个问题，弗雷德就情不自禁地大笑。最后他那长得黑黑的漂亮妻妹也开始笑了起来。

“弗雷德，我知道它是什么！我知道！”她大声喊道。“它是你舅舅斯克罗——吉！”

大家都笑得流出了眼泪。多么精彩的游戏啊！弗雷德的主意多妙啊！但最后弗雷德擦干了眼睛说道，“我们刚才很快活是因为他，所以我想我们应该为他的健康干杯。这一杯是祝斯克罗吉舅舅的！祝他老人家圣诞快乐、新年幸福！斯克罗吉舅舅！”

“祝福斯克罗吉舅舅！”他们异口同声地喊道，高兴地举起了酒杯。

斯克罗吉舅舅想感谢他们，但幽灵催他立刻离开。鬼魂现在看上去老了许多：它棕色的头发变成了灰白色。

“幽灵的生命如此短暂吗？”斯科罗吉问。

“我的生命在今天午夜时结束。听着，现在离午夜只差一刻钟了！”

教堂的钟正在敲响三刻的时辰。

“幽灵，请问，”斯科罗吉说，“你脚边是什么东西？”

“噢！伙计，看这个！”幽灵悲伤地说，并从他的长袍下掏出两个鬼魂似的塑像，一个男孩一个女孩。他们骨瘦如柴，破衣烂衫，目光冷漠犀利，皮肤干燥发黄，他们的脸上充满了可怕的、凶狠的仇恨表情。斯科罗吉从未见到过如此可怕、糟糕的场面。

“这些悲惨的孩子属于人类，”幽灵说。“男孩叫‘罪恶’，女孩叫‘需要’。如果不为他们做点什么的话，他们将毁掉人类。”

“难道就没有人能帮助他们吗？”斯科罗吉高声问道。

“难道没有看守所吗？”幽灵说着斯科罗吉自己曾说过的话，并最后一次把脸转向他。“难道没有济贫院吗？”

钟敲响了12点。斯科罗吉看着，但他再也看不到幽灵和孩子们了。又剩下他一人了。

4 The last of the spirits

‘The third spirit will come at midnight. ’ scrooge suddenly remembered the words of Jacob Marley’s ghost, and, lifting his eyes, saw a spirit, all in black, coming slowly towards him. It was a tall, silent figure, wearing a long black robe which hid its head and body. When it came close to him, it stopped and pointed onwards with one hand. Scrooge was more afraid of this spirit than he had been of the others, and his voice was shaking as he asked, ‘Are you the spirit of Christmas Yet to Come?’ the ghost neither spoke nor moved, but still pointed onwards.

‘Are you going to show me shadows of the things which haven’t happened yet, but will happen in the future?’ scrooge asked.

There was no answer.

‘Ghost of the future!’ he continued. ‘You frighten me very much, but I think you can help me to change my life. I’ll be very grateful to you if you show me the future. Won’t you speak to me?’

Again, no reply.

‘Well, show me the way, spirit!’ said Scrooge finally. ‘The night is passing, and time is valuable to me, I know.’

The ghost moved away, with Scrooge following in its shadow. Suddenly they were in the heart of the capital, among the businessmen and moneylenders. The ghost pointed to one small group of men, so Scrooge went closer to listen to their conversation.

‘No, I don’t know much about it,’ said one fat man. ‘I only know he’s dead.’

‘When did he die?’ asked another man.

‘Last night, I think.’

‘Why, what was the matter with him?’ asked a third.

‘I’ve no idea,’ replied the fat man, looking bored. ‘who cares?’

‘What’s he done with his money?’ asked a red-faced gentleman.

‘I haven’t heard,’ said the fat man. ‘He hasn’t left it to me, that’s all I know.’

They all laughed at this. Scrooge knew the men, and looked towards the spirit, hoping it would explain what the conversation meant. But the ghost moved on, pointing at two more men. Scrooge listened again. He knew these men well. They were rich and important, and he had often done business with them.

‘How are you?’ said one.

‘How are you?’ replied the other.

‘Well!’ said the first. ‘The old man has died at last, has he?’

‘So they tell me,’ replied the second. ‘Cold, isn’t it?’

‘Nice and frosty for Christmas. Good morning!’

Not another word. That was the end of their meeting.

Scrooge wondered why the spirit wanted him to hear these conversations. What could they mean? The dead man could not be his partner Jacob, because he was already dead.

Scrooge watched carefully, trying to understand. He looked round for his own shadow, but could not see himself anywhere. ‘Perhaps that’s not surprising,’ he thought, ‘because if I change my life, and I’m planning to do that, I won’t be the same person in the future!’ Just then he noticed the spirit, standing quiet and dark beside him, with its pointing hand. He felt the unseen eyes staring fixedly at him behind the black robe Scrooge’s body shook, and he felt cold.

They left the busy offices and banks, and went to another part of the capital, where Scrooge had never been before. The streets were narrow and dirty, the houses miserably poor, the people unwashed and half-dressed. Down one street there was a small shop, where an old man was sitting waiting for customers. His business was buying old furniture or clothes, and selling them again, to the poorest people in London. As Scrooge and the spirit watched, three women arrived at the shop door at the same time, each carrying a large bundle. They looked very surprised and a little ashamed to see each other. Suddenly they all started laughing.

‘Ladies, you couldn’t find a better place to meet,’ said Joe, the old man, getting up. ‘Now come inside, and show me what you’ve got to sell.’

Inside, the first woman put her bundle on the table and said, ‘I don’t care if everybody knows where this comes from! We all have to take care of ourselves! He always did!’

‘That’s right,’ agreed the second woman.

‘Very true,’ agreed the third.

‘Does a dead man need these things?’ continued the first woman. ‘And why was he so mean while he was alive?’ We all worked for him, didn’t we? Cleaned his house, washed his clothes, cooked his soup? And what did we get? Three shillings a week! It’s no surprise that he died alone, with no friends around him!’

‘You never spoke a truer word,’ said the second.

‘He was a bad man, we all know that,’ said the third.

‘Now what have we here?’ said old Joe, opening the women’s bundles. ‘Buttons, pencils, boots, silver spoons, some excellent bed-curtains, blankets and—a very good shirt,’ he added, feeling the fine cotton.

‘Yes, it was his best,’ said the first woman. ‘They put it on him after he died. But he doesn’t need it now that he’s dead! And the blankets and bed-curtains! He doesn’t need them either!’

‘You took the shirt off a dead body, and the blankets and curtains off his bed, while he was lying there! Well, well!’ said Joe, shaking his head. ‘Here’s your money.’ And he counted out several shillings into the

women's hands.

'Ha ha ha!' laughed the first woman. 'He frightened everyone away when he was alive, and we've made money out of him now that he's dead! Ha ha ha!'

Scrooge felt sick and angry at the same time. 'Spirit,' he said, 'I see now. I could be that unhappy man. Good Heavens, what's this?'

Joe and the women had disappeared, and Scrooge was standing in a dark room. Opposite him was a bed, with no blankets or curtains. A light shone down from above, on to the body of a dead man, covered with a sheet.

'How sad,' thought Scrooge, 'to die with no friends or family around him! To lie in an empty room, with no candles or flowers, and robbed of his clothes! To know that nobody loves him, because he loved nobody in his life! Money can't buy a happy life, or a peaceful death!' He looked at the spirit, whose hand was pointing at the man's covered head. It would be easy to lift the sheet, and see who the man was. But for some reason Scrooge could not do it.

'Spirit,' he said, 'this is a terrible place. Let's go!'

Still the ghost's unmoving finger pointed at the man's head.

'I understand you, but I can't look at him, spirit, I can't!' said Scrooge wildly. 'If there's anyone in this town who feels anything at this man's death, show that person to me, spirit, please!'

For a moment the spirit lifted its dark robe like a wing, and showed Scrooge a room, where a mother and her children were sitting. The young woman kept looking at the clock, and when her husband arrived, she hurried to meet him.

'What—what is the news?' she asked him worriedly. 'Is it good! ...or... or bad?'

'There is still hope, Caroline,' he replied.

'How can there be hope? If that hard, mean old man wants us to pay back the money now, they'll send us to prison! We haven't got enough to pay him!'

'He is dead, Caroline,' answered her husband.

'Thank God for that!' cried the young woman from her heart. The next moment she realized what she had said. 'Oh, I didn't mean that. I'm sorry if anyone dies.'

'Perhaps the person who inherits his business will give us more time to pay the money back. And we'll have the money by then. Tonight we can sleep well, Caroline!'

'So, spirit,' said Scrooge in a broken voice, 'you can show me only happiness at this man's death. It frightens me, spirit. Show me, please, that there can be sadness at a death.'

The ghost took him silently through the streets, to poor Bob Cratchit's house. The room seemed strangely quiet. The mother and her daughters were making a small white cotton shirt together, while the usually noisy young Cratchits sat silently in a corner, and Peter was reading a book. Mrs Cratchit put her work down on the table, and covered her face with her hand.

'The colour hurts my eyes,' she said. The colour? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

They're a little better now,' she went on. 'It's difficult to work by candlelight. And I don't want to show red eyes to your father when he comes home.'

'He's a bit late,' said Peter, 'but I think he's walked more slowly these last few days, mother.'

They were very quiet again. At last she said bravely, 'I've known him walk with—with Tiny Tim in his arms, very fast indeed.'

'So have I,' cried Peter. 'Often!'

'But he was very light to carry, and your father loved him so much! And there's your father at the door now!' she got up quickly to kiss Bob as he came in. He looked tired and thin, and needed his long scarf, poor man! Martha took his boots and scarf off, and Belinda brought him his tea, and the little Cratchits sat close to him. He was very cheerful with all of them, and was pleased with the little shirt that his wife and daughters were making.

'It'll be ready long before Sunday, won't it?' he said.

'Sunday! You went there today, then, Bob?' asked his wife.

'Yes, my dear. You'd love to see it. It's a beautiful green place. But you'll see it often. I promised him that we would go there every Sunday. My little, little child!' cried Bob, hiding his face in his hands. He had loved the boy very much.

He went upstairs to the quiet bedroom, where the child lay. Poor Bob sat down beside him, and when he felt calmer, he kissed the little face, and went downstairs again, almost happy.

'My dears,' he said to his children, 'one of these days some of you will marry and leave home. In a few year's time perhaps all of you will. But I'm sure none of us will ever forget Tiny Tim, will we?'

'Never, father!' they all cried.

'And I know,' said Bob, 'that when we remember how patient and gentle he was, although he was only a little child, we won't argue among ourselves. We'll remember poor Tiny Tim, and love each other!'

'We will, father!' they all cried again.

'I am very happy,' said Bob. 'I am very happy!' Mrs Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and he and Peter shook hands. Tiny Tim, your goodness lives on in your family!

'Spirit,' said Scrooge, 'I know that you will leave me soon. Tell me who that dead man on the bed was!'

No answer came in words, but the ghost of Christmas Yet to Come took Scrooge through the streets of London again.

'Wait a moment,' said Scrooge. 'We're passing my office. Let me see how I shall look in the future!'

The spirit stopped. Its hand was pointing away from the office. But Scrooge hurried up to the window and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The ghost continued to point onwards, and Scrooge followed. They reached a church, and entered the churchyard. Here, among the untidy graves and the uncut grass, lay the miserable man whose name Scrooge would soon learn. It was a lonely place, most suitable for a man so unloved.

The spirit stood and pointed down at one of the graves.

Scrooge was strangely afraid.

‘Before I look more closely at that gravestone,’ he said, ‘answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that will be, or are they only shadows of the things that may be?’

Without replying, the ghost pointed silently down at the grave. Scrooge moved slowly towards it, and following the finger, read on the stone his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

‘Am I that man who was lying on the bed?’ he cried.

The spirit pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

‘No, spirit! Oh, no, no!’

The finger was still there.

Scrooge fell to the ground in front of the ghost, holding its long dark robe. ‘Spirit! Listen! I am a changed man! I have learnt my lesson from you spirits! Why show me this terrible end, if there is no hope for me!’

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

‘Good spirit, tell me that my future will change, if I change my life now!’

The kind hand shook again.

‘I will remember the past, and think of the future. I will be good to other people. I will keep Christmas in my heart, and will try to be kind, and cheerful, and merry, every day. Oh, tell me I can clean away the writing on this stone!’

Wildly, he caught the ghostly hand and held it for a moment. But the spirit was stronger than him, and pulled its hand away. Just then Scrooge noticed that something strange was happening to the spirit. It was getting smaller and smaller, and suddenly it became—a bedpost.

4. 最后一位幽灵

“第三位幽灵将在午夜的时候到来。” 斯克罗吉突然记起雅各布·马利幽灵的话，他抬起眼睛，看见了一个幽灵，身着黑衣服，慢慢地朝他走来。它个头很高，一声不响，一件长长的黑袍蒙住了他的头和身体。当它走近的时候，它停住了，并用一只手朝前指着。斯克罗吉对这个幽灵的恐惧胜过前面所有的，他用颤抖的声音问道，“你是来日的圣诞幽灵吗？” 幽灵既不讲话也不走开，但还是朝前指着。

“你是不是要给我看那些尚未发生的但将来会发生的事情的幻影？” 斯克罗吉问。

仍然没有应答。

“未来的鬼魂！” 他继续说。“你把我吓坏了，但我想你能帮我改变我的生活。如果你能为我指明未来的话，我会很感激你的。你难道不跟我讲话吗？”

还是没有回答。

“那好吧，幽灵，就给我指出我的出路吧。” 斯克罗吉最后说。“夜晚马上就要结束，时间对我来说很珍贵，我知道。”

鬼魂走开了，斯克罗吉跟着它的影子。突然他们来到了市中心，周围都是商人和放债人。鬼魂指了指一小群人，斯克罗吉便走上前听着他们的谈话。

“不，这件事我知道的不多。” 一个胖子说。“我只知道他死了。”

“他什么时候死的？” 另一个人问。

“昨天晚上，我想。”

“怎么了，他出了什么事？” 第三个人问道。

“我不知道，” 胖子回答说，看上去很不耐烦。“管他呢？”

“他的钱怎么处理了？” 一位红脸先生问。

“我没听说，” 胖子说，“我只知道他没把钱留给我。”

听了这话他们都笑了。斯克罗吉认识这些人，他看着幽灵，希望它能解释解释他们的谈话是什么意思。但鬼魂继续朝前走，又指着另外两个人。斯克罗吉又听了他们在说什么。他很熟悉这些人。他们有钱又都是要人，他经常和他们做生意。

“你好？” 一个人说。

“你好？” 另一个回答道。

“哎！” 第一个人说。“这老头儿终于死了，不是吗？”

“别人是这么告诉我的，” 第二个人回答说。“好冷啊，不是吗？”

“对圣诞节来说很不错而且还有霜。早上好。”

再没有回答声，他们的会面到此结束。

斯克罗吉不知道为什么幽灵想让他听这些谈话。他们是什么意思呢？那个死人不可能是他的合伙人雅各布，因为他已经死了。斯克罗吉认真地看着试图搞个明白。他朝四周看了看找他自己的影子，但哪儿也找不到。“也许这不足为奇，” 他想，“因为如果我改变我的生活，当然我正打算这样做，将来我就会成为另一个人了！” 这时他看到了幽灵，静静地、幽暗地站在他身边，手指着什么地方。他感到那双他看不见的眼睛正从黑袍子后目不转睛地盯着他。斯克罗吉浑身颤抖，他觉得冷。

他们离开了繁忙的办公室和银行来到了都市的另一边，斯克罗吉以前从没有来过这里。街道又窄又脏，房子破烂不堪，人们连脸都没有洗而且衣不蔽体。往南过一条马路有一个小商店，里面坐着一个老头等待着顾客的光临。他的生意是收购旧家具和衣服然后再卖给伦敦最穷的人。当斯克罗吉和幽灵看着的时候，有三个妇女同时来到了商店门口，每个人都拿着一个大包袱。她们相见后感到很吃惊又有些难为情。突然

她们开始大笑。

“女士们，这是你们会面的最好的地方，”老头乔说着，站了起来。“进来，给我看看你们要卖什么。”

在屋里第一个妇女把她的包袱放在桌子上说，“我不在乎是不是大家都知道这是从什么地方弄来的！我们都得关心我们自己！他总是这样做的！”

“你说得对。”第二个女人表示赞同。

“太正确了。”第三个也表示赞同。

“死人需要这些东西吗？”第一个女人继续说。“为什么他活着的时候那么吝啬？我们都给他干活儿，是不是？打扫他的房子，给他洗衣服、煨汤？我们又得到什么了呢？一周三个先令！他孤零零地死了，身边一个朋友也没有，这也就没什么可奇怪的了！”

“你从没有说过比这更千真万确的话。”第二个妇女说。

“他是一个坏蛋，这点我们都知道。”第三个妇女说。

“现在让我看看你们都拿来了些什么？”老乔说着打开了三位的包。“钮扣、铅笔、靴子、银匙、一些很不错的床罩、毯子还有——一件很好的衬衣，”他补充道，手摸着那质地精良的棉布。

“是的，这是他最好的衣服。”第一个女人说，“他死后他们给他穿上了，但既然他已经死了，所以他现在不需要它了！这些毯子和床罩！他也不需要它们了！”

“你从死尸上脱下了这件衬衣，从他一直睡觉的床上拿了这些毯子和床罩！哎，哎！”乔边说边摇头，“这是给你的钱。”他数出几个先令塞到这几个妇女的手中。

“哈哈！”第一个妇女笑了，“他活着的时候把大家都吓跑了，现在他死了我们还能从他身上挣到钱！哈哈！”

斯科罗吉既感到懊丧又感到气愤。“幽灵，”他说，“现在我明白了，那个不幸的人可能就是我。天哪，这是什么？”

乔和女人们消失了，斯科罗吉站在一间黑屋子里。他对面有一张床，上面没有毯子和床罩。一束光从上面照下来，照在死尸上，死尸用单子盖着。

斯科罗吉想，“死时身边没有朋友和家人，被剥光了衣服躺在空屋子里，没有蜡烛和鲜花，知道自己不被人爱是因为他在世时不曾爱过别人，这是多么悲哀的事情啊！金钱买不到幸福的生活和安宁的死亡。”他看着幽灵，手指着那个男人被盖住的脸。要想揭开单子看看那个男人是谁是件轻而易举的事，但由于某种原因斯科罗吉不能这样做。

“幽灵，”他说，“这个地方太可怕了。咱们走吧。”

鬼魂一动不动的指头依旧指着男人的头。

“我理解你，但我不能看他，幽灵，不能！”斯科罗吉发疯似地说。“如果这个镇上有谁对这个人的死有任何感触的话，请你带我去看他，幽灵。”

幽灵把黑袍子掀起了一会儿，像个翅膀，带斯科罗吉看了一个屋子，里面坐着一位母亲和她的孩子们。年轻的母亲一直看着钟表，当她的丈夫回来时，她赶快上前去迎他。

“有什么消息吗？”她焦虑地问，“是好消息还是坏消息？”

“还有希望，卡罗琳。”他回答说。

“怎么还有希望呢？如果那个刻薄吝啬的人想让我们现在立刻还钱的话，他们就会把我们送到拘留所！我们没有那么多钱还他。”

“他死了，卡罗琳。”她丈夫回答说。

“这得感谢上帝！”少妇发自内心地高声说。立刻她意识到她说的话不对。“噢，我不是这个意思，谁死了我都会难过的。”

“也许他生意的继承人会多给我们一些时间还钱的，到那时我们就能有这笔钱了。今天晚上我们能睡个好觉了，卡罗琳！”

“所以，幽灵，”斯科罗吉断断续续地说，“你只能让我看到这个人的死所带来的幸福。幽灵，这让我感到害怕，请让我看看死亡也能带来悲伤。”

鬼魂静静地带他穿过大街来到鲍勃·克拉奇蒂的房子。房子静得出奇，妈妈和女儿们正在一起缝制一件小白衬衫，而一向吵吵闹闹的小克拉奇蒂静静地坐在一个角落里，彼得正在看书。克拉奇蒂夫人把手头的活放在桌子上，用手捂住脸。

“这颜色刺得我的眼睛都疼了，”她说。这颜色？啊，可怜的小蒂姆！

“现在眼睛好点了，”她继续说。“在烛光下干活真费劲，我不想让你父亲回来时看到我的眼睛红红的。”

“他稍晚了点，”彼得说，“但我觉得最近这几天他走得更慢了，妈妈。”

他们又都沉默了，最后她勇敢地说，“我知道他是怀里抱着——抱着小蒂姆走路的，实际上很快。”

“我也知道，”彼得大声说。“经常是这样！”

“但他很轻，抱着方便，你爸爸很喜欢他！现在爸爸到门口了！”她立刻起身，当鲍勃进屋的时候她吻了他。他看上去疲惫消瘦，而且需要他的长围巾，好可怜的人啊！玛莎为他脱下靴子，摘下围巾，贝琳达给他端来茶，小克拉奇蒂们紧挨着他坐下。和他们在一起他开心极了，他妻子和女儿们缝制的小衬衫使他很高兴。

“星期日之前能做好，不是吗？”他问道。

“星期日！那么你今天去那儿了，鲍勃？”他妻子问。

“是的，亲爱的。你想看看它，那地方绿绿的，很漂亮，但你会经常看到它的。我答应他我们每个星期日都去那儿。我的宝贝啊！”鲍勃哭了，双手捂住了脸。他过去一直深爱着这个男孩。

他上楼来到了那孩子躺着的静静的卧室。可怜的鲍勃坐在他身边，当孩子稍平静了些的时候，他吻了他的小脸蛋然后下了楼，这时他似乎高兴了。

“我亲爱的孩子们，”他对他们说，“总有一天你们中的一个孩子要结婚离开家，几年之内你们都会这样的，但我认为我们谁也不会忘记小蒂姆，是吗？”

“永远不会的，爸爸！”他们都哭了。

“我知道，”鲍勃说，“当我们记起他是何等的有耐心何等的彬彬有礼时，尽管他还是个小孩子，我们的看法还是一致的。我们将会记住小蒂姆，并互爱。”

“我们会的，爸爸！”他们又都哭了。

“我很高兴，”鲍勃说。“我很高兴！”克拉奇蒂太太吻了他，他的女儿们吻了他，两个小克拉奇蒂吻了他，他和彼得握了手。小蒂姆，

你的美德会永驻于你的家庭中的！

“幽灵，” 斯克罗吉说，“我知道一会儿你就要离开我了。告诉我床上的死人是谁！”

没有回答的声音，但“来日圣诞”鬼魂带着斯克罗吉再一次地穿越了伦敦的大街。

“等一会儿，” 斯克罗吉说。“我们正在经过我的办公室，让我看看我将来是什么样子！”

幽灵停了下来。它的手并没有指着办公室但斯克罗吉匆忙走到窗前往里看了看，还是间办公室，但已不属于他了。家具变了，椅子上坐着的也不是他自己了。鬼魂继续朝前指，斯克罗吉跟着。他们来到一座教堂前，进了教堂的院落。在这里不整齐的坟墓和未修剪的杂草中躺着一个可怜的人，一会儿斯克罗吉就会知道他是谁。这是一个冷清的地方，对一个如此不受爱戴的人来说这儿再合适不过了。

幽灵站在那儿，朝下指着其中的一个坟墓。斯克罗吉感到莫名的恐惧。

“在我更仔细地看墓碑前，” 他说，“回答我一个问题。这些影子是将来会实现的事情还是可能会实现的事情？”

鬼魂没有回答，它默默地朝下指着坟墓。斯克罗吉慢慢地向它走去，顺着幽灵手指头的方向，他看见墓碑上写着他自己的夕字：埃比尼泽·斯克罗吉。

“我就是那个躺在床上的人吗？” 他大声问。

幽灵从坟墓指向他，然后又指向坟墓。

“不，幽灵！噢，不，不！”

手指依然还是指着坟墓。

斯克罗吉倒在鬼魂前面的地上，抓住它长长的黑袍子。“幽灵！听着！我是一个改过自新的人了！我从你们这些幽灵身上吸取了教训！如果我没有希望的话，为什么要让我看如此可怕的结局！”

他的手第一次颤抖起来。

“我的好幽灵，告诉我如果我现在改变我的生活，我的未来也会改变的！”

他善良的手有些颤抖了。

“我将记住过去，并且会为未来考虑的。我会对他人行善的，我会把圣诞记在心中并尽可能的善良、高兴、快乐，每天都这样。噢，对我说我能够把这石头上的名字弄掉！”

他死命地抓住鬼魂的手并攥了一会儿。但幽灵比他要强壮，它把手挣脱开。这时斯克罗吉看到奇怪的事情在幽灵的身上发生了。它变得越来越小，突然变成了——一根床柱子。

5 The end of the story

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the future was his own, to change his life in!

‘I will remember the past, and think of the future,’ repeated Scrooge, as he jumped out of bed. ‘God bless you, Jacob Marley! And God bless Christmas!’

In his excitement he found it difficult to speak. His face was still wet from crying. ‘Here are my bed—curtains!’ he cried delightedly. ‘They aren’t stolen! And I’m alive! Those were only shadows of things that may be! The future will be different! I know it will!’

All this time his hands were busy, hurriedly putting on his clothes. He put his left foot in his right shoe, couldn’t find the buttons on his shirt, and forgot to brush his hair.

‘I don’t know what I’m doing!’ said Scrooge, laughing and crying at the same time. ‘A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy new year to all the world! Hurrah! There’s the door which Jacob’s ghost came through! There’s the corner where the ghost of Christmas Present sat! There’s the window where I saw the travelling ghosts! It’s all true, it all happened! Ha ha ha!’

Really, for a man who hadn’t laughed for so many years, it was an excellent laugh. The father of a long line of excellent laughs!

‘I don’t know what day of the month it is!’ said Scrooge. ‘I don’t know how long I’ve been with the spirits! I don’t know anything. I’m just like a baby. Never mind! I prefer being a baby! Hurrah!’

Just then he heard the church bells ring out louder than he had ever heard before. Running to the window, he opened it and looked out. No fog at all, a clear, bright, cold day, golden sunlight, blue sky, sweet clean air, merry bells. Oh, wonderful! wonderful!

‘What’s today?’ he cried, calling down to a boy in the street.

‘Today?’ replied the boy, in great surprise. ‘Why, it’s Christmas Day!’

‘So I haven’t missed it!’ thought Scrooge. ‘The spirits have done it all in one night!’ He called down to the boy again, ‘Hallo, young man! Do you know the meat shop at the corner of the next street?’

‘Of course I do,’ replied the boy.

‘What an intelligent boy!’ said Scrooge. ‘Do you know if they’ve sold the big turkey that was in the shop window yesterday?’

‘What, the one as big as me?’ asked the boy.

‘What a delightful boy!’ said Scrooge. ‘It’s wonderful talking to him. Yes, that’s the one!’

‘It’s still there in the window,’ said the boy.

‘Is it?’ said Scrooge. ‘Well, go and buy it.’

‘You don’t mean it!’ cried the boy.

‘I do, I do. I’m serious. Go and buy it, and tell the man to bring it back here. Come back with the man and I’ll give you a shilling. Come back in less than five minutes and I’ll give you three shillings!’

The boy went off like a bullet from a gun.

‘I’ll send the turkey to Bob Cratchit’s!’ laughed Scrooge. ‘He’ll never know who’s sent it! It’s twice as big as Tiny Tim! Ha ha ha!’

He went on laughing as he wrote Bob’s address, gave it to the man with the turkey, and paid for a taxi, because the turkey was much too heavy to carry all the way to Camden Town.

Now he finished dressing, and went out into the streets, wearing his best clothes. The town was full of happy, busy people, and Scrooge smiled at all of them. Three or four men said cheerfully to him, ‘Good morning, sir! And a merry Christmas to you!’ Scrooge thought these were the best sounds that he had ever heard.

As he was walking, he suddenly noticed one of the comfortable-looking gentlemen who had come to his office to ask for money for the poor. Scrooge went straight up to him, took the old gentleman by both hands, and said, ‘My dear sir, how are you? A merry Christmas to you, sir!’

‘Mr Scrooge?’ asked the gentleman, surprised.

‘Yes, that’s my name. I’m very sorry for what I said to you when you visited me yesterday. Will you please—’ and he spoke very quietly in the gentleman’s ear.

‘Good Heavens!’ cried the gentleman. ‘My dear Mr Scrooge, are you serious?’

‘I am. Not a shilling less. I must tell you, I haven’t given anything to anyone for years.’

‘My dear sir!’ said the gentleman, shaking hands with him. ‘I don’t know how to thank you for—’

Don’t say anything, please,’ replied Scrooge. ‘Will you come and see me tomorrow about it?’

‘I will!’ cried the old gentleman happily.

‘Thank you, and God bless you!’ said Scrooge.

He went to church, and watched the people, and gave children money for sweets, and discovered that he had never been so happy in his life. In the afternoon he went to his nephew’s house. He passed the door several times before he was brave enough to knock. But at last he did it, and was taken into the sitting-room, where Fred and his pretty wife were waiting for their friends to arrive for dinner.

‘Fred!’ said Scrooge. ‘It’s your uncle Scrooge. I’ve come to dinner. Will you let me stay, Fred?’

Let him stay! Fred almost shook his uncle’s arm off. Scrooge felt at home in five minutes. Nothing could be merrier. And

what a wonderful dinner they had! Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was there early. He wanted to catch Bob Cratchit arriving late. And he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was eighteen and a half minutes late when he finally hurried in. Scrooge was sitting with his office door open.

‘Hallo!’ said Scrooge in his old, hard voice. ‘What do you mean by coming here so late?’

I’m very sorry, sir, said Bob. ‘I am late. It’s only once a year. We were rather merry yesterday, sir.’

‘Now I’ll tell you what, my friend, said Scrooge, ‘I’m not going to have this any longer. And so’, he continued, jumping off his chair and shaking Bob’s hand, ‘I’m going to pay you twice as much!’

Bob’s face went white. For a second or two he thought that Scrooge had gone crazy.

‘A merry Christmas, Bob!’ said Scrooge, and it was clear that he meant it. ‘A merrier Christmas, Bob, than I’ve given you for a long time. I’m going to pay you well, and help you with your family, and we’ll discuss it all this afternoon over a Christmas drink, Bob! Put more wood on the fire at once, Bob Cratchit, and let’s be comfortable!’

Scrooge did everything that he had promised, and more. To Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he became a second father. He became as good a friend, employer and man, as anyone in London or in the world. Some people laughed to see the change in him, but he did not care. His own heart laughed inside him, and that was good enough for him. He never had any more conversations with spirits, but kept Christmas cheerfully, and lived a happy life. That is what all of us want, and so, as Tiny Tim said, ‘God bless us, every one!’

5. 故事的结尾

是的！床柱子是他自己的，床是他自己的，房间是他自己的，最好最幸福的，能够改变他未来的生活也是他自己。

“我将记住过去，并要为将来考虑，” 斯克罗吉重复着并跳下了床。“上帝保佑你，雅各布·马利！上帝保佑圣诞节！”

他兴奋之中发现说话有些吃力。他的脸上依旧是泪迹斑斑。“这是我的床围子！”他高兴地说。“它们没被偷走！我还活着！那些不过是可能发生事情的影子！未来会全然不同的！我知道会的！”

他的手一直没闲着，他匆匆穿好衣服。他把左脚穿进了右脚的鞋子里，找不到衬衣上的钮扣，忘记了梳头。

“我不知道我在做什么！” 斯克罗吉笑着大声说。“祝所有的人圣诞快乐！祝整个世界新年快乐！好哇！雅各布就是从这个门进来的！“今日圣诞”鬼魂就是坐在这个角落里！我就是从这扇窗户看见了游荡的鬼魂们！这全是真的，这全都发生过！哈哈！”

的确，对一个若干年没有笑过的人来说，这笑太开怀了。这是一长串开怀大笑之最！

“我不知道今天是几号了！” 斯克罗吉说。“我不知道我和幽灵们呆了多久！我什么都不知道，我就像个婴儿！别介意！我宁愿当个婴儿！好哇！”

这时他听见教堂的钟声敲得比以往要响。他跑到窗前，打开窗户朝外望去。根本没有雾，天气晴朗、明亮、寒冷，金色的日光，湛蓝的天空，清新的空气，快乐的铃铛声。噢，太美妙了！太美妙了！

“今天是什么日子？”他叫住街上的一个男孩大声地问。

“今天？”孩子大为吃惊地回答说，“怎么啦，今天是圣诞节！”

“所以我没错过它！” 斯克罗吉想，“幽灵们在一夜之间做完了这些事情！”他又叫那个男孩停下，“喂，小孩！你认识下一条街角的那家肉店吗？”

“当然认识。”男孩回答说。

“多聪明的孩子啊！” 斯克罗吉说。“你知道他们昨天有没有把橱窗里最大的火鸡卖掉？”

“什么，那只像我这么大的火鸡？”男孩问。

“多么可爱的孩子啊！” 斯克罗吉说，“同他说话真是太好了。是的，就是那只！”

“它还在橱窗里摆着呢。”男孩说。

一是吗？” 斯克罗吉说。“那好，你去把它买下来。”

“你不是这意思吧！”男孩大声说。

“我是这意思，我是这意思。我没开玩笑。去把它买下来，并让店主送到这儿来。你和店主一起回来，我就给你一先令。如果在5分钟内回来我就给你三个先令！”

男孩像出了枪膛的子弹一样很快消失了。

“我要把这只火鸡送给鲍勃·克拉奇蒂一家！” 斯克罗吉笑了。他永远也不会知道是谁送去的！它比小蒂姆还大一倍！哈哈！”

他一边写鲍勃的地址一边笑着，他把地址递给了那个抱着火鸡的人，并叫了一辆出租车付了费，因为那只火鸡太沉了，无法一路抱到卡姆登镇。

现在他穿好了衣服，他穿着他最好的衣服出去来到了街上。镇子上到处都是幸福、忙碌的人们，斯克罗吉对每个人都微笑着。有三四个人高兴地对他说：“早上好，先生！祝你圣诞快乐！” 斯克罗吉觉得这是他曾经听到过的最美妙的声音。

他走着走着忽然发现了曾经到他办公室为穷人要钱，长相英俊的一位绅士。斯克罗吉径直朝他走去，握住那位老先生的双手说，“我亲爱的先生，你好吗？祝你圣诞快乐，先生！”

“斯克罗吉先生吗？”绅士惊奇地问。

“是的，我是斯克罗吉。我为我昨天所说的话感到抱歉。你可以——”他悄悄地对着绅士的耳朵说。

“我的天哪！”绅士大声说道，“我亲爱的斯克罗吉先生，你是当真吗？”

“我说话算数。一先令也不会少。我必须告诉你，若干年来，我从未给过任何人任何东西。”

“我亲爱的先生！”绅士说着并同他握手。“这——我不知道该如何感激您。”

“请什么也不要说，” 斯克罗吉回答说。“你明天能就此事来见我吗？”

“我会的。”老绅士高兴地大声说。

“谢谢你，愿上帝保佑你！” 斯克罗吉说。

他去做了礼拜，看着教堂里的人们，给孩子们钱去买糖果，他发现他一生中从未这样幸福过。下午他去了他外甥家。他在门前走了好几趟，因为他没有勇气敲门。但最后他还是敲了，他被带进了起居室，弗雷德和他漂亮的妻子正在这儿等着他们的朋友来吃晚饭。

“弗雷德！”斯科罗吉说。“我是你舅舅斯科罗吉，我是来吃晚饭的。你会留我吗，弗雷德？”

让他留下。弗雷德都快把他舅舅的胳膊摇掉了。5分钟后斯科罗吉就不再拘束了。没有什么比这更快乐了。他们的晚餐真是棒极了！绝妙的晚会，绝妙的游戏，无与伦比的幸福！

但第二天早晨他早早地赶到了办公室。噢，他到的很早，他想抓住鲍勃来晚了，他确实抓到了！钟敲了9点，鲍勃没来。过了一刻钟，鲍勃还是没来。当他匆忙进来的时候，他迟到了18分半。斯科罗吉坐在那儿，他办公室的门敞开着。

“喂！”斯科罗吉用他年迈、刻薄的声音说，“你这么晚才来是什么意思？”

“先生，很抱歉，”鲍勃说。“我确实是晚了。一年中不就这么一次吗。先生，我们昨天过得太快活了。”

“现在我要告诉你什么，我的朋友，”斯科罗吉说，“我再也不能这样了，所以，”他从椅子上跳出来握着鲍勃的手继续说道，“我要付给你双倍的工资！”

鲍勃的脸变白了。一时间他想斯科罗吉可能是疯了。

“圣诞快乐，鲍勃！”斯科罗吉说，很显然他是真心说这番话的。“鲍勃，祝你有一个，比我以前给你的更为快乐的圣诞。我要给你加薪，而且要帮助你们全家，今天下午我们边喝圣诞酒边商量这件事，鲍勃！马上给火里多加些木柴，鲍勃·拉克奇蒂，咱们也舒服点！”

斯科罗吉兑现了他所有的承诺，甚至更多。对小蒂姆来说，他根本没有死，他成了他的第二个父亲。他同伦敦或是全世界上的任何一个朋友、雇主和男人一样好。有人发现了他的变化就笑，但他不在乎。他从心里笑，这对他来说就够不错的了。他再也没有同幽灵们说过话，但圣诞节他一直过得都很快活，并且生活得很幸福。这也是我们大家共同的心愿，正如小蒂姆所说：“愿上帝保佑我们每个人！”

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简介

一个人的画像是否比他的面孔更多地反映他自己？如果画像是用爱的画笔描绘的，或许它能反映这个人外表以外更多的东西——或许它能反映这个人的内心世界。

我们经常说脸像一本书，能自己讲述故事。当多里安·格雷看到画像中自己的面孔时，便爱上了自己的美貌。任何事物都不能损害他的美貌，任何事物都不能伤害或改变它——爱不能，甚至时间也不能。因此，他切断了他的脸和内心、他的外表和内在世界的联系。他的脸没有改变，总是年轻、漂亮。但是这幅画像——用爱的画笔描绘的画像——却在讲述着真实的故事。它才是真实的多里安·格雷——一天天变老、变丑并满怀恨意。

奥斯卡·王尔德（1854——1900）是爱尔兰最杰出最聪颖的作家。他的剧本和儿童故事，以及《多里安·格雷的画像》虽然是近一百年前的作品，但至今仍受读者喜爱。

1. the Artist

Through the open windows of the room came the rich scent of summer flowers. Lord Henry Wotton lay back in his chair and smoked his cigarette. Beyond the soft sounds of the garden he could just hear the noise of London.

In the centre of the room there was a portrait of a very beautiful young man, and in front of it stood the artist himself, Basil Hallward.

‘It’s your best work, Basil, the best portrait that you’ve ever painted,’ said Lord Henry lazily. ‘You must send it to the best art gallery in London.’

‘No,’ Basil said slowly. ‘No, I won’t send it anywhere.’

Lord Henry was surprised. ‘But my dear Basil, why not?’ he asked. ‘What strange people you artists are! You want to be famous, but then you’re not happy when you are famous. It’s bad when people talk about you—but it’s much worse when they don’t talk about you.’

‘I know you’ll laugh at me,’ replied Basil, ‘but I can’t exhibit the picture in an art gallery. I’ve put too much of myself into it.’

Lord Henry laughed. ‘Too much of yourself into it! You don’t look like him at all. He has a fair and beautiful face. And you—well, you look intelligent, of course, but with your strong face and black hair, you are not beautiful.’

‘You don’t understand me, Harry,’ replied Basil. (Lord Henry’s friends always called him Harry.) ‘Of course I’m not like him,’ Basil continued. ‘In fact, I prefer not to be beautiful. Dorian Gray’s beautiful face will perhaps bring him danger and trouble.’

‘Dorian Gray? Is that his name?’ asked Lord Henry.

‘Yes. But I didn’t want to tell you.’

‘Why not?’

‘Oh, I can’t explain,’ said Basil. ‘When I like people a lot, I never tell their names to my other friends. I love secrets, that’s all.’

‘Of course,’ agreed his friend. ‘Life is much more exciting when you have secrets. For example, I never know where my wife is, and my wife never knows what I’m doing. When we meet—and we do meet sometimes—we tell each other crazy stories, and we pretend that they’re true.’

‘You pretend all the time, Harry,’ said Basil. ‘I think that you’re probably a very good husband, but you like to hide your true feelings.’

‘Oh, don’t be so serious, Basil,’ smiled Lord Henry. ‘Let’s go into the garden.’

画家

“我在这幅画里画进了我自己太多的东西。”

1

透过敞开的窗户传来夏季鲜花的浓香。亨利·沃顿勋爵靠在椅背上，吸着香烟。除了花园中各种轻柔的声响之外，他能听见伦敦的喧闹声。

房屋的中央是一个非常漂亮的年轻男人的画像。画像的前面站着画家本人，名叫巴兹尔·霍尔沃德。

“巴兹尔，这是你最好的作品，你迄今为止画得最好的画像。”亨利勋爵懒洋洋地说道，“你得把这幅画送到伦敦最好的画廊。”

“不。”巴兹尔缓慢地回答，“我不会把它送到任何一个地方去。”

亨利勋爵感到吃惊。“亲爱的巴兹尔，为什么不呢？”他问道。“你们画家是多么奇怪的人啊！你们想成名，但成名后又不快乐。人们谈论你们不好——但当人们不谈论你们时情况会更糟。”

“我知道你会嘲笑我，”巴兹尔答道，“但我不能将这幅画在画廊展出，我在这里画了自己太多的东西。”

亨利勋爵笑道：“你自己太多的东西！你看起来和画中的他根本不像。他有着白皙漂亮的面孔，可是你——唉，当然你看起来聪明，但你长着强健的面孔和黑色的头发，你算不上漂亮。”

“你不了解我，哈里。”巴兹尔答道。（亨利勋爵的朋友通常称呼他哈里。）“当然我不像他，”巴兹尔继续说，“实际上我宁愿不漂亮。多里安·格雷的漂亮面孔或许将给他带来危险和麻烦。”

“多里安·格雷？这是他的名字吗？”亨利勋爵问道。

“是的，但我本不想告诉你。”

“为什么不告诉我？”

“哦，我说不太清，”巴兹尔说道，“当我很喜欢某些人时，我从不把他们的名字告诉我的其他朋友。我喜欢保守秘密，仅此而已。”

“当然，”他的朋友赞同地说，“有秘密，生活才更有趣。比如，我从不知道我的妻子在哪里，而我的妻子也从不知道我正在做什么。我们碰面时——有时我们的确碰上——我们告诉对方一些疯狂的故事，都装得好像这些故事是真的。”

“你一直在做假，哈里。”巴兹尔说。“我认为你也许是个非常好的丈夫，但你喜欢掩饰你的真实感情。”

“哦，别太认真，巴兹尔。”亨利勋爵笑道。“咱们去花园吧。”

In the garden the leaves shone in the sunlight, and the flowers moved gently in the summer wind. The two young men sat on a long seat under the shadow of a tall tree.

'Before I go,' said Lord Henry, 'you must answer my question, Basil. Why won't you exhibit Dorian Gray's portrait in an art gallery?' He looked at his friend and smiled.

'Please give me the real reason, now. Not the answer that you gave me before.'

'Harry, when an artist feels strongly about a portrait, it becomes a portrait of himself, not of the sitter. The artist paints the face and body of the sitter, but in fact he shows his own feelings. The reason why I won't exhibit this portrait is because I'm afraid it shows the secret of my heart.'

Lord Henry laughed. 'And what is this secret of your heart?'

His friend was silent. Lord Henry picked a flower and looked at it with interest.

'Two months ago,' Basil said at last, 'I was at a party at Lady Brandon's house. I was talking to friends when I realized that someone was watching me. I turned and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. We looked at each other, and I felt a sudden, very strong fear. I felt that this person could change my life...could bring me happiness—and unhappiness. Later, Lady Brandon introduced us. We laughed at something that she said, and became friends at once.'

He stopped Lord Henry smiled. 'Tell me more,' he said. 'How often do you see him?'

'Every day,' answered Basil. 'I'm not happy if I don't see him every day—he's necessary to my life.'

'But I thought you only cared about your art,' said Lord Henry.

'He is all my art now,' replied Basil, seriously. 'Since I met Dorian Gray, the work that I've done is good, the best work of my life. Because of him I see art in a different way, a new way. When I'm with him, I paint wonderful pictures.'

'Basil, this is extraordinary. I must meet Dorian Gray,' said Lord Henry.

Basil got up and walked up and down the garden. 'So that's my secret Dorian doesn't know about my feelings. And I can't let people see the portrait, because it shows what's in my heart. There's too much of myself in it, Harry, too much!'

Lord Henry looked at Basil's face before he spoke. 'Tell me, does Dorian Gray care about you?'

The artist thought for a few moments. 'He likes me,' he said at last. 'I know he likes me. Usually he's very friendly to me, but sometimes he seems to enjoy hurting me. He says unkind things that give me pain, Harry. And then I feel that I've given myself to somebody who thinks my heart is a pretty flower. A flower that he can enjoy for a summer's day, and can forget tomorrow.'

'Summer days, Basil,' said Lord Henry with a smile, 'can sometimes be too long. Perhaps you'll become tired sooner than he will.'

'Harry, don't talk like that. While I live, Dorian Gray will be important to me. You change your feelings too quickly. You can't feel what I feel.'

'My dear Basil, how unkind you are!' Lord Henry was amused. How interesting other people's lives were, he thought. Slowly he pulled a flower to pieces with his long fingers. 'I remember now,' he continued. 'I think my aunt knows Dorian Gray. I'd like to meet him very much.'

'But I don't want you to meet him,' said Basil.

A servant came across the garden towards them.

'Mr Dorian Gray has arrived, sir,' he said to Basil.

'You have to introduce me now,' laughed Lord Henry.

Basil turned to him. 'Dorian Gray is my dearest friend,' he said quietly. 'He's a good person and he's young—only twenty. Don't change him. Don't try to influence him. Your clever words are very amusing, of course, but you laugh at serious things. Don't take him away from me. He's necessary to my life as an artist.'

Lord Henry smiled. 'You worry too much, my friend,' he said, and together they walked back into the house.

2

花园里树叶在阳光下闪闪发光，花儿在夏季的微风中轻轻摇曳。两个年轻人在树荫笼罩的一条长凳上坐着。

亨利勋爵说：“我走之前，你必须回答我的问题，巴兹尔。为什么你不愿意在伦敦的画廊里展出多里安·格雷的画像？”他微笑地看着朋友。“请现在告诉我真正的原因，而不是刚才你说的理由。”

“哈里，当一位画家对一幅画像有着强烈的感情时，它就变成了自己的画像，而不是被画人的肖像。画家绘出被画人的面孔和身躯，但实际上融汇了画家自己的情感。我不愿展出这幅画像的原因是我害怕它会坦露我内心的秘密。”

亨利勋爵笑了。“那么你内心的秘密又是什么呢？”

他的朋友沉默了。亨利勋爵摘了一朵花，满有兴趣地看着。

巴兹尔终于说：“两个月前，我参加了布兰登夫人在家举办的聚会。在和朋友谈话时，我意识到有人在注视我。我回过头，第一次见到了多里安·格雷。我们都看着对方。我感到了一阵突然、巨大的恐惧。我感觉这个人能改变我的生活……能给我带来幸福和不幸。后来，布兰登夫人为我们做了介绍。她说的某件事情让我们都笑了，我们很快成了朋友。”

他停止了回忆。亨利勋爵面带笑容。“再给我讲一些。”他说，“你多长时间和他见一次面？”

“每天。”巴兹尔答道，“每天如果见不到他我就会不高兴——我的生活离不开他。”

“但我原以为你只关心你的艺术，”亨利勋爵说。

“现在他是我的全部艺术。”巴兹尔严肃地回答，“自从我结识多里安·格雷以来，我完成的作品变得很出色，是我有生以来最好的作品。由于有了他，我用不同的眼光看待艺术，一种全新的方式。和他在一起，我能画出精彩的作品。”

“巴兹尔，这太离奇了。我得见一见多里安·格雷。”亨利勋爵说。

巴兹尔站起身，在花园里来回走动。“因此这就是我的秘密。多里安·格雷不知道我的感情，我也不能让人们看这幅画像，因为它表露了我的内心世界。它包含了我太多的东西，哈里。太多了！”

亨利勋爵看着巴兹尔的脸，然后说：“告诉我，多里安·格雷关心你吗？”

画家思考了片刻：“他喜欢我。”他终于说道。“我知道他喜欢我。通常他总是对我很友好，但有时似乎喜欢伤害我。他说些不友善的话让我感到痛苦，哈里。于是我就觉得我把自己给了一个认为我的心是一朵漂亮小花的人。他可以在夏季的某一天欣赏这朵花，也可以在第二天把它遗忘。”

“夏日，巴兹尔。”亨利勋爵笑着说。“有时很长。或许你比他更先感到厌倦。”

“哈里，别那样说。只要我活着，多里安·格雷就对我很重要。你的感情变得太快，你体会不到我的感情。”

“我亲爱的巴兹尔，你太不客气了！”亨利勋爵感到有趣。别人的生活真有意思，他想。慢慢地他的长手指把一朵花撕成了碎片。“我记起来了。”他继续说，“我姨妈认识多里安·格雷。我很想见他。”

“可我不愿意你去见他。”巴兹尔说。

一个仆人穿过花园朝他们走来。

“多里安·格雷先生来了，先生。”仆人对巴兹尔说。

“你现在得把我介绍给他，”亨利勋爵笑着。

巴兹尔转身对着亨利勋爵。“多里安·格雷是我最亲密的朋友。”他轻声地说，“他是一个好人，而且很年轻——只有20岁。别改变或试图去影响他。你机智的话语的确让人感到有趣，但你嘲笑严肃的东西。别把他从我身边带走，他是我作为一个画家的生活中必不可少的部分。”

亨利勋爵笑道：“你的担心太多余了，我的朋友。”他说。然后他们一起走回了房间。

3. the Friend

As they entered the house, they saw Dorian Gray. He was sitting by the window and turning some pages of music.

‘You must lend me this music, Basil,’ he said. Then he turned and saw Lord Henry. ‘Oh, I’m sorry, Basil. I didn’t realize…’

‘Dorian, this is Lord Henry Wotton,’ said Basil. ‘He’s an old friend of mine.’

Dorian Gray shook hands with Lord Henry, and while they talked, Lord Henry studied the young man. Yes, he was very good—looking indeed, with his bright blue eyes and his gold hair. He had an open, honest face. There were no dark secrets in that face. Lord Henry could understand Basil’s feelings for him.

Basil was getting his paints ready. Now he looked at Lord Henry. ‘Harry,’ he said, ‘I want to finish this portrait of Dorian today. I’m afraid I must ask you to go away.’

Lord Henry smiled and looked at Dorian Gray. ‘Should I go, Mr Gray?’ he asked.

‘Oh, please don’t leave, Lord Henry. Basil never talks when he’s painting, and it’s so boring. Please stay. I’d like you to talk to me.’

‘Well, Basil?’ Lord Henry asked.

The artist bit his lip. ‘Very well, Harry. Stay—if you must.’

While Basil painted, Lord Henry talked, and the young man listened. The words filled Dorian’s head like music—wild, exciting music. What a beautiful voice Lord Henry has, he thought. They are only words, but how terrible they are! How bright and dangerous! You cannot escape from words. Dorian began to understand things about himself that he had never understood before. Why had he never seen himself so clearly, he wondered?

Lord Henry watched Dorian, and smiled. He knew when to speak, and when to be silent. He felt very interested in this young man, with his wonderful face.

Later they walked in the garden together, while Basil worked at the portrait. The rich scent of the flowers was all around them. Dorian looked at the older man, and wondered about him. He was tall, with a thin dark face and cool white hands. Dorian liked him, but why did he feel a little afraid of him?

‘You must come out of the sun, Mr Gray,’ said Lord Henry. ‘A brown skin isn’t fashionable and it won’t suit you.’

‘Oh, it doesn’t matter,’ laughed Dorian.

‘But it should matter to you, Mr Gray.’

‘Why?’ asked Dorian.

‘Because you’re young, and being young is wonderful. Ah, you smile. You don’t think so now, but one day you’ll understand what I mean—when you’re old, and tired, and no longer beautiful. You have a wonderfully beautiful face, Mr Gray. It’s true. Don’t shake your head at me. And there’s nothing more important, more valuable than beauty. When your youth goes, your beauty will go with it. Then you’ll suddenly discover that your life is empty—there will be nothing to enjoy, nothing to hope for. Time is your enemy, Mr Gray. It will steal everything from you. People are afraid of themselves today. Afraid to live. But you, with your face and your youth, there’s nothing that you cannot do. You must live! Live the wonderful life that is in you! We can never be young again. Youth! Ah, there is nothing in the world as important as youth!’

Dorian Gray listened and wondered. New ideas filled his head. He felt strange, different.

At that moment Basil called them from the house. Lord Henry turned to Dorian. ‘You’re happy that you’ve met me, Mr Gray,’ he said.

‘Yes, I’m happy now. Will I always be happy, I wonder?’

‘Always!’ Lord Henry smiled. ‘What a terrible word! Women use it much too often. What does it mean? It’s today that is important.’

朋友

“世界上没有比青春更重要的了！”

3

走进房间，他们看见了多里安·格雷。他正靠窗而坐，翻阅着一些乐谱。

“你得把这乐谱借给我，巴兹尔。”他说道。然后他转身看见了亨利勋爵。“哦，对不起，巴兹尔。我没看见……”

“多里安，这是亨利·沃顿勋爵。”巴兹尔说，“是我的一位老朋友。”

多里安·格雷和亨利勋爵握了握手。他们交谈时，亨利勋爵审视着这位年轻人。的确，他长得很好看，蓝眼睛，金黄色的头发。他的脸坦率、诚实，没有任何阴暗的秘密。亨利勋爵能够理解巴兹尔对他的感情了。

巴兹尔正准备着画具。现在他看着亨利勋爵。“哈里，”他说，“我今天想完成多里安的画像，恐怕得让你先离开了。”

亨利勋爵笑着，看了看多里安·格雷。“我必须走吗，格雷先生？”他问道。

“哦，请别走，亨利勋爵。巴兹尔画画时从不说话，太枯燥了。请留下吧，我希望你和我聊天。”

“那么，巴兹尔？”亨利勋爵问道。

画家咬着嘴唇。“好吧，哈里。留下吧……如果你坚持。”

巴兹尔画画时，亨利勋爵说着话，年轻人听着。话语像音乐一样填进了多里安的脑海——一种疯狂的、令人激动的音乐。亨利勋爵的嗓音多么动听啊！他想着。这些只不过是话语，但是太可怕了！多么欢快，又多么危险！你无法回避这些话语。多里安开始了解自己以前从未了解的自身的东西。为什么他从未那么清楚地了解过自己？他思忖着。

亨利勋爵观察着多里安，微笑着。他知道什么时候该说，什么时候停下来。他对这个长着奇妙面孔的年轻人很有兴趣。

然后他们一起走进花园，巴兹尔这时在画画。鲜花的浓香包围了他们。多里安看着这个年长一些的男人，揣度着他。他个子高高的，面孔

瘦削、偏黑，双手又冷又白。多里安喜欢他，但为什么又觉得有点怕他？

“你必须避开阳光，格雷先生。”亨利勋爵说。“棕色皮肤不时兴，也不适合你。”

“哦，不要紧。”多里安笑着。

“但对你是要紧的，格雷先生。”

“为什么？”多里安问。

“因为你年轻，年轻是极好的。啊，你笑了，现在你不这样认为，但是有一天你会明白我的意思——当你变老、疲倦，不再漂亮时。你长着非常漂亮的面孔，格雷先生。这是真的，别朝我摇头。没有比美貌更重要、更有价值的了。当你的青春逝去时，你的美貌也随之消失。然后你会突然发现生活的空虚——不再欣赏任何事物，也不再对任何事物抱有希望。时间是你的敌人，格雷先生。它会偷走你的一切。如今人们害怕自己，害怕生活。但是你，凭着你的面孔和青春，没有任何你不能做的事情。你必须享受人生，过着属于你的美好的生活！我们再不会年轻了。青春！啊，世界上没有比青春更重要的了！”

多里安·格雷听着、思考着。新思想装满了他的脑海。他感到奇特和不同。

这时巴兹尔在房间里叫他们。亨利勋爵转向多里安，“你高兴结识了我，格雷先生。”他说。

“是的，我现在挺高兴。我想我会总是高高兴兴的，是吗？”

“总会的！”亨利勋爵笑着。“多可怕的一句话！女人们总是这样说。这是什么意思呢？那就是重要的是今天。”

In the house Basil Hallward stood in front of the portrait of Dorian Gray. 'It's finished,' he said. He wrote his name in the corner of the picture.

Lord Henry studied the picture carefully. 'Yes,' he said. It's your best work. It's excellent. Mr Gray, come and look at yourself. '

Dorian looked at the picture for a long time. He smiled as he saw the beautiful face in front of him, and for a moment he felt happy. But then he remembered Lord Henry's words. 'How long,' he thought, 'will I look like the picture? Time will steal my beauty from me. I will grow old, but the picture will always be young.' And his heart grew cold with fear.

'Don't you like it, Dorian?' asked Basil at last.

'Of course he likes it,' said Lord Henry. 'It's a very fine work of art. I'd like to buy it myself. '

'It's not mine to sell, Harry. The picture is Dorian's. '

'I wish,' cried Dorian suddenly, 'I wish that I could always stay young and that the picture could grow old. '

Lord Henry laughed. 'I don't think you would like that, Basil, would you? '

'No, I wouldn't like it at all,' agreed Basil with a smile.

Dorian turned, his face red and angry. 'Yes, you like your art better than your friends,' he said to Basil. 'How long will you like me? Only while I'm beautiful, I suppose. Lord Henry is right. Youth is the most important thing in the world. Oh, why did you paint this picture? Why should it stay young while I grow old? I wish the picture could change, and I could stay as I am. I would give anything, yes, anything, for that.' He hid his face in his hands.

'Dorian, Dorian!' said Basil unhappily. 'Don't talk like that. You're my dearest friend.' He turned to Lord Henry. 'What have you been teaching him?' he asked angrily. 'Why didn't you go away when I asked you? '

Lord Henry smiled. 'It's the real Dorian Gray—that's all. '

Basil turned and walked quickly over to the portrait. 'It's my best work, but now I hate it. I will destroy it now, before it destroys our friendship.' He picked up a long knife.

But Dorian was there before him. 'No, Basil, don't! You can't destroy it. That would be murder! '

'So,' said Basil coldly, 'you've decided that you like the portrait after all. '

'Like it?' said Dorian. 'I'm in love with it. I cannot live without it. '

Later, during tea, Lord Henry invited Basil and Dorian to go with him to the theatre that night. Basil refused, but Dorian was happy to accept.

'Stay and have dinner with me, Dorian,' said Basil, but no, Dorian preferred to go to the theatre with Lord Henry.

As the door closed behind Dorian and Lord Henry, Basil turned back to the picture. 'I shall stay here with the real Dorian Gray,' he said sadly to himself.

4

在房子里，巴兹尔·霍尔沃德站在多里安·格雷的画像前面。“完成了。”他说。他在画像的一角写上了自己的名字。

亨利勋爵仔细研究着这幅画。“是的，”他说，“这是你最好的作品，妙极了。格雷先生，来看看你自己。”

多里安长时间看着这幅画。当他看见前面这张漂亮的面孔时，他笑了，有那么一阵儿他感到高兴。然而他想起了亨利勋爵的话。他想：“我会像画像多久？时间会偷走我的美貌，我会变老，可画像会永远年轻。”因此他的心一冷，充满了恐惧。

“你不喜欢它吗，多里安？”巴兹尔终于问道。

“他当然喜欢。”亨利勋爵说。“这是一件艺术精品，我想买下它。”

“它不属于我，我不能卖，哈里。这幅画属于多里安。”

“我希望，”多里安突然喊道，“我希望我会永远年轻，而这幅画像会变老。”

亨利勋爵笑道：“我认为你不喜欢那样，巴兹尔，你呢？”

“不，我一点也不喜欢那样。”巴兹尔赞同地笑着。

多里安转过身，因生气涨红了脸。“是的，你喜欢你的艺术甚过喜欢你的朋友。”他对巴兹尔说。“你会喜欢我多久？只有当我漂亮时，我想。亨利勋爵是对的，青春是世界上最宝贵的东西。哦，你为什么要画这幅画？为什么我变老时它仍保持年轻？我希望画像会变，而我仍是现在这样。我会用一切，是的，一切，去换取它。”他用双手捂住了脸。

“多里安，多里安！”巴兹尔不高兴地说，“别那样说，你是我最亲密的朋友。”他转向亨利勋爵。“你都教了他些什么？”他气愤地问，“我让你走时你为什么不走？”

亨利勋爵一笑：“这是真实的多里安·格雷——仅此而已。”

巴兹尔转身迅速朝画像走去。“这是我最好的作品，但现在我恨它，我要毁了它，趁它还没毁掉我们的友谊。”他拿起了一把长刀。

但是多里安在那儿挡住了他。“不，巴兹尔，不能！你不能毁掉它，这是谋杀！”

“那么，”巴兹尔冷酷地说，“你已经决定了你毕竟还是喜欢这幅画像。”

“喜欢它？”多里安说，“我爱上了它，没有它我不能活。”

后来喝茶时，亨利勋爵邀请巴兹尔和多里安晚上一起去看戏。巴兹尔拒绝了，但多里安愉快地接受了邀请。

“留下来和我一起吃晚饭，多里安。”巴兹尔说。但是，多里安宁愿和亨利勋爵去看戏。

多里安和亨利勋爵一走，巴兹尔关上了门，回到画像旁。“我要在这儿陪着真正的多里安·格雷。”他难过地自言自语。

The next morning Lord Henry went to visit his aunt, Lady Agatha. She was surprised to see him.

'I thought you fashionable young men never got up until the afternoon,' she said.

'Ah, but my dear aunt, I need some information, you see,' replied Lord Henry. 'I met Dorian Gray yesterday, and I'd like to know more about him.'

'Oh, he's Lord Kelso's grandson,' said Lady Agatha. 'His mother was Lady Margaret Devereux, a very beautiful woman. She ran away from home to marry a poor soldier. He was killed a few months later and she died soon after her son was born. She was a lovely woman. Dorian Gray has her beauty and he will, I understand, have his grandfather's money.'

'He is,' agreed Lord Henry, 'extraordinarily good-looking.'

'Come to lunch,' invited his aunt. 'Dorian Gray will be here and you can meet him again.'

'I'd love to come,' smiled Lord Henry.

As he left, Lord Henry thought about this sad story. He became more interested than ever in this beautiful young man, Dorian Gray. He remembered the night before, when Dorian had watched him with his bright blue eyes, half wondering, half afraid. 'He does not yet know himself,' thought Lord Henry, with a smile. 'But I can teach him. Yes, I can influence him in any way that I please. I will teach him to discover the fire of youth, and love, and life.'

The conversation among the fashionable people at Lady Agatha's lunch was quick and clever. Lord Henry talked, in his lazy, amusing way, and knew that Dorian Gray was watching and listening.

After a while the conversation turned to a friend's plans to marry an American girl.

'Why can't these American women stay in their own country? They're always telling us that it's a paradise for women,' said Lord Burdon.

'It is,' said Lord Henry. 'That's the reason why they're so happy to escape from it.'

'They say,' laughed the man next to Lady Agatha, 'that when good Americans die, they go to Paris.'

'Really! And where do bad Americans go to when they die?' asked Lady Agatha.

'They go to America,' said Lord Henry.

People smiled, and the conversation moved on to other things. Lord Henry took ideas and played with them; he gave them wings, and they flew like brightly coloured birds around the room. People laughed, and smiled, and told him that he should be more serious. But Dorian Gray never took his eyes away from Lord Henry.

After lunch Lord Henry said that he was going to the park and as he left the room, Dorian Gray touched his arm. 'May I come with you?' he asked.

'But I thought you'd promised to go and see Basil Hallward,' Lord Henry replied.

'Yes, but I'd prefer to come with you. Please let me,' said Dorian. 'I want to listen to you talking. Nobody speaks as well as you do.'

'Ah! I've talked enough for today,' Lord Henry smiled. 'But you may come with me if you want to.'

5

第二天早上，亨利勋爵去拜访他的姨妈阿加莎夫人。姨妈见到他很吃惊。

“我以为你们这些时髦的年轻人不到下午不起床。”她说。

“啊，可是亲爱的姨妈，要知道我需要些消息。”亨利勋爵答道。“昨天我见到了多里安·格雷，我想更多地了解他。”

“哦，他是凯尔索勋爵的外孙子。”阿加莎夫人说。“他的母亲是玛格丽特·德弗罗女士，一个非常漂亮的女人。她离家出走嫁给了一个穷士兵。士兵在几个月后被杀，她在儿子出生后也很快死去了。她是一个可爱的女人，多里安·格雷有着她的美貌，而且我认为他会拥有他外公的财产。”

“他是非常好看。”亨利勋爵表示赞同。

“过来吃午餐。”姨妈邀请道，“多里安·格雷要来这儿，你会再见到他。”

“好吧。”亨利勋爵笑着。

起身时，亨利勋爵想着这个伤感的故事。他更对多里安·格雷这个漂亮的年轻人感兴趣了。他记得前一天晚上多里安用他那明亮的蓝眼睛注视自己的神情，一半是探询，一半是畏惧。“他还不了解他自己。”亨利勋爵想着，面带笑容。“但是我能教他，是的，我可以用我喜欢的任何方式影响他。我要教他发现青春、爱和生活的火焰。”

在阿加莎夫人的家里，餐桌上时髦年轻人的谈话又活泼又聪慧。亨利勋爵用懒散、逗人的方式说话，并且知道多里安·格雷在注视并听着。

过了一会儿，谈话转向一个朋友要娶一个美国姑娘的打算。

“这些美国女人为什么不呆在自己的国家？她们总是对我们说美国是女人的天堂。”伯登勋爵说。

“是这样。”亨利勋爵说。“这正是她们乐于离开美国的原因。”

阿加莎夫人旁边的男人笑道：“她们说，好美国人死后去巴黎。”

“真的吗！那么坏美国人在死后又去哪儿呢？”阿加莎夫人问。

“他们去美国。”亨利勋爵说。

人们笑着，谈话转向其它事情。亨利勋爵把握并摆布着思想；他给它们安上翅膀，使它们像颜色鲜艳的鸟在屋子里飞翔。人们大笑、微笑，并告诉他应该正经一些。但是多里安·格雷从没把视线从亨利勋爵身上移开。

午餐后，亨利勋爵说要去公园。离开房间时，多里安·格雷触了一下他的胳膊。“我可以和你一起去吗？”他问。

“但我认为你已经许诺要去看巴兹尔·霍尔沃德。”亨利勋爵回答道。

“是的，但我喜欢和你在一起。请答应我。”多里安说，“我想听你谈话，没人说得像你那样好。”

“啊！我今天说得够多了。”亨利勋爵笑了，“如果你愿意，你可以和我一起去公园。”

6. the Young Man in Love

One afternoon, a month later, Dorian Gray visited Lord Henry. Dorian was excited and his eyes were shining.

‘Harry, ’he began, ‘I’m discovering life. I’m doing everything that you told me to do. I’m in love!’

‘Who are you in love with?’ asked Lord Henry, calmly.

‘With an actress.’

‘Oh, everybody’s in love with an actress at some time in their lives,’ said Lord Henry.

‘No, Harry, this is different. She’s wonderful! Her name’s Sybil Vane, and one day she’ll be a very famous actress. She really is extraordinarily clever.’

‘My dear boy,’ said Lord Henry in his lazy voice, ‘no woman is extraordinarily clever. Women have nothing to say, but they say it beautifully. There are only five women in London who can give you real conversation. But tell me about your wonderful actress. How long have you known her?’

‘Harry! I’ll tell you all about her, but you must promise not to laugh.’

Lord Henry listened and smiled. Dorian had discovered an old, dirty theatre in a poor street in London. He had gone in to look for adventure, but had found love, he told Lord Henry. The play had been Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet.

‘Romeo was a fat old man with a terrible voice, but Juliet! Oh, Harry, she was about seventeen, with dark brown hair and a face like a flower. She was the loveliest girl that I’d ever seen in my life, and her voice was like music. I love her, Harry. She’s everything to me. Every night I go to see her in different plays and she’s always wonderful.’

‘That’s the reason, I suppose, why you never have dinner with me now,’ said Lord Henry.

‘But Harry, you and I see each other every day—we always have lunch together,’ said Dorian in surprise. ‘I have to go and see Sybil in the theatre every night. You and Basil must come with me to see her. Then you can see yourself how wonderful she is. Come tomorrow.’

‘Very well, my dear Dorian, we’ll come and watch your Juliet. But you’ll be in love many times, you know—this is only the beginning.’

After Dorian had gone, Lord Henry smiled to himself. How amusing it was to watch this young man, he thought. He was very different now from the frightened boy in Basil Hallward’s house. He had opened like a flower in the sun, and was learning to enjoy every pleasure in life. ‘And it is I,’ thought Lord Henry, ‘who have taught him how to do this.’

When Lord Henry returned home that night, there was a letter for him lying on the table. It told him that Dorian Gray was going to marry Sybil Vane.

恋爱中的年轻人

“爱比艺术更美妙。”

6

一个月后的一天下午，多里安·格雷来拜访亨利勋爵。多里安神情兴奋，双眼闪光。

“哈里，”他开始说，“我正在发现生活，我正在做你让我去做的事情。我恋爱了！”

“你爱上了谁？”亨利勋爵平静地问。

“一个女演员。”

“哦，每个人在一生中的某段时间总会爱上一位女演员。”亨利勋爵说。

“不，哈里，这不同。她太奇妙了！她叫西比尔·文。总有一天她会成为一位名演员，她真的是太聪明了。”

“我亲爱的孩子，”亨利勋爵懒散地说，“没有哪个女人是异乎寻常地聪明。女人谈不出什么名堂，但是她们说得很动听。伦敦只有五个女人能和你真正地交谈。给我讲讲你的奇妙的女演员，你认识她多久了？”

“哈里，我要告诉你她的一切，但你得保证不嘲笑我。”

亨利勋爵边听边微笑着。多里安在伦敦的一条破破烂烂的街道上发现了一个又旧又脏的剧院。他告诉亨利勋爵，他进去是想找点冒险的事，但却找到了爱。上演的戏剧是莎士比亚的《罗密欧与朱丽叶》。

“罗密欧是一个又胖又老的男人，嗓音可怕。但是朱丽叶！哦，哈里，她大概十七岁，长着深棕色的头发，鲜花般的脸。她是我有生以来见到过的最可爱的姑娘，而且她的声音像音乐一样。我爱她，哈里，她是我的一切。每天晚上我都去看她演的各种戏剧，她总是那么出色。”

“我想，那就是你一直没和我共进晚餐的原因。”亨利勋爵。

“但是哈里，你我每天都见面——我们总是在一起共进午餐。”多里安吃惊地说，“我每天晚上都要去剧院看望西比尔。你和巴兹尔一定要和我一起去看她，然后你们自己会发现她是多么地美妙。明天就来吧。”

“好吧，亲爱的多里安，我们去看你的朱丽叶。但是人会恋爱许多次的——这只是个开始。”

多里安走后，亨利勋爵暗自好笑。观察这个年轻人真有趣，他想到。多里安和巴兹尔·霍尔沃德房子里那个被吓住的男孩已大不相同。他像一朵在阳光中绽开的花，正在学着如何享受生活的每一份快乐。“正是我，”亨利勋爵想，“教会了他这样做。”

那天晚上亨利勋爵回家后在桌子上发现了一封给他的信。信上说多里安·格雷要和西比尔·文结婚。

‘Mother, Mother, I’m so happy, ’cried the girl, ’and you must be happy too. ’

Mrs Vane put her thin white hands on her daughter’s head. ‘I’m only happy when I see you in the theatre, ’she said. ‘And we are poor. We need the money—don’t forget that. what do we know about this young man? You don’t know his real name, or anything about him. ’

‘No, but I call him Prince Charming. He’s everything to me. I love him and he loves me. Oh Mother, let me be happy! ’

‘You’re too young to think of love, ’said her mother. She looked at her daughter’s lovely face, and tried to warn her of the dangers of love, but the girl did not listen. She was locked in her prison of love.

At that moment the girl’s brother entered the room. He was a heavy, dark young man, not at all like his sister.

‘I’ve heard about a gentleman who visits you every night at the theatre, ’he said to his sister. ‘Who is he? What does he want? ’

‘Oh James, don’t be angry with me today, ’cried Sybil. ‘You’re leaving for Australia tomorrow, and today is your last day. Come for a walk with me in the park. I’ll go and get ready. ’She danced out of the room, and her mother and brother could hear her singing as she ran upstairs.

James Vane turned to his mother. ‘My new life as a sailor will keep me away from England for many years, ’he said. ‘But I don’t like to leave Sybil alone. ’

‘Sybil has me, her mother, you know, ’said Mrs Vane quietly.

‘Then take care of her. ’James Vane gave his mother a long, hard look. ‘If that man hurts my sister, I’ll find him, and kill him like a dog. ’

7

“妈妈，妈妈，我太高兴了。”姑娘喊着，“你也应该高兴。”

文太太用瘦削白皙的双手抚摸女儿的头。“我只有在剧院看着你时才快乐。”她说，“我们穷，我们需要钱——别忘记这一点。我们了解这个年轻人什么呢？我们不知道他的真实姓名，不知道他的任何事情。”

“是的，我不知道；我叫他‘迷人的王子’，他是我的一切，我爱他，他爱我。哦，妈妈，让我高兴些吧！”

“你们太年轻，还不能考虑爱情。”母亲说。她看着女儿可爱的面庞，努力提醒她爱情的危险。但是姑娘不听，她已经把自己锁进了爱情的监牢。

这时姑娘的哥哥走进了房间。他是一个壮实黝黑的年轻人，一点儿也不像他的妹妹。

“我听说一位绅士每天晚上到剧院去见你。”他对妹妹说，“他是谁？他想干什么？”

“哦，詹姆斯，今天别生我的气。”西比尔嚷着，“你明天要动身去澳大利亚，今天是你回家的最后一天。和我去公园散步吧，我去准备一下。”她舞出了房间，母亲和哥哥能听见她上楼梯时唱着歌。

詹姆斯·文转向母亲。“我当了水手，这种新的生活会使我离开英格兰很多年。”他说，“但我不想丢下西比尔一个人。”

“西比尔有我，她的母亲。”文太太平静地说。

“那么好好照看她。”詹姆斯·文看了母亲好一会儿。“如果那个男人伤害我妹妹，我会找到他，像杀死一条狗一样杀死他。”

As they waited for Dorian Gray the next night, Lord Henry and Basil Hallward discussed Sybil Vane. Basil had not been happy at the news of Dorian's marriage plans.

'An actress!' he had cried. 'But Dorian is a gentleman, the grandson of Lord Kelso. He can't marry an actress.'

'Why not?' Lord Henry had said coolly. 'He'll love her wildly for six months, and then suddenly he'll be in love with another woman. It will be very amusing to watch.'

But when Dorian arrived and told the story of his love, Basil became a little happier. 'You're right,' he told Dorian. 'The woman that you love must be wonderful. I can see already that she's changed you.'

'Yes,' said Dorian happily, 'yes, Sybil has changed me. From this moment I shall be good. I'll never listen again, Harry, to your dangerous ideas about life and pleasure.'

Lord Henry smiled. 'Ah,' he said, 'when we are happy, we are always good, but when we are good, we are not always happy.'

Basil Hallward shook his head at this, but Dorian laughed. 'You cut life to pieces with your clever words, Harry.'

The theatre was crowded and noisy, but when Sybil Vane appeared, everyone became silent. She was one of the most beautiful girls that Lord Henry had ever seen. 'Lovely! Lovely!' he said softly.

But although Sybil looked beautiful, her voice sounded unnatural. She spoke Juliet's words, but there was no feeling in them. Her voice was lovely, but it took away all the life from the words. People in the theatre began talking loudly, and after half an hour Lord Henry stood up and put on his coat.

'She's very beautiful, Dorian, but she's not an actress,' he said. 'Let's go.'

'I think that Miss Vane must be ill,' added Basil. 'We'll come another night.'

Dorian did not look at them. 'Go away. I want to be alone,' he said miserably, and as his friends left, he covered his face with his hands.

When the play came to its painful end, Dorian went to see Sybil.

'I wasn't a very good Juliet tonight,' she said, and looked at him with love in her eyes.

'You were terrible,' said Dorian coldly. 'My friends were bored. I was bored. I suppose you were ill.'

She did not seem to hear him. 'Dorian,' she cried, 'before I knew you, the theatre was my only life. I thought that it was all true. I knew nothing but shadows, and I thought that they were real. But you've taught me the difference between art and life. How can I pretend to be Juliet—to feel Juliet's love, when I know now what true love is?'

Dorian turned his face away from her. 'But I loved you for your art—because you were a wonderful actress,' he said. His voice was hard. 'You have killed my love. Without your art, you are nothing. I never want to see you again.'

Sybil's face was white with fear. 'You're not serious, are you, Dorian?' she asked. She touched his arm with her small, gentle hand.

'Don't touch me!' he shouted angrily. He pushed her away, and she fell to the floor and lay there like a broken bird.

'Dorian, please don't leave me,' she cried. 'I love you better than anything in the world. Don't leave me!'

Dorian Gray looked down at her with his beautiful eyes. There was no love or gentleness in his face. 'I'm going,' he said at last. 'I don't wish to be unkind, but I don't want to see you again.' Without another word he left her.

All night he walked through the streets of London. When morning came, he went home. When he entered his house, he saw the portrait of himself that Basil Hallward had painted. There was something different about it, he thought. The face had changed—there was something unkind, and cruel about the mouth. It was very strange.

He picked up a mirror and looked at his own face, and then looked again at the face in the portrait. Yes, it was different. What did this change mean?

Suddenly he remembered his wish in Basil Hallward's house...his wish that he could stay young, but the picture could grow old. The idea was impossible, of course. But why did the face in the picture have that cruel, unkind mouth?

Cruel! Had he been cruel to Sybil Vane? He remembered her white, unhappy face as she lay at his feet. But she had hurt him, too. No, Sybil Vane was nothing to him now.

But the picture watched him, with its beautiful face and its cruel smile. It had taught him to love his own beauty. Would it also teach him to hate his own heart, his own soul? No, he would go back to Sybil Vane. He would marry her, try to love her again. Poor child! How cruel he had been to her! They would be happy together.

He covered the picture and quickly left the room.

8

第二天晚上，在等多里安·格雷时，亨利勋爵和巴兹尔·霍尔沃德谈论着西比尔·文。巴兹尔对多里安要结婚的打算并不感到高兴。

“一个演员！”他叫道，“可多里安是一位绅士，是凯尔索勋爵的外孙子。他不能娶一个演员。”

“为什么不能？”亨利勋爵冷淡地说，“他会疯狂地爱她6个月，然后会突然爱上另一个女人，观察这些多有趣。”

多里安来了，他讲述了他的恋爱故事，巴兹尔高兴了一点儿。“你是对的。”他告诉多里安。“你爱上的女人一定非常出色。我已经能看出她改变了你。”

“是的，”多里安高兴地说，“西比尔改变了我。从现在开始我要好好做人，再不听哈里关于人生和享受的危険的思想。”

亨利勋爵一笑，“啊，”他说，“当我们幸福时，我们总是好人，可当我们是好人时，我们不总是幸福。”

巴兹尔·霍尔沃德对此话摇摇头，而多里安笑道：“你聪明的言辞把生活切成了碎片，哈里。”

剧院里又拥挤又嘈杂，可是当西比尔·文一出现，每个人都安静了下来。她是亨利勋爵见过的最漂亮的姑娘之一。“漂亮！真漂亮！”他轻声地说。

虽然西比尔看起来非常美丽，但是她的嗓音听着不自然。她念着朱丽叶的台词，但是丝毫没有感情。她的嗓音很动听，可话语里全无生活气息。剧院里的人开始大声谈话。半小时后亨利勋爵站起身穿上了外套。

“她非常漂亮，多里安。但是她算不上一名演员。”他说道，“咱们走吧。”

“我想文小姐一定是病了。”巴兹尔说，“我们改天晚上再来。”

多里安没有看他们。“走吧，我想一个人呆会儿。”他痛苦地说。朋友离开时，他用手捂住了脸。

戏终于痛苦地结束了，多里安去看望西比尔。

“今晚我没演好朱丽叶。”她说，用充满爱意的眼神看着多里安。

“你真糟糕。”多里安冷酷地说，“我的朋友觉得乏味，我也觉得乏味，我想你可能病了。”

她似乎没听见他说的话。“多里安，”她高声说，“在我认识你以前，剧院是我唯一的生活。我认为剧院演的都是真的。除了扮演的影子似的人物外我一无所知，我认为这些影子是真实的。可是你已经教会我如何区分艺术和生活的不同，当我现在知道什么是真正的爱的时候，我怎么能装成是朱丽叶——感受朱丽叶的爱？”

多里安转过脸，不再看她。“可是我爱你是因为你的艺术——因为你曾是名出色的演员，”他说，他的话很严厉。“你扼杀了我的爱。没有你的艺术，你就变得毫无价值。我再不想见到你。”

西比尔的脸因恐惧变得苍白。“你不是当真的，是吗，多里安？”她问。她用小巧、柔软的手按着他的胳膊。

“别碰我！”他生气地喊。他一把推开她，她跌倒在地，像一只衰弱的小鸟倒在那里。

“多里安，请别离开我。”她哭喊道，“我爱你甚过世界上的任何东西，别离开我！”

多里安·格雷用漂亮的双眼俯视着她。他的脸上没有爱或者温柔。“我要走了。”他最后说，“我不想对你不好，但我不想再见到你。”他没有多说一句话就离她而去。

他在伦敦的街道上走了一夜，清晨才回家。进屋后，他看见了巴兹尔·霍尔沃德给他画的肖像。画像有点不一样了，他想。脸变了——嘴显得不和善，而且有点残酷。真奇怪。

他拿起一个镜子看着自己的脸，然后又看着画像中的脸。是不同了，这种改变意味着什么呢？

突然他记起了在巴兹尔·霍尔沃德家许的愿……他希望自己永远年轻，只是画像会变老。这种想法当然是不可能的。可是为什么画像中的脸有那么一张残酷不仁慈的嘴呢？

残酷！他对西比尔·文残酷了吗？他想起了西比尔倒在他脚下时的那张苍白、痛苦的脸。但是她也伤害了他呀。不，西比尔·文现在对他毫无价值了。

但是画像在注视他，面孔漂亮，笑容却很冷酷。画像教会了他去爱自己的美貌，它也将教他恨自己的心、自己的灵魂吗？不，他要回到西比尔·文那里。他要娶她，要努力再去爱她。可怜的孩子！他曾对她是多么的残酷！他们在一起会幸福的。

他遮上画像迅速离开了那个房间。

9. the Death of Love

It was long past midday when Dorian woke up. His servant brought him tea and his letters, but he did not read them. Yesterday seemed like a bad dream, but when he went downstairs, he saw the covered picture. Should he uncover it, he wondered? Had the face in the picture really changed? Did he want to know? He lit a cigarette and thought for a while. Yes, he had to know. He lifted the cover.

There was no mistake. The portrait had really changed. He could not explain it, could not understand it. It was impossible, but it had happened.

Dorian felt sick and ashamed. He did not know what to do, or what to think. Finally, he sat down and wrote a long letter to Sybil Vane. He covered page after page with wild words of love. Then, suddenly, he heard Lord Henry's voice at the door. Dorian jumped up and covered the picture.

'My dear boy,' said Lord Henry, as he came in. 'I'm so sorry. But you must not think too much about her.'

'Do you mean about Sybil Vane?' asked Dorian. 'There's nothing to be sorry about. I want to be good, and I'm going to be happy. I shall marry Sybil Vane. I'm not going to break my promise to her.'

'Marry Sybil Vane!' Lord Henry stared at Dorian. 'Didn't you get my letter?'

'I haven't read my letters today,' said Dorian slowly.

Lord Henry walked across the room and took Dorian's hands in his own. 'Dorian,' he said quietly, 'don't be frightened—my letter told you that Sybil Vane is dead. She killed herself at the theatre last night.'

'No, no, that's impossible!' cried Dorian. He pulled his hands away and stared at Lord Henry with wild eyes. 'This is terrible, Harry. I have murdered Sybil Vane!'

'She killed herself,' said Lord Henry calmly. 'You didn't murder her. She killed herself because she loved you. It's very sad, of course, but you mustn't think too much about it. You must come and have dinner with me.'

'Harry, listen. Last night I told her that I didn't want to see her again. But after I left her, I realized how cruel I had been. I decided to go back to her, to marry her. And now she is dead! Harry, what shall I do? You don't know the danger that I am in.'

'My dear Dorian,' said Lord Henry. 'Marriage with Sybil Vane was not for you. No, no...marriages like that are never successful. The man quickly becomes unhappy and bored. Of course, he's kind to his wife. We can always be kind to people that we're not interested in. But the woman soon discovers that her husband is bored. And then she either becomes terribly unfashionable, or wears very expensive hats that another woman's husband has to pay for.'

The young man walked up and down the room. 'I suppose that's true,' he said unhappily. 'But Harry, I don't think that I'm cruel. Do you?'

Lord Henry smiled. He told Dorian Gray what he wanted to hear. And then he told him clever, amusing stories about the women that he himself had loved. He said that Sybil Vane's death was a beautiful end to a love story for an actress. 'The girl never really lived,' he continued, 'so she never really died. Don't cry for Sybil Vane. She was less real than Juliet.'

After a while Dorian Gray looked up. 'You have explained me to myself, Harry,' he said slowly. 'How well you know me! But we won't talk of this again. It's been a wonderful lesson for me. That's all.'

When Lord Henry had left, Dorian uncovered the picture again. He had to choose between a good life and a bad life, he thought. But then he realized that, in fact, he had already chosen. He would stay young for ever, and enjoy every wild pleasure that life could give him. The face in the picture would grow old and ugly and unkind, but he would stay beautiful for ever. He covered the picture again, and smiled.

An hour later he was at Lord Henry's house, and Lord Henry was smiling at his side.

爱情的死亡

“长得漂亮比做好人要好。”

9

时间早已过了正午，多里安才醒来。仆人端来了茶并带来了信件，可是多里安没有读这些信。昨天就像一场恶梦。下楼时，他看见了被遮盖着的画像。他应该掀开它吗？他思忖道。画像的脸真的改变了吗？他想知道吗？他点燃一支烟，想了一会儿。是的，他得知道，他掀开了遮着的布。

没错，画像确实变了。他无法解释，也不能明白。这是不可能的，但又的确发生了。

多里安觉得懊丧和惭愧。他不知道该怎么办，或者该怎么想。最后，他坐下，给西比尔·文写了一封长信。他一页又一页地写满了疯狂的爱语句。突然，他听见了门口亨利勋爵的声音。多里安跳起来，盖上了画。

“亲爱的，”亨利勋爵进来时说，“我非常抱歉，但你不该过多地想她。”

“你指的是西比尔·文吗？”多里安问。“没有什么可抱歉的。我想好好做人，我要快乐，我将娶西比尔·文，对她履行诺言。”

“娶西比尔·文！”亨利勋爵瞪着多里安。“你没收到我的信吗？”

“今天我还没有读信。”多里安慢慢地说。

亨利勋爵从房门处走过来，抓起多里安的双手。

“多里安。”他温和地说，“别怕——我在信里告诉你西比尔·文已经死了，她昨天晚上在剧院里自杀了。”

“不，不，不可能！”多里安喊道。他抽回双手，用发疯的眼神瞪着亨利勋爵。“这太可怕了，哈里。是我杀死了西比尔·文！”

“她是自杀的。”亨利勋爵平静地说，“你没有谋杀她。她自杀是因为爱你，这当然很不幸，但你不要过多地想这件事，你必须来和我共进晚餐。”

“哈里，听着。昨晚我告诉她我不想再见到她。但我离开她后，我意识到我是多么的残忍。我决定回到她身边，娶她。现在她死了，我该怎么办？你不知道我面临的危险。”

“亲爱的多里安，”亨利勋爵说，“和西比尔·文结婚不适合你。不，不……这样的婚姻从来不会成功。男的很快变得不高兴和厌倦，当然他对妻子还好，我们总会友好对待一些我们不感兴趣的人。但这个女人很快发现丈夫已经厌倦了，于是她变得要么可怕地落后于时尚，要么戴着另一个女人的丈夫给买的昂贵的帽子。”

年轻人在房间里来回走动。“也许你说的是真的，”他不高兴地说，“但是哈里，我不认为我很残酷，你呢？”

亨利勋爵一笑，他讲了些多里安·格雷爱听的话，然后又讲了他爱过的女人的聪明逗人的故事。他说西比尔·文的死是一名女演员爱情故事的美丽结局。他继续说：“这个姑娘从未真正生活过，因此她也从没真正地死。不要为西比尔·文哭泣，和朱丽叶比，她更不真实。”

过了一会儿多里安·格雷抬起头。“你说服了我，哈里。”他缓慢地说，“你太了解我了！我们别再谈这事了，这是我的一个极好的教训，到此为止吧。”

亨利勋爵走后，多里安又掀开了画像。他想他必须选择过正人君子的生活还是过不道德的生活。但他意识到他实际上已经做出了选择。他将永远年轻，享受生活给予的每一份疯狂的快乐。画像中的脸将变老、变丑、变凶，但是他将永远漂亮。他又盖上画像，露出了笑容。

一小时后他来到了亨利勋爵家，亨利勋爵在他旁边微笑着。

While Dorian was having breakfast the next morning, Basil Hallward came to see him.

'At last I've found you, Dorian,' he said seriously. 'I came last night, but they told me that you'd gone out to dinner with friends. I knew that wasn't true, of course. I wanted to tell you how sorry I was about Sybil Vane. Poor girl!'

'My dear Basil,' said Dorian. He looked bored. 'I was at Lord Henry's house last night. It was a very amusing evening.'

Basil stared at him. 'You went out to dinner?' he said slowly. 'You went out to dinner when Sybil Vane was lying dead in some dirty theatre?'

'Stop, Basil! I won't listen to you!' Dorian jumped to his feet. 'Sybil Vane is in the past... finished... forgotten.'

'You've changed, Dorian,' said Basil. 'You have the same wonderful face, but where is the kind and gentle boy who sat for my portrait? Have you no heart?'

'Yesterday my heart was full of sadness. I have cried for Sybil, yes, but I cannot cry today. I have changed, Basil. I'm a man now, with new feelings, new ideas. Don't be angry with me. I am what I am. There's nothing more to say.'

Basil watched him sadly. 'Well, Dorian,' he said at last, 'I won't speak of poor Sybil again. But will you come and sit for another portrait soon?'

'No. Never,' said Dorian quickly. 'It's impossible.'

'But why?' asked Basil, very surprised. 'And why have you covered the portrait?' He walked across the room towards the painting.

Dorian cried out in fear, and ran between Basil and the portrait. 'No, Basil! You must not look at it. I don't want you to see it.' His face was white and angry. 'If you try to look at it, I'll never speak to you again.'

The artist stared at him. 'Why can't I look at my own work?' he asked. 'I'm going to exhibit it in an art gallery in Paris soon.'

Dorian tried to hide his fear. 'But you said...you told me that you would never exhibit the picture. Why have you changed your mind?' He came closer to Basil and looked into his face. 'Tell me why,' he said.

Basil turned away. After a while he said slowly, 'I see that you too have noticed something strange about the picture. Dorian, you changed my life as an artist from the moment when I met you. You became very important to me—I could not stop thinking about you. And when I painted this portrait, I felt that I'd put too much of myself into it. I could not let other people see it.' He was silent for a moment, then turned back to Dorian. 'Perhaps you're right. I cannot exhibit this picture. But will you let me look at it again?'

'No, never!'

The artist smiled sadly. 'Well, I've told you my secret now. Try to understand me, Dorian. You've been the one person in my life who has really influenced my art.'

As he left the room, Dorian Gray smiled to himself. What a dangerous moment that had been! Poor Basil! Although he had told his own secret, he had not discovered Dorian's secret. But the picture...he must hide it away at once. No one must ever see it again.

He had the covered portrait carried upstairs to a small room at the top of the house. Then he locked the door and kept the key himself. He felt safe now, because only his eyes would see the terrible changes in that beautiful face.

When he returned to the room downstairs, he picked up a book that Lord Henry had lent him. He sat down and began to read.

It was the story of a Frenchman, who had spent his life searching for beauty and pleasure—pleasure of all kinds, both good and bad. Dorian read for hours. It was a frightening book, full of strange ideas and dangerous dreams—dreams that slowly became real for Dorian.

Dorian read this book many times. In fact, he could not stop reading it, and over the years, it became more and more interesting to him. He felt that the Frenchman's life was a mirror of his own.

10

第二天早晨多里安正在吃早餐，巴兹尔·霍尔沃德前来看望他。

“我终于找到你了，多里安。”他严肃地说，“我昨晚来过，但他们告诉我你和朋友出去吃饭了。我知道那当然不是真的。我想告诉你我是多么地为西比尔·文难过，可怜的姑娘！”

“亲爱的巴兹尔，”多里安说，他显得不耐烦，“昨晚我在亨利勋爵家，那是个很有趣的夜晚。”

巴兹尔盯着他。“你出去吃晚饭了？”他缓慢地说，“西比尔·文的尸体还躺在某个肮脏的剧院时你居然外出吃晚饭？”

“别说了，巴兹尔！我不想听你说！”多里安站了起来。“西比尔·文已成为过去……都结束了……忘却了。”

“你变了，多里安。”巴兹尔说，“你还是长着同样漂亮的面孔，但是那个坐着让我画像的和善、温柔的男孩哪儿去了？你没有心了吗？”

“昨天我的心充满了悲伤，我曾为西比尔哭泣。但我今天不会哭，我已经变了，巴兹尔。我现在是一个男人了，有了新感情、新思想。别生我的气，我就这样了，再没什么可说的了。”

巴兹尔难过地注视他。“好吧，多里安，”他终于说，“我再不说可怜的西比尔了。可你能尽快来我这儿让我再给你画一幅画像吗？”

“不，决不。”多里安很快回答。“不可能。”

“为什么？”巴兹尔非常吃惊地问，“你为什么遮住画像？”他穿过房间朝画像走去。

多里安恐惧地喊起来，冲过去挡在巴兹尔和画像之间。“不，巴兹尔！你不能看，我不想让你看。”他的脸又苍白又愤怒。“如果你非要 看它，我就再不和你说 话了。”

画家盯着他，“为什么我不能看我自己的作品？”他问。“我将在巴黎的一个画廊展出这幅画像。”

多里安努力掩藏着他的恐惧。“可是你说……你告诉过我我决不会展出这幅画像。你为什么改变了主意？”他走近巴兹尔，观察他的

脸。“告诉我为什么。”他说。

巴兹尔转身走开。过了一会儿他缓慢地说：“我看得出你也注意到了画像有点奇怪。多里安，从我见到你开始，你改变了我作为画家的生活。你变得对我很重要——我无法不想着你。画这幅画像时，我感觉我画进了我自己太多的东西，我不能让其他人看它。”他沉默片刻，然后转向多里安：“可能你是对的，我不能展出这幅画。但你能让我再看一眼吗？”

“不，决不！”

画家难过地一笑：“唉，我已经告诉了你我的秘密，尽量理解我，多里安，你是我一生中唯一真正影响我的艺术的人。”

巴兹尔离开房间后，多里安·格雷对自己一笑，刚才多危险啊！可怜的巴兹尔！虽然他讲出了他的秘密，但他并没发现多里安的秘密。可这画像……他必须立刻将它藏起来，没人能再看到它。

他叫人把遮着的画像搬上楼放在房子顶部的小房间里，然后锁上门，钥匙由自己亲自掌管。现在他觉得安全了，因为只有他自己的眼睛可以目睹那张漂亮的脸上发生的可怕的变化。

回到楼下的房间，他拿起一本亨利勋爵借给他的书，坐下开始阅读。

书讲述的是一个法国人的故事，他用一生的时间追寻美貌和享受——各种各样的享受，有好的有坏的。多里安读了几个小时。这是一本可怕的书，充满了古怪的念头和危险梦想——这些梦想逐渐变成了多里安真实的东西。

这本书多里安读了许多遍。实际上，他止不住地一直在读这本书。过了几年，他越来越觉得这本书有意思，他觉得这个法国人的生活就像自己生活的真实写照。

And so the years passed.

But time did not touch the face of Dorian Gray. That wonderful beauty—the beauty that Basil Hallward had painted—never left him. He enjoyed the life of a rich and fashionable young man. He studied art and music, and filled his house with beautiful things from every corner of the world. But his search for pleasure did not stop there. He became hungry for evil pleasures. He became more and more in love with the beauty of his face, more and more interested in the ugliness of his soul.

After a while strange stories were heard about him—stories of a secret, more dangerous life. But when people looked at that young and good-looking face, they could not believe the evil stories. And they still came to the famous dinners at his house, where the food, and the music, and the conversation were the best in London.

But behind the locked door at the top of the house, the picture of Dorian Gray grew older every year. The terrible face showed the dark secrets of his life. The heavy mouth, the yellow skin, the cruel eyes—these told the real story. Again and again, Dorian Gray went secretly to the room and looked first at the ugly and terrible face in the picture, then at the beautiful young face that laughed back at him from the mirror.

After his twenty-fifth year, the stories about him became worse. He was sometimes away from home for several days; he was seen fighting with foreign sailors in bars; he was friendly with thieves. And in the houses of fashionable people, men sometimes turned away when he entered a room. Women's faces sometimes went white when they heard his name.

But many people only laughed at these stories. Dorian Gray was still a very rich and fashionable man, and the dinners at his house were excellent. People agreed with Lord Henry, who once said, in his amusing way, that a good dinner was more important than a good life.

As the months and years passed, Dorian Gray grew more and more afraid of the picture. He both hated it and loved it, and he became more and more afraid that someone would discover his secret. For weeks he tried not to go near it, but he could not stay away from it for long. Sometimes, when he was staying in friends' houses, he suddenly left and hurried back to London. He wanted to be sure that the room was still locked and the picture was still safe. At one time he used to spend winters with Lord Henry in a little house in Algiers, but now he no longer travelled outside England.

His fear grew stronger every year, and as time passed, the face in the picture grew slowly more terrible.

时间窃贼

“我将永远年轻、强壮，永远漂亮。”

11

于是几年过去了。

然而时间并未损及多里安·格雷的脸。那极好的美貌——巴兹尔·霍尔沃德描绘过的美貌——从没离开过他。他享受着一个富有、时髦的年轻人的生活。他研究艺术和音乐，在房间里摆满了来自世界各个角落的漂亮东西。但是他对享乐的追求并没停止在这儿，他如饥似渴地追求邪恶的享乐。他越来越迷恋自己美貌的面孔，越来越对自己丑陋的灵魂感兴趣。

曾经一度能听到的关于他的古怪的故事——一个神秘、更加危险的生活的故事。但当人们看着那张年轻好看的脸时，他们就不能相信那些邪恶的故事。于是他们仍来这家参加闻名的晚宴。在这儿，食物、音乐和谈话都是伦敦最好的。

可是在房子顶部锁着的门后，多里安·格雷的画像在逐年变老。可怕的面孔揭示了他生活里阴暗的秘密。严厉的嘴，发黄的皮肤，残酷的眼睛——这些都讲述了真实的故事。一次又一次，多里安·格雷偷偷地跑到这个房间，先看画像中丑陋可怕的脸，然后再看镜子里从后面对他微笑的漂亮年轻的面孔。

在他25岁以后，他的故事变得更糟。他有时离家好几天；有人看见他在酒吧里同外国水手打架；他和小偷是朋友。在时髦人物的房子里，当他进来时男人们有时会转过脸去。女人们在听见他的名字时脸有时会变白。

但是许多人只是嘲笑这些传说。多里安·格雷仍是一个非常富有和时髦的男人，他家的晚宴仍很棒。人们赞同亨利勋爵一次有趣的讲话，即重要的是丰盛的晚宴而不是正人君子生活。

月复一月，年复一年，多里安·格雷越来越惧怕这幅画像。他既恨它又爱它，于是他更害怕有人会发现他的秘密。有几个星期他尽量不走近它，但离开它时间长了也不行。有时候，他正呆在朋友家，他会突然离开，迅速赶回伦敦。他想证实房间的门还锁着，那幅画像还安全。有一段时间他总是和亨利勋爵在阿尔及尔的一所小房子里过冬，但是现在他再不到英格兰以外的地方旅行了。

他的恐惧一年比一年强。随着时间的流逝，画像中的脸逐渐变得更加可怕。

12. the Hand of a Killer

It was the ninth of November, the evening before his thirty-eighth birthday. Dorian Gray was walking home from Lord Henry's house when he saw Basil Hallward. He felt strangely afraid and tried to pretend that he had not seen him, but Basil hurried after him.

'Dorian!' he called. 'What extraordinary luck! I'm catching the midnight train to Paris and I wanted to see you before I left. I'll be away from England for six months. 'He put his hand on Dorian's arm. 'Look, we're near your house. May I come in for a moment? I have something to say to you. '

'Of course. But won't you miss your train?' asked Dorian lazily, as he walked up the steps to his door.

'I have plenty of time. It's only eleven o'clock. '

They went in and sat down by the fire.

'Now, my dear Dorian, I want to speak to you seriously, 'Basil began. 'I must tell you that people in London are saying the most terrible things about you. '

Dorian lit a cigarette and looked bored. 'I don't want to know anything about it. It doesn't interest me. '

'But it must interest you, Dorian, 'said Basil. 'Every gentleman is interested in his good name. Of course, when I look at you, I know that these stories can't be true. A man's face shows if his life is good or bad. But why does Lord Berwick leave the room when you enter it? Why does Lord Staveley say that no honest woman is safe with you? That young soldier, who was your friend—why did he kill himself? There was Sir Henry Ashton, who had to leave England with a bad name. And what about Lord Kent's son? What kind of life does he have now? '

'Stop, Basil. You don't know what you're talking about, 'said Dorian coldly. 'Did I teach these people how to live their lives? And the people who tell these stories—are their lives any better than mine? '

'And there are other stories too, 'continued Basil. 'Are they true? Can your life really be so bad, so evil? You were a fine young man once, but now, when I hear these stories, I wonder...Do I know you at all? What has happened to the real Dorian Gray? I think I would have to see your soul before I could answer those questions. '

'The real Dorian Gray?' asked Dorian quietly, his face white with fear.

'Yes, 'said the artist sadly. 'But only God can see your soul. '

A terrible laugh came from the younger man. 'Come, Basil, 'he cried. 'Come with me! I will show you what only God can see. Why not? It's your own work. You've talked enough about evil. Now you must look at it. '

He took Basil upstairs to the locked room. Inside, he turned to the artist, with smiling lips and cold, hard eyes. 'You're the one man in the world who should know my secret. Are you sure that you want to? '

'Yes. '

'Then uncover that picture, Basil, and you will see my soul. '

A cry of horror came from the artist when he saw the terrible face in the portrait. How could that evil and unlovely face be Dorian Gray's? But yes, it was. He went nearer to the picture. It could not be the portrait that he had painted. But yes, there was his name written in the corner. He turned and looked at Dorian Gray with the eyes of a sick man.

'What does this mean?' he asked at last.

'When you finished the portrait, 'replied Dorian, 'I made a wish...'

'I remember, yes, 'said Basil. 'You wished that the picture could become old, and that you could stay young. But this...'He stared again at the picture. 'This is impossible. And you told me that you'd destroyed the picture. '

'I was wrong. It has destroyed me. '

'My God, Dorian!' cried the artist. 'If this is true...If this is the face of your soul, then you are more evil than the worst of the stories about you. 'He sat down at the table and put his face in his hands. 'You must ask God for his help. '

'It's too late, Basil. '

'It's never too late, Dorian. Look at that terrible face. Look at it! '

Dorian turned and stared at the face in the picture, and suddenly he hated Basil more than he had ever hated anyone in his life. Basil now knew his secret, and had seen the real Dorian Gray. Violent feelings burned inside Dorian. He picked up a knife from the table. Then the hate inside him exploded, and like a wild animal, he ran towards Basil, and dug the knife into the artist's neck, again and again and again. The murdered man's head fell forwards, and the blood ran slowly across the table, and down onto the floor.

Dorian stood and listened. He could hear nothing—only the drip, drip of blood onto the floor. He went to the window and looked down into the street. He felt strangely calm. The friend who had painted his portrait had gone out of his life. That was all.

He locked the door behind him and went quietly downstairs. His servants were all in bed. He sat down and began to think. No one had seen Basil in Dorian's house tonight. Paris. Yes! Basil had gone to Paris, of course, so it would be six months before people asked where he was. Six months! That was more than enough time.

Dorian walked up and down the room. Then he took out a book from his desk and began to search for a name. Alan Campbell. Yes, that was the name that he wanted.

杀人者的手

“掀开那幅画像，你会看见我的灵魂。”

12

11月9日，也就是他38岁生日的前一天晚上，多里安·格雷正从亨利勋爵家朝自己家走时看见了巴兹尔·霍尔沃德。他奇怪地觉得害怕，就假装没看见他。但是巴兹尔在后面紧追。

“多里安！”他叫道，“太幸运了！我要乘午夜的火车去巴黎，走之前我想见你。我要离开英格兰半年。”他把手放在多里安的胳膊上。“瞧，我们离你家不远了，我可以进去一会儿吗？我有话对你说。”

“当然可以。你不会误车吗？”多里安顺着台阶朝房门口走，他懒洋洋地问。

“我有足够的时间，现在刚11点。”

他们进屋，坐在炉火旁。

“亲爱的多里安，我现在想认真地对你说一说。”巴兹尔开口了，“我必须告诉你伦敦的人正在谈论有关你的最可怕的事情。”

多里安点燃一支烟，显得不耐烦。“我不想知道这些事，没意思。”

“但是你应该关注这些事，多里安。”巴兹尔说，“每位绅士都关心他的好名声。当然，我看你时，我就知道这些传说都不是真的。一个人的脸能显示他的生活是好还是坏。可为什么你进房间后贝里克勋爵要离开？为什么斯特夫利勋爵说没有一个诚实的女人会安全地和你在一起？那个年轻士兵，你的朋友——他为什么自杀了？亨利·阿什顿声名狼藉地离开了英格兰。还有肯特勋爵的儿子？他现在过着怎样的生活？”

“住嘴，巴兹尔，你不知道你在说些什么。”多里安冷冷地说，“我教这些人如何生活了吗？讲这些事情的人——他们的生活比我的好吗？”

“还有其它故事。”巴兹尔继续说，“都是真的吗？你的生活真的会这么坏，这么邪恶？你曾是个很好的年轻人，可是现在，我听见这些故事时，我想……我了解你吗？真正的多里安·格雷发生了什么事？我想我只有看见你的灵魂后才能回答那些问题。”

“真正的多里安·格雷？”多里安轻声地问，他的脸已吓得发白。

“是的。”画家痛苦地说，“可只有上帝才能看见你的灵魂。”

年轻点的人发出了可怕的笑声。“来吧，巴兹尔。”他高声说，“跟我来！我要带你去看只有上帝才能看见的东西。为什么呢？那是你自己的作品。邪恶你讲得够多了，现在你必须看一看。”

他带着巴兹尔上楼来到锁着的房间。进屋后，他转向画家，嘴唇带着笑容，眼神冷漠、严厉。“你是世界上应该知道我的秘密的人。你确信想知道吗？”

“是的。”

“那么掀开画像，巴兹尔，你会看见我的灵魂。”

画家看见画像可怕的脸时发出了恐怖的喊叫。那张邪恶可憎的脸怎么可能是多里安·格雷的？可真是的，它是。他又走近画像，这不可能是他画的那幅。然而的确是画他的，画像的一角写有他的名字。他转身用病人似的眼神看着多里安·格雷。

“这是怎么回事？”他最后问。

“你完成画像时，”多里安答道，“我许了一个愿……”

“我记起来了。”巴兹尔说。“你希望画像会变老，你会永远年轻。可是这……”他又盯着画像：“这是不可能的，而且你告诉我你已经把画像毁了。”

“我错了，是画像毁了我。”

“上帝，多里安！”画家喊着，“如果这是真的……如果这是你灵魂的脸，那么你比关于你的最坏的传说还要邪恶。”他坐在桌旁，手捂住脸。“你必须向上帝乞求帮助。”

“太迟了，巴兹尔。”

“还不晚，多里安。看那张可怕的脸，看啊！”

多里安转身凝视着画像中的脸，突然他比一生中恨其他的人更恨巴兹尔。巴兹尔现在知道了他的秘密，也看见了真正的多里安·格雷。强烈的情感在多里安心中燃烧，他从桌上拿起了一把刀。心中的仇恨爆发了，他像一只野兽冲向巴兹尔，用刀刺进了画家的脖子，一刀又一刀。被杀人的头朝前耷拉下来，鲜血慢慢流到桌子上，又流到地板上。

多里安站着听听动静，他听不见任何声音——只有鲜血流到地板上的嘀嗒声。他走到窗边，向下看着街道。他很平静，这有点奇怪。给他画像的朋友已经从他的生活里消失了，仅此而已。

他锁上身后的门，轻轻走下楼。仆人们都在睡觉。他坐下开始思考。今晚没人看见巴兹尔在多里安家。巴黎，是的！巴兹尔当然去了巴黎。因此半年后人们才会问起巴兹尔在哪儿。半年！时间足够了。

多里安在屋里踱步。然后他从书桌里取出一本书，开始找一个名字。艾伦·坎贝尔，是的，这就是他想找的名字。

The next morning Dorian wrote two letters. He put one of them into his pocket, and he gave the other to his servant. 'Take this to Mr Campbell's house at once,' he said.

While Dorian waited, he picked up a book and tried to read. But after a time the book fell from his hand. Perhaps Alan Campbell was out of England. Perhaps he would refuse to come. He was a very clever scientist, and five years ago he and Dorian had been good friends. But now Alan never smiled when he met Dorian.

Each minute seemed an hour to Dorian, but at last the door opened. Dorian smiled. 'Alan!' he said. 'Thank you for coming.'

'I never wanted to enter your house again, but your letter said that it was a question of life and death,' said Alan Campbell. His voice was hard and cold.

'Yes, Alan, it is. Please sit down. 'Across the table the two men's eyes met. Dorian was silent for a moment; then, very quietly, he said, 'Alan, in a locked room upstairs there is a dead body. I want you to destroy it. There must be nothing left. I know you can do this.'

'I don't want to know your terrible secrets. I refuse to help you,' Campbell replied.

'But you must, Alan. You're the only person who can help me.' Dorian smiled sadly. He took a piece of paper, wrote something on it, and pushed it across the table to Campbell.

As Campbell read the piece of paper, his face went white. He looked at Dorian with hate and fear in his eyes.

'I'm so sorry for you, Alan,' said Dorian gently. 'I've already written a letter, and if you don't help me, I'll have to send it. But I think that you will help me.'

Campbell put his face in his hands, and was silent for a long time. Dorian waited.

'I'll need some things from my house,' Campbell said at last.

Dorian sent his servant to fetch the things that Campbell needed, and the two men waited silently. When the servant returned, Dorian took the scientist upstairs to the locked room. As they entered, Dorian remembered that the portrait was uncovered. He turned to cover it, then stopped and stared in horror. One of the hands in the picture was red with blood. For Dorian, this was more terrible than the dead body in the room. With shaking hands, he quickly covered the picture.

'Leave me now,' ordered Campbell.

Five hours later Campbell came back downstairs. 'I've done what you asked me to do,' he said. 'And now goodbye. I never want to see you again.'

When Campbell had left, Dorian went upstairs. There was a terrible smell in the room, but the dead body had gone.

13

第二天早上多里安写了两封信。他把一封装进自己的口袋，将另一封给了仆人。“立刻把这封信送到坎贝尔先生家。”他说。

多里安等的时候拿起了一本书，试着读起来。但是，过了一会儿书从他手里掉了下来。艾伦·坎贝尔可能不在英格兰，他可能拒绝来这儿。他是一位非常聪明的科学家，五年前还是多里安的好朋友，但是现在遇见多里安时，艾伦从来不禁。

对多里安来说每一分钟都像一个小时，可是门终于开了。多里安笑了。“艾伦！”他说，“谢谢你来。”

“我从不想再进你家，可是你的信上说是有关生和死的事儿。”艾伦·坎贝尔说。他的声音严厉而冷淡。

“是的，艾伦，是这样的事儿，请坐。”在桌子上方，两个人的眼神相碰了。多里安沉默了片刻，然后非常平静地说：“艾伦，楼上锁着的屋子里有一具尸体，我想让你销毁它，什么东西都不剩，我知道你能做到。”

“我不想知道你可怕的秘密，我不愿帮助你。”坎贝尔回答。

“但是你必须帮我，艾伦。你是唯一能帮助我的人。”多里安痛苦地笑着。他拿来一张纸，在上面写了些字，推给桌子那边的坎贝尔。

坎贝尔读这张纸时，脸都变白了。他用憎恨而又惧怕的眼神看着多里安。

“太对不起了，艾伦。”多里安温和地说。“我已经写了一封信，如果你不帮我，我就寄出这封信，但我想你会帮助我的。”

坎贝尔捂住脸，很长时间没有说话。多里安等着。

“我需要家里的一些东西用。”坎贝尔终于说。

多里安让仆人去取坎贝尔需要的东西，于是两个人静静地等着。仆人回来后，多里安把科学家带到了楼上锁着的房间。他们进去后，多里安记起画像被掀开了，他转身盖上它，然后停在那里，恐怖地瞪着看。画像的一只手沾上了鲜红的血，这比房间里的尸体更让多里安害怕。他迅速用颤抖的手盖住了画像。

坎贝尔走后，多里安来到楼上。房间里有一股可怕难闻的味道，但是尸体已经不见了。

14. the Sailor

Later the same evening Dorian Gray was at a party. He smiled and talked, and looked as young and as good-looking as ever. But his head ached and at dinner he could not eat anything. When Lord Henry asked him if he felt unwell, Dorian said that he was tired and would go home early.

At home he felt worse. Although the room was warm, his hands shook with cold. He wanted to forget for a while—to escape from the prison of his real life, and to lose himself in dreams.

At midnight, in old dirty clothes, he left the house again and went to the East End of London. There he knew places where he could get opium—dark, evil places where people bought and sold the beautiful, terrible dreams of opium. He had been there many times before.

He found the house that he was looking for and went into a long, low room. Men were lying on the dirty floor, a sailor was asleep on a table and two women were drinking at the bar. As Dorian hurried up the narrow stairs, the sweet, heavy smell of opium came to meet him and he smiled in pleasure. But in the room he saw a young man who had once been his friend. He turned away, and went downstairs again to drink at the bar.

One of the women spoke to him.

‘Don’t talk to me,’ said Dorian angrily, and walked towards the door.

‘I remember you! You’re Prince Charming, aren’t you?’ she shouted after him.

The sleeping sailor woke up when he heard these words, and as Dorian left the house, the sailor hurried after him.

Dorian walked quickly along the road, but as he reached a corner, hands closed around his neck. A man pulled him backwards and pushed him against a wall. Dorian fought wildly, and pulled the hands away. Then he saw the gun in the man’s hand.

‘What do you want?’ he said quickly.

‘Keep quiet,’ said the man. ‘If you move, I’ll shoot you.’

‘You’re crazy. What have I done to you?’

‘You destroyed the life of Sybil Vane,’ answered the sailor, ‘and Sybil Vane was my sister. She killed herself because of you. I’ve been looking for you for years, but I only knew the name that she used to call you—Prince Charming. Well, tonight I heard your name, and tonight you’re going to die.’

Dorian Gray grew sick with fear. ‘I never knew her. I’ve never heard of her. You’re crazy,’ he cried. Suddenly he had an idea. ‘How long ago did your sister die?’ he asked.

‘Eighteen years ago,’ James Vane replied. ‘Why do you ask me?’

‘Eighteen years,’ laughed Dorian Gray. ‘Take me to the light and look at my face.’

James Vane stared at Dorian. Then he pushed him towards the light, and in the light he saw the face of a boy of twenty. This man was too young. He was not the man who had destroyed his sister’s life.

‘My God!’ he cried. ‘I nearly murdered you!’

‘Go home, and put that gun away, before you get into trouble,’ said Dorian. And he walked quickly away.

James Vane stared after him in horror. Then a woman’s hand touched his arm.

‘Why didn’t you kill him?’ she asked. ‘He’s evil.’

‘He’s not the man that I’m looking for,’ answered the sailor. ‘The man who I want must be nearly forty now. That man is only a boy.’

‘A boy?’ The woman laughed. Her voice was hard. ‘It’s eighteen years since I met Prince Charming. And his pretty face hasn’t changed in all that time. It’s true, I promise you.’

James Vane ran to the corner of the road, but Dorian Gray had disappeared.

水手

“我要找到那个人，像杀死一条狗那样杀死他。”

14

过后，还是在同一天晚上，多里安·格雷参加了一个聚会。他谈笑着，像以前一样年轻英俊。可是他头疼，晚餐时吃不下任何东西。亨利勋爵问他是否不舒服时，多里安说他累了，要早点回家。

回家后他觉得更糟。虽然房间里挺暖和，但是他的双手冷得发抖。他想暂时忘记——从他真实生活的牢狱中逃脱出来，在梦想中放松自己。

午夜，穿上脏旧的衣服他再次离开家前往伦敦东区。在那儿他知道从什么地方能搞到鸦片——在那些黑暗、邪恶的地方，人们买卖着鸦片，这种东西让人产生美丽而又可怕的幻觉。他去过那儿很多次。

他找到了要找的房子，进入了一间又长又矮的屋子。男人们躺在肮脏的地上，一个水手趴在桌子上睡觉，两个女人在酒吧喝酒。多里安在狭窄的楼梯上快步向上爬时，他闻到了鸦片甜美、浓厚的气味。他快活地笑了。但是在房间里他看见了一个曾是他朋友的年轻人。他转回身，又回到楼下，在酒吧喝酒。

有一个女人跟他讲话。

“别跟我说话。”多里安生气地说，然后走向房门。

“我记得你！你是‘迷人的王子’，对吗？”她追着他喊。

听见这些话，睡觉的水手醒了。多里安离开房间时，水手在后面紧追不舍。

多里安在路上走得很快。到了一个角落时，一双手掐住了他的脖子。一个男人将他向后一拉又把他推撞到墙上。多里安拼命地挣扎，拉开了那双手，然后他看见了这个男人手里的枪。

“你要干什么？”他急速地问。

“住嘴。”男人说，“如果你动一下，我就打死你。”

“你疯了，我怎么着你了？”

“你毁了西比尔·文。”水手回答，“西比尔·文是我妹妹，她自杀是因为你。这么多年我一直在找你，可我只知道她常叫的你的名字——‘迷人的王子’。好了，今晚我听见了你的名字，今晚你就得去死。”

多里安·格雷怕得要命。“我从不认识她，我从没听说过她，你疯了。”他喊着。突然他有了一个主意。“你妹妹是多长时间以前死的？”他问。

“18年前。”詹姆斯回答。“你为什么问我？”

“18年前。”多里安笑了。“把我带到灯光下，看看我的脸。”

詹姆斯·文凝视着多里安的脸，然后把他推到光亮处。在灯光里他看见了一个20岁男孩的脸。这个人太年轻了，他不是毁掉妹妹生活的人。

“上帝！”他喊道。“我差点杀了你！”

“回家去，把那枪拿开，趁你还没惹麻烦。”多里安说，然后迅速走开了。

詹姆斯·文在他身后恐惧地瞪着眼，一个女人的手碰了碰他的胳膊。

“你为什么不杀他？”她问。“他不是好东西。”

“他不是我要找的人。”水手回答，“我找的人现在应该将近四十岁了，那个人只是个男孩。”

“男孩？”女人笑了。她的话音很严肃，“我认识‘迷人的王子’18年了，这期间他漂亮的脸一点没变，这是真的，我向你发誓。”

詹姆斯·文跑到路的拐角，但是多里安已经不见了。

A week later Dorian Gray was at his house in the country, where he had invited Lord Henry and several other friends. Among them was the pretty Lady Monmouth and her much older husband. Lady Monmouth was amusing and clever, and seemed to like Dorian Gray very much. One afternoon, as they laughed and talked together during tea, Dorian went out to fetch a flower for Lady Monmouth's dress. Lord Henry smiled at Lady Monmouth.

'I hope you're not in love with Dorian, my dear. He's very dangerous.'

She laughed. 'Oh, men are much more interesting when they're dangerous.'

Just then they heard the sound of a heavy fall. Lord Henry ran out of the room and found Dorian lying unconscious on the floor. When Dorian opened his eyes, Lord Henry said, 'My dear Dorian, you must take care of yourself. You're not well.'

Dorian stood up slowly. 'I'm all right, Harry. I'm all right.'

As he dressed for dinner in his room, Dorian remembered what he had seen and cold fear ran through him like a knife. He had seen a face watching him at the window and he had recognized it. It was the face of James Vane.

The next day he did not leave the house. In fact, for most of the day he stayed in his room, sick with fear. Every time he closed his eyes, he saw again the sailor's face. He tried to tell himself that he had dreamt it. Yes, it was impossible. Sybil Vane's brother did not know his name, and was probably on his ship at sea. No, of course he had not seen James Vane's face at the window.

But the fear stayed with him, dream or no dream.

Two days passed and Dorian grew less afraid. On the third day, a clear, bright winter morning, Dorian joined his friends on a shooting-party. With Lady Monmouth by his side, he walked to the edge of the forest where the men were shooting at birds and small animals. The cold air and the sounds and smells of the forest filled Dorian with happiness. Suddenly one of the men shot into the trees near them. There were two cries in the morning air—the cry of an animal and the cry of a man, both in pain.

There were shouts and calls from the men, and then a man's body was pulled from the trees. Dorian turned away in horror. Bad luck seemed to follow him everywhere.

People began to walk back towards the house. Lord Henry came over to tell Dorian that the man was dead.

Dorian shook his head. 'Oh, Harry,' he said slowly, 'I feel that something terrible is going to happen to some of us—to me, perhaps.'

Lord Henry laughed at this idea. 'What could happen to you, Dorian? You have everything in the world that a man can want. Forget about this accident. It was just an accident—not murder.' Then he added with a smile, 'But it would be very interesting to meet a person who had murdered somebody.'

'What a terrible thing to say!' cried Lady Monmouth. 'Don't you agree, Mr Gray? Mr Gray! Are you ill again? Your face is so white!'

Dorian smiled and tried to speak calmly. 'It's nothing,' he said quietly. 'But please excuse me. I think I must go and lie down.'

Upstairs in his room Dorian's body shook with fear like a leaf in the wind. He felt that he could not stay another night in the house. Death walked there in the sunlight. He decided to return immediately to London and to visit his doctor. His servant came to pack his clothes, and while he was doing this, he told Dorian that the dead man was a sailor, but no one knew his name.

'A sailor!' cried Dorian. He jumped to his feet. A wild hope filled him. 'I must see the body at once.'

He hurried to the house where the body lay, and when he uncovered the face of the dead man, he saw that it was James Vane. He cried with happiness, and knew that now he was safe.

15

一星期后在乡下的家里，多里安邀请了亨利勋爵和其他几个朋友。他们中间有可爱的蒙茅斯夫人和比她大得多的丈夫。蒙茅斯夫人风趣、聪明，并且似乎很喜欢多里安·格雷。一天下午，他们边喝茶边说笑时，多里安出去给蒙茅斯夫人的衣服摘朵花。亨利勋爵对蒙茅斯夫人笑了。

“我希望你没有爱上多里安，亲爱的。他很危险。”

她笑道：“哦，男人危险时更有趣。”

正在这时他们听见了重重的跌倒声。亨利勋爵跑出房间发现多里安不醒人事，躺在地上。多里安睁开眼时，亨利勋爵说：“亲爱的多里安，你必须多留心自己，你的气色不好。”

多里安慢慢站起身。“我没事，哈里，我很好。”

当他在自己的房间穿晚宴装时，多里安想起了刚才看见的，于是冰冷的恐惧感像一把刀一样划过他的全身。他看见了一张脸在窗户边注视他。他认识这张脸，是詹姆斯·文的。

第二天他没有出门。实际上，他多半天都呆在屋里，他被吓坏了。每次闭上眼睛他都会看见水手的脸。他告诫自己那只是他做的梦。是的，那不可能。西比尔·文的哥哥不知道他的名字，或许他正在海上的船上。不，他当然没有在窗边看见詹姆斯·文的脸。

可是不管是不是梦，恐惧一直伴随着他。

两天以后多里安不太害怕了。第三天，一个晴朗的冬日的早晨，多里安参加了朋友的狩猎聚会。蒙茅斯夫人陪在一旁，他走向树林边，男人们在那儿射杀鸟和小动物。清凉的空气、打猎声和树林的气息让多里安非常高兴。突然一个人朝他们附近的林子里射击，清晨的空气里传来两声喊叫——一声是动物的叫，一声是人的，都叫得很痛苦。

男人们喊了起来，一个人被抬出了树林。多里安害怕地转过身，似乎每到一地恶运都跟着他。

人们开始朝房子走去，亨利勋爵走来告诉多里安那个人死了。

多里安摇动着头。“哦，哈里，”他慢慢地说，“我觉得某件可怕的事情要发生在我们某些人身上——可能要发生在我身上。”

亨利勋爵觉得这个想法可笑。“你会发生什么事，多里安？你拥有一个男人想得到的世界上的任何东西，忘掉这事吧，这只不过是一次意外——不是谋杀。”然后他笑着又补充一句：“可是要是遇上了一个杀过人的人倒是很有趣。”

“你说的太可怕了！”蒙茅斯夫人嚷道。“你同意吗，格雷先生？格雷先生！你又病了吗？你的脸真白！”

多里安一笑，努力镇静地说，“没什么。”他轻声说，“请原谅我，我想我必须回去躺一躺。”

在楼上的房间，多里安的身体像风中的一片叶子在恐惧地发抖。他感觉在屋里一夜也不能多呆，死亡正在阳光里漫步。他决定马上回伦敦去看医生。仆人来给他收拾衣物，一边收拾一边告诉多里安死了的人是一个水手，可是没人知道他的名字。

“一个水手！”多里安叫道。他跳起来，一阵疯狂的希望充斥着他。“我要马上看那具尸体。”

他快步赶到死尸停放的房间，掀开死人脸上的布，他看到的是詹姆斯·文。他知道现在安全了，他高兴地叫了起来。

16. the Picture

You're going to be good?' said Lord Henry. 'Don't tell me that. You're wonderful as you are. Please don't change.' His long, white fingers played with a flower on the table. It was spring in London, and the two friends were having dinner at Lord Henry's house.

Dorian Gray shook his head. 'No, Harry, I've done too many terrible things in my life, and I'm going to change. I began my good life yesterday, in the country.'

'My dear boy,' smiled Lord Henry. 'Everybody can be good in the country. There's nothing to do in the country, so it's impossible to do anything bad. But tell me, how did you begin your good life?'

'There was a girl in a village. A very beautiful girl, an honest, country girl. She loved me, and was ready to come away with me yesterday, but I said no. I refused to destroy her young life, and I've left her as honest as I found her.'

Lord Henry laughed. 'You've left here with a broken heart, you mean. How can she be happy now with a country boy, after she has known you?'

'Don't, Harry!' cried Dorian. 'Can you never be serious? I'm sorry that I told you now. Let's talk about other things. What's been happening in London?'

'Oh, people are still discussing poor Basil and how he disappeared. I don't know why, because there are plenty of other things that they can talk about—my wife has run away with another man, Alan Campbell has killed himself…'

'What do you think has happened to Basil?' asked Dorian slowly.

'I've no idea,' answered Lord Henry. 'The English police report that Basil went to Paris on the midnight train on the ninth of November, but the French police say that he never arrived in Paris at all. If Basil wants to hide himself, I really don't care. And if he's dead, I don't want to think about him. Death is the only thing that really frightens me—I hate it.'

'Harry, don't people say that... that Basil was murdered?' said Dorian.

'Some of the newspapers say so,' replied Lord Henry, 'but who would want to murder poor Basil? He wasn't clever enough to have enemies.'

'What will you say, Harry, if I tell you that I murdered Basil?' asked Dorian. He watched his friend carefully.

Lord Henry smiled. 'No, my dear Dorian, murder wouldn't please you. You like a different kind of pleasure. And you should never do anything that you cannot talk about after dinner.' He lifted his coffee cup. 'What happened to the fine portrait that Basil painted of you? I haven't seen it for years. Didn't you tell me that it was stolen? What a pity!'

'Oh, I never really liked it,' said Dorian. 'I prefer not to think about it.'

For a while the two men were silent. Then the older man lay back in his chair and looked at Dorian with half-closed eyes. 'Tell me how you have kept your youth and your wonderful beauty, Dorian. You must have some secret. I'm only ten years older than you, and I look like an old man. But you haven't changed since the day when I first met you. What a wonderful life you've had!'

'Yes,' said Dorian slowly, 'it's been wonderful, Harry, but I'm going to change it now. You don't know everything about me.'

His friend smiled. 'You cannot change to me, Dorian. You and I will always be friends.'

Dorian stood up. 'I'm tired tonight, Harry. I must go home. I'll see you at lunch tomorrow. Goodnight.'

At the door he stopped for a moment and looked back, but then he turned and went out without another word.

画像

“一张没有心的脸。”

16

“你要做好人？”亨利勋爵说。“别跟我说那话，你一直很好，请别改变。”他又长又白的手指玩弄着桌上的一朵花。时值伦敦的春季，这两个好友正在亨利勋爵家吃晚饭。

多里安·格雷摇摇头。“不，哈里，我一生中做了太多可怕的事情，我要改变。我昨天开始当好人了，在乡下。”

“亲爱的孩子，”亨利勋爵微笑着，“每个人在乡下都会很好。在乡下没有任何事情做，所以不可能做任何坏事。可是告诉我，你怎么开始当好人的？”

“村里有个姑娘，一个非常漂亮、纯真的乡下姑娘。她爱我，昨天愿意和我走，但是我拒绝了。我不愿意毁了她年轻的生活，于是我离开了她，她还像我刚发现时一样地纯真。”

亨利勋爵笑着。“你离开她，她心已经碎了。她认识你后，现在又怎么能高高兴兴地和乡下男孩在一起呢？”

“别说了，哈里！”多里安喊道。“你从不会认真点吗？我后悔告诉你。咱们谈些别的事，伦敦近来发生了什么事？”

“哦，人们仍在谈论可怜的巴兹尔是怎么失踪的。我不知道为什么还在谈论，因为还有许多其它事可以供他们议论——比如我妻子和另外一个男人私奔了，艾伦·坎贝尔自杀了……”

“你认为巴兹尔发生了什么事？”多里安慢慢地问。

“我不知道。”亨利勋爵回答。“英国警方说巴兹尔于11月9日乘午夜的火车去了巴黎，可是法国警方说他根本就没抵达巴黎。如果巴兹尔想隐藏起来，我真的不在乎。如果他死了，我不想再想他。死是唯一让我害怕的事情——我恨死亡。”

“哈里，人们没说……巴兹尔是被谋杀的吗？”多里安说。

“有些报纸这么说。”亨利勋爵回答。“可是谁想杀害可怜的巴兹尔？他没聪明到能给自己树敌。”

“你会说什么，哈里，如果我告诉你我杀了巴兹尔？”多里安问，他仔细地观察他的朋友。

亨利勋爵一笑。“不，亲爱的多里安，杀人不会让你高兴，你喜欢与这不同的快乐，而且你决不会做晚饭后你不能谈论的事情。”他端起咖啡：“巴兹尔给你画的那幅精美画像怎么样了？我好多年没看见它了。你是不是告诉过我画像被偷了？多可惜啊！”

“哦，我从没真正喜欢过它。”多里安说，“我宁愿不想起它。”

有一会儿两个人都没说话。过后年长些的那位靠在椅背上，用半睁的眼睛看着多里安。“告诉我你是怎么保持青春和美貌的，多里安。你一定有个秘密。我只比你大10岁，却看起来像个老人。可从我看见你的第一天起，你一点也没变，你的生活太妙了！”

“是的，”多里安缓慢地说，“是太妙了，哈里。可我要改变这种生活。并不是我的每件事情你都知道。”

他的朋友笑了，“对我来说，你变不了，多里安。你和我将永远是朋友。”

多里安站起身，“今晚我累了，哈里，我得回家了。明天午饭时见，晚安。”

在门边他停了片刻，回头看了看，就转身出去了，一句话没说。

At home he thought about his conversation with Lord Henry. Could he really change, he wondered? He had lived an evil life, and had destroyed other people's lives as well. Was there any hope for him?

Why had he ever made that wish about the picture? He had kept his youth and beauty, but he had paid a terrible price for it. His beauty had destroyed his soul. He picked up a mirror and stared at his face. What was he now? A face without a heart. Suddenly he hated his own beauty, and dropped the mirror on the floor where it broke into many small pieces.

James Vane, Basil Hallward, Sybil Vane—these deaths were not important to him now. It was better not to think of the past. Nothing could change that. He must think of himself. 'Perhaps,' he thought, 'if I live a better life, the picture will become less ugly.' He remembered the pretty village girl—he had not destroyed her young life. He had done one good thing. Perhaps the picture had already begun to look better.

He went quietly upstairs to the locked room. Yes, he would live a good life, and he need not be afraid any more of the evil face of his soul. But when he uncovered the picture, he gave a cry of pain. There was no change. The face in the picture was still terrible—more hateful, if possible, than before—and the red on the hand seemed brighter, like new blood.

He stared at the picture with hate and fear in his eyes. Years ago he had loved to watch it changing and growing old; now he could not sleep because of it. It had stolen every chance of peace or happiness from him. He must destroy it.

He looked round and saw the knife that had killed Basil Hallward. 'Now it will kill the artist's work,' he said to himself. 'It will kill the past, and when that is dead, I will be free.' He picked up the knife and dug it into the picture.

There was a terrible cry, and a loud crash. The servants woke, and two gentlemen, who were passing in the road below, stopped and looked up at the house. A policeman came by, and they asked him:

'Whose house is that?'

'Mr Dorian Gray's, sir,' was the answer.

The two gentlemen looked at each other, then turned away from the house and walked on.

Inside the house the servants talked in low, frightened voices. After some minutes they went up to the room. They knocked, but there was no reply. They called out. Nothing. They could not open the door, so they climbed down from the roof and got in through the window.

Against the wall they saw a fine portrait of the young Dorian Gray, in all his wonderful youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, with a knife in his heart. His face was old and ugly and yellow with disease.

Only the rings on his fingers told them who he was.

17

回到家他思考着和亨利勋爵的谈话。他真的能改变吗？他想着。他有过邪恶的生活，也曾毁掉过他人的生活，他还有希望吗？

他为什么对画像许了那个愿？他保住了青春和美貌，但却为此付出了可怕的代价。他的美貌毁了他的灵魂。他拿起一面镜子看着自己的脸。他现在成了什么？一张没有心的脸。突然他恨自己的美貌，便把镜子扔在地上，摔成了碎片。

詹姆斯·文、巴兹尔·霍尔沃德和西比尔·文——他们的死现在对他已不重要。最好不再想起过去，那已无法改变。他必须想想自己。他想：“如果我过一种好一点的生活，画像会变得不那么丑陋。”他想起了那个可爱的乡下姑娘——他没有毁掉她的生活，他做了一件好事，可能画像已经开始好看些。

他快步上楼奔向那间锁着的房间。是的，他要过好人的生活，他再不必害怕他灵魂的那张邪恶的脸了。但当他掀开画像，他痛苦地喊出了声。没有变化。画像的脸依旧可怕——可能比以前更可憎——手上的红色似乎更鲜亮，像新鲜的血。

他凝视着画像，眼里饱含憎恨和恐惧。数年前他还喜欢看画像变老；现在他因为画像简直不能入睡。画像偷走了他每一次平静快乐的机会，他要毁掉画像。

他四周张望，看见了杀死巴兹尔·霍尔沃德的那把刀。“现在这把刀要扼杀画家的作品。”他自言自语，“这刀要杀死过去。过去死后，我将会自由。”他拿起刀刺进了画像。

一声可怕的喊叫和一阵猛烈的碰撞声。仆人们醒了；两个正路过的绅士停住向上看着房间。一个警察走过来，他们问他：

“那是谁的房子？”

他们回答：“多里安·格雷先生的。”

两个绅士互相看了一眼，然后转身离开房子走了。

房子里仆人们用低沉、害怕的声音说话。过了几分钟他们上楼来到那个房间。他们敲了敲门，可是没有回答。他们用力喊，没有任何答复。他们打不开门，就从房顶向下爬，从窗户进了屋。

他们看见了靠墙而立的年轻的多里安·格雷的精美画像，青春无比，美貌动人。躺在地上的是一个死人，心脏上插着一把刀。他的脸又老又丑而且病得发黄。

只有他手上的戒指告诉了他们他是谁。

[1 Haworth](#)

[2 Cowan Bridge School](#)

[3 The little books](#)

[4 Growing up](#)

[5 Looking for work](#)

[6 Monsieur Héger and Mrs Robinson](#)

[7 Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell](#)

[8 The best days, and the worst days](#)

[9 Arthur Nicholls](#)

[10 Maria](#)

简 介

天资到底是什么？它从哪儿来？通常人们认为天资是上帝赋予的，只给那些幸运的人。事实上，我们并不清楚究竟那些人是否算得上幸运。天资似乎并不能使人们幸福，相反会使他们远离人群，因为天资是一种不能共享的东西。

然而勃朗特一家的情形表明，天资被赋予了一个家庭。因为天资，这个家庭的成员远离尘世；离开了家他们就得不到快乐。而在家中，作为一个家庭，他们的天资却得以成长。是谁教会他们写作的？是他们自己！而且几乎没有人比他们写得更出色。

这本书不是他们写的，而是关于他们的故事。这是他们的父亲未曾写却应该写下的：一个关于他们家庭的故事，虽然他只拥有了那么短时间的家庭。

这本书的作者蒂姆·维克瑞从事英语教学工作多年，现在约克郡生活和工作。

1 Haworth

There was a cold wind this afternoon, but the sun shone for an hour or two. I walked out on the moors behind the house. The sheep were hiding from the wind under the stone walls, and there were grey clouds over the hills to the west. It is only November, but I could smell snow in the air.

It will be a cold winter, this year of 1855.

the rector of the village of Haworth. Haworth is a village of small, grey stone houses on the side of a hill in the north of England, and I live in a house at the top of the hill, next to the church and the graveyard.

I walked through the graveyard to the church this afternoon. All my family except Anne are buried there. The wind had blown some dead leaves through the door into the church, and I watched them dancing in the sunlight near the grave. Soon I shall be in that grave with my wife and children, under the cold grey stone and dancing leaves.

It is dark outside now, and it is very quiet in this house. Charlotte's husband, Mr Nicholls, is reading in his room, and our servant is cooking in the kitchen. Only the three of us live here now. It is very quiet. I can hear the sounds of the wood burning in the fire, and the big clock on the stairs.

There is another sound too—the sound of the wind outside. The wind has many voices. It sings and laughs and shouts to itself all night long. Last night it cried like a little child, and I got out of bed and went to the window to listen.

There was no child, of course. Only the wind and the grave-stones, cold in the pale moonlight. But I decided then that I would write the story of my children, today, before it is too late. Charlotte's friend, Mrs Gaskell, is writing a book about her, and perhaps she will want to read my story.

It is a fine story. It began in April 1820, when we came to Haworth for the first time...

There was a strong wind blowing that day too, out of a dark, cloudy sky. We could see snow on the moors. The road to Haworth goes up a hill, and there was ice on the stones of the road. Maria, my wife, was afraid to ride up the hill in the carts.

'We'll walk, children,' she said. 'If one of those horses falls down, there'll be a terrible accident. Come on, let's go and see our new house.'

She was a small woman, my wife, and not very strong. But she carried the baby, Anne, up the hill in her arms. I carried Emily—she was one and a half years old then. The others walked. My two-year-old son, Patrick Branwell, walked with me, and Charlotte, who was nearly four, walked with her mother. The two oldest children—Elizabeth and Maria—ran on in front. They were very excited, and laughed and talked all the way.

The people of Haworth came out to watch us. Some of them helped, but most of them just stood in their doorways and watched. They are very poor people, in this village. I was their new rector.

We had seven carts to carry our furniture up that icy hill, but it was hard work for the horses. When we reached our house, the wind was blowing hard in our faces. My wife hurried inside, and began to light fires.

'Do you like it, my dear?' I asked her that night, when the children were in bed. She looked pale and tired. I thought it was because of the long journey, and the children. Perhaps it was.

She held out her hands to the fire, and said: 'Of course, Patrick. It's a fine house. I do hope it will be a good home for you, and the children.'

I was a little surprised by that. 'And for you, Maria,' I said. 'Don't forget yourself. You are the most important person in the world, to me.'

She smiled then—a lovely smile. 'Thank you, Patrick,' she said. She was a very small woman, and she was often tired because of the children. But when she smiled at me like that, I thought she was the most beautiful woman in England.

A year and a half later, she was dead.

She did not die quickly. She was in bed for seven long months, in awful pain. The doctor came often, and her sister Elizabeth came too, to help. The children were ill, as well. It was a terrible time.

My wife Maria died in September, 1821. She was thirty-eight. It was my job to bury her in the church. Our six young children stood and watched quietly.

Afterwards, we went back to the house. I called them into this room and spoke to them.

I said: 'You must not cry too much, my dears. Your mother is with God now. She is happy. One day you will all die, and if you are good, you will go to God too.'

'But why?' Maria asked. 'Why did she die now, father? We need her.'

'This world is a hard place, children, and we cannot understand everything that God does. But God loves us, never forget that. Your mother loved you, and perhaps she can see you now. We must all try to work hard, learn as much as possible, and be kind to each other. Will you do that?'

'Yes, father.'

They all looked so sad, I remember, and they listened so carefully. Little Emily said: 'Who will be our mother now?'

'Maria is the oldest, so she will help me. You must all listen to her, and do what she says. And your Aunt Elizabeth is here, too. Perhaps she will stay for a while.'

Elizabeth did stay. She was older than my wife, and she wasn't married. We called her Aunt Branwell. She came from Penzance in Cornwall, a warm, sunny place by the sea in the south-west of England. It is often cold on the moors behind Haworth, and the winds blow all winter. Aunt Branwell hated Haworth, but she stayed here all her life, to help me with her sister's children. She was a good, kind woman.

I was very proud of my little Maria. She was only eight years old, but she worked all day like an adult. She helped the little ones to get washed and dressed; she helped them to play and draw and read. She was like a little mother to them.

She could read very well herself. We always had books and newspapers in the house, and I talked to the children about them every day. I talked to them about adult things: the Duke of Wellington, and the important things that he was doing in London. The children listened carefully, and tried hard to un-derstand. Maria often read to the others from the newspaper, and asked me questions about it. She understood it better than most men.

I was sure my children were very clever. But I did not have time to talk to them all day; I had my work to do. So, in 1824, I sent them to school.

1 霍沃斯

尽管今天下午刮起一阵寒风，太阳还是出来了一两个小时。我漫步在屋后的荒野上，羊群躲在石墙下避风，乌云笼罩着山顶，向西而去。刚刚才11月份，空气中就已经可以嗅到雪的气息了。

今年——1855年的冬天将会很冷。

我叫帕特里克·勃朗特，已经78岁了。我在霍沃斯做乡村牧师。霍沃斯是英格兰北部一座小山边的一个村子，那儿有一些灰色石头砌成的小房子。我住在山顶的一栋房子里，隔壁是教堂和墓地。

今天下午，我步行穿过墓地去教堂。除了安妮，我的一家都葬在这里。冷风卷起了一些枯叶，把它们从教堂的大门吹了进来，我注视着它们在墓地旁的阳光中上下飞舞。要不了多久我也会躺在这个墓地中，在这冰冷的灰色石头和纷飞的落叶下，同我的妻子和孩子们长眠在一起。

这时外面黑了下来，整幢房子非常安静。夏洛蒂的丈夫尼科尔斯先生，正在自己的房间里看书，我们的用人正在厨房做饭。这儿只有我们三个人，真是太安静了！我能听见木柴在炉火中燃烧的声音和楼梯上大钟的嘀哒声。

还有另一种声音——那就是屋外风的吼叫。风有着各种各样的声音，它总是整宿整宿地笑呀，哭呀，喊呀。而昨夜它呜咽得像个孩子。我下了床，走近窗边侧耳细听。

当然不会有孩子，只有风和苍白月光下冰冷的墓碑。然而我还是决定就在今天，趁还没有太晚，写写我的孩子们的故事。夏洛蒂的朋友盖斯凯尔夫人正在写一部关于夏洛蒂的书，也许她会愿意读读我的故事。

这是一个很好的故事，它始于1820年4月，我们第一次来到霍沃斯的时候……

那天，昏暗多云的天空一整天都刮着强劲的风。我们能看到旷野上覆盖的雪。去霍沃斯的路沿着山坡向上而去，一路上的石头都结了冰。玛丽亚，我的妻子怕坐马车上山。

“我们走上去吧，孩子们，”她说。“要是那些马有一匹滚下去，都会是一场可怕的灾难。走吧，让我们走着去看我们的新房子。”

我的妻子个子不高，身体也不好，可她还是抱着小女儿安妮往山上爬。我抱着一岁半的爱米丽，其他人都步行。两岁的儿子帕特里克·布兰韦尔和我走在一起；快四岁的夏洛蒂跟着妈妈；两个最大的孩子，伊丽莎白和小玛丽亚跑在前面。她们非常兴奋，一路上又说又笑。

霍沃斯的人们出来看我们，有的上来帮忙，但大多数人只是站在门前观望。这个村子里的人都很穷。我是他们的新牧师。

7辆马车帮我们把家具拉上冰冻的山顶。对马来说这不是件容易的事。我们到家时，冷风猛吹着脸颊。我妻子急忙跑进屋里生起火。

“你喜欢这房子吗，亲爱的？”孩子们都入睡后我问她。她看上去脸色苍白，非常疲倦，我想是长途跋涉和孩子们拖累的缘故。也许是吧。

她把手伸到炉边烤着，说：“当然喜欢，帕特里克。这是幢好房子。我真希望它是你和孩子们的一个好家。”

她的话让我觉得有点惊讶。“这也是你的家呀，玛丽亚。”我说，“别忘了你自己。对我来说，你是这个世界上最重要的人。”

她听后笑了——多么可爱的微笑。“谢谢你，帕特里克。”她说。她是一个很瘦小的女人，孩子们时常令她疲倦不堪。但是每当她那样对我微笑时，我会觉得她是全英国最美的女人。

一年半以后，她死了。

她去得并不快。在极度的痛苦中她在病榻上捱了7个月之久。医生常来看她，她姐姐伊丽莎白也来帮忙。孩子们也病了。那真是段可怕的日子。

我妻子玛丽亚死于1821年，享年38岁，是我为她在教堂主持的葬礼，我们的6个孩子站在一旁默默地看着。

然后我们回家了。我把他们叫进房间谈话。

我说：“你们不必太悲伤，亲爱的孩子们。你们的妈妈现在和上帝在一起。她很快乐，有一天你们也都会死，如果你们是好人，也会去上帝那儿的。”

“可是为什么？”小玛丽亚问道，“为什么她现在就死了？爸爸，我们需要她呀！”

“这个世界是个苦难的地方，孩子们，我们无法理解上帝所作的每一件事。但是上帝爱我们，永远不要忘记这一点。你们的妈妈爱你们，也许她现在还可以看见你们。我们大家都应努力工作，努力学习更多的知识，并且彼此友爱。你们能做到吗？”

“是的，爸爸。”

我记得他们看上去非常难过，却都那么仔细地听着。小爱米丽说：“现在谁当妈妈呢？”

“玛丽亚最大，她将协助我。你们都得听她的，按她说的去做。你们的伊丽莎白姨妈也在这儿。也许她会住一阵子。”

伊丽莎白真的住下了。她比我妻子年长，一直未婚。我们叫她布兰韦尔姨妈。她来自英格兰西南部康沃尔的一个叫潘赞斯的靠海的地方，那里温暖而且充满阳光。但霍沃斯后面的荒野经常很冷，整个冬天都刮着寒风。布兰韦尔姨妈讨厌霍沃斯，但她后来一直住在这儿，帮我照料她妹妹的孩子们。她真是心地善良的女人。

我为我的小玛丽亚非常自豪。她只有8岁，但她像个大人那样整天忙着。她帮弟弟妹妹洗澡、穿衣服；她带他们玩耍、画画、读书。她就是他们的小妈妈。

她自己能读书而且读得很好。我们家里总是有书和报纸，而我每天和孩子们谈论这些书报。我给他们讲大人的事情：惠灵顿公爵及他在伦敦所做的重大事情。孩子们仔细倾听并试着去理解。玛丽亚经常给别人念报纸，还问我些问题。她理解得比大多数成年人还好。

我知道我的孩子们非常聪明。但我常常整天都没有时间和她们谈话，我有自己的工作要做。于是在1824年，我把他们送进了学校。

2 Cowan Bridge School

I was born in a small house in Ireland. There were only two rooms in our house, and I had nine brothers and sisters. My parents were very poor. We had no money, and only a small farm. But we did have a church near us, and that church had a school.

That school gave me my one chance of success. I worked very hard there, and when I was sixteen, I became a teacher. Then I went to St John's College, Cambridge, to study some more. I became a curate. When I married, I was able to get a good job and a house for my family. I got all that because I worked so hard at school.

I wanted my children to go to the best school that I could find. Cowan Bridge School was a school for the daughters of churchmen. It belonged to a churchman—Mr Wilson. He was a good man, I thought. I liked the school, and it was not too expensive. So, in July 1824, I took Maria and Elizabeth there. In September, I took Charlotte and, in November, Emily as well. Emily was just six then, and Charlotte was eight.

I remember how quiet the house was that autumn. In the evenings I taught my son, Branwell, and my wife's sister looked after the youngest child, Anne. I often thought about the girls. My eldest, Maria, was a good, clever girl—I thought she must be the best pupil in the school. I waited for her letters, and wondered what new things she was learning.

She did tell me some things in her letters, but not enough. She told me she liked the schoolwork, and I was pleased. But she did not tell me about the food, or the cold, or the unkind teachers. Charlotte told me those things, much later. I know Maria did not tell me that the food was often burnt and uneatable, or that they could not sleep because the beds were too cold. She did not tell me that the poor hungry children had to wash with ice in the morning, and walk through wet snow to sit for two hours with icy feet in a cold church on Sundays. She did not tell me that many of the children at the school were ill.

You didn't tell me that, did you, Maria? Did you? Or did you try to write something, and stop because you were afraid of the teachers? You were a good, brave child, and I was so proud of you, so pleased because you were at school. I wanted you to learn everything; I didn't want you to be poor like my sisters. God help me, I thought you were happy at Cowan Bridge School!

There were no Christmas holidays at the school, and it was too difficult to travel over the cold, windy hills to visit my little girls. So I sat at home here in Haworth, with Aunt Branwell, my son, and the little girl, Anne. Outside, the wind blew snow over the gravestones, and there was ice on our windows.

On Christmas Day little Anne looked lonely. She asked me about her sisters.

'Don't worry, my dear,' I said. 'They are happy, with the other girls at school. You shall go to Cowan Bridge, too, when you are older.'

I remember how strangely she looked at me then. She was only four, and very pretty. She smiled at me, but her face went very white, and her hands started to shake. I don't know why. I thought she was cold, and I put some more wood on the fire. Then Aunt Branwell read her a story from the Bible, and I forgot about it.

In February a letter came. It was in an adult's handwriting, not Maria's

Many children in the school have been ill, and your daughter Maria...

My hand began to shake badly, and I dropped the letter on the floor. As I picked it up, I could see only one word—dead... If your daughter Maria does not come home soon, she will be dead.

I went over the hills to bring her back. My Maria was in a small bed in a cold room upstairs, coughing badly. Elizabeth and Charlotte and Emily stood beside her, waiting for me. They looked so sad and ill and frightened. I remember the big eyes in their small white faces. But I did not bring them home then; the school doctor said it was not necessary. So I took Maria home across the cold, windy moors to Haworth. I sat beside her in the coach and held her hand all the way. I remember how cold her hand was in mine. Thin cold fingers, that did not move at all.

It was too late to save her. She lay in bed upstairs for nearly three months, but she was too ill to eat. Her poor face was white, I remember, and it seemed thin and small like a dead child's. Only her eyes looked alive—big dark eyes in a thin white face. 'Don't cry, father,' she said to me once. 'I shall be with mother soon, you know. And with God.'

I buried Maria beside her mother, and a month later I buried Elizabeth there, too. She became ill at school, and a woman from the school brought her home. I brought Charlotte and Emily home two weeks later. They were here when Elizabeth died. Her body lay all night in a wooden box on the table, and her little sisters and brother kissed her before she was buried.

I had wanted so much for these two girls, and now I had nothing. I stood in the church, and looked at the summer flowers I had put on their grave. I remembered how my wife had held the girls in her arms, and how she had smiled at me when we looked at them. 'They have come back to you now, Maria,' I said. 'I am sorry. I am so sorry, my love.'

2 考恩桥学校

我生于爱尔兰的一座小房子里。家里只有两个房间，我有9个兄弟姐妹。父亲很穷，我们没有钱，只有一个小农场。附近有个教堂，那个教堂有一所学校。

这所学校赋予了我一个成功的机会。我非常努力，16岁时，我成了一名教师，后来我去剑桥的圣约翰学院深造。我成了副牧师。等到我成家的时候，我得到了一份好工作和一座房子。这一切得益于我在学校的努力。

我要我的孩子上我能找到的最好的学校。考恩桥学校是专为牧师的女儿们开办的。它属于一个牧师——威尔逊先生。我认为他是个好人。我喜欢这所学校，而且它也不太贵。在1842年7月，我把玛丽亚和伊丽莎白送到了那里。9月份，我又把夏洛蒂送到那儿。11月份又送去了爱米丽。爱米丽当时只有6岁，夏洛蒂8岁。

我记得那年秋天，家里变得非常安静。晚上我教儿子布兰韦尔念书；我妻子的姐姐照料最小的孩子安妮。我时常惦记我的女儿们。我的大女儿玛丽亚是个善良聪明的女孩，我相信她一定是学校中最好的学生。我等着她的来信，猜想着她又学到了什么新的东西。

在信中她确实给我讲了一些事，但还不够多。她只告诉我她喜欢学校的功课，我很高兴。但她没讲起学校的饮食、寒冷和严厉的教师。夏洛蒂后来告诉了我，但那已是很久以后的事了。我知道玛丽亚没有告诉我食物经常烧焦，难以下咽；床铺冰冷得令人无法入睡。她没有告诉我

可怜的孩子经常一大早饿着肚子，却不得不用冰水漱口，然后踏着积雪去教堂，星期天在冰冷的教堂里坐上两个钟头，双脚冻得冰凉。她也没有告诉我学校有许多孩子都生病了。

玛丽亚，你没有告诉我这些，是吗？或许你试着写可又停了笔，因为你害怕老师知道。你是个善良聪明的孩子，我那么地以你为荣，为你在学校念书而高兴。我希望你学会所有的东西；我不想你像我的姐妹们那么穷困一生。上帝，帮帮我，我以为你在考恩桥学校是快活的呀！

圣诞节学校也不放假，对我来说，要爬过寒风呼啸的山峦去看我的女儿们太困难了。所以，我和布兰韦尔姨妈、儿子和小女儿安妮留在霍沃斯的家中。屋外，寒风把雪卷到墓碑上空，窗户上都结了冰。

圣诞节那天小安妮显得很孤单。她向我问起姐姐们。

“别担心，亲爱的。”我说，“她们和其他孩子在学校里很快活。你长大了也要去考恩桥学校。”

我记得她听了以后那么奇怪地看着我，她只有4岁，非常漂亮。她冲我笑了笑，可是脸却变得非常苍白，双手也开始颤抖起来。我不知道是怎么回事。我以为她冷，就往火里加了些木头。然后布兰韦尔姨妈给她念圣经里的一个故事，我就把这事忘了。

2月份时来了一封信，不是玛丽亚写的，而是一个成年人的笔迹。“亲爱的勃朗特先生，”上面写道，“恐怕有个坏消息要通知您。学校里有很多孩子都病了，您的女儿玛丽亚……”

我的手剧烈地哆嗦起来，信纸滑落到地板上。我捡起来，只看见一个字——“死……如果您的女儿玛丽亚不赶快回家的话，她会死的。”

我翻山越岭去接她回家。我的小玛丽亚躺在楼上一间冰冷房间的小床上，剧烈地咳嗽着。伊丽莎白、夏洛蒂和爱米丽站在床边等着我。她们看上去好像病了，又伤心又惊恐不安。我记得她们苍白的小脸上大大的眼睛！但是我没有把她们也接回家；学校的医生说用不着。于是我只带着玛丽亚穿过寒风呼啸的荒野回到霍沃斯。一路上我在马车里坐在她身旁，握着她的手。我还记得她的手在我手心里是多么的冰凉啊。手指又细又凉，一动也不动。

要挽救她的生命还是太晚了。她在楼上的床上躺了近三个月，病得不能吃东西。我记得她那苍白的小脸看上去那么瘦小，像个死孩子一样。只有眼睛看上去还是活生生的——瘦削、苍白的脸上大大的黑眼睛。“别哭，爸爸。”有一次她对我说，“你知道，我很快就要和妈妈在一起了。和上帝在一起。”

我把玛丽亚埋在她妈妈的旁边。1个月以后我又掩埋了伊丽莎白，她在学校生了病，被学校的一个女人送回了家。两周后我把夏洛蒂和爱米丽接了回来。伊丽莎白死时她们都在家。她的尸体在桌上的木盒里放了整夜，下葬前她的小妹妹们和小弟弟亲吻了她。

我曾在这两个女孩子身上寄托了那么多希望，而现在我什么也没有了。我站在教堂里看着我放在她们坟上的花儿。我还记得我妻子如何把她们搂在怀里，记得当我看着她们时，她们是如何地向我微笑着。“她们回到你身边了，玛丽亚。”我说，“对不起，真对不起，亲爱的。”

3 The little books

I had four children now— Charlotte, Branwell, Emily and Anne. I did not send them to school again for many years. God's ways are hard to understand, I thought. Perhaps God was not pleased with me; perhaps He wanted Maria and Elizabeth for Himself. I decided to keep the others at home. Aunt Branwell could teach them, and I could help when I had time.

They were clever children, quick at learning. They loved to write and draw and paint, and they talked all day long. And, thank God, they were not ill. In the afternoons, my servant, Tabby, took them for long walks on the moors behind the house. They walked for miles on the hilltops in the strong clean wind, alone with the birds and the sheep. I think it was good for them. They grew stronger, and there was a bright light in their eyes.

I was not the only sad father in Haworth. Many, many children died, and I had to bury them all. The water in Haworth was bad, so many children died from illness. And many more died from accidents; I saw a hundred children die from fire. In my house, I was always very careful. I had no curtains, no cat—pets, because I was afraid of fire. My children never wore cotton clothes, because they burn so easily.

One day in 1826 I brought a box of toy soldiers home from Leeds. Next morning the children began to play games with them.

'This one is mine!' Charlotte said. 'He's the Duke of Wellington!'

'And this is mine!' said Branwell. 'He's Napoleon Bonaparte!'

The children liked the wooden soldiers and began to tell a story about them. It was a very exciting story, I remember. They read it to me and Aunt Branwell and Tabby, our servant. The next day they invented another story, and then another. And then for several days the children were very quiet, and I wondered what they were doing.

I went upstairs, and opened their bedroom door. Inside, they were all busily writing or drawing on small pieces of paper. The wooden soldiers were in the middle of the room in front of them.

'What are you doing?' I asked.

Emily looked up. 'Oh, father, please go away,' she said.

'We're writing our secret books.'

I suppose I looked sad. 'What? Can't I see them?' I asked.

They all thought for a minute. Then Charlotte said, very seriously: 'You can see some of them, of course, papa. But they aren't easy to read, because it's very small writing. We'll show them to you when we are ready.'

These toy soldiers opened a new world for my children. They showed me some of their stories, but there were hundreds that they kept secret. They all began writing so young—Charlotte, the oldest, was only ten, and Emily was eight. I don't think they ever stopped. Mr Nicholls has all Charlotte's little books now, in a cupboard in his room. Some of them are no more than five or six centimetres high. They are beautifully made, and full of small pictures and tiny writing. There is one on my desk now, but I can't read it, my eyes are too bad.

Charlotte and Branwell wrote about a country called Angria, while Emily and Anne wrote about a land called Gondal. The people in those countries fought battles and fell in love, and wrote letters and poems. My children wrote these poems and letters, and they wrote books about Angria and Gondal. They drew maps of the countries, wrote newspapers about them, and drew pictures of the towns and people in their stories. They invented a new world for themselves.

They wrote many of these stories when I was in bed. I used to read to the family, and pray with them in the evening, and then I usually went to bed at nine o'clock. One night, I remember, I woke up and came down again at ten. There was a noise in my room—this room where I am writing now. I opened the door and saw Charlotte and Branwell with a candle, looking at a picture on my wall.

'What are you doing here?' I asked.

'We're looking at the picture, papa,' Branwell said. 'It's the Duke of Zamorna and the Duke of Northangerland fighting in Glasstown.'

I looked at the picture. It's here now behind me. It's a picture of a story in the Bible, with a town, mountains, and hundreds of people in it. 'What do you mean?' I asked.

'It's one of our stories, papa,' Charlotte said. 'We have to come in here to look at the picture. Then we invent what happens.'

'Tell me, then,' I said. They both looked very excited; their faces were pink, and their eyes were bright in the candlelight. But they looked happy too. I put my candle on the table, and sat down here, where I am sitting now, to listen to their story.

It was a wonderful story. Charlotte's wooden soldier, the Duke of Wellington, had had a son, Arthur, Duke of Zamorna. Branwell's toy soldier, Bonaparte, had become the strong, bad, good-looking Duke of Northangerland. The two Dukes were fighting a terrible battle in a city called Glasstown. There were soldiers who died bravely, and beautiful women who fell in love. I listened until two o'clock in the morning. There was much more, but I have forgotten it now.

But I remember the excitement in my children's faces. Sometimes I thought they could actually see these people, as they talked.

Next day they said no more about it, and I did not ask. It was their own secret world, and they did not let me into it again. But I was pleased they had told me about it once. And sometimes they showed me drawings of places in Angria or Gondal. All my children could draw and paint beautifully. Charlotte used watercolours, and often spent hours painting small pictures. Branwell used oil-paints as well.

3 小书

现在我只剩下了4个孩子——夏洛蒂、布兰威尔、艾米丽和安妮。有好几年我没把他们送到学校去。我觉得上帝的做法不容易为人所理解。也许上帝对我不高兴，也许他自己想要玛丽亚和伊丽莎白。我决定把其他几个孩子留在家里，布兰威尔姨妈能教他们，我有空的时候也能

帮把手。

他们都是很聪明的孩子，学得很快。他们喜欢写字、画画和涂涂画画，一天到晚地都在交谈。感谢上帝，他们没再生病。下午，我们的用人泰比会带他们到屋后的荒野散步。在清凉劲风中，他们在山顶上走好几英里，和那些鸟儿、羊儿们呆在一起。这对他们很有好处。他们长得结实些了，眼眸中熠熠闪光。

在霍沃斯，我并不是唯一一个伤心的父亲，许多孩子都死了，都是由我来埋葬的。霍沃斯的水很糟糕，很多孩子因此生病死去。还有更多的孩子死于意外。我见过上百个孩子被火烧死。在自己家里我总是非常小心。我不挂窗帘，不铺地毯，因为我害怕火灾。我的孩子从不穿棉布衣服，那太容易着火了。

1826年的一天我从商店买回一盒玩具兵，第二天一早孩子们就开始玩起士兵的游戏。

“这个是我的！”夏洛蒂说，“他是惠灵顿公爵。”

“这个是我的！”布兰韦尔说，“他是拿破仑·波拿巴。”

孩子们喜欢这些木头士兵，编起了他们的故事。我记得那是个令人兴奋的故事。他们把故事念给我、布兰韦尔姨妈和用人泰比听。第二天他们又编出了新的故事，然后又是另一个。后来的几天孩子们变得很安静。我很奇怪，不知道他们究竟在干什么。

我上了楼，推开他们卧室的门。屋内他们正忙着在纸上又写又画。木头士兵就摆在他们面前屋子的中央。

“你们在干什么？”我问道。

爱米丽抬起头说：“哦，爸爸，请走开！我们正在写要保密的书。”

我想我看起来有点难过。“怎么，我不能看看吗？”我问。

他们想了一会儿。然后夏洛蒂非常严肃地说：“当然，爸爸，你可以看一部分。但它们不太好读，字太小了。等我们写完了就给你看。”

这些玩具兵为我的孩子们打开了一个新的世界。他们给我看了一些故事，可还有上百个故事对我保着密。他们那么小就开始写作了。最年长的夏洛蒂也才10岁，爱米丽8岁。自此以后他们就从未停止过写作。尼可斯先生现在把夏洛蒂的全部小书收藏在他房间的一个柜橱里。有几本差不多五六公分厚。它们制作精美，里面尽是小画和纤细的手写笔迹。还有一本现在就在我的书桌上，可是我读不了，我的眼神太差了。

夏洛蒂和布兰韦尔写了一个叫安哥利亚的国家。爱米丽和安妮写了一片叫哥恩达尔的土地。那些地区的人们打仗、恋爱，写信和诗歌。孩子们不只写这些诗和信，还描绘了安哥利亚和哥恩达尔这两个国家。他们画了地图，编了它们的报纸，还画了故事中的城堡及人。他们为自己设计了一个新世界。

我睡觉的时候他们就写很多这样的故事。我习惯念书给大家听，晚上和他们一起祷告，然后通常在9点钟时上床睡觉。记得一天夜里，我醒来，10点钟又下楼去。在我现在写作的房间听到了一点声音。我开门看见夏洛蒂和布兰韦尔举着一枝蜡烛，正在看我墙上的一幅画。

“你们在这儿干什么？”我问。

“我们在看画呢，爸爸。”布兰韦尔说道，“这是扎摩那公爵和北安哥兰公爵的玻璃城之战。”

我看着画，它现在就在我身后。那是圣经里的一个故事，有城镇、山峦和几百个人。“你们是什么意思？”我问他们。

“这是我们的一个故事，爸爸。”夏洛蒂说，“我们得来这儿看看它，这样才能把故事编出来。”

“那么讲给我听听。”我说。他们看上去很兴奋，小脸红扑扑的，眼睛在烛光下闪闪发亮。看样子他们很开心。我把手中的蜡烛放到桌上，坐了下来——就是我现在坐的地方——听他们讲故事。

那真是个奇妙的故事。夏洛蒂的木头兵是惠灵顿公爵，他有个叫亚瑟的儿子，也就是扎摩那公爵。布兰韦尔的木头兵波拿巴成了一个强壮、邪恶而又英俊的北安哥兰公爵。两个公爵在一个叫玻璃城的地方进行了一场激烈的战斗，士兵们英勇地死去，美丽的女人们堕入爱河。我一直听到凌晨两点。还有很多情节我现在已经忘记了。

但我还记得孩子们脸上兴奋的表情。有时我觉得，当他们讲述时，他们真的都能看到那些人物。

第二天他们不再提这件事了，我也没有再问。那是他们自己的秘密世界，不让我再进入。但我很高兴他们毕竟还是给我讲了一次。有时他们还给我看关于安哥利亚和哥恩达尔的画。我的孩子们都画得很棒。夏洛蒂经常花几小时用水彩来画这些小画布兰韦尔也用油画颜料画画。

4 Growing up

When Branwell was fourteen or fifteen, he did a lot of oil—paintings. He painted people in the village, and it was easy to recognize the faces in the pictures. Later, he did a fine painting of his three sisters. I was very proud of him. We all decided he would become a famous artist.

Charlotte went to school again when she was fifteen. It was a much better school—Miss Wooler’s school at Roe Head. I don’t think Charlotte liked school, but she wanted to be a teacher—a governess—so she worked hard. I taught Bran—well at home, and Aunt Branwell taught Emily and Anne. The girls and Branwell were learning to play the piano, and Bran—well played the music in church.

Emily and Anne had dogs, and they used to take them for walks on the moors. Anne’s dog was called Flossy, and Emily had a big strong one called Keeper. Keeper went everywhere with her—I think Emily loved that dog more than any person. Emily was sometimes a difficult child. She was very shy, and did not often speak to anyone outside the family. When she was older, I sent her to school with Charlotte, but she hated it, so I brought her home and sent Anne instead.

Branwell was not shy. He could talk to anyone for hours. Everyone in Haworth liked him. I remember the day in 1835 when Branwell went to London. He was eighteen years old, and he was going to the Royal Academy in London to learn to be an artist. He walked down the hill in Haworth with a bag of his best paintings on his back, and everyone in the village came out to see him go. That was a great day for me.

Something terrible happened in London, but I don’t know what it was. Branwell came back two weeks later, his face white, his clothes dirty. I don’t know where he went or what happened in London. He refused to tell me. He just sat upstairs, alone in his room for hours.

Later, I paid for a room in Bradford for him to work in. He could paint pictures of famous people there, I thought. It was easy work for him. But he couldn’t do it. He spent all my mon—ey, and came home again after a while.

This was a sad time for me. My eyes were very bad, and I had to pay a young curate to help me with my work for the church. My old servant, Tabby, broke her leg and was very ill. And then one day I got a letter from Miss Wooler’s school. My curate read it to me.

Dear Mr Brontë, the letter said. I am afraid that your daughter Anne is very ill, and...

I don’t think I ever moved so fast in all my life. Six hours later, I was at Roe Head. The next day Anne and Charlotte were home. Anne was still alive, thank God! A month later she was well again. Thank God.

All my children were safe at home.

I was happy to have them here. They were so clever, and kind, and they loved each other so much. But I was an old man with bad eyes, and Aunt Branwell and I had very little money. My children had to find work somewhere, in order to live.

But what sort of work could they do?

4 长大

布兰韦尔长到十四五岁时已经画了大量的油画。他画村子里的人，从画面上很容易认出那些人的面孔。后来他为3个姐妹精心地画了一幅画。我为他感到非常自豪，我们都认为他会成为一个有名的艺术家。

夏洛蒂15岁时又去了学校。那是一所很好的学校——伍勒小姐学校的罗伊·海德分校。我觉得夏洛蒂不喜欢学校，但她想成为一名教师——家庭教师，为此她努力学习。我在家里教布兰韦尔，姨妈教艾米丽和安妮。同时他们也学弹钢琴，布兰韦尔还曾在教堂演奏。

艾米丽和安妮养了些狗，她们常常带狗在荒野上散步。安妮的狗叫“福劳赛”，艾米丽的大狗叫“管家”。“管家”到哪儿都跟着她，我猜艾米丽爱狗超过了爱其他人。艾米丽有时是个很难相处的孩子，她非常害羞，不爱与家庭以外的人讲话。长大点后我送她到学校，和夏洛蒂在一起。可她不喜欢学校，于是我又把她接回来，而把安妮送去了。

布兰韦尔可不害羞。他可以和任何人谈上几小时。霍沃斯的每个人都喜欢他。记得1835年的一天，布兰韦尔要去伦敦。他18岁了，要到伦敦皇家学院学艺术。他从霍沃斯走下山去，背上的包里装着他最好的画，村里的人都出来为他送行。那一天真是我的好日子。

在伦敦发生了一些可怕的事情。我也不知道究竟是怎么回事。两星期后他回来了，脸色苍白，衣衫褴褛。我不知道他在伦敦去了什么地方，也不知道出了什么事，他拒绝跟我讲。他只是在楼上自己的房间里一坐就是半天。

后来我在布莱福德为他租了间画室，我想他在那儿可以为大人物们画像。那种工作对他来说是轻而易举的，但他做不到。过了一阵，他把钱花光了后又回家了。

这次我很难过。我的视力很差了。得付钱请一名年轻的副牧师协助教堂的工作。我的老用人泰比跌断了腿，病得很重。一天，我收到伍勒小姐学校的一封信，我的助手给我念着：

“亲爱的勃朗特先生，”信中写道，“您的女儿安妮恐怕病得很重，而且……”

我觉得自己一生中从未行动地如此迅速，6个小时后我已到了罗伊·海德，第二天安妮和夏洛蒂回到了家里。感谢上帝，安妮还活着，1个月后就痊愈了。真得感谢上帝！

我的孩子们在家里很安全。

我高兴让他们留在这儿。他们是那么聪明、善良，而且彼此友爱。但我已是个视力糟糕透顶的老人了，布兰韦尔姨妈和我的钱少得可怜。我的孩子们为了生存，就必须去什么地方找个工作。

可是他们能干什么呢？

5 Looking for work

I do not remember everything they did.

Charlotte and Anne worked as governesses for some months, teaching rich children in big houses, and Branwell got a job like that too, for a while. But they didn't like their work. At home my children were full of talk and laughter, but away from home they were shy, quiet, unhappy.

They wrote a lot of letters in their search for work—some—times to famous people. Branwell wanted to be a writer, so he wrote to writers; but not many of them wrote back. He began to look pale and sad in those days, and he was often in the vil—lage pub, drinking and talking to the people there. Then he got a job selling tickets on the railways, and left home.

The girls had an idea. I remember the day when they told me about it. Charlotte and Anne were at home on holiday, and we were all in the sitting-room after dinner one evening. Anne was playing the piano, and singing quietly to herself. She was the prettiest of the three girls, I suppose. She had long wavy brown hair, and a gentle, kind face Emily sat on the floor be—side her, stroking the ears of her dog, Keeper. Charlotte sat op—posite me on the sofa, like a little child with a serious, thought—ful face. She was the smallest; her feet were no bigger than my hands.

She looked at me carefully. 'Papa, 'she said. 'We want to start a school. '

'Really, my dear? Where? '

'Here. '

'But Charlotte, my dear, we have no room. This house is full already. '

'Oh, but we could change the house, papa. We could build a schoolroom. '

'Well, yes, I suppose so, 'I said. 'But—why do you want to do this? Isn't it better to work as governesses, in some big fine house? '

'Oh no, papa! 'All three girls spoke at once. Anne had stopped playing, and Emily looked very angry and frightening. I could see they had thought hard about this.

Charlotte said: 'The life of a governess is terrible, papa! A governess has no time of her own, no friends, no one to talk to, and if she gets angry with the children, they just run to their mother. I couldn't possibly be a governess all my life! '

'It's true, papa, 'Anne said. 'It's an awful life. We're so lonely away from each other. Why can't we have a school, and all live here? Then we can take care of you and Aunt Branwell when you get old. '

I looked at Emily. Her eyes were shining; I could see that the idea was important to her too.

'But why will people send their children here? ' I asked. 'Haworth is not a big town, or a beautiful place. How will you find children to teach? '

'We have thought of that too, papa, 'Charlotte said. 'We must learn more, and become better teachers. I have spoken to Aunt Branwell, and she will give us the money, if you agree. Emily and I want to go to Belgium, to learn French. If we can speak French well, then parents will send their children to us to learn that. '

'Emily will go? 'I said. I looked at her. Emily had only been away from home twice, and each time she had been very unhappy. But now she looked excited.

'Yes, papa, 'she said. 'I will go. Charlotte is right— we must do something. And this will help us to stay together. '

'And Anne? '

'I will stay as a governess with the Robinson family, 'Anne said sadly. 'There's not enough money for us all to go, and ...the Robinsons are not so very bad. '

It was always like that. Anne was a gentle girl; she did not fight as hard as the others. Perhaps her life was easier because of that. I don't know.

But I thought it was a wonderful idea. I wrote to Belgium, and found them places in a school in Brussels, which was owned by a Monsieur Héger. I agreed to take the girls there, and for a month I wrote down French words in a little pocket book, to help me on the journey. Then, one afternoon in 1824, we caught the train to London.

I had not been to London for over twenty years, and my daughters had never been there. We stayed for three days, and then we took the night boat to Belgium, and arrived at a tall, fine school building in the centre of Brussels.

Héger himself was a very polite, friendly man—very kind. He did not always understand my French, but he showed me round the school, and talked a lot, very fast. I smiled, and tried to answer.

The two girls were very excited when I left them. As I came home on the boat, I thought: 'This is a good thing, a fine thing, perhaps. My daughters will start a good school, and Ha—worth will become famous. I hope Branwell can make a success of his life, too. Then my wife Maria will be pleased with us all. '

5 找工作

我已记不清他们做过的每一件事情了。

夏洛蒂和安妮做过几个月的家庭教师，在高大的房子里教有钱人家的孩子们。布兰韦尔也暂时找了个类似的工作，但他们都不喜欢这种工作。在家里我的孩子们谈笑风生，可离开家后他们就变得害羞、沉默、很不开心。

他们为找工作写了许多信，有时是写给大人物的。布兰韦尔想当作家，他就给作家写信，却很少有人回信。那些日子他变得伤心疲倦，经常在乡村酒吧和人喝酒、闲聊。后来他找到一份在火车站卖票的工作，就离开了家。

女儿们另有想法。我还记得她们跟我谈话的那天。夏洛蒂和安妮回家休假，晚饭后我们都坐在客厅里，安妮弹着钢琴，一边弹一边还轻轻地唱着歌。我觉得她是3个女儿中最美的，有一头髻曲的褐色长发，还有着一张温柔善良的脸。艾米丽坐在她旁边的地板上，抚摸着她那只叫“管家”的狗的耳朵。夏洛蒂坐在我对面的沙发上，看上去像个孩子，却又带着深思熟虑的表情。她个子最小，脚还没有我的手大。

她端详着我，说：“爸爸，我们想开办一所学校。”

“真的，亲爱的？在哪儿？”

“就在这儿。”

“可是夏洛蒂，亲爱的，我们没有地方啊！这栋房子已经很满了呀！”

“哦，但我们可以，爸爸。我们可以盖一间大教室。”

“嗯，是啊，我觉得行。”我说，“不过为什么你想干这个呢？在别人家的大房子里做家庭教师不是更好吗？”

“噢，不，爸爸！”3个女儿一起对我说。安妮停下来，不弹琴了，爱米丽看上去很生气，样子非常吓人。我看得出她们已经好好想过了。

夏洛蒂说：“当女家庭教师的生活太可怕了，爸爸！一个家庭教师没有属于自己的时间，没有朋友，没有说话的人。如果对孩子发脾气，他们就会立刻跑到自己母亲那里去。我不可能一辈子都干这个！”

“真的，爸爸。”安妮说，“那种生活很可怕。我们不得不分开，都那么孤单。为什么我们不能有所自己的学校，就住在这儿呢？这样等您和布兰韦尔姨妈老了我们就可以照顾你们了。”

我看着爱米丽，她的眼睛熠熠发光，看得出这主意对她也很重要。

“但是人们为什么要把孩子送到这儿来呢？”我问，“霍沃斯既非大城市，又不是风景区。你们怎么找到孩子来教呢？”

“我们也已经想到这一点了，爸爸。”夏洛蒂说，“我们必须多学一些，成为更好的教师。我和布兰韦尔姨妈谈过了，如果您同意，她会给我们钱的。爱米丽和我想去比利时学法语。如果我们能讲流利的法语，那些父母就会把孩子送来学法语。”

“爱米丽会去吗？”我说。一边看着她。爱米丽只离开过家两次，每次她都很不开心。但这回她看上去却相当兴奋。

“是的，爸爸。”她说，“我要去。夏洛蒂是对的，我们必须做些事情，这还能使我们待在一起。”

“那安妮呢？”

“我还在罗宾逊家里当家庭教师，”安妮难过地说，“我们的钱不够大家都去的，况且罗宾逊家的人也没那么坏。”

事情总是那样。安妮是个温柔的孩子，她不像别人那样努力地去争取。或许正是如此，她的生活倒更轻松些。我不知是否如此。

不过我还是认为这是个好主意。我写信去比利时，在布鲁塞尔的一所学校为他们找到了去的地方。那所学校是埃热先生的。我同意送她们去那儿，在一个月内我在小笔记本上记下了许多法语单词，以备旅途之需。然后，1842年的一个下午，我们坐上了开往伦敦的火车。

我已有二十多年没去伦敦了，女儿们还从来没去过。我们在伦敦住了三天，然后搭夜班船去比利时，最后到达布鲁塞尔市中心的一座高大美观的学校楼前。

埃热本人是一个很有礼貌、很友好的人——非常和气。他并不总能听懂我的法语，但还是带着我在学校转了一圈，他讲了许多话，速度快极了。我微笑着，努力有所应答。

当我离开时两个孩子非常兴奋。坐在船上我心想：“这也许是件好事，一件妙事。我的女儿们将开办一所好学校，霍沃斯也将因此而出名。我希望布兰韦尔的生活成功，那样我妻子玛丽亚会为我们都感到高兴的。”

6 Monsieur Héger and Mrs Robinson

At first everything went well. Monsieur Héger wrote to me often. He was pleased with my daughters, he said; they were good pupils. But life at home in Haworth was hard. My curate died, and Aunt Branwell became very ill. Emily and Charlotte came home to see her, but she was dead before they arrived.

She was a good woman, Elizabeth Branwell. She kept my home for more than twenty years, and she taught my daughters everything she knew. But she never liked Haworth, I am sure of that. She said it was a cold, miserable place. I hope that God has found somewhere warm and comfortable for her now.

But how could I live without her? My eyes were now very bad, and I could not see to read. And our servant Tabby was older than I was. Anne could not help me—she was a gov—erness for the Robinson family, and now Branwell had a job there too, teaching their young son. So Charlotte went back to Brussels alone, this time as a teacher in Monsieur Héger's school. Emily stayed at home to cook and clean for me. She did not like Brussels, she said. She was happy to do the housework, and live at home with Tabby and me.

She was a strange, quiet girl, Emily. She was the tallest of the girls, and in some ways she was as strong as a man. She loved to walk by herself on the wild lonely moors, with her dog Keeper running by her side. Sometimes I saw her there, singing or talking quietly to herself, and I thought perhaps she could see the people in her secret world of Gondal, and was talking to them. I know that she spent a lot of time writing alone in her room; and when Anne was at home, she and Emily often talked and wrote about the world of Gondal together.

There were sometimes dangerous people near Haworth, so I always had a gun in the house. Before my eyes were bad, I taught Emily to shoot—she loved that. Sometimes I used to practise shooting in the garden while she was making bread in the kitchen. I shot first, then I called Emily. She came out, cleaned her hands, picked up the gun, shot, and went back in to finish the bread. She was much better at shooting than I was.

But by 1844 my eyes were too bad for shooting. Emily cooked, cleaned the house, played the piano. And almost every day she went for long walks on the moors with her dog, Keeper.

She loved that dog, but she could be very hard with him, too. We did not let him go upstairs, but one day Tabby found him on my bed. Emily was very angry; her face was white and hard. Keeper was a big, strong dog, but she pulled him down—stairs and hit him again and again until the dog was nearly blind. Then she gently washed his cuts herself. He never went upstairs again.

Charlotte was another year in Brussels. When she came home, she was quiet and sad. Sometimes she wrote long letters in French to Monsieur Héger, but no letters came from him. But this was a time of hope, too. The girls wrote advertise—ments for their new school, and sent them to newspapers, and to everybody they knew. It was exciting—they were good advertisements, and we waited for the first children to come.

We waited a long time, and Charlotte wrote more advertise—ments.

No children came.

Every day Charlotte and Emily waited for a letter from the postman, or for a parent to come to see them. Every day they became more miserable.

Anne left her job with the Robinsons and came home to Ha—worth. A month later Branwell also came home, for a holiday.

And then one morning, early, there was a knock on the door. Charlotte ran to open it. But it was not a parent—it was a letter for her brother Branwell. He went upstairs with it, smiling.

A few minutes later there was a terrible scream. We ran up—stairs to Branwell's room. He lay on his bed, screaming, with a white face and wild dark eyes. The letter was in his hand.

'Branwell! What is it? What's the matter?' I asked.

He tore his hair with his hands. 'I'm ill, 'he said. 'I'm cold—Oh, what does it matter? She doesn't care...I can't see her...Oh, it's all finished now, finished for ever! I'll die without her!'

'Here, Branwell, drink this. 'Emily brought him a cup of hot milk, but his hand was shaking and he nearly dropped it.

Charlotte put her hand on his head. 'He's hot, papa, he's burning, 'she said. 'You must go to bed at once, Branwell. '

He went to bed, and he lay there, sometimes sleeping, some—times shouting and crying. I tried to talk to him, but I couldn't understand what he said. Then, later, Anne explai—nd.

She told us a terrible story. I was so angry! I nearly broke a chair with my hands as I listened. My son Branwell, Anne said, was in love with Mrs Robinson, the rich mother of his pupil. For months this lady had spoken kindly to Branwell, walked with him in the garden, talked to him alone in the evenings. He thought she would marry him when her husband died. And then there were other things, that Anne did not want to speak about.

The letter was from Mr Robinson. He was often ill, Anne told us, but his children knew about Branwell and their mother, and the servants knew too, I think. Perhaps Mr Robin—son had learnt something from them, or perhaps that woman (I cannot call her a wife) had told him everything. Only one thing was certain—in his letter Mr Robinson had ordered Branwell never to return to his house or to speak to any of his family again.

My face was hot and my hands were shaking. I tried to talk to Branwell about it, but it was impossible.

'I love her, papa!' he shouted. 'You don't understand—how can you? You've never seen her!'

'I don't want to see her, my son, 'I said. 'I understand that she is a bad, evil woman. I hope that God will punish her and...'

'Don't say that, papa!' he screamed. 'You are talking about the woman I love! She will call me back! I will see her again!'

'I hope you never see her again, my son, 'I said. 'You must forget her. Branwell, listen to me...'

But he did not listen. He ran out of the house. He did not come back until the evening, and then he was drunk. He did

not listen that day, or the next day, or any day. He began to drink laudanum as well. I thought he would kill himself.

So I think Charlotte was pleased that no parents came. No school could have a man like Branwell in it.

6 埃热先生和罗宾逊太太

起先每件事都进展顺利，埃热先生时常给我写信，他说和我的女儿们相处愉快，她们都是好学生，可是在霍沃斯，家里的生活变得艰难了。我的副牧师死了，布兰威尔姨妈病得很重。爱米丽和夏洛蒂赶回来看她，可她还是在她们到家之前就去世了。

伊丽莎白·布兰威尔是个好女人，她管理我们家二十多年，她尽自己所知教育我的女儿们。但我肯定她从未喜欢过霍沃斯。她说这地方又寒冷又悲惨。我希望上帝现在为她准备了一个温暖而舒适的地方。

但是没有她我还怎么过日子？我的视力现在糟糕透顶，已经无法看书了。而我们的老用人泰比比我岁数还大。安妮也帮不上忙——她是罗宾逊家的家庭教师，现在布兰威尔也在那儿教他们的小儿子。所以夏洛蒂只好一个人回布鲁塞尔，这回她成了埃热先生学校的老师。爱米丽留在我家为我们做饭和打扫房子。她说她不喜欢布鲁塞尔。她喜欢做家务，喜欢和泰比及我一起在家里生活。

爱米丽是个奇怪而安静的姑娘。儿女中数她个子最高，某些方面她像个男人一样坚强。她喜欢独自在荒野中漫步，“管家”总跟在她旁边跑着，有时我看见她在那里轻轻地给自己唱歌、说话。我觉得她能看见神秘的哥恩达尔世界中的人物，并和他们交谈。我知道她花了大量的时间在房间里一个人写作。当安妮回家时，她俩经常一起写哥恩达尔世界的故事。

有时霍沃斯附近会出现一些危险人物，所以我家中常备着枪。在我视力变坏以前，我曾教爱米丽射击——她也喜欢射击。有时我在花园里练枪法，她在厨房做面包，我先打，然后叫爱米丽，她出来擦干净手，拿起枪，扣一下扳机，然后又回厨房接着做面包。她打得可比我好多了。

但是到了1844年，我的视力糟得不能射击了。爱米丽做饭、打扫屋子、弹琴，几乎每天都和“管家”在荒野中走很远的路。

她爱那条狗，但也对它很严厉，它不能上楼。可是有一天泰比发现它睡在我的床上。爱米丽非常生气，脸变得苍白、阴沉。“管家”是一条大狗，但是她一把就将它拖下楼，把它揍来揍去，几乎打瞎了。然后她自己又轻轻地给它洗伤。从此它再也没有上过楼。

夏洛蒂在布鲁塞尔又呆了一年。再回家时她变得沉默、忧伤。有时她用法语给埃热先生写长长的信，但没有收到回信。不过这段时间也充满着希望，女儿们为她们的新学校写广告，寄给报社，寄给她们认识的所有人。真令人兴奋——那些出色的广告，我们期待着第一批学生的到来。

我们等了很久，同时夏洛蒂又写了更多的广告。

可是没有孩子来。

每天夏洛蒂和爱米丽都等着邮差送信，期待着某一对父母来找她们。一天又一天她们都变得越发伤心。

安妮辞去了她在罗宾逊家中的工作，回到霍沃斯的家中。一个月后，布兰威尔也回家来度假。

一天清早，一阵敲门声响了起来。夏洛蒂跑过去开门，但那不是某一对父母，而是一封给她弟弟布兰威尔的信。他微笑着拿上楼去了。

几分钟后房间里传出来一声可怕的尖叫。我们跑上楼，冲进布兰威尔的房间。他躺在床上，尖叫着，脸色苍白，深色眼睛流露出狂野的神色。那封信紧紧攥在他手里。

“布兰威尔，那是什么信？你怎么了？”我问。

他双手撕扯着头发。“我生病了。”他说，“我觉得冷——噢，那又怎么样，她并不关心……我见不到她了……噢，现在全完了，永远完了！没有我会死的！”

“来吧，布兰威尔，把这个喝了。”爱米丽端来一杯热牛奶，可他双手颤抖得几乎拿不住杯子。

夏洛蒂用手试试他的头。“好烫呀，爸爸。他在发烧。”她说，“你必须立即躺下，布兰威尔。”

他上了床，躺在那儿，一会睡着了，但一会儿又大喊大叫。我试着和他说话，却弄不明白他在说什么。后来安妮解释了一切。

她告诉了我们一个可怕的故事。我非常生气！听的时候差点把一把椅子捏碎了。我的儿子布兰威尔，安妮说，爱上了罗宾逊太太，就是他那学生的有钱母亲。有几个月，这个女人对布兰威尔甜言蜜语，和他在花园散步，晚上和他单独谈话。他觉得等她丈夫死后，她就会嫁给他。后来又发生了别的事情，安妮不想说了。

信是罗宾逊先生写的。他时常生病，安妮说。可他的孩子们知道布兰威尔和他们母亲的事情。我猜想连用人可能也知道了。也许罗宾逊先生从他俩那儿看出了什么，或许那个女人（我无法称她为一个妻子）已经告诉了他一切。只有一件事是肯定的——在信中罗宾逊先生命令布兰威尔永远不得踏进他的家门，也不能再与他的家人讲话。

我的脸在发烧，双手颤抖。我想和布兰威尔谈谈这事，但不可能。

“我爱她，爸爸！”他喊道，“你不懂，你怎么能懂呢？你又从未见过她！”

“我不想见她，儿子。”我说，“我只懂得她是个坏女人，一个邪恶的女人。我希望上帝惩罚她……”

“别说了，爸爸！”他声嘶力竭地喊道，“你在说一个我爱的女人！她会叫我回去的！我会再见到她的。”

“我希望你不要再见她了，儿子。”我说，“你必须忘了她。布兰威尔，听我说……”

但他没有听，他从房间里冲了出去，直到晚上才回来，已是醉醺醺的了。那天他没有听我说完，第二天也没有，以后再也没有。他还开始喝鸦片酊，我觉得他会害死自己的。

所以我觉得夏洛蒂会高兴没有学生父母来。没有哪所学校能容得下布兰威尔这样的人。

At about this time, in 1845, I was almost blind. I had a new curate to do my work—Arthur Nicholls, a young man of twenty-eight. He came from Northern Ireland like my—self. He was a good, hard worker. I spoke in the church on Sundays, but Arthur Nicholls did the rest of my work.

Branwell became worse and worse. Mr Robinson died in 1846, but Mrs Robinson didn't marry Branwell—oh no! She was a cold wicked woman. She sent my son Branwell away, and later married a rich old man. And so Branwell spent more and more time drinking, and taking laudanum, and walking alone on the moors.

When you are blind, you listen to things very carefully. I used to sit alone in my room and listen to the sounds of the wind outside the house. The wind talks and whispers and sings—it has many voices. I listened to the sounds of the clock on the stairs, and the wood in the fire, and the footsteps and voices of the girls walking round the house. They talked a lot to each other, and sometimes I could hear what they said, even when they were in another room.

Anne had had a poem published in a magazine, and one day I heard a conversation between Charlotte and Emily. Charlotte had found something that Emily had written, and was talking to her about it.

'But they're wonderful, Emily,' Charlotte said. 'They're much better than mine or Anne's.'

'They're not for people to read,' Emily said. 'They're part of the Gondal story. Nobody would understand them, except me and Anne.'

I realized that they were talking about some poems of Emily's. I knew that Emily and Anne wrote a lot about the country of Gondal, but I didn't know much about it. Emily kept all her papers locked in her desk.

Charlotte was arguing with her. 'Emily, listen to me! These are fine poems. I think we should put some of them in a book, together with mine and Anne's, and try to publish it. People should read them!'

'No!' Emily shouted. Then her dog Keeper began to bark, and I didn't hear any more. But I think they talked about this again several times. I often heard voices arguing, and usually they never argued about their writing.

I wanted to tell them not to do it. I had published several small books myself, but I always lost money. I had to pay the publisher to print the books, and not many people bought them. It's an easy way to lose money. But I was too ill, so I said nothing.

I learnt, many years later, that they paid over £30 to have a book of poems printed, and that it sold two copies. I am not surprised that they didn't tell me about it; we had very little

I began to feel that there was something wrong with my head, as well as my eyes. Several times the postman brought an old packet to our house, which was addressed to a man called Currer Bell. I told him that no Currer Bell lived in Haworth, and sent him away. But then, a month or two later, he came back again, with the same old packet.

In the summer of 1846 Charlotte took me to see an eye doctor in Manchester. We stayed in rooms in the town. The doctor decided to operate on my eyes, and the next morning we got up early. I was afraid. Could I hold my head still while the doctor cut into my eyes with a knife? Perhaps the pain would be too terrible. Perhaps I would move, or stand up, or...

Charlotte held my hand. As we left our rooms, we met a postman.

'Good morning, Miss,' he said. 'There's packet here for Currer Bell.'

'Oh...thank you,' Charlotte sounded sad, but she took the packet, and put it in her room. She did not open it. Then we walked to the eye doctor's.

The pain was terrible, but it was over in fifteen minutes, and I didn't move. Afterwards, I had to lie on a bed in a dark room. We couldn't go home for a month. A nurse came some-times, but Charlotte stayed with me all day.

I asked her once about the packet. She said: 'Oh, it's for a friend of mine, papa. It had a letter for me in it. I have posted it away again now.'

I didn't understand, but I didn't ask again. I lay quietly on my bed most of the day, and Charlotte sat in the next room writing. She wrote very fast, for many hours, and never put her pen down once. She seemed quiet, but strangely happy.

I was happy too. The doctor had helped; I could see again. It was wonderful—the colours, the shapes of everything were beautiful. When we came back to Haworth, I could see every-thing clearly at last—our home, the church, the graveyard, the moors, the faces of my Emily and Anne!

And Branwell.

Branwell's face looked terrible. White, thin, with big dark eyes and untidy hair. His clothes were dirty, he smelt, his hands shook. All the time he was either shouting or crying. And always, every day, he asked me for money.

I let him sleep in my room at night, and he kept me awake for hours talking about Mrs Robinson. I remembered his paintings, his stories, his happy childish laughter. My fine, clever son had become a drunken animal.

The winter of 1846 was terribly cold. The wind blew snow around the house and over the gravestones. A lot of children died in the village. Anne was ill, Branwell was worse. We lit fires in all the rooms, but there was ice inside the windows in the mornings. I spent most of my time with Branwell, so I didn't think very much about the girls.

And then, one afternoon, Charlotte came into my room. I was sitting here, in this same chair, beside the fire. She had a book in her hand, and that strange, happy look on her face.

'Papa,' she said. 'I've been writing a book.'

I smiled. 'Have you, my dear?' I thought she had written another little book about Angria.

'Yes, and I want you to read it.'

'Oh, I'm afraid it will hurt my eyes too much.' My eyes were much better, but the tiny writing in the Angria books was too small for me.

'Oh no,' she said. 'It's not in my handwriting; it is printed.' She held out the book in her hand.

‘My dear! Think how much it will cost! You will almost certainly lose money, because no one will buy it! No one knows your name!’

‘I don’t think so, father. I didn’t pay to get it printed, you know. The publishers paid me. Listen to what people say about it in these magazines.’

She sat down, and read to me from some of the most famous magazines in England. There were long articles in them, about a book called Jane Eyre, by Currer Bell. They were kind articles; most of the magazine writers liked the book.

‘This Currer Bell, then,’ I asked. ‘Is it you?’

Charlotte laughed. ‘Yes, papa. It’s a man’s name, with the same first letters: CB—Charlotte Brontë, Currer Bell.’

She gave me the book, and went out. I began to read.

I think I read for two hours, but it seemed like ten minutes. It was a wonderful, beautiful book—the story of a little girl called Jane Eyre. Her parents are dead, so she lives with an unkind aunt and her children. Then Jane goes away to a school called Lowood. This school is a terrible place, and it is very like the school at Cowan Bridge. Jane Eyre’s best friend, Helen Burns, falls ill at the school, and dies. This Helen is just like my own little Maria. When I read about her death, my eyes filled with tears. But it was a beautiful book, too; I did not want to put it down.

At five o’clock I got up and went into the sitting-room. My three daughters sat there waiting for me. Their eyes were very bright. I still had tears in my eyes, but I had a big smile on my face too. I held up Jane Eyre in my hand, and said: ‘Girls, do you know Charlotte has written a book? And it is more than good, you know—it is very, very fine indeed!’

7 柯勒·埃利斯和阿克顿·贝尔

大约是在1845年，我几乎全瞎了。我请了一个新的副牧师替我工作，他就是亚瑟·尼可斯，一个28岁的年轻人。和我一样他来自北爱尔兰。他人很好，工作也勤奋。我只在星期天讲道，其余的活儿都是亚瑟·尼可斯干。

布兰韦尔越来越糟了，罗宾逊先生死于1846年，可罗宾逊太太并没有嫁给他。——噢，没有！她是个冷血的、邪恶的女人，她把我儿子打发掉，自己后来嫁给了一个老富翁。这样布兰韦尔花越来越多的时间喝酒和鸦片酊，或者一个人在荒野上踱步。

当人眼睛瞎后，听东西就会格外仔细。我常常一个人坐在自己的房间里，听着屋外风的声音。风儿说着、低语着、唱着——它有很多种声调。我也听着楼梯上大钟的嘀哒嘀哒的响声，炉火中木柴的噼叭声以及女儿们在房子里的踱步声。她们经常谈论许多事，有时我还能听见她们谈话的内容，即使她们是在另一个房间。

安妮有一首诗在杂志上发表了。一天我听到了夏洛蒂和爱米丽之间的谈话，夏洛蒂读到了爱米丽写的东西，正和她谈论着。

“可它们很棒啊，爱米丽。”夏洛蒂说，“它们比我和安妮的强多了。”

“那不是写给外人看的，”爱米丽说，“它们是哥恩达尔故事的一部分，除了我和安妮，没有谁能懂。”

我听出来她们在谈论爱米丽的诗。我知道她和安妮写了很多关于哥恩达尔的故事。但我了解的不多。爱米丽把她所有的诗稿都锁在自己的书桌里。

夏洛蒂和她争论道：“爱米丽，听我的！这些都是好诗，我觉得我们应该把它同我和安妮的诗一起编成一本书，试着出版。人们应该读到它们！”

“不！”爱米丽喊道。她的“管家”也跟着叫了起来，我就听不清后面的谈话了。但我想她们就这个话题又谈了好几次。我经常听到争论的声音，一般来说，她们从不会为写作而争论的。

我想劝她们不要出书。我曾出过几本自己的书，但总是赔钱。我得付钱给出版商印书，而并没有多少人买这些书。这真是一桩太容易亏本的事。但我病得很厉害，就什么也没说。

很多年以后，我了解到她们付了30英镑印这本诗集，只卖了两本。她们瞒着我，我倒不觉得奇怪；家里的钱太少了。

我觉得我的脑子开始出毛病了，眼睛也不对劲。有几次邮差给我们送一个旧包裹来，上面写着柯勒·贝尔先生收。我告诉他霍沃斯没有叫这个名字的人，可两个月后，他又把同一个包裹送了过来。

1846年的夏天，夏洛蒂带我去曼彻斯特看眼科大夫。我们住在镇上的房子里，大夫决定给我的眼睛做手术，第二天我们起得很早。我有点害怕。当医生用刀切到我的眼睛时，我的头能保持不动吗？也许会疼得很厉害。也许我会动，会站起来，或是……

夏洛蒂握着我的手，我们离开家时，碰上了一个邮差。

“早上好，小姐，”他说，“这儿有个给柯勒·贝尔的包裹。”

“哦，谢谢。”夏洛蒂听上去有些难过，但她接过包裹，把它放回房间。她并没有打开。然后我们去了眼科大夫那儿。

手术非常痛苦，好在15分钟就结束了。我坚持着没有动。之后我躺在一间黑屋子里的床上。在医院里我们呆了1个月，不能回家。有个护士不时来一下，夏洛蒂则一天到晚地陪着我。

我曾问起她包裹的事。她说：“哦，那包裹是寄给我一个朋友的，爸爸。里面有一封给我的信，我现在已经把它寄走了。”

我听不太明白，但没有再问。我整天差不多都静静地躺在床上，夏洛蒂则在隔壁的屋子里写作。她写得很快，一连写好几个钟头，一次也不停笔。她看上去很安静，却又莫名其妙地有些高兴。

我也挺高兴。医生做的手术挺成功，我又能看见东西了。这真是太好了——所有东西的色彩和形状都是那么美丽。当我们回到霍沃斯时，我终于能清楚地看见每一样东西了——家、教堂、墓地、荒野、我的爱米丽和安妮的脸庞。

还有布兰韦尔。

布兰韦尔的脸看上去有些吓人。他的脸又苍白又消瘦，眼睛又大又黑，头发蓬乱。他的衣服肮脏，气味难闻，双手抖个不停。他不住地叫喊、哭泣，而且每天都向我要钱。

夜里我让他睡在我的房里，他就一连几个小时地给我讲罗宾逊太太，让我没法睡觉。我还记得他的那些画和故事，他那快活、孩子般的笑声。我聪明的好儿子现在成了一个酒鬼。

1846年的冬天非常寒冷，风把雪花吹起来，在屋子四周和墓地上空盘旋。村子里大批的孩子死去了。安妮也生病了，布兰韦尔更糟糕。我们在每间屋子里都生起了火，可是早上窗户内层还是结了冰。我把大部分时间都花在陪布兰韦尔上，没有太注意女儿们。

后来，一天下午，夏洛蒂来到我的房间。我坐在现在的这把椅子上，就在炉火旁。她手里拿着本书，脸上带着一种奇怪的快乐表情。

“爸爸，”她说，“我在写本书。”

我微笑着说：“是吗，亲爱的？”我以为她又写了本关于安哥利亚的小书。

“是啊，我还想让您读读呢。”

“噢，恐怕会太伤我的眼睛的。”我的眼睛虽然好了，但是安哥利亚故事里纤细的笔迹对我来说还是太小了些。

“哦，不！”她说，“不是我手写的，而是印刷的。”然后她把手里的书递了过来。

“亲爱的，想想这得花很多钱！你几乎肯定要赔钱的，因为没有人会买！没有人知道你的名字！”

“我倒不这么看；爸爸，要知道我没有付印刷费。出版商付给我钱。听听，这些杂志上人们是怎么说这本书的。”

她坐下来，给我念英国最有名的一些杂志上的文章。那上面有几篇长长的文章，都是谈论一本叫做《简·爱》的书，作者是柯勒·贝尔。那些评论都很善意，大多数作者都很喜欢这本书。

“这个柯勒·贝尔，那么说就是你啰？”我问。

夏洛蒂大笑起来。“是呵，爸爸。这是个男人的名字，但和我的名字有同样的字母开头。”

她把书给我，就出去了。我开始读它。

我想我读了两个钟头，却好像只有10分钟，这是本奇妙而美丽的书——关于一个叫简·爱的女孩的故事。她父母死了，所以和一个坏舅妈及她的孩子们住在一起，后来简去了一个叫劳渥德的学校，那是个可怕的地方，非常像考恩桥的那所学校。简·爱最好的朋友，海伦·彭斯，在学校染上了病，死了。这个海伦就像是我的小玛丽亚。当我读到她的死时，双眼噙满泪水。但这确是一本优美的书。我简直不想把它放下来。

5点钟我起身走进客厅，我的3个女儿都在那儿等着我。她们的眼睛都闪着亮。我的眼里还含着眼泪，可脸上带着舒心的笑容。我举起《简·爱》，说：“孩子们，你们知道夏洛蒂写了本书吗？它简直棒极了，你们知道吗——确实非常、非常好！”

8 The best days, and the worst days

Emily and Anne did know, of course. They had known about Charlotte's book for a long time. Jane Eyre was not the first book that Charlotte had sent to a publisher. Over a year ago she had written another book, *The Professor*, and sent it to one publisher after another. Each publisher had sent it back, in a packet addressed to Currer Bell. And then Charlotte had sent it, in the same old packet, to another publisher, and then another, and got it back again.

'Why didn't you change the paper on the packet, my dear?' I asked.

Charlotte smiled. 'I didn't think of it, papa. The worst day was when we were in Manchester, going to the eye doctor. Do you remember? The packet came back then. That was the day before I started writing *Jane Eyre*.'

'Do you mean that you started writing *Jane Eyre* while I was lying in that dark room in Manchester?'

'That's right, papa.'

'But that's only six months ago, and here is the book in my hand!'

'Yes, papa. The book was printed a month after I sent it to the publisher.'

'My dear! They decided very quickly that they liked it, then!'

'I think they did, papa. After all, it is a good book, isn't it?'

She smiled at me. I don't think I have ever seen her so happy. She is a very small person, Charlotte, and not a beautiful woman; but when she smiles like that, her face shines like a fine painting. My wife, Maria, used to look like that sometimes when I first met her.

I took her hand in mine. 'It is a very good book, my dear. I cannot tell you how proud I am.'

She touched my hand. 'Thank you, papa. But you must not be proud of me alone, you know. Anne and Emily—'

'Oh no, Charlotte, please!' Emily said.

But Charlotte did not stop. '... Anne and Emily have written books too—books just as good as mine—and their books will soon be published as well! Let me introduce you, papa. These young ladies are not your daughters—they are Acton Bell and Ellis Bell, brothers of the famous writer Currer Bell!'

Emily's face was bright red, but Anne and Charlotte started laughing. I was very surprised.

'All three of you!' I said. 'But—but why do you use these strange names?'

'Because people are stupid, papa,' Anne said. 'No one thinks women can write good books, so we have used men's names instead. And now they say that Currer Bell is a writer who understands women very well!' She laughed again.

'My dears, my dears!' I held out my hands to them, and kissed each of them in turn. 'I don't know what to say. I am so pleased for you all. You have made your old papa happy to-day.' Something in Emily's face stopped me. 'Emily? You will let me read your book, won't you?'

She thought for a moment. 'Yes, papa. Of course. But... it's very different from Charlotte's. I'm not sure you'll like it.'

'You yourself are very different from Charlotte, my dear, but I love you both. You must show me the book as soon as it comes—and you too, Anne.'

I read both their books that winter. They were very different. Anne's book—*Agnes Grey*—was the story of an unhappy governess. As I read it, I was sad to think how miserable Anne had been, in a big house away from home, where no one understood her. It was a good book, but it was harder to read than *Jane Eyre*.

Emily's book was called *Wuthering Heights*. It was a terrible, frightening, wonderful story. There is love in it, and hate, and fear, and a man called Heathcliff, who is strong and cruel like the devil himself. I read it late one night when the wind was screaming round the house, blowing snow against all the windows, and sometimes I was afraid. When I got up to go to bed, I saw Emily sitting quietly by the fire. She was stroking her big dog, Keeper, with one hand, and drawing a picture with the other.

She looked like a quiet, gentle young woman, I thought. Tall, pretty, and also... There was something different about her. Something very strange and very strong. There was something in her that was stronger than any of her sisters, even Charlotte. Something stronger than even me, or her brother Branwell.

Much stronger than Branwell.

All that year Branwell was very ill. He spent more and more time drinking. He slept most of the day, and was awake half of then night. His face was white, his hands shook when he tried to write. His sisters didn't tell him about their books, or show him the new ones that they were writing. They were afraid that he would be unhappy about their success, because he had wanted to be a writer himself. He made life hard for all of us.

In September 1848 he became very ill. He coughed all day and all night. He began to talk of death, and asked us to pray with him. While we stood together, praying, he began to cough again. He fell to the ground. Emily and I put our arms round him, but he couldn't get up. There was blood on his mouth, and on Emily's dress.

When he stopped coughing, it was because he had stopped breathing. My only son was dead.

We buried him in the church beside his mother and little sisters. It was a cold, rainy afternoon. There were dead wet leaves in the graveyard, and the wind blew rain into our faces. I came back into the house soon afterwards, but Emily walked for an hour or two in the rain with her dog, Keeper. When she came back into the house, her dress was wet through.

Several days later Emily became ill. Her face was hot, she couldn't eat, she kept moving round the house. It was difficult for her to breathe, and it took her a long time to climb the stairs. Charlotte felt her heart—it was beating a hundred and fifteen times a minute.

'Let me call a doctor, Emily,' Charlotte said.

But Emily refused. 'If he comes, I won't talk to him.'

‘Then go to bed and rest, please. I can light a fire in your room, and bring you milk and read to you if you like. You need rest, sister!’

‘I…do…not!’ said Emily slowly. She had to breathe hard between each word, and her face was as white as Branwell’s had been. ‘My body…doesn’t… matter now. I don’t…care…about it. I’ll live…as I always…have.’

And so, every day, she got up at seven o’clock, dressed her—self, and stayed downstairs until ten at night. She ate little or nothing, and coughed for hours. Sometimes she coughed blood. She never went out of the house, but one day Charlotte brought some heather from the moors for her to look at. Emily was lying on the black sofa in the sitting—room. Her dog, Keep—er, lay on the floor in front of her.

‘Look, Emily,’ Charlotte said. ‘I’ve found some purple heather for you. There are still one or two flowers left on the moor.’

‘Where?’ Emily asked.

‘Here. Look.’ Charlotte held out the small, bright purple flower.

Emily turned and looked at Charlotte, but I don’t think she could see the heather. Her eyes were too bad. Charlotte put it in Emily’s hands, but after a moment Emily dropped it on the floor.

At last she said: ‘Charlotte, I…will see…the doctor now. If he…comes.’ Then she closed her eyes.

Emily was so thin, and her white skin looked like paper. I knew it was too late, but I said to Anne: ‘Quick! Put on your coat and fetch him, now!’

We did not have long to wait. The doctor came, half an hour later, to tell us what we already knew. Emily, my daughter, was dead.

1848 was a year of funerals. I buried many children from the village that year. There was a lot of sadness in Haworth. As I came out of the church with the dead flowers from Emily’s grave, I saw three other families walk past me. They had come to visit the graves of their own dead children.

The people understood that their children were with God, but no one could explain that to Emily’s dog, Keeper. He followed us to her funeral, and for weeks afterwards, he lay out—side her bedroom and howled.

8 最好的和最坏的日子

爱米丽和安妮当然知道，她们知道夏洛蒂写了这本书已经很长时间了。《简·爱》并不是夏洛蒂寄给出版商的第一部书。一年多以前她写过另一本书，名叫《教授》，寄给了一个又一个出版商。可是每次都被退了回来，包裹上写着柯勒·贝尔的名字。夏洛蒂又把包裹按原样寄出，结果还是一样。

“可你为什么不把包裹上的纸换一下呢？我亲爱的？”我问。

夏洛蒂笑了。“我没有想过这个，爸爸，最坏的一天是我们在曼彻斯特，要去看眼科医生之前，您还记得吗？就在那时包裹被退回来了，那是我开始写《简·爱》的前一天。”

“你是说就是与我躺在曼彻斯特的黑屋子里的时候，你开始写《简·爱》的？”

“对啊，爸爸。”

“可那只是6个月以前的事啊，现在这本书就已经在我手里了！”

“是的，爸爸。我把稿子寄给出版商一个月后，这本书就开始印刷了。”

“亲爱的，也就是说他们很快就决定了他们喜欢你的书！”

“我想是这样，爸爸。毕竟，这的确是一本好书，对吗？”

她朝我微笑着，我觉得还从未见过她这么快活过。夏洛蒂个子矮小，也并不美丽；但当她那样微笑时，脸上就焕发出光彩，宛如一幅精美的画。当我刚碰到我妻子玛丽亚时，她有时看上去也是这个样子。

我把她的手握在我手中。“这是一本非常好的书，亲爱的，我说不出的自豪。”

她抚摸着我的手。“谢谢您，爸爸。可您不能只为我一个人自豪呀，您知道吗，还有安妮和爱米丽——”

“噢，不，夏洛蒂，请你别说！”爱米丽说。

但是夏洛蒂并没有停下来。“安妮和爱米丽也写了和我一样好的书——她们的书很快也要出版了。让我来介绍一下，爸爸。这些年轻的女士不是您的女儿——她们是阿克顿·贝尔和埃利斯·贝尔，作家柯勒·贝尔的兄弟！”

爱米丽的脸通红放光，而安妮和夏洛蒂开始放声大笑。我非常惊讶。

“你们三个都出书了！”我说，“不过……不过你们为什么用这些古怪的名字呢？”

“因为人们愚蠢，爸爸。”安妮说，“谁也不相信女人能写出好书，所以我们就用男人的名字代替。现在他们说柯勒·贝尔是一个非常了解女人的作家。”她又笑了起来。

“亲爱的，亲爱的孩子们！”我伸出手搂住她们，挨个亲了亲。“我简直不知道说什么好了。我真为你们高兴。你们今天可让你们的老爸开心了！”爱米丽脸上的表情让我停了下来。“爱米丽，你也会让我读你的书，是吗？”

她想了一会儿说：“是的，爸爸。当然。但是它和夏洛蒂的书非常不一样。我不敢保证您会喜欢它。”

“你自己就和夏洛蒂非常不同啊，亲爱的，可你们两个我都喜欢。等你的书一出来，你一定要马上给我看。还有你，安妮。”

那年冬天我读了她们俩的书。它们的确大不一样。安妮的书——《艾格尼丝·格雷》——是写一个不快乐的女家庭教师。我一边读，一边难过地想：在安妮离开家，去那所大房子的日子里，她的处境曾多么悲惨；在那儿没有人理解她。这是本好书，但比《简·爱》晦涩些。

爱米丽的书叫做《呼啸山庄》，那是一个骇人而奇异的故事。它描述了爱情、仇恨、恐惧和一个叫希斯克利夫的男人，他强壮、冷酷，像一个魔鬼。我读它的那天夜里，风在屋子周围呼啸着，把雪吹到每一扇窗户上，有几次我简直被吓坏了。当我起身去卧室时，看见爱米丽静静地坐在炉火旁，一只手抚摸着他的“管家”，另一只手在画画。

她看上去是个安静而溫柔的年轻姑娘，我想，个子高挑、漂亮、而且……有些与众不同。她有一种非常奇特、非常坚强的东西。她身上有种比她任何姐妹都要坚强的东西，甚至超过了夏洛蒂，超过了我和她的哥哥布兰韦尔。

她强过布兰韦尔许许多多。

那一年布兰韦尔病得非常厉害。他花更多的时间在喝酒上。白天差不多整天睡觉，半夜里才醒来。他脸色苍白，手一写字就哆嗦。他的姐妹们没有和他讲过她们的书，也没有给他看过她们正在写的新书。她们害怕他会因为她们的成功而难过，因为他自己本来想当作家。他让我们大家的日子都不好过。

1848年9月，他病得更重了，整日整夜地咳嗽。他开始谈到死亡，并让我们和他一起祷告。当我们站在一起祷告时，他又咳嗽起来。他摔倒在地板上。爱米丽和我用胳膊抱住他，可他站不起来了。他嘴里流出了血，流到爱米丽的衣服上。

他不再咳嗽了，因为他停止了呼吸。我唯一的儿子死了。

我们把他埋在教堂，挨着他妈妈和他的小姐姐们。那是个寒冷的、阴雨连绵的下午。墓地上铺着枯叶，风把冷雨吹到我们脸上。后来我很快回到屋里，可爱米丽带着“管家”在雨中走了一两个小时。等她回家时，衣服全湿透了。

几天后，爱米丽病倒了。她的脸在发烧，吃不下东西，可她仍然在房子周围走来走去。她呼吸困难，上楼梯要花很长时间。夏洛蒂试了试她的心跳——1分钟跳到了115次。

“我去叫医生吧，爱米丽。”夏洛蒂说。

可爱米丽拒绝了。“如果他来，我就不理他。”

“那么上床休息吧，求你了。我给你在房间生上火，再给你端杯牛奶。如果你愿意，我念书给你听。你需要休息，妹妹。”

“我……不……需要！”爱米丽慢慢地说。每说一个字她都要艰难地喘半天气，脸色像布兰韦尔的一样苍白。“我的身体……没有……关系。我不……在乎。我要……和往常……一样。”

这样，每天她7点钟起床，穿好衣服，在楼下呆到晚上10点。她吃得很少，或者干脆不吃，几个小时地咳嗽。有时咳出了血。她再也没出过门。但有一天夏洛蒂从荒野摘了些石楠来给她看。爱米丽躺在客厅的黑沙发上，她的“管家”趴在她前面的地板上。

“看，爱米丽。”夏洛蒂说，“我给你采了些紫石楠花，野地里有一两朵还没凋谢。”

“在哪儿？”爱米丽问。

“这儿，看。”夏洛蒂递过紫色的小花。

爱米丽转过头来看看夏洛蒂，可我觉得她看不见石楠了。她的视力太糟了。夏洛蒂把花放到爱米丽手中，可过了一会儿，爱米丽把花掉到了地板上。

终于她说：“夏洛蒂，我……要看……医生了，如果他……能来的话。”说完她闭上眼睛。

爱米丽已经非常消瘦，苍白的皮肤看上去像纸一般。我知道已经太迟了，可还是对安妮说：“快，穿上外套去叫医生，马上！”

没等多久——半小时以后医生就来了。他告诉了我们已知道的消息。爱米丽，我的女儿，她死了。

1848年是个葬礼之年，那年我主持了村中许多孩子的葬礼。霍沃斯充满悲哀的气氛。当我拿着爱米丽墓前枯萎的花从教堂里出来时，还看见另外3家人从我身旁走过，他们也是来给自己死去的孩子扫墓的。

人们知道他们的孩子是和上帝在一起了，但没有人能给爱米丽的“管家”解释这个。它跟着我们参加了她的葬礼，以后好几个星期，它躺在她的卧室门外，叫着。

That was not the end of my sadness. Anne, too, became ill. She could not breathe, she coughed, her face was white. But she was more sensible than Emily. She took all her medicines, and did everything the doctors said. It didn't help much. In the spring she said she wanted to go to the sea, to a warmer place. The doctors told her to wait. I thought she would die before she went.

At last, in May, Charlotte went away with her. They went to York first, where they visited a wonderful church, York Minster. 'If men can make something as beautiful as this,' Anne whispered, 'what is God's real home like?'

Charlotte told me this in a letter she sent from Scarborough, a town by the sea on the north-east coast.

'On 26th May Anne rode a donkey on the beach,' the letter said. 'She was very happy, papa. Afterwards we went to church and then sat and watched the sea for a long time. On the 28th she was too ill to go out. She died quietly at two o'clock in the afternoon. She will be buried in a graveyard near the sea.'

Anne was the baby of the family, the youngest and prettiest of them all. Before she died, she wrote another book—The Tenant of Wildfell Hall—about a woman who left her cruel husband. She was proud of it, and so was I. She was twenty-nine years old. I don't want to die, papa,' she said. 'I have too many ideas in my head, too many books to write.'

When Charlotte came home the dogs barked happily. Perhaps they thought Anne and Emily and Branwell were coming home too—I don't know. But it was only Charlotte. The smallest of all my children. Not the prettiest, not the strongest, not the strangest. God had taken all those for himself. He had left me with the one who would become the most famous. And the one who nearly had a child.

Charlotte wrote two more books: Shirley, about a strong brave woman like her sister Emily; and Villette, about love between a teacher and a pupil. But Jane Eyre was her most famous book. Everyone in England talked about it; everyone wanted to read it.

Charlotte went to London and met many famous writers. I was very pleased; I loved to hear about the people and places that she saw. But she always came back to Haworth; she didn't like to be with famous people very long. And this quiet place was her home.

In 1852, just before Christmas, a terrible thing happened. I heard some of it from my room. My curate, Arthur Nicholls, opened the door to Charlotte's sitting-room, and stood there. His face was white, and he was shaking.

'Yes, Mr Nicholls?' Charlotte said. 'Do you want to come in?'

'No, Miss Charlotte—that is, yes. I mean—I have something important to say to you.'

I heard his voice stop for a moment and then he went on. 'I have always felt strongly about you, Miss Charlotte, and my feelings are stronger, much stronger, than you know. And, well, the fact is, Miss Charlotte, that I am asking you to be my wife.'

There was a long silence. I heard every word, and I felt cold and angry. Mr Nicholls was a good curate, but that was all. I paid him £100 a year to help me with my work, but he had no place in my house, or in my daughter's bed! I stood up, and opened my door.

'Mr, Nichols!'

He turned and looked at me. I could see Charlotte behind him.

'You will leave this house at once, Mr Nicholls. I am very, very angry! You must not speak to my daughter again—ever! Do you understand me?'

The stupid man was shaking and almost crying! I thought he was ill. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out. Then he turned and went out of the door.

Mr Nicholls stayed in his own house for three days. He refused to eat, the stupid man, and he sent me some angry letters. But Charlotte wrote to him, to say that she would not marry him. Then Mr Nicholls said he would leave Haworth, and go to Australia.

On his last day, in church, he had to give people bread to eat. But when he held out the bread to Charlotte, he could not do it, because he was shaking and crying so much. Afterwards, the people of Haworth gave him a gold watch. He cried about that, too.

I thought it was all finished, but I was wrong. I think he wrote to Charlotte, and she wrote back. In April of 1854, he came back to Haworth. Charlotte brought him into my room. I looked at him, but I said nothing. I was not pleased.

'Papa,' Charlotte said. 'Mr Nicholls and I have something to say to you.'

I did not like that. 'Mr Nicholls and I...' It did not sound good to me.

'I am busy,' I said. 'I have a lot of work.'

Charlotte smiled. 'That's because you don't have a good curate, papa. When Mr Nicholls was here, your life was easy.'

'Perhaps,' I said. 'But he was going to Australia, I thought. Why haven't you gone, sir?'

Mr Nicholls spoke for the first time. He looked very tall and proud, I thought. 'There are two reasons, sir,' he said. 'First, because I have decided not to go to Australia. And also...'

He stopped, and looked down at Charlotte. She smiled up at him, and I felt my blood run cold.

'...and also, because your daughter Charlotte and I would like to be married. We have come to ask you to agree.'

I don't remember what I said next. I think there were a lot of unkind words between us, and some tears. But in the end I agreed. I agreed because Charlotte wanted it, not because of Arthur Nicholls.

In June that year they were married in my church. I did not go—I could not give Charlotte away to that man. But he came back here to be my curate, and he and Charlotte lived in this house with me. He is still here now.

Perhaps he will read this. If he does, he will know that he was right, and I was wrong. Mr Nicholls was, after all, a

good husband for Charlotte. I understood, after a while, that he honestly loved her, and he could make her happy. She began to smile and laugh again. Her eyes shone, she sang sometimes as she worked. Our house became a home again.

She went with him to see his family in Ireland, and travelled to the far west of that country. Mr Nicholls did most of my church work for me. Charlotte began a new book Emma, she called it. And one day in December 1854 she came into my room, smiling. I could see that she was excited.

’What is it, my dear? Have you finished your book?’
’No, not yet, papa. But I have something wonderful to tell you. What do you think?’
’I don’t know, my dear. If it’s not your book, then…’
’I told Arthur yesterday. I am going to have a child.’

I did not say anything. Her hand was on the table and I put my hand on it gently. It was wonderful news. I remembered when my own wife, Maria, had told me this, and how this house had been full of the laughter of little voices, and the noise of running feet. Charlotte and I sat like that for a long time, re-remembering.

It did not happen. At Christmas she fell ill, and in the New Year she was worse. She felt sick all the time because of the baby, and she ate nothing. She lay in bed all day, hot and coughing. Arthur Nicholls cared for her wonderfully—I think he often stayed awake all night. But it did not help.

On 31st March 1855 the last of my six children died. It was early in the morning. Arthur Nicholls was sitting by her bed, and I was standing by the door. She was asleep with her hand in his. Her face was very thin and pale.

She opened her eyes and saw him. Then she coughed, and I saw fear in her face.

’Oh God,’ she whispered. I am not going to die, am I? Please don’t take me away from Arthur now—we have been so happy.’

Those were the last words she ever said. A little while later, I walked slowly out of the house. As I went into the graveyard, the church bell began to ring. It was ringing to tell Haworth and all the world that Charlotte Bront was dead.

9 亚瑟·尼可斯

我的悲哀还没有结束。安妮也开始生病了，她呼吸费力，咳嗽着，脸色苍白。但她比爱米丽明智，她吃了各种药，完全遵医嘱行事。可是并不管用。春天来了，她说想去海边，去一个暖和些的地方，可大夫们让她等等。我预感到她可能等不到动身就会死去。

最后在5月份，夏洛蒂和她一起，先去了约克，在那儿参观了美丽的约克·敏斯特大教堂。“人类的作品已经如此美丽，”安妮叹息道，“上帝的家园又会是什么样呢？”

夏洛蒂在一封寄自斯卡伯勒的信中向我讲述了这件事，那是位于东北部海边的一个城镇。

“5月26日安妮在岸边骑了一头驴子。”信中写道，“她非常快活，爸爸。然后我们去了教堂，又坐着，看着大海，在那儿待了很长时间。28号她病得不能出门。下午两点钟她静静地死了。她将葬在海边的墓地。”

安妮是家中最小的孩子，最年轻，也最漂亮。她死前写了另一本书——《瓦尔德费尔庄园的房客》——关于一个妇女离开她残酷的丈夫的故事。她为这本书自豪，我也是。她当时29岁。“我不想死，爸爸。”她说，“我脑子里还有许多许多构思，我还有许多许多的书要写。”

夏洛蒂回家时，狗儿们欢快地叫着。或许它们以为安妮、爱米丽和布兰韦尔也一同回来了——我不知道。可是只有夏洛蒂。我所有孩子中个子最小的一个，她不是最美的，不是最坚强的，也不是最怪异的一个。上帝把其他孩子都召了回去，只留给我这个，但她将成为最有名的一个。她差一点就有了自己的孩子。

夏洛蒂又写了另外两本书，《雪莉》是关于一个像爱米丽一样坚强勇敢的妇女的故事；《维莱特》写的是一对师生之间的爱情故事。不过《简·爱》是她最著名的作品，英国上下每个人都在谈论它，每个人都想读它。

夏洛蒂去了伦敦，会晤了许多有名的作家。我非常高兴；我爱听她谈论她见到的人和去过的地方。她最后总是回到霍沃斯。她不喜欢和有名的人物在一起待太长时间。只有这个安静的地方才是她的家。

1852年圣诞节前，发生了一件可怕的事。我从房间里听到一些声音。我的副牧师，亚瑟·尼可斯先生，推开了夏洛蒂起居室的门，站在那儿。他脸色苍白，浑身发抖。

“哦，尼可斯先生，”夏洛蒂说，“您想进来吗？”
“不，夏洛蒂小姐，——我是说是的。我的意思是——我有件重要的事要告诉您。”

我听见他的声音停了一下，又继续说道：“我对您总是……有一种强烈的感情，夏洛蒂小姐，而且……我的感情越来越强烈，比您知道的要强烈的多。嗯，那么，事实是，夏洛蒂小姐，那就是……我请求您做我的妻子。”

一段长时间的沉默。我听见了每一个字，我又冷、又生气。尼可斯先生是个优秀的副牧师，但仅此而已。我一年付他100英镑来帮我，可他在我家里没有位置，更不可能和我女儿结婚！我站起身，把门推开。

“尼可斯先生！”
他转过身来看着我。我看见夏洛蒂站在他身后。

“你马上离开这所房子，尼可斯先生！我非常生气！不许你再和我女儿说话——永远！你听明白了吗？”
那个笨家伙浑身颤抖着，快要哭出来了。我觉得他是生病了。他张开嘴巴，可是一个字也说不出。他转身走出了房门。

尼可斯先生在他的房间呆了3天。他绝食，这个笨家伙还写了些愤怒的信给我。但夏洛蒂也给他写了信，说她不会嫁给他。后来尼可斯先生说他要离开霍沃斯，去澳大利亚。

最后一天，在教堂他得给人们做分面包的仪式。当他把面包递给夏洛蒂时，他简直不能进行下去了，他哆嗦着，哭得那么厉害。然后，霍沃斯的人们送了他一块金表。他为此又哭了。

我以为一切结束了，可我错了。我猜他写信给夏洛蒂，而她也回了信。1854年4月，他又回到了霍沃斯，夏洛蒂把他带进我的房间，我看着他，一言不发。我挺不高兴。

“爸爸，”夏洛蒂说，“尼可斯先生和我有件事要告诉您。”
我可不乐意她那么说：“尼可斯先生和我……”听上去不大妙。
“我没空，”我说，“我有好多事要干。”

夏洛蒂微笑了，“那是因为您没有一个称职的副牧师，爸爸。如果尼可斯先生在这儿，您会很轻松的。”

“也许吧，”我说道，“但我记得他要去澳大利亚的呀。您怎么还没有走呵，先生？”

尼可斯先生第一次开口讲了话。我记得他看上去个子很高，神情自豪。“有两个原因，先生，”他说，“首先是因为我决定不去澳大利亚了，另外……”

他停下来，低头看着夏洛蒂。她抬头笑吟吟地望着他。我觉得血液都要冷却了。

“……另外，因为您的女儿夏洛蒂和我要结婚了。我们现在是来请求您的同意的。”

我记不得后来我说了什么，大概是我们两人之间说了一大堆不友好的话，都流了泪。不过最后我还是同意了。之所以这样做是为了夏洛蒂，这是她想要的；而不是因为亚瑟·尼可斯。

那年6月份，他们在我主持的教堂结了婚，可我没去——我不愿把夏洛蒂交给那个男人。但他仍回到这里来作我的副牧师。他、夏洛蒂和我一起住在这所房子里。他现在还在这儿。

或许他会读到这段文字。如果读了，他就会知道他是错的，而我错了。不管怎样，尼可斯先生是夏洛蒂的好丈夫。他们结婚之后我才看出来。他真诚地爱着她，也给她带来了欢乐。她开始笑了，她的眸子闪耀着光彩。有时工作着就会唱起歌来。我们的家又像个家了。

她和他一起去过他的爱尔兰老家，一直旅行到西边的尽头。尼可斯先生为我分担了教堂的绝大部分工作；夏洛蒂开始着手写一本新书——《爱玛》。1854年12月的一天，她来到了我的房间，脸上挂着微笑，看得出她很兴奋。

“怎么了，亲爱的？你写完书了？”

“不，还没呢，爸爸。但我有个好消息告诉您。您猜是什么？”

“我猜不出，亲爱的。如果不是关于书的，那么……”

“我昨天已经告诉了亚瑟。我怀孕了。”

我什么也没说。她的手正放在桌上，我轻轻地把手放到她的手上。这真是个好消息。我记得妻子玛丽亚也曾告诉我这样的好消息，当时房子里是如何地充满了那些稚嫩的欢笑和欢快跑动的脚步声。夏洛蒂和我就那么坐了好久，回忆着这一切。

可事情并未发生。圣诞节时她病了，到了元旦她病得更重了。由于胎儿的缘故，她一直在生病，什么也吃不下。她整天躺在床上，发着烧而且咳嗽。亚瑟·尼可斯很细心地照顾她——我想他经常整宿地不睡，但这也无济于事。

1855年3月31日，我6个孩子中的最后一个死了。那是个清晨，亚瑟·尼可斯坐在她的床边，我站在门旁。她握着他的手睡着了。她的脸是那么消瘦、苍白。

她睁开眼睛看着他，然后又是一阵咳嗽，在她脸上我看到了恐惧的神色。

“噢，上帝，”她叹息道，“我不会死的，是吗？请别现在就把我从亚瑟身边带走——我们是多么幸福啊！”

那是她最后的话。过了一小会儿，我慢慢地走出了屋子。当我走向墓地时，教堂的钟敲响了，那是在告诉霍沃斯和全世界，夏洛蒂·勃朗特去世了。

And so now I have written it. It is three o'clock in the morning. The house is very quiet and the wind has stopped. I can hear the sound of the wood burning in the fire and the clock on the stairs. Somewhere upstairs Arthur Nicholls is sleeping quietly.

I know that Charlotte's friend, Mrs Gaskell, has nearly finished her book about Charlotte. Perhaps I will show her what I have written.

Perhaps. But I don't think so. I wrote to her before, and answered her questions, and that is enough. She is a writer, she can write her own book. I will keep this book in my desk, for myself—and perhaps for Arthur Nicholls. There is no need for other people to read it. My daughter Charlotte is famous already, and when Mrs Gaskell has written about her, she will be more famous still.

I wish my wife Maria could read Charlotte's books—and Emily's, and Anne's. Perhaps she can. We had some fine children, didn't we, Maria?

I wonder if she can hear me. It is a fine night, now that the wind has stopped. There is a bright moon, and the sky is full of stars. I think I will go outside, and walk through the graveyard to the church, and talk to Maria there.

10 玛丽亚

现在我写完了。凌晨3点钟，整幢房子非常寂静，风也停了。我可以听见木柴在火中燃烧的声音，还有楼梯上钟的嘀哒声。楼上，亚瑟·尼可斯静静地睡着。我知道夏洛蒂的朋友盖斯凯尔夫人快写完夏洛蒂的传记了，或许我会给她看看我写下的这些。

也许，但也许不会。我以前给她写过信，回答了一些她的问题，那已经够了。她是个作家，会写好自己的书的。我会把这本书放在我的书桌里，只给我自己——或许还有亚瑟·尼可斯看。没有必要给别人看了。我女儿夏洛蒂已经成名了，而且盖斯凯尔夫人的书写好了，她会更出名的。

我真想我妻子玛丽亚能读读夏洛蒂的书——还有爱米丽和安妮的。或许她能看到，我们有一些多么出色的孩子，玛丽亚，是吗？

我不知道她是否能听见我的话。今夜天气很好，风现在也已停了。一轮明月当空，天上繁星点缀。我想我会出去走走，穿过墓地，到教堂去，在那儿和玛丽亚谈谈。

[Sredni Vashtar](#)

[The Story-Teller](#)

[Gabriel Ernest](#)

[Tobermory](#)

[The She-Wolf](#)

简介

下面每一则故事的主角都是一种凶悍的动物。它们伤害或吞噬着人类的情景，透射出动物凶残的兽性。故事虚悬、离奇。但让我们更加惊疑的是：这些动物会突然出现在雅致的房间里、芬芳的花园或幽静的小片林地间——那些被我们认为是安全、文明的场所。它们为什么会在那儿？为什么Saki把这些猛兽带到了我们的家里？

答案是，我们希望它们在那儿。当然，我们并不想让真正的狼总是呆在我们的花园里，那会兴味索然。但有时，当我们遇到了不速之客，或者内心深处很厌恶却又不得不表现出彬彬有礼的时候，——一只真正的狼有时会非常有用。Saki所描写的动物时而滑稽，时而残忍；但总能撕破我们的伪装，暴露出我们心底的真实情感。

Saki（赫克托·休·芒罗）生于1870年。他是一位记者和作家，以写精彩的短篇故事闻名，1916年他死于第一次世界大战中。

Sredni Vashtar

Conradin was ten years old and was often ill.

'The boy is not strong,' said the doctor. 'He will not live much longer.' But the doctor did not know about Conradin's imagination. In Conradin's lonely, loveless world, his imagination was the only thing that kept him alive.

Conradin's parents were dead and he lived with his aunt. The aunt did not like Conradin and was often unkind to him. Conradin hated her with all his heart, but he obeyed her quietly and took his medicine without arguing. Mostly he kept out of her way. She had no place in his world. His real, everyday life in his aunt's colourless, comfortless house was narrow and uninteresting. But inside his small, dark head exciting and violent thoughts ran wild. In the bright world of his imagination Conradin was strong and brave. It was a wonderful world, and the aunt was locked out of it.

The garden was no fun. There was nothing interesting to do. He was forbidden to pick the flowers. He was forbidden to eat the fruit. He was forbidden to play on the grass. But behind some trees, in a forgotten corner of the garden, there was an old shed. Nobody used the shed, and Conradin took it for his own.

To him it became something between a playroom and a church. He filled it with ghosts and animals from his imagination. But there were also two living things in the shed. In one corner lived an old, untidy-looking chicken. Conradin had no people to love, and this chicken was the boy's dearest friend. And in a dark, secret place at the back of the shed was a large wooden box with bars across the front. This was the home of a very large ferret with long, dangerous teeth and claws. Conradin had bought the ferret and its box from a friendly boy, who lived in the village. It had cost him all his money, but Conradin did not mind. He was most terribly afraid of the ferret, but he loved it with all his heart. It was his wonderful, terrible secret. He gave the ferret a strange and beautiful name and it became his god.

The aunt went to church every Sunday. She took Conradin with her, but to Conradin her church and her god were without meaning. They seemed grey and uninteresting. The true god lived in the shed, and his name was Sredni Vashtar.

Every Thursday, in the cool, silent darkness of the shed, Conradin took presents to his god. He took flowers in summer and fruits in autumn, and he made strange and wonderful songs for his god. Sometimes, on days when something important happened, Conradin took special presents. He stole salt from the kitchen and placed it carefully and lovingly in front of the ferret's box.

One day the aunt had the most terrible toothache. It continued for three days. Morning and evening Conradin put salt in front of his god. In the end he almost believed that Sredni Vashtar himself had sent the toothache.

After a time the aunt noticed Conradin's visits to the shed.

'It's not good for him to play out there in the cold,' she said. She could always find a reason to stop Conradin enjoying himself. The next morning at breakfast she told Conradin that she had sold the chicken. She looked at Conradin's white face, and waited for him to cry or to be angry. But Conradin said nothing; there was nothing to say.

Perhaps the aunt felt sorry. That afternoon there was hot buttered toast for tea. Toast was usually forbidden. Conradin loved it, but the aunt said that it was bad for him. Also, it made extra work for the cook. Conradin looked at the toast and quietly took a piece of bread and butter.

'I thought you liked toast,' the aunt said crossly.

'Sometimes,' said Conradin.

In the shed that evening Conradin looked sadly at the empty corner where his chicken had lived. And, for the first time, he asked his ferret-god to do something for him.

'Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar,' he said softly.

He did not say what he wanted. Sredni Vashtar was a god, after all. There is no need to explain things to gods. Then, with a last look at the empty corner, Conradin returned to the world that he hated.

And every night, in the shed and in his bedroom, Conradin repeated again and again.

'Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar.'

So Conradin's visits to the shed continued. The aunt noticed, and went to look in the shed again.

'What are you keeping in that locked box?' she asked. 'I'm sure you're keeping an animal there. It's not good for you.'

Conradin said nothing.

The aunt searched his bedroom until she found the key to the box. She marched down to the shed. It was a cold afternoon, and Conradin was forbidden to go outside. From the window of the dining-room Conradin could just see the door of the shed. He stood and waited.

He saw the aunt open the shed door. She went inside. Now, thought Conradin, she has found the box. She is opening the door, and feeling about inside the box where my god lives.

'Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar,' said Conradin softly. But he said it without hope. She will win, he thought. She always wins. Soon she will come out of the shed and give her orders. Somebody will come and take my wonderful god away—not a god any more, just a brown ferret in a box. Then there will be nothing important in my life... The doctor will be right. I shall sicken and die. She will win. She always wins... In his pain and misery, Conradin began to sing the song of his god:

Sredni Vashtar went into battle.

His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white.

his enemies called for peace but he brought them death.

Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful.

Suddenly he stopped singing and went nearer to the window. The door of the shed was still open. Slowly, very slowly

the minutes went by. Conradin watched the birds on the grass. He counted them, always with one eye on that open door. The unsmiling housekeeper came in with the tea things. Still Sonradin stood and watched and waited. Hope was growing, like a small, sick flower, in his heart. Very softly he sang his song again, and his hope grew and grew. And then he saw a very wonderful thing.

Out of the shed came a long, low, yellow—and—brown animal. There were red, wet stains around its mouth and neck. 'Sredni Vashtar!' said Conradin softly. The ferret—god made its way to the bottom of the garden. It stopped for a moment, then went quietly into the long grass and disappeared for ever.

'Tea is ready,' said the housekeeper. 'Where is your aunt?'

'She went down to the shed,' said Conradin.

And, while the housekeeper went down to call the aunt, Conradin took the toasting—fork out of the dining—room cupboard. He sat by the fire and toasted a piece of bread for himself. While he was toasting it and putting butter on it, Conradin listened to the noises beyond the dining room door. First there were loud screams—that was the housekeeper. Then there was the cook's answering cry. Soon there came the sound of several pairs of feet. They were carrying something heavy into the house.

'Who is going to tell that poor child?' said the housekeeper.

'Well, someone will have to,' answered the cook. And, while they were arguing, Conradin made himself another piece of toast.

斯莱德尼·瓦什塔

康拉丁10岁，经常生病。

“这孩子不结实，”医生说，“他活不了太久。”但是医生不了解康拉丁的想像力。在康拉丁孤独无爱的世界里，他的想像力是唯一支撑他活着的東西。

康拉丁的父母已亡故，他和姑妈住在一起。姑妈不喜欢康拉丁，经常对他不好。康拉丁从心底里恨她，但是平静地服从她，而且毫无怨言地服药。多数时间他远离她。她在他的世界里没有一席之地。在姑妈单调不舒服的家里，他真正的日常生活狭窄无趣。但是在他又小又黑的脑袋里，活跃、思想在狂奔。在想像中的明快世界里，康拉丁健壮勇敢。这是一个美好的世界，姑妈被锁在了这个世界之外。

花园里不好玩，没有有趣的事情做。他被禁止摘花，被禁止吃果子，被禁止在草坪上玩耍。但是在一些树后，在花园一个被遗忘的角落有一个陈旧的小屋。

没人用这个小屋，康拉丁便把它据为己有。对他而言小屋成了一个介于游戏室和教堂的地方。他在其中装满了想像中的鬼怪和动物。但是里面也有两个活物。在一个角落有一只蓬头垢面的老母鸡。康拉丁没有什么人去爱，于是这只鸡成了他最好的朋友。在小屋靠后的一个黑暗秘密的地方有一只大木箱，它的前面横竖着一些铁条。在这木箱里有一只长着又长又危险的牙齿和爪子的大雪貂。康拉丁从住在村里的一个很友好的男孩那里买下了这只雪貂和箱子。这花掉了他所有的钱，但是康拉丁不在乎。他非常害怕这只雪貂，可又全心全意地爱它。它是他精彩可怕的秘密。他给雪貂起了一个又古怪又好听的名字，它成了他的上帝。

姑妈每个星期天都去教堂。她带康拉丁一起去，但对康拉丁来说她的教堂和上帝毫无意义，而且似乎灰暗枯燥。真正的上帝住在小屋里，它的名字叫斯莱德尼·瓦什塔。

每个星期四，在小屋阴凉沉寂的黑暗中，康拉丁都给他的上帝带些礼物。他带来夏季的鲜花和秋天的果实，他给他的上帝编唱些古怪奇妙的歌曲。有时，在有某件重要事情发生的日子，康拉丁会带来特殊的礼物。他从厨房偷来盐并小心疼爱地放在雪貂箱子的前面。

有一天姑妈的牙疼得特别厉害。疼痛持续了三天。早上和晚上康拉丁都在他的上帝面前放点盐。最后他几乎相信是斯莱德尼·瓦什塔带来的牙疼。

过了一段时间，姑妈注意到康拉丁总是去小屋。

“在外面冷风里玩对他不好，”她说。她总是能找到一个理由不让康拉丁玩得开心。第二天早上吃早餐时，她告诉康拉丁她已经卖掉了那只鸡。她看着康拉丁苍白的脸，等着他哭或者生气。但是康拉丁一句话没说；没什么可说的。

可能姑妈觉得内疚了。那天下午喝茶时上了热黄油面包。烤面包平时是不让吃的。康拉丁喜欢吃，但是姑妈说吃烤面包对他不好。而且，烤面包对厨子来说太费事。康拉丁看着烤面包，平静地拿了一片面包和黄油。

“我想你喜欢烤面包，”姑妈生气地说。

“有时候是，”康拉丁说。

那天晚上在小屋里，康拉丁伤心地看着母鸡曾住过的那个空空的角落。于是，第一次，他让他的雪貂上帝为他做一件事。

“为我做一件事，斯莱德尼·瓦什塔，”他轻声地说。

他没有说出他的想法。斯莱德尼·瓦什塔终究是上帝，没有必要向上帝把什么事都说的一清二楚。然后，在看了那个空角落最后一眼之后，康拉丁回到了他憎恨的世界。

每天晚上在小屋和卧室里，康拉丁反复重复着那句话。

“为我做一件事，斯莱德尼·瓦什塔。”

因此康拉丁继续去小屋。姑妈发现后，又去小屋察看。

“你在那个锁着的箱子里养了什么？”她问。“我肯定你在那儿养了一只动物。这对你不好。”

康拉丁一言不发。

姑妈搜他的卧室，最后她终于找到了那个箱子的钥匙。她冲向小屋。这是一个寒冷的下午，康拉丁被禁止到外面去。从餐厅的窗户那儿康拉丁刚好能看见小屋的门。他站着等着。

他看见姑妈打开小屋房门进去了。现在，康拉丁想，她已经找到了箱子。她正在开箱子门，正在我的上帝居住的箱子里面摸索。

“为我做一件事，斯莱德尼·瓦什塔，”康拉丁轻声说。但是他说这话时没有抱什么希望。她会赢，他想，她总是赢。一会儿她就要从小屋出来，对他发号施令。会有人来拿走我的好上帝——再不是上帝了，只是木箱里的一只棕色雪貂。然后我的生活里就没有了重要的东西……医生是对的，我将生病死去。她将赢，她总是赢……在痛苦中，康拉丁开始唱他的上帝之歌：

斯莱德尼·瓦什塔上战场，他的思想鲜红牙齿雪亮。

敌人乞求和平，他将他们灭亡。

美丽的斯莱德尼·瓦什塔。

突然他停止歌唱，走近窗户。小屋的门还开着。慢慢地，非常慢地过了几分钟。康拉丁望着草地上的小鸟，数着它们，一只眼睛却总是看着那扇开着的门。毫无笑容的管家端着茶点进来，康拉丁还是站着、看着、等着。希望在增长，像心里一朵生病的小花。他又非常轻声地唱起了歌，希望又增长了。然后他看见了一个非常奇妙的东西。

从小屋出来一只又长又矮的黄棕色动物，它的嘴和脖子周围有湿红的血斑。

“斯莱德尼·瓦什塔！”康拉丁柔声说。雪貂上帝走向花园深处。它停顿片刻，然后悄悄地走进深远的草丛，永远地消失了。

“茶点好了，”管家说，“你姑妈在哪儿？”

“她下楼去小屋了，”康拉丁说。

于是，管家下楼去叫姑妈时，康拉丁从餐厅的壁柜里拿出面包叉。他坐在炉火旁给自己烤了一片面包。正当他烤着面包、在上面抹黄油时，康拉丁听着餐室外的吵闹声。先是尖叫声——那是管家，然后是厨子的喊叫声。一会儿传来几个人的脚步声。他们正往屋里拍个很沉的东西。

“谁去告诉那可怜的孩子？”管家说。

“哎，总得有人去，”厨子回答。当他们在争论的时候，康拉丁又给自己烤了一片面包。

The Story-Teller

It was a hot, airless afternoon. The train was slow and the next stop was nearly an hour away. The people in the train were hot and tired. There were three small children and their aunt, and a tall man, who was a bachelor. The bachelor did not know the little family, and he did not want to know them.

The aunt and the children talked, but it was not a real conversation. It was more like a battle with a small housefly which will not go away. When the aunt spoke to the children, she always began with 'Don't... 'When the children spoke to her, they always began with 'Why...' The bachelor said nothing aloud.

The small boy opened his mouth and closed it again. It made an interesting little noise, so he did it again. Open. Close. Open. Close.

'Don't do that, Cyril,' said the aunt. 'Come and look out of the window.' The boy closed his mouth and sat next to the window. He looked out at the green fields and trees.

'Why is that man taking those sheep out of that field?' he asked suddenly.

'Perhaps he's taking them to another field where there is more grass,' said the aunt. It was not a very good answer, and the boy knew it.

'But there is lots of grass in that field,' he said. 'The field is full of grass, Aunt. Why doesn't the man leave his sheep in that field?'

'I suppose the grass in the other field is better,' answered the aunt.

'Why is it better?' asked Cyril at once.

'Oh, look at those cows!' cried the aunt. There were cows in nearly all the fields along the railway line. Cyril did not look at the cows. He wanted an answer to his question.

'Why is the grass in the other field better?' he said again.

The bachelor gave them an angry look. The aunt saw him. He's a hard, unkind man, she thought. He doesn't like children. She searched for a suitable answer to Cyril's question, but could not find one.

The smaller girl began to say some words from a song:

'On the road to Mandalay, where the happy children play,' she began.

Then she stopped. She could not remember any more words, so she said the first words again, quietly but very clearly. Then she said them again. And again. And again.

The bachelor looked angrily at the girl, and then at the aunt.

'Come here and sit down quietly,' the aunt said quickly to the children. 'I'm going to tell you a story.'

The children moved slowly towards the aunt's seat. They already looked bored. Clearly, the aunt was not a famous story-teller.

The story was horribly uninteresting. It was about a little girl. She was not a beautiful child, but she was always very, very good. Everybody loved her because she was good. Finally, she fell into a lake and her friends saved her because she was so good, and they loved her so much.

'Did they only save her because she was good?' asked the bigger girl. Shouldn't we save bad people too, if they fall in to a lake?' The bachelor wanted to ask the same question, but he said nothing.

'Well, yes, we should,' said the aunt. 'But I'm sure the little girl's friends ran specially fast because they loved her so much.'

'That was the stupidest story that I've ever heard,' said the bigger girl.

'I didn't listen after the first few words,' said Cyril, 'because it was so stupid.'

The smaller girl was already quietly repeating the words of her song for the twentieth time.

'You're not very successful as a story-teller,' the bachelor said suddenly from his corner.

The aunt looked at him in angry surprise. 'It's not easy to tell stories that children can understand,' she answered coldly.

'I don't agree with you,' said the bachelor.

'Perhaps you would like to tell them a story,' said the aunt. She gave him a cold little smile.

'Yes— tell us a story,' said the bigger girl.

'A long time ago,' began the bachelor, 'there was a little girl called Bertha, who was extraordinarily good. She always worked well at school. She always obeyed her teachers and her parents. She was never late, never dirty, and always ate all her vegetables. She was polite, she was tidy, and she never, never told lies.'

'Oh,' said the children. They were beginning to look bored already.

'Was she pretty?' asked the smaller girl.

'No,' said the bachelor. 'She wasn't pretty. But she was horribly good.'

'Horribly good. I like that!' said Cyril. The children began to look more interested. The words 'horrible' and 'good' together was a new idea for them, and it pleased them.

'Bertha was always good,' continued the bachelor. 'Because she was so good, Bertha had three medals. There was the "Never Late" medal. There was the "Politeness" medal. And there was the medal for the "Best Child in the World". They were very large medals. Bertha always wore them on her dress, and they clinked as she walked along. She was the only child in her town who had three medals. So everybody knew that she must be an extra good child.'

'Horribly good,' repeated Cyril happily.

'Everybody talked about Bertha's goodness. The king of that country heard about her, and he was very pleased. "Because Bertha is so good," he said, "she may come and walk in my palace gardens every Friday afternoon." The king's gardens were famous. They were large and very beautiful, and children were usually forbidden to go in them.'

'Were there any sheep in the palace gardens?' asked Cyril.

'No,' said the bachelor, 'there were no sheep.'

'Why weren't there any sheep?' asked Cyril at once.

The aunt gave a little smile, and waited with interest for the bachelor's answer.

'There were no sheep in the king's gardens,' explained the bachelor, 'because the king's mother had once had a dream. In her dream a voice said to her, "Your son will be killed by a sheep, or by a clock falling on him." That is why the king never kept a sheep in his gardens or a clock in his palace.'

The aunt thought secretly that this was a very clever answer, but she stayed silent.

'Was the king killed by a sheep, or by a clock?' asked the bigger girl.

'He is still alive,' said the bachelor calmly, 'so we don't know if the dream was true or not. But, although there were no sheep, there were lots of little pigs running around everywhere.'

'What colour were the pigs?' asked the smaller girl.

'Black with white faces, white with black faces, all black, grey and white, and some were all white.'

The bachelor stopped for a moment, while the children's imaginations took in these wonderful pictures. Then he went on again.

'Bertha was sorry that there were no flowers in the palace gardens. She had promised her aunts that she would not pick any of the kind king's flowers. She wanted very much to be good and to keep her promise. So she was very cross when she found that there were no flowers to pick.'

'Why weren't there any flowers?'

'Because the pigs had eaten them all,' said the bachelor immediately. 'The gardeners had told the king that he couldn't have pigs and flowers, because pigs eat flowers. So the king decided to have pigs, and no flowers.'

The children thought that this was an excellent idea.

'Most people choose flowers,' said Cyril. He looked very pleased. 'But of course, pigs are much better than flowers.'

'There were lots of other wonderful things in the palace gardens,' the bachelor continued. 'There were lakes with gold and blue and green fish in them. There were trees with beautiful birds that could talk and say clever things. There were also birds that could sing popular songs.'

'Well, on the first Friday afternoon in May, Bertha came to the king's gardens, the king's soldiers saw her beautiful white dress and her three medals for goodness, and they opened the doors to the gardens at once.'

'Bertha walked up and down and enjoyed herself very much. As she walked along, the three medals on her beautiful white dress clinked against each other. She heard them clinking, and she thought: "I'm here in these lovely gardens because I am the Best Child in the World." She felt pleased and happy and very, very good.'

'Just then a very big, hungry wolf came into the gardens. It wanted to catch a fat little pig for its supper.'

'What colour was the wolf?' asked the children, who were listening to the story with great interest.

'He was grey,' said the bachelor, 'with a black tongue and angry yellow eyes. He had long black claws and big, strong, yellowish teeth. The wolf was hungry. He smelled the ground with his long grey nose. Then he saw Bertha's beautiful, clean white dress and began to move quietly towards her.'

'Bertha saw the wolf and she wished she had not come to the gardens. Oh, why did I come here?' she thought. "All the bad children are safe at home. I wish I wasn't an extraordinarily good child! Then I could be safe at home too." She ran as hard as she could, and the wolf came after her on his long grey legs.'

'At last Bertha managed to reach some big, sweet smelling myrtle bushes, and she hid herself in the thickest bush. The wolf walked round and round the bushes, with his angry yellow eyes and his long black tongue. But he couldn't see Bertha because the bushes were too thick, and he couldn't smell her because the smell of the myrtle was too strong. So after a while the wolf became bored, and decided to go and catch a little pig for his supper.'

'Bertha was terribly frightened. Her heart beat very fast and her body shook with fear. Her arms shook and her legs shook. Her three medals for goodness shook too. And as they shook, they clinked together. The wolf was just moving away, when he heard the medals clinking, and he stopped to listen. The medals clinked again. The wolf's yellow eyes shone, and he ran into the myrtle bushes, pulled Bertha out, and ate her. He ate everything except her shoes, a few small pieces of her dress, and the three medals for goodness.'

'Were any of the little pigs killed?' asked Cyril.

'No, they all escaped.'

'The story began badly,' said the smaller girl, 'but it finished beautifully.'

'It is the most beautiful story that I have ever heard,' said the bigger girl.

'It is the only beautiful story I have ever heard,' said Cyril.

The aunt did not agree. 'It was a most improper story!' she said angrily. 'You mustn't tell children stories like that! You have destroyed years of careful teaching.'

'Well,' said the bachelor. He put on his coat and picked up his bags. 'The children sat still and were quiet for ten minutes while they listened to the story. And they didn't do that for you.'

'I feel sorry for that woman,' thought the bachelor as he stepped down from the train at the next station. 'What will

people think when those children ask her for an improper story!’

讲故事的人

这是一个炎热无风的下午。火车缓慢行进，离下一站还有将近一个小时的路程。火车里的人又热又累。有三个孩子和他们的姑妈，以及一个单身高个子男人。单身男人不认识这个小家庭，也不想认识他们。

姑妈在和孩子们说话，但算不上真正的交谈，更像和一只不愿离开的小家蝇的打斗。姑妈对孩子们说话时总是用“不许……”几个字开头，孩子们对她说话时总是用“为什么……”开头。单身男人没有出声。

小男孩张开嘴又闭上，发出一种有趣的、小小的响声，于是他又这样做了一遍。张嘴。闭嘴。张嘴。闭嘴。

“不许那样做，西里尔，”姑妈说。“来看看窗外。”男孩闭上嘴靠窗而坐。他向外面的绿地和树木张望。

“为什么那个人把羊带出田地？”他突然问。

“可能他正带它们去另外一块草多的田地，”姑妈说。这不是一个很好的答案，男孩知道这一点。

“可是那块地里的草很多，”他说。“地里全是草，姑妈。为什么那个人不把羊留在那块地里呢？”“我想别的地里的草更好，”姑妈回答。

“为什么更好？”西里尔马上问。

“哎哟，看那些牛！”姑妈喊道。铁路沿线几乎所有的地里都是牛。西里尔不看牛，他想得到问题的答案。

“为什么别的地里的草更好？”他又说。

单身男人生气地看了他们一眼。姑妈看见了他，认为他是一个严厉、不和善的男人。他不喜欢孩子。她在思索西里尔问题的合适答案，但是没找到。

小女孩开始说歌词：

“在去曼德雷的路上，快乐的孩子在玩耍，”她开始说。

然后她停住了，她记不住更多的词，于是又说前面几句词，声音不大但很清楚。然后她又一遍又一遍地说这几句词。

单身男人生气地看着女孩，又生气地看着她的姑妈。

“到这儿来安静地坐着，”姑妈马上对孩子们说。”我给你们讲个故事。”

孩子们慢慢挪向姑妈的座位。他们已经感到无聊了。很明显姑妈不是讲故事的好手。

故事无聊透顶，是关于一个小女孩的。她不漂亮，但总是非常非常地乖。因为她乖所以每个人都喜欢她。最后，她掉进了湖里，她的朋友救了她，因为她太乖了，他们非常喜欢她。

“他们救她只是因为她乖吗？”大点的女孩问。“如果坏人掉进湖里，我们就不应该救他们吗？”单身男人想问同样的问题，只是没说出口。

“这个，是的，我们应该救，”姑妈说。“但我能肯定小女孩的朋友跑得飞快，因为他们太喜欢她了。”

“这是我听过的最蠢的故事，”大些的女孩说。

“我只听了前面几句，”西里尔说，“因为它太蠢。”

小女孩已经在第二十次轻声重复她的歌词。

“你的故事讲得不成功，”单身男人突然在他的一角说话了。

姑妈生气地看着他，很惊讶。“讲孩子们能懂的故事不容易，”她冷淡地回答。

“我不同意，”单身男人说。

“可能你想给他们讲个故事，”姑妈说。她对他冷冷地笑了笑。

“给我们讲个故事，”大女孩说。

“很久以前。”单身男人开始讲。“有一个小女孩叫伯莎，她出奇地好。在学校她的成绩总是很好。她总是听老师和家长的话。她从不迟到、邋遢，总是把菜吃光。她有礼貌、整洁而且从不说谎。”

“哦，”孩子们说。他们已经开始不耐烦了。

“她漂亮吗？”小女孩问。

“不，”单身男人说，“她不漂亮，但是她好得可怕。”

“好得可怕！我喜欢！”西里尔说。孩子们开始感兴趣了。把“可怕”和“好”这两个词放在一起对他们是个新鲜的说法，这提起了他们的兴致。

“伯莎总是很好，”单身男人继续说。“因为表现太好，伯莎得了三枚奖章，分别是‘从不迟到’奖章，“礼貌’奖章和‘世界上最好的孩子’奖章。奖章都很大，伯莎总是把它们戴在衣服上，走路时它们丁当作响。她是镇上唯一得了三枚奖章的孩子，因此每个人都知道她一定是个极好的孩子。”

“好得可怕，”西里尔高兴地重复。

“每人都谈论伯莎的好行为。国王听说了她，很高兴。’伯莎表现这么好，’他说，’每星期五下午她可以来我皇宫的花园里散步。’国王的花园很有名，很大，很漂亮，孩子们一般是不准进去的。”

“皇宫的花园里有羊吗？”西里尔问。

“没有，”单身男人说，“没有羊。”

“为什么没羊呢？”西里尔马上问。

姑妈轻轻一笑，满有兴趣地等着单身男人的回答。

单身男人解释说，“国王的花园里没有羊是因为国王的母亲曾经做过一个梦。在梦里一个声音对她说，’你的儿子会被羊杀死，或者被掉下的钟砸死。’所以国王从不在花园里养羊，从不在皇宫里放钟。”

姑妈暗自想这是个很聪明的回答，但她没说话。

“国王是被羊杀死的还是被钟砸死的？”大女孩问。

“他还活着，”单身男人平静地说。“因此我们不知道梦是真的还是假的。但是，虽然没有羊，有很多小猪在里面四处跑。”

“猪是什么颜色？”小女孩问。

“黑猪长着白脸，白猪长着黑脸，都是黑色、灰色和白色相间的，有一些是纯白色的猪。”

孩子们正想像着这些奇妙的图画时，单身男人停顿了片刻，然后他又继续讲：

“皇宫花园里没有花，伯莎觉得很不高兴。她向姑妈保证过她不会摘善良的国王的花。她很想表现好，信守诺言，因此当发现无花可摘时她很生气。”

“为什么没花？”

“因为猪把花都吃了，”单身男人立刻说。“园丁告诉过国王他不能既有猪又有花，因为猪吃花。于是国王决定养猪，不种花。”

孩子们想这是个好主意。

“大多数人选择花，”西里尔说。他很高兴。“可是猪当然比花好得多。”

“皇宫的花园里还有很多其它好东西，”单身男人继续讲。“湖里有金色、蓝色和绿色的鱼。树上有会说话、会讲聪明事情的鸟。还有会唱流行歌曲的鸟。

“好啦，5月第一个星期五的下午，伯莎来到国王的花园。国王的士兵看见了她漂亮的白裙和她的三枚好品行奖章，于是他们马上打开了通往花园的门。

“伯莎来回散步，很开心。她走路时，漂亮白裙上的三枚奖章相互碰撞。她听见奖章的丁当声，想道：‘我来到这漂亮的花园是因为我是世界上最好的孩子。’她愉快、幸福，感觉很好。

“正在这时一只很大的饿狼走进花园，它想捉一只小肥猪当晚餐。”

“狼是什么颜色？”孩子们问，他们都在非常感兴趣地听故事。

“是灰色的，”单身男人说，“长着黑舌头和发怒的黄眼睛，爪子又黑又长，黄牙又大又结实。狼饿了，它用灰色的长鼻子在地上闻味。它看见了伯莎漂亮干净的白裙，开始悄悄地向她走来。

“伯莎看见了狼，她希望她没来花园该多好。’哦，我为什么来这儿？’她想。’所有的坏孩子都安全地在家，我希望我不是个好得出奇的孩子！那么我也可以安全地呆在家里。’她拚命跑，狼用灰色的长腿紧追。

“终于伯莎跑到了一片散发着甜味的高大爱神木丛，她把自己藏在了浓密的树丛里。狼在树丛周围走了一圈又一圈，睁着发怒的黄眼睛，吐着又黑又长的舌头。但是它看不见伯莎，因为树丛太密。它闻不出她，因为爱神木的味太冲了。过了一会儿狼厌倦了，决定去抓只小猪当晚餐。

“伯莎吓坏了，她的心在急促跳动，她的身体因害怕而发抖。她的胳膊在抖，腿在抖，连三枚好品行奖章也在抖。奖章抖动时便发出了丁当的响声。狼正要离开时听见了奖章的丁当声，便停下来听。奖章又丁当作响。狼的黄眼睛闪着光，跑进爱神木丛，拖出了伯莎，吃了她。它吃掉了一切，只剩下她的鞋，她裙子的一些小碎片和三枚好品行奖章。”

“有哪只小猪被吃了吗？”西里尔问。

“没有，它们都跑了。”

“故事开头不好，”小女孩说。“但是结尾漂亮。”

“这是我听过的最精彩的故事，”大女孩说。

“这是我听过的唯一一个精彩的故事，”西里尔说。

姑妈不同意。“这是一个最不成体统的故事！”她生气地说。“你不能给孩子讲这样的故事！你破坏了多少年的精心教育。”

“好吧，”单身男人说。他穿上大衣提起包。“孩子们听故事时安静地坐了10分钟，他们这么做不是为了你。”

“我为那女人难过。”单身男人在下一站走下火车时想。“当那些孩子让她讲个不成体统的故事时人们会怎么想！”

Cunningham had spent an agreeable week in the country with his friend Van Cheele. Now Van Cheele was driving his guest back to the station. Cunningham was unusually quiet on the journey, but Van Cheele talked all the time, so he did not notice his friend's silence.

Suddenly Cunningham spoke. 'There is a wild animal in your woods,' he said.

'A wild animal? A few rabbits, perhaps. Nothing very terrible, surely,' said Van Cheele. Cunningham said nothing.

'What did you mean about a wild animal?' asked Van Cheele later, at the station.

'Nothing. It was my imagination. Here is the train,' said Cunningham.

That afternoon Van Cheele went for a walk through his woods. He knew a little about plants and animals, and he enjoyed walking through the woods around his house and looking at the birds and flowers there. He also enjoyed telling everyone about them afterwards. Of course, he never saw anything very surprising—until that afternoon.

During his walk Van Cheele came to a deep pool under some tall trees. He knew it well: after all, it was his pool. But today, he saw a boy of about sixteen lying on a large rock beside the pool. The boy was drying his wet, naked brown body in the sun. His hair was wet too, and he had long, golden, wolfish eyes. He turned those eyes towards Van Cheele with a look of lazy watchfulness.

Van Cheele was surprised to see the boy. Where does this wild-looking boy come from? he thought. Can he be the miller's son? He disappeared two months ago. People say he fell into the river. It's a fast-running river, and nobody ever found his body. I wonder? But the miller's boy was only a young child...

'What are you doing here?' asked Van Cheele.

'Enjoying the sunshine, of course,' said the boy.

'Where do you live?'

'Here, in these woods.'

'You can't live in these woods.' said Van Cheele.

'They are very nice woods,' said the boy politely.

'But where do you sleep at night?'

'I don't sleep at night. That's my busiest time.'

Van Cheele began to feel cross. What did the boy mean?

'What do you eat?' he asked.

'Meat,' said the boy. He opened his mouth, showing very white teeth.

'Meat? What kind of meat?'

'Well, if you must know, I eat rabbits, wild birds, chickens from the farm and young sheep from the hills. I like children when I can find them. But they're usually too well locked in at night. It's two months since I tasted child meat.'

The boy is joking about the children, thought Van Cheele. But perhaps he really is stealing animals from the woods and farms. I must find out more about this.

Aloud he said, 'You catch rabbits? You must be joking. Our rabbits are much too fast for you.'

'At night I hunt on four feet,' was the boy's surprising replp.

'You mean that you hunt with a dog?' guessed Van Cheele.

The boy sat up suddenly and laughed a strange, low laugh. To Van Cheele that laugh sounded horrrlby like a growl.

'I don't think any dog would like to hunt with me,' the boy said. 'Not at night...'

There is something horrible about this boy, thought Van Cheele. I don't like the way he looks and I don't like the way he talks.

'I can't let you stay in my woods,' he said aloud.

'Very well then— shall I come and live in your house?' replied te boy.

Van Cheele thought about his quiet, tidy house. No, he did not want this strange, wild boy at all. Of course, the boy was joking...but Van Cheele was not amused.

'If you don't go away,' he said, 'I shall have to call the police.'

At once the boy turned and jumped head-first into the pool. A moment later, his shining, wet body landed half-way up the grassy bank where Van Cheele was standing. Van Cheele stepped backwards. His foot slipped on the wet grass and he fell. He found himself lying on the grass with those wolfish yellow eyes uncomfortably near to his. He felt a moment of horrible fear. The boy laughed again, a laugh that was like the growl of a wild animal, then disaggearred among the bushes.

'What an extraordinarily wild animal!' said Van Cheele as he picked himself up. And then he remembered Cunning ham's words about a wild animal in his woods.

As he walked slowly home, Van Cheele thought about several things which had happened in and around the village recently. Perhaps this boy knows something about them, he thought...Something has been killing rabbits and birds in the woods lately. Something has been stealing the farmer's chickens and carrying off the young sheep from the hills. Is it possible that this wild boy is hunting at night with a fast, intelligent dog? The boy talked of hunting on four feet at night...But he also said that dogs did not like to hunt with him at night...Very strange indeed.

As Van Cheele walked along, he turned the questions over and over in his head. Suddenly he stopped. The miller's

son! he said to himself. The child disappeared two months ago. Everyone thought that he had fallen into the river and been carried away. But the child's mother did not believe this. She said she had heard a scream—and the scream came from the hill, a long way away from the water.

It's impossible, of course, said Van Cheele to himself. But the child disappeared two months ago, and the boy talked about child meat. He was joking, of course—but what a horrible joke!

Van Cheele usually talked to his aunt about the birds, plants and animals he saw on his walks. But today he said nothing. He was an important man in his village. If there was a thief living in his woods, he did not want anyone to know. If people hear about the boy, he thought, perhaps they will want me to pay for their lost chickens and their disappearing sheep.

He was unusually quiet at dinner. 'What's the matter with you?' joked his aunt. 'Did you see a wolf on your walk?'

At breakfast the next morning Van Cheele realized that he still felt uncomfortable about yesterday's adventure. I know what I'll do, he said to himself. I'll take the train to London and I'll go and see Cunningham. I'll ask him if he was joking when he said there was a wild animal in my woods.

After he had decided this, Van Cheele felt better. He sang a happy little song as he walked to the sitting-room for his morning cigarette. His fat old dog walked beside him.

As Van Cheele entered the sitting-room, the song died on his lips and his dog ran away with his tail between his legs. There on the day-bed, with his hands comfortably behind his head, lay the boy from the woods. He was drier than yesterday, but he was still naked.

'What are you doing here?' asked Van Cheele angrily.

'You told me I couldn't stay in the woods,' said the boy calmly.

'But I didn't tell you to come here. What if my aunt sees you? What will she think?'

Van Cheele hurriedly covered his unwanted guest's nakedness with a newspaper. At that moment his aunt entered the room.

'This is a poor boy,' explained Van Cheele quickly. 'He has lost his way—and lost his memory too. He doesn't know who he is, or where he comes from.'

Miss Van Cheele was very interested. 'Perhaps his name is on his underclothes,' she said.

'He has lost his underclothes too,' said Van Cheele. The newspaper was slipping off the boy's naked body. Van Cheele hurried to replace it.

Miss Van Cheele was a kind old lady. She felt sorry for this naked, helpless child.

'We must help him,' she said. She sent the housekeeper to a neighbour's house to borrow some clothes.

Soon the boy was clean and tidy, and dressed in shirt, trousers and shoes. Van Cheele thought he looked just as strange and wolfish as before. But Miss Van Cheele thought he was sweet.

'We must give him a name until we know who he really is,' she said. 'Gabriel Ernest, I think. Those are nice, suitable names.'

Van Cheele agreed. But he was not sure that the boy was a nice, suitable boy. Van Cheele's old dog, when he saw the boy, had run away in fear and would not come back into the house. Van Cheele decided to go and see Cunningham at once.

As he got ready to go to the station, his aunt was busily arranging a children's tea party in the church hall.

'Gabriel Ernest will help me with the little ones,' she said happily.

When Van Cheele got to London, Cunningham did not want to talk at first. You'll think I'm crazy,' he said.

'But what did you see?' asked Van Cheele.

'I saw something—something unbelievable. On the last evening of my visit to you I was standing half-hidden in the bushes, watching the sun go down. Suddenly I noticed a naked boy. He has been swimming in a pool somewhere, I said to myself. He was standing on the hillside and he too was watching the sun go down. Then the sun disappeared behind the hill and its light was gone. At the same moment a very surprising thing happened—the boy disappeared too.'

'What? He disappeared just like that?' said Van Cheele excitedly.

'No. It was much more horrible than that. On the open hillside where the boy had been, I saw a large, blackish-grey wolf with long white teeth and yellow eyes. You'll think I'm crazy—'

But Van Cheele did not wait. He was running towards the station as fast as he could. He did not know what he could do. I can't send my aunt a message, he thought. What can I say? Gabriel Ernest is a werewolf? My aunt will think I'm joking. I MUST get home before sundown.

He caught his train. With painful slowness it carried him to the station a few miles from his home. He took a taxi to his village.

'Take me to the church hall—and hurry!' he ordered. The taxi drove along the quiet country roads, and the sky turned pink and purple as the sun got lower and lower in the west.

His aunt was putting away some uneaten cakes and sand wiches when he arrived.

'Where is Gabriel Ernest?' screamed Van Cheele.

'He's taking little Jack Toop home,' said his aunt calmly. 'It was getting so late. I didn't want to send the dear little boy home alone. Isn't the sky beautiful this evening?'

But Van Cheele had no time to talk about the beautiful sky. He ran like the wind down the narrow road that went to the Toops' house. On one side was the fast-running river, on the other was the dark hillside. In a minute I'll catch up with them, Van Cheele thought.

Then the sun went down behind the hill and the whole world became grey and cold. Van Cheele heard a short scream of

fear, and he knew he was too late.

Nobody ever saw litele Jack Toop or Gabrid Ernest again. Gabriel Ernest’s clothes were found lying in the road.
’Poor littler Jack fell into the river,’ said Miss Van Cheele. ’And dear Gabriel Ernest took off his clothes and jumped into the river to try to save him. ’

Mrs Toop had eleven other children and did not cry too long for her lost son. But Miss Van Cheele was terribly sad about Gabriel Ernest.

’He must have a memorial in the church,’ she said. She chose the words herself:
GABRIEL ERNEST, AN UNKNOWN BOY
WHO BRAVELY GAVE HIS LIFE
FOR ANOTHER.

Van Cheele usually did what his aunt wanted. But he refused to give any money at all for Gabriel Ernest’s memorial.
加布里埃尔·欧内斯特

坎宁安和朋友范·切尔在乡下过了愉快的一周。现在范·切尔正开车送客人去车站。路上坎宁安与往常不一样，非常安静，但是范·切尔一直说个不停，所以没注意到朋友的沉默。

坎宁安突然说，“你家的小树林里有一只野兽。”
“一只野兽？一些兔子还有可能，肯定没有什么太可怕的，”范·切尔说。坎宁安一句话没说。
“你说一只野兽是什么意思？”范·切尔后来在车站问。
“没什么，是我的幻觉，火车来了，”坎宁安说。

那天下午范·切尔去林子里散步。他对植物和动物略知一二，因此喜欢走路穿过他家房子周围的树林，观赏那儿的花鸟。事后他也喜欢向每个人讲述。当然他从没看见过令人非常惊奇的东西——直到那天下午。

范·切尔走到高树下的一个深水塘旁。他对这个水塘非常熟悉：毕竟这是他的。但是今天，他看见一个大约十六岁的男孩正躺在水塘边的大石头上。他正在太阳下晒自己潮湿、裸露的棕色身体。他的头发也是湿的，他长着一双金黄色、狼一样的长眼睛。他眨着那双眼，用懒洋洋的警惕神情看着范·切尔。

范·切尔见到男孩很吃惊。这个相貌野性的男孩从哪儿来？他想。是磨坊主的儿子吗？他两个月前失踪了。人们说他掉进了河里，是湍急的河，没人找到他的尸体。我想，会不会是他？可是磨坊主的儿子还只是一个小孩……

“你在这儿做什么？”范·切尔问。
“当然是享受阳光，”男孩说。
“你住在哪儿？”
“在这儿，在这些树林里。”
“你不可能住在树林里，”范·切尔说。
“树林里挺不错的，”男孩礼貌地说。
“可是你晚上在哪儿睡觉？”
“我晚上不睡觉，那是我最忙的时候。”
范·切尔有点生气了。这个男孩说的是什么意思？
“你吃什么？”他问。
“吃肉，”男孩说，他张开嘴，露出雪白的牙齿。
“肉？什么肉？”

“哎，如果你一定要知道的话，我吃兔子、野鸟、农场的鸡和山上的小羊。如果能找到，我喜欢小孩，可是小孩在晚上总是被锁在家里。我有两个月没有吃小孩肉了。”

范·切尔想这个男孩在开小孩的玩笑。可是他可能真的偷树林和农场的动物，我得把这事搞清楚。
他大声说，“你抓兔子？你一定在开玩笑。我们的兔子跑起来比你快得多。”

“夜里我用四只脚狩猎。”这是男孩令人吃惊的回答。
“你是说你用狗打猎？”范·切尔猜。

男孩突然坐起来，发出了古怪低沉的笑声。对范·切尔来说，这笑声听起来像可怕的嗥叫。
“我想没有哪条狗愿意和我一起打猎，”男孩说，“在晚上没有……”

男孩有些可怕，范·切尔想。我不喜欢他看人的样子和说话的方式。
“我不能让你呆在我的树林里，”他大声说。
“很好，那么——我可以去你家住吗？”男孩回答。

范·切尔想着他平静整洁的家。不，他根本不想接受这个古怪野性的男孩。当然，这个孩子在开玩笑……但是范·切尔不觉得好笑。
“如果你不走，”他说，“我就要叫警察。”

男孩马上头朝下翻身跳进水塘。片刻后，他闪亮、湿淋淋的身体便一半出现在范·切尔站着的长满青草的岸上。范·切尔朝后退，他的脚在湿草上一滑便跌倒了。他发现自己躺在草地上，那双狼似的黄眼睛离他很近，令他不舒服。他感到一阵恐惧。男孩又笑了，笑声像野兽的嗥叫，随即他就消失在树丛里。

“多么离奇的野兽！”范·切尔站起身时说。这时他想起了坎宁安关于他家树林里有野兽的话。
慢慢朝家走时，范·切尔想着最近村子里和周围地方发生的几件事。可能这个孩子知道些什么，他想……最近什么东西一直在杀树林里的兔子和鸟，一直在偷农夫的鸡、吃山上的小羊。有可能是这个野孩子晚上带着一条敏捷聪明的狗在打猎吗？男孩谈到了晚上用四只脚打猎的事……可是他也说了狗不喜欢和他在晚上打猎……真奇怪。

范·切尔走着，脑子里反复想着这些问题。突然他停住脚步。磨坊主的儿子！他自言自语。这孩子两个月前失踪的，每个人都认为他掉进

河里被河水卷走了。可是孩子的母亲不相信，她说她听见了一声尖叫——尖叫声从小山传来，那儿离河水很远。那当然不可能，范·切尔对自己说。可这孩子两个月前失踪的，那个男孩说起了小孩肉。他当然是在开玩笑……可这是个多么可怕的玩笑啊！

范·切尔常向姑妈谈论路途上看见的鸟、植物和动物。但是今天他什么都没说。他是村里的一个重要人物，如果他的树林里住着一个贼，他是不想让任何人知道的。如果人们知道了这个男孩，他想，他们可能会让我赔偿他们丢失的鸡和羊。

晚饭时他异乎寻常地安静。“你怎么了？”姑妈逗他说。“你在路上看见狼了吗？”

第二天早餐时范·切尔还在为昨天的奇遇颇为不爽。我知道我要做什么，他自言自语。我要乘火车去伦敦，去看望坎宁安。我要问他当他说我家树林里有一头野兽时是不是在开玩笑。

做出这个决定之后，范·切尔觉得好了一些。朝客厅走去拿早上抽的烟时他唱起了快乐的小曲。他的老肥狗走在他的旁边。

当范·切尔走进客厅，他的歌声在嘴唇上嘎然而止，他的狗夹着尾巴逃跑了。在那张白天休息的床上躺着那个树林里来的男孩他的头舒服地枕在手上。他比昨天干多了，但还是赤身裸体。

“你在这儿做什么？”范·切尔气愤地问。

“你告诉过我我不能呆在树林里，”男孩平静地说。

“但我没告诉你来这儿。我姑妈看见你会怎样？她会怎么想？”

范·切尔赶紧用报纸盖住这位不速之客的光身子。正在这时姑妈进了房间。

“这是个可怜的孩子，”范·切尔马上解释。“他迷了路——也失去了记忆。他不知道他是谁，从哪儿来。”

范·切尔小姐很感兴趣。“他的名字可能在内衣上，”她说。

“他连内衣也丢了，”范·切尔说。报纸从男孩的光身子上滑了下来，范·切尔赶忙又把报纸盖在男孩的身上。

范·切尔小姐是一个和善的老妇人，她为这个裸露无助的孩子感到难过。

“我们得帮助他，”她说。她让管家去邻居家借些衣服。

一会儿男孩变得干净整洁，穿上了衬衣、裤子和鞋。范·切尔认为他和以前一样古怪，就像一只狼，但是范·切尔小姐认为他很可爱。

“在我们知道他到底是谁以前得给他起个名字，”她说。“我想该叫加布里埃尔·欧内斯特。这是合适的好名字。”

范·切尔同意。但是他不敢说这个男孩是个适宜的好孩子。范·切尔的老狗一看见男孩就吓得跑掉了，不愿意回屋里。范·切尔决定马上去见坎宁安。

正当他准备好去车站时，姑妈正忙于筹办在教堂举行的儿童茶会。

“加布里埃尔·欧内斯特将帮我照看小家伙们。”她高兴地说。

范·切尔到了伦敦，坎宁安开始不想谈此事。“你会认为我疯了，”他说。

“可是你看见了什么？”范·切尔问。

“我看见了一件事情——一件让人难以相信的事情。在我拜访你的最后一个晚上我一半隐在树丛里看日落。突然我看见了一个裸着身体的男孩。我对自己说，可能他刚在某个地方的池塘里游过泳。他站在山坡上，也在看日落。过后太阳落山了，光线渐去了。就在同一时刻发生了一件非常惊奇的事——男孩也消失了。”

“什么？他就那样消失了？”范·切尔激动地说。

“不，比那可怕得多。在男孩呆过的山坡空地上，我看见了一只灰黑色的大狼，长着白色的长牙和黄色的眼睛。你会认为我疯了——”

但是范，切尔没再等，他拚命往车站跑。他不知道能做什么。我不能给姑妈捎口信，他想。我能说什么？“加布里埃尔·欧内斯特是个狼人”？姑妈会认为我在开玩笑。我必须在太阳下山前到家。

他上了火车。在令人难受的缓慢中火车把他带到了离家几里的车站。他乘出租车向村子驶去。

“带我去教堂——要快！”他命令说。出租车在安静的乡村路上行驶，在西边太阳越落越低，天空也随着变粉变紫。

他赶到教堂时姑妈正在端走没吃的蛋糕和三明治。

“加布里埃尔·欧内斯特在哪儿？”范·切尔尖叫。

“他正送小杰克·图布回家，”姑妈平静地说。“天太晚，我不想单独让可爱的小家伙回家。今晚天空很美吧？”

可是范·切尔没时间谈论美丽的天空，他像一阵风在通向图布家的窄路上奔跑。路的一旁是快速流动的河水，另一旁是黑漆漆的山坡。再过一分钟我就能赶上他们，范·切尔想。

太阳下山了，整个世界变得灰暗、寒冷。范·切尔听见一声恐怖、短促的尖叫，于是他知道他来得太晚了。

没人再看见小杰克·图布或加布里埃尔·欧内斯特。在路上人们找到了加布里埃尔·欧内斯特的衣服。

“可怜的小杰克掉到河里了，”范·切尔小姐说。“亲爱的加布里埃尔·欧内斯特脱掉衣服跳进河里，想去救他。”

图布夫人还有11个孩子，她没有为丢失的儿子哭得太久。可是范·切尔小姐却为加布里埃尔·欧内斯特难过。

“他在教堂里该有个纪念碑，”她说。她亲自选择词句：

加布里埃尔·欧内斯特，

一个不相识的男孩

勇敢地把自己的生命

献给了别人。

范·切尔通常照姑妈的意愿做事，但是他拒绝为加布里埃尔·欧内斯特的纪念碑捐一分钱。

Tobermory

It was a cold, rain-washed afternoon in late August. Lady Blemley and her guests were sitting round the teatable. Everyone was listening open-mouthed to Mr Cornelius Appin.

Although he was one of her guests, Lady Blemley did not know Mr Appin well. She had invited him to stay at Blemley House because she had heard that he was clever. But until teatime that day he had not done or said anything clever. He did not play tennis, or sing, or make intelligent conversation. But now Mr Appin was describing a most extraordinary discovery and the other guests were listening with deep interest. 'Are you telling us that you have found a way of teaching animals to talk?' Sir Wilfrid was saying. 'And our dear old Tobermory is your first successful student?'

'I have studied this problem for seventeen years,' said Mr Appin, 'but I didn't have any real success until eight or nine months ago. Of course, I have studied thousands of animals, but recently I have worked only with cats. A cat, of course, is a wild animal who agrees to live with you. All cats are intelligent, but naturally some cats are more intelligent than others. When I met Tobermory a week ago, I realized at once that here was an extraordinarily intelligent cat, a very special cat indeed. In Tobermory, I found the student I needed. With him I have succeeded in my plan.'

Nobody laughed, and nobody actually said 'Rubbish', although Clovis's lips moved silently...

'And have you really taught Tobermory,' asked Miss Resker, 'to say and understand short, easy words?'

'My dear Miss Resker,' said Mr Appin patiently, 'we teach little children and very slow, stupid adults in that way. But Tobermory is a most intelligent cat. He can speak English as well as you or I can.'

This time Clovis said 'Rubbish!' aloud.

Sir Wilfrid was more polite, but it was clear that he did not believe Mr Appin's story.

'Shall we bring the cat in here and hear him for ourselves?' said Lady Blemley.

Sir Wilfrid went off to look for Tobermory.

'Mr Appin will try to be clever,' said Miss Resker happily, 'but if we watch him carefully, we shall see his lips move.'

In a minute Sir Wilfrid returned, looking very excited.

'It's true, you know!' he said. 'I found Tobermory sleeping in the smoking-room, and called out to him to come for his tea. He lifted his head and opened one eye. I said, "Come on, Toby, don't keep us waiting!" and he said calmly, "I'll come when I'm ready!" I couldn't believe my ears!'

The guests all started talking at once, while Mr Appin sat silently and looked very pleased with himself indeed.

Then Tobermory entered the room and calmly walked over to the tea table. The conversation stopped. Nobody knew what to say to a talking cat. At last Lady Blemley spoke:

'Would you like some milk, Tobermory?' she asked in a high, unnatural voice.

'I don't mind if I do,' answered Tobermory. Lady Blemley's hand shook with excitement and some of the milk went onto the carpet.

'Oh dear! I'm so sorry,' she said.

'I don't mind. It isn't my carpet, after all,' replied Tobermory.

There was another silence, then Miss Resker asked politely, 'Did you find it difficult to learn English, Tobermory?'

Tobermory looked straight through her with his bright green eyes. Clearly, he did not answer questions that did not interest him.

'What do you think of the intelligence of people?' asked Mavis Pellington.

'Which people's intelligence?' asked Tobermory coldly.

'Well, my intelligence, for example,' said Mavis with a little laugh.

'You make things very uncomfortable for me,' said Tobermory, although he did not look at all uncomfortable. 'When Lady Blemley wanted to invite you here, Sir Wilfrid was not pleased. "Mavis Pellington is the stupidest woman I know," he said. "That's why I want to invite her," Lady Blemley replied. "I want her to buy my old car, and she's stupid enough to do that."'

'It isn't true!' cried Lady Blemley. 'Don't believe him, Mavis!'

'If it isn't true,' said Mavis coldly, 'why did you say this morning that your car would be just right for me?'

Major Barfield did his best to help. He tried to start a new conversation. 'How are you getting on with your little black and white lady friend in the garden?' he asked Tobermory.

Everybody realized at once that this was a mistake.

Tobermory gave him an icy look. 'We do not usually discuss these things in polite company,' he said. 'But I have watched you a little since you have been in this house. I think perhaps you would not like me to discuss your lady friends.'

The Major's face became very red, and all the other guests began to look worried and uncomfortable. What was Tobermory going to say next?

'Would you like to go down to the kitchen now, Tobermory,' asked Lady Blemley politely, 'and see if the cook has got your dinner ready?'

'No, thank you,' said Tobermory. 'I've only just had my tea. I don't want to make myself sick.'

'Cats have nine lives, you know,' said Sir Wilfrid with a laugh.

'Possibly,' answered Tobermory. 'But only one stomach.'

'Lady Blemley!' cried Mrs Cornett, 'Don't send that cat to the kitchen. He will talk about us to the cook!'

Everyone was very worried now. They remembered uncomfortably that Tobermory moved freely all over the house and gardens, at all hours of the day and night. He could look into any of the bedrooms if he wanted to. What had he seen? What had he heard? Nobody's secrets were safe now.

'Oh, why did I come here?' cried Agnes Resker, who could never stay silent for long.

'You know very well why you came here,' said Tobermory immediately. 'You came for the food, of course. I heard you talking to Mrs Cornett in the garden. You said that the Blemleys were terribly boring people, but they had an excellent cook.'

'You mustn't believe him!' cried Agnes. 'I never said that, did I, Mrs Cornett?'

'Later, Mrs Cornett repeated your words to Bertie van Tahn,' said Tobermory. 'She said, "That Resker woman will go anywhere for four good meals a day," and Bertie said—'

Just then Tobermory looked out of the window and saw the doctor's big yellow cat crossing the garden. Immediately he disappeared through the open window.

Everyone started talking at once, and Mr Appin found himself in a storm of angry questions.

'You must stop this at once,' everyone said to him. 'What will happen if Tobermory teaches other cats to talk? We shall never have a moment's peace!'

'It's possible that he has taught the gardener's cat,' replied Mr Appin thoughtfully, 'but I don't believe he has had time to teach any other cats.'

'Then,' said Mrs Cornett, 'although Tobermory is a valuable cat, he and the gardener's cat must die. Don't you agree, Lady Blemley?'

'You're right,' said Lady Blemley sadly. 'My husband and I love Tobermory—well, we did before this afternoon—but now, of course, he must die as soon as possible.' 'We will poison his dinner,' said Sir Wilfrid, 'and I will kill the gardener's cat myself. The gardener won't like it, but I'll say it has some kind of disease—'

'But what about my discovery?' cried Mr Appin. 'What about all my years of work? Are you going to destroy my only successful student?'

'You can go and teach the cows on the farm,' said Mrs Cornett coldly, 'or the elephants at the zoo. Elephants are very intelligent, they tell me, and elephants don't hide behind chairs or under beds and listen to people's conversations.' Mr Appin knew when he was beaten.

Dinner that evening was not a success. Sir Wilfrid had had a difficult time with the gardener's cat and later with the gardener. Agnes Resker refused to eat anything, while Mavis Pellington ate her meal in silence. Everyone was waiting for Tobermory. A plate of poisoned fish stood ready for him in the dining-room, but he did not come home. Nobody talked much, and nobody laughed. It was a most uncomfortable meal.

After dinner the Blemleys and their guests sat in the smoking-room. Everyone was quiet and worried and nobody wanted to play cards. At eleven o'clock the cook and the housekeeper went to bed. They left the kitchen window open for Tobermory as usual, but he did not come.

At two o'clock Clovis spoke:

'He won't come home tonight. He's probably in the newspaper office selling them his story. They'll love it. The story will be the excitement of the year.'

After that everyone went to bed, but nobody slept.

In the morning Tobermory had still not come home.

Breakfast was another quiet, uncomfortable meal. Then, half-way through the coffee, the gardener brought in Tobermory's blood-stained body.

'Look at his claws!' cried Clovis. 'He's been fighting!' And there, on Tobermory's claws, was the yellow hair of the doctor's cat.

By lunchtime most of the guests had left Blemley House. Lady Blemley began to feel better. She took out her pen and paper and wrote a very angry letter to the doctor about the death of her valuable cat.

Tobermory was Mr Appin's only successful student. A few weeks after Tobermory's death an elephant escaped from the Dresden Zoo and killed an English visitor.

The zoo keeper said that the elephant had always been a calm and gentle animal before. But suddenly it seemed to become very angry with the English visitor, who was talking to it.

The dead man's name was reported in the newspapers as Oppin, but his first name was Cornelius.

'If Appin was trying to teach the poor elephant to speak German,' said Clovis, 'I'm not surprised it killed him.'

托博莫里

这是8月底一个寒冷的下午。布莱姆雷夫人和客人正坐在桌旁吃茶点。大家听了科尼利厄斯·阿普因先生的话都很吃惊。

虽然他是其中的一个客人，但是布莱姆雷夫人并不太了解阿普因先生。她只是听说他聪明，所以邀请他来布莱姆雷家。但那天直到喝茶的时候他还没有做或说任何聪明的事情。他没打网球、没唱歌也没说什么机智的话。但是现在阿普因先生正在描述一个极其特别的发现，其他客人正兴致勃勃地听着。

“你是说你找到了教动物说话的办法？”威尔弗雷德爵士说。“而且我们可爱的老托博莫里是你的第一个成功的学生？”

“我研究这个问题17年了，”阿普因先生说，“但是直到八九个月前我才真正成功了。当然，我研究了成千上万种动物，但是最近我只研究了猫。猫自然是愿意和你生活在一起的野生动物。所有的猫都聪明，但是一些猫自然比其它的更聪明。一星期前遇见托博莫里时，我立刻意识到这是一只极其聪明的猫，一只实际上非常特殊的猫。在托博莫里身上我找到了我需要的学生，借助于他我成功地实现了我的计划。”

没人笑，没人说“胡说”，虽然克洛维斯的嘴唇在无声地嚙动……

“你真的教了托博莫里说话并听懂一些简单的短句吗？”雷斯克小姐问。

“亲爱的雷斯克小姐，”阿普因先生耐心地说，“我们用这种方式教小孩和非常迟钝、愚笨的成人。但是托博莫里是一只非常聪明的猫，他的英语讲得和你我一样好。”

这次克洛维斯大声地说：“胡说！”

威尔弗雷德爵士比较有礼貌，但是很明显他不相信阿普因先生的故事。

“我们把猫带到这儿来亲自听他说好吗？”布莱姆雷夫人说。

威尔弗雷德爵士离开房间去找托博莫里。

“阿普因先生会想办法来些聪明的把戏，”雷斯克小姐高兴地说，“可是如果我们仔细观察他，我们就会看见他的嘴唇要动。”

一分钟后威尔弗雷德爵士回来了，他看上去非常激动。

“你们知道这是真的！”他说。“我发现托博莫里在吸烟室睡觉，就叫他出来喝茶。他抬起头睁开一只眼。我说，‘来吧，托比，别让我们等你！’他平静地说，‘我准备好了就来！’我真不相信我的耳朵！”

客人马上开始谈论起来，这时阿普因先生沉默地坐着，看起来很为自己高兴。

托博莫里进了屋，沉着地走到茶桌旁。谈话停止了，没人知道该对一只会说话的猫说些什么。最后布莱姆雷夫人说：

“你来点牛奶吗，托博莫里？”她用高而不自然的声音问。

“我不介意来点牛奶，”托博莫里回答。布莱姆雷夫人的手激动得颤抖，牛奶洒在地毯上。

“哦，亲爱的！非常抱歉，”她说。

“没关系，那毕竟不是我的地毯，”托博莫里回答说。

又是一阵沉默，然后雷斯克小姐礼貌地问，“你觉得学英语难吗，托博莫里？”

托博莫里用明亮的绿色眼睛直视着她。很清楚，他不想回答让他不感兴趣的问题。

“你认为人的智力怎么样？”梅维斯·佩林顿问。

“哪个人的智力？”托博莫里冷冷地问。

“这个，比如说我的智力，”梅维斯微笑着说。

“你让我不舒服，”托博莫里说，虽然他根本不像不舒服。“布莱姆雷夫人想邀请你来这儿时，威尔弗雷德爵士不高兴。’梅维斯·佩林顿是我认识的最愚蠢的女人，’他说。’那正是我想邀请她的原因，’布莱姆雷夫人回答。’我想让她买我的旧车，她这么笨，会买的。’”

“这不是真的！”布莱姆雷夫人叫道。“别相信他，梅维斯！”

“如果这不是真的，”梅维斯冷淡地说，“那么今天早上你为什么说你的车对我正合适呢？”

巴菲尔德少校尽力帮忙，他努力开始新的话题。“你和花园里你的黑白色相间的小女士朋友处得怎么样？”他问托博莫里。

马上每个人都意识到这是个错误。

托博莫里冷冰冰地看了他一眼。“我们在礼貌的客人面前通常不谈论这些事情，”他说。“但是自从你来这个房间，我就观察了你一阵子。我想你可能不喜欢我谈论你的女士朋友。”

少校的脸红了，其他客人开始担心和不舒服。托博莫里下一步要说什么？

“你现在愿意去厨房吗，托博莫里？”布莱姆雷夫人礼貌地问，“去看看厨师给你做好晚饭了吗？”

“不，谢谢，”托博莫里说。“我刚喝完茶，我不想让自己生病。”

“要知道猫有九条命，”威尔弗雷德爵士笑着说。

“可能，”托博莫里回答。“但只有一个胃。”

“布莱姆雷夫人！”科尼特夫人叫道，“别让这猫去厨房，他会向厨师谈论我们！”

每个人现在都非常担心。他们不安地记起托博莫里在白天晚上的所有时间里自由自在地在房间和花园里走动。如果他想的话，他可以窥视任何一间卧室。他看见了什么？他听见了什么？没有谁的秘密是安全的。

“哦，我为什么来这儿？”阿格尼丝·雷斯克叫道，她总是不能长时间地保持沉默。

“你很清楚你为什么来这儿，”托博莫里立刻说。“你来当然是为了食物。我听见了你在花园和科尼特夫人的谈话。你说布莱姆雷这家人无聊透顶，可是他们有一个好厨师。”

“你别信他！”阿格尼丝叫喊着。“我从没说过那话，对吗，科尼特夫人？”

“后来，科厄特夫人又把你的话重复给伯蒂·范·塔安，”托博莫里说。“她说，’那个雷斯克女人为了点好吃的会去任何地方吃四顿饭。’然后伯蒂说——”

正当这时托博莫里朝窗外看，看见了医生的大黄猫正走过花园。随即他从敞开的窗户那儿消失了。

每个人立刻开始说话，阿普因先生发现自己被愤怒的提问包围了。

“你必须立刻停止这一切，”每个人都对他说。“如果托博莫里教其它的猫说话将会发生什么事情？我们将再不能有片刻的安宁！”

“可能他已经教了园丁的猫说话，”阿普因先生思考着回答，“但我相信他还没时间教其它的猫说话。”

“那么，”科尼特夫人说，“虽然托博莫里是只珍贵的猫，但是他和园丁的猫必须死。你同意吗，布莱姆雷夫人？”

“你说得对，”布莱姆雷夫人难受地说。“我丈夫和我喜欢托博莫里——唉，在今天下午之前喜欢——但是现在，他当然必须尽快死掉。”

“我们在他的晚饭里下毒，”威尔弗雷德爵士说。“我要亲自杀死园丁的猫。园丁可能不喜欢这样做，可我会说他得了某种疾病——”

“可是我的发明怎么办？”阿普因先生嚷道。“我多年的研究怎么办？你要毁掉我唯一的成功的学生吗？”

“你可以去教农场的奶牛，”科尼特夫人冷冷地说，“或者动物园里的大象。别人告诉我大象很聪明，而且不会藏在椅子后面或床下面听人们的谈话。”

阿普因先生知道自己在哪里被驳倒了。

那天晚饭大家都没吃好。威尔弗雷德爵士先是和园丁的猫，后来和园丁很困难地打了一通交道。阿格尼丝·雷斯克拒绝吃任何东西，而梅维斯·佩林顿吃饭的时候一声不吭。每人都在等托博莫里。一盘放了毒药的鱼已经在餐室为他准备好了，但是他没回家。没人多说话，没人笑。这是一顿非常令人不安的晚餐。

晚饭后布莱姆雷夫人和客人在吸烟室坐着。每人都默不出声地焦急地待着，没人想玩牌。11点时厨师和管家上床睡觉了。他们把厨房的窗户像往常一样给托博莫里开着，但是他没有回来。

两点钟克洛维斯说：

“今晚他不回家了，他可能在报馆出卖他的故事，他们喜欢这个故事，它会成为今年的热门话题。”

过后每人都上了床，但是都没睡着。

早上托博莫里还没回家。早餐又是平静不安的一顿饭。然后，在咖啡喝了一半时，园丁带来了托博莫里血迹斑斑的尸体。

“看他的爪子！”克洛维斯叫道。“他打了架！”在托博莫里的爪子上有医生那只猫的黄毛。

午饭时候，多数客人已经离开布莱姆雷家。布莱姆雷夫人开始觉得好受些。她拿出笔和纸，给医生写了一封非常生气的信，叙说她的珍贵的猫的死亡。

托博莫里是阿普因先生唯一成功的学生。托博莫里死后的几个星期之后，一只大象从德莱斯顿动物园跑了出来，杀死了一个英国游客。

动物园管理员说这只大象以前一直很安静、温顺，但是正当这个英国游客和它说话时，它突然变得非常恼怒。

报纸上说这个死去的人姓奥普因，他的名字是科尼利厄斯。

“如果阿普因在尝试教可怜的大象说德语，”克洛维斯说，“它杀死了他，我不觉得奇怪。”

The She-Wolf

To Leonard Bilsiter the real world was not very agreeable or interesting. He preferred to live in an 'unseen world' of his imagination. Children are often very good at this, but they are happy in their own dream worlds and do not try to make other people believe them. Leonard Bilsiter talked about 'the unseen world' to anyone who would listen to him. Nothing very strange happened to Leonard, until one year he travelled by train across Eastern Europe. He had a long conversation with a Russian passenger, who talked about magic and 'hidden powers' in a most interesting way. Leonard listened excitedly. He came home with many stories about the strange, dark mysteries which he called Siberian Magic. His aunt, Cecilia Hoops, was deeply interested in Leonard's Siberian Magic. When she told her friends about it ('My dears, he took a garden vegetable and changed it into a bird in front of my eyes!'), her friends realized that she also had a wonderful imagination.

Leonard, together with his hidden powers, was invited to Mary Hampton's house-party. Several other people were also staying in the house, and they all had to listen to Leonard talking about the mysteries of the unseen world.

'Do please change me into a wolf, Mr Bilsiter,' said Mrs Hampton during lunch on the day of his arrival.

'My dear Mary,' said her husband. 'What a strange idea!'

'A she-wolf, of course,' continued Mrs Hampton. 'I don't want to change into a man as well as an animal!'

'We should not joke about the unseen world,' said Leonard.

'Oh, I'm not joking, I promise you. But don't change me into a wolf tonight. I want to play cards, and there are only eight of us in the house today. I've invited some more people to come here tomorrow. Wait until tomorrow night.'

Leonard was not amused. 'Mrs Hampton, you really must not laugh at these dark mysteries. They can be stronger and more dangerous than we realize.'

Clovis Sangrail listened silently to this conversation, and after lunch he spoke to Lord Pabham in the smoking-room.

'Tell me, Lord Pabham,' began Clovis. 'Have you got a she-wolf in your zoo at Pabham Park? A quiet, friendly she-wolf?'

'There's Louisa,' said Lord Pabham thoughtfully. 'She's very quiet and gentle. Why do you ask?'

'I'd like to borrow her tomorrow evening,' said Clovis lightly. 'May I, please?'

'Tomorrow night?' repeated Lord Pabham in surprise.

'Yes. Wolves usually sleep during the day, don't they? So a night-time journey won't hurt her. Could you ask one of your men to bring Louisa here when it is dark? Then he can take her quietly into the conservatory at the same time as Mrs Hampton leaves the dining-room.'

Lord Pabham looked at Clovis in surprise. Then he smiled. 'I understand!' he said. 'You're going to try a little Siberian Magic. And has Mrs Hampton agreed to help you?' 'Mary has promised—if your she-wolf is quiet and gentle.'

'Louisa won't give you any trouble,' said Lord Pabham. The next day several more guests arrived. Leonard Bilsiter enjoyed telling them all about Siberian Magic and hidden powers. He talked all through dinner. When the coffee arrived at the end of the meal, Leonard's aunt spoke.

'Dear Leonard,' she said, 'please show us your powers. Change something into another shape.' She turned to the other guests. 'He can do it if he wants to,' she told them. 'Oh, please show us,' said Mavis Pellington excitedly. 'Well...' began Leonard. 'If somebody will give me a small coin...'

'Oh, surely you aren't going to do stupid things with disappearing coins?' said Clovis. 'We want to see something really surprising.'

'That's right,' said Mary Hampton. 'Why don't you change me into a wolf? You promised!' She got up from the table and walked into the conservatory with a bowl of fruit for her macaws.

'I have already warned you,' said Leonard seriously. 'It is dangerous to joke about these things.'

'I don't believe you can do it!' laughed Mary from the conservatory. As she spoke, she disappeared behind a large green plant.

'Mrs Hampton—' began Leonard seriously. Then a icy wind seemed to fill the dining-room, and at the same time Mrs Hampton's macaws began to scream.

'What's wrong with those stupid birds, Mary?' asked her husband. Just then, a big grey wolf stepped out from behind the large green plant.

Leonard's aunt saw it first. 'Leonard!' she screamed. 'Bring Mrs Hampton back at once! We don't want a dangerous wild animal in here!'

'I—I don't know how to bring her back,' said Leonard in a small, frightened voice.

'Rubbish!' shouted Mr Hampton. 'You changed my dear wife into a wolf. Now you must bring her back again!'

'Please believe me,' said Leonard. 'I didn't change your wife into a wolf.'

'Then where is she, and how did that animal get into the conservatory?' asked Mr Hampton angrily.

'Of course, we must believe you when you say that you didn't change Mrs Hampton into a wolf,' said Clovis politely. 'But you must agree that it all looks very strange.'

'How can you stand there arguing,' cried Mavis Pellington, 'with a wild animal in the house?'

'Lord Pabham,' began Mr Hampton, 'you know a lot about wild animals...'

'I buy all my animals,' said Lord Pabham. 'I have never found one in a conservatory before. But this is a wolf, I am sure of that. I think it's probably a North American she-wolf.'

'Oh, who cares where it came from!' screamed Mavis, as the wolf came a few steps further into the room. 'Can't you offer it some food, and take it away safely somewhere before it bites somebody?'

‘If this animal is really Mrs Hampton,’ said Clovis, ‘she’s just had an excellent dinner. She won’t be interested in food.’

‘Oh, Leonard,’ cried his aunt, ‘can’t you use your wonderful powers to change this terrible animal into something small and gentle, like a rabbit?’

‘I don’t think Mr Hampton would like that,’ said Clovis.

‘You’re right!’ shouted Mr Hampton. ‘I forbid it!’

‘All my wolves love sugar,’ said Lord Pabham. ‘If you like, I’ll offer this one a piece.’ He took a piece of sugar from the table and pushed it along the floor towards Louisa. She ate it quickly and then, clearly hoping for more sugar, she followed Lord Pabham out of the room.

The guests left the table thankfully and hurried into the conservatory. It was empty. Mrs Hampton had disappeared.

‘The door to the garden is locked on the inside!’ said Clovis. (He had quickly turned the key while he was pretending to try the lock.)

Everyone turned towards Leonard Bilisiter.

‘If you have not changed my wife into a wolf,’ said Mr Hampton, ‘will you please explain where she has gone? Clearly she could not go out through a locked door—so where is she?’

‘I tell you, I had nothing to do with it!’ repeated Leonard again and again. But nobody believed him.

‘I’m leaving,’ said Mavis Pellington. ‘I refuse to stay another hour in this house.’

Just then Mary Hampton entered the room.

‘What happened?’ she asked crossly. ‘Someone has been playing a stupid game with me. I found myself in the kitchen, eating sugar from Lord Pabham’s hand. I hate stupid games, and my doctor has forbidden me to eat sugar.’

‘Well, my dear…’ began Mr Hampton. Mrs Hampton listened excitedly as he explained.

‘So you really did change me into a wolf, Mr Bilisiter?’ cried Mrs Hampton.

‘No, no,’ said Leonard. ‘It’s all a mistake.’ ‘Actually, I did it,’ said Clovis. ‘You see, I spent two years in Russia, and I know a little about Siberian Magic. Of course, I don’t like to talk about it. But when other people talk a lot of rubbish about hidden powers, I like to show what Siberian Magic can really do… May I please have a drink? I feel a little tired now.’

Leonard Bilisiter looked at Clovis with hate in his eyes. At that moment he wished strongly that he could change Clovis into some small helpless animal, and then step on him very hard.

母狼

对伦纳德·比尔斯特来说现实世界不很惬意或有趣，他喜欢生活在想像中的“神秘世界”里。孩子们经常擅于这样，他们在自己的梦幻世界里非常快乐，并不想让别人相信他们。可伦纳德·比尔斯特对任何愿意听的人都大谈“神秘世界”。

伦纳德没碰到过什么奇特的事情，直到有一年他乘火车穿越东欧旅行。他同一个俄国乘客谈了很长时间，这个人用很有趣的方式大谈魔法和“隐秘的力量”。他带回家很多关于奇怪、隐晦的魔法的故事，并把它们称作“西伯利亚魔法”。

他的姑妈，塞西莉亚·霍普斯，对伦纳德的魔法很着迷。她告诉朋友“天哪，他在我眼前把花园里的一棵菜变成了一只鸟！”朋友们认为她的想像力也真够丰富的。

伦纳德带着他神秘的力量应邀参加玛丽·汉普顿的家庭聚会。屋里还有其他几个人，都在听伦纳德讲述神秘世界里的离奇故事。

“请你一定把我变成一只狼，比尔斯特先生，”汉普顿夫人在他来那天的午餐时说。

“亲爱的玛丽，”她丈夫说，“你这念头真奇怪！”

“当然是一只母狼，”汉普顿夫人继续说，“我不想变成一个男人或一头牲畜！”

“我们不能拿神秘世界开玩笑，”伦纳德说。

“哦，我不是在开玩笑，我向你保证。但是今晚别把我变成狼，我想玩牌，今天屋里只有我们8个人。我已经邀请了更多的人明天来这儿，等到明天晚上。”

伦纳德没有觉得好笑。“汉普顿夫人，你真的不能嘲笑这些隐秘的离奇故事，它们比我们想像的更强大、更危险。”

克洛维斯·桑格瑞尔不出声地听着。午餐后他在吸烟室对帕布汉姆勋爵说起此事。

“告诉我，帕布汉姆勋爵，”克洛维斯说。“帕布汉姆公园你的动物园里有母狼吗？一只安静友好的母狼？”

“有，叫路易莎，”帕布汉姆勋爵思索着说。“她很安静温顺。你为什么问这个？”

“我明晚想借用她，”克洛维斯轻轻地说。“可以吗？”

“明天晚上？”帕布汉姆惊奇地重复。

“是的，狼通常白天睡觉，不是吗？因此白天的旅行不会伤害她。你能让你的一个人在天黑后把她带到这儿吗？然后他可以在汉普顿夫人离开餐厅的时候悄悄把她带进暖房。”

帕布汉姆勋爵吃惊地看着克洛维斯，然后一笑。“我懂！”他说。“你要表演一个西伯利亚小魔法。汉普顿夫人同意帮你了吗？”

“玛丽保证过——如果你的母狼安静温顺。”

“路易莎不会给你们什么麻烦，”帕布汉姆勋爵说。

第二天又来了几个客人。伦纳德津津乐道地给他们讲西伯利亚魔法和神秘的力量。他整个晚餐都在讲这些事。晚餐最后喝咖啡时，伦纳德的姑妈开口了。

“亲爱的伦纳德，”她说，“请给我们表演你的力量，把某件东西变成另外的形状。”她转向其他客人。“如果他愿意他会做到的。”她告诉他们。

“哦，请表演给我们看，”梅维斯·佩林顿激动地说。

“这个……”伦纳德开始说，“如果谁给我一枚小硬币……”

“哦，你当然不会用消失的硬币做傻事吧？”克洛维斯说。“我们想看真正令人吃惊的事情。”

“对，”玛丽·汉普顿说。“你为什么不把我变成一只狼？你保证过！”她从桌旁站起身，端着喂她的鹦鹉的一碗水果走进了暖房。

“我已经警告过你，”伦纳德严肃地说，“开这些事情的玩笑是危险的。”

“我不信你会做这事！”玛丽从暖房笑着说。说着话，她在一颗高大的绿色植物后面消失了。

“汉普顿夫人——”伦纳德开始严肃起来。过后一阵寒风吹进餐室，同时汉普顿夫人的鹦鹉尖叫起来。

“那些笨鸟怎么回事，玛丽？”她丈夫问。就在这时，一只大灰狼从高大的绿色植物后面走出来。

伦纳德的姑妈最先看见。“伦纳德！”她尖叫着。“立刻把汉普顿夫人变回来！我们不想有一只危险的野兽在这儿！”

“我——我不知道怎么把她变回来，”伦纳德小声害怕地说。

“胡说！”汉普顿先生叫嚷道。“你把我亲爱的妻子变成了狼，现在你必须将她再变回来！”

“请相信我，”伦纳德说，“我没有把你的妻子变成狼。”

“那么她在哪儿？那只动物怎么进暖房的？”汉普顿先生气愤地问。

“当你说你没有将汉普顿夫人变成狼时，我们当然相信你，”克洛维斯礼貌地说，“但是你必须承认这太奇怪了。”

“房子里还有一只野兽，你们怎么还能站在那里争来争去？”梅维斯·佩林顿喊道。

“帕布汉姆勋爵，”汉普顿先生说，“你对动物了解很多……”

“我的动物都是买的，”帕布汉姆勋爵说。“我以前从没在暖房见过。可这是一只狼，我敢肯定。我想它可能是一只北美母狼——”

“哦，谁管她是哪儿来的！”梅维斯尖叫着，这时狼又走进房屋几步。“你难道不能给它些食物，趁它还没咬谁时把它带到某个安全的地方吗？”

“如果这只动物真的是汉普顿夫人，”克洛维斯说，“她刚吃过丰盛的晚餐，不会对食物感兴趣。”

“哦，伦纳德，”姑妈嚷着，“你难道不能用你神奇的力量把这只可怕的动物变成某个小巧温顺的动物吗？比如说一只兔子？”

“我想汉普顿先生不会喜欢，”克洛维斯说。

“对！”汉普顿先生叫嚷道。“我不准这样做！”

“我所有的狼都喜欢糖，”帕布汉姆勋爵说。“如果你不反对的话，我会给这只狼一块。”他从桌上拿起一块糖，顺着地板推给路易莎。她很快就吃完了，然后就跟着帕布汉姆勋爵出了屋，很明显还想要糖。

客人们非常感谢地离开桌子，急忙走进暖房。暖房是空的，汉普顿夫人不见了。

“通往花园的门是从里面锁着的！”克洛维斯说。（他假装试着开锁时迅速转动了钥匙。）

每个人都转身对着伦纳德·比尔斯特。

“如果你没有把我妻子变成狼，”汉普顿先生说，“那么你能解释她去哪儿了吗？很明显她不会从一扇锁着的门出去——所以她在哪儿？”

“我告诉你，我与此事无关！”伦纳德一遍又一遍地重复着说，但是没人相信他。

“我要走了，”梅维斯·佩林顿说。“我再不愿在这房子里多呆一小时。”

这时玛丽·汉普顿走了进来。

“怎么搞的？”她生气地问。“有人在我玩愚蠢的游戏。我发现自己在厨房里，吃帕布汉姆勋爵手上的糖。我恨这愚蠢的游戏，医生不准我吃糖。”

“好吧，亲爱的……”汉普顿先生开始说。当他解释时，汉普顿夫人激动地听着。

“那么你真的把我变成了一只狼，比尔斯特先生？”汉普顿夫人喊道。

“不，没有，”伦纳德说。“那只是个误会。”

“事实上，这是我做的，”克洛维斯说。“你知道，我在俄国呆了两年，知道一些西伯利亚魔法。当然我不喜欢谈论它。可当人们说一大堆关于神秘力量的废话时，我愿意显示西伯利亚魔法到底能做些什么……我可以来一杯吗？我现在觉得有点累了。”

伦纳德·比尔斯特用愤恨的眼神看着克洛维斯。就在这时他强烈地希望他能将克洛维斯变成某个矮小无助的动物，然后狠狠地踩上几脚。

[1 You must marry me](#)

[2 A spaceship made of plastic](#)

[3 Monsters](#)

[4 More monsters](#)

[5 Waiting for fifteen thousand years](#)

[6 They don't believe me](#)

[7 The answer is robots](#)

[8 An animal is made](#)

[9 An animal is destroyed](#)

[10 Two of everything](#)

简介

人类是地球这颗行星上最成功的动物。所谓成功，是指在与其它动物的斗争中取得的成功。在争夺食物或土地的问题上，我们人类战无不胜。我们砍伐树木，修建房屋或工厂，自己种植粮食。其他动物不得不去另找其他的地方生活——如果它们能找着的话。

我们人类战无不胜是因为我们智力发达。我们会思想，会说话，会使用工具，会制造精妙的机器。我们是再聪明不过的动物……

也许聪明过头了。也许将来的人们会有不同的想法。蜂鸟（简称蜂儿）是一个生活在公元22500年的16岁姑娘，她住在离地球很远很远的一颗行星上。她喜欢漂亮的衣服，喜欢跳舞，还为自己将嫁给谁而忐忑不安。她从来没有见过树。什么动物啊、鸟啊她从来没有见过。当然，她知道什么是动物，因为在《往事追忆》这本书中有动物的故事。但谁会相信那种老掉牙的故事呢？

本书的作者，哈里·吉尔伯特，是住在伦敦的一位教师。这是他的第八本书，也是他为学习英语的学生写的第一本

1 You must marry me

Nothing ever happens on Just Like Home—that's the name of the planet I live on. I get so bored!

But tonight was Remembering Night and that's exciting. There's the big fire where everybody must put on something that they love and watch it burn. Then there's the dancing round the fire.

But what I like best about Remembering Night are the clothes. We usually wear what we like on Just Like Home—but the clothes must have the name of our name-animal on them. For example, I always have the word 'Hummingbird' on my clothes, which means my name is Hummingbird—Hummy for short.

Nobody knows what a hummingbird looks like, but we know what birds are. Birds are animals that fly. The Book of Remembering tells us that.

I don't always believe what the Book of Remembering says.

Nobody knows who you are on Remembering Night because you wear black clothes that cover you from head to foot, and there is no name of your name-animal. You can only see people's eyes looking out of the eye-holes in the clothes.

It was dark outside. The only light came from the big fire. I held my father's hand at first and we danced together. My mother danced away and I couldn't see her. Soon I lost my father. I didn't know where they were.

It didn't matter. I was dancing in the middle of the crowd. Our family would meet together in the robot plane afterwards.

There were about a thousand people round the fire. Too many people to count. Nearly everybody on Just Like Home was there.

Everybody, on planets all over the Galaxy, was dancing round fires at the same time. What a wonderful thing!

The last dance began. You hold hands in a big circle round the fire—everybody together. You dance round and round in a circle until...

Well, everybody knows what happens in the end.

I was holding hands with someone on my right and someone on my left. We were all shouting, 'BURN BURN BURN BURN BURN BURN BURN...'

The last dance went on for a long time. In the end somebody fell down. He pulled down the people on both sides of him. Then people on both sides of them fell down. Everybody was too tired to stay on their feet.

People fell down all round the circle. Falling. Dying.

We wear black clothes to remember. We remember the Burning.

We remember that we have a Galaxy, but we are alone. We are empty in our hearts. We are the only living things in the Galaxy.

Sad. Lonely and sad.

I lay on the ground, very, very tired. I was happy and sad at the same time. Happy to be with everybody, sad that we were alone.

Then the worst thing in my life happened. Somebody came up to me and said, 'Hello. 'I didn't know who it was. I could only see his eyes shining in the light of the fire. But it was the voice of a man who was much older than me.

'Hello?' I answered. I didn't want to talk to him.

'I saw you in the dance,' he said. 'I know you're a young girl because you were dancing like a young girl. I think you're seventeen years old. '

'No, I'm only sixteen,' I said.

'Wonderful. Just what I want,' said the man. 'I will marry you. You must marry me. '

I couldn't believe what he was saying. This was terrible. And very bad luck.

Yes, it was true a woman must marry any man who asks her on Remembering Night—by order of the Star Council. I'm sixteen so I'm a woman, not a child. I couldn't say no to this man. I was sick in my heart.

'My name's Buff,' the man said. 'What's your name, sweetheart? '

'Er, my name's, er...Caterpillar,' I lied. 'I'm usually called Kate. '

'Well, Kate,' Buff said, 'will you marry me? '

'I'm sorry, Buff. I know I'm sixteen and old enough to get married but my parents don't want me to get married yet. I'm their only daughter. '

Buff laughed. It was a horrible laugh. He enjoyed knowing I didn't want him. What a monster!

Oh, thank Earth—and—animals I hadn't told him my real name!

I jumped up suddenly and ran into the crowds of people in the dark. I was safe. He couldn't find me. I went to our robot plane and sat inside until my parents came.

I didn't tell my parents anything. I was afraid. The Star Council said Buff was right and I was wrong, and I didn't know what my parents would do.

Next morning I forgot about it. How could Buff find me? There were hundreds of girls on our planet. He didn't know my name. He had only seen my eyes.

Suddenly my father came into my room. 'Hummingbird,' he said sadly.

'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Why are you calling me Hummingbird, not Hummy? '

'Hummingbird, ask your robot for a wedding dress. '

‘Why? Why?’ But I knew the answer.

‘You will marry a gentleman called Buffalo.’

‘No, father, I can’t. I started crying. I don’t want to. I’m too young. I don’t want to leave you. I hate him!’

My father shook his head. ‘Please, Hummy, it’s only for one year. You can’t be a child forever. Lots of girls don’t want to get married at first. The Star Council says we must get married as often as possible and have children. You know why.’

‘Why?’ I spoke like a small child.

‘Because we are lonely. Because there is nothing in the Galaxy except us. You know all that, Hummy.’

The dressing-robot made me a wedding dress—we have robots for everything like that. The dress was white and covered me all over except for my eyes.

My father took my arm.

Buff was waiting with my mother. I saw his eyes through the eye-holes of his wedding suit. They were small mean eyes.

‘Hello, Kate,’ he said.

My father said, ‘Her name is Hummingbird.’

‘I know, I know,’ Buff said.

‘How did you find me?’ I asked Buff.

‘I had a small camera,’ he answered. ‘I took a photo of your eyes. Did you know that everybody’s eyes are different? Nobody has eyes like yours.’

I turned to my father. ‘Listen to him! Can’t you see how horrible he is? Please don’t make me marry him.’

My father didn’t say anything. He couldn’t help me.

You can say no if a man asks you to marry him on Remembering Night. But you must have a very special reason. A reason that the Star Council will accept. If you are doing work that is important for the Galaxy, the Council will usually accept that as a good reason.

I couldn’t think of anything like that. But it was something to hope for…if I could escape.

I was afraid. I didn’t want to run away and never see my family again.

Some neighbours arrived, and the wedding began immediately.

Buff stood next to me and held my hand. His hand was large and a little wet. How I hated him!

My father picked up the Book of Remembering. He read, ‘In the beginning there were millions of planets in the Galaxy but there was only life on one. That was the planet Earth. People and animals lived together. But people polluted Earth. It became too hot for animals to live. They died. All the animals died. So people left Earth and never returned to that planet. Their hearts were empty when they left Earth, empty today, empty forever…’

Buff was still holding my hand.

My father spoke again. ‘Buffalo, will you take my daughter Hummingbird to be your wife for one year, in the name of Earth and the animals?’

Buff answered, ‘I will.’

My father turned to me. ‘Hummingbird, will you take this man Buffalo to be your husband for one year, in the name of Earth and the animals?’

That’s when I ran.

I let the wedding dress fall off me. I ran fast. They ran after me but I could run much faster without the wedding dress. I got to our robot spaceship, jumped into it and said, ‘Take off.’

‘Why are people running towards us?’ the spaceship asked.

‘Take off now!’ I shouted. ‘It’s life or death!’

The spaceship couldn’t argue. It took off.

Just Like Home was green all over—fields of wheat everywhere. I was out in space looking back at my planet. All around me were stars.

The millions of stars in the Galaxy—that’s where I could hide!

1 你必须嫁给我

“赛家”总是死气沉沉的——赛家是我住的行星的名字。我真是烦透了！

但今晚是怀旧夜，让人兴奋。点着一堆很大的篝火，每个人都要把一些他们心爱的东西放进火里，看着烧掉。然后，大家围着火起舞。

可怀旧夜最让我喜欢的地方是衣服。我们在赛家平常喜欢穿什么都行——但衣服得写上我们“名肖”动物的名字。比如，我的衣服上总有“蜂鸟”这个词，指的是我的名字叫蜂鸟——简称蜂儿。

没人知道蜂鸟长得什么样，可我们知道什么是鸟。鸟是会飞的动物。《往事追忆》上是这么告诉我们的。

我不是太相信《往事追忆》上说的东西。

在怀旧夜没有人会知道你是谁，因为你从头到脚罩着黑衣服，也没有你名肖动物的名字。你只能看见别人的眼睛从衣服的眼洞里往外看。

外面很黑。唯一的亮光是那堆大篝火发出的。开始时，我抓着爸爸的手，一起跳舞。我妈妈跳着跳着离我们远了，我看不见她。没多久，爸爸也不见了。我不知道他们去了哪儿。

没关系。我在人群当中跳舞。我们家人最后会在智能飞船上会面。

大概有上千人围着篝火，人多得数不过来。赛家上几乎所有人都在那儿。

银河系每个行星上的所有人都同时在围着篝火跳舞。多么不可思议啊！

最后一个舞蹈开始了。大家拉着手，在篝火外面围成一个大圈——每个人都拉着手。大家围着圈跳啊跳啊，直到……

唉，谁都知道最后怎么了。

我右边拉着一个人的手，左边拉着一个人的手。我们都喊着：“烧啊、烧啊、烧啊、烧……”

最后一个舞跳了好久。最后有人倒下了。他把他两边的人也拽倒了。然后他们两侧的人也都倒了。大家都累得站不住了。

一圈人都倒下了。崩溃了，沉寂了。

我们穿着黑衣服是为了怀念。我们纪念“大火灾”。

我们记得我们有一个银河系，但我们是孤独的。我们心里空荡荡的。我们是银河系里唯一的生物。

伤感。孤独而伤感。

我躺在地上，精疲力竭。一时间我又高兴又难过。我高兴和大家在一起，我难过因为我们孤独。

然后我一生最糟糕的事发生了。有个人走到我面前说道：“你好。”我不知道是谁。我只能看到他的眼睛在火光下闪光。但那是一个比我大好多的男人的声音。

“你好？”我答道。我不想和他说话。

“我看见你跳舞了，”他说，“我知道你是个年轻的姑娘，因为你的舞姿像个年轻姑娘。我猜你有十七岁了。”

“不，我才十六，”我说。

“太好了。正合我意，”这个男人说，“我要娶你。你必须嫁给我。”

我简直无法相信他在说什么。这太可怕了。真是倒霉透顶。

是的，在怀旧夜，女人必须嫁给她求婚的男人，这是真的——是星际理事会定下的规矩。我已十六岁，是女人，不是孩子了。我不能拒绝这个男人。我心里一阵恶心。

“我叫牛子，”这男人说。“你叫什么，亲爱的？”

“呃，我叫，呃……毛虫，”我骗他道，“他们都叫我虫子。”

“好，虫子，”牛子说，“你肯嫁给我吗？”

“对不起，牛子。我知道我已十六，到了可以结婚的年龄，但我父母还不想让我结婚。他们只有我这一个女儿。”

牛子大笑起来。笑得好可怕。知道我不喜欢他，他很开心。真是个混蛋！

噢，感谢地球及其动物我没告诉他我的真名！

我突然跳起来，跑进黑暗中的人群。我安全了。他找不着我。我回到我们的智能飞船上，坐在里面直到我父母回来。

我什么也没对父母说。我害怕。星际理事会说牛子是对的，我是错的，我不知道我父母会怎么做。

第二天上午我就把这事儿忘了。牛子怎么能找得到我？我们的行星上有好几百个姑娘。他不知道我的名字。他只看见了 my 眼睛。

忽然，我爸爸进了我的房间。“蜂鸟，”他满面愁容地说道。

“怎么啦？”我问，“您为什么叫我蜂鸟，不叫蜂儿？”

“蜂鸟，让你的机器人给你一套婚纱。”

“为什么？为什么？”但我知道是怎么回事儿了。

“你要嫁给一个叫水牛的男人。”

“不，爸爸，我不能。”我哭了起来。“我不要嫁人。我太小了。我不想离开您。我讨厌他！”

爸爸摇了摇头。“好了，蜂儿，不过是一年的功夫。你不能总是个孩子。好多姑娘开始都不想嫁人。星际理事会说我们必须尽量频繁地结婚，然后生孩子。你知道原因。”

“为什么？”我孩子似地说道。

“因为我们孤独。因为除了我们，银河系就没有其他东西了。这些你都知道的，蜂儿。”

机器人裁缝给我做了一套婚纱——我们做什么都有机器人。婚纱是白的，除了眼睛，把我全罩住了。

爸爸挽着我的胳膊。

牛子和我妈妈在一起等着。我通过他结婚礼服的眼洞看见了他的眼睛。一双刻薄的小眼睛。

“你好，虫子，”他说。

我爸爸说道：“她的名字叫蜂鸟。”

“我知道，我知道，”牛子说。

“你怎么找到我的？”我问牛子。

“我有个小照相机，”他回答，“我给你的眼睛照了张像。难道你不知道每个人的眼睛都不同吗？没有人长着和你一样的眼睛。”

我转向爸爸：“听他说的话！您难道看不出他有多坏吗？求您别让我嫁给他。”

我爸爸没说话。他帮不了我。

怀旧夜里，男人向你求婚你可以拒绝。但你要非同寻常的理由，一个星际理事会能接受的理由。如果你正在为银河系做重要的工作，理事会一般会认为这是可以接受的正当理由。

我想不出任何这种理由。可这只能是痴心妄想……我要是能逃跑该多好。

我害怕。我不愿逃跑，不愿将来永远见不到我的家人。

几个邻居到了，于是婚礼马上开始。

牛子站在我身边，抓着我的手。他的手很大，有点湿。我恨死他了！

爸爸拿起《往事追忆》。他读道：“开始的时候，银河系有数以百万计的行星，但只有一颗行星上有生命，那就是地球。人类和动物生活在一起。但人类污染了地球。它变得太热了，动物无法生存。它们死了。所有的动物都死了。所以，人类离开了地球，再也没有回到那颗行星。他们离开地球的时候，心里空荡荡的，今天仍是空荡荡的，永远空荡荡的……”

牛子还抓着我的手。

爸爸又说话了：“水牛，以地球和动物的名义，你愿意娶我的女儿让她做你一年妻子吗？”

牛子答道：“我愿意。”

我爸爸转向我：“蜂鸟，以地球和动物的名义，你愿意嫁给水牛让他做你一年的丈夫吗？”

就在这时候我跑开了。

我把婚纱扯了下来。我跑得很快。他们追我，但我没穿婚纱，跑得比他们快得多。我跑上我们的智能飞船，跳了上去，说道：“起飞。”

“为什么人们朝我们跑？”飞船问道。

“马上起飞！”我叫道。“生死攸关！”

飞船不会争辩。起飞了。

赛家整个都是绿的——到处都是麦田。我在太空中回头看着我的行星。我的周围都是星星。

银河系的数百万颗星星——那正是我的藏身之地！

2 A spaceship made of plastic

I couldn't believe what I'd done. I'd run away—me!

I'm not very brave and I love my parents very much. I never thought I could ever disobey them.

I was afraid. And I felt sad for my parents. Poor mother and father!

But I had to live my own life. I couldn't get married to a horrible old man like Buffalo!

I knew they would follow me quickly so I told the spaceship to take me to a very quiet part of the Galaxy, a long way from any planets with people on.

The spaceship went.

How can a spaceship travel across the Galaxy in no time at all?

Well, I learnt the answer to that in school. There are a lot of little black holes in space. They are about as big as a potato. A spaceship goes into one black hole and comes out of another black hole on the other side of the Galaxy.

Don't ask me how a big thing like a spaceship can go into a thing as small as a potato. I was probably asleep when the robot teacher told me the answer to that!

Nobody could find me now. I was in the middle of the Galaxy in empty space.

There were stars above my head, stars below my feet, stars on my left hand, stars on my right hand.

Strange. I knew all these stars were a long, long way away but they didn't look far away. They looked very close; I wanted to reach out my hand and touch them.

And the silence. So very, very, very quiet.

The Book of Remembering says how I felt: 'Their hearts were empty.'

My heart was empty. I saw millions of stars but there was no life in the Galaxy except us humans. Well, there are potatoes and wheat and rice but you can't talk to vegetables.

We are alone.

The Book of Remembering says we did it. We polluted Earth and so killed all the animals. We ran away from Earth and we're still running. That was twenty thousand years ago and we still can't forget.

The Book of Remembering gives names for thousands of animals. Fantastic! Could there really be thousands of animals? The idea of animals is so strange. What did they look like? The Book of Remembering has no pictures, but says there are birds that fly, and fish that swim. There are animals with no legs, and animals with lots of legs—ugh! What a horrible idea!

Can anybody believe stories like that?

And now I was running away too. Perhaps I was wrong to run away.

Suddenly the spaceship went 'PING!'

'Yes, what is it?' I asked.

'There is something near us.'

'Oh!' I said. 'I thought we were a long way from anything out here. Take me closer.'

We moved closer, but I couldn't see anything.

Then one star disappeared, then another star, and another. It was too dark to see what the thing was. It was just a big black shape between me and the stars.

It was probably just a big old rock, which had broken off a moon or a planet.

Well, perhaps it contained gold or something. Then I could show the Star Council I was doing important work. Perhaps that would be a good reason not to marry Buff.

I said, 'Find out what it is made of.'

The spaceship shot a laser at the thing and said, 'It is not natural. It may be a spaceship, although it is moving too slowly to arrive at a star. It is made of plastic.'

A spaceship made of plastic? You can't make spaceships out of plastic! And spaceships don't travel slowly.

I was a little afraid, but this was something really important; nobody could make me get married after I had discovered something as strange as this. I was afraid but also excited. Most girls just get married once a year and have another baby. That's enough excitement for them. Not me!

I was going to visit this spaceship and meet...the people inside it.

'Show me this plastic spaceship,' I said.

My spaceship shone out light. The thing was big, big, BIG. Who would build a spaceship so big? The plastic was full of holes and the spaceship looked old and dead. Would anybody be left alive inside? I didn't think so.

The spaceship was round like a ball. It turned slowly, which made things inside just heavy enough to stay on the ground.

I saw a door on it and said, 'Land there.'

My spaceship landed. I put on a spacesuit, went outside and moved to the big round door. I pulled and pushed and hit it. At last something moved and the door opened.

Inside, there was a tunnel. A long black tunnel. I climbed in and the door closed behind me.

2 塑料做的飞船

我的所作所为真是难以置信。我跑掉了——天啊！

我的胆子不是很大，我也非常爱我的父母。我从没想过我会不听他们的。

我害怕。我为我的父母感到难过。可怜的妈妈、爸爸！

但我要过自己的生活。我不能嫁给水牛那样的糟老头子！

我清楚他们会很快跟上我的，所以我吩咐飞船把我带到银河系的一个特别宁静的角落，离任何一个有人类居住的星球都很远很远。

飞船进发了。

飞船怎么能在瞬间横穿银河系呢？

喔，我是在学校里知道这答案的。宇宙空间里有好多小黑洞。它们跟土豆差不多大小。飞船从一个黑洞进去，从另一个黑洞出来时就到了银河系的另一侧。

别问我为什么飞船这样的庞然大物能钻进土豆这样小的东西里。机器人老师给我讲这个答案时我可能睡着了！

现在没人能找到我了。我在茫茫太空中，在银河系的中间。

我的头上是星星，脚下是星星，左边是星星，右边是星星。

奇怪，我知道所有这些星星都很遥远很遥远，但看上去并不远。他们似乎非常近；我想伸出手去触摸它们。

还有寂静。静极了，静极了。

《往事追忆》道出了我的感受：“他们的心里空荡荡的。”

我的心里空荡荡的。我能看见好几百万颗星星，除了我们人类，银河系里就再也没有别的生命了。当然，有土豆、小麦和水稻，可你不能跟植物说话啊。

我们孤零零的。

《往事追忆》上说那是我们造成的。我们污染了地球，也就害死了所有的动物。我们从地球逃了出来，直到现在还在东奔西跑。那是两万年以前的事了，可我们至今难忘。

《往事追忆》上罗列了几千种动物的名字。难以置信！真的可能有几千种动物吗？有关动物的想法太离奇了。它们长得什么样？《往事追忆》上没有插图，但说有会飞的鸟，会游泳的鱼。有的动物没有腿，而有的动物有好多条腿——呜！多可怕的想法！

真有人会相信这种故事吗？

如今我也在逃亡。我逃跑可能错了。

突然飞船“砰！”地响了一声。

“哎，怎么了？”我问。

“我们旁边有个东西。”

“啊！”我说，“我以为我们离哪儿都很远呢。让我靠近点儿。”

我们靠近了些，可我什么也看不见。

接着，一颗星星不见了，又有一颗不见了，又是一颗。天太黑，看不见那是什么东西。只能看见我和星星之间黑乎乎的一大块。

它可能只是一块从卫星或行星上脱落的巨大的古岩石。

哎，那上面可能有金子什么的。那样我就可以让星际理事会看到我是在做重要的工作。也许这可以作为我不嫁给牛子的正当理由。

我说：“看看是什么材料制成的。”

飞船对着那个东西发出一束激光，然后说，“它不是天然的。它可能是个飞船，尽管它的运动速度太慢，无法抵达星球。它是塑料做的。”

一个塑料做的飞船？不可能用塑料做飞船！因为飞船的运行速度不能太低。

我有点害怕，可这是一件真正重要的事；我发现了这么一个希奇的东西，不会有人再逼我结婚了。我害怕，但又兴奋。多数姑娘每年结婚一次，再生一个孩子。这对她们就够刺激了。可我不！

我要上这只飞船，去见——里面的人。

“让我看看这塑料飞船，”我说。

我的飞船发射出灯光。这个东西真大，大极了。谁会制造这么大的飞船？塑料上到处是洞，飞船看上去很破旧，死一般的沉寂。里面会有活着的人吗？我想不会。

这个飞船象球一样圆。它慢慢地旋转着，仅能够使里面的东西有足够的重量呆在地面上。

我看到上面有扇门，就说道：“在那儿着陆。”

我的飞船着陆了。我穿上太空服，出了飞船，朝那个大圆门移动过去。我又拉又推又打。最后不知动了什么机关，门打开了。

里面是一条隧道。又长又黑的隧道。我爬了进去，身后的门关上了。

3 Monsters

There was a door at the other end of the tunnel. I went through and...

I was dreaming! I saw big things that grew out of the ground. They were much taller than me with long brown arms covered with green leaves.

I was very frightened as I remembered something in the Book of Remembering: 'In those days there were trees...' Trees!

I never thought a living thing could be so big. I covered my eyes with my hands. I was afraid to look...but I was afraid not to look.

After a time I took my hands away from my eyes. The trees were still there. They weren't moving.

I suddenly understood that the trees couldn't move. They were plants, like potatoes or rice. I was safe standing under them.

But I didn't feel safe.

The computer inside my spacesuit was checking the air for me. After a few seconds the red lights on my suit turned to green. The air here was safe for humans. So I took off my spacesuit.

Now I could touch and smell things. There was a soft wind. It was cool. I smelt...strange new smells. I smelt living things. Was I smelling the trees...or something else?

I heard a sound of crying. Then I thought I heard something moving in the trees—just behind one big tree.

Was something hiding behind the tree? I was frightened but I wanted to see, so I walked slowly towards the tree.

There was light in this place but there were shadows in the trees. I looked round the tree...

I was frightened almost out of my mind. I fell down and my body started shaking.

A grey thing came out from behind the tree and came towards me. It was big but it wasn't tall because it walked on four feet. It had no hands.

But the thing had teeth. Yes, it had a mouth full of teeth, yellow, shiny teeth. It had yellow eyes and grey hair all over its body. I could smell it...

Its mouth came towards my face. I closed my eyes and waited to die.

There was hot air on my face. I wanted to scream and scream but I was too frightened. I couldn't scream.

My mind exploded. I went crazy. I suddenly hit the grey thing and it fell back against the tree. I hit it again, as hard as I could.

I wanted to destroy the grey thing and I was screaming. Suddenly it was gone.

Then I saw another monster. This one was very small with grey fur all over its body. It was holding on to the tree but I pulled it off. I could destroy this one!

I pulled its short legs hard. The small monster bit me. Its teeth went right into my finger. The pain was terrible.

But my mind was exploding. I wanted to destroy it and I didn't care about the pain. I just wanted to kill it.

Then the big grey monster ran back through the trees, jumped at me and knocked me down. As I fell, I dropped the little monster and it escaped.

My head banged on a rock and everything went black.

3 怪物

隧道的尽头有一个门。我进去了……

我在做梦吧！我看见地上长出的很大的东西。它们比我高许多，长着长长的棕色臂膀，上面有绿色的叶子盖着。

我怕极了，我想起《往事追忆》中说的：“那时候有树……”

树！

我从没想过生物会长得这么大。我用手捂住眼睛。我不敢看……可不看我也害怕。

过了一会儿，我把手从眼前拿开。树还在那儿，它们一动不动。

我马上明白了，树不会动。它们是植物，象土豆和水稻一样。我站在树下是安全的。

可我感到并不安全。

我太空服里的电脑正在替我检查空气状况。几秒钟后，我太空服里的红灯变成了绿灯。这儿的空气对人类是安全的。于是我脱下了太空服。

这样我就可以触摸和闻东西了。微风袭来，有些凉意。我闻到了什么气味，一种怪怪的、从没闻到过的气味。是生物的气味。我闻到的是树么，还是其他什么东西？

我听到一阵叫声。然后我想我听见树后有东西在动——就在一棵大树后面。

有东西藏在树后面么？我很害怕，可我又想看看，于是我慢慢地朝树走了过去。

这地方有光亮，但树丛里却有些黑影。我绕过树一看……

我几乎吓晕过去。我倒在地上，身体颤抖起来。

一个灰色的东西从树后闪出来，朝我而来。它很大，但不高，因为它是四条腿走路的。它没有手。

那东西长着牙齿。对，长着满口黄色、闪亮的牙齿。它还长着黄色的眼睛，浑身上下都是灰色的毛。我能闻到它的气味。

它的嘴巴凑到我脸上。我闭上眼睛，等死。

我感觉到脸上有热乎乎的气息。我想放声大叫，可我被吓呆了。我叫不出声来。

我脑子吓懵了，变得狂乱。我猛击那个灰不溜秋的东西，它退后撞到树上。我又打了一下，使出了全身的力气。

我想打死那个灰色家伙，我尖叫着。突然，它不见了。

然后我又看到另外一只怪物。这东西很小，全身都是灰色的皮毛。它伏在树上。我把它拉了下来。这一个我能消灭！

我使劲儿拽着它的短腿。这小怪物咬了我一口。它的牙齿咬进了我的手指。疼死了。

但我疯狂了。我一心想除掉它，顾不上疼痛。我就是想弄死它。

接着，那只大怪物从树丛里跑出来，扑向我，把我打倒了。这一摔，我放走了那小怪物，让它逃开了。

我的头撞在了一块石头上，眼前的一切都变黑了。

4 More monsters

There was a long black nose in front of my face. It was smelling me.

At first I couldn't understand what was happening. Then I remembered. The monster with teeth!

I tried to hit the nose but my arm didn't move. Something was wrong with me. My body felt empty and I was hot inside, like a fire. My body ached and my skin was wet all over.

The big grey monster sat in front of me and it looked at me.

Then I saw the small monster too. It was lying on the ground. It was hurt. It was very small, just a little bigger than my hand. It had a beautiful soft tail and it made a sad sound: 'Eee-eee!'

I felt two different things at the same time. I wanted to destroy it...but I also felt sorry for it. It was feeling pain, like me.

I didn't know what to do so I started to cry.

The big monster lay down next to me with its fur against my skin. I hated the feeling of its fur but my body couldn't move.

The fur made my skin dry and I began to feel better. I suddenly felt very tired and I was soon asleep.

I woke up feeling better. I wasn't hot inside and I could move again.

The big monster sat down with me. I hit it with my hand but I still wasn't strong. I didn't hurt it.

Then the monster opened its mouth and called: 'Hoo-woo!'

Some time passed. Then more monsters came. More and more. Most of the monsters walked on four legs. A very big one licked me with its tongue. It was a hard tongue, not like my soft tongue. But I felt better afterwards. That monster made a noise like this: 'Hee-haw!'

There was a very small monster that could fly. It had wings and a long hard mouth. It made a noise like this: 'Cheepcheep!'

It cleaned my finger where Eee-Eee had bitten me. CheepCheep's hard little mouth was good at that.

I must tell the truth. I wanted to take a laser gun and kill all those monsters. They weren't hurting me. They were helping me. They were nice.

But something in my mind hated them. I didn't want to have to think about them.

But I didn't have a laser gun so I couldn't destroy them.

One monster brought me water. Another monster gave me some fruit to eat. A few monsters lay against my body and made me warm. They helped me in many ways but there was something sick in my mind. I still hated them. I will try to explain. For twenty thousand years the Galaxy had belonged to humans. Everything in the Galaxy belonged to us.

When a new baby comes into a family, the first child hates the baby. The first child wants to be the most important, and to keep everything for itself. It is afraid the baby will take things away from it.

It was like that with me. I wanted to fight these monsters. I didn't want them living with me, in my Galaxy.

One day two humans came through the trees. I stood up. I was stronger now. 'Oh, thank Earth-and-animals!' I said and ran towards them.

The humans looked at me with big round eyes. One human was a man with long hair. He said, 'Gug-gug-gug!'

Then he went down on the ground on his hands and knees, like a baby. He ran round me, smelling me.

The woman said, 'Yee-yee-yee!' she jumped up on a branch of a tree.

They were humans but they were just like the monsters. They couldn't talk to me.

I started to feel miserable. The monsters tried to give me food but I didn't care about eating.

The monster that said 'Hee-haw!' carried me on its back and we went to a little river. Hee-Haw dropped me into the water. I didn't care if I was clean or dirty, but Hee-Haw kicked water over me and washed me.

The big grey monster that said 'Hoo-woo!' was worried about me. I didn't eat very much and I didn't wash myself. I just sat.

One day Hoo-Woo came with Hee-Haw. Hee-Haw carried me through the trees and the three of us travelled a long way. Finally we came to a high plastic wall.

Hoo-Woo pushed open a door in the wall and we went through. On the other side the air was hot and wet and the trees were bigger. There were monsters but they were different.

Hee-Haw carried me a long way through this forest. In the end we arrived at another plastic wall where there was another door.

Hoo-Woo opened the door and we entered a long tunnel. At the end of the tunnel was another door. At first Hoo-Woo waited outside this door, looking worried. I looked at the door. What was on the other side? Why was Hoo-Woo so worried? In the end he opened the door.

I saw a small round room just for a second. Then a terrible bright light came out. After that I couldn't see inside any more; it was too bright. I was very frightened. I felt this fear deep inside me.

Hee-Haw's head touched the ground. Hoo-Woo's head touched the ground too. I understood. This was their God! I understood because I felt the same fear as they did.

Hoo-Woo pushed me towards the light.

4 还有怪物

一只长长的黑鼻子探到我面前，正在嗅我。

起初，我不知道发生了什么。接着就想了起来。那个长着牙齿的怪物！

我想打它的鼻子，可我的胳膊动不了。我哪儿受伤了。我的身体什么也感觉不到，只觉得热，象火一样。我全身酸痛，身上的皮肤都湿了。

那只灰色的大怪物坐在我面前，看着我。

接着，我又看到那只小怪物。它躺在地上，受了伤。它非常小，比我的手大不了多少。它长着一条漂亮松软的尾巴，发出一声哀叫：“噫——噫！”

我同时有两种截然不同的感觉。我想除掉它，可又挺同情它。它觉得疼，象我一样。

我不知道该怎么办，于是哭了起来。

那只大怪物挨着我躺了下来，毛贴着我的皮肤。我讨厌它的皮毛的感觉，但我的身体动不了。

皮毛弄干了我的皮肤，我开始感觉好些了。我突然觉得筋疲力竭，很快就睡着了。

我醒来的时候感觉好多了。我身体里面不热了，而且又能动弹了。

那只大怪物和我坐在一起。我用手打了它一下，但我还是没劲儿。我伤不着它。

于是，那怪物张开嘴吼叫道：“呼呜！”

过了一段时间后，又来了些怪物，越来越多。多数怪物都是四条腿走路的。有一只非常大的还用舌头舔我。那舌头很硬，不象我的舌头软软的。但后来我觉得好一些。那只怪物发出一种“嘻——嗨！”的声音。

有一只很小的会飞的怪物，它长着翅膀和一只又长又硬的嘴巴。它发出一种“噉——噉”的声音。

它把“噫噫”咬我手指的地方弄干净了。“噉噉”的小硬嘴正好擅长干这个。

我得说实话。我想拿起一支激光枪把这些怪物都杀掉。它们并不伤害我。它们帮助我。它们挺好的。

但我头脑中的不知什么东西讨厌它们。我不愿被迫去想它们。

可我没有激光枪，所以不能消灭它们。

一只怪物给我弄来了水，另一只怪物给我些果子吃。有几个怪物靠着我的身体躺下，给我保暖。它们用各种办法帮助我，但我的头脑中总有恶心的念头。我还是恨它们。

我要解释一下。两万年了，银河系都是属于人类的，银河系里的所有东西都属于我们。

当一个家庭新降生了一个婴儿，第一个孩子就会恨这个婴儿。第一个孩子想成为最重要的，想把什么都留给自己。他害怕新婴儿会把什么东西拿走。

我就象这样。我想同这些怪物争抢。我不想让它们和我一起，生活在我的银河系里。

一天，有两个人从树林里出来。我站了起来。我现在强壮多了。“噢，感谢地球及其动物们！”我说着跑向他们。

那两个人睁圆了眼睛看着我。一个是头很长发的男人。他说道：“咕——咕——咕！”

然后他手脚伏在地上，象个孩子似的。他边围着我跑，边嗅我。

那个女人说着：“噢——噢——噢！”，跳到了一根树枝上。

他们虽然是人，却和动物一样。他们不能和我说话。

于是，我觉得十分难过。怪物们想办法给我吃的，可我不想吃。

“嘻——嗨！”叫的那个怪物把我驮在它背上，我们一起走到一条小河边。“嘻嗨”把我扔到水里。我并不在乎自己是干净还是脏，可“嘻嗨”向我身上踢水，为我冲洗。

“呼呜”叫的那只灰色大怪物为我担心。我吃的不多，也不洗漱。我只是傻坐着。

一天，“呼呜”和“嘻嗨”一起走来。“嘻嗨”驮着我穿过树林，我们三个走了很远。最后我们来到一堵高高的塑料墙面前。

“呼呜”推开墙上的一扇门，我们走了过去。墙的另一面空气很湿热，树也要大一些。也有怪物，但长的不一样。

“嘻嗨”驮着我在这片森林里走了很远。最后我们来到另一堵塑料墙前，墙上也有一扇门。

“呼呜”打开门，我们进入了一条长长的隧道。隧道的尽头又有一扇门。开始“呼呜”等在门外，面露愁容。我看着那扇门。墙那边是什么？为什么“呼呜”这么忧心忡忡的？最后他还是打开了门。

我看见一个小圆房间，但只是一瞬间的事。接着，一束耀眼的灯光射出来。后来，里面亮得我都不敢看了。我非常害怕，从心底里感到恐惧。

“嘻嗨”的头伏到地上，“呼呜”的头也伏到了地上。我明白了。这是它们的上帝！我明白了，因为我同它们一样感到恐惧。

“呼呜”把我推向那盏灯。

5 Waiting for fifteen thousand years

'It's too bright in here, 'I said. 'I can't see. '

The light suddenly wasn't so bright and I could see again. I was in a round room, which was empty except for a large square computer.

The computer didn't look like the modern computers we have.

'You are't God! 'I said. 'You're just a computer! Just a strange old computer! '

A voice came from it. 'Yes, this is computer. Who are you? '

Oh, the computer still worked! I was surprised as it looked so very old. It didn't speak in a natural way as modern computers do.

'I'm Hummingbird, 'I answered.

'You are not a hummingbird. Hummingbirds fly in the forests here, in Star Zoo. You are human. You are not a child of Star Zoo. Computer is happy. '

I listened but I didn't understand. 'Hummingbird' was just my name—and the name of one of the animals in the Book of Remembering. Why was this place called the Star Zoo? What was a 'zoo'? I had so many questions to ask!

'Computer, 'I said, 'where do you come from? I never heard of a spaceship as big as this! You speak my language but it sounds different. Why do Hee-Haw and Hoo-Woo think you're God? '

'Who is Hee-Haw? Who is Hoo-Woo? 'the computer asked.

'The two monsters that brought me here, 'I answered.

'Yes. Donkey. Wolf. All animals believe computer is God. Computer makes ultrasonic sound. Ultrasonics make fear. '

'Animals? 'I said slowly. Animals were only a story in the Book of Remembering. There were no animals alive today. What was the computer talking about? 'Animals...like EeeEee and Cheep-Cheep? '

'Eee—Eee is a squirrel, 'the computer said. 'Cheep-Cheep is a bird. Animals take care of you. '

I was very afraid. Donkey, wolf, squirrel, and bird were all animals named in the Book of Remembering.

'Where did these animals come from? 'I asked.

'Star Zoo came from Earth, 'the computer answered. 'Star Zoo left Earth. Earth was hot. '

I suddenly couldn't stand. I fell down and my mind exploded again. This time I wasn't angry. I was sad, empty, afraid, and a little crazy. This was the Book of Remembering come to life!

Earth hot? That was the Burning! We made the Earth too hot and all life except humans died. And we humans did it!

'Not necessary to fall down, 'the computer said. 'Computer is not God. Computer wants to talk to humans. Computer is sad that humans have not spoken for fifteen thousand years. '

I stood up slowly. The Book of Remembering was forremembering the animals but they had been dead for twenty thousand years.

But the animals were here! Yes, here in the Star Zoo, after travelling between stars for twenty thousand years!

'Why did you leave Earth? What happened? 'I asked.

The computer answered, 'Humans polluted Earth. Earth was hot. Animals died. '

'Yes, 'I said. 'I know that. '

The computer continued, 'Humans made zoo in space. No money. Used plastic bottles. '

'What? 'I said. I didn't understand.

'Collected old plastic bottles. Made zoo with plastic bottles. Cheap. Made big zoo with many rooms. '

'Why are there different rooms? 'I asked.

'Animals and plants live in different ways, 'the computer said. 'Hot, cold, wet, dry. Impossible to keep all animals and all plants in one room. Need different things. Difficult work to get everything right. Necessary to have big computer. No money. Got old computer from army. '

'So that's you? 'I said. 'You're an old army computer from Earth? '

'Computer works and never stops. '

'I understand! 'I said. 'A group of people made this Star Zoo. They knew that Earth was dying. They wanted to save the animals. They sent the Star Zoo away from Earth. '

'Star Zoo went, 'the computer said. 'No money. Went slowly. '

'Very slowly, 'I agreed. 'But What happened to the humans inside the Star Zoo? '

'Five thousand years humans gave orders. Computer worked. Computer mended walls. Computer kept Star Zoo alive and safe. Star Zoo worked well. No problems. Humans stopped giving orders. Not necessary to talk. Humans enjoyed eating, playing, sleeping. Computer can do work. For fifteen thousand years computer has worked, thought, learnt, grown. Now you have come. Computer is happy. '

I was happy too and I wasn't afraid. It was wonderful news. The Galaxy wasn't empty! Animals could live on all the worlds and all humans could be happy again.

Humans were lonely without animals. Humans needed animals.

'The animals must leave the Star Zoo, 'I said to the computer. 'We have planets where they can live. Do you agree? '

'Star Zoo is not strong, 'the computer said. 'Holes in walls lose air and water. Animals need planets. Can have more animals on planets. '

’Then I must go home,’ I said. ’I will come back with spaceships. We will take the animals to different planets. Planets everywhere in the Galaxy. ’

’Computer will choose planets for different animals,’ it said. ’First plants will grow. Animals will follow. ’

’You can tell us what to do,’ I said. ’This is wonderful.

I want to leave now. Is Hee-Haw waiting?’

’Donkey waits.’ the computer made a noise that was like crying. ’Donkey has waited for a few minutes. Computer has waited for fifteen thousand years. You come back. Computer is sad and afraid. ’

5 一万五千年的等待

“这儿太亮了，”我说，“我看不见。”

那盏灯马上暗了一些，我又看得见了。我站在一个圆圆的房间里，屋里除了一台四四方方的大电脑外什么也没有。

这台电脑看上去和我们用的现代电脑不一样。

“你不是上帝！”我说，“你不过是台电脑而已！一台怪模怪样的破电脑而已！”

里面传出一个声音：“对，我是电脑。你是谁？”

噢，这电脑还能运转！我很惊奇，因为看上去它太破旧了。它说话的腔调不像现代电脑那么自然。

“我是蜂鸟，”我回答。

“你不是蜂鸟。蜂鸟是在这森林里飞的，在星际动物园。你是人。你不是星际动物园的孩子。电脑很高兴。”

我听着，但无法理解。“蜂鸟”只是我的名字——《往事追忆》中一种动物的名字。这个地方为什么叫星际动物园？什么是“动物园”？我有好多问题要问！

“电脑，”我说，“你是哪儿来的？我从没听说过这么大的飞船！你讲的是我的语言，可听起来不大一样。为什么’嘻嘻’和’呜呜’把你当上帝？”

“’嘻嘻’是谁？’呜呜’又是谁？”电脑问道。

“带我到这儿来的那两个怪物，”我回答。

“哦。驴子、狼。所有的动物都把电脑当成上帝。电脑能发出超声波。超声波能引起恐惧。”

“动物？”我慢慢地问道。动物不过是《往事追忆》中的故事。今天没有活着的动物了。这电脑在胡说什么？“动物……’噫噫’和’嘁嘁’那样的？”

“’噫噫’是只松鼠，”电脑说，“’嘁嘁’是只鸟。照料你的都是动物。”

我很害怕。驴子、狼、松鼠和鸟都是《往事追忆》中动物的名字。

“这些动物是哪儿来的？”我问道。

“星际动物园来自地球，”电脑回答，“星际动物园离开了地球。地球热。”

我突然站不住了。我倒了下去，头脑又发懵了。这次我没有感到愤怒。我难过、空虚、恐惧，还有点狂乱。《往事追忆》变成了活生生的现实！

地球热？那是因为大火灾！我们把地球弄热了，除了人类以外，所有的生物都死了。那是我们人类干的！

“不必趴下，”电脑说，“电脑不是上帝。电脑想和人说话。电脑难过，人类已经一万五千年没说话了。”

我慢慢站起来。《往事追忆》是为了纪念动物的，但它们已经灭亡了两万年。

可动物就在这儿！是的，在星际动物园这儿，在星际间运行了两万年后到了这儿！

“你们为什么离开地球？发生了什么事？”我问。

电脑回答：“人类污染了地球。地球热。动物死了。”

“是的，”我说。“我知道这些。”

电脑接着说：“人类在太空建造动物园。没有钱，就用塑料瓶子。”

“什么？”我说。我不明白。

“回收旧塑料瓶子，用塑料瓶子建造动物园。便宜。建造了有很多房间的大动物园。”

“为什么要分不同的房间？”我问。

“动物和植物的生活方式各不相同，”电脑说，“热的、冷的、湿的、干的。不可能把所有动物和所有植物都放在同一个房间里。需要不同的东西。把一切都弄好是困难的工作。需要有大电脑。没有钱，从军队弄来旧电脑。”

“就是你吗？”我说，“你是从地球来的旧军用电脑？”

“电脑永远工作，从不停止。”

“我知道！”我说，“有一些人建造了这个星际动物园。他们知道地球就要灭亡。他们希望拯救动物。他们把星际动物园从地球上发射走了。”

“星际动物园走了，”电脑说，“没有钱。慢慢地走了。”

“非常慢，”我也这么认为。“但星际动物园里的人呢？”

“人类在5000年发布指令。电脑执行。电脑修补墙壁。电脑维持星际动物园的生存和安全。星际动物园运转良好。没有问题。人类不再给指令了。没有必要说话。人类喜欢吃、玩、睡。电脑可以工作。一万五千年了，电脑工作、思想、学习、成长。现在你来了。电脑高兴。”

我也高兴，我不害怕了。这是个好消息。银河系不再是空荡荡的了！动物们可以在任何世界上生活，所有的人类又可以快乐了。

没有动物，人类感觉孤独。人类需要动物。

“动物们得离开星际动物园，”我对电脑说，“我们有行星，它们可以在上面生活。你同意么？”

“星际动物园不结实，”电脑说，“墙上的破洞漏气、漏水。动物们需要行星。行星上可以有更多的动物生活。”

“那我必须回家，”我说，“我会带着些飞船来。我们把动物送到各个行星上去。银河系里的所有行星。”

“电脑将为不同的动物挑选行星，” 它说，“先种植物。接着是动物。”

“你可以告诉我们怎么做，” 我说，“这太好了。我现在要走了。’嘻嘻’还在等着吗？”

“驴子在等着。” 电脑发出一种像哭一样的声音：“驴子等了几分钟。电脑等了一万五千年。你回来了。电脑又难过，又害怕。”

6 They don't believe me

Where was my spacesuit?

Eee-Eee found it up in a tree where another squirrel was living in it. Eee-Eee told the squirrel to get out of my spacesuit.

I was happy to wear the spacesuit. Hoo-Woo took me to the door where I first came in.

Hoo-Woo made his noise: 'Hoo-woo!' as I opened the door. He was sad that I was going.

I said, 'I'm coming back, 'and I went out to my spaceship.

I got in and said, 'Take me home. '

The stars changed suddenly. I saw my world in space, all green and beautiful. A few minutes later the spaceship landed and I was home.

My father ran from the house shouting, 'Hummy! '

I kissed my father.

My mother was angry with me. 'I didn't know if you were dead or alive!' she cried. 'It's been a week! '

A week! It felt like months to me.

'I've got some very exciting news for you, 'I said.

'OK, 'my mother said. 'Let's sit in the theat and talk there. Oh yes, 'she said to my father, 'why don't you go to the house and bring us something to drink? '

Strange. Robots usually bring the drinks. But I just thought my mother wanted to be specially nice to me.

I told my mother what had happened. When my father came with drinks, I told my story anain.

Telling my story, I looked at the green fields of wheat moving in the wind. The wheat went on for thousands of miles, looking just the same everywhere.

How different it was in the Star Zoo! Every time you turned your head, you saw something new. That had frightened me at first but now I thought the Star Zoo was wonderful.

I explained that feeling to my parents.

'Yes, yes, Hummy, 'my mother said, looking quickly at my father.

I saw a spaceship land near the house. 'Who's coming? 'I asked.

My mother and father looked at each other. Then I knew.

'It's Buff, isn't it? 'I said. 'You called him when you were getting the drinks! 'I said to my father. I was really angry. 'How could you? Wait! You don't believe me, do you? '

'Your head is full of dreams, Hummy, 'my father said. 'You must be married to Buff, but only for a year. Then you can get married to someone you like. '

I jumped up. 'I hate you! Why did I come back? Why didn't I go straight to the Star Council? '

Buff walked up to us. 'Hello again, Kate, 'he said. 'I still remember the first name you told me. '

I had an idea. 'Listen to what happened to me, 'I said, and Itold my story a third time.

Buff laughed. 'What a story! You can tell me stories like that every night. '

'So you don't believe me? 'I smiled.

He just laughed.

'OK, Buff, 'I said. 'Come with me. I'll show you the Star Zoo. If it's only a story, I'll marry you. I'll even get married for five years if you want. OK? '

'Why not? 'Buff said. 'I'll bring a robot to see what's really there. Robots never lie. '

Buff borrowed one of our family robots and we took off. My father watched us go with a worried face.

It was black in the empty space far between stars and we couldn't see anything. Buff was surprised when we landed onthe Star Zoo.

We put on spacesuits and went out. Buff looked at the door, very surprised. We went in.

After we went through the second door, Buff stood without moving and he looked at the trees and didn't say anything. The robot closed the door behind us.

Hoo-Woo ran out of the trees to meet me. I was happy to see him and happy to be back in the Star Zoo again. I wasn't afraid at all.

I looked round at Buff and my heart stopped. Buff's face was full of hate and he was holding a laser gun. The gun was pointing at Hoo-Woo.

6 他们不相信我

我的太空服哪儿去啦？

“噫噫”在一棵树上找到了它，另一只松鼠住在里面。“噫噫”叫那只松鼠从我的太空服里出来。

穿上太空服我很高兴。“呼鸣”把我带到起初我进来的门那儿。

我开门的时候，呼鸣叫了一声：“呼——鸣！”。我要走了，它有些难过。

我说：“我会回来的。”然后就出去回到了我的飞船上。

我进了飞船，说道：“带我回家。”

星星突然变了。我看见我的星球在太空中，全是绿色，很美。几分钟后飞船着陆，我回到了家。

爸爸从房子里跑出来，喊道：“蜂儿！”

我亲了爸爸。

妈妈在生我的气。“我不知道你是死是活！”她大声说，“整整一个星期！”

一个星期！我觉得象是好几个月了。

“我给你们带来一个非常令人激动的消息，”我说。

“好，”妈妈说，“我们到麦田里坐下谈谈。哦，对了，”她对爸爸说，“你能不能到房子里给我们拿点喝的？”

奇怪，一般是机器人拿饮料的。但我只以为妈妈是想对我特别地好些。

我把所发生的事情跟妈妈说了。爸爸把饮料拿来后，我又把事情说了一遍。

我一边讲着我的经历，一边看着绿油油的麦田在风中摇曳。麦田绵延数千英里，哪儿看上去都一个样。

星际动物园里就截然不同！每当你转过头，就能看到新的东西。一开始，还把我吓了一跳，可现在我觉得星际动物园真棒。

我把我的感觉向父母说了。

“好了，好了，蜂儿，”妈妈说，并很快地瞥了爸爸一眼。

我看到有一只飞船降落在房子旁边。“谁来了？”我问道。

妈妈和爸爸对视了一眼。我马上就明白了。

“是牛子，对不对？”我说，“你拿饮料的时候给他打电话了！”我对爸爸说。我真的生气了。“你怎么能这样？等一等！你们不相信我，是吗？”

“你的脑子里充满梦想，蜂儿。”爸爸说，“你得嫁给牛子，不过是一年的事。然后你可以嫁给一个你喜欢的人。”

我跳了起来。“我恨你们！我为什么要回来？我为什么不直接去星际理事会？”

牛子朝我们走来。“又见面了，虫子。”他说，“我还记得你第一次告诉我的名字。”

我想出了个主意。“你听听我都经历了些什么。”我说。接着，我又把事情讲了一遍。

牛子笑了。“好一个故事！你每天晚上都可以给我讲这样的故事。”

“这么说你不相信我？”我笑道。

他只是笑。

“好，牛子，”我说，“跟我来。我带你去看星际动物园。如果是假的，我就嫁给你。如果你愿意，我可以嫁给你五年。行吗？”

“有什么不好？”牛子说，“我要带一个机器人去看看到底是怎么回事儿。机器人从不撒谎。”

牛子带上我家的一个机器人，我们就起飞了。我爸爸面露愁容地看着我们走了。

星星之间的茫茫太空一片漆黑，我们什么也看不见。我们星际动物园着陆时牛子很吃惊。

我们穿上太空服到了外面。牛子看着那扇门，惊讶万分。我们走了进去。

我们穿过第二道门，牛子一动不动地站住了，他看着那些树，没有说话。机器人在后面把门关上。

“呼鸣”从树林里跑出来迎接我。我很高兴看到它，也很高兴又回到星际动物园。我一点都不怕。

我回头去看牛子，我的心差点儿停止了跳动。牛子满脸憎恶，他手里拿着一支激光枪。枪是对准“呼鸣”的。

7 The answer is robots

I pushed Buff as he tried to shoot Hoo-Woo. The laser gun burnt a hole in the plastic wall, but it didn't hit Hoo-Woo.

Buff was screaming and the whites of his eyes were showing. He fell on the ground and water ran out of his mouth. He was crazy. I remembered the way I had gone crazy when I first came into the Star Zoo. It was seeing the animals. It was the Book of Remembering coming to life. It made people go crazy.

I hid Buff's laser gun and used some long plants to tie him up. Hee-Haw sat on him while I did it. A bell was ringing and all the animals started looking for something. What were they looking for?

A bird found it. It was the hole where the laser had burnt through the wall. The Star Zoo was losing air. I could hear the air escaping.

It was the computer's job to check for damage like that. Then it rang the bell. But how could the animals mend the hole?

Eee-Eee went to a pipe on the wall and waited. Warm wet plastic came out of the end of the pipe. The squirrel held little bits of the plastic and ran quickly up the wall. She put the soft plastic over the hole and ran down to get more plastic from the pipe.

In one minute the hole was covered. Eee-Eee went on working until the bell stopped ringing.

The computer and the animals worked together to mend the Star Zoo. After fifteen thousand years they were very good at it!

Buff had crazy eyes. The animals didn't want to go near him so I took care of him. I hoped he would get better soon.

But he didn't get better. Three days later he still wanted to kill and destroy every animal that he saw. He thought I was an animal too.

He never spoke. Perhaps he had forgotten how to speak. He wouldn't touch food or water.

I didn't know what to do. In the end I went to see the computer with Hee-Haw and the robot.

There was the same terrible light and the fear. But I knew it was ultrasonics that made me afraid. The robot didn't have any feelings, of course. The robot and I went into the computer room but Hee-Haw stayed outside.

The ultrasonics stopped and the light went soft.

'Hummingbird,' the computer said. 'You have come back. Computer is happy. Who is the other human?'

'This isn't a human,' I explained. 'This is just a family robot.'

'Not human? Looks very human.'

'I know,' I said. 'But that's not important. Everything's gone crazy!''What is the problem?' the computer asked.

I told the computer about visiting my parents and that they didn't believe me. I explained about Buff and said, 'But he's gone crazy. I know I went crazy at first but I got better. Buff isn't getting better.'

'Why?' the computer said. 'You are human. Buff is human. What is different?'

'I don't know,' I answered. 'I'm younger than Buff. Perhaps people's minds get hard like rock as they get older. They can't change how they think.'

'When will Buff get better?' the computer asked.

'Never...I think,' I said. 'Buff's too old.'

There was silence. After a long time the computer said slowly, 'Computer is old.'

'Oh, that's different,' I said. 'I think you are growing very, very slowly. I think you're still young, like me. You're still growing and changing. Not like Buff.'

Another silence. Then, 'Hummingbird is friend.'

I felt wonderful. The computer was twenty thousand years old and it wanted to be friends with me!

'Yes, I'm your friend, computer,' I said. 'I'll be your friend all my life, but my life isn't long like yours. Perhaps my children and grandchildren can be your friends too.'

'Computer is happy.'

'Oh, computer, everything's finished!' I said. 'I thought Buff could learn to accept the animals like me, but he can't. He can't change how he thinks. And I think most people in the Galaxy are like him. They can't change. If they find the Star Zoo, they'll destroy all the animals. So it's impossible! We can't put the animals on different planets. The animals will have to stay in the Star Zoo. One day the Star Zoo will die. After that there will be no life in the Galaxy except humans. Forever.'

The computer said, 'Computer will find answer to problem. Wait.'

I waited. And waited. I couldn't understand it. Computers think so fast! Why wasn't the computer telling me the answer?

At last it spoke. 'Computer has answer to problem. The answer is robots. Your robot looks very human. You will make a robot like an animal. Humans will know it is a robot, not an animal. Humans will not go crazy. Humans will learn about animals. After some time humans will meet animals. Humans will not go crazy.'

'I think I understand,' I said. 'People have to spend a long time with robot animals first. When they are not afraid, they can meet the real animals and accept them. Yes, it's a wonderful idea, computer! I could kiss you!'

'Nobody has kissed computer. Computer is interested.'

So I kissed the computer and I think it kissed me.

7 答案是机器人

当牛子要向“呼鸣”射击时，我把他推开了。激光枪在塑料墙上烧出一个洞，但没打着“呼鸣”。

牛子尖叫起来，翻着白眼。他倒在地上，嘴里流出口水。他发疯了。我还记得第一次来到星际动物园时我发疯的样子。都是看到动物的缘故。因为《往事追忆》突然变成真的了。这确实会让人发疯的。

我把牛子的激光枪藏了起来，然后用一些长长的植物把他绑上。我绑的时候“嘻嘻”坐在他身上。一声铃响，所有的动物都开始找什么东西。它们在找什么呢？

有一只鸟发现了。它们找的是激光枪在墙上烧出的洞。

星际动物园在漏气。我能听见漏气的声音。

检查这样的破损是电脑的事。然后它会响铃。但动物怎么补这个洞呢？

“噫噫”走到墙上的一根管子那儿等着。管子的出口流出热乎乎的液体塑料。松鼠拿着小块塑料快步跑到墙上。她把软塑料放在洞上，然后跑下去到管子那儿去取更多的塑料。

洞很快就被补上了。“噫噫”一直在干，直到铃声停止。

电脑和动物一起修补星际动物园。经过一万五千年，它们对此十分熟练了！

牛子的目光还是狂乱的。动物们不想靠近他，只有我照料他。我希望他早点儿好过来。

但他没有。三天后他还是见动物就想杀、就想摧毁。他把我也当动物了。

他一句话也不说。也许他已经忘记怎么说话了。他不肯吃饭，水也不肯沾。

我不知道该怎么办。最后，我与“嘻嘻”和机器人会见电脑。

还是那盏眩目的灯光，还是一样的恐惧。但我知道让我害怕的是超声波。当然，机器人什么感觉也没有。机器人和我进了电脑室，但“嘻嘻”留在外面。

超声波停了，灯光也弱了一些。

“蜂鸟，”电脑说，“你回来了。电脑高兴。另一个人是谁？”

“这不是人。”我解释道，“这只是个家用机器人。”

“不是人？看上去很象人。”

“我知道，”我说，“可这不重要。大家都疯了！”

“出什么问题了？”电脑问道。

我向电脑讲了回去看父母，而他们不相信我的事。我解释了牛子的事，然后说：“可他疯了。我知道开始我也疯过，但后来又好了。牛子却一直没有好转。”

“为什么？”电脑问道，“你是人。牛子是人。有什么不同？”

“我不知道。”我回答，“我比牛子小。也许人随着年龄的增加，头脑也僵化得象岩石了。他们改变不了自己的想法。”

“牛子什么时候能好转？”电脑问道。

“不会好了……我想。”我说，“牛子太老了。”

沉默。过了好久，电脑缓缓地说道：“电脑也老了。”

“噢，那不一样。”我说，“我觉得你长得特别慢。我觉得你还很年轻，象我一样。你还在成长和变化。不象牛子。”

又是沉默。然后它说：“蜂鸟是朋友。”

我感觉好极了。这台电脑两万岁了，它还想和我做朋友！

“是的，我是你的朋友，电脑。”我说，“我永远都是你的朋友，可我的生命没有你那么长。也许我的孩子和孙子们也可以做你的朋友。”

“电脑高兴。”

“噢，电脑，一切都完了！”我说，“我还以为牛子会象我一样学着接受动物，可他不能。他不能改变他的想法。而且我想银河系的大多数人都不会象他。他们无法改变。如果他们发现星际动物园，他们会消灭所有动物的。所以我们不能把动物送到不同的行星上。根本不可能！总有一天星际动物园会毁灭。以后，银河系除了人类就再也没有其他生物了。永远。”

电脑说：“电脑会找到这个问题的答案。等一等。”

我等着。等了又等。我弄不明白。电脑的思维很快！为什么电脑不告诉我答案？

它终于说话了：“电脑有这个问题的答案。答案是机器人。你们的机器人长得很象人。你们可以把机器人造成动物的样子。人类知道那是机器人，不是动物。这样人就不会发疯了。人类就可以了解动物。过一段时间再让人见动物。人就不会发疯了。”

“我想我明白了。”我说，“一开始，人得和机器动物相处很长一段时间。他们不害怕的时候就可以见真动物，接受它们。对，真是个好主意，电脑！我想亲亲你！”

“没有人亲过电脑。电脑有兴趣。”

于是我亲了电脑，我想它也亲了我。

8 An animal is made

Arobot can do many different things from taking care of a baby to building a spaceship. It can do anything except think. The Star Zoo computer was the only one that could think.

Well, our family robot could build a robot animal, easily. That was no problem.

First we had to choose what animal to make, so we went round the Star Zoo to look at all the animals. Hee-Haw carried me and Hoo-Woo came with us. The robot followed.

I don't know how many rooms the Star Zoo had; I couldn't count them all. Some rooms were filled with water where there were big fish and small fish. There were horrible monsters walking under the water and I felt a little afraid again.

Some rooms were covered in snow and all the animals there had white fur. There were dry rooms, hot wet rooms, forest rooms...And animals and birds and trees and flowers!

There were more living things than I had ever dreamt of!

I sat on Hee-Haw's back as the donkey walked on. We went through a door into a room full of strange life, then we went through another door and into another room, It was like a dream. In a dream, things change suddenly, without reason. It was like that.

We went back to the computer. I didn't know which animal to choose and neither did the robot. Hee-Haw and Hoo-Woo didn't understand the problem; they weren't intelligent in the human way.

So I asked the computer.

'Watch humans,' the computer said. 'Humans enjoy playing with animals. Find an animal which enjoys playing with humans.'

So we went to see the humans.

The humans in the Star Zoo couldn't speak. I sat down and watched them while the humans played up in the trees, swam in the pool and played games in the grass. They played all the time.

Most other animals didn't play with the humans. But finally I saw one animal come through the grass to play. It liked playing with humans!

The humans played with the animal for an hour. The animal and the humans enjoyed playing together.

'That's the animal you must make,' I told the robot.

The robot watched the animal and touched it and measured everything. In the end it was ready to build a robot just like that animal.

'What do you need to build it?' I asked.

'Plastic,' the robot answered. 'I will use real fur on the outside. But I need some metal. Where can I find metal?'

There was only one thing in the Star Zoo made of metal—the computer!

The computer told the robot to take off two small pieces of metal from its back.

The robot worked fast. Sometimes it needed a special tool. Then it opened its stomach because the tools were kept inside the body there.

First, the robot made a plastic body which it covered with soft plastic, like a skin. Then it used fur to cover the skin.

I left before the robot finished because I was worried about Buff. I didn't want him to die.

Buff still wouldn't eat or drink But the worst thing was, he was still crazy. His mind wasn't getting better...

If Buff stays in the Star Zoo, I thought, he'll die.

I talked to him but he didn't answer. I knew he wanted to kill me. He wanted to kill all living things.

The robot finished its work and showed me a little animal. It looked, and sounded, and played like the real animal. I took it to the computer.

'Yes, it looks just like the animal,' the computer said. 'It's very small—a baby animal.' the computer told me its name. It checked the animal, then said to the robot, 'Make it warm.'

The little animal was cold.

So the robot made the baby animal warm, like the real animal. We were ready.

The robot put Buff to sleep, then put the spacesuit on him and carried him to the spaceship.

I was leaving the Star Zoo for the second time. Would our plan succeed, I wondered? Before I went through the door, I looked back at all the life that existed only here in the Star Zoo, and in no other place in all the Galaxy!

8 造出了一只动物

从照看婴儿到制造飞船，机器人能做许许多多不同的工作。除了思维，它无所不能。星际动物园的电脑是唯一能思维的。

没问题，我的家用机器人可以造一个机器动物，轻而易举。没有问题。

我们先得选择制造什么动物，于是我们在星际动物园走了一圈，把所有动物都看一看。“嘻嘻”驮着我，“呜呜”陪着我们。机器人跟在后面。

我弄不清星际动物园有多少房间，我无法全数过来。有的房间装着水，里面养着大鱼和小鱼。水下面还有可怕的怪物在行走，让我又觉得有点害怕。

有的房间被雪覆盖，所有的动物长着白色的皮毛。有干燥的房间、湿热的房间、森林房间……以及动物、鸟、树，还有花！

这儿的动物比我所想象的多得多！

我坐在“嘻嘻”的背上，驴子继续往前走。我们穿过一扇门，进入一个满是千奇百怪的生命的房间。然后，我们穿过另一扇门进入另一个

房间。象在做梦一样。在梦中，事物变幻莫测，讲不清道理。就象是那样。

我们回到电脑那儿。我还是不知道该选择哪种动物，机器人也不知道。“嘻喏”和“呼鸣”不明白是怎么回事；它们没有人类这样的智慧。

于是我问电脑。

“看看人类。”电脑说，“人类喜欢和动物玩，找一只喜欢陪人类玩的动物。”

于是我们去看人类。

星际动物园的人不会说话。我坐在地上观察他们，他们在树上玩耍，在池子里游泳，在草地上玩游戏。他们总是在玩乐。

多数其他的动物都不和人玩。但最后我看见有只动物从草地里跑出来玩。它喜欢和人玩！

那些人和这只动物玩了一个小时。这只动物喜欢和那些人在一起玩。

“你得制造一个那样的动物。”我吩咐机器人。

机器人观察这只动物，抚摸它，上下都做了测量。最后，它准备好了，可以制造一个跟这只动物一样的机器动物。

“你需要用什么制造它？”我问。

“塑料，”机器人回答，“外面我打算用真皮毛。可我需要些金属。我能在哪儿找点金属？”

星际动物园里只有一样东西是用金属做的——电脑！

电脑让机器人从它的后背上取下两小块金属。

机器人干活儿很快。有时它需要一些专门的工具。于是它就打开自己的肚皮，因为工具是放在身体里边的。

首先，机器人做了一个塑料躯干，外面包上类似皮肤的软塑料。然后它又用皮毛盖住皮肤。

机器人还没有完工我就离开了，因为我担心牛子。我不希望他死。

牛子还是不肯吃喝。但最糟糕的是他还在发狂。他的头脑还是没有好转……

我想，要是牛子呆在星际动物园，他会死的。

我跟他说话，可他不回答。我知道他想杀死我。他想把所有活的东西都杀死。

机器人完成了工作，把一只小动物给我看。它的样子、声音和玩相都很象真动物。我把它带到电脑那儿。

“好，它和真动物一模一样。”电脑说，“它非常小——是只小动物。”电脑告诉了我它的名字。它检查了这只动物，然后对机器人说：“给它体温。”

这只小动物是冷的。

所以机器人就让它身体象真动物一样温暖。我们准备好了。

机器人让牛子入睡，然后替他穿上太空服，并把他背到飞船上。

我又要离开星际动物园了。我在想，我们的计划能成功吗？出门之前，我回头看了一眼——只有星际动物园才存在生命，银河系其他地方都没有！

9 An animal is destroyed

Buff was asleep. I told the spaceship to take us to New Earth, the planet of the Star Council. I wasn't going back to my parents. I wanted to go to the top people.

A few minutes later the spaceship was falling towards a planet covered with tall buildings. Many of the buildings touched the clouds. I'd never been to New Earth before. I was just a young girl from a small planet and I felt very unimportant here.

We landed. I could see a lot of people walking quickly. They didn't stand and talk. They were too busy. Who was going to stop and talk to a young girl like me?

Everybody was wearing very expensive, fashionable clothes too! I felt stupid with just my old clothes with my name 'Hummingbird' on. I said to the robot, 'Make a special dress for me. I want to look more important.'

A minute later I had the dress. It didn't look very good. It was grey and just like an old bag.

I put on the dress and it suddenly came to life. It moved over me, full of changing colours. When I looked in a mirror, I couldn't believe it. I looked fantastic!

When I got out of the spaceship, I wasn't afraid of anybody.

At first I thought the Star Council buildings were the high ones, up in the clouds. They weren't. I had to go below ground to an office where I spoke to a policeman. He didn't believe my story about the Star Zoo...until the robot told him it was all true. Robots can't lie.

The policeman looked at me for a long time. In the end he called a Star Council official.

He and the policeman took me to a lift and we went down many floors. Then they put me in a room and asked me questions. They wanted to see the robot animal but I said no. I said only the Star Council could see the robot animal.

Three hours later they were still asking me questions and I couldn't keep my eyes open. I was so tired. My dress had lost its colours. It was just grey again. I didn't feel important. I felt like a child.

But I didn't show them the robot animal.

The official said, 'I don't believe you. There are no animals in the Galaxy now. Perhaps there never were any animals. They're only stories in the Book of Remembering.'

'Well, why are you asking me so many questions?' I said.

'Because your robot tells the same story. Because you have a crazy man in your spaceship—he's in hospital now.'

Suddenly the official got up and took me to the lift. We went down, down, down, very fast.

We came out into a room in the shape of a star. I felt frightened because I knew this was the Star Room where the Star Council met.

The Council men and women came in and took their places at the Star Table. The official told them my story, which my robot repeated.

Everybody looked at me, waiting for me to show them the robot animal.

The President of the Star Council said, 'Where is this animal?'

'It's not an animal,' I said. 'It's a robot. But it looks just the same as a real animal.' 'Where is it?'

I touched the robot's stomach. 'In there,' I answered.

'Bring it out. We want to see it,' the President said.

'Yes, sir,' I said. I looked round at all the Councillors. I was afraid to speak to these important people but I had to tell them about the danger. 'When Buff saw an animal, he went crazy. I went crazy at first, too.'

'We heard your story.'

'Please listen,' I said. 'This is a robot. Please remember it's not a real animal. I don't want anybody here to go crazy.'

'Don't try to frighten us, girl. Bring out the animal.'

I told the robot to open its stomach, and it opened. The little robot animal jumped on to the Star Table.

It looked so alive! It opened its mouth and made the special noise of that animal. It had small sharp white teeth.

The mouth of every Councillor fell open at the same moment.

There was a sudden bright light. The little animal exploded. It was gone. There was nothing left except a little wet plastic on the Star Table and a smell of burning hair.

The Star Council official had destroyed it with his laser gun.

The Councillors were getting up and shouting. Their faces were full of hate. They had the same crazy eyes as Buff. Perhaps not as bad as Buff, because the animal had only been there for a second or two and I had told them it was a robot. But, like Buff, they wanted to kill and destroy.

Things got worse and worse. They started breaking chairs. Some of them used broken chairs to hit people. They were going crazy, just like Buff.

The plan had failed. The Star Council had gone crazy. I was very frightened. What had I done?

9 一只动物被杀害了

牛子在沉睡。我吩咐飞船带我们去“新地球”——星际理事会所在的行星。我不打算回我父母那儿。我要直接去见上层人物。

几分钟后，飞船朝一个高楼林立的行星降落。很多高楼耸入云端。我以前从来没到过新地球。我只是个小行星上来的小姑娘，在这儿我觉得很卑微。

我们着陆了。我看到有很多人匆忙地走着。没有人停下说句话。他们太忙碌了。谁会停下来跟我这样的小姑娘说话呢？

而且每个人都穿着非常昂贵、时髦的衣服！我穿着那件绣着我名字“蜂鸟”的旧衣服让人觉得傻乎乎的。我对机器人说：“给我做一套特别点儿的衣服。我想使自己看上去神气些。”

不一会儿，我就拿到了新衣服。看上去不是太好。是灰色的，就象个旧袋子。

可当我一穿上，它马上就有了神采。它在我身上移动着，满是变幻的色彩。往镜子里看，我简直无法相信。我看上去神气极了！

当我走出飞船时，我已经谁都不怕了。

开始，我以为星际理事会的大楼是那些高入云端的。其实不是。我走到了地下的一间办公室才和一个警察说上话。他不相信我说的星际动物园的事，直到机器人告诉他那全是真的。机器人不会撒谎。

那个警察审视了我好久。最后他叫来一位星际理事会的官员。

他和那个警察把我带上电梯，往下走了很多层。然后他们把我领到一个房间，开始问我问题。他们想看看机器动物，可我没答应。我说只有星际理事会才能见机器动物。

过了三个小时，他们还在盘问我，我的眼睛都快睁不开了。我累极了。我的衣服已褪色，只剩下灰色。我不再觉得神气。我觉得象个小孩子。

但我没有给他们看机器动物。

那个官员说道：“我不相信你。银河系现在没有动物。也许从来就没有过动物。它们只是《往事追忆》里的故事。”

“那么，你为什么问我那么多问题？”我说。

“因为你的机器人说的和你一样。因为你的飞船里有个发疯的人——他现在住院了。”

那个官员突然站起来，把我带到电梯里。我们飞快地往下走，往下走。

我们出了电梯，来到一个星状的房间。我觉得有些害怕，因为我知道这是星际理事会开会的星际室。

理事会的男成员和女成员们进来围着星际会议桌坐下。那个官员跟他们讲了我的事，我的机器人又重复了一遍。

每个人都看着我，等着我给他们看机器动物。

星际理事会主席说话了：“动物在哪儿？”

“它不是动物，”我说，“它是个机器动物。不过它跟真动物一模一样。”

“它在哪儿？”

我摸着机器人的肚子。“在这儿。”我回答。

“拿出来。我们想看看。”主席说。

“是，先生。”我说。我环视了一下所有的理事。跟这些重要人物说话我有些胆怯，可我不得不告诉他们有危险。“牛子看见动物时，他发疯了。我一开始也疯了。”

“我们已经听了你说的事。”

“请听我说。”我说，“这是只机器动物。请记住它不是真动物。我不希望这儿有人发疯。”

“别想吓唬我们啦，姑娘。把动物拿出来。”

我叫机器人打开肚子，它照办了。那只小机器动物一下跳到星际会议桌上。

它看上去活蹦乱跳！它张开嘴，发出一声这种动物特有的叫声。它长着又小又尖的白牙齿。

每位理事的嘴都同时张开了。

突然闪过一阵亮光。这只小动物爆炸了。它死了。什么也没留下，只剩下星际会议桌上一小块湿漉漉的塑料和毛发烧焦了的味道。

那个星际理事会官员用激光枪把它摧毁了。

理事们喊叫着站了起来。他们的脸上充满憎恨。他们的眼睛和牛子发疯时一摸一样。也许没有牛子那样糟，因为动物只出现了一两秒钟，而且我已经告诉他们它只是个机器动物。然而，像牛子一样，他们也想杀，想摧毁。

情况越来越糟。他们开始摔椅子。有的还用破椅子打人。他们像牛子一样，发疯了。

计划失败了。星际理事会发疯了。我非常害怕。我都做了些什么呀？

It was a strange prison with no doors and no police to watch me. Well, I didn't know the special number for making the lifts work, so I couldn't escape by the lifts. There were stairs but it was ten kilometres straight up to get to the surface.

I couldn't get out.

I found food and water. Nobody came to see me for three days.

Finally a soldier arrived and took me back to the Star Room.

An old man with a very straight back sat at the Star Table. He was alone and looked tired. 'Hummingbird,' he said and then stopped.

'Who are you, please?' I asked. I hadn't seen him before.

'I'm the new President,' he said, but he didn't sound happy about it.

'So the President and the Councillors are still...'

'Still crazy— yes,' the old man said. 'I think many of them will get better. They saw the animal only for a very short time.'

'It wasn't a real animal,' I said quickly.

'That didn't make any difference. You asked me who I am. I'm just one of the Star Councillors, but I wasn't in the Star Room when you showed them the animal. I was lucky. Now listen, Hummingbird. There is something I must tell you. Something difficult.'

'Is it about my family?' I asked, feeling afraid.

'No, Hummingbird. You are the only person in the Galaxy who knows where the Star Zoo is. If other people know about the Star Zoo, there will be killing. People will be killed. The Star Zoo will be destroyed. It is very important to keep the Star Zoo alive and so it is necessary to keep it secret. I'm sorry, Hummingbird. You must stay here, ten kilometres down, all your life. I know you're a young girl and I'm sorry.'

'All my life?' I said. I couldn't believe it.

'Yes,' the old man said. 'This is the planet of the Star Council so there is always work here you can do. I'm sorry.'

'What kind of work?' I asked.

'Well, everything is going crazy now. For example, we have some little children down here that nobody is taking care of. A robot is doing the job now—but little children need real humans. Would you like to try taking care of them?'

'OK,' I said. It was something to do.

I went to see the children, who were playing quietly with a robot. I laughed, because the robot was our family robot. I thought this robot and I would do something wonderful. But we could only take care of little children!

I sat on the floor and played with the children. They were all less than four years old.

They needed somebody. A few of the children were crying. They needed loving. Robots can sing and play games, but they can't love.

Only the Star Zoo computer can love.

Soon one little boy was sitting on my stomach and another boy was running round and round me. A little girl was pulling my hair and another girl was biting my finger. There was a lot of noise.

These children were more trouble than any animal in the Star Zoo!

'These girls and boys aren't going to be afraid of animals,' I said to the robot. 'I can show them a robot animal and they won't go crazy. I just wish I had one.'

'You have,' the robot answered. 'Shall I take out the other one?'

'What!' I shouted. The little boy fell off my stomach and began screaming. I picked him up and kissed him until the screaming changed to crying. I said, 'Another robot animal?'

'Yes,' the robot said, touching its stomach.

Of course the robot had another! Robots always make two of everything. You don't have to tell them. They do it automatically.

The robot opened its stomach and the second robot animal jumped out. It was just like the first one.

The little boy stopped crying. He looked at the robot animal with big, round eyes. All the other children were looking, too.

The animal began to play. It tried to bite its tail and fell over its own feet. It was a funny, sweet animal. After one minute the children were round it in a circle, laughing and playing with it, just like the humans in the Star Zoo.

I watched them. This was very important. These children hadn't learnt to be afraid of animals because they had never heard of Earth, the Burning, or the Book of Remembering.

I watched and thought. I spoke softly to my robot: 'If these children go on playing with this robot animal, they will never become afraid of animals. They won't go crazy.' I thought some more, and said, 'But if their parents see the animal, the parents will go crazy.'

I thought carefully. Yes, there must be a special room in every house. A room which parents couldn't go in. A room for children only. Then children could play with robot animals in that room.

'That's it!' I said. 'The children will still be happy to be with animals when they are parents. It might take twenty, thirty, forty years, but then—'

I heard the sound of somebody coming. I shouted to the robot, 'Hide that animal, quick!'

The robot opened its stomach and the animal went inside.

All the children began crying. They wanted to have their wonderful animal back again!

It was the President. He looked round at all the crying children. 'Did I do this?' he asked.

'No,' I answered. 'Please stay. I have fantastic news for you. Listen to what just happened.'

The old man listened. First he was angry, then he was surprised but in the end he became very excited.

'Hummingbird,' the President said, 'I must not see that robot animal. I don't want to go crazy. Your idea is... interesting. I think it will work. We must be very careful. We can begin with just one family and can learn from our mistakes. I think we can let you go free, Hummingbird.'

'You can see the animal again soon,' I promised the children, and kissed the ones that were still crying. 'So the little children really liked this animal!' the President said. 'What kind of animal was it? Does the Book of Remembering talk about it?'

'The Book of Remembering talks about cats,' I answered. 'This is a baby cat. I can't remember what the computer called it. Oh yes I do—it's called a kitten.'

10 做什么都是一对

这是个奇怪的牢房，没有门，也没有警察看管我。哎，我不知道能让电梯运行的密码，所以我不能从电梯逃跑。有楼梯，但要径直往上走十公里才能到地面。

我逃不出去。

我找到了食物和水。有三天没人来看我了。

最后，来了个士兵把我带回星际室。一位腰板挺直的老者坐在星际会议桌旁。只有他一个人，显出疲惫的样子。“蜂鸟。”他说，然后就停住了。

“请问您是谁？”我问。我以前没见过他。

“我是新主席，”他说。可听上去他并不为此感到高兴。

“这么说原来的主席和理事们还……”

“还在发疯——对，”老者说，“我想很多人会好起来的。他们看见那只动物只是一瞬间的事。”

“它不是真动物，”我连忙说。

“那没有什么不同。你问我是谁。我只是一个星际理事，但你给他们看那只动物时我不在星际室。我很幸运。现在听着，蜂鸟。我得跟你说说事。一些棘手的问题。”

“是我家的事吗？”我问，觉得有些害怕。

“不，蜂鸟。银河系中只有你知道星际动物园在哪儿。如果其他人知道了星际动物园的事，就会发生杀戮。人会被杀死，星际动物园会遭到毁灭。让星际动物园存活下去十分重要，所以需要保密。对不起，蜂鸟。你得呆在这儿，地下十公里，一辈子都呆在这儿。我知道你还是个小姑娘，对不起。”

“一辈子？”我说道。我简直无法相信这一切。

“是的。”那老者说，“这是星际理事会所在的行星，这儿总有你能做的事。对不起。”

“什么工作？”我问。

“呃，现在什么都乱了。比如，我们下面有些小孩子没人照看。现在是个机器人在照看他们——但小孩子需要真人。你愿意尽力照顾他们吗？”

“行！”我说。也算有事可做。

我去看望了孩子，他们正安静地和一个机器人玩。我笑了，因为那个机器人正是我们家的机器人。我想，这个机器人和我可以做一些奇异的事情。可我们只能照看小孩子！

我坐在地板上陪孩子们玩儿。他们都不到四岁。

他们需要人。有几个孩子在哭。他们需要爱。机器人会唱歌，会玩游戏，可它们不会去爱。

只有星际动物园的那台电脑会给予爱。

没过多久，一个小男孩就坐在了我的肚子上，另一个男孩围着我跑。一个小女孩在拽我的头发，另一个女孩咬我的手指。一片吵闹声。

这些孩子比星际动物园的任何动物都要麻烦！

“这些女孩、男孩不会怕动物的。”我对机器人说，“我可以给他们看机器动物，他们不会发疯的。我多希望我有一只机器动物啊。”

“你有。”机器人回答，“要我把另一只拿出来吗？”

“什么！”我叫道。那个小男孩从我肚子上掉了下来，开始尖叫起来。我把他抱起来，亲他，直到他的尖叫变成哭泣。我说：“还有一只机器动物？”

“是的。”机器人说着，摸了摸它的肚子。

当然啦，机器人会有另一只机器动物！机器人做任何东西都做一对。不用你告诉它们。它们会自动去做。

机器人打开肚子，另一只机器动物跳了出来。它跟第一只一模一样。

那个小男孩不哭了。他瞪大圆圆的眼睛盯着机器动物。所有其他孩子也都在看着。

动物开始玩耍。它想咬自己的尾巴，却摔倒了。它是只好玩、可爱的动物。很快，孩子们就把它围成了一圈，欢笑着和它玩耍，就像星际动物园的人一样。

我看着他们。这很有意义。这些孩子们还没有学会害怕动物，因为他们还没有听说过地球、大火灾和《往事追忆》。

我看着，想着，轻轻地对我的机器人说：“如果这些孩子就这么和这只机器动物玩下去，他们绝不会害怕动物。他们不会发疯。”我又想了一会儿，说道：“可要是他们的父母看见动物，父母们会发疯的。”

我认真地想了想，对了，每家都要有一间专门的房间，一个父母不能进去的房间。一个只给孩子用的房间。这样孩子们就可以和机器动物

在房间里玩了。

“就这样！”我说，“当这些孩子做了父母，他们还会喜欢动物的。这可能要二十、三十、四十年，但以后——”

我听见有人进来的声音。我向机器人喊道：“把动物藏起来，快！”

机器人打开肚子，动物跑了进去。

所有的孩子开始哭闹。他们希望那只好玩动物再回来！

来的是主席。他朝四周哭闹的孩子们看了看。“是我把他们弄哭了？”他问道。

“不是。”我回答，“请呆会儿。我要告诉您一件奇妙的事。您听听刚才都发生了什么。”

老人听着。开始他有些生气，后来有些惊奇，但最后他变得非常激动。

“蜂鸟，”主席说，“我决不看那只机器动物。我不想发疯。你的想法……有意思。我觉得能行。我们得特别小心。我们可以从一家开始，然后吸取教训。我想我们可以放你了，蜂鸟。”

“你们很快又能见到那只动物了。”我答应孩子们，亲了亲还在哭的几个。

“这么说小孩子们真喜欢这只动物喽！”主席说，“是种什么动物？《往事追忆》里提到了吗？”

“《往事追忆》里提到猫，”我回答，“这是只小猫。我记不住电脑是怎么叫它的了。噢，我想起来了——它叫猫咪。”

[1 David meets his uncle](#)

[2 Kidnapped!](#)

[3 David is alone](#)

[4 Escape through the heather](#)

[5 David comes home](#)

简介

1745年起苏格兰岁月艰难。苏格兰高地人向英格兰乔治国王发动了战争，但失败了。乔治国王的部队把很多苏格兰高地人赶出了他们的家园。

来自苏格兰低地的戴维·鲍尔弗并不为英格兰部队而烦恼。当他离家去开始新生活时，他并没有预料到任何麻烦或危险。但是，麻烦很快接踵而至。他见到了他那很有钱的叔叔，但他叔叔获悉自己有这样一个穷侄子时一点儿也不高兴。危险一个接一个。戴维来到苏格兰高地，在那儿他遇见了艾伦·布雷克，一个骄傲的斯图尔特人。斯图尔特人既恨英格兰人，又恨效忠乔治国王的坎贝尔人，所以艾伦对于戴维来说是一个危险的朋友。

接着发生了一宗谋杀案。戴维和艾伦在荒山野岭上逃命……

罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森于1850年生于苏格兰的爱丁堡。他受训成为一名律师，但21岁时他下决心要当一名作家。他的最著名的作品有：《诱拐》、《金银岛》和《化身博士》。1894年他在萨摩亚岛与世长辞。

1 David meets his uncle

It was early in the month of June, 1751, when I shut the door of our house behind me for the last time. All my life I had lived in the quiet little village of Essendean, in the Lowlands of Scotland, where my father had been the dominie, or schoolteacher. But now that he and my mother were both dead, I had to leave the house. The new dominie would soon arrive, and he would teach at the school and live in the dominie's house. So, although I was only seventeen, there was nowhere for me to live, and no reason for me to stay in Essendean.

But my heart was beating with excitement as I walked down the road, because in my hand I carried the letter that my father had given me just before he died. 'Davie,' he had said, 'when I am dead, take this to the house of Shaws, near Cramond. That's where I came from, and that's where you must go. Put this letter into the hands of Ebenezer Balfour.'

Balfour! The same name as my own! It was the first time I had heard of any of our family outside Essendean.

So I decided to walk to Cramond, hoping that perhaps this Mr Balfour, in his fine big house, would receive me kindly, and help me to become a rich man one day. With my plaid over my shoulder, I walked fast up the hill away from the village. What an adventure, to leave that sleepy place, where nothing ever happened, and go to a great, busy house, to be with rich and important people of my own name and blood! But when I reached the top of the hill, I turned a little sadly, to take my last look at the dominie's house, and Essendean churchyard, where my father and mother lay.

My journey northwards took almost two days. By midday on the second day I could see the smoking chimneys of Edinburgh in front of me, and soon I arrived in Cramond.

Now I began to ask people on the road for the house of Shaws. Their answers worried me a little. Some people seemed surprised, some afraid, and some angry, when I spoke the name of Ebenezer Balfour. I could not understand this, but it was too far to go back to Essendean that day, and I wanted to find the rest of the Balfour family very much. So I continued on my way, and when I met a dark, wild-looking woman coming towards me, I asked her where the house of Shaws was. She took me to the top of the next hill, and showed me a large building standing alone in the bottom of the next valley. Although the fields around were green, and the farmland was excellent, the house itself looked unfinished and empty. Part of its roof was missing. There was no road to it, and no smoke coming from any of its chimneys, nor was there any garden. 'That!' I cried. 'No, it can't be!' 'It is!' cried the woman angrily. 'That is the house of Shaws! Blood built it, blood stopped the building of it, and blood shall bring it down! Black is the heart of Ebenezer Balfour! Ye can tell him from me that I hope to see him die, and his house fall down around him!' The woman turned and disappeared. I stood where she left me, shaking like a leaf, and looking down at the house for a long time. But when it began to get dark, I noticed some smoke coming out of the chimney, and felt a little more hopeful. 'There must be a fire, and cooking, and people in the house,' I thought. So I walked up to the front door. The house seemed locked up and unwelcoming, but there was fire light shining through the kitchen window, and I could hear someone talking quietly to himself. Bravely, I lifted my hand and knocked loudly on the strong wooden door. The house was suddenly silent, and there was no reply. I knocked and knocked, and shouted as loudly as I could. Finally, the window opened, and a man holding a gun put his head out.

'What do ye want?' he asked.

'I've come here with a letter for Mr Ebenezer Balfour of Shaws. Is he here?'

'Who is it from?' asked the man with the gun.

'That's none of your business,' I replied, getting angry.

'Well, put the letter down by the door, and leave.'

'I will not!' I answered sharply. 'I'm going to give it to Mr Balfour himself. The letter introduces me to him.'

'Who are ye then?' was the next question.

'I'm not ashamed of my name. It's David Balfour.'

The man almost dropped his gun. After a long while, he asked in a changed voice, 'Is your father dead?' I was too surprised to answer, but he continued, 'Aye, he must be dead, and that's why ye have come. Well, man, I'll let ye in,' and he disappeared from the window.

Now the door was unlocked, and a voice from the darkness said, 'Go into the kitchen and touch nothing.' I obeyed, while the man locked the heavy door carefully again. I found myself in the emptiest kitchen that I had ever seen. There was a fire, but no other light. On the table was a bowl of porridge and a glass of water, in front of the only chair. Around the walls were several locked chests. There was no other furniture. The man who now appeared in the kitchen was small, mean-looking and white-faced, between fifty and seventy years old, and wearing a dirty old nightshirt. The worst thing about him was that he could neither take his eyes away from me, nor look straight into my face.

'If ye're hungry,' he said, 'ye can eat that porridge. It's grand food, porridge! Let me see the letter!'

'It's for Mr Balfour, not you,' I replied.

'And who do ye think I am? Give me Alexander's letter! Ye may not like me or my house or my porridge, but I'm your born uncle, Davie, my man!'

This was the end of all my hopes. I was too tired and miserable to speak, so I silently gave him the letter, and sat down to eat the porridge.

'Your father's been dead a long time?' he asked, giving me a quick look from his sharp eyes.

'Three weeks, sir,' I said.

'He was a secretive man, Alexander was. Perhaps he didn't talk much about me? Or about the house of Shaws?'

'I never knew he had a brother, sir, or ever heard the name of Shaws.'

'To think of that!' he replied. 'A strange man!' But he seemed very pleased, and began to look at me with more interest. Soon he jumped up and said, 'We're going to get on well, Davie! What's mine is yours, man, and what's yours is mine. Blood's thicker than water, and there's only ye and me of the name of Balfour. Now I'll show ye to your bed.'

He took me up some dark stairs and showed me into a room. I could not see anything. 'Can I have a light, sir?' I asked. 'No, ye can't. No lights in this house! I'm afraid of fires, ye see. Good night to ye, Davie, my man.' And before I had time to reply, he pulled the door shut and locked it from the outside. The room was very cold, but luckily I had my plaid with me, so I covered myself with it like a blanket, and soon fell asleep.

The next day my uncle and I had a small bowl of porridge and a glass of water for breakfast, lunch and supper. He did not speak much to me, but was clearly thinking hard. I often noticed him looking at me, while pretending to do something different, and he never left me alone in the kitchen with the locked chests, in which, I supposed, he kept his money. I did not like the way he looked at me, and began to wonder if he was a little crazy, and perhaps dangerous.

After supper he said suddenly, 'Davie, I've been thinking. I promised your father a bit of money for ye before ye were born. A promise is a promise—and so I'm going to give ye—forty pounds!' These last words seemed very painful to him. He added, in a kind of scream, 'Scots!'

A Scottish pound was the same as an English shilling. I could see that his story was a lie, so I laughed at him, saying, 'Oh, think again, sir! English pounds, surely!'

'That's what I said,' replied my uncle quickly. 'Go outside for a moment, and I'll get the money for ye.'

I was smiling as I went out, sure that he would give me nothing at all. It was a dark night, and I could hear wind in the hills. 'There may be thunder later,' I thought, not knowing how important the weather would be to me that night.

But when my uncle called me in again, he counted thirty eight English pounds in gold into my hands. It clearly hurt him to do it, and he kept back the last two pounds, but I did not mind that. Surprised and pleased, I thanked him warmly.

'Now,' he said, looking cleverly at me, 'ye can give me something, Davie. I'm getting old now, and I need help.'

'Of course, sir,' I answered. 'What can I do?'

'Well, go outside and climb the stairs at the other end of the house, where the building isn't finished yet. Go up to the room at the top, and bring down the chest that ye'll find there. It's got valuable papers in it.'

'Can I have a light, sir?' I asked.

'No,' he said sharply. 'No lights in my house!' 'Very well, sir. Are the stairs good?'

'They're grand,' said he. 'The stairs are grand. Out I went into the night. As I was feeling my way along the outside wall, there was a sudden flash of lightning, then darkness again. I found the stairs and started climbing. I was about fifteen metres above the ground, when there was another flash of lightning. That was lucky for me, because it showed me that the steps were uneven, and that I could easily fall to my death. 'These are the grand stairs!' I thought. 'Perhaps my uncle wants me to die!' Now I was very careful, and I felt each step with my hands before I put my foot on it. A few steps later my hand felt cold stone, and then nothing more. The stairs ended there, twenty metres above the ground. I felt cold with fear, when I thought of the danger that I had been in. Sending a stranger up those stairs in the dark was sending him straight to his death.'

Angrily, I turned and felt my way down. There was a crash of thunder, and suddenly the rain came down. At the bottom of the stairs I looked towards the kitchen, and could see, in the next flash of lightning, a figure standing still in the doorway, listening. When the thunder sounded again, louder than before, he ran back inside, and I followed as softly as I could. I found him sitting in the kitchen, drinking whisky straight from the bottle, and shaking with fear. Quietly I came up behind him, and, putting my hands suddenly on his shoulders, cried, 'Ah!'

My uncle gave a kind of broken cry, and fell to the floor like a dead man. His face was a strange blue colour, and I began to think that he really was dead. At last his eyes opened, and he looked up and saw me. 'Oh man, are ye alive or a ghost?' he cried 'Get me my medicine, Davie—it's for my heart.' I found the medicine bottle and gave him some. He soon began to look a little better. 'Why did you lie to me?' I asked angrily. 'Why did you give me money? And why did you try to kill me? Answer me!'

'I'll tell ye tomorrow, Davie, I promise. Help me to bed now, will ye?' He still looked very ill, so I could not refuse. But this time I locked his bedroom door, and went to sleep in front of the kitchen fire.

When I woke up in the morning, I felt very pleased with myself. 'He thinks he's cleverer than me, but he isn't!' I thought. When I let my uncle out of his room, I asked him again for an explanation. After a while, he said, 'Davie, I have some business with a ship's captain at Queensferry. Now, we could walk over there, and when I've done my business, we could visit the lawyer, Mr Rankeillor. He'll answer all your questions. He's an honest man, and he knew your father. What do ye say to that?'

I thought for a moment. I had never seen the sea, but had always wanted to! 'It's a grand idea,' I said.

It was a morning's walk to Queensferry, which was west of Edinburgh, but we did not say a word to each other on the way. Suddenly, at the top of a hill, we could see the Firth of Forth below us, blue and calm, with white sails on it.

'Ye see that public house?' asked my uncle. 'Captain Hoseason's there, to do business with me. There's the ship's boat on the beach, waiting to take him to the ship. And there's the ship itself! A grand ship!'

I had to agree with him. The sailors were getting the ship ready for sailing, and I thought what an exciting adventure that would be—to sail away to a foreign country.

We walked down the hill to the public house and met the captain there. He was a tall, dark, serious-looking man, who shook hands politely with me. Stupidly, I left these two men to their business, and ran down to the beach, to talk to the sailors and look at the boats. It was all new and very interesting to me.

As I was coming back, I met the owner of the public house.

'Good morning,' he said. 'Did ye come with Ebenezer?'

'I did,' I replied. 'He isn't well liked, I understand.'

'That's true,' he answered. 'Nobody speaks well of him. It all started with that story about Mr Alexander, his brother.'

“What story? ” I asked.

“Oh, just that Ebenezer had killed him. Did ye never hear that? ”

“And why would he kill my f—, I mean, Alexander? ”

“To get the house, of course, the house of Shaws. ”

“Aye, man? Was my—was Alexander older than Ebenezer? ”

“Indeed he was! No other reason for killing him! ”

This was a great surprise to me! I had thought that my father was the younger brother, and I now understood why my uncle had lied to me, and wanted to kill me. The house of Shaws had belonged to my father, not my uncle, and now I had inherited it. The poor country boy who had walked from Essendean was the owner of a fine house and farmland! My head was full of the wonderful things that I could do in my life, as I looked, unseeing, at the sea.

Just then my uncle and the captain came out of the public house. The captain smiled in a friendly way as he spoke to me. “Sir, ” he said, “Mr Balfour has told me a lot about ye. I’m only sorry I haven’t time to get to know ye better. But I’d like ye to come on to my ship for half an hour, before we sail, and have a drink with me. ”

Now, more than anything in the world, I wanted to see the inside of a ship, but I remembered that I had to be careful. “My uncle and I have to see the lawyer, sir, ” I replied, “so I’m afraid we may not have enough time. ”

“Aye, aye, ” he answered, “I know, but ye see, the ship’s boat can put ye both down near Rankeillor’s house, after ye’ve seen the ship, so ye won’t lose any time. ” Suddenly he said quietly in my ear, “Watch out for the old man—he wants to hurt ye. Come and talk about it. ” Putting his arm in mine, he said loudly, “What can I bring ye back from my travels? A friend of Mr Balfour’s is a friend of mine! ”

By this time we were on the beach, and he was helping my uncle and me into the boat. I thought that I had found a good friend and helper, and I was very excited as we came closer to the great ship, full of busy, noisy sailors. The captain and I were the first to climb up the ship’s side, and at the top the captain immediately put his arm through mine and began to talk about the ship.

“But where is my uncle? ” I asked suddenly. I pulled myself away from the captain’s arm, and ran to the side of the ship. Sure enough, there was the boat returning to Queensferry, with my uncle sitting in it. I screamed, “Help, help! Murder! ” and my uncle slowly turned to look at me.

I did not see any more. Already strong hands were pulling me away. Then something hit my head; I saw a great flash of fire, and fell to the ground.

1 戴维见到了叔叔

我最后一次关上身后我们家的那扇门时，那正是1751年6月的头几天。我一直生活在苏格兰低地的埃森丁这个安静的小村庄里。我的父亲曾经是那儿的教师。但既然他和我的母亲都去世了，我就不得不离开那幢房子。新教师很快就要到了，他将在学校里教课并住在供教师住的房子里。所以说虽然我只有17岁，但已经没有我的栖身之地了，我也没有理由待在埃森丁了。

但是我走在路上时心激动地跳着，因为我手中拿着我父亲临终前给我的那封信。“戴维，”他曾说，“我去世以后，拿着这封信去克莱蒙德附近的肖家大院。那儿是我的出生地，也是你应该去的地方。把这封信亲手交给埃比尼泽·鲍尔弗。”

鲍尔弗！和我一样的姓氏！这是我第一次听说埃森丁地域以外我的家族成员。

于是我决定走到克莱蒙德去，盼着有一天这个鲍尔弗先生能在他的豪华的大房子里友好地接待我并帮我变成富人。方格肩巾披在肩上，我大步流星地走上山岗，离开了那个小村庄。离开那寂静的、从未发生过什么事的小村庄而去一个热闹的大宅院里与姓氏和血缘和我相同的、有钱有势的人待在一起，这可真是一次历险！但当我到达山顶时，我带着一丝悲哀转身看了最后一眼供教师住的房子和我父母长眠着的埃森丁墓地。

我往北差不多走了两天。到第二天中午时我能看见前面爱丁堡冒烟的烟囱，很快我就到了克莱蒙德。

我开始向路上的行人打听肖家大院。他们的回答使我心里有点儿担忧。当我说出埃比尼泽·鲍尔弗这个名字时，一些人显得惊讶，一些人恐惧，一些人愤怒。我不明白这个，但那天回埃森丁是太远了，而且我也特别想找到鲍尔弗家族其余的人。于是我继续走着走着；而且当我看见一位皮肤黝黑、看似野蛮的老妇人向我走过来时，我向她打听肖家大院在哪儿。她把我领到下一座小山的顶峰，指给我看下一个山谷里的一幢孤零零的建筑物。虽然四周的田野一片葱绿，庄稼长势很好，但那幢房子本身好像没有建完，也显得空旷。有部分屋顶不见了。没有路通到那儿，烟囱里没有烟冒出来，也没有花园。

“那个？！”我惊呼着，“不，绝对不是！”

“就是！”那个女人愤恨地说道，“那就是肖家！它是用血筑成的，血停止了修建，血还将把它给毁掉！埃比尼泽·鲍尔弗的心是黑的！你可以告诉他我说我希望看到他死了并看到他的房子塌下来把他给埋了！”

那个女人转身不见了。我在她离开我之处站着原地不动，像一片树叶一样颤抖，久久地俯视着那幢房子。但当暮色开始降临时，我发现有烟从那幢房子的烟囱冒出来，便感到稍微有点希望了。“那里面一定有火，有人在做饭，也一定有人，”我心想。于是我走到前门。房子似乎紧锁着，不欢迎来访者的样子，但是厨房的窗口透着火光，而且我能听到屋里有人悄声自言自语。鼓起勇气，我举起手，在那扇结实的木门上大声地敲起来。屋子忽然间静了下来，没有人回答。我敲了又敲，还使劲地喊起来。最后，窗户开了，一个手握一枝枪的男人探出头来。

“你要什么？”他问道。

“我带来一封给埃比尼泽·鲍尔弗·肖先生的信。他在吗？”

“谁的？”持枪的男人问道。

“那与你无关。”我答道，变得生气了。

“好，把信放到门边，走。”

“我不！”我厉声答道，“我准备把信交给鲍尔弗先生本人。这封信把我引荐给他。”

“那么，你是谁？”这是下一个问题。

“我才不为我自己的名字而感到害臊呢。我叫戴维·鲍尔弗。”

那个男人差一点把他的枪扔了。过了好一阵子，他才变了腔调问道：“你父亲去世了吗？”我因太惊讶了而回答不出来，但他继续道：“对，他一定是死了，那也是你来的原因。好吧，伙计，我会让你进来，”并从窗户那儿消失了。

门现在打开了，黑暗中有个声音说道：“到厨房来，不准碰任何东西。”我照着他说的做了，与此同时那个男人小心翼翼地又把那扇沉沉的门锁上了。我发现自己站在我所见过的最空荡荡的厨房里。那儿有一堆火，但除此以外再没有别的光线了。唯一的一把椅子前的桌子上面放着一碗粥和一杯水。墙的四周摆放着几个锁着的柜子。除此以外，没有别的什么家具。现在在厨房里出现的那个男人身材矮小，形象猥琐，脸色苍白，约在五十岁到七十岁之间，穿着一件脏兮兮的旧睡衣。最糟糕的是他既不把视线从我身上移开，也不直视我的脸。

“如果你饿了，”他说道，“你可以吃那碗粥。粥，可是好东西！让我看看信！”

“信是给鲍尔弗先生的，不是给你的，”我说道。

“那么你以为我是谁啊？把亚历山大的信给我！你可能不喜欢我、不喜欢我的房子或者不喜欢我的粥，但我是你的亲伯伯，戴维，我的伙计！”

我所有的希望破灭了。我因太劳累、太难受而什么话也说不出来，于是我默默地把信交给他并坐下来喝粥。

“你父亲死了很久了？”他一边问，一边用他那双厉害的眼睛飞快地扫视我。

“三周了，先生，”我道。

“他是个爱遮遮掩掩的人，对，亚历山大是。也许他没有怎么说起过我？或说起过肖家这房子？”

“我从不知道他有一个兄弟，先生，也没听说过肖这个名字。”

“想想看！”他回答道，“真是一个奇怪的人！”但是他看起来很高兴，并且也开始更饶有兴趣地打量着我。不一会儿他跳起身来，说道：“我们将会合得来的，戴维！我的就是你的，伙计，你的也是我的。血浓于水，鲍尔弗家只有你和我两个人。现在我要把你带到睡觉处去。”

他带着我上了黑黝黝的楼梯，把我带到一个房间里。我什么也看不到。

“我能有盏灯吗，先生？”我问道。

“不，你不能。这房子里不准有灯！你明白我怕火。晚安，戴维，我的伙计。”我还没有来得及回答，他已把门关上并从外面锁上了。房间里很冷，但幸运的是我随身带着肩巾，于是我用它像用毯子一样地把自己盖起来，很快我便睡着了。

第二天早、中、晚饭我和我的叔叔都只喝了一小碗粥和一杯水。他对我讲话不多，但很明显地他在使劲想什么。我经常注意到他一边假装干别的事一边看我，他也从来没有让我一个人单独待在放有锁着的柜子的厨房里。我想他一定在里面放了钱。我不喜欢他看我的那种样子，开始想他是不是有点神经不正常，而且或许是个危险人物。

吃过晚饭他突然说：“戴维，我一直在思考。你出生前我曾答应过你父亲给你一点钱。承诺就是承诺——我现在要给你……40镑！”最后的话语对他来说显得非常痛苦。他用一种尖叫的声音补充道：“苏格兰镑！”

一个苏格兰镑相当于一个英格兰先令。我能看得出他在说谎，于是我嘲笑他，说：“噢，再想想，先生！英镑，确定无疑！”

“那是我说的。”我叔叔很快答道，“出去一会儿，我给你拿钱。”

我出去时微笑着，敢肯定他什么也不会给我。夜晚天黑黑的，我能听到山野里的风声。“之后可能会打雷，”我想，不知道那晚的天气对我来说将是何等重要。

但当我叔叔把我又叫进去时，他将价值38英镑的金币数着放在我的手里。显然他是不情愿那么做的，他扣了最后两个英镑，但是我没有在意。我又惊又喜，热烈地感谢他。

“那么，”他狡黠地看着我说道，“你可以给我一些东西，戴维。我现在变老了，我需要帮助。”

“当然可以，先生，”我回答道，“我能做什么？”

“好的，出去，爬上在那个还未建完的房子的另一端的楼梯。爬到位于房子的顶层的房间去，把你在那儿发现的柜子拿下来。里面有重要的文件。”

“我能点盏灯吗，先生？”我问道。

“不，”他厉声说道，“我的房子里不能点灯！”

“好吧，先生。楼梯是好的吗？”

“好的，”他说，“楼梯是好的。”

我走进夜色中。我沿着外墙摸索着时，一道闪电忽然闪过，紧接着又是黑黝黝的。我找到了楼梯并且开始爬起来。我已离地大约十五米高，这时又有一道闪电闪过。那对我来说是幸运的，因为它向我表明楼梯是不平的，我很容易摔死。“这就是不错的楼梯！”我想道，“我伯伯可能想让我死掉！”现在我很当心起来，踩每一脚前都用手仔细地摸摸脚踏处。又爬了几步之后，我的手碰到了冰冷的石头，然后再也没有东西了。楼梯到头了，离地20米高。我想起我所处的险境就害怕得直发冷。让一个陌生人在黑暗中上那楼梯，就是把他直接送到死神面前。

我气呼呼地掉转过头，摸索着往下爬。雷电轰鸣，忽然间下起雨来。我站在楼梯的底端往厨房看，借助下一道闪电的光亮看见一个人静静地站在门口倾听着。当雷声又响起而且雷声大过以前时，他跑回里面，我尽可能悄悄地跟着他。我发现他坐在厨房里，直接用酒瓶喝着威士忌，身体因害怕而在发抖。我轻轻地从他身后走上前去，忽然间把手放到他的肩上，大声叫道：“啊！”

我叔叔急促地尖叫起来并摔倒在地上，像一个死人一样。他的脸色显现出一种奇怪的蓝色，我开始琢磨他是不是真的死了。

最后他的双眼睁开了，他抬起头看着我。“噢，伙计，你到底是活着还是个幽灵？”他叫道。“把我的药给我，戴维——治疗我的心脏用的那种。”我找到药瓶，给了他一些药。他很快就开始看着好一点了。

“你为什么对我扯谎？”我生气地问道。“你为什么给我钱？你为什么还想杀死我？回答我！”

“明天我会告诉你的，戴维，我发誓。现在帮忙把我扶到床上，行吗？”他看起来仍病得很厉害，所以我不能拒绝。但这一次我锁上了他的卧室的门，然后在厨房的炉火前睡了。

第二天早晨当我醒来时，我对自己感到很高兴。“他以为他比我聪明，但他不是！”我想。当我把我叔叔放出房间时，我又要他解释一下。过了一会儿，他说道：“戴维，我和昆斯费里的一个船长有笔生意。现在我们走到那儿去，我做完生意时我们可以拜访一下律师兰基勒先生。他将解答你所有的问题。他是一个诚实的人，他认识你父亲。那么做你意下如何？”

我想了一下。我从未见过大海，但一直想见！“是个好主意，”我说道。

昆斯费里位于爱丁堡西侧，我们走了一上午才到，但一路上我们没有互相说话。猛然，在山顶上，我们看见了下面的福斯湾，湛蓝湛蓝的，又风平浪静，白帆点点。

“你看见了那个小酒店吗？”我叔叔问道，“霍齐亚森船长在那儿，要和我做生意。海滩上有船上的小艇，等着把他带到船上去。那就是那船本身！一条大船！”

我得同意他的。水手们正在把船收拾停当以备远航。我想着远航去一个遥远的国度将是一次多么激动人心的历险啊。

我们走下山到了小酒店，在那儿见到了船长。他是个大高个儿，皮肤黝黑，表情严肃。他有礼貌地和我握握手。傻呵呵地，我让这两个人去干他们自己的事，自己跑到海滩上去和水手们聊天并去看那些小艇。这对我来说都是新鲜事，都很令人感兴趣。

我正往回走时，遇到了小酒店的主人。

“早晨好。”他说道，“你是和埃比尼泽一块来的吗？”

“是的，”我回答道，“他不招人喜欢，我明白。”

“那是真的。”他回答道，“没有人说他好话。这得从他兄弟亚历山大的故事说起。”

“什么故事？”我问道。

“噢，就是埃比尼泽杀害了他。你从未听说过那事吗？”

“他为什么要杀我父——我是说，亚历山大？”

“当然是为了房子，肖家大院。”

“伙计，什么？难道我的——亚历山大比埃比尼泽年长吗？”

“他就是！杀他再也没有别的原因了！”

这对我来说真是件惊奇事！我过去一直以为我父亲是年幼的兄弟，现在我明白了为什么我的叔叔对我扯了谎而且要杀死我。肖家大院本来属于我父亲，不是我叔叔的，现在我继承了它。从埃森丁走出来的可怜的乡下男孩成了大房子和农田的主人！我视而不见地望着大海，脑袋里全是我想像的、我这一辈子可能干的美妙的事儿。

正在那时我叔叔和船长从小酒店出来。船长边跟我说话边友好地冲我微笑。“先生，”他说道，“鲍尔弗先生告诉了我很多关于你的事。我只是感到有点遗憾，我没有足够的时间来更好地了解你。但是我想请你在我们开航前到我船上来半小时并和我喝上一杯。

现在，在这个世界上我最想做的就是去看看船的内部构造，但是我记着我得小心。“我和我叔叔得去见律师，先生，”我答道，“所以恐怕我们可能没有足够的时间。”

“对，对，”他回答道，“我知道，但是你明白，船上的小艇能够在你们看完之后让你们二人在兰基勒家附近的地方下船，所以你不会没时间的。”忽然间他对我轻声耳语道：“当心这个老家伙——他想害你。来谈谈。”他挽着我的臂，大声说：“我旅行回来给你带什么？鲍尔弗先生的朋友也是我的朋友！”

到这时我们已在海滩上，他帮着我和叔叔进了小艇。我心想我找到了一个好朋友，一个可以帮忙的人；而且当我们更加走近到处是忙忙碌碌、吵吵嚷嚷的水手的大船时，我心里很激动。我和船长率先爬过船舷，在顶上船长立即用臂挽住我，开始谈起船来。

“可我叔叔在哪儿？”我忽然间问道。我挣脱开船长挽我的胳膊，跑到船舷。千真万确，一艘小艇正驶回昆斯费里，我叔叔就坐在里边。我尖叫道：“救命，救命！有人要杀我！”而我叔叔慢慢地回头看看我。

我再没看见什么。强有力的手已把我拖开了。接着什么东西打了我的头；我眼冒金星，接着倒在地上。

2 Kidnapped!

When I woke up in darkness, my head was hurting badly, and I was unable to move my hands or feet. I could hear the sailors' shouts and the sound of the wind and the waves. The whole world seemed to go up, up, up, and then down again. I felt very ill, and at first could not understand what was happening. After a while I realized that I must be somewhere inside the ship, which was moving very fast through the water. 'I've been kidnapped!' I thought angrily. It was clear that my uncle and the captain had planned it together. I began to feel frightened and hopeless, as I lay there in the dark.

Some hours later, a light shone in my face. Mr Riach, one of the ship's officers, stood looking down at me. He washed the cut on my head, gave me some water, and told me kindly to go to sleep. The next time he came, I was feeling very hot and ill. He had brought Captain Hoseason with him.

'Now, sir, see for yourself,' said Mr Riach. 'The lad's seriously ill. We must take him out of this unhealthy hole at once.'

'That's none of your business,' answered the captain. 'Ye're paid to do your job, not to worry about the by. He's staying down here.'

'I'm only paid to be an officer on this ship,' replied Mr Riach sharply. He looked hard at the captain. 'I'm not paid, like you, to kidnap and murder—'

Hoseason turned on him angrily. 'What did ye say?' he cried. 'What do ye mean?'

'You understand,' said Mr Riach, looking calmly at him.

'You should know me by now, Mr Riach. I'm a hard man. But if ye say the lad will die—'

'Aye, he will!' said Mr Riach.

'Well, sir, put him where ye like!'

So I was carried up into the sunlight a few minutes later, and put in a cabin where some of the sailors were sleeping. It was a wonderful feeling to see the daylight and to be able to talk to people again. I lay in the cabin for several days, and after a while began to feel better. The sailors were kind to me in their way. They brought me food and drink, and told me about their families at home. I discovered from them that the ship was sailing to the Carolinas, in North America. There the captain was planning to sell me as a slave, to work in a rich man's house or on a farm.

I also learnt that both the ship's officers, Mr Riach and Mr Shuan, enjoyed drinking far too much. The sailors liked Mr Shuan, but said that he was sometimes violent when he had drunk a lot. One of the sailors was a young boy, called Ransome. His job was to bring meals to the captain and officers in the round-house, a big cabin on the top of the ship, where the officers slept and ate. When Ransome dropped something or did something wrong, Mr Shuan used to hit him, and I often saw the poor boy crying.

One night, about nine o'clock, I heard one of the sailors in the cabin saying quietly to the others, 'Shuan's killed him at last!' We all knew who he meant. Just then the captain came in. I was surprised to see him walk towards me and say kindly, 'My man, We Want ye to help us in the round-house. From now on, ye'll sleep there instead of Ransome.' As he spoke, two sailors carried Ransome into the cabin. His face was as white as a sheet, and he did not move. My blood ran cold when I saw him.

I obeyed the captain, and ran to the round-house. It was a large room, with a table, a bench and locked cupboards. All the best food and drink was kept there, under the captain's eyes, as well as the guns. When I entered, I saw Mr Shuan sitting at the table, with a bottle of whisky in front of him. He did not seem to notice what was happening around him, and was looking fixedly at the table.

Mr Riach soon joined the captain and me. He looked at Hoseason meaningfully, and I understood from his look that Ransome was dead. We three all stood silently looking down at Mr Shuan.

Suddenly the captain stepped forward. 'Do ye know what ye've done?' he cried. 'Ye've murdered the boy!'

Mr Shuan put a hand to his head. 'Well,' he said, 'he brought me a dirty glass!'

The captain and Mr Riach and I looked at each other, almost frightened. Then Hoseason took Mr Shuan by the arm, and told him to go to bed. The murderer cried a little at first, but he took off his boots and lay down, like a small child.

'Mr Riach,' said the captain, when we could see that Mr Shuan was asleep, 'nobody on land must know what happened tonight. We'll say that the boy fell into the sea. Get us a drink, David, we both need one,' and he gave me the key to the cupboards.

In the next few days I was very busy, running here and there with the officers' food and drink. Mr Riach and the captain were surprisingly patient with me when I made mistakes. Perhaps they were thinking of the poor boy who had died. But Mr Shuan was very strange after Ransome's death. He did not seem to know what he had done, or to recognize me. On my second day in the round-house, he looked at me with a white face and fear in his eyes. 'You weren't here before?' he asked.

'No, sir,' I replied.

'There was another boy?' he asked. 'Ah! Yes, I thought so,' and sitting down, he called for some more whisky.

It wasn't a hard life for me. I was able to eat well, and talk to Mr Riach, who spoke to me like a friend. But I could not forget poor Ransome. As the days passed, I became more and more worried. I knew that, when the ship arrived in the Carolinas, I would no longer be a free man, but a slave. I thought hard, but there did not seem to be any way of escaping.

About a week later, we were sailing round the rocky coast of northern Scotland in very bad weather. It was difficult to see anything because of the thick fog. One evening there was a great crash, and the officers ran out to see what had happened. I thought we had hit a rock, but in fact it was a small boat. As we watched, the boat broke in two, and went to the bottom with all its men, except the one passenger. At the moment of the crash, this man managed to jump up and catch the side of the ship and pull himself up.

The captain brought him into the round-house. He was smallish but well-built, with an open, sunburnt face, and bright, amused eyes. When he took off his long coat, I could see that he had a pair of pistols and was wearing a sword at his

side. Although his life had clearly been in great danger, he seemed very calm, and spoke politely to the captain Hoseason was looking with interest at the man's clothes. He Was Wear ing a hat with feathers, a blue coat with silver buttons, and expensive-looking lace round his neck.

'I'm sorry about the boat, sir, ' said the captain.

'I've lost some grand friends today, ' replied the stranger, 'and that's worse than losing ten boats. '

'Well, sir, there are more men in the world than boats, ' replied the captain, still watching him closely. 'I know, be cause I've been in France, like you. '

He said these last words clearly and carefully. They seemed to have a special meaning. The stranger put his hand quickly on his pistol.

'Don't worry, ' said Hoseason. 'Ye've a French soldier's coat on your back and a Scottish tongue in your head, that's true, but so has many an honest man these days. '

'Well, sir, ' replied the stranger, 'I must tell you that I'm one of those honest Highlanders who were proud to fight for their homes, their clan and their country in 1745, against the English King. And I must tell you another thing. If King George's soldiers find me, I'll be in trouble. I was on my way to France, where some of my clansmen live now. But in the fog my boat missed the French ship that was meeting me. So if you can take me to France, I'll pay you well. '

He opened his purse and showed that it was full of gold coins. The captain seemed excited as he looked at the money, and then at the man's face.

'To France?' he replied. 'No, I can't do that. But to the Highlands, aye, we can discuss that. ' They sat down together, and in the end agreed that the captain would take the stranger to Loch Linnhe, on the northwest coast of Scotland, for sixty pounds. There the Highlander would be among friends, and safe from the English army. He and Hoseason shook hands, and the captain left me alone with the stranger.

He had told the captain that the gold was not his own. Some of the Highlanders had escaped to France after the Forty-Five, but their friends and clansmen in Scotland sometimes managed to find a little money to send them. It was this man's job to take the money across to France, and he did this by travelling secretly to Scotland as often as possible. I thought he was very brave. 'If he's caught by the English army, they'll kill him!' I told myself. I liked the way he seemed to enjoy living dangerously.

When he asked me for whisky, I had to go to ask the cap tain for the key to the cupboard. I found Hoseason and his officers talking quietly in a corner, and heard them planning to kill the stranger and steal his money. They seemed to think that I would help them, and asked me to bring them secretly some guns from the round-house. I went slowly back to the stranger, not sure what I should do. But when I entered the round-house, and saw him eating his supper, I decided at once.

'They're going to attack you, and murder you!' I told him.

'What!' he cried, jumping up. 'Will ye stand with me, against them? '

'I will! I'm no thief or murderer!' I replied bravely.

'Are ye for King George? '

'More or less, ' I answered.

'Well, Mr More-or-Less, what's your name? '

'David Balfour, ' I said, and then, thinking that a man with so fine a coat must like fine people, I added, 'of Shaws. '

'My name is Stewart, ' he said proudly. 'Alan Breck, they call me. And Stewart is a king's name, so it's good enough for me, although I have no name of a farmhouse to add to it. ' He looked around him. 'Now, David, I'll take any man who comes in through this door. You must watch the window, and the door behind me, and shoot anyone who tries to enter.

He gave me a pistol. I was very frightened, but tried hard not to show it. The ship seemed very quiet. Suddenly there was the sound of running feet, and a shout, and then I heard fighting in the doorway. I looked over my shoulder, and saw Mr Shuan, just as Alan drove his sword into the officer's body. Then several men ran at my door. I did not want to hurt them, but it was now or never. I lifted my pistol and shot at them. One man fell, and the others ran away. After a few moments, the sailors attacked again. Alan fought as bravely as before, his sword now red with blood. He was clearly enjoying himself. I had no time to think, but when two more men appeared at the window, I shot them too. Now there were several bodies on the floor, and blood everywhere.

Suddenly I realized that we had won, and that the danger was over. Alan was driving the men out of the round-house like sheep. When he returned, he took me in his arms.

'David!' he cried. 'I love ye like a brother. And oh, man, am I not a grand fighter?' I had to agree. He took a knife from the table and cut a silver button off his blue coat. 'Take this, David. The buttons come from my father, Duncan Stewart. where ye show that button, the friends of Alan Breck will come to ye. ' He spoke as proudly as a king, and I tried not to smile.

We slept in the round-house, one of us keeping watch all night, and the next morning the captain came to speak to us. 'Ye've won the fight, sir, ' he said to Alan. 'We're sailing through the Little Minch now, and I'll keep my promise to take ye to Loch Linnhe. But ye've killed my chief officer, Shuan, and without him I can't find my way safely round these rocky coasts. We'll go round the island of Mull, but I warn ye, it'll be dangerous.

Hoseason was right to be worried. All that day Alan and I sat in the round-house and told each other the stories of our lives, but by night the wind was growing stronger and the sailors found it hard to keep the ship away from the dangerous rocks. As we came round Earraid, a small island close to the larger island of Mull, there was a sudden, terrible crash, and we realized that the ship had hit a rock. There was only one thing to do-leave the ship and try to reach land in the ship's boat. But as we were climbing down into the boat, a great wave hit the ship and knocked some of us into the sea.

I went down and came up again several times . Then, luckily, I managed to find a piece of wood, which helped me to stay

up in the water. I looked round, but could not see Alan , or any of the sailors, or the boat. My only hope was to try to swim to Earraid, which I could see, not far away, in the moonlight. It was hard, tiring work, but I reached it, and was very grateful to step on to dry land at last.

2 诱拐！

我在黑暗中醒过来时，我的头疼得很厉害，手脚也动不了。我能听到水手们的叫声、风声和涛声。整个世界似乎在上升、上升，然后又下降了。我感到病得很厉害，最初稿不清在发生什么事。过了一会我意识到一定是在船里某处，那船又在水中快速行驶着。“我被诱拐了！”我气愤地想。显然我叔叔和船长合伙预谋了这一切。我黑暗中躺在那儿时，开始感到害怕和无望。

几个小时之后，有一束光照到我脸上。船上的一名叫里亚奇先生的高级船员站在那儿俯视着我。他擦洗了我头上的伤口，给我一些水，并和蔼地让我睡觉。下一次他来时，我感到很热，病了。他把霍齐亚森船长也带来了。

“好，船长，你自己看看，”里亚奇先生说道，“这个小伙子病得很厉害。我们得立刻把他带出这个不卫生的牢房。”

“那与你无关。”船长回答道，“给你付钱是让你干你的工作，不要为这男孩操心。他得待在下面这儿。”

“我只是受雇来当船上的高级船员。”里亚奇先生厉声答道。他盯着船长。“我不是收了钱，像你一样来诱拐和谋杀——”

霍齐亚森恼怒地攻击里亚奇。“你说什么？”他叫道，“你是什么意思？”

“你明白，”里亚奇先生说道，平静地看着他。

“到现在你也应该了解我了，里亚奇先生。我可不是一个软弱的人。但如果你说这个小伙子将要死掉的话——”

“对，他要死了！”里亚奇先生说道。

“好吧，先生，把他放在你想要放的地方！”

于是几分钟后，我被人抬到上面阳光能照到之处，并被安置在一个里面有一些水手正在睡觉的机舱里。又能看见阳光、又能和人交谈是一种很好的感觉。我在机舱里躺了几天，不久之后开始感到好些了。水手们以自己的方式善待我。他们给我带来吃的、喝的，并给我讲他们家的事。从他们那儿我发现船正驶往北美洲的卡罗来纳。船长打算在那儿把我当奴隶卖掉，卖到一个有钱人家或一家农场。

我也了解到船上的高级船员里亚奇先生和舒安先生都酗酒。船员们喜欢舒安先生，但说舒安先生有时喝得太多时很凶。有一个水手是一个年轻的小男孩，名叫兰塞姆。他的工作是给后甲板室（即船顶上的一个大机舱）里的船长和高级船员送饭。高级船员吃住都在后甲板室里。当兰塞姆掉了东西或做错了事时，舒安先生时常揍他，我也经常看见这个可怜的小男孩在哭泣。

一天晚上，约莫九点钟，我听见机舱里有位水手悄悄地对别的水手们说：“舒安到底杀了他！”我们大家都明白他指的是谁。正在那时船长进来了。我很吃惊地看见他走向我，和蔼地对我说：“小伙子，我们需要你到后甲板室给我们帮忙。从现在起，你就代替兰塞姆睡在那儿。”当他说话时，两名水手把兰塞姆抬进机舱。他的脸和纸一样白，并且他不动弹。我看见他时，被吓得不敢寒栗。

我遵从船长的话，跑到后甲板室。后甲板室很大，有一张桌子、一个凳子和锁住的一些小橱子。最好的食品和饮料都放在那儿，就在船长的眼皮底下，也在枪口保护之下。当我进去时，看见舒安先生正坐在桌旁，面前摆着一瓶威士忌。他似乎没有注意周围发生的一切，他的眼睛直直地看着桌子。

里亚奇先生很快加入到我和船长中间。他意味深长地看看霍齐亚森，从他的表情我明白兰塞姆死了。我们三个都静静地站着，俯视着舒安先生。

猛然间船长大步走向前。“你知道你干了些什么吗？”他喊道。“你杀了那个男孩！”

舒安先生把一只手放到头上。“唔，”他说道，“他当时给我拿来一个脏杯子！”

我、船长还有里亚奇你看我、我望你，差不多给吓住了。接着霍齐亚森抓住舒安先生的胳膊，命令他上床睡觉。这个谋杀犯起初叫了一小下，但是他还是像一个小孩子似地脱了靴子并且躺了下来。

“里亚奇先生，”当我们确实看到舒安睡着之后船长开口说道，“不能让岸上的人知道今晚发生的事儿。我们就说那个男孩掉进了海里。戴维，给我们拿点喝的来，我们二人都需要喝一杯。”接着他给了我开小橱子的钥匙。

在接下来的几天里，我很忙，一会儿跑到这儿、一会儿跑到那儿地拿高级船员们的食品和饮料。里亚奇先生和船长即使在我出了错时也对我很出奇地耐心。也许是他们还在想那个已死的可怜的小男孩。但兰塞姆死后舒安先生变得很怪了。他似乎不知道他做了些什么，也不认识我。在我待在后甲板室的第二天，他脸色苍白、眼带恐惧地看着我。“你以前不在这儿吗？”他问道。

“对，先生，”我回答道。

“有另外一个小男孩吗？”他问道。“啊！是的，我想有。”他又叫了些威士忌，坐了下来。

这生活对我来说并不难。我能吃好，能够与里亚奇先生交谈。他像一个朋友一样对我说话。但我不能忘记可怜的兰塞姆。当日子一天天过去时，我变得越来越担忧了。我明白，当船抵达卡罗来纳时，我将不再是个自由人，而是一个奴隶了。我使劲想，但似乎没有逃跑的方法。

大约一周以后，在非常恶劣的天气条件下，我们沿苏格兰北部的礁岩海岸行驶着。由于大雾弥漫，很难看见什么东西。一天晚上，有一声猛烈的撞击声，高级船员们都跑出去看发生了什么。我以为我们是撞上了一块岩石，但实际上是一条小船。我们观看时，小船碎成了两半，除了这一位乘客外其余的人连船一起沉入海底了。在撞船的那一刻，这个人用力跳起来，抓住了我们这条船的船舷，挣扎着上了船。

船长把他带进了后甲板室里。他个子有点小，但身体强壮，长着一张开朗的、晒黑的脸和一双明亮的、逗人喜欢的眼睛。当他脱下长大衣时，我能看见他带着一对手枪，佩着一把剑。虽然他的生命显然处于极大的危险之中，但他看起来很镇静，并且有礼貌地和船长说着话。霍齐亚森饶有兴趣地看看那个男人的衣服。他戴着一顶插有羽毛的帽子，穿着一件带银扣子的蓝外衣，脖子那儿有一圈看似贵重的花边。

“就船的事我很抱歉，先生，”船长说道。

“今天我失去了一些好朋友，”陌生人回答道，“这比失掉10条船更糟糕。”

“唔，先生，这世界上人比船多，”船长回答道，眼睛仍紧紧地盯着陌生人，“我知道，因为我和你一样曾经在法国待过。”

船长既清晰又当心地吐出了最后几个字。它们似乎有一种特殊的含义。陌生人迅速地把手搁到手枪上。

“别担心。”霍齐亚森说道，“你穿着一件法国士兵的外套，但又操着苏格兰口音，那不假，但现今有很多诚实的人都这样。”

“好吧，先生，”陌生人说道，“我必须告诉你我是那些以自己在1745年反抗英格兰国王、为家园而战、为部族而战、为国家而战的为荣的诚实的高地人之一。我还得告诉你另外一件事。如果乔治国王的士兵发现我，我将会有麻烦。我要去法国，我的一些族人现在住在那儿。但是在雾中我的小船错过了来接我的法国船。如果你能把我带到法国的话，我将好好酬谢你。”

他打开钱包，示意那里面装满了金币。船长看看钱接着又看看那人的脸，显得激动的样子。

“去法国？”他答道，“不，我不能那样做。但如果是去高地，对，我们还可以商量商量那个。”他们坐在一起，最后达成协议：船长将把陌生人带到苏格兰西北海岸的林荷湖，条件是给他60镑。在那儿这位高地人将置身于朋友之中，并因远离英格兰军队而很安全。他和霍齐亚森握握手，然后把我和陌生人单独留在一起。

他已告诉过船长金子不是他自己的。在1745年政变后，有些高地人逃到了法国，但他们在苏格兰的一些朋友和族人有时设法找到一点钱送给他们。这个人的使命是把钱带到法国，他通常是通过秘密地尽量常去苏格兰来完成他的使命的。我认为他很勇敢。“如果他被英格兰军队抓住了，他们会杀了他！”我自言自语道。我喜欢他看似喜欢冒险地生活的样子。

他找我要威士忌时，我不得不去找船长要小橱子的钥匙。我发现霍齐亚森船长和高级船员们在一个角落里悄声地谈论着，而且我听到他们计划杀掉这位陌生人并偷走他的钱财。他们似乎认为我能帮他们，让我从后甲板室给他们偷偷地拿些枪来。我慢慢地回到陌生人那儿，不清楚该怎么办。但当我进了后甲板室并看见他在吃晚餐时，我立刻做出了决定。

“他们将袭击你并杀害你！”我告诉他。

“什么？！”他惊叫着，跳起身来。“你能站在我这边，反对他们吗？”

“我会！我不是贼，也不是杀人犯！”我勇敢地对答道。

“你拥护乔治国王吗？”

“差不多，”我回答。

“好的，差不多先生，你叫什么？”

“戴维·鲍尔弗，”我说着，接着我想到穿着这么好外衣的人一定喜欢杰出的人物，于是补了一句话：“肖家族的。”

“我姓斯图尔特。”他骄傲地说道，“他们叫我艾伦·布雷克。而且斯图尔特是一个国王的姓氏，所以虽然我身无农居，但有斯图尔特这个出身背景对我来说已经够好的了。”他环顾四周。“听我说，戴维，我要干掉从这扇门进来的任何人。你一定要看守着这窗户和我身后的门，并打死任何想进来的人。”

他给了我一把手枪。我非常害怕，但我尽力掩饰着不显露出来。船上似乎很安静。突然有跑步声，并有一声喊叫声，接着我听到门廊处有打斗声。我掉头看了看，就在艾伦把剑刺进了那个高级船员的身体时我看见了那是舒安先生。接着，又有几个人跑向我的门这儿来。我并不打算伤害他们，但事不宜迟。我举起手枪朝他们射击起来。一个人倒下了，另外的几个人跑掉了。过了一会儿，又有船员攻上来。艾伦一如既往地英勇战斗，他的剑这时都被血浸红了。很显然他很开心。我没有时间思考，但当窗户边又有两个人出现时，我也用枪射死了他们。现在地上有几具尸体了，血则到处都是。

忽然间我意识到我们已胜了，危险结束了。艾伦像赶绵羊似地赶着那班人出了后甲板室。当他回来时，他把我抱在怀里。

“戴维！”他叫道，“我爱你像爱我的兄弟一样。噢，伙计，难道我不是一个了不起的斗士？”我得同意。他从桌子那儿抽出一把刀，从他的蓝外衣上割下一颗银扣子。“拿着这个，戴维。这些扣子是我父亲邓肯·斯图尔特那儿传来的。无论你在哪儿拿出这颗扣子，艾伦·布雷克的朋友们都会来到你身边。”他像国王一样骄傲地说道，我控制着自己不笑出来。

我们睡在后甲板室里，整夜都有其中一人放着哨；第二天早晨船长过来对我们说话。“你赢得了战斗，先生。”他对艾伦说道，“我们现在要穿过小明奇，我将遵守诺言把你带到林荷湖。但你杀了我的主要的高级船员——舒安，没有了他在这些多石的海岸边我不能安全地找到路。我们将围着马尔岛走，但我警告你，将会是危险的。”

霍齐亚森的担心是对的。一整天我和艾伦坐在后甲板舱室，互相讲述着我们自己生活中的故事；但是到了晚上时风刮得更紧了，水手们发现很难让船远离这些危险的岩石。当我们来到伊锐德岛（即较大的马尔岛的附近的小岛）时，忽然间有一声可怕的撞击声，我们意识到船撞到了一块岩石上。现在只能做一件事了——弃船并尽力通过小艇到岸上去。但当我们爬进小艇时，有一个大浪打过来，把我们中的一些人打进了海里。

我沉下浮上好几回。接着，我幸运地发现了一块木头，这块木头帮助我浮在水面。我看了看四周，但看不见艾伦，也看不见水手或小艇。我唯一的希望就是试着游到伊锐德岛，在月色中我能看见它离得不远。这很难，也很耗人体力，但我还是到了，终于踏上干地上时我感到特别愉快舒适。

3 David is alone

It was a cold night, so I could not sit down to rest. In stead, I walked up and down on the beach, trying to keep warm. There was no sound except the crash of the waves. I felt very lonely and afraid.

In the morning I climbed a hill, and looked out over the sea, but there was nothing at all on the water. And around me on the island, I could not see any houses or people. I did not like to think what had happened to my friend Alan and the others, and I did not want to look at this emptiness any longer. So I climbed down again, and walked eastwards. I was hoping to find a house, where I could dry my clothes, and get something to eat. I soon discovered that nobody lived on Earraid. It was too far to swim to Mull, which could see across the water. I thought perhaps I could wade across, but when I tried it, the water was too deep, and I had to turn back. By now it had started to rain, and I felt very miserable.

Then I remembered the piece of wood, which had already saved my life once. It would help me to get across the sea to Mull! So I walked all the way back to the beach where I had arrived. The piece of wood was in the sea, so I waded into the water to get it. But as I came closer, it moved away from me. And when the water was too deep for me to stand, the piece of wood was still several metres away. I had to leave it, and went back to the beach. It was a terrible moment for me. I was feeling very tired, hungry and thirsty, with no hope of getting away from this lonely island. For the first time since leaving Essendean, I lay down and cried. I do not want to remember the time that I spent on Earraid. I had nothing with me except my uncle's gold and Alan's silver button, and as I had never lived near the sea, I did not know what to eat or how to fish. In fact, I found some shellfish among the rocks on the coast, and ate them, but I was very sick afterwards. That was the only food that I could find, so I was always hungry on Earraid. All day and all night it rained heavily, but there was no roof or tree on the island, and my clothes were cold and wet on my body.

I chose to spend most of my time in the north of Earraid, on a little hill. From here I could see the old church on the island of Iona, not far away to the west, and smoke from people's houses on Mull, to the east. I used to watch this smoke, and think of the people there, and their comfortable lives. This gave me a little hope, in my lonely life among the rocks and the rain and the cold sea.

Two days passed, and on the third day two things happened. First, I discovered that I had lost almost all my money through a hole in my pocket. I only had three of my uncle's thirty-eight pounds left. But worse was to come. While I was sitting on a rock, looking out over Iona, I suddenly noticed a small boat moving fast through the Water. I jumped to my feet and shouted as loudly as I could. The two men in the boat were near enough to hear. They shouted back in Gaelic, and laughed. But the boat did not turn, and sailed on, right in front of my eyes, to Iona. I could not understand why they did not come to help me. I continued shouting wildly, although I could no longer see them. And then, I lay down and cried for the second time. This time I wasn't sad, but angry, because I thought that they had left me to die alone in that terrible place.

The next morning, I was surprised to see that the same men were sailing towards Earraid from Iona. At once I ran down to the rocky coast to meet them. The boat came near me, but stayed a few metres away in the water. There was a third man in the boat, who was talking and laughing with the others. Then he stood up and spoke fast to me in Gaelic, which I could not understand. But sometimes he used an English word, and once I heard the word 'tide'. This gave me a flash of hope. 'Do you mean—that when the tide is low...?' I cried, and could not finish. 'Yes, yes,' he called back, 'tide,' and laughed again. I turned my back on the boat and ran back excitedly to the east of the island, where Earraid was the closest to Mull. And sure enough, there was now only a little water between the islands. I was able to wade through it easily, and reached Mull with a happy shout. How stupid of me not to realize that it was possible to get to Mull, twice a day, at low tide! Now I felt very grateful to the boatmen for guessing my problem, and coming back to help me. I walked towards the smoke that I had seen so often from Earraid, and reached a long, low house built of stone. Outside sat an old man, smoking his pipe in the sun. He spoke a little English, and told me that the officers and sailors from the ship had all arrived there safely a few days before. 'Was one of them dressed in fine clothes?' I asked. 'Aye, there was one like that,' he smiled. 'Ye must be the lad with the silver button!' 'Why, yes!' I said, surprised. 'Well then, your friend says that ye must follow him to the house of his clansman, James Stewart, in Appin.'

He and his wife gave me food and drink, and let me sleep that night in their house. In the morning I thanked them for their kindness, and started my journey to Appin.

I walked across Mull to Torosay, where I took a boat across the water to Lochaline. Then I walked to Kingairlock, where I took another boat across Loch Linnhe to Appin. This took six days, and on my way I met and spoke to a number of travellers. I heard all about Alan's clan, the Stewarts, and their enemies, the Campbells. Although they were both High land clans, the Campbells and Stewarts had hated each other for years, and now the Campbells were helping the English army drive many Highlanders out of their homes. Indeed, in a day or two, I heard, red-haired Colin Campbell himself was coming to Appin, with King George's soldiers, to drive the Stewarts out and so destroy his enemies. But I heard also of James Stewart, head of the Stewart clan in Appin, and that he and his clansmen would dearly love to see Colin Campbell dead.

People also talked of a man called Alan Breck. Some called him a murderer; others said that he was a brave fighter. He was in danger every time he returned to the Highlands, because the English would pay a good price for him—dead or alive. I listened with interest to everything that they told me. But I liked it best when I heard Alan described as a fine man and an honest Highlander.

When I got out of the boat in Appin, I sat down among some trees to decide what to do next. Should I go on, and join Alan, whose friends were King George's enemies, and whose life was full of danger, or should I go back south again, quietly and safely, to the Lowlands?

As I was thinking, four men on horses came past me on the road. As soon as I saw these men, I decided to continue my adventure, although I cannot explain why.

I stopped the first man, who was tall and red-haired.

'Could you tell me the way to James Stewart's house, sir?' I asked.

All the men looked at each other. The red-haired man did not reply, but spoke to one of the others, who looked like a lawyer. 'Is Stewart calling his people together, do ye think?'

The lawyer replied, ‘We’d better wait here for the sold iers to join us, before we go any further.’

The red-haired man, I suddenly realized, must be Colin Campbell himself. ‘If you’re worried about me,’ I said, ‘I’m not a Stewart, but a Lowlander, and I’m for King George.’ ‘That’s well said,’ replied Campbell, ‘but, if I may ask, why is an honest Lowlander like you so far from his home? Today is not a good day for travelling. This is the day when the Appin Stewarts have to leave their farms, and there may be trouble.’

He was turning to speak to the lawyer again,

when there came a sudden bang from the hill, and Campbell fell off his horse. ‘They’ve shot me!’ he cried, holding his heart.

He died almost immediately. The men’s faces were white as they looked down at his body. I saw something move on the hill, and noticed, among the trees, a man with a gun, turning away from the road.

‘Look! The murderer!’ I cried, and began to run up the hill towards him. He saw me chasing him, and went faster. Soon he disappeared behind a rock, and I could no longer see him. I stopped next to some trees, then I heard a voice below, on the road.

The lawyer was shouting to a large number of redcoated soldiers, who had just joined the men around Campbell’s dead body. ‘Ten pounds if ye catch that lad!’ he cried. He’s one of the murderers! He stopped us in the road, to give the killer a better chance to shoot Campbell!’

Now I felt a new kind of fear. My life was in serious danger, although I had not done anything wrong.

My mouth felt dry, and for a moment I could not move. I stood there in the open, on the hill, while the soldiers lifted their guns, ready to shoot.

‘Jump in here among the trees,’ said a voice near me.

I did not know what I was doing, but I obeyed. As I did so, I heard the banging of the guns, and realized that the sol diers were shooting at me. In the shadow of the trees, I found Alan Breck standing there. It was he who had spoken to me.

3 戴维是独自一人

晚上很冷，所以我不能坐下来休息。反之，我在沙滩上走来走去，以试着保暖。除了波涛声外，再也没有别的声音了。我感到非常孤独，也很害怕。

早晨，我爬上一座小山，远望大海，但水上什么也没看见。而在岛上，我的四周也没有房屋或者人们。我不愿多想我的朋友艾伦和别人出了什么事，而且我也不想再看这片荒野了。于是我又爬下来，朝东走去。我希望自己能找到一座房子，能在那儿弄干衣服并找点东西吃。

我很快就发现没有人居住在伊锐德。要游到马尔去太远了，隔着水我能看到那儿。我琢磨着等退潮时也许能蹚过去，但我试时水太深了，我不得不退回来。这时开始下起雨来，我感到非常难受。

接着我想起了那块木板，曾救过我性命的那块。它将能帮着我渡过大海到达马尔！于是我返回到我到达时的那片海滩。那块木头在海里，于是我蹚水去取它。可是，我一靠近些时，木头就从我身边漂走了。水深得我都站不住时，那片木头离我还有几米远。我不得不随它去，回到岸上。这对我来说是很难受的一刻。我感到非常累，又饥又渴，觉得没有希望从这个孤岛上逃身。离开埃森丁后我第一次躺下来哭了起来。

我不想再记起我在伊锐德岛的日子。除了我叔叔的金子和艾伦的银扣子，我一无所有；而且因为以前我从来没有在海边生活过，我不知道该吃什么或怎样捕鱼。事实上，在海岸的礁石中间我找到了一些贝，吃了，但过后我感到非常恶心。那是我所能找到的唯一食品，因此在伊锐德岛我总是处于饥饿状态。整天整夜雨都下得很大，但岛上没有树，也没有屋檐，我的衣服裹着身体，又冷又潮。

经选择我把我的大部分时间花在伊锐德岛北部的一座小山上。从这儿我能看见西边不远处爱欧娜岛上古老的教堂和东边马尔岛上的住户的房中冒出的炊烟。我望着炊烟，想像着生活在那里的人们和他们舒适的生活。这给我在凄风冷海中、在礁石之间过着的孤独的生活带来一丝希望。

两天过去了，第三天发生了两件事。首先，我发现我几乎所有的钱都从口袋上的一个洞那儿漏掉了。叔叔给我的38镑钱只剩下3镑。可是更糟糕的事接踵而至了。当我坐在一块礁石上远望比爱欧娜岛更远处时，我忽然注意到一条小船飞快地驶过水面。我突然站起来，竭尽全力地叫。船上的那两个人离我近到了能够听到我的声音的程度。他们用盖尔语对我大声回话，大笑着。但船没有掉头，继续向前驶着，在我眼巴巴的注视之下直至爱欧娜岛。

我不明白他们为什么不来帮助我。虽然我看不见他们了，但我继续狂叫着。接着，我躺下来，又一次哭了。这一次我并不伤心，而是气愤，因为我想到他们把我留在这个可怕的地方，让我孤零零地死去。

第二天早上，我惊奇地看见正是那两个人从爱欧娜岛向伊锐德岛驶来。我立刻跑下来，来到礁岩岸边迎接他们。船到了我附近，但停在水中离我几米远处。船上除这两个人外，还有一个人，他正和另外两个人说笑着。然后他站起来，用盖尔语对我飞快地说起来，那我听不懂。但有时他也用一个英语单词，一次我听到“潮水”这个词。这给了我一丝希望。

“您是说——当潮水退低时……？”我大声地喊着，但没能说完。

“对，对，”他回答道，“潮水，”接着又笑了。

我转过身，背对着小船，激动地跑回小岛的东端，在那儿伊锐德岛离马尔岛最近。而且很肯定的是现在两岛之间的水很少。我能够轻易地蹚过去，随着一声欢快的叫声我到达马尔。我多傻，竟没有意识到我能乘低潮时一天两次地到马尔！我非常感激那些船夫，他们猜到了我的问题而且还回来帮助我。

我向我在伊锐德岛上曾这么多次地看到的那缕炊烟走去，到了一个长长的、低矮的石屋那儿。屋外坐着一位老人，正在太阳下用烟斗吸烟。他讲一点儿英语，告诉我那条船上的高级船员和水手几天前就已安全地到达了那儿。

“其中有一位穿着考究的人吗？”我问道。

“对，有像那么回事的一位。”他微笑着，“你一定是那个有银扣子的小伙子！”

“哎，我是！”我说道，感到惊讶。

“那样的话，你的朋友说你一定得跟着他到他族人詹姆斯·斯图尔特的、位于阿平的家去。”

他和妻子给我吃的和喝的，并让我夜晚睡在他们家里。早晨我谢过了他们的好意，开始了去往阿平的旅途。

我穿过马尔岛来到托罗塞岛，乘船来到洛哈林。接着我走到金盖尔洛克，在那儿又乘船穿过林荷溯到达阿平。这花了我6天时间，一路上我遇到了不少赶路人并和他们进行了交谈。我听说了艾伦的氏族斯图尔特人和他们的仇人坎贝尔人的所有的事。虽然他们都是苏格兰高地氏族，但坎贝尔人和斯图尔特人互相仇恨已有数年之久，而且坎贝尔人现在正在帮着英格兰部队把很多高地人驱赶出他们的家园。事实上，我又

听说一两天后长着红头发的科林·坎贝尔将带领乔治国王的部队到阿平驱逐斯图尔特人，这样就能打垮他的敌人。但我又听说阿平的斯图尔特氏族的头领詹姆斯·斯图尔特和他的族人将非常喜欢看到科林·坎贝尔被打死。

人们也谈论一个叫艾伦·布雷克的人。有人叫他杀人犯，也有另外一些人说他是个英勇的斗士。因为英格兰人出高价悬赏捉拿他——不管他是活还是死的，所以每次他返回苏格兰高地时都处在危险之中。我饶有兴趣地听着人们告诉我的每一件事。但当我听到艾伦被描绘成一个品德不错的人和一個诚实的苏格兰高地人时我最喜欢。

我在阿平下船后，坐在一些树中决定下一步该怎么办。是继续走并伴随其朋友与乔治国王为敌及其生活充满了危险的艾伦呢，还是悄悄地、安全地又回南方到低地去？

当我思考时，四个人骑着马从我面前走过。虽然我无法解释原因，但我一看见他们就决定继续我的冒险。我挡住了第一个人，那是个高个子并长着红头发。

“您能告诉我去詹姆斯·斯图尔特家怎么走吗，先生？”我问道。

所有的人互相看着。长红头发的人没有回答，但对其他人中一个看似律师的人说：“你53是否认为斯图尔特正在召集他的民众呢？”

律师回答道：“在我们继续走之前，最好在这儿等士兵来加入我们的队伍。”

这个长红头发的人，我猛然意识到一定是科林·坎贝尔本人。“如果你们为我烦恼的话，”我说，“（我告诉你）我可不是斯图尔特人，而是一个低地人，我赞成乔治国王一边。”

“那说得漂亮。”坎贝尔回答道，“但是，允许我问一句，为什么像你这样一个诚实的低地人要远离你的家园呢？今天并不是个适于旅行的好天。就是在今天所有的在阿平的斯图尔特人都得离开他们的农场，这可能会有事端。”

忽然从山上传来砰的一声时，他正又扭头和他的律师说话，接着他就应声落马了。“他们打中了我！”他手捂着心脏，喊着。

他几乎马上就死了，当他们俯视着他的尸体时，他们的脸像纸一样苍白。我看见小山上有什么东西在移动，并透过树丛注意到有一个带枪的人从路上跑开了。

“看！杀人犯！”我叫着，开始拔腿上山向他跑去。他看见我追他，跑得更快了。很快他在一块岩石后消失了，我再也看不见他了。我在一些树旁停住了，接着听到从下面的路上传来一个声音。律师正对着一大群身穿红色制服的士兵大喊，他们正并入围拢坎贝尔的尸体的人中。“谁抓住那个小伙子，给谁10镑！”他喊道。“他是其中的一个谋杀犯！他在路上截住我们，给刺杀者向坎贝尔开枪的良机！”

现在我感到一种别样的恐惧。虽然我什么都没做错，但我的生命处在巨大的危险之中。我口干舌燥，有一会儿竟不能动弹。我站在山上的空旷处，而这时士兵们举起了枪，准备射击。

“跳进这里，到树丛里来，”我附近有个声音说道。

我不知道我在干什么，但我遵从了。我这么做时，听到了枪的砰砰声，并意识到士兵们在向我开枪。在树的阴暗处，我发现艾伦·布雷克站在那儿。刚才是他和我说话。

4 Escape through the heather

We had no time for conversation. 'Come!' Alan said, and started running along the side of the hill, keeping low to the ground. I followed him like a sheep. We ran and ran, faster than I had ever run before, and my heart was beating wildly. Sometimes, to my surprise, Alan straightened his back and showed himself to the soldiers who were chasing us.

After fifteen minutes, Alan stopped, lay flat in the heather, and turned to me. 'Now,' he said, 'this is serious. Do what I do, if ye don't want to die'. And just as fast, but much more carefully and secretly, we went back almost the same way that we had come. At last we arrived back in the wood where I had found Alan.

We fell down in the heather, and lay without moving for a long time. My legs hurt, my head was aching, and I thought I was dead.

Alan was the first to speak. 'Well,' he said, 'that was hot work, David.'

I said nothing. I had seen murder done. I knew that Colin Campbell had been Alan's greatest enemy, and I had found Alan hiding in the wood. Although I didn't think that he had actually shot Campbell, I felt sure that he had planned the killing. I could not look at him.

'Are ye still tired?' he asked.

'No,' I replied, my face turned away from him, 'no, I'm not tired now. Alan, I can't stay with you, I must leave you. I liked you very much, but we're two different people, that's all.'

'Ye must explain what ye mean by that, David,' said Alan, looking very serious.

'Alan, why do you ask? You know very well that Colin Campbell is lying dead in the road in his own blood.'

Alan was silent for a moment, 'Well, Mr Balfour of Shaws,' he said at last, 'I promise ye that I did not plan the murder, or know anything about it.'

'Thank God for that!' I cried, and offered him my hand.

He did not appear to see it. I don't know why ye're so worried about a dead Campbell,' he said. 'I know that you hate their clan, Alan, but taking a life in cold blood is a terrible thing to do. Do you know who did it?'

'I wouldn't recognize him again,' said Alan, shaking his head sadly, 'I'm good at forgetting, David.'

I had to laugh at that. Then I remembered something. 'But when we were running away, you showed yourself to the soldiers, to give the murderer a chance to escape!'

'Any Highlander would do that. The best place for the lad who shot Colin Campbell is the heather, and we must all do what we can to help him keep away from the soldiers.'

I shook my head at this. These Highlanders were strange, wild people, to be sure. But Alan was ready to die for what he thought was right, and I liked him for that. I offered him my hand again, and this time he took it.

'Now, David,' he said, 'we must escape too. The Campbells will accuse us both of the murder.'

'But we didn't do it!' I cried. 'We can prove that in court!'

'Man, I'm surprised at ye,' said Alan. 'Do ye not know that if a Campbell is killed, the accused has to go to court in Inveraray, in the heart of Campbell country? When the Campbell lawyers have finished with ye, ye'll be dead!'

This frightened me a little. 'All right, Alan,' I said, 'I'll go with you.'

'But remember,' said Alan, 'it'll be a hard life. Ye'll have to sleep in the open air, and ye'll often have an empty stomach. Ye can choose—either live in the heather with me, or die at the hands of the Campbells.'

'That's easy to decide,' I said, and we shook hands on it.

When we looked between the trees, we could just see the redcoats of the soldiers, still moving away from us across the hills. Alan smiled, and told me that we would go first to the house of his clansman, James Stewart, and then to the Lowlands. The Campbells and the English soldiers would not think of looking for us there, and Alan could find a place on a ship sailing to France.

We walked for several hours, and arrived that night at a large house in a valley.

There were lights in all the windows, and people were running in and out of the open doors. Alan whistled three times, and we were met at the door by a tall, good-looking man of about fifty, who welcomed us in Gaelic.

'James Stewart,' said Alan, 'I'll ask ye to speak in English, because my friend here comes from the Lowlands, and cannot speak Gaelic.'

James spoke politely to me for a few moments, but soon he turned back to Alan, with a very worried look on his face. 'This is a terrible accident,' he said. 'It will bring trouble to all of us!'

'Well, man,' said Alan, 'ye should be grateful that Colin Campbell is dead!'

'Aye,' replied James, 'but he was killed in Appin, remember that, Alan, so it's the Appin Stewarts who'll be accused. And I'm a man with a family!'

I looked around me. Men with white, frightened faces were hurrying here and there, without any clear idea of what they ought to do first.

Some were hiding guns and swords, while others were burning papers. When James saw me looking surprised, he explained, 'The soldiers'll search my house first, ye see, and I don't want them to find anything.'

We went inside, and met James's wife and children, who were crying in a corner. I felt very sorry for them, but we did not have much time to talk. Alan explained what we needed for our escape, and soon James's men brought us two swords, two pistols, some food, a cooking pot and a bottle of whisky. We needed money too, because Alan had given his gold to an other man to take to France. But James had only a little to give us.

'Ye must find a safe place somewhere near,' he said, 'and send me a message. I'll find some more money for ye,

and send it to ye.

But, Alan, ' and here he stopped for a moment, biting his finger worriedly, 'I'll have to accuse ye of killing that Campbell. I'll have to! If I don't, they'll accuse me! I have to think of myself and my family! Do ye see that? '

'Aye, ' said Alan slowly. 'I see that. '

'And I'll have to accuse your friend from the Lowlands too. Ye see that, Alan— say that ye see that! '

Alan's face went red. 'It's hard on me, James! I brought him here, and now my friends accuse him of murder! '

'But just think, Alan, man! ' cried James. 'The Campbells will be sure to accuse him. And I have children! '

'Well, sir, ' said Alan, turning to me, 'what do ye say? If ye do not agree, I won't let James do it. '

'I cannot understand why we don't accuse the man who did kill Campbell, ' I replied sharply, 'but accuse me, Mr Stewart, if you like, accuse Alan, accuse King George! I am Alan's friend, and if I can help his friends in any way, I don't mind the danger. '

So that night we started our long journey to the Lowlands. Sometimes we walked, and sometimes we ran. But although we travelled as fast as we could, daylight began to appear before we had found a good hiding—place. We were in the rocky valley of Glencoe, with high mountains on both sides, and a river running fast through the middle. Alan was clearly worried. 'The soldiers will find us easily here, ' he said. He looked around, and saw a great rock, about seven metres high. With difficulty we both climbed to the top of it. Then I saw why he had chosen it. The top of the rock was shaped like a plate, and there was room for two or three men to lie there, hidden from people in the valley.

At last Alan smiled. 'Aye, ' he said. 'Now we have a chance. Ye can sleep for a while. I'll watch for soldiers. '

But when I woke up, several hours later, the valley was full of redcoats, and Alan was looking worried again, 'If they go up the sides of the mountains, they'll see us, ' he said. 'We'll just have to stay here and hope they don't, When it's dark, we'll try to get past them. '

That was a terrible day. We lay on the rock, baking in the sun, with no water, only whisky, to drink. We could hear the English voices of the soldiers all around us, but luckily they did not look up at our rock. In the afternoon, when the soldiers seemed sleepy after their lunch, we decided to try to escape, and we climbed very quietly down from the rock. The soldiers did not notice us as we moved carefully from rock to rock, and soon we were safely in the next valley. That evening we washed ourselves in the river, and ate cold porridge, which is a good meal for a hungry man.

We continued walking eastwards all night, over the great dark mountains. Alan was very pleased that we had left the soldiers behind, and whistled happily as he walked.

Before daylight we reached a cave that Alan had used before, and here we stayed hidden for five days. Alan went down one night to the nearest village, to the house of one of his clansmen. He sent this man to James Stewart, to tell him where we were hiding, and after three days the clansman returned, with a purse of money for us and a message from Mrs Stewart. We discovered that James was already in prison, accused of murder, although people were saying that Alan Breck had actually fired the shot. And there was a price of one hundred pounds on my head, as well as on Alan's.

I began to think that I would be safer alone. Alan was very recognizable in his fine French clothes. It was going to be dangerous to stay with Alan, and expensive, too. Mrs Stewart had only managed to send five pounds, and Alan had to travel as far as France. But I still had two pounds, and only needed to reach Queensferry, so I would have to give some of my money to Alan. Staying with Alan meant both danger and expense.

But my honest friend did not think in this way at all. He felt sure that he was helping me. So what could I do, except keep quiet, and hope that everything would be all right?

We started travelling again, across the mountains, and by daylight came to wild, open moors, covered with purple heather. Because anyone on the hills around us could easily see us when we stood up, we had to walk or run on our hands and feet, like animals. It was another hot summer day, and my back ached badly after a few hours. I wanted a rest and a drink of water, but when we stopped, we saw the redcoats of soldiers on one of the hills, and we had to go on.

We walked or ran all day and all night. People who talk of tiredness do not know what the word really means, I did not know who I was or where I was going, and I did not care. I thought that every step would be my last, and I hoped that death would come soon. Alan drove me onwards, and I felt that I hated him, but I was too afraid of him to stop and rest.

When daylight returned, we were stupid with tiredness, and had become careless. Suddenly, three or four wild-looking men jumped out of the heather, and took us prisoner. I was not afraid, only happy to stop running for a moment. But Alan spoke to them in Gaelic.

'These are Cluny Macpherson's men, ' he said quietly to me. 'Ye remember him, the head of the Macpherson clan? They fought well against the English in the Forty-Five. After that, he didn't go to France, like the other clan chiefs. No, he's been hiding here ever since, and the soldiers have never managed to find him. His clansmen bring him what he needs. '

We were taken to a cave, well hidden by trees and rocks, and Cluny Macpherson himself came forward to welcome us, like a king in his palace. He seemed to live well in his cave, and he offered us an excellent meal, prepared by his cook. But I was too tired to eat, so I lay down at once and slept. In fact, although I did not know it, I was seriously ill, and could not get up for two days.

I woke up once, in a kind of fog, to find Cluny and Alan playing cards, and a second time, to hear Alan asking to borrow my money. I was too sick and sleepy to refuse, and gave him my purse.

But when I woke up again, on the third day, I felt much better, although not very strong. I noticed that Alan was looking very ashamed, and I realized at once what had happened.

'David, ' he said miserably, 'I've lost all our money at cards, yours as well as mine. '

'No, no, ye haven't lost it! cried Cluny. 'Of course I'll give your money back. It was just a game. I wouldn't keep your money. Here! ' And he pulled gold coins out of his pocket.

I did not know if it was right to accept the money or not, but we needed it, so I thanked Cluny and put the coins in my purse. But I was very angry with Alan, and as we left Cluny's cave and continued our journey, I refused to speak to him.

At first Alan tried hard to talk to me. He said that he was sorry, and that he loved me like a brother. He was worried about my health, and offered me a hand when we crossed a river or climbed a hill. But after two or three days, when he realized that I was still angry with him, he too became angry, and laughed at me when I fell, or seemed tired.

We travelled by night, through endless rain and strong winds, and slept in the wet heather by day. I was feeling more and more miserable. My illness had returned, and I was beginning to think that this terrible journey would only end in my death. 'Alan will be sorry when I die!' I thought. How childish I was!

Alan continued to laugh at me and call me names, and by the sixth night I had had enough. I stopped and spoke angrily to him. 'Mr Stewart,' I said, 'why do you laugh at me? I should laugh at you! You may have a king's name, but you're a loser! You spend your life running away! You're not brave enough to fight the Campbells and the English, and win!'

Alan looked sharply at me. 'David!' he said. 'There are things that ye should never say—things that can never be for gotten!'

'If you don't like what I say, I'm ready to fight,' I answered stupidly. I knew that I was not strong enough to hold a sword.

'David!' he cried. 'Are ye crazy? I cannot fight ye! It would be murder!' He pulled out his sword, and looked at me. 'No, I can't, I can't,' he said. And he dropped his sword on the ground.

When I saw how much he loved me, I was no longer angry, only sick, and sorry. I remembered all his kindness to me, and how he had always helped me through difficult times. Now I had lost that friend for ever! My illness seemed to get worse and worse, and I could only just stand. I wanted to say that I was sorry, but I knew it was too late for that. Suddenly I realized that a cry for help was the only way of bringing Alan back to me.

'Alan!' I said, my voice shaking. 'If you cannot help me, I must just die here!' I did not need to pretend.

He looked up quickly, surprised. 'Can ye walk?'

'Not without help. Alan, if I die, will you forget what I said? In my heart, I've always been your friend, you know that.'

'Quiet!' cried Alan. 'Don't talk of dying! David, man, ye know...' He could not go on, but put his arm around me. 'Davie, I'm a bad friend to ye.

I didn't remember that ye're just a bairn, I couldn't see that ye were dying on your feet...' He was almost crying. 'Hold on to me, Davie, and ye'll be grand.'

He helped me down into the valley to the nearest house, which luckily belonged to a clan who were friendly to the Stewarts. There I lay for several days, unable to move. Alan refused to leave me, and took the greatest care of me. Little by little I got better, with his help, and before a month had passed, we went on our way again.

This time we did not argue. We did not see any more soldiers, and our journey was easier now. We walked through the warm summer nights, ate our porridge, drank our whisky, and slept in the dry heather in the daytime. Now that we were in the Lowlands, we were almost safe, and we both felt happy and hopeful. When we crossed the Forth River by boat from Limekilns, we were only five kilometres from Queensferry, where Mr Rankeillor lived.

4 在石南丛中逃生

我们连谈话的时间都没有。“来!”艾伦说道,接着沿着山边、伏着身子跑起来。我像一只绵羊一样地跟着他。我们跑啊跑,我从来没有跑这么快过,我的心狂乱地跳着。有时,令我惊讶的是,艾伦站直了腰,故意向追我们的士兵暴露他自己。

15分钟后,艾伦停下来,平躺在草丛里,对我转过身来。“且听我讲,”他说,“这很严重。如果你不想死的话,照我做的做。”我们又和刚才一样快地、但更当心并更隐密地几乎是原路折回。最后我们又抵达了我以前发现艾伦的那片树林。

我们倒在石南丛里,一动不动地躺了很长一段时间。我的腿疼,头也疼,我想我要死了。

艾伦首先开了口。“唔,”他说道,“那可是一件棘手的事,戴维。”

我没说话。我目击了刺杀。我知道科林·坎贝尔一直是艾伦最恨的敌人而且当时我也发现艾伦躲在树丛里。虽然我认为他没有亲手杀死坎贝尔,但我敢肯定他预谋了刺杀。我当时无法正视他。

“你是不是还累?”他问道。

“不,”我答道,把脸从他那边转开。“不,我现在不累。艾伦,我不能和你待在一起,我得离开你。我曾非常喜欢你,但我们是两个不同的人,就这些。”

“你得解释你那话是什么意思,戴维。”艾伦说道,表情非常严肃。

“艾伦,你为什么要闻?你很清楚科林·坎贝尔正躺在路上血泊里,死了。”

艾伦沉默了一下。“好吧,鲍尔弗·肖先生,”他最后说道,“我向你保证我没有预谋杀人,也不知道什么。”

“谢天谢地!”我喊道,并向他伸出了我的手。

他似乎没有看到。“我不明白你为什么这么关心一个死了的坎贝尔人,”他说道。

“我知道你恨他们氏族,艾伦,但是蓄意谋杀一个人是一件很可怕的事。你知道是谁干的吗?”

“我再也认不出他了。”艾伦说道,悲伤地摇摇头,“我很健忘,戴维。”

对此我只能笑笑而已。接着我又想起来什么了。“但是当我们逃路时,你把你自己的暴露给士兵,就是为了给刺杀者一个逃跑的机会!”

“任何高地人都会那样做的。枪杀了科林·坎贝尔的小伙子的最佳栖身之处就是石南丛林,而且我们应该竭尽全力帮助他 from 士兵那儿脱身。”

我对此摇了摇头。这些高地人确实很怪,很野蛮。但是艾伦愿意他认为对的东西而献身,我喜欢他那一点。我又向他伸出手去,这一次他握住了我的手。

“听我说,戴维,”他说道,“我们也必须逃跑。坎贝尔人将指责我们俩杀了人。”

“但是我们没有做!”我叫道,“我们能在法庭上证实那一点!”

“伙计，我对你感到惊讶。”艾伦回答道，“难道你不知道如果一个坎贝尔人被杀了，被指控的人得去坎贝尔人地域的中心因弗雷里当堂对簿吗？当坎贝尔的律师们和你一起结束工作时，你也就要死了！”

这使我有点害怕了。“好吧，艾伦，”我说道，“我和你一起走。”

“但是记住，”艾伦说道，“生活将是艰苦的。你得睡在露天处，还得时常忍饥挨饿。你可以选择——要么和我一起在南石丛林中生活，要么死在坎贝尔人手里。”

“那很容易决定。”我说道，而且我们俩人握手言定。

当我们透过树丛看时，只能看见士兵们穿着的红制服还在山峦中移动，离我们渐渐远去了。艾伦微笑着，告诉我说我们将先去他的族人詹姆斯·斯图尔特家，然后再去低地。坎贝尔人和英格兰士兵不会想到去那儿找我们，艾伦也能找到一条开往法国的船。

我们走了几小时，那个晚上到达了山谷中的一座大房子。所有的窗户都有灯光，人们从开着的门内跑进跑出。艾伦吹了三声口哨，一个约莫五十岁、长相很好的高个儿男人在门口迎接我们，他用盖尔语欢迎我们。

“詹姆斯·斯图尔特，”艾伦说道，“因为我这儿这位朋友从低地来，并不会说盖尔语，所以请你说英语。”

詹姆斯很有礼貌地和我说了会儿，但是很快他又转身和艾伦说话，带着很担忧的神色。“这是一个可怕的意外。”他说道，“它将给我们所有人带来麻烦！”

“好吧，伙计，”艾伦说道，“你应该感激科林·坎贝尔死了才是！”

“对，”詹姆斯回答道，“但是他是在阿平被杀死的，记着那一点，艾伦，这样将被指控的是阿平的斯图尔特人。而且我是一个有家室的人！”

我环顾四周。脸色苍白、面色惊恐的人们一会儿在这儿、一会儿在那儿地操忙着，不清楚他们自己应该先做什么。一些人在藏枪和剑，而另外一些人在烧毁文件。当詹姆斯看见我面带惊讶时，他解释道：“你明白士兵们会首先搜查我的房子，我不想让他们发现任何东西。”

我们走了进去，遇到了詹姆斯的在墙角大哭的妻小。我为他们感到很难受，但我们没有多少时间来交谈。艾伦解释了我们逃跑所需的东西，不一会儿詹姆斯的人给我们拿来两把剑、两枝手枪、一些食物、一个做饭用的锅和一瓶威士忌酒。我们也需要钱，65因为艾伦已经把他的金子给了另一个人以便带到法国去。但是詹姆斯只有一点儿钱可以给我们。

“你得在附近某处找一个安全的地方，”他说道，“并给我送一个口信。我会给你再找一些钱，并送给你。但是，艾伦，”说到这里，他停了一下，焦急地咬着手指，“我不得不指控你杀了那个坎贝尔。我得这样！如果我不这样，他们将指控我！我得为我自己和我家人着想！你明白吗？”

“嗯，”艾伦慢慢地说道，“我明白那一点。”

“而且，我也得指控你这个从低地来的朋友。你明白那个，艾伦——就说你明白那个！”

艾伦的脸红了。“这对我太残酷了，詹姆斯！我把他带到这儿，现在我的朋友们指控他犯了谋杀罪！”

“但是想想，艾伦，伙计！”詹姆斯叫道，“坎贝尔人一定会指控他。而且我有孩子！”

“唔，先生，”艾伦说道，向我转过身来，“你意下如何？如果你不同意，我不会让詹姆斯做的。”

“我不明白我们为什么不指控那个的确杀了坎贝尔的人。”我厉声回答道，“但是如果你喜欢，斯图尔特先生，就指控我，指控艾伦，指控乔治国王吧！我是艾伦的朋友，而且如果我能有任何方面帮助他的朋友们，我不会在意危险的。”

于是那天晚上我们开始了去低地的漫漫征途。我们有时候步行，有时候疾驰。但是虽然我们尽快走着，在我们找到一个好的栖身之地前天已开始亮了。现在我们在岩石嶙峋的格伦科山谷里，两边高山林立，中间有一条河急湍而过。艾伦显然着急的样子。“在这儿士兵很容易发现我们，”他说道。他看了看四周，看见了一块大岩石，大约七米高。我们俩费劲地爬到了上面。那时我才明白了他为什么要选择这块岩石。岩石的上面像一个盘子一样，可以躺两三个人，以躲过山谷里的人。

最后艾伦微笑了。“好了。”他说道，“我们现在有个机会。你可以睡一会儿。我来留神当兵的。”

但当我几个小时后醒来时，山谷里满是英国士兵，艾伦看起来又着急了。“如果他们爬上山侧，他们会看见我们。”他说道，“我们得待在这儿，希望他们别爬上来。天黑时，我们试着超过他们。”

那一天很难受。我们躺在岩石上，被太阳暴晒着，没有水，只有威士忌喝。我们能听到四周都是士兵们的英语声，但是幸运的是他们没有抬头看我们所在的岩石。下午，趁士兵们用完午饭显得困倦时，我们决定试着逃跑，便从岩石上悄悄地爬下来。当我们小心翼翼地从一个岩石爬上另一块岩石时，士兵们没有发现我们，很快我们就安全地在下一个山谷了。那天傍晚我们在河里洗了洗，喝了冷粥。那对于一个饥饿的人来说是一顿美餐。整个晚上我们继续向东走着，越过了高大漆黑的山脉。艾伦因我们把士兵抛到后面而很高兴，而且走路时高兴地吹起口哨。

天亮前我们到了艾伦过去用过的一个山洞，我们在这儿待了5天。

一天晚上艾伦下山去了最近的一个村庄里他的一个族人家。他派这个人去詹姆斯·斯图尔特那儿，以告诉他我们的藏身之地；3天后这个族人回来了，给我们带来一袋钱和斯图尔特太太捎来的口信。我们发现詹姆斯已经被捕入狱了，被指控犯有谋杀罪，尽管人们说实际是艾伦·布雷克开的枪。对艾伦和我的人头的悬赏都为100镑。

我开始想我单独行动会更安全些。艾伦身穿考究的法国衣服，很容易被人认出来。和艾伦待在一起将是危险的，花销也大。斯图尔特太太想尽办法也只弄来5镑，而艾伦还得远去法国。但我还有两镑，而且只需要到昆斯费里，这样我得把我的一些钱分给艾伦。和艾伦待在一起意味着危险和花费。

但是我的诚实的朋友压根儿不这么想。他确信他在帮助我。这样我除了保持安静、希望一切平安外还能做什么？

我们又开始旅行了，翻山越岭，到天亮时来到满是紫色石南的、空旷的荒野。因为我们站起来时周围小山上的人能够很容易地看见我们，我们只能像动物一样手脚并用地爬或者跑。这又是一个炎热的夏日，几个小时后我的背痛得厉害。我需要休息，需要喝点水；但当我们停下来时，我们看见其中的一座小山上有士兵们穿的红制服，我们又得走下去。

整天整夜我们都在走或者跑。说累的人们其实不理解这个词的真实含义。我不知道我是谁或我往哪儿去，我也不在乎。我想每一步都可能是我能走的最后一步，而且我希望死神能够很快来临。艾伦催着我往前走，我感到我恨他，但是我太害怕他，以致不敢停下来休息。

天又亮时，我们累得都迟钝了，都变得麻木了。忽然，三四个看似粗野的人从石南丛中跳出来，把我们当俘虏抓起来。我不害怕，只高兴能停止跑一会儿。但是艾伦用盖尔语对他们说话。

“这些是克兰尼·麦克弗森的人。”他低声对我说，“你记得他，麦克弗森家族的头领吗？在1745年政变中他们英勇抗击英格兰军队。那以后，他像其他部族领袖一样没有去法国。对，那以后他一直躲在这儿，士兵们也从来没有发现他。他家族的人给他提供他所需要的。”

我们被带到一个被树木和岩石遮掩得很好的山洞，克兰尼·麦克弗森像一个国王在他自己的王国里一样上前欢迎我们。看起来他在洞穴里过得很好，他给我们提供了一顿由他的厨师准备的佳肴。但是我太累了，吃不下，于是我立即躺下来睡觉。事实上，虽然我不知道，但是我是得了重病，两天都不能起床。一次我醒来，如坠雾里，发现克兰尼和艾伦在打牌；又有一次，听见艾伦向我借钱。我病得太厉害，又太困，不

能够拒绝，把我的钱包给了他。

但在第三天，当我又醒过来时，我感到好多了，虽然还不太强壮。我注意到艾伦看起来很羞愧，我马上意识到发生了什么。

“戴维，”他悲惨地说道，“我玩牌输掉了我们所有的钱，你的和我的。”

“没有，没有，你没有输钱！”克兰尼叫道。“我当然要退你钱。只是玩玩而已。我不会要你的钱。给！”他从口袋里掏出金币。

我不知道接受钱是对还是不对，但我们需要它，于是我谢过克兰尼并把金币放到我钱包里。但是我对艾伦很生气，我们离开克兰尼的山洞继续旅行时我拒绝和他说话。

最初艾伦竭力试着对我说话。他说他很抱歉，说他像兄弟一样地爱我。他很担心我的健康，我们过河或者爬山时他主动伸手要帮我一把。两三天后，当他意识到我仍对他生气时，他也变得生气了，我跌倒或显得疲倦时他嘲笑我。

无论强风淫雨，我们都趁着夜幕行走，到了白天便在潮湿的石南丛里睡觉。我感到越来越难受了。我的病又复发了，我开始寻思这次可怕的旅行只会以我的死亡而告终。“当我死了，艾伦或许会伤心的！”我想。我多么孩子气啊！

艾伦继续嘲讽我并谩骂我，到了第六天晚上我实在是受够了。我停住脚，很生气地对他说。“斯图尔特先生，”我说，“你为什么嘲笑我？我应该笑话你！你有国王的姓氏，但你却是输家！你把所有的时间都花在东藏西逃上！你没有勇气来和坎贝尔人及英格兰人战斗，也不会打胜仗的！”

艾伦严厉地看着我。“戴维！”他说道，“有很多事情你根本不应该说——有些事情说了之后是永远不会被忘却的！”

“如果你不喜欢我说的话，我准备决斗，”我傻呵呵地答道。我知道我连拿剑的力气都没有。

“戴维！”他叫道，“你疯了吗？我不会与你决斗的！那将是谋杀！”他拔出剑，看着我。“不，我不能，我不能，”他说道。他还把剑扔到地上。

当我看到他多么爱我时，我已经不再生气了，只是难受，并感到抱歉。我记得他对我的所有好处，而且他总是帮我渡过难关。现在我永远地失去了那个朋友！我的病愈来愈重了，我只能站站而已。我想说对不起，但我知道太晚了。忽然，我意识到一声求助是把艾伦带回我身边的唯一办法。

“艾伦！”我说道，声音颤抖着。“如果你不能帮我，我就一定死在这儿了！”我不需要伪装。

他很快地抬起头，惊讶的样子。“你能走吗？”

“没人帮忙就不行。艾伦，如果我死了，你能忘掉我所说过的话吗？在我内心里，我一直是你的朋友，你知道的。”

“悄声！”艾伦叫道，“别提死！戴维，伙计，你知道……”他说不下去了，但用胳膊搂着我。“戴维，我是你的坏朋友。我当时记不得你只是一个小孩，我不能看着你暴死……”他差不多哭了。“抓牢我，戴维，而且你会好的。”

他帮助我下了山，进了山谷，来到最近的一座房子里。房子庆幸属于一个对斯图尔特人很友好的部族。在那儿，我躺了几天，不能动弹。艾伦拒绝离开我，并极细心地照顾我。在他的帮助之下，我的身体一点点地好起来了；不到一个月，我们又上路了。

这一次我们不争辩了。我们再没看见士兵，我们的旅途如今容易多了。温暖的夏夜我们行走，吃麦片粥，喝威士忌；白天则睡在干燥的石南丛中。既然我们处于苏格兰低地，那就几乎安全了，我们二人都感到高兴，心里充满了希望。当我们乘船从莱姆基恩渡过福斯河时，我们离昆斯费里，就是兰基勒先生居住的那儿，只有5公里路了。

5 David comes home

We decided that Alan would stay hidden in the fields, while I walked to Queensferry to find Mr Rankeillor. Alan promised not to come out until he heard me return. In order to be sure that it was me, he taught me to whistle a little Gaelic song. I have never forgotten it. I think that it will run in my head when I lie dying. Every time it comes to me, I think of that last day of my travels, with Alan whistling opposite me in the grass, while the first light of the sun touched his face.

Soon I arrived in Queensferry. When I saw people looking strangely at me, and realized how dirty my clothes were, I began to feel afraid. Would Mr Rankeillor want to talk to me? How could I prove who I was? I had no papers with me. I was too ashamed to ask any of the townspeople for help, so I walked up and down, not knowing what to do.

By midday I was tired and hungry. I stopped in front of a large house, with clean windows, flowers in the garden, and a dog sitting on the doorstep.

Suddenly the door opened, and a large, well-dressed, kind-looking man came out.

‘What are you doing here, my lad?’ he asked.

‘I’m looking for Mr Rankeillor’s house, sir,’ I answered.

‘Well, I’m Rankeillor, and this is my house.

Who are you?’

‘My name is David Balfour,’ I replied.

‘David Balfour?’ he repeated, and looked closely at me. ‘Come inside, Mr Balfour, and we’ll talk.’

In Mr Rankeillor’s comfortable sitting-room, I told him the story of my early life, and explained that my uncle had paid Captain Hoseason to kidnap me and take me to sea.

The lawyer listened carefully. ‘I heard that Hoseason’s ship went down near the island of Mull two months ago,’ he said.

‘What have you been doing since then?’

‘I can easily tell you, sir, I replied, ‘but if I tell you, a friend’s life may be in danger. Promise me that you will not get him into trouble, or tell the soldiers about him!’

Although he looked a little worried at first, he promised, and I told him the rest of my adventures. While I talked, his eyes were closed and he seemed to be asleep, but I discovered soon afterwards that he had understood and remembered everything.

When O spoke the name of Alan Breck, he opened his eyes and sat up. ‘Don’t use unnecessary names, Mr Balfour,’ he said. ‘A lawyer has to be very careful, when discussing Highlanders. I don’t think I heard your friend’s name very well. Let’s call him—Mr Thomson.’

‘Of course,’ I thought, ‘all over Scotland people are talking about Alan, now that he’s accused of the murder of Colin Campbell.’ I was sure that Rankeillor had recognized his name. But I just smiled, and continued my story, using the name of Mr Thomson instead of Alan Breck. ‘Well, well,’ said the lawyer, when I had finished, ‘what an exciting adventure! You will have to write it down one day! I had heard of you, Mr David, from your friends in Essendean, who wrote to me when they had no word from you. Your uncle then told me that he had given you money to study in Europe, but I did not think that was true. I’m afraid we all know that Ebenezer Balfour is not a very good or honest man! Then Captain Hoseason appeared, saying that you were lost when his ship went down. But now I understand what really happened, and I know that you are David Balfour.’ He put a hand on my shoulder in a fatherly way and continued. ‘You’ll want to know about the house of Shaws. It’s a strange story. When they were young, your father Alexander and his younger brother Ebenezer loved the same girl. Your father was always a kind, loving brother, so when the girl decided to marry him, Alexander left Cramond and let Ebenezer have the house and farmland. Well, I think it was a bad mistake. What happened was that your parents were always very poor, and Ebenezer became more and more interested in money. He never married, of course.’

‘Well, sir,’ I said, ‘and now, what will happen?’

‘Now that your father is dead,’ replied the lawyer, ‘you own the house of Shaws and the farms around it. But Ebenezer won’t accept that, and it will be expensive if he wants us to prove it in court. In fact, we must stay out of court, if possible. The kidnapping will be difficult to prove, and we don’t want people asking questions about your friend Mr Thomson. No, I think that we should leave Ebenezer at Shaws, where he’s been for twenty-five years, and ask him to pay you some money every year, instead of giving you the house. What do you think?’

‘That sounds excellent to me, sir,’ I replied. ‘But I think that we could accuse my uncle of kidnapping me. It’s easier to prove than you think. Listen,’ and I described my plan to him.

He was very pleased with it. ‘Yes, Mr David, very good! If we can catch Ebenezer like that, he can’t refuse to give you some of the money that belongs to you!’ He called to his secretary, Torrance. ‘You must come with us tonight, Torrance. You’ll have to listen to the conversation you hear, and write it all down. And bring the Balfour papers with you.’ Then he turned to me. ‘But if I accept your plan, Mr David, I’ll have to meet your friend Mr Thomson, who may be, I only say may be, a criminal.’ He was silent for a while, thinking deeply, then went on, ‘Well, let’s talk of something different. Do you know, the other day, I saw Torrance in the street? But because I wasn’t wearing my glasses, I didn’t recognize him! My own secretary! Ha—ha—ha!’ and he laughed happily at himself.

I smiled politely. ‘Perhaps he’s getting old,’ I thought.

But later that evening, when Mr Rankeillor, Torrance and I were walking out of Queensferry, the lawyer suddenly cried out, laughing, ‘Well, how stupid of me! I’ve forgotten my glasses!’ And I understood why he had told me his story about Torrance. Now he could meet Alan, a man wanted for murder, and if the soldiers asked him later for information he could say that he never saw Alan clearly and could not possibly recognize him.

When we arrived near Alan's hiding-place, I whistled the little Highland song. When he appeared, we explained to him what we wanted him to do, and he readily agreed.

So the four of us continued walking until we reached the house of Shaws.

It was a dark night, and there were no lights in the windows. My uncle was probably in bed. Mr Rankeillor, Torrance and I hid below the steps, near enough to hear any conversation, while Alan went straight up to the door and knocked loudly. After some time my uncle opened his bedroom window, and called down, in a frightened voice, 'What do ye want at this time of night? Who are ye?'

'I do not want to give ye my own name,' replied Alan, 'but I've come to talk to ye about someone called—David.'

'What!' cried my uncle. And after a moment, he said unhappily, 'Will ye come inside, to discuss—the matter?'

'I will not,' said Alan sharply. 'It's here on this doorstep that we must talk.'

Come down and speak to me.'

After Ebenezer had thought about it, he decided to do what Alan wanted. It took him a long time to come downstairs, and a longer time to unlock the heavy door, but at last we saw him in the doorway, holding his gun in his shaking hands.

'Now,' said Alan, 'ye're intelligent enough to see that I'm a Highlander. I have friends who live near the island of Mull. Well, it seems that a ship went down near there, and soon afterwards my friends found a lad, half-dead, on the beach. Your nephew, Mr Balfour. Since then they've been taking care of him. And now they'd like to know, Mr Balfour, if ye want him back. Ye'll have to pay, if ye do. My friends are very poor.'

'I don't want him back,' said my uncle. 'He wasn't a good lad. I won't pay a shilling for him!'

'Blood's thicker than water, sir,' said Alan. 'He's your brother's son! But if ye don't want him back, will ye pay us to keep him? And ye'll have to hurry. I'm not waiting here all night!'

'Give me a minute to think, will ye?' cried my uncle.

'In two words, sir, do ye want us to kill or keep the lad?'

'Oh, sir!' cried Ebenezer. 'Don't talk of killing!'

'Well, killing's easier, and quicker, and cheaper.'

'I'm an honest man,' said my uncle, 'and no murderer.'

'Well, well,' replied Alan, 'and now how much will ye pay for us to keep him? First I need to know how much ye paid Hoseason to kidnap the lad. How much was it?'

'Hoseason? Kidnap? What are ye talking about, man?' screamed my uncle, jumping up and down on the doorstep.

'Hoseason himself has told me about it,' said Alan calmly, 'so ye needn't pretend. Just answer the question, or ye'll find my sword in your stomach!'

'Don't get angry!' cried my uncle. 'I gave him twenty pounds, that's all. But to be honest with ye—he was going to sell the lad as a slave, and keep that money, ye see.'

'Thankyou, Mr Thomson, that's excellent,' said the lawyer, stepping forward. 'Good evening, Mr Balfour,' he said politely to the old man.

And, 'Good evening, uncle Ebenezer,' said I.

And, 'It's a grand evening, Mr Balfour,' added Torrance.

My uncle said nothing, but stood there on the doorstep with his mouth open. We took him into the kitchen, and sat down to discuss matters. After an hour, it was all decided. My uncle accepted that Shaws belonged to me, but he would stay there during his lifetime. He agreed to pay me money every year, and Mr Rankeillor would check that he did.

We all stayed that night at the house of Shaws. But while Alan and Torrance and Mr Rankeillor slept on the hard beds upstairs, I lay down on the kitchen chests, which now belonged to me. I, who had slept out on the hills for so many days and nights, was now the owner of a large house and several farms.

My head was full of exciting plans and ideas, and I found it difficult to sleep.

The next day, while Mr Rankeillor and I were having breakfast together, I talked to him about Alan.

'Mr Thomson is still in danger,' said the lawyer. 'He must leave the country as soon as possible, and stay with his friends in France for a while. I'll give you money to buy him a place on a ship. He'll have to stay hidden until then.'

'And his clansman, James Stewart, who's in prison?' I asked. 'I know he didn't kill Colin Campbell. I saw the murderer! I must speak for James Stewart in court!'

'My dear boy,' said Rankeillor, 'it's dangerous for anyone to speak for a Stewart in Campbell court. But you must do what you think is right. I'll write you a letter to a good lawyer who will be able to help Mr Thomson's clansman.' He stood up. 'Well, I think that we've finished our business here. I must leave now, and go back to my work.'

Come and see me often, Mr David! Goodbye!'

Alan and I started walking towards Edinburgh, while Mr Rankeillor and Torrance turned back to Queensferry. We talked about what would happen next. Alan was going to hide in the countryside near Edinburgh, until it was safe for him to take a ship to France.

When I had found him a place, I would send him a message. Then I planned to go back to the High lands to help James Stewart return to his family.

Alan and I walked slowly. We were both thinking that soon we would have to leave each other. And we had been through so much together! We stopped when we came to the top of the Corstorphine Hill, and looked down at Edinburgh. We knew that this was the moment to say goodbye, but we stood there silently for a while.

'Well, goodbye,' said Alan, and held out his hand.

“ Goodbye, ” I said, and took his hand.

Then I went off down hill. I did not look back at him, but I felt very miserable, and wanted to sit down and cry like a baby.

Edinburgh was full of noise and traffic and people, but I did not notice any of that. All the time I was thinking of Alan on the hill, and there was an ice-cold feeling inside me.

In the months that followed, I kept Alan’s silver button safe and often looked at it, remembering our escape through the heather in the wild Highlands. I felt proud to call Alan Breck Stewart my friend, and wondered if I would ever see him again. When I returned to the Highlands to help his clansman, James, I found that my adventures with the Stewarts were far from finished… but that is another story.

5 戴维回了家

我们决定，艾伦藏在田野里而我则步行到昆斯费里去找兰基勒先生。艾伦答应他直到听到我回来才出来。为了确认是我，他教我吹一首盖尔语小曲。我从来没有忘记它。我想这首歌会在我弥留之际时萦绕在我脑中。每当我想起这首歌，我就想到我们一起旅行的最后一天：在草丛中，艾伦躺在我对面吹着口哨，早晨的第一缕阳光抚摸着他的脸。

我很快就到了昆斯费里。当我看到人们奇怪地看着我时，我意识到我的衣服有多么脏，我开始害怕了。兰基勒先生想和我说话吗？我怎样证明我自己？我随身没带任何证明文件。我太羞愧了，以至于不敢向任何市民求助，于是我走来走去，不知道该做什么。

到了正午我又累又饿。我在一座大房子前停住了，那房子窗户洁净，园子里有花，门阶上一条狗卧立着。门突然间开了，一个身材高大、穿着考究、和蔼可亲的人走了出来。

“小伙子，你在这儿干嘛？”他问道。

“我在找兰基勒先生的家，先生。”我答道。

“唔，我就是兰基勒，而且这就是我的家。你是谁？”

“我叫戴维·鲍尔弗。”

“戴维·鲍尔弗？”他重复着，细盯着我。“进来，鲍尔弗先生，我们谈一谈。”

在兰基勒先生舒适的客厅里，我给他讲述了我早年的故事，告诉他我的叔叔买通霍齐亚森船长诱拐了我并把我带到了海上。

律师认真地听着。“我听说霍齐亚森的船两个月前在马尔岛附近沉了。”他说道，“你从那以后一直在干什么？”

“告诉你很容易，先生，”我答道，“但如果告诉你，一位朋友的生命将受到威胁。答应我你不要使他陷入麻烦或向士兵告发他！”

虽然起初他看起来有点担心，但他答应了，我告诉他我其余的冒险经历。我讲时，他闭着眼，看起来像睡着了，但之后不久我发现他明白了并记住了所有事情。

当我提到艾伦·布雷克这个名字时，他睁开了眼并坐正了。“不要用不必要的名字，鲍尔弗先生。”他说道，“律师在讨论苏格兰高地人时得非常小心。我认为我没太听清你朋友的名字。就让我们称他——汤姆森先生吧。”

“当然，”我想，“全苏格兰的人都在谈论艾伦，既然他被指控谋杀了科林·坎贝尔的话。”我确信兰基勒已认出了他的名字。但我只是微微一笑，继续讲我的故事，用汤姆森先生这个名字代替艾伦·布雷克。

“唔，唔，”我讲完以后律师说道，“多惊险的经历啊！你真应该有朝一日把它写下来！我曾经从你在埃森丁的朋友那里听说过你，戴维先生，他们在没有你的消息时曾经写信给我。当时你的叔叔告诉我说他已经给你钱让你在欧洲学习，但我当时就想那不是真的。我想我们都知道埃比尼泽·鲍尔弗先生并不是一个好人或老实人！后来霍齐亚森船长出现了，说他的船下沉时你就不见了。但现在我知道真的发生了什么事。我知道你就是戴维·鲍尔弗。”他慈父般地把手放在我的肩上并继续说：“你可能想知道肖家大院的有关情况。是一个奇特的故事。你父亲亚历山大和他的弟弟埃比尼泽年轻时爱上了同一个女孩。你父亲一直是一个友善的、讨人喜欢的兄弟，所以那个女孩决定嫁给他时他便离开了克莱蒙德并把房子和农田留给了埃比尼泽。唔，我想这是一个大错。所发生的事情是，你的父母一直很穷，而埃比尼泽越来越对金钱感兴趣。他从未结婚，当然了。”

“那么，先生，”我说，“现在又会怎么样呢？”

“既然你的父亲去世了，”律师回答说，“你就拥有肖家大院和周围的农场。但埃比尼泽不会接受，如果他要我们在法庭上证明这一点那将花销很大。事实上我们必须尽可能不去法庭。这次诱拐很难证明，我们也不愿意让别人问一些关于你朋友汤姆森的问题。对，我想我们应该让埃比尼泽留在肖家大院，他在那儿已经待了25年了。而且我们可以要求他每年给你一些钱而不是要他把房子还你。你认为怎么样？”

“那样听起来很棒，先生。”我回答，“但我想我们可以控告我叔叔诱拐了我。证明起来比你想像得容易。听着，”我然后向他描述了我的计划。

他对此很高兴。“是，戴维先生，很好！如果我们能那样套住埃比尼泽的话，他不可能拒绝把本属于你的一些钱还给你！”他大叫他的秘书托伦斯：“你必须今晚和我们一起来，托伦斯。你必须认真听你听到的，并将其记录下来。并且带来与鲍尔弗家族有关的文件。”接着他转身对我说：“但是如果我接受了你的计划，戴维先生，我必须见一下你的朋友汤姆森先生。他可能是，我只是说可能是，一个罪犯。”他沉默了一会儿，沉思着，然后接着说：“好了，让我们聊一下别的什么事情。你知道吗？前几天我在街上看见了托伦斯，但因为当时我没带眼镜，我没有认出他来！我自己的秘书！哈哈！”他还自嘲地开怀大笑。

我礼貌地微微一笑。“可能他变老了，”我想。

但这之后那天晚上，我、兰基勒先生和托伦斯走出昆斯费里后，兰基勒这位律师突然笑着叫道：“唉，我多愚蠢！我忘了我的眼镜！”于是我明白了他为什么给我讲托伦斯的故事。他现在可以见到正被人通缉捉拿的艾伦了，一旦士兵日后问他有关情况，他会讲他从未看清艾伦，也不可能认出他。

当我们靠近艾伦隐蔽的地方时，我用口哨吹起了那首高地小曲。艾伦出来以后，我们对他解释想让他做什么，他欣然同意了。于是我们四个人继续前行，直到到了肖家大院。

那天晚上很黑，窗户也没透出亮光。我叔叔可能上床睡觉了。我、兰基勒先生还有托伦斯藏在台阶下边，离房子近得都可以听清任何谈话，而艾伦径直走向房门并大声敲了起来。过了一会儿之后我叔叔打开了他卧室的窗户，用惊恐的声音对下面叫道：“晚上这个时候你想干什么？你是谁？”

“我不想告诉你我自己的名字，”艾伦回答说，“但我来是想和你谈一下一个人——一个叫戴维的人的事情。”

“什么？！”我叔叔大叫起来。过了一会儿他不快地说：“你能进来以便谈一下——这事吗？”

“我不行，”艾伦机警地说，“我们得在门阶这儿说。下来对我说。”

埃比尼泽考虑了之后，决定做艾伦想要他做的事。他花了很长时间才到楼下，花了更长的时间才打开沉重的大门，但我们终于看到他站在门口，用他发抖的手握着枪。

“现在，”艾伦说道，“你肯定已经看出来我是一个高地人。我有几个朋友住在马尔岛附近。唔，似乎是有一条船在那儿附近沉没了，之后不久我的朋友们在沙滩上发现了一个奄奄一息的小伙子。是你的侄子，鲍尔弗先生。自那之后，他们一直在照顾他。现在他们想知道，鲍尔弗先生，你是否想让他回来。如果你同意，你必须付钱。我的朋友们很穷。”

“我不想让他回来。”我叔叔说，“他那时就不是一个好小伙子。我不会为他付一个先令！”

“血浓于水，先生。”艾伦说，“他是你兄弟的儿子！但是如果你不让他回来，你愿意付我们钱以抚养他吗？而且你必须快一点儿。我不可能在这儿等你一晚上！”

“给我一分钟让我想一想，行不行？”我叔叔叫着。

“两个字，先生，你是让我们杀他还是留他？”

“噢，先生！”埃比尼泽叫道，“不要谈杀！”

“唔，相比之下，杀是较简单、快捷又省钱的办法。”

“我是一个诚实的人，”我叔叔说，“而且不是一个杀人犯。”

“好了，好了，”艾伦说，“你现在愿意付多少钱给我们去抚养他？首先我想知道你付了多少钱给霍齐亚森让他去诱拐这个小伙子。是多少？”

“霍齐亚森？诱拐？你在说什么，伙计？”我叔叔尖叫着，气得在门阶那儿上下乱跳。

“霍齐亚森本人已告诉我这件事，”艾伦镇静地说着，“所以你不用装了。只回答问题，不然你会发现我的剑将刺入你的肚子！”

“别生气，”我叔叔喊着，“我给他20镑，就那么多。但老实和你说——他想把这小伙子当奴隶卖掉，并且独吞那笔钱，你知道。”

“谢谢你，汤姆森先生，那太好了。”律师走上前说。“晚上好，鲍尔弗先生，”他礼貌地对这个老人说。

还有，“晚上好，埃比尼泽叔叔，”我说。

还有，“这真是一个重要的夜晚，鲍尔弗先生，”托伦斯补充道。

我叔叔什么也没说，但张嘴站在台阶上。我们带他进了厨房，坐下来商量事情。一个小时后，一切都定下来了。我叔叔同意肖家大院归我所有，但他要待在那儿度过余生。他同意每年付给我钱，而且兰基勒先生将监督他的行为。

那天晚上我们整夜都待在肖家大院。但当艾伦、托伦斯和兰基勒先生躺在楼上的硬床上睡觉时，我躺在厨房的柜子上，那些现在属于我了。这么多个日日夜夜我一直在山上露天躺着，而现在成了一幢大房子和几个农场的主人。我脑子里满是令人兴奋的计划 and 念头，我发现自己难以入睡。

第二天，当我和兰基勒先生一起用早餐时，我和他说起了艾伦。

“汤姆森先生仍然有危险。”律师说，“他必须尽快离开这个国家，和他在法国的朋友待一段时间。我将给你钱以便给他在船上买个舱位。在此之前他必须一直藏匿着。”

“还有他的同族人，詹姆斯·斯图尔特，即还在监狱里的那位呢？”我问。“我知道他并没有杀害科林·坎贝尔。我看到了谋杀犯！我肯定会在法庭上为詹姆斯·斯图尔特说话的！”

“我亲爱的孩子，”兰基勒说，“每一个在坎贝尔族人的法庭上为斯图尔特人说话的人都会有危险的。但你应该做你认为对的事。我将为你给一个能帮助汤姆森先生的同族人的好律师写封信。”他站起来。“唔，我想我们在这儿的事已经结束了。我现在必须离开，回去做我的工作。常来看我吧，戴维先生！再见！”

我和艾伦开始向爱丁堡走去，而兰基勒先生和托伦斯则折回昆斯费里。我们讨论接下来怎么办。艾伦将躲在爱丁堡城附近的乡下，直到他坐船去法国脱离危险为止。我为他在船上找到了地方时，我将给他送个信。然后我计划回到高地帮助詹姆斯·斯图尔特回到自己的家。

我和艾伦慢慢地走着。我们都想着不久后我们将各自离去。而且我们曾经在一起经历这么多事情！我们走到科西托芬小山的山顶的时候停了下来，俯瞰着爱丁堡。我们知道已经到了说再见的时候了，但我们在那儿静静地站了片刻。

“好了，再见，”艾伦说着，并伸出了他的手。

“再见，”我说，并握住了他的手。然后我下山去。我没有回头看他，但我感到很难受，并想坐在地上像小孩子一样大哭一场。

爱丁堡声音嘈杂，车水马龙，人群熙攘，但我一点儿没有注意到那些。我一直想小山上的艾伦，心里感到冰冷。

之后的岁月里，我一直珍藏着艾伦的银扣，并且经常拿出来看一看，回忆着我们一起在荒凉的高地石南丛中逃跑的事。我为能把艾伦·布雷克·斯图尔特当自己的朋友而自豪，我不知道我能否还能再见到他。当我回到高地去帮助他的族人詹姆斯时，我发现我和斯图尔特人在一起的历险还远未结束……但那是另外一个故事了。

图 书：公正

作 者：蒂姆·维卡里

[1 Bomb](#)

[2 Anna](#)

[3 ‘ I Made Him Happy ’](#)

[4 Phone Call](#)

[5 ‘You Must Believe Me!’](#)

[6 In the Tunnel](#)

内容简介：

恐怖分子不在乎杀害谁或作害谁；对别人是否公正他们并不感兴趣，他们感兴趣的只是炸弹、枪支、杀人，然后如何逃脱法律责任。但是在有警察、法律和监狱以前，人们用一种更古老的方法来讨回公道，那就是以眼还眼，以牙还牙，以命抵命……

作者简介：

本书作者蒂姆·维卡里是一位很有经验的教师和作家。作已为牛津出版社写下许多故事，而且还出版了两本小说：《红玫瑰上的血》及《猫和老鼠》。他现在居住和工作在英格兰北部的约克。

1 Bomb

‘Look! ’ Jane Cole said. ‘ Here she comes now ! ’

The two Americans looked along the street. There were crowds of people everywhere. In the middle of, the road, soldiers were riding towards them on horseback. Behind them came a golden coach, pulled by six black horses.

‘That’ s my father, ’ Janesaid. ‘He’ s the coachman—the man driving the horses, ’

The American woman said, ‘Fantastic! Your father’s driv-ing the Queen! Quick, Harry, use the video camera! ’

‘I am using it! ’ her husband said. ‘But she’ s too far away. Can’t we get a little nearer, Jane?’

‘We can try, ’ Jane said. ‘Follow me!’ She ‘took them nearer to the entrance to Parliament.”This is where the coach will stop and the Queen will get out. Then she’ll go upstairs to open Parliament for this year. ’

‘Didn’t~put a bomb under your Parliament once?, the American man asked. ‘I read about that at school. Guy... something?’

‘Guy Fawkes, ’ Jane said. ‘In 1605. He tried to blow up Parliament, that’s right . But don’t worry . There’s no Guy Fawkes here today. ’

She smiled at the Americans, She was a student, and this was her part-time job—to show tourists round London. She felt proud to show them her father, driving the Queen on a wonderful day like this.

Then the Queen’s coach~past in front of them, the golden roof bright in the sunlight.

There were people everywhere, trying to take photos. Jane saw a woman with red-brown hair behind the American man, pressing the button of her camera. That’s stupid, Jane thought, she can only see the backs of people’s heads there. The woman shook her—angrily; there seemed to be something wrong with it . The American~pulled Jane forward, laughing happily. ‘Come on, ’ she said, ‘let’s get to the front! Use that video, Harry! ’

Alan Cole stopped the coach outside Parliament, and sat there, quietly holding the horses. A man opened the. coach door, and Prince Charles and the Duke of Edinburgh got out. Then the Queen got out. She was wearing a long white dress, and carrying a gold handbag. She walked slowly towards the entrance to the building.

‘Excuse me, please, ’ the woman with red-brown hair said. ‘ I must get closer. ’ She pushed, past Jane and held out her small black camera.

‘Oh, all right, ’ Jane said. ‘But, ... my God ! ’

There was a loud BANG! Jane saw a bright white light in front of her eyes, and felt a terrible hot wind on her face. The wind threw her backwards, and she fell to the ground with a lot of other people. For a moment she lay there, not thinking, not seeing.

Per eyes were open but she saw nothing. Only...blue sky. She heard nothing. Only...silence. Her body felt no pAin. But she could smell something. Smoke.

Smoke? she thought . I don’t understand. Why smoke? And this blue sky. Where am I?

Then the screaming began.

The screaming was high and loud and terrible: It didn’t sound human . It went on and on and on.

Jane~a hand in front of her, on the ground. A man’s hand with blood on it. And broken glass. She moved her head and~broken glass everywhere, and blood, and bodies lying on the ground, She stood up slowly.

For a moment she thought everyone was dead. There~bodies everywhere, but no~was moving. Then&man ran across the road, and one of the bodies moved, The body wasn, human; it~a horse. As it moved, it screamed. The horse tried to stand up, but it couldn’t, be—cause it only had three legs. There~blood all round the horse, and a big bit of wood in its stomach.

The Queen’s coach was broken into a thousand pieces, and there were bits of wood and clothes and bodies everywhere.

The bodies looked like broken dolls.

“ Dad! ” she screamed. ‘Oh God—my father! ’

She ran quickly towards the coach. A policeman with a bloody hand tried to stop her, but she pushed him away.

My father’s over there! ’ she screamed.

“At first she couldn’t finch him. There were so many bodies—and so much blood! She, w the horse in the middle of a great lake of blood, trying to get up on its front leg. There was blood coming from the horse’s nose and stomach— and under the back legs, something that looked like...

A body . A man. ‘Father! ’

Alan Cole was covered with blood and his face was as white as paper. When he saw Jane, he opened his eyes and screamed. ‘It’s my leg! My leg—get this horse off me! ’

His leg was under the back of the horse, ‘which was moving wildly, trying to get up. Each time the horse moved, it fell on Alan Cole’s leg, and he screamed.

Jane ran and pushed the horse but it was too big, too heavy. She pulled its tail but that was no good. It tried to get up and fell on her father’s leg again, twice. She could hear his bones breaking. Then a policeman came and held the horse’s leg, Jane held its tail, and another policeman held Alan’s arms. Jane and the first policeman pulled the horse to one side, while the second policeman pulled Alan free • The horse screamed, eked Jane on the shoulder, and died.

Jane went in the ambulance with her father to the hospital. There were lots of people there. She heard a reporter talking on the telephone to his office.

‘Five, ’ he said. ‘Five dead, and about thirty are very badly hurt. It was a bomb—it must be terrorists. But the Queen is safe • She was inside Parliament with her hush and Prince Charles and . . . ,

‘Never mind the bloody Queen!’ Jane thought. ‘What about my father?’

The doctors took Alan away from Jane, and she had to sit and wait. Her shoulder was hurt, but not badly. For nearly four hours she walked up and down, drank coffee, and thought: why?

Why try to kill the Queen—how will that help anyone? Why kill tourists and soldiers outside Parliament? Why try to kill my father?

Jane’s father was the most important person in the world to her. When he was a soldier, she had travelled around the world with him. He had taught her to climb mountains, win judo fights, ride horses, sail boats—he was a great father. Now, she thought, he may be dead.

At midnight, a young Indian doctor came to see her. He ~tired and serious. He looked at her sadly.

‘It’s bad news, isn’t it?’ Jane said. ‘Is he dead?’

‘No, Miss Cole,’ the doctor said. ‘We have saved your father’s life. But I am afraid...’ He hesitated.

‘Yes? What then? Please—tell me!’

‘I am afraid he has lost his leg. It was too badly broken – we had to cut it off.’

‘Oh my God!’ Jane sat down suddenly. ‘You cut his leg off!’ She stared at the doctor and thought: Dad will never be able to climb or ride or sail again. Oh, poor man! It’s than being dead! She began to cry.

‘I’m very sorry, miss,’ the doctor said. ‘We had to do it, to save his life. He’ll get an artificial leg. He’ll learn to use it. At least he’s alive...’

‘Yes, I suppose so.’ Jane looked up. ‘I’m sorry, doctor. I’m sure you did your best. Can I see him now?’ ‘Yes, of course. The nurse will show you...’

In the hospital bed, Alan Cole lay quietly. His face was as white as the sheets on the bed, but when Jane came in, he opened his eyes slowly. Jane took one of his hands in hers. The hand was cold, like ice.

‘Janie? Are you all right?’

‘Me? I’m fine, Dad. And you’re going to be OIL too, aren’t you? The doctor told me.’

He closed his eyes, and for a long time he didn’t answer. Perhaps he’s asleep again, Jane thought. Then, very quietly, Alan Cole said, ‘Stay with me, Janie.’

‘Of course, Dad. I’m not going anywhere.’ Jane sat down on a chair beside the bed. ‘You sleep now.’

Her father closed his eyes, and the nurse smiled at Jane. ‘Would you like a cup of tea, miss?’

‘Yes, please,’ Jane said. ‘It’s going to be a long night.’ She held her father’s hand, and watched him sleeping. He looks happy now, she thought. Like a baby.

But, what will he say when, ‘fell him about the leg?’

Next day, the doctor told Alan about his leg. Jane sat by the bed and held his hand while he listened. He didn’t ‘say anything, but tears came into his eyes...’

‘I’m very sorry, Mr Cole,’ the doctor said. ‘But we had to do it. Your leg was broken in forty places and you lost a lot of blood. You’re lucky to be alive.’

‘Lucky!’ Alan Cole said angrily, ‘With this? Damn it, man, I’ll never walk again!’

‘Oh yes, you will, Mr Cole. We’ll get you an artificial leg. They’re very good — they move like an ordinary leg. No one will see it under your trousers.’

‘And will I be able to ride horses with it, or swim, or climb mountains?’

‘Well, perhaps not...’ The doctor hesitated. ‘We’ll do our best for you, Mr Cole, believe me. Now, here’s something to help you sleep. ‘You’ll feel better later.’

All day, Jane waited in the hospital. She drank tea, read newspapers; had a meal, and held her father’s hand as he slept. No one came to visit. Her mother was dead; and her brother lived in Australia. At four o’clock her father woke up, and looked at her with big frightened eyes.

‘Janie?’ he said.

‘Yes, Dad.’

‘What happened? The doctor said there was a bomb, didn’t he? And – I lost my leg. But...I can’t remember.’

Very quietly, Jane told him what she had seen. Then she read the newspaper aloud.

Five people have died, and forty are in hospital. One man from the Queen’s coach, lost a leg, and the other three are dead. But the Queen, Prince Charles, and the Duke of Edinburgh were not hurt. Yesterday some Irish terrorists rang the BBC to say they exploded the bomb. ‘We are sorry that ordinary people died,’ they said. ‘We meant to kill the Queen, not them. But accidents happen sometimes. The Queen was lucky this time, because the bomb exploded too late. But she has to be lucky every time. We only have to be lucky once.’

‘My God!’ Alan said. ‘The bastards! Who...who died?’

‘One policeman, a tourist, and three coachmen,’ Jane said. ‘You were the only coachman who didn’t die.’

‘Oh no.’ Alan’s eyes were filled with tears. ‘George, Bernard, John—dead! What harm had they ever done to the Irish, or to anyone? Why did the Irish have to kill them with their bloody bomb? There’s no justice in this life, is there?’

‘Well, perhaps the police will...’ Jane began.

‘Yes, I hope they catch those murdering Irish bastards, I really do. I hope they lock them in prison until they die. That’s what I hope. By God, I do!’

‘Of course they will, Dad.’ Jane stroked her father’s hand softly. ‘The police are out there now, looking for the

bombers.They’ them before to long.’

That night Alan was moved to another hospital ,where they would fit him with an artificial leg,Jane went with him and slept in a visitor's room there. In the morning she bought a newspaper . She was right about the police: 'They've got them, Dad!' she said. 'Read this!'

Police yesterday arrested two Irishmen who they think put a bomb in me Queen's coach last week . The police said, 'Last week the coach went to a factory in south Loadon to have new wheels fitted, and we believe the bomb was placed in the each there. The two Irishmen worked at this factory, and two days before the bombing, they went on holiday to Ireland. We think the bomb had a clock in it, which was meant to explode at eleven o'clock outside Parliament. Luckily for the Queen, the bomb exploded after she had left the coach.'

Alan Cole put the newspaper down slowly . He looked pleased. 'Thank God for that, ' he said.

But why did they want the bomb to explode outside Parlia-ment?' Jane asked. 'The Queen was in the coach for twenty minutes—why not blow the coach up earlier?'

'I don't know. Perhaps they wanted good pictures on TV, ' That night Alan was moved to another hospital, where they would fit him with an artificial leg. Jane went Alan said. 'It was lucky for the Queen. But not lucky for me, or for the poor people who were killed.'

'No. ' ,f avee put her han on her father's, and remembered those minutes outside Parliament. The American map using his video camera, and the woman with red-brown hair shaking her camera angrily.Then...she shut her eyes,and saw the smoke, and the horse screaming, and the blood and bodies everywhere ...

What kind of people could do that?

'I sune the terrorists watched it on TV. ' she said. 'They were in iretana wnen zne oomu exptvaca.'

'I expect they did, ' Alan said. 'I expect they were .laugh-ing as people died.But I'm pleased the police have caught them. Now perhaps they'll lease me t,lane. '

'Who? The police? Dad, what do you. mean?'

Alan sighed. 'Well, yesterday they came to ask me about the night before the boriibing.I went back to the Mews at about ten o'clock that night, you know, 'to look at a horse with a bad leg. I often do that . They asked if I saw anything strange, or looked at the coach.'

'And what did you tell them?'

Alan looked angry. 'What do you think, Janie? Of course I saw nothing strange! I was looking at the horse; not the coach . And we were only there half an hour.

'We, Dad?, Jane asked. 'Was someone with you?'

Alan hesitated. 'Well, yes...a lady friend of mine, Anna. You haven', met her, Janie, but I've told her about you . She's nice, you'll like her. She sometimes comes to see the horses with me. '

'Jane felt embarrassed. After-her mother had died four years ago 'Jane had lived at home with her father. Once, he had brought a woman home to the house, but Jane had had a terrible argument with . her, and the woman had left . There had been no other women, until Jane left home to go to university. Now...?

Well, her father was an adult, of course he could have woman friends. But Jane hated it. She had loved her mother too much. And she loved her father too.

'What kind of woman is she?' she asked angrily.

He's 'my father, she thought - I don't want another woman taking him away from me.

'Tall . Pretty. Red-brown hair. She likes horses and...films .We go to the cinema a lot.'

'is she in love with you?'

'Well...perhaps, Janie, I don't know. I've only known her a few weeks. You'll like her, Janie, she's good fun '

Jane was still angry, she couldn't stop herself. 'Then why isn't she here? Why hasn't she come to visit you?'

Now Alan looked embarrassed. 'Well, I was going to ask you, Janie...she doesn't have a phone, you see, and...perhaps she thinks I'm dead, like the others. God knows what she'll think of a man with one leg, but I do want to see her...so I've written this letter.Could you post it for me, Janie? Please.'

Jane took the letter and read the address. Anna Barry, 14 Bowater Gardens, London NE11.

'Dad, your name was in the newspapers. This woman can read, can't she? She must know you're alive. '

'Yes, but...perhaps she doesuxt know which hospital. I don't know. Janie, please — don't be difficult. '

'Have you told the police about this woman, Dad? '

'Not yet. '

'Why not? They'll ask. her questions, won't they?'

Alan sighed. 'Yes, I suppose so •I warned her about that in the letter.Perhaps that's why she hasn't come.You.see...it's a bit difficult, Janie. Anna has a husband...and so it will be embarrassing for her if he finds out about, a'. Perhaps the police will want to, ask her husband questions, too, and then terell be all kinds of trouble. '

'I see, ' Jane said. She felt miserable. My own father, she thought, is in love with a married woman. Then she saw the tears in his eyes, and his tired white face; and felt angry with herself, not him. why, she thought, shouldn't my. father fall in love? It happens to everyone, and you can't always choose the best person. Now he's here with only one leg and I'm angry with him. I'm his daughter, I should help him! Perhaps this Anna really is a nice woman, with a cruel husband.

She smiled, and said, 'I'm sorry, Dad. Of course I'll post your letter. But...isn't it a bit, dangerous, sending. letter? f-ller husband could read it. '

‘No, it’s OK. Bowater Gardens is just where she’s living at the moment . It isn’t her home. I don’t know where her husband lives . I don’t want to know. ’ He..smiled and took her hand. ‘She’s a lovely woman, Janie, really she is . You’ll like her if you meet her, you know. ’ Outside the hospital, Jane walked” slowly down the street.

She felt sad, and a little lonely. I wish my mother was still alive, she thought. I wish Mum was -alive now, sitting with Dad in—the hospital. I don’t want all, these problems. —Why does Dad need another woman?

Oh Mum, why did you die? I need someone to talk to.

She took the letter out of her pocket and looked at it. I wonder what this Anna Barry is like, she thought. Perhaps she is nice, like Dad says. Perhaps I could talk to her . Per-haps she really does love Dad; perhaps she can help me look after him.

But why hasn’t she come to see him?

She looked at the address again. 14 Bowater Gardens, London NE11, That wasn’t far from her own student flat.

Why not take the letter myself? she thought. Then, if this Anna opens the door, I can talk to her myself . If I meet her, at least I’ll find out what she’s like.

Jane put the letter in her bag and walked quickly to the underground station. Am I full of anger, she wondered, or hope?

14 Bowater Gardens was an old house in a quiet street in north London . Jane took the letter out of her bag, and rang the bell . Nothing happened.

Damn! she thought. She rang again. Still no answer. She tried the door, but it was locked. So she put the letter—through the letter-box and turned away.

Then she stopped, I’ve come all this way to meet this woman, Jane thought, and I want to know what she’s like. She’s important to my father, so she’s important to me. I’ll wait.

As she stood there, a woman came out of the next-door house. She had grey hair and the kind of face that enjoys watching the neighbours and talking about them.

‘They’ve gone; there’s no use waiting,’ the woman said. ‘I saw you ring the bell so I came to tell you. ’

‘Are you sure?’ Jane said. ‘I was looking for Anna. ’

‘The girl with red hair? That’s right, she did live here, but she moved out with her boyfriend two days ago. It was the morning of that terrible bomb — that’s why I remember it. The house. is empty now. I had. a look through the windows, and they’ve taken everything ‘

Boyfriend! So Anna had another lover, Jane thought. Not just Dad. My poor, poor father!

‘Did you know them well?’ the woman asked.

“No, not really, ’ Jane said. ‘I just wanted to ……’

‘They were only here about three months, ’ the woman went on. ‘They weren’t very friendly • Never said good morn-ing or anything like that . They were Irish, I think. Well, he was . There’s a lot of Irish around here. ’

Jane began to move away from the door, and the woman added, helpfully, ‘perhaps your friend will write to you. ’

‘Yes . Perhaps. ’ Jane smiled at her and walked sadly down the street.

So that was the kind — of woman Anna, Was. She probably never loved my father at all, Jane thought. How am I going to tell him? Poor Dad! Perhaps I’ll just say that I posted the let-ter, and not tell him that I came to the house and found out about her.’

But Jane wasn’t very good at lying, and she didn’t want to look at her father’s sad eyes and tired white face. Let him hope for a few more hours, she thought . I’ll go home now and tell him something tomorrow.

She hadn’t been back to her flat since the bombing. ‘She loved having her own home. It was only one big bedroom real-ly, with a small bathroom and a kitchen, But it was her own place; she could do what she liked there.

She shut the door, then took off her coat and threw it on the bed . Then she heard the bathroom door slowly open be-hind her. She jumped round, her heart beating fast with fear, and saw a woman standing in the doorway!

‘Who the hell are you?’ she screamed . A thief, she thought. Jane had learned judo from her father; she knew what to do . She grabbed the woman’s arm and threw her to-wards the bed. But as the woman fell, she grabbed Jane’s hair, pulling it forwards, to stop herself from falling. Jane screamed, and pushed a hand into the woman’s face, harder and harder until her hair was free. Then she hit the woman in the face and the woman fell to .the floor. Jane stepped back, looked at her, and saw…

A man coming out of the kitchen. He had cold grey eyes and a thin hard smile and worst of all he had a gun in his hand. He said, ‘Don’t. ’

Jane stood still, shaking. ‘Don’t what?’

‘Move. Or talk. Don’t do anything. ’ The little black hole in the end of the gun watched her, like a cold eye.

The woman got up off the floor, pulled Jane onto a chair, and tied her hands behind her. Then Jane remembered that there were people in the other flats, and opened her mouth to scream. The man hit her in the face.

‘Don’t even think about it, ’ he said. He took a long piece of cloth out of his pocket and tied it twice round her head, covering her mouth and the lower part of her face. Jane felt her body shaking with fear. Who were these people? What did they want with her? She stared at the man’s cold hard face, the woman’s blue eyes and red-brown hair. She thought she had seen the woman before. But where?

The woman tied Jane’s legs to the chair. The little buck eye of the grin was only a few centf-her watched her and smiled. ‘ Just sit still and be sensible, little girl,’ he said. ‘Then perhaps. youll’live a few hours longer’

2 安娜

那晚, 阿兰被转到另一座医院, 他们要在那儿给他装一只假腿。简也跟着一起去了, 在那儿的一间探视室里睡了一觉。早晨, 她买了一张

报纸。她对警察的猜测是对的。“他们已经抓住了那些人，爸爸！”她说道，“看这个！”

警方昨天抓获了两名被认为上周在女王马车中放炸弹的爱尔兰人。警方说：“上周那辆马车曾到伦敦南部的一家工厂安装新轮子，我们相信就是在那里安放炸弹的。那两名爱尔兰人在这家工厂工作，炸弹爆炸两天前他们却到爱尔兰度假去了。我们认为炸弹上安装了定时器，定在11点在国会大厦外爆炸。对女王来讲幸运的是，炸弹在女王离开了马车之后才爆炸。”

阿兰·科尔慢慢放下报纸。他看上去很高兴。“感谢上帝，”他说。

“但是他们为什么要让炸弹在国会外边爆炸呢？”简问，“女王在马车里呆了20分钟—为什么不早点炸飞马车呢？”

“不知道，也许他们想让画面在电视上更好看些。”阿兰说，“对女王来说很幸运，可我却不走运，还有那些被炸死的人。”

“是啊。”简把手放在父亲的手上，回想起国会门外的那几分钟。那个美国男人用摄像机拍摄，那个长着棕红色头发的女人生气地摇着照相机。然后……她合上了双眼，仿佛看到了那浓烟，那马的嘶鸣状以及四处的鲜血和尸体……

会是什么样的人干的呢？

“我想恐怖分子已经在电视上看到了那场面。”她说，“炸弹爆炸时他们正在爱尔兰。”

“我想他们看了，”阿兰说，“我想人们死的时候他们正在笑。但我很高兴警察已经抓到了他们。也许他们现在可以让我清静一下了。”

“谁？警察吗？爸爸，您是什么意思？”

阿兰叹了口气。“唉，他们昨天来问我爆炸前一天晚上的事。我那天晚上十点左右回到马厩，你知道，是去看看那匹坏了一条腿的马。我常那样做。他们问我是否看到有什么异常或是看没看过那马车。”

“那您跟他们说什么了呢？”

阿兰生气了。“你怎么想呢，简妮？”我当然没看到有什么异常！我是去看马，又不是去看马车。而且我们就在那儿呆了半个小时。”

“我们，爸爸？”简问道，“有别人和您在一起吗？”

阿兰犹豫了一下。“啊，是啊……我的一个女朋友，安娜。你还没见过她，简妮，但我已经跟她提起过你了。她很好，你会喜欢她的。她有时和我一起去看马。”

简感到不太自然。四年前妈妈去世以后，她和爸爸住在家里。爸爸曾带回家一个女人，但简和那女人大吵了一顿，那女人就走了。从那以后就再也没有别的女人来过，直到简离开了家去上大学。现在……？

然而，父亲是大人，当然可以有女朋友。但简不喜欢。她太爱母亲，也爱父亲。

“她是什么样的女人？”她不高兴地问。

他是我的父亲，她想—我不想让别的女人把他从我身边抢走。

“高个儿。很漂亮。棕红色的头发。她喜欢马和……电影。我们经常一起去着电影。”

“她和您在恋爱吗？”

“啊…可能吧，简妮，我不知道。我刚认识她几个星期。你会喜欢她的，简妮，她很有意思。”

简还是不高兴，她无法控制自己的情绪。“那么她为什么没来这儿？她为什么没来看您呢？”

阿兰现在着上去很尴尬。“哦，我正想请你，简妮……你看，她没有电话，而且……也许她以为我已经死了，就像别人一样。一上帝知道她会怎么看待一个只有一条腿的男人，但我真的想见她，……所以我写了这封信。你能帮我寄这封信吗，简妮？劳驾了。”

简拿过信看了看地址：安娜·芭瑞，堡握特花园14号，伦敦NE11。

“爸爸：您的名字登在报纸上。这个女人认得字，对吧？她应该知道您还活着。”

“是啊，可是…也许她不知道我在哪家医院。我不知道。简妮，请——，别太难说话了。”

“您和警察谈起过这个女人吗，爸爸？”

“还没有。”

“为什么没有？他们会问她一些问题，是不是？”

‘阿兰叹气道：“是啊，我想是。我在信中警告她了。也许那就是她不来的原因。你知道……事儿有点儿困难，简妮。安娜有丈夫……所以要是她丈夫知道了我们的事儿，她会很难堪。也许警察也会问她丈夫一些问题，那就会有各种各样的麻烦。”

“我明白了，”简说。她感到很难过。我父亲爱上了一个有夫之妇，她想。接着，她看到父亲眼中的泪水和他那苍白而疲惫的面孔；于是她生自己的而不是父亲的气。为什么爸爸就不能恋爱？她想。每个人都会恋爱，不可能谁都能选择最好的人。现在他在这儿，只剩一条腿了，我还生他的气。我是他女儿，我应帮他！也许这个安娜真是有个残酷的丈夫的好女人。

她微笑着，说：“对不起，爸爸。我当然会帮您寄信的。但是……寄信不是有点儿不安全吗？她丈夫会看到的。”

“不，没事的。堡握特花园只是她现在住的地方，不是她的家。我不知道她丈夫住哪儿。我不想知道。”阿兰微笑着，并握住简的手。“她是个可爱的女人，简妮，真的。你见到她时会喜欢她的，你知道，

医院外面简慢慢地沿着马路走着。她感到伤心，还有点儿孤独。我真希望妈妈还活在世上，她想，要是妈妈还活着，就坐在医院里爸爸身边多好啊！我不想有这些问题。为什么爸爸还需要另一个女人呢？

唉，妈妈，您为什么要死呢？我真想和某个人说说心里话。

她从口袋里掏出那封信并看了看。我不知道这个安娜·芭瑞什么样，她想着。也许真像爸爸说的那样她的确很好。也许我能对她谈谈。也许她真的爱爸爸；也许她可以帮我照顾爸爸。

但是她为什么不来看爸爸呢？

她又看了一遍地址：堡握特花园14号，伦敦NE11。离她自己的学生公寓不太远。

为什么不亲自送去呢？她想。那样，如果安娜出来开门，我就可以亲自服她说话了。要是我见着她，至少可以知道她是什么样子。

简把信放回包里，快速走向地铁站。她问自己：我是满怀怨恨呢，还是满怀希望？

堡握特花园14号是伦敦北城的一条安静的街道上的一座老房子。简掏出信，按了按门铃。可什么也没有发生。

该死！她想。她又按了一次。还是没有人。她试着推了推门，可门锁着。于是她把信塞进信箱，转身就走。接着她又停了下来。

我来这儿就是为了见这个女人，简想，想知道她是什么样。她对我父亲很重要，所以对我很重要。我等着吧。

她正站在那儿时，从邻居家出来一位妇女。这位妇女长着灰色的头发和一张可以看出她爱打听邻居的事并议论他们的脸。

“他们已经走了，你在这儿等没用。”那女人说，“我看见你在按门铃，所以来告诉你。”

“你肯定吗？”简说，“我找安娜。”

“长着红头发的那个女孩？没错，她住过这儿，但两天前就和男朋友搬走了。就是爆炸那天早晨——所以我记得这事。现在屋子已经空了。我从窗子往里看过，他们把所有的东西都带走了。”

男朋友！那么说安娜还有一个情人，简想，不止是我爸爸！我可怜的，可怜的爸爸！

“你和他们熟吗？”女人问。

“不，真不熟。，简说，“我只是想……”

“他们才在这儿住了三个月左右，”那女人接着说，“他们不太友好。从不说早晨好或那一类的话。我想他们是爱尔兰人。对，那个男的是。这儿周围有很多爱尔兰人。”

简开始往门远处走；那女人想带帮她，就又加了一句：“也许你的朋友会给你写信。”

“是的，也许会，”简朝从笑了笑，而后惆怅地沿街走着。

那么说安娜就是那种人。她可能从没爱过父亲，简想。我怎么告诉他呢？可怜的父亲！要不我只告诉他我已经把信寄了，不告诉他我已经来过而且知道她是个什么人。

但是简不太会说谎，而且她也不想着父亲那双悲伤的眼睛和那张疲惫而苍白的脸。让他再盼几个小时吧，她想，我现在先回家，明天再告诉他什么。

从爆炸事件后，她还没回过自己的公寓。她喜欢拥有自己的家。那仅是一间大卧室，外带一个小卫生间和一个厨房。但这是她自己的地方，她在那儿可以干自己喜欢干的事。

她关上门，然后脱下大衣并把它扔到床上。接着，她听见卫生间的门在身后慢慢地开了。她跳转过身来，吓得心怦怦直跳，看到一个女人就站在门口！

“你到底是谁？”她惊叫道。是个贼，她想。简跟父亲学过柔道，她知道该怎么办。她抓住那女人的胳膊，把她掷向床头。可那女人为了不摔倒，往下倒时抓住了简的头发，把它向前拉扯着。简尖叫着，伸出一只手去抓着那女人的脸，越来越使劲地抓着，直到她的头发被松开了。然后简一掌打在那女人脸上，那女人摔倒在地。简向后退了退，看了她一眼，并看到……

一个男人从厨房出来。他有一双冰冷的、灰色的眼睛，脸上有一丝淡淡的、生硬的微笑，最糟的是他手里有一把枪。他说：“不要。”

简站在那儿一动不动，浑身发抖。“不要什么？”

“不要动。不要说话。不要做任何事。”枪端那黑洞洞的小枪眼注视着她，就像一只冰冷的眼睛。

那女人从地上站起来，把简拉到椅子上，把她的手捆在背后。其时简想起别的公寓里有人，就张嘴喊起来。那男人打了她一个耳光。

“你想也别想，”他说。他从兜里掏出一个长布条，围着简的头绕了两圈，包住了她的嘴和下半边脸。简觉得自己的身体在吓得发抖。这些人是谁？他们要她干什么？她盯着那男人冷酷而生硬的脸及那女人蓝色的眼睛和棕红色的头发。她觉得以往见过那女人。可是在哪儿呢？

那女人把简的腿绑在椅子上。黑洞洞的小枪眼离她的脸仅几厘米远。那男人注视着她，微笑着。“老实坐着，放聪明点儿，小姑娘。”他说，“那样的话也许你还能多活几个小时。”

Alan Cole lay in his bed, listening to a bird singing in the hospital garden. It was nearly dark outside now, and very quiet. He liked to lie like this, remembering.

He remembered the way Anna had kissed him, and looked into his eyes. He remembered her red-brown hair, her blue eyes, the soft, dry touch of her lips, her deep, happy laugh. She liked to drink whisky before they made love, and afterwards, she often held his head on her chest and stroked his hair.

I loved that, he remembered. I felt like a child again, safe and comfortable. Sometimes I fell asleep.

And then what? On the night before the bombing, he and Anna had been out for a meal in a restaurant. Then they had gone to the Mews to look at the horses. The guards knew she was his girlfriend, so they didn't think it was unusual. One of the horses, Sandman, had hurt his leg that morning, Alan remembered. In the evening the leg had been hot, so he had put ice on it. Lucky Sandman, Alan thought—he couldn't pull the coach next day, so he was still alive now.

Afterwards they went back to his house and made love. Anna had been very excited, Alan remembered, it had been very good. Then he had slept until morning. He woke at six o'clock and dressed quietly, but she woke up just before he. Alan Cole lay in his bed, listening to a bird singing in the hospital garden. It was nearly dark outside now, and tlt. She opened her eyes, smiled at him, and held out her arms to him sleepily. He kissed her, and she said, "Goodbye,

That was the last time he had seen her.

He was still thinking about Anna when he drove the Queen's coach to Parliament, with the six fine horses in front of him. For a moment he thought he saw her in the crowd, watching...

Alan didn't want to think about what had happened next. He stared into the darkness outside the hospital window and thought: why hasn't she come to see me?

Perhaps she never really loved me, he thought. Perhaps she's gone back to her husband, or found a younger man. It's cruel and painful, but I can't change it. I'll never see her again.

He remembered her warm body next to his, and the way she whispered his name. There must be another reason. She loves me, I know she does. She'll come to see me when she gets my letter.

I wish Jane could meet her.

Outside, night had fallen, and the birds had stopped singing. Alan Cole lay quietly on his bed, the tears running slowly down his face.

Jane sat on the chair in her flat and listened to the man and the woman arguing in her kitchen. She could hear, but she couldn't speak or see, because the man had put a bag over her head. Her arms and legs were still tied to the chair, and her face ached where the man had hit her.

She tried to get her hands free. She pulled as hard as she could, but the rope just burned her wrists. All she could do was listen to the voices in the kitchen.

'We must phone him now, Kev. We can't wait.'

'We've got to wait. It's too dangerous to do it from here, Anna. Wait until we're ready to go.'

Anna! Jane thought. Was this her father's Anna? No, no, lots of women were called Anna.

'But we can't go until tonight,' Anna said. 'There are too many people around during the day. And every minute is important! Perhaps Cole has already talked to the police about me. Oh God, I wish the bomb had killed him with the others!'

'Well, it didn't. And it didn't kill the Queen.'

Jane's body was shaking. This was her father's Anna! The woman was talking about her father, and the bomb. And then Jane remembered where she had seen the woman before.

Outside Parliament, with a camera, shaking it angrily. Taking photos of the back of people's heads, Then pushing forwards to get closer, pressing the camera button again...a second before the bomb exploded.

The voices in the kitchen stopped. The door opened, some one came into the room. What now?

Jane heard the click of "gun."

'Phone call for you, Mr Cole. You're popular. today, aren't you?' The nurse smiled, pushed the telephone table next to his bed, and went out.

Alan picked up the phone. 'Hello?'

'Mr Cole? This is Detective David Hall. You remember I came to see you yesterday. I'm ringing because I've got a few more questions to ask you. Is it all right if I come over to see you now?'

'Er...well, I suppose so. But I've told you everything I know.'

'Yes, I'm sure. But it's just that we have to get all the facts right. I'll come over now. Is that OK?'

'Yes, fine. I...'

'Great! See you in a few minutes, then.'

Alan put the phone down sleepily. He felt old, and tired, and very, very lonely. Perhaps I'll ring Jane later when this man's gone, he thought. I hope she remembered to post the letter.

Kev pulled the bag off Jane's head and she saw the gun a few centimetres from her eyes. 'I'm going to untie this cloth round your mouth,' Kev said. 'If you scream, I'll put a bullet through your head. This gun is silenced, no one will hear anything.'

They untied the cloth and pulled her chair over to the wall, where the phone was. The gun was pointing at her head all the time.

‘Do just what we tell you,’ Anna said. ‘And everything will be all right.’

Jane was suddenly wild. with anger. She said, ‘You’re Anna, aren’t you? My father loves you — he thinks you’re wonderful. But you don’t care about him at all, do you? You wish the bomb had killed him.’

‘Of course I care about him,’ Anna said softly. ‘He’s very important to me. That’s why I’m going to phone him now, and you’re going to talk to him too.’

Jane stared at her, then at Kev. ‘Why?’

Anna laughed. ‘I’m going to ask him to keep our love a secret. I have a very difficult husband, you know.’

What’s the woman talking about? Jane thought. What does all this mean? Then, suddenly, a lot of things came together in her mind, and everything became clear. Anna had been with her father in the Mews on the night before the bombing. In the kitchen Anna had spoken about her father talking to the police. Jane could hear from Kev’s voice that he was Irish, and he and Anna had moved out of Bowater Gardens on the morning of the bombing. Later, Anna had been outside Parliament, doing strange things with a camera when the bomb exploded. If it was a camera. Perhaps it had been a radio, sending a signal to the bomb. Oh God!

‘You’re the terrorists, aren’t you?’ she whispered. ‘You did it, Anna. You put the bomb in the Queen’s coach. You exploded it with a camera. I saw you, outside Parliament. You’re terrorists—murderers! terrorists, both of you!’

Kev smiled coldly. ‘Well, well. What a clever little girl! But you’re wrong. The police have arrested the terrorists. It was in the newspapers this morning.’

‘So? They’re the wrong men, aren’t they? It—you two, I know it was! You killed five people, and took away my father’s leg, and now two innocent men will go to prison for thirty years, for something you did. But you don’t care.’

Kev’s eyes were suddenly full of hate. ‘Care? About what? We’re fighting to free Ireland. If the British put the wrong people in prison, that’s not our problem. We care about staying free. That’s good for Ireland.’

‘Yes, and I suppose it’s good for Ireland to use innocent people like my father—to make love to him just because you wanted to get into the Mews to put the bomb in the coach. Did you enjoy that, Anna? Do you feel proud of it?’

Anna laughed, a strange, quiet, cruel laugh. ‘Yes, of course I enjoyed it, little girl. And your father enjoyed it too. I made him happy.’

‘Happy!’ Jane said. ‘You nearly killed him!’

‘Yes. I’m sorry he didn’t die, while he was so happy.’

Silence. There was no answer to that, Jane thought.

‘Let’s get on with it,’ said Kev angrily. ‘We’re losing time.’

Tears came into Jane’s eyes. ‘You dirty: murderers,’ she whispered.

‘Kev hit her across the face with his, gun. Jane felt blood in her mouth. One of her teeth was broken.’

‘We could kill her,’ Kev said, ‘and get gout of the country tonight.’

‘no, no,’ Anna said. ‘We must talk to Cole first.’

‘But we can’t let her go,’ Kev said. ‘She’s seen our faces. She knows too much.’

‘Oh no,’ Anna said, Tier voice was soft and cruel. ‘of course not. But we’ll keep her give—for, some weeks; to make sure that Cole stays quiet. Pick up the phone,’ Kev.

3 “我让他高兴”

阿兰·科尔躺在床上，倾听着医院花园里的小鸟的鸣唱。现在外面几乎黑了，而且很静。他喜欢这样躺着，回忆过去。

他回想起安娜是怎样吻他，怎样注视他的双眼。他回想起她那棕红色的头发，蓝色的眼睛，柔软、干燥的唇感和她那深沉、开怀的笑。她喜欢在做爱前喝威士忌，完事儿后她常把他揽在胸前并抚摸他的头发。

我喜欢那样，他回想着，我觉得又像个孩子了，既安全又舒服。有时我就睡着了。

后来呢？在爆炸前的那天晚上，他和安娜出去在饭馆吃了顿饭。然后他们就去马厩看马。门卫知道她是他的女朋友，所以没想有什么不寻常。阿兰想起，那天早晨有一匹叫山德曼的马伤了一条腿。晚上，那条马腿发热了，所以他就把冰放在上面。幸运的山德曼，阿兰想—第二天它没能拉马车，所以现在还活着。

后来，他们回到他家并做爱。阿兰记得安娜当时非常兴奋，那事感觉非常好。然后他一直睡到第二天早晨。他6点钟醒来，悄悄地穿上衣服，但安娜在他要走时醒来。她睁开眼睛，朝她微笑了笑，睡眼惺忪地向他伸出双臂。他吻了吻她，她说：“再见，亲爱的。”

那是他见她的最后一面。

当他驾着六匹好马拉的女王马车朝国会驶去时，他脑子里还想着安娜。有那么一瞬间，他觉得他在人群中看见了安娜，她正在观看……

阿兰不想再往下想。他凝视着医院窗外漆黑的夜晚，想道：她为什么不来看我呢？

也许她从来没真爱过我，他想，也许她回她丈夫那儿去了，或是找了一个更年轻的。这真残酷，真痛苦，可我无法改变。我再也见不着她了。

他想起她在他身旁时那温暖的身体，想起她是如何轻轻呼唤他的名字。这肯定另有原因。她爱我，我知道她爱我。她接到我的信会来看我的。

我希望简能看见她。

外面，夜已经降临，鸟儿已不唱了。阿兰·科尔静静地躺在床上，眼泪顺着面颊慢慢地消了下来。

简坐在房中的椅子上，听到那一男一女在厨房里争吵着什么。她听得见、却不能叫，也看不见，因为那个男的在她头上套了一个袋子。她的手脚还捆在椅子上，脸上被那男人打过的地方还在隐隐作痛。

她想把手挣脱出来。她使劲地往外拽着双手，可绳子只磨得她手跳火辣辣的。她唯一能做的就是侧耳倾听厨房里的讲话声。

“我们必须现在就给他打电话，凯夫。我们不能等了。”

“我们必须等。从这儿打电话太危险，安娜。等我们准备好走的时候再说。”

安娜！简想，这个人是不是爸爸的那个安娜？不，不，很多女人都叫安娜。

“但我们直到今晚才能走，”安娜说，“白天这儿周围人太多了。而且每一分钟都重要。也许科尔已经跟警察说起我了。噢，上帝啊，真希望那顺炸弹将他和别人一块儿炸死！”

“唉，没有。而且连女王也没炸死。”

简的身体在发抖。这个人确实是她父亲的安娜！那个女人正在谈论简的父亲，还有炸弹。接着，简想起是在什么地方见过那个女人了。

国会大厦外，一个女人拿着照相机，生气地摇晃着；她给人们的后脑勺照相；她向前挤着，想靠近些，又按下了照相机的快门一就在爆炸前一秒。

厨房里没声了。门开了，有人走进屋里。现在该怎么样了？

简听到扣动手枪扳机的声音。

“您的电话，科尔先生。今天您可成了知名人士，不是吗？”护士微笑着，把电话桌推到床边，走了出去。

阿兰拿起电话。“喂？”

“科尔先生吗？我是大卫·荷尔警探。你一定记得我昨天去看过你。我给你电话是想再问你几个问题，我现在过去看你，行吗？”

“哦…哦，可以吧。可我把所知道的什么都跟你说了。”

“是的，我知道。可我们得核对一下事实。我现在就来，行吗？”

“行，好吧。我……”

“好的！那么一会儿见。”

阿兰慢慢地放下电话。他觉得自己老了，而且非常非常孤独。也许等这个人走了以后我该给简打个电话，他想，希望她没忘了寄信。

凯夫从简的头上拽下袋子，简发现枪口就离她眼睛几厘米远。“我要把围在你嘴上的这块布解下来。凯夫说，“你要是叫一声的话，我就叫枪子儿穿过你的脑袋。这枝枪装了消音器，没人会听见什么的。”

他们解开布，把她坐的椅子拉到墙边，电话就在那儿。那枝枪一直对着她的脑袋。

“按照我们说的做，”安娜说，“那样什么都好办。”

简突然气愤得发狂。她说：“你是安娜，不对吗？我父亲爱你—他觉得你好极了。可你却根本不在乎他，是不是？你希望炸弹把他炸死。”

“我当然在乎他，”安娜轻声说，“他对我很重要。所以我现在要给他打电话，而且你也要跟他讲话。”

简盯着她看了看，然后又盯着凯夫。“为什么？”

安娜大笑着。“我要让他对我们的爱保密。你知道，我可有个不好对付的丈夫。”

“这个女人在说什么？简想。这一切意味着什么？接着，她脑子里突然一下涌现出许多事，而且每件事都变得清楚了。爆炸前一晚，安娜曾和父亲一起在马厩呆过。刚才安娜在厨房说起父亲跟警察谈话的事。简可以从凯夫的声音听出他是爱尔兰人，而且就在爆炸那天早上他和安娜搬出了堡渥特花园。后来，安娜曾在国会大厦外，在炸弹爆炸时拿着照相机做着奇怪的事，如果那是台照相机的话。也许那是无线电，正向炸弹发信号。噢，天啊！

“你们是恐怖分子，是不是？”她低声说，“是你干的，安娜！是你把炸弹放到女王的马车里。你用一台照相机引爆了炸弹。我看见你了，就在国会外边。你们是恐体分子—杀人的恐怖分子，你们俩全是！”’

凯夫冷笑了一下。“对，对。真聪明的小姑娘！可你错了。警察已经抓到了恐怖分子。今天早晨的报纸已经登了。”

“那又怎么样呢？他们不是，不是吗？你们俩才是，我知道！你们杀了五个人，夺去了我爸爸的一条腿，现在又要有两个无辜的人为了你们所做的一切去坐30年牢。可你们并不在乎。”

凯夫的眼中忽然充满了仇恨。“在乎？在乎什么？我们是为解放爱尔兰而战。要是英国人抓错了人，那可不是我们的问题。我们在乎自由。那是为了爱尔兰好。”

“是啊，而且利用就像我父亲那样天真无辜的人，也是为了爱尔兰—你和我父亲好，只是因为你想进马厩把炸弹放进马车里。你当时很喜欢吧，安娜？你是不是觉得很自豪？”

安娜笑起来，那是一种奇怪、悄然而又冷酷的笑。“是的，我当然很高兴，小姑娘。而且你父亲也很喜欢。我使他高兴。”

“高兴？！”简说，“你差点儿杀了他！”

“是啊。很遗憾他没在那么高兴的时候死。”

沉默。没有什么回驳的，简想。

“我们接着干吧。”凯夫生气地说，“我们时间不多了。”

简眼中噙着泪。“你们这些肮脏的凶手，”她小声说。

凯夫用枪打了她的脸。简感到嘴里有血。她的一颗牙被打碎了。

“我们现在就可以杀了她，”凯夫说，“今天晚上就离开这个国家。”

“不，不，”安娜说，“我们必须先和科尔谈谈。”

“可我们不能让她走，”凯夫说，“她已经看到我们的脸了。她知道得太多了。”

“噢，不能，安娜说。她的声音轻柔而冷酷。“当然不能了。可我们要让她活几个星期，以确认科尔没讲出来。拿起电话来，凯夫。”

4 Phone Call

The phone rang again in Alan Cole's room.

'Hello?' he said.

"Alan?"

He recognized her voice at once. 'Anna!' he said, his heart beating fast.

'Yes. Now listen carefully., Alan--'

'Oh Anna! I've been waiting for your call. Have you heard about -- about my leg, Anna?'

'Never mind your leg. Listen to me, I'll say this, once; and once only.'

'What? Anna, what are you --'

'We've got your daughter, Alan. Jane. That's her name, isn't it? Speak to your father, Jane. Now!'

Over the phone, Alan heard the high, frightened voice of his daughter. 'Dad? I'm sorry, Dad. They say if you tell the police anything about Anna, they'll kill me, but I don't care, I...oh!'

Alan heard a scream, which was suddenly cut off. Then Anna's voice again: 'She won't die if you keep quiet, lover boy. But if you say a word, a single word shout me to the police, you'll find her body in the river Thames. Do you understand?'

Alan tried to speak, but there~something wrong with his voice. 'Yes, " 'tie said. 'But, please...'

'No buts, 'If you want to see your daughter, again, keep your riath shut.'

The phone went dead. Alan Cole sat very still. There was a ble pain: In his chest, his mouth was dry and he couldn't move. He sat like a stone.

It's like a dream, he thought. Surely it didn't happen. But that voice on the phone, it was Jane all right. And Anna, too. Anna...saying that she had kidnapped Jane.

But why? What was going on?

Slowly, he tried to understand. He hadn't told the police about Anna, because of her husband. But why was that so important?

Why has Anna kidnapped Jane

Because Anna has a secret. Something very important that I, Alan, know about, but mustn't tell the police. Anna will kill Jane if I tell anyone about it:

But what is this secret? What am I supposed to know?

There was a knock on the door. A nurse came in.

'Hello, Mr Cole. A policeman to see you. Are you OK?'

'Yes...yes, fine, thanks.'

'You don't look OK.' The nurse put her hand on his head, and felt his wrist. 'Well, you're not too hot; and your heart's OK.' She smiled at the policeman. 'just half an hour, now. Remember, he's had a very serious accident.'

'I know that.' The policeman came in and sat down, and the nurse went out, pushing the telephone table in front of her: 'I'm Detective Hall, Mr Cole. We met before.'

'Yes,' Alan said. The policeman had a kind, friendly face. The kind of~you could trust. He'll help me, Alan thought. He's probably a father himself.

No! Fear burned Alan like a fire. I mustn't tell him about Anna. If I do, Jane will die...

'You've probably read in the newspapers, Mr Cole, that we've arrested two men.' The policeman told Alan the story about the two Irishmen in the coach factory. 'So we know they bombed the coach, and how they did it. I suppose you're pleased about that.'

'Er...yes,' Alan said quietly. 'That's good. But why have you come to see me?'

'I must need to ask you a few questions about the day before the bombing. You see, we think these~put the bomb in the coach three days before the bombing, while the coach was at the factory. So the bomb was already in the coach when it came back to the Mews.'

'Was it?' Alan said. He didn't really understand what the policeman was talking about.

'We think so, yes. And in your job, you look after the coach, don't you?'

'The coach, yes. And the horses. Mostly the horses.'

'Well, did you notice anything unusual -- anything at all?'

'No, I don't think so.'

'Let's take this slowly, the policeman said. 'The day before the bombing, when did you leave work?'

'At...about six o'clock. Half past, perhaps.'

'And you didn't go back?'

'No,' Alan said quietly.

Then he looked away, quickly, out of the window. He felt cold, frightened, lonely.

'Are you sure about that, Mr Cole? You see, a guard told me you came back later, at about ten.'

'He did? Oh, yes, of course. I went back to see a horse, Sandman. He had a bad leg.'

'I see.' The policeman wrote in his book. 'Alone.'

‘I’m sorry?’

‘Were you alone, Mr Cole? When you saw the horse?’

For a moment Alan didn’t answer. A new, very, unwelcome idea came to him, and he began to feel sick with fear. It wasn’t those two Irishmen, he thought, it was Anna! She put the bomb in the coach when I ’was with Sandman. I was alone with the horse for at least ten minutes; she had plenty of time.

And that means she didn’t love me at all, she just used me. I thought I was so lucky, an old man with a young pretty woman in my bed — and all the time she was laughing at me. Worse than that — she’s a murderer! She killed George and Bernard and John, and she took my leg, and now she’s going to kill Jane as well!

And I can’t say anything about it.

That’s why she phoned me. To make sure that I never tell the police.

If I tell this policeman, Jane will die.

In a strange, shaky voice, Alan said, ‘I was alone when I was with the horse, yes. ’

The policeman said nothing. Alan felt his hands shaking and put them under the sheet. Why is he looking at me like that? he thought. What does he know?

‘Are you sure, Mr Cole? The guard says you have a lady friend, and sometimes she visits the horses with you. Was she with you that night?’

‘No. ’

‘You’re sure about that, Mr Cole?’

‘Yes, I am. And she’s not my friend any more now --we’ve ended it. ’

‘I see. ’ The policeman sighed, wrote in his notebook, and stood up, ‘That’s all then, Mr Cole. The guard wasn’t sure. Probably it was a different night. ’

‘Yes . I’m sure it was .’

‘Right then. Thank you for your help. Good night, Mr Cole. ’ He walked to the door, and went out.

Alan watched him go, unable to say another word. He had ~felt so helpless, so frightened. I have to speak, he thought, I have to do something. But I can’t .

If I ’ speak, Jane will die.

But if I say nothing, will they ever let her go?

As the door closed, he opened his mouth and said, ‘Detective Hall. ’

But the policeman walked away. He didn’t hear,

Oh God, Alan thought. What do I do now ?

After the phone call. Kev and Anna tied the cloth round Jane’s mouth again, and went back into .her kitchen ‘Anna had the bag over Jane’ s head too, ’ but Jane could hear most of what they were saying. They were angry, arguing.

‘You’ve made too many mistakes with this plan, Anna, ’ Kev said. ‘The Queen of England is still walking around Buckingham Palace because of you. ,

Anna’s voice was high and angry. ‘Because of me? What about ynu? You were supposed, to understand bombs and radio transmitters, and what happened? The transmitter in that camera didn’t work when I pressed the button! ’

‘You probably didn’t press it hard enough, ’ Kev said coldly. ‘It worked in the end, didn’t it? ’

‘Yes, too late! ’ Anna said. ‘That was your mistake, not mine. So now we’ve got Cole to worry about, and this girl. We’ve got to get her away from here fast. ’

‘Wait until midnight, when the house is quiet. ’

There was an icy fear in Jane’s stomach. They know I can hear them, and they don’t care, she thought. I’m sure Dad will keep quiet, but they can never let me go now . They’ll have to kill me, because I know too much.

If I don’t get away from them soon, f m going to die.

Alan lay in the dark and listened to the voices in his head, arguing this way, and that way, until he thought he would go crazy.

Keep your mouth shut, If you speak, she’ll die.

But they’ll still kill her, if she’s seen their faces.

They won’t, Anna won’t . She’s a woman, she couldn’t do that, She was your lover,

Woman! She killed five people! She blew my leg off!

Those two men the police have arrested are innocent. They’ll go to prison for thirty years if I don’t speak !

I don’t know them, I don’t care about them. Jane is the only person who matters to me!

The police will think that I helped Anna put the bomb ‘.the coach ! I’ll go to prison.

That woman is laughing at me. She was laughing at me when we made love . I hate her! I hope she dies!

She won’t die, Jane will . I must keep quiet !

What can I do? If I speak, they’ll kill her. But if I don’t speak, they’ll kill her later. So I’ve got to tell the police now, it’s Jane’s only chance.

I can’t, it’s too dangerous. I can’t! I want to see my daughter !

For two hours he lay in his room and, listened to the voices in his head and. thought he was going crazy. His leiached, his chest felt very hot . Twice he dedided `to get tip and tell some -one, but his body wouldn’t move.

Then, the third time, he, got into his wheelchair and went out into the corridor. It was midnight.

Nurse! ’ he said, ‘Nurse, I need a telephone,now!’

Oh God, he thought. Where is Jane now ?

Jane was in the boot of a ’car. Her hands and feet were tied, the piece of cloth was round her mouth, and the bag was over her. head, but she knew she was in a car boot because she could hear the engine, and when she tried to sit up she hit her head.

She didn’t know how long she had been there. There wasn’t much air, but she couldn, t do anything about it. She just lay there and thought: it can’t be much longer. We must get there soon and then they’ll let me. out.

And then what? How long before they kill me?

4 电话

阿兰. 科尔房间里的电话又响了。

“喂？”他说。

“阿兰？”

他立即听出她的声音。“安娜！”他说，他的心跳得很快。

是我。仔细听着，阿兰—”

“哦，安娜！我一直都在等你的电话。你听说—我的腿的事了吗，安娜？”

“你的腿没关系。听着。我只说一遍，就一遍。”

“什么？安娜，你什么—”

“我们抓住了你女儿，阿兰。就是简。她叫那名字，不对吗？跟你爸爸讲话，简。就现在！”

通过电话，阿兰听到女儿高高的而又惊恐的声音。“爸爸吗？对不起。爸爸。他们说要是你跟警察说起安娜，他们就杀了我，但我不在乎，我……噢！”

阿兰听见一声尖叫，它又嘎然而止。接着，他又听见安娜的声音：“要是你保持沉默，她就不会死，我的情郎。可要是你跟警察说起我一个字，哪怕就一个字，你就到泰晤士河给她收尸吧。你明白了吗？”

阿兰想说话，可他的声音不知是怎么了。“好的，”他说，“可是，请……”

“没有可是。如果你还想见你女儿，就让你的嘴闭上。”

电话挂断了。阿兰？科尔一动不动地坐在那儿。他的脚部剧烈地疼痛，他口干舌燥，也挪动不了身体。他就像石头一样呆坐着。就像梦一样，他想。肯定什么也没发生。可那电话里的声音分明是简。还有安娜。安娜！……说她绑架了简。

可是为什么呢？发生了什么事？

慢慢地，他想搞懂这是怎么回事。他还没有跟警察谈起安娜，那是因为她丈夫。但那为何这么重要？

为什么安娜绑架了简？

因为安娜有隐私。有什么重要的事情是我阿兰知道但又不该告诉警察的。要是我对任何人讲了，安娜就会杀了简。

但秘密是什么呢？她以为我知道什么？

有人敲门。一个护士走了进来。

“你好，科尔先生。一个警察来看你。你还好吗？”

“是……是，挺好的，谢谢。”

“你脸色不好。”护士把手放在他的额头上，又摸了摸他的脉搏。“唔，不太热，心脏也还可以。”她朝警察笑笑。“就半个小时。记住，他刚出了严重事故。”

“我知道。”警察走进来，坐下，护士推着电话桌走了出去。“我是荷尔警探，科尔先生。我们以前见过。”

“是的，”阿兰说。这个警察有一张和蔼而友善的脸，是那种你可以信赖的人。他会帮助我的，阿兰想，他自己可能也是个父亲。

不！恐惧就像火一样折磨着阿兰。我不能跟他谈起安娜。否则简会死的……

“你可能已经从报纸上知道了，科尔先生，我们抓了两个人。”警察告诉阿兰那两个在马车工厂工作的爱尔兰人的事。“所以我们知道是他们炸的马车，而且知道是怎么炸的。我想你对此很高兴吧。”

“哦…是啊，”阿兰低声说，“很好，可是……你为什么来看我？”

“我只是想问几个有关爆炸前一天的问题。你知道，我们认为这两个人在爆炸发生三天前就把炸弹放进了马车，当时马车在工厂。因此马车回到马厩时，炸弹已经在里边了。”

“是吗？”阿兰说。他不太懂警察在说什么。

“是的，我们是这么认为。你的工作是照看马车，对吗？”

“马车，是的。还有马。大部分是马。．

“那么，你没发现什么异常吗—任何异常？”

“没有，我想没有。”

“让我们慢慢来，”警察说，“爆炸前一天，你几点下的班？”

“大约……在六点。也许是六点半。”

“你没再回去吗？”

“没有，”阿兰低声说。

接着，他迅速地朝窗外望去。他感到又冷又怕又孤独。

“你肯定吗，科尔先生？你知道，一个门卫告诉我你后来回去了，在大约十点钟时。”

“他说的？噢，是啊，当然。我回去看一匹马，山德曼。它一条腿坏了。”

“我知道了，”警察在本上记录着，“一个人吗？”

“什么？”

“你是一个人吗，科尔先生？你去看马的时候？”

片刻之时阿兰没有回答。他的脑子里又出现一个讨厌的念头，他开始因恐惧而感到难受。不是那两个爱尔兰人干的，他想，是安娜！我和山德曼在一起时，她把炸弹放在了马车里。我和马单独在一起至少有10分钟，她有足够的时间。

那也就是说她根本不爱我，她只是利用我。我还以为我这么一个老头能和一个年轻漂亮的姑娘上床真走运——而她一直都在笑话我。更糟的是一她竟是个凶手！她杀了乔治、伯纳德和约翰，她还夺走了我的一条腿，现在她还要杀简！

而且我什么也不能说。’

难怪她给我打电话。那是想确认我不会跟警察说什么。

要是我对警察说，简就会死的。

阿兰用一种奇怪而颤抖的声音说：“我和马在一起的时候就我一个人，是这样。”

警察什么也没说。阿兰觉得自己的手在颤抖，就把它们放在被单底下。他干嘛那样看着我？他想。他都知道些什么？

“你肯定吗，科尔先生？门卫说你有一个女朋友，她有时和你一起去看马。她那天晚上和你在一起吗？

“不。”

“你肯定呀，科尔先生？”

“是的，我肯定。而且她也不再是我女朋友了——我们关系结束了。”

“我明白了。”警察叹了口气，在笔记本上写着，站了起来。“那么就这样吧，科尔先生。门卫也不肯定。那也许是另一个晚上。”

“是啊，我想是。．

“那好吧。谢谢你的帮助。晚安，科尔先生。”他走到门口，出去了。

阿兰眼看着他走了，却再也说不出一个字。他从没感到过如此无助，如此害怕。我必须说，他想，我必须做些什么，可找不能。

如果我说了，简就会死的。

但我要是什么都不说，他们就会放了她吗？

门关上的时候，他张开口，说：“荷尔侦探。”

但是警察已经走远了，没有听见。

噢，上帝啊，阿兰想，我现在该怎么办？

打完电话，凯夫和安娜又把布绑在简的嘴上，回到厨房。安娜也把袋子罩在了简脸上，可他们说的大部分话她都能听见。他们正生气，争吵着什么。

“在这个计划上你出了太多的错，安娜。”凯夫说，“就因为你，英格兰女王还在白金汉宫周围散步。”

安娜的声音又高又生气。“因为我？那么你呢？本以为你懂得炸弹和无线电传感器，可发生了什么？我按下照相机快门时，相机里边的那个传感器却没奏效！”

“也许你按得不够狠劲，”凯夫冷冷地说，“最后奏效了，不是吗？”

“是啊，太晚了！”安娜说，“那是你的错，不是我的。所以我们现在要为科尔和这女孩的事担心。我们得尽快把她从这儿弄走。”

“等到半夜这儿静下来时再说。”

简感到恐惧像冰一般袭上心头。他们知道我能听见他们说话，他们还不在于，她想。我相信爸爸会保持沉默的，但他们现在不会让我走的。他们肯定得杀了我，因为我知道得太多了。

如果我不赶快离开他们，我就会死的。

阿兰在黑暗中躺着，倾听着自己脑海中的两个自我这样、那样地争拼着，直到他觉得自己都要疯了。

闭上你的嘴！你若讲出来她就得死！

但是如果她看见了他们的脸，他们仍会杀了她。

他们不会的，安娜不会的。她是个女人，她不能那样做！她曾是你的情人！

女人！她杀了五个人！她炸掉了我的腿！

警察抓的那两个人是无辜的。要是我不说话，他们就要坐30年牢！

我不认识他们，我不在乎他们。简是我唯一在乎的人！

警察会以为我帮安娜在马车里放了炸弹！我会坐牢的。

那个女人在笑话我。我们做爱的时候她在笑我。我恨她！我希望她死！

她死不了，简会死。我必须保持沉默！

我该怎么办？如果我说了，他们会杀了简。可我不说，他们过后也会杀了她。所以 我现在就得跟警察说，这是简唯一的机会。

我不能！这太危险了。我不能！我想见到我女儿！

‘他就这样在房间里躺着并听着自己脑子里的声音达两个小时之久，觉得自己快疯了。他的腿在疼，胸部热极了。他有两次都决定起来跟别人说，可他的身体却没动。

于是，第三次时，他坐到轮椅上并出去到了走廊里。这时是半夜了。

“护士！”他说，“护士，我要用电话，就现在！”

噢，上帝啊，他想，简现在在哪儿？

简被关在一辆汽车的后备箱里。她的手脚被捆着，嘴上塞着布，头上还罩着袋子，但她知道她在一辆汽车的后备箱里，因为她能听见发动机在响，而且当她想坐起来的时候她的头被撞了一下。

她不知道她还要在那儿呆多久。里边的空气不太多了，可她毫无办法。她只能躺在那儿，想：不会太长的；我们很快就会到，然后他们就会把我放出去。

然后呢？距他们杀我还有多久？

Then Alan phoned the police, Detective Hall came to the hospital quickly, bringing an Inspector Lee with outside the door. Then they came back in.

'OK, Mr Cole,' Inspector Lee said. 'Detectives are now searching the house in Bowater Gardens and your daughter's flat. I've informed the police at ports and airports too. It's possible that the kidnappers will try to take your daughter out of the country, you know.'

'Oh my God,' Alan held his face in his hands. 'She's probably dead. I'll never see her again.'

'Let's hope that's not true,' said the Inspector. 'Now, let's talk about this woman Anna again. Why do you think she's a terrorist?'

Again, Alan explained. The visit to the Mews the evening before the bombing; the ten minutes when Anna was not with him; her phone call, telling him not to talk to the police or Jane would die. It was hard to speak clearly because he was so angry and afraid. He began to cry. 'It's good,' he said. 'Jane's going to die.'

'Try to keep calm, Mr Cole,' said the Inspector. 'You see, we're not sure that this Anna is a terrorist. We have already arrested the two men who put the bomb in the coach. In fact, one of them confessed to "this morning. The other one will confess soon."

'But... wrong people—they must be! If they are the murderers: Ay did Anna phone me? Why is she saying she'll kill my daughter if I don't keep quiet about her?'

'Are you sure it was Anna's voice on the phone?'

'Of course I am! And it was Jane's voice as well! I know my own daughter's voice, don't I?' Alan shouted.

'Mmm,' the Inspector said slowly. 'Now, your daughter. Was she unhappy to hear about Anna, do you think? Sometimes daughters don't like their fathers to have girlfriends, you know. Perhaps she was angry with you.'

'No. Not really. Well, perhaps a bit.'

'I see some very strange things in my job, Mr Cole, and a lot of them are because of family arguments. It's just possible, you see, that your daughter hasn't been kidnapped at all: Perhaps she's angry with you and wants to stop you seeing Anna. Perhaps — I've seen it happen before — she's asked a friend to ring you and pretend to be Anna...'

'No!' Alan shouted. 'Jane isn't like that! She was frightened, I could hear it in her voice on the phone. ANNA HAS KIDNAPPED HER! You must believe me!'

At that moment another detective came in and spoke quietly to Inspector Lee, who immediately got up and left the room. When he came back, his face was serious.

'The house in Bowater Gardens is empty,' he told Alan. 'The two people there left on the morning of the bombing. We didn't find anything useful at your daughter's flat — but we did find her handbag with her flat keys in it. "It seems strange for her to go out without her keys, doesn't it?'

'Where is she?' Alan whispered. 'Can you find her?'

'If your daughter has been kidnapped, she could be anywhere,' the Inspector said. 'Our only hope is that the kidnappers call you again, and then we can find out where the call came from. We're fixing up a phone for you now, and there'll be two policewomen here with you all night. If Anna does phone, keep her talking. Tell her that you have said nothing to the police, and ask to speak to Jane. Say you must hear her voice.'

They put the phone on a table next to Alan's bed. He stared at it, saying to himself over and over again:

I must hear her voice. I must hear her voice.

They put Jane in a small bedroom, untied her feet, and took the bag off her head. But they tied her hands behind her back, and then tied them to the end of the bed.

'You'll stay here until those two men are sent to prison,' Anna said. 'Every day we'll send your father a picture of you with today's newspaper, to show you're still alive.'

'Then what?'

'Then... we'll see. Perhaps, if your father is a good boy, we'll let you go,' Anna said. 'If you keep quiet too.'

But Jane was watching Kev's face. He won't let me go, she thought. Never. If I don't escape, I'll die here:

When they had left the room, she lay in the dark, wondering how she could escape. I don't want to die, she thought. And how terrible it will be for Dad if they kill me. And then there are those two innocent Irishmen, who will spend thirty years in prison for something they didn't do.'

That bastard Kev's going to kill me. I've got to try to escape. I just have to.

For hours she tried to get free but it was impossible. The rope only hurt her wrists more. But at least she could move her hands, up and down the end of the old bed. Once, towards morning, she pulled the rope hard against the bed, but it didn't break. Instead, something cut her hand, and she had an idea.

Could it cut the rope as well?

She moved the rope up and down across the end of the bed. It was very difficult because she couldn't see what she was doing. Three times she cut herself, and there was blood on the rope. But by early morning, the rope broke. Her hands were free! What now?

She tried the door but it was locked. Downstairs, she could hear a radio, and she could smell coffee. So one of them, at least, was in the house.

Then she had another idea. She lay down on the bed and arranged the rope around her wrists, behind her back. Then she screamed, 'Hey! You! Terrorist murderers! Come up here now! I'm thirsty! Get up here and give me a drink!'

In a few minutes, she heard someone on the stairs.

‘Breakfast, Mr Cole, ’ the nurse said. ‘Eat up like a good boy, then you’ll feel better. ’ She smiled .

I’m not a child, Alan thought. Oh God, I’m a father who’s lost a child! He pushed the eggs and tomatoes away, and. drank a cup of black coffee.

The policewoman in the armchair woke up and smiled brightly. ‘Well, no one has phoned, Mr Cole. Perhaps your daughter has been to an all-night party and she’ll be along to see you this morning. ’

Alan stared at her hopelessly. He had not closed his eyes all night: So the police didn’t really believe him. Perhaps they thought he had gone crazy because he had lost a leg. He stared at .the silent phone.

Ring, damn jaou! Ring,

Kev came in, carrying his cup of coffee in his hand. He wasn’t wearing a coat, so Jane could see the gup, under his arm. ‘Stop making that noise,” he said. ‘Or you’ll be sorry.’

Jane looked at him. ‘You stupid little man, ’ she said softly, and as Kev stepped angrily forwards, she freed her hands from the rope behind her back and jumped at him • With one hand she pulled his head down, and with the other she grabbed his cup and threw’ the hot coffee into his face. Then she kicked him hard in the stomach.

‘Ah! Damn you ...’ Kev fell onto the floor, trying to get the hot coffee out of his eyes. Immediately Jane jumped on top of him. Her knees, landed hard in: his stomach, and her fingers tried to get the gun under his arm • But Kev’s hand found the gun first . Jane tried to pull it out of his hand, but he was too strong for her. With his other hand he hit her hard on the side of the head.

Jane fell forwards. But as she fell, she put her head down and bit his nose until her mouth was full . of blood: He screamed, tried to pull his head away...

And let go of the gun.

I’ve got it, Jane .thought. I’ve really got it! Then Kev hit her head again, hard, and she didn’t know what was happening . She moved away from him, bringitfg the gun down to-wards her chest. Her head hurt terribly, and there was blood in her mouth, but all the time her fingers were trying to use the gun.

Why won’t it shoot? she thought . How do I make it work?Then as Kev hit her again, there was a BANG and another BANG and. third and. fourth.She didn’t know what the bangs were but she held on to the gun as hard as she could acid there was a fifth BANG and a sixth...

And then it stopped. She opened her eyes and saw that Kev wasn’t hitting her any more. His hands had gone all soft and there blood coming ot of his face and his neck and his chest, there blood all over the floor and half of his head_ Was miaingI. Jane stood up, shaking. Where is Anna?she thought.

5 “你们必须相信我！ ”

阿兰给警察局打电话后，荷尔警官立即来到医院，还带来了一位李探长。他们听了阿兰的叙述，然后在门外议论了一会儿。然后他们又折回走了进来。

“好吧，科尔先生， ”李探长说， “警官们正在搜索堡渥特花园和你女儿的公寓。我也已经通知了港口和机场的警察。绑架者很可能要把你女儿带出境外，你知道。”

“噢，天啊。”阿兰把手捂在脸上。“她可能死了。我再也见不着她了。”

“让我们希望那不是真的吧。”探长说，“现在让我们再来谈谈这个叫安娜的女人。你为什么认为她是恐怖分子呢？”

阿兰又解释了一遍。爆炸前一晚到了马厩；安娜有10分钟没和他在一起；她打电话叫他不许跟警察说，否则简就得死。由于这么生气和害怕，他很难表达清楚。他开始哭了。“没有用了， ”他说，“简要死了。”

“冷静些，科尔先生。”探长说，“你看，我们还没有肯定这个安娜就是个恐怖分子。我们已经抓了往马车里放炸弹的那两个人。实际上，其中一个已经在今天早上招供了。另一个很快也会承认的。”

“可他们不是一肯定不是！如果他们是杀人犯，安娜为什么要给我打电话呢？为什么她说要是我对她的事不保持沉默的话，她就要杀了我女儿呢？”

“你肯定电话里是安娜的声音吗？”

“我当然肯定！而且还有简的声音！我能听出我自己女儿的声音，是不是？”阿兰嚷道。

“嗯， ”探长慢慢地说，“现在谈谈你女儿。你觉得她在听到安娜的事时不高兴吗？你知道，有时女儿不喜欢父亲有女朋友。也许她生你的气了。”

“不，真不是。不过，可能有一点儿。”

“我在工作中碰到过一些奇怪的事，科尔先生，很多都是由于家庭纠纷造成的。你看，有可能你女儿根本没有被绑架。她可能只是生你的气，想让你不再见到安娜。也许—我以前见过这种情况—她让一个朋友给你打电话，假装是安娜...”

“不！”阿兰叫道，“简不是那样的！她吓坏了，我能从电话里听出来。安娜绑架了她！你们必须相信我！”

那时另一个警官走进来悄声跟李探长说了几句话，李探长立即起身离开了屋子。他回来时脸上表情严肃。

“堡渥特花园的房子空着， ”他告诉阿兰，“那两个人在爆炸的那天早晨离开了。我们在你女儿的公寓没发现什么有用的东西—但我们找到了她的书包，里边还有门钥匙。她出门不带钥匙是奇怪，是不是？”

“她在哪儿？阿兰小声说，“你们能找到她吗？”

“要是你女儿被绑架了，她可能在任何地方。”探长说，“我们唯一的希望是绑架者再给你来电话，那么我们就可以查出电话是从哪儿打来的。现在我们给你配一部电话，还会有两个女警察整夜陪着你。如果安娜真来电话，拖住她说话。告诉她你什么也没对警察说， ’并要求跟简讲话。就说你必须听到她的声音。”

他们在阿兰床边的桌子上放了一部电话。他盯着电话，一遍一遍地默念着：

我必须听到她的声音。我必须听到她的声音。

他们把简放到一间小卧室里，解开她脚上的绳子，拿走她头上的袋子。但他们把她的手反绑在背后，然后又把她的手捆在床头上。

“你要呆在这儿，直到那两个人被送进监狱。”安娜说，“我们每天都会给你爸爸寄一张你的照片和当日的纸，告诉他你还活着。”

“然后怎样？”

“然后……再说。也许，要是你爸爸乖乖的，我们就让你走，”安娜说，“要是你也保持沉默的话。”

但是简注视着凯夫的脸。他不会让我走的，她想，永远不会。要是我不逃跑，我就会死在这儿。

当他们离开屋子时，她躺在黑暗中，琢磨着怎么逃跑。我不想死，她想，而且要是他们杀了我，那么对爸爸来说该多糟啊。还有那两个无辜的爱尔兰人，他们要为自己没干过的事坐30年牢。

那个坏蛋凯夫要杀了我。我得逃跑。我必须逃。

她挣扎了几个小时想挣脱绳索，可都不可能。绳子只是把她的手腕磨得更疼。但至少她能在这个旧床的床头上下活动她的手了。有一次在将要天亮时，她使劲在床头来回拉绳子，可没弄断。反之，有什么东西划破她的手，于是她有了主意。

它也能划断绳子吗？

她在床头上下磨着绳子。做这件事很难，因为她看不见自己做的。她有三次都划伤了自己，绳子上染上了血。但到清早时绳子断了。她的手自由了！现在怎么办？

她试着开门，可门锁着。她能听见楼上传来的收音机声，还能闻见咖啡味儿。也就是说至少他们中的一个在这房子中。

于是她又有了主意。她躺到床上，自己背着手把绳子绕在手腕上。然后她大喊：“嘿！你们！恐怖主义谋杀犯！现在上这儿来！我渴了！上这儿来给我杯喝的！”

几分钟后，她听到有人上了楼梯。

“早饭，科尔先生。”护士说，“乖乖地吃完了，你会感觉好些的。‘她微笑着。

我又不是小孩，阿兰想。噢，天啊，我是个失去孩子的父亲！他把鸡蛋和西红柿推开，只喝了一杯清咖啡。

坐在扶手椅上的女警察醒来了，愉快地微笑着。“啊，没人打电话来，科尔先生。或许你女儿去通宵晚会了，今天早上她会来看你的。”

阿兰无望地盯着她。他一夜没合眼。’那么说警察并不真的相信他‘也许他们以为他因失去了一条腿而变得不正常了。他盯着那无声的电话。

响啊，该死的！响啊！

凯夫进来了，手里拿着自己的一杯咖啡。他没穿外衣，因此简能看到他胳膊下的枪。“别那样吵闹了，”他说，“否则你会后悔的。”

简看着他。“你这个又傻又矮的家伙，”她轻声说；当凯夫生气地走上前来时，她从背后的绳子中抽出手来并扑向凯夫。她一只手把他的头往下按，另一只手夺过咖啡杯，把热咖啡泼到他脸上。接着她狠狠踢了他的肚子一脚。

“啊！妈的……”凯夫摔在地上，想把热咖啡从眼中弄出。简一下跳到他身上，膝盖死死顶住他的肚子，试图用手指去够他胳膊下的枪。可凯夫的手先找到了枪。简想从他手上夺下来，可他对她来讲太强壮了。他的另一只手重重地打在她头的一侧。

简向前摔了过去。但当她摔倒的时候，她低头咬住他的鼻子，直到她满嘴都是血时为止。他尖叫着，想把自己的头移开……

他的枪掉了。

我拿到了，简想，我真的拿到枪了！这时凯夫又重重地打了她脑袋一下，而她浑然不知。她从他那儿挪开身体，将枪拽向自己的胸口。她的头剧烈地疼痛，嘴里是血，可她一直试着用手指搬弄着枪。

怎么没射？她想。我怎么使它奏效啊？凯夫又打了她一下时，“砰”的一声，又一声，第三声，第四声。她不知道这砰砰声是怎么回事，可，她却使劲抓着枪。第五声，第六声……

接着没声了。她睁开眼睛看到凯夫不再打她了。他的手松开了，血从他的脸上、脖子和胸口流出来，满地都是，而且他的半个头没了。简颤抖着站起来。安娜在哪儿？她想。

6 In the Tunnel

Alan put down his coffee when the call came. He picked up the phone — with shaking hands. A voice said, ‘Alan?’ ‘Anna,’ Alan whispered. The policewoman went out of the door and spoke in a low voice on her radio. ‘Do you remember what I said yesterday, Alan?’

‘Yes,’ Alan said. ‘Please don’t hurt Jane. Please. I haven’t said a word to anyone. I promise you, Anna.’

‘Good. Not today, not tomorrow, not ever, Alan. Do you understand? Not if you want her to stay alive.’

‘Yes, I understand, Anna. But I must speak to Jane. I must hear her voice, Anna. How do I know you haven’t killed her already?’ Alan’s voice was shaking.

Anna laughed, gently, cruelly. ‘We’ll send you something, Alan. In a day or two. If you’re good.’

‘Anna, please.’

But the phone went dead,

Alan put the phone down slowly, and suddenly the room was full of voices.

‘We’ve got it! A phone box in South Kensington Station, by the ticket office...’

‘Calling all cars in Kensington, calling all cars in Kensington. A woman has just made a phone call from...’

The policewoman put her hand on Alan’s arm. ‘They’ll be there in two minutes,’ she said gently. ‘They’ll —’

‘Take the train!’ Alan said. ‘Please!’

The policewoman looked at Alan, then at the wheelchair, then back at Alan’s white face. ‘All right. We’ve got “big van outside. We can get the wheelchair in that.”

As Jane came down the stairs, she realized two things: she was covered in blood, and Anna wasn’t there.

The house was very quiet, and all the rooms were empty. But I can’t go out all covered in blood, she thought. People will think I’ve killed someone.

I have. But I had to, he was going to kill me. And he’s a terrorist. He killed five people, he and Anna..... I must get out before Anna comes back.

She found a man’s coat, put it on, and went out into the street. I should call a policeman, she thought. But she could only see ordinary men, women and children. She saw an underground station and walked towards it.

She went into the station, found some money in the coat pocket, and bought a ticket. I must find my father, she thought, and tell him that everything’s all right. Then she looked behind her and saw a woman coming out of a telephone box.

Oh my God, she thought, it’s Anna!

Jane walked quickly away from the ticket office, down the escalator towards the platform and the trains. Halfway down the escalator she looked back up behind her;

Anna had seen her! Anna was following her down the escalator!

Quickly, Jane ran down the bottom and onto one of the platforms. There was a train there, with its doors still open. She ran towards them, but as she ran, the doors closed and the train moved away into the tunnel. Anna was now coming onto the platform behind her. Anna’s hand was inside her coat and Jane was sure she had a gun.

Why didn’t I bring Kev’s gun? Jane thought. But it was empty and I hate guns and it’s no use thinking about that do I do now? What do I do now?

As the police van screamed through the London traffic, the policewoman listened in to her radio and passed the information to Alan.

‘Inspector Lee is on his way,’ she said. ‘There are six cars at the station already and they’re watching all the entrances at the. Ah! Two detectives have seen a woman with red-brown hair going down the escalator.....’

‘But the trains,’ Alan said. ‘She’ll catch a train...’

‘They’ll stop the trains as soon as they can. But there are hundreds of people in the station: The detectives could lie the woman in the crowd...’

‘Please God,’ whispered Alan. ‘Let them catch her.’

As Anna came towards her, Jane ran towards the end of the platform, then looked behind her and saw Anna running after her, her hand still inside her coat. Quickly, Jane turned and ran towards another escalator, but there was a crowd of people there. She looked again and saw Anna twenty metres behind. She turned round a corner, back onto another platform which was empty — no people, no train. Anna will find me here in a second and shoot me, she thought. What now?

She jumped off the platform onto the railway line, and ran into the tunnel.

It was very dark in the tunnel. She knew that one of the lines was electric. If I touch it, I’ll die, she thought. The trains come every six minutes, and if a train hits me, I’ll die too. And there are only thirty centimetres between the sides of the train and the tunnel walls.

But there are holes in the tunnel walls every hundred metres, for workmen. I’ll find one of those, wait for the next train and then go on to the next hole. It’s probably only a kilo-metre to the next station. And perhaps Anna won’t be sure which way I’ve gone.

She ran on into the darkness. Once she fell, and her hands nearly touched the electric line. When she got up, there was a terrible noise, like a train coming. But it was a train in another tunnel, not this one. She ran on, with one hand on the wall, looking for the hole.

Three minutes, four..... then she found it! A hole just big enough for one person. She got in and stood very

still, waiting . She heard the terrible noise again, this time froth the station behind her . Then it stopped. The train will stop in that station for one minute, she thought. Then it will come east.

She laughed aloud , in the darkness. Anna is still looking for me back on the platform. How angry she must be!

A hand touched her arm. She screamed, ‘What? Oh God, no!’ The hand grabbed her arm, and pulled her out of the hole, into the dark tunnel.

‘Get out there!’

Two hands pushed her and Jane fell between the lines. She got to her knees, carefully, afraid of the electric line. Then the terrible noise started. The ground shook beneath her feet and white light came towards her, faster and faster . In the light Jane saw Anna standing in the hole, with a gun to her hand. She jumped towards the hole but the train was coming faster, much too fast, and there was only room in the hole for one person, a woman with a gun...

When Alan arrived at the station, there were police cars everywhere, and crowds of people. A watchwoman helped him out of the van and he got in. The police pushed his wheelchair through the crowd, shouting angrily, ‘What’s happening? Where is she?’

At the top of the escalator a policeman said, ‘I’m sorry, sir. You can’t go down. There’s been a terrible accident.’

Then some ambulance men arrived. ‘Where is it?’ they asked.

‘Down in the tunnel. Two women — a train’s hit them,’ the policeman said . The ambulance men hurried down.

‘What’s happening?’ Alan shouted. ‘Which women? There’s a murderer down there, a terrorist! And my daughter — I’ve got to find my daughter!’

He began to climb out of his wheelchair, but the policeman pushed him back. ‘I’m sorry, sir.’

Then the policewoman hurried up and explained. They helped Alan’s wheelchair onto the escalator and went down. At the bottom Alan saw an empty train, and a lot of police at the end of the platform. The ambulance men talked to the police, and then went into the tunnel. Alan wheeled his chair slowly along the platform.

Then two of the ambulance men came out of the tunnel. There was a young woman between them. She walked slowly, she was very dirty, and there was blood on the side of her face . But Alan knew who she was.

‘Janie,’ he said, ‘Janie, Are you all right?’

Jane looked along the platform and saw him. ‘Dad ? Why are you here?’ She walked towards him shakily.

‘I came to find you,’ Alan said. ‘Oh God, Janie, what happened? Did Anna try to kill you?’

Jane touched the blood on her face. ‘Yes. She tried to shoot me but she missed. Then I threw her in front of a train. I killed the other one, too.’ She smiled, a strange, shaky smile. ‘You said there was no justice in this life; didn’t you, Dad? Well, those two terrorists murdered five people, and took away your leg and..... and now they’re dead! So there is some justice, Dad, isn’t there?’ Then her eyes were filled with tears, and she sat down, suddenly, on a platform seat. ‘That woman hated you, Dad,’ she whispered shakily, ‘real-hated you.’

Alan wheeled his chair close to her and held her hands in his. ‘I’m so sorry,’ he said. ‘Anna hated everyone, not just me. But she doesn’t matter now, Janie. You’re alive! That’s all that matters to me. That’s all that matters in the world.’

6 隧道里

来电话的时候，阿兰放下咖啡。他用颤抖的双手拿起听筒。一个声音说：“阿兰吗？”

“安娜，”阿兰小声说。那个女警察走出了门并用她的无线电对讲机说着什么。

“你记得我昨天跟你说的吗，阿兰？”

“记得，”阿兰说，“请不要伤害简。求求你了。我什么也没对任何人讲。我向你保证，安娜。”

“好。今天，明天，永远也别说，阿兰。明白吗？要是你还想让她活着，就别说。”

“是的，我明白，安娜。但是我必须和简说话。我必须听见她的声音，安娜。我怎么知道你还没杀她？”阿兰的声音在颤抖。

安娜笑了，那笑既温柔又冷酷。“我们会给你寄些东西的，阿兰。一两天之内。要是你乖乖的话。”

“安娜，求你。”

但是电话断了。

阿兰慢慢放下电话，顿时屋里喧闹起来。

“查到了！是从南堪星顿火车站的电话亭打来的，就在售票处旁边.....”

“呼叫堪星顿的所有警车，呼叫堪星顿的所有警车。刚有一个女人打电话，在.....”

女警察把手放在阿兰的手臂上。“两分钟后他们就能到那儿，”她柔声说，“他们会——”

“带我去！”阿兰说，“求你了！”

女警察看了看阿兰，又看了看轮椅，然后又把目光落回在阿兰苍白的脸上。“好吧。我们在外面有一辆大货车。我们可以把轮椅放在里面。”

简到楼下时意识到两件事：她浑身是血；安娜不在那儿。

房子里很静，所有的房间都空着。但我不能以浑身是血的样子出去，她想，人们会以为我刚杀了人。

我是杀了人。可我不得不杀他，他要杀我。而且他是个恐怖分子。他杀了五个人，他和安娜... 我必须在安娜回来之前离开。

她找到一件男式外套，穿上，出去走到街上。我该叫警察，她想。可她看到的都是普通男人、女人和孩子。她看到一个地铁站，就朝它走了过去。

她走进车站，从外套口袋里找到一些钱，买了一张车票。我必须找到爸爸，她想，告诉他一切都好。这时她向后看了一眼，看到一个女人正从电话亭里出来。

噢，天啊，她想，是安娜！

简赶快离开售票处，上了朝站台和列车方向下行的滚梯。半路上，她回头往上边看了看。

安娜已经看见她了！安娜正沿滚梯向她追过来！

简迅速地跑到滚梯底端，来到其中的一个站台上。那儿正好有一辆列车，门还开着。她朝车门跑去，可正跑着时车门就关上了，列车也走远了，进了隧道。安娜现在正来到她身后的站台上。她的手放在外套兜里，简敢肯定她拿着枪。

我为什么没带凯夫的枪？简想。可它已经没有子弹了，我又讨厌枪，想什么也没用了。我现在该怎么办？

警车从伦敦的行人车辆中呼啸而过，女警察听着她的对讲机，把信息传给阿兰。

“李探长正在路上，”她说，“已经有六辆警车在车站，他们在注视所有的入口。啊！已经有两个侦探看见一个长着棕红色头发的女人下了滚梯…”

“可是列车，”阿兰说，“她会上车的……”

“他们会尽快拦住列车的。但站台里有成百上千的人，警察们可能会在人群中失去目标……”

“上帝啊，求你了，”阿兰小声说，“让他们抓到她吧。”

安娜朝她过来时，简便跑向站台的尽头，然后回头看看，看到安娜正在追她，手还放在外衣口袋里。简赶快转身跑向另一个滚梯，但那儿有一大群人。她又看了看，看到安娜在她身后20米处。她转过一个拐角，回到另一个空旷的站台—那儿没有人，也没有列车。安娜马上会发现我在这儿并开枪打我的，她想，怎么办？

她从站台上跳到铁轨上，跑进隧道里。

隧道里很黑。她知道其中的一条铁轨有电。如果我碰了它，就会死的，她想。列车每六分钟一趟，而且要是一辆列车撞着我，我也会死的。列车和隧道的四壁之间只有30厘米宽。

但隧道墙壁上每100米就有一个给工人用的洞。我可以找到其中的一个，等下一辆列车过去，然后再挪到下一个洞。也许到下一个车站只有一公里远。也许安娜并不敢肯定我往哪个方向去了。

她继续在黑暗中跑着。有一次她摔倒了，手差点儿碰到有电的铁轨。当她站起来时，传来一声可怕的巨响，像是一辆列车驶来了。但列车是在另一个隧道中，不是这个。她继续跑着，一只手扶在墙上，寻找着洞口。

三分钟，四分钟……接着她找到了！一个正好可以容得下一个人的洞。她进去，一动不动地站在那儿，等着。她又听到一声可怕的气鸣声，这回是从她后面的车站传来的。之后，它停住了。列车要在那站停一分钟，她想，然后就驶过。

她在黑暗中放声大笑。安娜正回到站台上找我呢。她该多么生气啊！

一只手碰到了她的胳膊。她尖叫着：“什么？噢，上帝，不！”那只手拽着她的胳膊，把她从洞里拉到漆黑的隧道中。

“出去！”

两只手推了简一下，她摔倒在两根铁轨之间。她小心地跪起来，怕碰到有电的铁轨。这时，可怕的气鸣声又开始了。她脚下的地在颤动，一道白色的光冲她而来，越来越快。在亮光中，简看到安娜正站在洞中，一手拿着枪。她朝洞口跳过去，可列车正以更快的速度驶来，太快了，而洞中只容得下—一个人，一个拿着枪的女人……

阿兰到车站的时候，那儿到处是警车，还有观看的人群。那个女警察帮他下了车，他转着轮椅穿过人群，生气地高声喊道：“发生了什么事？她在哪儿？”

在滚梯的顶上，一位警察说：“对不起，先生。您不能下去。那儿出了严重的车祸。”

接着，一些救生员到了。“在哪儿？”他们问。

“在下面的隧道里。两个女人—一辆列车撞了她们。”警察说。救生员赶快下去了。

“出了什么事？”阿兰嚷道，“哪些女人？下边那儿有一个谋杀犯，一个恐怖分子！还有我女儿—我要见我女儿！”

他开始往轮椅外爬，但警察把他按住了。“对不起，先生。”

于是那个女警察赶快过来解释。他们帮着把阿兰的轮椅抬上滚梯，去了下边。在底下，阿兰看到一辆空列车和站台尽头的许多警察。救生员和警察说了说，然后就走进隧道。阿兰沿着站台慢慢摇着轮椅。

这时，两个救生员从隧道里出来了。他们之间有一个年轻女子。她慢慢地走着，脏兮兮的，一边脸上挂着血。但阿兰知道她是谁。

“简妮，”他说，“简妮！你没事吧？”

简顺着站台望去，看到了他。“爸爸？您怎么在这儿？”她摇摇晃晃地朝他走过来。

“我来找你。”阿兰说，“噢，上帝，简妮，发生了什么事？安娜是不是想要杀你？”

简摸摸脸上的血。“是的。她想开枪打我，可没打中。然后我就把她扔到了列车面前。我也杀了另外一个。”她笑了，那是一种奇怪的、颤巍巍的笑。“您说过这世界不公道，不是吗，爸爸？可是，那两个恐怖分子杀了五个人，还夺走了您的一条腿，还…现在他们死了！所以，还是有一些公道的，爸爸，是不是？”那时她眼中充满了泪水，她突然一下坐到站台的椅子上。“那个女人恨您，爸爸，”她小声地、颤抖地说，。真的恨您。”

阿兰摇着轮椅靠近她，握住她的双手。“对不起，”他说，“安娜恨所有的人，不止是我。不过，她怎么样现在已经无所谓了，简妮。你还活着！我只在乎那个。那就是这个世界上我唯一在乎的。”

[1 A new start](#)

[2 At home](#)

[3 Rich man](#)

[4 The seals](#)

[5 The new experiment](#)

[6 The report](#)

[7 Christine and Simon](#)

[8 The wedding day](#)

[9 I don't believe you](#)

[10 Greenworld](#)

[11 The Public Enquiry](#)

[12 The future](#)

简 介

犯罪有两种形式，一种是有意识的，一种是无意识的。很少人刻意去犯罪，但大多数人对某些罪行视而不见。

然而，什么是犯罪？是应该以法律规定为依据还是以我们的内心感觉来判断？罪孽多种多样——贪婪、施暴、凶狠、仇恨。但是也有不太明显的罪恶——比如我们破坏这个世界：破坏天空、海洋、陆地。我们犯下的这些罪孽摧毁了未来和后代，但我们闭着双眼假装看不到这一切。

约翰·邓肯是一个生物学家。当他开始在化工厂工作时，他想他是在保护他的孩子们。他想为孩子们提供生活中最美好的东西，如一幢大房子、一艘船以及精彩的假期……然而他到底将给他们带来一个什么样的前途呢？

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1 A new start

‘Mr Duncan? Come in please. Mr Wilson will see you now.’

‘Thank you.’ John Duncan stood up and walked nervously towards the door. He was a tall, thin man, about forty-five years old, in an old grey suit. It was his best suit, but it was ten years old now. He had grey hair and glasses. His face looked sad and tired.

Inside the room, a man stood up to welcome him. Mr Duncan? Pleased to meet you. My name’s David Wilson. This is one of our chemists, Mary Carter.’

John Duncan shook hands with both of them, and sat down. It was a big office, with a thick carpet on the floor and beautiful pictures on the walls. David Wilson was a young man, in an expensive black suit. He had a big gold ring on one finger. He smiled at John.

‘I asked Miss Carter to come because she’s one of our best Chemists. She discovered our wonderful new paint, in fact. When—I mean, if you come to work here, you will work with her.’

‘Oh, I see.’ John looked at Mary. She was older than Wil-son—about thirty-five, perhaps—with short brown hair, and a pretty, friendly face. She was wearing a white coat with a lot of pens in the top pocket. She smiled at him kindly, but John felt miserable.

‘I’ll never get this job, he thought. I’m too old! Employers want younger people these days.

David Wilson was looking at some papers. ‘Now, Mr Dun-can,’ he said, ‘I see that you are a very good biologist. You worked at a university—and then for two very famous com-panies. But—you stopped working as a biologist nine years ago. Why was that?’

‘I’ve always had two interests in my life,’ John said, ‘biol-ogy and boats. My wife was a famous sailor—Rachel Hors-ley—Perhaps you remember her. She sailed around the world alone in a small boat.’

‘Yes,’ said David Wilson, ‘I remember her.’

‘So we started a business,’ said John. ‘We made small boats together, and sold them.’

‘And did the business go well?’ asked Wilson.

‘Very well at first. Then we wanted to build bigger, better boats. We borrowed too much money. And then my wife—’ John stopped speaking.

‘Yes, the Sevens Race. I remember now,’ said David Wil-son.

Both men were silent for a moment. Wilson remembered the newspaper reports of the storm and the lives lost at sea. He looked at the man who sat sadly in front of him.

‘So, after my wife died,’ continued John, ‘I closed the business. That was five years ago.’

‘I see,’ said David Wilson. ‘It’s a hard world, the world of business.’ He looked at John’s old grey suit. ‘So now you want a job as a biologist. Well, this is a chemical company, Mr Duncan. We make paint. But we need a biologist to make sure that everything in this factory is safe. We want someone to tell the government that it’s safe to work here, and that it’s safe to have a paint factory near the town. That’s impor-tant to us.’

‘And if something’s not safe, then of course we’ll change it,’ Mary Carter said. David Wilson looked at her, but he didn’t say anything.

‘Yes, I see,’ John began nervously. ‘Well, I think I could do that. I mean, when I worked for Harper Chemicals in Lon-don I—’ He talked for two or three minutes about his work. David Wilson listened, but he didn’t say anything. Then he smiled. It was a cold, hard smile, and it made John feel un-comfortable. He remembered his old suit and grey hair, and he wished he hadn’t come.

‘You really need this job, don’t you, Mr Duncan?’ David Wilson said. ‘You need it a lot.’

‘Yes, I do,’ he said quietly. But he thought: I hate you, Wilson. You’re enjoying this. You like making people feel small. I hate people like you.

Wilson’s smile grew bigger. He stood up, and held out his hand. ‘OK,’ he said. ‘When can you start?’

‘What?’ John was very surprised. ‘What did you say?’

‘I said, “When can you start?”’, Mr Duncan. We need you in our factory as soon as possible. Will Monday be OK?’

‘You mean I’ve got the job?’

‘Of course. Congratulations!’ Wilson shook John’s hand. ‘My secretary will tell you about your pay. You’ll have your own office, and a company car, of course. I’d like you to start work with Mary on Monday. Is that OK?’

‘I—Yes, yes, of course. That’s fine. Thank you, thank you very much.’

1 崭新的开始

“邓肯先生吗？请进。威尔逊先生现在要见你。”

“谢谢。”约翰·邓肯起身胆怯地往门口走。他瘦高个子，大约四十五岁，身着一套灰色旧西服。尽管这套西服已穿了10年，但仍是他最好的西服。他头发灰白，戴一副眼镜，面带忧郁和倦容。

屋内，一个男人站起来欢迎他。“邓肯先生吗？很高兴见到你。我叫大卫·威尔逊。这是玛丽·卡特，我们其中的一位化学师。”

约翰·邓肯与他俩握手后坐下。这是一间宽大的办公室，地上铺着厚地毯，墙上悬挂着美丽的画。大卫·威尔逊很年轻，身着一套昂贵的黑色西服，一只手指上戴着一个硕大的金戒指。他对着约翰微笑。

“我让卡特小姐来是因为她是我们最好的化学师之一。事实上是她发现了我们最美妙的新油漆……我是说，如果你来这里工作，你将与她一起工作。”

“噢，我明白了。”约翰望着玛丽。她比威尔逊岁数大——也许大约三十五岁，留着棕色短发，长着一副漂亮友善的面孔。她身穿一件白外套，上方的口袋里插着许多钢笔。她友善地对约翰微笑，但约翰却感到痛苦。

他想：我永远不会得到这份工作。我太老了！雇主们现在想聘更年轻的人。

大卫·威尔逊正在看一些文件。“我说，邓肯先生，我知道你是一个非常出色的生物学家。”他说道，“你曾在大学工作过，然后又在两家著名的公司干过。但是你作为一个生物学家9年前停止了工作，这是为什么？”

“在我一生中我永远有两种兴趣，”约翰答道，“生物学和划船。我太太是一位有名的水手……雷切尔·霍斯利……也许你记得她。她独自乘小船环绕世界。”

“是的，我记得她，”大卫·威尔逊说道。

“所以我们开始做生意，”约翰说。“我们共同制造小船，并且出售。”

“生意进展得好吗？”威尔逊问道。

“一开始很好，然后我们就想造更大更好的船。我们借了太多钱。其后我的太太……”约翰停住了讲话。

“是的，赛文斯比赛，我现在想起来了，”大卫·威尔逊说道。

俩人都陷入片刻沉默。威尔逊记起报纸上报道的那场风暴和海上死亡事件。他望着忧伤地坐在他面前的这个人。

“所以，我太太去世后，”约翰继续说，“我停止了生意，那是5年前的事了。”

“我明白了，”大卫·威尔逊说，“生意界是很艰难的。”他望着约翰那灰色的旧西服。“这么说你想得到一份生物学家的工作。这是一家化学公司，邓肯先生。我们制造油漆。我们需要一名生物学家以保证工厂的一切都安全。我们需要有人告诉政府在这里工作是安全的，并且告诉他们城市附近有油漆厂也是安全的。这对我们很重要。”

“如果有什么不安全的，我们当然要改变它，”玛丽·卡特说。大卫·威尔逊看着她，但没有说任何话。

“是的，我知道。”约翰紧张地说，“我想我能够做。我的意思是，当我在伦敦为哈波化学公司工作时，我……”他谈了两三分钟关于他的工作的事。大卫·威尔逊听着，但没插话，然后他微笑着。那是一种冰冷、严酷的笑，它使约翰感到很不舒服。他想起他的旧西服和灰头发，他后悔来这里。

“你真的很需要这份工作，是吧，邓肯先生？”大卫·威尔逊说，“你非常迫切地需要它。”

“是的，”他轻声地回答。但是他想：我恨你，威尔逊。你喜欢看着我的这副样子。你喜欢使人感到渺小，我恨你这样的人。

威尔逊的笑容变得更灿烂。他站起身，伸出手说：“好吧，你什么时候能开始？”

“什么？”约翰很惊讶，“你说什么？”

“我说‘你什么时候能开始？’邓肯先生。我们需要你尽快到我们工厂，星期一行吗？”

“你是说我已得到这份工作了吗？”

“当然，祝贺你！”威尔逊握着约翰的手。“我的秘书将告诉你有关你的工资的事，你当然还有自己的办公室和公司配给你的车。我想让你星期一就开始与玛丽一起工作，那样行吗？”

“我……行，当然可以。这很好，谢谢你，非常感谢。”

‘Hi, Dad. Your supper’s in the kitchen. ’

John’s sixteen-year-old daughter, Christine, was sitting at the table doing her homework. His son Andrew, who was thirteen, was watching television.

‘Thanks, Christine,’ John said. ‘I’m sorry I’m late. Is everything OK?’

‘Fine, thanks.’ Christine gave him a quick smile, then con-tinued with her work. John got his food from the kitchen. Fried fish and chips. The food was dry and didn’t taste very good. But he didn’t say anything about that. John was not a good cook himself and his children were no better. His wife had been a good cook, he remembered.

John tried to eat the terrible supper and looked around the small, miserable flat. The furniture was twenty years old, the wallpaper and carpets were cheap and dirty. The rooms were all small, and he could see no trees or gardens from the win-dows—just the lights from hundreds of other flats. And there were books, clothes, and newspapers on the floor.

Once, when his wife had been alive, he had had a fine house. A beautiful big house in the country, with a large gar-den. They had had lots of new furniture, two cars, expensive holidays—everything they needed. He had had a good job; they hadn’t needed to think about money. And then he had started the boat-building company, and his luck had ended.

When Rachel had died, John had been terribly unhappy—much too unhappy to think about business. A few months later his company had closed, and he had lost all his money. John had had to sell his beautiful house in the country, and move to this miserable flat.

And for the last two years, he hadn’t had a job at all. He was a poor man, and an unlucky one, too. He had tried for lots of jobs, and got none of them. There were too many bright young biologists. But now that was all going to change. He looked at his daughter and smiled.

‘Did you have a good day at school, Christine?’ he asked her.

‘Oh, all right, I suppose,’ she said. She didn’t look very happy. ‘I’ve got a letter for you.’

She pushed the letter across the table, and he opened it. It was from her school. One of the teachers was taking the chil-dren on a skiing holiday to the mountains in Switzerland. It cost £ 400 for ten days. Parents who wanted their children to go had to send the money to the school before February 25th.

John’s smile grew bigger. ‘Do you want to go on this holi-day, Christine?’ he asked.

She looked at him strangely. ‘Of course I do, Dad,’ she said. ‘But I can’t, can I? We haven’t got £ 400.’

‘No, I suppose not.’ He looked at her carefully through his thick glasses. She was a clever, strong girl—good at her schoolwork, good at sports. But she had never been skiing; John hadn’t had enough money.

‘Are your friends going?’ he asked her.

‘Some of them, yes. Miranda, Jane, Nigel—the rich ones, you know. But they often go skiing; it’s easy for them. I know I can’t go, Dad. Throw the letter away.’

John looked at her, and felt his heart beating quickly. ‘No, don’t do that, Christine,’ he said. ‘Perhaps you can go, if you want to. Why not?’

Christine laughed. ‘What’s happened, Dad? Have you robbed a bank or something?’

John stood up. He went into the kitchen and got himself a drink. ‘No,’ he said, when he came back. ‘But something interesting happened today. Put your homework away, Chris-tine—and turn that TV off, Andrew. I’ve got something to tell you.’

‘Oh, not now, Dad!’ said Andrew. ‘This is an exciting story.’

John smiled. ‘I’ve got an exciting story, too, Andrew. Come and listen.’

John Duncan’s children lived in an old, untidy flat, they had no money, and they often ate awful food. Bux they could still talk to their father. So Andrew turned off the TV, and sat down in a big armchair beside his father and Christine.

The story didn’t sound very exciting at first. ‘I went to a factory today,’ John said. ‘That paint factory by the river. No, wait, Andrew. Paint factories can be very exciting. They gave me a job there. I’m going to have my own office, a big car, lots of money—in fact, we’re going to be rich…!’

2在家中

“喂，爸爸。你的晚餐在厨房里。”

约翰16岁的女儿克里斯汀正坐在桌旁做功课。他13岁的儿子安德鲁正在看电视。

“谢谢你，克里斯汀，”约翰说。“很抱歉，我回来晚了，你一切都好吗？”

“好，谢谢。”克里斯汀朝他匆匆一笑，又继续做作业。约翰从厨房端出食物——炸鱼和薯条。食物很干，不怎么好吃，但是他什么也没说。约翰自己不善于烹饪，他的孩子们更不行。他回想起他的太太曾是很好的厨师。

约翰努力吃下这难咽的晚餐，环视着这又小又简陋的公寓。家具是20年前买的，壁纸和地毯既廉价又脏。所有的房间都很小，从窗口往外看去见不到树林或花园，只有从数百家别的公寓里透出的灯光。地上到处扔着书、衣服和报纸。

以前他太太活着的时候，他有一座很好的房子，一座坐落在乡村，有很大花园的漂亮的大房子。他们曾有很多崭新的家具、两部汽车、奢侈的假期——应有尽有。他有一份满意的工作，他们不用考虑钱。然后他创办了造船公司，接着他的运气结束了。

雷切尔死后，约翰一直很忧郁，太忧郁以至于无心考虑生意。几个月以后他的公司关闭了，他失去了所有的钱。约翰不得不卖掉乡村房子，搬进这简陋的公寓。

在过去的两年中他根本没有工作。他是一个贫穷的人，也是一个倒霉的人，他试找了许多工作，但没有得到一份工作。智慧、年轻的生物学家太多了。但是现在这一切都将发生变化。他微笑着望着他女儿。

“今天你在学校过得愉快吗，克里斯汀？”他问她。

“噢，我想还行，”她说。她看上去并不很高兴。“我有一封给你的信。”

她把信从桌上推过来，他打开信。信来自她的学校。有个老师要带学生们到瑞士的山上去滑雪度假。10天的费用是400英镑。想让自己的孩子去的家长得在2月25日前把钱交到学校。

约翰的笑容更加灿烂了。“克里斯汀，你想参加这次度假吗？”他问。

她奇怪地望着他。“我当然想，爸爸。”她说，“但是我不能去，对吧？我们没有400英镑。”

“是的，我估计不能。”他透过厚厚的眼镜小心地看着她。她是一个聪明坚强的女孩，她功课、体育都很好。但是她从来没有滑过雪，因为约翰没有足够的钱。

“你的朋友去吗？”他问她。

“有些人去，那些较富的同学，如米兰达、珍妮、奈杰尔。他们经常去滑雪，这对他们来说很容易。我知道我不能去，爸爸。把信扔掉吧。”

约翰望着她，感到心跳加快。“不，别这样做，克里斯汀，”他说，“也许你能够去，如果你想去。为什么不能呢？”

克里斯汀笑了。“发生什么事了，爸爸？难道你抢了银行或什么？”

约翰站起身，走进厨房为自己倒了一杯饮料。“没有，”他回来时说，“但是，今天发生了有趣的事情。克里斯汀，先把你的作业放一下，安德鲁，把那电视关上，我有事要告诉你们。”

“哦，等一下关，爸爸，”安德鲁说，“这是一个精彩的故事。”

约翰笑着说：“我也有一个精彩的故事，安德鲁，过来听听。”

约翰·邓肯的孩子们住在一间旧式杂乱的公寓里，他们没有钱，经常吃糟糕的食品。但是他们仍愿跟他们的父亲交谈。所以安德鲁关掉电视，坐在他的父亲和克里斯汀旁边的一张长沙发里。

故事一开始听起来并不很精彩。约翰说：“今天我去了一个工厂。河边的那家油漆厂。不，等一下，安德鲁。油漆厂会是很精彩。他们给了我一份工作。我将有自己的办公室、一辆大型汽车、很多钱。真的，我们要富起来了。”

3 Rich man

John Duncan started work on Monday, and Mary Carter showed him round the factory. The most important thing that the company produced was a new paint for cars. It was a very strong, hard paint, which nothing could damage. Mary and her chemists had developed it, and they had tested it all over the world. Neither acid nor salt water could damage it, and cars came back from both the Arctic and the Sahara looking like new.

The company was beginning to make a lot of money from this paint, and it had brought four hundred new jobs to the town.

One day, when he was working with the paint, John spilt some of the waste products on his leg. He cleaned it off quickly, but it left a red, painful place on his skin, which would not go away. It kept him awake at night. He told his doctor what he had spilt on it, and the doctor looked at him strangely.

'So these chemicals had something to do with the new paint, did they?' the doctor asked carefully.

'Yes, I told you. It was a bottle of the waste products. I was looking at them in my office.'

'I see.' the doctor looked out of the window thoughtfully. His fingers moved quietly on his desk. 'And your company is producing a lot of these waste products now, I suppose.'

'Yes, of course.' John was in a hurry. He had to meet someone important in ten minutes. 'Look, can you give me something to put on it, or not?'

'Oh yes.' the doctor began to write something on a piece of paper. 'Put this on night and morning, and the pain will go in a day or two. But I'm afraid the skin there will stay red for a year or two. They're nasty chemicals, Mr Duncan, you know.'

'Yes, I know.' John smiled at him. 'But don't worry, Doctor, we're very careful with them in the factory. No one can go near them without special safe clothing. You can come and see if you like.'

'I'm very pleased to hear it,' said the doctor. He gave the piece of paper to John.

'Thank you,' said John. He went towards the door.

'Mr Duncan?'

'Yes?' John looked back, surprised.

'Where do these waste products go, when the factory has finished with them? Into the river?'

'Well, yes, of course,' said John. 'But it's all right, you know,' he added quickly. 'It's very carefully checked, all the time. It's a big river, and we only produce a few hundred litres of the waste products a day. And we're only two kilometres from the sea, after all.'

'Good,' said the doctor. 'I wouldn't want anyone to drink those waste products, that's all.'

'They won't, doctor,' said John. 'All the drinking water comes out of the river five kilometres upstream, you know that. Who's going to drink salt water from the river mouth, for heaven's sake? Chemists from London have checked it, too, you know, and our company lawyers know all about it. So it's not dangerous and we're not doing anything wrong. Don't worry about it.'

He went out of the door, and after half an hour he had forgotten the conversation.

He was a very busy man now. All day he had to test different types of paints, and make sure they were safe. He was also busy buying a big, comfortable house for his family, with a large field beside it, where Christine could keep a horse. The house was half a kilometre from the sea, and its gardens went down to the river. There was an empty boathouse there.

'Can we have a boat, Dad?' Andrew asked. 'I mean, not now, of course, but one day—when you've finished paying for the house, perhaps?'

John laughed. His children had been poor for so long. But now he could buy them anything they wanted.

'You can have a boat now, if you want, my son,' he said happily. 'If I can afford a big house like this, I can certainly afford a small boat. We'll go fishing every week, shall we? And I'll teach you both to sail in the evenings. I've always wanted to do that, you know.'

He could not believe how lucky he was. He had a good job at last, a fine home, and his children had everything they wanted. He only wished his wife, Rachel, was alive to enjoy it with him. There was only one thing that he could not give his children now. He could not give them back their mother.

3富人

约翰·邓肯星期一开始工作, 玛丽·卡特带他参观了工厂。公司最重要的产品是一种新的汽车油漆, 它是一种附着力很强的坚固油漆, 任何东西都不易损坏它。玛丽和她的化学师们研制出它, 并在全世界测试。它抗含酸或含盐的水, 上过这种油漆的汽车从北极和撒哈拉沙漠回来如同新车一样。

公司开始从这种油漆上赚很多钱, 同时也给小镇带来400个新的就业机会。

一天, 当约翰正在使用油漆时, 一些油漆废料溅在他腿上。他很快把它擦拭掉, 但漆料在他皮肤上留下了一块红色、发疼的地方, 总不退。这使他夜间睡不着觉。他告诉他的医生他洒在腿上的是什么, 医生很奇怪地看着他。

医生小心地问: “这么说, 这些化学制品与新研制的油漆有关, 对吧?”

“是的, 我说过, 那是一瓶产品废料。当时我在办公室正观察着它们。”

“我明白了。”医生望着窗外沉思着。他的手指轻轻地在桌上移动着。“我想, 你们公司现在正在生产大量的这种废料。”

“是的, 当然。”约翰有急事。他要在10分钟后见一个重要人物。“我说, 你能否给我一些涂抹的药?”

“噢, 可以。”医生开始在一张纸上写着什么。“早晚上药, 疼痛一两天就会消失。但是那块皮肤上的红肿恐怕要持续一两年。它们是讨厌的化学制品, 这你是知道的, 邓肯先生。”

“是的, 我知道。”约翰对他笑笑。“别担心, 医生, 我们在工厂里会非常小心地处理它们。不穿特别安全服, 任何人也不能靠近它们。如果你愿意, 可以来看看。”

医生说：“你这么说我非常高兴。”他把纸递给约翰。

“谢谢，”约翰说道。他向门口走去。

“邓肯先生？”

“啊？”约翰吃惊地回头望去。

“工厂用完这些废料，往哪里倾倒？是往河里倒吗？”

“那当然，”约翰说。“但没关系，你知道，”他很快接着说，“废料随时都经过认真检验。河大得很，而我们每天只生产出几百公升废料。再说，我们毕竟离大海只有两公里。”

“这就好，我只不过不想让任何人喝带有废料的水，”医生说。

“他们不会的，医生，”约翰说，“所有饮用水来自5公里以外的上游，这你是知道的。天啊，谁又会去喝河口处的咸水？伦敦的化学家们也检测过水质，你知道，我们公司的律师知道这一切。所以这并不危险，我们也没做什么错事，你不用为此担心。”

他走出门，半小时后他忘却了这段谈话。

他现在是一个大忙人。整天他都要测试不同类型的油漆，以确保它们的安全性。他还正忙着为他的家庭购置一所宽敞舒适的房子，在它旁边有一片宽阔的田野，在那里克里斯汀可以养一匹马。房子距离大海半公里远，它的花园延伸至小河。那里有一间空船屋。

“爸爸，我们能有一艘小船吗？”安德鲁问，“我的意思当然不是指现在，而是将来某一天——也许是你支付完购买房子的钱后？”

约翰笑了。他的孩子们受了这么长时间的穷。但是现在他可以满足他们了。

“如果你想要，现在就可以买一艘，儿子，”他高兴地说。“我既然能买得起这么大一所房子，我当然也买得起一艘小船。我们将每星期都去钓鱼，怎么样？晚上我教你们俩驾船。你们知道我一直都想这样做。”

他简直不敢相信他有多么幸运。他终于有了一份好工作，一个像样的家，他的孩子想要什么就有什么。他真希望他的妻子雷切尔还活着与他共享这一切。现在只有一样他给不了他的孩子们。他不能把他们的母亲还给他们。

4 The seals

A few months later, John invited Mary to a meal in the new house. It was a difficult evening. He had never invited anyone to their old flat, and the children's friends nev-er came for meals. The new house was very untidy, and John was nervous about the food. He and Christine cooked a chick-en because they thought it was easy. But the chicken was tasteless and the rice was too soft.

Mary smiled, and pretended not to notice. But the evening went badly. Christine was angry with her because she tidied up the kitchen, and Andrew was angry with her because she didn't want to watch TV. Both the children went to bed early, and thought about their mother.

But Mary came again, on a Sunday, and John took them all out in their new boat. That was much better. Mary didn't know how to sail, so the children had to tell her what to do. She did what she was told, and seemed to be happy. John sat at the back of the boat, and watched his children quietly. He felt proud of them, and he thought they were proud of him too. The first time Mary and the children laughed together, John felt a big smile come onto his face.

It was a beautiful, sunny day in the middle of May. There was a good wind, and the sailing was fun. The boat sailed fast, over small, white-topped waves. The sky was blue and clear. They sailed down to the mouth of the river, where there were lots of small islands and sandbanks.

'Look, Dad, quick! Over there! What are they?'

Andrew pointed excitedly to one of the long, low sandbanks.

'Seals,' said John. 'Haven't you seen them before?'

'No,' said Andrew. 'Only in films. Not in real life. 'His face was shining, excited, happy. 'Do they really live here?'

'Yes. It's a group of seal families. The mothers come here every year to have their babies.'

They sailed closer to the sandbank, until they were only about twenty metres away from the seals. Wet, shiny seal mothers lifted their heads and looked at them with their blue eyes. The baby seals were drinking milk from their mothers, climbing over them, and playing in the shallow water. Then a big father seal lifted his head and stared angrily at them.

'I think they're beautiful,' said Mary. 'I never knew they lived here, so close to the town. It makes me feel really happy, just to see them.'

'Yes, it does, doesn't it,' said Christine. 'I think nothing can be really wrong with the world, if they can live here, all by themselves, with no one looking after them.'

'Yes,' said Mary. 'And they're really beautiful, too. Look! Did you see that little one, playing on his mother's back? I wish I could do that!'

John smiled, as he watched Mary and his children laughing and talking together. He thought the world was a good place, too.

4海豹

几个月以后, 约翰邀请玛丽到他的新居共进晚餐。这是一个不顺利的夜晚。他从未邀请过任何人到他们的旧寓所, 孩子们的朋友也从未来聚过餐。新房子里非常凌乱, 约翰对食物感到很担心。他和克里斯汀认为做鸡容易, 于是就烧了鸡。但是鸡做得没有味道, 米饭也太软了。

玛丽微笑着, 假装没注意到。但是晚上过得很糟糕。克里斯汀生她的气, 因为玛丽收拾了厨房, 安德鲁生她的气是因为她不愿看电视。两个孩子很早就上床睡觉, 并且思念着他们的母亲。

然而玛丽在一个星期天又来了, 约翰带着所有的人乘着他们的新船出游。这次好多了。玛丽不知如何驾船, 所以孩子们不得不告诉她如何做。她按照指令操作, 显得很快活。约翰坐在船尾, 静静地注视着孩子们。他们为他感到骄傲, 他想他们也为他感到骄傲。玛丽和孩子们第一次在一起欢笑, 约翰觉得他自己脸上也绽开了笑容。

那是5月中旬阳光明媚的一天, 微风拂面, 乘船游览很有趣。小船在泛泛微波上行驶得很快。天空蔚蓝无云。他们行驶到河口, 那里有很多小岛和沙滩。

“快看, 爸爸! 在那儿! 它们是什么?” 安德鲁兴奋地指着其中一个长长的低沙滩。

“海豹,” 约翰答道。 “你以前从没见过海豹吗?”

“没有,” 安德鲁说, “只在电影上见过。我没有在现实生活中见过。” 他的脸闪着光、兴奋和喜悦。 “它们真的住在这里吗?”

“是的。那是一群海豹家族。雌海豹每年到这里来产下它们的幼崽。”

他们驶近沙滩, 一直到离海豹只有约二十米远。湿润光滑的海豹妈妈们抬起它们的头, 用它们的蓝眼睛注视着他们。幼海豹正在吸吮它们妈妈的奶, 爬过它们妈妈的背, 在浅水中戏耍。这时一只大雄性海豹抬起它的头愤怒地盯着他们。

“我觉得它们很漂亮,” 玛丽说, “我从来不知道它们住在这里, 离镇这么近, 仅仅是望着它们就足以使我感到非常快活了。”

“真是这样, 难道不是吗?” 克里斯汀说道。 “我想这个世界真美好, 它们能够在此生存, 完全靠自己, 没有任何人照顾它们。”

“是的,” 玛丽说, “并且它们也确实很漂亮。看那儿! 你看到那个在妈妈背上玩耍的小不点了吗? 我希望我也能那样做!”

约翰看着玛丽和他的孩子们在一起欢声笑语, 一边微笑着。他也认为这个世界是一个好地方。

5 The new experiment

A few days later, John asked Mary to look at another experiment. He took her into a long, quiet room at the back of the factory. The room was full of the noises of small animals.

‘I’ve been testing the waste products,’ he said. ‘Here, look at this.’ He gave her a sheet of paper. ‘Some of these rats have had the waste products in their food and drinking water. There’s no real problem yet. One or two have become ill, but not many. There’s nothing very serious.’

Mary read the results carefully. She didn’t like this kind of experiment, but she knew it was necessary. And John was right; no rats had died, and not very many were ill.

‘So what do you want to show me?’ she asked.

‘This,’ he said. He opened a box by the window. ‘These ten rats have had the waste products in their drinking water for two weeks now. I gave them a lot—five parts per million. They’re going to have babies today. If the babies are OK, we’ve got nothing to worry about.’

‘Oh, John,’ she said. ‘What an awful thing to do!’

‘I know, I know,’ he said. But he wasn’t listening. ‘Look,’ he said excitedly. ‘Some of them have been born already!’ He lifted some of the baby rats out of the box and looked at them through a magnifying glass.

‘Oh dear,’ he said at last, sadly. Perhaps there is a problem. Look!’

Mary looked through the magnifying glass. She began to feel ill. There was a long silence.

‘There certainly is a problem!’ Mary’s voice sounded loud and high in the quiet room. She stared at the small animals under the magnifying glass. ‘Baby rats with no eyes, no ears, six legs! Oh John! John! What have you done?’

He looked at her strangely. ‘It’s awful, isn’t it? But I had to know. And remember, Mary—their mothers have had five parts per million of these chemicals in their drinking water for two weeks. That’s a lot—much, much more than we’re putting in the river.’

Mary looked away from the rats. She remembered the beautiful afternoon that they had spent with John’s children, sailing on the clear blue water. ‘John, these waste products are dangerous!’ she said. ‘We’ve got to stop putting them in the river!’

‘Of course, of course.’ John put his hand on her arm, to comfort her. But it was the same hand—the hand that had held the rats. ‘Of course we’ll stop it, if we need to, Mary. The company can build machines to clean the waste products. I’ll start my report for David Wilson next week.’

‘But…’ she turned round to face him. His hand fell from her arm. ‘Don’t you think we should stop making the paint now, John? Perhaps it’ll take years to build those machines, and we’re putting the chemicals into the river right now!’

A shadow crossed his face. His eyes looked at hers, then away, out of the window.

‘I… don’t think we need to do that now, Mary. We’re putting very little into the river at the moment. And the company will build those machines, won’t they?’

She remembered her long years of work, the hundreds of unsuccessful experiments. She touched his hand, and smiled. ‘I hope so, John,’ she said. ‘I really hope so.’

She turned, and went quickly out of the room.

5新实验

几天以后，约翰让玛丽去观看另一个实验。他将她带进工厂后面一个僻静的长屋子里。屋子里充满小动物的叫声。

“我一直在测试这些废料，”他说，“看这东西。”他递给她一张纸。“这其中一些老鼠已经食用了掺有废料的食物和饮用水。还没有出现真正的问题。有一两只已经病了，但不多。情况不是很严重。”

玛丽仔细地读着实验结果。她不喜欢这种实验，但是她知道这有必要。而且约翰是对的。还没有老鼠死亡，生病的也不多。

“那么你想证明什么？”她问。

“这一点，”他说。他打开靠近窗户的一个箱子。“这10只老鼠喝了掺有废料的水到现在已经有两个星期了。我给了它们许多——一百万分之五。它们今天要下小崽儿了。如果它们的小崽儿没问题，我们就不用担心了。”

“哦，约翰，”她说，“做这样的事真可怕。”

“我知道，我知道，”他说。但他并没有在听。“看呀，”他兴奋地说，“有些已经生下了。”

他从箱子里提出几只鼠崽儿，用放大镜观看它们。

“哦，我的天啊，”他最后懊丧地说，“也许有问题。你瞧！”

玛丽透过放大镜观看。她开始感到不好受。沉默了很长一段。

“绝对有问题。”玛丽的声音在寂静的屋子里显得又响又亮。她盯着放大镜下面的小动物。鼠崽儿没有眼睛，没有耳朵，6条腿！“哎！约翰呀约翰！你都干了些什么？”

他奇怪地望着她。“很糟糕，是吧？但我必须知道。要记住，玛丽——它们的母亲是喝了两个星期的掺有百万分之五的这些化学物质的水。那是大量的，远远超过我们放入河中的。”

玛丽的视线离开老鼠。她想起了和约翰的孩子们共度的美好下午，航行在清澈碧蓝的河水里。“约翰，这些废料有危险！”她说。“我们必须停止向河中倾倒。”

“当然，当然。”约翰将手放在她的臂上，安慰着她。然而就是这同一只手曾拿过老鼠。“如果需要，我们当然会停止这样做，玛丽。公司会制造出机器去清理废料。下星期我给大卫·威尔逊起草一个报告。”

“但是……”她转过身面对着他。他的手从她的臂上落下来。“约翰，你不认为我们应该现在就停止制造这种油漆吗？也许要花几年时间去制造那些机器，而我们现在正在往河里倾倒化学物品！”

一个阴影从他脸上掠过。他双眼注视着她的双眼，然后移开，向窗外望去。

“我……不认为我们现在就需要这样做，玛丽。目前我们只是放入河里一点点。再说公司会制造出那些机器的，对吗？”

她回忆起多年的工作，上百次失败的实验。她触摸着他的手笑了。她说，“我希望如此。我真的希望如此。”

她转身飞快地走出屋子。

6 The report

John's report took longer than he had thought. It was nearly six weeks later when he went to discuss the results with David Wilson.

Mr Wilson wasn't a scientist. He was a businessman. He knew how to run a business, how to make money.

'Thanks for coming, John.' David Wilson came out from behind his desk and shook hands with John. They sat in two big, comfortable armchairs by the window.

David Wilson's office was large, with a thick carpet and beautiful pictures on the walls. From the window, John could see the river, and the woods and fields on the other side. He felt comfortable, happy, safe.

'I've read your report,' Wilson began. Then he stopped, and lit a cigarette. 'Not very good, is it?'

'What?' John stared at him in surprise.

Wilson smiled, and moved his hand through the clouds of smoke. 'No, no, don't worry—I don't mean the report is bad, of course not. You've worked very hard, and done your job well. What I mean is, I don't like the ideas at the end of the report.'

'What's wrong with them?'

'They're too expensive.' The two men stared at each other for a moment, and John felt cold and sick in his stomach. Wilson smiled, but it wasn't the kind of smile that John liked.

'Look, John,' he said. 'Your report says that we should build some new machines to clean up the waste products before they go into the river, right? And those machines will cost two million pounds! Where do you think we can find all that? Money doesn't grow on trees, you know!'

'No, of course not.' John's mouth was dry. He took a drink of water, and felt his hand shaking. 'But we're selling a lot of the new paint. We're making millions of pounds every month from that, aren't we?'

'We're doing very well, yes,' said Wilson. 'But if we spend two million pounds to build these new machines, the paint will have to cost more, and we won't sell so much.'

'But—we've got to do it,' said John. 'These waste products are much more dangerous than I'd thought. Didn't you read that in my report? When I put the chemicals in rats' drinking water, some of the baby rats were born without eyes and ears. One didn't have any legs, and one had six.' He shivered. 'And some were born without legs when they drank only two parts per million. We can't put those chemicals in the river.'

'Of course I read that, John. I read your report very carefully indeed. And your report also says that on most days we put less than two parts per million into the river. No, wait, listen to me for a minute! We both know that no drinking water comes out of this part of the river, don't we? And in two kilometres the river goes out into the sea. So why is it dangerous? Nobody is ever going to drink it, John! We don't need to build these new machines!'

John thought of his children, sailing on the river in their boat. He thought of the seals, and people fishing, and little children playing on the beach and swimming. 'We've got to build them!' he said.

David Wilson looked at him carefully. His voice, when he spoke, was very quiet and hard. 'Listen to me, John. You're a very good scientist, and we're lucky to have you in this company. But you're not a businessman, and I am. Look at this.' He picked up a sheet of paper, and held it across the table for John to see. It showed how much money the company had. 'We borrowed ten million pounds last year, and we employed four hundred more people. Think how much that means to a small town like this!'

'I know,' said John. 'But...'

'Just a minute. Listen to me. If we build these cleaning machines of yours, people will lose their jobs—a lot of people! This company can't afford to borrow any more money, John. We just can't do it!'

John stood up. 'And what happens if people get ill because of this? Have you thought of that? What will the newspapers say then?'

'No one will get ill, because no one drinks that water, John. The newspapers will never know about it.'

'They will if I tell them.'

There was a long silence. Then David Wilson stood up. He walked past John Duncan, without looking at him, and sat down behind his desk. When he looked up, his eyes were cold and grey, like stones from the beach.

'If you do that, John, I shall say you're a liar. You'll lose your job. You'll have to sell your house, and go back to living in a nasty little flat. You'll never get another job, and you'll never have a house or any money again. You'll just be an old man, walking the streets without friends or money. Is that what you want?'

John didn't answer. He stood for a long time, and stared at David Wilson, and didn't say a word. After nearly two minutes, Wilson smiled—a thin quiet smile.

'But if you stay with us, you will be paid twice as much next year. And no one will ever be hurt, because no one will ever drink that water.'

He got up from his desk, came round to the front, and held out his hand. John stood still for a long moment. Then he shook hands.

'Think about it, John,' said David Wilson.

John Duncan turned, and walked slowly towards the door.

6 报告

约翰的报告花的时间比他想像的要长。将近六个星期以后他才去找大卫·威尔逊讨论实验的结果。

威尔逊先生不是一个科学家。他是一个商人。他懂得怎样管理生意，怎样赚钱。

“谢谢你的到来，约翰。”大卫·威尔逊从他的桌子后面走出来与约翰握手。他们坐在靠窗户的两张非常舒适的大沙发里。

大卫·威尔逊的办公室很大，铺着厚厚的地毯，墙上有许多漂亮的画。从窗户望去，约翰可以看见河以及河对面的树林和田野。他感到舒适、愉快、安全。

“我已经读了你的报告，”威尔逊开口道。然后他止住，点燃一支雪茄。“不太好，是吧？”

“什么？”约翰吃惊地盯着他。

威尔逊笑着，在烟雾中挥动着他的手。“不，不，别担心——我不是说报告不好，当然不是，我的意思是不喜欢报告结尾的那些意见。”

“它们有什么不妥？”

“它们太花钱了。”两个人相互凝视了一会儿，约翰感到胃部又凉又难受。威尔逊笑了笑，但那不是约翰喜欢的那种笑。

“你瞧，约翰，”他说，“你的报告说我们应该制造一些新机器，在将废料倒到河里以前将它们净化，对吧？而那些机器将花费两百万英镑！你想我们能从哪儿搞到所有这些钱？你知道钱不会从天上掉下来！”

“对，当然不会。”约翰的嘴开始发干。他喝了一口水，他感觉他的手在颤抖。“但是我们正在卖大量的新油漆。我们每月都从中挣上几百万英镑，不是吗？”

“是的，我们干得非常好，”威尔逊说。“但是如果我们花两百万英镑去造这些新机器，油漆价格就会贵些，我们就卖不了那么多。”

“但是——我们必须这样做，”约翰说，“这些废料比我以前想像的还要危险。你难道没在我的报告里读到吗？我在老鼠的饮用水里放入化学品，生出来的一些幼鼠没有眼睛和耳朵。有一只没有腿，还有一只有6条腿。”他战栗着。“有些只喝了百万分之二，生出来就没有腿。我们不能将那些化学品放入河里。”

“我当然读到，约翰。我的确很认真地读了你的报告。你的报告也说到大部分日子里我们放入河里的是少于百万分之二。不，请等一下，听我说一会儿！我们俩都知道饮用水不是来自河的这一方，不是吗？再流两公里，河水就进入大海。所以怎么会有危险呢？从没有人会去喝它，约翰！我们不需要制造新机器！”

约翰想到他的孩子们，乘他们的船行驶在这条河上。他想到海豹，想到人们钓鱼，想到小孩们在河滩上玩耍，在河里游泳。他说：“我们不得不造机器！”

大卫·威尔逊仔细地看他。他说话时的声音非常平静而且坚定。“听我说，约翰。你是一个很出色的科学家，我们有幸雇你在这个公司干活。但是你不是一个商人，而我是。你瞧。”他拿起一张纸，从桌子对面递过来给约翰看。它显示出公司有多少钱。“去年我们借了1000万英镑，并且又雇用了400人。想想对这样一个小镇来说这意味着多少？”

“我知道，”约翰说。“但是……”

“等等。听我说。如果我们制造你建议的这些净化机器，人们将会丢失他们的工作——很多人！这个公司担负不起借更多的钱，约翰。我们真是不能那样做。”

约翰站了起来。“那么如果人们因此而得病怎么办？你想过没有？到那时报纸会怎么说？”

“没人会得病，因为没人喝那种水，约翰。报纸永远不会知道此事。”

“如果我告诉他们，他们就会知道。”

长时间的沉默后，大卫·威尔逊站了起来，他从约翰·邓肯身旁走过，没看他，在他的桌子后面坐下。当他抬头时，他的目光冷酷而暗淡，如同沙滩上的石头。

“如果你那样做，约翰，我会说你是一个骗子。你将失去你的工作。你将不得不卖掉你的房子，回去住那龌龊的小公寓。你将永远找不到另一份工作，你再也不会有房子和任何钱了。你将只是一个走在街上没有朋友没有钱的老头，这难道是你所想要的吗？”

约翰没有回答。他站了许久，盯着大卫·威尔逊，没有说任何话。大约两分钟过后，威尔逊露出微笑——非常勉强的轻轻一笑。

“但是如果你跟我们在一起，明年你的收入将增加一倍，并且没人会受到伤害，因为没人会去喝那水。”

他从桌子旁站起来，绕到前面，伸出他的手。约翰一动不动地站了很长时间，然后他与威尔逊握了手。

“考虑考虑，约翰，”大卫·威尔逊说。

约翰·邓肯转身慢慢地向门口走去。

7 Christine and Simon

Mary talked to Mr Wilson too, but it was no good. She came out looking tired and very sad.

For many months she argued with David Wilson about the danger of the waste products, but he would not listen to her. And so, eighteen months after John's report, Mary decided to move to another company. She was pleased, because it was a more important job, but that wasn't the reason she was going. She knew that the cleaning machines would never be built.

John was sad to see her go. He had enjoyed working with her, and she had come to his house several times over the last year and a half. His children liked her now. They had never been so friendly with any woman, since their mother had died.

On her last day, Mary and John had lunch in the factory restaurant together.

'You don't have to go, you know, Mary,' John said. 'This company is very successful, and it's growing all the time. Your new paint has meant four hundred new jobs—all because of your discovery! This isn't a poor town any more—it's becoming successful, rich! People will want to move here from other places.'

He talked about the new sports centre at Andrew's school, which was built with money from the paint company. There were two big, new shops in the town as well, and a new theatre, and a lot of new houses. 'And it's all because of you,' he said. 'It's wonderful, Mary, don't you think?' He smiled at her across the table, and took her hand in his.

She looked at him quietly. He had changed a lot since he had first started working at the factory. For the first six months after he had got the job, he had been really happy and lively. She had always known where he was in the factory, because he was always laughing, or singing to himself.

But for the last eighteen months he had been much quieter. He was always busy, but he didn't sing or laugh, and he didn't often look Mary in the eyes. And when he was alone, he looked tired and sad.

She took her hand away from his, gently. 'You know why I'm going, John,' she said. 'I know what's going into the river, and I don't like to think about it. You should leave, too, and get a job in another company.'

'I'm too old.' John stared at her angrily. 'It isn't easy for me to get a new job. And Mary, the company has been making the paint for more than two years now, and no one's been hurt, have they?'

Mary didn't answer for a moment. Then she said, 'Only you.'

'What do you mean, only me?'

She looked at him sadly. His head was bald now, and he was beginning to look like an old man. Once, she had wanted to marry him. Now, she was pleased that he hadn't asked her.

'Oh, I just meant your leg, of course.' John still had a painful red place on his leg, and sometimes he walked badly because of it. But that wasn't what Mary meant.

John smiled. 'My leg's nearly better. I'd almost forgotten about it. But Mary, before you go—I wonder if you could help me. It's a family matter.'

'I see. Well, how can I help? I don't know your children very well, you know.'

'No, of course not. But you're a woman, and—well, it's sometimes difficult for me, as a father on my own. Christine's a young woman now, and she hasn't got a mother to discuss things with. I don't always know what to say.'

'No.' Mary looked at him sadly. She often wondered why he didn't ask her to his house more often. She liked him and his children, and she thought he liked her. 'How old is Christine now?'

'Eighteen. And she wants to get married.'

'Already? She's rather young, isn't she?'

John looked unhappy. 'Well, that's what I say. But she gets so angry with me, Mary, really angry.'

'Who's the young man?'

'He's called Simon MacDonald. He's a journalist—he works for the local newspaper. He's a nice young man, I suppose. But every time I speak to him, we argue. And then Christine always agrees with him, and I get angry with her, too. I don't want to, Mary, but I do. I feel I'm losing her, you see.'

'What do you argue about?'

'Oh, I don't know. Stupid things, really. He belongs to one of these environmental groups—Greenworld, I think—and he's always talking about it. He thinks only young people are right, and everyone over twenty-five is always wrong!'

Mary looked at John thoughtfully.

'Well, what do you want me to do, John? I'm not a mother and I've never been married.'

'No, but—you could talk to Christine, perhaps? If you came to our house for Sunday lunch...?'

So Mary went to John's house. Simon was there too. They had a meal and talked about horses and sailing. Everyone was polite, and there were no arguments. Later, Mary went with Christine to look at her horse, and Simon stayed with John. In the field, Mary began to talk about Simon.

'He's fine young man, Christine. He's very clever and kind. He makes me think of your father.'

'My father! He's nothing like my father! And Dad hates him!'

'I'm sure he doesn't.'

'He does! He says he's too old for me, and I mustn't see him! He thinks I'm still a little girl, Mary! But I'm eighteen! I want to get married!'

'Tell me more about Simon...'

And so for a long time Mary stood in the quiet, lonely field. She helped Christine give food to her horse, and listened to her talk about Simon. Simon, Christine said, was kind, intelligent, very hard-working. He liked sailing and riding, and

he wanted to make the world a cleaner, better place. He made her feel important, like an adult, not a child any more. She had met his parents, and they liked her a lot. It was only her father...

’So what should I do, Mary?’Christineasked.

Mary put her hand on the horse’s neck. ’I’m not sure, ’she said. ’I think you should marry him, but you don’t want to make your father angry, do you? That’s not the best way to start your life with Simon. ’

’No, but I will if I have to!’

’Would you like me to talk to him? Perhaps he’ll listen to me. It’s difficult for him—you’re his only daughter, and he’s probably very worried about it. ’

’Oh, would you, Mary? Please. I want Dad to like Simon, really, but he’s always nasty to him. ’

’I’ll do my best, my dear, but I don’t know if it’ll work. ’

Mary did try, very hard, before she moved to Scotland for her new job. She spoke to John on the phone, and sometimes they had a cup of coffee together in town. She was surprised how carefully John listened to her, and how grateful he seemed write a full-page article every week on the environment. And this is the first one. Look here! ’

He pulled a page of newspaper out of his pocket, and held it up in front of them. There were pictures of water, sandbanks, and some seals. The headline read:

SEALS AT RIVER MOUTH
HAVE STRANGE DISEASE
Four baby seals found dead
7 克里斯汀和西蒙

玛丽也跟威尔逊先生谈了，但是没有用。她走出来，看上去疲惫忧伤。

她跟大卫·威尔逊争论废料的危险性好几个月，但他就是不听她的。所以，在约翰提出报告一年半后，玛丽决定调到其他公司。她很高兴，因为那是一份更重要的工作，但这并不是她走的原因。她知道净化机器永远不会被建造。

约翰看到她走很忧伤。他喜欢跟她一起工作，在过去的一年半中她多次去过他家。他的孩子们现在喜欢她。他们自从母亲死后，还没跟任何女人这么友好过。

在她走的前一天，玛丽和约翰在工厂的餐厅共进午餐。

约翰说：“玛丽，你知道你不是非走不可。这家公司非常成功，它在不断扩大。你的新油漆已经意味着400份新工作——全是由于你的发现！这里不再是贫穷的小镇——它正变得成功、富有！人们将愿意从别处迁到这里。”

他谈到安德鲁学校里新的体育中心，那是用油漆公司的钱修建的。镇上还有两座新的大商店、一座新的剧院和许多新房子。“这一切都得归功于你，”他说。“太棒了，玛丽，你不这样认为吗？”他朝着桌子对面的她微笑着，将她的手放在他的手中。

她静静地看着他。他自从开始在工厂工作变了许多。刚得到工作的头半年他确实很愉快有生气。她总是知道他在厂里的哪个地方，因为他总是笑或者自己唱歌。

但是在后来的一年半里他沉默了许多。他总是忙碌，但他不唱也不笑，也不常正视玛丽的眼睛。当他独自待着时，他看上去疲倦又忧郁。

她轻轻地把手抽回去。“你知道我为什么走，约翰，”她说。“我知道河里倒入了什么，我不愿去想它。你也应该离开，到另一家公司找工作。”

“我太老了。”约翰气愤地瞪着她。“我另找工作不容易。玛丽，公司制造这种油漆到现在已经两年多了，还没有一个人遭到伤害，不是吗？”玛丽沉默了一会，然后她说，“只有你。”

“你这是什么意思，只有我？”

她忧虑地望着他。他的头现在已秃了，49他开始看上去像个老头。她曾经想跟他结婚。现在她庆幸他没有向她提出。

“哦，我当然是指你的腿。”约翰腿上仍有一块疼痛红肿的地方，有时他由于它走路都困难。但这不是玛丽所指的。

约翰笑了笑。“我的腿几乎渐好，我都快忘了。但是，玛丽，你走以前……我想你是否能够帮助我。这是一件家事。”

“我明白。那么，我怎么帮你？我不十分了解你的孩子们，这你知道。”

“是的，你当然不太了解。但你是一个女人，并且……唉，有时候作为一个父亲单靠我是困难的。克里斯汀现在已长大了，她有事没有母亲可以商谈。我不总是知道该怎么说。”

“是的。”玛丽悲伤地看着他。她经常想为什么他没更常请她去他家。她喜欢他及他的孩子们，并且她想他也喜欢她。“克里斯汀现在多大了？”

“18岁，并且她打算结婚。”

“已经想结婚啦？她还很年轻啊？”

约翰看上去不高兴的样子。“是呀，我也这么说。但她很生我的气，玛丽，真的很生气。”

“那男孩是谁？”

“他叫西蒙·麦克唐纳。他是一个记者——他替当地报纸工作。我想，他是一个好青年。但是每次我跟他交谈，我们都争论。克里斯汀总是赞同他，于是我也生她的气。我不想如此，玛丽，但我真生气。你瞧，我感到我正在失去她。”

“你们争论些什么？”

“哦，我不知道。都是一些无聊的事情，真的。他属于那些环境组织之中的一个——我想叫绿色世界——他经常谈论它。他认为只有年青人是对的，每个过了25岁的人总是错的！”

玛丽带着思考的神情望着他。

“那你想让我做什么，约翰？我不是一个母亲，也从没结过婚。”

“是的，但是……你也许可以跟克里斯汀谈谈？如果你星期日可以来我家吃午饭……？”

就这样玛丽去了约翰的家。西蒙也在那儿。他们吃了饭并且谈论了马匹和划船。每个人都很客气，没有争论。随后，玛丽跟克里斯汀去看她的马，而西蒙则跟约翰待在一起。在田野里玛丽开始谈论西蒙。

“他是一个好青年，克里斯汀，他非常聪明善良。他使我想起你的父亲。”

“我父亲！他一点也不像我父亲！并且爸爸恨他。”

“我相信你爸爸不恨他。”

“他恨！他说西蒙年龄比我大得多，我不应该再见他！他认为我还是个小女孩，玛丽！但我已18岁了！我想要结婚！”

“跟我多谈谈西蒙……”

就这样玛丽在寂静空旷的田野里站了很久。她帮助克里斯汀喂马，听她讲西蒙。克里斯汀说西蒙善良、聪慧、非常刻苦。他喜欢划船和骑马，并且他想使世界变成一个更清洁更美好的地方。他使她感到重要，如同成人，不再是孩子。她已见过他的父母，他们非常喜欢她。只有她的父亲……

“所以，我该怎么办？玛丽？”克里斯汀问道。

玛丽把手放在马脖子上。“我也不太清楚，”她说。“我想你应该嫁给他，但你不愿使你父亲生气，是吧？那不是你与西蒙开始生活的最好方法。”

“对，但如果不得已，我也许会的。”

“你想让我跟他谈谈吗？也许他会听我的。这对他来讲很困难——你是他唯一的女儿，他也许对此非常焦虑。”

“哦，你肯帮我吗？玛丽？求你了。我想让爸爸喜欢西蒙，真的，但他总是对他发火。”

“亲爱的，我一定尽力，但我不知道是否有效。”

玛丽在去苏格兰就任新工作之前确实努力试过。她给约翰打电话，有时他们在镇上一同喝咖啡。她惊奇地发现约翰非常细心地听她讲，并且好像十分感激她的帮助。她想他的确是一个非常孤独的人，带着两个孩子，没有妻子，生活对他来说一定很艰难。他曾经经常跟他的孩子们交谈，但是现在不是这样了。

最后约翰同意了婚事。由于这个好消息，玛丽被邀请参加了一个特殊的晚餐。克里斯汀非常高兴。当玛丽到达时，她亲吻了玛丽并给了她一件小巧秘密的礼物以表示感谢。它是一对漂亮的耳环。用餐时，约翰有点儿不自然，但也很高兴。他努力使自己笑出来，并感谢玛丽，虽然他没想到送她一件礼物。整个晚餐他都在观察克里斯汀。他好像害怕他再也见不到她了，当她冲他笑时，他感到很幸福。

然后西蒙站起来讲话。

“邓肯先生，”他说，“我将永远记住这个夜晚。我知道你是多么爱你女儿，请相信我，先生，我也爱她。你一直担心我，是因为你想让她尽可能嫁一个最好的丈夫，而我——当然我无法许诺什么，但我将努力去成为那样一个人。你是一个富有的人，邓肯先生。当然克里斯汀和我一开始不会有很多钱，但我希望我们能应付。”他对克里斯汀笑了笑。“邓肯先生，昨天，我跟我的老板谈了，他将付给我比以前多一点的工资！”

约翰看上去很惊讶。“噢，真的吗？为什么？”

“因为他给了我一项新任务。他让我替我们的报纸写关于环境的文章。每周我得写一整版关于环境的文章。这是第一篇，请看。”

他从口袋里抽出一页报纸，举在他们面前，上面有江河、沙滩和一些海豹的图片，标题是：

河口的海豹已染上怪病

发现4只幼豹死亡

8 The wedding day

The disease among the seals got worse. Three more baby seals died, and one was born without a tail. Scientists came from London to look at them, and there were long articles in the newspapers, but no one was sure what the reasons were. Some people said that it was a disease that was always in the water; some people said the seals were eating diseased fish; and some people said that it was the paint factory near the river.

There was a sewage works near the river too. The sewage from another small town came to it. One day, in the factory, John Duncan found two young chemists testing samples of water from the river. The water came from two kilometres upstream, near the sewage works.

‘Why are you doing that?’ he asked, surprised.

‘It’s a special experiment,’ one of them answered. ‘David Wilson asked us to do it himself. Didn’t he tell you, sir?’

John didn’t answer. He watched them quietly for several minutes. ‘What are the results?’ he asked.

‘They’re bad, sir,’ said the young man. But he didn’t look worried; he looked pleased, proud of himself. ‘That sewage works is putting a lot of nasty things into the river, you know. I think the newspapers will be very interested.’

‘The newspapers?’ John asked. The young man smiled.

‘Yes, Mr Duncan, of course. Our company cares about the environment, doesn’t it? That’s why we’re doing this. We want to help those poor seals, if we can.’

As John walked away, he listened for the sound of quiet laughter behind him. But he heard nothing. Perhaps the young man really believed what he said.

Christine and Simon were married on a fine day in June. When they came back from the church, they had a party in the garden at John’s house. Everyone seemed very happy. John liked Simon’s parents, and talked to them a lot.

‘You’re very lucky, Mr Duncan,’ Simon’s father said. ‘You have a beautiful house with a lovely river at the end of the garden.’

‘I haven’t always been lucky,’ John answered. ‘People used to say I was a very unlucky man.’ He stood still, thinking. He remembered how unhappy he had been in the little flat in the middle of the town. He had been unemployed then, with no money to buy good things for his children. But he had always been able to talk to them. Now he was a rich man, a success, and his children didn’t want to talk to him.

He smiled at Mr and Mrs MacDonald. ‘Yes,’ he said. ‘I’m a very lucky man. I have Simon for my son-in-law. I’m very pleased for my daughter.’

Mrs MacDonald was pleased. ‘We’re very pleased to have Christine for our daughter-in-law, too,’ she said. ‘And I’m sure Simon will help you with this river, Mr Duncan. I understand there’s a disease in it, which is making the seals ill. Simon told me he’s going to work very hard to find the reason for that, and clean up the river. I’m sure you’re pleased about that, Mr Duncan.’

‘Yes, of course.’ John had seen Simon’s article in the newspaper last night, about the diseases that came from the sewage works. David Wilson had shown it to him. John didn’t want to talk about it.

He saw his daughter laughing with Simon, Andrew and some friends. He had never seen her look so happy. He remembered his own wedding, and the hopes he and Rachel had had.

‘Let me get you another drink, Mrs MacDonald,’ he said. ‘We must drink to our children’s future, and wish them luck.’

At the bar in the house he met Mary. She came back to the town sometimes, and twice he had visited her in Scotland.

‘This day’s been a great success, John,’ she said. ‘You must be a happy man.’

He touched her arm thoughtfully. ‘I’d like to be, Mary,’ he said. ‘I’ve tried, you know. I’ve done my best. But it’s their world now. They must do what they can with it.’

8 婚礼

海豹的疾病日趋严重。又有3只幼豹死亡，有一只生出来就没有尾巴。从伦敦来的科学家们察看了它们，报纸上也登载了长篇文章，但是没有人能肯定是什么原因。有些人说水中本来就有这种疾病。有些人说海豹是吃了有病的鱼。还有些人说是河附近的油漆厂。

河附近还有一个污水处理厂。污水来自另一个小镇。一天，在工厂里，约翰·邓肯发现两名年青的化学师在测试从河里提取的水样。水来自两公里以外的上游，靠近污水处理厂。

“你们为什么做这事？”他惊奇地问。

“这是一项特殊实验。”其中一个答道。“是大卫·威尔逊亲自让我们做的，他没告诉你吗，先生？”

约翰没有回答。他静静地望着他们有几分钟。“结果怎样？”他问。

“非常糟糕，先生，”年青人说。但他看上去并不担忧。他显得很高兴，很自豪。

“那个污水处理厂正在往河里放一些脏东西，你知道。我想报纸对此会非常感兴趣。”

“报纸吗？”约翰问。年青人笑了。

“是的，邓肯先生，当然。我们公司关心环境，是吧？这就是我们为什么要做实验。如果能够的话，我们想帮助那些可怜的海豹。”

当约翰走开时，他等着听背后轻轻的笑声。但是他什么也没听到。也许年青人真的相信他所说的。

克里斯汀和西蒙在6月一个明媚的日子里结了婚。当他们从教堂回来后，在约翰家的花园里举行了宴会。每个人好像都很快乐。约翰喜欢西蒙的父母，跟他们聊了很多。

“你很幸运，邓肯先生，”西蒙的父亲说，“你有一座漂亮的房子，花园尽头是可爱的河。”

“我不总是幸运，”约翰回答道。“人们曾经说我是一个很不幸的人。”他站在那儿不动，思考着。他记得他曾多么不幸福，住在小镇中部的一所小公寓里。然后他失业了，没钱给他的孩子们买好东西。但是他总能够跟他们交谈。现在他是一个富人、一个成功者，可他的孩子不愿跟他交谈。

他冲着麦克唐纳夫妇笑着说：“是的，我是一个非常幸运的人，我有西蒙做我的女婿。我为我女儿感到非常高兴。”

麦克唐纳太太很满意。“能有克里斯汀做我们的儿媳，我们也非常高兴，”她说。“我相信西蒙会帮助你解决河的问题，邓肯先生。我知道河里有病菌使海豹得病。西蒙告诉我他将努力去查找原因，清理河流。我相信你会对此满意的，邓肯先生。”

“这当然。”约翰昨晚已经看到报纸上西蒙写的关于疾病来自污水处理厂的文章。是大卫·威尔逊拿给他看的。约翰不想说什么。

他看到他女儿与西蒙、安德鲁和一些朋友在一起欢笑。他从没看到过她有这么高兴。他想起了自己的婚礼，以及他和雷切尔曾有过的愿望。

“我再给你斟一杯，麦克唐纳太太，”他说。“我们要为我们孩子的将来干杯，祝他们好运。”

在屋中的酒吧前他遇见了玛丽。她有时回到镇上，他也曾两次去苏格兰拜访她。

“这一天很成功，约翰，”她说。“你一定是个幸福的人。”

他深思地摸着她的胳膊。“我很想成为一个幸福的人，玛丽，”他说，“我努力过，你知道，我尽力了。但现在是他们的世界，他们应该为之努力。”

'It's not true, Christine. Simon's information is wrong.'

'I don't believe you, Father.'

John and Christine stared at each other angrily. It was a miserable, frightening moment for them both. It was a night three months after the wedding, and Christine had come with some happy news. She had come to tell her father that she was going to have a baby—his first grandchild! For a while they had talked about that, but then Christine had begun to talk about Simon's new job. Simon had found some information about the waste products from the paint factory. His information was dangerous for the company. Simon had written an article in the newspaper, saying that waste products from the paint factory could be killing the baby seals. David Wilson had written to the newspaper immediately, saying that Simon's article was completely untrue.

And so instead of talking happily about the baby, Christine and her father had argued all evening. John had known for a long time that they would have this argument. And next week in the town there would be a Public Enquiry, when government officials would try to discover the truth. Scientists and lawyers would speak on both sides of the argument. Everyone in the town was talking about the Enquiry—and about Simon's newspaper article.

'Why did David Wilson write to the paper, Father?' Christine asked. 'He's not a scientist, he's just a businessman. Why didn't you write to the paper?'

'I have written to the paper,' said John, sadly. 'You'll probably read my letter tomorrow.'

'Oh. What did you say?' Christine asked.

John felt sad. He hadn't wanted to write the letter. He and David Wilson had had a big argument about it. But in the end he had agreed. He had agreed to hide many bad things before, so one more didn't make any difference.

'I said that our waste products don't make the river water dangerous. We've tested them very carefully for many years, and if they are diluted in water, they are not dangerous at all. There are usually only one and a half parts per million in the river water, that's all. And the seals aren't in the river. They're out at sea. I wrote that in my letter, and I'll say the same thing at the Enquiry next week.'

Christine was watching him carefully as he spoke. She saw how tired and sad his face was. He was looking at his hands most of the time, not at her.

'Father, I want to believe you. But I can't,' she said softly.

He looked up. 'Don't then!' he said angrily. 'You believe Simon, if you want to! He's a journalist, after all—I'm only a biologist, and your father. Why should you believe me?' He stood up angrily, walked to the door, and opened it. 'I'm sorry, Christine. I've had a hard day, I'm tired, and I don't want to sit here listening to my daughter telling me I'm a liar. Go home to Simon. I'm going to bed!'

She got up slowly. 'It's important, Father,' she said slowly. 'It's important for everyone.'

'I know it is, Christine. But the paint factory's important too. It's given a lot to you, and me, and to the people of this town. Try to remember that, and forget about the seals for a while, can't you?'

'There are more important things than money, Father.'

'Are there? You tell that to all the people who work in the company, and live in this town. What are they going to live on, when the factory's closed because of Simon's stupid articles? Can they give their children photographs of baby seals to eat?'

Christine looked at him for a long moment before she went out of the door. 'And what about children who play by the river, Father? What if they drink the river water? What then?'

'Nobody drinks water from that part of the river,' he said. 'And I've told you—it isn't dangerous to children.'

Christine closed the door quietly behind her.

9 我不相信你

“这不是真的，克里斯汀，西蒙的消息是错误的。”

“我不相信你，爸爸。”

约翰和克里斯汀互相怒视着。这对他们俩都是一个痛苦恐怖的时刻。这事发生在婚礼后3个月的一个夜晚，克里斯汀带回一些令人高兴的消息，她回来告诉她父亲她将要有了小宝宝——他的第一个外孙或外孙女！他们就此谈论了一会儿，但是过后克里斯汀开始谈论西蒙的新工作。西蒙发现一些有关油漆厂废料的消息。他的消息对公司有威胁。西蒙在报纸上写了一篇文章，说来自油漆厂的废料可能正在杀死幼豹。大卫·威尔逊马上写信给报纸，说西蒙的文章完全是不真实的。

所以，克里斯汀和父亲并没有高兴地谈论孩子，而是争论了整个晚上。约翰早就知道他们会有这场争论。下星期镇上将举行一个公众听证会，那时政府官员将努力发现事实真相。科学家和律师们将为双方的争议辩护。镇上所有的人都在谈论这次听证会——也谈论西蒙的报刊文章。

“为什么大卫·威尔逊给报纸写信，爸爸？”克里斯汀问道。“他不是一个科学家，他只是一个商人。为什么你不给报纸写信？”

“我已经给报纸写过，”约翰痛心地说，“你明天也许会读到我的信。”

“哦。你是怎么说的？”克里斯汀问。

约翰感到痛苦。他原不想写这封信。他和大卫·威尔逊为此大吵了一场。但最后他还是同意了。他以前曾同意隐瞒许多坏事，所以再多一次也无妨。

“我说我们的废料没有对河水造成危害。我们已经谨慎地测试了许多年。如果它们被水稀释，它们根本没有危险。在河水中废料通常仅占一百万分之一点五，仅此而已。而海豹不在河里。他们远在海里。我在信中写了这些，在下周的听证会上我会说同样的话。”

在他讲话时克里斯汀认真地望着他。她看到他的脸是那样疲倦和悲伤。他大部分时间一直看着他的手，而没有看着她。

“爸爸，我想相信你。但我不能，”她轻声地说。

他抬起头。“那就别相信，”他气愤地说，“如果你愿意，你就相信西蒙好了！他毕竟是一个记者——我只是一个生物学家和你的父亲。你为什么要相信我呢？”他气愤地站起来，朝房门走去，打开门说：“对不起，克里斯汀，我这一天太艰难了，我累了。我不想坐在这儿听我女儿说我撒谎。回家找西蒙去吧，我要睡了。”

她慢慢站起来。“这很重要，爸爸，”她缓慢地说，“这对每个人都重要。”

“我知道它重要，克里斯汀。但是油漆厂也重要。它给了你很多，也给了我和这个城镇的居民很多。难道你就不能试着记住这点，而暂时忘却海豹吗？”

“有比钱更重要的东西，爸爸。”

“有吗？你把这话告诉所有在公司工作、住在镇上的人。当工厂由于西蒙那些愚蠢的文章而关闭时，他们将靠什么生存？他们能给孩子们幼豹的照片充饥吗？”

克里斯汀望着他许久以后才走出门。“那么在河边玩的孩子们怎么办，爸爸？他们如果喝了河水怎么办？那时该怎么办？”

“没人会喝那个地方的河水，”他说，“并且我已告诉过你，那对孩子们没有危险。”

克里斯汀轻轻地将门在身后关上。

10 Greenworld

Two days later Christine and Simon arrived at John's house. It was very early—five o'clock in the morning—and they didn't knock at the door, or try to wake anyone up. In fact John wasn't there; Christine knew he had gone to Scotland to see Mary. He was coming back on the morning of the Enquiry.

Christine and Simon walked quietly down to the boathouse by the river. Without talking, they put the boat in the water, and sailed away across the river.

On the other side of the river they met two friends, Peter and Susan. Their friends were wearing white clothes, with Greenworld written on them. Simon and Christine also put on white clothes. Then they all got into the boat and sailed upstream, towards the paint factory.

It was a windy morning, and the waves on the river were quite big. But Christine was a good sailor, and in about half an hour, they reached the factory. Two photographers stood by the river, taking photos of them.

'OK, Simon, where is it?' shouted Christine.

'Over there, look—in front of that post!' he said. Christine sailed the boat towards the post. When they were near it, they could see under the water. It was the pipe that took the waste products out of the factory.

'OK, here!' shouted Simon. Christine turned the boat towards the wind, and Susan caught hold of the post. Then Simon and Peter climbed out of the boat into the water.

The water was moving fast here, and they had to hold onto the pipe and the boat. Peter then took several strong paper bags out of the boat. The bags were small but very heavy, because they were filled with building cement. Peter passed the bags one at a time to Simon, and Simon went down under the water and pushed each bag into the pipe. A few minutes later the mouth of the pipe was full of bags of cement.

Simon came up out of the water for the last time. 'It's OK!' he shouted. 'We've done it! The cement is wet already, and in a few hours it'll be as hard as a rock. Nothing can come out of that pipe now!' the two men climbed back into the boat and smiled at the photographers. Then Simon stood up in the boat with Christine, and held up a long white sheet. On the sheet was written:

GREENWORLD

This pipe kills seals!

At that moment two things happened. A man ran out of the factory, shouting angrily. And the wind suddenly became stronger. It caught the sail and sent it quickly from one side of the boat to the other. The back of the sail hit Christine hard on the back of the head. She fell into the water, like a bag of potatoes. Then the wind caught the sail again and threw it back across the boat. This time the boat fell over on its side and lay with its sail under the water.

Simon was under the sail. The sail and the sheet were all around him, and for several seconds he could see nothing. Then he came up, into the air. He saw a foot kicking hard in the water beside him. Someone was moving under the sail. Quickly, he went down under the water again, and tried to help Peter. But Peter caught hold of Simon, and pulled him under water too. There was a quick, frightening fight, and then Simon managed to pull them both up, into the air again. They held onto the side of the boat together, breathing deeply.

Simon saw Susan holding onto the back of the boat. Then he heard someone shouting. He looked behind him and saw the man from the factory. He was shouting and pointing downstream. But Simon had water in his ears, and at first he couldn't hear the words very well. Then he understood.

'Look!' the man said. 'The girl! She's drowning!'

Simon looked downstream, where the man was pointing. He saw something white, floating, far away. It was not doing anything, just floating round and round, like a bag of old clothes on the water. Christine! The river was taking her quickly downstream, towards the sea.

Hurriedly, Simon began to swim after her. He was a good swimmer, but the white clothes slowed him down. He swam as fast as he could, but he seemed to go slowly, so slowly. The water seemed heavy, and held him back. For the rest of his life he would dream about that long, slow swim, towards a white body that floated quickly away in front of him.

At last he reached Christine. She was floating with her face down, unconscious. He tried to turn her over, but it was so difficult. She was heavy, and her arms fell back in the water when he dropped them. He got her face out of the water but her head fell backwards, lifeless, and she was not breathing. He caught hold of her face then, put his mouth over hers, and blew into it. He rested, and then blew into her mouth again, and again. Nothing happened.

He looked around him. They were in the middle of the river, moving quickly downstream. Here, it was about twenty-five metres to the bank, but about two hundred metres downstream a second river came in from the left. The bank was further away there, and the water moved faster. Simon was tired, and afraid. It had rained last night, and there was a lot of water moving downstream to the sea. The strong wind blew little waves into his face.

He began to swim on his back, pulling Christine towards the trees on the bank. He swam for half a minute, then stopped, and blew four times into her mouth. Once, he thought he saw her breathe, but he couldn't be sure. Her face was very white, and he had no idea if her heart was beating. The river was taking them quickly to the sea.

He swam harder, kicking strongly with his legs. Nearer—only five metres to go now. But the bank was moving past very quickly. There was a tree near the bank. Its branches were low over the water. Simon kicked hard, caught the branch, and held onto it. The water tried to pull him away. He took a deep breath, and blew strongly into Christine's mouth again. And this time, he was sure, she took a breath by herself, afterwards.

It took him nearly five minutes to pull her on to the bank. When they got there, he put her on the ground, breathed into her mouth again, and then felt for her heart. At first he couldn't find it—his hands were too cold. Then—yes!—it was beating.

For another five minutes he helped her breathe, until he was sure she could do it by herself. Then he began to

shiver. The wind made his wet clothes cold on his body. He wondered what to do. Then he looked down, and saw that Christine's eyes were open.

“Chris, ”he said. “Are you all right?”

She said something, but very quietly and he could not hear it. He lay down, and put his arms around her, to keep her warm. He could feel her heart beating, and her body breath-ing under him. Simon began to cry.

10 绿色世界

两天过后克里斯汀和西蒙到达约翰的家。时间很早——早晨5点——他们没有敲门，也不想吵醒任何人。事实上约翰不在。克里斯汀知道他去苏格兰看玛丽了。他将在听证会那天早晨回来。

克里斯汀和西蒙悄悄地走向河边的船屋。没有交谈，他们将船放入水中，向河对岸划去。

在河的另一边他们与两个朋友——彼得和苏珊——会面了。他们的朋友身穿白色衣服，上面写着绿色世界。西蒙和克里斯汀也穿上白衣服。然后他们全部上船向上游油漆厂的方向驶去。

这天早晨风很大，河中波涛滚滚，但是克里斯汀是一个优秀的水手，大约半小时，他们就到达了工厂。两名摄影师站在河边拍下了他们。

“好啦，西蒙，它在哪？”克里斯汀喊道。

“在那儿，看啊，在柱子前面！”他说道。克里斯汀将船向柱子划去。当他们靠近时，他们可以看见水下，那是从工厂排放出废料的管子。

“好啦，在这里！”西蒙喊道。克里斯汀把船转向顺风，苏珊抓住柱子。然后西蒙和彼得爬出船跳入水中。

这里的水流很急，他们不得不抓住管子和船。彼得这时从船中拿出一些结实的纸袋。这些袋子很小但很沉，因为它们充满了建筑水泥。彼得把袋子一个个地递给西蒙，而西蒙钻到水下，把每个袋子推进管子。几分钟后，管子口已塞满了水泥袋。

西蒙最后一次从水中出来。“行啦，”他喊道，“我们干完啦！水泥已经浸透，过几个小时它将跟岩石一样硬。现在管子里再也排不出任何东西了。”两个人爬回到船上，对着摄影师笑了。然后，西蒙和克里斯汀在船上站起来，举起一长幅白纸，上面写着：

绿色世界

这条管道残杀海豹！

在那一时刻发生了两件事情。一个人跑出工厂愤怒地叫喊。风突然刮得更猛。风扯倒了帆，迅速把它从船的一边刮到另一边。帆的尾部沉重地打在克里斯汀头的后部，她像一袋土豆一样栽入水中。然后风又把帆掀起抛到船的另一边。这次船侧翻与帆一同沉入水底。

西蒙在帆下面。帆和纸缠住了他，有几秒钟他什么也看不见。然后他摆脱出来，浮到水面。他看见在他身旁有只脚用力在水中踢着。有人在帆下动。他迅速再次钻入水中，试图帮助彼得。但是彼得抓住西蒙，把他也拽入水中。经过一番迅速而可怕的拼搏，西蒙设法使两人都又重新露出水面，他们一起抓住船帮，深深地吸气。

西蒙看到苏珊抓住船尾。然后听到有人呼喊。他往身后看，看见那个从工厂来的人。那人一边喊，一边指向下游。但是西蒙耳朵里有水，一开始他听不太清楚。随后他明白了。

“看啊！”那人说。“那女孩！她要淹死了！”

西蒙顺着那人所指的方向往下游望去。他看见远处有一个白色物体漂浮着。它一动不动，只是漂呀漂，像一袋旧衣服在水上漂。克里斯汀！河水正把她迅速地带向下游，通往大海。

西蒙马上跟着她游去。他是一个游泳健将，但是白衣服减慢了他的速度。他尽力游快，但他好像很慢，太慢了。河水好像很凶猛并且阻挡他前进。这辈子他都会常梦见这一漫长的游泳，他紧随眼前迅速漂走的白色躯体。

终于他追上了克里斯汀。她脸朝下漂浮着，已失去知觉。他设法把她翻过身来，但很困难。她很沉，而且当他一松手她的两臂又落入水中。他把她的脸托出水面，但她的头向后垂，没有生命，没有呼吸。他托住她的脸，把他的嘴贴在她嘴上，往里吹气。他歇一下，又往她嘴里吹，一次又一次，没有变化。

他环视一下四围。他们在河中心，正迅速冲向下游。这里离岸边约二十五米，但大约两百米的下游从左边又有另一条河汇入。那儿的岸边更远，水流更急。西蒙又累又怕。昨夜下过雨，有大量雨水流向下游进入大海。强风在他脸上溅起小浪花。

他开始仰游，拖着克里斯汀向岸边的树游去。他游半分钟，停一下，向她嘴里吹4次气。有一次，他以为他看见她呼吸了，但他不敢肯定。她的脸色苍白，他不知道她的心脏是否还跳动，河水带着他们迅速流向大海。

他奋力地游，双腿用力蹬水。近了——现在只有5米远了。但是河岸飞快地移动。靠近岸边有一棵树。它的枝头低低地伸向水面。西蒙使劲一蹬，抓住树枝，并握住它。河水试图把他拖走。他深深地吸口气，再次用力吹进克里斯汀的嘴里。这一次，他确定，她自己紧接着吸了一口气。

他大约花了五分钟把她拖上岸。当他们上岸后，他把她放在地上，再次往她嘴里吹气，然后摸她的心口。一开始他感觉不到，因为他的手太凉了。然后，感觉到了，心在跳动。

随后的5分钟他帮助她呼吸，直到他确信她能够自己呼吸。接着他开始发抖，风吹得他身上的湿衣服冰凉地贴在身上。他考虑该怎么办。这时他往下看，看到克里斯汀睁开了眼睛。

“克里斯汀，”他说，“你好吗？”

她说了些什么，但非常轻，他听不到。他躺下身子，双臂搂住她，温暖她。他可以感到她的心在跳，她的身体在他下面喘气，西蒙开始哭了。

11 The Public Enquiry

Two days later, the Enquiry began. Scientists came from London to ask questions about the disease that was killing the seals. Before he had gone to Scotland, John had been to see David Wilson about the Enquiry. David Wilson had asked John to speak for the company.

'You're our chief biologist, John,' he said. 'You're an im-portant man. They'll believe you.'

John said nothing. He didn't want to speak at the Enquiry, but he knew he had to. David Wilson smiled. Or at least, his mouth smiled. But his eyes watched John carefully, all the time, like the cold eyes of a fish.

'Think carefully about what you say, John. If you say the wrong thing next week, hundreds of people will lose their jobs. And the first person to lose his job will be you, John. I promise you that.'

The Enquiry room was crowded. There were a lot of journal-ists and photographers there, and a lot of people from the town and the factory too. John's train was late, and he caught a taxi from the station. When he came into the room, he saw Simon, sitting with the journalists. Christine was near him, with Andrew and some young people from Greenworld. John smiled at her, but she didn't smile back. She looks very white and ill, he thought. It's probably the baby. He remembered how ill his wife Rachel had been in the mornings, before Christine was born, and he smiled sadly to himself.

'Mr John Duncan, please!'

He walked to the front of the room. As he sat down, he saw David Wilson's cold, grey eyes watching him from the other side of the room. That man should be up here instead, he thought. He should tell his own lies.

A lawyer began to ask him questions. At first it was easy. John explained how long he had worked for the company, and how much paint the factory produced. Then the lawyer asked about the waste products.

'These are very dangerous chemicals, aren't they?' the lawyer said.

'Well yes, of course,' John answered. 'Most chemicals are dangerous if people aren't careful with them. But we're very careful with them in our factory. Everyone wears special cloth-ing. We haven't had a single serious accident in three years.'

'I'm pleased to hear it,' said the lawyer. 'But what hap-pens outside the factory? Do you really put these very danger-ous chemicals into the river?'

'Yes, we do,' said John. There was a noise in the room. Someone near Christine shouted something angrily, and a po-licewoman told him to be quiet. John went on. 'Of course we put these chemicals in the river, but we don't put a lot in. Only two or three hundred litres every day. That's not much. And we check the river all the time—three times every day. There are usually only two parts per million, or less, in the water near the factory, and there is much less downstream. That's not dangerous.'

'Not dangerous, Mr Duncan?' said the lawyer slowly. 'Are you sure?'

'Yes, I am,' John said. He looked up, at the hundreds of eyes watching him. David Wilson's eyes, Christine's eyes, Simon's.

'I understand', the lawyer said slowly, 'that there has been an experiment with some rats. Some mother rats were given these chemicals in their drinking water, and some of their babies were born without legs. Is that right, Mr Duncan?'

John looked at the lawyer for the first time. He was a small, uninteresting-looking man in grey clothes, with grey hair and a thin face. He looks like a rat himself, John thought. The man's eyes were small and bright, and for some strange reason he had a newspaper in his hand. John began to feel afraid of him.

'Yes,' he said. 'That's right. But rats are much smaller than people, and they were given nearly five parts per million in their drinking water for ten days. That's very different. No one drinks the river water. It goes straight out to sea.'

He looked at the lawyer, and waited for the question about the seals. But it didn't come. Instead, the lawyer said: 'So you won't be worried, Mr Duncan, if someone falls into the river by accident, and drinks a lot of river water. Your own daughter, for example. There's no danger in an accident like that—is that right?'

John looked at Christine across the room. How big her eyes look in that white face, he thought. It must be because of the baby.

'No,' he said. 'There's no danger at all.'

There was the sound of voices in the room. The lawyer smiled a small, rat-like smile. He held his newspaper out to-wards John.

'You've been away in Scotland, Mr Duncan,' he said. 'Have you seen this?'

As John read the newspaper, his hands began to shake, and he had to hold the side of the table. There was a picture of Christine, standing up in a boat near the factory, and another picture of her lying in an ambulance, with Simon beside her. The headline said:

BIOLOGIST'S DAUGHTER NEARLY
DROWNS IN RIVER

There was a long silence. He tried to read the newspaper carefully, but there was something wrong with his eyes. And his head was full of pictures of Christine in the river, drowning. And his wife, Rachel, drowning in the storm, long ago.

He shook his head quickly from side to side, then took his glasses off and cleaned them.

'No,' he said in a quiet voice. 'I haven't read this before.'

'It's all right, Mr Duncan,' said the lawyer softly. 'Your daughter is safe. Her husband saved her, and she hasn't lost her baby. But she did drink a lot of river water. It was near the factory, too. You're not worried about that, are you?'

The lawyer's bright eyes were staring at him, like a rat that has just seen its food. Behind him, David Wilson suddenly stood up.

’That is a terrible question!’he shouted into the silence. ’You can’t ask a man questions like that! Of course he’s worried about his daughter! You must stop this Enquiry at once!’

’Just a minute, Mr Wilson,’said the lawyer. ’Mr Duncan can go in a minute. He just has to answer one question. Are you worried, because your daughter has drunk so much river water, Mr Duncan? Are you worried about her baby?’

John Duncan stared at the lawyer with fear in his eyes. Sud-denly he hated him. He picked up the newspaper and threw it into the little man’s rat-like face. ’Yes!’he shouted wildy. ’Yes! Yes! Yes! Of course I’m worried about the baby! Of course it’s dangerous! Now let me go!’

He ran down the room, out of the door, into the street. A hundred staring eyes watched him go.

11 公众听证会

两天后，听证会开始。来自伦敦的科学家就海豹死亡的病因提了问题。约翰在去苏格兰之前曾为听证会见了大卫·威尔逊。大卫·威尔逊要约翰代表公司说话。

“你是我们的主管生物学家，约翰，”他说。“你是一个重要人物，他们会相信你。”

约翰什么也没说。他不想在听证会上讲话，但他知道他必须讲。大卫·威尔逊笑了，至少他的嘴是在笑。但他的眼睛像冰冷的鱼眼自始至终小心地望着约翰。

“仔细想想你要说的，约翰。如果下周你说错了，几百人将失去工作，而第一个失业的将是你，约翰，我敢向你保证这一点。”

听证会大厅挤满了人，有很多记者和摄影师，还有许多从镇上和工厂来的人。约翰的火车误点，他从车站搭了一辆出租车。当他进屋时，看见了西蒙与记者们坐在一起。克里斯汀在他附近，还有安德鲁及绿色世界的一些年青人。约翰冲她微笑，但她没有理他。她看上去非常苍白虚弱，他这样想。也许是因为孩子。他记得他的妻子雷切尔在生克里斯汀前的那些早晨也很虚弱，他自己苦笑着。

“约翰·邓肯先生，请！”

他走到大厅前面。当他要坐下时，他看到大卫·威尔逊那双冷酷、灰暗的眼睛正从屋子的另一边望着他。那个人本应在此，他想，他应该讲述他自己的谎言。

一个律师开始向他提问。一开始很容易，约翰解释了他在公司工作多久，工厂生产多少油漆。然后律师问到废料。

“这是非常危险的化学物质，是吗？”律师问道。

“是的，当然，”约翰答道。“如果人们不小心谨慎，大部分化学制品都有危险。但是在我们的工厂我们对它们非常谨慎。每个人都穿特制的服装，3年里我们没发生一件重大事故。”

“听你这么说我非常满意，”律师说。“但是在工厂外发生了什么？你们真的往河里倒了这些非常危险的化学制品吗？”

“是的，”约翰说。屋里传出嘈杂声。克里斯汀的附近有人气愤地喊着什么，一个女警察让他安静。约翰继续说：“当然我们把它们倒入水中，但不多，每天仅仅两三百公升，那不算多。而且我们一日三次一直检测河水。工厂附近水中通常只含百万分之二或更少的成分，下游就更少了。那不危险。”

“不危险吗，邓肯先生？”律师慢慢地说，“你敢肯定吗？”

“是的，我敢肯定，”约翰说。他抬起头，望着几百双正在注视着他的眼睛。大卫·威尔逊的眼睛，克里斯汀的眼睛，西蒙的眼睛。

“我知道，”律师缓慢地说，“曾经有一个用老鼠做的实验。一些母鼠喝了带有这些化学物品的水，它们的一些幼崽儿生出来没有腿，这是真的吗，邓肯先生？”

约翰第一次看了一下律师。他个头矮小，貌不惊人，穿着灰色衣服，灰色头发，瘦长的脸。约翰认为他看上去自己就像一只老鼠。那人的眼睛很小，但敏锐，出于某种奇怪的原因，他手里拿着一份报纸，约翰开始对他产生畏惧。

“是的，”他说，“你说得对。但老鼠比人小得多，而且它们10天中一直喝含有将近百万分之五成分的水。这是绝对不同的。没人喝河水，河水直接流出去进入大海。”

他望着律师，等着他问关于海豹的问题，但是律师没有问，而是说：“所以你不担心，邓肯先生，假如有人意外地坠入河中并喝了许多河水，比如你自己的女儿。难道这样的意外没有危险吗？”

约翰望着屋子另一边的克里斯汀。他在想，她那苍白脸上的眼睛显得那么的大，这一定是由于怀孕。

“没有，”他说，“根本就没有危险。”

屋里开始有说话的声音，律师露出细微的老鼠般的笑容。他向约翰举出他的报纸。

他说：“你去了苏格兰，邓肯先生，你看过这报道吗？”

当约翰读报纸时，他的手开始颤抖，他不得不抓住桌子的一边。上面有一张克里斯汀的照片，她站在工厂附近的一只船上，另一张照片是她躺在救护车里，西蒙在她身旁。标题是：

生物家的女儿险遭溺死

很长一段时间的寂静。他努力仔细读报纸，但他的眼前一片模糊，他满脑子都是克里斯汀在河中被淹的情景以及很久以前他妻子雷切尔在暴风雨中被淹的情景。

他很快地摇动着脑袋，然后摘掉眼镜，擦拭起来。

“没有，”他轻声地回答，“我以前没有看过。”

“这没关系，邓肯先生，”律师温和地说。“你的女儿很安全。她丈夫救了她，她没有失去她的孩子。但是她确实喝了不少河水，而且是工厂附近的河水，你难道不担心吗？”

律师明亮的眼睛紧盯着他，像老鼠刚看见它的食物一样。在他的后面大卫·威尔逊突然站起来。

“那是一个糟糕的提问！”他的叫喊打破了沉默，“你不能对一个人这样提问！他当然担心他的女儿！你必须立即停止听证会！”

“等一等，威尔逊先生，”律师说，“邓肯先生一会儿就可以走，他只需回答一个问题。你为你女儿喝了那么多河水而担忧吗，邓肯先生？你为她的孩子担忧吗？”

约翰·邓肯盯着律师，眼里充满恐惧。突然间，他憎恨他。他抬起报纸朝着那个矮人的鼠脸上扔去。“是的！”他疯狂地叫喊，“是的！是的！是的！我当然担心孩子！那当然危险！现在让我走！”

他跑下会场，出了大门，来到街上。100双凝视着的眼睛望着他离去。

12 The future

Six months later, John Duncan was living in a small flat near the sea. He had lost his job, and had had to sell his expensive house. He couldn't afford the payments on it.

From a window in his flat, he could look at the sea. He sat and looked at the cold, grey sea for hours, every day.

Christine would have her baby soon. He had bought lots of baby clothes to give her. His bedroom was full of baby clothes—little pink coats and trousers for a girl, blue ones for a boy. There were little soft toys too—teddy bears and small animals with blue, empty eyes.

But he hadn't given any of these things to her, because she wouldn't talk to him. When he went to see her, she closed the door in his face; when he rang, she put the phone down; when he wrote, she sent the letters back unopened.

There were a lot of books and magazines in his bedroom, too. But he kept them under his bed. He read them sometimes at night, but he didn't like to see them during the day. They were about babies, and the diseases that babies could get, before they were born. There were some terrible things in the books, terrible pictures. He didn't like to think about them, but he couldn't stop. He thought about them all day, all the time.

Today, as he sat staring out of the window at the sea, he could not stop his hands shaking. Every morning he rang the hospital, to ask if his daughter Christine MacDonald was there. He had rung this morning, and a nurse had said yes, Christine was there, and the baby was coming. That had been four hours ago. For two hours John had sat by the telephone, afraid to ring the hospital again. Three times he had picked it up, and three times he had put it down again.

He picked it up again, and rang the number. Seven... five ...eight... three...it was no good. He put the phone down again. He could not hear the news from the cold voice of a nurse over the telephone. He had to see the baby for himself.

He got up, put on his coat, and went downstairs. There was a cold wind outside, blowing from the sea. The sea and the sky were grey and miserable. He went into a shop and bought some flowers. He chose them carefully—bright red and yellow colours—and the shopkeeper put paper around them to keep them safe. John took them and walked quickly, nervously, along the windy road by the sea, towards the hospital.

It was raining out at sea. Already the rain was falling on the sandbanks where the seals used to live. Soon it would be falling on the town. John Duncan shivered, and turned his coat collar up. Then, with his bright flowers in his hand, he walked on, into the winter wind.

12 前途

6个月以后，约翰住在一所靠海的小公寓里。他已经失去了工作，并且不得不卖掉昂贵的房子，他担负不起房费。

从他公寓的窗口可以望见大海。他每天坐在窗口几小时望着那冰冷阴沉的大海。

克里斯汀马上就要生小孩儿了。他买了好多婴儿的衣服想送给她。他的卧室里堆满了婴儿衣物——女孩穿的粉红色的小外衣、裤子，男孩穿的蓝色衣服。还有柔软的小玩具——玩具熊和嵌有蓝色毫无生气眼睛的小动物。

但是他没有把任何这些东西给她，因为她不理他。当他去看望她时，她当面把门关上；当他打电话时，她挂上电话；当他写信给她时，她原封退回。

他的卧室里还有很多书和杂志。但他把它们藏在床下。他有时晚上读它们，但是他不喜欢白天见到它们。它们是关于婴儿和婴儿在出生前可能得的疾病的书。书中有一些可怕的情景，可怕的图片。他不愿去想它们，但他止不住。他整天在想它们，无时无刻地在想。

今天，当他坐在窗口凝视着窗外的大海时，他的手禁不住地颤抖。每天早晨他都打电话到医院问她的女儿克里斯汀·麦克唐纳是否在那儿。今早他又打电话，一个护士说是的，克里斯汀在那儿，婴儿就要降生了。那已是4小时以前的事了。他已经坐在电话机旁两小时，害怕再给医院打电话。他3次拿起电话，又3次放下电话。

他再次拿起电话，拨了号码。7—5—8—3，没有用。他再次放下电话。他不能在电话里护士冷淡的声音中听到这个消息，他一定要亲自去看孩子。

他起身穿上外衣，走下楼梯。外面从海上刮来一阵冷风。海面 and 天空一片阴暗凄凉。他走进一家商店买了一些花。他细心地挑选——鲜红和黄色——店主把它们用纸包扎好以防损坏。约翰拿起它们在风中飞快地忐忑不安地走在海边通往医院的路上。

海上下起了雨。已经看到雨正落在海豹曾栖身过的沙滩上。很快小镇上也会下起雨。约翰·邓肯身上发抖，他把衣领竖起来。然后手里拿着他鲜艳的花，顶着冬天的寒风继续走去。

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简介

这也许是最驰名的侦探故事。歇洛克·福尔摩斯当然是最负盛名的侦探了。阿瑟·柯南·道尔爵士是在一百多年以前塑造了这个人物的。但是，福尔摩斯的种种奇特经历迄今依旧是既生动有趣又扣人心弦。

为了更好地理解这个故事，我们有必要对达特沼地有一番了解：这是英格兰西南地区的一个确有其名的地方。它是由岩石和沼地组成的一片旷野，在日头当空时分一股浓雾会突如其来地向你迎面扑来，并且将你笼罩起来。它是稀软的沼泽遍布之地，是松软的、长着绿色植被的地带，可以把人拖进去进而吞灭掉。它是英国安全保障最好的监狱所在地。它也是一百多年前那条最为庞大的狗——巴斯克维尔猎犬出没的地方。

阿瑟·柯南·道尔爵士（1859—1930）作为歇洛克·福尔摩斯这位人物的塑造者而享誉于世。他本人也是一名医生，而且在现实生活中还是一位侦探。

1 The Case Begins

The September sun was shining brightly into the windows of 221B Baker Street, and London was enjoying a beautiful late summer. I had finished my breakfast and was reading the newspaper. As usual, Holmes had got up late, and was still eating. We were expecting a visitor at half past ten, and I wondered whether Holmes would finish his breakfast before our visitor arrived.

Holmes was in no hurry. He was reading once again a letter he had received three days ago. It was from Dr James Mortimer, who asked for an appointment with Holmes.

‘Well, Watson,’ Holmes said to me, ‘I’m afraid that a doctor from Devonshire won’t bring us anything of real interest. His letter doesn’t tell us anything about his business though he says it’s very important. I hope we can help him.’

At exactly half past ten there was a knock on our front door.

‘Good,’ said Holmes. ‘Dr Mortimer is clearly a man who will not waste our time.’

We stood up as our visitor was brought into the room.

‘Good morning, gentlemen,’ he said. ‘I’m Dr James Mortimer, from Grimpen in Devonshire, and I think you must be Mr Sherlock Holmes.’ He shook hands with Holmes, who said:

‘How do you do, Dr Mortimer? May I introduce my good friend, Dr John Watson, who helps me with my cases. I hope you will allow him to listen to our conversation.’

‘Of course,’ said Mortimer, as he turned to me and shook hands. ‘I need your help very badly, Mr Holmes. If it will be useful for Dr Watson to hear what I have to say, please let him stay and listen.’

Mortimer did not look like a country doctor. He was very tall and thin. He had a long thin nose. His grey eyes were bright, and he wore gold glasses. His coat and trousers were old and worn. His face was young, but his shoulders were bent like an old man’s and his head was pushed forward. He took some papers from his pocket, and said:

‘Mr Holmes, I need your help and advice. Something very strange and frightening has been happening.’

‘Sit down, Dr Mortimer,’ said Holmes, ‘and tell us your problem. I’ll help you if I can.’

1 这宗案件开始了

9月的阳光明媚地照进了贝克街221号B门的窗户里，整个伦敦都在享受晚夏的美好时光。我已吃过早餐，此时正在看报纸。福尔摩斯同往常一样，总是很晚才起床。他这时正在进餐。我们正等待着一位预约好要在10点半时前来拜访的客人；我不知道福尔摩斯在客人到来之前是否吃得完他的早餐。

福尔摩斯并不匆忙行事。他又看了一遍三天之前收到的那封来信。这是詹姆斯·摩梯末医生写来的。他请求能够约个时间和福尔摩斯见次面。

“啊，华生，”福尔摩斯对我讲道，“恐怕德文郡的这位医生是不会给我们带来任何有趣的事情的。虽然他说事情举足轻重，但是他的信中并未说明他的来意。我希望我们能够帮他的忙。”

正好10点半时，有人敲了敲我们的前门。

“嘿，”福尔摩斯道，“摩梯末医生显然并非一位即将浪费我们时间的人。”

当客人被带进屋时，我们起身迎接了他。

“早上好，先生们。”他讲道，“我是詹姆斯·摩梯末医生，是从德文郡的格林盆来的；我想您一定就是歇洛克·福尔摩斯先生了。”他与福尔摩斯握了握手，福尔摩斯道：

“您好吗，摩梯末医生？我来介绍一下我的好朋友约翰·华生医生，他一直在帮我办案。我希望您能允许他来听我们的谈话。”

“当然可以，”摩梯末边说着话边回头与我握手。“我急需您的帮助，福尔摩斯先生。如我的话对华生医生有用的话，那就请他留下来听吧！”

摩梯末看上去并不像是一位乡间医生。他身材高大，身体瘦削，长着细长的鼻子。他那灰色的眼睛炯炯有神，他还戴着一副金丝眼镜。他的外衣和裤子都已破旧、磨损不堪了。他的脸看上去还很年轻，但是已像老人一样佝偻，而且头还向前探着。他从口袋里取出一些手稿，并说道：

“福尔摩斯先生，我需要您的帮助和建议。发生了一件既奇怪又恐怖的事情。”

“坐下，摩梯末医生，”福尔摩斯道，“并告诉我您的疑难问题。我将尽力帮助您。”

2 The Baskerville Papers

‘These papers were given to me by Sir Charles Baskerville,’ said Dr Mortimer. ‘He asked me to take good care of them. You may remember that Sir Charles died suddenly three months ago. His death caused much excitement in Devonshire, the county where Baskerville Hall is. Sir Charles was a sensible man, but he believed the story which is told in these papers.’

Dr Mortimer went on: ‘The story is about the Baskerville family. I have come to see you because I need your help. I think that something terrible is going to happen in the next twenty-four hours. But you can’t help me unless you know the story in these papers. May I read them to you?’

‘Please continue, Dr Mortimer,’ said Holmes, and sat back in his chair with his eyes shut.

Mortimer began to read in his high, rather strange, voice:

I, William Baskerville, write this for my sons in the year 1742. My father told me about the Hound of the Baskervilles. He told me when it was first seen, and I believe his story was true. I want you, my sons, to read this story carefully. I want you to know that God punishes those who do evil. But never forget that He will forgive those who are sorry for any evil they have done.

Over a hundred years ago, in 1640, the head of the Baskerville family was Sir Hugo Baskerville. He was a wild and evil man. He was cruel and enjoyed hurting people. Sir Hugo fell in love with the daughter of a farmer who was a neighbour of his. The young woman was afraid of the evil Hugo, and avoided him. One day, Hugo heard that her father and brothers were away. He knew that she would be alone. So he rode to the farm with five or six of his evil friends. They made the girl go back to Baskerville Hall with them, and locked her in a room upstairs. Then they sat down in the great dining hall to drink. As usual, they drank bottle after bottle and soon they began to sing and laugh and shout evil words.

The girl upstairs, who was already very frightened, felt desperate when she heard the terrible things they were shouting. So she did a very brave thing. She opened the window, climbed out of the room and down the ivy on the wall. Then she started to run across the moor towards her home.

A little while later, Hugo left his friends and went upstairs to the room to take her some food and drink. When he found an open window and an empty room, he behaved like a man who was mad. He ran down the stairs. He screamed that he would give himself to the Devil if he caught the girl before she reached home. Some of Hugo’s drunken friends told him to let the hounds chase her, and so he ran from the house and unlocked the dogs. Then he jumped onto his black horse, and rode off over the moor with the hounds running and crying around him.

Hugo’s friends fetched their horses and followed him. There were thirteen of them. After a mile or two they passed an old farmer and asked him if he had seen Sir Hugo and the hounds. The man looked half mad with fear and spoke with difficulty. He said that he had seen the girl and the hounds running close behind her. Sir Hugo had been riding just behind the hounds. ‘But I have seen more than that,’ the old man said. ‘Behind Sir Hugo I saw a huge and terrible hound running silently. May God keep me safe from that hound of hell.’

The thirteen men laughed at the old man and rode on. But their laughter soon stopped when they saw Sir Hugo’s horse running wildly towards them without a rider.

The thirteen men moved closer together as they rode on. They were suddenly afraid. Over the moor they went until, at last, they caught up with the hounds.

Everyone in the county knew that the Baskerville hounds were brave and strong. But now they were standing at the head of a deep valley in the moor with their ears and tails down. They were very frightened. Hugo’s friends stopped. Most of them would not go on, but three were brave enough to go down into the valley.

The valley had a wide flat floor. In the middle of the flat ground stood two great stones. They had stood there for thousands of years. The moon was shining brightly on the great stones, and between them, on the flat ground, lay the girl. She had fallen there, dead of fear and exhaustion. Sir Hugo’s body was lying near her. But it was not the sight of Sir Hugo or the girl that filled the men with fear. It was the sight of the huge animal that was standing over Sir Hugo. Its teeth were at his throat. It was a great black creature that looked like a hound. But it was larger than any hound they had ever seen.

As they watched, it tore out Hugo Baskerville’s throat. Then it turned towards them. Its eyes were burning brightly. Its body shone with a strange light. Blood ran from its mouth. The men screamed and kicked their horses. They rode back up the valley as fast as they could go. Later that night one died from the horror he had seen. The other two were mad for the rest of their lives.

That was the first time the Hound appeared, my sons. It has been seen many times since then, and many of the Baskervilles have died in strange and terrible ways. Because of this I warn you not to cross the moors at night. The Devil finds it easy to do his work when the world is dark.

2 巴斯克维尔家族的手稿

“这些手稿是查尔斯·巴斯克维尔爵士托付给我的，”摩梯末医生道。“他要我保管好这些手稿。您可能还记得，查尔斯爵士于三个月前突然逝去。他的去世在德文郡引起了很大的关注，德文郡就是巴斯克维尔庄园的所在地。查尔斯爵士是位明智人士，但是他相信这些手稿中所讲述的故事。”

摩梯末医生继续讲道：“这个故事与巴斯克维尔家族有关。因为我需要您的帮助，所以我便来见您。我认为在即将到来的24小时之内将会发生一桩可怕的事情。但是，如果您不了解手稿中所讲述的故事的话，那么您就不可能帮得了我。我可以将它读给您听吗？”

“请讲下去吧，摩梯末医生，”福尔摩斯说道，他还闭着眼睛向后坐了坐。

摩梯末开始以他那高亢、奇特的嗓音读道：本人，威廉·巴斯克维尔，于1742年为后代写下了这些。我的父亲告诉了我有关巴斯克维尔猎犬的事情。他告诉了我它第一次被人看见的经过，我认为他讲的故事是真实的。我希望你们，我的孩子们，认真看一看这个故事。我想让你们知道：上帝一贯惩罚那些为非作歹的人们。但是，永远不要忘记：上帝将宽恕那些悔过的人们。

一百多年前，在1640年，巴斯克维尔家族的头面人物是雨果·巴斯克维尔爵士。他既放荡又邪恶。他残忍，以伤害别人为乐。雨果爵士爱上了与他毗邻的一位农夫的女儿。这位少女害怕这个邪恶的人，而且还躲着他。一天，雨果听说她的父兄几人都出门去了。他知道她将独自一

人在家了。因此，他与五六个下流的狐朋狗友策马去了这个农场。他们把她弄回了巴斯克维尔庄园，还把她关在楼上的一个房间里。然后他们便在楼下的大饭厅里坐下痛饮了起来。同往常一样，他们饮了一瓶又一瓶的酒，不久便开始狂歌乱笑并吐起脏话来。

楼上的这位姑娘，这时已是惊恐万分了，听到他们所讲的那些不堪入耳的脏话时便感到十分绝望。因此，在此情形之下她竟干出一件勇敢的事来。她打开窗户，从房间里爬出来，顺着墙上的常春藤一直爬了下来。然后她就穿过沼地径直往家中跑去了。

过了不多一会儿，雨果离开了他的那帮朋友，到楼上的那个房间给她送食物和酒去了。当他发现窗户大开、室内空空时，他就像中了魔一般。他冲下楼，大叫大嚷着说，只要他能在这个女孩赶回家之前追上她，他就愿把自己献给魔王任其摆布。雨果的那些已经喝得酩酊大醉的朋友们让他把猎狗放出去追她，因此他就从屋里跑出去把狗放了出来。接着，他跳在了那匹黑马的背上，由那群狂奔乱吼的狗簇拥着在沼地上策马而去。

雨果的朋友们找到了自己的马匹，跟着他追去了。他们一共是13个人。在他们跑了一两英里路之后，遇到了一位老农夫，便问他看到了雨果爵士与他的那群猎狗没有。这个人看上去被吓得有些发疯，几乎都说不出话来。他说他曾看到过那位少女以及一群紧追她不放猎犬。雨果爵士就骑着马跟在那些猎犬后面。“但是我看到的还不止这些，”这位老人说道。“我看到一条硕大而可怕的猎犬正一声不吭地跟在他的后面。但愿上帝别让这条地狱之犬伤害我！”

这13个人对这位老人嘲笑了一番，接着又策马前往。但是当他们不久看到雨果爵士的那匹马身上无人并独自朝他们狂奔而来时就笑不出来了。

这13个人向前骑着马，同时一致向紧靠了靠。他们突然间感到很害怕。他们在这片沼地上一直朝前骑着，直到最终赶上了那群猎狗。巴斯克维尔家的猎犬骁勇而又强壮，在郡里是家喻户晓的。但它们这时却耷拉着双耳和尾巴站在沼地里的一条深谷的尽头。它们十分惊恐。雨果的这帮朋友们停了下来。他们大多数人都不愿意再往前骑了，但有三人胆大到朝山谷里走了过去的地步。

这个山谷的底部是一片宽阔的平地。在平地的中央立着两根大石柱。它们已经在那儿竖立了几千年之久。月光明朗地照在这两根大石柱上，而那位少女就躺在它们之间的平地上。她已因惊恐和疲惫倒地而死。雨果爵士的尸体躺在她旁边。但是，使这些人毛骨悚然的不是那位少女或雨果爵士的那幅景象，而是站在雨果爵士身旁的一只形体硕大的畜生。它的牙齿撕扯着他的喉咙。它是一个样子像猎狗的又大又黑的畜生。可是他们谁也没见过这么大的猎犬。

在他们注视的时候，它撕扯断了雨果·巴斯克维尔的喉咙。然后，它转过身来面朝着他们。它的眼睛冒着火。身体也闪烁着一种奇特的光芒。鲜血从它的嘴里淌了出来。这几个人大叫起来并且踢起马来。他们调转马头以最快的速度跑出了山谷。在这之后，其中的一个人就在当天夜里因自己所看到的恐怖景象而吓死了，另外两个则终身精神失常。

那就是那只猎犬初次露面的经过，我的孩子们。从那以后，人们曾多次目睹过它的踪迹，而且巴斯克维尔家族里有许多人都以蹊跷和恐怖的方式死去。因此，我警告你们不要在黑夜里走过沼地。魔鬼发现黑夜时正易于它嚣张一番。

3 How Sir Charles Died

When Dr Mortimer had finished reading this strange story, he looked across at Sherlock Holmes. Holmes looked bored.

'Did you find the story interesting?' asked Dr Mortimer.

'It may interest a collector of stories to frighten children,' said Holmes.

Dr Mortimer took a newspaper from another pocket.

'Now, Mr Holmes, let me read you something which was written only three months ago. It is from the Devonshire County Newspaper, and it is about the death of Sir Charles Baskerville.'

Holmes looked more interested. Dr Mortimer began to read:

The sudden death of Sir Charles Baskerville has caused great sadness in the county. Although he had lived at Baskerville Hall for only two years, everyone liked him. Sir Charles had lived abroad and made his money there. He came back to spend his fortune on repairing Baskerville Hall and its farms and villages, as the buildings and lands were in very poor condition. He was a friendly and generous man, who gave freely to the poor.

The official report of his death does not explain everything that happened. However, it does show that there was no question of murder. Sir Charles died from natural causes, and the strange stories people are telling about his death are not true. His friend and doctor, Dr James Mortimer, said that Sir Charles' heart had been weak for some time.

The facts are simple. Every night before going to bed, Sir Charles went for a walk in the gardens of Baskerville Hall. His favourite walk was down a path between two hedges of yew trees, the famous Yew Alley of Baskerville Hall. On the night of 4th June he went out for his walk to think and to smoke his usual cigar.

Sir Charles was going to London on the next day, and Barrymore, his butler, was packing his suitcases. By midnight Barrymore was worried that Sir Charles had not returned, so he went to look for him. He found the door of the Hall open. The day had been rainy and wet so Barrymore saw the prints left by Sir Charles' shoes as he had walked down the Alley. Half way down the Alley is a gate, which leads to the moor. There were signs that Sir Charles had stood there for some time. Barrymore followed the footprints to the far end of the Alley. And there he found Sir Charles' body.

Barrymore reported something interesting about the footprints. He said that they changed between the moor gate and the end of the Alley. As far as the moor gate there was a whole footprint for each of Sir Charles' steps. After he passed the gate, only toe prints could be seen. Barrymore thought that Sir Charles had walked on his toes.

A man called Murphy, who buys and sells horses, was not far away at the time of Sir Charles' death. He had been drinking a lot of beer, but he says he heard cries. He is not sure where they came from.

Dr Mortimer was called to look at Sir Charles' body. There were no signs that Sir Charles had been murdered, but Dr Mortimer did not recognize his friend's face. The whole shape of it was changed. However, this often happens with deaths which are caused by weak hearts. When Dr Mortimer looked at the body, he found that this was, in fact, what had happened. Sir Charles' weak heart had failed, and this had caused his death.

Everyone hopes that the new head of the Baskerville family will move quickly into the Hall. Sir Charles' good work must go on.

The new head of the Baskerville family will be Sir Henry Baskerville, if he is still alive and if the lawyers can find him. He is the son of Sir Charles Baskerville's younger brother, who died some years ago. The young man has been living in the USA. The Baskerville lawyers are trying to contact him to tell him about his good fortune.

Dr Mortimer put the newspaper back into his pocket.

'Those are the official facts about the death of Sir Charles. They are the facts that everyone knows, Mr Holmes,' he said.

'Thank you for informing me about this interesting case,' Holmes said. 'I read about it at the time, but I heard none of the details. The newspaper gives the facts that everybody knows. Now I want you to tell me all the other facts that you know. What do you know about the strange stories?'

'I haven't told anyone these other facts,' said Dr Mortimer. 'I am a man of science, as you know. I have always believed that there are sensible explanations for everything. I didn't want to say anything that could stop Sir Henry from coming to live at the Hall. But I will tell you the details that were not in the report.'

'In the months before his death,' Dr Mortimer went on, 'Sir Charles was a very worried man. He was near to breaking down. He believed the story of the Hound of the Baskervilles. He refused to go out at night. He often asked me whether I had seen any strange animal or heard the cry of a hound on the moor at night. He always got very excited when he asked this question.

'I remember driving up to the Hall one evening about three weeks before he died. He was standing at the door. I went up to him, and saw him staring at something behind me. There was a look of horror on his face. I turned quickly and saw something moving between the trees. It looked like a small black cow. He was so frightened that I went to look for the animal. It had disappeared but Sir Charles was very worried. I stayed with him all the evening. It was then he gave me the old papers I have read to you. What I saw that evening may be important when you consider what happened on the night of his death.

'When Barrymore, the butler, found Sir Charles' body, he sent someone to fetch me. I checked all the facts. I have just read them to you, and they are all true.

'But Barrymore said one thing that was not true. He said that there were no other prints on the ground around the body. He did not notice any. But I did. They were not close to the body, but they were fresh and clear.'

'Footprints?' asked Holmes.

'Yes. Footprints,' said Mortimer.

'A man's or a woman's?' asked Holmes.

Dr Mortimer looked at us strangely for a moment. His voice became a whisper as he answered:
'Mr Holmes, they were the footprints of a huge hound!'

3 查尔斯爵士是如何死的

摩梯末医生读完这个奇怪的故事后望着对面的歇洛克·福尔摩斯。福尔摩斯看上去显得很不耐烦。

“你没觉得这个故事有趣吗？”摩梯末医生问道。

“它可能会让那些收集吓唬孩子们的故事的人感兴趣，”福尔摩斯讲道。

摩梯末医生从另一个衣袋里掏出一张报纸。

“福尔摩斯先生，现在让我来读给您听听就在三个月之前撰写的东西吧。它刊登在《德文郡纪事报》上，并与查尔斯·巴斯克维尔爵士的死有关。”

福尔摩斯看上去更专注些了。摩梯末医生开始读了起来：

查尔斯·巴斯克维尔爵士之暴卒，使本郡不胜哀悼。尽管他来巴斯克维尔庄园不过两年时间，但是大家都非常喜爱他。查尔斯爵士曾旅居国外，并在那里发了财。他致富后还乡，想把自己的资产用来修复巴斯克维尔庄园及其农场和村庄，因为这些建筑和土地都已处于潦倒不堪的境地了。他待人友善而又慷慨大方，还毫无吝啬之意地资助捐送穷人。

官方对他死亡的报告没有说明所发生的一切事情。然而，它的确表明其中并没有谋杀的成分。查尔斯爵士死于自然原因；人们讲述的关于他的死亡的种种故事都是不真实的。他的朋友兼医生詹姆斯·摩梯末医生说查尔斯爵士的心脏虚弱已颇有一段时日了。

实情甚为简单。查尔斯爵士在每晚就寝前，总要在巴斯克维尔庄园的公园里散步。他喜欢沿着夹在水松树篱之间的那条小路即巴斯克维尔庄园里那条出名的水松小道散步。6月4日晚，他出去散步来思考些问题并抽根他惯常抽的雪茄。

查尔斯爵士次日将去伦敦，他的总管白瑞摩当时正在为他准备行装。午夜时分，白瑞摩因查尔斯爵士还未回来而焦虑不安，因此便去找他。他发现庄园的门还开着。那天的天气很潮湿，因此白瑞摩看到了查尔斯爵士沿着那条小道走时留下的脚印。在小道的中途有一个栅门，它通向沼地。有种种迹象说明查尔斯爵士曾在此站过一会儿。白瑞摩循着足迹走到了小道的尽头。而且就在那儿他发现了查尔斯爵士的尸体。

白瑞摩报告了一件有关脚印的有趣的事情。他说，脚印在栅门和小道的尽头之间变样了。到栅门为止，查尔斯爵士的每个脚印都是完整的。但过了栅门之后，则只能看到他脚趾的印记了。白瑞摩以为查尔斯爵士曾用脚尖走过。

一位名叫摩菲的马贩子在查尔斯爵士死时正在距出事地点不远之处。他当时已喝了许多啤酒，但是他说他那时曾听到呼喊声。他不清楚呼喊声来自何方。

摩梯末医生被叫来查看查尔斯爵士的尸体。没有迹象说明查尔斯爵士是被谋杀的，但是摩梯末医生已认不出他朋友的面容了。整个脸已经变形了。然而，这对因心脏衰竭而导致的死亡来说是常有的。当摩梯末医生察看尸体时，他发现这事实上正是所发生的情况。查尔斯爵士的虚弱的心脏已无力承受重荷，这导致了他的死亡。

大家都期盼巴斯克维尔家族的新主人能快速入住巴斯克维尔庄园。查尔斯爵士的善行必须继续进行下去。

巴斯克维尔家族的新主人将是亨利·巴斯克维尔爵士，如果他尚在人世而律师们又能找到他的话。他是查尔斯·巴斯克维尔爵士的弟弟的儿子，他弟弟本人已在数年前故去。这位年轻人一直居住在美国。巴斯克维尔家族的律师们正试图与他联系以将他的好运告诉他。

摩梯末医生将这份报纸放回了口袋里。

“那些便是有关查尔斯爵士之死的官方报导。它们是些众所周知的事实，福尔摩斯先生，”他说道。

“感谢您告知我有关这个饶有趣味的案件的情况，”福尔摩斯说道。“当时我曾看到过有关它的报导，但是我从未听到过相关的细节。报纸提供了那些众所周知的事实。现在我想让您告诉我您所知道的其他事实。你对这些怪诞的故事知道些什么呢？”

“我从未告诉过任何人这些内幕，”摩梯末医生道。“如您所知，我是一位从事科学工作的人。我从来都认为凡事都有个明智的解释办法。我当时不想说出阻止亨利爵士前来庄园定居的任何话。可是我将告诉您那些从未在报导中写进去的种种细节。”

“在他去世之前的几个月里，”摩梯末医生接着说道，“查尔斯爵士已是非常焦虑不安。他几乎濒于崩溃的境地。他相信巴斯克维尔猎犬的故事。他拒绝在晚上外出。他常常问我是否在夜间看到过什么奇怪的动物或是听见过一只猎狗在沼地上的嗥叫声。每当他问起这个问题的时候他总是变得非常亢奋。”

“我记得，在他死之前大约三个星期的一个傍晚，我驾着马车去他的庄园。他正站在门前。我走到他面前，看到他正盯着我背后的什么东西。他的脸上带着恐怖的神情。我赶快转过身去，看到有个东西正在树林之间移动。它看似一头黑色的小牛。他是如此恐惧不安，我便不得不去那儿四下里寻找一番那个东西了。它已经消失了，可是查尔斯爵士非常担心。整个晚上我都陪着他。就是在那时，他将我已读给您听的那篇古老的手稿交给了我。在您考虑他死去的那个晚上所发生的情况时，我在那个傍晚看到的情况也许会是重要的。”

“当白瑞摩，那个总管，发现了查尔斯爵士的尸体时，他派人叫我去。我核实了所有的情况。我刚才已把它们念给你们听了，而且这些事实都是确凿的。”

“但是白瑞摩有一件事没讲真话。他说，在尸体周围的地面上没有别的痕迹。他没有注意到其他痕迹。可是我注意到了。虽没有挨着尸体，可是既痕迹犹新而又清晰可见。”

“是足迹吗？”福尔摩斯问道。

“是的。是足迹，”摩梯末说道。

“是男人的还是女人的？”福尔摩斯问道。

摩梯末奇怪地望了我们一会儿。他回答时声音变得犹如耳语：

“福尔摩斯先生，是一个极大的猎犬的一些爪印！”

4 The Problem

Ifelt a moment of fear as Mortimer spoke these words. Holmes sat forward in his excitement, and his eyes showed he was very interested indeed.

'Why did nobody else see these footprints?' he asked.

'The footprints were about twenty metres from the body, and nobody thought of looking so far away,' Mortimer replied.

'Are there many sheep dogs on the moor?' asked Holmes.

'Yes, but this was no sheep dog. The footprints were very large indeed—enormous,' Mortimer answered.

'But it had not gone near the body?'

'No.'

'What kind of night was it?' Holmes asked.

'It was wet and cold, though it wasn't actually raining.'

'Describe the Alley to me.'

'The Alley is a path between two long yew hedges. The hedges are small trees that were planted very close together. They are about four metres high. The distance between the two yew hedges is about seven metres. Down the middle is a path of small stones. The path is about three metres wide, with grass on each side of it.'

'I understand there is a gate through the hedge in one place,' said Holmes.

'Yes, there is a small gate, which leads to the moor.'

'Is there any other opening through the hedge?'

'No.'

'So you can enter or leave the Yew Alley only from the Hall, or through the moor gate?' asked Holmes.

'There is a way out through a summer house at the far end.'

'Had Sir Charles reached the summer house?'

'No. He lay about fifty metres from it,' said Mortimer.

'Now, Dr Mortimer, this is important. You say that the footprints you saw were on the path and not on the grass?'

'No footprints could show on the grass,' said Mortimer.

'Were they on the same side of the path as the moor gate?'

'Yes. They were.'

'I find that very interesting indeed. Another question: was the moor gate closed?'

'Yes. It was closed and locked.'

'How high is it?' asked Holmes.

'It is just over a metre high.'

'Then anyone could climb over it?'

'Yes.'

'What prints did you see by the moor gate?'

'Sir Charles seems to have stood there for five or ten minutes,' said Mortimer. 'I know that because his cigar had burned down and the ash had dropped twice off the end of it.'

'Excellent,' said Holmes. 'This man is a very good detective, Watson.'

'Sir Charles had left his footprints all over that little bit of the path where he was standing. I couldn't see any other prints.'

Sherlock Holmes hit his knee with his hand angrily.

'I like to look closely at these things myself,' he said. 'Oh, Dr Mortimer, why didn't you call me immediately?'

'Mr Holmes, the best detective in the world can't help with some things,' said Mortimer.

'You mean things that are outside the laws of nature—supernatural things?' asked Holmes.

'I didn't say so exactly,' replied Mortimer. 'But since Sir Charles died, I have heard about a number of things that seem to be supernatural. Several people have seen an animal on the moor that looks like an enormous hound. They all agree that it was a huge creature, which shone with a strange light like a ghost. I have questioned these people carefully. They are all sensible people. They all tell the same story. Although they have only seen the creature far away, it is exactly like the hell-hound of the Baskerville story. The people are very frightened, and only the bravest man will cross the moor at night.'

'And you, a man of science, believe that the creature is supernatural—something from another world?' asked Holmes.

'I don't know what to believe,' said Dr Mortimer.

'But you must agree that the footprints were made by a living creature, not a ghost?'

'When the hound first appeared two hundred and fifty years ago, it was real enough to tear out Sir Hugo's throat—but it was a supernatural hell-hound,' said Dr Mortimer.

'If you think that Sir Charles' death was caused by something supernatural, my detective work can't help you,' said Holmes, rather coldly.

'Perhaps,' said Mortimer. 'But you can help me by advising me what to do for Sir Henry Baskerville. He arrives in London by train in exactly,' Dr Mortimer looked at his watch, 'one hour and a quarter.'

‘Sir Henry is now head of the Baskerville family?’ asked Holmes.

‘Yes,’ said Dr Mortimer. ‘He is the last of the Baskervilles. The family lawyers contacted him in the USA. He has come to England immediately by ship. He landed this morning. Now, Mr Holmes, what do you advise me to do with him?’

‘Why should he not go to the family home?’ asked Holmes.

‘Because so many Baskervilles who go there die horrible deaths. But Sir Charles’ good work must go on. If it doesn’t, all the people on the Baskerville lands will be much poorer. If the Baskerville family leaves the Hall, that is what will happen. I don’t know what to do. That is why I came to you for advice.’

Holmes thought for a little while. Then he said: ‘You think it is too dangerous for any Baskerville to live at the Hall because of this supernatural hell—hound. Well, I think you should go and meet Sir Henry Baskerville. Say nothing to him about this. I shall give you my advice in twenty—four hours. At ten o’clock tomorrow morning, Dr Mortimer, I would like you to bring Sir Henry Baskerville here.’

Dr Mortimer got up from his chair. As he was leaving the room, Holmes said: ‘One more question, Dr Mortimer. You said that before Sir Charles’ death several people saw this strange creature on the moor?’

‘Three people did,’ said Mortimer.

‘Did anyone see it after the death?’

‘I haven’t heard of anyone.’

‘Thank you, Dr Mortimer. Good morning.’

After Mortimer had left us, Holmes sat down in his chair. He looked pleased. He always looked pleased when a case interest— ed him.

I knew that he needed to be alone to think about all that he had heard. I went out for the day, and came back to find the room full of thick smoke from Holmes’ pipe.

‘What do you think of this case?’ I asked him.

‘It is hard to say. Take, for example, the change in the foot— prints. Did Sir Charles walk on his toes down the Alley? Only a stupid person is likely to believe that. The truth is he was run— ning—running for his life. He ran until his heart stopped and he fell dead.’

‘What was he running from?’ I asked.

‘That is the difficult question,’ said Holmes. ‘I think he was mad with fear before he began to run. He didn’t know what he was doing. That explains why he ran away from the house instead of towards it. He was running away from help. The next question: who was he waiting for that night? And why was he waiting in the Yew Alley and not in the house?’

‘You think he was waiting for someone?’

‘Sir Charles was old and unwell. We can understand why he took a walk each evening. But why did he stand in the cold, on wet ground, for five or ten minutes? Dr Mortimer cleverly noted the cigar ash, so we know how long Sir Charles stood there. We know that he kept away from the moor, so it’s un— likely that he waited at the moor gate every evening. I am be— ginning to understand some things, Watson. But I’ll think no more about it until we meet Dr Mortimer and Sir Henry Baskerville in the morning. Please give me my violin.’

And Holmes began to play his violin. He had done all the thinking he could. Now he needed more details of the case to help him.

4 疑难问题

摩梯末说出这些话时我感到一阵恐惧。福尔摩斯惊异地向前探着身子坐着，他的两眼也表明他对这件事真的很感兴趣。

“为什么没有别人看到这些爪印呢？”他问道。

“这些爪印距尸体约二十米之远，也没有人想到要查看这么远的地方，”摩梯末回答道。

“沼地里有许多牧羊犬吗？”福尔摩斯问道。

“有，但是这绝不是牧羊犬。爪印的确很大——极大。”摩梯末回答道。

“但是它并没有接近过尸体吧？”

“没有。”

“那是个什么样的夜晚？”福尔摩斯问道。

“又潮又冷，尽管并没真正下雨。”

“把那个小道描述给我听听。”

“那个小道是位于两排长长的水松树篱之间的一条小路。树篱是种得很密的矮小的树种。它们大约有四米高。两排水松树篱之间的距离大约为七米。在树篱中间是一条由小石子铺就的小道。这条小道大约为三米宽，两旁都种着草。”

“我想树篱的某处有一个栅门通道吧，”福尔摩斯说道。

“是的，有一个小门，它通向沼地。”

“树篱之中还有其他的通道吗？”

“没有。”

“因此，要想从水松小道里进出就只能经由庄园或是由开向沼地的栅门啰？”福尔摩斯问道。

“穿过远处另一头的凉亭还有一个出口。”

“查尔斯爵士走到那里了吗？”

“没有。他倒下的地方距那里约五十米，”摩梯末说道。

“我说，摩梯末医生，这点是很重要的。您说您所看到爪印是在小道上而不是在草地上吧？”

“草地上看不到爪印，”摩梯末道。

“是在与开向沼地的栅门同一路边上吗？”

“是的。是在与栅门同一路边上。”

“我发现这确实有趣。还有一个问题：栅门是关着的吗？”

“是的。它关着，还锁上了。”

“门有多高？”福尔摩斯问道。

“刚一米出头高。”

“那么说，任何人都能爬过去啰？”

“是的。”

“你在栅门处看到了什么痕迹？”

“查尔斯爵士似乎在那里站了五至十分钟，”摩梯末说道。“我之所以知道这个，是因为他抽的那支雪茄是点着的，烟蒂处还曾两次掉下烟灰。”

“太妙了，”福尔摩斯道。“此人是位好侦探，华生。”

“查尔斯爵士在他所站的那一小片路面上到处都留下了自己的脚印。我看不出其他痕迹。”

歇洛克·福尔摩斯生气地用手敲了敲自己的膝盖。

“我想亲自去仔细查看一番这些事情，”他说道。“唉，摩梯末医生，你为何当时不马上叫我去呢？”

“福尔摩斯先生，连世上最好的侦探对有些事情也是无能为力的。”摩梯末说道。

“您是指那些超乎自然规律——超自然的事情啰？”福尔摩斯问道。

“我并不完全是这个意思，”摩梯末回答道。“可是，自从查尔斯爵士死后，我就听到了一些似乎超自然的事情。有人曾在沼地上看到一个类似一条硕大的猎犬的动物。他们都认为那是一只大家伙，它像幽灵似地发着一种奇怪的光。我曾仔细地询问过那些人。他们都很明智。他们都讲了同一个故事。虽然他们都只是从远处见过那个畜生，但它的样子的确像巴斯克维尔故事中的那只地狱之犬。人们现在都非常害怕，只有最大胆的人才敢在夜间走过沼地。”

“那么您，一位从事科学工作的人，相信这个东西是超乎自然的——是从另一个世界而来的家伙吗？”福尔摩斯问道。

“我也不知道应该相信什么，”摩梯末医生道。

“但是您总得承认那些爪印是活生生的东西而不是鬼怪留下的吧？”

“那条猎犬在250年前最初出现时，它撕断了雨果爵士的喉咙，这真有其事……但是它是一条超乎自然的恶犬，”摩梯末医生说道。

“要是您认为查尔斯爵士的死是某种超自然因素造成的话，那我的侦探工作可帮不了您什么忙，”福尔摩斯相当冷淡地说道。

“也许吧，”摩梯末道。“可是您能帮助我，建议我该为亨利·巴斯克维尔爵士做些什么。他将正好在，”摩梯末看了看他的表，“1小时15分钟之后乘火车抵达伦敦。”

“亨利爵士现在是巴斯克维尔家族的主人吗？”福尔摩斯问道。

“对了，”摩梯末道。“他是巴斯克维尔家族的最后一位成员。家族的律师们与他在美国联系上了。他已立即乘船前来英格兰。他是今早靠岸的。现在，福尔摩斯先生，您建议我对他做些什么呢？”

“为什么他不应该到他祖祖辈辈居住的家里去呢？”福尔摩斯问道。

“因为巴斯克维尔家族里去了那儿的这么多人都令人恐怖地死去了。可是查尔斯爵士的慈善工作必须继续下去。否则的话，巴斯克维尔家族所拥有的土地上的人们将要穷困得多。要是巴斯克维尔家族离开园的话，那将是即将发生的事实。我不知道该怎么办。这便是我前来向您讨教的原因。”

福尔摩斯考虑了一小会儿。然后他说：“您认为由于那条神秘的恶犬因而巴斯克维尔家的人住在那个庄园里都不安全。唔，我认为您该去接亨利·巴斯克维尔爵士。对他只字不提这些。24小时之后我将给您提供我的建议。明天早上10点钟时，摩梯末医生，我希望您能偕亨利·巴斯克维尔爵士同来此处。”

摩梯末医生从椅子上站起身来。在他即将离开之时，福尔摩斯说道：“再问您一个问题，摩梯末医生。您曾经说过，在查尔斯爵士死去之前曾有几个人在沼地上看到那个奇怪的动物吧？”

“有三个人看到过，”摩梯末道。

“在他死去之后有人看到过吗？”

“我还没有听说过。”

“谢谢您，摩梯末医生。早安。”

摩梯末从我们这儿走之后，福尔摩斯在他的座位上坐了下来。他显得很高兴。每当有案件让他感兴趣时他总是露出高兴的样子。

我知道他需要独自一人思考一下他所听到的东西。整个白天我就出去了，回来时发现满屋都是福尔摩斯的烟斗里冒出来的浓烟。

“对这个案子你是怎么想的？”我问他。

“很难说。就拿脚印的变化来说吧。查尔斯爵士是蹑着脚沿小路走的吗？只有傻瓜才可能相信这种说法。事情的真相是，他当时在奔跑——为了逃命。他一直跑到心脏停止跳动并倒地而死为止。”

“他是为了逃避什么才跑的呢？”我问道。

“那就是难题所在。”福尔摩斯道，“我认为他在开始跑之前已被吓得神魂颠倒了。他并不知道自己当时的举动。这就解释了他为何不朝房子而朝相反的方向跑着的原因。他这么跑就离（能得到）帮助（的地方）越来越远。下一个问题是：当晚他在等谁呢？还有，他为什么要在水松小道而不在房子里等人呢？”

“你认为他是在等人吗？”

“查尔斯爵士年事已高，身体又虚弱。我们可以理解他为什么会在每个傍晚出去散步。可是，他为何要在寒冷的夜里在潮湿的地面上站上五至十分钟呢？摩梯末医生很机敏地注意到了雪茄落下的烟灰，因此我们知晓了查尔斯爵士在那儿站立了多长时间。我们知道他是一向躲避沼地的。因此他不大可能每晚都在通向沼地的栅门前伫立等候着。我现在开始明白某些事情了，华生。可是，等明早见到摩梯末医生和亨利·巴斯克维尔爵士后我再考虑这件事吧。请你把我的小提琴拿给我。”

福尔摩斯于是开始拉起了他的小提琴。凡是能考虑到的他都已考虑过了。现在他需要与该案件有关的更多的细节来帮助他侦探这个案子。

5 Sir Henry Baskerville

Dr Mortimer and Sir Henry Baskerville arrived at exact-ly ten o'clock the following morning. Sir Henry was a small, healthy, well-built man. His face showed that he had a strong character. He wore a country suit of thick, red-brown material, and his skin showed that he spent most of his time in the open air.

'I am glad this meeting was already arranged,' Sir Henry said, after we had shaken hands with our visitors. 'I need your help, Mr Holmes. A strange thing happened to me this morning. Look at this letter.'

He put a piece of paper on the table. On it were the words: 'Do not go on to the moor. If you do, your life will be in dan-ger.' The words had been cut out of a newspaper.

'Can you tell me, Mr Holmes, what this means, and who is so interested in me?' Sir Henry asked.

'This is very interesting,' said Holmes. 'Look how badly it has been done. I think the writer was in a hurry. Why? Perhaps because he did not want somebody to see him. I think the address was written in a hotel. The pen and the ink have both given the writer trouble. The pen has run dry three times in writing a short address. There was probably very little ink in the bottle. A private pen and bottle of ink are never allowed to get into that condition. Hullo, what's this?' He was holding the letter only a few centimetres from his eyes.

'Well?' I asked.

'Nothing,' he said, and threw the letter down. 'Now, Sir Henry, have you anything else to tell us?'

'No,' said Sir Henry. 'Except that I have lost one of my shoes. I put a pair outside my door last night. I wanted the ho-tel to clean them, but when I went to get them this morning, one had gone. I only bought them yesterday, and I have never worn them. But I wanted a good shine on them.'

'One shoe seems a useless thing to steal,' said Holmes. 'I am sure the shoe will be found in the hotel and returned to you. But now we must tell you some things about the Baskerville family.'

Dr Mortimer took out the old Baskerville papers and read them to Sir Henry. Holmes then told him about the death of Sir Charles.

'So this letter is from someone who is trying to warn me, or frighten me away,' said Sir Henry.

'Yes,' said Holmes. 'And we have to decide if it is sensible for you to go to Baskerville Hall. There seems to be danger there for you.'

'There is no man or devil who will stop me from going to the home of my family,' said Sir Henry angrily. 'I want some time to think about what you have told me. Will you and Dr Watson join me for lunch at my hotel in two hours'time? By then, I'll be able to tell you what I think.'

Dr Mortimer and Sir Henry said goodbye, and decided to walk back to their hotel.

As soon as our visitors had gone, Holmes changed from the talker to the man of action.

'Quick, Watson. Your coat and hat. We must follow them.' We got ready quickly and went into the street. Our friends were not far ahead of us and we followed. We stayed about a hundred metres behind them.

Suddenly Holmes gave a cry. I saw a taxi driving along very slowly on the other side of the road from our friends.

'That's our man, Watson! Come along! We'll have a good look at him.'

I saw a man with a large black beard looking out of the taxi window. He had been following and watching our friends. But when he saw us running towards him, he shouted something to the driver, and the taxi drove off quickly down the road. Holmes looked round for another taxi, but could not see one. He began to run after the first taxi, but it was soon out of sight.

'Well, I got the number of the taxi,' said Holmes. 'So I can find the driver. He may be able to tell us something about his passenger. Would you recognize the man if you saw him again?'

'Only his beard,' I said.

'He wanted us to recognize the beard,' said Holmes. 'I think it was a false one.'

5 亨利·巴斯克维尔爵士

摩梯末医生和亨利·巴斯克维尔爵士于次日早上10点钟准时到达。亨利爵士长得短小精悍，身体健康，体态结实。他的面相表明他性格刚强。他穿着一件厚厚的、棕红色布料制成的外衣，他的皮肤还表明他大多数时间是在户外度过的。

“我为事先预约好了这次会面而感到高兴，”亨利爵士在我们与他们握手致意之后说道。“我需要您的帮助，福尔摩斯先生。我今天早上遇到了一桩奇怪的事情。看看这封信吧。”

他把一张纸放到了桌上。上面写着：“别前往沼地，不然您将有生命危险。”这些字是从报纸上剪下来的。

“福尔摩斯先生，您能告诉我这究竟是什么意思，还有究竟是谁对我这么感兴趣吗？”亨利爵士问道。

“这很有趣，”福尔摩斯说道。“看看这项工作干得多么拙劣吧。我认为写信人很慌张。为什么呢？也许他是不想让人看见。我想地址是在一个旅馆里写就的。钢笔和墨水都给这人添了麻烦。在写这么短的地址之时，笔尖上的墨水就干了三次。可能是瓶中的墨水很少。私人的钢笔和墨水是决不会被弄到这个地步的。哎呀，这是什么啊？”

他把信拿到离眼睛只有几厘米远的地方。

“怎么啦？”我问道。

“没什么，”他说道，扔下了那封信。“那么，亨利爵士，您还有别的事情要告诉我们吗？”

“没有了，”亨利爵士说道。“除了我丢了一只鞋以外。昨晚我把一双鞋放在了门外。我本想让旅馆把它们擦一擦的，可是今早当我去取时有一只不见了。我是昨天才买的这双鞋，我还从未把它们穿上脚呢。我只是想给这双鞋好好地地上点油。”

“一只鞋似乎偷了也没什么用场，”福尔摩斯说道。“我敢肯定这只鞋将在旅馆中找到并归还给您。但是现在我们得将有关巴斯克维尔家族的某些事情告诉给您。”

摩梯末医生掏出了巴斯克维尔家族的那份古老的手稿，并把它读给亨利爵士听。福尔摩斯接着告诉他有关查尔斯爵士之死的情况。

“这么说来这封信是出自一位想要警告我或是吓跑我的人之手了，”亨利爵士说道。

“是的，”福尔摩斯说道。“我们还不得不决定一下让您去巴斯克维尔庄园是否明智。那儿对您来说似乎有危险。”

“没有任何人或任何恶魔能够阻止我去我家的房子，”亨利爵士生气地讲道。“我需要时间来考虑考虑你们所告诉我的事情。您和华生医生愿意在两小时以后去我住的旅馆和我共进午餐吗？届时，我将告诉您我的想法。”

摩梯末医生和亨利爵士道别了，而且还决定走回他们下榻的旅馆去。

我们的客人一走，福尔摩斯就由一个言谈者变成了一个行动者。

“快，华生！穿戴好你的衣帽。我们得跟着他们。”我们立刻准备完毕并来到了街上。我们的朋友们在我们之前不远处，我们尾随着他们。我们保持在他们身后100米处。

福尔摩斯突然叫了一声。我看到有一辆出租马车在街道的另一侧、我们的朋友的对面缓缓地前进着。

“就是那个人，华生！来呀！我们来好好地看看他的样子。”

我看到有个长着一大络黑须的男子正从出租马车的窗户里往外看。他一直盯着我们的朋友的行踪。但是，当他看到我们向他跑去时，他便向车夫喊了一句什么，马车然后就顺着这条道飞奔而去了。福尔摩斯四下里张望着，想另找一辆出租马车，可是没有看到有空车。他于是开始追头一辆马车，可是它不久便不见踪影了。

“哼，我记下车号了，”福尔摩斯说道。“由此我可以找到车夫。他也许可以告诉我们他的乘客的一些情况。要是你再见到那人，你会认出他来吗？”

“我只能认得他的胡须。”

“他本来便是想叫我们认得他的胡须，”福尔摩斯说道。“我认为那是络假胡子。”

6 More Mystery

Later, we went on to Sir Henry's hotel. He was pleased to see us, but rather angry because another of his shoes had disappeared. This time it was one shoe of an old pair. I could see that Holmes found this both interesting and strange. He thought about it for a few moments, but said nothing except that he did not understand why a second shoe had been stolen.

At lunch, Sir Henry told Holmes that he had decided to go to Baskerville Hall.

'I think you have decided to do the right thing,' said Holmes. 'I know somebody is following you. If someone tries to harm you in London, it will be hard to stop him or catch him afterwards. In the country we have a better chance.'

Holmes went on to tell them about what we had seen that morning. Then he asked Dr Mortimer if anyone with a large black beard lived in or near Baskerville Hall.

'Yes,' said Dr Mortimer, 'Barrymore, Sir Charles's butler, has a black beard.'

'We must check whether Barrymore is in London or at Baskerville Hall,' said Holmes. 'I shall send a telegram to Barrymore at the Hall, which will say: "Is everything ready for Sir Henry?" Then I'll send another telegram to the local post office. This one will say: "please put telegram to Mr Barrymore into his own hand. If he is away, please return telegram to Sir Henry Baskerville." I'll give your address at this hotel. We shall know before evening whether Barrymore is in Devonshire or not.'

'Barrymore and his wife have a very fine home and nothing to do while the family is not living in the Hall,' said Sir Henry.

'That's true,' said Holmes. 'Did the Barrymores receive anything from Sir Charles's will? And did they know that they would get some money when he died?'

'Yes,' said Dr Mortimer. 'They each received £500, and Sir Charles told everyone what he had written in his will.'

'That's very interesting,' said Holmes.

'I hope you don't suspect everyone who got something from the will,' said Dr Mortimer. 'I received £1000.'

'Indeed!' said Holmes. 'And who else received money?'

'A lot of people received a little money. He gave a lot of money to a number of hospitals. The rest all went to Sir Henry, who received £740000.'

'I had no idea it was so much,' said Holmes in surprise.

'The Baskerville lands are worth about one million pounds,' Dr Mortimer said.

'Dear me,' said Holmes. 'A man could kill for that much. One more question. If something happened to our young friend here, who would get Baskerville Hall and all its lands?'

'Well, as you know, Sir Charles had two brothers. Sir Henry is the only son of Sir Charles's younger brother. The youngest brother of the three, Roger, was a criminal. The police wanted him, so he had to leave England. They say he looked exactly like the family picture of old Sir Hugo, who first saw the Hound. He was the same kind of man, too. He went to South America, where he died of a fever. So if Sir Henry died, Baskerville Hall would go to James Desmond, who is a cousin of the Baskervilles. James Desmond is an old man, who lives in the north of England. His life is very simple and he would not want to be rich.'

'Thank you, Dr Mortimer,' said Holmes. 'Now, Sir Henry, I agree that you should go to Baskerville Hall as quickly as possible. But you must not go alone. I myself cannot leave London at the present time. I am working on another case. I am trying to save one of the most important men in England from a difficult situation. I hope my friend Watson will go with you. If there is danger, you could not have a better man by your side.'

Sir Henry and I were both very happy with this idea. So we arranged to travel to Devonshire on the following Saturday.

Just as we were leaving Sir Henry's room, he gave a cry and got down on his knees by the table.

'Here's my brown shoe that was lost,' he said, reaching under the table.

'That's very strange,' said Dr Mortimer. 'We both

searched the room before lunch, and it wasn't under the table then.'

None of the people who worked at the hotel could explain how the shoe had got back into the room.

So we had another mystery. On the way back to Baker Street in the taxi, Holmes sat thinking deeply. All through the afternoon and the evening he went on thinking silently, and smoking pipe after pipe.

Just before dinner, a telegram arrived. It was from Sir Henry and said: 'Have just heard that Barrymore is at the Hall.'

'So we don't have the answer to the mystery of the man with the beard,' said Holmes. 'But perhaps we shall soon have an answer to another question.'

At that moment the door bell rang. It was the driver of the bearded man's taxi.

'I got a message that you wanted to see me,' said the driver. 'I hope there's nothing wrong.'

'No, no, my good man,' said Holmes. 'In fact I'll give you some money if you can answer my questions clearly. Tell me all about the man in your taxi this morning. He was watching this house at ten o'clock and then told you to follow the two gentlemen who came out of it.'

The taxi driver was surprised at how much Holmes seemed to know. He answered: 'The man told me that he was a detective, and that I should say nothing about him to anyone.'

'This is a serious business,' said Holmes, 'and you will be in trouble if you try to hide anything. What can you tell me?'

'The man told me his name,' said the driver. Holmes looked like a man who has just won an important game. 'That was not

very clever of him, ’he said. ’What was his name?’

’His name, ’said the taxi driver, ’was Sherlock Holmes. ’

I have never seen my friend look more surprised Then he laughed loudly. ’Tell me where be got into your taxi and everything that happened. ’

We already knew most of what the taxi driver told us. But we learned that after we had lost sight of the taxi, it had gone to Waterloo Station, where the man had caught his train. The taxi driver said that the man was well-dressed and had a black beard and pale face. He was about forty and not very tall. The driver did not know the colour of the man’s eyes.

Holmes gave the man a pound, and sent him away. Then he said:

’We have a very clever enemy, Watson. He is winning the game at the moment. We have no answers at all to the strange things that have happened in London. I hope you are more suc- cessful at Baskerville Hall, but I am not happy about sending you there. There is too much danger in this case. ’

6 更大的疑团

之后，我们继续向前走，到了亨利爵士下榻的旅馆。他见到我们很高兴，可是又因他的另一只鞋也失踪了而相当生气。这次丢的是一只旧鞋。我可以看出，福尔摩斯发现这件事既有趣又古怪。他斟酌了片刻，可是除却说明他不明白为何又被偷了一只鞋之外只字未说。

午餐时，亨利爵士告诉福尔摩斯他已决定去巴斯克维尔庄园。

“我认为您的决定是正确的，”福尔摩斯说道。“我知道有人在盯您的梢。如果他想在伦敦加害您的话，那我们将很难阻止他或在事后捕获他。但在乡下我们的机会就会大一些了。”

福尔摩斯接着告诉他们我们早上所见到的事情。然后，他问摩梯末医生巴斯克维尔庄园之内或附近是否住有留着又黑又长的胡子的人。

“有的，”摩梯末医生道。“白瑞摩，查尔斯爵士的总管，就留着黑胡子。”

“我们必须验证一下白瑞摩此时是在伦敦还是在巴斯克维尔庄园里，”福尔摩斯说道。“我将给在巴斯克维尔庄园的白瑞摩发封电报，就说：’是否已为亨利爵士准备好了一切？’然后，我再给当地的邮局发封电报。这上面就说：’发给白瑞摩先生的电报务交其本人。如若不在，请寄回亨利·巴斯克维尔爵士。’我则把您下榻的这个旅馆的地址附上。晚上以前我们便会知道白瑞摩在不在德文郡了。”

“我们家的人不住在庄园里时白瑞摩和他妻子可就有很好的住处而又闲着无事可做了，”查尔斯爵士说道。

“那是实情，”福尔摩斯道。“白瑞摩夫妇从查尔斯爵士的遗嘱得到了什么没有？他们是否知道他一死他们就能拿到一笔钱呢？”

“是的，”摩梯末医生说道。“他俩每人得了500英镑；查尔斯爵士生前还将遗嘱的内容告诉了众人。”

“这事很有意思，”福尔摩斯说道。

“我希望您不要对每一位从查尔斯爵士的遗嘱那儿得到好处的人都加以怀疑，”摩梯末医生说道。“我得了1000英镑呢。”

“是嘛！”福尔摩斯说道。“那么还有谁也得到钱了呢？”

“许多人得到了一小笔款子。他把许多钱给了许多家医院。余产全归亨利爵士所有。他得了74万英镑。”

“我真没想到会有这么多，”福尔摩斯惊讶地说道。

“巴斯克维尔家族的地产价值大约一百万英镑，”摩梯末医生说道。

“天啊，”福尔摩斯说道。“一个人为了这个会杀人的。还有一个问题，假若我们的这位年轻朋友发生不测的话，那么将由谁来继承巴斯克维尔庄园及其地产呢？”

“哦，如您所知，查尔斯爵士有两个兄弟。亨利爵士是查尔斯爵士的弟弟的独生子。兄弟三人中最小的那个罗杰是个罪犯。警察局想缉拿他，于是他不得不离开了英国。人们说他长得和家中的老雨果爵士即最初见到那个猎犬的那位的画像一模一样。他和雨果还是同一类人。他去了南美，在那儿死于黄热病。因此，要是亨利爵士不在的话，巴斯克维尔庄园将归他的表兄詹姆斯·戴斯蒙所有。詹姆斯·戴斯蒙年事已高，住在英格兰北部。他的生活非常简朴，也不想成为富豪。”

“谢谢您，摩梯末医生。”福尔摩斯说道。“现在，亨利爵士，我同意您尽快前往巴斯克维尔庄园了。可是，您决不能单独去。我目前尚不能离开伦敦。我正在办理另一宗案子。我正在想方设法制止英格兰的一位极其重要的人士陷于危险的处境之中。我希望我的朋友华生能与您一同前往。如果您的情况危急，则没有比他更好的人选陪在您身边了。”

我和亨利爵士对这个主意都感到很高兴。因此我们安排在接下来的星期六动身前往德文郡。

就在我们正要离开亨利爵士的房间时，他叫喊了一声并在桌边跪下了。

“这正是我丢了的那只棕色的鞋子，”他说道，同时把手伸向桌子底下。

“那真是太怪了，”摩梯末医生说道。“午饭前我们已查找过这屋子了，那时它还不在桌子底下。”

旅馆里的工作人员谁也解释不清这只鞋是如何回到房间里来的。

这样我们又有了一个疑团。我们乘出租车回贝克街时，福尔摩斯一直在坐着沉思。整个下午乃至傍晚他都一声不吭地思考着，抽了一烟斗又一烟斗的烟。

就是晚饭前，来了一封电报。那是亨利爵士发来的，上面说：“顷悉白瑞摩现在庄园。”

“因此，我们并没有找到关于那个蓄胡须的人的疑团的答案，”福尔摩斯说道。“可是，我们没准很快便会找到另一个疑团的答案。”

这时门铃响了。来者是蓄胡子的那人乘坐的那辆出租马车的车夫。

“我接到通知说您想见我，”车夫说道。“我希望我没有什么做错之处。”

“没有，没有，好伙计。”福尔摩斯说道。“如果你能清楚地回答我的问题，事实上我就会给你一些钱。告诉我今早乘坐你的马车的那个人的所有情况。他在10点时监视这幢房子，后来又让你尾随从这里出来的两位绅士来着。”

车夫对福尔摩斯看似掌握了很多情况而感到惊诧。他回答道：“那人曾对我说他是位侦探，还对我说我不许对任何人讲关于他的事情。”

“这是一件很严重的事情，”福尔摩斯说道。“如果你想对我隐瞒什么的话，你就要倒霉了。你能告诉我什么呢？”

“这人告诉了我他的名字，”车夫说道。

福尔摩斯就像刚刚赢得了一场重大比赛的人一样。“那他可真不太精明，”他说道。“他（说他）叫什么名字啊？”

“他的名字，”车夫说道，“是歇洛克·福尔摩斯。”

我从来没有看到我的朋友那样吃惊过。然后，他纵声大笑起来。“告诉我他在什么地方搭上你的车的以及都发生了些什么事情。”

车夫告诉我们的大多数事情我们都已经知道了。可是我们还得知，在我们那时看不见了马车之后，马车去了滑铁卢车站，那个人在那儿上了火车。车夫说那人衣着考究，留着黑胡须，脸色苍白。他大约四十岁年纪，身材不算太高。车夫不知道那人的眼珠的颜色。

福尔摩斯给了他一英镑，然后把他打发走了。接着他说道：

“我们这次搞上了个狡猾的对手，华生。目前来看他是赢了。我们对在伦敦发生的那些怪事毫无答案。我希望你在巴斯克维尔庄园要顺当些，可是派你去那儿我可真是不放心。这宗案子有着太多的危险。”

7 Baskerville Hall

Holmes came to Waterloo Station to say goodbye to us. Our friends told him that they were sure nobody had followed them since our last meeting. Sir Henry's other shoe had not reappeared. Holmes repeated his warning that Sir Henry should not go on the moor at night, and should not go anywhere alone. Then Holmes checked with me that I had my gun, an army revolver.

The journey was fast and enjoyable. We were met at Newtown Station and driven to Baskerville Hall. The countryside we drove through was beautiful, but behind it we could see the long, dark, frightening hills of the moor.

As we turned a corner, we were surprised to see a soldier on horseback. He was carrying a gun.

Dr Mortimer asked our driver why the soldier was there.

'A dangerous criminal has escaped from the prison, sir,' he told us. 'He's been free for three days now, and people are frightened. His name is Selden. He's the man who did that murder in London.'

I remembered the case well. It had been a very cruel murder. I thought of this killer out on the empty, wild moor, and I felt more and more uncomfortable about my surroundings. The beautiful green fields with their thick hedges were behind us, and we were now on the cold, open moor. Everything was grey, hard and wild. Huge rough stones stood on the hard ground. The tops of the hills stood sharply like cruel teeth against the sky. A cold wind was blowing, and night was falling. I saw Sir Henry pull his coat closer round him.

At last we reached the gates of Baskerville Hall. From the gates a long, dark road led up to the house, with the black shapes of old trees on each side of it. At the end of this road we could see the great house standing with a pale light round it like a ghost.

'I can understand why my uncle felt that trouble was coming to him here. It's not a welcoming place,' said Sir Henry, and his voice shook as he spoke.

As we got closer, we could see that the Hall was a heavy, dark building with a large main entrance. Most of the building was old and was covered in dark green ivy, but some of it had been built more recently and was of grim, black stone. A dull light shone through the heavy windows. Black smoke was coming from one of the high chimneys of the main building.

'Welcome, Sir Henry! Welcome to Baskerville Hall.'

Barrymore, the butler, and his wife were waiting on the steps at the main entrance. They came down and took our suitcases into the house. Dr Mortimer left us to go home, and we went into the hall, where a fire was burning. It was a fine room, large and high.

'It's exactly as I imagined an old family home,' Sir Henry said.

Barrymore showed us to our rooms. He was a tall, handsome man, with a full black beard. After we had washed and changed our clothes, he brought us to dinner. The dining-room was not very welcoming. It needed more lights to make it brighter. On the walls were the pictures of the Baskervilles of the past. They looked down on us silently, and did nothing to make us feel happier.

After dinner we went to our rooms. Before I got into bed, I looked out of my window. A strong wind sang sadly as it bent the trees in front of the Hall. A half moon shone through the dark, flying clouds onto the wild and empty moor.

I could not sleep. Then, suddenly, in the middle of the night I heard very clearly the sound of a woman crying. It was the crying of a person who was hurt by some deep sadness. The sound was not far away, and was certainly in the house.

7 巴斯克维尔庄园

福尔摩斯来滑铁卢车站向我们道别。我们的朋友们告诉他，他们敢肯定，自从上次见面以来就再也没有人跟踪过他们了。亨利爵士的另一只鞋没有再冒出来过。福尔摩斯再次警告亨利爵士不要在夜间到沼地上去，也不要单独去什么地方。接着，福尔摩斯又和我查看了一下我随身带的那把左轮手枪。

旅行迅速而又愉快。有人在纽敦车站迎接我们，并用车把我们送到了巴斯克维尔庄园。我们驱车经过的乡间景色很美，可是我们能看得到远处的沼地上的那些绵长、黝黑和令人惊恐的沼地山丘。

在拐弯处，我们惊奇地看到一个骑在马上 的士兵。他拿着一杆枪。

摩梯末医生向车夫询问了那个士兵在那里的缘由。

“一个危险的罪犯越狱逃跑了，先生。”他告诉我们，“他已经逃出来三天了。他叫塞尔登。就是在伦敦杀人的那个家伙。”

那个案子我记得很清楚。杀人手段非常残忍。我想到了在这片空旷、荒芜的沼地上活动着的这个凶手，愈来愈觉得周围的环境叫人不安。那些长着茂密的树篱的、美丽的、绿色的田野已经被奔驰的马车甩在我们身后了，我们现在到了既寒冷又空旷的沼地上。这里的一切都灰蒙蒙、硬梆梆的，又很荒芜。坚硬的 地面上竖立着粗糙的巨石。山顶很尖，在天空的衬托下好像一排排獠牙。正刮着冷飕飕的风，夜幕正在降临。我看到亨利爵士把大衣裹得更紧了些。

我们终于到了巴斯克维尔庄园的门口。大门那儿有一条漫长而又阴暗的路径通向房屋，道路的两旁是一些老树的暗影。我们在道路的尽头处看到一所像幽灵似地闪着微光的房屋。

“我能理解伯父为何在这儿时总是觉得要大难临头了。这并非一个友好的地方。”亨利爵士说道，讲话时声音都在颤抖着。

我们走近时，看到这是一栋结实而又幽暗、主入口处很大的建筑。建筑物的大部分都很古老了，墙壁上爬满了深绿色的常春藤；可是某些部分却是最近刚刚砌成的，材料是一些阴森 的黑色石块。阴暗的光线从结实的窗口透出来。黑烟从主楼的一个高高的烟囱里喷了出来。

“欢迎欢迎，亨利爵士！欢迎您到巴斯克维尔庄园来！”

总管白瑞摩和妻子正在主入口处的台阶上恭候着我们。他们走下来，把我们的行李箱提到了屋里。摩梯末医生离开我们回家去了。我们便进了大厅，那儿炉火正熊熊燃烧着。那是个华美的房间，又大又高。

“这正是我想像中的一个古老的家族的宅邸，”亨利爵士说道。

白瑞摩把我们带到了各自的房间。他是个高大、英俊的男子，留着满腮的黑胡子。在我们洗漱之后，他带我们去进餐。饭厅不太招人喜欢。需要再点些蜡烛把它照亮些。墙上是巴斯克维尔家族的先辈们的画像。它们悄无声息地俯视着我们，丝毫没让我们感觉快活一些。

晚饭过后我们便各自回房去了。我在上床之前向窗外眺望了一番。强风在外面悲鸣，同时还使庄园前面的树木摇晃着。半轮月亮透过阴暗

的、飞奔的云朵照到了荒凉、空旷的沼地上。

我无法入睡。后来，突然之间，我在深夜里清楚地听到了一个女人的哭泣声。那哭声是一个陷入深深的悲伤之中的人发出的。声音就在不远处，可以肯定就在这栋房子里。

8 The Stapletons of Pen House

The next morning was sunny, and we were much more cheerful.

I told Sir Henry about the crying I had heard. He rang the bell to call Barrymore, and asked him if he could explain the crying. Barrymore's face went white when he heard Sir Henry's question.

'There are only two women in the house, Sir Henry,' he answered. 'One is the maid, who sleeps on the other side of the house. The other is my wife, and she was certainly not crying.'

But he was telling a lie. I saw Mrs Barrymore after breakfast. The sun was full on her face, and it was clear she had been crying.

Why had Barrymore lied? What deep sadness had made his wife cry? There was a mystery surrounding this black-bearded, handsome man. Was it possible that Barrymore was in fact the man who had been watching Sir Henry in London? I decided I must check with the local post office that the telegram had really been put into Barrymore's own hands.

While Sir Henry worked at some papers, I walked to the post office. It was in the nearest village, which was called Grimpen. I spoke to the boy who had taken the telegram to the Hall.

'Did you give it to Mr Barrymore himself?' I asked.

'Well,' the boy said, 'he was working upon the roof, so I couldn't give it to him. I gave it to Mrs Barrymore, and she promised to give it to him at once.'

'Did you see Mr Barrymore?' I asked him.

'No,' said the boy, 'but why did his wife say he was upon the roof if he wasn't?'

It was hopeless to ask any more questions. It was clear that Holmes' cleverness with the telegram had not given us the proof we needed.

I was walking away from the post office when I heard someone running after me. A voice called me by name, and I turned. I expected to see Dr Mortimer, as I knew nobody else in the village. To my surprise it was a stranger. He was a small, thin man, between thirty and forty years old, with fair hair and no beard. He was carrying a butterfly net, and a box for putting butterflies in.

'I hope you will excuse me for introducing myself, Dr Watson,' he said as he came up to me. 'My name is Stapleton. I was in Dr Mortimer's house and we saw you. He told me who you are. May I walk along with you? This path back to the Hall goes near my home, Pen House. Please come in and meet my sister, and spend an hour with us.'

I accepted Stapleton's invitation, and we walked together.

'I know that you are a close friend of Sherlock Holmes,' said Stapleton. 'Has Mr Holmes any ideas about Sir Charles death?'

'I'm afraid I can't answer that question,' I said.

'Will Mr Holmes visit us himself?' he asked.

'He can't leave London at the moment,' I answered. I was rather surprised that he was asking me these questions.

We walked on. Stapleton told me that he and his sister had lived in Devonshire for only two years. They had moved there soon after Sir Charles had begun to live in Baskerville Hall. He also talked about the moor and how it interested him. He told me to look across the moor to a place which was a bright green colour.

'That is the Great Grimpen Marsh,' he said. 'If animals or men go into the marsh, they will sink into it and die. But I can find my way to the very centre of it. Look, there is another of those poor horses.'

Something brown was fighting to get out of the bright green of the marsh. Then a terrible cry came across the moor. The horse's head and neck disappeared under the green.

'It's gone,' Stapleton said. 'The marsh has caught and killed it. That often happens. It is an evil place, the Great Grimpen Marsh.'

'But you say you can go safely in and out of it?' I asked him.

'Yes, there are a few paths, and I have found them. The low hills you can see are like islands surrounded by the marsh. That is where I can find the unusual plants and butterflies. And that's why I found my way through the marsh.'

'I shall try my luck one day,' I said.

He looked at me in surprise. 'Please don't try,' he said. 'You would never return alive, and it would be my fault.'

'Listen,' I said. 'What is that?'

A long, low cry, very deep and very sad, came over the moor. It filled the whole air. Then it died away.

'What is it?' I asked, with a cold fear in my heart.

Stapleton had a strange look on his face. 'The people say it's the Hound of the Baskervilles, which is calling for something to hunt and kill. I've heard it once or twice before, but never so loud.'

'You are a man of science,' I said. 'You don't believe that, do you? Isn't there a natural explanation for the sound?'

'A marsh makes strange noises sometimes. It is the water and the wet ground moving.'

'But that was the voice of a living creature,' I said.

'Well, perhaps it was. There are some very unusual birds on the moors. It was most probably the cry of one of those.'

At that moment a small butterfly flew across the path in front of us. 'Excuse me, Dr Watson,' shouted Stapleton, and ran off to try to catch the butterfly. He ran quickly and followed the butterfly on to the marsh, but he knew exactly where he could go, and was not in any danger.

As I watched him, I heard the sound of steps behind me. I turned and saw a woman near me on the path. I was sure she was

Miss Stapleton. She was very beautiful. She was dark and tall, with a lovely face. Before I could say anything, she said: 'Go back! Go straight back to London, immediately. I can—not tell you why, but please do what I ask you, and never come near the moor again. But my brother is coming. Not a word to him. '

Stapleton had caught the butterfly, and was walking bath to us.

'Hello, my dear, 'he said to his sister, but it seemed to me that his voice was not completely friendly. 'I see that you two have already introduced yourselves. '

'Yes, 'she said. 'I was telling Sir Henry that it was rather late in the year for him to see the true beauty of the moor. '

'I am sorry, 'I said. 'You have made a mistake. I'm not Sir Henry. I am a friend who is visiting him, and my name is Dr Watson. '

Miss Stapleton was clearly angry with herself. 'I'm sorry, ' she said. 'Please forget what I said. But do come with us to our house. '

The house was lonely and rather grim. I wondered why the two of them had come to live so far away from anyone else. Stapleton seemed to know what I was thinking, and said: 'You may think this a lonely, strange place to live, but the moors are very interesting, and we enjoy it here. I owned a school in the north of England, but I had to close it. I miss the boys and girls but thefe is plenty to do here, and we have good neighbours. I hope Sir Henry will become one of tmem. May I visit the Hall this afternoon to meet him, do you think? '

'I'm sure he will be very pleased to meet you, 'I said. 'I must go back to the Hall now, and I shall tell him immediately. '

I said goodbye to the Stapletons, and continued on the path back to the Hall. I had been walking for only a few minutes when I was surprised to see Miss Stapleton sitting on a rock ahead of me. She was breathing quickly, and I realized she had run by a quicker way to get ahead of me.

'Dr Watson, 'she said. 'I want to say sorry for the mistake I made. I thought you were Sir Henry. Please forget what I said. I did not mean you were in danger. Now I must go, or my brother will miss me. '

'I cannot forget your words, Miss Stapleton, 'I said. 'If Sir Henry is in danger, I must tell him. '

'You know the story of the Hound? 'she asked me.

'Yes, but I do not believe it, 'I replied.

'But I think it's true, 'she said. 'Please persuade Sir Henry to leave this place. So many of his family have died here mys- teriously. He must not put his life in danger by staying here. '

'Sir Henry won't leave this place without a real reason, 'I said.

'I can't give you a real reason. I don't know anything for certain. '

'One more question, Miss Stapleton, 'I said. 'The story of the Hound is well known. Why didn't you want your brother to hear what you said? '

'My brother wants the head of the Baskerville family to live in the Hall, 'she said. 'He wants Sir Henry to continue the good work that Sir Charles began. He doesn't want Sir Henry to go and live in another place. So he doesn't want me to talk about the Hound. I must go now, or my brother will guess I have been speaking to you. Goodbye! '

She turned and went back towards her house, and I walked on to Baskerville Hall.

8 格林盆宅邸的斯台普顿兄妹

第二天早上阳光明媚，我们也就觉得心情舒畅些了。

我对亨利爵士讲述了我所听到的哭声这件事。他摇铃把白瑞摩叫来，问他可否解释哭声的事。听到亨利爵士的问题时白瑞摩变得脸色煞白。

“亨利爵爷，这个房子里只有两个女人，”他回答道。“一位是女仆，她睡在对面厢房里。另一位就是我的妻子，她当然没有哭了。”但是他在撒谎。早饭后我见到了白瑞摩夫人。阳光普照在她的脸上，清楚地表明她曾哭过。

白瑞摩为何要撒谎呢？是什么样的至深的悲伤曾使他的妻子哭泣呢？这个蓄着黑须的英俊男人的周围萦绕着一团疑云。白瑞摩有可能其实就是在伦敦监视亨利爵士的那个人吗？我决定与当地邮局核实一番，看看那封电报是否送到了白瑞摩手中。

在亨利爵士处理一些文件时，我便步行去了邮局。它在距此最近的一个名叫格林盆的村庄里。我对把电报投送到庄园的那个男孩说起话来。

“你把它交给白瑞摩先生本人了吗？”我问道。

“啊，”小男孩说道，“他当时正在屋顶上忙乎，所以我便把它交给了白瑞摩太太，她还答应马上就把它交给他。”

“你看到白瑞摩先生了吗？”我问他。

“没看到，”男孩说，“要是他不在屋顶上他妻子干嘛要说他在呢？”

再继续问下去也是无望的了。很清楚，福尔摩斯在电报上所施的高招并未给我们提供所需的证据。

我从邮局出来正往前走，这时听到身后有人在跑。有人叫我的名字，我便转过身去。因为我在村里并不认识别人，所以我料想着看到的应是摩梯末医生。令我感到吃惊的是，那是位陌生人。他是个矮小瘦削的男人，大约三四十岁年纪，长着淡黄色头发，还没有蓄胡子。他拿着一个捕蝶网和一个用来装蝴蝶的盒子。

“我希望您会原谅我的冒昧，华生医生，”他走到我跟前对我说道。“我叫斯台普顿。当我在摩梯末医生家拜访他时，我们瞥见了您。他就把您告诉给了我。我可以与您同行吗？回庄园的这条路正在格林盆宅邸即我的家附近。请进来见见我妹妹，并与我们呆一会儿。”

我接受了斯台普顿的邀请，于是我们便同步而行。

“我知道您是歇洛克·福尔摩斯的亲密的朋友，”斯台普顿讲道。“福尔摩斯先生对查尔斯爵士的死有些看法了吗？”

“我恐怕不能回答这个问题，”我说道。

“福尔摩斯先生是否将亲自来这儿光临我们呢？”他问道。

“目前他还不能离开伦敦，”我回答道。我对他问我这些问题感到很惊讶。

我们继续前行。斯台普顿告诉我说，他和他妹妹在德文郡住了两年光景。查尔斯爵士刚住进巴斯克维尔庄园没有多久，他们便搬到那儿了。他还谈到了沼地及其如何激发起他的兴趣的事情。他让我朝沼地的尽头看以眺望一处呈嫩绿色的地方。

“那就是格林盆大泥潭，”他说道。“如果人畜踏进这片泥潭的话，就会陷进去送命的。但是我却能找到通往泥潭中心的道路。瞧，又一匹倒霉的马儿陷进去了。”

有个棕色的东西正在竭力挣扎着，想要从那片嫩绿色的泥潭中挣脱出来。接着，从沼地传来一声可怕的吼声。马的头和颈消失在那片绿色之下了。

“它完了，”斯台普顿道。“泥潭已把它给吞没了。这种情形经常发生。格林盆大泥潭可真是个邪恶的地方。”

“但是您不是说您能安全地进出其中吗？”我向他问道。

“是啊，其中有几条道，我都找到了。您所能看到的那些小山就像是被泥潭环绕着的小岛一样。那便是我能觅到稀有植物和稀世蝴蝶的处所。而且那便是我为何能在泥潭中找到了路的原因。”

“某天我也去碰碰运气，”我说道。

他带着惊讶的神情看着我。“千万别去试，”他说道。“您是不会活着回来的。那样就是我的错了。”

“听听，”我说道。“是什么东西？”

一声又低又长、非常深沉、相当悲惨的叫声传遍了整个沼地。它响彻空中，接着便消逝了。

“这是什么？”我问道，心里害怕得直打冷战。

斯台普顿的脸上带着一种奇怪的神色。“人们说这是巴斯克维尔猎犬，它正在召唤猎物。我以前曾听到过一两次，可是声音从没有这么大过。”

“您是位科学工作者，”我说道。“谅您也不会相信这些，是吧？难道对这种声音就没有一个符合自然规律的解释吗？”

“泥潭有时会发出奇怪的声音。这是由于水和稀泥在移动。”

“可是那是动物发出的声音呀。”

“啊，也许是。沼地上有些稀有鸟类。极有可能是其中某一只的叫声。”

那时，一只小蝴蝶从我们面前飞过。“对不起，华生医生，”斯台普顿高喊着，同时跑开捉蝴蝶去了。他飞快地跑着，随着那只蝴蝶到了泥潭中，但是他知道自己的脚该落在哪儿，因此便没有什么危险。

正当我注视着他的时候，我听到了身后的脚步声。我转过身去，看到路上离我不远处有一个女子。我敢肯定她便是斯台普顿小姐。她人很漂亮，肤色很深，身材纤长。我还没来得及开口说话，她便说道：

“回去吧！马上回到伦敦去。我不能告诉您缘由，可是请照我说的去做，千万不要再靠近沼地了。但是，我哥哥来了。对他什么也别说了。”

斯台普顿已抓到了那只蝴蝶，正向我们这边走回来。

“你好，我亲爱的，”他对他妹妹说道，可是就我看来他的语气并不怎么友好。“我看得出来你们俩已经做过自我介绍了。”

“是啊，”她说道。“我正和亨利爵士说，他来得太晚了，已经看不到沼地的真正美丽之处了。”

“我很抱歉，”我说道。“您弄错了。我不是亨利爵士。我是来拜访他的一位朋友，我是华生医生。”

斯台普顿小姐显然对自己很懊恼。“我很抱歉，”她说道。“请忘掉我所说的话。可是，您一定得和我们一道去屋里坐坐。”

这所房屋既偏僻又相当阴森。我纳闷他们俩为何到这种与他人相隔甚远的地方来居住。斯台普顿似乎知道我在想些什么，于是便说道：“您可能认为这儿要住人的话偏僻和奇特了些，可是这些沼地相当有趣，我们在这儿过得也很快活。我曾在英格兰北部办过一所学校，但是后来被迫关闭了。我很怀念那些孩子们，但在此处有许多事情都有待去做，而且我们还有很好的邻居们。我希望亨利爵士也会成为其中的一员。您认为我今天下午可否冒昧地去庄园拜访一下他呢？”

“我敢说 he 一定会高兴见到您的，”我说道。“我现在得回庄园去了，我还打算立刻告诉他这个消息。”

我与斯台普顿兄妹道了别，继续沿着回庄园的那条路向前走。没走几分钟便惊奇地看到斯台普顿小姐正坐在我前边的一块岩石上。她呼吸急促，我意识到她是为了赶在我前面而抄近路跑来的。

“华生医生，”她说道。“因我所犯的错误，我想向您致以深深的歉意。我竟把您当成亨利爵士了。请忘掉我说过话。我当时并不是说您有危险。现在我得走了，否则的话我哥哥就要挂念我了。”

“我不会忘记您的话语的，斯台普顿小姐，”我说道。“如果亨利爵士有危险的话，那我就得告诉他。”

“您知道那个猎犬的故事吧？”她对我问道。

“知道，但是我并不相信它，”我应答道。

“可是我认为它是真实的，”她说道。“请劝说亨利爵士离开这个地方。他家族中的那么多人都在这儿神秘地死去了。他不应该因呆在这儿而让自己冒生命危险。”

“没有真正的理由的话亨利爵士是不会离开此地的，”我说道。

“我给不出真正的理由。我并非确切地知道某些事情。”

“还有一个问题，斯台普顿小姐，”我说道。“猎犬的故事是众所周知的。您为何不愿让您哥哥听到您所说的话呢？”

“我哥哥想让巴斯克维尔家族的主人在这个庄园里住下来，”她说道。“他想叫亨利爵士把查尔斯爵士开创的慈善工作继续下去。他不想让亨利爵士去别处居住。因此他不想让我谈论猎犬的事情。我现在得走了，否则的话我哥哥就会猜到我是在同您谈话了。再见！”

她转身往回走去，我便继续向巴斯克维尔庄园走去。

9 The Escaped Prisoner

Mr Stapleton came to the Hall and met Sir Henry that same afternoon. The next morning he took us to the place where the evil Sir Hugo died. Then we had lunch at the House. Sir Henry clearly thought Miss Stapleton was very beautiful. His eyes followed her everywhere. He liked her very much, and I was sure that she felt the same about him. He spoke about her again and again as we walked home. After the first meeting, we met the Stapletons almost every day.

After a short time it was clear that Sir Henry had fallen deeply in love with the beautiful Miss Stapleton. At first I thought that Stapleton would be very pleased if his sister married Sir Henry. However, I soon realized that he did not want their friendship to grow into love. He did everything he could to make sure that they were never alone. On one or two occasions they did manage to meet alone, but Stapleton followed them and was not pleased to see them together.

I soon met another neighbour of Sir Henry's. His name was Mr Frankland, and he lived about four miles to the south of the Hall. He was an old man with a red face and white hair. He had two hobbies. The first was arguing. He argued with everybody. The second hobby was studying the stars. For this he had a very big telescope. For several days he had been watching the moor through the telescope. He wanted to find Selden, the escaped murderer. Nobody had seen the prisoner for a fortnight, and we all thought that he had probably left the moor.

A few nights later I was woken by a noise at about two in the morning. I heard someone walking softly outside my door. I got up, opened the door and looked out. I saw Barrymore moving carefully and quietly away from me. I followed him, as quietly as I could. He went into one of the empty bedrooms and left the door open. I went quietly up to the door and looked in—side.

Barrymore was standing at the window. He was holding a light in his hand and looking out onto the moor. He stood without moving for a few minutes and then he put out the light.

I went quickly back to my room. A few minutes later I heard Barrymore go softly by.

The next morning I told Sir Henry what I had seen.

'We must follow him and find out what he is doing,' said Sir Henry. 'He won't hear us if we move carefully.'

That night we sat in Sir Henry's room and waited. At about three o'clock in the morning we heard the sound of footsteps outside the bedroom. We looked out and saw Barrymore. We followed him as quietly as we could. He went into the same room as before. We reached the door and looked in. There was Barrymore, with the light in his hand, looking out across the moor, exactly as I had seen him on the night before.

Sir Henry walked into the room and said: 'What are you doing here, Barrymore?'

Barrymore turned round quickly, surprise and horror on his face.

'Nothing, Sir,' he said. The shadows on the wall from his light were jumping up and down as his hand shook. 'It was the window, sir. I go round at night to see that they are closed, and this one wasn't shut.'

'Come now, Barrymore,' said Sir Henry. 'No lies. What were you doing with that light? You were holding it up to the window.'

I suddenly had an idea. 'I think he was sending a message,' I said. 'Let's see if there's an answer from someone on the moor.'

I held the light up to the window, and looked out into the darkness. Suddenly a light answered from the moor.

'There it is,' I cried. I waved my light backwards and forwards across the window. The light on the moor answered by moving in the same way.

'Now, Barrymore, who is your friend on the moor? What's going on?'

'That's my business,' said Barrymore, 'I won't tell you.'

'Are you making some criminal plan against me?' Sir Henry said.

'No, it's nothing against you, sir,' said a voice behind us. It was Mrs Barrymore. She had followed us and was standing at the door. 'He's doing it for me. My unhappy brother is cold and hungry on the moor. We cannot let him die. Our light is to tell him that food is ready for him. His light shows us where to take it.'

'Then your brother is...' began Sir Henry.

'The escaped prisoner, sir. Selden, the murderer. He is my younger brother. He has done evil things, but to me he is still the little boy I loved and cared for. I had to help him. Everything my husband has done has been for me. Please don't take his job from him. It's not his fault.'

Sir Henry turned to Barrymore and said:

'I cannot blame you for helping your wife. Go to bed, and we'll talk about this in the morning.'

The Barrymores left us.

'The murderer is waiting out there by that light,' said Sir Henry. 'He's a danger to everyone. I'm going to catch him. If you want to come with me, Watson, fetch your revolver and let's go.'

We left the Hall immediately.

'We must surprise him and catch him,' said Sir Henry. 'He's a dangerous man. Now, Watson, what would Holmes say about this? Do you remember what the old papers said? They said the Devil does his work when the world is dark.'

Just as he spoke there came a strange cry from across the moor. It was the same cry I had heard when I was with Stapleton on the edge of the Great Grimpen Marsh.

'What is that noise?' asked Sir Henry. He stopped and put his hand on my arm to hold me back.

'I've heard it before,' I said. 'Stapleton says it's the cry of a bird.'

'Watson,' said Sir Henry, his voice shaking, 'it is the cry of a hound. What do the local people say it is?'

‘They say it is the cry of the Hound of the Baskervilles,’ I replied.

‘Can there possibly be some truth in the story?’ said Sir Henry. ‘Am I really in danger from such an evil thing? I think I am as brave as most men, but that sound froze my blood. But we have come out to catch that prisoner, and the Devil himself will not make me turn back.’

It was difficult to cross the moor in the dark, but at last we reached the light. It was standing on a rock. Suddenly an evil face, more like an animal than a man, looked at us from behind the rock. The escaped prisoner saw us and screamed as he turned to run.

Sir Henry and I were both good runners and very healthy men, but we soon realized that we had no chance of catching Selden. He knew the way, and was running for his life. Soon we had lost him in the dark, so we stopped and sat down, breathing heavily, to rest.

At that moment a very strange thing happened. The moon was low upon our right, and in its light we could see the top of a hill. On that hill, with the moon behind him, stood a tall, thin man. He was standing perfectly still. He was watching us.

It was not Selden, who had been running away from that hill. This man was much taller. With a cry of surprise I turned to Sir Henry. As I turned, the man disappeared.

I wanted to go across to the hill and search for him, but we were tired and I remembered that Sir Henry might be in danger. So we went back to Baskerville Hall.

Who was the tall man I had seen standing against the moon? Was he an enemy, or a friend who was watching over us?

I wished more and more that Holmes could leave London and come to Baskerville Hall. I wrote to him every few days and gave him the details of everything that happened and everyone I met.

9 出逃的囚犯

斯台普顿先生于当日下午前来庄园拜访亨利爵士。第二天早晨，他带着我们去看了那个罪恶的雨果出事的地点。然后，我们在格林盆宅邸吃了午饭。亨利爵士显然认为斯台普顿小姐很漂亮。他的目光一直追随着她。他非常喜欢她，我还敢肯定她对他也有此同感。在我们回家的路上，他屡次谈到了她。自从第一次见面之后，我们便几乎每天都能见到斯台普顿兄妹。

不久之后，亨利爵士深深地爱上了漂亮的斯台普顿小姐，这点已相当明显了。我起初以为斯台普顿会为了他的妹妹与亨利爵士的结合而大为高兴的。然而，我不久之后便意识到他并不想让他们之间的友谊发展为爱情。他想尽办法避免他俩有独处的机会。他们曾有一两次想方设法单独见面了，可是斯台普顿跟踪了他们，见他们在一起时并不高兴。

我很快又遇到了亨利爵士的另一位邻居。他是福兰克兰先生，住在庄园以南约四英里远的地方。他是一位面色红润、头发银白的老人。他有两个癖好。其一是争辩。他会和所有的人争论一番。其二是研究星相。他为此买了个很大的望远镜。数天来他一直在用这架望远镜注视着沼地。他希望能发现塞尔登，那位逃犯。两周以来没人见过那位囚犯，大家都以为他可能已经离开沼地了。

几天之后的一个晚上，我在凌晨两点钟左右时被一声响弄醒了。我听见有人在我的门外轻声走动。我爬起身来，打开房门并向外张望。我看到白瑞摩正小心谨慎而又悄无声息地从我这边走开。我尽量无声无息地跟着他。他走进了一间没人住的卧室并把房门就那么开着。我悄悄地走到房门跟前并向里边瞧去。

白瑞摩正站在窗户旁。他手里拿着蜡烛，透过窗户盯着外面的沼地。他一动不动地站了几分钟，然后弄灭了蜡烛。

我赶快回到了我的房中。几分钟之后我听到白瑞摩轻轻地走过我的门口。

第二天早晨我将我所看到的情景告诉了亨利爵士。

“我们得跟踪他并看看他在干什么，”亨利爵士说道。“要是我们小心走动的话他是不会听见我们的。”

那天晚上我们坐在亨利爵士的房间里等着。大约在凌晨3点钟时，我们听到了卧室外面的脚步声。我们向外望去，看到了白瑞摩。我们尽量无声无息地跟踪着他。他同前一次一样，又到了那个房间里。我们来到房门旁边向里望去。白瑞摩手里拿着蜡烛，正望着窗外的沼地。这和我前一天夜里看到的情景一模一样。

亨利爵士走进屋里并且说道：“你在这里干什么呢，白瑞摩？”

白瑞摩赶快转过身来，脸上露出又惊又怕的神色。

“没干什么，爵爷，”他说道。由于他的手抖动着，墙壁上烛光里的人影也不停地上下跳动着。“是由于窗户，爵爷。我在夜间巡视是想看看窗户是否都已关好了，而这个窗户并没关好。”

“得了吧，白瑞摩，”亨利爵士说道。“不要撒谎。你用那个蜡烛干什么？你刚才可是把它举在窗口了。”

我突然灵机一动。“我想他那时是在传送信号，”我说道。“我们来看一下沼地上是否有人回答信号。”

我把蜡烛高举向窗口并注视着漆黑的外面。突然之间，一个光点从沼地那边回应着。

“就在那儿，”我喊道。我在窗户边前后晃动着蜡烛。沼地上的灯光也以同样的方式移动着以回应我们。

“我说，白瑞摩，沼地上的你的那个朋友是谁？发生着什么事情？”

“那是我个人的事，”白瑞摩说道。“我不会告诉您的。”

“你是在搞什么阴谋加害我吗？”亨利爵士说道。

“不，爵爷，不是害您呀！”从我们身后传来了一个声音。此人是白瑞摩太太。她一直跟踪着我们，现在正站在门口。“是为了我才这么干的。我那不幸的弟弟正在沼地上忍饥受冻。我们不能让他死。这烛光是告诉他食物已经给他准备好了。他那边的灯光则向我们表明我们该把食物送到什么地点。”

“那么说，你的弟弟是……”亨利爵士开口道。

“是那个潜逃的罪犯，爵爷。塞尔登，那个杀人凶手。他是我弟弟，他干了许多坏事。但是对我来讲他依旧是我曾爱护过的那个小男孩。我得帮他。我丈夫所做的一切都是为了我。请别把他辞掉。这不是他的过错。”

亨利爵士转向白瑞摩，并说道：

“你帮你太太的忙，我不能为此怪你。去上床睡觉吧，我们明早再谈这件事。”

白瑞摩夫妇从我们这儿走开了。

“那个杀人凶手正在外边的那个亮光旁等着呢，”亨利爵士说道。“他对大家都是个危险。我要去抓住他。如果您想和我一道去的话，华

生，那就去取您的左轮手枪，然后咱们就去吧。”

我们马上离开了庄园。

“我们必须出其不意地将其抓获，”亨利爵士说道。“他是个危险人物。我说，华生，这样干福尔摩斯会说什么呢？您还记得那份古老的手稿怎么说的吗？说恶魔兴于黑夜。”

他正说话的当中，沼地上传来了一声奇怪的叫声。就是我在格林盆大泥潭边缘与斯台普顿在一起时听到的那种声音。

“那是什么声音？”亨利爵士问道。他停下了脚步，抓住我的胳膊把我往回拽。

“我以前听到过这种声音，”我说道。“斯台普顿说这是一种鸟的叫声。”

“华生，”亨利爵士说道，他的声音这时颤抖着。“这是猎犬的叫声。当地人把它叫什么呢？”

“他们说这是巴斯克维尔猎犬的叫声，”我回答道。

“难道那个故事中真有几分真实的成分吗？”亨利爵士说道。“我真的正受到那个邪恶的东西的威胁吗？我认为我与大多数人一样勇敢，可是这个声音使我毛骨悚然。不过，我们是来抓罪犯的，恶魔本人也不能把我吓回头。”

要在黑暗之中走过沼地是件难事，但是我们最终还是到达了光亮所在之处。蜡烛被搁在了一块岩石之上。突然之间，一张邪恶的、与其说是人长的不如说是野兽般的面孔从岩石后面探出来张望着我们。这个逃犯看到我们便尖叫着转身逃开了。

我和亨利爵士都是飞毛腿，身体又很健康，可是我们很快便意识到已没机会抓获塞尔登了。他既识路又在逃命。不久之后我们便在黑暗之中看不到他了，因此我们便停下脚步，喘着粗气坐下来休息一番。

就在那时，发生了一件非常奇怪的事情。月亮低悬在我们右侧的空中，我们在月光下看到一座小山的尖顶。在山顶上站着一个又高又瘦的男子，他背后的天幕上挂着一轮月亮。他一动不动地站着。他正注视着我们。

此人并非塞尔登，塞尔登已从那座山的旁边跑远了。此人要比他高得多。我惊叫一声，向亨利爵士转过身去。就在我转身时此人便消失了。

我本想去小山那边搜寻一番的，但是我们已精疲力尽了，我还想到亨利爵士可能有危险。于是我们便回巴斯克维尔庄园去了。

我所看到的这位背对月亮而站立的高个男人是谁？他是敌人还是密切注视着我们的朋友？

我越来越希望福尔摩斯能够从伦敦脱身到巴斯克维尔庄园来。每隔不几天我便给他写封信，详尽地告诉他有关这儿所发生的每件事情以及我所见到的每位人士的情况。

10 The Letter

The following day was dull and foggy. The Hall was surrounded by heavy, low clouds, which opened now and then to show the grim, cold moor and its wet, grey rocks. The weather made us miserable. It was difficult to be cheerful when we felt danger all around us. I thought of Sir Charles' death, and the awful sound of the hound, which I had now heard twice. Holmes did not believe that there was a supernatural hound. But facts are facts, and I had heard a hound. Was there a huge hound living on the moor? If so, where could it hide? Where did it get its food? Why was it never seen by day? It was almost as difficult to accept a natural explanation as a supernatural explanation.

That morning Sir Henry and Barrymore argued about Selden, the escaped prisoner. Barrymore said that it was wrong to try to catch Selden.

'But the man is dangerous,' said Sir Henry. 'He'll do anything. Nobody is safe until he is in prison again. We must tell the police.'

'I promise he won't break into any house,' said Barrymore, 'and he won't cause any trouble. In a few days he will catch a boat for South America. Please don't tell the police about him. If you tell the police, my wife and I will be in serious trouble.'

'What do you say, Watson?' asked Sir Henry, turning to me.

'I don't think he will break into houses, or cause trouble. If he did, the police would know where to look for him and would catch him. He's not a stupid man.'

'I hope you're right,' said Sir Henry. 'I'm sure we're breaking the law. But I don't want to get Barrymore and his wife into trouble, so I shall not tell the police. I shall leave Selden in peace.'

Barrymore could not find the words to thank Sir Henry enough. Then he said: 'You have been so kind to us that I want to do something for you in return. I have never told anyone else. I know something more about poor Sir Charles' death.'

Sir Henry and I jumped up at once.

'Do you know how he died?' Sir Henry asked.

'No, sir, I don't know that, but I know why he was waiting at the gate. He was going to meet a woman.'

'Sir Charles was meeting a woman? Who was the woman?'

'I don't know her name,' Barrymore said, 'but it begins with L. L.'

'How do you know this, Barrymore?' I asked.

'Well, Sir Charles got a letter on the morning of the day he died. It was from Newtown, and the address was in a woman's writing. I forgot all about it, but some time after Sir Charles died my wife was cleaning the fireplace in his study. She found a letter. Most of it was burned, but the bottom of one page was not burned. On it was written: "Please, please, burn this letter, and be at the gate by ten o'clock. L. L." The paper fell into pieces as my wife went to move it. We don't know who L. L. is, but if you could find out, you might learn more about Sir Charles' death. We haven't told anyone else. We felt it would not be good for poor, kind Sir Charles. But we thought we ought to tell you, Sir Henry.'

The Barrymores left us and Sir Henry turned to me. 'If we can find L. L., the mystery may be at an end,' he said. 'What do you think we should do, Watson?'

'I must write to Holmes at once,' I said, and I went straight to my room and wrote a letter to Holmes, which gave him all the details of Barrymore's story.

On the following day heavy rain fell without stopping. I put on my coat and went for a long walk on the moor. I thought of Selden out on the cold moor in this weather. And I thought of the other man, the mysterious watcher.

As I walked, Dr Mortimer drove past me. He stopped and said he would take me back to the Hall.

'I expect you know almost everybody living near here,' I said. 'Do you know a woman whose name begins with the letters L. L. ?'

Dr Mortimer thought for a minute, and then he said: 'Yes, Mrs Laura Lyons. She lives in Newtown.'

'Who is she?' I asked.

'She's Mr Frankland's daughter.'

'What, old Frankland who has the large telescope?'

'Yes,' said Dr Mortimer. 'Laura married a painter called Lyons who came to paint pictures of the moor. But he was cruel to her, and after a while he left her. Her father will not speak to her, because she married against his wishes. So her husband and her father have made her life very unhappy.'

'How does she live?' I asked.

'Several people who knew her sad story have helped her. Stapleton and Sir Charles gave her some money. I gave a little myself. She used the money to start a typewriting business.'

Dr Mortimer wanted to know why I was asking about Mrs Lyons. However, I preferred to keep the reason secret, and we talked about other things for the rest of the journey.

Only one other thing of interest happened that day. In the evening after dinner I had a few words with Barrymore alone. I asked him whether Selden had left the country.

'I don't know, sir,' Barrymore replied. 'I hope he has gone. But I've not heard anything of him since I last left food and some clothes for him, and that was three days ago.'

'Did you see him then?'

'No, sir, but the food and clothes were gone when I next went that way,' Barrymore told me.

'Then Selden was certainly there?' I asked.

‘I think so, sir, unless the other man took everything.’

I sat very still and looked hard at Barrymore. ‘You know there is another man, then? Have you seen him?’

‘No, sir, but Selden told me about him a week or more ago. He is hiding from someone, too, but he is not an escaped prisoner. I don’t like it, sir. Something evil is going to happen, I’m sure. Sir Henry would be much safer in London.’

‘Did Selden tell you anything more about the other man?’ I asked.

‘He looked like a gentleman. He was living in one of the old stone huts on the moor. A boy works for him and brings him all the food and things he needs. That’s all Selden told me.’

I thanked him, and he left me. I went to the window and looked out at the rain and the clouds. It was a wild night. I knew the huts Barrymore had spoken about. There were many of them on the moor. They had been built many hundreds of years ago by the people who lived on the moor. They would not keep a man warm and dry in bad weather. Selden could not choose to live anywhere else, but why did the other man live in such conditions?

I sat and thought what I should do next. I decided I must try to find the man who had been watching us. Was he the enemy who had been following us since the very beginning in London? If he was, and I could catch him, perhaps our difficulties would be at an end.

I also decided to hunt the man on my own. Sir Henry was still shaken by the terrible cry we had heard on the moor. I did not want to add to his troubles or to lead him into more danger.

10 一封信件

次日阴晦多雾。庄园被低沉的浓雾包围起来。它们时而散开，露出晦暗而又寒冷的沼地及其湿漉漉、灰蒙蒙的岩石。天气使得我们心情沉重。处于危险之中时很难高兴起来。我想起了查尔斯爵士的死，还有猎犬发出的可怕的吼声，这种声音我已听到过两次了。福尔摩斯不相信世上会有一只超乎自然的猎犬存在。但是，事实总归是事实，我本人也听到了猎犬的声音。沼地上确有一只巨大的猎犬吗？假如真的话，那它藏在什么地方呢？它到哪里去找吃的呢？白天为何没人看到过它呢？合乎自然的解释几乎和超乎自然的解释一样难以叫人接受。

那天早晨，亨利爵士与白瑞摩就那个逃犯塞尔登而争辩了起来。白瑞摩说去抓塞尔登是件错事。

“可是此人很危险，”亨利说道。“他什么事情都干得出来。直到他被重新关押起来，大家才会获得安全。我们必须报告警方。”

“我保证他不会闯进任何人家，”白瑞摩说道，“他也不会惹任何麻烦。几天之后他将乘船去南美。请别向警方告发他。您若报告了警方，我和我妻子就会有很大的麻烦。”

“华生，您有何高见？”亨利爵士转身向我问道。

“我认为他不会闯进任何人家或惹任何麻烦。否则的话，警方就会知道该在何处搜寻并抓获他了。他并不是一个蠢货。”

“我希望您是对的，”亨利爵士说道。“我敢肯定我们现在是在犯法。可是我不想使白瑞摩及其太太陷于困境之中，所以我是不会向警方告发的。我将不再过问塞尔登的事情了。”

白瑞摩找不出足以用来感谢亨利爵士的话语。接着他说道：“您对我们真是太好了，我因此想报答您一番。有件事我从未对旁人讲过。关于不幸的查尔斯爵士的死我还知道些别的情况。”

我和亨利爵士立刻跳起身来。

“你知道他是怎么死的吗？”亨利爵士问道。

“不知道，爵士，那个我可不知道；不过我知道他站在门口等人的缘由。他是为了和一位女士会面。”

“查尔斯爵士要和一位女士会面？那个女人是谁？”

“我不知道她的姓名，”白瑞摩说道，“但是它是以L. L. 开头的。”

“你是如何知道这个的，白瑞摩？”我问道。

“啊，查尔斯爵士在他逝去的那天早上收到了一封来信。这封信发自纽顿，地址还是女人的笔迹。我已把这些忘得一干二净了。但在查尔斯爵士死去之后过了一段时间时，我妻子去清理他书房内的壁炉。她发现了一封信。大部分信已烧焦了，只有一页信纸的底端还未被烧尽。上面写着：‘请您千万将此信烧掉，并在10点钟时到栅门那里去。L. L.’我妻子伸手去碰它时它就变成碎片了。我们不知道谁是L. L.，但是您若能找到那位女士的话，您就会多知道些关于查尔斯爵士的死的情况了。我们从未把它告诉给别人。我们认为把这件事兜出来对我们的那位可怜的、好心的查尔斯爵士并没有什么好处。但是我们已觉得应该告诉给您，亨利爵士。”

白瑞摩夫妇离开了我们，亨利爵士向我转过身来。“要是我们能够查明L. L. 这个人，整个疑团就真相大白了。”他说道，“您认为我们应该干什么呢，华生？”

“我必须马上给福尔摩斯写信，”我说道，于是便径自到房间里给福尔摩斯写信去了。那封信给他提供了白瑞摩所讲的故事的种种细节。

第二天大雨终日。我穿上外衣，到沼地上长途散步去了。我想到了在这种天气里身处寒冷的沼地的塞尔登。我还想到了另一个人，那个神秘的监视者。

我正走时，摩梯末医生从我身旁驱车而过。他停了下来，还说他将我送回庄园。

“我觉得您认识住在这儿附近的几乎每个人。”我说道，“您认识姓名以L. L. 字母开头的女士吗？”

摩梯末医生思考了片刻，然后说道：“认识，有一位劳拉·莱昂丝夫人。她住在纽顿。”

“她是谁啊？”我问道。

“她是弗兰克先生的女儿。”

“什么？就是那个有个大望远镜的老弗兰克吗？”

“是的，”摩梯末医生讲道。“劳拉曾和一位名叫莱昂丝的、到沼地写生的画家结了婚。但是他对她很残暴，不日之后还离开了她。她父亲坚决和她不讲话了，因为她当时是违背父亲的意愿而结的婚。因此，她的丈夫和她的父亲已使她的生活非常不幸福。”

“那她怎么生活呢？”我问道。

“知晓她那悲惨故事的几个人帮助着她。斯台普顿与查尔斯爵士给过她一些钱。我本人也给过一点。她用这些钱开始干打字的经营。”

摩梯末医生想知道我问这些问题的目的何在。然而，我还是喜欢把其中的原因保密起来，我们在余下的旅途中便谈了些别的事情。

那一天只发生了另一件有趣的事情。晚上，晚饭过后我私下与白瑞摩聊了几句。我问他塞尔登是否已经离开了这个国家。

“我不知道，先生，”白瑞摩应答道。“我希望他已走了。但是，自从上次给他送食物和衣物以来，我便再也听不到过关于他的情况。那

已是三天之前的事了。”

“那一次你看到他了吗？”

“没有，先生，但是当我再到那里去时，食物和衣物已经不见了。”白瑞摩告诉我。

“那么说，他一定还在那里吗？”我问道。

“我是这么认为的，先生，除非是另外那个人拿走了一切东西。”

我静坐着，眼睛直盯着白瑞摩。“那么说，你是知道还有另外一个人的啰？你见过他吗？”

“没有，先生，但是塞尔登大约在一周之前或是更早些时告诉了我有关他的情况。他也在躲藏着呢，但是他并不是个逃犯。我并不喜欢这种局势，先生。我敢肯定，这儿将要发生一件邪恶的事情。亨利爵爷在伦敦则要安全得多。”

“塞尔登还就另外那个人对你讲了些什么？”我问道。

“他看起来像位绅士。他住在沼地上的一个古老的小石屋中。有个小男孩为他服务，给他送来他所需要的食物和其他东西。塞尔登就告诉了我这么多。”

我谢过了他，他就走开了。我走到窗前，望着屋外的雨和云彩。这是个暴风雨夜。我知道白瑞摩谈及的那些石屋。沼地上有许多石屋。它们是在数百年前由住在沼地上的那些人们修建的，天气恶劣时不可能不让里边的住户感到又冷又潮。塞尔登是别无他处可住才呆在那儿的，但是另外那个人为何要居住在那么恶劣的条件下呢？

我坐下来，思考着我下一步的举动。我已决定了，我一定要竭力找到一直监视着我们的那个人。他是那个从伦敦便开始跟踪着我们的敌人吗？如果是的话，如果我能将其抓获的话，那么我们的困境也许就到头了。

我还决定独自去搜寻那个人。亨利爵士依旧因我们在沼地上听到的那个可怕的吼声而心绪不宁。我不想再给他添什么麻烦或者把他引向更危险的处境。

I told Sir Henry about Laura Lyons, and that I wanted to speak to her as soon as possible. Then I went to her house in Newtown.

A maid took me into the sitting room, where a very pretty lady with dark hair was working at a typewriter. I told her who I was, and that I had met her father.

'I have no contact with my father,' she said. 'He gave me no help when I was in trouble. Sir Charles Baskerville and some other kind people helped me when I was poor and hungry.'

'It is about Sir Charles that I have come to see you,' I said. 'I want to know if you ever wrote to him and asked him to meet you.'

She looked very, angry, and her face went white.

'What a question!' she said. 'What right have you to ask me about my private life? But the answer is "no".'

'Surely you are not remembering clearly,' I said. 'I think you wrote to him on the day that he died. And your letter said: "Please, please, burn this letter, and be at the gate by ten o'clock."'

For a moment I thought she was going to faint. Then she said in a low voice: 'I asked Sir Charles to tell nobody.'

'You must not think that Sir Charles spoke to anyone about you,' I said. 'He put the letter on the fire, but not all of it was burnt. Now, did you write that letter to him?'

'Yes,' she said. 'Why should I be ashamed of writing to him? I wanted him to help me. I learned that he was going to London early on the following day, so I asked him to meet me before he went. I could not go to the Hall earlier that day.'

'But why did you ask him to meet you in the garden instead of in the house?' I asked.

'Do you think it would be sensible for a woman to go at that time of night into the house of an unmarried man?' she asked.

'Well, what happened when you got there?' I asked.

'I didn't go,' she replied.

'Mrs Lyons!'

'I tell you I did not go. Something happened that stopped me from going. I can't tell you what it was.'

'Mrs Lyons,' I said. 'If you did not see Sir Charles, you must tell me why. If you do not, it will look very bad for you if I have to go to the police with this new piece of information about the letter.'

Mrs Lyons thought for a moment, and then she said: 'I see that I must tell you. Perhaps you know that I married a man who was very cruel to me. I hate him and I wanted to get a di-vorce. But a divorce is expensive, and I had no money. I thought that if Sir Charles heard my sad story, he would help me to get a divorce.'

'Then why didn't you go to see Sir Charles?' I asked her.

'Because I got help from someone else,' she said.

'Why didn't you write to Sir Charles and tell him?'

'I was going to, but I saw in the newspaper the next morning that he had died.'

I asked Mrs Lyons a number of other questions, but she did not change her story, whatever I asked her. I was sure that she was telling the truth. I could check two important parts of the story. If they were right, there could be no doubt that she was telling the truth. I could check that she had begun to get her divorce at about the time of Sir Charles' death. I could also check that she had not been to Baskerville Hall on the night of Sir Charles' death.

But I was not sure that she had told me the whole truth. Why had she nearly fainted when I had told her about the letter? That was not completely explained by the story she had told me.

I had discovered all I could for the moment. I left her, and went to search for more information in a different place.

11 劳拉·莱昂丝

我告诉了亨利爵士关于劳拉·莱昂丝的事情，还说我想尽快与她谈一谈。此后我便到纽顿去了她家。

一位女仆将我带进了起居室，一位非常漂亮的黑发女士正坐在打字机前工作。我告诉了她我是谁，还说我曾见过她父亲。

“我与我父亲之间没什么联系，”她讲道。“在我身处困境时他没有给我丝毫的帮助。查尔斯·巴斯克维尔爵士与别的一些好心肠的人们在我又穷又饿时曾经帮助过我。”

“我就是因为查尔斯爵士的事情才来见您的，”我说道。“我想知道您是否曾经给他写信并请求他来见您一面。”

她看上去十分愤怒，她的面孔还变得苍白。

“岂有此理的问题！”她说道。“您有何权利向我询问有关我的私人生活的事情？但是我的回答是：‘没有’。”

“您肯定没记清楚，”我说道。“我认为您在他临终的那天曾给他写过信。您的信中还是这么写的：‘请您千万将此信烧掉，并在10点钟的时候到栅门那里去。’”

我一度以为她就要晕厥了。接着，她低声说道：“我曾请求查尔斯爵士不要告诉任何人的。”

“您不该认为查尔斯爵士曾同任何人谈起您，”我说道。“他把这封信投在火中了，但并没全烧掉。我说，您曾给他写过那封信吗？”

“是的，我写过，”她说道。“我为何要为曾写信给他而感到羞愧呢？我本想让他帮助我。我听说他第二天一大早就要到伦敦去。那天我又不能早一点到庄园去。”

“但是您为何要求他在花园里而不是在屋里与您会面呢？”我问道。

“您想，一个女人在夜间的那个时候到一个单身汉的家里明智吗？”她问道。

“噢，您到那里去时发生了什么事情？”我问道。

“我并没有去，”她应答道。

“莱昂丝太太！”

“我告诉您我并没有去。发生了一件事使我去不成了。我不能告诉您这是件什么事。”

“莱昂丝太太，”我讲道，“如果您并没见到查尔斯爵士的话，您一定要告诉我其中的缘由。要是您不肯说出来的话，要是我带着有关这封信件的新线索去警察局了，形势将对您非常不利。”

莱昂丝太太斟酌了片刻，接着说道：“我看来得告诉您了。您也许知道我嫁给了一个对我非常残酷的男子。我恨他，我曾想与他离婚。可是离婚是桩昂贵的事情，而我又没有什么钱。我当时觉得，要是查尔斯爵士听到了我那悲惨的故事的话，他就会帮助我离婚。”

“那么您为什么又没有去见查尔斯爵士呢？”我向她问道。

“因为我从别人那儿已得到帮助了，”她说道。

“为什么您没有写信给查尔斯爵士并告诉他呢？”

“我是打算这么做的，但在第二天早上我在报纸上看到了他已死的消息。”

我问了莱昂丝太太许多别的问题，但是她不管我怎么问都不肯改口。我敢保证她讲了实话。我可以验证一下她的叙述中关键的两点。如果这两处正确无误，那么无疑她是在讲真话。我可以调查一下，看看她在查尔斯爵士逝去之时是否真的开始为离婚而忙乎着。我还可以调查一下，看看她是否在查尔斯爵士逝去的当晚真的没去巴斯克维尔庄园。

但是我不敢肯定她是否已告诉了我全部实情。当我告诉她关于这封信的事情时她为何几乎要晕了过去呢？这点由她告诉我的故事不能完全解释得通。

目前我已竭尽全力去发现探索了。我离开了她，到一个与之有别的地方搜寻更多的信息去了。

I drove out of Newtown and went to begin my search for the mysterious man on the moor. There were hundreds of the old stone huts on the moor. Barrymore did not know in which of them the mysterious man was living. I had seen the man on the night when Sir Henry and I had chased Selden, so I decided to start my search near that place.

The path I took ran past Mr Frankland's house, and I saw him standing at his gate. He called to me, and invited me to go in and have a drink with him. He had been arguing with the police, and was angry with them. He began to tell me about it.

'But they will be sorry,' he said. 'I could tell them where to look for the escaped prisoner, but I am not going to help them. You see, I have been searching the moors with my telescope, and although I have not actually seen the prisoner, I have seen the person who is taking him food.'

I thought of Barrymore and Mrs Barrymore's worried faces. But Mr Frankland's next words showed me that I did not need to worry.

'You will be surprised to hear that a young boy takes food to the prisoner. The boy goes by at about the same time each day, and he is always carrying a bag. Who else can he be going to see—except the prisoner? Come and look through my telescope, and you will see that I am right. It is about this time each day that the boy goes by.'

We went up onto the roof, and we did not have to wait long. There was someone moving on a hill in front of the house. I looked through the telescope and saw a small boy with a bag over his shoulder. He looked around to make sure that no one was following him, and then he disappeared over the hill.

'Remember that I don't want the police to know my secret, Dr Watson,' Frankland reminded me. 'I'm too angry with them at the moment to help them.'

I agreed not to tell the police, and said goodbye. I walked along the road while Frankland was watching me, but as soon as I was round the corner, I went towards the hill where we had seen the boy.

The sun was already going down when I reached the top of the hill. I could not see the boy, and there was nothing else in that lonely place. Beneath me on the other side of the hill was a circle of old stone huts. In the middle of the circle was one hut that had a better roof than the others, so it would keep out the wind and the rain. This must be the place where the mysterious man was hiding! I would soon know his secret.

As I walked towards the hut, I saw that someone had certainly been using it. A path had been worn up to the door. I took my revolver out of my pocket, and checked that it was ready to fire. I walked quickly and quietly up to the hut, and looked inside. The place was empty.

But this was certainly where the man lived. As I looked round the hut, I knew that the mysterious man must have a very strong character. No other person could live in conditions as bad as these. There were some blankets on a flat stone where the man slept. There had been a fire in one corner. There were some cooking pots, and a large bowl half full of water. In the middle of the hut was another large flat stone which was used as a table, and on it was the bag the boy had been carrying. Under the bag I saw a piece of paper with writing on it. Quickly, I picked up the paper and read what was written on it. It said: 'Dr Watson has gone to Newtown.'

I realized that the mysterious man had told someone to watch me, and this was a message from his spy. Was the man a dangerous enemy? Or was he a friend who was watching us to make sure we were safe? I decided I would not leave the hut until I knew.

Outside, the sun was low in the sky. Everything looked calm and peaceful in the golden evening light. But I did not feel peaceful or calm. I felt frightened as I waited for the mysterious man.

Then I heard footsteps coming towards the hut. As they came closer, I moved into the darkest corner of the hut. I did not want the man to see me until I had looked closely at him. The footsteps stopped, and I could hear nothing at all. Then the man began to move again, and the footsteps came closer. A shadow fell across the door of the hut.

'It's a lovely evening, my dear Watson,' said a voice I knew well. 'I really think you will enjoy it more out here.'

12 沼地上的那个人

我驶出了纽顿，去开始搜寻沼地上的那位神秘人士。沼地上有成百上千的古老的石屋。白瑞摩不知道那位神秘人士住在其中的哪一栋里。在我与查尔斯爵士追赶塞尔登的那个晚上我曾见过那个人，所以我决定从那个地方附近开始找起。

我所走的这条小路经过弗兰克兰先生的家，我还看到他正站在门口。他叫我一声，并邀请我进屋和他喝一杯。他一直与警方争讼着，而且对警方十分气愤。他开始告诉我这些事情。

“但是他们将会后悔的，”他说道。“我本来能告诉他们该到哪里去找那个逃犯，但是我不想帮他们的忙。您是知道的，我一直在用我的望远镜搜寻这些沼地，而且虽然我没有真正地看到过那个罪犯，但是我已经看见了给他带饭的那个人。”

我想到了白瑞摩及其太太焦虑的面容。但是，弗兰克兰下边的话语向我表明我不必为此担忧了。

“当您听到一个小男孩给罪犯送食物的时候，您一定会感到吃惊吧。那个男孩每天都在同一时间经过，还总提着一个包。他还会去见谁呢——除了那个罪犯之外？过来，向我的望远镜里瞧瞧，您就会知道我是对的。每天就在这个时分那个男孩路过此处。”

我们到了屋顶上，我们并不需久等。有人正在屋前的小山上移动着。我透过望远镜观察并看到肩上扛着一个包的小男孩。他向四处张望着以确保没人跟踪他，后来就在山那边不见了。

“记住：我不想叫警方知道我的秘密，华生医生，”费兰克兰提醒我说。“我现在对他们太生气了，以至于都不想帮他们的忙。”

我同意不告诉警方并道了别。弗兰克兰望着我时我便顺着大路走，但是一转过弯我就朝着看到小男孩的那座小山走去。

当我到达山顶时，太阳已经就要落山了。我看不见那个小男孩，在这个荒凉的地方也没有旁人。在我下面的山坡的另一旁有一些围成一圈的古老的石屋。中间有一栋屋顶比其他的要好一些的石屋，因此它可以挡风避雨。这一定就是那位神秘人士的藏身之处了。我不久就可知晓他的秘密了。

当我朝着石屋走去时，我意识到一定有人用过这地方。一条小路已被人踩出，一直通向房门。我从衣兜里取出了左轮手枪，并确认它可以随时射发了。我快速、轻盈地向小屋走去，并向屋里望了望。里面空空如也。

但是这显然是那个人居住的地方。我在石屋四周察看着，知道那位神秘人士一定有着坚强的性格。再无旁人可以在如此恶劣的条件下住下

去了。在那人睡觉的石板上放着几条毛毯。小屋的一角曾生过火。屋角有一些餐锅和一个装了半碗水的大碗。在小屋的中央另有一块平平的、被当做桌子用了的石板，桌上放着那个男孩扛着的那个包。我在包下看到了一张写着字的纸。我赶快拿起纸来，看看上面写些什么内容。上面写着：“华生医生已去纽顿了。”

我意识到那位神秘人士已叫人去监视我，这便是从他的密探那里得来的消息。那他是个危险的敌人呢，还是密切关注着我们以确保我们安全的朋友呢？我下定决心，不弄清一切决不离开这小屋。

外面，太阳已经落得很低了。在金色的夕阳的照耀下，一切都显得那么安详、恬静。可是我丝毫感受不到这种宁静。我在等待那位神秘人士之时感到很害怕。

后来，我听到了走向小屋的脚步声。当声音逼近时，我挪到了小屋里最阴暗的角落。在我没有仔细看清那人之前我并不想叫他看见我。脚步声停住了，我也什么都听不到了。后来，那个人又开始走动起来，脚步声也愈来愈近了。一条黑影由石屋的门那里投射进来。

“真是个可爱的傍晚，我亲爱的华生，”我很熟悉的一个声音说道。“我真觉得你到外边这儿来要享受些。”

For a moment or two I could neither breathe nor move.

Then I felt my fear and unhappiness disappear, as I knew that I was no longer alone in my responsibility for Sir Henry. The dangers all around me did not seem so frightening. The cool voice could belong to only one man in the world. 'Holmes! 'I cried. 'Holmes! '

I went outside the hut, and there was Holmes. He was sitting on a stone, and his grey eyes were dancing with amusement. He was thin and worn, but bright and wide-awake. His skin was brown from the wind and the sun. But his chin was smooth, and his shirt was white. He did not look like a man who had been living in the middle of the moor.

'I have never been so glad to see anyone in my life,' I said, 'nor so surprised. '

'I am surprised, too,' Holmes said, as he shook me warmly by the hand. 'How did you find me? '

I told him about Frankland, and how I had seen the boy with the food.

Holmes went into the hut, and looked at the food, and at the note with it. 'I guess that you have been to see Mrs Laura Lyons,' he said, and when I told him that he was right, he went on: 'When we put together everything that each of us has discovered, I expect we shall know almost everything about this case. '

'But how did you get here?' I asked him. 'And what have you been doing? I thought you had to finish your case in London. '

'That is what I wanted you to think,' he said.

'Then you have tricked me, and have no confidence in me,' I said. I was upset and angry because he had not told me his plans.

'I am sorry if it seems I have tricked you, my dear Watson. I did not want our enemy to know I was here, but I wanted to be near enough to make sure that you and Sir Henry were safe. You are a kind person—too kind to leave me alone out here in bad weather. Our enemy would guess I was here if he saw you coming out with food, or with important news. You have been a very real help to me. Your letters with all their valuable information have been brought to me. You have done excellent work, and without you I would not have all the important details I needed. '

Holmes' warm words of thanks made me feel much happier, and I saw that he was right.

'That's better,' he said, as he saw the shadow lift from my face. 'Now tell me about your visit to Mrs Laura Lyons. '

I told Holmes everything Mrs Lyons had said.

This is all very important,' Holmes said. 'It answers questions I have been unable to answer. Did you know that Mrs Lyons and Stapleton are very close friends? They often meet, and they write to each other. Perhaps I can use this information to turn Stapleton's wife against him...'

'His wife?' I asked. 'Who and where is she? '

'The lady called Miss Stapleton, who pretends to be his sister, is really his wife,' said Holmes.

'Good heavens, Holmes! Are you sure? If she is his wife, why did Stapleton allow Sir Henry to fall in love with her? ' 'Sir Henry hurt nobody except himself when he fell in love with her. Stapleton took care that Sir Henry did not make love to her. I repeat that the lady is his wife, and not his sister. They came here only two years ago, and before that he had owned a school in the north of England. He told you that, and you told me in your letter. I checked on the school, and found that the man who had owned it went away with his wife when the school closed. They changed their name, but the couple who were described to me were without doubt the Stapletons. ' 'But why do they pretend to be brother and sister? ' I asked. 'Because Stapleton thought that she would be very much more useful to him if she appeared to be a free woman. '

Suddenly I saw behind Stapleton's smiling face a heart with murder in it. 'So he is our enemy! He is the man who followed us in London! And the warning note to Sir Henry came from Miss Stapleton. '

'Exactly,' said Holmes.

'But if Miss Stapleton is really his wife, why is he a close friend of Mrs Laura Lyons? '

'Your excellent work has given us the answer to that question, Watson. When you told me that Mrs Lyons was getting a divorce, I realized that she hoped to marry Stapleton. He told her that he was unmarried, and that he wanted to make her his wife. When she learns the truth, she may decide to help us. We must go and see her tomorrow. '

'One last question, Holmes,' I said. 'What is Stapleton trying to do? '

Holmes dropped his voice as he answered: 'Murder, cold-blooded murder. That is what Stapleton is trying to do. Do not ask me for details. I am about to catch him in a trap. There is only one danger—that he will act before I am ready. Another day, or perhaps two, and I shall complete my case. Until then you must guard Sir Henry very closely. You should be with him today. However, what you have discovered is very valuable. '

As he finished speaking, an awful scream—a long cry of pain and horror—broke the silence of the moor. The sound turned my blood to ice.

'Oh, my God,' I whispered. 'What is that? '

Holmes had jumped to his feet. 'Where is it, Watson?' he whispered, and I could see that he was shaken by the scream.

The hopeless cry came again, louder, nearer, and more terrible than before. With it came a new sound—deep and frightening. 'The hound!' cried Holmes. 'Come, Watson, come! Great heavens! If we are too late...'

13 太晚了

有那么一小会儿我既喘不过气来也动弹不了身子。后来,我觉得我的恐怖与不快之情消失了,因为我知道我不再是独自承担对亨利爵士的责任了。四伏的危机似乎不那么令人恐惧了。这种冷冰冰的声音在世上只可能属于一个人。

“福尔摩斯!”我喊道。“福尔摩斯!”

我走出小屋，那儿便是福尔摩斯。他正坐在一块石头上，他那灰色的眼珠高兴地转动起来。他显得又瘦又累，可是既机灵又清醒。他的皮肤由于风沙和日晒的侵袭变成了棕色。但是他的下巴刮得光光的，衬衫也很干净。他看上去并不像是一位在沼地里居住的人。

“在我的一生里，还从来没有因为看见任何人这么快活过，”我说道。“也从来没有这么吃惊过。”

“我也感到很吃惊，”福尔摩斯一边说着，一边温和地与我握手。“你是如何找到我的？”

我告诉他有关弗兰克兰的事情，还有我是如何看到带着食品的男孩的。

福尔摩斯进了石屋，并看了看食品。还看了看与它在一起的那个纸条。“我揣测你已去见过劳拉·莱昂丝太太了，”他说道，并在我告诉他他说对了时继续说道：“如果我们把每人发现的一切凑到一起，我期望我们就能知道有关这个案子的几乎一切内情了。”

“可是你是怎么到这儿来的呢？”我对他问道。“还有，你一直在干什么？我以为你得在伦敦办完你手头的那个案子呢。”

“那正是我希望你所想的，”他说道。

“那么说，你是在骗我，并不信任我呵！”我说道。我因他没有告诉我他的计划而又烦又恼。

“如果看上去是我对你耍了什么花招的话，那就请你原谅我吧，我亲爱的华生。我不想叫咱们的对手知道我就在此地，但是我又想在此附近来保证你和亨利爵士安然无恙。你是个好心肠的人——好得都到了不能容忍我独自一人在此身处恶劣的露天环境之中。如果咱们的对手看到你带着食物出来了或带着重要的消息出来了，他就会猜到我在此地。你一直对我来说是种无可估量的帮助。你的那些有着价值无比的信息的信件都已被送到我这儿。你干得很出色，要是没有你我就不会得到我所需要的一切详情了。”

福尔摩斯的那些温暖的感谢话语使我觉得高兴多了，我还意识到他是对的。

“这样就好了，”他看到阴影已从我的脸上消失时这么说道。“现在告诉我你造访劳拉·莱昂丝太太的情况吧。”

我把莱昂丝太太所讲的全部内容告诉了福尔摩斯。

“这点至关重要，”福尔摩斯说道。“它回答了我一直不能回答的那些问题。你已经知道莱昂丝太太和斯台普顿是关系密切的朋友了吧？他们常见面，还常通信。也许我可以用这条信息使斯台普顿的妻子与他作对……”

“他的妻子？”我问道。“她是谁，又在哪儿呢？”

“那位被称做斯台普顿小姐、装作是他妹妹的女士其实是他的妻子，”福尔摩斯讲道。

“天哪，福尔摩斯！你敢肯定吗？如果她是他的妻子的话，他为何让亨利爵士爱上了她呢？”

“亨利爵士坠入情网之时，他除了对本人之外对谁都不会构成伤害。斯台普顿曾特别留意避免亨利爵士对她调情。我再说一遍，那位女士就是他的妻子，而不是他的妹妹。他们在两年之前才来到这儿，但是在那之前他曾在英格兰北部办过一所学校。他告诉你那些事，你又在信中讲给了我。我将那个学校调查了一下，还发现办学校的那个男子在学校跨台之后就和他的妻子一道远走高飞了。他们更改了姓名，但是被描述给我的那对夫妇无疑就是斯台普顿一家。”

“但是，他们为何要装扮成兄妹呢？”我问道。

“因为斯台普顿早就想到了，如果她看似一个单身的自由女子就会对他要有用得多。”

我突然从斯台普顿的笑脸之后看到了他那暗藏杀机的狠毒心肠。“那么说他就是我们的敌人啰！他就是在伦敦尾随咱们的那个人！还有，送给亨利爵士的那个警告性的纸条是由斯台普顿小姐发出的。”

“正是，”福尔摩斯讲道。

“但是，如果斯台普顿小姐真是他的妻子的话，他为何会是劳拉·莱昂丝太太的亲密的朋友呢？”

“你杰出的工作已给我们提供了这个问题的答案，华生。当你告诉我莱昂丝太太计划离婚时，我便意识到她是希望嫁给斯台普顿的。他告诉她他还是未婚，而且想娶她为妻。她获悉事情的真相时，也许会下定决心帮助我们。我们明天必须去见她。”

“还有最后一个问题，福尔摩斯。”我讲道，“斯台普顿到底想干什么呢？”

福尔摩斯在回答时放低了声调：

“谋杀，残忍至极的谋杀。那便是斯台普顿的企图所在。别问我细节了。我将设个陷阱将其抓获。现在只有一个危险了——他说不定会在我准备就绪之前就行动了。再过一天，或者也许是两天，我就要办完这个案子。在那以前，你必须注意保护好亨利爵士。你今天就该和他在一起。不过，你的发现很有价值。”

他说完话时，一声可怕的尖叫声——一声很长的、痛苦和恐惧的喊叫打破了沼地上的沉静。这个声音使我毛骨悚然。

“哦，我的上帝，”我低声说道。“那是怎么回事？”

福尔摩斯已猛地站了起来。“是哪一边，华生？”他低声问道，我知道他被尖叫声震惊了。

绝望的喊声又传来了，比以往更大些，距离更近些，也更恐怖些。和它一起传来的还有一种新的声音——既低沉又恐怖。

“是猎犬！”福尔摩斯喊道。“来呀，华生，来呀！天哪！要是咱们来不及……”

14 Death on the Moor

Holmes started running over the moor, and I followed him. From somewhere in front of us came one more hopeless scream. It was followed by the sound of something falling heavily. We stopped and listened.

I saw Holmes put his hand to his head. 'He has won, Wat-son. We're too late. I was mad not to act sooner. And you, Watson, look what happens when you leave the man I asked you to guard. But if the worst has happened, we shall see that Stapleton doesn't go free.'

We ran through the dark towards the place where the cries had come from. We reached a rocky edge from which a steep side fell away. Below us we saw the body of a man. He was lying with his face down on the ground. He had fallen on his head, which was bent under him, and his neck was broken. Holmes lit a match. We saw with horror the blood running out onto the ground from his head.

We both remembered clearly the suit the man was wearing. It was a thick, red-brown country suit. It was the suit Sir Henry had been wearing on the morning when we first met him in Baker Street. We saw it for a moment and then the match went out. Our hearts turned sick and cold inside us.

'The devil! The murderer! I shall never forgive myself for leaving Sir Henry alone,' I whispered angrily.

'It's more my fault than yours,' said Holmes. 'I have let this good man die because I was busy with the last details of my case. It is the greatest mistake I have ever made. But why did he come out onto the moor? I told him it would lead to his death. Now both Sir Henry and his uncle have been murdered. By heavens, clever as he is, I shall trap Stapleton before another day is past.'

With heavy hearts we stood on either side of the broken body. Then Holmes bent over the body and began to move it. All of a sudden he began to laugh and jump up and down.

'Look at the face!' he shouted, hitting me on the back. 'It is not Sir Henry. It's Selden, the escaped prisoner.'

We turned the body over. There was no doubt about it. I had seen the face before, on the night Sir Henry and I had chased Selden over the moor. Then I suddenly remembered, and everything became clear. Sir Henry had told me how he gave his old clothes to Barrymore. I realized that this suit had been among the clothes Barrymore had left for Selden, and I told Holmes.

'Then the clothes have caused the death of the poor man. The hound had been given something of Sir Henry's to smell so that it would pick up his scent and follow him. I think that is why the shoe was taken from the hotel in London. So the hound followed the scent and bunted this man. But there is one thing I don't understand. How did Selden know that the hound was following him? We know he ran a long way. He was screaming for a long time before he fell, and we could hear that he was running as he screamed. So the hound was a long way behind him when he began to run. How could he see it in the dark? How did he know it was there, until it was close behind him?'

'I cannot answer that,' I said, 'but there is something else I don't understand. Why was the hound out on the moor tonight? Stapleton would not let it go out unless he thought Sir Henry was there.'

'We may know the answer to that question very soon,' said Holmes. 'Here comes Stapleton.'

His sharp eyes had seen a figure moving in the darkness in front of us, and the man came closer, I could see that it was indeed Stapleton.

'We must be very careful not to show that we suspect him,' Holmes warned me.

Stapleton stopped when he saw us, and then walked forward again. 'Dr Watson, is that you? I didn't expect to see you on the moor at this time of night. But, dear me, what's this? Somebody hurt? Not—don't tell me that it's our friend Sir Henry!'

He went past me and bent over the dead man. I heard him breathe in quickly.

'Who...who is this?' he asked, his voice shaking.

'It's Selden, the escaped prisoner.'

Stapleton quickly managed to hide the look of surprise and disappointment on his face as he turned towards us. He looked sharply from Holmes to me. 'Dear me! How terrible! How did he die?'

'We think he broke his neck by falling over the edge of these rocks,' I said.

'I heard a cry, and that is why I came out. I was worried about Sir Henry,' Stapleton said.

'Why were you worried about Sir Henry?' I asked.

'Because I had invited him to my house. When he did not come I was surprised. Then, when I heard cries on the moor, I began to worry about him. I wonder—his eyes went quickly from my face to Holmes—' did you hear anything else at all?'

'No,' said Holmes. 'Did you?'

'No,' said Stapleton.

'What do you mean, then?'

'Oh, you know the stories about the supernatural hound. I wondered if it had been here tonight.'

'We heard nothing of that kind,' I said.

'How do you think this poor man fell to his death?' Stapleton asked.

'I think cold and hunger, and his fear that the police would catch him, drove him mad. He ran round the moor in his madness, and fell over this edge,' I said.

'Do you agree, Mr Sherlock Holmes?' asked Stapleton.

'You're quick to guess who I am,' said Holmes.

'We've been expecting you ever since Dr Watson arrived.'

‘I have no doubt my friend is right about the way Selden died,’ said Holmes. ‘It’s a sad death, but it will not prevent me from returning to London tomorrow.’

‘Before you return, will you be able to explain the mysteries that we’ve experienced here?’

‘I am not always as successful as I hope. I need facts, not stories of the supernatural. This hasn’t been a good case for me.’

Stapleton looked hard at him, but Holmes had spoken very seriously and his words sounded true.

We covered the body. Then Stapleton turned to go home, and Holmes and I walked towards Baskerville Hall.

‘He’s a very clever man, and a dangerous enemy, who will be difficult to trap,’ said Holmes. ‘Look how he controlled his disappointment when he found that the dead man was not Sir Henry.’

‘I’m sorry that he has seen you,’ I said.

‘So am I, but there was nothing we could do about it. Now he knows I am here he may be more careful, or he may act more quickly than he planned.’

‘Why can’t we give him to the police at once?’

‘Because we can’t prove anything against him. Sir Charles was found dead because his heart failed. Again, tonight we could not prove that there was a hound. Selden died from a fall. We have no case at present. We shall see Mrs Lyons tomorrow, and she may help us. But whatever happens, I have my own plan. There will be some danger, but by the end of tomorrow I hope to have won this battle.’

He would say nothing else.

‘Are you coming to the Hall?’ I asked.

‘Yes,’ he replied. ‘There is no reason for me to hide any longer. But one last word, Watson Say nothing of the hound to Sir Henry. Let him think that Selden died from a fall. If he knows about the hound, he will find it harder to face the dangers of tomorrow. I think you told me in your last letter that he is having dinner with the Stapletons tomorrow evening.’

‘And they have invited me, too,’ I reminded him.

‘Then you must excuse yourself, and he must go alone. That can easily be arranged And now I think we are both ready for some food.’

14 沼地上的一起死亡事件

福尔摩斯开始在沼地上跑了起来，我跟在他的后面。从我们前面的某处又发出了一声绝望的尖叫，然后就是一个东西重重地栽在地上时的那么一声。我们站住了并倾听着。

我看到福尔摩斯把手按在头上。“他已经赢了，华生。我们来得太晚了。我真是发疯了，竟不及早采取行动。而你呢，华生，看到离开我让你保护的那个人会有什么后果了吧。可是，要是最不幸的事情已然发生了的话，那么我们就不能叫斯台普顿给逃脱了。”

我们在黑暗之中朝发出喊叫声的那个地方跑去。我们到了一条岩脊边上，那儿有个很陡的悬崖伸展下去。我们由那里向下看到了一个人。他脸朝下躺在地上。他是头向下摔倒的，头在身体下面窝着，脖子也给折断了。福尔摩斯点着了一根火柴。我们惊恐地看到了一滩血正从他的头颅里冒出来汨汨地流到地上。

我们俩都清楚地记得那个人的衣着。那是一件厚厚的、棕红色的、带有土风色彩的外套。就是亨利爵士在我们第一次在贝克街见到他的那个早上穿着的那一件。我们只看了一眼，那根火柴接着就灭了。我们感到深为悲伤、深为恐怖。

“这个恶棍！这个凶手！我永远也不能原谅自己，我竟离开了他的身旁，让他独自一人呆着，”我愤怒地低声说道。

“我的罪过比你还要深重，”福尔摩斯说道。“因为我正忙于做好破案之前的工作，我竟任这位好人去死。这是我一生中所犯的最大的错误。可是，他为何要从屋里溜到沼地上来呢？我告诉过他，这会要他的命的。现在，亨利爵士及其伯父都已被人谋杀了。苍天在上，过不了另一天我就要诱捕他，虽然他很狡猾。”

我们心情沉重地站在这具血肉模糊的尸体的两侧。接着，福尔摩斯在尸体旁边弯着腰，并且开始动弹它。突然之间，他开始又笑又跳起来。

“看看这张面孔！”他喊叫道，在我后背上击了一下。“此人并非亨利爵士。是塞尔登，那个逃犯。”

我们把死尸翻了过来。无疑是这么一回事。在我与亨利爵士在沼地上追赶塞尔登的那个晚上我曾见过这张脸。然后，我忽然记起了什么，一切都清楚明白了。亨利爵士曾告诉我他如何把自己的旧衣物送给了白瑞摩。我意识到这件外套就是白瑞摩留给塞尔登的那些衣物中的一件，于是便把事情的来由告诉了福尔摩斯。

“那么说，这身衣服导致了这个可怜的人的死。那个猎犬曾让闻过亨利爵士的某件东西，以便它能嗅出他的气味并追踪他。我认为这就是那只鞋子在伦敦的那个旅馆里被偷的原因所在了。如此一来猎犬就循着气味搜寻这个人。可是，有一件事情我不大明白。塞尔登如何知道那猎犬跟在他后面呢？我们知道他跑了很长的一段路。他在摔倒在地之前已尖叫了很长一段时间，我们也能听出他尖叫时正在跑着。因此，他开始跑时那个猎犬还在他的身后很远之处。他是怎么在黑暗之中看到猎犬的呢？在猎犬紧跟他之前他是怎么知道它就在那儿的呢？”

“我回答不上来，”我说道。“但是，还有一事我不大理解。为什么猎犬单单在今晚被放出来在沼地上活动呢？除非是斯台普顿觉得亨利爵士会到那里去，否则他是不会把它放出来的。”

“我们可能很快就能知道问题的答案了，”福尔摩斯讲道。“斯台普顿来了。”

他那敏锐的眼睛已经看到了黑暗之中在我们的前面移动的一个轮廓，而且在这个人走近时，我可以看出正是斯台普顿。

“我们必须谨慎行事，不要表现出怀疑他的样子，”福尔摩斯警告我说。

斯台普顿看到我们时停下了脚步，然后又向前走了起来。“华生医生，是您吗？我没想到会在晚上的这个时候在沼地上看到您。可是，天哪，这是怎么回事？有人受伤了吗？不——不要告诉我这就是咱们的朋友亨利爵士！”

他由我们身旁走过，并在那个死人的身旁弯下腰来。我听到他的呼吸急促。

“这是谁……谁呀？”他问道，声音颤抖着。

“是塞尔登，那个逃犯。”

斯台普顿向我们转过身来时迅速地、设法掩饰着惊慌和失望的表情。他两眼死盯着福尔摩斯，又转向我。“天哪！多么可怕啊！他是怎么死的？”

“我们认为他从岩脊边上掉下来便摔断了脖子，”我说道。

“我听到了一声叫喊，那便是我跑了出来的原因。我很替亨利爵士担心，”斯台普顿说道。

“您为何要替亨利爵士担心呢？”我问道。

“因为我已邀请他到我家来。他没有来时我感到很惊讶。接着，当我听到沼地上的叫喊声时，我就开始为他担忧了。我想知道”——他的眼神从我的脸上忽地转向了福尔摩斯的脸——“您还听到了什么声音没有？”

“没有，”福尔摩斯说道。“您呢？”

“没有，”斯台普顿说道。

“那么，您这是什么意思？”

“噢，您知道关于那只鬼怪似的猎犬的种种故事的。当时我正在纳闷它今晚是否就在此地。”

“我们没有听到过那一类声音，”我说道。

“你们怎么以为这个可怜的家伙是摔死的呢？”斯台普顿问道。

“我认为饥寒交迫和怕被警方抓获的恐惧之情已经攫住了他，把他逼得发疯了。他一定曾在沼地里疯狂地奔跑，又摔下了岩脊，”我说道。

“您同意这种看法吗，歇洛克·福尔摩斯先生？”斯台普顿问道。

“您猜人猜得真快，”福尔摩斯说道。

“自从华生医生到达之后，我们一直在期待着您的光临。”

“我确信我的朋友有关塞尔登死去的方式的说法是正确无误的，”福尔摩斯说道。“死得很惨，可是这也不能阻止我明天就回到伦敦去。”

“在您离去之前，您能解释得了我们在此经历的种种神秘事件吗？”

“我不像自己希望的那样总能取得成功。我需要事实，而不是有关鬼怪的种种故事。对我来说这个案子办得并不好。”

斯台普顿死盯着他，但是福尔摩斯说话时很一本正经，他的话语听上去也像真的。

我们把尸体遮盖起来。然后，斯台普顿就转身回家了，我和福尔摩斯朝巴斯克维尔庄园走去。

“他是个聪明人，同时也是个危险的对手，很难被诱捕的，”福尔摩斯讲道。“看看，当他发现那个死去的家伙不是亨利爵士时，他是多么镇定地克制自己的失望之情啊。”

“我感到很遗憾，他竟看到了你，”我说道。

“我也这么觉得，可是我们当时对此毫无办法。他现在已经知道了我在这里，可能会变得更加谨慎起来，或许会比他事先预谋好的更快地采取行动。”

“咱们为什么不马上把他交给警方处理呢？”

“因为我们没有与他作对的证据。查尔斯爵士被发现是因为心脏不负重荷才死去的。我们今晚也证明不了这儿曾有过一只猎犬。塞尔登是摔死的。我们目前没有别的案子要办。我们明天去见一趟莱昂丝太太，她或许可以帮助我们。但是，不论发生什么，我都有自己的计划。也许会有些危险，但是我希望明天结束之前就能赢得这场战斗。”

别的话语他就不肯讲了。

“你打算来庄园吗？”我问道。

“是的，”他回答道。“我再没有什么躲起来的原因了。可是，还有最后一句话，华生。可别对亨利爵士谈起那只猎犬的事来。就让他认为塞尔登是摔死的吧。如果他知道了猎犬的事情，他就会发现很难面对明天必须经受的种种危险了。我想，你曾经在最后一封信里告诉过我他在明晚要到斯台普顿家里吃晚饭的吧。”

“还有，他们也邀请了我，”我提醒他道。

“那么你一定得借口谢绝，他必须单身前往。那很容易安排。现在我想咱们俩人都已准备就绪，可以去吃些东西了。”

15 The Trap

When we reached the Hall, Sir Henry was very pleased to see Holmes. But he was surprised that Holmes had no luggage and that he appeared so unexpectedly.

I had the unhappy job of telling Barrymore and his wife about her brother's death. Mrs Barrymore cried and was very sad indeed.

During dinner Sir Henry told us that he had spent a dull day and evening on his own. He had kept his promise to Holmes, and so he had not accepted the Stapletons' invitation to their house that evening. We did not tell him how glad we were that he had stayed away from the moor!

Holmes started to say something, and then he stopped suddenly. His eyes were fixed on one of the pictures of the past Baskervilles on the wall.

'Sir Henry, could you tell me which Baskerville that is?' he asked. Sir Henry and I both looked at the picture.

'That is Sir Hugo, the one who started all the trouble,' said Sir Henry. 'He was the first to see the Hound.'

Holmes looked hard at the picture, but said nothing more. Then after Sir Henry had gone to his room, Holmes made me stand in front of the picture. 'Is it like anyone you know?' he asked. He stood on a chair, and with his hands he covered the hat and hair of the man in the picture. 'Good heavens!' I cried in surprise. I was looking at a picture of Stapleton's face.

'Yes,' said Holmes before I could say anything more. 'There's not much doubt about it. Stapleton is a Baskerville. He looks like Sir Hugo, and he has the same evil character. Now I understand why he wants to kill Sir Henry. I am sure we shall find that he will inherit the Baskerville lands. And so we have one more answer. By tomorrow night Stapleton will be caught like one of his butterflies, and we shall add him to the Baker Street collection.'

We soon went to bed. I was up early in the morning, but Holmes was up earlier. He had already sent one message to the police about Selden, and another to his boy to stop him taking food to the hut.

When Sir Henry joined us, Holmes told him that we had to leave for London immediately after breakfast. Sir Henry was very unhappy about this, but Holmes asked him to help us by doing everything Holmes ordered him to do. Sir Henry agreed to help in this way, and to go by himself to the Stapletons that evening. He also agreed to tell the Stapletons that Holmes and I had gone to London, but that we would return to Devonshire soon.

'One more order,' said Holmes. 'I want you to drive to the Stapletons' house and then send the driver away. Let the Stapletons know that you're going to walk home across the moor.'

Across the moor?' said Sir Henry, very surprised. 'But you have told me again and again not to do that.'

'This time it will be completely safe. I know that you are brave enough to do it, and it must be done.'

'Then I will do it.'

'But you must keep to the path between the Stapletons' house and the Grimpen road, which is your natural way home. Do not leave the path.'

I was very surprised by all this. Holmes had told Stapleton that he would return to London, but he had not said that I was going too. And I was very worried that neither of us would be with Sir Henry when he walked across the moor that night. But we had to obey Holmes' orders.

Holmes and I left Baskerville Hall immediately after breakfast and went to the station at Newtown. A small boy was waiting on the platform.

'Any orders, sir?' he asked Holmes.

'You will take the train to London, my boy. When you get there, you will send a telegram to Sir Henry in my name. It will ask him to send to me at Baker Street the pocket book I left at the Hall.'

I began to understand some of Holmes' plan. When Sir Henry received the telegram sent by Holmes' boy, he would think that we had arrived in London. He would tell Stapleton, who would then also believe that we were far away from Baskerville Hall. In fact, we would be very close in case Sir Henry needed us.

We left the station and went to see Mrs Laura Lyons. I introduced Holmes to her. After they had shaken hands, he said: 'Dr Watson has told me everything, Mrs Lyons. We see Sir Charles' death as a case of murder. Both Stapleton and his wife are suspects.'

Mrs Lyons jumped from her chair. 'His wife!' she cried. 'He has no wife. He is not a married man.'

'I have come here ready to prove that he is married, and the woman calls herself his sister is really his wife,' said Holmes. He took some photographs and papers from his pocket, and showed them to Mrs Lyons. She looked at the photographs and read the papers. When she put them down, I could see that she had accepted the truth.

'I thought this man loved me,' she said, 'but he has lied to me. Ask me what you like, Mr Holmes, and I will tell you the truth. I never thought any harm would come to Sir Charles. He was a dear old gentleman who was very kind to me. I would do nothing to hurt him.'

'I believe you, Mrs Lyons,' said Holmes. 'Now, let me tell you what I think happened. You can tell me if I'm right or if I'm wrong. First of all, I think Stapleton told you to write the letter to Sir Charles and to ask him for help. He also told you to ask Sir Charles to meet you at the moor gate. Then, after you had sent the letter, Stapleton persuaded you not to meet Sir Charles after all.' 'Stapleton told me that he could not allow any other man to give me the money for my divorce,' Mrs Lyons said. 'He said he was poor, but he would give all his money to bring us together. Then, after I heard about Sir Charles' death, Stapleton told me to say nothing about my letter and the meeting. He said I would be a suspect. He frightened me into staying silent.'

'Yes,' said Holmes. 'But you wondered about him?'

She said nothing for a moment, and looked down. 'Yes,' she said. 'But since he has lied to me about marrying me, I

will no longer keep his secrets. ’

’You are lucky that you have escaped him,’ Holmes said. ’You know too much But I hope you are safe now. Good morning, Mrs Lyons, and thank you. You will hear from us soon. ’

’So one by one our questions are answered,’ said Holmes as we left Newtown. ’When it is over, this will be one of the most famous cases of our time. And now it has nearly ended. We must hope that it ends safely and successfully. ’

15 陷阱

我们到了庄园时，亨利爵士很高兴见到福尔摩斯。可是，他为福尔摩斯既没带行李又是突如其来而感到很惊讶。

我担当起了把白瑞摩太太的弟弟去世的消息透露给他们夫妇俩的令人不快的差使。白瑞摩太太痛哭起来，真的非常悲伤。

晚饭时亨利爵士告诉我们，他独自一人闷闷地呆了一个白天和一个傍晚。他恪守了对福尔摩斯所许的诺言，所以他没有接受斯台普顿让他晚上去他们家的邀请。我们没有告诉他，我们为他远离沼地是何等高兴！

福尔摩斯开始说起什么事情来，接着他突然停下了。他的双眼注视着挂在墙上的已故的巴斯克维尔家人的一张画像。

“亨利爵士，您能告诉我那是巴斯克维尔家的哪位吗？”他问道。我和亨利爵士都看着那幅画像。

“那是雨果爵士，开始滋生麻烦的那位，”亨利爵士说道。“他就是最早见到那只猎犬的人。”

福尔摩斯凝视着这幅画像，可是没再说什么别的话。

后来，在亨利爵士回到自己的房间以后，福尔摩斯让我站在画像之前。“他像不像你认识的某个人？”他问道。他站在椅子上，用双手盖住画中的那人的帽子和头发。

“天哪！”我惊奇地叫道。我（好像）正在看着斯台普顿的一幅肖像。

“是这样，”没等我再说什么福尔摩斯就说道。“对这点是没有多少疑问的。斯台普顿是巴斯克维尔家族中的一员。他长得很像雨果，还有着同样邪恶的性格。我现在理解他为何想杀死亨利爵士了。我敢肯定，我们将发现他打算继承巴斯克维尔家的地产。如此一来，我们又有了一个答案。明晚之前斯台普顿就要像他自己所捉的蝴蝶一样被捕获了，我们还将把他添到贝克街的收集物中去。”

我们很快就上床睡觉去了。第二天早上我很早就起来了，但是福尔摩斯比我起得还要早些。他已经给警方就塞尔登的事情报了个信儿，还送信给他雇的那个小男孩让他不要给小屋带食品了。

当亨利爵士加入到我们之中时，福尔摩斯告诉他我们在早饭后就得马上出发去伦敦了。亨利爵士对此很不高兴，但是福尔摩斯请他帮助我们，一切按福尔摩斯的吩咐去做。亨利爵士答应通过这种方式帮我们的忙，而且还同意那个傍晚单身前往斯台普顿兄妹那儿。他还同意告诉斯台普顿兄妹我和福尔摩斯已去伦敦，却没说我们不久之后便可回来的消息。

“还有一个要求，”福尔摩斯说道。“我希望您坐马车去斯台普顿兄妹家，然后就把您的马车夫打发走。让他们知道，您是打算横穿沼地走回家的。”

“走过沼地吗？”亨利爵士说道，显得非常惊愕。“可是您一再告诉我不要那么干的啊。”

“这一次保证安全。我知道您是有足够的勇气这么做的，而且必须得这么干啊。”

“那么，我就这样干吧。”

“可是，您得坚持走从斯台普顿家的宅邸与格林盆大路之间的那条小路，那正是您回家的必经之路。不要离开那条道。”

所有这些叫我大吃一惊。福尔摩斯曾告诉过斯台普顿他将回伦敦去，但在那时并没有说我也将回去。我还为亨利爵士在傍晚走过沼地时我们二人都不能与他做伴而感到担忧。可是我们必须得听从福尔摩斯的吩咐。

我和福尔摩斯在早饭过后马上离开了巴斯克维尔庄园，还去了纽顿的火车站。一个小男孩正在站台上等着。

“有什么吩咐吗，先生？”他对福尔摩斯问道。

“孩子，你就乘这趟火车去伦敦吧。你到了那儿时，就以我的名义向亨利爵士发封电报。请他把我丢在了庄园的那个笔记本给我寄到贝克街去。”

我开始明白福尔摩斯的计划中的某些端倪了。亨利爵士收到福尔摩斯雇的男孩发来的电报时，他就会认为我们已抵达伦敦了。他将告诉斯台普顿，那么斯台普顿也就会相信我们已远远地离开了巴斯克维尔庄园。事实上，我们在亨利爵士万一需要我们时就近在咫尺。

我们离开了车站，去见劳拉·莱昂丝太太。我把福尔摩斯介绍给了她。他俩握手之后，他说道：“华生医生告诉了我一切，莱昂丝太太。我们认为查尔斯爵士的死是一桩谋杀案。斯台普顿及其妻子都是该案的嫌疑犯。”

莱昂丝太太从椅子上跳了起来。“他的太太！”她惊叫道。“他没有妻子。他还是个单身汉。”

“我来此地时已经准备就绪，可以证明他已结了婚而自称是他妹妹的那个女子其实是他妻子，”福尔摩斯说道。他从衣兜里掏出几张相片和几张纸来，并把它们给莱昂丝太太看。她看了看相片，又看了看那几张纸。当她把那些从手中放下时，我能看出她已接受了事实。

“我以为这个人爱我，”她说道。“可是他一直在对我撒谎。愿意问我什么就问吧，福尔摩斯先生，我将告诉您事情的真相。我从没有想到会加害于查尔斯爵士。他是位年迈的、待我非常好的绅士。我决不干什么伤害他的事情。”

“我相信您，莱昂丝太太，”福尔摩斯说道。“现在，让我告诉您我认为已发生的事情。您可以告诉我讲对了还是讲错了。首先，我认为斯台普顿要您给查尔斯爵士写信并向他求救。他还叫您去请求查尔斯爵士在通往沼地的栅门旁见您。接着，在您把信发出去之后，斯台普顿劝阻您根本不要去见查尔斯爵士。”

“斯台普顿对我说，他不能容许别的男人给我的离婚之事而给我出钱，”莱昂丝太太说道。“他说虽然他是个穷人，但是他也要尽自己所有使我们二人得以结合。接着，在我听到查尔斯爵士已死一事之后，斯台普顿叫我决不要把关于我写的信件和约他见面的事情说出去。他说，我会变成嫌疑犯的。他吓得我不敢说话了。”

“正是这样，”福尔摩斯说道。“可是您对他可曾疑惑过？”

她一时没说什么，还低下了头。“是的，”她说道。“可是既然他就娶我一事向我撒谎的话，我也就不再为他保密了。”

“您能脱身幸运得很呢，”福尔摩斯说道，“您了解得太多了。可是我希望您现在能安全无恙。早安，莱昂丝太太，而且非常感谢。不久您就会听到我们的信儿了。”

“因此，我们的问题一个接一个地被回答了，”我们离开纽顿时福尔摩斯说道。“当此案结束时，它将会成为我们所处的时代最著名的案件之一。现在它已几乎结束了。我们必须盼望此案能够平安、顺当地有个了结。”

That evening Holmes and I drove across the moor until we could see the lights of the Stapletons' house in front of us. Then we got out and began to walk very quietly along the path towards the house. When we were very close, Holmes told me to stop. He took his revolver from his pocket, and I did the same.

'We shall hide behind these rocks,' he whispered. 'Watson, you know the house, so I want you to go forward and look through the windows. I want to know where the Stapletons and Sir Henry are, and what they are doing. Take great care, because they must not know that somebody is watching them.'

Very carefully and quietly I moved towards the house. I looked first into the dining-room window. Stapleton and Sir Henry were sitting and smoking their cigars, but there was no sign of Miss Stapleton. I moved round to the other windows, but I could not see her in any of the rooms.

I went back to the dining-room window, and as I looked in again, Stapleton left the room and came out of the house. He went to a hut beside the house, and unlocked the door. I heard a strange sound coming from the hut, but I could not think what was making the noise. Then Stapleton locked the door, and went back into the house and into the dining-room.

I went back to Holmes and told him what I had seen. He wanted to know where Miss Stapleton was, and I had to tell him twice that there was no sign of her in the house.

The moon was shining on the Great Grimpen Marsh, and a fog was rising from it. Holmes watched the fog and began to look worried. The fog was creeping up from the marsh towards the house. We were hidden near the path, which was on the far side of the house from the marsh.

'The fog is moving towards us, Watson, and that is very serious,' said Holmes. 'It is the one thing that could make my plans go wrong.'

As we watched, the fog, which had crept as far as the house, began to flow round it. Angrily Holmes hit the rock in front of us with his open hand.

'If Sir Henry doesn't come out in the next quarter of an hour, the path will be covered by the fog. In half an hour we shall not be able to see our hands in front of our faces. We must move back to higher ground above the fog.'

We moved away from the house and out of the fog, which was creeping slowly along the ground and hiding the path from our view.

'We must not go too far,' said Holmes. 'If we do, Sir Henry may be caught before he reaches us.'

Holmes went down on one knee, and put his ear to the ground. 'Thank heaven, I think I hear him coming.'

Then we heard quick footsteps on the path. After a few moments, Sir Henry appeared out of the fog and walked on in the clear moonlight. He came quickly along the path, passed close to where we were hidden, and began to walk up the hill behind us. As he walked, he looked over his shoulder again and again, like a man who is worried that something is following him.

'Listen!' said Holmes sharply. 'Look out! It's coming!'

I heard him make his revolver ready to fire, and I did the same.

There was a sound of quick, light footsteps from inside the curtain of fog. The thick cloud had crept to within fifty metres of where we were hidden. We tried to see into it, and wondered what horrible thing would appear. I looked at Holmes. His eyes were fixed on the place where the path disappeared into the fog. He was pale, but his eyes were bright. He looked like a man who was going to win the most important game of his life. Then suddenly his eyes nearly jumped out of his head, and his mouth opened in frightened surprise. I looked away from him to see what his eyes were fixed on. When I saw the awful shape that was coming towards us out of the fog, my blood turned cold. The revolver nearly fell from my hands, and my whole body froze with fear.

I saw a hound, an enormous black hound. It was bigger than any dog I had ever seen. But it was something else that filled us with terror. No human eye had ever seen a hound like this one. Fire came from its open mouth. Its eyes were burning. Flames covered its head and body. It was a more horrible sight than anyone could imagine—a hell-hound sent by the devil. It was not a creature of the natural world.

The huge, black, burning hound ran quickly and silently after Sir Henry. Far away along the path we saw him turn and look back at the hound. His face was white in the moonlight and his hands were lifted in horror. He watched helplessly as the terrible creature got closer to him. We were so frozen by the ghostly and unnatural sight that we let the hound go past us, and we could not move. Our friend was near to death, and we were helpless with fear.

16 巴斯克维尔猎犬

那个傍晚我和福尔摩斯坐着马车驶过沼地，直到看见我们前面的斯台普顿夫妇家的灯光才停了下来。然后，我们从马车里出来，开始无声无息地沿着那条小道朝那栋房子走去。当我们靠到很近时，福尔摩斯叫我停下来。他从衣兜里掏出了左轮手枪，我也这么干了。

“我们将藏在这些岩石后面，”他低声说道。“华生，你了解这栋房子，所以我想让你上前从窗户向里瞧瞧。我想知道斯台普顿夫妇和亨利爵士现在在什么地方以及他们正在干什么。谨慎行事些，因为他们不该知道有人正在监视他们。”

我非常小心地、轻轻地朝房子挪去。我先从饭厅的窗户向里望去。斯台普顿和亨利爵士正坐着，还抽着雪茄，可是没有斯台普顿小姐的迹象。我又挪向了别的窗户，可看到她不在任何房间里。

我又返回到饭厅的窗户旁；当我又向里张望时，斯台普顿离开了房间，又走出了屋子。他去了屋子旁的小屋，还开了门上的锁。我听到了从小屋里发出的一种奇怪的响声，可是我想不出来是什么东西发出了这种响声。接着，斯台普顿锁好了房门，又回到屋里去了，还返回了饭厅。

我回到福尔摩斯那儿，告诉了他我所见到的一切。他想要知道斯台普顿小姐在哪里，我不得不对他说了两遍，说屋内没有她的迹象。

月光正照在格林盆大泥潭上，白雾正从那儿冉冉飘起。福尔摩斯望着白雾，开始露出担忧的神情。雾正从泥潭缓缓地沿着地面飘向这栋房子。我们藏在小路旁，那条小路正坐落在这栋房子离泥潭较远的那一边。

“雾正向我们移来，华生，形势很严峻，”福尔摩斯说道。“这正是会打乱我的计划的那件事。”

在我们注视时，已经飘到了房子旁边的雾开始围着整个房屋盘旋着。福尔摩斯用张开的手掌生气地打了一下我们前面的岩石。

“如果他在一刻钟之内再不出来，这条小路就要被大雾遮住了。再过半小时，咱们都要看不见伸到前面的手了。我们必须后退到高出大雾的一处地方去。”

我们从房子旁退开，也就从那片大雾之中撤出身来。大雾正在慢慢地沿着地面飘移着，还把那条小路遮挡在我们的视野之外。

“我们不该走得太远了，”福尔摩斯说道。“那样的话，亨利爵士就可能在到达我们这儿之前给斯台普顿逮着了。”

福尔摩斯单膝跪着，把耳朵贴在地面上。“感谢上帝，我想我已听到他走来了。”

然后，我们听到了小路上传来的急促的脚步声。过了一小会儿，亨利爵士走出了浓雾，在清朗的月色中继续走着。他沿着那条小路快速走来了，经过了离我们的隐藏之处很近的地方，又开始走上我们背后的山坡。他一边走，一边不时地转过头来向后张望，就像一个为有什么东西跟着他而担忧的人。

“听！”福尔摩斯突然尖声说道。“当心！它来了！”

我听到他将左轮手枪做好开火的准备，我也这么做了。

从浓雾里传来了急促而又轻巧的脚步声。那云状的浓雾已经飘到了距我们藏匿的地方不到50米之处。我们努力向雾里张望着，不知道那里将出现什么可怕的东西。我看了看福尔摩斯。他的双眼直勾勾地盯着这条小路被大雾遮没之处。他面色苍白，可是双眼闪闪发光。他看上去像一位即将赢得一生中最重要的比赛的人。接着，他的双眼突然之间几乎要从眼眶里进出来了，嘴巴因惊吓而大张着。我从他的身上移开视线去看他注视的地方。当我看到从雾中窜出、向我们直面扑来的那个形状可怕的怪物时，我便吓得魂飞魄散了。左轮手枪几乎要从手中跌落了，而我的整个身体也因害怕而发僵了。

我看到了一只猎犬，一只大的、黑色的猎犬。它比我所见过的任何狗都要大。可是，是别的原因才使我们充满恐惧之情的。任何人都未见过与此类似的猎犬。火从它那张着的嘴巴里喷了出来。它的眼睛亮得像冒火一样。头和躯体都由火焰笼罩着。这是一幅比任何人的想像所及还要恐怖的景象——一只从恶魔派来的地狱看门犬。它不是自然界的一个生灵。

那只发光的大黑猎犬快速地、悄无声息地在亨利爵士后面跑着。我们从这条小路的远处看到，亨利爵士转身向后看到了那只猎犬。他的脸色在月光下惨白，双手恐惧地举了起来。那个可怕的家伙逼近他时他绝望地瞪着眼睛。我们被这个幽灵鬼怪似的景象惊得竟发呆到了那种程度，以至于听任它从我们身旁跑过，我们自己还丝毫动弹不得。我们的朋友正濒于死亡的边缘，而我们则因恐怖而无能为力。

Then our fear for Sir Henry became greater than our terror. Holmes and I fired our revolvers together. The creature gave a loud cry of pain, and we knew we had hit it. But it did not stop, and ran on, after Sir Henry.

When we heard the cry of pain, our fears disappeared. This was no supernatural hound. Our bullets could hurt it, and we could kill it. We ran after it as fast as we could. I have never seen anyone run as quickly as Holmes ran that night, and I could not keep up with him. In front of us on the path we heard scream after scream from Sir Henry, and the deep voice of the hound. I saw the creature jump at Sir Henry and throw him to the ground. Its teeth went for his throat. But the next moment Holmes had emptied his revolver into the hound's body. It gave a last deep cry, its teeth closed on the empty air, and it fell to the ground. I put my revolver to its head, but I did not need to fire. The hound was dead.

Sir Henry lay unconscious where he had fallen. Quickly we opened the neck of his shirt. Holmes had fired just in time, and the hound's teeth had not reached our friend's throat. Already his eyes were beginning to open and he looked up at us.

'My God,' he whispered. 'What was it? What in heaven's name was it?'

'It's dead, whatever it was,' said Holmes. 'We've killed the family ghost for ever.'

The creature that lay before us was as large as a small lion. Its mouth and teeth were huge. They shone with blue flames. There were rings of blue fire round its cruel eyes, too. I touched the hound's burning coat. When I held up my hand, it, too, seemed to be on fire.

'Phosphorus,' I said, 'That is why the hound appears to burn in the dark. Stapleton put phosphorous paint on the hound in the hut beside the house.'

But Holmes was thinking more about Sir Henry than about Stapleton's cleverness.

'I must apologize to you, Sir Henry,' he said. 'I put your life in danger. I expected to see a huge hound, but not a creature like this. The fog gave us a very short time to control our fear, and for moments we could not move.'

'Never mind,' said Sir Henry. 'You saved my life, and I thank you. Please help me stand up. What are you going to do now?'

Sir Henry's legs were shaking so much from his terrible experience that he could not stand. We helped him to a rock. He sat there and held his head in his hands.

'We must leave you here, Sir Henry, and try to catch Stapleton. We shall come back as quickly as possible and take you to the Hall. Our case is complete, but we must now catch our man.'

I followed Holmes along the path back to the house.

'We must search the house,' said Holmes, 'but almost certainly he won't be there. He probably heard the noise of our guns, so he knows his evil game is finished.'

The front door of the house was open. We went in and looked from room to room. All the rooms downstairs were empty, so we went upstairs and looked in all the rooms except one, which was locked.

'There's someone in there,' I said. 'I heard someone move. Help me break open this door.'

We threw ourselves against the door, and as the lock broke we went in. We held our revolvers ready to fire.

In the middle of the room was a figure tied to a post. We could not see whether it was a man or a woman, as it was completely covered with sheets. Only the eyes and nose were free.

We pulled off the sheets and untied the prisoner from the post. It was Miss Stapleton. As we untied her, we could see long red bruises across her neck.

'That cruel devil Stapleton has beaten her,' Holmes said. 'Put her into a chair.' Miss Stapleton had fainted from the beating and exhaustion. As we put her into the chair, she opened her eyes.

'Is he safe?' she asked. 'Has he escaped?'

'He cannot escape us, Miss Stapleton,' Holmes said.

'No, no, I don't mean my husband. I mean Sir Henry. Is he safe?'

'Yes,' I said, 'and the hound is dead.'

'Thank God,' she said. 'Thank God. Oh, the cruel devil. Look what he has done to me.' She showed us her arms, and we saw with horror that her skin was black and blue where she had been beaten. 'But he has hurt me more in other ways. While I thought he loved me, I accepted many things. But he doesn't love me. He has used me.'

'Then help us now,' said Holmes. 'Tell us where he has gone.'

'There is an old house on an island in the middle of the marsh,' she said. 'He kept his hound there. He also had the house ready in case he needed to escape. He will be there, I'm sure.'

'Nobody could find his way into the Grimpen Marsh in this fog tonight,' said Holmes, looking out of the window.

The fog lay like white wool against the glass, and we knew we could not try to follow him until it cleared. We decided to take Sir Henry back to Baskerville Hall. We had to tell him everything about the Stapletons, and he was deeply hurt when he heard the truth about the woman he loved. The news that she was married, and the awful fear he had experienced, brought on a fever. We sent for Dr Mortimer, who came and sat with Sir Henry throughout the night.

On the following morning Miss Stapleton took us to the path through the marsh. The fog had lifted, and she showed us the sticks which she and her husband had put in to mark the way. We followed them through the marsh, which smelled of dying plants. The wet ground pulled at our feet as we walked. From time to time one of us stepped from the path and sank up to his waist in the marsh. One man on his own could not hope to escape the pull of the marsh; without help he would sink to his death.

But we did not find any sign of Stapleton. We searched and searched without success. There is no doubt that he lost

hisway in the fog, and sank in the marsh Somewhere, deep down, his body lies to this day.

We reached the island Miss Stapleton had described, and searched the old house.

’This place tells us nothing that we do not already know,’ said Holmes. ’These bones show that he hid the hound here, but he could not keep it quiet, so people heard its cries. Here is the bottle of phosphorous paint. Stapleton used it very cleverly on the hound. After what we saw and felt last night, we cannot be surprised that Sir Charles died of fright. And now I under- stand how Selden knew that the hound was following him in the dark. It’s not surprising the poor man screamed and ran as he did. The old story of the supernatural hound probably gave Stapleton the idea of using phosphorus. Very clever. I said it in London and I say it again, Watson. We have never had a more dangerous enemy than the one who is lying out there’—and he pointed to the great marsh that was all round us.

17 搜寻杀人凶手

接着，我们为亨利爵士的担忧胜过了我们自身的恐惧感。我和福尔摩斯一齐开了枪。那个家伙痛苦地大叫一声，我们便知道我们已打中它了。可是它并没有停下脚步，还继续向前窜去，追着亨利爵士。

在我们听到了它那痛苦的嗥叫时，我们的恐惧便烟消云散了。这并非什么魔犬。我们的子弹既能打伤它，我们也就能杀死它。我们尽力追赶它。我从没见过谁能像福尔摩斯在那天夜里跑得那样快，我也跟不上他。我们听到了前面路上亨利爵士一声接一声的喊叫和那只猎犬发出的低沉的吼声。我看到那个家伙扑向亨利爵士，并将其掀翻在地上。它的牙齿直扑他的咽喉。可是就在这之后，福尔摩斯一连气将手枪里的子弹都打进了那只猎犬的身体。它发出了最后一声低沉的嗥叫，向空中咬了一口，随后就倒在地上了。我用手枪抵住它的头部，可是不必开枪了。猎犬已经死了。

亨利爵士躺在他摔倒的地方，毫无知觉。我们赶快把他的衣领解开。福尔摩斯开枪开得正及时，那只猎犬还没够着我们的朋友的喉咙。他的眼睛已经开始睁开了，他仰视着我们。

“我的上帝啊，”他低声说道，“那是什么？究竟是什么东西啊？”

“不管它是什么，它已经死了，”福尔摩斯说道。“我们已经把您家的妖魔永远地消灭了。”

躺在我们面前的那个家伙同一只小狮子一般大小。它的嘴巴和牙齿很大。它们闪烁着蓝色的光芒。它那残忍的眼睛周围也有圈蓝色的火苗。我摸了摸它那发光喷火的皮毛。我抬起手来时，手似乎也着火了。

“是磷，”我说道。“那便是那只猎犬在黑暗之中看上去冒火光的原因。斯台普顿在房子旁边的那个小屋里给那只猎犬涂上了含磷的涂料。”

可是福尔摩斯对亨利爵士比对斯台普顿的狡猾考虑得多些。

“我必须向您抱歉，亨利爵士，”他说道。“我使您遭受了生命危险。我预计看到的是一只大猎犬，可没想到会是这样的一只。大雾曾留给我们短暂的一段时间克制我们的恐惧感，还有一会儿我们都惊讶得动弹不了身子。”

“没关系，”亨利爵士说道。“您救了我的性命，我还得感谢您呢。请扶我站起来。你们现在打算怎么办呢？”

亨利爵士的双腿因这次可怕的经历而抖得很厉害，他自己都站不起来了。我们把他扶到了一块石头那儿。他坐在那儿，双手捂着头。

“我们现在得把您留在这儿了，亨利爵士，还要去想方设法抓住斯台普顿呢。我们将尽快回来并把您带到庄园去。案子已经了结了，可是我们现在必须抓住那个人。”

我跟着福尔摩斯沿着那条小路返回了那栋屋子。

“我们必须搜搜这栋屋子，”福尔摩斯说道，“可是几乎可以肯定他是不会在的。他可能已听到了我们的枪声，于是便知道他那罪恶的勾当已经结束了。”

前门开着。我们进去一间一间地察看。楼下的房间都空着，于是我们上了楼，除了那个锁起来的房间之外都查看过了。

“里面有人，”我说道。“我听到有人在动。帮我把这扇门打开。”

我们用身体撞门，门锁一松动我们就进去了。我们握着手枪，准备随时开枪射击。

在房间的中央有一个人被绑在柱子上了。我们无法看出来是男是女，由于那人被床单蒙住了。只有眼睛和鼻子没被蒙住。

我们解开床单，把这个被捆着的人从柱子那儿松开。是斯台普顿小姐。我们给她松绑时可以看到她脖子上几道长长的、红色的伤痕。

“那个残忍的恶魔斯台普顿打了她，”福尔摩斯说道。“把她安置在椅子上。”斯台普顿小姐已因毒打和疲惫而昏过去了。在我们把她安置在椅子上时，她睁开了双眼。

“他安全了吗？”她问道。“他逃脱了吗？”

“他从我们手里是逃不掉的，斯台普顿小姐，”福尔摩斯说道。

“不，不，我不是指我丈夫。我指亨利爵士。他安全吗？”

“安全；”我说道，“而且，那只猎犬已经死了。”

“感谢上帝，”她说道。“感谢上帝。噢，这个坏蛋。看看他是怎么对待我的。”她给我们看了她的双臂，我们惊恐地看到遭受毒打的地方皮肤又青又紫的。“但是，他还用别的途径伤害我。我以为他爱我时，我能接受许多事情。可是他并不爱我。他利用了我。”

“那么现在就请帮助我们吧，”福尔摩斯说道。“告诉我们他去哪儿了。”

“在泥潭中央的一个小岛上有一栋古老的房子，”她说道。“他以往把猎犬安置在那里。他还把那屋子准备好等万一躲避藏身时用。他一定在那儿，我敢肯定。”

“今晚在这样的大雾之中谁也找不到走进格林盆泥潭的路，”福尔摩斯望着窗外说道。

雾像雪白的羊毛似的紧围在窗户外面；我们知道，在大雾蒸发散尽之前我们是不能够试着去追他的。我们决定将亨利爵士带回巴斯克维尔庄园。我们被迫告诉他有关斯台普顿夫妇的一切详情，他听到关于他所钟爱的那个女子的实情时受到了很大的伤害。她已结婚的消息和他所经历的恐怖之事使他发起高烧来。我们派人请摩梯末医生来，他来了并在亨利爵士身旁守了一整夜。

第二天早上，斯台普顿小姐带我们到了贯穿泥潭的一条小路旁。雾散了，她给我们看了她和她丈夫为标记路途而插的一根根木棍。我们随着这些小木棍穿过泥潭，那儿散发着腐败的植物的臭味。我们走的时候湿乎乎的地面扯着我们的双脚。我们不时从小路旁走歪，陷入了泥潭，直到齐腰那么深。独自一人是不敢奢求自己能逃脱泥潭的拖陷的；没有别人的帮助就会陷进去没命了。

但是，我们没有发现斯台普顿的任何迹象。我们搜啊搜，可是一无所获。毋庸置疑，他在大雾中迷了路，陷进泥潭中去了。在泥潭深处的某个地方，他的尸体将永远躺在那里。

我们到达了斯台普顿小姐描述过的那个小岛，还搜寻了一番那栋古老的屋子。

“这个地方告诉我们我们已知晓的一切详情，”福尔摩斯说道。“这些骨头表明他曾把猎犬藏在这儿，可是他不能使它默不出声，所以人们听到了它的叫声。这儿是瓶含磷的涂料。斯台普顿狡猾地把它抹在了猎犬身上。有了我们昨晚的所见所感作铺叙以后，我们对查尔斯爵士因恐慌而暴死就不足为奇了。我现在也明白塞尔登是怎么知道那只猎犬在黑暗中跟在他后面的了。那个可怜的家伙就那么大叫着向前跑，这并不奇怪。关于那只魔狗的那个古老的故事使他萌发了使用磷的念头。十分狡猾。我曾在伦敦这么说过，我现在再这么说一遍，华生。咱们还从来没有一个比躺在那边的那个人更为危险的对手呢”——他指了指散布在我们四周的那片大泥潭。

It was the end of November, more than a month after our return from Baskerville Hall. Holmes and I were sitting on either side of a bright fire in our sitting room in Baker Street. Since our return, Holmes had been working hard on two other cases, and he had been too busy to discuss the Baskerville case. But now the other cases were finished, and he had been successful in both of them. I decided it was a good time to ask him the final questions about Stapleton and the hound.

'The picture showed us that Stapleton was indeed a Baskerville,' Holmes began. 'He was the son of Roger Baskerville, who was Sir Charles' younger brother. Roger was a criminal who escaped from prison and ran away to South America. Everyone thought he had died unmarried, but that was not true. He had one son, also called Roger, whom we knew as Stapleton. Stapleton married a beautiful South American, and came to England, where he started a school in the north. He discovered that he would inherit the Baskerville lands and fortune if Sir Charles and Sir Henry both died. That is why he moved to Devonshire when the school closed.

'When he met Sir Charles, he heard the story of the hell-hound. He also learned that Sir Charles believed these supernatural stories, and that he had a weak heart.

'Stapleton had the idea of buying a huge hound, and of using the phosphorus to make it shine like the hound in the story. I have found the place where he bought the animal. He took it by train to Devonshire and walked many miles over the moors with it so that it would not be seen near Baskerville Hall.

'He needed to get Sir Charles out of the Hall at night. This would be easy to do if his wife made Sir Charles fall in love with her. But, although he beat her, she refused to help him with his evil plan.

'Then Stapleton met Laura Lyons. We know that he made her write a letter to bring Sir Charles to the moor gate on that sad night. The hound, which was shining with phosphorus, chased Sir Charles down the Yew Alley. Sir Charles' terror was so great that his weak heart stopped, and he died, but the animal did not touch the dead body.

'The hound had run on the grass, so it left no footprints, except the one found by Dr Mortimer. You see how clever Stapleton was. Neither he nor the hound had touched Sir Charles so there was no sign of murder. The only two people who might suspect him—his wife and Mrs Lyons could not be certain about what he had done. Anyway, neither of them would inform the police about him.

'Next, Stapleton learned that Sir Henry had reached England, so he went to London. He hoped to murder Sir Henry there. He took his wife with him, but he wasn't sure that she would keep his secret, so he did not tell her the truth. He locked her up in their hotel. She knew that he had some evil plan, but she was too frightened to give Sir Henry a clear warning. Instead, she sent him the letter made of words cut from a newspaper.

'Meanwhile, Stapleton was wearing a false beard and following Sir Henry. He needed something to give the hound Sir Henry's scent, so he paid a maid at Sir Henry's hotel to steal one of his shoes. The first one was a new one, and didn't have Sir Henry's scent on it. It was no use for the hound, so he put it back, and another, older, shoe was stolen. When the shoes were changed, I knew that the hound must be a natural and not a supernatural creature.

'Next there was the letter made of words cut from a newspaper. When I looked at it, I held it close to my eyes. I noticed a smell of perfume, so I guessed that a woman had sent the letter.

'By the time I went to Devonshire I knew that there was a real hound, and I knew we were looking for a man and a woman. I guessed that the Stapletons were the pair. I had to watch Stapleton, but I had to hide myself. As I have explained. I could not tell you what I was doing. I stayed in Newtown and used the hut on the moor only when necessary.

'Your letters were sent to me immediately from Baker Street, and were very helpful. When you told me that Stapleton had owned a school in the north of England. I checked on him and where he had come from. I discovered he had come from South America. And then everything became clear.

'By the time you found me on the moor, I knew everything, but I could prove nothing. We had to catch the man doing something criminal, and so I had to put Sir Henry in danger.

'Dr Mortimer tells me that Sir Henry will be completely better after some rest. As you know, the two of them have become good friends, and are going on a long holiday together. Sir Henry will take some time to forget Miss Stapleton. He loved her deeply and it hurt him badly when he learned the truth about her.

'She was very frightened of her cruel husband, but she suspected that he was responsible for Sir Charles' death. She knew about the hound, and when Selden died she guessed that the hound had killed him. She knew her husband had the hound at their house on the night Sir Henry came to dinner. They argued about the hound that evening, and as they argued Stapleton told her about Mrs Lyons. Any love she had for her husband disappeared at that moment. He knew that she wanted to help Sir Henry, so he beat her and tied her up.

'He probably hoped that when he inherited the Baskerville lands, she would love him again. He certainly thought that she would keep silent if she became Lady Baskerville. But I think he was wrong. He had been too cruel to her. She could not forgive him or love him again, nor, I think, allow him to enjoy the results of his crime.

'Of course, he could not frighten Sir Henry in the same way as Sir Charles. Sir Henry was a young and healthy man. So he kept the hound hungry. He knew that the animal would either kill Sir Henry or would hurt him so badly that it would be easy to complete the murder.'

I had one last question for Holmes. 'But Stapleton was living so close to Baskerville Hall and using a false name. It looked very strange. How would he explain that to the police, if after Sir Henry's death he then inherited the Baskerville lands and fortune?'

'I don't know how he planned to explain the false name and why he was living at Pen House,' said Holmes. 'I can only say that he was a very clever man. I am sure he had thought of an answer to the problem.

'But that's enough work for the evening, Watson. I have two tickets for the theatre. If we get ready now, we shall have time to stop at my favourite restaurant for some dinner on the way.'

已经是11月底，我们从巴斯克维尔庄园回来之后一个多月的的时候了。我和福尔摩斯坐在贝克街上的那栋房子的客厅中的熊熊的炉火两旁。我们回来之后，福尔摩斯不辞辛苦地办理了另外两件案子，他都忙得没有时间讨论巴斯克维尔庄园里发生的那件案子。可是，现在这两件案子都已了结了，他办得也都非常成功。我决定，这该是向他询问有关斯台普顿和那只猎犬的最后一些问题的大好时机了。

“那幅画像向我们表明斯台普顿真的是巴斯克维尔家族中的一员，”福尔摩斯开腔了。“他是罗杰·巴斯克维尔即查尔斯爵士的弟弟的儿子。罗杰是越狱潜逃、跑到了南美洲的囚犯。大家都以为他没结婚就死了，可是那不是真的。他有一个儿子，也叫罗杰，就是我们所认识的斯台普顿。斯台普顿娶了一位南美美女，又来到了英格兰，在那儿的北部开办了一所学校。他发现，要是查尔斯爵士和亨利爵士都已死的话，自己就能继承巴斯克维尔家族的地产了。那就是他在学校关闭之后搬到德文郡的原因所在。”

“他遇见查尔斯爵士时听到了有关魔狗的故事。他还得知，查尔斯爵士相信这些鬼怪故事，心脏也很虚弱。”

“斯台普顿就起了买一只大猎犬并用磷来使猎犬像故事中的那只那样闪闪发光的念头。我已找到他买狗的地点。他乘火车将它带到德文郡，又牵着狗穿过沼地走了很长的路，如此一来在巴斯克维尔庄园附近就没被人们看见。”

“他需要让查尔斯爵士在夜间走出庄园。如果他的妻子使得查尔斯爵士爱上她的话，这就好办了。可是，即使是他揍她，她也拒绝帮助他实施他那邪恶的计谋。”

“后来，斯台普顿遇到了劳拉·莱昂丝。我们知道，他让她写了封信，把查尔斯爵士在那个令人伤心的夜晚带到了通往沼地的栅门那里。那只猎犬闪着磷光，顺着水松小道就向查尔斯爵士追了过来。查尔斯爵士恐怖过度，导致原本就很虚弱的心脏停止跳动，他就死了，可那只个动物是不碰死尸的。”

“那猎犬是在草地上跑的，于是便没有留下什么爪印，除了摩梯末医生发现的那一个之外。你看看斯台普顿是何等狡猾。他和猎犬都没碰过查尔斯爵士，因此没有谋杀的一丝影子。可能会怀疑他的只有两个女人——他的妻子和莱昂丝太太——她们也不敢肯定他干了些什么。无论如何，她们俩都不会向警方告发他的。”

“接下来，斯台普顿获悉亨利爵士已到达英格兰，于是便去了伦敦。他希望能在那儿将亨利爵士干掉。他带着他的妻子，可是他不敢肯定她会保守他的秘密，因此他没有告诉她实情。他把她锁在他们居住的旅馆里。她知道他有个邪恶的计划，可是她太害怕了，以致不敢向亨利爵士发出一个清楚明了的警告。反之，她寄给他一封由报纸上剪下来的字拼凑成的信。”

“与此同时，斯台普顿正戴着假胡须跟踪亨利爵士。他需要亨利爵士的一件能使猎犬闻味跟踪的东西，因此贿赂了亨利爵士下榻的那个旅馆里的一个女仆，让她偷出他的一只鞋子来。第一只是新鞋，上面没有亨利爵士的气味。它对猎犬丝毫无用，他因此就把它送回去了，而另一只旧一点的鞋就被偷去了。鞋被换了时，我就知道那只猎犬是自然界的一只动物而不是什么鬼怪神魔。”

“接下来就有了由报纸上剪下来的字拼成的那封信。我看它时，把它举在了眼旁。我注意到了一股香水味，于是猜到是一位女士寄的那封信。”

“在我去德文郡之前我已知道那儿有只活生生的猎犬，还知道我们将要寻觅一位男子和一位女士。我揣测到斯台普顿兄妹就是要找的那对。我得监视斯台普顿，可还得埋伏起来。正如我所解释的那样，我不能告诉你我的所作所为。我呆在纽顿，只有必要时才用一下沼地上的那个小屋。”

“您寄给我的信件被立即从贝克街送到了我的手中，它们非常有帮助。当你告诉我斯台普顿曾在英格兰北部办过一所学校时，我查了一下他本人的身世及其来源。我发现他来自于南美。那么，一切都弄清楚了。”

“你在沼地上发现我时，我已知道了全部事实，可是我什么也证明不了。我们必须在那个人作案的当场将其抓获，因此我不得不将亨利爵士置于危险的境地。”

“摩梯末医生告诉我说，亨利爵士在休息之后就会彻底地好多了。如你所知，这两人已成了好朋友，正准备一起进行长途旅行。亨利爵士要经过一段时间才能忘掉斯台普顿小姐。他深深地爱着她，得知有关她的真相时受到了很大的伤害。”

“她非常害怕她那残酷的丈夫，可是她又怀疑到他应对查尔斯爵士的死负责。她知道那只猎犬的事情，塞尔登死去时她猜到是猎犬害死了他。她知道她丈夫在亨利爵士来吃饭的那个晚上把狗安顿在了家里。他们在那个傍晚因猎犬的事情吵了起来，争吵时斯台普顿告诉了她有关莱昂斯太太的事情。她对她丈夫的任何爱意都在那一刻消失了。他知道她想帮亨利爵士的忙，因此揍了她，又把她捆了起来。”

“他可能指望在他继承了巴斯克维尔家族的地产时，她就又会爱他了。他理所当然地认为要是她能成为‘巴斯克维尔贵妇’的话她就会对此默不作声的。可是我认为他错了。他对她一向太残忍了。她不会原谅他或再爱他了，我认为她也不会容许他享受他的犯罪所得。”

“当然了，他不能用吓唬查尔斯爵士的方式对待亨利爵士。亨利爵士是位既年轻又健康的人。因此他使那只猎犬处于饥饿状态。他知道，那个动物要么会咬死亨利爵士，要么会重伤他，而那么一来就可以轻松地将谋杀完事大吉了。”

我对福尔摩斯还有最后一个问题。“但是，斯台普顿住得离巴斯克维尔庄园那么近，还用着化名。这看上去非常奇怪。他怎样才能向警方解释得通那个，要是在亨利爵士死后他就继承了巴斯克维尔家族的地产和其他财产呢？”

“我不知道他是打算如何解释他更名改姓和住在格林盆宅邸的原因的，”福尔摩斯说道。“我只能说他是个非常狡猾的人。我敢肯定他已想出了解决这一问题的答案。”

“然而，今晚就干这么多吧，华生。我有戏院的两张票。如果现在准备好了，咱们就会有时间中途到我喜欢的那个饭馆逗留一下呢。”

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[The Experiment](#)

[‘Oh, Whistle, and I’ll Come to You, My Boy’](#)

简介

死去的人并非总是安静地躺在坟墓里。有时他们在这个世界上还有没做完的事情或者想为自己所受的委屈报仇雪恨；或许生活中他们自己也作过恶，即使死了也不得安宁，所以他们一定要回来给活着的人带来麻烦和恐惧。

在这5个故事中，死者可能随时随地以最奇怪的方式到来——到牛津某一学院，威廉斯先生正在那儿饶有兴趣地看着一幅古旧的画作；或者光天化日之下来到年轻的汤姆森先生度假住的一家小旅馆。爱德华·邓宁先生的房间里灯灭了，他伸手去找火柴，黑暗中他的手触到的是什么？乡绅鲍尔斯的妻子和继子要问个问题，可只有鲍尔斯知道答案，你怎么去问一个躺在坟墓里的死人问题呢？当帕金斯教授吹起他拾到的一个很旧的口哨时，是只有风作答，还是有别的东西？一种你见不着、听不见却又难以想像有多么可怕的东西…

蒙塔古·罗兹·詹姆斯（1862——1936）生于肯特郡，先后担任过剑桥大学的国王学院及伊顿公学院长，以其鬼怪故事闻名，这些故事问世后便深受欢迎。

The Picture

For several years Mr Williams worked for the museum at the University of Oxford, enlarging its already famous collection of drawings and pictures of English country houses and churches. It is hard to imagine anything less alarming than collecting pictures of houses and churches, but Mr Williams found that even this peaceful work had its unexpected dark corners.

He bought many pictures for the museum from the London shop of Mr J. W. Britnell. Twice a year Mr Britnell sent a list of pictures to all his regular customers, who could then choose which pictures they wanted to look at before deciding whether to buy.

In February 1895 Mr Williams received a list from Mr Britnell with the following letter:

Dear Sir,

I think you might be interested in Picture Number 978 in our list, which I will be happy to send to you if you wish.

J. W. Britnell

Mr Williams turned to Number 978 in the list and found the following note:

Number 978. Artist unknown. Picture of an English country house, early nineteenth century. 25 centimetres by 40 centimetres. £20.

It did not sound very interesting and the price seemed high. However, Mr Williams added it to the pictures that he asked Mr Britnell to send to him.

The pictures arrived at the museum one Saturday afternoon, just after Mr Williams had left. They were brought round to his rooms in college so that he could look at them over the weekend. Mr Williams found them on his table when he and his friend, Mr Binks, came in to have tea.

Picture Number 978 showed the front of quite a large country house. It had three rows of windows with the door in the middle of the bottom row. There were trees on both sides of the house and a large lawn in front of it. The letters A. W. F. were written in the corner of the picture. Mr Williams thought that it was not very well done, probably the work of an amateur artist, and he could not understand why Mr Britnell thought it was worth twenty pounds. He turned it over and saw that there was a piece of paper on the back with part of a name on it. All he could read were the ends of two lines of Writing The first said, '—ngly Hall'; the second, '—ssex'.

Mr Williams thought that it would be interesting to see if he could find the name of the house in one of his guidebooks before sending the picture back on Monday morning. Meanwhile, he put the picture on the table, lit the lamp because it was now getting dark, and made the tea.

While they were having tea, his friend picked up the picture, looked at it and said, Where's this house, Williams? '

'That's just what I was going to find out,' said Williams, taking a book from the shelf. 'If you look at the back, you'll see it's Something Hall in either Essex or Sussex. Half the name's missing, you see. I don't suppose you recognize the house, do you? '

'No, I don't,' said Mr Binks. 'It's from Britnell, 'I suppose, isn't it? Is it for the museum? '

'Well, I would buy it if the price was two pounds,' replied Mr Williams, 'but for some reason he wants twenty pounds for it. I can't think why. It's not a very good picture and there aren't even any figures in it to make it more interesting. '

'I agree it's not worth twenty pounds,' said Binks, 'but I don't think it's too bad. The light seems rather good to me and I think there is a figure here, just at the edge, in the front. '

'Let me see,' said Williams. 'Well, it's true the light is quite well done. Where's the figure? Oh, yes! Just the head, in the very front of the picture. '

And indeed there was—right on the edge of the picture— just the head of a man or a woman, who was looking towards the house. Williams had not noticed it before.

'Still,' he said, 'though it's better than I thought at first, I can't spend twenty pounds of the museum's money on a picture of a house I don't even know. '

Mr Binks, who had some work to finish, soon left and Mr Williams spent the time before dinner trying to find the name of the house in his guidebooks.

'If I knew the letter before the "—ngly", 'he said to himself, 'it would be easy enough. But there are many more names ending in "—ngly" than I thought. '

Dinner in Mr Williams' college was at seven o'clock and afterwards a few of his friends came back to his rooms to play cards. During a pause in the game Mr Williams picked up the picture from the table without looking at it and passed it to a man named Garwood, who was interested in pictures. Garwood looked at it and said:

'This is really a very fine picture, you know, Williams. The light is very well done, in my opinion, and though the figure is rather unpleasant, it is quite interesting. '

'Yes, isn't it?' said Williams, who was too busy giving drinks to his guests to look at the picture again.

When his visitors had gone, Williams had to finish writing a letter, so it was after midnight before he was ready to go to bed. The picture lay face upwards on the table where Garwood had left it and, as Williams was putting out the lamp, he saw it. For a moment he was too surprised to move, then he slowly picked up the picture and stared at it in horror. In the middle of the lawn, in front of the unknown house, there was a figure where there had been no figure earlier. It was crawling on hands and knees towards the house, and it was covered in a strange black garment with a white cross on the back.

After a second or two Mr Williams took the picture by one corner and carried it to an empty room. There, he locked it, face downwards, in a cupboard, then closed and locked the door of the empty room. He went back to his own room and locked the door behind him. Before going to bed, he sat down and wrote a note describing in detail the extraordinary change in the

picture since he had received it.

He was glad to remember that Mr Garwood, who had looked at the picture earlier in the evening, had also seen a 'rather unpleasant' figure. He decided that in the morning he must ask someone to look carefully at the picture with him, and he must try very hard to discover the name of the house. He would ask his neighbour, Mr Nisbet, to have breakfast with him. Then he would spend the morning looking for the house in his guidebooks.

Mr Nisbet arrived at nine o'clock and the two men sat down to breakfast. When they had finished, Mr Williams, feeling both nervous and excited, hurried to the empty room. He unlocked the cupboard, took out the picture, still face downwards, and, without looking at it, went back to his own room and put it into Nisbet's hands.

'Now, Nisbet,' he said, 'I want you to tell me what you see in that picture. Describe it, please, in detail. I'll tell you why afterwards.'

'Well,' said Nisbet, 'I have here a picture of an English country house by moonlight.'

'Moonlight? Are you sure?'

'Oh, yes. The moon is shown quite clearly and there are clouds in the sky.'

'All right. Go on. But I'm sure,' added Williams quietly, 'that there was no moon when I first saw it.'

'Well, there's not much more I can say,' Nisbet continued. 'The house has three rows of windows, five in each row, except at the bottom, where there's a door instead of the middle one and...'

'But what about figures?' said Williams with great interest.

'Figures?' replied Nisbet. 'There aren't any.'

'What? No figure on the grass in front?'

'No. Not a thing.'

'Are you sure?'

'Of course I am. But there's one other thing.'

'What's that?'

'One of the windows on the ground floor, on the left of the door, is open.'

'Is it really? Oh dear! I suppose he's got into the house,' said Williams, with great excitement.

He hurried across to where Nisbet was sitting and, taking the picture from him, saw for himself. It was quite true. There was no figure on the lawn, and there was the open window.

For a moment Williams was too surprised to speak, then he sat down at his desk and wrote for a few minutes. When he had finished, he brought two papers across to Nisbet. He asked him to sign the first one, which was Nisbet's own description of the picture, then to read the other one, which was the note Williams had written the night before.

'What can it all mean?' asked Nisbet.

'That's what I must find out,' said Williams. 'Now, there are three things I must do. First, I must ask Garwood exactly what he saw when he looked at the picture last night, then I must have the picture photographed before it goes any further and, thirdly, I must find out where this house is.'

'I can take the photograph for you myself,' said Nisbet. 'But, you know, I think we are seeing something terrible happening here. The question is, has it already happened or is it going to happen? You really must find out where this house is.' He looked at the picture again and shook his head. 'I think you are right, you know. He has got in. I'm sure there will be some trouble in that house.'

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said Williams. 'I'll show the picture to old Doctor Green. He grew up in Essex and he often goes to Sussex to see his brother who lives there. He's been going there for years. He must know both places quite well.'

'That's a very good idea,' agreed Nisbet. 'But I think I heard Green say that he was going away this weekend.'

'You're right,' said Williams. 'I remember now—he's gone to Brighton for the weekend. I'll leave a note asking him to see me as soon as he returns. Meanwhile, you take the picture and photograph it and I'll see Garwood and ask him what he saw when he looked at it last night.' He paused. 'You know,' he added, 'I don't think twenty pounds is too much to ask for this picture, after all.'

In a short time Williams returned to his room, bringing Mr Garwood with him. Mr Garwood said that when he had looked at the picture the figure was just starting to crawl across the lawn. He remembered that it was wearing a black garment with something white on the back—he was not sure if it was a cross. While he was writing this down, Mr Nisbet returned and said that he had photographed the picture.

'What are you going to do now, Williams?' asked Mr Garwood. 'Are you going to sit and watch the picture all day?'

'No, I don't think we need to do that,' replied Williams.

'You see, there has been plenty of time since I looked at it last night for the creature in the picture to finish what he wants to do, but he has only gone into the house. The window is open and he must still be in there. I think he wants us to see what happens next. Anyway, I don't think the picture will change much during the day. I suggest that we all go for a walk after lunch and come back here for tea. I'll leave the picture on my table and lock the door. My servant has a key and can get in if he wants to, but nobody else can.'

The others agreed that this was a good plan. They also wanted to avoid talking to anyone about this extraordinary picture, knowing what excitement and argument it would cause.

At about five o'clock they came back to Mr Williams' rooms for tea. When they entered the room, they were surprised to find Mr Filcher, the servant, sitting in Mr Williams' armchair and staring in horror at the picture on the table. Mr Filcher had worked in the college for many years and had never before behaved in so unusual a way. He seemed to feel this himself, and tried to jump to his feet when the three men came in.

‘I’m sorry, sir,’ he said. ‘I didn’t mean to sit down.’

‘That’s all right, Robert,’ said Mr Williams. ‘I was going to ask you some time what you thought of that picture.’

‘Well, sir,’ replied the servant, ‘of course, I don’t really understand pictures, but I wouldn’t like my little girl to see it. I’m sure it would give her bad dreams. It doesn’t seem the right kind of picture to leave lying around. It could frighten anybody—seeing that awful thing carrying off the poor baby. That’s what I think, sir. Will you need me any more today, sir? Thank you, sir.’

Filcher left the room and the three men went at once to look at the picture. There was the house as before, under the moon and the clouds. But the window that had been open was now shut, and the figure was once more on the lawn; but not crawling this time. Now it was walking, with long steps, towards the front of the picture. The moon was behind it and the black material of its garment nearly covered its face. The three men were deeply thankful that they could see no more of the face than a high, white forehead and a few long, thin hairs. Its legs beneath the garment were horribly thin, and its arms held something which seemed to be a child, whether dead or living it was not possible to say.

The three friends watched the picture until it was time for dinner but it did not change at all. They hurried back to Williams’ rooms as soon as dinner was finished. The picture was where they had left it, but the figure had gone, and the house was quiet under the moon and the clouds.

‘Well,’ said Mr Williams, ‘now we really must try to find where this house is.’ They got out the guidebooks and began to work.

It was nearly two hours later when Williams suddenly cried, ‘Ha! This looks like it!’

He read aloud from the Guide to Essex that he was holding:

‘Anningly. Interesting twelfth-century church containing the tombs of the Francis family, whose home, Anningly Hall, stands just behind the church. The family is now extinct. The last member of the family disappeared very mysteriously in 1802 while still a child. His father, Sir Arthur Francis, a well-known amateur artist, lived quite alone after that until he was found dead in his house three years later, after he had just completed a picture of the Hall.’

As Mr Williams finished reading, there was a knock on the door and Doctor Green came in. He had just returned from Brighton and had found Williams’ note. He agreed at once that the picture was of Anningly Hall, which was not far from where he had grown up.

‘Have you any explanation of the figure, Green?’ asked Williams.

‘I don’t know, I’m sure, Williams,’ Doctor Green replied.

‘When I was a boy, some of the old people in Anningly still used to talk about the disappearance of the Francis child. They said that Sir Arthur had a lot of trouble with some of the local people coming onto his land to steal his fish and his birds. He decided to catch them all and have them punished, and, one by one he did, until there was only one left. This was a man called Gawdy whose family had once been rich and important in that part of Essex. In fact, some of them had their tombs in the village church too. However, the family had lost all their land and their money over the years and Gawdy felt rather bitter about it all. For a long time Sir Arthur could not catch him doing anything wrong until one night his men found Gawdy with some dead birds in Sir Arthur’s woods. There was a fight and one of the men was shot. This was just what Sir Arthur needed; the judge was all on his side, of course, and poor Gawdy was hanged a few days later. People thought that some friend of Gawdy’s stole Sir Arthur’s little boy in revenge, to put an end to the Francis family as well. But I should say now, that it looks more as if old Gawdy managed the job himself. Brrrr. I don’t like to think about it. Let’s have a drink, shall we?’

The story of the picture was told to a few people; some believed it and some did not. Mr Britnell knew nothing about it except that the picture was unusual in some way. It is now in the museum and, although it has been carefully watched, no one has ever seen it change again.

画 作

几年来，威廉斯先生一直在牛津大学博物馆工作，为该馆不断地增加其本已出名的有关英国乡村住房和教堂方面绘画作品的收藏。收集有关住房和教堂的绘画作品本无任何惊人之处，可威廉斯先生却发现即使是这样一项很平静的工作也有其意想不到之处。

他从伦敦J. W. 布里耐尔先生的商店为博物馆买入大量绘画作品。布里耐尔先生一年两次为其所有的老主顾们寄上一份作品目录。这样，这些老主顾们便能够选择一下他们想看看哪些作品，然后决定是否购买。

1895年2月威廉斯先生接到了布里耐尔先生寄来的目录和下面这封信：

亲爱的先生：

我想您可能对我们目录中的第978号作品感兴趣，如果您希望，我很乐意给您寄上。

J. W. 布里耐尔

威廉斯先生翻到目录中的第978号，发现了下面的说明：

第978号，作者不详，画面为一座19世纪早期英国乡村住房，长40厘米，宽25厘米，售价20英镑。

这幅画似乎没多大意思，而且价格似乎也偏高。可威廉斯先生还是在要求市里耐尔先生寄给他的画里加上了它。

一个周六的下午这些作品被送到了博物馆，这时威廉斯先生刚离开。于是这些画又被转到他在学院的住所，以便周末就能让他看到。威廉斯先生和朋友宾克斯先生进屋喝茶时发现了桌子上的那些画。

第978号作品画的是一座乡村大住房的正面。房子有三排窗户，门在底部那排的中间。住房的两侧是树，前面有一大块草地，画的一角写着A. W. F. 几个字母。威廉斯先生觉得这幅画画得不怎么样，可能出自业余画家之手，他不明白为什么布里耐尔先生觉得它值20英镑。他把画翻过来发现后面有张纸，上面写着个不完整的名字。他能看到的只有两行字的结尾，第一行为“——宁利府”，第二行为“——塞克斯”。

威廉斯先生想看看周一上午把画寄回之前能不能在自己的某本旅行指南中找到这座房子的名字，他觉得这样做挺有意思的。他把画放在桌子上，这时天渐渐黑了，于是他点上灯，沏上了茶。

他们喝着茶，他的朋友拿起那幅画看着问道：“威廉斯，这座房子在哪儿？”

“我正想查找一下呢，”威廉斯先生说着从书架上取下一本书。“你看一下背面，上面写着是埃塞克斯或苏塞克斯的什么府。名字少了一

半，我想你大概也不认识这座房子吧？”

“不认识，”宾克斯先生说，“我想是布里耐尔寄来的吧？是不是要卖给博物馆？”

“是呀，如果售价是两英镑，我会买的，”威廉斯先生说，“可不知什么原因他要20英镑。我真不知这是为什么。这张画画得并不好，而且画面上连个人影都没有，没有什么看头儿。”

“我也觉得这画不值20英镑，”宾克斯说，“不过我并不觉得它有多糟糕。我认为画中明亮部分似乎还很不错，而且我看这儿有个人，就在前部边上。”

“我看看，”威廉斯先生说，“哦，明亮部分确实处理得不错。人在哪儿？噢，看到了！只有头部，在画面的最前部。”

确实如此——就在画面边缘——只有一个男人或女人的头部，在看这房子。威廉斯此前并没注意到这一点。

“不过，”他说，“虽然它比我刚开始认为的好一点儿，我还是不能把博物馆的20镑花在我居然都不知道的一所房子的画上。”

由于手头还有事要做，宾克斯先生过了会儿就走了。吃饭前威廉斯先生试图在旅行指南中找到这幢房子的名字。

“如果我知道’——ngly’前面的字母，”他自言自语道，“就容易多了。不过以’——ngly’结尾的名字比我想像的多得多。”

威廉斯先生所在的学院7点钟开饭，吃完饭他的几位朋友回到他的房间打牌。中间停下来时，威廉斯先生从桌子上拿起那幅画，连看都没看就递给一位名叫加伍德的，这人对绘画很感兴趣。加伍德看了看说：

“您看，威廉斯先生，这幅画确实很不错。我觉得画面的明亮部分处理得很好。虽然人物不那么让人愉快，不过还是挺有意思的。”

“噢，是吗？”威廉斯先生答道，当时他正忙着给客人们倒饮料，顾不上再看那画儿一眼。

客人们走后，威廉斯先生还得写完一封信，所以他准备上床休息时已经是后半夜了。加伍德当时是把那张画画面朝上放在桌子上的。威廉斯先生要关灯时看了它一眼。这时他惊讶得简直不能动了，接着他慢慢把它拿起来，惊恐地盯着看起来。在草坪中间，那座不知名房子的前面原来没有人的地方出现了一个人。它正朝那房子爬着，身上罩着件样子古怪、后背上带着个白十字架的黑外衣。

一两秒钟后，威廉斯先生拎起画的一角把它拿进了一间空屋子。他把画面朝下锁在橱子里，然后把那间空屋子的门关上锁好。回到自己的房间他也随手锁上了门。上床前，他坐下来写了张条，详细描述了他收到那幅画后画面出现的奇特变化。

想起加伍德先生傍晚看这幅画时也发现有个“不那么让人愉快”的人影，他很高兴，于是决定上午一定要再找人一起好好看看这幅画，而且他必须尽力找到这幢房子的名字。他要请邻居尼斯比特先生来和他共进早餐。然后上午的时间还是用来在旅行指南中查找这套房子。

9点钟，尼斯比特先生来了，于是俩人坐下来吃早餐。吃完后，威廉斯先生心情紧张而激动地快步走进那间空屋子，打开橱子拿出那幅画面仍然朝下的画，连看都没看便回到他的房间，把画放进尼斯比特先生手里。

“哎，尼斯比特，”他说，“我想让你告诉我你在这幅画里看到了什么，请详细描述一下。过会儿我会告诉你为什么要这样做。”

“好吧，”尼斯比特说，“画面上是月光下的一座英国乡村住房。”

“月光？你有把握吗？”

“噢，有哇。月亮画得很清晰，天空中还有云。”

“好吧，接着说。可我敢肯定，”威廉斯先生平静地加了一句，“我第一次看时，根本没有月亮。”

“哦，没有什么太多可说的了，”尼斯比特接着说，“这座房子有三排窗户，每排五扇，只有底部那排例外，中间是扇门……”

“人呢？”威廉斯先生带着十分浓厚的兴趣问道。

“人？”尼斯比特答道，“没有任何人呀。”

“什么？前面草地上没有人吗？”

“没有，什么也没有。”

“肯定是这样吗？”

“当然，不过还有一件事。”

“什么事？”

“底层的一扇窗户，门左边那扇，是开着的。”

“真的？天呀！我想他是进了那间屋子了。”威廉斯很兴奋地说。

他快步走到尼斯比特坐的地方，从他手中拿过画亲自看起来。草地上确实没有人，那扇窗户确实开着。

威廉斯一时惊得说不出话来了，他坐在桌旁写了几分钟，写完后递给尼斯比特两份材料，让他在第一份上签字，这份是尼斯比特本人对这幅画的描述，然后又让他看另一份，那是威廉斯前一天晚上的记录。

“这是怎么回事？”尼斯比特问道。

“我也正想弄个明白，”威廉斯先生说，“现在我必须做三件事：首先，我必须问问加伍德昨天晚上他看这幅画时到底看到了什么；然后我必须它在它进一步发生变化前把这幅画拍摄下来；第三，我必须弄清楚这座房子到底在哪儿。”

“我可以帮你把这幅画拍摄下来，”尼斯比特说，“可是你知道，我觉得我们看到这里出了什么可怕的事。问题是已经出了事还是就要出事呢？你一定得弄清楚这座房子到底在哪儿。”他又看看那幅画摇了摇头，接着说：“我觉得你说得对，你看他已经进去了。我敢肯定这座房子要出什么麻烦事。”

“告诉你我要干什么吧，”威廉斯说，“我要让格林医生看看这幅画。他在埃塞克斯长大而且经常到苏塞克斯看望住在那里的哥哥。多年来他一直去那儿，一定对这两个地方都很熟悉。”

“这主意很好，”尼斯比特赞同道，“不过我听格林说他这个周末不在。”

“你说得对，”威廉斯先生说，“我想起来了，他去布赖顿过周末了。我要给他留张条，让他一回来就来找我。现在你把画拿去拍照，我去找加伍德问昨天晚上他在这幅画里看到了什么？”他停了一下，又加了一句：“你知道，不管怎么说，我觉得这幅画要价20英镑并不高。”

威廉斯很快便带着加伍德回到了自己的房间。加伍德先生说 he 看那画时，那人影刚刚开始向草地爬行。他记得它穿的是件背上有个什么白色东西的黑外衣，他不清楚那东西是不是个十字架。他正写着这些情况时，尼斯比特先生回来了，他说他已经把画拍照下来了。

“威廉斯，下一步你要怎么做呢？”加伍德先生问，“你是不是要整天坐在这儿看这幅画呀？”

“不，我觉得我们没有必要这么做。”威廉斯回答说，“你们看，从昨天晚上我看这画到现在，里面那人满有时间做完他要做的事情，可他只是进了那座房子。窗户开着，他一定还在里面。我觉得他想让我们看看下面会发生什么事情。不管怎么说，我觉得这幅画白天不会有什么太大变化。我提议咱们吃完午饭都去散散步，然后回这儿喝茶。我把这画放在桌子上锁上门。我的仆人有钥匙，如果想进来可以进来，别人谁

也进不来。”

另外俩人觉得这个主意不错。他们也不想再谈论这幅十分奇异的画了，因为他们知道这样做会使大家很兴奋且会引起争论。

大约5点钟，他们回到威廉斯先生的房间喝茶，一进屋便惊讶地发现仆人菲尔彻先生正坐在威廉斯先生的扶手椅里，恐惧地盯着桌子上的画看。

菲尔彻先生在这所学院里干了多年，还从未如此失态过。他自己似乎也感觉到了这一点，所以3个人进屋时他试图一跃而起。

“对不起，先生，”他说，“我本没想坐下的。”

“没关系，罗伯特，”威廉斯先生说，“我还想什么时候问问你觉得这幅画怎么样呢。”

“哎，先生，”仆人回答道，“当然我不懂什么绘画作品，可我不会让我的小女孩看这幅画的，这画肯定会使她做恶梦。这似乎不是那种可以随便放的画，它会吓坏人的，假如看到这可怕的东西抱走那可怜的小孩子。先生，我是这么想的。今天还有什么事吗？谢谢您了，先生。”

菲尔彻离开了房间，3个人立即上前看那幅画。还是那座笼罩在月光和云雾下的房子，只是以前开着的窗户现在关上了，那人影又出现在草地上，可现在它不是在爬，而是在大步朝着画面的前方走。月亮在它身后，它的黑色外衣几乎把脸都盖上了。3个人很庆幸他们能看见的脸部不过是个高高的白色额头和几根长而稀疏的头发。它那外衣下面露出的腿细得吓人，臂弯里抱着什么东西，好像是个孩子，根本看不出来是死是活。

3位朋友一直到吃饭时间还在看这幅画，可它没发生任何变化。一吃完饭，他们又赶忙回到威廉斯的房间。画还放在原来的位置，可人影不见了，月光和云雾笼罩下的那座房子显得十分平静。

“哎，”威廉斯先生说，“现在我们必须找到这座房子的位置。”他们拿出那些旅行指南开始查找起来。

差不多两个小时以后威廉斯先生突然叫道：“哈！好像就是这个！”

他手中拿着《埃塞克斯指南》一书大声念道：

“安宁利：有趣的12世纪教堂，内有弗朗西斯家族的坟墓，这一家族的住宅安宁利府就位于该教堂后面，这一家族现已灭绝。其最后一名成员于1802年还很小时便神秘失踪。他父亲亚瑟·弗朗西斯爵士，一位很出名的业余画家，后来一直深居简出，直到3年后被人发现死于家中，这时他刚刚完成了一幅描述安宁利府的画作。”

威廉斯先生刚念完这段话，就听到有人敲门，格林医生进来了。他刚从布赖顿回来，看到了威廉斯先生的条子。他当即附和说画上就是安宁利府，这地方离他长大的地方不远。

“格林，你能说说那人影是怎么回事吗？”威廉斯问道。

“我肯定说不清楚，威廉斯，”格林医生回答。“我小时候，安宁利的一些老人还在谈论弗朗西斯家孩子失踪的事儿。他们说亚瑟爵士与一些到他地盘上偷他的鱼和鸟的当地人闹了不少别扭。他决定把他们都抓起来进行惩罚，于是他就一一对他们这么做了，最后只剩下一个人。这个人叫高迪，他的家族一度在埃塞克斯的那一地区很富裕和显赫，而且他们家族中的一些人在村里的教堂里也有坟墓。可过了若干年该家族失去了他们的土地和钱财，高迪对此感到十分痛苦。很长时间以来亚瑟爵士一直抓不住他做坏事，直到一天晚上爵士手下的人在爵士的林子里发现了高迪和一些死鸟。于是他们便打起来，其中一人被射中。亚瑟爵士正需要如此，法官当然完全站在他一边，可怜的高迪几天后便被绞死了。人们认为是高迪的某位朋友为报仇而偷走了亚瑟爵士的小男孩，这样就使弗朗西斯家族也绝了后。可依我看，这事更像老高迪自己干的。嗯，我不想再琢磨这事了。咱们喝一杯吧，好吗？”

这幅画的故事讲给了几个人听，有人信，有人不信。布里耐尔先生除了觉得这画有点不同寻常外，对这个故事一无所知。这幅画现在就放在博物馆里，虽然人们对它观察得十分细致，可没人看到它再有什么变化。

Rats

'And if you walked through the bedrooms now, you'd see the dirty grey bedsheets rising and falling like the waves of the sea.'

'Rising and falling with what?'

'Why, with the rats crawling underneath them.'

But was it rats? I ask, because in another story it was not. I cannot put a date to the story, but I was young when I heard it, and the teller was old.

It happened in Suffolk, at a place where the coast road climbs a little hill as it travels northwards. At the top of the hill, on the left, stands a tall narrow house built about 1770. Behind it are the gardens and other buildings, and in front lies open heath with a view of the distant sea. The house was once a well-known inn, though I believe few people stay there now.

To this inn came Mr Thomson, a young man from the University of Cambridge, in search of peace and pleasant surroundings in which to study. He found both; the innkeeper and his wife kept a comfortable house, and Mr Thomson was the only guest.

It was fine spring weather and Mr Thomson's days passed very happily. His plan was to stay a month: studying all morning, walking on the heath in the afternoon, and talking with the local people in the bar in the evening.

On one of his walks over the heath he came upon a large white stone with a square hole in the top. No doubt it had once held a post of some kind. He looked around him at the wide, open heath and beyond that, the sea shining in the bright sunlight and decided that the stone had probably once held a sign to guide the local sailors back to their homes.

In the bar that evening he spoke of the stone and his idea that it had, perhaps, once held a sign to guide sailors.

'Yes,' said Mr Betts, the innkeeper, 'I've heard they could see it from out at sea, but whatever was there fell down long before our time.'

'A good thing it did, too,' said one of the villagers. 'It wasn't a lucky sign—that's what the old men used to say. Not lucky for the fishing, I mean.'

'Why ever not?' said Thomson.

'Well, I never saw it myself,' answered the other. 'But those old fishermen had some strange ideas, and I wouldn't be surprised if they pulled it down themselves.'

It was impossible to get anything clearer than this, and people soon began to talk about something else.

One day Mr Thomson decided not to have a walk in the afternoon, but to continue studying. He returned to his room after an early lunch and read on until about three o'clock. Then he put down his book, rose and went out into the passage, thinking that he would have a rest for five minutes. The house was completely silent. He remembered that it was market day and everyone had gone into the local town.

As he stood there, the idea came to him to look at the four other rooms along the passage. He was sure that the Bettises would not mind. The room opposite his was big but had no view of the sea. The next two were both smaller than his with only one window each—his had two. He walked down the passage to the door at the end and found that it was locked. Thomson decided that he must see inside that room; perhaps the key of his room would unlock the door. It did not, so he fetched the keys from the other three rooms and tried them. One of them fitted the lock and he opened the door.

The room had two windows looking south and west, and hot bright sunshine filled the room. Here there was no carpet, only wooden floorboards; no pictures, no furniture, except a bed in the farther corner—a metal bed covered with a bluishgrey blanket. You could not imagine a more ordinary room, but there was something that made Thomson close the door very quickly and very quietly behind him, and then lean against the wall in the passage, trembling all over.

Under the blanket someone lay, and not only lay, but moved. It was certainly some one and not some thing, because the shape of the head and body was clear under the blanket. However, it was all covered, and no one lies with covered head except a dead person; and this was not dead, not truly dead, because it was moving and shaking.

Thomson tried to tell himself that he was imagining things, but on this bright sunny day that was impossible. What should he do? First, lock the door again. With a trembling hand he turned the key in the lock, but as he did so, it made a little noise, and at once soft footsteps were heard coming towards the door. Thomson ran to his room and locked himself in, although he knew it was useless. How could doors and locks stop what he suspected? He stood listening for several minutes, but no sound came from the passage.

Now he could not think what to do. He wanted to pack his bags and leave the inn at once, but only that morning he had told Mr and Mrs Betts that he would stay for another week. If he left suddenly, they would surely guess the reason. Then he thought, either the Bettises knew about the creature in that room but still stayed in the house, or they knew nothing about it. Perhaps they knew just enough to make them keep the room locked, but not enough to make them leave the house. In any case, they did not seem to be afraid of whatever was in that room, so why should he be afraid of it? He decided to stay another week as he had arranged.

As the days passed, Thomson listened hard for sounds from the room at the end of the passage, but he heard nothing. Of course he could not ask Mr or Mrs Betts about it, and he did not think he could ask anyone else. However, he wanted very much to find some kind of explanation, so he decided that he would try to see inside the locked room once again before he left the inn.

He made a simple plan. He would arrange to leave by an afternoon train and would have his luggage put on the cart for the station. Then, just before leaving, he would go back upstairs to make sure that he had not left anything behind. But, instead of going to his own room, he would go to the other. He put oil on the key to make it easier to open the door quietly.

His last day arrived. After lunch his luggage was taken downstairs and put on the cart for the station. Mr and Mrs Betts came to the front door to say goodbye. Thomson thanked them for making him so comfortable and they thanked him for staying

with them. Then, as he had planned, Thomson said:

‘I’ll just check that I haven’t left a book or anything in my room. No, please don’t worry, I can do it myself.’

He hurried up the stairs to the locked room, turned the key quietly and opened the door. He almost laughed aloud. Leaning, or perhaps sitting, on the edge of the bed was—nothing more than an ordinary scarecrow! A scarecrow out of the garden, of course, just put away in the empty room...

Yes; but suddenly amusement stopped. Do scarecrows have bony feet? Do their heads roll from side to side on their shoulders? Have they got heavy metal chains around their necks? Can they get up and move across the floor, with rolling head and arms close at their sides... and shake with the cold?

Thomson shut the door with a bang, jumped down the stairs and fell in a faint at the door of the inn. When he became conscious again, Mr Betts was standing over him with a glass of whisky and a serious face.

‘You shouldn’t do it, sir,’ said Betts. ‘You shouldn’t go looking into people’s secrets, especially when they’ve done their best to make you comfortable.’

Thomson said that he was very sorry but the innkeeper and his wife found it hard to accept his apologies.

‘Who knows what damage it will do to the good name of the inn?’ said Mr Betts, and his wife agreed.

At last Thomson managed to make Mr and Mrs Betts believe that he would not say anything about what he had seen. By that time he had missed his train but he decided to go into town and spend the night at the Station Hotel.

Before he went, Mr Betts told him what little he knew.

‘They say he used to be the innkeeper here many years ago, and he worked with the thieves who robbed and murdered travellers on the heath. That’s why he was hanged—in chains, they say, up at the gallows on that white stone you saw. Yes, the fishermen pulled the gallows down, I believe, because they saw it out at sea, and they said it kept the fish away. We heard all this from the people who sold us the inn. “You keep that room shut up,” they said, “but don’t move the bed out, and you’ll find there won’t be any trouble.” And we haven’t had any trouble. He hasn’t once come out into the house, though who knows what he might do now? I’ve never seen him myself, and I don’t want to. But I do hope you’ll keep it a secret, sir. If word gets out, people won’t want to come and stay here, will they?’

The promise of silence was kept for many years. I heard the story when Mr Thomson, now an old man, came to stay with my father. I was told to take him up to his room, but when we got there, Mr Thomson stepped forward and threw the door open himself. He stood there in the doorway for some moments, looking carefully into every corner of the room.

Then he turned to me. ‘I beg your pardon,’ he said. ‘A strange way to behave, I know. But there is a very good reason for it.’

A few days later I heard what the reason was, and you have heard it now.

老鼠

“假如你现在走过卧室，就会看到那脏兮兮的灰床单像海浪一样起伏着。”

“随着什么起伏？”

“噢，随着下面爬行的老鼠。”

是老鼠吗？我问道，因为在另一个故事中并不是老鼠。我也说不出这故事讲的是什么时候的事，只是听这个故事时我还年轻，讲故事的人已经老了。

故事发生在萨福克郡，一条沿海岸向北延伸的路翻过一座小山的地方。山顶上左侧矗立着一幢大约建于1770年的高高的窄房子。房子后面是些花园和其他建筑物，前面是一片能够看到远处大海的开阔荒地。这房子曾是一家很有名的旅店，尽管我知道现在已经很少有人住了。

汤姆森先生，一位剑桥大学的年轻人来到这家旅店，想寻找一份宁静和一种读书的愉悦环境。两者他都找到了。旅店老板和妻子把房子收拾得很舒适，而汤姆森先生又是唯一的客人。

当时正值天气晴好的春天，汤姆森先生过得很愉快。他计划呆一个月：整个上午读书，下午去荒地里散散步，晚上和酒吧里的当地人聊聊天。

一次他在荒地里散步，发现了一块顶部有个方形洞的白色大石头。这肯定曾安插过什么标杆。他看看四周宽敞而开阔的荒地和远处明亮的阳光下闪着波光的大海，判定这块石头可能曾安插用于指引当地海员回家的标志。

晚上在酒吧里，他谈到那块石头和他觉得那石头可能曾安插用于指引海员的标志的想法。

“是的，”旅店老板贝茨说，“我听说他们在海上就能看到它，可插在那里的东西很久以前就倒了。”

“那倒是件好事，”其中一位村民说，“那不是什么吉祥的标志，老人们过去经常这么说。我是说对捕鱼来说不吉祥。”

“为什么呢？”汤姆森问进。

“噢，我从来没有亲眼见过那东西，”那村民回答，“可那些老渔夫们的想法很怪，如果是他们亲手毁掉了它，我也不会感到奇怪我不可能找到比这更明确的答案了，人们很快就开始谈起别的事儿了。

一天，汤姆森先生决定下午接着看书，不去散步。他早早吃完午饭回到房间里，继续看书看到大约3点。然后他放下书站起身，走出房间进了走廊，想休息5分钟。整座房子安静至极。他想起今天是赶集的日子，人们都到镇上去了。

他站在那里，突然想到要看看走廊两边的其他4个房间。他觉得贝茨夫妇肯定不会介意。他对面的那间屋子很大，但是看不到海。相邻的两间都比他的房间小，而且都只有一个窗户——他的房间有两个窗户。他走到走廊尽头的那个房门前，发现门锁着。他决意一定要看看这间屋子里面是什么样的；也许自己房间的钥匙能打开这个门。试了试打不开。于是他又从另外3个房间拿来钥匙试，其中一把打开了锁，他开了门。

这房间有两面窗户分别朝南朝西，明亮而炙热的阳光洒满了房间。屋里没有地毯，只有木头地板；没有画，没有家具，只在远处墙角有一张床，一张上面盖着条带点儿蓝色的灰毯子的金属床。这间屋子再平常不过了，却有某种情况使汤姆森非常迅速而又轻轻地关上门，然后倚在走廊的墙上浑身发起抖来。

原来毯子下面躺着个人，不仅是躺着，而且还在动。肯定是人而不是东西，因为毯子下面头部和身体的轮廓很清晰。然而却从头到脚都盖着，除非死人才盖着头躺着，而这人没有死，没有真死，因为它还在动并且在发抖。

汤姆森试图告诉自己他在胡思乱想，可在这光天化日之下这又不可能的。他该怎么办呢？首先再锁上门。他的手颤抖着用钥匙在锁眼里

转动着，这时出了点儿声音，他马上便听到有轻轻朝门口走来的脚步声。虽然他知道这么做无济于事，汤姆森还是跑回自己的房间把自己锁在了里面。关上门上了锁又怎么能挡住他怀疑的东西呢？他站在那里听了几分钟，走廊里没有任何声音。

他现在想不出来该怎么做。他想收拾起东西马上离开这家旅店，可就在那天早上他才告诉贝茨夫妇他要再呆上一周。如果他突然走了，他们肯定会猜测其中的原因。这时他想或许贝茨夫妇知道那房间里的东西却仍住在这套房子里，或许他们对此一无所知。可能他们知道的情况仅使他们将那间屋子锁起来，却不至于使他们离开这座房子。无论如何，不管那屋子里有什么东西，他们似乎并不害怕，他为什么要怕呢？于是他决定按原来自己的安排再呆上一周。

时间一天天过去，汤姆森仔细听着走廊尽头那间屋子有什么声音，可什么也没听到。他当然不能去问贝茨先生或夫人，而且觉得这事也不能去问别人。可是他却极想弄清此事，于是便决定离开这家旅馆前再找机会去看看那锁着的屋子里面的情况。

他简单地计划了一下：他安排坐下午的火车走并且把行李放在送站的马车上，然后就在临走前再回楼上看看是不是忘了什么东西，这时他不回自己的房间而是到那间屋子里去。他在钥匙上抹了点儿油，这样开起门来声音会小一点儿。

最后一天到了。吃完午饭，他的行李被拿下楼放在了送站的马车上。贝茨夫妇来到前门和他道别。汤姆森感谢他们让他住得很舒服，夫妇俩也对他住在他们这儿表示感谢。接着，汤姆森照计划说：

“我再去看看有没有把书或什么东西忘在房间里。不过没事，我自己去看看就行了。”

他快步上楼来到那间锁着的屋门前，轻轻转动钥匙打开了门。他几乎要大声笑出来。斜靠在或者说坐在床边的——只不过是普普通通的稻草人！一个从花园里搬出来的稻草人，只不过被放在了这间空屋子里……

可突然他不再觉得这事情好玩了。稻草人有瘦骨嶙峋的双脚吗？头能在肩膀上晃动吗？脖子上会有沉重的金属链子吗？能从床上起来，摇晃着头、胳膊紧贴着身体两侧在地上走动……而且冻得发抖吗？

汤姆森砰地一声关上门，从楼梯上跳下来，随即昏倒在旅店门口。他醒过来时，贝茨先生正端着杯威士忌严肃地站在他身边。

“先生，你可不该这么做，”贝茨说，“你不应该窥探别人的秘密，尤其是尽力使你舒服的人家。”

汤姆森说他很抱歉，可旅店老板和妻子觉得难以接受他的道歉。

“谁知道这件事会对我们旅店的声誉造成什么损害呢？”贝茨先生说，他妻子也在附和着。

最后汤姆森还是让贝茨夫妇相信了他不会把自己见到的一切说出去。这时他已经错过了那趟火车，可他决定去镇上，在火车站旅馆过夜。

他临走前，贝茨先生给他讲了自己知道的一点儿情况。

“人们说多年前他是这家旅店的老板，和那些在荒原上抢夺和谋杀旅行者的小偷们同谋一起干坏事，所以被人——据说用链子——吊死在你看见的那块白石头上的绞架上。是啊，我想后来那些渔夫们把绞架拆了下来，因为他们在海上就能看见，他们说鱼一见到它就跑。这些都是从卖给我们旅店的人们那里听来的。’你们把那间屋子的门窗关好，’他们说，’别把床搬出来，就不会有什么麻烦。’我们确实也没遇到什么麻烦。虽然谁也不知道现在他会干什么，但是此前他从来没出来过。我从来没看见过他，而且也不想看见。不过，先生，我确实希望你能保守这个秘密。如果传出去，人们就不会想到这儿来住了，对吧？”

多年来汤姆森先生一直信守诺言，没有将此事说出来。如今他已经年迈，来看望我的父亲我才听到了这个故事。我奉命带他上楼到他的房间去。一到那儿，他便走上前去自己用力推开了门。他在门口站了会儿，仔细看了看房间的每一个角落。

接着他转向我。“对不起，”他说，“这么做很怪，却是很有理由的。”

几天后我听说了其中的理由，您现在也听说了。

Casting the Runes

15th April 1902

Dear Mr Karswell

I am turning your paper on 'The Truth of Alchemy', which you have kindly offered to read at our next club meeting. Unfortunately, we do not feel able to accept your offer.

W. Gayton, Secretary

18th April 1902

Dear Mr Karswell

I am afraid that I am not able to arrange a meeting with you to discuss your offer to read a paper on alchemy. However, the club considered your offer most carefully, and we did not refuse it until we had asked for the opinion of an expert in these matters.

W. Gayton, Secretary

20th April 1902

The Secretary writes to inform Mr Karswell that it is impossible for him to give the name of any person or persons who were asked for an opinion on Mr Karswell's paper on alchemy. The Secretary also wishes to say that he cannot reply to any further letters on this matter.

'And who is Mr Karswell?' asked the Secretary's wife. She had called at his office and had just picked up and read the last of these letters.

'Well, my dear,' replied her husband, 'just at present Mr Karswell is a very angry man. All I know about him is that he's rich, lives at Lufford Abbey in Warwickshire, and considers himself to be an alchemist. And I don't want to meet him for the next week or two. Now, shall we go?'

'What have you been doing to make him angry?' asked the Secretary's wife.

'The usual thing, my dear. He sent us a paper which he wanted to read at our next meeting. We showed it to Edward Dunning—almost the only man in England who knows about these things—and he said it was no good, so we refused it. Now Karswell wants to see me about it and to find out whose opinion we asked for. Well, you've seen my reply to that. Of course, you mustn't say anything about it to anyone.'

'You know very well that I would never do a thing like that. Indeed, I hope he doesn't discover that it was poor Mr Dunning.'

'Why do you say "poor" Mr Dunning?' said the Secretary. 'He's a very happy man and quite rich, I believe. He has a comfortable home and plenty of time to spend on his hobbies.'

'I only meant that I would be sorry for him if Mr Karswell discovered his name and made trouble for him.'

'Oh yes! He would be poor Mr Dunning then,' agreed her husband. The Secretary and his wife were lunching with friends that day, a Mr and Mrs Bennett, who came from Warwickshire. Mrs Gayton decided to ask them if they knew Mr Karswell. However, before she could do so, Mrs Bennett said to her husband:

'I saw Mr Karswell this morning. He was coming out of the British Museum as I was driving past.'

'Did you really?' said her husband. 'I wonder what brings him up to London.'

'Is he a friend of yours?' asked the Secretary, smiling at his wife.

'Oh no!' said Mr and Mrs Bennett together.

'He's one of our neighbours in Warwickshire,' explained Mrs Bennett, 'but he's not at all popular. Nobody knows what he does with his time and they say he believes in all kinds of strange and unpleasant things. If he thinks you have been impolite to him, he never forgets it, and he never does anything kind for his neighbours.'

'But, my dear,' said her husband, 'you're forgetting the Christmas party he gave for the children.'

'Oh no, I'm not,' replied his wife. 'That's a good example of what I mean.' She turned to the Secretary and his wife.

'The first winter he was at Lufford this horrible man invited all the village children to a Christmas party at his house. He said that he had some of these new moving pictures to show them. Everyone was rather surprised because they thought that he didn't like children; he used to be very angry if any of the village children came on to his land. However, the children all went and a friend of ours, Mr Farrer, went with them to see that everything was all right.'

'And was it?' asked the Secretary.

'Indeed it was not!' replied Mrs Bennett. 'Our friend said it was obvious that Mr Karswell wanted to frighten the children to death, and he very nearly did so. The first film was "Red Riding Hood", and the wolf was so terrible that several of the smaller children had to leave the room. The other films were more and more frightening. At the end Mr Karswell showed a film of a little boy in the park surrounding Lufford Abbey—every child in the room could recognize the place. There was a horrible creature in white following the little boy. At first you could see it hiding in the trees, then it became clearer and clearer and at last it caught the little boy and pulled him to pieces. Our friend said that it gave him some very bad dreams, so you can imagine how the children felt. Of course, this was too much and Mr Farrer told Karswell that he must stop it. All Mr Karswell said was: "Oh! The dear children want to go home to bed, do they? Very well, just one last picture."

'And then he showed a short film of horrible creatures with wings and lots of legs. They seemed to be crawling out of the picture to get among the children. Of course, the children were terribly frightened and they all started screaming and running out of the room. Some of them were quite badly hurt because they were all trying to get out of the room at the same

time. There was the most awful trouble in the village afterwards. Several of the fathers wanted to go to Lufford Abbey and break all the windows, but the gates were locked when they got there. So you see why Mr Karswell is not one of our friends. '

'Yes, 'agreed her husband. 'I think Karswell is a very dangerous man. I feel sorry for anyone who makes an enemy of him. '

'Is he the man, 'asked the Secretary, 'who wrote a History of Witchcraft about ten years ago? '

'Yes, that's the man, 'replied Mr Bennett. 'Do you remember what the newspapers said about it? '

'Yes, I do, 'said the Secretary. 'They all said that it was a really bad book. In fact, I knew the man who wrote the sharpest report of them all. So did you, of course. You remember John Harrington? He was at Cambridge with us. '

'Oh, very well indeed. But I had heard nothing of him between the time we left university and the day I read about his accident in the newspaper. '

'What happened to him? 'asked one of the ladies.

'It was very strange, 'said Mr Bennett. 'He fell out of a tree and broke his neck. The mystery was why he had climbed the tree in the first place. There he was, an ordinary man walking home along a country road late one evening, and suddenly he began to run as fast as he could. Finally he climbed up a tree beside the road; a dead branch broke, he fell and was killed. When they found him the next morning, he had a terrible expression of fear on his face. It was quite clear that he had been chased by something and people talked about mad dogs and so on, but no one ever found the answer. That was in 1889 and ever since then his brother, Henry, who was also at Cambridge with us, has been trying to find out the truth of what happened. He thinks that someone wanted to harm his brother but, of course, he has never been able to prove anything. '

After a pause Mr Bennett asked the Secretary, 'Did you ever read Karswell's History of Witchcraft? '

'Yes, I did, 'said the Secretary.

'And was it as bad as Harrington said? '

'Oh yes. It was badly written but what it said was very bad too, although Karswell seemed to believe every word of what he was saying. '

'I didn't read the book but I remember what Harrington wrote about it, 'said Mr Bennett. 'If anyone wrote like that about one of my books, I would never write another, I'm sure. '

'I don't think Karswell feels the same way, 'replied the Secretary. 'But it's half past three; we must go. Thank you for an excellent lunch. '

On the way home Mrs Gayton said, 'I hope that horrible man Karswell doesn't discover that it was Mr Dunning who said his paper was no good. '

'I don't think he's likely to do that, 'replied her husband. 'Dunning won't tell him and neither shall I. The only way Karswell might find out is by asking the people at the British Museum Library for the name of anyone who studies all their old books about alchemy. Let's hope he won't think of that. '

But Mr Karswell was a very clever man.

One evening, later in the same week, Mr Edward Dunning was returning from the British Museum Library, where he had been working all day, to his comfortable home. He lived alone there, except for the two women who cooked and cleaned for him. A train took him most of the way home, then he caught a bus for the last mile or two. He had finished reading his newspaper by the time he got on the bus so he amused himself by reading the different notices on the windows opposite him. He already knew most of them quite well, but there seemed to be a new one in the corner that he had not seen before. It was yellow with blue letters, and all he could read was the name 'John Harrington'. Soon the bus was nearly empty and he changed his seat so that he could read the rest of it. It said:

REMEMBER JOHN HARRINGTON OF THE LAURELS, ASHBROOKE, WARWICKSHIRE, WHO DIED 18TH SEPTEMBER 1889. HE WAS ALLOWED THREE MONTHS.

Mr Dunning stared at this notice for a long time. He was the only passenger on the bus when it reached his stop, and as he was getting off, he said to the driver, 'I was looking at that new notice on the window, the blue and yellow one. It's rather strange, isn't it? '

'Which one is that, sir? asked the driver. 'I don't think I know it. '

'why, this one here, 'said Mr Dunning, turning to point to it. Then he suddenly stopped—the window was now quite clear. The blue and yellow notice, with its strange message, had completely disappeared.

'But I'm sure...'Mr Dunning began, staring at the window. Then he turned back to the driver. 'I'm sorry. Perhaps I imagined it, 'he said.

He hurried off the bus and walked home, feeling rather worried. The notice had been there on the window; he was sure of it. But what possible explanation could there be for its disappearing like that?

The following afternoon Mr Dunning was walking from the British Museum to the station when he saw, some way ahead of him, a man holding some leaflets, ready to give to people as they passed. However, Mr Dunning did not see him give any one a leaflet until he himself reached the place. One was pushed into his hand as he passed. The man's hand touched his, and gave Mr Dunning an unpleasant surprise. The hand seemed unnaturally rough and hot. As Mr Dunning walked on, he looked quickly at the leaflet and noticed the name Harrington. He stopped in alarm, and felt in his pocket for his glasses, but in that second someone took the leaflet out of his hand. He turned quickly—but whoever it was had disappeared, and so had the man with the leaflets.

The next day in the British Museum he was arranging his papers on the desk when he thought he heard his own name whispered behind him. He turned round hurriedly, knocking some of his papers on to the floor, but saw no one he recognized. He picked up his papers and was beginning to work when a large man at the table behind him, who was just getting up to leave, touched him on the shoulder.

'May I give you these?' he said, holding out a number of papers. 'I think they must be yours.'

'Yes, they are mine. Thank you,' said Mr Dunning. A moment later the man had left the room.

Later, Mr Dunning asked the librarian if he knew the large man's name.

'Oh yes. that's Mr Karswell,' said the librarian. 'In fact, he asked me the other day who were the experts on alchemy, so I told him that you were the only one in the country. I'll introduce you if you like; I'm sure he'd like to meet you.'

'No, no, please don't,' said Dunning. 'He is someone I would very much prefer to avoid.'

On the way home from the museum Mr Dunning felt strangely unwell. Usually he looked forward to an evening spent alone with his books, but now he wanted to be with other people. Unfortunately, the train and the bus were unusually empty. When he reached his house, he was surprised to find the doctor waiting for him.

'I'm sorry, Dunning,' said the doctor. 'I'm afraid I've had to send both your servants to hospital.'

'Oh dear!' said Mr Dunning. 'What's the matter with them?'

'They told me they'd bought some fish for their lunch from a man who came to the door, and it has made them quite ill.'

'I'm very sorry to hear that,' said Mr Dunning.

'It's strange,' said the doctor. 'I've spoken to the neighbours and no one else has seen anyone selling fish. Now, don't worry. They're not seriously ill, but I'm afraid they won't be home for two or three days. Why don't you come and have dinner with me this evening? Eight o'clock. You know where I live.'

Mr Dunning enjoyed his evening with the doctor and returned to his lonely house at half past eleven. He had got into bed and was almost asleep when he heard quite clearly the sound of his study door opening downstairs. Alarmed, he got out of bed, went to the top of the stairs, and listened. There were no sounds of movements or footsteps, but he suddenly felt warm, even hot, air round his legs. He went back and decided to lock himself into his room, and then suddenly, the electric lights all went out. He put out his hand to find the matches on the table beside the bed—and touched a mouth, with teeth and with hair around it, and not, he said later, the mouth of a human being. In less than a second he was in another room and had locked the door. And there he spent a miserable night, in the dark, expecting every moment to hear something trying to open the door. But nothing came.

When it grew light, he went nervously back into his bedroom and searched it. Everything was in its usual place. He searched the whole house, but found nothing.

It was a miserable day for Mr Dunning. He did not want to go to the British Museum in case he met Karswell, and he did not feel comfortable in the empty house. He spent half an hour at the hospital where he found that the two women were feeling much better. Then he decided to go to the Club for lunch. There, he was very glad to find his friend the Secretary and they had lunch together. He told Gayton that his servants were in hospital, but he was unwilling to speak of his other problems.

'You poor man,' said the Secretary. 'We can't leave you alone with no one to cook your meals. You must come and stay with us. My wife and I will be delighted to have you. Go home after lunch and bring your things to my house this afternoon. No, I won't let you refuse.'

In fact, Mr Dunning was very happy to accept his friend's invitation. The idea of spending another night alone in his house was alarming him more and more.

At dinner that evening Mr Dunning looked so unwell that the Gaytons felt sorry for him and tried to make him forget his troubles. But later, when the two men were alone, Dunning became very quiet again. Suddenly he said:

'Gayton, I think that man Karswell knows that I was the person who advised you to refuse his paper.'

Gayton looked surprised. 'What makes you think that?' he asked.

So Dunning explained. 'I don't really mind,' he continued, 'but I believe that he's not a very nice person and it could be difficult if we met.'

After this Dunning sat in silence, looking more and more miserable. At last Gayton asked him if some serious trouble was worrying him.

'Oh! I'm so glad you asked,' said Dunning. 'I feel I really must talk to someone about it. Do you know anything about a man named John Harrington?'

Very surprised, Gayton could only ask why he wanted to know. Then Dunning told him the whole story of the notice in the bus, the man with the leaflets, and what had happened in his own house. He ended by asking again if Gayton knew anything about John Harrington.

Now it was the Secretary who was worried and did not quite know how to answer. His friend was clearly in a very nervous condition, and the story of Harrington's death was alarming for anyone to hear. Was it possible that Karswell was involved with both men? In the end Gayton said only that he had known Harrington at Cambridge and believed that he had died suddenly in 1889. He added a few details about the man and his books.

Later, when they were alone, the Secretary discussed the matter with his wife. Mrs Gayton said immediately that Karswell must be the link between the two men, and she wondered if Harrington's brother, Henry, could perhaps help Mr Dunning. She would ask the Bennetts where Henry Harrington lived, and then bring the two men together.

When they met, the first thing Dunning told Henry Harrington was of the strange ways in which he had learnt his brother's name. He described his other recent experiences and asked Harrington what he remembered about his brother before he died.

John was in a very strange condition for some time before his death, it's true, replied Henry Harrington. Among other things, he felt that someone was following him all the time. I'm sure that someone was trying to harm him, and your story reminds me very much of the things he experienced. Could there be any link between you and my brother, do you think?'

'Well,' replied Dunning, there is just one thing. I'm told that your brother wrote some very hard things about a book not long before he died and, as it happens, I too have done something to annoy the man who wrote that book.'

'Don't tell me his name is Karswell,' said Harrington.

'Why yes, it is,' replied Dunning.

Henry Harrington looked very serious.

'Well, that is the final proof I needed,' he said. 'Let me explain. I believe that my brother John was sure that this man Karswell was trying to harm him. Now, John was very fond of music. He often went to concerts in London, and always kept the concert programmes afterwards. About three months before he died, he came back from a concert and showed me the programme.'

' "I nearly missed this one," he said. "I couldn't find mine at the end of the concert and was looking everywhere for it. Then my neighbour offered me his, saying that he didn't need it any more. I don't know who he was—he was a very large man. "

'Soon after this my brother told me that he felt very uncomfortable at night. Then, one evening, he was looking through all his concert programmes when he found something strange in the programme that his large neighbour had given him. It was a thin piece of paper with some writing on it—not normal writing. It looked to me more like Runic letters in red and black. Well, we were looking at this and wondering how to give it back to its owner when the door opened and the wind blew the paper into the fire. It was burnt in a moment.'

Mr Dunning sat silent as Harrington paused.

'Now,' he continued, 'I don't know if you ever read that book of Karswell's, The History of Witchcraft, which my brother said was so badly written.'

Dunning shook his head.

'Well,' Harrington went on, 'after my brother died I read some of it. The book was indeed badly written and a lot of it was rubbish, but one bit caught my eye. It was about "Casting the Runes" on people in order to harm them, and I'm sure that Karswell was writing from personal experience. I won't tell you all the details, but I'm certain that the large man at the concert was Karswell, and that the paper he gave my brother caused his death. Now, I must ask you if anything similar has happened to you.'

Dunning told him what had happened in the British Museum.

'So Karswell did actually pass you some papers?' said Harrington. 'Have you checked them? No? Well, I think we should do so at once, if you agree.'

They went round to Dunning's empty house where his papers were lying on the table. As he picked them up, a thin piece of paper fell to the ground. A sudden wind blew it towards the open window, but Harrington closed the window just in time to stop the paper escaping. He caught the paper in his hand.

'I thought so,' he said. 'It looks just like the one my brother was given. I think you're in great danger, Dunning.'

The two men discussed the problem for a long time. The paper was covered in Runic letters which they could not understand, but both men felt certain that the message, whatever it was, could bring unknown horrors to its owner. They agreed that the paper must be returned to Karswell, and that the only safe and sure way was to give it to him in person and see that he accepted it. This would be difficult since Karswell knew what Dunning looked like.

'I can grow a beard,' said Dunning, 'so that he won't recognize me. But who knows when the end will come?'

'I think I know,' said Harrington. 'The concert where my brother was given the paper was on June 18th, and he died on September 18th, three months later.'

'Perhaps it will be the same for me,' Dunning said miserably. He looked in his diary. 'Yes, April 23rd was the day in the Museum—that brings me to July 23rd. Now, Harrington, I would very much like to know anything you can tell me about your brother's trouble.'

'The thing that worried him most,' said Harrington, 'was the feeling that whenever he was alone, someone was watching him. After a time I began to sleep in his room, and he felt better because of that. But he talked a lot in his sleep.'

'What about?' asked Dunning.

'I think it would be better not to go into details about that,' replied Harrington. But I remember that he received a packet by post, which contained a little diary. My brother didn't look at it, but after his death I did, and found that all the pages after September 18th had been cut out. Perhaps you wonder why he went out alone on the evening he died? The strange thing is that during the last week of his life all his worries seemed to disappear, and he no longer felt that someone was watching or following him.'

Finally, the two men made a plan. Harrington had a friend who lived near Lufford Abbey; he would stay with him and watch Karswell. If he thought they had a chance to arrange an accidental meeting, he would send a telegram to Dunning. Meanwhile, Dunning had to be ready to move at any moment and had to keep the paper safe.

Harrington went off to his friend in Warwickshire and Dunning was left alone. He found waiting very hard, and was unable to work or to take any interest in anything. He felt that he was living in a black cloud that cut him off from the world. He became more and more worried as May, June, and the first half of July passed with no word from Harrington. But all this time Karswell remained at Lufford Abbey.

At last, less than a week before July 23rd, Dunning received a telegram from his friend:

Karswell is leaving London for France on the boat train on Thursday night. Be ready. I will come to you tonight. Harrington.

When he arrived, the two men made their final plan. The boat train from London stopped only once before Dover, at Croydon West. Harrington would get on the train in London and find where Karswell was sitting. Dunning would wait for the train at Croydon West where Harrington would look out for him. Dunning would make sure that his name was not on his luggage and, most importantly, must have the paper with him.

On Thursday night Dunning waited impatiently for the train at Croydon West. He now had a thick beard and was wearing

glasses, and felt sure that Karswell would not recognize him. He noticed that he no longer felt himself to be in danger, but this only made him worry more, because he remembered what Harrington had said about his brother's last week.

At last the boat train arrived and he saw his friend at one of the windows. It was important not to show that they knew each other, so Dunning got on further down the train and slowly made his way to the right compartment.

Harrington and Karswell were alone in the compartment, and Dunning entered and sat in the corner furthest from Karswell. Karswell's heavy travelling coat and bag were on the seat opposite him, and next to where Dunning was now sitting. Dunning thought of hiding the paper in the coat but realized that this would not do; he would have to give it to Karswell and see that Karswell accepted it. Could he hide Karswell's bag in some way, put the paper in it, and then give the bag to him as he got off the train? This was the only plan he could think of. He wished desperately that he could ask Harrington's advice.

Karswell himself seemed very restless. Twice he stood up to look out of the window. Dunning was just going to try to make his bag fall off the seat when he saw a warning expression in Harrington's eye—Karswell was watching them in the window.

Then Karswell stood up a third time, opened the window and put his head outside. As he stood up, something fell silently to the floor and Dunning saw that it was a thin wallet containing Karswell's tickets. In a moment Dunning had pushed the paper into the pocket at the back of the wallet. Just then the train began to lose speed as it came into Dover station, and Karswell closed the window and turned round.

'May I give you this, sir? I think it must be yours,' said Dunning, holding out the wallet.

'Oh, thank you, sir,' replied Karswell, checking that they were his tickets. Then he put the wallet into his pocket.

Suddenly the compartment seemed to grow dark and very hot, but already Harrington and Dunning were opening the door and getting off the train.

Dunning, unable to stand up, sat on a seat on the platform breathing deeply, while Harrington followed Karswell the little way to the boat. He saw Karswell show his ticket to the ticket collector and pass on to the boat. As he did so, the official called after him:

'Excuse me, sir. Has your friend got a ticket?'

'What d'you mean, my friend?' shouted Karswell angrily.

'Sorry, sir, I thought there was someone with you,' apologized the ticket collector. He turned to another official beside him, 'Did he have a dog with him or something? I was sure there were two of them.'

Five minutes later there was nothing except the disappearing lights of the boat, the night wind, and the moon.

That night the two friends sat up late in their room in the hotel. Although the danger was past, a worry remained.

'Harrington,' Dunning said, 'I'm afraid we have sent a man to his death.'

'He murdered my brother,' replied Harrington, 'and he tried to murder you. It is right that he should die.'

'Don't you think we should warn him?' asked Dunning.

'How can we?' replied his friend. 'We don't know where he's going.'

'He's going to Abbeville,' said Dunning. 'I saw it on his ticket. Today is the 21st. We could send a telegram in the morning to all the main hotels in Abbeville saying: Check your ticket wallet. Dunning. Then he would have a whole day.'

After a pause Harrington agreed. 'I see it would make you feel happier,' he said, 'so we'll warn him.'

The telegrams were sent first thing in the morning but no one knows if Karswell received any of them. All that is known is that on July 23rd a man was looking at the front of a church in Abbeville when a large piece of stone fell from the roof and hit him on the head, killing him immediately. The police reported that nobody was on the roof at the time. From papers found on the body they discovered that the dead man was an Englishman, named Karswell.

Some months later Dunning reminded Harrington that he had never told him what his brother had talked about in his sleep. But Harrington had only said a few words when Dunning begged him to stop.

运用如尼魔文

1902年4月15日

亲爱的卡斯韦尔先生：

这里将您有关“炼金术的真实性”的文章退还给您，您提议在我们俱乐部下次开会时宣读该文，很对不起，我们不能接受。

秘书 W. 盖伊顿

1902年4月18日

亲爱的卡斯韦尔先生：

我恐怕不能安排时间与您商谈您要宣读炼金术方面文章的提议。不过，我们俱乐部是进行了十分认真的考虑，并且是在征询了这方面专家的意见后，才对您的提议予以拒绝的。

秘书 W. 盖伊顿

1902年4月20日

秘书现写信通知卡斯韦尔先生不可能告诉他有关他这篇炼金术方面的文章他们征询了哪个或哪些人的意见。而且秘书还想说他不会再为此事回信了。

“卡斯韦尔先生是谁呀？”秘书夫人问遭。她来到丈夫的办公室里，拿起刚才那几封信看了最后一封。

“噢，亲爱的，”她丈夫回答，“现在卡斯韦尔先生很恼火。我只知道他很富有，住在沃里克郡的勒夫德大教堂，他认为自己是个炼金术士，最近一两周我不想见他。好了，咱们走吧。”

“你做了什么使他恼火的事儿了？”秘书夫人问道。

“亲爱的，只是件很平常的事情。他给我们寄来了一篇文章，想要我们下次开会时宣读。我们把文章给爱德华·邓宁看了——他可差不多

是英国这方面唯一的专家了——他说这篇文章没什么价值，于是我们便拒绝了他的提议。现在卡斯韦尔想见我，并想知道我们到底征询了谁的意见。这不，你也看见我的答复了。当然你可千万别把这事儿告诉任何人。”

“你很清楚我决不会这么做。我真希望他不会知道你们找的是可怜的邓宁先生。”

“你为什么说‘可怜的’邓宁先生呢？”秘书说，“我觉得他生活得既幸福又富有。他有个很舒适的家而且有足够的¹时间花在自己的爱好上。”

“我只是说，如果卡斯韦尔先生知道他的名字后找他的麻烦，我会很同情他的。”

“是呀！那他可真要成了可怜的邓宁先生了。”她丈夫也同意她的说法。

那天秘书和夫人与他们的朋友，沃里克郡的贝内特夫妇，共进午餐。盖伊顿夫人决定问问他们是否认识卡斯韦尔先生。可还没等她开口，就听见贝内特夫人对丈夫说：

“今天早上我见到卡斯韦尔先生了。我开车路过大英博物馆时见他正从里边出来。”

“真的吗？”她丈夫说，“真不知道他到伦敦干什么来了。”

“他是你们的朋友吗？”秘书微笑着看着妻子问道。

“噢，不！”贝内特夫妇异口同声地说。

“他是我们在沃里克郡的一个邻居，”贝内特夫人解释道，“可他一点儿都不招人喜欢。大家都不知道他在干什么，听说他相信各种各样稀奇古怪而且使人不快²的东西。如果他觉得你对他不恭敬，就永远不会忘掉，而且这人从来没为邻居们做过什么善事。”

“不过，亲爱的，”她丈夫插话道，“你忘了他给孩子们办的圣诞晚会了。”

“噢，没有，”贝内特夫人回答，“这件事正能说明我的意思。”她转向秘书和夫人接着说，“这个讨厌的家伙搬到勒夫德的头一年冬天，邀请村里所有的孩子到他家去参加圣诞晚会。他说他有些新电影要放给他们看。大家对此都很吃惊，因为人们都觉得他不喜欢孩子；过去如果村里的哪个孩子到了他的地盘上，他会很恼火的。不过，孩子们还是都去了，我们的一位叫法勒的朋友为确保他们平安无事也跟着去了。”

“孩子们都平安无事吗？”秘书问道。

“当然不是了！”贝内特夫人回答说，“我们的朋友说卡斯韦尔先生显然是想把孩子们吓死，而且他差不多真把他们吓死了。他放的第一部电影是《红色骑士兜帽》，里面的那只狼很可怕，几个小一点儿的孩子吓得不得不离开了屋。其他几部片子越来越吓人。最后卡斯韦尔先生放了部一个小男孩在勒夫德大教堂周围公园里的影片——屋里的每个孩子都能认出电影里的那个地方。一个身着白衣的怪物跟着那男孩。一开始那怪物藏在树丛里，后来就能看得越来越清楚，最后它抓住了那小男孩并把他撕成了碎片。我们的朋友说他看了这部电影都做了恶梦，所以你们可以想像孩子们的感觉怎么样。这样做当然太过分了，于是法勒先生告诉卡斯韦尔必须停下来。卡斯韦尔先生只是说：“噢！亲爱的孩子们想回家睡觉了是吗？好吧，再放最后一部。”

“接着他放了一部短片，是有关一些长着翅膀和许多条腿的可怕怪物的。这些怪物似乎正从电影里爬出，到孩子们中来。孩子们当然十分害怕，于是都开始尖叫着从房间里跑出来。因为他们都想同时跑出来，所以有几个孩子受伤很厉害。后来村里出了最大的乱子。几个孩子的父亲想去勒夫德大教堂把所有的窗户都砸碎，可他们到那儿发现门都锁着呢。这回你明白卡斯韦尔先生为什么不是我们的朋友了吧。”

“是这样的，”他丈夫也附和着说，“我觉得卡斯韦尔是个极其危险的人物。谁与他为敌恐怕都不会有好结果的。”

“他是不是那个大约十年前写《巫术的历史》那本书的人呀？”秘书问道。

“是的，就是他，”贝内特先生回答，“你还记得报界是怎么评价这本书的吗？”

“记得，”秘书说，“报界都说这本书确实很糟糕。而且我认识其中那篇最尖刻的评论的作者。当然你们也认识了。你们记得约翰·哈林顿吗？他和我们一起在剑桥大学呆过。”

“噢，当然记得。可从我们离开剑桥大学到在报上读到他出事的消息就一直没有他的消息。”

“他出了什么事？”其中一位夫人问道。

“事情非常奇怪，”贝内特先生说，“他从树上掉下来摔断脖颈而死。首先他为什么会爬到树上去就是个谜。他一个平平常常的人夜晚沿着一条乡间小路往家走着，突然就开始拼命跑起来，最后爬上了路边的一棵树，一根枯枝折了，于是他掉下来摔死了。第二天早上人们发现他时，他脸上带着一种极度恐惧的表情。很明显后面有什么追他，人们说是疯狗什么的，可没人知道到底是什么。这是1889年的事，从那以后他弟弟亨利，当时也和我们一起在剑桥大学的那位，就一直在努力想了解事情的真相。他觉得有人想害他哥哥，当然还从来没能找到任何证据。”

停了一下，贝内特先生问秘书：“你读过卡斯韦尔的《巫术的历史》吗？”

“读过。”秘书回答。

“果真像哈林顿说的那么糟吗？”

“噢，是的，写得很糟，而且内容也很糟，虽然卡斯韦尔似乎对自己的每一句话都深信不疑。”

“我没读那本书，可我记得哈林顿的评论，”贝内特先生说，“如果有人那样评论我的某本书，我肯定不会再写书了。”

“我觉得卡斯韦尔没有这种感觉，”秘书回答说。“都3点半了，我们得走了。谢谢你们这顿极其丰盛的午餐。”

回家的路上盖伊顿夫人说：“我希望那可怕³的家伙卡斯韦尔不会发现是邓宁先生说他的文章很糟糕。”

“我想他不大可能知道，”她丈夫说，“邓宁不会告诉他，我也不会。卡斯韦尔知道邓宁名字的唯一办法就是问大英博物馆图书馆的人谁在研究他们那些炼金术方面的古旧书籍。真希望他不会想到这个办法。”

可卡斯韦尔先生是个极其聪明的人。

同一个星期后几天的一个傍晚，爱德华·邓宁先生从大英博物馆图书馆出来，回他那舒适的家，他在馆里用功了一整天，除了两个给他做饭和打扫卫生的女人，只有他一个人住。他回家的大部分路程是坐火车，最后一两里路再坐公共汽车。上公共汽车时他已经看完了报纸，于是便看着对面车窗上各种各样的布告来打发时光。其中大部分他已相当熟悉，可有个角落似乎有一张新的，他以前从来没见过。这张布告是黄底蓝字，他只看到一个人名“约翰·哈林顿”。一会儿汽车上便没有什么人了，于是他换了个座位，这样就能看清布告上还写了些什么。上面写着：

记住沃里克郡阿什布鲁克享有殊荣的约翰·哈林顿，他死于1889年9月18日。只让他活了三个月。

邓宁先生盯着那布告看了很长一段时间。到站时车上只剩了他一个乘客。下车时他对司机说：“我刚才在看窗子上新贴的那张布告，那张蓝字黄底的，是不是挺怪的？”

“先生，你说的是哪张呀？”司机问道，“我不知道有那么一张。”

“噢，这儿这张呀，”邓宁先生说着转身指向那张布告。这时他突然停住了——窗子上很干净。那张蓝字黄底的布告，连同上面奇怪的内容都彻底不见了。

“可是我明明……”邓宁先生盯着那车窗看着，接着转过身对司机说：“对不起，可能是我胡思乱想了。”

他匆匆下了汽车往家走，心里感觉很不安。那布告原本就在车窗上，他敢肯定，可后来不见了，这又怎么解释呢？

第二天下午，邓宁先生从大英博物馆出来往火车站走，这时他看见前面有个人手拿一些传单要发给过路的人们。可直到他走到那儿，不见那人发给任何一个人。他经过时那人往他手里塞了一张，那人的手碰到他的手，他感到又不舒服又诧异。那只手似乎粗糙而且热得出奇。邓宁先生往前走着，他扫了一眼那张传单，又看到了哈林顿的名字。他惊恐地停下脚步，在口袋里翻找着眼镜，就在这时有人从他手中拿走了传单。他迅速转过身——可人不见了，就连那拿传单的人也不见了。

第二天他在大英博物馆整理着桌子上的材料时，觉得身后有人低声叫他的名字，他急忙转过身，把一些材料碰掉在地上，可没见有自己认识的人。他捡起材料又要开始工作，这时坐在他后面那张桌旁的一个身材高大的人刚好起身要走，那人碰了一下他的肩膀。

“给您。”他伸着手拿着几份材料说，“我想这些东西一定是您的。”

“是的，是我的，谢谢您。”邓宁先生回答。一会儿那人便走了。

此后，邓宁先生问图书馆员知不知道那大个子的名字。

“知道。他是卡斯韦尔先生，”馆员说，“其实有一天他还问过我哪些人是炼金术方面的专家，我告诉他您是国内唯一的一位。如果您愿意我可以把您介绍给他，我想他肯定会很愿意见您的。”

“不，不，请不要这样做，”邓宁说，“他是很不愿意意见的人。”

从博物馆回家的路上，邓宁先生有种怪异的不适感。通常他很盼望读书独自过一个晚上，可现在却很愿意有人和他在一起。不巧，火车和汽车上的人都少得出奇。到家时，他惊奇地发现医生在等着他呢。

“对不起，邓宁，”医生说，“没办法，我把你的两个仆人都送进医院了。”

“天啊！”邓宁先生说，“她们怎么了？”

“她们告诉我，她们从一个到门前来的人那儿买了鱼当午饭吃。吃了以后她们很难受。”

“真糟糕。”邓宁先生说。

“很奇怪，”医生接着说，“我和邻居们谈过，没人看见有人卖鱼。不过不用担心，她们病得不重，不过两三天中恐怕回不了家。你今天晚上来跟我吃饭吧，8点钟，你知道我的住处。”

邓宁先生和医生过了一个不错的晚上，11点半他回到了自己空落落的家里。他上了床快要睡着时，突然很清楚地听到楼下他书房的开门声。他很惊恐地下床到楼梯顶部倾听着。听不到任何动静或脚步声。这时他突然感到双腿被一股暖烘烘甚至是热乎乎的空气包围着。他回到房间打算把自己锁在里面，突然灯全灭了，他伸手去摸床边桌子上的火柴——却触到了一张嘴，上面长着牙齿，周围还有毛发。后来他说，那不是一张人嘴。接着他迅速进了另外一间屋子并且锁上了门。黑暗中他度过了一个很不舒服的夜晚，随时想着会听到有东西要开门的声音，却一直没有动静。

天一亮，他便心情紧张地回到卧室搜寻。所有的东西都放在原来的位置。他找遍了整个屋子也没发现什么异常的东西。

邓宁先生那一天过得很难受。他怕遇到卡斯韦尔，所以不想去大英博物馆，在空荡荡的屋子里呆着又觉得不舒服。他在医院里呆了半个小时，发现两个女仆好多了。接着他决定到俱乐部去吃午饭。他很高兴在那儿遇到了他的朋友秘书先生，他们共进了午餐。他告诉盖伊顿他的仆人们住院了，却不愿把自己的其他麻烦事儿说出来。

“你这可怜的家伙，”秘书说，“不能让你孤孤单单的没人给你做饭呀。一定要到我家来，我和夫人很愿意你来。吃完饭回家，今天下午把你的东西拿到我家来。我不许你不答应呀。”

其实，邓宁先生很愿意接受朋友的邀请，独自一人在那套房子里再过上一夜的想法越来越使他惊恐不安。

那晚吃饭时，邓宁先生看起来很不舒服。盖伊顿夫妇同情他，于是就努力使他忘掉烦恼。后来只有他们两个男人在一起时，邓宁变得很平静起来。他突然说：

“盖伊顿，我想那个卡斯韦尔知道你是听了我的建议才拒绝接受他的文章的。”

盖伊顿很吃惊，“你怎么会这么想呢？”他问道。

于是邓宁解释了一番，“我倒不介意，”他接着说，“可我觉得他不是个和善的人，如果我们见面的话会很很不愉快的。”

接着邓宁便一语不发地坐在那儿，表情越来越痛苦。最后盖伊顿问他是不是有什么特别麻烦的事使他心烦。

“噢！很高兴你问起，”邓宁说，“我觉得是得跟人谈谈这事了。你知道一个叫约翰·哈林顿的人的情况吗？”

盖伊顿感到很奇怪，他只能问他为什么想知道这个人的情况。接着邓宁把汽车里的布告，发传单的人和他自己家里发生的事情全告诉了他。最后他又问盖伊顿是不是知道约翰·哈林顿的情况。

这回秘书先生不安了，他真不知道应该如何回答这个问题。他的朋友显然处在一种提心吊胆的状态，哈林顿之死谁听了都会惊恐不安的。卡斯韦尔是不是可能与这两个人都有瓜葛？最后盖伊顿只说他在剑桥大学时就认识哈林顿，并且相信他突然死于1889年。他还说了几句有关这个人和他写的书的一些情况。

后来秘书与夫人单独在一起时谈起了此事。盖伊勒夫人马上说卡斯韦尔一定与这两个人都有关联，她说不知道哈林顿的弟弟亨利是不是能帮助邓宁先生。她要去问问贝内特夫妇亨利住在哪儿，然后把这两个人召集到一起。

两人一见面，邓宁首先告诉亨利·哈林顿他是以什么奇怪的方式知道了他哥哥的名字，并且描述了自己近来的一些其他经历，然后问起哈林顿他能记得的哥哥死前的一些情况。

“确实，约翰死前一段时间一直处于一种很奇怪的状态，”亨利·哈林顿说，“其中有一点就是他觉得一直有人跟着他。我确信有人想害他，发生在你身上的事情使我想起了他的一些经历。你觉得你和我哥哥之间有什么关联吗？”

“噢，”邓宁回答道，“只有一件事，我听说你哥哥死前不久对一本书进行了十分尖刻的评论，事有凑巧，我也做了件惹恼这本书作者的事情。”

“这个人不是叫卡斯韦尔吧。”哈林顿说。

“噢，就是他。”邓宁回答。

亨利·哈林顿的神情变得很严肃。

“哦，这就是我需要的最后证据，”他说，“我来解释一下吧。我相信我哥哥约翰很清楚这个叫卡斯韦尔的人想害他。对了，约翰喜欢音乐，他经常去伦敦听音乐会，之后总是把音乐会的节目单保留下来。大约在他死前三个月，他听完音乐会回来给我看了那张节目单。

‘这张节目单我差点儿没拿到，’他说，‘音乐会结束时，我的那张找不到了，我就到处找，这时我的邻座把他的这张给了我，还说他不要了。我不认识这个人——是个身材很高大的人。’

“这之后不久，我哥哥便告诉我夜里感到很不舒服。后来，一天晚上他在从头到尾浏览他的那些音乐会节目单时，发现他那位身材高大的邻座给他的那张有点儿奇怪：那张节目单是一张薄纸，上面写了些字——不是些平常的字。我看更像红黑相间的如尼字母。我们正看着那张单子想着怎么才能把它还给它的主人，突然门开了，一阵风把它刮进了火里，很快被烧掉了。”

哈林顿停了一下，邓宁先生一言不发地坐在那儿。

“噢，”他接着说，“我不知道你是否读过卡斯韦尔的《巫术的历史》，就是我哥哥说写得很糟糕的那本书。”

邓宁摇摇头。

“哦，”哈林顿接着说，“我哥哥死后，我看了其中一部分。那书确实写得很糟糕，许多内容都是胡说八道，可有一点引起了我的注意，也就是把“如尼魔文”“甩”给别人让他们受害，我敢肯定卡斯韦尔是凭着亲身经验写出来的。我就不跟你说那些细节了，可我确信音乐会上那个身材高大的人就是卡斯韦尔，他给我哥哥的那张纸使他丢了性命。哦，我必须问一下在你身上是不是也发生了类似的事情。”

邓宁把大英博物馆里发生的事情告诉了他。

“这么说卡斯韦尔真给了你一些什么材料？”哈林顿说：“你看了吗？没有？噢，如果你同意的活，我想我们应该马上看一看。”

他们到了邓宁空落落的家，他的材料就放在桌子上。他拿起来，这时一张薄纸掉在地上。突然一阵风把它刮向开着的窗户，这时哈林顿及时关上窗户使那张纸没有跑掉。他一把把它抓在手里。

“如我所料，”他说，“这张纸很像我哥哥收到的那张。邓宁，我觉得你的处境很危险。”

两个人就此事商谈了很长时间。那张纸满篇都是他们看不懂的如尼字母，可两个人很明白，不管是什么内容，它都会给其主人带来不知什么样的可怕事情。他们俩都觉得一定得把这张纸还给卡斯韦尔，唯一安全保险的办法就是亲自把它交给他，让他确实接受下来。因为卡斯韦尔知道邓宁的长相，所以这样做是很困难的。

“我可以蓄胡须，”邓宁说，“这样他就不会认出我来了，可谁知道我的末日什么时候来临呢？”

“我想我知道，”哈林顿说，“在音乐会上我哥哥拿到那张纸的日子是6月18日，而他死在9月18日，相隔三个月。”

“可能我也会如此的，”邓宁痛苦地说。他看了看日记接着说：

“是的，在博物馆那天是4月23日——那就是说我能活到7月23日。哈林顿，我很希望你把你哥哥当时遇到的麻烦都告诉我。”

“当时最使他不安的，”哈林顿说，“是每当独自一人时，便觉得有人在盯着他。后来我开始睡在他的房间里，这样他感觉好了一点儿，可他睡觉总说梦话。”

“说些什么呢？”邓宁问。

“我想最好还是不要细谈这事了。”哈林顿回答，“我记得他收过一个邮包，内有一小本日记。我哥哥没看过，他死后我看了，发现9月18日后的那些页全被剪掉了。或许你不明白为什么他在死的那天晚上一个人出去吧？奇怪的是死前最后一周他所有的烦恼都烟消云散了，而且不再觉得有人在盯着或在跟踪他了。”

最后两人制定了计划。哈林顿有位朋友住在勒夫德大教堂附近，他要到他那儿去盯着卡斯韦尔。如果他觉得有机会在邓宁与卡斯韦尔间安排一次偶然相遇，他就给邓宁打电报。与此同时，邓宁得随时准备动身并且妥善保存好那张纸。

哈林顿动身到沃克郡的那位朋友那儿去了，只剩下邓宁孤孤单单一个人。他发现等待是件很难熬的事情，干不了事情，而且对什么都没有兴趣。他感觉自己生活在一块与世隔绝的黑云里。5月、6月、7月的前半个月都过去了，一直没有哈林顿的音讯，他越来越担心起来。这段时间卡斯韦尔一直呆在勒夫德教堂。

终于就在7月23日前不到一周，邓宁收到了他朋友的电报：

卡斯韦尔将于周四晚乘坐按时与船衔接的列车从伦敦动身去法国。准备好，今天晚上我去找你。哈林顿。

他一到，两人便制定了最后的方案。从伦敦发车的火车在到达多佛尔前只停一次，是在克罗伊登西站。哈林顿将在伦敦上车并且找到卡斯韦尔坐的位置。邓宁将在克罗伊登西站等车，到了那儿哈林顿会留心他在哪儿等着的。邓宁的行李上一定不要写名字，最重要的是他一定要带上那张纸。

星期四晚上，邓宁在克罗伊登西站急躁不安地等着火车。他蓄着浓密的胡子戴着眼镜，很有把握卡斯韦尔不会认出他来的。他察觉到自己不再有处于危险境地的感觉，这点使他愈发担心起来，因为他记得哈林顿谈到过他哥哥死前一周的情况。

火车终于来了，他在一个窗口发现了他的朋友。不能让人看出他们相识，这一点是很重要的，于是邓宁从列车稍后一段上了车，慢慢地朝哈林顿所处的那个隔间走去。

隔间里只有哈林顿和卡斯韦尔两个人，邓宁进来坐在离卡斯韦尔最远的一角。卡斯韦尔沉重的旅行外衣和旅行包放在他对面的座位上，邓宁的座位旁边。邓宁想把那张纸藏进他的大衣里，但他意识到这样做不行，他得把它交给卡斯韦尔而且得保证卡斯韦尔收下。能不能用什么办法把卡斯韦尔的包藏起来，把那张纸放进去，然后他下车时再把包交给他呢？他只能想到这个办法了。他实在太希望能征求一下哈林顿的意见。

卡斯韦尔本人似乎也很不安。他两次站起身来朝窗外望着。邓宁试图把他的包从座位上碰掉，这时他看到了哈林顿目光中对他的警告——卡斯韦尔正从窗户里看着他们呢。

这时卡斯韦尔第三次站起身来，打开窗户把头伸到窗外。随着他站起身，有样东西轻轻地掉在了地板上，邓宁一看是个装着卡斯韦尔各种票据的薄薄的钱包。他迅速把那张纸塞进了钱包后部的口袋里。这时火车进了多佛尔站开始减速，卡斯韦尔关上窗户转过身来。

“先生，把这个给您，我想这东西一定是您的。”邓宁说着把那钱包递了过去。

“噢，谢谢你。先生。”卡斯韦尔边回答边看了一下他的票据，接着把钱包放进了口袋。

突然隔间里似乎变得又黑又热，这时哈林顿和邓宁已经在开门下车了。

邓宁坐在月台的座位上喘着粗气，都站不起来了。这时哈林顿跟着卡斯韦尔走了几步到了船前。他看见卡斯韦尔给检票员看了票便上了船。这时，那位检票员在他身后喊道：

“对不起，先生，您的朋友有票吗？”

“什么意思？我的朋友？”卡斯韦尔生气地大声喊道。

“对不起，先生，我以为有人跟您一起呢。”那位检票员道着歉。他转向身旁的另一位检票员说：“他是不是带了条狗什么的？我敢肯定还有一个什么东西。”

5分钟后，这里便只剩下了船上渐渐远去的灯光、夜风和月光了。

那天晚上在一家旅馆里两位朋友夜很深了还没睡。虽然已经没有什么危险了，可他们还是有点儿担心。

“哈林顿，”邓宁说，“恐怕我们把一个人送上死路了。”

“他害死了我哥哥，”哈林顿说，“又想害死你，他也该死。”

“你说我们是不是应该提醒他一下呀？”邓宁问。

“怎么提醒？”他的朋友问，“我们也不知道他要去哪儿。”

“他要去阿比维尔，”邓宁说，“我看见他的票上写着呢。今天是21号。我们早晨可以给阿比维尔主要的旅馆都发封电报，写上：检查一下你的票夹。邓宁。这样他还有一整天的时间。”

停了一会儿，哈林顿同意了，他说：“我知道这样做会使你心里更舒服。那我们就提醒他一下吧。”

第二天早上他们首先把那些电报发了出去，可谁也不知道卡斯韦尔收到了没有。人们只知道7月23日那天，一个人正在阿比维尔一所教堂前面看着，突然一块大石头从屋顶落下砸在他头上，他当即被砸死。警方报告说当时屋顶上没有人。他们从死者身上发现的证件得知他是个英国人，叫卡斯韦尔。

几个月后，邓宁提醒哈林顿说他从没把他哥哥睡梦中说了些什么告诉自己。可哈林顿刚说了几个字，邓宁就求他不要说下去了。

The Experiment

In the last days of December, Dr Hall, the village priest, was working in his study when his servant entered the room, in great alarm.

'Oh, Dr Hall, sir,' she cried. 'What do you think? The poor Squire's dead!'

'What? Squire Bowles? What are you saying, woman?' replied the priest. 'I saw him only yesterday—'

'Yes, sir, I know,' said the servant, 'but it's true. Mr Wickem, the clerk, has just brought the news on his way to ring the church bell. You'll hear it yourself in a moment. Listen! There it is.' And sure enough, the bell then began to ring, long and slow, telling the people of the village that someone had died.

Dr Hall stood up. 'This is terrible,' he said. 'I must go up to the Hall at once. The Squire was so much better yesterday. It seems so sudden.'

'Yes, sir,' agreed the servant. 'Mr Wickem said that the poor Squire was taken ill very suddenly with a terrible pain. He died very quickly, and Wickem said they want him buried quickly too.'

'Yes, yes; well, I must ask Mrs Bowles herself of Mr Joseph,' said the priest. 'Bring me my coat and hat, please. Oh, and tell Mr Wickem that I would like to see him when he has finished ringing the bell.' And he hurried off to the Hall.

When he returned an hour later, he found the clerk waiting for him.

'There's a lot of work for you to do, Wickem,' he said, 'and not much time to do it.'

'Yes, sir,' said Wickem. 'You'll want the family tomb opened, of course—'

'No, no, not at all,' replied Dr Hall. 'The poor Squire said before he died that he did not want to be buried in the family tomb. It is to be an earth grave in the churchyard.'

'Excuse me, sir,' said Wickem, very surprised. 'Do I understand you right? No tomb, you say, and just an earth grave? The poor Squire was too ill to know what he was saying, surely?'

'Yes, Wickem, it seems strange to me too,' said the priest. 'But Mr Joseph tells me that his father, or I should say his stepfather, made his wishes very clear when he was in good health. Clean earth and open air. You know, of course, the Squire had some strange ideas, though he never told me of this one. And there's another thing, Wickem. No coffin.'

'Oh dear, oh dear!' said Wickem. 'There'll be some talk about that. And I know that old Mr Wright has some lovely wood for the Squire's coffin—he's kept it for him for years.' ei

'Well,' said Dr Hall, 'those are the Squire's wishes, so I'm told, so that's what we must do. You must get the grave dug and everything ready by ten o'clock tomorrow night. Tell Wright that we shall need some lights.'

'Very well, sir. If those are the orders, I must do my best,' said Wickem. 'Shall I send the women from the village to prepare the body?'

'No, Wickem. That was not mentioned,' said the priest. 'No doubt Mr Joseph will send for them if he wants them. You have enough work to do without that. Good night, Wick—em.' He paused. 'I was just writing out the year's burials in the church records. I didn't think that I'd have to add Squire Bowles' name to them.'

The Squire's burial took place as planned. All the villagers and a few neighbours were present, and the Squire's stepson Joseph walked behind the body as it was carried to the church-yard. In those days nobody expected the Squire's wife to come to the burial. The Squire had no family except his wife and stepson, and he had left everything to his wife.

But what was everything? The land, house, furniture, pictures, and sliver were all there, but no money was found. This was very strange. Squire Bowles was quite a rich man; he received plenty of money from his land every year, his lawyers were honest, but still there was no money. The Squire had not been mean with his money. His wife had all she needed, he sent Joseph to school and university, and he lived well. But still he earned more money than he spent. Where was it?

Mrs Bowles and her son searched the house and grounds several times but found no money. They could not understand it. They sat one evening in the library discussing the problem for the twentieth time.

'You've been through his papers again, Joseph, have you?' asked the mother.

'Yes, Mother, and I've found nothing.'

'What was he writing the day before he died, do you know? And why was he always writing to Mr Fowler in Gloucester?'

'You know he had some strange ideas about what happens to a person's soul when he dies. He was writing to Mr Fowler about it but he didn't finish the letter. Here, I'll read it to you.'

He fetched some papers from the Squire's writing table and began to read.

My dear friend,

You will be interested to hear about my latest studies, though I am not sure how accurate they are. One writer says that for a time after death a man's soul stays close to the places he knew during life—so close, in fact, that he can be called to speak to the living. Indeed, he must come, if he is called with the right words. And these words are given in an experiment in Dr Moore's book, which I have copied out for you. But when the soul has come, and has opened its mouth to speak, the caller may see and hear more than he wishes, which is usually to know where the dead man has hidden his money.

Joseph stopped reading and there was silence for a moment.

Then his mother said, 'There was no more than that?'

'No, Mother, nothing.'

'And have you met this Mr Fowler?'

'Yes. He came to speak once or twice at Oxford.'

'Well,' said the mother, as he was a friend of the Squire, 'I think you should write to him and tell him what...what has happened. You will know what to say. And the letter is for him, after all.'

‘You’re right, Mother,’ replied Joseph. ‘I’ll write to him at once.’ And he wrote that same evening.

In time a letter came back from Gloucester and with it a large packet; and there were more evening talks in the library at the Hall. At the end of one evening, the mother said:

‘Well, if you are sure, do it tonight. Go round by the fields where no one will see you. Oh, and here’s a cloth you can use.’

‘What cloth is it, Mother?’ asked Joseph.

‘Just a cloth,’ was the answer.

Joseph went out by the garden door, and his mother stood in the doorway, thinking, with her hand over her mouth. Then she said quietly, ‘It was the cloth to cover his face. Oh, I wish I had not been so hurried!’

The night was very dark and a strong wind blew loud over the black fields; loud enough to drown all sounds of calling or answering—if anyone did call or answer.

Next morning Joseph’s mother hurried to his bedroom.

‘Give me the cloth,’ she said. ‘The servants must not find it. And tell me, tell me, quick!’

Her son, sitting on the edge of the bed with his head in his hands, looked up at her with wild, red eyes.

‘We have opened his mouth,’ he said. ‘Why, oh why, Mother, did you leave his face uncovered?’

‘You know how hurried I was that day,’ she replied. ‘I had no time. But do you mean that you have seen it?’

Joseph hid his face in his hands. ‘Yes, Mother, and he said you would see it, too.’

His mother gave an awful cry and caught hold of the bedpost.

‘He’s angry,’ Joseph went on. ‘He was waiting for me to call him, I’m sure. I had only just finished saying the words when I heard him—like a dog growling under the earth.’

He jumped to his feet and walked up and down the room.

‘And now he’s free! What can we do? I cannot meet him again. I cannot take the drink he drank and go where he is! And I’m afraid to lie here another night! Oh, why did you do it, Mother? We had enough as it was.’

‘Be quiet!’ said his mother through dry lips. ‘It was you as much as I. But why spend time talking? Listen to me. It’s only six o’clock Yarmouth’s not far, and we’ve enough money to cross the sea—things like him can’t follow us over water. We’ll take the night boat to Holland. You see to the horses while I pack our bags.’

Joseph stared at her. ‘What will people say here?’

‘You must tell the priest that we’ve learnt of some of the Squire’s money in Amsterdam and we must go to collect it. Go, go! Or if you’re not brave enough to do that, lie here and wait for him again tonight.’

Joseph trembled and left the room.

That evening after dark a boatman entered an inn at Yarmouth, where a man and a woman were waiting, with their bags on the floor beside them.

‘Are you ready, sir and madam?’ he asked. ‘We sail in less than an hour. My other passenger is waiting by the boat. Is this all your luggage?’ He picked up the bags.

‘Yes, We are travelling light,’ said Joseph. ‘Did you say you have other passengers for Holland?’

‘Just one,’ replied the boatman, ‘and he seems to travel even lighter than you.’

‘Do you know him?’ asked Mrs Bowles. She put her hand on her son’s arm, and they both paused in the doorway.

‘No,’ said the boatman. ‘He keeps his face hidden, but I’d know him again by his voice—he’s got a strange way of speaking, like a dog growling. But you’ll find that he knows you. “Go and fetch them out,” he said to me, “and I’ll wait for them here.” And sure enough, he’s coming this way now.’

In those days women who poisoned their husbands were burnt to death. The records for a certain year at Norwich tell of a woman who was punished in this way, and whose son was hanged afterwards. No one had accused them of their crime, but they told the priest of their village what they had done. The name of the village must remain secret, because people say there is money still hidden there.

Dr Moore’s book of experiments is now in the University Library at Cambridge, and on page 144 this is written:

This experiment has often proved true—to find out gold hid- den in the ground, robbery, murder, or any other thing. Go to the grave of a dead man, call his name three times, and say: ‘I call on you to leave the darkness and to come to me this night and tell me truly where the gold lies hidden.’ Then take some earth from the dead man’s grave and tie it in a clean cloth and sleep with it under your right ear. And wherever you lie or sleep, that night he will come and tell you truly, waking or sleeping.

实 验

12月末的一天，乡村牧师霍尔医生正在书房工作，突然仆人十分惊慌地进了屋。

“噢，霍尔医生，”她叫道，“你说怎么的，那可可怜的乡绅死了！”

“什么？乡绅鲍尔斯？你在说些什么呀？”牧师说，“我昨天还见到他了呢——”

“是啊，先生，我知道，”仆人说，“可这的确是真的。教堂执事威克姆先生刚刚在去教堂敲钟的路上送来的信儿，一会儿您就会亲耳听到钟声。听！钟声响了。”果真如此，这时钟声开始响起来，声音悠长而缓慢，告诉村里人有人去世了。

霍尔医生站起身来。“太糟糕了，”他说，“我必须马上到他府上去一趟。他昨天好多了。这事儿似乎挺突然的。”

“是的，先生，”仆人附和说，“威克姆先生说那可可怜的乡绅突然发病，疼痛难忍，接着很快就死了。威克姆先生还说他们希望能很快把他葬了。”

“是啊，是啊。哦，我得去问问鲍尔斯太太人或约瑟夫先生，”牧师说，“请把我的大衣和帽子拿来。对了，告诉威克姆先生敲完钟后我想见见他。”说完他便急匆匆地赶往乡绅府了。

一个小时候他回来了，执事正等着他呢。

“威克姆，你需要做的事情很多，”他说，“可是时间并不多。”

“是的，先生，”威克姆说，“当然，您是想找人挖开他家的坟……”

“不，不，不是的，”霍尔医生答道，“那可怜的乡绅死前说他不想要葬在家族的坟里。他要葬身于教堂墓地里的土坟。”

“对不起，先生，”威克姆十分惊讶地问，“不知我理解得对不对，您是说，不要墓，只要个土坟？那可怜的乡绅一定是病得太重，不知自己在说些什么了吧？”

“是的，威克姆，我也觉得很奇怪，”牧师说，“可约瑟夫先生告诉我说他父亲，或者我该说是他继父，身体还好时就明确表达了自己的愿望：他要干净的泥土露天地。当然你也知道这位乡绅的一些想法很怪，虽然他从没告诉过我这个想法。对了还有，威克姆，他不要棺材。”

“天啊！天啊！”威克姆说，“人们会对此议论纷纷的。我知道老赖特先生为给乡绅做棺材准备了些很不错的木材，而且已经给他保存了好多年了。”

“唉，”霍尔医生说，“那都是乡绅的愿望，人家是这么告诉我的，我们就必须这么做。明天晚上10点以前你必须让人挖好坟并且把一切准备就绪，跟赖特说我们需要几盏灯。”

“好吧，先生，如果您吩咐我做，我一定尽力去做，”威克姆说，“用不用我从村里找几个女人来把尸体弄好准备下葬呀？”

“不用，威克姆，这事儿他们没提，”牧师说，“如果需要，约瑟夫先生肯定会派人去找她们。你要做的事情已经不少了。晚安，威克姆。”停了一下，他接着说：“我刚刚在写教堂记录中关于今年葬礼那部分。我没料到还得把乡绅鲍尔斯的名字加进去。”

乡绅的葬礼按计划进行了。全村的人和几个邻村的人都去了。尸体被抬到教堂墓地，乡绅的继子约瑟夫跟在后面。按当时风俗乡绅的妻子用不着来参加葬礼。除了妻子和继子，乡绅家中没有其他人，他把所有的东西都留给了妻子。

这所有的东西是什么呢？地产、房子、家具、绘画作品和银器都有，可就是找不到钱。这就怪了。乡绅鲍尔斯是很富有的，每年从地产上能收入许多钱，他的律师们也很老实，可就是找不到钱。这位乡绅花钱并不吝啬。妻子需要什么就有什么，他供约瑟夫上学，后来又上大学，他自己日子过得也不错。可他挣的钱还是花不了，可钱在哪儿呢？

鲍尔斯夫人和儿子把屋子和地面翻找了好几遍都没找到钱，他们感到不可理解。一天晚上俩人坐在书房里，第20次谈起这件事。

“约瑟夫，你是不是又翻了一遍他的各种材料？”母亲问道。

“是呀，妈妈，可什么也没找到。”

“你知道他死的前一天写了些什么吗？他为什么总给格洛斯特特的福勒先生写信？”

“你知道他对人死后灵魂会如何看法很奇怪，他就这个问题给福勒先生写了封信，可是还没写完。来，我给你读一读。”

他从乡绅的写字台上拿起一些材料开始读起来。

我亲爱的朋友：

听听我最近的研究成果，你会感兴趣的。虽然我不敢肯定这些东西有多准确。一位作家说人死后一段时间，灵魂就在他生前熟悉的那些地方附近游荡——近得能把他唤来与活着的人说话。如果用合适的词语叫他，他一定会来的。穆尔博士书里的一个实验中列出了这些词语，我已经给你抄下来了。那灵魂来了就张嘴说话，叫他的人通常是想知道那死人生前把钱财藏在了什么地方，可他看到和听到的可能还不止这些。

约瑟夫不读了。俩人沉默了一会儿，他母亲问：“没有别的了？”

“没有了，妈妈，没有别的了。”

“你见过这位福勒先生吗？”

“见过，他来牛津讲过一两次课。”

“好吧，”母亲说，“既然他俩是朋友，我想你应该给他写封信，告诉他……出了什么事情。你知道该说些什么。不管怎么说信是写给他的。”

“你说得对，妈妈，”约瑟夫答道，“我马上给他写。”那天晚上他便写了。

过了一段时间，格洛斯特特那个人发来了回信，还有个包裹。乡绅书房里夜晚的谈话更多了。一天晚上，母亲说：

“好了，如果你觉得没问题，今天晚上就干吧，绕过那片旷野，那里不会有人看见你的。噢，你可以用这块布。”

“这是什么布呀，妈妈？”约瑟夫问。

“就是一块布。”母亲回答。

约瑟夫从花园的门出来，他母亲站在门口，手捂着嘴想着事儿。接着她小声说：“用这块布盖住他的脸。噢，我当时不那么慌张多好呀！”

那天晚上天很黑，大风刮过黑暗的旷野，声音大得能把所有的喊叫和回答声淹没——假如真有人喊叫或回答的话。

次日早晨，约瑟夫母亲急进他的卧室。“把布给我，”她说，“千万别让仆人们发现。告诉我，快告诉我情况怎么样！”

儿子双手托着头坐在床边，红着眼睛激动地望着她。

“我们使他开了口，”他说，“为什么，噢，妈妈，你为什么没把他的脸盖上？”

“你知道那天我是多么手忙脚乱，”她回答，“我当时没有时间呀。你是说你看见他的脸没盖上？”

约瑟夫双手掩面说：“是的，妈妈，他说你也会看见的。”

他母亲发出一声可怕的叫声，一把抓住了床柱。

“他生气了，”约瑟夫接着说，“我确信他在等着我叫他。我刚说完那些话，就听见他的声音，就像一条狗在地下嗥叫。”

他突然站起身，在屋里踱起步来。

“现在他自由了！可我们怎么办呢？我不能再去见他。我不能喝他喝的那种东西，到他去的地方去！我太怕在这里再躺上一夜了！噢，妈妈，你为什么要这样做呢？我们得到的已经够多了。”

“别说了！”他母亲的嘴唇都干了，“这不仅是我的罪过也是你的罪过。还说什么呢？听我的。现在才6点。雅茅斯离这儿不算远，我们的钱足够过海的——他是不能跟着我们过水域的。我们坐夜班船去荷兰。你去准备好马匹，我把包打好。”

约瑟夫盯着她问：“这儿的人会怎么说呢？”

“你一定要跟牧师说我们听说乡绅在阿姆斯特丹有些钱，得去收回来。走吧，走吧！如果你不敢这么做，今天晚上就躺在这儿再等着他吧。”

约瑟夫浑身哆嗦着离开了房间。

那天晚上天黑后，一个船夫走进了雅茅斯的一家小旅馆，那里一男一女正在等着，身边地上放着他们的提包。

“准备好了吗，先生和夫人？”他问。“我们一小时之内就开船。另一位旅客已经在船旁等着呢。这是你们所有的行李吗？”他提起了包。

“是的，我们轻装旅行，”约瑟夫说，“你是说还有其他旅客要去荷兰？”

“只有一位，”船夫回答，“他似乎比你们更轻装。”

“你认识他吗？”鲍尔斯夫人问。她把手放在儿子胳膊上，俩人都在门口停下了。

“不认识，”船夫说，“他掩着脸，可我能听出他的声音——他说话声音很怪，像狗叫。不过你们会发现他认识你们。’去把他们带出来，’他对我说，’我在这儿等着他们。’他现在正往这边走过来呢。”

那时候毒死丈夫的女人是要被烧死的。据载，有一年在诺里奇一个女人受到了这样的惩罚，后来她的儿子被绞死了。没人告发他们的罪行，可他们跟村里的牧师交了自己干的事。那个村的名字还必须保密，因为人们说那儿还藏着钱呢。

穆尔博士关于实验的那本书现在存放在剑桥大学的图书馆里，书中第144页上写着：

这个实验通常被证明是可靠的——用它能找到藏在地下的黄金，并能发现抢劫、谋杀或其他一些行为。到死人的坟前，叫三声他的名字，并说：“我请你离开黑暗的坟墓，今晚来找我，告诉我金子到底藏在哪儿。”然后从他坟上取些土包在一块干净布里，睡觉时把它放在右耳朵下面。不管你在哪儿躺着还是睡觉，也不管你是醒我还是睡着，那天晚上他一定会来对你以实相告的。

'Oh, Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Boy'

'Are you going away for the holidays, Professor?' The speaker was sitting next to the Professor at dinner in St James's college.

'Yes, I'm leaving tomorrow,' said Professor Parkins. 'I'm learning to play golf, and I'm going to Burnstow on the east coast for a week or two to improve my game.'

Professor Parkins was a young man who took himself, and everything that he did, very seriously.

'Oh, Parkins,' said another man. 'There are the remains of an old Templar church at Burnstow. Would you have a look at the place? I'd like to know if its worth going to see.'

'Certainly,' said the Professor. 'I'll make some notes for you if you like.'

'There won't be much left above ground. I think the place is quite near the beach, about half a mile north from the Globe Inn.'

'I'm staying at the Globe, in fact,' said Parkins. He sounded a little annoyed. 'I could only get a room with two beds in it. I plan to do some work there, and I need a large room with a table, but I really don't like the idea of having two beds in the room.'

'Two beds? How terrible for you, Parkins!' said a man called Rogers. 'I'll come down and use one of them for a few days. I'll be a companion for you.'

Parkins gave a polite little laugh. 'I'm afraid you'd find it rather dull, Rogers. You don't play golf, do you?'

'No. Very boring game,' said Rogers, not at all politely. 'But if you don't want me to come, just say so. The truth, as you always tell us, never hurts.'

Professor Parkins was well known for always being polite and always telling the truth, and Rogers often amused himself by asking questions which Parkins found difficult to answer. Parkins tried to find an answer now that was both polite and truthful.

'Well, Rogers, perhaps it will be a little difficult for me to work if you are there.'

Rogers laughed loudly. 'Well done, Parkins!' he said. 'Don't worry. I'll let you get on with your work in peace, and I can be useful and keep the ghosts away.' Here he smiled at the others round the table, while Parkins' face turned a deep pink. 'Oh, I'm sorry, Parkins,' Rogers added. 'I for- got that you don't like careless talk about ghosts.'

'That is quite true,' said Parkins. His voice got a little louder. 'I cannot accept the idea of ghosts. It is the complete opposite of everything I believe. I hold, as you know, very strong opinons on this matter.'

'Oh yes, we know that,' said Rogers. 'Well, we'll talk about it again at Burnstow perhaps.'

From this conversation it will be clear that Parkins was in- deed a very serious young man—quite unable, sadly, to see the funny side of anything, but at the same time very brave and sincere in his opinions.

Late the following day Parkins arrived at the Globe Inn in Burnstow, and was taken to his room with the two beds, of which we have heard. He unpacked his things and arranged his books and papers very tidily on the large table by the window. In fact, the table was surrounded on three sides by windows: the large central window looked straight out to sea, the right one looked south over the village of Burnstow, and the left one looked north along the beach and the low cliff behind it. Between the inn and the sea, there was only a piece of rough grass and then the beach. Over the years the sea had slowly come closer; now it was no more than fifty metres away.

Most of the people staying at the Globe were there for the golf. One of tnen was a Colonel Wilson, an old soldier with a very loud voice, and very strong opinions.

Professor Parkins, who was as brave as he was honest, spent the first day of his holiday playing golf with Colonel Wilson, and trying to improve his game. 'Perhaps he was not wholly successful in this, because by the end of the afternoon the Colonel's face was a most alarming colour. Even his moustache looked angry, and Parkins decided that it would be safer not to walk back to the inn with him. He thought he would walk along the beach instead, and try to find the remains of the Templar church.

He found them very easily—by falling over some of the old stones, in fact. When he picked himself up, he saw that the ground all around him was broken up with shallow holes and bits of old stone wall covered in grass. The Templars used to build round churches, Parkins remembered, and even after hundreds of years there were enough grass-covered stones left to show the circle of the outer wall. For a time Parkins walked around, looking and measuring, and making notes in his notebook.

There was a large stone in the centre of the circle, and Parkins noticed that the grass had been pulled away from one corner of it. He knelt down and, using his pocket-knife, dug away some more of the grass to see the stone underneath. As he did so, a piece of earth fell inwards, showing that there was a hole under the stone. He tried to light a match to see inside, but the wind was too strong, so he put his hand into the hole and felt around with his knife. The sides, top, and bottom of the hole were smooth and regular, he discovered; it must be a man-made hole in a wall. As he pulled the knife out, he heard the sound of metal on metal—there was something in the hole. He put his hand back in and his fingers found a thin piece of metal. Naturally enough, he pulled it out, and saw that it was a piece of metal pipe about ten centimetres long, also man- made and clearly very old. By this time it was getting too dark to do anything more, so he put the metal pipe in his pocket and started to walk home along the beach.

In the evening half-light the place seemed wild and lonely, and a cold north wind blew at his back. Far ahead of him he could see the lights of the village, but here there was only the long empty beach with its black wooden breakwaters, and the shadowy, whispering sea.

He crossed the stones higher up on the beach and went down to the sand, which was easier to walk on, although he had to climb over the breakwaters every few metres.

When he looked behind him to see how far he had come, he saw that he might have a companion on his walk home. A dark

figure, some way back, seemed to be running to catch up with him, but he never seemed to get any closer. It couldn't be anybody he knew, Parkins thought, so he did not wait for him. However, a companion, he began to think, would really be very welcome on that cold, dark beach. He suddenly remembered the stories he had read in his less sensible childhood—stories of strange companions met in lonely places. 'What would I do now,' he wondered, 'if I looked back and saw a black figure with wings and a tail? Would I run, or would I stand and fight? Fortunately, the person behind me doesn't look like that—and he seems to be as far away as when I first saw him. I shall get my dinner before he does, and, oh dear! It's nearly time for dinner now. I must run!'

At dinner the Professor found the Colonel much calmer than he had been in the afternoon. Later, the two men played cards together and, as Parkins played cards much better than he played golf, the Colonel became quite friendly and they arranged to play golf together again the next day.

When Parkins returned to his room, he found the little metal pipe where he had put it on the table. He looked at it carefully and realized that it was a whistle. He tried to blow it but it was full of earth, so he took out his knife and cleared the earth out onto a piece of paper, which he then shook out of the window. As he stood at the open window, he was surprised to see someone standing on the grass in front of the hotel, although it was almost midnight.

He shut the window and took the whistle over to the light to look at it again. He cleaned the dirt off and found that there were letters deeply cut along the side of the whistle.

QUIS EST ISTE QUI VENIT

'Now, that's Latin,' he said to himself. 'I think it means, "Who is this who is coming?" Well, the best way to find out is clearly to whistle for him.'

He put the whistle to his lips and blew, then stopped suddenly, surprised and pleased at the sound he had made. It was a soft sound, but also seemed to travel a long way. And it brought a picture into his mind—a picture of a wide, dark place at night, with a fresh wind blowing, and in the middle a lonely figure... But at that moment a real wind made his window shake, and the picture disappeared. The wind was so sudden that it made him look up, just in time to see the white shape of a seabird's wing outside the window.

He was so interested in the sound the whistle had made that he blew it again, this time more loudly. No picture came into his mind, but a sudden and very violent wind blew his window open with a crash. Both candles went out, and the wind seemed to be trying to pull the room to pieces. For twenty seconds Parkins battled to close the window again, but it was like trying to push back a burglar who was fighting to get in. Then the wind suddenly dropped for a moment, and the window banged shut and fastened itself. Parkins lit the candles and looked to see what damage had been done. There was none—not even a broken window. But the noise had woken the Colonel in the room above; Parkins could hear him walking around and talking to himself.

The wind continued to blow for a long time, beating against the house and crying like a creature in pain. Lying in bed, listening, Parkins thought that a less sensible person might imagine all kinds of unpleasant things. In fact, after a quarter of an hour, he thought that even sensible people would prefer not to hear this sound.

He noticed that one of his neighbours was finding it difficult to sleep, too. He could quite clearly hear someone not far away, turning over in bed again and again.

Sometimes when we close our eyes and try to sleep, we see pictures that are so unpleasant that we have to open our eyes again to make them disappear. This is what now happened to the Professor. Every time he closed his eyes he saw the same picture. There was a long beach with breakwaters running down to the sea, under a dark sky. He recognized it as the beach he had walked along earlier. Then, in the distance, he saw a man running along the beach, climbing desperately over the breakwaters and looking back over his shoulder all the time. Parkins could not see his face, but he knew that the man was terribly afraid. He was also nearly exhausted. Each breakwater was harder to climb than the last. 'Will he get over this next one?' thought Parkins. 'It seems higher than the others.' Yes; half climbing, half throwing himself, the man got over, and then fell to the ground, unable to get up again.

The picture had not yet shown any cause for the man's fear, but now a distant figure appeared, moving very quickly. It wore a long, flowing garment, and there was something so strange about the way it moved that Parkins was very unwilling to see it any closer. It stopped, lifted its arms, bent down towards the sand, then ran, still bent over, down to the edge of the sea and back again. Now it straightened itself, and moved forward along the beach at a frightening speed. At last it came to the breakwater where the man lay hidden. Again it ran down to the sea and back again, then lifted its arms and ran towards the breakwater.

It was always at this moment that Parkins was not brave enough to keep his eyes closed any longer. At last he decided to light his candle, get out a book, and read for a while. The noise of the match and the sudden light seemed to alarm something near his bed—a rat, probably—which ran away across the floor. The match immediately went out, but a second one burnt better, and Parkins lit the candle and opened his book. When he finally felt sleepy, he forgot, for the first time in his tidy, sensible life, to blow out the candle, and the next morning it was completely burnt down.

He was in his room after breakfast when the servant who cleaned the rooms came in, carrying some blankets.

'Would you like any extra blankets on your bed, sir?' she asked.

'Ah, yes, thank you,' said Parkins. 'I would like one. I think it's getting colder.'

'Which bed shall I put it on, sir?' the girl asked.

'What? Why, the one I slept in last night,' replied Parkins.

'Yes, sir. But we thought you'd slept in both of them, sir. We had to make both of them this morning.'

'Really? How strange!' said Parkins. 'I didn't touch the other bed except to put my suitcase on it when I unpacked. But you thought that someone had actually slept in it?'

'Oh yes, sir. The sheets and blankets were thrown all over the place. I thought you'd had bad dreams, sir.'

'Oh dear,' said Parkins. 'Well, I'm sorry if I made extra work for you. Oh, I'm expecting a friend of mine from Cambridge to come for a few days and sleep in the other bed. That will be all right, I suppose?'

'Oh yes, sir,' said the girl. 'It's no trouble, I'm sure. Thank you, sir.' And she left the room.

That day Parkins tried very hard to improve his game, with some success, and the Colonel became even more friendly, and quite talkative.

'That was an extraordinary wind we had last night, he said as they were playing. 'In my part of the country they would say that someone had been whistling for it.'

'Do they really believe in that kind of thing where you come from?' asked Parkins.

'They believe in it all over the place,' the Colonel replied. 'And, in my experience, there's usually some truth in what the country people say.'

There was a pause in the conversation while they continued with the game. Then Parkins said, 'I feel I should tell you, Colonel, that I hold very strong opinions on these matters. In fact, I don't believe at all in anything supernatural.'

'What?' cried the Colonel, 'D'you mean to say that you don't believe in ghosts, or anything of that kind?'

'In nothing whatever of that kind,' replied Parkins. 'There is an explanation for everything, you see. In fact,' he went on, 'I blew a whistle myself last night, and the wind seemed to come in answer to my call. But of course—'

The Colonel stopped and looked at him. 'Whistling, were you?' he said. 'What kind of whistle did you use? Your turn to play, sir.'

Parkins hit his ball, and then told the Colonel about finding the old whistle in the Templar church.

'Well, sir, I'd be very careful about using a thing like that,' said the Colonel. 'Who knows what the Templars used it for? Dangerous lot of people, they were.'

He went on to give his opinions on the church, old and modern, and the two men had a very enjoyable argument. The morning passed so pleasantly that they continued to play golf together in the afternoon, then walked back in the evening light to the Globe.

As they turned the corner of the inn, the Colonel was nearly knocked down by a small boy who ran into him at high speed, and then remained holding on to him and crying. At first the Colonel was rather annoyed, but he soon saw that the boy was so frightened that he could not speak.

'What's the matter? What have you seen? Who has frightened you?' the two men asked together.

'Oh sir! I saw it wave at me out of the window,' cried the boy, 'and I don't like it.'

'What window?' said the Colonel crossly. 'Explain your— self, boy.'

'The front window in the inn, sir, upstairs.'

After several questions they learnt that the boy had been playing with his friends on the grass in front of the inn. When the others had gone home for their tea, he had looked up at the big front window and had seen something waving at him. It was a figure of some kind, in white. The boy couldn't see its face, but it had waved at him. There was something horrible about it, and it wasn't like a human being at all.

'It was someone trying to frighten you,' said the Colonel. 'Next time, like a brave little English boy, you throw a stone at it—Well, perhaps not that; but tell the people in the inn about it. Now, here's sixpence for you, and you'd better run along home for your tea.'

The two men went round to the front of the inn and looked up. There was only one window that fitted the description they had heard.

'That's very strange,' said Parkins. 'I remember that I locked my door when I went out this morning and the key is still in my pocket.'

They went upstairs, found that the door of the room was still locked, unlocked it, and went in.

'Well, everything seems perfectly all right,' said Parkins, looking around.

'Except your bed,' said the Colonel.

'That's not my bed,' said Parkins. 'But it certainly looks very untidy. The sheets and blankets were thrown about all over the bed. Parkins thought for a while. 'Ah,' he said, 'I disarranged it when I was unpacking. Perhaps the girl came in to make the bed, the boy saw her at the window, and then she was called away before she could finish it.'

'Well, ring the bell and ask her,' said the Colonel.

When the girl came, she explained that she had made the bed in the morning and that no one had been in the room since the Professor had left. Mr Simpson, the manager, had the only other key. Mr Simpson then came up and said that he had not been in the room himself, and had not given the key to anyone else. Parkins checked the room carefully; nothing was missing and his books and papers were as he had left them. The girl made the bed again and the two men went down to have their tea.

That evening, Colonel Wilson was unusually quiet and thoughtful during dinner and cards and, as they were going up to their rooms, he said to Parkins:

'You know where I am if you need me during the night.'

'Thank you, Colonel, but I don't expect to call on you,' replied Parkins. 'Oh, I have that whistle I told you about. Would you like to see it?'

The Colonel turned the whistle over in his hands, looking at it carefully.

'What are you going to do with it?' he asked.

'I'll show it to the people at Cambridge when I get back and probably give it to the museum, if it's any good.'

'If it were mine,' said the Colonel, 'I'd throw it into the sea right now. But, of course, you and I don't think the same way about these things. Good night.'

And he went off to his room.

There were no curtains at the windows in the Professor's room. The previous night it had not mattered, but tonight there was a bright moon in a cloudless sky. Parkins was afraid that the moonlight might wake him up in the middle of the night, so he arranged a blanket, held up with a stick and his umbrella, which would stop the moonlight shining on to his bed. Soon he was comfortably in bed where he read a book for a while. Then he blew out his candle and went to sleep.

An hour or so later he was suddenly woken by a loud crash. In a moment he realized that the blanket had fallen down and a bright moon was shining on his bed. Should he get up and put the blanket up again, or could he manage to sleep if he did not? He lay in bed for several minutes trying to decide what to do.

All at once he turned over in bed, eyes wide open, listening hard. There had been a movement in the other bed! Was it a rat? The sound came again, something moving in the blankets and making the bed shake. No rat could make a noise like that, surely!

Suddenly his heart nearly stopped beating as a figure sat up in the empty bed. Parkins jumped out of his own bed and ran towards the window to get his stick. As he did so, the thing in the other bed slid to the floor and stood, with arms stretched out, between Parkins and the door.

Parkins stared at the creature in horror. He could not reach the door without touching it as he passed, and the thought of that touch made him feel sick.

Now it began to move, bending low and feeling its way with arms that were hidden in its flowing garment. Parkins realized with horror that it could not see. It turned away from him and, in doing so, touched the bed he had just left. It bent its head low and felt all over the bed in a way that made Parkins tremble with fear.

Realizing that the bed was empty, the creature moved forward into the moonlight which shone in through the window. For the first time Parkins saw it clearly, but the only thing he could remember later was a horrible, a sickeningly horrible, face of crumpled cloth. The expression on that face he could not or would not describe, but it certainly drove him nearly mad with fear.

But he had no time to watch it for long. With frightening speed the creature moved around the room, searching and feeling, and a corner of its flowing garment brushed across Parkins' face. He screamed in horror, and at once it jumped at him, driving him towards the window. The next moment Parkins was halfway through the window backwards, screaming again and again at the top of his voice, and the cloth face was pushed close into his own.

In that final second, the Colonel kicked the door open and was just in time to see the frightening sight at the window. When he reached the figures, only one was left. Parkins fell forward into the room in a faint, and before him on the floor lay a crumpled bedsheet.

The Colonel asked no questions, but kept everyone out of the room, helped Parkins back to bed and, with a blanket round his shoulders, spent the rest of the night in the other bed.

The next morning Mr Rogers arrived and, to his surprise, was very warmly welcomed by the Professor. The three men discussed what to do for a long time. The Colonel, who remembered a similar experience in India, supposed that the creature, having no body of its own, had to make one out of the sheet from the bed. At the end of their talk, the Colonel left the hotel carrying between his finger and thumb a small piece of metal, which he threw into the sea as far as a strong arm could send it. Later, he burnt the sheet in the field behind the Globe.

As you can imagine, Professor Parkins' opinions on some matters are now less certain than they used to be. He is also a more nervous person than he was. Even a coat hanging up on a door will alarm him, and the sight of a scarecrow in a field late on a winter afternoon has given him more than one sleepless night.

“噢，朋友，你一吹哨，我就会来到你身边”

“教授，你要去度假吗？”在圣·詹姆斯学院吃饭时，坐在教授身边的人问道。

“对，明天就动身，”帕金斯教授说，“我正学打高尔夫球，所以要到东海岸的伯恩斯陀用一两周时间提高球艺。”

帕金斯教授是个严格要求自己并且凡事认真的年轻人。

“噢，帕金斯，”另一个人说，“伯恩斯陀有个古老的圣殿骑士教堂的遗迹。你愿意去看看吗？我想了解一下那地方是不是值得一看。”

“当然没问题，”教授说，“如果你希望的话，我可以为你做点儿记录。”

“地面上应当没有什么东西了。我觉得那地方离海滩很近，在地球旅馆北部大约半英里的地方。”

“其实，我就要住地球旅馆。”帕金斯说。听起来他有点不大高兴。“我只能住上双人间。我打算在那儿干点儿活，需要个能放张桌子的大房间，我确实不喜欢屋子里放两张床。”

“两张床？这让你太不舒服了，帕金斯！”一个叫罗杰斯的人说，“我要去住几天，睡其中一张床，跟你作个伴。”

帕金斯礼貌地轻轻一笑说：“恐怕你会觉得那里的生活很乏味，罗杰斯。你不会打高尔夫球，对吧？”

“对。很无聊的运动，”罗杰斯很不礼貌地说，“如果你不愿意让我去，直说好了。你不是常告诉我们实话不伤人吗？”

帕金斯教授一向以礼貌待人和总说实话出名，罗杰斯则经常以问一些使他难以回答的问题为乐。眼下帕金斯正在努力寻找着一个既礼貌又符合事实的回答。

“这么说吧，罗杰斯，如果你在那儿，或许我干起活来会有点困难。”

罗杰斯大笑起来。“好了，帕金斯！”他说，“别担心。我会让你静心工作的，而且我会对你有用，可以为你驱走鬼神。”说到这里，他对围坐在桌子周围的人们笑着，这时帕金斯的脸变得通红。“噢，对不起，帕金斯，”罗杰斯接着说，“我忘了你不喜欢人们随便谈什么鬼呀神的。”

“一点不假，”帕金斯的说话声高了些，“我不能接受那种认为鬼神存在的观点。我根本不信。你们知道我对这件事情的看法很固执。”

“噢，是啊，我们知道，”罗杰斯说，“好吧，或许咱们在伯恩斯陀会再谈。”

从这段交谈中可以看出帕金斯的确是个很严肃的年轻人。遗憾的是他看不到事情有趣的一面，可很胆大，对事物的看法很实在。

第二天晚些时候，帕金斯到了伯恩斯陀的地球旅馆，被带到了我们前面听说过的那个内有两张床的房间。他取出包里的东西，把书和材料整整齐齐地放在了靠窗的那张大桌子上。其实，这张桌子是三面靠窗：从中间那扇大窗户可以直接向外看到大海，右边的那扇向南可以俯瞰伯

恩斯陀村，左边的那扇向北可以看到海滩和后面低矮的峭壁。小旅店和大海间仅有一块不平整的草地，接着便是海滩了。多年来大海慢慢贴近了那小旅馆，现在相距已经不到50米了。

多数住地球旅馆的人是来打高尔夫球的。其中一位是威尔逊上校，一位嗓门很洪亮、对事物看法很固执的老兵。

帕金斯教授，这位既胆大又坦诚的人，度假的第一天就和威尔逊上校打了一天的高尔夫球来努力“提高球艺”。大概他做得不大好，因为到下午结束时，上校的脸色很吓人，连胡子都气歪了。帕金斯想还是不和他一起回旅馆更安全些。他想沿着海滩走走，寻找一下圣殿骑士教堂的遗迹。

他毫不费力便找到了那些遗迹，其实是因为被一些古旧的石头绊倒而找到的。站起身时，他发现周围的地上布满了浅浅的洞和长满野草的古旧石头墙的碎块。帕金斯记得过去圣殿骑士常盖的是圆形教堂，即使过了几百年，还有那么多长满野草的石头使人们能看出原来外围墙的圈子在哪儿。帕金斯四下转着，观察、测量，并在笔记本上做着记录。

圈子中心有块大石头，帕金斯注意到它一角的野草被人拔掉了。他跪下身子拿自己的小折刀又挖掉一些草，以便观察下面的石头。这时一块土塌了进去，说明石头下面有洞。他想划根火柴看看里面，可风太大，于是他便将手伸进洞里用刀子四下探索着。他发现洞壁、洞顶和洞底都很光滑规则，这一定是在墙里挖的洞。当他从里面拿出刀子时，听到了金属间的撞击声——洞里有东西。他又把手伸进去，手指摸到一片薄薄的金属。很自然他把那东西拿了出来，发现是段长约10厘米的金属管，也是人造的，很明显年代已经很久远了。这时天黑得已经不能干什么了，于是他把那段金属管放进口袋，开始沿着海滩往家走。

傍晚柔和灰暗的光线使这个地方显得荒凉而孤寂，冰冷的北风侵袭着他的后背。他能看到远方村里的灯光，可眼前只有长长的空落落的海滩和黑色的木制防波堤，还有那朦朦胧胧低声作响的大海。

他越过海滩高处的石头地往下走上一片沙地，沙地好走一些，虽然每走几米就要爬一段防波堤。

当他回头看自己走出了多远时，发现好像有个伴儿跟他一起往家走。一个黑乎乎的人影似乎在他后面跑着追他，可似乎怎么也不能靠近他。帕金斯心想他肯定不认识这人，于是就没等他。他开始想到，在这寒冷黑暗的沙滩上，有人作伴也是很不错的。突然他又想起小时候不大懂事时读过的故事——那些在人烟稀少的地方遇到奇怪伴侣的故事。“我现在该怎么办呢？”他心里想，“如果我回头看到一个长着翅膀和尾巴的黑影，我是跑，还是站在那里跟他拼呢？还好，我后面那人不是那样的——他离我的距离似乎跟我一开始看到他时差不多。我得先吃饭，天啊！快到吃饭时间了，我得跑了！”

吃饭时，教授发现上校比下午平静多了。后来他们一起玩牌，由于帕金斯的牌技比他的高尔夫球技强很多，上校变得很友好起来。他们还安排了第二天再去打球。

帕金斯回到房间便看到了自己放在桌子上的那一小段金属管，他仔细看了看，发现它是个口哨。他想吹吹，可里面都是土，于是他拿出刀子把土掏出来倒在一张纸上，抖落在窗外。他站在开着的窗户旁时很惊讶地发现虽然已经快半夜了，却有个人站在旅馆前面的草地上。

他关上窗户把口哨拿到亮处又看了看，把上面的土擦干净后发现口哨上深深地刻着：

QUIS EST ISTE QUI VENIT

“噢，这是拉丁文，”他自语道，“我想它的意思是‘来者是谁？’哦，知道来者是谁最好的办法显然是给他吹口哨听。”

他把口哨放在嘴边吹起来，突然又停了下来，吹出的声音使他自己都感到既惊讶又高兴。那声音很柔和，可似乎又能传出很远，并且把一幅画面呈现在他脑海中——画面是夜里一个宽阔黑暗的地方，清风吹拂，画面中间还有个孤零零的人影……这时真的有股风吹得他的窗户晃动起来，那画面消失了。风起得很突然，他禁不住向天上看了一眼，正好看见窗外一只海鸟白色翅膀的轮廓。

他觉得那口哨发出的声音很有意思，于是便又吹起来，这回声音更大了。他的脑海里不再呈现出画面。突然一阵狂风砰地一声把他的窗户刮开了。两根蜡烛都灭了，那风似乎想把屋子撕成碎片。帕金斯用了20秒钟的时间拼命地试着把窗户关上，可这简直像是要把拼命想进屋的强盗推回去一样。这时风突然停了一下，窗户砰地一声关上，搭扣自动扣上。帕金斯点上蜡烛看看有什么被弄坏的地方，他发现没有任何地方被弄坏——甚至连块破玻璃都没有。可这里的声音吵醒了楼上房间里的上校；帕金斯能听见他踱着步自言自语。

风又继续刮了好长一阵子，不断撞击着房子，像个忍受着痛苦的人在叫喊。帕金斯躺在床上听着，心里想一个不太明智的人可能会想像出各种各样的不愉快的事情来。事实上过了一刻钟，他想甚至很明智的人也不会愿意听到这种声音的。

他注意到他的一个邻居也感到难以入睡了。他能清楚地听到不远处有人在床上翻来覆去的声音。

有时候当我们闭上眼睛想要睡觉时，会看到一些令人不快的画面，于是我们不得不睁开眼睛让它们消散。教授此时的情况正是这样。他一闭上眼睛就会看到同样的画面。黑暗的天空下长长的海滩上防波堤延伸入海。他认出这是他走过的那个海滩。这时他看见远处有个人正沿着海滩跑着，拼命地爬过防波堤，还不时地回头看着。帕金斯看不到那人的脸，可他知道那人害怕极了，而且也快要筋疲力竭了。每个防波堤都比前一个更难爬。“他能爬过下一个吗？”帕多斯想着，“下一个似乎比前头的那些都高。”那人全身用力地爬着翻了过去，接着摔在地上起不来了。

在这之前从画面上还看不出那人为什么害怕，不过这时远处出现了个人影，动作很快。那人穿着一件长而飘垂的外衣，动作看起来有点怪，因而帕金斯很不愿意看到它再靠近了。它停了下来，抬起双臂朝沙地弯下腰，接着还是弯着腰朝海边跑过去又跑了回来。然后直起身，以惊人的速度沿着海滩向前移动着。最后它来到刚才那人藏身的防波堤处。接着朝大海跑过去又跑了回来，之后抬起双臂又朝那防波堤跑了过去。

每到这时，帕金斯就不敢再闭着眼睛了。最后他决定点上蜡烛拿出书来看一会。划火柴的声音和突然出现的亮光似乎吓了他床边的什么东西——可能是老鼠——跑过了地板。火柴马上灭了，不过第二根着得好一点儿，帕金斯点上了蜡烛打开了书。当他终于感到很困倦时，他，这个生活通常安排得有序而合理的人，头一次忘了吹灭蜡烛，第二天早上那蜡烛已经完全烧尽了。

吃完早饭他呆在屋子里，这时打扫房间的仆人进来了，拿着几条毯子。

“先生，您的床上是不是还需要毯子呀？”她问。

“啊，是啊，谢谢你，”帕金斯说，“来一条吧，我觉得天气越来越冷了。”

“先生，我把它放在哪张床上呀？”那女孩问。

“什么？当然放在昨晚我睡的那张床上呀。”帕金斯回答。

“好吧，先生，可是我们觉得您两张床都睡过，今天早晨我们只得都收拾了一下。”

“真的吗？太怪了！”帕金斯说，“除了打开行李时我把手提箱放在上面，后来就一直没动过那张床。你们真觉得有人在上面睡过吗？”

“是的，先生。床单和毯子扔得到处都是。我以为您做恶梦了呢，先生。”

“天啊！”帕金斯说，“哎呀，要是给你添麻烦的话，我真是对不起你。我正等着一位剑桥大学的朋友来呆几天，就睡那张床，可以吧？”

“噢，可以，先生，”那女孩说，“当然没有问题，谢谢您，先生。”说完她便离开了房间。

那天帕金斯下功夫提高球艺，还真有效，上校变得更友善了，而且说了不少话。

“昨天晚上的风刮得太出奇了，”他们打着球时他说，“在我的家乡，人们会说这是有人吹口哨召唤它。”

“你们那儿的人真信这类事情？”帕金斯问。

“那地方的人都信。”上校回答，“而且凭我的经验，那些乡下人说的通常还是有些真实的。”

他们停下谈话继续打球。这时帕金斯说：“上校，我觉得我应该告诉你，我对这些事情很有成见。实际上我根本不相信任何超自然的东西。”

“什么？”上校喊道，“你是说你不相信鬼神什么的？”

“任何那类东西都不信，”帕金斯回答。“你知道，凡事都可以有个解释。事实上，”他接着说，“昨天晚上我吹口哨了，那风似乎是听了我的召唤才来的。不过当然——”

上校停了下来，看着他。“昨晚你吹着口哨吗？”他说，“你是用什么口哨吹的？该你打球了，先生。”

帕金斯击了一下球，接着把自己在圣殿骑士教堂找到那个旧口哨的事儿告诉了上校。

“哎呀，先生，用那样一个东西，我会很小心的，”上校说，“谁知道那些圣殿骑士用它干过什么呢？那都是些危险的人物。”

接着他谈起了自己对古代和现代教堂的看法，俩人兴致勃勃地争论了一番。一上午他们过得很愉快，于是下午接着又打，傍晚一起走回地球旅馆。

他们走到旅店拐弯处时，上校差点儿被一个猛撞在他身上的小男孩撞倒，那小孩还抓着他大哭着。一开始上校很恼火，可他很快发现那男孩吓得连话都说不出来了。

“怎么了？你看见什么了？谁吓着你了？”俩人同时问道。

“噢，先生！我看见那东西对着窗外向我招手，”那男孩叫道，“我不喜欢它。”

“什么窗户？”上校生气地说，“孩子，说说怎么回事？”

“我是说旅馆的前窗户，先生，楼上的。”

问了他几个问题后，他们得知那男孩一直和他的伙伴们在旅馆前的那块草地上玩耍。其他孩子都回家喝茶了，他抬头看了看那扇大大的前窗户，发现有东西在向他招手。那是某种形体，穿白色衣服。男孩看不见它的脸，可它确实朝他招手了。这真是太可怕了，而且那东西根本不像个人。

“这是有人要吓唬你，”上校说，“孩子，下次勇敢点儿，朝他扔石头……噢，或许可以不这样，而是把事情告诉旅馆的人。好了，给你这6便士，你还是跑回家喝茶吧。”

俩人绕到旅馆前面抬头看着，发现只有一扇窗户符合刚才听到的描述。

“太怪了，”帕金斯说，“我记得今天早上出去时锁了门，而且钥匙还在我口袋里呢。”

他们上了楼，发现房门仍然锁着，于是打开锁进了屋。

“噢，一切似乎都很正常。”帕金斯四下看了看说。

“除了你的床以外。”上校说。

“那不是我的床，”帕金斯说，“可那张床确实很不整洁。”床单和毯子扔得满床都是。帕金斯想了想。“啊，”他说，“我从包里取出东西时把那床弄乱了。也许那女孩进来收拾时，刚才那个男孩从窗口看到了她，可是还没等她干完就被叫走了。”

“好吧，按一下铃问问她。”上校说。

那女孩来了，她解释说早晨她收拾了床，而且从教授走后没人进来过。经理辛普森先生那儿还有另外一把钥匙。这时辛普森先生上楼来说他没到这屋来过，也没把钥匙给过任何人。帕金期仔细检查了一下屋子，什么也没少，他的书和材料还是原来的老样子。那女孩又收拾了一遍床，然后俩人下楼来喝茶。

那天晚上吃饭和打牌时，威尔逊上校有点儿不同寻常地沉默和心事重重。他们上楼回房间时，他对帕金斯说：

“夜里需要我时叫我一声。”

“谢谢你，上校，不过我不想麻烦你，”帕金斯回答，“噢，我跟你说过的那个口哨，你想看看吗？”

上校在手里摆弄着那口哨，仔细看着。

“你要怎么处理它呀？”他问。

“回去后我把它拿给剑桥的人们看看。如果有用的话，或许我要把它交给博物馆。”

“如果这东西是我的，”上校说，“我现在就把它扔进海里。不过，对这些事情咱俩看法当然不一致，晚安吧。”

接着他便回房间了。

教授的房间没有窗帘。前一天晚上还没事儿，可今天晚上明亮的月亮挂在无云的天空中。帕金斯担心半夜月光会把他照醒，于是弄了条毯子用一根棍和雨伞挂起来，这样月光就不再照在他床上了。他很快便舒舒服服地躺在床上，看了会儿书，然后吹灭蜡烛睡觉了。

过了约一个小时，他忽然被一声巨响惊醒。他很快意识到是那毯子掉下来了，明亮的月光照在他的床上。是不是应该起来再把毯子挂起来，如果不这样他还能睡着吗？他躺在床上用了好几分钟试图决定该怎么办。

突然他翻了个身，睁大眼睛仔细听起来。另一张床上有动静！是老鼠吗？接着那声音又出现了，有东西在毯子里动而且弄得床也晃动起来。老鼠是绝对不会发出那样的声音的！

一个人影从那张空床上坐起来，这时帕金斯的心几乎突然停止了跳动。他跳下床跑到窗前去拿棍子，与此同时，那张床上的东西滑到地上站起身来，两只胳膊伸着，挡在了帕金斯和门中间。

帕金斯惊恐地盯着那东西看。他想到门口的话，经过它时就必须触到它，一想到触到它，他就觉得恶心。

这时那东西开始动了，弯着身子，用掩在飘垂的外衣里的双臂摸索着往前走。帕金斯惊恐地意识到它看不见东西。它转身离开时，触到了他刚离开的那张床。它低下头在床上到处摸索着，这使帕金斯吓得直哆嗦。

当它发现那床是空的，那东西又向前移动到了从窗口照进的月光中。帕金斯第一次看清了它的模样，可后来他唯一能记起的是那张令人作呕而可怕的皱巴巴布脸。那脸上的表情他描述不上来或者说不想描述，可它确实快要把他吓疯了。

他没有时间一直观察它了。只见那东西以吓人的速度在屋子里转着，寻找着摸索着，它飘垂着的外衣的一角擦过帕金斯的脸，他惊恐地尖叫起来。那东西立即朝他扑过来，把他朝窗面逼去。接着帕金斯的半个身子都探出了身后的窗户，他扯着嗓子一声声尖叫着，那张布脸已经很贴近他的脸了。

就在这千钧一发之时，上校踢开了门，正好看到窗口那令人毛骨悚然的一幕。当他走近时，人影就只剩下一个。帕金斯昏了过去，向前跌进屋子里，他面前的地板上只是条皱巴巴的床单。

上校什么也没问，只是不让任何人进屋。他帮帕金斯躺回床上，自己则在肩上裹了条毯子，在另一张床上过了后半夜。

第二天上午罗杰斯先生到了。出乎他的意料，他受到了教授热诚的欢迎。3个人就该怎么办商量了很长时间。上校记得他在印度有过类似的经历，他认为那东西自己没有躯体而不得不用床单造出一个来。他们说完这些，上校用手指夹着那小片金属离开了旅馆，用力把它远远地扔进了大海。后来他又在地球旅馆后面的空地里烧掉了那条床单。

您可以想像得出，现在帕金斯教授对一些事情的看法不像以前那么绝对了，人也变得比过去紧张了。甚至挂在门上的一件外衣都会吓着他，冬日接近傍晚时看到田里的一个稻草人更使他度过了不止一个不眠之夜。

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这本书不是一本不朽的游记：讲的既不是横渡大洋的危险航行，又不是沿着亚马孙河的漂流探险，只不过是次小小的旅行，乘着一只小小的船。但是不管怎么说也算是次经历吧，是你、我，或者随便是谁都会遇到的……返航之后，我们便会讲起有趣的故事……

谁是这次旅行的主人公呢？有乔治，哈里斯和“杰”，（当然还有“元帅”，它是一只狗）。不论在什么地方，什么时候都能遇到这样的三个年轻人。他们掉进水里，把东西弄丢，吵架，又笑着和好，互相讲故事……他们个个有远大的抱负，热情也很高，可就是到了早上谁也起不来。他们都想当伟大的探险家，可事实上，只要一下雨，他们还是愿意呆在暖和的火炉边，坐在舒适的椅子上。

那我们的主人公在河上的经历到底怎么样啊？他们学会在篝火上煎鸡蛋了吗？学会不用启罐器就把罐头打开了吗？这就是他们的故事，三个怪客和一只狗在河上泛舟的故事。

杰罗姆·K·杰罗姆（1895—1927），写过许多著名小说和剧本。他非常喜欢划船，也喜欢泰晤士河。他这本最著名和幽默的小说《三怪客泛舟记》讲的就是他和朋友们的亲身经历。

Chapter 1 We decide to go on holiday

There were four of us—George, and William Samuel Harris, and myself, and Montmorency. We were sitting in my room, and we were smoking and talking about how bad we were—ill, I mean, of course.

We were all feeling in poor health, and we were getting quite worried about it. Harris said that he felt really bad sometimes, and he did not know what he was doing. And then George said that he felt bad, too, and that he did not know what he was doing either. With me it was my heart. I knew it was my heart because I had read something in a magazine about the symptoms of a bad heart. I had all of them.

It is a most extraordinary thing, but every time I read about an illness, I realize that I have it too—and that my symptoms are very bad! In fact, my health has always been a worry, I remember...

One day I had a little health problem, and I went to the British Museum Library to read about it. I took the book off the library shelf, and I began to read. After some time, I turned over the page and I began to read about another illness. I don't remember the name of the illness, but I know it was something really terrible. I read about half a page—and then I knew that I had that disease too.

I sat there for a time, cold with horror. Slowly, I began to turn over more pages. I came to a disease which was worse than the last one. I began to read about it and, as I expected, I had that disease too. Then I began to get really interested in myself, so went back to the beginning of the book. I started with the letter 'a' and I read from 'a' to 'z'. I found that there was only one disease which I did not have. This made me a little unhappy. Why didn't I have that disease too?

When I walked into that reading-room, I was a happy, healthy young man. When I left I was a very sick man, close to death...

But I was talking about my heart—nobody understood how ill I really was. I had this bad heart when I was a boy. It was with me all the time. I knew that it was my heart because I had all the symptoms of a bad heart. The main symptom was that I did not want to work. Of course, nobody understood that the problem was my heart. Doctors were not so clever then. They just thought that I was lazy!

'Why, you lazy boy, you, 'they used to say. 'Get up and do some work for once in your life!' they did not understand that I was ill.

And they did not give me medicine for this illness—they hit me on the side of the head. It is very strange, but those blows on my head often made the illness go away for a time. Sometimes just one blow made the sickness disappear and made me want to start work immediately...

Anyway, that evening, George and William Harris and I sat there for half an hour, and described our illnesses to each other. I explained to George and William Harris how I felt when I got up in the morning. William Harris told us how he felt when he went to bed. Then George stood in front of the fire, and, with great feeling, he showed us how he felt in the night.

George always thinks he is ill, but really, there is never anything the matter with him, you know.

At that moment Mrs Poppets, my housekeeper, knocked on the door. She wanted to know if we were ready to have supper.

We smiled sadly at each other, and then we said that perhaps we should try to eat something. Harris said that a little food helped to prevent illness. So Mrs Poppets brought the supper in. We sat down at the table, and for half an hour we managed to play with some steak and chips—and with a large cake that Mrs Poppets had made.

When we had made ourselves eat something, we filled our glasses, and we lit our pipes. Then we began to talk about our health again. We were not quite sure what was the matter with us. However, we were all quite certain of one thing—we had been doing too much work.

'We need a rest, 'Harris said.

'A rest and a change, 'George added.

I agreed with George, and I said that perhaps we could go to the country. We could find a nice, quiet place and we could sit in the warm summer sun. We could go somewhere peaceful, far away from other people.

Harris said that he thought that would be awful. He added that he had been to a place like that once. Everyone went to bed at eight o'clock, and he had to walk for an hour to buy cigarettes and a newspaper.

'No, 'Harris said. 'If you want a rest and a change, then the sea is best. '

I said that this was a terrible idea. A sea trip is fine if you are going for a month or two—but not for a week. I know what it is like...

You start out on Monday and you think that you are going to enjoy yourself. You wave goodbye happily to your friends. You walk up and down on the ship, like Captain Cook, Sir Francis Drake or Christopher Columbus. On Tuesday you wish that you had not come. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday you wish that you were dead. On Saturday you are able to drink something. You begin to smile a little at the kind people who ask you how you are. On Sunday you start to walk again, and you eat a little. And on Monday morning, as you stand and wait to get off the ship—you begin to enjoy yourself.

I remember that a friend of mine once took a short sea trip from London to Liverpool for his health. He bought a return ticket, but, when he got to Liverpool, he sold it and he came back by train...

So I was against the sea trip—not for myself, you understand. I am never seasick. But I was afraid for George. George said he would be fine. In fact, he said he would quite like it, but he thought that Harris and I would both be ill. Harris said he was never seasick. In fact, he had often tried to be ill, but he had not succeeded. It is very strange, but, when you are on land, you never meet anybody who has ever been seasick!

So George said, 'Well, let's go up the river, then. 'He added, 'We'll have fresh air on the river. The hard work on the boat will make us hungry, so we'll enjoy our food. We'll sleep well, too. '

Harris replied, 'Well, you never have any trouble sleeping, anyway. In fact, you're always going to sleep! '

But, in the end, Harris agreed that it was a good idea. I thought that it was a good idea, too. The only one who did not like the idea was Montmorency.

’It’s different for me, ’his face said. ’You like it, but I don’t! There’s nothing for me to do. I don’t smoke. I don’t like looking at the trees and the flowers, and when I’m asleep you’ll play about with the boat and I’ll fall over the side!’

Montmorency’s idea of a good time is to collect together all the most awful dogs he can find and then go round the town, looking for other awful dogs to fight.

But we were three to one, so we decided to go anyway.

1 决定去渡假

我们一伙是四个——乔治，威廉·塞缪尔·哈里斯，我，还有“元帅”。那天，大伙儿坐在我的房间里，抽烟、聊天，谈到我们的近况有多糟糕——当然我指的是病得多糟糕。

大家都感到浑身不舒服，心里直发慌。哈里斯说他常常觉得十分难受，不知道自己在干些什么。乔治说，他也经常发昏，不知道自己在干什么。至于我，是心脏病，因为我在一本杂志上看到过心脏有病的症状，我全都有。

说来真怪，每次看到有关各种疾病的情况，我就意识到自己也有——而且还病得很重。坦率地说，我的身体一直令人担心。我还记得……

有一次我有点小毛病，就去了大英博物馆查医书。我从架子上拿下书，翻起来。不一会儿，翻到第二页，又看到另一种病。我记不清叫什么名字，但我知道是种极其凶险的不治之症。半页还没看完，我断定自己也得了这种病。

我坐在那儿，害怕得一阵阵发冷。接着又慢慢翻了几页，看到比前一个更可怕的病。读了症状，不出所料，我也有这个病。于是我开始对自己可能有的病感兴趣了，便翻到开头，从字母“a”一直查到“z”，发现只有一种病我没有，心中还多少有点伤心，我怎么没把那个病也得了呢？

进阅览室的时候我还是快乐而健康的年轻人，可爬出来的时候已经是病魔缠身，离死神不远了。

回头再说说我的心脏——没人知道我病得有多重。小时候，心脏就不好，这么多年来，这病一直没有离身。是心脏有病，肯定没错，因为所有病症我都有，主要一条是不愿意干活。当然，他们都不知道这是心脏有病的原因。那时候医生也不大高明。在他们看来，我得了懒病。

“哼！你这个懒家伙，”他们常这么说。“快起来！你就不能干点正经活？！”他们哪里明白我有病啊！

还有，他们不给我吃药，还敲我脑袋。说也奇怪，敲几下的确管用，病就好一会儿，有时敲一下，病就没了，我急着逃开去干我的活。

书归正传，那天晚上我们在屋里坐了半个小时，彼此诉说患病的痛楚。我对乔治和哈里斯讲早晨起床时有多么难受；哈里斯告诉我们他睡觉时有多么难受；而乔治站在火炉边，滔滔不绝地说着他晚上有多么难受。

乔治总以为自己有病，可你知道，其实根本没有那回事。

这时候，管家波贝丝太太敲了敲门，问我们是不是准备吃晚饭。

我们彼此苦笑了一下，说没办法，勉强吃点什么吧。哈里斯说吃点东西可以抵抗疾病。波贝丝太太把饭端进来，我们坐在桌边，足足有半个小时，把牛排，薯条摆弄来，摆弄去，盯着波贝丝太太做的蛋糕看了又看。

好不容易强迫自己吃了点什么，我们又斟满了酒，点上烟斗，继续讨论我们的健康问题。到底得了什么病，我们也不清楚，但有一点大家都同意的是——我们都劳累过度。

“我们需要休息，”哈里斯说。

“休息，还要换个环境，”乔治补充道。

我完全同意乔治的建议，我们或许可以去乡下，找一个美丽、幽静的地方，远离尘嚣，享受夏天明媚的阳光。

哈里斯说这主意可不怎么样。他说以前去过这样的地方，可受不了，大家八点钟就得去睡觉，要买香烟和报纸得走一个小时。

“我不同意，”哈里斯说。“要休息、改变环境的话，海上旅行是最好不过了。”

我说海上旅行的主意简直太可怕了，要是去一两个月还可以，如果只有一个星期可没意思。我知道那会是什么样……

星期一出发的时候，你满心想着到海上享受一番，高高兴兴地和岸上的朋友挥手告别，在船上来来去去地走，就象自己成了库克船长，弗兰西斯·杜雷爵士或哥伦布。星期二，你就有点后悔了，希望没来这一趟。星期三、四、五，你觉得生不如死。星期六稍稍能喝点东西；好心的旅客问起你的情况，你也能冲他们笑一下了。星期天，你开始走动走动，吃点东西。又到星期一的早晨，你站在船舷上准备上岸了，这才感到海上旅行有意思。

我记得有次一个朋友休养身体去短期旅行。他买了从伦敦到利物浦的双程船票，可一到利物浦，他立刻卖掉船票，后来自己坐火车回来了。

所以，我坚决反对去海上旅行——当然这并不是为我自己，我是从来不会晕船的。我是担心乔治。可乔治却说他没事，他倒是很喜欢这个主意，但是他怕哈里斯和我会病倒。可哈里斯说他从来不会晕船，坦白说，他倒总想生病，可就是总不成功。真是怪事，在陆地上，你甭碰到哪个人说自己晕船。

乔治说：“好吧，咱们还是到河上玩玩吧。”他又说：“河上也有新鲜空气，忙忙碌碌的，一会儿就饿了，这样既增进了食欲又能睡得香甜。”

哈里斯答道：“哼！你就没有睡不着的时候。直说了吧，你总昏昏欲睡的。”

不过，哈里斯还是同意这个主意不错，我也认为是个好点子。唯一不喜欢这个想法的是“元帅”。

“你们想得倒挺美，”它摆出一副面孔，“你们喜欢，我可不喜欢！河上我没什么事好干。我又不抽烟，又不喜欢看什么树啊，花啊的。况且，我睡觉的时候你们还一个劲地在船上玩，我会摔到河里去的！”

“元帅”脑子里最妙的事不过是把所有的癞皮狗聚齐，在城里瞎转，找另外一群癞皮狗开战。

最后，三比一，我们还是决定出发了。

Chapter 2 We start to make plans

We pulled out the maps and we discussed plans.

We decided to start on the following Saturday. Har-ris and I would go down to Kingston in the morning and take the boat up to Chertsey, but George could not leave the City until the afternoon. (George goes to sleep at a bank from ten o'clock until four o'clock from Monday to Friday. On Saturday they wake him up and put him out onto the street at two o'clock.) So George was going to meet us at Chertsey.

The next question was where to sleep at night.

George and I did not want to sleep in hotels at night. We wanted to sleep outside. 'How beautiful,' we said, 'in the country, by the river, with the birds, the flowers and the trees all around us!'

I can imagine it easily...

At the end of the day, night comes and the world is peaceful and calm. Our little boat moves silently into some quiet little corner on the river. There we put up our tent, and we cook and eat our simple supper. Then we fill our pipes and we sit and talk quietly. Sometimes we stop for a moment or two and we listen to the water as it plays gently against the boat. The silver moon shines down on us and our heads are full of beautiful thoughts. We sit in silence for a time. We do not want to speak. Then we laugh quietly, put away our pipes, say 'Goodnight' and go to bed. The peaceful sound of the water against the boat sends us to sleep-and we dream. We dream that the world is young again...

'And what about when it rains?' Harris said.

He was right. When it rains, you do not enjoy living in tents.

I thought about it again...

It is evening. You are very wet. There is a lot of water in the boat and everything in it is wet, too. You find a place on the river bank which is not as wet as other places. You get out of the boat, pull out the tent, and two of you try to put it up. Because it is wet, it is very heavy. And then it falls on top of you. You cannot get it off your head, and you get angry. All the time it is raining heavily. It is difficult to put up a tent in good weather. In wet weather it is almost impossible. The other man does not help you. He starts to play about. You get your side of the tent up and begin to tie the ropes to the ground. Just then he pulls the tent from his side, and he destroys all your hard work.

'Here! What do you think you're doing?' you call out.

'What are you doing, you mean,' he answers angrily.

'Don't pull it! You've got it all wrong, you stupid man!' you cry.

'No, I haven't!' he shouts. 'Let your side go!'

'I tell you, you're wrong!' you scream, and you wish you could get to him to hit him. You pull your side of the tent hard-and pull out all the ropes on his side.

'Ah! The stupid fool!' you hear him say to himself. And then, suddenly, he gives a violent pull-and your side comes out, too. Slowly, you start to go round to his side to tell him what you think of him. At the same time, he begins to come round the other way, to tell you what he feels. And you follow each other round and round, and you shout at each other-until the tent falls down. And there you are! You stand and look at each other across the tent. At the same time, you both call out, 'There you are! What did I tell you?'

Meanwhile, the third man has been trying to get the water out of the boat. The water has run up his arms, and he is wet and angry. Suddenly, he wants to know what you are doing, and why the tent is not up yet.

When, at last, the tent is up, you carry the things out of the boat. Supper is mostly rainwater-rainwater bread, rainwater soup. Happily, you have something strong to drink. This brings back your interest in life until it is time to go to bed.

There you dream that a very large animal has suddenly sat down on you. You wake up and you understand that something terrible has happened. At first, you think that the world has ended. Then you think that this cannot be true. So it must be thieves, or murderers, or fire. No help comes, and all you know is that thousands of people are kicking you, and you cannot breathe.

Somebody else is in trouble, too. You can hear his cries. They are coming from under your bed.

You decide to fight, and you hit out, left and right, with your arms and your legs. You are shouting all the time. At last you find your head in the fresh air. Near you, you see a half-dressed murderer. He is waiting to kill you. You are just going to start fighting him when you see that is Jim.

At the same moment, he sees that it is you.

'Oh, it's you, is it?' he says.

'Yes,' you answer. 'What's happened?'

'The tent has blown down, I think,' he says. 'Where's Bill?'

Then you both shout for Bill. The ground underneath you moves, and a voice says, 'Get off my head!'

The next day you have no voices because you have all caught colds, and all day you argue with each other in angry whispers...

We therefore decided that we would sleep out in tents on fine nights, and in hotels when it rained.

Montmorency was very pleased about this. He does not like peace and quiet. He prefers noise. But he looks so good, so well-behaved. When old ladies and gentlemen look at him, tears come into their eyes.

When he first came to live with me, I thought, 'This dog will not be with me long. He is too good for this world.' But, by the end of the year, he had killed twelve chickens, which I had to pay for...I had pulled him out of a hundred and four-teen street fights...A woman had brought me a dead cat and had called me a murderer. Then I changed my ideas

about Montmorency.

We had decided where to sleep, so now we had to discuss what to take with us. We began to argue about this, so we agreed that we had done enough for one night.

2 我们开始订计划

拉开地图，我们开始讨论出行计划。

我们准备下星期六出发。早上哈里斯和我先到金斯顿，从那儿把船划到彻特西和乔治碰头。但乔治下午才能离开伦敦城。（因为乔治周一到周五要在银行从上午十点“睡”到下午四点，只有在周六下午两点他们才把他叫醒，撵到街上来。）所以，我们决定到彻特西和乔治碰头。

下一个问题是晚上在哪儿歇脚。

乔治和我一致主张露营而不想睡在旅馆里。我们说露营多么逍遥自在，“在河边的野地里，小鸟，鲜花，树木团团陪伴在周围。”

我简直能想象得出那幅情景……

白天渐渐隐去，夜晚悄悄来临，周围一片安宁、静谧，我们的小船轻轻滑进幽静的河湾。我们在那里支起帐篷，做点简单的晚餐，吃完饭，我们装满烟斗，坐在那儿娓娓清谈。聊一会儿天，我们便歇一会儿，听着河水轻轻拍着小船。银色的月光洒在身上，我们不禁浮想联翩。一时大家端坐在寂静里，心头一番滋味无以言表。我们静静相视一笑，放下烟斗，互道一声晚安，起身去睡觉。河水潺潺，轻拍船舷，送我们入梦。在梦里，世界重新变得年轻……

“可是，要是下起雨来怎么办呢？”哈里斯问。

他说的没错，下雨天露营实在是令人难以消受。

我又联想起来……

你看，天色已晚，你全身已经湿透，船里到处是水，所有东西都打湿了。你在岸上找了一块稍微干一点的地方，两个人出了船，把帐篷拖上岸，忙着把它支起来。帐篷浸透了水，异常沉重，突然又倒在你身上，压着你，头也伸不出来。你呢，简直快气疯了，而雨还是瓢泼似地下。本来，天好的时候支帐篷就不容易，而到了雨天，根本没戏。另一个人也不帮你，反而自己找乐子。你这边的帐篷刚支起来，把绳子绑在地上的桩子上，他那边使劲一拉，一下子把你辛辛苦苦干的活全废了。

“喂！你干什么？”你冲他大声喊叫。

“你说，你自己在干什么？”他气呼呼地答道。

“别再扯了，全让你扯乱了，你这头蠢驴！”你又喊道。

“得了，我才没扯呢！”他也喊着，“你那边不能松一松吗？”

“我跟你说话，你那样不对！”你尖声吼起来，恨不能够走过去揍他一顿。你使劲拉你这边的帐篷，一下子把他那边的绳子、桩子都拔了出来。

“咳！你这个傻蛋！”你听着他咕哝着，接着，也猛地一拉，你这边绳子、桩子也出来了。你缓缓地朝他那边走去，要和他理论；与此同时，他也绕过来要和你评是非。于是，两个人隔着帐篷，你追我赶绕着圈，互相骂个不停。最后整个帐篷都倒了，你们两个站在那儿，隔着这堆帐篷，互相瞪着眼，又异口同声地叫道：“你看你！我是怎么对你说的？”

这时候，还有第三个人，一直从小船里往外舀水。水已经到胳膊了，他也是湿漉漉的，一肚子气，他不明白你们在搞什么名堂，怎么帐篷还没支起来。

最后，帐篷算是支起来了，你把东西从船里搬出来。晚餐主要是雨水——雨水面包，雨水汤。幸亏你还有点够味的东西喝，使你恢复对人生的兴趣，然后酣然入梦。

在梦里，你觉得有一只庞大的动物突然坐在你身上，你一下子醒了，意识到有什么可怕的事发生了。起初你还以为世界末日到了，后来想想又觉得不大可能，那么一定是盗劫、谋杀或者火灾。谁也不来救助，你只觉得成千上万的人在踢你，简直透不过气来。

还有人也遇到了麻烦，你听见从床底下传来的叫喊声。

你决心反抗，手脚并用，左踢右抡，嘴里乱叫乱嚷，终于发现自己脑袋露出来了。离你不远，你看见那个坏蛋了，半裸着身子，正等着要杀你。你正要和他拼命，才发现坏蛋不是别人正是吉姆。

这时候，他也认清了是你。

“哦，原来是你！没错吧？”他说。

“正是我！”你答道，“出什么事了？”

“我想帐篷给刮倒了吧，”他说，“比尔哪里去了？”

两个人扯起嗓子喊比尔。你脚下有什么东西在动，一个声音传出来：“别踩我的脑袋！”

第二天，你们都说不出话来，因为都感冒了。大家整天都气呼呼的，低声粗气，还不停地互相争辩着。

所以我们决定天气好就在外面露营，下雨就住旅馆。

“元帅”对此非常高兴。它生来不喜欢安静、寂寞的生活，而喜欢吵吵闹闹的场面。但它看着讨人喜欢、举止也得体，那些老太太、老先生们看着它那副模样，准会感动得掉下泪来。

当它第一次来和我住的时候，我想：“这只小狗不会在我这儿久留的，对于这个世界来讲，它实在是太好了。”可是到了年底，它已经杀死了人家十二只小鸡，我不得不替它赔偿损失……它在街上打了一百一十四次架，每次我都得把它拉出来……一位妇女抱着一只给它咬死的猫来找我，叫我是凶手。于是我对“元帅”改变了看法。

我们已经决定了在哪里住宿，现在的问题是要讨论该带些什么东西，于是大家又争执起来。最后我们都说这一个晚上发的议论可真不少哇！

Chapter 3 We decide what to take

The following evening, we discussed what we wanted to take with us. Harris said, 'Now get me a piece of pa-per, J. , and write everything down. George, you get a pencil, and I'll make the list. '

That's Harris—he tells everybody what to do, and they do all the work. I remember that my Uncle Podger was like Harris...

Everybody in the house had to help when Uncle Podger did a job. When they bought a picture once, Aunt Podger asked, 'Now, where shall we put this? '

'Oh, I'll do it. Don't worry about it. I'll do it all myself,' he said. And then he took off his coat to begin. He sent one of the girls out to buy some nails, and then he sent one of the boys to tell her how big the nails ought to be. 'Now, Bill, you go and get my hammer,' he shouted. 'And bring me a ruler, Tom. And Jim, I need a ladder—and a kitchen chair, too. Maria, you stay here to hold the light—and Tom, come here! You can give me the picture. '

Then he lifted the picture up...and he dropped it. He tried to catch the glass...and he cut himself. He looked for something to put round his finger, and he could not find anything. So he danced round the house, and he shouted at everybody.

Half an hour later, the finger had been tied up, they had bought new glass, and everything was ready. Uncle Podger tried again. Everybody stood round him. They were all ready to help. Two people held the chair, a third helped him to get on it, a fourth gave him a nail, and a fifth passed him the hammer. He took the nail...and he dropped it!

'There, 'he said sadly. 'Now the nail's gone. '

So everybody got down on the ground to look for it. At last we found the nail, but then he lost the hammer.

'Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? There are seven of you there, and you don't know where the hammer is! '

We found the hammer for him, but then he lost the place on the wall where he was going to put the picture. So each one of us had to get up on the chair and look for the place. And each one of us thought that it was a different place. Then Uncle Podger tried again himself. This time he fell off the chair on to the piano. His head and his body hit the piano at the same time. The music was beautiful, but Uncle Podger's words were not! Aunt Maria was not pleased. She said that she did not want the children to listen to those terrible words. She added calmly, 'The next time that you are going to put a picture on the wall, please tell me. Then I can arrange to go and spend a week with my mother. '

Uncle Podger got up and tried again, and at midnight the picture was on the wall. It was not very straight, and everyone was very tired and unhappy. Uncle Podger looked at the picture proudly and said, 'You see, it was only a little job! '...

Harris is like that. So I told him that George would write down the list, and I would do the work. He could get the pencil and the paper.

The first list was too long. So we started again.

'Now, 'George said, 'we don't want to take a tent. We can put a cover over the boat at night. It will be like a little house, lovely and warm and comfortable. It's much easier than a tent. '

Then we made a list of all the clothes we needed. George told us that he knew all about this kind of thing—and we believed him. We discovered later that this was not true.

Next we talked about the food.

'First, breakfast, 'George began. 'We need eggs, cold meat, tea, bread and butter, of course. And for dinner we can take cold chicken legs, tomatoes, cold meat, fruit, cakes, chocolate...We can drink water. 'then he added, 'And we can take a bottle of whisky, too—for when we are sick, you know. '

We did not wish to talk about being sick. But later, we were glad we had taken the whisky.

So we made our list, and it was a long one.

3 准备行装

第二天晚上, 我们又开始讨论需要带些什么东西。哈里斯说: “来, 给我一张纸, 杰, 你来把需要的东西都记下来。乔治, 你去拿笔, 我就可以列清单了。”

这是哈里斯一贯的作风: 他总是告诉大家要干什么活, 让大家忙得不亦乐乎。我不由记起来浦杰叔叔也和哈里斯一样.....

浦杰叔叔要是干点什么活, 一家人都得帮忙。有一次他们买了一幅画, 浦杰婶婶问: “把画挂在什么地方?”

“哦, 我来吧, 你们谁也甭操心, 全交给我一个人得了。”他说着, 脱掉外套, 就要干活。他先叫了一个女孩子去买钉子, 马上又支使一个男孩子赶去告诉她钉子要多大的。“去, 比尔, 给我拿把锤子,”他喊着, “汤姆, 去把尺子拿来。还有吉姆, 我还需要个梯子——再要一把厨房里的椅子。玛丽亚, 别走开, 给我拿着灯照亮——还有, 汤姆, 快过来, 你把画递给我。”

说着, 他把画举起来, 没想到一下又给掉了, 他赶紧去抓玻璃, 却又把手割破了。他想找点东西把手指包上, 可什么也找不着。就这样, 他满屋子乱蹦乱跳, 冲着每一个人嚷嚷。

他花了半个小时才把手指包扎好; 随后玻璃也买回来了, 万事俱备。浦杰叔叔要再干一次, 大家都围着他站着, 随时帮忙。两个人扶着椅子, 第三个人扶他上去, 第四个人给他递钉子, 第五个人把锤子递给他。他拿着钉子.....可这回钉子又掉了。

“你瞧,”他伤心地说, “钉子又掉了。”

于是大家全趴在地上找。最后好不容易找到了钉子, 可接着又把锤子弄没了。

“锤子哪里去了? 我刚才拿锤子干吗来着? 你们七个人都在这儿, 居然没一个知道锤子哪去了!”

大家把锤子找到了给他, 可是他刚才在墙上准备挂画的记号又找不着了。大家轮流爬上椅子去找那个地方, 可每个人找的都不一样。浦杰叔叔自己又找了一遍, 结果这次从椅子上摔下去, 摔在钢琴上, 整个身体, 从头到脚都压在上面。音乐真是美妙, 但叔叔说的话可不那么好听。玛丽亚姑姑不高兴了, 她说她可不想让孩子们听见那些粗话。接着又冷冷地加了一句: “往后你再挂个画什么的, 最好先告诉我一声, 我好收拾东西去妈妈家住上一星期。”

浦杰叔叔爬上椅子, 又试一次。直到半夜, 画才算是挂上去了, 可还不太直, 一家人也都精疲力尽, 满心不悦。浦杰叔叔却看着画, 不无骄傲地说: “瞧瞧, 小事一桩。”

哈里斯就象浦杰叔叔那样。所以我对他说，由乔治列清单，我来说要什么，而他去拿笔和纸。

我们列的第一个清单太长了，只得又重新开始。

“你瞧，”乔治发话了，“咱们不要带帐篷了，晚上可以在船上支个顶篷，当盖子，就象个小房子，又暖和，又可爱，又舒服，却比帐篷简单多了。”

我们又列了个单子，记下要带的衣服。乔治告诉我们这些事他全通晓——我们信了他的话，后来才发现并非象他说的那样。

再接下来，我们讨论吃的东西。

“首先是早餐，”乔治说，“当然了，要有鸡蛋、冷肉、茶、面包和黄油。正餐可以带上冷鸡腿、西红柿、冷肉、水果、蛋糕、巧克力……再喝点水。”说着又加了一句：“咱们带上一瓶威士忌吧——病了就用得着了。”

我们都不愿意谈到生病。但是后来，我们还真庆幸带了威士忌。

这就是我们列的单子，长长的一串。

Chapter 4 We pack

The next day, which was Friday, we collected all these things together. In the evening we met to pack.

We got a big suitcase for the clothes. There were two large baskets with lids, for the food and for the pans and things to cook with. We moved the table over to the window. Then we put everything in the middle of the floor.

After we had done that, we sat there and we looked at it.

I said that I would pack.

I think that I am very good at packing. It is one of the things that I do best. So I told the others that I would organize it. They agreed to this idea too quickly. That was rather strange. George lit his pipe and sat back in the armchair. Harris put his feet on the table and lit a cigarette.

This was not, of course, what I had expected. When I said that I would organize it, I meant that I would tell them what to do. Then I would sit and watch them do it.

However, I said nothing, and I started to pack the clothes. It took much longer than I had expected, but in the end it was finished. I sat on the suitcase and closed it. George and Harris watched me with great interest.

'Aren't you going to put the boots in?' Harris asked.

I looked round, and saw the boots. Why did Harris wait until I had closed the suitcase?

George laughed quietly.

I opened the suitcase, and I put the boots in. It was not easy! And just as I was going to close the suitcase again, an awful idea came to me. Had I packed my toothbrush?

Of course, I had to look for it, and, of course, I could not find it. I had to take everything out again. I found George's tooth-brush. I found Harris's toothbrush, but I could not find mine. In the end, I found it inside a boot.

I packed everything again.

When I had finished, George asked if the soap was in the suitcase. I said I did not care about the soap. I threw down the lid of the suitcase, and I closed it again. Then I found my cigarettes were inside it.

I finished the suitcase at five past ten, and the food was still not packed!

Harris said, 'We have to start the holiday in twelve hours. Perhaps George and I had better do the rest of the packing.'

I agreed, and I sat down.

They began quite happily. I said nothing. I only waited. I looked at all the plates and cups, and bottles, and tomatoes, and cakes, etc. I felt that it was soon going to get exciting.

It did. They started by breaking a cup. That was just to show you what they could do and to get you interested. Then Harris packed a pan on top of a tomato and...well, they had to pick out the tomato with a teaspoon.

And then it was George's turn, and he stepped on the butter. I did not say anything, but I got up and went over to the table and watched them. This annoyed them more than anything, and it made them worried and excited. They stepped on things, and they put things behind them. And then they could not find them when they wanted them. They packed soft things at the bottom of the basket, and then put heavy things on top of them.

Then it got worse. After George got the butter off his shoe, they tried to put it in the teapot. At first they could not get it in. Then, when they did get it in, they decided that the teapot was the wrong place. But they could not get the butter out again. However, in the end they did manage to get it out and they put it down on a chair. Harris sat on it, and when he stood up, the butter stuck to his trousers. Then they looked for the butter all over the room. In the end, George got behind Harris, and he saw it.

'There it is!' he cried.

'Where?' Harris asked, and he turned round quickly.

'Stand still!' George shouted.

When they got the butter off Harris, they packed it in the teapot again.

Montmorency was in all this, of course. He sat down on things just when George and Harris were going to pack them; he put his leg into the sugar; he ran away with the teaspoons. He pretended that the oranges were rats, and he got into the food basket and killed three of them.

The packing was completed at ten to one in the morning, and we all went to bed. George said, 'What time shall I wake you two?'

Harris said, 'Seven.'

I said 'Six.'

In the end we said, 'Wake us at half past six, George.'

4 收拾行装

第二天是星期五，晚上我们把那些东西堆在一起，准备收拾。

我们带一个大箱子装衣服，还有两个有盖的篮子，一个装食品，一个装锅和烹饪的东西。我们把桌子搬到窗口，然后把东西一股脑地堆在中间的地板上。

做完这些事，我们坐在那儿，愣愣地看着这一堆东西。

我说，打包的事交给我了。

我对自己的打包能力十分自负，觉得是我最拿手的一件事，所以我对他们俩说我来负责。他们马上欣然同意，毫不犹豫，速度之快有点令我感到蹊跷。乔治点上了烟斗，把自己埋在扶手椅中；哈里斯把脚蹠到桌子上，也点了一支香烟。

当然这可出乎我的意料。我的打算是我来组织这个工作，我告诉他们怎么干，然后我坐在那儿看他们干。

尽管如此，我还是二话没说开始装衣服。花的时间可真不少，但我终于还是干完了。我坐在箱子上合住盖。乔治和哈里斯颇有兴致地望着我。

“这些靴子你要不要装进去呀？”哈里斯问。

我回头一看，看见了靴子。这个哈里斯，怎么非等我盖上箱子才说？

乔治悄悄笑了起来。

我又把箱子打开，把靴子装进去，真不容易啊。我刚想合上箱子盖，忽然又冒出一个糟糕的念头，我的牙刷装进去了没有？

毫无疑问，我还得找，可我怎么都找不着。我把所有的东西都掏出来，找到了乔治的牙刷，也找到了哈里斯的牙刷，偏偏就是没有我的。最后还是在一只靴子里找到了。

我把东西重新装好。

等到收拾完了，乔治问肥皂装了没有。我才不管什么肥皂不肥皂的呢！我使劲把盖子压下去，合上，这才发现我的烟又给装进去了。

收拾完箱子已经是晚上十点过五分了，可是吃的东西还没装呢！

哈里斯说：“咱们还有十二个小时就要出发了，其余的东西还是让我和乔治来收拾吧。”

我没有意见，坐在一旁看他们干。

他们一开始还挺高兴。我一言不发，走着瞧吧。看着一大堆盘子、杯子、瓶子、西红柿、和蛋糕什么的，我觉得不一会儿就会有好戏看了。

果不其然。开始是杯子打了，这无非想显示他们很能干，好引起你的兴趣。接着哈里斯把锅压在西红柿上，瞧，只得用茶匙把它们一点一点舀出来。

轮到乔治了。他一脚踩在黄油上面。我一声没吭，起身走到桌子边上看究竟怎么回事。这更让他们恼怒、烦恼和激动，一会儿又踩着什么了；一会儿把东西搁到身后，转身又忘了，找不着；一会儿把软的东西放到篮子底，把重的压在上面了。

形势越发糟糕了。乔治把黄油从鞋上拿下来，他们使劲把它塞进茶壶里。开始还装不进去，后来装进去了，他们才恍然大悟这儿可不是放黄油的好地方。这次又取不出来了。终于取出来了，他们把黄油放在椅子上，哈里斯一屁股坐上去，起身时全粘到裤子上了。他们四处乱找，后来乔治转到哈里斯背后，才发现了黄油。

“在这儿！”他叫道。

“在哪儿呀？”哈里斯问，不住地转着身子。

“别动！”乔治吼道。

他们总算把黄油从身上取下来，又装进茶壶里去了。

这样的大混乱里，当然少不了“元帅”。乔治和哈里斯装东西的时候，它就坐在上面，一会儿把脚伸进糖罐里，一会儿叼着勺子到处跑，一会儿假装桔子是老鼠，蹿进装食品的篮子里——一下消灭了三个。

凌晨一点差十分，东西包装完毕，大家准备去睡觉。乔治问：“明天什么时候叫醒你们？”

哈里斯说：“七点。”

我说：“六点。”

最后我们说：“乔治，六点半叫我们。”

Chapter 5 We start our holiday

It was Mrs Poppets who woke me the next morning.

She said, 'Do you know that it's nearly nine o'clock, sir? '

'What!' I cried, and I jumped out of bed. I woke Harris and told him.

He said, 'I thought you told us to get up at six? '

'I did, 'I answered.

'Well, why didn't you wake me then?' he asked. 'Now we won't be on the water until after twelve o'clock. '

Then we remembered. We looked at George. He was still asleep. Now, it makes me very angry when I see another man asleep and I am awake. We decided to wake George. We ran across the room, and we pulled the bedclothes off him. Harris hit him with a shoe, and I shouted in his ear. He woke up.

'Wh...aa...t, 'he began.

'Get up, you fat, lazy thing!' Harris shouted. 'It's a quarter to ten! '

Then we began to get ready, and we remembered that we had packed the toothbrushes. So we had to go downstairs to get them out of the suitcase.

Finally, we were ready and Harris said, 'We need a good breakfast inside us today. 'While we were eating, George got the newspaper and read us interesting pieces from it—pieces about people who had been killed on the river, and interesting reports about the weather. The weather report for that day said, 'Rain, cold, wet to fine, some thunder, and an east wind'. But weather reports make me angry anyway. They always tell you what the weather was like yesterday, or the day before. It is never today's weather. It is always wrong. I remember that one autumn I went on holiday...

On that holiday, the weather reports in the newspaper were always wrong. on Monday it said, 'Heavy rain, with thunder'. So we did not go out that day. All day people passed our house. They were all going out, happy and smiling. The sun was shining and there were no clouds in the sky.

'Ah, 'we said, as we watched them, 'they'll be very wet when they come back, though. '

And we laughed. Then we sat down by the fire and read our books.

At twelve o'clock the room was too hot, and the sun was still shining.

'Well, it will rain this afternoon, then, 'we told ourselves.

The rain never came.

The next morning, we read that it was going to be sunny and very hot. So we dressed in light clothes, and we went out. Half an hour later, it began to rain hard, and a very cold wind blew up. And this went on all day. We came home with colds, and we went to bed...

But on the morning of our holiday it was bright and sunny, and George could not make us unhappy. So he went to work.

Harris and I finished the rest of the breakfast. Then we car-ried all our luggage into the road. We tried to get a taxi. Usual-ly taxis come along every three minutes. In fact, there are usu-ally too many taxis. However, that morning we waited twenty minutes for a taxi. A crowd of interested people collected to watch us. I think it was because we had so much luggage. There was a big suitcase, a small bag, two baskets, several blan-kets, some fruit in a brown paper bag, some pans, some umbrel-las and four or five coats and raincoats. After a very long time, a taxi arrived and stopped for us. We packed our things into it, kicked two of Montmorency's friends out of the taxi, and started on our holiday The crowd of peopel waved goodbye to us.

5 开始度假

第二天早晨，是波贝丝太太把我叫醒的。她叫道：“先生，知道吗，快九点了！”

“什么？”我叫了一声，跳下床，叫醒哈里斯，告诉他快九点了。

他却说：“我还以为你让咱们六点起床呢。”

“没错！”我回答。

“那你为什么不叫我起来？”他问，“瞧，十二点以前咱们甭想上船了。”

说到这儿我们才明白过来，看看乔治，他还在睡觉呢！看到别人还在酣睡，我却起了床，我立刻怒火中烧。我们决定把乔治弄醒。我俩“噌”地蹿过去，一下子把被单拽了下来，哈里斯用鞋打他，我对着他的耳朵大喊，他才悠悠醒转过来。

“干—什—么？”他说话了。

“起床了，你这个又肥又懒的家伙！”哈里斯说，“差一刻就十点了。”

接着我们洗漱，准备停当，这才想起来牙刷都已经装起来了。大家下楼又从箱子里翻出来。

终于一切都安顿好了。哈里斯说：“今天早餐咱们要好好吃一顿才会有劲。”一边吃着饭，乔治一边拿出报纸给大家念些有趣的新闻——有人在河里淹死了；还有天气预报，预报说：“有雨，寒冷，由阴湿转晴，有雷，风向偏东。”天气预报总是让我十分恼火，他们告诉你的天气和昨天的一样、和前天的一样，就是和今天的情况不一样，总是错误的消息。我还记得一年秋天，我去度假……

那一次度假，报纸上天气预报总是不准。星期一预报说：“预计今日大雨，并伴有雷电。”因此我们没有出去。整整一天，眼看着大家都出了门，兴高采烈地笑着，天上阳光灿烂，万里无云。

“哈哈！”我们看着那些人说，“去吧，反正回来的时候肯定给淋得湿透。”

我们笑起来，坐到火炉边看书。

中午十二点了，屋里热得让人受不了，太阳还是那么明亮耀眼。

“你看着吧，下午准下雨，”我们彼此安慰着说。

雨却始终没有来。

第二天早晨，报上讲会是个很热的大晴天。我们穿得轻飘飘地出了门。刚过了半个小时，大雨倾盆，加上阵阵的刺骨寒风，整天没有停。

回到家里我们都伤风了，赶紧上床睡觉……

但我们度假的那天早晨，天气晴朗，阳光普照，乔治也没法烦我们了，所以他上班去了。

哈里斯和我吃完早餐，把所有的行李搬到路上，我们想等辆马车。通常三分钟就会来一辆。马车很多，可那天早晨我们等了足足二十分钟也不见一辆。一群人围过来，兴致勃勃地看着我们俩，我想是因为行李太多的缘故：一个大箱子，一个小包，两个篮子，几张毯子，几只锅，几把伞，四、五件外套和雨衣，牛皮袋里有些水果。过了好长时间，才来了一辆马车。我们把东西放到车上，把“元帅”的两个朋友轰出车外，便开始了我们的旅行，一大群人向我们挥手道别。

Chapter 6 On the river

At Kingston our boat was waiting for us. Harris and I put all our things into it, and we moved off along the River Thames. Montmorency was at the front of the boat. We travelled along the river without any accidents. Well, there was only one little accident. That was when the boat hit the river bank, and Harris fell over backwards. When we came to Hamp-ton Court Palace, Harris asked me if I had ever been in the maze there. He told me a story about it...

He went into the maze once, to show a friend the way. He had studied a map of the maze, and so he knew it was very easy to get out of it again. Harris said to his friend, 'We'll just go in and walk around for ten minutes, and then we'll come out and get some lunch. It's easy, you see. You just keep taking the first turning to the right.'

Soon after they had gone in, they met some people. These people said that they had been there for three quarters of an hour. They said they wanted to get out. Harris said, 'Follow me! I'm going out myself in about ten minutes.'

The people all said that Harris was very kind, and they began to follow him.

As they were going along, they collected other people who wanted to get out. In the end, all the people in the maze were following Harris. There were about twenty of them. Some of them had thought that they were never going to see their friends and their families again. One woman was carrying a baby. She held on to Harris's arm because she did not want to lose him.

Harris continued to turn to the right, but it seemed to be a long way. At last, Harris's friend said to him, 'This must be a very big maze.'

'One of the biggest in Europe,' Harris answered.

'Yes, it must be,' his friend continued, 'because we've walked about three kilometres already.'

Harris began to think that it was rather strange, but he went on. After some time, they came to a piece of cake on the ground. Harris's friend said that they had passed the piece of cake earlier. Harris replied, 'No! Impos-sible!'

The woman with the baby said, 'No, I took it from the baby, and I threw it there myself. It was just before we met you. In fact, I wish I never had met you,' she added.

Harris got angry then, and he took out his map. He showed it to the people, but one man said, 'A map's no good when you don't know where you are.'

So then Harris said that the best thing was to go back to the entrance and start again. Everybody agreed, and they all turned and followed Harris the other way.

After ten minutes they found themselves in the centre of the maze. Harris was going to pretend that he wanted to be in the centre, but the crowd looked dangerous. So Harris decided to say that it was an accident.

Anyway, now they knew where they were on the map, and it looked easy. So they all started off again for the third time.

And three minutes later, they were back in the centre again.

After that, every time they tried again, they arrived back in the centre. Harris took out his map again, but this made the crowd angry. They told him what to do with his map. Harris felt that the crowd was not very grateful to him.

Then they all started to shout, and in the end the keeper came. He climbed up a ladder, and he called to them, 'Wait, there! I'll come and get you.'

But he was a young keeper, and he was new to the job, so when he got into the maze, he could not find them.

Then he got lost. From time to time, they saw him as he ran past, on the other side of the hedge. He shouted, 'Wait there! I'm coming!'

Then, five minutes later, he appeared again in the same place. He asked them why they had moved.

They had to wait for one of the old keepers to come back from lunch and let them out...

Harris said that it was a fine maze, and we agreed that we would try to get George into it on the way back.

6 在河上

船在金斯顿等我们。哈里斯和我把行李搬上船，然后沿着泰晤士河出发了，“元帅”站在船头。一路上没有什么意外。嗯，只有一个小小的意外：小船撞到了岸上，哈里斯仰面摔了一跤。当我们经过汉普顿宫，哈里斯问我有没有到过那里的迷宫，还给我讲起以前的故事……

他进过一次迷宫，是为了给朋友当向导。他曾经仔细研究过迷宫的地图，因此他以为走出来是件十分简单的事。他对朋友说：“咱们进去只消十分钟就能走出去去吃午饭。这没什么难的。你瞧，只要记住总是在第一个转弯处往右走就行了。”

他们一进去就遇到不少人。他们说已经在里面转了三刻钟，非常想出去。哈里斯说：“跟我来，我自己只消十分钟就能走出去。”

他们一听都说哈里斯心真好，大家便跟着他走。

他们一边绕，一路上又带上了不少人，也是想走出迷宫的。后来迷宫里所有的人都跟着哈里斯走，至少有二十人，其中有的人甚至担心今生今世再也见不到自己的朋友和家人了。一个妇女抱着孩子，紧紧揪着哈里斯的胳膊，生怕把他丢了。

哈里斯坚持向右转，可路看起来越走越长。后来哈里斯的朋友说：“这个迷宫实在大得很。”

“是全欧洲最大的呢！”哈里斯回答说。

“是，一点不错，”朋友接着说，“咱们差不多走了快三公里了。”

哈里斯也开始觉得有点奇怪，可是他还坚持这样走。走了一会儿，人们看到地上有块蛋糕，哈里斯的朋友说他们刚才曾经走过这里。哈里斯说：“不，不可能的！”

抱着孩子的女人说：“肯定是的。是我从孩子手里拿下来的，是我亲手扔在这儿的，就在刚遇到你之前。哼！我可真希望从来没碰上你！”她又加了一句。

哈里斯气坏了，拿出地图，给人们看。可一个人却说：“可你连咱们在哪儿都不知道，要地图又有什么用呢？”

因此哈里斯说最好的办法就是回到入口处重新开始。大家一致同意，便向后转，又跟着哈里斯向相反的方向走去。

十分钟以后，他们发现走到迷宫中间了。哈里斯本打算哄骗大家他是有意这样走的，可是他看到众怒难犯，哈里斯只好说这是个意外。

不管怎么说，大家总算知道自己现在在地图上什么位置了，那么一切简单多了，他们又第三次重新开始。

可是三分钟以后，他们又回到原来的中心。

后来，每一次努力都是以回到迷宫的中心而告终。哈里斯又拿出地图来看，这下子大家全火了，他们叫他拿了这幅地图见鬼去吧！哈里斯觉得这群人真不知道感恩戴德。

最后人们吵成一团，后来还是管理员来了。他爬上梯子，对人群叫道：“在那儿等着，我来帮你们出去。”

可是这个年轻人偏偏又是个新手，他进了迷宫找不到那群人，结果自己也迷了路。大家不时看见他在围墙那边跑来跑去，还大声叫喊着：“你们都别动，我来了！”

五分钟以后，他又在原来的老地方出现了，还问大家为什么又动了位置。

他们只好等着那位年老的管理员吃完中午饭回来，才把他们领出去。

哈里斯说那个迷宫的确很不错，我们一致同意回来的路上让乔治也进迷宫逛一逛。

Chapter 7 Harris gets angry

Harris told me about the maze as we were passing through Molesey lock. Our boat was the only one in the lock that day. Usually it is very busy. On Sundays, when the weather is fine, there are boats everywhere. Everybody comes down to the river. They wear brightly coloured clothes, and the river is full of colour—yellow, and blue, and orange, and green, and white, and red and pink.

At Hampton Harris wanted to get out and have a look at the church there, but I refused to stop. I have never liked visiting churches, but Harris loves them. He said, 'I've looked forward to visiting Hampton Church ever since we decided to make this trip.' He added, 'I only came on the trip because I thought we were going there!'

I reminded him about George. I said, 'We've got to get the boat up to Shepperton by five o'clock to meet him.'

Then Harris got angry with George. 'Why does George have to play around all day? Why has he left us with this big, heavy boat to tow up and down the river? Why couldn't George come and do some work? Why didn't he take a day's holiday and come down with us? The bank! Ha! What good is he at the bank?' He stopped for a moment and then he continued, 'I never see him doing any work there. He sits behind a bit of glass all day, and he pretends to do something. What's the good of a man behind a bit of glass? I have to work. Why can't George work? What does he do at the bank? What good are banks, anyway? They take all your money, and then, when you write out a cheque, they send it back! They say you've spent all your money! What's the good of that? If George was here, we could go to see that church. Anyway, I don't believe he's at the bank. He's playing about somewhere, that's what he's doing. And we've got to do all the work! ... I'm going to get out and have a drink!'

I told him that there were no pubs nearby, and then he started shouting about the river. 'What good is the river? We'll all die of thirst! No pubs!' (It's better to let Harris go on shouting when he gets angry. Then he gets tired, and he is quiet afterwards.)

I reminded him that we had water in the boat. Then he started shouting about water. He said drinks like that made people ill.

However, he said that he must drink something. He climbed onto the seat and he bent down to get the bottle out of the basket. It was at the bottom, and he had to bend down, lower and lower. At the same time, he was trying to steer the boat, and he pulled the wrong rope. The boat turned sharply and bumped into the bank of the river, and Harris fell into the basket. He stood there on his head, and he held on to the side of the boat. His legs were in the air. He could not move in case he fell over. He had to stay there until I could catch his legs and pull him back. And that made him more angry.

We stopped under the trees by Kempton Park, and we had lunch. It is very pretty there, on the grass by the river, under the trees. We had an excellent meal, and Harris calmed down and began to enjoy himself again.

By half past three, we had reached Sunbury lock. Then we went up to Walton, which is quite an interesting place. Julius Caesar stayed there with his soldiers. Queen Elizabeth I, she was there too. You can never get away from that woman. She was everywhere.

Next we came to Halliford and Shepperton. There is an old church at Shepperton, and I was worried in case Harris wanted to go and visit it. I saw him looking towards it as we came near, but I moved the boat quickly, and Harris's cap fell into the water. We had to get it back, of course. Luckily, he was very angry with me, and so he forgot about his church.

As we came up to the lock at Weybridge, we saw something brightly coloured on one of the lock gates. When we looked closer, we saw that it was George. Montmorency started to bark madly. I shouted, and Harris called out wildly. George waved his cap and yelled back to us. The lock-keeper ran out because he thought someone had fallen in the water. He seemed annoyed when he saw that no one had fallen in.

7 哈里斯生气了

哈里斯谈起在迷宫的事时，我们正驶过莫尔赛水闸。那天在水闸就我们一只船。通常那儿很拥挤。星期天或者天气好的话，那儿到处是船。人们都到河上来，穿着色彩艳丽的衣服，一片五光十色——黄的、蓝的、桔红、绿的、白的、红的、粉的。

到了汉普顿，哈里斯想上岸去看看那里的教堂，可我拒绝停下来，我从来不喜欢瞻仰教堂，而哈里斯却为之心仪已久。他说：“咱们计划出游的时候我就一直盼着来看看汉普顿教堂。”他又说：“我之所以来就是因为我想我们要到这儿。”

我提醒他别忘了乔治。我告诉他：“咱们还要在五点钟前赶到谢泼顿和他会合呢。”

于是，哈里斯一下把怒气都转向乔治。“为什么他可以整天晃荡，把这只又笨又沉的船扔下让我们划？为什么乔治不能来干点活呢？为什么不能休一天假，和我们一起行动呢？那个银行！哈！他在那儿有什么好的？”停了一会儿，他又接着说：“我可从来没有见过他在银行里干什么正经事。整天坐在一小块玻璃窗后面，好像在干工作。一个男子汉在那样一块玻璃窗后能有什么出息？我得工作谋生，为什么乔治就不能呢？他在银行做什么？再说银行又有什么好？他们拿了你的钱，可是你开张支票取钱，他们却又给你退回来，说你的钱已经花光了。那都有什么用？要是乔治在这里，我们还能去看看教堂。我根本不相信他在银行里，他一定到什么地方找乐去了，这才象他干的事，把苦差使都丢给我们！……不行，我得上岸去喝一杯。”

我告诉他附近没有小酒馆，他又转过来冲着河咆哮起来。“河有什么好？我们一样要渴死了，连小酒馆也没有。”（哈里斯生气的时候，最好的办法就是让他喊下去。过一会儿，喊累了，他也就安静了。）

我提醒他船上有水喝，他又骂起水来，说人喝了那样的水一定会生病。

可是他说非得喝点什么不可。他爬上座位，弯下腰在篮子里找瓶子。可瓶子在篮子底，他还得往下弯腰，越弯越低，与此同时又要掌舵，因此拉错了绳子。小船猛地打了个转，一下撞在岸上，哈里斯一头栽在篮子里，脑袋倒立着，双手撑在船边，两腿竖在空中。他一动不敢动，生怕翻到水里去。就这样倒立了半天。后来我抱住他的双腿，才把他拖了出来。可是他更加怒火中烧，暴跳如雷。

我们的船停在肯普顿公园附近的绿荫之下，就在那儿开始吃午餐。我们坐在河边的草地上，坐在树下，景致很美。午餐十分丰盛，哈里斯安静下来，心情也舒畅了。

三点半钟，我们到了森伯里水闸，接着又上行到沃尔顿。那是个很有趣的地方，凯撒曾和他的士兵在那里呆过，伊丽莎白一世也是常客。对了，你永远别想甩掉这位女士，她无所不在。

接下去我们到了哈利福德和谢泼顿。谢泼顿有一座古老的教堂，我真担心，怕哈里斯又要去参观。我看他一直呆呆地望着，就把船划得飞快，结果哈里斯的帽子掉进水里去了，我们又折回去。幸运的是，他光顾和我生气了，把教堂的事儿给丢在脑后。

再往上走，到了韦布里奇水闸，我们一眼就看到一扇闸门上有个色彩鲜艳的东西在动，靠近仔细一看才发现是乔治。“元帅”汪汪乱叫着，我尖声叫喊着，哈里斯也手舞足蹈地大声吼着。乔治挥舞着帽子，冲我们打招呼。水闸管理员也跑了出来，还以为有人掉到水里了。可一看没事，他似乎颇为恼怒。

Chapter 8 George starts work

We decided that now George was there, he was going to do some work. He did not want to work, of course. 'I've had a bad day at the bank,' he explained.

Harris, who is sometimes a little cruel, said, 'Ah! And now you're going to have a bad time on the river for a change. A change is good for you. Come on! Get out of the boat and tow!'

George could not refuse, really, but he did say, 'Perhaps it would be better if I stayed in the boat and prepared the meal. You two can tow the boat.' then he added, 'It's very difficult to prepare a meal and you both look tired.'

Our only reply was to give him the rope. So he started walk-ing, and he pulled the boat behind him.

Sometimes people forget that they are towing a boat, and later, George told us a story about this...

George had once seen a man and a young lady who were walking by the side of the river. They were pulling a rope behind them and they were talking to each other. They did not notice that there was no boat on the end of the rope. Of course, they probably had a boat on the end of the rope when they started out. But it had disappeared. The two young people were not worried about this. They had their rope. They did not seem to care that there was no boat. George was going to call out to tell them about it. But, just then, he had an idea. He took hold of the rope, and he tied it to his own boat. Then he and his three fat, heavy friends sat in the back of their boat, and lit their pipes. And that young man and young woman towed George and his friends up to Marlow. It was when they reached the lock that they looked back. Suddenly they understood that they had been towing the wrong boat. George said, 'I've never seen anyone look as sad as those two young people then!'

The young man was a bit annoyed. In fact, he was probably going to say something angry to George and his friends. But just then, the young woman cried wildly, 'Oh, Henry, then where's Aunt Mary?'... 'Did they ever get the old lady back?' Harris asked. George replied that he did not know.

But the most exciting thing of all is to let girls tow your boat. Let me tell you about it... First of all, you need three girls. You always need three girls to tow a boat. Two of them hold the rope, and the other one runs here and there and laughs all the time.

They usually begin by tying themselves up in the rope. They get it round their legs, and then they have to sit down to untie it. Next, they get it round their necks. When they finally get it right, they always start by running. They pull the boat much too fast. After a few minutes, they are tired, and so they stop suddenly. They all sit down on the grass, and they start to laugh. Meanwhile, your boat goes out into the middle of the river, and it starts to turn round. Then they stand up and are surprised.

'Oh, look!' they say. 'The boat's gone into the middle of the river!'

After this, they pull you along quite well for a time. Then one of them decides to stop for something else. So the boat runs aground in shallow water near the river bank. You jump up, and you push the boat off into deep water. You shout to them, 'Don't stop!'

'Yes, what's the matter?' they shout back.

'Don't stop!' you cry loudly.

'Don't what?'

'Don't stop... go on... go on!'

'Go back, Emily, and see what they want,' one of them says.

And Emily comes back and asks, 'What is it? Is anything wrong?'

'No!' you shout. 'It's all right! But go on! Don't stop!'

'Why not?'

'Because we can't steer the boat if you stop.'

'Why not?'

'You must keep the boat moving!'

'Oh, all right. I'll tell them. Are we doing everything else all right?'

'Oh, yes, very nicely—but don't stop!'

'I see. Oh, give me my hat, please. It's over there.'

You find her hat, and you give it to her. But then another girl comes. She thinks she will have her hat, too. And then they take Mary's hat for her. Mary does not want it, so they bring it back. Then they want a comb. It is about twenty minutes before they start again. Then, at the next corner, they see a cow. You have to stop, and leave the boat, to chase the cow away...

Anyway, this time it was George who towed us on to Penton Hook. There we discussed the important question of where to spend the night. We had decided to sleep on the boat. Therefore we could stay there, or we could go on past Staines. In the end, we decided to continue to Runnymede.

Later we all wished we had stopped at Penton Hook.

8 乔治开始干活

我们说既然乔治现在来了,就得干点活了。他当然不想干,还推托说:“我在银行已经够辛苦的了。”

可哈里斯有时真是冷酷无情,他冷冷地说:“啊哈!那你就换换工作,到河上来辛辛苦苦吧,这对你有好处。去,下船拉纤去!”

说真的,乔治没理由拒绝,可他却说:“我还是在船上吧,我来做饭,你们俩拉纤。”说完又加了一句:“做饭可不容易,你们俩都累了,还是我干吧。”

我们给他的唯一回答是把绳子扔给他。他乖乖地拉起了纤,一边走,一边拉着身后的小船。

有时候,人们会忘记自己身后还拉着船。后来,乔治给我们讲了一段故事,说的就是这事……

有一次，乔治看见一个男人和一个年轻姑娘在河边散步。他们一边拉着身后的绳子，一边聊天，根本没注意到绳子另一端没有拴住船。显然，那纤绳原来是拖着一条船的，但后来却不见了踪影。两个年轻人也没在意，反正手里拽着绳子，他们也不管后面有没有船。乔治正想喊，提醒他们一声，可是他忽然有了一个绝妙的主意。他抓住绳子，系在自己的船上，然后他和三个又胖又重的伙伴坐到船尾，点了烟斗，悠然抽了起来。那一对年轻人就这样把他们四个一直拉到马洛。后来船到水闸时，那一对回过头看了看，这才明白自己拉错了船。乔治说：“我再没见过比他们更难过的表情了。”

那个男的有点火了，可能想骂乔治和他的朋友们一顿。就在那时，姑娘失声喊道：“哎呀！亨利，那玛丽姑姑到哪里去了？”

“后来老太太找到了吗？”哈里斯问。乔治说他也不清楚。

然而最有趣的莫过于姑娘们为你拉纤了。让我说说吧……

首先，你需要三个姑娘。拉一艘船总是需要三个姑娘。两个拉着纤绳，还有一个在周围跑个不停，笑上一路。

通常，她们一开始就给绳子缠住。一会儿缠住了腿，就得坐下来解开；一会儿又缠住了脖子。好不容易都弄停当了，她们就爱跑着走，船也给拉得飞快。没跑几分钟，她们又累了，一下子又停住脚，坐在草地上，笑成一团。就在这当间，你的船跑到了河中央，开始打转。她们却站起来，满脸惊讶之色。

“哦！你瞧，”她们说。“船跑到河心去了。”

接着，她们总算好好地拉上一段。突然有一位想干点别的，不想拉了，于是小船冲进岸边浅水，搁浅了。你们跳起身，把船推回到深水。你高声喊叫：“别停下来！”

“喂，出什么事啦？”她们高声应道。

“别停下！”你大声吼着。

“别什么？”

“别停——继续拉——继续！”

“爱米莉，快回去看看他们到底要什么，”其中一位说道。

接着爱米莉就跑回来，问你们：“怎么了？出什么事了？”

“没事！”你又喊道，“什么事都没有！就是继续拉！别停下！”

“为什么不能停？”

“你们要是停下来，我们就没法掌舵

“为什么不能？”

“你们要让船老动着才行啊！”

“哦，那好吧，我去告诉她们。别的事我们干得还行吧？”

“哦，是的，好极了，可就是别停下来。”

“我明白了。哦，请把我的帽子递给我，就在那边。”

你找到帽子递给她。这时候，另一个姑娘走过来，也要帽子。接着她们把玛丽的帽子也给她拿过去，可玛丽不戴，她们又送回来。一会儿，她们又想要梳子。这样至少过了二十分钟，才又重新上路。可就在下一个路口，她们又碰到一头母牛，没法子只得停下船，你们下了船，去把母牛赶跑……

不管怎么说，这次是乔治把我们拉到了潘登河湾。在那儿我们讨论了在哪儿过夜这个重要问题。大家原来计划在船上睡觉，这样我们要么可以停泊在那里，要么就继续走到斯泰恩斯。最后，我们决定继续划，一直到兰尼米德歇脚。

可是后来我们都希望要是早点停在潘登河湾就好了。

Chapter 9 Our first night on the boat

After some time, Harris and I began to think that Bell Weir lock had disappeared. 'Perhaps someone has tak-en it away,' we said. George had towed the boat as far as Staines, and we had towed it from there. It seemed to get heav-ier and heavier. We began to think that we were right and that someone had moved the lock. But, finally, at half past seven, we reached it and got through it. By now we just wanted to eat and to go to bed. So we stopped before we reached Magna Charta Island. It was quite a pretty place and we tied our boat to a big tree.

We were looking forward to having something to eat then, but George said, 'No! It's better to put the cover on the boat first, before it gets too dark. All our work will be finished then. We'll be able to sit down and enjoy our meal.'

None of us had realized that it would be so difficult to fix the cover. There were five pieces of metal and you put these into special holes on the side of the boat. The pieces of metal were half circles, and when you had put them into the holes, you just had to pull the cover over them.

We thought it would probably take about ten minutes.

We were wrong.

We took the pieces of metal, and we began to drop them into their holes. You would not expect this to be dangerous work, but it was.

First of all, the pieces of metal would not fit into their holes. We had to jump on them, and kick them, and beat them. And when we got one in, we found that it was the wrong piece of metal for those holes. So we had to take it out again.

At last we got them finished. Then we only had to put the cover on. George took one end, and he fastened it over the front of the boat. Harris stood in the middle of the boat to take the cover from George. I stayed at the back of the boat to take the end of the cover from Harris.

George did his job all right, but it was new work to Harris and he did everything wrong.

I do not know how he did it, and Harris himself could not explain it later. After ten minutes of really hard work, he was inside the cover. He could not get out. He fought the cover hard- and knocked George over. Then George got angry and he began to fight, too. George could not get out of the cover ei-ther.

At the time, I did not know anything about all this. I did not understand what was happening anyway. They had told Montmorency and me to stand and wait. So Montmorency and I stood there and waited. We could see that the cover was mov-ing about quite violently. However, we thought that it was all necessary for the job. We did nothing because they had told us to wait.

We also heard many bad words coming from under the cover. Montmorency and I decided that this was because the job was very difficult.

We waited for some time, but everything seemed to get worse. Finally George's head appeared over the side of the boat. It said, 'We can't breathe under here! Why don't you help us, you great stupid thing!'

So I went and helped them. Harris's face was nearly black, so I was just in time.

It took another half an hour after that to fix the cover. And then we started to prepare supper. We needed some hot water to make tea, so we put the water on the stove at the front of the boat, and we went to the back. We pretended that we were not interested in the water at all. We wanted it to think we did not care if it got hot or not. We began to get the other things out.

That is the only way to get hot water on the river. If the water knows that you are waiting for it, it will never get hot. You have to go away and begin your meal without it. You must not look at it. Then you will soon hear it making a lot of noise, because it wants to be made into tea.

It is also a good idea to talk very loudly to each other. You must say that you do not want any tea, that you do not need any tea, and that you are not going to have any tea. You get very near the water and you shout, 'I don't want any tea. Do you, George?'

And George shouts back, 'Oh, no. I don't like tea. We'll have milk.'

This makes the water very angry, and it gets hot very fast.

We did this, and, when everything else was ready, the tea was ready, too. Then we sat down to have supper. We really wanted that supper. We needed that supper. And for thirty-five minutes nobody on the boat spoke.

After supper, we sat and smiled at each other. We smiled at Montmorency, too. We loved everybody. We sat back, we lit our pipes, and we began to talk.

George told us about something very funny that happened to his father once...

When he was young, George's father was travelling with a friend. One night they stopped at a little hotel. They spent the evening there with some other young men. After a very happy evening they went to bed. It was late, and, by that time, they (George's father and George's father's friend) were feeling quite happy themselves. Anyway, they were going to sleep in the same room, but in different beds. When they got into the room, they dropped their light, which went out. So they had to undress and get into bed in the dark. They thought they were getting into separate beds. However, because they could not see, they both got into the same one. One of them got in with his head at the top of the bed. The other one got in on the other side of the bed. He lay with his feet by the first one's head.

Nobody spoke for a moment. Then George's father said, 'Joe!'

'What's the matter, Tom?' Joe replied, from the other end of the bed.

'Why, there's a man in my bed,' George's father said. 'His feet are here, next to me.'

'Well, that's very strange, Tom,' Joe answered, 'but there's a man in my bed, too.'

'What are you going to do?' George's father asked.

‘Well, I’m going to throw him out,’ Joe replied.

‘So am I,’ George’s father said, bravely.

There was a short fight, and then there were two heavy bangs on the floor. After a moment or two, a rather sad voice said, ‘I say, Tom!’

‘Yes?’

‘How have you got on?’

‘Well, to tell the truth, my man’s thrown me out.’

‘My man’s thrown me out, too… I say, this isn’t a very good hotel, is it?’

At the end of George’s story, Harris asked, ‘What was the name of the hotel?’

‘The Riverside,’ George replied. ‘Why?’

‘Ah, it isn’t the same hotel, then,’ Harris answered.

‘What do you mean?’ George asked.

‘Well, it’s strange,’ Harris said, ‘but the same thing hap-pened to my father once. I’ve often heard him tell the story.’

After that, we went to bed, but I slept very badly.

9 在船上的第一夜

不久，哈里斯和我开始怀疑贝尔·韦尔水闸消失了吧，“也许有谁给挪走了吧，”我们说。因为乔治把我们一直拉到斯泰恩斯，接着我们又拉。船越来越沉，我们认为自己的怀疑没错，肯定有人把水闸挪走了。一直到晚上七点半，我们终于到了，把船拉了过去。我们那会儿只想吃饭、睡觉，所以还没有到大宪章岛我们便停了下来。找了一个风景如画的地方，把船拴到了大树上。

那时我们都盼着吃点什么，可乔治却说：“别忙，最好先把船篷支起来，要不然天就黑了。等到活干完了，再坐下来舒舒服服地吃一顿晚餐。”

我们谁也没想到支个船篷竟那么费事。一共有五个半圆形的铁条，你把它们插进船舷特制的小孔里，把篷布拉好，盖上就行了。

我们想这活用不了十分钟。

但我们错了。

我们拿起铁条要插到船上相对应的插孔里。谁也没想到那是危险的活，但的确如此。

最要命的是那些铁条跟插孔的尺寸根本不符。我们在上面又踩又跳，又踢又打，好不容易插进去了，才发现插错了地方，又得使劲拔出来。

终于弄停当了，只要把篷布打开就行了。乔治拿一头，把前端固定在船头。哈里斯站在中间，从乔治那儿接过篷布，我站在船尾，从哈里斯手里接过另一头。

乔治的活干得不错，可是哈里斯是个生手，一下子全让他搞乱了。

我不知道他怎么搞的，他自己后来也说不明白。他呼哧呼哧摆弄了十分钟，便把自己裹在篷布里怎么也出不来了。他在篷布底下又踢又拽，把乔治也给掀翻了。乔治也火了，拼命挣扎，终于自己也出不来了。

那时候，我什么情况都不知道，反正我也不懂究竟发生了什么。他们让我和“元帅”站着等，所以我们俩一直站在那儿等着。我们都看见了篷布猛烈翻动着，可我们还以为这是一道必要的工序，因此我们不敢插手。本来嘛，是他们让我们等着的。

我们也听得见篷布底下传来好些骂人的脏话。“元帅”和我都以为那是因为活太难干的缘故。

我们等了半天，情况越来越糟糕。最后乔治的脑袋从船的那一边探出来，开口说道：

“你这个大笨蛋！我们在这儿快闷死了，你不能伸伸手吗？”

因此我走过去伸手搭救他们，哈里斯脸上发青，看来我帮得还挺及时。

又忙了半个小时才把篷盖支好，然后我们开始弄晚餐。我们要用热水沏茶，于是就把水放在船头的炉子上煮，自己到船尾去了，还假装出一副对它根本不感兴趣的样子，让它明白我们才不在乎水什么时候开呢。我们又忙着去干其它的事。

要想在河上烧开水，这是唯一的方法。要是水知道你在等着它开，它就永远不会热。你必须走开，去吃你的饭，好像根本不想喝水，甚至瞧都不瞧一眼，那水很快就弄出咕嘟咕嘟的噪音，急于要泡茶了。

还有个好办法就是大声说话，说你一点不想喝茶，不需要沏茶，也不打算泡茶。你走近水壶，大声说话。

“我可不想喝茶。乔治，你呢？”

乔治也喊：“哦，不，我才不喜欢喝茶呢，咱们喝牛奶吧。”

一听此话，水很生气，很快就沸腾了。

我们就是用了这样的手腕。饭做好了，茶也好了，大家坐下来吃晚餐。我们需要的就是这顿晚餐，所以足足有三十五分钟，整个船上鸦雀无声，谁也不说话。

吃过晚饭，我们笑容可掬地坐下来，甚至对“元帅”，我们也是满面微笑，我们觉得每一个人都那么可亲可爱。大家坐着，向后斜靠着，点着烟斗，聊了起来。

乔治说起了他父亲亲身经历的许多有趣的事儿……

乔治父亲年轻时，一次和一个朋友去旅行。一天他们到了一家客栈，晚上和其他一群年轻人一起度过。时间过得很愉快，大家很高兴，也睡得很晚。乔治的父亲和那位朋友还有点陶陶然，他们打算睡在一个房间里，两张床上。他们走进房间时，蜡烛头掉下来灭了。他们在暗中摸索，脱了衣服，爬上床。他们还以为都上了自己的床，可是因为看不见，还是上了一张床。一个从床头上的，另一个从另一头爬上去，一个的脚正好放在另一个的头边。

有一会儿两人都没说话，后来乔治的父亲说：“乔！”

“怎么回事儿？汤姆？”乔从床另外一头回答。

“唉哟，我床上有人，”乔治的父亲说，“他的脚在我旁边。”

“是吗？真是怪事，汤姆，”乔回答说，“我床上可不也有人嘛。”

“那你打算怎么办啊？”乔治的父亲问。

“哼，我要把他给扔出去，”乔说。

“对，我也这么办，”乔治的父亲壮起胆子说。

短兵相接，只听得地上传来“梆梆”两响，过了一会，传来一个悲切的声音。

“我说，汤姆！”

“噯，我在这儿。”

“你怎么样了？”

“唉，老实对你说吧，我这边那个人把我扔出来了。”

“我这边的人也把我扔出来了……我说，这可不象是家正经客栈，是吧？”

乔治的故事讲完了，哈里斯问：“那个客栈叫什么名字？”

“河畔客栈，”乔治答道，“怎么了？”

“啊，那不是同一家客栈了，”哈里斯回答说。

“你这话什么意思？”乔治问。

“嗯，真是蹊跷，”哈里斯说，“我父亲也曾遇到过这么一回事，我常听他讲这个故事。”

然后，我们都去上床睡觉，可我睡得特别不踏实。

Chapter 10 Our first morning

I woke up at six o'clock the next morning, and I found that George was awake, too. We both tried to go to sleep again, but we could not. This was because we did not need to get up early. We could sleep for another two or three hours. But we both felt we would die if we tried to sleep for another five minutes.

George said that the same thing had happened to him a few months before. He told me a story about it...

At that time George had rooms in the house of a lady called Mrs Gippings. One evening his watch stopped at a quarter past eight. He did not realize this then. When he went to bed, he took off his watch, and he did not look at it.

This happened in the winter, so it was dark in the mornings, anyway. When George woke up, he looked at his watch. It was a quarter past eight.

'Good heavens!' George cried. 'I have to be at the bank by nine o'clock!' And he threw down the watch and jumped out of bed. He had a cold bath and he dressed. Then he ran and looked at his watch. It had started to go again, and it was twenty to nine.

George took his watch and ran downstairs. The dining-room was dark and silent. There was no fire, no breakfast. George was very angry with Mrs G. He decided to tell her this later, in the evening. Then he caught hold of his coat, his hat and his umbrella, and ran to the front door. It was locked! George said that Mrs G. was a lazy old woman. Then he unlocked the door and ran out into the street.

For a few hundred metres he ran as fast as he could. But, suddenly, he noticed that there were not many people about. He also noticed that the shops were not open. It was a very dark and foggy morning. However, it seemed very strange that they had closed the shops because of the fog. He had to go to work, so why should other people stay in bed?

George could see only three people. One of them was a policeman, one was a man who was taking vegetables to the market, and one was a taxi-driver.

George looked at his watch. It was five to nine. For a moment, he stood there without moving. He wondered if he was dreaming. He felt his wrist, and bent down and felt his legs. Then, with his watch in his hand, he went up to the policeman.

'What time is it, please?' he asked the policeman.

'What's the time?' the policeman repeated. 'Well, listen.'

Just then George heard a clock...one...two...three. 'But that's only three times!' George said, when it had finished.

'Well, how many times do you want?' the policeman replied.

'Why, nine, of course,' George said, and he held out his watch to the policeman.

'Do you know where you live?' the policeman asked.

George thought for a minute, and then he told the policeman the address.

'Well, I think you should go back there quietly,' the policeman continued. 'And take your watch with you!'

So George went back.

At first, he thought he would go to bed again. However, he did not like the idea of having to get up again later. So he decided to go to sleep in the armchair.

But he could not get to sleep. He tried to read, but that was no good either. Finally, he put on his coat again, and he went out for a walk.

He felt very lonely and miserable. He met policemen who looked at him strangely. They followed him about. He began to feel that he really had done something wrong. He started to hide in dark corners whenever he saw a policeman.

Of course, then the policemen wanted to know what he was doing. George said, 'Nothing. I'm just going for a walk.' But they did not believe him. In the end, two policemen went back to the house with him. They wanted to know if he really did live there. They watched him go in with his key. Then they stood on the opposite side of the road, and they watched the house.

When he got in, he thought, 'I'll light the fire, and then I'll make some breakfast.' But he made a lot of noise, and he was afraid that Mrs Gippings would wake up. She would hear the noise and think that he was a burglar. Then she would open the window and shout, 'Help! Police!' the two policemen would come and arrest George, and take him away. So he stopped trying to prepare breakfast, and he put on his coat. Then he sat in the armchair and he waited for Mrs Gippings. She came down at half past seven.

George said that, since then, he had never got up too early again...

When George had finished his story, we decided to wake up Harris. It was hard work. In the end we had to use quite a sharp piece of metal. Harris sat up suddenly then. Montmorency had been asleep on Harris's chest, and he went flying across the boat.

After that, we pulled up the cover and we put our heads over the side of the boat. We looked down at the water. The night before, we had decided to get up early. We would throw off the cover and we would jump into the water, with shouts of happiness. Then we would enjoy a long swim.

But now that morning had come, it did not seem to be a very good idea. The water looked wet and cold. The wind felt cold, too.

'Well, who's going to go in for a swim first?' Harris said finally.

Nobody hurried to be the first one. George put his head back inside the boat. Montmorency barked with horror at the idea. Harris said it would be difficult to climb back into the boat again from the water. Then he went back into the boat to look for his trousers.

I did not want to give up the idea absolutely. I decided to go down to the edge of the river, and then splash some water

over myself. So I went out on to the river bank, and I began to move carefully along the branch of a tree which was over the water.

It was very cold, and I thought I would not splash water over myself, after all. I would go back into the boat and dress. I turned— and just then the stupid branch broke. The next minute, I was in the middle of the river, with half a litre of the Thames inside me.

’Good heavens! Old J. ’s gone in!’ Harris said.

’Is it all right?’ George called out.

’Lovely,’ I replied. ’Why don’t you come in?’

But they did not want to.

When I got back to the boat, I was very cold. I wanted to put on my shirt as quickly as possible. By accident, I dropped it into the water. This made me very angry, but George started to laugh. ’I can’t see anything to laugh at,’ I told George. He just went on laughing! In fact, I never saw a man laugh so much. In the end, I became really angry with him. I told him what I thought about him. He laughed more loudly. And then, just as I was getting the shirt back out of the water, I noticed that it was not my shirt. So I began to laugh, too. I looked at George, who was laughing so much. Then I looked at the wet shirt— and I laughed more and more. Because I was laughing so much, I dropped the shirt in the water again.

’Aren’t you going to get it out?’ George cried, between his shouts of laughter.

At first I could not answer him, because I was laughing so much. In the end, I managed to say, ’It isn’t my shirt. It’s yours!’

I have never seen a man’s face change so quickly. I tried to make him see that it was very funny, but he did not agree with me.

After that, it was time for breakfast, and we decided to have eggs. Harris said he would cook them. He said he was very good at doing eggs. People who had eaten his eggs never want-ed any other food afterwards. ’If they can’t get my eggs, they won’t eat,’ he said, ’and they die.’

So we gave him the pan, and all the eggs which had not bro-ken. ’Go on, then,’ we said. ’Begin!’

Harris had some trouble when he tried to break the eggs. He had trouble stopping them from getting onto his trousers. And he had more trouble trying to stop them from going up his arms. Finally, he managed to get about six of the eggs into the pan. Then he sat down and started to cook them.

It seemed to be very difficult work. Whenever he went near the pan, he burnt himself. Then he dropped everything, and danced about, and waved his hands, and shouted. In fact, every time George and I looked at him, he was doing this. At first we thought it was necessary to do this to cook the eggs.

Once Montmorency went and looked into the pan, but he burnt himself. Then he started dancing and shouting, too. It was all very exciting, and George and I were quite sorry when it finished.

10 第一天早晨

我早晨六点钟醒来,发现乔治也醒了。我们俩都想再睡一会儿,可怎么也睡不着了。这是因为我们不需要早起了,而且还可以再睡上两、三个小时。然而,哪怕再多睡五分钟,我们都会觉得立刻就要死了。

乔治说几个月前,他也遇到了这种情况。他给我讲了这样的故事……

那时候,他在吉宾斯太太家租了几个房间。一天晚上,他的表走到八点一刻时停了,可他自己并没有意识到。睡觉的时候,他把表摘了,看也没看一眼。

这是冬天发生的事,因此早上天总是很黑。乔治爬起来一看表,正指着八点一刻。

“我的天哪!”乔治惊叫起来,“我九点钟要赶到银行呢!”说着扔了表,跳下床,匆匆用冷水洗了洗,穿上衣服,急急忙忙跑回去一看表,表又开始走了,现在是差二十分九点。

乔治抓起表,冲下楼。饭厅黑洞洞,静悄悄的,炉子没生,早餐也没做。乔治很生吉宾斯太太的气,晚上回来得好好和她理论理论。他拿着外衣,帽子和雨伞,跑到前门,门居然还锁着!乔治说吉宾斯太太真是那个懒得要命的老太婆。他飞快地打开门,跑到街上。

他使出全力跑出去几百米,忽然注意到周围没几个人,店铺也没开门。那天早晨雾很大,天很黑,可是店铺要是因为雾大就停止营业,这可真够奇怪的。他自己还得去上班,怎么别人就能在床上呆着呢?

乔治一共只见到三个人:一个是警察,一个是推着菜去市场的,还有一个是马车夫。

乔治又看看表,差五分钟九点。他站在那儿呆了一会儿,一动没动,好像还做着梦呢!他数数脉搏,又弯腰摸摸自己的腿。后来,他拿着表上前去问警察。

“请问,现在几点了?”他问警察。

“几点?”警察念叨了一句,“好吧,你听着吧!”

正当这时,钟敲响了。一下,两下,三下。钟不敲了,乔治问:“怎么才敲了三下?”

“对啦!那么你想要敲几下?”警察回了一句。

“九下,当然了,”乔治说,一边拿出表给警察看。

“你还记得你住在什么地方吗?”警察问。

乔治想了想,把自己的地址告诉他。

“那就好,我劝你还是悄悄回去,”警察接着又说,“别忘了你的表。”

就这样,乔治又回去了。

起初,他想接着睡,可他实在不想再爬起来,所以便决计在椅子上迷糊一会儿算了。

可是,怎么也睡不着。他想看看书,也看不进去,最后还是穿上衣服,出去溜达一会儿。

他感觉是那么孤独,那么悲伤。遇到的警察都以怀疑的眼光盯着他,还跟着他走。他开始觉得自己是不是真的干了什么坏事,所以一看见

警察，他就找漆黑阴暗的地方躲。

当然了，人家警察也想知道他究竟想干什么。乔治说：“没什么，只是散散步。”但他们不相信乔治的话，后来两个警察和他一起回家，想看看他是不是真的住在那儿。他们看着乔治用钥匙开了门，便站在街对面，监视着这所屋子。

乔治进了门，想：“我得生个火，做点早饭。”可他的动静太大了，连他自己都担心会把吉宾斯太太吵醒，那她一定以为家里进了贼人，接着就会打开窗户大叫“警察！救命！”那样，两个警察肯定会来把乔治抓起来，带走。想到这，他也不做早饭了，穿上大衣，坐在椅子上等着，一直到七点半钟，吉宾斯太太下楼了。

乔治说，从那以后，他再也不敢早起床了。

乔治讲完了故事，我们要去把哈里斯也喊醒。这工作可不好干。我们只得动用了一根尖尖的铁条，他蓦地一下子坐起来。“元帅”原来一直躺在他的胸口上，这会儿被扔到船那边去了。

随后我们卷起篷布，把头探出船舷，低头看着水。头天晚上，我们还打算早起，扯掉帐篷，跳进水里，齐声欢呼几嗓子，再痛痛快快畅游一番。

真正到了早上，这种兴致全没了。水看起来湿漉漉，冷冰冰的；风也是凉飕飕的。

“喂，哪位打算先跳下去啊？”哈里斯终于开口了。

没人急着当第一。乔治把脑袋又缩回船里；“元帅”想着这主意，吓得汪汪乱叫；哈里斯说怕是很难再从水里爬上船来了，说完他转身进了船去找裤子。

我可一点也不愿意放弃。于是下决心先到河边，把水往身上泼一泼。我上了河岸，小心翼翼地沿着一根伸到水面上的树枝走了几步。

真冷啊！我不准备往身上泼冷水了。我想回到船上穿衣服——就在这当间，那个该死的树枝折断了。再看我呢，已经在河中央了，肚子里灌了足足有半升泰晤士河水。

“老天爷！老杰掉进去了！”哈里斯说。

“没事吧？”乔治喊道。

“美得很！”我回答说，“你们怎么不下来玩玩？”

他们才不愿意下来呢。

我回到船上时，身上冷得要命，只想赶紧穿上衬衫。谁知，一不小心把它又掉进河里了。我气得要命，可乔治却大笑起来。我对乔治说：“这有什么好笑的？”他还是笑个不停，我从来没见过象他这样笑得发疯似的。后来我真的对他发火了，要和他理论，他却笑得越发起劲。那时候我刚把衬衫从河里捞上来，一看，发现原来不是我的衬衫，所以我也笑了起来。看看乔治，他还笑得那么厉害。再看看湿衬衫，我也越看越好笑，越笑越起劲。因为笑得太起劲，衬衫又掉到河里去了。

“你还不快把衬衫捞上来？！”乔治一边大笑着一边喊道。

我一时来不及回答他的话，只是笑个不停。后来好不容易才迸出几个字：“不是我的，是你的衬衫。”

我从来没有看见过哪个人面部表情转变得如此迅速。我还想让他觉得这事儿多么滑稽可笑，可他丝毫不能领略其中的妙趣。

到吃早餐的时间了，我们想吃煎鸡蛋，哈里斯说他来做。听他讲他特别会煎鸡蛋，吃了他煎的鸡蛋就会觉得吃什么也不香了。“没有我的煎鸡蛋，他们宁可不吃，”他说，“最后就饿得一命呜呼了。”

既然如此，我们把锅和还没有砸碎的鸡蛋给他找来，说道：“开始吧。”

哈里斯打鸡蛋的时候遇上了麻烦。他没法不让鸡蛋掉到裤子上，更没法不让蛋清淌到袖子里。好不容易把六个鸡蛋打在锅里，他坐下来，开始煎鸡蛋。

这个工作太复杂了。只要哈里斯一靠近锅子，准得烫着自己，把什么都扔了，甩着手跳来舞去，又喊又叫的。事实上，我和乔治每次看他，他总是那样表演着。起初我们还以为煎个鸡蛋，这样大呼小叫都是必不可少的一道工序呢。

“元帅”有一次刚要走近锅子看看，就给烫着了，它也跟着又喊又跳，场面十分热闹。后来表演结束的时候，我和乔治还感到意犹未尽。

Chapter 11 Hotels and tinned fruit

After breakfast I was sitting by the river, and thinking, when George said, 'Perhaps, when you've rested enough, you could help to wash the plates and things.' so I cleaned the pan with some wood and grass-and George's wet shirt.

Then we started to move up the river again, past Old Wind-sor, which is very pretty. After that, the river is not very inter-esting until you get to Boveney. George and I were towing the boat then. As we were passing Datchet, George asked me if I remembered our first trip up the river. On that trip we reached Datchet at ten o'clock at night. All we wanted to do was to eat and go to bed.

I replied, 'Yes, I do remember it. 'I remember it well. In fact, it will be some time before I forget it...

It was one Saturday in August. There was George, and Harris, and me. We were tired and hungry. When we got to Datchet, we took out of the boat the basket of food, the two bags, and the coats and things. Then we began to look for somewhere to stay. We passed a very pretty little hotel, but there were no roses round the door. I wanted somewhere with roses round the door. I do not know why. Anyway, I said, 'Oh, we don't want to go there. Let's look for a little hotel with roses round the door.'

So we went on until we came to another hotel. That was a very nice one, too, and it did have roses. But Harris did not like the man who was standing by the front door. Harris said that he did not look like a nice man, and he was wearing ugly boots. So we went on. We walked for some time, but we did not see any more hotels. Then we met a man and we decided to ask him.

'Excuse me, do you know any nice little hotels near here?' we said.

'Well,' he said, 'you're coming away from them. Go back, and you'll come to the Black Horse.'

We said, 'Oh, we've been there, and we didn't like it. There were no roses round the door.'

'Well, then,' he said, 'there's the Travellers' rest just beyond it. Have you tried that?'

Harris replied that we did not want to go there. We did not like the man who was staying there. Harris did not like the colour of his hair. He did not like his boots either.

'Well, I don't know what you're going to do, then,' the man answered, 'because they are the only two hotels here.'

'No other hotels!' Harris cried.

'None,' the man replied.

'What are we going to do now?' Harris asked.

Then George spoke. He said, 'You two can ask someone to build you a hotel. I'm going back to the Black Horse!'

So we went back to the Black Horse.

'Good evening,' the man at the desk said.

'Oh, good evening,' George answered. 'We want three beds, please.'

'I'm sorry, sir,' the man replied, 'but we haven't got three beds.'

'Oh, well, it doesn't matter-two beds, then. Two of us can sleep in one bed, can't we?' George continued. He looked at Harris and me.

Harris said, 'Oh, yes.' He thought that George and I could sleep in one bed very easily.

'I'm very sorry, sir,' the man repeated. 'We haven't got any beds. We've already got three men in one bed.'

We picked up our things, and we went over to the Travellers' rest. It was a pretty little place. I said I thought it was better than the other hotel. Harris said it would be all right. We would not look at the man with red hair and ugly boots.

The people at the Travellers' rest did not wait to hear what we wanted. The lady at the desk said she had already sent away fourteen people. There was no room of any kind. We asked her if she knew somewhere we could spend the night. She said there was a little house along the road...

We did not wait. We picked up the basket, the bags and the coats, and we ran along the road.

The people there laughed at us. There were only three beds in the house, and there were seven men there already.

Someone said, 'Why don't you try the little shop next to the Black Horse?'

So we went back along the road, but there were no beds at the little shop. However, there was an old lady in the shop. She said she had a friend who had some rooms. She added that she would take us there.

The old woman walked very slowly, and it took us twenty minutes to get to her friend's house. During the walk, she told us about all the pains she had in her back. When we got there, there were already some people in her friend's rooms. From there we went to number 27. Number 27 was full. They sent us to number 32, and number 32 was full.

Then we went back along the road. Suddenly Harris sat down on the basket. He said he was not going to move. He added that it seemed to be nice and quiet there, and he said that he would like to die there.

Just then, a little boy came past. 'Do you know any old people that we can frighten, so that they will give us their beds?' we asked him.

'No, I don't,' the boy answered, but he added that his mother would give us a room. And that was where we spent the night-in two very short beds.

After that, we were never quite so difficult about hotels...

On our present trip, though, nothing exciting happened. We continued slowly on our way, and we stopped for lunch near Monkey Island.

We decided to have cold meat for lunch. Then, after that, George brought out a tin of fruit. We love tinned fruit, all three of us. We looked at the picture on the tin. We thought about the fruit. We imagined the taste of it. We smiled at each other, and Harris got out a spoon. Then we looked for the tin-opener. We took everything out of the big basket. We took

everything out of the bags. There was no tin-opener. We pulled up the boards at the bottom of the boat. We put everything out on the grass by the river, and we shook every-thing. There was no tin-opener!

Then Harris tried to open the tin with a little knife, and he cut himself badly. George tried with some scissors. The scissors flew up, and nearly hit him in the eye. I tried to make a hole in the tin with the sharp end of a piece of metal. But I missed. As a result, I fell in the water, and the tin flew away and broke a cup.

Then we all got angry. We took that tin, and we put it on the grass by the river. Harris went into a field and got a big, sharp stone. I got a long, thick piece of wood. George held the tin, and Harris put the sharp end of his stone against the top of it. I took the piece of wood, and held it high in the air. Then I brought it down as hard as I could.

It was George's hat that saved his life that day. He keeps that hat now. On a winter evening, when men are telling stories about the dangers they have known, George brings out his hat. He shows it to his friends. Then he tells the story again-and he adds more details to it each time.

Harris was not hurt too badly.

After that, I took the tin away. I beat it until I was exhausted and miserable. Then Harris took it.

We beat it until it was long and thin. We beat it until it was square. We hit it with the wood until it was every shape there is-but we could not make a hole in it. Then George tried, and he knocked it into a shape which was strange, and terrible, and ugly. It frightened him, and he threw away the piece of wood. Then the three of us sat round that tin on the grass, and we looked at it.

There was one big line across the top of the tin that looked like a mouth. It seemed to be laughing at us, and this made us very angry. So Harris ran at it, and picked it up. He threw it, as hard as he could, into the middle of the river. As it went down into the water, we shouted awful things at it. Then we got into the boat, and we left that place, and did not stop until we reached Maidenhead.

We went through Maidenhead quickly, but, after that, we travelled along more slowly. We stopped for tea just before we got to Cookham. By the time we got through the lock it was evening.

It was a bit windy, and someone had made a mistake because the wind was behind us. That does not usually happen. But that afternoon the wind actually helped us on our way, and the boat moved quite fast.

There were no other people on the river, except for three old men. They were sitting in a boat, and they were fishing. As we got nearer, we could see that they were old. They were also quite serious, because they were watching their fishing-lines very carefully. The sun was going down, and it threw a red light across the water. It was very beautiful, and we felt that we were sailing into some strange land.

We did not sail into some strange land. We went straight in-to that boat with the three old men in it. At first, we did not know what had happened. But then, from the words which rose on the evening air, we understood that we were near people. We also understood that those people were not happy. We had knocked those three old men from their seats, and they were all lying on the bottom of their boat. They were trying to stand up and they were picking fish off themselves. As they worked, they shouted unkind things about us-not just the usual things, but special things about us, and about our families.

Harris called out, You ought to be pleased that something so exciting has happened to you! 'He added that he was very unhappy to hear men of their age use those bad words.

But the three old men did not seem to agree with Harris.

At Marlow we left the boat near the bridge, and we went to spend the night in a hotel.

11 客棧和水果罐頭

早饭后我坐在河边，陷入了沉思。乔治说：“喂，要是你休息得差不多了就帮忙洗洗碗碟吧。”我只好用树枝和乱草洗锅子，还用了乔治的湿衬衫。

然后我们又沿着河上路了，经过了古老的温莎镇那一片风景优美的地方。过了那儿风景就单调得很，一无可取，一直到布文奈。我和乔治一起拉着纤。当我们经过达切特时，乔治问我还记不记得第一次在河上旅游的情景。那一次，我们晚上十点钟才到达切特，大家只想吃点东西然后赶快去睡觉。

我说：“记得，当然忘不了。”我的确记得很清楚。说实在的，要让我忘了还真得费点时间呢。

那是八月份的一个星期六，同游的还是我们三个。那会儿又饿又累，到达切特的时候，我们从船里拿出一篮子食物，两个包，外套和其它一些东西。接着大家就想找地方安顿下来。我们经过一家很漂亮的小旅店，只是门口旁边没有玫瑰花。我偏偏想找一家门口有玫瑰的，也不明白怎么会如此心血来潮。我说：“漫着，我们别进去！咱们再找找其它旅店，看看有没有门口长满玫瑰的。”我们一直走，又来到另外一家旅店。那家旅店也不错，而且门口的确有玫瑰花。可哈里斯说，门口站着的那个人让人讨厌，看上去不象个好人，穿的靴子也那么难看。于是，我们只好再往前走，走了一阵子也没有看到其它旅馆。我们在路上碰到一个行人，便决定问问他。

“劳驾，您知道附近有哪些好点的旅馆吗？”我们问道。

“哟，”他说，“你们走过了，往回走会看到黑马旅馆。”

我们说：“喔，那里我们已经去过了，可是不大喜欢那一家，它门口没有玫瑰花。”

“哦，是这样，”他说，“那一家旅馆过来还有一个客来旅馆，你们去那了吗？”

哈里斯说我们不想去那家，不喜欢站在那儿的那个人。哈里斯不喜欢他头发的颜色，也不喜欢他穿的靴子。

“那我真不知道你们该怎么办了，”那个指路人回答说，“因为这里只有那两家旅馆。”

“再没有别的了？”哈里斯叫道。

“再没有了，”那个人回答说。

“那我们现在怎么办？”哈里斯又道。

接着，乔治说：“你们俩不妨找人给你们新盖个旅馆住住，我可要回黑马去了。”

后来我们只好都回黑马。

“晚上好，”一个男人在前台招呼道。

“啊，晚上好，”乔治回答说，“我们要三个床位，谢谢。”

“对不起，先生，”那人回答说，“可是我们没有三个床位。”

“哦，是吗？没关系——那就两个也行。我们可以有两个人睡在一张床上，是吧？”乔治接着说，看了看哈里斯和我。

哈里斯说：“对，可以。”他以为乔治和我可以舒舒服服挤在一张床上。

“非常抱歉，先生，”那个男人说，“我们的床位全没了。我们已经有三个人挤在一张床上睡了。”

就这样，我们拿起行李又去客来旅馆。那地方不大，却很美。我说这家比另一家要好。哈里斯也说没事，我们也不必去管那个长着红头发，穿着难看靴子的家伙了。

可旅馆里的人根本没等我们开口。前台的一位女士说她已经打发走十四个人了，什么样的房间都没有了。我们问她附近还有哪些地方可以留宿一夜。她说沿着路走下去有一幢房子。

我们二话没说，抄起篮子，抓起包，拎着衣服，一溜烟儿沿着路跑了下去。

到了那里，那儿的人直笑话我们，房子里只有三张床，可已经住了七个人了。

有人说：“怎么不去试试黑马旁边的那家小杂货店呢？”

于是我们又原路折回去。可小杂货店里也没有床铺了。有个老太太在杂货店里，她说有个朋友有几间屋子，还补充道愿意带我们去。

老太太走路很慢，我们花了二十分钟才到那里。一路上老太太一直唠叨着说腰上这也疼，那也疼。我们到的时候，她朋友家已经住了几个人了。从那儿我们又去27号，27号也住满了，把我们送到32号，32号也满了。

我们只好回到马路上。忽然哈里斯一屁股坐在篮子上，说他一动也不想动了。还说这地方倒挺安静，他宁可死在这儿算了。

正在这个时候，一个小男孩路过。我们问他：“你知不知道哪里有些老家伙们，我们可以吓唬他们一下，让他们把床计给我们？”

“哦，我不知道，”小男孩回答说，不过他又说他妈妈可以给我们一个房间。那天晚上我们就睡在了那里——在两张特别短的小床上。

从那以后，对于旅馆问题，我们再也不敢挑三拣四了。

目前这一段旅程，我们还没有碰到什么令人激动的事儿。我们把船慢慢悠悠划到猴子岛附近，停下来吃午餐。

我们准备吃冷肉。接着乔治拿出一听水果罐头。我们三个都很喜欢水果罐头。看着罐头盒上美丽的图画，想着里面的水果，想像着它的滋味，大家乐滋滋的，相视而笑。哈里斯拿出了一把调羹。接着大家找起了启罐器。我们把大篮子里的东西都拿出来，又把包里的东西都拿出来，可是找不到。我们把船底下的板子全拉开了，把所有东西都搬到河边草地上，把每件东西摇了又摇，可就是找不到启罐器！

哈里斯想用小刀开罐头，结果把自己狠狠划了一刀；乔治用剪刀试了试，结果剪刀飞了，差点扎到他的眼睛；我想用铁条的尖头在罐头上钻个小孔，可是没有对准，结果我摔进水里，罐头弹起来，砸碎了一只茶杯。

我们大家气得发疯。我们把罐头拿到岸上放在草地上。哈里斯找来一块又大又尖的石头，我拿了一根又长又粗的木头。乔治拿着罐头，哈里斯把石头尖对准了罐头的顶盖，我高高举起木头，使足了力量，狠命砸下去。

那天乔治全靠他的帽子才大难不死，他至今还保存着那顶帽子。每当冬夜来临，大家聊着自己知道的各种各样的历险，乔治就会把这顶帽子拿出来向朋友们展示一番，并把他的故事复述一遍，而且还不免要添油加醋。

哈里斯还好，伤得不太重。

后来我又接过那个罐头，又敲又打，直弄得我精疲力尽，垂头丧气。哈里斯又接着去锤打。

我们把罐头锤得又细又长，又敲得又正又方。我们拿着木头把罐头敲成了各种各样的形状——偏偏就敲不开一个小孔。然后乔治又拿过去敲打，敲得罐头成了个稀奇古怪，狰狞可怕的形状。乔治自己都害怕起来，干脆把木头扔了。我们三个人围着罐头坐在草地上，愣愣地看着它。

罐头顶上有一条粗粗的横线，好象咧着的嘴，冲着我们狞笑。我们越发怒气冲冲。哈里斯狠狠冲过去，一把抓起来，使劲扔出去，扔到河中心。我们看着它沉下去，用很难听的话骂它，然后上了船，离开那个鬼地方，直到梅登黑德才停脚。

我们急急忙忙驶过梅登黑德，等过了它慢慢才把速度减下来。快到库克姆时我们停下船，喝了下午茶。等我们通过水闸时已经是暮色苍茫了。

那天有点风，好象老天爷打错了主意，风从我们背后吹来，这可真是十分难得。不过，那天下午的风的确大大助了我们一臂之力，船飞也似地奔驰起来。

河上除了三个老头儿，再没有其他人影。他们坐在船上钓鱼。我们靠上去的时候，才看清楚他们都上了年纪，而且还特别一本正经的样子，眼睛一眨不眨地盯着钓鱼线。太阳快落山了，向水面射出万道灿烂的金光，美不胜收，我们也仿佛驶进了一片神奇的国土。

可是，实际上我们并没有驶进那神奇的地方，而是径直地朝着三个老头的船冲了过去。起初我们还不知道出了什么事情。但是从夜幕中传来呼喊声，我们揣测附近有人，而且人家还十分愤怒和不满。原来，我们把三个老头儿从椅子上撞落到船底挤成一堆。他们一边吃力地爬起来，把撒落的鱼儿从自己身上拿开，一边冲着我们叫骂——不仅仅是些寻常的话，他们的叫骂还涉及我们本人，以及我们的三亲六眷。

哈里斯喊了一嗓子：“高兴点吧！这么好的事摊到你们头上。”他又说，象他们这么一把年纪的人还破口大骂人，实在让他痛心。

可是三个老头并不买哈里斯的帐。

到了马洛，我们在桥边上了岸，去旅馆过夜。

Chapter12 Montmorency and the cat

On Monday morning, we got up quite early and we went to swim before breakfast. On the way back, Mont—morency behaved very stupidly.

The only thing that Montmorency and I disagree about is cats. I like cats. Montmorency does not.

When I meet a cat, I say hello to it. Then I bend down and I stroke it gently, behind the ears and along the side of its head. The cat likes this. It puts its tail up and it pushes itself against my legs. And there is love and peace. When Montmorency meets a cat, everybody knows about it, and a lot of bad words are used.

I do not really blame Montmorency (usually I just hit him, or throw stones at him), because dogs are like that. They hate cats. But that morning, Montmorency wished that he had not argued with a cat.

As we were coming back from the river, a cat ran out from one of the houses, and it began to walk across the road. Mont—morency saw the cat, gave a shout of real happiness, and ran af—ter it.

It was a big, black cat. I have never seen a bigger cat. It had lost half its tail and one of its ears, but it looked calm and hap—py.

Montmorency ran at that cat as fast as he could, but the cat did not hurry. It did not seem to understand that its life was in danger. It walked on quietly until the enemy was near it. Then it turned and sat down in the middle of the road. It looked at Montmorency in a quiet way, and it seemed to say, 'Yes? You want me?'

Montmorency is quite a brave dog, but there was something in the way the cat looked at him. It frightened him. He stopped suddenly, and he looked at the cat. They did not speak, of course, but it was easy to imagine their conversation.

THE CAT: Can I do anything for you?

MONTMORENCY: No...no, thanks.

THE CAT: Do please tell me if there is something you want, won't you?

MONTMORENCY (who moves backwards down the road): Oh, no. Not at all...certainly...I... I'm afraid I've made a mistake. I thought I knew you...I'm sorry.

THE CAT: Not at all. Are you quite sure you don't want any—thing now?

MONTMORENCY (who continues to move back): Not at all...thanks...not at all...very kind of you...Good morning.

THE CAT: Good morning.

Then the cat stood up and continued along the road. Mont—morency, with his tail between his legs, walked behind us. He hoped that nobody would notice him.

Now, if you say 'Cats!' to Montmorency, he looks up at you, and his eyes beg you, 'No, please!'

After this we did our shopping, went back to the boat, and moved off along the river again. However, at Hambledon lock, we found that we had no water. So we went to ask the lock—keeper for some. George spoke for us. He said, 'Oh, please, could you give us a little water?' 'Of course,' the old man replied. 'Just take what you want and leave the rest.'

'Thank you very much,' George said, and he looked round. 'But where is it?'

'It's where it always is, my boy,' the lock—keeper answered. 'It's behind you.'

George looked round again. 'I can't see it,' he said.

'Why? Where are your eyes?' the man said, and he turned George towards the river.

'Oh!' George cried. 'But we can't drink the river, you know.'

'No, but you can drink some of it,' the old man replied. 'That's what I've drunk for fifteen years.'

We got some water from another house.

After we had got our water, we went on towards Wargrave, but before we got there, we stopped for lunch.

We were sitting in a field near the river, and we were just going to start eating. Harris was preparing the food, and George and I were waiting with our plates.

'Have you got a spoon?' Harris asked. 'I need a spoon.'

The basket was behind us, and George and I both turned to get a spoon. It took about five seconds. When we looked back again, Harris and the food had gone. It was an open field, and there were no trees. There was nowhere to hide. He had not fallen in the river, because we were between him and the water.

George and I looked round. Then we looked at each other. Harris had gone—disappeared! Sadly, we looked again at the place where Harris and the food had been. And then, to our horror, we saw Harris's head—and only his head—in the grass. The face was very red and very angry.

George was the first to speak.

'Say something!' he cried. 'Are you alive or dead? Where is the rest of you?'

'Oh, don't be so stupid!' Harris's head said. 'It's your fault. You made me sit there. You did it to annoy me! Here, take the food!'

And from the middle of the grass the food appeared, and then Harris came out, dirty and wet.

Harris had not known that he had been sitting on the edge of a hole. The grass had hidden it. Then, suddenly, he had fall—en backwards into it. He said he had not known what was hap—pening to him. He thought, at first, that it was the end of the world.

Harris still believes that George and I planned it.

12 “元帅”和猫

星期一早晨，我们起得很早，早饭前在河里洗了一个澡。就在回来的路上，“元帅”干了一件天大的蠢事。

我和“元帅”只在一个问题上存在分歧，那就是对猫的看法：我喜欢猫，而“元帅”却不。

我每次遇到猫，总会亲切地招呼它，俯下身轻轻抚摸它，摸摸它的耳后和脑袋旁边。猫呢，喜欢的就是这一套，它会竖起尾巴，把身体在我的腿上蹭蹭，充满了温柔和恬静的感觉。可是如果“元帅”遇见猫，那准会搅得四邻不安，直招别人的骂。

我倒并不责怪“元帅”（通常不过敲它一下，或者用石子扔它），因为狗的本性就是这样，它们就是恨猫。但那天早上，它却宁可自己没有去招惹那只猫。

我们从河边回来时，一只猫从某间屋子里蹿出来，横着过马路。“元帅”一看见猫，无比幸福地发出一声欢呼，就追了下去。

那是一只又大又黑的猫。我从来没有见过这么大的猫，虽然掉了半只尾巴和一只耳朵，看上去还是一副泰然自若，满不在乎的样子。

“元帅”使足了劲去追那只猫，可猫却不慌不忙，若无其事的，似乎没有意识到生命已受到威胁。它仍然不动声色地走着，直到敌人走近了才转过身，坐在马路中间，冷静、地看着“元帅”，好象在说：

“怎么，你找我吗？”

“元帅”向来是只勇猛顽强的狗，可那只黑猫凛然看他的眼神却使这条英勇非凡的狗吓得矮了半截。它突然站住，瞪着眼看着黑猫。当然双方一言不发，但很容易想象它们俩的谈话内容。

黑猫：“我能为您效劳吗？”

“元帅”：“没……没什么事，谢谢。”

黑猫：“您有什么要求，就请坦率地说，好吗？”

“元帅”（身子沿着马路退后几步）：“不，一点也没有。我……恐怕……是个误会。我还以为认识您的……对不起。”

黑猫：“没关系。您当真没什么要求吗？”

“元帅”（还往后退着）：“没……没有。什么也没有……谢谢……没有……您真太好了，再见。”

黑猫：“再见。”

于是黑猫站起来，继续沿着马路往前走。“元帅”尾巴夹在两腿之间，躲在我们身后，盼着别人都没有注意到它。

直到今天，只要你对“元帅”一提“猫！”它就会仰头望着你，可怜巴巴的样子好像在说：“请别……”

这番历险之后，我们去买东西，买完东西又上了船，起航。不久到了汉布尔登水闸才发现水喝光了。我们到水闸看守人那里要些水，乔治是我们的发言人。他说：“请您帮个忙，给我们一点水，好吗？”

“当然可以，”老汉答道，“要多少拿多少，剩下的还放在那儿就行了。”

“太谢谢您啦，”乔治向两边看了看，“可您的水在哪儿？”

“总在那个老地方嘛，我的孩子，”看闸人说，“就在你背后。”

乔治又看看四周：“我还是看不见啊！”他说。

“怎么，你的眼睛长哪儿去了？”老汉说着把乔治的身子转向河面。

“哦！”乔治喊了一声，“可您知道，我们总不能把河水都喝了呀！”

“是啊，可是你可以喝一点啊！”老人回答，“我喝这水喝了十五年了。”

最后，还是从另外一家讨来点水。

水有了，我们又驶向沃格雷夫。还没有到那里，我们就停船吃午餐。

坐在水边的草地上，大家准备吃午餐。哈里斯正在做饭，乔治和我拿着盘子等着。

“你们谁有一把勺子？”哈里斯问，“我要个勺子。”

篮子就放在我们身后，乔治和我转身去拿勺子。统共不到五秒钟，我们回身一看，哈里斯和吃的东西都不见了。那是一片空荡荡的草地，周围没有一棵树，没有地方可以躲藏。他也不可能掉进河里，因为我们坐在他和河水之间。

乔治和我四周看了看，又相对瞪目而视。哈里斯不见了！——失踪了！我们伤心地转过头看看刚才哈里斯和午饭还在的地方。不看还罢，这一看吓得我们魂飞天外！——我们看见哈里斯的头——只有一个脑袋在草地上，脸胀得通红，十分生气的样子。

乔治首先恢复神态，说了话：

“快说！”他喊道，“你到底活着，还是死了，你的身体哪儿去了？”

“呸！别装傻了，”哈里斯的脑袋开口说，“还不是你们搞的鬼，逼我坐在这里，不让我有好日子过！快，拿着饭！”

草地中间出来了午饭，随后哈里斯也爬了出来，浑身上下又脏又湿。

哈里斯没有意识到刚才坐在一个洞口上。茂草掩盖了洞口，他突然就向后掉了下去。他说起初也想不明白到底怎么回事，只道是世界末日来临了！

哈里斯至今仍然以为是乔治和我搞的阴谋。

Chapter 13 Harris and the swans

After lunch, we moved on to Wargrave and Shiplake, and then to Sonning. We got out of the boat there, and we walked about for an hour or more. It was too late then to go on past Reading, so we decided to go back to one of the Shiplake islands. We would spend the night there.

When we had tied the boat up by one of the islands, it was still early. George said it would be a good idea to have a really excellent supper. He said we could use all kinds of things, and all the bits of food we had left. We could make it really inter—esting, and we could put everything into one big pan together. George said he would show us how to do it.

We liked this idea, so George collected wood to make a fire. Harris and I started to prepare the potatoes. This became a very big job. We began quite happily. However, by the time we had finished our first potato, we were feeling very miserable. There was almost no potato left. George came and looked at it.

' Oh, that's no good. You've done it wrong! Do it like this! 'he said.

We worked very hard for twenty—five minutes. At the end of that time we had done four potatoes. We refused to continue.

George said it was stupid to have only four potatoes, so we washed about six more. Then we put them in the pan without doing anything else to them. We also put in some carrots and other vegetables. But George looked at it, and he said there was not enough. So then we got out both the food baskets. We took out all the bits of things that were left, and we put them in, too. In fact, we put in everything we could find. I remember that Montmorency watched all this, and he looked very thoughtful. Then he walked away. He came back a few minutes later with a dead rat in his mouth. He wanted to give it to us for the meal. We did not know if he really wanted to put it in the pan, or if he wanted to tell us what he thought about the meal. Harris said he thought it would be all right to put the rat in. However, George did not want to try anything new.

It was a very good meal. It was different from other meals. The potatoes were a bit hard, but we had good teeth, so it did not really matter.

After supper Harris was rather disagreeable—I think it was the meal which caused this. He is not used to such rich food. George and I decided to go for a walk in Henley, but we left Harris in the boat. He said he was going to have a glass of whisky, smoke his pipe, and then get the boat ready for the night. We were on an island, so when we came back we would shout from the river bank. Then Harris would come in the boat and get us. When we left, we said to him, 'Don't go to sleep! '

Henley was very busy, and we met quite a lot of people we knew in town. The time passed very quickly. When we started off on our long walk back, it was eleven o'clock.

It was a dark and miserable night. It was quite cold, and it was raining a bit. We walked through the dark, silent fields, and we talked quietly to each other. We wondered if we were going the right way. We thought of our nice, warm, comfort—able boat. We thought of Harris, and Montmorency, and the whisky—and we wished that we were there.

We imagined that we were inside our warm little boat, tired and a little hungry, with the dark, miserable river outside. We could see ourselves—we were sitting down to supper there; we were passing cold meat and thick pieces of bread to each other. We could hear the happy sounds of our knives and our laughing voices. We hurried to make it real.

After some time, we found the river, and that made us happy. We knew that we were going the right way. We passed Shiplake at a quarter to twelve, and then George said, quite slowly. ' You don't remember which island it was, do you? '

' No, I don't, 'I replied, and I began to think carefully. 'How many are there? '

'Only four, 'George answered. 'It'll be all right, if Harris is awake. '

'And if he isn't awake? 'I asked.

But we decided not to think about that.

When we arrived opposite the first island, we shouted, but there was no answer. So we went to the second island, and we tried there. The result was the same.

'Oh, I remember now, 'George said. 'It was the third one. '

And, full of hope, we ran to the third one, and we called out. There was no answer.

It was now becoming serious. It was after midnight. The ho—tels were all full, and we could not go round all the houses and knock on doors at midnight! George said that perhaps we could go back to Henley, find a policeman and hit him. He would arrest us and take us to a police station, and then we would have somewhere to sleep. But then we thought, 'Per—haps he won't arrest us. Perhaps he'll just hit us, too! 'We could not fight policemen all night.

We tried the fourth island, but there was still no reply. It was raining hard now, and it was not going to stop. We were very cold, and wet, and miserable. We began to wonder if there were only four islands, or if we were on the wrong bit of the river. Everything looked strange and different in the darkness.

Just when we had lost all hope, I suddenly saw a strange light. It was over by the trees, on the opposite side of the river. I shouted as loudly as I could.

We waited in silence for a moment, and then (Oh, how happy we were!) we heard Montmorency bark.

We continued to shout for about five minutes, and then we saw the lights of the boat. It was coming towards us slowly. We heard Harris's sleepy voice. He was asking where we were.

Harris seemed very strange. It was more than tiredness. He brought the boat to our side of the river. He stopped, at a place where we could not get into the boat, and then immediately he fell asleep.

We had to scream and yell to wake him up again. At last we did wake him up, and we got into the boat.

Harris looked very sad. In fact, he looked like a man who had had a lot of trouble. We asked him if anything had happened, and he said, ' Swans! '

We had left the boat near a swan's nest, and, soon after George and I had left, Mrs Swan came back. She started to shout at Harris. However, Harris managed to chase her away, and she went to fetch her husband. Harris said he had had quite a hard battle with these two swans. But he had fought bravely and, in the end, he defeated them.

Half an hour later they returned—with eighteen more swans. There was another terrible battle. Harris said the swans had tried to pull him and Montmorency from the boat and drown them. But, once again, Harris fought bravely, for four hours, and he had killed them all. Then they had all swum away to die.

'How many swans did you say there were?' George asked.

'Thirty—two,' Harris replied, sleepily.

'You said eighteen before,' George said.

'No, I didn't,' Harris answered. 'I said twelve. Do you think I can't count?'

We never discovered what had really happened. We asked Harris about it the next morning, but he said, 'What swans?' And he seemed to think that George and I had been dreaming.

Oh, how wonderful it was to be in the boat again! We ate a very good supper, and then we thought we would have some whisky. But we could not find it. We asked Harris what he had done with it, but he did not seem to understand. The expression on Montmorency's face told us that he knew something, but he said nothing.

I slept well that night, although Harris did wake me up ten times or more. He was looking for his clothes. He seemed to be worrying about his clothes all night.

Twice he made George and me get up, because he wanted to see if we were lying on his trousers. George got quite angry the second time.

'Whatever do you want your trousers for? It's the middle of the night!' he cried. 'Why don't you lie down and go to sleep?'

The next time I woke up Harris said he could not find his shoes. And I can remember that once he pushed me over onto my side. 'Wherever can that umbrella be?' he was saying.

13 哈里斯与天鹅

午饭之后,我们继续驶向沃格雷夫和希普雷克,然后再去松宁。在那里下了船,游览了一个小时左右。来不及赶到雷丁了,所以我们决定回到希普雷克,在那里找一个小岛过夜。

我们在一个小岛上拴好了船,天色尚早。乔治说要是能真正做上一顿可口的晚餐那该多好啊!还说可以把所有的东西,剩的饭都做到一起,那才有味道呢!我们可以把这些东西都放在一只大锅里。乔治要给我们露一手,表演一下怎么做。

这个主意太妙了。乔治便去找木头生火,哈里斯和我准备弄土豆。真没想到工程如此浩大。刚开始的时候我们还挺高兴,可是刚削完第一个土豆,我们就已经痛苦不堪了。一个土豆几乎削得没剩多少了。乔治走过来一看,说:

“哦,这样削可不行。你们把东西全糟塌了。看,象我这样削。”

我们辛辛苦苦地干了二十五分钟,才削好了四个,我们坚决不干了。

乔治说只有四个土豆也太不象话了,因此我们又洗了六个,没削没刮,就那么放在锅里,又放了一些胡萝卜和其它蔬菜。可是乔治看看,说还是不够。我们只好把两个装食物的篮子都拿出来了,把剩下的所有的东西都放进锅里。说实在的,我们把能找到的都放进去了。我还记得在整个烹饪过程中,“元帅”一直心事重重地看着,又走开了。过了一会儿,他叼着一只死耗子回来了,想给我们的晚餐做点贡献。到底它是真的想把死耗子放进锅里呢,还是想告诉我们这是它对晚餐的看法呢,我们不得而知。哈里斯说放进去很好,可是乔治不想搞什么新的试验。

这顿饭确实很好,与以往吃的都不同。土豆有些硬,但因为我们的牙好,所以也没什么大问题。

哈里斯吃罢晚饭变得有些不太友好——我想这一定是那顿饭在作怪,他还不适应那么丰盛的食物。乔治和我打算到亨利城里面转一转,把哈里斯留在船上。他说他要喝一杯威士忌,抽斗烟,再把船弄好,准备过夜。我们停在一个岛上,所以回来的时候只要在岸上喊一声,哈里斯就把船摇过来接我们。临行的时候,我们叮嘱他:“可别睡着了!”

亨利城里面十分热闹,我们在那里碰见不少伦敦城里的熟人。时间过得真快,我们动身回来时,已经十一点了,还有长长的一段路要走。

那是个阴沉可怕的夜晚,冷气逼人,又下着小雨。我们穿过黑暗寂静的旷野,低声谈着话,心里直犯嘀咕,也不知道走的路对不对。一想到我们那个温暖,舒适的小船,想到哈里斯和“元帅”,还有威士忌——真不如就呆在船上呢。

我们想像自己拖着饥饿、疲惫的身子回到船上,周围是阴森可怕的河水。我们仿佛看见自己坐下来吃着晚餐,互相递着冷肉和一片片厚厚的面包;我们仿佛听见刀叉叮当作响,听到自己阵阵的笑语。我们归心似箭,要尽快实现这个梦想。

又过了一段时间,我们终于到了河边,心中才高兴起来,知道自己走的路没有错。我们经过希普雷克的时候是十一点三刻,乔治慢吞吞地问道:“你还记得咱们住的那个小岛,是吗?”

“不,记不得了,”我回答说,然后我也开始使劲想。“一共有几个岛啊?”

“只有四个,”乔治回答。“只要哈里斯醒着,准能找到。”

“要是他没醒着怎么办?”我问。

我们打定主意不去那么想。

我们走到第一个岛对面大喊大叫,可是毫无回音。我们又跑到第二个岛对面又喊,还是没有回音。

“哦,我想起来了,”乔治说。“我们住的是第三个岛。”

我们满怀希望地跑到第三个岛又喊了一通,还是没有回音。

这样,问题就严重了。时间已过半夜,旅馆也早已客满,我们总不能走遍全城,半夜里一家一家挨着敲门吧!乔治说也许我们应该回亨利城,找个警察,把他打一顿,他就会把我们抓起来带到派出所。那样我们就有地方睡觉了。可是转念一想:“说不定警察不抓我们,倒是也把我们揍一顿呢!”我们不能整个晚上都和警察打架。

我们又摸索到第四个岛,同样毫无结果。雨下得越来越大,没有停的样子。我们又冷又湿,狼狈不堪。我们开始怀疑起来:到底是不是只有四个小岛呢?还是我们走到了另一个河岸?漆黑一片,一切都变幻莫测。

正在我们绝望的当间儿,我忽然看见一道奇异的光线,从河对岸的树林里透了出来,于是我扯起嗓子喊起来。

我们静静等了一会儿。啊!我们听见“元帅”吠叫(哦!我们太高兴了!)

我们又声嘶力竭地喊了五分钟，才看见小船上的灯光慢慢地向我们移过来，又听见哈里斯迷迷糊糊的声音，问我们在哪里。

哈里斯显得有点奇怪，困得不象是一般的疲倦。他把船靠到岸边，停下来，可那个地方我们根本无法上船，而他自己却又马上睡着了。

我们只能喊着，尖叫着才能把他弄醒。他好不容易醒过来，我们这才得以上船。

哈里斯看上去十分难过，就好像经历了一场大劫难。我们问他到底发生了什么事儿，他说了两个字：“天鹅！”

原来，我们把船停在了天鹅巢的旁边。就在我和乔治起身刚走，天鹅太太回来了。她冲着哈里斯直嚷嚷，而哈里斯呢，使出浑身解数把天鹅太太赶走。于是她把她丈夫拉来了。哈里斯说他和两只天鹅战斗得异常激烈，哈里斯愈战愈勇，最后大获全胜。

过了半个小时，它们卷土重来——又带来了十八只天鹅！又是一场昏天黑地的战斗。那些天鹅要把哈里斯和“元帅”拖到水里去，淹死他们。哈里斯再次以大无畏的精神又战斗了四个小时，把它们全部歼灭。它们只能游到别的地方，等死去吧！

“你说一共有多少只天鹅？”乔治问道。

“三十二只，”哈里斯半睡半醒地回答说。

“可你刚才不是说十八只吗？”乔治说。

“我可没说，”哈里斯咕哝道。“我说的是十二只。你当我不大会数数啊？”

到底那场天鹅战争是怎么一回事，我们始终没搞清楚。第二天早上我们问起哈里斯这件事，他却说：“什么天鹅？”他以为乔治和我一直还做着梦呢！

哦，重新回到船上可真好！我们美美地吃了一顿晚餐。本来还想好好地喝上点威士忌，却怎么也找不着。我们审问哈里斯，把威士忌搞到哪里去了，他一派茫然无知的样子，根本不懂我们在谈什么。可“元帅”脸上的表情却好像告诉我们，他知道些内幕，但它什么也不说。

我那天晚上睡得很好，尽管哈里斯把我吵醒了十好几回。他一直在找衣服，似乎一晚上尽担心他的衣服了。

他把乔治和我推醒了两次，就是为了看看我们有没有压在他的裤子上。第二次的时候，乔治气坏了。

“你半夜三更起来找裤子，到底要干嘛？”乔治喊道。“干嘛不躺下来好好去睡觉。”

我第二次醒来时，哈里斯说找不着鞋了。后来我还记得他把我推了一个个儿，还在说：“我的伞能去哪儿呢？”

Chapter 14 Work, washing, and fishing

We woke up late the next morning, and it was about ten o'clock when we moved off. We had already decided that we wanted to make this a good day's journey.

We agreed that we would row, and not tow, the boat. Harris said that George and I should row, and he would steer. I did not like this idea at all. I said that he and George should row, so that I could rest a little. I thought that I was doing too much of the work on this trip. I was beginning to feel strongly about it.

I always think that I am doing too much work. It is not because I do not like work. I do like it. I find it very interesting. I can sit and look at it for hours. You cannot give me too much work. I like to collect it. My study is full of it.

And I am very careful with my work, too. Why, some of the work in my study has been there for years, and it has not got dirty or anything. That is because I take care of it.

However, although I love work, I do not want to take other people's work from them. But I get it without asking for it, and this worries me.

George says that I should not worry about it. In fact, he thinks that perhaps I should have more work. However, I expect he only says that to make me feel better.

In a boat, I have noticed that each person thinks that he is doing all the work. Harris's idea was that both George and I had let him do all the work. George said that Harris never did anything except eat and sleep. He, George, had done all the work. He said that he had never met such lazy people as Harris and me.

That amused Harris.

'George! Work!' he laughed. 'If George worked for half an hour, it would kill him. Have you ever seen George work?' he added, and he turned to me.

I agreed with Harris that I had never seen George work.

'Well, how can you know?' George answered Harris.

'You're always asleep. Have you ever seen Harris awake, except at meal times?' George asked me.

I had to tell the truth and agree with George. Harris had done very little work in the boat.

'Oh, come on! I've done more than old J., anyway,' Harris replied.

'Well, it would be difficult to do less,' George added.

'Oh, him, he thinks he's a passenger and doesn't need to work!' Harris said.

And that was how grateful they were to me, after I had brought them and their old boat all the way up from Kingston; after I had organized everything for them; and after I had taken care of them!

Finally, we decided that Harris and George would row until we got past Reading, and then I would tow the boat from there.

We reached Reading at about eleven o'clock. We did not stay long, though, because the river is dirty there. However, after that it becomes very beautiful. Goring, on the left, and Streatley, on the right, are both very pretty places. Earlier, we had decided to go on to Wallingford that day, but the river was lovely at Streatley. We left our boat at the bridge, and we went into the village. We had lunch at a little pub, and Montmorency enjoyed that.

We stayed at Streatley for two days, and we took our clothes to be washed. We had tried to wash them ourselves, in the river, and George had told us what to do. This was not a success! Before we washed them, they were very, very dirty, but we could just wear them. After we had washed them, they were worse than before. However, the river between Reading and Henley was cleaner because we had taken all the dirt from it, and we had washed it into our clothes. The woman who washed them at Streatley made us pay three times the usual price.

We paid her, and did not say a word about the cost.

The river near Streatley and Goring is excellent for fishing. You can sit and fish there all day.

Some people do sit and fish all day. They never catch any fish, of course. You may catch a dead cat or two, but you will not catch any fish. When you go for a walk by the river, the fish come and stand half out of the water, with their mouths open for bread. And if you go swimming, they all come and stare at you and get in your way. But you cannot catch them.

On the second evening, George and I and Montmorency (I do not know where Harris was) went for a walk to Wallingford. On the way back to the boat, we stopped at a little pub, by the river.

We went in and sat down. There was an old man there. He was smoking a pipe, and we began to talk to him.

He told us that it had been a fine day today, and we told him that it had been a fine day yesterday. Then we all told each other that we thought it would be a fine day tomorrow.

We told him that we were on holiday on the river, and that we were going to leave the next day. Then we stopped talking for a few minutes, and we began to look round the room. We noticed a glass case on the wall. In it there was a very big fish.

The old man saw that we were looking at this fish.

'Ah,' he said, 'that's a big fish, isn't it?'

'Yes, it is,' I replied.

'Yes,' the old man continued, 'it was sixteen years ago. I caught him just by the bridge.'

'Did you, really?' George asked.

'Yes,' the man answered. 'They told me he was in the river. I said I'd catch him, and I did. You don't see many fish

as big as that one now. Well, good night, then. ’And he went out.

After that, we could not take our eyes off the fish. It really was a fine fish. We were still looking at it when another man came in. He had a glass of beer in his hand, and he also looked at the fish.

’That’s a fine, big fish, isn’t it?’ George said to him.

’Ah, yes,’ the man replied. He drank some of his beer, and then he added, ’Perhaps you weren’t here when it was caught?’

’No,’ we said, and we explained that we did not live there. We said that we were only there on holiday.

’Ah, well,’ the man went on, ’it was nearly five years ago that I caught that fish.’

’Oh, did you catch it then?’ I asked.

’Yes,’ he replied. ’I caught him by the lock…Well, good-night to you.’

Five minutes later a third man came in and described how he had caught the fish, early one morning. He left, and another man came in and sat down by the window.

Nobody spoke for some time. Then George turned to the man and said, ’Excuse me, I hope you don’t mind, but my friend and I, who are only on holiday here, would like to ask you a question. Could you tell us how you caught that fish?’

’Who told you that I caught that fish?’ he asked.

We said that nobody had told us. We just felt that he was the man who had caught it.

’Well, that’s very strange,’ he answered, with a little laugh. ’You’re right. I did catch it.’ And he went on to tell us how he had done it, and that it had taken him half an hour to land it.

When he left, the landlord came in to talk to us. We told him the different stories we had heard about his fish. He was very amused and we all laughed about it. And then he told us the re—al story of the fish.

He said that he had caught it himself, years ago, when he was a boy. It was a lovely, sunny afternoon, and instead of go—ing to school, he went fishing. That was when he caught the fish. Everyone thought he was very clever. Even his teacher thought he had done well and did not punish him.

He had to go out of the room just then, and we turned to look at the fish again. George became very excited about it, and he climbed up onto a chair to see it better.

And then George fell, and he caught hold of the glass case to save himself. It came down, with George and the chair on top of it.

’Is the fish all right?’ I cried.

’I hope so,’ George said. He stood up carefully and looked round. But the fish was lying on the floor—in a thousand pieces!

It was not a real fish.

14 干活、洗衣和钓鱼

第二天早晨我们很晚才醒，直到十点钟才出发。我们已经打定主意，今天要好好地玩上一天。

我们一致同意，今天改划船，不拉纤了。哈里斯说乔治和我应该划船，他来掌舵。我根本不同意。我说应该让他和乔治划船，而让我休息休息。我觉得在这次旅程中，我干的活太多了，对此我愈发不能忍受了。

每次我都觉得自己干的活太多了。这倒不是我不喜欢干活。我热爱工作，也感到工作很有趣。我能坐着几个小时看要干的活儿。你给我多少工作，我都不嫌多，因为我喜欢收藏，书房里都堆满了。

这些工作，我可爱惜呢。很多放在书房里有年头了，可是一点灰尘都没有。那是因为我爱护它们。

尽管我喜欢工作，可我不想把别人的工作也揽过来。往往是我没要求，它却找上门来，真让我烦恼。

乔治劝我对这个问题不必太在意。实际上，他觉得我应该再多干点呢。我把他说的这些只当成安慰我的话。

我注意到，无论在哪条船上，每个人都觉得自己把所有的活都干了。哈里斯觉得乔治和我让他干了所有的活。乔治说哈里斯除了睡觉吃饭，什么也没干。只有他——乔治，才真正把什么都包了。他说，从来没有见过象我和哈里斯这么懒的人。

哈里斯听了此话又好气，又好笑。

“什么？！乔治干活？”他笑道。“他只要干上半个小时准得要了他的命！你见过乔治干过活没有？”他转过脸来问我。

我同意哈里斯的话，确实没见乔治干过活。

“哼！你们怎么会知道我干的活呢？”乔治反驳哈里斯一句。“你总在睡，睡，还是睡！你看见过哈里斯醒的时候吗？除了吃饭？”他转过脸来问我。

我只能说实话，支持乔治的说法，哈里斯在船上确实没干过什么。

“哦，得了，我总比老杰干得多吧，”哈里斯回答说。

“是的，想比他干得更少有点不大可能，”乔治附和道。

“他呀，把自己当成船上的乘客，不必工作！”哈里斯说。

这就是他们对我的报答！我把他们两个和这条破船从金斯敦一直拉到这里，为他们安排好一切，照顾他们一路，这就是他们对我的报答！

最后我们决定由哈里斯和乔治把船划到雷丁，从雷丁以后由我来拉纤。

将近十一点钟，我们到了雷丁。我们没在那里久留，因为河水很不干净，然而雷丁以上那一段河上风光就非常可爱了。左边有戈灵，右边是斯特雷特利，都是景致优美的地方。我们本来打算当天赶到沃灵福德，可是斯特雷特利这一带景色使我们流连忘返。我们便在桥边弃舟登岸，走进了这个小村庄，在一个小酒馆吃了午餐，“元帅”在这里也玩得很开心。

我们在斯特雷特利住了两天，把衣服洗了。这次是我们在河里自己洗的，乔治告诉我们怎么洗，我们就怎么洗。结果是令人不堪回首的失败。没洗之前，我们的衣服已经很脏了，但是还可以对付穿。可是，洗了之后呢，反倒比以前更糟了。不过，从雷丁到亨利的河水一下子更清澈了，因为我们把河里所有污物都收集到一起，洗到我们的衣服里去了。斯特雷特利的洗衣妇管我们要了平常价格的三倍才肯给我们洗。

我们照单付款，一声也没报怨我们的花费。

斯特雷特利和戈灵附近的河上可是个钓鱼的绝佳去处，你可以坐在这儿，整整钓上一天。

确实有人整天坐着钓鱼，当然，不过就是钓不着。也许你能钓上一两只死猫，可你别想钓着鱼。你在河边散步时，鱼游过来，一半身子站在水外，张着嘴要面包。要是你去游泳，它们全都游过来，瞪着你看，挡着你的路。可是想抓住它们，没门。

第二天晚上，乔治，我，还有“元帅”去沃灵福德转了一圈（哈里斯不知道上哪儿去了）。回来的时候，经过河边一家小酒馆，我们歇了歇脚。

我们走进来，坐下来。还有一位老先生也在那里，抽着烟斗，我们便和他聊起来。

他对我们说，今天天气很好。我们对他说，昨天天气也不错。然后我们一起预测，明天天气大概也不会坏。

我们又告诉他我们在河上度假旅行，明天就又要启程了。接着，谈话沉默了一会儿，我们四处打量着屋子，最后眼光转到墙上挂着一个玻璃匣子，里面装着一张大鱼。

那位老先生看到我们正盯着那条鱼。

“啊，”他说，“真是条大鱼，是吧？”

“是啊，是啊，”我答道。

“那是……”老人继续说，“十六年前了，我在桥边钓上来的。”

“哦，是吗？”乔治问道。

“是的，”老人答道。“他们说河里有一条这样的鱼。我就说，我要把它钓上来，真的就钓上来了。现在这么大的鱼很少见了。好吧，再见吧。”说着就走了出去。

我们一直还目不转睛地看着那条鱼，真是条出色的鱼。我们正看着，又进来一个人。他手里拿着一杯啤酒，眼睛也盯着那条鱼。

“可真是条大鱼啊！”乔治对那人说。

“啊，是的，”那人回答说。接着喝了一口啤酒，又说道：“这条鱼给钓上来的时候，你们也许还不在这儿吧？”

“不在，”我们对他说，我们不住在这儿，只是来这里度假。

“啊，是这样，”那人说，“五年前吧，我钓到了这条鱼。”

“那么，这鱼是你钓到的了？”我问。

“正是的。”他答。“在那边水闸下钓到的……好吧，那么再见吧。”

五分钟之后，进来了第三个客人，跟我们描述了一番他是怎么样一大早就钓着这条鱼的。他走了，又来了一位，在窗口坐下来。

有一会儿，我们都没说话。然后乔治转过去向那个人说道：“请原谅，希望您别介意。我的朋友和我在此度假，恕我们冒昧问您一个问题。能否请您谈一谈您是怎样钓到那条鱼的，好吗？”

“谁告诉你们说那条鱼是我钓着的？”他问。

我们说，谁也没有告诉我们，不过我们觉得那条鱼是他钓着的。

“啊！真是奇事，”他回答道，笑了起来。“一点不错，是我钓着的。”接着他又描述了他怎么钓着的，怎么花了半个小时才把这条鱼拖上岸的。

他走了以后，酒店老板进了屋，来和我们聊天。我们就把刚才听到的各人的故事给他又讲了一遍。他觉得非常有趣，我们一起捧腹大笑。然后他告诉了我们这条鱼真正的来历。

他告诉我们这鱼是他自己钓上来的。那时他还是个毛孩子呢！记得那是个阳光明媚的下午，他没去上学，溜出去钓鱼，就是那会儿把鱼钓上来的。大家都夸他聪明，就连老师也说他干得不错，因此没有惩罚他。

这时，老板有事要出去一下，我们又转过头来看着这条鱼发呆。乔治心情激动，抑制不住，连忙爬到椅上看个真切。

突然，乔治摔了下去，他伸手抓住玻璃匣子支撑他一下，谁知它也滑下来，乔治连人带椅一齐压在上面。

“鱼没事吧？”我叫了一声。

“但愿没事。”乔治说着，小心翼翼地站起身，四下看了看。可是鱼躺在地上——给摔成了几千瓣了。

原来，这根本就不是一条真鱼。

We left Streatley early the next morning. We were going to Culham, and we wanted to spend the night there. Between Streatley and Wallingford the river is not very interesting. Then from Cleve there is quite a long piece of the river which has no locks. Most people are pleased about this because it makes everything much easier, but I quite like locks, myself. I remember that George and I nearly had an accident in a lock once...

It was a lovely day, and there were a lot of boats in the lock. Someone was taking a photograph of us all, and the photographer was hoping to sell the picture to the people in the lock. I did not see the photographer at first, but suddenly George started to brush his trousers, and he fixed his hair and put on his hat. Then he sat down with a kind, but sad, expression on his face, and he tried to hide his feet.

My first idea was that he had seen a girl that he knew, and I looked round to see who it was. Everybody in the lock had stopped moving and they all had fixed expressions on their faces. All the girls were smiling prettily, and all the men were trying to look brave and handsome.

Then I saw the photographer and at once I understood. I wondered if I would be in time. Our boat was the first one in the lock, so I must look nice for the man's photograph.

So I turned round quickly and stood in the front of the boat. I arranged my hair carefully, and I tried to make myself look strong and interesting.

We stood and waited for the important moment when the man would actually take the photograph. Just then, someone behind me called out, 'Hi! Look at your nose!'

I could not turn round to see whose nose it was, but I had a quick look at George's nose. It seemed to be all right. I tried to look at my own nose, and that seemed to be all right, too.

'Look at your nose, you stupid fool!' the voice cried again, more loudly this time.

And then another voice called, 'Push your nose out! You two, with the dog!'

We could not turn round because the man was just going to take the photograph. Was it us they were calling to? What was the matter with our noses? Why did they want us to push them out?

But now everybody in the lock started shouting, and a very loud, deep voice from the back called, 'Look at your boat! You, in the red and black caps! If you don't do something quickly, there'll be two dead bodies in that photograph!'

We looked then, and we saw that the nose of our boat was caught in the wooden gate at the front of the lock. The water was rising, and our boat was beginning to turn over. Quickly, we pushed hard against the side of the lock, to move the boat. The boat did move, and George and I fell over on our backs.

We did not come out well in that photograph because the man took it just as we fell over. We had expressions of 'Where am I?' and 'What's happened?' on our faces, and we were waving our feet about wildly. In fact, our feet nearly filled the photograph. You could not see much else.

Nobody bought the photographs. They said they did not want photographs of our feet. The photographer was not very pleased...

We passed Wallingford and Dorchester, and we spent the night at Clifton Hampden, which is a very pretty little village.

The next morning we were up early, because we wanted to be in Oxford by the afternoon. By half past eight we had finished breakfast and we were through Clifton lock. At half past twelve we went through Iffley lock.

From there to Oxford is the most difficult part of the river. First the river carries you to the right, then to the left; then it takes you out into the middle and turns you round three times. We got in the way of a lot of other boats; a lot of other boats got in our way—and a lot of bad words were used.

However, at Oxford we had two good days. There are a lot of dogs in the town. Montmorency had eleven fights on the first day and fourteen on the second. This made him very happy.

If you are thinking of taking a trip on the river, and you are going to start from Oxford, take your own boat (unless you can take someone else's without being discovered). The boats that you can hire on the Thames above Marlow are all right: they do not let too much water in, and they have seats and things. But they are not really boats which you want people to see. The person who hires one of these boats is the kind of person who likes to stay under the trees. He likes to travel early in the morning or late at night, when there are not many people about to look at him. When he sees someone he knows, he gets out of the boat and hides behind a tree. I remember that some friends and I hired one of these boats one summer...

We had written to ask for a boat, and, when we arrived at the boathouse, we gave our names. The man said, 'Oh, yes.' And then he called out to another man, 'Jim, fetch "The Queen of the Thames".'

Five minutes later, Jim came back with a very old piece of wood. He had clearly just dug it up from a hole in the ground. When he dug it up, he had damaged it very badly.

We asked Jim what it was.

'It's "The Queen of the Thames",' he answered.

We laughed at this, and then one of us said, 'All right. Now go and fetch the real boat.'

They said that this was the real boat...

15 来到牛津

第二天一大早就我们离开了斯特雷特利。我们计划去卡拉姆,在那里过夜。从斯特雷特利到沃灵福德一带,河上风光平淡无奇。从克利夫以上,好长一段河面上没有一座水闸。对于此,大多数人很满意,因为这样,任何事情容易多了。对我个人来说,我是十分喜欢水闸的。我还想起有一次乔治和我在一个水闸差点惹出祸来.....

那天天气真好,水闸里挤满了船。有人在给我们照相,摄影师想借此把照片卖给水闸里的游客。起初,我没有看见摄影师,却突然看见乔治慌慌张张地把裤子拉平,把头发摆弄摆弄,又把帽子上。他坐下来,脸上装出一副和善,但又忧郁的表情,还拼命把两只脚藏起来。

我马上猜想他突然看见了自己认识的姑娘。我四下张望，看看她到底是谁。可是水闸里的人一个个都变成了木头人似的，一动不动，脸上的表情绷得紧紧的。所有的姑娘们都做出优雅的微笑状，所有的男人们都摆出一副勇敢、潇洒的表情。

后来，我看到了摄影师才恍然大悟。我还赶得上吗？我们的船在水闸最前一排，我可一定要在照片上显得好看才行。

于是，我赶快扭过身子，站在船头，仔细理了一下头发，尽量让自己显得英勇又机敏。

我们站在那儿，等待着拍照的关键时刻。这时，忽然我背后有人喊了起来。

“喂！瞧你的鼻子！”

我当然不能回头去看究竟是谁的鼻子，不过，我偷偷照了一眼乔治的鼻子，那鼻子好好的。我又使劲看看自己的鼻子，也是好端端的。

“瞧瞧你的鼻子！你这个傻瓜！”那人又扯大了嗓门叫道。

接着，又有一个声音喊道：“把你们的鼻子挪开，你们两个，带狗的！”

我们实在不能转身，因为摄影师马上就要拍照了。他们是在吆喝我们吗？我们的鼻子出什么问题了？干吗要把鼻子挪开呢？

现在，整个水闸里的人都咆哮起来了。从我们背后传来一个洪亮的声音：“看看你们的船！你们两个戴红帽子和黑帽子的家伙。你们要是动作再不快点，照片上会照上两个死人了！”

这时，我们才转身一看，看见我们的船鼻子卡在水闸前的木门里。水在不断升高，我们的船眼看就要翻了。我们赶紧使劲向闸门推，总算是把船推离了水闸，可我们两个摔了个仰面朝天。

照片出来时我们简直不成样子。因为恰在我们摔倒的一霎那，摄影师拍了照。我们脸上一副“我这是在哪儿啊？”和“出什么事了？”的表情，四只脚在空中乱舞。说句实在的，我们的脚几乎把照片占满了，只剩下多少风景好看了。

没有一个人买照片。他们说他们才不愿意买只有我们四只脚的照片呢。摄影师呢，也满心不快。

我们又驶过沃灵福德，多切斯特，在克利夫顿·汉普登过夜，那是个风光十分绮丽的小村庄。

第二天早晨我们起得很早，因为我们想下午的时候赶到牛津。还不到八点半我们就吃完了早餐，通过了克利夫顿水闸。十二点半，我们又驶过了伊夫雷水闸。

可是从那里到牛津的那段水道是最难航行的。一开始，水流一会儿把你冲向右，一会儿冲向左；接着又把你冲到河中央，打三个转。一会儿我们的船撞上了很多别人的船；一会儿别人的船又挡了我们的道——总不免谩骂声起，恶语伤人。

还好，我们在牛津愉快地玩了两天。城里有很多狗，“元帅”到的第一天就打了十一次架；第二天又打了十四次。这下子可过足了瘾。

要是你打算从牛津出发开始河上旅行，最好还是带自己的船去（当然，带了别人的船去也可以，只要别人不察觉）。泰晤士河上在马洛以前租的船倒还不错：不会进太多的水，有坐的地方，配备也齐全。可这些船的外表都不是能让你出风头、摆架子的。租这种游船的人都是性格温和的人，喜欢停在树荫之下。他们大多清晨或者黄昏之后才划船，因为那会儿，没有多少人看他们。他们一旦看见熟人，就会跳出船，躲到树后面去。我还记得有一年夏天，我和几个朋友也租了那样一条船……

我们预先写信去订了一条船。我们到了船坞，报上自己的姓名。那个人说：“哦，对了。”接着，他又叫出来另一个人，“吉姆，去把那艘‘泰晤士河皇后号’拖来。”

五分钟之后，吉姆拖着一截古老的烂木头回来了。很显然是他刚才从地底下挖掘出来的，而且挖掘出土的时候还碰坏了许多地方。

我们问吉姆这玩意是什么。

“是‘泰晤士河皇后号’，”他回答说。

我们大声笑话着，然后其中一人说：“行了，快去把真船拖过来吧！”

可他们说，这的确是条真真正正的游船。

Chapter 16 The journey home

We left Oxford on the third day, to go back home. The weather changed, and, when we left Oxford, it was raining. It continued to rain, not heavily, but all the time.

When the sun is shining, the river turns everything into a golden dream. But when it rains, the river is brown and miser-able.

It rained all day, and, at first, we pretended we were enjoy-ing it. We said that it was a nice change. We added that it was good to see the river in all kinds of weather. Harris and I sang a song about how good it was to be free and to be able to enjoy the sun and the rain.

George thought it was much more serious, and he put up the umbrella.

Before lunch, he put the cover on the boat, and it stayed there all afternoon. We just left a little hole, so that we could see out. We stopped for the night, just before Day's lock, and I cannot say that we spent a happy evening.

The rain came down without stopping. Everything in the boat was wet. Supper was not a success. We were all tired of cold meat, and we talked about our favourite foods. When we passed the cold meat to Montmorency, he refused our offer. He went and sat at the other end of the boat, alone.

We played cards after supper. We played for about an hour and a half, and George won ten pence. Harris and I lost five pence each. We decided to stop then, because the game was getting too exciting.

After that we had some whisky, and we sat and talked. George told us about a man he had known. This man had slept on the river, in a wet boat, like ours, and it had made him very ill. Ten days later, the poor man died, in great pain. George said he was quite a young man, so it was very sad.

Then Harris remembered one of his friends who had camped out on a wet night. When he woke up the next morning, he was in great pain, and he was never able to walk again.

So then, of course, we began to talk about other illnesses. Harris said it would be very serious if one of us became ill be-cause we were a long way from a doctor.

After this we really needed something to make us feel a bit happier, so George sang to us. That really made us cry.

After that we could think of nothing else to do, so we went to bed. Well...we undressed and we lay down in the boat. We tried to go to sleep but it was four hours before we did so. At five o'clock we all woke up again, so we got up and had break-fast.

The second day was the same as the first. It rained all day. We sat in our raincoats under the cover, and we travelled slowly along the river. I did try to sing again, but it was not a suc-cess.

However, we all agreed that we should continue our trip. We had come to enjoy ourselves for a fortnight on the river, and we were going to finish the trip. If it killed us-well, that would be a sad thing for our friends and families, but we would not give in to the weather.

'It's only two more days,' Harris said, 'and we are young and strong. Perhaps we'll be all right.'

At about four o'clock we began to discuss our plans for that evening. We were a little past Goring then, and we decided to go on to Pangbourne and spend the night there.

'Another happy evening,' George said.

We sat and thought about it. We would be in Pangbourne by five o'clock. We would finish our dinner by half past six. After that we could walk about the village in the rain, or we could sit in a dark little pub.

'It would be more interesting to go to the Alhambra Theatre in London,' Harris said, and he looked out at the sky.

'With supper afterwards at that little French restaurant,' I added.

'Yes, I'm almost sorry we've decided to stay on the boat,' Harris said. Then we were silent for a time.

'I know we've decided to stay and die on this boat,' George said, 'but there is a train which leaves Pangbourne soon after five o'clock. We could be in London in time to get something to eat, and afterwards we could go on to the theatre.'

Nobody said a word. We looked at each other, and we all felt badly about it. We did not speak, but we got out the bag. We looked up the river, and down the river. There was nobody there.

Twenty minutes later, three figures and an ashamed dog qui-etly left the nearest boathouse, and went towards the station.

We had told the boatman a lie. We had asked him to take care of the boat for us until nine o'clock the next morning. We said we would come back for it then. However, if (only' if') something happened to stop us from coming back, then we would write to him.

We reached Paddington station at seven o'clock, and we drove straight to the restaurant. We had a light meal and left Montmorency there. Then we went to the theatre. For some reason everybody stared at us, and this made us very happy. Perhaps it was because of our interesting clothes, or because we looked so healthy.

Afterwards we went back to the restaurant, where supper was waiting for us.

We really did enjoy that supper. For ten days we had lived on cold meat and bread, and not much else. We ate and drank without speaking, and then we sat back and rested. We felt good, and thoughtful, and kind.

Then Harris, who was sitting next to the window, pulled back the curtain and looked out into the street. It was still raining, and it was dark and very wet. One or two people hur-ried past. The rain was running from their umbrellas, and the women were holding up their long skirts.

Harris picked up his glass.

'Well,' he said, 'we've had a good trip, and I'm very grate-ful to Old Father Thames. But I think we were right to give up and come back. Here's to Three Men well out of a Boat!'

And Montmorency stood on his back legs in front of the window, looked out into the night, and gave a short bark to show that he agreed.

16 返航归家

第三天，我们从牛津启航回家。离开牛津的时候，天气变了，下起了雨。从那以后，雨一直在下，虽然不大，可却始终没有停过。

阳光灿烂的日子里，河水把一切都变成了金色的梦；可是天一下雨，河水变得浑浊而凄凉。

整天下着雨。起初，我们还装出一副怡然自得的样子。我们说换换口味也好，我们喜欢看不同天气下的河流是什么样子。哈里斯和我唱着歌，唱着自由多么美好，享受完了阳光享受小雨是多么美妙。

乔治却把事情看得严重得多，他一直撑着伞。

午餐之前，他挂起了篷布，整整挂了一下午。我们只留出一个孔，可以看到外面。在不到戴斯水闸的地方，我们停船过夜。我得说那个晚上我们实在没有过好。

雨下个不停，船上的东西全部都淋湿了，晚餐自然是个失败。大家对冷肉都倒了胃口，便说起各自喜欢的食物。我们把冷肉递给“元帅”，它才不要呢。它走过去坐在船尾，孤零零地。

吃完晚饭，我们一起玩起了纸牌。玩了约摸有一个半小时，乔治赢了十个便士，我和哈里斯每人输了五个。我们觉得不能再玩了，因为我们已经赌得有点情绪激动了。

之后，我们又喝了些威士忌，坐下来聊天。乔治跟我们谈起他认识的一个人，也曾睡在河上一只潮湿的船里，象我们的一样。结果，得了重病，十天后就在难以忍受的病痛中死去。乔治说他还是个年轻人，一想起来就伤心。

接着，哈里斯也想起他的一个朋友在潮湿的夜里，在野外露营。第二天早上一觉醒来，发现自己痛楚难当，然后再也不会走路了。

既然如此，我们又很自然地谈起了其它各种病症。哈里斯说，如果我们有人得了病那可麻烦了，因为我们离医生可远着呐！

谈了这么多丧气话，我们真需要点东西提提精神，放松放松。所以乔治给我们唱歌听，可那歌唱得我们抱头痛哭。

再后来，我们想不起还有什么事好做，所以就去睡觉了。于是，我们脱了衣服，躺在船里。我们想合眼就睡，可足足有四个小时才迷糊着了。早晨五点，大家又全醒了。于是就起床，吃早饭。

第二天的天气，依然如故，雨下了一整天。我们裹着雨衣，坐在篷布底下，沿着河慢慢地漂。我还试着再唱支歌，可实在唱不下去。

不过，有一点我们一致同意——那就是一定要把旅行进行到底。我们来就是为了要在河上痛痛快快地玩两个星期，我们一定要善始善终，即使因此送了命！——当然，这对亲朋好友来说是件惨痛的事，但我们也绝不愿向天气屈服。

“就只有两天啦，”哈里斯说，“我们都年轻力壮，我们可能会安然无恙的。”

下午四点左右，我们开始讨论晚上的安排。我们刚过戈灵，决定再划一会儿到潘本过夜。

“又是幸福的一夜，”乔治说。

我们坐在那儿，想着晚上的安排：大概五点钟到潘本，六点半吃完晚饭，然后我们可以顶着雨在村子里转一转，或者在一家灯光幽暗的小酒馆里坐坐。

“啊，去伦敦的阿尔罕布拉戏院可比这有意思多了。”哈里斯说着，探出头看看外面的天色。

“然后再在那家法国小餐厅吃顿晚餐，”我又加了一句。

“是啊，我真后悔我们决定还要呆在这条船上，”哈里斯说。一度，大家都沉默不语。

“我明白咱们已经下决心呆在船上，死在这里，”乔治说，“不过五点钟马上有一趟火车离开潘本，我们也许能及时赶回伦敦，好好吃上一顿；然后还可以去戏院看戏。”

没人答话，大家面面相觑，对这个想法都感到汗颜。虽然没人说什么，可我们把包拿了出去。我们看看上游，看看下游，一个人都没有。

二十分钟后，三条人影和一只蔫了脑袋的狗离开了最近的一家船坞，奔向火车站。

我们向管船人撒了个谎。我们请他照看我们的船，明天早上九点我们会回来取的。要是（我们说“万一”），我们被意外绊住了脚，赶不回来，我们会写信告诉他的。

七点钟，我们赶到了帕丁顿车站，坐车径直去了餐厅。我们略微吃了点东西，把“元帅”留在那里。接着又去了戏院。可那儿的人不知为什么都盯着我们看，这让我们十分自豪。可能是因为我们有趣的着装，或是因为我们看上去十分健康。

看完戏，我们又回到餐厅，晚餐已经准备好了。

那顿饭我们吃得痛快极了。十天来，我们一直只靠冷肉、面包和其它一些不多的东西过活。我们边吃边喝，谁也顾不上说话。吃完饭，我们靠在椅子上，惬意地休息着，觉得一切都那么美好，仁慈，意味深长。

这时，坐在窗口的哈里斯拉开窗帘，向街上望去。天还下着雨，阴沉沉，湿漉漉的。一两个行人匆匆走过，雨水顺着他们的雨伞滴下来，女士们都拎起她们长长的裙子。

哈里斯端起杯子。

“不管怎么说，”他说道，“我们完成了一次愉快的旅行，我衷心感谢老父亲泰晤士河。我觉得咱们弃舟回来做得对！来吧，为三位下船的先生干怀！”

“元帅”站起身，站在窗前，凝望着窗外沉沉的黑夜，短短呷了一声，表示同意我们的祝酒辞。

[1 The man who died](#)

[2 The milkman starts his travels](#)

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简 介

理查德·哈内走回他伦敦的公寓，感到百无聊赖。他想，在英格兰好像什么令人激动的事情也不曾发生过。也许他该回非洲去。然而，那天晚上来了一位叫斯卡德尔的客人，给他讲了一个离奇的故事。

一周以后，哈内卧在苏格兰荒原的石楠丛中，饥肠辘辘，筋疲力尽。一架小飞机在他头顶的蓝天上低空盘旋。哈内一动不动地躺着，希望谢天谢地飞机不要发现他，同时琢磨着口袋里斯卡德尔的黑色小笔记本。斯卡德尔在笔记本里记着“黑石”，这个神秘的黑石是谁呢？那个“三十九级台阶”又怎么那么重要？六月十五日伦敦会出什么事？

而斯卡德尔已经被害，哈内的敌人在苏格兰的山山岭岭日夜追捕他，他必须自己搞清这是为什么。如果他的敌人抓住他，就会把他杀掉……

约翰·巴肯（1875—1940）：苏格兰作家，政治家，曾任加拿大总督。他有许多著作，最有名的是理查德·哈内系列惊险小说，其中包括《三十九级台阶》，该书写于一九一五年，后改编成著名导演希区科克执导的电影。

1 The man who died

I returned to my flat at about three o'clock on that May afternoon very unhappy with life. I has been back in Britain for three months and I was already bored. The weather was bad, the people were dull, and the amusements of London seemed as exciting as a glass of cold water.'Richard Hannay, 'I told myself, 'you have made a mistake, and you had better do something about it.'

It made me angry when I thought of the years I had spent in Africa. I had spent those years working very hard and making money. Not a lot of money, but enough for me. I had left Scotland when I was six years old, and I had never been home since. For years I had dreamt of coming home to Britain and spending the rest of my life there, but I was disappointed with the place after the first week. And so here I was, thirty-seven years old, healthy, with enough money to have a good time, and bored to death.

That evening I went out to dinner and sat reading the newspapers afterwards. They were full of the troubles in south-east Europe, and there was a long report about Karolides, the Greek Prime Minister. He seemed to be an honest man, but some people in Europe hated him. However, many people in Britain liked him, and one newspaper said that he was the only man who could prevent a war starting. I remember wondering if I could get a job in south-east Europe; it might be a lot less boring than life in London.

As I walked home that night, I decided to give Britain one more day. If nothing interesting happened, I would take the next boat back to Africa.

My flat was in a big new building in Langham Place. There was a doorman at the entrance to the building, but each flat was separate, with its own front door. I was just putting the key into my door when a man appeared next to me. He was thin, with a short brown beard and small, very bright eyes. I recognized him as the man who lived in a flat on the top floor of the building. We had spoken once or twice on the stairs.

'Can I speak to you?' he asked. 'May I come in for a minute?' His voice was shaking a little.

I opened the door and we went in.

'Is the door locked?' he asked, and quickly locked it himself.

'I'm very sorry,' he said to me. 'It's very rude of me. But I'm in a dangerous corner and you looked like the kind of man who would understand. If I explain, will you help me?'

'I'll listen to you,' I said. 'That's all I promise. I was getting worried by this strange man's behaviour.

There was a table with drinks on it next to him, and he took a large whisky for himself. He drank it quickly, and then put the glass down so violently that it broke.

'I'm sorry,' he said. 'I'm a little nervous tonight. You see, at this moment I'm dead.'

I sat down in an armchair and lit my pipe.

'How does it feel?' I asked. I was now almost sure that the man was mad.

He smiled. 'I'm not mad-yet. Listen, I've been watching you, and I guess that you're not easily frightened. I'm going to tell you my story. I need help very badly, and I want to know if you're the right man to ask.'

'Tell me your story,' I said, 'and I'll tell you if I can help you.'

It was an extraordinary story. I didn't understand all of it, and I had to ask a lot of questions, but here it is:

His name was Franklin P. Scudder and he was an American, but he had been in south-east Europe for several years. By accident, he had discovered a group of people who were working secretly to push Europe towards a war. These people were clever, and dangerous. Some of them wanted to change the world through war; others simply wanted to make a lot of money, and there is always money to be made from a war. Their plan was to get Russia and Germany at war with each other.

'I want to stop them,' Scudder told me, 'and if I can stay alive for another month, I think I can.'

'I thought you were already dead,' I said.

'I'll tell you about that in a minute,' he answered. 'But first, do you know who Constantine Karolides is?'

'The Greek Prime Minister. I've just been reading about him in today's newspapers.'

'Right. He's the only man who can stop the war. He's intelligent, he's honest, and he knows what's going on-and so his enemies plan to kill him. I have discovered how. That was very dangerous for me, so I had to disappear. They can't kill Karolides in Greece because he has too many guards. But on the 15th of June he's coming to London for a big meeting, and his enemies plan to kill him here.'

'You can warn him,' I said. 'He'll stay at home.'

'That's what his enemies want. If he doesn't come, they'll win, because he's the only man who understands the whole problem and who can stop the war happening.'

'Why don't you go to the British police?' I said.

'No good. They could bring in five hundred policemen, but they wouldn't stop the murder. The murderer will be caught, and he'll talk and put the blame on the governments in Vienna and Berlin. It will all be lies, of course, but everybody will be ready to believe it. But none of this will happen if Franklin P. Scudder is here in London on the 15th of June.'

I was beginning to like this strange little man. I gave him another whisky and asked him why he thought that he was now in danger himself.

He took a large mouthful of whisky. 'I came to London by a strange route-through Paris, Hamburg, Norway, and Scotland. I changed my name in every country, and when I got to London, I thought I was safe. But yesterday I realized that they're still following me. There's a man watching this building and last night somebody put a card under my door. On it was the name of the man I fear most in the world.

‘So I decided I had to die. Then they would stop looking for me. I got a dead body—it’s easy to get one in London, if you know how—and I had the body brought to my flat in a large suitcase. The body was the right age, but the face was different from mine. I dressed it in my clothes and shot it in the face with my own gun. My servant will find me when he arrives in the morning and he’ll call the police. I’ve left a lot of empty whisky bottles in my room. The police will think I drank too much and then killed myself. ’He paused. ’I watched from the window until I saw you come home, and then came down the stairs to meet you. ’

It was the strangest of stories. However, in my experience, the most extraordinary stories are often the true ones. And if the man just wanted to get into my flat and murder me, why didn’t he tell a simpler story?

‘Right, ’I said. ’I’ll trust you for tonight. I’ll lock you in this room and keep the key. Just one word, Mr Scudder. I believe you’re honest, but if you’re not, I should warn you that I know how to use a gun. ’

‘Certainly, ’he answered, jumping up. ’I’m afraid I don’t know your name, sir, but I would like to thank you. And could I use your bathroom?’

When I next saw him, half an hour later, I didn’t recognize him at first. Only the bright eyes were the same. His beard was gone, and his hair was completely different. He walked like a soldier, and he was wearing glasses. And he no longer spoke like an American.

‘Mr Scudder—’I cried.

‘Not Mr Scudder, ’he answered. ’Captain Theophilus Digby of the British Army. Please remember that. ’

I made him a bed in my study, and then went to bed myself, happier than I had been for the past month. Interesting things did happen sometimes, even in London.

* * *

The next morning when my servant Paddock arrived, I introduced him to Captain Digby. I explained that the Captain was an important man in the army, but he had been working too hard and needed rest and quiet. Then I went out, leaving them both in the flat. When I returned at about lunchtime, the doorman told me that the gentleman in flat 15 had killed himself. I went up to the top floor, had a few words with the police, and was able to report to Scudder that his plan had been successful. The police believed that the dead man was Scudder, and that he had killed himself. Scudder was very pleased.

For the first two days in my flat, he was very calm, and spent all his time reading and smoking, and writing in a little black notebook. But after that he became more restless and nervous. It was not his own danger that he worried about, but the success of his plan to prevent the murder of Karolides. One night he was very serious.

‘Listen, Hannay, ’he said. ’I think I must tell you some more about this business. I would hate to get killed without leaving someone else to carry on with my plan. ’

I didn’t listen very carefully. I was interested in Scudder’s adventures, but I wasn’t very interested in politics. I remember that he said Karolides was only in danger in London. He also mentioned a woman called Julia Czechenyi. He talked about a Black Stone and a man who lisped when he spoke. And he described another man, perhaps the most dangerous of them all—an old man with a young voice who could hood his eyes like a hawk.

The next evening I had to go out. I was meeting a man I had known in Africa for dinner. When I returned to the flat, I was surprised to see that the light in the study was out. I wondered if Scudder had gone to bed early. I turned on the light, but there was nobody there. Then I saw something in the corner that made my blood turn cold.

Scudder was lying on his back. There was a long knife through his heart, pinning him to the floor.

1 死人

五月的那个下午三点来钟我回到寓所，过得很不开心。回到英国三个月，我已经厌烦了。伦敦的气候糟糕，人也没劲，各种娱乐好像没味的白水一杯。我暗暗对自己说：“理查德·哈内，这回你错了，最好想办法改过吧。”

想到在非洲的岁月我就有气。我呆了那么多年，拼命干活挣钱。现在钱虽然不多，但足够我用的。自从六岁我离开苏格兰就再也没回过家。那么多年我一直梦想回英国老家来度我的余生，然而才回来一周，就对这个地方大失所望。眼前的情况是，本人三十七岁，身体健康，有足够的钱享受，但无聊得要死。

那天晚上我出去吃饭，然后坐在那儿读报纸。报纸上报道的都是关于东南欧的动乱，其中有一篇关于希腊首相卡罗里德斯的长篇报道。这个人看来是个实在人，可是欧洲一些人却讨厌他。可是也有些英国人喜欢他，有一家报纸说只有他能防止战争爆发。我记得我当时琢磨能否在东南欧找个工作；那里大概绝不会像伦敦的生活这样无聊。

当晚回家的时候我下定决心在英国再呆一天便走人。如果没有什么叫人感兴趣的事，我就乘下一班船回非洲去。

我的寓所在兰厄姆一幢新大楼里。大楼的入口处有个看门人，但每个寓所各自独立，都有个前门。我刚刚把钥匙插进锁孔，突然见旁边有个人。他身材瘦削，留着褐色的短胡子，眼睛不大却很有光彩。我认出他就住在这幢大楼的顶楼。在楼梯上我们说过一两次话。

“可以和您说句话吗？”他问道。“我可以进去呆一会儿吗？”他的声音有点儿发颤。

我打开门，我们进了屋。

“门锁上了吗？”他问我，随后自己赶快把门锁上。

“很抱歉，”他对我说，“我这样做很失礼，我现在身处险境，您看着是个明白人。如果我讲出来您能帮我吗？”

“我会听您说的，”我答道，“目前就能答应这么多。”这个陌生人的举止让我不安。

在他身旁的桌子上放着饮料，他给自己倒了一大杯威士忌。他一饮而尽，然后把杯子重重一放，力量太大，以致于杯子打破了。

“对不起，”他说，“今天晚上我有点儿紧张。您看，现在我已死了。”

我在扶手椅上坐下来，点着烟斗。

“死是什么感觉？”我问他。当时我差不多肯定这人是个疯子。

他笑了。“我没有疯——还没有。请听我说，我一直在观察您，我猜您不那么容易被吓住。我想给您讲讲我的事。我极需帮助，并且想知道我是否求对了人。”

“那就说说吧，”我说，“然后我才能告诉您我是否能帮您的忙。”

他的故事非同一般，我并不全明白，不得不问好多问题，下面就是他的故事。

他叫富兰克林·P·斯卡德尔，是个美国人，已经在东南欧呆了几年。他偶然发现一伙人正在密谋把欧洲推向战争。这伙人狡猾而险恶。有的想通过战争改变世界，有的想发财，打仗总是能发财的。他们计划唆使俄国与德国互相打起来。

“我想制止他们，”斯卡德尔对我说，“如果我能多活一个月，我想我能做到。”

我说：“我原以为您已经死了。”

“过一会儿再谈这件事，”他说，“首先，您知道康斯坦丁·卡罗里德斯是谁吗？”

“是希腊的首相。我刚刚在今天的报纸上读到他的消息。”

“对。他是唯一能制止这场战争的人。他精明诚实，了解现状——所以他的敌人就打算把他干掉。我已经发现他们用什么方法。对我来说这就很危险了，所以我必须躲起来。在希腊他们杀不了卡罗里德斯，因为他有许多卫士。但是他准备在六月十五日来伦敦参加一个大会，他的敌人要在这儿把他干掉。”

我说：“您可以事先告诉他。他就会呆在家里了。”

“他的敌人就要他这样。假如他不来，他们就赢了，因为只有他才了解问题的全部，才能制止战争爆发。”

“那您为什么不去找英国警察？”我问。

“没有用。他们会带来五百名警察，但也不能阻止这次谋杀。动手杀人的会被抓住，他也会招供，但会把责任都推到维也纳和柏林政府的头上。那自然都是谎话，但是人们会马上相信这套。然而，如果富兰克林·P·斯卡德尔六月十五日在伦敦，这种事就绝不会发生。”

我逐渐开始喜欢这个小个子陌生人。我又给他倒了一杯威士忌，问为什么他认为自己处于危险之中。

他喝了一大口威士忌。“我是通过一条人们不熟悉的路线——穿过巴黎、汉堡、挪威和苏格兰来伦敦的。每到一个国家我就更名改姓，到了伦敦，我觉得安全了。可是昨天我发现他们仍然在跟踪我。有个人监视着这座大楼而且昨天晚上不知道是谁把一张名片塞到门下面。名片上的名字是这个世界上最惧怕的人。

“所以我下决心必须死掉。这样他们就不会再找我。我搞到一具死尸——在伦敦只要你知道门路，搞个死尸并不难——然后我用一个大衣箱把死尸弄到房间。那个死人和我年纪相符，只是面貌和我不同。我给他穿上我的衣裳，拿枪朝他脸上开了几枪。等早晨我的仆人来了会发现我而且会报警。我在房间留下了许多空威士忌酒瓶。警察会以为我饮酒过度，自己送了命。”他停了一下，“我从窗户向外观察，一直看到您回家，然后我才下楼来见您。”

这个故事真是奇中之奇。然而根据我的经历，最奇怪的故事往往是真事。而且，假定这个人进到我房间想害我，为什么他不讲简单一点呢？

“好吧，”我说，“今晚我就相信您这一回好了。我把您锁在这间屋里，我拿着钥匙。斯卡德尔先生，听我说一句话。我相信您是个诚实人，但是如果您不诚实，我可警告您，我也知道枪怎么用。”

“那是自然，”他回答着，激动得跳了起来。“先生，恐怕我还不知道您叫什么，但我要感谢您。我能使用您的浴室吗？”

半个小时以后，我再见到他，乍一看都认不出来了。只有那双炯炯发光的眼睛依然如旧。胡子不见了，头发也与刚才完全不同。走起路来像个军人，戴着一副眼镜。说话也不再像美国人了。

“斯卡德尔先生——”我叫了起来。

“不是斯卡德尔先生，”他回答说，“英国陆军上尉西奥费乐司·迪格比。请记住这个名字。”

我在书房给他铺了一张床，然后就自己回去睡觉，感到一个月来从没这么高兴过。刺激的事有时到底碰得上，甚至在伦敦也一样。

第二天早晨我的仆人帕多克来了，我把迪格比上尉介绍给他。我说上尉在军队是个重要人物，他工作得太辛苦了需要休息和安静。然后我就出门去，把他们俩留在房里。大约午饭时我回来，看门人告诉我住在十五号房的先生自杀了。我上了顶楼，和警察谈了几句，就回来告诉斯卡德尔他的计划成功了。警察相信那个死尸就是斯卡德尔，而且是自杀的。斯卡德尔听了很高兴。

他在我寓所住的前两天神态非常平静，一直在读书，吸烟，在一个黑色的小笔记本上写东西。然而此后他变得坐卧不宁，惴惴不安。他愁的不是自己的危险，而是他制止谋杀卡罗里德斯的计划能否成功。一天晚上他神色非常严肃。

“听我说，哈内，”他对我说，“我觉得这件事我得给您讲点。如果我来不及托付给别人继续执行我的计划就被杀掉，会遗恨无穷的。”

我不甚认真地听着。因为我对斯卡德尔的冒险故事感兴趣，而对政治无所谓。我记得他说过卡罗里德斯只有在伦敦才有危险。我还记得他提过一个叫朱莉娅·采奇尼的女人。他谈过一个叫黑石的人和一个说话口齿不清的人。他还绘声绘色地说起另外一个人，这个人可能最为险恶——一个说话声音像年轻人，像猫头鹰似地眯着眼睛的老人。

第二天晚上我得出去一下，去见一个在非洲的熟人，并一块吃顿饭。我回到寓所时吃惊地看到书房的灯关掉了。我想斯卡德尔是不是早早睡觉了。打开灯，但一个人也没有。后来看到墙角处有个什么东西，吓得我浑身冰凉。

斯卡德尔仰面朝天躺着。一把长刀贯穿心脏，把他钉在地板上。

2 The milkman starts his travels

I sat down in an armchair and felt very sick. After about five minutes I started shaking. The poor white face with its staring eyes was too much for me, so I got a tablecloth and covered it. Then I took the whisky bottle and drank several mouthfuls. I had seen men die violently before. I had killed a few myself in the Matabele war; but this was different. After a few more minutes I managed to calm myself down a little. I looked at my watch and saw that it was halfpast ten. I searched the flat carefully, but there was nobody there. Then I locked the doors and windows.

By this time I was beginning to think more clearly. It looked bad for me—that was clear. It was now certain that Scudder's story was true—the proof was lying under the tablecloth. His enemies had found him and made sure of his silence. But he had been in my flat for four days, and they must think he had told his story to me. So I would be the next to die. It might be that night, or the next day, or the day after, but it was sure to happen.

Then I thought of another problem. I could call the police now, or go to bed and wait for Paddock to discover the body and call them in the morning. But what would the police think? What story would I tell them about Scudder? I had lied to Paddock about him, and my story would be hard to believe. They would arrest me for murder, and I had no real friends in England to help me. Perhaps that was part of the plan. An English prison would be a safe place for me until the 15th of June.

Even if the police did believe my story, I would still be helping Scudder's enemies. Karolides would stay at home, which was what they wanted. Scudder's death had made me certain that his story was true; now I felt responsible for continuing his work. I hate to see a good man beaten, and if I carried on in Scudder's place, the murderers might not win.

I decided I must disappear, and remain hidden until just before the 15th of June. Then I must contact some government people and tell them Scudder's story. I wished he had told me more, and that I had listened more carefully to what he had told me. There was a risk that the government would not believe me, but it was my best chance. Perhaps more evidence would appear which would help me to make my story believable.

It was now the 24th of May, so I had twenty days of hiding. Two groups of people would be looking for me—Scudder's enemies, who would want to kill me, and the police, who would want me for Scudder's murder. There was going to be a chase, and, surprisingly, I was almost happy about this. I did not want to sit in one place and wait. If I could move, the situation did not seem so bad.

I wondered if Scudder had any papers which would give me more information about his business. I lifted off the tablecloth and searched him. There were only a few coins in his trouser pockets. There was no sign of the little black notebook. I supposed his murderer had taken that.

When I turned from the body, I noticed that all the cupboards were open. Scudder had been a very careful man, and always kept the place tidy. Someone had been searching for something, and perhaps for the notebook. I went round the flat and found that everything had been searched—the insides of books, cupboards, boxes, even the pockets of my clothes. There was no sign of the notebook, so Scudder's enemies had probably found it in the end.

Then I got out a map of Britain. My plan was to find some wild country. I was used to Africa, and I would feel trapped in the city. I thought Scotland would probably be best, because my family came from Scotland and I could pretend to be a Scotsman easily. The other possibility was to be a German tourist; my father had worked with Germans and I had spoken German often as a boy. But it would probably be better to be a Scotsman in Scotland. I decided to go to Galloway, which, from the map, seemed to be the nearest wild part of Scotland.

In the railway timetable I found a train from London at seven-ten in the morning, which would get me to Galloway in the late afternoon. The problem was getting to the station, as I was certain that Scudder's enemies were watching the building. I thought about this problem, had a good idea, went to bed, and slept for two hours.

I got up at four o'clock. The first light of a summer morning was in the sky and the birds were starting to sing. I put on some old clothes which I used for country walking and some strong walking boots. I pushed another shirt and a toothbrush into my pockets. I had taken a lot of money out of the bank in case Scudder needed it, so I took that as well. Then I cut my long moustache as short as possible.

Paddock arrived every morning at seven-thirty. But at about twenty to seven I knew the milkman would come; the noise of the milk bottles usually woke me up. He was a young man with a very short moustache, and he wore a white coat. He was my only chance.

I had a breakfast of biscuits and whisky and by the time I had finished it was about six o'clock. I got my pipe and started to fill it from my tobacco jar. As I put my fingers into the tobacco, I touched something hard, and pulled out Scudder's little black book.

This seemed a good sign. I lifted the cloth and looked at Scudder's peaceful face. 'Goodbye, my friend, 'I said; 'I'm going to do my best for you. Wish me good luck. '

Six-thirty passed, then six-forty, but still the milkman did not come. Why, oh why, was this the morning he had to be late?

At fourteen minutes to seven I heard him. I opened the door quickly, and he jumped a bit when he saw me.

'Come in a moment, 'I said, and we went back into the hall. 'I can see you're a man who likes a bit of fun. Can you help me? Lend me your hat and coat for a minute and you can have this. '

He looked at the money in my hand and smiled. 'What do you want my clothes for?' he asked.

'It's a game, 'I said. 'I haven't time to explain now, but to win I've got to be a milkman for ten minutes. You'll be a bit late, but you'll get the money for your time. '

'All right!' he said. 'I like a game myself. Here you are. '

I put on his blue hat and white coat, picked up the empty milk bottles, shut my door and went downstairs, whistling.

At first I thought the street was empty. Then I saw a man walking slowly towards me. As he passed, he looked up at a

window in the house opposite, and I saw a face look back at him.

I crossed the street, still whistling, and then turned down a little side street. As I dropped the hat, coat and milk bottles behind a wall, I heard a church clock; it was seven o'clock.

I ran to the station as fast as I could. It was just ten past seven when I reached the platform. I had no time to buy a ticket; the train was already moving. I jumped into the last carriage.

2 送奶员开始旅行

我坐在扶手椅上，感到很恶心。五分钟后开始颤栗。我受不了那张可怜的、惨白的脸和直瞪瞪的眼睛，因此，拿了一块桌布把它盖起来。然后抄起威士忌酒瓶喝了几口。以前我见过暴死的，在麦特比尔战争中也亲手杀过几个人；但这回却有所不同。又过了几分钟我才使自己稍微平静一点。看了看表，是十点半。我仔细地把寓所搜查了一遍，没发现什么人。然后就把门窗都锁起来。

直到此刻我才开始比较冷静地思考。情况对我不利——这很显然。斯卡德尔所言肯定不虚——证据就在桌布下面躺着。他的敌人找到了他，使他彻底沉默了。然而他在我寓所呆了四天，他们肯定认为他把事情告诉了我。所以下一个大概就轮到我死了。可能在今天晚上，可能在明天，也可能在后天，但我是死定了。

接着我考虑了另一个问题。我可以现在就报警，或者上床睡觉，等帕多克早晨来发现了尸体再报警。可是警察会怎么想呢？我该如何向警察讲斯卡德尔的事呢？关于斯卡德尔的事我已经对帕多克撒了谎，因此我的话很难令人相信。他们会以谋杀的罪名逮捕我，在英格兰我又没有好朋友帮忙。也许这正是他们计划的一部分。在英国监狱呆到六月十五日对我来说倒是最安全。

即使警察相信我的话，我仍然是帮了斯卡德尔敌人的忙。卡罗里德斯就会留在国内，这正中他们的下怀。斯卡德尔的死使我确信他的话不假；我觉得现在有责任把他做的事做下去。看到好人被打败我心有不甘，而如果我代替斯卡德尔干下去，那些凶手也许就不能得手。

我决定必须躲起来，一直藏到六月十五日前。然后我得找政府的人，把斯卡德尔的事告诉他们。我真希望当初他多说点，或者我对他的话听仔细点。如果政府的人不相信我就要冒险了，但我只有这个最佳机会。也许将来证据会多一些，使我的话叫人相信。

现在是五月二十四日，所以我要躲二十天。有两拨人要找我——一拨是斯卡德尔的敌人，他们找我想要杀我；另一拨是警察，他们找我是为斯卡德尔的谋杀案。追踪马上就要开始，不知怎么的，我反倒为此有点乐滋滋的。我不想坐等别人来抓。如果我有所行动，情况未必那么糟糕。

我想斯卡德尔有没有留下什么文件，使我能多了解一些他干的事。我揭开桌布把他搜查了一遍。他裤兜里只有几个硬币。那个小黑笔记本不见了。我猜是那些凶手拿走了。

我扭过头去，发现所有的橱柜都打开了。斯卡德尔向来十分细心，总是把屋子保持得很整洁。肯定有人找过什么东西，多半是找那个小黑笔记本。我在各屋转了一圈，发现什么都被搜查了一遍——书本、橱柜、盒子、甚至我的衣服口袋。仍然不见那个小黑笔记本，可见斯卡德尔的敌人最后很可能找到了它。

然后我拿出英国地图。我打算找一个人烟稀少的地方。我已经习惯了非洲的生活，在城市会觉得不自由。我想苏格兰也许最理想，因为我老家是苏格兰，我可以不费吹灰之力地冒充苏格兰人。另外一种可能是扮成德国旅游者；我父亲曾和德国人共过事，我还是个孩子的时候就经常讲德语。但在苏格兰装苏格兰人很可能要好一点。我决定去加洛韦，从地图上看那里是最近的苏格兰荒原。

火车时刻表上，有一辆从伦敦来的火车早晨七点十分到站，坐上火车傍晚就可以到加洛韦。问题是如何到车站去，因为我肯定斯卡德尔的敌人在监视这座大楼。我把这件事斟酌了一番，想出个好办法，于是上床睡了两个小时。

我四点钟起床。夏日凌晨的第一缕晨光在天空闪烁，鸟儿也开始鸣啭。我穿上乡间散步时穿的旧衣服而且带着几双走路穿的结实靴子。在口袋里又塞进一件衬衣和一柄牙刷。当初，我从银行取出一大笔钱，以备斯卡德尔不时之需，也一块儿带上。然后我把自己的长胡子尽可能剪短。

帕多克每天早晨七点半到。我知道大约六点四十送奶员就会来；奶瓶的碰撞声常常把我吵醒。他是个年轻人，留着小胡子，穿一件白外套。他是我逃脱的唯一机会。

早饭我吃了点饼干，喝了点威士忌，吃完饭大约六点钟。我掏出烟斗，从烟罐里取出烟装满烟斗。我的手指刚摸到烟，感觉碰到什么硬东西，一拉拉出斯卡德尔的小黑笔记本。

看来这是个好征兆。我把桌布掀开，望着斯卡德尔安详的脸。“朋友，再见了，”我说，“为你的事我会尽最大努力。祝我好运吧。”

六点半过去了，六点四十又过去了，可是送奶员还没来。这是怎么回事，为什么他非得今天早晨迟到不可？

到六点四十六分他来了。我急忙把门打开，他看到我吓了一跳。

“请进来一下，”我说，我们回到大厅。“我看得出来您是个喜欢开点玩笑的人。您能帮我个忙吗？请把您的帽子和外衣借我一下，您可以穿我的。”

他看着我手里的钱，笑了。“您借我的衣服干什么？”他问道。

“玩个游戏，”我回答，“现在没时间解释，要赢我就非扮十分钟的送奶员不可。您会误点时间，这点钱给您作补偿吧。”

“好吧，”他说，“我自己也喜欢玩游戏。给您衣服。”

我戴上他的蓝帽子，穿上他的白外衣，提起空奶瓶，关上门，吹着口哨走下楼去。

我原以为街上空无一人。后来看到有个人慢慢向我走来。他过去时，抬头望着对面房子的窗户，我看到窗口有一张脸也望着他。

我仍然吹着口哨穿过那条街，然后拐进一条小道。把帽子，外衣和牛奶瓶扔在墙后，这时我听到教堂的钟声；正好七点。

我尽快奔到车站。赶到站台，恰好七点十分。火车已经开动；没有时间买票了。我一蹦跳上最后一节车厢。

3 The hotel-owner

It was fine May weather as I travelled north that day, and as I watched the fields and the trees and the flowers, I wondered why, when I had been a free man, I had stayed in London. I bought some sandwiches at lunch time. I also bought the morning newspaper and read a little about south-east Europe.

When I had finished, I got out Scudder's black book and studied it. It was almost full of writing, mostly numbers, although sometimes there was a name. For example, I found the words 'Hofgaard', 'Luneville', and 'Avocado' quite often. The word I saw the most was 'Pavia'.

I was certain that Scudder was using a code. I have always been interested in codes; I enjoy games and numbers and things like that. It seemed to be a number code, where groups of numbers replace letters. I worked on the words, because you can use a word as a key in a number code.

I tried for hours, but none of the words helped. Then I fell asleep, and woke up at Dumfries just in time to take the local train into Galloway. There was a man on the platform who worried me a little; he was watching the crowd more closely than I liked. But he didn't look at me, and when I saw myself in a mirror, I understood why; with my brown face and my old clothes I looked just like all the other hill farmers who were getting into the local train.

I travelled with a group of these farmers. The train travelled slowly through narrow valleys and then up onto an open moor. There were lakes, and in the distance I could see high mountains.

At five o'clock the carriage was empty and I was alone. I got out at the next station, a tiny place in the middle of the moor. An old man was digging in the station garden. He stopped, walked to the train, collected a packet, and went back to his potatoes. A ten-year-old child took my ticket, and I came out of the station onto a white road across the moor.

It was a beautiful, clear spring evening. I felt like a boy on a walking holiday, instead of a man of thirty-seven very much wanted by the police. I walked along the road whistling, feeling happier every minute.

After some time I left the road and followed a path along a little stream. I was getting tired when I came to a small house. The woman who lived there was friendly, and said I could sleep there. She also gave me an excellent meal.

Her husband came home from the hills later in the evening. We talked about cows and sheep and markets, and I tried to remember some of the information I heard, because it might be useful. By ten o'clock I was asleep, and I slept until five o'clock in the morning.

The couple refused any money, and by six o'clock I had eaten breakfast and was moving again. I wanted to get back to the railway at a different station. Then I would go back to the east, towards Dumfries. I hoped that if the police were following me, they would think that I had gone on to the coast in the west, where I could escape by ship.

I walked in the same beautiful spring weather as before, and still couldn't make myself feel nervous or worried. After a time I came to the railway line, and soon a little station, which was perfect for my plan. There was just a single line and moors all around. I waited until I saw a train in the distance, and then bought a ticket to Dumfries.

The only person in the carriage was an old farmer with his sheepdog. He was asleep, and next to him was a newspaper. I picked it up to see if there was any news about me. There was only a short piece about the Langham Place Murder. My servant Paddock had called the police, and the milkman had been arrested. The poor man had spent most of the day with the police, but they had let him go in the evening. The police believed that the real murderer had escaped from London on a train to the north.

When I had finished reading, I looked out of the window and noticed that we were stopping at the station where I had got out yesterday. Three men were talking to the man who I had seen digging potatoes. I sat well back from the window and watched carefully. One of the men was taking notes, and I supposed they were from the local police. Then, I saw the child who had taken my ticket talking, and the men looked out across the moor along that road I had taken.

As we left the station, the farmer woke up, looked at me, and asked where he was. He had clearly drunk too much.

'I'm like this because I never drink,' he said, sadly. 'I haven't touched whisky since last year. Not even at Christmas. And now I've got this terrible headache.'

'What did it?' I asked.

'A drink they call brandy. I didn't touch the whisky because I don't drink, but I kept drinking this brandy. I'll be ill for a fortnight.' His voice got slower and slower and soon he fell asleep again.

I had planned to leave the train at a station, but it now stopped by a river and I decided this would be better. I looked out of the carriage window and saw nobody, so I opened the door and dropped quickly down into the long grass. My plan was going perfectly until the dog decided that I was stealing something and began to bark loudly. This woke up the farmer who started to shout. He thought I was trying to kill myself. I crawled through the long grass for about a hundred metres and then looked back. The train driver and several passengers were all staring in my direction.

Luckily, the dog was now so excited that he pulled the farmer out of the carriage. The farmer began to slide down towards the river. The other passengers ran to help him, the dog bit somebody, and there was a lot of excited shouting. Soon they had forgotten me, and the next time I looked back, the train was moving again.

I was now in the middle of the empty moor, and for the first time I felt really frightened, not of the police but of the people who knew that I knew Scudder's secret. If they caught me, I would be a dead man.

I reached the top of a low hill and looked around. To the south, a long way away, I saw something which made me tremble...

Low in the sky a small plane was flying slowly across the moor. I was certain that it was looking for me, and I was also certain that it was not the police. I hid low in the heather and watched it for an hour or two as it flew in circles. Finally it disappeared to the south.

I did not like this spying from the air, and I began to think that an open moor was perhaps not the best place to hide. I could see distant forests in the east, and decided that would be better country.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when I left the moor and entered the trees. I came to a bridge by a house, and there, on the bridge, was a young man. He was sitting smoking a pipe, dreamily watching the water, and holding a book. He jumped up as he heard my feet on the road and I saw a friendly young face.

'Good evening to you,' he said in a serious voice. 'It's a fine night to be on the road.'

The smell of cooking came from the house.

'Is that house a hotel?' I asked.

'It certainly is. I'm the owner, and I hope you'll stay the night, because I've been alone for a week.'

I sat down next to him and got out my pipe. I began to think this young man might help me.

'You're young to own a hotel,' I said.

'My father died a year ago and now it's mine. It's not an exciting job for a young man like me. I didn't choose to do it. I want to write books.'

'You've got the right job,' I said. 'With all the travellers you meet you could be the best storyteller in the world.'

'Not today,' he said. 'Two hundred years ago, there were exciting people on the road, but today there are only cars full of fat old women, and fishermen. You can't make stories out of them. I want to sail up an African river, or live in an Indian village—and write about things like that.'

The hotel looked peaceful in the evening sun.

'I've travelled a bit,' I said, 'and I'd be happy to live in a peaceful place like this. And perhaps you're sitting next to adventure now. I'll tell you a true story, and you can make a book of it if you like.'

I told him I was in the gold business in Africa, and I had discovered a group of international thieves. They had chased me to England and had killed my best friend. I described a chase across the desert, and an attack on the ship from Africa. And I described the Langham Place murder in detail. 'You want adventure,' I said, 'well, here it is. The thieves are chasing me now, and the police are chasing them.'

'It's wonderful!' he whispered.

'You believe me,' I said gratefully.

'Of course I do,' he said. 'I can believe anything strange. It's things that happen every day that are difficult to believe.'

He was very young, but he was the man I needed.

'I think my enemies have lost me for the moment. But I must hide and rest for a day or two. Will you help me?'

He jumped up and led me to the house. 'You'll be safe here. I can keep a secret. And you'll tell me some more about your adventures, won't you?'

As I entered the hotel, I heard the sound of an engine. In the sky to the west was my enemy the plane.

He gave me a room at the back of the house. I asked him to watch out for cars and planes and sat down to work on Scudder's little book. As I have said, it was a number code. I had to find the word that was the key to it, and when I thought of the million words it might be, I felt hopeless. But the next afternoon I remembered that Scudder had said a woman called Julia Czechenyi was the key to the Karolides business, so I tried her name as the code key.

It was the answer. In half an hour I was reading, with a white face.

Suddenly, I heard the sound of a car stopping outside the hotel.

Ten minutes later, my young friend came up to my room, his eyes bright with excitement.

'There are two men looking for you,' he whispered. 'They're downstairs now having a drink. They described you very well. I told them you had stayed here last night and had left this morning.'

I asked him to describe them. One was a thin man with dark eyes, the other was always smiling and lisped. They were both English; my young friend was certain of this.

I took a piece of paper and wrote these words in German. I made it look like one page of a private letter:

...Black Stone. Scudder had discovered this, but he could do nothing for a fortnight. I don't think it's any good now because Karolides is uncertain about his plans. But if Mr T. advises, I will do the best I...

'Give this to them and say you found it in my bedroom. Ask them to return it to me if they find me.'

Three minutes later the car began to move. From behind the curtain I saw two men in it, one thin, one fatter.

The young man came back. He was very excited. 'That paper woke them up,' he said, happily. 'The thin man went white, and the fat one whistled. Then they left as quickly as they could.'

'Now I'll tell you what I want you to do,' I said. 'Go to the police station and describe the two men to them. Say you think they may have something to do with the London murder. I'm sure those two men will be back here tomorrow morning for more information about me. Tell the police to be here early.'

At about eight o'clock the next morning I watched three policemen arrive. They hid their car and came into the hotel. Twenty minutes later another car came towards the hotel, but stopped in some trees about two hundred metres away. The two men inside walked up to the hotel.

I had planned to hide in my bedroom and see what happened. But now I had a better idea. I wrote a note to thank the young man for his help, opened my window and dropped out. Watching the hotel carefully, I walked back towards the car in the trees, jumped in, and drove away.

3 旅馆老板

那天我向北走，五月的天气风和日丽。我一边望着田野，树木和花草一边琢磨，我本来是自由之身，呆在伦敦干什么。午饭的时候我买了点三明治，又买了份晨报，读了些有关东南欧的事。

完事之后，我拿出斯卡德爾的黑笔记本仔細研究。笔记本差不多写满了，大多是数字，时而有个人名。比如，笔记本上常常可以看到“霍夫高”、“呂内维尔”和“阿沃卡多”。见得最多的词是“帕维亚”。

可以肯定，斯卡德爾用的是密码。对于密码我一直觉得很有兴趣；我喜欢游戏，数字这类的东西。看起来用的是数字密码，用一组组数字代表字母。我研究本上的文字，因为你可以利用文字作为解开数字密码的钥匙。

我试了几个小时。没有一个字有用。后来就睡着了，到邓弗里斯醒来刚好赶上去加洛韦的当地火车。站台有个人让我有点儿担心；他紧盯着过往人群，叫人讨厌。他并没有看我，我自己照照镜子，明白了为什么；我一张古铜色的脸，穿着一身旧衣服，看起来和正上火车的其他山民一模一样。

我和山民们一起坐着火车。火车缓慢地在狭窄的山谷中穿行，然后爬上开阔的原野。原野上有一个个湖泊，远处能看到一座座高山。

五点钟，车厢空空只剩下我一人。下一站我也下了车，那是个位于荒原中部的小地方。有个老头在车站的园子里挖地。车到了，他停下手里的活，向火车走来，收了个包裹，又回到马铃薯地里去。一个十岁的孩子收了车票，我就出了车站，走上横跨荒原的白色大路。

春日的黄昏美丽而清爽。我感到像个野足度假的少年，而不是被警察穷追不舍的、三十七岁的汉子。我一路吹着口哨走下去，越来越觉得美滋滋的。

又过了一会儿，我拐下大路沿着溪边的小路走。我感到累时，忽然看到一间小屋。小屋的女主人对我很好，她说我可以睡在那儿。她还让我美餐了一顿。

黄昏之后，她丈夫从山里回来了。我们一起聊天，谈牛羊，谈市场，我极力记住听来的情况，因为将来可能用得着。十点钟，我睡着了，早上五点醒来。

这对夫妇不肯收我的钱，我六点钟吃完早饭就又上路了。我想在别的车站再上火车。然后登车东行奔邓弗里斯。我想如果警察尾追着我，他们会认为我逃向西边的海岸，在那儿我可以坐船逃跑。

走在路上，春日的天气依然美好如初，我仍然不知道什么是紧张和忧虑。过了一会儿，见到铁路，后来见到车站，这个车站对实现我的计划非常理想。只有单轨铁路，周围都是荒原。我等着火车从远处开来，然后买了一张去邓弗里斯的票。

车厢里只有一个人，是个老农，带着一只牧羊犬。他正在睡觉，旁边放着一张报纸。我拿起报纸，看看有没有关于我的报道。只有一则关于兰厄姆命案的短讯。我的仆人帕多克报了警，于是那个送奶员就被捕了。那个可怜虫被警察关了大半天，到晚上才让他回家。警察认为真正的凶手已逃离伦敦，坐火车北去了。

读完报，向车窗外望去，发现我们就停在昨天我下车的车站。有三个人正在和昨天挖马铃薯的那个人说话。我尽量坐得离车窗远点，仔细观察着。其中一个做着笔记，我猜他们是地方警察。后来我见收票的小孩说话，那几个人顺着我昨天走的路放眼向荒原望着。我们的车离开车站时，那个老农醒了，看了看我，问这是哪里。显然，他喝多了。

“我不常喝酒，所以像这个样子，”他说得很伤心。“打去年我一滴威士忌也没沾过。连过圣诞也没有沾。可现在我喝得头痛得要死。”

“怎么搞的？”我问。

“是那种叫白兰地的酒。由于不喝酒我不沾威士忌，而我老是喝这种白兰地。我可能会病两星期……”他说得越来越慢，很快就又睡着了。

我原来打算在某个车站下车，而现在车停在河边，我想这更好。从车窗向外望去，什么人也没有，我于是迅速地打开车门，飞快地跳进高高的草丛中。老农那条狗却断定我在偷什么东西，于是狂吠起来，这下把我好好的计划打乱了。老农醒了，也开始叫喊。他认为我想自杀。我在高草丛里爬了大概有一百米然后回头看了看。火车司机还有许多乘客都盯着我这个方向。

万幸的是那条狗激动得一下把老农甩到车厢外边。老农顺着河坡滚下去。其他旅客跑过去帮忙，狗又咬了谁，乱糟糟吵作一团。不久就把我给忘了，再回头一看，火车又开了。

现在我身处荒原中央，头一回感到害怕，不是怕警察，而是怕那些知道我了解斯卡德爾秘密的人。万一他们抓住我，我就完了。

我爬到一座小丘的顶上，四下望着。向南远远望去，我看到一样东西，吓得我浑身发抖……

在天空有一架小飞机低飞着，缓缓穿过荒原。肯定这是在找我，也肯定不是警察。我贴身藏在石楠丛中，望着飞机绕圈子，一直望了一两个小时。最后飞机消失在南方。

我讨厌这种空中间谍行径，同时想到开阔的荒原大概并非理想的藏身之处。东边我可以看到远处的树林，觉得那是个好地方。

大约黄昏六点钟，我离开荒原，钻入树林。我走到一座桥上，桥旁有一座房子，桥上有一个年轻人。他坐在那儿，叼着烟斗迷迷糊糊地望着河水，手里拿着一本书。听到我的脚步声，他跳了起来，我看到他那张和善的面孔。

“晚上好，”他一本正经地说，“这样的晚上走路可真不错。”

房子里飘出做饭的香味。

“这是旅店吗？”我问道。

“当然，我就是老板。希望您留下过夜，我独自一人已经一周了。”

我靠着他坐下，掏出烟斗来。开始想这个年轻人也许能帮我的忙。

“您这么年轻就开旅店了。”我说。

“我父亲一年前去世了，把旅馆传给了我。这种事对我这样的年轻人不来劲。这不是我要干的，我想写书。”

“那您这工作正好，”我说。“您接待这么多客人，肯定能成为世界上最棒的小说家。”

“现在不行了，”他说。“二百年前路上过往的人多带劲，可现在满车都是胖女人和渔夫。您没法拿他们编故事。我想在非洲一条河里扬帆而上，或者在印度的农村住下——写些像这样的事情。”

这家旅店在夕阳下宁静祥和。

“我出过几次门，”我说，“要是能住在这样宁静的地方就够开心了。而且现在惊险的事就在您身边。让我给您讲个真事，如果您愿意，可以拿它写本书。”

我告诉他我在非洲做黄金生意，而且发现了一个国际盗窃集团。他们追我追到英格兰，而且把我的好朋友给杀了。我给他绘声绘色地讲大漠追踪、非洲船上的袭击。我又详细地讲了兰厄姆的谋杀。“您要听惊险的事，”我说，“这里就有。这帮窃贼正在追杀我，而警察也正在追捕他们。”

“太好了！”他低声说。

“您信得过我，”我心怀感激地说。

“当然信得过，”他说。“什么怪事我都信。天天见到的事倒是让人难以相信的。”

他还年轻，但我正需要这样的人。

“我想我的仇人这会儿不知道我哪儿去了。但我必须躲起来而且休息一两天。您能帮忙吗？”

他跳起来，把我领进屋去。“这儿很安全。我可以保密。您多说说您的冒险故事，好不好？”

一进旅店我就听到发动机的声音。敌人的飞机就在西边的天上。

他把我安置在后面的一间屋里。我求他注意观察汽车和飞机，然后就坐下来研究斯卡德尔的小笔记本。以前说过，这是数字暗码。我必须找到解码的关键字，而当我想到有几百万个字的可能性时，感到束手无策。但是第二天下午，我想起斯卡德尔说过一个叫朱莉娅·采奇尼的女人是卡罗里德斯事件的关键，因此，我试着用她的名字作解码的钥匙。

答案有了。我读了半个小时，惊得脸色煞白。

突然，我听到旅店门外汽车的刹车声。

十分钟后，年轻的朋友到我屋来，兴奋得两眼发光。

“有两个人正在找您，”他小声说。“现在在楼下喝水。他们把您的相貌说得一点儿不差。我告诉他们您昨天晚上在这儿过夜了，今天早晨走的。”

我问他们什么长相。一个是黑眼睛的瘦削男人，另一个总是满脸笑容，说话口齿不清。他们都是英国人。这一点我这位年轻的朋友十分肯定。

我拿出一张纸，用德文写出下列的字。我让这些文字看起来像是一页私人信件：

……黑石。斯卡德尔已经发现了。但在两周之内他没有办法。我觉得情况不妙，因为现在卡罗里德斯对他的行动还未下决心。但如果T先生要求那样，我会尽力……

“请把这个给他们，就说您在我卧室发现的。就说如果他们能找到我，把这个还给我。”

三分钟后，汽车启动了。从窗帘后面看到车里坐着两个人，一瘦一胖。

那个年轻人回来了。他异常兴奋。“那张纸让他们坐不住了。”他兴高彩烈地说：“瘦子的脸变得煞白，胖子吹起了口哨。后来就忙不迭地走了。”

“来，我告诉您下一步怎么做，”我说。“去警察局告诉他们这两个人什么长相。并说您觉得他们和伦敦的谋杀案可能有关。这两个人明天早晨肯定回来再打听我的消息。告诉警察早点到这儿来。”

第二天早晨大约八点，我看到三个警察来了。他们把车隐蔽起来就进了旅店。二十分钟之后，又一辆车奔旅店开来，但停在离旅店大约二百米的树林中。车里的两个人向旅店走来。

本来我打算躲在卧室不出来，看看动向。现在我有个更好的主意。我给年轻人写了张条子，对他的帮助表示感谢，然后打开窗户，跳了出去。我一边向树林里的汽车走去，一边小心翼翼地观察旅店的情形，然后跳进车，疾驰而去。

4 The political candidate

I drove that car across the moor as fast as I could, looking nervously over my shoulder. I was also thinking desperately about Scudder's notes.

Scudder had told me nothing but lies. All his stories about south-east Europe and people wanting to start wars were rubbish. But although he had told me lies, there was truth underneath.

The 15th of June was going to be an important day, but because of something more important than the murder of a Prime Minister. The story in his book was not complete, and there were some things I didn't understand—for example, the words 'thirty-nine steps', which appeared five or six times. The last time the words were used, Scudder had written 'Thirty-nine steps, I counted them—high tide at 10:17 p. m. '

The first thing I learned was that war was certain. Everything was planned. Karolides was going to be murdered and nothing could prevent it.

The second thing I learned was that Britain was not prepared for war. Karolides would be murdered and war would seem certain. Germany would pretend to be against war, but while we and they discussed peace, their submarines would silently fill the seas around us.

There was something else. Although the newspapers didn't know it, the British and French governments were close allies, and had agreed to prepare for war together. The most important officers in the armies and navies met regularly, and in June one of the top people was coming from Paris for a meeting. He would be told the exact details of the British Navy's preparations for war.

But on the 15th of June other people were going to be in London. Scudder didn't give names, but called them just the 'Black Stone'. They had a plan to get hold of this information, which was meant only for the French Government. And the information would be used by our enemies just a week or two later, with a most terrible effect.

My first idea was to write a letter to the British Prime Minister. But nobody would believe my story. I had to find proof that Scudder's story was true; and this would not be easy with the police and the Black Stone following me.

I drove to the east through a country at peace; but I knew that in a month's time, unless I was very lucky, men would be lying dead in this quiet countryside. I came into a village and I saw a policeman standing outside the Post Office and reading something carefully. He looked up at the car, stepped into the road, and held up a hand to stop me.

I almost did stop. But then I realized that the policeman had been reading about me. I supposed the police at the hotel had worked quickly and contacted all the local villages. I drove faster, the policeman jumped out of my way, and I was soon out of the village.

I left the main road as soon as possible and tried a smaller one. It was not easy without a map, and I realized that I had been stupid to steal the car. It would help the police and the Black Stone to find me in any corner of Scotland. If I left it, and went off on foot, they would find me in an hour or two.

I took a road that went along a narrow valley, and then up onto the moor again. I was very hungry; I had eaten nothing since morning. And now, as I drove, I heard a noise in the sky, and there was the plane.

On the moor it would see me in a minute. I drove as fast as I could down into another valley and towards a wood. Suddenly, a car appeared in front of me from a side road. There was no time to stop. I did the only thing possible and drove off the road into a hedge, hoping to hit something soft beyond. But I was out of luck. The car went through the hedge like a knife through butter, and immediately began to fall. I jumped out and was caught by the branch of a tree, while the car disappeared into a river fifteen metres below.

* * *

A hand helped me out of the tree, and a frightened voice asked me if I was badly hurt. The speaker was a young man who was very alarmed and very sorry. I was more pleased than angry; it was a good way for the car to disappear.

'It's my fault, 'I told him. 'That's the end of my holiday, but that's better than the end of my life! '

He looked at his watch. 'I'm in a hurry, but my house is very near. Let me give you some food and a bed. But what about your luggage? Is it in the river? '

'It's in my pocket, 'I said. 'I'm from Australia, so I never carry much luggage. '

'From Australia, 'he cried. 'You're just the man I need. '

We got into his car and in three minutes we were at his very comfortable house. He found some food for me. 'You've only got five minutes, I'm afraid, but you can eat properly afterwards. We've got to be at the meeting at eight o'clock. You see, I'm a candidate for the election and I've got a problem tonight. I had arranged for Crumpleton, who was the Australian Prime Minister, to speak at the meeting tonight, but he's ill. I've got to speak for forty minutes, and I don't know what to say. Listen, My—you haven't told me your name—Twisdon, you say? Well, Mr Twisdon, can you talk about Australia for a few minutes? '

It seemed strange to ask a man you had met in a car crash to speak at an election meeting, but I needed his help.

'All right, 'I said. 'I'm not a good speaker, but I'll speak for a bit. '

He was delighted. We got in his car, and on the way to the meeting he told me about his life. His name was Sir Harry Andrews and his uncle was in the government and had suggested politics as a job. He knew nothing about politics, but he was a friendly young man and I was glad to help him. When we arrived at the meeting, there were about five hundred people waiting. I was introduced as a 'trusted Australian leader' and then Sir Harry started to speak. It was mostly about preparing for war. He said the Germans didn't want a war and that if we stopped building new warships, the Germans would do the same. I thought about Scudder's black book in my pocket.

But behind all the rubbish I could see that Sir Harry was a nice man. And he spoke very badly. I knew I wasn't a good speaker, but I would be better than him.

I simply told them everything I knew about Australia. I said that Britain and Australia must work together and be

friends. I think I was rather a success.

When we were back in his car again, Sir Harry was delighted. 'You spoke wonderfully, Twisdon,' he said. 'Now you must stay for a few days. There's excellent fishing here.'

We had a good supper—which I needed—and sat in front of a fire in his sitting-room. I thought the time had come for me to tell the truth and see if this man could help me. 'Listen, Sir Harry, I've got something very important to say to you. You're an honest man, and I'm going to be honest too. Everything you said tonight was dangerous rubbish.' 'Was it? I wasn't sure myself. Do you think Germany is going to start a war with us?'

'In six weeks' time you won't need to ask me that Listen, and I'll tell you a story.'

I sat in front of the fire, in that peaceful room, and told him everything. He heard about Scudder, his notebook, the milk-man, and my travels in Scotland. It was the first time I had told the truth, all of it, to anyone, and I felt better.

'So you see,' I said finally, 'I'm the man the police want for the Langham Place murder. You should call them at once.'

He looked at me carefully. 'I know you're not a murderer, Hannay, and I believe you're speaking the truth. I'll help you. What do you want me to do?'

'First, write to your uncle. I must contact the government before the 15th of June.'

He pulled his moustache. 'That won't help you. My uncle isn't interested in foreign politics, and I don't think he'd believe you. No. I'll write to a friend of his, Sir Walter Bullivant, who works in the Foreign Office. He's an intelligent man and I think he'd help. What shall I say?'

So he wrote a letter to Sir Walter, saying that if a man named Twisdon came to him, he should help him. Twisdon would say the words 'Black Stone' and would whistle the song 'Annie Laurie', to prove who he was.

He told me where Sir Walter lived, and asked me what more he could do.

'Can you lend me some old clothes and give me a map? And if the police come, show them the car in the river.'

I then slept for three or four hours, until Sir Harry woke me at two o'clock. He gave me an old bicycle for the first part of the journey.

4 政治候选人。

我开车飞速穿越荒原，同时战战兢兢地回头张望，心里极力思考着斯卡德爾笔记本里的事。

斯卡德爾给我讲的全是谎话。什么东南欧、什么有人要发动战争，纯属胡说八道。他讲的虽然是假话，但其中也隐藏着真相。

六月十五日将是个重要的日期，因为那天会发生某件事，比谋杀希腊首相更要紧。他笔记本里的记述断续不全，有些事我也不明白——比如，“三十九级台阶”这几个词出现了五六次。最后一次斯卡德爾用这几个词时，他写道：“三十九级，我数了——涨潮时间，下午十点十七分。”

我搞明白的第一件事是战争肯定要爆发。一切都计划好了。卡罗里德斯死定了，无可挽救。

我搞明白的第二件事是英国对战争没有准备。卡罗里德斯将被杀死，而且战争看来不可避免。德国会装出反对战争的样子，一边和我们探讨和平，同时悄悄把潜艇布满周围海域。

此外，英国和法国是亲密的盟友，有协议要共同备战，但是报界对此并不知情。双方陆、海军的高级军官定期会晤，六月份巴黎方面某个首脑人物要来开会。他将被告知英国海军备战的详细情况。

然而，六月十五日另外一批人也要到伦敦来。斯卡德爾没说他们叫什么，只称他们为“黑石”。他们制定了计划要把会晤情报搞到手，而这些情况只能让法国政府知道。一两周之后敌人会利用这个情报，那后果将不堪设想。

我第一个想法是给英国首相写封信。但是没有人会相信我的话。我必须找到证据说明斯卡德爾的话是真的；这可不那么容易，因为警察和黑石正在跟踪着我。

我开车向东通过宁静的乡村；而我清楚一个月之内，除非我幸运成事，否则这片宁静的乡野会横尸遍地。我驶进一个村庄，看到一个警察站在邮电局外面，正在专心致志地读着什么。他一抬头看到我的车，便走到路中央扬手示意叫我停车。

我差点停下来。但是转念一想，意识到警察刚才读的是有关我的消息。我猜到旅店的警察动作很迅速，已通知了各村的警察。我突然加速，吓得警察从路上跳开，转眼我便驶离村庄。

我尽快地从大路拐到小路看看情况。而没有地图谈何容易，我意识到偷这辆车是做了件蠢事。在苏格兰我无论躲到那个角落，这辆车都会帮着警察和黑石把我找到。如果弃车步行，他们一两个小时内也会找到我。

我驶向一条狭窄的山谷路，然后折身返回荒原。我从早晨就滴水未进，现在饥肠辘辘。我正开着车，听到空中有响声，是那架飞机。

在荒原上飞机转眼就会看到我。我尽快驶向另一个峡谷，然后奔树林而去。猛然间，从岔路上一辆汽车窜到我面前。停车已来不及了。唯一可能的是驶离道路，冲入篱墙，希望能撞在后面什么软东西上。然而我非常不走运。汽车穿过篱墙，一如餐刀切黄油般爽利，然后马上向下跌落。我跳了出来，被挂在一个树枝上，而汽车消失在下面十五米的河中。

有一只手帮我从树上下来，我听到一个战战兢兢的声音问我是否伤得很重。说话的是个年轻人，他很吃惊也很歉疚。我与其说愤懑不如说欣慰，汽车这样消失很不错。

“这是我的错，”我对他说。“这一下假期算完了，但总比命没了好！”

他看了看表。“我正忙着，但我家很近。让我给您提供吃住吧。可是您的行李怎么办？掉在河里了？”

“行李在我口袋里，”我说。“我从澳大利亚来，从来不多带行李。”

“从澳大利亚来，”他叫了起来。“我正需要您这么个人。”

我们坐上他的车，三分钟就来到他那舒适的家。他给我找了些吃的。“恐怕您只能吃五分钟，不过以后您可以好好吃一顿。八点我们必须去开会。您知道，我是这次选举的候选人，而今天晚上我遇到个麻烦。我今晚本来安排的是克兰姆坡顿讲话，他是澳大利亚的总理，可他病了。这样我就要讲四十分钟，但不知道讲些什么。听我说，先生……您还没告诉我您叫什么呢……叫特维斯顿，对吧？好了，特维斯顿先生，您能不能用几分钟讲讲澳大利亚？”

车祸中你碰到个人，就拉他在选举会上讲话，真是不可思议，可我要他帮忙啊。

“好吧，”我说。“我讲不好，不过可以讲一会儿。”

他很高兴。我们坐进汽车，去开会的路上他把他的情况讲给我听。他叫哈里·安德鲁爵士，他叔叔在政府工作，劝他也从政。而他对政治一窍不通，但他年轻，为人和善，我很愿意帮助他。我们赶到会场，已经有五百来人等在那儿。我作为“可信赖的澳大利亚领导人”被介绍给大家，接着哈里爵士开始讲话。内容主要是如何备战。他说德国人并不想打仗，如果我们停止建造军舰，德国人也会同样做。我则想着口袋里斯卡德尔小笔记本上的事。

除了这一番胡言乱语，我可以看出哈里爵士为人不错。而讲话相当糟糕。我知道自己演讲水平也不怎么样，但总比他讲得好。

关于澳大利亚，我把知道的一古脑儿都端了出来。我讲到英国和澳大利亚要同舟共济，友好相处。我觉得我的讲话挺成功。

我们回到车上时，哈里爵士兴高采烈。“您讲得棒极了，特维斯顿，”他说。“您必须在这里呆几天。这有一个刮刮叫的垂钓活动。”

我们吃了一顿丰盛的晚餐——这正是我之所需——然后一块坐在客厅的火炉前。我觉得这正是把实情告诉他的时机，看此人能不能帮我一把。

“听我说，哈里爵士，我有非常重要的事情跟您说。您是个实在人，我也同样会实实在在。今天晚上您讲的都是危险的无稽之谈。”

“是吗？我自己还说不准。您认为德国要和我们开战吗？”

“六周之后您就不必问我了。听我说，我给您讲一件事。”

在那间宁静的屋子里，我坐在火炉前，把一切都告诉了他。他听着关于斯卡德尔、以及他的小笔记本、送奶员、以及我在苏格兰的历程。这是头一回我把真相，一切真相，告诉别人，心里感到好多了。

“您知道了，”末了我说，“我就是兰厄姆命案中警察要抓的那个人。您应该立刻报警。”

他审视着我。“我知道您不是凶手，相信您说的是实话。我会帮助您的。您需要我做什么？”

“首先给您叔叔写封信。六月十五日前我必须和政府取得联系。”

他捋着胡子。“那对您没用。我叔叔对外国政治没有兴趣，我觉得他不会相信您。不。我会给他一位朋友写封信，他叫瓦尔特·布利万特爵士，在外交部工作。他很聪明，我想他会帮助您的。怎么样？”

于是他给布利万特爵士写了封信，信中说如果有个叫特维斯顿的人去找他，他应予帮助。特维斯顿会说暗语“黑石”，还会用口哨吹那首叫“安妮·劳里”的歌以证明他是谁。

他告诉我布利万特爵士的地址，又问还需要他做什么。

“您能借给我几件旧衣服再给我一张地图吗？再有，如果警察找来，领他们看看掉在河里的汽车。”

然后我睡了三四个小时，两点钟哈里爵士把我叫醒。他给了我一辆旧自行车以供我第一段路程之用。

5 The adventure of the roadman

I sat down at the top of a hill and rested. Behind me was a road climbing out of a river valley. In front were two kilometres of flat open country. To the left and the right were green hills. A kilometre down the road behind me I could see the smoke from a small house, but otherwise there was no sign of human life. There were only the sounds of birds singing and water flowing.

It was now about seven o'clock in the morning, and as I waited, I heard the sound of an engine in the air. I realized that I was in a bad position, because I had nowhere to hide.

I sat, hopelessly, as the aeroplane came nearer. It was high at first, but then it came down very low. I could see one of the two men looking at me very carefully. Then, suddenly, it went up and disappeared.

I had to think quickly. My enemies had found me, so now, I supposed, they would put a circle of men around the hills. They had probably seen my bicycle, so they would expect me to try and escape by road. I found a small lake about a hundred metres from the road and threw the bicycle in. Then I climbed to a higher bit of ground and looked around.

There was nowhere to hide. The moor was open, but to me it was like a prison. I started to walk to the north, and as I walked, I saw a car about fifteen kilometres away on the road. And, in the valley below me, I could see a line of men walking slowly upwards. The north was no good. I turned, and began to run southwards. I ran hard, watching the skyline in front of me, and soon I thought I could see distant figures on the hill. I turned again and ran down to the road.

If you have enemies all around you, the best plan is to hide while they search and do not find you. But there was nothing to hide in, nothing but the moor, the heather, and the white road.

* * *

Then, in a bend in the road, I found the roadman. He had just started work mending the road, when he saw me.

I'm sorry I ever stopped farming!' he said. 'I was my own boss then. Now I have to do what the government orders, and I'm a prisoner here with aching eyes and a bad back. And my head's going to explode!'

He was about the same age as me, and wore big black glasses. He started to work again, and then stopped.

'I can't do it,' he cried. 'I'm going back to bed.'

I asked him what the problem was, although I could guess.

'It was my daughter's wedding last night, so we were dancing and drinking until four o'clock in the morning. And the new Road Inspector is coming to visit today! He'll come and not find me, or he'll come and find me like this. Whatever happens, I'm finished.'

Then I had an idea. 'Does this new Inspector know you?'

'No. He started last week.'

'Where's your house?' He pointed to the small house I had seen before.

'Well, go back to bed,' I said, 'and sleep in peace. I'll do your job for the day and see the Inspector.'

He stared at me for a minute, then smiled.

'You're the man for me! It's an easy job.' He pointed to several big heaps of stones along the side of the road. 'Just put the stones down all along the edges of the road. My name's Alexander Turnbull, but my friends call me Ecky. If you speak to the Inspector politely, he'll be happy. I'll come back at five o'clock.'

I borrowed his glasses and a very dirty hat and gave him my good clothes. I also borrowed a very old pipe. My new friend walked off slowly to his bed. I hoped he would be inside his house when my enemies arrived.

I put as much dirt as possible on my face, hands and clothes, and rubbed some into my eyes to make them red. My boots did not look like a workman's boots, so I kicked them against the rocks to make them look older. The roadman had left his sandwiches and I was happy to eat some of them. There was still nothing moving on the road when I started work.

After some time I was getting hot, and I was beginning to count the hours until evening, when I heard a voice, and saw a young man in a small car looking at me.

'Are you Alexander Turnbull?' he said. 'I'm the new Road Inspector. You're doing these edges well, but there's a soft place about a kilometre down the hill. Don't forget that, will you? Good day now.'

Clearly, the Inspector thought I was the roadman. As time passed, one or two other cars came along the road, and I bought some biscuits from a travelling shop. Finally, a big car stopped and two men got out and walked towards me. I had seen them before—from the window of the hotel. The fatter of the two looked at me with sharp bright eyes.

'Good morning,' he said. 'That's an easy job you've got there.'

'There are worse jobs and there are better jobs,' I said. I spoke in Alexander Turnbull's strong Scottish accent.

The other man was looking at my boots. 'You've very fine boots. Were they made near here?'

'Oh no, they were made in London. I was given them by a man who was here on holiday last year.'

The fatter man spoke to the other in German. 'Let's move on. This man can't help us.'

They did ask one more question.

'Did you see anyone pass early this morning? Either on a bicycle or on foot?'

I pretended to think carefully.

'I wasn't up very early. You see, my daughter got married yesterday and I went to bed late. I looked out of the house at seven and there was nobody on the road. And I've seen no bicycles this morning.'

The thin man gave me a cigar, which I smelt and then put in my pocket. Then they got into the car and were soon out of sight.

I continued to work on the road, and I was right to do so. Ten minutes later they passed again, watching me carefully.

I hoped Mr Turnbull would stay in bed and I began to wonder what to do next. I couldn't mend roads for ever.

Just before five o'clock an open touring car came up the road, and stopped a few metres from me. The driver wanted to light a cigarette, and, by an extraordinary chance, I knew him. His name was Marmaduke Jopley and he was a man I disliked very much. He was only interested in people with money, and in visiting people who lived in beautiful houses in the country. I ran up to the car and took his arm.

'Hallo, Jopley.'

His mouth opened wide as he looked at me. 'Who are you?'

'My name's Hannay,' I said. 'You remember me.'

'The murderer!' he cried.

'Yes. And there'll be another murder if you don't help me. Give me your coat and hat.'

He did what I asked. He was very frightened. I put his coat and hat on, and put Mr Turnbull's hat on Jopley's head. I got in the car and started it.

'Now, my friend,' I said, 'you sit quietly and be a good boy. I'm going to borrow your car for an hour or two.'

I enjoyed the drive we had that evening. As we drove through the valley, I noticed some men beside the road, but they didn't look at us. I drove on into the hills and as it started to get dark, I turned up a small road and stopped in the middle of a lonely moor. I returned the hat and coat to Jopley.

'Thank you very much,' I said. 'You can be quite useful. Now you'd better go and find the police.'

As I sat on the moor and watched the car's lights disappear, I thought about my new life as a criminal. I was not a murderer, but I had developed a habit of stealing expensive cars.

5 修路人的奇遇

我坐在小山顶上休息。身后的道路从河谷爬上高原。眼前是两公里的开阔地。左右则是青山。后面沿路一公里处，可以看到一间小屋冒出的炊烟，此外再也看不到人烟。只听到鸟声呢喃和流水潺潺。

现在大约是早晨七点钟，我正在等待，突然听到发动机的声音。我发觉处境不妙，因为我无处藏身。

飞机越来越近，我无可奈何地坐在那儿。它开始飞得很高，后来飞低了。我可以看见两人中有一个仔细地打量着我。后来，突然又高飞远去了。

我要赶快想办法。敌人已经发现了我，所以我估计他们会派人包围这块山地。可能他们已经发现了我的自行车，估计我会顺道路拼命逃跑。距路大约一百米处有一汪小湖，我把自行车扔下去。然后又爬到一块高地，向四周瞭望。

没地方可躲。荒原非常开阔，但对我来说无异于监狱。我向北走，走着走着看见路上大约十五公里开外有一辆汽车。在脚下的峡谷里可以看到一行人慢慢向山上爬来。北边不行。我转身开始向南。我望着前面的天边；使劲跑着，不一会儿，我觉得可以看清山上的人影了。我再折身奔向大路。

假如敌人包围了你，最好的办法是在他们搜你而不可得的时候藏着别动。然而这里却无处藏身，除了荒原、石楠丛和白色的道路外什么都没有。

后来，在拐弯处我见到那个修路人。我看见他的时候，他刚开始干活。

“我真后悔我怎么不种地了！”他说。“那么着我自己管自己。可现在政府叫我干什么就得干什么，搞得眼疼腰酸，整个是罪犯。我的头快要裂了！”

他和我年纪相仿，戴着墨镜。他干起活来，然后又停下手。

“我干不了，”他喊道。“回家睡觉去。”

我一猜便知，但还是问他是怎么回事。

“昨天晚上是我女儿的婚宴，所以我们喝酒、跳舞一直到早晨四点。可今天新的道路视察员要来视察！要么他来了找不到我，要么来了看到我像现在这个样子。无论如何，我算完了。”

当时我心生一计。“这个新视察员认识您吗？”

“不认识。他上周才来的。”

“您家在哪儿？”他指了指我刚才看到的那所小房子。

“好了，回家安心睡觉去吧。”我说，“今天我替您干活，替您见视察员。”他盯了我一会儿，然后笑了。

“您可救了我了！这个活不难干。”他指了指沿路边的几堆石头。“把这些石头都顺着路边倒下去就行了。我叫亚历山大·特恩布尔，朋友们都叫我艾可。您说话要是客客气气，视察员会高兴的。五点钟我回来。”

我把他的眼镜和脏衣服借来，把我的好衣服给他。又把旧烟斗借来。我这位新朋友慢慢腾腾地离开，回家睡觉去了。但愿我的敌人来的时候他在家别出来。

我往脸上、手上、衣服上使劲抹土，并且把土揉进眼里使眼睛发红。我的靴子看着不像工人的，因此我使劲往石头上踢，以便变旧一点。修路工把他的三明治留下了，我很高兴地吃了点。开始工作了，路上仍然没有什么动静。

过了一会儿，我觉得越来越热，开始一小时一小时地数时间，直到傍晚，这时突然听到声音，看到小汽车里坐着个年轻人正在看着我。

“您是亚历山大·特恩布尔吗？”他问我。“我是道路视察员。这些路沿，您修得很好，不过山下大约一公里处有个地方泛松。别忘了修一修，好不好？再见吧。”

显而易见，这位视察员把我当作那个修路工了。时间一点点过着，一两辆汽车在路上驶过，我又从流动商店里买了点饼干。最后一辆大卡车停下来，跳下两个人向我走来。以前我见过他们——从旅店的窗户里。那个胖点的瞪着一双犀利而明亮的眼睛望着我。

“早晨好，”他说。“您在这儿找了份儿轻闲差事啊。”

“有些事差点，有些事好点，”我回答。我说话带着亚历山大·特恩布尔的浓重苏格兰口音。

另外一个人则看着我的靴子。“您的靴子可不错。是附近做的吗？”

“啊，不是，是伦敦做的。这是去年有个人在这里度假，他给我的。”

胖点的用德语和另一个交谈。“我们走吧。这个人没用。”

他们又问了一个问题。

“今天早晨您看见什么人在这儿经过吗？或者骑车或者步行？”

我装作认真思考的样子。

“我今天起得不太早。您不知道，我女儿昨天结婚，我睡迟了。七点钟时我朝外边看了看，路上没人。整个上午也没见到自行车。”

那个瘦点的给了我一枝雪茄，我闻了闻就放进口袋。后来他们跳上汽车，很快就没影了。

我接着修路，这算是做对了。十分钟后他们又回来，仔细打量着我。

但愿特恩布尔先生还睡着，同时我开始思考下一步该怎么办。不能总是修路啊。

五点差一点儿，一辆敞篷旅游车开过来，停在离我几米的地方。司机想吸烟，巧得很，我认识他。他叫马默杜克·乔普利，这个人我非常讨厌。他的心思都用在有钱人身上，用在拜访住在乡间明屋广厦的主儿身上了。我跑向汽车，拉住他的胳膊。

“你好，乔普利。”

他张着嘴，看着我。“您是谁呀？”

“我叫哈内，”我说。“您记得吧？”

“杀人犯！”他叫了起来。

“不错。要是您不帮忙，还会有另一起谋杀。把您的外衣和帽子给我。”

他遵命了。他给吓坏了。我穿上他的外衣，戴上他的帽子，再把特恩布尔的帽子戴在乔普利头上。我跳上汽车，打着了火。

“听着，朋友，”我说，“您坐在这儿别出声，表现好点。把车借给我一两个小时。”

那天晚上我开着车，觉得很美。我们开车通过峡谷时，我发现路边有几个人，但他们没留意我们。我一直开到山里，天刚黑的时候，拐上一条小路，车停在荒凉的原野中央。我把帽子和外衣还给了乔普利。

“非常感谢，”我说。“想不到你也能派上大用场。你最好快走去找警察吧。”

我坐在荒原上，望着车灯光逐渐消逝，想着当罪犯的嶄新生涯。我本不是杀人犯，可是已经养成了偷好车的习惯。

6 The bald writer

I spent the night in the hills, in some thick heather be-hind a rock. I had no coat and I was very cold. My coat, Scudder's notebook, my watch and even my pipe and tobacco were with Mr Turnbull. All I had was some biscuits.

I had half the biscuits for supper. and tried to keep warm in the heather. I was feeling quite pleased. So far I had been very lucky. The milkman, the man at the hotel, Sir Harry, the roadman and even Marmaduke had all helped me, and I felt that with help like this I might win. My main problem now was that I was very hungry. I fell asleep imagining the most beautiful meals.

I woke up very cold in the early morning. I looked down the hill, and in a second I was putting my boots on as fast as I could. There were men only a few hundred metres below me, walking up and searching the heather step by step.

Keeping low in the heather, I moved up the hill. At the top, I stood up and showed myself. I heard men shouting, and then I pretended to disappear over the top of the hill, but in fact I got down in the heather and crawled back down into the valley. After twenty minutes I looked back and saw the men disappearing over the top of the hill.

I didn't know where I was, but I knew I must keep moving. I was twenty minutes in front of them, but they were local men and they knew these hills better than I did. Soon they were close behind me and I was running as fast as I could. After a time I saw to my left some trees and the chim-neys of a farmhouse. I ran down towards them and found my-self in a garden. As I came nearer the house, I saw an old man looking at me through an open door. I crossed the garden and went in.

I was in a pleasant room, with books everywhere. At a desk in the middle sat an old man with a kind face. He had glasses on the end of his nose, and the top of his bald head shone like glass. He didn't move, but looked up and waited for me to speak.

I was so surprised by his calmness that for a minute I just stared at him.

'You're in a hurry, my friend, 'he said slowly.

I looked out of the window at the moor. We could both see the line of men walking through the heather.

'Ah, I see, 'he said. 'The police are after you, are they? Well, we'll talk about it later. I don't like the police in my house when I'm working. Go through that door on the left and close it behind you. You will be safe in there. '

And this extraordinary man picked up his pen and started to write.

I did what he said, and found myself in a small room with only a very small window high up in one wall. The door closed behind me. Once again I had found somewhere to hide.

But I didn't feel comfortable. There was something strange about the old man. I had suddenly appeared in his house, but he didn't seem surprised. And his eyes were frighteningly in-telligent. I waited, and tried to forget that I was very hungry. I thought about breakfast, and suddenly the door opened and there was the old man again.

'I told the police you had gone over the hill. This is a lucky morning for you, Mr Richard Hannay, 'he said, smiling.

As he spoke, his eyes half closed, and immediately I re-membered Scudder's description of a man who could'hood his eyes like a hawk. I saw that I had walked into the hands of my enemies.

My first thought was to knock him down and run, but two men came through the door. They were carrying guns.

The old man knew my name, but he had never seen me be-fore. I took a chance. 'I don't know what you mean, 'I said roughly. 'And who are you calling Hannay? My name's Ainslie. '

'Of course, you have many names, 'he said, still smiling. 'We won't argue about a name. '

I looked at him angrily. 'I suppose you're going to call the police back. I wish I'd never seen that car. Here's the money. 'I put four pounds on the table.

'I won't call the police, 'he said. 'This is a private problem between yon and me. '

'Oh, stop it! 'I cried. 'I've had no luck since I left my ship in Edinburgh. I found a crashed car and took a little money out of it, and I've had the police after me for two days. You do what you like. Ned Ainslie's finished. '

I could hear doubt in his voice when he next spoke.

'Would you be kind enough to tell me what you've been do-ing for the last few days? '

I can't. I haven't eaten for two days. Give me something to eat and I'll tell you the truth. 'I put on my best begging voice.

Some food was brought to me, and while I was eating, he said something to me in German. I stared at him stupidly. Then I told him my story. I was a sailor, and I had left my ship in Edinburgh to travel across Scotland to see my brother. I had found a car in a river and taken some money from it. But the police were now chasing me.

'They can have their money back, 'I cried. 'It's only brought me trouble! '

'You're good at lying, Hannay, 'he said.

I started to get very angry. 'My name's Ainslie and I don't know anybody called Hannay. I'd rather have the police than you and your guns and your Hannays. No, I'm sorry, sir, I'm grateful for the food, but I'd like to go now. '

I could see that he was not sure. He had never seen me, and I suppose I did not look like my photograph.

'I won't let you go. If you are Mr Ainslie, then you'll soon be able to prove it. If you're not, then I have a surprise for you. '

He rang a bell, and a third servant appeared.

'I want the car in five minutes, 'he said. 'There will be three for lunch. '

Then he looked at me, and that was the most frightening thing of all. His eyes were unnatural-bright, cold and evil. I tried to stare back, and even to smile.

'You'll know me next time we meet, 'I said.

’Karl, ’he said, speaking in German. ’Put this man in the back room until I return. ’

I was taken out of the room with a gun at each ear.

* * *

The back room was very dark and full of old bottles and boxes. The windows had shutters on the outside. The key turned in the door, and I could hear the feet of the guards outside.

I sat down feeling very unhappy. The old man had gone to collect his friends, the men who had talked to me when I was the roadman. They would soon discover that I was not the roadman, nor Mr Ainslie, but Richard Hannay. I began to wish I had been found by the police; I would feel safer with them than with this man and his two friends.

They were coming for lunch, so I had only two hours. I tried the windows but they would not move. I felt the boxes and bottles, and then found a door in the wall. It was a cup—board door, and it was locked. I had nothing else to do so I pulled on it until it opened.

There were a lot of things inside. On one shelf there were some matches, and I used them to look more closely. At the back of one shelf was a strong wooden box. I broke it open and found, to my surprise, some fuses and several small square packets of explosive.

I knew that with these I could blow the house up. The problem was that I didn’t know how much to use. If I used too much, I would blow myself up. But if I didn’t use them at all, I would be dead in three hours.

I put one of the squares of explosive near the door, and put a fuse from there to the other side of the room. I lit the fuse and hid behind some boxes. There was silence for five seconds...

The wall exploded into a bright yellow light, something fell on my left arm, and I became unconscious.

I was unconscious for only a few seconds. Then I stood up, trying not to breathe the yellow smoke. The window had been blown out and I climbed out into the garden. Across the gar—den there were some buildings, and one was an old tower. I felt too ill to go very far, and that seemed the best hiding place.

The climb up the outside of that tower was the most difficult thing I ever did. My head felt terrible, and the smoke had made me very sick, but in the end I managed it, and lay down at the top. Then I became unconscious again.

When I woke up, my head was burning and the sun was shining into my face. I lay for a long time without moving. I could hear men talking. I looked through a hole in the wall and saw men with guns. There was the bald man and I thought I could see the fat one too.

For half an hour they searched all the buildings. They came to the door at the bottom of my tower, and for a minute I thought they were going to come up, but the door was locked.

All afternoon I lay on that roof. I was terribly thirsty, and, to make it worse, I could see and hear a small stream which came off the moor and flowed near the farm. I wanted a drink of that cool clear water more than anything in the world.

From the tower I could see all the moor around. I saw two men go off in a car, and another man on a horse, and I imagined they were looking for me. But I could also see something more interesting. At the top of the hill behind the house was a ring of trees with grass inside. It was clear that this was where the plane landed.

It was an excellent place for an airfield. It could not be seen from below because it was at the top of the hill; from the valley, the hill seemed covered with trees. And anyone watching the plane coming in to land would think it was just flying over the hill. I realized that if the plane arrived now, the pilot would probably see me, so I lay still, and hoped night would come quickly.

Luckily, when the plane did arrive, it was almost dark. I watched it land, and then waited until everything was quiet. There was no moon, and I was too thirsty to wait, so at nine o’clock I climbed down. Halfway down, somebody came out of the house with a light, and I froze. Then the light disap—peared and I continued down to the ground.

I crawled as far as the trees. I guessed that the house would be guarded in some way, so I continued very slowly and care—fully, and found a wire about sixty centimetres from the ground. Falling over that would doubtless start alarm bells ringing in the house.

A hundred metres further on there was another wire, but after that it was the open moor. Ten minutes later I had my head in the stream and I drank litres of cold water.

I did not stop again until I was ten kilometres from that terrible house.

6 秃头作家

那天我就在山里岩石后的茂密石楠丛里过夜。我身上没大衣，觉得很冷。我的大衣、斯卡德尔的笔记本、我的手表、甚至我的烟斗和烟都留在特恩布尔先生那儿了。尽我所有只是一点饼干。

我吃了一半饼干当晚餐，假在石楠丛里尽量保持热量。而我心里觉得乐滋滋的。迄今为止，我运气还不错。送奶员、旅店老板、哈里爵士、修路人甚至马默杜克都帮了我的忙，有这样的帮助我觉得会成功。现在主要问题是我太饿了。我梦想着一顿顿美餐昏昏入睡。

大清早我一睁眼就觉得冷得不得了。向山下看了看，我分秒必争地穿上鞋。离我只有数百米的下面有一伙人向上爬着，仔细地搜索着石楠丛。

我在石楠丛里紧贴着地面向山上爬。到了山顶，我站起来不再躲藏。我听到人们的呐喊声，于是便假装向山的那坡逃去，而实际隐身于石楠丛中，向下又爬回峡谷。二十分钟后我回头看看，那些人正在越过山顶向那一坡追去。

我不知道我在什么地方，只知道我必须不停地走。我领先他们二十分钟，但他们是当地人，对这片山地比我熟悉。不久他们就紧紧跟了上来，我就竭力地跑着。过了一会儿，我看到左首有一片树林和一家农舍的烟囱。于是就奔那里跑去，不觉得到了一个庭院里。我向房子走去，这时一个老头开着门正在瞧着我。我穿过庭院，进了屋。

我进了一间很不错的屋子，屋子里摆满了书。中间放着一张书桌，桌旁坐着一位老人，神态慈祥。鼻尖上架着一副眼镜，头顶秃秃的像玻璃一样闪着光。他一动不动，抬着头等着我开口。

他的镇定出乎我意料，以至于有一会儿我只是呆呆地望着他。

“朋友，您很着急呀，”他缓缓地说。

我透过窗户向荒原望去，我们俩都看到一队人正穿行于石楠丛中。

“我明白了，”他说。“警察在追您，是不是？这事我们过一会儿再说。我干活的时候不喜欢警察到我家来打搅。请走左边的门，随手把门关上。那里很安全。”

这位不同寻常的老人拿起笔写起字来。

我听他的，不觉来到一间小屋，只有一个小窗户还开得很高。门已经关好。我又找到藏身之处了。

然而我觉得不自在。这个老头哪里有点怪。我突然闯进屋，可是看来他一点也不吃惊。他那双眼睛睿智得叫人害怕。我在那儿等着，极力不去想辘辘饥肠。我正在想着早饭，门突然打开了，又是那个老头。

“我告诉警察您已经翻山走了。理查德·哈内先生，今天上午您真运气。”他笑着说。

他说话的时候，眼睛眯着，我猛地记起斯卡德尔说过一个人，这个人能“像猫头鹰那样眯着眼睛”。我意识到我已经走到敌人的手心里来了。

我第一个想法是把他打倒然后逃跑，可是两条汉子推门而入。他们手里都拿着枪。

老头知道我叫什么，但从来没见过我。我想碰碰运气。“我不明白您说什么，”我粗声粗气地说。“您叫谁哈内？我的名字叫安斯利。”

“当然，您有好多名字，”他仍然笑着说。“别为名字抬杠了。”

我忿忿然地看着他。“我猜您要把警察叫回来。当初要是没见到那辆车就什么事也没有了。”我把四英磅放在桌子上。

“我不会叫警察，”他说。“这是你我之间的私事。”

“得了，住口吧！”我喊起来。“从爱丁堡一下船我就不顺。碰到一辆撞坏的汽车，从里边拿了点钱，结果警察追了我两天。您爱怎么样随便好了。奈德·安斯利算完了。”

他又开始说话，从声音里我可以听出他的犹豫不决。

“劳您驾能不能告诉我最近几天您都干什么了？”

“不行。我两天没吃饭了。给我点东西吃，然后我实话实说。”我尽量装出恳求的声调。

饭给我端来了，我一边吃他一边用德语对我讲什么。我就傻呼呼地盯着他。然后把我的故事讲给他听。我是个海员，从爱丁堡下的船，路过苏格兰去看我兄弟。在那里我看到一辆汽车，于是在里边拿了点钱。可警察就一直紧追不舍。

“他们可以把钱拿回去嘛，”我叫道。“这点钱净给我添乱！”

“哈内，您挺会撒谎的，”他说。

我发起怒来。“我叫安斯利，不认识什么叫哈内的人。我宁可让警察抓住也比叫您、您的枪和您的哈内抓住好。对不起，先生，我不干，感谢您的饭，现在我想走了。”

可以看出他犹豫不决了。他从来没见过我，而且，我猜我看起来也不像我的照片。

“我不让您走。假如您是安斯利先生的话，很快您就能证明一点。假如您不是，那么我会让您大吃一惊。”

他按门铃，第三个仆人来了。

“五分钟后我要用车，”他说。“预备三个人的午餐。”

然后他就看着我，那目光比什么都可怕。他的眼睛不同寻常——明亮、阴冷、邪恶。我极力以眼还眼，甚至极力装出笑脸。

“下回再见面您就认识我了，”我说道。

“卡尔，”他用德语说。“把这个人放到后面的屋里等我回来再说。”

我被拉出屋去，一边耳朵顶着一枝枪。

后面的屋黑洞洞的堆满旧瓶子和破箱子。窗户外面安着百叶窗。钥匙插在锁孔里，我可以听到外面卫兵的脚步声。

我坐下来，感到心情很不好。那个老头去叫他的朋友，那些人在我装修路人的时候和我说过话。他们很快就会知道我既不是修路人，也不是安斯利先生而是理查德·哈内。我想还不如让警察抓住的好；让警察抓住比让这个人和他那两个朋友抓住我觉得安全些。

他们要回来吃午饭，所以我只有两个小时的时间。我试着打开窗户，可是弄不动。我摸索着箱子、瓶子，后来发现墙上有个门，是壁橱的门，紧锁着。除此无法可想，所以我就使劲拉那个门，门被打开了。

屋里放着好多东西。在一个书架上有火柴，我点着火柴，更仔细地观察着。在一个书架后面放着个硬木箱。我把箱子打开，出乎我的意料，里面有导火索和若干方形包装的炸药。

我知道用这些炸药可以把整座房子炸飞。问题是我不知道该用多少炸药。如果用得太多，那么会连我自己也被炸飞。而要是索性不用，那么用不了三个小时我就得完蛋。

我把一包炸药放在门边，把导火索从那儿接到屋的另一头。我点着导火索，躲在箱子后面。五秒钟内默无声息……

轰然一声，屋墙被炸成亮黄色的火光，什么东西砸到我的左臂上，后来就失去了知觉。

我只昏迷了几秒钟。然后我站起来，尽量不呼吸炸药的黄烟。窗户被炸开了，我爬窗而出，跳到庭院里。庭院的对面是房子，其中有一个古塔。我感觉太难受，没法走远，看来这个塔是个最好的藏身之所。

从塔的外面向上爬，我从来没干过这么难的事。我头疼得要命，硝烟熏得我很难受，但最后终于爬了上去，在塔顶上躺下来。后来我又昏过去了。

醒来时我觉得头发烧，阳光照在我的脸上。我一动不动地躺了好长时间。我可以听到人们的说话声。透过墙上的窟窿我看到人们都拿着枪。有那个秃头的人，我想还会有那个胖子。

他们把所有建筑物搜索了半个小时。他们又来到塔底的门口，我一闪念，以为他们准备要上来，然而门给锁上了。

我在塔顶躺了整整一个下午。我口渴得要命，更糟糕的是我可以看到也可以听到从荒原上流来一条小溪，在附近的田野里淌着。要是能喝上一口这么清凉的水，这世界上什么东西我都不想要了。

从塔顶可以看到四周的荒原。我看见两个人坐车走了，另一个则骑着马，我估计他们正在找我。我还看见了更有意思的东西。在房子后面的山顶上，树围成一个圆圈，圈里是草地。很显然，这是飞机降落的地方。

这个地方作机场太好了。它位于山顶，所以从下往上看不到；从山谷向上看，看到山好像被树覆盖着。所以，如果有人看到飞来要降落的飞机还以为飞机正在飞越山顶。我意识到如果现在飞机飞过来，驾驶员多半会看见我，所以我躺着一动不动，盼着天快点黑下来。

运气真是不错，飞机真地飞过来的时候，天差不多黑了。我望着飞机降落，然后等着一切归于平静。天上没有月亮，我渴得等不下去了，

于是九点钟我爬了下去。走了一半，我看见有人拿着灯从房里出来，我吓得僵住了。后来灯光不见了，我接着走到平地上。

我沿着树林一直爬。我估计着那所房子会怎么布置警戒，所以，我慢慢地、小心翼翼地爬，看到有一截电线露出地面大约六十厘米。如果绊上肯定会引响房里的警铃。

一百米开外还有一段电线，后面便是开阔的荒原。爬了十分钟，我一头扎进小溪，喝了好几升凉水。

我跑出距那所可怕的房子有十公里才停下脚。

7 The fisherman

I sat on a hill—top and thought about my next move. I wasn't very happy, because although I had escaped, I was feeling very ill. The smoke had been very unpleasant, and the day on the roof had made things worse. I had a terrible headache, and my arm hurt so badly that I could not move it.

I decided to go back to Mr Turnbull's house and find my clothes and Scudder's notebook. Then I would take a train to the south. The sooner I met Sir Harry's friend in the government, Sir Walter Bullivant, the better. I hoped he would believe my story, but, even if he did not, I would be safer with him, or even the British police, than with those men at the farmhouse.

It was a clear, starry night and easy to find my way across the hills. I thought I was probably about thirty kilometres from Mr Turnbull's house, so I could not get there in one night. I would have to hide somewhere for the day. When it started to get light, I stopped to wash in a river and then knocked on the door of a small house. I told the woman who lived there that I had had a bad fall, and she could see that I was not well. She gave me some milk and whisky. She also gave me an old coat and hat of her husband's. I now looked like every other Scotsman, and felt safer.

It started to rain, and I spent the afternoon under a rock. That night was the most miserable of all. There were no stars, and I got lost a least twice. I had about fifteen kilometres more to go, but I think I walked thirty. In the end, in the very early morning, in a thick fog, I knocked on Mr Turnbull's door.

Mr Turnbull opened the door wearing an old black suit and a tie. At first he did not recognize me.

'What are you doing here at this time on a Sunday morning?'

My head was so bad that I could not answer for a moment, but then he recognized me, and saw that I was ill.

'Have you got my glasses?' he asked.

I took them out of my pocket and gave them to him.

'You want your clothes,' he said. 'Come in. You're not looking well at all. Come and sit down.'

I realized that my malaria had come back. I had had malaria in Africa, and it returned sometimes. The smoke, my arm, the wet and the cold had probably not helped. Soon, Mr Turnbull was helping me into a bed.

He was a good friend, that roadman. He took care of me for ten days, until my fever had gone and my arm was much better. He went out to work every day, locking the door, and in the evening he sat by the fire. He asked no questions, but on some days he brought me a newspaper, and I saw that the excitement over the Langham Place murder was over.

One day he gave me my money back. 'There's a lot of mon—ey there. You'd better count it and see if it's all there.'

I wanted to move as soon as possible, but it was not until the 12th of June that I felt well enough to go. I made Turnbull accept some money for my food, but it was difficult.

I walked the twenty kilometres to the station in a day. The train to London did not leave until night, so I rested in the heather until it arrived. I was very happy to be in the train, and on the way south.

* * *

I slept on the train until early morning. Then I changed trains two or three times. At about eight o'clock in the evening I arrived at the small station at Artinswell, to the west of London. The road led through a wood into a green valley. Soon I came to a bridge and looked down into the river, whistling the song 'Annie Laurie'.

A fisherman walked up from the river, and as he got near to me, he started to whistle the same song. He was a big man in old clothes and a wide hat. He smiled at me, and I looked at his kind, intelligent face.

'The water's clear, isn't it?' he said. 'Look at that big fish lying on the bottom. I've been trying to catch him all evening.'

'I can't see him,' I said.

'Look, over there, near those plants.'

'Oh yes, I can see him now. He looks like a black stone.'

He whistled again, then paused. 'Your name's Twisdon, isn't it?'

'No,' I said. 'I mean yes. I had forgotten the name I had given Sir Harry.'

'It's a good idea to know your own name,' he said, smiling.

I looked at him again and began to think that this kind, intelligent man would be a real ally at last.

Then he pointed to a house by the river and said quietly, 'Wait five minutes, then come to the back door.' He walked

I did as he asked, and found the back door open and a servant waiting.

Come this way, sir,' he said, and took me to a bedroom. There were clothes waiting for me, and shaving things. 'There's a bathroom next door. Dinner is in half an hour.'

The servant left, and I sat down. I was very surprised, but also delighted, Sir Walter clearly believed that I was not a murderer, although when I looked at myself in the mirror, I thought I looked very much like one.

I had a bath and shaved and put on the clothes. When I had finished, I looked in the mirror again. This time I saw a completely different young man.

Sir Walter was waiting for me in the dining room. I decided I must tell him the truth about myself immediately.

'I must thank you very much, but I must make something clear,' I said. 'I'm not a murderer, but the police want me. If you'd like me to leave, I'll leave now.'

He smiled. 'That's all right. We won't let it stop us eating. Let's talk after dinner.'

The food and wine were excellent. After dinner we went to the sitting—room for coffee and he looked at me.

‘I’ve done what Harry asked me to do,’ he said. ‘He told me you’d tell me a story to wake me up it I did. So what is your story, Mr Hannay?’

I noticed that he was using my real name.

I told him the whole story, from the night I came home and found Scudder at my door. I told him what Scudder had told me about Karolides, and saw him smile once or twice. Then I told him about the murder, and the milkman, and Scotland, and Scudder’s notebook.

‘You’ve got it here?’ he asked, and looked pleased when I took it from my pocket.

I said nothing about what I had read in Scudder’s notes. Then I told him about my meeting with Sir Harry, and he laughed. My day as a roadman interested him. He made me describe the two men in the car, and seemed to be thinking hard. Then he laughed again at my adventure with Mar—maduke Jopley. When I described the old man in the farm—house, he stopped smiling.

‘Old, bald, and hoods his eyes like a hawk. I don’t like the sound of him. And you blew up his house. You’re a brave man.

I reached the end of my story. He stood up, by the fire, and looked down at me.

‘You don’t need to worry about the police,’ he said. ‘They don’t want you any more.’

‘Have they arrested the murderer?’

‘No. But they know it’s not you.’

‘How?’

‘Because I heard from Scudder. I knew him a bit. He was a strange man, but he was honest. I had a letter from him on the 31st of May.’

‘But he’d been dead for a week by then.’

‘The letter was written and posted on the 23rd. His letters usually went to Spaim and then Newcastle, so they took a week to arrive.’

‘What did he say?’

‘That he was in danger. He said he was living in Langham Place, and that he was with a good friend. I think he wanted to help you in case he was murdered. When I got the letter, I went to Scotland Yard and talked to the police.’

You can imagine that I felt ten times better. I was a free man, and my only enemies were my country’s enemies.

‘Now, let’s see this notebook,’ said Sir Walter.

It took us an hour to work through it. I explained the code and he understood very quickly. When we had finished, he sat silent for a while.

‘I don’t understand all of this,’ he said at last. ‘He’s right about one thing, and that is the meeting on the 15th. How can anyone have discovered about that? But all this about war and the Black Stone—it’s very strange. Scudder did like to make things seem important and exciting.’

‘The Black Stone,’ he repeated. ‘It’s like a cheap detective story. And all this about Karolides can’t be true. Karolides will be alive when we’re both dead. No, Scudder’s wrong there. There are some unpleasant things going on. Scudder found something out and got killed for it. But all this about stealing the Navy’s war plans—I can’t really believe it.’

Just then, the servant came into the room.

‘There’s a telephone call from London for you, sir.’

Sir Walter went out. He came back five minutes later with a white face. ‘I apologize to Scudder,’ he whispered, and then looked at me. ‘Karolides was shot dead at seven o’clock this evening.’

7 渔夫

我坐在山顶上，考虑下一步怎么办。我不太开心，因为虽然我逃出来，可是感觉很难受。火药的烟味很难闻，而且在塔顶上藏了一整天更让人受不了。我头疼欲裂，胳膊伤得动也动不了。

我决定还回特恩布尔先生的家，找回我的衣服和斯卡德尔的笔记本。然后乘火车向南走。我越早见到哈里爵士在政府的朋友，瓦尔特·布利万特爵士就越好。希望他能相信我的话，即使不相信，和他呆在一起，或者和英国警察呆在一起也比和这间农舍的家伙在一起要安全。

夜色晴朗，繁星满天，翻山寻路并不困难。我思忖距特恩布尔先生的家大概有三十公里左右，看来一夜到不了。白天我得藏在什么地方。天一放亮，我停在河里洗了把脸，然后去敲一所小屋的门。我对小屋的女主人说我摔得很厉害。她可以看出我情形不好。她给了我点牛奶和威士忌，还把她丈夫的旧外套和帽子送给我。现在我看上去和别的苏格兰人没什么两样，因此感到安全多了。

天开始下起雨来，我在岩石下面躲了一下午。那是最为狼狈的一晚。天上一颗星也没有，至少有两次我迷了路。大约还要走十五公里，而我觉得已经走了三十公里。最后，在大清早，在浓雾弥漫之中，我敲响了特恩布尔先生家的门。

特恩布尔先生开了门，身穿一套黑色的旧衣服，打着领带。头一眼他没有认出我来。

“大礼拜天这个时候您在这儿干吗？”

我头疼得太厉害，一下回答不出，而他认出了我，看出我生病了。

“您带着我的眼镜了吗？”他问道。

我从口袋里掏出眼镜，还给他。

“您要您的衣服，”他说。“请进。您看来不太舒服。请进来坐下吧。”

我觉得我的疟疾又发作了。在非洲我得过疟疾，后来时而发作。烟熏、胳膊伤、受潮、着凉大概没起好作用。特恩布尔先生很快扶我上床。

这个修路人真够朋友。他服侍了我十天，直到我高烧退去，胳膊也大见好转为止。他每天锁上门出去上班，晚上回来坐在火炉旁。他什么也不问，有时给我带来张报纸，我得以知道关于兰厄姆谋杀案的轰动已经过去了。

一天，他把钱还给我。“这么多钱。最好数一数看是不是都在。”

我想尽快动身，但是直到六月十二日我才感到恢复得足以走路。我设法叫特恩布尔收下点饭钱，但真是难上加难。

我朝车站走，一天走了二十公里。去伦敦的火车要到晚上才开车，因此我躲在石楠丛里，休息到火车进站。跳上火车，奔南而去，我心里喜气洋洋。

我在火车上一觉睡到大天亮。后来我倒了三四次车。大约晚上八点钟，我赶到阿廷斯维尔的一个小站，这个地方位于伦敦的西边。沿路而行穿过一片树林，就到了一个绿油油的峡谷。我很快走上一座桥，一边用口哨吹着那首叫“安妮·劳里”的歌，边低头望着河水。

一个渔夫从河那边走来，走到我身边时，口哨吹起同一首歌。他身材魁梧，穿一身旧衣服，戴一顶宽边帽。他对着我微笑，而我则看着他那张慈祥睿智的脸。

“水很清，是不是？”他说。“看水底那条鱼多大。我折腾了一个晚上一直想把它抓住。”

“看到了，”我说。

“看，就在那儿，在水草旁边。”

“啊，是，我看到了。看起来像块黑石。”

他又吹起口哨，然后停下来。“您叫特维斯顿，是吗？”

“不，”我说。“我想说的是对。”我把自己告诉哈里爵士的那个名字忘记了。

“很想知道您的真名，”他说着笑了。

我看了他一眼，心里开始想着这位和蔼机敏的人大概最终是我真正的战友。

他指着河边的一座房子平静地说：“请等五分钟，然后到后门去。”说完就离开了。

我照办了，发现后门开着，有个仆人等在那里。

“先生，请这边走，”他说着，把我领到一间卧室。卧室里为我准备好了衣服和刮脸用具。“旁边的门是浴室。半个小时后开饭。”

仆人走后我坐了下来。我感到惊喜交加。瓦尔特爵士显然不相信我是杀人犯，虽然照着镜子我觉得自己很像。

我洗了个澡，刮了刮脸，然后换上给我准备的衣服。完事后又重新照了一番镜子，这回我看到是一个截然不同的年轻人。

瓦尔特爵士正在餐厅里等我。我决定立刻把我的全部真实情况告诉他。

“非常感谢您，有些事我得给您讲清楚，”我说。“我不是杀人犯，可是警察在追捕我。如果您要我离开，我便马上走。”

他笑了。“好了。不要让这个打搅我们吃饭。吃过再谈吧。”

好酒好饭真是美餐一顿。饭后到客厅喝咖啡，他看着我。

“我遵哈里爵士之嘱把您请到这儿来，”他说。“他说您会告诉我一件事，如果我以前蒙在鼓里这件事会使我翻然醒悟。那么到底是什么事呢，哈内先生。”

我发觉他在使用我的真名字。

我从那天晚上回到家，在门口遇到斯卡德尔先生开始，把一切都告诉了他。我告诉了他斯卡德尔给我讲的有关卡罗里德斯的事，在这过程中我看到他笑了一两次。我又对他说起那次谋杀、那个送奶员、苏格兰流亡以及斯卡德尔的笔记本。

“您拿来了？”他问道。我从口袋里掏出笔记本，他面露喜色。

至于我在斯卡德尔的笔记本上看到了什么，我只字未提。接着我讲到如何见到哈里爵士，他听着笑了。他对我装修路人的那天很感兴趣。他让我详细描述一下车上的那两个人，看来他在认真思考着。接着我谈到与马默杜克的奇遇，他又笑起来。当我说到农舍里的那个老头，他的笑容收敛了。

“上了年纪、秃头而且像猫头鹰那样眯着眼睛。听起来这个人讨人喜欢。您把他的房子给炸了。您真有胆量。”

我讲完了。他从火炉旁站起来，低头看着我。

“您不用担心警察，”他说。“他们不再追捕您了。”

“他们抓到凶手了吗？”

“没有。但他们知道不是您。”

“他们怎么知道的？”

“因为我收到了斯卡德尔的信。我对他略有所知。他很古怪，但很诚实。五月三十一日我收到他一封信。”

“可是那时他已经死了一周了。”

“那封信是二十三日写好寄出的。他的信一般走西班牙，然后转纽卡速尔，所以要一周才能收到。”

“他说什么了？”

“他说他处境危险。他住在兰厄姆，和一个好朋友住在一起。我想他是为了在万一被害后仍能帮您一把。接到信我就去苏格兰场告诉了警察。”

可以想像我的无限欣悦之情。我是个自由人了，而且我的唯一敌人也是我的国家的敌人。

“咱们瞧瞧这个笔记本，”瓦尔特爵士说。

我们花了一个小时看了一遍。我解释着暗语，他很快就明白了。完事之后，好半天他坐着一声不吭。

“我不全懂，”他最后说。“有一件事他说对了，就是十五号的会议。但别人怎么可能知道呢？而关于战争、黑石这一切——听起来非常离奇。斯卡德尔确实喜欢把事情搞得看起来不同一般而又撩拨人心。”

“黑石，”他重复说。“似乎像粗制滥造的侦探小说。而关于卡罗里德斯，这一切都不可能是真的。即使我们都死了，卡罗里德斯还会活着。不对。这点斯卡德尔搞错了。近来让人讨厌的事连续不断。斯卡德尔发现了某件事。他因此被杀。但是关于盗窃海军作战计划等等这一切……我简直不能相信。”

恰好仆人进来了。

“先生，伦敦给您来的电话。”

瓦尔特爵士出去了。五分钟后回屋来，脸色煞白。“我得向斯卡德尔道歉，”他低声说，然后看着我。“卡罗里德斯今天晚上七点钟被枪杀了。”

8 The coming of the black stone

I came down to breakfast the next morning and found Sir Walter reading a coded message. He seemed less re-laxed than yesterday.

I was very busy for an hour after you went to bed, 'he said. 'I've arranged for the Frenchman, Royer, to come a day early. He will be in London at five o'clock. I don't think the change of day will help very much. If our enemies already knew he was coming, they will probably find out that the plans have changed. I would love to know how the news of his visit escaped. '

While I ate, he continued to talk. I was surprised that he was telling me all these important secrets.

'Can't the Navy's war plans be changed?' I asked.

'They could, 'he said. 'But we want to avoid that. It would be very difficult, and some changes would be impossible. But the big problem is that they're not going to steal the plans in the street. They'll try to get the details without anybody knowing, and Royer will return to Paris thinking that every-thing is still secret. '

'Then we must stay at Royer's side until he is home again, 'I said.

'Royer will meet us after dinner at my house in London: there'll be Whittaker from the Navy, myself, Sir Arthur Drew, and General Winstanley. The First Sea Lord, the head of the Navy, has been ill, and may not be able to come. Whittaker will give Royer the important papers, and then Royer will be driven to Portsmouth where a Navy ship will take him to France. He will be watched until he is back there. Whittaker will be watched while he has the papers before he meets Royer. It's the best we can do, and I don't see what can go wrong. But I'm very nervous because of the murder of Karolides. '

After breakfast he asked me to be his driver for the day. 'You know what these people are like, and I don't want to take risks. '

In London we went first to Scotland Yard where we met an important-looking policeman.

'I've brought you the Langham Place murderer, 'said Sir Walter. The policeman smiled. 'I wish you had. I imagine you are Mr Hannay. We were very interested in you for a few days. '

'Mr Hannay will interest you again, MacGillivray, but his story must wait twenty-four hours. But I would like you to tell Mr Hannay that you don't want to arrest him any more. '

'Of course we don't. 'The policeman turned to me. 'Your flat and your servant are waiting for you, although you may not want to return there. '

As Sir Walter and I left, he said I was free for the rest of the day. 'Come and see me tomorrow, Hannay. I don't need to tell you to keep everything secret. You had better stay out of sight. If your Black Stone friends see you, there might be trouble. '

* * *

I didn't know what to do. It was strange to be a free man. I went to a very good restaurant for lunch, but I was still feeling nervous. When anybody looked at me, I wondered if they were thinking about the murder. I walked around London, thinking. I knew that by now Royer would be in England, and I felt sure that something terrible was going to happen and that only I could stop it. But it was not my business now.

I didn't want to go back to my flat. I had to go back some time, but I decided to stay at a hotel tonight.

I had supper in another restaurant, and thought that after that I would go to Sir Walter's house. He might not want me there, but I would feel happier if I went.

As I walked through London towards his house, I met a group of young men. One of them was Marmaduke Jopley.

'It's the murderer!' he cried. 'Stop him! That's Hannay, the Langham Place murderer!' He took hold of my arm, and the others crowded round me.

I didn't want trouble, but I was feeling angry. A policeman came up, and instead of explaining the mistake to him quietly and sensibly, I just hit out wildly at Marmaduke's stupid face. I felt much happier when he was lying on his back in the road. Then a general fight started, until the policeman got hold of me. I heard him ask what the matter was, and Marmaduke, talking through his broken teeth, told him that I was Hannay the murderer.

I was so angry that I pushed the policeman one way and one of Marmaduke's friends the other, and ran as fast as I could. There was shouting behind me, but I had escaped. I ran all the way to Sir Walter's house, walked up to the door and rang. I hoped the door would open quickly.

It did.

'I must see Sir Walter, 'I said to the servant. 'It's desperately important. '

The servant let me in, and then shut the door behind me. 'Sir Walter is in a meeting, sir. Perhaps you will wait. '

There was a telephone and one or two chairs in the hall, and I sat down there.

'Listen, 'I whispered to the servant. 'I'm in a bit of trouble, but I'm working for Sir Walter. If anyone comes to the door and asks for me, tell them I'm not here. '

There was a sudden ringing at the door, and he went to open it. He told them whose house it was, and that nobody could come in, and then shut the door.

* * *

A few minutes later there was another ring at the door, and the servant did not hesitate to let this visitor in. Everybody knew his face from the newspapers—a square, grey beard and bright blue eyes Lord Alloa, the First Sea Lord, and head of the British Navy.

He was shown into a room at the end of the hall. I sat there for twenty minutes. Surely the meeting would end soon; Royer must leave for Portsmouth by eleven o'clock.

Then the door opened again and the First Sea Lord came out. He walked past me, and in passing he looked at me and for a second I looked into his eyes. It was only for a second, but my heart jumped. The First Sea Lord had never seen me before, but in his eyes I saw that he recognized me. Then he passed me and was out of the door into the street.

I picked up the telephone book and looked up the number of Lord Alloa’s house. I spoke to one of his servants. ‘Is Lord Alloa at home?’ I asked. ‘Yes, but he’s ill and has been in bed all day. Do you want to leave a message, sir?’ I put down the telephone and sat down, shaking. My part in this business was not finished. I walked straight into the room where the others were meeting.

Sir Walter looked surprised and annoyed. ‘I’m afraid that this is not a good time, Mr Hannay.’ ‘I think it is,’ I answered. ‘Tell me, please, who left this room a minute ago.’ ‘Lord Alloa,’ said Sir Walter, looking angrier. ‘It Was not,’ I cried. ‘It looked like him but it was not him. It was a man who recognized me, who has seen me in the last month. I’ve just telephoned Lord Alloa’s house and he’s been ill in bed all day.’ ‘Who…’ someone asked. ‘The Black Stone,’ I cried, sitting down, and looking at five frightened men.

8 黑石来了
第二天早晨我下楼吃早饭，看到瓦尔特爵士正在看密码信。看来他没有昨天那么怡然自得。
“您上床之后我又忙了一个小时。”他说。“我安排一个叫罗耶的法国人早一天来。他五点钟就到伦敦。但我觉得只变变日期没什么大用。如果敌人已知道他要来的话，他们就可能发现计划已经变了。要是知道他要来的消息是如何泄露出去的就好了。”
我一边吃，他一边说。他把这么多重要的秘密都告诉我，出人意料。
“海军的作战计划难道不能变一变吗？”我问道。
“可以的，”他说。“但是我们尽量不变。变起来相当困难，而且有些变化是做不到的。而最大的问题是他们不会在大街上偷这个计划。他们会设法神不知鬼不觉地搞到计划的细节，那样罗耶返回巴黎时还觉得一切仍然密不透风。”

“那么我们就必须帮助他直到他回去，”我说。
“饭后他会到我伦敦的家来见我们：还有海军的惠特克、我本人、亚瑟·德鲁爵士、温斯坦利将军。海军第一大臣，也就是海军的首脑，生病了，可能来不了。惠特克要把一些重要文件交给罗耶，然后用车把罗耶送到朴次茅斯，在那儿海军的船把他送回法国。一路上都会有人监护他。惠特克拿着文件在会见罗耶之前也有人监护。我们能做的就这么多，我看不出能出什么纰漏。但是因为卡罗里德斯被杀，我觉得很没底。”

早饭后他叫我今天替他开车。
“您了解这是些什么人，所以我不想冒险。”
到伦敦我们首先去苏格兰场，在那儿见到一个相貌威严的警察。
“我给您带来了兰厄姆谋杀案的凶手。”瓦尔特爵士说。
那个警察笑了。“您要真带来就好了。我猜您是哈内先生。有那么几天我们对您很感兴趣。”
“哈内先生会让您重新感兴趣的，麦吉利夫雷。但他的故事要等二十四个小时再说。而我想让您告诉哈内先生说您不会逮捕他了。”
“当然不会逮捕了。”警察转身对我说：“您的寓所和仆人都等着您，可大概您不想回那去了。”

我和瓦尔特爵士离开那里，他告诉我这一天剩下的时间没我的事了。“哈内，明天请来看我。无需我说，一切要保守秘密。您最好别抛头露面。要是您那个黑石的朋友们看到您，恐怕就麻烦了。”
而我不知道干什么。重作自由人我很不习惯。我进了一家上等餐馆去吃午饭，可仍然感到惴惴不安。每逢有人看我，我就疑心他们想到了那件谋杀案。我心事重重地围着伦敦逛来逛去。我晓得罗耶现在已经在英格兰，而且肯定会发生什么骇人听闻的事件，而只有我才能制止。然而现在不关我的事了。

我不想回寓所。将来不回不行，而现在我决定今晚在旅馆里过夜。
我在另一家餐馆里吃晚饭，计划完事后就到瓦尔特爵士家去。他不一定希望我现在去，但是去了我会感到舒服一点。
我穿过伦敦去瓦尔特爵士的家，路上遇到一伙年轻人。其中有马默杜克·乔普利。
“杀人犯！”他喊道。“抓住他！他就是哈内，兰厄姆的凶手！”他抓住我的胳膊，其它人把我围起来。

我不想找麻烦，但心里直冒火。一个警察走过来，我没向他心平气和、入情入理地解释他们如何不对，而是扬手照着马默杜克那张蠢脸狠狠揍去。看到他仰面朝天地躺在路上，我心里痛快多了。然后就是乱打一气，直到警察把我抓住才住手。我听警察问是怎么回事，马默杜克含着一口碎牙，告诉警察我就是那个杀人凶手哈内。

我愤怒已极，一手推开警察，一手推开马默杜克一个同伙，然后撒腿就跑。人们在背后喊我，但到底给我逃掉了。我一路跑到瓦尔特爵士家，走到门口按门铃。我盼着门快点打开。

门很快开了。
“我必须见瓦尔特爵士，”我对仆人说，“有十分要紧的事。”
仆人放我进来，然后关上门。“先生，瓦尔特爵士正在开会。也许您要等一会儿。”
大厅里有一部电话，一两张椅子，于是我坐了下来。
“听着，”我小声对仆人说。“我遇到点麻烦，而我是为瓦尔特爵士干事的。如果有人来敲门找我，告诉他们我不在这儿。”

门上的铃突然响起来，他过去开门。告诉他们这是谁的家，并说不能入内，然后把门关上。
过了几分钟又响起了门铃，仆人爽快地放客人进来。人们在报纸上熟悉了他的面孔——四方脸、灰胡子、蓝眼睛炯炯有神。他就是阿罗勋爵，第一海军大臣，英国海军的首脑。

他被领进大厅一头的屋子里。我在那儿坐了二十分钟。会议肯定快完了；因为罗耶必须在十一点离开去朴次茅斯。
门又开了，第一海军大臣走出来。他走过我身边，顺便看了我一眼，同时我也盯着他的眼睛看了一下。就看了那么一下，我的心就剧跳起

来。这位第一海军大臣以前根本没有见过我，但从他的眼神里我知道他已经认出了我。他从我身边走过，出了门走上大街。

我拿起电话簿，查阿罗勋爵家的电话号码。和他的仆人通话。

“阿罗勋爵在家吗？”我问道。

“在家，可是他病了，一整天躺在床上。先生，您要留口信吗？”

我放下电话，坐下来，浑身战栗。这出戏我扮演的角色还没有完。我闯进屋子，人们正在屋里开会。

看到我瓦尔特勋爵吃了一惊，样子很不高兴。“您这时候进来恐怕不大好吧，哈内先生。”

“我觉得好，”我答道。“请告诉我刚才离开屋的是谁。”

“阿罗勋爵，”瓦尔特爵士说，他脸上的怒色更重了。

“不是，”我喊道。“看着像他，但不是他。这个人认出我了，这个月他见过我。我刚才给阿罗勋爵家打了电话，他病了，一天没起床。”

“谁……”有人问。

“黑石，”我喊着，坐下来望着那五位吓得直呆呆的官员。

9 The thirty-nine steps

Sir Walter got up and left the room. He came back after ten minutes. 'I've spoken to Alloa. I got him out of bed—he was very angry. He hasn't left his house all day. '

'It's impossible,' said Winstanley. 'I sat next to him for nearly half an hour. '

'That's what's so clever,' I said. 'You were too interested in other things to look at him closely. You knew that he might be well enough to come tonight and, as First Sea Lord, it was natural for him to be here. Why should you suspect that it wasn't him? '

Then the Frenchman spoke, very slowly, and in good English.

'This young man is right. He understands our enemies. People only see what they expect to see. This man came late, spoke little, and left early but he behaved exactly as we would expect Lord Alloa to behave. '

'But I don't understand,' said Winstanley. 'Our enemies don't want us to know what they have learnt about our war plans. But if one of us talked to Alloa about tonight's meeting, we would discover immediately that he hadn't been here. '

Sir Walter laughed angrily. 'That shows their cleverness again, in choosing Alloa. They took a risk, but everybody knows that Alloa is a sick man and is often too ill to go to meetings. And even when he is well, he is impatient, difficult, and a man of very few words. Which of us was likely to speak to him about tonight? '

'But the spy hasn't taken the plans,' said Winstanley. 'He saw them, but could he carry away pages of information in his head? '

'It's not difficult,' said the Frenchman. 'A good spy can remember things photographically. '

'Well, I suppose we'll have to change our plans,' said Sir Walter unhappily. 'There's another problem,' said Royer. 'I said a lot about the plans of the French army. That information will be very valuable to our enemies. That man, and his friends, must be stopped immediately. '

'They could simply send their information in a letter,' said Whittaker. 'It may already be in the post. '

'No,' said Royer. 'A spy brings home his information personally and he collects his pay personally. These men must cross the sea, so we still have a chance. You must watch the coast and search ships. It is desperately important for both France and Britain. '

Royer was right. We could do something. But none of us felt very hopeful. How, among the forty million people in Britain, could we find the three cleverest criminals in Europe?

* * *

Then, suddenly, I had an idea. 'Where is Scudder's book?' I asked Sir Walter. 'Quick, I remember something in it. ' He gave it to me.

I found the place. 'Thirty—nine steps,' I read, and again, 'Thirty—nine steps—I counted them—high tide, 10. 17p. m.

Whittaker clearly thought I had gone mad.

'Don't you see it's a clue?' I cried. 'Scudder knew where they were going to leave England. Tomorrow was the day, and it's somewhere where high tide is at 10. 17. '

'Perhaps they've already gone tonight,' someone suggested.

'Not them. They have their own secret way, and why should they hurry? They don't know that we're after them. Where can I get a book of Tide Tables? '

Whittaker looked happier. 'It's a chance,' he said. 'Let's go to the Navy Offices. '

Sir Walter went off to Scotland Yard to get MacGillivray. The rest of us drove to the Navy Offices where we went to a big room full of books and maps. We got a copy of the Tide Tables, and I sat down and looked through it while the others watched.

It was no good. There were more than fifty places where high tide was at 10. 27. We needed more information than that.

I thought hard. What did Scudder mean by steps, and why was it so important to count them? It must be somewhere with several paths going down to the sea. This path would be the only one with thirty—nine steps.

I had another thought and checked the time of regular ships leaving England. There was no ship at 10. 17.

Why was high tide important? In a big harbour the tide doesn't matter. It is only important in a small harbour, or somewhere where there is no harbour at all.

Then I thought about where a man would leave England if he were going to Germany. Not from the south coast, or the west coast, or Scotland. It would be somewhere on the east coast, probably between Cromer and Dover.

I am not Sherlock Holmes. But I am used to using my head, and when I guess, my guesses are often right.

I wrote out my ideas on a piece of paper:

ALMOST CERTAIN

(1) A place where there are several paths down to the sea.

One of these has thirty—nine steps.

(2) High tide at 10. 17p. m. A place where it is only possible for a ship to leave the coast at high tide.

(3) Probably not a harbour, but open coast with cliffs and a beach.

(4) Ship probably a small one, a yacht or a fishing boat.

(5) Somewhere on the east coast between Cromer and Dover.

It seemed strange to be sitting at a table, watched by a group of very important people, trying to understand something

written by a dead man. But it was a matter of life or death to us.

Sir Walter and MacGillivray arrived. They had men watching all the harbours and railway stations with descriptions of the three men. But none of us thought that this would help 'Here's the best I can do,' I said. 'We have to find a place where there is a path with thirty-nine steps down to a beach. It must be somewhere on the east coast. Of course, it's somewhere where high tide is at 10. 17 tomorrow night. Who can we ask who knows the east coast really well?'

Whittaker said he knew a man who lived in south London. He went off in a car to get him and came back at about one o'clock in the morning with an old sailor who had worked all his life on the east coast.

'We want you to tell us about places you know on the east coast where there are cliffs and steps going down to the beach,' said Winstanley.

He thought for a minute or two. 'There are a lot of seaside towns-holiday places-where there are steps from the town down to the beach.'

'No, that's not private enough,' I said.

'Well, I don't know. Of course, there's the Ruff—'

'What's that?'

'It's in Kent, near Bradgate. There are cliffs with houses along the top-big houses. Some of the houses have steps down to a beach. Mostly rich people live there, the sort of people who like to be private.

I opened the Tide Tables at Bradgate. High tide was at 10. 27 on the 15th of June.

'This looks hopeful,' I cried. 'How can I find out when high tide is at the Ruff?'

'I can tell you that, sir,' said the sailor. 'I used to go fishing there. High tide is ten minutes before Bradgate.'

I closed the book and looked up at the others.

'If one of those paths has thirty-nine steps, then I think we have a good chance,' I said. 'Can I take a car, Sir Walter, and a map? If Mr MacGillivray can help me, perhaps we can prepare something for tomorrow.'

It seemed strange for me to take control like this. But I was used to action, and they could see it. It was the Frenchman, Royer, who said what they were all thinking. 'I am quite happy,' he said, 'to leave this business in Mr Hannay's hands.'

At half-past three in the morning I was driving through Kent in the moonlight, with MacGillivray next to me.

9 三十九级台阶

瓦尔特爵士站起身走出房间。十分钟后又回来了。“我和阿罗通过话了。我把他叫下床——他火了。一整天他没离开过房间。”

“那不可能，”温斯坦利说。“我在他旁边坐了差不多半个小时。”

“这就是所谓聪明，”我说。“你们的兴趣太专注于其它事情上了，而没有仔细看他。你们知道他的身体也许允许他今晚来开会，而且作为第一海军大臣来这里也是合情合理的。你们有什么理由怀疑不是他呢？”

后来那个法国人开口了，他说得很慢但英语讲得很好。

“这个年轻人说得对。他了解敌人。人们只能看到他们期待看到的东西。这个人来得晚、说得少、走得早——他的言行举止和我们想像的阿罗勋爵一模一样。”

“可我不明白，”温斯坦利说。“敌人不想让我们知道他们已经获悉我们的作战计划。但要是我们有谁向阿罗谈起今晚会议的事，我们立刻就会发现他没来这里。”

瓦尔特爵士冷笑着。“这再次说明他们选中阿罗是他们的聪明之处。他们确实在铤而走险，可人们都知道阿罗有病，而且常常病得不能出席会议。即便他好的时候，他也没有耐心、难打交道、很少说话。我们谁会向他提今天晚上的事呢？”

“可是间谍还没有拿到计划呀，”温斯坦利说。“他见到了计划，可是他能在一页页的情报放在脑袋里装走吗？”

“那并不难，”法国人说。“好间谍记东西和照相一样。”

“我想我们必须改变计划，”瓦尔特爵士悻悻地说。

“还有一个问题，”罗耶说。“关于法军的计划我谈了很多。这些情报对敌人非常有用。得马上制止这个人和他同伙的行动。”

“他们仅仅写封信就可以把情报送出去，”惠特克说。“说不定现在已经在邮局了。”

“不会的，”罗耶说。“间谍都是亲自带着情报，也亲自领取报酬。这伙人一定会从海上走，我们还有一次机会。你们要监视海岸，搜查船只。这件事对法国和英国都至关重要。”

罗耶说得很对。我们还有所作为。但都觉得希望不大。英国有四千万人口，怎么才能找到那三个欧洲最机智过人的罪犯呢？”

后来，我突然想出个主意来。

“斯卡德尔的小本在哪儿？”我问瓦尔特爵士。“快点，我记得里边有点什么。”

他把小本递给我。

我找到那一页。“三十九级台阶，”我念着，接着又念下去，“三十九级台阶——我数过——涨潮，下午十点十七分。”

惠特克显然认为我疯了。

“您没看到这是一条线索吗？”我大声说。“斯卡德尔知道他们会在那儿出发离开英格兰。就在明天，那个地方十点十七分涨潮。”

“说不定他们今天晚上已经走了。”有人提醒说。

“他们不会。他们有一套秘密方式，他们急什么？而且并不知道我们在跟踪。哪儿能搞到一本潮汐表？”

惠特克显得振作起来。“这是个机会，”他说。“我们到海军部去。”

瓦尔特爵士去苏格兰场找麦吉里夫雷。其他人驱车前去海军部，我们到了一间大屋子，屋子满是书和地图。找到一本潮汐表，我坐下来一页页地翻，而其他人则在旁边看着。

没用。有五十多处涨潮时间是十点十七分。仅这一点不够，我们需要知道得多些。

我苦思冥想。斯卡德尔说的台阶是什么意思，为什么数台阶那么重要？一定有个地方有几条路通往海边。唯有这条路有三十九级台阶。

我又想出一个主意，于是核对从英格兰出发的班船时间。可是没有十点十七分的班船。

为什么涨潮那么重要？在大港口潮汐并不重要。只有小港口，或者根本没有港口的地方才重要。

接着我考虑如果有人要去德国，他会在英格兰什么地方离岸。不会从南岸，或者西岸，或者从苏格兰离岸。而可能是东岸某处，也许在克罗默和多佛之间。

我并非歇洛克·福尔摩斯。但我好动脑筋，并且推测起来，往往都是对的。

我把想法写在一张纸上。

几乎肯定

1. 有个地方有几条路通往海边。其中一条有三十九级台阶。
2. 涨潮时间是晚上十点十七分。某处，船只只有在涨潮时才能离岸。
3. 多半不是港口，而是有海滩和峭壁的开阔海岸。
4. 大概是条小船，游艇或者渔船。
5. 在东岸克罗默和多佛之间的某处。

我坐在桌旁写字，一群大人物注目旁观，极力想搞明白一个死人写的是什么东西，这情景很古怪。然而对我们来说这是生死攸关的大事。

瓦尔特爵士和麦吉里夫雷来了。他们已经派人根据那三个人的相貌特征监视所有的港口和车站。没人认为会有什么用。

“我已尽力而为了，”我说。“我们必须找到一处，那里有三十九级台阶通往海边。还必须在东海岸。当然，这个地方明天晚上的涨潮时间是十点十七分。找谁问哪个人非常熟悉东岸？”

惠特克说他认识一个住伦敦南部的人。他开车去找他，大约凌晨一点回来了，带着个老海员，这个人在东海岸干了一辈子。

“我们想请您说说在东海岸哪些地方有峭壁和通往海滩的台阶。”温斯坦利说。

他思考了一两分钟。“海边有许多村镇——度假地——那里都有台阶通往海滩。”

“不，那不够隐秘，”我说。

“那我就知道了。当然，有个叫拉福的——”

“什么？”

“在肯特，离布拉盖特很近。那有峭壁，房子建在峭壁顶上——都是大房子。一些房子有台阶通往海滩。多数是富人住在那里，就是那些喜欢隐秘的主儿们。”

我打开布拉盖特的潮汐表。六月十五日那里的涨潮时间是十点二十七分。

“看来有希望，”我叫了起来。“怎么找出拉福的涨潮时间？”

“先生，这我可以告诉您，”那个海员说。“过去我常常到那里钓鱼。涨潮时间比布拉盖特早十分钟。”

我合上书，抬起头看着其他人。

“如果有一条路是三十九级台阶的话，那么我想我们就有胜算了，”我说。“瓦尔特爵士，能给我辆车和一张地图吗？如果麦吉里夫雷先生能帮忙的话，也许可以为明天做些准备。”

我这样指挥大家好像不伦不类。但本人敢做敢为，他们也可以看得出来。还是那个法国人罗耶说出了大家的心里话。他说：“我很高兴把这件事交给哈内先生去办。”

凌晨三点半我驱车在月色中穿过肯特，麦吉里夫雷就坐在我身边。

10 Meetings by the sea

It was a fine, blue June morning, and I was outside a hotel in Bradgate looking out to sea. There was a ship out there, and I could see that it was a warship of some kind. Mac Gillivray had been in the navy and knew the ship. I sent a message to Sir Walter to ask if it could help us if necessary.

After breakfast we walked along the beach under the Ruff. I kept hidden, while MacGillivray counted the six lots of steps in the cliff.

I waited for an hour while he counted, and when I saw him coming towards me with a piece of paper, I was very nervous.

He read out the numbers. 'Thirty-four, thirty-five, thirtynine, forty-two, forty-seven, and twenty-one.' I almost got up and shouted.

We walked back to Bradgate quickly. MacGillivray had six policemen sent down from London. He then went off to look at the house at the top of the thirty-nine steps.

The information he brought back was neither good nor bad.

The house was called Trafalgar House, and belonged to an old man called Appleton. He was there at the moment. The neighbours didn't know him well. MacGillivray had then gone to the back door of the house, pretending to be a man selling sewing machines. There were three servants, and he spoke to the cook. He was sure she knew nothing. Next door a new house was being built, which might be a good place to watch from; and on the other side the house was empty. Its garden was rather wild, and would also be a good place to hide in.

I took a telescope and found a good hiding place from which to watch the house. I watched for a time, and saw an old man leave the house and walk into the back garden at the top of the cliff. He sat down to read a newspaper, but he looked out to sea several times. I thought he was probably looking at the warship I watched him for half an hour, until he went back into the house for lunch. Then I went back to the hotel for mine.

I wasn't feeling very confident. That old man might be the old man I had met in the farmhouse on the moors. But there are hundreds of old men in houses by the sea, and he was probably just a nice old man on his holidays.

After lunch I sat in front of the hotel and looked out to sea; and then I felt happier, because I saw something new. A yacht came up the coast and stopped a few hundred metres off the Ruff MacGillivray and I went down to the harbour, got a boat, and spent the afternoon fishing.

We caught quite a lot of fish, and then, at about four o'clock, went to look at the yacht. It looked like a fast boat and its name was the Ariadne. I spoke to a sailor who was cleaning the side of the boat, and he was certainly English. So was the next sailor we spoke to, and we had quite a long conversation about the weather.

Then, suddenly, the men stopped talking and started work again, and a man in uniform walked up. He was a pleasant, friendly man, and asked us about the fishing in very good English. But I was sure that he was not English himself.

I felt a little more confident after seeing him, but as we went back to Bradgate, I was still not sure. My enemies had killed Scudder because they thought he was a danger to them. They had tried to kill me for the same reason. So why hadn't they changed their escape plans? They didn't know about Scudder's black notebook, but why stay with the same plan when there was a chance that I knew about it? It seemed a stupid risk to take.

I decided to spend an hour or two watching Trafalgar House and found a good place where I could look down on the garden. I could see two men playing tennis. One was the old man I had already seen; the other was a younger, fatter man. They played well, and were clearly enjoying themselves like two businessmen on holiday. I have never seen anything more harmless. They stopped for a drink, and I asked myself if I wasn't the most stupid man alive. These were two normal, boring Englishmen, not the clever murderers that I had met in Scotland.

Then a third man arrived on a bicycle. He walked into the garden and started talking to the tennis players. They were all laughing in a very English way. Soon they went back into the house, laughing and talking, and I stayed there feeling stupid.

These men might be acting, but why? They didn't know I was watching and listening to them. They were just three perfectly normal, harmless Englishmen.

* * *

But there were three of them: and one was old, and one was fat, and one was thin and dark. And a yacht was waiting a kilometre away with at least one German on it. I thought about Karolides lying dead, and all Europe trembling on the edge of war, and about the men waiting in London, hoping that I would do something to stop these spies.

I decided there was only one thing to do. I had to continue and just hope for the best. I didn't want to do it. I would rather walk into a room full of wild animals than walk into that happy English house and tell those three men they were under arrest. How they would laugh at me!

Then I remembered something that an old friend in Africa once told me. He had often been in trouble with the police. He once talked about disguises with me, and he said that the way somebody looked was not the real secret. He said that what mattered was the 'feel' of somebody. If you moved to completely different surroundings, and if you looked comfortable and at home there, you would be very difficult to recognize. My friend had once borrowed a black coat and tie and gone to church and stood next to the policemen who was looking for him. The policemen had only seen him shooting out the lights in a pub, and he did not recognize him in a church.

Perhaps these people were playing the same game. A stupid man tries to look different; a clever man looks the same and is different.

My friend had also told me this: 'If you want to disguise yourself, you must believe that you're the person you're pretending to be.' That would explain the game of tennis. These men weren't acting; they just changed from one life to another, and the new life was as natural as the old. It is the secret of all great criminals.

It was now about eight o'clock. I went back to see MacGillivray and we arranged where the other policeman would hide.

After that I went for a walk along the coast, looking at the peaceful people on holiday. Out at sea I could see lights on the Ariadne, and on the warship, and, further away, the lights of other ships. Everything seemed so normal and peaceful that I couldn't believe the three men were my criminals. But I turned and walked towards Trafalgar House at about half past nine.

MacGillivray's men were, I supposed, in their hiding places. The house was quiet, but I could just hear the sound of voices; the men were just finishing their dinner. Feeling very stupid, I walked up to the door and rang the bell.

When a servant opened the door, I asked for Mr Appleton and was shown in. I had planned to walk straight in and surprise the men into recognizing me. But I started looking at all the pictures on the wall. There were photographs of groups of English schoolboys and lots of other things that you only find in an English home. The servant walked in front of me into the dining-room and told the men who I was, and I missed the chance of surprise.

When I walked in, the old man stood up and turned round to meet me. The other two turned to look at me. The old man was perfectly polite.

'Mr Hannay?' he said. 'Did you wish to see me?'

I pulled up a chair and sat down.

'I think we've met before,' I said, 'and I guess you know why I'm here.'

The light in the room was not bright, but I think they all looked very surprised.

'Perhaps, perhaps,' said the old man. 'I'm afraid I don't remember faces very well. You'll have to tell me why you're here, because I really don't know.'

'Well,' I said, 'although I didn't really believe what I was saying, I have come to arrest all three of you.'

'Arrest!' said the old man in surprise. 'Arrest! What for?'

'For the murder of Franklin Scudder in London on the 23rd of May.'

'I've never heard the name before,' said the old man.

One of the others spoke. 'That was the Langham Place murder. I read about that in the newspapers. But you must be mad! Where do you come from?'

'Scotland Yard,' I said.

Then there was silence for a moment until the fat one started to talk, hesitating a lot between words.

'Don't worry, uncle. It's all a stupid mistake. Even the police make mistakes. I wasn't even in England on the 23rd, and Bob was in hospital. You were in London, but you can explain what you were doing.'

'You're right, Percy, it's easy. The 23rd! That was the day after Agatha's wedding. Yes, I had lunch with Charlie Symons and in the evening I went to the Cardwells'. Why, they gave me that! He pointed to a cigar box on the table.

'I think you will see that you have made a mistake,' the thin dark man said to me politely. 'We are quite happy to help Scotland Yard, and we don't want the police to make stupid mistakes. That's so, isn't it, uncle?'

'Certainly, Bob.' The old man looked happier now. 'Certainly we'll help if we can. But this is madness.' 'This will make our friends laugh,' said the fat man. 'They think we're boring and that nothing ever happens to us. He began to laugh very pleasantly.

'Yes, it's a good story. Really, Mr Hannay, I should be angry, but it's too funny. You really frightened me! You looked too serious. I thought I'd killed somebody in my sleep!'

They weren't acting. There was nothing false about them. At first I wanted to apologize and leave. Then I stood up and went to the door and turned on the main light. I looked at the three faces.

I saw nothing to help me. One was old and bald, one was fat, one was dark and thin. They could be the three men I had seen in Scotland, but I could see nothing to prove it.

'Well,' said the old man politely, 'are you sure now that we are not murderers, or are you going to take us to the police station?'

There was nothing to do except call in the men outside and arrest them, or say I had made a mistake and leave. And I couldn't decide.

'While we're waiting, let's have a game of cards,' said the fat one. 'It will give Mr Hannay time to think, and we need a fourth player. Will you play?'

I agreed, but everything suddenly seemed unreal. We went into another room, where there was a table and cards. The window was open and the moon was shining on the cliffs and the sea. We played and they talked. I'm usually quite good at cards, but that night I played extremely badly.

* * *

Then something woke me up.

The old man put his cards down for a moment and sat back in his chair with his hand on his knee. It was a movement I had seen before, in that farm on the moors, with two servants with guns behind me. Suddenly my head cleared and I looked at the three men differently.

It was ten o'clock.

The three faces seemed to change in front of my eyes. The thin dark man was the murderer. His knife had killed Scudder. The fat man had been the First Sea Lord last night.

But the old man was the worst. How had I ever thought he looked kind and friendly? His eyes were cold and evil and frightening. I went on playing, but I hated him more and more with every card.

'Look at the time, Bob,' said the old man. 'Don't forget you've got a train to catch. He must be in London tonight,' he said, turning to me. His voice now sounded completely false.

‘I’m afraid he must wait,’ I said.

‘Oh, no!’ said the thin man. ‘I thought you’d finished with that. I must go. You can have my address.’

‘No,’ I said, ‘you must stay.’

I think then they realized they were in real trouble. I looked at the old man and I saw his eyes hood like a hawk.

I blew my whistle.

Immediately the lights went out. Someone held me to my chair.

‘Quickly, Franz,’ somebody shouted in German, ‘the boat, the boat!’ I saw two policemen on the grass behind the house.

The thin dark man jumped through the window and was across the grass before anybody could stop him. I was fighting the old man, and more police came into the room. I saw them holding the fat man. But the thin man was at the top of the steps. I waited, holding the old man, for the time it would take the thin man to get to the sea.

Suddenly, the old man escaped from me and ran to the wall of the room. From underneath the ground I heard an explosion. The cliff and the steps had been blown up.

The old man looked at me with wild, crazy eyes.

‘He is safe,’ he cried. ‘You cannot follow him. The Black Stone has won.’

This old man was more than just a paid spy. Those hooded eyes shone with a deep, burning love for his country. But as the police took him away, I had one more thing to say.

‘Your friend has not won. We put our men on the Ariadne an hour ago.’

* * *

Seven weeks later, as all the world knows, we went to war. I joined the army in the first week. But I did my best work, I think, before I put on uniform.

10 海边相遇

六月的清晨天空一碧如洗，我站在布拉盖特一家旅馆外面眺望着大海。海上有一艘船，看得出来是某种军舰。麦吉里夫雷当过海军知道是什么军舰。我给瓦尔特爵士送了个信，问必要时这艘军舰能否帮助我们。

早饭后我们在拉福下面的海滩上散步。麦吉里夫雷数着峭壁上的六条台阶，而我则始终隐蔽着。

他数台阶让我等了一个小时，看到他手里拿着一张纸向我走来时，我感到忐忑不安。

他念数字：“三十四、三十五、三十九、四十二、四十七、二十一。”我差点跳起来狂喊。

我们马上回布拉盖特。麦吉里夫雷从伦敦调来了六个警察。然后他离开去看那三十九级台阶顶上的房子。

他带回来的消息不好也不坏。那所房子叫特拉法尔加别墅，主人是个叫阿普尔顿的老人。此时他就在那里。左邻右舍都不太认识他。麦吉里夫雷当时已到了房子的后门，装作缝纫机推销员。那里有三个仆人，他找厨师讲话。他搞确实了那女厨师一无所知。邻家正在建造新房，那是瞭望的绝好地方；房子的另一边是一片空地。房子的庭院相当荒芜，但是个藏身的理想之处。

我拿着一架望远镜，找了个隐蔽的好地方，从那里监视那所房子。望了一会儿，看到一个老头离开房子走进峭壁顶上的后庭院。他坐下来读报，但时不时向大海张望。我想他在看那艘军舰。我观察了他半个小时，直到他回房去吃午饭。后来我也回旅馆吃午饭了。

我感到心里没底。这个老头有可能是我在荒原的农舍里见过的那个。可是海边住着数百个老人，他也有可能不过是正在度假的一位慈祥老者而已。

午饭后我坐在旅馆前看着大海；后来我看到了一样以前没见过的东西，我感到来了精神。一艘快艇向岸边驶来，停在离拉福数百米的地方。我和麦吉里夫雷赶到港口，搞了一只船，整个下午都在那儿钓鱼。

我们钓到不少鱼，后来，大约四点钟，我们过去看那艘快艇。看起来像是一艘摩托艇，船名叫阿里亚德妮。水手正在洗船，我过去和他攀谈，他肯定是英国人。我们又如此这般地和另一个水手谈起来，就天气说了一大堆。

后来这两个人突然闭口，又开始干起活来，一个穿制服的人走了过来。他讨人喜欢，态度友好，向我们打听钓鱼的事，说一口漂亮的英语。但我肯定他本人不是英国人。

看到他以后我心里有点信心了，但回到布拉盖特后仍然感到没把握。敌人杀斯卡德尔因为他们认为他对他们构成了威胁。出于同样的理由他们也要杀我。那么为什么他们不改变逃跑计划呢？他们不了解斯卡德尔黑笔记本里的内容，但是我可能知道，既然有这种可能，为什么还坚持原计划呢？冒这种险显得太愚蠢了。

我决定花一两个小时监视特拉法尔加别墅，找到一处地方，从那可以俯视庭院。我看到两个人正在打网球。一个是那个老头，我已经见过；另一个比较年轻，胖一点。他们玩得很好，显得非常开心，俨然是两个度假的商人。他们看起来再于人无害不过了。他们停手喝点水，我暗自问道自己是不是活着的天字第一号笨蛋。这不过是两个平平常常的、没劲的英国人，哪里是我在苏格兰遇到的精明的杀人凶手。

后来第三个人骑着自行车过来了。他走进庭院和玩网球的两个说起话来。他们大笑着，样子非常像英国人。一回儿，他们又说又笑地回房去了，我呆在那儿，觉得傻乎乎的。这些人可能在做戏，但为什么？他们并不知道我在监视、偷听他们。他们只不过是几个平凡不过、于人无伤的英国人罢了。

这里一共三个人：一个上年纪的，一个胖点的，另一个瘦而黑的。游艇就等在一公里之外，上面至少有一个德国人。我想到卡罗里德斯横尸在地，全欧洲在战争边缘上战栗，想到伦敦的人们还等着，希望我有所作为以制止这些间谍活动。

我认为能做的只有一件。我必须坚持下去并怀着很大的希望。我不想那么做。我宁可走进满是野兽的屋子也不愿去那座喜气洋洋的英国人的房子，对那三个人说他们被捕了。他们会怎么笑话我！

我想起在非洲时一个老朋友给我讲过一件事。过去他常和警察闹矛盾。有一次他和我谈起伪装的事来，他说一个人表面如何并不是真正的秘密。他还说重要的是那个人给人的感觉。如果你到一个完全陌生的环境，而你看起来泰然自若像在家一样，那人们就很难认出你。我那个朋友曾经借了一件黑大衣和一条领带，穿戴起来，上了教堂，就站在正要抓他的警察旁边。这位警察过去只见过他在小酒店如何拿枪打灯泡，而在教堂却认不出他来。

也许这些人玩的正是这一套把戏。愚蠢的人总想显得与众不同；聪明人看上去无异于常人，却实际与众不同。

我朋友还告诉我：“如果你想掩饰自己，就得确信你就是你所装扮的角色。”他们打网球就说明了这点。这些人并不是在做戏，不过是从一种生活转变为另一种生活，而新生活过得和旧生活一样自然。这就是所有大罪犯的诀窍。

现在是八点左右。我回去找麦吉里夫雷，安排其他警察在何处隐蔽。完事之后我沿海边散步，看着人们安定地度假。我可以看到海上

阿里阿德妮的灯光，还可以看到那艘军舰的以及更远处其它船只的灯光。一切看着那么正常和平静，我简直不能相信那三个人是罪犯。九点半左右，我转身回特拉法格别墅。

我估计麦吉里夫雷的人已经进入隐蔽位置。别墅一派宁静，只能听见人们说话的声音；他们刚刚吃完饭。我觉得自己笨头笨脑的，走到门口，按响了门铃。

仆人开了门，我求见阿普尔顿先生，于是被请进去。我原打算径直闯进去使这些人出乎意料从而露出本来就认得我的真相。但进了屋我就开始看着墙上那些照片。那是些小学生的照片以及许多其它只有在英国人家里才能见到的陈设。那个仆人走在我前面进了餐厅，向餐厅里的人介绍我，这样一来，就失去了吓他们一跳的机会。

我一进来老头就站起来转过身迎接我。另外两个则扭过头看我。老人家彬彬有礼。

“哈内先生吗？”他说。“您要找我吗？”

我拉过一把椅子坐下来。

“我想我们以前见过，”我说。“而且我猜您也知道我为什么到这儿来。”

屋里的灯光虽然不亮，但我想还看得出所有的人都很好吃惊。

“也许，也许，”老头说。“恐怕我记人的本领不怎么样。我确实不知道您为什么到这儿来，您只好告诉我了。”

“行，”我说，对我说的自己也不大有把握，“我到这儿来逮捕你们三个。”

“逮捕！”老头惊讶地说。“逮捕！为什么？”

“因为五月二十三号伦敦的富兰克林·斯卡德尔谋杀案。”

“我以前从未听说过这个名字。”老头说。

另外一个开口了。“就是兰厄姆谋杀案。我在报纸上读到过。您肯定是疯了。您是哪来的？”

“苏格兰场，”我说。

然后是短暂的寂静，接着那个胖子开始说话，话语间吞吞吐吐。

“叔叔，别担心。这完全是个愚蠢的错误。警察也会闹错的。二十三号我不在英格兰，鲍勃在住院。您在伦敦，可是您能解释清楚您那时正干什么。”

“珀西，你说的不错，这很容易。二十三号！那是阿加莎举行婚礼的第二天。对，我和查理·西蒙斯一起吃的午饭，晚上去卡德韦尔家了。真是的，这就是他们给的！”他指着桌子上的雪茄盒子。

“我想您会明白是您搞错了。”那个黑而瘦的人客客气气地说。“我们很高兴帮苏格兰场的忙，而且也不想让警察犯愚蠢的错误。叔叔，是不是？”

“当然是，鲍勃。”老头看上去来精神了。

“当然了，能帮上忙我们会帮的。可是现在这种做法是太过份了。”

“这会博得朋友们一笑的。他们总觉得我们乏味，生活没有一点风波。”说着他开心地笑了。

“对，这是个不错的故事。哈内先生，说实话，我本该生气，但这事太可笑了。您确实吓了我一跳！看上去那么一本正经。我还以为睡觉的时候把什么人给杀了呢！”

他们没有做戏。也没有漏洞。我第一个想法是道歉，然后走人。后来我站起来走到门口把大灯打开。看着这三个人的面孔。

看不出什么有用的线索。一个又老又秃，一个胖，一个瘦而黑。可能是在苏格兰见到的那三个，但是找不出证据来。

“我说，”老头彬彬有礼地说。“现在您是否相信我们不是杀人犯，或者还要把我们带到警察局去？”

我现在要么把外边的人叫进来把他们逮捕，要么承认说我错了，然后离开，除此无法可想。但我一时下不了决心。

“我们一边等着一边玩牌吧。”那个胖子说。“给哈内先生点时间想想，我们三缺一。您玩吗？”

我答应玩，而这一切转眼之间似乎变得似是而非了。我们到另一间屋，屋里有张桌子，有牌。窗户开着，月光闪烁在峭壁和海面上。我们玩着牌，他们说着话。平时我牌玩得相当不错，可那天晚上打得糟透了。

后来有件事使我警醒过来。

老头把牌放下，呆了一会儿，仰身靠着椅背，把手放在膝盖上。这个动作我以前见过，在荒原的农舍里，被两个仆人在背后拿枪逼着。突然间我的头脑清醒起来，再看这三位就大不相同了。

十点整。

这三张面孔在眼前似乎变了样。那个瘦而黑的就是杀人凶手。他用刀杀了斯卡德尔。那个胖子是昨天晚上装第一海军大臣的人。

而最坏的是那个老头。刚才我怎么会认为他看着挺和气、友好呢？他那双眼睛阴森、邪恶、恐怖。我继续打着牌，但是每打一张牌对他的憎恨就增加一分。

“看着点时间，鲍勃，”老头说。“别忘了你得赶火车。今天晚上他必须到伦敦。”他说着转过脸来对着我。他的声音这会儿听起来全是装腔作势。

“恐怕他得留下来。”我说。

“啊，那不行！”那个瘦子说。“我以为这事已经完了。我必须得走。我可以给您留下地址。”

“不行，”我说。“您必须留下。”

我觉得此时他们已觉察到真的遇到麻烦了。看着那个老头，他的眼睛像猫头鹰似地眯起来。

我吹起了口哨。

所有的灯突然熄灭。有人把我按在椅子上。

“快点，弗朗茨，”是谁用德语喊，“船！船！”我看到房子后面的草地上有两个警察。

那个黑而瘦的人乘着没人来得及挡他，从窗户跳出去，跑过草地。我正在与老头搏斗时，警察纷纷冲进屋来。看见他们擒住了那个胖子。但瘦子已经跑到台阶沿上。我手里抓着老头，等着瘦子跑到海边。

突然老头从我手里脱身而出，向墙壁冲去。一声爆炸从地下响起。峭壁和台阶统统飞了上天。

老头看着我，眼光里闪着野蛮和疯狂。

“他没事，”他大喊。“你抓不住他。黑石赢定了。”

这个老头不是仅仅为钱而作间谍的。那双眯缝的眼睛闪烁着对他的国家深沉而热烈的爱。警察要带他走的时候，我又说了一句话。

“您的朋友没赢。一小时前我们已经把人布置在阿里亚德妮上了。”

正如众所周知，七周以后，我们参战了。开战第一个星期我就参了军。然而我觉得在没穿军装之前我就已经取得自己的最佳战绩了。

[1 Four sisters](#)

[2 A Happy Christmas](#)

[3 The Laurence boy](#)

[4 The house next door](#)

[5 A surprise for Beth](#)

[6 Amy in trouble](#)

[7 Meg hears some gossip](#)

[8 All play and no work](#)

[9 Secrets](#)

[10 A telegram](#)

[11 Beth](#)

[12 Love and Mr Brooke](#)

[13 Laurie makes trouble and Jo makes peace](#)

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简介

圣诞节之际，马奇家的四个女孩子都决心努力做个好女孩，不再滥发脾气，不再懒惰，不再自私。麦格是最年长的一个，她决心不再抱怨工作不好以及没有漂亮的衣服穿。琼决心不再与人争辩和生气，不再像个男孩一样四处乱跑。羞涩的白丝会努力变得勇敢些，小艾米会少顾及自己而多替他人着想。

当然，她们并不总是成功，有时她们会有争吵、小秘密以及愤怒的眼泪；但是，也有欢笑和有趣的事情。不久她们有了一个新朋友——邻居富有且孤独的男孩罗瑞。

即将到来的一年里有许多的麻烦和困难，而女孩们在成长。无拘无束的琼憎恨成为彬彬有礼的年轻淑女，可麦格将满17岁，她就要恋爱了……

路易莎·梅·阿尔考特于1832年生于美国的宾夕法尼亚州，1888年去世。她家境贫寒，生活艰辛，直到后来她的著名作品《小妇人》成功问世。这本书源于她自己的家庭生活以及阿尔考特家四姐妹的经历。之后她又撰写了三部关于马奇家的作品，分别为《好妻子》、《小男人》和《琼的男友们》。

1 Four sisters

‘Christmas won’t be Christmas without any presents,’ said Jo crossly.

‘It’s so awful to be poor!’ agreed Meg, looking at her old dress.

‘It’s not right for some girls to have pretty things, and others to have nothing at all,’ said little Amy.

‘We’ve got Father and Mother,’ and each other,’ said Beth gently.

The four young faces round the fire cheered up as they thought of this, but then Jo said sadly, ‘We haven’t got Father, and we won’t have him for a long time.’ She didn’t say ‘perhaps never,’ but each silently thought it, remembering that he was away at the war in the South.

Then Meg said, ‘Mother says we shouldn’t spend money on presents when our men are fighting a war.’

‘We can’t expect anything from Mother or each other,’ said Jo, ‘but we only have a dollar each, and that won’t help the army much. Let’s each buy ourselves what we want, and have a little fun. We work hard to earn it.’

‘I do, teaching those awful children,’ said Meg. ‘What about me?’ said Jo. ‘I’m shut up all day working for a terrible old lady, who gives me different orders every five seconds!’

‘I think washing cups and plates and keeping things tidy is the worst work in the world,’ said Beth. ‘My hands get too tired to play my music.’

‘I have to go to school with girls who laugh at my dresses and say cruel things because my father isn’t rich,’ said Amy.

‘I wish we had the money Father lost when we were little, Jo,’ said Meg.

‘I wish I was a boy,’ said Jo. ‘Then I could go and fight beside Father!’

Meg was sixteen and very pretty, with large eyes and soft brown hair, and white hands. Fifteen-year-old Jo was very tall and thin. Her long, dark—red hair was usually pushed up out of the way. Beth was thirteen, a very shy girl who seemed to live in a happy world of her own. Amy was the youngest, but thought herself to be the most important. She had blue eyes, and yellow hair which curled on to her shoulders.

At six o’clock, Beth put a pair of slippers by the fire to warm and Meg lit the lamp. Amy got out of the comfortable chair without being asked, and Jo forgot how tired she was and held the slippers closer to the fire.

‘These are old,’ she said. ‘Mother needs a new pair.’

‘I’ll get her some with my dollar,’ said Beth.

‘No, I shall!’ cried Amy.

‘I’m the oldest—’ began Meg.

‘I’m the man of the family now Father is away, and I shall buy them,’ said Jo.

‘Let’s each get her something and not get anything for ourselves,’ said Beth.

‘That’s a kind idea!’ said Jo. ‘What shall we get?’

Everyone thought for a moment, then Meg said, ‘I’ll give her a nice pair of gloves.’

‘The best army slippers,’ said Jo.

‘Some handkerchiefs,’ said Beth.

‘A little bottle of perfume,’ said Amy. ‘It won’t cost much, so I’ll have some money left to buy something for me.’

‘We’ll let Mother think we’re getting things for ourselves, and then surprise her,’ said Jo.

Mrs March arrived home soon after. She took off her wet things and put on her warm slippers. Meg made the tea, Jo brought wood for the fire, Beth was quiet and busy, and Amy gave orders.

‘I’ve got a letter from Father!’ cried Mrs March.

It was a letter to cheer them up, and the special message for the girls came at the end: Give them all my love and a kiss. I think of them every day. I know they will be loving children to you, and that when I come back, I will be prouder than ever of my little women.

A tear dropped off the end of Jo’s nose.

Amy hid her face on her mother’s shoulder. ‘I’m selfish,’ she cried, ‘but I’ll try to be better.’

‘We all will!’ cried Meg. ‘I think too much about the way I look, and hate to work, but I won’t any more.’

‘And I’ll try to be a “little woman”,’ said Jo, ‘and not be rough and wild.’

Beth said nothing, but she began to work hard at a blue army glove she was making.

So the four girls decided that they would all try very hard to be good. They would never be cross, or lazy, or selfish—and they would all help each other. They talked over their plan that evening, while they made sheets for Aunt March. Then at nine o’clock they stopped to sing a song. Beth played the old piano, and Meg and her mother led the singing. Jo always sang in the wrong place, but the girls never got too old to sing together.

1 四姐妹

“如果没有礼物，圣诞节就徒有其名，”琼生气地说。

“贫穷真是糟糕透了！”麦格边看着她的旧衣裙边表示赞同。

“有些女孩子有漂亮的東西，而其他人却什么都没有，这太不应该了，”小艾米说。

“我们有父亲和母亲，还拥有彼此，”白丝温文尔雅地说道。

想起这些，围在火炉边的四张年轻的面孔变得快乐起来，可然后琼悲伤地说：“我们没有父亲，我们要有很长时间都不会有他。”她并没有说出“也许永远也不会有了”这句话，但想起父亲去南方打仗了，每个人都默默地想到了它。

然后麦格说道：“妈妈说过，当我们的男人在打仗的时候我们不应该把钱花在购买礼物上。”

“我们不能期待会从母亲或彼此那里得到任何礼物，”琼说，“可我们每个人都有一块钱，这帮不了军队什么忙。咱们每人给自己买些想要的东西高兴高兴吧。这是咱们努力工作挣来的。”

“是我挣的，我教那些糟糕的孩子，”麦格道。

“我又怎么样？”琼说，“我一整天一句话都不说，给一个可怕的老太婆干活，她每五分钟就给我下一道不同的命令！”

“我觉得洗杯子盘子和整理东西是世界上最坏的工作，”白丝说，“我的双手累得都弹不了琴了。”

“我不得不跟那些笑话我穿戴的女孩子一起去上学，她们常说些难听的话，因为我的父亲不是有钱人。”艾米说。

“真希望我们能有在我们小时候爸爸失掉的那些钱呀，琼，”麦格道。

“我希望我是个男孩，”琼说，“那样我就可以去和爸爸并肩作战了。”

麦格16岁了，长得很漂亮，大眼睛，拥有柔软的棕色头发，以及白皙的双手。15岁的琼又高又瘦。她常把深红色的长发梳得老高。白丝13岁，她是个很怕羞的女孩，看起来像是生活在她自己的快乐世界里。艾米最小，可她认为自己最重要。她有一双蓝色的眼睛，还有卷到肩头的黄色头发。

6点钟，白丝把一双拖鞋放到火边烘烤，麦格点亮了灯。并没有人说什么，艾米就从那张舒服的椅子上爬起来，琼已忘记了她的疲惫。她将拖鞋放到离火近的地方。

“这太旧了，”她说，“妈妈需要一双新拖鞋”。

“我要用我的钱给她买，”白丝道。

“不，我来买！”艾米大喊。

“我最大——”麦格开口了。

“现在爸爸不在，我就是家里的男人，我来买拖鞋，”琼说。

“咱们每人都给她买些东西吧，什么都不要给自己买了，”白丝建议道。

“那是个好主意！”琼说，“那我们买什么呢？”

每个人都思索了片刻，然后麦格说：“我要给她买一副很好的手套。”

“我要买最好的军用拖鞋，”琼说。

“我想买一些手帕，”白丝说。

“我会买一小瓶香水，”艾米道，“那不会很贵，所以我还会剩点钱给自己买些东西。”

“咱们让妈妈觉得咱们在给自己买东西，然后让她大吃一惊，”琼说。

马奇太太不久就回家了。她把湿衣服脱掉，换上暖和的拖鞋。麦格泡了茶，琼给火炉拿来了木柴，白丝一声不响地忙碌着，艾米在发号施令。

“我拿到了爸爸的来信！”马奇太太喊道。

那是一封叫大家高兴起来的信，信尾是特别写给女孩子们的：“替我向她们转达我的爱和吻。我每天都在想念她们，我知道她们会成为你的好孩子。我知道等我回家时，我会比以往任何时候都更为我的小妇人们感到骄傲。”

艾米将脸藏在母亲的臂弯里。“我很自私自利，”她哭泣着说，“可我会努力变得好些。”

“我们都会的，”麦格流着泪道。“我太注重自己的外表，憎恨工作，但我以后不会了。”

“我会尽力做个‘小妇人’，”琼说，“不再粗野无礼了。”

白丝什么也没说，但她开始卖力地做一双蓝色的军用手套。

于是四个女孩都决心要尽力地做个好女孩，不再滥发脾气，不再懒惰，不再自私，她们将互相帮助。那天晚上，她们在给马奇姨妈做被单时仔细讨论了她们的计划。9点钟的时候，她们停下来一起唱一支歌。白丝弹着那架老钢琴，麦格和母亲一道领唱。琼总是唱得不对，可女孩子永远不会因为太大了而不能一起唱歌。

2 A Happy Christmas

Jo was the first to wake up on Christmas morning, but soon they were all awake and they went downstairs.

'Where's Mother?' asked Meg.

'I don't know,' said old Hannah. She had lived with the family since Meg was born, and was more like a friend than a servant. 'Some poor woman came to the door and your mother went off to see what was needed.'

'She'll be back soon,' said Meg. She looked at the presents for her mother which were in a basket under a chair, ready to bring out at the right time. 'Where is Amy's bottle of perfume?'

She went to put some pretty paper round it, I think,' said Jo.

Suddenly, they heard the outside door close.

'Here's Mother! Hide the basket, quick!' said Jo.

But it was Amy. She came in quickly.

'Where have you been, and what's that behind you?' asked Meg.

'I ran to the shop and changed the little bottle of perfume for a big one,' said Amy. 'I spent all my money to get it, and I'm not going to be selfish any more!'

Meg smiled proudly and put her arms around her sister. Then there was another bang from the outside door, and the basket was pushed back under the chair. The girls ran to the table, ready for their breakfast.

'Happy Christmas, Mother!' they shouted.

Happy Christmas, little daughters!' said Mrs March.

Then the smile disappeared from her face. 'Girls, listen. Not far away is a poor woman, Mrs Hummel, with a new baby. Her six children are in one bed, trying to keep warm, as they have no wood for a fire. There is nothing to eat and they are hungry and cold. Will you give them your breakfast as a Christmas present?

For a minute no one spoke. Then Jo said, 'Mother, I'm so glad you came back before we began to eat!' And the girls quickly began to put their breakfast in a basket.

'I knew you would do it,' said Mrs March, smiling.

She took the girls and Hannah to a cold, miserable little room in an old building, where they found a sick mother, a crying baby, and a group of children with white, frightened faces. The children were on the bed under a blanket, trying to keep warm.

The woman almost cried with happiness when she saw the girls. Hannah, who had brought wood, made a fire. Mrs March gave the mother tea and hot food, then she dressed the little baby gently. The girls put the children round the fire and fed them like hungry birds.

It was a very happy meal, although the girls ate none of it. But no one was happier than those hungry young ladies who gave away their breakfast on Christmas morning.

Mrs March was surprised and pleased when she saw her presents later. There was a lot of laughing and kissing and explaining. Then, for the rest of the day, the girls were busy. Jo liked to write plays, and the four of them were going to act one that evening. They had learned their words, and had worked hard to make strange and wonderful clothes for all the different characters in the play.

On Christmas night, some other girls came to watch. At first, there was a lot of whispering and laughing from the four sisters behind the curtains. Then the curtains were opened and the play began.

It was an exciting story about Hugo (acted by Jo wearing a black beard!), beautiful Zara and brave Roderigo. There were also two ghosts, a cruel king, and a tall castle made of paper and wool-which unfortunately fell down just as Roderigo and Zara were escaping from it. There were screams of laughter from everyone, but the actors picked themselves up and carried on through more dangers and mysteries until the happy ending was reached.

All the visitors loved the play, and after the excitement and fun came a surprise for everyone.

'would the young ladies like to stay for supper?' asked Hannah.

And when the girls saw the supper table, they could not believe their eyes! There was ice-cream, cake, fruit, and French chocolate! And in the middle of the table were flowers for each of the four actors.

'Where did it all come from?' asked Amy.

'From Father Christmas, perhaps?' said Beth.

'Mother did it,' said Meg.

Aunt March sent it,' said Jo.

'You're all wrong,' laughed Mrs March. 'Old Mr Laurence sent it!'

'The Laurence boy's grandfather?' said Meg. 'But we don't know him.'

'Hannah told his servant about your breakfast party, and that pleased him,' said Mrs March. 'He knew my father many years ago, and he sent me a note this afternoon, asking if he could send my children a few small Christmas presents.'

'The idea came from that boy, I know it did!' said Jo. 'I'm sure he wants to know us, but he's shy, and Meg won't let me speak to him when we pass him in the street. She says that it's not at all polite for young ladies to introduce themselves to strangers.'

'You mean the people who live in the big house next door, don't you?' said one of the other girls. 'My mother knows old Mr Laurence. She says he keeps his grandson in the house when the boy isn't riding or walking with his tutor, and makes him study very hard. We invited the boy to our party but he didn't come.'

'That boy needs to have some fun,' said Jo.

2 快乐的圣诞节

圣诞节清晨，琼是第一个醒来的，可随后她们就都醒了，然后下了楼。

“妈妈在哪儿？”麦格问。

“我不知道，”老海娜答道。她从麦格一出世就和全家住在一起，就像是一个朋友，而不像仆人。“有个可怜的女人来到门口，你们的母亲随她去了，好看看她需要什么。”

“她很快就会回来的，”麦格说。她看了看那些给母亲的礼物，它们被装在一个篮子里，放在椅子下面，时刻准备拿出来。“艾米的那瓶香水呢？”

“我想她是想拿去包上些漂亮的纸，”琼答道。

突然，她们听到外面的门被关上了。

“妈妈来了，把篮子藏起来，快！”琼说。

但那是艾米。她匆匆走进屋。

“你到哪儿去了，藏在你身后的是什么？”麦格问。

“我跑到商店去了，把那瓶香水换成了一大瓶，”艾米说，“我花掉了所有的钱，我再也不自私了！”

麦格骄傲地笑了，伸出双臂拥抱着她的妹妹。然后外面的门又有响动了，篮子被推到了椅子下面。女孩子们跑到桌边坐定，准备吃早餐。

“圣诞快乐，妈妈！”她们喊道。

“圣诞快乐，小女儿们！”马奇太太应道。

随后笑容从她脸上消失了。“孩子们，听着，不远处有个穷妇人，哈梅尔太太，她有个刚降生的婴儿。她的六个孩子挤在一张床上取暖，因为他们没有木柴生火。他们没有吃的，又饿又冷。你们把你们的早餐送给他们做圣诞礼物怎么样？”

有一阵子没人说话。然后琼说：“妈妈，我很高兴你在我们开始吃饭之前回来！”孩子们开始很快地将她们的早餐放到一个篮子里。

“我知道你们会这样做的，”马奇太太微笑着说。

她把孩子们和海娜带到位于一座旧楼里的一间又冷又破的小屋里。在那里她们见到了一位生病的母亲，一个正在啼哭的婴儿，和一帮面容苍白、满脸恐惧的孩子。那些孩子挤在床上的一张毛毯里，试图以此取暖。

那妇人见到女孩子们后高兴得几乎哭出来。海娜带来了木柴，燃起了炉火。马奇太太把茶和热气腾腾的食物交给了那位母亲，并轻柔地给婴儿穿衣服。女孩子们则把其他孩子抱到炉火旁边，然后像喂小鸟一样喂给他们东西吃。

那顿饭吃得很高兴，虽然女孩子们并没有吃到东西。可没有任何人能比这些在圣诞节早晨将早餐送给别人的饿肚子的女孩子更高兴了。

马奇太太随后看到她的礼物时又惊又喜。此后是一阵大笑、亲吻和解释。然后，那天剩下的时光里女孩子们都忙忙碌碌的。琼喜欢写剧本，那天晚上她们四个就要演其中一个剧。她们已经记住了台词，还费力地为剧中的不同人物做了怪异和精彩的服装。

圣诞节晚上，其他一些女孩子都来看表演。一开始，幕后传出了四姐妹的许多低语和笑声，然后，幕帘开启，演出开始。

那是一个关于雨果、美丽的赞拉和勇敢的罗德里歌的激动人心的故事（雨果由琼扮演，她戴着一撮黑胡子！）。还有两个鬼魂、一个残暴的国王以及一个由纸和木头做成的城堡。不幸的是，当罗德里歌和赞拉从城堡中出逃时，城堡塌了下来。所有观众都尖声大笑，可演员们将城堡扶起，又历经许多的风险和神秘，最终获得了幸福的结局。

每个来访者都十分喜欢那出剧。这件令人激动、妙趣横生的事件过后，发生了一件令每个人都吃惊的事。

“你们这些年轻小姐都留下来吃晚饭好吗？”海娜问道。

当女孩子们看见餐桌的时候，她们简直不敢相信自己的眼睛！冰淇淋、蛋糕、水果和法国巧克力！在桌子正中还摆着给四位演员每人一束鲜花！

“哪来的？”艾米问。

“可能是圣诞老人送来的，”白丝说。

“妈妈做的，”麦格说。

“马奇姑妈送来的，”琼说。

“你们都错了，”马奇太太笑着说，“是老劳伦斯先生送来的！”

“是那个劳伦斯家的小男孩的祖父？”麦格问，“可我们不认识他呀。”

“海娜给他的仆人讲了你们的早餐聚会，那让他感到很高兴，”马奇太太说，“很多年前他就认识我父亲。今天下午他送来张纸条，问他可否给我的孩子送些圣诞礼物。”

“这一定是那个男孩的主意，我知道，”琼说，“他一定是想认识我们，可他很怕羞。我们在街上碰到他时麦格不让我跟他讲话。她说女孩子主动跟陌生人搭讪太没礼貌。”

“你是说住在隔壁大房子里的人吗？”其他女孩子中的一个问。“我妈妈认识劳伦斯先生。她说除了骑马和跟家庭教师散步，他总让孙子呆在屋里，让他用功学习。我们曾邀请那男孩参加我们的聚会，可他没来。”

“那个男孩需要些乐趣，”琼说。

3 The Laurence boy

'Look!' said Meg, excitedly, a day or two later.

She waved a piece of paper at Jo. 'An invitation to a New Year's party at Sallie Gardiner's house, and it's for both of us. Mother says we can go, but what shall we wear?'

'Our best cotton dresses,' said Jo, 'because we haven't got anything else Yours is as good as new, but mine has a burn and a hole in the back.'

Then you must keep your back out of sight,' said Meg. 'I'll have a new ribbon for my hair, and my new slippers. And my gloves are all right.'

'Mine are stained, so I'll have to go without.'

'You must wear gloves to a dance, Jo!' cried Meg.

'Then we'll each wear one good one and carry a bad one,' said Jo.

Meg looked worried. 'All right, but you will behave nicely, won't you? Don't stare, or put your hands behind your back.'

On New Year's Eve, the two younger sisters watched the two older girls get ready for the party. There was a lot of running up and down, and laughing and talking. Meg wanted some curls around her face, so Jo began to work on the papered ends of Meg's hair with a pair of hot tongs.

'Should they smoke like that?' asked Beth.

'It's the wetness drying,' said Jo.

'What a strange burning smell!' said Amy.

'I'll take the papers off now,' said Jo, 'and you'll see lots of little curls.'

She took the papers off—and, to her horror, the burnt hair came off with them!

'Oh, oh! What have you done to my hair!' cried Meg.

'I always get things wrong,' said Jo unhappily. 'I'm so sorry. I suppose the tongs were too hot.'

Don't worry,' Amy told Meg, who was crying. 'Just tie your ribbon so that the ends come on to your forehead a little, and it will look quite fashionable.'

At last, Meg and Jo were ready and went off to the Gardiners' house where Mrs Gardiner welcomed them kindly. Meg immediately began to enjoy herself with Sallie, but Jo wasn't interested in girlish talk and stood with her back carefully against wall, watching the dancing. Soon Meg was asked to dance, then Jo saw a big red-haired boy coming towards her and she quickly went through a door into a small room. Unfortunately, another shy person was already hiding there and she found herself looking at the 'Laurence boy'.

'Oh dear, I didn't know any one was here!' Jo said.

The boy laughed. 'Don't go. I came in here because I don't know any people, but I think I've seen you before,' he said, 'You live near us, don't you?'

'Next door,' said Jo. 'We enjoyed your nice Christmas present.'

'My grandfather sent it, Miss March.'

'But you gave your grandfather the idea, didn't you, Mr Laurence?'

'I'm not Mr Laurence, only Laurie,' he said.

'And I'm not Miss March, only Jo,' she said. 'Do you like parties?'

'Sometimes,' he answered. 'I've been abroad a lot recent ly, and I don't know how you do things here.'

'Abroad!' said Jo. 'Oh, did you go to Paris?'

'We went there last winter.'

'Can you speak French?' she asked.

He said something in French, and Jo listened carefully. 'You asked, "Who is the young lady in the pretty slippers?" It's my sister, Meg, and you knew it was! Do you think she's pretty?'

'Yes,' he said. 'She looks so fresh and quiet.'

This pleased Jo very much, and soon the two of them were talking easily, like old friends. 'I hear you're always studying hard,' said Jo. 'Are you going to college soon?'

'Not for a year or two,' he said. 'I'm sixteen next month, and I won't go before I'm seventeen.'

'I wish I was going to college,' said Jo.

'I hate even the idea of it!' said Laurie.

Jo wanted to know why, but he looked so serious that instead of asking she said, 'Why don't you go and dance?'

'I will if you'll come too,' he answered.

'I can't because—' Jo stopped.

'Because what?'

'You won't tell?'

'Never!'

'I've a bad habit of standing near a fire, and I burn my dresses,' said Jo. 'I have to keep still so that no one will see the burn on this one. Laugh if you like.'

But Laurie didn't laugh. 'Never mind that, he said gently. 'Please come. '

Jo smiled. 'All right, ' she said. 'Thank you. '

When the music stopped, they sat down and began to talk, but Jo saw Meg waving at her. She went over and followed her sister into a side room.

'I've turned my foot over and hurt my ankle, 'said Meg. 'I can't walk on it, and I don't know how I'm going to get home. '

'I'm not surprised you turned your foot over in those stupid high shoes, 'said Jo. 'You'll have to get a carriage or stay here all night. '

'A carriage will cost a lot, ' said Meg, 'and I can't stay here for the night because the house is full. I'll just rest until Hannah comes to fetch us, then do the best I can. '

'They're going in for supper now, 'said Jo. 'I'll stay with you.

'No, run and bring me some coffee, ' said Meg.

Jo found the coffee, but immediately dropped some down the front of her dress. She was cleaning it off with Meg's glove when a friendly voice spoke to her.

'Gan I help? 'said Laurie. He had a cup of coffee in one hand and a plate with a cake on it in the other.

'I was trying to get something for Meg, 'said Jo.

'And I was looking for someone to give this to, ' he said. He fetched more coffee and a cake for Jo, then the three of them had a happy time talking together until Hannah arrived. Meg completely forgot about her foot and stood up quickly. She cried out with pain, and when Laurle saw that she could not walk, he immediately offered to take them home in his grandfather's carriage.

'But you can't want to go home yet, 'said Jo.

'I always go early, 'said Laurie.

He sat with the driver, and the two girls sat with Hannah inside the carriage and talked excitedly about the party.

'I had a wonderful time, did you? ' said Jo.

'Yes, until I hurt myself, 'said Meg. 'Salie's friend, Annie Moffat, has asked me to go and stay with her for a week in the spring, when Sallie does. '

Jo told Meg her adventures, and then they were home. They thanked Laurie and went quietly into the house, hoping to wake no one. But as soon as they opened their bedroom door, two little voices cried out: 'Tell us about the party! Tell us about the party! '

3 劳伦斯家的男孩

“看哪！”一两天之后，麦格兴奋地喊。她朝琼挥舞着一张纸片。“一张参加萨丽·加迪那家新年聚会的请柬，是给我们俩的。妈妈说我们可以去，可我们应该穿什么哪？”

“我们最好的棉制衣裙，”琼说，“因为我们也没有别的什么可以穿的了。你的倒是像新的一样，而我的衣服在背后烧了一个小洞。”

“那你就该让后背别对着人家，”麦格说。“我的头发要有个新飘带，还有我的新鞋。我的手套也准备好了。”

“我的弄脏了，所以我不带了。”

“你一定得带着手套参加舞会，琼！”麦格大喊。

“那我们就每个人都戴一只好的，手里拿着一只坏的，”琼说道。

麦格看上去很焦虑。“那好吧，可你得表现好点，行吗？不许盯着人看，或者把手放到背后。”

新年除夕，两个妹妹看着两个姐姐为舞会做准备。她们不停地跑上跑下，边笑边聊。麦格想把面庞两侧的头发弄卷，于是琼就用一副热夹子在麦格用纸包好的头发梢上做卷。

“它们应该像这样冒烟吗？”白丝问。

“这是湿头发正在干燥。”琼答道。

“像是烧焦的味道！”艾米说。

“我现在就把纸拿下来，”琼说，“你们就会看到许多的小卷。”

她把纸拿了下來——令她惊骇的是，烧焦的头发随之显露了出来！

“噢，噢！你对我的头发干了什么？”麦格哭了。

“我总是把事情弄糟，”琼沮丧地说，“真抱歉。我想是夹子太烫了。”

“别着急，”艾米对正在哭泣的麦格说，“把发带系上，这样发梢就会靠近额头一些，看上去很时髦。”

最后，麦格和琼总算准备好了。她们到了加迪那家，受到了加迪那太太友好的欢迎。麦格马上就跟萨丽玩了起来，可琼对女孩子婆婆妈妈的谈话不感兴趣，于是，她小心地倚墙而立，观看着舞会。不久麦格就被邀请去跳舞，琼看到一个红头发男孩正向她走来，她就迅速通过一扇门溜进一间小屋子。不幸的是，另一个怕羞的人已经躲在了那里，她发现她眼前面对的是“劳伦斯家的男孩”。

“噢，天哪！我不知道已经有人在这儿，”琼说。

那男孩笑了。“别走。我到这来是因为我谁也不认识。可我想我以前见过你，”他说，“你是不是住在我家附近？”

“隔壁，”琼说。“我们很喜欢你的圣诞礼物。”

“是我祖父送的，马奇小姐。”

“可那是你给你祖父出的主意，是吗，劳伦斯先生？”

“我不是劳伦斯先生，只是罗瑞，”他说。

“我也不是马奇小姐，只是琼，”她说，“你喜欢舞会吗？”

“有的时候喜欢，”他回答说，“我最近常在国外，不知道你们在这儿是怎么做的。”

“国外！”琼问，“噢，你去过巴黎吗？”

“我们去年冬天去的。”

“那你会说法语吗？”她问。

他用法语讲了几句话，琼用心倾听。“你是在问：’那个穿着漂亮舞鞋的女孩子是谁？’那是我姐姐，麦格，你知道的。你觉得她漂亮吗？”

“是的，”他答道。“她看上去那么清纯和安静。”

这让琼十分高兴，不久他们俩就像老朋友一样自如地交谈起来。“我听说你学习很用功，”琼说，“那你不久要去读大学吗？”

“一两年内不会，”他回答。“我下个月满16岁，17岁以前我不会去。”

“我真希望能上大学，”琼说。

“我一想到它就感到憎恨！”罗瑞说。

琼想问为什么，可他看上去很严肃，琼没提问，而是说：“你为什么不去跳舞？”

“如果你也来我就跳，”他回答。

“我不能，因为——，”琼欲言又止。

“因为什么？”

“你不说出去吗？”

“绝不会！”

“我有个坏毛病，总是离火炉很近，结果把裙子烧了，”琼说，“我只好站直了，好让人看不出这件衣服上的烧痕。想笑你就笑吧。”

可罗瑞没笑。“没关系，”他轻柔地说，“来吧。”

琼笑了。“好吧，”她说，“谢谢。”

音乐停下的时候，他们坐下来开始聊天，可琼看见麦格在向她招手。她走过去，随姐姐走进旁边的一个房间。

“我的脚转得太多，脚踝都疼了，”麦格说，“我都不能走路了，真不知道该怎么回家。”

“你穿着那双蠢笨的高跟鞋，跳得过度我一点也不吃惊，”琼说，“你得要一辆马车，或者在这儿呆一晚上。”

“要辆马车会花好多钱，”麦格说。“我也不能在这儿呆一晚上，因为房间都住满了。我只好在海娜来接我们之前休息会儿，然后再想办法。”

“他们正进去吃晚饭，”琼说，“我陪着你。”

“不，快去给我弄些咖啡来，”麦格说。

琼找到了咖啡，可马上就洒到了裙子上。她正用麦格的手套擦拭时听到一个友好的声音在跟她讲话。

“我能帮忙吗？”罗瑞说。他一只手端着一杯咖啡，另一只手举着一个盘子，上面放着一块蛋糕。

“我正给麦格找点吃的，”琼说。

“我正找人要把这些吃的送出去，”罗瑞说。他又替琼取了一些咖啡和一块蛋糕，然后三个人一起聊天，度过了一段愉快的时光，直到海娜来了。麦格早已完全忘了她脚疼的事，很快站了起来。她痛苦地喊叫了一声。罗瑞看到她不能走路，就立即邀请她们一起坐他祖父的马车回家。

“可你还不想回家呢，”琼说。

“我一向走得很早，”罗瑞回答。

他坐在车夫旁边，两个女孩和海娜坐在马车里面，兴奋地谈论舞会的情况。

“我玩得棒极了，你呢？”琼说。

“我也是，直到我受了伤，”麦格说，“萨丽的朋友安妮·墨菲请我春天到她那儿住一个星期，萨丽也去。”

琼给麦格讲述她的经历，然后她们就到家了。她们感谢了罗瑞，就悄悄地走进家门，不想惊醒任何人。然而当她们一推开卧室的门，两个小小的声音就叫起来：“快给我们讲讲舞会的事！快给我们讲讲舞会的事！”

4 The house next door

'It's so nice to go to parties and drive home in carriages,' said Mea, the next morning. 'Other people live like that all the time, and I wish we could. I wish we were rich.'

'Well, we're not,' said Jo. 'So we must do our work with a smile, the way Mother does.'

Mr March had lost most of his money helping a friend. When the two older girls discovered this, they wanted to do something to earn some money for the family, and as soon as they were old enough, they found work. Meg got a job teaching four small children. It was hard for her to be poor because she could remember the time when their home had been beautiful, with every thing they wanted. And every day at Mrs King's house she saw pretty dresses, and heard talk of parties and the theatre—all the things which Meg loved.

Jo went to Aunt March, who needed someone to fetch and carry things, and read to her. She was a difficult old lady who complained a lot, but Jo did her best.

Beth was much too shy to go to school with other children, so she studied at home with her father. When he went away, and her mother was busy with war work, Beth continued to study by herself and helped Hannah keep the home tidy for the others. She also spent long, quiet hours alone, talking to her dolls or playing the old piano. Beth loved music and, although the family could not afford music lessons or a good piano for her, she tried hard to make herself a better musician.

Amy drew the most beautiful pictures and wanted to be a famous painter one day. She was a favourite with everyone, except when she complained about having to wear her cousin's old clothes because her mother could not afford to buy new ones for her.

One afternoon a week or two later, Jo went outside to clear the snow away from some of the garden so that Beth could walk there when the sun came out. She looked across to the house next door—a big stone house with lovely things inside that Jo occasionally saw through the open curtains at the windows. But it seemed a lonely, lifeless kind of house, as no children played outside, no motherly face smiled at the windows, and not many people went in and out, except the old gentleman and his grandson.

She had not seen the Laurence boy lately and wondered if he was away, but suddenly she saw him looking out of an upstairs window. She threw up a handful of soft snow and called out, 'Are you ill?'

Laurie opened the window, 'almost better, thank you,' he said. 'I've had a bad cold.'

'What do you find to do?' said Jo.

'Nothing,' he said. 'They won't let me.'

'Why don't you get someone to come and see you?'

'I don't know anyone.'

'You know us,' said Jo.

'So I do!' laughed Laurie. 'Will you come, please?'

'I'll come if Mother will let me. I'll go and ask her. Shut the window and wait until I come.'

Laurie was excited and began to get ready for Jo's visit. He brushed his hair and tried to make his room tidy. Soon after, he heard voices downstairs, then a surprised servant ran up to his room.

There's a young lady to see you, sir,' she said.

A moment later, Jo appeared with a box in one hand and Beth's three small cats in the other. 'Mother sends her love,' she said. 'Meg asked me to bring some of her cake, and Beth thought you would like to play with her cats. Isn't she funny?'

Laurie laughed. 'How kind you all are,' he said.

'Shall I read to you?' said Jo.

'I'd rather talk,' he said.

'I can talk all day,' said Jo, smiling. 'Beth says I never know when to stop.'

'Is Beth the one who stays at home?'

'Yes, that's Beth. She's a good girl.'

'The pretty one is Meg, and the curly-haired one is Amy, is that right?' he said.

'Yes. How did you know?'

Laurie's face became red. 'I hear you calling to each other, and you always seem to be having so much fun. Sometimes, in the evenings, you forget to close your curtains and I can see you sitting round the fire with your mother. I haven't got a mother.'

Jo saw the sadness in his eyes. 'Why don't you come over and see us? Would your grandfather let you?'

'Perhaps, if your mother asked him,' said Laurie. 'He spends a lot of time among his books, and Mr Brooke, my tutor, doesn't live here. So I haven't anyone to go out with. Do you like your school?'

'I don't go to school. I go out to work—to my aunt's,' said Jo. She described the difficult old lady and made him laugh with her stories. She told him all about her sisters, the plays they acted, and their hopes and fears for their father. Then they talked about books, and Jo discovered that Laurie loved them as much as she did.

'Come and see our library,' he said. 'Grandfather is out, so you needn't be afraid.'

'I'm not afraid of anything,' replied Jo.

He took her down to a room where the walls were covered with books and pictures.

'You should be the happiest boy in the world!' said Jo, sitting in a big armchair and looking round.

‘A person can’t live on books,’ he said.

Suddenly, a bell rang.

Jo jumped up out of the chair. It’s your grand father!’ she said.

‘What if it is?’ said Laurie, with a smile. ‘You’re not afraid of anything, remember?’

‘Perhaps I am a little bit afraid of him,’ said Jo.

The servant came in at that moment. ‘The doctor is here to see you, sir,’ she said to Laurie.

‘Can I leave you for a minute or two, Jo?’ he said.

‘Yes, I’m very happy here,’ said Jo.

He went away and Jo was staring at a large picture of the old gentleman when the door opened again without turning, she said, ‘I won’t be afraid of him, because he’s got kind eyes, although his mouth looks hard and cold. He’s not as handsome as my grandfather, but I like him.’

‘Thank you,’ said a deep voice behind her.

She turned quickly—and saw old Mr Laurence!

Jo’s face turned a bright red and she wanted to run away. But the old man’s eyes looked kinder than those in the picture and seemed to have a smile in them.

‘So you’re not afraid of me, eh?’ he said.

‘Not much, sir.’

‘But I’m not as handsome as your grandfather?’

‘Not quite, sir.’

‘But you like me.’ He laughed and shook hands with her.

‘Now, what have you been doing with my grandson?’

‘Trying to cheer him up, sir,’ said Jo. ‘He seems a bit lonely.’

‘Then come and have some tea with us.’

Laurie was very surprised to see Jo with his grandfather, but was soon talking and laughing happily with Jo. The old man watched the two young people and noticed the change in his grandson. ‘She’s right,’ he thought. The boy does need cheering up.’

After tea, they went into a room where there was a large and beautiful piano.

‘Do you play?’ Jo asked Laurie.

‘Sometimes,’ he answered.

‘Play now. I want to hear it so I can tell Beth.’

So Laurie played and Jo listened. Afterwards, Mr Laurence said, ‘He plays quite well, but I want him to do well in more important things. Now, I hope you’ll come again.’ He shook hands with her. ‘Goodnight, Jo.’

Laurie walked to the door with her. ‘He doesn’t like to hear me play,’ he said.

‘why not?’ said Jo.

‘I’ll tell you one day,’ he said.

When Jo told the family of her afternoon’s adventures, they all wanted to go and visit the big house.

‘Mother, why doesn’t Mr Laurence like to hear Laurie play the piano?’ asked Jo.

‘Laurie’s father married an Italian lady, a musician,’ said Mrs March. ‘The old man didn’t like her, and never saw his son after they were married. Laurie was born in Italy, but his parents died when he was a child, and his grandfather brought him home. Laurie loves music and I expect his grand father is afraid he’ll want to be a musician like his mother.’

Laurie should be a musician if he wants to be,’ said Jo. ‘Sending him to college will just make him unhappy.’

4 隔壁的房子

“去参加舞会然后坐马车回家真好，”第二天早晨麦格说道。“其他人一直都是这样生活的，真希望我们也是。真希望我们是富有的。”

“哎，我们不富有，”琼说，“所以我们必须面带微笑做我们的工作，就像妈妈那样。”

马奇先生为了帮助一位朋友失去了他的大部分钱。当两个年长的女孩子发现这件事时，她们就想要做些事来帮家里挣钱。她们等年龄一到，就去找工作。麦格找到了一份给四个小孩教课的工作。对她来说贫困是艰难的，因为她能记得当初家里是多么漂亮，她们要什么有什么。每天在金太太的家里她都能看到漂亮的衣服，听到有关舞会和剧院的议论——这些都是麦格所热衷的。

琼到了马奇姑妈家，她需要有人帮她拿取东西，给她读文章。她是个很难缠的老太太，经常抱怨，可琼尽力而为。

白丝太害羞，不愿跟其他孩子一起上学，于是她呆在家里跟父亲学习。父亲走了之后，母亲忙于战争方面的工作，白丝就继续自学，同时帮助海娜为其他人整理房间。她也常常花很长时间安静地独处，和她的玩具娃娃说话，或者弹那架旧钢琴。白丝热爱音乐，虽然家里不能供她上音乐课或买架好钢琴给她，她还是努力使自己成为一名更好的音乐家。

艾米会画最漂亮的画，她希望有一天能成为名画家。她很讨大家的喜欢，不过当母亲由于买不起新衣服而让她穿上表姐的旧衣服、她发牢骚的时候，情形就不同了。

一两个星期以后的一个下午，琼到外面去，想把花园里的部分雪清扫掉，这样白丝就可以在太阳出来时到那儿去散步了。她朝隔壁的房子看过去——那是座大砖房，里面有很多漂亮的东西，琼有时会从那些打开窗帘的窗户看到里面。可它看上去像是一座孤独的毫无生气的房子，没有孩子在外面玩，没有窗边慈母的笑脸，也没有许多进进出出的人，只有那个老先生和他的孙子。

她后来一直没有见到劳伦斯家的男孩，她怀疑他已经走了，可突然间，她见到他正从楼上的一扇窗户朝外张望。她向上扔了一把松软的雪，喊道：“你是病了吗？”

罗瑞打开窗户。“我好多了，谢谢，”他说。“我得了重感冒。”

“你都做些什么？”琼问。

“什么都不做，”他回答。“他们不让我做。”

“你为什么不让别人去看你呢？”

“我谁也不认识。”

“你认识我们啊，”琼道。

“那当然！”罗瑞笑了。“你愿意来吗？”

“如果妈妈同意我就来。我去问她。关上窗户等着我。”

罗瑞很兴奋，开始为琼的来访做准备。他梳了头，尽量把他的房屋弄整齐。过了不久，他听到楼下有动静，然后一个吃了一惊的仆人跑上他的房间。

“有位年轻的女士来看您，先生，”她说。

片刻，琼出现了，一只手抱着一个盆子，另一只手抱着白丝的三只小猫。“妈妈向你问好，”她说。“麦格叫我给你带些好的蛋糕来。白丝认为你会喜欢跟她的小猫玩儿。她是不是很有意思？”

罗瑞笑着说：“你们真好。”

“我给你读文章怎么样？”琼说。

“我宁愿聊聊天。”他答道。

“我可以聊一整天，”琼笑答。“白丝说我总是不知道在哪儿告一段落。”

“白丝是那个呆在家里的孩子吗？”

“是的，那是白丝。她是个好孩子。”

“漂亮的那个是麦格，卷头发的那个是艾米，对吗？”罗瑞问。

“是的，你怎么知道？”

罗瑞的脸红了。“我听到你们互相喊对方。你们看起来总有很多有趣的事。有时候，晚上你们忘记拉窗帘，我能看见你们和母亲一起坐在炉火边。我没有母亲。”

琼看到了他眼中的悲伤。“你干吗不到我家来看我们？你祖父会让你来吗？”

“可能，如果你母亲跟他讲的话，”罗瑞说，“他花很多时间看书，而我的家庭教师布鲁克先生不住在这儿，所以没人和我一起出去。你喜欢你的学校吗？”

“我没上学。我去工作——到我姑妈家，”琼回答。她描述了那个难缠的老太太，她的故事让他发笑。她告诉他关于她的姐妹的所有事，她们演过的剧，以及她们对父亲的期盼和担忧。然后他们谈到了书籍，琼发现罗瑞像她一样爱书。

“到我们的图书室来，”他说。“祖父出门了，所以你不用怕。”

“我什么也不怕，”琼答道。

他带她来到楼下的一个房间，那里四壁都为书籍和画所遮盖。

“你应该是世界上最幸福的男孩！”琼叹道，边说边坐进一张大扶手椅，环顾四周。

“一个人不能靠书生活，”他说。

突然，铃响了。

琼从椅子上跳起来。“是你祖父！”她说。

“是又怎样？”罗瑞笑着说，“你什么都不怕，记得吗？”

“也许我有一点点怕他，”琼说。

此时仆人走进来。“医生来看您了，先生，”她对罗瑞说。

“我能离开一两分钟吗，琼？”他说。

“可以，我很高兴呆在这儿，”琼答道。

他走开了。当琼正在端详那位老先生的一大幅画像时，门又开了。她没有转过身，说道：“我不害怕他，因为虽然他的嘴巴看上去又硬又冷，他的眼睛却很和善。他不像我祖父那么英俊，可我喜欢他。”

“谢谢你，”她背后有一个深沉的声音说。

她很快转过身——看到了老劳伦斯先生！

琼的脸变得通红，她想跑掉。可那位老先生的眼睛看上去比画像里的还要和善，好像还带着笑意。

“看来你不怕我，啊？”他问道。

“不太怕，先生。”

“可我不如你祖父长得英俊？”

“不如，先生。”

“可你喜欢我。”他笑着和她握握手。“现在告诉我，你和我孙子一起干了些什么？”

“我尽力使他高兴起来，先生。”琼答道。“他看上去有些孤独。”

“那来和我们一起喝点茶吧。”

罗瑞看到琼和他祖父在一起很吃惊，可不久就高兴地和琼说说笑笑起来。老人望着两个年轻人，察觉到了他孙子的变化。“她是对的，”他想，“这孩子需要高兴起来。”

喝过茶，他们来到一个房间，里面摆着一架漂亮的大钢琴。

“你弹琴吗？”琼问罗瑞。

“有时弹，”他答道。

“现在就弹吧，我得听听，好去告诉白丝。”

然后罗瑞弹起钢琴，琼听着，之后，劳伦斯先生说：“他弹得很好，可我要他把更重要的事情做好。那好，希望你能再来。”他跟她握了握手。“晚安，琼。”

罗瑞随她走到门口。“他不喜欢我弹琴，”他说。

“为什么不？”琼问。

“我改天会告诉你的。”他回答。

当琼告诉家人她下午的经历后，她们也都很想去看看那座大房子。

“妈妈，为什么劳伦斯先生不喜欢听罗瑞弹琴？”琼问。

“罗瑞的父亲娶了一个意大利女人，她是个钢琴师，”马奇太太说。“老人不喜欢她，自从他们结婚后就再也没见他的儿子。罗瑞出生在意大利，可在他小时候他父母就去世了。他祖父把他接到家里来。罗瑞很喜欢音乐。我想他祖父一定是怕他想成为他母亲那样的音乐师。”

“罗瑞如果愿意，他就应该做音乐师，”琼说。“把他送到大学去只会让他不快乐。”

5 A surprise for Beth

Laurie and the four girls were soon great friends. Mr Brooke complained to the old gentleman that his student was always running across to see the Marches.

‘Let him have a bit of a holiday,’ said Mr Laurence. ‘He can catch up with his studies later.’

What good times they had! Writing and acting plays, happy evenings at the Marches, and little parties at the big house. Only Beth was too shy to go there. When Mr Laurence heard about Beth’s shyness, he came to have tea with their mother one day, and began to talk about music and great singers he had heard. Beth found it impossible to stay in her corner and came to listen.

‘Laurie hasn’t much time for his music,’ Mr Laurence told Mrs March, ‘so the piano is not used very often. Would any of your girls like to play it sometimes? They needn’t see or speak to anyone, and I’ll be in my study.’ He got up to go. ‘But if they don’t want to come…’

At this moment, a little hand touched his own. It was Beth’s. ‘I-I want to come,’ she said, her voice shaking. ‘Very much.’

‘You’re the musical girl,’ said Mr Laurence, gently.

‘I’m Beth. Yes, I love music, and I shall come.’

The next day, Beth waited until the old and the young gentlemen both went out, then she ran across to the big house and found her way to the room with the beautiful piano. As soon as she began to play, she forgot her fears immediately in the delight which the music gave her.

After that, Beth went every day. She never knew that Mr Laurence often opened his study door to hear her playing, or that Laurie stood in the hall to keep the servants away from the shy little girl. But she was so grateful that she asked her mother and sisters to help her make the old gentleman a pair of slippers. After several days careful sewing, the slippers were finished. Then Beth wrote a short letter and, with Laurie’s help, left it with the slippers in the old man’s study one morning, before he was up.

The next day, Beth went out for a walk, and when she came back the others were waiting for her. ‘Here’s a letter for you, Beth!’ they called out. ‘Come and read it!’ She hurried to the house and they took her into the front room. ‘Look there!’ everyone was saying at once. Beth looked—and got the biggest surprise of her life! For there stood a lovely little piano, with a letter on the top of it, addressed to : ‘Miss Elizabeth March’.

‘You—you read it, Jo,’ whispered Beth. ‘I can’t.’

So Jo opened the letter and began to read.

‘Dear Miss March,’ she read, ‘I have had many pairs of slippers but none which have pleased me so much as yours. I should like to thank you for your kindness by sending you something that once belonged to my little granddaughter, who died. With many thanks. I am your good friend, James Laurence.’

Jo put an arm around her sister. ‘Now try it, Beth,’ she said.

Beth sat down and began to play, and everyone thought it was the most perfect piano they had ever heard.

‘You’ll have to go and thank him,’ said Jo, with a smik, knowing that Beth was much too shy to do anything like that.

But Beth surprised them all. ‘I’ll do it at once,’ she said bravely, and away she walked, through the garden and into the big house next door. She went up to the old gentleman’s study and knocked on the door.

‘Come in,’ said Mr Laurence.

Beth went in. ‘I came to say thank you, sir,’ she began, in her quiet little voice. But he looked so friendly that she ran and put both her arms around his neck and kissed him.

The old gentleman was so surprised that he nearly fell off his chair. But he was very pleased indeed by that shy little kiss, and soon the two of them were talking like old friends. Later, he walked home with Beth. The girls, watching with great interest from the window, could not believe their eyes. ‘Well,’ Meg said, ‘I do believe the world is coming to an end!’

5 白丝的喜悦

罗瑞和四个女孩子很快就成了要好的朋友。布鲁克先生向老先生抱怨说，他的学生常跑过去看望马奇一家。

“让他放些假吧，”劳伦斯先生说。“他以后会补上他的功课的。”

他们玩得真开心！编写和上演剧本，有时在马奇家度过欢乐的夜晚，有时在大房子里举办小型的聚会。只是白丝太害羞，她不去那儿。劳伦斯先生听说了白丝的羞涩以后，有一天他来跟她们的母亲一起喝茶，并开始谈论音乐和他所听说过的歌唱家。白丝发觉自己根本不可能呆在她的角落里，于是过来倾听。

“罗瑞没什么时间弹琴，”劳伦斯先生对马奇太太说，“所以钢琴不怎么常用。你的孩子有谁想有时过来弹琴吗？他们不用跟任何人谈话，而我会呆在我自己的书房里。”他站起身要走，“可如果她们不愿意来……”

此时，一只小手碰了碰他的手。是白丝。“我，我想来，”她说，声音颤抖，“非常想。”

“你就是那个喜欢音乐的孩子？”劳伦斯先生轻柔地问。

“我是白丝。是的，我热爱音乐，我愿意来。”

第二天，白丝等到老先生和小先生都出门去了，她就跑到那座大房子里，径直找到那个摆着钢琴的房间。她一开始弹琴，立刻就在音乐带给她的愉快中忘记了恐惧。

从此以后，白丝每天都去弹琴。她从不知道劳伦斯先生常常打开他书房的门听她弹琴，或者罗瑞站在大厅里让仆人们走开以不打扰这个害羞的女孩。可是她非常感激，就让她母亲和姐妹们帮她给老先生做了一双拖鞋。经过几天精心的缝制，拖鞋做好了。然后白丝写了一张简短的字条，在罗瑞的帮助下，有一天早晨，趁老先生还没起床时将字条和拖鞋放进了他的书房。

第二天，白丝出门散步，当她回家时，大家都在等她。“这儿有你一封信，白丝！”她们喊。“快过来读读！”她赶快回到家，她们带她来到前厅。“看那儿！”每个人都立即说。白丝看过去——她得到了她一生中最大的惊喜！因为那里摆放着一架小钢琴，上面放着一封信，写

道：“伊丽莎白·马奇小姐收。”

“你，你读吧，琼，”白丝喃喃地说，“我读不了。”

于是琼打开那封信读起来。

“亲爱的马奇小姐，”她读道，“我有过很多双拖鞋，可没有一双像你送我的那双那样使我高兴。为了感谢你，我想送你一样曾经属于我死去的小孙女的東西。谢谢，我是你的好朋友，詹姆斯·劳伦斯。”

琼用一只手臂搂住她的妹妹。“现在就试试，白丝，”她说。

白丝坐下来开始弹琴，每个人都认为这是她们听过的最好的钢琴。

“你得去谢谢他，”琼说，面带微笑。她深知白丝太害羞了，肯定不会去做那种事。

可白丝让大家都吃了一惊。“我马上去，”她勇敢地说，然后她就走了，穿过花园，来到隔壁的大房子。她走到楼上老先生的书房，敲了敲门。

“请进，”劳伦斯先生说。

白丝走了进去。“我来向您说声谢谢，先生，”她开始用她那平静细小的声音说话。可他看上去如此慈详，她跑过去用双臂搂住他的脖子吻了他一下。

老先生太吃惊了，他几乎从他的椅子上掉了下来。可他实际上被那个羞涩的轻轻的吻弄得很高兴，不久他们俩就像老朋友一样地散步了。之后，他陪白丝走回家。其他的孩子们从窗户中以极大的兴趣看着这一幕，简直不敢相信她们的眼睛。“哎，”麦格说，“我相信世界末日就要到了。”

6 Amy in trouble

'Where are you going?' Amy asked Meg and Jo one afternoon. 'I want to come, too.'

'You can't, dear, you're not invited,' said Meg.

'You're going somewhere with Laurie, I know you are!'

'Yes, we are,' said Jo. 'Now stop annoying us.'

'You're going to the theatre!' Amy said suddenly. 'I want to go With you!'

'We could take her, I suppose,' began Meg.

'No, Laurie only invited us,' said Jo.

'I shall go,' shouted Amy. 'Meg says I can.'

'You just stay where you are!' said Jo, angrily.

'I'll make you sorry for this, Jo March!' Amy shouted, as Meg and Jo left the house.

The two older sisters enjoyed themselves at the theatre, but Jo couldn't stop worrying as she wondered what Amy would do to 'make her sorry'.

She found out the next afternoon.

Beth, Amy and Meg were sitting together when Jo ran into the room. 'Has anyone taken my notebook?' Jo asked.

Meg and Beth said 'No' at once, but Amy said nothing.

'Amy, you've got it,' said Jo.

'No, I haven't,' said Amy.

'That's a lie!' said Jo. 'Tell me the truth, or I'll make you!'

'Do what you like,' said Amy. 'You'll never see your stupid book again, because I burned it!'

Jo's face went white. 'What! But I worked so hard writing my stories!'

'I said I'd make you sorry, and I have!' said Amy.

Jo jumped at Amy and shook her shoulders. 'You wicked, wicked girl!' cried Jo. 'I'll never, ever forgive you!' And she ran out of the room.

Mrs March came home and heard the story.

'Oh, how could you do that, Amy?' she said. 'That was Jo's book of stories. She wrote them all herself, and was hoping to make them good enough to print.'

Slowly, Amy began to understand the terrible thing she had done, and started to cry. Later, when Jo appeared for tea, Amy begged her sister to forgive her.

'I shall never forgive you,' Jo answered.

It was not a happy evening, and when singing time came, Jo remained silent. Afterwards, she kissed her mother and said 'Goodnight'.

'My dear, don't go to bed feeling so angry with your sister,' whispered Mrs March.

'I'm sorry, Mother, I can't forgive her,' replied Jo. Next day, Jo wanted to get out of the house, so she picked up her skates and went next door to ask Laurie to take her skating.

Amy heard them going. 'Jo promised to take me with her next time!' she complained.

'It's hard for her to forgive you, Amy,' said Meg. 'Go after them and wait until Jo is enjoying herself, then give her a kiss or do something kind.'

It was not far to the river, but Jo and Laurie were already skating when Amy arrived. Jo saw Amy but turned away.

Laurie was carefully skating along the edge of the ice and didn't see the younger girl.

Amy put her skates on and stood on the ice.

'Keep near the edge. The ice isn't safe in the middle,' Laurie called to Jo, then he disappeared round the first bend in the river.

Jo heard, but Amy did not. Jo realized that Amy probably hadn't heard, but she said nothing and skated after Laurie. 'Let Amy look after herself!' Jo thought.

Amy skated out towards the smoother ice in the middle of the river. Jo reached the bend, and for a moment she stood still, a strange feeling in her heart. Something made her turn round—just in time to see Amy throw up her hands and go crashing through the ice into the cold water! Amy gave a cry that made Jo's heart stop with fear. She tried to call Laurie, but her voice was gone, and for a second she could only stand and stare at the little blue hood of Amy's coat above the black water.

Suddenly, Laurie skated past her and shouted, 'Bring a piece of wood from the side of the river, quickly!'

Wild with fear, Jo fetched some wood and pulled it across the ice, while Laurie held Amy's head above the water. Together, they got her out.

She was more frightened than hurt, and was quickly taken home. They covered her in blankets and tried to calm her, and after a little while she fell asleep in front of the warm fire. Later, when everything was quiet, Jo asked her mother, 'Are you sure she's safe?'

'Quite safe, dear. It was sensible to get her home as quickly as you did.'

'Laurie did it all,' said Jo. 'Mother, if she should die, it will be my fault. I get angry so quickly. Oh, why can't I be more like you?'

‘I get angry nearly every day of my life, Jo,’ said Mrs March, ‘but I’ve learned not to show it. I’ve learned to stop myself saying the angry words that come to my lips, and you must try to do the same, my dear.’

Amy moved in her sleep and Jo looked at her. ‘I refused to forgive her, and today, she nearly died! And it was Laurie who saved her. How could I be so wicked?’ Jo began to cry.

Then Amy opened her eyes and held out her arms, with a smile that went straight to Jo’s heart. Neither of them said a word, but they held each other close, and everything was forgiven and forgotten.

6 艾米遇到麻烦

“你们上哪儿去？”一天下午艾米问麦格和琼。“我也要去。”

“你不能去，亲爱的，你没被邀请，”麦格说。

“你们是和罗瑞一起出去，我知道！”

“是的，”琼说，“别烦我们了。”

“你们是要去剧院，”艾米突然说，“我要和你们一起去！”

“我想我们可以带上她，”麦格说。

“不行，罗瑞只邀请了咱们俩，”琼说。

“我就要去，”艾米喊道，“麦格说我可以去。”

“你就呆在那儿！”琼生气地说。

“我会让你为此感到后悔的，琼·马奇！”麦格和琼离开家时艾米大声喊道。

两个姐姐在剧院很开心，可琼不停地担心，她纳闷艾米会用什么办法来“让她后悔”。

第二天下午她就知道了。

白丝、艾米和麦格坐在一起，此时琼冲进房间。“谁拿了我的笔记本？”琼问。

麦格和白丝立即说：“没拿，”可艾米没作声。

“艾米，是你拿了，”琼说。

“不，我没拿，”艾米答道。

“你说谎！”琼说，“告诉我实话，否则我会逼你讲！”

“随你的便，”艾米说，“你永远也不会见到那个讨厌的笔记本了，因为我把它烧了！”

琼的脸变得惨白。“什么？我那么努力地写我的故事！”

“我说过会让你后悔，现在我做到了！”艾米说。

琼跳过来摇晃着艾米的肩膀，“你这个可恶透顶的孩子！”琼喊着，“我永远永远也不会饶恕你的！”然后她就跑出了房间。

马奇太太回到家里听说了这件事。

“噢，你怎么能那样做呢，艾米？”她说。“那是琼的故事书。那些都是她自己写的，她期望有一天把它们修改好了能够去发表的。”

慢慢地，艾米开始意识到她所做的事情有多糟，她开始哭起来。后来，当琼来喝茶的时候，艾米请求她姐姐原谅她。

“我永远也不会原谅你，”琼回答。

那天晚上很不愉快。当唱歌的时间到了的时候，琼默不作声。后来，她吻了吻母亲说：“晚安！”

“我亲爱的，别带着对你妹妹的怨情上床，”马奇太太小声说。

“抱歉，妈妈，我不能原谅她，”琼回答。

第二天，琼想要出门，于是她拿起她的冰鞋到隔壁去叫罗瑞带她去滑冰。

艾米听见他们出去了。“琼答应过我下次带我去的！”她抱怨说。

“她很难原谅你，艾米，”麦格说。“你跟着他们。等琼高兴的时候就给她一个吻或做点其它什么友好的事。”

到河边的路并不远，可当艾米到那儿的时候琼和罗瑞已经在滑冰了。琼看见了艾米，可她背过身去。罗瑞正沿着冰的边缘专心致致地滑，没有看到这个小一点的女孩。

艾米换上冰鞋站到了冰上。

“在边上滑，中间的冰不安全，”罗瑞朝琼喊。然后他就消失在河的第一个拐角那边。

琼听见了，可艾米没听见。琼意识到艾米可能没听见，可她什么也没说，跟着罗瑞滑过去。“让艾米自己照顾自己吧！”她想。

艾米向河中心冰面光滑的地方滑去。琼滑到了拐弯的地方，片刻她站定了，心里有种奇怪的感觉。有什么事使她转过身——正好看到艾米举起双手滑过冰面，掉进了冰冷的河水里！艾米喊叫了一声，使琼的心几乎吓得停止了跳动。她想喊罗瑞，可她的声音怎么也发不出来，有一阵她只得站在那儿盯着艾米那蓝色外衣的帽子漂在黑色的水面上。

突然，罗瑞滑过她身边，对她喊：“到岸边拿块木头来，快！”

琼吓疯了，她去拿了木头，把它拖过冰面，此时罗瑞将艾米的头托出水面。他们一起把她从水中捞了出来。

她没受什么伤，更多的是受了惊吓，被很快送回了家。他们用毛毯盖住她，并试图安慰她，过了一会儿她就在温暖的炉火前睡着了。然后，当一切安静下来，琼问母亲：“你能肯定她没事吗？”

“肯定没事，亲爱的，你很明智，很快就把她送回家来。”

“都是罗瑞做的。”琼说，“妈妈，如果她死了，那都是我的错。我太爱生气了。噢，我为什么就不能像你呢？”

“我每天都会生气，琼，”马奇太太说，“但我学会了不表现出来。我学会了在生气的话就要到嘴边时住口，你也要尽力这样做，我亲爱的。”

艾米在睡梦中动了一下，琼看了看她。“我拒绝饶恕她，结果今天她差点就死了！是罗瑞救了她。我怎么会这么可恶呢？”琼哭了。

然后艾米睁开了双眼，伸出了她的双臂，面带微笑，那微笑一直走进了琼的心里。她们谁也没说话，但她们紧紧拥抱着在一起，一切都被原谅和遗忘了。

7 Meg hears some gossip

Annie Moffat did not forget her promised invitation, and one April day Meg went to stay at the Moffats' large house. Meg thought it was wonderful. She loved riding in fine carriages, wearing her best dress every day, and doing nothing except enjoy herself. She soon began to talk about fashionable clothes and hairstyles in the way that the other girls did. And the more Meg saw of Annie's pretty things, the more she wished that she, too, was rich.

Annie's older sisters, Belle and Clara, were fine young ladies; Mr Moffat was a fat, friendly gentleman; and Mrs Moffat was a fat, friendly lady. They were all very kind to Meg and did their best to make her feel at home.

When the evening for a small party came, Meg's best dress looked very old next to Sallie's new one, but no one said anything about it. The girls were getting ready when a servant brought in a box of flowers.

'For Miss March,' she said. 'And here's a letter.'

'What fun! Who are they from?' said the girls. 'We didn't know you had a young man.'

'The letter is from Mother and the flowers are from Laurie,' said Meg, simply.

'Oh,' said Annie, with a strange look.

Her mother's loving words and Laurie's kindness made Meg feel much happier and she enjoyed the party very much.

Annie made her sing, and someone said that Meg had a fine voice. So Meg was having a nice time—until she heard some one say, on the other side of a large table of flowers: 'How old is the Laurence boy?'

'Sixteen or seventeen, I think,' said another voice.

'It would be an excellent thing for one of those girls,' said a third voice. 'Sallie says they are very friendly, and the old man thinks they are all wonderful.'

'I expect Mrs M. has made her plans,' said Mrs Moffat's voice, 'but do you think the girl knows of them?'

'She told that little lie about her mother, and her cheeks went pink. I'm sure the note was from the boy really. Poor thing! She'd be very pretty if she had some nice clothes. Do you think she'll mind if we offer to lend her a dress for Thursday?'

'I shall ask young Laurence to come, and we'll have some fun with her afterwards.'

Meg tried to forget what she'd heard, but could not. The gossip made her angry, and she was glad when the party was over and she was alone in her bed. She cried quietly to herself. Why did people have to say those things? She and Laurie were just friends, but now that friendship felt damaged by the unkind gossip.

The next day, Miss Belle said, 'Meg, dear, we've sent an invitation to your friend, Mr Laurence, for Thursday.'

Meg pretended to misunderstand. 'You're very kind, but I'm afraid he won't come. He's nearly seventy.'

Miss Belle laughed. 'I mean the young man.'

'There isn't one,' said Meg. 'Laurie is only a boy.'

'Isn't he about your age?' said Clara.

'Nearer Jo's,' said Meg. 'I'm seventeen in August.'

'It's nice of him to send you flowers,' said Annie.

'He often does, to all of us,' said Meg. 'My mother and old Mr Laurence are friends, you know.'

'What will you wear on Thursday?' asked Sallie.

'My white dress again, I haven't got any others.'

'No others?' said Sallie. 'How funny—'

'I have a pretty blue dress I can't wear any more, Meg,' said Belle. 'It will please me if you wear it.'

'You're very kind, but—,' began Meg.

'Please, do,' said Belle. 'You'll look quite beautiful in it.'

Meg couldn't refuse this kind offer and, on the Thursday evening, Belle helped to change Meg into a fine lady. She brushed and curled her hair, reddened her lips, then helped her to get into the sky-blue dress. The neck of the dress was cut very low, and Meg was quite shocked when she saw herself in the mirror. A necklace and earrings were added, and Meg was ready for the party.

At first, she felt strange in all the fine clothes, but she soon discovered that people who did not usually notice her now came to speak to her. Several young men who had only stared before now asked to be introduced.

Suddenly, Meg saw Laurie across the room. He was staring at her, and he didn't look very pleased. Meg began to feel uncomfortable, and she wished that she had worn her old dress. As she walked up to Laurie, she saw Belle and Annie watching them both and smiling.

'I'm glad you came,' Meg said to Laurie, in her most grown-up voice. 'I was afraid you wouldn't.'

'Jo wanted me to come and tell her how you looked,' said Laurie.

'What will you tell her?'

'I'll say I didn't know you, because you look so unlike yourself. I'm quite afraid of you,' he said.

'The girls dressed me up for fun,' said Meg. 'Don't you like it?'

'No, I don't,' came the cool reply.

Meg became angry. 'Then I shan't stay with you!' And she walked off towards the window.

A moment or two later, an older man went past her and she heard him say to his friend, 'That girl has been dressed up like a doll.'

‘Oh dear,’ thought Meg. ‘Why didn’t I wear my own things?’

She turned and saw Laurie behind her. ‘Please forgive me,’ he said. ‘Come and have something to eat.’

Meg tried to look annoyed.

‘Please come,’ he said again. ‘I don’t like your dress, but I do think you are—wonderful.’

Meg smiled and found it impossible to stay angry with him. ‘Please don’t tell them at home about my dress,’ she said. ‘They won’t understand that it was just for fun, and it will worry Mother. I was stupid to wear it, but I’ll tell them myself.’

‘I won’t say anything,’ he promised.

He did not see her again until supper time, when she was drinking wine with two other boys.

‘You’ll feel ill tomorrow, if you drink much of that, Meg,’ Laurie whispered to her.

‘I’m not Meg tonight,’ she said. ‘I’m a doll who does crazy things. Tomorrow, I’ll be good again.’

Meg danced and laughed and talked to as many young men as she could manage, but went to bed feeling that she hadn’t enjoyed herself as much as she had expected.

She was sick all the next day, and on Saturday went home, quite tired of her fortnight’s fun.

‘I’m glad to be home,’ she said to her mother and Jo, after telling them how she was dressed up like a doll, drank too much wine, and was ill afterwards. She had laughed while telling them the story, but her face still looked worried at the end.

‘There is something else, I think,’ said Mrs March, smoothing Meg’s cheek, which suddenly became rose-red.

‘Yes,’ Meg said slowly. ‘I hate people saying and thinking awful things about us and Laurie.’ Then she told them the gossip she had heard.

‘What rubbish!’ said Jo. ‘Just wait until I see Annie Moffat! How stupid to think that Mother has “plans”, and that we are kind to Laurie because he is rich and may marry one of us one day. He’ll laugh when I tell him!’

‘No, Jo,’ said her mother. ‘You must never repeat wicked gossip.’

‘Do you have “plans”, Mother?’ asked Meg.

‘All mothers do, dear,’ said Mrs March. ‘But my plans are different from Mrs Moffat’s, I suspect. I want my daughters to be loved, and I want people to think well of them. I want them to marry well, but not to marry rich men just because they are rich. I’d rather you were poor men’s wives, if that meant you had happy, peaceful lives. But your father and I believe that we’ll always be proud of our daughters, whether they are married or single.’

‘You will, you will!’ said Meg and Jo, together.

7 麦格听到了闲言碎语

安妮·墨菲没有忘记她答应过的邀请，一个春日，麦格来到了墨菲家的大房子里。麦格觉得这太好了。她喜欢坐漂亮的马车，每天都穿着她最好的衣服，除了玩乐以外不做任何事情。不久她就开始像其他女孩子一样谈论起时髦的衣服和发型来。麦格见到安妮的漂亮东西越多，她就越希望自己也一样地富有。

安妮的姐姐白拉和克拉拉都是很好的姑娘；墨菲先生是个胖胖的友好的绅士；墨菲太太是个胖胖的友好的女士。他们对麦格都很好，并且尽他们的所能使麦格就像在家里一样舒适。

晚上小型聚会的时候，麦格最好的衣服比起萨丽的新衣服来显得很旧，可没有任何人说起这件事。女孩子们正在做准备，这时仆人送来一盒花。

“给马奇小姐的，”她说，“这儿有封信。”

“多有意思！是谁送的？”女孩子们问，“我们可不知道你还有个年轻的绅士。”

“信是妈妈送来的，花是罗瑞送的，”麦格简单地说。

“噢，”萨丽说，带着一种奇怪的表情。

母亲充满爱的话语和罗瑞的善良使麦格感到更加高兴，舞会上她玩得很开心。安妮让麦格唱歌，有人说她有一副好嗓子。于是麦格很愉快——直到她听到一大桌子花的那边有人在说话：“劳伦斯家的男孩有多大了？”

“十六七岁吧，我觉得，”另一个声音说。

“这对那几个女孩子之中的一个倒是太合适了，”第三个声音说，“萨丽说她们都很友好，那个老头也觉得她们都很不错。”

“我觉得马奇太太是早有打算了，”墨菲太太说，“可你们觉得那女孩子知道这些吗？”

“她拿她母亲撒了个小小的谎，她的脸都红了。我敢肯定那封信其实是那个男孩写的。可怜的孩子！如果她有些好衣服，她会很漂亮的。你们觉得如果星期四晚会时我们借给她一件衣服她会介意吗？”

“我会请小劳伦斯来，然后我们再跟她逗趣。”

麦格试图忘记她所听到的话，可是不行。那些闲言碎语使她很生气，所以晚会结束、她独自躺到床上时她很不高兴。她静静地哭了。人们为什么要那么说呢？她和罗瑞只是朋友，现在那份友谊像是要被那些不友好的闲话毁了。

第二天，白拉小姐说：“麦格，亲爱的，我们给你的朋友劳伦斯先生发了份邀请，请他参加星期四的舞会。”

麦格假装误会了：“你们真好，可我想他不会来的。他都快70岁了。”

白拉小姐笑了。“我是说那个年轻的先生。”

“没有年轻的先生，”麦格说，“劳瑞还是个孩子。”

“他不是和你差不多大吗？”克拉拉问。

“他离琼更近些。”麦格说。“我八月份就17岁了。”

“他送你花真好，”安妮说。

“他经常这样，给我们大家都送，”麦格说。“你们知道，我妈妈和老劳伦斯先生是朋友。”

“你星期四穿什么？”萨丽问。

“还是我那件白衣服，我没有别的了。”

“没有别的衣服？”萨丽道，“这太有意思了——”

“我有一件很漂亮的蓝裙子，我穿不下了，麦格，”白拉说，“你如果穿上它我会很高兴。”

“你太好了，可是——”麦格开始说。

“穿上吧，”白拉说。“你穿上会非常漂亮的。”

麦格无法拒绝这份好心，星期四晚上，白丝帮忙把麦格变成了一个漂亮的淑女。她替她梳了头，卷了头发，上了唇色，然后帮她穿上那天蓝色的衣裙。那件衣服的领子开得很低，当麦格从镜子里看到自己时，她感到十分震惊。戴上项链和耳环后，麦格就准备好参加舞会了。

刚开始，她穿着那些好衣服感觉很别扭，可不久她发现那些平常不注意她的人开始跟她攀谈了。几个年轻人原先只盯着她看，现在都希望被介绍给她。

突然，麦格看见了屋子那头的罗瑞。他正盯着她瞧，看上去不太高兴。麦格开始感到很不舒服，她希望她穿的是自己的旧衣服，她朝罗瑞走过去，她看见白拉和安妮看着他俩在笑。

“我很高兴你来了，”麦格尽量用成熟的声音对罗瑞说，“我以为你不会来呢。”

“琼让我来的，她让我告诉你你看上去怎么样，”罗瑞说。

“那你会怎样告诉她？”

“我会告诉她我不认识你，因为你看上去不像你自己。我很怕你，”他说。

“那些姑娘把我打扮成这样玩儿的，”麦格说，“你不喜欢吗？”

“不，我不喜欢，”回答是冷冷的。

麦格感到很生气。“那我就不跟你在一起了！”她随后朝窗户走去。

一两分钟之后，一个年长些的绅士从她身边走过，她听见他对他的朋友说：“那个女孩被打扮得像个玩具娃娃。”

“噢，天哪，”麦格想，“我为什么不穿我自己的衣服？”

她转过身，看见罗瑞站在她身后。“请原谅我吧，”他说。“来吃点东西吧。”

麦格尽力装做不开心。

“来吧，”他又说，“我不喜欢你的衣服，可我确实觉得你——很出色。”

麦格笑了，她发现根本不可能跟他生气。“千万别告诉家里人我的衣服的事，”麦格说。“她们不会明白那只是为了好玩儿，妈妈会担心的。我穿这身衣服真是愚蠢，可我会亲自告诉她们。”

“我什么也不会说。”他发誓说。

他直到晚饭时才又见到她，她正在跟另外两个男孩喝葡萄酒。

“如果你喝得多了，你明天会难受的，麦格，”罗瑞轻声对她说。

“我今晚不是麦格，”她说。“我是一个做疯狂事的玩具娃娃。明天我就变好了。”

麦格又跳又笑，尽可能地跟很多年轻绅士谈话，可她上床睡觉时并没像她期待的那样感觉玩得很开心。

第二天她一整天觉得很不舒服。星期六她回家了，由于前一天的玩乐，她感到很累。

“真高兴回家来，”当她向母亲和琼讲述了她怎样被打扮得像个玩具娃娃、怎样喝了太多的葡萄酒、后来感到难受的事后，她说。她在向她们讲她的故事时笑过，但最后她的表情还是显得忧虑。

“我觉得还有些别的事，”马奇太太边说边抚摸着麦格的脸颊。那张脸突然变得通红。

“是的，”麦格慢慢地说，“我讨厌人们说些和想些关于我们和罗瑞的坏话。”之后她向她们讲述了她听到的闲话。

“废话！”琼说，“等我看见安妮·墨菲时再说！这有多愚蠢，觉得妈妈早有‘打算’，还认为我们对罗瑞好是因为他有钱，将来会跟我们其中的一个结婚。如果我告诉他他会笑坏了的！”

“不许，琼，”她母亲说，“你永远不许重复不好的闲话。”

“你早有‘打算’吗，妈妈？”麦格问。

“所有的母亲都有打算的，亲爱的，”马奇太太说。“可我认为我的打算跟墨菲太太的有所不同。我要我的女儿们被爱，我要大家都喜欢她们。我要她们婚姻美满，可不是只为了富有而嫁给富人。如果你们成为穷人的妻子，可那意味着你们拥有幸福宁静的生活，我倒宁愿你们那样做。不过你们的父亲和我相信我们会永远为我们的女儿自豪，无论她们是单身还是已婚。”

“你们会的，你们会的。”麦格和琼异口同声地说道。

8 All play and no work

'The first of June, and the King family is going on holiday tomorrow!' said Meg. 'I'm free for three months!'

'And Aunt March went away for her holiday today,' said Jo. 'Isn't life wonderful!'

'What will you do all your holiday?' asked Amy.

'I'll stay in bed late, and do nothing,' said Meg.

'I have lots of books to read,' said Jo.

'Let's not do any studying, Beth,' said Amy. 'Let's play all the time, and rest, as Jo and Meg are going to do.'

'I will if Mother doesn't mind,' said Beth.

Mrs March agreed to the plan and said they could try it for a week.

'But,' she added, 'I think by Saturday night you will find that all play and no work is as bad as all work and no play.'

Next day, Meg appeared at ten o'clock and ate breakfast alone. It was a lonely meal and the room was untidy, because Beth had not cleaned it.

Jo went to the river with Laurie, then sat in the apple tree and read a book. Beth began to tidy things in her cupboard, but she got tired and left it half-done. She went to her piano, glad that she did not have to wash the cups and plates. Amy sat in the garden to draw, hoping someone would see her and say something nice about her picture. But no one appeared, so she went for a walk, got caught in the rain and came home very wet.

At tea, everyone said that it had been a delightful but unusually long day. Meg, who had been shopping in the afternoon, now decided that she did not like the dress she had bought. Jo had a headache from reading too long. Beth couldn't find anything in her cupboard, and the rain had made Amy's dress so wet that she couldn't wear it to Katy Brown's party the next day.

Mrs March listened, smiled and said nothing.

The week seemed to get longer and longer with nothing much to do, and by Friday the girls were glad that it was nearly over. Then Mrs March gave Hannah a holiday, and when the girls got up on Saturday, there was no breakfast ready, no fire in the kitchen, and no mother waiting for them.

'What has happened?' said Jo.

Meg ran upstairs, then came down to say that Mother was staying in her room to have a rest. 'She says we must look after ourselves today,' Meg said.

'Good, I want something to do,' said Jo.

Secretly, they were all pleased to have something useful to do again. Beth and Amy put cups and plates on the table while Jo and Meg got the breakfast, then Meg took some tea and an egg up to Mrs March. The tea was too strong and the egg was burned. Mrs March did not complain, but she laughed to herself afterwards.

Jo decided to invite Laurie to dinner. 'There's meat and vegetables and plenty of potatoes,' she told Meg, 'and we can have strawberries, and then coffee.' Her mother said she did not mind at all because she was going out for dinner.

Jo did her best, but the potatoes were still hard in the middle, the vegetables were cooked too long and fell to pieces, and the meat was burned black. The strawberries were not ready for eating, and she put salt on them instead of sugar! Unfortunately, this was not discovered until Laurie began eating them. He pretended everything was all right, but Amy took a spoonful and ran from the table.

'What's wrong?' said Jo.

Meg and Laurie told her. 'Oh, no!' said Jo. Then she saw Laurie start to smile, and she began to laugh. Soon everyone was laughing with her.

'What a terrible day!' said Jo, after they had cleared everything away.

Mrs March returned home later. 'Have you enjoyed your week of all play and no work, girls, or do you want another week of it?' she said.

'I don't!' said Jo.

'Nor do I!' shouted the others.

'Mother, did you go out and leave us just to see how we would manage?' asked Meg.

'Yes,' said Mrs March. 'I wanted you to see that being comfortable depends on us all helping each other and not just thinking of ourselves. Isn't it better to have time for play and time for work, and to make each day useful and enjoyable?'

'Oh, it is, Mother, it is!' said the girls.

Some days later, all four girls went on a picnic with Laurie and his tutor, Mr Brooke, and some other young people. Sallie Gardiner and her English friend, Miss Kate Vaughn, were among them. It was a sunny day and they had their picnic on a hill, under some trees.

After the meal, most of the young ladies and gentlemen played games, but Miss Kate sat under a tree and began to draw. Meg watched, while Mr Brooke lay on the grass beside her, with a book which he did not read.

'I wish I could draw,' said Meg.

'Why don't you learn?' replied Miss Kate. She was a little older than the other girls and was very much the fashionable young lady.

'I haven't time,' said Meg. 'I have a job, teaching four children in a family.'

'Oh!' said Miss Kate, looking rather shocked. She said no more, but her face showed that she thought being a private teacher was little better than being a servant, and Meg's cheeks quickly became red.

‘In America, young ladies prefer to work and earn money for themselves,’ said Mr Brooke quickly, ‘and not expect others to pay for everything.’

‘I see,’ said Miss Kate, coldly. Soon after, she took her drawing and moved away.

‘There’s no place like America for us workers, Miss Meg,’ said Mr Brooke, smiling. His brown eyes looked at Meg warmly, and she smiled back at him.

‘I wish I liked teaching as much as you do,’ she said.

‘You would if you were teaching Laurie,’ said Mr Brooke. ‘I’ll be sorry when he goes to college next year. But then I shall become a soldier.’

‘I think every young man wants to be a soldier,’ said Meg, ‘but it’s hard for the family who stay at home.’

‘I have no family, and not many friends to care if I live or die,’ said Mr Brooke, sadly.

‘Laurie and his grandfather would care,’ said Meg, ‘and we would all be very sorry if anything happened to you.’

‘Thank you,’ said Mr Brooke, cheering up immediately.

8 只有玩乐没有工作

“今天是6月1号，金一家明天就要去度假了，”麦格说，“我有三个月的自由时间！”

“今天马奇姑妈也去度假了，”琼说，“生活真好啊！”

“你们整个假期做什么呢？”艾米问。

“我会睡懒觉，什么也不做，”麦格答道。

“我有许多的书要读，”琼说。

“咱们什么功课都不做了吧，白丝，”艾米说，“咱们所有时间都用来玩和休息，就像琼和麦格要做的那样。”

“如果妈妈不介意我就同意，”白丝说。

马奇太太同意了 this 计划，并说她们可以试一个星期。

“但是，”她补充道，“我想到星期六晚上你们就会发现只有玩乐没有工作的生活就像只有工作没有玩乐一样糟糕。”

第二天，麦格10点钟才露面，独自用早餐。这是一顿孤寂的早餐，房间乱糟糟的，因为白丝没有整理过。

琼和罗瑞到河边去了，然后坐在一棵苹果树上看书。白丝开始整理她的橱柜，可她感到累了，只做了一半就不做了。她来到她的钢琴旁，为她不用洗杯子和盘子而高兴。艾米坐在花园里画画，希望有人能看到她并夸奖她的画。可没有一个人出现，于是她就去散步，途中遇到了雨，湿淋淋地回到家。

喝茶时，每个人都说那天过得很愉快，只是有些出乎寻常地长。麦格下午去买东西了，可她现在却觉得她不喜欢她买的衣服。琼因为看书时间太长，头疼起来。白丝在她的橱柜里什么都找不到了。雨把艾米的衣服弄得太湿，第二天她不能穿那件衣服去参加凯特·布朗家的聚会了。

马奇太太听着，面带微笑，什么都没说。

因为没有事情做，那个星期看起来越来越长，到了星期五孩子们都很高兴这一切就要结束了。然后马奇太太放了海娜一天假，当星期六早晨孩子们起床时，发现没有了早餐，没有了炉火，妈妈也没在等她们。

“发生了什么事？”琼说。

麦格跑上楼，然后又跑下来跟大家说妈妈呆在她的房间里休息。“她说今天我们得自己照顾自己。”麦格说。

“好啊，我想做点事，”琼说。

私下里，她们都很高兴又有些有用的事情可以做了。白丝和艾米把杯子和盘子摆到桌上，琼和麦格做早餐，然后麦格把一些茶和一个鸡蛋拿到楼上给母亲。茶太浓了，鸡蛋烧糊了。马奇太太没有抱怨，但之后她对自己笑了。

琼决定请罗瑞来吃晚餐。“有肉、蔬菜和足够的土豆，”她告诉麦格，“我们还可以吃草莓，然后喝咖啡。”母亲说她一点也不在乎，因为她要出去吃晚餐。

琼尽了最大努力，可土豆的中间还是硬的，蔬菜做得时间太长，变烂了，肉也给烧黑了。草莓还不能吃，她又把盐当成糖撒在了上面！不幸的是，直到罗瑞开始吃草莓这情况才被发现。他装做一切无恙，可艾米吃了一勺后从桌边跑开了。

“怎么啦？”琼问。

麦格和罗瑞告诉了她。“噢，不！”琼说。然后她看见罗瑞笑了，她也开始笑。旋即每个人都和她一起笑了。

“多糟的一天！”当她们把一切收拾走后，琼说。

马奇太太很晚才回来。“你们喜欢这个只有玩乐没有工作的星期吗，孩子们？你们是不是还想再来一个这样的星期？”她问。

“我不要了！”琼说。

“我也不要了！”其他人都喊道。

“妈妈，你是不是出门去就想看看我们会怎么办？”麦格问。

“是的。”马奇太太说，“我想让你们知道舒适依赖于我们大家互相帮助，不要只想到自己。有时间玩乐，也有时间工作，使每天既有用又愉快不是很好吗？”

“噢，是的，妈妈，是的！”孩子们说。

几天之后，四个女孩子和罗瑞及她的家庭教师布鲁克先生，还有其他几个年轻人一起去野餐，萨丽·加迪那和她的英国朋友凯特·瓦格小姐也去了。那天阳光灿烂，他们在一个小山坡上的一些树下野餐。

餐后，大部分年轻姑娘和小伙子都去做游戏了，可凯特小姐却坐在一棵树下开始画画。麦格看着，布鲁克先生躺在她身旁的草地上，拿着一本书，但他并没有在看。

“真希望我会画画，”麦格说。

“你为什么不学呢？”凯特小姐问。她比其他的女孩稍大点，并且是最时髦的姑娘。

“我没时间，”麦格说，“我有工作，给一家四个孩子教课。”

“噢，”凯特小姐说，看上去很吃惊。她什么也没说，可从她脸上的表情可以看出她认为做家庭教师仅仅比做仆人好一些。麦格的脸很快变红了。

“在美国，年轻的小姐喜欢为自己工作挣钱，”布鲁克先生很快地说，“她们不指望别人给她们掏钱。”

“是这样，”凯特小姐冷冷地说。一会儿，她拿起她的画走开了。

“没有其它地方像美国这样适合我们工作的人了，麦格小姐，”布鲁克先生笑着说。他棕色的眼睛温和地看着麦格，她也向他笑笑。

“我真希望像你一样喜欢教书，”她说。

“如果你教的是罗瑞你就会喜欢教书的，”布鲁克先生说，“明年他要去上大学，我会感到很遗憾。可然后我就要去当兵了。”

“我认为每个年轻人都想当兵，”麦格说，“可这对呆在家里的人来说是很难的。”

“我没有家，也没有许多朋友在乎我的死活，”布鲁克先生伤感地说。

“罗瑞和他祖父会在乎的，”麦格说，“如果你发生什么事，我们大家都会很悲伤的。”

“谢谢你，”布鲁克先生说，立刻高兴起来。

9 Secrets

One October afternoon, Jo caught a bus into the town and stopped outside a building in one of the busy streets. She went in, looked up the stairs and, after a minute, ran out again. She did this several times, to the great amusement of a young man who was watching from the opposite side of the road. But the fourth time, Jo gave herself a shake and walked up the stairs.

The young man crossed the road and waited. It was Laurie. Ten minutes later, Jo came running out, but did not look pleased to see him.

'What are you doing here?' she said.

'I'm waiting to walk home with you,' he said. 'I've a secret to tell you, but first you must tell me yours.'

'You won't say anything at home, will you?' said Jo.

'Not a word, promised Laurie.

'I've left two of my stories with a newspaper man,' said Jo, 'but I'll have to wait until next week before I know if they will be printed.'

'Miss March, the famous American writer!' said Laurie, throwing his hat into the air and catching it.

Jo looked pleased. 'Now, what's your secret?'

'You remember Meg lost a glove at the picnic?' said Laurie. 'Well, I know where it is.'

'Is that all?' said Jo, looking disappointed.

'Wait until I tell you where it is,' he said.

'Tell me then,' said Jo.

Laurie whispered three words in Jo's ear.

She stared at him, looking both surprised and displeased. 'How do you know?'

'I saw it.'

'Where?' asked Jo.

'Pocket. What's wrong, don't you like it?'

'Of course not. It's stupid! What would Meg say if she knew?'

'You mustn't tell anyone,' said Laurie.

'I didn't promise,' Jo reminded him.

'I thought you would be pleased,' he said.

'Pleased at the idea of someone coming to take Meg away?' said Jo. 'No, thank you.'

She ran off down the hill, but Laurie came after her and reached the bottom first. She came up behind him, her face red and her hair blowing in the wind.

'That was fun!' she said, forgetting her crossness in the enjoyment of a good run.

At that moment, someone passed by, then stopped and looked back. It was Meg.

'What are you doing here?' she said when she saw Jo. 'You've been running, haven't you? Jo, when will you start to behave like a young lady?'

'Don't make me grow up yet, Meg,' said Jo, looking sad. 'It's hard enough having you change so suddenly.'

Meg was growing into a woman, and Laurie's secret made Jo realize that Meg would leave home one day, perhaps soon.

Two Saturdays after Jo had gone secretly into town, Meg saw Laurie chasing Jo all over the garden before the two of them fell on the grass, laughing and waving a newspaper.

'What can we do with that girl?' said Meg. 'She never will behave like a young lady.'

Minutes later, Jo came in with the newspaper. She sat down and began to read it.

'Are you reading anything interesting?' asked Meg.

'Only a story,' said Jo.

'Read it aloud,' said Amy. 'It may amuse us.'

Jo began to read very fast, and the girls listened. It was a love story about two people called Viola and Angelo, and most of the characters died in the end. But the girls enjoyed it, and Meg even cried a little at the sad parts.

'Who wrote it?' asked Beth, watching Jo's face.

Jo put down the newspaper. 'I did,' she said, her eyes bright and shining.

'You?' said Meg, surprised.

'It's very good,' said Amy.

'I knew it!' said Beth. She ran across and put her arms around her sister. 'Oh, Jo, I am so proud!'

And how proud Mrs March was when she was told.

Everyone began to speak at the same time. 'Tell us all about it.' 'How much did you get for it?' 'What will Father say?' 'Won't Laurie laugh?'

So Jo told them all about it, and that evening there was no happier or prouder family than the Marches.

9秘密

10月的一天下午，琼乘公共汽车到了镇上，在座落在一条繁华大街上的一幢楼前停了下来。她走了进去，向楼梯上望了望，片刻，又跑出

来。她这样反复了好几次，使得在街对面看着她的一个年轻人感到很有意思。可是第四次，琼鼓了鼓勇气，走上了楼梯。

那个年轻人过了马路等候着。那是罗瑞。10分钟之后，琼跑了出来，可看上去不太高兴见到他。

“你在这儿干什么？”她问道。

“我在等着跟你一起回家，”他答道。“我有个秘密要告诉你，可你得先告诉我你的秘密。”

“你什么也不会对家里人讲，是吗？”琼问。

“一个字也不说，”罗瑞发誓说。

“我给一个报纸编辑留下了两篇我写的故事，”琼说，“可我还得等到下个星期才会知道它们会不会被发表。”

“马奇小姐，著名的美国作家！”罗瑞说道，一边把他的帽子扔到空中，然后又接住。

琼看上去高兴起来。“那么你的秘密是什么？”

“你还记得麦格野餐的时候丢了一只手套吗？”罗瑞说，“哎，我知道它在哪儿。”

“就这个吗？”琼说，看上去挺失望。

“别急呀，等我告诉你它在哪儿，”他说。

“那告诉我吧，”琼说。

罗瑞在琼耳边小声念叨了三个字。

她盯着他，看上去又惊又喜。“你怎么知道的？”

“我看见的。”

“在哪儿？”琼问。

“兜里。怎么了，你不喜欢这个消息吗？”

“当然不。这太愚蠢了！麦格知道了会说什么？”

“你谁也不许告诉，”罗瑞说。

“我没发过誓，”琼提醒他说。

“我以为你会高兴呢，”他说。

“为有人来要带麦格走而感到高兴吗？”琼说，“不，谢谢。”

她跑下山坡，可罗瑞追上了她并在她之前到达了坡底。她从他后面走过来，脸红红的，头发飘在风中。

“这真有意思！”她说，她已因为奔跑的快乐而忘记了她的不愉快。

就在那时，有人从他们身旁经过，然后停了下来朝后看。那是麦格。

“你在这儿干什么？”她看到琼，问道：“你刚才奔跑来的，是吗？琼，你什么时候才能像个年轻的淑女？”

“别让我长大，麦格，”琼说，看上去挺伤感。“看见你突然的改变就够难的了。”

麦格正在成长为一个妇人，罗瑞的秘密使琼意识到麦格有一天会离开家，也许很快。

两个星期后的星期六，琼悄悄去了镇里，麦格看到罗瑞满花园地追逐琼，然后两人都倒在草地上，笑着舞动着一张报纸。

“我们该把那个女孩子怎么办呢，”麦格说，“她永远也不会像个淑女。”

几分钟以后，琼手中拿着报纸走了进来。她坐下来开始读那份报。

“你是在读些有趣的事吗？”麦格问。

“只是个故事，”琼答道。

“大声地读，”艾米说，“它没准会逗我们开心。”

琼开始很快地读，孩子们倾听着。那是个关于两个名叫维奥拉和安尼鲁的人的爱情故事，大多数人物在结尾时都死去了。可女孩子喜欢它，麦格甚至在听到伤感的段落时还哭了。

“谁写的？”白丝问道，看着琼的脸。

琼把报纸放下。“我写的，”她说，她的眼睛亮闪闪的。

“你？”麦格吃惊地说。

“这太好了，”艾米说。

“我就知道！”白丝说。她跑过去用双臂搂住她的姐姐，“噢，琼，我真骄傲！”

当马奇太太被告知这件事时，她也特别骄傲。

每个人都开始异口同声地说：“告诉我们这一切吧。”“为这篇文章你得了多少钱？”“爸爸会怎么说？”“怪不得罗瑞笑呢！”

于是琼就把一切讲给她们听，那天晚上，没有比马奇一家更快乐的家庭了。

10 A telegram

Mrs March, the girls and Laurie were sitting together on a dull November afternoon when Hannah hurried into the room with a telegram Mrs March read it, then dropped it to the floor, her face white and her hands shaking. Jo picked up the telegram and read it to the others in a frightened voice. Mrs March: Your husband is very ill. Come at once. S.

Hale, Blank Hospital, Washington.

The girls moved close to their mother. All their happiness had disappeared in a moment.

‘I shall go at once,’ said Mrs March, ‘but it may be too late. Oh, my children!’

For several minutes, there was only the sound of crying, then Hannah hurried away to get things ready for the long journey.

‘Where’s Laurie?’ Mrs March asked.

‘Here,’ said the boy. ‘Oh, let me do something!’

‘Send a telegram and say that I’ll come at once,’ said Mrs March. ‘The next train goes early in the morning. Now, I must write a note to Aunt March Jo, give me that pen and paper.’

Jo knew that the money for the journey must be borrowed from Aunt March, and she too wanted to do something—anything—to help her father.

Laurie went off to take the note to Aunt March and to send the telegram. Jo went to fetch some things from the shops, and Amy and Meg helped their mother to get ready.

‘Father will need good food and wine to help him get better, and there won’t be much at the hospital,’ said Mrs March. ‘Beth, go and ask Mr Laurence for a couple of bottles of wine. I’m not too proud to beg for Father.’

Mr Laurence came back with Beth. He offered to go with Mrs March, but she wouldn’t let the old gentleman make the long, tiring journey, although he could see that she would like to have somebody with her. He went away again, saying, ‘I’ll be back.’

Soon after, Meg saw Mr Brooke by the door.

‘I’m very sorry to hear your news, Miss March,’ he said gently. ‘Mr Laurence and I think it will be a good idea if I travel with your mother.’

‘How kind you all are!’ said Meg. ‘It will be so good to know that there is someone to take care of Mother. Thank you very much!’ She put out her hand and smiled gratefully up into his warm brown eyes.

Laurie came back with a letter and money from Aunt March, but Jo did not return. It was late afternoon when she came walking in and gave her mother some money.

‘That’s to help make Father comfortable and to bring him home,’ she said.

‘Twenty-five dollars!’ said Mrs March. ‘My dear, where did you get it?’

Jo took off her hat.

‘Your hair, your beautiful hair!’ cried Amy.

All Jo’s lovely, thick, long hair was cut short.

‘Jo, how could you?’ cried Meg.

‘My dear girl, there was no need for this,’ said Mrs March.

‘She doesn’t look like my Jo, but I love her dearly for doing it!’ said Beth, and began to cry.

‘Don’t cry, Beth,’ said Jo. ‘I wanted to do something for Father, and selling my hair was the only thing I could think of doing. I’ll soon have a curly head again, which will be short and easy to keep tidy.’

But later, when Amy and Beth were asleep and Meg was lying awake, she heard Jo crying.

‘Are you crying about Father, Jo?’ she asked.

‘No, not now. It’s my hair,’ cried Jo. ‘I’d do it again, if I could. But I did love my hair, and the selfish bit of me is making me cry. Don’t tell anyone. I’ll be all right in the morning.’

During the days after their mother and Mr Brooke went away, Meg and Jo went back to their jobs, and Beth and Amy helped Hannah to keep the house tidy. Everyone tried very hard to be good and hard-working and helpful.

News of their father came through, at first telling them he was dangerously ill, but then saying he was slowly getting better.

10 一封电报

11月一个多云的下午，马奇太太、女孩子们和罗瑞正围坐在一起，海娜拿着一封电报匆匆走进屋来。马奇太太读了电报，然后把它掉落在地上，脸色煞白，双手颤抖。琼把电报拾起来，用惊恐的声音读给其他人听。“马奇太太，你的丈夫病得很重。马上来。华盛顿圣黑尔布兰克医院。”

女孩子们靠近母亲。她们的快乐刹时消失了。

“我得马上去，”马奇太太说，“可也许太迟了。噢，孩子们！”

几分钟之内，只有啼哭的声音，然后海娜赶快去为这漫长的旅程收拾行装。

“罗瑞在哪？”马奇太太问。

“在这儿，”那男孩说，“噢，让我做点事吧！”

“去发封电报说我马上来，”马奇太太说。“下一班火车清晨开出。现在我得给马奇姑妈写个便条。琼，给我拿支笔，还有纸。”

琼知道这次旅行的钱一定得从马奇姑妈那儿借，她也想为帮她父亲做些事，任何事都行。

罗瑞走了，去给马奇姑妈送条子和发电报。琼去商店买东西，艾米和麦格帮母亲做准备。

“爸爸一定需要好的食品和酒帮他恢复健康，医院里肯定不会有什么，”马奇太太说。“白丝，去向劳伦斯先生要几瓶酒。我可没有傲气到不能为你们父亲乞讨的地步。”

劳伦斯先生和白丝一起回来了。他表示要和马奇太太一起去，可她不让老先生做那么漫长疲劳的旅行，虽然他看得出她希望能有人陪她一起去。他再一次走开，说着：“我就回来。”

一会儿工夫，麦格看见布鲁克先生站在门口。

“我听到你们的消息感到很难过，马奇小姐，”他轻柔地说，“劳伦斯先生和我都觉得，如果让我和你母亲一起去会是个好主意。”

“你真好！”麦格说，“能有个人照顾母亲简直太好了！非常感谢！”她伸出手，望着他那温和的棕色眼睛，感激地笑了。

罗瑞回来了，带来一封信和马奇姑妈的钱，可琼还没回来。下午很晚的时候，她回来了，交给母亲一些钱。

“把这钱拿去让爸爸感到舒适些，再把他带回家来。”她说。

“二十五块钱！”马奇太太说，“我亲爱的，你从哪儿弄来的？”

琼把帽子摘了下来。

“你的头发！你漂亮的头发！”艾米喊道。

琼那一头漂亮的、又浓密又长的头发不见了。

“琼，你怎么能这样做？”麦格叫道。

“我亲爱的孩子，你不必这么做，”马奇太太说。

“她看起来不像我的琼了，可我因为她这样做而爱她！”白丝说道，随即开始哭起来。

“别哭了，白丝，”琼说，“我想为爸爸做点什么，卖掉我的头发是我唯一能想得出来的事，我不久就会又有一头卷发了，又短又容易梳理。”

可过一会儿，当艾米和白丝都睡着了，麦格躺着却睡不着，她听到琼在哭。

“你是在为爸爸哭吗，琼？”她问。

“不，现在不是。我是为我的头发，”琼哭道，“如果我能够，我还会再做一次的，可我确实很爱我的头发，我自私的一面在使我哭泣。别告诉别人。我早晨就会好的。”

她们的母亲和布鲁克先生走后的日子里，麦格和琼回去工作了，白丝和艾米帮海娜整理房子。每个人都非常努力，想要做好，想要勤奋工作，想要帮助别人。

关于父亲的消息传来，一开始说他病情很危险，可后来说他正在慢慢地好转。

Ten days after their mother went away, Beth came home late after one of several visits to a sick baby at the Hummels' house. She went straight to her mother's room and shut herself inside. Half an hour later, Jo found her sitting there, looking very ill.

'Beth, what's the matter?' cried Jo.

Beth put out a hand to keep her away. 'You've had scarlet fever, haven't you?' she said.

'Years ago, when Meg did,' said Jo. 'Why?'

'Oh, Jo! Mrs Hummel's baby is dead,' said Beth. 'It died in my arms before Mrs Hummel got home.'

'My poor Beth, how awful for you!' said Jo, putting an arm around her sister. 'What did you do?'

'I just sat and held it until Mrs Hummel came with the doctor. He looked at Heinrich and Minna who were also feeling sick. "It's scarlet fever," he said. Then he told me to come home and take some medicine quickly or I would catch it, too.'

'I'll fetch Hannah,' said Jo.

'Don't let Amy come,' said Beth. 'She hasn't had it, and I don't want to give it to her.'

It was decided that Amy must go to Aunt March's house, so Laurie took her there. Poor Amy did not like this plan at all and only agreed to go when Laurie said he would visit her every day to bring her news of Beth.

When Laurie got back, he asked Jo and Meg if he ought to send a telegram to Mrs March.

'Hannah says Mother can't leave Father and would only worry,' said Meg. 'She says Beth won't be sick long, and that she knows what to do, but it doesn't seem right.'

Mr Laurence was not allowed to see Beth, and Meg felt unhappy writing letters to her mother saying nothing about Beth's illness. Jo nursed Beth night and day, but the time came when Beth did not know her and called for her mother. Jo was frightened, and Meg begged to be allowed to write the truth, but Hannah said there was no danger yet. Then a letter came saying that Mr March was worse and could not think of coming home for a long time.

How dark the days seemed. How sad and lonely The sisters worked and waited as the shadow of death lay over the once happy home. It was then that Meg realized how rich she had been in the things which really mattered—love, peace, good health. And Jo, watching her little sister, thought about how unselfish Beth always was—living for others and trying to make home a happy place for all who came there. Amy, sad and lonely at Aunt March's house, just wanted to come home so that she could do something to help Beth.

On the first day of December, the doctor came in the morning. He looked at Beth, then said quietly, 'If Mrs March can leave her husband, I think she should come home now.'

Jo threw on her coat and ran out into the snow to send a telegram. When she arrived back, Laurie came with a letter saying that Mr March was getting better again. This was good news, but Jo's face was so unhappy that Laurie asked, 'What is it? Is Beth worse?'

'I've sent for Mother,' said Jo, beginning to cry. 'Beth doesn't know us any more.'

Laurie held her hand and whispered, 'I'm here, Jo. Hold on to me. Your mother will be here soon, and then everything will be all right.'

'I'm glad Father is better,' said Jo. 'Now Mother won't feel so bad about coming home.'

'You're very tired,' said Laurie. 'But I'll tell you something to cheer you up better than anything.'

'What is it?' said Jo.

Laurie smiled. 'I sent a telegram to your mother yesterday, and Mr Brooke answered that she'd come at once. She'll be here tonight and everything will be all right!'

Jo threw her arms around him. 'Oh, Laurie! Oh, Mother! I am so glad!' She did not cry again, but held on to her friend. He was surprised, but he smoothed her hair and followed this with a kiss or two.

Jo pushed him gently away. 'Oh, don't! I didn't mean—!'

'I enjoyed it!' laughed Laurie, then, went on, 'Grandfather and I thought your mother ought to know. She wouldn't forgive us if Beth—well, if anything happened. Her train will be in at two o'clock in the morning, and I'll meet her.'

All that day, the snow fell and the hours went slowly by. The doctor came, then said he would come back after midnight when he expected there to be some change in Beth's condition, for better or worse. Hannah fell asleep in a chair beside Beth's bed. Mr Laurence waited downstairs, while Laurie lay on the floor pretending to rest. The girls just waited, unable to sleep.

At twelve o'clock, a change seemed to pass over Beth's face. Hannah slept on, but the girls saw the shadow which seemed to fall upon the little bed. An hour went by and Laurie left quietly for the station.

At two o'clock, Jo was standing at the window, watching the snow. She heard something and turned to see Meg kneeling beside her mother's chair. A cold feeling of fear passed over Jo. 'Beth is dead,' she thought.

She ran to the bed. The pain had gone from Beth's face, and now there was a look of peace instead. Jo kissed her and softly whispered, 'Goodbye, Beth, goodbye!'

Hannah woke up and looked at Beth. 'The fever's gone!' she cried. 'She's sleeping and breathing easily!'

The doctor came soon after. 'I think she'll be all right,' he said. 'Keep the house quiet and let her sleep.'

Meg and Jo held each other close, their hearts too full for words. Beth was lying as she used to, with her cheek on her hand, and breathing quietly.

'I wish Mother would come now,' whispered Jo.

And a moment later, they heard the sound of the door below, a cry from Hannah, then Laurie's happy voice saying, 'Girls, she's come! She's come!'

11 白丝

母亲离开10天以后，白丝很晚才回家，她已几次去哈梅尔家看望一个生病的婴儿。她径直走进母亲的房间，把自己关在里面。半个小时以后，琼发现她坐在那儿，看上去病得很厉害。

“白丝，怎么了？”琼叫道。

白丝伸出一支手，让她离远点。“你得过猩红热，是不是？”她说。

“几年以前得过，那是麦格得病时传染了我，”琼说，“怎么了？”

“噢，琼！哈梅尔的婴儿死了，”白丝说，“它在哈梅尔太太回家前死在我怀里。”

“我可怜的白丝，这对你太糟了！”琼说，用一只胳膊搂住她的妹妹。“你做了什么？”

“我就那么坐在那儿抱着它，直到哈梅尔太太带着医生来。他看看海因里奇和米娜，他们也觉得不舒服。”是猩红热，’他说。然后他告诉我回家来赶快吃点药，要不然我也会得病的。”

“我去找海娜，”琼说。

“别让艾米来，”白丝说。“她没得过，我不想传染给她。”

大家决定艾米必须去马奇姑妈家，于是罗瑞把她带到那儿。可怜的艾米一点也不喜欢这个主意，直到罗瑞说他每天都会会看她，带给她白丝的消息，她才同意去。

罗瑞回来的时候，问琼和麦格他是不是应该给马奇太太发封电报。

“海娜说妈妈不能离开爸爸，只会为这事着急担心，”麦格说。“她说白丝不会病很久，她知道该怎么做，可这好像不对。”

他们不准劳伦斯先生来看望白丝。麦格为给妈妈的信中不能提白丝的病感到很不高兴。琼日夜照看白丝，可不久白丝不认识她了，喊叫着要母亲。琼害怕了，麦格恳求允许她把真情写在信里，可海娜说还不会有危险。之后来了一封信，说马奇先生病情加重，在很长一段时间内她还不能考虑回家。

那些日子看起来多阴暗哪。那么悲伤和孤独，女孩子们工作着，等待着死亡的阴影笼罩着这个一度欢乐的家。就在那时，麦格意识到她曾经多么富有，那些东西才是真正应该在意的——爱，和平，健康。琼看着她的妹妹，想起白丝一直是那么无私——为别人而生活，努力为来到家里的人把家变成一个快乐的地方。艾米在马奇姑妈家又伤心又孤单，只想回家为白丝帮点忙。

12月的第一天，医生一早就来了。他看了看白丝，然后缓缓地说：“如果马奇太太能离开她的丈夫，我认为她现在就应该回家来。”

琼穿上外衣跑到外面的雪地里，去发电报。当她回来时，罗瑞带来一封信，说马奇先生又有好转了。这是好消息，可琼的脸上看上去是那么不开心，于是罗瑞问：“怎么了？是不是白丝病重了？”

“我已经叫妈妈回来了，”琼说道，开始哭泣起来，“白丝已经不认识我们了。”

罗瑞握住她的手，小声说：“我在这儿，琼。有我呢。你妈妈就会回来了，然后所有的事都会好了。”

“我很高兴爸爸好些了，”琼说。“现在妈妈回家里心情也不会很糟。”

“你很累了，”罗瑞说。“可我要告诉你一些事使你高兴起来。”

“是什么？”琼问。

罗瑞笑了。“我昨天就已发了一封电报给你妈妈，布鲁克先生说她会马上回来。她今天晚上就会回来，一切都会好的！”

琼用双臂搂住他。“噢，罗瑞！噢，妈妈！我太高兴了！”她不再哭了，可还是搂着罗瑞。他很吃惊，可他理了理她的头发，然后吻了她一两下。

琼轻轻把他推开。“噢，别这样，我并不是说想——！”

“我很喜欢！”罗瑞笑了，然后继续说，“祖父和我认为你母亲应该知道。万一白丝——哦，如果发生什么事，她不会饶恕我们的。她乘坐的火车早晨两点到，我去接她。”

那一整天，下着雪，时间缓慢地过去。医生来了，然后说他午夜以后再来，那时白丝的情况会有变化，变好或变坏。海娜坐在白丝床边的椅子上睡着了。劳伦斯先生等在楼下，罗瑞躺在地上权当休息。女孩子们只有等待，她们睡不着。

12点钟，似乎白丝脸上有了变化。海娜继续睡着，可女孩子们却似乎看到降临到那张小床上的阴影。一小时过去了，罗瑞离开去了车站。

两点钟，琼站在窗边看雪。她听到了一点声音，转过身来看见麦格跪在妈妈的椅子旁边。一种冰冷的恐惧感传遍琼的全身。“白丝死了，”她想。

她朝床跑过去。痛苦已从白丝脸上消失，取而代之的是一种安详的表情。琼吻了吻她，轻柔地低语：“再见，白丝，再见！”

海娜醒了过来，看了看白丝。“热退了！”她喊道，“她睡着了，呼吸很顺畅！”

医生不久就来了。“我想她会好的，”他说。“让这房子保持安静，叫她睡觉。”

麦格和琼紧紧地拥抱，她们的心情难以言表。白丝就像她从前一样躺着，手托着脸颊，平静地呼吸着。

“我希望妈妈能现在就回来，”琼低声说。

片刻之后，他们听到了楼下的门声，海娜喊了一声，然后是罗瑞快乐的声音说：“女孩们，她来了，她来了！”

12 Love and Mr Brooke

When Beth woke from her long sleep, she looked into her mother's face and smiled. Then she slept again, but Mrs March held on to her daughter's thin little hand.

Hannah made breakfast while Meg and Jo listened as their mother told them about their father's health, and Mr Brooke's promise to stay with him. Then Meg and Jo closed their tired eyes and were able to rest at last.

Laurie went to give the good news to Amy at Aunt March's house. He, too, was tired after the long night, and just managed to finish telling his story before he fell asleep in the chair. Amy began to write a short letter to her mother, but before she could finish it, she saw Mrs March coming towards her aunt's house! Amy ran to meet her.

There were probably many happy little girls in the city that day, but Amy was the happiest of them all as she sat on her mother's knee. 'I've been thinking a lot about Beth,' she said. 'Everyone loves her because she isn't selfish. People wouldn't feel half so bad about me if I was sick, but I'd like to be loved and missed. I'm going to try and be like Beth as much as I can.'

Her mother kissed her. 'I'm sure you will succeed,' she said. 'Now I must go back to Beth. Be patient, little daughter, and we'll soon have you home again.' That evening, while Meg was writing to her father, Jo went upstairs to Beth's room and found her mother beside the bed, as the little girl slept.

'I want to tell you something, Mother,' said Jo.

'Is it about Meg?' said Mrs March.

'How quickly you guessed!' said Jo. 'Yes, it's about her. Last summer, Meg lost one of her gloves at the Laurences' picnic, and later Laurie told me that Mr Brooke had it, and kept it in his coat pocket. It fell out once, and Laurie saw it. Mr Brooke told Laurie that he liked Meg but was afraid to tell her because she was so young and he was so poor. Isn't it all awful?'

'Do you think Meg likes and cares about him?' asked Mrs March, with a worried look.

'I don't know anything about love!' said Jo.

'Do you think she's not interested in John?' said Mrs March.

'Who?' said Jo, staring.

'Mr Brooke,' said her mother. 'I call him John because we became good friends at the hospital.'

'Oh, dear!' said Jo. 'He's been good to Father, and now you'll let Meg marry him, if she wants to.'

'My dear, don't be angry,' said Mrs March. 'John told us quite honestly that he loved Meg, but said he would earn enough money for a comfortable home before he asked her to marry him. He wants very much to make her love him if he can. He's an excellent young man, but your father and I will not agree to Meg marrying before she is twenty.'

'I want her to marry Laurie, and be rich,' said Jo. 'I'm afraid Laurie isn't grown-up enough for Meg,' said Mrs March. 'Don't make plans, Jo. Let time and their own hearts bring your friends together.'

Meg came in with the letter for her father.

'Beautifully written, my dear,' said her mother, looking at the letter. 'Please add that I send my love to John.' 'Do you call him John?' said Meg, smiling.

'Yes, he's been like a son to us and we are very fond of him,' said Mrs March, watching her daughter closely.

'I'm glad of that, because he's so lonely,' was Meg's quiet answer. 'Goodnight, Mother dear.'

Mrs March kissed her gently. 'She does not love John yet,' she thought, 'but she will soon learn to.'

12 爱和布鲁克先生

当白丝从她的长觉中醒来,她望着母亲的脸,笑了。然后她又睡去了,可马奇太太依旧握着女儿瘦瘦的小手。

海娜做早餐的时候,麦格和琼听她们的母亲讲述父亲的健康状况,她还说布鲁克先生答应和他呆在一起。然后麦格和琼合上了眼睛,终于能休息了。

罗瑞去把好消息告诉在马奇姑妈家的艾米,经过那个长夜,他也太累了,刚一讲完他的故事,他就在椅子上睡着了。

艾米开始给母亲写一封短信,可还没等写完,她就看见马奇太太正朝马奇姑妈家走来!艾米跑过去迎接她。

那天城里大概有许多幸福的女孩,可当艾米坐在母亲的膝头上时,她就是她们中最幸福的一个。“我一直在惦念白丝,”她说。“每个人都喜欢她,因为她不自私。如果是我病了,大家一定不会有这个一半的感觉,可我希望被爱、被惦念。我一定努力像白丝那样。”

她的母亲吻了她。“我肯定你会成功的,”她说。“现在我得回到白丝那儿去。耐心点,小女儿,我们不久就让你回家。”

那天晚上,在麦格给父亲写信的时候,琼走上楼,来到白丝的房间,她发现母亲正在床边,白丝睡着了。

“我想告诉你些事,妈妈,”琼说。

“是关于麦格的吧?”马奇太太问。

“你猜得真快!”琼说,“是的,是关于她。夏天,麦格在劳伦斯家的野餐会上丢了一只手套,后来罗瑞告诉我布鲁克先生拿了,把它放在他的外套口袋里。有一次它掉了出来,罗瑞看到了。布鲁克先生告诉罗瑞他喜欢麦格,却不敢告诉她,因为她太年轻而他又那么穷。这是不是很糟糕?”

“你觉得麦格喜欢他、在乎他吗?”马奇太太面带忧虑地问。

“我对爱一无所知!”琼说。

“你认为她对约翰不感兴趣?”马奇太太问。

“谁?”琼瞪着眼问。

“布鲁克先生,”她母亲说。“我管他叫约翰,因为我们在医院成了好朋友。”

“噢,天哪!”琼说。“他对爸爸好,现在你又让麦格嫁给他,如果她想的话。”

“我亲爱的，别生气，”马奇太太说。“约翰非常诚恳地告诉我们说他爱麦格，可他说他要等到赚了足够的钱建一个舒适的家时才向麦格求婚。他非常想尽他所能让她爱他。他是个很出色的人，可你爸爸和我在麦格20岁之前不会同意她结婚。”

“我要让他嫁给罗瑞，变得富有，”琼说。

“恐怕罗瑞对麦格来说还没长大，”马奇太太说。“别做任何打算，琼。让时间和他们自己的心把你的朋友们带到一起。”

麦格走进来，手里拿着给她父亲的信。

“写得很棒，亲爱的，”她母亲看着信说。“请加上我带给约翰我的爱。”

“你管他叫约翰吗？”麦格笑着问。

“是的，他就像个儿子那样对我们，我们都很喜欢他，”马奇太太说，同时仔细地观察着女儿。

“我很高兴是那样，因为他太孤单了。”麦格很安静地答道。“晚安，亲爱的妈妈。”

马奇太太温柔地吻了她。“她还不爱约翰，”她想，“可她很快就会学会的。”

13 Laurie makes trouble and Jo makes peace

Laurie quickly realized that Jo was keeping a secret which she refused to tell him, but he guessed the secret was about Meg and Mr Brooke, and was annoyed that his tutor had said nothing. He began to make some private plans of his own.

Meg, meanwhile, was busy getting things ready for her father's return, but a change suddenly seemed to come over her. For a day or two, she jumped when she was spoken to, and there was a worried look on her face.

Then a letter arrived for her, and a few minutes later Mrs March and Jo saw Meg staring at it with a frightened face. 'My child, what is it?' said Mrs March.

'It's a mistake—he didn't send it. Jo, how could you do it?' Meg hid her face in her hands and cried.

'Me? I've done nothing,' said Jo. 'What's she talking about?'

Meg pulled another letter from her pocket and threw it at Jo. 'You wrote it, and that bad boy helped you. How could you be so cruel and mean to us both?'

Jo and her mother read the letter which had been in Meg's pocket.

My dearest Meg, I can no longer hide my love for you, and must know your answer before I return. I cannot tell your parents yet, but I think they will agree if they know that we love one another. Mr Laurence will help me find a good job, and then, my sweet girl, you will make me happy. Say nothing to your family yet, but send a word of hope to me through Laurie. Your loving John.

'That terrible boy!' said Jo. 'I'll make him sorry.'

But her mother said, 'Wait, Jo. Are you sure this is nothing to do with you?'

'I never saw the letter before!' said Jo. 'But Mr Brooke wouldn't write stupid things like that.'

'It's like his writing,' said Meg unhappily, looking at the second letter in her hand.

'Oh, Meg, you didn't answer it?' said Mrs March.

'Yes, I did!' cried Meg, hiding her face again.

'Let me get that wicked boy!' shouted Jo.

Mrs March sat beside Meg. 'Tell me everything.'

'Laurie brought the first letter,' said Meg. 'He didn't seem to know anything about it. I was going to tell you, but I remembered how you liked Mr Brooke and thought it would be all right to keep my little secret for a while. Now I can never look him in the face again.'

'What did you write to him?' asked Mrs March.

'I only said that I was too young to do anything, and that I didn't wish to have secrets from you so he must speak to Father. I thanked him for his kindness and said I would be his friend, but nothing more, for a long time.' Mrs March smiled and looked pleased.

Jo laughed. 'What did he reply to that?'

'He writes here that he never sent any love letter, and is sorry that my sister Jo should play games with us like this,' said Meg. 'It's a very kind letter, but imagine how awful I feel.'

'I don't believe Brooke saw either of those letters,' said Jo. 'Laurie wrote them both and he's keeping yours because I won't tell him my secret.'

'Go and fetch Laurie, Jo,' said Mrs March. 'I'll put a stop to all this at once.'

Away ran Jo, and Mrs March gently told Meg Mr Brooke's real feelings. 'Now, dear, do you love him enough to wait until he can make a home for you?'

'I'm frightened and worried,' answered Meg. 'I don't want anything to do with love for a long time—perhaps never. If John doesn't know about all this, don't tell him, and please make Jo and Laurie keep quiet.'

Mrs March tried to calm her daughter, but as soon as Meg heard Laurie coming back with Jo, she ran out of the room, and Mrs March saw the boy alone. When Laurie saw Mrs March's angry face, he guessed the reason. Jo waited outside the room as, inside, the voices rose and fell for half an hour. But the girls never knew what was said.

When they were called in, Laurie apologized to Meg, and told her that Mr Brooke knew nothing about either of the two letters. 'Please forgive me, Meg,' he said.

'I'll try,' said Meg, 'but I didn't think you could be so unkind.'

Laurie looked so sorry that Jo wanted to forgive him straight away, but she said nothing and refused even to look at him. When he went away, looking hurt and unhappy, Jo wished she had been more forgiving. She could never stay angry for long, so after a while she hurried over to the big house, taking with her as an excuse one of Mr Laurence's books that she had borrowed.

'Is Mr Laurence in?' Jo asked a servant.

'Yes, miss, but you can't see him,' said the servant. 'Why? Is he ill?' said Jo.

'No, miss, but he's been arguing with Mr Laurie.' 'Where's Laurie?' said Jo.

'He's shut in his room, and he won't come out.' 'I'll go and see what's the matter,' said Jo. 'I'm not afraid of either of them.'

She went upstairs and knocked on Laurie's door.

'Stop that!' shouted Laurie.

Jo immediately knocked again and the door flew open. She stepped inside before Laurie could stop her. 'I've come to say that I forgive you,' she said, 'and I won't stay angry with you.'

‘Oh,’ said Laurie. ‘Thank you.’

‘What’s wrong?’ she said, seeing his unhappy face. ‘I wouldn’t tell Grandfather why your mother wanted to see me, because I promised her not to tell anyone,’ he said. ‘But then Grandfather tried to shake the truth out of me, so I came up here and shut myself in.’

‘I expect he’s sorry he did that,’ said Jo. ‘Go down and say you’re sorry. I’ll help you.’

‘No, I won’t!’ said Laurie angrily. ‘I was sorry about Meg, and I asked her to forgive me, but I won’t do it again when I’m not the one who is wrong. He ought to believe me when I say I can’t tell him something. I don’t like being shaken like that, and I won’t go down until he apologizes.’ ‘Listen, if I get your grandfather to apologize for shaking you, will you go down?’ said Jo.

‘Yes, but you won’t do it,’ answered Laurie.

‘If I can manage the young one, then I can manage the old one,’ Jo said to herself as she went downstairs.

‘Come in!’ said Mr Laurence, when she knocked on his door.

‘It’s me, sir,’ said Jo. ‘I’m returning a book.’ ‘Do you want any more?’ said the old man, looking annoyed but trying not to show it.

‘Yes, please,’ said Jo. And she pretended to look for another book while Mr Laurence stared at her crossly.

‘What’s that boy been doing?’ he asked suddenly. ‘He won’t tell me.’

‘He did do something wrong and we forgave him,’ said Jo, ‘but we all promised not to say a word to anyone.’ ‘He must not hide behind a promise from you soft-hearted girls,’ said the old gentleman. ‘Tell me, Jo.’

‘I can’t, sir, because Mother has ordered me not to,’ said Jo. ‘And if I tell you, it will make trouble for someone else, not Laurie.’

This seemed to calm the old man. ‘Then I’ll forgive him,’

he said after a moment. ‘He’s a difficult boy and hard to manage, you know.’

‘So am I,’ said Jo, ‘but a kind word always helps.’

‘You think I’m not kind to him?’ he said sharply.

‘Too kind, very often,’ said Jo, a little afraid, ‘but just a bit quick to be angry with him sometimes.’

The old gentleman looked a little ashamed. ‘You’re right, I am. Although I love the boy, I find it hard to be patient with him sometimes. Bring him down and tell him it’s all right. I’m sorry I shook him.’

‘Why not write him an apology, sir?’ said Jo. ‘He says he won’t come down until he’s got one.’

Mr Laurence gave her another sharp look, but then smiled and put on his glasses. ‘Here, give me a bit of paper,’ he said.

The words were written and Jo kissed the old man’s cheek.

Then she went upstairs and put the letter under Laurie’s door. But he came out before she was gone.

‘Well done, Jo,’ he said. ‘Did he shout at you?’

‘No, he was quite calm,’ said Jo. ‘Now, go and eat your dinner. You’ll both feel better after it.’

Everyone thought the matter was ended, but although others forgot it, Meg remembered. She never talked about Laurie’s tutor but she thought of him often and dreamed her dreams. And once, when Jo was looking for something in her sister’s desk, she found a bit of paper with Mrs John Brooke written on it over and over again.

‘Oh, dear!’ said Jo.

13 罗瑞惹麻烦琼平息事端

罗瑞很快意识到，琼有秘密在瞒着他，她拒绝向他透露，可他猜想那秘密是关于麦格和布鲁克先生的。他也因老师什么都不说而感到有些生气。他开始制定他自己的计划。

与此同时，麦格忙着为父亲的归来做准备，可是她似乎突然有了某种变化。有一两天，一有人跟她说话她就跳起来，脸上带着焦虑的神色。

然后有封给她的信，几分钟以后马奇太太和琼看见麦格眼盯着那封信，面露惧色。

“我的孩子，那是什么？”马奇太太问。

“是个误会——他没发那封信。琼，你怎么能那样做？”麦格用手捂住脸哭了。

“我？我什么也没做呀，”琼说，“她在说什么？”

麦格从她口袋里抽出另一封信扔给琼。“是你写的，那个坏男孩帮了你。你们怎么能这么无情，对我们俩这么坏？”

琼和母亲读了那封装在麦格口袋里的信。

我最亲爱的麦格，我再也不能隐瞒对你的爱，在我回来之前我一定要得到你的答覆。我还不能告诉你的父母，可我想如果他们知道我们相爱的话他们是会同意的。劳伦斯先生会帮我找一份好工作，然后，我心爱的姑娘，你会让我幸福的。先不要对你父母讲，但通过罗瑞给我一句希望的话吧。爱你的约翰。

“那个可恶的男孩！”琼说，“我会让他后悔的。”

可她母亲说：“等等，琼。你肯定这事与你无关吗？”

“我以前从来也没见过这封信！”琼说。“可布鲁克先生不会说像这样的蠢话。”

“这像他的笔迹，”麦格看着她手上的第二封信。

“噢，麦格，你没回这封信吧？”马奇太太问。

“不，我回了！”麦格哭着说，又把头埋进双手里。

“让我抓住那个坏男孩！”琼大喊。

马奇太太坐在麦格耳边：“把一切都告诉我。”

“罗瑞带来了第一封信，”麦格说，“他看上去什么都不知道。我本来想告诉你，可我记得你是那么喜欢布鲁克先生，就想，让我自己把这个小秘密保守一段时间也没关系。现在我再也不能面对他了。”

“你给他写了什么？”马奇太太问。

“我说我太年轻了，什么都不能做。我说我不希望对你保守秘密，所以他必须要对爸爸讲。我感谢他的好意，说我会成为他的朋友，但在很长时期内不会有更进一步的关系。”

马奇太太笑了，看上去很高兴。

琼笑了。“他怎么答覆的？”

“他在这儿写道，他从没发过什么情书，说他因为我妹妹琼对我们俩做游戏感到很遗憾，”麦格说，“这是一封好心的信，可想想我感觉有多糟糕。”

“我不相信布鲁克先生看见过这两封信的任何一封，”琼说。“两封都是罗瑞写的，他把你的信留下了，因为我不告诉他我的秘密。”

“去把罗瑞找来，琼，”马奇太太说，“我要这一切立刻停下来。”

琼跑了，马奇太太轻柔地给麦格讲了布鲁克先生的真实感觉。“现在，亲爱的，你爱他足以到愿意等他给你建个家吗？”

“我又害怕又担心，”麦格答道。“我在很长时间内也不想让任何事与爱有关——也许永远不想。如果约翰不知道这些，就别告诉他，别让琼和罗瑞也别说出。”

马奇太太尽力安慰女儿，可当麦格一听到罗瑞正和琼回来，她就跑出了房间，马奇太太单独见了那男孩。罗瑞一看到马奇太太愤怒的面容，他就猜到了原因。琼在房间外面等着，只听里面的声音高一声低一声地持续了半个小时。可女孩们并不知道都说了些什么。

当她们被叫进去以后，罗瑞向麦格道了歉，告诉她布鲁克先生根本不知道那两封信的事。“请饶恕我，麦格，”他说。

“我会试试，”麦格说，“可我没想到你会那么不友好。”

罗瑞看上去非常后悔，琼很想直接就饶恕他，可她什么话也没说，甚至拒绝看他。当他离开时，他看上去受到了伤害，并且非常不开心，琼希望自己更仁慈一些。她从来不会生很长时间的气，于是过了会儿她就借口借过劳伦斯先生一本书，急匆匆赶到那座大房子里去。

“劳伦斯先生在吗？”琼问一个仆人道。

“是的，小姐，可你不能见他，”仆人说。

“为什么？他病了吗？”琼说。

“不是，小姐，可他刚跟罗瑞生过气。”

“罗瑞在哪儿？”琼问。

“他关在自己房间里不出来。”

“我要去看看是怎么回事，”琼说，“他们俩我谁也不怕。”

他走上楼敲了敲罗瑞的门。

“别敲了！”罗瑞喊道。

琼马上又敲，门一下子开了。没等罗瑞制止她，她就迈进了房间。“我来向你说我原谅你了，”她说，“我不生你的气了。”

“噢，”罗瑞说。“谢谢你。”

“怎么了？”她问。她发觉了他不高兴的神色。

“我不告诉祖父你母亲为什么叫我去，因为我答应她不告诉任何人，”他说，“可是祖父摇晃我，非要知道真相不可，我就跑上来把自己关起来了。”

“我想他后悔那么干了，”琼说。“下楼去说你很抱歉。我会帮你的。”

“不，我不！”罗瑞生气地说，“我的确对麦格很抱歉，我请她饶恕我，可如果不是我做错了事，我就不会再道歉。当我告诉他我不能说出一些事时他应该相信我。我不喜欢被那样摇晃，如果他不道歉我就不下楼。”

“听着，如果我让你祖父为摇晃了你而道歉，你会下楼吗？”琼问道。

“是的，可你做不到，”罗瑞答道。

“如果我能制服小的，我就能制服老的，”下楼的时候琼自言自语。

“进来！”当她敲门时，劳伦斯先生说。

“是我，先生，”琼说，“我来还一本书。”

“你还要吗？”老先生说，他看上去有些生气，但尽力不显露出来。

“是的，”琼说。当劳伦斯先生生气地盯着她时她假装在找另一本书。

“那孩子干了什么？”他突然问。“他不告诉我。”

“他确实做了件错事，我们原谅了他，”琼说，“可我们都发誓不把这件事对任何人讲。”

“他不能因为答应了你们这些心软的女孩子而隐瞒真相，”老先生说。“告诉我，琼。”

“我不能，先生，因为妈妈命令我不准说，”琼说。“如果我告诉了你，就会给别人带来麻烦，而不是罗瑞。”

这话看起来让老人放心了。“那我就原谅他，”他过了片刻说道，“他是个很难缠的孩子，很难驾驭，你知道的。”

“我也是，”琼说。“可一句好话总是会有帮助的。”

“你认为我对他不好吗？”他尖刻地说。

“常常是太好了，”琼说，她有点害怕，“可有时太容易跟他生气。”

老先生看上去有点羞愧。“你是对的。我是那样。虽然我爱那孩子，可有时我发现很难对他有耐心。把他带下来，告诉他没事了，我很抱歉摇晃了他。”

“为什么不给他写个条子道歉呢，先生？”琼说。“他说只有收到了道歉信他才会下来。”

劳伦斯先生又尖刻地看了她一眼，可然后就笑了，戴上了他的眼镜。“来，给我张纸，”他说。

纸条写好了，琼吻了老人的脸颊，然后她跑上楼把信放到罗瑞的门下。可他还没等她走开就出来了。

“干得好，琼，”他说。“他对你叫嚷了吗？”

“不，他很平静，”琼说。“现在去吃饭吧。然后你们俩都会感觉好些。”

每个人都认为这件事情已经结束了，可虽然其他人都忘了，麦格还记得。她从不谈起罗瑞的老师，可她常想起他，做她自己的梦。有一次，琼到她姐姐桌子里找东西，她发现一小张纸上一遍一遍地写着“约翰·布鲁克太太”。

“噢，天哪！”琼说。

14 Happier days

Christmas Day was very different that year. Beth felt much better and was carried to the window to see the snowman which Jo and Laurie had made. It had a basket of fruit and flowers in one hand and a new piece of music in the other. Laurie ran up and down, bringing in the presents, and Jo sang a funny song.

'I'm so happy!' laughed Beth, as Jo carried her back to the other room to rest after the fun. 'Oh, I do wish that Father was here too!'

Half an hour later, Laurie came to the house and opened the door quietly. 'Here's another Christmas present for the March family!' he called out.

He moved away, and in his place appeared a tall man holding the arm of another tall man, who tried to say something but couldn't.

'Father!' cried Meg and Jo together—and Mr March disappeared under lots of loving arms and kisses. Mr Brooke kissed Meg—by mistake, as he tried to explain.

Suddenly, the door to the other room opened, and there was Beth, running straight into her father's arms. There were tears of happiness on many faces before all the excitement died down. Then Mrs March thanked Mr Brooke for taking care of her husband, and he and Laurie left the family to themselves.

Mr March and Beth sat in one big armchair, and the others sat around them. 'I wanted to surprise you all, and the doctor let Mr Brooke bring me home,' said Mr March. 'John has been so good to me. He is an excellent young man.' Mr March looked at Meg, who was staring at the fire, then he smiled at his wife. She smiled back. Jo understood exactly what the smiles were saying, and went out to the kitchen complaining to herself about 'excellent young men with brown eyes!'

There never was a Christmas dinner like the one they had that day. Mr Laurence and his grandson ate with them, and so did Mr Brooke. Jo gave the tutor many black looks and would not speak to him, which amused Laurie.

The guests left early and the happy family sat together around the fire.

'A year ago we were complaining about the awful Christmas we expected to have, do you remember?' said Jo.

'It's been quite a good year,' said Meg, thinking about Mr Brooke.

'I think it's been a hard one,' said Amy.

'I'm glad it's over, because we've got Father back,' whispered Beth, who was sitting on his knee.

'I've discovered several things about you young ladies today,' said Mr March.

'Oh, tell us what they are!' cried Meg.

'Here's one,' he said, taking her hand. It had a small burn on the back and two or three little hard places on the front. 'I remember when this hand was white and smooth. It was pretty then, but to me it's much prettier now. I'm proud of this hard-working hand, Meg.'

'What about Jo?' whispered Beth. 'She's tried so hard, and has been very, very good to me.'

He smiled and looked at Jo sitting opposite. 'Her hair maybe short, but I see a young lady now. Her face is thin and white from worrying, but it has grown gentler. Perhaps I'll miss my wild girl, but I'm sure I'll love the warm-hearted woman who has taken her place.'

Jo's face was red in the firelight as she listened.

'Now Beth,' said Amy.

'She's not as shy as she used to be,' said her father lovingly, and he held Beth close when he remembered how near they had come to losing her. Then he looked down at Amy by his feet. 'I've noticed today that Amy has helped everyone patiently and with a smile. She's learned to think more about other people, and less about herself.'

Beth moved out of her father's arms and went to the piano. She touched the keys softly and began to sing. Soon, the others joined her in a happy Christmas song.

The next afternoon, Jo and Meg were sitting at the window when Laurie went by. When he saw Meg, he fell on one knee in the snow, beat his chest, and put out his arms towards her. When Meg told him to go away, he pretended to cry before walking away looking miserable.

Meg laughed. 'What was he doing?' she said.

'He was showing you how your John will act,' answered Jo, crossly.

'Don't say my John, it isn't right.' But Meg said the words again silently inside her head.

'If he asks you to marry him, you'll cry or look stupid, instead of saying a loud No,' said Jo.

'No, I won't,' said Meg. 'I'll say, "Thank you, Mr Brooke, you are very kind, but I am too young to marry you. Please let us be friends, as we were."'

'I don't believe it,' said Jo.

'It's true. Then I'll walk out of the room with my head high.' Meg got up and pretended to do it—but ran back to her seat when she heard someone knock on the door.

Jo opened it with an angry look.

'Good afternoon,' said Mr Brooke. 'I came to get my umbrella, which I left behind yesterday.'

'I'll get it,' said Jo, pushing past him. 'Now Meg can tell him,' she thought.

But Meg was moving to the door. 'I expect Mother will want to see you,' she said. 'I'll call her.'

'Don't go,' he said. 'Are you afraid of me, Meg?' 'How can I be afraid when you've been so kind to Father,' said Meg. 'I wish I could thank you for it.' 'You can,' he said. And he took Meg's small hand in his and looked at her lovingly.

'Oh, please don't,' she said, looking frightened.

'I only want to know if you love me a little, Meg,' he said gently. 'I love you so much.'

This was the moment to repeat the words she had told Jo, but Meg forgot them all. 'I don't know,' she said, so softly that John had to move closer to hear her reply.

He smiled gratefully. 'Will you try to find out?'

'I'm too young,' she said, hesitating but feeling her heart beating rather fast.

'I'll wait while you learn to like me,' he said. 'Will it be very difficult?'

'Not if I choose to learn,' she said.

'Please choose, Meg. I love to teach, and this is easier than German,' said John, taking her other hand.

She looked at him and saw that he was smiling. He seemed so sure of success that Meg became a little annoyed. She felt excited and strange, and taking her hands away from his, she said, 'I don't choose. Please go away!'

Poor Mr Brooke looked shocked. 'Do you mean that?'

'Yes,' she said, rather enjoying the game she was playing. 'I don't want to think about these things. It's too soon.' 'I'll wait until you've had more time,' he said, and looked so unhappy that Meg began to feel sorry for him.

It was at this moment that Aunt March came in. She had come to see Mr March and was hoping to surprise the family. She did surprise two of them. Meg, with her face bright red, just stared at her aunt, while Mr Brooke hurried into another room.

'Goodness me, what's all this?' cried Aunt March. 'It's Father's friend,' said Meg hurriedly. 'I'm so surprised to see you, Aunt March.'

'I can see that,' said Aunt March, sitting down. 'What has he said to make your face turn pink?'

'Mr Brooke and I were just...talking,' said Meg.

'Brooke? The boy's tutor? I understand now. I know all about it because I made Jo tell me. You haven't promised to marry him, have you, Meg? If you have, you won't get one bit of my money, do you hear?'

It was exactly the wrong thing to say. When Meg was ordered not to marry John Brooke, she immediately decided that she would. 'I'll marry whoever I want to, Aunt March, and you can give your money to anyone you like!' she said. 'You'll be sorry!' said Aunt March. 'Why don't you marry a rich man to help your family?'

'Father and Mother like John, although he's poor,' said Meg.

'Be sensible, Meg,' said her aunt. 'He knows I have money, and that's why he likes you, I suspect.'

'Don't say that!' said Meg. 'My John wouldn't marry for money any more than I would! We'll work and wait, and I'll be happy with him because he loves me, and Meg stopped as she remembered that she had told her John to go away.'

Aunt March was very angry. 'Just don't expect anything from me when you are married!' she said. And she went out of the room, banging the door behind her.

Meg didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Before she could decide, Mr Brooke came back in from the next room and put his arms around her. 'Oh Meg, I could hear your voices,' he said. 'Thank you for proving that you do love me a little.' 'I didn't know how much until she said those things about you,' said Meg.

'So I can stay, and be happy?' he said.

'Yes, John,' she whispered, and hid her face on John's chest.

Jo returned and found them like that. Meg jumped and turned round, but John Brooke laughed and kissed the shocked Jo, saying, 'Sister Jo. Wish us luck!'

Jo ran upstairs to find her parents. 'Go down quickly!' she said. 'John Brooke is behaving terribly and Meg likes it!' Mr and Mrs March left the room in a hurry, while Jo threw herself on the bed and told the awful news to Beth and Amy. But the little girls thought it was all most interesting and delightful.

Nobody knew what was said that afternoon, but a lot of talking was done. The quiet Mr Brooke managed to persuade his friends that his plans were good and sensible, then he proudly took Meg in to supper. Everyone looked so happy that Jo tried to look pleased too.

After supper, Laurie arrived with some flowers for Mrs John Brooke, then he followed Jo into the corner of the room while the others went to welcome old Mr Laurence.

'What's the matter, Jo?' said Laurie. 'You don't look very happy.'

'Nothing will ever be the same again,' said Jo sadly. 'I've lost my dearest friend.'

'You've got me,' said Laurie. 'I'm not good for much, but I promise I'll always be your friend, Jo.'

'I know you will,' answered Jo, gratefully.

'Then don't be sad,' he said. 'I'll be back from college in three years time, and then we'll go abroad, or on a nice trip somewhere. Wouldn't that cheer you up?'

'Anything can happen in three years,' said Jo.

'That's true,' said Laurie. 'Don't you wish you knew what was going to happen?'

'I don't think so,' said Jo. 'It may be something sad, and everyone looks so happy now.' As she spoke, she looked round the room, and her face brightened at the sight.

Father and Mother sat happily together. Amy was drawing a picture of Meg and John, who were looking lovingly at each other. Beth lay on the floor, talking to her old friend, Mr Laurence. Jo sat in her favourite chair with a serious, quiet look on her face. Laurie smiled at her in the long mirror that was opposite them both. And Jo smiled back.

那年的圣诞节非同寻常。白丝感觉好多了，她被抬到窗前看琼和罗瑞堆起的雪人。它一只手拿着一篮水果和鲜花，另一只手拿着一张新歌谱。罗瑞跑上跑下地送来礼物，琼唱着一首有意思的歌。

“我真高兴！”玩乐过后、琼把白丝抱到另一个房间休息时白丝笑着说。“噢，我真希望爸爸也在这儿！”

半个小时以后，罗瑞来到屋里，静悄悄地打开门。“这儿有给马奇一家的另一份圣诞礼物！”他喊道。

他挪开了，在他的位子上出现了一个高大的男人，他扶着另一个高大的男人，这个人试图说些什么，但没有说出来。

“爸爸！”麦格和琼同声喊道——然后马奇先生就沉浸在许多爱的拥抱和亲吻中了。布鲁克先生吻了麦格——是个误会，他试图这样解释。

突然，另一个房间的门打开了，是白丝，她径直奔向了父亲的怀抱。兴奋消散之前，许多人脸上都淌下了欢乐的眼泪。马奇太太感谢布鲁克先生照顾了她丈夫，然后他和罗瑞就离开了，剩下了一家人在一起。

马奇先生和白丝坐在一张大椅子上，其他人围坐在他们身边。“我想让你们所有人都大吃一惊，医生让布鲁克先生带我回家了，”马奇先生说。“约翰一直对我很好。他是个很出色的人。”马奇先生看了看麦格，她正盯着炉火，于是他对妻子笑了笑。她也笑了。琼十分明白这微笑的含义，她走出来往厨房去，一边对自己抱怨着那“有着出色的棕色眼睛的年轻人”。

往年的圣诞节晚餐从来都没有像他们那天吃过的那样。劳伦斯先生和他的孙子同他们一起吃的饭，布鲁克先生也去了。琼给了这位家庭教师许多的白眼，不肯跟他讲话，这让罗瑞觉得很有意思。

客人们很早就离开了，快乐的一家围坐在炉火边。

“一年以前我们曾抱怨我们将要度过的那个糟糕的圣诞节，你们还记得吗？”琼说。

“这一年真好，”麦格说道，心里想着布鲁克先生。

“我觉得这一年过得很艰辛，”艾米说。

“我很高兴它终于结束了，因为父亲回来了，”白丝轻声说，她坐在他的膝头。

“今天我发现了你们这些年轻姑娘的一些事。”马奇先生说。

“噢，告诉我们是什么？”麦格喊道。

“这儿有一个，”他说，说着拿起她的手。那手背上有一小块烫痕，手心上有两三块硬块。

“我记得这手曾经又白又嫩。它那时很美，可对我来说它现在更美，我为这双劳动的手而感到骄傲，麦格。”

“琼怎么样？”白丝轻声问道。“她那么努力，还对我非常非常好。”

他笑了笑，看着坐在对面的琼。“她的头发可能是短了些，可我现在看到了一位年轻的淑女。她的脸削瘦，因为焦虑而苍白，可它变得更温柔了。也许我会想念我那个爱疯跑的孩子，可我肯定会爱这个取而代之的热心的妇人。”

琼听着，脸色在火光中变红了。

“该说白丝了，”艾米说。

“她不像从前那么害羞了，”她的父亲充满爱意地说，当他想起他们差点失去她时，他把白丝搂得很紧。然后他看了看坐在他脚边的艾米。“我今天注意到艾米耐心地、面带微笑地帮助每个人。她已经学会了多为别人着想，少想些自己。”

白丝从父亲怀里下来，来到钢琴旁边。她轻轻地触动了琴键，开始唱歌。不久，其他人就跟她一起唱起了一支圣诞歌。

第二天下午，琼和麦格正坐在窗边时，罗瑞正好路过。当他看见麦格的时候，他单膝跪倒在雪地里，捶打自己的胸口，并向她伸出双臂。当麦格告诉他走开时，他假装哭泣，然后面带痛苦地走了。

麦格笑了。“他在干什么？”她问。

“他在向你演示你的约翰会对你怎么样。”琼面带怒气地说。

“别说‘我的约翰’，这不对，”可麦格在脑海里默默地又重复了那句话。

“如果他让你嫁给他，你会哭，或者看上去很蠢，而不会大声说不。”琼说。

“不，我不会的，”麦格说。“我会说，‘谢谢你，布鲁克先生，你很好，可我太年轻了，不能嫁给你。让我们做朋友吧，就像从前那样。’”

“我不相信，”琼说。

“是真的。我会高高地抬起头走出房间。”麦格站起来假装那样做——可当她听到有人敲门时她就跑回了座位。

琼带着怒容打开了门。

“下午好，”布鲁克先生说。“我来取我的伞，我昨天落在这儿了。”

“我去拿来，”琼说，赶快走过他。“现在麦格可以跟他讲了。”她想。

可麦格正朝门走过来。“我想妈妈一定想见你，”她说。“我去叫她。”

“别走，”他说。“你是不是怕我，麦格？”

“你对父亲这么好，我怎么会怕你呢，”麦格说。“我想我要为此感谢你。”

“你可以，”他说。他把麦格的小手放在他的手里，面带爱意。

“噢，请别这样，”她说，面带惧色。

“我想知道你是不是爱我一点点，麦格，”他温柔地说，“我太爱你了。”

此时正是她重复她刚才跟琼讲的话之时，可麦格把它们都忘了。“我不知道，”她说，她的声音太轻，以至于约翰得凑得更近一些，才能听见她的回答。

他感激地笑了。“你会试着弄明白吗？”

“我太年轻了，”她犹豫不决地说，可她感到自己的心跳得非常快。

“我会等着你学会喜欢我，”他说。“那会很困难吗？”

“如果我选择学就不难，”她说。

“那你就选择学吧，麦格，我喜欢教你，教这个比教德语容易，”约翰说着把她的另一只手也拿起来。

她看看他，见到他在微笑。他看上去必胜的样子使麦格感到有些生气。她感到激动和陌生，把她的手从他的手里抽回，她说：“我不选

择。请走吧！”

可怜的布鲁克先生看上去很震惊。“你是当真？”

“是的，”她说，对她玩的游戏感觉很有意思。“我不想想这些事。这来得太快了。”

“我会等到你有更多的时间，”他说。他看上去那么不开心，麦格开始为他感到难过。

正当这时，马奇姑妈走了进来。她来看马奇先生，希望使这家人大吃一惊。她确实使这两人吃了一惊。麦格脸涨得通红，只是瞪着她的姑妈，而布鲁克先生则赶紧走进了另一个房间。

“天哪，这都是怎么回事？”马奇姑妈喊道。

“是爸爸的朋友，”麦格很快地说，“看见您真让我吃惊，马奇姑妈。”

“我看得出来，”马奇姑妈说，边说边坐下来。“他说了些什么，让你的脸变红了？”

“布鲁克先生和我只是在……谈话。”麦格说。

“布鲁克？那男孩的家庭教师？我现在明白了。我知道所有的一切，因为我让琼告诉我了。你没答应嫁给他，是吧，麦格？如果你答应了，你就不会从我这儿得到一点钱了，听到了吗？”

那话恰恰说得不对。当麦格被命令不许嫁给约翰·布鲁克时，她立即决定她要嫁给他。“我想嫁给谁就嫁给谁，马奇姑妈，你可以把你的钱给任何你喜欢的人！”她说。

“你会后悔的！”马奇姑妈说。“你为什么不嫁给一个富人，帮帮你的家人？”

“爸爸和妈妈喜欢约翰，虽然他穷。”麦格说。

“理智点，麦格，”她的姑妈说，“他知道我有钱，我怀疑他正是为此而喜欢你。”

“不许那么说，”麦格说。“我的约翰不会为钱而结婚，我也不会！我们会工作，会等待，我和他在一起会感觉很幸福，因为他爱我，还有——”

麦格停了下来，因为她想起她已经告诉“她的约翰”走开了。

马奇姑妈非常生气。“等你结婚时别想从我这儿得到任何东西！”她说，然后摔门而去。

麦格不知道该笑还是该哭。在她做出决定之前，布鲁克先生从隔壁房间走回来，用双臂搂住她。“噢，麦格，我能听到你的声音，”他说。“谢谢你证明了你确实有一点爱我。”

“在她说那些关于你的话之前我不知道有多少，”麦格说。

“那么我能留下来高兴高兴了？”他说。

“是的，约翰，”她轻声说，将她的脸埋在约翰胸前。

琼回来了，发现他们在那样。麦格跳起来转过身，可约翰·布鲁克笑了，他吻了吻受了惊吓的琼，说：“琼妹妹，祝我们好运吧！”

琼跑上楼找到她的父母。“快下楼去！”她说，“约翰·布鲁克表现很不好，麦格却很喜欢！”

马奇先生和马奇太太赶紧离开了房间，琼扑倒在床上，又把这糟糕的消息告诉了白丝和艾米。可小女孩子们觉得这很是有兴趣和令人高兴。

没人知道那天下午都有些什么谈话，可大家谈了许多。文静的布鲁克先生成功地说服了他的朋友，他的计划是很好的，有理智的，然后他骄傲地把麦格带进来吃晚饭。每个人看上去都很高兴，琼也尽力看上去很高兴。

晚饭后，罗瑞带着给“约翰·布鲁克太太”的鲜花来了。当其他人去迎接劳伦斯先生的时候，他跟着琼来到屋子的一个角落。

“出什么事了，琼？”罗瑞说。“你看上去不太高兴。”

“一切都跟从前不再相同了，”琼悲伤地说。“我失去了最好的朋友。”

“你有我呢，”罗瑞说。“我不一定很好，可我发誓我会永远是你的朋友，琼。”

“我知道你会的，”琼感激地说。

“那别伤心了，”他说。“我三年之后就会大学毕业，然后我们就出国，或者去什么地方好好旅行一番。那会让你高兴一点吗？”

“三年里什么都会发生，”琼说。

“是的，”罗瑞说。“你希望知道将会发生什么吗？”

“我不希望，”琼说。“可能会是伤心的事，现在每个人看上去都很高兴。”当她说这话时，她环顾屋内，她看到的景象使她高兴起来。

爸爸和妈妈快乐地坐在一起。艾米在为麦格和约翰画画，那两个人相互爱恋地对望着。白丝躺在地板上和她的老朋友劳伦斯先生聊天。琼在她最喜欢的椅子上坐下，面带严肃安静的表情。罗瑞从他们对面的长镜中对她微笑，琼也朝他微笑。

[1 Silas Marner, past and present](#)

[2 Godfrey and Dunstan Cass](#)

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简 介

在19世纪早期的英国僻静的乡村，生活有着一成不变的模式。四季交替，对于住在大房子里的乡绅及其全家和对于住在小草屋里的村民们来说都是一样的。任何新鲜和古怪的事情在像瑞福洛这样的村庄里都会遭到猜疑。

织工西拉斯·马南就很古怪。他独自居住，没人知道他的家庭情况。如果你不知道他的父母是谁你怎么能够信任他呢？他脸色苍白，眼神怪异，并且总是瞪着眼睛，因为他每天都要在织机上干很长时间的活，甚至星期天也干，而星期天他应该去教堂。他一定是魔鬼的朋友，村民们相互这么说。

可怜的西拉斯！他是一个忧伤、孤独的人，他唯一的朋友就是那些闪光的金币，那是他织布挣来的，被他藏在地板下面。但是变故总会发生，即使在瑞福洛这样安静的村庄里。乡绅的两个儿子之间有一个秘密，这导致争吵、抢夺，以及死亡。那是在一个下雪的夜晚，在离西拉斯的草屋不远的地方……

乔治·艾略特（1819—1880）是英国最伟大的小说家之一，她真名叫玛丽·安·埃文斯。她生前就以小说创作而著名，主要作品包括《织工马南》、《米德尔马奇》和《弗罗斯河上的磨坊》。

In the early years of the nineteenth century, Strange-looking little men were often seen on the country roads, usually with a heavy bag on their shoulders. They were linen—weavers, taking the linen they had woven to the women in the villages. Unlike the strong, healthy country people, they were small and thin, with tired white faces, bent backs and round shoulders. They were often shortsighted too, because they had to look so closely at their work. To the villagers the weavers looked almost foreign, and quite frightening. Where did they come from? Was it the devil who sent them? Who were their parents? How could you trust a man if you didn't know his father or mother? Country people used to be very suspicious of all strangers and travellers. They were also suspicious of clever people, people who could do something they themselves had not learnt to do. That is why the linen—weavers, who often moved from towns to live and work in the country, were considered strangers all their lives by their neighbours, and were sometimes very lonely as a result.

Silas Marner was one of these weavers. He lived in a small cottage near the village of Raveloe. Every day he worked at his loom in the cottage. The small boys of Raveloe had never heard the sound of a loom before, and sometimes they used to run up to his house to look quickly in at the window. If Silas noticed them, he lifted his shortsighted eyes from the loom to stare at the boys. There was something terrible about his stare, which made the boys run away at once, screaming with fear. The villagers believed that Silas had an almost devilish power, which he could use to harm them if he wanted, and so they were all afraid of him. Raveloe was an important-looking village with a fine old church and a number of large farms. But it was at least an hour away from any other village, and very few strangers visited it, which explains why the villagers' opinions were so out of date.

Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe fifteen years before, as a young man. He and his way of life seemed very strange to the villagers. He worked long hours at his loom, and had no friends or visitors from the village or anywhere else. He never talked to his neighbours unless it was necessary for his work, and he never looked at any of the Raveloe girls. 'Who would want to marry him anyway?' the girls laughed to each other. 'Marry a dead man come to life again, with that unhealthy white skin and those insect-like eyes of his? Certainly not!'

One of the villagers had had a strange experience with Silas. One evening he had discovered the weaver resting on a field gate, his eyes open but unseeing, and his body cold and hard, like a dead man's. After a few moments Silas appeared to wake up, said 'Good night', and walked away.

When this was discussed in the village, some people thought that Silas had had a fit. But others, like Mr Macey, the church clerk, refused to accept a medical explanation.

'No, he isn't ill, that weaver,' said old Mr Macey, shaking his head knowingly. 'If he had a fit, he'd fall down, wouldn't he? I think his soul flies out of his body sometimes and that's why he looks so strange. He doesn't come to church, does he? And how does he know so much about medicines? You all remember how he made Sally Oates better, when the doctor him-self could do no more for her. That's the devil's work, believe me!'

However, the housewives needed Silas to weave their linen, and they could find nothing wrong with his work. The years passed, and Raveloe villagers did not change their opinion of the weaver. At the end of fifteen years they said exactly the same things about him, but they believed them more strongly. They also said that he had saved up a lot of money since he had come to Raveloe.

Silas had come from a large town to the north of Raveloe. Here he had lived a very different life. Because he was one of a large number of weavers, he was not considered strange, and he belonged to an enthusiastic religious group. They met every Sunday at the chapel in Light Street. Once, at a chapel meeting, Silas had become unconscious and had sat without moving, hearing or seeing, for over an hour. This experience made him specially interesting to the rest of the group.

'We should not call this strange unconsciousness a fit,' the minister, Mr Paston, told them. 'No, it's much more than that. In that moment, when he is absent from us, our young friend Silas's soul is open, open to a possible message from God. I believe he has been chosen by God!'

Silas's best friend at chapel was William Dane, a serious young man who was, some people thought, a little too sure of his own goodness and cleverness. Silas, however, could see no fault in him, and trusted his friend completely. They remained good friends, when Silas became engaged to a young woman, Sarah, who belonged to the same chapel. In fact Silas was delighted that Sarah did not mind if William joined them sometimes on their Sunday walks.

Strangely, when Silas had his fit at the chapel meeting, William was the only one who disagreed with the minister.

'To me it looks more like the devil's work than God's,' William had said. 'Look deep into yourself, friend Silas. Is there any evil hiding in your soul?'

Silas was hurt that his friend doubted him, and he began to be worried, too, about Sarah. She seemed to be showing signs of dislike towards him, but when he asked her about it, she did not give him any answer.

At that time one of the chapel leaders was dangerously ill, and because he had no family, some of the young men offered to sit with him at night. One night Silas was sitting alone at the old man's bedside. Time seemed to pass slowly in the quiet, dark room. But suddenly he realized that the man was no longer breathing. He was dead.

'Strange!' thought Silas. 'His body's cold! He's been dead for some time! Why didn't I notice? Perhaps I've had another fit. And it's already four o'clock in the morning. Why hasn't William come? He promised he'd come at two o'clock!' He hurried out of the house to call the doctor and the minister, and then went to work as usual, still wondering why William had not arrived.

But that evening, after work, William came to his room, with the minister. They were both looking very serious.

'You must come to the chapel at once,' said Mr Paston.

'But why?' asked Silas, looking unhappily at them.

'You will hear when you get there, was the only answer.

Then, in the chapel, Silas stood alone, in front of all the people who were once his friends. The room was silent. There was a pocket-knife in the minister's hand.

‘Where did you leave this knife?’ he asked.

Silas was trembling at this strange question. I don’t re—member,’ he answered.

‘Silas, Silas, you must confess!’ cried the minister. ‘Tell us the truth! This knife, your knife, was found at the dead man’s bedside, and the bag of church money, which I saw there myself only yesterday, has gone!’

Silas did not speak for a moment. Then he said, ‘God knows I did not steal the money. Search my room—you won’t find the money. I’m not a thief.’

‘You were the only one in our dead friend’s house last night, when the money was stolen,’ said Mr Paston. ‘William tells us he was suddenly ill, which prevented him from coming to take your place. We will search your room.’

And when they went to Silas’s room, William found the missing bag, now empty, under Silas’s bed.

‘Silas, my friend,’ cried William, ‘confess your crime to us now! Send the devil away from your soul!’

Silas turned to the man he had always trusted. ‘William, in the nine years since we’ve been friends, have I ever told you a lie? But God will prove the truth.’

As he looked at William, he suddenly remembered something, and reddened. He said in a trembling voice, ‘The knife wasn’t in my pocket last night!’

‘I don’t know what you mean,’ replied William coldly.

In the strange little world of the Light Street chapel, they did not believe in the law or judges. They thought only God knew the answers, so they agreed to draw lots to decide what had happened. They all went down on their knees to ask for God’s help in finding the truth. Silas knelt with them, sure that God would prove his honesty. There was silence, as the minister took one of the papers out of the covered box.

‘The lots say that Silas Marner has stolen the money,’ he said. ‘You will leave the chapel, Silas Marner, and you will not be accepted back until you confess your crime.’

Silas listened in horror. At last he walked over to William Dane and said firmly, ‘I lent you my knife, you know that. You stole the money, while I was having a fit, and you’ve blamed me for it. But perhaps you’ll never be punished, since there is no God who takes care of the good and punishes the bad, only a God of lies.’

‘You hear, my friends?’ said William, smiling sadly. ‘This is the voice of the devil speaking.’

Silas went home. The next day he sat alone for the whole day, too miserable to do anything. On the second day the minister came to tell him that Sarah had decided she could not marry him. Only a month later, Sarah married William Dane, and soon afterwards Silas Marner left the town.

At Raveloe, Silas shut himself away in his cottage. He did not want to think about the disaster he had experienced. He could not understand why God had refused to help him. But now that his trust in God and his friends had been broken, he did not feel strong enough to build up that trust again, in a new church and with new friends. From now on, he would live in a dark, loveless, hopeless world.

All that was left to him was his weaving, and he sat at his loom seven days a week, working all the daylight hours. In the town he had earned less, and had given much of his money to the chapel, for the old, the poor, and the sick. But now he began to earn more than ever before, and there was no reason for him to give away any of it. He was often paid for his linen in gold. He discovered that he liked holding the shining coins in his hand and looking at their bright faces.

In his childhood, Silas had been taught, by his mother, to make simple medicines from wild flowers and plants. One day he saw the shoemaker’s wife, Sally Oates, sitting at her cottage door, and he realized she had all the signs of the illness which had killed his mother. He felt sorry for Sally, and although he knew he could not prevent her dying, he prepared some medicine for her which made her feel much better. The villagers considered this a good example of Silas’s strange, frightening power, but as it had worked for Sally, they started visiting Silas to ask for help with their own illnesses. But Silas was too honest to take their money and give them useless medicine. He knew he had no special power, and so he sent them away. The villagers believed he was refusing to help them, and they were angry with him. They blamed him for accidents that happened to them, and deaths in the village. So poor Silas’s kindness to Sally did not help him make friends in Raveloe.

But little by little, the piles of gold coins in his cottage grew higher. The harder he worked, the less he spent on himself. He counted the coins into piles of ten, and wanted to see them grow into a square, and then into a larger square. He was delighted with every new coin, but it made him want another. His gold became a habit, a delight, a reason for living, almost a religion. He began to think the coins were his friends, who made the cottage less lonely for him. But it was only at night, when he had finished his work, that he spent time with them. He kept them in two bags, under the floorboards near the loom. Like a thirsty man who needs a drink, he took them out every evening to look at them, feel them, and count them. The coins shone in the firelight, and Silas loved every one of them. When he looked at his loom, he thought fondly of the half-earned gold in the work he was doing, and he looked forward to the years ahead of him, the countless days of weaving and the growing piles of gold.

1 马南的过去和现在

在19世纪初的英国，人们经常在乡村小路上看到一些小个子男人，扛着沉沉的大袋子，样子很古怪。他们是织布匠，在把织好的亚麻布送给乡下妇女。和健壮的乡下人不同，织工们身材瘦小而且脸色苍白，神情疲惫，曲背弯腰。由于用眼过度，他们中许多人眼睛都有些近视。在乡下人眼里，这些织布匠几乎算得上怪异，而且很吓人。乡下人疑惑不解：这些人是从哪里来的？是魔鬼派他们来的吗？他们的父母是谁呢？一个你不了解他父母的人，你怎么能信任呢？乡下人常常怀疑所有的陌生人和旅客。他们也怀疑那些聪明的人，那些会干一些乡下人自己不会做的事的人。因为这个原因，这些从城市搬到乡下干活、居住的织工终生都会被邻居认为是怪人。并因而感到很孤独。

西拉斯就是这些织工中的一个。他住在靠近瑞福洛村的一间小草屋里，每天在小屋里的织布机上干活。瑞福洛村的孩子们以前从没有听到过织布机的声音，所以经常到他的小屋来扒窗户偷看。如果西拉斯发觉了，就会把近视眼从织布机上抬起来盯着孩子们。他的眼光中似乎有什么可怕的东西，孩子们马上惊叫着四散跑开。村里人有些怕他，因为大家相信西拉斯有着近乎魔鬼的力量，如果愿意他可以用来伤害他们。瑞福洛是一个很气派的村庄，有着很好的老式教堂和大片的农田。但由于离最近的邻村也有一个小时的路程，很少有陌生人来，所以村里人的思想非常落后。

西拉斯·马南是15年前到瑞福洛来的，那时他还是一个小伙子。他和他的生活方式对瑞福洛的村民来说是那么神秘。他长时间在织布机上工作，没有朋友和客人。除非为了工作的事，他从不和邻居说话，也从不看一眼瑞福洛村的女孩子们。“有谁愿意嫁给他？”姑娘们互相开玩笑，“有谁愿意嫁给这个苍白得吓人，长着一双虫子一样眼睛的人？好像死人刚活过来一样！谁也不会愿意！”

一个村民目睹过一件怪事。一天晚上，他发现西拉斯在一个门口歇着，眼睛睁着但目光呆滞，身体又凉又硬，就像一个死人。过了一会儿，西拉斯看上去醒了过来，说了一句“晚安”，然后就离开了。

当村里人议论这件事的时候，有的人认为西拉斯是病了，但有的人，像教堂的执事麦西先生，拒绝接受这种医学的解释。

“不，那个织布匠不是病了，”麦西老先生有把握地摇着头说，“如果病了，他会倒下，对吧？我觉得他的灵魂有时会离开他的身体，所以他才会看起来那么奇怪。他不上教堂，对吧？而且他怎么会知道那么多医疗的事？你们都记得吧，医生都没办法，他却能让萨莉·奥茨好过一点。相信我，他那是妖术！”

然而不管怎样，主妇们需要西拉斯为她们织亚麻布，他的货无可挑剔。时间一年年过去，可人们对西拉斯的看法从来没有改变。15年后，人们仍在议论着同样的事，只不过更相信这些事了。同时他们还说西拉斯来瑞福洛以后已积攒了一笔可观的财富。

西拉斯是从瑞福洛北面的一个大镇子来的，在那里他过着与现在完全不同的生活。作为众多织工中的一个，他很平常，而且他属于一个活跃的宗教组织。教友们每个礼拜日都在日光街的小教堂集会。在一次集会中，西拉斯突然失去了知觉，坐在那里一动不动，听不到也看不到，长达一个多小时。这次经历使教友们觉得他很特别。

“我们不应该认为他这种奇怪的失去知觉是疾病，”牧师帕斯通先生告诉大家，“完全不是这样。他的意识离开我们的时候，我们年轻的朋友西拉斯的灵魂打开了，去接受上帝的信息。我相信是上帝选择了他。”

西拉斯在教会最要好的朋友是威廉·戴恩，一个严肃的年轻人，有的人认为他对自己的聪明善良未免太有把握。但是西拉斯却不认为他的朋友有任何缺点，他完全信任威廉。当西拉斯与同教会的年轻女子萨拉订婚以后，威廉还是他最要好的朋友。西拉斯很高兴萨拉不介意俩人的礼拜日散步有时有威廉在场。

奇怪的是，在西拉斯发病以后，威廉却是唯一一个不同意牧师观点的人。

“依我看不像是上帝倒是魔鬼干的，”威廉说，“好好看看你自己，西拉斯，我的朋友，是不是有魔鬼隐藏在你的灵魂里？”

被好朋友怀疑使西拉斯很伤心，同时，他也开始为萨拉担起心来。萨拉似乎开始显得有点不太喜欢他了。可当西拉斯问起来，她却又什么也不说。

这个时候，一位教会的长老生了重病。因为他没有家室，教会的年轻人就轮流在晚上陪伴他。一天晚上，西拉斯独自一人陪坐在老人的床边。在黑暗而安静的屋子里，时间似乎过得很慢。突然，西拉斯意识到老人已经停止了呼吸，已经死了。

“奇怪！”西拉斯想，“他的身体已经凉了。他已经死了一会儿了！我怎么没有注意？我可能又犯病了。已经是早上4点了，威廉为什么还没有来换班？他说会在2点钟到的！”他跑出去去喊大夫和牧师，然后像平时一样去工作，他一直不明白为什么威廉没有按时来换班。

这天晚上下班以后，威廉和牧师一起来到了西拉斯的屋子。两个人都很严肃。

“你必须马上到教堂去。”帕斯通先生说。

“为什么？”西拉斯不太高兴地看着他们。

“到那儿你就知道了。”这是唯一的回答。

然后，在教堂里，西拉斯独自一人站在他以前的朋友们面前。屋里很静。牧师的手里拿着一把小刀。

“你把这把刀放在哪儿了？”他问。

西拉斯被这个奇怪的问题吓了一跳。“我不记得了。”

“西拉斯，西拉斯，你必须坦白！”牧师叫道，“向我们坦白事实！你的这把刀是在死者的床旁发现的，而且教会的钱袋也不见了，我昨天还看见它在那里！”

西拉斯半晌说不出话来。终于他说：“上帝知道我没有偷钱。去搜查我的房间吧——你们不会找到钱。我不是贼。”

“威廉告诉我们他突然病了，不能去接你的班，所以你是昨天晚上唯一在我们死去的朋友房间的人，就是那时钱被偷了，”帕斯通先生说。“我们要搜查你的房间。”

到了西拉斯的房间，威廉在西拉斯的床底下发现了丢失的、已经空了的钱袋。

“西拉斯，我的朋友，”威廉喊道，“快向我们认罪吧！把你灵魂中的魔鬼赶走吧！”

西拉斯转向这个他曾经信赖的朋友。“威廉，在我们做朋友的9年里我有没有对你说过谎？上帝会证明事实。”

看着威廉，西拉斯突然想起了什么，脸红起来。“刀子昨晚不在我的兜里！”西拉斯颤抖地说。

“我不明白你的意思，”威廉冷冷地回答。

在日光街小教堂这个奇特的小世界里，人们不相信法律和法官。他们认为只有上帝知道事情的答案，所以他们一致同意通过抽签来判断到底发生了什么。于是大家都跪下祈求上帝帮助查出事实真相。西拉斯和大家一同跪着，他相信上帝会证明他是诚实的。牧师从盖着的盒子里抽出一张纸的时候，屋子里一片寂静。

“签上说是西拉斯·马南偷了钱，”他说，“西拉斯·马南，你得离开教堂。在你认罪前，我们不会再接纳你。”

西拉斯恐怖地听着。最后他走到威廉·戴恩的面前坚定地说：“我把刀子借给你了，你知道的。你趁我发病的时候偷了钱，并以此陷害我。不过你可能永远也不会受到惩罚，因为根本没有一个保护善良惩治邪恶的上帝，只有一个说谎的上帝。”

“朋友们，听到了吧？”威廉苦笑着说，“这就是魔鬼的声音。”

西拉斯回到家里，第二天他在屋里呆了一整天，痛苦得不能做任何事。第三天牧师来告诉他萨拉决定取消与他的婚约。一个月后，萨拉嫁给了威廉·戴恩。再后来不久，西拉斯离开了这个镇子。

在瑞福洛，西拉斯把自己关在小草屋里。他不愿意再去想那些痛苦的经历。他不明白为什么上帝拒绝帮助他。现在他的对上帝和朋友的信任都已经崩溃了，他已经没有足够的信心再到新的教堂去和新的朋友一起重建这种信任。从此，他要开始生活在一个黑暗的、没有爱也没有希望的世界里。

西拉斯剩下的只有织布。他一个礼拜7天都坐在织布机前面从早到晚地工作。在城里时他挣的不多，而且大部分捐给了教会，去帮助老人、穷人和病人。但现在他挣的比以前多许多，而且也没有理由再给出去。顾客经常付给他金币，他发现自己喜欢把闪光的金币拿在手里，看它们闪亮的表面。

小的时候，西拉斯的妈妈教过他用野花、野草制作一些简单的药材。一天，西拉斯看见鞋匠的老婆萨莉·奥茨坐在家门口，看得出她已经染上了夺去他母亲生命的那种病。西拉斯很为萨莉难受，虽然知道自己没有能力救活她，西拉斯还是为她配了些药使她减少一些痛苦。村民们

认为这是一个很好的例子，可以说明西拉斯的神奇而可怕的力量，但是因为这种力量在萨莉身上产生了效果，人们开始纷纷找上门来请西拉斯给自己诊病。然而西拉斯太诚实了，不愿意收了钱而把没用的药卖给别人。他知道自己没有超人的力量，于是就把人们都轰了出去。村民们认为是西拉斯不愿意帮助大家，都很生气，于是把自己遇到的灾难和村里发生的死亡都归罪于他。因此对萨莉的善行没有帮助西拉斯在瑞福洛交到朋友。

慢慢地，西拉斯的金币越码越高。他干活越卖力，为自己花钱就越少。他把金币每10个码成一摞，想像着它们变成一片，再变成一大片。每一枚新的金币都使他高兴，也使他更渴望得到下一枚金币。他的金币成了一种爱好，一种喜悦，一个活着的原因，甚至成了一种宗教。他开始认为金币是他的朋友，它们使他在小屋里不再那么寂寞。但只有在晚上，结束了一整天的工作，他才有时间陪伴它们。他把它们放在织布机旁边地板下的两只袋子里。像干渴的人需要喝水一样，他每天晚上都要把它们拿出来看一看，摸一摸，数一数。金币在炉火的照耀下闪闪发光，西拉斯爱它们当中的每一个。每当看到织布机，西拉斯都满怀爱怜地想到即将在工作中挣到的金币，并且想到今后数不清的工作的日子和将会越堆越高的金币。

2 Godfrey and Dunstan Cass

The most important person in Raveloe was Squire Cass, a gentleman farmer, who lived with his three sons in the handsome Red House opposite the church, and owned a number of farms outside the village. His wife had died many years before.

One dark November evening, fifteen years after Silas Marner had first arrived in Raveloe, some of the villagers were drinking beer in the public house, the Rainbow. Old Mr Macey, the church clerk, was remembering the Squire's wife.

'She was a wonderful lady,' he said, shaking his grey head sadly. 'Everything was always so pretty and clean at the Red House when she was alive! When she died, all those years ago, the poor Squire, well, he didn't know what to do. And he's still lonely, believe me! That's why we often see him in here in the evenings. And another thing, if poor Mrs Cass were alive today, I'm sure she'd be very disappointed with her sons. The Squire should make those boys do some work, but instead he lets them stay at home and gives them money to spend on horses, or gambling, or women!'

'Come, come, Mr Macey,' said the landlord. 'They're rich young gentlemen, after all. You can't expect them to work on the farms like us country people. But you're right about Dunstan Cass. He's a bad one, he is. Always borrowing money, and never paying it back. Always gambling, always in trouble! He'll come to a bad end, he will!'

'But the other two are different,' said the butcher, a red-faced, smiling man. 'Bob Cass is still only a boy. And Mr Godfrey, the eldest, well, I don't believe he'll be like his brother Dunstan. Just look at him! He's got an open, honest face. And he's going to inherit the Squire's money and all the land. And what's more, he's going to marry Miss Nancy Lammeter. When she moves into the Red House as Mrs Godfrey Cass, she'll make life more comfortable for all the Casses. She'll save the Squire money too—the Lammeters have the best of everything in their house, but they're very careful with their money.'

The farrier, a small man with a sharp face, always enjoyed disagreeing with the butcher. 'Mr Godfrey marry Miss Nancy!' he laughed. 'That's what you think! Haven't you noticed how Miss Nancy has changed towards Godfrey since last year? You remember, he was away from home, for days and days. Nobody knows what he was doing, but Godfrey hasn't been the same since then. Miss Nancy isn't stupid—she won't marry a man she can't trust!'

The landlord always tried to prevent his customers from arguing. 'What you all say is very true. But let's hope that Mr Godfrey doesn't lose his chance of marrying Miss Nancy.'

Meanwhile, at the Red House, Godfrey Cass was waiting for his brother in the sitting-room, with a very worried expression on his handsome face. Soon the door opened, and a heavy-looking young man entered. It was Dunstan. He had clearly been drinking.

'How I hate him!' thought Godfrey.

'Well, sir,' said Dunstan unpleasantly, 'you sent for me, and as you're the oldest, and you'll be the Squire one day, I have to obey you. So what do you want?'

'Just listen, will you?' replied Godfrey angrily, 'if you aren't too drunk to understand! You must pay me back the money I lent you last month. You know I got it from Fowler, of Church Farm. He owed the money to the Squire, and asked me to give it to him. Now the Squire is angry with Fowler for not paying, and I've got to give the money back!'

Dunstan came close to Godfrey and smiled in an evil way. 'Well, my dear kind brother, why don't you find the money yourself? That would be much less trouble for me!'

Godfrey controlled himself with difficulty. 'Don't smile at me like that, or I'll hit you!'

'Oh no, you won't, answered Dunstan. 'Because if you do, I'll tell the Squire your secret. I'll tell him that his handsome eldest son fell in love with that poor girl Molly in the town, and married her in a hurry. The Squire'll be angry because you married her in secret, and he'll disinherit you. Then I'll get the house and land when the old man dies! But don't worry, I'm a good brother to you. I won't tell him, and you'll find the money to pay back, I know you will.'

'Where can I get the money from?' cried Godfrey. 'I tell you, I haven't got any!'

'You could borrow it,' said Dunstan carelessly. 'Or wait—I've had a better idea. You could sell your horse.'

'Sell Wildfire! You know how much I love that horse!'

'Well, you could ride him to the hunt tomorrow. I know two or three men who'd be interested in buying him, and they'll be at the hunt, I'm sure. It'd be easy.'

'No, I haven't got time to go hunting tomorrow. I—I'm going to Mrs Osgood's birthday dance.'

'Aha!' said Dunstan, laughing. 'And perhaps you'll see sweet Miss Nancy there—and you'll dance with her—and you'll talk of love...'

'Be quiet!' shouted Godfrey, his face turning red. 'Don't speak of Miss Nancy like that, or I'll kill you!'

'Don't get so angry, brother,' answered Dunstan calmly. 'You've got a very good chance with her. In fact, I advise you to be nice to her. You and I know that Molly's started drinking. Well, if she drinks too much one day and dies, then you could marry Nancy. She wouldn't mind being a second wife, if she didn't know there was a first. And luckily you've got a kind brother who'll keep your secret well.'

Godfrey's face was white now, and he was trembling. 'Look, Dunstan, I've nearly had enough of this. You can push a man too far, you know. Perhaps I'll go to the Squire now and confess everything to him. He'll discover the truth one day, because Molly says she'll come and tell him. She wants everyone to know we're married. When the Squire knows the truth, you won't get any more money from me!'

Dunstan replied lightly, 'Do what you like, brother.'

Godfrey hesitated. He knew he had fallen into Dunstan's trap, when he made the mistake of marrying Molly. It was Dunstan who had introduced his brother to Molly, hoping that Godfrey would fall in love and marry her. Dunstan was clearly delighted that his evil plan had succeeded. Godfrey was now in a difficult situation. He no longer loved his young wife, and could not stop thinking of Nancy Lammeter. He felt sure that with Nancy as his wife he would not need to have secrets, and could be open and honest with everybody. But for the moment he had to give Dunstan whatever he wanted, keep Molly happy, and lie to

his father and his friends. If he told his father the truth, the situation would become impossible. The Squire would disinherit him and he would be just a poor working man for the rest of his life. And far worse than that, he would lose any hope of marrying Nancy. No! He could not accept that. He would find the money for Dunstan, and wait for the situation to get better. Living with fear in his heart, the fear of being discovered, was better than living without Nancy's love.

He turned to Dunstan. 'It's just like you to talk of selling Wildfire—the best horse I've ever had!'

'Let me sell him for you—you know I'm good at buying and selling. I can ride him to the hunt for you tomorrow, and bring you back the money. But you must decide. You lent me that money, and you'll have to pay it back to the Squire. So it's your problem, not mine!'

Godfrey thought for a moment. 'All right,' he said. 'But make sure you bring me back all the money, Dunstan!'

The next morning, as Dunstan was riding Wildfire out of Raveloe, he passed the old quarry. All the stone had been taken out of it and it was no longer used; now all that was left was a deep hole full of reddish water. Opposite the quarry was Silas Marner's cottage. Dunstan suddenly had an idea. 'Everybody in Raveloe talks of the weaver's money—he must have a lot hidden away in that cottage! Why doesn't Godfrey borrow some money from him, and pay him back when he becomes the Squire?' He wondered whether to go back to the Red House at once, to tell Godfrey about this wonderful idea of his, but he did not want to miss the hunt, so he decided to continue on his way.

At the hunt he met several friends and neighbours, and before the hunt started he managed to sell Wildfire for a good price. The money would be paid when he brought the horse to the neighbour's house later that day. Dunstan knew it would be safer to take the horse there immediately, so that he could be sure of receiving the money. But he was confident that he could take care of Wildfire during the hunt, and so, after a glass or two of whisky, he joined the other riders in the fields. This time, however, he was not as lucky as usual, and horse and rider fell while jumping a gate. Dunstan got up, shaken but unhurt, but poor Wildfire's back was broken, and in a few moments he died.

Dunstan looked around, and was glad to see that no other riders had noticed his accident. He did not want people to think he was a bad rider. He did not care much about Wildfire, because he thought he now had a much better plan to offer Godfrey. The worst thing was that he would have to walk home, something he was not at all used to doing.

He drank some more whisky from the bottle he kept in his pocket, and started down the country road. He kept thinking about Silas's money. There would certainly be enough for his own needs as well as Godfrey's. Dunstan thought it would be easy to frighten the weaver a little, and then Silas would quickly agree to lend his money.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the whole countryside was covered by a thick mist. Dunstan did not see anyone on his way back to Raveloe. He knew he was getting close to the old quarry, although he could not see the road in front of him. At last he saw light coming from the weaver's cottage, and he decided to knock at the door. 'Why not ask the old man for the money now?' he thought.

But when he knocked loudly, there was no reply. And when he pushed the door, it opened. Dunstan found himself in front of a bright fire which showed every corner of the small living-room. Silas Marner was not there. Dunstan was tired and cold, so he went quickly to sit by the warm fire. As he sat down, he noticed a small piece of meat cooking over the fire. It was hanging from a large door key. 'So, the old man's cooking meat for his supper, is he?' thought Dunstan. 'But where is he? Why is his door unlocked? Perhaps he went out to fetch some wood for the fire, and fell into the quarry! Perhaps he's dead!' this was an interesting new idea. 'And if he's dead, who inherits his money? Who would know that anybody had come to take it away? And the most important question of all—Where is the money?'

Dunstan's excitement made him forget that the weaver could still be alive. He wanted Silas to be dead, and he wanted Silas's money. He looked round the cottage again. There was very little furniture, just a bed, the loom, three chairs and a table. Dunstan looked under the bed, but the money was not there. Then he noticed a place on the floor, near the loom, where the floorboards looked different. By pulling up one of the boards, he discovered Silas's hiding-place. He took out the two heavy bags filled with gold, put the boards back and hurried to the door.

Outside, the rain was falling heavily, and he could not see anything at all. Carrying the heavy bags, he stepped forward into the darkness.

2 戈弗雷·凯斯和邓斯坦·凯斯

瑞福洛村最重要的人物是乡绅凯斯。他的妻子许多年前就已经死了，只有他和3个儿子一起住在教堂对面的漂亮的“红屋”里，在村子外面有大片属于他的土地。

11月的一个傍晚，在西拉斯·马南来到瑞福洛村15年以后，几个村民在名叫“彩虹”的小酒馆里喝酒，教堂的执事麦西老先生讲起了凯斯的妻子。

“那是个好女人，”麦西伤感地摇着长满灰发的头，“她在的时候，红屋从来都是那么干净、漂亮！许多年前，她去世的时候，可怜的乡绅，唉，他不知道该怎么办。现在，他仍然很孤独，真的！所以我们才会经常见他晚上到这儿来喝酒。如果凯斯太太还活着，她一定会为她的儿子们感到失望。乡绅应该让他的儿子们去干点儿活，而不应该让他们呆在家里，还给他们钱去玩马、赌博、找女人！”

“行了，麦西先生，”酒馆主人说，“不管怎么说，人家是有钱的年轻绅士，你哪能让他们像我们这些乡下人一样下地干活呢？不过邓斯坦·凯斯倒确实像你说的，他确实不怎么样，总在借钱，却从来还不，总是赌博，而且总是惹麻烦！他一定不会有好下场！”

“另两个可不一样，”笑眯眯的红脸屠户说，“鲍勃·凯斯还是孩子，老大戈弗雷先生可不像他兄弟邓斯坦，看看他那张脸是多么的诚实、大方。他会继承乡绅的财产和所有的土地，而且他还会娶南茜·拉默特小姐。等她以戈弗雷·凯斯太太的身份入主红屋后， she 会把凯斯全家的生活照料好。而且她会为乡绅节省很多钱——拉默特家有各种最好的东西，可他们用钱很小心。”

长着尖脸的小个子马掌匠最爱和屠户过不去。“戈弗雷先生娶南茜小姐！”他大笑着说，“这是你这么想！你没发现从去年开始南茜小姐对戈弗雷的态度已经变了吗？你知道，他经常离开家外出，一去好多天。没人知道他在干什么，可从那时起他就变了。南茜小姐可不傻——她不会嫁给一个她把握不住的人。”

酒馆主人总是试图平息客人们的争论。“你们说的都对，但愿戈弗雷先生不要失去娶南茜小姐的机会。”

在大家在酒馆谈论的同时，在红屋里，戈弗雷·凯斯正在客厅中等他的弟弟邓斯坦，他英俊的脸上一脸焦急。一会儿，门开了，一个粗壮的年轻人走进来。这就是邓斯坦，他显然刚喝过许多酒。

“我太恨他了！”戈弗雷心里想。

“啊，先生，”邓斯坦不高兴地说，“你派人叫我，因为你是老大，因为有一天你会成为乡绅，所以我不能不听命于你。你想干什么？”

“如果还没醉得听不懂话你就好好听着！”戈弗雷生气地说，“你必须把我上个月借给你的钱还给我。你知道我是从教堂农场的福勒那里拿的钱，他这些钱是欠咱们父亲的，他让我把这钱还给父亲。现在父亲以为福勒还没有还钱，所以很生气，我必须把钱还回去！”

邓斯坦走近戈弗雷阴险地笑了。“好吧，我亲爱的好心的哥哥，你为什么不去找钱？那就不会太麻烦我了！”

戈弗雷努力控制住自己。“别这么对我笑，否则我揍你！”

“不，你不会，”邓斯坦回答，“因为如果你揍了我，我就会向父亲告发你的秘密。我会告诉他，他的漂亮的长子爱上了城里的一个穷丫头莫丽，而且匆匆忙忙娶了她。父亲会因为你偷偷娶了她而生气的，并且会取消你的继承权。那么我将在老头儿死后得到这房子和土地！不过别担心，我是你的好兄弟，我不会告诉他，而且你会自己找到钱还回去，我知道你会的。”

“我到哪儿去弄钱？”戈弗雷喊道，“告诉你，我没钱！”

“你可以去借，”邓斯坦漫不经心地说，“或者，等等——我有个好点儿的主意，你可以把马卖了。”

“卖野火？你知道我是多么喜欢这匹马！”

“好了，你可以明天骑着它去狩猎会，我知道有几个人想买它，明天他们肯定也在狩猎会，这很容易。”

“不行，明天我没时间去狩猎会。我——我得去参加奥斯古德太太的生日舞会。”

“噢！”邓斯坦大笑起来，“没准儿你能在那儿见到可爱的南茜小姐——你会和她跳舞——你会和她谈情说爱……”

“住嘴！”戈弗雷喊道，他的脸红了。“别这么说南茜小姐，否则我杀了你！”

“别这么生气，哥哥，”邓斯坦冷冷地说，“这是你和她的好机会，真的，我劝你对她好一点儿。咱们都知道莫丽开始喝酒了，有一天她喝多了酒死了，你就能娶南茜了，她不会介意做第二个太太的，如果她根本不知道有个第一个的话。有我这么个好弟弟为你保守秘密，你是多么幸运呀。”

戈弗雷脸色惨白，有些颤抖。“邓斯坦，我受够了，别欺人太甚，或许我会马上去找父亲承认这一切。他早晚会发现真相，因为莫丽说会来告诉他。她希望每个人都知道我们结婚了。等父亲知道了，你就别想再从我这儿弄一分钱！”

邓斯坦轻松地回答：“随你便，哥哥。”

戈弗雷犹豫了，他知道自从错误地和莫丽结婚以后，自己就掉进了邓斯坦的陷阱。邓斯坦把戈弗雷介绍给莫丽，就是想让他爱上她并娶她。邓斯坦显然很得意自己的计划能够成功。戈弗雷现在处于困难的境地，他不再爱他的年轻妻子，也不能停止想念南茜·拉默特。他深信如果南茜成为自己的妻子，他就不再需要保守什么秘密，可以诚实、坦率地去面对每一个人。但现在邓斯坦要什么，他就得给什么，必须让莫丽高兴，并且必须对父亲和朋友们撒谎。如果向父亲说出实情，情况将不可想像，自己会被父亲取消继承权，会像一个可怜的工人一样过完下半辈子。更糟糕的是，自己将再不可能娶到南茜了。不，他不会接受这一切！他要给邓斯坦找钱，等待事情好转。怀着怕被发现的恐惧活着，总比得不到南茜的爱活着要强。

他转向邓斯坦。“卖掉野火——我最好的马，这正是你的行径！”

“让我替你去卖——你知道我善做买卖。明天我会把它骑到狩猎会，然后带钱回来给你。不过这必须由你来决定。钱你已经借给我了，你得去还给父亲，所以这是你的问题而不是我的。”

戈弗雷想了一会儿。“好吧，”他说，“不过你必须把所有的钱拿回来给我！”

第二天早晨，邓斯坦骑着野火离开瑞福洛时，从老采石场经过。所有的石头都已经被采走，采石场已经废弃多时，现在只剩一个满是红水的大深洞了。西拉斯·马南的草屋就在采石场的对面。邓斯坦忽然有了个主意。“瑞福洛的每个人都在谈论织布匠的钱——他一定在草屋里藏了很多钱。戈弗雷干嘛不向他借点儿，等成了乡绅后再还给他呢？”他犹豫了一下是不是马上回去把自己的好主意告诉戈弗雷，但最后还是决定继续赶路，因为他不想错过狩猎会。

在狩猎会，邓斯坦遇到了几个朋友和邻居，在狩猎会开始前他已经把野火卖了个好价钱，说好晚些时候把马送到邻居家里再拿钱。邓斯坦知道马上把马送去更安全，这样他肯定能拿到钱。但他相信自己在狩猎会上能照料好马。于是，喝了一两杯威士忌启，他加入了其他狩猎者的行列。不幸的是，这次邓斯坦没有平时幸运，在跳过一个篱笆门时，马和骑手都摔倒了。邓斯坦站了起来，摔得够呛但没伤着，而可怜的野火的背却摔断了，几分钟后，它死了。

邓斯坦看看四周，很高兴没有别的骑手注意到他的事故，他不想让人觉得他是个不好的骑手。他并不在乎野火，因为他觉得他有更好的主意提供给戈弗雷。最麻烦的是他得步行回家了，这可是他一点儿也不习惯的。

又喝了些身上酒瓶里的酒，邓斯坦踏上了回家的乡村小路。他一直在想西拉斯的钱，那些钱肯定够哥哥和自己用的了。邓斯坦相信很容易就能吓住织布匠，让他把钱借出来。

这时是下午4点，整个村野都被浓雾笼罩着。邓斯坦在回瑞福洛的路上没有看到一个人。虽然看不见前面的路，但他知道自己已经接近老采石场了。终于看到了织布匠屋里的灯光，他决定去敲门。“为什么不现在就去向老头儿借钱？”他想。

他大声敲门的时候，屋里没有人答应，推了推，门开了。邓斯坦进到了一个被炉火照亮了每一个角落的小屋里，西拉斯·马南不在家。邓斯坦觉得又冷又累，赶紧在暖和的炉火前坐下。坐下时，他发现一小片肉吊在一把大钥匙上，在火上烤着。

“这是老家伙为自己烧的晚饭吧！”邓斯坦想，“他去哪儿了？为什么不锁门？也许出去运柴火，结果掉采石场里了！没准他死了！”这是个有趣的新想法。“如果他死了，谁继承他的钱？谁会知道有人来过把钱拿走了？”可更重要的问题是——“钱在哪儿？”

兴奋使邓斯坦忘了织布匠有可能还活着。他希望西拉斯死了，他希望得到西拉斯的钱。于是他重新看看小屋，家具很少，只有一张床、织布机、三把椅子和一张桌子。看看桌子下面，钱不在。邓斯坦注意到织布机旁边地上的一个地方，地板看起来有些特别，扒开一块板，他发现了西拉斯的藏钱之处。他取出两个装满金币的袋子，把板盖好，急忙跑向屋门。

外面的雨下得很大，邓斯坦什么也看不见。拿着沉沉的袋子，他走进黑暗之中。

3 Where is Silas's gold?

When Dunstan Cass left the cottage, Silas Marner was only a hundred metres away. He was walking home from the village, where he had gone to buy what he needed for his next day's work. His legs were tired, but he felt almost happy. He was looking forward to supper-time, when he would bring out his gold. Tonight he had an extra reason to hurry home. He was going to eat hot meat, which was unusual for him. And it would cost him nothing, because someone had given him a piece of meat as a present. He had left it cooking over the fire. The door key was needed to hold it safely in place, but Silas was not at all worried about leaving his gold in the cottage with the door unlocked. He could not imagine that a thief would find his way through the mist, rain and darkness to the little cottage by the quarry.

When he reached his cottage and opened the door, he did not notice that anything was different. He threw off his wet coat, and pushed the meat closer to the fire. As soon as he was warm again, he began to think about his gold. It seemed a long time to wait until after supper, when he usually brought out the coins to look at. So he decided to bring out his gold immediately, while the meat was still cooking.

But when he took up the floorboards near the loom, and saw the empty hole, he did not understand at once. His heart beat violently as his trembling hands felt all round the hole. There was nothing there! He put his hands to his head and tried to think. Had he put his gold in a different place, and forgotten about it? He searched every corner of his small cottage, until he could not pretend to himself any more. He had to accept the truth—his gold had been stolen!

He gave a wild, desperate scream, and stood still for a moment. Then he turned towards his loom, and almost fell into the seat where he always worked. He touched the loom to make sure it, too, had not been stolen. Now he was beginning to think more clearly. 'A thief has been here! If I can find him, he'll have to give back my gold! But I was only away for a short time, and there's no sign of anyone entering the cottage.' He wondered whether it was really a thief who had taken his money, or whether it was the same cruel God who had already destroyed his happiness once. But Silas preferred to suspect a thief, who would perhaps return the money. He began to think it must be Jem Rodney, a local poacher, who had known about Silas's money, and who sometimes visited the cottage. Silas felt stronger now that he thought he knew the thief. 'I must go and tell the Squire, and the police!' he said to himself. 'They'll make Jem give me back the money!' so he hurried out in the rain without a coat, and ran towards the Rainbow.

He thought he would find the most important people in Raveloe at the public house, but in fact most of them were at Mrs Osgood's birthday dance. There were, however, five villagers at the Rainbow, enjoying an interesting conversation about ghosts, while drinking their beer.

'I tell you, people have seen ghosts,' the butcher said. 'And I'll tell you where, too. Behind the church!'

'That's right,' agreed old Mr Macey. 'You young ones aren't old enough to remember, but people have seen ghosts near the church since I was a boy. Oh yes, it's true.'

The farrier laughed scornfully. 'Ghosts! People imagine they see things on a dark night! You can't make me believe in ghosts! It's a question of fact! There are no ghosts!'

'Now, now,' began the landlord, who always tried to keep the peace, 'in some ways you're all wrong, and in some ways you're all right, that's my opinion. There are ghosts, and there aren't, well, that's what people say. And...'

Just then Silas's white face appeared suddenly in the doorway. He had run all the way from his cottage, so he could not speak for a moment. He stared silently at the men with his strange staring eyes, looking exactly like a ghost. For a few minutes nobody said anything, while Silas tried to control his breathing. Then the landlord spoke.

'What do you want, Master Marner? Come, tell us.'

'Robbed!' cried Silas, suddenly able to speak. 'I've been robbed! I want the police, and the Squire!' He waved his arms wildly as he spoke.

'Hold him, Jem,' said the landlord to the poacher, who was sitting near the door. 'I think he's gone mad.'

But Jem moved quickly away. 'Not me!' he replied. 'I don't want anything to do with a ghost!'

'Jem Rodney!' cried Silas, turning and staring at the man he suspected.

'Yes, Master Marner?' answered Jem, trembling a little.

'If it was you who stole my money,' said Silas, going close to Jem, 'just give it back to me, and I won't tell the police. Please—just give it back.'

'Stole your money!' cried Jem angrily. 'I'll throw this glass at you if you accuse me of stealing your money!'

'Come now, Master Marner,' said the landlord firmly, taking Silas by the arm. 'You must explain what you mean if you want us to believe you. And sit down by the fire to dry your clothes. You're very wet.'

'That's right,' said the farrier. 'No more staring like a madman. That's what I thought you were at first—not a ghost, of course.'

The weaver sat down, in the centre of the little group of men, and told his story. It felt strange but pleasant to him, to talk to his neighbours and tell them his problems. The men realized at once that Silas was telling the truth. They had suspected him of working for the devil, but they knew now that the devil was no longer taking care of him.

'Well, Master Marner,' said the landlord in the end, 'you mustn't accuse poor Jem. He sometimes steals a chicken, we all know that, but he's been sitting here drinking with us all evening. So he's not the thief.'

'That's right,' said old Mr Macey. 'You can't accuse someone who hasn't done anything wrong, Master Marner.'

These words brought the past back to Silas, and he remembered standing in front of his accusers in the Light Street chapel. He went up to Jem.

'I was wrong,' he said miserably. 'I'm sorry, Jem. I had no reason to accuse you. But—where can my gold be?'

'Perhaps some stranger came to your cottage while you were out,' said the farrier. 'But we must report the robbery to the police and the Squire immediately.'

Next morning, when the whole village heard about the stolen gold, they all discussed it excitedly. A few people still did not trust Silas or believe his story. Most people, however, were suspicious of the pedlar who had visited Raveloe the month before. Perhaps he had returned to hide near the quarry, and steal the money when Silas left his cottage. Several villagers thought they remembered his evil-looking face, and felt sure he was not honest.

Silas himself remembered that the pedlar had come to his cottage door recently. He hoped the pedlar was indeed the thief, because the police could catch him and make him give back the money. His home seemed very empty to him without his gold, and he desperately wanted to get it back.

3 西拉斯的金子哪儿去了？

邓斯坦·凯斯离开的时候，西拉斯仅仅在100米之外，他从村里买了第二天干活用的东西，正往家里走。西拉斯的腿很累，但他心里很高兴。他期待着晚饭时间的到来，那时他又可以拿出金子来了。今晚他匆匆回家还有个特别的理由，他今天要吃一块热热的烤肉，平时他很少吃肉。不过他并没有花钱，因为这块肉是别人送给他的礼物。他出来时已经把它烤在了火上，肉是用大门钥匙串起来的，西拉斯一点儿也不担心不锁门而把金币留在小屋里，他不信会有贼能在这样的大雾、大雨里摸黑找到他在采石场边上的小草屋。

他回到家，打开门，没有发现任何异常。他脱下湿衣服，把肉向火上推了推，一暖和过来，他马上开始想他的金子。他不能像平时那样等到吃完晚饭再把金子拿出来，那要等太久了，他决定趁肉还在烤着，马上拿出金子来。

当他扒开织机旁的地板，看到洞里空空的什么也没有时，并没有马上明白过来。他的心剧烈地跳着，用颤抖的手把洞摸了个遍，什么也没有！他用手抱着头，想好好想一想。是不是自己把金子放在了别处又忘了？他找遍了草屋的每一个角落，但终于一无所获，他不能再欺骗自己了。他不得不接受这一事实——他的金子被偷走了！

他发出一声绝望的惨叫，呆呆地站了一会儿，猛地转向织机，险些跌倒在每天干活的座位上。西拉斯摸着织布机以确定他的织布机还没有被偷走。这时他的思想清楚了一些。“一定是有贼来过！如果我能找出这个人，他就得把金子还给我！可我只离开了一会儿，也看不出有人进过屋呀！”他不明白是真的有贼偷走了他的钱，还是那个曾经毁坏过他幸福生活的残忍的上帝又在惩治他。不过西拉斯宁愿怀疑是贼干的，因为贼还可能把钱还回来。他开始猜想贼一定是本地的偷猎者杰姆·罗德尼，因为他知道西拉斯有钱，而且以前来过小屋。西拉斯以为自己知道贼是谁了，就感到自己强大了一点儿。“我必须去告诉乡绅和警察！”他对自己说，“他们会让杰姆还我钱。”于是他来不及披外衣就冲进雨里，向彩虹酒馆跑去。

西拉斯本以为一定能在酒馆见到瑞福洛最重要的人们，可实际上大部分人都去参加奥斯古德太太的生日舞会了。然而还是有5个村民在酒馆中一边喝着啤酒，一边闲谈着有关鬼怪的事。

“告诉你们，有人真的见过鬼，”屠户说，“而且我告诉你们在哪儿，就在教堂后面！”

“没错，”麦西老先生附和着，“你们太小了，不记得，从我小时候起人们就在教堂附近看见过鬼。没错，是真的。”

马掌匠嘲讽地大笑起来。“鬼！人们总幻想着在黑夜里看到什么！你别想让我相信！这是个事实问题！世界上根本没有鬼！”

“行了，行了，”酒馆主人发话了，他总想维持和平，“我觉得你们都不对，又都对，人们总说有鬼没鬼，但……”

这时西拉斯苍白的脸突然出现在过道里。他从草屋一路跑来，所以一时说不出话来，只是不声不响地用那双奇怪的、直瞪着的眼睛盯着人们，确实有点儿像一个鬼。半晌没有人说话，而西拉斯则在努力地使自己呼吸平稳下来。然后酒馆主人打破了沉默。

“怎么了，马南师傅？来，告诉我们。”

“贼！”西拉斯喊道，他忽然能说话了。“我被贼偷了！我要找警察，还有乡绅！”他边说边疯狂地挥着手。

“按住他，杰姆，”酒馆主人对坐在门边的偷猎者说，“我想他疯了。”！

可杰姆马上躲到了一边。“别让我按他，”他答道，“我可不想和魔鬼打交道！”

“杰姆·罗德尼！”西拉斯转脸盯着这个他怀疑的人喊道。

“怎么啦，马南师傅？”杰姆有点儿发抖。

“如果你偷了我的钱，”西拉斯走近了说，“还给我，我不会去报告警察。请你还给我！”

“偷你的钱！”杰姆生气地喊道，“如果你再诬陷我偷你的钱，我就用杯子砸你！”

“来，马南师傅，”酒馆主人拉住西拉斯坚决地说，“如果想让我们相信你，你必须向我们讲清楚。来，坐下烤烤你的衣服，你都湿透了。”

“对，”马掌匠说，“别再像疯子似地瞪着眼了，我一开始就认为你不是个魔鬼而是个疯子。”

西拉斯坐下来，在一小群人中间讲起自己的故事。和邻居讲话并告诉他们自己的问题，这种感觉让西拉斯感到很奇特，可也很愉快。人们马上意识到西拉斯讲的是实话，他们确实怀疑过西拉斯为魔鬼工作，可他们相信现在魔鬼不再照料他了。

“好了，马南师傅，”酒馆主人最后说，“你千万别再为难可怜的杰姆了，我们都知道他有时会偷只鸡什么的，可今晚他一直在这儿和我们一起喝酒，所以他不会是贼。”

“没错，”麦西老先生说，“你不能难为没有做错事的人，马南师傅。”

这些话使西拉斯想起了过去的事，想起了许多年前在日光街教堂里他站在指责他的人面前。他走到杰姆面前。

“我错了，”他痛心地说，“对不起，杰姆，我不该难为你，可是——我的金子哪儿去了？”

“可能有陌生人在你不在的时候闯进了你的小屋，”马掌匠说，“但不管怎样我们必须马上向警察和乡绅报案。”

第二天，全村人都听说了丢金子的事，大家都在兴奋地议论，一小部分人仍然不相信西拉斯和他的故事，而大多数人都怀疑上个月来过瑞福洛的小贩，没准儿他溜回来藏在了采石场附近，然后趁西拉斯出门的时候偷了钱。有几个村民更是想起来他们早就从小贩那张罪恶的脸上看出他不是好人。

西拉斯自己也想起小贩不久前到过自己的小屋。他希望小贩真的是贼，那样警察就能抓住他让他还钱了。没有了金子，小屋显得空空荡荡，西拉斯不顾一切地想找回金子。

4 Godfrey is in trouble

Godfrey was not very surprised to find that Dunstan had not come home after his day's hunting. Perhaps he was staying the night at a public house. But when Dunstan did not return home the next day, Godfrey began to worry about Wild-fire. He did not trust his brother, and wondered if Dunstan had gone away to spend the money on gambling. So he decided to go to look for him. On the road near Raveloe he met his neigh-bour, John Bryce, who had arranged to buy Wildfire from Dun—stan.

'Well, Godfrey, 'said Bryce, 'did your brother tell you about the horse?'

'What do you mean, John?' replied Godfrey quickly. 'No, he hasn't been home yet. What's happened to my horse?'

'Ah, so he was yours, was he? Dunstan told me you'd giv-en him Wildfire. I was going to buy him, you know.'

'What's Dunstan done? Is Wildfire hurt?' asked Godfrey crossly.

'Worse than that, 'answered Bryce. 'I'm afraid your horse is dead. We've only just found him. Your brother rode him to the hunt and the horse fell at a gate and broke his back. So you haven't seen Dunstan since yesterday?'

'No, and he'd better not come home now!' replied Godfrey angrily. 'How stupid I was to trust him with my horse!'

'But where can Dunstan be? I suppose he wasn't hurt, be—cause we didn't find him near the horse.'

'Him?' said Godfrey bitterly. 'Oh, he'll be all right. He'll never be hurt—he only ever hurts other people! We'll hear of him soon enough, don't worry.'

Bryce said goodbye and rode away. Godfrey rode slowly back into Raveloe, thinking about what he would very soon have to do. There was no longer any escape. He must confess the whole truth to his father. For the rest of the day he planned what he would say. He would explain that he had lent Fowler's money to Dunstan, because Dunstan knew his secret. That would be the right moment to tell the Squire about his secret marriage to Molly. 'But he'll be very angry!' thought Godfrey. 'And when he's angry with people, he just wants to punish them! He won't listen or calm down! But perhaps he'll keep my se-cret—he's so proud of the family name! And if he disinherited me, everyone would talk about it.'

When he went to bed that night, Godfrey thought he had decided what to say. But when he woke up in the morning, he could not see any reason to confess to the marriage. Why should he lose the chance of marrying Nancy? Why should he tell the whole truth now, when perhaps it was not necessary? No, it would be better to go on in the same way as before. Per haps Dunstan would stay away for a while, and then there would be no need to tell his father about Molly. 'But today I'll tell the Squire about the money,' he thought. 'He'll have to know about that.'

Godfrey was already in the dining-room when his father ar-rived for breakfast. The Squire sat down at the head of the table and ordered the servant to bring him some beer.

'Haven't you had breakfast yet, Godfrey?' he asked.

'Yes, I have, sir,' replied Godfrey, 'but I was waiting to speak to you.'

'Well, you young people have plenty of time,' answered the Squire. 'We older ones have to do all the work.'

Godfrey looked straight at his father. 'Sir,' he said bravely, 'I must tell you—something very unfortunate has happened to Wildfire.'

'What! Has he broken a leg? I thought you could ride bet-ter than that! Well, you can't expect me to pay for a new horse. I'm very short of money at the moment. And I'm angry with Fowler—he still hasn't paid me what he owes me. If he doesn't pay today, he'll go to prison!' the Squire's face was red, and he banged angrily on the table as he spoke.

'It's worse than breaking a leg,' continued Godfrey miser-ably. 'Wildfire's dead. But I don't want you to buy me anoth-er horse. I just feel sorry I can't pay you—you see, sir, the truth is, I'm very sorry, Fowler did pay the money. He gave it to me, and I was stupid enough to let Dunstan have it. And he was going to sell Wildfire and then I was going to repay you the money.'

The Squire's face was purple now, and for a moment he could not speak. 'You—you let Dunstan have my money? Why did you give it to him? And why did he want it? Where's Dunstan now? He'll answer my questions, or leave this house! Go and fetch him at once!'

'Dunstan hasn't come home, sir. The horse was found dead, and nobody knows where Dunstan is. 'Well, why did you let him have my money? Answer me!' said the Squire, staring angrily at Godfrey.

'Well, sir, I don't know,' replied Godfrey, hesitating. He was not good at lying, and was not prepared for his father's questions.

'You don't know?' the Squire repeated scornfully. 'Well, I know why. I think you've done something wrong, and you've bribed Dunstan to keep it a secret! That's it, isn't it?'

The Squire had made a very clever guess, and Godfrey's heart banged in sudden alarm. He was not ready to confess ev-erything yet. 'Well, sir,' he said, trying to speak carelessly, 'it was just a little business between Dunstan and me. You wouldn't be interested in it, you know.'

'How old are you now? Twenty—six?' asked the Squire an—grily. 'Old enough to look after your money and mine too! I've been much too generous to you boys, but I'm going to be harder on you all from now on. You've got a weak character, Godfrey, like your poor mother. I think you need a wife who knows what she wants, because you can't decide anything by yourself! When you were thinking of marrying Nancy Lammeter, I agreed, didn't I? Have you asked her or not? She hasn't refused to marry you, has she?'

'No, I haven't asked her,' said Godfrey, feeling very hot ad uncomfortable, 'but I don't think she'll accept me.'

'Don't be stupid, Godfrey!' said the Squiure with a scornful laugh. 'Any woman would want to marry into our family! Do you want to marry her?'

'There's no other woman I want to marry,' said Godfrey, avoiding his father's eyes.

'Well, then, let me speak to her father for you, since you aren't brave enough to do it yourself. She's a pretty girl, and intelligent.'

‘No, sir, please don’t say anything at the moment,’ said Godfrey quickly. ‘I must ask her myself.’

‘Well, ask her then. When you marry her, you’ll have to forget about horses and so on. It’ll be good for you to do some serious work. You should get married soon.’

‘Please don’t try to hurry things, sir,’ begged Godfrey.

‘I’ll do what I like,’ said the Squire firmly. ‘And if you don’t do what I want, I’ll disinherit you and you can leave the house. Now, if you know where Dunstan’s hiding—I expect you do—tell him he needn’t come home. He’ll pay for his own food from now on.’

‘I don’t know where he is, sir. Anyway, it’s you who should tell him to leave home.’

‘Don’t argue with me, Godfrey,’ said the Squire, turning back to his breakfast. ‘Just go and tell the servants to get my horse ready.’

Godfrey left the room. He was relieved that his father had not discovered the whole truth. However, he was a little worried that the Squire would try to arrange his marriage with Nancy. While he was married to Molly, he could not marry Nancy, although it was his dearest wish. But as usual he was waiting and hoping for some unexpected change in his situation, which would save him from any unpleasantness.

4 戈弗雷有麻烦了

戈弗雷对于邓斯坦在狩猎的第二天没有回家来一点儿也不奇怪。他也许又在哪儿酒馆呆了一夜。可第三天邓斯坦还没回来，戈弗雷开始有些为他的野火担心了。他信不过他的兄弟，怀疑邓斯坦是不是去把钱花在赌场上了。于是他决定去找邓斯坦，在离瑞福洛不远的路上他遇到了邻居约翰·布莱斯，那个想从邓斯坦那里买走野火的人。

“怎么样，戈弗雷，”布莱斯说，“你弟弟告诉你关于马的事儿了吗？”

“什么意思，约翰？”戈弗雷马上问，“他还没回家。我的马怎么了？”

“噢，那是你的马，是吗？邓斯坦告诉我你把野火给他了，你知道我曾经想买那马。”

“邓斯坦干什么了？野火受伤了？”戈弗雷怒气冲冲地问。

“更糟，”布莱斯回答，“你的马死了，我们刚找到它。你兄弟骑它去狩猎，在跳一个篱笆门的时候马摔断了脊背。从昨天你一直没见你弟弟？”

“没有，他最好别现在回家来！”戈弗雷气急败坏地说，“我太傻了，竟然把马交给他！”

“可邓斯坦在哪儿？我想他没事，因为我们在马旁边没找到他。”

“他？”戈弗雷苦涩地说，“他不会有事儿的。他永远不会受伤——他只会去伤别人！你放心，我们很快会听到他的消息。”

布莱斯告别后骑马走了，戈弗雷边骑马慢慢向村里走，边想下面怎么办。没法再逃了，他必须向父亲承认一切。这一天剩下的时间他都在想该向父亲说些什么。他要向父亲解释因为邓斯坦知道他的秘密，所以他不得不把福勒还来的钱借给了邓斯坦，正好趁此机会告诉父亲自己和莫丽的秘密婚姻。“但他会很生气！”戈弗雷想，“他一定会惩罚惹他生气的人！他不会听我说，也不会平静下来！但也许他会保守我的秘密——他是那么珍视家族的荣誉！如果他取消我的继承权，每个人都会议论这件事。”

晚上上床的时候，戈弗雷已经决定了怎么说，可早上起床时，他又怎么也找不到承认秘密婚姻的理由了。为什么要失去娶南茜的机会？真有必要现在就承认一切吗？不，像以前那样过更好。也许邓斯坦会在外面呆一段时间，那也就没必要对父亲讲莫丽的事了。“但今天我得对他讲钱的事，”他想，“他必须知道这件事。”

父亲来吃早饭时，戈弗雷已经在餐厅了。乡绅在桌子上首坐下，叫用人拿啤酒来。

“还没吃过早饭吗？戈弗雷？”他问。

“吃过了，先生，”戈弗雷回答，“我等您想说点儿事。”

“你们年轻人总有空闲，”乡绅回答，“可我们老家伙什么活都得干。”

戈弗雷直视着他父亲。“先生，”他鼓起勇气说，“我必须告诉您——野火发生了不幸。”

“什么！它的腿摔断了？我还以为你会骑马呢！别指望我再给你买一匹新马，我这一阵没钱，我正在为福勒生气——他还没有还欠我的钱。今天再不还，我会让他进监狱！”乡绅涨红了脸，生气地拍着桌子说。

“比腿断了更糟，”戈弗雷接着沮丧地说，“野火死了。不过我并不想让您给我买新马，我只是为不能还上您的钱而难过——您看，很抱歉，实际上福勒先生已经还了钱，他还给了我，而我太傻了，竟然把钱交给了邓斯坦，我必须再还给您，所以邓斯坦就去卖野火。”

乡绅的脸已经变成了紫色，气得一时说不上话来。“你——你把我的钱给了邓斯坦？为什么给他？他为什么要钱？邓斯坦现在在哪儿？他必须回答我的问题，否则就滚出这幢房子！马上去给我找他！”

“邓斯坦还没回家来，先生，马被找到时已经死了，没人知道邓斯坦在哪儿。”

“那你为什么把我的钱给他？回答我！”乡绅愤怒地盯着戈弗雷。

“我也不知道，先生。”戈弗雷犹豫地回答，他不善于说谎，对父亲的提问也没有准备。

“你不知道？”乡绅藐视地重复道。“我知道了，一定是你做了错事要邓斯坦为你保密！对不对？”

乡绅做了一个聪明的猜想，戈弗雷心里一惊。他还没有准备对父亲承认一切。“噢，先生，”他尽量轻描淡写地说，“这只是我和邓斯坦之间的一点儿小事儿，您不会感兴趣。”

“你多大了？26？”乡绅生气地问，“你已经足够大了，应该能照看你的钱和我的钱了！我以前对你们太宽容了，可从现在开始我会对你们严厉起来。你的性格太软弱了，戈弗雷，就像你那可怜的妈妈。我想你需要有个头脑清楚的老婆来帮助你，你自己根本不会做任何决定！我不是同意你娶南茜·拉默特吗？有没有向她求婚？她没有拒绝你吧？”

“我还没有问她，”戈弗雷感到一阵燥热，很不自在，“不过我认为她不会接受。”

“别傻了，戈弗雷！”乡绅嘲笑他说，“所有女人都希望嫁到咱们家！你想不想娶她？”

“除了她，我谁都不想娶，”戈弗雷不肯看父亲的眼睛。

“好吧，既然你没有勇气自己讲，那我替你对她父亲说。那是个漂亮姑娘，也很聪明。”

“不，先生，请先别说，”戈弗雷赶紧说，“我必须自己对她说。”

“那好，去对她说吧。娶了她以后，你必须忘了那些马什么的。做些正经事对你有好处。你应该赶快结婚。”

“请您别急，先生。”戈弗雷请求父亲。

“我想怎样就怎样，”乡绅坚决地说，“如果你不按我想的去做，我将取消你的继承权，你可以离开这里。现在，如果你知道邓斯坦在哪儿——我想你知道——去告诉他，他不用再回来了。从现在起，他得自己付饭钱了。”

“我不知道他在哪儿，先生。不管怎样，只有您才可以对他说让他离开这个家。”

“别跟我争论，戈弗雷，”乡绅的注意力转回他的早餐，“去让用人把我的马备好。”

戈弗雷离开餐厅，他为父亲没有发现全部实情长出一口气。可是，他有些担心父亲会为他安排和南茜的婚事。虽然娶南茜是他最热切的愿望，但他不可能既娶莫丽，又娶南茜。不过，像往常一样，他等待并希望着会发生一些意想不到的变化，把自己从所有这些麻烦中解脱出来。

5 Silas's neighbours

In the weeks following the robbery, the police tried hard to find the pedlar, because so many people suspected him of being the thief. But there was no sign of him in any of the towns and villages round Raveloe.

Nobody was surprised at Dunstan Cass's absence. Once before he had stayed away for six weeks and then come back. Nobody imagined he could have anything to do with the robbery. The villagers continued to discuss Silas and his lost gold, but they had no more explanations to offer.

Silas himself still had his loom and his work, so he went on weaving. But the only thing that had made his life worth living had gone, and now he had nothing to look forward to. A life-time of empty evenings lay ahead of him. He did not enjoy thinking of the money he would earn, because it reminded him of the money he had lost. As he sat weaving, he sometimes used to moan quietly to himself. And in the evenings, as he sat alone in front of the fire, he used to put his head in his hands and moan again.

But this disaster had one good result. Little by little, Silas's neighbours realized it was wrong to be suspicious of him. He was just a poor, simple, harmless man, who needed their help.

They showed their new opinion of him in many different ways. Some of the women, who were baking cakes and preparing meat for Christmas, brought him presents of food. Some of the men, who had nothing to give him, stopped him in the village to ask about his health, or visited him to discuss the robbery. They often finished their conversation by saying cheerfully, 'Now you're the same as the rest of us—we're poor too! Cheer up, Master Marner! If you get ill and can't work any more, the Squire'll give you food and your neighbours will take care of you.' This did not make Silas feel better, but he realized it was meant kindly.

Old Mr Macey, the church clerk, came to the cottage one day, to explain how his opinion of the weaver had changed.

'You see, Master Marner,' he said in his high old voice, 'I used to think you worked for the devil—you've always looked strange, you know. But now I'm sure you're not evil, just a little bit crazy. That's what I tell the neighbours.'

He stopped to give Silas time to reply, but the weaver did not speak. He was sitting with his head in his hands as usual. He knew that the old man was trying to be kind, but he was too miserable to show any interest.

'Come, Master Marner, what's your answer to that?' asked Mr Macey, a little impatiently.

'Oh,' said Silas, slowly lifting his head, 'thank you. Thank you for your kindness.'

'That's all right,' replied the old man, pleased. 'Now, you shouldn't sit here moaning, you know. Here's my advice to you. Ask Tookey in the village to make you a Sunday suit—I don't expect you've got one—and then you can come to church with your neighbours. It'll make you feel better. You're not an old man yet, although you look like one. How old were you when you came here first? Twenty-five?'

'I don't remember,' answered Silas, shaking his head.

That evening, Mr Macey told a number of villagers at the Rainbow, 'Poor Master doesn't know how old he is! And I don't suppose he knows what day of the week it is! He really is a bit crazy.'

Another villager, Dolly Winthrop, was also worried about Silas's absence from church. She was a large, fresh-faced woman with a sweet, patient smile, who was always busy from early morning until late at night, and who went to church herself every Sunday. She believed in helping her neighbours, and if someone in Raveloe was ill or dying, Dolly was often asked to take care of the patient. This good, sensible woman decided that Silas needed her help. So one Sunday afternoon she took her son Aaron, a pretty little boy of seven, to visit the weaver. As they came closer to the cottage, they heard the sound of the loom.

'Oh dear! Working on a Sunday! That's bad!' said Mrs Winthrop sadly. She had to knock loudly on the door before Silas heard. He said nothing, but opened the door to let them in, and Dolly sat down in an armchair.

'I was baking yesterday, Master Marner,' she said, 'and I've brought you some of my cakes. Here they are.'

'Thank you,' replied Silas, taking the little bag of cakes Dolly was holding out to him. Aaron was hiding behind his mother's chair, in childish fear of the weaver.

'You didn't hear the church bells this morning, perhaps, Master Marner?' Dolly asked gently. 'This cottage is a long way from the village.'

'Yes, I heard them,' answered Silas. For him Sunday bells did not mean anything. There had been no bells at the Light Street chapel.

'Oh!' said Dolly. 'But—but do you have to work on a Sunday? You could make Sunday different from the other days, you know, by washing yourself, and cooking a little piece of meat, and going to church. And Master Marner, Christmas Day will be here soon! If you put on your best clothes and go to church and see the flowers and hear the singing, you'll feel much better! You'll know there is Someone you can trust!'

Dolly did not usually talk so much, but the matter seemed extremely important to her.

'No, no,' Silas replied. 'I don't know anything about church. I've never been to church.'

'Never been!' repeated Dolly. 'Were there no churches in the town you were born in?'

'Oh yes,' said Silas, 'there were a lot of churches. It was a big town, you see. But I only ever went to chapel.'

Dolly did not understand this word, but was afraid of asking any more questions, in case 'chapel' meant something evil. After considering carefully for a moment, she said, 'Well, Master Marner, it's never too late to start going to church. It's very pleasant listening to the singing and the good words. If we go to church, when trouble comes, Someone will take care of us. And if we do our best, then I believe Someone will help us when we need help.'

Dolly's explanation of her simple religion did not seem at all clear to Silas, but he did understand that she was asking him to go to church. He did not want to agree to that. Just then young Aaron came out from behind his mother's chair, and Silas offered him one of Dolly's cakes.

‘Oh Aaron!’ said his mother. ‘You’re always eating! No, don’t give him any more, Master Marner. But he can sing a song for you. I’m sure you’ll like it. It’s a beautiful Christmas carol. Come, Aaron, let’s hear it.’

Little Aaron stood up straight and sang his carol in a clear, sweet voice. Dolly listened with delight, hoping that the carol would help to persuade Silas to come to church.

‘You see, Master Marner,’ she said when Aaron had finished, ‘that’s Christmas music. The Christmas Day service is wonderful, with all the voices and the music. I hope you’ll be there with us. And remember, if you feel ill, I’ll be happy to come and cook or clean for you. But I beg you, please stop weaving on Sundays. It’s bad for soul and body, I’m sure. We must go now. Goodbye, Master Marner.’

‘Thank you, and goodbye,’ said Silas, as he opened the door for them. He could not help feeling relieved when she had gone. Now he could weave and moan as much as he liked.

Mr Macey and Dolly had tried hard to persuade Silas to go to church. But in the end he spent Christmas Day alone in his cottage, looking out at the cold grey sky. In the evening, snow began to fall, and he felt more distant and separate from his neighbours than ever. He sat in his robbed home, moaning miserably to himself, not noticing that his fire was no longer burning and that he was getting cold.

But in Raveloe the church bells were ringing and the church was fuller than all through the rest of the year. It was a special day for everybody, and after the service they all hurried home in the biting cold to eat and drink with their families.

At the Red House nobody spoke of Dunstan’s absence. The village doctor, Dr Kimble, and his wife were guests there for Christmas lunch, and the day passed happily.

The servants, however, were already preparing for the New Year’s Eve dance which Squire Cass gave every year. It was the best party of the year, and guests used to come from miles around. Godfrey was looking forward to this year’s party more than usual. But he was still worried.

‘What if Dunstan returns?’ he thought. ‘He’ll tell the Squire about my secret marriage! And Molly’s asking for more money! I’ll have to sell something for cash. But on New Year’s Eve, I can forget everything for an evening, and sit with Nancy, and look into her eyes, and dance with her…’

5 西拉斯的邻居们

失窃案后的几周里，因为那么多人怀疑那个小贩是贼，警察就费了很大劲查找他，但是在瑞福洛周围的村子和镇子里都找不到他的踪影。

没有人对邓斯坦·凯斯的失踪表示奇怪，以前有一次他曾离家6周以后才回来。没人想到他会和失窃案有关。村民们仍在谈论西拉斯和他丢了的金子，可人们都找不到更新的解释。

至于西拉斯本人，他还有他的织布机和他的工作，所以他继续织布。可是生活中唯一有价值的东西失去了，他不再有什么可期望的了。今后的一生将只有空虚的夜晚。他不再喜欢去想将要挣到的钱。那会使他想起丢失的钱。坐着干活的时候，他有时会对自已呻吟。晚上，一个人坐在炉火前，他也常会用手抱着头痛苦地呻吟。

不过他的灾难也有一个好的结果。慢慢地，邻居们认识到以前对西拉斯的怀疑是不对的。他只是一个穷困、简单、无恶意的人，需要他们的帮助。他们通过许多不同的方式表达对马南的新看法。有的妇女会在准备圣诞晚餐或者烤面包时送给他一些食物，那些没什么可给他的男人也会在村里叫住他问候他或者到小屋来看他，和他聊关于失窃案的事。谈话结束的时候他们通常会愉快地说：“现在你和我们这些人一样了——我们也是穷人！高兴起来，马南师傅！如果你病了，不能再工作了，乡绅会给你食物，邻居们会照顾你。”这些虽然不能让西拉斯感觉好受些，但他知道这是好意。

有一天，执事老麦西先生到小屋来解释他对于织布匠看法的改变。

“你知道，马南师傅，”他用苍老的高音说，“我以前以为你为魔鬼工作——你知道你老是看起来怪怪的。可现在我肯定你不邪恶，只是有一点儿古怪，我就是这么对邻居们讲的。”

他停下来等西拉斯回答，可西拉斯没有出声，只是像平常一样用手抱着头坐着，他知道这个老人在试图表示友好，不过他实在是太沮丧了，没有兴趣。

“怎么样，马南师傅，你对我说的怎么看？”麦西先生有点儿不耐烦了。

“噢，”西拉斯慢慢抬起头，“谢谢你，谢谢你的好意。”

“没什么，”老头儿高兴了，“我看你不应该再坐在这儿呻吟了。听听我的意见吧。去找村里的图齐给你做一件礼拜服——我想你一定没有礼拜服——然后和邻居一块儿到教堂来。这样你会好受些。你虽然看着像个老头，可实际上不老。你到这儿时多大？25？”

“我不记得了。”西拉斯摇头回答。

这天晚上，麦西先生在酒馆对好多村民宣布：“可怜的马南师傅竟然不知道自己多大！我想他也不会知道今天星期几！他真是有点儿疯。”

另一个村民多莉·温思罗普也在为西拉斯不去教堂而担心。这是个气色很好的高大女人，有着温柔、耐心的笑容。她每天从清早忙到深夜，每周日必到教堂礼拜。她把帮助邻居当作自己的责任，村里有人生病或生命垂危，人们总是请她去看护病人。这位善良、聪明的女人觉得西拉斯需要她的帮助，于是，一个礼拜天的下午，多莉带着7岁的儿子阿荣，一个漂亮的小家伙，来看望织布匠。走近小屋，他们听到织布机的声音。

“天哪！礼拜日还工作！这可不好。”温思罗普太太难过地说。她使劲敲门，西拉斯才能听到。他默默地开门让客人进来，多莉坐到一把扶手椅里。

“我昨天烤了面包，马南师傅，”她说，“今天给你带了些来。喏。”

“谢谢你！”西拉斯接过多莉递给他的袋子。阿荣躲在妈妈的椅子后面，他还有些害怕织布匠。

“你今天早晨或许没听到教堂的钟声，马南师傅？”多莉轻轻地问，“这个小屋离村里太远了。”

“我听见了，”西拉斯回答，礼拜日的钟声对他没有任何含意，日光街小教堂没钟。

“噢！”多莉说，“可——可你一定要在礼拜日工作吗？你可以把礼拜日搞得和平时不同一些，你也知道，可以洗洗澡，烤块肉，然后上教堂去。而且马南师傅，马上要到圣诞节了！如果穿上最好的衣服到教堂去看看花，听听歌，你会感觉好多了！你会知道那里有你可以信赖的人！”

多莉平时话并不多，可这事对她很重要。

“不，不，”西拉斯回答，“我不懂教堂的事，我从没去过教堂。”

“从没去过！”多莉重复道，“你出生的城镇没有教堂吗？”

“有，”西拉斯回答，“有很多教堂，因为那是个大镇子，可我只去小教堂。”

多莉不懂这个词，可又不敢再多问，她生怕这个“小教堂”与魔鬼有关。仔细想了一会儿，她说：“马南师傅，什么时候开始上教堂都不算晚，听圣歌和赞美诗的感觉好极了。如果我们经常做礼拜，在有困难的时候，就会有人来帮助我们。只要我们尽力去做，我相信我们会在需要的时候得到帮助的。”

虽然听不太懂多莉对自己简单信仰的解释，可西拉斯知道她在劝说自己去教堂。但他不想照着去做。正在这时阿荣从妈妈的椅子后面出来了，西拉斯给了他一块多莉做的蛋糕。

“嗨，阿荣！”他妈妈叫道，“你总在吃！不，马南师傅，别再给他了。不过他可以给你唱首歌，我想你会喜欢，这是一首圣诞颂歌。来，阿荣，唱给我们听听。”

小阿荣站直了，开始用清晰、甜美的声音唱他的颂歌。多莉高兴地听着，希望歌声能有助于劝说西拉斯去教堂。

“你看，马南师傅，”阿荣唱完她说，“这就是圣诞音乐，圣诞节的礼拜仪式棒极了，有各种声音和音乐。我希望你和我们一起在教堂。记住，如果你不舒服，我很乐意来替你做饭，打扫，但我请求你不要在礼拜日工作。我肯定这对灵魂和肉体都有害。我们得走了。再见，马南师傅。”

“谢谢你，再见。”西拉斯为他们打开门。客人走后他不禁感到很轻松，因为他又可以织布，可以想怎么呻吟就怎么呻吟了。

麦西先生和多莉尽了很大努力想劝西拉斯去教堂，可圣诞日西拉斯还是一个人留在了小屋里，望着窗外冷冷的灰色天空。晚上，开始下雪了，他感到跟邻居们距离更远，更孤独了。他坐在被偷过的家里，对自己痛苦地呻吟着，没注意到火炉里的火已经熄了，自己也越来越冷。

此时，瑞福洛的教堂的钟声在响，教堂里比平时任何时候人都多。对每个人这都是特别的一天，仪式完毕人们都在刺骨的寒冷中匆匆赶回家和家人一起吃喝庆祝。

红屋里没人提起邓斯坦的缺席。乡村医生金布尔先生和他太太被请来一起吃午饭，这一天过得很愉快。

用人们已经开始准备乡绅凯斯每年主办的新年夜舞会了。这是一年中最好的晚会，方圆几里地的客人都会来。戈弗雷比往年都更盼着新年晚会。可他也有一点儿担心。

“邓斯坦回来怎么办？”他想，“他会向父亲告发我的秘密婚姻！莫丽又在要更多的钱！我将不得不卖些东西换钱。不过新年之夜我可以暂时忘掉这一切，我要坐在南茜旁边，看着她的眼睛，和她跳舞……”

6 The New Year's Eve dance

On December 31st it was snowing and very cold. All day there were ladies and gentlemen arriving at the Red House.

Godfrey Cass was waiting at the door for the only guest he cared about, Nancy Lammeter. Finally she arrived, sitting behind her father on his horse, looking more beautiful than ever. Her lovely face blushed as she saw Godfrey come forward to lift her down from the horse. 'Why is he waiting for me?' she thought. 'I thought I made it clear to him that I'll never marry him. People say he leads a bad life, and I can't marry a man like that.'

But the Squire appeared just then, to welcome his guests, and in the excitement nobody noticed Nancy's pink face as Godfrey's strong arms lifted her down. She hurried into the house with the other ladies to change her clothes.

The house was full of servants running here and there. Mrs Kimble, who always helped the Squire arrange these parties, was giving orders in a loud voice. Cooks were preparing food in the kitchens, and there was already a wonderful smell of baking in the air.

Upstairs, the ladies were excitedly putting on their best dresses, while talking to each other all the time. Nancy met her aunt, Mrs Osgood, who introduced her to some visitors of hers. The Misses Gunn were two young ladies who were not beautiful, but dressed very fashionably.

Just then Nancy's older sister Priscilla arrived. She was a large, cheerful girl, with a round face and a nose pink with cold. As they were changing their clothes, Priscilla said to Mrs Osgood, 'Look at our dresses, aunt! Of course Nancy looks beautiful in hers, but this colour makes me look yellow! Nancy says we must wear the same dresses, because we're sisters, although I'm five years older! I'm ugly, I know I am. But I don't mind!' she turned to Mrs Osgood's two visitors. 'In my opinion the pretty girls are useful—I'm sure you agree—to catch the men. I don't think men are worth worrying about. Any woman with a good father and a good home had better stay single. That's what I'm going to do, anyway. We ugly girls don't need husbands!'

Mrs Osgood stood up and said quickly, 'My visitors and I should go downstairs now. Priscilla and Nancy, we'll see you later.' And the three ladies hurried out.

'Oh really, Priscilla!' cried Nancy, when they were alone. 'You never think before you speak! I'm sure the Misses Gunn thought you were very impolite! You almost told them they were ugly!'

'Did I?' asked Priscilla in surprise. 'Well, that's the way I am. I always tell the truth. But I'm the ugly one—just look at me!'

'Priscilla, you know I asked you to choose the dresses,' replied Nancy worriedly. 'I don't mind what colour I wear.'

'You look lovely in this colour, dear child! You know you always have whatever you want in the end, although you never give orders or shout about it. I'm looking forward to seeing you married. It'll be fun watching you make your husband do exactly what you want.'

'Don't say that,' answered Nancy, blushing. 'You know I'm never going to get married.'

Priscilla laughed. 'I'm the one who'll stay single. And if you don't like Godfrey Cass, well, there are plenty of other young men. Come, let's go downstairs now.'

Although Priscilla was right in saying she was not good-looking, she was very popular among her neighbours because she was so cheerful and sensible. And Nancy was not only considered to be the most beautiful girl in and around Raveloe, but also one of the most intelligent.

Seats at the dining-table had been kept for the Lammeter sisters. Priscilla was taken to sit between her father and the Squire. Nancy felt herself blushing again as Godfrey Cass came to lead her to a seat between himself and the vicar, Mr Crackenthorp. She knew that if she married Godfrey, she would one day be the most important woman in Raveloe, the Squire's wife. But she repeated firmly to herself that she could not marry a man of bad character.

As she sat down, the vicar, who was always polite to ladies, said with a smile, 'Ah, Miss Nancy, you're looking lovely this evening. Isn't she, Godfrey?'

Godfrey made no reply, and avoided looking at Nancy. There was too much he wanted to say to her. But the Squire, who always enjoyed his parties and was feeling extremely cheerful, was rather impatient with his son. He thought he had better speak, if Godfrey was too shy to do it himself.

'That's right,' the Squire said loudly. 'When I look at Miss Nancy here, I think she's more beautiful than any girl I've ever seen.'

While they were eating and drinking, people around the table were listening with interest to the Squire's words. 'Perhaps Godfrey will marry Nancy after all!' the vicar's wife whispered to Mrs Osgood. Mr Lammeter's back was very straight as he looked across the table at his daughter. He was a serious, careful gentleman, who considered the Lammeters a better family than the Casses. He had already decided that Godfrey must change his way of life before Nancy could possibly marry him.

Just then Dr Kimble called across the table, 'Miss Nancy, will you save a dance for me?'

'Come, come, Kimble,' said the Squire, 'let the young ones enjoy themselves. My son Godfrey'll be angry if you take Miss Nancy away. I expect he's asked her for the first dance already. Haven't you, Godfrey?'

Godfrey was feeling very uncomfortable by now. Turning to Nancy, he said as lightly as possible, 'I haven't asked her yet, but I hope she'll agree, if nobody's asked her...'

'No, I haven't accepted anyone else,' replied Nancy quietly with a blush.

'So will you please have the first dance with me?' asked Godfrey, beginning to feel better. She had not refused him!

'I will,' answered Nancy coldly. She was still sure she would not marry him, but she wanted to remain polite.

'Ah well, you're a lucky man, Godfrey,' said Dr Kimble with a laugh. 'I think I can hear the music starting now!'

The guests got up from the table in pairs and small groups, to move into the large hall, where the dancing was about to

start. The small village band was already playing, as the Squire led the vicar’s wife to the end of the hall to start the dance. They were followed by Godfrey and Nancy, and the other ladies and gentlemen.

As the dance went on, Godfrey felt happier and happier. Holding Nancy in his arms, he forgot all his problems. Suddenly the Squire’s heavy foot stood on part of Nancy’s dress, and some of the material was pulled away at the waist. Nancy asked Godfrey to take her to a quieter place, where she could repair the damage. He took her to a small room near the hall, hoping they would have a few private moments together. But Nancy sat down on the chair furthest away from him, and said coldly, ’Thank you, sir. You needn’t stay. I’m very sorry about taking you away from the dance. ’

’It’s not very kind of you, ’said Godfrey, moving close to her, ’to be sorry you’ve danced with me. ’

’I didn’t mean that,’replied Nancy, blushing prettily. ’Gentlemen have so many things to enjoy. I’m sure one dance can’t matter very much. ’

’You know that isn’t true. You know one dance with you means more to me than anything else in the world. ’

Nancy was a little surprised. Godfrey had not said anything like this to her for a long time. She replied firmly, ’I’m afraid I can’t believe you, Mr Godrey. ’

’Nancy, if I changed my life, would you think better of me? Would you—like me, then? ’Godfrey knew these were dangerous words, but the sudden chance of speaking to her alone made him say more than he had planned.

’I’d be glad to see a good change in anybody, sir. ’

’You’re very hard, Nancy, ’said Godfrey bitterly. ’You could help me to be better. I’m very miserable—but you don’t feel anything. ’

’I think people who behave badly don’t feel anything, ’said Nancy sharply, forgetting to be cool and distant.

Godfrey was delighted. He wanted to make her argue with him, to show him that she cared about him. But just then Priscilla hurried in, saying, ’Dear child, let me look at your dress! I saw the Squire step on it during the dance. ’

’I suppose I’d better go now, ’Godfrey said disappointedly to Priscilla.

’It doesn’t matter at all to me whether you go or stay, ’said Priscilla impatiently, looking closely at the waist of Nancy’s dress.

’Do you want me to go? ’Godfrey asked Nancy.

’Do whatever you like, ’replied Nancy, trying to sound cold again.

’Well, I want to stay, ’answered Godfrey, and sat down. Tonight he wanted to enjoy being with Nancy for as long as possible, without thinking about what would happen tomorrow.

6 新年舞会

虽然12月31日的天气很冷，而且下着雪，可一整天都有人从四面八方到红屋来。

戈弗雷在门口等待着他唯一关心的客人——南茜·拉默特。终于她来了，坐在马背上，在他爸爸背后，比平时更美丽动人。当戈弗雷过来扶她下马的时候，南茜漂亮的脸一下子红了。“他等我干什么？”她想，“我想我已经清楚地告诉过他不会嫁给他。人们说他生活糜烂，我可不会嫁给这样的人。”

这时乡绅出来迎接他的客人，人们都很高兴，也就没人注意到戈弗雷用强壮的手臂扶她下来时她的红脸。南茜和其他女子一块儿跑进屋里去换衣服。

屋里用人们在跑这儿跑那儿地服务，金布尔太太在大声下达着命令，她经常帮乡绅安排这些聚会。厨子们在厨房忙着准备饭菜，空气里飘着烤面包的香味。

楼上，女士们一边不停地聊天一边换上最漂亮的衣服。南茜遇到了姨妈奥斯古德太太，姨妈把自己的客人介绍给她，其中有两位年轻女士，甘氏姐妹，她们不太漂亮但穿得很时髦。

这时南茜的姐姐普丽西拉来了，她是个快活的圆脸大个子女孩，鼻子冻得红红的。换衣服时，普丽西拉对奥斯古德太太说：“看我们的衣服，姨妈，南茜穿起来当然漂亮，可我穿起来太老了！南茜说我们是姐妹，要穿一样的衣服，尽管我比她大5岁！我知道我丑，可是我不在乎。”她又转向姨妈的两个朋友，“我想你们也同意女孩子漂亮就容易抓住男人的心，我可不在乎男人。有个好爸爸、好家庭的女人最好单身。我就打算这样。我们丑姑娘不需要丈夫。”

奥斯古德太太赶紧站起来说：“我们要下楼了。普丽西拉，南茜，过会儿见。”3个女人急匆匆出去了。

“真是的，普丽西拉！”只剩她们姐妹俩时南茜生气地说，“你从来不在讲话前先想想！我敢肯定甘氏姐妹认为你很无礼！你差不多是在告诉她们她们是丑姑娘！”

“是吗？”普丽西拉很奇怪，“嗨，我这人就这洋，我总是讲实话。可是看看我，我也丑呀！”

“普丽西拉，你知道我是让你来挑的衣服，”南茜为难地说，“我不在乎穿什么颜色。”

“傻孩子，你穿这种颜色好看！虽然你从不会大嚷大叫或者发号施令，可你最后总能得到你想要的。我盼着看到你结婚，看着你让你的丈夫按你的意思去做，多开心呀！”

“别说这些，”南茜的脸红了，“你知道我永远不会结婚。”

普丽西拉笑了，“我才是那个要单身的女人，如果你不喜欢戈弗雷·凯斯，还有很多别的小伙子。走吧，咱们下楼去！”

虽然普丽西拉确实像她说的那样，不太好看，可她在邻居中人缘很好，因为她开朗而且懂事。而南茜不仅是瑞福洛一带最漂亮的女孩，而且也是最聪明的女孩。

餐桌边拉默特姐妹的座位已经留好了，普丽西拉的座位在爸爸和乡绅之间。南茜觉得自己又脸红了，她被戈弗雷领到了他自己与教区牧师克拉肯索普先生之间的座位上。她知道如果嫁给戈弗雷，自己就会成为瑞福洛最显贵的女人，乡绅的妻子。可她反复对自己强调不能嫁给一个品行不端的人。

她坐下时，一贯对女士彬彬有礼的牧师微笑着说：“啊，南茜小姐，您今晚真漂亮，是不是，戈弗雷？”

戈弗雷没有回答，也尽量不去看南茜。他有太多的话想对她说。可这时对晚会心满意足的乡绅对自己的儿子有些不耐烦了。他认为既然儿子太害羞张不开嘴，那么自己最好亲自说了。

“是的，”乡绅大声说，“我觉得南茜比我见过的任何姑娘都要漂亮。”

桌上所有的人都在一边用餐一边饶有兴趣地听着乡绅的话。“大概戈弗雷还是会娶南茜！”牧师的太太小声对奥斯古德太太说。拉默特先生在桌子对面笔直地坐着，看着女儿。这是一位严肃谨慎的绅士，他认为拉默特家比凯斯家还要好。他早就决定在戈弗雷痛改前非之前不会把南茜嫁给戈弗雷。

这时金布尔先生隔着桌子对南茜发出了邀请：“南茜小姐，可不可以和我跳支舞？”

“行了，金布尔，”乡绅插了进来，“让年轻人玩他们的吧！你把南茜小姐带走，我儿子戈弗雷会生气的。我想他已经邀请南茜小姐和他跳第一支舞了，是不是戈弗雷？”

戈弗雷感到很不自在，他转向南茜，尽量小声地说：“我还没有，可我希望她同意，如果还没人请她的话……”

“不，我还没接受任何人的邀请。”南茜轻声回答，脸又一红。

“那你能否和我跳第一支舞？”戈弗雷的感觉好了一点儿。她没有拒绝自己！

“可以。”南茜冷淡地回答。虽然仍然肯定自己不会嫁给他，可南茜想尽量保持礼貌。

“好呀，你是个幸运的小子，戈弗雷。”金布尔先生笑着说，“我想已经开始奏乐了！”

客人们一对对或三五成群地起身走到大厅里，舞会要开始了。在乡村小乐队的伴奏下，乡绅把牧师的太太领到大厅的尽头带头跳起来，接下来是戈弗雷和南茜，然后是其他客人们。

跳着舞，戈弗雷感到越来越幸福。搂着南茜，他忘掉了一切烦恼。忽然乡绅的脚重重地踩住了南茜的长裙，把衣服腰间的部分扯坏了。南茜让戈弗雷带她到一个清静的地方去整理衣服。戈弗雷把她带进了大厅旁边的一间小屋，希望他们能够有一段单独相处的时间。可南茜坐在了离他最远的椅子上，冷冷地说：“谢谢您，先生，您不必呆在这儿，很抱歉让您从舞会上出来。”

“这样可不太好，”戈弗雷走近她一点儿，说，“你为什么不愿意和我跳舞呢？”

“我不是这个意思！”南茜的脸红得很可爱，“绅士们有那么多事可做，我肯定跳支舞没什么重要。”

“你知道不是这样的，你知道和你跳一支舞对我比任何事都重要。”

南茜有些吃惊，戈弗雷很久没有对她说这样的话了。她坚决地回答：“戈弗雷先生，我恐怕不能相信你。”

“南茜，如果我改变我的生活，你会觉得我好一点儿吗？你会——喜欢我吗？”戈弗雷知道这些话很危险，可这突然来的单独谈话的机会使他讲了比计划里多得多的话。

“我对任何人的好的变化都感到很高兴，先生。”

“你太苛刻了，南茜。”戈弗雷有些苦涩，“你可以帮我变好。我很痛苦——可你什么也感觉不到。”

“我认为品行不端的人才会什么也感觉不到。”南茜尖锐地说，忘了冷静和距离。

戈弗雷很高兴，他想让南茜和他争论，这说明南茜仍然在乎他。可这时普丽西拉闯了进来，说：“好孩子，让我看看你的衣服，我看见乡绅在跳舞的时候踩到你了。”

“我想我得走了。”戈弗雷失望地对普丽西拉说。

“你走不走我都无所谓。”普丽西拉不耐烦地说，她在仔细地看南茜衣服的腰部。

“你想让我走吗？”戈弗雷问南茜。

“随你便。”南茜尽可能恢复以前的冷淡。

“那么我想留下来。”戈弗雷说着坐下来。他今天晚上要尽可能多地呆在南茜身边，不管明天会怎么样。

7 Silas finds his' gold'

But while Godfrey Cass was managing to forget his problems by the lovely Nancy's side, his wife was walking with slow, uncertain steps along the snow-covered road to Ray-elope. She was carrying her sleeping child in her arms.

For some time now she had planned to come to Raveloe on New Year's Eve. She knew that her husband would be at the centre of a happy, smiling group of friends, and she had chosen this moment to appear in front of all his family and guests at the Red House dance. 'I don't care if Godfrey is ashamed of me!' she thought bitterly. 'I want people to know we're married!' sometimes she hated her husband, because he was still handsome, and had money, while she was no longer pretty, and very poor. She blamed him for her miserable life, but in her heart she knew she should blame her drinking. It had become a habit with her to spend most of the money Godfrey gave her on gin. She had a bottle in her pocket now, which she had lifted to her lips several times during her journey.

It was already seven o'clock in the evening, and there was a freezing wind. Molly did not know she was very near Raveloe. Her legs were tired and the gin was beginning to make her feel sleepy. She thought she would rest for a while, and, still holding her child, she lay down on the snow. She did not notice that the ground was cold. In a few moments the child woke up, crying, 'Mummy!' But the mother did not seem to hear. Suddenly, as the child fell gently out of its mother's arms on to the soft snow, it noticed a bright, dancing light on the white ground. Interested, the child stood up to see where the brightness came from, and followed the light to an open door, the door of Silas Marner's cottage. The little one toddled right in through the door and sat down by the bright fire. After a few minutes the child felt pleasantly warm, and fell asleep.

But where was Silas while this was happening? In the evenings he sometimes used to open his door and look out. He had some idea that his money would come back, or that someone would come with information about the thief. Tonight was New Year's Eve, and the villagers had told him to stay awake until midnight, because it would bring him good luck if he saw the beginning of the new year. So tonight he was more restless than usual. He opened his door several times during the evening, and stared out, but he saw and heard nothing in the silent, freezing night. The last time, as he was standing at the door, he had one of his fits, and stood there completely unconscious, holding the door open. When he became conscious again, he closed the door and turned back to the fire. But when his shortsighted eyes looked at the floor in front of the fire, he seemed to see gold there! Gold—his own gold—taken and then brought back to him in the same strange way! His heart beat excitedly, and for a few moments he was unable to move. At last he reached out his hand to touch the gold, but instead of hard, metal coins his fingers felt soft, warm curls.

With great surprise Silas fell on his knees to look at this wonderful thing. It was a sleeping child. Was he dreaming? Could it be his little sister, who had died when he was a child himself? If it wasn't a dream, how had the child entered the cottage? But thinking of his sister made him remember the past, and his life at the Light Street chapel. He wondered if this child was some kind of message from his past, sent perhaps by the God he had once trusted.

Just then the child woke up, and began to cry. Silas held it in his arms, and spoke softly to quieten it. He remembered that he had made some porridge earlier, and gave a little to the child to eat. She stopped crying, and lifted her blue eyes with a smile to Silas's face as she ate. But then she pulled at her wet shoes, trying to take them off, and Silas suddenly realized she had come to the cottage through the snow. So he picked her up and went to the door. As he opened it and went out into the dark, the child cried 'Mummy!' and reached forward, almost jumping out of his arms. A few steps away, Silas found a young woman's body, half-covered with snow.

At the Red House, everybody was enjoying the party. Some people were still eating, while others were dancing or playing cards. Godfrey was looking forward to his next dance with Nancy. He was watching her dreamily across the room, when suddenly he saw something that made his lips go white and his whole body tremble. It was his own child, carried in Silas Marner's arms. The weaver had come straight into the hall, where the dancing was going on.

Several people turned to look at the strange figure in the doorway. The Squire could not understand why Silas had come in uninvited. He stood up and asked angrily, 'Marner, what are you doing here?'

'I've come for the doctor,' replied Silas hurriedly. 'There's a woman—dead, I think—near my cottage.'

Godfrey had one great fear at that moment, that the woman was not dead. If she were his wife, and she were dead, he would be free to marry Nancy!

While the Squire was calling for Dr Kimble, the ladies came closer to look at the pretty child.

'Whose child is it?' one of them asked.

'I don't know,' replied Godfrey wildly. 'Some poor woman's—she's been found in the snow, I think.'

'You'd better leave the poor child here with us then, Master Marner,' offered Mrs Kimble kindly.

'No—I can't let it go,' said Silas unexpectedly. 'It's come to me—I don't know where from—I want to keep it!''Well!' said Mrs Kimble, surprised. 'A single man like you! Take care of a child! Well!' But the little one was holding on to Silas, and smiling up at him confidently.

Dr Kimble hurried into the hall. 'Where is this poor woman? Near the old quarry? Someone had better fetch Dolly Winthrop. I'll need her to help me.'

'I'll go!' cried Godfrey. He wanted to get away, before any one noticed his white face and shaking hands, and he needed time to think. He ran out into the night.

When he and Dolly arrived at the quarry, the doctor had moved the woman into Silas's cottage, and Godfrey had to wait outside. He walked up and down in the snow, for what seemed like hours. He knew he should tell the truth about the woman and the child, but he could not make himself do what he knew was right. 'Is she dead?' the voice inside his head asked. 'If she is, I can marry Nancy. And then I'll be good, and have no more secrets. And I'll make sure the child is taken care of, of course.'

When Dr Kimble came out of the cottage, Godfrey tried to speak calmly. 'I thought I'd wait to see...' he began.

'Oh, there was no need for you to come. Why didn't you send one of the men to fetch Dolly? The woman's dead, I'm

afraid. She’s very thin, and looks very poor. But she’s got a wedding ring on. She’ll be buried tomorrow.

’I’ll just have a look at her,’ said Godfrey quickly. ’ I think I saw a woman on the road yesterday with a child. Perhaps it was her. ’And he ran into the cottage.

There on the bed was his unloved wife. He only looked at her for a moment, but for the rest of his life he never forgot her sad, tired face.

The weaver had come back with the doctor, and was sitting by the fire, with the child on his knees. The little one was awake, but her wide open blue eyes looked up into Godfrey’s face without recognizing him at all. The father was glad of this, but also a little sad, especially when he saw the small hand pull lovingly at the weaver’s grey hair.

’So, who’s going to take care of the child?’ Godfrey asked, pretending not to show much interest.

’I am,’ replied Silas firmly. ’The mother’s dead, and I suppose the child hasn’t got a father. She’s alone in the world, and so am I. My money’s gone, I don’t know where, and she’s come, I don’t know where from. I don’t understand it at all, but I’m going to keep her. ’

’Poor little thing!’ said Godfrey. ’Let me give you some-thing for her clothes. ’He put his hand in his pocket and gave Silas some coins.

As he walked back to the Red House, he felt very relieved. Nobody would recognize his dead wife, and soon his secret would be buried with her. Now he could talk of love to Nancy. He could promise to be a good husband to her. Only Dunstan knew about the secret marriage, and perhaps Dunstan would never come home. ’What a good thing I didn’t confess every-thing to the Squire!’ he thought. ’Now I can make Nancy and myself happy And the child? Well, it won’t matter to her whether I’m her father or not.

That week the dead woman was buried in Raveloe, and the child stayed at the weaver’s cottage. The villagers were very surprised that Silas had decided to keep her, but they liked him for wanting to help an orphan. The women, especially, were very ready to give him useful advice on taking care of children.

Dolly Winthrop came every day to help Silas. ’It’s no trouble,’ she said. ’I get up early, so I’ve got plenty of time. And I can bring you some of Aaron’s old baby clothes, so you won’t need to spend a lot of money on the child. I can wash her, and give her food, and—’

’Ye—es,’ said silas, hesitating. He was looking a little jeal—ously at the baby in Dolly’s arms. ’That’s very kind of you. But—but I want to do everything for her myself! I want her to be fond of me! She’s my child!’

’Don’t worry,’ said Dolly gently, giving him the child. ’Look, she loves you the best. See, she’s smiling at you! And so Silas learnt how to take care of the little girl. He called her Eppie, which had been his little sister’s name. His life was quite different now. When he was working and living only for his gold, he had not been interested in the world outside his cottage, or the people he sometimes met. But now that he had another reason for living, he had to look outward. He spent hours in the fields with Eppie, happily rediscovering the plants he used to know so well. Together they visited his neighbours, who were always delighted to see him and his adopted child. His days and evenings were full, taking care of a trusting, lov-ing child.

Godfrey Cass watched the little girl growing up with great interest During Eppie’s childhood he often gave money to Silas to spend on her, but was careful that nobody should suspect him of being her father. His life was also changing. There was a new firmness about him which everyone noticed He was looking forward to marrying Nancy very soon. ’Nancy and I will have children!’ he thought happily. ’But I won’t forget that other child!’

7 西拉斯找到了他的“金子”

就在戈弗雷·凯斯坐在可爱的南茜身边试图忘记一切烦恼的时候，他的妻子正在大雪覆盖的道路上艰难地向瑞福洛的方向跋涉着。她的孩子睡在她的臂弯里。

她已经计划好要在新年之夜到瑞福洛去，她知道她的丈夫一定正在被幸福欢笑的朋友们环绕着，她就是要选择这个时候出现在他的家人和朋友们面前，出现在红屋的舞会上。“我不在乎戈弗雷会以我为耻，”她苦涩地想，“我要让大家知道我们结婚了！”有时她恨她的丈夫，因为他仍然英俊而且富有，可她已经不再漂亮了，而且贫困。她为自己的不幸怨他，但在心底里她知道应该怨自己酗酒。她已经习惯于把戈弗雷给她的钱用来买酒，现在她兜里就有一瓶酒，而且一路上她已经喝了几次。

已经是晚上7点了，风冷得刺骨。莫丽不知道她已经离瑞福洛很近了。她的腿开始发沉，酒精也开始使她昏昏欲睡。她想应该歇一会儿，于是就抱着孩子，躺到了雪地上。她没有注意地上是那么冷。

一会儿孩子醒了，开始哭着喊妈妈。可妈妈好像没有听见。孩子从妈妈的臂中滑落到松软的雪地上时，忽然看到白白的雪地上跳动着一丁小小的亮光。出于好奇，孩子站起来想看看光是从哪儿来的。向着亮光，孩子走进了一扇开着的门，这是西拉斯·马南的小草屋。小家伙蹒跚着直进门里走到明亮的炉火前坐下。没过几分钟，孩子暖和过来，甜甜地睡着了。

这时西拉斯在哪儿呢？他晚上有时会打开门看看外面，总觉得有一天他的金子会回来，或者什么人会给他带来关于贼的消息。今晚是新年夜，村里人告诉他今天午夜前不要睡觉，因为看着新的一年到来会给人带来好运。所以今晚他比平时更坐立不安。他几次打开门向外面看，可是在这个静静的寒冷的冬夜，他什么也看不见，什么也听不见。最后一次站到门口的时候，他又犯病了，站在那儿完全失去了知觉。门开着。

恢复知觉以后，他关上门回到炉火前，但当他的近视眼看到炉前的地板时，他好像发现了金子！金子——他的金子——奇怪地离他而去又以同样的方式奇怪地回到了他的身边！他的心剧烈地跳动起来，好一会儿他都不能移动。终于他伸手去摸那金子，可是没有摸到硬硬的金币，却摸到了软软的暖暖的鬃发。

西拉斯惊奇地跪到地上去看这神奇的东西。这是一个熟睡着的孩子。是不是在做梦？这是不是自己小时候死去的小妹妹？如果不是梦，这孩子怎么到屋里来的？想到妹妹使他想到了自己的过去，想到在日光街小教堂的事。他怀疑这孩子会不会是那他曾经信任过的上帝派来向他传递关于他过去生活的什么信息的。

这时候孩子醒了，开始哭。西拉斯把孩子抱在怀里，轻声地哄着。他想起自己做过的麦片粥，就拿出来喂孩子。孩子不再哭了，一边吃一边抬起蓝眼睛看着西拉斯的脸甜甜地笑。当她使劲想把那双湿湿的鞋子拽掉时，西拉斯想到她一定是从雪里走来的，于是就抱着孩子走向屋门。他打开门走进黑暗中时，孩子喊着妈妈向前挣去，险些从西拉斯的胳膊里跳到地上。几步之外，西拉斯看见一个半埋在雪里的年轻女人。

在红屋里，人们在尽情享受晚会的快乐，有的人还在吃着东西，有的人在玩纸牌或者跳舞。戈弗雷在等着和南茜的下一个舞。正当他如醉如痴地远远地看着南茜的时候，眼前的景象使他一下嘴唇煞白，浑身发抖。他看到了他的孩子，在西拉斯的怀里。织布匠径直闯进了正在开舞会的大厅。

有人转过去看门口这个奇怪的人，乡绅不明白西拉斯为什么会没有得到邀请就来到晚会上。他站起来生气地问：“马南，你来干什么？”

“我来找大夫，”西拉斯着急地回答，“有个女人在我小屋旁边，我想已经死了。”

戈弗雷这时真怕那个女人没有死，如果那是他的妻子，而且死了，他就可以娶南茜了！

乡绅叫金布尔大夫的时候，女人们都围过来看这个漂亮的小女孩。

“这是谁的孩子？”有人问。

“我不知道，”戈弗雷暴躁地回答，“一个穷女人的——我想是在雪地上发现的那个。”

“你最好把这个可怜的孩子留在我们这儿，马南师傅。”金布尔太太好心地说。

“不——我不让她离开我，”西拉斯的回答出人意料，“她是来找我的，我要留下她，虽然我不知道她从哪儿来。”

“你？”金布尔太太很诧异，“你这么个单身男人！照顾一个孩子！行吗？”可这时候小家伙正靠在西拉斯身上，在信任地对着西拉斯笑。

金布尔大夫跑进大厅：“那可怜的女人在哪儿？在采石场附近吗？最好去叫一下多莉·温思罗普，我需要她的帮助。”

“我去！”戈弗雷喊。趁人们还没发现他苍白的嘴唇和颤抖的手，他想赶快离开，他需要时间仔细想想。他一溜烟跑进黑夜中。

当他和多莉到采石场的时候，大夫已经把女人移到了西拉斯的小屋。戈弗雷得在外面等着。他在外面走来走去，觉得大概过了几个小时。他知道他应当讲出关于女人和孩子的实情，可他怎么也不能让自己去做应当做的事。“她死了吗？”他的脑子里有个声音在问。“如果她死了，我就能娶南茜了，我一定要变好，不再做见不得人的事，而且我一定会好好照料孩子的，一定会。”

金布尔大夫出来的时候，戈弗雷尽可能平静地说：“我想我应当等在这儿看看……”

“噢，你不必亲自来，怎么不派别人去接多莉？我想那女人已经死了。她很瘦弱，看来很穷，却戴着个结婚戒指。明天给她下葬。”

“我得看她一眼，”戈弗雷很快地说，“我昨天在路上看见了一个抱孩子的女人，也许就是她。”说着他跑进了小屋。

床上躺着他已经不再爱的妻子。他只看了她一会儿，但终生都没有忘记她那张忧伤疲惫的脸。

织布匠是和大夫一起回来的，他坐在火炉旁，抱着孩子。小家伙醒着，她睁大了蓝眼睛盯着戈弗雷的脸看，可是根本没认出他来。这使父亲很高兴，可也有些难受，特别是当他看到那双小手在充满爱意地拉着织布匠的灰色头发的时候。

“那谁来照料这孩子呢？”戈弗雷努力掩饰自己的关心。

“我，”西拉斯坚决地说，“她妈妈死了，我想孩子也没有爸爸，她像我一样在这个世上孤苦零丁。我的钱不知到哪儿去了，而她不知从哪儿来了。这一切我都不明白，可我一定要抚养她。”

“可怜的小东西！给你些钱去给她买衣服。”戈弗雷从兜里拿出一些钱交给西拉斯。

回红屋的路上，戈弗雷异常轻松，没有人会认识他死去的妻子，他的秘密很快就要和她一起被埋掉了。现在 he 可以和南茜谈情说爱了，他可以向她保证做一个好丈夫。只有邓斯坦知道那段秘密婚姻，可他可能永远不会再回来了。“我没有向父亲坦白一切是多么对呀！”他想，“现在我可以让自己和南茜幸福了。可孩子呢？嗨，我是不是她父亲对她也并不重要。”

那个星期这个死去的女人被埋在了瑞福洛，小女孩留在了织布匠的小屋。大家很惊讶西拉斯决定收留这孩子，可又都很高兴他能关心孤儿。女人们更是时刻准备着向西拉斯提供抚养孩子的经验。

多莉·温思罗普每天来帮助西拉斯。“没问题，”她说，“我起得早，所以有足够的时间。我可以把阿荣的旧衣服拿来，你也就不必为孩子花很多钱。我可以给她洗澡，可以给她喂饭，可以……”

“好——吧，”西拉斯犹豫地说。他有点儿忌妒地看着多莉怀里的孩子。“你真好，可——我想自己来为她做一切！我想让她喜欢我！她是我的孩子。”

“别担心，”多莉把孩子交还给西拉斯，温柔地说，“看，她最爱的人还是你。看见了吗，她在对你笑呢！”

于是西拉斯学会了照顾这个小女孩。他管她叫埃比，这是他的妹妹的名字。他的生活全变了。当他为金子而工作而生活的时候，他对屋外的世界，对那些偶然见到的人们毫无兴趣。现在生活的目的变了，他不得不开始看看外面的世界。他花几个小时陪埃比在地里玩，又愉快地重新发现了那些他曾经熟悉过的植物。他们一起去串门，去看那些喜欢见到他和他的养女的邻居们。照看这个信赖他、喜欢他的孩子使他的日日夜夜变得很充实。

戈弗雷·凯斯关注地看着小女孩一点儿一点儿长大。埃比小的时候他经常送钱给西拉斯去给埃比买东西，可他又很小心，怕别人怀疑自己是孩子的父亲。他的生活也变了。每个人都能发现他变得稳重了。他盼着能快些娶南茜。“南茜和我会再有孩子。”他高兴地想。“不过我不会忘了那另一个孩子。”

8 Eppie has grown up

It was a bright autumn Sunday, sixteen years after Silas had found Eppie in his cottage. The Raveloe church bells were ringing, and people were coming out of church after the morning service. First came the new squire, Godfrey Cass, looking a little heavier now, but with a straight back and a firm step. On his arm was his wife Nancy, still a pretty woman. Just behind them came Mr Lammeter and Priscilla. They all went into the Red House.

'You and Priscilla will stay for tea, won't you? Nancy asked her father.

'My dear, you must ask Priscilla,' replied Mr Lammeter with a smile. 'She manages me and the farm as well.'

'Well, it's better for your health if I manage everything, father,' said Priscilla. 'Then there's nothing for you to worry about. No, Nancy dear, we must go home now. But you and I can have a walk round the garden while the servants are getting the horses ready.'

When the sisters were alone in the garden, Priscilla said, 'My dear, I'm very glad you're going to have a dairy. Making your own butter will give you something to think about all the time. You'll never be sad when you've got a dairy.' And she put her arm through her sister's.

'Dear Priscilla,' said Nancy gratefully. 'I'm only ever sad when Godfrey is. I could be happy if he could accept our life as it is. But it's more difficult for a man.'

'Men!' cried Priscilla impatiently. 'They're always wanting something new! Never happy with what they've got! I'm glad I was too ugly to get married! I'm much happier with father!'

'Oh Priscilla,' said Nancy. 'Don't be angry with Godfrey—he's a very good husband. But of course he's disappointed that we haven't had children—he wanted them so much.'

'Well, father is waiting for me—I'd better go now. Goodbye, my dear.' And the sisters kissed goodbye. When Priscilla and her father had left, Godfrey said, 'Nancy, I think I'll just go and look at some of the fields we're draining near the old quarry.'

'You'll be back by tea-time, dear?'

'Oh yes, I'll be back in an hour.'

This was a habit of Godfrey's on Sunday afternoons. He enjoyed walking round the fields that belonged to him now. So Nancy often had a quiet hour at about this time, which she spent reading, or sometimes just thinking.

She remembered all the little things that had happened to her, especially during her marriage, in the last fifteen years. The great sadness of her married life had been the death of her only baby. Like most women, she had looked forward to becoming a mother very much. But when the baby died soon after it was born, she made herself accept the fact. She did not allow herself to think about it, or to wish for anything different. Godfrey, however, had been terribly disappointed, especially when it seemed likely that Nancy could have no more children.

Nancy's religion was extremely important to her. She firmly believed that people should accept whatever happened to them in life, because it was God who decided everything. But she understood how difficult it was for Godfrey to accept that their marriage would be childless. 'Was I right,' she wondered for the hundredth time, 'to refuse him, when he said we should adopt a child? I believe that if God hasn't given us a child, it's because God doesn't want us to have one. I'm sure I'm right. But poor Godfrey! It's worse for him than for me. I've got him, and the house, and now the dairy to think about. But although he's always good to me, I know he's unhappy—he wants children so much!'

From the first moment Godfrey had spoken of adopting a child, he had mentioned Eppie's name. She had always been the child he wanted to adopt. He had no idea that Silas would rather die than lose Eppie, and he imagined that the weaver would be glad if the child were adopted by the Cass family. 'After all, the girl will have a much better life with us,' he told himself. 'I can't be really happy if we don't have a child. And I can never tell Nancy the truth about Eppie—I'm afraid she'll hate me for it.'

While Nancy was sitting quietly in the Red House, thinking about her husband, Silas and Eppie were sitting outside their cottage near the quarry. They had been to church too, which they did every week, like the Casses and most of the villagers. Silas had started taking Eppie to church when she was very young, because Dolly Winthrop had persuaded him that every child should have some religious training. Because of Eppie, Silas was completely accepted in Raveloe now. Nobody thought he was strange any more; in fact, he was almost a popular figure in the village.

He was older now, and could not work as hard as he used to. Recently, as he had more time to think, he had begun to remember the past, and his old friends at the Light Street chapel. He realized how his once lonely life had changed since Eppie had come to him. Now he had friends, and trusted people, and was happy. And he began to see that the God in the Raveloe church was the same God he had been so angry with, the last time he had been to the chapel. It seemed to him that there had been some mistake in his past, which had thrown a dark shadow over his early life. Perhaps now he would never know whether Mr Paston, the chapel minister, still thought he was guilty of stealing. And he would never discover why the drawing of the lots had seemed to prove his guilt. 'But there must be a God of goodness in this world,' he thought, 'because He sent Eppie to me. I must just trust, and believe that He is right.'

He had told Eppie how her mother had died in the snow, and he had given her the dead woman's wedding ring. Eppie was not at all interested in who her real father was, as she thought she had the best father in the world already. At the moment she was sitting close to Silas outside their door in the sunshine. Neither of them had spoken for a while.

'Father,' she said gently, 'if I get married, do you think I should wear my mother's ring?'

'Oh, Eppie!' said Silas, surprised. 'Are you thinking of getting married, then?'

'Well, Aaron was talking to me about it,' replied Eppie, blushing. 'You know he's nearly twenty-four now, and is earning good money, and he'd like to marry soon.'

'And who would he like to marry?' asked Silas with rather a sad smile.

'Why, me, of course, daddy!' said Eppie, laughing and kissing her father. 'He won't want to marry anyone else!'

‘And you’d like to marry him, would you?’ asked Silas.

‘Yes, one day. I don’t know when. Aaron says everyone’s married some time. But I told him that’s not true, because you haven’t ever been married, have you, daddy?’

‘No, child,’ said Silas. ‘I was a lonely man before you were sent to me.’

‘But you’ll never be lonely again, father,’ said Eppie lovingly. ‘That’s what Aaron said. He doesn’t want to take me away from you. He wants us all to live together, and he’ll do all the work, and you needn’t work at all, father. He’ll be like a son to you.’

‘Well, my child, you’re young to be married,’ said Silas. ‘But he’s a good young man. We’ll ask his mother what we should do. She always gives us good advice. You see, Eppie, I’m getting older, and I’d like to think of you with a strong young husband to take care of you for the rest of your life. Yes, we’ll ask Dolly Winthrop for her opinion.’

8 埃比长大了

这是西拉斯在小屋找到埃比16年后的秋天的一个晴朗的礼拜日。瑞福洛教堂的钟声响了，做完晨祷的人们陆续走出教堂。走在最前面的是新的乡绅戈弗雷·凯斯，他比以前胖了一些，可是背很直，步伐也很坚定。他的太太南茜挽着他的胳膊。南茜仍然那么漂亮。在他们后面的是拉默特先生和普丽西拉。大家一起走进了红屋。

“你和普丽西拉会在这儿喝茶吧？”南茜问自己的父亲。

“亲爱的，那得问问普丽西拉，”拉默特先生笑着说，“她既管着农场，也管着我。”

“一切由我来管对你有好处，爸爸。”普丽西拉说，“这样你就不用为各种事操心了。不，亲爱的南茜，我们得回家去了。不过咱们可以趁用人备马的时候到花园里去走一走。”

姐妹两人单独在花园里的时候，普丽西拉说：“我亲爱的，我真高兴你就要有牛奶厂了。自己做奶酪，你就会整天有事可想了。有了牛奶厂，你就再不会发愁了。”她挽起妹妹的胳膊。

“亲爱的普丽西拉，”南茜感激地说，“只有戈弗雷发愁的时候我才会发愁。如果他能接受我们的生活，我会很高兴，可这对一个男人来说太难了。”

“男人！”普丽西拉不耐烦地说，“他们总想要新鲜的东西，从不会对得到的东西感到满意！我真幸运太丑了嫁不出去！我和爸爸在一起要快乐得多。”

“哦，普丽西拉，”南茜说，“你别怪戈弗雷——他是个很好的丈夫。当然他因为我们没有孩子失望——他太想要孩子了。”

“好了，爸爸在等我——我得走了。再见，亲爱的！”姐妹俩互相吻别。

普丽西拉和她父亲走后，戈弗雷说：“南茜，我想我得去看看那几片靠近采石场的正在排水的地。”

“你会回来喝茶吗？亲爱的？”

“会，我一小时后回来。”

这是戈弗雷在礼拜日下午的习惯，他喜欢绕着那些现在属于他的土地走一走。南茜会利用这安静的一小时看看书，或是想心事。

她记得以前发生过的所有小事，尤其是结婚15年来的情形。唯一的孩子的夭折是她婚姻生活中最大的痛苦。和大部分女人一样，她渴望着做一个母亲，但她的孩子降生后不久就死了，于是她强迫自己接受了这个事实。她不许自己去想这件事，也不许自己去做其他的设想。然而戈弗雷极其失望，尤其当看到南茜很可能不能再要孩子的时候。

宗教信仰对南茜非常重要，她坚信人们应当接受命运赋予他们的一切，因为那是上帝安排的，但她知道戈弗雷是多么难以接受他们没有孩子的婚姻。“我这样对吗？”南茜第100次问自己，“拒绝按他说的去收养一个孩子？我想上帝没给我们孩子是因为他不想让我们有孩子。我想我是对的。可是可怜的戈弗雷，他比我要痛苦，我拥有了他，拥有了房子，又将有牛奶厂，可他虽然对我一直很好，可我知道他并不开心——他太想要孩子了。”

戈弗雷第一次提起收养孩子的时候就讲到了埃比的名字。他一直很想收养她，没有想到西拉斯宁可死也不愿意失去埃比，只认为织布匠会为埃比被凯斯家收养而高兴。“不管怎样，小姑娘跟着我们会过得好得多。”他对自己说。“没有孩子我不会真的幸福。可我又不能说出于埃比的实情——南茜一定会因此而恨我的。”

南茜静静地坐在家想着她丈夫的时候，西拉斯和埃比正坐在他们采石场旁边的小屋前面。像平时一样。他们也同凯斯一家和其他村民一道做了礼拜。因为多莉劝西拉斯说每个孩子都应该接受宗教教育，所以西拉斯在埃比很小的时候就开始带她去教堂。由于埃比的原因，西拉斯现在完完全全被瑞福洛的人们所接受了。没人再认为他奇怪，实际上，他几乎成了瑞福洛村里一个很受欢迎的人。

西拉斯年龄大了，不能像原来那样拚命干活了。最近，因为有了更多的思考的时间，他开始回忆过去，回忆日光街小教堂的老朋友们。他意识到了自己一度寂寞的生活是怎么因为埃比而改变的。他现在有朋友，信任别人而且幸福。他开始觉得瑞福洛的这个上帝和最后一次去日光街小教堂时他曾气恼过的那个上帝是同一个上帝。他认为自己可能前世做过什么错事，给自己的前半生罩上了一层阴影。可能他永远无法知道小教堂的牧师帕斯通先生是不是仍认为他犯了偷窃罪，他也永远无法发现为什么抽签会证明他有罪。“但这世上一定有一个好的上帝，”他想，“因为他把埃比送给了我。我必须相信他是的。”

他对埃比讲了她母亲是怎么死在雪地上的，并把她妈妈的结婚戒指给了她。埃比一点儿也不关心她的亲生父亲是谁，因为她觉得自己已经有了一个世界上最好的爸爸。这会儿她正紧挨着西拉斯坐在门外晒太阳。两人都沉默了一会儿。

“爸爸，”埃比轻声说，“如果我结婚，我要不要戴妈妈的戒指？”

“什么，埃比，”西拉斯吓了一跳，“你想结婚了吗？”

“阿荣对我谈起了，”埃比的脸红了，“你知道他都快二十四岁了，而且也挣钱了，他想早点儿结婚。”

“他想娶谁？”西拉斯笑得很悲伤。

“当然是我了，爸爸！”埃比笑着吻了她的父亲，“他除了我谁也不娶。”

“你想嫁给他，是吗？”西拉斯问。

“是的，有一天会的。我也不知道会是哪一天。阿荣说人总要结婚，我说那可不一定，你就没结过婚，对吧，爸爸？”

“是的，孩子，”西拉斯说，“在你来到我身边之前，我一直是一个孤独的人。”

“不过你不会再孤独了，爸爸，”埃比深情地说，“阿荣也这么说，他不想把我从你身边夺走，他想我们大家生活在一起，他干所有的事儿，你不用再工作了，他会像儿子那样孝敬你。”

“可是，我的孩子，你太小了还不该结婚，”西拉斯说，“可他确实是个好小伙子。咱们问问他妈妈，看看该怎么做。她总能帮我们。你看，埃比，我老了，我也希望你有个年轻强壮的丈夫来照顾你以后的生活。好吧，我们去问问多莉·温思罗普的意见。”

9 Godfrey confesses at last

At the Red House Nancy was waiting patiently for God—frey to come home to tea. Suddenly one of the servants ran into the sitting—room, crying excitedly, 'Madam, there are lots of people in the street! They're all running the same way, towards the quarry! Perhaps there's been an accident!'

'Jane, don't get so excited,' replied Nancy calmly. 'I expect it's nothing serious. Go and get the tea ready. Mr Godfrey will be back soon.' But secretly she was saying to herself, 'I hope nothing's happened to Godfrey!'

So when he came into the room, a few minutes later, she was very relieved. 'My dear, I'm so thankful you've come,' she said, going towards him. 'I was beginning to think—'

She stopped suddenly when she saw Godfrey's shaking hands and white face. She put her hand on his arm, but he did not seem to notice, and threw himself into a chair.

'Sit down—Nancy,' he said with difficulty. 'I came back as soon as I could, to prevent anyone telling you except me. It's terrible news for me, but I'm more worried about how you will feel about it.'

'It isn't father or Priscilla?' said Nancy, trying to control her trembling lips.

'No, it's nobody living,' said Godfrey. 'It's Dunstan, my brother, who left home sixteen years ago and never came back. We've found him—found his body—all that's left of it—in the old quarry.'

Nancy felt calmer now. That was not terrible news.

'You know the men have been draining our fields near the quarry. Well, as a result, the quarry has suddenly gone dry, and we've found him lying at the bottom. We know it's him because he's wearing his watch and his rings.'

Godfrey paused. It was not easy to say what came next.

'Do you think he drowned himself?' asked Nancy, wondering why her husband was so shaken by the death of a brother he had never loved.

'No, he fell in,' replied Godfrey in a low voice. 'Dunstan was the man who robbed Silas Marner. The bags of gold were found with his body.'

'Oh Godfrey! I am sorry!' said Nancy. She understood how ashamed her husband must be. The Casses were so proud of their family name.

'I had to tell you. I couldn't keep it from you,' Godfrey continued, and then stopped, looking at the ground for two long minutes. Nancy knew that he had something more to say. Finally Godfrey lifted his eyes to her face, and said, 'Everybody's secrets are discovered sooner or later, Nancy. I've lived with a secret ever since I married you, but I'm going to confess it now. I don't want you to discover it from someone else, or hear about it when I'm dead, I was weak and hesitating when I was younger—I'm going to be firm with myself now.'

Nancy could not speak. She stared at her husband in horror. What secret could he possibly have from her?

'Nancy,' said Godfrey slowly, 'when I married you, I hid something from you—I was wrong not to tell you. That woman Silas Marner found dead in the snow—Eppie's mother—that poor woman—was my wife. Eppie is my child.'

He paused, looking worriedly at Nancy. But she sat quite still, although her face looked rather white.

Perhaps you won't be able to love me any more,' he said, his voice trembling a little.

She was silent.

I was wrong, I know I was wrong to marry Molly and then to keep it a secret. But I loved you, Nancy, I only ever wanted to marry you.

Still Nancy was silent, looking down at her hands. And Godfrey almost expected her to get up and say she would leave him and go to live with her father and sister. She was so religious, and so firm in her ideas of right and wrong!

But at last she lifted her eyes to his and spoke. She did not sound angry, but only sad. 'Oh Godfrey, why didn't you tell me this long ago? I didn't know Eppie was yours and so I refused to adopt her. Of course I'd accept your child into our home! But—oh, Godfrey—how sad to think we've spent all these years with no children! Why didn't you confess the truth before we married? We could be so happy now, with a beautiful daughter, who would love me as her mother!' tears were running down Nancy's face But Nancy, 'cried Godfrey, bitterly angry with himself, 'I couldn't tell you everything! I was in danger of losing you if I told you the truth!'

'I don't know about that, Godfrey. I certainly never wanted to marry anyone else But it wasn't worth doing wrong just so that you could marry me. And our marriage hasn't been as happy for you as you thought it would be There was a sad smile on Nancy's face as she said the last words.

'Can you ever forgive me for what I've done, Nancy?

You have only hurt me a little, Godfrey, and you've been a good husband to me for fifteen years But it's the other woman who you've hurt the most, and I don't see how you can put that right.'

But we can take Eppie into our home now,' said Godfrey.

'It'll be different now that she's grown up,' said Nancy, shaking her head sadly. 'It'll be more difficult for her to get used to us. But it's our duty to take care of your child, and I'll ask God to make her love me.'

Then we'll go to the weaver's cottage tonight,' said God—frey, 'and talk to Marner and Eppie about it.'

9 戈弗雷终于坦白了

红屋里, 南茜正在耐心地等着戈弗雷回家来喝茶, 突然一个用人闯进客厅, 兴奋地喊: “夫人, 街上有好多人! 大家全都在向采石场跑! 可能出什么事儿了!”

“简, 别那么激动,” 南茜平静地说, “我想不会有什么重要的事。去拿茶来, 戈弗雷先生快回来了。”可她心里对自己说, “千万别是戈弗雷有什么事儿!”

几分钟后，当戈弗雷进屋时，她长出了一口气。“亲爱的，谢天谢地，你回来了！”她走上前，“我开始在想……”

她猛地停了下来。她看到戈弗雷双手发抖，脸色惨白。南茜把手放在他臂上，可他好像没感觉。他跌坐在一把椅子上。

“坐下——南茜，”他艰难地说，“我尽可能快地赶回来，我真怕别人来告诉你。这对我是个可怕的消息，可我更担心你会怎么想。”

“是爸爸或普丽西拉吗？”南茜努力克制着嘴唇的抖动。

“不，不关活人的事儿，”戈弗雷说，“是我弟弟邓斯坦，他从16年前离家后一直没有回来。我们找到他了……找到了他的尸体——所有剩下的部分——在采石场里。”

南茜平静多了，这并不是太可怕的消息。

“你知道我让人给我们采石场边上那几块地排水，结果采石场一下子被排干了，我们在坑底发现了他的尸体。我们从手表和戒指认出那是他。”

戈弗雷停了下来。要说出后面的事儿很不容易。

“他是自杀吗？”南茜不明白丈夫为什么会对那个他从来没喜欢过的弟弟的死而这样难过。

“不，他失足掉下去的，”戈弗雷低声说，“邓斯坦是那个偷西拉斯钱的人，从他身上找到了钱袋子。”

“噢，戈弗雷！我太难过了！”她知道丈夫一定感到非常耻辱。凯斯家族的荣誉是至高无尚的。

“我得告诉你，我不能向你隐瞒，”戈弗雷停下来，眼睛盯着地板看了两分钟。南茜知道他还有话要说。终于戈弗雷抬起了眼看着南茜的脸，说：“每个人的秘密早晚都会被发现，南茜。我们结婚以后我一直隐藏着一个秘密，现在我要把它向你坦白。我不想让你从别人那里发现它，或是在我死了以后再听到它。年轻的时候我脆弱而且优柔寡断——现在我要坚强起来。”

南茜害怕地看着丈夫，什么也说不出口。他会隐瞒了什么呢？

“南茜，”戈弗雷慢慢地说，“娶你的时候，我隐瞒了些东西——我很不应该不告诉你。那个被西拉斯发现死在雪地上的可怜女人——埃比的妈妈——是我的妻子。埃比是我的孩子。”

他停下来，担心地看着南茜，可她仍然静静地坐着，只是脸更白了。

“你也许不会再爱我了。”他的声音有些发抖。

她沉默着。

“我错了，我知道我不该娶了莫丽而又不说出来。可我爱你，南茜，我只想娶你。”

南茜看着自己的手，仍然沉默着。戈弗雷想她一定会站起来说她要离开他去和父亲和姐姐生活在一起。她是那么的虔诚，那么的是非分明！

但最后南茜抬眼看着戈弗雷，声音悲伤，但并不愤怒：“戈弗雷，你怎么能那么长时间不告诉我呢？我不知道埃比是你的女儿，所以不同意领养她。我当然应当接纳你的孩子来我们的家。哦，戈弗雷——这么多年没有孩子是多不容易呀！为什么结婚前你不告诉我实情？那样我们多快活，会有一个漂亮的女儿，她会像爱她的妈妈那样爱我！”泪水顺着南茜的脸颊流了下来。

“可是南茜，”戈弗雷对自己很气恼，“我不能告诉你这些！我怕说了实话我就会失去你！”

“我也不知道，戈弗雷，我从没想过要嫁给别人，可你不值得为娶我而做错事，而且我们的婚姻也不像你想的那么幸福。”说到最后南茜苦笑了一下。

“你能宽恕我所做的吗，南茜？”

“你对我的伤害并不严重，况且你已经做了15年的好丈夫。可你对另一个女人的伤害最重，我不知道你能怎么去弥补。”

“我们可以去把埃比接到家里来。”戈弗雷说。

“这并不那么容易，因为她已经长大了，”南茜悲哀地摇着头，“接受我们对她更难。可我们有义务去照料你的孩子，我会求上帝让她爱我。”

“那我们今晚就去织布匠的家，”戈弗雷说，“去对西拉斯和埃比说。”

That evening Silas was resting in his chair near the fire, after the excitement of the day. Eppie was sitting close to him, holding both his hands, and on the table was Silas's lost gold. He had put the coins in piles, as he used to.

'You see, that's all I ever did in the long evenings before you came to me,' he was telling Eppie, 'just count my gold. I was only half alive in those days. What a good thing the money was taken away from me! I was killing myself with working all day, and counting money half the night. It wasn't a healthy life. And when you came, with your yellow curls, I thought you were the gold. And then, when I began to love you, I didn't want my gold any more.' He stopped talking for a moment and looked at the money. 'The gold doesn't mean anything to me now. But perhaps, if I ever lost you, Eppie, if you ever went away from me, I'd need my gold again. I'd feel lonely then, and I'd think God had forgotten me, and perhaps I'd go back to my bad old habits.' There were tears in Eppie's beautiful eyes, but she did not have time to answer Silas, as just then there was a knock on the door. When she opened it, Mr and Mrs Godfrey Cass came in.

Good evening, my dear,' said Nancy, taking Eppie's hand gently. 'We're sorry to come so late.'

'Well, Marner,' said Godfrey, as he and Nancy sat down, 'I'm glad you've got your money back, and I'm very sorry it was one of my family who stole it from you. Whatever I can do for you, I will, to repay what I owe you—and I owe you a lot, Marner. Silas was always uncomfortable with important people like the young Squire. You don't owe me anything, sir. You've already been very kind to me. And that money on the table is more than most working people can save in their whole life. Eppie and I don't need very much.'

Godfrey was impatient to explain why they had come. 'Yes, you've done well these last sixteen years, Marner, taking care of Eppie here. She looks pretty and healthy, but not very strong. Don't you think she should be a lady, not a working woman? Now Mrs Cass and I, you know, have no children, and we'd like to adopt a daughter to live with us in our beautiful home and enjoy all the good things we're used to. In fact, we'd like to have Eppie. I'm sure you'd be glad to see her become a lady, and of course we'd make sure you have every thing you need. And Eppie will come to see you very often, I expect.'

Godfrey did not find it easy to say what he felt, and as a result his words were not chosen sensitively. Silas was hurt, and afraid. His whole body trembled as he said quietly to Eppie after a moment, 'I won't stand in your way, my child. Thank Mr and Mrs Cass. It's very kind of them.'

Eppie stepped forward. She was blushing, but held her head high. 'Thank you, sir and madam. But I can't leave my father. And I don't want to be a lady, thank you.' She went back to Silas's chair, and put an arm round his neck, brushing the tears from her eyes.

Godfrey was extremely annoyed. He wanted to do what he thought was his duty. And adopting Eppie would make him feel much less guilty about his past. But, Eppie, you must agree,' he cried. 'You are my daughter! Marner, Eppie's my own child. Her mother was my wife.'

Eppie's face went white. Silas, who had been relieved by hearing Eppie's answer to Godfrey, now felt angry. 'Then, sir,' he answered bitterly, 'why didn't you confess this sixteen years ago, before I began to love her? Why do you come to take her away now, when it's like taking the heart out of my body? God gave her to me because you turned your back on her! And He considers her mine!'

I know I was wrong, and I'm sorry,' said Godfrey. 'But be sensible, Marner! She'll be very near you and will often come to see you. She'll feel just the same towards you.'

'Just the same?' said Silas more bitterly than ever. 'How can she feel the same? We're used to spending all our time together! We need each other!'

Godfrey thought the weaver was being very selfish. 'I think, Marner,' he said firmly, 'that you should consider what's best for Eppie. You shouldn't stand in her way, when she could have a better life. I'm sorry, but I think it's my duty to take care of my own daughter.'

Silas was silent for a moment. He was worried that perhaps Godfrey was right, and that it was selfish of him to keep Eppie. At last he made himself bring out the difficult words. 'All right. I'll say no more. Speak to the child. I won't prevent her from going.'

Godfrey and Nancy were relieved to hear this, and thought that Eppie would now agree. 'Eppie, my dear,' said Godfrey, 'although I haven't been a good father to you so far, I want to do my best for you now. And my wife will be the best of mothers to you.'

'I've always wanted a daughter, my dear,' added Nancy in her gentle voice.

But Eppie did not come forward this time. She stood by Silas's side, holding his hand in hers, and spoke almost coldly. 'Thank you, sir and madam, for your kind offer. But I wouldn't be happy if I left father. He'd have nobody if I weren't here. Nobody shall ever come between him and me!'' But you must make sure, Eppie,' said Silas worriedly, 'that you won't be sorry, if you decide to stay with poor people. You could have a much better life at the Red House.' 'I'll never be sorry, father,' said Eppie firmly. 'I don't want to be rich, if I can't live with the people I know and love.'

Nancy thought she could help to persuade Eppie. 'What you say is natural, my dear child,' she said kindly. 'But there's a duty you owe to your lawful father. If he opens his home to you, you shouldn't turn your back on him.'

'But I can't think of any home except this one!' cried Eppie, tears running down her face. 'I've only ever known one father! And I've promised to marry a working man, who'll live with us, and help me take care of father!'

Godfrey looked at Nancy. 'Let's go,' he said to her bitterly, in a low voice.

'We won't talk of this any more,' said Nancy, getting up. 'We just want the best for you, Eppie my dear, and you too, Marner. Good night.'

Nancy and Godfrey left the cottage and walked home in the moonlight. When they reached home, Godfrey dropped into a chair. Nancy stood near him, waiting for him to speak. After a few moments he looked up at her, and took her hand.

‘That’s ended!’ he said sadly.

She kissed him and then said, ‘Yes, I’m afraid we can’t hope to adopt her, if she doesn’t want to come to us.

‘No,’ said Godfrey, ‘it’s too late now. I made mistakes in the past, and I can’t put them right. I wanted to be childless once, Nancy, and now I’ll always be childless.’

He thought for a moment, and then spoke in a softer voice. ‘But I got yon, Nancy, and yet I’ve been wanting something different all the time Perhaps from now on I’ll be able to accept our life better, and we’ll be happier.’ The following spring, there was a wedding in Raveloe. The sun shone warmly as Eppie walked through the village towards the church, with Silas, Aaron and Dolly. Eppie was wearing the beautiful white wedding dress she had always dreamed of, which Nancy Cass had bought for her. She was walking arm in arm with her father, Silas.

‘I promise nothing will change when I’m married, father,’ she whispered to him as they entered the church. ‘You know I’ll never leave you.

There was quite a crowd of villagers outside the church to see the wedding. Just then Miss Priscilla Lammeter and her father drove into the village.

‘Look, father!’ cried Priscilla. ‘How lucky! We’re in time to see the weaver’s daughter getting married! Doesn’t she look lovely? I’m sorry Nancy couldn’t find a pretty little orphan girl like that to take care of.

Yes, my dear,’ agreed Mr Lammeter. ‘Now that we’re all getting older, it would be good to have a young one in the family. Unfortunately, it’s too late now.

They went into the Red House, where Nancy was waiting for them. They had come to spend the day with her, because Godfrey was away on business and she would perhaps be lonely without him. The Casses were not going to Eppie’s wedding.

When the little wedding group came out of the church, the villagers and Silas’s family all went to the Rainbow. There a wonderful wedding lunch was waiting for them, which had been ordered and paid for by Godfrey Cass.

‘It’s very generous of the young Squire to pay for all this,’ said the landlord as he refilled the beer glasses. ‘Well, what would you expect?’ replied old Mr Macey sharply. ‘Remember, it was his own brother who stole the weaver’s gold! And Mr Godfrey has always helped Master Marner, with furniture and clothes and so on, since young Eppie came to the cottage. Well, it’s only right to help a man like Master Marner. And I’d like you all to remember—I was the first to tell you I thought Master Marner was harmless—and I was right! Now let’s drink to the health of the happy young couple!’ And the villagers lifted their glasses and cried, ‘To Eppie and Aaron!’

When the meal was over and the guests had begun to return to their homes, Silas, Eppie and her new husband walked slowly back to their cottage by the quarry. It had been enlarged by Godfrey Cass’s workmen, and was looking lovely in the late afternoon sunshine.

‘Oh father,’ said Eppie. ‘What a pretty home ours is! I think nobody could be happier than we are!’

10 埃比需要做出选择

晚上，一天的忙碌过后，西拉斯坐在炉火旁的椅子上休息，埃比拉着他的手坐在他旁边，西拉斯丢的金子放在桌子上。他像从前一样把金币码成一摞一摞的。

“你看，你来之前，我每天晚上就是这样做的，”他给埃比讲，“只是数我的金子。那时我只有半条生命。金子被偷走对我来说真是件好事！那时我在用整天工作，整晚上数钱的方法自杀。那是不健康的生活。你来的时候，因为你的金黄的头发，我把你当成了金子。后来，当我开始爱你，我就不再想什么金子了。”他停了一会儿，看着金子，“现在金子对我毫无意义了，可是一旦失去你，埃比，或是你离我而去，我会重新需要金子。那时我会感到孤独，我会觉得自己被上帝抛弃了，可能我会回到以前的样子。”

埃比美丽的眼睛里充满了泪水，可她还没来得及回答西拉斯就响起了敲门声。她打开门，戈弗雷·凯斯先生和太太进到屋里来。

“晚上好，亲爱的，”南茜轻轻拉着埃比的手，“抱歉我们这么晚来。”

“你好，马南，”戈弗雷一边说，一边和南茜坐下来，“恭喜你找回你的钱。我很惭愧是我们家里的人偷了你的钱。我会尽一切力量去补偿你，马南，我欠你太多了。”

西拉斯一向不擅于和像年轻的乡绅这样重要的人物相处。“你不欠我什么，先生，你一直对我很好，桌上的钱已经比好多人一辈子攒的钱都多了，我和埃比并不需要很多东西。”

戈弗雷急着向西拉斯解释今天的来意。“是的，马南，你这16年来对埃比照顾得非常好，她又漂亮又健康，只是不太强壮。你难道不觉得她应该成为一个淑女而不是个整天干活的人吗？你知道凯斯太太和我没有孩子，我们想收养个女儿，让她和我们生活在一起，住漂亮的房子，享受所有的好东西。实际上我们想收养埃比，我想你会乐意看到埃比成为一位淑女，而且我保证给你你想要的一切，而且我想埃比也会经常回来看你的。”

戈弗雷一时不知用什么词语才能表达自己的感受，结果他用词很不慎重。西拉斯既气愤又害怕，过了一会儿，他全身颤抖着对埃比轻声说：“我不会挡你的路，我的孩子。谢谢凯斯先生和太太，他们的心地很好。”

埃比走上前。她的脸很红，可还是努力高昂着头。“谢谢你们，先生、太太，可我不能离开我的爸爸，而且我也不想做什么淑女。谢谢你们。”她说完走回到西拉斯的椅子旁，一只胳膊搂着西拉斯的脖子，拂去眼里的泪水。

戈弗雷被彻底搞烦了，他想履行他心目中自己的责任，而且收养埃比会减轻一些他对过去的负罪感。“可你必须同意，埃比，”他嚷了起来，“你是我的女儿！马南，她是我的孩子，她妈妈是我的妻子。”

埃比的脸色变得惨白，刚刚为埃比的回答感到欣慰的西拉斯此时愤怒了。“那么先生，”他痛苦地说，“那你为什么不在16年前，我还没有开始爱她的时候承认？为什么你现在来把她带走，像挖走我的心一样？上帝把她给了我，因为你不要她！上帝认为她是我的！”

“我知道我错了，我很抱歉，”戈弗雷说，“可你理智点儿，马南，她会离你很近而且会常来看你，她对你的感情也会和以前一样。”

“一样？”西拉斯更痛苦了，“怎么会和以前一样？我们所有的时间都在一起，习惯了！我们不能分开！”

戈弗雷认为织布匠太自私了。“我认为，马南，”他坚决地说，“你得想想怎么样对埃比最好。你不应该妨碍她去更好的生活。我很抱歉，可我想照顾我自己的女儿是我的责任。”

西拉斯沉默了一会儿，他也担心或许戈弗雷是对的，自己留下埃比是不是太自私了。终于他艰难地说：“好吧，我不再说了，你对孩子说吧。她要走，我不会拦着。”

听到这些，戈弗雷和南茜舒了一口气，他们想这回埃比该同意了。“亲爱的埃比，”戈弗雷说，“我虽然以前没有做个好父亲，可我今后

会尽所有努力对你好，我的妻子也会成为你最好的母亲。”

“我一直想要一个女儿，亲爱的。”南茜轻声说。

这回埃比没有走上前。她站在西拉斯的旁边，拉着他的手，冷冷地说：“谢谢你们的好意，先生太太，可我离开爸爸就不会再感到幸福。我不在这儿，他就谁也没有了。没有人能把我们分开。”

“但你必须肯定，埃比，”西拉斯担心地说，“你留下和穷人在一起不会后悔。到红屋你会过得好得多。”

“我永远也不后悔，爸爸，”埃比坚决地说，“如果不能和我了解的、我爱的人在一起，我不会渴望富有。”

南茜想自己应当帮着劝劝埃比。“你说的很自然，我的孩子。”她慈爱地说，“可你对你的生父也有义务。他把家门为你打开，你不该不理睬他。”

“可我除这儿之外没有别的家。”埃比泪流满面，“我只知道一个爸爸，而且我已经决定要嫁给一个普通人，他会和我们生活在一起，和我一起照料爸爸。”

戈弗雷看着南茜。“我们走吧！”他低声说，声音很苦涩。

“我们不会再提这件事，”南茜站起身，“我们只希望你们好，亲爱的埃比，还有你，马南。晚安！”

南茜和戈弗雷离开小屋，踏着月色回到家。一进家门，戈弗雷就跌坐在椅子上，南茜站在他旁边，等着他开口，过了一会儿，他抬起头，拉着她的手。

“全完了！”他伤心地说。

她吻了吻他，然后说：“是的，我想她不想和我们走，我们就不可能收养她了。”

“现在太晚了，”戈弗雷说，“我过去做了错事，现在已经不可能弥补了，我曾希望没有孩子，南茜，但现在，我将永远没有孩子了。”

想了一会儿，戈弗雷用更轻柔的声音说：“可我得到了你，南茜，但我总想要更新鲜的东西。也许从现在起，我更能够接受我们的生活，我们会更快活。”

第二年春天，一个婚礼在瑞福洛举行。与西拉斯、阿荣和多莉一起，埃比在暖融融的阳光里穿过村子走向教堂。埃比穿着南茜·凯斯为她买来的、她一直梦想能穿的美丽洁白的婚纱，她的爸爸西拉斯挽着她的胳膊。

“我保证结婚后什么都不会变，爸爸，”进教堂时她对西拉斯耳语，“我永远不会离开你。”

教堂外面很多人来参加婚礼，这时拉默特先生和普丽西拉正乘车走进村子。

“看，父亲！”普丽西拉叫着，“多幸运！我们正赶上织布匠女儿的婚礼！她真可爱！可惜南茜没有收养到一个这样可爱的小孤女。”

“是的，亲爱的。”拉默特应和道，“我们都老了，家里是应该有个小家伙。可惜现在太晚了。”

到红屋时，南茜正在等他们。他们来就是为了陪她。因为戈弗雷外出办事了，南茜也许会很寂寞。凯斯家的人没有参加埃比的婚礼。

仪式进行完，西拉斯一家人和村民们都从教堂出来走进了小酒馆。戈弗雷·凯斯在这里为他们订下了一桌丰盛的酒席。

“乡绅真大方，花钱办这酒席。”酒馆主人边添啤酒边说。

“你以为呢？”麦西先生尖刻地说，“记住，是他弟弟偷了人家织布匠的金子！而且自从埃比到了小屋，戈弗雷先生经常帮助马南师傅，给他衣服、家具什么的。帮助一个像马南师傅这样的人是对的。我想你们都应当记得是我最先说马南师傅不是坏人的——我是对的！现在让我们为新人的健康干杯！”村民们都举起杯喊：“为埃比和阿荣干杯！”

当酒席结束，客人们已开始回家的时候，西拉斯与埃比和她的新婚丈夫一起慢慢走回他们在采石场边上的小屋，小屋已经被戈弗雷·凯斯的工人们扩大了，在下午的阳光下显得格外可爱。

“哦，爸爸，”埃比说，“我们的家多么可爱呀！我想我们是世界上最幸福的人！”

[1 The mysterious door](#)

[2 In search of Mr Hyde](#)

[3 The Carew murder](#)

[4 Doctor Jekyll receives a letter](#)

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简 介

你是否想过变成另外一个人？是否曾看着你所认识的某个人想：“他想干什么就干什么，怎么我就不行？”你是否想到变成另外一个人，就算只有一天，你也可以随心所欲了，想干什么就干什么？没人会为此指责你的，因为没人知道那个人就是你——本来么，那已经不是你了。要是变成了另一个人该多么刺激啊！一天，偶尔一下也可以，就是别太久了，否则要是总变成别的人，也许真会成了别人，再难变回自己了。

这些想法对有的人来说是很危险的，尤其对杰基尔博士就是这样，因为他是个聪明绝顶的科学家，他找到了一种方法，把幻想变成了现实。

罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森（1850—1894）是苏格兰著名的小说家，著有长篇、短篇小说、旅行札记、诗歌和戏剧等作品。他的著名小说《化身博士》曾被多次搬上银幕。

1 The mysterious door

Mr Utterson the lawyer was a quiet, serious man. Hewas shy with strangers and afraid of showing his feelings. Among friends, however, his eyes shone with kindnessand goodness. And, although this goodness never found itsway into his conversation, it showed itself in his way of life. He did not allow himself many enjoyable things in life. He ateand drank simply and, although he enjoyed the theatre, hehad not been to a play for twenty years. However, he wasgentler towards other men' s weaknesses, and was alwaysready to help rather than blame them. As a lawyer, he was often the last good person that evil-doers met on their way toprison, or worse. These people often carried with them memories of his politeness and fairness.

Mr Utterson's best friend was a distant cousin calledRichard Enfield, who was well known as a fun-loving 'manabout town'. Nobody could understand why they werefriends, as they were different from each other in every way. They often took long walks together, however, marchingthrough the streets of London in companionable silence.

One of these walks used to take them down a narrow sidestreet in a busy part of London. It was a clean, busy, friendlystreet with bright little shops and shiny doorknockers. Nearthe end of this street, however, stood a dark, mysterious, windowless building. The door had neither bell nor knockerand looked dusty and uncared for. Dirty children played fearlessly on the doorstep, and nobody ever opened the door todrive them away.

One day, as Mr Enfield and his friend passed the building, Mr Enfield pointed to it.

'Have you ever noticed that place?' he asked. 'It remindsme of a very strange story.'

'Really?' said Mr Utterson. 'Tell me.'

'Well,' began Enfield, 'I was coming home about threeo'clock on a black winter morning, when suddenly I saw twopeople. The first was a short man who was walking along thestreet, and the second was a little girl who was running as fastas she could. Well, the two bumped into each other and thechild fell down. Then a terrible thing happened. The mancalmly walked all over the child's body with his heavy boots, and left her screaming on the ground. It was an inhuman thingto do. I ran after the man, caught him and fetched him back. There was already a small crowd around the screaming child. The man was perfectly cool, but he gave me a very evil look, which made me feel sick in my stomach. The child's familythen arrived, and also a doctor. The child had been sent tofetch the doctor for a sick neighbour, and was on her wayhome again.

' "The child is more frightened than hurt," said thedoctor—and that, you would think, was the end of the story. But, you see, I had taken a violent dislike to the short man. So had the child's family—that was only natural. But the doctor, who seemed a quiet, kindly man, was also looking at ourprisoner with murder in his eyes.

'The doctor and I understood each other perfectly. Together we shouted at the man, and told him we would tell this story all over London so that his name would be hated.

'He looked back at us with a proud, blach look. "Nameyour price," he said.

'We made him agree to a hundred pounds for the child' sfamily. With another black look, the man led us to that doorover there. He took out a key and let himself into thebuilding. Presently he came out and handed us ten pounds ingold and a cheque for ninety pounds from Coutts's Bank. Thename on the cheque was a well-known one.

' "See here," said the doctor doubtfully, "it isn't usual for aman to walk into an empty house at four in the morning andcome out with another man's cheque for nearly a hundredpounds."

' "Don't worry," said the man with an ugly look, "I'll staywith you until the banks open, and change the chequemyself."

'So we all went off, the doctor and the prisoner and myself, and spent the rest of the night at my house. In the morningwe went together to the bank. Sure enough, the cheque wasgood, and the money was passed to the child's family.'

'Well, well,' said Mr Utterson.

'Yes,' said Enfield, 'it's a strange story. My prisoner wasclearly a hard, cruel man. But the man whose name was onthe cheque was well known all over London for his kind andgenerous acts. Why would a man like that give his cheque to acriminal?'

'And you don't know if the writer of the cheque lives inthat building?' asked Mr Utterson.

'I don't like to ask,' said his friend. 'In my experience, it's not a good idea to ask too many questions, in case the answers are ugly, violent ones. But I've studied the place alittle. It doesn't seem like a house. There's no other door, and the only person who uses that door is the man I've just described to you. There are three windows on the side of thehouse, which look down onto a small courtyard. The windowsare shut, but they're always clean. There's a chimney too, which is usually smoking. So somebody must live there.'

The two men continued on their walk. Then Utterson brokethe silence.

'Enfield,' he said, 'you're right about not asking toomany questions. However, I want to ask the name of the manwho walked over the child.'

'Very well,' said Enfield. 'He told us his name wasHyde.'

'What does he look like?'

'He's not easy to describe, although I remember him perfectly. He's a strange-looking man. He's short, but has astrong, heavy body. There's something wrong with his appearance, something ugly and unpleasing—no, somethinghateful. I disliked him at once.'

Mr Utterson thought deeply. 'Are you sure he used a key?' he asked.

'What do you mean?' asked Enfield in surprise.

'I know it must seem strange,' said his friend. 'But yousee, if I don't ask you the name on the cheque, it's because Iknow it already...'

‘Well, why didn’t you tell me?’ said his friend rather crossly. ‘Anyway, he did have a key, and he still has it. I saw him use it only a week ago.’

Mr Utterson looked at him thoughtfully, but said nothing more.

1 一扇神秘的门

律师厄特森先生是个不爱说话、一本正经的人。在陌生人面前，他非常腼腆，不爱流露自己的情感，可当着朋友，他的眼睛总闪烁着关心与真诚的光芒，虽然这种真与善在他说的话中不大找得到，可在他的待人处世中一点一滴都没有漏掉。在生活上，他从不放纵享乐，吃喝也很随意、简单；即使很喜欢看戏，他也有20年没有进过剧院了。可是，他对别人的缺点却是宽容得不能再宽容了，总是想着去帮助他们而不是责备他们。作为一名律师，他经常是罪犯走进监狱或者踏上黄泉之前见到的最后一个好人，这些人的心里会一直保留对他的温文尔雅和公正无私的记忆。

厄特森先生最好的朋友是他的一个远房表亲，叫理查德·思菲尔德。这个人是城里出名的“爱热闹”，交际场里的老手。谁也搞不明白他们为何居然是朋友，他们可真有天壤之别。但他们却经常一起散步，一走就是好远，穿过伦敦的街道，安安静静地做着伴。

有一次，他们散步走到伦敦闹市区一条狭窄的背街上。这条街干净、热闹，人们也和善，一家家亮亮堂堂的小商店，门环锃明透亮。但是就在街道的尽头，有一幢阴暗、神秘、没有窗户的楼房，门上既没有铃也没门环，还到处是灰，显然已好久没人打扫了。脏兮兮的孩子们在门口疯玩疯闹，也没人开门轰他们走。

一天，他俩走过这幢房子，恩菲尔德指着问道：“你注意过那儿吗？它让我想起一个奇怪的故事。”

“哦，是吗？”厄特森先生说，“给我讲讲。”

“好吧。”恩菲尔德先生开始讲了，“那是个冬天的早上，天黑漆漆的，大概3点钟吧，我正要回家，突然看见两个人。头一个是个矮个子，正沿着街边走，第二个是个小姑娘，跑得很急。两个人一下撞到了一起，小孩儿摔倒了。接着，可怕的事发生了，那个人穿着沉甸甸的靴子，冷冷地从孩子身上压了过去，小姑娘躺在地上尖叫着。做这种事真残忍。我从后面追上来，抓住那人，把他拽了回来，这时一小群人也围到了又哭又叫的孩子身边。那个人非常镇静，一脸漠然，还狠狠地瞪了我一眼，真是让我反胃。孩子的家人这会儿也赶到了，还来了一个医生。原来小姑娘是去请医生给邻居家病人看病的，她正要回家。

“孩子与其说是伤着了不如说是吓着了。”医生是这么说的。你也许以为故事到这里就该结束了。可是你想，我对那个小个子十分厌恶，小姑娘的家人也一样——当然，这很正常，可连医生（他看上去那么和善、安静），也盯着那个罪犯看，好像恨不能把他给杀了。

“我和医生彼此心照不宣，都冲着那人大声指责，并声称要让整个伦敦都知道这事，让人人都唾弃他的名字。

“他阴森森地瞪了我们一眼，还是一副不可一世的样子，’开个价吧，’他说。

“我们让他答应付给孩子家100英镑。他又翻了我们一眼，把我们领到那边的那扇门口，掏出钥匙，进了楼。不一会儿，他又出来了，递给我们10镑金币和一张康茨银行的支票，上面写着90英镑，支票上的名字是大家都很熟的人。

“你看，’医生满腹怀疑地说，’够奇怪的，早上4点，一个人走进一所空房子，然后又拿着另一个人签名的支票出来了，足足快100镑呢！’

“放你的心吧，’一脸凶相的矮个子说，’我和你们等着银行开门，看我自己兑钱好了。’

“我们离开那儿，医生、罪犯和我到我家挨过了后半夜。到了早上，我们一道去了银行，支票是真的，没问题，钱很快就转给小姑娘家了。”

“哦，是这样，”厄特森先生说。

“是啊！”恩菲尔德说，“这事真怪。明明肇事者是个冷酷、残忍的家伙，可签支票的人却是伦敦有名善良、慷慨的人。这样的人怎么会把支票给一个罪犯呢？”

“你们也不知道支票的主人是不是住在那幢房子里？”厄特森先生问。

“我可不喜欢问，”他的朋友说，“根据我的经验，提太多的问题可没什么好的。万一得到的答案既令人厌恶又令人不安，那该如何是好？但我还是稍微研究了一下那个地方。它看起来不像一所房子，没别的门，唯一使用那扇门的人就是我才和你讲的那个家伙。房子一侧有三扇窗户，可以看到下面的小院，窗户都关着，但一直干干净净的。还有个烟囱常冒着烟，所以肯定有人在那儿住。”

两个人接着走下去，厄特森忽然说：

“恩菲尔德，你那条规矩挺不错，就是别问太多问题。尽管如此，我还是想问问踩着孩子身体走过去的那个人叫什么。”

“当然了！”恩菲尔德说，“他告诉我们他叫海德。”

“他什么模样？”

“这一下子可说不好，虽然我清清楚楚记得他长得什么样。他长得很怪，个子又矮，身体粗壮，他的相貌哪儿有点不对劲，让人感到丑陋，不舒服——不，是让人憎恶的那种。我一看到他，马上就不喜欢他。”

厄特森先生想了好一会儿，问道：“你肯定他用了钥匙吗？”

“瞧你问的！”恩菲尔德一脸诧异的样子。

“我知道我这么问有点怪，”朋友说，“可你想，我并没问你支票上签的是谁的名字，因为我心里已经明白了……”

“那你为什么不早说呢？”朋友不无恼怒地说，“甭管怎么说，那家伙的确有钥匙，上礼拜我还看见他开门来着。”

厄特森先生心事重重地看了他一眼，但没再多说什么。

2 In search of Mr Hyde

After dinner that evening Mr Utterson went into his office and unlocked a cupboard. He took out an envelope. It contained the will of Doctor Henry Jekyll, and was written in the doctor's own handwriting.

'If I die, or if I disappear for more than three months,' he began, 'I wish to leave everything I own to my dear friend Edward Hyde.'

This will had both worried and annoyed Mr Utterson. To a lawyer it was an unusual and dangerous kind of will. It was bad enough when Edward Hyde was only an unknown name, but now that the lawyer knew something about Hyde, the will worried him more than ever. It had seemed like madness before; now it began to seem shameful. With a heavy heart Mr Utterson replaced the envelope in the cupboard, put on his coat and went to see his old friend Doctor Lanyon.

Doctor Lanyon was enjoying his after-dinner coffee. 'Come in, old friend!' he cried. The two men had known each other since their school days. They sat for several minutes, drinking coffee and talking companionably of this and that. At last Mr Utterson mentioned the thoughts that were worrying him.

'I suppose, Lanyon,' he said, 'that you and I are Henry Jekyll's oldest friends?'

'I suppose so,' said Doctor Lanyon, 'but I don't often see him now.'

'Really?' said Mr Utterson in surprise. 'I thought you and he were interested in the same things.'

'We were at one time,' said Doctor Lanyon. 'But more than ten years ago Henry Jekyll became too—well, imaginative for me. He developed some strange, wild, unscientific ideas. I told him so, and I've seen very little of him since then.'

Mr Utterson looked at his friend's red, angry face. 'Only a disagreement about some scientific question,' he thought. 'It's nothing worse than that.' Calmly he continued, 'Did you ever meet a friend of Jekyll's—a man called Hyde?'

'Hyde?' repeated Lanyon. 'No, never.'

Soon the lawyer said goodnight and went home to bed, where he lay awake for a long time thinking about Enfield's description of Hyde, and Doctor Jekyll's will. When at last he fell asleep, he was troubled by dreams. In his mind's eye he saw a faceless man marching over the child's body. Then he saw his old friend Jekyll in bed, while the same faceless figure stood over him. The facelessness of that figure worried him deeply.

'Very well, Mr Hyde,' said the lawyer to himself, 'I will find you, and I will see your face for myself.'

During the next few weeks Mr Utterson spent many hours in the narrow street where Enfield had seen Hyde. He waited patiently near the mysterious door, hoping for a sight of Mr Hyde—and one dry, clear winter night he was successful. The street was empty and silent and small sounds carried along way. The lawyer heard footsteps. He stepped back into the shadows and waited. A short figure turned the corner and walked towards the mysterious door. Although Mr Utterson could not see his face, he felt a strong, almost violent, dislike for the stranger.

Mr Utterson stepped forward and touched him on the shoulder. 'Mr Hyde?'

'Yes, that's my name,' said the stranger coolly. 'What do you want?'

'I see that you're going in. I'm an old friend of Doctor Jekyll's. My name is Utterson. You must have heard my name—may I come in with you?'

'Doctor Jekyll is not at home,' replied Mr Hyde. 'How did you know me?' he added sharply.

'First let me see your face,' replied the lawyer.

Mr Hyde hesitated for a moment, then he stood under the street light and the lawyer saw his face. 'Thank you,' said Mr Utterson. 'Now I shall know you again. It may be useful.'

'Yes,' said Mr Hyde, 'it may indeed be useful. Here, too, is my address. You may need it one day.' He gave the lawyer his address, which was in a poor part of London.

'Good God!' thought the lawyer, 'does Hyde know about Jekyll's will? Is that what he's thinking of?' But he said nothing.

'And now,' said Mr Hyde, 'How did you know me?'

'You were described to me.'

'Who did that?'

'I know people who know you.'

'Who?' asked Mr Hyde sharply.

'Doctor Jekyll, for example,' said the lawyer.

'He never told you!' cried Mr Hyde in sudden anger. 'Don't lie to me!' And before the lawyer could answer, he returned the key in the lock and disappeared into the house.

Mr Utterson stared at the closed door. 'Why do I dislike him so much?' he said to himself. 'Enfield was right—there is something evil about the man. Poor Henry Jekyll, I'm worried about you. Your new friend will mean trouble for you.'

Round the corner from the narrow street there was a square of handsome old houses. One of these was Doctor Jekyll's house, and Mr Utterson knocked at the front door. The servant answered and told him that Doctor Jekyll was not at home.

'I saw Mr Hyde go in by the laboratory door in the street at the back of the house,' said the lawyer.

'That's right, Mr Utterson,' replied the servant. 'Mr Hyde has his own key, and comes and goes when he likes. We have orders from Doctor Jekyll to obey him.'

Mr Utterson walked home more worried than ever.

A fortnight later Doctor Jekyll gave a dinner party for a few old friends. Mr Utterson was among them and he remained after the others had left.

'I've been wanting to speak to you for some time, Jekyll,' said the lawyer, 'about your will.'

Doctor Jekyll was a tall, well-made man of fifty with a smooth, kindly face. 'My poor friend,' he said, 'you do worry unnecessarily, you know. Like poor Lanyon when I told him about my new ideas. "Imaginative rubbish" he called them... I'm very disappointed in Lanyon.'

But the lawyer did not want to talk about Doctor Lanyon. 'You know I've never agreed with your will,' he continued. 'You've told me often enough,' said his friend sharply.

'Well, I've learnt something about your friend Hyde,' continued the lawyer.

The colour of the doctor's handsome face changed from pink to greyish-white. 'I don't want to hear any more,' he said. 'You don't understand. I'm in a very difficult, painful situation.'

'Tell me everything,' said Mr Utterson, 'and I'll do my best to help you.'

'You're very kind, but this is a private matter. I'll tell you one thing—I can get rid of Mr Hyde any time I want. You must understand, however, that I take a great interest in poor Hyde. I know you've seen him—he told me, and I'm afraid he wasn't very polite to you. But I really do care about him. And if anything happens to me, I want you to promise to make sure that he inherits my money.'

'I cannot pretend that I shall ever like him,' said the lawyer.

'I'm not asking you to like him,' said his friend. 'I only ask you to help him, when I'm gone.'

'I promise,' said Mr Utterson sadly.

2 寻找海德先生

那天晚上，吃了饭，厄特森先生走进自己的办公室，打开柜橱上的锁，拿出一个信封，里面装的是亨利·杰基尔博士的遗嘱，是立书人亲笔写的。

“如果我死了，或者三个月不见踪影，”遗嘱上写道，“我希望把所有的一切留给我亲爱的朋友——爱德华·海德。”

这份遗嘱让厄特森先生坐立不安。作为一名律师，他觉得这样的遗嘱既少见又危险。直到今天以前，他对这个爱德华·海德一无所知，这就够糟的了。可现在知道了一些有关海德的事情，遗嘱就更让他生气了。如果说以前这一切看起来是疯狂的，那么现在这个名字就是令人发指的。厄特森先生心事重重地把文件放进柜子里，穿上大衣，去找他的老朋友兰宁医生。

兰宁医生正在品着饭后的咖啡。“哈！老朋友，快进来！”他大声嚷着。他们俩从上学的时候起就认识。俩人坐在一起，一边喝咖啡，一边闲扯着，最后厄特森先生谈起了自己心中的不安。

“我想，兰宁，”他说，“你我应该是亨利·杰基尔最老的朋友了吧？”

“我想是吧，”兰宁医生说，“不过，我最近不常见他了。”

“哦，是吗？”厄特森有些吃惊地问道，“我还以为你和他兴趣相投呢！”

“曾经有过，”医生接着说，“不过，那是十多年前了。那以后，亨利·杰基尔变得——嗯，对我来讲太不可思议了。他脑子里装了一些奇怪、荒唐、不科学的想法，我就是这么和他说的，从那以后，我就很少见到他了。”

厄特森先生看着朋友气呼呼、涨红的脸，心想：“只不过是科学见解上的分歧，并没有什么大不了的。”他不动声色地又问：“你有没有见过杰基尔的一个朋友——一个叫海德的朋友？”

“海德？”医生重复道，“没有，从来没有。”

不一会儿，律师道了晚安，回家睡觉，可他躺在床上好长时间还想着恩菲尔德说的海德的样子，还有杰基尔博士的遗嘱。好不容易睡着了，可是一个梦接着一个梦，让他心绪不宁。梦里仿佛看见一个没有脸的人重重踩过孩子的身体，又看见老朋友杰基尔躺在床上，那个没有脸的人站在他身上。那个没有脸的人着实让他担心。

“走着瞧，海德先生，”律师自言自语地说，“我一定要找到你，亲眼看看你的模样。”

以后的好几个星期，厄特森先生在恩菲尔德看见海德的那条背街上徘徊了好久。他在那扇神秘的门旁耐心等待，希望能发现海德先生的踪迹。终于，一个清冷的冬夜他遇上了海德。那天晚上，街道空荡荡的，寂静无声，一点响动声都能传出去好远，律师突然听见了脚步声。他躲在阴暗处，等着。一个小个子男人转过街角，朝那扇神秘的门走去。虽然看不见陌生人的脸，但厄特森先生还是强烈地感到一种憎恨。

厄特森先生紧走几步，轻轻拍了拍那人的肩膀：“是海德先生吧？”

“正是，”陌生人冷冰冰地说，“你想怎么样？”

“我看见您正要进门。我是杰基尔博士的好朋友，叫厄特森，您一定听他提过我，我能和您一起进去吗？”

“杰基尔博士这会儿不在家，”海德回答说。突然他机容地问道：“你怎么知道我的名字？”

“先让我看看您的脸再说，”律师回答道。

海德犹豫了一下，接着站到路灯下，律师看清了他的脸，说：“谢谢您，我有幸认识您了，这也许会有用的。”

“不错，”海德说，“确实会有用的。喏，还有我的地址，说不定有一天您用得着。”他说了自己的住处，在伦敦的一个贫民区。

“天哪！”律师想，“海德一定知道杰基尔的遗嘱吧？他打的就是这个主意吧？”但律师没说出来。

“那么，”海德问，“你怎么会知道我呢？”

“听人跟我讲起过您。”

“谁说的？”

“咱们都认识的，”律师说。

“是谁？”海德厉声问道。

“譬如说，杰基尔博士，”律师答道。

“他决不会和你说的！”海德突然生气地吼了起来，“别想骗我了！”还没等律师答话，他掏出钥匙开了门，消失在屋里。

厄特森先生盯着紧闭的大门，自言自语道：“我怎么那么不喜欢他呢？恩菲尔德说得对，这个人骨子里有股邪气。可怜的亨利·杰基尔，真让人为你担心，你这个新朋友会给你惹麻烦的。”

在小街的拐弯处有一个广场，里面的建筑都是些富丽堂皇的老房子，其中有一幢是杰基尔博士的。厄特森先生敲响了前门，仆人开了门，告诉他博士这会儿不在家。

“我看见海德先生从屋子后面的街上，从实验室的门进来了，”律师说。

“是的，厄特森先生，”仆人回答说，“海德先生自己有钥匙，想来就来，想走就走，主人吩咐过我们要服从他。”

厄特森先生回家时，心里更担心了。

两个星期后，杰基尔博士请老朋友上他家吃饭，厄特森先生也去了，而且一直呆到别人都告辞了。

“杰基尔，我一直想和你谈谈，”律师说，“是你那个遗嘱的事。”

杰基尔博士五十开外，高高的个子，身材匀称，总是一副安详、和善的表情。“我可怜的朋友，”他说，“真没必要担什么心，就和那个可怜的兰宁医生一样，我把自己的想法告诉他，他却说是‘幻想的垃圾’，他真让我失望。”

律师并不想谈兰宁医生，他接着说：“你明白，我从来就没同意过你那个遗嘱！”

“你早告诉过我好几回了！”博士的话有点刺耳。

“那就好。不过我最近听到一些有关你的朋友海德的事，”律师继续说。

博士那英俊、红润的脸庞一下子变得灰白。“我不想再听了，”他说，“你不明白，我现在的处境有多困难，多痛苦。”

“把一切都告诉我，”厄特森先生说，“我会尽力帮你的。”

“你待我真好，可这是我个人的事。我只能告诉你一件事——只要我愿意，随时可以摆脱这个海德先生。但有一点希望你能理解，我对可怜的海德也极为关注。我知道你见过他——他告诉了我，我担心他对你有所冲撞，但我确实很关心他，要是我出了什么不测，你一定要保证让他继承我的财产。”

“我没法假装自己喜欢他，”律师说。

“我并不要求你喜欢他，”他的朋友说，“我只要你帮助他，要是我不在了。”

“好吧，我答应你，”厄特森先生忧郁地说。

3 The Carew murder

One night in London, nearly a year later, a servant girl was sitting at her bedroom window, looking out at the moonlit street. She saw a tall, handsome old man with white hair coming along the street, and a shorter, younger man walking toward him. The old man spoke politely to the younger one. He seemed, the girl said later, to be asking his way. Then the girl looked more closely at the younger man and recognized him.

‘It was Mr Hyde,’ she said later. ‘He once visited my master.’

Mr Hyde, the girl said, was carrying a heavy stick. He was playing with it impatiently as he listened to the old man. Then suddenly he seemed to explode with anger.

‘He was like a madman,’ the servant girl said. ‘He shook his stick at the old man, who stepped back in surprise. Then he hit the old man violently with the stick and knocked him to the ground. He beat the helpless body again and again. I could hear the bones breaking... It was so terrible that I began to feel ill. Then everything went black and I don’t remember anymore.’

It was two o’clock in the morning before she was conscious again, and able to call the police. The murderer had disappeared, but the dead man was still lying on the ground with the murder weapon beside him. The stick had broken in the middle, and one half still lay beside the murdered man. The police decided that the murderer had carried away the other half. A gold watch and a purse were found in the dead man’s pockets, but no cards or papers—except a letter addressed to Mr Utterson.

A policeman brought this letter to the lawyer the next morning. Together they drove to the police station where the body had been taken.

A police inspector showed him the body.

‘Yes, I recognize him,’ said Mr Utterson heavily. ‘He is Sir Danvers Carew.’

‘Thank you, sir,’ said the inspector. ‘And do you recognize this?’ He showed Mr Utterson the broken stick and told him the servant girl’s story.

Mr Utterson knew the stick at once. ‘That’s Henry Jekyll’s stick!’ he said to himself. ‘I gave it to him long ago.’

‘Is this Hyde a short, evil-looking man?’ he asked.

‘That’s how the servant girl described him, sir,’ agreed the inspector.

‘Come with me,’ said Mr Utterson to the inspector. ‘I think I know where he lives.’

Mr Utterson led him to the address on Mr Hyde’s visiting card. It was in a poor part of London, in a dirty street full of cheap bars and eating-houses. This was the home of Henry Jekyll’s favourite friend—the man who would inherit Jekyll’s quarter of a million pounds.

An old servant opened the door. Under her silvery hair was a smooth face with a false smile and evil eyes, but she was polite enough.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘Mr Hyde lives here. But he’s not at home. My master came in very late last night. He left again after only an hour.’

‘Was that unusual?’ asked the inspector.

‘Not at all,’ replied the servant. ‘He’s often away, and frequently stays away for months at a time.’

‘We would like to see his flat,’ said Mr Utterson.

‘Oh, I can’t do that, sir—’ began the servant.

‘This gentleman is a police inspector,’ said Mr Utterson.

‘Ah!’ said the servant, looking unnaturally pleased about it, ‘Mr Hyde’s in trouble! What’s he done?’

Mr Utterson and the inspector looked at each other. ‘He doesn’t seem a very popular person,’ said the inspector. He turned to the servant. ‘Now please let us in and we’ll have a look around.’

Mr Hyde had only two rooms in the house. These were extremely comfortable and in excellent taste, with beautiful pictures on the walls and rich carpets on the floor. Everything was wildly untidy, however, and the fireplace was full of half-burnt papers. Among these the detective found part of a cheque book. He also found the other half of the murder weapon.

‘Excellent!’ he said. ‘Now let’s visit the bank and see if they recognize this cheque book.’

Sure enough, the bank held several thousand pounds in an account in the name of Edward Hyde.

‘We’ve got him now, sir,’ said the inspector. ‘We’ve got the murder weapon, and we’ve got his cheque book. Now we only need his description on the “Wanted” notices.’

This was not so easy. There were no photographs of the wanted man and no two people could agree about his appearance. They all agreed on one thing, however. ‘An evil man, sir,’ the servant girl said. ‘You could see it in his face.’

3 卡鲁命案

差不多一年以后,一天晚上在伦敦,一个女仆坐在她卧室的窗台边,看着洒满月光的街道。这时,她看到一位满头白发、个子高高、面容矍铄的老人沿着马路走过来,迎着他走过来的是一位身材矮小、年纪较轻的人。老人彬彬有礼地和那人说着话,据女仆后来讲,他好像在问路,然后女仆又转眼看了看那个年轻人,认出了他。

“是海德先生,”女仆后来讲,“他到主人家来拜访过一次。”

那姑娘说,海德先生手里拿着一根沉甸甸的手杖,一边很不耐烦地把玩着,一边听着老人的话。突然间,他的怒气一下子爆发了。

“他好像疯了一样,”女仆回忆道,“冲老先生挥着手杖,老先生往后一缩,非常惊讶,接着他抄起手杖,举起来就打,把老先生打倒在地。他拼命用手杖狠揍无助的老人,我都听见了骨头碎裂的声音……这太可怕了,我觉得一阵难受,眼前一片漆黑,就什么也不知道了。”

等她苏醒过来,已是凌晨2点了,她去报了警,凶手早已逃之夭夭。尸体还躺在地上,旁边就是凶器。手杖从中间断开了,一半滚落在尸

体旁边，另一半警察断定是凶手拿走了。在死者衣袋里发现了一块金表和一个钱包，但没有名片或任何纸张，只有一封信，上面写的是厄特森先生的地址和姓名。

警察第二天一早就把信交给了律师，他们一起赶到警察局，尸体还在那儿停放着。

警长带他看了尸体。

“不错，我认识他，”厄特森先生心情沉重地说，“他是丹佛斯·卡鲁爵士。”

“谢谢您，先生，”警长说，“您也认识这个吗？”说着他拿出折断的手杖让厄特森先生看，又给他讲了女仆看到的情况。

厄特森先生一下认出了手杖，“是亨利·杰基尔的手杖！”他自言自语地说，“是我老早以前送给他的。”

他问：“这个海德先生是不是个相貌凶狠的小矮个？”

“女仆是这么说的，先生，”警长附和道。

“跟我来，”厄特森先生对警长说，“我想我知道他住在哪儿。”

厄特森先生把他带到海德先生名片上的地址，在伦敦的贫民区，在一条到处是低级酒馆和饭馆的街上，这就是亨利·杰基尔心爱的朋友的家，而且他还要继承杰基尔的25万英镑！

一个老女仆开了门，满头白发下面是一张光滑的脸，带着虚饰的微笑和不怀好意的眼神，但不管怎么说，她还算客气。

“是啊，”她说，“海德先生是住在这儿，可这会儿他不在家。昨晚主人很晚才回来，可不到一个小时就又走了。”

“这样的事很少发生，是吗？”警长问。

“才不呢！”仆人答道，“他经常出去，一走就是好几个月。”

“我们想看看他的房间，”厄特森先生说。

“哦！那可不行，先生——”女仆说。

“这位先生可是警察局的警长，”厄特森先生说。

“啊！”女仆叫了一声，看起来不同寻常地高兴，“海德先生出麻烦了！他干了什么？”

厄特森先生和警长彼此看了看。“海德不太得人心啊！”警长说，接着又对女仆说：“那么请允许我们进去看一看。”

在这幢房子里，海德只用了两个房间，都布置得十分舒适，品味高雅，墙上挂着漂亮的画，地上铺着厚厚的地毯。但屋里却满地狼藉，壁炉里都是快烧尽的纸片，在这个纸片堆里，警长发现了支票簿的一部分，还找到了另一半凶器。

“太好了！”他说，“现在就去银行，看他们能不能认出这个支票簿来。”

确实，银行的一个户头上以爱德华·海德的名字存了几千英镑。

“先生，他已经在我们手心里了，”警长说，“有凶器，有支票簿，现在只要在‘通缉令’上描述清楚他的相貌特征就行了。”

这可不那么容易。没有通缉犯的照片，能描述他外貌的人，说法又都不一样。只有一点大家都同意，那就是，像女仆所说的：“他是个邪恶的人，从他的脸上一下子就能看出来。”

4 Doctor Jekyll receives a letter

Later that same afternoon Mr Utterson found his way to Doctor Jekyll's house. Jekyll's servant, Poole, let him in at once and took him through the kitchen and across the back garden to the laboratory behind the house. It was the first time that Mr Utterson had seen his friend's laboratory, and he looked around curiously.

The old servant led Mr Utterson through the laboratory and up some stairs to the doctor's private study above. This was a large room with tall, glass-fronted cupboards, a large mirror and a big, businesslike table. A good fire burned in the fireplace and beside it sat Doctor Jekyll, looking white and ill. In a thin, tired voice he welcomed his friend.

'Have you heard the news?' said Mr Utterson after the old servant had left.

'The newsboys were shouting about it in the street,' Doctor Jekyll said. 'A terrible business.'

'Let me ask you something,' said the lawyer. 'Sir Danvers Carew was my client, but you are my client too, and I want to know what I'm doing. You haven't tried to hide the murderer, have you?'

'Utterson, I promise you,' cried the doctor, 'I promise you I'll never see him again. I've finished with him for ever. And now, indeed, he no longer needs my help. You don't know him like I do. He's safe, quite safe. Believe me, nobody will ever hear of Hyde again.'

The lawyer listened with a serious face. He did not like his friend's feverish, excited look.

'You seem very sure of him,' he replied. 'I hope you're right. If he is caught and comes to trial, your name may be mentioned.'

'I'm absolutely sure of him,' answered Jekyll. 'I can't tell you how I know,

but I'm certain. But can you please advise me about one thing? I've received a letter and I don't know whether to show it to the police. May I leave it in your hands, Utterson?'

'You're afraid, I suppose, that the letter will lead the police to Hyde?' asked the lawyer.

'No,' said Doctor Jekyll. 'I don't care what happens to Hyde. I was thinking of my own reputation... Anyway, here is the letter.'

It was written in a strange, pointed handwriting and signed 'Edward Hyde'. 'I am sorry that I have been so ungrateful in the past for your many generous acts,' it began. 'Please don't worry about me. I am quite safe and I am certain that I can escape unharmed whenever I wish.'

'Did this letter come by post?' asked the lawyer.

'No,' replied Doctor Jekyll. 'There was no postmark on the envelope. The letter came by hand.'

'Shall I keep the letter and think about it?' asked Mr Utterson.

'I want you to decide for me,' answered his client. 'I'm not sure of anything any more.'

'Very well,' said the lawyer. 'Now tell me—the part in your will about disappearing for three months or more. Was that Hyde's idea?'

'It was,' whispered Doctor Jekyll.

'He was planning to murder you,' said the lawyer. 'You've had a lucky escape.'

'I've had a lesson too,' said his client, in pain and sadness. 'Oh, what a lesson!' And he covered his face with his hands.

On his way out of the house, the lawyer stopped and spoke to Poole.

'By the way,' he said, 'a letter was handed in today for your master. Who brought it, and what did he look like?'

'Nobody came except the postman, sir,' said the servant in surprise.

'That worries me,' thought Mr Utterson as he walked home. 'Clearly the letter arrived by the laboratory door; perhaps it was even written in the study. I must think about this carefully.'

In the street the newsboys were still shouting, 'Read all about it! Terrible murder!'

The lawyer's thoughts were sad. One of his clients was dead, and the life and reputation of another were in danger. Mr Utterson did not

usually ask anyone for advice. Today, however, was different.

That evening he sat by his fireside with his chief clerk, Mr Guest, beside him. The lawyer and his clerk had worked together for many years, and knew and understood each other. Also, Mr Guest had been involved in business with Doctor Jekyll and knew him well.

Outside it was foggy and dark, but the room was bright and warm and there was a bottle of good whisky on the table.

'This is a sad business about Sir Danvers Carew,' said Mr Utterson.

'Yes indeed, sir. The murderer was a madman, of course.'

'I would like your opinion about that,' replied the lawyer. 'I have a letter from the murderer here.'

Mr Guest was interested in the study of handwriting. His eyes brightened at once. 'A murderer's letter!' he said. 'That will be interesting.' He looked carefully at the writing. 'Not a madman, I think,' he said. 'But what unusual handwriting!'

Just then a servant entered with a note.

'Is that note from Doctor Jekyll?' asked Mr Guest. 'I thought I recognized the handwriting. Is it anything private, Mr Utterson?'

'Only an invitation to dinner. Why? Do you want to see the letter?'

'Just for a moment, please, sir.' The clerk put the two letters side by side and studied them carefully. 'Thank

you, sir, 'he said. 'Very interesting. '

For a moment Mr Utterson hesitated, wondering and worrying. At last he put his thoughts into words. 'Why did you look at the two letters together?' he asked.

'Well, sir, in many ways the two are surprisingly similar. '

'How strange! ...Mr Guest, I must ask you not to speak of this business to anyone. '

'Of course not, sir, 'said the clerk. 'You can depend on me. 'Shortly afterwards he said good night to his master and made his way home.

When he was alone, Mr Utterson locked the two letters in his cupboard. 'Well! 'he thought. 'So Henry Jekyll wrote that letter for a murderer! 'His face was as calm and expressionless as usual, but his heart was filled with fear for his old friend.

4 杰基尔博士收到一封信

当天下午很晚了，厄特森先生才抽出空去杰基尔博士家。博士的仆人普尔马上把他让进去，穿过厨房和后花园来到屋后面的实验室，这是厄特森先生第一次到朋友的实验室来，他好奇地东张西望。

老仆人带他经过实验室，上楼来到博士的私人书房。屋子很大，周围都是镶着玻璃的柜子，还有一面大镜子和一张井然有序的大办公桌。壁炉里火烧得很旺，火边坐着杰基尔博士，面色苍白，十分痛苦的样子。他声音微弱、无精打采地和朋友打了招呼。

“你也听说这事了？”老仆人刚一退下，厄特森先生就问。

“报童满街叫喊，”杰基尔说，“这太可怕了。”

“我要问你些事，”律师说，“丹佛斯·卡鲁是我的委托人，但你也是，我要知道自己该如何行事。你不会想把凶手藏起来吧？”

“厄特森，我向你保证，”博士喊道，“我保证再也不见他了，我已跟他一刀两断了。实际上他也不需要我的帮助了。我了解他，你不了解，他现在很安全，非常安全。相信我，没人会再见到海德了。”

律师听着，一脸的严肃，他不喜欢博士那发热病似的兴奋神态。

“看起来你对他挺放心，”他答道，“希望你是对的，要是抓住了他，弄到法庭上，你的名字也会被提出来的。”

“我对他的确有把握，”杰基尔回答说，“我不能告诉你为什么，但我的确放心。可有一件事我要请教一下，我刚收到一封信，我不知道是否应该交给警方，厄特森，我交给你，好吗？”

“我想，你是不是怕这封信会让警方追踪到海德？”律师问。

“不，”杰基尔博士说，“我倒不在乎海德会怎样。我担心的是自己的名声……不管怎么说，这就是那封信。”

这封信笔迹奇特，线条直愣愣的，签名是“爱德华·海德”。信开头写道：“很久以来承蒙您恩眷，沾沐厚泽，无以为报；实为遗憾。请您不必为我担心，我十分安全，肯定会毫发无损地逃出去，任我遨游。”

“信是邮差送来的吗？”律师问。

“不是，”博士回答道，“信封上没有邮戳，是打发人直接送来的。”

“让我先拿着信，再想想？”律师问。

“希望你能代我作全盘考虑，”他的委托人说，“我已经没有自信了。”

“那好吧。”律师说，“还有一句话，遗嘱里有关你失踪三个月的条款，也是海德的主意吗？”

博士轻轻叹了口气：“是的。”

“他想杀害你，”律师说，“幸亏你死里逃生。”

“这对我也是个教训啊！”他的委托人痛心疾首地说。“天哪！多可怕的教训！”说着，他把脸深深地埋在手里。

出门的时候，律师停下来跟普尔说了几句话。

“顺便问你一件事，”律师说，“主人今天收到了一封信。是谁送来的，长得什么样？”

“除了邮差没有别人来过，先生，”仆人惊讶地回答说。

“这事真让人担心，”回家的路上，厄特森先生边走边想，“显然，信是从实验室的门递进来的，很可能就是在博士的书房里写的，这事得仔细想想。”

街上报童高声叫卖着：“卖报卖报！可怕的凶杀案！”

律师的心情十分低落，一个委托人死了，另一个的性命和名誉也岌岌可危。他一向不向别人求助，但今天情形却不同。

晚上，他坐在炉火边，坐在旁边的是事务所主任盖斯特先生。两人共事多年，彼此熟识、了解。盖斯特先生也曾处理过与博士有关的业务，他们也很熟。

外面雾气蒙蒙，阴冷幽暗，屋里却温暖而明亮，桌上还有一瓶上等的威士忌。

“丹佛斯·卡鲁爵士的事真让人难过，”厄特森先生说。

“不错，先生，那个凶手肯定是发疯了。”

“我倒想听听你的看法，”律师又说道，“我这儿有他写的亲笔信。”

盖斯特先生专门研究过书法，是个鉴定笔迹的行家。一听这话，他眼睛都亮了。“凶手的信！”他叫道，“这太有意思了！”仔细看了看笔迹，他说：“不像是个疯子，只是这笔迹太少见了！”

正说着，仆人走进来，送上一张便条。

“是杰基尔博士的条子吗？”盖斯特问，“我想我认识这笔迹。有什么不方便的吗，厄特森先生？”

“只是请我吃饭的请柬，怎么？你想看看？”

“就看一下，先生。”那职员把两封信并排放在一起，仔细比较。

“谢谢，先生，”他说，“真有意思。”

厄特森先生迟疑了一会儿，越想越担心，最后还是忍不住问了出来：“你为什么把两封信放到一起看呢？”

“呃，先生，这两封信的笔体惊人地相似。”

“这太离奇了！……盖斯特先生，请你千万不要把这事告诉任何人。”

“当然不会，先生，”职员说，“您放心吧！”没多久，他道了晚安，回家去了。

又剩下厄特森先生一个人了，他把两封信锁在柜子里。“明白了！”他想，“一定是亨利·杰基尔为凶手写了那封信。”他的脸上像往常一样毫无表情，心里却为老朋友充满了恐惧。

5 The death of a friend

Time passed. The search for Mr Hyde continued. Sir Danvers Carew was an important and popular man and the police tried desperately to arrest the murderer and bring him to trial. But there was no sign of Mr Hyde himself, although the police and the newspapers discovered a lot about his past life. Nobody, it seemed, could say one good word about the wanted man. He was a cruel, violent man, who had lived an evil life full of hate and jealousy. None of this, however, was any help to the police. Mr Hyde had just disappeared.

As time went by, Mr Utterson became calmer and more at peace with himself. He was truly sorry that his client, Sir Danvers Carew, was dead, but he was also very glad that Mr Hyde had disappeared. As for Doctor Jekyll, he too appeared calmer and happier. He came out into the world again. He invited friends to his house and accepted invitations to theirs. He had always been a good and generous man. Now, however, he became a churchgoer too. He was busy, he spent a lot of time in the fresh air and he looked happy and carefree. For more than two months he was at peace with himself and the world.

On the 8th of January Mr Utterson was invited to dinner at Doctor Jekyll's house. Doctor Lanyon was there too. 'This is quite like old times,' thought the lawyer as he watched Doctor Jekyll smiling at Doctor Lanyon.

On January 12th, however, and again on the 14th, Doctor Jekyll refused to see visitors.

'The doctor is not well,' explained Poole. 'He hopes you will forgive him, but he cannot see anyone.'

Mr Utterson called again next day, and again the day after that. After two months of almost daily meetings with his old friend, the lawyer felt rather lonely. On the sixth evening he invited his clerk, Mr Guest, to dinner with him, and on the seventh night he went to visit Doctor Lanyon.

Doctor Lanyon made him welcome, but Mr Utterson was shocked by the change in the doctor's appearance. His face, which was usually pink and healthy, was grey and thin, and there was a frightened look in his eyes. He was suddenly an old, sick man.

'He looks,' said Mr Utterson to himself, 'like a man who knows he's dying.'

'How are you, Lanyon?' he said. 'You don't look well.'

'I've had a shock, Utterson,' replied Doctor Lanyon. 'And it will cause my death. I have only a few weeks to live.' He paused. 'Well, it comes to us all sooner or later. I've had a good life, on the whole.'

'Jekyll is ill too,' said the lawyer. 'Have you seen him?'

At the name of Jekyll the look on Doctor Lanyon's face changed. 'Please,' he said, holding up a trembling hand, 'don't speak that name in this house.'

'Oh dear,' said Mr Utterson. He hesitated for a moment. 'The three of us have been friends all our lives, Lanyon. We are too old now to make new friends. Can't you forgive and forget? Perhaps I can help?'

'Nothing can be done,' replied Doctor Lanyon. 'Ask him yourself.'

'He won't let me into the house.'

'That doesn't surprise me, One day, Utterson, after I am dead, you will perhaps learn the full story. Meanwhile, if you can sit and talk to me of other things, please stay. Just don't mention that person, as it hurts me to think about him.'

As soon as he got home, Mr Utterson wrote to Doctor Jekyll. In his letter he asked why Jekyll refused to let him into his house, and why he and Doctor Lanyon were no longer friendly. The reply was long and not always easy to understand.

'I'm not angry with our old friend,' Doctor Jekyll wrote, 'but I agree with him that the two of us must never meet again. Meanwhile, you must forgive me if from now on I live a very quiet life. If you find my door closed to you, it's because I must travel this dark, dangerous road alone. I have done wrong and I'm being punished for it, and nobody can help me.'

'What is this?' thought Mr Utterson. 'Hyde has disappeared. Jekyll is his normal self again—at least, he was until last week. Has he gone mad?' Then he remembered Doctor Lanyon's words. 'There is something more,' he said to himself, 'something mysterious, but I have no idea what it is.'

A week later Doctor Lanyon was too ill to leave his bed. Two weeks after that he was dead. After his friend's burial, Mr Utterson went home and into his office. From his locked cupboard he took out an envelope, which he had received soon after his friend's death.

In Doctor Lanyon's handwriting he read 'G. J. Utterson. Private.' The lawyer turned the envelope over and over in his hands before he opened it. What terrible news could it contain? With trembling hands Mr Utterson opened the envelope. Inside was another envelope, with the words 'Not to be opened until the death or disappearance of Doctor Henry Jekyll.'

The lawyer could not believe his eyes. 'Death or disappearance'—the words were the same as in Doctor Jekyll's will. 'I understand why Jekyll wrote those words,' said Mr Utterson to himself. 'But why did Lanyon write them too?' For a moment he wanted to open the envelope and uncover the mystery there and then. But Mr Utterson was too honest a man and a lawyer to do that. He knew he must obey his friend's and client's last wish. He locked the envelope away in his cupboard beside Doctor Jekyll's will.

The lawyer was desperately worried about his friend Doctor Jekyll. He was afraid for him too. He called at the house but the doctor always refused to see him.

'How is he, Poole?' Mr Utterson asked the old servant one day.

'Not very well, sir. He spends all his time in the study above his laboratory. He sleeps there as well. He seems very silent and uneasy. Something is worrying him, sir,

but he won't tell anyone.'

For a long time the lawyer called almost every day. Little by little, however, he became tired of his friend's refusal

to seehim, and his visits became less frequent.

5 朋友之死

时间一天天过去了，搜寻海德的工作还在继续。丹佛斯·卡鲁爵士是个引人注目的重要人物，警方也竭力想抓住凶手，绳之以法。尽管警方和新闻界找出很多海德以前的事，但还是没有他的影子。而且没有人说通缉犯的好话。他是个残酷、暴烈的人，生活在邪恶里，充满了仇恨和嫉妒。可是所有这些，没一样对警察有帮助，海德先生就那么销声匿迹了。

光阴流逝，厄特森先生慢慢镇定下来，感到比较安心了。他的确为死去的委托人卡鲁爵士难过，但同时也很高兴海德不见了。杰基尔博士也变得比以前安心、快乐了，他又开始了新生活，回到了人世间。他请朋友到家里做客，也接受朋友们的邀请，他以前就非常仁慈和慷慨，现在还居然成了教堂的常客。他很忙，整天在户外的新鲜空气里呆着，兴高采烈，逍遥自在。有两个月的时间，博士生活得很安宁。

1月8日，厄特森先生应邀去杰基尔博士家赴宴，兰宁医生也在。“又像回到了过去的时光，”律师一边望着博士冲着医生微笑，一边想着。

可到了1月12日，接着14日，杰基尔博士又拒绝会客了。

“博士不舒服，”普尔解释说，“他希望您能原谅他，他谁也不见。”

厄特森先生第二天又去了，随后几天也去了。两个月以来，他几乎天天与老朋友见面，现在律师感到莫名地孤独。第六天晚上，他留助手盖斯特先生吃饭，第七天夜里，他去见了兰宁医生。

兰宁医生倒没有不欢迎他，但看到他的样子，厄特森先生不禁大吃一惊。他以前脸色又红润又健康，可现在却灰白而消瘦，而且他的眼睛里透着深深的惊恐，一下子变成了一个衰老、病危的人。

“他那副样子，”厄特森先生心想，“就像知道自己死期将至一样。”

“怎么了，兰宁？”他问，“你气色不大好。”

“厄特森，我受了次惊吓，”兰宁医生答道，“我活不长了，只是几个星期的事。”他顿了顿，又说：“唉，人终有一死，这是迟早的事，不管怎么说，我的一生还算不错。”

“杰基尔也病了，”律师说，“你见过他吗？”

一听到杰基尔的名字，兰宁医生神色大变，举起一只颤抖的手。“我求求你，”他说，“别在我这里提那个名字。”

“哦，天哪！”厄特森先生说。停了好一会儿，他又问道：“兰宁，我们三个做了一辈子朋友，我们老了，不会再有新的朋友了，你难道不能原谅和忘掉他的过失吗？也许我能帮点忙？”

“无济于事。”兰宁回答说，“你问他自己吧。”

“他不让我进门。”

“我也料到了。总有一天，厄特森，等我死了，你会知道事情的真相的。再有，要是愿意坐下来和我说点别的。那就请留下来，别提那个人，一想到他，我就难受。”

厄特森先生一回到家，就坐下来给杰基尔博士写信，问他为什么拒绝见自己，为什么和兰宁医生断交了。他收到了回信，写得又长又令人费解。

“我不责怪咱们的老朋友，”杰基尔博士写道，“但我同意他的看法，我们不能再见面了。还有也请你原谅，从现在起我要过一种与世隔绝的生活。我的门对你关上，是因为我必须独自踏上这条危险而又黑暗的路程。我已经做了错事，并为此受到惩罚，没人能帮助我。”

“这是怎么回事？”厄特森先生想，“海德已经消失了，杰基尔也恢复了原来的老样子——至少上周还是这样。难道他疯了？”接着他想起了兰宁医生的话。“这里面有问题，”他自言自语道，“有哪儿不对劲，可我猜不出有什么秘密。”

一星期后，兰宁医生已经卧床不起，又过了两个星期，他就去世了。葬礼过后，厄特森先生回到家，走进自己的办公室，打开锁，从柜子里拿出一个信封，是朋友死后不久他收到的。

是兰宁医生的笔迹，他读道：“加·约·厄特森亲启，私人密件。”律师拿着信封，在手里翻来复去地看着。里面会有什么可怕的消息呢？厄特森先生两手颤抖着拆开了信封，里面还有一个信封，写着：“到亨利·杰基尔博士死亡或失踪时方可拆阅。”

律师简直不敢相信自己的眼睛，“死亡或失踪时”，这个说法和杰基尔博士本人的那份遗嘱上的一模一样。“我理解为什么杰基尔会写这些话，”他自言自语道，“但为什么兰宁写得也是这样的话呢？”有那么一个瞬间，他真想拆开信，马上揭开这些秘密。但他是个非常诚实、正直的律师，不会那么做的，他一定要遵从朋友和委托人的遗愿。他又把这封信锁进柜子里，放在杰基尔博士的遗嘱旁边。

律师为自己的朋友杰基尔博士感到十分担心，甚至为他感到害怕。他又去了博士家，但仍被拒之门外。

“普尔，他还好吗？”有一天他问老仆人。

“不太好，先生。他整天关在实验室楼上的书房里，甚至还睡在那儿。他话很少，总是闷闷不乐的，肯定出了什么事，先生，可他谁也不告诉。”

有好长一段时间，律师几乎天天去看他，但渐渐地，他对朋友拒绝见自己感到心灰意冷了，来访的次数也越来越少了。

6 The face at the window

One Sunday soon afterwards Mr Utterson was walking with his friend Enfield when they happened to pass through the narrow side-street again. Enfield pointed to the mysterious door.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘that story is finished. We shall never see Mr Hyde again.’

‘I hope you’re right,’ said the lawyer. ‘Did I tell you? I once saw Hyde too and had the same strong feelings of dislike for him as you did. What an evil man!’

‘I agree,’ said his friend. ‘By the way, why didn’t you tell me that our mysterious door led to the laboratory at the back of Doctor Jekyll’s house? I didn’t know then, but I know now.’

‘Well, now that you know, let’s go into the courtyard and look up at his window. I must tell you, I’m worried about poor Jekyll. Perhaps the sight of a friendly face will do him good.’

Overhead the evening sky was bright, but the courtyard was cool and dark. At an open window of the study above the laboratory, Doctor Jekyll sat, like a prisoner staring at the world outside.

‘I hope you are better, Jekyll,’ the lawyer called up to him.

The doctor shook his head sadly. ‘I’m not well, Utterson,’ he said. ‘I shall not be here much longer—thank God.’

‘You spend too much time indoors! You ought to get out into the fresh air like Enfield and me… By the way, this is my cousin, Mr Enfield… Come now—get your hat and join us for a quick walk.’

‘You’re very kind,’ said the doctor. ‘But no, it’s quite impossible. I would like to invite you and Mr Enfield inside, but the place is not very tidy…’

‘Well then,’ said the lawyer gently, ‘we can talk to you from here.’

‘That’s an excellent idea—’ began the doctor, with a smile. But suddenly the smile left his face and was replaced by an expression of hopelessness, fear and horror. The two men below saw it, but only for a second, as the window was shut with a bang. The two men looked at each other, then turned and left the courtyard without a word. In silence they crossed the narrow side-street. They did not speak until they came out into a busy, noisy street. Then Mr Utterson at last turned and looked at his companion, whose face was as pale as his own. The expression on Doctor Jekyll’s face had upset them both deeply.

‘God help him!’ whispered Mr Utterson. ‘God help the poor man!’

But Mr Enfield only nodded his head very seriously and walked on without a word.

6 窗户上的脸

没过多久，在一个星期天，厄特森先生和恩菲尔德一起散步，正巧又一次走过那条背静的小街。恩菲尔德指着那扇神秘的门。

“好了，”他说，“那个故事结束了，我们再也不会见到海德先生了。”

“希望你说得对，”律师说，“我有没有告诉过你，有一次我也见到了这个人，而且和你一样对他有种特别的厌恶，他真是个邪恶的家伙！”

“是啊，”朋友说，“对了，你怎么没告诉我那扇门通向杰基尔博士的实验室呢？我以前还不知道，现在才明白。”

“那么，既然你知道了，咱们不妨进院子看看他家的窗户。坦白跟你说，我对可怜的杰基尔很不放心，也许我们友好的面孔会让他好过点。”

抬头看去，夜空是那么明亮，可院子里却那么阴暗，而且凉嗖嗖的。实验室楼上，书房的窗边，坐着杰基尔博士，像个囚犯似的，盯着外面的世界。

“杰基尔！希望你好点了。”律师抬头冲他喊道。

博士忧郁地摇了摇头。“我情况很糟，厄特森，”他说，“我的日子不会长了，感谢上帝！”

“你在屋里关的时间太久了，应该多出来活动活动，像我和恩菲尔德一样……顺便介绍一下，这是我表弟，恩菲尔德先生……来吧！戴上帽子，出来稍微蹓跹一会儿。”

“你真好，”博士说，“但是不行啊！不可能的。我很想请你和恩菲尔德先生进来坐坐，但我这儿有点乱，不像样子……”

“没关系，”律师谦和地说，“我们就在下面和你谈一会儿，这就挺好。”

“这太好了——”医生微笑着，可话还没说完，笑容就不见了，换成一脸无助；担心和恐惧的神情，下面的两位都看见了，但只瞥到一眼，窗户就“呼”地一声关上了。两个人互相看看，然后一言不发地转身离开了院子。他们默不作声地穿过小街，一直来到熙熙攘攘的大街上，厄特森先生这才转身看了看他的伙伴，俩人的脸色一样苍白。杰基尔博士脸上的表情让他们为他感到深深地难过。

“上帝保佑他！”厄特森先生喃喃说道，“上帝保佑这个可怜人！”

但恩菲尔德先生只是严肃地点了点头，继续走路，一句话也没说。

7 The last night

It was now March, and Mr Utterson was sitting by the fire after dinner, when he was surprised to receive a visit from Doctor Jekyll's servant, Poole. The old man looked pale and frightened.

'Mr Utterson, he said, 'something is wrong. '

'Sit down by the fire and tell me all about it. '

'The doctor's locked himself up in his study, sir. '

'That's quite usual, surely, ' said the lawyer. 'You know your master's habits as well as I do. He often shuts himself away from the world. '

'Yes, but this time it's different. It frightens me, sir! I've been frightened for more than a week now, and I just can't go on any longer.

He stopped and stared down at the floor.

'Try and tell me, Poole, ' said Mr Utterson gently. 'Something terrible is happening to my master. I can't explain. But... please, sir, can you come with me and see for yourself? '

At once Mr Utterson fetched his coat and hat.

'Thank you, sir, ' whispered Poole gratefully.

Together they made their way to Doctor Jekyll's house. It was a wild, stormy night. To Mr Utterson the streets seemed strangely empty and lonely. The square, when they reached it, was full of wind and flying dust. The thin trees were blowing wildly, and untidy grey clouds were sailing past a pale, sickly moon.

'Well, sir, ' said Poole, ' here we are, and I hope that nothing is wrong. ' He knocked softly at the front door. The door was opened just a little and a voice from inside asked, 'Is that you, Poole? '

'Yes—open the door. '

The hall, when they entered, was brightly lit. A good fire was burning. The room was full of people—every servant in the house was there. They looked like a crowd of frightened children.

'What's all this? ' said the lawyer. 'What are you all doing here? Your master would not be pleased. '

'They're frightened, ' said Poole simply. No one else spoke. A little servant girl began to cry.

'Quiet! ' said Poole sharply, trying to control his own fear. 'Now—fetch me a light and we'll finish this business at once. Mr Utterson, sir, please follow me. ' He led the way across the back garden towards the laboratory.

'Come as quietly as you can, sir. I want you to hear, but I don't want him to hear you. And sin—if he asks you to go inside—don't go! '

Mr Utterson's heart gave a little jump of fear, but he bravely followed the servant into the laboratory to the bottom of the stairs.

'Wait here, sir—and listen carefully, ' whispered Poole. He himself, again controlling his fear, climbed the stairs and knocked on the study door.

'Mr Utterson would like to see you, sir, ' he called.

'Tell him I cannot see anyone, ' said a voice from inside the study.

'Thank you, sir, ' said Poole. He led Mr Utterson back across the garden and into the house. 'Sir, ' he said, 'was that my master's voice? '

The lawyer's face was pale. 'It has changed, ' he said.

'Changed? You're right, ' said Poole. 'I've worked for Doctor Jekyll for twenty years. That was not my master's voice. Someone has murdered my master. Eight days ago we heard his voice for the last time. "Dear God! " he cried—then no more. The voice you heard just now was the voice of his murderer! '

'This is an extraordinary story, my good man, ' said Mr Utterson. He tried hard to appear calm. 'If Dr Jekyll has been murdered—why is his murderer still there? What reason could he possibly have for staying? '

'Perhaps you don't believe me, sir, but I know what I heard. For a week now the person—or thing—in that study has been crying night and day for some special chemical powders. My master was in the habit, when he was particularly busy with his scientific work, of writing orders on pieces of paper and leaving them on the stairs. 'We've had nothing else this week, nothing except written orders and a locked door. I've been to every chemist in town in search of these chemicals of his, but they were never right. They weren't pure enough, he said. I had to take them back to the shop, and try another chemist. I don't know what these chemicals are, but the person in that study wants them terribly badly. '

'Did you keep any of these written orders? ' asked Mr Utterson.

Poole reached in his pocket and brought out a note. The lawyer read it carefully. It said: 'I am returning your chemicals, as they are impure and therefore useless. In the year 18— you made up a mixture of chemical powders for Doctor Henry Jekyll. Please search your cupboards for some more of the same mixture and send it to Doctor Jekyll AT ONCE. This is VERY IMPORTANT. '

'This is a strange note, ' said Mr Utterson.

'The chemist thought so too, ' sir, ' said Poole. 'When I took him this note, he cried, "All my chemicals are pure, and you can tell your master so! " and he threw the note back at me. '

'Are you sure this is your master's handwriting? ' asked Mr Utterson.

'Of course, sir, ' said Poole. 'But what does handwriting matter? I've seen my master's murderer! '

'Seen him? ' repeated Mr Utterson.

'Yes! It was like this. I came suddenly into the laboratory from the garden. I think he had left the study to look

for something. The study door was open and there he was at the far end of the laboratory. He was searching among some old boxes. He looked up when I came in, gave a kind of cry and ran upstairs and into the study. I only saw him for a moment, but my blood seemed to freeze. Sir, if that was my master, why was he wearing a mask over his face? If it was my master, why did he cry out like a trapped animal and run away from me? I've been his servant for twenty years. And then...

Poole paused, and covered his face with his hands, too upset to speak.

'This is all very mysterious,' said Mr Utterson, 'but I think I begin to understand. Your master, Poole, is ill. And the illness has changed his appearance. Perhaps that also explains the change in his voice. It certainly explains the mask and the way he has been avoiding his friends. And of course, he's searching for these chemicals because he believes they will make him well again. Dear God, I hope he's right! Poor Jekyll—that is my explanation. It's sad enough, Poole, but it's normal and natural, and there's nothing to be alarmed about.'

'Sir,' said the servant, 'that... thing was not my master. My master is a tall, fine, well-built man. The stranger was much shorter... Sir, I have been with my master for twenty years and I know his appearance as well as I know my own. No, sir, that thing in the mask was never Doctor Jekyll, and I believe that he—it—murdered my master!'

'Poole,' said the lawyer, if you say that, I must make sure. We must break down the study door.'

'You're right, Mr Utterson!' cried the old servant.

'Very well. Will you help me? If we are wrong, I'll make sure that you're not blamed for it.'

'There's an axe in the laboratory,' suggested Poole.

'You realize, Poole,' said Mr Utterson, 'that this may be dangerous for us both? Let us now be honest with each other. This masked figure that you saw—you're certain that it was not your master?'

'That's right, sir.'

'Did you in fact recognize it?'

'Well, sir, it was all so quick that I'm not really sure. But—well, I think it was Mr Hyde. It was short, like Mr Hyde, and it moved in the same light, quick, active way. And who else could come in by the laboratory door from the street? You must remember, sir, that at the time of the Carew murder Mr Hyde still had the laboratory key with him. But that's not all. Mr Utterson, did you ever meet Mr Hyde?'

'Yes,' replied the lawyer. 'I once spoke with him.'

'Then you will know, sir, that there is something strange about Mr Hyde, something evil.'

'I agree with you,' said Mr Utterson. 'I felt something like that, too.'

'Yes, sir. Well, when that thing in the mask jumped out from behind the boxes and ran up the stairs, I had exactly the same feeling. That thing behind the mask was Mr Hyde!'

'I understand, Poole, and I believe you,' said the lawyer slowly. 'And I believe poor Henry Jekyll has been murdered. I believe too that his murderer is still hiding in the study. Now, Poole, let's go and make an end of it.'

Together they went out into the back garden. The cloud had covered the moon and it was now quite dark. As they passed silently by the wall of the laboratory, they stopped and listened. Further away they could hear the everyday noises of a London evening. From the study above them, however, came the sound of footsteps moving backwards and forwards across the floor.

'It walks like that all day, sir,' whispered Poole, 'yes, and most of the night too. It only stops when some more chemicals arrive from the chemist. Ah, sir, listen to that—do you think those are my master's footsteps?'

The short, light steps were indeed very different from Henry Jekyll's long, heavy ones.

'Have you anything else to tell me, Poole?' asked the lawyer heavily.

'Once,' said Poole, 'I heard it weeping.'

'Weeping?' repeated Mr Utterson in horror.

'Weeping like a lost child,' said the old servant. 'It tore my heart. I felt like weeping too.'

'Well,' said the lawyer, 'we have a job to do.'

They went into the laboratory and climbed the stairs to the study. 'Jekyll,' called the lawyer in a loud voice, 'I must see you.' He paused for a moment, but there was no reply. 'If you refuse to let me in, then I'll break down the door!'

'Utterson,' said a voice from inside the study, 'I beg you to leave me alone!'

'That's not Jekyll's voice!' shied Mr Utterson. 'It's Hyde's! Break the door down, Poole!'

The axe rose and fell. The door shook and a scream of pure fear, like a trapped animal, rang from the study. Again the axe crashed against the door. But the wood was strong and the lock was well made. At last, however, the door fell inwards upon the carpet.

The two men stared into the study. They saw a warm, comfortable room with a good fire burning in the fireplace and a few papers on the big table. A friendly, homely room. But face down in the middle of the floor there lay the body of a man. The lawyer turned it over on its back and saw the face of Edward Hyde. He was dressed in clothes that were much too large for him, and in his hand he held a small bottle.

The lawyer shook his head. 'He's taken poison, Poole,' he said. 'I fear we've come too late to save Doctor Jekyll, and too late to punish his murderer too. Now we must find your master's body.'

They searched everywhere, but there was no sign of Henry Jekyll, dead or alive.

'Perhaps your master has escaped,' said Mr Utterson hopefully. He went to check the door from the laboratory into the narrow side-street. It was locked, and covered with dust. On the floor nearby he found a broken key.

'It's a long time since anyone opened this door!' said Mr Utterson.

'Yes,' said Poole, picking up the broken key. 'So how did Hyde get in?'

‘This is too difficult for me, Pooh, ’said the lawyer. ‘Let’s go back to the study. ’

They searched the study again. ‘Look, sir, ’said Poole, Pointing to a small bable in the corner. There were bottles ofliquid and some white powders lying in saucers. ‘He was testing his chemicals here. ’

One of the doctor’s books was lying on the floor. Its coverwas torn off. The lawyer picked it up. Doctor Jekyll loved hisbooks and always took great care of them. But he had writtenall over this one—the handwriting was unmistakable—beforetearing it and throwing it on the floor.

Then the lawyer noticed the tall mirror on the wall between the glass-fronted bookshelves.

‘How strange, ’said Mr Utterson. ‘Why did Jekyll want a mirror in his study?’

Next they turned to the desk and found a large packet addressed to Mr Utterson. The handwriting was DoctorJekyll’s. The lawyer opened the packet and three envelopesfell out on to the floor. The first contained a will. It was likeDoctor Jekyll’s first win in every way— except one. The doctor had left all his money, not to Edward Hyde, but to GabrielJohn Utterson.

The lawyer looked at the will, then at Poole, and finally at the dead man on the floor.

‘I just don’t understand, ’he whispered. ‘Hyde has been here all this time—why didn’t he destroy this will?’

He picked up the next envelope. It contained a short note in the doctor’s handwriting. Mr Utterson saw the date. ‘Poole!’ he cried, ‘this is today’s date on the letter. Jekyll was alive here today. He can’t be dead—he has run away or is hiding somewhere. And if so, why? If he’s alive, can we be sure that Hyde killed himself? We must be careful, Poole, or we may involve your master in some terrible danger.

‘Why don’t you read the note, sir?’ asked the servant.

‘Because I’m afraid, said the lawyer, in a worried voice. Slowly, he lifted the letter, and read:

My dear Utterson,

If you are reading this, it means that I have disappeared. Please go home and read Lanyon’s letter. Afterwards, please read the confession of

Your unfortunate and unhappy friend,

Henry Jekyll

‘This must be the confession, said Mr Utterson to himself, picking up the third and largest envelope. He put it in his pocket. ‘say nothing about these papers, Poole, ’he said. ‘If your master has died or disappeared, this paper may save his reputation. It’s now ten o’clock. I must go home and study these papers in peace and quiet But I shall come back here before midnight, and then we shall send for the police.

They went out, locking the laboratory door behind them. With a heavy heart Mr Utterson walked home to read his letters.

7 最后一夜

转眼到了三月份，一天晚饭后，厄特森先生坐在炉火边，一脸惊讶之色，因为来了一位客人，是杰基尔博士的仆人普尔，老人家看上去面无人色，充满了恐惧。

“厄特森先生，”他说，“出事了。”

“来，坐到火边，慢慢说。”

“博士把自己锁在书房里，不出来了，先生。”

“这不是常事吗？”律师说，“你和我一样清楚你的主人的习惯，他不是经常把自己锁起来吗？”

“是，可是这次不一样，太可怕了，先生，有一个星期了，我再也受不了啦。”

他停下来，低头盯着地板。

“来吧，普尔，告诉我是一回事。”律师轻轻地说道。

“主人遇到了可怕的事，我说不清楚，可是……求求您先生，能跟我一起去亲自瞧瞧吗？”

厄特森先生立刻拿来自己的大衣，戴上帽子。

“谢谢，先生，”普尔满心感激地嘟哝着。

他们动身去杰基尔博士的家。那是个狂风呼啸、风雨交加的晚上，厄特森先生感到街上不同寻常地空旷和孤独。到了广场附近，风沙飞扬，细细的小树猛烈地摇摆着，乱七八糟、奇形怪状的黑云飘过苍白、昏暗的月亮。

“先生，”普尔说，“我们到了，但愿没出乱子。”他小心翼翼地敲门，门开了一道缝，里面传出来一个声音：“是你吗，普尔？”

“没错，开门吧。”

他们走进大厅，里面灯火通明，火烧得很旺，屋里挤满了人——所有的仆人都 在，好像一群吓坏了的孩子。

“这究竟是怎么回事？”律师问，“你们都在这儿干什么？主人是会不高兴的。”

“他们都害怕，”普尔轻声说。没人说话，一个小女仆抑制不住，哭出声来。

“别嚎了！”普尔提高嗓门喊了一声，努力把自己的恐惧压下去。“去，拿枝蜡烛来，我们马上把这事儿弄个水落石出。厄特森先生，请跟在我后面。”他在前面引路，穿过后花园朝实验室走去。

“先生，请您把脚步放轻点，我想让您听听，但您可别让他听见了。先生，要是他让您进去，千万别进去！”

厄特森先生吓得心中一紧，但他马上鼓起勇气，跟着仆人进了实验室，来到楼梯下。

“在这儿等着，先生，仔细听着，”普尔低声说。而他自己抑制住恐惧，上了楼梯，敲了敲书房的门。

“先生，厄特森先生想见您，”他叫道。

“告诉他，我不能见任何人。”书房里传出一个声音。

“谢谢您，先生，”普尔说完，又领着厄特森先生穿过花园回到屋里。“先生，”他问，“那是我主人的声音吗？”

“好像有点变了……”律师说，脸色花白。

“变了？您说得没错，”普尔说，“我服侍了杰基尔博士二十年，那根本不是主人的声音，主人已经给人害死了，八天前我最后一次听见他的声音。’哦！亲爱的主啊！’他喊了一声，然后就再没有声音了。您刚才听到的是凶手的声音！”

“这事太不寻常了，好普尔，”厄特森先生说，尽量使自己保持冷静。“如果杰基尔博士给人害了，为什么凶手还在这儿？是什么原因让他留在这里呢？”

“好吧，先生，也许您不信我的话，但我明白我听见了什么。快一个星期了，那个人，也许是什么怪物，在书房里没日没夜地哭，要一种特别的药粉。主人每次一忙，就是这样，把命令写在纸条上，扔在楼梯上，这倒是他一贯的作风。这次也是，我们别的什么也不知道，只有吩咐的纸条和关紧的门。我去过城里所有的药店，找他要的东西，可没一样符合他的要求。他说那些玩意不纯，我又得把东西退回去，再上别的店。我不知道这些药是干什么的，可书房里的那个人要得那么急。”

“你有他写的这种纸条吗？”厄特森先生问道。

普尔把手伸进口袋，掏出一张纸。律师凑近仔细看了看，上面写道：“现将刚购的那批货退还，质地不纯，不合用途。18××年，您曾给亨利·杰基尔博士配过一批药剂，恭请贵号尽量搜寻，若有任何相同药剂存货请立即送来。至关重要，切记，切记。”

“真是个奇怪的条子！”厄特森先生说。

“药剂师也这么认为，先生，”普尔说着，“我给他这个条子，他嚷嚷着说：’我所有的药品都是纯的，就这么告诉你们主人！’他说着就冲我把纸条扔了回来。”

“你能肯定这是主人的笔迹吗？”厄特森先生问。

“当然了，先生，”普尔说，“可这又有什么关系呢？我看见了凶手！”

“看见他了？”厄特森先生不禁重复了一遍。

“就是看见了嘛！是这样的，有一次我从花园突然去了实验室，我以为他离开书房找什么东西去了，书房的门开着，他就在实验室最里面，在旧箱子里翻什么东西。我进去时他抬头看了我一眼，大叫一声，转身就奔到书房里去了。我只看到他一眼，可血都要冻住了似的。先生，您说要是主人的话，他干吗脸上戴着面罩？要是主人的话，干吗像个四处被迫的野兽，从我跟前逃走？我给他当了20年的仆人，可他……”普尔将脸埋在手心里，难过得说不下去了。

“的确是桩怪事。”厄特森先生说，“我想我有点明白了。普尔，你的主人看来是病了，长相也变了，嗓音也变了，这样就能解释为什么他戴面罩了，因为他不愿见朋友；当然了，他拼命地找药，是因为他认为吃了药就会好了。上帝啊！希望他一切都好！哦！可怜的杰基尔！这是我的解释，想起来怪怕人的，但还算正常，也还算自然，不必那么担心。”

“可是，先生，”仆人说，“那个……东西，不是主人。主人是个大高个，又体面又英俊，那个人矮得多……先生，我和主人在一起二十年了，还会不记得主人长得什么样？除非我不知道自己长什么样了！不，先生，面罩下的那个东西决不会是杰基尔博士的，而且我认定，就是——它——杀了主人！”

“普尔，”律师说，一你要是这么说，我一定要弄个水落石出了。咱们得把门撞开。”

“这才对啊！厄特森先生！”老仆人大声说道。

“很好。那么你愿意帮助我吗？万一弄错了，我不会让你受责备的。”

“实验室里有把斧子，”普尔建议说。

“普尔，你知道，”厄特森先生说，“这事对咱们俩都够危险的。咱们有话直说，你见到的那个戴面罩的人，你敢肯定不是你的主人。”

“是的，先生。”

“你确实能认出他吗？”

“嗯，先生，时间太短，他跑得很快，不敢真的确定。但是——直说吧，我想那是海德先生。个子和他一样矮，动作一样轻快、敏捷，再有，除了他，谁还能从街上走实验室的门进来呢？您别忘了，先生，卡鲁凶杀案发生时，钥匙还在海德先生手里呢！这还不算。对了，先生，您见过这个海德先生吗？”

“见过，”律师说，“我跟他说过一次话。”

“那您也该清楚，海德先生有点奇怪，他身上有种邪恶的东西。”

“我同意你说的，”厄特森先生说，“我和你感觉差不多。”

“是这样嘛！面罩下的那个东西从箱子后面跳出来，跑上楼梯，当时我就是那种感觉，觉得面罩下的那个人一定是海德先生！”

“我知道了，普尔，我相信你，”律师一字一顿地说道，“我相信可怜的亨利·杰基尔已经给人害死了，我也确信凶手还在书房里藏着。现在，普尔，咱们就去了结这事。”

他们一起走进后花园，乌云遮住了月亮，周围一片幽暗，两人静悄悄地沿着实验室的墙走过去，停住脚，听了一会儿，远处传来伦敦城天天晚上的吵吵闹闹的声音，但上面的书房里只有徘徊的脚步声，打破了周围的寂静。

“他整天就这么走，先生。”普尔低声说，“哎，大半夜就这么走来走去的，只有新药品送来了，脚步声才会停下来。您听，先生，那是主人的脚步声吗？”

这脚步声又轻，又短，确实和亨利·杰基尔又长、又重的步子很不一样。

“还有什么其它情况吗，普尔？”律师沉重地问道。

“有一次，”普尔说，“我听见他在哭。”

“哭？”厄特森一脸恐怖地重复道。

“哭得像个迷路的孩子，”老仆人说，“我听了直心碎，也特别想哭。”

“行了，”律师说，“咱们还有事要干。”

他们进了实验室，沿着楼梯向书房走去。“杰基尔，”律师大声喊起来，“我要见你！”他停了一会儿，没人回答。“你要是不让我进去，我可就破门而入了！”

“厄特森，”里面传出一个声音，“求求你，让我自己呆着吧！”

“这不是杰基尔的声音！”厄特森先生大喊一声，“这是海德！普尔，砸门！”

手起斧落，房门震了震，屋里传来恐惧的尖叫声，就像野兽被夹住了腿。门上又落了一斧，但上好的木头很结实，锁也打制得很坚固，最后好不容易，门才落在屋里的地毯上。

两人向屋里瞪眼望去，壁炉里的火很旺，又暖和又舒服，一张大桌子上散着几张纸，这是一间又朴素又温馨的屋子。可是屋中间的地板上

卧着一具尸体，律师把他扳过来，是爱德华·海德的脸。他穿着比他个儿大得多的衣服，手里捏着一个小瓶子。

律师摇摇头。“他吃了毒药，普尔。恐怕咱们还是来晚了，没法救杰基尔医生，也不可能惩罚凶手了。现在咱们得找到主人的尸体。”他们找遍了，可就是没有杰基尔的影子，不管是死的，还是活的。

“也许他早逃走了！”厄特森先生充满希望地说。他转身去查看从实验室通往小街的那扇门。门上了锁，到处是灰尘，旁边地上，他找到了一把折断的钥匙。

“好久没人开过这扇门了！”厄特森先生说。

“是啊，”普尔一边答道，一边捡起折断的钥匙。“那么，海德是怎么进来的呢？”

“这真叫我摸不着头脑了，普尔，”律师说，“咱们再回书房看看。”

他们又在书房找了一遍。“先生，你看，”普尔指着屋角的小桌子，上面摆着盛着各种各样液体的小瓶子，碟子里有些白色粉末。“他在这儿实验这些药品。”

地上扔着医生的一本书，封皮已破烂不堪。律师把书捡起来。杰基尔博士一直很爱看书，也爱惜书，可这本书在没有被撕坏和扔到地上之前，上面写满了字，笔迹也没错。

随后律师又注意到两个玻璃书柜之间的墙上，镶着一面又高又大的镜子。

“真奇怪，”厄特森先生说，“杰基尔在书房里放这东西有什么用？”

他们又转身去看书桌，发现有一个大邮包，上面写着“厄特森先生收”，笔迹是杰基尔博士的。律师打开邮包，里面掉出三封信。第一封是遗嘱，和博士的第一份遗嘱一模一样，只有一条除外，博士把所有积蓄不是给了爱德华·海德，而是给了加布里埃尔·约翰·厄特森。

律师看了看遗嘱，又看了看普尔，最后把目光投向地板上的尸体。

“我还是不明白，”他喃喃说道，“海德一直呆在这儿——可他怎么没有把这份遗嘱毁掉呢？”

他又拿起另一个信封，是博士手写的短笺，厄特森先生看了看日期。

“普尔！”他叫道，“是今天的日期，杰基尔今天还活着，他肯定没有死——一定是逃跑了，要不就是躲起来了。真是那样的话，那又为什么呢？如果他还活着，我们能肯定海德是自杀的吗？普尔，咱们得小心行事，否则可能会把你的主人拖到什么惨祸里去的！”

“您为什么不念下去，先生？”仆人问。

“我害怕，”律师心事重重地说，然后他慢慢地拾起了信，念道：

“我亲爱的厄特森：

当您看到这张纸条的时候，这意味着我已经失踪了。请您回去看看兰宁医生的信。之后，请您再读我的忏悔书。

您的不幸而痛苦的朋友

亨利·杰基尔”

厄特森先生拾起第三封信，那是个最大的信封，厄特森自言自语说：“这一定是忏悔书了。”他把信放进口袋，说：“普尔，别跟别人说起信的事，要是主人死了或者失踪了，这些东西也许能挽救他的名誉。10点了，我要回家去安安静静地读信，午夜之前我一定赶回来，那时我们再派人去报警。”

他们一同出来，锁上了实验室的门。厄特森先生心情沉重地回家去看这些信。

8 Doctor Lanyon's letter

Dear Utterson,

Four days ago, on the 9th of January, I received a letter by the evening post it was in the handwriting of my old friend Henry Jekyll. I was rather surprised, as we were not in the habit of writing to each other, and I had had dinner with him the night before. When I came to read the letter, I was even more surprised. The letter said:

Dear Lanyon,

You are one of my oldest friends. Although we have sometimes disagreed on scientific matters, I have always remained your friend. I would do anything for you, Lanyon—please will you do something for me now?

Please, old friend, come to my house at once with this letter in your hand. Poole, my servant, has his orders. He will be here with a locksmith. Break the lock of my study door, and then you must go in there alone. Open the glass-fronted cupboard on the left-hand side and look on the fourth shelf from the top. On it you will find some packets of chemical powders, a small bottle and a book. Please take everything back to your house.

If you leave as soon as you receive this letter, you should be back home before midnight. At that time you will receive a visit from a man. Please give him the bottle, the powders and the book, and I shall always be grateful to you.

Do not fail me, Lanyon. Believe me, my life and my peace of mind depend on you. I am in fearful danger and only you can save me.

Your friend,

Henry Jekyll

After reading this letter, I was sure that Doctor Jekyll was mad. But a friend is a friend, and so I went at once to his house. Jekyll's servant had received by the same post a letter similar to mine, and he was waiting for me with the locksmith. Together we went through the old laboratory and climbed the stairs to the doctor's private study. The door was very strong, with an excellent lock, but the locksmith knew his job. Soon the door stood open and I entered the study. I opened the cupboard and found the shelf. Sure enough, the powders, the bottle and the book were there, and I took them home with me.

At home I looked at everything more carefully. There were several packets of white powder and a bottle of red, strong-smelling liquid. The book contained nothing except a list of dates, going back several years. The last date was nearly a year ago. Here and there the doctor had added a few words. The word 'double' appeared very early in the list, followed by the word 'Failed!'. 'Double' appeared in the list several more times... What was Jekyll doing? The book looked like a list of unsuccessful experiments. How could I, by taking these things to my house, save my friend's life and peace of mind? And what was the reason for this midnight visitor? I put my old gun in my pocket, then I put every thing in a box for my midnight visitor to collect.

At midnight exactly there was a knock on my door. A short man was standing in the shadows.

'Are you from Doctor Jekyll?' I asked. He bent his head.

Although I could not see his face, there was something unpleasing about him and I was glad I had a weapon. I invited him into the house and there, in the bright light, I took a closer look at him.

His appearance was extremely strange. His clothes were well made and expensive, but they were far too large for him. He looked like a child wearing his father's clothes, but there was nothing childlike about this man. He was short, as I have said, but very strong. At the same time there was a look of sickness and horror about him, and his face was a mask of pain, violence and hate. As a doctor I could perhaps feel sorry for him; as a man I felt only fear and dislike.

'You got it?' said the stranger impatiently, reaching out his hand and touching my arm. His touch made my blood run cold. I shook off his hand. 'Come, sir,' I said calmly. 'Sit down and introduce yourself.'

'I apologize, Doctor Lanyon,' the stranger said more politely. 'Doctor Henry Jekyll sent me here on an important matter. I have to collect something from you.'

I gave him the box. He took it with trembling hands. 'At last!' he cried. He turned to me. His face was deathly pale. 'Have you a medicine glass?' he asked.

I gave it to him. He put a little of the red liquid in the glass and added a packet of powder. A small cloud of smoke rose from the glass and the colour of the liquid changed from red to purple, and from purple to a watery green. The stranger put the glass down on the table and looked sharply at me.

'And now,' he said, 'choose carefully. You can leave the room now. Or you can stay and experience something new, something unknown to science. You can be rich, famous and successful, if only you will believe.'

'Sir,' I said, trying to remain calm, 'I don't understand what you're trying to say, and I think you are probably mad. But I will stay.'

'Very well,' said the stranger. 'Now remember your promise. You've been an unbeliever all your life. You laughed at Doctor Jekyll's ideas and called them unscientific rubbish—now see for yourself!'

He put the glass to his lips and drank the liquid. His whole body shook and jumped and he almost fell. He held onto the edge of the table, breathing fast through his open mouth. As I watched, his whole body seemed to change. He seemed to become taller, fatter—his face turned black and its shape began to change... The next moment I jumped back against the wall, trembling with fear and horror. There before my eyes, pale and shaken and sick, stood Henry Jekyll!

I cannot make myself write down the things that Jekyll, with tears in his eyes, confessed to me that night.

Now fear and horror are my only companions. Sleep has left me and I feel that I have not long to live. As I write, I wonder. Did I imagine it all? As a scientist I cannot believe it—but I saw it happen with my own eyes.

I will say just one thing more, Utterson. The evil thing that came into my house that night—as Jekyll told me—was known by the name of Hyde, and was wanted by the police for the murder of Sir Danvers Carew.

Hastie Lanyon

With fear in his heart, Mr Utterson put away Doctor Lanyon’s letter, and then opened the confession of Doctor Henry Jekyll.

8 兰宁医生的信

亲爱的厄特森：

四天前，也就是1月 9日，晚班邮差送来一封信，是老朋友亨利·杰基尔的笔迹。我很奇怪，因为我们没有互相写信的习惯，况且头一天晚上我还和他一起吃过饭，而信的内容更让我奇怪了。信是这么写的：

亲爱的兰宁：

你是我最老的朋友之一，尽管在一些科学问题上我们有分歧，我一直把你当朋友看。我愿意为你赴汤蹈火，兰宁，你也愿意帮我做点事吗？

我请求你，老朋友，立刻拿着这封信到我家里来。我已经吩咐过我的仆人普尔，让他找一个锁匠在这儿等着。你们撬开书房的门，但你必须一个人进去，打开左手的玻璃柜，从上面数第四格里，有一些药品包在纸包里，有一个小瓶子，还有一个本子。把这些东西全都拿到你家里去。

如果你收到信尽快赶来，那你午夜前应该已经回到家了。会有一个人去找你，请你把瓶子、药品和书给他，我将感激不尽！

别让我失望，兰宁。相信我，我的性命和内心的平静全靠你了。我处境危急，只有你能救我了。

你的朋友

亨利·杰基尔

读完这封信，我完全相信杰基尔博士已经神智不清了。可朋友终归是朋友，所以我立刻去了他家。杰基尔的仆人也收到了邮差送来的信，和我的差不多，锁匠已经在那儿等着了。我们一起穿过实验室，上楼来到了博士的私人书房。门很结实，锁也很牢，但锁匠知道怎么办。不一会儿、门开了，我走进去，打开柜子，找到了那一格。没错，药粉、瓶子，还有本子都在那儿，我拿着就回家了。

回到家里，我又仔细查看了一遍。有几包白色的药粉和一瓶红色的液体，气味刺鼻。本子里除了一串日期什么都没有，都是几年前的，最近的一个日子也几乎是一年以前的了。有些日期旁，博士加了很短的批语：“双份”，而且在本子上出现得很早，跟着是“失败！”在这串日期上，“双份”又出现了好几次……杰基尔究竟在干什么？本子上列的单子像一连串失败的实验记录。把这些东西拿回来，怎么就能挽救朋友的性命，还给他带来内心的平静呢？午夜来客又是什么原因？我把常用的一把手枪放到口袋里，把那些东西放到盒子里，等着半夜上门的人来取。

正好午夜时分，有人敲响了我的门，一个小个子站在阴影里。

“是从杰基尔博士那儿来的吗？”我问。他低着头。虽然看不清他的模样，可我还是感到他哪儿有点让人不舒服。真庆幸我拿了枪。我请他进了屋，在明亮的光线下，我仔细看了看他。

他的外表十分怪异。衣服都是上等料子，做工精良，但穿在他身上太显大了，好比孩子穿了爸爸的衣服。但是这人没有一点像孩子。他个子不高，正如我说的，但却十分强壮，还有，他看上去很难受，很害怕，脸被痛苦、不安和仇恨笼罩着。作为医生，我也许为他难过，但作为一个普通人，我只有恐惧和厌恶。

“东西都找到了吗？”陌生人很不耐烦地说着，伸出手就摇我的胳膊。这一碰让我的血都快冻住了。我甩开他的手。“嗨，先生，”我不动声色地说，“请坐，我还没有幸认识您呢！”

“请您原谅，兰宁医生，”陌生人一下子谦恭起来，“杰基尔博士让我来办一件很重要的事，我必须从您这儿拿点东西。”

我把盒子递给他，他两只手颤抖着接过去。“终于拿到了！”他叫了一声，又转向我，脸色像死人一样苍白。“有量杯吗？”他问。

我拿给他。他在杯子里倒出少量药水，又放入一点儿白色药粉，一小股烟冒了出来，液体的颜色也由红变紫，由紫变成水绿。陌生人把杯子放在桌上，突然狠狠瞪了我一眼。

“好吧，”他说，“仔细选择一下吧。您可以马上离开这间屋子，也可以呆在这里，看看一种新奇的东西，一种科学上未知的东西。您可以变得富有、成功、有名望，只要相信就行。”

“先生，”我说，尽量做出一副冷冰冰的样子，“我不明白您想说些什么，而且我相信您可能神智不清，不过我还是决定留下来。”

“好的，”陌生人说，“记住你的承诺。你一生都不肯相信，还嘲笑杰基尔博士的观点，称它们是不科学的垃圾，现在，你请看吧！”

说着，他把杯子搁在嘴边，一口气喝了下去，接着他的整个身体颤抖起来，踉踉跄跄，几乎都要摔倒了。他抓着桌子边，嘴张得大大的，使劲喘着气。我注视着这一切，他的身体好像变了，变得高了，胖了，脸突然发黑，五官也开始变形……我“噌”地往后退了一步，抵着墙，全身抖成一团，又担心，又害怕，因为站在我面前、脸色苍白、浑身战栗、难受不止的，正是亨利·杰基尔！

那天晚上，杰基尔流着眼泪向我忏悔了一切，可是我实在没法打起精神来，把这些都写下来。

现在，恐惧是我唯一的伙伴，睡梦也离我而去。我觉得我的日子没多久了。一边写，我一边纳闷，难道一切都是幻觉吗？作为科学家，我无法相信，但这确确实实是我亲眼看到的。

厄特森，我再告诉你一件事，那晚来我家的那个邪恶的家伙，杰基尔告诉我，就是那个杀害了卡鲁爵士的通缉犯，名字叫海德！

黑斯蒂·兰宁

厄特森先生满怀恐惧地放下了兰宁医生的信，然后打开了亨利·杰基尔博士的忏悔书。

9 Doctor Jekyll's confession

I was born in the year 18—. I inherited a large fortune, a strong healthy body and an excellent mind. I was naturally hard-working and soon I was extremely successful in my chosen work as a scientist. Although I was still young, important people came to me for advice. At an age when most young men are going out and having fun, I was behaving like a grey-haired old man.

This was not easy for me. The outside world saw a serious, hard-working doctor. Behind this quiet character, however, was an active, fun-loving young man-about-town. This, of course, was nothing to be ashamed of, but I did not realize that at the time. I was ashamed, and I soon learned to keep my two lives separate.

I was not dishonest in any way. Both these people were me. The serious, successful young doctor was me, and the wild, fun-loving, irresponsible young man was me too. I thought about this for a long time and slowly I realized that I was not extraordinary in this. Every man has two sides to his character. He is two people. They live together—often uncomfortably in the same body.

'How fantastic,' I thought, if I could separate these two characters and give my fun-loving side his freedom. Then he could go out and enjoy himself unashamedly and leave serious, studious Doctor Jekyll to get on with his important, life-saving work.'

'Was it possible,' I wondered, 'to find a drug that could give each side of my character its own separate face and body?'

After much thought and careful study I believed I had found the answer. I had read many scientific books and spent many hours in my laboratory, searching for the right mixture of chemicals to make my drug. At last I had everything I needed except a special kind of salt. I bought some from a chemist, and then I was ready.

I hesitated for a long time before I began my experiment. Only a small mistake in the mixture of the drug could mean immediate death. But in the end, my wish to know was stronger than my fear. And so, late one disastrous night, I mixed everything together and prepared my drug. I watched the smoke rising from the liquid as it changed colour from red to purple and at last to green. Then, bravely, I drank every bitter drop.

I felt a violent sickness in my stomach and a terrible pain in all my bones. The room seemed to turn round and round and I trembled with fear. Then the fear and pain disappeared and a strange, sweet feeling took its place. Wild thoughts danced through my mind. They were not good, serious thoughts. They were the wild passions of an evil and cruel stranger. But inside myself I felt younger, lighter, more carefree than ever before. 'If this is pure evil,' I thought, 'I like it.'

I stood there, enjoying these strange new thoughts and passions—and suddenly realized that I was shorter. At that time there was no mirror in my study. Later I put one on the wall of my study so that I could watch these changes in my appearance. Now, however, it was three o'clock in the morning and all the servants were asleep. I decided it was safe to go to my bedroom in my new body and take a look at myself in the mirror there. I crossed the garden and entered my house like a stranger. As I came into my room, I saw Edward Hyde for the first time.

At that time, the good side of my character was stronger than the evil side. Henry Jekyll had his faults, but he was mostly a good, kind man. I cannot be sure, but I believe that is the reason why Edward Hyde was so much smaller than Henry Jekyll. But that was not the only difference between the two men. Henry Jekyll had a kind, open, honest face. Pure evil stared out of Edward Hyde's eyes. I felt no dislike, however. Indeed, I welcomed him. Edward Hyde was me, young and strong and full of life.

Later, however, I noticed that Hyde's appearance and manner had a strong effect on other people. Nobody could meet Edward Hyde without a feeling of dislike and horror. I believe I understand the reason for this too. Everyone is a mixture of good and evil. Even the worst criminal has a little good in him. Only Edward Hyde was pure evil.

I stood for a long time, staring at the mirror. 'Am I trapped?' I wondered. 'If I am, I must leave this house before daylight. If I don't, I shall be arrested as a thief.'

I hurried back to my study. With trembling hands I mixed another dose of the drug and drank it. Again I felt that terrible pain and sickness, but a few seconds later I found myself with the face and body and character of Henry Jekyll once more.

I blame myself for the things that happened later. It was not the fault of the drug. That was neither good nor evil. But it opened the prison doors and all owed Edward Hyde to escape. Soon he was out of control. He, you will remember, was wholly evil. Doctor Jekyll was not wholly good, however. He was a normal man with normal faults and weaknesses, and Hyde was too strong for him.

I welcomed Hyde, therefore. I arranged everything very carefully. I bought a flat in a poor part of London, where I kept Hyde's clothes and employed a servant to do the housework. I took a dose of the drug whenever I wanted to forget my old, quiet, serious self for a time. In those early days God forgive me!—I thought it was all very amusing. Doctor Jekyll was well known. Nobody knew Hyde, however, and in his body I was free to do as I wished.

I will not go into details about my adventures and shameful acts as Hyde. Jekyll remained as good and kind as ever and always did his best to undo the harm that Hyde did. But as time went by, Jekyll became less and less able to control Hyde.

One night Hyde injured a child in the street and a passer-by saw him. That passer-by was your cousin. I recognized him when the two of you came to my window. Your cousin caught Hyde and an angry crowd collected. They asked for money for the child's family. In the end, in order to escape, Hyde had to give your cousin a cheque in the name of Jekyll.

I learned my lesson from this, and opened a new bank account in the name of Hyde. I even gave Hyde a different handwriting. I was sure I was safe—but I was wrong.

Two months before the murder of Sir Danvers Carew I went out on one of my evil adventures. Before I went to bed, I took a dose of the drug and became Doctor Jekyll once more. I woke up in bed the next morning with a strange feeling that something was wrong... I looked around the room, then down at my hand. Henry Jekyll's hand was large, white, and well-made, but the hand I saw that morning on the bed cover was thin, bony, greyish-brown, and hairy. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

Sick with horror, I stared at it. I was Henry Jekyll when I went to bed, 'I thought. 'And now I am Edward Hyde...What possible explanation can there be? And, more important, how can I get to my study and take the drug?'

Then I realized that the servants were quite used to the comings and goings of Hyde. I put on Hyde's clothes and marched confidently through the house. Poole stared in surprise to see Mr Hyde so early in the morning, but I did not care. Ten minutes later Doctor Jekyll had returned to his own shape and was sitting down, pretending to eat breakfast.

Too worried to eat, I sat there thinking hard about my situation. I realized that in recent weeks Hyde had become bigger and stronger, both in body and character.

'What will I do, 'I thought, 'Hyde takes control?' I thought about the drug. Once, in the early days, it had failed completely, and sometimes I had had to take a double dose before I changed into Hyde. Now, however, it was quite easy to become Hyde—the problem was to become Jekyll again after my adventures. My good self and my evil self were fighting for my mind and body—and my evil self was winning.

I knew I had to choose between the two, and I chose Doctor Jekyll. Perhaps I was not wholly serious about this, however, because I did not sell Hyde's flat or destroy his clothes. For two months I lived the life of a quiet and responsible man. But soon I began to miss Hyde—his strong young body, his love of life and his dark adventures in the narrow, nameless streets of London. One night, when my life as Jekyll seemed impossibly dull and boring, I mixed a dose of the drug and drank it.

It was like opening the door of a cage and letting a wild animal escape. That night I became a madman, and beat Sir Danvers to death—for no reason at all. I felt only a wild delight as I hit his body again and again. Afterwards I ran to the flat and destroyed all my papers. I was not ashamed of my crime. Instead I was filled with a high, sweet excitement. I relived the murder as I walked back home through the streets. I felt strong and masterful...Edward Hyde had a song on his lips as he mixed a dose of the drug. 'Your very good health, Sir Danvers!' he laughed as he drank. A moment of terrible pain, then poor Henry Jekyll fell to his knees and begged God to forgive him.

When I was myself again, I locked the door that led from the street to my laboratory. I broke the key and threw it away. Goodbye for ever, Mr Hyde! I whispered.

The next day the news of the murder was all over London. The servant girl had seen the crime and recognized Mr Hyde. My other self was wanted by the police.

In some ways I was glad. Now Hyde could not show his face to the world again. If he did, every honest man in London would be proud to report him to the police.

Once again I led a busy, responsible and almost happy life...until one fine, clear January day. I was sitting on a seat in the park, enjoying the sunshine, when suddenly I felt deathly sick. I began to tremble all over. Soon, however, I felt well again—not only well, but young, strong and fearless. I looked down; my clothes were suddenly too big, the hand on my knee was the bony, hairy hand of Edward Hyde. It was so sudden. One moment I was a famous and popular doctor, the next I was a violent criminal who was wanted for murder.

How could I get to my study to take the drug? I had locked the street door to my laboratory and broken the key. I could not, therefore, enter from the street. I could not go in through the house because of the servants. I needed help from outside. I thought of Lanyon, but how could I reach him? And how could I persuade him to let Hyde into his home? How, too, could I persuade him to break into Doctor Jekyll's private study? It looked impossible. Then I remembered. My appearance was unrecognizable, but my handwriting was unchanged. I could still write a letter in Doctor Jekyll's name! Calling a passing taxicab, I ordered the driver to drive to a hotel quite near Lanyon's house. Of course Jekyll's clothes were much too large for my body, and I had trouble in climbing into the cab. The driver noticed my strange appearance and could not help laughing. I gave him such a black look, however, that the smile froze on his face. In my desperate fear and danger, I was like a pain-maddened animal, ready to kill or wound at any moment. I wanted to pull the driver from his seat and murder him then and there. But I was clever too. My life depended on my coolness, and I fought to control my murderous passions.

We reached the hotel. I paid the driver and went inside, holding up my too-large trousers. The servants smiled when they saw my strange appearance. I stared angrily at them and their smiles disappeared at once. I gave my orders and they led me to a private room and brought me some writing paper and a pen.

Hyde in danger of his life was a new experience for me. He—I write—he because I find it hard to write 'I'—he was not human. His only feelings at that time were fear and hate. Hyde was wholly evil, but he was not stupid. He knew that his life depended on two letters, one to Lanyon and one to Poole. If he failed, he would die.

Carefully he wrote the letters and sent a servant to post them. After that he sat all day by the fire in the private room. There too he had dinner, brought by a frightened waiter. At last, when darkness had covered the city, he sat in the corner of a closed taxicab. 'Just drive round!' he ordered, and the driver drove backwards and forwards through the streets of London.

Then, when Hyde thought the driver was beginning to suspect something, he sent the taxicab away and continued on foot. He was a strange figure in his too-large clothes, with fear and hate staring out of his eyes. He walked along talking to himself. Once a woman spoke to him 'Will you buy my matches, sir?' she begged. Hyde hit her across the face, and she ran away in fear.

My plan was successful. And when I arrived in Lanyon's house, I took the dose of the drug that returned me to my normal appearance.

Immediately afterwards I felt deeply ashamed. Perhaps it was Lanyon's horror that made me feel like that. I do not know. But I hated myself and I was conscious of an important change in my feelings. I was no longer afraid of the police—I was afraid of Hyde himself. The thought of his short, strong, hairy body and his evil, cruel, wholly selfish mind filled me with horror.

Exhausted by the horrors of that day, I slept heavily. I woke in the morning feeling weak and shaky, but quite normal. I still hated and feared the thought of the wild animal inside me, and I had not forgotten the desperate dangers of the day before. But I was at home and close to my drugs, and I was most deeply grateful for my escape.

I was walking across the garden after breakfast, enjoying the clear wintry air, when suddenly my body was again torn by those indescribable feelings which I always experienced after a dose of the drug. I only just reached my study before I was again burning and freezing with the violent passions of Hyde. With feverish speed I mixed the drug. This time I had to take a double dose to return to my old shape. And then, only six hours later, the pains returned and I had to repeat the dose.

From that day onwards the situation worsened. I needed larger and more frequent doses in order to stay in Jekyll's body. The pains came unexpectedly, but most of all when I was asleep. I was afraid to go to bed, or even to sleep for a few moments in my chair. If I did so, I always woke as Hyde.

Soon Jekyll was a sick man, feverish and weakened by pain and fear. As Jekyll grew weaker, Hyde became stronger than ever. He burned with hate for everybody and everything. And Hyde and Jekyll now hated each other with equal passion. Jekyll hated Hyde because Hyde was evil and inhuman, and because Hyde was stronger than he was. Jekyll lived in fear of waking up and finding himself in Hyde's body, with all Hyde's evil passions. Hyde hated Jekyll for a different reason. His fear of death—the punishment for murder—drove him to the hiding-place of Jekyll's body. But he hated this prison and was always fighting to escape from Jekyll's mind and body, and take control. He also hated Jekyll's weakness and his sad, hopeless condition. Most of all, he hated Jekyll's dislike of him. This was why Hyde sometimes did things to annoy Jekyll. He tore the doctor's books and wrote all over them. He burned his letters and even destroyed a picture of the doctor's dead father.

Only Hyde's fear of his own death stops him from killing me. His love of life is terribly strong, and he knows that if he kills me, he too will die. I almost feel sorry for him.

It is useless to continue this confession. The final disaster has arrived, and will put an end to my punishment. I shall soon lose my own face and character for ever. I have only a few doses of the drug left. I sent Poole to the same chemist to fetch some more chemicals. When he brought them, I mixed a dose of the drug. The liquid smoked and changed from red to purple, but it did not turn green. I drank it, and looked in the mirror. But there was no effect. Edward Hyde's face still stared back at me.

I expect Poole has told you that I have searched London for the chemicals I need. It is no good. I have decided that the first chemicals I bought were not absolutely pure. By accident, they contained something unknown to myself or to the chemist that prepared them. And that unknown something made my drug effective. So my drug was an accidental discovery that cannot be repeated.

About a week has passed. I have used the last of the old chemicals, and for the moment I am Henry Jekyll again. But I cannot write much more—I have very little time. If Hyde returns while I am writing this confession, he will tear it to pieces to annoy me. If I finish it, however, he will probably not notice it. He lives only for the moment, and he is already a changed man. He is like a trapped animal now. He sits in my chair trembling and weeping with hate and fear. All the time he listens for the policeman's knock at the door. Will he be caught at last, and put to death? Or will he be brave enough to take a dose of poison at the last moment?

Well, that is not my business. This is the true hour of my death. When you read this, the Henry Jekyll you know will be dead. The rest of the story is about Edward Hyde. Now, as I put down my pen, I bring the life of unhappy Henry Jekyll to an end.

9 杰基尔博士的忏悔

我生于18××年，拥有一大笔遗产、一个强健的身体和一个出色的头脑。当然，我也很勤奋，不久，作为一名科学家，我在自己从事的领域里获得了巨大的成功。人虽年纪轻轻，但不少重要人物都向我讨教。在那样的年纪，大多数年轻人都想出去寻欢作乐，而我的举止却像个花白头发的老人。

这对我来说并不容易。外面的人把我看成一本正经、勤奋工作的博士，但在这安静的性格下，却是活泼、爱玩的交际场里的老手。当然，这没什么可以引以为耻的，但是我那时没有意识到，我感到羞愧难当，这样，很快我就学会了把自己的两种生活截然分开。

我没有一点不诚实，这两个人都是我。那个严肃认真、事业有成的博士是我，那个充满野性、寻欢作乐、不负责任的年轻人也是我。我想了很久一段时间，慢慢地，我明白这样并没有什么特别之处。每个人的性格都有两面性，他就是两个人，住在一起——当然常常是很不舒服地住在一个躯体里。

“那该有多奇妙，”我想，“如果我分离两种性格，给爱玩的这一边以充分的自由。这样，他就可以自己出去，玩个痛快，而把严肃认真、勤奋上进的杰基尔博士留下来，继续做对他至关重要、拯救生灵的工作。”

“这可能实现吗？”我怀疑，“能找到一种药，给自己性格的每一面配上不同的脸和躯体吗？”

我思考了很久，在做了仔细研究之后，我相信自己找到了答案。我看了很多科学方面的书籍，在实验室也花了不少时间，一直在寻找正确的化合物的剂量来配制我的药，最后，除了一种特制的盐类，我要的东西都齐了。后来，我从一个药剂师那里买到了，一切准备就绪了。

我在实验之前犹豫了好久，化合物里的成分要是有一点点差错，那就意味着立即死亡。但是，好奇心是如此强烈，终于克服了我的恐惧。在一个该诅咒的夜晚，我把各种成分混在一起，配成了我的药，我目不转睛地盯着一缕烟雾从液体里冒了出来，液体的颜色渐渐由红变紫，最后变成绿色。随后，我壮起胆子，喝干了这剂苦药。

我感到胃里剧烈地难受，骨头缝里都疼，屋子在我眼前转了起来，我怕得浑身发抖。不一会儿，恐惧和痛楚都消失了，取而代之的是一种奇怪而甜美的感觉。脑海里是令人晕眩的鲁莽冲动，都是些不严肃、不好的念头，是一个残忍、邪恶的家伙才有的念头。但是我觉得自己变年轻了，身体也轻快多了，精神上更加愉快。“即使是个十足的恶魔，”我想，“那我也喜欢他。”

我站在那里，在这些奇怪的想法和情绪中放纵自己——猛然间，我注意到自己个子变矮了。那时我的书房里没有镜子，后来我才放了一面，这样我可以观察自己外形的变化。那时已经是凌晨三点了，所有的仆人都睡了，我打定主意，就这个样子去卧室看看自己，这不会有问题的。我穿过花园，像陌生人一样进了屋，走进自己的房间，第一次见到了爱德华·海德的模样。

那时，我性格里好的一面比坏的一面强。亨利·杰基尔有自身的缺点，但总的说来是个正直、善良的人。虽不肯定，但我相信这就是爱德华·海德比亨利·杰基尔矮得多的原因。然而，他们的差别还不仅限于此。亨利·杰基尔有一张和蔼、开朗、诚实的面孔，而海德眼里透出的尽是邪恶的目光。但我并没有觉得不舒服，事实上，我很乐意接受他。爱德华·海德就是我，年轻，强壮，充满了活力。

但后来我发现海德的相貌和举止对别人的影响很大，凡是见到他的人没有不感到既厌恶又害怕的。这个原因，据我看，是因为每个人都是善与恶的混合体，即使是最坏的罪犯也略有好的一面，而只有海德是完全完全由恶组成的人。

我在镜子前面流连了好一阵。“难道我掉进陷阱里了？”我纳闷，“我还能恢复原样吗？天亮之前，我必须离开这间屋子，否则我会被当作小偷抓起来的。”

我赶紧回到书房，用颤抖的双手又配了另一份药喝下去，再一次遭受那可怖的疼痛和难受，但几秒钟过后，我重返原身，又恢复了亨利·杰基尔的身体、面貌和性格。

我为以后发生的事情深深感到自责，不是因为药，药剂本身没有错误，不好也不坏，但是它却打开了牢狱之门，让爱德华·海德得以逃脱，很快我就无法控制他了。你应该不会忘记，他是个彻头彻尾的恶人。杰基尔博士并非一切都好，可不管怎么说，他是个正常的人，有正常人的缺点和弱点，而海德对他来说太强大了。

那时，我很欢迎海德，仔细为他安排好了一切。我在伦敦的贫民区买了一所公寓，存放他的衣服，还雇了一个仆人家务。只要我想忘掉安静、严肃的自己，就喝上一剂药。刚开始的时候——愿上帝宽恕我——我觉得很有趣，杰基尔博士有名望，但没人认识海德，在他的躯体里，我愿意多自由就有多自由。

我不想多谈海德的历险和可耻的行为，杰基尔还和以前一样善良，总是尽量去弥补海德造成的破坏。但是随着时间的推移，杰基尔越来越不能控制海德了。

一天晚上，海德在街上弄伤了一个小女孩，有人在路上看到了他，那人就是你表弟，有一次你们俩散步到我的窗下，我认出了他。你表弟一把抓住海德，愤怒的人群聚了过来，要海德给孩子家赔钱。为了脱身，海德最后给了你表弟一张杰基尔签名的支票。

从这件事上我吸取了教训，以后用海德的这个名字给他开了新的帐户，我甚至给了他一个不同的笔迹。我想一切都万无一失了，但我错了。

在丹佛斯·卡鲁爵士遇害的两个月前，我又来了一次邪恶的冒险。睡觉前我吃了一剂药，变回杰基尔博士，第二天早晨醒来的时候我感到有什么不对劲……我看看房间四周，目光落在自己的手上。亨利·杰基尔的手宽大、白皙，十分匀称，而那天早晨被单上的手却十分瘦削，又灰又黑，而且毛茸茸的。这是爱德华·海德的手。

我瞪着这双手，惊奇得发呆，恐惧让我难受极了。“晚上睡觉的时候还是亨利·杰基尔，怎么醒来却成了爱德华·海德……这如何解释呢？更要命的是，我怎么去书房配药呢？”

我忽然意识到仆人们对海德来去出入已经习以为常了。我穿上海德的衣服，装模作样地穿过房间。普尔惊讶地瞪着眼，奇怪这么早就看见海德先生，但我也管不了那么多了。十分钟后，杰基尔博士又恢复了原形，坐下来，装出吃早餐的样子。

我担心得够够，哪里还有胃口。我坐在那儿，想着这一切，意识到近几周来海德的体格开始长大，越来越强壮，而且性格也越来越强了。

“我怎么办？”我想，“要是海德控制了局面该如何是好？”我又想到了药，很早以前实验的时候，有过一次彻底失败，有些时候我必须吃两剂药才能变成海德，而现在却越来越容易了——困难的是冒险之后如何再变回杰基尔的样子。我的善良的一半和邪恶的一半在争夺着我的身心，而邪恶的一半渐渐占了上风。

看来我不得不在两者之间进行抉择了，我选择了杰基尔博士。也许我还有所保留，因为我没有卖掉海德的公寓，也没有烧毁他的衣服。有整整两个月，我是个安详、负责的人，但很快我就开始想念海德了——强壮的体魄，旺盛的生命力以及在那条无名、狭窄的小街上的种种不可告人的冒险经历。一天晚上，我觉得杰基尔的生活实在无聊、枯燥，于是我又制了一剂药，喝了下去。

突然，就像打开笼子的门，放出一只野兽，那天晚上，我像个十足的疯子一样把丹佛斯爵士活生生打死了——而且无缘无故。每打一下，我只感到狂野地兴奋。随后我跑回公寓把所有文件都烧毁了，我并不为自己的罪行感到汗颜，相反却洋洋得意，兴奋舒畅。回家的路上，我边走边重新回味了杀人的滋味。我感到自己那么强大，能主宰别人。爱德华·海德一边配药，一边哼着歌。

“为你的健康干杯，丹佛斯爵士！”他大笑着喝了药。先是一阵剧痛，随后可怜的亨利·杰基尔跪倒在地，乞求上帝的饶恕。

我又恢复了原形。我锁上了由小街通往实验室的门，弄断了钥匙，丢在一边。“海德先生，永别了！”我低声说道。

第二天，凶杀案传遍了伦敦，女仆看到了一切，认出了海德。我的另一半成了警察要找的通缉犯。

我多少有点高兴，现在海德不能在这个世界上露面了，只要他一出来，伦敦所有正直的人都会毫不留情地向警方报告的。

我再一次过上忙碌、认真而快乐的生活，直到……那是1月一个天气晴朗的下午，我坐在公园的长椅上晒太阳，突然感到难受极了，全身颤抖，但很快又感觉一切都好了，而且还更年轻，强壮，无所畏惧。我看看自己，发现衣服一下子大了好多，放在膝盖上的手又成了海德那样，瘦骨嶙峋，长满了毛。几秒钟之前，我还是个名声显赫、受人尊敬的医生，一下子却成了恶毒的凶手，凶杀案的通缉犯。

怎么回书房吃药呢？从小街通往实验室的门锁了，钥匙也弄断了，没法从街上进家里，也不可能从大门进去，因为仆人都在那儿。

我需要另外请人帮助，我想到了兰宁，但怎么找到他呢？怎么说服他让海德进他家呢？又怎么说服兰宁去撬开杰基尔博士的私人书房呢？看起来都行不通。

忽然我记起来了！虽然外表认不出我是杰基尔了，但我的笔迹没变，我还能以杰基尔博士的名义写封信！于是我叫了辆出租马车，让车夫驶到离兰宁家很近的一家旅馆那儿。当然杰基尔的衣服是太大了，坐上马车也不大容易。车夫看到我这副模样，忍俊不禁，笑了起来。我白了他一眼，立刻，笑容凝固在他的脸上。在绝望、恐惧和危急中，我好比是让伤痛激疯了的野兽，任何时候都会伤人，我恨不能把车夫从座位上掀下来，立刻杀了他。不过我还不笨，知道自己的性命要靠冷静行事，所以我好不容易才把杀人的欲望压了下去。

到了旅馆，我付了钱，走进去，提着肥大的裤子，侍者望着我奇怪的样子都笑了起来。我恶狠狠地瞪了他们一眼，笑容也一下子不见了。我开了房间，他们领我到了一个单间，并拿来了纸笔。

海德遇到性命悠关的事对我来说还是第一次。他，——我说“他”是因为我没法说那是“我”——他根本不是人。此刻他没别的心思，只有恐惧和仇恨。海德是彻头彻尾的地狱之子，但他还不傻，他知道自己性命依赖两封信：一封是给兰宁的，一封是给普尔的，要是没办好，那他必死无疑。

他很仔细地写完两封信，交给当差的送走了。此后，他在壁炉边坐守终日，饭也在房间里吃，是一个吓破胆的侍者端来的。终于，当夜幕全部降临时，他坐上了一辆车门紧闭的出租马车，缩在角落里。“随便去哪儿，”他吩咐道。马车夫就在伦敦的街道上前前后后地转来转去。

后来，他想到马车夫可能会疑心，就把他打发走了，自己接着步行，穿着那套不合身的大衣服，样子很奇怪，眼睛里仍然透出两种卑劣的感情：恐惧与仇恨。他一边走，一边自言自语，还碰到了个女人和他搭话。

“先生，买火柴吗？”她诚恳地问道。海德却抽了那女人一耳光，女人吓得逃得远远的。

我的计划成功了。我赶到兰宁家吃了药，又恢复了原形。

可是事后我立刻感到羞愧难当，也许是老朋友失魂落魄的样子使我不安，我也不太清楚。但我十分痛恨自己，而且意识到我在感情上发生了重要的变化。我不再害怕警察——我怕的是海德本人。一想到他那矮小、粗壮、毛茸茸的身体和邪恶、凶狠、极端自私的思想，我就浑身战栗。

那天的担惊受怕让我筋疲力尽，我沉沉睡去，早晨醒来后感到十分虚弱，不断发抖，但人还正常。我仍然痛恨和害怕心中那个狂暴的野兽，也没有忘记头天晚上令人胆寒的危险，不过我又回到了家，药就在手边，我真高兴自己九死一生，终于逃了回来。

早饭后，我去花园散步，呼吸呼吸冬天里凉飕飕的空气。突然身体又是一阵剧痛，就像每次吃过药后无以名状的痛苦折磨着我，刚刚碰到书房的门，心里又是一阵翻腾，忽而冰冷忽而灼热，充斥着海德狂野的欲望。我急不可耐地配了药，这次喝了双倍剂量才使我复原。但是，六个小时后，剧痛又回来了，我又得服药。

从那天起，情况恶化了，药量大了，次数也多了，只有这样才能维持着杰基尔的外貌。不知什么时候，痛楚就来了，尤其是睡觉的时候，我甚至害怕去睡觉，哪怕在椅子上睡几分钟。只要稍稍打一会儿盹，醒来就又变成了海德。

很快，杰基尔就成了一个病人，被发烧、疼痛和恐惧折磨得十分虚弱。而海德却比以前任何时候都更强大，不论对谁，对什么事情都充满了仇恨。他们之间现在对对方也怀着相同的仇恨。对杰基尔来说，他恨海德是因为海德邪恶而且没有人性，同时也因为海德比他强大。他整天提心吊胆，生怕一觉醒来变成海德的样子，有海德那种邪恶的欲望。海德恨杰基尔，原因却不同。他怕死——怕受到杀人的惩罚，这一点迫使他杰基尔的身体当作藏身之所。但他又憎恨这所监狱，总想挣扎着逃出来，控制一切。他怨恨杰基尔软弱、忧郁、无助的样子，但他最恨的还是杰基尔对他的厌恶，所以他有时跟我捣蛋，激怒我。他撕我的书，在上面涂鸦，他还烧我的信，甚至毁了一幅我父亲的肖像。

只是海德自己怕死，所以才没有杀了我。他对生命渴望极了，他明白要是杀了我，他自己也就死了。我心里不禁对他多少有点怜悯。

继续忏悔也没有用了。最终，灾难还是到了，终于给我的惩罚画上了句号。很快我将永远失去自己的面貌和本性，因为只剩没几副药了。我派普尔去了同一家药店，他买回来后我就配了一剂，同样有沸腾，有烟雾冒出来，颜色从红变到紫，但没变成绿色。我喝下去，望着镜子，然而发现无效，爱德华·海德的面孔还在瞪着我。

我想普尔已经告诉你我找药找遍了伦敦，但却毫无结果，我这才明白第一批货是不纯的，正是我和药剂师都还不认识的那种杂质使我的药成功了。这么说来，我配的药便是偶然的发现，不可能重复的。

一个星期过去了，我用完了最后一点第一批买的药，这会儿我又是亨利·杰基尔了。但我写不了多少东西了，时间不够了。如果写这些忏悔时又变成海德，他会把这些纸撕成碎片来气我的。但如果我写完了，他也许不会注意到的。实际上，他也活不了多久，已经成了变态的人，就像陷阱里的困兽一样，坐在椅子上打战，哭泣，又是恨，又是怕。他一直听着警察的敲门声。他们会抓住他，把他送上绞刑架吗？他有勇气在最后一刻服下毒药吗？

好了，这些事我也管不了了。此刻是我生命真正终结的时刻。看到这个时，您所认识的亨利·杰基尔已经死了，剩下的故事是爱德华·海德的了。我放下了笔，同时也让亨利·杰基尔不幸的一生结束了吧。

[1 The road to Paris—1775](#)

[2 A wine—shop in Paris](#)

[3 A trial in London—1780](#)

[4 The Marquis of Evremonde](#)

[5 Two men speak of love](#)

[6 Stormy years in France](#)

[7 A call for help](#)

[8 In the hands of the citizens](#)

[9 The spy](#)

[10 The secret paper](#)

[11 Madame Defarge's revenge](#)

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简介

时间是1775年，在巴黎的一家酒馆的楼上的一间屋子里坐着一位白发男人，他正忙着做鞋。他曾在巴士底狱当了18年的囚徒。现在他已是一个自由人了，然而他却不知道自己的名字，也认不出他的朋友。他所知道的就是他必须继续做鞋。

在一辆去巴黎的车上坐着路茜，这是他从未见过面的女儿。路茜把她父亲带回了伦敦，在女儿的爱心和照料之下，他忘掉了过去并学会了重像一个自由人那样去生活。

然而在法国大革命的暴风雨年代，过去既没有消失也没有被忘掉。于是不久过去的危险秘密地把路茜和她所爱的人们带回了巴黎……那儿恐怖的死亡机器——断头台正饥饿地等候着法兰西的敌人们。

查尔斯·狄更斯是英国最伟大的作家之一，他1812年出生于普茨茅斯，1870年去世。他出身贫寒，但在不幸的童年过后，他很快便变得富有和成功。在他众多的著名小说中有《雾都孤儿》、《远大前程》及《圣诞欢歌》。

1 The road to Paris—1775

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. It was the season of light, it was the season of darkness. It was the spring of hope, it was the winter of sadness. It was the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy—five.

In France there was a King and a Queen, and in England there was a King and a Queen. They believed that nothing would ever change. But in France things were bad, and getting worse. The people were poor, hungry and unhappy. The King made paper money and spent it, and the people had nothing to eat. Behind closed doors in the homes of the people, voices spoke in whispers against the King and his noblemen; they were only whispers, but they were the angry whispers of desperate people.

Late one November night, in that same year 1775, a coach going from London to Dover, stopped at the top of a long hill. The horses were tired, but as they rested, the driver heard an other horse coming fast up the hill behind them. The rider stopped his horse beside the coach and shouted:

‘I want a passenger, Mr Jarvis Lorry, from Tellson’s Bank in London.’

‘I am Mr Jarvis Lorry, ’ said one of the passengers, putting his head out of the window. ‘What do you want?’

‘It’s me! Jerry, Jerry Cruncher, from Tellson’s Bank, sir, ’ cried the man on the horse.

‘What’s the matter, Jerry?’ called Mr Lorry.

A message for you, Mr Lorry. You’ve got to wait at Dover for a young lady.’

‘Very well, Jerry, ’ said Mr Lorry. ‘Tell them my answer is CAME BACK TO LIFE’.

It was a strange message, and a stranger answer. No one in the coach understood what they meant.

The next day Mr Lorry was sitting in his hotel in Dover when a young lady arrived. She was pretty, with golden hair and blue eyes, and Mr Lorry remembered a small child, almost a baby. He had carried her in his arms when he came from Calais to Dover, from France to England, many years ago. Mr Lorry asked the young lady to sit down.

‘Miss Manette, ’ he said. ‘I have a strange story to tell you, about one of the customers of Tellson’s Bank. That’s where I work.’

‘Yes, but I don’t quite understand, Mr Lorry, ’ said the young lady. ‘I received a message from Tellson’s Bank, asking me to come here to meet you. I understood there was some news about my poor father’s money. He died so long ago—before I was born. What is this story you want to tell me?’

‘About twenty years ago, Miss Manette, a French doctor married an English lady. They had a daughter, but just before she was born, her father disappeared. Nobody knew what had happened to him. Not long afterwards his unhappy wife died, and their daughter was brought back to England.’

‘But this is like my father’s story, Mr Lorry. And wasn’t it you who brought me back to England?’

‘Yes, that’s true, Miss Manette. Many years ago I brought you from France to England, and Tellson’s Bank has taken care of you since then. You were told that your father had died. But think, Miss Manette. Perhaps your father wasn’t dead. Perhaps he was in prison. Not because he had done something wrong! But just because he had a powerful enemy—an enemy with the power to send him to prison and to keep him there, hidden and forgotten, for eighteen years!’

‘Can it be true? Is it possible that my father is still alive?’ Lucie Manette stared at Mr Lorry. Her face was white and her hands trembled. ‘It will be his ghost—not him!’

‘No, Miss Manette, ’ said Mr Lorry gently. ‘He is alive, but he has changed very much. Even his name had been forgotten! And we must ask no questions about the past, no questions at all. It would be too dangerous. He has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there to bring him back to life.’

1 去巴黎的路—1775年

那是最好的年代，也是最糟的年代。那是光明的时节，也是黑暗的时节。那是希望的春季，也是悲伤的冬日。那是公元1775年。

那时的法国有国王和王后，英国也有国王和王后，他们相信什么事情都不会改变。但是法国的境况很糟糕，而且是每况愈下。人民在贫艇、饥饿和不幸中生活。国王发行纸币进行挥霍，而百姓却要忍饥挨饿。在门户紧闭的家中，人们悄声地谈论着反对国王和他的贵族们的话题。它们只是低声的密谈，但却是绝望中的人们愤怒的声音。

就在那1775年11月的一个深夜，一辆从伦敦赶往多佛的马车停在了一条绵延的山丘的顶部。马匹都已经很累了，但在它们休息时，赶车人听到后面有另一匹马正急速地朝他们赶来。骑马人把马停在马车的旁边并喊道：

“我要找伦敦台尔森银行来的贾维斯·劳里先生。”

“我就是贾维斯·劳里先生，”车内的一位乘客从车窗探出头来说道。“有什么事吗？”

“是我！杰里，杰里·克拉彻，从台尔森银行来的，先生，”马上的人喊道。

“什么事，杰里？”劳里先生问道。

“捎个信儿给您，劳里先生，您得在多佛等候一位年轻女士。”

“好吧，杰里，”劳里先生说。“告诉他们，就说我的答复是‘活过来’”。

口信儿是奇特的，而答复就更奇特了。马车上的人都不明白他们在说什么。

第二天，劳里先生在多佛的旅馆里坐着时，来了一位年轻的女士。她很美，有一头金黄的头发和蓝色的眼睛，这让劳里先生想起了一个小孩儿，几乎是个婴儿。那是在很多年前，在从法国加莱去英国多佛的路上，他曾把她抱在怀里。劳里先生让这位年轻女士坐下来。

“马内特小姐，”他说道。“我有个离奇的故事要告诉你，是关于台尔森银行的一位顾客的。台尔森银行是我工作的地方。”

“好吧，但是我不太明白，劳里先生，”年轻的女士说。“我从台尔森银行接到口信，要我到这儿来见您。我知道一些有关我可怜的父亲的钱的事。他很早就已死了——还在我出生之前。您要告诉我的是什么事呢？”

“大约20年前，马内特小姐，有位法国医生娶了一位英国女士。他们有了一个女儿，但是还在他们的女儿出生之前，这位父亲却失踪了。没有人知道他出了什么事。不久，他那位伤心的妻子也死了，他们的女儿被带回了英国。”

“但这像是我父亲的故事呀，劳里先生。况且不正是您把我带回英国的吗？”

“是的，是这样的，马内特小姐。很多年前我把你从法国带到了英国，并且自那以后台尔森银行就开始照料你。人家告诉你说你的父亲已

经死了。但是设想一下，马内特小姐，或许你的父亲那时并没有死，或许他在监狱里呢。那并不是因为他犯了什么罪！而只是因为他有一个强大的敌人——这个敌人拥有权势将他投进监狱，而且让他在那里与世隔绝、被人遗忘地关了18年！”

“这是真的吗？我父亲可能还活着吗？”路茜·马内特紧盯着劳里先生。她的脸色苍白，双手颤抖着。“那会是他的灵魂，而不是他本人！”

“不，马内特小姐，”劳里先生温和地说。“他还活着，只是有了很大的变化，就连他自己的名字也记不得了！我们绝对不可以问起从前的事，一点都不能问。那样的话就太危险了。他已经被带到巴黎的一个旧日的仆人的家里，我们就是要去那里让他回到日常生活中来。”

2 A wine—shop in Paris

In the part of Paris called Saint Antoine everyone was poor. The streets were narrow and dirty, the food—shops were almost empty. The faces of the children looked old already, because they were so hungry. In the wine—shop of Monsieur Defarge there were not many customers and Defarge was outside, talking to a man in the street. His wife, Madame Defarge, sat inside the shop, knitting and watching. Defarge came in and his wife looked at him, then turned her eyes to look at two new customers, a man of about sixty and a young lady. Defarge went over to speak to them, suddenly kissed the young lady’s hand, and led them out of the back of the shop. They followed him upstairs, many stairs, until they reached the top. Defarge took a key out of his pocket.

‘Why is the door locked?’ asked Mr Lorry in surprise. ‘He is a free man now.’

‘Because he has lived too long behind a locked door,’ replied Defarge angrily. ‘He is afraid if the door is not locked! That is one of the things they have done to him.’

‘I’m afraid, too,’ whispered Miss Manette. Her blue eyes looked worriedly at Mr Lorry. ‘I am afraid of him—of my father.’

Defarge made a lot of noise as he opened the door. Mr Lorry and Lucie went into the room behind him. A thin, white—haired man was sitting on a wooden seat. He was very busy, making shoes.

‘Good day,’ said Defarge. ‘You are still working hard, I see.’

After a while they heard a whisper. ‘Yes, I am still working.’

‘Come,’ said Defarge. ‘You have a visitor. Tell him your name.’

‘My name?’ came the whisper. ‘One Hundred and Five, North Tower.’

Mr Lorry moved closer to the old man. ‘Dr Manette, don’t you remember me, Jarvis Lorry?’ he asked gently.

The old prisoner looked up at Mr Lorry, but there was no surprise, no understanding in his tired face, and he went back to work making shoes.

Slowly Lucie came near to the old man. After a while he noticed her.

‘Who are you?’ he asked.

Lucie put her arms around the old man and held him, tears of happiness and sadness running down her face. From a little bag the old man took some golden hair. He looked at it, and then he looked at Lucie’s hair. ‘It is the same. How can it be?’ He stared into Lucie’s face. ‘No, no, you are too young, too young.’

Through her tears Lucie tried to explain that she was the daughter he had never seen. The old man still did not understand, but he seemed to like the sound of Lucie’s voice and the touch of her warm young hand on his.

Then Lucie said to Mr Lorry, ‘I think we should leave Paris at once. Can you arrange it?’

‘Yes, of course,’ said Mr Lorry. ‘But do you think he is able to travel?’

‘He will be better far away from this city where he has lost so much of his life,’ said Lucie.

‘You are right,’ said Defarge. ‘And there are many other reasons why Dr Manette should leave France now.’

While Mr Lorry and Defarge went to arrange for a coach to take them out of Paris, Lucie sat with her father. Exhausted by the meeting, he fell asleep on the floor, and his daughter watched him quietly and patiently until it was time to go.

When Mr Lorry returned, he and Defarge brought food and clothes for Dr Manette. The Doctor did everything they told him to do; he had been used to obeying orders for so many years. As he came down the stairs, Mr Lorry heard him say again and again, ‘One Hundred and Five, North Tower.’

When they went to the coach, only one person saw them go: Madame Defarge. She stood in the doorway, and knitted and watched, seeing everything… and seeing nothing.

2 巴黎的一家酒店

在巴黎的一个名叫圣安东尼的地方，所有的人都很穷。街道狭窄肮脏，食品店几乎都是空的。孩子们的脸色已显出老态，因为他们太饥饿了。在得法热先生的酒店里没有多少顾客，得法热则在门外与街上的一个男人交谈着。他的妻子得法热夫人正坐在店里一边织毛衣一边观察着周围。得法热走进店来，他的妻子看着他，然后就把眼光转过去盯着两位新来的顾客，他们是一位大约60岁的男人和一位年轻的女士。得法热走过去同他们说话，他突然吻起了那位小姐的手，接着领着他们从店铺后面走出去。他们跟着他上楼，爬了很多级楼梯才到达楼顶。得法热从兜里掏出一把钥匙来。

“为什么锁着门？”劳里先生惊讶地问。“他现在是个自由人了。”

“因为他在上了锁的房子里生活的时间太长了，”得法热气愤地回答说。“门要是不锁上他就会害怕！这是他们给他造成的恶果之一。”

“我也害怕，”马内特小姐低声地说。她那蓝蓝的眼睛忧心地看着劳里先生。“我害怕他——我的父亲。”

得法热开门时弄出了很多响声，劳里先生和路茜跟在他后面进了屋子。一个瘦削而头发全白的人正坐在一个木头凳子上。他在忙着做鞋子。

“您好，”得法热说。“您还在忙着哪？”

过了一会儿他们才听到一声嘟哝：“是的，我还在干着活。”

“瞧，”得法热说。“有人来看您了。告诉他们您的名字。”

“我的名字？”嘟哝声传过来道。“一百零五，北塔。”

劳里先生走近了老人。“马内特医生，您不记得我了吗，贾维斯·劳里？”他轻声地问道。

这个老犯人抬起头看着劳里先生，但是没有表现出惊奇，疲惫的脸上没有显示出他明白了什么的表情，然后他又重新做起鞋来。

路茜慢慢地走近了老人。过了片刻他才注意到了她。

“你是谁？”他问道。

路茜伸出胳膊抱住了老人并搂紧他，悲喜交加的泪水滚下了脸颊。老人从一个小包里拿出几缕金发。他看看它们，然后又看看路茜的头

发。“是一样的，这怎么可能呢？”他凝视着路茜的脸。“不，不，你太年轻了，太年轻了。”

路茜含着泪竭力地要说明她是他从未见过的女儿。老人仍旧不明白，但却似乎很喜欢路茜的声音以及她年轻温暖的手触摸他的手。

后来路茜对劳里先生说：“我看我们得马上离开巴黎。您能安排一下吗？”

“是的，当然能，”劳里先生说。“但你认为他能够旅行吗？”

“远离这个让他失去生命中如此之多的城市，他就会好些的。”路茜说道。

“你说得对，”得法热说。“况且让马内特医生马上离开法国还有很多其他的原因。”

在劳里先生和得法热去安排载他们出巴黎的马车时，路茜陪坐在她父亲的身旁。他被这次相会弄得疲倦极了，便在地板上睡着了，他的女儿则安静而耐心地看顾着他，直到该走的时候。

劳里先生回来时，他和得法热给马内特医生带回来些食物和衣服。医生完全照着他们的要求行事，这么多年来他已经习惯了服从命令。在他下楼时，劳里先生听见他一遍又一遍地说着“105，北塔。”

在他们朝马车走去时，只有一个人看到了他们，那就是得法热夫人。她站在门口，边织着毛衣边观察着。她看到了所有的事情……但没有发现任何的问题。

3 A trial in London—1780

Tellson's Bank in the City of London was an old, dark, and ugly building. It smelt of dust and old papers, and the people who worked there all seemed old and dusty, too. Outside the building sat Jerry Cruncher, who carried messages for people in the bank.

One morning in March 1780, Jerry had to go to the Old Bailey to collect an important message from Mr Lorry. Trials at the Old Bailey were usually for very dangerous criminals, and the prisoner that morning was a young man of about twenty—five, well dressed and quite calm.

'What's he done?' Jerry asked the doorman quietly.

'He's a spy! A French spy!' the doorman told him. 'He travels from England to France and tells the French King secret information about our English army.'

'What'll happen if he's guilty?' asked Jerry.

'oh, he'll have to die, no question of that,' replied the doorman enthusiastically. 'They'll hang him.'

'What's his name?'

'Darnay, Charles Darnay. Not an English name, is it?'

While Jerry waited, he looked around at the crowd inside the Old Bailey and noticed a young lady of about twenty years, and her father, a gentleman with very white hair. The young lady seemed very sad when she looked at the prisoner, and held herself close to her father.

Then the trial began, and the first person who spoke against Charles Darnay was called John Barsad.

He was an honest man, he said, and proud to be an Englishman. Yes, he was, or had been, a friend of the prisoner's. And in the prisoner's pockets he had seen important plans and lists about the English armies. No, of course he had not put the lists there himself. And no, he was not a spy himself, he was not someone paid to make traps for innocent people.

Next the young lady spoke. She said that she had met the prisoner on the boat which had carried her and her father from France to England. 'He was very good and kind to my father and to me,' she said.

'Was he travelling alone on the ship?'

'No, he was with two French gentlemen.'

'Now, Miss Manette, did you see him show them any papers, or anything that looked like a list?'

'No, I didn't see anything like that.'

Questions, questions, questions! The trial went on, and finally, a small, red-haired man spoke. He told the judge that he had seen Mr Darnay at a hotel in a town where there were many soldiers and ships. Then one of the lawyers, a man called Sydney Carton, wrote some words on a piece of paper, and gave it to Mr Stryver, the lawyer who was speaking for Mr Darnay.

'Are you quite sure that the prisoner is the man you saw?' Mr Stryver asked the red-haired man.

'Quite sure,' said the man.

Have you ever seen anyone like the prisoner?' asked Mr Stryver.

'I'd always be able to recognize him.' The red-haired man was very confident.

'Then I must ask you to look at the gentleman over there,' said Mr Stryver, pointing to Sydney Carton. 'Don't you think that he is very like the prisoner?'

Everyone in the court could see that Sydney Carton and Charles Darnay were indeed very similar.

'Well then,' said Mr Stryver, 'it is so easy to find a man like the prisoner that we can even find one in this room. So how can you be so sure that it was the prisoner you saw in that hotel?'

And the red-haired man said not another word.

The lawyers talked and argued, and when at last the trial came to an end, Jerry Cruncher had fallen asleep.

But Mr Lorry woke him up and gave him a piece of paper. 'NOT GUILTY' were the words written on it, and Jerry hurried back to Tellson's Bank with the message.

Sydney Carton seemed to be a man who did not care about anyone or anything. He was Mr Stryver's assistant. In fact, he did most of the real work for Mr Stryver. Stryver was good at speaking at a trial, but he was not good at discovering important facts and details, especially when these details were hidden in a lot of papers. Every night Carton studied the many papers that lawyers have to read, and he wrote down the questions which Stryver should ask at the next day's trial. And every day Stryver asked these questions, and people thought how clever he was.

Outside the Old Bailey Mr Darnay, now a free man, met his friends: Dr Manette and his daughter Lucie, Mr Jarvis Lorry, Mr Stryver, and Mr Carton.

Dr Manette no longer looked like the man in the room above Defarge's wine-shop five years ago. His hair was white, but his eyes were bright and he stood straight and strong. Sometimes his face became dark and sad when he remembered the years in the Bastille prison; at these times only his daughter Lucie, whom he loved so much, could help him.

As they stood there talking, a strange expression came over Dr Manette's face. He was staring at Charles Darnay, but he did not seem to see him. For a few moments there was dislike, even fear in his eyes. 'My father,' said Lucie softly, putting her hand on his arm, 'shall we go home now?'

'Yes,' he answered slowly.

Soon they drove off in a coach, and then Mr Stryver and Mr Lorry walked away, leaving Mr Darnay and Mr Carton alone.

'It must be strange for you,' said Carton, 'to be a free man again, and to be standing here, talking to a man who looks just like you. Let us go out and eat together.'

After they had eaten. Carton said softly. 'How sad and worried Miss Manette was for you today! She's a very beautiful

young woman, don't you think?'

Darnay did not reply to what Carton had said, but he thanked him for his help at the trial.

'I don't want your thanks, ' replied Carton.'I have done nothing. And I don't think I like you.'

'Well, ' said Darnay, 'you have no reason to like me. But I hope that you will allow me to pay the bill for both of us.'

'Of course. And as you are paying for me, I'll have another bottle of wine.'

After Darnay had left, Carton drank some more wine and looked at himself in the mirror. He was angry because Darnay looked so much like him, but was so different. Carton knew that he was a clever lawyer, and that he was a good and honest man, but he had never been successful for himself. He drank too much, and his life was unhappy and friendless. His cleverness and his hard work in the law only made others, like Mr Stryver, successful and rich. He remembered Lucie Manette's worried face when she watched Darnay in court.

'If I changed places with Darnay, ' he whispered to himself, 'would those blue eyes of Miss Manette look at me, in the same way? No, no, it's too late now.'

He drank another bottle of wine and fell asleep.

In a quiet street not far away was the house where Dr Manette and Lucie lived. They had one servant, Miss Pross, who had taken care of Lucie since she was a child. Miss Pross had red hair and a quick, sharp voice, and seemed at first sight a very alarming person. But everybody knew that she was in fact a warm-hearted and unselfish friend, who would do anything to guard her darling Lucie from trouble or danger.

Dr Manette was now well enough to work as a doctor, and he, Lucie, and Miss Pross led a quiet, comfortable life. Mr Lorry, who had become a close family friend, came regularly to the house, and in the months after the trial, Mr Darnay and Mr Carton were also frequent visitors. This did not please Miss Pross at all, who always looked very cross when they came.

'Nobody is good enough for my darling Lucie, ' she told Mr Lorry one day, 'and I don't like all these hundreds of visitors.'

Mr Lorry had a very high opinion of Miss Pross, but he wasn't brave enough to argue that two visitors were not'hundreds'. Nobody argued with Miss Pross if they could avoid it.

3 伦敦的一次审判—1780年

伦敦城里的台尔森银行是一座古老、灰暗而且丑陋的建筑。这里充斥着灰尘和废纸的气味，就连在里面工作的人似乎也都古旧而灰头灰脑的。负责为银行里的人传书送信的杰里·克拉彻坐在银行的外面。

1780年3月的一天早晨，杰里要去旧巴勒从劳里先生那儿获取一条重要信息。在旧巴勒的审判往往都是对那些非常危险的犯人进行的，而那天早上的罪犯是一个大约25岁左右的年轻人。他穿着体面，人也很沉着。

“他犯了什么罪？”杰里轻声地问看门人。

“他是一个间谍！一个法国间谍！”看门人告诉他。“他从英国赶到法国，然后把英国军队的动向秘报给了法国国王。”

“如果判他有罪的话他会受什么样的惩罚？”杰里问。

“哦，得判死刑，这是无疑的。”看门人情绪高昂地回答说。“他们会绞死他的。”

“他叫什么名字？”

“代尔那，查尔斯·代尔那。不是一个英国名字，是吧？”

杰里一边等着，一边朝旧巴勒里的人群巡视。他注意到了一位20岁左右的年轻女子和她的父亲——一位白发苍苍的绅士。当年轻女子看着罪犯时显得很悲伤，并紧紧地搂住她的父亲。

审判开始了。第一个起诉查尔斯·代尔那的人名叫约翰·巴萨德。他自称是一个诚实的人，并以自己是英国人而自豪。他承认自己是或曾经是罪犯的一个朋友，而且他曾见过罪犯的衣袋里有一些关于英国军队的重要计划和图表。他否认是他本人把图表放进去的，也否认自己是间谍，他也不是受人收买而去陷害无辜的那种人。

接下来是那个年轻子发言。她说在她和父亲从法国来英国的船上曾遇到过这个犯人。“他对我父亲和我都很友善。”她说。

“他当时是只身一人乘船旅行的吗？”

“不，他和两个法国人在一起。”

“那么，马内特小姐，你看到他给他们看了什么文件或任何类似表格一样的东西吗？”

“没有，我没有看见过任何这类的东西。”

问题一个接着一个地提出来！审判继续进行着。最后，一位矮小，红头发的男人说话了。他告诉法官说他曾在一个小镇的一家旅馆见到过代尔那先生，那儿有很多的士兵和船只。接下来一位名叫西得尼·卡登的律师在一张纸上写了几个字并把它递给代尔那先生的辩护律师史太弗先生。

“你能肯定这个犯人就是你见过的那个人吗？”史太弗先生问那个红头发男人。

“非常肯定。”他说。

“你曾见过和这个罪犯长得相像的人吗？”史太弗先生问。

“无论如何我都能把他认出来的。”红头发男人非常自信。

“那么我得请您看看那边的那位先生，”史太弗先生指着西得尼·卡登说。“您不认为他长得非常像这位犯人吗？”

法庭上的每一个人都能看出西得尼·卡登和查尔斯·代尔那长得的确很相像。

“那么说，”史太弗先生说道。“很容易就能找到一个与罪犯相像的人乃至在这间屋子里我们就能找出一个和罪犯长得酷似的人，那你又怎么能确信你在旅馆里看到的就是罪犯呢？”

红头发男人再也说不出话来了。

律师们开始争辩讨论。当审判最后结束时，杰里·克拉彻都已睡着了。

但是劳里先生叫醒他并且给了他一张纸条，上面写着“无罪”的字样，杰里便急急忙忙地带着这条消息回了银行。

西得尼·卡登似乎对任何人或任何事都不在乎。他是史太弗先生的助手，实际上，多数实际工作是他代劳的。史太弗先生在法庭上能言善

辩，但却不擅长于发现重要的事实和细节，尤其是当这些细节隐藏在一大堆文件中的时候。每天晚上卡登都要研读那些律师必读的文件，然后写下史太弗在第二天的审判中所要问的问题。每天史太弗问到这些问题时，人们都会赞叹他的机智。

在旧巴勒的外面，现在已是自由人的代尔那先生和他的朋友们在一起：有马内特医生和他的女儿路茜、贾维斯·劳里先生、史太弗先生和卡登先生。

马内特医生看上去已不再是5年前在得法热酒店楼上房间里的那个样子了。他的头发白了，但眼睛炯炯有神。他站姿笔直，显得很矍铄。有时当他想起在巴士底狱的日子，脸上就会显出阴沉和悲伤。这时只有他所钟爱的女儿路茜能让他快活起来。

在他们站着谈话时，一种奇怪的表情掠过医生的脸。他盯着查尔那·代尔那，但又似乎并没有看他。有好一阵儿他的眼中都显出反感甚至是恐惧的神情。

“爸爸，”路茜柔声地说着并把手放在了他的胳膊上。“我们回家好吗？”

“好吧。”他慢慢地答道。

很快他们就坐上马车走了。然后，史太弗先生和劳里先生也走开了，剩下代尔那和卡登先生单独在一起。

“你一定感到奇怪。”卡登说。“你又自由了、而且站在这儿和一个长得酷似你的人谈话。我们一起去吃一顿吧。”

饭后，卡登轻声地说，“瞧，今天马内特小姐为你多么伤心着急呀！她可是个漂亮的姑娘，你不这么认为吗？”

代尔那没有回应卡登的话，而是对他在法庭上的帮助表示感谢。

“我不要你的感谢。”卡登说。“我没做什么。我想我也并不喜欢你。”

“好吧，”代尔那说。“你没有理由要喜欢我，但是我希望你要允许我为我们两个人付账。”

“当然。而且既然你要为我付账，那么我就再来一瓶葡萄酒吧。”

代尔那走后，卡登又喝了些酒，并照了照镜子。让他恼火的是代尔那长得和他如此相像，但是他们又如此不同。卡登明白自己是一个精明的律师，又是一个诚实的好人，但他自己却从未成功过。他酗酒，生活不幸且没有朋友。他在法律方面的聪明才智和辛勤工作仅仅使得他人，比如史太弗先生，名利双收。路茜·马内特在法庭上看着代尔那时的焦急面容仍在他的脑海中。

“如果我和代尔那换个位置，”他悄声对自己说，“马内特小姐的那双蓝眼睛也会那样看着我吗？不，不，现在已经太晚了。”

他又喝了一瓶酒，然后就睡着了。

马内特医生和路茜所住的房子就在不远处的一条宁静的街上。他们有一个仆人普罗斯小姐。路茜从小时候起就是由她带大的。普罗斯小姐有一头红发，说话急促而尖利。第一眼看上去她会让人感到害怕。但每个人都知道她实际上是个热心而无私的朋友。她会不惜一切地保护她亲爱的路茜免遭麻烦和危险。

马内特医生现在已恢复得很好，已经可以胜任医生的工作了。他、路茜和普罗斯小姐过着宁静而舒适的生活。劳里先生已成为这个家的亲密朋友，经常来这里作客。同时在那个审判会过后几个月，代尔那先生和卡登先生也成了这里的常客，这让普罗斯小姐一点儿都不高兴。每次他们来时她都显得很生气。

“没有人能配得上我亲爱的路茜。”她有一天对劳里先生说，“而且我也不喜欢这成百个的客人。”

劳里先生很看重普罗斯小姐，可他却没有足够的勇气去和她争论说两个客人够不上“成百个”。只要能避免就没人愿意去和普罗斯小姐争吵。

4 The Marquis of Evremonde

The Marquis of Evremonde was a disappointed man. He had waited for hours at the palace of the King of France, but the King had not spoken to him. Angrily, the Marquis got into his coach and told the driver to take him home. Very soon the coach was driving fast out of Paris, and the people in the narrow streets had to run to get out of the way—if they could. At the corner of a street in Saint Antoine, one of the coach wheels hit something, and the people in the street screamed loudly. The horses were frightened and stopped.

'What has gone wrong?' asked the Marquis calmly, looking out of the window of the coach. A tall man had picked something up from under the feet of the horses and was crying loudly over it.

'Why is that man making that terrible noise?' asked the Marquis impatiently.

'I'm sorry, Monsieur the Marquis. It is his child, ' said one of the people.

'Dead! Killea! ' screamed the man.

The people in the street came close to the coach and looked to the coach and looked at the Marquis with stony, silent faces. The Marquis looked back at them in bored dislike. To him, they were no more than animals.

'I can't understand, ' he said coldly, 'why you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. I hope my horses are not hurt.' And he threw a gold coin to his driver.'Give this to that man! '

'Dead! ' shouted the father of the child again.

Another man came forward.'Be brave, Gaspard. Your child has died quickly, and without pain. It is better to die like that than to go on living in these terrible times.'

'You are a sensible man, ' said the Marquis from his coach.

'What is your name?'

'They call me Defarge.'

'This is for you, ' said the Marquis, and he threw Defarge another gold coin.'Drive on, ' he called to his driver.

Just as the coach was leaving, a coin was thrown back in through the window. The Marquis looked angrily at the corner where Defarge had been standing. Defarge had gone. At the corner there now stood a large, dark-haired woman, knitting. She stared long and hard at the face of the Marquis, but he did not look at her, and drove on.

Later that day, as the sun was going down, the same coach stopped in a village near the Marquis's castle. Several villagers, in poor thin clothes, with thin hungry faces, were standing in the village square. The Marquis looked at their faces and then pointed to one of them.

'Bring that man to me, ' he said to his driver.

The man came up to the coach, hat in hand, and the other villagers moved closer to listen.

'I passed you on the road just outside the village, ' said the Marquis.'You were looking at my coach in a very strange way. Why was that?'

'Monsieur, I was looking at the man, ' came the reply.

'What man?' asked the Marquis angrily.

'The man who was holding on under your coach, ' said the poor man, trembling with fear.

'What was he like?'

'Oh, Monsieur, he was white from head to foot. All covered with dust. Just like a ghost.'

'Where is he now? What happened to him?'

'Oh, he ran away down the hill outside the village.'

The Marquis turned to speak to another man. This was Monsieur Gabelle, the Marquis's official in the village.

'Gabelle, ' the Marquis said, 'watch out for this man. If he comes here, put him in prison.'

When the Marquis arrived at his castle, he asked if his nephew, Monsieur Charles, had arrived from England.

'Not yet, sir, ' replied the servant, but as the Marquis was eating his dinner, he heard the sound of a coach outside. Soon his nephew entered the room. In England he was known as Charles Darnay.

'You've been away for a long time, ' said the Marquis, with his cold, polite smile.

'I've had many problems in England. Perhaps because of you, ' Darnay said to his uncle.'I was in great danger.'

'No, no, I had nothing to do with your problems, ' replied the Marquis coldly.'Unfortunately, our family no longer has the power that it once had.'

'If it still had that power, one word from you would doubtless send me to prison, ' said Darnay.

'Possibly. For the good of our family.'

'The name of our family is hated everywhere in France. We are hard, cruel landowners. Our miserable people own nothing. They work for us night and day, but they don't even have enough food for themselves and their children. If this land became mine, I would give it away, and go and live somewhere else.'

'You seem to be very fond of England, although you are not a rich man there, ' said the Marquis.'I believe you know another Frenchman who has found a safe home there. A Doctor, I believe?'

'Yes.'

'With a daughter?'

'Yes.'

'Yes, ' said the Marquis with a secret smile on his face. 'So, a new way of life begins. But you are tired. Goodnight,

Charles sleep well. I shall see you in the morning.’

After his nephew had gone to bed, the Marquis went to his room. The castle was surrounded with darkness. In the villages nearby the hungry people dreamt of a better life, with enough good food to eat, and time to rest from their work.

Early in the morning the dreamers awoke and started their day’s hard work. The people in the castle did not get up until later, but when they did, why did the great bell start ringing? Why did people ride out of the castle to the village as fast as they could?

The answer lay in the bed of the Marquis. He lay there, like stone, with a knife pushed into his heart. On his chest lay a piece of paper with the words:

’Drive him fast to his grave. This is from JACQUES.’

4 埃弗蒙侯爵

埃弗蒙侯爵很失望。他在法国王宫里等了好几个小时了，可是国王一直没和他说话。侯爵怒气冲冲地上了马车并告诉车夫送他回家。很快马车就快速地驶出巴黎，人们不得不在狭窄的街道上跑着给它让路——如果他们能做到的话。在圣安东尼的一个街道的拐角处，马车的一个车轮撞上了什么东西，街上的人们都尖叫起来。马匹受了惊吓，停了下来。

“出了什么事？”侯爵从车窗探出头来沉着地问。一个高个子男人已从马蹄底下捡起了什么东西并朝它大哭起来。

“那个男人干嘛弄出那么可怕的声音？”侯爵不耐烦地问。

“对不起，侯爵先生，那是他的孩子。”其中一个人说。

“死了！被撞死了！”那个男人哭喊道。

街上的人们走近马车，带着冰冷、无言的表情看着侯爵。侯爵不耐烦又厌恶地回头看着他们。对他来说，他们不过是些动物而已。

“我真不明白，”他冷冷地说，“你们这帮人为什么不能照顾好自己和你们的孩子。但愿我的马没有受伤。”接着他把一个金币扔给车夫。“把它给那个男人！”

“死了呀！”孩子的父亲又一次嚷道。

另外一个男人走上前来。“勇敢些，加斯珀，你的孩子很快地就死了，而且没有痛苦，这样死掉总比活在这个可怕的年月里要好些。”

“你是一个通情达理的人，”侯爵在马车上说。

“你叫什么名字？”

“他们叫我得法热。”

“这是给你的。”侯爵说着，将另一枚金币扔给得法热。“继续走。”他对他的车夫喊道。

就在马车离开时，一枚金币从车窗扔进了车里。侯爵愤怒地看着得法热一直站着的那个拐角处。得法热已经走了。那个拐角处现在站着一个身材高大、黑头发的女人在织着毛线活儿。她长久地死死盯着侯爵的脸，但他并没有看她而是接着赶路。

那天的晚些时候，太阳落山时，那同一辆马车停在了侯爵的城堡附近的一个村子里。几个衣衫褴褛、面黄饥瘦的村民正站在村里的场地上。侯爵看着他们的脸庞然后指着其中的一个人。

“把那个男人带过来。”他对他的车夫说道。

那个人朝马车走过来，手里拿着帽子，其余的村民都走近前来聆听。

“我在村外的那条路上从你旁边经过，”侯爵说。“你当时正用一种奇特的眼光看着我的马车。为什么要这样？”

“先生，我那时正看着那个男人。”回答说。

“什么男人？”侯爵生气地问。

“就是那个扒在您马车底下的男人。”这个可怜人说道，身子因为害怕而发抖。

“他长得什么样？”

“他现在在哪儿？他怎么啦？”

“哦，他朝村外的山脚下跑去了。”

侯爵转过身去和另外一个人说话。那是加贝尔先生，是侯爵在村子里的官员。

“加贝尔，”侯爵说。“留神这个人。如果他来这儿，就把他送进监狱。”

当侯爵到了他的城堡后，他便问起他侄儿查尔斯先生是否从英格兰回来了。

“还没有，先生。”仆人回答说。但是在侯爵吃晚饭时，他听到外面有马车的声音。不久他的侄子便走进屋来。在英国他的名字是查尔斯·代尔那。

“你离开很长时间了，”侯爵带着冷冷的、有礼貌的微笑说道。

“我在英国遇到了很多麻烦，也许是因为你。”代尔那对他的叔叔说。“我的处境曾经非常危险。”

“不，不，我和你遇到的麻烦没有关系。”侯爵冷漠地说。“很不幸，我们的家族不再有它以往的权势了。”

“如果还有那样的权势，你的一句话就可以毫无疑问地把我送进监狱了。”

“也许吧。为了家族的利益嘛。”

“我们家族的名字在法国所有的地方都令人痛恨。我们是心狠手辣的地主。我们苦难的人民一无所有。他们日夜为我们工作，可他们和他们的孩子却食不果腹。如果把这些土地给我，我就把它们分给人，然后离开这儿去别处生活。”

“你似乎很喜欢英国，尽管你在那儿算不上一个有钱人，”侯爵说。“我想你知道另外一个法国人，他已在那儿找到了安身之所。他是个医生，对吗？”

“是的。”

“还有一个女儿？”

“是的。”

“啊，”侯爵说，脸上露出神秘的笑容。“那么，一种新的生活方式开始啦。但是你已经累了。晚安，查尔斯，祝你睡个好觉，我明天早上再见到你。”

在他侄儿上床后，侯爵进了自己的房间。城堡被夜色包围。附近村子里饥饿的人们在梦想着过上好一点的生活，以便有足够的好食物吃。还可以工作后有时间休息。

一大早人们便从睡梦中醒来开始他们一天的辛勤劳作。城堡里的人很晚才会起床的。可等到他们起床时，为什么那个大钟开始响了起来呢?人们为什么骑着马拼命地从城堡往村子里跑呢?

答案就在侯爵的床上。侯爵像一块石头僵躺在床上。一把尖刀插进了他的心脏，在他的胸前放着一张纸条。上面写着：

“快把他送进他的坟墓。这是雅克干的。”

5 Two men speak of love

Twelve months after the death of the Marquis in France, Charles Darnay had become a successful teacher of French in London. He had known, when he came to London, that he would have to work hard to earn his living, and he was successful. He was also in love. He had loved Lucie Manette from the time when his life was in danger in the Old Bailey. He had never heard a sound so sweet as her gentle voice; he had never seen a face so beautiful as hers. But he had never spoken to her about his love. The death of his uncle in France had become, over the twelve months, like a dream to him, but he had said nothing to Lucie of his feelings, nor of what had happened. He had good reason for this.

But one day in the summer he came to Dr Manette's home in London. He knew that Lucie was out with Miss Pross, and he had decided to speak to her father. Dr Manette was now strong in body and mind, and sad memories of his long years in prison did not come back to him often. When Darnay arrived, the Doctor welcomed him warmly.

'Dr Manette, ' said Darnay, 'I know that Lucie is out. But I have come here today to speak to you.'

There was a silence.'Do you want to speak to me about Lucie?' asked the Doctor, slowly.

'Yes. Dear Dr Manette, I love your daughter dearly. If there was ever love in the world, I love Lucie.'

'I believe you, ' said Dr Manette sadly.' It's very hard for me to speak of her at any time, but I believe you, Charles Darnay. Have you spoken to Lucie about your love?'

'No, never. I know how much your daughter means to you, Dr Manette. Her love for you, and your love for her, these are the greatest things in your life, and in hers. I love Lucie. With all my heart I love her. But I do not want to come between you and her. The two of you will never be separated because of me.'

For a moment Dr Manette turned his head away, and his eyes were full of fear, and pain. Then he looked back at Darnay, and tried to smile.

'You have spoken very honestly, Charles, ' he said.'Have you any reason to believe that Lucie loves you?'

'None! '

'Then what do you want from me?'

'A promise. A promise that if Lucie ever tells you that she loves me, you will not speak against me, and will tell her what I have said. I know that she would never accept me if she believed that it would make you unhappy.'

'I can promise you more than that, Charles. If Lucie ever tells me that she loves you, I shall give her to you.'

'Thank you, Dr Manette, 'said Darnay, gratefully.'There is one thing more. My name in England is not my real name. I want to tell you what my real name is, and why I am in England.'

'Stop! 'said the Doctor. He had even put his hands over his ears.'I don't want to know. Tell me when I ask you. If Lucie agrees to marry you, you shall tell me on the morning of your marriage.'

It was dark when Darnay left Dr Manette, and it was some time later when Lucie and Miss Pross came home.

'Father, ' Lucie called, 'where are you?' She heard no answer, but there were strange sounds coming from her father's bedroom. Frightened, she ran upstairs and found her father, pale and silent, busy at his old prison work of making shoes. The shadow of the Bastille had fallen on him again. She took his arm and spoke gently to him, and together they walked up and down for a long time until at last Dr Manette went quietly to bed.

Although Mr Carton visited Dr Manette's house quite often, he usually said very little when he was there. One day in August he arrived when Dr Manette was out and he was received by Lucie. She had always been a little shy with him, but on that day she noticed something different in his face.

'Aren't you well, Mr Carton?' she asked.

'No, probably not, Miss Manette, but my way of life is not good for my health.'

'That seems sad, ' said Lucie gently.'Why do you not change your way of life?'

'It's too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. But, Miss Manette, there is something that I want to say to you, but I find it so difficult. Will you listen to me?'

'If it will help you, Mr Carton, I will be happy to listen to you, ' said Lucie, but she was pale and trembling.

'Miss Manette, I know that you could never have feelings of love for me, a man who has spent his life so badly.'

'Even without my love, Mr Carton, can I not save you? Can I not help you?'

'No, Miss Manette, ' said Carton.'Even if it was possible for you to love me, it is too late for me. I would only make you sad, and destroy your life. But it has been a last dream of my heart. To see you and your father together, to see the home that you have made for him—this has brought back old and happier memories for me.'

'Can I do nothing to help you?' asked Lucie sadly.

'Only this, Miss Manette. Let me remember that I spoke to you of the feelings of my heart, and that you were kind and gentle towards me.'

'Oh, Mr Carton. Try again to change.'

'No, Miss Manette, it is too late. My bad habits will never change now. But tell me that you will never speak of what I have said today, not to anyone, not even to the person dearest to you.'

'Mr Carton, ' said Lucie.'This is your secret. No one will ever know of it from me.'

'Thank you, Miss Manette. I shall never speak of this again. But in the hour of my death, it will be a happy memory for me that my last words of love were to you.'

Lucie had never heard Mr Carton speak like this before. Tears came to her eyes as she thought of his hopeless, miserable life.

'Don't cry, ' said Sydney Carton.'I am not worth your love. But you should know that for you, or for anyone close to

you, I would do anything. Please remember always, that there is a man who would give his life to keep someone you love alive and close to you. Goodbye, Miss Manette.’

On the day of Lucie’s marriage to Charles Darnay, Mr Lorry and Miss Pross stood, with Lucie, outside the door of Dr Manette’s room. Inside, the Doctor and Mr Darnay had been talking together for a long time.

Soon it would be time to leave for the church. Lucie looked very beautiful, and Mr Lorry watched her proudly. He talked about the day, So long ago, when he had brought Lucie, as a baby in his arms, from France to England. Miss Pross, too, had her memories and thought fondly of her brother Solomon. He had stolen money from her many years ago and she had never seen him since then, but she still loved him.

The door of the Doctor’s room opened and he came out with Charles Darnay. The Doctor’s face was white, but he was calm. He took his daughter’s arm and they went out to the waiting coach. The others followed in a second coach and soon, in a nearby church, Lucie Manette and Charles Darnay were married.

After the marriage Lucie and Charles came back to the house for breakfast, and then Lucie had to say goodbye to her father for two weeks—the first time they had not been together since his return from Paris.

When Lucie and Charles had left, Mr Lorry noticed a change in the Doctor. A little sadness was natural, but there was a lost, frightened look in the Doctor’s eyes, which worried Mr Lorry very much. When he left to go to Tellson’s Bank, he whispered to Miss Pross that he would return as quickly as he could.

Two hours later he hurried back to the house, and Miss Pross met him at the door.

‘Oh, what shall we do, Mr Lorry?’ she cried. ‘He doesn’t know me, and is making shoes again!’

Mr Lorry went up to the Doctor’s room. ‘Dr Manette, my dear friend. Look at me. Don’t you remember me?’

But Dr Manette said nothing and worked on in silence. Once again, he was a prisoner in the Bastille, without friends or family, without even a name of his own.

For nine days and nine nights the shoemaker worked on, leaving his table only to sleep, eat, or walk up and down his room. Mr Lorry sat with him night and day, talking gently to him from time to time, trying to bring his friend’s mind back to the present.

Then at last, on the tenth morning, the shoemaking work was put away, and Dr Alexandre Manette, pale but calm, was his old self again. Lucie was never told, and in the quiet and happy years that followed her marriage, Dr Manette remained strong in mind and body.

5 两个男人谈论爱情

法国侯爵死了12个月之后，查尔斯·代尔那已经在伦敦成了一名成功的法语教师。在他前往伦敦时他就知道自己将不得不靠勤奋的工作谋生。他现在成功了。同时他还陷入了爱河之中。还在他的生命在旧巴勒处于危险的境地时，他就已经爱上了路茜·马内特。他从未听到过像她那么甜蜜的声音，他也从未见过她那么美丽的脸庞。可他从未向她表白过爱慕之情。他在法国的叔叔的死在12个月之后，对他来说已经成了一个梦。但他没有对路茜说过他的感受，也从未提起过所发生的事情。对此他自有理由。

但是夏季的一天他去到伦敦马内特医生家。他知道路茜和普罗斯小姐出去了。他已决定要和她的父亲谈一谈。马内特医生的身心现在都很强壮，过去漫长的监狱生活的悲伤记忆已不常浮现在他眼前了。代尔那时，医生热情地欢迎了他。

“马内特医生，”代尔那说，“我知道路茜出去了。但我今天到这儿来是想和您谈谈的。”

一阵沉默。“你是想和我谈谈路茜的吧？”医生慢慢地问道。

“是的，亲爱的马内特医生，我深深地爱着您的女儿。如果这世界上有爱情的话，那么我就爱路茜。”

“我相信你，”马内特医生忧伤地说。“任何时候谈起她对我来说都很困难，但我相信你，查尔斯·代尔那。你对路茜表白过你对她的爱了吗？”

“没有，从来没有过。我知道您女儿对您来说多么重要，马内特医生。她对您的爱和您对她的爱都是您的及她的生命中最重要东西。我爱路茜，全心全意地爱她。但是我不想打破你们的关系。你们两个人将永不会因为我而分开。”

有一阵儿马内特医生把头侧转过去，眼中充满了恐惧和痛苦。后来他转过头来看着代尔那，尽力装出一副笑脸。

“你说得很诚恳，查尔斯，”他说。“你有什么理由相信路茜爱你吗？”

“没有！”

“那么你想从我这儿得到什么呢？”

“承诺。这个承诺就是一旦路茜告诉您她爱我，那么您就不要说反对的话，并且告诉她我所说的这些话。我知道如果她认为您会痛苦，那就绝不会接受我的爱。”

“我可以承诺更多的东西，查尔斯。如果路茜告诉我说她爱你，我就会把她交给你。”

“谢谢您，马内特医生。”代尔那感激地说。“还有一件事，我在英国的名字不是我的真实姓名，我想告诉您我的真实姓名，还有我来英国的原因。”

“打住！”医生说。他甚至已经用手捂住了耳朵。“我不想知道。我问你时你再告诉我吧。如果路茜同意嫁给你，你就要在你们结婚的那天早晨告诉我。”

代尔那离开马内特医生时天已经黑了。路茜和普罗斯小姐晚些时候才回家。

“爸爸，”路茜喊道，“您在哪儿？”她没有听到回答，可是从她父亲的卧室里传来了些奇怪的声音。路茜吓坏了，她跑上楼去见到了父亲，脸色苍白，正在悄无声息地忙着做在监狱里干的老活计——做鞋子。巴士底狱的阴影又一次降临到了他身上。她抓住了父亲的手，温柔地对他说着话，并且和他一起来来回回走了很长时间，直到最后马内特医生安静地上了床睡觉。

尽管卡登先生经常拜访马内特医生家，但他来时总是很少说话。8月的一天他来时马内特医生出去了，路茜接待了他。她在他面前总是有点害羞，但在那天她注意到了他的脸上有种不同以往的神情。

“您不舒服吗，卡登先生？”她问。

“不，大概不是吧，马内特小姐。只是我的生活方式对健康不好。”

“那可太不幸了，”路茜柔声说，“您为什么不改变一下您的生活方式呢？”

“那太晚了。我永远不会比现在有什么起色了。但是，马内特小姐，我有一件事想对您说，但又发现这太难了。您会听我说吗？”

“如果那对您有帮助的话，卡登先生，我会乐意听您说的。”路西说。然而她的脸色苍白，浑身发抖。

“马内特小姐，我知道您是永远不会对我有爱情的。我这个人生活得这么糟糕。”

“即便没有爱情，卡登先生，难道我就不能挽救您吗？我不能帮您吗？”

“不，马内特小姐，”卡登说。“即使您可能爱我，那对我来说也已经太晚了。我只会让您伤心，从而毁了您的生活。但那也是我心中最后的一个梦想。能看到您和您的父亲在一起，看到您为他建起的这个家——这已经为我带回了那古老而幸福的回忆。”

“我就不能为您做点儿什么吗？”路西悲伤地问。

“仅此而已，马内特小姐，就让我记住我曾对您说过我心中的感情，而您对我又关怀又体贴。”

“哦，卡登先生，再试着去改变一下吧。”

“不，马内特小姐，这太晚了。我的坏毛病永远也不会改掉了。但是请您告诉我您以后绝不会提起我今天对您说过的话，不要告诉任何人，甚至您最亲爱的人。”

“卡登先生，”路西说。“这是您的隐私，不会有人从我这儿知道这些的。”

“谢谢您，马内特小姐。我不会再说这些了，但在我死的时候，我会因为我最后的爱情表白是对您说的而留下幸福的回忆。”

路西以前从未听过卡登先生这么说过，一想到他绝望、不幸的生活，她的眼里就充满了泪水。

“不要哭，”西得尼·卡登说。“我不值得您爱，但是您要知道我会乐意对您或任何您亲近的人做任何事情的。请永远记住，这里有一个男人，他将不惜自己的生命去保护您所爱的人的生命，并为了让他和您永远在一起而不惜一切。再见，马内特小姐。”

在路西嫁给查尔斯·代尔那的这天，劳里先生和普罗斯小姐陪路西站在马内特医生的房门外。屋子里，医生和代尔那先生已经在一起谈了很长时间。

很快就将是去教堂的时间了。路西显得非常漂亮。劳里先生骄傲地看着她。他说起了多年前他把路西抱在怀里从法国去英国那天的事。普罗斯小姐也回忆起往事并深情地想起了她的弟弟所罗门。好多年前他偷了她的钱，从那以后她就再没见过他，但她仍旧爱他。

医生的房门打开了。他和查尔斯·代尔那走了出来。医生的脸色苍白但仍很镇静。他挽起女儿的胳膊走向已在等候的马车。其他人则乘坐第二辆马车跟随其后。很快路西·马内特和查尔斯·代尔那就在附近的一个教堂里举行了婚礼。

婚礼结束后路西和查尔斯回到家里吃早餐，然后路西不得不和父亲告别两个星期——这是他从巴黎回来后他们第一次分开。

路西和查尔斯走后，劳里先生注意到医生的变化。有一些伤感是自然的，但是在他的眼睛里有一种失落、恐惧的神情，这使劳里先生非常担忧。在他要去台尔森银行时，他小声对普罗斯小姐说了他将尽快回来。

两个小时之后他匆忙返回时，普罗斯小姐在门口迎住了他。

而且又开始做起鞋子来了。”

劳里先生上楼来到医生的房间。“马内特医生，我亲爱的朋友，看着我，你不记得我了吗？”

可马内特医生什么话也没说，只是默默地做着他的活儿。他又成了巴士底狱里的囚犯了，没有朋友，没有家，甚至连名字都没有。

连着9天9夜鞋匠一直在做他的活儿，只是在睡觉，吃饭或在屋子里走来走去时才离开工作台。劳里先生日夜陪着他，时不时地轻声和他说着话，竭力想把他朋友的思绪带回到现实中来。

最后，在第10天的早晨，做鞋的工作被抛到了一边。亚历山大·马内特医生——脸色苍白却很平静，这时又恢复了他应有的神情。路西没有被告知这些，而且在她婚后宁静而幸福的日子，马内特医生始终保持着强健的心理和身体状态。

6 Stormy years in France

In Monsieur Defarge's wine-shop in Saint Antoine customers came and went all the time. They came to drink the thin, rough wine, but more often they came to listen and to talk, and to wait for news.

One day there were more customers than usual. Defarge had been away for three days, and when he returned that morning, he brought a stranger with him, a man who repaired roads.

'Madame, ' Defarge said to his wife, 'this man, who is called Jacques, has walked a long way with me.' One customer got up and went out.' This mender of roads, ' continued Defarge, 'who is called Jacques, is a good man. Give him something to drink.' A second man got up and went out. The man who repaired roads sat down and drank. A third man got up and went out.

'Have you finished, my friend?' said Defarge.'Then come and see the room I promised you.'

They went upstairs, to the room where Dr Manette had sat making shoes. The three men who had left the wine-shop were waiting. Defarge spoke to them.

'No names. You are Jacques One, Jacques Two and Jacques Three. I am Jacques Four. This is Jacques Five. He brings us news of our poor friend Gaspard, whose child was killed by the Marquis's coach a year ago.'

'I first saw Gaspard, ' said Jacques Five, 'holding on under the Marquis's coach as it drove into our village. He ran away, but that night the Marquis was murdered. Gaspard disappeared and was only caught a few weeks ago. The soldiers brought him into the village and hanged him. And they have left his body hanging in the village square, where the women go to fetch water, and our children play.'

When Jacques Five had left them, Jacques One said to his friends, 'What do you say? Shall we put their names on the list?'

'Yes, all of them. The castle and all of the family of Evrémonte.'

'Is the list safe?' asked Jacques Two.

'Yes, my friend, ' said Defarge.'My wife remembers everything. But more than that, every name is carefully knitted into her work. Nothing can be forgotten.'

A few days later Defarge reported to his wife some news from his friend Jacques' in the police.

'A new spy has been sent to Saint Antoine. His name is Barsad, John Barsad. He's English.'

'What does he look like? Do we know?'

'He's about forty years old, quite tall, black hair, thin face, ' said Defarge.

'Good, ' said his wife.'I'll put him on the list tomorrow. But you seem tired tonight. And sad.'

'Well, ' said Defarge, 'it is a long time.'

'It takes time to prepare for change. The crimes against the people of France cannot be revenged in a day.'

'But we may not live to see the end.'

'Even if that happens, ' replied Madame Defarge, 'we shall help it to come. But I believe that we shall see the day of our revenge against these hated noblemen.'

The next day a stranger came into the wine-shop. At once, Madame Defarge picked up a rose from the table and put it in her hair. As soon as they saw this, the customers stopped talking and, one by one, without hurrying, left the wine-shop.

'Good day, Madame, ' said the stranger.

'Good day, Monsieur, 'said Madame Defarge, but to herself she said, 'About forty years old, tall, black hair, thin face. Yes, I know who you are, Mr John Barsad.'

'Is business good?' asked the stranger.

'Business is bad, The people are so poor.' Madame Defarge looked over to the door.'Ah, here is my husband.'

'Good day, Jacques, 'said the spy.

'You're wrong, ' said Defarge, staring at him.'That's not my name. I am Ernest Defarge.'

'It's all the same, ' said the spy easily.'I remember something about you, Monsieur Defarge. You took care of Dr Manette when he came out of the Bastille.'

'That's true, ' said Defarge.

'Have you heard much from Dr Manette and his daughter? They're in England now.'

'No, not for a long time.'

She was married recently. Not to an Englishman, but to a Frenchman. It's quite interesting when you remember poor Gaspard. Miss Manette has married the nephew of the Marquis that Gaspard killed. Her new husband is really the new Marquis, but he prefers to live unknown in England. He's not a Marquis there, just Mr Charles Darnay.'

Monsieur Defarge was not happy at this news. When the spy had gone, he said to his wife, 'Can it be true? If it is, I hope that Miss Manette keeps her husband away from France.'

'Who knows what will happen?' replied Madame Defarge. 'I only know that the name of Evrémonte is in my list, and for good reason.' She went on calmly knitting, adding name after name to her list of the enemies of the people.

Time passed, and Madame Defarge still knitted. The women of Saint Antoine also knitted, and the thin hungry faces of Jacques and his brothers became darker and angrier. The noise of the coming storm in Paris was growing louder.

It began one summer day in the streets of Saint Antoine, around Defarge's wine-shop, with a great crowd of people. A crowd who carried guns, knives, sticks, even stones—anything that could be a weapon. An angry crowd who shouted and screamed, who were ready to fight and to die in battle.

'Friends and citizens!' shouted Defarge.'We are ready! To the Bastille!' The crowd began to move, like the waves of the

sea.

‘Follow me, women!’ cried Madame Defarge. A long sharp knife shone brightly in her hand. ‘We can kill as well as any man!’

The living sea of angry people ran through Saint Antoine to the Bastille, and soon the hated prison was ringing with the noise of battle. Fire and smoke climbed up the high stone walls and the thunder of the guns echoed through the city.

Four terrible and violent hours. Then a white flag appeared above the walls and the gates were opened. The Bastille had been taken by the people of Paris! Soon the crowds were inside the building itself, and shouting ‘Free the prisoners!’ But Defarge put his strong hand on the shoulder of one of the soldiers.

‘Show me the North Tower. Take me to One Hundred and Five, North Tower! Quickly!’

‘Follow me’ said the frightened man, and Defarge and Jacques Three went with him through the dark prison, past heavy closed doors, up stone stairs, until they came to a low door. It was a small room, with dark stone walls and only one very small window, too high for anyone to look out. Defarge looked carefully along the walls.

‘There, look there, Jacques Three,’ he cried.

‘A.M.!’ whispered Jacques.

‘A.M. Alexandre Manette,’ said Defarge softly. ‘Let us go now.’ But before they left, they searched the room and the furniture very carefully, looking for small hiding-places.

Then they returned to the crowds below. The Bastille and its officers were now in the hands of the people, and the people wanted revenge, and blood.

‘At last, it has begun, my dear,’ said Defarge to his wife. It was the fourteenth of July, 1789.

In the village where the Marquis had lived, and where Gaspard had died, life was hard. Everything was old and tired and broken down—the people, the land, the houses, the animals. In the past everything and everybody had had to work for the Marquis, and he had given nothing in return.

But now, strangers were travelling about the country, strangers who were poor, like the people, but who talked about new ideas—ideas which had started in Paris and were now running like fire across the country.

The road-mender, who had brought the news of Gaspard to Paris, still worked repairing the roads. One day a stranger came to him as he worked on the road outside the village.

‘Jacques,’ said the stranger. He shook the road-mender’s hand, and turned to look at the Marquis’s castle on the hill.

‘It’s tonight, Jacques,’ he went on quietly. ‘The others will meet me here.’

It was very dark that night and the wind was strong. No one saw the four men who came quietly to the castle and said nothing. But soon the castle itself could be seen in the dark sky. The windows became bright; smoke and yellow flames climbed into the sky. Monsieur Gabelle called loudly for help, but the people in the village watched and did nothing to save the castle where the Marquis had lived.

6 法国的暴风雨年代

在圣安东尼得法热先生的酒店里，顾客们来来往往络绎不绝。他们来这儿喝点清淡的粗制葡萄酒，但他们更多的是来这儿聆听和交谈的，还有等候消息的。

一天，店里的顾客比平常要多。得法热已经出去3天了。当他那天早上回来时，他带回来了一个陌生人，一个修路工。

“夫人，”得法热对他的妻子说。“这个人叫雅克，他已经和我一起走了很长一段路。”有一个顾客这时起身走了出去。“这个修路工，”得法热接着说，“叫雅克，是个好人。给他来点喝的吧。”第二个人起身走了出去。那个修路的人坐了下来喝酒。第三个人起身走了出去。

“喝完了吗，我的朋友？”得法热说。“那就过来看看我答应给你的房间吧。”

他们上了楼，来到马内特医生曾坐着做鞋子的房间。那三个刚才离开酒店的男人正在等着他们。得法热对他们说：

“没有名字。你们是雅克一，雅克二和雅克三。我是雅克四，这是雅克五。他给我们带来了我们可怜的朋友加斯珀的消息，一年前他的孩子被侯爵的马车压死了。”

“我第一次看到加斯珀，”雅克五说，“是在侯爵的马车进村时，他扒在车底下。他跑掉了，但是那天晚上侯爵就被暗杀了。加斯珀失踪了，几星期前才被抓到。士兵们把他带到村子里绞死了他，而且他们把他的尸体吊在了村里的场地上。那是妇女们打水以及我们的孩子们玩耍的地方。

雅克五走后，雅克一对他的朋友们说：“你们有什么说的呢？我们是不是该把他们的名字列在名单上？”

“是的，他们所有的名字。那个城堡里及所有埃弗蒙家族的人。”

“名单安全吗？”雅克二问。

“是的，我的朋友。”得法热说。“我老婆记得所有的事，不仅如此，每一个名字她都织到了毛线活儿里，绝不会被忘掉的。”

几天后，得法热把一些从他在警察局里的雅克朋友那儿得到的消息告诉了他妻子。

“一个新的间谍已被派到了圣安东尼，他叫巴萨德，约翰·巴萨德，是英国人。”

“他长得什么样？我们知道吗？”

“他大约40岁，个儿很高，黑头发，瘦脸庞。”得法热说。

“好的，”他老婆说。“我明天就把他记入名单中。只是你今晚上好像累了，而且有些伤心。”

“唉，”得法热说，“时间太长了。”

“准备变革就得花费时间。”

“但我们也许不会活着看到结果了。”

“即使是这样，”得法热夫人说，““我们也要尽力让它到来。但是我相信我们会看到我们对那些可恨的贵族们复仇的那一天。”

第二天一个陌生人来到了酒店。立刻，得法热夫人便从桌上拿起一支玫瑰花插在了头发上。顾客们一看到这个动作便立刻停止了交谈，并

一个接着一个从容地离开了酒店。

“你好，夫人。”陌生人说。

“你好，先生。”得法热夫人说。但她心里说：“大约40多岁，高个儿，黑头发，瘦脸庞。对了，我知道你是谁，约翰·巴萨德先生。”

“生意好吗？”陌生人问。

“生意不好，人们太穷了。”得法热夫人抬起头看着门。“啊，这是我丈夫。”

“你好，雅克。”间谍说道。

“你错了，”得法热盯着他说。“那不是我的名字，我叫恩斯特·得法热。”

“那都一样，”间谍随口说道。“我记得你的一些事，得法热先生。马内特医生从巴士底狱出来后是你照顾他的。”

“是那样的。”得法热说。

“你常有马内特医生和他女儿的消息吗？他们现在在英国。”

“没有，很长时间都没有了。”

“她最近结婚了。不是嫁给一个英国人，而是一个法国人。如果你联想起可怜的加斯珀，这件事真是有趣。马内特小姐嫁给了被加斯珀杀死的侯爵的侄子，她的新婚丈夫实际上是新的侯爵。可他宁愿不为人知地住在英国。他在那里可不是侯爵，而只不过是查尔斯·代尔那。”

得法热先生听到这个消息后心里不高兴。在间谍走后，他对妻子说：“这会是真的吗？如果是，我希望马内特小姐让她的丈夫远离法国。”

“谁知道会发生什么？”得法热夫人回答说，“我只知道埃弗蒙这个名字在我的名单上，而且有充分的理由。”她继续平静地织着毛线活儿，把一个又一个的名字织进人民公敌名单中。

时间流逝着，得法热夫人仍旧在编织着。圣安东尼的妇女们也都在织着。雅克和他的兄弟们饥饿削瘦的脸变得越来越灰暗也越来越愤怒。巴黎即将到来的暴风雨的隆隆雷声已愈来愈响了。

事情开始于夏季的一天，在圣安东尼得法热酒店四周的街道上聚集了大队的人群。他们拿着枪、刀、棍子，甚至石头，即一切可以作为武器的东西。他们狂呼怒吼着，准备着去战斗、战死也在所不惜。

“朋友们、公民们！”得法热喊道，“我们做好了准备！向巴士底狱进军！”人群开始移动，像海浪般汹涌向前。

“跟着我，妇女们！”得法热夫人说道。一把明晃晃的长尖刀在她手中挥舞着。“我们也能像任何男人一样去杀人！”

愤怒的人海穿过圣安东尼冲向了巴士底狱。很快，这让人痛恨的监狱便响起了战斗的声音。烈火和浓烟窜上了高大的石头墙，雷鸣般的炮声在城市中回响。

恐怖而暴烈的4个小时之后，城墙上出现了一面白旗，城门被打开了。巴士底狱已经被巴黎人民攻占了！很快人群便拥入其中，他们呐喊着“释放犯人！”但是得法热把他结实的手放在了一个士兵肩上。

“指给我‘北塔’，带我去北塔105！快！”

“跟我来。”那个吓坏了的家伙说道。得法热和雅克三随他走过黑暗的监狱，路过了沉重紧锁的门，上了石头台阶，来到一个低矮的门前。这是一个狭小的房间，黑暗的石墙上只有一个很小的窗户，它很高，没人能够着它往外看。得法热顺着墙仔细地查看着。

“这儿，看这儿，雅克三。”他嚷道。

“A. M.！”雅克小声念道。

“A. M.，亚历山大·马内特。”得法热轻声说。“我们现在走吧。”但在他们离开之前，他们细心地搜索了一遍房间和家具，寻找着细小的隐藏之处。

然后他又返回到下面的人群中。巴士底狱及其官员们都在人民的手中了，他们要报仇雪恨，要以血还血。

“最终，它总算开始了，亲爱的。”得法热对他的妻子说。这天是1789年的7月14日。

在侯爵生活和加斯珀死去的那个村庄，生活很艰难。一切东西都是衰老、疲惫和残缺的，包括村民、土地、房屋、牲畜。过去，所有的人力和物力都得为侯爵效劳，而且得不到任何回报。

但是现在，陌生的人们在全国巡游。这些陌生人像当地人一样穷，但是他们谈论着新思想——那些源于巴黎的思想现在正像烈火一样燃遍全国。

那个把加斯珀的消息带到巴黎的修路人，仍旧在修着道路。一天，当他在村子外面的路上干着活儿时，一个陌生人朝他走来。

“雅克，”那个陌生人说。他握着修路人的手，并转身看着山上侯爵的城堡。

“就是今晚，雅克，”他接着平静地说道。“另外的人将要在哪儿和我见面。”

那天晚上天很黑，而且风刮得很猛。没有人看见有4个人悄无声息地走向城堡。但是很快城堡就显露在黑暗的夜幕中。窗户明亮，烟雾和黄色的火焰直冲云天。加贝尔先生大声地喊着救命，但村子里的人们只是袖手旁观，没有采取任何行动去营救这座侯爵住过的城堡。

7 A call for help

The troubles in France continued. The citizens of France had fought to win power, and now they used it. Castles were burned, laws were changed, and the rich and powerful nobles died—their heads cut off by that terrible new machine of death, the Guillotine. In Paris the King was put in prison, and in 1792 the people of France sent him to the Guillotine as well. The French Revolution was now three years old, but there were more years of terror to come.

Not all the rich nobles had died. Some had escaped to England; some had even sent or brought their money to London before the Revolution began. And Tellson's Bank, which the French emigrants used, had become a meeting-place where they could hear and talk about the latest news from France.

One wet August day Mr Lorry sat at his desk in the bank, talking to Charles Darnay. The years since Charles's marriage had seen the arrival of a daughter, little Lucie, who was now nine years old. Dr Manette had continued in good health, and at the centre of that warm family circle was always Lucie—a loving daughter, wife, mother, and a kind-hearted friend. Even Sydney Carton, though his old, bad ways were unchanged, was a family friend—and very much a favourite with little Lucie.

But at this moment Charles Darnay was trying very hard to persuade his old friend Mr Lorry not to go to France. 'It's too dangerous. The weather is not good, the roads are bad, think of your age, ' he said.

'My dear Charles, ' said the banker. 'You think that, at nearly eighty years of age, I'm too old. But that's exactly why I must go. I have the experience, I know the business. My work is to find and hide papers that might be dangerous to our customers. And anyway, Jerry Cruncher goes with me. He'll take good care of my old bones.'

'I wish I could go, ' said Charles restlessly. 'I feel sorry for the people in France, and perhaps I could help them. Only last night, when I was talking to Lucie—'

'Talking to Lucie, ' repeated Mr Lorry. 'You talk about your lovely wife at the same time as you talk about going to France. You must not go. Your life is here, with your family.'

'Well, I'm not going to France. But you are, and I'm worried about you.'

Just at that moment a bank clerk put an old, unopened letter on Mr Lorry's desk, and Darnay happened to see the name on it: The Marquis of Evrémonde, at Tellson's Bank,

London. Since his uncle's death, this was Darnay's real name. On the morning of his wedding to Lucie he had told Dr Manette, but the Doctor had made him promise to keep his name secret. Not even Lucie or Mr Lorry knew.

'We can't find this Marquis, ' said the clerk.

'I know where to find him, ' said Darnay. 'Shall I take the letter?'

'That would be very kind, ' said Mr Lorry.

As soon as he had left the bank, Darnay opened the letter. It was from Monsieur Gabelle, who had been arrested and taken to Paris. Monsieur, once the Marquis

I am in prison, and I may lose my life, because I worked for a landowner who has left France. You told me to work for the people and not against them, and I have done this. But no one believes me. They say only that I worked for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant? Oh Monsieur,

please help me, I beg you!

This cry for help made Darnay very unhappy. After the death of the Marquis, he had told Gabelle to do his best for the people. But now Gabelle was in prison, just because he was employed by a nobleman. It was clear to Darnay that he must go to Paris. He did not think that he would be in danger, as he had done everything he could to help the people of his village. He hoped that he would be able to save his old servant.

That night Charles Darnay sat up late, writing two letters. One was to his wife, Lucie; the other was to her father, Dr Manette. He told them where he had gone and why, and he promised that he would write to them from France. He had left secretly, he wrote, to save them from worrying.

The next day he went out, without saying anything to them of his plans. He kissed his wife and his daughter, and said that he would be back soon. And then he began his journey to Paris.

When he arrived in France, Darnay found that he could travel only very, very slowly towards Paris. The roads were bad and every town, every village had its citizens with guns who stopped all travellers, asked them questions, looked at their papers, made them wait or threw them in prison, turned them back or sent them on their way. And it was all done in the name of freedom—the new Freedom of France.

Darnay soon realized that he could not turn back until he had reached Paris and proved himself to be a good citizen, not an enemy of the people.

On his third night in France he was woken by an official and three other men with guns.

'Emigrant,' said the official. 'These three soldiers will take you to Paris, and you must pay them.'

Darnay could only obey and at three o'clock in the morning he left with three soldiers to guard him. Even with them he was sometimes in danger; the people in the towns and villages all seemed to be very angry with emigrants, but finally they arrived safely at the gates of Paris. Darnay had to wait a long time while officials carefully read his papers, which explained the reasons for his journey. One official, seeing Gabelle's letter, looked up at Darnay in great surprise, but said nothing. Another official asked roughly:

'Are you Evrémonde?'

'Yes,' replied Darnay.

'You will go to the prison of La Force! '

'But why?' asked Darnay. 'Under what law?'

'We have new laws, Evrémonde,' said the official sharply, 'and emigrants have no rights. You will be held in secret.'

Take him away.’

As Darnay left, the first official said quietly to him, ’Are you the man who married the daughter of Dr Manette?’

’Yes,’ replied Darnay in surprise.

’My name is Defarge and I have a wine—shop in Saint Antoine. Perhaps you have heard of me.’

’Yes. My wife came to your house to find her father.’

’Why did you come back to France? It will be very bad for you.’

Darnay was taken to the prison of La Force and put in a cold empty room with a locked door and bars across the windows. He thought of Dr Manette and his many years alone, forgotten, in the Bastille.

’Now I, too, have been buried alive,’ he thought.

7 求救

法国的风暴在继续着。法国的公民们曾为争得权力而战斗，现在他们可以使用权力了。城堡被烧掉，法律被改换，那些有钱有势的贵族死了：他们的脑袋被那可怖的新死亡机器——断头台给砍掉了。在巴黎，国王被投进了监狱。1792年，法国人民把他也送上了断头台。法国大革命到现在已3年了，但是恐怖还要持续更长的岁月。

并非所有的有钱贵族都已死了，他们有一些逃到了英国；有一些在大革命开始之前就已把他们的钱财带到或寄到了伦敦。台尔森银行为法国移民所利用，现在它已经成了他们聚集在一起打听和谈论从法国来的最新消息的场所。

8月里一个潮湿的日子，劳里先生坐在他银行里的办公桌旁和查尔斯·代尔那交谈。查尔斯婚后已有了一个女儿小路茜来到世上。现在她已经9岁了。马内特医生的身体一直很健康。这个温馨的家庭的中心始终是路茜——一个让人喜欢的女儿、妻子、母亲和善良的朋友。甚至西得尼·卡登，虽然他原先那些不好的生活方式并未改变，也是这个家庭的朋友——而且是小路茜最喜爱的人。

但在此刻，查尔斯·代尔那正竭力说服他的老朋友劳里先生不要去法国。“那太危险了，天气也不好，路也难走，还有您的年纪。”他说。

“我亲爱的查尔斯，”银行家说。“你认为我快80岁了，所以太老了，但这正是我必须去的原因。我有经验，也懂业务。我的工作是要找到并收藏有可能对我们的客户有危险的文件。况且还有杰里·克拉彻和我一起去，他会照顾好我这把老骨头的。”

“我希望我能去。”查尔斯不安地说。“我为法国人民难过，也许我能帮助他们。只是昨天夜里，我和路茜谈起的时候——”

“和路茜谈，”劳里先生重复道。“你谈起去法国一事的同时还谈起你可爱的妻子。你不能去，你的生活在这儿，和你的家人在一起。”

“好吧，我不去法国了。但是你却要去，我是为你担心。”

就在这时一个银行职员把一封旧的，没有打开的信放在了劳里先生的桌子上。代尔那正巧看见了信封上的名字，上面写着：伦敦，台尔森银行·埃弗蒙侯爵。在他叔叔死后，这就成了代尔那真正的名字。在他和路茜举行婚礼的那天早晨他就告诉了马内特医生，但是医生自己答应将他的名字保密。所以，甚至路茜和劳里先生都不知道。

“我们找不到这个侯爵。”那个职员说。

“我知道上哪儿去找他。”代尔那说。“可以把这封信给我吗?”

“那真是太好了。”劳里先生说。

一离开银行，代尔那就打开了信。信是加贝尔先生写来的，他已经被抓了起来而且被送到了巴黎。

先生，前侯爵：

我在监狱里，而且也许会丧命，罪名是我曾为一个离开了法国的地主效劳。您曾告诉我要为人民效力而且不要反对他们，我这样做了，但是没有人相信我。他们只说我是为一个流亡者效力。还有就是那个流亡者在哪儿?啊，先生，请帮帮我吧，求求您了！

这个求救的哭诉使代尔那十分难受。侯爵死后，他就告诉过加贝尔要尽自己最大的努力去帮助人民，但是现在加贝尔进了监狱，仅仅因为他受雇于一个贵族。代尔那清楚自己必须去一趟巴黎。他认为自己不会有危险，因为他已尽力去帮助过他的村民们。他希望他能搭救老仆人。

那天晚上查尔斯·代尔那熬夜熬到很晚，写了两封信，一封给他的妻子路茜，另一封给他的岳父马内特医生。他告诉了他们他要去哪儿以及为什么要去，并许诺他会从法国写信给他们。他之所以不辞而别，他写道，是为了不让他们担心。

第二天他走时，投有提起任何有关他计划的事。他吻了妻子和女儿，而且说了他很快就会回来，然后他就开始了他的巴黎之旅。

到了法国以后，代尔那发现他的巴黎之行只能异常缓慢地进行。路况很糟，而且每个城镇、每个村庄都有拿枪的公民拦截任何过往的行人。他们盘问，查看他们的证件，让他们等候着或把他们送进监狱，让他们返回或押送他们上路。

这一切都是在自由的名义下干出来的——新式的法兰西自由。

代尔那很快意识到在他去巴黎并证明自己是个好公民而不是人民的敌人之前，他是回不去的了。

在他到法国的第三天晚上，他被一个官员和另外三个荷枪的人弄醒了。

“流亡者，”那个官员说。“这三个士兵将把你带到巴黎，你必须付给他们钱。”

代尔那只得从命，早上三点时他就和三个保护他的士兵离开了。即使跟他们在一起，他也不时地陷入危险，城里和村子里的人们似乎全都非常痛恨流亡者，但最后他们总算安全到达了巴黎的城门。在官员们仔细地看他的证件时，代尔那不得不等了很长时间。这些证件是用来说明他为什么来法国的。当一个官员看了加贝尔的信后，大为吃惊地抬头看着代尔那，但是没说什么。另一个官员粗暴地问道：

“你是埃弗蒙吗?”

“是的。”代尔那回答。

“你要进拉弗尔斯监狱。”

“可是为什么?”代尔那问。“依据什么法律?”

“我们有了新的法律，埃弗蒙，”那个官员厉声说。“流亡者没有权利；你将被秘密关押起来。把他带走！”

代尔那正要走，第一位官员悄声问他：“你是和马内特医生的女儿结婚的那个人吗?”

“是呀。”代尔那惊讶地口答。

“我叫得法热，我在圣安东尼有一家酒店，也许你听说过我。”

“是的，我妻子曾去你家里找回了他父亲。”

“你为什么要回法国呢?这对你太糟糕了。”

代尔那被送进了拉弗尔斯监狱，而且被关进一个寒冷而空荡的房间。门上了锁，窗户封了铁条。他想起了马内特医生在巴士底狱里多年孤独和被人遗忘的日子。

“现在，我也被活埋了。”他想着。

8 In the hands of the citizens

Tellson's Bank in Paris was in a large building south of the river, close to the heart of the city. Mr Lorry had arrived in Paris some days before Charles Darnay, and was now living in some rooms above the bank. One evening, looking out of the window, he saw that a large grindstone had been brought into the square below. There was a wild, shouting crowd around it, busy sharpening their knives and swords and axes, which were already red with blood. With shaking hands, Mr Lorry closed the window.

He had decided to go downstairs and talk to the bank guards, when suddenly the door of his room opened, and Lucie and her father ran in.

'Lucie! Manette! What has happened? Why are you here?' cried Mr Lorry.

'Charles is in Paris,' cried Lucie. 'He came to help an old family servant. But he's been taken to prison.'

At that moment the shouts of the crowd outside grew louder.

'What is that noise?' asked the Doctor.

'Don't look out!' cried Mr Lorry.

'My friend,' said the Doctor. 'I am safe in Paris. I was a prisoner in the Bastille. Every body knows about me and how I suffered. Already people want to help me; they gave us news of Charles.'

'Even so, don't look outside. Where is Charles?'

'In the prison of La Force.'

'La Force! Dear Lucie, you can do nothing tonight. You must go to one of the rooms here and wait. I must talk with your father at once.'

Lucie kissed him and left the room.

'Quick, Manette,' said Mr Lorry. 'These people outside, with their bloody knives, are murdering the prisoners. If you are so well known, if you have this power, talk to them. Tell them who you are, and go to La Force. Quick, before it is too late!'

Dr Manette hurried outside. Mr Lorry watched from the window as the Doctor talked to the crowd. He heard shouts of 'Long live the Bastille prisoner! Help his friend in La Force!'

Mr Lorry went to Lucie and found her with her daughter and Miss Pross. Together they waited all night for news, but none came.

In the morning Mr Lorry found rooms for Lucie and her family in a quiet street near the bank. He left Jerry Cruncher with them as a guard, and returned worriedly to Tellson's. At the end of the day a strong, serious man came to see him.

'My name is Defarge. I come from Dr Manette; he gave me this.' Defarge gave him a piece of paper.

The Doctor had written, Charles is safe, but I cannot leave this place yet. Take Defarge to Lucie.

'Come with me,' said Mr Lorry happily. They went downstairs and at the front door found Madame Defarge, knitting. Without a word, she joined them, and Mr Lorry led them to Lucie's rooms.

There, Defarge gave Lucie a note from her husband.

Dearest—be brave. I am well, and your father has some power here. You cannot answer this, but kiss our child for me.

Only a short letter, but it meant so much to Lucie. Gratefully, she kissed the hands of Defarge and his wife. Madame Defarge said nothing; her hand was cold and heavy, and Lucie felt frightened of her.

Miss Pross came in with little Lucie.

'Is that his child?' asked Madame Defarge, stopping her knitting to stare.

'Yes, Madame,' said Mr Lorry. 'That is our poor prisoner's little daughter.'

'It is enough, my husband,' said Madame Defarge. 'We can go now.' Her voice was as cold as her hand.

'You will be good to my husband?' asked Lucie, afraid. 'I beg you, as a wife and mother.'

'We have known many wives and mothers,' said Madame Defarge. 'And we have seen many husbands and fathers put in prison, for many years. What is one more, among so many?'

As the Defarges left, Lucie turned to Mr Lorry. 'I am more afraid of her than of any other person in Paris,' she whispered. Mr Lorry held her hands; he did not say anything, but he was also very worried.

The Doctor did not come back from La Force for several days. During that time eleven hundred prisoners were killed by the people. Inside the prison Dr Manette had come before a Tribunal, which was a group of judges appointed by the people. These judges made their own laws and threw prisoners out into the streets to be murdered by the crowds. Dr Manette told the Tribunal that he had been a prisoner in the Bastille for eighteen years, and that his son-in-law was now a prisoner in La Force. The Tribunal had agreed to keep Charles Darnay safe from the murdering crowds, but they would not let him leave the prison.

Dr Manette seemed to become stronger as he lived through these terrible days, doing everything he could to save his daughter's husband. He was able to see Darnay regularly, but noblemen and emigrants were hated by the citizens of new France, and the Doctor could not set Darnay free. The Guillotine, that new machine of death, cut off the heads of many, many people—the powerful and the cruel, but also the beautiful, the innocent, and the good. Each day Lucie did not know if her husband would live or die. She lived every moment in great fear, but her father was sure that he could save his son—in-law.

One year and three months passed and Darnay was still in prison. Dr Manette now had an official job as doctor to three prisons and was able to visit Darnay regularly. He became more and more loved by the rough people of the Revolution. But the Guillotine continued to kill.

‘Try not to worry,’ he told Lucie. ‘Nothing can happen to Charles. I know that I can save him.’ But Lucie could not see him or visit him; she could not even write to him.

On the day when Charles Darnay was at last called for his trial, Lucie and Dr Manette hurried to Tellson’s Bank to tell Mr Lorry. As they arrived, a man got up and disappeared into another room. They did not see who it was, but in fact it was Sydney Carton, just arrived from London.

There were five judges in the Tribunal, and the trials were short and simple. The voices of truth, honesty, and calm reason were never heard at these trials, and most of the prisoners were sent to the Guillotine, which pleased the noisy crowds. Fifteen prisoners were called before Darnay that day, and in no more than an hour and a half, all of them had been condemned to death.

‘Charles Evrémonde, who is called Darnay.’

As Darnay walked in front of the judges, he tried to remember the careful advice that Dr Manette had given him.

‘Charles Evrémonde, you are an emigrant. All emigrants must die. That is the new law of France.’

‘Kill him!’ shouted the people. ‘Cut off his head! He’s an enemy of the people!’

The President of the judges asked Darnay, ‘Is it true that you lived many years in England?’

‘Yes, that is true,’ replied Darnay.

So you are an emigrant, surely.’

‘No, not in the meaning of the law,’ replied Darnay. ‘I earn my own living in England. I have never wanted or used the name of Marquis, and I did not want to live by the work of the poor people of France. So I went to live and work in England, long before the Revolution.’

‘And did you marry in England?’

‘Yes, I married a Frenchwoman. The daughter of Dr Manette, a prisoner of the Bastille and a well-known friend of all good citizens!’

These words had a happy effect on the crowd. Those who had shouted for his death now shouted for his life. Then Monsieur Gabelle and Dr Manette spoke for Charles Darnay. The Doctor spoke well and clearly, and was very popular with the crowd. When he had finished, the judges decided that the prisoner should be set free, and the crowd shouted their agreement loudly. Soon they were carrying Darnay in a chair through the streets of Paris to Dr Manette’s house. Lucie was waiting there, and when she ran out and fell into the arms of her husband, the men and women in the crowd kissed one another and danced for happiness. Darnay and Lucie were together again, safe and happy.

‘I told you that I would save him,’ said Lucie’s father proudly. ‘Well, I have saved him, and you must not worry now.’

But Lucie was still worried. So many innocent men and women had died, for no reason, and every day brought more deaths. A shadow of fear and hate lay over France, and no one knew what dangers the next day would bring.

* * *

It was not possible to leave Paris at once, as Charles did not have the necessary papers. They must live quietly, and hope to leave as soon as they could.

But that night, when Dr Manette, Charles and Lucie were sitting together, they heard a loud knock at the door.

‘What can this be?’ said Lucie, trembling. ‘Hide Charles! Save him!’

‘My child,’ said the Doctor, ‘I have saved him. He is a free man!’

But when he opened the door, four rough men pushed their way into the room.

‘The Citizen Evrémonde, where is he? He is again the prisoner of the people.’

‘I am here,’ said Darnay. ‘But why am I again a prisoner?’

‘You are accused by citizens of Saint Antoine.’

Dr Manette had said nothing. He seemed to be made of stone, but suddenly he spoke.

‘Will you tell me who has accused my son-in-law?’

‘I shouldn’t tell you this,’ said one of the men, ‘but Citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay, is accused by Monsieur and Madame Defarge, and by one other person.’

‘What other?’

‘You will hear that tomorrow,’ replied the man.

8 在公民们的手里

巴黎的台尔森银行在河南岸的一个大楼里，接近市中心。劳里先生已先于查尔斯·代尔那几天到达巴黎，现在正住在银行楼上的几间房里。一天傍晚，他朝窗外看时，见到一块巨大的磨石被人扛到了楼下的场地上。一群疯狂、呼叫着的人正围着它。他们忙着磨刀、剑和斧子，这些利刃已经被血染红了。劳里先生颤抖着双手关上了窗户。

他本来决定下楼去和银行卫兵谈谈的，却见房门被突然打开，路茜和他父亲跑了进来。

“路茜！马内特！发生了什么事？你们怎么来了？”劳里先生喊道。

“查尔斯现在在巴黎，”路茜嚷道。“他来这里是要营救一位老仆人的，可他现在已被关进了监狱。”

这时候外面人群的喊声更大了。

“那些声音是怎么回事？”医生问。

“别往外看！”劳里先生大声说。

“我的朋友，”医生说。“在巴黎我是安全的。我曾是巴士底狱的一个囚徒，所有的人都知道我以及我是怎么受苦的。人们愿意帮助我，他们给了我们有关查尔斯的消息。”

“即便这样，也别往外看。查尔斯在哪儿？”

“在拉弗尔斯监狱。”

“拉弗尔斯监狱！亲爱的路茜，你今天晚上是无能为力的了，你得待在这儿的一间房子里等着，我必须马上和你父亲谈谈。”

路茜吻了他后便离开了房间。

“快，马内特，”劳里先生说。“外面的这些人正拿着血淋淋的刀子要去杀囚犯。如果你这么有名气，如果你有这个力量，就去和他们谈谈，告诉他们你是谁，然后去拉弗尔斯。快，趁现在还不晚！”

马内特医生赶紧出去了。劳里先生从窗户看见医生对着人群讲话。他听到人们高喊“巴士底狱的囚犯万岁！要帮助他在拉弗尔斯里的朋友！”

劳里先生去见路茜，发现她和她的女儿及普罗丝小姐在一起。他们在一起等了整整一夜的消息，可是什么也没有等到。

早上劳里先生在银行附近一条安静的大街上为路茜和她的家人找到了房子。他留下杰里·克拉彻做保卫，然后焦急地回到了台尔森银行。白天快要过去时，来了一位强壮而严肃的人要见他。

“我叫得法热，我从马内特医生那儿来，他给了我这个。”得法热给他一张纸条。

医生写的是：查尔斯安全，但我还不能离开这儿。带得法热见路茜。

“跟我来，”劳里先生高兴地说。他们下了楼并在前门见到了得法热夫人，正在织着毛线活儿。她没说什么便跟上他们。劳里先生便领他们来到路茜的房间。

得法热在这儿给了路茜一张她丈夫写的纸条。

“亲爱的——勇敢些。我很好，你父亲在这儿有一些影响。你不能回信，但要替我亲亲我们的孩子。”

只是一封短信，但对路茜来说则意味着太多的东西。路茜感激地吻了得法热和他妻子的手。得法热夫人什么话也没说，她的手冰冷而沉重，路茜对她感到害怕。

普罗丝小姐和小路茜一起走了进来。

“那是他的孩子吗？”得法热夫人问，同时停下了编织的活儿，拿眼盯着小路茜。

“是的，夫人，”劳里先生说，“那是我们可怜的囚犯的小女儿。”

“这就够了，我的丈夫，”得法热夫人说。“我们现在可以走了。”她的声音像她的手一样冰冷。

“您会善待我的丈夫吗？”路茜害怕地问，“我恳求您，以一个妻子和母亲的名义。”

“我们知道很多的妻子和母亲，”得法热夫人说，“并且我们也见过很多的丈夫和父亲被送进监狱关押了好多年。有这么多的人，再多一个又算得了什么呢？”

当得法热夫妇走后，路茜冲劳里先生转过身去。“在巴黎，没有比她更使我害怕的人了，”她小声说。劳里先生抓住她的手，什么也没说，但是也很担心。

已有好几天了医生还没从拉弗尔斯回来。就在那段时间里有1100名囚犯被人杀死了。在监狱里马内特医生曾前去见一个审判团，是一组由人民指定的法官。这些法官们制定了自己的法律，并把罪犯们扔到大街上让人们处死。马内特医生告诉审判团他曾经在巴士底狱当了18年的囚徒，而现在他的女婿在拉弗尔斯蹲监狱。审判团同意保护查尔斯·代尔那不受街上人群的伤害。但他们不准他离开监狱。

在这些恐怖的日子里生活，马内特医生似乎变得更强健了，竭尽全力地去救他的女婿。他经常能看到代尔那，但贵族和流亡者是遭到新法兰西公民的痛恨的，这样医生便不能救代尔那出来。那座断头台——那新的死亡机器，砍掉了许许多多权贵和暴虐者的人头。但也有美丽、无辜且善良的人被斩首。每天路茜都不知道她丈夫会活下来还是会死去，她每一刻钟都生活在恐惧中，可她的父亲相信他能救出女婿。

一年零三个月过去了，代尔那仍然在监81狱里。马内特医生现在有了一个官方工作，那就是做三个监狱的医生，于是他可以经常去看代尔那。他越来越被那些粗鲁的革命者所喜爱了，但是断头台仍旧在杀人。

“尽量别去担心，”他告诉路茜说。“查尔斯不会有什么事的。我知道我能救他。”可路茜不能见他或去探望他，甚至不能给他写信。

在查尔斯·代尔那最终被审讯的那天，路茜和马内特医生匆忙到台尔森银行告诉了劳里先生。他们到达时，有一个人站起身来消失在另一个房间里。他们没有看清那是谁，但实际上他是西得尼·卡登，他刚从伦敦来。

审判团由5名法官组成，审判很简短。在这些审判中，真实、诚实、合理的申辩根本不被听取，因而大多数罪犯都被送上了断头台，以取悦那些吵吵嚷嚷的人们。那天在代尔那之前已有15个人被审讯，在不到一个半小时的时间中，他们便都被判处了死刑。

“查尔斯·埃弗蒙，那个称作代尔那的人。”

在走到法官面前时，代尔那尽力去回想马内特医生给他的周详的忠告。

“查尔斯·埃弗蒙，你是个流亡者。所有的流亡者都得死，这是法兰西的新法律。”

“杀了他！”人们喊着。“砍下他的头！他是人民的敌人！”

首席法官问代尔那：“你在英国住了很多年，这属实吗？”

“是的，属实。”代尔那答道。

“那么你肯定是个流亡者啰。”

“不，按法律规定不是的，”代尔那回答。“我在英国自谋生计，从来没有要过或用过侯爵的称号，我也不曾想过要靠可怜的法国人民的劳作而生活，所以我去英国生活和工作的，这是革命之前很久的事了。”

“那么你在英国结婚了吗？”

“是的，我娶了一个法国女人，是马内特医生的女儿。他是巴士底狱的囚犯，是所有好公民的知名朋友！”

这些话在人群中产生了好的影响，那些刚才还嚷着要他死的人现在又嚷着要他活下来。后来加贝尔先生和马内特医生也都为查尔斯·代尔那说话。医生说得很好又很清楚，而且他很受人们的欢迎。在他结束了讲话后，法官们决定释放囚犯。人们也大声喊着同意，很快他们便用椅子抬着代尔那穿过巴黎的街道去了马内特医生住的屋子。路茜正在那儿等着，当她冲出来投入她丈夫的怀抱时，人群中的男男女女互相亲吻并为他们的幸福而起舞。代尔那和路茜又安全幸福地待在了一起。

“我告诉过你我会把他救出来的，”路茜的父亲骄傲地说。“好了，我已经救出了他，你就不用再担心了。”

但是路茜仍旧担心。已有那么多无辜的男男女女毫无道理地死了，并且每天都有更多的人死亡。恐惧和仇恨的阴影笼罩着法国，没有人知道明天会带来什么危险。

查尔斯不能马上离开法国，因为没有拿到必须的证件。他们必须静悄悄地生活，并寄希望于能尽快离开。

但是那天晚上，当马内特医生，查尔斯和路茜正在一起坐着时，他们听到了很响的敲门声。

“会是什么人呢？”路西颤抖着说。“把查尔斯藏起来，救救他！”

“我的孩子，”医生说，“我已经救回了他。他现在是个自由人！”

但是当他打开门时，四个粗壮的人闯进了房间。

“公民埃弗蒙，他在哪儿？他又成了人民的囚徒了。”

“我在这儿，”代尔那说。“可是我为什么又成了犯人呢？”

“圣安东尼的公民们指控你了。”

马内特医生没有说什么。他仿佛成了一个木头人；但他突然说道：

“你能告诉我谁指控我的女婿吗？”

“我本不该告诉你的，”其中一个人说，“可是公民埃弗蒙，即所谓的代尔那是被得法热先生及夫人还有另外一个人指控的。”

“另外那个人是谁？”

“你明天就会听到了。”那个人说。

9 The spy

While this was happening, Miss Pross was out shopping for the family. Jerry Cruncher was with her, and they had just gone into a wine-shop when Miss Pross suddenly stopped, looked at one of the customers, and cried out in a loud voice,

'Oh Solomon, dear Solomon! I've found you at last, dear brother! But whatever are you doing here in Paris?'

'Don't call me Solomon. You'll get me killed. Pay for your wine, and come outside,' said the man in a low, frightened voice.

They went outside. 'You mustn't recognize me here,' said the man. 'It's not safe. Go your way, and let me go mine.'

Miss Pross began to cry at these unbrotherly words, and Jerry Cruncher stepped forward to stare in the man's face.

'Wait a minute,' said Jerry. 'Is your name John Solomon, or Solomon John? Your sister calls you Solomon. I know that your name's John; I remember that. But your other name wasn't Pross at that Old Bailey trial. What was your name then?'

'Barsad!' said another voice.

'Yes, Barsad, that's it,' cried Jerry. He turned round and saw Sydney Carton standing behind him.

'Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Pross,' said Carton, smiling at her. 'But I'm afraid I have to tell you that your brother is a spy, a spy for the French prisons.'

Solomon Pross, also Barsad, went pale. 'That's not true!'

'I saw you come out of the Conciergerie today. I followed you,' said Carton, 'and I found out what you do. And I've decided that you may be able to help me. Come with me to the office of Mr Lorry.'

After a short argument, which Carton won, Barsad followed him to Mr Lorry's office.

'I boring bad news, Carton said to Mr Lorry. 'Darnay has been arrested again.'

'But I was with him only two hours ago,' cried Mr Lorry.

'He was safe and free!'

'Even so, he has been arrested and taken to the Conciergerie. And I'm not sure that Dr Manette's good name can save him this time. So we must have Mr Barsad's help.'

'I will not help you,' said Solomon Pross, called John Barsad.

'Oh, I think you will,' said Sydney Carton, 'when you hear what I could say about you. Let's think. Mr Barsad is a spy, and a prison guard, but he used to be a spy in England. Is he still paid by the English?'

'No one will listen to you,' said Barsad.

'But I can say more, Mr Barsad,' replied Carton.

Barsad had more problems than Carton knew. He could not return to England because he was wanted by the police there. And in France, before he became a prison guard for the citizens' revolution, he had been a spy for the King's officers. He knew that Madame Defarge, that terrible woman, had knitted his name into her list of enemies of the people. Most of those on her list had already been killed by the Guillotine, and Barsad did not want to be next.

'You seem worried, Mr Barsad,' said Carton calmly.

The spy turned to Mr Lorry. 'Miss Pross is my sister, sir. Would you send her brother to his death, sir?'

'The best thing for your sister, Mr Barsad,' said Carton smoothly, 'is not to have a brother like you. I think I will inform the Tribunal that I suspect you of spying for England. You will be condemned at once, I am sure.'

'All right,' Barsad said slowly, 'I'll help you. But don't ask me to do anything that will put my life in danger, because I won't do it.'

'You're a guard at the Conciergerie prison, where Darnay is, aren't you?' said Carton. 'Come, let us talk privately in the next room.'

When Mr Carton returned alone, Mr Lorry asked what he had done.

'Not much,' replied Carton, 'but if it goes badly for Darnay tomorrow, I can visit him once. It's all I could do.'

'But that will not save him,' cried Mr Lorry sadly.

'I never said it would.'

Mr Lorry was an old man now, with a life of hard work behind him. Tears filled his eyes as he realized he could do nothing to help Lucie and her father now.

Sydney Carton felt very sorry for Mr Lorry. 'You're a good friend of Dr Manette and his daughter, but don't tell them about me or this meeting. It can't help Lucie.' He paused. 'Will you go back to London soon?'

'Yes, my work for Tellson's Bank here is finished. I have the necessary papers to leave Paris. I was ready to go tomorrow.'

'Then don't change your plans,' said Carton, very seriously.

Later that night Sydney Carton visited a shop in a quiet corner of Paris. He wrote on a piece of paper the names of several powders and gave it to the shopkeeper.

'For you, citizen?' asked the shopkeeper.

'Yes, for me.'

'You must be careful, citizen. Keep these things separate. You know what happens if you put them together.'

'Perfectly,' replied Carton.

He spent the rest of that night walking the streets of Paris. He watched the moon rise in the sky, he listened to the sounds of the River Seine flowing through the heart of the city, and he thought calmly about the past, and the future. He

thought about all the deaths that the city had already seen……and he thought about Lucie’s gentle, loving face and her sad, sad eyes.

9 间碟

发生这件事的时候，普罗斯小姐正出去为全家采购东西去了。杰里·克拉彻和她在一起，他们刚好进了一家酒店。普罗斯小姐突然站住，看着一位顾客大声喊道：

怎么会在巴黎呢？”

“别叫我所罗门，你会让我丧命的。把酒钱付了，然后出来。”那个男人因害怕而低声地说道。

他们来到了外面。“你在这儿千万不要同我相认，”那个男人说。“这不安全。你走你的路，我也走我的路。”

面对这毫无姐弟之情的话，普罗斯小姐哭了起来。杰里·克拉彻走上前来盯着这个男人的脸。

“等一等，”杰里说，“你是叫约翰·所罗门，还是叫所罗门·约翰？你姐姐叫你所罗门，我知道你的名字是约翰。我还记得这一点。但你在旧巴勒的审判会上只有名字，不是普罗斯，你那时叫什么来着？”

“巴萨德！”另一个声音说道。

“是的，巴萨德，就是这个。”杰里喊道。他转过身去看见西得尼·卡登正站在他身后。

“别惊慌，亲爱的普罗斯小姐，”卡登对她微笑着说。“只是我得告诉你你弟弟是个间谍，是为法国监狱工作的间谍。”

所罗门·普罗斯，也就是巴萨德的脸变得苍白。“那不是真的！”

“我今天看见你从贡赛杰里那儿出来。我跟踪你来着，”卡登说。“而且我发现了你是干什么的，我肯定你或许能帮我。跟我去劳里先生的办公室吧。”

经过短暂的争执，卡登先生胜了，巴萨德便跟着他到了劳里先生的办公室。

“我带来了一个坏消息”卡登对劳里先生说。“代尔那又被抓起来了。”

“可两小时前我还和他在一起的。”劳里先生嚷道。“他当时既安全又自由。”

“尽管如此，他还是已经被抓了起来并被带到了贡赛杰里。我也不知道这次马内特医生的好名声是否能救他。所以我必须得到巴萨德先生的帮助。”

“我不会帮你们的。”所罗门·普罗斯，即所谓的约翰·巴萨德说。

“哦，我想你会的。”西得尼·卡登说。“当你听我说了关于你的事后。让我们想一想，巴萨德先生是个间谍，也是一个监狱看守，但他在英国曾做过间谍。他现在是否还被英国人雇佣呢？”

“没人会听你的。”巴萨德说。

“但我还可以说更多的东西，巴萨德先生。”卡登回答。

巴萨德的麻烦事比卡登知道的还多。他之所以回不了英国是因为他被那里的警察所追捕，而且在法国，在他成为公民们的监狱看守之前，他曾为国王的官员们做过间谍。他知道得法热夫人，那个可怕的女人，已把他的名字织进了人民敌人的名单上了。她名单上的大多数人都已经死在了断头台上，而他可不想成为下一个。

“你似乎很担心，巴萨德先生。”卡登镇静地说。

间谍转向劳里先生说道：“普罗斯小姐是我的姐姐，先生。您难道会送她弟弟去死吗，先生？”

“对你姐姐来说最好的事情，巴萨德先生，”卡登平静地说，“就是没有了像你这样的弟弟。我想我得告知审判团，就说我怀疑你是英国的间谍。我相信你会被马上处决的。”

“好吧。”巴萨德慢慢地说道，“我会帮助你们，可是别想让我做任何有生命危险的事，因为我不会做的。”

“你是贡赛杰里监狱的看守，代尔那就在那里，是不是？”卡登说。“来，让我们在旁边的屋子里私下谈谈。”

当卡登先生一个人回来时，劳里先生问他都干了些什么。

“没干什么，”卡登回答，“只是如果明天代尔那的处境不妙的话，我就能再去看他一次。这就是我所能做的一切了。”

“但是那也救不了他。”劳里先生伤心地哭道。

“我从来没说那能救他。”

劳里先生现已年迈，他一生工作勤勤恳恳，当他意识到他现在无论如何也帮不了路茜和她父亲时，眼中溢满了泪水。

西得尼·卡登为劳里先生感到很难过。“您是马内特医生和他女儿的好朋友，但是别告诉他们有关我或这次会面的事。那帮不了路茜。”他停了停，说道：“你不久就要回伦敦吗？”

“是的，我在这儿的台尔森银行的工作已经结束了，我有离开巴黎所必须的证件，我准备明天就动身。”

“那么别改变计划。”卡登非常严肃地说。

那天晚上西得尼·卡登去了巴黎的一个寂静角落处的商店。他在一张纸上写下了几个药粉的名字并把它给了店主。

“是你用吗，公民？”店主问。

“是的，是我用。”

“你得小心，公民。把这些东西分开放着放。你清楚如果把它们放在一起会发生什么事情的。”

“非常清楚。”卡登说道。

那天晚上剩下的时间他都用于漫步巴黎的街道。他看见月亮升起在天空中，听见塞纳河流经这个城市中心时的声响，他平静地想到了过去，还有未来。他想到了这个城市所经历过的死亡……他也想到了路茜那温柔、可爱的脸庞以及她悲伤、忧郁的眼睛。

10 The secret paper

When Charles Darnay was led before the Tribunal the next morning, Dr Manette, Lucie and Mr Lorry were all there. The love in Lucie's eyes as she looked at her husband warmed Darnay's heart. It had the same effect on Sydney Carton, though no one saw him standing at the back of the room.

It was the same Tribunal who had let Darnay go free on the day before. But Revolution Laws were not as powerful as the anger of the people.

The President of the Tribunal asked, 'Who has accused Charles Evrémonde again?'

'Three voices,' he was told. 'He is accused by Ernest Defarge, by Teresa Defarge his wife, and by Alexandre Manette, Doctor.'

There was a great noise in the room when Dr Manette's name was heard. When the shouting stopped, Dr Manette stood, pale and trembling.

'President, this cannot be true. You know that the man who is accused, Charles Darnay, is my daughter's husband. My daughter and those who are dear to her are far more important to me than my life. Where is the liar who says that I accuse my daughter's husband?'

'Citizen Manette,' said the President, 'be calm. Nothing can be more important to a good citizen than the freedom of France.'

Defarge came forward to answer questions. He told how he had been at the Bastille at the beginning of the Revolution, when that hated prison had been taken by the citizens.

'I knew that Dr Manette had been kept in a room known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. It was the only name he had when he came to me in 1775. I went to the room and, hid-den in a hole, I found a written paper. It is in Dr Manette's writing.'

'Read it to us,' said the President, and the crowd fell silent and listened.

I, Alexandre Manette, write this in the Bastille in 1767. I have been here for ten long years and I write this in my secret moments, when I can.

One evening in December, 1757, I was walking by the River Seine and a coach stopped beside me. Two men got out and one asked me if I was Dr Manette. When I replied that I was, they asked me to go with them, and made it clear that I could not refuse.

The coach left Paris and stopped at a lonely house. I could hear cries coming from a room upstairs. When I went in, I saw a young woman lying on a bed. She was young and very beautiful. She was also very ill. She kept crying out, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' Then she listened for a moment, and began once again, 'My husband, my father, and my brother...'

I gave the girl something to make her calmer, but her feverish screams continued. Then I turned to question the two men. They were clearly brothers, and their clothes and voices suggested that they were noblemen. But they took care to prevent me from learning their name.

Before I could speak, the older brother said carelessly, 'There is another patient.' In a different room, they showed me a boy of about seventeen. There was a sword wound in his chest and I could see at once that he was dying.

'How did this happen?' I asked.

'He's just a crazy young peasant. He came here shouting about revenge, and made my brother fight him. The older brother's voice was cold and hard; he seemed to think the boy was less important than a horse or a dog.'

The boy's eyes looked at me. 'Have you seen her...my sister?' It was hard for him to speak.

'I have seen her,' I replied.

'These rich nobles are cruel to us, Doctor. They destroy our land, they take our food, they steal our sisters. My sister loved a man in our village; he was sick, but she married him to take care of him. But my sister is beautiful, and that nobleman's brother saw her and wanted her. They made her husband work night and day without stopping, until he dropped dead where he stood. Then they took my sister away. When my father heard what had happened, the news was too much for his poor heart and he died suddenly. I took my younger sister to a place where she is safe, and came here to find this man. He threw some money at me, tried to buy me like a dog, but I made him pull his sword and fight me to save his life.'

The boy's life was going fast, but he cried, 'Lift me, Doctor.' He turned his face towards the older brother. 'Marquis,' he said loudly, 'I call for you and your brother, and all your family, now and in the future, to pay for what you have done.' Then he fell back, dead.

The young woman's fever continued, but I could not save her. She lived for several more days, and once the Marquis said to me, 'How long these peasants take to die!'

When she was dead, the brothers warned me to keep silent. They offered me money, but I refused it and was taken back to my home.

The next day I decided to write to the King's officials. I knew that nobles who did unlawful things were usually not punished, and expected that nothing would happen. But I did not realize the danger for myself. Just as I had finished writing my letter, a lady came to see me. She said she was the wife of the Marquis of Evrémonde and she had discovered what her husband and his brother had done. She wanted to help the younger sister of the girl who had died, and asked me where she could find her. Sadly, I did not know and so could not tell her. But that was how I learnt the brothers' name.

The wife of the Marquis was a good, kind woman, deeply unhappy in her marriage. She had brought her son with her, a boy about three years old. 'If I cannot find this poor girl,' she said, 'I shall tell my son to continue the search after my death. You will remember that, little Charles, won't you?'

The child answered, 'yes!'

Later that day I sent my letter to the King’s officials and that night there was a knock at my door. My servant, a boy called Ernest Defarge, brought in a stranger, who asked me to come at once to visit a sick man in the next street.

As soon as I was outside the house, several men took hold of me violently The Evrémonde brothers came out of the darkness and the Marquis took my letter out of his pocket, showed it to me, and burned it. Not a word was spoken. Then I was brought here to this prison, my living grave.

I have been here for ten long years. I do not know if my dear wife is alive or dead; these brothers have sent me no news of my family. There is no goodness in their cruel hearts. I, Alexandre Manette, in my pain and sadness, I condemn them in the face of God.

When Defarge had finished reading, a terrible sound rose from the crowd, a long wild cry of anger and revenge. Death for the hated Marquis of Evrémonde, enemy of the people! The trial was over, and in less than twenty-four hours Charles Darnay would go to the Guillotine.

10 秘密纸条

在第二天早晨查尔斯·代尔那被带到审判团面前时，马内特医生、路西和劳里先生都在那儿。路西看着她丈夫，眼中充满了爱，这使代尔那心中充满了温暖。它对西得尼·卡登产生了同样的影响，虽然没有人看见他站在屋子的后面。

这就是前一天释放代尔那的那同一个审判团，但是革命的法律的威力毕竟没有人民的愤怒那样强大。

审判团首席法官问：“是谁又一次指控查尔斯·埃弗蒙？”

“有3个人指控，”他被人告知说。“他被恩斯特·得法热、他的妻子特丽莎·得法热以及医生亚历山大·马内特所指控。”

当马内特医生的名字被提到后，屋子里响起了一阵巨大的哄闹声。当这些声音停下来时，马内特医生站起身来，脸色煞白浑身发抖。

“首席法官，这不可能是真的。你知道被指控的人查尔斯·代尔那是我女儿的丈夫。而我的女儿以及那些爱她的人对我来说远比我的生命都重要。那个说我指控我女儿丈夫的骗子在哪儿？”

“马内特公民，”首席法官说，“冷静点。对一个好公民来说没有什么比法兰西的自由更重要的。”

得法热走上前来回答问题。他告诉人们在革命开始时当那令人憎恶的巴士底监狱被公民们攻占时，他是如何到里面去的。

“我那时知道马内特医生曾被关在北塔105号牢房，这是他在1775年见到我时的唯一的名字。我去了那个牢房，并在一个隐蔽的小洞里找到了一张写着字的纸，那是马内特医生的手迹。

“给我们念念。”首席法官说完，人们便坐下来静听。

我，亚历山大·马内特，在1767年巴士底狱中写下这篇记录。我已经在这儿待了漫长的10年了，我是在我能够写作的秘密时刻写这封信的。

在1757年12月的一个晚上，我正沿着塞纳河散步，一辆马车停在了我身边。车上走下两个男人，其中一个问我是不是马内特医生。当我回答说是后，他们便要我跟他们一起走，而且明确告诉我，不能拒绝。

马车离开巴黎，在一座孤零零的房子前停了下来。我听到从楼上房间里传来了哭喊声。在我走进去时，我看见一个年轻女子躺在一张床上。她年轻而且很漂亮。她病得也很厉害，一直在哭喊着：“我丈夫、我父亲，还有我弟弟！”然后她倾听了一会儿，又开始哭喊起来，“我丈夫、我父亲，还有我弟弟……。”

我给那女孩服了一些可以使她平静下来的药。但她狂躁的叫声还是继续着。后来我转身去询问那两个男人，他们显然是兄弟俩，并且他们的穿着和说话腔调表明他们是贵族，可他们提防着不让我知道他们的名字。

我还没来得及及说话，那个哥哥便不在乎地说：“这儿还有一个病人。”在另一个房间里，他们指给我看一个17岁左右的男孩。他的前胸有一道剑伤，我一眼就看出他快要死了。

“这是怎么回事？”我问道。

“他只是个发了疯的小农民，他来这儿大喊大叫着报仇。于是迫使我弟弟和他打了起来。”那位哥哥的声音冷酷而生硬；他似乎觉得这个男孩还不如一匹马或一条狗。

那个男孩的眼睛看着我。“您见到她了吗……我姐姐？”他说话很吃力。

“我已经见到她了。”我答道。

“这些有钱的贵族们对我们很残忍，医生。他们毁坏我们的土地，拿走我们的食物，他们抢走了我的姐姐。我姐姐爱上了我们村子里的一个人；他生了病，但是她还是嫁给了他以便照料他。可因为我姐姐长得漂亮，那个贵族的弟弟见到了她便想占有她。他们强迫她的丈夫日夜工作，不得休息，直到在他站着的地方倒下去死了，然后他们就把我姐姐抢走了。在我父亲听到所发生的这些事后，他虚弱的心脏承受不住这一打击，也猝然死去了。我把我的妹妹带到了个安全的地方，然后来这儿找这个人。他扔给我一些钱，企图像买一只狗那样收买我，可我迫使他抽出了他的剑，他要活命，就要同我决斗。”

这个男孩的生命很快就要完结了，但他却喊道：“扶我起来，医生。”他把脸转向那个哥哥：“侯爵，”他大声说，“我诅咒你和你的弟弟以及你所有的家人，无论现在还是将来，都得为你们的所做所为受到惩罚。”然后他便倒地而死。

那个年轻女子还持续地发着烧，但我救不了她。她又活了几天，于是有一次侯爵对我说：“这些农民真难死啊！”

在她死后，这兄弟俩警告我要保持缄默。他们给了我钱但我没有要，于是我被送回了家。

第二天我决定给国王的官员们写信。我知道贵族们做了违法的事情常常得不到惩罚，而且我料到不会有什么结果的。但我没意识到自身的危险。就在我写完信后，一位女士来见我，她说她是埃弗蒙侯爵的妻子，并且已经发现了她丈夫和他弟弟所干的事情。她想要帮助那个已死的女孩子的小妹妹，于是问我她在哪儿能找到她。不幸的是，我不知道，因而也无法告诉她。但我却因此知道了那两个兄弟的名字。

侯爵的妻子是一个好心善良的女人，她对婚姻深感不幸。她还带来了她的儿子，一个大约3岁的男孩。“如果我找不到这个可怜的女孩儿，”她说，“我会告诉我的儿子在我死后继续找她。你要记住，小查尔斯，好吗？”

那个小孩回答说：“好的！”

那天的晚些时候我把我的信寄给了国王的官员们；当晚就有人敲我家的门。我的仆人，一个叫恩斯特·得法热的男子带进来一个陌生人，叫我立刻去邻街看一个病人。

我刚走出房子，便有好几个人猛地抓住了我，埃弗蒙兄弟从黑暗中走出来，侯爵从他兜里拿出了我写的信，给我看了一眼便烧了。什么话也没说，然后我就被带到了这个监狱，我的活坟墓。

我已经在这里待了漫长的10年了。我不知道我心爱的妻子是死是活。这对兄弟没有给过我任何有关我家里的消息。他们残酷的心中没有一点仁慈。我，亚历山大·马内特在痛苦和悲伤之中，在上帝面前谴责他们。

当得法热念完之后，一阵可怕的声音从人群中响起，那是愤怒和复仇的狂呼。人民痛恨的敌人埃弗蒙侯爵该死！审判结束了，在不到24小时之后，查尔斯·代尔那就要走上断头台了。

11 Madame Defarge's revenge

Lucie held out her arms to her husband. 'Let me kiss him, one last time. '

Most of the citizens had gone out into the streets to shout how they hated the prisoners, but Barsad was still there.

'Let her kiss her husband,' he said. 'It's just for a minute. '

Lucie went over to her husband and he took her in his arms. Dr Manette followed his daughter and fell on his knees before them, but Darnay pulled him to his feet, saying,

'No, no. Now we know how much you suffered, especially when you knew whose son I was. But you kept your feelings secret, because of your love for Lucie. We thank you, with all our hearts, for what you did. I tried so hard to do what my mother had wished, but I never found that poor girl. And how could that terrible story ever have a happy ending? '

He turned to his wife. 'My dearest love, we shall meet again, in the place where there are no worries. God be with you both. '

As Darnay was taken away, Lucie fell to the floor, unconscious. Sydney Carton came quickly forward to help Mr Lorry and Dr Manette. He carried Lucie to her coach and she was taken home. Then he carried her into the house where her daughter and Miss Pross waited, tears falling from their eyes.

'Before I go,' said Sydney Carton, 'may I kiss her?' He touched Lucie's face lightly with his lips, whispered a few words, and went into the next room.

'You are still very popular with the citizens, Doctor. You must try again to talk to the judges. '

'I'll do everything I can. Everything,' Dr Manette said.

Mr Lorry went with Carton to the door.

'I have no hope, whispered Mr Lorry sadly.

'Nor have I,' replied Carton. 'After today, no judge in Paris would even try to save him. The people would be too angry. I will return here later, to see if there is any news, but there is no real hope. '

He left the house and began to walk quickly towards Saint Antoine. His face was calm and serious; he looked like a man who had decided to do something. 'I must show myself to the people here,' he thought. 'They should know that there is a man like me in the city. '

In Defarge's wine-shop the only customer was Jacques Three, who had been on the Tribunal that had decided Darnay should die. When Carton sat down and asked for a glass of wine, Madame Defarge looked at him carelessly at first. Then much more carefully. She went back to her husband and

Jacques Three, who were talking. 'He is very much like Evrémonte,' she said softly.

Defarge himself looked at Carton and said, 'Yes, but only a little,' and the three continued their conversation. Carton listened carefully, while pretending to read a newspaper.

'Madame is right,' said Jacques Three. 'Why should we stop at Evrémonte? '

'We must stop somewhere, said Defarge.

'Not until they are all dead, every one of that family,' said his wife.

'You're right, but think how much the Doctor has suffered. Perhaps he has suffered enough. '

'Listen,' said Madame Defarge coldly. 'Don't forget that I was that younger sister. And it was my family that suffered so much from the Evrémonte brothers. It was my sister who died, and my sister's husband, and my father; it was my brother who was killed. Tell others to stop; don't tell me! '

Carton paid for his wine and went out quickly on his way. He went back to Dr Manette's house, where more bad news was waiting for him. The Doctor's mind had returned to the past once again. He did not recognize his friends, and wanted only to find his old table and to make shoes.

'Listen to me carefully,' Carton said to Mr Lorry. 'I believe that Lucie, her daughter, and perhaps even her father are in great danger. I heard Madame Defarge talking about them tonight. They must leave Paris tomorrow. They have the necessary papers, and so do you. Here are mine—take them and keep them safe with your own. You must leave by coach at two o'clock tomorrow. Keep a place for me in the coach, and don't leave without me. Promise that you will do exactly what I have said. Many lives will depend on it. '

'I promise,' said Mr Lorry.

11 得法热夫人的报复

路茜向他的丈夫伸出双臂。“让我吻吻他，最后一次。”

大多数公民已经走上街头，喊着他们是多么痛恨这个罪犯，可巴萨德仍旧留在那儿。

“让她吻一下她丈夫吧，”他说，“只须一分钟。”

路茜走向她丈夫，他便把她搂在怀里。马内特医生跟着女儿并在他们面前跪了下来，但代尔那把他拉了起来，说道：

“不，不，现在我们知道您受了多少苦，尤其是当您知道我是谁的儿子的时候。可您隐藏着您的感情，是为着您对路茜的爱。我们谢谢您所做的事情，由衷地谢谢您。我尽力去做了我母亲希望我做的事，可我一直没有找到那个可怜的女孩。况且那么一个可怕的故事怎么会会有一个幸福的结局呢？”

他转向他的妻子：“我最亲爱的，我们会再相见的。在无忧无虑的地方，上帝与你们两个人同在。”

当代尔那被带走后，路茜倒在地上，不醒人事。西得尼·卡登快步走过来帮劳里先生和马内特医生的忙。他把路茜抱上了马车送她回家，然后他把她抱进了她女儿和普罗斯小姐等候着的房子，泪水从她们的眼中落下来。

“我走之前，”西得尼·卡登说，“我能吻吻她吗？”他的嘴唇轻轻地吻了路茜的脸颊，小声地说了几句话，然后走进了旁边的一个房间。

“您在公民中仍旧很受欢迎，医生。您必须尽力再同法官们谈谈。”

“我会去做我所能做的一切事情的。一切事情。”马内特医生说。劳里先生和卡登一起走到了门口。

“我不抱希望了。”劳里先生悲哀地低声说道。

“我也不抱希望了。”卡登回答。“过了今天，巴黎甚至将不会有法官去救他了，人们会过于愤怒的。我过一会儿再来，看看是否有什么消息，但是不会有真正的指望了。”

他离开了房子便快步向圣安东尼走去，他的脸平静而严肃，看上去像一个已下定决心要去做件大事的人。“我得向这里的人展示一下我自己。”他想：“他们得知道在这个城市里有一个像我这样的男人。”

得法热的酒店里唯一的一名顾客是雅克三，他刚去参加了判处代尔那死刑的那个审判会。在卡登坐下要一杯酒时，得法热夫人起初不在意地看着他，接着便非常仔细地看起他来。她回到正在谈话的她丈夫和雅克三身边，轻声地说：“他可真像埃弗蒙。”

得法热自己看着卡登说：“是的，可只有一点儿像。”然后他们三人接着聊天。卡登一边装着看报纸一边仔细听着。

“夫人是对的，”雅克第三说。“我们为什么要在埃弗蒙这儿就打住呢？”

“我们必须适可而止。”得法热说。

“在他们，包括那个家族里的每一个人都死掉之前，我们不能就这样打住。”他妻子说。

“你是对的，但是想一想医生受了多少苦，也许他已经受够了。”

“听着，”得法热夫人冷酷地说。“别忘了我就是那个小妹妹，并且是我的家庭受了埃弗蒙兄弟那么多的苦难。是我的姐姐死去了，还有我姐姐的丈夫，以及我的父亲；是我的哥哥被杀死了。去让别人打住吧，别让我这么做！”

卡登付了酒钱便匆匆出门上了路。他回到了马内特医生的住处。那里有更多的坏消息在等着他。医生的思维又一次回到了从前。他不认识他的朋友了，而只想着要找他的老桌子做鞋。

“仔细听我说，”卡登对劳里先生说。“我确信路茜、她的女儿，也许还有她的父亲都处在极大的危险中。我今晚听到得法热夫人在谈论他们。他们明天必须离开巴黎。他们有必需的证件，你也有。这是我的证件——把它们拿去同你的放在一起妥善保管。你们必须在明天两点钟乘马车离开。在马车上给我留个位置，要等我来了再走。你一定要完全照我说的去做；保全许多人的生命就在此一举了。”

“我答应你。”劳里先生说道。

12 A change of clothes

Charles Darnay passed his last night alone in the prison.

He had no hope. He knew he must die, not for anything he had done wrong, but for the crimes of his father and his uncle. He sat down to write to his wife:

I knew nothing about the time your father spent in prison until he told me. Even then I did not know that it was my family that had been so cruel to him. I told your father that my real name was Evrémonde, and he made me promise not to tell you. I am sure that he had forgotten the paper he had written, but what has happened now is not his fault. Take care of him and our child, and one day we shall all meet again in the happier world that comes after death.

Darnay did not sleep peacefully that night and in the morning he walked up and down his prison, waiting. He counted the hours—nine, gone for ever, ten, eleven, twelve gone for ever. At one o'clock he heard someone outside the door. The door opened and closed and there stood Sydney Carton, holding a warning finger to his lips.

'Be quiet! I come from your wife. She begs you to do exactly what I say, and to ask no questions. There is no time. Take off your boots and put on mine. '

'Carton, my dear friend, 'said Darnay, 'it is impossible to escape from this place. You will only die with me. '

'I'm not asking you to escape. Put on my shirt, and my coat. 'He did not allow Darnay time to argue or refuse. 'Now sit down and write what I say, 'he said. 'Quickly, my friend, quickly! '

'If you remember, 'he said, and Darnay wrote, 'the words we spoke so long ago, you will understand this when you see it. 'As he said this, Carton took his hand from his pocket.

'What is that in your hand? 'asked Darnay.

'Nothing. Have you written "see it"? Good, now go on writing, 'said Carton quietly. 'I am happy that I can prove them now. This is not a reason for sadness. 'Carton's hand was close to Darnay's face, and he gently pressed a cloth against Darnay's nose and mouth. A minute later Darnay lay unconscious on the ground. Carton quickly dressed himself in Darnay's clothes, and pushed the note that Darnay had written inside Darnay's pocket. Then he went to the door and called softly, 'Come in now. '

The spy Barsad came in.

'Quick, help me, 'said Carton. 'You must help me to the coach. '

'You? 'asked the spy.

'Him, man, I've changed places with him. You can say that it was too much for him, saying his last goodbye to his friend. That happens quite often, I believe. '

'Yes, often, 'replied Barsad. 'But do you promise to keep me out of danger, and go on with this plan to the end? The number must be right. Fifty—two prisoners must die today. '

'Have I not already promised to be true to the death? Hurry, man! Take him to Mr Lorry, put him in the coach yourself, and tell Mr Lorry to leave at once! '

Barsad called two men into the room, and told them to lift the unconscious man and carry him out.

'The time is short, Evrémonde, 'said Barsad, in a warning voice.

'I know it well, 'replied Carton. 'Be careful with my friend, and leave me. '

The door closed and Carton was left alone. He listened care—fully but there were only normal prison sounds. No shouts, no alarm bells. He waited calmly.

Soon he heard the sound of doors opening. The door of his prison cell opened and a man said, 'Follow me, Evrémonde! 'and Carton followed him into a large, dark room.

There were many people there, some standing, some sitting, some walking about, some crying. Most of them stood, silent, looking at the ground. A young woman came up to him; she was thin and pale.

'Citizen, Evrémonde, 'she said. 'I was with you in La Force. '

'True, 'he said softly, 'but I forget what you were accused of. '

'I am innocent. What could a poor little thing like me do? I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have done nothing.

Her sad smile as she said this touched Carton's heart.

'They say that the Revolution will do so much good for the poor people, 'said the girl. 'How can my death help the poor? If it is true, I am willing to die, but I do not know how that can be. I heard that you were set free, Citizen Evrémonde, 'she went on. 'I hoped it was true. '

'It was, but I was taken again, and condemned. '

'When we go from here, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid but I am little and weak, and it will help to make me brave. 'The young girl looked into his face and he saw a sudden doubt come into her eyes, followed by surprise. He touched his lips with his finger.

'Are you dying for him? 'she whispered.

'And his wife and child. Yes. '

'Oh, will you let me hold your brave hand, stranger? '

'Yes, my poor sister, to the last. '

12 互换衣服

查尔斯·代尔那独自一人在监狱里过着他最后的一个夜晚。他不抱什么希望了。他知道他必须得死，不是因为他做错了什么事，而是因为

他父亲和叔叔所犯下的罪行。他坐下来给他的妻子写信：

在你父亲告诉我以前，我对他在监狱中度过的岁月一无所知。即便那时我也不知道是我的家庭曾那样残忍地对待过他。我当时告诉你父亲我的真实姓氏是埃弗蒙，但他让我发誓不要告诉你。我相信他那时已经忘了他曾在监狱里写的那份记录。但是现在发生的事不是他的过错。你要好好照顾他和我们的孩子。会有一天我们将重逢在一个更幸福的世界里的，人们死后就会到来的那个世界。

代尔那那天晚上没有安睡过，凌晨他在囚室里走来走去地等待着。他数着时间——9点，永远过去了，10点、11点、12点，都永远消逝了。一点钟时他听见有人在门外。门开了又关上。西得尼·卡登走了进来。他伸出一只手指按在嘴上告诉他别出声。

“我从你妻子那儿来；她求你完全按照我说的去做。什么也别问，没时间了。脱掉你的靴子换上我的。”

“卡登，我亲爱的朋友，”代尔那说道，“从这个地方逃跑是不可能的，你只会和我一起去死的。”

“我没让你逃跑。穿上我的衬衫。还有我的大衣。”

他没有给代尔那争辩或拒绝的时间。“现在坐下写下我说的话。”他说。“快点儿，我的朋友，快一点儿。”

“如果你还记得，”他说着，代尔那写着。“我们很久以前说过的话，那么在你看到它时就会明白这一点了。”当他说着这些话时，卡登从兜儿里伸出手来。“你手里是什么东西？”代尔那问。

“没什么。你写完’看到它’了吗？好的，现在接着写。”卡登平静地说。“我很高兴现在能够验证那些话了。没有理由伤心。”卡登的手靠近了代尔那的脸并轻轻地把一块布按在了代尔那的鼻子和嘴上。一分钟过后，代尔那便失去了知觉，躺在了地上。卡登迅速穿上了代尔那的衣服，并把代尔那刚写的纸条塞进了代尔那的口袋里，然后他走到门边轻声喊道：“现在进来吧。”

那个间谍巴萨德走了进来。

“快，帮帮我。”卡登说。“你必须帮助我上马车。”

“你？”间谍问。

“他，伙计。我已经和他换了位置。你可以声言说他承受不住和他的朋友诀别。这样的事经常发生，我相信。”

“是的，经常发生。”巴萨德答道。“但你许诺过不让我有危险，并把计划坚持到底的呀？数字必须是对的，今天必须死52名囚犯的。”

“我难道还没保证要真的去死吗？快点，伙计！带他去劳里先生那儿，你自己把他抬到马车里去，告诉他们马上就走。”

巴萨德叫了两个人进了牢房；并让他们把那个失去知觉的人抬起来扛出去。

“时间不多了，埃弗蒙。”巴萨德以警告的语气说。

“我很清楚。”卡登回答说。“小心照顾我的朋友，留我一个人在这儿好了。”

门关上了，卡登独自留了下来。他仔细地听着，只有正常的监狱里的声响。没有喊叫，没有警铃。他平静地等待着。

不久他听到了开门的声音。他的囚室的门开了，一个人说道：“跟我走，埃弗蒙！”于是卡登便跟着他来到一个大而暗的房间里。

那里面有很多人，有站着的，有坐着的，有来来回回走着的，有哭喊着的。他们大多数都默默地站着，看着地面。一个年轻女子向他走来，她又瘦又苍白。

“埃弗蒙公民，”她说。“我曾在拉弗尔斯和你在一起待过。”

“是的，”他柔声说，“只是我忘了你是为什么被指控的。”

“我是无辜的。像我这么个可怜的小人物能干什么呢？我不怕死，埃弗蒙公民，只是我什么也没有做。”

她说这话时悲伤的笑容触动了卡登的心。

“他们说革命会给穷人们带来很多好处。”女孩说道。“我的死能帮穷人什么忙呢？如果能，那么我乐意去死。但我不明白这怎么可能呢？我曾听说你被释放了的，埃弗蒙公民。”她接着说。“我当时希望这是真的。”

“是真的，但又被抓起来了，而且宣判了死刑。”

“在我们从这儿走时，埃弗蒙公民，你能让我抓住你的手吗？我不怕死，可是我又小又弱，所以那样会让我勇敢起来的。”年轻的姑娘看着他的脸，于是他发现她眼中忽然露出一丝怀疑，跟着便是惊讶。他用手指碰了碰嘴唇。

“你为他去死吗？”她低声问。

“还有他的妻子和孩子。是的。”

“是的，我可怜的小妹妹，直到最后。”

13 The last goodbyes

At that same hour in the early afternoon a coach going out of Paris drives up to the gates of the city.

'Who goes there? Show us your papers!' The guard looks at the papers. 'Alexandre Manette, Doctor. Which is he?'

This is Dr Manette; this helpless old man, whispering crazily to himself.

'The last few days of the Revolution have been too much for him,' said the guard with a cruel laugh. 'Lucie his daughter. The wife of Evrémonde. Which is she?'

This is she. With her child, little Lucie, beside her.

'Hah, your husband has another meeting today. Sydney Carton. Lawyer, English. Which is he?'

He is here, in the corner. He is not well.

'And Jarvis Lorry. Banker, English. Which is he?'

'I am he, and the last,' says Jarvis Lorry.

'Here are your papers, Jarvis Lorry. You may go.'

There are wildly beating hearts in the coach, and trembling hands; there is the heavy breathing of the unconscious traveller. But onwards the coach goes; the horses are fast, and there are no shouts behind them on the road.

Also that afternoon Madame Defarge was talking with her friends.

'My husband is a good citizen, but he is not strong enough. He feels sorry for the Doctor. I say that all the Evrémonde people must go to the Guillotine. The wife and the child must follow the husband.'

'They're both fine heads for the Guillotine,' said Jacques Three. 'Their heads will be a pretty sight when they are shown to the people. Yes, they too, must die.'

'But I'm afraid that my husband may warn them and let them escape,' Madame Defarge went on, 'and I must do something myself. After the death of Evrémonde at three this afternoon we'll go to the Tribunal and accuse them.'

The others agreed willingly. 'No one must escape. More heads must fall.'

'Lucie Manette will be at home now, waiting for the moment of her husband's death,' said Madame Defarge. 'I will go to her. She will say things against the Revolution, and condemn herself. Here, take my knitting and keep my usual seat near the Guillotine.'

'Don't be late,' said her friend.

'To see the death of Evrémonde, I shall not be late,' replied the cruel voice of Madame Defarge.

There were many women in Paris at that time who hated the nobles and wanted to see them die. But of all these women, Madame Defarge was the one most feared. All her life she had been filled with hate. It was nothing to her that an innocent man was going to die because of his father's and his uncle's crimes. She wanted more. Hidden in her clothes were a gun and a sharp knife, and with her usual confident step, she began to walk to Dr Manette's house.

The house was not yet empty. Miss Pross and Jerry Cruncher were there, preparing to follow Mr Lorry's coach. Mr Lorry had decided that two coaches were better than one; with fewer passengers, each coach would travel faster. But Miss Pross was still worried. A second coach leaving from the house might suggest an escape.

'Mr Cruncher,' she said, 'you must go and stop our coach coming here. Drive to the church instead, and I'll meet you there at three o'clock.'

Jerry hurried away. It was twenty past two, and at once Miss Pross began to get herself ready to leave. She was washing her face when she suddenly looked up and saw a figure standing in the room.

Madame Defarge looked at her coldly. 'The wife of Evrémonde; where is she?'

Miss Pross quickly stood in front of the door to Lucie's room. 'You're a cruel, dangerous woman, but you won't frighten me,' she said, breathing hard.

Each woman spoke in her own language, and neither understood the other's words. But Madame Defarge knew that Miss Pross was a true friend of the Doctor's family, and Miss Pross knew that Madame Defarge was the family's enemy.

'I wish to see the wife of Evrémonde. Go and tell her. Do you hear me?' said Madame Defarge. She stared angrily at Miss Pross, but Miss Pross stared back just as angrily.

'I am desperate,' said Miss Pross. 'I know that the longer I can keep you here, the greater hope there is for my darling girl. If you fight me, I'll fight back!'

Madame Defarge stepped forward and called loudly, 'Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evrémonde! Answer me!'

There was no answer and Madame Defarge quickly opened three of the doors and saw that the rooms were empty. One door was still closed.

'If they are not in that room, they are gone. But they can be followed and brought back.' She went towards the door, but Miss Pross jumped forward and held her round the waist. Madame Defarge was used to the fighting in the streets and was strong, but love is stronger than hate and Miss Pross did not let go. Madame Defarge tried to pull out her knife.

'No,' said Miss Pross, 'it's under my arm. You shall not have it.'

Madame Defarge put her hand to the front of her dress and began to pull out the gun. Miss Pross looked down, saw what it was, and hit out at it wildly. There was a loud bang, and a cloud of smoke, and Miss Pross stood alone, trembling with terror.

All this in a second. As the smoke cleared, Miss Pross saw the lifeless body of Madame Defarge on the ground. In horror, she opened her mouth to call for help, but then she thought of the dangers this would bring for her dear Lucie. With shaking hands, she got her hat and coat, locked the door of the room, and went downstairs. As she crossed the bridge on the way to the church, she dropped the key of the locked room in the river and hurried on to meet Jerry Cruncher.

* * *

As the death—carts carry the condemned prisoners through the streets of Paris, crowds watch to see the faces of those who are to die. In the chairs around the Guillotine, the friends of Madame Defarge are waiting for her. 'Teresa, Teresa Defarge! Who has seen her? She's never missed before!'

But the death—carts have arrived, and the Guillotine has already begun its work. Crash! —A head is held up, and the women who sit knitting count One.

The supposed Evrémode helps the young girl down from the cart. He carefully places her with her back to the Guillotine, and she looks up gratefully into his face.

Because of you, dear stranger, I am calm. I think you were sent to me by God, 'she whispers.

'Or perhaps He sent you to me, 'says Sydney Carton. 'Keep your eyes on me, dear child, and do not think of anything else. '

'I do not mind while I hold your hand. I shall not mind when I let it go, if they are quick. '

'They are quick. Fear not! '

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers. Now the Guillotine is waiting. The young girl goes next, before him. The women count Twenty—Two, and Carton walks forward.

Twenty—Three.

They said of him that it was the most peaceful face ever seen there What passed through Sydney Carton's mind as he walked those last steps to his death? Perhaps he saw into the future...

'I see Barsad, Defarge, the judges, all dying under this terrible machine. I see a beautiful city being built in this terrible place. I see that new people will live here, in real freedom. I see the lives for whom I give my life, happy and peaceful in that England which I shall never see again. I see Lucie when she is old, crying for me on this day every year, and I know that she and her husband remember me until their deaths. I see their son, who has my name, now a man. I see him become a famous lawyer and make my name famous by his work. I hear him tell his son my story.

'It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known. '

13 最后的道别

在那天午后不久的同一时刻，一辆出巴黎的马车正驶向城门。

“谁在那儿？请出示你们的证件！”卫兵看着证件说：“亚历山大·马内特医生。哪个是他？”

这是马内特医生，这个无助的老人，正发疯地对自己嘀咕着。

“最近几天的革命让他受不了啦。”卫兵残忍地大笑着说。“路西是他的女儿，埃弗蒙的妻子。哪个是她？”

这就是她，还有她的孩子，小路茜在她身边。

“哈，你丈夫今天可有另外一个聚会哟。西得尼·卡登律师，英国人。哪一位是他？”

他在这儿，在角落里。他身体不舒服。

“还有贾维斯·劳里，银行家，英国人。是哪一位？”

“我就是，也是最后一位。”贾维斯·劳里说。

“这是你们的证件，贾维斯·劳里，你们可以走了。”

车里的人的心都狂跳着，手也在发抖，还有那个失去知觉的旅行者发出的沉重的呼吸声，但马车在前进，马匹跑得飞快，在他们身后的路上没有喊叫声。

也就在那天下午，得法热夫人正在和她的朋友谈话。

“我的丈夫是个好公民，可他不够坚定。他可怜医生。我说要让埃弗蒙家的所有人都上断头台，妻子和孩子都得跟那个丈夫一起去。”

“她们俩的头可是断头台上的好货色，”雅克三说。“把她们的头展示给人民将会是一个漂亮的景观。是的，她们也都得死。”

“可我担心我丈夫会报警给她们让她们跑掉。”得法热夫人说，“所以我必须亲自做点什么。在今天下午3点钟埃弗蒙死后，我要去审判团指控她们。”

其他人都欣然同意。“不许有任何人跑掉；必须有更多的人头落地。”

“路西·马内特现在应该正在家里等着她丈夫死的那一刻。”得法热夫人说。“我要去找她，她会说一些反对革命的话，因而招来罪名。好了，拿着我的毛线活儿，把断头台旁边我一向待的位子留着。”

“别晚了。”她的朋友说。

“去看埃弗蒙的死，我不会晚的。”得法热夫人用冷酷的声音回答道。

那时的巴黎有很多妇女痛恨贵族并希望看到他们死。但在所有这些妇女中，得法热夫人是最可怕的一个。她的生命中充满了仇恨。一个无辜的男人正要因为他父亲或他叔叔的罪孽而死，这对她来说算不了什么。她所要的比这更多。她在衣服里藏了一支枪和一把尖刀，便迈着她一贯自信的步伐，开始朝马内特医生的住处走去。

房子里的人尚未走空。普罗斯小姐和杰里·克拉彻还在里面，正准备着跟上劳里先生的马车。劳里先生已断定两辆马车比一辆要好。乘客少些马车可以走得更快些。可普罗斯小姐仍旧很担心，因为第二辆马车离开这座房子也许会显示出逃跑的迹象。

“克拉彻先生，”她说，“你得去拦一下我们的马车别让它到这儿来，而是改去教堂。我会在3点钟时和你会合。”

杰里赶紧走了。那是两点20分，普罗斯小姐立刻开始为离开而做准备。在她洗脸时，她突然抬头看到一个人正站在房间里。

得法热夫人冷冷地看着她。“埃弗蒙的妻子，她在哪儿？”

普罗斯小姐迅速站到了路西的房门前。“你是一个残忍、危险的女人，可是你吓唬不了我。”她呼吸艰难地说。

两个女人各自说着自己的语言，彼此都听不懂对方的话。而得法热夫人知道普罗斯小姐是医生家的一个真正的朋友；而普罗斯小姐知道得法热夫人是这个家的敌人。

“我要见埃弗蒙的妻子，去告诉她，你听到了吗？”得法热夫人说道。她愤怒地盯着普罗斯小姐，而普罗斯小姐也同样愤怒地盯着她。

“我豁出去了，”普罗斯小姐说。“我知道我在这儿把你拖得越久，我亲爱的姑娘的希望就越大。如果你打我，我也会反击你的。”

得法热夫人走上前去大喊起来：“医生公民！埃弗蒙的妻子！回我的话！”

得法热夫人没听到答话便迅速打开了其中的三扇房门，看到房间是空的。有一扇门还关着。

“如果他们不在那间房里，那么就是已经走了。可他们会被追上并给抓回来的。”她向那扇门走去，可普罗斯小姐冲上前去抱住了她的腰。得法热夫人已经习惯了在街上打架而且她很壮实，但爱比恨的力量更强大，普罗斯小姐没有松手。得法热夫人企图拔出刀来。

“不。”普罗斯小姐说。“刀在我胳膊底下，你是拿不到的。”

得法热夫人把手伸到裙子前面开始拔枪。普罗斯小姐朝下一看，弄清了那是什么东西，就猛烈地朝外打它。一声巨响，接着又是一团烟。之后，普罗斯小姐便独自站在了那儿，恐惧地颤抖着。

这一切都发生在一秒钟内。烟雾消散之后，普罗斯小姐看见得法热夫人断了气的身体躺在地板上。由于恐惧，她张嘴喊着救命，但她又想到这会给她亲爱的路茜带来危险。她颤抖着双手，拿上帽子和外衣，锁上房门便下了楼。在去教堂的桥上，她把锁房门的钥匙扔到了河里便匆匆赶去见杰里·克拉彻。

当死囚车载着死刑犯们穿过巴黎的街道时，人们集中注意力看那些临死的人们的脸。得法热夫人的朋友们正坐在断头台周围的椅子上等着她。“特丽莎，特丽莎·得法热！谁见到她了？她以前从来没错过的！”

可是死囚车已经到了，断头台已开始工作了。咔嚓！——一个人头被举了起来，坐在那儿编毛线活的女人们数着“一个。”

那个被当做了埃弗蒙的人帮着那个小女孩下了囚车。他小心地让她背对着断头台，她感激地抬头望着他的脸。

“因为您，亲爱的陌生人，我才这样平静。我想您是上帝送给我的。”她小声说道。

“或许是上帝把你送给我的。”西得尼·卡登说。“眼睛看着我，亲爱的孩子，别的什么事都不要想。”

“我拉着你的手的时候就不害怕了，松开手后我也不害怕，如果他们能快点的话。”

“他们很快。别怕。”

她吻了他的嘴唇；他也吻了她的。断头台现在正在等着，下一个就是年轻的女孩子，在他之前。女人们数着二十二，接着卡登走上前去。二十三。

人们谈论他说他的脸是在那种地方见过的最平静的脸。当西得尼·卡登迈着最后的步伐向死亡走去时，他的脑海中想到了什么呢？也许他看到了未来……

“我看见巴萨德、得法热、法官们都在这个可怕的机器下面死去。我看到一个美丽的城市正在这片可怕的土地上建立起来。我看到新一代的人民将在真正的自由中生活。我看到我为之付出生命的人们，他们幸福安宁地生活在我再也见不到的英国。我看见路茜年老的时候，每一年的这一天都会为我哭泣，我知道她和她的丈夫会一直到死都记着我。我看见他们的儿子，有着和我一样的名字，现在长成了一个男人。我看见他成了一位著名的律师并通过他的工作而使我扬名四方。我听见他给他的儿子讲起我的故事。”

“我做的是一件很好的事。它远远好过我所做的所有的事。它将是一个很好的长眠，远比我所知道的要好。”

[1 A voyage to Lilliput](#)

[2 Life in Lilliput](#)

[3 Lilliput at war](#)

[4 Gulliver escapes from Lilliput](#)

[5 A voyage to Brobdingnag](#)

[6 Gulliver and his master](#)

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[8 More adventures in Brobdingnag](#)

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[10 The flying island of Laputa](#)

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[12 A voyage to the country of the Houyhnhnme](#)

简介

格列佛于1699年开始第一次旅行，在海上遇到风暴，到了一个叫做利力浦特的国家，那儿的人只有15厘米高。他后来逃走了，回到家乡。可是不久又进行下一次旅行，先是到布罗卜丁奈格，然后是勒皮他和拉格奈格，最后到了更为奇怪的慧骃国……

作为一个年轻人，格列佛为人类、为他的祖国——英国而自豪。他在这些奇特的国家旅行，与巨人、魔术师和马交谈，开始时他还为他们的异常主张和奇怪看法感到好笑。但是随着时光流逝，他开始困惑，扪心自问：“为什么我们人类要进行战争、撒谎、诈骗、互相残杀？难道没有更好的方式生活？”

约翰·斯威夫特1667年出生于爱尔兰都柏林，1745年去世。他的许多书都对当时政治生活进行了猛烈抨击，不过他自己深受人们喜爱。他把三分之一的钱财用来帮助穷人。《格列佛游记》是他最有名的作品。

1 A voyage to Lilliput

I was born in Nottinghamshire and was the third of five sons. My father was not a rich man, but he was able to send me to Cambridge University, where I studied for three years. When I left college, I continued my studies and became a doctor. But I always wanted to travel, and so I made several voyages as a ship's doctor. When I married my wife Mary, however, I planned to stay at home for a while. But after a few years I discovered I was not earning enough money from my patients. I decided to go to sea again, and this time I joined a ship sailing to the islands in the South Pacific Ocean. We started our journey from Bristol on May 4th, 1699.

At first our voyage went well. We sailed across the Atlantic, round the coast of Africa and into the Indian Ocean. But before we could reach the Pacific, a violent storm hit us and drove us to the north-west of Tasmania. The wind drove our ship on to a rock, which broke the ship in half. Some of the sailors and I managed to get a boat into the water, and we rowed away to look for land. But when we were too tired to row any more, a great wave hit our small boat, and we all fell into the sea. I do not know what happened to my companions, but I suppose they were all drowned.

The wind and waves pushed me along as I struggled to keep my head above water. I became very tired and soon felt I could not swim any more. Luckily, just then my feet touched the ground. I walked out of the sea and on to a beach, where there was no sign of any people or houses. I was so exhausted that I lay down and went to sleep.

When I woke up next morning, and tried to get up, I could not move. I was lying on my back and my whole body, my arms and legs were strongly fastened to the ground. Even my hair, which was long and thick, was tied to the ground. The sun began to grow hot, and I was very uncomfortable. Soon I felt something alive moving along my leg and up my body to my face, and when I looked down, I saw a very small human being, only fifteen centimetres tall. He had a bow and arrow in his hands, and there were forty more of these little men following him. I was so surprised that I gave a great shout. They all jumped back, very frightened, and some hurt themselves by falling off my body. Meanwhile, I was struggling to unfasten myself, but just as I managed to pull my left arm free of the ropes, I felt a hundred arrows land on my free hand, and more arrows on my face and body. This was very painful, and made me cry aloud. I lay quietly, to see what would happen next.

When they saw I was no longer struggling, they quickly built a platform next to my head, and an official climbed up there to speak to me. Although I could not understand his language, I understood that they would be friendly towards me if I did not try to harm them. By now I was extremely hungry, so I used sign language to beg the official for food. He seemed to understand me, because immediately ladders were put against my sides and little men climbed up with baskets of food and drink. They were surprised at how much I could eat and drink. In just one mouthful I ate three of their meat dishes and three of their loaves of bread. I drank two of their barrels of wine, and was still thirsty, because that was only half a litre. While they were bringing me food, I wondered whether to pick up a handful of the little men and throw them to their death. But I was afraid they would shoot at me again, and anyway I was grateful for their kindness in giving me food and drink, so I did not move.

After some time, another official climbed up to the platform and spoke to me. From his signs I understood that they were going to move me. The King of this country (which was called Lilliput) had ordered his people to carry me to the capital city, about a kilometre away. I made signs to ask whether I could be untied, but the official politely refused.

While I was eating, a platform had been prepared to carry me. The people of Lilliput, known as the Lilliputians, are very intelligent and clever with their hands. For me, five hundred men built a special wooden platform with twenty-two wheels. Nine hundred of the strongest men worked for about three hours to lift me on to the platform, and one thousand five hundred of the King's largest horses (each eleven and a half centimetres high) pulled me to the capital. I did not know about any of this, because they had put a sleeping powder in my wine, and I was in a deep sleep.

The King had decided I would stay in the largest available building, just outside the city gates. Its door was only a metre high and half a metre wide, so I could only just get inside on my hands and knees. My guards put ninety-one chains on my left leg, so that I could not escape. Then they cut the ropes that tied me and I was able to get to my feet. As I stood up, I heard cries of astonishment all around me. I felt rather miserable, but at least I could walk about now, in a two-metre circle. I was certainly an interesting sight for the Lilliputians, who had come out of the city in crowds of several thousand to see me.

Now I had a good view of the countryside. The fields looked like flowerbeds in a garden, and even the tallest trees were only two metres high.

I was soon visited by the King himself. He has a strong, handsome face, and is very popular among his people. He arrived with his Queen, his children, and his lords and ladies, all dressed in beautiful gold and silver clothes. In order to make conversation easier, I lay on my side so that my face was close to him. I spoke to him in all the languages I knew, but we still could not understand each other.

The King ordered his people to make me a bed, using six hundred Lilliputian beds. It was not very comfortable, but it was better than sleeping on the stone floor. He ordered the crowds of sightseers to go back to their homes, so that the work of the country could continue and I would not be annoyed. For a long time he discussed with his lords in private what should be done with me. I was told all this later by a good friend of mine. Clearly, such a large person could be a danger to his small people. At last it was decided that, as I had behaved so well up to now, I would be kept alive. Food and drink would be brought to me every day from all the villages, six hundred people would be my servants, three hundred men would make me a new suit, and six teachers would teach me their language.

And so in about three weeks I began to speak the language of Lilliput. The King often visited me, and every time he came, I asked him to take off my chains. He explained that first I must promise not to fight against Lilliput or hurt Lilliputians, and that I must be searched for weapons. I agreed to both these things and carefully picked up two of his officers in my hands. I put them first in one pocket, then moved them to all my other pockets, except two which I kept secret. As they searched, they wrote down in a notebook details of all the things they found.

Afterwards I read some of their report:

'In the secondcoat pocket we found two very large pieces of wood, and inside them were great pieces of metal, very sharp. In another pocket there was a most wonderful engine, at the end of a long chain. The engine was inside a huge round

container, which was made half of silver and half of another metal. This second metal was very strange as we could see through it to some mysterious writing and pictures. The engine made a continuous loud noise. ’

The officers could not guess what these things were, but they were, of course, my two pocket knives and my watch. They also found my comb, a purse with several gold and silver coins, my gun and bullets.

The King wanted to know what the gun was used for.

‘Bring it out, ’ he ordered me, ‘and show me how it works. ’

I took the gun out and put a bullet into it.

‘Den’t be afraid, ’ I warned the King. Then I fired the gun into the air.

It was the loudest noise the Lilliputians had ever heard. Hundreds of them thought they were dead, and fell down. The King himself was very frightened. As I gave my gun to the officials to keep, I warned them to be careful with it. They allowed me to keep all my other things, and I hoped that one day soon I would be free.

1 到利力浦特

我出生在诺丁汉郡，在五个孩子中排行第三。父亲并不富裕，不过还是能送我上剑桥大学，那儿我学了三年。我离开大学后继续学习，当了名医生。可是我总想去旅行，就当了船医，出海旅行了好几次。我娶了妻子玛丽后，决定在家呆一些时候。没过几年，我发现从病人身上赚不了多少钱。我决定再次出海，这次登上的是开往南太平洋的轮船。我们于1699年5月4日从布里斯托尔启程。

起初航行很顺利。我们穿过大西洋，绕过非洲海岸，进入印度洋。可是到达太平洋以前，飓风击中我们，我们被刮到塔斯马尼亚的西北。飓风使我们的船撞上了礁石，把船劈为两半。我和一些水手把救生艇放下水，划开去寻找陆地。我们累得再也划不动时，一个巨浪打中了我们的小船，我们都落入海水里。我不清楚我的同伴怎么样了，不过我猜他们都淹死了。

我挣扎着把头露出水面，而风浪推动着我漂流。我精疲力竭，觉得再也游不动了。幸亏那时我的脚刚好踩到了陆地。我从海里走上海岸，四处绝无有人烟的迹象。我已累到极点，躺下就睡着了。

第二天我醒了想起来时，却动弹不得。我仰躺着，双手双足都牢牢地固定在地上。甚至连我的头发，已经又长又密了，也被固定到地上。太阳开始变得晒人了，我很不舒服。很快我觉察到有活物沿着腿向躯体和脸爬来，我向下看，看见了一个小人，只有15厘米高。他手中拿着弓箭，后面还有40多个这样的小人跟着。我惊讶得大叫了一声。他们都吓得往后跳，有些人从我身上跌下去还受了伤。同时，我挣扎着想解开自己，当我左胳膊挣脱了绳子的束缚时，我感到有成百只箭落在左上手上，更多的落在脸上和身上。这疼得我大叫起来。我静静地躺着，看接下来会发生什么事。

他们看我不再挣扎了，就迅速在我的头旁建了一个平台，一个官员爬上那儿跟我说话。尽管我不懂他的语言，我明白他会对我友善——只要我不试图去伤害他们。那时我已经饿极了，就用手势向这个官员要食物。他似乎明白了我的意思，因为立即有梯子搭在我身侧，小人们带着食物和饮料爬上来了。他们非常惊讶我那么能吃能喝。只是一口我就吃下了他们的三个肉菜、三块面包。我喝了他们两桶酒还是很渴，因为那只有半升。他们给我拿食物来时，我在想是否要抓住几个小人把他们摔死在地上。可是我害怕他们又向我放箭，而且我无论怎么说还是感激他们好心给我送食物来，所以我就没有动。

过了一段时间，另一个官员爬上平台来对我说话。从他的手势我明白他们要把我搬走。这个国家（叫做利力浦特）的国王命令他的臣民把我搬到首都去，离这大约有一公里远。我作手势问是否可以解开我，这个官员有礼貌地拒绝了。

我吃饭时，已经准备好了一个平台来抬走我。利力浦特人很聪明，手又灵巧。为了我，500人造了一个有22个轮子的特制平台。900个最强壮的男人费了差不多3个小时把我抬上平台，1500匹国王最巨大的马（每个11.5厘米高）拉着我去首都。我自己并不知道这些，因为他们在我的酒中放了安眠药粉，我处于沉睡中。

国王决定让我呆在最大的建筑物里，这个建筑物就在城门外。建筑物的门只有1米高半米宽，我只有四肢并用才能进去。我的看守在我的左腿上拴了有91个环的锁链，以免我逃跑。然后他们割断捆我的绳子，我才能站起来。我站起来时听到周围一片惊叹声。我感到很糟糕，但是至少现在可以在两米之内的圈子里活动了。我肯定是利力浦特人颇感兴趣的奇观，因为有几千人成群结队出城来看我。

现在乡村尽收眼底。田野像花园中的花床，最高的树也只有两米。

不久国王亲自来看我。他脸长得坚毅、英俊，很受臣民爱戴。他是与王后、王子、公主及王公和贵妇们一起来的，他们都穿着镶金饰玉的漂亮衣服。为了会谈方便，我侧身躺下，好让脸凑近他。我尽我所知，用各种语言跟他说话，但是我们依然不能相互理解。

国王命他的臣民给我做了张床，用去了利力浦特人的600张床。这张床并不是十分舒服，但比睡在石头上要好一些。他命令围观的人回到自己的家里，以便这个国家继续运转，也不致惹怒我。他同他的臣子们讨论了很长时间如何处置我。这消息是我的一个朋友后来告诉我的。显然，如此庞大的人可能对他的渺小的臣民构成危险。他们最终决定，鉴于到目前为止我表现很好，将留我个活口。每天食物和饮料将从所有的村庄给我送来，600人作我的仆从，300人将给我做套新衣服，6个教师将教我他们的语言。

所以大约三周后我开始使用利力浦特人的语言。国王经常来看我，每次他来，我都请他解下我的锁链。他解释说，首先我必须许诺不跟利力浦特为敌、不伤害利力浦特人，而且要搜身，看我有没有武器。我同意了这些条件，小心地把他的两个官员拈在手中，先把他们放在一个衣袋里，然后把他们移到别的衣袋里去，只有两个我的秘密衣袋除外。他们搜查时，在笔记本上详细地记下了他们找到的所有的东西。

后来我读到他们的部分报告：

“在第二个衣袋里我们找到了两片很大的木块，两者之间是很大的金属，非常锋利。另一个衣袋里有个很奇妙的引擎，在长链末端。引擎装在一个大而圆的容器里，容器一半是由银，一半是由另一种金属做的。第二种金属很特别，透过它可以看到奇特的图文。引擎产生一种持续的响声。”

官员猜不出这是些什么东西。当然，那不过是我的两把小刀和表。他们也找到了我的梳子、有几枚金币银币的钱包、我的枪和子弹。

国王想知道枪是干什么用的。

“取出来”，他命令我，“展示给我看它是怎么工作的。”

我取出枪，装上一颗子弹。

“不要怕”，我预先打声招呼，然后朝天鸣枪。

这是利力浦特人历来听到的最响的声音。好几百人自觉魂飞魄散，纷纷倒地，国王自己也大感恐惧。当我把枪交给官员保存时，警告他们要小心些。他们让我持有其他的所有东西，而我希望不久的一天我将获得自由。

2 Life in Lilliput

I was careful to behave as well as possible, to persuade the King to give me my freedom. Lilliputians soon began to lose their fear of me. They called me the Man—Mountain. Sometimes I lay down and let them dance on my hand, and from time to time children came to play games in my hair. By now I was able to speak their language well.

One day the King invited me to watch the regular entertain—ments, which are greatly enjoyed by him, his family, and his lords and ladies. I was most interested in the rope—dancing. A very thin rope is fixed thirty centimetres above the ground. People who want to become the King's most important officials jump and dance on this rope, and whoever jumps highest with-out falling gets the best job. Sometimes the King orders his lords to dance on the rope, to show that they can still do it. This sport is, of course, rather dangerous, and there are occa—sional deaths as a result. It seems a strange way of choosing of—ficials.

There was another interesting entertainment. The King holds a stick in front of him, and sometimes moves it up and down. One by one, people come up to him and jump over the stick or crawl under it. They go on jumping and crawling as the King moves the stick. The winner is the one who jumps and crawls for the longest time, and he receives a blue ribbon to wear round his waist. The second best receives a red ribbon, and the third best gets a green one. Many of the Lil—liput lords wear their ribbons proudly at all times. I had cer—tainly never seen entertainment like this in any of the countries I had visited before.

Some days later a strange black thing was seen on the beach where I had first arrived in Lilliput. When the people realized it was not alive, they decided that it must belong to the Man—Mountain, and the King ordered them to bring it to me. I thought I knew what it was. When it arrived, it was rather dirty because it had been pulled along the ground by horses. But I was delighted to see that it was in fact my hat. I had lost it in the sea when swimming away from the ship.

I begged the King so often for my freedom that at last he and his lords agreed that I need not be a prisoner any longer. However, I had to promise certain things:

- to help the Lilliputians in war and peace
- to give two hours' warning before a visit to their capital, so that people could stay indoors
- to be careful not to step on any Lilliputians or their animals
- to carry important messages for the King if necessary
- to help the King's workmen carry heavy stones
- to stay in Lilliput until the King allowed me to leave.

On his side the King promised I would receive food and drink, enough for 1, 724 Lilliputians. I agreed to everything at once. My chains were broken, and I was free at last!

The first thing I did was visit the capital city. The people were warned, so that they would not be in danger. I stepped carefully over the city wall, which was less than a metre high, and walked slowly through the two main streets. It is usually a very busy city, with shops and markets full of people, but to-day the streets were empty. There were crowds watching me from every window. In the middle of the city is the King's palace. The King had invited me to enter it, so I stepped over the surrounding wall into the palace garden. But unfortunately the palace itself has walls a metre and a half high around it. I did not want to damage these walls by trying to climb over them. So I walked carefully back out of the city and into the King's park. Here I cut down several of the largest trees with my knife, and made two wooden boxes. When I returned to the palace with my boxes, I was able to stand on one box on one side of the wall and step on to the other box on the other side. I lay down on the ground and looked through the win—dows, right into the King's rooms. You cannot imagine a more beautiful place to live in. The rooms and furniture are perfect in every detail. As I was looking in, I could see the Queen, surrounded by her lords and ladies. She kindly put her hand out of the window for me to kiss.

I think I should give you some general information about Lilliput. Most Lilliputians are about fifteen centimetres tall. The birds and animals are, of course, much smaller than the people, and the tallest trees are only a little taller than I am.

All crimes here are punished. But if someone is accused of a crime and then it is proved that the accuser is lying, the accus—er is immediately killed. Lilliputians believe that there are two sides to the law. Criminals must be punished, but people of good character must be rewarded. So if a man can prove that he has obeyed every law for six years, he receives a present of money from the King. They also believe that any man who is honest, truthful, and good can serve his King and country. It is more important to have a good character than to be clever or intelligent. However, only those who believe in God are al—lowed to be the King's officials.

Many of their laws and customs are very different from ours, but human nature is the same in every country. The Lil—liputians, like us, have learnt bad ways—choosing officials because they are able to dance on a rope is just one example.

Now I shall return to my adventures in Lilliput. About two weeks after my first visit to the capital, I was visited by one of the King's most important officials. His name was Reldresal, and he had helped me many times since I had arrived in Lil—liput.

I started the conversation. 'I'm so glad they've taken away my chains, ' I told him.

'Well, my friend, ' he answered, 'let me tell you some—thing. You're only free because the King knows we're in a very dangerous situation. '

'Dangerous? ' I cried. 'What do you mean? '

'Lilliput has enemies at home and abroad, ' he explained. 'For six years now we've had two political groups, the High—Heels and the Low—Heels. Perhaps the High—Heels were more popular in the past, but as you can see, our present King and all his officials wear the lowest heels. The two groups hate each other, and a High—Heel will refuse to speak to a Low—Heel. That's the problem in Lilliput. Now, we're getting in—formation that the people of Blefuscu are going to attack us. Have you heard of Blefuscu? It's an island very near us, almost as large and important as Lilliput. They've been at war with us for three years, you see. '

‘But how did this war start?’ I asked.

‘Well, you know, of course, that most people used to break their boiled eggs at the larger end. But our King’s grandfather once cut a finger while breaking his egg this way, and so his father the King ordered all Lilliputians, from then on, to break the smaller end of their eggs. People who do that are called Small Endians. But Lilliputians feel strongly about this and some Big—Endians have fought angrily against this law. As many as eleven thousand people have been killed because they refused to break their eggs at the smaller end. Some of the Big—Endians have escaped to join our enemies in Blefuscu. The King of Blefuscu has always wanted to defeat Lilliput in war, and now we hear that he’s prepared a large number of ships, which will attack us very soon. So you see, my friend, how much our King needs your help, in order to defeat his enemies.’

I did not hesitate for a moment. ‘Please tell the King,’ I answered warmly, ‘that I am ready to give my life to save him or his country.’

2 在利力浦特的生活

为了说服国王给我自由，我特别小心，尽可能表现得好些。利力浦特人很快就消除了他们对我的畏惧心。他们称我为“人山”，有时我躺下，让他们在我手上跳舞，孩子们偶尔到我的头发里来做游戏。这时候，他们的话我已经能说得很好了。

有一天国王邀请我去看定期表演，这是他、他的家人、以及他的王公和贵妇们极为欣赏的。我对他们的绳舞特别感兴趣。一条极细的绳子固定在离地30厘米的位置，想成为国王的重臣的人在绳上跳来跳去、手舞足蹈，跳得最高又不摔下来的人就会获得最好的职位。有时国王也叫王公到绳子上去舞蹈，以表明他们仍然能做。这种运动当然是相当危险的，因此死亡时有发生，这似乎是一种古怪的选拔官员的法子。

还有一种有趣的娱乐节目。国王手中拿着根棍子，有时上下移动。人们一个接一个地来到他面前，或者从棍子上跳过去，或者从棍子下爬过去。爬和跳的时间最长的人是胜利者，他将得到一根蓝带子系在腰间。次好的获得一根红带子，第三名得到绿带子。利力浦特许多王公都自豪地系着他们的带子。在以前到过的任何国家我肯定是从没有见到过这类表演。

一些日子之后，在我最初到达利力浦特的海岸上发现了一个奇怪的黑色东西。当人们发觉那不是活物，他们断定那是人山的，国王命他们给我送来。我想我知道那是什么。由于是用马匹在地面上拖着过来的，东西送到时已经相当脏了。看到那实际上是我的帽子，我很高兴。游离轮船时我把它掉在海里了。

我经常向国王恳求还我自由，最后他和他的王公们同意我不需要再作囚徒。可是我不得不承诺一些事：

- 在战争与和平中帮助利力浦特人；
- 参观他们的都城要提前两小时通知，以便人们能呆在室内；
- 小心不要踩着利力浦特人和他们的牲畜；
- 必要时为国王传递重要消息；
- 帮助国王的工匠搬运重石头；
- 留在利力浦特直到国王允许我离开。

在国王方面，他许诺我将得到足够1724个利力浦特人吃的食物和饮料。我立即同意了一切条件。我的锁链被弄断了，我终于获得了自由！

我做的第一件事是参观都城。人们事先接到了通知，因而他们不致有危险。我小心地跨过城墙，那不足一米高，慢慢地走过两条主要大街。这个城市通常非常繁忙，店铺市场挤满了人，不过今天街道却是空的。每个窗口都有一些人在看我。城的中央是王宫。国王曾经邀我进去，因而我跨过围墙进入了御花园。不幸的是，宫殿本身有一米半高的围墙环绕着它。我不想因我的翻墙而把围墙弄坏，所以我小心地往回走出城进入国王的花园。我在那儿用自己的刀子砍倒几棵最大的树，做成两个木盒子。我带着木盒回到王宫，我可以在墙的一边站在木盒上，然后跨到墙的另一边的木盒上。我躺在地上，从窗户望过去，正好看到国王的房间。你再也想不出比这更好的栖身之处了。房间和家具精美入微。我往里看，可以看见王后，周围她的王公和贵妇簇拥着她。她友善地把手伸出窗户让我亲吻。

我想我应该给你们讲一些关于利力浦特的大概情况。大多数利力浦特人大约15厘米高。鸟兽当然比人要小不少，而最高的树也只是比我高一点。

这里所有的罪行都要受到惩处。如果有人受到指控而后来证明原告在撒谎，则原告会被立即杀死。利力浦特人相信法律有两面，罪犯必须受到惩处，品行好的人必须受到奖励。因而，如果谁可以证明自己连续六年遵守各项法律，他将得到国王一笔奖励。他们也相信任何人只要诚实、可以信赖、是个好人就能够为国王和国家效力。品行端正比聪明、智慧更重要。但是，只有那些相信上帝的人才能当国王的官员。

他们的许多法律和习俗都与我们的很不一样，可是人的本性在每一个国家都是一样的。跟我们一样，利力浦特人也学会了一些不好的东西，因为谁能在绳上跳舞就选为官员只是其中一例。

现在我再回来讲我在利力浦特的经历。大约在我参观都城两周后，国王的一个最重要的官员来访问我。他的名子叫瑞颞沙，自从我来到利力浦特他已经帮了我许多次忙。

我首先开口谈话。“我很高兴他们已经拿掉了我的锁链。”我对他说。

“嗯，朋友，”他回答说，“让我告诉你，你之所以获释，是因为国王知道我们正处于险境中。”

“险境？”我大声问，“这是什么意思？”

“利力浦特在国内外都有敌人，”他解释说，“我们有两个政治集团，高跟派和低跟派，已经有六年了。高跟派也许过去比较受欢迎，可是你看得出来，现在的国王和所有的官员都穿最低的跟。两个集团相互仇视，高跟派人会拒绝与低跟派人说话。那就是利力浦特的问题。现在，我们得到消息说不来夫斯古的人即将进攻我们。你听说过不来夫斯古没有？那是一个非常靠近我们的岛屿，几乎和利力浦特一样大一样重要。他们和我们已经打了三年的仗。”

“可是仗是怎么打起来的？”我问。

“哦，你当然知道，大多数人过去习惯于从煮蛋的大的一端打破。而我们国王的祖父有一次这样打蛋时弄伤了手指，所以国王的父王下令所有的利力浦特人从那以后从小的一端打破蛋。那样做的人称作小端派。可是利力浦特人强烈反对这一点，有些大端派人愤怒地反抗这项法令。多达1.1万人因为拒绝从小的一端打蛋而被处死。有些大端派人逃脱加入了我们在不来夫斯古的敌人一边。不来夫斯古的国王早就想在战争中打败利力浦特，而现在我们听说他已经准备了大量的战船，不久就要进攻我们。所以，你看，我的朋友，为了打败他的敌人，我们的国王多么需要你的帮助。”

我一点也没犹豫。“请转告国王，”我热情地回答，“为了救他和他的国家我宁愿牺牲生命。”

3 Lilliput at war

The island of Blefuscu is only about a kilometre to the north of Lilliput. I knew that just beyond the narrow sea separating the two countries there were at least fifty war—ships ready to attack us, with many other smaller ships. But I kept away from that side of the coast, so that the people of Blefuscu would not see me. I had a secret plan.

From the King’s workmen I ordered fifty heavy metal hooks, each fastened to a piece of strong rope. I took off my coat and shoes, and walked into the sea with the hooks and ropes in my hands. The water was deep in the middle, so I had to swim for a few metres. But it only took me half an hour to get to Blefuscu.

When the Blefuscuans saw me, they were so frightened that they jumped out of their ships and swam to the beach. I then used one hook for each ship, and tied all the ropes together at one end. While I was doing this, the enemy shot thousands of arrows at me, which caused me a lot of pain. I was afraid of getting an arrow in my eyes, but I suddenly remembered I still had an old pair of reading glasses in my pocket, so I put them on and continued my work. When I was ready, I started walking into the shallow water away from Blefuscu. As I walked through the waves, I pulled the enemy’s warships behind me. When the people of Blefuscu realized that all their warships were disappearing, their cries were terrible to hear.

As I came nearer to Lilliput, I saw the King and all his lords and ladies standing on the beach. They could only see Blefuscu’s warships coming closer, as I was swimming and my head was occasionally under the water. Therefore, they supposed that I had drowned, and that the Blefuscu ships were attacking. But when they saw me walking out of the sea, they welcomed me warmly with cries of astonishment and delight. The King himself came down to the water to meet me.

‘Everyone in Lilliput is grateful to you!’ he cried. ‘For your bravery, you will be one of my lords from now on.’

‘Thank you, sir,’ I replied.

‘And now,’ he continued, ‘go back and steal all the enemy’s ships, so that we can defeat Blefuscu for ever! We’ll destroy the Big—Endians, and I’ll become King of the whole world!’

But I would not agree to this plan.

‘Sir,’ I replied, ‘I will never help to take a brave nation’s freedom away. Lilliput and Blefuscu should live in peace now.’

The King could not persuade me, and unfortunately he never forgot that I had refused to do what he wanted. Although I had saved his country from attack by Blefuscu warships, he preferred to remember my refusal.

From this time on, I heard from my friends that there were secret conversations in the palace between the King and some of his lords, who were jealous of me. These conversations nearly led to my death in the end.

About three weeks later, the King of Blefuscu sent his officials to ask for peace between the two countries. After the Blefuscuans had arranged everything with the Lilliputian officials, they came to visit me. They had heard how I had prevented the King from destroying all their ships. After thanking me, they invited me to visit their country.

However, when I asked the King of Lilliput if I could visit Blefuscu, he agreed, but very coldly. I learnt later that he and some of his lords considered I was wrong to have a conversation with enemies of Lilliput. Now I was beginning to understand how difficult and dangerous political life can be.

A few days later I had another chance to help the King. I was woken at midnight by the cries of hundreds of Lilliputians outside my house.

‘Fire! Fire!’ they shouted. ‘The Queen’s rooms in the palace are burning! Come quickly, Man—Mountain!’

So I pulled on my clothes and hurried to the palace. A large part of the building was in flames. People were climbing ladders up the walls, and throwing water on the flames, but the fire was burning more strongly every minute. At least the Queen and her ladies had escaped, but there seemed to be no way of saving this beautiful palace. Suddenly I had an idea. The evening before, I had drunk a lot of good wine, and very luckily I had not made water since then. In three minutes I managed to put out the whole fire, and the lovely old building was safe.

I went home without waiting for the King’s thanks, because I was not sure what he would say. Although I had certainly saved the palace, I knew it was a crime, punishable by death, to make water anywhere near the palace. I heard later that the Queen was so angry that she refused to enter any of the damaged rooms ever again, and promised to take her revenge on me.

3 利力浦特的战争

不来夫斯古岛离利力浦特北部只有大约1公里。我知道把两国分开的狭仄海水那边至少有50只战船准备袭击我们，此外还有许多小船。可是我不在那侧海岸出现，我有一个秘密计划。

我向国王的工匠定做了50个很重的金属钩，每个都固定在一条结实的绳上。我脱下外衣和鞋，手中拿着钩和绳走下海水。海峡中间水比较深，所以我不得不游了几米，不过我只用了半个小时就到了不来夫斯古。

当不来夫斯古人看见我，他们吓得从船上跳下去游向岸边。我每只船用一個钩子，把所有的绳在一端系在一起。当我这样干着时，敌人向我射出了好几千只箭，弄得我很痛。我怕箭射中我的眼睛，不过我猛然记起我衣袋里还有副旧的眼镜，就取出来戴上继续干。我作好后，就开始离开不来夫斯古走进浅水。我在波浪中走着，身后拖着敌人的战船。当不来夫斯古人看出来他们所有的战船离他们而去时，他们的哭叫声听起来真是可怕。

当我走近利力浦特，看见国王和他所有的王公及贵妇们站在海边。他们只是看见不来夫斯古的战船越来越近，因为我正在游泳，头不时藏在水下，所以他们以为我已经淹死了，而不来夫斯古的战船正来袭击。当他们看见我从水中走出来时，他们热情地欢迎我，充满了惊讶和喜悦。国王本人则下到水里来接我。

“每个利力浦特人都感激你！”他说，“鉴于你的英勇，从现在起你将作我的一个王公。”

“谢谢您，先生。”我回答。

“现在，”他接着说，“回去把敌人的所有战船都偷过来，以便我们能彻底打败不来夫斯古！我将消灭大端派人，我将成为整个世界之王。”

可是我不能同意他的计划。

“先生，”我回答，“我永远也不会帮助剥夺一个勇敢民族的自由。利力浦特和不来夫斯古现在应该和平相处。”

国王无法说服我，不幸的是，他从不忘记我曾经拒绝做他想做的事，尽管我使他的国家免遭不来夫斯古战船的攻击，他更愿意记住我对他的拒绝。

从这时起，我从几个朋友那儿得知国王和几个嫉妒我的王公在宫里秘密商议。这些密谈后来几乎要了我的命。

大约3周后，不来夫斯古国王派官员来求和。不来夫斯古人与利力浦特官员安排好一切事之后，他们来拜访我。他们已经听说了我如何阻止国王摧毁他们所有的船只。道谢后，他们邀请我去访问他们的国家。

可是，当我问利力浦特国王我是否可以拜访不来夫斯古时，他同意了，不过很冷淡。我后来得知他和几个王公认为我不该与利力浦特的敌人会谈。现在我开始明白政治生活是多么艰难而危险。

几天后，我又一次机会帮助国王。半夜里我被我房子外面几百名利力浦特人的叫喊声吵醒。

“救火！救火！”他们大叫。“宫里王后的屋子着火啦！快来呀，人山！”

所以我披上衣服就赶往王宫。王宫的很大一部分腾着火焰。人们爬上竖在墙上的梯子向火焰泼水，但是火势仍然有增无减。幸好王后和她的贵妇们已经脱险了，但是似乎没有办法挽救这座美丽的宫殿。我忽然有了主意。那夜前，我喝了不少酒，而且这之后我幸好还没有撒尿。只用3分钟我就把火整个儿扑灭了，美丽的古老建筑得救了。

我没有等国王致谢就回家了，因为我不敢肯定国王会怎么说。虽然我肯定是救了宫殿，我也知道在宫殿附近撒尿是犯罪，罪可处死。我后来听说王后极为生气，拒绝再进入受损的房屋一步，而且扬言要报复我。

4 Gulliver escapes from Lilliput

I soon discovered that Flimnap, one of the King's highest officials, was my secret enemy. He had always disliked me, although he pretended to like me, but now he began to suspect his wife of visiting me privately, and he became jealous. Of course his wife did visit me, but always with her daughters and other ladies who came for regular afternoon visits. When visitors arrived at my house, I used to bring the coaches and horses inside, and put them carefully on my table. There was a high edge round the table, so that nobody would fall off. I sat in my chair with my face close to the table, and while I was talking to one group of visitors, the others used to drive round the table. I spent many hours like this, in very enjoyable conversation.

In the end Flimnap realized that his wife was not in love with me, and had not done anything wrong, but he was still angry with me. There were other lords who also disliked me, and together they managed to persuade the King that I was a danger to Lilliput. I knew they were discussing me in private, but I was seriously alarmed when I discovered what they had decided. Luckily, as well as Reldresal, I had another good friend among the King's officials. Late one night he visited me secretly, in order to warn me.

'You know,' he began, 'that you've had enemies here for some time. Many of the lords are jealous of your great success against Blefuscu, and Flimnap still hates you. They accuse you of crimes against Lilliput, crimes punishable by death!'

'But...' I cried, 'that's not right! I only want to help Lilliput!'

'Listen,' he said. 'I must tell you what I've heard, although my life is in danger if I do. They've accused you of making water in the King's palace, refusing to take all the enemy's ships, refusing to destroy all the Big-Endians, seeing the enemy's officials privately, and planning to visit Blefuscu in order to help the enemy against Lilliput.'

'This is unbelievable!' I cried.

'I must say,' continued my friend, 'that our King reminded his lords how much you had helped the country. But your enemies wanted to destroy you, and they suggested setting fire to your house at night. Then you would die in the fire!'

'What!' I shouted angrily.

'Be quiet, nobody must hear us. Anyway, the King decided not to kill you, and that's when your friend Reldresal started speaking. He agreed you'd made mistakes, but said that a good King should always be generous, as our King is. And he suggested that a suitable punishment would be for you to lose your sight. You'd still be strong enough to work for us, but you wouldn't be able to help the Big-Endians.'

I covered my eyes with my hands. I had wanted to help these people and their King. How could they decide to punish me as cruelly as this?

'Your enemies were most disappointed with Reldresal's plan,' my friend went on. 'They said you were a Big-Endian in your heart, and reminded the King how much you cost Lilliput in food and drink. Reldresal spoke again, to suggest saving money by giving you a little less food every day. In this way you'd become ill, and in a few months you'd die. And so they all agreed. In three days Reldresal will be sent to explain your punishment to you. He'll inform you that the King has been very kind to you, and that you're lucky to lose only your eyes. You'll be tied down, and very sharp arrows will be shot into your eyes. The King's doctors will make sure that you can no longer see.'

'This is terrible news!' I said, 'but thank you for warning me, my dear friend.'

'You alone must decide what to do,' he replied, 'and now I must leave you, so that nobody suspects me of warning you.'

When I was alone, I thought about the situation for a long time. Perhaps I was wrong, but I could not see that the King was being kind and generous in ordering such an inhuman punishment. What should I do? I could ask for a trial, but I was not confident of the judges' honesty. I could attack the capital and kill all the Lilliputians, but when I remembered the King's past kindness to me, I did not want to do that.

At last I decided to escape. And so, before Reldresal came to tell me of my punishment, I went to the north of Lilliput, where our ships lay. I took my clothes off and put them into one of the largest warships. I also put a blanket into it. Then I stepped into the sea, and swam to Blefuscu. By pulling the Lilliput warship behind me, I kept my clothes and blanket dry.

When I arrived, the King of Blefuscu sent two guides to show me the way to the capital. There I met the King, the Queen and the lords and ladies in their coaches. I explained that I had come to visit Blefuscu, as I had been invited. However, I did not say anything about the punishment waiting for me in Lilliput. They welcomed me warmly. That night, as there was no building big enough for me, I slept on the ground, covered by my blanket. It was not as comfortable as my bed in Lilliput, but I did not mind.

I did not spend long in Blefuscu. Only three days after my arrival, I noticed a boat in the sea, near the beach. It was a real boat, large enough for me. Perhaps it had been driven there by a storm. I swam out to it and tied ropes to it. Then, with the help of twenty of Blefuscu's ships and three thousand sailors, I pulled it on to the beach. It was not badly damaged, and it was exciting to be able to start planning my journey back to England and my home.

During this time, the King of Lilliput had written to ask the King of Blefuscu to send me back, as a prisoner, so that I could receive my punishment. The King of Blefuscu, however, replied that I was too strong to be taken prisoner, and that I would soon be returning to my country anyway. Secretly he invited me to stay and help him in Blefuscu, but I no longer believed in the promises of kings or their officials, so I politely refused.

I was now impatient to start my voyage home, and the King ordered his workmen to repair the boat and prepare everything I needed. I had the meat of one hundred cattle and three hundred sheep to eat on the journey, and I also had some live animals to show to my friends in England.

About one month later, I left Blefuscu, on September 24th, 1701. The King, the Queen and their lords and ladies all came down to the beach to wave goodbye.

After sailing all day, I reached a small island, where I slept that night. On the third day, September 26th, I saw a sail, and was delighted to discover that it was an English ship, on its way home to England. The captain picked me up, and I told him my story. At first he thought I was mad, but when I took the live animals out of my pocket to show him, he believed me.

We arrived home at last on April 13th, 1702, and I saw my dear wife and children again. At first I was delighted to be at home again. I earned quite a lot of money by showing my Lil—liputian animals to people, and in the end I sold them for a high price. But as the days passed, I became restless, and wanted to see more of the world. And so, only two months later, I said goodbye to my family and sailed away again.

4 格列佛逃离利力浦特

不久我发现佛林奈浦，国王的一个高级官员，是我的秘密敌人。他早就不喜欢我，虽然他装出喜欢我的样子，现在他怀疑他的妻子私下里来看我而变得妒忌起来。当然他的妻子是拜访过我，可是她总是和她的女儿及其他贵妇一起下午来例访。当来访客人到了家门，我常常把车马搬进去小心地放到我的桌上。桌缘的边很高，所以不会有谁掉下去。我坐在椅子上，脸靠近桌子，在我跟一群客人谈话时，别的人常常在桌上驱马。我像这样花了很多时间，谈话也很愉快。

最后佛林奈浦意识到他的妻子并没有爱上我，也没有作错什么事，可是他仍然很生我的气。还有别的王公也不喜欢我，他们共同说服了国王，认为我对利力浦特是一大危险。我知道他们暗地里在议论我，但是当我发现他们的决定时我感到非常惊恐。幸运的是，除了瑞颞沙，在国王的官员中我还有一个好朋友。为了提前通知我，一天深夜，他偷偷拜访我。

“你知道，”他开始说，“你在这儿结了仇敌已有一些时候了。许多王公对你对不来夫斯古的成功有点嫉妒，而佛林奈浦仍然恨你。他们指控你犯了反对利力浦特的罪行，罪可处死！”

“可是……”我嚷道，“那不对！我只是想帮利力浦特。”

“听着，”他说，“我必须告诉你我所听到的，尽管这样做我是冒着生命危险的。他们指控你在王宫里撒尿，拒绝夺过敌人的所有船只，拒绝摧毁所有的大端派人，私下会见敌方官员，企图访问不来夫斯古以帮助敌人反对利力浦特。”

“这真是难以置信！”我叫道。

“我必须说，”我的朋友接着说，“我们的国王提醒他的王公你曾经帮了这个国家多大的忙。但是你的敌人想消灭你，他们建议晚上给你的房子放火，然后你将在火中烧死。”

“什么！”我气愤地大叫起来。

“小声点，别让人听见。不管怎么说，国王决定不杀你，那是因为你的朋友瑞颞沙开始说话。他同意你犯了错误，但是又说好的国王，像我们的国王，应该总是大度些。他建议适合你的惩罚是让你失去视力，你仍将仍然强壮，足以为我们干活，但是你将不能帮助大端派人。”

我双手蒙在双眼上，我曾想帮助这些人们和他们的国王，他们怎么能决定如此残酷地惩罚我呢？

“你的敌人对瑞颞沙的计划很失望，”我的朋友继续说，“他们说你内心就是个大端派人，并且提醒国王你要耗费利力浦特多少吃的喝的。瑞颞沙再次发言，建议每天少给你一点食物来节约钱，这样你将病倒，几个月后你将死去。这样他们都同意了。三天内瑞颞沙将被派来通知你国王对你很仁慈，而你也很幸运只是失去视力，你将被绑住，非常锐利的箭将射进你的双眼，国王的医生将确保你再也看不见。”

“这真是可怕的消息！”我说，“非常感谢你来通知我，我的朋友。”

“你必须自己决定怎么做，”他回答说，“现在我必须离开你，以免让人怀疑我来通知了你。”

当剩下我一个人时，我考虑了很久我的处境。也许我错了。但是我看不出国王下令做如此不人道的处罚有什么仁慈和大度。我该怎么办？我可以请求审判，但是我对法官的诚实没有信心；我可以袭击都城杀死所有的利力浦特人；但是当我想起国王过去对我的仁慈我就不想这样做了。

最后我决定逃走。因此，在瑞颞沙来通知我对我的处罚之前，我到了利力浦特北部，那儿停着我们的船只。我脱下衣服，放在最大的一个战船中，还放了一床毯子。然后我走下海，游向不来夫斯古，身后拖着利力浦特的战船，因而我的衣服和毯子没有弄湿。

我到达时，不来夫斯古的国王派了两个向导领我去都城。我见到了国王、王后及王公和贵妇，他们坐在车里。我解释说我是应邀来访问不来夫斯古的，不过我并没有提到利力浦特等着我的处罚。他们热情地欢迎我。那天晚上，因为没有够大的建筑给我住，我只有睡在地上，盖着我的毯子。这没有我在利力浦特的床舒适，不过我不介意。

我没有在不来夫斯古呆多久。只是3天之后，我注意到海岸附近有一只船，那是一只真正的船，大得足够我用。也许是被风暴驱到那儿的。我游向它，并系上绳子，然后在20只不来夫斯古船和3000名水手的帮助下，我把它拖到岸边。它损坏得还不算严重，能够计划着用它返回英格兰和我自己的家真是太令人兴奋了。

这时候，利力浦特国王向不来夫斯古国王写信，请求把我作为一个囚犯送还，以便我接受处罚。但是不来夫斯古国王回信说我太强壮，无法拘捕，而且我不久就要返回自己的国家，暗地里他请求我留下来在不来夫斯古帮他，可是我已经不再相信国王或他们的官员的许诺，所以我礼貌地拒绝了。

我现在着急启程回家，国王命令他的工匠修好我的船，准备我需要的一切。我有100只牛和300只羊的肉供我旅途中食用，还有一些活动物以展示给我在英格兰的朋友们。

大约一个月后，在1701年9月24日我离开了不来夫斯古。国王、王后及他们的王公和贵妇全都到海岸来向我挥手道别。

行驶了一整天，我到了一个小岛，在那儿过了一夜。第3天，9月26日，我看见了一个帆船，并且非常欣喜地发现那是一只英国船，正驶回英格兰。船长把我拉了上去，我给他讲了我的经历。起初他认为我疯了，但当我从衣袋里取出活的动物给他看时，他相信了我的话。

我们最后在1702年4月13日到家的，我又看见了我亲爱的妻子和儿女。刚开始我对又在家里感到欣喜，我向人们展示利力浦特的动物，赚了不少钱，后来我高价把它们卖了出去。可是随着日子一天天过去，我变得烦躁起来，想去见更大的世面。所以，只是在两个月后，我又告别了家人出海航行了。

5 A voyage to Brobdingnag

I left Bristol on June 20th, 1702, in a ship which was sailing to India. We had good sailing weather until we reached the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa, where we landed to get fresh water. We had to stay there for the winter, however, because the ship needed repairs and the captain was ill. In the spring we left Africa and sailed round the island of Madagascar into the Indian Ocean. But on 19th April the wind began to blow very violently from the west, and we were driven to the east of the Molucca Islands. On 2nd May the wind stopped blowing and the sea was calm. But our captain, who knew that part of the world very well, warned us that there would be a storm the next day. So we prepared the ship as well as we could, and waited.

The captain was right. On 3rd May the wind began to get stronger. It was a wild, dangerous wind, blowing from the south this time. We had to take down our sails as the storm hit our ship. Huge waves crashed down on to us, and the wind drove our helpless ship eastwards into the Pacific Ocean.

For several days we struggled with the wind and waves, but at last the storm died away and the sea was calm again. Luckily, our ship was not badly damaged, but we had been driven over two thousand kilometres to the east. None of us knew exactly where we were, so the captain decided to continue sailing eastwards, where we had never been before. We sailed on for another two weeks.

Finally, on 16th June, 1703, we saw a large island with a small piece of land joined to it. I later discovered that this country was called Brobdingnag. The captain sent some of his sailors in a boat to land there and bring back some fresh water. I went with them because I was interested in seeing a new country. We were delighted to be on land again, and while the men looked for a river or a lake, I walked for about a kilometre away from the beach.

When I returned, to my astonishment I saw that the sailors were already in the boat. They were rowing as fast as they could towards the ship! I was going to shout to tell them they had forgotten me, when suddenly I saw a huge creature walking after them into the sea. I realized he could not catch them, because they had nearly got to the ship, but I did not wait to see the end of that adventure. I ran away from him as fast as possible, and did not stop until I found myself in some fields. The grass was about seven metres high, and the corn about thirteen metres high. It took me an hour to cross just one field, which had a hedge at least forty metres high. The trees were much taller than that. Just as I was trying to find a hole in the hedge, so that I could get into the next field, I saw another giant coming towards me. He seemed as tall as a mountain, and every one of his steps measured about ten metres.

In fear and astonishment I hid in the corn, and hoped he would not notice me. He shouted in a voice like thunder, and seven other giants appeared. They seemed to be his servants. When he gave the order, they began to cut the corn in the field where I was hiding. As they moved towards me, I moved away, but at last I came to a part of the field where rain had knocked down the corn. There was no longer anywhere for me to hide, and I knew I would be cut to pieces by the giants' sharp knives. I lay down and prepared to die. I could not stop myself thinking of Lilliput. There, I myself had been a giant, an important person who had become famous for helping the people of that small country. Here, it was the opposite. I was like a Lilliputian in Europe, and I began to understand how a very small creature feels.

Suddenly I noticed that one of the giants was very close to me. As his huge foot rose over my head, I screamed as loudly as I could. He looked around on the ground, and finally saw me. He stared at me for a moment, then very carefully, he picked me up with finger and thumb and looked at me. I was now twenty metres up in the air, and I desperately hoped he would not decide to throw me to the ground. I did not struggle, and spoke politely to him, although I knew he did not understand any of my languages. He took me to the farmer, who soon realized that I was not an animal, but an intelligent being. He carefully put me in his pocket and took me home to show to his wife. When she saw me, she screamed and jumped back in fear, perhaps thinking I was an insect. But in a little while she became used to me, and was very kind to me.

5 到布罗卜丁奈格

我于1702年6月20日离开布里斯托尔，搭乘一艘驶往印度的船。直到我们到达南非好望角，天气一直有利于航行。在好望角，我们登陆取了淡水，不过我们不得不留在那儿过冬，因为船需要维修，船长也生病了。春天里我们离开了非洲绕着马达加斯加岛进入印度洋。4月19日起从西边来的风开始猛烈地刮起来了，我们被刮到了摩鹿加群岛以东。5月2日风停了，海面又恢复了平静。可是我们的船长警告我们，第二天还会有风暴，他对这一部分世界了解得很清楚，所以我们尽可能把船检修好，准备迎战。

船长说对了。5月3日风势渐猛，这是非常狂乱、危险的风，这次从南面刮来。风暴袭来时，我们不得不取下风帆。巨大的海浪向我们砸来，风把我们无助的船向东刮进了太平洋。

我们与风浪搏斗了好几天，最后风暴平息，海面再次恢复平静。幸运的是，我们的船损坏得并不严重，不过我们被风刮得向东走了2000多公里，谁也说不清我们的具体位置，船长决定继续向东行驶，那是我们从来没有到过的。我们向前又行驶了两周。

最后，在1703年6月16日我们看见了一个大岛，还有一小片陆地与它相连。我后来得知这个国度叫布罗卜丁奈格。船长派几个水手乘一只小船登陆取些淡水，我和他们一起去，因为我对看看一个新国家很有兴趣。再次登上陆地，大家都很兴奋，在他们找河流或湖泊时，我离开岸边向里走了大约1公里。

当我回来时，我惊讶地看见水手们已经在船上，他们正拼命地划向轮船！我正要大喊一声他们落下了我，却发现一个庞然大物朝他们追去。我看得出他已经追不上他们了，因为他们已经快到轮船，不过我并没有等着看最后的结果。我尽快地跑开他，直到进入某种田野才停下来。田里草有7米左右高，玉米有大约13米高。我费了一个小时才走过一块田地，周围的树篱有至少40米高，树远比这高。正当我要在树篱中找个洞，以便我能进入下一块田地时，却看见另一个巨人向我走来。他看起来像一座山那么高，每跨一步都有10米左右。

我又惊又怕，躲在玉米地里，希望他不会注意到我。他像打雷似地喊了一声，另外7个巨人出现了，他们似乎是他的仆人。他发出命令后，他们就开始砍我躲的这块地的玉米。他们向我移近，我就移开，最后我退到了雨水把玉米弄倒了的地方，再也无处可藏，我知道我会被巨人的利刃割成碎片，我躺下等死。我不禁想起利力浦特，在那儿我自己是个巨人，举足轻重，因为帮小国家人的忙而闻名。这里正好相反，我像是利力浦特人到了欧洲，我开始理解一个小生命的感受。

突然我发现其中一个巨人离我很近。当他的脚提到我的头上时，我竭力尖叫起来。他向地上四处看，终于看见我了。他盯了我一会儿，然后非常小心地用指头和拇指拈起我来看。我现在离地20米，我急切地希望他不会把我往地上摔。我没有挣扎，而是礼貌地对他说，虽然我知道他不会听懂我的任何语言。他把我拿到了农场主面前，后者很快就明白了我不是动物，而是一个智慧生命。他小心地把我放在衣袋里，把我拿回家给他妻子看。她看见我时尖叫了起来，害怕得躲了回去，也许她以为我是个昆虫，不过一会儿后她就习惯了我，并且对我很仁慈。

6 Gulliver and his master

Soon after we arrived, the whole family sat down at the table for dinner. There was a large piece of meat on a plate about eight metres across. The farmer put me on the table, with some small pieces of bread and meat in front of me. I was very frightened of falling off the edge of the table, which was ten metres from the ground. The farmer and his family were delighted to watch me eating food with my own small knife and fork. But when I started walking across the table to the farmer, his youngest son, a boy of about ten, picked me up by the legs. He held me so high in the air that my whole body trembled. Fortunately his father took me away at once, and angrily hit the boy hard on the head. But I remembered! how cruel children can be to small animals, and I did not want the boy to take his revenge on me. So I fell on my knees and asked them not to punish the child any more. They seemed to understand.

Just then I heard a noise behind me. It sounded like twelve machines running at the same time. I turned my head and saw a huge cat, three times larger than one of our cows. The farmer's wife held it in her arms, so that it could not jump at me. But in fact, because I showed no fear, there was no danger, and the cat even seemed a little afraid of me.

At the end of dinner, a servant came in with the farmer's one-year-old son in her arms. He immediately started crying and screaming, because he wanted to play with me. His mother smiled and put me in his hand. When he picked me up and put my head in his mouth, I shouted so loudly that he dropped me. Luckily, I was not hurt, but it showed me how dangerous life was going to be in Brobdingnag.

After eating, the farmer, or my master, as I shall now call him, went back to his work in the fields. I think he told his wife to take good care of me, because she put me carefully on her bed and locked the bedroom door. I was exhausted, and slept for two hours.

When I woke up, I felt very small and lonely in such a huge room, and on such a large bed. Suddenly I saw two huge rats run towards me across the bed. One came right up to my face, so I pulled out my sword and cut open his stomach. The other ran away at once. I walked up and down on the bed, to control my trembling legs, and looked at the dead rat. It was as large as a big dog, and its tail measured two metres. When my master's wife came into the room some time later, I showed her how I had killed the rat. She was delighted that I was not hurt, and threw the dead rat out of the window.

My master had a daughter who was about nine years old. She was given the special responsibility of taking care of me, and I owe her my life. During my stay in her country we were always together, and she saved me from many dangerous situations. I called her Glumdalclitch, which means 'little nurse'. She was good at sewing, and managed to make some clothes for me in the thinnest material available. She also made me a small bed, which was placed on a shelf too high for rats to reach. Perhaps the most useful thing she did was to teach me the language, so that in a few days I could speak it quite well.

Soon all my master's neighbours were talking about the strange little creature he had found in a field. One of them came to see me, and as I walked towards him across the table, he put on his glasses. His eyes behind the glasses looked like the full moon shining into two windows. I thought this was very funny, and laughed loudly. Unfortunately, that made him very angry. I heard him whispering to my master all evening, and I was sorry I had laughed at him.

Next day Glumdalclitch came to me in tears.

'You'll never guess what's happened!' she told me sadly.

'Our neighbour has advised Father to show you to people, for money! Father's going to take you to market tomorrow, where there'll be crowds of people ready to pay for entertainment! I'm so ashamed! And perhaps you'll get hurt! Other people won't be as careful with you as I am!'

'Don't worry, Glumdalclitch,' I replied. 'As I'm a stranger here, I don't mind being shown to people like a strange wild animal. I must do what your father wants.' I was secretly hoping I would one day find a way of escaping and returning to my own country.

So the next day my master and his daughter got on their huge horse. Glumdalclitch carried me inside a small box, which had air-holes so that I could breathe. When we arrived at the market town, my master hired the largest room in the public house, and placed me upon the table there. His daughter stayed close to me to make sure that nobody hurt me. I was told to speak in their language, pull out my sword, drink from a cup, and do other things to amuse the crowd. Only thirty people were allowed in to see me at one time. On that first day everybody wanted to see me, and I was shown to over three hundred and fifty people.

My master's plan was so successful that he arranged to show me again on the next market day. I did not look forward to this at all. I was so tired with the journey and the entertainment that I could only walk and speak with difficulty for the next three days. Even when we were at home, neighbours and friends from all parts of the country came to look at me, and my master made me work hard to amuse them. So I had almost no rest.

My master finally realized that he could make a fortune by showing me to people all over the country. So about two months after my arrival in Brobdingnag, we left the farm and started our journey to the capital. As before, Glumdalclitch came with us, to take care of me. On the way we stopped in many towns and villages, so that I could be shown to people. At last, after a journey of nearly five thousand kilometres, we arrived at the capital. Now I had to work even harder, as people came to look at me ten times a day.

6 格列佛和他的主人

我们到达不久，全家人坐在桌前吃饭。一个直径大约有8米的盘子上放着一块巨大的肉。农场主把我放在桌上，我面前放着些小片面包和肉。我非常害怕从桌缘掉下去，这离地有10米高。农场主和他的家人看着我用自己的刀叉吃饭感到很有趣。我开始朝农场主走去时，他的小儿子，一个大约10岁的男孩，抓住我的腿提了起来。他把我举在高空中，我全身都在发抖。幸好他的父亲马上把我拿走了，并且生气地重重地打他的头。我想起小孩子们对小动物会有多么残酷，我可不想他找我报复，所以就双膝跪下，请求他们不要再惩罚这个孩子。他们似乎理解了我的意思。

正在那时，我听见背后发出一个响声，听起来就像十几台机器同时在运转。我扭过头，看见一巨大的猫，比我们的母牛还大3倍。农场主的妻子把它抱在怀里，以免它向我跳来。但事实上因为我显得一点也不害怕，根本就没有危险，而这猫看起来倒有点怕我。

用餐快结束时，一个仆人抱着农场主的一岁儿子进来。他立即又哭又叫，因为他想跟我玩。他妈妈笑了，把我放在他的手中。他抓起我，

把我的头往他嘴里塞，我大声吼叫，他松了手，幸好我没有受伤，但是这表明我在布罗卜丁奈格的生活将是多么的危险。

饭后，农场主或者说我的主人，从现在起我将这样称呼他，又回到田野里干他的活。我想他已经告诉了他的妻子好好照看我，因为她小心地把我放在她的床上，并且锁上了卧室的门。我已精疲力尽，就睡了两个小时。

当我醒来时，我感到在如此大的房间里、在如此大的床上自己非常渺小而孤独。突然我看见两只巨大的老鼠穿过床向我奔来，一只正好跑向我的脸，我拔出剑刺破了它的肚皮，另一只立即跑开了。我在床上走来走去，以控制我不住颤抖的双腿，看着这只死老鼠。这只老鼠足有一条大狗那么大，尾巴有两米长。我主人的妻子后来进了房间，我向她表演我是怎样杀死老鼠的。她对我没有受到伤害感到高兴，把死老鼠扔出了窗外。

我的主人有个女儿，大约9岁，让她特别负责照看我，全亏她我才能活下来。我呆在她的国家的时间里，我们总是在一起，她许多次把我救出危险。我叫她葛兰达克利赤，意思是“小保姆”。她善于针线活，用最薄的布料给我做了一些衣服，还给我做了个小床，把它放在一个架子上，高得老鼠够不着。也许她做得最有用的是教我他们的语言，所以几天后我就能说得相当不错了。

不久我主人的邻居都在谈论他在田野里发现的奇怪小生物。其中有一个来看我，我在桌子上向他走去，他戴上了眼镜，镜片后的眼睛就像满月照进两扇窗户。我觉得这很滑稽，就大声笑了。不幸的是，这令他很生气，我听见他跟我的主人一整夜都在咕咕唧唧，我对嘲笑他感到很抱歉。

第二天葛兰达克利赤满面泪痕地来到我跟前。

“你绝不会猜到发生了什么事！”她哀伤地对我说，“我们的邻居建议父亲把你拿去展出，为了钱！父亲明天将把你带到市场上，那儿有成群的人愿意掏钱取乐！这太可耻了！而且你可能会受伤！别的人可没有我对你那样小心！”

“不要担心，葛兰达克利赤，”我回答说，“由于我在这儿是个生人，我不介意像个稀奇的野生动物那样展出。我必须按你父亲所想的去做。”我暗地里希望有朝一日能找到逃跑的路回到我自己的国家。

这样第二天我的主人和他的女儿骑上了他们庞大的马。葛兰达克利赤用一个小盒子带着我，上面有透气孔以便我呼吸。我们到达市镇后，主人在客栈包了个最大的房间，把我放在那儿的桌子上，他的女儿站得离我很近，以保证没人伤着我。我受命用他们的语言说话，拔出我的剑，用杯子喝，以及做其他一些事来逗乐围观的人。每次只让30个人进去看我。第一天每个人都想看我，我被展给了350多人看。

我主人的计划是如此成功，他安排了在下次集日再去展出我。我一点也不盼望这样，我由于旅途和娱乐而累得随后三天说话走路都很吃力。就是我们在家里时，邻居和来自全国各地的朋友来看我，我的主人让我卖力干活以逗乐他们。所以我几乎没有休息。

我的主人终于意识到他可以把我拿到全国各地展出而大赚一笔。这样大约在我来到布罗卜丁奈格后两个月，我们离开了农场，启程去都城。和以前一样，葛兰达克利赤一起去，好照料我。路上我们在许多的城镇和村庄停留，以便我能展给人们看。最后，在旅行了几几乎5000公里后我们终于到达了都城。现在我必须更卖力地干活，因为每天来看我的人是以前的10倍。

7 At the King's palace

Although Glumdalclitch tried to make things as comfortable as possible for me, such an exhausting life was beginning to have a bad effect on my health. I was becoming thinner and thinner. When my master noticed this, he thought I would not live much longer. But it was clear that he wanted to make as much money out of me as he could. While he was thinking how to do this, he was asked to bring me to the palace. The Queen and her ladies had heard about me and wanted to see me. When we arrived in front of the Queen, I fell on my knees and begged to be allowed to kiss her foot. But she kindly held out her hand to me. I took her little finger in both my arms, and put it very politely to my lips.

She seemed very pleased with me, and finally she said, 'Would you enjoy living here in the palace, do you think?'

'Great queen, I answered, 'I must do what my master wants, but if I were free, I would want to spend my whole life obeying your orders.'

She immediately arranged to buy me from my master. He was delighted to receive a good price for me, especially as he felt sure I would not live longer than a month. I also begged the Queen to let Glumdalclitch stay with me, because she had always taken such good care of me. The Queen agreed, and Glumdalclitch could not hide her happiness.

When my master had left the palace alone, the Queen said to me, 'Why didn't you say goodbye to him? And why did you look at him so coldly?'

'Madam, I must tell you,' I replied, 'that since he found me, my master has used me as an easy way of making money for himself. He's made me work so hard that I feel tired and ill. He's sold me to you only because he thinks I'm going to die soon. But I feel better already, now that I belong to such a great and good queen.'

The Queen was clearly surprised to hear such intelligent words from such a small creature, and decided to show me to her husband. When the King saw me, he thought at first that I must be a mechanical toy. However, when he heard my answers to his questions, he realized I must be alive, and he could not hide his astonishment.

To discover what kind of animal I was, he sent for three of his cleverest professors. After looking at me carefully, they decided that I was a creature outside the laws of nature. I was much too small to climb their trees, or dig their fields, or kill and eat their animals. They could not understand where I had come from, or how I could possibly survive. And when I told them that in my country there were millions just like me, they did not believe me, but just smiled. However, the King was more intelligent than they were. After speaking to Glumdalclitch and questioning me again, he realized that my story must be true.

They took very good care of me. The Queen's workmen made a special bedroom for me. It was a wooden box, with windows, a door, and two cupboards. The ceiling could be lifted off, so that Glumdalclitch could change my sheets and tidy my room. The workmen even made me two little chairs and a table, and a lock for the door, so that no rats could get in.

The Queen became so fond of me that she could not eat without me. My small table and chair were always placed on the dinner table near her left elbow, and Glumdalclitch stood near me, in case I needed her help. I ate off tiny silver plates, with silver knives and forks. But I never got used to seeing the Queen eat. In one mouthful she ate as much as twelve English farmers could eat in a whole meal. She drank from a cup as big as one of our barrels, and her knives were like huge swords. I was quite frightened of them.

On Wednesday, which is a day of rest in Brobdingnag, like our Sunday, the King and Queen always had dinner together, with their children, in the King's rooms. I was usually invited too. My little chair and table were at the King's left elbow. He enjoyed very much hearing me talk about England—our laws, our universities, our great buildings. He listened so politely that I perhaps talked a little too much about my dear country. In the end he looked at me kindly, but could not stop himself laughing. He turned to one of his lords.

'How amusing it is,' he said to him, 'that an insect like this should talk of such important matters! He thinks his country is so highly developed! But I suppose even tiny creatures like him have a hole in the ground that they call a home. They argue, they love, they fight and they die, as we do. But of course the poor little animals aren't on our level.'

I could not believe what I was hearing. He was laughing at my country, a country famous for its beautiful cities and palaces, its great kings and queens, its brave and honest people. However, there was nothing I could do about it, and I simply had to accept the situation.

The worst problem I had at the palace was the Queen's dwarf. Until I arrived, he had always been the smallest person in the country (he was about ten metres tall). As I was much smaller than him, he was very rude to me and behaved very badly, especially when nobody was looking. Once he took a large bone from the table and stood it on the Queen's plate. Then he took me in both hands and pushed my legs into the top of the bone. I could not pull myself out, and had to stay there, feeling—and looking—extremely stupid. When the Queen finally saw me, she could not stop herself laughing, but she was angry with the dwarf at the same time.

In Brobdingnag there are large numbers of flies in summer, and these awful insects, each as big as an English bird, gave me no peace. The dwarf used to catch some in his hands, and then let them out suddenly under my nose. He did this both to frighten me and amuse the Queen. I had to use my knife to cut them to pieces as they flew around me.

Another time, the dwarf picked me up and dropped me quickly into a bowl of milk on the table. Luckily, I am a good swimmer, so I managed to keep my head out of the milk. As soon as Glumdalclitch saw I was in danger, she ran from the other side of the room to rescue me. I was not hurt, but this time the dwarf was sent away from the palace as a punishment. I was very pleased.

I would now like to describe Brobdingnag. The people who draw our European maps think there is nothing but sea between Japan and America, but they are wrong. Brobdingnag is quite a large country, joined on to northwest America, but separated from the rest of America by high mountains. It is about ten thousand kilometres long and from five to eight thousand wide. The sea around it is so rough and there are so many rocks in the water that no large ships can land on any of the beaches. This means that the people of Brobdingnag do not normally have visitors from other parts of the world.

There are fifty-one cities and a large number of towns and villages. The capital stands on both sides of a river, and

has more than eighty thousand houses. It covers three hundred and forty square kilometres. The King’s palace covers about eleven square kilometres: the main rooms are eighty metres high. The palace kitchen is huge—if I described it, with its great pots on the fire and the mountains of food on the tables, perhaps you would not believe me. Travellers are often accused of not telling the truth when they return. To avoid this happening to me, I am being careful to describe what I saw as exactly and carefully as possible.

7 在王宫里

尽管葛兰达克利赤尽可能使一切对我来说舒适些，如此使人精疲力尽的生活对我的健康还是开始产生了不良影响，我越来越瘦了。当主人注意到这点，他认为我活不长了，但是他显然想从我身上捞到尽可能多的钱。他正在考虑怎么做到这一点时，他被要求带我进宫。王后和她的贵妇听说了我，想见见我。当我们到达王后的面前，我双膝跪下，请求吻她的脚，但是她仁慈地把手伸给了我。我双臂抱着她的小指，非常礼貌地放到我的双唇上。

她似乎对我很高兴，最后她说，“你觉得，你会喜欢住在宫里吗？”

“伟大的王后，”我回答说，“我必须按我主人的要求做，不过要是我是自由的话，我愿意一生都听从您的使唤。”

她马上安排从我的主人那儿买过我。他非常高兴我能卖到好价钱，特别是他很肯定我活不过一个月。我也请求王后让葛兰达克利赤留下来陪我，因为她照料我一直照料得很好。王后同意了，葛兰达克利赤也掩饰不住她的喜悦。

当我的主人独自离开王宫后，王后对我说，“你为什么不对他说再见？你为什么那样冷冷地看着他？”

“夫人，我必须告诉你，”我回答说，“自从他发现了我，他就把我当作他赚钱的捷径，他让我如此努力地干活，我感到疲劳、要病倒似的。他把我卖给你只是因为他认为我不久就要死去。不过我已经感觉好多了，因为我是属于如此伟大而善良的王后。”

王后显然对于从如此小的生物之口听到如此聪明的言辞感到诧异，决定把我拿给她的丈夫看。国王看见我，他起初认为我是个机械玩具。不过，当他听见我回答他的问题时，他意识到我一定是活的，不禁掩饰不住他的惊讶。

为了弄明白我是哪种动物，他叫来了三个最聪明的教授。仔细看过我之后，他们认定我是一种不符合自然法则的生物。我太小，无法攀缘他们的树，挖他们的田地，或者杀死他们的牲畜吃。他们无法理解我是从哪儿来的，我怎么能够生存下来的。在我告诉他们我们国家有数百万像我这样的人时，他们并不相信我，只是一笑置之。但是国王比他们智力要高些，在跟葛兰达克利赤谈话并问我问题之后，他意识到我的故事一定是真的。

他们把我照料得很好。王后的工匠为我做了个特制的卧室，那是个木盒子，有门窗和两个小厨柜，天花板可以揭开，这样葛兰达克利赤可以给我换床单，整理我的房间。工匠甚至还给我做了两个小椅子和一张桌子，一把门锁，这样老鼠就进不去了。

王后如此喜欢我，我不在她就吃不下饭。我的小桌子和椅子总是放在餐桌上靠近她的左肘的地方，葛兰达克利赤站在我附近，预备在我需要她时帮助我。我用小银盘子、银刀和银叉吃。不过我从来也没有习惯看王后吃东西。她一口就吃下了12个英国农场主一顿所能吃的东西。她用一个大得跟我们的桶一样的杯子喝东西，而她的餐刀就像巨大的剑。我很害怕这些餐刀。

在星期三，这是布罗卜丁奈格的休息日，正如我们的星期天，国王和王后总是和他们的孩子一起，在国王的房间用餐。我的小桌椅放在国王的左肘边。他非常喜欢听我讲英国——我们的法律、我们的大学、我们的伟大建筑。他听得那样有礼貌，也许我谈论我可爱的祖国谈得太多了。最后他慈祥地望着我，控制不住地大笑起来。他扭头对着他的一个王公。

“多么有意思，”他对他说，“像这样的小昆虫也能谈论如此重要的事情！他认为他的国家有如此发达！不过我想就是像他这样的小动物在地面也有个洞子他们自己称作家。他们争辩、恋爱、战争、死亡，跟我们一样。当然这种可怜的小动物跟我们不是在同一个层次。”

我不能相信我所听到的。他在嘲笑我的祖国，一个以其美丽的城市和宫殿、以其伟大的国王和王后、以其英勇而诚实的人民而闻名的国家。不过我对此毫无办法，只有简单地接受这种处境。

我在宫里最糟糕的问题是王后的侏儒。我到达前，他一直是这个国家最矮小的人（他大约10米高）。因为我远比他矮，他对我很粗鲁，他表现得很不好，特别是当没人在旁看着时。有一次他从桌上拿了一根大骨头立在王后的盘子上，然后抓着我的两只手把我的双腿推进骨头的顶端，我自己出不来，只有呆在那儿，感觉——而且看起来也是——极为愚蠢，王后最终看见了，禁不住笑起来，但同时也对侏儒非常生气。

布罗卜丁奈格夏天有大量的苍蝇，而这种可怕的昆虫每个有英格兰一只鸟那么大，扰得我毫无宁日。侏儒经常抓几个在手中，然后在我的鼻子底下突然松手，他这样做既是惊吓我也是逗王后乐。它们在我身边飞来飞去，我只有用我的刀子把它们砍成碎片。

另有一次，侏儒抓起我然后迅速把我丢进桌上的一碗牛奶里。好在我是个游泳好手，所以我能使头露在牛奶外面。葛兰达克利赤一看见我有危险就从屋子的另一端跑过来救我。我没有受伤，不过这次侏儒被罚出了宫，我对此非常高兴。

现在我想描绘一下布罗卜丁奈格。绘制欧洲地图的人认为在日本和美洲之间除了海什么都没有，但是他们错了。布罗卜丁奈格是个相当大的国家，与北美相连，但高山把它与美洲其他部分隔开了。它大约有1万公里长，5 000至8 000公里宽。它周围海水汹涌，水中有太多的礁石，绝没有大轮船可以在岸边登陆。这意味着布罗卜丁奈格人正常情况下很少有来自世界其他地方的来客。

有51座城市，大量的市镇和村庄。都城横跨一条河，有8万座房子，面积达340多平方公里，国王的宫殿占地大约11平方公里，主要房屋有80米高。王宫的厨房很大——如果我来描绘，还有火上的大锅和桌上如山的食物，也许你不会相信。旅行者常常被指责在他们回家时不说真话。为了避免这种事发生在我身上，我一直留心尽可能准确、仔细地描绘我所看到的。

8 More adventures in Brobdingnag

Because I was so small, I had several dangerous accidents during my stay at the palace. One day Glumdal-clitch put me down on the grass in the palace garden, while she went for a walk with some of the Queen's ladies. A small white dog which belonged to one of the gardeners appeared, and seemed very interested in me. He took me in his mouth and carried me to his master. Luckily, he had been well trained, and did not try to bite me, so I was not hurt.

One day the Queen said to me, 'It would be good for your health to do some rowing or sailing. What do you think? Would you like me to arrange it for you?'

'Madam,' I answered, 'I'd love to row or sail a little every day. But where can we find a boat that's small enough?'

'Leave that to me,' she replied, and called for her work-men. She ordered them to make a tiny boat with sails. They also made a wooden container, about a hundred metres long, seventeen metres wide and three metres deep. This container was filled with water, and I was carefully placed in my boat on the water. Every day I used to row or sail there, while the Queen and her ladies watched. There was no wind, of course, but the ladies blew hard to move my boat along.

I nearly lost my life again, when a lady picked me up to put me in the boat. She was not careful enough, and dropped me. With horror, I felt myself falling through the air. But instead of crashing to the ground, I was caught, by my trousers, on a pin in her clothes. I had to stay there without moving a finger, until Glumdalclitch came running to rescue me.

But the greatest danger to me in Brobdingnag came from a monkey. One day Glumdalclitch left me alone in her bedroom while she visited some of the ladies. It was a warm day, and her window was open. I was in the box which I used as my bedroom, with the door open. Suddenly I heard the noise of an animal jumping through the window, and immediately I hid at the back of my box. The monkey, which appeared huge to me, very soon discovered my hiding-place. He picked me up, and held me close to him like a baby. When he heard someone opening the bedroom door, he jumped out of the window and ran on to the roof.

I thought I had never been in such great danger. He was running on three legs and holding me in the fourth. At any moment he could let me fall, and we were at least three hundred metres above the ground. I could hear a lot of shouting in the palace. The servants had realized what was happening, and brought ladders to climb up on to the roof. Glumdalclitch was crying, and hundreds of people were watching from the garden. Meanwhile, the monkey was sitting calmly on top of the roof. He was taking food from his mouth and trying to push it into my mouth. He still seemed to think I was his baby. I suppose it was an amusing sight for the crowd below, but I was in terrible fear of falling.

Finally, several servants climbed on the roof, and as they came nearer, the monkey put me down and ran away. I was rescued and brought down to the ground. I had to stay in bed for two weeks after this, before I felt well enough to meet people again. The monkey was caught and killed.

When I next saw the King, he asked me about this experience. 'How did you feel,' he said, 'when the monkey was holding you up on the roof?'

'Sir,' I replied bravely, 'I was afraid, that's true. But next time an animal like that attacks me, I shall not hesitate. I'll pull out my sword like this'—and I showed him what I would do—'and give the creature such a wound that it will never come near me again!'

But while I waved my tiny sword in the air, the King and his lords laughed loudly. I had wanted to prove my bravery, but I failed, because to them I was only an unimportant little creature. I realized later that this often happens in England, when we laugh at someone of no family, fortune, or intelligence, who pretends to be as important as our great leaders.

In the next few weeks, I began to have some very interesting conversations with the King. He was an intelligent, understanding person.

'Tell me more about your country,' he said to me one day. 'I would like to hear about your laws, your political life, and your customs. Tell me everything. There may be something that we can usefully copy here in Brobdingnag.'

'I shall be delighted, sir,' I answered proudly. 'Our king controls our three great countries, Scotland, Ireland and England. We grow much of our own food, and our weather is neither too hot nor too cold. There are two groups of men who make our laws. One is called the House of Lords—they are men from the oldest and greatest families in the country. The other is called the House of Commons—these are the most honest, intelligent, and sensible men in the country, and are freely chosen by the people. We have judges to decide punishments for criminals, and we have a large army, which cannot be defeated by any other in the world.'

While I was talking, the King was making notes. For several days I continued my explanation, and I also described British history over the last hundred years. Then the King asked me a large number of questions. These were some of them.

'How do you teach and train young people of good family? If the last son of an old family dies, how do you make new lords for the House of Lords? Are these lords really the most suitable people to make the country's laws? And in the House of Commons, are these men really so honest and intelligent? Do rich men never buy their way into this House? You say the lawmakers receive no pay, but are you sure that they never accept bribes?'

Then he asked questions about our lawcourts. 'Why are your trials so long and so expensive? How much do your lawyers and judges really know about the laws? How carefully do they decide between right and wrong?'

'And why,' he went on, 'are you so often at war? Either you enjoy fighting, or you have very difficult neighbours! Why do you need an army at all? You would not be afraid of any other country, if you were peaceful people. And in the last hundred years you've done nothing but rob, fight, and murder! Your recent history shows the very worst effects of cruelty, jealousy, dishonesty, and madness!'

I tried to answer the King as well as I could, but he did not think our system was a good one.

'No, my little friend' he said kindly but seriously, 'I'm sorry for you. You've proved to me that your country has nothing valuable to offer us. Perhaps once, in the past, your political life was adequately organized, but now it is clear

that there is laziness and selfishness in every part of the system. Your politicians can be bribed, your soldiers aren't really brave, your judges and lawyers are neither reasonable nor honest, and your lawmakers themselves know little and do less. I sincerely hope that you, who have spent most of your life travelling, have a better character than most Englishmen. But from what you've told me, I'm afraid that your countrymen are the worst little nation of insects that has ever crawled upon the ground. '

I am very sorry to have to report these words of the King's, and I only do so because of my love of the truth. I must tell you exactly what happened, even if I do not agree with it. I had to listen patiently, while he was giving his extraordinary opinions of my dear country. We must remember, however, that this King lives in a country almost completely separate from the rest of the world. Because he does not know other countries' systems or customs, he has a certain narrowness of thinking, which we Europeans do not have, of course.

You will find it difficult to believe what happened next.

'Sir, ' I said, 'I'd like to give you something to thank you for your kindness to me since I arrived at the palace. Three or four hundred years ago, we Europeans discovered how to make a special powder. When you set fire to it, it burns and explodes immediately, with a noise louder than thunder. You can use it to shoot heavy balls of metal from large guns. It can destroy the largest ships, it can kill a whole army, it can cut men's bodies in half, it can destroy the strongest walls. It's called gunpowder, and it's easy and cheap to make. To show you how grateful I am to you, I'm offering to explain how to make it—then you will be able to destroy all your enemies! '

I was very surprised by the King's reply.

'No!' he cried in horror. 'Don't tell me! I don't want to know how to murder people like that. I would rather give half my country away than know the secret of this powder. How can a tiny creature like you have such inhuman, cruel ideas? Never speak to me of this again! '

How strange that such an excellent king should not take the chance I was offering him! No European king would hesitate for a moment. But he had other strange ideas. He believed, very simply, that every problem can be solved by honest, sensible people, and that the political life of a country must have no secrets and must be open for all to see and understand. Of course, we know that this is impossible, so perhaps his opinion of us is not worth considering.

8 在布罗卜丁奈格的其他经历

由于我太小，我在王宫逗留期间有好几次危险事故。一天，葛兰达克利赤把我放在王宫花园的草地上，自己和王后的几个贵妇去散步了。一个园丁的小白狗出现了，它似乎对我很感兴趣，它用嘴叼着我，把我叼到了它的主人那儿。幸运的是，它受到了良好的训练，没有试图咬我，所以我没有受伤。

一天王后对我说，“划船或扬帆会对你的健康有好处。你觉得怎么样？你愿意让我为你安排吗？”

“夫人，”我回答说，“我愿意每天划船或扬帆一会儿，可是哪儿找得到足够小的船呢？”

“交给我吧，”她回答说，然后叫来了她的工匠，命令他们做有帆的小船。他们还做了一个木质容器，大约100米长、17米宽、3米深。这个容器盛上了水，我被小心地放进了水面上我的船里。每天我在那儿划船或者扬帆，王后和她的贵妇在旁边看。当然没有风，不过这些贵妇用力吹，使船移动。

当一个贵妇抓起我往船里放时，我几乎再次丢了性命。她不够小心，把我弄掉了。我惊恐万状，感觉自己在空中往下落。不过没有摔到地上，我的裤子刮住了她衣服上的一个别针。我不得不呆在那儿，连一个指头都不敢动，直到葛兰达克利赤跑过来救我。

但是在布罗卜丁奈格的最大危险来自一只猴子。一天葛兰达克利赤让我独自留在她的房间里，她去拜访一些贵妇。天比较热，窗子是开着的。我正呆在我用做卧室的盒子里，卧室的门是敞开的。突然我听见动物跳过窗子的声音，我立即躲到我的盒子后面去。猴子在我看起来很大，它很快就发现了我的藏身之处。它抓起我，把我紧紧地抱着，像是抱着婴儿。当它听见有人打开卧室门的声音，就立即从窗子跳出去跑上屋顶。

我想我从来没有处于如此大的危险之中。它用三只腿跑一只腿抱着我，随时都可能让我掉下去，而我们至少离地有300米高。我可以听见宫里一片叫嚷声，仆从已经明白发生了什么事，拿来梯子往屋顶上爬。葛兰达克利赤在哭，数百人在花园里看。此时，猴子正平静地坐在屋顶，它正从它的嘴里取出食物往我的嘴里塞。它仍然以为我是它的婴儿。我猜这对于下面围观的人来说是有趣的景观，可是我极为害怕掉下去。

最后几个仆人爬上了屋顶，当他们走近时，猴子放下我跑开了。我得救了，被送到了地面。此后我不得不在床上躺了两周，直到我感觉好些，才再见人。猴子被抓住杀死了。

当我再次见到国王时，他问我这次的经历。“你的感受是什么，”他问，“当猴子抱着你上屋顶时？”

“先生，”我勇敢地回答说，“我很害怕，那是真的，不过下次像这样的动物来袭击我时，我决不会犹豫。我会像这样拔出我的宝剑”——我向他表演我将做什么——“将这动物伤得再也不敢靠近我！”

可是我在空中挥舞我的小剑时，国王和他的王公大声笑了起来，我想证明我的勇敢，可是我失败了，因为对他们来说我是个无足轻重的小动物。我后来想起这在英国也经常发生，当一个没有家庭背景、没有财富或没有智力的人装模作样跟我们伟大的领袖一样重要时我们也会如此嘲笑。

随后几周，我开始跟国王有几次非常有趣的谈话。他是一个聪明、理解力强的人。

“再告诉我一些关于你们国家的事，”一天他对我说，“我想听听你们的法律、你们的政治生活以及你们的风俗习惯。告诉我这些方面的全部情况，也许有些东西我们可以搬到布罗卜丁奈格来用。”

“我很高兴，先生，”我骄傲地回答，“我们的国王控制着三个伟大的国家：苏格兰、爱尔兰和英格兰。我们的食物大部分自己出产，天气既不太冷也不太热。有两组人制定我们的法律，其一叫做上议院，他们来自这个国家最古老最伟大的家族，其二叫做下议院，他们是这个国家最诚实、聪明而通情达理的人，是由人民自由选出来的。我们有法官决定对犯罪分子的惩罚，我们有庞大的军队，无敌于全世界。”

在我讲的时候，国王作着笔记。我连续几天进行解释，我也描述了过去百来年不列颠的历史。然后国王问了我一大堆问题。这是其中几个。

“你们怎么教育、训练好家族的年青人？如果一个古老家族的最后一个儿子去世了，你们怎么给上议院选定新的议员？这些议员真是最适合给这个国家制定法律的人吗？在下议院中，这些人是真的诚实而聪明吗？富人从来不用钱买路进入议院吗？你说法律制定者不收报酬，但是你敢肯定他们从来不受受贿赂吗？”

然后他问了一些关于我们的法庭的问题。“你们的审判为什么那么耗时而费钱？你们的律师和法官究竟知道多少你们的法律？他们判定正误有多仔细？”

“为什么，”他接着说，“你们经常打仗？或者是你们喜欢战争，或者是你们的邻居很难处！究竟为什么你们需要军队？如果你们是热爱和平的人民，你们不应该害怕别的国家。而在过去的百年里，你们除了掠夺、打仗和谋杀没有干别的！你们最近的历史显示了残酷、嫉妒、欺诈和疯狂的最糟糕的结果！”

我力图尽可能满意地回答国王，可是他并不认为我们的制度好。

“不，我的小朋友，”他和善而认真地说，“我为你感到遗憾。你向我证明了你们没有什么有价值的东西提供给我们。也许在过去，你们的政治生活曾经组织得恰当，可是现在很明显，这个制度的每一部分都充满了惰性和自私。你们的政客可以受贿赂，你们的战士并不真的勇敢，你们的法官和律师既不通情理也不诚实，而你们的法律制定者自己知道得很少，做得更少。你一生的大多数时光都用于旅行了，我真诚地希望你比大多数英国人品行要好，不过据你所告诉我的，我担心你的国人是地上曾经爬行过的昆虫中最糟糕的小国民。”

我非常遗憾不得不转述国王的这些话，我这样做只是因为我对真相的热爱。我必须原原本本地告诉你们发生的事，即使我并不赞同。在他发表关于我亲爱的祖国的不同寻常的看法时，我不得不耐心地听着。不过我们必须记住，这个国王生活在几乎完全与世隔绝的国度里，因为他不知道别的国家的制度或习俗，他的想法中有一定的狭隘性，这当然是我们欧洲人所没有的。

你将觉得接下来发生的事很难置信。

“先生，”我说，“我想送给你一样东西以表示感谢自我从来到宫里后你对我的厚爱。三四百年前，我们欧洲人发明了怎样制造一种特别的粉末。当你点燃它时，它立即燃烧爆炸，声音比打雷还响，你可以用它来把很沉的金属弹丸从很大的枪中射出，它可以摧毁最大的轮船，消灭整个军队，把人的身躯切成两半，摧毁最坚固的墙壁。它叫火药，制作起来简单廉价。为了表达我是多么的感激你，我自愿给你解释怎么制造它——然后你就有能力消灭你的所有敌人！”

我对国王的回答感到非常吃惊。

“不！”他惊恐地叫道，“不要告诉我！我不想知道怎样去谋杀人。我宁愿割出一半国土也不想知道这种粉末的秘密。你们这样渺小的生物怎么可以有如此不人道、残酷的想法？决不要再跟我提这事！”

多么奇怪！如此优秀的国王，竟然不抓住我提供给他的机会！任何一个欧洲国王绝不会有一丝犹豫。可是他还有其他怪念头。他相信，每个问题都可以被诚实、通情理的人解决，一个国家的政治生活必须没有秘密，必须公开给世人看和理解。当然，我们知道这是不可能的，所以他的看法也许对我们来说不值得考虑。

9 Gulliver escapes from Brobdingnag

I was still hoping to return to England one day. But the ship in which I had arrived in Brobdingnag was the first that had ever come near the coast. So I could not see how I could get away. I began to think more and more about my family and my home.

By now I had been in Brobdingnag for about two years. When the King and Queen travelled to the south coast, Glum—dalclitch and I went with them. I really wanted to be close to the sea again, which I had not seen or even smelt for so long. As Glumdalclitch was ill, I asked a young servant to take me down to the beach for some fresh air. The boy carried me in my travelling box, and put me down on the beach, while he looked for birds' eggs among the rocks. I looked sadly at the sea, but stayed in my box, and after a while I fell asleep.

I was woken suddenly when my box was lifted high in the air. I can only suppose that a large bird took hold of the ring on top of the box with his talons, and flew away with it. Through the windows I could see the sky and clouds passing by, and I could hear the noise of the bird's wings. Then I was falling, so fast that I felt quite breathless. There was a loud crash, as the box fell into the sea. Perhaps the bird had been attacked by others, and so had to drop what he was carrying.

Luckily, the box had been well made, and not much sea water came in. But I do not think any traveller has ever been in a worse situation than I was then. I wondered how long I would survive, with no food or drink in the middle of the ocean. I felt sure I would never see poor Glumdalclitch again, and I knew how sad she would be to lose me.

Several hours passed, and then I suddenly heard a strange noise above my head. People were fastening a rope to the ring. Then my box was pulled through the water. Was it a ship that was pulling me along?

‘Help! Help!’ I shouted as loudly as I could.

I was delighted to hear English voices reply.

‘Who's there?’ they cried.

‘I'm English!’ I shouted back desperately. ‘Please help me to get out of here! Just put your finger into the ring on top of the box and lift it out of the water! Quickly!’

There were great shouts of laughter.

‘He's mad!’ I heard one man say.

‘Ten men couldn't lift that huge box!’ said another. There was more laughter.

Indeed, because I had been with giants for so long, I had forgotten that my countrymen were as small as me. The only thing the sailors could do was to cut a hole in the top of my box, and help me to climb out. I was exhausted and unable to walk far.

They took me to their captain.

‘Welcome to my ship,’ he said kindly. ‘You're lucky we found you. My men saw that huge box on the water, and we decided to pull it along behind the ship. Then we realized there was a man inside! Why were you locked up in there? Was it a punishment for some terrible crime? But tell me all about it later. Now you need to sleep, and then eat.’

When I told him my story, a few hours later, he found it difficult to believe. But after a while he began to accept that what I told him must be true.

‘But why do you shout so loudly?’ he asked. ‘We can hear you perfectly well if you speak normally.’

‘You see,’ I explained, ‘for two years I've had to shout to make myself understood by the giants. I was like a man in the street who was trying to talk to another man at the top of a very tall building. And another thing—your sailors all seem very small to me, because I've been used to looking up at people twenty metres tall.’

He shook his head. ‘Well, what a story! I think you should write a book about it when you get home.’

I stayed on the ship for several months, as we sailed slowly home to England. Finally, we arrived in Bristol on June 3rd, 1706. When I reached home, my wife made me promise never to go to sea again, and I thought my adventures had come to an end.

9 格列佛逃离布罗卜丁奈格

我仍然希望有朝一日回到英国。可是我到达布罗卜丁奈格时乘坐的轮船是第一只曾经靠近此处海岸的。所以我不知道怎样才能逃离。我开始越来越想念我的家人和自己的家了。

这时我到布罗卜丁奈格已经有大约两年了。国王和王后到南部海岸去旅行时，葛兰达克利赤和我也一同前往。我真是想再度靠近大海，这么长时间我既没有看见也没有听见它了。由于葛兰达克利赤生病了，我叫一个年轻仆人把我带到海滩上呼吸新鲜空气。这个男孩用我的旅行盒提着我，在海滩上把我放下来，他自己去石头中找鸟蛋去了。我忧伤地看着大海，不过还是呆在我的盒子里，过了一会儿我就睡着了。

我的盒子被提到高空中，把我突然惊醒了。我只能猜测一只大鸟的爪子抓住了我盒子顶部的环，带着它飞走了。透过窗户我可以看见天空和云彩飞逝，我还可以听见鸟翅膀的声音。然后我往下跌，快得我觉得几乎透不过气。盒子掉进海水里，溅起很响的水声。也许这鸟儿受到什么袭击，所以不得不丢下它抓的东西。

幸亏盒子做得很好，没有多少海水流进来，不过我想没有多少旅行者比我此时的处境更糟糕。我思忖着，在大洋之中，没有食物，没有饮水，我能生存多久。我确切地感到再也见不着可怜的葛兰达克利赤了，我知道失去我她将多么悲伤。

几个小时之后，我忽然听见头上有个奇怪的声音，有人正在环上系绳子，然后我的盒子在水中被拖动。是一个轮船在拖着我走吗？

“救命！救命！”我竭力大声喊叫。

我很高兴地听到说英语的声音在回答。

“谁在那儿？”他们喊道。

“我是英国人！”我拼命地嚷，“请帮我从这儿出去！把你的手指放到盒子顶上的环上把它从水里提出来！快一点！”

一片轰然大笑。

“他疯啦！”我听见一个人说。

“10个人也提不起那个大盒子！”另一个说。笑声更响了。

确实，因为我和巨人在一起太久了，我忘了我的国人是和我一样小的。这些水手唯一能做的是在我的盒子顶部挖一个洞、帮我爬出来。我累坏了，不能走远。

他们把我带到他们的船长那儿。

“欢迎到我们船上来，”他和善地说，“你很幸运我们发现了你。我的人发现水里有一个大盒子，我们决定将它挂在轮船后面拖着走。然后我们意识到里面有一个！你为什么被锁在里面？这是一种对什么可怕的罪过的惩罚吗？不过以后再告诉我这些，你现在需要休息，然后吃点东西。”

几个小时之后，我告诉他我的经历，他觉得难以置信。不过过了一会儿他开始接受我所告诉他的是真的。

“可是你为什么叫喊那么大声音？”他问，“如果你正常地说话我们也能听得很清楚。”

“你看，”我解释说，“两年来我不得不大声喊叫以便让我能被巨人听清楚。我就像一个走在大街上的人，要跟在一座非常高的建筑物顶上的另一个人说话。还有一件事，你的水手在我看起来都非常小，因为我以经习惯了仰着头看20米高的人。”

他摇着头。“嗯，多么好的故事啊！我觉得你回家后应该把它写成一本书。”

我们慢慢地航行回英国，我在这船上呆了几个月。最后我们于1706年6月3日到达布里斯托尔。我回到家时，我妻子要我许愿再也不出海，我想我的历险到此为止了。

I had only been at home for about ten days when a friend of mine asked me to join him on a journey to the East Indies. I still wanted to see more of the world, and as he was offering to give me double the usual pay, I managed to per-suade my wife to let me go. The voyage took eight months, and after stopping for a short time in Malaysia, we arrived in the Gulf of Tongking.

‘I’ll have to stay here for a while on business,’ my friend the captain told me. ‘But you can take the ship and some of the sailors. Go and see what you can buy and sell in the islands around here.’ That sounded interesting to me, so I agreed.

Unfortunately, we sailed straight into a terrible storm, which drove us many miles eastward. Then, by a very unlucky chance, we were seen and chased by two pirate ships. Our ship was not fast enough to escape, and the pirates caught us. They decided to keep the sailors to help sail the ship, but they did not need me. I suppose I was lucky they did not kill me. Instead, they left me alone in a small boat in the middle of the ocean, with only enough food for a few days, while they sailed away.

I am sure the pirates thought I would die. However, I saw land some hours later, and I managed to sail the boat to it. As I stepped out of the boat and walked up the beach, I noticed that although the sun had been very hot, the air suddenly seemed cooler. At first I thought a cloud was passing over the sun. But when I looked up, I saw, to my great astonishment, a large island in the sky, between me and the sun. It was moving towards me, and there were people running around on it. I waved my arms and shouted as loudly as possible. ‘Help! Help!’ I cried. ‘Rescue me!’

When the island was about a hundred metres over my head, they let down a seat on a chain. I sat on it, and was pulled up to the island. I had discovered the flying island of Laputa.

Laputans are certainly strange-looking people. Their heads always turn either to right or left: one of their eyes turns in-wards, the other upwards. Their main interests are music and mathematics. They spend so much time thinking about mathematical problems that they do not notice what is happening around them. In fact, rich Laputans employ a servant whose job is to follow his master everywhere. The servant warns him if he is going to step into a hole, and reminds him to reply if someone speaks to him.

I was taken to see the King, but had to wait for at least an hour while he struggled with a difficult mathematical question. However, when he had finished, he spoke politely to me, and ordered his servants to show me to a room. For dinner they gave me three kinds of meat—a square of beef, a triangle of chicken and a circle of lamb. Even the bread was cut into mathematical shapes. In the evening a teacher arrived to help me learn the language, and in a few days I was able to make conversation with the island people.

Laputa is a circle of land, about eight kilometres across, covered with houses and other buildings. It is moved by a simple machine which uses magnets to pull the island closer to land or push it higher into the sky. The island always moves slowly. It can only fly over the country called Balnibarbi, which belongs to the King of Laputa.

It is difficult talking to Laputans, as they have little interest in anything except music and mathematics. They are, however, very worried about the future of the earth, the sun, and the stars, and they often discuss this. I heard a conversation about this shortly before I left Laputa.

‘How are you, my friend?’ one man asked another.

‘As well as can be expected,’ came the reply.

‘And how is the sun, do you think?’

‘I thought he looked rather feverish this morning. I’m afraid he’ll get too hot and destroy himself one day, if he goes on like this.’

‘I know, it’s very worrying. And what about the earth? It’s only thirty years until the next falling star comes this way, and the earth was very nearly destroyed by the last one!’

‘That’s right. We know that the next falling star is almost certain to get too close to the sun, and catch fire! And when the earth passes through that fire, it’ll be destroyed immediately!’

‘Only thirty years! That’s not much to look forward to, is it?’ And the two men shook their heads sadly. After several months on the island, I asked if I could visit the country underneath us. The King agreed, and ordered his officials to put me down on Balnibarbi, and show me round the capital, Lagado.

The most interesting place I saw there was the university, which was full of very clever men, with very clever ideas. They were all working hard to find better, faster, cheaper, easier ways of doing and making things. They had ideas for building houses from the roof downwards, turning rocks into soft material, making rivers run uphill, and saving sunshine in bottles. I cannot remember half of the astonishingly clever ideas which they were working on. One day, they told me, they would find the answers to all these problems, and then their country would be the most wonderful place in the world. Meanwhile, I noticed that the people looked hungry and miserable. Their clothes were old and full of holes, their houses were badly built and falling down. There were no vegetables or corn growing in the fields.

When I visited the School of Mathematics, I could not understand why the students looked so unhappy.

‘What’s the matter, young man?’ I asked one of them. ‘You look quite ill.’

‘Yes, sir, he answered. ‘You see, we’ve only just eaten our lessons for today, and it’s made us feel rather sick.’

‘Eaten them?’ I repeated in surprise. ‘Why did you do that?’

‘Oh, that’s the way we learn here, sir,’ he replied. ‘Our professors write mathematical questions and answers on paper, then we eat the paper. After that we’re only supposed to have bread and water for three days, while the information moves upwards to our heads. But it’s awful, sir, not eating much for three days. And we often feel sick. Er...excuse me, sir!’ And he ran past me out of the room. This highly developed system of teaching did not seem to be working well.

我在家里呆了只有10天，就有一个朋友请我加入他的到东印度群岛的旅行。我仍然想见更多的世面，而且他给我高出平常两倍的报酬，我说服了妻子让我去。航行了8个月，在马来西亚短暂停留之后，我们到达了东京湾。

“由于生意关系，我需要在这儿停一阵，”我的船长朋友对我说，“不过你可以用这只船和几个水手，去周围的岛屿转转，看你能买卖些什么。”这对我来说挺有意思，所以我就同意了。

不幸的是，我们径直驶进了一个可怕的风暴中，风暴将我们向东刮了许多英里。然后，由于极为不幸的巧合，我们被两只海盗船发现而被追逐。我们的船不够快，逃不了，海盗们抓住了我们。他们决定留下水手帮他们驾船，可是他们不需要我。我料想我真走运他们没有杀我。他们把我独自留在汪洋大海中的一只小船里，食物只够吃几天，他们自己则扬帆而去。

我敢肯定海盗们以为我必死无疑，但是，几个小时以后我看见了陆地，我让小船驶过去。当我跨出小船，走上海滩，我注意到尽管太阳很热，空气却突然变凉了。起初我还以为是云遮了太阳，但是当我一抬头，令我极为惊讶的是，我看见天空中有一个大岛在我和太阳之间，它正向我移来，上面有人在四处跑动。我挥着手臂，尽可能大声地喊。“救命！救命！”我叫道。“救救我！”

当岛屿在我头上大约100米高时，他们放下一个拴在链条上的坐椅。我坐在上面，被拉上了岛屿。我发现了勒皮他飞岛。

勒皮他人绝对是长相奇怪的人。他们的头总是或者向左或者向右转，他们的眼睛一只朝里一只朝外。他们的主要兴趣是音乐和数学，他们把大部分时间都花在思考数学问题上，以致于他们周围发生的事他们都没注意到。事实上，富有的勒皮他人请了个仆人，职责就是跟着主人到处走。仆人警示他是否要踩进坑里，如果有人跟他说话则提醒他回答。

我被带去见国王，可是我不得不等了至少一个小时，因为他在思考一个很难的数学问题。不过在他完成以后，他对我说话很礼貌，叫他的仆人带我去一个房间。晚餐他们给了我3种肉——一块方形牛肉、一块三角形鸡肉和一块圆形羊肉。甚至面包也是切成了数学形状。晚上一个教师来教我学他们的语言，几天后我就能够跟岛民交谈了。

勒皮他是一个圆形陆地，直径大约8公里，上面建有房屋和其他建筑。勒皮他岛用一个简单的机器移动，通过磁力把岛拉近地面或者是推向高空。这个岛总是慢慢地移动，它只能在一个叫巴尔尼巴比的国土上飞，那是属于勒皮他国王的。

跟勒皮他人谈话很困难，因为他们对除了音乐和数学之外的事没有兴趣。但是他们对地球、太阳和星星的未来很是担忧，经常讨论。在我快要离开勒皮他之前我听到了关于这事的谈话。

“你怎么样，我的朋友？”一个人对另一个问好。

“和预计的差不多。”他回答。

“太阳怎么样，你觉得？”

“我觉得今天早上他看起来有点发烧。如果继续下去，我担心他有朝一日会太烫而毁了自己。”

“我知道，他确实令人担心，地球怎么样？只有30年下一个流星就会掉过来，而上次差点把地球都毁灭了！”

“对，我们知道下一个掉下来的星星几乎肯定会与太阳靠得太近而着火。地球从火中穿过就会立即被摧毁！”

“只有30年！不用等多长时间，对吧？”两个人忧伤地摇着头。

在岛上几个月后，我问我是否可以去看我们下面的国土。国王同意了，他命令他的官员把我放到下面的巴尔尼巴比，带我参观都城拉格多。

我在那儿看到的最有意思的地方是大学，那里极为聪明的人才济济一堂，想法也是极为聪明。他们都在努力工作以寻求更好、更快、更廉价、更简便的方法做事或制造东西。他们的主意有从屋顶向下建造房屋，把石头变成软物质、让河流上山坡、把阳光储蓄在瓶子里。他们正在酝酿着的令人惊诧不已的聪明想法我一半也记不住。有一天，他们告诉我，他们将会找到所有这些问题的答案，那时他们的国家将是世界上最美妙的地方。同时，我注意到人们饥饿而可怜，他们的衣服陈旧，满是破洞，他们的房子建造得很差，快要坍塌。田野里也没有蔬菜或谷物生长。

我访问数学院时，我不理解学生们为什么看起来那么不开心。

“怎么回事，年轻人？”我问其中一个，“你看起来病得利害。”

“是的，先生。”他回答说，“你看，我们只是吃了今天的课程，这令我们感到有点生病似的。”

“吃课程？”我惊讶地重复，“你们为什么那样做？”

“噢，那是我们在这儿学习的方法，先生。”他回答，“我们的教授在纸上写上数学问题和解答，然后我们把纸吃下去。这以后在信息向上进入我们的脑子的过程中，我们只能有3天的面包和水。可是3天不吃多少东西真是可怕，先生，我们经常感到要病倒似的。嗯……对不起，先生！”他从我身边跑了出去。这个高度发达的教学体制似乎效果并不好。

Although the Laputans were kind to me, I did not want to spend a long time in their country. Therefore, I decided to travel from Balnibarbi to the island of Luggnagg, from there to Japan, and then home to England. But before I went to Luggnagg, an official I had met in Lagado persuaded me to visit the small island of Glubbudbrib.

‘You’ll find it a very interesting place, he told me. ‘Glubbudbrib means the island of magicians. All the important people there are good at magic, you see. The President is the best magician of them all. But I must warn you, he has some very strange servants—they’re all ghosts! By using magic he can order the ghost of any dead person to be his servant for twenty-four hours, and the ghost must obey. ’

It seemed unbelievable, but it was true. When we arrived on the island, we were invited to the President’s palace. His servants certainly looked strange to me there was a smell of death about them. When the President no longer needed them, he waved a hand, and they simply disappeared.

I visited the President every day during my stay, and soon got used to seeing the ghosts. One day the President said, ‘Gulliver, would you like to call a ghost? It could be anyone from the beginning of the world up to the present day. You could ask them questions about their lives. And you can be sure they’ll tell the truth—ghosts always do.

‘That’s very kind of you, sir, I replied, and thought hard for a moment. ‘First, I’d like to see Alexander the Great, please. ’

The President pointed out of the window. There in a large field was the ghost of Alexander, with his huge army. This famous king lived long ago in Macedonia in northern Greece. His kingdom covered many countries, from Greece to Egypt, from Persia to parts of India. But he died very young, when he was only thirty-three, and no one knew why. The President called him into the room.

‘Great King, ’ I said to him, ‘just tell me one thing. Were you murdered, or did you die naturally! ’

‘Young man, ’ he replied, ‘nobody murdered me. I drank too much and died of a fever. ’

So, in these few words, I had learnt one of the secrets of history! I turned to the President. ‘And now, may we see Julius Caesar and Brutus? ’

The two Romans took Alexander’s place. Brutus, of course, had killed Julius Caesar in Rome on 15th March, 44BC—one of the most famous murders in history. It is terrible to die by the hand of a friend.

‘Great Caesar, ’ I said, ‘how do you feel about your murderer, Brutus? ’

‘Do not call him that, ’ replied Caesar, ‘He is a brave, good man, the best in Rome, and he did the right thing for Rome by killing me. In death, as in life, he has always been my friend. ’

I cannot remember how many more ghosts I called to appear. I was very interested in their answers to my questions, which often seemed to offer a different view of history from the one I had been taught at school.

However, it was soon time to leave Glubbudbrib, and sail to Luggnagg, a much larger island to the south-east of Japan. The Luggnaggians are polite and generous people, and I stayed here for three months. I made many friends among them. One day, one of them asked me, ‘Have you ever seen any of our Struldbrugs? ’

‘I don’t think so, ’ I replied. ‘What’s that? ’

‘Well, a Struldbrug is a human being who will never die, but will live for ever. If a Luggnaggian baby is born with a round spot above its left eye, which never disappears, it’s a Struldbrug. We have over a thousand of them in the country. ’

‘How wonderful! ’ I cried. ‘How exciting! How lucky you are in Luggnagg, where a child has a chance of living for ever! And how especially lucky the Struldbrugs are! Disease, disaster, and death can never touch them! And imagine how much we can learn from them! I expect they’re among the most important people in the country. They’ve lived through history and know so much, which they’re certain to pass on to the rest of us. If I had the chance, I’d like to spend my whole life listening to the intelligent conversation of these extraordinary people, here in Luggnagg! ’

‘Well, of course, ’ answered my Luggnaggian friend with a smile, ‘we’ll be delighted if you stay longer with us. But I’d like to know how you would plan your life if you were a Struldbrug. ’

‘That’s easy, ’ I replied. ‘First I’d work hard, and earn a lot of money. In about two hundred years I’d be the richest man in Luggnagg. I’d study too, so that I knew more about everything than the cleverest professors. I’d also write down everything important that happened over the years, so that students of history would come to me for help. I’d teach young people what I had learnt. But most of my time I’d spend with other Struldbrugs, friends of mine. Together we could help to destroy crime in the world, and begin to build a new and better life for everyone. ’

I had only just finished describing the happiness of endless life, when I realized that my friend’s shoulders were shaking and tears of laughter were running down his face.

‘I really must explain, ’ he said. ‘You see, you’ve made a very understandable mistake. You suppose that if someone lives for ever, he is young, healthy, and strong for ever too. And that doesn’t happen. Our Struldbrugs have a terrible life. After living for about eighty years, they become ill and miserable. They have no friends and they can’t remember much of the past. At that age the law considers them to be dead, so their children inherit their houses and money. Then they sometimes have to beg to get enough food to eat. They lose their teeth and hair, they forget the names of their families, and the only thing they want is to die. But that’s impossible! ’

I realized how stupid I had been, and felt very sorry for the poor Struldbrugs.

I finally left Luggnagg on a boat sailing to Japan. From there I found a ship which was returning to England. My voyage to Laputa, Balnibarbi, Glubbudbrib and Luggnagg had taken me away from home for five and a half years.

11 格勒大锥和拉格奈格

尽管勒皮他人对我很和善，我并不想在这个国家呆多长时间，所以我决定从巴尔尼巴比旅行到拉格奈格岛，从那儿到日本，然后回到英国。可是在我去拉格奈格以前我在拉格多见到的一个官员说服我去参观格勒大锥小岛。

“你会发现那是一个非常有意思的地方。”他告诉我，“格勒大锥的意思是魔术师之岛，那儿所有的重要人物都擅长魔术，你明白吧。总统是他们中间最好的魔术师，但是我得警告你，他有一些非常奇怪的仆人——他们是鬼魂！他可以用魔法命令任何一个死去的人的鬼魂给他当24小时的仆人，而且鬼魂必须服从。”

这似乎难以置信，却是真的。我们到达岛上，被邀请到总统的宫里去。他的仆人在我看来绝对很古怪——他们有种死人的气味。当总统不再需要他们时，他一挥手他们就简单地不见了。

我在逗留期间天天去拜访总统，不久就习惯了看鬼魂。有一天总统说，“格列佛，你想不想叫一个鬼魂来？可以从世界开始那一时刻起直到现在的任何一个。你可以问他们关于他们一生的问题。而且你可以肯定他们会告诉实情——鬼魂总是这样的。”

“非常感谢你，先生。”我回答说，费力地考虑了一会，“首先，我想见亚历山大大帝，拜托。”

总统向窗外一指，那儿，在一个大的战场上出现了亚历山大大帝的鬼魂，以及他庞大的军队。这个伟大的国王很久以前生活在北希腊的马其顿。他的王国包括许多国家，从希腊到埃及，从波斯到印度的部分地区，但是他很年轻就死了，只活了33岁，谁也不知道为什么。总统叫他进屋来。

“伟大的国王，”我对他说，“只告诉我一件事，你是被谋杀的还是自然死亡？”

“年轻人，”他回答说，“没有人谋杀我，我喝得太多，死于热病。”

这样，就这几句话，我得知了历史上的一大秘密！我转向总统，“现在，我们可以见尤里乌斯·凯撒和布鲁图吗？”

这两个罗马人站到了亚历山大的地方。当然，布鲁图于公元前44年3月15日在罗马杀死了尤里乌斯·凯撒——历史上最为有名的谋杀之一。死于朋友之手太可怕了。

“伟大的凯撒，”我说，“你对你的谋杀者布鲁图怎么看？”

“不要那样叫他，”凯撒回答，“他是一个勇敢的好人，罗马最优秀的人，他杀死我为罗马做了一件正确的事。身后和生前一样，他永远是我的朋友。”

我不记得我还叫了多少鬼魂现身，我对他们对我问题的回答非常感兴趣，这些回答似乎提供了一种对历史的看法，经常与学校所教的毫不相同。

但是很快就到了该离开格勒大锥、驶向拉格奈格的时间，一个在日本东南、大得多的岛屿。拉格奈格人是有礼貌而慷慨大方的人民，我在那儿呆了3个月。我交了许多朋友。一天，有一个朋友问我，“你见过了我们的斯特鲁布鲁格没有？”

“我想没有。”我回答说，“那是什么？”

“噢，斯特鲁布鲁格是长生不死的人，如果一个拉格奈格婴儿生下来时左眼上有一个圆点，而且圆点是永不消失的，那么这个婴儿就是个斯特鲁布鲁格。我们国家有1000多个这样的人。”

“多么美妙啊！”我叫道，“多么令人兴奋！你们在拉格奈格多么幸运，孩子有机会永生！这些斯特鲁布鲁格是多么特别的运气呀！疾病、灾难和死亡不能奈何他们！你想想我们可以从他们那儿学到多少东西！我想他们是这个国家最重要的人。他们活了这么多年，知道多少的东西，他们肯定要传播给其余的人。如果我有机会，我愿意整个一生都来听这些不同寻常的人的睿智的谈话，就在拉格奈格！”

“噢，当然，”我的拉格奈格朋友笑着回答，“我们将很高兴如果你和我们呆久一点。不过我想知道如果你是个斯特鲁布鲁格的话，你将怎样安排你的生活。”

“那很容易。”我回答，“首先我将努力工作，挣许多钱。用近200年的时间我将成为拉格奈格最富有的人。我也将学习，这样我比最聪明的教授知道的都还多。我也会记下这些年里发生的每一件重大的事情，这样历史学者也会向我求助。我要教年轻人我所学到的。不过大多数时间我将与其他斯特鲁布鲁格，我的朋友，一起度过，我们一起可以帮助消灭世界上的犯罪，开始为每一个人建立新的更好的生活。”

我刚刚描绘完无尽生活的幸福，才发现我的朋友的肩膀抖动、笑得泪水都流到了脸上。

“我必须说明，”我朋友说，“你看，你犯了一个可以理解的错误。你以为如果一个人永远活着，他也永远年轻、健康而且强壮。可是那并没有发生。我们的斯特鲁布鲁格生活很可怕。在活了大约80年后，他们变得多病而悲惨。他们没有朋友，也记不住过去。在这个岁数法律认定他们已经死了，所以他们的孩子继承了他们的房屋和钱财。这样他们有时候不得不乞讨以搞到足够的东西吃。他们掉了牙齿和头发，他们忘记了他们家族的名字，他们唯一想要的就是死去。但是那不可能！”

我明白了我是多么愚蠢，为可怜的斯特鲁布鲁格感到难过。

最后我乘了一只驶往日本的船离开了拉格奈格。我在那儿找到了一艘正要回英国的船。我到勒皮他、巴尔尼巴比、格勒大锥和拉格奈格的航行使我离开家已经五年半了。

It was not long before I started my next voyage, on 7th September, 1710, as captain of my own ship this time. The owner of the ship wanted me to sail to the Indian Ocean to do some business for him there, but I was very unlucky. On the way, I had to employ some new sailors from Barbados, but they were men of very bad character. I heard them whispering to the other sailors several times, but I did not suspect what they were planning. One morning, as we were sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, they attacked me and tied me up. They told me they were going to take control of the ship and become pirates. There was nothing I could do. They left me, alone, on the beach of a small island in the middle of the Indian Ocean.

As the ship sailed away, I realized I had no idea where I was. I found a road away from the beach, and walked very quietly and carefully along, in case I was attacked. Several strange-looking animals were lying in a field, and some were sitting in a tree. Their heads and chests were covered in hair, and they had beards as well. They walked sometimes on two, and sometimes on four legs, and could climb trees. They were certainly the ugliest animals I had ever seen in all my travels.

When I met one of these creatures on the road, his face showed great surprise and he lifted a foot high in the air. I did not know if he was going to attack me or not, but I hit him hard with the side of my sword. He screamed so loudly that all the other animals ran to help him. There were about forty of them around me. I kept them away by waving my sword in the air, but their wild cries frightened me, and the horrible smell from their bodies made me feel sick.

Suddenly they all ran away. I noticed that a horse was coming along the road, so I supposed the animals were afraid of him. The horse stopped when he saw me, and seemed very surprised. He neighed several times in a very intelligent, gentle way, and I almost wondered if he was speaking in his own language. When another horse came along, the two horses walked up and down together, while neighing to each other. They seemed like two important people discussing a difficult problem. I watched this with astonishment, and decided that if the animals in this country seemed so sensible, the human beings must be the most intelligent in the world.

The two horses then came close to me, looking at my face and clothes with great interest. They talked to each other again, and then the first horse made clear signs for me to follow him.

He led me to a long, low building. Inside there were several large airy rooms, with no furniture. Other horses were sitting or lying comfortably on the floor, on clean blankets. But where was the master of the house? Were these horses his servants? I began to wonder if I was going mad. Then I realized that the house did not belong to a human, but to the horse who had brought me here. In this country, horses, not people, were in control.

I started learning a little of their language. Their word Houyhnhm means a horse, and the word itself sounds very like the noise a horse makes. I found it very difficult to say this word, and so I decided to shorten it and call them Houys. Their servants were the horrible-looking animals I had seen earlier. They did all the hard work, and lived in dirty little rooms in another building, where they were tied to the walls. To my horror, these ugly animals, called Yahoos, had human faces which looked very similar to mine. I did not want anyone to think I was a Yahoo, so I tried to make it clear that my habits were very different from theirs. At least I was allowed to sleep in a separate room from them.

At first I thought I would die of hunger, as I could not eat the Yahoos' dirty meat or the Houys' grass and corn. But I soon learnt how to bake little cakes made of corn, which I ate with warm milk. Sometimes I caught a bird, and cooked it, or picked leaves of plants to eat with my bread.

My Houy master was very interested in me, and as soon as I could speak the language, he asked me to explain where I had come from.

'Well, master, ' I neighed, 'I've come from a country on the other side of the world. And you may not believe this, but in my country all the important people look like Yahoos. '

'But how is that possible? ' he asked gently. 'Your Houys surely wouldn't allow unintelligent creatures like Yahoos to control the country. '

'It may seem strange, ' I agreed, 'but you see, I was surprised to find that in this country the Houys are the sensitive and intelligent creatures. And if I'm lucky enough to return home, I'll tell my friends all about it. But I'm afraid they may accuse me of lying. '

My master looked quite worried. 'What is lying? ' he asked.

In their language there is no word which means telling lies, and my master had great difficulty in understanding me. I tried to explain.

'Oh, ' he answered, still unsure. 'But why does anyone tell a lie? There's no reason for doing it. We use language in this country in order to understand each other, and to give and receive information. If you don't tell the truth, how can people understand each other? '

I began to see how different Houy life was from what I was used to.

'But tell me, ' he continued, 'about your country. '

I was delighted to describe recent English history to him, especially some of our most successful wars.

'But why does one country attack another? ' he asked.

'There are many reasons, ' I replied. 'A king or his lords may want more land. Or there may be a difference of opinion between two countries: for example, whether uniforms should be black, white, red or grey. Sometimes we fight because the enemy's too strong, sometimes because he isn't strong enough. Sometimes our neighbours want the things we have, or have the things we want, so we both fight until they take ours or give us theirs. We often attack our best friend, if we want some of his land. There's always a war somewhere. For this reason, being a soldier is one of the best jobs you can have. '

'A soldier, ' repeated my master. 'I'm not quite sure what that is. '

'A soldier is a Yahoo who works for his King and country. His orders are to kill as many people as he can, ' I answered.

‘People who’ve never hurt him?’ asked the Houy.

‘That’s right,’ I said, pleased that he seemed to understand at last. ‘Soldiers have killed thousands of people in recent history.’

He shook his head and looked sad. ‘I think you must be what was your word? Ah yes—lying to me. How could you and your countrymen kill so many other Yahoos? And why would you want to?’

I smiled as I replied proudly, ‘Sir, you don’t know much about European war. With our guns and bullets and gunpowder we can destroy a thousand ships, a hundred cities, and twenty thousand men. You see, —’

‘Be quiet!’ he ordered. ‘I’ve heard enough. I know Ya-hoos are bad, but I didn’t realize they could possibly do such terrible things.’

After these conversations I began to wonder whether the Houys were right. Why do we humans so often fight wars and tell lies? Peace and truth began to seem more important than making war or making money. I became more and more used to the Houys’ ideas and way of life. As the Houys did, I hated the Yahoos for their dirty habits and unpleasant character. By the time I had been there a year, I walked and neighed like the Houys. I felt such a strong love for them that I planned to spend the rest of my life among them, and to try to become more like them. It is a great sadness to me, even today, that this was not possible.

One day my Houy master said, ‘Can you explain something to me? Why are the Yahoos so violently fond of those shining stones in the fields? They dig for days to get them out of the ground, and hide them jealously from other Yahoos.’

‘I expect they’ve found pieces of gold or silver,’ I said. Because he did not seem to understand, I added, ‘We use them as money, to pay for things, you see.’

‘How strange!’ he replied. ‘We share everything here. No Houy needs what do you call it?—money.’

Perhaps you can imagine how I felt. I knew I could be happy for ever with these sensible, gentle creatures, who never lied or stole, in a country which had no disease, no crime, no wars. But this perfect happiness did not last long.

‘I’m sorry,’ said my master one day. ‘My friends and I have decided you can’t stay here any longer. You see, you’re neither one of us, nor a Yahoo.’

‘No!’ I cried desperately. ‘Don’t send me away! How can I go back to England to live with those awful Yahoos!’

‘I’m afraid you must,’ he replied gently. ‘My servants will help you make a boat.’

And so, two months later, although I was very sad to leave, I said goodbye to my dear master and his family, and rowed away from the land of the Houys. I knew that I would never find happiness anywhere else.

After several days travelling eastwards, I arrived in Australia, and from there managed to find a ship returning to Europe. I did not enjoy the voyage. The sailors all laughed at me because I walked and neighed like a horse. They looked just like those horrible Yahoos, and at first I could not let them touch me or come near me. Their ugly faces and unpleasant smell made me feel quite ill.

And when I arrived home in England, after being away for five years, my wife and children were delighted to see me, because they had thought I was dead. But to my horror they looked and smelt like Yahoos too, and I told them to keep away from me.

Even now, five years later, I do not let my children get close to me, although I sometimes allow my wife to sit with me while I eat. I try to accept my countrymen now, but the proud ones, who are so full of their own self-importance—well, they had better not come near me. How sad that people cannot learn from the Houys! I was hoping that perhaps human beings would change their ways after reading the stories of my life with the Houys. But they accuse me of lying in my book. And now I realize that people still lie, steal, and fight, just as they have always done, and probably will always do.

I will say no more. Clearly, there is no hope for human beings. I was stupid to think that I could bring reason and truth into their lives and thoughts. Humans are all Yahoos, and Yahoos they will remain.

12 到慧骃国的航行

没过多久我又开始了我的下一次航行，时间1710年9月7日，这次是作为自己轮船的船长。轮船的所有者希望我航行到印度洋在那儿给他做点事，可是我非常不走运。路上，我不得不在巴尔巴多斯雇一些新水手，可是他们都是品行很差的人。我听见他们跟别的水手私语了好几次，但是我没有怀疑到他们在策划阴谋。一天早上，当我们正绕过好望角时，他们袭击了我，把我绑了起来。他们告诉我他们将控制轮船去当海盗。我毫无办法。他们把我孤独地留在印度洋中的一个海岛的沙滩上。

当轮船驶开了，我才想起我不知身在何处。我找到了一条离开沙滩的路，静静地小心地走着，以防受到袭击。几个怪模怪样的动物躺在一块地里，有些坐在树上。他们的头和胸长着毛发，也有胡须。他们有时用两肢着地行走，有时用四肢，他们绝对是我在所有旅行中见到的最丑陋的动物。

当我在路上见到一只这种动物时，他脸上露出吃惊的表情，把一只脚高高地举在空中。我不知道他是否要袭击我。但是我用我的剑重重地打了他一下。他高声尖叫，其他动物都跑过来帮他。在我周围大约有40个这样的动物。我在空中挥舞着剑，让他们离开我，不过他们狂乱的叫声令我害怕，他们身上的可怕气味令我恶心。

忽然他们全都跑开了。我看见了一匹马从路上走了过来，所以我估计这些动物害怕他。马看见我时停了下来，似乎很吃惊。他以非常智慧、温柔的方式嘶叫了几下，我几乎在想他是否在自己的语言说话。另外一匹马来了，两匹马一起走上走下，互相嘶叫。他们像似两个重要的人物在讨论一个难题。我惊讶地看着这一切，觉得如果这个国家的动物看来都这么理智，其人类必定是世界上最智慧的。

然后两匹马走近我，非常感兴趣地看着我的脸和衣服。他们又互相谈话，然后第一匹马作出明显的手势让我跟他走。

他把我带到了一个长而低矮的建筑前，里面有几个大而通风的房间，没有家具。其他的马正舒适地站着或躺在地板上、毯子上。可是房子的主人在哪儿？这些马是他的仆从吗？我开始想我是否疯啦。然后我意识到这房子不是属于一个人的，而是属于把我带到这儿来的这匹马，这个国家是由马，而不是人控制着。

我开始学了一点他们的语言。他们的词“慧骃”（“Houyhnhnm”）意思是马，词本身听起来也非常像马叫的声音。我感到非常难发这个词，所以我决定把它缩短叫他们“Houy”。他们的仆从是我先前见到的面目可憎的动物。他们干所有的重活，住在另一个建筑的肮脏小房间里，那儿他们被拴在墙壁上。令我恐怖的是，这些丑陋的动物，叫作耶胡，长着人类的脸，看起来跟我的非常相像。我不想让谁认为我是耶胡，所以我竭力表明我的习惯跟他们的大不一样。至少我被允许睡在一个和他们隔开的房间里。

起先我以为我会饿死，因为我既不能吃耶胡的脏肉，也不能吃慧骃的草料和谷物。不过我很快就学会了怎样用谷物烤小糕点，我和着热牛奶一起吃。有时我逮住一只鸟烧来吃，或者摘些植物叶来和着我的面包吃。

我的慧骃主人对我很感兴趣，一旦我会说他们的话，他就请我解释我是从哪儿来的。

“好的，主人，”我嘶叫，“我是从在世界的另一边的国家来的。也许你不信，在我的国家所有的重要人物都看起来像耶胡。”

“可是那怎么可能呢？”他温柔地问我，“你们慧骃肯定不会允许愚蠢的耶胡来控制国家。”

“也许这看起来有点奇怪，”我表示赞同，“可是你看，我发现在这个国家里慧骃是理智而智慧生物也很吃惊。如果我运气好能回到家，我会把这些都告诉我的朋友，不过我担心他们会说我在撒谎。”

我的主人看得出来相当担心。“什么是撒谎？”他问。

在他们的语言中没有撒谎一词，我的主人要理解我很困难。我尝试着解释。

“噢，”他回答，仍然不能肯定，“可是为什么要撒谎呢？没有理由那样做。在这个国家我们用语言来相互理解，发出和接收信息。如果你们不说真相，人们怎么能相互理解呢？”

我开始明白慧骃的生活跟我过去习惯的是多么不一样。

“告诉我，”他接着说，“关于你们国家的情况。”

我很高兴地向他描绘最近的英国历史，特别是一些我们最为成功的战争。

“可是为什么一个国家要攻击另一个国家？”他问。

“有许多理由。”我回答，“一个国王或119者他的王公想得到更多的土地，或者两个国家意见有分歧，比如说，制服该是黑色、白色、红色还是灰色。有时候我们打仗是因为敌人太强大，有时候是因为他不够强大。有时候我们的邻居想要我们有的东西，或者是有我们想要的东西，所以我们打仗，直到他们拿走我们的，或者把他们的给我们。我们经常攻击我们最好的朋友，如果我们想要他的一些领土。某个地方总会有战争。因此，当个战士是你能得到的最好工作之一。”

“战士？”我的主人重复道，“我不太清楚那是什么。”

“战士是为他的国王和国家工作的耶胡。给他的命令是尽量杀人。”我回答。

“杀害从来没有伤害他人的人”？慧骃问。

“对。”我说，高兴地看到他似乎终于理解了，“在最近的历史上战士已经杀死了成千上万的人。”

他摇着头，看上去很哀伤。“我想你一定在——你们的词怎么说的？噢，对——向我撒谎。你和你的国人怎么能杀死那么多耶胡呢？而你们又为什么想那样呢？”

我笑着骄傲地回答，“先生，你不太了解欧洲的战争。用我们的枪、子弹和火药我们可以摧毁 1000只轮船，100座城池，2万人。你看——”

“安静点！”他命令道，“我听够了。我知道耶胡坏，可是我也没想到他们竟然会作出如此可怕的事。”

经过这些谈话后，我开始想慧骃是否是对的。为什么我们人类如此经常地进行战争和撒谎？和平和真话开始看起来比进行战争或挣钱更重要。我越来越习惯于慧骃的想法和生活方式。和慧骃一样，我也厌恶耶胡的脏习惯和令人不快的性格。到这时我已经在那儿一年了，我像慧骃那样走路和嘶叫。我对他们充满强烈的喜爱，我计划我的余生都和他們一起度过，并且变得更像他们。这没成为可能；即使今天也是我的一大憾事。

一天我的慧骃主人说，“你可以给我解释一些事吗？为什么耶胡如此狂热地喜欢田野里的那些闪亮的石头？他们连续多少天把它们从地里挖出来，小心翼翼地把它们藏起来不让别的耶胡发现。”

“我估计他们找到了金子或银子。”我说，因为他似乎还不理解，我又加了一句，“我们用来当钱花，来买东西，明白吧。”

“多奇怪！”他回答，“我们这儿什么都共享，没有慧骃需要——你们叫它什么？——钱。”

也许你可以想象我的感受，我清楚，和这些理智、温顺的动物在一起，他们从不撒谎或偷盗，在一个没有疾病、没有犯罪、没有战争的国家里，我将永远幸福。可是这种完美的幸福没有持续多长时间。

“我很抱歉，”一天我的主人说，“我的朋友和我已经决定，你不能在这儿呆下去了。你看，你既不是我们中的一员，也不是一个耶胡。”

“不！”我绝望地叫，“不要赶走我！我怎么能回到英国去与那些可怕的耶胡住在一起呢！”

“我恐怕你必须走。”他温文尔雅地回答，“我的仆从会帮你造一只船。”

这样，两个月后，尽管我为离去感到悲伤，我还是告别了我的主人和他的一家，划船离开了慧骃国。我清楚我在别的地方再也不会找到幸福。

向东航行了几天后，我到达了澳大利亚，在那儿我找到了一艘返回欧洲的轮船。我不喜欢这旅行。水手们都嘲笑我，因为我像一匹马那样走路和嘶叫。他们就像那些可怕的耶胡，起初我不让他们碰我或者靠近我。他们丑陋的脸和令人不快的气味让我感到恶心。

当我到达了在英格兰的家，在离开了5年后，我的妻子和儿女见到我非常高兴，因为他们以为我已经死了。令我感到恐惧的是，他们看起来、嗅起来也像耶胡，我叫他们离我远点。

即使现在，5年以后，我还是不让我的孩子靠近我，尽管我有时让我的妻子在我吃饭时与我在一起坐一会儿。现在我力图接受我的国人，那些骄傲的除外，他们充满了自大的情绪——他们最好不要走近我。人们不能向慧骃学习是多么令人忧伤！我希望人类在读了我与慧骃在一起生活的故事后也许会改变他们的方式。可是他们指责我在书中撒谎。现在我意识到人们仍然在撒谎、抢劫和战争，正如他们一直所做的，而且也许永远会这样。

我不想再说什么。显然，人类是没有希望的。我真愚蠢，我以为我可以把理智和真相带到他们的生活和思想中去。人类都是耶胡，而且将永远是耶胡。

[1 The old seaman Squire](#)

[2 Black Dog](#)

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简 介

年轻的吉姆·霍金斯躺在床上，梦见宝藏和海上历险。过几天这一切都将成为现实。他将要和他的朋友，乡绅屈利劳尼、大夫李甫西乘伊斯帕尼奥拉号帆船离开英格兰到南方的金银岛去寻宝。

岛上的宝藏过去属于一个叫弗林特的海盗，他把那些宝藏埋藏在岛上一个秘密的地方。弗林特船长现在已经死了，但曾和他一起出海的海盗还活着，他们也想找到弗林特的宝藏。他们不知道金子在哪儿，但他们会不择手段地去找。他们这伙人中有老瞎子皮尤，一个叫黑狗的人，还有一个一条腿的海员……他们是那些海盗中最危险的一伙。

罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森1850年生于苏格兰的爱丁堡。他学过法律，但在21岁时决定开始写作。《杰克博士和海德医生》和《金银岛》是他最著名的代表作。史蒂文森1894年病逝于萨摩亚岛。

1 The old seaman Squire

Squire Trelawney, Dr Livesey, and the others have asked me to write down all I know about Treasure Island .My name is Jim Hawkins, and I was in the story right from the start, back in 17-.I was only a boy then, and it all began at the time my father owned the Admiral Benbow inn, at Black Hill Cove .I remember so clearly the day when the old seaman came to stay-I can almost see him in front of me as I write.

He arrived with his sea-chest, a tall, strong man with a cut across one cheek. He sang that old sea song as he walked up to the inn door:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest-

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

The old seaman called for a glass of rum, and stood outside, drinking and looking around. Our inn was on the cliffs above Black Hill Cove, and was a wild, lonely place. But the seaman seemed to like it.

‘Do many people come here?’ he asked.

‘No,’ my father told him.

‘Then it's the place for me,’ said the seaman. ‘I'll stay here for a bit. You can call me Captain.’ He threw down three or four gold coins. ‘Tell me when I've spent all that.’

He was a silent man. All day he walked around the cove, or up on the cliffs ;all evening he sat in a corner of the room, and drank rum and water .He only spoke to our other customers when he was drunk. Then he told them terrible stories of his wild and criminal life at sea. Our customers were mostly quiet, farming people; the captain frightened them and they soon learned to leave him alone.

Every day, he asked if any seamen had gone along the road. At first we thought he wanted friends of his own kind, but then we began to understand that there was a different reason .He told me to watch for a seaman with one leg and to let him know the moment when a man like that appeared. He promised to give me a silver coin every month for doing this .I dreamed about this one-legged seaman for many nights afterwards.

The captain stayed week after week, month after month. His gold coins were soon used up, but my father was a sick man and afraid to ask for more.

Dr Livesey came late one afternoon. After he had seen my father, he had dinner with my mother, then stayed to smoke his pipe .I noticed the difference between the doctor with his white hair and pleasant way of speaking, and that dirty, heavy, red-faced seaman, drunk with rum.

The captain began to sing his song:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest-

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil had killed off the rest-

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of, rum!

Dr Livesey did not like the song.He looked up angrily before he went on talking to old Taylor, the gardener. Others in the room took no notice of the song. The captain beat the table with his hand for silence. The voices in the room died away, all except Dr Livesey's. The doctor continued to speak.

The captain swore softly, then said, ‘ Silence!’

‘Are you speaking to me, sir?’ asked the doctor.

‘Yes,’ the captain told him, swearing again.

‘I have only one thing to say to you, sir,’ replied the doctor. ‘If you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be free of a dirty scoundrel!’

The captain jumped to his feet with a knife in his hand, but the doctor never moved .He spoke to the captain in a calm and clear voice so that others in the room could hear:

‘If you don't put that knife away, I promise you shall die a criminal's death under the law.’

Then followed a battle of looks between them, but the captain soon put away his weapon and sat down like a beaten dog. Soon after Dr Livesey rode away on his horse. The captain was silent for the rest of the evening, and for many evenings afterwards.

1 老海员

乡绅屈利劳尼、李甫西大夫和其他几位绅士让我把金银岛的故事从头至尾写下来。我的名字叫吉姆·霍金斯，我经历了寻宝的全过程，故事始于公元一千七百多年。那时我还是个孩子，我父亲在布莱克希尔湾开了一家名叫“本葆将军”的客店。我清楚地记得那天客店来了一位老海员——他现在就浮现在我眼前。

他是个高个子，而且很健壮，手里提着一个海员手提箱，脸上有一道伤疤。他来到客店时唱着那支水手老调：

十五个人趴着死人箱——

嗨呵呵，快来尝一瓶朗姆酒！

老海员要了一杯朗姆酒，站在客店外面，一边喝酒，一边向四周观望。我们的客店位于布莱克希尔湾的悬崖上，一个荒野的地方。但那个海员好像对这里很感兴趣。

“有很多人来这里吗？”他问。

“不，”我父亲说。

“那么这就是我要找的地方，”老海员说。“我要在这儿住上一段时间，你们叫我老船长好了。”他拿出三四个金币。“钱花完了就告诉我。”

他是个沉默的人，整天在海湾走来走去，或是站在悬崖上：晚上则坐在屋子的一个角落，喝着掺水的朗姆酒。他只在喝醉时才和别的客人

说话。那时他就给客人们讲他在海上野蛮和罪恶生活的可怕经历。我们的客人大都是生性安静的农民；老船长的经历令他们惊恐不安，后来他们就避免和他在一起了。

每天他都问有没有水手从此路过。开始我们以为他是想念自己的朋友，后来我们才意识到还有别的原因。他告诉我要注意一个一条腿的水手，如果此人一出现，立刻向他报信。他许诺每月给我一个银币。那以后我经常梦到他说的那个一条腿的水手。

老船长住了一个星期又一个星期，一个月又一个月。他预付的那点钱早就花光了，但我多病的父亲始终没敢向他再要。

一天傍晚，李甫西大夫来了。他看过我父亲之后，就和我母亲一起吃饭，然后坐在一边抽他的烟斗。我注意到：李甫西大夫举止文雅得体，头发花白，和那位喝醉酒的海员形成鲜明对照，后者肥胖、肮脏、面红耳赤。

老船长忽然又唱起那支水手老调：

十五个人趴着死人箱——

嗨呵呵，快来尝一瓶朗姆酒！

其余的都成了酒和魔鬼的牺牲品——

嗨呵呵，快来尝一瓶朗姆酒！

李甫西大夫不喜欢这首歌。他抬起头来生气地看了老船长一眼，然后继续和老花匠泰勒聊天。屋里其他人都没有注意老船长唱的歌，老船长使劲拍了一下桌子，让大家安静下来。屋里顿时没了声音，只有李甫西大夫仍在说话。

老船长轻声骂了一句，喊道：

“安静，听见没有？”

“你在对我说话吗，先生？”大夫问。

“对，”老船长说，又夹着一句咒骂。

“我只想对你讲一句话，先生，”大夫说，“如果你还不戒酒，这世界上很快就会减少一个十足的混蛋！”

老船长跳起来，手里拿着一把刀，但李甫西大夫纹丝未动。他用清晰、洪亮的声音对老船长说话，以使屋里的人都能听清：

“如果你不把刀收起来，我担保你会被送上绞架的。”

他们的目光对峙了一会儿，老船长终于收起了刀子，像一条斗败的狗一样坐在那里。过了一会儿，李甫西大夫骑马走了。这天晚上，老船长没再吭声，以后好几个晚上他也挺老实。

2 Black Dog

One January morning ,the captain got up early and walked down to the beach. It was a cold winter’s day with the sun still low in the sky. My mother was upstairs with my father, who was now very ill. That year the winter was long and hard ,and we knew my father would not see another spring.

I was getting the table ready for the captain’s breakfast. Suddenly, the door of the inn opened and a man stepped inside. I had never seen him before. He wore a sailor’s short sword by his side ,and I noticed he had only three fingers on his left hand.

I asked him what he wanted and he said, ‘ I’ll take a glass of rum.’ But before I could fetch it ,he told me to come near him. ‘Is this table for my old friend Bill?’ the stranger asked, with a terrible smile.

I told him I did not know his friend Bill and the breakfast was for a man who was staying at the inn. ‘We call him the captain,’ I said.

‘Does he have a sword cut on his face?’ he asked.

‘Yes,’ I said.

‘That’s Bill,’ said the stranger. ‘Is he here?’

I told him the captain was out walking, and the man waited ,like a cat waiting for a mouse. I did not like the look on his face and was sure the captain would not be pleased to see him.

When the captain came back ,the man pulled me behind the door. The captain opened the door and walked across the room.

‘Bill,’ said the stranger.

The captain turned quickly and saw us. The colour went from his face and he looked old and sick. ‘Black Dog!’ he said. He stared at the stranger. ‘And what do you want?’

‘I’ll have a glass of rum,’ said Black Dog, ‘then you and I’ll sit and talk like old friends.’

I fetched the rum and they told me to go away. I went out of the room ,but the voices became louder.

‘No, no, and that’s an end of it! I heard the captain shout. ‘If one is caught ,we’ll all be caught!’

There were more shouts, and then the sound of the table crashing over. Next, I heard the sound of swords, then out ran Black Dog with blood running down his shoulder .He ran out of the inn and along the road. In a few seconds ,he had disappeared from sight.

The captain watched him go ,then said, ‘Jim, quick! Bring me rum.

He turned and went back into the inn, but he could only just stand on his feet. I realized he was feeling ill and ran to fetch the rum. Then I heard him falling and hurried back to find him on the floor.

My mother heard the noise and came downstairs .We lifted the captain’s head. His eyes were closed and his face was a terrible colour.

At that moment Dr Livesey arrived to see my father .He looked at the captain and said to my mother: ‘ His heart can’t take much more of this .I told him drinking rum would kill him ,and it nearly has.’

The captain opened his eyes and tried to sit up. ‘Where’s Black Dog?’ he asked.

‘There’s no Black Dog here,’ said the doctor, ‘Get on your feet and I’ll help you to your bed.’

2 黑狗

1月的一个清晨，老船长很早就起来走到海边。那是一个严寒的冬日，太阳还没有升高。我母亲正在楼上照顾病重的父亲。那一年的冬天又漫长又寒冷，我们都知道父亲大概难以活到来年的春天了。

我正在准备老船长的早餐。忽然，客店的门被推开，一个陌生人闯了进来。我以前从未见过他。他腰间佩着一把水手的短剑，我注意到他左手只有3个手指。

我问他要点什么，他说：“我要一杯朗姆酒。”我正要去取酒，他把我叫过去。“桌上的早餐是不是为我的老朋友比尔准备的？”他狞笑着问道。

我告诉他我不知道他的朋友比尔是谁，早餐是为住在店里的一位客人准备的。“我们都管他叫老船长，”我说。

“他脸上有一道剑伤吗？”他问。

“是的，”我说。

“他就是比尔，”他说。“他在这儿吗？”

我告诉他老船长出去散步了，然后他就等着，像猫在等老鼠一样。我不喜欢这个陌生人的表情，我相信老船长一定不喜欢他。

老船长回来了，陌生人把我拉过去躲在门后。老船长推开门走进屋来。

“比尔，”陌生人叫道。

老船长转过身来看见了我们，脸上顿时变了颜色，一眨眼工夫变得衰老而虚弱。“黑狗！”老船长喊道。他盯着陌生人。“你要怎么样？”

“我想要一杯朗姆酒，”黑狗说。“然后我们坐下来像老朋友那样聊聊天。”

我把朗姆酒取来，他们让我离开。我离开房间，他们说话的嗓门越来越高。

“不，不，不，事情到此为止！”我听见老船长嚷着。“如果一个人被抓住，我们就会全都被抓住！”

喊声越来越大，还有桌子被掀翻的响声。接着，我听见刀剑的响声，旋即我看见黑狗肩上淌着血没命地往外跑。他跑出客店，上了那条小路，不一会儿就没了踪影。

老船长看见他跑了，就对我说：“吉姆，快拿朗姆酒来！”

他要转身回到客店，但无法挪动脚步。我意识到他病了，赶紧跑去拿酒。我听见响声马上跑回来，看见老船长躺在地上。

我母亲被响声惊动，下楼来帮忙。我们把老船长扶起来，他紧闭着双眼，脸色十分可怕。

正在这时李甫西大夫来看我父亲，他看了看老船长后对我母亲说：“他的心脏受不了这个。我早就警告过他不能喝这么多酒，现在正是酒害了他。”

老船长睁开眼，试着坐起来。“黑狗在哪儿？”他问。

“这里没有黑狗，”大夫说。“站起来吧，我扶你到床上去。”

3 The black spot

Later that day, I took the captain a cool drink.

‘Jim, ’ he said, ‘you’re the only person here worth anything .You’ll bring me some rum ,won’t you, boy?’

‘The doctor said—’ I began.

He swore about the doctor. ‘Look, Jim, one glass is all I ask. I’ll pay you for it.’

‘The only money I want, ’ I said, ‘is the money you owe my father .But I’ll get you one glass of rum ,no more.’

He was grateful and drank it quickly. ‘Did the doctor say how long I must lie in my bed?’ he asked.

‘A week,’ I told him.

‘A week!’ he cried. ‘I can’t do that .They’ll have the black spot on me by then. They’ll come for me.’

‘Who will? Black Dog?’ I said.

‘Yes, but there’s worse than him. It’s my old sea—chest they want, but I’ll show them! Jim, if I get the black spot, you go to that doctor. Tell him to bring a crowd of law officers and a local judge to the inn. They can catch Flint’s crew—all that are left—at the Admiral Benbow .I was Flint’s first ship’s officer, and I’m the only one who knows the place. He told me when he was dying. But don’t call the law unless they give me the black spot, or if you see the seaman with one leg—he’s worse than any of them.’

‘But what is the black spot, captain?’ I asked.

‘That’s a message, boy. I’ll tell you if they give me that. Keep your eyes open, Jim, and I’ll give you half of everything I have.’ He talked for a little longer then fell into a heavy sleep ,and I left him.

That night, my father died. This put all other thoughts to one side and I had no time to worry about the captain.

The next morning, the captain came downstairs. He didn’t eat much food but he drank more rum than usual. He helped himself and we were too busy to stop him. There were visits from neighbours, and my father’s burial to arrange.

The day after the burial was cold and foggy .At about three o’ clock in the afternoon, I was standing at the door of the inn when I saw a blind man coming along the road. He was feeling his way with a stick.

‘Will any kind friend tell a poor blind man where he is?’ he said.

‘You’re at the Admiral Benbow inn, Black Hill Cove, my good man,’ I said.

‘I hear a young voice,’ he said. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend ,and take me inside?’

I held out my hand, and the terrible, soft-speaking ,eyeless man took hold of it like a dog biting a bone .He pulled me vio—lently towards him.

‘Now ,boy,’ he said, ‘take me to the captain or I’ll break your arm! ’ And I had never heard a voice so cruel and cold.

I was so frightened by the blind man’s violence that I obeyed him without question, and took, him into the room where the sick captain was sitting. He saw the blind man and a look of fear passed across his face.

‘Sit where you are, Bill,’ said the blind man. ‘I can’t see, but I can hear a finger move .Hold out your right hand.’

I watched him put something in the captain’s hand. ‘And now that’s done, ’ said the blind man, and he quickly went out of the inn. I heard his stick tap—tap—tapping away along the road.

The captain opened his hand and looked into it. ‘Ten o’ clock!’ he cried ,and jumped up. He put his hand round his neck, made a strange sound, and fell face down on to the floor.

I ran to him, calling to my mother .But the captain was dead.

3 黑券

那天晚些时候,我送了一杯清凉饮料到老船长屋里去。

“吉姆,”他说,“这里我只看得起你一个人。你给我拿一杯朗姆酒来好不好?”

“大夫说——”我开始说。

他立即咒骂起大夫来。“听着,吉姆,我只要一杯朗姆酒,我可以付钱。”

“我想要的,”我说,“只是你欠我父亲的钱。我可以给你一杯朗姆酒,不能再多了。”

他非常感激我,然后把酒一饮而尽。“大夫说我要在床上躺多久?”他问。

“一个星期,”我告诉他。

“一个星期!”他嚷道,“那可不行,他们会送黑券来的,他们会来找我的。”

“谁,黑狗吗?”我问。

“对,还有比他更坏的呢。他们想要我的水手箱,我会给他们看的。吉姆,如果我搞到那张黑券,你就去找那个大夫,叫他召集一群警官来,包括治安推事,叫他们都到客店来。这样就可以把弗林特一帮全抓起来——所有余下的人。我以前是弗林特船上的大副,只有我一个人知道那个地方。他临死前告诉我所有的事。他们给我送黑券之前,你先别去报官,除非你看见一条腿的水手——那个独脚水手是最坏的。”

“黑券是什么东西,老船长?”我问。

“那是一条讯息,孩子。他们送来后我会告诉你的。你要留心守望,吉姆,我以后什么都会和你平分的。”他又说了几句话就沉沉地睡去,于是我就走开了。

那天晚上我父亲死了。我只好把别的事情放在一边,也没有时间想到老船长了。

第二天早上,老船长下楼来。他没吃多少东西,但比平时喝了更多的朗姆酒。他自斟自饮,我们也无暇阻止他。很多邻居和朋友过来探望,我父亲的葬礼也需要安排。

我父亲葬礼的第二天,天很冷,雾很浓。大约下午三点钟时,我正站在客店门口,刚好看见一个瞎子沿着大路走来,他用一根棍子在前面探路。

“哪位好心的人能告诉我这儿是什么地方？”他问。

“我的朋友，你在布莱克希尔湾的本葆将军客店，”我说。

“我听见一个少年的声音，”他说。“好心的孩子，你能不能把手伸给我，带我到店里去？”

我伸出一只手，立刻被那个说话温和的瞎子紧紧钳住，他把我粗暴地拉到他身边。

“现在，孩子，”他说，“领我到老船长那儿，否则我就弄断你的胳膊。”我还从来没听说过这么冷酷、狠毒的声音。

我怕得要死，只好立刻从命，带他到生病的老船长住的房间去。老船长看见了瞎子，脸上充满了恐惧。

“比尔，呆在那儿别动，”瞎子说。“我看不见，但我知道你的手在动，伸出你的右手。”

我看见瞎子把一样东西放在老船长手里。“现在事情了结了，”瞎子说，然后迅速走出客店。大路上留下了木棍探路的嗒嗒声。

老船长收回手，仔细看自己手心。“10点钟！”他喊道，然后跳起来。他一只手卡住自己的脖子，怪叫一声，扑倒在地。

我一边跑过去，一边喊我的母亲。但老船长已经死了。

4 The sea-chest

On the floor close to the captain's hand was a little round piece of paper, blackened on one side. I had no doubt that this was the black spot. On the other side was some writing: You have till ten o'clock tonight. Our old clock reminded me it was now six.

Quickly, I told my mother everything, and we decided to run to the village to hide, before the blind man and his friends returned.

'But first,' my mother said bravely, 'we have to get the key to the sea-chest. Why shouldn't we take the money the captain owes us? His friends certainly won't give it to us!'

The key was around his neck on a piece of string. I cut the string, and we hurried up to his room where the chest had stood since the day he came. There was a letter 'B' painted on the top of it. Inside were two very fine pistols, some silver, pipe-tobacco, and an old clock. Underneath these things were some papers tied up inside a cloth, and a bag of gold coins.

'I'll show these scoundrels I'm an honest woman,' said my mother. 'I'll take what I'm owed and no more.' She began counting the money. There were all kinds of gold coins in the bag—big French gold coins, Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight. It was slow work to find the English gold guineas that we needed.

We were half-way through when I heard a sound that filled my heart with fear; the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick on the frozen road. Then it knocked against the inn door and we did not breathe. But then the tapping started again and slowly died away.

'Mother,' I said, 'take it all, and let's go before the blind man comes back with his friends.'

But my mother went on counting until we heard a low shout coming from the hill outside. 'I'll take what I have,' she said, jumping to her feet.

'And I'll take this for what I'm owed,' I said, and picked up the cloth of papers.

We ran from the inn and along the road to the village. It was dark but there was a full moon. We heard running feet coming towards us.

'Take the money and run on,' my mother said breathlessly. But I refused to leave her. Quickly, I pulled her off the road and down under a small bridge. There we hid, trembling.

Not a moment too soon. Seven or eight men were running past us. Three men ran in front, and I saw that the one in the middle was the blind man. Silently, I climbed back up to the road and lay in the long grass to watch what happened.

'Down with the door!' the blind man shouted.

Four or five of them broke down the door of the Admiral Benbow and ran inside. There was a shout: 'Bill's dead!'

The blind man swore at them. 'Look upstairs and find the chest!' he cried.

I could hear their feet on the stairs, then a voice shouting down to the blind man in the road outside: 'Pew! They've been here before us. The money's here but Flint's papers have gone!'

'It's those people of the inn—it's that boy!' shouted the blind man Pew. 'Search and find 'em.'

Just then there came the sound of horses and riders thundering along the road. It was heard by the men in the inn, and in a second they were out in the road, running into the darkness of the fields. They did not wait for blind Pew, who tried to follow them, tapping wildly with his stick. 'Johnny, Black Dog! You won't leave your old friend Pew, boys—not old Pew!'

He was still in the middle of the road when the horses thundered up to the inn. Pew turned with a scream, but he turned the wrong way, and ran straight into the first of the horses. The rider tried to save him, but failed. Down went Pew, under the horse's feet, with a cry that rang high into the night. It was all over in seconds, and Pew didn't move again.

I jumped up and shouted to the riders. One of the men was Captain Dance, the law officer from the nearby town. He had heard reports of a pirate ship in Black Hill Cove and had come looking for the pirates. I told him my story, and he and his men chased the pirates down into the cove. But by the time they got to the beach, the ship was already out to sea.

'Well,' said Captain Dance when he returned, 'at least we finished off Pew.'

We took my mother to a house in the village, then went back to the Admiral Benbow. Inside, everything was smashed and broken.

'What were they looking for Hawkins?' asked Mr Dance.

'They got the money from the chest,' I said, 'but I think I have what they wanted most. I'd like to get it to a safe place. I thought, perhaps, Dr Livesey...'

'Quite right,' said Mr Dance. 'He's the local judge, and I ought to report Pew's death to him or Squire Trelawney. I'll take you with me to his house.'

Dr Livesey was not at his house but with the squire at his home, so Captain Dance and I went on there.

I had never seen Squire Trelawney so near. He was a big tall man, with a red face, and was sitting beside a fire with Dr Livesey. 'Come in, Mr Dance,' he said.

Mr Dance gave his report and both men listened with deep interest.

'And so, Jim,' said the doctor, 'you have the thing that they were looking for, have you?'

'Here it is, sir,' I said, and gave him the papers tied inside the cloth. The doctor looked at them and put them quietly in the pocket of his coat. After that, Mr Dance went away and I was given some food.

'And now, squire,' said the doctor, 'you have heard of this Flint, I suppose?'

'Heard of him!' cried the squire. 'He was the worst pirate that ever sailed. The Spanish used to tremble just to hear his name!'

‘Well ,I’ve heard of him myself,’ said Dr Livesey. ‘But the question is, did he have money?’

‘Money!’ said the squire. ‘Of course Flint had money! Those scoundrels were after it.’

‘Well then, suppose I have here in my pocket a paper that shows where Flint hid his treasure,’ said the doctor. ‘Would the treasure be worth looking for?’

‘Worth looking for!’ cried the squire, with great enthusiasm. I’ll tell you what it’s worth. I’ll prepare a ship at Bristol ,take you and Hawkins with me, and have that trea—sure if I have to search for a year!’

We opened the cloth and found two things—a book and a paper .The book gave a list of all the money Flint had stolen from different ships during twenty years at sea. The doctor opened the paper and found a map of an island. There was a hill in the centre marked Spyglass, and several names that had been added later. There were three big black crosses—two in the north of the island and one in the south—west. Beside the last cross were the words: Most of the treasure here. On the back of the paper, the same person had written:

Tall tree. Spyglass shoulder, to the North of North—

North—East.

Skeleton Island East—South—East and by East.

The squire and Dr Llvesey were delighted.

‘Tomorrow I start for Bristol,’ said Squire Trelawney. ‘In three weeks we will have the best ship ir,and the finest crew in England. Hawkins can come as cabin—boy. You, Livesey, are the ship’s doctor. I am admiral. We’ll take three of my men ,Redruth, Joyce ,and Hunter.’

‘Trelawney,’ said the doctor, ‘I’ll go with you. So ,I am sure, will Hawkins. There’s only one man I’m afraid of.’

‘And who’s that?’ cried the squire. ‘Name the scoundrel!’

‘You,’ said the doctor, ‘because you cannot keep silent. We aren’t the only men who know of this paper. Those who broke into the inn tonight want to find the same treasure .We must none of us go alone until we get to sea. You’ll take Joyce and Hunter to Bristol. Meanwhile ,Jim and I will stay together .And not one of us must say a word about what we have found.’

‘Livesey, replied the squire, ‘you’re always right. I’ll be as silent as a dead man.’

4 水手箱

老船长手边的地上有一小片圆的硬纸，一面涂着黑色。我相信这就是所谓的“黑券”。黑券的另一面写着：今晚10点以前答复。墙上的老钟刚好敲了6下，告诉我现在6点钟了。

我立即把一切都告诉了母亲，我们决定在瞎子和他的人回来之前逃到村子里躲起来。

“但是首先，”我母亲勇敢地说，“我们必须找到水手箱的钥匙，干嘛不把老船长欠的钱找回来呢？他的朋友肯定不会给我们的！”

水手箱的钥匙套在老船长的脖子上，我割断绳子，取下钥匙，赶紧到他房间去。从他来住店的那一天起，他的箱子一直放在那里。他的水手箱顶部涂着一个字母“B”，里面有两把精制的手枪，一些银锭，一些烟草，一只老式表。这些东西下面还有卷在布里的几页纸和一袋金币。

“我要让那些流氓知道，我是个诚实的女人，”母亲说。“我只要收回欠账，一个子儿也不多拿。”她开始数钱。那一个袋里各国钱币都有：法国的金路易，西班牙的杜布龙金币和每枚8个里亚尔的银币。从中找到我们需要的英国畿尼是件很费时的事。

钱才数了一半的时候，我听到一种可怕的声音，是那个瞎子用棍子探路的嗒嗒声。接着我们听到棍子敲门的声音，我们屏住呼吸。然后探路的嗒嗒声又响起来，慢慢地消失了。

“妈妈，”我说，“把这些都拿上，我们得赶在瞎子和他的人到来之前逃走。”

可是我母亲还是继续数钱。这时，从小山上传来一声很轻的呼哨。“我先把数好的钱拿走，”她说，忽然跳起来。

“我把这东西带走抵账。”我捡起那个布裹着的小包。

我们跑出客店向村子逃去。天黑了，但月亮很圆。我们听见有好些人朝这边跑来。

“你拿了钱快跑吧，”我母亲上气不接下气地说。我不能丢下她不管。我很快把她拖离大路，来到一个座桥下躲起来，浑身直发抖。

不一会儿就有七八个人跑过去。其中有三个人跑在前面，我认出中间的就是那个瞎子。我悄悄地爬到路上，藏在草丛里观察发生的一切。

“把门撞开，”瞎子喊道。

四五个人撞开了本葆将军客店的门冲了进去。有人喊道：“比尔死了。”

瞎子又骂他们。他嚷道：“上楼去找水手箱。”

我可以听见他们匆匆上楼的声音，不一会儿又有人冲着外面路上的瞎子喊道：“皮尤，他们在我们之前来过，钱还在这儿，可弗林特的藏宝图不见了。”

“是客店的那伙人，那个孩子干的，”瞎子皮尤喊道。“给我找到他们。”

正在这时路上传来了马蹄声，客店里的人听到后马上跑出来，不一会儿就消失在田间的路上。没人等瞎子皮尤，他想跟上他们，用木棍使劲地敲着地。“约翰尼，黑狗，别把你们的伙伴老皮尤丢下不管！”

马队朝客店冲过来时皮尤正走在路中间，他尖叫一声转过身来，但转错方向，径直朝着领头的马跑去。骑马人努力想救他的命，但已来不及了，皮尤的一声惨叫响彻夜空，四只马蹄从他身上践踏而过。只有几秒钟时间，他便不再动弹。

我跳起来招呼骑马的人，他们中一个人是丹斯上尉，附近一个镇的法官。他得悉布莱克希尔湾出现了一只海盗船，便到我们这边来搜捕海盗。我给他讲了我们的经历，他和他的人就去海湾追海盗船了。但他们到海边时，海盗船已走远。

“不过，”丹斯上尉回来后说，“至少我们解决了皮尤。”

我母亲被安顿在村子里的一间房内，然后我们回到本堡将军客店，客店内的一切都受到了破坏。

“他们想找什么呢，霍金斯？”丹斯先生问道。

“他们从水手箱里拿走了钱，”我说，“但我有他们想要的东西。我希望把它放到一个稳妥的地方。我想，也许，李甫西大夫……”

“对，说得对，”丹斯先生说。“李甫西大夫是本地的治安推事，我应该向他或是乡绅屈利劳尼报告皮尤的事。我带你一起去。”

李甫西大夫不在家，据说他和乡绅在一起。于是我和丹斯先生去乡绅家。

我从来没这么近打量过乡绅屈利劳尼。他个子很高，暗红色的脸，和李甫西大夫坐在火炉旁边。“进来，丹斯先生，”他说。

丹斯先生报告了刚才发生的事，那两个人听得津津有味。

“那么，吉姆，”大夫说，“你说他们要找的东西在你身上，是不是？”

“在这儿，先生，”我说着把油布裹着的小包给他。大夫看了看，把小包静静地放在上衣口袋里。过了一会儿，丹斯先生走了，我坐下来吃了些东西。

“那么，乡绅先生，”大夫说，“你听说过这位弗林特船长，对吗？”

“怎么没听说过？！”乡绅大声说。“他是有史以来最残暴的一个海盗。西班牙人听到他的名字就发抖。”

“我也听到过他的名字，”李甫西大夫说。“但问题是，他有钱吗？”

“钱！”乡绅喊道。“弗林特当然有钱！那帮匪徒找的就是钱。”

“那么，假定我口袋里有弗林特藏宝的线索，”大夫说，“那宝藏值得去寻吗？”

“当然值得！”乡绅激动地嚷道。“如果你真的有那个线索，我就在布里斯托尔准备一条大船，带着你和霍金斯一起出海，哪怕花一年功夫也要找到宝藏。”

我们打开布包发现了两件东西，一本书和一张纸。书本上记载着弗林特20年来在海上从不同船上抢来的钱。大夫打开那张纸，一幅海岛地图展现在我们面前，岛的中部有一座小山，标着的名称是“望远镜山”，旁边有一些名字是后来注上的。图中有三个用墨水画着的叉叉：两个在岛的北部，一个在西南部。在西南部的那个叉叉旁边写着：大部分宝藏在此。在地图的背面同一个人写着：

望远镜肩上一棵大树，北北东偏北。

骷髅岛，东南东偏东。

乡绅和李甫西大夫都非常高兴。

“明天我就去布里斯托尔，”乡绅说。“只要过三个星期我们就能备好英国最好的船和精选的水手。霍金斯可以在船上当服务员。你，李甫西，当随船医生。我当船长。我们把我的伙计雷德拉斯，乔伊斯和亨特都带上。”

“乡绅先生，”大夫说，“我跟你一起去。而且我相信霍金斯也会去的。我只对一个人不放心。”

“对谁？”乡绅喊道。“把那混蛋的名字说出来！”

“你，”大夫说，“因为你不能保持沉默。不仅仅是我们知道这张图。那些冲进客店的人也想找到这些宝藏。出海之前我们谁也不能单独出门。你带着乔伊斯和亨特去布里斯托尔。我和吉姆在一起。关于我们的发现，我们中任何人都不能走漏一点风声。”

“李甫西，”乡绅说，“你说得对，我会守口如瓶的。”

5 I go to Bristol

Dr Livesey went to London, to find another doctor to look after his patients while he was away. I waited at his home with Tom Redruth. Weeks passed, and I spent many hours studying Flint's map and dreaming of treasure. Then a letter arrived, addressed to Dr Livesey 'or Jim Hawkins, if the doctor is away':

Old Anchor Inn, Bristol

1st March 17—

Dear Livesey,

I do not know whether you are at home or in London, so I am sending copies of this letter to both places.

The ship is bought and ready for sea. You never saw a better ship—and with the name *Hispaniola*. I got her through my old friend, Blandly, who, with everyone in Bristol, worked hard to find me a suitable ship when they heard the reason for our voyage—treasure, I mean.

'Dr Livesey won't like that,' I said to Tom Redruth. 'The squire's been talking.' I read on:

I wanted a crew of twenty men—as we may meet pirates or enemy ships—but I had the greatest difficulty finding six. Then good fortune brought me the very man that I needed. I met the man quite by accident, and we began a conversation. I learnt he was an old seaman who kept an inn, and he knew all the seamen in Bristol. The poor man had lost his health on shore and wanted to get work as a cook, and go to sea again.

I felt sorry for him and employed him immediately, to be the ship's cook. Long John Silver, he is called, and he has lost a leg fighting for his country. Well, sir, I thought I had only found a cook, but it was a crew I had discovered! Between Silver and myself, we got together a crew of the toughest seamen you can imagine.

I am in wonderful health, but I shall not enjoy a moment until my ship goes to sea. So come quickly, Livesey, do not lose an hour! And let young Hawkins go at once to say goodbye to his mother, and then come quickly to Bristol with Redruth.

John Trelawney

PS: Blandly found us an excellent man to be captain, and Silver found a man called Arrow to be first officer.

Next day, I went to the Admiral Benbow and said goodbye to my mother. I was sad to leave, but when Redruth and I began our journey to Bristol, my thoughts turned to the voyage and the search for treasure.

Mr Trelawney was waiting for us at an inn, near the sea. 'Here you are!' he cried when we arrived. 'The doctor came from London last night, so now the ship's company is complete. We sail tomorrow!'

After I had finished breakfast, the squire gave me a note to take to Long John Silver at the Spyglass Inn.

It was a bright little place where the customers were mostly seamen. As I entered, a man came out of a side room and I knew immediately he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off above the knee and he walked with a crutch under his left shoulder. He was tall and strong with a big, smiling face.

Now, when I read about Long John in Squire Trelawney's letter, I had been afraid he might be the one-legged seaman that old Bill had talked about. But one look at the man in front of me was enough. I knew old Bill, and Black Dog, and the blind man Pew. I thought I knew what a pirate looked like—a very different person from this clean and smiling man.

'Mr Silver, sir?' I asked, holding out the note.

'Yes, my boy,' he said. 'That's my name. And who are you?' And then he saw the squire's letter and looked surprised. 'Oh!' he said loudly. 'I see you're our new cabin-boy. I'm pleased to meet you.'

Just then, a customer got up suddenly and hurried to the door. I recognized him as the man with only three fingers on his left hand—the one who had come to the Admiral Benbow!

'Stop him!' I shouted. 'It's Black Dog!'

'I don't care who he is,' said Silver. 'He hasn't paid for his drinks. Run and catch him, Harry!'

A man jumped up and ran after Black Dog.

'What was his name?' asked Silver. 'Black what?'

'Dog, sir,' I said. 'Hasn't Mr Trelawney told you about the pirates? He was one of them.'

'A pirate! I didn't know that,' said Silver. 'I've seen him before, when he came with a blind man.'

'That was blind Pew, another pirate,' I said.

'That was his name!' said Silver.

I watched the sea cook carefully. But when the man Harry came back without the pirate, Silver seemed angry and I believed he was.

'I'll come with you to tell Mr Trelawney what's happened,' he said. This is a serious matter.'

As we walked back, Silver told me many interesting things about the ships that we passed. I began to think he was going to be a good companion to have when we were at sea.

When we got to the inn, the squire and Dr Livesey were there. Long John told them about Black Dog, saying, 'That was how it was, wasn't it, Hawkins?' And I had to agree. We were all sorry about Black Dog getting away, but there was nothing we could do.

'All the crew must be on board by four o'clock this afternoon,' Trelawney told Long John.

'Right, sir!' said the sea cook, and he left us to return to his inn.

'Trelawney,' said Dr Livesey, 'I don't always think you find the best men, but I'll say this: John Silver seems a good man. Now, let's go and see the ship!'

5 我去布里斯托尔

李甫西大夫去伦敦了，他去找人在他不在期间为他照看他的病人。我和汤姆·雷德拉斯在他家等他。时间过去了几周，我用了很多时间研究弗林特的藏宝图，有时梦想着得到那些宝藏。不久我们收到一封寄给李甫西大夫的信。上面写着：“如果大夫不在，请交吉姆·霍金斯。”

布里斯托尔老锚旅馆

17—年3月1日

亲爱的李甫西：

我不知道你是在伦敦还是回到了家里，所以我把这封信一式两份寄到两个地方。

船已购妥并装备好，正待出海。你无法想像比这更出色的帆船了——我们叫她伊斯帕尼奥拉号。我是通过我的老朋友布兰德利搞到这条船的。在布里斯托尔，我们发掘宝藏的消息一传开，大家都乐于为我们效劳。

“李甫西大夫对此不会满意的，”我对雷德拉斯说。“乡绅到底把事情说出去了。”我继续读下去：

我本想找20个船员——我们可能会遇到海盗或者敌船，可是费了很大劲才找到6个人。不过上帝保佑我不费力气就找到了我最需要的那个人。我十分偶然地碰上这个人，然后我们就聊起来。我了解到他是个老水手，现在在这里开一家旅馆，他认识布里斯托尔所有的海员。这个可怜的人在陆地上反而搞垮了身体，他想找个做厨师的活儿，以便再回到海上。

我听了以后十分难过，立刻把他雇用为我们船上的厨师。他叫“高个约翰”，姓西尔弗。他曾在为国家而战的战斗中失去了一条腿。先生，我以为只找到了一个厨师，可谁想到我因此又找到了好些水手！在西尔弗帮助下，我找到了一伙最强壮的水手。

我现在身体状况很好，但在我们的船出海之前我简直无法安下心来。李甫西，快来吧，一小时也不要耽搁。让小霍金斯赶快回家和他母亲道别，由雷德拉斯陪他来布里斯托尔。

约翰·屈利劳尼

布兰德利找到一个出色的船长，西尔弗则找了一个叫埃罗的人做大副。又及。

第二天，我回到本葆将军客店和我妈妈道别。我离开母亲有点伤悲，可是当我和雷德拉斯踏上去布里斯托尔的旅程时，我的思绪就转到了寻宝的旅途上。

屈利劳尼先生在海边的一个旅店等我们。“你们终于来了！”我们到了以后他喊道。“大夫昨天晚上从伦敦赶来了。现在全船的人都齐了。咱们明天就出海！”

我吃完早点后，乡绅给了我一张纸条，让我给在望远镜酒店的“高个约翰·西尔弗”送去。

这是一间小巧而明亮的酒店，光顾这里的大部分是海员。我刚一进去，就有一个人从一间侧屋里出来，我马上认出他就是高个约翰。他左腿从膝盖处锯掉，左肩下挂着一根拐杖。他身高体壮，笑容可掬。

说实话，我在屈利劳尼的信中读到高个约翰这个人时，我就担心他是老比尔提到的那个一条腿的海员。但只看一眼眼前这个人我就知道他是个什么人了。我见过老比尔，黑狗和瞎子皮尤。我想我知道海盗是副什么模样——完全不同于这位整洁而和善的人。

“西尔弗先生吗？”我问道，递上那张纸条。

“是的，孩子，”他说，“我叫西尔弗。你是谁？”他看着乡绅的字条，然后叫起来：“噢！你就是船上新来的服务员。很高兴认识你。”

正在这时，一个顾客站起来匆匆向门口走去。我看见他左手只有三个手指——就是那个曾到过本葆将军客店的人。

“抓住他！”我叫起来。“他是黑狗！”

“我不在乎他是谁，”西尔弗说，“但他没付账。哈里，快去抓住他！”

一个人跳起来去追黑狗。

“他叫什么名字？”西尔弗问。“黑什么？”

“狗，先生，”我说。“屈利劳尼先生没和你说起过海盗的事吗？他就是他们中的一个。”

“海盗！我不知道，”西尔弗说。“我以前见过他，他曾和一个瞎子一起来过。”

“那瞎子叫皮尤，也是个海盗，”我说。

“那正是他的名字！”西尔弗说。

我仔细地打量着这位船上的厨师。那个没追上海盗的哈里回来后，西尔弗似乎生气了——我确信他生气了。

“我和你一起去找乡绅，告诉他发生了什么事，”他说。“这件事很严重。”

• 我们往回走时，西尔弗给我讲了许多关于那些船的趣事。我开始想他也许是一个不错的海上伙伴。

我们到酒店时，乡绅和李甫西大夫已经到了，高个约翰告诉他们关于黑狗的事。他说：“这就是事情的经过，对吗，霍金斯？”我只好点头称是。我们都很遗憾让黑狗跑掉了，但我们也无能为力。

“所有船员今天下午4点钟以前在船上集合，”屈利劳尼告诉高个约翰。

“是，先生！”西尔弗说，然后回他的酒店去了。

“屈利劳尼，”李甫西大夫说，“我并不认为你找到了一帮最好的船员，但我应该说：高个约翰似乎是个好人。现在，我们去看看船吧。”

6 The ship and its men

We went out to the His paniola in a small boat. Mr Ar—row met us, and it was clear that he and the squire were very friendly .But things were not the same between Mr Trelawney and the captain. Captain Smollett seemed angry with everybody on board, and told us why.

‘I don’t like this voyage,’ he told us. ‘I don’t like the men, and I don’t like my first officer.’

‘Perhaps ,sir ,you don’t like the ship?’ said the squire ,an—grily.

‘I can’t say that ,sir ,as I haven’t yet sailed her, replied the captain. ‘She seems a good ship.’

‘Possibly, sir, you don’t like your employer either? said the squire.

‘Now, now, let’s not argue,’ said Dr Livesey. He turned to the captain. ‘You say you don’t like this voyage,’ he said. ‘Please explain.’

‘I was employed, sir,’ said the captain, ‘on secret orders ,and to sail this ship where that gentleman ordered me to sail it. Now I find every other man on this ship knows more than I do .I don’t call that fair, do you?’

‘No,’ said Dr Livesey, ‘I don’t.’

‘Next,’ said the captain, I learn we are going to look for treasure—hear it from my own crew! Now, I don’t like treasure voyages at the best of times, and I certainly don’t like them when they are secret. Also, a captain is usually allowed to choose his own crew.’

‘That’s true, ’ agreed the doctor. ‘And you don’t like Mr Arrow?’

‘No, sir, ’ replied Captain Smollett. ‘He’s too friendly with the crew.’

‘Tell us what you want, ’ said the doctor.

‘First of all, the men are putting the powder and weapons in the front of the ship,’ said the captain. ‘Now, you have a good place under the cabin .Why not put them there ?Second, you are bringing four of your own people. Let them sleep here be — side the cabin.’

‘What else?’ asked Mr Trelawney.

‘Only one thing, sir, ’ said the captain. ‘There’s been too much talking already. I’ll tell you what I’ve heard. That you have a map of an island; that there’s crosses on the map to show where treasure is; and that the island is—’ Then he told us the exact place.

‘I never told that to anyone!’ cried the squire.

‘The crew know it, sir,’ replied the captain. ‘I don’t know who has this map, but I want it to be kept secret ,even from me and Mr Arrow. If not ,I will ask you to let me leave the ship.’

‘You want us to keep all this a secret,’ said the doctor, ‘and you want all the weapons and powder to be kept near us. In other words ,you fear a mutiny.’

‘I did not say that ,sir,’ replied Captain Smoll ett. ‘No cap—tain could go to sea believing that.’ And he went away.

‘Trelawney, said the doctor, I believe you have managed to get two honest men on board—that man ,and John Silver.’

‘Silver, yes,’ said the squire, ‘but the captain acts neither like a man, nor a good seaman!’

‘Well,’ said the doctor, ‘ we shall see.’

We were moving the weapons and powder when Long John came aboard. The cook came up the side as quick as a monkey and saw what we were doing.

‘What’s this?’ he wanted to know.

‘My orders,’ said the captain, coldly. ‘You may go below, my man .The crew will want supper.’

‘Yes ,sir,’ said the cook, and disappeared quickly.

‘That’s a good man, captain,’ said the doctor.

‘That may be ,sir ,replied Captain Smollett.

6 船和船员

我们乘小船去看伊斯帕尼奥拉号船。埃罗正在那里等我们，显然他和乡绅非常友好。但屈利劳尼和船长就不那么友好了。斯摩列特船长似乎对船上所有的人都很生气，并对我们讲了他为什么生气。

“我不喜欢这次航行，”他说，“我不喜欢这些人，我也不喜欢大副。”

“也许，先生，您不喜欢这条船？”乡绅不高兴地问道。

“我还不能这么说，先生，我还没驾驶她，”船长回答。“船似乎不错。”

“或许，先生，你对你的雇主不满意？”乡绅说。

“好，好，大家别争论了，”李甫西大夫说。他转向船长说：“你说你不喜欢这次航行，为什么？”

“我秘密受雇于人，先生，”船长说，“这位先生让我去哪儿我就去哪儿。而现在我发现船上任何一个人知道的都比我多。我认为这不公平，你说呢？”

“是不公平，”李甫西大夫说，“我也这么认为。”

“还有，”船长说，“我听说我们要去寻宝——我是听我自己的船员说的。老实说，在情况最好的时候我也不喜欢寻宝航行，我更不喜欢这样遮遮掩掩的。并且，船长应该有权选择自己的船员。”

“是这样，”大夫说。“你不喜欢埃罗吗？”

“不是，先生，”船长斯摩列特说，“他对船员们非常友好。”

“告诉我们你想怎样？”大夫说。

“首先，那些人把火药和武器放在船头，”船长说。“其实，船舱下面有个不错的地方，为什么不放在那里呢？其次，你们带来的四个人，让他们睡在船长室隔壁吧。”

“还有吗？”屈利劳尼先生问。

“还有一件事，先生，”船长说。“现在泄露出去的事情太多了。我把我听到的告诉你们。据说你们有一个岛的地图，上面画着叉叉标出了宝藏的位置；那个岛位于——”他说出了那个岛的准确位置。

“我没告诉过任何人！”乡绅说。

“船员知道了，先生，”船长说。“我不知道地图在谁手里，但我希望保密，即使对我和埃罗也一样。否则我就请求离开这条船。”

“你让我们保守秘密，”大夫说，“你把所有的武器都安置在我们附近。这就是说，你担心船上暴乱？”

“我没这么说，先生，”斯摩列特船长说。“相信有暴乱的船长是不会出海的。”说完他走了。

“屈利劳尼，”大夫说，“我认为你物色到了两个正直的人——船长和约翰·西尔弗。”

“西尔弗，没错，”乡绅说。“至于船长，他根本不像个男人，更不像一个好海员！”

“那么，”大夫说，“咱们走着瞧吧。”

高个约翰来的时候我们正忙着搬火药和武器。他跳上船，像只灵巧的猴子，看着我们干活。

“这是干什么？”他问。

“是我的命令，”船长冷冷地说。“你可以下去了，船员们该吃晚饭了。”

“是，先生，”厨子说，然后就离开了。

“他是个好人，船长，”大夫说。

“也许是，先生，”船长斯摩列特答道。

7 The apple barrel

We sailed at the first light of day. I was more tired than ever before, but everything was so new and interest-ing I would not leave the deck.

‘let’s have a song!’ cried one of the men.

Long John began to sing that song I knew so well:

Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest—

And the whole crew joined with him:

Yo—ho—ho and a bottle of rum!

Even at that exciting moment, I remembered the old Admi—ral Benbow ,and I seemed to hear the voice of old Bill, thr sea—man, singing with them. But soon the sails began to fill with wind, and the land and other ships moved past on each side. The Hispaniola had begun her voyage to Treasure Island.

I am not going to describe the voyage in detail. The ship was indeed a good ship ,the crew were good seamen ,and the captain knew his business well. But Mr Arrow was even worse than the captain had feared. The men did as they pleased with him ,and after a day or two at sea, he began to drink too much. Where he got the drink was a mystery, and if we asked him, he would only laugh. Then one wild, dark night with a rough sea, he disappeared and was seen no more.

‘Fallen overboard!’ said the captain. ‘Gentlemen, we’ll do better without him.’

But we were without a first officer. Mr Trelawney had been to sea before and knew enough to be useful, and one of the men, Israel Hands, was a careful and experienced seaman who was able to help with almost anything. He was a great friend of Long John Silver.

All the crew liked and even obeyed Silver, and he was always pleased to see me in the kitchen, which he kept as clean as a new pin. He kept his parrot in cage ,in the corner.

‘ I call him Captain Flint,’ he told me, ‘after the famous pi—rate.’

And the parrot used to scream, ‘Pieces of eight !Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!’

The captain and Mr Trelawney still did not like each other, and the squire didn’t try to hide it. The captain spoke few words, but agreed that the crew were better than he’d hoprd for ,and that the ship was a fine one.

The crew seemed happy, which was not really surprising. No ship’s company was ever so well looked after ,with plenty to eat and drink; and a barrel of apples open for any man to take one.

And it was the apple barrel that saved our lives.

It was the day before we expected to see Treasure Island. The sun had gone down ,all my work was done, and I thought I should like an apple. The barrel was nearly empty and I had to climb right inside to get my apple. As I sat there in the dark, the ship moving gently in the water, I almost fell asleep.

Suddenly ,the barrel shook as a heavy man sat down and rested his shoulders against it. The man began to speak and it was Silver’s voice. Before I had heard a dozen words, I was trembling with fear .I understood from those words that the lives of all honest men on the ship depended on me alone!

‘Flint was captain ot me,’ said Silver. ‘In the same battle that I lost my leg, old Pew lost his sight .But I got two thou—sand when I sailed with Flint—and it’s all safe in the bank at home.’

‘But what if you don’t live to get home again?’ asked an—other, doubtful voice. I recognized the voice of the youngest seaman aboard.

‘Pirates live rough,’ agreed Silver. ‘They live dangerously and some get caught and die by the law .But they eat and drink the best, and when the voyage is done, it’s hundreds of pounds instead of hundreds of Pence in their pockets. Once I’m back from this trip ,I’ll live like a gentleman .But I began life like you—a clever young seaman without a penny in my pocket!’

‘I didn’t like this job until this talk woth you, John,’ said the young seaman, ‘but I’m with you now.’

They shook hands so hard that the barrel shook as well, with me inside it.By this time, I understood that Silver had just turned an honest seaman into a pirate.Perhaps every man in the crew was now a pirate!

Silver gave a quiet call and a third man came and sat down with them. ‘Dick’s with us,’ said Silver.

‘I knew Dick was all right,’ replied the voice of Israel Hands. ‘But how long are we going to wait? I’ve had enoughof Captain Smollett.’

‘Until the last moment!’ cried Silver. ‘Captain Smollett’s a first—class seaman, and the squire and doctor have the map. Let them find the treasure and bring it aboard—then we’ll see. I’d rather have Captain Smollett sail us half—way home before I moved, but I know the rest of the men won’t wait that long So I’ll finish with the captain and the others at the island.’

‘But what do we do with them?’ asked Dick.

‘They must die, said Silver. ‘We don’t want them coming home later, to tell what happened Now, Dick ,get me an apple .I’m thirsty.’

You can imagine my horror! I heard Dick begin to rise ,but Hands said, ‘Oh, let’s have some rum ,John.’

Silver sent Dick to fetch the rum, then Israel said something to the cook in a low voice, and I heard only a word or two .But they were important words: ‘Not another man will join.’ So there were still some honest men on board.

I looked up and saw the moon had risen. At the same time ,the voice of one of the crew shouted: ‘ Land!’

There was the sound of many feet running across the deck. I quickly got out of the barrel and was in time to join Hunter and Dr Livesey and the rest, at the side of the ship.

Away to the south-west, we saw two hills. Rising behind one of them was a third hill, even higher, and with its top still hid-den in fog. Captain Smollett gave orders, and the Hispaniola turned so that the ship would sail just clear of the island on the east.

‘Has anyone seen that land before?’ he said.

‘I have, sir,’ said Silver. ‘I was cook on a ship that stopped here once. There’s a safe place to anchor in the south, behind a little island called Skeleton Island. Those three hills we can see are on the big island. They’re in a row running south—the biggest is called Spyglass.’

‘Thank you,’ said Captain Smollett. ‘Later on, I’ll ask you to give us some help. You may go now.’

Dr Livesey called me, meaning to ask me to fetch his pipe, but I spoke quickly. ‘Doctor, get the captain and squire down to the cabin. I have some terrible news.’

He went across and spoke to the other two, then the three of them went below. Soon after, a message came that I was wanted in the cabin.

I told them in as few words as possible what Silver and the others had said, and they listened without speaking. It was a warm night and I saw the moon shining on the sea as I told my story.

‘Captain, said the squire when I’d finished, ‘you were right, and I was wrong.’

‘But I’ve never known a crew planning to mutiny that did not show some sign of it before.’ said the captain.

‘That’s Silver,’ said the doctor. ‘He’s a very clever man.’

‘He’d look very clever with a rope around his neck, sir!’ replied the captain. ‘But we must make a plan. We can’t go back, or they would know at once. But we have some time before the treasure is found, and there are some honest men among the crew. Your men, squire?’

‘As honest as myself,’ agreed Mr Trelawney.

‘And ourselves,’ said the captain. ‘That’s seven, with young Hawkins here. Now, what other honest men are there?’

‘Probably the men Trelawney chose before he met Silver,’ said the doctor.

‘No,’ said the squire. ‘Hands was one of them.’

‘Well, gentlemen,’ said the captain. ‘We must wait and watch carefully, until we know our men.’

7 苹果桶

晨曦微露，我们就启航了。我比以前任何时候都累，可是航行对我来说又新鲜又有趣，我一直不愿离开甲板。

“我们唱个歌吧！”一个人建议。

于是高个约翰唱起了我熟悉的老调：

十五个人趴着死人箱——

所有船员都跟着他唱起来：

嗨呵呵，快来尝一杯朗姆酒！

即使在这么激动的时刻，我还能记起本葆将军酒店，我好像听见老船长比尔也在和他们一起唱。不一会儿，帆就鼓满了风，陆地和其他的船在两旁迅速地后退去。伊斯帕尼奥拉号向金银岛的航行开始了。

我不想详尽地描述这次航行。船是条好船，船员也不错，船长也熟稔他的行当。但是埃罗却比船长所担心的更坏。他我行我素，过了一两天以后便开始酗酒。他从哪儿弄来的酒始终是个谜，我们问他时，他只是笑。在一个月黑风高的夜里，他终于失踪了，再也没人见过他。

“他准是掉到海里了！”船长说。“没有他我们会做得更好。”

但我们毕竟少了一名大副。屈利劳尼先生曾当过水手，他的海上知识足够用的。伊斯莱尔·汉兹，船上的一名水手，谨慎且经验丰富，是个几乎任何事都可以托付给他的人。他和高个约翰·西尔弗是至交。

所有的船员都喜欢西尔弗，甚至很听他的话，他总是很高兴我在厨房里，他总是把厨房收拾得干干净净。在一个角落里，他在一个笼子里养着一只鸚鵡。

“我管它叫弗林特船长，”他说，“以那个出名的海盗来命名。”

那只鸚鵡常常叫道：“八个里亚尔！八个里亚尔！八个里亚尔！”

船长和屈利劳尼先生还是互不喜欢，乡绅也毫不掩饰这一点。船长很少说话，但他认为船员比他希望的还好，船也是条好船。

船员们似乎都很高兴。这也不足为怪，因为没有一艘船有这样的待遇。船员们有足够的吃喝，还有一桶苹果，任何人都可以吃。

而正是这苹果桶救了我们的命。

那天是我们预计到达金银岛的前一天。太阳已经落山，我也忙完了手中的活计，我准备吃个苹果。苹果桶快空了，我只好钻进去拿苹果。我在黑暗中坐着，船在水上轻轻颠簸，我都快睡着了。

忽然，苹果桶剧烈地晃了一下，一个人坐下来，倚在苹果桶上。那个人开始讲话，我听出是西尔弗的声音。只听他说几句话，我就吓得直发抖。那些话使我知道船上所有好人的生命都系于我一身。

“那时弗林特船长，不是我，”西尔弗说。“在那一仗中我失去了这条腿，老皮尤瞎了眼。我和弗林特出海时得到2000英镑——现在存在家乡的银行里。”

“如果你不能活着回去怎么办？”另一个人怀疑地问。我听出那是船上一个最年轻的船员。

“海盗们都很粗暴，”西尔弗说。“海盗们时刻生活在危险之中，其中有些人被抓住后送上绞架。但海盗们吃得好喝得好，一趟出海归来，就会有几百英镑装入腰包，而不是几百便士。我这次旅行回来后，就像个绅士一样生活。我开始时和你一样——身无分文。”

“在此谈话之前我并不喜欢这个工作约翰，”年轻人说。“但现在我和你一起干了。”

他们俩热烈握手，苹果桶剧烈地晃起来，当时我就在里面。这时我意识到西尔弗已经把正直的人变成了海盗。也许船上每个人都是海盗！

西尔弗轻轻叫了一声，又一个人过来坐在他旁边。“迪克也是我们的人，”西尔弗说。

“我知道迪克是我们的人，”伊斯莱尔·汉兹说。“还要等多久我们才能下手？我已经无法忍受斯摩列特船长了。”

“要等到最后一刻！”西尔弗喊道。“斯摩列特船长是个一流的水手，而乡绅和大夫那儿有藏宝图。让他们去找到宝藏并运上船——我们再作决定。依我看我们应该让斯摩列特船长送我们半程再干掉他，但我知道其余的人肯定等不了这么久。那么我们就在岛上干掉那些人。”

“我们对他们怎么办呢？”迪克问。

“他们必须得死，”西尔弗说。“我们不能让他们有朝一日回去把真相讲出来。迪克，给我拿个苹果来，我口渴得很。”

你可以想像我有多恐惧！我听见迪克已经站起来，可是汉兹说：“噢，约翰，咱们喝点朗姆酒吧。”

西尔弗让迪克去取酒，伊斯莱尔和厨子低语了几句，我只听见几个字，但很重要：“有个人不肯参加我们的行列。”看来还有和我们站在一起的人。

我抬头看去，月亮已经升起来了。正在这时有个人喊道：“陆地！”

甲板上顿时响起了脚步声。我也乘机跳出苹果桶，正好遇上亨特和李甫西大夫等人，便和他们一起冲上船边。

我们朝西南方向望去，可以看见两座小山。其中一座小山后面还有一座高一点的小山，山的顶部还笼罩在雾中。斯摩列特船长下了命令，伊斯帕尼奥拉号掉头从东面靠近小岛。

“有人见过这小岛吗？”他问。

“我见过，先生，”西尔弗说。“我曾在一艘船上做厨子，那船在这儿停过。岛南面有个安全的地方可以下锚，就在那个叫骷髅岛的小岛后面。我们能看见的三座小山在大岛上，它们向南排成一行，那最大的山叫望远镜山。

“谢谢你，”斯摩列特船长说。“以后我还要请你帮忙。你现在可以走了。”

李甫西大夫叫我去给他拿烟斗来，我急促地说：“叫船长和乡绅都到下面船舱去，我有可怕的消息告诉你们。”

他去找那两个人了，然后他们三个人一起下去。不久，有人传话来让我到船舱去。

我尽可能简短地给他们讲了西尔弗和其他人都说了些什么，大家默默地听着。那是一个暖和的夜晚，月光洒满了海面。

“船长，”我讲完后乡绅说，“你是对的，我错了。”

“我还从没遇到过海员酝酿暴乱而不露声色的，”船长说。

“这就是西尔弗，”大夫说。“他是个精明人。”

“他精明得快上绞架啦，先生！”船长答道。“但我们必须想个对策。我们不能返航，那样他们马上就知道了。我们在找到宝藏之前还有时间，船员中还有几个正直的人。你的人如何，乡绅？”

“和我一样可靠，”乡绅说。

“加上我们这些人，”船长说，“一共七个人，包括霍金斯在内。还有其他可靠的人吗？”

“屈利劳尼先生在遇到西尔弗之前选的人也许可靠，”大夫说。

“不，”乡绅说，“汉兹就是他们的人。”

“好吧，先生们，”船长说，“我们必须坐观事态发展，等待摸清敌我之间的情况后再说。”

8 Treasure Island

Next morning, there was no wind and we were half a mile from the eastern coast of the island. Although the sun shone bright and hot, I hated the thought of Treasure Is—land ,afraid of what would happen there.

Because there was no wind, the small boats pulled the ship three or four miles round the island, to a safe place to drop the anchor .I went in one of them.

It was hard work pulling the ship, and the men argued. Af—terwards, they sat around the deck, and the smallest order was received with an angry look.

‘If I give another order,’ said the captain, ‘the whole crew will mutiny. Only one man can help us.’

‘And who is that?’ asked the squire.

‘Silver,’ replied the captain. ‘He wants to keep things calm as much as we do;he wants the men to wait. Let’s allow them an afternoon on shore. If they all go, we’ll have the ship. If some go, Silver will bring them back as gentle as sheep.’

Guns were given to all the honest men. Hunter ,Joyce, and Redruth were told what was happening, and were less sur—prised than we expected them to be. Then the captain went on deck to talk to the crew.

‘Men ,you’ve had a hot ,tiring day,’ he said. ‘The boats are still in the water. Any man who wants to can go ashore for the afternoon.You’ll hear a gun half an hour before the sun goes down to call you back.’

They all became happier at once .I think they thought they would find the treasure lying around on the beach! After some talk, six men stayed on board ,and the others, with Silver, got into the small boats.

I then had the first of the mad ideas that helped to save our lives. If six men were left, we could not take control of the ship ;and because only six were left, the captain’s men did not need my help. So I quickly went over the ship’s side and into the nearest boat.

No one took much notice of me, only one man saying, ‘Is that you ,Jim?’ But Silver called from the other boat, wanting to know if it was me. Then I began to worry if I had done the right thing.

The crews rowed to the beach and our boat arrived first. I ran towards the trees .Silver and the rest were a hundred me—tres behind ,and I heard him shouting, ‘Jim ,Jim!’ But I took no notice, pushing through trees and bushes, and ran until I could run no longer.

I was pleased to lose Long John and began to enjoy looking around this strange island. I crossed wet ground and came to a long,open piece of sand, then went on to a place where the trees had branches that were thick and close to the sand.

Just then I heard distant voices, Sliver’s among them, and hid behind a tree. Through the leaves, I saw Long John Silver and another of the crew talking together.

‘I’m warning you because I’m your friend, Tom, Silver was saying.

‘Silver,’ said Tom. ‘You’re old and you’re honest, or so men say; and you’ve money, too, which lots of poor seamen haven’t. And you’re brave. Why let yourself be led away with that kind of scoundrel? I’d rather die than—’

Suddenly ,there was a noise of distant shouting, then a long horrible scream .I had found one honest man here, and that ter—rible, distant scream told me of another.

‘John!’ said Tom. ‘What was that?’

‘That?’ replied Silver. His eyes shone like pieces of broken glass in the sun. ‘That’ll be Alan.’

‘Alan!’ cried poor Tom. ‘An honest and true seaman !John Silver, you’ve been a friend of mine, but for no longer .You’ve killed Alan, have you? Then kill me, too,if you can!’

The brave man turned his back on Silver and began to walk back to the beach .With a shout ,Silver threw his crutch through the air. It hit poor Tom between the shoulders, and he fell to the ground with a cry. Silver, as quick as a monkey ,was on top of him in a moment. Twice he dug his knife into that poor body.

As I watched, the whole world seemed to swim away before me in a mist—Silver, the birds above, the tall Spyglass hill. When I was myself again, Silver was standing with his crutchunder his arm, cleaning the blood from his knife with some grass.

As silently as I could, I began to move away ,and as soon as was clear of the trees, began to run as I had never run before.

8 金银岛

第二天早晨，一丝风都没有，我们距离岛的东岸还有半英里。尽管阳光灿烂而温暖，我却憎恨这个金银岛，害怕可能发生的一切。

因为没有风，我们用小船拖着大船在岛的周围绕了三四英里，到一个安全的地方下锚。我上了其中一只小船。

用小船拖大船是件苦差事，大家都在抱怨。然后，他们就坐在甲板上，哪怕一个小小的命令也会遭到白眼。

“如果我再下命令，”船长说，“所有的船员都会暴乱，只有一个人能帮我们。”

“谁？”乡绅问。

“西尔弗，”船长回答。“他也和我们一样想稳住局面，他希望他的人不要轻易动手。我建议下午让他们上岸去。如果他们都去，我们就夺回船。如果几个人去，西尔弗带他们回来的时候，他们会像绵羊一样听话。”

枪已分发给所有可靠的人。亨特、乔伊斯、雷德拉斯也知道了事情的真相，他们并不像我们想像的那么惊讶。船长走上甲板向全体船员宣布：

“朋友们，”他说，“大家过了又累又热的一天，小船还在水里。谁要是愿意，下午都可以上岸去。在日落前半小时我放炮通知大家。”

他们一下子都笑逐颜开。我想，他们以为一上岸就能在沙滩上找到他们要的宝藏。他们商量了一下，六名水手留在船上，其他人，包括西尔弗，都登上小船上了岸。

我忽然想到第一个近乎疯狂的想法——正是这主意后来救了我们的命。既然留下六个人，我们就无法控制船；但又因为只留下六个人，船

长的人也不是非要我帮忙不可。我迅速逃离大船跳上一只最近处的小船。

没人注意到我，只有一个人问了一句：“是你吗，吉姆？”西尔弗在另一只船上喊了一句，以便确定是不是我。我又开始担心是不是应该这么做。

小船都争先恐后向岸边驶去，我们的小船第一个到达。我上岸后就向树林里跑去，西尔弗他们还在百米之后，我听见他在喊：“吉姆，吉姆！”但我没有理睬他，在树和灌木丛间飞跑，一直跑到不能再跑为止。

我很高兴逃离高个约翰，我开始巡视这个奇怪的小岛。我穿过一片沼泽地带，来到一片长而开阔的沙地，然后到了沙地附近一片树高叶茂的地方。

我忽然听见远处有说话的声音，西尔弗也在其中，他站在一棵树后面。透过树叶，我看见高个约翰正和几个船员说话。

“因为我和你是朋友，我才警告你，汤姆，”西尔弗说。

“西尔弗，”汤姆说，“你年纪大了，又很老实，名声不坏——至少人们是这么说的；又很有钱，不像那些穷海员。你很勇敢，为什么不和那些蠢东西断绝来往呢？要是我，宁可死也不——”

忽然，远处传来一阵叫喊声，然后是一声长长的惨叫。我在这儿找到了一个诚实的人，而那声惨叫让我知道还有另外一个人。

“约翰！”汤姆喊道，“那是什么声音？”

“哪个？”西尔弗答道，他的眼睛像碎玻璃在阳光下一样发亮。“那是艾伦的声音。”

“艾伦！”汤姆嚷起来，“那么忠厚老实的人！约翰·西尔弗，你曾经是我的朋友，但今后不是了。你杀了艾伦，对吗？你也杀了我吧！如果你做得到。”

这个勇敢的人转身背对着西尔弗向岸边走去。西尔弗大叫一声，把拐杖扔出去。拐杖击中了汤姆背脊中央，汤姆大叫一声倒在地上。西尔弗像猴子一样灵巧地蹿到汤姆身边，在他身上狠狠捅了两刀。

看到这一切，整个世界像一团雾飘离而去——西尔弗、头上的鸟儿、高高的望远镜山。我恢复清醒以后，西尔弗已经拄着拐杖站起来了，正用草擦拭刀上的血。

我尽可能不出声，一点一点挪动脚步，等我离开那片树林后，撒腿就跑，比以前任何时候跑得都快。

9 The man of the island

But almost immediately I ran into a new danger. As I ran, I heard some small stones falling from the side of a steep hill. I stopped to look round, and saw a figure jump quickly behind a tree. Frightened, I turned back towards the boats, but the figure appeared again and moved with the speed of an animal. But it was a man, I knew that now.

I remembered I had a pistol if I needed it, and turned back towards this man of the island. He was hiding behind another tree but stepped out to meet me.

‘Who are you?’ I asked, staring at him.

‘Ben Gunn,’ he answered, and his voice sounded rough and strange. His skin was burnt nearly black by the sun and his clothes were made from pieces of a ship’s sail. ‘Poor Ben Gunn,’ he went on. ‘Alone for three years.’

‘Were you shipwrecked?’ I asked.

‘No, my friend,’ he said. ‘Marooned.’

I had heard the word before, and knew it meant a cruel punishment often used by pirates—leaving a man alone on some distant, empty island.

‘Marooned three years,’ he continued, ‘living on wild goats and fish. But I’m desperate for real English food. You don’t have a piece of cheese, do you? Many nights I’ve dreamed of cheese.’

‘If I can get on board ship again,’ I said, ‘you can have as much cheese as you want.’

‘Who’s going to prevent you?’ he said. ‘And tell me your name.’

‘Jim,’ I told him.

‘Well, Jim,’ he said, looking around and lowering his voice to a whisper, ‘I’m rich.’ I was now sure the poor man was crazy, but he repeated his words. ‘Rich, I say! Now, Jim, that isn’t Flint’s ship, is it?’

I began to think that I had found a friend, and I answered him at once. ‘It’s not Flint’s ship. Flint is dead, but there are some of Flint’s men aboard, and that’s bad news for us.’

‘A man with one leg?’ he asked, fear in his voice.

‘Silver?’ I asked.

‘Yes, Silver,’ he said, ‘that was his name.’

‘He’s the cook, and their leader, too.’ And I told him the whole story of our voyage, and the danger we were now in.

‘You’re in trouble, Jim,’ he said when I’d finished. ‘Well, Ben Gunn will help you. Will your squire be generous if I do, do you think? I don’t want him to give me a job, but will he give me one thousand pounds out of money that’s really mine?’

‘I’m sure he will,’ I said.

‘And take me home on your ship?’

‘If we can escape from the others,’ I told him, ‘we’ll need your help to get the ship home.’

He seemed happy with this. ‘I was in Flint’s ship when he and six seamen hid the treasure,’ he said. ‘They were on shore nearly a week, then Flint came back alone. Not a man on board could guess how he had killed the others. Then I was in another ship, three years ago, and we saw this island. “Boys,” I said, “let’s go ashore and find Flint’s treasure.” Twelve days we searched, and the men got angrier with me every day. Then they went back to the ship. “Ben Gunn,” they said, “you can stay here and find Flint’s money. Here’s a gun, a spade and an axe.” Well, Jim, I’ve been here for three years, and no real food from that day to this. But I’ve found things to do, oh yes!’ Here he closed one eye and smiled at me. ‘Now go to your squire and tell him Ben Gunn is a good man.’

‘I will,’ I said, ‘but how will I get on board?’

‘There’s my boat that I made with my two hands,’ he said. ‘I keep her under the white rock. We might try that after dark.’

Although there was another hour before the sun went down, we suddenly heard the sound of the ship’s gun.

‘They’ve begun to fight!’ I cried. ‘Follow me.’

9 岛中人

几乎是在同时,我又碰到了新的危险。在我跑的时候,我听见许多石块从陡峭的山坡上纷纷落下。我停下脚步环视,看见一个身影迅捷地跳到一棵树后。我很害怕,转身向船跑去,那个身影又出现了,跑得和野兽一样快。这回我看清楚了,那是一个人。

我忽然想起我带着枪,于是我转过身去面对那个岛中人。他正躲在一棵树后面,这时他走出来面对着我。

“你是什么人?”我盯着他问。

“本·葛恩,”他说,声音沙哑而怪异。他的皮肤被晒黑了,衣服是船帆的破布条。“我是可怜的本·葛恩,”他继续说,“我一个人在这儿三年了。”

“你的船遇难了吗?”我问道。

“不是,我的朋友,”他说,“是流放。”

我听说过这个词,知道是海盗们使用的一种残酷的惩罚手段——受罚者被放逐到一个遥远的荒岛上。

“三年前我被放逐到这里,”他继续说,“从此一直靠吃野山羊和生鱼过活。但我多么想吃真正的英国饭啊!你是不是带着干酪什么的?我不知多少个夜晚都梦见过干酪。”

“我要是能回到船上去,”我说,“你要多少干酪都可以。”

“那么谁不让你回去呢?”他说。“还有,你叫什么名字?”

“吉姆,”我告诉他。

“那好，吉姆，”他说，他四处张望了一下，把嗓门压低了，“我发财啦！”我确信他一定是疯了，可他重复他的话：“我发财啦！吉姆，那是不是弗林特的船？”

我意识到我找到了一位朋友，我马上告诉他：“那不是弗林特的船，弗林特已经死了，但船上有几个是弗林特的同伙，这是个不幸的消息。”

“他们中有个一条腿的人吗？”他问，声音中有恐惧。

“西尔弗吧？”我问。

“对，这就是他的名字。”

“他是船上的厨子，也是那帮人的头头。”我把这次航行的来龙去脉都讲给他听，也告诉他我们的危险处境。

“你们很危险，吉姆，”他说。“不过，本·葛恩会帮你们的。如果我帮你们脱险，那位乡绅先生会不会比较慷慨？我的意思不是让他给我一个工作。能不能让他从本来就是我的钱中拿出1000英镑来作为酬劳？”

“我相信他一定愿意，”我说。

“而且让我坐你们的船回去？”

“如果我们能摆脱他们的话，”我告诉他，“我们也需要你把船开回去。”

他似乎对我的承诺很满意。“弗林特和六个船员藏宝的时候我正在船上，”他说。“他们上岸有一星期左右，结果只有弗林特一个人回来了。船上的人谁也不知道他怎样干掉了其余的人。三年前，我在另一条船上，我们看见了这个岛。‘伙计们，’我说，‘这里有弗林特的宝藏，我们上岸去找吧。’我们找了12天，大家一天比一天恨我。直到有一天，他们都回到船上。‘本·葛恩，’他们说，‘给你一枝枪，一把铲和一把斧头。你留在这儿找弗林特的宝藏吧。’就这样，吉姆，我在这里呆了三年，我没吃过一顿正经的饭。但我找到了我可做的事！”说到这里，他闭上一只眼睛，冲我笑。“你去告诉乡绅，本·葛恩是个好人。”

“我会的，”我说，“但我们怎么回船上去？”

“我有一只小船，是我用这两只手做的，”他说。“我把它藏在白色岩石下面。天黑以后咱们去试试。”

尽管离日落还有一个小时，我们忽然听见船上传来一声枪响。

“他们开火了！”我惊叫起来。“跟我来。”

We followed the noise of the fighting and came to a hill. There stood a strong wooden house, big enough for forty people, and with holes for guns on every side. All around the house was a wide open piece of land; and around that was a fence, two metres high, with no doors or openings, and too strong to pull down easily.

As soon as Ben Gunn saw the English flag flying over the house, he said, 'There are your friends.'

'More likely to be the pirates,' I answered.

'Silver would put up the pirate's flag, the Jolly Roger,' said Ben. 'No, there's been a fight, and your friends have won. They're inside the stockade that Flint made years ago.'

'Then I must hurry and join them,' I said.

He wouldn't come with me. 'I won't come until you've seen your gentleman and got his promise. You know where to find me, Jim. And if the pirates sleep on shore tonight, one of them might have an unpleasant surprise!'

The ship's gun BOOMED! and the shot fell only a hundred metres away. Ben Gunn and I each ran our different ways. The firing continued for another hour, and I moved quietly through the trees to the shore. There I saw the Hispaniola in the bay—but the Jolly Roger was flying over her!

On the beach, the pirates were breaking up the captain's little boat with axes. When the ship's gun stopped firing, I went back to the stockade.

'Doctor!' I shouted. 'Squire! Captain! Hello, Hunter, is that you?'

Dr Livesey came out of the house in time to see me climbing into the stockade, and my friends welcomed me happily. They gave me supper—although they were worried because there was little food left. As I ate, Dr Livesey told me their story.

We heard you had gone ashore on one of the boats, Jim,' he said. 'We never doubted your honesty, but we were afraid you wouldn't be safe. Hunter and I came ashore to see what was happening, and found the stockade. It seemed a good place to defend ourselves against Silver and his men, because we were sure they would kill us when they returned to the ship. Here, all we needed was enough food, and people to watch for enemies. You see, we know that if the Hispaniola does not return to Bristol by the end of August, a rescue ship will be sent to look for us.

'So we made a plan to get ourselves off the ship,' Dr Livesey went on. 'Hunter, Redruth, and Joyce helped us. Hunter brought the captain's little boat round under the cabin window, and Joyce and I put guns and food and my medicine chest in it. Redruth took four guns and went on deck with Trelawney and the captain. They were able to surprise Israel Hands and the other men, and they managed to persuade one man, Abraham Gray, to join us again.'

'So you left five pirates on the ship?' I said.

'Yes,' said Dr Livesey. 'And we dropped the rest of the weapons over the side into the sea before leaving the ship. But we forgot the ship's gun. We were half-way to the island when the pirates fired it at us.'

'I heard it,' I told him.

'Trelawney tried to shoot Hands but killed another man instead,' said Dr Livesey. 'The pirates on the island heard the gun and ran out of the trees towards their boats. Then our small boat began to go down and we found ourselves in the water. Most of the food was lost and we had only two dry guns out of five. Somehow we got ashore and into the stockade, but we knew there was going to be a fight.'

'But you won,' I said.

'Yes,' agreed Dr Livesey. 'We killed another of their men. badly wounded another, but lost one of our own poor Tom Redruth.'

After the doctor had finished, I told them my story, and about Ben Gunn. Then we began to talk about what to do next. Our best plan was to kill the pirates one by one until the rest ran off or sailed away in the ship.

I was very tired, and fell asleep as the three men talked. It was the sound of voices shouting that woke me the next morning.

'A white flag!' I heard someone say. 'It's Silver!'

I ran to a hole in the wall and looked through. Two men were outside the stockade, one waving a white cloth. The other man was Silver. It was a very cold morning, the sky bright and without a cloud, but Silver and his man were standing in a low mist.

'What do you want?' shouted Captain Smollett.

The man beside Silver replied, 'Cap'n Silver, sir, to talk about peace.'

'Cap'n Silver?' said the captain. 'Who is he?'

Long John answered me, sir. The men chose me to be captain after you deserted the ship. We're willing to make peace if we can all agree. All I ask is your promise to allow me safely out of the stockade.'

'I don't want to talk to you,' said Captain Smollett, 'but if you want to talk to me, you may come.'

Silver came towards the stockade, threw his crutch over the fence, then climbed after it. With great difficulty, he walked up the hill of soft sand.

'Aren't you going to let me inside?' said Long John. 'It's a cold morning to be outside.'

'If you were an honest man, Silver,' said the captain, 'you could be in your kitchen. You're either my ship's cook, or Cap'n Silver, a dirty pirate! Now, if you've anything to say, say it!'

'Well now, Cap'n Smollett,' said Silver, sitting down in the sand, 'you were very clever, last night. One of you is very quick with a knife, isn't he? Some of my men were frightened, and perhaps I was too. Perhaps that's why I'm here now. But you won't do it again, by thunder! We'll drink less rum and watch more carefully. I was asleep, but I almost caught you. The man you knifed wasn't dead when I reached him.'

“Well?” said Captain Smollett, pretending to understand. But I guessed what Silver was talking about. I remembered Ben Gunn’s last words to me. Perhaps he had visited the pirates during the night, when they were lying around their fire, full of rum.

“We want that treasure, and we’ll have it!” said Silver. “Now, you have a map. Give it to us, and stop killing poor sea-men when they’re asleep, and we’ll let you choose what to do. Either come aboard ship with us when we have the treasure, and we’ll take you to a safe place; or stay here on the island.”

“Is that all?” asked Captain Smollett.

“It’s my last word, by thunder!” said Silver. “Refuse, and you’ll all die.”

“Now you’ll hear me,” said the captain. “If you come up one by one, without weapons, I’ll take you home to a fair trial in England. You can’t find the treasure without the map. None of you knows how to sail the ship home. And you can’t fight us—Gray got away from five of you. If you say no, the next time I see you I’ll put a bullet in your back. Now, get out of here quickly.”

Silver’s eyes were filled with anger. “Somebody help me up!” he shouted, but none of us moved. Swearing angrily, he pulled himself across the sand to the fence. There, he was able to lift himself on to his crutch again and then climb out of the stockade.

“Before the hour is over,” shouted Silver, “I’ll break your old house like a rum bottle! And those that die will be the lucky ones!”

As soon as Silver disappeared, we got ready for a battle, placing ourselves around the sides of the stockade. The captain went round to check our places and our guns, and to see that everything was ready.

A minute later, Joyce fired his pistol and the battle had begun. Shots came from every side of the stockade, hitting the wooden house, but the bullets did not get through the thick walls. Then there was silence and the smoke slowly cleared away.

Suddenly, guns were fired again, and a group of pirates ran from the woods and on to the stockade. They climbed over the fence like monkeys while the squire and Gray fired at them. In a few seconds, two fell dead, one was running back into the trees, and four were inside the stockade.

“Fight them in the open!” cried the captain.

I took a sword and ran out into the sun. More pirates were starting to climb into the stockade. One man, wearing a red cap and with a knife in his mouth, was already on top of the fence.

But in that moment, the fight was over and we had won. Gray cut down one man with his sword. Another was shot as he fired into the house, and now lay wounded with his smoking pistol in his hand. The doctor had cut down a third. The men on the fence had disappeared back into the trees. And of the four who had climbed into the stockade, only one was not wounded, and he was climbing out again with the fear of death in him.

10 在寨子里

我们循着枪声来到一座小山前。那儿有一座坚固的木头房子，可以容得下40人，每一面墙都有射击孔。房子四周是一片开阔地，还有一圈围栏，两米高，没有出入口，很坚固而且不易拉倒。

本·葛恩一看见木屋里飘着的英国旗就对我说：“你的朋友在那里。”

“更有可能是那帮海盗，”我说。

“西尔弗一定会挂他们海盗的骷髅旗，”本·葛恩说。“刚才他们打了一仗，你的朋友获胜了。他们正在弗林特几年前建的寨子里。”

“那我得赶快去和我的朋友们会合，”我说。

他不愿和我一起去。“除非你见到了你们那位绅士，得到了他的保证，否则我不会去见他们。吉姆，你知道在哪儿能找到我。要是那帮海盗在岸上过夜，他们中就会有人遭厄运！”

从船上又传来一声炮响，炮弹就落在一百多米以外的地方。我们俩朝着不同方向拔腿就跑。枪炮声持续了一个小时，我悄悄来到岸边的树丛中。我看见伊斯帕尼奥拉号停在海湾里——船上挂着骷髅旗！

在岸上，那帮海盗正用斧子劈船长的小船。炮声停止后，我回到寨子里。

“大夫！”我喊道，“乡绅！船长！你好，亨特！是你吗？”

李甫西大夫立刻从木屋出来，我正翻越围栏，朋友们都高兴地迎接我回来，他们让我吃了晚饭——尽管饭菜剩下的不多了。我吃饭的时候，李甫西大夫给我讲了他们的历险。

“吉姆，我们听说你跟着一条船上了岸，”他说。“我们从未怀疑你的忠实，但我们为你的安全担心。我和亨特上岸想看看发生了什么，却发现了这个寨子。这似乎是我们抵御西尔弗和他那帮人的好地方，我们确信回到船上他们会杀了我们。在这儿，我们需要的是足够的食物和足够的人手对付敌人。你知道，如果伊斯帕尼奥拉号8月底前不能返回布里斯托尔，一只救援船就会来接我们。”

“所以我们就设计弃船而走，”李甫西大夫继续讲下去。“亨特、雷德拉斯和乔伊斯帮助我们。亨特把船长的小船转移到船舱附近，我和乔伊斯装上了枪、食物和药品。雷德拉斯拿了四枝枪和屈利劳尼及船长一起上了甲板。伊斯莱尔·汉兹一伙显然吓了一跳。雷德拉斯和船长等人想法说服了一个叫亚伯拉罕·格雷的人加入了我们。”

“你们留下五个海盗在船上？”我说。

“是的，”李甫西大夫说。“我们弃船之前把剩下的武器都扔到了海里，但忘记了船上的炮。我们刚走到一半的时候，那帮海盗就用它向我们开火了。”

“我听见枪声了，”我告诉他。

“屈利劳尼想打汉兹却结果了另一个人，”李甫西大夫说。“岛上的海盗听见枪声后从树林中窜出来奔向他们的小船。我们的小船沉没了，我们落了水，大部分食品都丢掉了，而且我们的五枝枪只有两枝没有湿。尽管如此我们还是上了岸，占领了寨子，我们知道一场恶仗不可避免了。”

“但你们胜了，”我说。

“是的，”李甫西说。“我们打死了他们一个人，重伤了另一个，但我们也失去了一位——可怜的汤姆·雷德拉斯。”

大夫讲完以后，我给他们讲了我的历险，以及遇见本·葛恩的事。然后我们开始商量下一步如何行事。我们最好的方案是一个个杀掉海盗，直到剩下的都逃跑或驾船离开。

我感觉特别累，他们三人谈论时我就睡着了。第二天早晨一阵吵闹声把我惊醒了。

“他们举着白旗呢！”有人说。“是西尔弗！”

我跑到一个射击孔前向外张望。有两个人在寨子外边，其中一个挥着白旗，另一个是西尔弗。那是个寒冷、明亮的早晨，天上没有一丝云，西尔弗和他的同伙在低低的雾霭中站着。

“你们要干什么？”船长斯摩列特喊道。

西尔弗旁边那个人说：“西尔弗船长来讲和，先生。”

“西尔弗船长？”船长问。“他是谁？”

高个约翰回答：“是我，先生。您弃船而走以后他们选我当船长。如果大家都同意的话，我们希望讲和。我希望你能保证让我安全地走出寨子。”

“我不想和你谈判，”斯摩列特船长说，“但如果你想谈判的话，你可以过来。”

西尔弗向寨子走来，把他的拐杖扔过围栏，跟着爬上围栏，然后艰难地翻过一座小沙丘。

“你不打算让我进去吗？”高个约翰说。“这种天在外边很冷的。”

“如果你是个诚实的人，西尔弗，”船长说，“你应该在你的厨房里。你要么是我船上的厨子，要么就是西尔弗船长，一个可恶的海盗！现在，你还有什么要说的，就快说吧！”

“那么，斯摩列特船长，”西尔弗说着，坐在沙地上，“昨天晚上你们很聪明。你们中的一个人用刀出手很快。我们有些人都吓坏了，大概我也一样。所以我才来谈判。但我发誓，这样的事不会再发生了。我们要小心布置岗哨，并且叫大家少喝点朗姆酒。我当时睡着了，可我差点儿抓住了你们。我跑到被杀的那个人跟前时，他还没死呢。”

“是吗？”斯摩列特船长装作明白地说。我猜到了西尔弗说的事。我想起本·葛恩和我分手前的最后一句话。他大概在海盗们喝醉了倒在篝火边的时候到他们的营地去过。

“我们要岛上的宝藏，而且我们一定会得到！”西尔弗说。“你们有一张寻宝图。只要把它交给我们，并且不要在我们可怜的水手睡着的时候杀他们，我们就会让你们选择如何行事。或者等宝藏装上船后你们跟我们一起坐船走，我们担保让你们安全上岸；或者，你们可以留在此地。”

“你说完了？”斯摩列特船长问。

“我发誓这是我说的最后一句话！”西尔弗说。“你们要是拒绝的话，就都得死！”

“现在你听我说，”船长说。“如果你们一个一个放下武器到这里来，我就把你们送回英国依法审判。没有图你们谁也找不到宝藏，你们谁也无法驾船回家。你们也打不过我们；昨天你们五个人也没斗过葛雷一个。你要是敢说个不字，下次我再碰到你，就要用子弹打穿你的脊背。现在，请快离开这儿！”

西尔弗的眼里充满了愤怒。“拉我一把，让我站起来！”他大声说，但我们一个都没动。他一边骂着，一边爬过沙地来到围栏边，依靠他的拐杖站起来，然后翻过围栏。

“不出一个小时，”他吼着，“我就把你们的小木屋像朗姆酒瓶一样砸烂。你们会觉得生不如死。”

西尔弗一消失，我们就作好战斗准备，大家在寨子四周都布置好。船长巡视一圈，检查了我们的枪，确实一切都已准备好。

只过了一分钟，乔伊斯打响了第一枪，战斗开始了。枪从四面打向木屋，打在墙上，但都没有穿过厚墙。然后枪声停顿了一会儿，硝烟渐渐散开了。

忽然，枪声又响起来，一群海盗从树林里窜出来向围栏跑来，然后像猴子一样敏捷地爬上围栏。乡绅和葛雷向他们射击，当场打死两个，一个人逃回树林里去了，有四个进了寨子。

“出去迎击他们！”船长喊道。

我拿起一把剑跑到太阳底下。越来越多的海盗开始爬进寨子。其中一个戴着红帽子，嘴里衔着刀的人正在围栏上。

就在这时，战斗以我们的获胜而告终。葛雷用剑结果了一个海盗。另一个被击中受伤倒地，他手里的枪还冒着烟。大夫也砍倒了一个海盗。在围栏上的那个海盗逃回树林里去了。那四个闯进寨子的海盗中，只有一个没有受伤，他赶快爬过围栏逃命去了。

11 Sea adventure

The doctor, Gray and I ran back into the house. We saw Hunter lying still, after a knock on the head. Joyce lay dead, shot through the head; and the squire was half-carrying the wounded captain.

The pirates did not return, and we had time to take care of the wounded. Out of the eight men who fell in the fight, only three still breathed. One pirate, Hunter, and Captain Smollett; and of these, the first two were nearly dead. The pirate died first, then Hunter only a few hours later.

The captain's wounds were bad but not dangerous. The doctor told him he must not walk or move his arm, and to speak only when it was necessary.

After dinner, the squire and the doctor sat by the captain's side and talked. Then, a little past noon, the doctor took his hat, his pistols and a sword, put the map in his pocket, and walked off quickly through the trees.

I guessed he was going to see Ben Gunn, and thought the doctor was lucky to be walking in the cool shadows of the wood. The house was hot and smelt of blood, and there were dead bodies lying all around. Suddenly, I wanted to get away from that place—and I had an idea! I would go and look for Ben Gunn's boat! Perhaps we would need it some time. That was my excuse to myself, although I knew it was wrong of me to leave only two unwounded men to guard the stockade. It was also wrong of me to leave secretly, but that is what I did.

I filled my pockets with bread, then took two pistols and the powder for them. When Gray and Mr Trelawney were helping the captain, I climbed quickly out of the stockade and ran into the trees.

I made my way towards the east coast. It was late in the afternoon, but still warm. Soon cool air began to reach me, and suddenly there was the sea. I walked along the edge, then up to a small sand-covered hill.

Ben Gunn had told me his boat was hidden near the white rock, and I found that rock farther along the beach. The little boat was hidden in the grass—a small, rough thing, made of wood and goat-skins.

I knew I should go back to the stockade now, but an idea came to me and I sat down to wait for darkness. As the last of the day disappeared, there were two lights in the blackness. One came from a great fire on the shore where the pirates sat singing and drinking; the other came from the Hispaniola out at sea.

I put the small boat on my shoulders and carried it to the edge of the water, then I put it in the sea. It was a very safe boat, but difficult to control. It turned every way except the one I wanted to go!

The sea carried me out to the Hispaniola. I knew if I cut the anchor rope at the wrong moment, the Hispaniola would make a sudden move out to sea, and my boat might be knocked out of the water. So I took my knife and cut almost through the rope, then waited, listening to the sound of two loud voices coming from the cabin. Both men sounded drunk, and both were angry.

At last the wind turned the ship towards me and now I cut all the way through the rope. As fast as I could, I pushed my little boat along the side of the ship, desperate to get away before the ship crashed into me. Just as I gave the final push, my hand found a rope over the end of the ship.

I don't know why I took hold of the rope, but I did. I pulled my boat near to the ship, then stood up to see through the cabin window. I had wondered why the two men weren't on deck, but one look through the window gave me my answer. It was Israel Hands and the man in the red cap, now locked in battle, each with a hand round the other's neck.

I dropped down in the boat again, looking over my shoulder at the shore. And there, right behind me, was the pirate's fire on the beach! Then the wind, with sudden violence, turned the Hispaniola, and my little boat with it, and we were both sailing fast into the open sea.

There were sudden shouts and the sound of hurrying feet as the two men ran on deck. I lay down in my boat, sure that when we reached the rough, open water, that would be the end for me. I lay there for many hours, but at last I fell asleep, and in my small, helpless boat, dreamed of home and the Admiral Benbow.

It was daylight when I woke up. The sun was still hidden behind Spyglass Hill, which came down to the sea in dangerous cliffs on this side of the island. It was no place to row ashore, or I would be killed on the rocks. Also, the boat was so small that when I rowed, the waves came over the sides of the boat. I decided to wait until the sea took me somewhere safer on the north side of the island.

'I must keep the water out of the boat, ' I thought, 'but I can row a little in the smooth places. '

It was very tiring work, and it kept me busy so that I did not look up and see the Hispaniola until she was just half a mile away from me! But something strange was happening to her. First the ship turned north, then suddenly to the west again.

'She's out of control! ' I thought.

Then the ship turned again, big and dangerous as she came closer and closer to Ben Gunn's little boat. Suddenly, I was on the top of one wave as she came thundering over the next. And there she was, almost upon me!

I jumped up, pushed the boat under the water with my feet, and caught one of the ship's ropes. Then I heard the Hispaniola hit the little boat, and I was left with no way to escape.

11 海上历险

我和李甫西大夫，还有葛雷跑回小木屋里。我们看见亨特躺着一动不动，他的头被重重地击了一下。乔伊斯躺在地上死去了，他头上中了弹，乡绅则搀着受伤的船长。

海盗们并没有反击，所以我们有时间来治疗伤员。这场战斗中倒下的八个人中有三个还没咽气。一个海盗，亨特，还有斯摩列特船长；他们中前两个都快死了。海盗先死了，过了几个小时亨特也死了。

船长伤得挺重但并不危险。大夫告诉他不能走动也不能动胳膊，只在必要的时候才能说话。

午饭后，乡绅和大夫在船长身边坐下来商讨军情。时间刚过正午，大夫拿起帽子和枪，还有一把短剑，把地图放在口袋里，迅速地消失在树林里。

我猜测他是去和本·葛恩碰头的。我甚至羡慕他走在树林的阴凉里。木屋里热得很，周围有那么多血，横着那么多尸体。忽然间我想逃离这地方——我有了主意！我去看看本·葛恩的小船。也许我们什么时候用得着它。这只是我自己的借口而已，我知道只留下两个未受伤的人守卫木屋是错误的。而且我这次擅自行动也是不合适的，但我还是这样做了。

我把两只口袋装满了面包，然后拿了两把手枪，带上足够的弹药。乡绅和葛雷正忙于照顾船长的时候，我迅速爬出木屋，跑进了树林。我一直向东海岸走去。已经是下午晚些时候了，还是那么热。不久凉爽的风阵阵袭来，我突然到了海边。我沿着海边走去，走上一个沙子覆盖的小山。

本·葛恩告诉过我他的小船藏在白岩石附近，我在远处的海边找到了那岩石。小船藏在草丛中——是木头和山羊皮制成的船，又小又粗糙。

我知道我应该立刻回到寨子里去，但一种意念驱使我坐下来等着天黑。在落日的最后一丝余光消失之后，我只能看见两点火光。一个是岸上海盗们巨大的篝火堆，海盗们围着篝火喝酒，唱歌；另一个来自海面上的伊斯帕尼奥拉号。

我把小船扛在肩上运到水边，放在海里。这只船非常安全，但极难控制，它就是不朝我要去的方向前进！我在海上向伊斯帕尼奥拉号划去。我知道如果我在错误的时刻砍断绳索，伊斯帕尼奥拉号就会突然离岸，我的小船也势必倾覆。我抽出刀来一股一股地割绳索，在绳索将断时稍停片刻。我听见船舱里有两个人高声谈话。两个人好像喝醉了，而且都怒气冲冲的。

终于又来了一阵风，大船向我靠近了一些，于是我割断了最后几股绳索。我以最快的速度沿大船边缘推动我的小船，急于在大船撞上来之前逃开。我刚推完最后一掌，我的手忽然碰到船上挂下来的一条绳子。

我自己也不知道为什么要抓住绳子，但我已经这样做了。我拉住绳子往大船边靠，然后站起来从船舱的窗户往里看。我原来不知道这两个人为什么没在甲板上，不过我只看这一眼就全明白了。伊斯莱尔·汉兹和那个戴红帽的正打作一团，互相扭着对方的脖子。

我又跳回到座板上，扭头向岸上望去。就在我身后的海滩上是海盗们的篝火堆。忽然来了一阵大风，大船和小船被一起拉到了宽阔的海面上。

忽然传来喊叫声和两个人在甲板上急匆匆跑过的脚步声。我俯卧在小船里，心想要是风把我们带到险恶的海面上，我就死定了。我这样俯卧了几个小时后，慢慢地睡着了，躺在毫无依靠的小船上梦见家和本葆将军酒店。

我醒来时天已大亮。太阳还被挡在望远镜山后面。这山一直延伸到海里，形成一面峭壁。没有一个好地方可以靠岸，如果贸然靠岸，我就会摔死在岩石上。况且船这么小，我一划，海浪就从船舷涌进来。我决定等着海浪把我带到岛北边较安全的地方再说。

“一定不能让水进来，”我想。“但是在水流平静的地方可以划上几下。”

这是一件很累的工作，我埋头苦干，以至于在伊斯帕尼奥拉号离开我半英里以后我才看到她！但奇怪的事情发生了。那船先是转向北方，然后又忽然向西驶去。

“她失去控制了！”我想。

那船又转了个方向，一点一点向本·葛恩的船靠拢过来，显得又大又危险。忽然当大船俯身越过一个浪尖时，我正处在另一个浪尖上。大船头正好在我的上方。

我纵身一跳，把小船踩入水中，抓住大船的一根缆绳。然后我听见大船把小船撞沉的声音，我只知道我已无路可逃了。

12 Israel Hands

I lost no time and climbed up the rope on to the deck of the ship. The two men were there, red-cap on his back, Israel Hands against the side, his face white. There was dark blood around them on the deck, and I was sure each had killed the other in their drunken fight.

Then Israel Hands turned with a low cry of pain. He looked across at me and whispered one word: 'Rum'.

I went below to the cabin where there were empty bottles on the floor and tobacco smoke filled the air. I found a bottle with some rum left in it, and found some water and some bread and cheese for myself. I took the bottle back on deck, where Hands drank half the rum before taking the bottle from his mouth.

'By thunder!' he said. 'I wanted some of that. But where have you come from?'

I've come to take control of this ship, Mr Hands,' I said, 'so please remember I'm your captain.'

He watched me pull down the Jolly Roger and throw it overboard, then he said, 'I expect you'll want to go ashore now. Suppose we talk about it.' There was some colour back in his cheeks but he looked very sick. 'Who's going to sail the ship now? You can't do it; but if you give me food and drink and a handkerchief to tie up my wound, I'll tell you how to sail her.'

'All right,' I agreed. 'We'll go into North Inlet and quietly put her on the beach there.'

In three minutes I had the Hispaniola sailing easily before the wind, along the coast of Treasure Island. Then I went below and got a handkerchief and helped. Hands tied up the great bleeding wound in his leg. He ate a little and drank more of the rum, then he began to look a little better.

We sailed ahead of the wind, the island moving past quickly. After my success, I was less sorry about deserting the stockade. There was only one thing that worried me. It was the way Israel Hands watched me at my work, a cold little smile on his face.

We could not put the ship on the beach when we reached North Inlet because the sea was too high. We had to wait, sitting in silence over another meal.

'Cap'n,' Hands said to me, still with that smile on his face, 'my old mate, O'Brien, is dead. Can you throw him overboard?'

'I'm not strong enough,' I said.

There was a pause, then he said, 'Well now, would you be very kind and go down to the cabin and fetch me a bottle of wine, Jim? This rum's too strong for my head.'

I listened to his words but didn't believe them. He wanted me to leave the deck, that was clear, but why?

'Wine?' I said. 'Will you have white or red?'

'I don't mind,' he said, 'as long as it's strong and there's plenty of it.'

'I'll have to search for it,' I told him.

I went below, then took off my shoes and went quietly up the other stairs to watch him. He was on his hands and knees and, although his leg hurt him, he moved quickly across the deck and took a long knife from among some ropes. I could see the blood on it. Then he hid it under his coat and went back to his place.

This was all I needed to know. Israel Hands could move about and now had a weapon, and he was going to try to kill me. But I knew that he wouldn't use the knife until the ship was safely on the beach. I went back to the cabin, put my shoes on again, and picked up a bottle of wine. Then I went back up on deck.

He took a long drink from the bottle of wine, saying, 'Here's luck!'

Afterwards, we sailed into North Inlet and I forgot to watch Hands carefully. We were nearly on the beach and I was looking over the side of the ship. Perhaps I heard a sound or saw his shadow moving, I don't know. But when I looked round, there he was, half-way towards me with the knife in his right hand!

He threw himself at me and I jumped to one side, leaving him to fall on the deck. Quickly, I took a pistol from my pocket and aimed it at him—he was powder wet and the pistol didn't fire! He got up and came at me with surprising speed, but suddenly the Hispaniola hit the sand and went over on one side. We were both thrown down and began to roll across the deck, but I was on my feet first and climbed up into the sails, hand over hand. When I was in a safe place, I loaded my pistols, this time with dry powder.

Hands was pulling himself up among the sails now, the knife between his teeth.

'One more step,' I said, 'and I'll kill you!'

'Jim,' he said. He took the knife from his mouth to speak, and looked beaten. 'We'll have to make peace, you and I. You're too sharp and quick for an old sailor like me...'

But then, with a sudden movement, his hand went back and something went speeding through the air. I felt a sharp pain, and I was pinned to the mast by my shoulder. In the terrible pain and surprise of the moment, both my pistols went off and fell from my hands.

They did not fall alone. With a cry, Hands fell into the water. He came up, the water around him red from his blood, then he went down again, for ever.

I felt sick and frightened. The blood from my wound ran over my back and chest, and the knife seemed to burn like hot iron. But I was trembling so badly that it shook the knife out of my skin, and I could move again. I climbed down through the sails, then went below to tie up my wound. There was a lot of blood but it wasn't deep. Next, I went up on deck. It was now evening and a light wind was blowing, so I lowered the sails before climbing down a rope and into the sea.

The water was only waist-deep and I walked ashore. The sun had gone now and, once on dry land, I began to walk to the stockade. Perhaps the others would blame me for deserting, I thought, but Captain Smollett would be pleased I had taken the

Hispaniola, I was sure.

When I reached the stockade, the house lay in dark shadow. But on the other side, a large fire had almost burned itself out. This seemed strange, as it had not been our habit to build large fires.

There were no sounds, except for the wind in the trees, and I went quietly round to the eastern side, keeping in the shadows. As I came nearer to the corner of the house, I heard my friends breathing loudly as they slept, and at once felt happier again. I got to the door and looked in, but all was dark and I could see nothing. With my arms out in front of me, I walked in.

Suddenly, there was a high voice screaming in the darkness: ‘Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!’ It was Silver’s parrot, Captain Flint!

Immediately, men began to wake up, and I heard Silver’s voice shout, ‘Who’s there?’

I turned to run, crashed violently against one person, then ran straight into the arms of another.

12 伊斯莱尔·汉兹

我不失时机地抓住缆绳，爬上大船的甲板。两个留守的海盗都在甲板上，戴红帽的仰面躺在甲板上，伊斯莱尔·汉兹靠在船舷上，脸色苍白。他们周围的甲板上有斑斑血迹，我断定他们酒醉之后自相残杀，结果同归于尽了。

这时伊斯莱尔·汉兹翻了一下身，痛苦地呻吟了一声。他看了我一眼，吐出一句话：“朗姆酒。”

我下到船舱里，地上全是空瓶，空气中充满了烟味。我发现只有一只瓶子里还有一点酒；我给自己找到一些面包干和干酪。我走上甲板把酒递给汉兹，他一口气就喝下去一半。

“妈的！”他说。“我正需要这个。你是从哪儿来的？”

“我是来接管这条船的，汉兹先生，”我说。“记住，现在我是你的船长。”

他看着我降下了骷髅旗，扔到海里，他说：“我看你是想到岸上去。咱们来谈谈吧。”他的脸上露出一点血色，但还很虚弱。“现在谁来驾船呢？你肯定不行；但如果你给我点吃喝，帮我用一块手帕包扎伤口，我会告诉你如何驾船的。”

“那好吧，”我说。“我要把船开向岛北的水湾，慢慢地登上那里的海滩。”

不到三分钟我就轻而易举地驾着伊斯帕尼奥拉号沿着金银岛顺风而行了。然后我下去找到一条手帕，帮助汉兹包扎他腿上鲜血直流的伤口。他吃了一点东西，又喝了不少酒，看起来比刚才好多了。

我们乘风航行，岛上的景物迅速向后退去。我终于成功了，因而不辞而别的内疚也减少了许多。只有一件事让我担心，那就是汉兹看我干活的表情，他的脸上总带着冷笑。

因为海水太深，当我们到达北部水湾时，我们没法让船冲上岸滩。于是我们默默地坐下来，一边吃些东西一边等待。

“船长先生，”汉兹对我说，脸上还带着狡诈的笑，“我的老伙伴奥布赖恩已经死了。你能把他扔到海里去吗？”

“我没这么大力气，”我说。

他顿了一下对我说：“那么，你现在下去给我找一瓶葡萄酒来怎么样？这朗姆酒劲儿太大了。”

我听明白他的话，但一点都不信他。显然，他要我离开甲板，但为什么呢？

“葡萄酒？”我问。“要白的还是红的？”

“都行，”他说，“只要多一些，有点劲就行。”

“好吧，我去找一找，”我说。

我跑下去，然后脱下鞋爬上梯子看他。他用两手和两个膝盖爬行。尽管腿受伤了，他还是爬得很快，然后从甲板上一盘缆绳下面找出一把长刀。我可以看见上面的血迹。然后他把刀藏在衣服下面，回到原处。

这正是我需要知道的一切。伊斯莱尔·汉兹能够爬行而且他现在有了武器，他想杀掉我。但我相信在伊斯帕尼奥拉号安全抵达沙滩之前他不会杀我的。我回到船舱，穿上鞋，找到一瓶葡萄酒回到甲板上。

他拿起酒瓶喝了个痛快，嘴里喊着：“百事如意！”

然后，我们把船驶往北部水湾，我也忘了注意汉兹。我们快到海滩了，我向船侧面望了一下。也许我听见了什么声音或看见了他的影子在动，当我回过头去的时候，汉兹右手举着刀都快到我眼前了！

他扑向我而我跳到一旁，他摔倒在甲板上。我迅速地掏出手枪瞄准他——但是火药受潮了，枪没响！他起身以惊人的速度向我扑过来，正在这时伊斯帕尼奥拉号突然搁浅，向一侧倾斜。我们都失去平衡，滚向一边，但我先站起来一跃，两手交替着爬上桅杆。我爬到安全的地方，把手枪换上干火药。

汉兹嘴里衔着刀，也慢慢地爬向桅杆。

“你要再上来一步，”我说，“我就杀了你。”

“吉姆，”他说，从口中取下长刀，“咱们来讲和吧，像我这样一个老海员斗不过你这样身手矫捷的年轻人……”

但是突然，他的手向后一挥，就见一件东西嗖的一声飞过来。我感到一阵剧痛，我的肩膀被钉在了桅杆上。就在这巨痛和吃惊之际，我的双枪响了，随即枪也从手中滑落。

掉下去的不光是两枝枪。汉兹大叫一声，掉到了水里。他先是浮上来，血把周围的水染红了，然后又沉下去，永远上不来了。

我感到一阵恐惧和恶心。血从我的伤口流到背上和胸上，那把长刀像火红的烙铁在我的肩膀上。我使劲地发抖，以至于那把刀掉下去了，我又可以动了。我顺着桅杆溜下来，到船舱包扎好伤口。我流了很多血，但伤得不深。然后我来到甲板上。现在已经是晚上了，微风轻拂，我降下帆，然后顺着一条绳子下到海里。

海水仅及我的腰部，我向岸上走去。太阳已经落山了，我一上岸就直奔寨子而去。也许别人会指责我逃跑，我琢磨着，可是斯摩列特船长一定会为我夺回了伊斯帕尼奥拉号而高兴。

我到寨子的时候，木屋笼罩在黑暗中。在另一边有一堆快燃尽的篝火。这很奇怪，这么大的篝火不可能是我们烧的。

周围一点动静都没有，只有树林中的风声。我绕到寨子东边，尽可能躲在阴影中。我接近木屋的时候，听见我的朋友们熟睡的鼾声，立即高兴起来。我找到门向里看，屋里一片漆黑，什么也看不见。我伸出手摸索着走进屋。

突然，一个声音响起来：“八个里亚尔！八个里亚尔！八个里亚尔！”是西尔弗的鹦鹉，“弗林特船长”！

随即，人们都醒了，我听见西尔弗喊道：“谁在那儿？”

我转身就跑，刚挣脱了一个人，又被另一个人抓住。

13 A prisoner of the enemy

Somebody brought a light and I saw the inside of the house. Five pirates were on their feet, and another man was lying down with a head wound. But my heart became filled with fear when I saw no prisoners. Were my friends all dead?

‘Here’s Jim Hawkins!’ said Silver. ‘How friendly of you to visit us, Jim!’

‘Where are my friends?’ I asked.

Silver answered in a smooth voice. ‘Yesterday morning, Doctor Livesey came down with a white flag. “Cap’n Silver,” he said, “you’ve lost. The ship’s gone.” We looked out and, by thunder, the ship had gone! “Let’s bargain,” said the doctor. So we bargained, and here we are, in the house. And your friends? They walked off and I don’t know where they are. And now, are you going to join us, Jim?’

‘You’re in trouble,’ I said. ‘Ship lost, treasure lost, men lost. And if you want to know who did it—it was me! I was in the apple barrel the night we saw the island, and I heard every word you said. And the ship? It was me who cut her ropes and killed the men aboard her, and it’s me who has sailed her to a place where you’ll never find her. Kill me if you like, but if you let me live, I’ll do what I can to save you when you’re arrested and brought to trial for piracy.’

One man swore and jumped forward with his knife.

‘Get back there!’ cried Silver. ‘Did you think you were cap’n here, Tom Morgan? Well, there’s never been a man to stand against me. and see another day!’

Angry whispers came from the other men.

‘Did any of you gentlemen want to argue with me?’ shouted Silver. ‘Well, I’m ready. Let him take a knife, and I’ll see the colour of his inside!’

Not a man answered. I listened to my heart beating. Silver waited calmly, his pipe in his mouth, as he watched his followers. Slowly, they got together at the far end of the house and whispered to each other.

‘You seem to have a lot to say,’ said Silver. ‘Let me hear it, or stop talking.’

‘We’ll go outside and talk,’ replied one man. And he stepped calmly towards the door and disappeared out of the house. One after another, the rest of the men did the same.

‘They’re going to kill you, Jim,’ said Silver when the two of us were alone, ‘and they’re going to stop me being their captain. When I looked into that bay and saw the ship was gone, I knew it was all over. Now, I’ll save your life, if I can, but it must be a bargain—you must save Long John from dying under the law.’

‘I’ll do what I can,’ I told him.

‘There’s trouble coming, Jim,’ he said. ‘And talking of trouble, why did the doctor give me the map?’

I stared at him in great surprise. Why indeed?

‘Well, he did,’ Silver went on. ‘And that’s strange.’

The door opened and the five pirates came in. They pushed one man forward and he gave something to Silver.

The sea cook looked at what the man had given him. ‘The black spot!’ he said. He turned the paper over. ‘What’s this? No longer captain. You’re becoming quite a leading man in this crew, George Merry. You’ll be cap’n next, I suppose. But tell me what’s wrong.’

‘I’ll tell you what’s wrong!’ said George. ‘First, you made too many mistakes on this trip. Second, you let the enemy out of this trap for nothing. And then there’s this boy.’

‘Is that all?’ asked Silver quietly.

‘It’s enough,’ replied George.

‘Well, I’ll answer you,’ said Silver. ‘You all know what I wanted but you wouldn’t listen, would you? In my plan, we’d be on the Hispaniola now, every dead man alive and the treasure on ship, by thunder! Next, this boy. Well, we’ll use him to bargain with. He might be our last chance. And the doctor? You’ve been glad enough to have a doctor coming to see you every day—you, John, with your head broken—or you, George, sick and shaking with fever only a few hours ago. I made a bargain, that’s why I let ’em go!’ He threw a piece of paper on to the floor. It was the map with the three crosses.

The pirates jumped on it like cats upon a mouse.

‘Very pretty,’ said George, ‘but how are we going to get away with the treasure, when we have no ship?’

‘You tell me, George!’ shouted Silver. ‘You and the others lost the ship; I found the treasure. But I’ll not be your captain any longer!’

‘Silver for cap’n!’ shouted the pirates.

After a moment, the sea cook smiled. ‘George,’ he said. ‘I think you’ll have to wait a while before you get another chance to be captain.’

Early in the morning Dr Livesey came to the stockade.

‘We’ve a surprise for you, doctor,’ Silver called out. ‘We’ve a little stranger here.’

The doctor was now inside the stockade. ‘Not Jim?’

‘The very same Jim,’ said Silver.

The doctor stopped. ‘Well, well,’ he said. Then he went on, ‘Let’s see these sick men of yours, Silver.’

A moment afterwards, he entered the house. With one look at me, he went to his work among the sick.

‘Well, that’s done,’ he said, after visiting each man. ‘And now I’d like to talk to that boy, please.’

‘No!’ cried George Merry.

‘Silence!’ shouted Silver. ‘Hawkins,’ he went on in his usual voice, ‘will you promise not to escape?’ I gave the

promise. ‘Then, doctor,’ said Silver, ‘you just step outside that stockade, and when you’re there, I’ll bring the boy down on the inside. You can talk through the fence.’

The men’s anger exploded after the doctor left the house, and they accused Silver of trying to make a separate peace for himself. Silver waved the map in front of them and told them they were stupid.

‘By thunder!’ he cried. ‘We’ll break the peace when the right time comes——and that’s not now!’ And then he walked out on his crutch, his hand on my shoulder. ‘Slowly, boy,’ he whispered to me. ‘We don’t want to worry them.’

Dr Livesey was waiting outside the stockade. ‘The boy will tell you how I saved his life,’ Silver said through the fence. ‘Will you say a good word for me?’

‘You’re not afraid, John, are you?’ asked Dr Livesey.

‘I don’t like the idea of dying by the law,’ said Silver. ‘And now I’ll leave you and Jim alone.’

‘So, Jim,’ said the doctor, ‘here you are. I’m disappointed in you. You went away when Captain Smollett was wounded, which wasn’t a brave thing to do.’

‘Doctor,’ I cried, ‘I’ve blamed myself enough.’

‘Jim,’ said the doctor, his voice changed. ‘Jim, I can’t have this. Jump over and we’ll run!’

‘No,’ I said. ‘I promised Silver I wouldn’t escape, and I must go back. But listen, I took the ship and she’s in North Inlet, on the beach.’

‘The ship!’ cried the doctor.

I told him my story and he listened in silence Then he said, ‘It’s you that saves our lives, Jim, and now we’ll save yours. Silver!’ he called, then as the cook came nearer, said, ‘Some Advice——don’t hurry to find that treasure. If you do, watch out for storms.’

‘What’s the game, doctor?’ said Silver. ‘Why did you give me the map?’

‘I can’t say more,’ said the doctor. ‘It’s not my secret to tell. But if we both get out of this alive, Silver, I’ll do my best to save you. Now, keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, shout for it.’

Then Dr Livesey hurried off into the wood.

13 敌人的俘虏

有人拿来了火；我看清了房子里的情形。有五个海盗站在那里，还有一个头受了伤躺在地上。我看到没有俘虏，心里就害怕起来。我的朋友们都死了？

“原来是吉姆·霍金斯！”西尔弗说。“欢迎你来我们这儿，吉姆！”

“我的朋友们在哪儿？”我问。

西尔弗用流畅的语调开始讲。“昨天晚上，李甫西大夫打着白旗来找我们。‘西尔弗船长，’他说，‘你们失败了，船已经开走了！’我们跑出去一看，船果然不见了。‘我们来讲条件吧，’大夫说。我们跟他讲妥了条件，我们就到这里来了。你的朋友？他们走了，我也不知道他们去哪里了。现在你愿意和我们一起干吗？”

“你们的处境很不妙，”我说。“船丢了，财宝丢了，人也丢了。如果你们想知道是谁干的，告诉你们，是我干的。我们看见陆地的那天晚上，我躲在苹果桶里听到你们讲的所有的话。至于那条船，也是我割断了绳索，杀死了船上的人，然后把船驶到你们谁也找不到的地方。要杀要放随你们便，但如果你们放了我，将来你们因为当海盗受审判时，我将尽力救你们的命。”

一个人骂着拔出刀站起来。

“住手！”西尔弗喊道。“你以为在这儿你是船长吗，汤姆·摩根？跟我作对的人从来都活不到第二天！”

其他的人发出了不满的声音。

“你们有谁想跟我争吗？”西尔弗嚷道。“我准备好了。让他拿把刀，我定要看看他的五脏六腑是什么颜色！”

没什么人答话。我的心扑扑地跳。西尔弗静静地等着，嘴里叼着烟斗，不停地看着他的同伙。慢慢地，那帮海盗退到木屋的一边，交头接耳低语起来。

“你们像是有许多话要讲，”西尔弗说。“讲出来让我听听，要不就闭嘴。”

“我们到外面去说，”一个人说。他静静地走出木屋。其他人也一个一个走出木屋。

“他们要杀掉你，吉姆，”屋里就剩我们两个人时西尔弗说。“他们不想让我当船长了。当我向海湾望去，看见船失踪了，我就知道全完了。现在我要救你，但我们必须讲条件——你也得帮高个儿约翰免上绞架。”

“我能做的一定去做，”我说。

“就要有麻烦了，吉姆，”他说。“说到麻烦，大夫为什么把那张图给我？”

我盯着他，脸上露出惊讶的表情。为什么呢？

“真的，他把图交给我了，”西尔弗继续说。“这里面一定有文章。”

门开了，五个海盗走进来。他们把其中一个人往前推，那个人交给西尔弗一样东西。

这位海上厨子看了看同伙给他的东西。“黑券！”他说道，然后看纸的背面。“写的什么？下台！你在这伙人中确实是个人物，乔治，我猜接下来一定是你当船长。告诉我为什么。”

“我来告诉你为什么！”乔治说。“第一，在这次航行中你犯了不少错误。第二，你白白从这地方把敌人放走了。还有就是这个孩子的事。”

“还有吗？”西尔弗沉着地问。

“这些就足够了，”乔治说。

“好吧，现在我回答你，”西尔弗说。“你们都知道我想如何行事，但你们都没听，对吗？如果照我说的去做，我们早已回到伊斯帕尼奥拉号上，不会死一个人，船上装满了财宝！还有，这个孩子。现在我们得用他来讲条件。这是我们最后的机会。至于那大夫，约翰，你的头受伤了，你不是曾经很高兴大夫每天来照看你吗？还有你，乔治，几小时前还发烧发抖，病得不行。所以我做了交易，让他们走了！”他把一张纸扔到地上，正是那张画着三个叉叉的地图。

那帮海盗像猫见了老鼠一样扑过去。

“这太好了，”乔治说，“可是咱们没有船，怎么把财宝运走？”

“该你告诉我，乔治！”西尔弗嚷道。“你和他们丢掉了船；我找到了宝藏。但我将不再当你们船长了。”

“西尔弗当船长！”那帮海盗喊道。

过了一会儿，船上的厨子笑了。“乔治，”他说，“你想当船长还得等上一段时间。”

第二天一早李甫西大夫就来到寨子。

“我们有件意想不到的事告诉你，大夫，”西尔弗说。“我这儿有位小客人。”

大夫已经进了寨子。“难道是吉姆吗？”

“正是吉姆，”西尔弗说。

大夫停住脚步。“好吧，”他说。“先去看你的病人吧，西尔弗。”

他随即走进木屋，看了我一眼，然后去看那些病人。

“好了，都看完了，”大夫说。“现在我想和那个孩子谈谈。”

“不行！”乔治·墨利大叫起来。

“住嘴！”西尔弗喊道。“霍金斯，”他仍然用那种平和的语调说，“你能保证不逃跑吗？”我答应了他。“那么，大夫，”西尔弗说，“你先走到围栏外边去，你到了那里，我就把孩子带出来，你们可以隔着围栏交谈。”

大夫刚走出木屋，海盗们的不满情绪就爆发了，他们都指责西尔弗单独媾和。西尔弗向他们扬扬地图，说他们都太蠢。

“妈的！”他叫道。“时机一到，咱们当然要撕毁协议——但不是现在！”他拄着拐杖走出屋子，一只手放在我肩上。“慢点走，孩子，”他对我说。“我们不能让他们起疑心。”

李甫西大夫正在寨子外边等着。“这孩子会告诉你我如何救了他的命，”西尔弗隔着围栏说，“你不能给我说句好话吗？”

“你是不是害怕了，约翰？”李甫西大夫问道。

“我不想上绞架，”西尔弗说。“现在你和吉姆单独谈吧。”

“唉，吉姆，”大夫说，“你又回来了。我对你很失望。斯摩列特船长受伤的时候，你倒跑了。真是懦夫行为！”

“大夫！”我哭了，“我已经自责过了。”

“吉姆，”大夫换了一种语气对我说，“吉姆，咱们不能这样。跳过围栏来咱们跑吧。”

“不，”我说，“我向西尔弗保证过不跑，我必须回去。听着，我把船夺过来了，现在停在北面的海滩。”

“船！”大夫叫起来。

我把自己的经历给他讲了，他静静地听着。然后他说：“是你救了我们的命，我们也要救你出来。西尔弗！”他叫道。等那厨子走近了，他又说：“我要劝你一句，别太着急去寻宝。如果你那样做了，请小心风暴。”

“大夫，你这玩的是什么把戏？”西尔弗说。“你为什么给我那张图？”

“我不能再多说了，”大夫说。“这不是我个人的秘密。如果我们都能活着离开这儿，西尔弗，我会尽力救你的命。让这孩子呆在你身边，如果你需要帮助，就喊我。”

然后李甫西大夫匆匆向树林里走去。

We went back to eat our breakfast.

‘They have the ship,’ Silver told the men, ‘and I don’t know where it is. But once we have the treasure, we’ll find it soon enough. I’ll keep the boy close by me when we look for the treasure; then, when we have both ship and treasure, we’ll persuade Jim to join us, and give him some of the treasure for all his help.’

The men were happy, but I was afraid. If Silver’s plan came true, he would forget Dr Livesey and the others, I was sure. And if things went wrong, how could a boy and a one-legged man fight five strong men?

When we left the stockade, everyone had weapons except me. Silver had two guns; and the parrot, Captain Flint, sat on his shoulder. There was a rope around me and I followed after Silver, who held the other end.

Some of the men carried spades, others food and rum, and we made our way to the beach where the two boats were waiting. The men talked about the map. The cross was too large to be of much help, and the words on the back of the map were no better.

Tall tree. Spyglass shoulder, to the North of North—
North-East.

Skeleton Island East-South-East and by East.

We landed the boats at the mouth of the second river, then began to climb Spyglass Hill. Silver and I followed a long way behind the rest, and I had to help him. We were near the top when a man on the left cried aloud. The others started to run towards him.

‘He can’t have found the treasure,’ said Morgan.

And indeed it was something very different—the bones of a human skeleton, a few pieces of clothing still on it. Cold fear filled every heart.

‘He was a seaman,’ said George Merry.

‘Yes,’ agreed Silver. But look at the way those bones are lying—it isn’t natural.’ The man lay perfectly straight—his feet pointing one way, his hands, over his head, pointing the opposite way. ‘I’ve got an idea,’ said Silver. ‘Look! We can see the top of Skeleton Island from here. These bones are a pointer, telling us which way to go!’

He was right. Our compass showed that the body pointed straight towards Skeleton Island, and in a line East-South-East and by East.

We left the skeleton behind, but now the pirates kept together and talked in frightened whispers. At the top of the hill, Silver took out his compass again.

‘There are three tall trees,’ he said, ‘in about the right place. Spyglass shoulder must be that lower place, there. A child could find the treasure now!’

Suddenly, out of the middle of the trees in front of us, a high shaking voice began to sing:

Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest----

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

The effect on the pirates was terrible to see. The colour went from their six faces, and they caught hold of each other like frightened children. Morgan fell to the ground, trembling with fear.

‘It’s Flint!’ cried George Merry.

‘No!’ said Silver, fighting to get the word out. ‘It’s someone playing games----it’s no ghost!’

Then the voice came again: ‘Darby M’ Graw!’ it screamed. ‘Darby M’ Graw! Fetch the rum!’

The pirates were fixed to the ground after the voice died away, their staring eyes full of horror.

‘That does it!’ said one. ‘Let’s go!’

‘Those were Flint’s last words before he died,’ cried Morgan.

‘I’m here to get that treasure,’ shouted Silver, ‘and I’ll not be beaten by man or ghost! I was never afraid of Flint in his life and, by thunder, I’ll face him dead! There’s seven hundred thousand pounds not a quarter of a mile from here. I’ll not leave that much money for a drunken old seaman---him dead, too! And there’s something strange. There was an echo, and no man ever saw a ghost with a shadow, so why should a ghost’s voice have an echo? It’s not natural.’

The words calmed George Merry. ‘Yes, that’s right,’ he said. ‘Now I think about it, it was like Flint’s voice, but not exactly like it. It was like another person’s voice...more like----’

‘Ben Gunn!’ shouted Silver.

‘If it was, it’s still a ghost,’ said Dick. ‘Ben Gunn’s not here in body, any more than Flint is.’

But the older men laughed. ‘Nobody minds Ben Gunn, Dead or alive,’ cried George.

The men were happy again, the colour back in their faces as they talked together and began to walk on. George Merry went first, leading the way with Silver’s compass.

We reached the first tall tree, but it was the wrong one. So was the second. The third was tall enough to be seen from the sea, both east and west of the island. My companions hurried on, desperate to get their hands on the seven hundred thousand pounds in gold which lay somewhere under the tree’s shadows.

Silver pulled at the rope that held me, and turned his eyes upon me with a deadly look. I could read his thoughts. So near to the gold now, everything was forgotten—his promise and the doctor’s warning. I knew he hoped to take the treasure, cut every honest throat on that island, find and board the Hispaniola at night, and sail away a rich man and a murderer.

Suddenly, George Merry shouted, ‘All together, boys!’ , and the men began to run. Not ten metres farther on they

stopped and cried out. Silver moved quickly, and the next moment we were with them Before us was a large hole, but it was not a new hole because grass grew on the bottom.

There was no treasure.

The seven hundred thousand pounds had gone!

14 寻宝记

我们回去吃了早餐。

“他们有船，”西尔弗说，“我不知道在哪儿。但我们一旦找到宝藏，很快就会找到船。我们寻宝时我会把这孩子带在身边；然后，我们会同时拥有船和宝藏，我们会说服吉姆入伙，分给他一些财宝。”

那伙人都挺高兴，我却害怕起来。如果西尔弗的计划成真的话，他肯定会忘掉李甫西大夫和其他人。而事情如果搞砸了，一个孩子和一个瘸子哪敌得过五个壮汉？

我们离开寨子，除我之外每个人都带着武器。西尔弗带着两枝枪；那只名叫弗林特船长的鹦鹉在他肩上。我跟他身后，腰里拴着一根绳子，另一端在他手里。

其余的人拿着镐，食物，还有朗姆酒。我们来到停着两只小船的岸边。他们讨论着地图上的标记。叉画得太大了，表示不了确切地点，背面的说明文字也好不到哪儿去。

望远镜肩上一棵大树，方位北北东偏北骷髅岛，东南东偏东。

我们把小船停在第二条河的河口处上岸，然后开始爬望远镜山。西尔弗和我远远落在这伙人的后面，我还得帮他。我们快到山顶时，左边一个人大叫一声，大伙都向他跑去。

“他不可能已发现了宝藏，”摩根说。

的确是件完全不同的事，地上有一具死人的骨架，上面还留着一些衣服的碎片。每个人心里都一阵颤栗。

“他是一个水手，”乔治·墨利说。

“是，”西尔弗说。“不过看看这骨架的姿势，好像很不自然。”死人躺得笔直，脚指着一个方向，手举过头指着相反的方向。“我有个主意，”西尔弗说。“我们从这儿可以看见骷髅岛的顶部，这骨架为我们指明了方向！”

他是对的。指南针显示死人正好指向骷髅岛，方位正好是东南东偏东。

我们离开骨架，但现在海盗们都聚在一起走了，有时还害怕地嘀咕着什么。到山顶的时候，西尔弗又拿出了罗盘。

“那边有三棵大树，”他说。“大约就是那地方。‘望远镜的肩膀’肯定就是那片低地。现在连小孩都能找到宝藏了！”

正当这时，从我们前方的树林里，传出带着颤音的水手老调：

十五个人趴着死人箱——

嗨呵呵，朗姆酒一瓶，快来尝！

那帮海盗们的丑态真是惨不忍睹。他们六个人都变了脸色，互相抓着，像受惊的孩子一样。摩根趴在地上，吓得直发抖。

“是弗林特！”乔治·墨利叫道。

“不！”西尔弗好不容易才说出来。“有人闹着玩，不是鬼魂。”

不一会又传来那声音：“达比·麦克格雷！”声音尖厉。“达比·麦克格雷，拿朗姆酒来！”

那帮海盗站在那里一动不动，像脚下生了根，眼里充满了恐惧。

“这就是了！”有人说。“咱们走吧！”

“那是弗林特死前最后一句话，”摩根喊道。

“我来这儿是寻宝，”西尔弗嚷道。“我不会被什么人或鬼打败！妈的，我也不怕他的鬼魂。离这儿不到1 / 4英里有70万英镑。不能因为碰上个死了的老醉鬼就扔掉这么多财宝不要啊。而且有点怪。刚才的声音有回音，而且也没人看见过鬼魂还有影子。为什么鬼魂的声音还有回音？这很奇怪。”

这些话让乔治·墨利平静了一些。“没错，”他说。“我现在想起来了。那声音很像弗林特的，但又不确切。挺像另一个人的声音……更像——”

“本·葛恩！”西尔弗叫道。

“如果是的话，也还是鬼魂的声音，”迪克说。“本·葛恩也是个死人，和弗林特一样。”

年长的几个人笑起来。墨利嚷道：“谁也不把本·葛恩放在眼里，不管他是死是活，谁也不怕他。”

那帮人又高兴起来，脸上渐渐有了血色，他们开始边说边赶路。乔治·墨利走在前面，拿着西尔弗的罗盘领路。

我们走到第一棵大树下，但证明是错的。第二棵也是如此。第三棵树很高，从东西两面的海上都能看见。我的同行者们急忙赶过去，一心想得到藏在树阴下的70万英镑财宝。

西尔弗拽着绳子，恶狠狠地瞪着我。我明白他的心思。现在离宝藏越来越近了，他忘了一切——他的保证和大夫的劝告。我知道他希望找到宝藏后杀掉每一个诚实的人，晚上找到伊斯帕尼奥拉号逃掉，做一个富翁和杀人犯。

忽然，乔治·墨利喊道：“都过来！”大家都跑过去。不出十米大伙都停下来惊叫起来。西尔弗迅速过去，我们很快和他们在一起了。在我们面前是个大洞，显然不是新挖的，因为底部长满了野草。

洞里没有宝藏。

价值70万英镑的财宝不翼而飞了！

The pirates could not believe it, but Silver remained calm and changed his plan quickly.

‘Jim, ’ he whispered, ‘take that, and be ready for trouble. ’ And he passed me a pistol.

At the same time he began to move quietly and, after a few steps, the hole was between us and the other five. He looked quite friendly now, and I couldn’t help whispering, ‘So you’ve changed sides again! ’

The pirates began to jump into the hole, and to dig in the ground with their fingers. Morgan found a two-guinea coin, and it went from hand to hand.

‘Two guineas! ’ shouted George Merry, shaking it at Silver. ‘That’s your seven hundred thousand pounds! You’re the man for bargains, are you? You’re the one who never made a mistake! ’

‘Wanting to be captain again, George? ’ said Silver.

But this time, everyone was on George Merry’s side, and they began to climb out of the hole.

‘There’s just the two of them, ’ said George. ‘The old one-legged man who brought us all here for nothing; and that boy who I’m going to have the heart of! ’

He was raising his arm and his voice, ready to lead them, but there was a sudden CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! as three gunshots came from the woods George Merry fell head first in to the hole, and another fell on his side, dead The other three turned and ran.

A moment later, Dr Livesey, Gray, and Ben Gunn joined us with smoking guns, from among the trees.

‘Keep them off the boats! ’ cried the doctor.

We began to run at a great speed through the trees, and Silver was soon thirty metres behind us.

‘Doctor! ’ he shouted. ‘There’s no hurry! Look! ’

We saw he was right. In a more open place, we could see the three pirates, still running, and we were already between them and the Boats. So we sat down to rest while Long John came slowly up to us.

‘Thank you, doctor, ’ he said. ‘You came at the right time to save me and Hawkins. ’ He looked at Ben Gunn. ‘So it was you, Ben Gunn, playing the ghost! ’

We walked down the hill to the boats and, as we did so, the doctor told Silver and me his story. But it was really Ben’s story from beginning to end.

Ben, in his lonely walks around the island, had found the skeleton and found the treasure. He had carried the gold on his back in many journeys, and had taken it to a cave on the north-east corner of the island, two months before the Hispaniola arrived.

Ben had told the doctor this, and the next morning the doctor gave Silver the map—which was now useless—and gave him the food at the stockade, because there was plenty in Ben Gunn’s cave. That morning, when the doctor saw I had to go with the pirates to find the treasure, he had left the squire to look after the captain, then took Gray and Ben Gunn with him to be ready to help us.

‘I was lucky Hawkins was with me, ’ said Silver, ‘or old John would be dead by now, for sure. ’

By this time, we were at the boats. The doctor smashed one with an axe, and then we all got into the other and rowed to North Inlet. The Hispaniola was moving by herself now, the sea high enough to take her off the beach. We went round to Rum Cove, the nearest landing place for Ben Gunn’s cave of treasure, then Gray left us there before rowing back to guard the ship for the night.

Mr Trelawney met us at the cave. He didn’t blame me for my desertion, but he spoke differently to Silver. ‘Silver, ’ he said, ‘you’re a scoundrel and a murderer, but I’m told that I must save you from the law. ’

‘Thank you, sir, ’ replied Long John.

‘I don’t want your thanks! ’ cried the squire.

We all entered the cave. It was large and pleasant, with fresh water coming from a place in the ground, and a floor of sand. Captain Smollett lay in front of a big fire, and in a corner I saw coins and gold bars. It was Flint’s treasure!

We had come so far to find this. Already it had cost the lives of seventeen men from the Hispaniola. And how many others? How many ships had gone to the bottom of the sea? How many brave men had been murdered for this? Perhaps no man alive could tell.

Next morning, we moved all the gold to the beach. Then we took it by boat to the Hispaniola. It was a big job for so small a number of men.

The three pirates who were still on the island did not trouble us. They were not going to fight any more, and we decided we must leave them on the island. We left powder, food, clothes and medicine for them.

Then at last, one sunny morning, we sailed out of North Inlet and towards the nearest port in Spanish America. Before afternoon, Treasure Island had disappeared from view, and I had never felt happier to leave a place behind.

The sun was going down when we sailed into the port, and the doctor and Mr Trelawney took me on shore. When we came back, Ben Gunn was waiting for us.

‘Silver has gone, ’ he told us, ‘but not empty-handed. He’s taken one of the bags of coins, perhps worth three or four hundred guineas. ’

I think we were all pleased to lose the scoundrel at so small a price.

We found a crew for the ship at the port, and then had a good voyage home. Only five of the men who had sailed from Bristol with the Hispaniola returned with her. We all took a large piece of the treasure, and some used it sensibly, and some did not.

Captain Smollett no longer goes to sea. Gray saved his money and is now half-owner and captain of a fine ship. Ben Gunn got a thousand pounds which he spent or lost in three weeks, then he came begging and was given a job as a gatekeeper.

Of Silver we have heard no more. That frightening seaman with one leg has. gone out of my lift. I will never return to Treasure Island, but in my worst dreams I still hear the sharp, high scream of Captain Flint the parrot: ‘Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!’

15 寻宝结局

那帮海盗简直不能相信这一切，但西尔弗仍旧保持镇静并迅速改变了计划。

“吉姆，”他轻声说，“拿着这个，以便应付乱子。”他交给我一把手枪。

这时他静静地向前走了几步，那个大洞把我们和那五个海盗隔开。他现在显得十分友好，我禁不住嘀咕起来：“你又站到这边来啦！”

那几个海盗跳到洞里，用手指挖地。摩根找到一枚两畿尼的金币，那金币在他们手中传递着。

“两个畿尼！”乔治·墨利喊道，向着西尔弗扬着手中的金币。“这就是你说的70万英镑吗？你不是个做交易的老手吗？你不是从不失手吗？”

“又想当船长了，乔治？”西尔弗说。

但这次所有的人都站在乔治·墨利一边，他们开始爬出土坑。

“他们只有两个人，”乔治说，“一个是个老瘸子，他把咱们骗到这儿来却一无所获；还有那个小杂种，我都想把他的心掏出来。”

他抬起手臂，说话声调越来越高，显然是要领头发动攻击，但忽然从树林中传来“呼！呼！呼！”三声枪响。乔治·墨利第一个头朝下栽到洞里，另一个也倒在他身边，死了。其他三个人转身就跑。

过了一会儿，李甫西大夫、格雷、本·葛恩从树林里出来和我们会合，他们的枪口还冒着烟。

“别让他们接近小船！”大夫喊道。

我们在树林中猛跑，不一会儿西尔弗就落在三十多米以外。

“大夫！”他喊道，“不用着急，你们看！”

他是对的。我们看到在眼前的开阔地上，那三个海盗还在跑，我们已经处在他们和小船之间。于是我们坐下来休息，高个约翰也慢慢地赶上了我们。

“谢谢你，大夫，”他说。“你来得正是时候，救了我 and 霍金斯的命。”他看着本·葛恩。“原来真是你，本·葛恩，扮鬼吓我们。”

我们下山向小船走去，一路上大夫给我们讲了他的故事，而这一切的主要角色都是那位本·葛恩。

在岛上孤独的本发现了那具尸骨和宝藏。他用肩背扛着宝藏，运到岛的东北角一个洞穴里，不知搬了多少趟，直到伊斯帕尼奥拉号抵达前两个月才运完。

本早就把这一切告诉了大夫，第二天早晨大夫就把那张无用的地图交给了西尔弗，把补给品也给了他们，因为本·葛恩的山洞里有足够的补给品。今天早晨，大夫发现我不得不和那帮海盗去寻宝，他就让乡绅照顾船长，然后带上格雷和本·葛恩跟着我们以防不测。

“幸亏霍金斯在我身边。”西尔弗说，“否则我老约翰早死了。”

这时我们已到停着小船的地方。大夫用斧子砸了一只船，然后我们乘上另一只船向北边划去。伊斯帕尼奥拉号在水上漂浮着，海水较深，使得大船漂离了海滩。我们绕道来到最靠近本·葛恩的藏宝洞的朗姆酒湾，然后格雷乘小船到伊斯帕尼奥拉号上过夜守船。

屈利劳尼先生在洞口迎接我们。他并没责备我逃跑的事，但和西尔弗说话的口气就截然不同了。“西尔弗，”他说，“你是个大坏蛋和刽子手，但是他们却要我不对你提出控告。”

“谢谢你，先生，”高个约翰说。

“我不需要你道谢！”乡绅喊道。

我们都进了洞穴。洞里宽阔而空气流通，一股清泉从地上流过。斯摩列特船长躺在一堆篝火前，而在另一个角落我看见了金币和金条。是弗林特的宝藏！

我们远道而来就是为了找到这些。伊斯帕尼奥拉号上已有十七人送了命。此外还有多少人呢？还有多少船沉入了海底？多少勇敢的人为此被人谋杀？恐怕没一个活着的人能讲清楚。

第二天我们把所有的金子都运到海边，然后用小船运到伊斯帕尼奥拉号上。这是一项浩大的工程，尤其是因为我们只有这么几个人。

岛上其余那三个海盗没有再骚扰我们。他们不想再打仗了，我们决定把他们留在岛上，给他们留下了火药、食物、衣物和药品。

最后，在一个阳光明媚的早晨，我们驶离金银岛北部水湾，驶向西属美洲的一个港口。还没到下午，金银岛就消失在视野中了，能离开这个地方使我高兴不已。

我们到达港口时太阳快要落山了，大夫和屈利劳尼先生带着我上了岸。我们回来时，本·葛恩正在等我们。

“西尔弗跑了，”他说，“但不是空手走的，他带走了一袋子金币，大概值三四百畿尼。”

我觉得大家都为这么便宜就甩掉了这个恶棍而感到高兴。

我们在港口找了几个船员，一路平安回到英国。随伊斯帕尼奥拉号从布里斯托尔出航的全体人员只有五个人回来。我们每个人都分得一大笔财宝，有的人花得很谨慎，有的人则不然。

斯摩列特船长不再出海了，格雷把钱存起来，现在已是一艘装备优良的船的合股船主兼船长。本·葛恩分得了1000英镑但不到三个星期就花光了，成了一名乞丐，后来找到一个看门人的活计。

至于西尔弗，我们没有再听到有关他的任何消息。那个可怕的独腿海员总算从我的生活中消失了。我永远不会再回到金银岛上，但在我的噩梦中常常响起那只叫弗林特船长的鹦鹉那尖厉的叫声：“八个里亚尔！八个里亚尔！”

[1 My first home](#)

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[3 Ginger's story](#)

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简介

“我还想要什么呢？”黑骏马描述他愉快的家和好心的主人时说。“自由！在我生命的头4年，我曾拥有那么广阔的田野，我可以在那儿全速奔驰——没有缰绳，没有嚼口，也没有眼罩。现在，除了有活儿干的时候，我得日夜呆在马厩里”。

在19世纪70年代，有很多活儿要马来干——在各种天气中，拉着各种车子穿过拥挤的城市，走过乡村的小道。

黑骏马受过良好的训练。他知道他永不能踢、咬或是逃跑，永远都得服从命令，不管多累多饿。他总是举止得体，但是当他从一个主人被卖到另一个主人，他懂得了一匹马的一生是多么艰难，某些人又是多么愚蠢和多么冷酷……

安娜·塞维尔于1820年生于诺福克，于1878年去世。出于对虐待动物的强烈不满，她写下了《黑骏马》，以说服人们对马仁慈一些。这是她身染重病的时候花了6年的时间写的，也是她写的唯一的一本书。本书出版后不久她就去世了，从那时以来这本书销售了3,000多万本。

1 My first home

The first place I can remember well was a pleasant field with a pond of clear water in it. Trees made shadows over the pond, and water plants grew at the deep end. On one side was another field, and on the other side we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside. At the top of our field were more tall trees, and at the bottom was a fast-running stream.

While I was young, I lived on my mother's milk, but as soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother went out to work during the day and came back in the evening.

There were six other young horses in me field, although they were older than I was. We all galloped together round the field, and had great fun. But sometimes the others would kick and bite.

'They are young farm horses and haven't learned how to behave,' my mother told me. 'You are different. Your father is well known, and your grandfather twice won the most important race at Newmarket. Your grandmother was quiet and gentle, and you have never seen me kick or bite, have you? I hope you will grow up to be gentle and a willing worker, and never bite or kick.'

I have never forgotten my mother's advice. She was a clever and sensible old horse. Her name was Duchess, but our master often called her Pet. He was a good, kind man, and my mother loved him very much. Whenever she saw him at the gate, she trotted across. He used to pat her and say, 'Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?' I was a dull black colour, so he called me Darkie. He sometimes brought a piece of bread for me, or a carrot for my mother, and I think we were his favourites.

When I was two years old, something happened which I have never forgotten. It was early spring, and there was a light mist over the trees and fields. I and the other young horses were feeding at the lower end of the field when we heard the distant cry of dogs.

The oldest among us lifted his head to listen. 'There are the hounds!' he said, and immediately raced off. The rest of us followed him to the top of the field, where we could see several fields beyond.

My mother and another old horse were standing near. 'They've found a hare,' said my mother, 'and if they come this way, we shall see the hunt.'

Soon the dogs were all racing down the field next to ours, making a loud 'yo-yo-yo-yo!' sound at the top of their voices. After them came men on horses, some in green coats, and all galloping as fast as they could. Suddenly, the dogs became silent and ran around with their noses to the ground.

'They've lost the smell of the hare,' said the old horse. 'Perhaps it will escape.'

But the dogs began their 'yo-yo-yo-yo!' again and came at full speed towards our field. Just then a hare, wild with fear, ran towards the trees. The dogs jumped over the stream and ran across the field, followed by the huntsmen. Six or eight jumped their horses over the stream, close behind the dogs. Before the hare could get away, the dogs were upon her with wild cries.

We heard a terrible scream, and that was the end of the hare. One of the men picked her up and held her by the leg. She was covered in blood, but all the huntsmen seemed pleased.

I was so greatly surprised that at first I did not see what was happening by the stream, but when I did look, I saw a sad sight. Two fine horses were down, one in the stream and the other on the grass. One rider, who seemed unhurt, was climbing out of the water, but the other lay quite still.

'His neck is broken,' said my mother. 'I can't understand why men are so fond of this sport. They quite often hurt themselves and ruin good horses, all for one hare that they could get more easily some other way. But we are only horses, and don't know why men do these things.'

They carried the dead rider to our master's house, and I heard afterwards that it was George Gordon, the only son of a local landowner, and a fine young man.

A man from the village came to look at the black horse on the grass. The animal was in great pain and one of his legs was broken. The man began to feel the horse all over, then he shook his head. Someone ran to our master's house and came back with a gun. Soon after, there was a loud bang and a terrible cry, then all was still. The black horse did not move again.

My mother was very unhappy. 'I've known that horse for years,' she said. 'His name was Rob Roy. He was a good brave horse.' She never went near that end of the field again.

Not many days after, we heard the church bell and saw a long, strange black carriage, pulled by black horses. They were taking the body of young George Gordon to the churchyard to bury him. He would never ride again. I never knew what they did with Rob Roy, but it was all for one little hare.

1 我的第一个家

我记忆中的第一个地方是一大片美丽的田野和一个清澈的池塘。树影倒映在塘中，深水中长着水草。田野的一边连着另一片田野，从另一边越过一道门能看见主人的房子就在路边。田野高处是片高高的树林，低处是一条湍流不息的小河。

我小时候吃妈妈的奶，等我长大了，能吃草了，妈妈就白天出去干活，晚上回来。

在这片田野上还有另外6匹年轻的马，他们比我大。我们一起奔跑着穿过田野，非常好玩。不过有时他们会踢打撕咬起来。

“他们是年轻的农场马，没学过怎么举手投足，”妈妈告诉我，“你是不同的。你爸爸很有名，你的祖父曾两次在纽马克特得过最重要的赛马比赛的冠军。你的祖母又安静又温和，你也没看见过我踢人或咬人，是吧？我希望你长大以后能够性情温和、工作勤劳，永远不要踢咬。”

我从没忘记过妈妈的忠告。她是一匹聪慧、明理的老马，叫杜琪丝，不过我们主人常叫她宝贝。他是一个善良的好人，我妈妈非常爱他。每当看到他出现在门口，妈妈就快步跑过去。他常拍拍她说：“喂，老宝贝，你的小黑好吗？”我全身都是深黑色，所以他叫我小黑。有时他带给我一片面包，或是给我妈妈一根胡萝卜，我觉得我们是他的心头肉。

我两岁的时候，发生了一件我永远无法忘掉的事。那是一个初春，树林和田野都笼罩着一层薄雾。我和其他年轻的马们在田野的低地边吃

草，这时我们听到远处传来狗的叫声。

我们中年纪最大的一个抬头听了听，说：“是猎犬！”然后他立刻跑了过去。我们也跟着他往高处跑，在那儿我们能看见远处的几片田野。

我妈妈和另一匹老马正站在附近。“他们发现了一只野兔，”妈妈说，“如果他们往这边来，我们就能看到这场狩猎。”

很快猎犬们向我们旁边的田野冲下来，高声地狂吠着。随后人们骑着马跑来了，有的穿着绿色外衣，全都尽力飞奔。突然，狗们静了下来，边跑边用鼻子在周围的地面上嗅。

“他们闻不着兔子的味儿了，”那匹老马说，“也许兔子能跑掉。”

但是狗们又叫开了，并全速向我们的田野冲来。这时一只野兔向树林冲来，简直吓疯了。狗们跳过小河跑过田野，猎人们紧随其后。6或8个人策马跃过小河，紧跟在狗后面。在野兔能逃走之前，狗们已经狂野地吠着扑到了她身上。

我们听到了一声可怕的尖叫，那只野兔就这么完了。一个人抓住她的腿把她拎了起来。兔子全身血淋淋的，但所有的猎人看上去都很高兴。

我吃惊地看着这一幕，没顾得上看河边的情形。可是当我望过去的时候，看到的则是一幅悲惨的景象。两匹好马倒在那里，一匹在河水里，另一匹在草地上。一个骑手正从水里往外爬，看上去没受伤，但另一个却静静地躺在地上。

“他脖子折断了，”我妈妈说。“我真不明白为什么人们如此喜爱这种游戏。他们经常伤了自己，也毁了好马，这一切就是为了一只野兔。而他们本可以很容易地以其他方式获得的。不过我们只是马，搞不懂人们为什么这样做。”

他们把死了的骑手抬到我们主人的房子里，后来我听说那是乔治·高顿，本地农场主的独生子，一个挺不错的小伙子。

一个人从村里出来看草地上的那匹黑马。那马痛得要命，一条腿断了。那人摸了摸马的全身，然后摇了摇头。有人跑回我们主人的房子，拿来了一枝枪。随后是一声巨响和一声可怕的长嘶，一切便都静了下来。那匹黑马一动不动了。

我妈妈非常不高兴。“我认识那马有好几年了，”她说，“他叫罗伯·罗伊，是一匹勇敢的好马。”她从此再没靠近过那片田野。

没过几天，我们听到了教堂的钟声，还看见一辆长长的、奇怪的黑色马车，被几匹黑马拉着。他们是在把年轻的乔治·高顿的遗体运到墓地去埋掉。他永远不能再骑马了。我不知他们对罗伯·罗伊是怎么处置的，但这一切都不过是为了一只小野兔。

2 Birtwick Park

I was beginning to grow handsome. My coat was fine and soft, and was a shiny black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. When I was four years old, Mr Gordon came to look at me. He looked closely at my eyes, my mouth, and my legs, and then I had to walk and trot and gallop for him.

'When he has been trained, 'Mr Gordon said to my master, 'he will do very well. '

My master liked to train his horses himself before selling them, and the next day my training began.

To train a horse is to teach him to wear a saddle, and to carry a man, woman or child on his back. The horse must also learn to wear a collar, and to stand still when it is put on; then to have a carriage fixed behind him, and to go fast or slow, whichever his driver wishes. He must never bite or kick or talk to other horses, and must always do what his master tells him, however tired or hungry he feels.

Like all horses that have grown up, I had to wear a bit and bridle. A bit is a great piece of cold hard metal, as thick as a man's finger, which is pushed into a horse's mouth between his teeth and over his tongue, with the ends coming out at the corners. It is held there by straps which go over the horse's head, under his neck, round his nose and under his chin. Reins, which the rider holds, are fastened to each end of the bit. Slowly, with my master's kind words and gentle ways, I learned to wear my bit and bridle.

Next there was the saddle. My master put it on my back very gently, then fixed the straps under my body, speaking quietly to me all the time. Then one morning, he got on my back and rode me round the field on the soft grass. He did this every day until I was used to it. Then he took me to the village where a man fixed metal shoes on to each hoof. My feet felt heavy and strange, but I got used to this, too.

There were more new things to wear. First, a heavy collar on my neck, and a bridle with great side pieces against my eyes, called blinkers. With these on, I could only see in front of me. But in time I got used to everything, and could do my work as well as my mother.

For a fortnight, my master sent me to a neighbour's farm for another kind of training, which was very useful to me. One field was next to the railway and had sheep and cows in it, and I was put in among them. I shall never forget the first train that thundered by, and how I galloped to the far side of the field, trembling with fear at this terrible noise. But after a few days I cared as little as the sheep and cows when a train passed by.

It was early in May when a man came to take me away to Mr Gordon's house. My master said, 'Goodbye, Darkie. Be a good horse, and always do your best. 'I put my nose into his hand and he patted me kindly, and then I left my first home.

* * *

Mr Gordon's house, which was called the Hall, stood in Birtwick Park, near the village. We went into the Park through a large gate, then trotted along a smooth road between some trees to the house and gardens. Beyond this were the stables.

There was room for many horses and carriages. My stable had four good stalls and a large window. It was very pleasant. The first stall was called a loose box, where a horse is not tied up all the time but is free to move around as he likes. It is a great thing to have a loose box. The groom put me into it and gave me some oats. Then he patted me, spoke kindly, and went away. In the stall next to mine stood a little fat grey pony.

'Hello, 'I said. 'What is your name? '

'Merrylegs, 'he said, turning round. 'I'm very handsome. I carry the young ladies on my back, and sometimes I take Mrs Gordon out in one of the carriages. Are you going to live next to me in the box? '

'Yes, 'I said.

'Then I hope you are well-behaved, 'he said. 'I don't like anyone who bites. '

A horse's head looked over from the stall beyond. It was a tall brown mare, and she did not look pleased. 'So it's you who has turned me out of my bx, 'she said.

'I'm sorry, 'I said, 'but the man put me in here, so it is not my fault. I don't want to argue with anyone; I just wish to live in peace.

Later, Merrylegs told me about the tall brown mare.

'Ginger has a bad habit of biting people, 'he explained. 'One day, she bit James in the arm, and Miss Flora and Miss Jessie, the children, were afraid to come into the stable after that. If you don't bite, I hope they'll start to come again. '

I told him I never bit anything except grass and could not understand why Ginger bit people.

'No one was ever kind to her before she came here, 'said Merrylegs. 'John and James do all they can to please her, and our master is never unkind. I'm twelve years old, and I know that there isn't a better place for a horse all round the country than this. John has been here fourteen years and is the best groom there ever was. And you never saw a kinder stableboy than James. There was no reason for Ginger to bite anyone. It's her own fault that she did not stay in the box. '

The name of the groom was John Manly. The next morning, he got out his brushes and gave me a good grooming, then put a saddle on me. He rode me slowly at first, then at a trot, then at a gallop. As we came back through the Park, we met Mr and Mrs Gordon. They stopped and John jumped off.

'Well, John, how does he go? 'said Mr Gordon.

'He's a fine horse, sir, 'said John. 'He's fast, but the light-est touch of the rein will guide him. They were shooting birds near Highwood, and a gun went off closeby. He pulled up a lit-tle, but I just held the rein and he wasn't frightened at all. It's my opinion he was never frightened or beaten when he was young. '

'Good, 'said Mr Gordon. 'I'll ride him tomorrow. '

I remembered my mother's advice, and the next day I tried to do exactly what my master wanted me to do. He was a very good rider, and when he came home his wife was waiting for him at the door.

‘How do you like him, my dear?’ she asked.

‘I have never ridden a more pleasant horse,’ answered Mr Gordon. ‘What shall we call him?’

‘What about Blackbird, like your uncle’s old horse?’ said his wife.

‘He’s far handsomer than Blackbird,’ said Mr Gordon.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘he’s quite a beauty, and he has a kind, intelligent face. Shall we call him Black Beauty?’

‘Black Beauty—why, yes, I think that’s a very good name,’ said Mr Gordon.

John went into the stable and told James.

‘I’d call him Rob Roy,’ said James, ‘if it did not remind everyone of the past. I never saw two horses more alike.’

‘That’s not surprising,’ said John. ‘Didn’t you know that Farmer Grey’s old Duchess was the mother of them both?’

So poor Rob Roy who was killed at the hunt was my brother! Now I understood why my mother was so unhappy when he died.

John was very proud of me, and seemed to know just how a horse feels. And James was kind, too.

A day or two later, I went out in the carriage with Ginger. I wondered how we would get on together, but I found it easy to trot along beside her.

Merrylegs was a happy little pony and was everyone’s favourite. We were soon great friends and I became quite happy in my new home.

2 伯特威克庄园

我开始长得英俊了。我的毛细腻柔软，油黑油黑的，有一只脚是白色的，前额上还有一颗漂亮的白星。在我4岁时，高顿先生来看我。他仔细地看了我的眼睛、嘴巴和腿，然后我为他表演了走步、小跑和奔驰。

“把他训练一下，”高顿先生对我的主人说，“他会做得很好。”

我的主人喜欢在卖马前亲自驯马，于是第二天我的训练开始了。

训练一匹马，要教他学会配戴马鞍，驮男人、女人和小孩。这匹马还得学会戴轡具，在套轡具时，得站稳了不能移动；然后还得学会在身后套上一辆马车，按赶车人的意思快走或慢走。他永远不得踢、咬或者和其他马闲聊，而且不管多累多饿，都必须永远服从主人。

和所有成年的马一样，我得戴上嚼口和笼头。马嚼口是一大片又冷又硬的金属，像人的手指那么厚，塞进马嘴，卡在上下两排牙齿之间，舌头之上，末端从嘴角伸出来。勒住嚼口的绳子绕着马头，经过脖子下面，围着鼻子和下巴颏儿。马夫手里的缰绳紧紧系住嚼口的两端。慢慢地，在我主人的好言好语和温柔的动作引导下，我学会了戴嚼口和笼头。

下一步是戴马鞍。主人非常轻柔地把它放到我的背上，把绳子在我的肚皮下系住。他一直轻轻地跟我说着话。然后一天早上，他骑上我在软软的草上绕着田野走了走。他每天都这样，直到我习惯了为止。然后他带我到村里的一个人那儿，给我的每只脚都钉上了掌。我的脚觉得又沉又怪，不过后来我连这个也习惯了。

还有好多新东西要戴。首先，是脖子上重重的轡具，还有笼头，带着一大块挡住我的眼睛的叫作马眼罩的东西。戴上它们，我只能看见我前方的东西。但渐渐地我适应了这一切，而且能把活干得和妈妈一样好了。

有两周的时间，主人把我送到邻居的农场里进行另一项训练，这对我非常有用。这是一片靠近铁路的田野，有羊，有牛，我被放到他们中间。我永远忘不了当第一辆火车轰鸣而过的时候，我是如何害怕得浑身颤抖，如何飞也似地逃得远远的。不过几天以后，再有火车过时，我已和那些牛羊一样若无其事了。

5月初，一个男人来带我去高顿先生家。我主人说：“再见了，小黑，做一匹好马，永远全力而为。”我把鼻子放在他手里，他亲切地拍了拍我，然后我就离开了我的第一个家。

* * *

高顿先生的房子叫作大宅，就在村子附近的伯特威克庄园。我们穿过一个大门走进，小跑着经过一条平坦的通向房子和花园的林间路，尽头是一排马厩。

这里很大，能容得下很多马匹和马车。我的马厩分成挺像样的4个栏，还有一扇大窗。真体面。第一栏叫作“放饲马房”，在这儿马不拴着，想怎么走动都可以。有这么一个自由的空间真是太好了。马夫牵我进屋，喂了我一些燕麦。然后他拍拍我，温和地说了几句就走了。在我隔壁是一匹胖乎乎的小灰马。

“你好，”我说，“你叫什么名字？”

“乐腿儿，”他说着转过身来。“我很漂亮。我驮着小姐们，有时还拉车带高顿夫人出去。你要住在我隔壁吗？”

“是的，”我说。

“那我希望你举止得体，”他说，“我不喜欢爱咬人的马。”

一匹马的头从那边的栏里探出来，那是一匹高高的棕色母马。她看上去不太高兴。“这么说就是我把我从我的栏里赶出来的了，”她说。

“对不起，”我说，“但是是那个人把我放在这儿的，这可不是我的错。我不想和谁吵架，只想平平安安地过日子。”

后来，乐腿儿给我讲了高个儿棕色母马的事情。

“金儿有个坏毛病，就是爱咬人，”他说。“一天，她咬了詹姆斯的胳膊，后来弗劳拉小姐、洁茜小姐和其他孩子就不敢到马厩来了。如果你不咬，我希望他们会再来。”

我告诉他我除了青草以外，什么都不咬，也想不透金儿为什么咬人。

“她来这儿之前没人对她好过。”乐腿儿说。“约翰和詹姆斯想尽办法逗她乐，我们主人也从没有对她不好。我12岁了，我可知道对一匹马来说，附近再没一个地方比这儿更好了。约翰在这儿14年了，是有史以来最棒的马夫。詹姆斯呢，你也找不到比他更好的马童了。金儿没有理由咬任何人。她不能呆在马厩里，这是她的错。”

马夫叫约翰·曼利。第二天早上，他用刷子把我好好刷洗了一通，然后给我备上了鞍。他起先骑上我慢慢地走，然后是小跑，再后是飞奔。我们穿过庄园回来时，碰上了高顿先生和太太。他们停住脚，约翰跳了下来。

“啊，约翰，他怎么样？”高顿先生说。

“先生，他是匹好马。”约翰说。“他速度很快，轻轻地一碰缰绳就知道往哪儿走。有人在树林附近打鸟，有一枪就响在旁边，他吓了一跳，可是我只管抓着缰绳，他就一点儿也不怕了。我觉得他小时候可能从没受过惊吓，也没挨过打。”

“好啊，”高顿先生说，“我明天骑骑他。”

我还记着妈妈的话，第二天我努力按主人的意思做。他是个非常好的骑手。他回家时，他的太太在门口等着他。

“亲爱的，你觉得他怎么样？”她问。

“我还没骑过这么让人喜欢的马呢，”高顿先生说。“我们叫他什么名字呢？”

“就跟你叔叔以前的那匹一样，叫黑鸟怎么样？”他太太问。

“他可比黑鸟漂亮多了，”高顿先生说。

“是啊，”她说，“他真美，他有一张善良、聪明的脸。我们叫他黑骏马怎么样？”

“黑骏马——噢，对呀，我觉得这是个非常好的名字。”高顿先生说。

约翰走进马厩把这一切告诉了詹姆斯。

“我愿意叫他罗伯·罗伊，”詹姆斯说，“要是这不会让人想起过去那段事的话。我从没见过两匹马这么相像过。”

“那不奇怪，”约翰说，“你不知道这两匹马的妈妈都是农夫格雷的老杜琪丝吗？”

原来，在那场狩猎中死去的可怜的罗伯·罗伊是我哥哥！现在我明白了为什么他死时我妈妈那么不高兴了。

约翰十分以我为荣，而且好像知道马的心思。詹姆斯也很好。

一两天后，我和金儿一起拉车出去。我开始还担心我们能不能相处得好，后来发现和她一起小跑还是挺自在的。

乐腿儿是一匹乐呵呵的小马驹，也是大家的宝贝。我们很快成了好朋友，我在新家里逐渐开心起来。

3 Ginger's story

What more could I want? Freedom! For the first four years of my life I had a large field where I could gallop around at full speed—with no straps, no bit, and no blinkers. Now I stood in a stable, night and day, except when I was wanted for work, and sometimes when John took me out, I felt so strong, so full of life, that I wanted to jump or dance.

‘Calm down, boy!’ he would say.

Then, as soon as we were out of the village, he would let me trot fast for a few miles. Some grooms punished a horse for getting too excited, but not John. He knew how to control me with only the sound of his voice, and I was very fond of him.

Sometimes we did have our freedom in the field for an hour or two. This was on fine Sundays in the summer, because the carriage never went out on Sundays. It was wonderful. The grass was cool and soft to our feet, and the air was so sweet. And we could gallop or lie down or roll over on our backs, or do what we liked.

One day Ginger asked me about my old home and my train-ing. When I finished telling her, she said, ‘Life has been differ-ent for me. I was taken from my mother when I was young, and there was no kind master like yours to look after me. I had a bad time when I was trained. Several men caught me in a corner of the field and one held my nose so hard that I could only just breathe. Then another pulled my mouth open to put the bit in, and I was pulled along and beaten from behind. They didn’t give me a chance to understand what they wan-ted.

‘The old master, Mr Ryder, knew about horses, but he gave up most of the business to his son, who was tall and strong, but not gentle. They called him Samson, and he said that no horse could throw him out of the saddle. One day, he made me run round the field on a long rein until I was very tired and miser-able. The next morning he did the same again, then he put a saddle and bridle on me, and a new kind of bit into my mouth.

‘The new bit was very painful and I pulled away and stood up on my back legs, which made him very angry. He stayed in the saddle and beat me with a whip, but after a long and terri-ble battle I threw him off and galloped to the other end of the field.

‘I watched him go into the stable, but no one came to fetch me. Time went on and the sun was very hot. I was hungry and very thirsty. At last, just as the sun was going down, the old master came out with some oats. He spoke kindly and held out the oats for me to eat, then patted me gently and looked at the blood on my sides where Samson had whipped me.

‘“Poor girl!” he said, then led me to the stable. Samson was there. “Keep out of the way,” said the master. “You’ve done a bad day’s work for this horse with your bad temper. A bad-tempered man will never make a good-tempered horse.” He led me into my box and took off my saddle and bridle. Then he called for some warm water and gently cleaned the blood from my sides.

‘After that, he often came to see me, but a man called Joe went on training me. He was quiet and thoughtful and I soon learned what he wanted.

‘After my training, ‘Ginger went on, ‘I was bought by a dealer to match another horse of my colour. But then we were sold to a man in London who drove us with a bearing rein—a rein to hold our heads up unnaturally high and to keep them there, for hours and hours, until the pain was terrible. We had to wear two bits instead of one, and mine was so sharp that it made my mouth bleed. Sometimes we waited for hours while our master or mistress was at parties or the theatre, and if we weren’t patient, the driver would whip us.’

‘Didn’t your master care about you at all?’ I said.

‘Only about how we looked,’ replied Ginger. ‘He knew very little about horses. The driver told him I had a bad temper but would soon get used to the bearing rein. I was willing to work and learn, but they were so cruel that it made me angry. Then I broke away from the carriage one day, and that was the end of that place.

‘I was sold to another man, but he had a groom as bad-tem-pered as Samson. He hit me across the legs with his stable brush if I didn’t move quickly. I hated him, and one day when he made me angry, I bit him! He never came into my stall af-ter that, and I was soon sold again.

‘A dealer heard of me and said he thought he knew one place where I should do well. “It’s wrong for a fine horse to go bad like that,” he said. And I was brought here, not long before you came. Of course, it’s very different here. But who knows how long it will last? I’ve decided that all men are my natural enemies.’

I was sorry for Ginger, but as the weeks went on, she be-came happier and more gentle.

‘I do believe Ginger is getting quite fond of me,’ James said one day.

‘She’ll be as good as Black Beauty one day,’ replied John. ‘Kindness is all she needs, poor thing!’

3 金儿的故事

我还想要什么呢? 自由! 在我生命的头4年, 我曾拥有那么广阔的田野, 我可以在那儿全速奔驰——没有缰绳, 没有嚼口, 也没有眼罩。现在, 除了有活干的时候, 我得日夜呆在马厩里, 有时约翰带我出去的时候, 我觉得自己是那么强壮有力, 充满生机, 我按捺不住地想跳跃, 想舞蹈。

“静一点儿, 伙计!” 他会说。

我们一出村, 他就会让我撒开了跑上几里。有的马夫会惩罚过度兴奋的马, 约翰不。他知道怎么能只用声音来控制我, 我真喜欢他。

有时在田野里, 我们可以尽情享受一两小时自由。这时往往是在夏天的周日, 因为马车在周日不外出。那真叫妙不可言。青草踏上去凉爽而柔软, 连空气都是甜的。我们可以或飞跑或卧倒或是滚来滚去, 随心所欲。

一天金儿问起我的老家和我受的训练。我讲完后, 她说: “过去我的生活可不是这样。我小时候就被人从我妈妈身边带走, 可没有像你的主人那么好的人照顾我。训练时我可受了罪了。几个人在草场的一角捉住我, 一个人紧紧地抓住我的鼻子, 我都快透不过气来了。另一个掰开我的嘴, 塞进嚼子, 我一路被拖着, 屁股被抽打着。他们不给我时间弄明白他们到底想要我干什么。

“老主人莱德先生倒是懂得马匹, 但他已把绝大部分工作转给了他的儿子, 那是个又高又壮、又不和气的家伙。他们叫他萨姆森, 他说没有哪匹马能把他甩下马鞍。一天, 他用长鞭子赶着我绕着田野跑啊跑, 直到我精疲力尽。第二天他又这样来了一遍, 还给我备上马鞍, 绑上笼头, 而且还给我嘴里塞进了一种新式嚼口。

“新嚼口让我的嘴很疼，我挣脱开去，用后腿直立起来，这可惹恼了他。他仍坐在马鞍上，用鞭子抽我，经过一番长时间的激烈较量，我终于把他甩了下来，跑到田野的另一边去了。

“我看着他走进马厩，但是没人来把我领回去。时间一分一秒地过着，太阳变得火热。我好饿，还渴得要命。最后，到太阳快落山的时候，老主人带着一些燕麦出来了。他对我和气地讲话，又捧出燕麦来喂我，还轻轻地拍着我，察看了我身上被萨姆森抽打出的鲜血。

“‘可怜的姑娘！’他说着，牵我回了马厩。萨姆森也在那儿。’滚出去，’老主人说。’你的臭脾气让这匹马受了一天的罪。一个坏脾气的人永远训练不出好脾气的马。’他带我进了我的圆栏，卸下了我的马鞍和笼头。然后他叫人送来了温水，轻轻地为我擦拭身上的血。

“从那以后，他常来看我，一个叫乔的人继续训练我。他又安静又周到，我很快就能领会他的意图。

“训练之后，”金儿继续道，“我被一个商人买去配他的另一匹颜色和我相仿的马。随后我们被卖到伦敦。新主人用缰绳把我们的头勒得老是不自然地高昂着，一连好几个小时，直到我们痛得受不了。我们得戴两副嚼子，而不是一副，我的嚼口锋利得把我的嘴都划出血了。有时我们的男主人或女主人参加舞会或去剧院，我们得等上好几个小时，如有一点不耐烦，马夫就抽我们。”

“你们的主人就一点也不关心你们？”我说。

“他只在乎我们的外貌。”金儿说。“他对马懂得很少。马夫告诉他说我的脾气很坏，但很快就会适应缰绳。我愿意干活和学新本领，但他们太冷酷了，我就生气了。于是一天我从那辆车上挣脱开逃走了，从此告别了那个地方。

“我被卖给了另一个人，他有一个脾气和萨姆森一样坏的马夫。如果我走得慢一点，他就用马刷打我的腿。我恨他，一天他惹恼了我，我就咬了他！他后来再也没进过我的马厩。很快我又被卖掉了。

“一个商人听说了我，说他知道有一个地方适合我。’一匹好马不应该就这样一天天变坏，’他说。我就被带到这里，就在你来之前不久。当然，这里倒真是不一样。可谁知道这能维持多久呢？我认定所有人类都是我的天敌。”

我真为金儿难过，不过时间一星期一星期地过去，她变得高兴起来，而且温和起来。

“我确信金儿喜欢我了，”一天詹姆斯说。

“有一天她会变得和黑骏马一样出色的，”约翰说。“可怜的小家伙，她要的不过是善意罢了。”

4 Kindness and cruelty

Aneighbour of the Gordons', Mr Blomefield, had a large family of boys and girls who often came to play with Miss Jessie and Miss Flora. One of the girls was the same age as Miss Jessie, two of the boys were older, and there were several little ones. Whenever they came, the children loved to ride Merrylegs.

One afternoon when they were visiting, James brought Merrylegs in and said, 'Now, behave yourself.'

'What did you do, Merrylegs?' I asked him.

'Those young people didn't seem to know whell I was tired,' he said, 'so I just threw them off backwards. It was the only thing they could understand.'

'You threw the children off!' I sald. 'Oh, no! Did you throw Miss Flora or Miss Jessie?'

'No, of course not! I'm quiet and careful with them, and with the little ones. I'm the best friend and riding teacher those children have. It's not them, it's the boys,' he said. 'The other children rode me for nearly two hours, then the boys rode me, one after the other, for an hour, hitting me with a stick. I didn't get annoyed but I did get tired, so I stopped once or twice to let them know. But boys think a horse is like a machine and can go on as long and as fast as they want it to. They never think that we get tired. As one was whipping me, I stood up on my back legs and he fell off. He got on again and I did the same. Then the other boy tried and I put him down on the grass. They're not bad boys, and don't mean to be cruel, but they have to learn.'

'When they told James, he was angry to see those big sticks and told the boys not to use them again.'

'I would give those boys a good kick,' said Ginger.

'I know you would,' said Merrylegs. 'But they expect me to look after those children, and they expect me to be good-tempered, and I will be. You never had a place where they were kind to you, Ginger, and I'm sorry for you. But good places make good horses, and I wouldn't make our people angry for anything! If I started kicking people, they would very quickly sell me, perhaps to someone cruel. I hope that never happens.'

* * *

I often wondered why Sir Oliver, the oldest horse in the stable, had so short a tail—only about twenty centimetres long—and one day I asked him, 'Did you have an accident?'

'It was no accident!' he said, angrily. 'My long and beautiful tail was cut off when I was a young horse. At that time, some owners thought it was fashionable!'

'How terrible!' I said.

'Yes, terrible and cruel,' said Sir Oliver. 'Now I can never brush the flies off my sides or back legs, and all because of fashion. Some owners cut off the tails of their dogs to make them look brave, or cut their pretty little ears to make them look fashionable. They don't cut off the ends of their children's ears, do they? Why do they think it's all right to do these things to their animals?'

Mr Gordon was never cruel, and he would not stand by and watch others be cruel to animals. We were riding home one morning when we saw a big man driving towards us in a small carriage, pulled by a beautiful little pony. As he got to the Park gates, the pony turned towards them. Without warning, the man pulled the pony's head round so roughly that the little animal almost fell over. Then he began to whip the pony, angrily. The animal tried to move forward, but the man held it back and continued to whip it.

'Sawyer!' shouted my master.

The man looked up. He was a builder who often came to the Park to do work. 'He's too fond of going his own way!' he told my master. 'He's not supposed to turn in through your gates; the road is straight on.'

'You often drive that pony to my house,' said my master. 'It only shows that the horse is intelligent and remembers these things. How could he know you weren't going there to-day? I've never seen a horse beaten so cruelly or with so much anger. What will people think of you, Sawyer? As well as hurting the horse, you hurt your own good name—do you want people to think of you as a cruel, bad-tempered man?'

We went home slowly, and I could tell by his voice that the master was unhappy at what we had seen.

4 善意和冷酷

高顿夫妇的邻居，布劳姆菲尔德先生，有一个大家庭。他有许多孩子，他们经常来和洁茜小姐、弗劳拉小姐玩儿。一个女孩和洁茜小姐同龄，两个男孩大一点儿，另外还有几个小小孩儿。每次他们一来，就喜欢骑乐腿儿。

一天下午他们来串门的时候，詹姆斯牵回乐腿儿并对他说：“来，给我放规矩点。”

“你干什么了，乐腿儿？”我问他。

“那些小孩似乎不知道我会累，”他说，“所以我就把他们向后面甩下去。他们只能明白这个。”

“你把孩子们甩下去了！”我说，“啊，不会吧！你也把洁茜小姐和弗劳拉小姐甩下去了？”

“当然不了！我在她们面前可是又安静，又小心，对那些小小孩儿也是一样。我是他们最好的朋友和骑马教练。问题不是他们，是那些男孩子，”他说。“其他小孩已经骑了我快两个小时，然后那些男孩来骑我，一个接一个，又骑了一个小时，还用棍子打我。我倒不烦，可实在是累了，所以我停下来了一两回想让他们知道。但是男孩子们觉得马像机器一样，能让他们随心所欲，要骑多久骑多久，要多快有多快。他们从不觉得我们会累。当一个孩子抽打我时，我直立起来，他掉下去了。可他又爬了上来，我就又直立了一回。后来另一个男孩也来试，我就也把他甩到了草地上。他们不是什么坏孩子，也不是有意对我不好，只是我觉得他们得懂点事。”

“当他们向詹姆斯告状时，他发现了那些棍子，很生气，警告那些孩子以后不许再这样。”

“要是我，会狠狠踢他们的！”金儿说。

“我知道，”乐腿儿说。“可是他们希望我对那些孩子照应点儿，而且希望我脾气好，我就脾气好吧。你以前从没在一个有人对你好的地方呆过，金儿，我真为你难过。但是好地方出好马，我不会惹咱这儿的人生气的！如果我开始踢人，他们很快就会卖掉我的，也许会卖给哪个狠心的人。我希望这种事永远别发生。”

* * *

我经常奇怪为什么奥立佛爵士，就是厩里最老的那匹马，有一条这么短的尾巴——只有约二十厘米长——一天我问他：“你遇上什么事故了吗？”

“哪有什么事故！”他气愤地说。“我的又长又美的尾巴在我小时候就被剪掉了。当时的一些马主人认为那样时髦！”

“多可怕！”我说。

“可怕而残忍，”奥立佛爵士说。“现在我再也不能把身体一侧或是后腿上的苍蝇扫下去了，这都是为了时髦。有些主人剪短狗的尾巴，让狗看上去勇猛，或把他们美丽的小耳朵剪成他们认为时髦的样子。他们倒并不剪他们自己孩子的耳垂，是不是？为什么他们觉得对动物做这些事儿就没关系呢？”

高顿先生从不冷酷，而且他也决不对其他人对动物的残酷行为坐视不管。一天早上我们回家，看见一个大个儿男人驾着一辆小马车向我们这边驶来，车子被一匹美丽的小马驹拉着。当他到庄园大门时，马驹朝大门转了过来。那人不容分说突然猛地一拉马头，用力很大，小马差点摔倒。然后那人开始狠狠地抽打小马。小马试着向前挪动，但那家伙又把马拉回来继续抽打。

“索亚！”我的主人喊道。

那人抬头看了一眼。他是个建筑工人，常来这儿干活。“他太爱想怎么干就怎么干了！”他对我的主人说。“他不该朝你的门里转，应该一直照直走。”

“你常赶着他来我这儿，”我的主人说。“这只能说明他很聪明，还记着这些事。他怎么知道你今天不来这儿了？我从没见过哪个人这么凶狠这么生气地打过马。索亚，别人会怎么看你呢？你打伤这匹马的同时，也损害了你自己的名声——你想让大家觉得你是个冷酷的、坏脾气的人吗？”

我们慢慢地往家走，我从主人的声音里判断出来，他为刚才我们见到的事不高兴。

5 The storm

One day in the autumn my master had to go to a distant town on business. John harnessed me to the carriage and the three of us went off. There had been a lot of rain, and the wind was very strong. When we came to the river, the water was so high it nearly reached the wooden bridge, and many of the fields were under water. In one low part of the road the water was half-way up to my knees.

We got to the town and the master's business took a long time. It was late in the afternoon when we started back for home. The wind was much stronger, and as we drove through a wood, I heard my master say, 'I've never been out in a storm as bad as this, John. 'Indeed, I thought so too, hearing the terrible noise of that wild wind in the trees.

'I wish we were out of this wood,' said my master.

'Yes, sir,' agreed John. 'We don't want one of those branches coming down on top of us.'

But just as he finished speaking, there was a great noise of wood breaking, and a big tree came crashing down through the other smaller trees and fell across the road right in front of us! I was very frightened and I stopped immediately, but I didn't turn round or try to run away. John jumped out and quickly ran to my side.

'What can we do now, John?' said my master.

'We can't drive over the tree or get round it, sir,' said John. 'We'll have to go back to the crossroads, and take the longer road round to the wooden bridge. It will make us late, but the horse isn't tired.'

It was nearly dark when we got to the wooden bridge. We could see water over the middle of it, but this often happened when the river was high. But the moment my feet touched the first part of the bridge, I was sure something was wrong, and I stopped suddenly.

'Go on, Beauty,' said my master, and he touched me with the whip. I did not move, so he hit me sharply, but I would not go forward.

'There's something wrong,' said John, and he jumped from the carriage and began to look round. He tried to lead me forward. 'Come on, Beauty, what's the matter?'

Of course I could not tell him, but I knew the bridge was not safe.

Just then a man ran out of the house on the other side of the bridge. 'Stop! Stop!' he cried.

'What's the matter?' shouted my master.

'The bridge is broken in the middle,' said the man, 'and part of it was carried away. If you come across, you'll fall in the river!'

'Thank you, Beauty!' John said to me, and turned me gently round to the right-hand road by the riverside.

It got darker and the wind got quieter as I trotted towards home by another, much longer road. The two men were quiet for some time, but then my master spoke.

'We were very close to drowning in that river, John,' he said. 'Men may be clever enough to think of things for themselves, but animals know things without thinking, and that's often saved a man's life, as it has ours tonight. People don't realize how wonderful their animals are, nor do they make friends with them as they should.'

When we arrived back at Birtwick Park, the mistress ran out to meet us. 'I've been so worried!' she said. 'Are you all right? Did you have an accident?'

'We nearly did,' said my master. 'But Black Beauty was cleverer than we were, and saved us all from drowning!'

* * *

One morning early in December, the master came to the stable with a letter in his hand, looking very serious.

'Good morning, John,' he said. 'Tell me, does James work hard and do what you tell him to do?'

'Yes, sir, always,' replied John.

'And he doesn't stop work when your back is turned?'

'Never, sir.'

'And if he goes out with the horses, does he stop to talk to friends, or go into houses where he has no business, leaving the horses outside?' said the master.

'No, sir,' said John. 'And if anybody has said that about James, I don't believe it. I never had a pleasanter, more honest young man in this stable.'

The master smiled and looked across at James, who was standing by the door. 'James, I'm glad John's opinion of you agrees with my own,' he said. 'I've had a letter from my wife's brother, Sir Clifford Williams. He wants me to find him an honest young groom who knows what he's doing. The man who drives his carriage is getting old and needs a young man who will work with him and be able to do his job one day. How old are you?'

'Nineteen next May, sir,' said James.

'That's young. What do you think, John?'

'It is young, sir,' said John, 'but he's tall and strong. He doesn't have much experience of driving, but he has a light touch and a quick eye.'

'Well, James,' said the master, 'talk to your mother at dinner-time and let me know what you want to do.'

A few days later it was agreed that James would go to Clifford Hall in a month or six weeks, and for the next few weeks he drove the carriage. We went in and out of town, through busy streets, and to the railway station, where the road was narrow and there were lots of other carriages hurrying to and from the station.

Then my master and mistress decided to visit some friends who lived about seventy-five kilometres from our home. 'You can drive us, James,' said my master.

5 暴风雨

秋天的一天，主人因生意上的事得到远处的镇子上去一趟。约翰给我套上车，我们三个就上路了。雨下得很大，风也非常强劲。当我们来到河边时，水已经快涨上了木桥，大片的田野都被水淹了。在路上地势低洼的地方，水几乎没过了我的膝盖。

我们到了镇上，主人办事用了好长时间。当我们往回赶时，已是快晚上了。风更紧了，当我们穿过一片树林时，我听见主人说：“我还没在这么大的暴风雨中外出过，约翰。”的确，我也这么想呢，狂风在树林间发出那么可怕的呼啸。

“我希望我们快点儿走出这片林子，”主人说。

“是啊，先生，”约翰附和说。“我们可不希望那些树枝砸到头上。”

他话音刚落，随着一阵树木折断的巨响，一棵大树砸过几棵小点儿的树，轰然倒地，横在我们前面的路上！我吓了一跳，立刻收住脚，不过，我既没有转身，也没有跑开。约翰跳出来飞跑到我身边。

“现在怎么办，约翰？”主人说。

“我们没法儿从这棵树上过去，也绕不开，先生，”约翰说。“我们得到路口，绕远儿走那座木桥。会晚一点儿到家，不过马还不累。”

我们到木桥时，天将近全黑了。水已漫过了木桥的中段。河水上涨时，这是常有的事儿。但是我的蹄子一踏上桥，就觉得不对劲。我立刻收住了脚。

“走啊，黑骏马，”主人说，他用鞭子碰碰我。我没有走，他狠抽了我一下，但我还是不向前走。

“不对劲！”约翰说。他从车上跳下来四处打量。他试着牵着我向前走。“来啊，黑骏马，怎么了？”

我当然没法儿告诉他。但是我知道这桥不安全。

这时桥那头的屋子里跑出来一个人。“站住！站住！”他喊着。

“怎么回事？”我的主人喊道。

“桥中间断了，”那人说，“有一部分被水冲走了，要是你们过来，会掉进水里去的！”

“谢谢你，黑骏马！”约翰对我说，轻轻地牵着我顺着河边右首的路走。

天色更暗了，当我顺着另一条远得多的路小跑回家时，风小些了。两个男人静默了一阵，然后主人开口了。

“我们只差一点儿就淹死在河里了，约翰。”他说。“人们为自己考虑的时候挺聪明，可是，动物根本用不着考虑就能知道，这经常能救人一命，就像今晚救了我们！人们不知道他们的动物有多棒。本应和动物交朋友，可是他们没有。”

到家了，女主人跑出来迎接我们。“我担了好大的心！”她说，“你们都好吗？没出什么事吧？”

“差点儿！”主人说，“但是黑骏马比我们聪明，他使我们没被淹死！”

* * *

12月初的一个清早，主人拿着一封信来到马厩，表情严肃。

“早，约翰，”他说。“告诉我，詹姆斯工作认真吗？他听你吩咐吗？”

“是啊，先生，他一直这样。”约翰回答。

“你不在，他也不偷懒吗？”

“从不，先生。”

“如果赶马出去，他会停下来和朋友聊天，或是把马丢在外面而他去乱串门儿吗？”主人问。

“不，先生，”约翰说，“如果有人这么说詹姆斯，我可不信。我在马厩还没碰到过他这么令人愉快、诚实可靠的小伙子呢！”

主人微笑着看着正站在门边的詹姆斯。“詹姆斯，我很高兴约翰对你的看法和我的一致，”他说，“我太太的哥哥，柯立福德·威廉爵士来了封信，要我帮他找一名诚实可信的马夫。他现在的马夫年纪大了，需要找一个年轻人和他一道干，而且得准备有一天接他的班。你多大了？”

“19岁，先生，”詹姆斯说。

“真年轻。你说呢，约翰？”

“是啊，先生，”约翰说，“可是他又高又壮。虽然还没有多少赶车的经验，但是他动作轻，眼神好。”

“好吧，詹姆斯，”主人说，“晚饭的时候和你妈妈谈谈，然后告诉我你的想法。”

几天后商定詹姆斯在1个月或6个星期后去柯立福德府，所以接下来的几周由他赶车。我们进城出城，穿过拥挤的街道，去道路狭窄的火车站，那条路上还有很多别的马车匆匆忙忙地进站出站。

然后主人和太太决定去拜访住在距家大概75公里的一些朋友。主人说：“你可以为我们赶车，詹姆斯。”

6 The fire

The first day we travelled about fifty kilometres, but James drove carefully and made sure that Ginger and I were always on the smoothest part of the road. It was evening when we reached the hotel where we were going to stay that night. It was in the Market Place and two stablemen came out to us.

The chief stableman was a pleasant old man, and he led me into a long stable with six or eight stalls in it, and two or three horses. The younger man brought in Ginger, and James watched while we were groomed.

'I thought I was quick,' James told the old stableman, 'but you're quicker than anyone.'

'I've worked with horses since I was twelve years old, and I can tell you it's good to be able to work with a well-behaved, well-cared for animal like this,' said the stableman, patting my neck. 'Who is your master?'

'Mr Gordon of Birtwick Park,' said James.

'I've heard of him,' said the stableman. 'He's a good judge of horses, and the best rider in this part of the country.'

'He doesn't ride very often now,' said James, 'not since the poor young master was killed.'

'I read about that in the newspaper,' said the stableman. 'A fine horse was killed too, wasn't it?'

'Yes, an excellent horse,' said James. 'He was the brother of this one, and just like him.'

'Terrible!' said the old man. 'It was a bad place to jump, wasn't it? A man's life and a horse's life are worth more than a hare—or they should be!'

Later that evening, the younger stableman brought in another horse, and a young man with a pipe in his mouth came into the stable to talk to him.

'Towler, go up and get some hay and put it down for this horse, will you?' said the stableman. 'But put down your pipe first.'

'All right,' said the other man, and went up a ladder and through a little door. I heard him step across the floor over my head and push down some hay through a hole in the roof, into the new horse's feeding place.

James came in to look at us before he went to bed, and then the door was locked.

I don't know how long I slept, or what time it was when I woke up, but the air seemed thick and I heard Ginger and another horse moving about worriedly. It was quite dark and I could see nothing. The stable was full of smoke, and it was almost impossible to breathe.

The smoke seemed to come from the little door above me, and I could hear a strange noise up there. The other horses were now all awake, moving about restlessly.

At last I heard someone outside, and then the younger stableman ran in with a light. He began to untie the horses, and tried to lead them out. The first horse would not go with him, nor the second or third. He tried to pull me out, but he was so frightened himself that he frightened me, and I would not move.

The noise above was louder now and there was a shout of 'Fire!' outside. The old stableman came in quietly and quickly and got one horse out, then another. By now the flames were coming down through the roof and the noise was terrible.

Then I heard James's voice, quiet and friendly as it always was. 'Come on, Beauty,' he said, 'we'll soon get you out of this smoke.' He took off his scarf and tied it over my eyes, then led me out, patting me all the time. He took the scarf off, then shouted, 'Take this horse, somebody, while I go back for the other!'

Windows in the hotel were open and people were shouting. I watched the stable door, where the smoke came out thicker than ever. Then I heard one voice above all the others, and recognized it as my master's.

'James Howard! James Howard! Are you there?'

There was no answer, only the crash of something falling in the stables—but the next moment I saw James coming through the smoke, leading Ginger with him.

'My brave boy!' said the master. 'Are you hurt?'

James shook his head, unable to speak because of the smoke.

Suddenly, I heard the sound of wheels and galloping horses. 'It's the fire-engine!' shouted someone.

Two horses ran past me, pulling the heavy fire-engine. The firemen jumped out, and we went quickly into the wide, quiet Market Place, out of their way.

The master led us to a large hotel on the other side where a stableman came to take us in; then the master hurried off to find his wife.

The next morning, he came to see how we were and to speak to James. I did not hear much, but James looked very happy and the master looked proud of him.

How did the fire start? Someone said they saw Dick Towler go into the stable smoking a pipe, but that when Dick came out he didn't have it. The young stableman said that he asked Dick to go up the ladder to put down some hay, but also told him to put down his pipe first. Dick said that he did this, but nobody believed him.

James said the roof and floor had all fallen in and only the black walls were standing; the two poor horses who could not get out were buried under the fallen roof.

6 大火

第一天我们赶了大约五十公里的路，詹姆斯小心翼翼地赶车，一直注意着让我和金儿走在道路较平坦的那一边。晚上我们到了一个饭店，准备在这里过夜。这是在马克特·普雷斯，两个马夫迎了出来。

马夫长是个令人愉快的老人，他把我牵进了一个有六到八栏的长厩，里面有两三匹马。年轻马夫牵进了金儿。当给我们刷洗时，詹姆斯在一旁看着。

“我以为我手快，”詹姆斯对老马夫说，“可是你比谁都快。”

“我12岁起就干这行了！而且我跟你讲，能和像这匹马这样教养好，料理得好的动物一起干活儿，是件愉快的事。”老马夫说着，拍拍我的脖子。“你的主人是谁？”

“伯特威克庄园的高顿先生，”约翰说。

“我听说过他，”马夫说，“他是一个相马的行家，而且是这一带最好的骑手。”

“他现在不常骑马了，”詹姆斯说，“自从可怜的小主人死了以后，他就不骑马了。”

“我在报纸上看到这个消息了，”马夫说，“一匹好马也死了，是吗？”

“是啊，一匹出色的马，”詹姆斯说，“他是这匹马的哥哥，和他长得一样。”

“太可怕了！”老人说。“那地方不能跳，是吗？一个人和一匹马的生命比一只野兔贵重多了——本来就是这么回事！”

晚些时，小马夫又牵进了一匹马，一个小伙子嘴里叼着烟斗跟进来和他聊天。

“透勒，上去给这匹马拿些干草来，好吗？”马夫说，“不过先放下你的烟斗。”

“行啊”那人说，爬上一架梯子，穿过了一扇小门。我听见他从我头顶的地板走过，从屋顶上的一个孔把干草塞下来，扔进新来的马的槽里。

詹姆斯进来看了看我们，然后就去睡觉了，马厩的门被锁了起来。

我不知睡了多久，也不知醒来时是几点，只看见空气中烟雾重重，听见金儿和另一匹马在不安地四处走动。天色漆黑，我什么也看不见。马厩里浓烟滚滚，简直透不过气来。

烟雾似乎是从我头顶上的小门涌出来，我听见那上面有奇怪的声音。其他的马现在全醒了，焦虑地走来走去。

最后我听见外面有人，年轻的马夫提着灯跑进来。他开始解开马，想把它们牵出去。第一匹马不肯跟他走，第二匹、第三匹也是这样。他想来拉我，可是他自己已经被吓得要命，也把我吓坏了，我也不肯动。

头顶上的怪响现在更大了，外面有人喊“着火了！”这时老马夫安静但迅速地走进来，带了一匹马出去，然后又带出去一匹。现在火焰已从天花板上烧下来，声音可怕极了。

这时我听到了詹姆斯那和往常一样安静友善的声音。“来，黑骏马，”他说，“我们会很快把你弄出这个烟幕阵的。”他解下围巾，蒙住我的双眼，然后带我出来，一路拍着我。他取下围巾，喊道：“来人，勒住这马，我得回去找另一匹马！”

旅店的窗户开着，人们都在大喊大叫。我看着马厩的大门，那儿烟冒得更浓了。然后我听到了一个压住一切的声音，那是我的主人。

“詹姆斯·霍华德！詹姆斯·霍华德！你在那儿吗？”

没有应答，只有马厩里什么东西倒塌的声音——随后我看见詹姆斯从浓烟中钻出来，牵着金儿。

“我勇敢的孩子！”主人说，“你受伤了吗？”

詹姆斯摇摇头。他被烟呛得说不出话了。

突然间，我听到了车轮声和疾驰的马蹄声。“救火车来了！”有人喊道。

两匹马从我身旁跑过，拖着沉重的救火车。消防员跳下来，我们赶紧跑回宽敞、安静的马克特·普雷斯旅店，以免挡着他们的路。

主人带我们去了另一个大旅店，一个马夫出来带我们进去，然后主人赶回去找他的妻子。

第二天一早，他来看望我们并和詹姆斯谈了几句。我听见得不多，不过詹姆斯看上去很高兴，主人也满怀自豪地看着他。

这场大火是怎么引起的？有人说看见迪克·透勒吸着烟斗走进马厩，而出来时烟斗没带在身边。小马夫说他要迪克上梯子弄些干草下来，但也要他先放下烟斗。迪克说他照办了，不过没人信他。

詹姆斯说房顶和地板都塌了，只有熏黑的墙壁还直立着；两匹可怜的马来不及跑出来，被塌下的屋顶砸死了。

The rest of our journey was very easy, and the next evening we reached the house of our master's friend, where a groom took us to a comfortable stable. We stayed two or three days, then returned home. John was glad to see us, and we were glad to see him.

'I wonder who will come in my place,' said James.

'Little Joe Green,' said John. 'He's only fourteen and a half but he has a kind heart and wants to come, so I've agreed to try him for six weeks.'

The next day, Joe Green came to learn all he could before James left. He was a nice happy boy and always came to work singing. But then the day came when James had to leave us.

'I'm leaving a lot behind,' he said sadly to John. 'My mother, and you, a good master and mistress, and the horses. And I shan't know anybody at the new place.'

'It's hard to leave your home for the first time,' said John, 'but if you get on well—which I'm sure you will—your mother will be proud of you.'

Everyone was sorry to lose James, but Joe tried hard to learn, and John was pleased with him.

* * *

One night I woke up to hear the stable bell ringing loudly. I heard the door open at John's house, and his feet running up to the Hall. He was back quickly.

'Wake up, Beauty!' he said, coming into the stable. 'We must go quickly now!' And before I could think, he had the saddle on my back and the bridle on my head.

The master was waiting at the Hall door with a letter in his hand. 'Ride for your life, John!' he said. 'Give this to Dr White, then rest your horse and be back as soon as you can. Mrs Gordon is very ill.'

Away went John and I, through the Park, through the village, and down the hill. There was a long piece of flat road by the riverside, and John said, 'Now Beauty, do your best!' I needed no whip, and for two miles I galloped as fast as I could—perhaps even faster than my grandfather, who won the race at Newmarket. When we came to the bridge, John slowed me down a little and patted my neck. 'Well done, Beauty!' he said.

Then I was off again, as fast as before. The air was cold and the moon was bright, and it was a pleasant night. We went through a village, then a dark wood, then uphill, then down—hill, and after twelve kilometres, we came to the town.

It was three o'clock when we stopped by Dr White's door. John rang the bell, then knocked on the door like thunder. A window was pushed up and Dr White's head appeared. 'What do you want?' he said.

'Mrs Gordon is very ill,' said John. 'You must come at once, or she'll die. Here's a letter.'

The doctor was soon at the door. 'My horse has been out all day and is exhausted. Can I take yours?'

'My master told me to rest him,' said John, 'but take him if you think it's best, sir.'

'I'll soon be ready,' said the doctor.

John stood by me and patted my neck. I was very hot. Then the doctor came out with his riding whip.

'You won't need that, sir,' said John. 'Black Beauty will go until he drops.'

The doctor was a heavier man than John, and not so good a rider, but I did my very best. Joe was waiting at the gate and the master was at the Hall door. He did not say a word. The doctor went into the house with him, and Joe led me to the stable.

My legs were shaking and there was not a dry hair on my body. The water ran down my legs and I was hot all over. Poor Joe! He was young and knew very little. He did the best he could, cleaning my legs and my chest, but he did not put a warm cloth on me; he thought I was so hot that I would not like it. He gave me some cold water to drink, then he gave me some food and went away.

Soon I began to shake and tremble with cold, and I ached all over. I wished John was there, but he had twelve kilometres to walk, so I tried to sleep.

After a long time, I heard John at the door. I gave a low cry, and he was at my side in a moment. I could not tell him how I felt, but he seemed to know immediately. He covered me with three warm cloths, then ran for some hot water and made me a warm drink.

John seemed very angry. 'Stupid boy!' he said to himself, over and over again. 'No cloth put on, and I suppose the water was cold too. Boys are no good!'

I became very ill, and could not breathe without pain. John looked after me day and night, and my master often came to see me too.

'My poor Beauty,' he said one day. 'My good horse, you saved your mistress's life. Yes, you saved her life.'

I was very glad to hear that. John told my master that he never saw a horse go so fast.

One night, Tom Green, Joe's father, came to help John give me my medicine, then stayed for a while. At first both men were silent, then Tom said, 'John, please say a kind word to Joe. The boy is heart-broken; he can't eat his meals, and he can't smile. He knows it's his fault Beauty is ill, but he did his best. He says if Beauty dies, no one will ever speak to him again. But he's not a bad boy.'

After a short pause, John said, 'I know he meant no harm, but I'm proud of that horse, and I hate to think his life may be thrown away like this. But I'll give the boy a kind word to—morrow, if Beauty is better.'

I heard no more of this conversation, as the medicine did well and sent me to sleep, and in the morning I felt much better.

Joe learned quickly after this, and was so careful that John began to give him many things to do. One day, John was out and the master wanted a letter taken immediately to a gentle—man’s house about five kilometres away. He told Joe to saddle me and take it.

The letter was delivered and we were returning through a field where we saw a cart full of bricks. They were so heavy that the wheels of the cart were half—buried in the soft ground, and the horses could not move the cart at all. The man leading the horses was shouting and whipping them without stopping.

’Don’t whip the horses like that,’ Joe shouted at him. ’The wheels are half-buried and won’t move. I’ll help you take some bricks out to make the cart lighter. ’

’Mind your own business!’ said the man angrily. He was in a terrible temper and more than half—drunk.

Joe turned me, and we galloped towards the house of the brickmaker, Mr Clay. Joe knocked on the door.

The door opened. ’Hallo, young man,’ began Mr Clay.

’There’s a man in your field whipping two horses to death!’ Joe told him, his voice shaking with anger. ’I told him to stop, but he wouldn’t. I offered to help him lighten the cart, but he refused. I think he’s drunk. Please go, sir!’

’I will!’ said the man, and hurried off.

When we got home, Joe told John all about it.

’You did the right thing,’ said John. ’Many people would ride by and say it was none of their business. But cruelty is everybody’s business. ’

Just before dinner, the master sent for Joe. The drunken man was accused of cruelty to horses and Joe was wanted to tell his story to the police.

’I’ll tell it gladly,’ said Joe.

We heard afterwards that the poor horses were so exhausted and so badly beaten that the man might have to go to prison.

Joe came across and gave me a friendly pat. ’We won’t al—low cruelty, will we, old friend?’ he said.

And he seemed to have grown up suddenly.

7 乔·格林

接下来的旅途就简单多了，第二天晚上我们就到了主人的朋友家，一个马夫带我们到了一个舒适的马厩。我们住了两三天，然后回家。约翰又见到我们，很高兴，我们也是一样。

“不知道谁会来顶替我呢。” 詹姆斯说。

“是小乔·格林，” 约翰说。“他只有十四岁半，可是他善良，也愿意来，我已同意让他试6个星期的工。”

第二天，乔·格林来了。他得赶在詹姆斯走之前学会干所有的活计。他是个快活可爱的孩子，来干活时老是唱着歌。但终于还是到了詹姆斯离开我们的时候。

“我舍弃了这么多，” 他伤心地对约翰说。“我妈妈，你，一个好主人和太太，还有这些马。在新的地方我谁也不认识。”

“第一次离家的确不容易，” 约翰说，“但如果你能适应——我相信你能——你妈妈会为你自豪的。”

大家都为詹姆斯的离开而难过。不过乔在很努力地学，约翰和他在一起挺高兴。

* * *

一天夜里，我醒来时，马厩的铃猛响着。我听见约翰住的房子的门开了，从脚步声可以听出他飞快地向大宅跑去。很快他又回来了。

“醒醒，黑骏马！” 他说着，冲进马厩里。“我们必须马上走！” 我还没来得及想，他就把马鞍备好，笼头也给我戴上了。

主人在大宅门口等着，手里拿着一封信。“拼命跑，约翰！” 他说。“把这封信交给怀特大夫，让马歇歇，然后再尽快赶回来。太太病得很厉害。”

我和约翰冲了出来，穿过庄园，穿过村子，冲下山去。河边的一长段路很平坦，约翰说：“现在，黑骏马，你尽力吧！” 我不需鞭打，尽我所能飞奔了2英里——也许比我那得了纽马克特赛马冠军的爷爷跑得还快。当我们来到桥边时，约翰让我稍微放慢速度，拍着我的脖子说：“真不错，黑骏马！”

我又跑了起来，和刚才一样快。空气寒冷，月光皎洁，这是一个令人愉快的夜晚。我们穿过了一个村子，然后是一片黑黢黢的林子，然后上山、下山，跑了12公里后，我们进了城。

当我们停在怀特大夫的门前时，已是凌晨3点了。约翰按了门铃，然后把门擂得像打雷一样响。一扇窗子被推上去，怀特大夫的头探了出来。“你要干什么？” 他说。

“高顿太太病得很厉害，” 约翰说。“您必须马上来，先生，不然她会死的！这是信。”

医生很快出现在门口。“我的马出去了一整天，已经很累了，我能骑你的马吗？”

“我主人让我歇一歇马，” 约翰说，“不过如果您觉得这样最好，那就骑吧，先生。”

“我很快就准备好，” 医生说。

约翰站在我身旁，拍着我的脖子，我热得要命。医生带着鞭子出来了。

“您不需要用鞭子，先生，” 约翰说，“黑骏马跑死也不会停下来。”

医生比约翰重，而且骑术不太好，不过我拼尽全力。乔在大门口等着，主人则在大宅门口等着。他一言不发。医生随他进了房间，乔把我带回马厩。

我的腿在瑟瑟发抖，全身上下没有一根毛是干的。汗水顺着腿流下来，我全身热得要命。可怜的乔！他小小年纪，懂得很少。他尽他所能，洗干净我的腿和胸，可是没有给我盖上暖和的布，他觉得我已经很热了，可能不会喜欢盖布。他喂了我一些冷水和一些食物，然后就走开了。

很快我开始发抖，冷得直哆嗦，浑身上下都痛。我真希望约翰在，但是，他得步行12公里，我只好试着睡觉。

过了很久，我听见约的在门口。我低低地呜咽了一声，他立刻来到我身旁。我没法儿告诉他我的感觉，但他似乎立刻就明白了。他给我盖了3块暖和的布，跑去取了些热水让我趁热喝下。

约翰看上去很生气。“傻小子！” 他一遍又一遍地自言自语着。“一块布也不盖，估计水也是冷的。小孩子真不像话！”

我病得很厉害，每呼吸一下都觉得疼。约翰夜以继日地看护我，主人也常来看望我。

“我可怜的黑骏马！”一天他说。“我的好马，你救了你女主人的命。是啊，你救了她的命。”

我听见这个很高兴。约翰告诉主人说他从没见过哪匹马跑得这么快。

一个晚上，汤姆·格林，乔的爸爸，来帮约翰给我喂药，然后又多呆了会儿。起先两个男人都沉默着，然后汤姆说：“约翰，请对乔说句好话吧。这孩子心都碎了，他吃不下饭，也不笑了。他知道黑骏马生病是他的错，不过他尽力而为了。他说如果黑骏马死了，就不会有人再理他了。可他不是个坏孩子。”

短暂的沉默之后，约翰说：“我知道他不是故意的，但是我以这匹马为荣，我不能忍受就这么看着他死去。不过，明天我会对这孩子说句好话，如果黑骏马能好一点儿。”

我没再听到下面的谈话，因为药开始起作用，我昏昏欲睡了。早上，我觉得好多了。

这件事之后，乔学习进步很快，而且特别仔细。约翰开始把很多事交给他去办。一天，约翰外出了，主人想把一封信立刻送到5公里外的一位先生家里，他吩咐乔给我备鞍，把信送去。

信被送到了。归途中，我们穿过一片田野，在那儿我们看见一辆装满砖头的马车。沉重的车身压得轮子的一半陷入了松软的地里。马根本拉不动车。赶车的人不断地喊叫，抽打着马匹。

“别抽得那么狠，”乔冲赶车人喊着，“轮子一半儿陷下去了，动不了啦。我帮你卸下些砖来，让车轻一点。”

“你少管闲事！”那人恼怒地说。他正大发脾气，而且已醉得可以了。

乔让我转过身，我们朝着制砖人克雷先生的房子飞奔过去。乔敲了门。

门开了。“喂！小伙子，”克雷先生开口道。

“你田里有个人快把两匹马抽死了！”乔告诉他，气得声音发抖。“我叫他住手，可他不听。我提出帮他把车弄轻些，他也不干。我看他是醉了。您去一下吧，先生！”

“我会去的！”克雷先生说，他立刻就赶了过去。

我们到家后，乔对约翰讲了整个事情。

“你做得对，”约翰说。“很多人会擦身而过，觉得那无关他们的事。但是制止残暴的行为是每个人都应该做的事。”

晚饭前，主人派人来叫乔。那个醉汉被指控虐待马匹，乔被叫去向警察讲述经过。

“我很乐意去讲一讲，”乔说。

事后，我们听说那两匹可怜的马已累得精疲力竭，还被打得半死。那人有可能要进监狱。

乔过来友好地拍了拍我。“我们不允许残暴的行为，是吗，我的老朋友？”他说。

他看上去一下子长大了。

8 Earls Hall Park

I lived at Birtwick Park for three happy years, but then changes came. Our mistress was often ill and the doctor advised her to go and live in a warm country for two or three years. Everyone was very sorry, but the master immediately started making arrangements to leave England.

John did his work silently and sadly, and Joe didn't sing any more. Then we heard that the master had sold Ginger and me to an old friend of his, Lord Gray. Merrylegs was given to the neighbour, Mr Blomefield, and Joe was employed to look after him. John was offered several good jobs but he wanted to wait and look around.

'I want to train young horses,' he told the master.

'I cannot think of anyone more suitable for that work than you, John,' said the master. 'If I can help you in any way, write to me.'

The next morning, John took Ginger and me to Earls Hall Park where Lord Gray lived. There was a very fine house and lots of stables. John asked for Mr York, who was going to be our new driver.

Mr York was a good-looking man of about forty, with a voice that expected to be obeyed. He called a groom to take us to our boxes, then invited John to have a drink with him. We were taken to a pleasant stable and put in boxes next to one another, then we were groomed and fed. Half an hour later, John and Mr York came to see us.

Mr York looked at us carefully. 'Is there anything you want to mention about them, Mr Manly?' he said.

'I don't believe there's a better pair of horses in the country,' said John, 'but they're not alike. The black one has the most perfect temper I've ever known. The other was badly treated before she came to us, but has grown better-tempered in the last three years. We've never used a bearing rein with either of them.'

'They'll wear one here,' said York. 'Lady Gray follows the fashion, and if her horses are not reined up tight, she doesn't like it.'

'I'm sorry to hear that,' said John. He came to pat each of us for the last time. I held my face close to him, which was all I could do to say goodbye. And then he was gone, and I have never seen him since.

Lord Gray came to look at us the next day and seemed pleased. He heard what John had said about us. 'Keep an eye on the mare,' he said to York. 'Don't make the bearing rein too tight at first, and I'll mention it to my wife.'

In the afternoon, we were harnessed to the carriage and Lady Gray came out and looked at us. She was a tall, proud-looking woman and did not look pleased, but she said nothing and got into the carriage.

The bearing rein annoyed me but did not pull my head any higher than I was used to carrying it. I was worried about Ginger, but she seemed quite happy.

But the next afternoon when Lady Gray came down the steps, she said, 'York, you must put those horses' heads higher; they don't look nice.'

'I'm sorry, my Lady,' said York, 'but they have not been reined up for three years. But if it pleases you, I can take them up a little more.'

'Do that,' she said.

That day we had to pull the carriage up a steep hill. I wanted to put my head forward to make the work easier, but I couldn't.

'Now you can see what it's like,' said Ginger, when we came back. 'If it doesn't get any worse, I shall say nothing. But I won't have the rein pulled up tight!'

Each day the bearing reins were shortened a little more; then one day Lady Gray came out later than usual and said, 'York, when will you get those horses' heads up? Pull them up at once, and let's have no arguing.'

York came to me first and made the rein very tight. Then he went to Ginger. But the moment he took off the rein in order to shorten it, she stood up on her back legs. York and the groom could not control her. She kicked herself out of the carriage and fell down, kicking me on the leg as she went. York sat on her head to keep her still and shouted, 'Let the black horse out! Undo the carriage! Cut the harness!'

The groom cut me out of the harness and hurried me back to my box, then ran back to York. I was angry and my leg hurt, and I felt that I wanted to kick the first person who came near me.

Soon after, Ginger was led in by two grooms. York was with her and came to look at me.

'I knew those bearing reins would cause trouble,' he said to himself. He saw where I had been kicked and washed the place gently with hot water to help the pain.

Lord Gray was angry when he heard what had happened. He blamed York for taking orders from the mistress, and York said that he would take orders only from Lord Gray himself from now on. But things went on the same as before, except that Ginger was never put into the carriage again. I pulled it with a horse called Max who was used to the tight rein. But those four months pulling Lady Gray's carriage were terrible. The sharp bit cut into my tongue and mouth, the rein hurt my neck and made it difficult to breathe, and I felt tired and very miserable.

In the spring, Lord Gray and some of his family went up to London and took York with them. Two daughters remained at the Hall. Lady Harriet never went out in the carriage, and Lady Anne preferred riding on horseback with her brother or cousins. She chose me for her horse and I enjoyed these rides, sometimes with Ginger, sometimes with Lizzie, a horse liked by the young gentlemen.

There was a gentleman called Blantyre staying at the Hall, who always rode Lizzie and was so pleased with her that Lady Anne wanted to try her.

'I don't advise it,' said Blantyre. 'She's too easily frightened for a lady to ride.'

'My dear cousin,' said Lady Anne, laughing, 'I've been riding horses since I was a baby and have followed the hounds many times. Now, help me up.'

So Blantyre helped her into the saddle, then climbed on me. Just as we were moving off, Lady Harriet asked for a message to be taken to Dr Ashley in the village.

The village was about two kilometres away, and the doctor's house was the last one in it. Blantyre got off to open the gate for Lady Anne but she said, 'I'll wait here for you.'

He went off and we waited.

There was a field with an open gate on the opposite side of the road, and at that moment some young horses came trotting out. They were wild and excited, and there was a boy behind them, waving a large whip. Suddenly, one of the young horses ran across the road, and banged into Lizzie's back legs. She gave a violent kick, nearly unseating Lady Anne, and immediately galloped away at full speed.

I gave a loud neigh for help and made a noise with my feet until Mr Blantyre came running out of the doctor's house. He saw Lizzie and Lady Anne, now far away down the road, and quickly jumped into the saddle, and we raced after them.

For about two kilometres the road was straight, then it turned to the right before becoming two roads. Long before we came to the bend, Lady Anne was out of sight. Which way had she gone? A woman was in her garden, looking up the road. 'Which way?' shouted Blantyre.

'To the right!' cried the woman.

Away we went, up the right-hand road. We saw her for a moment, then she was gone again round another bend. Several times we saw her, but lost her again. Then we came to some rough land, very uneven and full of holes in the ground—the worst possible place for galloping.

On this open ground we could now see Lady Anne clearly, her long hair flying out behind her in the wind, and slowly we began to catch up. There was a wide ditch ahead and I was sure it would stop them, but without a pause Lizzie jumped it—and fell.

I cleared the ditch and landed safely. Lady Anne was lying on the ground, not moving. Blantyre jumped down beside her and called her name, but there was no reply. Her face was white and her eyes were closed.

'Annie, dear Annie, do speak!' he cried.

There were two men cutting grass close by and they saw Lizzie galloping away without a rider and came across.

'Can you ride?' Blantyre asked one of them.

'I'm not a good horseman, sir,' he said. 'But I'll do my best.'

'Ride this horse to the doctor's and ask him to come immediately, then go on to the Hall,' said Blantyre. 'Tell them all you know and ask them to send a carriage.'

The man climbed into my saddle and we galloped off. I tried not to shake him about too much, and he soon discovered that he needed no whip.

There was a lot of excitement at the Hall when they heard what happened. I was put into my box, the saddle and bridle were taken off and a cloth was thrown over me.

Two days later, Blantyre came and patted me.

'You did well,' he said. 'I'm sure you knew Annie was in danger. She must ride only you from now on.'

From this I knew that my young mistress was out of danger and would soon be able to ride again.

8 沙尔伯爵庄园

我在伯特威克庄园过了快乐的3年，然后变故来了。我们的女主人经常生病，医生建议她去一个温暖的国家呆两三年。每个人都很难过，但是主人立刻着手安排离开英国。

约翰沉默而难过地做他的事，乔也不再唱歌了。接着我们听说主人把金儿和我卖给了他一个老朋友，格雷勋爵。乐腿儿给了邻居布劳姆菲尔德家，乔被雇去照料他。主人给约翰找了好几个好工作，然而他想再等等看。

“我想训练年轻的马，”他告诉主人说。

“我简直想不出别人有谁比你更合适这工作，约翰，”主人说，“如果有什么地方需要我帮助，给我写信。”

第二天一早，约翰把我和金儿带到格雷勋爵住的沙尔伯爵庄园。那儿有一幢非常漂亮的大房子和许多马厩。约翰找了约克先生，他是我们的新车夫。

约克先生约四十岁，长相英俊，语气中含有权威感。他叫一个马夫带我们去马厩，然后请约翰去喝一杯。我们被带到一个漂亮的马厩，栏厢互相挨着，然后洗了澡，吃了饭。半小时以后，约翰和约克先生来看我们。

约克先生仔细地看我们。“曼利先生，关于他们您还有什么要交待的吗？”

“在这一带您找不到比他们更棒的两匹马了，”约翰说，“但是他们并不相同。黑色的这匹是我所见过的马中脾气最好的。另一匹来我们这儿以前，曾受过虐待，但是这3年脾气也变好了。我对他们从不用绳套。”

“在这儿他们得戴上，”约克说，“格雷夫人紧跟潮流，如果她的马不被紧紧地勒住，她会不喜欢的。”

“真遗憾，”约翰说。他走上前来最后一次挨个拍了拍我们。我把脸凑近他，我只能这样道再见了。然后他走了，从那以后我再也没见过他。

格雷勋爵第二天来看我们，他好像挺高兴。他听了约翰对我们的描述。“对母马注意点儿，”他对约克说，“一上来别把绳套勒得太紧，我也会对太太说的。”

下午，我们被套上车，格雷夫人出来看了看我们。她是一个高高的、表情傲慢的女人，看上去不是很高兴，但她没吱声就钻进了马车。

绳套弄得我挺烦，不过倒没把我的头拉高到不舒服的地步。我为金儿担心，但她看上去倒还开心。

可是第二天下午格雷夫人走下台阶时说：“约克，你必须把马头弄得高一点儿，他们看上去可不好看。”

“对不起，夫人，”约克说，“可是他们有3年没被勒过了。不过如果您喜欢这样，我会让他们抬高一点儿的。”

“那就抬高吧，”她说。

那天我们得拉车爬一座很陡的小山。我想探头向前使劲，可是做不到。

“现在你知道这滋味了吧，”回来时，金儿对我说，“如果不会更糟，那我就什么也不表示，但是我可不愿被缰绳紧紧地勒起来！”每天绳套都勒得更紧一点儿。然后有一天，格雷太太出来得比平时晚，她说：“约克，你什么时候才能让马抬起头来？立刻拉起来，别再争论了。”

约克先过来把我的绳套勒得非常紧，然后他走向金儿。可是他刚一拆下绳套，准备缩短，金儿便后腿直立起来。约克和马夫控制不住她。她从车里挣脱出来，摔倒在地，其间还踢了我的腿一下。约克骑在她头上让她动弹不得，并喊道：“把黑马弄出来，卸下马车，把绳子砍断！”

马夫砍断绳子，把我赶回围栏，然后跑回约克那儿，我很生气，腿也疼，这时谁靠近我，我就想踢谁。

很快，金儿被两个马夫牵进来。约克和她一道进来，他过来看我。

“我就知道那些绳套会惹麻烦，”他自言自语。他看着我被踢伤的地方，并用热水轻轻地冲洗伤口，以止住疼痛。

格雷勋爵听说这事后很生气。他责备约克听了女主人的话。约克说今后他只听格雷勋爵一人的命令。但是一切如常。只是金儿不再被套上马车了。我和另一匹挺习慢绳套的叫马格斯的马一起拉车。可是，给格雷太太拉车的4个月真是糟透了。锋利的嚼口切进我的舌头和嘴巴，绳套勒伤了我的脖子，我呼吸困难，疲惫不堪，境况悲惨。

春天，格雷勋爵和家人去伦敦，约克随行。两个女儿留在家里。哈丽埃特小姐从不坐车出行，安小姐则最喜欢和兄弟们骑马出游。她挑我做她的坐骑，我也喜欢这种游玩，有时和金儿一起，有时和丽奇一起。年轻的先生们喜欢骑丽奇。

有一个年轻人，叫布兰太尔，他留在大宅里。他一直非常喜欢骑丽奇，引得安小姐也想试试。

“你最好别骑，”布兰太尔说，“她太容易受惊吓了，不适合小姐骑。”

“亲爱的表哥，”安小姐大笑着说，“我还是小宝宝时就开始骑马了，还参加过许多次打猎。来，帮我上马。”

布兰太尔只好帮她跨上马鞍，然后他骑上我。正当我们要出发时，哈丽埃特小姐来请我们带一封信给住在村子里的阿什莱大夫。

村子在两公里以外，医生的房子在尽头。布兰太尔下马去为安小姐开门，可是她说：“我在这儿等你。”

他就一个人去了，我们在原地等着。

路对面有一块田地，大门是敞开的，有一些年青的马小跑着撒欢儿。他们野性十足，神情兴奋，有一个男孩挥舞着长鞭跟在后面。突然一匹马跑过公路，撞着了丽奇的后腿。她猛地尥了个蹶子，险些把安小姐掀下来，然后立刻开始全速狂奔。

我长嘶了一声，并用脚刨地发出声音，直到布兰太尔先生从医生家里跑出来。他看见了丽奇和安小姐，她们现在已经在路的尽头了。他立刻跳上马鞍，我们追了过去。

有两公里的路是直的，然后右转，再分岔。我们离转弯还很远时，已经看不到安了。她走了哪条路呢？一个妇女站在她的花园中，抬头看着大道。“哪条路？”布兰太尔喊道。

“右边！”妇女喊。

我们转向右边的路。又看见她了，但接着她又在另一个弯道处消失了。有好几次我们看见了她，接着又看不见了。后来我们来到一片坑坑洼洼的地带，非常不平坦，地面上还有许多坑——是最不适合于疾驰的地方。

在这片开阔地带，我们现在又能清楚地看到安小姐了，她的长发在背后飘扬在风中。慢慢地，我们赶了上去。前方有一条很宽的壕沟，我肯定那沟能截住他们，可是丽奇停也没停就跳了过去，然后摔倒在地上。

我跃过壕沟并安全着地。安小姐躺在地上一动不动。布兰太尔跳下马蹲在她身旁叫着她的名字，可是没有回应。她脸色苍白，双眼紧闭。

“安妮，亲爱的安妮，说话呀！”他喊着。

近处有两个男人正在割草，他们看见背上无人的丽奇跑掉了，忙赶了过来。

“你会骑马吗？”布兰太尔问其中的一个。

“我骑得不好，先生。”他说，“但我会尽力的。”

“骑这匹马去医生那儿，叫他马上来，然后再去大宅，”布兰太尔说，“告诉他们你看到的一切，让他们带辆马车来。”

那人上了我的鞍，我们就飞奔而去。我尽量不使他摇晃得太厉害，他也很快发现对我根本不需用鞭子。

家里的人听说了发生的事情，都非常震惊。我被带回马厩，马鞍和笼头被卸了下来，一块布扔了过来盖在我身上。

两天后，布兰太尔过来拍了拍我。

“你干得不错，”他说，“我敢肯定当时你知道安妮有危险。从今往后只许她骑你。”

从这话我判断出我年轻的女主人已经脱离了危险，而且很快就可以骑马了。

9 The accident and new masters

Aman called Reuben Smith looked after us while York was in London. He was gentle and clever with horses, and an excellent driver. But he had one fault—he sometimes drank too much. For weeks or months he was all right, but then without warning he would begin to drink heavily and be—have badly. But he was a useful man so York had kept quiet about Smith's drinking, saying nothing to Lord Gray. Then one night Smith drove some ladies and gentlemen home from a party and was so drunk that he could not hold the reins. York could not hide this and Lord Gray told Smith to leave.

However, some time later, York spoke again to Lord Gray, who was very kind—hearted, and he took, Reuben Smith back. Smith promised never to get drunk again and kept his promise, and because of this he was told to look after the stables while York was away.

One day the carriage needed some repairs so it was arranged that Smith would take it to town, leave it at the carriage-maker's, and then ride me back again. Mr Blantyre wanted to go to the station, so he went with us.

At the station, Mr Blantyre gave Smith some money and said, 'Take care of Lady Anne, Reuben, and don't let anyone else except her ride Black Beauty.'

We left the carriage at the maker's, and Smith rode me to the White Lion hotel. He told the stableman to give me some food and have me ready for four o'clock. One of my front shoes was loose but the stableman did not see it until four o'clock. Smith came back at five and said he would now leave at six be—cause he'd met some old friends. The stableman told him about the loose shoe.

'It'll be all right until we get home,' said Smith.

He finally came back at nine o'clock, shouting loudly and in a very bad temper. We left and almost immediately he began to gallop, often giving me sharp cuts with the whip, although I was going at full speed. Before we were out of the town my shoe came off, but Smith was too drunk to notice.

It was very dark, and on the rough road at that speed, my foot was soon cut and bleeding from the sharp stones. I could not go on; the pain was too great, and I fell violently on both my knees. Smith was thrown off. He tried to get up but couldn't, then he lay still.

I could do nothing but wait.

It was nearly midnight when I heard a horse's feet and the wheels of a carriage. I neighed loudly, and was very happy to hear an answering neigh from Ginger, and men's voices. Then the carriage came out of the darkness and stopped.

Two men jumped down beside Smith. 'It's Reuben,' said one, 'and he's not moving, Robert.'

'He's dead,' said Robert, touching Smith. 'His hands are cold and his head is covered with blood.'

They looked at me and saw my cut knees.

'The horse has been down and thrown him!' said Robert. He tried to lead me forward but I almost fell again. 'He's bad in the foot, too. No wonder he went down, riding over these stones without a shoe! Reuben was drunk, Ned. He would nev—er ride a horse without a shoe unless he was drunk.'

Ned took Smith's body back in the carriage, and Robert tied his handkerchief round my foot and led me slowly home. No one blamed me for the accident. The owner of the White Lion hotel said that Reuben Smith was drunk when he left.

But I had to leave Earlshall, and so did Ginger.

For a month or two I was allowed to live out in a field, and one day Ginger was brought in to join me. She had been ruined by the hard riding of Lord Gray's son, and after twelve months' rest she was going to be sold. And although my knees got better, they looked very ugly and so I was no longer suit—able for a fashionable family. It was very pleasant being in the field with Ginger, but one day Robert came in and took me away. We were both very sad to say goodbye to each other, Ginger and I.

I was sold to a man in Bath who kept many horses and dif—ferent kinds of carriages for hire. I was a 'job horse' and all kinds of people hired me. Some were good drivers, others were very bad. Then one man persuaded my master to sell me to a friend of his who wanted a safe, pleasant horse for riding.

And so that summer I was sold to Mr Barry.

Mr Barry knew very little about horses but he hired a com—fortable stable for me, and a man called Filcher to look after me. He ordered the best oats, and plenty of other good food for me to eat, too.

For a while all went well, but then there seemed to be fewer oats and more grass in my meals. The grass food, though very good, was not enough to keep me strong and healthy. However, I could not say anything and it went on for about two months.

Then one afternoon my master rode into the country to see a friend—a gentleman farmer who knew about horses, and who looked very closely at me.

'Your horse doesn't look as well as he did when you first had him, Barry,' he said, feeling my neck and shoulders. 'See how wet and warm he is—after just a gentle ride!'

'My groom says that horses are never in good condition in the autumn,' said my master.

'But this is only August!' said the farmer. 'With your light work and the good food, he shouldn't be like this. I don't know who eats your oats, my friend,' he went on, 'but I doubt that your horse gets any of them. I advise you to watch your groom more closely.'

Oh, how I wanted to speak! I wanted to tell my master where his oats went to. My groom came every morning at six o'clock, bringing his little boy with him. The boy carried a basket and went into the room where the oats were kept. I would see them filling a bag with oats and putting the bag into the basket.

Five or six mornings after the visit to the farmer, the boy left the stable with his basket of oats, but came back soon after, looking frightened, with two policemen holding his arms.

’Show me where your father keeps the food for his chickens,’one policemen said to the boy.

The boy began to cry but there was no escape. Moments later, the policemen found another empty bag like the one in the boy’s basket, and they took Filcher away with them. That was the last I ever saw of him.

Another groom was employed, but he was very lazy about cleaning and I became thin and unhealthy from standing in a wet, dirty stable. After all this trouble with grooms, Mr Barry decided to stop keeping a horse and I was sent to a horse fair —a place where hundreds of horses were bought and sold, and more lies were told, I think, than in any other place in the country.

That day I was lucky. I was bought for twenty—five pounds by a man called Jeremiah Barker, but everyone called him Jerry and I shall do the same.

9 事故和新主人

一个叫鲁宾·史密斯的男人在约克去伦敦的时候照料我们。他对马态度温和，为人聪明，是个好车夫。可是他有一个缺点：有时酒喝得太多。几个星期或几个月他都很正常，然而突然间他就会开始酗酒，行为也变得粗鲁。但他基本上还是个能干的人，所以约克对他酗酒的事一直保持沉默，没对格雷勋爵说过什么。一天晚上，史密斯送一些女士和先生们从舞会回家，可他醉得不成样子，连缰绳都抓不住了。约克这回没法再帮他隐瞒，于是格雷勋爵把他辞了。

可是，没过多久，约克又对格雷先生说情，好心的格雷先生答应让鲁宾·史密斯回来。史密斯答应再也不喝醉了。由于他遵守誓言，约克不在时，他就被叫去看守马厩。

一天马车需要进行些修理，史密斯就被叫去赶车进城，把车放到造车厂，再骑我回来。布兰太尔先生想去车站，所以他和我们一起走。

在车站，布兰太尔先生给了史密斯一些钱，说：“照顾好安小姐，鲁宾，别让别人骑黑骏马。”

我们把车留在车厂，史密斯骑我到了白狮饭店。他让马夫给了我些吃的，吩咐他们4点钟备好我。我的一只前掌松了，可是马夫直到4点才发现。史密斯5点回来了，说他还上了些老朋友，要在6点才能走开q马夫告诉他我的掌松了。

“坚持到家没问题。”史密斯说。

他最后9点才回来，脾气很坏，还高声叫嚷着。刚一出饭店他就立刻骑着我飞奔起来，还不时狠狠地抽我一鞭子，也不管我已经在全速奔驰了。在我们出城之前，我的掌就脱落了，可是史密斯醉得厉害，根本没发现。

天色很黑了，在那样高低不平的路上，那样快地奔跑，我的脚很快就被锋利的石头划伤了，而且流出血来。我没法儿继续走了；脚疼得太厉害了，我重重地跪了下来。史密斯被甩了出去。他试着爬起来，可是没成功，然后他就一动不动地躺在那里了。

我只好等着。

当我听到马蹄声和马车的轮键声时已近午夜了。我长嘶了一声，然后惊喜地听到了金儿的应答，还有男人的声音。马车从夜色中驶来并停了下来。

两个男人跳下车站在史密斯身旁。“是鲁宾，”一个说，“他一动也不动，罗伯特。”

“他死了，”罗伯特摸了摸史密斯说，“他的手冰凉，头上满是鲜血。”

他们看了看我，发现了我受伤的膝盖。

“这马摔倒了，把他甩了出去！”罗伯特说，他想牵着我向前走，可我差点儿又摔倒。“他的蹄子也不对劲。怪不得他摔倒呢，没有掌还在这片石头地上跑！鲁宾醉了，耐德。除非他醉了，不然他不会骑一匹没戴掌的马。”

耐德把史密斯的尸体扛进车里，罗伯特用他的手帕把我的脚包了起来，牵着我慢慢地走回家，谁也没为这场事故责怪我。白狮饭店的主人证实鲁宾·史密斯在离开饭店时就已经醉了。

但是我得离开沙尔伯爵庄园了，金儿也是。

有一两个月人们让我生活在田野里，一天金儿也被牵来和我一道。她被格雷勋爵的儿子的一通狠骑给累伤了。经过12个月的休整以后，她将被卖掉。至于我，虽然我膝盖的伤好多了，可它们看上去丑陋不堪，所以我不再适合于留在一个时髦的家庭里。和金儿一块儿在田野真好，可是，一天罗伯特来把我带走了。我和金儿两个互道了再见，心里都很难过。

我被卖给贝思的一个拥有很多马和各种马车并把它们出租的人。我现在成了一匹“工作马”，有各种各样的人来租我。有的是好骑手，其他的则糟透了。后来有一个人说服我的主人把我卖给他的一个朋友，这个人想要一匹安全的、舒服的马来骑。

于是，那个夏天我被卖给了白利先生。

白利先生不懂马，但他为我租了一个很舒适的马厩，还雇了一个叫费舍尔的马夫照料我。他还买最好的燕麦及其他好东西给我吃。

开始时一切顺利，但是接下来，似乎饭里的燕麦少了，而草多了。就算很好的草料也不足以使我保持强壮和健康。但是我不会说话。这种状况持续了大约两个月。

一天下午我的主人骑我下乡去看一个朋友——一个懂马的农场主，他仔细地看了看我。

“你的马看上去可不如刚买的时候了，白利，”他摸摸我的脖子和肩膀说。“看它累得又湿又热——只不过稍微骑了这么一会儿！”

“我的马夫说，马匹在秋天时状态都不好，”我的主人说。

“可是这只是8月份呀！”农夫说，“你的活儿又轻，料又好，他不该是这副样子。我不知是谁在吃你的燕麦，朋友。”他继续道，“但我怀疑你的马到底吃到没有。我建议你对你马夫多留意一点儿。”

噢，我多想说话啊！我想告诉我的主人他的燕麦到哪里去了。每天早上6点我的马夫带着他的小儿子来马厩。那孩子带着一个篮子走进放燕麦的屋子。我可以看见他们装满一袋燕麦，再把袋子放进篮子里。

访问过农场主五六天后的一天早上，那孩子带着他的燕麦篮子离开马厩，可很快又回来了，他神情惊恐，两个警察抓着他的胳膊。

“告诉你你爸爸把他的鸡饲料藏到哪儿了，”一个警察对孩子说。

男孩哭了起来，可是逃脱不得。片刻之后，警察又发现了一个和篮子里的袋子一样的空口袋。他们把费舍尔带走了，我再也没看见过他。

又雇了另一个马夫，可是他非常懒于打扫马厩，我整天站在潮湿、肮脏的马厩中，变得又瘦又病。被马夫惹出这些麻烦之后，白利先生决定不再养马了。我被送到一个马市上，那儿有几百匹马被买卖。我认为那儿充满着比全国任何一个地方都要多的谎言。

那天我还算幸运。我以25镑被一个叫杰利米亚·巴克尔的人买走了，大家叫他杰利，我也这么叫吧。

Jerry Barker was a small man, but well-made and quick in all his movements. He lived in London and was a cab driver. Jerry's wife, Polly, was a little woman with smooth dark hair and dark eyes. His son, Harry, was nearly twelve years old, and was a tall, good-tempered boy. His daughter, Dolly, was eight, and she looked just like her mother.

Jerry had his own cab and two horses, which he drove and groomed himself. His other horse was a tall, white animal called Captain. The next morning, Polly and Dolly came to see me. Harry had helped his father since early that morning and had already decided that I would be a good horse. Polly brought me a piece of apple and Dolly brought me some bread.

'We'll call him Jack, after the old one, 'said Jerry. 'Shall we, Polly? '

'Yes, 'she said. 'I like to keep a good name going. '

Captain went out in the cab all morning and I went out in the afternoon. Jerry took a lot of care to make sure that my collar and bridle were comfortable—and there was no bearing rein!

We went to the cab stand where the other cabs were waiting for passengers, and took our place at the back of the last cab. Several of the other drivers came to look at me.

'Too handsome, 'saia one. 'You'll find something wrong with him one morning. '

Then a man in a grey coat and grey hat came up. His name was Grant, and he looked a happy, sensible kind of man. He had been longer on the cab stand than any of the other men, so they let him through to have a look at me, and waited for his opinion.

He looked me all over very carefully, then said:

'He's the right kind for you, Jerry. I don't care what you paid for him, he'll be worth it. '

My first week as a cab horse was very hard. I was not used to London—the noise, the hurry, the crowds of horses, carts and carriages. But Jerry was a good driver and soon discovered that I was willing to work and do my best. He never used the whip on me, and we soon understood each other as well as a horse and man can do. Jerry kept his horses clean and gave us plenty of food and fresh water, and on Sundays we rested.

I never knew a better man than my new master. He was kind and good-tempered, like John Manly. Harry was clever at stable work and always wanted to do what he could. Polly and Dolly came in the morning to brush out the cab, and to wash the glass, while Jerry gave Captain and me a grooming. There was a lot of laughing and fun between them, which all helped to keep Captain and me happy. The family came early in the morning because Jerry did not like lateness. It always made him angry when people wanted him to drive hard because of their own lateness.

One day, two wild-looking young men called to him.

'Cabby! Hurry up, we're late for our train at Victoria. Get us there in time for the one o'clock train and we'll pay you double! '

'I will take you at the usual speed, gentlemen, 'said Jerry.

'Extra money doesn't pay for extra speed. '

Larry's cab was standing next to ours. He opened the door and said, 'I'm your man, gentlemen! My horse will get you there all right. 'And as he shut them in, with a smile at Jerry, he said, 'He always refuses to go faster than a trot! 'Then, whipping his horse hard, he went off as fast as he could.

Jerry patted me on the neck. 'Extra money won't pay for that kind of thing, will it, Jack? 'he said.

Although he was against hard driving to please careless people, he always went at a fair speed and was not against going faster if there was a good reason.

I remember one morning we were on the stand waiting for a passenger when a young man carrying a large suitcase went by. He stepped on a piece of apple which lay in the road, and fell down heavily. Jerry ran across the road and helped him up, then took him into a shop to sit him down.

Some time later, the young man, looking white and ill, came out again and called Jerry, so we went across the road.

'Can you take me to the South-Eastern Railway? 'he said. 'My fall has made me late, and it's very important that I don't miss the twelve o'clock train. I'll pay you extra if you can get me there in time. '

'We'll do our best, sir, 'said Jerry, and helped him into the cab.

It was always difficult to drive fast in the city in the middle were used to it, and no one was faster at getting through the carriages and carts, all moving at different speeds, going this way and that way. In and out, in and out we went, as fast as a horse can do it. And we got to the station just as the big clock showed eight minutes to twelve.

'We're in time! 'said the young man, happily. 'Thank you, my friend, and your good horse, too. Take this extra money—'

'No, sir, said Jerry. 'Thank you, but it isn't necessary. I'm glad we were in time—now hurry and catch your train. '

When we got back to the cab stand, the other men were laughing because Jerry had driven hard to the train.

'How much extra did he pay you, Jerry? 'said one driver.

'Nothing, 'said Jerry. 'He offered me extra but I didn't take it. If Jack and I choose to have a quick run now and then, that's our business and not yours. '

'You'll never be a rich man then, 'said Larry.

'Perhaps not, 'said Jerry, 'but I'll be a happy one! '

'And you, Larry, 'added Mr Grant, 'will die poor, because you spend too much money on new whips, beating your poor horse until it's exhausted—and then you have to buy another one. '

'well, I've never had good luck with my horses, 'said Larry.

'And you never will, 'said Mr Grant. 'Good Luck is very careful who she travels with, and mostly chooses those who are

kind and sensible. That’s my experience, anyway. ’

He turned round again to his newspaper, and the other men went back to their cabs.

* * *

Winter came early, with snow, rain or strong winds almost ev—ery day for weeks. Jerry sometimes went to a coffee—shop near the cab stand, and sometimes Dolly came with some hot soup that Polly had made for him.

One cold windy day, Dolly was waiting for Jerry to finish his soup when a gentleman came towards us. Jerry started to give the soup bowl back to Dolly and was just going to take off my warm cloth when the man said, ’No, no, finish your soup, my friend. I can wait in the cab until you’ve finished. ’Jerry thanked him, then came back to Dolly.

’That’s a real gentleman’Dolly, ’he said. ’He has time and thought for the comfort of a poor cab driver. ’

Jerry finished his soup, then we took the man to Clapham. After that, he took our cab several times, and often came to pat me. It was very unusual for anyone to notice a cab horse, and I was grateful.

Another day, the gentleman saw a cart with two horses standing in the street. The driver was not with them and I don’t know how long they had been standing there. However, they decided to move on a few steps.

Suddenly, the cart driver ran out of a building and caught them. He seemed very angry and began to whip the horses hard, even beating them around the head.

Our gentleman saw him and walked quickly across. ’Stop that at once, or I’ll call the police!’ he said.

The driver was drunk and he began to shout, but he stopped whipping the horses. Meanwhile, our gentleman wrote down the name and address that was on the side of the cart.

’Why do you want that?’ shouted the driver.

Our gentleman didn’t answer. He came back to the cab. ’Many people have thanked me fof telling them how their horses have been used, ’he told Jerry.

’I wish there were more gentlemen like you, sir, said Jerry. ’They’re needed in this city. ’

10 在伦敦拉出租马车

杰利·巴克尔是个小小儿男人，但他结实、健壮、动作敏捷。他住在伦敦，是个赶出租马车的。杰利的妻子波莉身材小巧，有一头光滑的黑发和一双乌黑的眼睛。他儿子叫哈利，快12岁了，个子高高的，脾气挺好。女儿多莉8岁，看上去和妈妈很像。

杰利有自己的一辆马车和两匹马，他自己赶马、料理马。他的另外一匹马高大洁白，名叫上尉。第二天上午，波莉和多莉来看我。哈利从那天一大早就帮父亲干活儿，已断定我是匹好马。波利给我带来一片苹果，多莉给我拿了些面包。

“我们叫他杰克吧，和上回那匹一样，”杰利说，“好吗，波莉？”

“好，”她说，“我喜欢沿用一个好名字。”

上尉整个上午都出去拉车，我则是下午当班。杰利非常注意我的轭具和笼头是否舒服——而且也没有绳套儿啦！

我们去了车站，那儿有其他的马车在等候旅客，我们站在了最后一辆车的后面。几个马车夫过来看我。

“太俊了，”一个说，“有一天早上醒来你会发现他有毛病。”

一个穿灰上衣、戴灰帽的男人走上前来。他叫格兰特，看上去是那种快活、聪明的人。他在车站的时间比其他人都长，所以大家都让开道让他过来看看我，等着听他的意见。

他非常仔细地打量了我，然后说：

“他正适合你，杰利。不管你付了多少钱，他都值。”

我拉车的第一个星期很辛苦。我不习惯伦敦——噪音、匆忙、拥挤的马匹和车辆。但是杰利是个好车夫，很快就发现我愿意工作并且不偷懒。他对我从不用鞭子。很快我们就彼此理解了，那是一匹马和一个人之间所能达到的最深的理解。杰利总把我们收拾得干干净净，还给我们足够的吃食和清水，星期日我们还休息。

我从没见过比我的新主人更好的人。他善良、脾气好，就像约翰·曼利。哈利对马厩的活儿很精通，总是在卖力地做。波莉和多莉早上来把马车刷干净、擦玻璃，同时杰利给我和上尉刷牙。这一家大小之间总是笑声不断，乐趣盎然，这一切使我和上尉也很快活。

这一家子早上总是来得很早，因为杰利不喜欢迟到。杰利经常为那些自己晚了，光会催他快赶车的人生气。

一天，两个野里野气的年轻人喊他。

“车夫，快点，我们赶维多利亚火车站一点钟的火车，快误点了。快送我们去。双倍付钱！”

“我只用正常速度送你们，先生们，”杰利说，“多付钱买不来超速度。”

拉利的车就在我们旁边，他打开门说：“我为你们效劳，先生们！我的马能保证把你们按时送到。”拉利把他们送进车，关门时，笑着看着杰利说：“他总是不愿意比小跑更快一点！”然后，他狠命抽打着他的马，飞快地跑走了。杰利拍着我的脖子说：“多付钱也买不来那种事，对吗，杰克？”

虽然他反对死命狂奔以取悦那些粗心大意的人，而总是按正常速度行驶，但是遇上理由正当时，他也不反对赶时间。

我记得一天早上，我们正站在车站等旅客，一个小伙子拎着一只大箱子从旁边走过。他踩在了路上的一片苹果上，重重地摔倒了。杰利跑过去帮助他站起来，然后扶他到一家店铺里坐下。

过了一会儿，那小伙子苍白、病弱地走出店铺叫杰利，我们走了过去。

“你能送我到东南火车站吗？”他说，“我跌了这一跤，要迟到了，事情很重要，我不能误12点的火车。如果你能及时送我过去，我会多付钱给你。”

“我们会尽力的，先生，”杰利说，扶他上了车。

中午在城市中驾车是很难跑快的，街道上满是车辆。但是杰利和我已习惯了，没人能比我们更快了。在这样的街上，所有的车都以不同的速度向不同的方向行驶着，我们在车流中穿行，进进出出，出出进进，以一匹马能达到的最快速度向前跑。当我们到达车站时，大钟正指向差8分钟12点。

“我们及时到了！”小伙子高兴地说。“谢谢你，我的朋友，也谢谢你的好马。拿着，这是小费……”

“不，先生，”杰利说，“谢谢你，可是小费就不必了。我很高兴能及时赶到——现在快去赶你的火车吧。”

当我们回到车站时，其他人都在大笑，因为杰利刚才为追火车而拼命赶车了。

“他付了多少小费给你，杰利？”一个车夫说。

“一个子儿也没有。”杰利说，“他要给我小费，但是我没拿。如果杰克和我愿意时不时快跑一下，那也是我们的事，你们管不着。”

“你这样永远也成不了富翁，”拉利说。

“也许成不了，”杰利说，“但我会是个快乐的人！”

“而你呢，拉利，”格兰特先生加了一句，“会贫穷地死去，因为你花太多钱买新鞭子，把你可怜的马抽个半死——然后你就得再买一匹。”

“唉，我靠我的马从没走过运，”拉利说。

“你走不了运，”格兰特先生说，“好运挑选良伴，挑的常是那些善良、聪明的人。反正这是我的经验。”

他又转回身去看报纸了，其他人也回到了自己的车里。

冬天来得早，带着雪、雨和强劲的风，差不多连着几个星期都是如此。杰利有时去车站附近的一个咖啡店。有时多莉送来一些波莉给他做的热汤。

一个刮风的冷天，多莉正等着杰利喝汤，一个先生走了过来。杰利忙把汤碗递给多莉，正要揭我身上的盖布，那人说：“不，不，把汤喝完，我的朋友。我可以在车里等着你喝完。”杰利谢过他，回到多莉身旁。

“那是个真正的绅士，多莉，”他说，“他肯为一个可怜的赶车人的冷暖着想。”

杰利喝完了汤，我们就把那人拉到克莱范姆。后来他又坐了几次我们的车，常来拍拍我。有人这么注意一匹拉车的马可真少见。我对他心存感激。

又有一天，这位先生看见两匹马拉着一辆车站街道上。车夫不在，我不知道他们已等了多久。不过，他们开始踱了几步。

突然，车夫从一栋楼里跑出来抓住了他们。他看上去很生气，狠狠地抽打起马，甚至抽打马头。

我们这位先生看见了他，就快步走过去。

“立刻住手，不然我喊警察了！”他说。

车夫醉了，他喊叫起来，不过他不再抽马了。同时，我们的先生抄下了在车身一侧的名字和地址。

“你干嘛这样？”车夫喊道。

我们的先生没有回答。他走回我们的车。“很多人都感谢我，因为我告诉了他们，他们的马是被怎样使用的。”他对杰利说。

“我希望有更多的人像您，先生，”杰利说，“这座城市需要这样的人。”

11 Goodbye to old friends

One day we were waiting outside one of the London parks when a dirty old cab drove up beside ours. The horse was brown, with bones that showed through her coat. I was eating some hay and the wind took a little of it her way. The poor animal put out her long thin neck and picked it up, then turned and looked for more. There was a hopeless look in her dull eye and I wondered where I'd seen her before. Then she looked straight at me.

'Black Beauty, is that you?' she said.

It was Ginger! But how different she looked! Her face, which was once so full of life, was now miserable and full of pain, and her breathing was very bad.

I moved closer to her so that we could have a quiet talk, and it was a sad story that she told me. After twelve months' rest at Earls Hall she was considered to be ready to work again, and was sold to a gentleman. She got on well for a little while, but after a long gallop one day, she became ill again. She was rested, was seen by a horse-doctor, then sold. In this way, she went from owner to owner several times, each one poorer than the one before.

'So at last I was bought by a man who keeps a number of cabs and horses, and hires them out,' said Ginger. 'You look happy and comfortable with life as a cab horse, and I'm glad, but it's different for me. They whip me and work me seven days a week. They say that they paid more for me than I was worth, and now they're trying to get their money back by working me until I drop.'

'You used to stand up and fight when people were cruel to you,' I said.

'Yes, I did once,' said Ginger. 'But men are stronger than we are, and if they're cruel and have no feelings, then there's nothing we can do about it. Oh, I wish the end would come. I wish I was dead.'

I was very sad. I put my nose against hers but could find nothing to say that would cheer her up. I think she was pleased to see me, because she said, 'You're the only friend I ever had.'

A few weeks after this, a cart with a dead horse in it passed by our cab stand. It was a brown horse with a long thin neck, and I believe it was Ginger. I hoped it was, because then her troubles would be over.

* * *

There was one day when we were very busy. First a fat gentleman with a large bag wanted to go to Bishopsgate Station; then we were called by a lady who wanted to be taken to Regent's Park; then a man jumped into the cab and called out, 'Bow Street Police Station, quick!'

After another journey or two, we came back to the cab stand and Jerry gave me some food, saying, 'We must eat when we can on days like this, Jack.' And he took out the meat and bread Polly had given him.

But neither of us had eaten many mouthfuls before a poor young woman came along the street. She was carrying a child and she looked lost and worried.

'Can you tell me the way to St Thomas's Hospital, please?' she asked. 'I have to take my little boy there, and I'm a stranger in London.' The little boy was crying as she spoke. 'He's in great pain and can't walk, but the doctor says that if I can get him to the hospital, then perhaps he'll get well again.'

'You can't carry him through the crowds,' said Jerry. 'It's five kilometres, and that child is heavy.'

I'm strong,' said the woman. 'I think I can manage, if I know the way.' 'You can't do it. Just get into this cab and I'll drive you there. Don't you see that it's beginning to rain?'

'No, sir, I can't do that,' she said. 'I've only just enough money to get me home again.'

'Listen,' said Jerry. 'I've got a wife and children at home, and I'd be ashamed of myself if I let a woman and a sick child put themselves in danger. Get in the cab and I'll take you for nothing.'

'Oh, how kind you are!' said the woman, and began to cry.

Jerry opened the door but two men ran up, calling out, 'Cab!'

'It's taken,' said Jerry, but one man pushed past the woman and jumped in, followed by the other. 'This cab is already taken, gentlemen,' Jerry said again, 'by this lady.'

'Lady!' said one of the men unpleasantly, looking at the woman's poor clothes. 'She can wait. Our business is very important, and anyway, we were in first, and we'll stay in.'

A smile came over Jerry's face as he shut the cab door. 'Stay in as long as you like, gentlemen. I can wait while you rest yourselves.' He walked over to the young woman who was standing nearby. 'They'll soon be gone, don't worry,' he said, laughing.

And he was right. When the two men realized that they were going to have a very long wait, they got out, calling Jerry all kinds of bad names. After this, we were soon on our way to the hospital.

'Thank you a thousand times,' said the young woman, as Jerry helped her out of the cab.

'I hope your child will soon be better,' said Jerry. He watched her go in, then patted my neck. It was something he always did when he was pleased.

The rain was now coming down fast and, just as we were leaving the hospital, a lady came down the steps calling, 'Cab!' Jerry seemed to know her at once.

'Jerry Barker, is it you?' said the woman. 'I'm very glad to find you here. It's difficult to get a cab in this part of London today.'

'I'll be proud to take you,' said Jerry. 'Where do you want to go?'

'Paddington Station,' said the woman.

We got to the station and went in under cover. The lady stood beside the cab talking to Jerry for some time, and I discovered that she was once Polly's mistress.

‘How do you like cab work in the winter?’ she asked Jerry. ‘Polly was worried about your cough last year.’

‘She worries because I work all hours and in all kinds of weather,’ said Jerry. ‘But I get on all right, and I would be lost without horses to look after.’

‘It would be wrong to harm your health in this work when you have a wife and two children,’ said the lady. ‘There are many places where good drivers or grooms are wanted. If you ever decide to give up cab work, let me know.’ She put something into his hand. ‘There’s some money for the children.’

Jerry thanked her and, after leaving the station, we went

* * *

Christmas and the New Year are no holidays for cab drivers and their horses. People go to parties and dances, and the work is often late. Sometimes driver and horse have to wait for hours, shaking with cold.

We had a lot of late work during Christmas week and Jerry’s cough was bad. On New Year’s Eve we took two gentlemen to a house in the West End, and were told to come for them at eleven o’clock. ‘You may have to wait a few minutes, but don’t be late,’ one of them said.

Jerry arrived at the right time and we waited. The wind was very cold and it was snowing. Jerry pulled one of my cloths higher over my neck, then walked up and down, trying to keep warm.

At half-past twelve, Jerry rang the door-bell and asked if the gentlemen still wanted the cab. The man at the door said, ‘Oh, yes, you’ll be wanted.’

At one o’clock the door opened and two men came out. They got in the cab without a word, and told Jerry where to drive. It was three kilometres away, and when the men got out they didn’t say they were sorry for the long wait, but they were angry when Jerry made them pay for the extra waiting time. But it was money hard-earned.

When we got home, Jerry could not speak, and his cough was terrible, but he groomed me and made sure that I was warm and comfortable.

It was late the next morning before anyone came, and then it was only Harry. He cleaned us and gave us our food but was very quiet. Later that morning he came again, and this time Dolly came with him. She was crying, and I discovered from their conversation that Jerry was dangerously ill.

Two days passed, and only Harry and Dolly came to the stable. On the third day, Mr Grant from the cab stand arrived when Harry was in the stable. ‘I won’t go to the house, boy, but how is your father?’ he said.

‘He’s very bad,’ said Harry.

‘I’m sorry to hear that,’ said Mr Grant. ‘He’s the best man I know.’

But when he came the next day, Harry was able to tell him, ‘Father is better today. Mother hopes he will get over it soon.’

‘Thank God!’ said Mr Grant. He was a kind man, and did a lot to help the family during this time, because while Jerry was ill, he was earning no money, and we all had to eat.

Jerry got slowly better, but the doctor said he must never do cab work again. The children talked a lot about what their mother and father would do, but a few days later Dolly ran into the stable to find Harry.

‘There’s a letter from Mrs Fowler, mother’s old mistress!’ said Dolly. ‘She wants father to be her carriage driver, and we’re going to live in a cottage in the country—with chickens, and apple trees, and everything!’

This was bad news for me. I was not young now, and could not hope for a better master than Jerry, although Mr Grant promised to find a comfortable place for me.

I never saw Jerry again and was very sorry to leave.

11 告别老友

一天我们在伦敦的一个公园门外等客，一辆又脏又旧的车从我们身旁经过。那马是棕色的，瘦骨嶙峋。我正在吃草，风把几根草刮到她那边。可怜的家伙伸着她又瘦又长的脖子把草叼了起来，又转过头来找别的草吃。在她黯淡的眼睛中有一股绝望的神情，我寻思自己以前在哪儿见过它。她也定定地看着我。

“黑骏马，是你吗？”她说。

是金儿！可她变化多大呀！她的脸，曾经是那么有生气的一张脸，现在悲惨而痛楚，她的呼吸也非常不好。

我凑近它，这样我们可以小声交谈。她给我讲了一个悲伤的故事。在沙尔伯爵庄园休养了一年后，主人认为她又能干活了，就把她卖给了一位先生。她开始还好，但是有一天经过长时间奔跑后，她又病了。她停止工作，看了医生，又被卖掉了。这样，她被从这个人卖到那个人，一个不如一个。

“最后我被一个有好多辆车和马供出租的人买下了，”金儿说。“看样子你拉车也挺高兴、挺舒服，我也为你高兴，可生活对我就不同了。他们抽打我，让我一周工作7天。他们说买我不值，现在他们要我拼命工作，帮他们把钱挣回来，直到我倒下。”

“你以前对残酷的人都是奋起斗争的呀！”我说。

“是的，我曾经这样做过。”金儿说。“可是人比我们强大，如果他们残暴无情的话，我们就没办法了。哦，我希望死期快点来。真希望我已经死了。”

我非常难过。我把鼻子贴着她的鼻子，可不知道说什么才能让她振作起来。我想她见到我很高兴，因为她说：“你是我曾有过的唯一的朋友。”

几个星期以后，一辆拉着一匹死马的车从我们的车站旁经过。那是一匹棕色的马，有着又瘦又长的脖子，我相信那是金儿。我希望如此，因为那样她的一切苦难就都结束了。

* * *

有一天我们非常忙。先是一个带大包的胖先生想去比少普盖特火车站；然后一位太太要我们拉她去雷根特公园；再后是一个人跳上车喊道：“波街警察局。快点！”

又跑了一两趟后，我们回到车站，杰利喂了我一些食物，说：“当我们这样工作时，我们必须得抽空就吃东西，杰克。”说着他掏出波莉

给他的肉和面包来吃。

我们俩都还没吃上几口，一个可怜的年轻女人就沿街道走过来了。她抱着一个小孩，看上去不知所措，忧心忡忡。

“您能告诉我去圣托马斯医院怎么走吗？”她问。“我得带我的儿子去医院，我是外地人。”小男孩在她说话时一直哭闹着。“他疼得连路都走不了，大夫说如果把他送到医院，也许他会好起来的。”

“你没法儿抱着他穿过这么挤的人群，”杰利说。“医院有5公里远，再说孩子又重。”

“我有力气，”女人说，“我觉得我能走到，只要知道路怎么走。”

“你没法儿自己去。上车吧，我送你去。你没看到开始下雨了吗？”

“不，先生，我不能坐您的车，”她说。“我只剩下回家的钱了。”

“听我说，”杰利说，“我家里有老婆孩子，如果我眼看着一个妇女和她生病的孩子处于危险之中而不顾，我会非常羞耻的。上车吧，我免费送你们。”“噢，您太好了！”妇女说着，哭了起来。

杰利打开车门，这当儿两个男人跑了过来，喊着：“马车！”

“已经有人要了！”杰利说，可是一个男人冲到妇女前面跳上了车，另一个也跳了上来。“这车已经有人要了，先生们。”杰利又说了一遍，“这位女士要了。”

“女士！”其中一个男人不高兴地说，一边看着妇女那破旧的衣服。“她可以等，我们的事情非常重要，再说，是我们先上的车，我们就在车上呆着。”

杰利听罢，脸上掠过一丝微笑，他关上车门说：“爱呆多久呆多久吧！先生们。在里面歇着好了。我等着你们。”然后他向站在旁边的年轻妇女走过去。“他们很快就会走的，别担心！”他说着，笑起来。

他说对了。那两个男人意识到他们面临着漫长的等待，就用各种难听的话骂着杰利，钻出车门。然后很快我们就向医院赶去。

“非常非常感谢您，”杰利把她扶出车时年轻女人说道。

“我希望你的孩子能很快恢复健康。”杰利说。他看着她进了医院，然后拍了拍我的脖子。当他遇上高兴事儿时，他总爱这么做。

当时雨下得正大，正当我们要离开医院时，一个女士走下台阶，叫道：“马车！”杰利似乎马上认出了她。

“杰利·巴克尔，是你吗？”她说。“真高兴在这儿遇到你。今天在这一带很难叫到车。”

“能拉您我很荣幸！”杰利说，“您要去哪儿？”

“帕丁顿车站。”女士说。

我们到了车站，进入能避雨的地方。女士站在车旁和杰利说了一会儿话。我发现她曾是波莉的女主人。

“冬天赶车怎么样？”她问杰利。“波莉去年很担心你的咳嗽病。”

“她担心是因为我得在各种气候条件下长时间工作。”杰利说。“不过我适应得不错。再说要是不照顾马，我会很失落的。”

“可是你有妻子和两个孩子，把你的健康耗费在这项工作上是错误的，”女士说，“还有很多地方需要好车夫、好马夫。什么时候你打算不再干这活儿了，就告诉我。”她往他手里放了点东西，“这是给孩子们的钱。”

杰利谢了她，然后我们就离开车站回家了。

对于马夫和他们的马来说，圣诞节和新年是不算休息日的。人们去聚会、跳舞，我们的活儿都比较晚。有时车夫和马匹不得不等上几个小时，冻得发抖。

圣诞节那一周，我们有很多晚活儿。杰利的咳嗽加剧了。新年前夜，我们把两位先生送到西区一座房子，他们叫我们11点来接。“你们可能得等上几分钟，可是不能迟到。”他们中的一个说。

杰利正点到达，我们等着。风很冷，又下着雪。杰利把我身上的一块盖布拉高罩住我的脖子，他自己则走来走去，试图保持温暖。

十二点半了，杰利按门铃问那两位先生是否还想要车。门房答道：“噢，是的，他们还会需要你。”

一点了，门开了，两个男人走了出来。他们坐进车里，什么也没说，只告诉杰利到哪儿去。路有三公里远，到下车时他们也没有为让我们等了这么长时间而说句抱歉的话，反而因为杰利让他们付超时等候费而生了气。我们挣的真是辛苦钱。

我们回到家时，杰利连话也说不出来了，他咳得厉害极了，但他还是给我刷洗了一遍，以确保我温暖、舒适。

第二天早上到很晚还没有人来马厩，最后只有哈利来了。他把我们收拾了一遍，又喂了我们些吃的，却一言不发。上午晚些时候他又来了一趟，这回多莉也一起来了。她哭着，从他们的交谈中，我发觉杰利病情很危险。

两天过去了，只有哈利和多莉来马厩。第三天，车站的格兰特先生来了，哈利正站在马厩里。“我不进屋了，孩子，你父亲怎么样了？”他问。

“他糟透了，”哈利说。

“我真难过，”格兰特先生说。“他是我所认识的最好的人。”

不过第二天当他来时，哈利已能告诉他说：“爸爸今天好点了，妈妈希望他的病很快能好。”

“感谢上帝！”格兰特先生说。他是个善良的人，而且在这期间帮了这家人很多忙，因为杰利病了，就没法挣钱，可我们都得吃饭。

杰利慢慢地好起来了，可医生要他再也别干这行了。孩子们经常讨论爸爸妈妈将要做什么，几天后多莉跑进马厩找哈利。

“妈妈以前的女主人弗乐太太来了一封信！”多莉说。“她要爸爸做她的车夫，我们将住在乡村小屋里，有小鸡、苹果树，和一切！”

对我来说，这可不是好消息。我现在不再年轻了，也不可能遇上比杰利更好的主人了，尽管格兰特先生保证他会为我找一个好主儿。

我再也没有见到过杰利，离开他我非常难过。

12 Hard times

I was sold to a baker who Jerry knew, but the baker's bearing rein up. This made it difficult for me to pull a heavy cart, and I found the work very hard.

One day, after three or four months of this, I was pulling the cart, which was much heavier than usual, up a steep hill. I had to stop several times to rest, which didn't please Jakes.

'Move on, you lazy horse, or I'll make you!' he shouted, and he hit me with his whip.

After a few more metres, I had to stop again. The whip came down across my back once more and the pain was sharp. I was doing my best but the driver was still punishing me cruelly, which seemed very unfair.

Jakes was whipping me a third time when a woman hurried over and said, 'Oh, please don't whip your horse like that. I think I can help, if you'll let me.'

Jakes laughed. 'Oh?'

'He can't use all his strength when his head is held back with that bearing rein,' the woman went on. 'If you take it off, I'm sure he'll do better.'

'Anything to please a lady,' said Jakes, smiling.

The rein was taken off and I moved my head up and down several times to help my aching neck.

'Poor boy, is that what you wanted?' said the woman, patting me. She turned to Jakes. 'If you speak to him kindly and lead him on, I believe he'll do better.'

Jakes took the rein, and I put down my head and moved on. I pulled the cart up the hill, then stopped to take a breath.

'Well, that helped,' said Jakes, 'but if I went without a bearing rein all the time, the other cart drivers would laugh at me. It's fashionable, you see.'

'It's better to start a good fashion than to follow a bad one,' said the woman. 'Many gentlemen don't use bearing reins now.'

She gave me another pat on the neck and walked on.

After that, Jakes always took off my bearing rein when I was going up a hill, and that made my life easier. But pulling heavy carts day after day slowly began to exhaust me and a younger horse was brought in to do my work.

* * *

I was sold to another cab owner whose name was Nicholas Skinner. He was hard on his drivers, and they were hard on the horses. We worked long hours, had no Sunday rest, and it was a hot summer.

My driver was just as hard as his master, and he had a cruel whip with something sharp at the end which often cut me and made me bleed. It was a terrible life, and sometimes, like poor Ginger, I wished I was dead.

One day I nearly got my wish.

We were at the railway station when a family of four people hired us. There was a noisy man with a lady, a little boy, a young girl, and a lot of heavy luggage.

'Father,' said the young girl, 'this poor horse can't take us and all our luggage. He's too tired.'

'Oh, he's all right, miss!' said my driver. He put a heavy box on the cab with the other luggage.

'Father, please take a second cab,' said the girl. 'I'm sure this is very cruel.'

'Grace, get in at once, and don't be stupid,' said her father. 'The driver knows his own business.'

My gentle friend had to obey, and box after box was lifted up and put on the top of the cab, or next to the driver. Then the driver hit me with his whip and we moved out of the station. The cab was very heavy and I had not eaten or rested since early that morning. I did my best and got along quite well until we came to Ludgate Hill. By then I was exhausted, and the heavy cab was too much for me. My feet went from under me and I fell heavily, knocking all the breath out of me. I lay quite still because I could not move. Indeed, I expected to die.

There were angry voices above me and luggage was taken off the cab, but it was all like a dream. I thought I heard the girl's voice saying, 'Oh, that poor horse! It's all our fault!'

Someone loosened my bridle and collar, and another voice said, 'He's dead, he'll never get up again.' I heard a policeman giving orders but I did not open my eyes. Cold water was thrown over my head, some medicine was put into my mouth, and I was covered with a cloth.

I don't know how long I was there, but a man with a kind voice persuaded me to try to get up and I managed it. Then I was gently led to some stables close by.

That evening, I was taken back to Skinner's stables, and the next morning the horse-doctor came to see me.

'He's been worked too hard,' said the doctor. 'There's no strength left in him.'

'Then he must go for dog food,' said Skinner. 'I have no fields for sick horses. It doesn't suit my business. I work them for as long as they'll go, then I sell them for what I can get.'

'There's a horse fair in ten days' time,' said the doctor. 'If you rest him and give him food, he may get better, and then you may get more than his skin's worth.'

Luckily for me, Skinner took the doctor's advice and, after rest and food, I began to feel better. Ten days later, I was taken to the horse fair, a few miles outside London.

12 苦日子

我被卖给了杰利认识的一位面包师。这面包师的车夫是个叫贾克的男人。他喜欢把绳套收得紧紧的。这叫我拉重物时很困难。我发现这工作很不好干。

这样过了三四个月。一天，我正拉车上一个很陡的小山。这次车比以往都沉重得多。我不得不几次停下来休息，这让贾克很不高兴。

“走啊，你这懒马！我要抽你了！”他喊着并用鞭子抽我。

拉了几米，我又得停下来。鞭子又落在我的后背上，疼得钻心。我已经尽力了，可车夫还无情地惩罚我，这非常不公平。

贾克第三次抽我的时候，一位妇女跑过来说：“噢，请你别那样抽你的马。我想我能帮忙，如果你愿意的话。”

贾克笑起来。“噢？”

“他的头被绳套向后拉得抬起来，这样他就使不上力气，”妇女接下去说。“如果你卸下绳套，我肯定他能干好。”

“只要能让女士开心，我什么事都可以干！”贾克笑着说。

绳套拆了下来，我上下活动了几次酸疼的脖子。

“可怜的孩子，你就想这样吧？”女人说着拍拍我。她转向贾克：“只要对他说几句好话，并牵着它，我相信他会干得更好。”

贾克拾起缰绳，我低下头拉起来。我把车拉上了山顶，停下来喘着气。

“噢，倒是管用，”贾克说。“可是如果我一直不用绳套，其他车夫会笑我的。这是潮流，你知道吧。”

“开始一个好潮流比追随一个坏潮流强。”妇女说，“现在很多绅士已不再用绳套了。”

她又拍了拍我的脖子，然后走了。

从那以后，贾克在我上山时就摘下绳套，这让我的日子好过了一些。但是日复一日地拉重车慢慢耗尽了 my 体力，一匹年轻的马被带来接替我。

我被卖给了另一个叫尼古拉斯·斯基耐尔的出租马车车主。他对车夫很冷酷，车夫就把气撒在马身上。我们长时间地工作，星期天也不能休息。当时又是炎热的夏天。

我的车夫和他的主人一样冷酷，他的鞭子梢上有什么锐利的东西，经常使我受伤流血。生活真是可怕，有时，我就像可怜的金儿，巴不得自己死掉。

有一天，这个愿望差点就实现了。

当时我们在火车站，有一家四口来叫车。这一家有一个吵吵嚷嚷的男人和一位女士、一个小男孩和一个小女孩，还有很多沉重的行李。

“爸爸，”小女孩说，“这匹可怜的马拉不了我们和我们的行李，他太累了。”

“哦，他没问题，小姐！”我的车夫说。他把一个重箱子放到车上，和其它行李放在一起。

“爸爸，坐别的车吧，”小女孩说，“我觉得这太残酷了。”

“格蕾丝，赶快上车，别犯傻了，”她爸爸说。“车夫自己知道。”

我温柔的朋友只好遵从，一个又一个箱子被举起放到车顶上，或是车夫旁。然后车夫抽了我一鞭子，我们走出了车站。

车子很沉。我从清早起就没吃过东西，也没休息过。我尽力在拉，直到鲁德盖特山，我都做得很好。到了那儿我已精疲力尽了，车子实在是太重了。我的脚在身子下面绊了一下，便重重地跌倒了，气都喘不上来了。我静静地躺在地上动弹不得。真的，我希望死掉。

我头顶上响起愤怒的声音，行李被从车上卸下来，这一切都像是个梦。我好像听到那女孩的声音在说：“噢，可怜的马，这全是我们的错！”

有人解下了我的笼头和轭具，另一个声音说：“他死了，再也站不起来了。”我听见一个警察在下命令，可我没有睁开眼睛。冷水浇在我的头上，药喂进我嘴里，一块布盖到了我的身上。

我不知道在那儿躺了多久，后来一个男人和善的声音劝我试着站起来——我做到了。随后我被轻轻地牵到附近的一个马厩。

那天晚上，我被带回斯基耐尔的马厩。第二天一早兽医来看我。

“他干活过于劳累，”医生说。“已经没体力了。”

“那他只有去喂狗了，”斯基耐尔说。“我可没地方养这些病马。这对我的生意不利。我得尽可能地使用他们，然后卖掉，能得一点是一点。”

“10天后有一个马市，”医生说。“如果让他休息一下，再喂些吃的，他会好起来，你也能卖个比马皮好点的价钱。”

真幸运，斯基耐尔听从了医生的建议。靠着休息和食物，我开始觉得好一点了。10天后，我被带到伦敦外几英里的马市。

13 My last home

I was sold to a farmer at the horse fair, but it was his young grandson who persuaded him to buy me.

The two of them walked past me and, seeing kindness in the farmer's face, I lifted my head, put my ears forward and tried to look my best.

The farmer stopped and looked at me. 'There's a horse, Willie, that has known better days,' he said.

'Poor thing!' said the boy. 'Do you think he was ever a car-riage horse, grandfather?'

'Oh, yes,' said the farmer. 'Look at his fine head and the shape of his neck and shoulder.' He reached out a hand and patted me on the neck. I put out my nose in answer to his kindness, and the boy gently put his hand against my face.

'Look how well he understands kindness,' said the boy. 'Won't you buy him, and make him young and strong again?'

The man who was selling me said, 'The boy can recognize a good horse, sir. This one isn't old, just tired and thin from too much work. In six months, he'll be fine.'

Five pounds changed hands and, soon after, I was taken to my new home. The farmer gave orders for me to have hay and oats every night and morning, and I was let out into a large field in the daytime. Willie, the young boy, was responsible for me, and he came to see me every day, bringing carrots or apples.

During that winter, the rest, the good food, the soft grass and gentle running and trotting all helped to make me feel quite young again. When the spring came, the farmer tried me with a carriage, and I did the work quite easily.

'He's growing young, Willie,' he said. 'We'll give him some gentle work and look for a good home for him.'

* * *

One day during this summer, the groom cleaned and dressed me with special care, and Willie seemed half-worried and half-excited as he got into the carriage with his grandfather.

'I hope the ladies like him,' said the farmer.

A kilometre or two beyond the village, we came to a pretty house, and Willie went to knock on the door. He asked if Miss Blomefield and Miss Ellen were at home. They were, and Willie stayed with me while the farmer went into the house. He came back about ten minutes later with three ladies. They seemed to like me, but one of them, worried by my knees, wondered if I was safe.

'It's true his knees were broken once,' said the farmer, 'but we don't know why he fell. It was probably a careless driver, and not the horse's fault at all. He seems very safe to me. If you like him, you can try him for a few weeks,' he went on. 'Then your driver will see what he thinks of him.'

One of the three ladies—a tall, white-faced lady, who held the arm of a younger woman—said, 'You have always given us good advice about our horses, so we accept your offer to try him.'

The next morning, a young man came for me. He looked pleased until he saw my knees, then he said, 'I'm surprised you suggested this horse to my ladies.'

'You're only taking him to try him,' said the farmer. 'If he's not as safe as any horse you ever drove, send him back, young man.'

I was taken to a comfortable stable, given some food, then left to myself

The next day, the groom was cleaning my face when he said, 'That's just like the star that Black Beauty had on his forehead. I wonder where he is now.' He looked more closely at me. 'White star on the forehead, one white foot—and a little white place on his back! It must be Black Beauty! Beauty! Do you know me? I'm little Joe Green, who almost killed you!' And he began patting me all over my back.

I could not say I remembered him, as he was now a fine young man with a black moustache and a deep voice. But I was sure he knew me, and that he was Joe Green, and I was very glad. I put my nose up to him and tried to say that we were friends. I never saw a man so pleased.

That afternoon, I was harnessed to a carriage for Miss Ellen to try me. Joe Green went with her and told her that he was sure I was Mr Gordon's old Black Beauty.

'I shall write to Mrs Gordon and tell her that her favourite horse has come to us,' said Miss Ellen. 'How pleased she will be!'

I have now lived in this happy place a whole year. Joe is the best and kindest of grooms. My work is easy and pleasant, and I feel my strength coming back again.

The ladies have promised that they will never sell me, and so I have nothing to fear; and here my story ends. My troubles are all over, and I am at home; and often, before I am quite awake, I dream I am still in the field at Birtwick, standing with my old friends under the apple trees.

13 我最后的家

我在马市上被卖给了一个农夫，不过是他的小孙子说服他买我的。

他们两个从我身边走过。看到农夫脸上的善意，我抬起头，把耳朵竖起来，尽量使自己看上去好看一点。

农夫停下脚看着我。“这儿有一匹马，威利，他有过好日子，”他说。

“可怜的马！”男孩说。“你是说他曾是一匹拉马车的马吗，爷爷？”

“哦，是啊，”农夫说。“看他优美的头部和他脖子、肩膀的线条。”他伸手拍拍我的脖子。我伸过鼻子回应他的好意，男孩把他的手轻轻地放在我的脸上。

“看他多能理解别人的好意，”男孩说。“你为什么不买了他，让他重新年轻、强壮起来呢？”

卖我的人开口了：“这孩子识货，先生。这马不老，只是干活太多，才这么又累又瘦。6个月他就会好的。”

5英镑过了手，很快我就被带回了新的家。农夫让我每天早晚吃草和燕麦，白天准我出去到大片田野中。威利，那男孩子，对我很负责。

他每天来看我，给我带来胡萝卜或苹果。

冬天里，休息和良好的食物；柔软的草和轻快的小跑都令我重新感到年轻。春天来到的时候，农夫试着让我拉车，我干得相当轻松。

“他越来越年轻了，威利，”他说，“我们会给他些轻活干干，再为他找个好去处。”

夏季里的一天，马夫仔细地给我清洗过，又给我打扮了，威利看上去半喜半忧，和爷爷一起坐进马车。

“我希望小姐们喜欢他，”农夫说。

出村一两公里，我们来到了一栋美丽的房子前面，威利上前去敲门。他问布劳姆菲尔德小姐和爱伦小姐是否在家。她们在，农夫就进了屋子，威利则和我呆在一起。10分钟后农夫回来了，还带着3位小姐。她们看上去很喜欢我，可其中的一个有些担心我的膝盖，拿不准我是否安全。

“他的膝盖确实摔坏过一次，”农夫说，“我们也不知道他是怎么摔的。可能是个粗心的车夫，而根本不是这马的过错。在我看来，他非常安全。如果你们喜欢他，可以试几个星期，”他继续道，“那样你们的车夫就能知道他怎么样了。”

3位小姐之一——一位高高的、脸色白白的小姐——挽着另一位小姐的胳膊说：“你以往总是对我们的马提出好建议，所以我们就接受你的提议试试他吧。”第二天一早，一个年轻人来了。他看上去很愉快，但看到我的膝盖时，他不太高兴，说：“我真惊讶你推荐这匹马给我的小姐们。”

“你就试试他好了，”农夫说，“如果他不如你驾驭过的其他马安全，就退给我，年轻人。”

我被带到了个舒适的马厩，吃了点东西，然后就自己呆着。

第二天，马夫给我洗着脸，说：“他前额上的星记真像黑骏马。也不知他现在在哪儿。”他更仔细地看看我。“前额上的白星，一只白蹄——背上的一小块白！一定是黑骏马！黑骏马！你还认识我吗？我是小乔·格林，差点儿让你送命的那个！”他开始拍我的后背。

我没法儿说我想起了他，因为他现在是个有着黑胡子和深沉嗓音的英俊的小伙子啦。但我肯定他认识我，那么他就是乔·格林。我非常高兴。我向他抬起鼻子，想说我们是朋友。我还没见过有谁这么高兴过。

那天下午，我被套上车，让爱伦小姐试试我。乔·格林和她一起去并告诉她他肯定我是高顿先生以前的黑骏马。

“我要写信给高顿夫人，说她心爱的黑骏马来到了我们身边。”爱伦小姐说。“她会多么高兴啊！”

我现在已经在这个快乐的地方生活了整整一年。乔是最好最善良的马夫。我的工作轻松愉快，我觉得我的力气又回来了。

小姐们保证她们永远也不会卖掉我，所以我什么也不用怕了；我的故事也就此打住。那些麻烦都过去了，我现在是在家里。经常地，在我的睡梦中，我梦见自己还在伯特威克的田野中，和我的老朋友们一起站在苹果树下。

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简 介

查尔斯·狄更斯曾经说过：“在我所有的作品中，我最喜欢这一部。正如许多父母一样，我内心里有一个宠儿，他的名字就叫大卫·科波菲尔。”

狄更斯自己的童年艰难困苦，少年大卫的生活也同样不容易。父亲在他未出生前就去世了，8岁时母亲改嫁，继父摩德斯通先生严酷残暴，他的姐姐摩德斯通小姐也一样铁石心肠，不近人情。大卫成长过程中遭遇过许多不友善的人——残忍的校长、狡诈的朋友，还有心怀歹意的尤赖亚·希普。然而，在大卫的生活中也不乏善良之人：有可爱的保姆辟果提，少言寡语、不善言辞的巴克斯先生，有貌似严肃但却菩萨心肠的姨婆，有生活不如意的米考伯夫妇。他们时而兴高采烈，时而忧虑不安，却始终期待着“转机”的到来。有恬静温柔的阿格尼斯，一位聪慧的知心朋友；还有朵拉，一位最最可爱的女孩，金发碧眼，甜美漂亮，天真无邪……

查尔斯·狄更斯（1812—1870）是英国最伟大的小说家之一。他出身于贫苦家庭（父亲曾因负债被捕入狱），经过不懈努力，获得了财富和荣誉。

1 David Copperfield's childhood

I was born at Blunderstone, in Suffolk, in the east of England, and was given my poor father's name, David Copperfield. Sadly, he never saw me. He was much older than my mother when they married, and died six months before I was born. My father's death made my beautiful young mother very unhappy, and she knew she would find life extremely difficult with a new baby and no husband. The richest and most important person in our family was my father's aunt, Miss Betsey Trotwood. She had in fact been married once, to a handsome young husband. But because he demanded money from her, and sometimes beat her, she decided they should separate. He went abroad, and soon news came of his death. Miss Trotwood bought a small house by the sea, and lived there alone, with only one servant. She had not spoken to my father since his marriage, because she considered he had made a mistake in marrying a very young girl. But just before I was born, when she heard that my mother was expecting a baby, she came to visit Blunderstone.

It was a cold, windy Friday afternoon in March. My mother was sitting by the fire, feeling very lonely and unhappy, and crying a little. Suddenly a stern, strange-looking face appeared at the window. 'Open the door!' ordered the stern-faced lady. My mother was shocked, but obeyed at once. 'You must be David Copperfield's wife,' said the lady as she entered. 'I'm Betsey Trotwood. You've heard of me?' 'Yes,' whispered mother, trembling. 'How young you are!' cried Miss Betsey. 'Just a baby!' My mother started sobbing again. 'I know I look like a child! I know I was young to be a wife, and I'm young to be a mother! But perhaps I'll die before I become a mother!' 'Come, come! answered Miss Betsey. 'Have some tea. Then you'll feel better. What do you call your girl?' 'My girl? I don't know yet that it will be a girl,' replied my mother miserably. 'No, I don't mean the baby, I mean your servant!'

'Her name's Peggotty. Her first name's Clara, the same as mine, so I call her by her family name, you see.' 'What a terrible name! However, never mind. Peggotty!' she called, going to the door. 'Bring Mrs Copperfield some tea at once!' She sat down again and continued speaking. 'You were talking about the baby. I'm sure it'll be a girl. Now, as soon as she's born...' 'He, perhaps,' said my mother bravely. 'Don't be stupid, of course it'll be a she. I'm going to send her to school, and educate her well. I want to prevent her from making the mistakes I've made in life.' Miss Betsey looked quite angry as she said this. My mother said nothing, as she was not feeling at all well. 'But tell me, were you and your husband happy?' asked Miss Betsey.

This made my poor mother feel worse than ever. 'I know I wasn't very sensible—about money—or cooking—or things like that!' she sobbed. 'But we loved each other—and he was helping me to learn—and then he died! Oh! Oh!' And she fell back in her chair, completely unconscious.

Peggotty, who came in just then with the tea, realized how serious the situation was, and took my mother upstairs to bed. The doctor arrived soon afterwards, and stayed all evening to take care of his patient.

At about midnight he came downstairs to the sitting-room where Miss Betsey was waiting impatiently.

'Well, doctor, what's the news? How is she?'

'The young mother is quite comfortable, madam,' replied the doctor politely.

'But she, the baby, how is she?' cried Miss Betsey.

The doctor looked strangely at Miss Betsey. 'It's a boy, madam,' he replied.

Miss Betsey said nothing, but walked straight out of the house, and never came back.

That was how I was born. My early childhood was extremely happy, as my beautiful mother and kind Peggotty took care of me. But when I was about eight, a shadow passed over my happiness. My mother often went out walking, in her best clothes, with a gentleman called Mr Murdstone. He had black hair, a big black moustache and an unpleasant smile, and seemed to be very fond of my mother. But I knew that Peggotty did not like him. A few months later Peggotty told me that my mother was going to have a short holiday with some friends. Meanwhile Peggotty and I would go to stay with her brother Daniel in Yarmouth, on the east coast, for two weeks. I was very excited when we climbed into the cart, although it was sad saying goodbye to my mother. Mr Murdstone was at her shoulder, waving goodbye, as the driver called to his horse, and we drove out of the village. When we got down from the cart in Yarmouth, after our journey, Peggotty said, 'That's the house, Master David!' I looked all round, but could only see an old ship on the sand. 'Is that—that your brother's house?' I asked in delight. And when we reached it, I saw it had doors and windows and a chimney, just like a real house. I could not imagine a nicer place to live. Everything was clean and tidy, and smelt of fish. Now I was introduced to the Peggotty family. There was Daniel Peggotty, a kind old sailor. Although he was not married, he had adopted two orphans, who lived with him and called him Uncle. Ham Peggotty was a large young man with a gentle smile, and Emily was a beautiful, blue-eyed little girl. They all welcomed Peggotty and me warmly. I spent a wonderfully happy two weeks there, playing all day on the beach with Emily, and sleeping in my own little bed on the ship. I am sure I was in love with little Emily in my childish way, and I cried bitterly when we had to say goodbye at the end of the holiday. But on the way home to Blunderstone, Peggotty looked at me very worriedly. 'Master David, my dear,' she said suddenly in a trembling voice. 'I must tell you—you'll have to know now... While we've been away, your dear mother—has married Mr Murdstone! He's your stepfather now!' I was deeply shocked. I could not understand how my mother could have married that man. And when we arrived home, I could not help showing my mother how very miserable I was. I went straight to my room and lay sobbing on my bed, which made my poor mother very unhappy too. As she sat beside me, holding my hand, Mr Murdstone suddenly came in. 'What's this, Chara, my love?' he asked sternly. 'Remember, you must be firm with the boy! I've told you before, you're too weak with him!' 'Oh yes, Edward, I'm afraid you're right,' my mother replied quickly. 'I'm very sorry. I'll try to be firmer with him.' And when she left the room, Mr Murdstone whispered angrily to me, 'David, do you know what I'll do if you don't obey me? I'll beat you like a dog!' I was still very young, and I was very frightened of him. If he had said one kind word to me, perhaps I would have liked and trusted him, and my life would have been different. Instead, I hated him for the influence he had over my dear mother, who wanted to be kind to me, but also wanted to please her new husband. That evening Mr Murdstone's sister arrived to 'help' my mother in the house. A tall dark lady, with a stern, frowning face, she looked and sounded very much like her brother. I thought she was planning to stay with us for a long time, and I was right. In fact, she intended to stay for ever. She started work the next morning. 'Now, Clara,' she said firmly to my mother at breakfast, 'I am here to help you. You're much too pretty and

thoughtless to worry about the servants, the food and so on. So just hand me your keys to all the cupboards, and I'll take care of everything for you.’ My poor mother just blushed, looked a little ashamed, and obeyed. From then on, Miss Murdstone took complete control of the house, keeping the keys hanging from her waist as she hurried through the house, checking that everything was being done just as she wished.

1 大卫·科波菲尔的童年

我出生在英国东部萨福克郡的布兰德斯通，并沿用了我不幸的父亲之名——大卫·科波菲尔。可悲的是，他从未见过我的面。他同我母亲结婚时比我母亲大许多，在我出生前6个月就逝世了。他的死使我年轻美貌的母亲感到极为痛苦，因为她知道没有丈夫独自带婴儿的日子将会异常艰难。

在我们家族中最富有、最重要的人物要数我父亲的姨妈——贝茜·特拉伍德小姐。其实她结过一次婚，嫁的是一个英俊的青年。但是，由于这位丈夫总找她要钱，有时还动手打她，她便决定与他分手。他出了国，不久就有消息说他已去世了。特拉伍德小姐在海边买了一所小房子，独自生活在那里，身边只随了一位用人。

自从我父亲结婚后她就不理睬我父亲了，因为她认为我父亲娶这么年轻的小姐做妻子是个错误。然而，在我出生前，当她听说我母亲临产时，就来到布兰德斯通拜访我们。

那是在三月份的一个寒冷、多风的星期五下午，我母亲正独自坐在火炉旁，因感到孤单和不幸而轻声抽泣着。突然一张严肃、陌生的脸出现在窗外。

“开门！”这位满脸严肃的女人命令道。

我母亲吓了一跳，但还是很快开了门。

“你就是大卫·科波菲尔的妻子吧，”她边进门边说，“我叫贝茜·特拉伍德，你听说过吧？”

“听说过，”母亲轻声答道，声音发颤。

“你真年轻呀，”贝茜小姐叫道，“简直还是个孩子！”

母亲开始抽泣，“我知道我看着像个孩子！我知道我年纪还小，不该为人妻，不该为人母！但也许我会在成为一个母亲之前死去！”

“行了，行了！”贝茜小姐回答说，“喝口茶水吧，这样你会好受些。你叫你的女孩什么？”

“我的女孩？我还不知道是不是女孩，”我母亲疑惑地答道。

“不，我不是指小孩，我是说你的女用人！”

“她叫辟果提。她的教名是克拉拉，因为和我同名，所以我就以她的姓称呼她，就这样！”

“多难听的名字！不过没关系，辟果提！”她走到门边叫道。“马上给科波菲尔太太上点茶水！”她又坐下来，继续说道：“你刚才说到孩子，我肯定她会是个女孩。那么，只要她一出生，……”

“他，或许是，”母亲勇敢地更正道。

“别犯傻，当然应该是她，我会送她上学，让她接受良好的教育。我要让我生活中所犯的错误避免在她身上重演。”贝茜小姐说此话时显得很愤怒。母亲没吭声，因为她感觉不太舒服。“好吧，告诉我，你和你丈夫过得幸福吗？”贝茜小姐问道。

这个问题让我母亲更感难受。“我知道我很不开窍——在钱方面，做饭方面，等等！”她抽泣着说，“但我们彼此相爱——他帮助我慢慢学——可他死了，唉！唉！”她倒在椅子上，失去了知觉。

辟果提正巧端着茶进来，意识到情况的严重性，把我母亲扶到楼上。医生随即叫到，并彻夜守护着病人。

大约午夜时分，医生下楼来到客厅，贝茜小姐已经等得很不耐烦了。

“大夫，有什么消息吗？她怎么样了？”

“年轻的母亲情况很好，小姐，”大夫很礼貌地回答。

“她，孩子，她怎么样？”贝茜小姐追问。

大夫很纳闷地看着贝茜小姐，“是个男孩，小姐。”他回答道。

贝茜小姐二话没说，径直走出屋子，从此不再登门。

就这样我来到了世上。孩提时的我非常幸福，因为有我美丽的母亲和善良的辟果提照顾我。然而，在我8岁左右，我的幸福生活开始蒙上了阴影。我母亲经常穿着最好的衣服，和一位叫摩德斯通的先生出去散步。那人有一头黑发，留一大撇黑胡子，笑容阴沉，似乎很喜欢我母亲。但我知道辟果提不喜欢他。

几个月后，辟果提告诉我，母亲要和几位朋友出去度短假。辟果提可以趁此机会带我去东海岸的雅茅斯镇和她兄弟丹尼尔生活两个星期。登上马车时我兴奋不已，虽然与母亲分手有些伤感。摩德斯通先生和我母亲并肩站着，向我们挥手道别。这时，马车夫吆喝一声，把我们拉出村去。

当我们结束旅程，在雅茅斯下车时，辟果提说：“到家了，大卫少爷。”

我环顾四周，只看见沙滩上的一艘旧船，便高兴地问道：“那个——那个就是你兄弟的家？”我们走到近处一看，船上有门，有窗，有烟囱，俨然是一所名符其实的住房。我再也想像不出比这更好的住处了。屋内一切陈设干净、整齐，散发着鱼味。这时，我被介绍给辟果提一家。家里有丹尼尔·辟果提，一位善良的老水手，他没有结婚，但收养了两个孤儿。孩子们和他生活在一起，管他叫叔叔。哈姆·辟果提是一位壮小伙子，脸上总是现出亲切的笑容，埃米莉是一位美丽的姑娘，长着一对蓝眼睛。他们都热情地欢迎我和辟果提的到来。

在这儿的两个星期我过得相当愉快，整天和埃米莉在海滩上玩，夜里就睡在船屋里我的小床上。我相信当时我的确以孩童的方式爱上了小埃米莉。当假日结束我俩不得不道别时我哭得很伤心。

在我们回布兰德斯通的路上，辟果提很忧郁地看着我。“大卫少爷，亲爱的，”她突然说道，声音颤抖，“我必须告诉你——你现在该知道了……在我们离家的这段时间，你亲爱的母亲嫁给了摩德斯通先生！他如今已是你的继父了！”

我非常震惊，不明白母亲怎么会嫁给那个人。我们回到家后，我控制不住自己，让母亲看出了我有多痛苦。我径直走进我的卧室，倒在床上哭泣，弄得我可怜的母亲也伤心起来。正当她坐在我床边，拉着我的手时，摩德斯通先生突然走了进来。

“怎么了，克拉拉，我亲爱的？”他严肃地说道，“记住，对孩子应该严厉点！我已经跟你说过，你太娇惯他了！”

“哦，是的，爱德华，恐怕你是对的，”母亲赶紧答道，“我很抱歉，我会尽量对他严厉些。”

她离开房间后，摩德斯通先生压低声音，愤愤地说道，“大卫，你知道你要是不听话我会怎么对待你吗？我会像揍一条狗一样揍你！”

我当时还小，很怕他。当时他要是跟我说上一句和蔼的话，或许我会喜欢他，信任他，我后来的生活也就会完全不同。然而，我恨他给我亲爱的母亲施加压力，她总想好好待我，可还得讨好她的新丈夫。

当天晚上，摩德斯通先生的姐姐来到家中“帮助”我母亲料理家务。她又高又黑，眉头紧锁，板着面孔，神态和说话声音和她兄弟别无两样。我想她可能要长期和我们呆在一起了，果不出所料，她准备永远住下去。第二天一早她就开始行动起来了。

“现在，克拉拉，”早餐时她严肃地告诉我母亲，“我到这儿是来帮助你的。你在安排用人、食品等方面显得太幼稚，太没主意。所以你把所有橱子、柜子的钥匙交给我，我来为你照料一切。”

可怜的母亲只是一阵阵脸红，显得很羞愧，最终还是同意了。从那以后，摩德斯通小姐完全掌管了家事，她把钥匙挂在手腕上，来回地穿梭在屋里屋外，检查着每一件事是否照她的意思办了。

2 David is sent away to school

I was very unhappy during this time. Mr Murdstone insisted on my studying, and so my mother gave me lessons. In the past she and I had enjoyed our studies together, and she had taught me a lot in her gentle way. But now both Mr and Miss Murdstone were present during my lessons, and somehow I could not concentrate or remember what I had learnt. My poor mother was very sympathetic, and tried to encourage me, sometimes even whispering the answer to me. But the Murdstones had sharp ears. 'Clara, my love!' Mr Murdstone used to say crossly. 'Remember! Be firm! You're making the boy's character worse by helping him like that!' 'Oh, Edward, I'm sorry,' my mother replied, looking embarrassed and hanging her head like a guilty child. One morning when I arrived in the sittingroom as usual for my lesson, I saw that Mr Murdstone had a thin stick in his hand. I could not take my eyes off it.

'You must be very careful today, David,' he said with his unpleasant smile, holding the stick in both hands. I knew what would happen then. A terrible fear took hold of me, and all that I had learnt disappeared immediately from my memory, so that I could not answer any of my mother's questions. Mr Murdstone got up from his chair. 'Well David,' he said heavily, 'I think you've worried your mother enough today. We'll go upstairs, boy. Come,' and he picked up the stick. I heard my mother crying as we went upstairs. 'Please, Mr Murdstone!' I cried. 'Don't beat me! I've tried to learn, really I have, sir!' But he did not listen to me. In my bedroom, he held my arms and started hitting me with the stick. I managed to get hold of his hand, and bit deep into it. He cried out angrily, and began to hit me as hard as he could. Above the noise of my screams, I could hear my mother and Peggotty crying outside the door. Then the next moment, he was gone. I heard him lock the door. And I was lying, sore and bleeding, on the floor. The whole house seemed suddenly very quiet. I stayed there for a time, without moving. In the evening Miss Murdstone brought me some bread and milk, which she left on the floor beside me, frowning angrily at me as she went out. I was kept locked in that room for five days and nights, and saw nobody except Miss Murdstone, who brought me food but never spoke to me. To a small boy, the five days seemed like years, and I can still remember how frightened and guilty I felt. But during the fifth night I heard a strange noise at the key-hole. It was Peggotty, trying to give me a message.

'Master David, my dear,' she whispered, sobbing, 'they are going to send you away to boarding school! Tomorrow!' 'Oh Peggotty!' I cried. 'Then I won't see you and mother very often!' 'No, my love. But don't forget, I'll take care of your mother. She needs her cross old Peggotty! I'll stay with her, although I hate these Murdstones. And remember, David, I love you as much as I love your mother, and more. And I'll Write to you.' 'Thank you, dear Peggotty!' I whispered back, tears rolling down my face. 'Will you write to your brother too, and Ham, and little Emily, and tell them I'm not as bad as the Murdstones think? And send my love to them, especially little Emily?' Peggotty promised to do what I asked. The next morning Miss Murdstone told me that because of my wickedness I was going away to school. She had already packed my case for me. My mother was only allowed to say a very quick goodbye to me, when the horse and cart arrived. The driver put my case on the cart, and we drove slowly out of Blunderstone. I was still sobbing loudly when suddenly I saw Peggotty running after us on the road. The driver stopped and waited for her. With difficulty she climbed up onto the cart.

'Here, Master David!' she cried breathlessly. 'A little present from me and your dear mother! Take care of yourself, my dear!' She put a small purse and a paper bag into my hands, and held me so close to her fat body that I thought I would never breathe again. Then she jumped down and ran back along the road to the village.

As we continued our journey, I dried my tears and looked at what she had given me. The bag was full of Peggotty's special cakes, and in the purse were eight bright shilling coins. Thinking of my mother and Peggotty made me start crying again, but just then the driver, Mr Barkis, began to talk to me. He was a large, red-faced man, who clearly found conversation difficult.

'Did she make those cakes?' he asked slowly, having finished the one that I had offered him.

'You mean Peggotty, sir? Yes, she does all our cooking.'

'Does she?' replied Mr Barkis with great interest. There was a long silence while he considered his next question.

'Does she have a young man?' he asked. 'You know, someone who wants to marry her?'

'Peggotty? A young man?' I repeated, surprised. 'Oh no, she's never had any young men.'

'Ah!' replied Mr Barkis, looking very pleased. Again he thought for a long time before speaking.

'Well,' he said at last, 'perhaps if you write to her—will you be writing to her? You could give her a message from me. You could say "Barkis is willing". Would you do that?'

'"Barkis is willing",' I repeated innocently, wondering what the message meant. 'Yes, of course. But you could tell her yourself, Mr Barkis, when you return to Blunderstone tomorrow.'

'No, no' he said, 'no, you just give her the message. Remember, "Barkis is willing".' After this conversation Mr Barkis was completely silent for the rest of the journey. When we arrived in Yarmouth, I bought paper at the hotel and wrote this letter to Peggotty: My dear Peggotty, I have arrived safely in Yarmouth. Barkis is willing. Please give my love to mother. Yours, David P.S. He says it's important—Barkis is willing. In Yarmouth I was put on the long-distance coach to London, and travelled all through the night. At the coach station in London I was collected by a teacher, Mr Mell, and taken to Salem House, the school which the Murdstones had chosen for me.

The school was a large old building with a dusty playground, surrounded by a high brick wall. It looked strangely deserted. I was very surprised to find that none of the boys were there, and was told that they were all on holiday, and that I had been sent there during the holidays as a punishment for my wickedness. The headmaster and teachers were on holiday too, all except for Mr Mell, who had to look after me. I spent a whole month in that miserable place, doing my lessons in the dirty, empty classroom, which smelt of old food and unwashed boys. Every evening I had to eat my supper with Mr Mell, and then go straight to bed. The worst thing was the sign I had to wear round my neck. It said: BE CAREFUL! HE BITES. I was only allowed to take it off when I went to bed. Although I was extremely lonely and unhappy at this time, I was not looking forward to meeting all the other boys. I felt sure they would laugh at me and especially at the sign I was forced to wear. But one day Mr Mell told me that the headmaster, Mr Creakle, had returned, and wanted to see me. So I went, trembling, to his part of the house. I realized at once that Mr Creakle lived much more comfortably than the boys or

the teachers. He was a small, fat man with a purple nose, who was sitting in an armchair with a bottle and a glass in front of him.

‘So, this is the boy who bites, is it?’ he asked unpleasantly. ‘I know your stepfather, boy. He’s a man of strong character, he is. He knows me, and I know him. Do you know me? Answer me, boy!’ He pulled violently at my ear.

‘Not yet, sir,’ I answered, tears of pain in my eyes. ‘Ah, but you soon will! Oh yes, I have a strong character too, you’ll see!’ He banged his hand hard on the table. I was very frightened, but I made myself ask the question I had been considering for a whole month. ‘Please, sir, I’m very sorry for what I did to Mr Murdstone. Could—could I take this sign off, before the other boys see it?’ Mr Creakle gave a sudden, terrible shout and jumped out of his chair. I did not wait to see whether he was going to hit me, but ran out of his room and hid in my bed for the next hour. However, the boys were not as cruel to me as I had feared. I made a friend almost immediately, a boy called Tommy Traddles, who was known to be the unluckiest boy in the school. I was also noticed, and even smiled on, by the great James Steerforth, one of the oldest boys, at least six years older than me. He was a handsome, intelligent, curly-haired young man, who had become an important figure at the school, with great influence over the younger boys.

‘How much money have you got, Copperfield?’ he asked me.

‘Eight shillings, Steerforth,’ I answered, remembering the present my mother and Peggotty had given me.

‘You’d better give it to me. I’ll take care of it for you,’ he offered in a friendly way.

I opened Peggotty’s purse and turned it upside-down into his hand.

‘Perhaps you’d like to spend some of it now?’ he suggested, smiling. ‘A bottle of wine, a tin of biscuits, a few cakes, that sort of thing? I can go out whenever I like, so I can buy it for you.’ ‘Ye-es, that’s very kind of you,’ I said, although I was a little worried that all my money would disappear. When we went upstairs to bed, I realized that all my money had been spent, as eight shillings’ worth of food and drink was laid out on my bed in the moonlight. Of course I did not want to eat and drink it all by myself, so I invited Steerforth and the others to help themselves. The boys were very willing, and we spent a pleasant evening, sitting on our beds, whispering to each other. I discovered that the boys all hated Salem House, which they considered one of the worst schools in the country. They especially hated Mr Creakle, who was in the habit of beating them regularly with a heavy stick which he carried with him at all times. The only boy he dared not beat was Steerforth. I admired Steerforth even more when I heard this. When we were all too tired to stay awake, Steerforth got up to go. ‘Goodnight, young Copperfield,’ he said, putting a hand on my head. ‘I’ll take care of you.’

‘It’s very kind of you,’ I replied gratefully.

‘You haven’t got a sister, have you?’ he asked sleepily. ‘No, I haven’t,’ I answered. ‘What a pity! If you had one, I’m sure she’d be a pretty, bright-eyed little girl. I would have liked to meet her.’ I thought of him a lot that night, with his laughing, handsome face, and his careless, confident manner. I could never have imagined what a dark shadow he would throw over the lives of people who were dear to me. I stayed at Salem House for three more months. Although one or two of the teachers, like Mr Mell, were kind to us boys, and tried to teach us properly, we were too afraid of Mr Creakle and his stick to concentrate on our studies. But Tommy Traddles and I cheered each other up if we were beaten, and I was lucky enough to be friendly with the great Steerforth, in spite of the difference in our ages. However, my home, even with the Murdstones there, seemed a much pleasanter place than school, and I was glad when the Christmas holidays arrived, and I was allowed to return to Blunderstone. I was a little surprised to find that my mother had a new baby, and I could see at once that she was not well. She looked tired and worried, and very thin. But she and Peggotty were delighted to see me, although they dared not show it if the Murdstones were present. My stepfather and his sister seemed to hate me even more than before, if that were possible, and they made my life quite miserable whenever they could. In fact, I was almost pleased when it was time to return to school, and see Traddles and Steerforth again. As the cart drove away, I remember my mother standing outside our house, with her baby in her arms, smiling sadly at me. That was the last time I saw her, and that is how I shall always remember her.

2 大卫被送往学校

这段时期我很不愉快。摩德斯通先生坚持要我学习，所以母亲就教我功课。在过去，母亲和我都可以从教和学当中得到乐趣，她用她温和的方式教给我许多知识。但如今，我们上课时摩德斯通先生和小姐都在场，这在很大程度上让我不能集中精神，记住所学的内容。可怜的母亲同情我，设法提示我，有时甚至悄声告诉我答案，可摩德斯通先生和小姐的耳朵特别尖。

“克拉拉，亲爱的！”摩德斯通先生总是很恼怒地说道，“记住！要严厉！你这样帮着孩子会把他的脾气惯得更糟！”

“哦，爱德华，很抱歉，”母亲答道，满脸尴尬，像一个认错的孩子似地低下了头。

一天早上，我像往常一样来到客厅学功课，看见摩德斯通先生手上拿着一根细木棍，我的眼睛直钩钩地盯着它不放。

“你今天要非常小心，大卫，”他冷笑道，双手握着那根木棍。

我知道接下来要发生什么。一阵强烈的恐惧占据了我的心头，把我所学会的东西从我的记忆中一扫而光，以致于母亲问我的问题我一个都回答不上来。摩德斯通先生从座位上站起来。

“好了，大卫，”他严厉地说，“我想你今天够难为你母亲的了，我们上楼吧，孩子，来吧。”他拿起木棍。我们俩上楼时我听见母亲在哭泣。

“求您了，摩德斯通先生！”我哭道，“别打我！学习我尽了努力，我真的尽了努力，先生！”

可他并不理睬。到了我的卧房，他抓住我的双臂，抡起木棍就打。我使劲抓住他的手，狠狠地咬了他一口。他愤怒地叫了一声，使出浑身的劲来打我。在我一阵阵的尖叫声背后，我听见母亲和辟果提在门外哭泣的声音。过了一会儿，他走了。我听见他锁了门。我躺在地上，浑身疼痛，还流着血。整个屋子似乎突然一下子变得寂静了。

我一动不动地在地上躺了很长时间。晚上，摩德斯通小姐给我拿来一些面包和牛奶，放在我身边的地上，出门时还生气地冲我皱皱眉头。我被锁在房间里五天五夜，其间除了摩德斯通小姐默不作声地给我送点食物，未见有其他任何人来。对一个孩子来说，这五天时间简直就像数年，我至今还记得当时有多恐惧、有多内疚。

第五天夜里，我听到有一个奇怪的声音从锁眼里传来。那是辟果提，设法给我送口信来了。

“大卫少爷，亲爱的，”她低声抽泣道，“他们要把你送到寄宿学校去！明天！”

“哦！辟果提！”我哭道，“那我就不能常见着你和妈妈了！”

“不能了，我亲爱的。但你放心，我会照顾你母亲，她需要我这位脾气大的老辟果提！我会留下来陪她，尽管我讨厌摩德斯通姐弟。记住，大卫，我爱你跟爱你母亲一样，只多不少。我会写信给你。”

“谢谢你，亲爱的辟果提！”我轻声回答，泪水滚落到脸颊。“请你也写信给你的兄弟，还有哈姆，小埃米莉，告诉他们我并不像摩德斯通姐弟认为的那么坏。带给他们我的问候，特别是小埃米莉，好吗？”

辟果提答应了我的请求。第二天一早，摩德斯通小姐告诉我，由于我的劣行，我要被送往学校。她已经为我准备好行装。母亲只被允许在马车到达时说一句简单的道别话。马车夫把我的手提箱放到车上，我们就慢慢地离开了布兰德斯通。

我一直不停地大声哭喊着，突然看见辟果提从后面追来。马车夫停下来等她，她很吃力地爬上了车。

“给你，大卫少爷！”她上气不接下气地说道，“这是我和你亲爱的母亲留给你的小礼物！好好照顾自己，亲爱的！”她把一个小钱包和一个纸袋塞给我，又把我紧紧地贴到她肥胖的怀里，当时我觉得可能再也喘不上气了。然后，她跳下车，沿着马路跑回了村庄。

我们继续往前赶路，我擦于泪水，打开她给我的东西。纸袋里是辟果提做的拿手糕点，钱包里有8先令闪亮的硬币。一想到母亲和辟果提我又一次哭起来。这时，车夫巴克斯先生开始说话了。他是一位红脸壮汉，显然很不擅长与人交谈。

“是她做的这些点心？”他吃了我给他的一块蛋糕后，不紧不慢地问道。

“你是指辟果提吧，先生？是的，我们家的饭菜全是由她做的。”

“是吗？”巴克斯先生饶有兴趣地应了一句。沉默了好一会儿，他想好了另一个问题。

“她有小伙子吗？”他问。“就是，有没有人想娶她？”

“辟果提？小伙子？”我不解地重复道，“哦，没有，她从未有过任何小伙子。”

“噢！”巴克斯先生答道，面露喜色。他又想了很长时间才开口说话。

“那么，”他最后说道，“或许你给她写信时——你会给她写信吧？你可以替我捎个信，你写上‘巴克斯很愿意’，可以吗？”

“‘巴克斯很愿意’，”我天真地重复道，捉摸着这句话的意思。“可以，当然。可你可以自己告诉她呀，巴克斯先生，等你明天回到布兰德斯通的时候。”

“不，不，”他说，“不，你只管给她写上。记住：‘巴克斯很愿意。’”

说完这些，巴克斯先生一路上就完全沉默了。到了雅茅斯，我在客栈买了些信纸，给辟果提寄了这样一封信：

亲爱的辟果提：

我已安全到达雅茅斯。巴克斯很愿意。

请代我问候我母亲。

你的大卫。

附：他说此事很重要——巴克斯很愿意。

在雅茅斯我被送上一辆去伦敦的长途四轮马车，行驶了一整夜。在伦敦车站，有位叫梅尔先生的教师接待了我，并把我送到萨伦学校，那是摩德斯通先生为我选定的学校。

学校由一幢很大的旧楼和一片杂乱的操场组成，四周围着很高的砖墙。我很奇怪，学校里空无一人，后被告知，学生们都放假了，而我却在假期里被送到学校是对我的劣行的一种惩罚。校长和老师们也都放假了，除了这位不得不照看我的梅尔先生以外。

我在这个糟糕的地方呆了整整一个月，在肮脏不堪的空教室里做功课，闻着食物霉烂的气味和那种没洗干净的孩子身上的臭味。每天晚上我都得和梅尔先生一起吃晚饭，然后直接上床睡觉。最糟糕的是我必须在脖子上挂块牌子，牌子上写有“小心，他咬人”的字样。只有在上床睡觉时这块牌子才允许被摘下来。

尽管这段时间我感到特别孤单，特别无聊，但我还是不期望见着其他孩子们。我觉得他们肯定会嘲笑我，尤其笑我不得不挂着的那块牌子。然而有一天，梅尔先生告诉我，校长克里古尔先生回来了，并要我去见他。于是我哆哆嗦嗦地来到他的房间。

我一眼就发现克里古尔先生住得比孩子们和老师们要舒服得多。他个子矮小，身材肥胖，长着一个酒糟鼻。他坐在扶手椅上，面前放着一瓶酒和一个酒杯。

“这，就是那个咬人的孩子，对吧？”他很不高兴地问道，“我认识你继父，孩子。他是个脾气特偏的人，他的确是。他认识我，我也认识他。你认识我吗？回答我，小子！”他粗暴地揪起我的耳朵。

“还不认识，先生。”我回答，疼得直掉泪。

“噢，你很快会认识的！噢，对了，我也是个脾气倔强的人，你会知道的！”他狠狠地捶了一下桌子。

我很害怕，但还是竭力稳住自己，问了一个困扰了我一整个问题，“求您了，先生，我非常抱歉我对摩德斯通先生所做的一切。我能——我能在其他同学看到之前摘下这块牌子吗……？”

克里古尔先生发出一声突兀、可怕的叫声，从椅子上跳起来。我没等看清他是否想揍我就跑回了宿舍，并在床上呆了足足一个钟头。

然而，同学们对我并不像我担心的那样残酷。我很快就结识了一位叫汤米·特拉德的朋友，他被公认为学校里最不幸的孩子。我还引起了学校里最年长的孩子之一的詹姆士·斯提福兹的注意，甚至互相见面致意。他至少比我大6岁，长得英俊、人很聪明，留一头卷发，是学校里的出名人物，对年幼的孩子颇具影响力。

“你有多少钱，科波菲尔？”他问我。

“8先令，斯提福兹，”我回答他说，回想着母亲和辟果提送给我的礼物。

“你最好给我，我替你保管，”他很友善地提议。

我打开辟果提给的钱包，把钱一古脑全倒在他手上。

“你现在大概想先花掉一部分吧？”他笑着建议道，“可以买瓶酒，买听饼干，买些糕点什么的？我随时可以外出，所以我可以帮你买回来。”

“那——好吧，你真是个热心人。”虽然我有点担心我的钱会分文不剩，但还是这么说了。

当我们上楼睡觉时，我意识到我的钱已经全部被花光了，因为借着月光可以看见，价值8先令的食品和饮料已经堆在我的床上。我当然不会一个人独享这些东西，所以邀请斯提福兹和其他的同学一起吃，随便吃。孩子们都非常乐意，那晚过得很愉快。我们坐在自己的床上，悄声聊开了。我发现孩子们都讨厌萨伦学校，认为这是全国最臭的学校之一。他们尤其讨厌克里古尔先生，说他有揍学生的癖好，用他那根从不离身的粗木棍。还说他唯一不敢揍的学生就是斯提福兹。我听了后对斯提福兹更加肃然起敬。

当我们都感觉没劲再熬夜时，斯提福兹站起来要走。“晚安，小科波菲尔，”他把手放在我的头上，说道，“我会保护你的。”

“你真是个好心人，”我感激道。

“你没有姐妹，是吧？”他困倦地问道。

“没有，我没有姐妹，”我答道。

“真遗憾！要是你有的话，我敢肯定她是个漂亮的大眼睛姑娘，我就可以有幸见见她啦。”

那晚，他让我捉摸不透，他的笑声，他那英俊的脸，他那不拘小节、桀骜不驯的气度。而我怎么也想像不到后来他会给我的亲友们的生活蒙上一层沉重的阴影。

我在萨伦学校又呆了三个月。虽然也有一两个教师，如梅尔先生，对孩子们很和气，也设法给我们以正规的教育，但我们都害怕克里古尔先生和他的棍子，所以根本没法专心学习。不过，汤米·特拉德和我总是在挨打的时候互相安慰，而且我还很幸运与大孩子斯提福兹保持友好，虽然我们俩年龄相差很多。

不管怎样，我的家，虽然有摩德斯通姐弟在，总显得比学校亲切。所以在圣诞来临之际，我很高兴，我可以回到布兰德斯通去了。我有些吃惊，母亲已经又生了一个小孩，看得出来她身体欠佳。她看上去很疲倦，忧心忡忡，而且瘦弱不堪。但她和辟果提见到我时都很高兴，尽管有摩德斯通姐弟在场时不敢表露出来。继父和他姐姐比以前更讨厌我了，只要有可能，他们就会抓住一切机会让我生活在痛苦之中。所以，当返校的日子来临，想着我又可以见到特拉德和斯提福兹时，我反而感到欣喜。

马车开始启动，我记得母亲站在屋外，怀里抱着小孩，苦涩地微笑着。这是我最后一次见着她，这也是我至今依旧记得的她的模样。

3 David the orphan

Life went on as normal for me at school, until my birthday two months later in March. I remember that day very well. It was cold, icy weather, and we boys had to blow on our fingers and rub our hands to keep warm in the freezing classrooms. When a message came for me to go and see Mr Creakle, I thought that Peggotty must have sent me a birthday present, and so I hurried gladly along to his room. But there I realized something unusual had happened, because it was Mr Creakle's wife who was waiting to speak to me. 'David, my child,' she said kindly, holding my hand, 'we all have to accept that our loved ones can die at any moment.' I looked at her, trying to understand what she meant.

'I'm sorry to tell you,' she continued, 'that your mother is dangerously ill.' There was a mist in front of my eyes, and suddenly burning tears ran down my face. I knew the truth.

'Your mother is dead,' she said. I was already sobbing loudly and I felt I was an orphan, quite alone in the world. Mrs Creakle packed my case herself, and sent me home on the coach for the funeral. I did not realize at the time that I would never return to Salem House. When I arrived home, Peggotty met me at the door, and we cried miserably in each other's arms. Mr Murdstone seemed very sad, and did not speak to me at all. Miss Murdstone, however, showed her usual firmness of character (which she and her brother were so proud of) by checking that I had brought all my clothes back from school. After that she showed no interest in me at all. There was a deathly stillness in the house. Peggotty took me up to the room where my dear mother's dead body lay, with my little brother, who had died a few hours after her. Everything was fresh and clean in the room, but I could not look at my mother's lovely face, which would never smile at me again, without crying.

'How did it happen, Peggotty?' I asked, sobbing. 'She was ill for a long time, Master David. She got worse after the baby was born, you see. She was sometimes unhappy and forgetful, but she was always the same to me, her old Peggotty. Those two downstairs often spoke crossly to her and made her sad, but she still loved them, you know—she was so sweet and loving! I always sat beside her while she went to sleep. It made her feel better, she said. There was a short silence while Peggotty dried her eyes, then took both my hands in hers. 'On the last night, she asked me for some water, and then gave me such a patient smile! She looked so beautiful! The sun was beginning to rise, and she put her head on my arm, on her stupid cross old Peggotty's arm, and died like an innocent child going to sleep!' After my mother's funeral, I began to wonder what would happen to me. The Murdstones did not even seem to notice that I was in the house. They had told Peggotty to leave, as they did not want her as their servant any more, so Peggotty was going to her brother's in Yarmouth, until she decided what work to do next. She suggested taking me with her for a holiday, and to my surprise the Murdstones agreed. So next morning Mr Barkis appeared at the door with his cart, and Peggotty's cases were put on it. We climbed up and sat beside him. Peggotty was naturally a little sad to leave her old home, where she had been so happy with my mother and me, and at first she cried a little. But when Mr Barkis saw her drying her eyes and looking more cheerful, he too began to look happier, and he whispered to me, 'Barkis is willing! You told her that!' Aloud he said to Peggotty, 'Are you comfortable?'

Peggotty laughed and said that she was.

'And are you comfortable, Master David?' he asked.

I said that I was. Mr Barkis was so pleased with this conversation that he repeated it many times during the journey, and Peggotty and I both had to keep giving him the same answer.

When we arrived in Yarmouth and got down from the cart, we said goodbye to Mr Barkis. Daniel and Ham Peggotty were waiting for us. Daniel and Ham were exactly the same as I remembered them, cheerful and generous as ever, but little Emily seemed different somehow. She was taller and prettier, but she did not want to play with me, or spend her time with me. I was rather disappointed, because I still considered she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, and I thought I was in love with her. Daniel and Ham were very proud of her intelligence and beauty, and just smiled when she laughingly refused to sit next to me. But they all listened with interest to my stories of school life at Salem House. I told them about the other boys, especially the handsome, clever Steerforth. I admired him so much that I could not stop myself telling them all about him. Suddenly I noticed that Emily was listening eagerly, her blue eyes shining and a smile on her lips. She blushed when she saw that we were all looking at her, and hid her face behind her hands. 'Emily's like me,' said Peggotty kindly, 'and would like to see David's friend Mr Steerforth.' The days passed happily, although Emily and I did not play together as we had done before. Mr Barkis was a frequent visitor, and soon Peggotty explained to me that she had decided to marry him. 'I'll love you just as much, David, my dear, when I'm married!' she told me, holding me close to her. 'And I'll be able to come and see you in the cart any time I like. Barkis is a good man and I'm sure I'll be happy with him. He's got a nice little house, and I'll keep a little bedroom there for you to use whenever you want. You'll always be welcome to come and stay!' So when I returned to Blunderstone, Peggotty had become Mrs Barkis, and I was glad to think of her in her own house, with a husband to take care of her. At home, my stepfather and his sister did not seem pleased to see me, and were clearly trying to find a way of getting rid of me. As they considered school too expensive, they finally arranged for me to start work, although I was still only ten years old, and very small for my age. I was sent to London, to work in a warehouse in the east of the city, near the river. My job was to wash bottles, which would then be filled with wine, or to pack the filled bottles in cases. I was paid only six shillings a week. There were several other boys who worked with me, but I was the only one who had been to school. All the warehouse workers were coarse, rough people, who were used to working in dirty conditions for long hours. No words can describe the horror I felt, when I realized what my life was going to be like from now on. I was deeply ashamed at having such a job and I was also afraid that I would forget everything I had learnt from my mother and my teachers. I would never find friends like Traddles or Steerforth, or be able to get a better position in life. It was an extremely unhappy time for me. My stepfather had asked Mr Quinion, the manager, to find me somewhere to stay in London, so at the end of my first day I was called to Mr Quinion's office and introduced to an important-looking, rather fat, middle-aged man with a head as bald as an egg. His name was Mr Micawber, and he offered me a spare room in the house he was renting with his family. I agreed to take it, and Mr Micawber and I walked home together. The Micawbers were obviously very poor, but tried hard not to let this show. The house had several floors of rather dirty, empty rooms with very little furniture. Mrs Micawber was a thin, tired-looking woman with a baby in her arms. The baby was one of twins, and in all my experience of the family, I never saw Mrs Micawber without at least one of the twins. They also had a four-year-old son and a three-year-old daughter. Their only servant was a young orphan girl. 'I never thought,' Mrs Micawber told me sadly as she showed me my room, 'when I lived with Mother

and Father, before I was married, that I would ever be as poor as this. But as Mr Micawber is for the moment in difficulties, I must of course accept the situation. I'm afraid he owes a lot of money, but his creditors will just have to wait! You can't get blood out of a stone, nor can anyone get any money at all out of Mr Micawber at present! ' I soon realized that neither Mr nor Mrs Micawger had ever been able to manage money. The little that Mr Micawber earned was not enough, either to keep his creditors happy, or to pay for the needs of his growing family. So his creditors were constantly at the door, demanding payment, and meals were rather irregular in the Micawber house. Mr and Mrs Micawber's moods varied according to the situation. One moment Mr Micawber looked extremely miserable and depressed, the next he was brushing his shoes and singing a song before going out. Mrs Micawber's character was similar to her husband's. Sometimes I came home to find her lying on the floor, with her hair undone, looking wild and desperate, but an hour later she was cheerfully eating a good supper. I lived with these kind people for several months, and became very fond of them. I bought my own food out of my wages, because I knew the Micawbers hardly ever had enough for themselves, and I lived mostly on bread and cheese. As they were so short of money, once or twice I offered to lend them a few shillings, which they refused to accept. But at last Mr Micawber's creditors became tired of waiting for their money, and went to the police, who arrested him for debt. He was taken to the King's Prison, and asked me to visit him there. When I arrived, I was shown to his room, where he was waiting for me. He seemed quite brokenhearted, and even cried a little.

'This is a black day for me, Copperfield!' he sobbed. 'I hope my mistakes will be a warning to young people like you! Remember, if a man earns twenty pounds a year, and spends nineteen pounds and nineteen shillings, the result is happiness. But if he spends twenty pounds and one shilling, the result is misery! By the way, Copperfield, could you lend me a shilling for some beer? Mrs Micawber will pay you back as soon as you arrive home.' And when the beer arrived, he appeared much more cheerful. We had a pleasant evening, telling stories and jokes. He stayed in prison for several weeks, and I visited him regularly. I was delighted to hear on one of my visits that he would soon be free, as his creditors had unwillingly accepted the fact that he had no way of paying his debts. I gave the news to Mrs Micawber when I returned home. We celebrated by sharing our supper and a glass of wine together. 'May I ask what you will do, madam, when Mr Micawber is free?' I asked politely. 'My family,' said Mrs Micawber grandly, 'believe that Mr Micawber should move to the country, to Devon, and carry on his business interests there. Mr Micawber is a very clever man, Master Copperfield.'

'I'm sure he is,' I agreed. 'Although they haven't found anything exactly right for him yet, my family think he should be ready, in Devon, in case something turns up.' She put down her empty glass. 'And will you be going with him, madam?' I asked. 'I must! I will!' Mrs Micawber's voice rose to a scream. 'He is my life! My love! My husband! The father of my children! I will never desert Mr Micawber! You can't ask me to desert him!' I felt very uncomfortable, as I had not asked her to desert him at all, but she soon became calm again and finished her supper. I was becoming used to the Micawbers' changes of mood. I now realized that when the Micawbers left London, as they were planning to do, I would be very lonely in the city. I still hated my work in the warehouse, and wanted to make a better life for myself. I thought about it for a long time, and decided there was only one thing I could do. I would try to find my one surviving relation, my father's aunt, Miss Betsey Trotwood, and ask her to help me. I knew she lived somewhere near Dover, in Kent. I could go there by coach, because Peggotty had once sent me ten shillings to keep, in case I ever needed it. The time had come to use that money.

3 孤儿大卫

学校生活一切照常,直到两个月后我三月份生日的那天。我对那天的情景记忆犹新。那是个寒冷冰冷的一天,孩子们坐在冰冷的教室里不得不哈着热气搓手取暖。有人带给我口信让我去见克里古尔先生,我以为是辟果提给我送生日礼物来了,所以兴冲冲地来到了他的房间。一到那儿我意识到事情有些异常,因为是克里古尔先生的妻子等在那里,准备跟我谈话。

“大卫,孩子,”她握住我的手温和地说道,“我们都必须有思想准备,我们的亲人会随时离开我们。”

我看着她,竭力想理解她的意思。

“我很难过,”她继续道,“你母亲病得很厉害。”

我的眼前一片模糊,忽地,眼泪顺着脸颊往下流。我知道了真相。

“你母亲死了,”她说。

我大声地哭开了,感觉到自己已是个孤儿,孤单单一个人活在这世上。

克里古尔夫人亲自为我收拾行李,把我送上马车,回家参加葬礼。我当时没有想到我再也不能回萨伦学校了。

我到家时,辟果提在门口迎我,我们俩33抱头痛哭。摩德斯通先生似乎很悲伤,几乎不跟我说话。摩德斯通小姐则带着她一贯严肃的表情(她和她兄弟都以此为荣)检查了一下我是否把我在学校的衣物都拿回来了。之后,她对我不再有任何兴趣。家里面死一般地寂静。辟果提把我带到楼上安放我母亲遗体的房间,还有我的弟弟的遗体,他是在母亲去世数小时后死去的。房间里每一件东西都清新整洁,可我看不见母亲动人的脸,它再也不会对着我微笑,再也不会哭泣。

“怎么会这样,辟果提?”我抽泣着问道。

“她病了很长时间,大卫少爷。生完孩子后身体更虚了,你知道。她有时会闷闷不乐,而且容易忘事。但在我,在她的老辟果提看来,她一直没变。楼下那两位时常怒斥她,令她难堪,可她依然爱他们,你知道——她是那么的恬静可爱!她睡觉时我总坐在她身边,她说这样她感觉好受多了。”辟果提停了片刻,擦了擦眼泪,然后握住我的双手,“最后那天晚上,她向我要点水喝,然后冲我那么欣慰地笑了笑!她看上去美极了!太阳开始升起,她把手枕在我的胳膊上,枕在她笨拙的老辟果提的胳膊上,像天真的孩童一般睡着了,永远地睡着了。”

母亲的葬礼结束后,我开始考虑我今后的安排。摩德斯通姐弟像是压根儿没注意到我的存在。他们叫辟果提离开,因为他们不想继续雇佣她。所以辟果提准备先去雅茅斯她兄弟家,直到她决定下一步干什么为止。她提出想来带我一起去度假,奇怪的是摩德斯通姐弟居然答应了。

就这样,第二天一早巴克斯先生驾着他的马车出现在门口,辟果提的行李随即被搬上了车。我们爬上马车,坐在他身边。就要离开旧居,离开她曾经和我母亲度过快乐时光的地方,辟果提自然有些伤感,刚启动她就轻轻地哭泣起来。可后来,当巴克斯先生看见她擦干了眼泪,情绪好了些时,他自己也愉快了许多,他悄声对我说:“巴克斯很愿意!你是那么说的吧!”他提高嗓门对辟果提说:“你感觉舒服点了吗?”

辟果提笑了,并回答说是的。

“你舒服点了吗,大卫少爷?”他问。

我说是的。巴克斯先生对这句话是如此的满意以致于一路上重复问了好几遍,辟果提和我只好一遍一遍给他同样的答复。

我们到达雅茅斯,下了马车,与巴克斯先生道别。丹尼尔和哈姆·辟果提在那里迎接我们。丹尼尔和哈姆和我记忆中的模样无异,依旧那么开心,那么坦荡,而小埃米莉却多少有些不同。她长高了,也更漂亮了,可她不再愿意和我一起玩,不愿意跟我呆在一起。我很失望,因为

我仍然认为她是我见过的最美丽的女孩，我想我爱上了她。丹尼尔和哈姆很为她的聪慧和美丽而自豪，当她笑着拒绝坐到我身边时，他们只是报以一笑。但他们都饶有兴趣地听我讲叙萨伦学校的故事。我跟他们讲其他孩子，尤其是那位英俊聪明的斯提福兹，我是如此佩服他以至于不停地告诉他们有关他的所有的事。突然，我注意到小埃米莉听得非常出神，她的蓝眼睛扑闪扑闪的，嘴角挂着笑容。当她发现我们大家都看着她时，她脸红了，并用双手捂住了自己的脸。

“小埃米莉跟我一样，”辟果提友好地说，“都想见见大卫的这位朋友——斯提福兹先生。”

那些天过得很愉快，尽管埃米莉和我像以前那样一块儿玩了。巴克斯先生是这儿的常客，很快，辟果提向我解释，她决定嫁给他。

“我结婚后会照样爱你，大卫，亲爱的，”他把我拉到跟前说，“我随时都会坐车去看你。巴克斯是个好人，我相信跟他一起生活会很快乐。他有一所很不错的小房子，我会在那儿给你留一个小卧室，以备你随时歇脚之用。你的到来是永远受欢迎的。”

就这样，当我回到布兰德斯通时，辟果提已经成了巴克斯太太了。想到她能住上自己的房子，并有丈夫照顾她，我就很高兴。到家中，继父和他姐姐似乎并不乐意见到我，很明显，他们正设法寻找打发我的办法。因为考虑到学校开销太大，最后他们决定给我安排工作，尽管我当时只有10岁，并且看上去不到10岁。我被送到伦敦，在市区东郊一条小河旁的仓库里工作。

我的工作 是洗刷那些用来装酒的瓶子，或者把灌了酒的瓶子集装成箱。他们只付我一星期6先令的工钱。那儿还有其他一些孩子和我一起干活，但我是唯一上过学的。所有仓库工人都很粗鲁、庸俗，他们已经习惯于在肮脏的环境下连续工作数小时。当我意识到我的生活从此之后便是这个模样，我就产生一种不可名状的恐惧。我为做这样的工作感到十分羞愧，我害怕我会把母亲和老师们的知识都忘光。我再也找不到像特拉德和斯提福兹那样的朋友了，也不可能有更好的生活境遇。那一段生活我过得很不愉快。

我继父要求经理奎宁先生为我在伦敦寻找一处住处，所以第一天工作结束后我被叫到奎宁先生的办公室，并认识了一位大人物长相、脑袋像鸡蛋一样光亮的肥胖的中年男子，他叫米考伯先生。他给我提供了他们家正租用着的一所房子的一间空房，我答应接受，于是米考伯先生和我就一同回家了。

米考伯先生一家显然穷困潦倒，但他们尽量掩饰这一点。房子分为数层，有几间肮脏不堪的空房间，没什么家具。米考伯太太是个消瘦、一脸倦容的女人，怀里抱着婴儿，婴儿是双胞胎中的一个。我和这个家相处的经历中从未见到米考伯太太没抱孩子的时候。他们还有一个4岁的男孩和一个3岁的女孩。他们唯一的保姆是一个小孤儿。

“我从未想到，”米考伯太太带我看房间的时候伤心地说，“我结婚前和父母住在一起的时候，我从未想到我会穷到这个地步，但是，如今米考伯先生正处于困难时期，我当然必须接受这种现状。恐怕他是欠了很多钱，但他的债主得等一等。石头里是挤不出血来的，同样，目前任何人都不能从米考伯先生那儿逼出一分钱。”

我很快意识到无论是米考伯先生还是米考伯太太都没法弄到钱。米考伯先生仅有的一点收入远远不够，既不能让他的债主放心，也不能承担他那日见膨胀的家庭支出。所以，他的债主们就常常出现在他的家门口索取债务，而米考伯先生家中却常常是上顿不接下顿。米考伯夫妇的情绪会随境况的改变而改变。忽儿，米考伯先生看上去极其痛苦、消沉，忽儿，他又会边擦皮鞋边哼哼小曲儿准备外出。米考伯太太的性格很像她丈夫。有时，我走进家里见她躺在地上，头发蓬乱，表情疯狂而绝望。但一小时后，她就会兴高采烈地享受一顿丰盛的晚餐。

我和这些友善的人住了几个月就开始喜欢他们了。我用我自己的工资买食物，因为我知道米考伯一家很难够自己吃的，而我的食物大致上也只是面包和奶酪。由于他们如此缺钱，有那么一两次我主动提出借他们几先令，但被他们拒绝了。然而，米考伯先生的债主们最终没有耐心等待下去，就找来警察，以拖欠债务之名拘捕了米考伯先生。他被送往王家监狱，他要求我去那儿看他。我一到那儿就被带到他的房间，他早已在那里等我。他似乎痛心疾首，甚至还伤心落泪。

“这是我倒楣的日子，科波菲尔！”他抽泣道，“希望我的错误能给像你这样的年轻人一个警示！记住，如果一个人一年收入20英镑，花费19英镑19先令，结局是幸福，但假如他花费20英镑零1先令，结果就是痛苦！顺便问一下，科波菲尔，你能借我1先令买点啤酒吗？回家米考伯太太会还给你的。”啤酒买回来后，他似乎高兴了许多。我们俩愉快地过了一晚上，不停地讲故事，说笑话。

他在监狱里关了几个星期，其间我时常去探望他。有一次他告诉我他将很快被释放，因为他的债主们最终很不情愿地接受了米考伯先生无法偿债的事实，我真替他高兴。我回家时把这一消息告诉了米考伯太太，我们一起吃晚餐并开了一瓶酒以示庆祝。

“我想问问，夫人，米考伯先生获释后你们打算干什么？”我很礼貌地问了一句。

“我娘家人，”米考伯太太自豪地说道，“认为米考伯先生应该离开这儿去德文，去那儿展示他的经商兴趣。米考伯先生是个聪明人，科波菲尔少爷。”

“我相信他是，”我表示同意。

“尽管我娘家人还没有给他找到具体的事做，他们认为他应该去德文时刻准备着，等待机遇的降临。”她放下空酒杯。

“您跟他一起走吗，夫人？”我问。

“我必须去！我一定去！”米考伯太太的声音高得都要尖叫起来，“他是我的生命！我的爱！我的丈夫！孩子们的父亲！我不能抛弃米考伯先生！要我那么做绝对不成！”

我觉得很尴尬，因为我压根儿就没让她抛弃他，但她很快又平静下来，吃完了她的晚餐。我开始习惯米考伯夫妇的情绪的大起大落了。

米考伯夫妇按预定计划离开伦敦的同时，我才意识到我在这个城市中将会孤身一人。我仍然讨厌仓库的工作，总想让自己生活得好一些。为此我考虑了很久，终于决定走唯一的一条路。我要去找我唯一活着的亲人，我父亲的姨妈贝茜·特拉伍德小姐，并争取她的帮助。我知道她住在肯特郡的多佛镇附近。我可以坐马车去，因为辟果提给过我10先令，她让我留着以备急需之用。现在是用这笔钱的时候了。

4 David and his aunt

So, after helping the Micawbers to pack their few clothes, and waving goodbye to them at the coach station on their way to Devon, I went to the warehouse for my last day at work. I did not tell anyone I would not be coming back the following week. In the evening I packed my case, and put the ten shillings in the little purse Peggotty had once given me. I looked around for someone to help me with my case, which was rather heavy for me, and saw a tall young man with a horse and cart passing by.

‘Could you please take my case to the coach station?’ I asked him politely. The young man put the case into his cart. Then, looking round quickly to make sure there were no witnesses, he pushed me roughly against the wall and took my purse out of my trembling hand. Before I could say a word, he had driven the horse and cart down the road and out of sight round the corner. I knew I would never see him, my case or my ten shillings again. I sat down on the pavement and cried. Now I had lost everything I owned in the world, and had no money for the coach fare to Dover. In the end I decided I would have to walk there, and I started the long journey. It took me six days to cover the hundred kilometres, as I got tired very easily, and had to rest. I sold my jacket for a shilling, so that I could buy bread and milk on the way, and at night I slept in disused farm buildings or under trees. Sometimes I was afraid of the dangerous-looking beggars and thieves I met on the road, but I knew I had to keep going. As I walked, I thought of my mother’s gentle, pretty face. I felt sure she would approve of what I was doing, and that encouraged me to continue.

But when I arrived in Dover, it seemed a much larger town than I had imagined. I spent a whole morning asking people if they knew where Miss Betsey Trotwood lived. Finally I found someone who recognized the name and showed me the way to her house. I stood at her front door, in the neat little garden, for a few moments, trembling with fear, and wondering what my aunt would think of me. My face and hands were dirty, my hair was unbrushed, and my clothes were torn and dusty. Perhaps she wouldn’t even want to invite me into her house!

Just then a handsome but strict-looking grey-haired woman came out of the door towards me. I knew she must be my aunt.

‘Go away!’ she said crossly. ‘I don’t allow anyone to walk on my grass!’

‘Please, madam,’ I said bravely, ‘please, aunt...’

‘WHAT?’ cried Miss Betsey in great surprise.

‘Please, aunt, I’m your nephew.’

‘Good heavens!’ she cried, and sat down rather suddenly on the grass.

‘I’m David Copperfield, your nephew’s son, of Blunderstone in Suffolk, where you came on the night I was born, and saw my dear mother. I’ve been very unhappy since she died. My stepfather sent me to work in London, and I hated it, and ran away, and someone stole my case and my money, and I’ve had to walk all the way, and I haven’t slept in a bed for six nights!’ Here my selfcontrol broke, and I fell to the ground, sobbing bitterly.

My aunt jumped to her feet, picked me up and took me into her sitting-room, where she mixed some medicine in a glass and made me drink it. She also wrapped me in a large blanket and put me on her sofa. Then she rang the bell for her servant, Janet.

‘Please ask Mr Dick to come here, Janet,’ she said.

A tall, grey-haired, pleasant-looking gentleman entered a few minutes later, laughing rather strangely to himself.

‘Now, Mr Dick,’ said my aunt firmly, ‘don’t be a fool, because we all know you’re intelligent.’ Mr Dick looked very serious at once. ‘No doubt you remember that I had a nephew, David Copperfield? Well, this is his son. He has run away.’

‘Oh, really? David’s son! Run away! Well!’ said Mr Dick.

‘Now the question is, Mr Dick, what shall I do with him?’

‘Well—’ Mr Dick looked vacantly at me, and then suddenly his eyes shone. ‘If I were you, I would wash him!’

‘Well done, Mr Dick! You always have the right answer!’ said my aunt delightedly.

And so they washed me, and gave me clean clothes and delicious food. While I was eating, my aunt stared at me, occasionally whispering ‘Good heavens!’ to herself. When she could see that I felt better, she asked me question after question, and I told her the story of my life.

‘Good heavens!’ she said again, when I had finished. ‘Why did your poor mother marry again? What a terrible mistake!’

‘Perhaps she was in love,’ suggested Mr Dick, smiling his rather foolish smile.

‘In love!’ said Miss Betsey crossly. ‘Perhaps the poor silly girl thought she was in love! But now, Mr Dick, another question. What should we do with the boy?’

‘Well—’ said Mr Dick, thinking. Then an idea suddenly came to him. ‘You should put him to bed!’

‘Thank you again, Mr Dick, for your common sense!’ said my aunt happily. ‘Janet, put the boy to bed!’

And so, in a comfortable clean little bed, in a pleasant airy room at the top of Miss Betsey Trotwood’s house, I floated away into the world of my dreams.

At breakfast next morning I bravely asked my aunt, ‘Are you—have you—what’s going to happen to me?’

‘I’ve written to your stepfather,’ she replied.

‘Oh! Are you going to send me back to the Murdstones? Please don’t, aunt! Please let me stay here!’ I cried, trembling.

‘I don’t know what I’ll do yet. We’ll have to wait and see,’ she answered firmly.

This news made me very depressed, but there was nothing I could do about it and my aunt soon began to talk about some thing else.

‘What do you think of Mr Dick, child?’

‘He looks a little—well, mad. Is he mad, aunt?’

‘Well, his family called him mad, and wanted to lock him up for ever. But I met him, and thought—I still think—he’s an extremely sensible, intelligent person. So I offered to take care of him, and he’s lived in my house for ten years. Nobody knows what useful advice he’s given me! I trust him completely!’

When I heard how generous my aunt had been to poor harmless Mr Dick, I began to understand her character better. In spite of her stern appearance and frequent crossness, she was very kind to people who needed her help. I hoped she would be kind to me.

Several days later, I was looking out of the sitting-room window when I saw Mr and Miss Murdstone riding into my aunt’s garden. My aunt had seen them too, and hurried out, waving her umbrella angrily at them and shouting. ‘Go away! Don’t ride on my grass! Who do you think you are? Go away, I tell you!’

‘Aunt!’ I cried out. ‘They’re Mr and Miss Murdstone!’

‘I don’t care!’ she shouted. ‘Nobody is allowed to ride on my grass!’ And she went back into her house, banging the door behind her. The Murdstones had to lead their horses out of the garden, and then return to ring the doorbell. They looked very uncomfortable and unsure of themselves. Janet showed them into the sitting-room, where my aunt, Mr Dick and I were waiting.

‘Miss Trotwood—’ began Mr Murdstone, stepping forward.

‘Excuse me,’ said my aunt sharply. ‘I imagine you are the Mr Murdstone who married my nephew’s widow. In my opinion, it would have been much better if you had never married the poor Child.’

‘I agree with you, Miss Trotwood,’ said Miss Murdstone, smiling falsely. ‘My brother would certainly have been happier if he hadn’t married her, because I consider poor dear Clara was, in fact, just a child.’

‘Fortunately,’ said my aunt, ‘you and I, madam, are too old and plain for anyone to say that about us.’

Miss Murdstone did not seem eager to agree to this. Her brother, however, wanted to get down to business.

‘Miss Trotwood,’ he said, a little crossly, ‘having received your letter, I’ve come to explain to you, in case you haven’t realized it yet, that this boy is extremely wicked and violent. Both my sister and I have tried to change his character, but sadly we have failed.’

‘I must add,’ said Miss Murdstone, ‘that of all the boys in the world, I believe this is the worst boy.’

‘I see,’ said my aunt. ‘Now tell me, has David inherited any money from his father or mother?’

‘No, madam,’ answered Mr Murdstone. ‘My dear Clara naturally trusted me to take care of David, and I’m ready to do that, if he comes back with me now. But I alone shall decide what to do with him, Miss Trotwood—understand that. I am here, for the first and last time, to take him away. If you decide to keep him with you, you keep him for ever.’

‘What do you say, David?’ asked my aunt, turning to me.

‘Please don’t let me go with them, aunt!’ I begged. ‘They’ve always been unkind to me, and they made my mother very unhappy. I’ll be so miserable if I have to go back with them!’

‘What do you think, Mr Dick?’ asked my aunt.

Mr Dick thought for a moment. ‘Get a suit of clothes made for him immediately,’ he said.

‘What would I do without you, Mr Dick!’ asked my aunt, shaking his hand enthusiastically. Then she turned to Mr Murdstone.

‘You’d better go. I’ll keep the boy and take my chance with him. I don’t believe a word of your story. Do you think I don’t know how you broke that poor girl’s heart? And how you hated her son, and punished him for it? I can see by your face that I’m right.’ We all stared at Mr Murdstone. It was true that his face was white and he was breathing fast. ‘Good bye, sir, and goodbye to you too, madam,’ added my aunt, turning suddenly to Miss Murdstone. ‘If I see you riding on my grass again, I’ll knock your hat right off your head!’

The Murdstones said nothing in reply to these fierce words, but walked quickly out of the house.

‘Thank you, thank you, aunt!’ I cried. ‘I’ll do my best to make you proud of me!’ and I kissed her many times.

‘Mr Dick, you and I will adopt this boy together,’ said my aunt, her stern expression softening into a smile.

And so a new life began for me. I was soon able to forget the warehouse and the Murdstones, in learning to please my aunt, and to play games with Mr Dick, who spent much of his time with me.

But one day my aunt suggested that I should go to boarding school in Canterbury. I was delighted, as I was eager to continue my studies, and Canterbury was very near my aunt’s home in Dover. So the next day my aunt and I went to Canterbury, where I admired the beautiful old buildings in the ancient city centre.

‘Is it a large school, aunt?’ I asked politely.

‘I haven’t decided which school you’ll go to yet,’ she replied. ‘First we’re going to ask my old friend Mr Wickfield’s advice about it. He lives and works in Canterbury, you see.’

Soon we stopped in front of a very old house, with a very clean front doorstep, and fresh white curtains at the windows. A strange-looking person, dressed in black, with short red hair and a very thin white face came out to meet us. I thought he must be a servant. He was about fifteen, but looked much older.

‘Is Mr Wickfield at home, Uriah Heep?’ asked my aunt.

‘He is, madam,’ replied Uriah, smiling unpleasantly. He showed us into the sitting-room, where I noticed two large paintings on the wall, one of a grey-haired gentleman and the other of a lady with a sweet, gentle face. Just then a gentleman entered the room, looking a little older than his picture. I soon discovered he was Mr Wickfield, my aunt’s lawyer.

‘Mr Wickfield,’ said my aunt, ‘this is my nephew. I have adopted him, and I want to send him to a good boarding

school here in Canterbury. Can you help me find a school for him? ’

Mr Wickfield thought for a moment. ‘There’s a very good school I can recommend, Dr Strong’s, but the boy can’t board there, and it’s too far to travel from Dover every day. However, he could live here, if you liked, in my house. There’s plenty of room for him. ’

‘That’s very kind of you, Mr Wickfield. I’ll pay you for his food, of course, ’ said my aunt.

‘Come and meet Agnes, who takes care of everything and manages the house, ’ said Mr Wickfield. We all went upstairs to another sitting-room, prettily furnished, where a girl of my own age was sitting. On her face I saw immediately the beautiful, calm expression of the lady in the painting downstairs, and I knew she must be Mr Wickfield’s daughter, Agnes. When I saw the way Mr Wickfield looked at Agnes and held her hand, I realized that she was the only thing that made life worth living for him. The lady in the painting was her mother, who had died some years before, and Agnes was now in complete charge of the house. She welcomed me warmly as a guest, and showed me the comfortable bedroom I would sleep in. My aunt was very happy to leave me in the care of Mr Wickfield and his daughter.

‘I must leave now, David, ’ she told me. ‘Mr Wickfield will take you to school tomorrow, and make all the arrangements. I’m sure you will work hard, and do well. ’

‘Thank you, aunt! ’ I said, trying not to cry. ‘And give my love to Mr Dick! And thank you again! ’

When she had gone, I dried my tears and spent a pleasant evening with the Wickfields. We ate supper and talked in the pretty little sitting-room. Agnes played the piano and tried to amuse her father, but he often looked serious and rather sad. During the evening he drank a good deal of wine. I wondered why he seemed unhappy.

The next day I had my first experience of a well-organized school. It could not have been more different from Salem House. The headmaster, Dr Strong, was a gentle, kind man who enjoyed teaching and never punished anybody. I soon made friends with the other boys, and as time went on, with the teachers too. But although I liked school very much, I was always happy to return to the Wickfields’ quiet house every evening. There, Agnes used to help me with my studies and listen sympathetically to my problems, and her father always seemed pleased to see me. I often wrote to my aunt and Peggy, and Mr Dick came to visit me once a week.

The strangest person in my new life was Uriah Heep. Soon after I arrived in Canterbury, we had a conversation one evening. He was doing a lot of Mr Wickfield’s work, and was working late in his small office, just off the hall of the Wickfields’ house.

‘Come in, come in, Master Copperfield! ’ he cried when he saw me passing the door. I entered, and found him reading a large dusty book, and making careful notes in a notebook.

‘What are you studying, Uriah? ’ I asked politely.

‘I’m going to be a lawyer, ’ he replied, rubbing his thin hands together and smiling his oily smile.

‘You’re Mr Wickfield’s assistant, aren’t you? Perhaps one day you’ll be his partner, ’ I said, trying to make conversation.

‘Oh no, Master Copperfield! ’ cried Uriah, rolling his eyes upwards. ‘I could never rise so high! No, I’m much too humble for that! But thank you, Master Copperfield, for thinking kindly of me. And may I say, that if ever you have the time (and I’m sure a young gentleman like you is much too busy to spare the time for a poor person like me), my mother and I would be glad to offer you a cup of tea at our humble home. ’

‘Of course—if I have time, ’ I answered, and left the room quickly. I did not feel comfortable with him, for some reason.

But the following week he invited me to tea again, and I did not want to appear rude, so I agreed. That evening he and I walked to the small house where he lived with his mother. It was a warm day and we were drinking our tea near the open door when a gentleman I recognized passed by. It was Mr Micawber! He saw me sitting near the door and called out. ‘Copperfield! Is it really you? ’

I was delighted to see him again, and Mrs Heep invited him in for some tea. I had to introduce him to the Heeps, but I did not think that Uriah would be a good influence on Mr Micawber. However, I was interested to discover that the Micawbers were now living in Canterbury, as nothing had ‘turned up’ in Devon. They seemed to be very short of money again, and surrounded by creditors as usual. I left the Heeps’ house as soon as possible, taking Mr Micawber with me, as I did not want him to tell Uriah all about my life at the warehouse in London.

And so the years passed. I learnt everything that Dr Strong and his teachers could teach me, and at seventeen, came to the end of my schooldays. My aunt suggested that, before deciding what profession to choose, I should spend a month in London or travelling round the country. This would give me time to consider my next step. I agreed enthusiastically, and although I was sorry to say goodbye to my sweet friend Agnes and her father, I was looking forward to leading the life of an independent young gentleman.

4 大卫和他的姨婆

就这样，帮着米考伯夫妇整理好不多的衣物，把他们送到去往德文的火车站，与他们挥手告别后，我来到仓库干完了最后一天的活。我没有向任何人透露下星期将不再回来工作。晚上，我整理好自己的提箱，把10先令放进苹果提给我的小钱包里。我四处张望，希望有人能帮我提这个对我来说还太沉的箱子，这时过来一位赶马车的高个子青年。

“您能帮我把这个箱子带到火车站吗？”我很礼貌地问道。

那青年人把箱子放到马车上，然后环顾四周，确信周围没有外人时，就狠狠地把我推倒在墙边，并把钱包从我发抖的手中夺走。我还没来得及叫喊，他已经驾着马路上路，一拐弯就不见了。我知道我再也见不着他了，再也见不着我的钱包和我那10个先令了。

我站在路边哭泣。我失去了我所有的东西，而且也没有了去多佛的路费。最后我决定步行到那儿，就开始了长途跋涉。100多公里的路程我走了6天时间，因为我走不多久就累了，只好休息下来。我把茄克衫卖了，换来一先令钱买路上吃的面包和奶酪。到晚上，我就睡在废旧农场的木屋里或者大树下。有时在路上遇上一些满脸凶相的乞丐和小偷让我很害怕，但我知道我必须继续走下去。我边走边想象我母亲慈爱、动人的脸，我肯定她会支持我的做法，这种想法激励着我继续前进。

然而，当我走到多佛时才知道这个小镇比我想象得要大得多。我整整花了一上午时间打听贝茜·特拉伍德小姐的住处。最后，终于有一个

人知道这个名字并指给我到她家的路。我在她门前的小花园里站了一会儿，害怕得直打哆嗦，不知道姨婆会怎么看我。我满脸污垢，两手肮脏不堪，头发蓬乱，衣服又脏又破。或许她都不欢迎我进她的房子！

正在此时，门口出现一位端庄、严肃的灰头发妇人，她向我走来，我想她肯定是我的姨婆。

“走开！”她愤愤地说，“我不许任何人踩我的草地！”

“求您，夫人，”我鼓足勇气说道，“求您，姨婆…”

“什么？”贝茜小姐十分震惊地叫道。

“求您，姨婆，我是您的重外甥。”

“天哪！”她叫了一声，忽地坐在了草地上。

“我是大卫·科波菲尔，您外甥的儿子，在萨福克郡的布兰德斯通。我出生的那天晚上您来过，并见了 I 亲爱的母亲。自从她去世后我非常不幸。继父把我送到伦敦干活，我恨死了，跑了出来，我的箱子和钱都被人偷走了，我只好一路步行到这儿，我6个晚上没有挨着床了！”说到这里，我再也抑制不住自己，倒在地上痛哭起来。

姨婆迅速站起来，扶起我，把我带到客厅，并拿来一些药化在杯子里让我喝了。她用一块大毯子把我裹住，放在沙发上。然后摇了摇铃，招呼她的女仆詹妮特。

“叫迪克先生到这里来，詹妮特，”她说。

几分钟后，一位高个子、灰头发、面色和悦的先生十分古怪地笑着走进来。

“现在，迪克先生，”姨婆严肃地说，“别装傻了，因为我们都知道你很有天赋。”迪克先生很快认真起来。“你肯定记得我有过一个外甥，叫大卫·科波菲尔。这位，就是他的儿子，他跑出来了。”

“哦，是吗？大卫的儿子！跑出来了！噢？”迪克先生说。

“现在的问题是，迪克先生，我应该怎么办才好？”

“嗯，——”迪克先生目光空洞地看着我，突然他两眼闪光，“我要是你，就先他给他洗洗澡！”

“很好，迪克先生！你总会有正确的答案！”姨婆兴奋地说道。

于是他们就为我洗澡，给我干净的衣服和美味的食物。我吃饭的时候，姨婆盯着我看，偶尔自叹一声“我的天！”。她见我感觉好些了就一个问题接一个问题地问我，我就把我的生活经历统统讲给她听。

“我的天！”我讲完后，她又说了一句，“你可怜的母亲为何要改嫁呢？她犯了个多大的错误呀！”

“或许是出于爱情，”迪克先生猜测道，嘴角挂着笨拙的笑容。

“爱情！”贝茜小姐愤愤地说道，“或许是因为这位可怜的傻女孩自己认为谈上了恋爱！但是，现在，迪克先生，另一个问题是，我们拿这个孩子怎么办？”

“嗯——”迪克先生思索着说道。然后，他突然想出了一个主意，“你应该带他上床睡觉！”

“再次感谢你，迪克先生，你真懂常理、知常情！”姨婆高兴地说道。

就这样，在贝茜·特拉伍德小姐的房子顶层，在安逸的卧室里，在一张干净而舒适的小床上，我进入了梦乡。

第二天早餐时分，我鼓起勇气问姨婆：“您打算——您准备——我今后会怎么样？”

“我已经给你继父写了信。”她回答。

“啊！那您准备把我送回给摩德斯通姐弟吗？求您别这样，姨婆！求您让我留在这里。”我哭起来，声音发颤。

“我还不知道怎么办，我们必须等等看。”她严肃地说。

这一消息令我很沮丧，但我也毫无办法。姨婆立刻转入了别的话题。

“你认为迪克先生怎么样啊，孩子？”

“他有点儿——嗯，不正常。他是不太正常吧，姨婆？”

“嗯，他的家人认为他不正常，想把他锁起来，但我看见他的时候我认为——我至今认为——他是一个非常敏感、聪慧的人，所以我主动提出照顾他。他在我这儿住了10年了，没人知道他给我提的建议多么有益，我完全信赖他。”

听到姨婆对可怜无邪的迪克先生如此豁达时，我更了解她的性格了。尽管她看上去很严厉，而且常常满脸怒容，但她对需要帮助的人非常热心。我希望她对我也热心。

几天后，透过客厅的窗户我看见摩德斯通先生和小姐骑马来到了姨婆的花园，姨婆也看见了他们，急匆匆地出去，挥着伞气愤地冲他们喊，“走开，别踩着 I 的草地，你们是什么人，走开，我警告你们！”

“姨婆！”我叫道，“他们是摩德斯通先生和小姐！”

“我才不管呢！”她嚷道“任何人都 I 不允许践踏我的草地！”她走进屋子，“嘭”地一声关上门。摩德斯通姐弟只好把马牵出草地，退回去按门铃。他们似乎很尴尬、很不自信。詹妮特把他们带进了客厅。姨婆、迪克先生和我还等着他们。

“特拉伍德小姐——”摩德斯通先生上前一步说道。

“对不起，”姨婆尖锐地说，“我想你就是那位娶我外甥的遗孀作妻子的摩德斯通先生吧。依我看，你要是不娶那位可怜的女人，情况就会好多了！”

“我同意您的说法，特拉伍德小姐，”摩德斯通小姐装出一副笑脸说道，“我弟弟当初要是没娶她当然会更幸福，因为我认为，可怜的克拉拉实际上只是个孩子。”

“幸运的是，”姨婆说，“你和我，女士，都太年老、太平庸，不值得任何人来说我们。”

摩德斯通小姐对这点似乎不急于表示同意。而她弟弟则希望尽快转入正题。

“特拉伍德小姐，”他说道，显得有点生气，“收到您的信我就赶来向您解释，以免您还蒙在鼓里。

这孩子极为恶劣、粗暴，我姐姐和我坚持想改变他的性格，可遗憾的是，我们都失败了。”

“我必须补充一点，”摩德斯通小姐说道，“这世界上所有的孩子中，我相信他是最坏的一个。”

“我明白了，”我姨婆说，“好吧！现在告诉我，大卫从他父亲或母亲那儿继承到钱了吗？”

“没有，女士，”摩德斯通先生回答道，“我亲爱的克拉拉自然相信我能照顾好大卫，我也准备这么做，要是他现在跟我回去。我应该自己决定我怎么对付他，特拉伍德小姐——明白了吧。我到这里来是第一次，也是最后一次，来把他带走。如果您决定把他留下，那您就永远留

着他吧。”

“你说呢，大卫？”姨婆转过来问我。

“请不要让我跟他们走，姨婆！”我恳求道，“他们对我一向残酷，他们让我母亲不幸福。要是我跟他们回去，我会痛苦不堪！”

“你的意见呢，迪克先生？”姨婆问道。迪克先生想了一想，“给他弄块布来，立刻做套衣服。”他说道。

“离了我我真是什么也干不了，迪克先生！”姨婆热情地握住他的手说道。然后，她转身对摩德斯通先生说：

“你最好走吧。我会留下这孩子，看他到底是什么样的孩子。我不相信你所说的任何一句话，你认为我不知道你是怎么伤透那位可怜的女孩的心，你是怎样恨她的儿子并因此而惩罚他？我可以从你脸上看出我是对的。”我们都盯着摩德斯通先生看，他的脸的确很苍白，并且呼吸急促。“再见，先生。还有你，女士。”姨婆突然转向摩德斯通小姐，补充道，“要是我再看见你踏进我的草坪，我会把你的帽子从你的脑袋上敲掉！”

摩德斯通姐弟对这些严厉的措词没做任何回答，他们很快走出了房间。

“谢谢您，谢谢您，姨婆！”我叫道，“我会尽力让您为我自豪！”我亲了她好几次。

“迪克先生，你和我将一起收养这孩子，”姨婆说着，严肃的表情转化成一丝微笑。

自此，我的新生活开始了。我努力让姨婆高兴，并和迪克先生玩游戏，他大部分时间都和我在一起，这样我很快就忘记了仓库和摩德斯通姐弟。

可有一天，姨婆提议我应该到坎特伯雷寄宿学校去上学。我很高兴，因为我自己急切希望能继续学习，而坎特伯雷离多佛的姨婆家又很近。于是，姨婆陪我来到了坎特伯雷，我很欣赏这座城市中心美丽的旧式建筑。

“那是一所很大的学校吗，姨婆？”我很有礼貌地问道。

“我还没决定你上哪所学校，”她回答。“我们首先要听听我的老朋友威克菲尔先生对此的看法。他就住在坎特伯雷，在这儿工作，明白了吧。”

很快，我们在一幢十分古旧的房子前停了下来。门前的台阶十分干净，窗户挂着洁白的窗帘。有一位相貌古怪、身着黑衣、留红色短发、面孔精瘦苍白的男子出来迎接我们。我想他一定是这家的仆人。他大概15岁，但看上去要大得多。

“威克菲尔先生在家吗，尤赖亚·希普？”姨婆问他。

“在家，小姐，”尤赖亚回答，不自在地笑了笑。他领我们进了客厅，我注意到客厅墙上挂着两幅画像，一幅是位灰头发男子，另一幅是位恬静、温柔的女士。这时，一位先生走进客厅，显得比像片老些。我立刻意识到他就是威克菲尔先生，我姨婆的律师。

“威克菲尔先生，”姨婆说道，“这是我的外孙，我收养了他，我想送他上一所较好的寄宿学校，就在坎特伯雷城，您能帮我找一所吗？”

威克菲尔先生想了一会儿，“我可以推荐他去一所非常好的学校，斯特朗博士学校，可学生不能寄宿，而且每天从多佛赶到这里也太远了。不过，他可以住在这儿，在我家，如果您愿意的话。家里有的是空房间。”

“您真是太好了，威克菲尔先生。当然他的生活费由我负担。”姨婆说。

“来吧，见见阿格尼斯，她掌管着家里的一切，”威克菲尔先生说。我们来到楼上的另一个客厅，这里的陈设非常漂亮，一位年龄跟我相仿的姑娘坐在那儿。从她脸上我立刻看出了楼下像片中那位女士的那种美丽、安详的神情。我想她一定是威克菲尔先生的女儿阿格尼斯。从威克菲尔先生看阿格尼斯的眼神中和他握她手的方式中我意识到她是他生活中的唯一寄托。像片上的女士是她的母亲，几年前去世了，现在的这个家完全由阿格尼斯负责。她把我当成贵宾一样热情招待，并带我看了为我准备的舒适的卧房。姨婆很放心把我交给威克菲尔先生和她的女儿照顾。

“我要走了，大卫，”她跟我说，“威克菲尔先生明天带你去学校，并为你安排一切。我相信你一定会好好学习，干出成就的。”

“谢谢您，姨婆！”我说道，尽力忍住不哭，“并代我问候迪克先生！再次感谢您！”

她走后，我擦干眼泪，和威克菲尔一家度过了愉快的一晚上。我们就在这美丽的客厅里吃晚餐，聊天。阿格尼斯弹奏钢琴，设法取悦她父亲，可他总是很严肃，很忧郁。一晚上他喝了好多酒，我不知道他为什么显得不高兴。

第二天，我第一次感受到了一个正规学校的气氛。它与萨伦学校有着天壤之别。校长斯特朗博士温和、友善，热爱教学，从不惩罚任何人。不久我就和这里的孩子们成了朋友，而且时间一长，跟老师们也成了朋友。然而，尽管我非常喜欢学校，我还是很高兴每天晚上回到威克菲尔先生那安静的家。在那儿，阿格尼斯常常帮助我做功课，并极为同情地听我诉说我的难题。她父亲见着我也总是显得很高兴。我常写信给姨婆，给辟果提，迪克先生每星期都来看我一次。

我新生活中遇到的最奇特的人物就是尤赖亚·希普。我到坎特伯雷后不久，一天晚上我们进行了一次谈话。威克菲尔先生的很多事情都由他在做，他在他的小办公室里干得很晚，那间办公室离威克菲尔先生家大厅很近。

“进来，进来，科波菲尔少爷！”他看见我从门前经过就叫住了我。我进去了，见他正在读一本厚厚的、满是灰尘的书，并认真地做着笔记。

“你在学什么，尤赖亚？”我礼貌地问道。

“我准备做一名律师，”他边说边搓着他细瘦的手指，僵硬地笑了笑。

“你是威克菲尔先生的助手，是吗？或许哪天你会成为他的合作伙伴，”我没话找话地说道。

“哦，不，科波菲尔少爷！”尤赖亚叫起来，两眼往上一翻。“我不会升得这么高！不，我太卑微，够不上那种职位！但还是谢谢你，科波菲尔少爷！谢谢你能这么看我。恕我冒昧，如果你有时间（我肯定像你这样的年轻人会忙得匀不出时间给我这样的可怜人），我母亲和我很高兴邀请你去我们卑微的家里喝杯茶。”

“当然可以——只要我有时间，”我回答道，并很快离开了房间。不知什么原因，跟他在一起我感到很不自在。

紧接着的第二个星期，他再次邀请我去喝茶，我不想失礼，所以同意了。那天晚上，他带我到了他和他母亲居住的小屋子。那天天气暖和，我们坐在敞开的门边喝茶，这时有一个我熟识的身影从门口走过。是米考伯先生！他见我站在门口就叫起来，“科波菲尔！真的是你吗？”

我很高兴和他重逢，希普太太邀请他进屋喝茶，我只好把他介绍给希普母子。但我并没想到尤赖亚后来会对米考伯先生产生巨大的影响。不管怎么说，我感兴趣的是知道米考伯一家现住在坎特伯雷，因为在德文并没出现“转机”。他们似乎又缺钱了，又像以前那样债台高筑。我尽快离开了希普家，把米考伯先生带出来，因为我不想让他告诉尤赖亚我在伦敦仓库工作时的全部生活。

一晃几年过去了，我学到了斯特朗博士和老师们能教给我的所有知识。17岁那年我的学生生涯结束了。姨婆建议我在决定选择职业前先去伦敦或附近的城镇度一个月假，这样可以有充分的时间考虑一下下一步的打算。我热切地表示同意，尽管与恬静的朋友阿格尼斯和她父亲道别令我难过，我还是期望能过一种独立的、年轻人的生活。

5 David meets old friends again

I decided to go to London first, to stay at a hotel for a few nights, and see all the sights of that great city. I knew it would be very different from the last time I was in London, when I was working at the warehouse. Now I was adult, and educated, and had money.

The hotel I chose was called the Golden Cross, and because I looked so young, I was given a very small, dark room in the roof. But I did not feel confident enough to complain.

That evening I was returning from the theatre when I recognized someone going into the hotel. I could not prevent my self from saying at once, 'Steerforth! Do you remember me? '

He stared at me for a moment. Then he cried, 'Good heavens! It's little Copperfield! '

I was so delighted to see him that I held both his hands, saying, 'My dear Steerforth, you have no idea how pleased I am to see you again! ' I remembered how much I had admired him, and all my love for him came back. I had to brush away the tears from my eyes.

'Don't cry, Copperfield, old boy! ' he said kindly. 'I'm glad to see you too. What are you doing here? '

'I've just finished school, and my aunt has sent me to London to look around before deciding on a profession. What about you, Steerforth? '

'Well, I'm studying at Oxford University, but nothing exciting ever happens there! That's why I'm in London for a few days. But it's boring here too, isn't it? '

'In London? ' I asked, surprised. 'I think it's wonderful! There's so much to do and see! I've just been to the theatre—the actors were excellent and—'

'David, David! ' laughed Steerforth. 'It does me good to see your fresh, innocent face, so full of excitement! Now, let me see, which room are staying in? '

'Number 44. It's rather high up, ' I confessed, blushing.

'They've put you in number 44? I'll soon change that. ' And when Steerforth complained to the manager, I was immediately given a large, airy, comfortable room on the first floor, next to his. That night as I fell asleep I thought happily of the next few days, which Steerforth and I were planning to spend together.

A week passed very quickly, with visits to the theatre, the museums and the zoo. We went sightseeing, riding, swimming and boating. Steerforth was the perfect companion to have, and I admired him even more than before. In fact, I loved him with all my heart.

One day I said to him, 'You know, Steerforth, I really must go and visit my mother's old servant, Peggotty. She was very good to me when I was a child. '

'Yes, David, I remember you told me. She lives in Yarmouth now, doesn't she? Why don't we go there together? '

'Oh yes, Steerforth! You'd enjoy meeting her brother, and all the family! They're very kind, good people. '

'Even if they are only working people, ' said Steerforth. I looked quickly at him to see what he meant, but he was smiling at me, so I knew he was joking, and I smiled too.

We travelled to Yarmouth by coach, and when we arrived, Steerforth stayed at the hotel while I went to Barkis's house to find Peggotty. When I knocked at the door, Peggotty opened it, and did not recognize me for a moment. I had continued to write to her regularly, but we had not seen each other for seven years, and I was no longer the small boy she remembered. But when she realized I was her Master David, she sobbed and sobbed with delight, holding me in her arms as she had always done. Soon she was calmer, and we talked about the events of the last few years. I heard that she was very happy with Mr Barkis, who, however, was ill in bed at the time. She was so pleased to see me that she insisted I should sleep at her house during my stay in Yarmouth, in the little bedroom she had always kept for me.

The next day I took Steerforth with me to visit Daniel Peggotty. It was a dark and windy winter evening. As we came closer to the old boat, we heard happy voices and laughter inside. I opened the door, and suddenly I was surrounded by Daniel, Ham and Emily, all looking very surprised.

'Look! It's Master David! Look how he's grown! '

And for a moment we were all shaking hands and talking and laughing at the same time. I did not forget to introduce Steerforth. They welcomed him warmly as my best friend.

'Well! ' cried Daniel Peggotty, his large face red and shining with delight. 'It's wonderful, Master David, that you two gentlemen have come here tonight of all nights! The best night of my life! Because tonight, gentlemen, my little Emily—' and he took Emily's small white hand in his rough red one and placed it on his heart—'has agreed to become Ham's wife! '

'I congratulate you with all my heart, ' said Steerforth politely to Ham, without taking his eyes off Emily, who was blushing prettily.

'Master David knows how I love this girl, ' continued old Daniel, 'and my dearest wish was for her to have a good husband to take care of her. And there's no one I trust more than Ham! He's only a rough sailor like me, but he's honest, and sincere, and I know she'll come to no harm while he lives! '

Meanwhile, Ham was blushing too. I did not know what to say, unsure whether I still loved Emily and was therefore jealous of Ham, or whether I was glad they were going to be happy together. But Steerforth always knew the right thing to say, and with a few well-chosen words he made us all feel much more comfortable.

We spent the rest of the evening very pleasantly, telling stories and singing songs, and it was midnight when Steerforth and I left the old boat.

'Well! ' said Steerforth to me as we walked across the sand in the cold night air. 'What a lovely girl! And what a coarse young man she's engaged to! '

I was shocked by these unexpectedly cold words. But when I turned to him and saw him smiling, I replied warmly, 'Ah, Steerforth! You pretend to laugh at people who are poorer or less educated than yourself, but I've just seen you spend the whole evening with the Peggotty family, making them happy! I know you understand and love them, and I admire you all the more for it!'

He stopped and looked at me, saying rather sadly, 'David, you're serious, aren't you? I wish I were as good as you!'

For the next two weeks I was often with Peggotty and Barkis, while Steerforth went sailing or fishing with Daniel and Ham, or found other things to do, so I did not see very much of him. Finally we decided to return to London.

While we were travelling back on the coach, I turned to say something, and was surprised to see how miserable he looked.

'Oh, David!' he said unhappily. 'I wish I could control myself better! I hate myself sometimes!'

'Steerforth! What can you mean!' I cried. 'You're the best, the most intelligent, the kindest of men!'

'Thank you, David,' he said, shaking his head, 'but you don't know how bad I am.'

'Bad!' I repeated. 'My dear Steerforth! Don't say that! I know your character well, and I'm proud to call you my friend!'

In a little while his mood changed, and he became cheerful again. I soon forgot his words, but I remembered them later.

In London I discovered that my aunt had arrived at the Colden Cross Hotel, and had booked a room there for several days. We were delighted to see each other, and had a long conversation that evening. She had come to ask me a particular question.

'David,' she said very seriously, 'I've been thinking about your future profession. How would you feel about becoming a lawyer?'

I thought for a moment. 'Well, aunt, it sounds a very good idea. I confess I hadn't considered it before, but I think I'd like it.'

'Very good,' said my aunt, jumping up. 'In that case, let's go immediately to see Mr Spenlow. He's a partner in an important law firm, and I think he'll agree to train you. We'll have to pay him, of course, but after several years you'll be a properly trained lawyer, and be able to earn your own money.'

And so we carried out this plan. My aunt paid Mr Spenlow's firm a thousand pounds, and I promised to work hard and do my best to become a successful lawyer. Before she returned to Dover, my aunt rented a small flat for me, at the top of a house near the lawcourts, and I moved in at once.

At first it seemed very exciting to walk through the busy streets after a long day in the courts or at Mr Spenlow's dusty office, and know that I had my own home to return to. But when I had climbed up all the stairs, and entered my sitting room, it no longer seemed so exciting. In fact, my flat looked empty and depressing. So, after two days of loneliness, I was very glad to receive my first visitor, Steerforth, and because I was so happy to see him, I invited him and two friends of his to dinner the next evening.

As it was my first dinner party, I did not know what to buy, but I ordered cooked dishes of chicken and fish from the restaurant, bought cheese and fruit from the market, and had a large number of bottles of wine delivered. I was quite frightened by how much money I had spent, but when Steerforth and his friends arrived, I soon became more cheerful. The party was a great success, and we all enjoyed ourselves very much. We ate, and drank, and smoked, and drank again. I was constantly opening bottles of wine, and became unusually talkative. I began to feel rather strange, and when I caught sight of myself in a mirror, I seemed very pale. I had to confess to myself that I looked drunk.

Someone suggested going to the theatre, and in a kind of mist we left my flat and walked through the streets. Steerforth was holding my arm and laughing. Then a man in a little box looked out of the fog, and took money from somebody. Soon we were sitting high up in a very hot, very crowded theatre. There were bright lights, and there was music, but I could not understand what anyone was saying, and the whole building seemed to swim in front of my eyes.

Then someone suggested going to visit some friends in an other part of the theatre, so we went downstairs. Suddenly I saw, quite clearly, Agnes Wickfield, sitting with a lady and gentleman. She was looking at me with a surprised expression on her face.

'Good heavens!' I cried. 'Agnes! You're in London!'

'Quiet!' she whispered. 'People are trying to listen to the actors. You'll disturb them!' Then she added kindly, 'David, please do what I say. Ask your friends to take you home.'

I had always taken Agnes's advice, and I did so this time. I do not remember how I got home, but I do remember Steerforth helping me to undress and get into bed. What a terrible, sleepless night I spent! How ill I felt! How dry my mouth was! But the next morning I felt even worse. I was so miserable and ashamed that I had been so stupid, and that Agnes had seen me drunk. I could not even apologize to her, because I did not know where she was staying in London. I spent the whole day with my head in my hands, in my dirty, smoky room, surrounded by empty wine bottles.

But the next day a note was delivered to my flat. It was from Agnes, asking me to visit her at the house where she was staying. I went straight there after my day's work at the office.

She looked so quiet and good, and reminded me so much of my happy schooldays in Canterbury, that I could not help crying.

'I'm so sorry, Agnes,' I said, 'that you saw me like that. I wish I were dead!'

'David, don't be unhappy,' she said cheerfully. 'You know you can trust me, and I'll always be your friend.'

I took her hand and kissed it. 'Agnes, you're my good angel!'

She shook her head. 'No, David, but if I were, I'd warn you—to stay away from your bad angel.'

'My dear Agnes!' I cried. 'Do you mean Steerforth?'

‘I do, David,’ she replied, looking firmly at me.

‘Agnes, you’re wrong! He is my trusted friend! He helps and guides me! It wasn’t his fault that I got drunk, you know!’

‘I wasn’t thinking of that. I judge him from what you’ve told me about him, and your character, and his influence over you.’ Agnes spoke very seriously, and her words went straight to my heart. ‘I’m certain I’m right. You’ve made a dangerous friend, David, because you’re so trusting. Please remember what I say—and forgive me for saying it.’

‘I will, if you forgive me for getting drunk.’

Agnes agreed, smiling, and then said suddenly, ‘Have you seen Uriah Heep?’

‘No,’ I replied. ‘Is he in London? What’s he doing here?’

‘I’m worried, David,’ answered Agnes with sadness in her beautiful eyes. ‘I think he’s going to be Father’s partner.’

I remembered Uriah Heep’s oily smile, and how uncomfortable he always used to make me feel.

‘What? That creature? He’s so unpleasant! You must prevent your father from agreeing to it, Agnes!’

Agnes smiled miserably. ‘My poor father has no choice. You know how unhappy he has often been? And of course you’ve seen him drinking. You see, he loved my mother very much, and when she died, he didn’t care so much about his work. That’s when he started drinking. Uriah’s very clever—he knows all this, and he’s been very useful to Father, doing all the work that Father had forgotten or didn’t want to do. Father really needs Uriah now, to keep his business going. And Uriah himself pretends to be humble and grateful, but in fact he’s in a strong position, and is insisting on becoming a partner. Father is ashamed of himself, but he has to agree. Poor Father! I’d do anything to help him, any thing!’ And Agnes sobbed bitterly.

I had never seen Agnes cry before. It made me so sad that I could only say helplessly, ‘My dear Agnes! Please don’t cry!’ However, in a few minutes she was calm again, and I was able to leave her, promising to visit her and her father in Canterbury very soon.

5 大卫重逢老朋友

我决定先到伦敦，在旅馆里住上几天，把那大城市的风光景致游览个遍。我知道这一次与我上次到伦敦仓库工作时的情景会大不一样。如今我已长大成人，受过教育，身上有了钱。

我选择了一家取名“金十字”的旅馆，由于我看上去很年轻，他们就给我开了一间阁楼上又小又黑的房间。而我当时还没有足够的勇气抱怨。

那天晚上，我从戏院回来，见一个熟悉的身影走进旅馆。我禁不住脱口叫道：“斯提福兹！你还认识我吗？”

他看了我一会儿，然后叫起来，“我的天！是小科波菲尔！”

见到他，我欣喜异常，我紧握住他的双手说：“亲爱的斯提福兹，你不会知道再次见到你我有多高兴！”我记得我是多么地敬重他，我对他的敬慕又一次升华。我的双眼涌满泪花，我只好赶紧擦掉。

“别哭，科波菲尔，老伙计！”他和善地说道，“我也很高兴见到你，你在这里干什么？”

“我刚毕业，我姨婆让我在选择职业之前先到伦敦转转。你呢，斯提福兹？”

“嗯，我在牛津大学上学，可那儿没什么好玩的事！所以我来伦敦呆几天，但这儿也很无聊，是吧？”

“伦敦吗？”我很纳闷，问道。“我觉得很好呀！有那么多事可做可看！我刚去了戏院——那些演员棒极了，还有——”

“大卫，大卫，”斯提福兹笑道，“看到你这张好奇、天真的脸，这么激动，真让我高兴！现在，告诉我，你住哪个房间？”

“44号，在楼顶上，”我红着脸直说了。

“他们把你安置在44号？我马上给你换房。”斯提福兹找老板谈了以后，他们很快把我安排在楼下一层的一间宽敞、通风、舒适的房间，而且在斯提福兹的隔壁。晚上躺下睡觉时，我很高兴，想着接下来的几天我可以和斯提福兹在一起玩。

一周很快过去了，我们一起看戏，参观博物馆、动物园，我们一起观光、骑马、游泳、划船，斯提福兹是一位难得的好伙伴，我比以前更敬重他了。实际上，我已经真心真意喜爱他了。

一天，我跟他说，“你知道，斯提福兹，我必须去看看我母亲的老女仆，辟果提，我小时候她对我很好。”

“是，大卫，我记得你跟我说过。她住在雅茅斯，是吧？干吗不一起去呢？”

“哦！对呀，斯提福兹！你一定很乐意意见她的哥哥及他的全家！他们都是非常友好、善良的人。”

“即便他们只是普通的劳苦大众，”斯提福兹说。我瞥了他一眼，想弄清他话中的含义，但他冲我笑笑，我想他是在开玩笑，所以我也笑了笑。

我们乘坐长途马车到雅茅斯，到了之后，斯提福兹先在一家旅馆落脚，我到巴克斯家去找辟果提。我敲了敲门，辟果提出来了，她当时没认出我。我虽然一直给她写信，从未间断，但我们彼此已有7年没见面，我已不再是她记忆中的小男孩了。然而，当她意识到我就是她的大卫少爷时，她激动得哭了又哭，还象从前那样把我拥在她怀里，她很快就平静了下来，我们互相说起近几年发生的事情。她说她跟巴克斯先生过得很幸福，可他现在却生病在床。她见到我是那么高兴，坚持要我在雅茅斯逗留期间住到他们家，睡那间她一直为我保留着的小卧房。

第二天，我带斯提福兹去拜访丹尼尔·辟果提。那是个黑暗、多风的夜晚，我们走近老船屋，听得里面传出快乐的说笑声。我推开门，丹尼尔、哈姆和埃米莉突然围过来，惊奇地看着我。

“看！是大卫少爷！他长成大人了！”

一时间我们都握着手又说又笑。我没忘了介绍斯提福兹。他们把他当作我的好朋友热情接待。

“好啊！”丹尼尔·辟果提叫道，激动得大脸庞又红又亮。“太好啦，大卫少爷，你们两位先生选择今晚到这里！这是我一生中最美好的夜晚！因为今天晚上，先生们，我的小埃米莉——”他把小埃米莉白皙的小手握在自己粗糙发红的手中并放到胸口——“已经答应嫁给哈姆当妻子！”

“我衷心地祝贺你，”斯提福兹出于礼貌对哈姆说道，可他的眼睛始终没有离开脸颊菲红的美丽的埃米莉。

“大卫少爷知道我有多爱这孩子，”老丹尼尔继续道，“我最大的心愿就是她能找到一位好丈夫照顾她。而我最信任的人莫过于哈姆！他虽然只是一个像我一样粗鲁的水手，但他朴实、真诚，我知道只要有他在她决不会受到任何伤害！”

这时，哈姆也脸红了。我不知道说什么好，不知道是因还爱着埃米莉而妒嫉哈姆，还是为他们的幸福而高兴。然而，斯提福兹总能说出合

适的话语，他的几句很得体的话让大家都觉得自在多了。

接下来的时间我们过得很愉快，大家讲故事、唱歌，一直到午夜时分，我和斯提福兹才离开船屋。

“咳！”我们在寒冷的夜色中穿过沙滩，斯提福兹说，“多可爱的女孩！却要嫁给这么粗俗的男人！”

他突然说出这么尖刻的话使我感到震惊，可当我回过头看他脸上挂着笑容时，我热情地附和道：“啊，斯提福兹！你假装嘲笑那些比你寒酸、没文化的人，可我刚看到你和辟果提一家整个晚上在一起，逗他们开心！我知道你了解他们，喜欢他们，我更加仰慕你了！”

他停下脚步看着我，心情沉重地说：“大卫，你是认真的，对吧？我真希望我能像你这么好！”

接下来的两个星期我常和辟果提和巴克斯在一起，而斯提福兹常随丹尼尔和哈姆去航海、钓鱼，或者找些其他事干，所以我不常见着他。最后我们决定回伦敦。

当我们坐上返程的长途马车时，我转身想跟他说些什么，却惊奇地发现他居然是满面愁容。

“噢，大卫！”他痛苦地说，“我真希望能更好地把握住自己！我有时恨死我自己了！”

“斯提福兹！你在说什么呀！”我叫道，“你是最优秀、最聪明、最好心肠的人！”

“谢谢你，大卫！”他摇了摇头，说道，“但你不知道我有多坏。”

“坏！”我重复道，“我亲爱的斯提福兹！别胡说了！我很了解你的性格，和你成朋友是我的荣幸。”

片刻之后，他的情绪有了改观，重新高兴起来。我很快忘了他的这些话，可后来我又回想起来了。

回伦敦后，我发现姨婆早就等在“金十字”旅馆了，而且已经在那儿住了好几天了。彼此相见我们都很高兴，当晚聊了很久。她为一个问题专程来问我。

“大卫，”她十分严肃地说，’我一直都在考虑你今后的工作问题，你觉得做律师怎么样？”

我想了一会儿，“好啊，姨婆，听起来这主意不错。我承认我以前没想到过，但我想我会喜欢的。”

“很好，”姨婆说着跳起来，“既然如此，我们马上去见斯本罗先生，他是一家颇为重要的律师事务所的合伙人，我想他会同意收你为徒，当然我们得付学费。可几年下来你就能成为一名训练有素的律师，而且可以自己挣钱。”

紧接着，我们实施了这项计划。姨婆付给斯本罗事务所1000英镑，我答应努力学习，尽可能成为一名成功的律师。姨婆回多佛之前，给我租了一套小房子，位于法院附近一幢楼的顶层，我很快搬了进去。

一开始，我每天从法院或斯本罗事务所那满是尘土的办公室工作一天之后，穿过热闹繁华的街区，想到我也有自己的家可回，就异常兴奋。可当我爬完所有的楼梯，走进客厅，似乎就不再那么兴奋了。事实上，我的房间看上去空荡荡的，令人抑郁。所以，孤零零地呆了两天后，我很高兴我的第一位客人斯提福兹来访。见到他后我非常开心。于是又邀请他和他的两位朋友第二天晚上到我的寓所聚餐。

由于我是头一次搞聚餐，不知道该买什么，就从餐馆里预定了现成的一只鸡和一条鱼，又从商店里买了些奶酪和水果，还让人送到家好几瓶酒。自己一下子花掉那么多钱，真有点可怕。可当斯提福兹和他的朋友到来之后，我的心情立刻好转了。聚会办得十分成功，我们玩得很开心，我们边吃边喝边抽烟，然后又喝。我不停地打开一瓶又一瓶的酒，而且变得异常健谈，我开始感觉不对劲，照着镜子一看，自己已脸色苍白。我不得不承认自己的醉态。

有人提议去看戏，我们就迷迷糊糊地走出我的寓所来到街上。斯提福兹嘻笑着搀着我的胳膊。小包箱里有一个人从雾里探出头来，偷走了另一个人的钱。很快，我们坐进了燥热、拥挤的戏院，而且高高在上。戏院里有明亮的灯光，有音乐，但我听不懂演员在说什么，整个建筑物仿佛在我眼前晃动。

之后，有人提议去戏院的另一头看看几位朋友，所以我们又下了楼。突然，我十分清楚地看见阿格尼斯·威克菲尔，她与一位女士和一位先生坐在一起。她看着我，一脸惊讶的神色。

“我的天！”我叫起来，“阿格尼斯！你在伦敦！”

“安静！”她小声说道，“别人都在听戏，你会吵着他们的！”然后她又善意地加了一句：“大卫，请照我说的做，让你的朋友送你回家。”

阿格尼斯的意见我向来都听，这次也一样。我不记得当时是怎么回的家，但我依然记得是斯提福兹帮我脱了衣服，把我弄上床。多么可怕、难眠的一宿！我感觉好难受！口干舌燥！而第二天上午情况更糟，我为自己所干的蠢事感到既痛苦又羞愧，还让阿格尼斯看见了我的醉态。我甚至没法向她致歉，因为我不知道她住在伦敦的哪个地方。我双手捧着自己的脑袋，在脏乱不堪、乌烟障气、满是空酒瓶的屋子里呆了一整天。

第二天，有人给我的寓所送来一张便条，是阿格尼斯写的，她要求我到她现在住的地方去找她。我下了班就直奔她那儿。

她看上去是那么文静，气色那么好，让我回想起在坎特伯雷城那段美好的学生生活，我情不自禁地哭起来。

“真抱歉，阿格尼斯，”我说，“让你瞧见我的蠢样。我真没脸见你！”

“大卫，别难过了，”她愉悦地说道，“你知道你可以相信我，我永远是你的朋友。”

我抓起她的手吻了一下，“阿格尼斯，你是我的天使！”

她摇了摇头，“不，大卫，如果我真是，我要提醒你——离开你的坏天使。”

“亲爱的阿格尼斯！”我叫道，“你是指斯提福兹？”

“是的，大卫，”她回答，坚定地注视着我。

“阿格尼斯，你错了！他是我信任的朋友！他帮助我，引导我！我喝醉不是他的错，你知道！”

“我不是指醉酒的事。我是从你谈起他的话语中，从你的性格和他对你所产生的影响来判断的。”阿格尼斯认真地说道，她的话触动了我。我的心。“我认定我是对的。你结识了一位危险的朋友，大卫，因为你太容易轻信他人了。请记住我的话——并请原谅我的直率。”

“我会的，只要你能原谅我的酒后失态。”

阿格尼斯笑着答应着，然后她突然问道，“你见过尤赖亚·希普吗？”

“没有啊，”我回答，“他在伦敦吗？他来这里来干什么？”

“我很担心，大卫，”阿格尼斯回答，美丽的双眼蒙上一层忧郁。“我想他将要成为父亲的合伙人了。”

我想起尤赖亚·希普那僵硬的笑，他总是让人那么的不舒服。

“什么？那个怪物？他实在不讨人喜欢！你必须阻止你父亲与他合伙经营，阿格尼斯！”

阿格尼斯苦笑了一下，“可怜的父亲没有别的选择，你知道他常常是多么的忧郁？当然你也见过他酗酒。你知道，他非常爱我的母亲，她死后，他便不在那么专心他的工作。也就是那时他开始酗酒。尤赖亚很聪明——他知道这一切，他对父亲帮助很大，帮父亲做所有他忘记做或

者不想做的事情。如今，为了能继续维持他的公司，父亲的确已经离不了尤赖亚了。尤赖亚自己则装出一幅卑谦、感恩戴德的样子，而实际上，他占据上风，坚持要做父亲的合伙人。父亲为自己感到羞愧，可也不得不同意。可怜的父亲！我愿意做任何事情来帮助他！任何事！”阿格尼斯伤心痛哭。

以前我从未见阿格尼斯哭过。

我难过得只能说些无济于事的话，“亲爱的阿格尼斯！求你别哭了！”不过，几分钟后，她又恢复了平静，我也能告辞出来了，我答应她我会很快去坎特伯雷看望她和她的父亲。

6 David falls in love

Agnes had asked me to be polite to Uriah if I met him, and so, when I saw him the next day near the law courts, I was careful not to offend him. He looked even stranger than before, with his small evil head and long thin body, and his wide oily smile. When we shook hands, I noticed how cold and wet his hand felt, just like a fish.

‘Would you—would you like to come to my rooms for coffee, Uriah?’ I offered, trying to hide my horror of him.

‘Oh, Master Copperfield, I mean, Mister Copperfield, I should say now! How kind of you! I’m too humble to expect such kindness! But I would like that!’

And when we reached my flat, he looked at me with an unpleasantly confident smile, and said, ‘Perhaps you’ve heard that I’m going to become Mr Wickfield’s partner, Mr Copperfield?’

‘Yes,’ I replied. ‘Agnes has told me about it.’

‘Ah! I’m glad to hear that Miss Agnes knows about it,’ he answered. ‘Thank you for that, Mr Copperfield!’

I was annoyed with myself for mentioning Agnes’s name, and hated hearing him say it, but I said nothing and drank my coffee.

‘You said once, Mr Copperfield,’ continued Uriah, rubbing his hands together happily, ‘that perhaps I’d be Mr Wickfield’s partner one day. It was kind of you to say so. A humble person like me remembers things like that! And now it’s true! I’m glad to think I’ve been able to help poor Mr Wickfield. Oh, how very careless he has been! If I hadn’t been his assistant, he would certainly have lost his business, his house, and all his money by now. Of course, I’m helping him because I admire him—and not only him!’

Suddenly, although the room was warm, an icy coldness spread through my body, as I stared into his cruel little face.

‘Miss Agnes is looking beautiful at the moment, isn’t she?’ he went on, smiling horribly. ‘Mr Copperfield, I trust you, because as you know, I’ve always liked you, although I’m so humble, and you’re a gentleman. So I’d like to tell you my little secret. In spite of my low position, I love Miss Agnes! I’ve given my heart to her, and I hope to marry her one day!’

There was a purple mist in front of my eyes. I wanted to hit his ugly face, or stab a knife right into his wicked heart. I was almost mad with anger. But I thought of Agnes’s request, and I managed to control myself.

‘Have—have you spoken to Agnes about your—your love?’ I asked as calmly as I could.

‘Oh no, Mr Copperfield. I’m waiting for the right moment. Perhaps I’ll ask her when I become her father’s partner. She’ll think kindly of me, you see, when she realizes how much her father needs me. She loves him so much! Ah, what a good daughter my Agnes is! And what an excellent wife she’ll be to me!’

Dear, sweet Agnes, my adopted sister! I did not know any man good enough to be her husband. Could she ever marry this worthless insect? When Uriah left my flat, I spent a sleepless night worrying about what I should do. In the end I decided to say nothing to Agnes about Uriah’s plan, as she already had enough to worry about.

A year had passed since I first started work in Mr Spenlow’s firm. I often went to court with him, and began to understand the details of some of the most difficult cases. Mr Spenlow was kind to me, and occasionally talked to me, not only about law but also about other matters. I discovered that his wife had died, and that he lived in a large country house just outside London, with his only daughter and her paid companion. One day he invited me to his house for the weekend, and I accepted gratefully. So on Friday evening Mr Spenlow’s coach and horses drove us to the house.

When I saw the Spenlows’ home, I realized how rich Mr Spenlow must be. It was a lovely old building, with large gardens. As soon as we entered, Mr Spenlow asked one of the servants, ‘Where’s Miss Dora?’

‘Dora!’ I thought. ‘What a beautiful name!’ We went in to the sitting-room, and I suppose Mr Spenlow introduced me. I did not notice, because nothing mattered at that moment. I just stared stupidly at his daughter Dora, lost in wonder at her beauty, and unable to say anything. I had fallen in love in a second.

As I stared, I heard a voice speaking to me, but it was not Dora’s. It was her companion, whom I had not noticed at all while Mr Spenlow was making the introductions. When I saw that the companion was Miss Murdstone, I was surprised, certainly, but nothing could take my attention away from Dora for more than a second or two.

Mr Spenlow explained that Miss Murdstone had been kind enough to come and look after his poor motherless daughter, and to be her confidential friend and companion. But it seemed to me that Dora was neither friendly nor confidential towards her stern companion.

As for me, the rest of the weekend passed in a kind of fog. We ate meals, and went for walks. People spoke to me, and I answered. But I have no idea what I actually said. All I remember was Dora’s golden hair, and Dora’s blushing face, and Dora’s beautiful blue eyes! Occasionally I was lucky enough to speak to her alone, and then I was so shy that I blushed as much as Dora herself. I was very jealous of the little dog that she carried everywhere with her. Sometimes I thought she liked me a little, and at other times I was sure she would never love me. I was wildly, desperately in love!

I had wondered if Miss Murdstone would try and blacken my name with the Spenlows, but on that first evening she had taken me to one side.

‘David Copperfield,’ she said coldly. ‘I see no need for either of us to speak about the past to anyone here. I imagine we are agreed on that.’

‘Certainly, ma’am. We are agreed on that, although I shall never change my opinion of you.’

I put Miss Murdstone out of my mind, and for several weeks after meeting Dora, I lived in a dream. I did my work automatically, and I never stopped thinking of her. The greatest happiness I could imagine was being engaged to Dora. I dared not hope that one day we would be married.

While walking round London one day, hoping to meet Dora out shopping, I met my old schoolfriend Tommy Traddles. He was living in the city, like me, and was also studying to become a lawyer. I arranged to visit him, and went to his house after work the next day. He lived in one room in a rented house, in a very poor part of the city. His room was small, and almost

empty.

‘Copperfield! I’m glad to see you! he said warmly. ‘you can see I haven’t got much furniture, but I’m hoping to earn more money later, when I’ve finished my studies. ’

‘Didn’t you have a rich uncle, Traddles? ’ I asked.

‘Yes, but I’ve always been unlucky, you know. He decided he didn’t like me, so he didn’t leave me anything when he died. I’m really very poor, and I have to do several jobs to pay for my studies. ’ Traddles looked surprisingly cheerful. ‘But I must tell you, Copperfield, as you’re an old friend, that I’m engaged! To a lovely girl, who comes from a large family, and lives in Devon! ’

I was thinking of Dora as I shook hands with him and congratulated him enthusiastically. ‘Will you get married soon? ’ I asked.

‘No, she’s very poor too, so we’ll have to wait a long time, until we’ve saved enough money. She’s such a dear girl, Copperfield. She says she’ll wait for me until she’s sixty, if necessary! And I’m quite happy here with the people who rent the house—the Micawbers are very kind. ’

‘Who did you say? ’ I cried. ‘The Micawbers! I know them! ’

Just then Mr Micawber himself knocked at the door and entered. His stomach was a little fatter and his face a little older than before, but he looked as confident as ever. I went up to him and shook his hand.

‘How are you, Mr Micawber? ’ I asked. ‘Do you remember me? ’

‘Is it possible? Can it be? Have I the pleasure of seeing my old friend Copperfield again? ’ he replied, a smile spreading over his large face. He turned to call downstairs, ‘My dear! Come and meet this gentleman, my love! ’

When Mrs Micawber came in, she was also delighted to see me, and we talked for some time about the twins, and the other children, and her husband’s business interests. But this conversation soon made Mr Micawber rather depressed.

‘You see, Copperfield, ’ he said miserably, ‘nothing has turned up yet. Sometimes I wonder whether anything ever will turn up. I can’t pay for our food, or even our water. It’s hard enough for me to accept the situation, but how can I expect my dear wife to live like this? Perhaps it would have been better if I had never asked her to marry me! ’ He put his head in his hands.

‘Micawber! ’ cried his wife. ‘How can you say that! You know I have always loved and admired you, and always will love and admire you! My dear husband! ’ And they fell into each other’s arms, sobbing on each other’s shoulders. In a few moments they had both dried their eyes and looked quite cheerful again. I realized that the Micawbers had not changed at all, but this quick change of mood was rather a surprise for Traddles.

Before I left, I made sure I had a word in private with my old schoolfriend. ‘Traddles, ’ I whispered, ‘take my advice—don’t lend Mr Micawber any money. He’s got a lot of debts. ’

Traddles looked uncomfortable. ‘Thank you, Copperfield, ’ he whispered in reply, ‘but I’ve already lent him some. I don’t know whether he’ll give it back—you know how unlucky I am! ’

When I got back to my rooms, I found Steerforth waiting for me there. I thought of Agnes’s warning about him, but when I saw his open, good-looking face, I could not believe he could be a bad influence on anyone. However, there was something rather strange in his manner that night. Sometimes he seemed quite depressed, almost desperate, but a minute later he was laughing wildly, and I had no idea why he was like that.

‘I’ve just been to Yarmouth, David! ’ he told me.

‘Oh! ’ I replied. ‘You’ve seen the Peggotty family, I expect? ’

‘I haven’t seen much of them, but I have got some news for you. It’s about old Barkis. I’m afraid his illness has got much worse, and the doctor thinks he’ll die very soon. ’

‘Oh dear! ’ I said. ‘Poor Peggotty will be so sad! ’

‘Yes, it’s bad luck, ’ replied Steerforth carelessly. ‘But people die in this world every minute. I’m not afraid of death! I want to live life in my own way, and nobody can stop me! ’ He threw his head back proudly. I looked into his handsome face, wondering why he was so excited, which was unusual for him.

‘Steerforth, I think I’ll have to go to Yarmouth myself, ’ I said. ‘Perhaps I can help Peggotty at this difficult time. ’

Smiling, he put his hands on my shoulders. ‘I wish I could be as good as you! David, promise me that if anything ever happens to separate us, you’ll think of me at my best! Promise me that! ’

‘Steerforth, you have no best or worst for me, ’ I answered. ‘You will always have your place in my heart! ’

And as he turned to go, he gave me his hand, and smiled in his old friendly way. That is how I like to remember him, now that I shall never touch his hand again, or see him smile.

When I arrived in Yarmouth, I went straight to Barkis’s house. In the sitting-room I found Daniel, Ham and Emily. Ham was standing by the door, while Emily was sobbing in Daniel’s arms. None of them seemed surprised to see me.

‘Emily’s very young, Master David, ’ explained Daniel. ‘It’s hard for her to accept death. That’s why she’s crying. Now cheer up, Emily my dear, Ham has come to take you home. what’s that? ’ He bent his grey head down to hear her whispered reply. ‘You want to stay here with your old uncle? But you should go with Ham—he’ll be your husband soon! ’

‘That’s all right, ’ said Ham. ‘If it makes Emily happy, it’ll make me happy. I’ll go home alone. ’ He went over to Emily and gave her a gentle kiss. She seemed to turn away from him a little. As Ham went out, I went upstairs to see poor Barkis.

He was lying unconscious in bed, looking very pale and ill. Peggotty was sitting beside him. She jumped up and took me delightedly in her arms, just as she used to do. Then she turned to her husband. ‘Barkis, my dear, ’ she said almost cheerfully, ‘ here’s Master David, who brought us together, you remember? He carried your messages for you. Can you speak

to him? ’

Barkis lay silently there, not moving. We sat beside him all through that long night. In the early morning, he suddenly opened his eyes, reached out his hand to me, and said clearly, With a pleasant smile, ‘Barkis is willing! ’ And then he closed his eyes, and died.

‘He was a good man! ’ said Peggotty, with tears in her eyes. ‘I shall miss him! ’

I was able to help Peggotty with the arrangements for the funeral. Barkis was buried in Blunderstone churchyard, close to my mother and little brother. We discovered that Barkis had saved quite a lot of money, which he left to Peggotty and Daniel. So I knew that Peggotty would not need to work in future.

On the day before the funeral, we all arranged to meet at the old boat. It was my last evening in Yarmouth, as I was re—turning to London the following day. When I arrived, I was surprised to see that Ham and Emily were not there. Peggotty was feeling more cheerful now, and Daniel was talking to her. Just then Ham came to the door.

‘Master David, come outside a minute, would you? ’ he asked. I stepped outside, and Ham shut the door carefully. It was raining heavily, and as we stood on the lonely beach, I noticed how very pale Ham’s face was.

‘Ham! ’ I cried. ‘What’s the matter? ’

‘Master David! ’ he sobbed wildly. I had never seen such a strong man cry like that before. ‘It’s Emily! I’d have died for her! I love her with all my heart! But she’s run away and—worse than that! Oh, how I wish God had saved her from this ruin! ’

I shall never forget his desperate face turned towards me, and the pain in his honest eyes.

‘You’re educated, Master David! ’ he continued. ‘You know how to express yourself! Help me! How can I ever ex—plain to him in there? He loves her even more than I do! ’

I saw the door open, and tried to stop Ham speaking, but it was too late. Daniel Peggotty came out, and when he saw us, he seemed to realize immediately what we were talking about. The expression on his face changed in a moment, and he pulled us both back inside. I found myself with a letter in my hand which Ham had given me.

‘Read it, sir, ’ said Daniek, his face pale and trembling and his eyes wild. ‘Read it slowly, please. ’

The room was completely silent as I read aloud:

Dear Ham,

Please, please, forgive me for running away and leaving you. When you see this, I’ll be far away. I shall never return to my dear home unless he marries me and brings me back as a lady. Oh, I’m so sorry, and so ashamed! I know this will break your heart, but believe me, I’m not good enough for you! I’m too wicked. Tell Uncle I’ll always love him, even if he can never love me again. And I’ll always think of you, dear Ham, even if you hate me for what I’ve done. Forgive me, and goodbye!

Emily

Daniel did not move for a long time after I had finished reading. I took his hand, but he did not notice. Suddenly he appeared to wake up, and said in a low voice,

‘Who’s the man? I want to know his name. ’

Ham looked quickly at me, and I felt a shock run through my whole body. I fell on to a chair and could not speak.

‘Don’t listen, Master David, ’ Ham said, hesitating, ‘we don’t blame you for it. ’ Peggotty put her arm round my neck, but I could not move. ‘A—gentleman’s been here very often recently, ’ continued Ham in a broken voice, ‘and—to—day people saw Emily driving off with him in his coach! ’

‘Tell me! ’ cried Daniel wildly. ‘Is his name Steerforth? ’

‘It is! ’ replied Ham just as wildly, ‘and I’m sorry, Master David, but he’s the wickedest man I’ve ever known! ’

After a moment Daniel spoke. He looked suddenly much older. ‘I wish I’d drowned him when I had the chance! But it’s too late now. There’s no peace for me here while my dear girl is away. I’m going to look for her, and bring her back home. Don’t any of you try to stop me! Ham, you must stay here in Yarmouth. Keep a light always burning in the window of this house, so that if the poor girl ever comes back, she can find her way home across the sand. I’m going to London, and France, and all over the world if necessary. I’m prepared to spend my whole life travelling until I find her. If anything happens to me, if I don’t come back, tell her I forgive her—tell her my love for her is unchanged! ’

And although we all tried hard to persuade him to stay, he refused to listen. He took his coat, hat, bag and stick, and stepped out into the darkness. We watched him walking along the London road, until he disappeared from sight. I often thought of that lonely figure in the next few weeks and months, walking through strange streets in foreign cities, looking for his adopted child. When I thought of him, I remembered his last words to us: If anything happens to me, if I don’t come back, tell her forgive her—tell her my love for her is unchanged!

6 大卫坠入爱河

阿格尼斯曾要求过我, 要是我碰到尤赖亚, 一定要对他客气点。所以, 当我第二天在法院附近看见他时, 我很谨慎不去冒犯他。他看上去比以前更古怪了, 阴险的小脑袋, 细长的躯体, 僵硬、狰狞的笑脸。我们握了握手, 他的手是如此的冰冷潮湿, 活像捏着那冷血鱼。

“你愿意——愿意到我的寓所去喝杯咖啡吗, 尤赖亚?” 我主动提议, 竭力想隐藏对他的恐惧感。

“噢, 科波菲尔少爷, 我是说科波菲尔先生, 我愿意现在就去! 你真是好心! 我太卑微, 不敢奢望如此善意的邀请! 但我愿意接受!”

我们到达寓所时, 他以一种令人讨厌的自信笑着看着我, 说: “或许你已经听说了, 我将成为威克菲尔先生的合伙人, 科波菲尔先生?”

“听说了,” 我回答, “阿格尼斯跟我说过。”

“噢, 我很高兴阿格尼斯小姐知道此事,” 他答道, “谢谢你告诉我, 科波菲尔先生!”

我很自恼提到了阿格尼斯的名字, 而且讨厌听到他称呼这个名字。可我并没说什么, 只顾喝我的咖啡。

“你曾经说过, 科波菲尔先生,” 尤赖亚高兴地搓着双手, 继续道, “或许有一天我会成为威克菲尔先生的合作伙伴。谢谢你的吉言。—

个像我这么卑微的人会时刻铭记这样的话！而现在，这成真的了！想到能帮助可怜的威克菲尔先生我很高兴。哦，他是那么的粗心！要是没我做他的助手，他现在肯定已经丢掉了公司、房子和所有的钱财。当然，我帮助他是因为我敬重他——而且不光是他……”

突然，我浑身感到一阵透凉，尽管房间里很暖和。我紧盯着他那张残酷的脸。

“如今的阿格尼斯出落得很漂亮，是不是？”他露出可怕的微笑，继续说道，“科波菲尔先生，我信赖你，因为你知道，我一直喜欢你，尽管我如此卑微，而你是位绅士。所以，我想告诉你一个小秘密：不管我地位有多低下，我爱阿格尼斯小姐！我已经把心交给了她，我希望有朝一日娶她为妻！”

我眼前蒙上一层浓雾，我想揍他那张丑陋的脸，或是用刀刺穿他恶毒的心。我气得都快发疯，但想到阿格尼斯的请求，我还是设法控制住了自己。

“你——对阿格尼斯表达过你的——你的爱吗？”我尽可能平静地问道。

“哦，没有，科波菲尔先生。我正在等待时机。或许在我成为她父亲的合伙人时，我会向她求婚。当她意识到她父亲有多么需要我时，你知道，她会平心静气考虑我。她是那么地爱她父亲！啊，我的阿格尼斯是个多好的女儿！她将会是我多么出色的妻子！”

至爱至亲的阿格尼斯，我的义姐！我不知道有谁能配得上做她的丈夫。难道她要嫁给这个一钱不值的怪物吗？尤赖亚离开我的寓所后，我一宿未眠，思考着我能为此做些什么。最终我决定不把尤赖亚的阴谋告诉给阿格尼斯，因为她已经够烦心的了。

到斯本罗先生事务所工作已经有一年了。他常带我去法院，我开始对一些比较复杂的案例的细节有所了解，斯本罗先生对我不错，时常跟我聊天，内容不光是有关法律的知识，还有一些其他事情。我了解到他妻子已经去世，他与唯一的女儿和她的侍伴住在伦敦城外不远的一所乡间别墅。一天，他邀请我去他家度周末，我很感激地接受了邀请。于是，斯本罗先生的马车把我们带到了他的家中。

当我看到斯本罗先生的住宅时，我才意识到斯本罗先生有多富裕。这是一座可爱的旧式建筑，花园很大。我们一进门，斯本罗先生就问其中的一位用人：“朵拉小姐在哪儿？”

“朵拉！”我心想，“多美的名字呀！”我们走进了客厅，斯本罗先生可能把我介绍了一番。我没注意这一点因为当时什么都不重要了，我只是呆呆地盯着他的女儿朵拉，为她的美貌出神，嘴里说不出半句话来。在这一瞬间我坠入了爱河。

就在我目瞪口呆之间，我听见有人跟我说话，但不是朵拉的声音，而是她的侍伴，斯本罗先生作介绍时我压根儿没留意她。当我看清这位侍伴是摩德斯通小姐时，我自然很吃惊，但当时没有任何东西可以把我的注意力从朵拉身上移开，哪怕只一两秒钟。

斯本罗先生解释说，摩德斯通小姐能来照顾他失去母爱的可怜的女儿，并成为她的密友和侍伴，真是难能可贵。可在我看来，朵拉对她这位严肃的伙伴既不友好也不亲密。

至于我，接下来的这段周末时光就像在云雾中度过。我们在一起吃饭，散步，别人问我什么我就回答什么，但我不知道自己到底说了些什么。我全部的记忆就是朵拉的金发、朵拉红扑扑的脸蛋、朵拉美丽的蓝眼睛！有时，我有幸能单独跟她说话，可我却那么腼腆，脸红得跟朵拉一样。我很嫉妒那条跟朵拉形影不离的小狗。时而，我想她有点喜欢我，时而又肯定她不可能爱上我。我疯狂地、绝望地爱上了她！

我不知道摩德斯通小姐是否会在斯本罗一家面前尽力说我的坏话。可当天晚上她把我叫到一边。

“大卫·科波菲尔，”她冷冷地说道，“我看我们俩谁也没有必要对这儿的任何人提起我们的过去。我想你我都会赞成吧。”

“当然，小姐，你我都赞成。但我永远不会改变对你的看法。”

摩德斯通小姐很快被我忘在脑后。遇见朵拉后的几个星期，我都生活在梦境之中。我机械地工作着，却无时无刻地想她。我最大的快乐就是想象跟朵拉订婚的情景。我不敢奢望有一天我俩会结成夫妻。

一天，我在伦敦街头溜达，指望能看见朵拉从哪家商场出来。这时，我遇见了老同学汤米·特拉德尔。他住在伦敦城，也跟我一样在做律师。我安排了时间去看他。第二天下了班，我来到了他的住处。他住的是一个租来的房间，位于城市的贫民窟。房间很小，差不多是空的。

“科波菲尔！真高兴见到你！”他热情地说，“你看我这儿没什么家什，可我希望我不久就能赚钱，就在我学完之后。”

“你不是有一个很富有的叔叔吗，特拉德尔？”我问道。

“是的，可是你要知道，我总是不走运。他认为他不喜欢我，所以在他死后，没留下任何东西给我。我的确很穷，而且不得不做好几份工作来支付我的学费。”特拉德尔的情绪出奇地好。“可我必须告诉你，科波菲尔，因为你是我的好朋友，我一定得告诉你，我已经订婚了！跟一个很可爱的女孩，她出生于一个大家庭，就住在德文！”

我热切地握住他的手向他道喜，心里却想着朵拉。“你们很快要结婚？”我问道。

“不，她也很穷，所以我们必须得等一段时间，等到我们攒够钱。

她是个那么可亲的女孩，科波菲尔，她说她会等我到60岁，如果有必要的话！而且我在这里跟我的房东处得很愉快——米考伯一家非常友善。”

“你说什么？”我叫起来，“米考伯一家！我认识他们！”

正在这时，米考伯先生本人敲了敲门进来了。他的肚子比以前圆了点儿，脸也比以前苍老了点儿，但他还像以前那样自信。我走上前去跟他握手。

“你好吗，米考伯先生？”我问道，“还记得我吗？”

“这可能吗？是真的吗？我能有幸再次见到我的老朋友科波菲尔？”他回答，大脸庞绽开笑容。他转身朝楼下喊道：“亲爱的！快来见见这位先生，我的宝贝！”

米考伯太太进来了，她也很高兴见到我。我们聊起了她的双胞胎和其他几个孩子，还谈到她丈夫的业务经营。但这个话题弄得米考伯先生的心情马上沉重起来。

“你知道，科波菲尔，”他痛苦地说道，“没有任何转机。我有时怀疑是否真有转机出现。我已买不起食物，甚至买不起水。这种状况对我来说已够艰难的了，我怎能让我亲爱的妻子也如此生活呢？或许当初我没要求她嫁给我就好了！”他把脑袋埋在双手中。

“米考伯！”他妻子哭道，“你怎么能这么说呢！你知道我爱你、敬重你，而且永远爱你、敬重你！我亲爱的丈夫！”然后，他们拥抱在一起，抱头痛哭。几分钟后，他们俩都擦干眼泪，情绪再次好转，我意识到米考伯夫妇根本没什么改变。但这种情绪忽高忽低的突然转变使特拉德尔很是吃惊。

在告辞之前，我下决心要跟老同学单独说几句。“特拉德尔，”我小声说道，“记住我的劝告——不要借钱给米考伯先生，他已债台高筑。”

特拉德尔神色很不自在。“谢谢你，科波菲尔，”他小声回答，“可我已经借给他一些钱了，不知道他是否能还给我——你看我多背运！”

我回到自己的住处，发现斯提福兹在那儿等我。我想到阿格尼斯对我的忠告，可当我看着他开朗、英俊的脸，就不相信他能对别人产生什么坏影响。然而，那天晚上他的情绪很不对劲。时而他似乎很消沉，几乎绝望，可没过片刻，他又发疯地笑起来。我不知道他怎么会这样。

“我刚去了雅茅斯，大卫！”他告诉我。

“噢！”我回答，“那你见着辟果提一家了，我猜？”

“我没常见他们，可我的确有消息告诉你。是有关老巴克斯的。恐怕他的病已经恶化，医生说 he 活不了多久了。”

“噢，老天！”我说，“可怜的辟果提该会有多伤心！”

“是的，运气不佳，”斯提福兹满不在乎地说道，“可这个世上每分钟都有人死去。我一点都不怕死！我想以我自己的方式生活，没有人能阻止我！”他桀骜不驯地仰了仰头。我看着他英俊的脸，奇怪他怎么这么激动，激动得有点儿失常。

“斯提福兹，我想我该自己去一趟雅茅斯，”我说，“或许我能在辟果提困难的时候帮她一把。”

他把手搭在我肩上，笑了笑。“真希望我能像你这么好！大卫，答应我，如果有什么事发生使我俩分开，你要多想想我的好处！答应我吧！”

“斯提福兹，对我来说，你身上没有好坏之分，”我回答，“在我心目中永远有你的位置！”

当他转身要走时，他伸出手，以他惯常那种友好的方式笑了笑。这是我记得他的模样，可如今我再不能握他的手，再见不着他笑了。

到达雅茅斯后，我径直来到了巴克斯家。走进客厅，我看见丹尼尔、哈姆和艾米莉都在。哈姆站在门边，艾米莉倒在丹尼尔的臂弯里哭泣。见着我他们谁也不吃惊。

“艾米莉还年轻，大卫少爷，”丹尼尔解释说，“她很难接受死亡。所以她哭了。现在，高兴点，我亲爱的艾米莉，哈姆来接你回家。你说什么？”他低下满是灰发的头，凑近她听她轻声地回答，“你想和你的老叔叔呆在这儿？可你得和哈姆回去——他就要成为你的丈夫了！”

“没关系，”哈姆说，“如果艾米莉高兴，我也就高兴。我可以一个人回家。”他走到艾米莉跟前，轻轻地吻了她一下。她似乎略微回避了一下。哈姆走后，我上楼去看可怜的巴克斯。

他昏睡在床上，脸色苍白，病得不轻。辟果提坐在他身边。她跟以前一样跳起来高兴地拥抱了我。然后她转向她丈夫。“巴克斯，亲爱的，”她几乎是兴奋地说道，“大卫少爷来了，是他使我俩走在一起，记得吗？他把你的口信捎给我。你能跟他说话吗？”

巴克斯静静地躺着，一动不动。我们彻夜守在他身边。第二天一早，他突然睁开眼睛，伸出手握住我，带着高兴的微笑，清楚地说了一句：“巴克斯很愿意！”然后就闭上眼睛，死了。

“他是个好人！”辟果提两眼噙着泪，说，“我不会忘了他！”

我帮助辟果提安排了后事。巴克斯葬在布兰德斯通的教堂墓地，离我母亲和小弟弟不远。我们得知巴克斯存有一大笔钱，留给辟果提和丹尼尔。所以，我知道辟果提今后不需要工作了。

葬礼前一天，我们决定在船屋碰头。这是我在雅茅斯的最后一晚，因为我第二天就要回伦敦了。到那儿以后，我很奇怪没有见着哈姆和艾米莉，辟果提情绪好多了，丹尼尔在跟她聊天。这时，哈姆来到门口。

“大卫少爷，请出来一下好吗？”他说。我走了出来，哈姆轻轻地关好门。雨下得很大，当我们俩孤零零地站在海滩上时，我发现哈姆脸色十分苍白。

“哈姆！”我叫道，“出什么事了？”

“大卫少爷！”他失声痛哭。我从未见过这样一个强壮的男子如此伤心地哭过。

“是艾米莉！我情愿为她而死！我全身心地爱她！可她离家出走了——甚至更糟糕！噢，真希望上帝能把她从这场灾难中解救出来！”

我永远忘不了他转向我时脸上那绝望的表情，忘不了他诚实的眼睛里流露出的痛苦。

“你是受过教育的人，大卫少爷！”他继续道，“你知道如何表达自己！帮帮我！我怎么能跟那边的他解释？他甚至比我更爱她！”

我看见门开了，想制止哈姆继续往下说，可已经晚了。丹尼尔·辟果提已经走出来了。他看见我们时似乎立刻意识到我们在说什么。一时间他脸上的表情改变了，他把我俩拉回屋里。我这才发现我手上拿着哈姆刚给我的一封信。

“念念，先生，”丹尼尔说道，他脸色苍白，浑身发颤，目光咄咄逼人，“请念慢一点。”

屋子里一片寂静，我开始念道：

亲爱的哈姆：

请，请你原谅，我离开家，离开你。你读到此信时，我已经在很远的地方了，我将不再回我亲爱的家，除非他娶了我并以夫人的身份把我带回家。噢，真是很对不起，我非常惭愧！我知道这会伤透你的心，但相信我，我配不上你！我太卑贱了。告诉叔叔我会永远爱他，即便他永不再爱我。我会永远记得你，亲爱的哈姆，即便你恨我的所作所为。原谅我，再见！

艾米莉

我读完信后，丹尼尔很长时间一动不动。我握住他的手，他没有反应。突然他像是刚苏醒似地低声问道：

“那个男人是谁？我想知道他的名字。”

哈姆很快看了我一眼，我感觉浑身一阵颤栗，我跌坐在椅子上，说不出话来。

“你可以不听，大卫少爷。”哈姆迟疑地说道，“我们不会怪你的。”辟果提把手臂搭在我脖子上，可我动弹不了。“一位——先生最近总在这儿出现。”哈姆断断续续地继续道，“然后——今天，有人看见艾米莉坐在他的马车上走了！”

“告诉我！”丹尼尔疯狂地叫起来，“他的名字是斯提福兹？”

“是的！”哈姆同样疯狂地回答，“很抱歉，大卫少爷，可他是我所知道的最为卑劣的人！”

过了一会儿，丹尼尔说话了，他突然像是苍老了许多。“要是有机会我会溺死他！但现在一切都晚了！我亲爱的孩子不在这儿了，我是不会安宁的。我要去找她，把她带回家。你们谁也别拦我！哈姆，你必须守在雅茅斯。让屋子窗户上永远亮一盏灯，这样，可怜的孩子一旦回来，也好让她穿过沙滩找到回家的路。我要去伦敦、法国，以至全世界，如果必要的话。要准备一辈子流浪下去，直到我找到她。要是我出了什么事，要是我回不来了，告诉她我原谅她——告诉她我对她的爱永远不变！”

虽然我们大家都竭力劝他不要去，但他听不进去。他拿起外套、帽子、背包和手杖，走出屋子，踏进夜色之中。我们目送他走上去往伦敦的路，直到看不见为止。在此后的几周直至几个月中，我时常想起这个孤独的身影，想象他走上异乡陌生的街头，寻找他的养女。想到他我就记起他跟我们说的最后几句话：要是我出了什么事，要是我回不来了，告诉她我原谅她——告诉她我对她的爱永远不变！

All this time I had gone on loving Dora more than ever.

The more evil there seemed to be in the world, the more brightly Dora's star shone down on me. I am sure I considered her a beautiful angel, far above the rest of us poor humans, and I had no real hope of persuading her to love me.

Peggotty had come to London with me, as she was feeling rather lonely after Barkis's death and Daniel's departure, and I could not stop myself telling her all about Dora. She was very interested, and most encouraging.

'The young lady should be very proud to have such a hand—some, intelligent young man as you, Master Davie!' she cried. 'And I'm sure her father will be delighted to accept you as her husband!' But I could not share her hopeful view of the situation.

However, a wonderful thing happened. During a long conversation with Mr Spenlow in the office, he mentioned that it was Dora's birthday the following week, and invited me to a picnic to celebrate it. As soon as I heard this, I went completely mad, and could not think at all clearly. In the next week I bought expensive new clothes and boots, and arranged to hire a handsome white horse. On the day of the picnic, I got up at six in the morning and went to Covent Garden market to buy the freshest and most beautiful flowers for Dora, and by ten o'clock I was riding towards the Spenlows' house.

How lovely Dora looked, in her sky-blue dress and white hat, when I met her in the garden in front of the house! And when she accepted my flowers with delight, I almost thought I would die of happiness.

'You'll be glad to hear, Mr Copperfield,' she said, smiling prettily, 'that cross Miss Murdstone isn't here. She'll be away for at least three weeks. Instead I have my dear friend, Miss Julia Mills, here with me.'

Sitting next to Dora was a young lady I had not noticed before. Although she was only about twenty, she looked very calm and wise. I later discovered that she had had an unhappy experience in love, and had decided never again to become personally involved in matters of the heart.

'How delightful for you!' I answered, blushing as I always did when I spoke to Dora. 'And everything that is delightful to you is delightful to me, Miss Spenlow!' Miss Mills said nothing, but smiled kindly on us both.

To get to the picnic place, which was some way from the house, Mr Spenlow, Dora and Miss Mills drove in an open carriage, while I rode by their side on my handsome white horse. I shall never have such a ride again. Dora sat with her back to the horses, looking towards me, and holding my flowers close to her sweet face. Our eyes often met, and I am surprised I did not fall off my horse. I did not notice the dust, or the road we were taking. Sometimes Mr Spenlow spoke to me about the scenery, and I replied politely, but I cannot remember what I said. All I could see was Dora.

I was very disappointed when we arrived, to find that other guests had been invited. I was quite jealous even of the ladies, because they talked to Dora and took her away from me, but I hated all the men as soon as I saw them. There was a very unpleasant, talkative man with a red moustache, who insisted he knew all about preparing food, and soon had most of the young ladies round him. One of them was Dora. I felt that he was now my worst enemy.

When we started eating, I saw to my horror that Red Moustache was sitting, with a huge plate of chicken, at Dora's feet! I could not think clearly, but I pretended to be cheerful. I sat with a young lady dressed in pink, and talked amusingly to her, and looked at her, and fetched her whatever she needed. Sometimes I looked over at Dora, and she looked back at me, but she had Red Moustache and I had the young lady in pink.

After the meal, the young lady's mother took her away, and I walked alone into a wood, feeling angry and desperate. I was just planning to ride away on my handsome white horse, although I did not know where to, when I saw Dora and Miss Mills coming to meet me.

'Mr Copperfield,' said Miss Mills, 'You are unhappy.'

'No, no, Miss Mills!' I protested firmly. 'Perfectly happy!'

'And Dora,' continued Miss Mills, 'you are unhappy.'

'Oh good heavens, no, Julia!' cried Dora. 'Not at all!'

'Mr Copperfield and Dora,' said Miss Mills, looking old and wise, 'enough of this foolishness! You love each other! Confess it and be happy! Take the chance that life offers you! Listen to one who speaks from bitter experience!'

I was so hot and excited that I took Dora's little hand immediately and kissed it—and she let me! I kissed Miss Mills's hand too, and life seemed wonderful again.

Dora shyly put her arm in mine and we walked about together, until, much too soon, we heard the other guests calling her name. So we had to go back, and when they wanted Dora to sing a song, Red Moustache offered to fetch the guitar from the carriage for her. But Dora told him nobody except me knew where it was.

So I fetched the guitar, and I held her gloves, and I sat beside her while she sang. And I knew that in that great crowd of people she was singing only for me, who loved her.

When the guests left, I rode beside the carriage all the way back to the Spenlows' house. Mr Spenlow, who had drunk a lot of wine, was asleep in his seat, and Miss Mills was smiling in a motherly way, as Dora and I whispered happily to each other. Once Miss Mills called me to her side of the carriage.

'Dora is coming to stay with me,' she told me quietly, 'the day after tomorrow. Perhaps you would like to visit us?'

'Miss Mills! How can I ever thank you?' I said. 'What a friend you are—to Miss Spenlow and me!'

When we arrived at the Spenlows' house, I had to say goodbye to Dora and ride back to London. On the way, I remembered everything she had done or said ten thousand times. I decided I had to tell her I loved her as soon as possible, and ask whether she loved me too. It was the most important question in the world, and only Dora could give me the answer to it.

So, two days later, I dressed in my finest clothes and went to the address Miss Mills had given me. The servant took me to the sittingroom, where I found Julia Mills learning a song, and Dora painting the flowers I had given her! After a short

conversation Miss Mills made an excuse and left the room, and Dora and I were alone together.

‘I hope your poor horse wasn’t tired the other night,’ said Dora, raising her beautiful eyes to mine. ‘It was a long way for him, to and from the picnic place.’

I must ask her today! I thought. My whole body was trembling. ‘It was a long way for him,’ I answered. ‘For me it seemed very short, because of my happiness in being so near you.’

There was a moment’s silence. Then Dora said, ‘You didn’t seem to care for that happiness earlier in the day, when you were sitting with the lady in pink. But I expect you don’t mean what you say. And of course you’re quite free to do whatever you like!’

I don’t know how I did it. It happened so quickly. Suddenly I had Dora in my arms and I couldn’t stop speaking. I told her how I loved her. I told her I would die without her. And when she blushed and cried a little, I said I had loved her day and night since the moment I had first seen her. I told her that nobody had ever loved or could ever love as much as I loved her.

Somehow I found myself sitting quietly next to Dora on the sofa, holding her little hand. We were engaged! I suppose we realized that one day we would get married, but for the moment we were going to keep our engagement secret from Mr Spenlow. When Miss Mills came in, she was delighted to hear our news, and promised to help us as much as possible.

Now began one of the happiest times of my life. When I look back, I see how foolish I was, but how loving and sincere! I visited Dora every day, and I did not have time for anyone or anything else. But in the middle of my excitement I suddenly thought of Agnes, of her clear calm eyes and her gentle face, and I sat down immediately to write to her, and tell her all about Dora. I knew that as my adopted sister she would share my happiness, and I wanted her approval.

One day when Peggotty and I were having tea in my flat, Tommy Traddles came to visit me. ‘My dear Copperfield!’ he cried. ‘I’ve been several times before, but you’ve been out.’

‘My dear Traddles,’ I replied, ‘yes, I’m very sorry, I’ve been visiting my—Miss, D, you know.’

‘I expect she lives in London, doesn’t she? Mine—that’s Sopby—beautiful name, isn’t it? Mine lives in Devon, I think I told you. So I don’t see her very often. She really is the dearest girl! She’s very busy at home, you know, looking after the other nine children. And her mother, who’s unable to walk.’

‘What a wonderful girl she must be!’ I agreed politely. ‘And tell me, Traddles, how is Mr Micawber?’

‘I’m not living in his house at the moment,’ said Traddles, ‘because his creditors demanded payment of his debts recently, and he had to move to another house. To avoid these unpleasant men, he’s even changed his name to Mortimer, and he only comes out of the house after dark, wearing glasses.’

‘So nothing has turned up for him yet? And what about the money you lent him, Traddles?’

‘I’m afraid I may not get it back. But Mr Micawber promises to give it back one day. He’s a fine, honest man, isn’t he?’ And Traddles looked hopefully at me.

Before I could reply, we heard footsteps on the stairs. I was very surprised to see my aunt coming upstairs. She was carrying two cases and her cat, and was followed closely by Mr Dick, carrying two more cases.

‘My dear aunt!’ I cried. ‘What an unexpected pleasure!’ We kissed each other, and I shook hands with Mr Dick. Traddles left quietly, as he could see we would be discussing family matters. Peggotty made some more tea for my aunt, who had sat down heavily on her cases.

‘Dear aunt!’ I said. ‘Make yourself more comfortable! Sit in an armchair, or sit on the sofa!’

‘Why do you think I’m sitting on my cases?’ she asked, looking seriously at me.

I shook my head, unable to guess.

‘Because what I’m sitting on is all I have! Because I’ve lost all my money, my dear!’

I couldn’t have been more shocked if the house and all of us in it had fallen into the River Thames.

‘Yes,’ continued my aunt, putting her head calmly on my shoulder. ‘I’ll tell you all about it tomorrow, David, but tonight we must find a bed for Mr Dick, and I’ll sleep here, to save money.’ So that night, my aunt agreed to take my bed, while I planned to sleep on the sitting-room sofa, and I took Mr Dick to a neighbour’s house to rent a room. When I returned, I found my aunt walking up and down in front of the sitting-room fire.

‘That Peggotty woman is very fond of you, David!’ she said. ‘She’s been offering to give us some of her money—the money she inherited from her husband! Of course I refused at once. But she’s a good woman. And she’s been telling me about the trouble at Yarmouth—’

‘Yes, poor Emily!’ I could not stop myself saying.

‘Silly Emily, you mean! But I’m sorry for you, because you cared for her once. And now Peggotty tells me you’re in love again!’

I blushed. ‘I love Dora with all my heart, aunt!’

‘I suppose the little thing is very lovely, is she?’

‘No one can imagine how lovely she is!’

‘She isn’t at all silly, is she?’ asked my aunt.

I had never considered this possibility before, and could only repeat what my aunt had said. ‘Silly, aunt?’

‘Well, well, I only ask,’ replied my aunt gently. ‘David, you’re very loving, like your poor mother, and you need a good, serious, sensible person to love.’

‘Aunt, if you only knew how sensible Dora is!’ I replied.

‘Oh David!’ she answered. ‘Blind, blind, blind!’

This made me feel a little uncomfortable, but I was glad she knew my secret. I thought perhaps she was rather tired, so

I said goodnight. She went to my bedroom, and I lay down on the sofa.

How miserable I was that night! I knew I should be thinking of my poor aunt’s situation, but I could not prevent myself from thinking of Dora. How could I marry her if I had no money, no expensive clothes to wear, no handsome white horse to ride or flowers to give her?

The next morning I got up early to have a walk in the fresh air, and on the way home, a carriage stopped beside me, and Agnes Wickfield got out. I immediately felt better when I saw her beautiful calm face smiling at me. She had heard that my aunt was in trouble, and had come to London to see her. We walked together to my flat.

‘You know that Uriah Heep is my father’s partner now?’ she said quietly. ‘His influence over my father is far too great. Father is much, much worse. He looks years older, and I’m afraid that, encouraged by Uriah, he drinks more than ever. Uriah and his old mother live with us now, so I can’t always be with Father—to—to protect him from whatever Uriah is planning. I just hope that love and truth will always be stronger than evil!’

I could not give her my opinion of Uriah, because by then we had arrived at the flat. My aunt was very pleased to see Agnes again, and made us sit down on the sofa next to Peggotty.

‘Now let me explain to you all what happened to my money,’ said my aunt firmly. I was surprised to see that Agnes was pale and trembling. Betsey Trotwood continued, ‘I saved a lot of money over the years, and my lawyer, Mr Wickfield, used to help me invest it in the right companies. But recently I thought he wasn’t such a good lawyer as he used to be, so I decided to invest my money myself. What a lot of mistakes I made! Who knows where it’s gone? In gold, and foreign banks, and so on. It’s no good worrying about it, but I can tell you, there’s nothing left.’

The colour was beginning to return to Agnes’s face. ‘So it—it wasn’t my father’s fault, dear Miss Trotwood?’

‘Not at all, Agnes,’ said my aunt cheerfully. ‘Now can any of you give me some advice? I’ve asked my servant Janet to rent my little house in Kent. That will bring in about seventy pounds a year. I think we’ll need more than that, to live on.’

‘You and David could share this flat very cheaply, with Mr Dick just round the corner in his rented room,’ suggested Agnes. ‘And I think I can find a little job for David. Do you remember Dr Strong, the headmaster of the Canterbury school? Now that he’s retired and come to live in London, he needs a private secretary to work for him in the mornings and evenings, at his house. He was asking Father about it the other day. What do you think?’

‘Agnes! I cried. ‘What would we do without you? You are my good angel, I told you so before! I could easily be Dr Strong’s secretary, as well as continuing my work in Mr Spenlow’s firm. I’ll go and see him today, and arrange it with him.’

Agnes gave me her beautiful smile as she got up to leave. I went downstairs with her, and as we walked together to the coach station, I saw an old beggar with a white stick in the street. He was holding out his thin hand for money, and crying, ‘Blind! Blind! Blind!’ It sounded like an echo of what my aunt had said the day before. Oh Agnes, dear sister! If I had only known then what I discovered long afterwards!

7 大卫的好消息和坏消息

在这段日子里，我对朵拉的爱越来越强烈。似乎这世上有越多的罪恶、黑暗，朵拉这颗星就会照得我心里越亮。我确信自己已经把她看作是美丽的天使，远远地高于我们这些可怜的凡人之上。我并不真想说服她来爱我。

辟果提和我一起来到伦敦，因为巴克斯的死和丹尼尔的离开使她感到非常孤独。我控制不住把有关朵拉的事全告诉了她。她很感兴趣，并且一个劲地鼓励我。

“有你这样英俊、聪明的年轻人追求她，这位年轻小姐应该感到十分自豪，大卫少爷！”她叫道，“而且我相信她父亲也会很高兴接受你这位女婿！”然而，我不敢赞同她对我的处境所持的乐观态度。

不过，绝好的机会出现了。在办公室与斯本罗先生的一次长谈中，他透露下周是朵拉的生日，并邀请我一起去野餐以示庆祝。听到这消息，我完全喜疯了，根本不能冷静地考虑什么。到了第二周，我买了一身昂贵的衣服和一双靴子，订租了一匹漂亮的白马。野餐那天，我6点钟起床，到科文特花市给朵拉买了最新鲜最漂亮的一束花。10点钟，我骑着马来到了斯本罗先生家。

在门前的花园里我遇见了朵拉，多么可爱的朵拉，穿一身天蓝色的衣服，戴一顶白色的帽子！当她高兴地接过我的鲜花时，我感觉自己都快幸福死了！

“跟你说了你准高兴，科波菲尔先生，”她妩媚地一笑，说道，“那位严厉的摩德斯通小姐不在。她至少三个星期不会回来。我嘛，有我的好朋友朱莉亚·米尔斯和我作伴。”

坐在朵拉身边的是一位我刚才没注意到的年轻小姐。尽管她大约只有20岁，可她显得很沉稳，很机智。我后来知道，她有过一段不愉快的恋爱史，所以决定再也不卷入个人情感的漩涡中。

“真替你高兴！”我红着脸回答，我跟朵拉说话就脸红。“所有你高兴的事，我也高兴，斯本罗小姐！”米尔斯小姐没说什么，只是善意地冲我俩笑笑。

野餐地点距离住所有一段距离，斯本罗先生、朵拉和米尔斯小姐坐在敞篷的马车上，我骑着我那漂亮的白马伴在他们旁边。我再也感觉不到那种骑马的感觉了。朵拉背对着马匹坐着，看着我，把我送给她的花贴到她甜美的脸上，我们的目光常常相遇，我奇怪自己居然没从马上摔下来。我注意不到飞扬的尘土，记不得我们走过的路线。有时，斯本罗先生跟我说几句赞美风景的话，我出于礼貌回答了，可我不记得自己说了什么，我所看见的只有朵拉。

到达目的地时，我很失望地发现，被邀请的还有其他客人。我甚至连小姐太太都嫉妒，因为她们总拉着朵拉说话，把她从我身边带走。我更恨那些男士们，从第一眼见到他们起。其中有一位很烦人、喋喋不休、留着红色小胡子的家伙，自称精通做饭之道，很快把绝大多数女士吸引到他身边，其中也包括朵拉。我觉得他是我当时最危险的敌人。

我们开始用餐时，我惊恐地发现“红胡子”端着一大碗鸡肉坐在朵拉的脚边！我的脑子不能清醒地思考了，可我仍装出一副高兴的样子。我坐到一位穿粉红衣服的年轻小姐身边，饶有兴致地跟她交谈，看着她，并帮她取她所需要的任何东西。时不时地，我抬头看朵拉几眼，她也回看我几眼，可她有“红胡子”，我有粉衣姑娘。

饭后，这位年轻小姐的母亲把她带走了，我独自走进树林，心中既气愤又绝望。我准备骑上我那漂亮的小白马走开，尽管我不知道自己要去哪里，这时，我看见朵拉和米尔斯小姐向我走来。

“科波菲尔先生，”米尔斯小姐说，“你不高兴。”

“不，不，米尔斯小姐！”我坚定地否认，“我非常高兴！”

“还有你，朵拉，”米尔斯小姐继续道，“你不高兴。”

“哦，上帝！不，朱莉亚，我很高兴！”朵拉叫道。

“科波菲尔先生，朵拉，”米尔斯小姐说道，看上去既老练又聪明，“愚蠢的把戏玩够了！你们俩各自都爱着对方！承认吧，高兴起来！抓住生活给你们创造的机会！相信一位有过痛苦经历的人的话吧！”

我热血沸腾，激动万分，猛地抓起朵拉的手吻了一下——她没有抗拒！我也吻了米尔斯小姐的手，生活似乎又重放光彩了。

朵拉很腼腆地把自己的手搭在我的臂弯里，我们一起朝前走，可是没过多会儿我们听到有客人叫她的名字，我们只好往回走。他们要求朵拉唱一首歌，“红胡子”自告奋勇提出为她去取吉他，但朵拉告诉他，除了我，谁也不知道吉他在哪儿。

这样，我取来了吉他。她唱歌时我坐在她旁边，给她拿着手套。我知道，在这一群人中间，她只为我一个人，一个爱她的人歌唱。

客人们离开后，我骑着马一路护送马车回到斯本罗住宅。斯本罗先生喝了很多酒，在座位上睡着了。米尔斯小姐露出母亲般慈爱的微笑，看着朵拉和我幸福地窃窃私语。其中有一次，米尔斯小姐把我叫到她那一侧的马车前。

“朵拉要去找我那儿，”她平静地告诉我，“后天。你或许愿意去看看我们？”

“米尔斯小姐！我怎么才能感谢你呢？”我说，“你是多好的朋友——斯本罗小姐和我的朋友！”

我们到达斯本罗住所后我不得不和朵拉道别，骑马回伦敦。一路上，我成千上万次地回忆起朵拉和我说的和做的每一件事情，我决定尽快告诉她我爱她，并问她是否也爱我。这是世界上最重要的问题，而且只要朵拉才能给我问题的答案。

于是，两天后我穿上最好的衣服，按米尔斯小姐给我的地址来到她家。用人把我领进客厅，我看见米尔斯小姐正在学唱一支歌，朵拉正在画我送给她的花！短短地聊了几句后，米尔斯小姐找了个借口离开了，朵拉和我就单独留在客厅。

“我希望前天夜里你的马不致于太累吧，”朵拉抬起她美丽的大眼睛看着我，说，“从野餐地点来回地跑，对它来说是段很长的路。”

我一定要今天问她！我心里想着，浑身上下都在颤抖。“对它来说是一段很长的路，”我回答，“可对我却似乎很短，因为有你离我这么近，带给我快乐。”

沉默了一阵后，朵拉说道：“在那天的早些时候，你好像并不在乎这种快乐，当你坐在那位穿粉红色衣服的女孩身边。不过，我希望你只是说说而已。当然，你有权爱怎么做就怎么做！”

我不知道我是怎么做的。一切发生得如此迅速。我突然抱住朵拉，滔滔不绝地说个没完。我告诉她我有多爱她，我告诉她没有她我就会死掉。当她红着脸，轻声地哭泣时，我说，从看见她的一瞬间起，我日日夜夜都在爱她，我告诉她，没有人曾像我这么爱她，并永远像我这样爱她。

不知不觉地，我发现自己安静地坐在朵拉身边，握着她的小手。我们订下了终身！我想我们明白将来有一天我们会结婚，但目前我们打算先对斯本罗先生保守我们已经订婚的秘密。米尔斯小姐进来了，她很高兴听到这个消息，并答应尽最大努力帮助我们。

这样，我一生中最幸福的时光开始了。我现在回想起来，觉得自己好傻，可又是那么可爱，那么真诚！我每天去看朵拉，没有时间顾及别人，干别的事情。然而，在我兴奋之中我突然想到了阿格尼斯，想到她沉稳的目光和温柔的神情，我立刻坐下来给她写信，告诉她有关朵拉的一切。我知道，作为我的义姐，她会分享我的快乐，而且我需要她的支持。

一天，我正和辟果提在我寓所喝茶，汤米·特拉德尔来找我。“亲爱的科波菲尔！”他叫道，“我来过好几次，你都没在家。”

“亲爱的特拉德尔，”我回答，“是的，我很抱歉，我总去找我的——D小姐，你知道。”

“我想她住在伦敦，是吧？我的——索菲——很美的名字，是吧？我的那位住在德文，我想我跟你说过。所以我不常见她。她的的确是我最可亲的姑娘！她在家非常忙，你知道，要照看其他9个孩子，还有她的母亲，不能行动的母亲。”

“她真是位了不起的姑娘！”我礼貌地附和道，“告诉我，特拉德尔，米考伯先生怎么样了？”

“我现阶段没住他们家，”特拉德尔说，“因为他的债主们最近总是催债，他只好搬到别处去住。为了避免这些讨厌的人，他甚至把自己的名字改作摩尔提么，他只在天黑后出门，并带上眼镜。”

“看来他还是没遇到转机？你借给他的钱怎么样了，特拉德尔？”

“恐怕是要不回来了，可米考伯先生答应我总有一天会还给我。他是一个好人、一个很善良的人，是吧？”特拉德尔乐观地看我一眼。

我正要回答，只听得楼梯口一阵脚步声。我很吃惊看见姨婆正往上走。她提着两个箱子，抱着她的宠猫，身后紧跟着迪克先生，提着另外两个箱子。

“亲爱的姨婆！”我叫道，“多么意外的惊喜！”我们互相亲吻了一下，我和迪克先生握了握手。特拉德尔悄悄地离开了，因为他知道我们接下来就要商讨家事。辟果提给姨婆另沏了一些茶，可她却重重地坐在了她的箱子上。

“亲爱的姨婆！”我说，“您可以让自己舒服点！坐到椅子上或是沙发上吧！”

“你知道我为什么坐在箱子上吗？”她问，很认真地看着我。

我摇了摇头，猜不出来。

“因为我坐着的就是我的全部所有！我失去了全部的积蓄，我亲爱的！”

没有比这让我更震惊的消息了，那怕是这房子和这房子里的人都掉进了泰晤士河。

“是的，”姨婆接着说道，把头静静地枕在我的肩上，“明天我会告诉你一切，大卫，但今晚我们必须给迪克先生找个地方睡觉，我可以睡在这里，省点钱。”就这样，那天晚上，姨婆同意了睡我的床，我自己则准备睡客厅的沙发，我给迪克先生租了一间附近邻居的房间。我回来时，发现姨婆在客厅里踱来踱去。

“那位叫辟果提的女人对你很好，大卫！”她说，“她提出要拿出她从她丈夫那儿继承到的一部分钱给我们！我自然一口回绝了，可她是个好人。

她把雅茅斯的悲剧告诉了我。”

“是的，可怜的埃米莉！”我情不自禁地叫道。

“你是说愚蠢的埃米莉吧！可我为你感到惋惜，因为你曾经一度关心过她。辟果提告诉我你如今又爱上了一个人！”

我脸红了。“我是真心爱着朵拉，姨婆！”

“我猜那小东西一定很可爱，是吗？”

“没有人能想像得出她有多可爱！”

“她一点儿都不愚蠢吧，是吗？”姨婆问。

我以前从未考虑过这种可能性，所以只重复着姨婆的问话，“愚蠢吗，姨婆？”

“好了，好了，我只是随口问问，”姨婆温和地回答，“大卫，你很多情，像你的母亲一样，你需要有个善良、认真、懂事理的人来爱你。”

“姨婆，你要知道朵拉有多懂事理就好了！”我回答。

“噢，大卫！”她回答，“盲目，盲目，盲目呀！”

她的话使我很不舒服，可我很高兴她知道了我的秘密。我想或许她太累了，就跟她道了晚安。她进了我的卧室，我躺在沙发上。

那是多么痛苦的一宿！我知道我该考虑考虑可怜的姨婆的处境，但我控制不住要想朵拉。我要是没钱，没有贵重的衣服，没有漂亮的白马，或者没有鲜花送给她，我怎么能跟她结婚？

第二天早上，我起得很早，边散步边呼吸着新鲜空气。往回走时，一辆马车在我身边停下来，阿格尼斯·威克菲尔走下车。我看到她那美丽、沉稳的脸正冲我微笑，我顿时觉得心情好多了。她听说我姨婆遇上了麻烦，特到伦敦来看望她。我们一起朝我的寓所走去。

“你知道吗，尤赖亚·希普如今已是我父亲的生意合伙人了？”她平静地说道，“他对我父亲的影响太大，父亲身体更加糟糕了。他看上去苍老了好几岁，而且恐怕他受尤赖亚的挑唆喝酒比以前更凶了。尤赖亚和他的老母亲如今和我们住在一起，所以我不能总跟父亲在一起——来——来保护他不受尤赖亚的牵制。我仅仅希望亲情和真诚会战胜罪恶！”

我没能谈谈我对尤赖亚的看法，因为那时我们已经走到了我的寓所。姨婆很高兴又一次见到阿格尼斯，并把我们让到辟果提旁边的沙发上坐下。

“现在我来跟你解释我的钱到底出什么事了，”姨婆坚定地说。奇怪的是，我看见此时的阿格尼斯脸色苍白，浑身发抖。贝茜·特拉伍德继续说，“这些年来我存了一大笔钱，我的律师威克菲尔先生曾帮助我把钱投资到合适的企业。但最近我觉得他已不是原来的那么好的律师了，所以我只好自己决定投资方向。我犯了个多大的错误！谁知道那些钱都去了哪里？换成了黄金，入了外国银行，亦或是别的。为此犯愁没有用，但我可以告诉你，现已一分不剩了。”

阿格尼斯的脸上重新恢复了血色，“那么说这——这不是我父亲的错，亲爱的特拉伍德小姐？”

“根本不是，阿格尼斯，”姨婆情绪高昂地说道，“现在谁能给我出点主意吗？我已经让我的女仆詹妮特租掉了我在肯特的小别墅。那会给我们带来每年70英镑左右的收入，我想我们靠这些生活是远远不够的。”

“您和大卫住这套房子，迪克先生就住拐脚处租来的那间房间，开销很小嘛，”阿格尼斯建议道。“而且我想我能给大卫找一份差事。你还记得斯特朗博士吗，坎特伯雷城那所学校的校长？他现已退休，住在伦敦，他需要一位私人秘书，早晚到他家为他工作。他那天向父亲打听此事。你觉得如何？”

“阿格尼斯！”我叫起来，“没有你我们能做什么呢？你是我的好天使，我以前就已经告诉过你！我可以毫不费力地做斯特朗博士的秘书，同时可以继续在斯本罗先生的事务所工作。我今天就去见他，把此事跟他谈妥。”

阿格尼斯起身告辞时冲我甜美地一笑。我送她下楼，并一同走到长途马车站，在街上我看见一位年老的乞丐，手拿一根白手杖。他伸着干瘦的手要钱，嘴里叫着，“盲目！盲目！盲目呀！”听起来与我姨婆那天说的那几句相呼应。啊，阿格尼斯，亲爱的姐姐！要是我当时就知道这个我很久以后才明白的道理就好了！

8 David's new life

With Agnes's encouragement I felt much stronger, and no longer depressed. My life now had a purpose. I intended to work as hard as I could, to help my aunt and to earn enough money to marry Dora. I got up every morning at five o' clock, walked to Dr Strong's house on the other side of London, worked with him for two hours every morning, and then walked back to Mr Spenlow's office, where I spent most of the day in the lawcourts. Then I returned to Dr Strong's for two or three more hours in the evening, and finally came home to my flat, where my aunt, Peggotty and Mr Dick would be waiting for me. I was glad to be able to tell my aunt that Dr Strong would pay me seventy pounds a year for my work. With that, and the rent from my aunt's house in Kent, we could live quite well, if we were careful. Because I was young and healthy, I did not mind hard work, and whenever I was tired, I told myself, 'You're doing it for Dora!' and that made me work even harder.

When I met Traddles one day near the courts, I told him about my new situation, and he was very sympathetic.

'But I have news for you too, Copperfield!' he said. 'The Micawbers are moving to Canterbury.'

'Oh! That means something must have turned up for them!' I replied, interested.

'Yes, Mr Micawber is going to become assistant to someone called Uriah Heep, a partner in a firm of Canterbury lawyers.'

'Heep!' I cried in horror. 'I know him! Why would Mr Micawber want to work for him?'

'Well, I do know that Heep has paid all Mr Micawber's debts in London,' answered Traddles. 'The whole family is leaving tomorrow. They asked me to tell you.'

I wondered why Heep wanted Micawber to work for him, and I felt sure Uriah had some evil plan in his ugly head.

The next day Peggotty was returning to Yarmouth to look after Ham, while Daniel was away. After I had taken her to the coach station and said goodbye to her, I hurried to Miss Mills's house. I had not yet told Dora about the changes in my life, because I had not wanted to explain it all in a letter, but today she was visiting Julia Mills and was expecting me to come to tea.

How happy and beautiful Dora looked when she met me in the sitting-room! And how shocked and miserable she looked when I asked her immediately, 'Can you love a beggar, Dora?' My pretty little Dora! She had no idea what I meant.

'Don't be silly, David!' she cried. 'What are you talking about?'

'It's true, Dora, my love!' I cried. 'I've lost all my money! I'm a beggar!' And I looked so serious that Dora was frightened, and began to sob bitterly on my shoulder.

'But I love you, Dora, and always will!' I continued. 'It doesn't matter if we are poor, because I'll work hard to buy our bread. We don't need much as long as we have each other! Tell me your heart is still mine, dear Dora!'

'Oh yes!' she cried. 'Oh yes, it's all yours! Only, don't frighten me again! Don't talk of hard work and bread! I don't understand! I hardly ever eat bread!'

I loved her more than ever. But I felt she was not very practical. In a few moments, when she had stopped crying and was calmer, I tried again to make her understand.

'My dearest! May I mention something?'

'Oh, please don't be practical! begged Dora, tears coming to her lovely eyes. 'It frightens me so much!'

'My dear one, if we work together, and share our problems, it will make us, and our love, stronger.'

'But I'm not strong at all!' she cried miserably. 'Ask Julia! She'll tell you—I'm weak, and foolish!'

'But if you thought sometimes, my sweet Dora, that you are engaged to a poor man—if you tried to see how your father manages the servants, or how much food costs in the markets, it would be helpful to us. We must be brave, dear Dora! Our path in life is steep and rocky—'

I was becoming quite enthusiastic, but I suddenly realized I had said far too much. Poor little Dora was sobbing and screaming with fear, and in a moment was lying unconscious on the sofa. I really thought I had killed her. I threw water on her face and went down on my knees to ask her to forgive me. I called myself a selfish, heartless creature, and shouted for Julia Mills. At last she hurried in, and I explained what had happened. When Dora opened her eyes, her friend helped her upstairs.

While Dora was upstairs, washing her face and calming herself, I asked Miss Mills's advice on the best way to encourage Dora to become more practical. Miss Mills shook her head sadly.

'I must be honest with you, Mr Copperfield. Our dearest Dora is a beautiful, innocent child of nature, full of light and happiness. She is above the things of this world, which we poor humans have to worry about. I think you'll just have to accept that fact.'

When Dora came downstairs again, she looked so lovely that I felt bitterly angry with myself for making her unhappy, even for a moment. We had tea, and she sang her French songs to me, and played the guitar. We were happy again, until the moment when I stupidly mentioned that I had to get up at five o' clock the next morning. Suddenly her pretty face looked sad, and she did not play or sing again. When I got up to go, she came up close to me, and said lovingly, 'You bad boy, don't be so silly! Don't get up at five o' clock! Why should you?'

'But my love, I have work to do! I have to work in order to live!' I replied. 'Work? Don't be so foolish, David dear!' and she seemed to think that was the end of the matter, as she gave me a kiss straight from her innocent little heart.

I loved her, and went on loving her. But I went on working hard too, and worrying about earning money. Some evenings, as I sat opposite my aunt in my little sitting-room at the end of another exhausting day, I was quite frightened, when I thought of the problems I was going to have to solve alone.

Several months passed in this way. Dora and I wrote to each other every day, and occasionally I was able to visit her at Miss Mills's house. But one morning when I arrived at the office for work, Mr Spenlow greeted me very coldly and asked

me to step into his office, where we could talk privately. When I entered the room, I was surprised to see Miss Murdstone standing by his desk, staring unpleasantly at me. I knew at once that Dora's father had discovered our secret, and I guessed who had told him.

‘ Mr Copperfield, ’ said Mr Spenlow, frowning sternly at me, ‘ I am sorry to say that Miss Murdstone has found some letters which appear to be from you to my daughter Dora. Are they yours? ’

I looked at the letters he handed to me, blushed, and whispered, ‘ Yes, sir, ’ Poor little Dora! I hoped she had not been frightened by that horrible Murdstone woman. I hated to think of Dora's unhappiness at losing my letters.

‘ I suspected something was wrong when Miss Spenlow came back from her last visit to Miss Mills, ’ said Miss Murdstone, looking very pleased with herself. ‘ I always said Julia Mills was not a suitable friend for Miss Spenlow, and I was right! ’

Mr Spenlow appeared to agree, but rather sadly.

‘ I am very sorry, sir, ’ I said, ‘ but it is all my fault. Please don't blame Dora—’

‘ Miss Spenlow to you, young man! ’ said her father angrily.

‘ I know it wasn't right to keep it secret, sir, but I love your daughter, and I hope that one day—’

‘ Don't speak to me of love, Mr Copperfield! cried Mr Spenlow. ‘ You are both much too young! We'll throw these letters in the fire, and you must promise to forget the whole thing. There is no question of your marrying Dora! ’

‘ But sir, I can't forget her! I love her! ’ I protested.

‘ That is my last word, M Copperfield! When you have time to consider, you'll realize it's wiser to do as I say. Now go to your work! ’

I spent all day thinking of poor sweet Dora, and how she must be feeling. In the evening I hurried round to Miss Mills's house, but although she spoke wisely of love and broken hearts, she could not offer me any practical advice.

The next day, after a sleepless night, I arrived at the office at the normal time, and discovered all the clerks standing talking at the front door. This was so unusual that I stopped to ask what had happened.

‘ Why, don't you know? ’ asked one of them. ‘ The police have found Mr Spenlow dead! ’ I fell back, shocked.

‘ You look very pale, Mr Copperfield! ’ said another. ‘ Sit down here, sir! ’

‘ Tell me—tell me what happened, I gasped.

‘ Well, he went into town to dinner last night, and the carriage and horses came back at midnight without him. He was driving himself, you see. So the servants went to look for him, and found him dead in the road. He must have been ill, and have fallen out of the carriage. Anyway, he was dead when they found him. ’

This was a terrible shock to me. Perhaps his anger with me had made him ill. In that case I was partly to blame for his death. But I am sorry to say I was also jealous of Dora's sadness. While she was crying for her dead father, she was not thinking of me, and I selfishly wanted to be the only person in her life.

In the next few weeks I became quite desperate because I could not see or speak to my sweet Dora. Miss Mills reported that Dora cried all day, and when my name was mentioned, only sobbed more loudly and said, ‘ Oh poor dear Father! How wicked of me to keep a secret from him! Oh! Oh! ’ So I did not feel encouraged to visit her. Soon after her father's funeral, Dora was taken to live with her two aunts at Putney, in south London, where she seemed to be further away from me than ever.

My aunt, meanwhile, began to be seriously worried about my health, as I was getting more and more depressed. So she suggested I should go to Dover for a few days, to make sure that her house was still in good condition, and then to Canterbury, to visit the Wickfields. I agreed willingly, as I was always happy to see Agnes. It was easy to take a few days' holiday from my work at the lawcourts and with Dr Strong.

I was glad to find that the person who was renting my aunt's house in Dover was looking after it well. I was then free to continue my journey to Canterbury, that beautiful ancient city, which seemed very little changed since my schooldays. The soft, clean air made me feel better than I had done for weeks.

When I arrived at the Wickfields' House, I found Mr Micawber in Uriah Heep's old office. We were pleased to see each other, but we both felt a little embarrassed. I realized that he did not want to talk about confidential matters concerning the firm of Heep and Wickfield, and he knew that I disliked his employer, Heep. So conversation was difficult, and in the end I was glad to leave him, and go upstairs to look for Agnes.

I found her in her sitting-room, and she looked up at me with such a warm welcome in her smile that I was very moved.

‘ Ah, Agnes! ’ I said. ‘ I've missed you so much recently! You helped me such a lot in the old days that I suppose I never learnt to think for myself. I always feel I need your help and advice. I get into such trouble, and I get so worried, and have so little confidence in myself, but when I'm with you, you give me purpose! You make me strong! What is your secret, my dear adopted sister? ’

Agnes gave me her hand, which I kissed, and she went on, in her sisterly way, to listen sympathetically as I told her everything that had happened in the past few weeks. As usual, she knew the right thing to do. She advised me to write to Dora's aunts, to ask if I could visit Dora occasionally, and she encouraged me in my hopes of marriage. I felt again that peace which Agnes always brought to me.

We had not been sitting together long when Mrs Heep came in. She did not leave us for a moment all that evening, and I wondered whether Uriah had told her to watch over us. Whenever I looked at Agnes's lovely face, I saw Mrs Heep's evil black eyes staring at me.

The next day, Mrs Heep did not leave Agnes and me alone even for a minute. The Heeps, mother and son, seemed to me like two ugly great black birds hanging over the house, and they made me so uncomfortable that I went out for a walk in the afternoon. I was walking along a path near the house, wondering if I should warn Agnes about Uriah's plan of marriage, when I heard footsteps behind me, and turned to see Uriah himself running after me.

“Wait for me, Mr Copperfield!” he cried.

“Actually,” I said, “I came out to be alone.”

“Ah!” he said, with his oily smile, “you don’t like my mother being there all the time, do you?”

“No, I don’t,” I replied, not caring if I sounded rude.

“But you see,” he continued, “in my humble position, I have to be very careful. I’m not married to my Agnes yet, and you’re a dangerous rival, Mr Copperfield.”

“What!” I cried in disgust. “You allow Miss Wickfield no peace in her own home because of me? Don’t you realize I think of her as my very dear sister, nothing more? Let me tell you I am engaged to another lady! There! Is that enough for you?”

“Oh Mr Copperfield!” cried Uriah, gratefully shaking my hand with his cold fishy one. “I’ll tell Mother to stop watching you at once! Why didn’t you tell me that before? I know you’ve never liked and trusted me, as I’ve liked you!”

We returned to the house together in silence. That evening after dinner, when Agnes and Mrs Heep had left us, Uriah said to Mr Wickfield, “Let’s have some wine, partner, and drink to young Mr Copperfield’s health. It isn’t often we have the pleasure of his company, is it, partner?”

I knew Uriah was deliberately encouraging Mr Wickfield to drink too much, but I saw that although Agnes’s father was aware of his weakness, he could no longer stop himself. As the evening passed, I was disgusted to see that Uriah became more and more cheerful as Mr Wickfield became more and more drunk. Finally Uriah stood up with a glass in his hand.

“Come, partner!” he said with his evil smile. “Let’s drink to the health of the most beautiful woman in the world!”

Poor, broken Mr Wickfield looked for a moment at the picture of his dead wife on the wall, so similar to Agnes.

“I may be humble,” continued Uriah, “but I admire, no, I love your daughter Agnes!”

Suddenly a horrible cry came from Mr Wickfield. He had stood up, and was screaming with anger. He behaved so wildly and desperately that I thought he had gone mad. “My child and you, Heep! No, never! You’ve taken everything from me, my business, my good name, my home, but you’ll never take her!”

“Perhaps I’ve said too much too soon,” said Uriah, looking uncomfortable. “But you’ll be sorry, partner, if you say any more! You need me, remember? You’ve got nothing without me! Remember that before you accuse me of anything!”

Just then the door opened and Agnes entered silently.

“You’re not well, Father, come with me,” she whispered gently, and helped the ashamed old man out. I thought she must have heard what had been said.

Later that night she came to say goodnight to me in the sitting-room, where I was alone, reading.

“Agnes, my dear sister,” I said to her, “promise me that you will never agree to marry that evil creature, for any reason!”

Through her tears she smiled calmly at me. “Don’t worry, brother, I’m not afraid of him. My duty is to take care of Father, and I trust in God for the rest. Goodnight, David.”

8 大卫的新生活

有阿格尼斯的鼓励，我的劲头更足了，并不再消沉。我的生活如今有了目标。我准备尽可能努力工作，为帮助我姨婆，也为娶朵拉而挣足够的钱。我每天早上5点钟起床，走着去位于伦敦城另一端的斯特朗博士家，每个上午跟他于两个小时，然后走回到斯本罗先生的办公室，把我大部分时间花在法庭上。晚上，我又回到斯特朗博士处，干上两到三个小时，最后才回到我的寓所，我姨婆、辟果提和迪克先生在那儿等我。我很高兴地告诉姨婆，斯特朗博士将付给我每年70英镑的酬劳。加上姨婆在肯特的房租，我们能生活得很不错，只消谨慎安排就是了。由于我年轻、健康，我不在乎工作艰辛。累的时候，我对自己说，“一切为了朵拉！”那样我就会更努力地工作。

一天，我在法院附近遇上特拉德尔，我告诉他我的近况，他表示很同情。

“可我也有消息告诉你，科波菲尔！”他说，“米考伯一家搬到了坎特伯雷城。”

“噢！那就是说他们有了转机！”我很感兴趣地回答。

“是的，米考伯先生将成为一位名叫尤赖亚·希普的人的助手，他是坎城一家律师事务所的合伙人。”

“希普！”我惊恐地叫道，“我知道他！米考伯先生怎么会想到给他干？”

“嘿，反正我知道希普为米考伯先生偿还了他在伦敦欠下的所有债务，”特拉德尔回答，“他们一家明天就离开。他们要我告诉你。”

我不明白希普为什么找米考伯给他干活，但我肯定尤赖亚丑陋的脑子里又在捉摸什么坏计划。

第二天，辟果提要回雅茅斯照顾哈姆，因为丹尼尔不在。我把她送到长途马车站，跟她道别后，我急冲冲地来到米尔斯小姐的住处。我还未曾告诉朵拉我生活中的变化，因为我不想仅以一封信解释这一切。而今天她要来看看朱莉亚·米尔斯，并约我一起喝茶。

当我在客厅见着朵拉时，她是那么高兴，那么美丽！当我突然问她：“你会爱一个穷光蛋吗，朵拉？”时，她是那么震惊，那么痛苦！我美丽的小朵拉！她不明白我的意思。

“别犯傻了，大卫！”她叫道，“你在说什么？”

“真的，朵拉，我的宝贝！”我叫道，“我失去了所有的钱！我成了穷光蛋！”我显得很认真，竟把朵拉吓哭了，她靠在我肩上痛苦地抽泣起来。

“可我爱你，朵拉，永远爱你！”我继续道，“穷并没关系，因为我会努力工作，买到面包，只要有你有我，我们不需要更多的！告诉你你的心依然属于我，亲爱的朵拉！”

“噢，是的！”她哭道，“噢，是的，全部属于你！只要你别再吓我！别再谈努力工作和面包！我不懂！我几乎没吃过面包！”

我比以前更爱她了，但我感觉到她很 unrealistic。过了一会儿，当她停止哭泣，渐渐平静下来时，我又一次试图让她明白。

“我最亲爱的！可以跟你说些事吗？”

“噢，请别谈现实！”她乞求道，可爱的双眼涌出泪水，“它让我好害怕！”

“亲爱的人，如果我们一起工作，一起克服困难，那将会使我们的爱情更坚固。”

“可我一点儿都不坚强”！她痛苦地哭道，“你问朱莉亚！她会告诉你——我很懦弱，很愚蠢！”

“可如果你有时想一想，我的心肝朵拉，你要嫁的是一位穷人——如果你用心注意一下你父亲是怎么管理用人们，市场上的食品需要多少钱，那对我们将很有帮助。我们必须勇敢，亲爱的朵拉！我们的生活道路坎坎坷坷，很不平坦——”

我开始情绪激昂，可突然我发现自己说得太过火了。可怜的小朵拉恐怖地抽泣，尖叫着，不一会儿倒在沙发上，失去了知觉。我真以为自己杀了她。我往她脸上洒水，并跪下来请求她原谅。我骂自己是自私、无情的畜生，并大声呼喊朱莉亚·米尔斯。最后她赶来了，我解释了发生的一切。朵拉睁开眼睛时，她朋友扶着她上了楼。

当朵拉上楼洗脸以使自己镇静的时候，我征求米尔斯小姐的意见，怎样通过最合适的渠道让朵拉变得更切实际。米尔斯小姐忧郁地摇了摇头。

“实不相瞒，科波菲尔先生。我们最亲爱的朵拉是一位美丽、天真的自然之子，充满了生机和快乐。她超越了世间万物，不像我们凡俗之辈这样操心。我想你只能接受这一事实。”

当朵拉又下楼时，她看上去是那么的可爱以致我痛恨自己带给她痛苦，甚至是片刻的痛苦。我们开始喝茶，她给我唱法文歌曲，弹奏吉他。我们重新快乐起来，直到我愚蠢地提到我第二天必须五点钟起床。突然，她美丽的脸上露出忧伤，不再继续弹唱。当我起身要走时，她来到我跟前，动情地说道：“你这个坏东西，别这么犯傻了！用不着五点就起来！为什么你该这样？”

“可是，我的宝贝，我有工作要做！为了生存我必须工作！”我回答。

“工作？别犯傻了，大卫，亲爱的！”她似乎觉得事情就这么解决了，并发自她天真的内心给了我一个吻。

我爱她，而且一直都爱她。可我也得坚持拼命工作，拼命挣钱。有几天晚上，当我累了一整天，在我那小客厅里与我姨婆相对而坐时，我感到十分害怕，想着我必须一个人克服这些困难。

就这样过去了好几个月。朵拉和我每天通信，时而我也能去米尔斯小姐的住所看她。可有一天早上，当我来到办公室工作时，斯本罗先生冷冷地和我打了一声招呼，并要我到他办公室跟我单独谈谈。我走进房间，意外地发现摩德斯通小姐站在他的书桌边，很不愉快地盯着我。我立刻意识到朵拉的父亲已经发现了我们的秘密，而且猜到是谁告的状。

“科波菲尔先生，”斯本罗先生朝我严肃地皱皱眉，说道，“我很抱歉告诉你，摩德斯通小姐发现了一些似乎是你写给我女儿朵拉的信。是你写的吗？”

我看了一下他递给我的几封信，红着脸轻声说道：“是的，先生。”可怜的小朵拉！希望她没被这位可怕的摩德斯通女人吓着。我不愿想象朵拉在丢失我的信后的痛苦状。

“我就觉察到斯本罗小姐上次从米尔斯小姐那儿回来时有些不太对劲。”摩德斯通小姐说，显得对自己很满意。“我一直说朱莉亚·米尔斯不是斯本罗小姐合适的朋友，我说对了！”

斯本罗先生表示同意，可他十分忧郁。

“非常抱歉，先生，”我说，“那都是我的错。请别责怪朵拉——”

“你只能称她斯本罗小姐，年轻人！”她父亲气愤地说道。

“我知道保守秘密不对，先生，但我爱您的女儿，我希望有一天——”

“别跟我谈爱，科波菲尔先生！”斯本罗先生叫起来。“你们俩都太年轻！我们会把这些信件烧掉，你必须保证忘掉这整件事。你不可能娶朵拉！”

“可是，先生，我不能忘掉她！我爱她！”我反驳道。

“这是我的最后通牒，科波菲尔先生！你要有时间考虑一下，就会意识到照我说的做是明智的。现在，干活去吧！”

我一整天都在想可怜的心肝朵拉，想她会是什么感觉。到了晚上，我急急忙忙来到米尔斯小姐处，可虽然她对爱情和破碎的心有高见，但她也不能给我提供切合实际的建议。

第二天，经过无眠一夜后，我按老时间照常来到办公室，可我发现所有的职员都站在前门聊天。这一现象很反常，我停下来问他们发生了什么。

“怎么，你不知道？”其中一位回答，“警察发现斯本罗先生死了！”我大为震惊，向后倒去。

“你脸色苍白，科波菲尔先生！”另一位说道，“坐这儿吧，先生。”

“告诉我——告诉我怎么回事，”我喘着粗气说道。

“嗯，他昨晚去城里吃晚饭，午夜时分马和马车回来了，车上没有他。他是自己驾着车去的，你知道。所以用人们出去找他，发现他已死在路边。他一定是病了，从马车上摔了下来。不管怎样，反正他们找到他时他已经死了。”

这对我可是一种可怕的打击。或许是因为他对我的愤怒使他发病。要是那样的话，对他的死我就要负部分的责任。可我很抱歉，我还嫉妒朵拉的悲伤。因为当她为死去的父亲哭泣的时候，心里就没有我了，而我却自私地想成为她生活中唯一的人。

接下来的几周我变得十分绝望，因为我不能与我的心肝朵拉见面或聊天。据米尔斯小姐说，朵拉整天哭泣，当别人提到我的名字时，她只会哭得更厉害，并且说道：“噢，可怜的、亲爱的父亲！我有多坏呀，竟然对他严守秘密！噢！噢！”所以我没有勇气去看她。她父亲的葬礼结束不久，朵拉被带到伦敦南部的普特纳，和她的两位姑姑生活在一起。她似乎离我更远了。

与此同时，姨婆开始真正地担心起我的身体状况，因为我一天比一天抑郁。所以她建议我去多佛呆几天，看看她的房子是否依然完好，然后再去坎特伯雷城看看威克菲尔父女。我欣然同意了，因为我总是很高兴见着阿格尼斯。而且从我工作的法院和斯特朗博士那儿请几天假比较容易。

我很欣慰，发现租用我姨婆在多佛那套房子的人把房子照看得很好。这样，我就有更多的时间继续我旅行的下一站，坎特伯雷，那个美丽而古老的城市，从我上学时代到现在似乎也没什么改变。这儿轻柔、洁净的空气令我的感觉好了许多，走出了这几个星期以来的阴影。

我到威克菲尔住所时，看见米考伯先生在尤赖亚·希普原来的办公室。

我们彼此都很高兴见到对方，但都感到有点尴尬。我注意到他不想透露有关希普·威克菲尔律师事务所的机密消息，他知道我不喜欢他的雇主希普。所以谈话很难展开，最后，我很高兴跟他告别，来到楼上找阿格尼斯。

我在客厅里发现了她，她抬眼看我，热情地朝着我微笑，以示欢迎，我颇为感动。

“啊，阿格尼斯！”我说，“我最近非常想你！你在过去给过我那么多帮助，我想我从未学会独立思考。我总感觉需要你的帮助，你的建议。现在我陷入了困境，十分担心，没有一点自信，但跟你在一起时，你却使我目标明确！你让我充满力量！你的秘诀是什么，我亲爱的姐姐？”

阿格尼斯伸给我一只手，我吻了一下，她继续像大姐姐一样，十分同情地倾听我诉说过去这几周里发生的每一件事情。像往常一样，她知

道该怎么做。她建议我给朵拉的姑姑写信，询问是否能常去看朵拉，她还鼓励我实现结婚的希望，我又一次感受到阿格尼斯带给我的心灵的宁静。

我们俩还没坐多会儿，希普太太就进来了。她整个晚上都没有离开我们一步。我不知道是否是尤赖亚派她来监视我们的。我每次注视阿格尼斯可爱的脸时，总看见希普太太邪恶的黑眼睛紧盯着我不放。

第二天，希普太太没给阿格尼斯和我留下片刻单独在一起的时间。这希普母子，在我看来，就像是徘徊在房子里的两只丑陋的大黑鸟，他们使我感到十分不舒服，所以到了下午，我就独自走出去散步。我沿着房子附近的一条小道走着，捉摸着我是否应该告诉阿格尼斯尤赖亚的结婚计划，这时我听见身后的脚步声，转身看见尤赖亚自己跑来追我。

“等等我，科波菲尔先生！”他叫道。

“其实，”我说，“我出来是想单独呆会儿。”

“啊！”他僵硬地一笑，说，“你不喜欢我母亲总在那里，是吧？”

“是的，不喜欢，”我回答，没在乎自己的说话是否粗鲁。

“可你知道，”他继续说道，“处在我这样卑微的位置，我不得不十分谨慎。我还没有把阿格尼斯娶过门，而你是一位危险的对手，科波菲尔先生。”

“什么！”我厌恶地叫道，“你不让威克菲尔小姐在自己家里有片刻的宁静是因为我？你没发现我只是把她当成我十分亲密的姐姐，仅此而已？我告诉你吧，我已经和另一位女士订了婚！瞧！放心了吧？”

“噢，科波菲尔先生！”尤赖亚叫道，用他那冰凉的手，颇为感激地握了握我的手，“我马上告诉母亲停止对你的监视！你干吗不早跟我说呢？我知道你从来都没有喜欢过我，相信过我，而我却喜欢你！”

我们俩一起走回屋里，谁也没说话。那天吃完晚饭后，阿格尼斯和希普太太出去了，尤赖亚对威克菲尔先生说：“我们来点酒吧，我的伙伴，祝年轻的科波菲尔先生健康。我们不是能常常有幸请着他的，是吧，朋友？”

我知道尤赖亚故意鼓动威克菲尔先生酗酒，但我看出尽管阿格尼斯的父亲意识到自己身体虚弱，但他已不能克制自己。一晚上下来，我看见，随着威克菲尔先生越喝越醉，尤赖亚变得越来越高兴，这使我很气愤。最后，尤赖亚手中举着一杯酒站起来。

“来，我的伙伴！”他阴险地笑了笑，说，“让我们为世界上最美丽的女人的健康干杯！”

可怜的、心碎的威克菲尔先生抬头看了一会儿墙上已过世的妻子的像片，她那么像阿格尼斯。

“我也许卑微，”尤赖亚继续道，“但我敬重，不，我爱你的女儿阿格尼斯！”

突然，威克菲尔先生发出一声可怕的叫喊，他站起身来，愤怒地尖叫着。他的行为如此疯狂、绝望，我真觉得他已经疯了。“我的孩子和你，希普！不，不可能！你夺走了我的一切，我的事业，我的名誉，我的房子，但你决夺不走她！”

“或许我说得太多太早了，”尤赖亚不自在地说道，“但你要再说话，你会后悔的，伙伴！你需要我，记得吗？没有我你什么都得不到！在你指责我任何事之前记住这一点！”

正在这时，门开了，阿格尼斯静静地走进来。“你不舒服，父亲，来，跟我走，”她温和地轻声说道，扶着这位狼狈的老人走出了房间。我想她一定听见了刚才的话。

那天晚上晚些时候，我正一个人在客厅里看书，她进来道晚安。

“阿格尼斯，我亲爱的姐姐，”我对她说，“答应我你决不同意嫁给那个恶毒的畜生，不管出于什么原因！”

透过泪水，她平静地冲我笑笑，“别担心，弟弟，我不怕他。我的职责就是照顾父亲，我相信上帝会安排一切。晚安，大卫。”

9 David gets married

When I returned to London, I was delighted to discover that Dora's aunts had decided to allow me to visit her. So every Saturday and Sunday I walked to their house in Putney, and spent the afternoons there. Sometimes Dora sang or played the guitar, sometimes we walked by the river, and sometimes I brought Traddles or my aunt with me. What happy times they were!

Mr Spenlow had seemed a very rich man to me, but when he died the lawyers discovered that Dora would not inherit much from him after all, as there were many debts to pay. So I did not feel worried that anyone would suspect me of marrying Dora for her money. Mr Spenlow's firm lost a lot of business after his death, and I realized I would have to find another profession. I had always been good at writing, so I continued as secretary to Dr Strong, and also began reporting what was said in parliament, for the daily newspapers. I even wrote some stories, which were published in magazines, and was very pleased with the money I was earning.

The months passed, and I reached my twenty-first birthday. Traddles was still studying to be a lawyer, and still hoping to marry 'the dearest girl in the world'. I had moved out of my flat into a pleasant little house, and at last Dora's aunts had agreed to our marriage. I was looking forward to the happiest day of my life. The next few days went by very fast in a mist of excitement and happiness. My aunt and Mr Dick moved into an even smaller house near mine, and Peggotty travelled from Yarmouth to be present at my wedding.

I had always wanted Agnes to meet Dora, so I was glad when they met, the day before the wedding. It was beautiful to see Dora's pretty face next to Agnes's calm one, and Dora whispering her secrets into Agnes's ears, as a child does to its mother. But after Agnes had gone to see my aunt, Dora said seriously to me, when we were alone, 'Perhaps if I'd had Agnes as a friend when I was younger, David dear, I wouldn't be so foolish and silly.'

'But I love you as you are, Dora!' I replied.

'I wonder why you ever fell in love with me!'

'Because nobody can see you, and not fall in love with you!'

'But if you'd never seen me, David, I wonder who you'd have married...'

I laughed and kissed her pretty lips, and she was soon as cheerful as usual again.

I cannot remember much about the wedding, except Dora by my side, in her beautiful dress and with a blushing face. Only when we were driving away from Putney together, did I wake from the dream. I believed it at last! It was my dear little wife I was sitting next to, whom I loved so much!

It seemed strange to return from our week's holiday and to find myself in my own small house with Dora. It was difficult to believe that we were going to spend the rest of our lives together. But soon I realized that married life was not as comfortable as it appeared. Neither Dora nor I knew anything about managing the house. We had a servant, of course, who managed us. She served our meals late, drank all our wine, and stole all our silver spoons. When she finally left, we had another who behaved in a similar way. I felt I had to speak to Dora about it.

'My love,' I began, 'couldn't you perhaps control the servants a little better?'

'David, don't be cross with your little Dora,' she said, coming to sit on my knee. But I wanted to show I could be firm.

'My sweet Dora, I really do think you should do something. I mean, yesterday I had no supper at all because the beef was burnt, and last week, when Traddles came to dinner, the meat wasn't cooked at all!'

'You knew before you married me what a silly girl I am! You shouldn't have married me if you were going to be angry with me! I don't think you love me at all!' And large tears ran down her pretty little face.

'Dora, my love! Of course I love you! Don't cry!' I could not continue our conversation then. But when she was calmer, and had dried her tears, she said very seriously, 'David, will you do something for me? Will you call me your child-wife?'

'Whatever do you mean, my dearest?' I asked in surprise.

'Just that, whenever you feel I'm being very foolish, you should remember that I'm like a child, not as clever as you, or anyone else. Don't be disappointed with me, just remember that your child-wife loves you very, very much.'

Of all the conversations we had, I remember that one very clearly. It made a strong impression on me, and I am glad now that I did not try to change Dora any more. I had fallen in love with an innocent child-like girl, and I could not expect her to become a wise, experienced woman in such a short time. But this meant that I had to carry all our problems on my own shoulders, and sometimes I felt sorry that I did not have a real partner in life, with whom to share these worries.

At about this time, my first book was published, and was a great success. Dora and my aunt were equally proud of me. I was becoming, however, rather worried about Dora. She had been ill for some time, and did not seem to be getting better. She was not strong, and could not walk anywhere by herself. I began to carry her downstairs every morning, and upstairs every night, and my aunt came every day to look after her. My little wife was still very pretty, and cheerful, but I knew how light she was, and how weak. I began to fear she would not be with me for much longer.

Early one morning when I was walking in the garden, I saw Danie I Peggotty opening the gate and coming towards me. His clothes were dusty, and he looked older than before, with white hair escaping untidily from under his hat. But his face was brown, and he looked healthy and strong.

'Master David!' he said gladly, when he saw me. 'I've come to tell you—you were always our friend—I've found her!'

'You've found little Emily!' I cried delightedly. 'But where—and how?'

'I heard she'd travelled with that wicked Steerforth to Italy, and lived there for a while. But in the end he became tired of her, and left her. She didn't know what to do, or where to go, poor thing! But she came back to London. And

that’ s where I found my dear child! Because I’ve been all over Europe looking for her, but I knew she’d come back to England one day. So every night I’ve been searching the city streets for her. And last night I found her, hopeless and exhausted, on a bridge looking down into the river. If I hadn’ t found her then, I don’t like to think what she would have done! But God was looking after my dear girl, and she’s safe with me now.’ He passed his strong hand over his eyes, and smiled at me. ‘ I’ve planned what we’ll do, Master David, and I want to tell you about it. Emily and I are going to Australia. It’s a new country, where nobody knows anything about her past. We’ll be able to start a new life together. We’ll be leaving in about six weeks.’

‘ Very sensible,’ I said. ‘ And what about the rest of your family? Are Ham and Peggotty going to Australia too?’

‘ No, they aren’t. Poor Ham will never be the same again. I really think his heart is broken. But he’s got a good job, and is very popular in Yarmouth, so he’ll stay there. My sister wants to stay too, partly because of you , Master David, and partly to look after Ham. She cooks and cleans for him in Yarmouth, you know.’

‘ Well, my friend,’ I said, shaking hands firmly with the old boatman, ‘ I wish you and Emily all the best in your new life.’

‘ I’ll do my duty, whether I’m in England or Australia,’ said Daniel. ‘ And I’ll never be separated from my little Emily again!’

9 大卫结婚了

我回到伦敦，欣喜地发现朵拉的姑姑决定允许我去看朵拉。所以，每到星期六和星期天，我就徒步走到普特纳她们的家，把下午的时间花在那儿。有时，朵拉唱歌、弹吉他，有时，我们到河边散步，有时我带上特拉德和我姨婆一起去。多快乐的一段时光！

斯本罗先生在我看来似乎很富有，但他死后，律师们发现朵拉居然从他那儿继承不到什么，因为还有很多债务要还。所以，我不用担心别人会怀疑我与朵拉结婚是图她的钱。斯本罗先生事务所在主人死后失去了许多业务，我意识到我必须另找一份职业。我的文笔一直不错，所以我继续充当斯特朗博士的秘书，此外，我开始为一些日报报导国会日常议事。我甚至写一些短篇故事，发表在一些杂志上，我很高兴就此挣到钱。

几个月过去了，我迎来了21岁的生日。特拉德依旧在学律师，依旧准备和他那位“世界上最可爱的女孩”结婚。我已从我的公寓搬出，搬到一所比较舒适的小房子里。终于，朵拉的姑姑们同意了我们的婚事。我盼望着这一生中最幸福的一天。接下来的几天在激动和喜悦中过得飞快。姨婆和迪克先生搬进了离我不远的一所更小的房子，辟果提也从雅茅斯赶来，准备参加我的婚礼。

我一直想让阿格尼斯见见朵拉，所以我很高兴婚礼前一天她们见面了。朵拉美丽的脸挨着阿格尼斯恬静的脸，真是美妙极了。朵拉对着阿格尼斯的耳朵说着悄悄话，就像一个孩子跟她母亲说话一样。可当阿格尼斯去看我姨婆，房间里就剩我们俩时，朵拉认真地对我说：“也许我要是从小就有阿格尼斯这样的朋友，大卫，亲爱的，我就不会这么蠢，这么笨。”

“可我爱你这样，朵拉！”我回答。

“我不明白你为什么竟然爱上我！”

“因为任谁见到你都会产生爱慕之心！”

“但假如你从未遇见我，大卫，我猜想你要娶的人会是…”

我笑起来，亲吻她美丽的嘴唇，她很快又像往常一样高兴了。

我不记得婚礼上更多的事情，只记得朵拉在我身边，穿一身漂亮的衣服，羞红了脸。一直到我们驾车离开普特纳，我才从梦中醒来。我最终相信了这一切！坐在我身边的是我衷爱着的、我的亲爱的娇妻！

度完一周的蜜月，和朵拉一起回到我的小房子，自己似乎总觉着别扭。很难相信这以后我俩要一起度过下半辈子。然而，我很快意识到婚后的生活并不像表面看上去那么舒适。朵拉和我谁也不知道如何管家。当然，我们有一位用人来管我们。她开饭晚点，喝掉了我们所有的酒，还偷走了我们所有的银汤勺。最后她走了，我们又请了一位用人，但情况一模一样。我觉得有必要跟朵拉谈谈了。

“我的宝贝，”我开始了，“你能不能，哪怕是稍微管好一点用人？”

“大卫，别冲你的小朵拉发火，”她说，走过来坐到我膝盖上。但我想显示一下我的严厉。

“我的心肝朵拉，我真觉得你应该做点什么。我是说，昨天我压根儿没吃晚饭，因为牛肉烧糊了；上星期特拉德来家里吃饭，肉根本就沒做熟！”

“结婚前你知道我是个多笨的女孩！你要对我发火就不该娶我！我想你根本就不爱我！”大大的泪珠顺着她美丽的脸庞滑下来。

“朵拉，我的宝贝！当然我爱你！别哭了！”我不能再继续谈这个话题了。可她平静下来后，擦干眼泪，十分认真地说道：“大卫，能为我做点事吗？你能叫我童妻吗？”

“你这是什么意思，我最亲爱的？”我奇怪地问道。

“就这意思，不管什么时候你觉得我很愚蠢，你就记住我像个孩子，不如你聪明，不如任何人。别对我失望，只要记住你的童妻非常非常爱你。”

在所有我们俩的谈话中，这一次我记得很清楚。给我留下了很深的印象，我很高兴我当时没再设法改变朵拉。我爱上了天真的、没长大的女孩，我不能期望在短时间内把她变成一位聪慧、能干的女人。可这意味着我将一个人承担所有的困难，有时我感到很遗憾，生活中没有一位真正的伴侣，一位能分担忧愁的伴侣。

这期间，我的第一本书问世，而且十分成功。朵拉和姨婆为我同样骄傲。然而，我开始非常担心朵拉的身体状况。她病了一段时间，似乎并没有好转。她浑身没劲，不能自己走动。我开始每天早上背她下楼，每天晚上背她上楼，姨婆也天天来照顾她。我的娇妻依旧很美丽、很开心，但我知道她体重有多轻，身体有多虚弱。我开始害怕她可能不会跟我生活太久了。

有一天一大早，我在花园里散步，看见丹尼尔·辟果提推开门朝我走来。他的衣服上满是尘土，看上去比以前老了许多，白头发零乱地散落在帽子外边。但他脸色棕红，显得健康。

“大卫少爷！”他看见我高兴地说，“我来告诉你——你是我们永远的朋友——我找到她了！”

“你找到小埃米莉了！”我兴奋地叫起来，“在哪儿——怎么找着的？”

“我听说她和恶棍斯提福兹去了意大利，在那儿住了一段。最后他厌倦她了，离开了她。她不知道怎么办，不知该去哪儿，可怜的孩子！但她回到了伦敦。我就是在那儿找到了我亲爱的孩子！因为我已经找遍了整个欧洲，我知道她总有一天会回到英国，所以我每天晚上走街串巷寻找她。昨天晚上我发现了她，万念俱灰、疲惫不堪，站在一座桥上看着河水。要是我当时没发现她，我不敢想象她会怎么办！然而，上帝在照看着我亲爱的孩子，她现在安全了，和我在一起。”他用强劲有力的手抹了一下眼睛，冲我笑了笑。“我已订好计划我们下一步该做什么，大卫少爷，我想把打算告诉你。埃米莉和我准备去澳大利亚，那是个新国家，没有人知道她的过去。我们俩要一起开创一种新生活。我们6个

星期后出发。”

“非常明智的决定，”我说，“那家里其他人怎么办？哈姆和辟果提也去澳大利亚吗？”

“不，他们不去。可怜的哈姆不再是以前的他了。我想他的心是彻底的碎了。可他有一份好工作，在雅茅斯很受欢迎，所以他留在那儿。我妹妹也想留下，一半是因为你，大卫少爷，一半是为了照顾哈姆，她在雅茅斯给他做饭、洗衣，你知道。”

“好啊，我的朋友，”我说着，紧紧地握着这位老船手的手，“我祝你和艾米莉在新的生活中一切顺利！”

“我会尽自己的职责，不管在英国还是澳大利亚，”丹尼尔说，“我再不和小艾米莉分开了！”

10 Death and discovery

Traddles and I had both received rather strange letters from Mr Micawber, in which he asked us to come to Canterbury, with my aunt. At this meeting, he said, he would show to all of us the proof of Uriah Heep's wickedness. Dora was too ill to come with us, so Traddles, my aunt, Mr Dick and I travelled to Canterbury by coach, spent the night in a hotel there, and arrived punctually at the Wickfields' house the next morning. Mr Micawber met us at the door and showed us into Uriah Heep's office. Uriah himself seemed rather surprised to see us, but pretended to welcome us as old friends. Mr Micawber brought Agnes into the room too, and then stood firmly by the door.

'Don't wait, Micawber,' said Uriah to his assistant.

But Mr Micawber did not move. He stared coldly at his employer.

'Did you hear what I said, Micawber?' said Uriah angrily, his little eyes becoming redder while his long face went very pale.

'Yes!' replied Micawber. 'But I don't choose to leave. Listen to me, Heep! I don't care if I lose my job! I don't wish to work any longer for the wickedest man in England!'

Uriah fell back, shocked. Looking slowly round at us, with a dark, evil expression on his face, he said, 'I see! You've all arranged this between you! But I know who to blame for this! It's you, Copperfield! You're jealous of my new position, aren't you? But I know things about all of you which I can use against you—for example, I know about your father's business mistakes, Miss Agnes, and I know about your past in the warehouse, Copperfield! So be careful, I warn you all!'

'Mr Micawber,' I said calmly, 'please tell us what you were going to say about this man!'

Just then Traddles, who had disappeared a few minutes before, reappeared with Mrs Heep. Uriah had not noticed Traddles before. 'Who are you?' he demanded angrily.

'I am a lawyer and a friend of Mr Wickfield, sir,' said Traddles, in a businesslike way. 'And he's asked me to carry out all his business arrangements from now on.' This came as a surprise to me as well as to Uriah.

'The old fool has been drinking too much again!' said Uriah, looking uglier than ever. 'You can't believe anything he says! And you've bribed my assistant, I suppose, to speak against me!'

'It's you who have been dishonest,' said Traddles firmly, 'as we shall hear from Mr Micawber.' And we all looked expectantly towards that large, important-looking gentleman. He was clearly delighted to have such an interested audience, and cleared his throat several times before starting to speak. As he spoke, his voice became louder and louder with excitement, until he was almost shouting.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he began, 'when very poor and desperate for work, I came to Canterbury as assistant to this evil man Heep. I am sorry to say I was soon involved in all his wicked plans. I may be poor, but I can't accept his lies, his cheating, his bribes and all the rest of it. And so I've brought you here today, ladies and gentlemen, to hear me accuse Heep publicly! One, he has confused and lied to his partner so often that poor Mr Wickfield now thinks he has himself been dishonest. Two, he has sometimes copied Mr Wickfield's signature on to false documents and cheques. Three, for years he has been stealing large amounts of money from Mr Wickfield and the firm!'

'You can never prove it!' cried Uriah wildly.

'I have taken copies of all the necessary documents,' said Mr Micawber confidently, 'while working as your clerk. And just to make sure, I've given them to Mr Traddles to keep safely.'

'Uriah, my dear boy,' cried his mother, sobbing bitterly, 'tell them how humble you are! Say you didn't mean to hurt anyone! Say you're sorry, and arrange matters with these gentlemen! Do, dear boy!'

'Mother, be quiet!' he whispered angrily. 'Don't help my enemies! Copperfield here would have given you a hundred pounds to say what you've just said!'

Suddenly my aunt attacked Uriah, hitting his head with her umbrella. 'Give me back my investments!' she cried. 'I thought Mr Wickfield had lost my money, and I didn't want to hurt Agnes by saying so! But now I know you've had control of the firm, and you've stolen my money...' Somehow I managed to get her away from him before she hurt him too badly.

Then Mrs Heep fell on her knees to all of us, begging us to forgive her dear boy, and to remember how humble he always was.

'Be silent, Mother!' said her son. He turned to Traddles and asked unpleasantly, 'Well? What are you asking me to do?'

'Not asking, demanding, Heep. You will give us the keys to all your boxes and drawers, all your documents and cheque-books, everything in fact that belongs to the firm. You will stay in this house until we've checked all the documents.'

'And if I don't agree?' he asked, frowning.

'Copperfield, perhaps you would fetch a couple of policemen. Things move slowly in the lawcourts, but in the end Mr Wickfield will get his business back, and you, Heep, will be in prison for a very long time.'

Uriah realized that he had to do what we wanted, and went to fetch the documents, with Mr Dick at his side. At the door, with his blackest, most evil expression, Heep turned and said to me, 'I've always hated you, Copperfield!' Then he was taken away.

In the next few days Traddles and Micawber worked very hard together to put right what Uriah had done. They discovered my aunt's money and gave it back to her, and paid all the firm's debts. Mr Wickfield decided to sell his business, and retire. The Wickfields would not have much money, but at least they did not owe anything. In the end Uriah Heep and his mother left Canterbury, but we all thought he was too evil to stay out of trouble for long.

My aunt had a wonderful idea for the Micawber family. 'Have you ever thought of going to live in Australia?' she suggested. 'It's a new country, with a lot of business opportunities.'

Mr Micawber was very interested. 'Something could easily turn up there,' he agreed. My aunt generously offered to lend him the necessary money to pay for the journey, and the whole Micawber family started planning and packing immediately.

When I returned to London, I realized my poor Dora was much worse. She stayed upstairs all the time now, and the sitting-room seemed very quiet without my little child-wife in her usual place. One day when I was sitting with her in her room, she said lovingly, 'You know, David dear, I'm afraid I was too young.'

'Don't say that, Dora!' I whispered, conscious that she was speaking of herself in the past.

'I was a silly little girl, David, and you know it. It's just as well that I won't live much longer. Perhaps if I lived, you'd wish you'd married someone more sensible, more practical, someone like...' She did not finish what she was saying.

'But we've been so happy, Dora!' I said, trying not to cry.

She took my hand and kissed it. 'We have, haven't we? David, do you think if you asked Agnes, she'd come and see me? I have something particular to say to her.'

'Of course, my love, I'll write to her tonight.'

Agnes came the next day, and went straight upstairs to see Dora. Although the doctor and my aunt had told me there was no hope that Dora would live, when I held her hand and saw her love for me in her innocent blue eyes, I could not believe she would be taken from me. But when Agnes came downstairs so calmly and silently, and said nothing, but raised her hand and pointed upwards, I knew! It was over, and I remembered only darkness for a long time afterwards.

In the middle of my terrible sadness I received a message from Emily. She asked me to take a letter from her to Ham her last words to the man who had loved her so much—before she and Daniel left England for Australia. They were sailing in two weeks' time, and the Micawbers were going on the same ship. I remembered my childish love for little Emily, and agreed to do what she asked.

The weather was very stormy as I travelled through the night to Yarmouth. Several times the coach was almost knocked off the road by the wind and the rain. By the time we arrived in Yarmouth, most of the local people were in the streets, afraid to stay in their houses, in case the roof or the chimney blew down. Many women were crying, afraid for their husbands or brothers who were out fishing in their small boats. The sea itself, with its huge waves crashing noisily on the beach, frightened us all very much.

I went to the hotel, and tried to sleep a little after my tiring journey. But the wind made so much noise that I could not sleep, and I went down to the beach again, where a lot of people were standing together, watching the waves. By now the storm had got even worse.

'Two ships have gone down, sir!' a local fisherman shouted to me. 'A few miles away! We couldn't save any of the men on them! The waves were too high! And look! There's another!'

And suddenly I gasped in horror. I could see a great ship, which had been pushed violently on to the rocks by the waves. It was in danger of falling back into the waves, or of breaking in half, at any moment. Several figures were visible on the ship, especially one very active, curly-haired young man, who seemed to be giving orders. The crowd on the beach cried out as the ship rolled and a huge wave swept over it, carrying the men into the rushing water. In a moment the only figure we could see was the curly-haired young man, holding desperately on to the side of the ship and calling for help. What could we do? It was certain death for any man to enter those waves.

Just then I saw Ham Peggotty running through the crowd to the edge of the water. One end of a rope was tied around his waist, and the other end was held firmly by three strong men standing on the beach.

'No, Ham!' I cried, trying to hold him back. 'Don't try to rescue that poor sailor! You'll kill yourself!'

'Let me go, Master David!' he replied cheerfully, shaking both my hands. 'If God thinks it's time for me to die, then I'm ready! Friends, I'm going in! Give me more rope!'

He dived in under a great wave, and swam strongly towards the ship. In another moment he would have reached it, when a high green hill of water appeared, and the ship went down with a great crash. The people on the beach pulled on Ham's rope, and he arrived at my feet—dead. They carried him to the nearest house, and I called a doctor, but nothing could be done for him. He had been beaten to death by that great wave, and his generous heart had stopped for ever.

As I sat hopelessly by his bed, a fisherman who had known me when Emily and I were children, came to tell me he recognized the curly-haired sailor, whose body had been thrown out of the water by the waves. I went to see. And there on the beach where she and I had played, I saw Steerforth lying, with his handsome face on his arm. He would never smile at me or Emily again.

I was surrounded by too many ghosts to return to London and my old life. I was selfishly sad that I had lost my child-wife and my childhood friend, and sometimes I felt I wanted to die. So I left England, and travelled for many months in Europe. I lived in a dark, miserable dream, with no hope or interest in my future.

One evening I arrived in a village in Switzerland, and received a packet of letters that had been waiting for me. The first one I opened was from Agnes. She gave me no advice, but she told me simply that she trusted me to find a purpose in life, and that she would always be proud of me, and love me as a sister.

As the light died out of the sky, and I watched the colour of the snow on the mountain tops change, I felt I was waking from my unhappy dream, and I began to understand how much I loved Agnes. She had been the one who had always guided and supported me, and now I realized I needed her love for the rest of my life. Had falling in love with Dora been a mistake? We had both been very young, it is true. I had always called Agnes sister, and now perhaps I no longer had the right to ask whether her love for me was more than sisterly.

However, I decided to return, and travelled home to England, after three years of absence. I was delighted to find that Traddles had married his Sophy, and was doing well as a lawyer. My aunt had moved back to her old Dover house, and was living happily there with Mr Dick and Peggotty. When I visited my aunt, I took the opportunity of asking her about

Agnes.

‘Has she—has she any young man she’d like to marry?’ I asked as lightly as possible.

My aunt looked carefully at me as she replied, ‘I suspect she has, David. She’s never mentioned it to me, but I think—I feel sure she’s going to marry soon.’

I was firm with myself and did not show my feelings. I borrowed a horse and rode to Canterbury to ask Agnes myself. When I saw that beautiful, gentle face again, I knew I had come home. I knew how dear she was to me, and would always be.

‘Agnes,’ I said, ‘I am so grateful to you, for making me what I am, for helping me to be good! But I think you have a secret. Let me share it, Agnes, as your brother! Tell me whom you love!’

Agnes turned away from me and burst into tears. Somehow these tears did not sadden me, but gave me hope. ‘My dear Agnes! Don’t cry!’

‘David, leave me! I can’t talk about it now!’ she sobbed.

‘Agnes, you’re dearer to me than anything in the world. Don’t think I’ll be jealous of any man you choose to marry. I only want you to be happy!’

She had stopped crying now and was calmer. ‘If I have a secret, David, it is—not a new one. It has been my secret—for a long time!’

I was wild with hope. ‘Not a new one!’ Did she mean…? ‘Dearest Agnes! Dare I hope to call you more than a sister!’ She was in my arms and sobbing again, but this time with happiness. ‘I went away, Agnes, loving you! I returned home, loving you!’

We held each other for some time, sure now of each other’s love.

‘There is something I must tell you, David,’ she said gently, looking calmly into my face. ‘I have loved you all my life!’ She added, ‘And something else—before our sweet Dora died, she asked me—can you guess—to fill the empty place in your heart.’ And Agnes laid her head on my shoulder, and cried. And I cried with her, although we were both so happy.

My story has almost come to an end. I have published several books now, and I am a well-known writer. Agnes and I have been married for twenty years, and live in perfect happiness, with our children around us. We have heard from Daniel Peggotty in Australia. He and Emily have made friends there and are happy. Mr Micawber has become an important figure in a large Australian town, and his family are quite used to living there. My aunt, Mr Dick and Peggotty are all white-haired and old now, but still very fit, and they love playing with our children whenever they can. My old friend Traddles has two sons of his own, and will soon become a judge.

When I think of my friends and family, Agnes’s lovely face shines above them all. She is here, next to me, as I write, and I hope that when my life comes to its end, she will be with me in the shadows, pointing upwards to the light!

10 死亡与发现

特拉德和我都接到米考伯先生写来的奇怪的信，他要我俩和我姨婆去一趟坎特伯雷城。这次会面，他说，他要让我们看看尤赖亚·希普的恶劣行径的罪证。朵拉身体太弱不能和我们一起去，所以，特拉德、姨婆、迪克先生和我搭上长途马车，来到了坎特伯雷，在当地的旅馆住了一宿，第二天早上很准时地来到威克菲尔住所。米考伯先生在门口迎接我们并把我們带到了尤赖亚·希普的办公室。尤赖亚本人见到我们似乎很吃惊，但装着迎接老朋友似地欢迎了我们。米考伯先生把阿格尼斯也带到了办公室，自己则坚定地站在门口。

“出去，米考伯，”尤赖亚对他的助手说道。

可米考伯先生没走，他冷冷地盯着他的雇主。

“你听见我的话了吗，米考伯？”尤赖亚生气地说道，他的小眼睛越来越红，他的长脸开始苍白。

“听见了，”米考伯回答，“可我不准备离开。听着，希普！我不在乎丢掉饭碗！我不想再为英国最恶毒的人卖命？”

尤赖亚大惊失色倒退一步，之后，他慢慢地环视着我们，带着一种阴暗、邪恶的表情说道：“我明白了！你们几个都串通好了！可我知道谁该受谴责！是你，科波菲尔！你嫉妒我的新职位，是不是？可我知道可以用来对付你们的所有事情——比方说，我知道你父亲生意上的失误，阿格尼斯小姐；我知道你在仓库的一段过去，科波菲尔！所以，小心点，我警告你们！”

“米考伯先生，”我平静地说，“请你告诉我们关于这个人你要说些什么！”

正在这个时候，几分钟之前离开了房间的特拉德带着希普太太重新出现了。尤赖亚在此之前没注意到特拉德。“你是谁？”他愤愤地问道。

“我是一名律师，威克菲尔先生的朋友，先生，”特拉德说道，俨然一副公事公办的样子，“他要求我从现在起处理他的一切业务往来。”这话出乎我的意料，尤赖亚也始料不及。

“这个老浑蛋又喝多了！”尤赖亚说，显得比以前更丑陋。“你们不要相信他说的任何一句话！我料想你是贿赂了我的助手，让他反对我！”

“不诚实的是你，”特拉德坚定地說道，“米考伯先生会讲给我们听。”我们都迫不及待地看着这位宽脸庞、大人物长相的先生。他显然很高兴拥有如此专注的听众，在开始说话之前清了好几下嗓子。说的时候，他的声音因激动而越来越大，直至几乎成了高喊。

“女士们，先生们，”他开始道，“由于贫穷，极需工作，我来到坎特伯雷城担任这个恶魔希普的助手。我很抱歉，我很快卷入了他全部的罪恶计划。我虽贫穷，可我不能忍受他的谎言、他的欺诈行为、他的贿赂和其他种种劣行。所以我今天把你们叫来。女士们，先生们，倾听我对希普的公开控诉！第一，他经常扰乱、迷惑他的合伙人，以至可怜的威克菲尔先生误以为是他自己不诚实。第二，他有时仿造威克菲尔的签字签写文件和支票。第三，几年来他一直盗用威克菲尔先生和事务所的大量现金！”

“你证明不了这一切！”尤赖亚疯狂地叫道。

“我保留了所有重要文件的副本，”米考伯先生自信地说，“在作为你的职员而工作的时候。为确凿起见，我已把它们交由特拉德先生妥善保管。”

“尤赖亚，我亲爱的孩子，”他母亲痛哭道，“告诉他们你是多么卑谦恭顺！说你无意伤害任何人！说你很抱歉，愿意和先生们协调这些事！说，亲爱的孩子！”

“母亲，安静点！”他愤愤地低声说道，“不要帮助我的敌人们！科波菲尔情愿出价100英镑买你刚才一番话！”

突然，我姨婆对尤赖亚发起进攻，她用伞打他的脑袋，“把我的投资还给我！”她叫道，“我以为是威克菲尔先生把钱弄丢了，我没这么说不想伤害阿格尼斯！而现在我知道是你控制了事务所，是你偷了我的钱……”在她没来得及痛揍他之前，我设法把她拉开了。

这时，希普太太给我们大家跪下了，乞求我们饶恕他亲爱的孩子并想想他以前一惯的卑微相。

“安静，母亲！”她儿子说。他转向特拉德，令人不悦地问道，“怎样？你让我做什么？”

“不是让你，而是命令你，希普。把你所有箱子、抽屉的钥匙，所有的文件、支票簿、以及所有属于事务所的东西都交出来。你必须留在这所房子里直到我们核对完所有的文件。”

“要是我不同意呢？”他皱了皱眉，问道。

“科波菲尔，或许你该去叫几个警察来。通过法庭事情处理起来要慢些，但最终威克菲尔先生会要回他的事务所，而你，希普，将要在牢里呆上很长一段。”

尤赖亚意识到他必须按我们的要求去做，于是就去取文件，迪克先生跟在他身边。走到门口，希普转过身，带着最阴暗、最邪恶的表情跟我说道：“我早就恨你，科波菲尔！”然后他被带走了。

接下来的几天，特拉德尔和米考伯一起辛苦工作，把尤赖亚所干一切更正过来。他们发现了我姨婆的那笔钱，并把钱退给了她，还付清了公司的所有债务。威克菲尔先生决定卖掉公司，然后退休。威克菲尔父女将剩不下多少钱，但至少他们不欠下什么。最后，尤赖亚·希普和他母亲离开了坎特伯雷，可我们都认为他那么恶毒，不惹祸的日子长不了。

姨婆给米考伯一家出了一个极妙的主意。“你们想过移居澳大利亚吗？”她建议道，“那是个新国家，多的是做生意的机会。”

米考伯先生很感兴趣，“那儿很容易出现转机，”他赞同地说。姨婆很慷慨地提出借他一路所需的费用，于是米考伯一家上下很快就开始准备，收拾行装。

我回到伦敦，意识到可怜的朵拉病得更厉害了。她现在一直呆在楼上，客厅里没有我的小童妻在她以往的位置上似乎非常安静。一天，我在她房间坐在她身边，她动情地说，“你知道，大卫，亲爱的，恐怕我太年轻了。”

“别这么说，朵拉！”我轻声说道，感觉她在说自己的过去。

“我是一个傻小孩，大卫，你是知道的。我活不长正好。或许要是我活下去，你会希望自己应该娶一位更懂事理，更现实的人，就像…”她没有接下去说完。

“但我们一直那么快乐，朵拉！”我说，竭力不让自己哭出来。

她握住我的手，吻了吻。“我们是快乐，不是吗？大卫，你觉得假如你要阿格尼斯来一趟，她会来看我吗？我有特别的事要跟她说。”

“当然，我的宝贝，我今晚就给她写信。”

第二天，阿格尼斯来了，径直来到楼上看望朵拉。尽管医生和姨婆都告诉过我朵拉活下来的希望很渺茫，当我握着她的手，从她天真无邪的蓝眼睛里看出她对我的爱时，我还是不相信她会离我而去。但当阿格尼斯平静、悄然地下楼来，一句话不说，只是抬手指了指楼上时，我明白了！一切都结束了，此后很长一段时间我的记忆里只有一片黑暗。

正当我处在万分悲痛之中，我收到了埃米莉的便条，她要我在她和丹尼尔离开英国前往澳大利亚之前给哈姆去送一封信——她对这位曾经是那么爱她的人所说的最后的话。他们两周后起航，米考伯一家在同一艘轮船上。我回想起对小埃米莉那孩童般的爱，就同意了她的要求。

我去往雅茅斯的那晚是一个暴风雨天气。有几次，风和雨差点把马车掀到路下。我们到达雅茅斯时，大多数当地的人都跑到街上，他们害怕呆在家里，怕房顶或烟囱会被风刮倒。许多妇女都在哭泣，担心驾着小船出海的丈夫们或兄弟们。而大海呢，巨浪呼啸着拍打海岸，没有人不害怕。

我来到旅馆，准备睡一会，消消旅途的劳累。可风声如此狂虐，让我无法入睡，于是我又来到海岸边，那里聚集了很多，注视着海浪。此时暴风雨更猛烈了。

“已经沉了两艘船了，先生！”当地一位渔民对我喊道，“就在几里开外！我们无法营救船上的人！浪太高了！瞧，又有一艘船！”

突然，我惊恐地倒吸一口凉气。我看见一艘巨轮被海浪无情地搁在了礁石上。随时都有可能被冲回浪里，或折成两半的危险。船上有几个人影依稀可见，尤其是一位非常活跃的、卷头发的青年，看上去像是在指挥。当轮船摇晃了几下，一个巨浪横扫过去，把船上的人卷入激流时，岸上的人群发出一阵叫喊。这时，我们唯一能看见的只剩那位卷头发的青年人了，他拼命地抓着船沿呼救。我们能做什么？任何人进入这海浪中都必死无疑。

正当这时，我看见哈姆·辟果提冲出人群，跑向海边。一条绳子的一端系在他的腰上，另一端由站在岸上的三个壮小伙子紧紧地拉着。

“别，哈姆！”我叫道，试图拉回他，“不用试着去救那可怜的水手！你自己会没命的！”

“让我去，大卫少爷！”他握住我的两个手，心甘情愿地回答，“如果上帝认为现在是我的死期，那么我已经准备就绪！伙计们，我要下去了！放绳！”

他潜入到一个巨浪底下，很有力地朝轮船游去。再有一会儿，他就要触到轮船了，这时，一个巨大得像山一样的绿色海浪迎面袭来，轮船被打得粉碎沉了下去。岸上的人们收回哈姆的绳索，他来到我的脚边——死了。他们把他扛到距离最近的一所房子，我叫来了医生，但已无济于事。他被那一阵巨浪打死了，他的博大的心脏停止了跳动。

我心灰意冷地坐在他床边，一位在我和埃米莉还小的时候就认识我的渔夫进来告诉我他认出了那位卷头发的水手，他的尸体被海浪冲上了海滩。我过去一看，在埃米莉和我过去常玩的海滩上，斯提福兹躺在那儿，胳膊枕在他那英俊的脸下面。他再也不会对我或埃米莉笑了。

我被太多的幽灵包围着，我不能再回伦敦，回到我的旧生活。我只顾悲痛失去了我的童妻，失去了儿时的朋友，有时我觉得自己都想死。所以我离开了英国，到欧洲游历了数月。我生活在黑暗、痛苦的梦境中，对未来毫无希望和兴趣。

一天晚上，我到达瑞士的一个小村落，收到了早已等在那儿的一捆信。

我首先拆开的是阿格尼斯的信，她没给我任何建议，只简单地告诉我，她相信我能寻找到生活的目标，她将永远为我骄傲，并且像姐姐一样爱我。

天空的夜色逐渐消退，我注视着山顶上的雪慢慢转变颜色，感觉自己正从不愉快的梦境中醒来，我开始明白自己是那么地爱阿格尼斯。她才是一直引导我、支持我的人，现在我意识到我的余生需要她的爱。爱上朵拉是个错误吗？我们俩都很年轻，这是事实。我一直把阿格尼斯称做姐姐，或许现在我已没资格问她对爱的爱是否能超越姐弟般的爱。

不管怎样，在阔别三年之后，我决定回去，回到英国的家。我欣喜地发现，特拉德已经和他的索菲结婚，还干律师，干得不错。姨婆已搬回到多佛她的老房子里，和迪克先生和辟果提愉快地生活在一起。我去看望我姨婆时，趁机打听了一下阿格尼斯的情况。

“她有——她有意中人了么？”我尽可能轻松地问道。

姨婆仔细地打量着我回答：“我估计她有，大卫。她从未跟我提起过，可我认为——我肯定她很快就要结婚了。”

我稳住自己不流露任何情绪。我借了一匹马，骑到坎特伯雷当面去问阿格尼斯。当我再一次看着她美丽、温柔的脸时，我感觉自己回到了家。我知道她对有多亲，而且永远那么亲。

“阿格尼斯，”我说，“我是那么感激你，感谢你造就如今的我，感谢你帮助我走上正路！可我觉得你有事瞒着我，说给我听听，说给你的弟弟听，阿格尼斯！告诉我你爱的是谁！”

阿格尼斯转过身去，痛哭起来。可不知怎么地，她的眼泪并不令我忧伤，反而给了我希望。“我亲爱的阿格尼斯！别哭了！”

“大卫，别管我！我现在没法说！”她抽泣道。

“阿格尼斯，在这个世界上，你对我比任何人都亲。别以为我会嫉妒你选择要嫁的男人，我只想让你快乐！”

她这时停止了哭泣，平静多了。“要是我有什么秘密，大卫，那也是——不是什么新的。那一直是我的秘密——保留了很长时间。”

我欣喜若狂，“不是新的”！难道她指的是……？“最亲爱的阿格尼斯！我能叫你比姐姐更亲的称呼吗！”她投进我的怀里，又一次哭起来，但这次是出于高兴。“我离开时，阿格尼斯！爱着你，我回到家时，爱着你！”

我们互相拥抱了一会儿，感受着对方对自己的爱。

“有一件事我必须告诉你，大卫，”她温柔地说，并平静地看着我的脸，“我一辈子都在爱你！”她又说道，“还有一件事——我们亲爱的朵拉临死前，她要求我——你猜猜看——填补她在你心中的空缺。”阿格尼斯把头靠在我肩上哭起来，我也跟着哭了，尽管我们都感到幸福。

我的故事将近尾声。我至今已出版了好几本书，成了一位著名的作家。阿格尼斯和我结婚已有20年，生活得幸福、美满，而且现已儿女成群。我们收到了远在澳洲的丹尼尔·辟果提的消息，他和埃米莉在那儿广交朋友，生活得很快乐。米考伯先生在澳洲一个大集镇里成了一位重要人物。他一家很习惯那儿的生活。我姨婆、迪克先生和辟果提已成了白发苍苍的老人，但依然很健朗，他们只要一有时间就来陪我们的孩子们一起玩耍。我的老朋友特拉德尔已有两个儿子，自己很快将升为法官。

当我想着我的朋友、家人时，阿格尼斯可爱的脸总闪耀在我眼前。现在，她就在我身边，陪伴我写作。我希望等我的人生之路走到尽头时，她能在黑暗中与我同在，为我指引光明！

〈完〉

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简介

这部小说于1874年首次出版，立即畅销。故事发生在静谧的英国乡村的田野上、农场里。当时，人们收获靠手工，车靠马拉，他们的生活伴随着季节的变化而起伏。

当然，那安静的乡村世界早已成为过去，但是，那支配着人们生活的激情却丝毫未变。春去秋来，循环往复，爱却一如既往，猛烈地、不可阻挡地燃烧着。

美丽的芭丝谢芭·伊芙丁自己拥有农场，没有必要嫁人。但是，她无法永远阻挡爱情。那位牧人盖伯瑞尔·奥克，他对芭丝谢芭的默默的爱稳定持久；那位农场主伯德伍德，他人至中年，严肃庄重，从未尝过爱情滋味；那位托伊中士，他红色戎装，英俊年轻……芭丝谢芭虽然自信、独立，但是，爱的猛烈、爱的激情，她要学的东西还很多很多。

托马斯·哈代（1840—1928）是英格兰最伟大的小说家之一，他的大部分作品，包括《远离尘嚣》，背景都是其位于英格兰南海岸的家乡——多塞特郡。

1 Gabriel Oak falls in love

Gabriel Oak was a sensible man of good character, who had been brought up by his father as a shepherd, and then managed to save enough money to rent his own farm on Norcombe Hill, in Dorset. He was twenty-eight, a tall, well-built man, who did not seem, however, to think his appearance was very important.

One winter morning he was in one of his fields on the side of Norcombe Hill. Looking over his gate, Gabriel could see a yellow cart, loaded with furniture and plants, coming up the road. Right on top of the pile sat a handsome young woman. As Gabriel was watching, the cart stopped at the top of the hill, and the driver climbed down to go back and fetch something that had fallen off.

The girl sat quietly in the sunshine for a few minutes. Then she picked up a parcel lying next to her, and looked round to see if the driver was coming back. There was no sign of him. She unwrapped the parcel, and took out the mirror it contained. The sun shone on her lovely face and hair. Although it was December, she looked almost summery, sitting there in her bright red jacket with the fresh green plants around her. She looked at herself in the mirror and smiled, thinking that only the birds could see her. But behind the gate Gabriel Oak was watching too.

'She must be rather vain,' he thought. 'She doesn't need to look in that mirror at all!'

As the girl smiled and blushed at herself, she seemed to be dreaming, dreaming perhaps of men's hearts won and lost. When she heard the driver's footsteps, she packed the mirror away. The cart moved on downhill to the toll-gate. Gabriel followed on foot. As he came closer he could hear the driver arguing with the gatekeeper.

'My mistress's niece, that's her on top of the furniture, is not going to pay you the extra twopence,' said the driver. 'She says she's offered you quite enough already.'

'Well, if she doesn't pay the toll, your mistress's niece can't pass through the gate,' replied the gatekeeper.

Gabriel thought that twopence did not seem worth bothering about, so he stepped forward. 'Here,' he said, handing the coins to the gatekeeper, 'let the young woman pass.'

The girl in the red jacket looked carelessly down at Gabriel, and told her man to drive on, without even thanking the farmer. Gabriel and the gatekeeper watched the cart move away. 'That's a lovely young woman,' said the gatekeeper.

'But she has her faults,' answered Gabriel.

'True, farmer.'

'And the greatest of them is what it always is with women.'

'Wanting to win the argument every time? Oh, you're right.'

'No, her great fault is that she's vain.'

A few days later, at nearly midnight on the longest night of the year, Gabriel Oak could be heard playing his flute on Norcombe Hill. The sky was so clear and the stars so visible that the earth could almost be seen turning. In that cold, hard air the sweet notes of the flute rang out. The music came from a little hut on wheels, standing in the corner of a field. Shepherds' huts like this are used as a shelter during the winter and spring, when shepherds have to stay out all night in the fields, looking after very young lambs.

Gabriel's two hundred and fifty sheep were not yet paid for. He knew that, in order to make a success of the farming business, he had to make sure they produced a large number of healthy lambs. So he was determined to spend as many nights as necessary in the fields, to save his lambs from dying of cold or hunger.

The hut was warm and quite comfortable inside. There was a stove, and some bread and beer on a shelf. On each side of the hut was a round hole like a window, which could be closed with a piece of wood. These air-holes were usually kept open when the stove was burning, because too much smoke in a small, airless hut could kill the shepherd.

From time to time the sound of the flute stopped, and Gabriel came out of his hut to check his sheep. Whenever he discovered a half-dead new lamb, he brought the creature into the hut. In front of the stove it soon came back to life, and then he could return it to its mother.

He noticed a light further down the hill. It came from a wooden hut at the edge of a field. He walked down to it and put his eye to a hole in the wood. Inside, two women were feeding a sick cow. One of the women was middle-aged. The other was young and wore a cloak. Gabriel could not see her face.

'I think she'll be all right now, aunt,' said the younger woman. 'I can come and feed her again in the morning. What a pity I lost my hat on the way here!' Just then the girl dropped her cloak, and her long hair fell on to the shoulders of her red jacket. Gabriel recognized the girl of the yellow cart and the mirror, the girl who owed him twopence.

The women left the hut, and Gabriel returned to his sheep.

As the sun was rising the next morning, Gabriel waited outside his hut until he saw the young woman riding up the hill. She was sitting sideways on the horse in the usual lady's position. He suddenly thought of the hat she had lost, searched for it, and found it among some leaves on the ground. He was just going to go up to her to give it back, when the girl did something very strange. Riding under the low branches of a tree, she dropped backwards flat on the horse's back, with her feet on its shoulders. Then, first looking round to make sure no one was watching, she sat up straight again and pulled her dress to her knees, with her legs on either side of the horse. This was obviously easier for riding, but not very ladylike. Gabriel was surprised and amused by her behaviour. He waited until she returned from her aunt's hut, and stepped out into the path in front of her.

'I found a hat,' he said.

'It's mine,' she said. She put it on and smiled. 'It flew away.'

'At one o'clock this morning?'

'Well, yes. I needed my hat this morning. I had to ride to the hut in that field, where there's a sick cow belonging to my aunt.'

‘Yes, I know. I saw you.

‘Where?’ she asked, horrified.

‘Riding all the way up the hill, along the path,’ said Gabriel, thinking of her unladylike position on the horse’s back.

A deep blush spread from her head to her neck. Gabriel turned sympathetically away, wondering when he dared look at her again. When he turned back, she had gone.

Five mornings and evenings passed. The young woman came regularly to take care of the sick cow, but never spoke to Gabriel. He felt very sorry he had offended her so much by telling her he had seen her when she thought she was alone.

Then, one freezing night, Gabriel returned, exhausted, to his hut. The warm air from the stove made him sleepy, and he forgot to open one of the air-holes before going to sleep. The next thing he knew was that the girl with the lovely face was 10 with him in the hut, holding his head in her arms.

‘Whatever is happening?’ he asked, only half-conscious.

‘Nothing now,’ she answered, ‘but you could have died in this hut of yours.’

‘Yes, I suppose I could,’ said Gabriel. He was hoping he could stay there, close to her, for a long time. He wanted to tell her so, but he knew he could not express himself well, so he stayed silent. ‘How did you find me?’ he asked in the end.

‘Oh, I heard your dog scratching at the door, so I came to see what the matter was. I opened the door, and found you unconscious. It must have been the smoke from the stove.’

‘I believe you saved my life, Miss—I don’t know your name.

‘There’s no need to know it. I probably won’t see you again.’

‘My name is Gabriel Oak.’

‘Mine isn’t. You sound very proud of your name.’

‘Well, it’s the only one I shall ever have.’

‘I don’t like mine.’

‘I should think you’ll soon get a new one.’

‘Well! That’s my business, Gabriel Oak.’

‘I’m not very clever at talking, miss, but I want to thank you. Come, give me your hand!’

She hesitated, then offered her hand. He took it, but held it for only a moment. ‘I’m sorry,’ he said. ‘I didn’t mean to let your hand go so quickly.’

‘You may have it again then. Here it is.’

Gabriel held it longer this time. ‘How soft it is, even in winter, not rough at all!’ he said.

‘there, that’s long enough,’ she said, but without pulling it away. ‘But I suppose you’re thinking you’d like to kiss it? You may if you want to.’

‘I wasn’t thinking any such thing,’ said Gabriel, ‘but—’

‘Oh no you won’t!’ She pulled her hand sharply away. ‘Now discover my name,’ she added, laughing, and left.

1 盖伯瑞尔·奥克在恋爱

盖伯瑞尔·奥克有头脑，性格好，他的父亲把他带大成为一个牧羊人。以后他设法攒足了钱在多塞特的诺科姆租下自己的农场。他28岁，身材高大魁梧，不过他好像并不认为自己的外表很重要。

一个冬日的早晨，他正在诺科姆山边的一块地里。越过大门，盖伯瑞尔能够看到一辆黄色的装满家具和花木的马车朝路这边驶来。在那一堆东西的顶上坐着一位面容姣好的年轻女人。当盖伯瑞尔正盯着看时，马车在山顶停了下来。车夫爬下马车，回去拣掉了的东西。

姑娘在太阳下静静地坐了几分钟，然后她拿起身边的一个包袱，四下看看车夫是否回来了。没有车夫的影子。她打开包袱，从里面拿出镜子。太阳照在她漂亮的脸上和头发上。身着红色上衣坐在那里，被鲜绿的花木簇拥着，虽然是在12月，看上去她像在夏日。她看着镜子里的自己笑了，以为只有鸟会看到。但是在大门后边盖伯瑞尔也正在看着。

“她一定很虚荣，”他想，“她根本不需要照镜子！”

当姑娘看到镜子里的自己笑着羞红了脸时，她似乎在做梦，也许幻想着赢得的和失去的男人心。当听到车夫的脚步声时，她收起了镜子。马车继续向山下的路卡驶去。盖伯瑞尔徒步跟随着。当他走近时，他听到车夫在和守卡人争吵。

“我的女主人的侄女就坐在家具上，不会再给你两便士，”车夫说。“她说她给你的钱已足够了。”

“好吧，如果你的女主人的侄女不付过路钱，她就不能从路卡通过，”守卡人回答。

盖伯瑞尔觉得不值得为两便士如此劳神，所以他走向前。“给，”他说，把硬币递给了守卡人，“让这个姑娘过去。”

穿红色上衣的姑娘不经意地向下看看盖伯瑞尔，吩咐车夫继续赶路，甚至都没有谢一声农夫。盖伯瑞尔和守卡人看着马车走远了。“那个年轻姑娘很漂亮，”守卡人说。

“不过她有她的缺点，”盖伯瑞尔回答。

“没错，农夫。”

“最严重的缺点总是与女人为伴。”

“每次都想取胜？噢，你说得对。”

“不，她最大的缺点是虚荣。”

几天后，在一年中夜最长的那个午夜，可以听到盖伯瑞尔·奥克在诺科姆山上吹笛子。天空是那样晴朗，星星是那样清晰可辨，似乎都能看到地球在转动。在那寒冷的空中回荡着甜美的笛声。在田野的一隅停着一辆车，车上有一间棚屋，音乐即从此传出。冬春两季里，当牧羊人必须整夜呆在户外田野里照料羊羔时，他们的这种棚屋就权当做遮风避寒处。

盖伯瑞尔的250只羊还没有付钱。他懂得若想靠养羊发迹，他就得保证这些羊能生出大批健康的羊羔。所以他决定需要多少个夜晚留在田

野上他就化多少个夜晚，以免羊羔被冻死、饿死。

棚屋里很温暖也很舒服。有一个炉子，架子上有面包和啤酒。在棚屋的两侧各有一个像窗户的圆孔。可以用一块木头关上。当炉子燃着火时，这些通气孔通常是开着的，因为狭小、不通风的小屋中若有过多的烟，会使牧羊人丧生的。

笛声不时地停下来，盖伯瑞尔走出他的小屋查看羊群。一旦发现一只半死的新生羊羔，他就把那可怜的东西带到屋里。新生羊羔在炉子前很快就活过来了，然后他就把羊羔送还给它的妈妈。

盖伯瑞尔注意到在山下有灯光。灯光来自田地边的一座木屋。他下山走近木屋，把眼睛凑向木屋的一个洞。里边两个女人正在喂一头生病的母牛。其中一个中年妇女，另一个年轻，穿着一件斗篷。盖伯瑞尔看不到她的脸。

“姑妈，我想她很快会好的，”年轻些的那个女人说。“早晨我可以再来喂她。多可惜，我这里的路上把帽子丢了！”就在这个时候，姑娘脱掉了斗篷，长长的头发披在她的红色上衣的肩上。盖伯瑞尔认出这个姑娘就是坐在黄色马车上照镜子的姑娘，那个欠他两便士的姑娘。

两个女人离开了小屋，盖伯瑞尔也回到羊群中。

第二天早晨当太阳升起时，盖伯瑞尔在他的小屋外等着，后来他看见那个姑娘骑马上山来。她以女士通常所用的姿势双腿朝向一边地坐在马上。突然他想起她丢失的帽子，就去找寻，他在地上的落叶中发现了那顶帽子。他正打算上前把帽子还给那位姑娘，那位姑娘却做了件很特别的事。骑马行进在一棵树的矮枝下，她向后平躺在马背上，两脚踏在马的肩上。接着，她先四下看看，确信没有人在看她时，又重新坐直，把裙子拉至膝部，两腿分开，搭在马的两侧。这样骑起来当然容易些，只是不像女士所为。盖伯瑞尔对她的行为觉得又惊奇又有趣。他一直等到她从她的姑妈屋里返回时，才走到路上停在她的面前。

“我找到了一顶帽子，”他说。

“是我的，”她说。她把帽子戴上笑了笑。“是被风刮跑的。”

“是在今天凌晨一点的时候？”

“是的。我今早需要我的帽子。我得骑马去那块地里的那间小屋，那儿，我姑妈的一头牛生病了。”

“对，我知道。我看见你了。”

“在哪儿？”她问，大吃一惊。

“我看见你沿着这条路一路骑马上了山，”盖伯瑞尔说，想到了她骑在马上不雅观的姿势。

她从头到脖子变得绯红。盖伯瑞尔同情地转身走开，不知道什么时候自己敢再看她。当他回身时，她已走了。

以后的五个早晚，这个姑娘都定期来照料病牛，但一直没与盖伯瑞尔讲话。盖伯瑞尔对惹恼她深感不安，因为他告诉她自己看见了她，而她却以为那时无人在旁。

在一个滴水成冰的夜晚，盖伯瑞尔精疲力尽地回到自己的小屋。炉子里散出的热气让他感到瞌睡，在睡着前，他忘记打开一个通气孔。接下来他知道的就是那位面容姣好的姑娘和他一起在屋里，用胳膊扶着他的头。

“究竟发生了什么事？”他迷迷糊糊地问。

“现在没事了，”她回答说，“你本来也许会死在你的这间小屋里。”

“是的，我想会的，”盖伯瑞尔说。他希望能挨着她呆很长时间。他想让她知道，但他明白他不是会很会表达自己的心情，所以就沉默不语。“你是怎么发现我的？”他最后问道。

“我听到你的狗在抓门，就来看是怎么回事。我打开门，发现你正昏迷不醒。一定是炉子里的烟熏的。”

“我想你救了我的命，小姐——我不知道你的名字。”

“没有必要知道。我也许不会再见到你。”

“我叫盖伯瑞尔·奥克。”

“我的名字不一样。你好像很为你的名字骄傲。”

“是的，它将是我唯一的名字。”

“我不喜欢我的名字。”

“我想不久你就会有一个新名字。”

“哼，那是我的事，盖伯瑞尔·奥克。”

“我不很善于交谈，小姐，不过我想谢谢你。来，把手给我！”

她有点犹豫，接着伸出了手。他接住她的手，但只握了一下。“很抱歉，”他说。“我并不是故意这么快就松开你的手。”

“那你还可以再握住。给你。”

盖伯瑞尔这一次握得时间长一些。“多么柔软呵，即便在冬天也一点不粗糙！”他说。

“喂，你握的时间够长了，”她说，但并没有抽回手。“我猜你是否正在考虑要吻我的手？如果你愿意，你可以这么做。”

“我根本没这么想，”盖伯瑞尔说，“不过——”

“欧，不，你不可以！”她突然把手抽了回去。“现在看你能不能搞清我叫什么名字，”她加了一句，笑着走掉了。

2 Disaster for Gabriel Oak

Young Farmer Oak was in love. He waited for the girl's regular visits to the sick cow just as impatiently as his dog waited to be fed. He discovered that her name was Bathsheba Everdene, and that she lived with her aunt, Mrs Hurst. His head was so full of her that he could think of nothing else.

'I'll make her my wife, ' he declared to himself, 'or I'll never be able to concentrate on work again! '

When she stopped coming to feed the sick cow, he had to find a reason for visiting her. So he took a young lamb, whose mother had died, and carried it in a basket across the fields to Mrs Hurst's house.

'I've brought a lamb for Miss Everdene, ' he told Bathsheba's aunt. 'Girls usually like looking after lambs. '

'Thank you, Mr Oak, ' replied Mrs Hurst, 'but Bathsheba is only a visitor here. I don't know if she'll keep it. '

'To tell you the truth, Mrs Hurst, the lamb isn't my real reason for coming. I want to ask Miss Everdene if she'd like to be married. '

'Really? ' asked Mrs Hurst, looking closely at him.

'Yes Because if she would, I'd like to marry her. Do you know if she has any other young men courting her at the moment? '

'Oh yes, a lot of young men, ' said Mrs Hurst. 'You see, Farmer Oak, she's so handsome, and so well-educated too. Of course, I haven't actually seen any of her young men, but she must have at least ten or twelve! '

'That's unfortunate, ' said Farmer Oak, staring sadly at the floor. 'I'm just a very ordinary man, and my only chance was being the first to ask to marry her. Well, that was all I came for. I'd better go home now, Mrs Hurst. '

He had gone halfway across the first field when he heard a cry behind him. He turned, and saw a girl running after him. It was Bathsheba. Gabriel blushed.

'Farmer Oak, ' she called breathlessly, 'I want to say—my aunt made a mistake when she told you I had a lot of young men courting me. In fact, I haven't got any, and I've never had any. '

'I am glad to hear that! ' said Gabriel, with a wide smile, holding out his hand to take hers. But she pulled her hand away quickly. 'I have a nice comfortable little farm, ' he added, a little less confidently. 'And when we are married, I'm sure I can work twice as hard as I do now, and earn more. '

He stretched out his arm towards her. Bathsheba moved rapidly behind a tree to avoid him. 'But, Farmer Oak, ' she said in surprise, 'I never said I was going to marry you. '

'Well! ' said Gabriel, disappointed. 'To run after me like this, and then say you don't want me! '

'I only wanted to explain that my aunt was wrong, ' she answered eagerly. 'Anyway, I had to run to catch up with you, so I didn't have time to decide whether I wanted to marry or not. '

'Just think for a minute or two, ' replied Gabriel hopefully. 'I'll wait a while, Miss Everdene. Will you marry me? Do, Bathsheba. I love you very much! '

'I'll try to think, ' she answered. 'Give me time, ' and she looked away from him at the distant hills.

'I can make you happy, ' he said to the back of her head 'You shall have a piano, and I'll practise the flute to play with you in the evenings. '

'Yes, I'd like that. '

'And at home by the fire, whenever you look up, there I'll be, and whenever I look up, there you'll be. '

'Wait, let me think! ' She was silent for a while, and then turned to him. 'No, ' she said, 'I don't want to marry you. It'd be nice to have a wedding, but having a husband—well, he'd always be there. As you say, whenever I looked up, there he'd be. '

'Of course he would—it would be me. '

'that's the problem. I wouldn't mind being a bride, if I could be one without having a husband. But as a woman can't be a bride alone, I won't marry, at least not yet. '

'What a silly thing for a girl to say! ' cried Gabriel. And then he said softly, 'But darling, think again! ' He moved round the tree to reach her. 'Why won't you have me? '

'Because I don't love you, ' she replied, moving away.

'But I love you—and I'm happy to be liked, if that's all you feel for me. ' He spoke more seriously than he had ever spoken before. 'Only one thing is certain in this life—I shall love you, and want you, and keep on wanting you until I die. ' His feelings were plain to see in his honest face, and his large brown hands were trembling.

'It seems wrong not to accept you when you feel so strongly, ' she replied unhappily. 'I wish I hadn't run after you! But we wouldn't be happy together, Mr Oak. I'm too independent. I need a husband who can keep me in order, and I'm sure you wouldn't be able to do that. '

Gabriel looked hopelessly away and did not reply.

'And, Mr Oak, ' she continued in a clear voice, 'I'm so poor that my aunt has to provide a home for me. You're just starting your farming business. It would be much more sensible for you to marry a woman with money. Then you could buy more sheep and improve your farm. '

'That's just what I'd been thinking! ' answered Gabriel in surprise.

What common sense she had, he thought admiringly.

'Well then, why did you ask to marry me? ' she said angrily.

'I can't do what I think would be—sensible. I must do what my heart tells me. ' He did not see the trap she had set for him.

“Now you’ve confessed that marrying me wouldn’t be sensible, Mr Oak. Do you think I’ll marry you after that?”

“Don’t mistake my meaning like that,” he cried, “just because I’m honest enough to tell you the truth! I know you’d be a good wife for me. You speak like a lady, everyone says so, and your uncle at Weatherbury has a large farm, I’ve heard. May I visit you in the evenings, or will you come for a walk with me on Sundays? You don’t have to decide at once.”

“No, no, I cannot. Don’t insist, don’t. I don’t love you, so it would be foolish,” she said with a laugh.

No man likes to see his feelings laughed at, so Gabriel Oak said, turning away, “Very well, then I won’t ask you again.”

Gabriel did not see Bathsheba again and two days later he heard that she had left the area, and was now in Weatherbury, a village twenty miles away. Her departure did not stop Gabriel from loving her. In fact he loved her even more deeply now that they were apart.

The next night, before going to bed, Gabriel called his two dogs to come into the house for the night. His old dog, George, obeyed the call, but the younger one was missing. Gabriel was having difficulty training this young dog, which, although enthusiastic, still did not understand a sheep dog’s duties. He did not worry about the dog’s absence, but went to bed.

Very early in the morning he was woken by the sound of sheep bells, ringing violently. Shepherds know every sound that sheep bells make, and Gabriel immediately realized that his sheep were running fast. He jumped out of bed, threw on his clothes and ran up Norcombe Hill, to his fields near the chalk-pit.

There were his fifty sheep with their lambs, all safe, in one field. But in the other field, the two hundred pregnant sheep had completely disappeared. He noticed a broken gate, and felt sure the sheep had gone through it. There was no sign of them in the next field, but ahead of him at the top of the hill he saw the young dog, looking black against the morning sky. It was standing quite still, staring down into the chalk-pit.

Gabriel felt sick as he realized the horrible truth. He hurried up the hill to the edge of the chalk-pit, and looked down into it. In the deep pit lay his dead and dying sheep, two hundred of them, which would have produced two hundred more in the next few weeks. The young, untrained dog must have chased them up to the edge of the pit, where they fell to their death.

His first feeling was pity for those gentle sheep and their unborn lambs. Then he thought of himself. All his savings, which he had worked so hard for in the last ten years, had been spent on renting the farm. Now his hopes of being an independent farmer were destroyed. He covered his face with his hands.

After a while he looked up. “Thank God I’m not married to Bathsheba,” he thought. “What would she have done, married to a husband as poor as I shall be!”

The young dog was shot the next day. Gabriel sold all his farm tools to pay what he owed for the sheep. He was no longer a farmer, just an ordinary man who owned the clothes he was wearing and nothing more. Now he had to find work where he could, on other men’s farms.

2 盖伯瑞尔·奥克遭遇灾难

年轻的农夫奥克陷入了爱河。他急切地等待着那个姑娘定期地去看病牛，就像他的狗等着喂食一样。他发现她叫芭丝谢芭·伊芙丁，她与她的姑妈赫思特太太住在一起。他满脑子想的都是她，别的什么也不想。

“我要让她做我的妻子，”他心想，“否则我将再也无法集中精力工作！”

当她不再来喂病牛时，他只好找个理由去拜访她。他带了一只失去妈妈的小羊羔，把小羊羔装在筐里，穿过田地来到赫思特太太的家。

“我给伊芙丁小姐带来一只小羊羔，”他对芭丝谢芭的姑妈说，“姑娘们一般都喜欢照料羊羔。”

“谢谢你，奥克先生，”赫思特太太回答说，“可是芭丝谢芭在这儿只是个客人。我不知道她是否会留着这只羊羔。”

“不瞒您说，赫思特太太，这只羊羔并非我来这儿的真正原因。我想问问伊芙丁小姐她是否愿意结婚。”

“是吗？”赫思特太太问，认真地看着他。

“是的。如果她愿意，我想和她结婚。您知不知道目前是否有其他的年轻人在追求她？”

“噢，有，有许多年轻人，”赫思特太太说。“你知道，农夫奥克，她长得那么漂亮，又受过良好的教育。当然，追求她的年轻人我实际上一个也没见过，不过，她至少有十多个追求者。”

“那可太糟糕了，”农夫奥克说，沮丧地盯着地板。“我只是一个很普通的人，我唯一的机会在于是第一个向她求婚的人。好吧，这就是我来目的。现在我该回家了，赫思特太太。”

他在第一块地里刚走了一半的路就听到身后有人喊了一声。他转身看到一个姑娘向他跑来。正是芭丝谢芭。盖伯瑞尔红了脸。

“农夫奥克，”她上气不接下气地喊，“我姑妈说有许多年轻人在追求我，我想说她搞错了。事实上，我一个也没有，从来也没有过。”

“很高兴听到你这样说！”盖伯瑞尔说，开心地笑着，伸出手去握住她的手。但她很快就抽回了她的手。“我有一个收益不薄的小农场，”他补充说，显得有点不自信。“咱们结婚后，我一定会加倍工作，挣更多的钱。”

他向她伸出胳膊。芭丝谢芭跑到树后躲避他。“可是，农夫奥克，”她吃惊地说，“我可从没说要与你结婚。”

“算了！”盖伯瑞尔失望地说。“这么在后边追我，然后又说你不需要我！”

“我只是想解释我姑妈搞错了，”她迫不及待地回答。“我得跑着追你，所以我没有时间决定是否要与你结婚。”

“那就考虑几分钟，”盖伯瑞尔满怀希望地回答。“我可以等一会儿，伊芙丁小姐。你愿意和我结婚吗？和我结婚吧，芭丝谢芭。我非常爱你！”

“我会认真考虑的，”她回答说。“给我时间，”她把目光从他身上移向远处的山峦。

“我会使你幸福的，”他冲着她的后脑勺说。“你将会有一架钢琴，我吹笛子，晚上可以与你一起演奏。”

“是啊，能那样我很高兴。”

“在家中的炉火旁，无论你什么时候抬起头，我都会在跟前，无论我什么时候抬起头，你就在跟前。”

“等等，让我想想！”她沉默了一会儿，然后转向他。“不，”她说，“我不想和你结婚。举行婚礼固然不错，但有一个丈夫——唉，他

总在你的眼前。就如同你说的，无论什么时候我抬起头来，他就在跟前。”

“当然他会在你的跟前——那就是我呀。”

“问题就在这儿。如果能做新娘又不必有一个丈夫，我倒是不介意做新娘。但是既然一个女人独自不可能成为新娘，我就不愿意结婚，至少现在还不愿意。”

“一个姑娘这样说多傻呀！”盖伯瑞尔大声说。接着他柔声说道，“亲爱的，再想一想！”他绕到树后去够她。“你为什么不要我？”

“因为我不爱你，”她回答，躲开了。

“可是我爱你——不过有人喜欢我，我也非常幸福，当然假如你喜欢我的话。”他比以往任何时候都更加严肃地说。“在我的一生中只有一件事是确定无疑的——我会爱你，需要你，终生需要你直到我死的那一天。”从他诚实的脸上可以明白无误地看出他的感情，他黝黑的大手在颤抖。

“在你感情这么强烈时，不接受你似乎是不合适的，”她闷闷不乐地说。“我真希望刚才没有追你！不过，奥克先生，咱们在一起不会幸福的。我个性很强。我需要一个能管得了我的丈夫，我肯定你做不到。”

盖伯瑞尔失望地把目光移开，默不作声。

“奥克先生，”她用清晰的声音继续说，“我很穷，都得要我的姑妈给我提供住处。你的农场刚刚起步，找一个有钱的女人对你来说更明智。那样你就可以买更多的羊发展你的农场。”

“这正是我一直在考虑的！”盖伯瑞尔惊讶地回答。她多明白事理啊，他不无称赞地想。

“既然如此，你为什么还要我和你结婚？”她生气地说。

“我理智上觉得明智的事，我做不到。我只能做我的心要我去做的事情。”他没有看出她给他设的圈套。

“奥克先生，既然你已承认和我结婚是不明智的，你认为我得知这个以后还会与你结婚吗？”

“别误会我的意思，”他喊道，“因为我诚实地告诉了你实情！我知道对我来说你会是个好妻子。你说起话来像一个淑女，人们都这么说，我听说过你的叔叔在威瑟伯里有一个大农场。我可以在晚上拜访你吗？要么星期天你出来和我一起散步？你不必立刻决定。”

“不、不，不行。别坚持了，千万别了。我不爱你，所以与你接触是愚蠢的，”她大笑着说。

没有哪个人愿意看到自己的感情被嘲笑，所以盖伯瑞尔边转身准备边走边说道，“好吧，既然如此，我再不会向你提起此事。”

盖伯瑞尔没有再见到芭丝谢芭，两天后，他听说她已离开了这个地方。她去了威瑟伯里，距这里20英里的一个村庄。她的离去并没有使盖伯瑞尔停止爱她。事实上，由于他们分开了，他对她爱得更深了。

第二天夜里，睡觉前，盖伯瑞尔把两条狗唤到屋里过夜。那条年龄大的狗，乔治，听从呼唤，而那条年龄小的则不见了踪影。盖伯瑞尔一直未能把这条小狗训练出来。它很有热情，但不懂得一个牧羊犬的职责。狗虽然不在，但他并没有多想，就上床睡觉了。

一大早，他就被剧烈的羊铃声惊醒了。牧羊人懂得羊铃所发出的每一声声响，盖伯瑞尔立刻意识到他的羊群在飞快地奔跑。他从床上跳起来，匆忙穿上衣服，向诺科姆山上白垩矿场旁自己的田地跑去。

50只母羊和它们的小羊羔都安全地在一块地里。另一块地里，两百只怀孕的羊却踪影全无。他注意到一个被弄坏的门，断定羊是从那里跑走的。旁边的一块地里也没有羊的影子，在他面前的山顶上，他看到了那只年龄小的狗，在晨光的映衬下像一个黑影子。它一动不动地站着，俯视着白垩矿场。

盖伯瑞尔意识到了可怕的事实，他感到一阵揪心。他跑到山上的白垩矿场旁，向下面望去。两百只羊，死了的和快要死的，都躺在矿场底部。这两百只羊再过几个星期本来就可以生产两百多只羊羔。一定是那只年幼的，不驯顺的狗把它们追赶到矿场边，它们从那里掉下去丧了命。

他首先是为那些温顺的羊和它们尚未出世的羊羔感到惋惜。接着他又想到了自己。过去十年中他辛苦劳动积攒的积蓄都被用来租农场。现在他想要成为一个独立的农场主的希望完全破灭了。他用双手捂住了脸。

过了一会儿，他抬起头来。“谢天谢地，我没有和芭丝谢芭结婚，”他想。“嫁给一个像我这样一贫如洗的丈夫，她该如何是好呢！”

第二天，那只年幼的狗被杀死了。盖伯瑞尔卖掉了他所有的农具，为的是付他买羊所欠的钱。他不再是个农场主了，只是一个普通人。他拥有的只有身上穿的衣服，除此，别无所有。现在他得去别人的农场去找工作。

3 The fire

Two months later Gabriel went to the great fair at Casterbridge, hoping to find a job as farm manager. But when he realized by late afternoon that none of the farmers at Casterbridge wanted a farm manager, or even a shepherd, he decided to try his luck at another fair the next day. It was fifteen miles further away, in a village the other side of Weatherbury. The name Weatherbury reminded him of Bathsheba, and he wondered if she still lived there. He set out on foot as it was getting dark, and had already walked three or four miles when he saw a cart, half-full of hay, by the side of the road. 'That's a comfortable place to sleep, ' he thought, and he was so tired after his long, disappointing day at the fair that when he climbed into the cart, he fell asleep immediately.

A couple of hours later, however, he was woken by the movement of the cart. It was being driven towards Weather-bury by two farm workers, who had not noticed Gabriel. He listened to their conversation.

'She's a handsome woman, that's true, ' said one, 'but proud too! And very vain, that's what people say! '

'Oh, if she's vain, Billy Smallbury, I'll never be able to look at her! I'm such a shy man, as you know! ' said the other. 'A single woman, and vain! And does she pay her farm workers well? '

'I don't know about that, Joseph Poorgrass. '

Gabriel thought they could be talking about Bathsheba, except that the woman they were discussing seemed to be the mistress of a farm. As the cart was now quite near Weather-bury, Gabriel jumped out, unseen by the two men. He climbed a gate into a field, intending to sleep for the rest of the night under a hay-rick, but then he noticed an unusual light in the darkness, about half a mile away. Something was on fire.

He hurried across the fields towards the fire. Soon, in the rich orange light of the flames, he could see a hay-rick burning fiercely. It was too late to save the rick, so for a few minutes he stood and stared at the flames. But when the smoke cleared for a moment, he was horrified to see, very close to the burn-ing rick, a whole row of wheat-ricks. These probably con-tained most of the wheat produced on the farm that year, and could catch fire at any moment.

As he rushed towards the wheat-rick that was most in dan-ger, he saw he was not alone. A crowd of farm workers had seen the fire and run into the field to help save the wheat, but they were so confused they did not know what to do. Gabriel took control and gave orders.

'Get a large cloth! ' he shouted. 'Put it over the wheat-rick, so the wind can't blow the flames from the hay-rick on to it! Now, you, stand here with a bucket of water and keep the cloth wet! ' The men hurried to obey him. The flames, prevented from burning the bottom and sides of the wheat-32 rick, began to attack its roof.

'Get me a ladder! ' cried Gabriel. 'And a branch, and some water! ' He climbed up the wheat-rick and sat on the top, beating down the flames with the branch. Billy Smallbury, one of the men who had been in the cart, climbed up with a bucket of water, to throw water on Gabriel and keep the flames off him. The smoke was at its thickest at this corner of the rick, but Gabriel never stopped his work.

On the ground the villagers were doing what they could to stop the fire, which was not much. A little further away was a young woman who had just arrived on her horse, with her maid on foot. They were watching the fire and discussing Gabriel.

'He's a fine young man, ma'am, ' said Liddy, the maid. 'And look at his clothes! They're all burnt! '

'Who does he work for? ' asked the woman in a clear voice.

'I don't know, ma'am, nor do the others. He's a stranger. '

'Jan Coggan! ' called the woman to one of her workers. 'Do you think the wheat is safe now? '

'I think so, yes, ma'am, ' he answered. 'If the fire had spread to this wheat-rick, all the other ricks would have caught fire too. That brave young man up there on top of the rick is the one who's saved your wheat. '

'He does work hard, ' said the young woman, looking up at Gabriel, who had not noticed her. 'I wish he worked for me. ,

As the ricks were no longer in danger, Gabriel started to climb down, and at the bottom he met the maid.

'I have a message from the farmer, who wishes to thank you for all you've done, ' she said.

'Where is he? ' asked Gabriel, suddenly aware of the chance of getting some work.

'It isn't a he, it's a she, ' answered the girl.

'A woman farmer? ' asked Gabriel.

'Yes, and a rich one too! ' said a villager who was standing near. 'She inherited her uncle's farm, when he died suddenly. She has business in every bank in Casterbridge! '

'She's over there, wrapped in a cloak, on her horse, ' added the maid. In the darkness Gabriel could only see the shape of a woman sitting on a horse. He walked over to her. Although his face was black from the smoke and his clothes were burnt by the fire, he remembered to lift his hat politely, and asked, looking up at her, 'Do you want a shepherd, ma'am? ' She let her cloak fall back from her head in surprise. Gabriel and his cold-hearted darling, Bathsheba Everdene, stared at each other. She did not speak. He only repeated sadly, 'Do you want a shepherd, ma'am? '

Bathsheba turned away into the shadows to consider. She was a little sorry for him, but also glad that she had improved her position since they last met. She realized she had almost forgotten his offer of marriage on Norcombe Hill.

'Yes, ' she answered quietly, blushing a little, 'I do want a shepherd. But—'

'He's just the right man, ma'am, ' said one of the villagers.

'That's right! ' said a second, and a third.

'Then will you men tell him to speak to the farm manager? ' said Bathsheba in a businesslike way, as she rode off.

Gabriel soon arranged the details of his employment with Bathsheba's farm manager, Benjy Pennyways, and walked on to the village to find a place to live. As he walked, he thought of Bathsheba. How quickly the young girl he remembered had become

the capable mistress of a farm!

When he passed the churchyard, and the ancient trees around it, he noticed that someone was standing behind one of the trees.

‘Is this the right way to Weatherbury?’ asked Gabriel.

‘Oh yes, straight on,’ said a girl’s voice, low and sweet. After a pause she added, ‘You’re not a Weatherbury man?’

‘No, I’m the new shepherd, just arrived.’

‘Only a shepherd! You seem almost like a farmer to me.’

‘Only a shepherd,’ repeated Gabriel in a dull voice, thinking of the disaster that had destroyed his hopes of being a farmer.

‘Please don’t tell anyone in the village that you’ve seen me,’ begged the girl. ‘I’m rather poor, and I don’t want anyone to know about me.’ Her thin arms trembled in the cold.

‘I won’t tell anyone,’ said Gabriel, ‘but you ought to be wearing a cloak on a night like this.’

‘Oh, it doesn’t matter. Please go on and leave me.’

He hesitated ‘Perhaps you’d accept this. It’s not much, but it’s all I have to spare.’ He put a coin into her small hand, and as he touched her wrist he noticed how quickly the blood was beating. It was the same quick, hard beat that he felt in his lambs when they were close to death.

‘What’s the matter? Can’t I help you?’ he asked. He felt a deep sadness in this thin, weak creature.

‘No, no! Don’t tell anyone you’ve seen me! Good night!’ She stayed in the shadows, and Gabriel went on to Weatherbury.

3 火灾

两个月后，盖伯瑞尔去了位于卡斯特桥的大集市，希望找一份农场经理的工作。在下午，快结束时，他意识到卡斯特桥没有哪个农场主需要农场经理，甚或是一个牧羊人，他决定第二天到另一个集市去碰碰运气。这个集市在威瑟伯里另一边的一个村庄，还要再走15英里。威瑟伯里这个名字使他想起了芭丝谢芭，他不知道她是否还住在那儿。天将黑时，他步行着上路了。走了三四英里，他看到一辆马车停在路边，车上装着半车干草。“那个地方睡觉挺舒服，”他想，经过在集市上漫长、令人失望的一天后，他太累了。一爬上车他立刻就睡着了。

一两个小时后，马车的颠簸惊醒了他。两个农场工人正把马车赶向威瑟伯里，他们没有注意到盖伯瑞尔。他听到了他们的谈话。

“她是个很漂亮的女人，这倒不假，”一个说，“可是太傲慢！人们都说她很自负！”

“唉，比利·斯摩伯里，要是她很自以为是，我就连正眼看她也不敢了！你知道，我是一个害羞的人！”另一个说。“一个单身女人，而且自负！她给她的农场工人报酬高吗？”

“这个我不知道，约瑟夫·普格拉斯。”

盖伯瑞尔想他们谈论的可能是芭丝谢芭，只是他们谈论的女人好像是一个农场的女主人。马车快到威瑟伯里时，盖伯瑞尔跳下了车，那两个人也未发现。他翻越过一个大门进了一块地里，打算在一个干草垛下过夜，就在这时，他注意到大约一英里远的地方黑暗中有不寻常的火光。有东西着火了。

他穿过田地向着火的地方跑去。接着，他看到熊熊的火光中，干草垛肆虐地燃烧着。现在已来不及救干草垛了，有好几分钟他就站在那儿盯着火焰。可是当烟散开一点后，他吃惊地看到有一排麦垛就紧挨着燃烧着的干草垛。这个农场这一年产的大部分麦子可能都在这儿，这些麦垛随时有着火的可能。

当他向最危急的一个麦垛冲去时，他看到在场的并不只是他一人。一群农场工人看到着了火，跑到地里来帮着抢救麦子。只是他们太混乱了，不知道该做什么。盖伯瑞尔控制住局面，开始发号施令。

“找一块大布来！”他喊道。“用布把麦垛裹住，这样干草垛上的火苗就不会被吹到麦垛上！你，拿一桶水站在这儿，让布保持湿润！”人们立刻听从他的指挥。烧不着麦垛底部和边部的火焰开始袭击顶部。

“给我找一架梯子！”盖伯瑞尔大声说，“再找一个树枝和一些水！”他爬上麦垛，坐在顶上，用树枝打灭火苗。斯摩伯里，马车上两人中的一个，提着一桶水爬了上来。他把水浇在盖伯瑞尔身上以免火苗烧到他的身上。盖伯瑞尔呆的这个角上浓烟滚滚，但他却一刻也没有停歇。

地面上村民们也在尽自己所能地灭着火，尽管地面上的火并不大。不远处有一位骑马刚到的年轻姑娘，她的女仆步行跟着她。她们望着大火，议论着盖伯瑞尔。

“小姐，他真是了不起的年轻人，”女仆利蒂说。“看他的衣服！全都烧了！”

“他为谁做事？”女人用清晰的嗓音问。

“我不知道，小姐，其他人也不知道。他没来过这儿。”

“简·考根！”女人向她的一个工人喊道。“麦子现在没有危险了吗？”

“我想没有危险了，小姐，”他答道。“如果火烧到这个麦垛，所有其它麦垛也都会着火的。垛顶上那位勇敢的年轻人就是救了你的麦子的人。”

“他确实很卖力，”年轻姑娘抬头看着盖伯瑞尔说道，他却没注意到她。“我真希望他是我的雇工。”

麦垛没有什么危险了，盖伯瑞尔爬了下来，在下面他遇到了女仆。

“我带来了农场主的口信，农场主想为你所做的一切感谢你，”她说。

“他在哪儿？”盖伯瑞尔问，突然意识到这是一个找些活干的机会。

“不是他，是她，”姑娘答道。

“女农场主？”盖伯瑞尔问。

“是的，而且还是个富有的农场主！”站在附近的一个村民说。“她的叔叔去世后，她继承了他的农场。她与卡斯特桥的每家银行都有来往！”

“她就在那儿，裹着斗篷，骑着马，”女仆加了一句。黑暗中盖伯瑞尔只能看见马上一个女人的轮廓。他向她走去。尽管他的脸被烟熏黑了，衣服也被火烧坏了，但他并没有忘记有礼貌地举举帽子。他抬头看着她问道，“小姐，你需要牧羊人吗？”她吃了一惊，斗篷从头上滑落下来，盖伯瑞尔与他冷酷的心上人，芭丝谢芭·伊芙丁，对视着。她没有说话。他沮丧地又问了一句，“你需要牧羊人吗，小姐？”

芭丝谢芭把头扭向阴影里考虑着。她有点为他难过，但又很高兴自从他们上次见面后自己的地位已今非昔比了。她意识到她差不多都不记得他在诺科姆山上曾向她求婚。

“需要，”她平静地回答，脸有点红，“我的确需要一个牧羊人。只是——”

“小姐，他很合适。”一个村民说。

“一点不错！”第二个村民、第三个村民说。

“那你们告诉他去和农场经理说一声，好吗？”芭丝谢芭一边骑马离开，一边以一种公事公办的口气说。

盖伯瑞尔很快就与芭丝谢芭的农场经理宾尼威斯安排妥了有关他受雇的一些具体事宜，然后向村里走去，去找一个住的地方。他一边走，一边想芭丝谢芭。他认识的那个年轻姑娘才几天就成了一个农场的女主人！

在经过教堂及教堂周围的古树时，他注意到有个人站在一棵树后。

“这是去威瑟伯里的路吗？”他问。

“噢，是的，一直往前走，”一个姑娘的声音，声音虽然低但甜美。停了一下她又说，“你不是威瑟伯里人？”

“不是，我是新来的牧羊人，刚到这里。”

“不过是个牧羊人！我觉得你差不多像个农场主。”

“不过是个牧羊人，”盖伯瑞尔闷声闷气地重复着，想到了那场灾难，那场灾难破灭了他想成为农场主的希望。

“请你千万别对村里的任何人说看见了我，”姑娘哀求说。“我很穷，我不想让人们知道我的事。”她的瘦弱的胳膊由于天冷而颤抖着。

“我谁也不告诉，”盖伯瑞尔说，“你在这样的晚上应该穿一件斗篷。”

“噢，没关系。请你继续赶路吧，你走吧。”

他犹豫着。“也许你会接受这个。虽然不多，我就这点富余。”他把一枚硬币放进她的小手里，触到她的手腕时，他察觉到她的脉搏跳动得异常快。他的羊羔临近死亡时，他也曾在它们身上感到了同样迅速、剧烈的跳动。

“出了什么事？我不能帮你吗？”他问道。他感到这瘦弱可怜的人儿怀有一种深深的悲哀。

“不，不！别告诉任何人你见过我！再见！”她呆在黑暗中，盖伯瑞尔继续向威瑟伯里走去。

4 Fanny Robin disappears

The farm manager had advised Gabriel to go straight to the malthouse in Weatherbury, to ask for somewhere to stay. That was the place where the men of the village spent their evenings, drinking beer and talking by the fire. When Gabriel entered the warm, dark room, some of Bathsheba's workers recognized him.

'Come in, shepherd, you're welcome, ' said one.

'Gabriel Oak is my name, neighbours. '

The ancient maltster, with his white hair and long white beard, turned his old head stiffly towards Gabriel. 'Gabriel Oak of Norcombe! ' he said. 'I knew your grandparents well! My boy Jacob and his young son Billy know your family too. ' His boy Jacob was bald and toothless, and young Billy was about forty.

'You must be very old, maltster, ' said Gabriel politely, 'to have such an old son as Jacob here. '

'Yes, I've lived for over a hundred years, ' replied the little old man proudly. 'Sit down and drink with us, shepherd. '

The cup of warm beer passed round the circle of drinkers. There was silence for a moment. Then Gabriel turned the conversation to the matter closest to his heart.

'What kind of mistress is Miss Everdene? ' he asked.

'We know almost nothing of her, shepherd, ' answered Jan Coggan, a big, cheerful man with a red face. 'She only arrived here a few days ago, when her uncle died. But the Everdenes are a good family to work for. Of course, it's the farm manager who'll be giving us our orders. '

'Ah! ' said the maltster, frowning. 'Benjy Pennyways! '

'You can't trust him! ' added Jacob darkly.

Soon afterwards Gabriel left with Jan Coggan, who had offered the shepherd a bed in his house. The remaining men were just preparing to leave when suddenly a young man called Laban Tall rushed into the malthouse, almost too excited to speak.

'It's Benjy Pennyways! ' he cried. 'Miss Everdene's caught him stealing wheat from the barn! She's sent him away! And worse than that—Fanny Robin, you know, Miss Everdene's youngest maid, is missing! The mistress wants us to look for her tomorrow. And Billy Smallbury, she wants you to go to Casterbridge, to see if you can find the young soldier who's been courting Fanny. '

That night the news spread fast round the village, but did not reach Gabriel, whose dreams were only of Bathsheba. Through the long slow hours of darkness he saw her lovely face and forgot that she did not love him.

The next morning Bathsheba and her maid Liddy were dust-ing some books, when a visitor arrived at the front door. It was Mr Boldwood, who had a large farm in Weatherbury.

'I can't see him like this, Liddy! ' said Bathsheba, looking in horror at her dusty dress. 'Go down and tell him I'm busy. '

When Liddy came back, after Mr Boldwood had gone, Bathsheba asked, 'What did he want, Liddy? And who is he, exactly? '

'He just wanted to ask if Fanny had been found, miss. You know, as she had no family or friends, he was kind enough to pay for her to go to school, and found her a job here with your uncle. He's your neighbour. His farm is next to yours. '

'Is he married? And how old is he? '

'He isn't married. He's about forty, very handsome—and rich. All the girls in the area have tried to persuade him to marry. But he just doesn't seem interested in women. Have you ever had an offer of marriage, miss? '

'Yes, I have, Liddy, ' answered Bathsheba after a pause, thinking of Gabriel. 'But he wasn't quite good enough for me. ,

'Oh, how nice to be able to refuse, when most of us are glad to accept the first offer! And did you love him, miss? '

'Oh no. But I rather liked him. '

In the afternoon Bathsheba called her workers together, and spoke to them in the old hall of the farmhouse.

'Men, I want to tell you that I'm not going to employ a new farm manager. I shall manage the farm myself. ' There were gasps of surprise from the men. She gave her orders for the next week's farm work and then turned to one of the 46 men. 'Billy Smallbury, what have you discovered about Fanny Robin? '

'I think she's run away with her young man, ma'am. The soldiers have left Casterbridge, and I suppose she's gone with them. '

'Well, perhaps we'll discover more later. One of you can go and tell Mr Boldwood what Billy says. Now, men, I hope I can trust you all to do your work well for me. Goodnight. '

Later that evening, in a town many miles north of Weather bury, a small white shape could be seen walking slowly along a path beside a large building. It was a dull, snowy night, with heavy grey clouds hanging low in the sky, the kind of night when hopes are destroyed and love is lost.

'One. Two. Three. Four. Five. ' The white shape was counting windows in the building. Then it began to throw small stones, covered in snow, at the fifth window. At last the window opened, and a man called out, 'Who's there? '

'Is that Sergeant Troy? ' asked a girl's voice.

'Yes, ' answered the man. 'Who are you? '

'Oh Frank, don't you know me? ' cried the girl desperately.

'I'm your—I'm Fanny Robin. '

'Fanny! ' gasped the man in surprise. 'How did you get here? '

‘I walked most of the way from Weatherbury. But, Frank, are you glad to see me? Frank, when will it be?’

‘What are you talking about?’

‘You know, you promised. When shall we be married, Frank?’

‘Oh, I see. Well—you need proper clothes—we must inform the vicar. It takes time. I didn’t expect you to come so soon.’

‘Oh Frank, I love you so! And—you said you’d marry me—’

‘Don’t cry now! It’s foolish. If I said so, of course I will. I’ll come and see you tomorrow to decide the details.’

‘Oh yes, Frank, do! I’m staying at Mrs Twill’s in North Street. Come tomorrow, Frank! Goodnight, Frank!’

4 范妮·罗宾失踪了

农场经理劝盖伯瑞尔径直去威瑟伯里的酒吧问问住的地方。这是一个村里的人消磨晚上的时光、喝酒、围着火聊天的地方。盖伯瑞尔进到这个暖和、昏暗的屋子时，芭丝谢芭的一些雇工认出了他。

“进来，牧羊人，欢迎你，”一个村民说。

“我叫盖伯瑞尔·奥克，乡亲们。”

年老的酒店老板，留着白发和长长的白胡子，僵硬地把头转向盖伯瑞尔。“诺科姆的盖伯瑞尔·奥克！”他说，“我与你的祖父母很熟！我儿子雅各布和他的小儿子比利也认识你们家。”他的儿子雅各布头秃了，牙也没了。小儿子比利大约有四十岁。

“有雅各布这样大的儿子，你一定年纪不小了，老板，”盖伯瑞尔礼貌地说。

“是的，我活了有一百多年了，”小老头骄傲地答道。“牧羊人，坐下和我们喝一杯。”

盛有热啤酒的杯子在一圈饮酒者中传递着。一阵沉默之后，盖伯瑞尔把话题转到他最关心的事情上。

“伊芙丁小姐是个什么样的女主人？”他问。

“牧羊人，我们对她几乎一无所知，”简·考根答道。这是一个有着一张红脸，大大的个子，快快活活的人。“几天前她叔叔死后她才来到这里。不过，给伊芙丁家族干活没错。当然，对我们发号施令的是农场经理。”

“噢！”酒店老板皱着眉说。“本杰·宾尼威斯！”

“他让人信不过！”雅各布恨恨地接着说。

盖伯瑞尔接着就与简·考根离开了，简说在他家里可以给盖伯瑞尔找个床位。正当其他人准备离去时，一个名叫拉班·托尔的年轻人冲进酒店。他激动得有点说不出话来。

“是本杰·宾尼威斯！”他大声说。“伊芙丁小姐抓住他在谷仓偷麦子！小姐已把他打发走了！还有更糟的事呢——伊芙丁小姐最年幼的女仆范妮·罗宾失踪了！女主人要我们明天去找她。另外，比利·斯摩伯里，女主人要你去卡斯特桥，看是否能找到一直在追求范妮的那个年轻士兵。”

那天夜里，消息传遍了整个村庄，唯有盖伯瑞尔不知晓，因为他脑子里只想着芭丝谢芭。在漫长的黑夜里，他看到了她姣美的面庞，忘记她并不爱他。

第二天早晨，芭丝谢芭和女仆利蒂在清扫书上的灰尘时，一位来访者站在了前门。此人是伯德伍德先生，他在威瑟伯里拥有一个大农场。

“利蒂，我不能这样去见他！”芭丝谢芭说，惊慌地看着自己满是灰尘的裙子。“下去告诉他我很忙。”

伯德伍德先生走后，利蒂返了回来，芭丝谢芭问，“他有什么事，利蒂？他究竟是谁？”

“小姐，他只想问问范妮是否找到了。你知道，范妮没有家，也没有朋友，伯德伍德先生好心地给她付钱让她去上学，还在你叔叔这里给她找了事干。他是你的邻居，他的农场就挨着你的农场。”

“他结婚了吗？他有多大年纪？”

“他还没有结婚。四十来岁，很英俊，也很有钱。这个地方的姑娘们都想劝说他结婚。可他好像对女人不感兴趣。小姐，有人向你求过婚吗？”

“有过，利蒂，”芭丝谢芭停了一下说，想起了盖伯瑞尔。“不过，他有点配不上我。”

“噢，我们大部分人都是一有人求婚就赶快接受，而你却能拒绝，多好啊！小姐，你爱他吗？”

‘不，不过我挺喜欢他。’

下午，芭丝谢芭把她的雇工都召集到屋子里的旧大厅里。

“乡亲们，我想告诉你们我并不打算雇一个新的农场经理。我想自己管理农场。”人群中传出惊叹声。她布置了下星期农场的工作，然后转向其中一人。“比利·斯摩伯里，范妮·罗宾有消息吗？”

“小姐，我猜她是跟她的那个年轻人跑了。士兵们已经离开了卡斯特桥，我想她跟他们一起走了。”

“好吧，也许以后会发现些什么。你们一个人去告诉伯德伍德先生比利所说的。乡亲们，我希望我可以相信你们所有的人会为我好好干的。晚安。”

那天晚上晚些时候，在威瑟伯里以北好几英里的一个镇上，人们可以看到一个白色的、矮小的影子在一幢大建筑物旁的小路上慢慢地走着。这是一个阴沉的、下着雪的夜晚，乌云低低地挂在天边，这是那种破灭希望、失去爱情的夜晚。

“一、二、三、四、五。”白色的影子数着建筑物上的窗户。然后她开始朝第五个窗口投掷裹着雪的小石头。终于，窗户打开了，一个人喊道，“谁在那儿？”

“是托伊中士吗？”一个姑娘的声音问。

“是我，”那人答道。“你是谁？”

“欧，弗兰克，你不认识我了吗？”姑娘绝望地喊道。“我是你的——我是范妮·罗宾。”

“范妮！”那人惊叫道。“你是怎么到了这里的？”

“我从威瑟伯里一路走着来的。弗兰克，见到我你高兴吗？弗兰克，那事定在什么时候？”

“你说什么？”

“你知道，你答应过。我们什么时候结婚，弗兰克？”

“噢，明白了。可是——你需要合适的衣服——我们需要通知牧师。这些需要时间。我没料到你会这么早就会来。”

“欧，弗兰克，我非常爱你。你说过要和我结婚——”

“好了，别哭。别犯傻。如果我那样说过，当然我会和你结婚。我明天去看你，咱们到时商量细节。”

“好的，弗兰克，你可一定来！我住在北街退尔太太旅店。明天一定来，弗兰克！再见，弗兰克！”

5 Bathsheba sends a valentine

When Bathsheba first appeared at the weekly Caster— bridge market, where farmers bought and sold their wheat and animals, she caused a sensation. Men's heads turned to look at her, the only woman there. Like any woman, she was happy to be admired, but she was also deter— mined to sell her wheat at a good price, and to do business with the other farmers like a man. There was one farmer, however, who did not seem to notice her, and this annoyed her a little. It was Mr Boldwood.

One Sunday afternoon, on the thirteenth of February, Bathsheba and Liddy were in the sitting—room together. It was a dull, cold day, and they were both very bored.

‘Have you ever tried to discover who you're going to marry, miss, ’ asked Liddy, ‘with a Bible and a key? ’

‘I don't believe in such foolish games, Liddy. ’

‘Well, some people believe it works. ’

‘All right, let's try it, ’ said Bathsheba suddenly, jumping up from her seat. Together they opened the big family Bible and put a key on a page.

‘Now you think of someone you could marry, miss, ’ said Liddy, ‘then read aloud the words on that page, and if the Bible moves, perhaps you'll marry him. ’

Bathsheba read the words, holding the Bible. As they watched, the Bible turned in her hands, and Bathsheba blushed.

‘Who were you thinking of? ’ asked Liddy curiously.

‘I'm not going to tell you, ’ answered her mistress.

‘By the way, did you notice Mr Boldwood in church this morning? ’ asked Liddy, making it very clear who she was thinking of. ‘He didn't turn his head once to look at you! ’

‘Why should he? ’ replied Bathsheba, annoyed. ‘I didn't ask him to look at me. ’

‘Oh no. But everybody else in church was looking at you. ’

Bathsheba did not reply to this. After a few minutes she said, ‘Oh, I nearly forgot the valentine card I bought yesterday! ’

‘A valentine! Who's it for, miss? Farmer Boldwood? ’

‘No, of course not. It's for one of the village children, that sweet little boy of Jan Coggan's. I'll write the address on the envelope now, and we'll post it today. ’

‘What fun it would be to send it to that silly old Bold— wood! ’ laughed Liddy.

Bathsheba paused to consider. It was certainly a little de— pressing that the wealthiest and most important man in the area did not seem to admire her, as all the other men did.

‘We'll throw a coin to decide, ’ she said lightly. ‘No, we shouldn't play with money on a Sunday. I know, we'll throw this book. If it comes down open, I'll send the valentine to Jan's son. If it comes down shut, I'll send it to Boldwood. ’ The little book went up in the air and came down shut. Bathsheba immediately picked up her pen and wrote Bold—wood's address on the envelope.

‘Now we need a seal, ’ she said. ‘Look for an interesting one, Liddy. Ah, let's use this one. I can't remember what it says, but I know it's funny. ’ When she had sealed the enve—lope, Bathsheba looked closely at the words left by the seal:

‘MARRY ME’ .

‘Just right! ’ she cried. ‘That would make even a vicar laugh! ’ And so the valentine was sent, not for love, but as a joke. Bathsheba had no idea of the effect it would have.

It arrived at Mr Boldwood's house on the morning of St Valentine's Day, 14th February. He was puzzled, but strangely excited by it. He had never received one before, and all day he thought about it. Who could the woman be who admired him so much that she sent him a valentine? He kept on looking at it, until the words on the large red seal danced in front of his tired eyes, and he could no longer read them. But he knew what they said:

‘MARRY ME’ .

The valentine had destroyed the peaceful routine of Bold—wood's life. That night he dreamed of the unknown woman, and when he woke up very early, the first thing he saw was the valentine, with its message in red, on the table by his bed.

‘Marry me, ’ he repeated to himself. He was too restless to sleep any more so he went out for a walk. He watched the sun rise over the snowy fields, and on his way home he met the postman, who handed him a letter. Boldwood took it quickly and opened it, thinking it could be from the sender of the valentine.

‘I don't think it's for you, sir, ’ said the postman. ‘I think it's for your shepherd. ’

Boldwood looked at the address on the envelope:

To the new shepherd,

Weatherbury Farm,

Near Casterbridge.

‘Oh, what a mistake! It isn't mine, or my shepherd's. It must be for Miss Everdene's shepherd. His name is Gabriel Oak. ’

At that moment he noticed a figure in a distant field.

‘Ah, there he is now, ’ Boldwood added. ‘I'll take the let— ter to him myself. ’ The shepherd started walking towards the malthouse, and Boldwood followed him, holding the letter.

5 芭丝谢芭寄出一张情人卡

在每周一次的卡斯特桥集市上, 农场主们买卖着自己的麦子和牲畜。芭丝谢芭第一次出现在集市上就引起了一阵轰动。男人们的头都扭过

去看她，因为她是集市上唯一的女人。象所有的女人一样，受到别人的赞扬，她很高兴。不过，她也决心要把她的麦子卖个好价钱，象男人一样地和其他农场主做买卖。只有一个农场主似乎没注意到她，这使她有点不高兴。这人就是伯德伍德先生。

2月13日，这个星期日的下午，芭丝谢芭和利蒂都在起居室。天气阴沉、寒冷，她们两人都觉得很无聊。

“小姐，你试没试过用一本圣经或是一把钥匙算出你将与谁结婚？”利蒂问。

“利蒂，我不相信这种愚蠢的游戏。”

“可是有人觉得它很灵验。”

“好吧，那我们试试，”芭丝谢芭一边从座位上跳起来，一边突然说。她们一起打开一本大的家里用的圣经，把一把钥匙放在一页上。

“小姐，现在你想一个你可能与之结婚的人，”利蒂说，“然后朗读那页上的话，如果圣经动了，也许你就会和他结婚。”

芭丝谢芭拿着圣经，读上面的话。她们盯着看时，圣经在她手中动了一下，芭丝谢芭红了脸。

“你刚才想的是谁？”利蒂好奇地问。

“我不告诉你，”她的女主人说。

“哎，今天早晨在教堂你注意伯德伍德先生了吗？”利蒂问，指明她想的是谁。“他一次也没有回头看你！”

“他干吗要回头看我？”芭丝谢芭不高兴地说。“我并没有要求他看我。”

“噢，不。我是说教堂里的其他人都在看你。”

芭丝谢芭没有吭声。过了一会儿，她说，“哎呀，我差点忘了昨天买的情人卡！”

“情人卡！给谁的，小姐？给农场主伯德伍德？”

“不，当然不是。是给村里的一个孩子的，就是简·考根家那个可爱的男孩。我现在就把地址写在信封上，我们今天就把它发出去。”

“要是把它送给那个傻乎乎的老伯德伍德该多有意思！”利蒂大笑着说。

芭丝谢芭不再说话，若有所思。其他人都很欣赏她，而这一带最富有、最重要的人却好像对她不在乎，这的确有点令人沮丧。

“我们来扔硬币决定，”她随意地说。“不，星期天我们不该玩钱。我们来扔这本书。如果它开着掉下来，我就把情人卡送给简的儿子。如果合着掉下来，就送给伯德伍德。”那本小书被抛向空中，合着掉了下来。芭丝谢芭立刻拿起笔，在信封上写了伯德伍德的地址。

“我们需要一个封蜡，”她说，“利蒂，找一个有意思的。噢，我们用这个。我不记得上面是什么字了，可我知道很有意思。”把信封封上后，芭丝谢芭仔细地看封蜡留下的字：

“和我结婚吧。”

“就要这个！”她喊道。“这把牧师也会逗笑的！”就这样，情人卡被发出去了，不是为了爱情，而是做为玩笑。芭丝谢芭根本不知道它会引起后果。

情人卡在2月14日，情人节的这天早晨到了伯德伍德家里。他很困惑，但也有一种莫名的激动。从前他从没有收到过情人卡，他一整天都在想这件事。这个女人会是谁呢，这样的喜欢他，还送他情人卡？

他一直盯着这张情人卡，直到那大红封蜡上的字在他疲惫的眼前跳动了起来。他无法看清这几个字，但他知道是什么：

“和我结婚吧。”

这张情人卡打破了伯德伍德平静的生活程序。那天夜里，他梦见了一个素不相识的女人。他醒得很早，一眼就看到床边桌子上那张情人卡，和红色封蜡上面的字。

“和我结婚吧，”他默默地重复着。他烦躁不安无法成眠，所以出去散步。他看着太阳在白雪覆盖的田野上兴起。在回家的路上，他碰见了邮递员，邮递员给了他一封信。他立刻接住并打开了信，以为是寄情人卡的人写来的信。

“先生，我想信不是寄给你的，”邮递员说，“是给你的牧羊人的。”

伯德伍德看着信封上的地址：

给新来的牧羊人，

威瑟伯里农场，

卡斯特桥附近。

“哎，错了！不是我的，也不是给我的牧羊人的。一定是给伊芙丁小姐的牧羊人的。他叫盖伯瑞尔·奥克。”

这时，他注意到远处有一个人影。

“欧，他就在那儿，”伯德伍德接着说。“我自己给他把信送去。”牧羊人向着酒店走去，伯德伍德手里拿着信，追他去了。

6 Fanny's mistake

At the malthouse the men were discussing Bathsheba. 'How's she getting on without a farm manager?' the old maltster asked the younger men.

'She can't manage the farm alone,' replied Jacob, 'and she won't listen to our advice. Proud, she is. I've often said it,'

'You have, Jacob, you have, that's true,' agreed little Joseph Poorgrass.

'But she's intelligent,' said Billy Smallbury, 'and must have some common sense.'

'It seems her old uncle's furniture wasn't good enough for her,' said the maltster 'I hear she's bought new beds, chairs and a piano! If she's a farmer, why does she want a piano?'

Just then they heard a heavy footstep outside, and a voice called, 'Neighbours, can I bring a few lambs in there?'

'Of course, shepherd,' they all replied.

Gabriel appeared in the doorway, his cheeks red and his healthy face shining. On his shoulders were four half-dead lambs, which he put down carefully, close to the fire.

'I haven't got a shepherd's hut here, as I used to have at Norcombe,' he explained. 'These new lambs would die if I couldn't keep them warm for a while. It's very kind of you, maltster, to let me bring them in here.'

'We've been talking of the mistress, and her strange behaviour, shepherd,' said the maltster.

'What have you been saying about her?' asked Gabriel sharply, turning to the others. 'I suppose you've been speaking against her?' he added angrily to Joseph Poorgrass.

'No, no, not a word,' said Joseph, trembling and blushing with terror.

'Well, look here, neighbours.' Gabriel, although normally one of the quietest and most gentle men on earth, had suddenly become aggressive. 'The first man I hear saying anything bad about our mistress will receive this in his face,' and he banged his great heavy hand down on the maltster's table.

'Now don't get so angry, shepherd, and sit down!' said Jacob.

'We hear you're a very clever man, shepherd,' added Joseph Poorgrass from behind the maltster's bed, where he had been hiding. 'We all wish we were as clever as you, don't we, neighbours?' There was general agreement.

'I think mistress ought to have made you her farm manager, you're so suitable for the job,' continued Joseph. He could see that Gabriel was no longer angry.

'I don't mind confessing I was hoping to be her farm manager,' said Gabriel in his honest way. 'But Miss Everdene can do as she likes, and she's chosen to manage her own farm—and keep me as an ordinary shepherd only.' He sounded rather depressed, and looked sadly into the fire.

Before anyone could reply, the door opened and Mr Boldwood came in. He greeted them all and handed the letter to Gabriel.

'I opened this by mistake, Oak,' he said, 'but it must be for you. I'm sorry.'

'Oh, it doesn't matter at all,' answered Gabriel, who had no secrets from anyone. He read this letter:

Dear friend,

I don't know your name, but I want to thank you for your kindness to me on the night I left Weatherbury. I'm also returning the money you gave me. I'm happy to say I'm going to marry the young man who has been courting me, Sergeant Troy. As he is a nobleman's son, I know he wouldn't like me to accept a gift from anyone. Please don't tell anyone about my marriage. We intend to surprise Weatherbury by arriving there as husband and wife, very soon. Thank you again.

Fanny Robin.

'You'd better read it, Mr Boldwood,' said Gabriel. 'It's from Fanny Robin. She wants to keep this a secret but I know you're interested in her. I met her on my way to Weatherbury, but I didn't know then who she was.' When Mr Boldwood had finished reading the letter, he looked very serious. 'Poor Fanny!' he said. 'I don't think this Sergeant Troy will ever marry her. He's clever, and handsome, but he can't be trusted. What a silly girl Fanny is!'

'I'm very sorry to hear that,' said Gabriel.

'By the way, Oak,' said Mr Boldwood quietly, as he and the shepherd left the malthouse together, 'could you tell me whose writing this is?' He showed Gabriel the envelope containing the valentine.

Gabriel looked at it, and said simply, 'Miss Everdene's.' Then he realized that Bathsheba must have written to Mr Boldwood without signing her name, and he looked, puzzled, at the farmer.

Mr Boldwood replied rather too quickly to Gabriel's unspoken question. 'It's quite normal to try to discover who has written the valentine. That's the fun of it.' There was no fun at all in his manner. 'Goodbye, Oak,' he added, and walked slowly back to his empty house.

A few days later, in the town north of Weatherbury where the soldiers were staying, a wedding was arranged. As the church clock in the square struck half-past eleven, a handsome young soldier marched into the church and spoke to the vicar. Then he stood still in the centre of the church, waiting for his bride. The church was full of the women and girls who had attended the morning service and had decided to wait to see the wedding. They watched the young man's straight back, whispering among themselves. The soldier waited without moving a muscle. The church clock struck a quarter to twelve, and still the bride did not come. The whispers stopped, and there was silence. The young man stood as stiff and straight as the church columns around him. There was a little quiet laughter from some of the women, but soon they were silent again, waiting for the end.

As the church clock struck twelve, they listened to the heavy notes ringing out from the church tower. The vicar left his position near the soldier, and disappeared into a back room. Every woman in the church was waiting to see the young

man’s face, and he knew it. At last he turned, and marched bravely back the way he had come, through the rows of smiling women.

When he got outside and crossed the square, he met a girl hurrying towards the church. When she saw him, the anxiety on her face changed to terror.

‘Well’ ？’ he said, staring coldly at her.

‘Oh Frank, I made a mistake! I thought it was the other church, he one near the market, and I waited there till a quarter to twelve, and then I realized my mistake. But it doesn’t matter, because we can just as easily get married tomorrow. ’

‘You’re a fool, to play games with me! ’ he replied angrily.

‘So shall we get married tomorrow, Frank?’ she asked, not understanding how seriously she had offended him. ‘Tomorrow!’ he repeated, and laughed. ‘I don’t want another experience like that for a while, I can promise you!’

‘But Frank, ’ she begged in a trembling voice, ‘it wasn’t such a terrible mistake! Now, dear Frank, when will our wedding be?’

‘Ah, when? God knows!’ he said, and turning away from her, walked rapidly away.

6 范妮的错误

酒店里，人们正在议论芭丝谢芭。

“没有农场经理，她怎么办呢？”年老的酒店老板问年轻的人们。

“她一个人搞不好农场，”雅各布说，“她不听我们的劝告。我总说，她很骄傲。”

“你是这样说的，雅各布，你是这样说的，你说得对，”矮小的约瑟夫·普格拉斯赞同地说。

“可是她很聪明，”比利·斯摩伯里说，“她一定很有见识。”

“好像她对年老的叔叔的家具不满意，”酒店老板说。“听说她买了新床、新椅子，还有一架钢琴！如果她要当农场主，她干吗要钢琴呢？”

就在这时，他们听到门外重重的脚步声，一个声音喊道，“乡亲们，我可以把这几只羊羔带进去吗？”

“当然可以，牧羊人，”他们一起答道。

盖伯瑞尔出现在门口，他两颊通红，健康的脸庞放着光。在他的肩上有四只半死的羊羔，他小心翼翼地把它们放在靠近火的地方。

“我在这儿没有牧羊人小屋，过去在诺科姆我有一个，”他解释说。“如果不让这几只新生的羊羔暖和一会儿，他们会死的。老板，你让我把它们带进来，真是太感谢你了。”

“牧羊人，我们正在谈论女主人以及她的不寻常的所作所为，”酒店老板说。

“你们在说她什么呢？”盖伯瑞尔转向众人厉声问。“我想你们是在说她的坏话吧？”他对约瑟夫·普格拉斯，生气地又问了一句。

“没有，没有，一句坏话也没说。”约瑟夫说。由于害怕颤抖起来，脸也涨红了。

“哼，告诉你们，邻居们，”盖伯瑞尔，这个世上最安静、最温柔的人，突然变得咄咄逼人。“我要是听到谁说女主人的坏话，他的脸上首先就会尝到这个，”接着他把他的手重重地击在了酒店老板的桌子上。

“牧羊人，别生气，坐下！”雅各布说。

“牧羊人，我们听说你是个很聪明的人，”约瑟夫·普格拉斯从酒店老板的床后边接口说，他一直躲在那儿。“我们都希望我们像你一样聪明，是吧，邻居们？”人们都表示同意。

“我认为女主人应该让你当她的农场经理，你太适合干这个工作了，”约瑟夫接着说。他能看出盖伯瑞尔已不生气了。

“我可以坦白我很希望给她当农场经理，”盖伯瑞尔诚实地说。“不过，伊芙丁小姐有权做自己愿做的事情，她已决定要自己管理农场，而只要我做普通的牧羊人。”听起来他很沮丧，眼睛悲伤地盯着火。

别人正要答话，门开了，伯德伍德走了进来。他和大家打过招呼，把信递给了盖伯瑞尔。

“奥克，我开错了信，”他说，“这信一定是给你的。我很抱歉。”

“咳，没关系，”盖伯瑞尔对谁也没有要保密的，说着，他看起信来：

亲爱的朋友，

我不知道你的名字，但我想谢谢你，因为在我离开威瑟伯里的那天夜里，你对我非常好。我也想把你给我的钱还给你。我很高兴地告诉你，我就要与追求我的年轻人托伊中士结婚了。他是一个贵族的儿子，我知道他不喜欢我接受别人的礼物。请不要告诉别人我结婚的事。我们打算不久将以夫妻的身份出现在威瑟伯里，让人们大吃一惊。再一次的感谢你。

范妮·罗宾

“你最好读一读这封信，伯德伍德先生，”盖伯瑞尔说。“是范妮·罗宾写来的。她不想让别人知道，可我知道你很关心她。我在来威瑟伯里的路上碰到了她，那时我不知道她是谁。”

伯德伍德看完信后，脸上的表情很严肃。“可怜的范妮！”他说。“我认为这个托伊中士不会和她结婚。他聪明英俊，但无法让人信赖。范妮是个多么傻的姑娘啊！”

“听你这么说我很难过，”盖伯瑞尔说。

“顺便问一下，奥克，”伯德伍德和牧羊人一同离开酒店时，他平静地说，“你能告诉我这是谁的字迹吗？”他让盖伯瑞尔看那个装着情人卡的信封。

盖伯瑞尔看了看信封，只是说，“伊芙丁小姐的字迹。”随后他意识到芭丝谢芭一定是给伯德伍德先生写了一封没有署名的信。他迷惑不解地看着这位农场主。

盖伯瑞尔的问题还没出口，伯德伍德先生就抢着回答说，“想弄清楚是谁写的情人卡是很正常的，这就是乐趣。”他的态度却没有显示出任何乐趣。“再见，奥克，”他说着慢慢走回了他的空屋子。

几天后，在士兵们驻扎的威瑟伯里以北的一个镇上，一场婚礼正在筹备之中。广场上教堂的钟在十一点半敲响时，一个年轻英俊的士兵向教堂走去，他向牧师讲明了情况，然后静静地站在教堂中央，等待着他的新娘。教堂里满是参加早祷的女人和姑娘们，她们想等着看婚礼。她们望着年轻人笔直的后背，悄声议论着。这个士兵一动不动地等待着。教堂十二点差一刻的钟声敲响了，新娘还是没有到。窃窃私语声停止

了，教堂里寂静无声。那个年轻人僵直地站着，就像他身边教堂里的柱子。有些女人发出低低的笑声，但她们很快就又安静了下来，等待着最后的结果。

教堂的钟声敲响了十二点，人们听到教堂塔顶传出低沉的音调。牧师从位于士兵身旁的他的位置上离开，走进了后房。那个年轻人知道教堂中所有的女人都等着看他脸上的表情。终于，他转过身来，穿过一排排面带讥笑的女人，勇敢地从来的路上走了回去。

出了教堂，穿过广场时，他碰上一个急急忙忙往教堂赶来的姑娘。她看到他时，脸上的焦急变成了恐惧。

“好啊？”他瞪着她冷冷地说。

“唉，弗兰克，我弄错了。我以为是另一个教堂，是靠近集市的那个教堂，我在那儿一直等到差一刻十二点，后来意识到我搞错了。不过，没关系。明天我们也能一样容易地结婚。”

“你真蠢，跟我玩这种游戏！”他生气地答道。

“弗兰克，那我们明天结婚吗？”她问道，并不明白她已惹怒了他。

“明天！”他重复说，大笑起来。“告诉你，我可不想再要一次这样的经历！”

“可是，弗兰克，”她用颤抖的声音恳求说，“这也不是什么大不了的错！亲爱的弗兰克，我们什么时候举行婚礼？”

“哼，什么时候？天知道！”他说着，迅速转身走了。

7 Farmer Boldwood proposes marriage

On Saturday at Casterbridge market Boldwood saw the woman who was disturbing his dreams. For the first time he turned his head and looked at her. It was in fact the first time in his life that he had looked at any woman. Up to now he had considered women to be distant, almost foreign creatures who had nothing to do with him. Now he saw Bathsheba's hair, and every detail of her face. He noticed her figure, her dress, and even her feet. She seemed very beautiful to him, and his heart began to move within him. 'And this woman, this lovely young woman, has asked me to marry her!' he thought. As he was watching Bathsheba selling wheat to another farmer, he was filled with jealousy.

All this time Bathsheba was aware of his eyes on her. At last she had made him look at her! But she would have preferred him to admire her from the beginning, without the encouragement of her valentine. She felt sorry she had disturbed the usual calmness of a man she respected, but considered she could not apologize to him without either offending or encouraging him.

Mr Boldwood did not try to speak to her, and returned home to his farm. He was a man of strong feelings, which normally lay hidden deep inside him. Because he was serious, and did not joke with his neighbours, people thought he was cold. But when he loved or hated, it was with his whole heart. If Bathsheba had known how strong the feelings of this dark and silent figure were, she would have blamed herself terribly for her thoughtlessness. But nobody guessed what lay behind his calm appearance.

A few days later Mr Boldwood was looking at Bathsheba's fields, which were next to his own, when he saw her helping Gabriel Oak with the sheep. To Boldwood, Bathsheba shone like the moon on a dark night. His heart, which had never been touched before, was filled completely with his love for her. He decided to go and speak to her.

As he stopped at the gate of the field, Bathsheba looked up and noticed him. Gabriel was watching her face and saw her blush. He immediately thought of the envelope, with the valentine, that Boldwood had shown him, and suspected Bathsheba of encouraging the farmer to fall in love with her.

Boldwood realized they had noticed him, and suddenly felt unsure of himself. He did not know enough about women to discover from Bathsheba's manner whether she wanted to see him or not. And so he did not enter the field, but walked on, past the gate.

Bathsheba, however, knew that he had come to see her, and felt extremely guilty. She promised herself never again to disturb the peace of this man's life. Unfortunately her promise was made too late, as such promises often are.

It was not until the end of May that Boldwood was brave enough to declare his love. He went to Bathsheba's house, where the maids told him their mistress was watching the sheep-washing. Every spring the sheep were washed in a special pool, to keep their wool clean and to get rid of insects on their skin. Boldwood walked across the fields to the pool, where he found the farm workers busily washing the sheep.

Bathsheba was standing near them, and saw Boldwood coming towards her. She moved away, walking beside the river, but she could hear footsteps behind her in the grass, and felt love all around her, like perfume in the air. Boldwood caught up with her.

'Miss Everdene!' he said quietly.

She trembled, turned, and said, 'Good morning.' She had guessed the truth from the way he spoke those two words.

'I feel—almost too much to think,' he said simply. 'My life does not belong to me any more, Miss Everdene, but to you. I've come to propose marriage to you.'

Bathsheba tried not to show any expression on her face.

'I'm now forty-one,' he continued. 'I've never married, or thought I ever would marry. But we all change, and I changed when I saw you. More than anything else, I want you as my wife.' 'I think, Mr Boldwood, that although I respect you very much, I don't feel—enough for you—to accept your proposal.'

'But my life is worthless without you!' he cried, calm no longer. 'I want you—to let me say I love you, again and again!' Bathsheba remained silent. 'I think and hope you care enough for me to listen to what I have to say!' he added.

Bathsheba was about to ask why he should think that, when she remembered the valentine. After all, it was quite natural for him to think she admired him.

'I wish I could court you with beautiful words,' the farmer went on, 'but I can only say I love you madly and want you for my wife. I wouldn't have proposed if you hadn't allowed me to hope.'

'Mr Boldwood, this is difficult for me! I'm afraid I can't marry you. I'm not in love with you! I should never have sent that valentine—forgive me—it was a thoughtless thing to do.'

'No, no, don't say it was thoughtless! Say it was the beginning of a feeling that you would like me. Just consider whether you can accept me as a husband. I know I'm too old for you, but believe me, I'll take more care of you than a younger man would. You'll have nothing to worry about. You'll have everything you want. God only knows how much you mean to me!'

Bathsheba's young heart was full of pity for this sensitive man who had spoken so simply and honestly.

'Don't say it, don't! You feel so much, and I feel nothing,' she replied. 'Don't discuss it any more. I can't think! Oh, I've given you such pain!'

'Tell me that you don't refuse completely. Give me some hope! May I ask you again? May I think of you?'

'Yes, I suppose so.'

'May I hope you will accept my proposal next time?'

'No, don't hope! I must go now. Give me time to think.'

'Yes, I'll give you time,' he answered gratefully. 'Thank you, I'm happier now.'

'No, please, don't be happier, Mr Boldwood, if happiness only comes from my agreeing! I must think.'

‘I’ll wait,’ he agreed. They turned away from each other, and returned to their separate houses.

7 农场主伯德伍德求婚

星期六，在卡斯特桥的集市上，伯德伍德看到了那个搅乱了他的梦的女人。第一次他扭过头来看她。实际上，这是他有生以来头一次盯着看女人。到目前为止，他一直都把女人当作是遥远的，甚至是陌生的、与他无关的生物。现在，他看到了芭丝谢芭的头发，看到了她脸上的每一处。他注意到了她的身材、她的穿着，甚至她的脚。在他看来她似乎是很美的，他的心开始跳动。“这个女人，这个漂亮、年轻的女人要我和他结婚！”他心想。当他看到芭丝谢芭把麦子卖给另一个农场主时，内心充满嫉妒。

芭丝谢芭知道伯德伍德的眼睛一直在盯着自己。她终于使他开始看她了！不过，她更希望他从一开始就喜欢她，而不是由于情人卡的作用。她打扰了一个为她所尊敬的人的一惯的安宁，她为此感到内疚，可又觉得不能向他道歉，否则，要么会惹恼他，要么便会使他得到鼓励。

伯德伍德先生没有和她说话，他回到了农场的家里。他是一个感情强烈的人，他的情感通常都深深地埋在心底。他严肃，不和邻居们开玩笑，所以人们都觉得他很冷漠。可他爱谁或是恨谁时，却是全心全意的。如果芭丝谢芭知道这个黝黑、沉静的人的感情是多么强烈的话，她一定会为自己的不慎重而自责不已。不过，谁也不知道在他沉静的外表后面藏着什么。

几天后，伯德伍德先生望着与他的地挨着的芭丝谢芭的田地，他看见她在帮着盖伯瑞尔·奥克照料羊群。伯德伍德觉得芭丝谢芭象黑夜的月亮亮着光。他的那颗从不为什么所动的心充满了对她的爱意。他决定去对她表明心声。

他在田地的大门口停住了脚，这时芭丝谢芭抬起头来，注意到了她。盖伯瑞尔看着她，发现她红了脸。他立刻想到伯德伍德给他看的那个装着情人卡的信封，估计是芭丝谢芭引得这位农场主爱上了她。

伯德伍德意识到他们在注意自己，他突然感到没有信心。他不很了解女人，所以无法从芭丝谢芭的态度上弄清她是否愿意见他。所以他没有任何进地里去，而是一直走过了大门。

芭丝谢芭知道他是来看她的，心里感到很不安。她向自己保证决不再打扰这个人平静的生活了。不幸的是，她的保证太晚了，这种保证常常会这样。

直到五月底，伯德伍德才鼓起勇气宣布了他的爱情。他来到芭丝谢芭的家，女仆告诉他女主人去看给羊洗澡了。每年春天都在一个特别的池子里给羊洗澡，这样可以清洁羊毛，也可去除羊身上的寄生虫。伯德伍德穿过田地走向池塘，他发现农场工人们都在那里忙着给羊洗澡。

芭丝谢芭站在他们跟前，她看到伯德伍德向她走来。她走开了，沿着河边走去，她能听到身后草里的脚步声。她感到她的四周弥漫着爱意，象空气中的香味。伯德伍德追上了她。

“伊芙丁小姐！”他轻声叫道。

她颤抖了，转身说，“早晨好。”她从他说话的声音已猜出了他的来意。

“我想得太多了，都想不清了，”他直截了当地说，“伊芙丁小姐，我的生活不再属于我，而是属于你。我是来向你求婚的。”

芭丝谢芭努力地不使感情在脸上表现出来。

“我41岁，”他接着说。“从未结过婚，甚至从未想过会结婚。但人都是变化的，我见到你时，我变了。我现在最迫切需要的就是要你做我的妻子。”

“伯德伍德先生，我觉得尽管我非常尊敬您，但这并不足以让我接受你的求婚。”

“没有你我的生活将毫无意义！”他嚷道，有些沉不住气了。“希望你允许我一遍遍地说我爱你！”芭丝谢芭沉默不语。“我希望你能把我当回事，听我说说我的心里话。”他又说道。

芭丝谢芭正准备问他怎么会这样想时，突然记起了那张情人卡。这样，伯德伍德认为芭丝谢芭喜欢他是很自然的。

“我希望我能用漂亮的言词追求你，”农场主继续说，“但我只能说我爱疯地爱着你，而且想要你做我的妻子。要不是你燃起了我的希望，我是不会求婚的。”

“伯德伍德先生，这对我太难了！恐怕我不能和你结婚。我并不爱你！我不该寄那张情人卡——请原谅——那样做是欠考虑的。”

“不，不，别说那件事是欠考虑的！说它是你喜欢我的开始。考虑一下你是否愿意我做你的丈夫。我明白对你来说我有点太老了，可是相信我，我会比年轻的人照顾得你更好。你没有需要操心的事。你会拥有你需要的一切！只有天知道你对我意味着什么！”

芭丝谢芭那颗年轻的心对这个敏感的人充满了怜悯，他讲得如此的直率和诚恳。

“别这么说，别这么说！你的感情如此强烈，而我却什么都不觉得，”她回答说。“别再说这个了，我无法考虑！唉，我使你这么痛苦！”

“告诉我你并没有完全拒绝我。给我一线希望！我可以再求婚吗？我可以想你吗？”

“可以，我想可以。”

“我可以希望你下次会接受我的求婚吗？”

“不，别抱希望！我现在得走了。给我时间让我想想。”

“行，我给你时间，”他感激地说。“谢谢你，现在我高兴了。”

“请别这样，伯德伍德先生，要是仅仅因为我同意，你就觉得那么高兴，那你就先别高兴！我必须考虑考虑。”

“我可以等，”他同意了。他们分手，各自回到自己的家里。

8 Bathsheba's sheep in danger

Because Bathsheba was not at all in love with Farmer Boldwood, she was able to consider his proposal of marriage calmly. It was an offer which many women of good family in the area would have been delighted to accept. He was serious, respectable and rich. If she had wanted a husband, she could not have found a good reason for refusing to marry him. But she was still enjoying her new position as mistress of a farm and house, and although she respected and liked him, she did not want to marry him. However she was honest enough to feel that, as she had begun the courting by sending him the valentine, she ought not to refuse him now. There was only one person whose opinion she trusted more than her own, and that person was Gabriel Oak. So the next day she decided to ask his advice. She found him with Jan Coggan, sharpening the shears which would be used to shear the sheep.

‘Jan, go and help Joseph with the horses,’ she ordered. ‘I’ll help you, Gabriel. I want to talk to you.’

The shears were sharpened on a stone which was turned by a wheel, which was itself turned by a handle. Bathsheba could not manage the handle, so she held the shears while Gabriel turned the handle. ‘You aren’t holding them right, miss,’ he told her. ‘Let me show you how. He let go of the handle, and put his large hands round hers, to hold the shears. ‘Like that,’ he said, continuing to hold her hands for a peculiarly long time.

‘That’s enough,’ said Bathsheba. ‘I don’t want my hands held! Turn the handle!’ They went on sharpening the shears. ‘Gabriel, what do the men think about me and Mr Bold-wood?’

‘They say you’ll marry him before the end of the year, miss.’

‘What a foolish thing to say! I want you to contradict it, Gabriel.’

‘Well, Bathsheba!’ said Gabriel, staring at her in surprise.

‘Miss Everdene, you mean,’ she said.

‘Well, if Mr Boldwood really asked you to marry him, I’m not going to contradict that, just to please you.’

‘I said I wanted you just to say it wasn’t true that I was going to marry him,’ she said, less confidently.

‘I can say that, if you wish, Miss Everdene. I could also give my opinion of the way you’ve behaved.’

He continued with his work. Bathsheba knew that he would always give his honest opinion, even if she asked him whether she should marry another man, and there was nobody else she could trust. ‘Well, what is your opinion of my behaviour?’ she asked.

‘No good, respectable woman would behave like that,’ he replied. ‘You should never have sent him that valentine.’

Bathsheba blushed angrily. ‘Luckily I don’t care about your opinion! Why do you think I’m not good or respectable, I wonder? Because I didn’t agree to marry you, perhaps!’

‘Not at all.’ said Gabriel quietly. ‘I’ve long ago stopped thinking about that.’

‘Or wishing it, I suppose,’ she said, expecting him to protest that he still loved her.

‘Or wishing It,’ repeated Gabriel calmly.

Bathsheba would not have minded being spoken to angrily by Gabriel for her thoughtlessness, if only he had told her he loved her. But his cold words of blame annoyed her greatly.

‘I cannot allow any man to accuse me of bad behaviour!’ she cried. ‘So you will leave the farm at the end of the week!’

‘All right, I will,’ said Gabriel calmly. ‘In fact I would rather go at once.’

‘Go at once then!’ she replied angrily. ‘Don’t let me see your face any more.’

‘Very well, Miss Everdene.’ And so he took his shears and walked quietly away.

It was only twenty-four hours after Gabriel had left the farm that three men came running to report a disaster to Bathsheba.

‘Sixty of your sheep—’ said Joseph Poorgrass, breathless.

‘Have broken through through the gate said Billy, also breathless.

‘And got into a field of young clover!’ said Laban Tall.

‘They’re eating the clover, and they’re all swollen up!’

‘They’ll all die if someone doesn’t do something!’

‘Oh you fools!’ cried Bathsheba. ‘Go straight to the field and get them out!’ She rushed towards the clover field, followed by the men. Her sheep were all lying down, their stomachs badly swollen. Joseph, Billy and Laban carried the sheep back into their own field, where the poor creatures lay helplessly without moving.

‘Oh, what can I do, what can I do?’ cried Bathsheba.

‘There’s only one way of saving them,’ said Laban.

‘Someone must make a hole in the sheep’s side,’ explained Billy, ‘with a special tool. Then the air comes out, and the sheep will survive.’

‘Can you do it? Can I do it?’ she asked wildly. ‘No, ma’am If it isn’t done very carefully, the sheep will die. Most shepherds can’t even do it.’ ‘Only one man in the area can do it,’ said Joseph.

‘Who is he? Let’s get him!’ said his mistress.

‘It’s Gabriel Oak. Ah, he’s a clever man!’ replied Joseph. ‘That’s right, he certainly is,’ agreed the other two. ‘How dare you say his name to me!’ she said angrily.

‘What about Farmer Boldwood? Perhaps he can do it?’

‘No, ma’am,’ answered Laban. ‘When his sheep ate some clover the other day, and were swollen just like these, he

sent for Cabriel at once, and Gabriel saved their lives. ’

‘I don’t care! Don’t just stand there! Go and find someone! ’ cried Bathsheba. The men ran off, without any clear idea where they were going, and Bathsheba was left alone with her dying sheep. ‘Never will I send for him, never! ’ she promised herself.

One of the sheep jumped high in the air, fell heavily and did not move. It was dead. Bathsheba knew she must swallow her pride, and called to Laban, who was waiting at the gate.

‘Take a horse, and go and find Gabriel, ’ she ordered. ‘Give him a message from me, that he must return at once. ’

Bathsheba and her men waited miserably in the field. Several more sheep jumped wildly into the air, their stomachs horribly swollen and their muscles stiff, then died. At last a rider could be seen across the fields. But it was not Gabriel, it was Laban.

‘He says he won’t come unless you ask him politely, ’ Laban reported to Bathsheba.

‘What! ’ said the young woman, opening her eyes wide. Joseph Poorgrass hid behind a tree in case she became violent. ‘How dare he answer me like that! ’ Another sheep fell dead. The men looked very serious, and did not offer their opinion. Bathsheba’s eyes filled with tears, and she did not try to hide her anger and her injured pride.

‘Don’t cry about it, miss, ’ suggested Billy sympathetically.

‘Why not ask Gabriel in a gentler way? I’m sure he’ll come then. ’ ‘Oh, he’s cruel to me! ’ said Bathsheba, drying her eyes. ‘But I’ll beg him, yes, I’ll have to! ’ She wrote a few words quickly on a piece of paper, and at the last moment added at the bottom:

Gabriel, do not desert me!

She blushed a little as she wrote this, and gave the letter to Laban, who rode off again to find Gabriel.

When Gabriel arrived, Bathsheba knew from his expression which words in her note had made him come. He went straight to work on the swollen sheep, and managed to save almost all of them. When he had finished, Bathsheba came to speak to him.

‘Gabriel, will you stay on with me? ’ she asked, smiling.

‘I will, ’ said Gabriel. And she smiled at him again.

A few days later the sheep—shearing began. The sheep were shorn every year at the beginning of June, and their wool was sold. The shearing was always done in the great barn, which had stood on the farm for four centuries. Today the sunshine poured in on the shearers. Bathsheba was watching them care— fully to make sure that the sheep were not injured, and that all the wool was cut off. Gabriel was the most experienced shearer. He loved being watched by Bathsheba, and felt warm with pride when she congratulated him on his speed.

But he was not happy for long. Farmer Boldwood arrived at the door of the barn, and spoke to Bathsheba. They stepped outside into the bright sunlight to carry on their conversation. Gabriel could not hear what they were saying, but noticed that Bathsheba was blushing. He continued shearing, feeling suddenly very sad. Bathsheba went back to the house, and returned a short while later in her new green riding dress. She and Boldwood were obviously going for a ride together. As Gabriel’s concentration was broken for a moment, his shears cut the sheep’s skin. Bathsheba, at the door of the barn, noticed the animal jump, and saw the blood.

‘Oh Gabriel! ’ she said. ‘Be more careful! ’ Gabriel knew she was aware that she herself had indirectly caused the poor sheep’s wound. But he bravely hid his hurt feelings, and watched Boldwood and Bathsheba ride away, feeling as sure as the other workers that the couple would soon be married.

8 芭丝谢芭的羊群遇到了危险

芭丝谢芭一点儿也不爱农场主伯德伍德，所以她可以平心静气地考虑他的求婚。他的求婚是这个地区许多家境富裕的女人都求之不得的。伯德伍德严谨、可敬，而且富有。如果芭丝谢芭要找一个丈夫的话，她找不出理由来拒绝和他结婚。不过，她现在还相当喜欢她的这个农场女主人的新位置的。尽管她尊敬他，喜欢他，但并不想和他结婚。她诚心诚意地觉得，既然是由于自己给他寄了情人卡而开始了这场求婚，所以不应该现在拒绝他。

只有一个人的意见她比对自己的意见更加信赖，这个人就是盖伯瑞尔·奥克。第二天，她决定去问问他的意见。她发现他和简·考根在一起磨剪羊毛的剪刀。

“简，你去帮约瑟夫弄马去，”她命令说。“我来帮你，盖伯瑞尔。我想和你谈谈。”

剪刀是在一块由一个轮子带着转动的石头上磨快，轮子上按着一个摇柄。芭丝谢芭摇不了摇柄，所以她拿着剪刀，盖伯瑞尔摇摇柄。“小姐，你拿剪刀的方法不对，”他对她说。“我来教你怎么拿。”他松开摇柄，用他的大手握住她的手，拿着剪刀。“像这样拿着，”他说，好半天一直握着她的手。

“行了，”芭丝谢芭说。“我不想让人握着我的手！去摇摇柄！”他们继续磨剪刀。

“盖伯瑞尔，人们怎么看我和伯德伍德先生？”

“小姐，人们说你在年底前会和他结婚。”

“这样说是愚蠢的！盖伯瑞尔，我要你反驳这种说法。”

“怎么回事？芭丝谢芭！”盖伯瑞尔吃惊地瞪着她说。

“你该称呼伊芙丁小姐吧，”她说。

“如果伯德伍德先生真的要你和他结婚，那我并不想为了取悦你而去反驳那种说法。”

“我说我只是想要你说我没有打算和他结婚这回事，”她有点心虚地说。

“伊芙丁小姐，如果你希望，我可以去说。我还可以对你的所作所为谈谈我的看法。”

他继续干他的活。芭丝谢芭知道即使她问他自己是否应该和另一个男人结婚，他也总是会实实在在地说出他的看法的。没有谁比盖伯瑞尔更使她信任了。“那你怎么看我做的那件事？”她问。

“不怎么样，体面的女人不会那样做的，”他回答说。“你决不该送他那张情人卡。”

芭丝谢芭气红了脸。“幸好我不在乎你说的！我不知道你怎么会觉得我不好，不体面！也许是因为我不同意和你结婚！”

“根本不是，”盖伯瑞尔平静地说。“很久以前我就不想那件事了。”

“我猜想也不抱希望了？”她说，希望他会抗议说他仍爱着她。

“不抱希望了，”盖伯瑞尔平静地重复。

若是盖伯瑞尔告诉芭丝谢芭他爱她的话，芭丝谢芭并不会在意他由于她欠考虑而斥责她。但是他责备时冷漠的言词却使她很恼火。

“我不能允许任何人指责我行为不检点！”她大声说。“你这个周末走吧！”

“行，我会走的，”盖伯瑞尔平静地说。“实际上我更愿意现在就走。”

“那现在走吧！”她生气地说。“别再让我看见你。”

“很好，伊芙丁小姐。”他拿起剪刀，默默地走了。

就在盖伯瑞尔刚离开农场一天，三个人跑来向芭丝谢芭报告一起灾难。

“你的60只羊——”约瑟夫·普格拉斯上气不接下气地说。

“冲坏了大门——”比利也上气不接下气地说。

“到了一片长着嫩三叶草的地里！”拉班·托尔说。

“羊正在吃三叶草，肚子都胀起来了！”

“要是不想办法，他们会死的！”

“哼，你们这帮蠢才！”芭丝谢芭嚷道。“快去地里，把羊弄出来！”

她朝长着三叶草的地里跑去，后面跟着那几个人。她的羊肚子胀得鼓鼓的，全都躺着。约瑟夫、比利和拉班把羊扛回它们自己的地里，那些可怜的羊一动也不动地躺在那里。

“哎呀，我该怎么办，我该怎么办？”芭丝谢芭大声地说着。

“要救这些羊只有一个办法，”拉班说。

“用一种特殊的工具在羊身体的一侧钻一个洞，”比利解释说，“肚子里的气出来，羊就有救了。”

“你会干吗？我会干吗？”她气急败坏地问。

“不会，小姐。如果操作不当，羊会死的。大多数牧羊人也都干不了。”

“这个地方只有一个人能干这个事，”约瑟夫说。

“是谁？我们去找他！”女主人说。

“盖伯瑞尔·奥克。他是个聪明的人！”约瑟夫回答说。

“对，他是很聪明，”另外两人附和着说。

“你们怎敢在我面前提他的名字！”她生气地说。“农场主伯德伍德怎么样？也许他会？”

“不行，小姐，”拉班答道。“那天他的羊吃了三叶草，肚子鼓得也像这样，他立刻派人去请盖伯瑞尔，盖伯瑞尔把羊救活了。”

“我不管这些！别站在那儿！去找个人来！”芭丝谢芭大声说。那几个人走了，并不知道该往哪里去。只剩下芭丝谢芭和她快死的羊。

“我决不去请他，决不！”她暗自下决心。

一只羊跳了起来，重重地落在地上，不动了。羊死了。芭丝谢芭明白她必须收起她的自尊，她招呼等在大门口的拉班。

“牵一匹马，去把盖伯瑞尔找来，”她命令说。“告诉他我说了他必须立刻回来。”

芭丝谢芭和她的雇工在地里苦苦地等着。又有几只羊抽疯似地跳了起来，它们的肚子鼓得可怕，肌肉僵硬，然后死了。终于，看到一个人骑着马穿过了田地。但却不是盖伯瑞尔，而是拉班。

“他说除非你客气地请他，否则他不回来，”拉班向芭丝谢芭报告说。

“什么！”这年轻女人说，眼睛瞪得大大的。约瑟夫·普格拉斯藏到了树后，害怕她会发作。“他怎么敢这样答复我！”又有一只羊落在地上死了。人们表情严肃，不发表意见。芭丝谢芭的眼里满是泪水。她并不想隐藏她的愤怒和受伤的自尊心。

“别哭，小姐，”比利同情地建议说“干吗不用更客气的方式去请盖伯瑞尔呢？我敢保证他会来的。”

“唉，他对我很冷酷！”芭丝谢芭擦干眼泪说。“我会恳求他，当然，我只能恳求他！”她在一张纸上很快地写了几个字，最后又在下边加了一句：

盖伯瑞尔，别抛弃我！

写这个时，她脸红了。她把信给了拉班，拉班又骑马去找盖伯瑞尔去了。

盖伯瑞尔来了，芭丝谢芭从他的表情得知是字条上的话促使他来的。他立即着手给那些肚子鼓胀的羊治病，差不多把所有的羊都救活了。他干完时，芭丝谢芭走过来跟他说话。

“盖伯瑞尔，你愿意继续留在我这儿吗？”她笑着问。

“愿意，”盖伯瑞尔说。她又冲他笑笑。

几天后，开始剪羊毛了。每年六月初剪羊毛，然后把羊毛卖掉。剪羊毛总是在巨大的仓房进行，这个仓房在农场已有四百年了。这一天，阳光照在剪羊毛的人的身上。芭丝谢芭仔细地看他们，她要确保羊没有被伤着，而且羊毛也剪干净了。盖伯瑞尔剪得最熟练。他很愿意让芭丝谢芭看着，当她祝贺他剪得快时，他感到无比自豪。

不过，他没高兴多久。农场主伯德伍德来到了仓房门口，和芭丝谢芭说话。他们走出去，在灿烂阳光下继续着他们的谈话。盖伯瑞尔听不到他们在说什么，但他注意到芭丝谢芭脸红了。他继续剪着羊毛，突然感到很沮丧。芭丝谢芭回到屋里，片刻又返身出来，穿着崭新的绿色骑马服。她显然要与伯德伍德一起去骑马。由于盖伯瑞尔注意力不集中，他的剪子剪到了羊的皮肉。在仓房门口的芭丝谢芭注意到那只牲畜跳了一下，也看到了血。

“喂，盖伯瑞尔！”她说。“当心点！”盖伯瑞尔知道芭丝谢芭意识到她自己是一只可怜的羊受伤的间接原因。盖伯瑞尔坚强地藏起自己受伤的感情，看着伯德伍德和芭丝谢芭一同骑马走了，像其他雇工一样确信这一对很快就会结婚。

9 Bathsheba meets a handsome soldier

Farmers always gave a special supper to the sheep shearers when they had finished their work. This year Bathsheba had ordered her maids to put a long table in the garden, with the top end of the table just inside the house. The farm workers took their seats, and she sat at the top of the table, so that she was with them, but a little apart. There was an empty place at the bottom of the table. At first she asked Gabriel to sit there, but just then Mr Boldwood arrived, apologizing for his lateness. 'Gabriel,' said Bathsheba, 'will you move again please, and let Mr Boldwood sit there?' Gabriel moved away in silence to another seat. They all ate and drank, and celebrated the end of the sheep-shearing by singing their favourite songs. Mr Boldwood seemed unusually cheerful, and at the end of the meal he left his seat and went to join Bathsheba at her end of the table, just inside the sitting-room. It was growing dark, but Gabriel and the other men could not avoid noticing how Boldwood looked at her. It was clear that the middle-aged farmer was deeply in love.

After a while Bathsheba said goodnight to her farm workers, and closed the sitting-room door and windows. Now she and Boldwood were alone. Kneeling in front of her, he took her hands.

'Tell me, tell me what you've decided!' he begged. 'I'll try to love you,' she answered in a trembling voice. 'And if you think I'll make a good wife, I'll agree to marry you. But, Mr Boldwood, any woman would hesitate before deciding on something as important as marriage. Could you wait a few weeks until I'm sure?'

'I'll be away on business for five or six weeks anyway. Do you really think that by that time you will...'

'I feel almost sure that when you come back, at harvest time, I'll be able to promise to marry you. But, remember, I can't promise yet.'

'I don't ask for anything more. I can wait. Goodnight, Miss Everdene!' And he left her. Bathsheba now realized how thoughtlessly she had behaved towards him, and understood how deeply he loved her. She was very sorry for her mistake and was therefore punishing herself by agreeing to marry him.

That evening she went round the farm as usual, lighting her lamp whenever necessary, to check that all the animals were safe. On her way back, she was walking along the narrow public path which led to her house. It was very dark there, among the trees, and she was a little surprised to hear some footsteps coming towards her. It was unfortunate that she would meet the traveller at the darkest point of the path. As she was about to pass the dark shape, something seemed to attach her skirt to the ground, and she had to stop. 'What's happened? Have I hurt you, friend?' a man asked.

'No,' said Bathsheba, trying to pull her skirt away.

'Ah! You're a lady! The spur on my boot has got tied up with your dress. Have you got a lamp? I'll light it for you.'

The light from the lamp shone suddenly on a handsome young man in a bright red and gold army uniform. He looked admiringly at Bathsheba.

'Thank you for letting me see such a beautiful face!' he said.

'I didn't want to show it to you,' she said coldly, blushing. 'Please undo your spur quickly!' He bent down to pull rather lazily at his boots. 'You are making it even worse,' she accused him angrily, 'to keep me here longer!'

'Oh no, surely not,' smiled the soldier. 'Don't be angry. I was doing it so that I could have the pleasure of apologizing to such a lovely woman.' Bathsheba had no idea what to say. She wondered whether to escape by pulling the material away, but did not want to tear her best dress.

'I've seen many women in my life,' continued the young man, staring into her face, 'but I've never seen a woman as beautiful as you. I don't care if you're offended, that's the truth.'

'Who are you, then, if you don't care who you offend?'

'People know me in Weatherbury. My name's Sergeant Troy. Ah, you see, your skirt's free now! I wish you and I had been tied together for ever!'

She pulled her dress quickly away from his spurs, and ran up the path and into her house. The next day she discovered from Liddy that Sergeant Troy's supposed father was a doctor, but people said his real father was a nobleman. He had been brought up in Weatherbury, and was well known as a young soldier with a great interest in girls. Bathsheba could not remain angry for long with someone who admired her as much as he obviously did. It was unfortunate that Boldwood, when courting her, had forgotten to tell her, even once, that she was beautiful.

Sergeant Troy was certainly an unusual man. He lived only in the present, caring nothing for the past or the future. Because he never expected anything, he was never disappointed. To men he usually told the truth, but to women, never. He was intelligent and well-educated, and proud of his success with women.

A week or two after the sheep-shearing, Bathsheba was in the hayfields, where her workers were cutting the hay. She was surprised to see a bright red figure appear from behind a cart. Sergeant Troy had come to help on the farm. She blushed as the young soldier came to speak to her.

'Miss Everdene!' he said. 'I didn't realize it was the "Queen of Casterbridge market" I was speaking to the other night. I apologize for expressing my feelings so strongly to you 102 then. Of course, I'm not a stranger here. I often helped your uncle on the farm, and now I'm helping you.'

'I suppose I must thank you for that,' replied the Queen of Casterbridge market rather ungratefully.

'You're cross because I was honest when I spoke to you that night. But I couldn't look at you, and say you aren't beautiful!'

'You are pretending, Sergeant Troy!' said Bathsheba, laughing in spite of herself at his clever way of talking.

'No, Miss Everdene, you must let me say how lovely you are! What's wrong with that?'

'It's wrong because—it isn't true,' she said, hesitating.

'But you know that everybody notices how beautiful you are, don't you?'

'Well, no—that is, I've heard Liddy say they do, but...' She paused. She had never intended to become involved in this

kind of conversation with the soldier, but somehow he had trapped her into replying. Thank you for helping the men with the hay, she continued. ‘But please don’t speak to me again. ’

‘Oh Miss Bathsheba! That’s too hard! I won’t be here long. I’m going back to the army in a month. ’

‘But you don’t really care about a word from me, do you?’

‘I do, Miss Everdene. Perhaps you think it’s foolish of me to want just a “good morning”, but you have never loved a beautiful woman like yourself, as I do. ’

‘But you only saw me the other night! I don’t believe you could fall in love so fast. I won’t listen to you any more. I wish I knew what time it was. I’ve spent too much time with you.

‘Haven’t you got a watch, miss? I’ll give you one, ’ and he handed her a heavy gold watch. ‘That watch belonged to a nobleman, my father, and is all the inheritance I have. ’

‘But Sergeant Troy, I can’t take this! It’s your father’s, and so valuable! ’ said Bathsheba, horrified.

‘I loved my father, true, but I love you more. ’ The young man was not pretending now, as he looked at Bathsheba’s beautiful, excited face.

‘Can it be true, that you love me? You have seen so little of me! Please take it back! ’

‘Will then, I’ll take it, ’ he said, ‘because it’s all I have to prove that I come of good family. But will you speak to me while I’m in Weatherbury? Will you let me work in your fields?’

‘Yes! Or no, I don’t know! Oh, why did you come and disturb me like this! ’

‘Perhaps, in setting a trap, I’ve caught myself. Such things sometimes happen. Goodbye, Miss Everdene! ’

Blushing and almost crying, Bathsheba hurried home, whispering to herself, ‘Oh what have I done? What does it mean? I wish I knew how much of what he says is true!

9 芭丝谢芭遇到一位英俊的士兵

农场主们在剪羊毛的人剪完羊毛后，总要设宴款待他们一次。今年，芭丝谢芭命令女仆们在院子里摆了一张长桌子，桌子的上端在屋子里。雇工们入了座，她在主座上坐下。这样，她和他们既坐在一起，又保持一点距离。在桌子的尾端空着一个位子。起初，芭丝谢芭让盖伯瑞尔坐在那里，但伯德伍德刚好来了，抱歉地说他来晚了。

“盖伯瑞尔，”芭丝谢芭说，“请你再动一下，让伯德伍德先生坐在那里好吗？”盖伯瑞尔默默地移到了另一个座位上。人们一边吃喝，一边唱着自己喜爱的歌曲，庆祝剪羊毛的结束。伯德伍德好像异常兴奋，宴会快结束时，他离开他的座位，到位于起居室的桌子上端，和芭丝谢芭坐在了一起。天渐渐黑了，盖伯瑞尔和其他人都注意到伯德伍德看芭丝谢芭的样子。很显然，这位中年农场主坠入了情网。

过了一会，芭丝谢芭和她的雇工道别，关上了起居室的门和窗户。现在，只剩下她和伯德伍德。他跪在她的面前，握住她的手。

“告诉我，告诉我你的决定！”他恳求地说。

“我将尽量爱你，”她用颤抖的声音回答。“如果你觉得我会是一个好妻子，我会同意和你结婚。可是，伯德伍德先生，任何女人在决定像婚姻这样的大事时，都会犹豫的。在我决定之前，你能等几个星期吗？”

“我由于业务上的事会离开五、六个星期。你真的觉得那时你会……”

“我几乎敢肯定你在收割季节回来时，我就能答应和你结婚。不过，记住，我现在不能许诺。”

“我不要求别的。我可以等待。晚安，伊芙丁小姐！”他们分手了。

芭丝谢芭现在意识到她当初的举动是多么的轻率，她也明白他是多么深地爱着自己。她对自己所犯的错误非常内疚，因此，想以与他结婚来惩罚自己。

那天晚上，她像通常一样到农场各处去查看是否所有的牲口都安然无恙。她不时地把灯点着。回去的时候，她沿着一条能通到她的屋子的小路走着。小路从树林中穿过，所以很黑。听到有脚步声走来，她有点吃惊。糟糕的是她与这位旅行者相遇的地方恰好是路上最黑的地方。她正要与那个黑色人影擦肩而过时，地面上有什么东西挂住了她的裙子，她只好站住。

“怎么了？我伤着你了吗，朋友？”一个男人的声音问。

“没有，”芭丝谢芭说，使劲地扯裙子。

“噢，是一位女士！我靴子上的马刺把你的裙子缠住了。你有灯吗？我给你照着。”

灯光照在一个英俊的年轻人身上，他身穿大红色和金色相间的军装。他赞赏地看着芭丝谢芭。

“谢谢你让我看到一张如此美丽的面庞！”他说。

“我不想让你看我的脸，”她冷冷地说，红了脸。“请你赶快松开你的马刺！”他弯腰慢慢地拉他的靴子。“你把事情搞得更糟了，”她生气地指责，“让我在这儿呆这么久！”

“噢，不，我没有那个意思，”士兵笑着说。“别生气。我这样做就有机会向一位可爱的女人道歉，这是我很乐意做的。”

芭丝谢芭不知说什么好。她在想是否该拽出裙子，赶快走开，可她不想撕坏自己最好的裙子。

“我一生中见过许多女人，”年轻人盯着她，继续说，“但我从未见过像你一样漂亮的女子。我不在乎你是否生气，我说的是实话。”

“如果你不在意你惹了谁，那你谁呢？”

“威瑟伯里的人都认识我，我是托伊中士。你看，裙子解开了！我真希望我和你能永远拴在一起！”

她迅速把裙子从马刺上拉开，沿着路跑回了屋里。第二天，芭丝谢芭从利蒂那里得知托伊中士所谓的父亲是一个医生，人们说他真正的父亲是个贵族。他在威瑟伯里长大，人人都知道他是个对女孩子有极大兴趣的年轻士兵。对于一个像他这样明显地赞赏自己的人，芭丝谢芭不会生他的气。多么遗憾，伯德伍德在追求她时，一次也没提起她长得漂亮。

托伊中士当然不是一般的人，他只管眼前，不考虑过去和将来。由于他从不期望什么，所以他也从未失望过。对男人，他是讲真话的，但对女人，却从没有一句实话。他聪明，受过良好的教育，对自己在女人方面所取得的成功很自豪。

在剪完羊毛一、两周后，芭丝谢芭正在干草地里，她的雇工们正在割草。她很惊讶地看到马车后面走出一个红色的人影。托伊中士来到农场帮忙。当年轻士兵走上前来和她讲话时，她红了脸。

“伊芙丁小姐！”他说。“我没有意识到那天晚上和我讲话的是‘卡斯特桥市场的女王’。我为自己当时露骨的表白道歉。当然，我在这儿也不是外人。我过去常帮你叔叔在农场干活，现在我帮你。”

“既然如此，那我得谢谢你了，”卡斯特桥市场的女王不领情地说。

“你因为那天晚上我对你说了实话生气了。可我不能看着你，说你不漂亮！”

“托伊中士，你在说谎！”芭丝谢芭为他聪明的谈话方式忍不住笑起来。

“没有，伊芙丁小姐，你一定要允许我说你是多么地漂亮！这有什么错呢？”

“有错，因为这不是真的，”她有点犹豫地说。

“你心里清楚人们都注意到你是多么的漂亮，难道不是吗？”

“不，我只听利蒂说过人们都这么说，可是……”她不说了，她根本没想过跟这个士兵谈论这个，是他设计让她回答这个问题。“谢谢你帮着割草，”她接着说。“别再跟我讲话了。”

“欧，芭丝谢芭小姐！这太不近人情了！我在这儿呆不了多久。我一个月后就要回军队去。”

“我说话对你根本无所谓，不是吗？”

“不，伊芙丁小姐，我只听一声‘早安’就满足了，也许你觉得这样很傻，但你从未像我一样爱上一个你这样漂亮的女人。”

“可你只是那天晚上才见到我！我不信你这么快就会爱上我。我不想听你再说下去。我希望我知道现在几点了。我跟你呆的时间太长了。”

“你没表吗，小姐？我给你一块，”他递给她一块沉甸甸的金表。“这块表属于一个贵族，我的父亲，是我继承的全部财产。”

“托伊中士，我不能要这块表！这是你父亲的，而且如此珍贵！”芭丝谢芭惊恐地说。

“我爱我的父亲，这不假，可我更爱你。”这个年轻人看着芭丝谢芭美丽、激动的面庞，不无真情地说。

“你爱我，这会是真的吗？你根本就没见过我几次！请你把这块表拿回去！”

“既然如此，我就不给你了，”他说，“它是证实我出身高贵的唯一的東西。我在威瑟伯里这段时期你会跟我讲话吗？你会让我在你的地里干活吗？”

“会的！也许不会，我不知道！唉，你为什么要来这样打扰我呢！”

“也许是为了设陷阱，我把自己陷住了。这种事情有时也会发生。再见，伊芙丁小姐！”

芭丝谢芭红着脸，差不多都要哭了，匆忙回到了家。她低声自语着，“唉，我都干了些什么？这意味着什么？我希望我知道他说的有多少是真话！”

10 Bathsheba in love

Once or twice during the next few days Bathsheba saw Troy working in her hayfields. He behaved in a pleasant, friendly manner towards her, and she began to lose her fear of him.

‘Cutting your hay is harder work than sword practice!’ he told her one day, a smile lighting up his handsome face.

‘Is it? I’ve never seen sword practice,’ she answered.

‘Ah! Would you like to?’ asked Troy.

Bathsheba hesitated. She had heard wonderful stories from people who had watched soldiers practising, stories of shining metal flashing through the air.

‘I would like to see it, very much.’

‘Well, I’ll show you. I can get a sword by this evening. Will you...’ and he bent over her, whispering in her ear.

‘Oh no!’ said Bathsheba, blushing. ‘I couldn’t.’

‘Surely you could? Nobody would know.’

‘Well, if I came, Liddy would have to come with me.’

‘I don’t see why you want to bring her,’ Troy said coldly.

‘Well then, I won’t bring her—and I’ll come. But only for a very short time.’

So at eight o’clock that evening, Bathsheba found herself, in spite of her doubts, climbing the hill near her house and going down the other side. Now she was in what seemed like a natural theatre, a deep, round hollow in the ground. It was completely hidden from her house and the path. This was the place where Troy had asked her to meet him.

And Troy, in his bright red uniform, was there.

‘Now, he said, producing his sword, which flashed in the evening sunlight, ‘let me show you. One, two, three, four. Like this! A sword can kill a man in a second.’

Bathsheba saw a kind of rainbow in the air, and gasped.

‘How cruel and murderous!’ she cried.

‘Yes. Now I’ll pretend to fight you. You are my enemy, but the only difference from a real fight is that I’ll miss you each time. Stand in front of me, and don’t move!’

Bathsheba was beginning to enjoy this. ‘I’ll just test you first,’ added Troy, ‘to see whether you’re brave enough.’

The sword flashed in the air, from her left to right side. It seemed to go through her body. But there it was again in Troy’s hand, perfectly clean and free from blood.

‘Oh!’ she cried, frightened. ‘Have you killed me? No, you haven’t! How did you do it?’

‘I haven’t touched you,’ said Troy quietly. ‘Now, you aren’t afraid, are you? I promise I won’t hurt you, or even touch you.’

‘I don’t think I’m afraid. Is the sword very sharp?’

‘Oh no—just stand very still. Now!’

In a second, Bathsheba could no longer see the sky or the ground. The shining weapon flashed above, around and in front of her, catching light from the low sun and whistling as it rushed through the air. Never had Sergeant Troy managed his sword better than today.

‘Your hair is a little untidy,’ he said. ‘Allow me,’ and before she could move or speak, a curl dropped to the ground.

‘You are very brave, for a woman!’ he congratulated her.

‘It was because I didn’t expect it. Now I’m afraid of you, I am, really!’

‘This time I won’t even touch your hair. I’m going to kill that insect on your dress. Stand still!’

Not daring to tremble, she saw the point of his sword coming towards her heart, and, sure that this time she would die, closed her eyes. But when she opened them, she saw the insect, dead, on the point of the sword.

‘It’s magic!’ she cried. ‘And how could you cut off one of my curls with a sword that isn’t sharp?’

‘It’s sharper than any knife,’ he said. ‘I had to lie to you about that, to give you the confidence to stand still.’

Bathsheba’s feelings were almost too much for her to control, and she sat down suddenly in the grass.

‘I could have died,’ she whispered.

‘You were perfectly safe,’ Troy told her. ‘My sword never makes a mistake. I must leave you now. I’ll keep this to remind me of you.’ He bent to pick up the curl of hair, which he put carefully in his pocket, next to his heart. She was not strong enough to say or do anything. He came closer, bent again, and a minute later his red coat disappeared through the grass. Bathsheba blushed guiltily and tears rolled down her face. In that minute Troy had kissed her on the lips.

Determined, independent women often show their weakness when they fall in love, and Bathsheba had very little experience of the world, or of men. It was as difficult for her to see Troy’s bad qualities, which he kept carefully hidden, as to admire Gabriel Oak’s good ones, which were not all obvious at first sight.

One evening a few days later, Gabriel went to find his mistress. He knew that she was falling in love, and had decided to warn her of the mistake she was making. He found her walking along a path through the fields.

‘I was worried about your walking alone, miss,’ he said.

‘It’s rather late, and there are some bad men in the area. ’ He was hoping to introduce Troy’s name as one of the ‘bad men’ .

‘I never meet any, ’ said Bathsheba lightly.

Gabriel tried again. ‘Farmer Boldwood will be taking care of you in future, of course. ’

‘What do you mean, Gabriel? ’

‘Well, when you and he are married, miss, as everybody expects. You’ve let him court you, after all. ’

‘Everybody is wrong, Gabriel. I didn’t promise him any—thing. I respect him, but I won’t marry him. ’

‘I wish you had never met that young Sergeant Troy, 114 miss, ’ he said sadly. ‘He’s not good enough for you. ’

‘How dare you say that! He’s of good family, and well—educated! ’ replied Bathsheba angrily.

‘He can’t be trusted, miss. Don’t trust him, I beg you. ’

‘He’s as good as anybody in the village! He goes to church regularly! He told me so himself. ’

‘I’m afraid nobody has ever seen him in church. I certainly haven’t. ’ Cabriel’s heart ached when he saw how completely Bathsheba trusted the soldier.

‘That’s because he enters by the old tower door and sits at the back, where he can’t be seen, ’ she replied eagerly.

‘You know, mistress, ’ said Gabriel in a deep voice full of sadness, ‘that I love you and shall love you for ever. I accept that I can’t marry you now that I’m poor. But Bathsheba, dear mistress, think of your position! Be careful of your behaviour towards this soldier Mr Boldwood is sixteen years older than you. Consider how well he would lood after you! ’

‘Leave my farm, Cabriel, ’ said Bathsheba, her face white with anger. ‘You can’t speak like that to me, your mistress! ’

‘Don’t be foolish! You’ve already sent me away once. How would you manage without me? No, although I’d like to have my own farm, I’ll stay with you, and you know why. ’

‘Well, I suppose you can stay if you wish. Will you leave me here now please? I ask not as your mistress, but as a woman.

‘Of course, Miss Everdene, ’ said Gabriel gently. He was a little surprised by her request, as it was getting dark, and they were on a lonely hill some way from her house. As she moved away from him, the reason became clear. The figure of a soldier appeared on the hill and came to meet Bathsheba. Gabriel turned away and walked sadly home. On his way he passed the church, where he looked closely at the old tower door. It was covered with climbing plants, and clearly had not been used for years.

Half an hour later Bathsheba arrived home, with Troy’s words of love still in her ears. He had kissed her a second time. Wild and feverish with excitement, she sat down imme-diately to write to Boldwood, to inform him that she could not marry him. The letter would reach him on his business trip. She was so enger to send the letter at once that she called Liddy to post it.

‘Liddy, tell me, ’ she said urgently, when her maid entered the room, promise me that Sergeant Troy isn’t a bad man. Promise me that he doesn’t chase girls, as people say! ’

‘But, miss, how can I say he doesn’t if he—’

‘Don’t be so cruel, Liddy! Say you don’t believe he’s had! ’

‘I don’t know what to say, miss, ’ said Liddy, beginning to cry. ‘I’ll make you angry whatever I say! ’

‘Oh, how weak I am! How I wish I’d never seen him! You see how much I love him, Liddy! Don’t tell anyone my secret, Liddy! ’

‘I’ll keep your secret, miss, ’ said Liddy gently.

10 芭丝谢芭坠入情网

以后的几天中, 芭丝谢芭有一两次看到托伊在干草地里干活。他对她表现出一种和蔼、友好的态度, 她不再害怕他了。

“给你割草比练剑更苦!” 一天, 他对她说, 英俊的脸上带着微笑, 更加容光焕发。

“是吗? 我从没见过练剑,” 她答道。

“你愿意看一次吗?” 托伊问。

芭丝谢芭有点犹豫。她曾听过看过战士练剑的人讲那些美妙的故事, 关于闪亮的金属在空中飞舞的故事。

“我非常愿意看看。”

“好, 我表演给你看。我今晚可以弄到一把剑。那你……” 他俯身对她耳语着。

“噢, 不!” 芭丝谢芭羞红了脸说。“我不能。”

“你当然可以。谁也不会知道。”

“要是我来, 利蒂也得跟我来。”

“我不懂你为什么要把她,” 托伊冷冷地说。

“那好吧, 我不带她——我自己来。不过, 只来一小会儿。”

那天晚上八点, 尽管疑虑重重, 芭丝谢芭还是上了她家附近的那座山, 然后又从山的另一面下了山。现在她来到的地方看起来像一个天然剧场, 一个很深的、圆形的谷底。无论是从她的房里还是从路上都看不到这个地方。这就是托伊要她和他会面的地方。

身着大红军眼的托伊正等在那里。

“现在,” 他拿出剑说, 剑在夕阳的余辉中闪着光, “让我给你表演表演。一、二、三、四。像这样! 倾刻间剑能杀死一个人。”

芭丝谢芭看到空中有一种彩虹, 她有点透不过气来。

“多么残酷凶险啊!” 她喊道。

“是的。现在我假装和你搏斗。你是敌人，唯一不同于真的搏斗的是每次我都不击中你。站在我面前，别动！”

芭丝谢芭觉得这样挺好玩的。“我先考验你一下，”托伊又说，“看你是否勇敢。”

剑从她的左边至右边，在空中一闪而过。就像穿她的身体而过。可它又落到了托伊手中，干净如初，没有一点血污。

“天哪！”她惊恐地喊到。“你杀死我了吗？不，没有！你是怎么弄的？”

“我没碰你，”托伊平静地说。“怎么，你害怕了，是吗？我说过不会伤着你，连碰都不会碰着你。”

“我并不以为自己害怕。剑很锋利吗？”

“不锋利，站着别动。好！”

刹那间，芭丝谢芭既看不到天也看不到地。剑光闪闪，在她的周围上下翻飞，映着夕阳的余晖，在空中呼啸作声。托伊中士从未像今天这样把剑练得这么好。

“你的头发有点乱，”他说，“允许我，”她还没能动一下或说句话，一绺儿头发已落到了地上。“作为一个女人，你非常勇敢！”他赞叹道。

“那是因为我不知道你会这样。现在，我害怕你了，真的！”

“这次，我都不会碰着你的头发。我要杀死你裙子上的那个虫子。站着别动！”

甚至都不敢抖一下，她看到他的剑尖向自己的心脏刺来。她闭上了眼，确信这次自己必死无疑，等她睁开眼时，她看到那条虫子在剑尖上死了。

“太神奇了！”她叫起来。“你怎么能用不锋利的剑削掉我的头发呢？”

“这把剑比任何一把刀都锋利，”他说，“我只能对你说谎，为的是让你有信心站着别动。”

芭丝谢芭无法控制自己的感情，她跌坐在草地上。

“我差点没了命，”她低声说。

“你绝对安全，”托伊对她说。“我的剑不会出半点差错。现在，我得走了。这个我得留着，好让我想着你。”他弯腰拎起那绺头发，仔细地放到衣袋里，紧贴着他的心口。她仍然软得说不出话，动弹不得。他走近她，俯下身来，他的红上衣马上就消失在草丛里了。她负疚地脸红了，流下了眼泪。就在这一刻，托伊吻了她的双唇。

自主强干的女人坠入情网时，往往会暴露出自身的弱点。芭丝谢芭不谙世事，也不了解男人，因此她很难看到托伊精心掩藏的坏品质，也就无法欣赏盖伯瑞尔·奥克的好品质，况且这种好的品质在初识时并不明显。

几天后的一个晚上，盖伯瑞尔去找他的女主人。他知道她在恋爱，于是决定告诫她，她正在犯错误。他找到她时，她正在田间的一条小路上散步。

“你一个人散步，我挺替你担心，小姐，”他说。“天很晚了，这一带可是有那么几个坏蛋哪！”他是想引出托伊的名字，把他归在“那么几个坏蛋”里。

“我一个也没碰见，”芭丝谢芭轻声说。

盖伯瑞尔重新试探。“将来伯德伍德农场主就会照料你了。”

“你什么意思，盖伯瑞尔？”

“我是说，你和他结婚以后，小姐。大家都这样想。总归是你让他向你求婚的呀。”

“大家都想错了，盖伯瑞尔。我什么也没答应他，我尊重他，可我不会嫁给他的。”

“你真不该见那个年轻的托伊中士，小姐。”他哀伤地说。“他可不大会配得上你。”

“你怎么敢这样说呢！他家境好，又受过良好的教育。”芭丝谢芭生气地回答道。

“他这个人不可信，小姐。别信他，求你啦。”

“他和这个村里的其他任何人都一样，按时上教堂，这是他亲口对我说的。”

“恐怕谁也没在教堂里见过他吧，我是肯定没见过他。”盖伯瑞尔看到芭丝谢芭那样信任那个士兵，心都痛了。

“那是因为他总是从旧塔门进教堂，而且总坐在后排人们看不见的地方。”她急切地回答道。

“你知道吗，主人，”盖伯瑞尔声音低沉，充满伤感，“我爱你，而且将永远爱你。我承认现在我穷，无法娶你。可是芭丝谢芭，我亲爱的主人，你也得想一想自己的情况啊！与那个兵交往时要小心。伯德伍德先生大你16岁，你想想，他肯定会照料好你的！”

“盖伯瑞尔，你得离开我的农场，”芭丝谢芭说，她的脸气得发白。“你不能用那样的口气和我说话，我是你的女主人！”

“别傻了！你已经把我赶走一次了，你没有我怎么能行？不行的。虽然我也想有自己的农场，可是我还是要留下来，你知道这是为了什么。”

“那好吧，如果你想留下来，也可以。不过，请你现在走开好吗？我作为一个女人，而不是你的女主人，求你了。”

“当然可以，伊芙丁小姐。”盖伯瑞尔轻声说道。她的请求令他稍感意外，因为此刻天已渐黑，而此处又是一座偏僻寂静的山上，离开住所尚有一段距离。随着她转身走开，理由便明白了。一个士兵的身影出现在山上，前来与芭丝谢芭相会。盖伯瑞尔转过身去，伤心地回家去了。路过教堂时，他仔细查看了一下那个旧塔门，只见上面覆满藤蔓，显然已经有些年头没有人出入了。

半小时后，芭丝谢芭回到了家，满耳朵灌着托伊的情话。他第二次吻了她，使她激动不已，热情高涨。于是，她立刻坐下来给伯德伍德写信，告诉他自己不能嫁给他。这封信会在他外出办事途中送到他的手里。她急于马上把信发出，于是叫来利蒂，让她去寄。

“利蒂，你告诉我，”她的女仆进屋后，她便急切地说。“对我保证托伊中士不是坏人，对我保证他不像人们说的那样追逐女人。”

“可是，小姐，他追不追女人我也不好说呀……”

“别这么让我痛苦啦，利蒂。对我说你不相信他是坏人。”

“我不知道说什么好，小姐，”利蒂说着哭了起来。“不管我说什么，都会让你生气的！”

“哎呀，我可真软弱，我真不该看见他！你知道我爱他爱极了，利蒂！你千万别把我的秘密告诉别人啊，利蒂！”

“我会替你保密的，小姐。”利蒂轻声地说。

Liddy was allowed a week's holiday to visit her sister, who lived a few miles away. To avoid seeing Mr Boldwood, Bathsheba herself arranged to visit Liddy at her sister's home for a day or two. She left her cleaning-woman, Maryann, in charge of the house, and set out on foot one evening.

She had walked only about two miles when she saw, coming towards her, the one man who she did not wish to see. His changed appearance showed her that he had received her letter.

'Oh, is it you, Mr Boldwood?' she said, with a guilty blush.

'You know how I feel about you,' he said slowly. 'A love as strong as death. A letter cannot change that feeling.'

'Don't speak of it,' she whispered.

'Then I have nothing to say. Your letter was excellently clear. We are not going to marry.'

Bathsheba said confusedly, 'Good evening,' and walked on a little further. But Boldwood could not let her go.

'Bathsheba—darling—is it really final?'

'Indeed it is.'

'Oh Bathsheba, have pity on me! I am mad with love for you! Don't refuse me now! You turned to me, and encouraged me, before I ever thought of you!'

'What you call encouragement was a childish joke. I'm deeply sorry I sent the valentine. Must you go on reminding me of it?'

'I love you too much to blame you for it! Bathsheba, you are the first woman I have ever loved. How nearly you promised to marry me! What has happened to your kindness towards me?'

Bathsheba looked him quietly and openly in the face and said, 'Mr Boldwood, I promised you nothing.'

'How can you be so heartless! If I had known how awfully bitter this love would be, I'd have avoided you, and been deaf to you! I tell you all this, but what do you care!'

Bathsheba's control was breaking. She shook her head desperately as the man's angry words rained down on her.

'Forgive me, sir! I can't love as you can!'

'That's not a good reason, Miss Everdene! You aren't the cold woman you're pretending to be! You're hiding the fact that you've a burning heart like mine. Your love is given to another man!'

He knows! she thought. He knows about Frank!

'Why didn't Troy leave my darling alone?' he continued fiercely. 'Tell me honestly, if you hadn't met him, would you have accepted my proposal?'

She delayed her answer, but she was too honest to stay silent. 'Yes,' she whispered.

'In my absence he stole my most valuable prize from me. Now I've lost my respect and my good name, and everybody laughs at me. Marry him, go on, marry him! I would have died for you, but you have given yourself to a worthless man. Perhaps he has even kissed you! Tell me he hasn't!'

She was frightened of Boldwood's anger, but she answered bravely, 'He has. I'm not ashamed to speak the truth.'

'I would have given a fortune to touch your hand,' cried Boldwood wildly, 'but you have let a man like that—kiss you! One day he'll be sorry, and realize the pain he's caused me!'

'Be kind to him, sir,' she cried miserably, 'because I love him so much!'

Boldwood was no longer listening to her. 'I'll punish him! Sweet Bathsheba, forgive me! I've been blaming you, but it's his fault. He stole your dear heart away with his lies. When I find him, I'll fight him! Keep him away from me, Bathsheba!'

The desperate man stood still for a moment, then turned and left her. Bathsheba walked up and down, crying and whispering to herself, then threw herself down by the road, exhausted. She knew that Troy was away in Bath at the moment, but would be returning to Weatherbury very soon. If he came to visit her, and Boldwood saw him, a fierce argument would be the result, and Troy could be hurt. But perhaps Gabriel and Boldwood were right, and she should not see him again? If she could only see Troy now, he would help her to decide! She jumped to her feet, and hurried back along the road to Weatherbury.

That night Maryann, the only person sleeping in Bathsheba's house, was woken by strange noises in the field where the horses were kept. She looked out of her bedroom window just in time to see a dark figure leading Bathsheba's horse and cart out of the field. She ran to Jan Coggan's house for help. Jan and Gabriel immediately rode after the thief. After riding for some time in the dark, they finally caught up with the cart at a toll-gate.

'Keep the gate closed!' shouted Gabriel to the gatekeeper.

'That man's stolen the horse and cart!'

'What man?' asked the gatekeeper, puzzled.

Gabriel looked closely at the driver of the cart, and saw a woman—Bathsheba. She turned her face away from the light when she heard his voice, but Jan Coggan had also recognized her. She was quick to hide her surprise but not her annoyance.

'Well, Gabriel,' she asked coldly, 'where are you going?'

'We thought someone had stolen the horse and cart.'

'How foolish of you! Some important business made me change my plans. I'm on my way to Bath. I may visit Liddy at her sister's later. I arrived home during the night, so I didn't wake Maryann up. I just took the horse and cart myself. Thank you for taking all this trouble, but it wasn't necessary.'

The gatekeeper opened the gate and she passed through. Coggan and Gabriel turned their horses and rode slowly home.

Gabriel said, ‘I think we’ll keep this strange trip of hers to Bath a secret, Jan,’ and Jan agreed.

So at first the people of Weatherbury had no idea where she had gone. She stayed away for two weeks, and there were reports that she had been seen in Bath with Sergeant Troy. Gabriel knew in his heart that this must be true. He worked as hard as ever on her farm, but all the time there was a deep ache inside him.

11 农场主伯德伍德绝望了

利蒂获准休假一周去看她住在几英里以外的姐姐。芭丝谢芭为了不见伯德伍德先生，自己也安排好去利蒂姐姐家同利蒂待一两天。一天傍晚她把家留给清洁女工玛丽安照管，便徒步出发了。

她刚刚走了大约两英里，便看到那个她不想见到的男人向她走来。他的表情发生了变化，说明他收到了那封信。

“哟，是你呀，伯德伍德先生！”她说，负疚地红了脸。

“你知道我对你的感情，”他缓慢地说，“像死一样强烈的爱。一封信是改变不了这种感情的。”

“别说这个了，”她低声说道。

“不说这个我就没别的说了。你的信已经说得明明白白，咱们不能结婚。”

芭丝谢芭心情纷乱地说：“再见吧。”说着便向前走了几步，可是伯德伍德并不放她走。

“芭丝谢芭——亲爱的——真的不能改变了吗？”

“真的不能了。”

“芭丝谢芭呀，可怜可怜我吧！我爱你都爱疯了，现在别拒绝我！是你先主动的，你激起了我的感情，才使我开始想念你的呀！”

“你所说的激起，实际上是一个很孩子气的玩笑。我对那张情人卡感到非常抱歉。你还得要让我想起它来吗？”

“我太爱你了，不会因此而责备你的。芭丝谢芭，你是我所爱过的第一个女人，你差点就答应嫁给我了！你对我的好心里哪里去了？”

芭丝谢芭静静地、大胆地看着他的脸，然后说：“伯德伍德先生，我什么也没答应你！”

“你怎么能这样无情啊！如果我早知道这爱会让我如此痛苦，我早就避开你了，早就不听你所说的话了。我对你说了这么多，可是你却听不进一句！”

芭丝谢芭的感情快抑制不住了，她听着这个男人劈头盖脸的愤怒的诉说，绝望地摇着头。

“请原谅我，先生！我无法像你那样爱！”

“这可不是理由，伊芙丁小姐！你并不像你所装出的那样冷酷，你也有一颗像我一样燃烧的心，可你把它藏起来了。你把爱给了别人！”

他居然知道！她想。他知道弗兰克的事！

“托伊干吗不放过我亲爱的人呢？”他口气很激烈。“你实话告诉我，如果你没有碰见他，你会接受我求婚吗？”

她没有马上回答，可她是个诚实的人，无法保持沉默。“是的。”她低声说道。

“他趁我不在，偷走了我最珍贵的东西。现在我已失去自尊，失去了好名声，人们都在笑话我。嫁给他吧，去嫁给他吧！我本可以为你而死，可是你却把自己给了那么一个不值钱的人。他也许都吻过你了吧。对我说他没吻过你！”

伯德伍德的愤怒令她恐惧，但是，她还是勇敢地说，“他是吻过我了，我并没对说实情感到羞耻。”

“我愿用一笔财产作交换摸一下你的手，”伯德伍德狂烈地叫喊起来。“可你却让那样的一个人——吻你！总有一天他会后悔的，他会明白他给我造成的痛苦的！”

“请宽恕他，先生，”她悲伤地喊道，“因为我太爱他了！”

伯德伍德不再听她的话了。“我要惩罚他！可爱的芭丝谢芭，请原谅我！我一直在责备你，可这是他的错！他用谎言偷走了你的芳心。我见到他，是要揍他的！别让他见到我，芭丝谢芭！”

这位绝望的人静静地站了一刻，便转身走开了。芭丝谢芭来回踱步，哭着，自语着，然后坐在路边，筋疲力竭。她知道此刻托伊远在巴斯，不过很快就会回到威瑟伯里来的。如果他来看她，让伯德伍德看到，结果将会是一场激烈的争吵，托伊会受伤的。不过，也许盖伯瑞尔和伯德伍德说得对，她不应该再见他了？但愿她此刻能见到托伊，他会帮她拿主意的！她跳起来，沿着路匆匆赶回威瑟伯里。

晚上，玛丽安独自睡在芭丝谢芭的房子里。圈马的地里传来的奇怪声响惊醒了她。她从卧室窗户往外一看，正巧看到一个黑影赶着芭丝谢芭的马车往外走。她赶忙跑到简·考根家求援，简和盖伯瑞尔立即骑马去追盗贼。在黑暗中骑行了一会儿，他们终于在路卡处追上了那辆马车。

“别开卡门！”盖伯瑞尔向守卡人喊道。“那个男的偷了马车了！”

“什么男的？”守卡人问道，一脸的迷惑。

盖伯瑞尔仔细看了一下赶车的人，看到的却是一个女人——芭丝谢芭。芭丝谢芭听到他的声音，扭脸避开灯光，可是简·考根也已经认出了她。她很快便掩饰住自己惊诧的表情，却藏不住一脸的恼怒。

“是你，盖伯瑞尔，”她冷冷地发问。“你要去哪儿？”

“我们还以为有人偷走马车了呢。”

“你们真蠢！我有要紧的事要办，所以改变了计划，我要去巴斯。我以后再利蒂的姐姐家去看她。我晚上到的家，所以就没叫醒玛丽安，自己赶出了马车。谢谢你们费的这番周折，不过你们没必要。”

守卡人打开卡门，她便出去了。考根和盖伯瑞尔掉转马头，慢慢往回骑。盖伯瑞尔说：“我想，她这次到巴斯的奇怪旅行应该保密。”简说他也同意保密。

这样，威瑟伯里的人起初并不知道她到了何处。她有两个星期没在，接着有人说在巴斯看见她同托伊中士在一起。盖伯瑞尔心里知道这消息没错。他虽然还像往常一样在她的农场里辛勤劳作，但心灵深处却一直在隐隐作痛。

12 Bathsheba makes her choice

On the same day that Bathsheba arrived home, Mr Boldwood went to apologize to her for speaking so violently the last time he had seen her. He knew nothing of her trip to Bath, and supposed she had only been to visit Liddy. But at her door he was told he could not see her, and he realized she had not forgiven him.

On his way home through Weatherbury he saw the coach from Bath. It stopped at the usual place, and a soldier in a red and gold uniform jumped down. Sergeant Troy picked up his bag and was about to take the road to Bathsheba's house, when Boldwood stepped forward.

'Sergeant Troy? I am William Boldwood. '

'Indeed? ' said Troy, showing little interest.

'I want to speak to you—about two women. '

Troy saw the heavy stick Boldwood was holding, and realized how determined he was. He decided it was worth being polite.

'I'll listen with pleasure, but do speak quietly. '

'Well then, I've heard about your relationship with Fanny Robin, and I think you ought to marry her. '

'I suppose I ought. Indeed, I want to, but I cannot. '

'Why can't you? '

Troy was going to reply immediately, but he stopped himself. 'I am too poor, ' he said, looking quickly at Boldwood to see if the farmer believed him. Boldwood did not notice the look.

'I don't want to talk about right or wrong, I just want to discuss business with you. I was engaged to Miss Everdene, when you came and—'

'Not engaged, ' said Troy.

'More or less engaged, ' insisted Boldwood. 'If you hadn't come, she would certainly have accepted my proposal by now. Well, her position in society is so much higher than yours that you can't hope to marry her. So all I ask is that you don't bother her any more, and marry Fanny. '

'Why should I? ' asked Troy carelessly.

'I'll pay you. If you leave Weatherbury today, I'll give you fifty pounds Fanny will have fifty pounds for wedding clothes, and I'll give her five hundred pounds the day she marries you. ' Boldwood's manner showed that he was a little ashamed of offering money, but he was prepared to do almost anything to prevent Troy marrying Bathsheba.

Troy appeared to consider the offer. 'It's true I like Fanny best, although she's only a maid. Fifty pounds now, you said? '

'Here's the money, ' said Boldwood, handing the soldier a purse of gold coins.

'Stop, listen! ' said Troy in a whisper. Light footsteps could be heard on the road, coming from Bathsheba's house.

'It's Bathsheba! She's expecting me. I must go and speak to her, and say goodbye to her, as you and I have arranged. '

'Why do you need to speak to her? '

'She'll look for me if I don't. Don't worry, you'll hear every word I say to her. It may help you in your courting, when I've gone! Stand over there behind the tree, and listen. '

Troy stepped forward and whistled a double note.

'Frank, darling, is that you? ' It was Bathsheba's voice.

'Oh God! ' said Boldwood, unheard behind the tree.

'Yes, it's me, ' replied Troy.

'You're so late, Frank, ' she continued. 'The coach arrived a long time ago! Frank, it's so lucky! There's nobody in my house except me tonight, so nobody will know about your visit. '

'Excellent, ' said Troy. 'But I'll just have to collect my bag, so you run home and I promise to be there in ten minutes. '

'Yes, Frank. ' She ran back to her house.

Troy turned to Boldwood, who had stepped out from behind the tree, his face white and his whole body trembling.

'Shall I tell her I cannot marry her? ' laughed the soldier.

'No, no, wait! I have more to say to you! ' whispered Boldwood, the muscles in his face strangely out of control.

'Now, ' said Troy, 'you see my problem. I can't marry them both. But I have two reasons for choosing Fanny. First, I like her best, I think, and second, you're paying me for it. '

At that moment Boldwood lost control. He attacked Troy fiercely, holding his neck with both hands.

'Wait, ' gasped Troy, who had not expected this, 'let me breathe! If you kill me, you injure the woman you love! '

'What do you mean? ' cried the farmer. 'I should kill you like a dog! ' But he let go of Troy's neck, and listened.

'You heard how Bathsheba loves me and expects me to visit her tonight. Soon the whole village will know this. The only way to save her good name, and her position in Weatherbury, is for me to marry her. '

'True, true, ' agreed Boldwood after a pause. 'Troy, marry her! Poor, weak woman! She must love you madly to give herself so completely to you! '

'But what about Fanny? ' asked the soldier cleverly.

‘Don’t desert her, Troy, I beg you! I don’t mean Fanny, I’m speaking of Bathsheba! How can I persuade you? I know! I’ll pay you five hundred pounds on the day you marry Bathsheba!’

Troy was secretly shocked at Boldwood’s wild offer.

‘And I’ll receive something now as well?’ he asked.

‘Yes, all the money I have with me!’ He counted the coins in his pocket. ‘Twenty—one pounds—it’s all for you!’

‘Give me the money, and we’ll go to her house. I’ll ask her to marry me. Of course I won’t say anything about the money.’

They went along the road to the farmhouse, and Boldwood waited outside while Troy entered. He returned in a moment with a piece cut out of a Bath newspaper.

‘Here, read this first,’ he said, smiling. And Boldwood read:

MARRIAGES: On the 17th, in Bath, Frank Troy, Sergeant, to Bathsheba Everdene of Weatherbury.

The paper fell from Boldwood’s hands, as the soldier began to laugh. ‘Fifty pounds to marry Fanny. Twenty—one pounds not to marry Fanny, but Bathsheba. And now you see I’m already Bathsheba’s husband. You’re a fool, Boldwood. Although I may be a bad man, I’d never bribe anyone to marry, as you’ve tried to. And Fanny? She left me long ago, and I don’t know where she is. I’ve searched everywhere for her. Now take your money back! I don’t want it!’ and Troy threw the gold coins into the road.

‘You black-hearted dog! I’ll punish you one day, remember that!’ cried the broken man. Troy laughed loudly as he closed Bathsheba’s front door.

Through the whole of the long night that followed, Boldwood’s dark figure could be seen walking over the hills of Weatherbury like a ghost.

Just before the clock struck five the next morning, Gabriel and Coggan were walking to the hayfields past their mistress’s house, when they saw a surprising sight. Bathsheba’s bedroom window was open, and looking out of it was a handsome man, with his red jacket undone. It was Sergeant Troy.

‘She’s married him!’ whispered Coggan. Gabriel said nothing, but he felt so ill that he had to rest on the gate for a moment. He thought with pity of her future, as he knew her marriage to Troy could not be happy for long.

‘Good morning, friends!’ shouted Troy cheerfully to the men.

‘We must be polite to him,’ whispered Coggan, ‘if he’s married the mistress.’

‘Good morning, Sergeant Troy,’ said Gabriel miserably.

‘Now that I’ve left the army, I’ll soon be down in the fields with you again,’ said Troy lightly. ‘My new position won’t change that, and I’ll be friendly with you all, just as before. Drink to my health, men.’ And he threw a coin towards Gabriel, who refused to pick it up. Coggan, however, put it in his pocket.

As they went on their way, they noticed Mr Boldwood riding past them. Gabriel forgot his own sadness when he saw the bitterness and deep despair on the farmer’s face.

12 芭丝谢芭作出抉择

芭丝谢芭到家的那天，伯德伍德先生前去准备向她致歉，告诉她上次见她时自己说话不该那么粗声粗气。他并不知她去过巴斯，只以为她是刚去看过利蒂。但是到了她家门口，有人告诉他不能见她，他这才知道她并未原谅他。

在穿过威瑟伯里回家的路上，他看见了来自巴斯的马车。车停在老地方，一个身着红色镶金制眼的士兵跳了下来，是托伊中士。他提起包，正准备向芭丝谢芭家走，伯德伍德走上前来。

“托伊中士吗？我叫威廉·伯德伍德。”

“是吗？”托伊说着，一副不感兴趣的样子。

“我想和你谈谈——谈谈两个女人的事。”

托伊看到伯德伍德拿着的大棒，知道这人决意要谈，于是便想，礼貌点还是划算的。

“我将很乐意听你说，不过请不要声张。”

“好吧。我听说你与范妮·罗宾有关系，我想你应当娶她为妻。”

“我想是应当。我也确实想这样，可我不能。”

“为什么不能？”

托伊准备马上回答，可又停住口。“我太穷了，”他说，一边瞥了伯德伍德一眼，看着这位农场主信不信自己的话。可伯德伍德并没有注意到他的表情。

“我并不想谈论是与非，我只是想和你谈正事。你来的时候，我和芭丝谢芭已经订婚了——”

“没有订婚吧，”托伊说。

“差不多订婚了，”伯德伍德坚持道。“如果不是你来，现在她肯定早已接受我的求婚了。嗯，她的社会地位远比你高，你就别指望娶她了。所以，我请你做的事就是，别再烦她，和范妮结婚吧。”

“我干吗要这样？”托伊漫不经心地问道。

“我付给你钱。如果你今天就离开威瑟伯里，我付你50镑。范妮也会得到50镑去买嫁衣。她嫁给你那天，我会再给她500镑的。”伯德伍德的样子像是因付钱而略显羞臊，但是，他准备不借一切阻止托伊把芭丝谢芭娶到手。

托伊似乎在考虑这一提议。“我是喜欢范妮，虽然她只是个女仆。现在付50镑，对吗？”

“给你钱，”伯德伍德说着，把一袋金币递给了那个兵。

“等一下！你听！”托伊悄声说道。轻微的脚步声从路上传来，来自芭丝谢芭的房子。“是芭丝谢芭！她在等我，我得跟她去说句话，告个别。按你我安排的那样。”

“你干吗要和她说话？”

“我不和她说句话，她会找我的。别担心，我对她说的每个字都会让你听到的，我走后，这些话对你追求她会有用处的。过来站在树后听着。”

托伊迈步向前，用口哨吹了一个双音。

“弗兰克，亲爱的，是你吗？”这是芭丝谢芭的声音。

“喔哟，天哪！”伯德伍德说道。不过因在树后，没有人听到。

“是的，是我。”托伊回答道。

“你来晚了，弗兰克，”她接着说。“马车早就到了！弗兰克，咱们真走运！今晚，我屋里除了我没有别人，谁也不会知道你来。”

“好极了，”托伊说。“不过我得去拿我的包。这样吧，你先回去，我保证十分钟后到。”

“好吧，弗兰克。”她跑回了家。

伯德伍德从树后走出来，脸色惨白，浑身发抖。托伊向伯德伍德转过身去。

“我对她说不能娶她，好吗？”这个兵笑了起来。

“别，别！等一下！我还有话对你说！”伯德伍德低声说。他脸部的肌肉不可思议地失去了控制。

“这下你看到我的问题了吧，”托伊说，“我又不能娶她们两个人。不过我选择范妮有两个理由，首先，我想我最喜欢她；再说，你还为此付钱。”

伯德伍德再也控制不住了。他猛地袭向托伊，用双手掐住了他的脖子。

“等等，”托伊有点透不过气来了，他没想到会是这样。“让我出口气！你要是掐死我，你就会伤害你爱的女人。”

“什么意思？”农场主喊道。“我杀你就像杀一只狗！”他松开托伊的脖子，听他说话。

“芭丝谢芭怎样爱我，你都听到了。她晚上还等着我去呢，这事全村人很快就都会知晓的。要想为她保留好名声，保住她在威瑟伯里的地位，唯一的办法就是让我娶她。”

“对，说得对，”伯德伍德顿了一顿后说道。“娶了她吧，托伊！可怜的弱女子！她这么完全献身给你，肯定是爱你爱得发疯！”

“不过，范妮怎么办？”那士兵机巧地问。

“别抛弃她，托伊，我求你！我不是说范妮，我是说芭丝谢芭。我怎么说服你呢？我知道！你娶芭丝谢芭的那天，我给你500镑！”

伯德伍德这样胡乱给钱，令托伊暗自吃惊。

“现在我也会得到点什么吗？”他问道。

“是的，我身上带的钱全都给你！”他数着衣袋里的硬币。“21镑——都给你！”

“把钱给我，然后咱们去她家。我请她嫁给我。当然了我不会提钱的事。”

他们二人沿路向农场走去，托伊进了房内，伯德伍德则在外边等候。不一会儿，托伊出来了，手里拿着一张巴斯一家报纸的剪报。

“来，先念一念。”他微笑着说。伯德伍德念道：

结婚启事：中士弗兰克·托伊与威瑟伯里的芭丝谢芭·伊芙丁于17日在巴斯结婚。

剪报从伯德伍德手中滑落，士兵托伊笑了起来。“给了我50镑娶范妮，给了我21镑要我不娶范妮，娶芭丝谢芭。现在你看见了吧，我已经是芭丝谢芭的丈夫了。你是个傻瓜，伯德伍德。虽然我可能是个坏人，可是我决不会像你那样花钱买动别人去娶老婆。范妮呢？她早就离我而去了，我不知道她现在何处，我四处寻找过她。把你的钱拿回去吧，我不想要！”托伊说着，把钱扔到了路上。

“你这个黑了心的狗！你记着，我总有一天要惩罚你的！”伯德伍德心情沮丧地大叫。托伊哈哈大笑关上了芭丝谢芭家的前门。

那天晚上长长的一整夜，人们都能看见伯德伍德黑乎乎的身影像幽魂一样在威瑟伯里的山上行走。

次日清晨，钟还没有敲五点，盖伯瑞尔和考根路过女主人的房子向干草地走去，突然看到一个意外的情景。芭丝谢芭卧室的窗户打开着，有个英俊男子正在向外张望，红色上衣解开着。那是托伊中士。

“她嫁给他啦！”考根悄声说道。盖伯瑞尔什么也没有说，可心里直堵，只得靠在大门上歇一会儿。他为她的将来感到惋惜，因为他知道，她与托伊的婚姻会好景不长。

“早上好啊，朋友们！”托伊兴高采烈地向他们喊道。

“咱们得对他礼貌一点，”考根悄声说道。“他不是娶了咱们女主人欧。”

“早上好，托伊中士，”盖伯瑞尔痛苦地说。

“我退了伍，就很快会再和你们到地里干活的，”托伊轻快地说。“我的新身份也不会改变这一点的，我还会对你们友好如初。为我的健康喝一杯去吧，伙计们。”他向盖伯瑞尔扔出一个硬币，盖伯瑞尔没捡，但考根把硬币捡起来放到了衣兜里。

他们走在路上，看到伯德伍德先生骑马走过他们身边。盖伯瑞尔看到农场主脸上的苦楚与深深的绝望，自己的悲伤心情便忘记了。

13 The storm

There was always a harvest supper for the farm workers after all the hay and wheat had been cut. On behalf of his wife, Sergeant Troy decided to have it one evening at the end of August, in the great barn. The weather was unpleasantly warm that night. On his way to the harvest supper Gabriel stopped to check the eight huge hay—and wheat—ricks. If, as he suspected, there was a storm, the ricks, which were all uncovered, would be badly damaged.

He went on to the barn, where the farm workers had already finished eating and started dancing. Gabriel had to wait until Sergeant Troy had finished his dance with Bathsheba before he could warn him about possible damage to the ricks. Troy, however, was enjoying himself too much to listen to Gabriel's message.

'Friends, ' he was saying, 'I've ordered brandy to be served to you all, so that we can celebrate my wedding properly.

'No, Frank, don't give them brandy, ' begged Bathsheba, 'it will only do them harm! '

'Don't be silly! ' said Troy. 'Friends, let's send the women home! Then we men can drink and sing as much as we like! ' Angrily, Bathsheba left the barn, followed by the other women.

Gabriel left soon afterwards. Later, when he went to check that Bathsheba's sheep were safe, he noticed that they looked very frightened. They were crowded together in a corner, their tails pointing the same way. To the shepherd this meant they were expecting a storm. He went to look at the ricks again. Should the whole harvest of the farm, worth at least seven hundred and fifty pounds, be lost because of a woman's weakness? Never, if I can prevent it! thought Gabriel.

He returned to the barn to ask the other farm workers to help him cover the ricks. But the only noise he could hear coming from the barn was the men's loud and regular breathing, and when he entered, he found them all asleep, including Troy. The brandy, which they had been too polite to refuse, had made them drunk in a very short time, as they were not used to drinking anything stronger than beer. It was useless trying to wake them.

Gabriel left the barn, and returned to the ricks, two of which he managed to cover with the heavy material kept on the farm for this purpose. The only way to cover the other six ricks was by thatching them with straw, and this was a long and difficult job to do alone.

The moon disappeared, and there was a slow, light wind, like the breath of a dying man, as Gabriel climbed the ladder and started thatching high up on top of the third rick. Lightning flashed in the sky, and there was a loud crash of thunder. In the sudden brightness Gabriel could see every tree around him, until the light disappeared just as suddenly, leaving him in the blackest darkness. He knew his position was dangerous, but considered his life was not valuable enough to worry about.

Another flash of lightning allowed him to see the figure of a woman running towards the rick. Was it Bathsheba?

'Is that you, ma'am? ' he called to the darkness.

'Who's there? ' said Bathsheba's voice.

'It's Gabriel. I'm on the rick, thatching. '

'Oh Gabriel! I'm so worried about the ricks! Can we save them? The thunder woke me. I can't find my husband. Is he there? '

'No, he isn't. He's—asleep in the barn. '

'He promised me the ricks would be covered, and he hasn't done it! Can I help you? Let me help! '

'You can bring the straw up to me in armfuls, if you aren't afraid to climb the ladder in the dark, ' said Gabriel.

'I'll do anything to help! ' she said. She started to go up and down the ladder, carrying the straw. In the brightness of the lightning Gabriel saw their two shadows, wildly enlarged, on the hill in front of him. Then came the loudest crash so far.

'How terrible! ' cried Bathsheba, and held on to his arm. The lightning flashed in a wild dance of death, and thunder came from every part of the huge sky. Bathsheba and Gabriel could only stare, and tremble at the strange and dangerous beauty of the storm.

As they watched, a tall tree in front of them seemed to be burning with a white flame. There was a final, violent crash of thunder, and in the bright light they saw that the tree had been torn in half by the lightning.

'That was close to us! ' said Gabriel. 'We'd better go down. ' They climbed down and stood together in the darkness, Bathsheba seeming to think only of the storm, Gabriel thinking only of her.

At last he said, 'The storm appears to have passed, but the rain will be coming soon. I'll go up and finish thatching the ricks. '

'Gabriel, you are kind to me! Oh why aren't the others here? Don't tell me, I know. They're all drunk in the barn, aren't they? It was my husband's fault. Gabriel, I want to tell you something. ' The soft flashes of the dying lightning showed her face, very white against the black sky. 'I care about your good opinion of me, so I want to explain why I went to Bath that night. It wasn't to marry Troy, it was to break off my relationship with him. Perhaps you wonder why I married him then? Well, I suppose I must tell you. It was because he told me he had seen a woman more beautiful than me, and said that if I wanted him as a husband, I must marry him at once! I was wild with love and jealousy, so I married him! ' Gabriel did not reply.

'I'll bring some more straw up to you, shall I? ' she offered.

She made several more journeys before he noticed her tiredness. 'I think you'd better go indoors now, ' he said, as gently as a mother. 'I'll finish the work alone. '

'If I'm useless, I'll go, ' said Bathsheba. 'But, oh, if you fell...! '

'You aren't useless, but you're tired. You've done well. '

'And you've done better, ' she said gratefully. 'Thank you a thousand times, Gabriel! Goodnight. '

She disappeared in the darkness. He went on thatching in a kind of dream. She had spoken more warmly to him tonight than she had ever done when she was unmarried and free to speak as warmly as she liked.

The wind changed and became stronger. At the same time heavy rain started falling. As Gabriel worked on the top of the ricks, he suddenly remembered that, eight months before, he had been fighting against fire in the same place as desperately as he was fighting against water now—and for love of the same woman, who did not love him.

It was not until seven o'clock in the morning that Gabriel climbed down from the last rick, exhausted and wet to the skin. He noticed figures coming out of the barn, walking slowly and painfully to their homes. They all looked ashamed except Troy, who was whistling cheerfully as he entered the farmhouse. None of them thought of looking at the ricks.

On his way back to Coggan's house, Gabriel met Boldwood.

‘How are you, sir?’ asked Gabriel.

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‘Yes, it's a wet day. Oh, I'm very well, thank you.’

‘You look a little different, sir.’

‘No, you're wrong, Oak. I'm just the same. Nothing hurts me. But you look tired.’

‘I've been working all night to get our ricks covered. Never worked so hard in my life! Yours are safe of course, sir?’

‘Oh yes.’ Boldwood added after a silence, ‘What did you ask?’

‘Your ricks are all covered?’

‘No, none of them. I forgot to tell the men to thatch them. I expect most of my wheat will be destroyed in this rain.’

‘Forgot,’ repeated Gabriel to himself. It was difficult to believe that the most careful farmer in the area would lose all his harvest because of a moment's forgetfulness. This would never have happened before Boldwood fell in love with Bathsheba.

Boldwood clearly wanted to talk, although it was still raining heavily. ‘Oak, you knew I wanted to get married.’

‘I thought my mistress was going to marry you,’ said Gabriel sympathetically. ‘However, nothing that we expect ever happens.’

He spoke with the calmness of a man used to disaster.

‘Perhaps the villagers laugh at me,’ said Boldwood with a pretended lightness.

‘Oh no, I don't think so.’

‘But the truth is that we were never engaged, so she never broke off the engagement, you see.’ But Boldwood could not remain calm. ‘Oh Gabriel,’ he said wildly, ‘I'm weak and foolish, and I feel it's better to die than to live!’ After a silence, he continued more normally. ‘I've accepted the fact of her refusal now. I'm sorry, of course, but no woman has ever controlled my life. Well, good morning.’

13 风暴

每当所有的干草和麦子全都收割完毕，农场主总会请在农场干活的人们吃一次丰收晚餐。托伊中士代表他的妻子决定于八月底的一个晚上在大谷仓举办晚宴。那晚，天气很热，使人颇感不适。盖伯瑞尔走在路上，停下来查看那八个麦垛。如果像他想的那样有风暴，那么，这些完全没有覆盖着的麦垛将会惨遭毁坏。

他向前走，到了谷仓，干活的人们已经吃完，开始跳起舞来。盖伯瑞尔只得等托伊中士同芭丝谢芭跳完舞，然后才提醒他麦垛可能会遭受的损失。可是，托伊兴致正浓，盖伯瑞尔的话哪里听得进去。

“朋友们，”他说，“我为你们大家订了白兰地，大家可以尽情庆祝我的婚礼！”

“弗兰克，不行啊，别给他们喝白兰地，”芭丝谢芭央求道。“这对他们没好处！”

“你别犯傻！”托伊说，“朋友们，咱们把女人们送回家，留下咱们男人喝个痛快，喝个痛快！”芭丝谢芭生气地走了，后边跟着其他的妇女们。

盖伯瑞尔随后也很快离开了。后来，他又去查看芭丝谢芭的羊，注意到那些羊显得很惊恐。它们在角落里挤成一团，尾巴翘向同一个方向。牧羊人一看就明白，这表明羊群知道暴风雨即将来临。他又去查看麦垛。这是农场的全部收成，至少也值750镑，能让它因为一个女人的软弱便毁之一旦吗？不能，我得设法保护！盖伯瑞尔想。

他返回谷仓，想请其他人们帮他把麦垛盖上。但是，谷仓里传来的声音只有人们大声而有节奏的呼吸，他进去发现人们都睡着了，包括托伊。人们出于礼貌而无法拒绝的白兰地很快就把他们醉倒了，因为他们并不习惯喝比啤酒劲大的酒。想叫醒他们是不行了。

盖伯瑞尔离开谷仓，回到麦垛边，用农场上的遮盖布把其中两垛盖上。若想把其他六垛也盖起来，唯一的办法便是用稻草盖，可一个人单独干，既费时又费力。

月亮消失了，轻风缓缓刮起，仿佛垂死的人的呼吸。这时，盖伯瑞尔爬上梯子，开始在第三垛上盖稻草。天上开始闪电，雷声大作。闪电的一刹那，盖伯瑞尔看到了四周的每一棵树；电光迅即消失，又把他淹没在漆黑的黑暗之中。他知道自己处境危险，但却认为他的生命不值得担心。

又一次闪电中，他看到一个女人的身影向麦垛跑来。难道是芭丝谢芭吗？

“是你吗，太太？”他向黑暗中大喊。

“谁呀？”是芭丝谢芭的声音。

“盖伯瑞尔，我在麦垛上盖稻草呢。”

“是你，盖伯瑞尔！我正担心这些草垛、麦垛呢！有办法吗？雷声把我惊醒了，我丈夫也找不到。他在这儿吗？”

“他不在。他——他在仓房睡着了。”

“他还答应要把麦垛盖上，可他并没有益！我能帮你吗？我来帮你干吧。”

“你要不怕在这黑天里爬梯子，就给我往上抱稻草吧。”盖伯瑞尔说。

“只要能帮忙，我干什么都可以！”芭丝谢芭喊道。她开始上梯子，爬上爬下地递着稻草。在闪电的光亮里，盖伯瑞尔看见了他们两个身影夸张地映在他面前的小山上。又是一声炸雷。

“太可怕了！”芭丝谢芭叫起来，一边拉住了他的胳膊。一道电光闪过，跳着狂烈的死亡之舞，接着雷声从广阔天空的四面八方传来。这是罕见的暴风雨，很危险，芭丝谢芭和盖伯瑞尔看了，浑身直发抖。

他们看到面前的一棵大树似乎着了火，闪着白色的火苗。接着又是一声巨雷，在耀眼的亮光中，他们看见那棵树被闪电劈成了两半。

“这离咱们太近了！”盖伯瑞尔说。“咱们最好下去。”他们爬下来，在黑暗中一起站着。芭丝谢芭似乎只想着风暴，而盖伯瑞尔却只想着她。

最后，他说：“风暴像是过去了，不过雨很快就会来的。我上去把麦垛盖完吧。”

“盖伯瑞尔，你对我真好！哎呀，他们在哪儿呢？不说我也知道，都醉倒在仓房里了吧？都怨我丈夫。盖伯瑞尔，我想告诉你。”闪电将尽，柔和的亮光照亮了她的脸，映衬着墨黑的天空，非常苍白。“你觉得我好，我十分在意，所以我想对你解释那一晚我去巴斯的原因。我并不是去嫁给托伊的，而是想去和他断绝关系。可能你纳闷我为什么又嫁给了他吧？这个，我想我必须告诉你。他告诉我他看到一个比我漂亮的女人，如果我想让他做我的丈夫，我就必须立即同他结婚！我爱得发狂，嫉妒得要命，就和他结了婚！”盖伯瑞尔没有说什么。

“我给你再抱些稻草，好吗？”她提议。

她又上下几趟，他才注意到她的倦容。“我想你还是回屋内吧，”他像母亲一样温柔地说。“我一个人干完。”

“如果我没用，我就走，”芭丝谢芭说。“可你要是觉得……”

“你不是没用，你是累了。你干得挺好的。”

“你干得更好，”她感激地说，“我对你感谢不尽，盖伯瑞尔！晚安。”

她消失在黑暗中。盖伯瑞尔像在梦幻中一样继续盖稻草。比起她未婚时和自由自在地热情交谈时，今晚她的态度可热情多了。

风向变了，风更大了。与此同时，开始下起了倾盆大雨。盖伯瑞尔在麦垛上干着活，突然记起八个月前他曾在这儿奋力救火，正如他现在拼命救灾一样——为了同一个他爱的女人，而这个女人却并不爱他。

直到早上七点，盖伯瑞尔才从最后一堆麦垛上下来。他筋疲力竭，浑身湿透。他看到有人从仓房中出来，缓慢、痛苦地走回家去。他们都面带愧色，可托伊却不，他兴高采烈地吹着口哨回到房里。他们谁也没想到要看麦垛一眼。

盖伯瑞尔在回考根家的路上，遇到了伯德伍德。

“你好吗，先生？”盖伯瑞尔问道。

“是啊。下雨天。噢，我挺好的，谢谢。”

“你看上去有点异样，先生。”

“没有，奥克，你说错了。我还是那样。没什么会让我悲伤。不过你倒是看着挺疲劳的。”

“我一整夜都在给麦垛盖稻草。一辈子还没这么狠干过呢！你的麦垛没事吧，先生？”

“嗯，挺好的。”伯德伍德沉默了一会儿，又说，“你问什么来着？”

“你的麦垛都盖好了吗？”

“没有，一垛也没盖。我忘记对他们说了。我估计我的大部分麦子都让这场雨给毁了。”

“忘记了，”盖伯瑞尔自语道。难以相信这一带最细心的农场主会因一时疏忽而失掉全部收成。这种事情在伯德伍德爱上芭丝谢芭以前是绝不可能发生的。

伯德伍德显然想说话，尽管天还下着大雨。“奥克，你知道我曾想结婚吧。”

“我本以为我的女主人会嫁给你的，”盖伯瑞尔同情地说。“可是我们预料的事情没有发生。”

他说话时语气平静，就象一个饱经灾患的人。

“可能村民们都在嘲笑我吧，”伯德伍德故作轻松地说。

“没有吧，我觉得不会。”

“但事实上我俩从未订过婚，所以她也从未违背婚约，你看是吧。”但是，伯德伍德无法保持平静。“盖伯瑞尔啊，”他激烈地说。“我又软弱，又蠢，我觉得活着还不如死了好！”沉默了片刻，他恢复了常态，接着又说，“我接受了她的拒绝，当然，我很遗憾没有一个女人曾经支配过我的生命。好吧，就这样，再见。”

14 Bathsheba discovers the truth

Summer turned into autumn and one Saturday evening in October Bathsheba and her husband were riding home from Casterbridge market.

‘Yes, if it hadn’t rained so hard, I’d have won two hundred pounds easily, my love,’ Troy was saying. ‘The horse I put my money on fell over in the mud, you see. Such bad luck!’

‘But Frank,’ said Bathsheba miserably, ‘do you realize you’ve lost more than a hundred pounds in a month with this awful horse-racing? It’s foolish of you to spend my money like that! You’ll promise not to go to the next race, on Monday, won’t you?’

‘It doesn’t matter whether I go or not. I’ve already put money on an excellent horse in the Monday race. Don’t cry, Bathsheba! If I’d known you were so cautious, I’d never have—’

He did not finish what he was saying. Just then they noticed a woman walking towards them. Although it was almost dark, they could see that she was poorly dressed.

‘Please, sir, do you know what time the Casterbridge workhouse closes?’ she asked in a voice of extreme sadness.

Troy jumped in surprise, but kept his face turned away from her before replying, ‘I don’t know.’

When the woman heard him speak, and looked up to his face, her expression showed both pain and happiness. She gave a cry, and fell to the ground, unconscious.

‘Oh poor thing!’ cried Bathsheba. ‘I’ll help her!’

‘No, stay on your horse, and take mine!’ ordered Troy, jumping down. ‘Take the horses to the top of the hill.’

Bathsheba obeyed, and moved away. Troy lifted up the woman.

‘I thought you were far away, or dead!’ he told her, in a strangely gentle voice. ‘Why didn’t you write to me, Fanny?’

‘I was afraid to.’

‘Have you any money? No? Here’s all I have, it’s not much. I can’t ask my wife for any more at the moment.’ The woman said nothing. ‘Listen,’ continued Troy, ‘I’ll have to leave you now. You’re going to the Casterbridge workhouse? Well, stay there for tonight and tomorrow anyway, but I’ll find somewhere better for you. I’ll meet you on Monday morning at ten o’clock on the bridge just outside town. I’ll bring you all the money I can. Goodbye!’

At the top of the hill Bathsheba turned and saw the woman walking slowly on towards Casterbridge. Troy soon caught up with his wife. He looked very upset.

‘Who is that woman? Bathsheba looked closely into his face.

‘She’s not important to either of us,’ he replied coldly.

‘I think you know her,’ Bathsheba went on.

‘I don’t care what you think!’ he answered, and they continued their ride in silence.

The two miles to Casterbridge seemed a very long way to the woman, who was tired and ill. Sometimes she walked, sometimes she rested a little, beside the road. All through the night her eyes were fixed on the lights of Casterbridge, the end of her journey. At six o’clock the next morning she finally fell in front of the door of the workhouse, and the people there took her in.

Bathsheba and her husband did not speak much that evening, or the following day. But on Sunday evening Troy said suddenly, ‘Bathsheba, could you let me have twenty pounds? I need it.’

‘Ah!’ she said sadly, ‘for the races tomorrow. Oh, Frank, only a few weeks ago you said I was far sweeter than all your other pleasures! Now won’t you stop risking money on horses, which is more a worry than a pleasure? Say yes to your wife, Frank, say yes!’ Her beautiful face would have persuaded most men, including Troy if he had not been married to her, but he no longer loved her enough to agree to anything she wanted.

‘Well, the money isn’t for racing anyway,’ he said. ‘Don’t keep me short of money, Bathsheba, or you’ll be sorry.’

‘I’m sorry already,’ she replied, ‘sorry that our love has come to an end.’

‘Love always ends after marriage. I think you hate me.’

‘No, not you. I only hate your faults.’

‘Then why not help me to improve? Come, let’s be friends. Just give me the twenty pounds.’

‘Well, here’s the money. Take it.’

‘Thank you. I expect I’ll be away before breakfast tomorrow.’

‘Must you go, Frank? Stay with me! There was a time when you used to call me darling. Now you don’t care how I spend my time.’

‘I must go,’ said Troy, taking out his watch. He opened the back of the watch case, and Bathsheba, who happened to be looking, saw that there was a curl of hair hidden inside.

‘Oh Frank!’ she gasped. ‘A woman’s hair! Whose is it?’

Troy closed the watch immediately and replied carelessly, ‘Why, yours of course. I’d quite forgotten I had it.’

‘You’re lying, Frank. It’s yellow hair. Mine is darker.’

‘Well, all right, if I must tell you, it’s the hair of a young woman I was going to marry before I met you.’

‘Tell me her name! Is she married?’

‘I can’t tell you her name, but she’s single.’

‘Is she alive? Is she pretty?’

‘Yes to both questions. ’

‘How can she be pretty, poor thing, with hair that colour? ’

‘Her hair has been admired by everybody who’s seen her. It’s beautiful hair! Don’t be jealous, Bathsheba! You shouldn’t have married me if you didn’t trust me! ’

‘This is all I get for loving you so much! ’ cried Bathsheba bitterly. ‘I would have died for you when I married you, and now you laugh at my foolishness in marrying you! But you’ll burn that hair, won’t you, Frank, to please me? ’

Troy only answered, ‘I have a duty to someone in my past. Mistakes were made which I must put right. That’s more important than my relationship with you. If you’re sorry you married me, well, so am I! ’

‘Frank, I’m only sorry if you love another woman more than me, ’ said Bathsheba in a trembling voice. ‘You like the woman with that pretty hair. Yes, it is pretty! Was she the woman we met on the road last night? ’

‘Well, yes. Now you know the truth, I hope you’re happy. ’

‘You haven’t told me everything. Tell me the whole truth, ’ she said, looking bravely into his face. ‘I never thought I’d beg a man to do anything, but my pride has all gone! ’

‘Don’t be so desperate! ’ said Troy crossly. He left the room.

Bathsheba was in deep despair. She knew that she had lost her independence as a woman, which she had been so proud of. She hated herself for falling in love so easily with her handsome husband, who, she now realized, could not be trusted.

The next morning Troy left the house early. Bathsheba was walking in her garden, when she noticed Gabriel Oak and Mr Boldwood deep in conversation in the road. They called to Joseph Poorgrass, who was picking apples, and soon he came along the path to Bathsheba’s house.

‘Well, what’s the message, Joseph? ’ she asked, curious.

‘I’m afraid Fanny Robin’s dead, ma’am. Dead in the Casterbridge workhouse.

‘No! Why? What did she die from? ’

‘I don’t know, ma’am, but she was never very strong. Mr Boldwood is sending a cart to bring her back to be buried here. ,

‘Oh, I won’t let Mr Boldwood do that! Fanny was my uncle’s maid, and mine too How very sad to die in a work-house! Tell Mr Boldwood that you will drive my new cart over to Casterbridge this afternoon to fetch her body. And Joseph, put flowers on the cart for poor Fanny. How long was she in the workhouse? ’

‘Only a day, ma’am. She arrived, ill and exhausted, on Sunday morning. She came on foot through Weatherbury. ’

The colour left Bathsheba’s face at once. ‘Along the road from Weatherbury to Casterbridge? ’ she asked eagerly. ‘When did she pass Weatherbury? ’

‘Last Saturday night it was, ma’am. ’

‘Thank you, Joseph, you may go. ’

Later that afternoon Bathsheba asked Liddy, ‘What was the colour of poor Fanny Robin’s hair? I only saw her for a day or two. ’

‘She used to keep it covered, but it was lovely golden hair, ma’am. ’

‘Her young man was a soldier, wasn’t he? ’

‘Yes, and Mr Troy knows him well. ’

‘What? Mr Troy told you that? ’

‘Yes. One day I asked him if he knew Fanny’s young man, and he said he knew him as well as he knew himself! ’

‘That’s enough, Liddy! ’ said Bathsheba, her anxiety making her unusually cross.

14 芭丝谢芭发现真相

夏去秋来。十月份一个星期六的傍晚，芭丝谢芭夫妇俩从卡斯特桥市场骑马回家。

“真是的，如果不是下大雨，我可以轻轻松松地挣200镑，亲爱的，”托伊说道。“我押赌注的那匹马在泥地上摔倒了。真是背运！”

“可是，弗兰克，”芭丝谢芭痛苦地说，“你有没有想过，一个月内你就在这要命的赛马场输掉100多镑？你这样花钱太愚蠢！你得保证不去下星期一的赛马会，行吗？”

“我去不去都没关系，我已经把钱押在星期一参赛的一匹好马身上了。别哭啊，芭丝谢芭！如果我早知道你这么谨小慎微，那我决不会——”

他没有把话说完。就在这时，他们看到一个女人向他们走来。虽然天已快黑了，可他还是能看得出，她衣着破旧。

“请问一下，先生，您知不知道卡斯特桥济贫院多会儿关门？”她问道，声音中透出极度的悲伤。

托伊吃了一惊，扭过脸避开她，然后才答道，“我不知道。”

那个女人听到他说话，又抬头看看他的脸，显得既痛苦又幸福。她发出一声喊叫，倒在地上不省人事了。

“啊，可怜的人！”芭丝谢芭喊道。“我得帮帮她！”

“别去，你骑在你的马上，把我的马拉住。”托伊一边发令，一边跳下马来。“把马牵到山顶去。”

芭丝谢芭听从吩咐走了。托伊把那女人扶了起来。

“我还以为你远走高飞了，或是死了呢！”他对她说，话语中奇怪地透着温柔。“你为什么不给我写信呢，范妮？”

“我不敢写。”

“你有钱吗？没有？我身上的钱都在这儿，不多。我此刻不能再向我妻子要了。”那女人一言不发。“听着，”托伊接着说，“现在我得走了。你是要去卡斯特桥济贫院吗？好吧，就先在那里过了今晚和明天，完了我给你找个好点的地方。星期一上午十点我在城外桥上等你。我会带尽可能多的钱。再见！”

上了山顶，芭丝谢芭转过身来，看见那女人缓缓地向卡斯特桥走去。托伊很快追上了他的妻子，脸上显得忐忑不安。

“那个女人是谁呀？”芭丝谢芭仔细端详着他的脸问。

“她对我俩都无关紧要。”他冷冷答道。

“我想你认识她吧，”芭丝谢芭又说。

“你爱怎么想就怎么想！”他答道。接着他们默默地向前骑着。

那个女人既劳累，又生着病，对她来说，到卡斯特桥的两英里似乎特别遥远，她沿着大道停停走走。一整夜，她的眼睛都盯着目的地卡斯特桥的灯光。早上六点，她终于倒在济贫院门前，那儿的人们把她接了进去。

那天晚上，或者说第二天，芭丝谢芭和她丈夫之间都没有什么话可说。但是，到了星期天晚上，托伊忽然说，“芭丝谢芭，我需要20英镑，你能给我吗？”

“啊，”她伤心地说，“准备明天的赛马吧？弗兰克，你不是说我比你的其它乐事更令你快活吗？这才几个星期啊！你能不能再赌马，让人提心掉胆啊！答应你的妻子，弗兰克，说你不去了！”她那美丽的面庞能劝服大多数男人。如果托伊没有结婚，他也会动摇，但是现在，他对她的爱已有所减弱，不再对她言听计从了。

“好吧，我不用这钱去赌马，”他说。“别让我缺钱花，芭丝谢芭，要不你会遗憾的。”

“我已经有遗憾了，”她答道。“遗憾我们俩的爱情已经到头。”

“爱情总是随着婚姻而结束。你恨我了吧。”

“我不恨你，我只恨你犯的错误。”

“那干吗不帮我改正呢？来吧，咱们是好朋友。就给我20镑。”

“好吧，钱在这儿。拿着。”

“谢谢。明天早饭后我得出去。”

“你必须走吗，弗兰克？留下陪我吧！过去你总叫我亲爱的，现在你并不在乎我怎样打发时光了。”

“我必须走，”托伊说着，取出他的表来。他打开表的后盖，芭丝谢芭恰巧看见了表里藏着一绺头发。

“哎呀，弗兰克！”她叫道。“那是女人的头发？谁的呀？”

托伊赶紧合上表盖，漫不经心地答道，“怎么了，你的呗。我都快忘了这头发了。”

“你撒谎，弗兰克。那是黄头发，我的头发是深色的。”

“好啦，好啦，如果一定要说，我告诉你。那头发是我见到你以前准备娶的一个年轻姑娘的。”

“告诉我她的名字？她结婚了吗？”

“我不能说出她的名字，不过，她还是单身。”

“她还活着吗？漂亮吗？”

“活着，漂亮。”

“那可怜的人儿长着那样的头发怎么能好看呢？”

“她的头发人见人爱，真漂亮啊！别嫉妒呀，芭丝谢芭。你要是不信任我，就不该嫁给我！”

“我那么爱你，这就是你对我的报答！”芭丝谢芭痛苦地哭道。“我嫁给你的时候，愿为你而死，现在你却笑我嫁你是犯傻！你愿不愿意让我高兴，把那绺头发烧掉，弗兰克？”

托伊只是说，“我对以前碰到的人负有责任。我必须纠正过去所犯的错误，这比我俩之间的关系更重要。如果你后悔和我结婚，好，我还后悔呢！”

“弗兰克，我只是遗憾你爱另一个女人胜过爱我，”芭丝谢芭声音颤抖着说。“你喜欢长着漂亮头发的女人。是，很好看！她是不是昨晚咱们在路上碰到的那个女人？”

“没错，是的。现在你知道真相了，高兴了吧。”

“你并没有告诉我全部经过。快把全部真相告诉我，”她说，大胆地盯着他的脸。“我从未想过我会求一个男人做什么事，我的自尊全没了！”

“别这么不顾一切嘛！”托伊怒冲冲地说着出了门。

芭丝谢芭陷入深深的绝望之中。她知道她已失去作为一个女人的独立自主，这曾经是令她引以自豪的。她恨自己那么轻率地爱上了自己这位英俊的丈夫，现在她意识到，他这人并不可靠。

次日一早，托伊早早就离开了家。芭丝谢芭正在花园里散步，忽然注意到盖伯瑞尔·奥克和伯德伍德先生正埋头说着话。他们喊约瑟夫·普格拉斯，正在摘苹果的普格拉斯很快沿着通向芭丝谢芭房屋的小路走来。

“喂，约瑟夫！什么事？”她好奇地问。

“好象范妮·罗宾死了，死在卡斯特桥济贫院里了。”

“是吗！怎么死的？”

“我也不知道，太太。不过她本来身体就不结实。伯德伍德先生准备派一辆马车把她拉回来葬在这儿。”

“啊，不能让伯德伍德先生派马车，范妮是我叔叔的使女，也是我的。死在济贫院多惨哪！你去对伯德伍德先生说，你今天下午要赶我的新马车去卡斯特桥把她的遗体拉回来。还有，约瑟夫，在马车上给可怜的范妮放些花。她在济贫院呆了多久了？”

“刚一天，太太。她星期天上午到那里时就有病，又累得要命。她步行穿过威瑟伯里。”

芭丝谢芭脸上立时失去了血色。“沿路从威瑟伯里到了卡斯特桥？”她急切地问道。“她什么时候路经威瑟伯里的呢？”

“上星期六晚上，太太。”

“谢谢你，约瑟夫，你可以走了。”

下午晚些时候，芭丝谢芭问利蒂：“可怜的范妮·罗宾的头发是什么颜色？我只见过她一两天。”

“她那会儿总把头发包起来，是漂亮的金发，太太。”

“她的那个年轻男人是个士兵，对不？”

“对，托伊先生和他很熟。”

“你说什么？托伊先生对你说过吗？”

“对呀。有一天我问他认不认识范妮的男人，他说他和那人熟得不得了。”

“够了，利蒂！”芭丝谢芭说，她焦虑不安，异乎寻常地发了脾气。

15 Fanny's revenge

That afternoon Joseph Poorgrass was bringing Fanny's coffin back from Casterbridge. Feeling a little frightened of the dead body behind him in the cart, and de-pressed by the autumn fog, he stopped for some beer at a pub, where he met Jan Coggan and Laban Tall. There Gabriel Oak found the three men, completely drunk, two hours later. As Joseph was clearly incapable of driving the cart, Gabriel drove it to Weatherbury himself. On the way into the village, the vicar stopped him.

‘I'm afraid it's too late now for the burial,’ he said, ‘but I can arrange for the body to be buried tomorrow.’

‘I could take the coffin to the church for the night, sir,’ offered Gabriel, hoping to prevent Bathsheba from seeing it.

But just then Bathsheba herself appeared. ‘No, Gabriel,’ she said. ‘Poor Fanny must rest in her old home for her last night. Bring the coffin into the house.’

The coffin was carried into a small sitting-room and Gabriel was left alone with it. In spite of all his care, the worst had happened, and Bathsheba was about to make a terrible discovery. But suddenly he had an idea. He looked at the words written simply on the coffin lid—Fanny Robin and child. With a cloth Gabriel carefully removed the last two words. Quietly he left the room.

Bathsheba was in a strange mood. She felt lonely and miserable, but she had not stopped loving her husband, in spite of her anxiety about his past. She was waiting for him to come home, when Liddy knocked and entered.

‘Ma'am, Maryann has just heard something...’ she hesitated a little. ‘Not about you or us, ma'am. About Fanny. There's a story in Weatherbury that...’ Liddy whispered in her mistress's ear.

Bathsheba trembled from head to foot.

‘I don't believe it!’ she cried. ‘There's only one name on the coffin lid! But I suppose it could be true.’

She said no more, and Liddy went quietly out of the room. Bathsheba felt almost sure she knew the truth about Fanny and Troy, but she wanted to be certain. She entered the sitting-room where the coffin lay. Holding her hot hands to her forehead she cried, ‘Tell me your secret, Fanny! I hope it isn't true there are two of you! If I could only look at you, I'd know!’

After a pause, she added slowly, ‘And I will.’

A few moments later, she stood beside the uncovered coffin. Staring in, she said, ‘It was best to know the worst, and I know it now!’ Her tears fell fast beside the dead pair in the coffin, tears for Fanny and for herself. Although Bathsheba, not Fanny, had married Troy, in death Fanny was the winner. She was taking her revenge now on Bathsheba for the difficulties she had experienced in her life.

Bathsheba forgot the passing of time as she looked at Fanny's cold white face and yellow hair, and did not realize Troy had arrived home. He threw open the door and came in. He did not guess who was in the coffin.

‘What's the matter? Who's dead?’ he asked.

Bathsheba tried to push past him. ‘Let me out!’ she cried.

‘No, stay, I insist!’ He held her arm and together they looked into the coffin.

Troy stood completely still when he saw the mother and baby. Little by little his shoulders bent forward, and his face showed deep sadness. Bathsheba was watching his expression closely, and she had never been more miserable. Slowly Troy knelt to give Fanny Robin a gentle kiss.

Bathsheba threw her arms round his neck, crying wildly from the depths of her heart, ‘Don't, don't kiss them! Oh Frank, no! I love you better than she did! Kiss me too, Frank! You will kiss me too, Frank!’

Troy looked puzzled for a moment, not expecting this child-like cry from his proud wife. But then he pushed her away.

‘I will not kiss you!’ he said.

‘Can you give me a reason?’ asked Bathsheba, fighting to control herself. Perhaps it was unfortunate that she asked.

‘I've been a bad, black-hearted man, but this woman, dead as she is, is more to me than you ever were, or are, or can be. I would have married her, if I'd never seen your beautiful face! And I wish I had married her!’ He turned to Fanny. ‘But never mind, darling,’ he said, ‘in the sight of God you are my wife!’

At these words a long, low cry of despair and anger came from Bathsheba's lips. ‘If she's—that, what—am I?’

‘You are nothing to me, nothing,’ said Troy heartlessly. ‘A ceremony in front of a vicar doesn't make a marriage. I don't consider myself your husband.’

Bathsheba wanted only to get away from him and his words. She ran straight out of the house. She stayed out all night, wrapped in a cloak, waiting for the coffin to be taken for burial. As soon as the men had taken it away the next morning, she re-entered the house, very cautiously to avoid Troy, but her husband had gone out very early and did not return.

15 范妮的复仇

那天下午，约瑟夫·普格拉斯把范妮的棺木从卡斯特桥运回。身后的马车上放着的尸体让他觉得有点害怕，秋雾也使他感到压抑，他便停下马车进一家酒馆喝啤酒。在酒馆他遇到了简·考根和拉班·托尔。两小时后，盖伯瑞尔在酒馆找到这三个人时，他们都已醉倒不起了。约瑟夫是没法赶车了，于是，盖伯瑞尔便自己把车赶回威瑟伯里。在进村的路，牧师拦住了他。

“现在天太晚了，恐怕不能埋了吧，”他说，“不过，我可以安排明天下葬。”

“我把棺木放到教堂过夜吧，先生。”盖伯瑞尔提议道，他不想让芭丝谢芭看见。

就在这时，芭丝谢芭出现了。“不行，盖伯瑞尔，”她说。“可怜的范妮应该在她的老家过上最后一夜，把棺木抬进房里吧。”

于是，棺木抬进了一间小起居室，盖伯瑞尔独自留下守灵。尽管他小心翼翼，最糟糕的事情还是发生了，芭丝谢芭即将发现真相，这可太糟了。突然，他有主意了。他看着简简单单写在棺木盖上的字——“范妮·罗宾及孩子”，然后用一块布小心地把最后两个字盖住。悄悄地，他离开了房间。

芭丝谢芭心情很怪。她既觉得孤单、痛苦，对丈夫的过去颇为担忧，但仍未停止对她丈夫的爱，她正在等待他回家，这时利蒂敲门进来了。

“太太，玛丽安刚刚听到点风声……”她犹豫了一下。“不是你或我们的事，是有关范妮的事。威瑟伯里的人们传言……”利蒂俯在她的女主人耳边耳语起来。

芭丝谢芭从头到脚都颤抖起来。

“我不相信！”她叫道。“棺材盖上只有一个名字！可这传说也可能是真的。”

她不再说什么，利蒂悄声出了门。芭丝谢芭几乎已确信范妮和托伊的事，可她还想证实一下。她走进停放棺木的那间起居室，把发烫的手放在额头，喊道，“把你的秘密告诉我，范妮！希望这不是真的，不是两个人！我要是能看你一眼，就会知道的！”

停了一会儿，她又缓慢地说，“我要看看你！”

又过了片刻，她站在揭去盖子的棺木边，一边向里看，一边说，“最好还是知道最坏的情况，现在我知道了！”她的眼泪落在棺木里那死去的两人身边，这是哭范妮的泪水，也是哭自己的泪水。虽然是芭丝谢芭而不是范妮嫁给了托伊，可死去的范妮才是获胜者。她活着时遭受了种种磨难，现在正在向芭丝谢芭复仇。

芭丝谢芭看着范妮那张凉冰冰的、惨白的脸，看着那黄头发，忘记了时间，也没有意识到托伊已经到家。他推开门进来，没弄明白棺材里是谁。

“怎么啦？谁死了？”他问道。

芭丝谢芭想从他身边挤过去。“放我出去！”她喊道。

“不行，待在这儿，我要你留下！”他抓住她一只胳膊，一起往棺木里看。

托伊看到那母亲和婴儿，呆立不动。然后他才一点一点地弯下身，脸上显出深深的悲伤。芭丝谢芭仔细观察他的表情，她可从未见过他这样伤心。慢慢地，托伊跪下，给范妮·罗宾轻轻一吻。

芭丝谢芭双手搂住他的脖子，从心底里大声狂喊，“别！别吻她们！噢，弗兰克，别！我比你爱你！你也得吻吻我，弗兰克！你得吻吻我，弗兰克！”

一时间，托伊十分迷惑，他没料到自己这位高傲的妻子会这样孩子般地叫喊。随后，他便把她推开了。

“我不会吻你的！”他说。

“你能说出理由吗？”芭丝谢芭问道，努力克制着自己。也许她并不该问。

“我一向是个黑了心的坏蛋，可是这个女人，这个死去的女人，对我来说比你更加重要，过去是，现在是，将来也是。我要不是看到你这张漂亮的脸，早就娶了她了！我真应该娶了她！”他转向范妮。“不过别在意，亲爱的，”他说，“在上帝的眼里，你才是我的妻子！”

听到这些话，芭丝谢芭嘴里发出长长的一声绝望而愤怒的叫声。“如果她——是，那我——是什么？”

“你什么也不是，什么都不是，”托伊狠心地说。“仅仅在牧师面前举行个仪式并不能缔造婚姻，我并不认为我是你的丈夫。”

芭丝谢芭此刻只想从他身边跑开，不去听他说的那些话。她径直跑到房子外面，身上裹着一件斗篷，在外面待了一整夜，等着棺木抬出下葬。次日早晨，人们刚把棺木抬走，她便进到屋内，小心地躲避着托伊。但是，她的丈夫一大早便外出了，没有回来。

16 Sergeant Troy leaves

When Bathsheba ran out of the house the previous night, Troy first replaced the coffin lid, then went upstairs to lie on his bed and wait miserably for the morning.

The day before, on Monday, he had waited for Fanny, as arranged, on the bridge just outside Casterbridge, for over an hour. He had Bathsheba's twenty pounds and seven pounds of his own to give Fanny. When she did not come, he became angry, remembering the last time she had failed to arrive, on her wedding day. In fact she was at that moment being put in her coffin at the workhouse, but he did not know that. He rode straight to the races at Budmouth and stayed there all afternoon. But he was still thinking of Fanny, and he did not risk any money on the horses. Only on his way home did he suddenly realize that illness could have prevented her from meeting him, and only when he entered the farmhouse that evening did he discover that she was dead.

On Tuesday morning Troy got up and, without even thinking about Bathsheba, went straight to the churchyard to find the position of Fanny's grave. He continued on foot to Casterbridge to order the best gravestone available for twenty-seven pounds, which was all the money he had. Having arranged for it to be put on the grave that afternoon, he returned to Weatherbury in the evening, with a basket of flowering plants. The new gravestone was already in place, and he worked solidly for several hours in the churchyard, putting the plants carefully into the soft earth of her grave. When it started raining, however, he decided to spend the rest of the night in the shelter of the church, and finish his planting in the morning.

The rain that night was unusually heavy, and water began to pour from a broken pipe on the church roof straight on to Fanny's grave. As the earth there had only recently been dug, the grave became a kind of muddy pool. Soon the plants were floating on top of the grave, and then were washed away in the stream of water flowing through the churchyard.

When Troy woke up, stiff and still tired, he went out of the church to finish work on the grave. The rain had stopped, and the sun was shining through the red and gold autumn leaves. The air was warm and clear. As Troy walked along the path, he noticed it was very muddy, and covered with plants. Surely these could not be the ones he had planted? He turned the corner and saw the damage the heavy rain had done.

The new gravestone was stained with mud, and there was a shallow hole in the grave, where the water had poured in. Nearly all the plants had been washed out of the grave.

This strange accident had a worse effect on Troy than any of his troubles, worse even than Fanny's death. He had tried to show his love for her, knowing that he had failed to do so when she was alive. Planting the flowers was also a way of softening his feelings of sadness and guilt at her death. And now his work had been destroyed! He was too depressed to start work on the grave again. He left it as it was, and went silently out of the churchyard. A minute later he had left the village.

Meanwhile Bathsheba had spent a day and a night as a willing prisoner in a small bedroom in her house. Except when Liddy brought her food or messages, she kept the bedroom door locked so that her husband could not come in. Liddy knew there was trouble between husband and wife, but did not know the reason. On Wednesday morning she brought breakfast up to Bathsheba.

'What heavy rain we had in the night, ma'am!' she said.

'Yes, and there was a strange noise from the churchyard.'

'Gabriel thinks it was water from a broken pipe on the church roof, and he's gone there to see. Are you going to the churchyard, ma'am, to look at Fanny's grave?'

'Did Mr Troy come in last night?' Bathsheba asked anxiously.

'No, ma'am, he didn't. And Laban Tall says he saw Mr Troy walking out of the village towards Budmouth,' replied Liddy.

Budmouth, thirteen miles away! At once Bathsheba's heart felt lighter. 'Yes, Liddy, I need some fresh air. I'll go to see Fanny's grave,' she said, and after breakfast she walked almost cheerfully to the churchyard.

She saw the hole in the grave and the expensive new grave-stone, but did not think it could be Fanny's. She looked round for a plain grave. Then she noticed Gabriel reading the words on the gravestone, and her eyes followed his:

This stone was put up by Francis Troy in loving memory

of Fanny Robin, who died on October 9, 1866, aged 20

Gabriel looked anxiously at her to see if she was upset, but she remained calm. She asked him to fill in the hole, and have the broken water pipe repaired. Finally, to show she did not hate the woman who had caused her such bitterness, she replanted the flowers herself, and cleaned the muddy grave-stone, so that the words could be read clearly. Then she went home.

Troy, meanwhile, was walking towards the south. He could not decide what to do next. All he knew was that he had to get away from Weatherbury. At the top of a hill he saw the sea, stretching for miles in front of him. Now he felt more cheerful, and decided to swim. So he climbed down the cliffs, undressed on the beach and jumped into the sea. The water was so smooth that he swam confidently out to where it was very deep. Here he was surprised and a little frightened to find that he was being carried further out to sea. He suddenly remembered that the Budmouth coast was famous for the number of swimmers drowned there every year, and he began to be afraid that he would soon be one of them. However strongly he swam, the sea pulled him further away from the coast, and he was already beginning to feel tired and breathless. Just then he saw a small boat moving out to sea, towards a ship. With his right arm he swam, and with his left he waved wildly, shouting as loudly as he could. The sailors saw him at once, and rowed over to rescue him.

16 托伊中士离家出走

前一天晚上, 芭丝谢芭跑到屋外后, 托伊把棺木重新盖好, 然后上楼躺下, 痛苦地等待早晨到来。

再前一天是星期一, 他如约在卡斯特桥城外的那座桥上等待范妮, 等了一个多小时。他拿着芭丝谢芭给的20镑和他自己的七镑, 准备给范妮。她没有来, 他便生气了, 想起婚礼那天她也未到的情景。实际上, 她此刻正在济贫院被放入棺材, 而他却一无所知。他径直骑马去了巴德茅斯的赛马场, 在那里逗留了一个下午。但是, 他心里仍旧惦记着范妮, 于是没有在赛马身上押钱。走在回家的路上, 他才意识到她正生病,

很可能无法赴约。那天晚上他回到家后才发现她已经死去了。

星期二早晨，托伊起了床，想也没想芭丝谢芭，便到教堂墓地找到了范妮的坟墓。然后，他又继续步行前往卡斯特桥，用他所有的27镑订了一块好墓碑并请人于那天下午送到墓旁。傍晚时他带着一篮花苗回到威瑟伯里。他回去时，新墓碑已经安放到位，他在教堂墓地连续干了几个小时，把那些花苗栽到她坟上松软的土里。然而，天下起了雨，他决定在教堂里过夜，第二天早上把花苗栽完。

那晚，雨下得异常的大，雨水从教堂顶上的一截破管子里径直倾泻到范妮的墓上。由于坟墓上的土是刚刚挖过的，所以坟墓变成了一个泥浆池。花苗很快漂了起来，接着又被流经墓地的雨水冲走了。

托伊一觉醒来，浑身僵直，疲乏不堪。他走出教堂准备把活干完。雨已停了，阳光透过金红色的秋叶。天气温暖、清爽。托伊走在小路上，看到路上很泥泞，而且满是花苗。这些花苗不会是自己栽的那些吧？他拐过弯，看到了大雨所造成的损失。

新墓碑上沾满泥土，坟墓上有一个坑，里面灌满了水。几乎所有的花苗都被冲走了。

这一异常的事件对托伊的影响超过他所遇到过的任何困难，甚至超过范妮的死对他的影响。他本想表明一下自己对她的爱意，因为这点在她生前他没有能做到。栽种花苗也可以缓解一下她的死给他带来的伤感和内疚。现在他的努力竟这样毁于一旦！他沮丧之极，无法重新在墓上干活了，于是听其自然，默默走出了墓地。不一会儿，他便离开了村子。

与此同时，芭丝谢芭将自己关在房内的一间小卧室里待了一天一夜。除了利蒂送饭、捎信外，她一直锁着卧室房门，以防丈夫进门。利蒂知道这夫妻二人在闹别扭，可又不知道为了什么。星期三早上，她又给芭丝谢芭送来了早饭。

“昨晚的雨下得可是真大，太太！”她说。

“是啊，教堂墓地那边也有奇怪的声音。”

“盖伯瑞尔猜想是教堂顶上破管子里流水的声音，他到那儿察看去了。太太，你要去墓地看看范妮的墓吗？”

“托伊先生昨晚回来过吗？”芭丝谢芭急切地问道。

“没有，太太。拉班·托尔说他看见托伊先生出村向巴德茅斯去了。”利蒂答道。

巴德茅斯？13英里远哪！芭丝谢芭立刻觉得心情轻松了。“利蒂，我去。我需要新鲜空气。我要去看看范妮的墓，”她说道。吃完早饭，她几乎是心情愉快地到了教堂墓地。

她看到墓上的坑，也看到了那块昂贵的新墓碑，不过觉得那不会是范妮的。她四下观看，寻找一座简朴的坟墓，却注意到盖伯瑞尔正在念墓碑上的字，她的眼睛也跟着看下去：

谨立此碑怀念可爱的范妮·罗宾。

她于1866年10月9日逝世，年20岁。

立碑人弗兰西斯·托伊

盖伯瑞尔担忧地望着她，怕她心烦意乱，但她却保持着平静。她让他把坑填上，让人把破管子修理好。最后，为了显示她对这个使她如此痛苦的妇女并无怨恨，她亲自重栽了花苗，清洗干净满是泥土的墓碑，这样，上面的字便看得清楚了。干完这些事，她便回了家。

这时，托伊正向南面走去。他难以确定下一步该干什么，他只知道自己必须离开威瑟伯里。他上了山顶，看到了大海，在他面前绵延数英里。此刻，他的心情好了一些，于是决定去游个泳。他从山崖上下去，到海滩上脱掉衣服跳进海水里。海水十分柔滑，他信心十足地游到了很深的地方。这时，他发现自己被冲向大海，觉得既意外，又有点恐惧。他忽然记起巴德茅斯海边每年淹死的人数之多，是很出名的，他也害怕自己成为其中的一员。但是，无论他多么用力，大海还是把他推离海岸，他已经觉得疲乏、呼吸急促了。

就在此时，他看到一条小船出海驶向一艘轮船。他右手划水，左手狂乱地挥舞，一边大声呼喊。水手们立刻发现了他，于是划船过来把他救下。

17 Farmer Boldwood begins to hope

When Troy did not return, Bathsheba felt neither happiness nor sadness. She had no hope for the future. She was sure that one day he would return, and spend the rest of her money. Then they would have to sell the farm. She could do nothing to prevent it.

One Saturday at Casterbridge market, a stranger came up to her. 'I must tell you, ma'am,' he said, 'your husband is dead.'

'No, it can't be true!' gasped Bathsheba. Darkness came over her eyes, and she fell. But not to the ground. Boldwood, who had been standing in a corner watching her, ran forward to catch her.

'Tell me more,' he said to the stranger, as he held the unconscious girl gently in his arms.

'The police found her husband's clothes on the beach. He must have been swimming, and drowned off the Budmouth coast.'

There was a strange excitement in Boldwood's face, but he said nothing. He carried her to a private room at the hotel, where she could rest until she felt well enough to ride home.

When she arrived home, still feeling weak and confused, Liddy had already heard the news. 'Shall we get some black clothes made for you, ma'am?' said the maid, hesitating a little.

'No, Liddy. It isn't necessary. You see, I think he may still be alive. I feel—I think I'm sure he's alive!'

But the following Monday Troy's death was reported in the local newspaper. A witness had seen him in deep water, shouting and waving for help. And when his clothes and his watch, found on the beach, were delivered to the farmhouse, Bathsheba began to doubt that he was alive. She opened the back of his watch case and took out the curl of golden hair.

'He was Fanny's and she was his,' she said to herself. 'They should be together. I mean nothing to either of them. Why should I keep her hair?' She held the curl over the fire. 'No, I won't burn it, I'll keep it in memory of her, poor thing!'

Through the autumn and winter Bathsheba's life was more peaceful. She no longer took such an interest in the farm, and very sensibly appointed Gabriel Oak her farm manager. He had already been doing the job unofficially, and now would be paid for it. At last his good qualities were being recognized. Gabriel's luck had certainly changed. Boldwood could not concentrate on farming these days either. His wheat and hay had all been so damaged by the rain that it was worthless. Weatherbury people were shocked by the changes they had noticed recently in Farmer Boldwood. Soon he himself realized that something must be done, and arranged for Gabriel to manage his farm too. So Gabriel was responsible for both the important farms in the area, while their owners sat alone in their lonely farmhouses.

After a time Boldwood started to hope that one day, if Bathsheba remarried at all, she would marry him. He tried to maintain a friendly, businesslike relationship with her, keeping his love for her out of sight, until the right moment came to propose again. He had no idea how long he would have to wait to marry her, but he was prepared to wait for the rest of his life.

The right moment did not come until the following summer when most of the Weatherbury people attended the great sheep fair at Greenhill. Gabriel was there with Bathsheba's and Boldwood's sheep, and so were both his employers. This year a travelling circus put up its tent and offered the public a horse-riding show. Most of Bathsheba's farm workers were already in the tent, when Bathsheba herself arrived to see the show. At the back of the tent, behind a curtain, were the circus riders, and one of them, pulling on his boots, was Sergeant Troy.

After being rescued, Troy had decided to stay on the ship and work as a sailor, but he was not happy with this travelling life, and finally returned to England. He hesitated to go back to Bathsheba and a comfortable life on the farm. Perhaps Bathsheba would fail at farming and then he would be responsible for her. And anyway, perhaps she would not welcome him back. For the moment he was working as actor and horse-rider with the circus. So it was with no plans for the future that Troy found himself at Greenhill fair, dangerously close to Weatherbury.

When he looked through a hole in the curtain to see the audience, he was horrified to see his wife. She looked more beautiful than he remembered. Perhaps she would laugh at him, a nobleman's son, working in a circus! As he rode into the tent, he was careful to keep his face away from her, and remain wrapped in his cloak. She did not seem to recognize him.

When the show was over, Troy went out into the darkness. In the large tent where meals and drinks were being served, he saw Bathsheba talking to a man. Was she forgetting her husband so soon? thought Troy angrily. He decided to listen to their conversation, and knelt down outside the tent, making a little hole with his knife in the heavy cotton so that he could see the two people inside.

She was drinking a cup of tea, which Boldwood had just brought her. Troy watched her every movement. She was as handsome as ever, and she belonged to him. After a few moments Troy got up and walked slowly from the tent. He was considering what to do next.

Meanwhile Boldwood had offered to ride back to Weatherbury with Bathsheba, as it was getting late, and she accepted. Her pity for the man she had hurt so deeply made her behave more kindly towards him than was perhaps sensible. Her kindness made poor Boldwood dream of their future marriage, and suddenly, unable to stop himself, he said, 'Mrs Troy, will you marry again some day?'

'You forget that my husband's death has never been proved, so I may not really be a widow,' she said, confused. 'I've a feeling he's alive, and I'm not thinking of marrying anyone else.'

'Do you know, Bathsheba, that according to the lawyers, you can remarry seven years after your husband's supposed death, that is, six years from now? Could you—promise to marry me then?'

'I don't know. Six years is too far away. I'm bitterly sorry I behaved so stupidly towards you, but—I can promise I'll never marry another man while you want me to be your wife, but—'

“You could put right the mistake you made by promising to be my wife in six years’ time!” There was wild hope in his eyes.

“Oh, what shall I do? I don’t love you, but if I can give you happiness by just promising, then I will—consider—and promise—soon. Shall we say, by Christmas?”

“You’ll promise at Christmas. Well, I’ll say no more.”

As Christmas came nearer, Bathsheba became more anxious, and one day she confessed her difficulty to Gabriel.

“The saddest reason of all for agreeing to his proposal,” she said, “is that if I don’t, I’m afraid he’ll go mad. His feelings are so extreme. I don’t say that because I’m vain, but I believe I hold that man’s future in my hands. Oh Gabriel, it’s a terrible worry!”

“Then why don’t you promise, ma’am? I don’t think people would think it wrong. The only thing that makes it wrong in my view is that you don’t love him.”

“That is my punishment, Gabriel, for playing that foolish trick with the valentine on him.” Gabriel had given her a reasonable, sensible answer, as she knew he would, but she felt annoyed with his cool advice. Not once had he spoken of his love for her, or said that he could wait for her too. She would have refused him of course, but at least it would have shown that he still admired her.

17 农场主伯德伍德开始盼望

托伊出而不归，芭丝谢芭既觉得高兴，也不感到伤心，她对将来没有什么期望。她确信他总有一天要回来，接着花她的钱。到了那时，他们只得把农场卖掉，她无法避免此事发生。

一个星期六，她正在卡斯特桥市场，一个陌生人向她走来。“我得告诉你，太太，”他说，“你丈夫死了。”

“没有，不可能！”芭丝谢芭气呼呼地说。她眼前一黑，向前倒下，但没有倒在地上。原来伯德伍德一直站在一个拐角看着她，此时跑上前来扶住了她。

“还有什么消息告诉我。”他对那陌生人说，一边用双手把失去知觉的姑娘轻轻揽住。

“警察在海滩上发现了她丈夫的衣服，他准是在巴德茅斯岸边游泳时淹死了。”

伯德伍德脸上出现一丝不可思议的激动，但他什么也没有说。他把她抱到旅店的一间僻静房间，让她在那里休息，直至她能够骑马回家。

她到家时，仍觉得虚弱与惶惑，利蒂已经听说了。“咱们给你定做黑衣服吧，太太？”她有点犹豫地说。

“不用，利蒂。没必要。你知道吧，我觉得他可能还活着。我感觉——我想我可以确信他还活着！”

但是，到星期一，当地报纸上报道了托伊的死讯，一个目击者曾看到他在深水中呼喊并挥手求救。人们把在海滩上发现的衣服和表送到农场时，芭丝谢芭开始怀疑他是否还活着。她把表的后盖打开，把那一缕金发取了出来。

“他属于范妮，范妮也属于他，”她自语道。“他们应当在一起的。对于他俩来说，我什么都不是。我干吗保留她的头发？”她把那络头发举到火上。“不行，不能烧掉。我得留着纪念她，可怜的东西！”

整个秋天至冬天，芭丝谢芭的生活都较以前平静。她已不很关心农事，因为她的农场经理人盖伯瑞尔·奥克把农场经营得井井有条。他早已干起了经理人的工作，而且即将拿经理人的工资。他的好品质终于得到承认，他时来运转了。这些日子，伯德伍德的心思也集中不到农事上头。他的麦子和干草遭受大雨破坏，已经不中用了。威瑟伯里的人们对农场主伯德伍德身上发生的变化都感到震惊。很快，他自己也意识到必须采取措施了，于是他让盖伯瑞尔来替他经营农场。就这样，盖伯瑞尔经管起了这一带的两个大农场，而农场的主人们则在他们的农舍里独自端坐着。

过了一段时间，伯德伍德开始希望有那么一天芭丝谢芭如果再婚，嫁的人会是他。他努力与她保持一种公事公办式的友好关系，而把自己对她的爱意掩藏起来，直至等到求婚的好时机再次到来。他不清楚要等多久才能娶她为妻，但是，他已经准备等候终生了。

直至第二年夏天威瑟伯里的大部分人都到格林希尔参加盛大的绵羊集市，好时机才姗姗来到。盖伯瑞尔带着芭丝谢芭和伯德伍德的羊到了集市上，他的两位雇主也来了。这一年，一个流动马戏团支起了帐篷给人们表演跑马节目。芭丝谢芭所雇的工人差不多都已进了帐篷，芭丝谢芭才赶来。在帐篷后部的幕布背后，站着马戏团的骑手，其中一个正在穿靴子的，正是托伊中士。

托伊被救以后，决定留在船上当个水手，但他又不愿过那种漂泊的生活，于是最终返回了英格兰。对于回不回芭丝谢芭身边过那种舒适的农家生活，他很犹豫，也许芭丝谢芭务不了农，那么他还得负责养她。无论怎样，芭丝谢芭都不会欢迎他回去的。眼下，他在这家马戏团当演员跑马。就这样，在对未来一无所知的情况下，托伊来到了格林希尔集市，处于距离威瑟伯里很近的危险境地。

他从幕布上的一个洞向外面的观众看了一眼，却看到了他的妻子，令他颇感惊恐。比他记忆中的她更漂亮了。她如果看到他这个贵族人家的儿子在马戏团工作，定会嘲笑他的！他骑马进入帐篷时，裹着斗篷，小心地把自己的脸避开她，她似乎并没有认出他来。

节目结束后，托伊到了暗处。在大帐篷里供应饭食饮料处，他看到芭丝谢芭在和一个人交谈。她这么快就把丈夫忘了？托伊气愤地想。他决定听一听他们在说些什么，于是在帐篷外面跪了下来，用小刀在厚布上面割了个小洞，他便可以看到帐篷里的人了。

她正在喝茶，茶是伯德伍德刚给她端来的。托伊注视着她的一举一动。她还像以往那样好看，她属于他。过了一会儿，托伊站起身来离开帐篷。他正在考虑下一步该干什么。

此时，伯德伍德提议与芭丝谢芭一道骑马回威瑟伯里，因为天已近黑。芭丝谢芭同意了。她曾深深伤害过这个男人，因而对他怀有怜悯，于是她对她的言谈话语十分和气，或许有些失分寸。她的和气使可怜的伯德伍德幻想起他们二人将来结婚的事。突然间他不能自制，说道，“托伊夫人，你会再婚吗？”

“你忘了吧，我丈夫的死从未得到证实，所以，我可能还不是寡妇呢，”她迷茫地说。“我有一种感觉，他还活着。所以我还没有考虑嫁给任何人。”

“你知道，芭丝谢芭，依据法律，假定你的丈夫已死，那么七年之后你便可以再婚，也就是说从现在起六年以后。能不能——答应到时候嫁给我？”

“我不知道，六年的时间太长了。我十分后悔那样愚蠢地对待你，可是——我可以保证只要你还想让我做你的妻子，我就决不嫁给他人，可是——”

“你可以用保证六年以后做我的妻子来改正你所犯的错误！”他的双眼显现出急切的希望。

“唉，我怎么办呢？我又不爱你，不过如果我保证一下就能让你幸福，那我愿意——考虑——尽快对你作出保证。到圣诞节前，怎样？”

“你要在圣诞节作出保证，好吧，那我就不再说什么了。”

随着圣诞节临近，芭丝谢芭更加忧虑起来，于是有一天，她向盖伯瑞尔坦露了她的难处。

“我接受他求婚，最让我伤心的原因就是，”她说，“如果我不接受，那他就有可能发疯。他的感情太过狂热。我这样说并不是因为我自负，而是因为，这个人的未来掌握在我的手中。盖伯瑞尔，这事可真让人揪心哪！”

“那你为什么不答应他呢，太太？我想人们不会觉得这有什么错的。我觉得这件事情唯一不合适的一点就是你并不爱他。”

“这是对我的惩罚，盖伯瑞尔，因为我在情人节跟他开了那种愚蠢的玩笑。”盖伯瑞尔给了她一个合情合理的回答，她知道也会如此。但是，他这种冷静的忠告令她感到恼火。他不只一次地对她谈及他的爱，还说过他也可以等她。当然她也会拒绝他的，不过，至少那样会表明他仍然爱慕她。

18 Mr Boldwood's Christmas party

For months Weatherbury people had been discussing the party that Mr Boldwood was going to give just before Christmas, and now the day had finally arrived. Bathsheba was getting ready for it.

'I'm upset, Liddy, it's foolish of me, I know, ' she said. 'I wish I didn't have to go to the party. I haven't spoken to Mr Boldwood since the autumn, when I promised to see him at Christmas, so I'll have to go. My black silk dress, please.

'Surely you don't need to wear black tonight, ma'am? You've been a widow for fourteen months now. That's a long time.

'No, if I wear a bright dress, people will say I'm encouraging Mr Boldwood. How do I look, Liddy? '

'I've hardly ever seen you look so lovely, ma'am. '

'I rish offending him if I don't go. Oh, I wish I could have continued as I've been for the last year or so, with no hopes or fears, and no pleasures and no sadness. '

'If Mr Boldwood asked you to run away with him, what would you say, ma'am? ' said Liddy with a smile.

'Now, Liddy, no joking. This is far too serious. I won't marry anyone for a long time. Get my cloak. It's time to go.

At the same time, in his farmhouse, Boldwood was also dressing. He was trying on a new coat which had just been delivered. Tonight he wanted to look his best.

Just then Gabriel entered, to report on farm business.

'Oh, Oak, ' said Boldwood. 'You're invited to the party tonight, of course. '

'I'll try to come, if I'm not too busy, ' said Gabriel quietly. 'I'm glad to see you looking happier, sir. '

'Yes, I confess I'm cheerful tonight. But my happiness depends on a hope. Oak, my hands are shaking. Could you help me with the buttons on this coat? ' And as Gabriel came forward to help, he went on feverishly, 'Oak, does a woman keep her promise to become engaged? You know women better than I do—tell me. '

'I don't think I understand women well at all. But if she wants to put right a mistake, she may keep a promise like that. '

'I think she will, ' whispered Boldwood. 'She says she can think of me as a husband seven years after Troy's disappearance. '

'Seven years, ' said Gabriel, shaking his head. 'A long time. '

'But it isn't seven years! ' answered Boldwood impatiently. 'It's only five years, nine months and a few days now! '

'Don't build your hopes on her promise, sir. Remember, she disappointed you once. And she's young. '

'She never promised me that first time, so she's never broken her promise to me yet. I trust her to keep her word. But let's talk business for a moment, Oak. You work so hard as my farm manager that I want you to have a larger share of the profits. I know a little about your secret. You have warm feelings for her too, but you've let me succeed in courting her! I want to show you how grateful I am for that. '

'Oh, that's not necessary, thank you, ' said Gabriel hurriedly. 'I must get used to my disappointment as other men have. ' He left, rather worried by Boldwood's strange manner.

Outside the front door of Boldwood's house a group of men were talking quietly.

'Sergeant Troy was seen in Casterbridge this afternoon, ' said Billy Smallbury. 'His body was never found, you know, neighbours. '

'Should we tell the mistress? ' asked Laban Tall. 'Poor woman! What a mistake she made in marrying him! '

Just then Boldwood came out and walked to the gate. He did not notice the men, who were standing in the darkness.

'I hope to God she'll come! ' he whispered. 'Oh, my darling, my darling, why do you make me wait like this! '

They all heard his words clearly. The sound of wheels came from the road, and Bathsheba arrived. Boldwood took her into the house, and the door closed behind them.

'I didn't realize he was still in love with her! ' said Billy.

'Poor Mr Boldwood, the news will be hard for him, ' said Jan Coggan. 'We'll have to tell the mistress her husband's still alive. We'll go in and find the right moment to speak to her. '

But the right moment never came. Bathsheba had planned to stay at the party for only an hour, and she was in fact preparing to leave when Boldwood found her alone in an upstairs room.

'Mrs Troy, you can't go! ' he said wildly. 'We've only just begun! '

'I'd like to go now. I think I'll walk home. '

'You know what I want to say to you? ' Bathsheba looked silently at the floor. 'You do give it? ' he said eagerly.

'Give what? ' she asked, although she knew well what he meant.

'Your promise! Just a business arrangement between two sensible people who no longer think of love. To marry me in five to six years! You owe it to me! '

'I have no feeling in that matter at all, ' she replied, hesitating. 'But if I must, I promise—if I'm really a widow.

'You'll marry me in five and three-quarter years' time? '

'Let me think! I'll marry nobody else. Oh, I don't know! Is Frank really dead? Perhaps I should ask a lawyer! '

'Say the words, my dear one, and I won't speak about it any more. A long engagement, then marriage—Oh

Bathsheba! Promise yourself to me! ’ he begged wildly, forgetting his cool, businesslike manner. ‘I’ve loved you so much and for so long! ’

‘Very well, ’ she said after a pause, ‘I’ll marry you six years from now if we’re both alive and if my husband doesn’t return. ’

‘Then wear this ring for me. ’ Boldwood took from his pocket a diamond engagement ring, and held it out to her.

‘No, no, I can’t, I don’t want anyone to know! ’

‘Just wear it tonight, to please me! ’ Bathsheba could say no more, and weakly let him put it on her finger. He left her.

In a few minutes she was calmer. She put on her cloak and went downstairs. She paused at the foot of the stairs. Boldwood was standing near the fire, and he had just noticed that a group of villagers were whispering among themselves.

‘What’s the matter, men? ’ he asked cheerfully. ‘Is any-body engaged or married, born or dead? Tell us the news, Tall. ’

‘I wish somebody was dead, ’ replied Laban Tall in a whisper.

‘What was that, Tall? ’ asked Boldwood. ‘Speak out, if you have anything to say. ’

At that moment there was a knock on the front door. One of the men opened it. ‘A stranger wants to see Mrs Troy, ’ he said.

‘Ask him to come in, ’ said Boldwood.

The message was given, and Troy, wrapped up to his eyes in the cloak, stood in the doorway. Those who knew he was in the area recognized him immediately. Boldwood did not. He said, ‘Come in, stranger, and have a Christmas drink with us! ’

Troy entered, threw off his cloak and looked Boldwood in the face. But it was only when he laughed that Boldwood recognized the man who had destroyed his hope and happiness once and was about to do it again.

Troy turned to Bathsheba. She had dropped miserably on to the lowest stair. Her mouth was blue and dry, her eyes empty and staring. He said, ‘Bathsheba, I’ve come here for you! ’ She did not reply. ‘Come home with me, do you hear! ’ He went towards her.

A strange, thin voice, full of despair, came from the fire-place. ‘Bathsheba, go with your husband! ’ said Boldwood.

She did not move, and when Troy stretched out his hand to pull her towards him, she fell back with a quick, low scream.

A second later there was a loud bang, and the hall was filled with smoke. At Bathsheba’s cry, Boldwood’s despair had turned to anger. From the wall above the fireplace he had taken a gun and shot Troy, who now lay very still. Boldwood turned the gun on himself, but was stopped by one of his men.

‘It doesn’t matter! ’ Boldwood gasped. ‘There’s another way to die! ’

He crossed the room to Bathsheba, and kissed her hand. Then he went out into the darkness before anyone could prevent him.

18 伯德伍德先生举办圣诞宴会

几个月来，威瑟伯里的人们一直在谈论伯德伍德先生将在圣诞节之前举行的宴会，现在这一天终于来到了。芭丝谢芭正为赴宴作准备。

“我挺心烦的，利蒂。我真蠢，我知道，”她说。“真希望我能不去。去年秋天我答应圣诞节去见他，从那以后我就没和他说过什么话，所以，我是得去。请给我穿上黑绸裙子。”

“你今晚用不着穿黑吧，太太？你守寡已经14个月了，时间够长的了。”

“不行，我要是穿上鲜亮衣裙，人们会说我在鼓励伯德伍德先生。你看我怎么样？”

“我还没怎么见过你这么漂亮呢，太太。”

“如果我不去，就会得罪他。唉，真想继续过这一年多的这种日子，既没有希望，也没有恐惧，既没有欢乐，也没有哀愁。”

“如果伯德伍德先生要和你他远走高飞，你说什么呀，太太？”利蒂微笑着说。

“利蒂，别开玩笑。这可是严肃的事。我嫁给谁都长不了。给我拿斗篷，该走了。”

这时，伯德伍德也在房里穿衣打扮。他正在试穿刚刚送到的一件新上衣。今晚，他想以最佳状态出场。

就在这时，盖伯瑞尔进来了，汇报农事进展情况。

“来，奥克，”伯德伍德说。“你今晚是一定要参加宴会的了。”

“如果我不太忙，就尽量来，”盖伯瑞尔平静地说。“看到你快活起来我真高兴，先生。”

“你说得对，今晚我是快活。不过，我的快活取决于一个希望。奥克，我的手在抖。你能帮我系一下扣子吗？”盖伯瑞尔走上前来，伯德伍德接着热情地说，“奥克，女人答应订婚以后还会守约吗？你比我更了解女人——给我说说。”

“我觉得我并不十分了解女人，不过，如果她想纠正错事，可能会遵守那诺言的。”

“我想她会是的，”伯德伍德轻声说道。“她说在她的丈夫消失七年以后，她可以考虑我成为她的丈夫的。”

“七年哪，”盖伯瑞尔说着摇了摇头。“时间太长了。”

“可现在不是七年了！”伯德伍德急切地说。“现在只剩五年九个月零几天了！”

“别把你的希望建立在她的许诺上面，先生。记住，她曾使你失望过一次，而且她还年轻。”

“那一次她本来就没答应过我什么，所以她也说不上违背过我的诺言。我相信她会说话算话的。咱们还是来说说正事吧，奥克。你为我经营农场，干得这么卖力，我想让你多拿一点利润分成。你的秘密我也知道一点，你对她也怀有热情，可你却让我去追求她！我想对你表示我由衷的感激！”

“嗨，那没必要，谢谢你了。”盖伯瑞尔匆忙说道，“我也必须像其他男人一样，学着习惯这种失意。”他离开了，伯德伍德奇怪的表现令他十分担心。

伯德伍德房子的前门外，一群男人正在悄声议论。

“今天下午有人在卡斯特桥看到托伊中士了，”比利·斯莫伯里说。“没有人见过他的尸体，乡亲们。”

“咱们应不应当告诉女主人呢？”拉班·托尔问道。“可怜的女人！她嫁给他就是个大错误！”

就在此时，伯德伍德出来向大门走去。他并没有注意到那些人，因为他们站在暗处。

“上帝保佑，让她来吧！”他悄声自语。“哦，亲爱的，我亲爱的人，你干吗让我这样地等待呢？”

他的话他们听得清清楚楚。路上传来车轮声，芭丝谢芭到了。伯德伍德将她领进房内，并关上了门。

“真没想到他还爱着她。”比利说。

“可怜的伯德伍德先生，那消息可够他受的，”简·考根说。“我们总得告诉女主人他的丈夫还活着。咱们进去，找个合适的时机告诉她吧。”

可是这合适的时机却没有来。芭丝谢芭本来就打算只待一个小时，伯德伍德在楼上房间发现芭丝谢芭一人独处时，她正准备离开。

“托伊太太，你不能走！”他狂热地说。“我们才刚刚开始啊！”

“我想现在就走，我准备走着回去。”

“你知道我想对你说什么吗？”芭丝谢芭默默地看着地面。“你真的给我吗？”他很急切地说。

“给什么？”她问道。其实她知道他所指的是什么。

“你的诺言呀！就当两个不再思想爱情的理智的人对一件事情进行安排吧。五、六年以后嫁给我！你理应这样的！”

“这事我完全没有情绪，”她犹豫着回答。“但如果我必须保证，那我就保证——如果我真正成了寡妇的话。”

“你将在五年又九个月后嫁给我吗？”

“让我想一下！我不会嫁给别的人。唉，我也不知道！弗兰克真的死了吗？我也许应该找个律师问一问！”

“把那句话说一遍，我亲爱的人，以后我就不会再提这事了。长长的订婚期，然后再结婚——芭丝谢芭啊！答应把你给我吧！”他狂热地恳求道，忘却了他那冷静而公事公办的作派。“我真爱你，爱了这么久！”

“那好吧，”她停了一会儿后说道。“如果咱们两人六年以后都还活着，如果我丈夫到时没有回来，我就嫁给你。”

“那你就把这个戒指戴上，”伯德伍德从衣兜里摸出一个订婚钻戒，举在她的面前。

“不行，不行，我不能戴，不能让任何人知道这事！”

“就今天晚上戴一戴，只让我高兴一下！”芭丝谢芭不能再说什么，无力地让他给自己戴上了戒指。然后他便走开了。

过了一会儿，她镇静一点了。她披上斗篷下了楼，先是在楼梯下停了停。伯德伍德站在炉边，刚刚注意到一群村民在一旁窃窃私语。

“什么事啊，伙计们？”他兴高采烈地问道。“是不是有人订婚了，要么是结婚了？生孩子了还是有人去世了？给我们讲讲新鲜事吧，托尔。”

“我倒希望有人真的死了，”拉班·托尔低声答道。

“你说什么，托尔？”伯德伍德问道。大点声说出来。”

正在此时，前门传来敲门声。一个人去开了门。“有个陌生人要见托伊太太，”他说。

“请他进来。”伯德伍德说。

话传了出去，托伊用斗篷齐眼遮挡着脸站在门口。知道他在这一片活动的那几个人马上便认出了他，但是，伯德伍德没有认出他来。他说，“请进来，这位陌生的人，跟我们喝一杯圣诞喜酒吧。”

托伊进了门，脱掉斗篷，直视伯德伍德。但是，直到他哈哈大笑起来伯德伍德才认出了这个人，这个毁了他的希望和幸福，现在又要来毁他的人。

托伊转向芭丝谢芭，她早已痛苦地跌倒在楼梯上。她的嘴又青又干，眼睛茫然地瞪着。他说，“芭丝谢芭，我回来找你了！”她没有回答。“跟我回家吧，听见我的话了吗！”他向她走了过去。

壁炉边传来一个奇怪的细嗓音，充满了绝望：“芭丝谢芭，跟你丈夫走！”是伯德伍德在说话。

她一动未动，托伊伸手去拉她时，她迅速发出一声低沉的叫声，向后倒去。

刹那间，只听得“砰”的一声，大厅里顿时充满烟味。原来，伯德伍德听到芭丝谢芭的叫声，心中的绝望变成了愤怒。他从壁炉上方的墙上摘下一支枪来，向托伊开了一枪。此时，托伊一动不动地躺在地上。伯德伍德又把枪对准自己，被一个人拦下了。

“没关系的！”伯德伍德气吁吁地说。”别的死法也行！”

他走到房间另一边的芭丝谢芭身边，吻了吻她的手。然后，他出门走进黑暗之中，没有人能拦得住他。

19 Bathsheba and Gabriel

Gabriel arrived at Boldwood's house about five minutes after the shooting. The villagers were all shocked and silent, but Bathsheba was sitting on the floor, calmly holding Troy's head.

'Gabriel, ' she said simply, 'I'm afraid it's too late, but ride to Casterbridge for a doctor. Mr Boldwood has shot my husband Gabriel obeyed at once, and while riding along was tinking so hard about the shooting that in the darkness he failed to notice a man walking along the road to Casterbridge. That man was Boldwood, on his way to Casterbridge to confess to his crime.

Bathsheba ordered the body to be removed to her house, and by herself she washed and dressed her dead husband for burial. But when the doctor, the vicar and Gabriel arrived, and she no longer needed to be strong, her self-control finally broke, and she became very ill. On the doctor's advice she was put to bed, and her illness continued for several months.

At his trial the following March Boldwood was found guilty of murder, for which the usual punishment was death. However, Weatherbury people began to protest publicly that he should not be held responsible for the crime. Over the last few weeks the villagers had noticed how his moods changed from wild despair to feverish excitement. He had forgotten his farm and even lost the previous year's harvest. And a pile of carefully wrapped parcels of dresses and jewels was found at his house, addressed to 'Bathsheba Boldwood' and dated six years ahead. These were accepted by the judges as signs of his mad-ness, and in the end Boldwood was sent to prison for life. Gabriel knew that Bathsheba blamed herself for Troy's death, and would have blamed herself even more for Boldwood's.

Her health improved only very slowly. She hardly ever went out of the house or garden, and did not discuss her feelings with anyone, even Liddy. But by the summer she was begin-ning to spend more time in the open air, and one August evening she walked to the churchyard. She could hear the village children inside the church practising their singing for Sunday. She went straight to Fanny's grave, and read Troy's words on the large gravestone:

This stone was put up by Francis Troy in loving memory of Fanny Robin, who died on October 9, 1866, aged 20
Underneath, on the same stone, were the words she had added:

In the same grave lies Francis Troy who died on December 24, 1867, aged 26

As she listened to the sweet voices of the children coming from the church, and thought of the pain she had experienced in her short life, tears came to her eyes. She wished she were as innocent as those children again. She was still crying when she suddenly noticed Gabriel Oak, who had come up the path on his way to the church, and was watching her sympathetically.

'Are you going in? ' she asked, trying to dry her tears.

'I was, ' he replied. 'I'm one of the church singers, you know, and tonight's my practice evening. But I don't think I'll go in now. ' There was a pause, while they both tried to think of something to say. At last Gabriel said slowly, 'I haven't seen you, to speak to, for a long time. Are you better now? '

'Yes, I am, ' she replied. 'I came to look at the gravestone. '

'Eight months ago it happened! ' said Gabriel. 'It seems like yesterday to me. '

'And to me it seems like years, long years ago. '

'There's something I must tell you, ' said Gabriel, hesitating. 'The fact is, I won't be your farm manager much longer. I'm thinking of leaving England, and farming in America. '

'Leaving England! ' she cried in surprise and disappointment. 'But everyone thought you would rent poor Mr Boldwood's farm and manage it yourself! '

'The lawyers have offered it to me, it's true. But I'll be leaving Weatherbury next spring. I have my reasons. '

'And what shall I do without you? Oh Gabriel, we're such old friends! You've helped me so much in the past, and now that I'm more helpless than ever, you're going away! '

'It's unfortunate, ' said Gabriel unhappily. 'It's because of that helplessness that I have to go, ' and he walked so quickly out of the churchyard that she could not follow him.

In the next few months Bathsheba noticed miserably that Gabriel communicated with her as little as possible, and then only by messenger. She could not avoid thinking that he, the last friend she had, had lost interest in supporting her, and was about to desert her. On the day after Christmas she received the letter from him which she had been expecting. In it he explained that he would leave the farm in three months' time.

Bathsheba sat and cried bitterly over this letter. She was deeply hurt that Gabriel no longer loved her. She was also worried about having to manage the farm by herself again. She thought about it all morning, and was so depressed by the afternoon that she put on her cloak and found her way to where Gabriel lived. She knocked at the door.

'Who is it? ' said Gabriel, opening the door. 'Oh, It's you, mistress! '

'I won't be your mistress much longer, will I, Gabriel? ' she said sadly.

'Well, no, I suppose not. '

Because these two people, who knew each other well, were meeting in a strange place, they felt like the strangers they were when they first met, and neither spoke for a moment.

'Gabriel, perhaps I shouldn't have come, but I—I thought I must have offended you, and that's why you're going away.

'Offended me! You couldn't do that, Bathsheba! '

'Couldn't I? ' she said gladly. 'But then why are you going? '

'I'm not going to America, you know. I decided not to, when you seemed against the idea. No, I've arranged to rent Mr Boldwood's farm, and I could have been your farm manager as well, if—well—if people hadn't said things about us. '

'What? ' said Bathsheba, surprised. 'What things? '

‘Well, if you must know, that I’m just waiting and hoping for the chance to marry you some day. ’

‘Marry me! That’s too foolish—too soon—to think of! ’

‘Yes, of course, it’s foolish. I certainly agree. ’

‘ “Too soon” were the words I used. ’

‘I’m sorry, but I think you said “too foolish”. ’

‘I’m sorry too, ’ she replied with tears in her eyes. ‘ “Too soon” was what I said. But it doesn’t matter a bit, not at all—but I only meant “too soon”. Indeed, you must believe me! ’

Gabriel looked into her face for a long time. ‘Bathsheba, ’ he said, coming closer, ‘If I only knew one thing—whether you’d allow me to love you, and marry you after all—if I only knew! ’

‘But you never will know, ’ she whispered.

‘Why not? ’

‘Because you never ask. ’

‘Oh! ’ said Gabriel delightedly. ‘My darling—’

‘You should never have sent me that cruel letter this morning. It shows you don’t care a bit about me! ’

‘Now Bathsheba, ’ he said, laughing, ‘you know very well that I had to be very careful, as a single man working for you, a good-looking young woman. I’ve been so worried about your good name. That’s why I was going to leave. ’

‘And that’s the only reason? Oh, I’m so glad I came! ’ she cried thankfully, as she got up to leave. ‘I’ve thought so much more about you since I imagined you didn’t even want to see me again. But Gabriel, I shouldn’t have come to visit you! I seem to be courting you! How awful! ’

‘Well, I’ve courted you, my beautiful Bathsheba, for a very long time, so one visit from you isn’t much to ask. ’

As he walked back to the farmhouse with her, they talked of his plans for Boldwood’s farm. They spoke very little of their feelings for each other. They were such old friends that expressions of love were probably unnecessary. Their shared interests and their long, friendly relationship had given them a complete understanding of each other’s character, and this finally developed, after their wedding, into a love that nothing could destroy.

19 芭丝谢芭与盖伯瑞尔

枪击事件过去约五分钟后，盖伯瑞尔来到伯德伍德的家。村民们都被震慑住了，一言不发。芭丝谢芭坐在地上，平静地捧着托伊的头。

“盖伯瑞尔，”她淡淡地说，“恐怕太晚了，请你骑马到卡斯特桥给请个医生来。伯德伍德先生向我丈夫开枪了。”盖伯瑞尔立即遵命行事，他一边骑马前行，一边满脑子考虑枪击托伊的事，所以没有注意到黑暗中有个人也在沿着大路走向卡斯特桥。那个人便是伯德伍德，准备去卡斯特桥坦白自己的罪行。

芭丝谢芭吩咐人们把尸体抬到她家，然后独自给死去的丈夫洗净、穿衣，准备埋葬。然而，等医生、牧师、盖伯瑞尔来到时，她便用不着再硬撑了，她便无法再克制自己，病倒了。遵照医生吩咐，人们把她抬到床上。她连续病了几个月。

三月份，经过审判，伯德伍德被判犯有杀人罪。这种罪通常是要处以死刑的。然而，威瑟伯里的人们公开抗议，认为他并不应对此罪行负责。在事发前几星期，人们便已经注意到他的情绪发生了变化，原先是绝望之极，后来又激动不安。他完全置农场于不顾，甚至头一年的收成也损失掉了。在他家，人们找到几个精心包好的包裹，装着衣服和首饰上面写着“给芭丝谢芭·伯德伍德，”日期则是六年以后。法官们认为，这表明他已精神失常，因而伯德伍德最终被判终生临禁。盖伯瑞尔明白，芭丝谢芭在为托伊的死而自责，如果伯德伍德死了，她会更加严厉地自责的。

她康复得非常之慢，几乎从未出门，也从未同任何人谈起过她自己的感情问题，包括利蒂。不过，夏天到来时，她在户外的时间多起来了，八月的一个傍晚，她走到了教堂墓地。她听见村里的孩子们正在教堂里练习星期天的祷告。她径直走向范妮墓边，读着大大的墓碑上托伊的话：

谨立此碑怀念可爱的范妮·罗宾。

她于1866年10月9日逝世，年20岁。

立碑人弗兰西斯·托伊

在同一墓碑的下方，刻着她加上的字：

同一墓穴中安息着弗兰西斯·托伊，他于1867年12月24日逝世，年26岁。

她听着教堂里传来的孩子们甜美的嗓音，想着自己这短短的生活中所经历的痛苦，不禁热泪盈眶。她真希望自己也能像那些孩子一般天真无邪。她正哭着，突然注意到盖伯瑞尔·奥克已在向教堂走来，正同情地注视着她。

“你要进教堂去吗？”她边问，边把泪水擦干。

“我本来要去的，”他答道。“我是教堂唱诗班的，今晚轮到我排练。不过，我现在不想进去了。”两人都顿住了，都在尽力找话说。最后，盖伯瑞尔缓缓地说：“有好长时间没有见你，也没有和你说话了。你现在好些了吗？”

“好些了，”她回答。“我来看看这墓碑。”

“八个月以前的事了！”盖伯瑞尔说。“可我觉得好像是昨天一样。”

“我可觉得像好多、好多年以前似的。”

“我有话得告诉你，”盖伯瑞尔犹豫地说。“我不能再为你经管农场了，我在考虑离开英国，去美国种地。”

“离开英国！”她喊道，既感到意外，又觉得失望。“可人们都以为你会租下伯德伍德的农场自己经营的呀！”

“没错，律师们向我提出来过，可我到春天就要离开威瑟伯里，我有我的理由。”

“没有你我怎么办呢？盖伯瑞尔啊，咱们交朋友这么长时间了。过去你给了我那么多的帮助，现在我比任何时候都需要帮助，可你却要走了！”

“真是不幸，”盖伯瑞尔不快地说。“就是因为这种无援无助我才不得不走的。”说着，他快步走出墓地，她想跟却没能跟得上他。

接下来的几个月，芭丝谢芭痛苦地注意到，盖伯瑞尔一直甚少与她直接交往，最后只与她书信往来了。她不由得认为她这个最后的朋友已不想再帮助她，在准备遗弃她。圣诞节后的那天，她收到了他的信，与她的预料一样。信中，他解释说，他将于三个月后离开农场。

芭丝谢芭拿着信坐在那里，伤心地哭了起来。盖伯瑞尔不再爱她，使她感到深受伤害。同时她也因自己又要管理农场而感到担忧。整个上午她都在考虑这件事情，下午来到时，她深感沮丧，于是披上斗篷向盖伯瑞尔的住处走去。她敲了敲门。

“谁呀？”盖伯瑞尔一边开门，一边问道。“啊呀，是你呀，主人。”

“我当主人不会当几天了，是不是，盖伯瑞尔？”她悲伤地说。

“嗯，是的，我想是吧。”

此时，这两个彼此相熟的人在新的地方相会，因此，他们都觉得像彼此初次见面时那样陌生，两人都一时无话。

“盖伯瑞尔，也许我本不该来，可我——我想肯定是我得罪你了，所以你才想要离开。”

“得罪我！你不会得罪我的，芭丝谢芭！”

“我不会吗？”她高兴地说。“那你为什么要走呢？”

“我不去美国了。我看你似乎不赞成我去，我就决定不去了。我已经打算好租下伯德伍德先生的农场，而且，要不是人们说咱俩的那些话，我还可以给你经管农场。”

“什么？”芭丝谢芭诧异地问道。“说咱俩什么？”

“呃，如果你真要知道，我告诉你。他们说我在等待并盼望有一天找机会娶你。”

“娶我！这太愚蠢——太快了——没法想象！”

“当然了，是太愚蠢，我同意。”

“我是说‘太快了’。”

“对不起，我还以为你说的是‘太愚蠢’呢。”

“我也对不起你，”她两眼含着泪回答道。“我说的是‘太快了’，不过这没关系，一点关系都没有——我的意思只是说‘太快了’。真的，你得相信我！”

盖伯瑞尔长时间地望着她的脸。“芭丝谢芭，”他说着走近了她，“我真想知道一件事——你让不让我爱你，让不让我娶你——我真想知道！”

“可你绝不会知道的，”她悄声地说。

“为什么不会？”

“因为你从来不问。”

“啊！”盖伯瑞尔喜悦地说，“亲爱的——”

“你今天早上怎么能把那封残酷的信送给我！那说明你一点也不把我当回事！”

“芭丝谢芭，”他笑着说，“你非常清楚，我必须非常小心行事才行，我是个给你干活的单身男人，你却是个漂亮的年轻女人。我一直为你的好名声而担忧，所以我才准备走的。”

“就这一个原因？啊，我真庆幸我来了你这儿，”她欣慰地喊道，说着起身准备离去。“自从我以为你不想再见到我以来，我一直在想你呀！可是，盖伯瑞尔，不应该是我来看你！倒像是我在追你！太可怕了！”

“不对，是我在追你，漂亮的芭丝谢芭，追了你好久，所以请你来看我一次也不算多。”

他陪她走回屋去，一路上，他们谈论着他经营伯德伍德农场的打算，而关于彼此之间的感情却谈得很少。他们二人已相知很深，互相表述爱情或许已无必要。他们二人的共同利益、互相之间的长久友谊已经使他们彼此十分了解对方的性格，而这种了解在他们二人结婚之后，又发展成了一种无坚不摧的爱情。

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简介

总是希望和周围的朋友攀比，这是人类的一大弱点。如果他们有钱，我们也希望有钱。如果他们很穷，那么我们也不在乎同样受穷。我们不会因为自己的愚蠢而羞愧，我们只会因为比周围的朋友更蠢才感到羞愧。这就是“人比人”的问题。

其实这里还有“往前看”的问题。我们无所谓错过什么，假如从未期待拥有。我们也不会因为贫穷而失望，既然我们不曾指望富有。

匹普又穷又没受过什么教育，但好在他的朋友们也都一样。对他们来说，这并没有什么；这就是生活的本来面目。然而，一旦匹普得知他有“远大前程”，他开始不再安分了。

他羞于与自己的伙伴们为伍，他甚至还自惭形秽。他的“前程”显然有摧毁他的生活的“危险”。

查尔斯·狄更斯（1812—1870）是英国最伟大的小说家之一。尽管出生清贫（他父亲因负债而入狱），他却在有生之年获得盛名而且富有。

人物介绍

Pip 匹普又名Handel汉德尔；教名菲利普

Abel Magwitch, a convict阿伯尔·马格韦契，一名罪犯

Mrs Joe Gargery, Joe's wife and Pip's sister乔·葛吉瑞夫人，乔的妻子，匹普的姐姐

Joe Gargery, the village blacksmith乔·葛吉瑞，乡村铁匠

Compeyson, a convict 康培生，一名罪犯

Mr Pumblechook, Joe's uncle潘波趣先生，乔的舅舅

Mr Wopsle, church clerk伍甫赛先生，教堂里的办事员

Biddy, Mr Wopsle's young cousin毕蒂，伍甫赛先生的表妹

Miss Havisham 郝薇香小姐

Estella, adopted by Miss Havisham艾丝黛拉，被郝薇香小姐收养

Herbert Pocket 赫伯特·朴凯特

Matthew Pocket, Herbert's father马修·朴凯特，赫伯特的父亲

Orlick奥立克

Mr Jaggers, a London lawyer贾格斯先生，一名伦敦律师

Mr Wemmick, Mr Jaggers' clerk文米克先生，贾格斯先生的雇员

Bentley Drummle本特利·朱穆尔

Startop史达多蒲

Miss Skiffins, engaged to Wemmick斯基芬小姐，已与文米克先生有婚约

The aged parent, or the Aged, Wemmick's father年老的父亲，或老年人，文米克的父亲

1 Pip meets a stranger

My first name was Philip, but when I was a small child I could only manage to say Pip. So Pip was what every-body called me. I lived in a small village in Essex with my sister, who was over twenty years older than me, and married to Joe Gargery, the village blacksmith. My parents had died when I was a baby, so I could not remember them at all, but quite often I used to visit the churchyard, about a mile from the village, to look at their names on their gravestones.

My first memory is of sitting on a gravestone in that church-yard one cold, grey, December afternoon, looking out at the dark, flat, wild marshes divided by the black line of the River Thames, and listening to the rushing sound of the sea in the distance.

‘Don’t say a word!’ cried a terrible voice, as a man jumped up from among the graves and caught hold of me. ‘If you shout I’ll cut your throat!’ He was a big man, dressed all in grey, with an iron chain on his leg. His clothes were wet and torn. He looked exhausted, and hungry, and very fierce. I had never been so frightened in my whole life.

‘Oh! Don’t cut my throat, sir!’ I begged in terror.

‘Tell me your name, boy! Quick!’ he said, still holding me. ‘And show me where you live!’

‘My name’s Pip, sir. And I live in the village over there.’

He picked me up and turned me upside-down. Nothing fell out of my pocket except a piece of old bread. He ate it in two bites, like a dog, and put me back on the gravestone.

‘So where are your father and mother?’ he asked.

‘There, sir,’ I answered, pointing to their graves.

‘What!’ he cried, and was about to run, when he saw where I was pointing. ‘Oh!’ he said. ‘I see. They’re dead. Well, who do you live with, if I let you live, which I haven’t decided yet?’

‘With my sister, sir, wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith.’

Blacksmith, you say? And he looked down at his leg. Then he held me by both arms and stared fiercely down into my eyes.

‘Now look here. You bring me a file. You know what that is? And you bring me some food. If you don’t, or if you tell anyone about me, I’ll cut your heart out.’

‘I promise I’ll do it, sir,’ I answered. I was badly frightened and my whole body was trembling.

‘You see,’ he continued, smiling unpleasantly, ‘I travel with a young man, a friend of mine, who roasts boys’ hearts and eats them. He’ll find you, wherever you are, and he’ll have your heart. So bring the file and the food to that wooden shelter over there, early tomorrow morning, if you want to keep your heart, that is Remember, you promised!’

I watched him turn and walk with difficulty across the marshes, the chain hanging clumsily around his leg. Then I ran home as fast as I could.

My sister, Mrs Joe Gargery, was very proud of the fact that she had brought me up ‘by hand’. Nobody explained to me what this meant, and because she had a hard and heavy hand, which she used freely on her husband as well as me, I supposed that Joe and I were both brought up by hand. She was not a beautiful woman, being tall and thin, with black hair and eyes and a very red face. She clearly felt that Joe and I caused her a lot of trouble, and she frequently complained about it. Joe, on the other hand, was a gentle, kind man with fair hair and weak blue eyes, who quietly accepted her scolding.

Because Joe and I were in the same position of being scolded by Mrs Joe, we were good friends, and Joe protected me from her anger whenever he could. So when I ran breathless into the kitchen, he gave me a friendly warning. ‘She’s out looking for you, Pip! And she’s got the stick with her!’ This stick had been used so often for beating me that it was now quite smooth.

Just then Mrs Joe rushed in.

‘Where have you been, you young monkey?’ she shouted. I jumped behind Joe to avoid being hit with the stick.

‘Only to the churchyard,’ I whispered, starting to cry.

‘Churchyard! If I hadn’t brought you up, you’d be in the churchyard with our parents. You’ll send me to the church-yard one day! Now let me get your supper ready, both of you!’

For the rest of the evening, I thought of nothing but the stranger on the marshes. Sometimes, as the wind blew round the house, I imagined I heard his voice outside, and I thought with horror of the young man who ate boys’ hearts.

Just before I went to bed, we heard the sound of a big gun on the marshes. ‘Was that a gun, Joe?’ I asked.

‘Ah!’ said Joe. ‘Another convict’s escaped. One got away last night. They always fire the gun when one escapes.’

‘Who fires the gun?’ I asked. Joe shook his head to warn me.

‘Too many questions,’ frowned my sister. ‘If you must know it’s the men in the prison-ships who fire the gun.’

‘I wonder who is put into prison-ships, and why?’ I asked, in a general way, quietly desperate to know the answer.

This was too much for Mrs Joe. ‘Listen, my boy, I didn’t bring you up by hand to annoy people to death! There are ships on the river which are used as prisons. People who steal and murder are put in the prison-ships, and they stay there for years sometimes. And they always begin their life of crime by asking too many questions! Now, go to bed!’

I could not sleep at all that night. I was in terror of the young man who wanted my heart, I was in terror of the man with the iron chain, I was in terror of my sister, who would soon discover I had stolen her food. As soon as there was a little light in the sky outside my window, I got up and went quietly down to the kitchen. I stole some bread, cheese and a big meat pie, hoping that, as there was a lot of food ready for Christmas, nobody would notice what was missing. I did not dare take the whole brandy bottle, so I poured some into a smaller bottle to take away with me. Then I filled up the brandy bottle with what I thought was water from a big brown bottle. I took a file from Joe’s box of tools, and ran out on to the dark marshes.

The mist was so thick that I could not see anything. Although I knew my way to the shelter very well, I almost got lost

this time. I was near it when I saw a man sitting on the ground, half asleep. I went up and touched his shoulder. He jumped up, and it was the wrong man! He was dressed in grey, too, and had an iron chain on his leg. He ran away into the mist.

‘It’s the young man!’ I thought, feeling a pain in my heart.

When I arrived at the shelter, I found the right man. He looked so cold and hungry that I felt sorry for him. Trembling violently he swallowed the brandy and ate the food like a hunt-ed animal, looking around him all the time for danger.

‘You’re sure you didn’t tell anyone? Or bring anyone?’

‘No, sir. I’m glad you’re enjoying the food, sir.’

‘Thank you, my boy. You’ve been good to a poor man.’

‘But I’m afraid there won’t be any left for him.’

‘Him? Who’s that?’ My friend stopped in the middle of eating.

‘The young man who travels with you.’

‘Oh, him!’ he replied, smiling. ‘He doesn’t want any food.’

‘I thought he looked rather hungry,’ I answered.

He stared at me in great surprise. ‘Looked? When?’

‘Just now, over there. I found him half asleep and I thought it was you. He was dressed like you, and—’ I was anxious to express this politely ‘—he had the same reason for wanting to borrow a file.’

‘Then I did hear them fire the gun last night! You know, boy, when you’re on the marsh alone at night, you imagine all kinds of things, voices calling, guns firing, soldiers marching! But show me where this man went. I’ll find him and I’ll fin-ish with him! I’ll smash his face! Give me the file first.’

I was afraid of him now that he was angry again.

‘I’m sorry, I must go home now,’ I said. He did not seem to hear, so I left him bending over his leg and filing away at his iron chain like a madman. Halfway home I stopped in the mist to listen, and I could still hear the sound of the file.

1 匹普与一位陌生人相遇

我的教名叫菲利普，但是在我小时候，我仅会说匹普。因此，匹普就成了大家叫我的名字。我与姐姐住在埃森克斯的一个小村庄，姐姐比我大20多岁，她与村里的铁匠乔·葛吉瑞结了婚。当我还是一个婴儿时，父母就离开了人间，所以我记不得他们的一切情况，但是，我常常去离村庄大约1英里的教堂墓地，瞻仰墓碑上他们的名字。

我的最初记忆是在十二月份一个寒冷的、天色阴沉的下午，正坐在那个教堂墓地的一块墓石上。看到的是被那黑色泰晤士河分割成的一片黑压压的沼泽荒地，听到的是从远处大海刮来的嗖嗖呼啸声。

“别出声！”一个凶恶的声音大喊起来，这时，从墓地里窜出一个人来，一把抓住我，“安静点，不然我割断你的喉咙！”他身材高大，穿着一身灰色衣服，腿上拴着一副脚镣。他的衣服湿淋淋的并且破烂不堪，看上去筋疲力尽、饥寒交迫、十分凶残的样子，在我一生中从没有见过如此可怕的人。

“噢！先生，不要杀我！”我害怕地乞求着。

“小子，告诉我你叫什么名字！快点！”他仍然抓着我，‘’指给我`看你住在哪儿！”

“先生，我叫匹普，我住在那边的村庄里。”

他抓起我，又把我按倒在地。我的口袋里除了一块剩面包则一无所有，他狼吞虎咽地吃下两口，又把我放回墓石上。

“那么，你的爸爸妈妈在哪儿？”他问道。

“先生，在那儿，”我指着那里的坟墓回答。

当他看到我所指的地方时，“什么！”他叫起来拔腿就跑。“噢！”他说，“我明白了，他们已经死了。嘿，你跟谁一起生活？但是，我是否让你活着还没决定。”

“和我姐姐在一起，先生，铁匠乔·葛吉瑞的妻子。”

“你说，铁匠？”他低下头看看自己的腿，然后抱住我，用凶狠的眼光盯着我的双眼。

“你看这儿，给我带把锉子来，你知道什么是锉吗？再给我弄点吃的，如果你办不到，或者把我的情况告诉别人，我会挖出你的心脏来。”

“我保证会做到的，先生。”我回答说。我非常害怕，整个身体在颤抖。

“你明白，”他不高兴地冷笑着继续说，“同我一起来的还有一个年轻人，是我的朋友，他烤过小孩的心脏并把它们吃掉。不管你在哪儿，他都会找到你并吃掉你的心脏。所以，明天一大早，把带来的锉和食物送到那边的木制遮蔽体前。如果你要活命的话，那么，记住你的诺言！”

我注视着 he 转过身去，脚镣悬挂在笨拙的腿上。踉踉跄跄地穿过沼泽地，这时我拼命地往家跑。

我的姐姐，乔·葛吉瑞夫人。事实上，她以“亲手”把我带大感到很自豪，没有人给我解释这意味着什么。因为，她有十分厉害、粗糙有力的手，随便用在她的丈夫及我的身上，我想像乔和我都是这样被“亲手抚养”的。她不是一个漂亮的女人，长得瘦高条，黑色的头发和眼睛，一副赤红的面孔。她确实觉得乔和我给她添了不少麻烦，常常为这些发牢骚。相反，乔是一个和蔼、心地善良的人。长有金色的头发和浅蓝色的眼睛，老老实实地听从她的训斥。

因为我和乔都处于被乔夫人责骂的地位，我们俩是好朋友，乔随时都在保护我免遭她的怒斥。所以，当我上气不接下气地跑进厨房时，他给了我一个友好的忠告：“她正在外面找你，匹普！她还拿了条棍子！”这条棍子过去常用来敲打我，它现在是非常光滑了。

正在这时，乔夫人闯了进来。

“到哪里去了，你这个小淘气鬼？”她大叫着，我跳着躲到乔的背后，以避开她棍子的毒打。

“只去了教堂墓地，”我小声嘟囔着，接着哭了起来。

“教堂墓地！如果不是我照顾你，你早就和我们的父母被埋在教堂墓地里了。有一天你会把我送到坟墓去！现在，我给你们准备晚餐，你们俩！”

晚上休息时，我其它的事情都不想，只考虑沼泽地里那个陌生人。有时，当风在房屋周围掠过时，我想自己听到外面他的声音，还想起吞吃小孩子心脏的那个可怕的年轻人。

我刚要睡觉，我们听到从沼泽地传来一阵枪声。“乔，那枪声是干什么的？”我问道。

“噢！”乔说，“又有一个囚犯逃走了，昨天晚上有一个囚犯逃跑了。当有囚犯逃跑时，他们总是要开火”。

“向谁开的枪？”我问道，乔摇摇头警告我。

“问得太多了，”我的姐姐皱着眉头说，“你要是知道关在船上监狱的那些人，就明白向谁开枪了。”

“我想知道谁被关在船上监狱里，为什么他们被关在那里？”我追问道，通常，我非常想知道这类问题的答案。

对于乔夫人来说，这是问得太多了，“听着，我的孩子，我不让你跌入绝望和死亡的深渊！在那条河里有一些船专门用其当监狱，小偷和杀人犯被关在那些船上监狱里，有时他们在那里要呆上很多年。而且，他们通常在他们犯罪开始的时候总是会提出许多为什么！喂，睡觉去！”

那天晚上，我彻夜未眠，在想要吃我心脏的那个凶恶的年轻人，在想带着脚镣的那个凶狠的人，在想我那可怕的姐姐，马上就会发现我偷了她的食物。外面的天空透过窗户刚出现朦朦的亮，我就起了床，悄悄地下了楼进了厨房。我偷了一些面包、黄油和一大块肉饼。因为，为过圣诞节准备了许多吃的，希望没有人会发现少了东西。我没敢拿整瓶的白兰地酒，而是倒了一些盛在小瓶里带上了。然后，我用自己认为是盛水的大褐色瓶子里的水把白兰地瓶子倒满。我从乔的工具盒里拿了一把锉，随之跑出了家门，直奔黑压压的沼泽地。

大雾弥漫，伸手不见五指。虽然我对去遮蔽体的路了如指掌，但这次几乎是迷了路。我接近遮蔽体时，看见一个人坐在地上，几乎睡着了。我走过去，拍拍他的肩膀，他一跃而起。他不是我遇见的那个人！他也穿着灰布衣服，腿上也戴着一副脚镣。他逃跑到浓雾之中。

“就是那个年轻人！”我想，心里很害怕。

当我到达那个遮蔽体时，找到了第一个囚犯。他看上去饥寒交迫，我为他感到很内疚。他好像恶狼一样，抖抖嗦嗦地往嘴里填着食物，喝着白兰地。

“你保证你没告诉任何人？没有带任何人来吧？”

“没有，先生，你吃得这么有滋味，我真高兴，先生。”

“谢谢你，我的孩子。你给一个穷苦人办了一件好事。”

“我很害怕，没有留点吃的给他。”

“他？谁呀？”我的朋友停下吃了半截的东西问道。

“就是和你一起来的那个小伙子。”

“噢，他吗！”他讥笑着说，“他是不吃东西的。”

“我看他的样子很饿，”我回答说。

他十分惊讶的盯着我，“看样子？什么时候？”

“刚才，在那边儿。我发现他正在打瞌睡，开始我还认为是你呢。他穿的衣服和您一样，还有……”我犹豫了一下，用这种文雅的表达方式，“……他有一个同样的理由，要借一把锉。”

“而且，我昨晚听到了他们的枪声！你知道，孩子，当你在晚上独自一人在沼泽地里，你想想，所有形形色色的东西，尖叫声，枪击声，士兵们向前挺进！指给我这个人去的路，我会找到他，结束他的性命！打烂他的脸！先给我锉。”

他再一次发怒，我现在很怕他。

“对不起，我现在该回家了，”我说，他似乎没听到，他头冲着膝盖，像一个疯子一样，正往下锉脚镣。因此，我趁机溜走，回家的半路上我在浓雾中停住了脚步，听听声音，我仍然能听到锉脚镣的声音。

2 Catching a convict

All that morning I was frightened that my sister would discover that I had stolen from her, but luckily she was so busy cleaning the house, and roasting the chickens for our Christmas lunch that she did not notice that I had been out, or that any food was missing. At half-past one our two guests arrived. Mr Wopsle had a large nose and a shining, bald forehead, and was the church clerk. Mr Pumblechook, who had a shop in the nearest town, was a fat, middle-aged man with a mouth like a fish, and staring eyes. He was really Joe's uncle but it was Mrs Joe who called him uncle. Every Christmas Day he arrived with two bottles of wine, handing them proudly to my sister.

'Oh Uncle Pumblechook! This is kind!' she always replied.

'It's no more than you deserve,' was the answer every time.

Sitting at table with these guests I would have felt uncomfortable even if I hadn't robbed my sister. Not only was Pumblechook's elbow in my eye, but I wasn't allowed to speak, and they gave me the worst pieces of meat. Even the chickens must have been ashamed of those parts of their bodies when they were alive. And worse than that, the adults never left me in peace.

'Before we eat, let us thank God for the food in front of us,' said Mr Wopsle, in the deep voice he used in church.

'Do you hear that?' whispered my sister to me. 'Be grateful!'

'Especially,' said Mr Pumblechook firmly, 'be grateful, boy, to those who brought you up by hand.'

'Why are the young never grateful?' wondered Mr Wopsle sadly.

'Their characters are naturally bad,' answered Mr Pumblechook, and all three looked unpleasantly at me.

When there were guests, Joe's position was even lower than usual (if that was possible), but he always tried to help me if he could. Sometimes he comforted me by giving me extra gravy. He did that now.

'Just imagine, boy,' said Mr Pumblechook, 'if your sister hadn't brought you up—'

'You listen to this,' said my sister to me crossly.

'If, as I say, she hadn't spent her life looking after you, where would you be now?'

Joe offered me more gravy.

'He was a lot of trouble to you, madam,' Mr Wopsle said sympathetically to my sister.

'Trouble?' she cried. 'Trouble?' And then she started on a list of all my illnesses, accidents and crimes, while everybody except Joe looked at me with disgust. Joe added more gravy to the meat swimming on my plate, and I wanted to pull Mr Wopsle's nose.

In the end Mrs Joe stopped for breath, and said to Mr Pumblechook, 'Have a little brandy, uncle. There is a bottle already open.'

It had happened at last! Now she would discover I had stolen some brandy, and put water in the bottle. Mr Pumblechook held his glass up to the light, smiled importantly at it and drank it. When, immediately afterwards, he jumped up and began to rush round the room in a strange wild dance, we all stared at him in great surprise. Was he mad? I wondered if I had murdered him, but if so, how? At last he threw himself gasping into a chair, crying 'Medicine!' Then I understood. Instead of filling up the brandy bottle with water, I had put Mrs Joe's strongest and most unpleasant medicine in by mistake. That was what the big brown bottle contained.

'But how could my medicine get into a brandy bottle?' asked my sister. Fortunately she had no time to find the answer, as Mr Pumblechook was calling for a hot rum to remove the taste of the medicine. 'And now,' she said, when the fat man was calmer, 'you must all try Uncle Pumblechook's pre-sent to us! A really delicious meat pie!'

'That's right, Mrs Joe!' said Mr Pumblechook, looking more cheerful now. 'Bring in the pie!'

'You shall have some, Pip,' said Joe kindly.

I knew what would happen next. I could not sit there any longer. I jumped down from the table, and ran out of the room.

But at the front door I ran straight into a group of soldiers. Mrs Joe was saying as she came out of the kitchen, 'The pie-has-gone!' but stopped when she saw the soldiers.

'Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen,' said the officer in charge. 'I'm here in the King's name, and I want the blacksmith.'

'And why do you want him?' said my sister crossly.

'Madam,' replied the officer politely, 'speaking for myself, I'd like the pleasure of meeting his fine wife. Speaking for the King, I'd like him to repair these handcuffs.'

'Ah, very good, very good!' said Mr Pumblechook, clap-ping.

The soldiers waited in the kitchen while Joe lit the forge fire and started work. I began to feel better now that everyone had forgotten the missing pie.

'How far are we from the marshes?' asked the officer.

'About a mile,' replied Mrs Joe.

'That's good. We'll catch them before it's dark.'

'Convicts, officer?' asked Mr Wopsle.

'Yes, two escaped convicts out on the marshes. Has anyone here seen them?'

The others all shook their heads. Nobody asked me. When the handcuffs were ready, Joe suggested we should go with the soldiers, and as Mrs Joe was curious to know what happened, she agreed. So Joe, Mr Wopsle and I walked behind the men through the village and out on to the marshes.

'I hope we don't find those poor men, Joe,' I whispered.

‘ I hope not either, Pip, ’ he whispered back. It was cold, with an east wind blowing from the sea, and it was getting dark.

Suddenly we all stopped. We heard shouts in the distance.

‘This way! Run!’ the officer ordered, and we all rushed in that direction. The shouts became clearer. ‘ Murder!’ ‘Escaped convict!’ ‘Help!’ At last we discovered two men fighting each other. One was my convict, and the other was the man who had run away when I had seen him near the shelter. Somehow the soldiers held the men apart and put the hand-cuffs on them.

‘Here he is, I’m holding him for you!’ shouted my convict.

‘Officer, he tried to murder me!’ cried the other man. His face was bleeding and he was clearly very frightened.

‘ Murder him! No, ’ said the first, ‘ that would be too easy. I want him to suffer more, back on the prison-ship. He’s lying, as he did at our trial! You can’t trust Compeyson!’

Just then he noticed me for the first time. I shook my head at him, to show that I had not wanted the soldiers to find him. He stared at me, but I did not know if he understood or not.

The prisoners were taken to the riverside, where a boat was waiting to take them on to the prison-ship. Just as he was about to leave, my convict said, ‘Officer, after my escape, I stole some food, from the blacksmith’s house. Bread, cheese, brandy and a meat pie. I’m sorry I ate your pie, blacksmith.’

‘I’m glad you did, ’ replied Joe kindly. ‘ We don’t know why you’re a convict, but we wouldn’t want you to die of hunger.’

The man rubbed his eyes with the back of his dirty hand. We watched the small boat carry him out to the middle of the river, where the great black prison-ship stood high out of the water, held by its rusty chains. He disappeared into the ship, and I thought that was the last I had seen of him.

2 抓住一名罪犯

一上午，我一直害怕姐姐会发现我偷了她的东西，但是，幸运的是她只顾忙于打扫房间，为我们的圣诞节午饭准备烤鸡，并没有注意我出过门，也没发现少了任何吃的东西。1点半钟，我们的两位客人到了。伍甫赛先生的鼻子很大，秃顶的额头闪闪发光，他是教堂里的办事员。潘波趣先生，他在最近的镇上一个商店，是一个长得体胖腰圆的中年人，有一副像鱼的嘴脸，贼溜溜的眼睛，他是乔的亲舅舅，可是乔夫人却喊他舅舅。每年圣诞节，他都带两瓶葡萄酒来送给我姐姐，以显示他的阔气。

“噢，潘波趣舅舅您真是个好心人！”她总是这样说。

“这是一点小意思，”每一次都是这种回答。

和这些客人们围桌而坐，即使我没偷姐姐的东西，我的心情也不好受，不但潘波趣和我近在咫尺，而且不允许我说话，他们给我的是最不好的一块肉，甚至给的鸡块也是它们活着的时候身体最害臊的那部分。比这更坏的是大人们总是打搅我。

“我们进餐之前，让我们感谢上帝赐给我们面前的食物”，伍甫赛先生以他在教堂常用的低沉语调说。

“你听见了吗？”姐姐耳语对我说，“感谢！”

“特别是，”潘波趣先生坚定地说，“孩子，要感谢那些把你亲手带大的人。”

“为什么这个小家伙从来没有感激之情呀？”惊奇的伍甫赛先生不解地问。

“他们的品行就是天生的坏，”潘波趣先生回答说，三个人不愉快地看着我。

当有客人的时候，乔的地位甚至比平时还要低，但是，他总是尽最大努力设法帮助我。有时，他用给我额外添的点肉汁来安慰我。现在，他就是这样做的。

“正走神呢，孩子，”潘波趣先生说，“如果不是你姐姐亲手把你带大……”。

“你听着，”我姐姐不高兴地对我说。

“如果像我说的，不是她花费很大的精力照顾你，你现在还不知在哪儿呢？”

乔又给我加了一些肉汤。

“他给你添了不少麻烦，夫人，”伍甫赛先生对我姐姐同情地说。

“麻烦，”她喊了起来，“麻烦？”接着她开始罗列了一堆我的生病、意外及干的坏事，除了乔，其他人都用反感的目光瞅着我。乔又添了些肉汤，使那块肉在我盘子里漂浮着，我真想揪伍甫赛先生的鼻子。

最后，乔夫人停住了，喘了口气，接着对潘波趣先生说，“舅舅，喝点白兰地吧，有一瓶已经打开了。”

祸事降临了！现在，她会发现我偷了一些白兰地，而把水倒进瓶子里。潘波趣先生举起杯子在光线中端详，并露出了笑脸，仰起脑袋一饮而尽。接着，他突然感到很难受，蹿了起来，着魔似地开始围着屋子乱舞乱撞，我们大家很惊奇地盯着他。他疯了吗？我纳闷是我杀了他。果真如此，怎么办？最后，他气喘吁吁地一屁股靠倒在椅子上。接着喊，“药！”这时，我明白了，是我搞错了，把乔夫人配制的，味道极苦的药当成水倒进了白兰地酒瓶里。那是盛在褐色大瓶子里的。

“可是，我的药怎么能进到白兰地酒瓶里呢？”我姐姐问。幸好她顾不上去找答案。因为潘波趣先生叫喊着要些热松子酒，以除掉药的味道。“喂喂，”她说。这时，这个肥胖的家伙惊魂渐定，“你们大家必须尝尝潘波趣舅舅给我们送的礼物！味道鲜美的肉饼！”

“很好，乔夫人，”潘波趣先生说，看样子现在稍高兴了点，“拿肉饼！”

“你也会有一份肉饼，匹普，”乔和蔼地说。

我料到下一步会发生什么事情，我不能在这儿继续坐下去了，我从椅子上跳下来，拔腿跑出了屋外。

但是，在前门口，我直奔入一队士兵里。当乔夫人从厨房里出来时，嘴里正在叨咕，“肉饼——不翼而飞！”可是，当她看到士兵们时，闭上了嘴。

“对不起，女士们、先生们，”那个负责的军官说，“我在这里以国王的名义，要找铁匠。”

“你们找他干吗？”我姐姐不高兴地问。

“夫人，”军官客气地说，“就我自己而言，我乐意见到他美丽的妻子，要是就国王而言，我乐意他修理加固这些手铐。”

“噢，很好，很好！”潘波趣先生拍着手说。

士兵们在厨房等候，而乔生上炉火，开始干活。我渐渐地不害怕了，大家都把丢肉饼的事抛到脑后去了。

“我们从这里到沼泽地有多远？”军官问。

“大约1英里，”乔夫人回答。

“那不太远，我们将在天黑前抓到他们。”

“逃犯，军官？”伍甫赛先生问。

“是的，有两个逃犯还躲在沼泽地里，有谁见过他们的踪迹吗？”

其他的人都摇摇头，幸亏没有人问我。当手铐准备就绪，乔提议我们跟着这些官兵一起去，乔夫人好奇地想知道发生了什么事情，所以她同意了。因此，乔、伍甫赛先生和我走在队伍的后面，穿过村庄向沼泽地开进。

“我希望我们找不到那些可怜的人，乔，”我小声说道。

“我也希望那样，匹普，”他小声回敬了我一句。从大海刮来东风，天气很冷，夜幕降临了。

突然，我们大家停止了前进，我们听到远方的嚎叫声。

“这个方向！追！”军官命令道。我们迅速向喊声方向奔去。嚎叫声越来越近，“谋杀！”“逃犯！”“救命呀！”最后我们发现了两个人在互相厮打着。一个是我帮助的那个囚犯，另一个是我在遮蔽体见过的那个逃窜的小伙子。不晓得什么缘故，士兵们把两人分开，并一一戴上手铐。

“他在这儿，是我为你们抓住的！”我的那个囚犯喊着。

“军官，他企图杀害我！”另一个囚犯哭喊着，他的脸上流着血，很明显，他非常惊恐。

“想杀害他！不，”第一个逃犯说，“杀他太容易了，我要让他多受受折磨，送回船上监狱。他在说谎，因为他在试探我们！你们不要相信康培生！”

这时，他第一次发现了我，我向他摇了摇头，表示并不是我让士兵们找到了他的。他盯着我，我不知道他是否明白我的意思。

逃犯们被带到河边，那儿有一只小船正等着把他们送到船上监狱。正在他离开的时候，我的那个囚犯说：“军官，我逃跑后，我从铁匠家里偷了些吃的，面包、黄油、白兰地和一块肉饼，我很抱歉，我吃了你的肉饼，铁匠。”

“你这样做我很高兴，”乔很客气地说，“我们并不知道为什么你是一名罪犯，可我们总不能让你饿死。”

这个罪犯用他的脏手背揉擦着眼睛，我们望着那只小船，把他带进河中央。在那里，依靠着生锈的铁锚链固定在突出水面的那艘大黑牢船上。他被押进船里，消失得无影无踪。我心想，这是我见他最后一面了。

3 An opportunity for Pip

I always knew I would be apprenticed to Joe as soon as I was old enough, and so I used to spend most of the day helping him in the forge. However, I also attended the village evening school, which was organized by an ancient relation of Mr Wopsle's. Her teaching mostly consisted of falling asleep while we children fought each other, but Mr Wopsle's young cousin, Biddy, tried to keep us under control and teach us to read, write and count. Mr Wopsle 'examined' us every three months. In fact he did not ask us any questions at all, but read aloud from Shakespeare, waving his arms dramatically and enjoying the sound of his own voice.

One night, about a year after the escaped convicts had been caught, I was sitting by the kitchen fire, writing a letter to Joe. I didn't need to, because he was sitting right next to me, but I wanted to practise my writing. After an hour or two of hard work, I passed this letter to him.

'Pip, old boy!' cried Joe, opening his kind blue eyes very wide. 'What a lot you've learnt! Here's a J and an O, that's for Joe, isn't it, Pip?'

I wondered whether I would have to teach Joe from the beginning, so I asked, 'How do you write Gargery, Joe?'

'I don't write it at all,' said Joe. 'But, you know, I am fond of reading. Give me a good book or newspaper, a good fire and I ask no more. Well! When you come to a J and an O, how interesting reading is!'

'Didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were young?'

'No, Pip. You see, my father drank a lot, and when he drank, he used to hit my mother, and me too, sometimes. So she and I ran away from him several times. And she used to say, "Now, Joe, you can go to school." But my father had such a good heart that he didn't want to be without us. So he always came to find us, and took us home, and hit us. So you see, Pip, I never learnt much.'

'Poor Joe!'

'But remember, Pip, my father had a good heart.'

I wondered about that, but said nothing.

'He let me become a blacksmith, which was his job too, only he never worked at it. I earned the money for the family, until he died. And listen to this, Pip, I wanted to put this on his gravestone:

Whatever the fault he had from the start,

Remember, reader, he had a good heart.'

'Did you invent that yourself, Joe?' I asked, surprised.

'I did,' said Joe proudly. 'It came to me in a moment. From my own head. But, Pip, sad to say, there wasn't enough money for the gravestone. My poor mother needed it. In bad health, she was. She died soon after. Found peace at last.' Joe's blue eyes were watery. 'I was lonely then, and I met your sister. Now, Pip,' Joe looked firmly at me, because he knew I was not going to agree with him, 'your sister is a fine woman!'

I could think of nothing better to say than 'I'm glad you think so, Joe.'

'So am I,' said Joe. 'I'm glad I think so. Very kind of her, bringing you up by hand. Such a tiny baby you were! So when I offered to marry your sister, I said, "And bring the poor little child to live with us. There's room for him at the forge!"'

I put my arms round Joe's neck and cried into his shirt.

'Don't cry, old boy!' he said. 'Always the best of friends, you and me!' As I dried my tears, he continued, 'So here we are, Pip! Now if you teach me a bit (and I warn you now that I'm very stupid) Mrs Joe must never know. And why? Because she likes to be-in charge-you know-giving the orders.'

'Joe,' I asked, 'why don't you ever rebel?'

'Well,' said Joe, 'to start with, your sister's clever. And I'm not. And another thing, and this is serious, old boy, when I think of my poor mother's hard life, I'm afraid of not behaving right to a woman. So I'd much rather seem a bit weak with Mrs Joe than shout at her, or hurt her, or hit her. I'm just sorry she scolds you as well, Pip, and hits you with the stick. I wish I could take all the scolding myself. But there it is, Pip.'

Just then we heard the sound of a horse on the road. Mrs Joe and Uncle Pumblechook were returning from market. The carriage arrived, and in a rush of cold air, they were in the kitchen.

'Now,' said Mrs Joe, excitedly throwing off her cloak, 'if this boy isn't grateful tonight, he never will be!'

'She's offering the boy a great opportunity,' agreed Pumblechook. Trying to look grateful, I looked at Joe, making the word 'She?' with my lips. He clearly did not know either.

'You were speaking of a she?' he said Politely to them.

'She is a she, I suppose,' Mrs Joe replied crossly. 'Unless you call Miss Havisham a he. And even you wouldn't do that.'

'The rich Miss Havisham who lives all alone in the big house in town?' asked Joe.

'There aren't any other Miss Havishams that I know of! She wants a boy to go and play there. She asked Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of anyone. And Uncle Pumblechook, thinking of us as he always does, suggested this boy. And what's more, Uncle Pumblechook, realizing that this boy's fortune may be made by going to Miss Havisham's, has offered to take him into town tonight in his carriage, and let him sleep in his own house, and deliver him tomorrow to Miss Havisham's. And just look!' she cried, catching hold of me. 'Look at the dirt on this by!'

I was washed from top to toe in Mrs Joe's usual violent manner, and handed over, in my tightest Sunday clothes, to Mr Pumblechook. In the carriage taking me into town, I cried a little. I had never been away from Joe before, and I had no idea what was going to happen to me at Miss Havisham's.

Mr Pumblechook seemed to agree with my sister that I should be punished as much as possible, even when eating, and so for breakfast next morning he gave me a large piece of bread with very little butter, and a cup of warm water with very little milk, and insisted on checking my learning.

‘What’s seven and thirteen, boy?’ He continued testing me all through breakfast. ‘And nine? And eleven?’

So I was glad to arrive at Miss Havisham’s house at about ten o’ clock. It was a large house, made of old stone, and with iron bars on the windows. We rang the bell, and waited at the gate. Even then Mr Pumblechook said, ‘And fourteen?’ but I pretended not to hear him. Then a young lady came to open the gate, and let me in. Mr Pumblechook was following me when she stopped him.

‘Do you wish to see Miss Havisham?’ she asked.

‘If Miss Havisham wishes to see me,’ answered Mr Pumblechook, a little confused.

‘Ah!’ said the girl, ‘but you see, she doesn’t.’

Mr Pumblechook dared not protest but he whispered angrily to me before he turned away, ‘Boy! Behave well here and remember those who brought you up by hand!’ I thought he would come back and call through the gate, ‘And sixteen?’ but he did not.

The young lady took me through the untidy garden to the house. Although she called me ‘boy,’ she was the same age as me, but she seemed much older than me. She was beautiful, and as proud as a queen. We went through many dark passages until we reached a door, where she left me, taking her candle with her.

I knocked at the door and was told to enter. I found myself in a large room, where the curtains were closed to allow no daylight in, and the candles were lit. In the centre of the room, sitting at a table, was the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see. She was wearing a wedding dress made of rich material. She had a bride’s flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. There were suitcases full of dresses and Jewels around her, ready for a journey. She only had one white shoe on. ‘Then I realized that over the years the white wedding dress had become yellow, and the flowers in her hair had died, and the bride inside the dress had grown old. Everything in the room was ancient and dying. The only brightness in the room was in her dark old eyes, that stared at me.

‘Who are you?’ said the lady at the table.

‘Pip, madam. Mr Pumblechook’s boy. Come—to play.’

‘Come close. Let me look at you.’ As I stood in front of her, I noticed that her watch and a clock in the room had both stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

‘You aren’t afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?’ asked Miss Havisham.

I am sorry to say I told a huge lie by saying, ‘No.’

‘Do you know what this is?’ she asked, putting her hand on her left side.

‘Yes, madam.’ It made me think of my convict’s travel-ling companion. ‘Your heart, madam,’ I added.

‘My heart! Broken!’ she cried almost proudly, with a strange smile. Then she said, ‘I am tired. I want to see something different. Play.’

No order could be more difficult to obey in that house and that room. I was desperate enough to consider rushing round the table pretending to be Pumblechook’s carriage, but I could not make myself do it, and just stood there helplessly.

‘I’m very sorry, madam,’ I said, ‘my sister will be very angry with me if you complain, but I can’t play just now. Everything is so strange, and new, and sad…’ I stopped, afraid to say more. Miss Havisham looked down at her dress, and then at her face in the mirror on the table.

‘So strange to him, so well-known to me,’ she whispered.

‘So new to him, so old to me. And so sad to us both! Call Estella!’

When Estella finally came, with her candle, along the dark passage, Miss Havisham picked up a jewel from her table and put it in Estella’s hair. ‘Very pretty, my dear. It will be yours one day. Now let me see you play cards with this boy.’

‘With this boy! But he’s a common working boy!’

I thought I heard Miss Havisham whisper, ‘Well! You can break his heart!’ she sat, like a dead body ready for the grave, watching us play cards in the candle-light. I almost wondered if she was afraid that daylight would turn her into dust.

‘What coarse hands this boy has! And what thick boots!’ cried Estella in disgust, before we had finished our first game. I was suddenly aware that what she said was true.

‘What do you think of her?’ Whispered Miss Havisham to me.

‘I think she’s very proud,’ I whispered back.

‘Anything else?’

‘I think she’s very pretty.’

‘Anything else?’

‘I think she’s very rude. And—and I’d like to go home.’

‘And never see her again, although she’s so pretty?’

‘I don’t know. I’d—I’d like to go home now.’

Miss Havisham smiled. ‘You can go home. Come again in six days’ time. Estella, give him some food. GO, Pip.’

And so I found myself back in the overgrown garden in the bright daylight. Estella put some bread and meat down on the ground for me, like a dog. I was so offended by her behaviour towards me that tears came to my eyes. As soon as she saw this, She gave a delighted laugh, and pushed me out of the gate. I walked the four miles home to the forge, thinking about all I had seen. As I looked sadly at my hands and boots, I remembered that I was only a common working boy, and wished I

could be different.

My sister was curious to know all the details of my visit, and kept asking me question after question. Somehow I felt I could not, or did not want to, explain about Miss Havisham and her strange house. I knew my sister would not understand. And the worst of it was, that old fool Pumblechook arrived at tea-time, to ask more questions. Just looking at his fishy staring eyes and open mouth made me want to keep silent.

‘Leave this boy to me, madam, ’ he told Mrs Joe. ‘I’ll make him concentrate. Now, boy, what’s forty-three and seventy-two?’

‘I don’t know, ’ I said. I didn’t care, either.

‘Is it eighty-five, for example?’ he joked.

‘Yes!’ I answered, although I knew it wasn’t. My sister hit me hard on the head.

‘Boy!’ he continued. ‘Describe Miss Havisham. ’

‘Very tall and dark, ’ I said, lying.

‘Is she, uncle?’ asked my sister eagerly.

‘Oh yes, ’ answered Mr Pumblechook. So I knew immediately that he had never seen her. ‘This is the way to get information from this boy, ’ he added quietly to Mrs Joe.

‘How well you make him obey you, uncle!’ said Mrs Joe.

‘ Now, boy! What was she doing when you arrived?’

‘She was sitting in a black carriage, ’ I replied.

Mr Pumblechook and Mrs Joe stared at each other. ‘In a black carriage?’ they repeated.

‘Yes, ’ I said, becoming more confident. ‘And Miss Estella, her niece, I think, handed in gold plates with cake and wine through the windows.

‘Was anybody else there?’ asked Mr Pumblechook.

‘Four dogs, huge ones. They ate meat out of a silver basket. ’

‘Where was this carriage, boy?’

‘In her room. But there weren’t any horses. ’

‘Can this be possible, uncle?’ asked Mrs Joe.

‘She’s a strange woman, madam. It’s quite possible. What did you play at, boy?’

We played with flags, ’ I answered. What lies I was telling! ‘Estella waved a blue one, and I had a red one, and Miss Havisham waved one with little gold stars on, out of the carriage window. ’

Fortunately they asked no more questions, and were still discussing the wonderful things I had seen, when Joe came in from the forge. When I saw his blue eyes open wide in surprise, I felt very sorry I had lied, and that evening, as soon as I found Joe alone for a moment, I confessed to him that I had lied about my visit to Miss Havisham.

‘Is none of it true, Pip?’ he asked, shocked. ‘No black carriage ? But at least there were dogs, weren’t there, Pip? No? Not even one dog?’

‘No, Joe, I’m sorry. ’

‘Pip, old boy!’ His kind face looked very unhappy. ‘If you tell lies, where do you think you’ll go when you die?’

‘I know, Joe, it’s terrible. I don’t know what happened. Oh I wish I didn’t have such thick boots and such coarse hands! I’m so miserable, Joe. That beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham’s said I was common. And I know I am! Somehow that made me tell lies. ’ ‘One thing to remember, Pip, ’ said Joe, lighting his pipe slowly, ‘is that lies are always wrong. You can’t stop being common by telling lies. That’s not the way to do it. And you’re learning all the time, Pip! Look at that letter you wrote me last night! Even the King had to start learning at the beginning, didn’t he? That reminds me, any flags at Miss Havisham’s? No? That’s a pity. Look here, Pip, this is a true friend speaking to you. Take my advice. No more lies, live well, and die happy.’

Encouraged by Joe’s honest words I went to bed, but I couldn’t stop myself thinking that Estella would consider Joe’s boots too thick and his hands too coarse, and our whole family common. That was a day I shall never forget.

3 给匹普的一次机会

我总是想，一到学徒的年龄，我就做乔的徒弟。因此，我常常在锻炉前，白天花费大部分时间帮助乔干活。但是，我也参加村办夜校，这所学校是由伍甫赛先生的一位远房亲戚创办的。她的教学主要是由睡觉、孩子们相互打闹而组成。但是，伍甫赛先生的表妹，毕蒂，设法把我们控制住，教我们读、写和算术。伍甫赛先生每三个月就“考”我们一次。事实上，他什么问题也不问我们，只是挥动着双臂，用他那特有的激动人心、兴高采烈的声调，大声朗读莎士比亚的作品。

一天晚上，这大约是两个逃犯被捕的一年以后，我正在厨房火炉旁坐着，给乔写封信，我并不需要这样做，因为他就紧靠在我旁边坐着。但是，我是想锻炼我的写作。经过一两小时的努力后，我把这封信递给他：

“亲爱的乔，我希望你很好，马上我就能把我所学的东西教给你，多么可爱的乔，爱你的匹普”

“匹普，好小子！”乔喊着，睁大他那仁慈的蓝眼睛，“你学了这么多了！这儿是一个J和O，这是乔字，对吗，匹普？”

我不知道是否必须从头教乔，所以，我问道，“你写出葛吉瑞。乔，怎么样？”

“我一点也不会写，”乔说，“但是，你知道，我爱好读，给我一本好书或者报纸，一盆炉火，不要更多。喂！当你写出一个J和O，读它多么有趣呀！”

“乔，你小时候未曾上过学？”

“没有，匹普，你知道，我爸爸酗酒，当他酗酒时，常打我妈妈，有时候也打我。因此，她和我几次逃离他，她过去对我说，‘唉，乔，你能上学了。’可是，我爸爸有如此的好心，他不能没有我们。因此，他总是来找我们，并把我們带回家，继续揍我们。这样你就明白了，匹普，我一点也没学习过。”

“可怜的乔！”

“但是记住，匹普，我爸爸有一副好心肠。”

这话让我惊奇，但是没说什么。

“他让我当了一名铁匠，铁匠也是他的工作，只是他从来不干这活。直到他死，都是我为家里挣钱。听着这一点，匹普，在他的墓碑上我要这样写：

无论怎样的过失，他是创家立业的。

记住，读者，他有一颗好心。”

“乔，你自己想出来的吗？”我惊讶地问道。

“就是我，”乔自豪地说，“从我自己头脑里不加思索地出来了。但是，匹普，悲哀地说，我没有足够的钱去立这块墓碑。我可怜的妈妈需要钱，她身体不好。不久，她就离开了人间，最后找到了安宁。”乔的蓝眼睛湿润了。“我从此孤独一人。后来，我认识了你姐姐，匹普，”乔紧紧地盯着我。因为他知道我不会赞成他的，“你姐姐是个好女人！”

我想不出比这更好的语言“我很高兴你这样想，乔。”

“彼此，彼此，”乔说，“我很高兴这样想，她太仁慈了，亲手把你带大，你是这么小小的婴儿！当时，我向你姐提出结婚，我说，‘带着这个可怜的小孩子和我们一起生活吧，在锻工车间里有间屋子给他！’”

我搂着乔的脖子，啼哭着，泪水湿透他的衬衫。

“不要哭，老伙计！”他说，“你和我永远是最好的朋友！”当我擦干眼泪，他继续说，“我们就在这儿，匹普！现在你如果教我一点儿（我提醒你，我很笨），决不能让乔夫人知道。为什么呢？因为她喜欢——下命令——你知道——就是发号施令。”

“乔，”我问道，“你为什么反抗呢？”

“唉，”乔说，“首先，你姐姐聪明，而我不行。另一方面，这一点是重要的，老伙计，每当想起我可怜的妈妈苦难的生活，我害怕对女人采取不良的行为。因为，我必须对乔太太软弱一点儿，不能高声呼喊她、伤害她和打她。我很抱歉，她也责骂你，匹普，用棍子打你，我希望全部的责骂由我一人承担。可是，不现实，匹普。”

正在这时，我们听到路上的马蹄声，乔夫人和潘波趣舅舅赶集回来了。马车一到，冲进一股冷风，他们进了厨房。

“嘿，”乔夫人说，激动地脱掉她的斗篷，“如果这孩子今晚不感恩的话，那他就是一个忘恩负义的家伙！”

“她给这孩子提供了一个很好的机会，”潘波趣应和着说。我尽力表现出一副感恩的样子看着乔，随口吐出个字“她？”，他也不明白什么意思。

“你们正在谈论她？”他有礼貌地对他们说。

“我想像的，她就是她呗，”乔夫人不高兴地回答，“你总不能把郝薇香小姐叫他吧，即使你也不会这样叫吧。”

“在镇上，独住一幢大宅里腰缠万贯的郝薇香小姐吗？”乔问道。

“我所知道的没有第二个郝薇香小姐！她想要一个孩子到她那儿去玩玩。她问起潘波趣舅舅是否有认识的小孩子，潘波趣舅舅总是先想到我们，提到了这个孩子。还有，潘波趣舅舅认识到郝薇香小姐可以给这个孩子带来好运。所以，今天晚上，用他的马车带他到镇上，让他睡在潘波趣舅舅家里，明天把他送到郝薇香小姐家里。瞧！”她抓着我喊了起来，“看看这个脏孩子！”

乔夫人以常用的粗暴手法给我从头到脚洗了洗澡，给我穿上最好的衣服，把我交给潘波趣先生。我小声哭着，上了马车到了镇上。以前我从来没有离开乔，对我来讲，在郝薇香小姐家将会发生什么，我不敢想。

潘波趣先生似乎赞成我姐姐想尽一切办法要惩罚的做法，甚至在吃饭时也不放过。所以，第二天吃早饭，他给我一大块面包，夹了一点点黄油，一杯温水加很少一点牛奶，并坚持检查我的学习。

“7加13得几，孩子？”整个早餐中，他不断地考我，“加9？加 11？”

大约10点时分，到达郝薇香小姐家，我很高兴。那是一座宽大的住宅，用旧石所砌，窗户架有铁栏杆。我们按了门铃后，在门口耐心等待，潘波趣先生连这时也不放过，说：“加14？”不过，我假装没听见他说的什么。接着，一位年轻的小姐过来打开了门，让我进去。潘波趣先生想跟着我进来，却被她阻止了。

“你想见郝薇香小姐吗？”她问道。

“如果郝薇香小姐想见我，”潘波趣先生有点慌乱地说。

“噢！”那女孩说，“可是，你明白，她不想见你。”

潘波趣先生不敢坚持主张，但是，他在返回之前，恶狠狠地小声对我讲：“孩子！在这儿要规矩点，记住是谁亲手把你养大！”我想他会回来，通过门缝喊，“加16？”但是，他没有这样做。

那个年轻的小姐领着我穿过一座不整洁的花园来到这所房子。尽管她叫我“孩子，”她的年纪和我一样大，可是，看上去她比我还大点。她长得很漂亮，却像王后一样傲慢。我们穿过了几条漆黑的过道，才来到了一个房间门口，在这儿她带蜡烛离开了我。

我敲了敲门，里面叫我进去。我发现自己在一个大房间里，这里的窗帘关得紧紧的，不让一缕日光透进来，但点着很多蜡烛。在屋子的中央，桌子旁坐着的是一位我从没有见过而且将不会再见到的，特别奇怪的夫人。她穿着一身由高级材料做的结婚礼服，头上戴着新娘花朵，但她已是满头银发了。她周围有些衣箱及珠宝，像似准备旅行。她只穿着一只白鞋，这时我才辨认出来，这么多年来白色的结婚礼服已经变黄了，头上戴的花朵已经干瘪了，新娘已经老了。屋里的一切都显得既古老又死气沉沉的。在屋子里仅有一光点是她那双黑色的老眼，瞪着我。

“你是谁？”夫人在桌子旁问。

“匹普，夫人，潘波趣先生的孩子，来这儿玩的。”

“过来，靠近点儿，让我瞧瞧你。”当我站在她的面前时，我发现她的手表和屋子里的钟表都停止在8点40分。

“你害怕一个自你出世以来就没有见过阳光的女人吗？”郝薇香小姐问道。

“不怕。”很抱歉我说的不是实话。

“你知道这是什么地方吗？”她的手放在左边胸口问道。

“知道，夫人。”这使我想起我的那个囚犯的同伙，“您的心脏，夫人，”我补充说。

“我的心脏！心碎啦！”她似乎很得意，讥笑着喊叫。然后，她说：“我累了，想看点新花样，玩。”

在这座住宅和这间房屋里，没有比服从这命令更困难的事情，我挖空心思去琢磨，扮演潘波趣的马车冲着桌子转。可是，我自己不能做这个游戏，我正没有办法地站在那儿。

“很抱歉，夫人。”我说，“如果您向我姐姐告状，她会对我发怒的。但是，现在我不能玩。初来乍到的，这里的一切很陌生，很新鲜，也太凄凉了……”。我住口了，害怕说得太多。郝薇香小姐对着桌子上的镜子俯视她的衣服，然后，照了照自己的脸。

“对他来说，如此陌生，对我来讲习以为常，”她自言自语道，“对他新鲜，对我陈旧，而对我们俩是太凄凉了！叫艾丝黛拉！”

最终，艾丝黛拉拿着蜡烛沿着漆黑的过道来了，郝薇香小姐从桌子上拿起一块宝石放在艾丝黛拉头上。“天哪，真漂亮，它将归你一天，让我看看你和这孩子玩牌。”

“和这个孩子！他是一个普通人家的孩子。”

我想我听到郝薇香小姐小声说：“喂！你能够打碎他的心！”她坐下，像一具要入墓的尸体，在烛光下看着我们玩牌。

我几乎在想，如果她惧怕阳光，就把她送进尘埃里。

“这个孩子的双手多么粗糙！靴子多么的笨重！”我们打完第一局之前，艾丝黛拉厌恶地喊着。我忽然意识到，她是对的。

“你认为她怎么样？”郝薇香小姐耳语对我说。

“我认为她很傲慢，”我小声回敬了一句。

“还有呢？”

“我认为她很美。”

“还有呢？”

“我认为她不友好，还有——还有我想回家了。”

“不想再见到她了，尽管她很漂亮？”

“我不知道。现在，我想回家了。”

郝薇香小姐笑着说：“你会很快回家的，6天以后再来。艾丝黛拉，给他些吃的。去吧，匹普。”

我发现自己在强烈的阳光下回到了那个长满藤蔓的花园里。艾丝黛拉给我拿了些面包和肉食，放在地上，像喂狗一样。我被她的行为触怒了，我的眼泪夺眶而出。一看到这一切，她得意地一笑，就把我推出了门外。我走了4英里的路回到铁匠铺，想起我所看到的一切。当我伤心地看着我的双手和靴子，我记住了，我只是一个普通家庭的孩子，我希望我能改变这一切。

我姐姐好奇地想知道我出访的细节，一个问题接着一个问题地问我。不晓得什么缘故，我感到不可能，确实不能解释郝薇香小姐和她那奇怪的住宅，我知道我姐姐不会明白的。更糟糕的是老傻瓜潘波趣在喝茶的时间倒会来问更多的问题。看着他瞪着那鱼眼，张着嘴巴，这使我保持了沉默。

“把这孩子交给我，夫人，”他告诉乔夫人，“我会让他聚精会神。喂，孩子，43加72等于几？”

“不知道，”我说，我什么也不在乎。

“举个例子，是85吗？”他开玩笑说。

“是！”我回答，尽管我知道不是那个数。我姐姐狠狠地打了我的头。

“孩子！”他继续说，“描述一下郝薇香小姐。”

“又黑又高”，我撒谎地说。

“她是这样的吗，舅舅！”我姐姐关切地问道。

“噢，是的。”潘波趣先生回答。因此，我马上明白了，他从来没有见过她。“这是从这个孩子那里得到消息的方法”，他对乔夫人温和地补充说。

“怎样让他更好地顺从你，舅舅！”乔夫人说。

“喂，孩子！当你到达时她正在干什么？”

“她正坐在一个黑马车上，”我回答说。

潘波趣先生和乔夫人互相瞅了瞅，“在黑马车上？”他们重复着说。

“是的，”我变得更自信地说，“我想还有她的侄女艾丝黛拉小姐，通过窗户递进来盛有蛋糕和葡萄酒的金盘子。”

“那里还有其它人吗？”潘波趣先生问。

“有4只巨大的狗，它们从银笼子里探出头吃肉。”

“这个马车在哪儿？孩子。”

“在她的房间。但是，没有马。”

“这可能吗？舅舅。”乔夫人问道。

“她是个怪女人，夫人，那是很可能的。你玩什么啦，孩子？”

“我们玩旗子，”我回答说，我撒的弥天大谎！“艾丝黛拉挥舞着蓝色的一面旗，我有红色的一面旗，郝薇香小姐在马车窗户外面挥动着一面旗，上面镶着小金星。”

幸运的是他们再没有问题，仍然在讨论我所见到漂亮的东西，这时乔从锻工车间进来了。当我看到他吃惊地瞪着蓝色的大眼睛时，我对自己编造的谎言很内疚。我一发现乔独自呆一会儿时，就向他供认了关于我去拜访郝花香小姐所编造的谎话。

“那全不是真的？匹普！”他摇着头问，“没有黑的马车？但是，至少有狗吧，对吗？匹普，没有？一条狗也没有？”

“没有，乔，很抱歉。”

“匹普，老伙计！”他慈祥的脸上看上去很不高兴，“如果你说谎，当你死了，想想你会去哪儿？”

“我知道，乔，那是可怕的，我不知道发生什么事情，我希望我没有如此笨重的靴子和粗糙的双手！我是如此悲惨，乔。在郝薇香小姐家那个漂亮的年轻小姐说我是普通人家。我知道我是！莫名其妙地让我说谎。”

“有一件事情要记住，匹普，”乔点上烟斗说，“说谎总是错误的，你 cannot 通过说谎来改变普通人家的身份，那样做是没有出路的。你所有的时间都在学习，匹普！看看你昨天晚上给我写的那封信！即使是国王开始也要从头做起，不是吗？这倒提醒我，郝薇香小姐家有旗子吗？没有？实在可怜。看这儿，匹普，这是一个真正的朋友对你说的话，记住我的劝告，不再说谎，才能活得自在，死得痛快。”

我被乔诚实的话语鼓励着去睡觉了。但是，自己静不下心，一直在想，艾丝黛拉认为乔的靴子太笨重，他的双手太粗糙和我们的普通世家。那是我难忘的一天。

4 A present from a stranger

I desperately wanted to be accepted by Estella. I realized I could never become well-educated just by attending old Mrs Wopsle's evening school, so I asked Mr Wopsle's cousin Biddy to teach me everything she knew. She helped me as much as she could, but I knew it would take a long time to reach Estella's level.

One evening I went to fetch Joe from the village pub, where my sister sometimes allowed him to smoke his pipe and have a beer. Mr Wopsle and Joe were sitting with a stranger, a man I'd never seen before. One of his eyes was half closed, and he wore a big hat which covered most of his head. He suddenly looked interested when I arrived, and rubbed his leg in a rather strange way. He had just ordered hot rum for the three of them.

'It's lonely country round here, gentlemen,' he said. 'Yes,' said Joe, 'just marshes down to the river.'

Do people ever spend the night on the marshes?'

'No,' replied Joe, 'except an escaped prisoner sometimes. Difficult to find, they are. Went out to look for one once, me, and Mr Wopsle, and young Pip here. Didn't we, Pip?'

'Yes, Joe.'

The stranger looked at me with his good eye.

'What's his name? Pip? Your son, is he?'

'The boy is the blacksmith's wife's brother,' explained Mr Wopsle in his official church clerk's voice.

When the drinks arrived, the stranger did something that he wanted nobody to see except me. He mixed his hot rum and water, not with a spoon, but with a file, which he put back in his pocket when he had finished. As soon as I saw the file, I knew it was the one I had stolen from Joe, and I knew that this man knew my convict. I stared at him in horror.

The men continued their conversation in a friendly way until Joe stood up to leave, and took my hand.

'Wait a moment,' I said the stranger. 'I'd like to give the boy something,' and wrapping a coin in some old paper from his pocket, handed it to me. 'That's yours! he told me, giving me a look full of meaning.

'Thank you, sir,' I said, still staring at him. Together Joe and I walked home, Joe with his mouth open all the way so that my sister would not notice the smell of rum on his breath.

But when we arrived home, we found the stranger had given me two Pound notes as well as the coin. My sister thought it must have been a mistake, and kept the pound notes in case he came back for them. But I knew they came from my convict, and I felt that having criminal friends made me more common than ever.

The next time I went to Miss Havisham's, I was shown in—to a different room to wait. Several ladies and gentlemen, relations of hers, were there. They all turned and looked at me in disgust when I was the first to be called by Estella.

As Estella was leading me along the dark passages, she stopped suddenly and put her face close to mine.

'Look at me, boy! Am I pretty?'

'Yes, I think you're very pretty.'

'Am I rude to you?'

'Not as much as last time.'

She hit my face as hard as she could.

'Now, you coarse little boy, what do you think of me?'

'I won't tell you.'

'Why don't you cry again, you fool?'

'Because I'll never cry for you again,' I said, which was a very false promise, because I was crying inside at the time, and only I know how much I cried for her later.

On our way upstairs we met a gentleman coming down in the dark. He was a large, heavy man, with a very dark skin, sharp eyes, and a huge head, almost bald on the top. His hands smelt strongly of perfumed soap. I didn't know then how important he would be later on in my life. 'Who's this?' he asked Estella, stopping to look at me. 'A local boy. Miss Havisham sent for him,' she replied. 'Well, in my experience most boys are bad,' he said to me. 'Behave yourself!' He bit the side of his large finger as he frowned at me, and then continued downstairs.

This time Miss Havisham was in another room, which I had not seen before. All the furniture was covered in dust. In the candle-light I could see a long table, in the middle of which was a large yellow shape, with hundreds of insects feeding off it.

'This,' said Miss Havisham, pointing to the table, 'is where they will put me when I'm dead. I'll lie on the table, and my relations can come and look at me.' She put a bony hand on my shoulder, but I didn't want her to touch me. I was afraid she would die there and then. 'And that,' she added, pointing to the yellow shape, 'that was my wedding cake. Mine!' she looked all round the room angrily. 'Come!' she said suddenly. 'Help me walk round the room. And call Estella!'

I held her arm to support her as she walked. We were still going slowly and painfully round the room when Estella brought in the relations who had been waiting downstairs. They stood watching us at the door. I thought they blamed me for Miss Havisham's cold manner towards them.

'Dear Miss Havisham!' said one of the ladies lovingly. 'How well you look!'

'I do not,' replied Miss Havisham sharply. 'I am yellow skin and bone.'

'How could Miss Havisham look well, after all her suffering?' said a second lady quickly. 'Impossible! What a silly idea!'

‘And how are you?’ Miss Havisham asked this lady. As we were close to her then, I would have stopped, but Miss Havisham insisted on walking past. It seemed rather rude.

‘Not well at all,’ said this lady sadly. ‘I don’t want to talk too much about my feelings, but—well—I often lie awake at night thinking of you, dear Miss Havisham!’

‘Well, don’t!’ said Miss Havisham crossly as we hurried past the little group again.

‘I’m afraid I can’t stop myself. I often wish I were less sensitive and loving. But that’s my character and I have to live with it!’ And she started crying softly. ‘Look at Matthew now!’ she added, through her tears. ‘Matthew never comes to see dear Miss Havisham. But I—’

When she heard Matthew’s name, Miss Havisham stopped walking and stood looking at the speaker, who suddenly became silent. ‘Matthew will come in the end,’ said Miss Havisham firmly, ‘when I die and am laid on that table. You will stand around and look at me, you here, you there, you next to her, you two there. Now you know where to stand. And now go!’

The ladies and gentlemen went slowly out of the room, some protesting quietly that they had not seen enough of their dear relation. When they had all gone, Miss Havisham said to me,

‘This is my birthday, Pip. I don’t allow anyone to speak of it. My relations always come on this day once a year. This day, long before you were born, was my wedding day. Perhaps I shall die on this day too. And when they lay me in my wedding dress on that table, I’ll have my revenge on him!’

In the heavy air of that dark, dusty room, she was a ghostly figure in her yellow—white dress. There was a long silence.

As usual I left the house and walked towards the gate, but this time something strange happened. In the garden I met a pale young gentleman with fair hair.

‘Hello!’ he said. ‘Come and fight! This way!’

I was so surprised that I followed him without a word.

‘Wait a minute,’ he said, turning round quickly. ‘I must give you a reason for fighting. There it is!’ And he pulled my hair, then pushed his head hard into my stomach. I was ready to fight him after this, but he danced about so much that I couldn’t get close to him.

‘Follow the laws of the game!’ he said, eagerly preparing himself for our fight. He seemed to know so much about fighting that I was very surprised when I knocked him down with my first hit, and then again with my second. He always got up immediately and seemed very glad to be fighting in the correct manner. I admired him greatly for his bravery and his cheerfulness. Finally he had to agree I had won, and we said goodbye. When I reached the gate, I found Estella waiting for me. She seemed very pleased about something. I wondered if she had been watching our fight. Before I went out, she said,

‘Here! you can kiss me if you like.’

I kissed her cheek. It was true I wanted to kiss her very much, but I felt that kiss was almost like a coin thrown to a poor common boy, and not worth anything.

I didn’t see the pale young gentleman there again. I continued my visits to Miss Havisham for almost a year. She took great pleasure in watching my growing admiration for Estella, and my unhappiness when Estella laughed at me.

‘Go on, my love, she used to whisper in Estella’s ear, ‘break men’s hearts and have no mercy! I want my revenge!’

Meanwhile my sister and that fool Pumblechook never stopped discussing Miss Havisham and her considerable wealth. They were sure I could expect a large present from her, either before or after her death. But one day Miss Havisham decided it was time to apprentice me to Joe, and told me to bring him to her house. My sister was very angry because she was not invited as well.

Dear old Joe simply could not believe his eyes when he and I entered Miss Havisham’s room the next day. The darkness, the candles, the dust, the ancient furniture, the old lady in her bride’s dress—it was almost too much for Joe’s limited intelligence. That may be why he refused to speak to Miss Havisham directly, but spoke only to me during the conversation. I was ashamed of him, especially as I could see Estella laughing at me over Miss Havisham’s shoulder.

‘So,’ began Miss Havisham, ‘you, Joe Gargery, black—smith, are ready to take Pip as an apprentice?’

‘You know, Pip,’ replied Joe, ‘how we’ve both been looking forward to working together. Haven’t we, Pip?’

‘You don’t expect any payment when he becomes your apprentice?’ she continued.

‘Now, Pip,’ said Joe, rather offended, ‘that question doesn’t need an answer. Between you and me. Does it, Pip?’

Miss Havisham looked kindly at Joe. I think she understood more of his character than Estella did. She picked up a little bag from the table. ‘Pip has earned something here. There are twenty-five pounds in this bag. Give it to your master, Pip.’

The strange situation seemed to have made Joe go mad. Even now, he insisted on speaking to me.

This is very generous of you, Pip. Very generous. Now, old boy, we must try to do our duty to each other. Mustn’t we, Pip?’

‘Goodbye, Pip!’ said Miss Havisham. ‘Take them out, Estella!’

‘Shall I come again?’ I asked.

‘No, Gargery is your master now. Gargery! Remember, I’m giving you this money because he has been a good boy. Don’t expect anything more!’

Somehow I managed to get Joe out of the house, and in the daylight he gradually became normal again. In fact I think his intelligence was improved by the interview, because as we walked home he invented a surprisingly clever plan.

‘Well,’ cried my sister, as we arrived, ‘so you’ve finished visiting your fine ladies, have you? I’m surprised you bother to come home at all!’

‘Miss Havisham asked me to send,’ said Joe, as if trying to remember the exact words, ‘her—best wishes, was

it, Pip? to Mrs J. Gargery...’

‘Best wishes, ’ I agreed.

‘And apologized for not being well enough, what was it, Pip? ’

‘To have the pleasure, ’ I said.

‘To have the pleasure of a lady ’s company, ’ he nodded, giving the impression of a man glad to pass on a message correctly .

‘Well! ’ said my sister, pleased. ‘She could have sent that message earlier, but better late than never. And what did she give the boy? ’

‘Nothing, ’ said Joe firmly, stopping Mrs Joe from speaking by raising his hand. ‘What she gave, she gave to his sister, Mrs J. Gargery. That’ s what she said. Didn’t she, Pip? ’

‘And how much did she give? asked my sister, laughing. She was actually laughing!

‘What would you say to ten pounds? ’ asked Joe.

‘Not bad, ’ said my sister.

‘It’s more than that. What would you say to twenty pounds? ’ ‘That’s good! ’ said my sister, ‘Well, here you are, it s twenty-five pounds! ’ said Joe de—lightedly, handing the bag to my sister.

4 一份从陌生人那里来的礼品

我不顾死活地想被艾丝黛拉所接受。我认识到，只参加陈旧的伍甫赛夫人的夜校，不可能成为有良好教养的人。因此，我要求伍甫赛先生的表妹毕蒂，把她所有的知识都教给我，她尽全力帮助我。但是，我知道要达到艾丝黛拉的水平，需要花费很长的时间。

一天晚上，我想去镇上的小酒店接乔。有时，我姐姐允许他在这儿抽烟斗和喝点啤酒。伍甫赛先生和乔正在同一个陌生人坐着，这个人我以前从没见过。他的一只眼半闭着，戴着一顶大帽子几乎把他的头都盖住。当我到来时，他突然感兴趣地看着，并用一种奇特的方式，磨蹭着腿。他刚为他们三人要了热朗姆酒。

“这里周围是一个孤独的农村吗？先生们。”他说。

“是的，”乔说，“过了沼泽地就是河。”

“人们总是要天黑才到沼泽地里吗？”

“不是，”乔回答说，“有时除了逃犯，他们很难去发现。我和伍甫赛先生，还有这儿的小匹普出去寻找过一次，是吗？匹普。”

“是的，乔。”

陌生人用他的好眼睛看着我。

“他的名字叫什么？匹普？你的儿子，是吗？”

“这个孩子是铁匠妻子的弟弟，”伍甫赛先生用他那正式的教堂职员腔调解释说。

当酒上来时，那个陌生人要的东西除了我没有看见。搅拌着他的热朗姆酒和水，不是用勺子，而是用一把锉。搅拌好后，他把锉放进口袋。我一看到这把锉，就知道是我从乔那儿偷的那一把；就知道这个人了解我那个囚犯，我用恐慌的目光盯着他。

直到乔站起来，拉着我的手要离开，他们才终止友好的谈话。

“等一会儿，”陌生人说，“我想给这孩子点东西，”并从他的口袋里拿出一枚用旧报纸裹着的硬币递给我，“这是你的！”他告诉我，并使了个意味深长的眼神。

“谢谢你，先生，”我说，仍然盯着他。我和乔一起往家走，乔一路上张着嘴，以便我姐姐不会在他呼吸时发现朗姆酒味。

当我到达家里时，我发现那个陌生人给我的相当两镑钞票的硬币。我姐姐认为，那一定是搞错了，用盒子保存起来，万一他回来要。可是，我知道它们来自我那个囚犯，这使我感觉到有犯罪的朋友比以前更低贱。

第二次我拜访郝薇香小姐的家，我被领进另一间屋子等候。有几个太太和先生在那儿，都是她的亲戚。当艾丝黛拉第一次喊我的时候，他们都转过身，用一种厌恶的目光看着我。

当艾丝黛拉带我沿着那个黑过道走时，她突然停住脚步，她的脸紧靠近我的脸。

“看着我，孩子！我漂亮吗？”

“是的，我认为你很漂亮。”

“我对你不友好吗？”

“比上次好一些。”

她拼命地掴我一个耳光。

“喂，你这个粗俗的小孩子，你现在觉得我怎么样？”

“我不告诉你。”

“你为什么不再哭鼻子呢？你这个傻瓜。”

“因为，我永远不会再为你哭鼻子，”我说，但是，这话是自欺欺人的。因为，这次在内心里还是哭了，只有我知道，我不记恨她。

在我们上楼的路上，遇见一位先生正在摸黑下楼。他是个身材魁梧的家伙，皮肤很黑、小眼睛、大脑袋，几乎是秃了顶，他的双手有一股扑鼻的香肥皂味。我并不知道他在我以后的生活中起多大作用。

“这是谁呀？”他停止脚步，望着我问艾丝黛拉。

“一个当地的孩子，郝薇香小姐让他来的。”他回答说。

“噢，以我的了解看，大部分孩子都很坏，”他对我说。“要规矩点！”他向我皱着眉头，用粗大的手指弹我一下。然后，继续下楼。

这一次，郝薇香小姐是在一间我以前没有见过的房间里，所有的陈设布满尘土，在影影绰绰的烛光下，我能看见一张长桌，桌子中间有一大块黄色的圆东西，上面有成千上万只虫子在叮食。

“这，”郝薇香小姐指着那张桌子说，“是我的葬身之地，我将躺在桌子上，亲戚们能来看看我。”她把瘦瘦的手放在我肩上。但是，我不让她来碰我。我害怕她随时会死去的。“那个，”她指着那个黄色的圆形东西补充说，“是我的结婚蛋糕，我的！”她忿怒地满屋环视了一下，“过来！”她突然说，“扶着我在屋里转转，叫艾丝黛拉！”

我扶着她的手臂支撑着她走走。当艾丝黛拉带着那些在楼下等候的亲戚到来时，我们仍然在慢慢地、艰难地围着屋子兜圈。他们站在门口看着我们，我觉得这些来客把郝薇香小姐对他们的不礼貌行为推到我身上。

“亲爱的郝薇香小姐！”其中一位太太讨好地说，“你看上去多么健康呀！”

“我不好，”郝薇香小姐吹毛求疵地回答，“脸色蜡黄皮包骨头”。

“郝薇香小姐身体怎么能好呢，毕竟她患了场大病？”第二个太太赶紧说，“那不可能，多么愚蠢的想法！”

“你怎么样？”郝薇香小姐问这位太太。当我们靠近她时，我已经停止了脚步。可是，郝薇香小姐坚持走下去，看上去相当粗暴。

“身体一点也不好，”这位太太伤心地说，“我不想讲太多的感受。但是——唉——我常常醒着躺在床上整夜地想你，亲爱的郝薇香小姐！”

“嗯，不可能！”当我们已快速通过一群人时，郝薇香小姐不高兴地说。

“我害怕不能控制自己，我常希望自己少一点感情少一点爱，可是，那是我的秉性改不了，我必须那样生活！”她低声地喊着，“看看马修！”她流着泪接着说，“马修从不来探望亲爱的郝薇香小姐。可我——”

郝薇香小姐一听到马修的名子，便停住了脚步，站在那里望着说话的人，说话的人突然变沉默了。

“马修最终会来的，”郝薇香小姐坚定地说，“当我死了躺在那张桌子上，你们会围站在这看着我的。你在这儿，你在那儿，你下一个就是她，你俩在那儿。现在你们就知道在这儿站着，都滚。”

这些太太和先生们小心翼翼地出了房间，一些暗中抗议者，还没有见过他们亲爱的亲戚发这么大的火。当他们都走了，郝薇香小姐对我说，“这是我的生日，匹普，我不允许任何人来祝贺，我的亲戚每年总是这一天来这里一次。这一天，也就是你生下来的不久，是我结婚的日子，或许我也会在这一天死去，当他们把穿着结婚礼服的我放在那张桌子上时，我将向他们报一箭之仇！”

在那阴暗、布满灰尘的房间、沉闷的空气里，她穿着褪了色的衣服，活像一个幽灵的化身。沉默了很长一段时间。

我照例离开了这所房屋向大门口走去。但是，这一次有一件奇怪的事情发生了。在花园里，遇见了一位留着漂亮发式的白面少年绅士。

“喂！”他说，“过来打一架！下决心吧！”

我很吃惊，以致我无话可说地跟着他。

“等一会儿，”他迅速地转过身来说，“我必须给你一个打架的理由，就这个！”他揪着我的头发，用头狠狠地撞我肚子。接着，我准备揍他，但是，他蹦跳地躲着以致我接近不了他。

“注意比赛的规则！”他说，渴望准备自己打4局，当我第一拳接着再来第二拳把他打倒在地时，他好像知道打如此多的局会使我感到很惊讶。他总是立即爬起来，似乎对这种合适的手法击打很高兴，我很钦佩他的勇敢和爽快。最后，他不得不同意是我取胜，于是我们互相告别。

当我到了大门口，发现艾丝黛拉正在等着我，她好像对发生的事情感到很高兴，我不晓得她是否已经看到了我们的打斗。我出门之前，她说：

“喂！如果你喜欢可以吻我”。

我吻了她的面颊，真的，我想不停地吻她。可是，我感到吻几乎像一枚硬币抛向一个可怜粗俗的孩子，一文不值。

我再也没有见过那个白脸少年绅士。几乎是过了一年，我继续去拜访郝薇香小姐，看到我的成长，赞美艾丝黛拉她很高兴。当艾丝黛拉嘲笑我时，我不高兴。

“继续，宝贝，”她在艾丝黛拉耳边用习惯的耳语说，“打碎男人的心，决不仁慈手软！我要报仇雪恨！”

其间，我姐姐和傻瓜潘彼趣从来没有停止过讨论郝薇香小姐和她可观的财富。他们确信我能期望从她那儿，或死前或死后得到大量的赠品。可是，一天郝薇香小姐决定是我做乔的徒弟的时候了，还告诉我把他带到她家来。我姐姐很愤怒，因为也没有邀请她。

第二天，当我和他进入郝薇香小姐的房间时，亲爱的老乔却不敢相信自己的眼睛，黑暗、蜡烛、尘土、陈旧的家具、穿着新娘衣着的老夫人——乔的有限智力几乎应接不暇。那可能是他为什么拒绝与郝薇香小姐直接说话，而在整个谈话中，他只冲着我讲话。尤其是当我越过郝薇香小姐的肩膀看到艾丝黛拉在嘲笑我的时候，我真为他感到羞耻。

“哦！”郝薇香小姐开始说，“你，乔·葛吉瑞，铁匠，准备收匹普当徒弟？”

“你知道，匹普，”乔回答说，“我们俩多么盼望能在一起干活，是吧？匹普。”

“他当你的徒弟，你不想收费吗？”她接着说。

“喂，匹普”，乔特别伤感的说，“这个问题不需要回答，你我之间还谈钱的事儿吗？匹普？”

郝薇香小姐友好地看着乔，我想她比艾丝黛拉更了解他的性格。她从桌子上拿起一个小袋子，“匹普在这里挣的工钱，这个袋子里有25英镑，匹普，把钱给你的师傅。”

这突如其来的情形似乎让乔发疯。甚至现在他还坚持对我说。

“你们十分大方，匹普，慷慨大方。喂，老伙计，我们必须努力尽职，是吧，匹普？”

“再见，匹普！”郝薇香小姐说，“带他们出去吧，艾丝黛拉！”

“我还能来吗？”我问道。

“不用了，现在葛吉瑞是你的师傅了。葛吉瑞！记住，我给你这笔钱是因为他在这里是个好孩子，别期望再要更多的钱！”

我想办法让乔出了这间房屋。在明媚的阳光下，他慢慢地又恢复了正常。事实上，我认为通过这次拜访，他的智商得到了提高，因为我们走到家的时候，他想出了一个惊奇的聪明的计划。

“喂，”我们到家，我姐姐叫喊着，“你们已经结束了对你们的好小姐们的拜访，不是吗？你们都缠着回家我很惊奇！”

“郝薇香小姐让我捎给她，”乔说着好像努力地去记住这句准确的话，“她最好的祝福，不是吗？匹普。对乔·葛吉瑞夫人说……。”

“最美好的祝福，”我顺从着说。

“并对做的不是太完美表示道歉，那是什么？匹普。”

“敬请，”我说。

“敬请一位夫人出席，”他点点头，通过一句合适的祝词，给了一个男人高兴的印象。

“喂！”我姐姐高兴地说，“她可以早一点送这个祝福，不过，晚送总比不送好。她给这个孩子什么了？”

“什么也没给，”乔马上说，他举起手阻止乔夫人说话。“她给了什么，她给他姐姐的，乔·葛吉瑞夫人，那是她说的，是吗？匹普。”

“她给了多少？”我姐姐大笑起来问道，她确实实在大笑！

“你说给了10镑怎么样？”乔问道。

“不错，”我姐姐说。

“那比这更多呢，你说给20镑怎么样？”

“那太好了！”我姐姐说。

“喂，你听好，这是25镑！”乔高兴地说，把钱袋递给我姐姐。

5 Pip's sister is attacked

In a single year everything had changed. Before I went to Miss Havisham's and met Estella, I had always wanted to be apprenticed to Joe, and I had always been happy at home, in spite of my sister's scolding. Now I was ashamed of my home and my work. I was very miserable. Because of Joe, however, I stayed at the forge and did my best to work hard. I'm glad that I never told him how unhappy I was then. I tried to follow his example and become an honest, happy, hardworking man. But all the time I thought of Estella. My worst fear was that one day she would come to the forge and see me working as a common blacksmith, with black face and hands. She would certainly turn away in disgust.

In the evenings I studied as hard as I could, educating my-self for Estella. Whatever I learnt, I shared with Joe, not, I'm afraid, so that he would be more educated, but so that I would be less ashamed of him in front of Estella. One Sunday Joe and I went out on the marshes, as usual, to study together. I don't think he ever remembered anything from one week to the next, but he smoked his pipe comfortably, looking as intelligent as he could. I had a question I had been intending to ask him.

'Joe, do you think I should visit Miss Havisham again? '

'Well, Pip, 'said Joe, 'will she think you expect her to give you something? She told me she wouldn't give you anything else. '

'But, Joe, I've been apprenticed nearly a year now, and I've never thanked her! '

'That's true, Pip, 'said Joe slowly.

'Could you give me a half day's holiday tomorrow, Joe? I would like to visit Miss Est-Havisham. '

'Her name isn't Estavisham, as far as I know, Pip, 'said Joe very seriously.

'I know, Joe! Please, Joe! '

'All right, Pip, but if she isn't happy to see you, better not go again. '

Joe had another blacksmith working for him at the forge. His name was Orlick, and he had no friends or family in the village. He was a big, strong, lazy man, who moved about in a strangely unhurried way, his shoulders bent and his eyes on the ground. For some reason he never liked me, even when I was a child, and when I became Joe's apprentice, he seemed to hate me. When he heard about my half-day holiday, he threw down his hammer angrily.

'Come now, master! 'he said to Joe. 'If young Pip's having a holiday, give me one too! '

'Well, 'nodded Joe after thinking for a moment, 'I will. '

Just then my sister, who had secretly been listening outside the forge, called to Joe through one of the windows, 'You fool! You think you're a rich man, giving a holiday to a lazy man like that Orlick! I wish I were his master! I'd soon show him! ' 'You want to be everybody's master! ' Orlick told her angrily. 'And what's more, you're a wicked, ugly, old woman! '

'What did you say? ' cried my sister, beginning to scream. 'Oh! Oh! What did you call me? Hold me, someone! ' Little by little she was deliberately making herself angry. Joe and I had seen this happen many times before.

'Hold you! 'said Orlick in disgust. 'If you were my wife, I'd hold you tight round the neck until you couldn't breathe! '

'Oh! 'screamed my sister. 'Me, a married woman! Being spoken to like this! In my own house! And my husband standing nearby! Oh! Oh! ' And like a mad woman she pulled her hair loose, and rushed at the forge door, which I had, luckily, locked.

Poor Joe had no choice. He had to challenge Orlick to fight. But Joe was the strongest man in the village, and very soon Orlick, like the pale young gentleman, was lying on the ground. Then Joe unlocked the door and picked up my sister, who had dropped unconscious to the ground, but only after watching the fight through the window. She stayed in the kitchen for the rest of the day, and Joe and Orlick shared a glass of beer peacefully together in the forge.

That afternoon when I arrived at Miss Havisham's house, it wasn't Estella who opened the gate, but a cousin of the old lady's. Miss Havisham looked just the same as before.

'Well? 'she said, 'I hope you don't expect me to give you anything. ' 'No, indeed, Miss Havisham. I only want you to know that I'm very grateful to you for helping me become Joe's apprentice. 'Good. Come and see me again, on your birthday. Ah! 'she cried suddenly, 'you're looking for Estella, aren't you? Answer! ' 'Ye-yes, 'I admitted. 'I hope Miss Estella is well? ' 'She's abroad, receiving a lady's education. She's more beautiful than ever, and admired by all who see her. Do you feel you've lost her? ' She gave such an unpleasant laugh with these last words that I didn't know what to say, and as I left the house I felt even more miserable.

On my way through town I met Mr Wopsle, and together we started the long walk home to the village. It was a dark, wet, misty night, and we could only just see someone ahead of us.

'Hello! ' we called. 'Is that Orlick? '

'Yes! ' he answered. 'I'll walk home with you. Been in town all afternoon, I have. Did you hear the big gun firing, from the prison-ships? Must be some prisoners who've escaped. 'That made me think of my convict. We didn't talk any more, but walked along in silence. We heard the gun firing several times.

It was late by the time we got to the village, and we were surprised to see lights on at the pub, and people running in and out. Mr Wopsle went in to discover what was happening, and after a few minutes rushed out, calling, 'Something wrong up at the forge, Pip! Run! They say perhaps it was an escaped convict who got into the house while Joe was out. Someone's been attacked! '

We didn't stop running until we reached the forge. In Mrs Joe's kitchen there was a doctor, and Joe, and a group of Women. And on the floor in the middle of them all was my sister, lying unconscious. She would never scold us again.

Joe had been at the pub that evening, and when he arrived home just before ten, he found her on the floor. Nothing had

been stolen .She had been hit violently on the back of the head with a heavy weapon. On the floor beside her was a convict's iron chain. It did not belong to the prisoners who had escaped that day.

The police spent the next week investigating the attack, but did not arrest anybody. I felt sure the iron chain belonged to my convict, but I did not think he had attacked my sister. The attacker could have been either Orlick, or the stranger who had shown me the file . But several witnesses had seen Or—lick in town all evening. My only reason for suspecting him was his quarrel with my sister, but she had quarrelled with everyone in the village ten thousand times. And if the stranger had come to ask for his two pounds back, my sister would gladly have given it to him. So I could not imagine who her attacker was.

She lay ill in bed for a long time. She could not speak or understand much, and her character was greatly changed. She had become quiet, patient, and grateful for all our care. She used to write a word or draw a picture when she wanted something, and we tried to discover what she meant. She needed someone to take care of her all the time, and luckily old Mrs Wopsle had just died, so Biddy came to live with us. She understood my sister perfectly and looked after us all very well.

One day my sister drew a T, and seemed to want it very much. I brought her toast, and tea, but Biddy knew immediately.

‘It's not a T, it's Orlick's hammer! ’she cried. ‘She's forgotten his name but she wants to see Orlick! ’

I must say I expected to see my sister accuse Orlick of at—tacking her, but instead she seemed very pleased to see him. She often used to ask for him after that, and nobody knew why.

One Sunday I asked Biddy to come for a walk on the marshes.

‘Biddy, ’ I said seriously, ‘promise to keep this a secret. I'm going to tell you something. I want to be a gentleman.’

‘Don't you think you're happier as you are? ’she replied.

I had often wondered this myself, but I didn't want to hear it from her. ‘It's a pity, I know, ’ I said. ‘It would have been much better if I could have been happy working at the forge. Perhaps you and I would have spent more time together. I would have been good enough for you, wouldn't I, Biddy? ’

‘Oh yes, ’she said sadly. ‘But I don't ask for very much. ’

‘The point is, ’I continued crossly, ‘if nobody had told me I was coarse and common, I wouldn't have thought about it! ’

Biddy looked at me, interested. ‘That wasn't a true or polite thing to say. Who said it? ’

‘It was the beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's, and I admire her greatly, and I want to be a gentleman for her! ’The words rushed out before I could stop them.

Biddy said gently, ‘She may not be worth the trouble, Pip.’

‘That may be true, but I can't stop myself admiring her.’

Biddy was the most sensible of girls, and did not try to persuade me any more. As we walked home, I felt rested and comforted.

‘Pip, what a fool you are! ’I said to myself. I realized how much happier I would always be with Biddy than with Estella.

‘Biddy, I wish I could make myself fall in love with you! ’ I said suddenly. ‘You don't mind my speaking so openly, as you're such an old friend? ’

‘No, of course not. But you never will fall in love with me, you see, ’she answered, a little sadly .

I wondered if I should continue working with Joe in a plain, honest way of life, and perhaps marry Biddy. Or dare I hope that Miss Havisham would make my fortune and marry me to Estella?

5 匹普的姐姐被袭击

在仅有的一年中，每一件事情都发生了变化。我去郝薇香小姐家，遇见艾丝黛拉之前，我总是想做乔的徒弟，不管我姐姐的训斥，在家里总是很愉快。现在，我对我的家和工作感到苦恼，我很悲伤。然而，为了乔，我呆在铁匠铺并拼命地工作。使我欣慰的是没有把这些烦恼告诉他，我尽可能地以他为榜样，成为一个诚实的、幸福的实干家。但是，我每时每刻忘不了艾丝黛拉，我最怕的是有一天她会来到铁匠铺，看一个黑脸黑手粗俗的铁匠在干活，她自然会厌恶地当场离去。

晚上，我拼命地学习，为艾丝黛拉而自修。无论怎样，我学到的要与乔分享。不，我是担心，以便他受到更多的教育，好让我在艾丝黛拉面前少为他丢丑。一个星期天，乔和我出门到了沼泽地，照常一起学习。我相信他不会把这周学到的东西记到下一周。不过，他舒适地吸着烟斗，看上去倒挺自信，我有一个问题打算问他。

“乔，你想我应该再去拜访郝薇香小姐了吧？”

“喂，匹普，”乔说，“她会认为你又期望她给你东西吗？她告诉过我，她不会再给你任何东西。”

“可是，乔，现在我当徒弟快一年了，我还从没有感谢她！”“这的确是，匹普，”乔慢慢地说。

“明天你能给我半天假吗，乔？我想去看望艾丝黛拉——郝薇香小姐。”

“就我所知，她的名字不是艾丝黛薇香，匹普。”乔十分严肃地说。

“我知道，乔！求你啦，乔！”

“好，好，匹普，不过，如果她见到你不高兴，最好别再去。”

在铁匠铺里，乔还有另一名铁匠帮他干活，他的名字叫奥立克，他在村里既没有家也没有朋友。他个头很大、很强壮，是一个懒惰的家伙，他走起路来躬着腰、瞅着地，吊儿郎当的样子。不知什么原因，他从来不喜欢我，甚至我还是一个小孩子时，他就当了乔的徒弟，那时他好像就恨我。当听说我要请半天假时，他生气地扔下手头的锤子。

“喂，师傅！”他对乔说，“如果给小匹普放假的话，你也必须给我放假！”

“好，”乔想了一会儿点点头说，“我同意。”

正在那时，我姐姐在铁匠铺外面隐藏着，所说的话她都听到了。她从一个窗口对乔喊道，“你这个傻瓜！你认为你是富翁，给像奥立克这样的懒蛋放假！我希望我是他的师傅！我会马上给他个眼色瞧瞧！”

“你想当所有人的师傅！”奥立克愤怒地告诉她，“还有，你是一个恶劣的、丑陋的老女人！”

“你说什么？”我姐姐喊着，开始尖叫起来，“哎哟！哎哟！你骂我什么？有人掐我！”她渐渐地使自己故作忿怒起来。这种现象，乔和我以前见过许多次。

“掐你！”奥立克厌恶地说，“如果你是我老婆，我会紧紧地掐住你的脖子直到你咽气！”

“哎哟！”我姐姐尖叫着，“我一个结了婚的女人！遭到这般污辱！在我自己家里！我的丈夫就站在旁边！哎哟！哎哟！”像一个发了疯的女人，她抓乱头发，往铁匠铺门上撞，幸运的是我阻止了她。

可怜的乔别无选择，他不得不向奥立克做出打的挑战。不过，乔在村里是最强壮的人，马上，奥立克就像那个白面少年绅士一样，被打倒在地。然后，乔没有关门，抱起我姐姐，她已经跌倒在地上失去了知觉，不过，这只是她通过窗户看到了这场打斗以后发生的事情。这一天，她呆在厨房里休息，而乔和奥立克在铁匠铺里一起和好地分享一瓶啤酒。

那天下午，我到达郝薇香小姐家时，开大门的不是艾丝黛拉，而是那个老夫人的表妹。郝薇香小姐看上去仍和以前一样。

“哦？”她说，“我希望你不是来要东西的。”

“不是，确实不是，郝薇香小姐，我只想让你知道，我十分感激你帮助我当了乔的徒弟。”

“很好，过来我再看看你，在你的生日，啊！”她突然喊起来，“你是来看艾丝黛拉的，是吗？回答我！”

“是——是的，”我承认地说，“我希望艾丝黛拉身体很好？”

“她出国啦，接受上层教育，她比以前更漂亮了，见过她的人都赞不绝口。你感到失去她了吗？”她带着讥笑说最后一句话，让我不知该说什么好。离开这座房子时，我感到特别的悲伤失望。

在经过镇上的路上，我遇到伍甫赛先生，我们一起长途跋涉往村庄走去。那是一个天色漆黑、潮湿雾大的夜晚，我们刚刚能看到前面一个人。

“喂！”我们喊道，“那是奥立克吗？”

“是！”他回答，“我跟你们一起回家，我一下午都在镇上，你们听到从船上监狱传来激烈的枪声吗？想必是有些犯人越狱了。”这使我想起我那个囚犯，我们再也没有说话，而是静悄悄地走着，我们听到了几次枪击声。

我们到了村里，时间已经晚了，我们吃惊地看到小酒店里有灯光亮着，里面的人往外跑。伍甫赛先生走了进去，看看发生了什么事情，他转眼跑了出来，喊了起来，“铁匠铺出事了，匹普！快跑！他们说不准，可能是乔不在家时，逃犯闯进你们家，有人被击伤了！”

我们马不停蹄地跑到铁匠铺。在乔夫人的厨房里有一位医生、乔和一群妇女，他们的中间是我姐姐——不省人事地躺在地板上，她永远不会再训斥我们了。

那天傍晚，乔是在小酒店里，他10点之前刚到家，就发现她躺在地板上，东西没有被偷，她的后脑勺儿被重器严重击伤。她的旁边，在地板上是一个罪犯的铁链，这个铁链不是那天那个逃犯的。

警察用了一周的时间调查这起暴力事件。可是，没有逮住任何人。我确信铁链是属于我那个囚犯的，但是，我认为不是他袭击了我姐姐。那个袭击者可能是奥立克或者是让我看到那把挫的陌生人。我怀疑他仅有的原因是他和我姐姐吵过架，可是，她和村上的每一个人吵了千万次架。如果是那个陌生人来索要回他的两镑钱，我姐姐会愉快地给他。因此，我推断不出是谁袭击了她。

她伤得卧床不起很长时间，她不能说话，理解力下降，她的性格产生了巨大变化。她变得安静、有耐性了，并对我们大家的照料很感激。要什么东西时，她用笔写下来或画一张图来，我们设法搞清她的意思。她随时需要有人来侍候，幸亏老伍甫赛夫人刚去世。所以，毕蒂和我们住在一起，她完全理解我姐姐，也能很好地照料我们大家。

一天，我姐姐画了一个T，好象特别想要它，我拿给她烤面包和茶，可是毕蒂马上明白了。

“那不是个T，它是奥立克的锤子！”她喊起来，“她忘记了他的名子，但是，她要见奥立克！”

我必须说，我期望见到我姐姐控诉袭击她的奥立克。可是，代替的却是她见到他很高兴，从那以后，她常常请求他，没有人知道为什么。一个星期天，我要求毕蒂到沼泽地去散步。

“毕蒂，”我认真的说，“答应为这件事保密，我打算告诉你一些事情，我要做个有教养的人。”

“你认为你现在这样不快活吗？”她反问说。

我对这一点习以为常，但不想从她那里听到。“我知道那是一种同情的话，”我说，“如果我已经能在铁匠铺里快活地工作，那是再好不过的。或许你和我在一起能消磨更多的时间，为你我将会更完美，是吗？毕蒂。”

“噢，是的，”她伤心地说，“但是，我不要求太多。”

“你指的是，”我不高兴地接着说，“如果没人对我讲过我粗俗和下等的话，我不会这样想的！”

毕蒂看看我，感兴趣地说，“那不对，说这话的人太没礼貌了，这话是谁说的？”

“是郝薇香小姐府上一位年轻美丽的小姐，我很羡慕她，我要做个有教养的人，就是为了她！”我一口气说完。

毕蒂温和地说：“不值得为她烦恼，匹普。”

“那倒是，不过，我总羡慕她。”

毕蒂是一个最通情达理的姑娘，她并不是想让我伤心。当我们走到家时，我感到既轻松又痛快。

“匹普，你真傻！”我自言自语道，我体会到，永远和毕蒂在一起比和艾丝黛拉在一起要幸福得多。

“毕蒂，我希望我能爱上你！”我突然说道，“你是如此知心的朋友，我这样公开地说你不介意吧？”

“不，当然不会。但是，你永远不会爱上我，你明白，”她有点伤心地回答。

我不知道是否将继续以朴素诚实的生活方式和乔一起工作，也许和毕蒂结婚，还是希望郝薇香小姐操纵我的命运，并让我和艾丝黛拉结婚。

6 Great expectations

One Saturday evening, when I had been apprenticed to Joe for four years, he and I were sitting in the pub, with some of the villagers, listening to Mr Wopsle. He was giving a dramatic reading of a newspaper report of a murder trial, and we all enjoyed watching him act the main characters. His witnesses were old and feeble, his lawyers were clever and sharp-eyed, and his accused was a violent, wicked murderer.

Suddenly we became aware of a strange gentleman who had also been listening, and was now looking coldly at us.

‘Well!’ he said to us, biting the side of his finger. ‘So you’ve decided the accused was the murderer, have you?’

‘Sir,’ answered Mr Wopsle firmly, ‘yes, I do think he is guilty.’ We all nodded our heads in agreement.

‘But,’ said the stranger, ‘do you or do you not know that the law of England supposes every man to be innocent until he is proved-proved-to be guilty?’

‘Sir,’ began Mr Wopsle, ‘as an Englishman myself, I-’

‘Come!’ said the stranger, ‘don’t avoid the question. Either you know it, or you don’t know it. Which is it?’

‘Of course I know it,’ answered poor Mr Wopsle.

‘Then why didn’t you say so at first? Another question. Do you know that this trial isn’t finished yet?’

Mr Wopsle hesitated, and we all began to have a rather bad opinion of him.

‘And you were going to say that the accused was guilty, before the end of the trial, before he has been proved guilty!’ We realized that the unfortunate Wopsle had no understanding of the law, or indeed anything at all.

Now the stranger stood in front of our little group.

‘I’m looking for the blacksmith, Joe Gargery,’ he said, ‘and his apprentice, Pip.’ He did not recognize me but I knew he was the gentleman I had met on the stairs when visiting Miss Havisham. There was even the same smell of per-fumed soap on his large hands. ‘I want to speak to you two in private,’ he said, and so Joe and I left the pub and walked home with him.

‘My name is Jaggers, and I’m a lawyer,’ he said, when he reached the forge. ‘Joe Gargery, I am sent by someone who suggests cancelling this boy’s apprenticeship to you. Would you want any money, if you lost your apprentice?’

‘I’d never stand in Pip’s way, never,’ said Joe, staring. ‘The answer is no.’

‘Don’t try to change that answer later,’ said Mr Jaggers. ‘Now, what I have to say, and remember, I’m only an agent, I don’t speak for myself, is that this young man has great expectations.’

Joe and I gasped, and looked at each other.

‘I have been told to say that he will be very rich when he is older. In addition, the person who sent me wants the young man to be removed from his home and educated as a gentleman who expects to inherit a fortune.’

My dream had come true. Miss Havisham was making me rich!

‘Now, Mr Pip,’ continued the lawyer, ‘there are two conditions. The first is that you always use the name of Pip. The second is that the name of the person who has been so generous to you must remain a secret, until that person chooses to tell you. You are forbidden to ask any questions or try to discover who the person is. Do you accept these conditions?’

My heart was beating fast as I whispered, ‘Yes’.

‘Now, to details. I have been given enough money for you to live the life of a gentleman in London while you are studying. You will come to me to ask for whatever you need. I suggest Mr Matthew Pocket as a teacher.’ I remembered that was the name of one of Miss Havisham’s relations, the one who did not visit her often. ‘You must buy some new clothes. Shall I leave you twenty pounds?’ He counted twenty coins out of his large purse onto the table. ‘And when can you come to London? Next Saturday?’

I agreed, feeling very confused. He looked at Joe, who seemed even more confused.

‘Well, Joe Gargery? Perhaps, I only say perhaps, I promise nothing,’ he said, throwing his purse carelessly from one hand to another, ‘perhaps I have been told to give you a present when you lose your apprentice.’

Joe put his great strong hand on my shoulder in the gentlest possible way. ‘Pip can go freely to fortune and happiness, he knows that. But if you think that money can ever pay me back for losing the little child—who came to the forge—and always the best of friends!’ He could not continue.

Dear good Joe! I was so ready to leave you, and so ungrateful to you! I can see you now, with your strong blacksmith’s arm in front of your eyes, and your shoulders shaking, and tears on your cheeks. But at the time I was so excited by my good luck that I forgot what I owed to Joe. Mr Jaggers clearly thought Joe was a fool for refusing money, and left the house, reminding me to go straight to his office in London in a week’s time.

Joe told Biddy what had happened, and both congratulated me. They were very quiet and sad at first, because I would be leaving them, but I promised I would never forget them and would often return to visit them. Biddy tried to explain the good news to my sister, but the poor woman could not understand.

As Joe and Biddy became a little more cheerful, discussing my possible plans for the future, I became more miserable. Now that I could be a gentleman, as I had always wished, I was not sure if I wanted to leave my home, which was full of happy memories.

That week passed slowly. I took a last walk through the churchyard to the marshes. At least I need never think about my convict again. No doubt he was dead by now.

I had something special to ask Biddy. ‘Biddy,’ I said, when we were alone, ‘don’t you think you could teach Joe a bit?’

‘What do you mean, teach him?’ asked Biddy.

‘Well, I love dear old Joe more than anyone else, but his education and manners could be improved.’

Biddy opened her eyes very wide. ‘Oh?’ she said. ‘So his manners aren’t good enough, then?’

‘Oh, they’re all right for here, but when I receive my fortune, I’ll want him to meet important people, and behave correctly.’

Haven’t you ever thought,’ asked Biddy, not looking at me, ‘that he wouldn’t want to meet important people, he wouldn’t want to be taken away from this job that he does well, and the village where he’s loved?’

‘Now, Biddy,’ I said crossly, ‘are you jealous of my good luck? I didn’t expect this of you. This is a bad side of your character, Biddy.’

‘Whether you scold me or thank me, I’ll always do my best for the family at all times. And I’ll always remember you, whatever you think of me,’ said poor Biddy.

I was not pleased with this interview, and thought it was strange that the news of my expectations had not made me happier.

When I went into town to order my new clothes, Mr Pumblechook was waiting for me at the door of his shop.

‘My dear friend, if you will allow me to call you that,’ he cried, shaking both my hands, ‘let me congratulate you on your fortune! Nobody deserves it more than you!’ He seemed so much more sensible than before that I agreed to have lunch with him.

‘When I think,’ he said happily, ‘that I, Pumblechook, was able to help in my small way, by taking you to play at Miss—’

‘Remember,’ I stopped him, ‘we must never say anything about the person who is being so generous to me.’

‘Don’t worry, trust me, my dear friend Have some wine, have some chicken! Oh chicken, you didn’t think when you were running around on the farm that you would be lucky enough to be served to one who—May I? May I?’ and he jumped up to shake my hand again.

As we drank our wine, Pumblechook reminded me of the happy times he and I had spent together during my childhood. I did not remember it quite like that, but I began to feel he was a good-hearted, sincere man. He wanted to ask my advice on a business matter. He said he was hoping to find a young gentleman who would put money into his business, and seemed very interested in my opinion. ‘And may I? May I?’ He shook hands with me again.

‘You know, I always used to say, “That boy will make his fortune. He’s no ordinary boy.”’ He had certainly kept his opinion very secret, I thought.

There was one person I really wanted to visit before going to London. Dressed in my new clothes I went to Miss Havisham’s house, where her cousin opened the gate to me again.

‘Well, Pip?’ said Miss Havisham to me when she saw me.

‘I’m going to London tomorrow, Miss Havisham,’ I said, choosing my words carefully, ‘and I wanted to say goodbye. I’ve been so lucky since I saw you last, and I’m so grateful for it!’

‘Good, good!’ she replied, looking delightedly at her cousin who was staring at my new clothes. ‘I know about it. I’ve seen Mr Jaggers. So, a rich person has adopted you?’

‘Yes, Miss Havisham.’

She smiled cruelly at her cousin, who was looking rather ill.

‘Remember to do what Mr Jaggers tells you. And you will always keep the name of Pip, won’t you? Goodbye, Pip.’ she gave me her hand and I kissed it. It seemed the natural thing to do. And so I left the old lady in her bride’s dress in the candle-light, with the dusty furniture around her.

On Saturday morning I was in such a hurry that I only said a quick goodbye to my family, before setting out to walk the few miles into town for the London coach. As I left the peaceful sleeping village, the mist over the marshes was rising, to show me the great unknown world I was entering. Suddenly I realized what I was leaving behind—my childhood, my home, and Joe. Then I wished I had asked him to walk with me to the coach, and I could not stop crying. Whenever the horses were changed on the journey, I wondered with an aching heart whether to get down and go back to say goodbye properly. But the mist had completely risen now, and my new world lay ahead of me.

6 远大前程

我作为乔的徒弟已经干了4年。有一个星期六的晚上，他和我还有一些村民正坐在小酒店里，聆听伍甫赛先生读报，他正在大声朗读报纸上的谋杀案审判报告，我们都欣赏地看着他扮演主要角色。他的证据是陈旧无力的，他的律师们聪明机灵有锐利的眼光，他的指控是猛烈的，老奸巨猾的谋杀者。

突然，我们注意到一位陌生人也在听讲。现在，正冷眼看着我们。

“喂！”他边咬着手边对我们说，“这样你们就决定指控他是谋杀者，对吗？”

“先生，”伍甫赛先生紧接着回答，“是的，我想他是有罪的。”我们都点点头表示同意。

“但是，”陌生人说，“你们知不知道英国的法律，推测每个人是无罪的，直到他被证实——证实——是无罪的？”

“先生，”伍甫赛先生开始说，“我自己作为一个英国人，我——”

“得啦！”陌生人说，“不要回避这个问题，你知道，还是不知道，那一条？”

“我当然知道，”可怜的伍甫赛先生回答。

“那你为什么开始不这样讲？还有一个问题，你还知道这不是最终判决吧？”

伍甫赛先生踌躇着，我们大家开始对他产生特别不好的看法。

最终判决之前，“你打算说那个指控是无罪的，已经证明他无罪之前！”我们认识到，不幸的伍甫赛不了解法律，或者说一点不懂。

现在，那个陌生人站在我们一小群人前面。

“我正在寻找铁匠乔·葛吉瑞，”他说，“和他的徒弟，匹普”。他没有认出我来，可是我知道他是我拜访郝薇香小姐时，在楼梯上遇见的那个绅士，甚至还能闻到他那双大手上的香皂味。“我要秘密地对你们俩说，”他说。因此，乔和我同他一起离开小酒店走回家。

“我叫贾格斯，是一名律师，”当到达铁匠铺时，他说，“乔·葛吉瑞，我是由别人派来的，这个人提出取消这个孩子做你徒弟之约，如果你失去你的徒弟，要不要钱？”

“我从来没有阻止匹普走，从来没有，”乔盯着我说，“回答是没有”。

“以后别想改变这一回答，”贾格斯先生说，“喂，这一点我必须说，记住，我只是一个代理人，我不是代表我自己讲话，这个年轻人要有远大前程啦。”

我和乔气喘吁吁，相对而视。

“我已经被告之，当他大一点，将成为百万富翁。另外，指派我的那个人要这位年轻人从他家里迁移出来并接受上等教育，成为一名期待继承一笔财富的绅士。”

我的梦想变成了现实，郝薇香小姐正在让我富有起来！

“喂，匹普先生，”这位律师接着说，“有两个条件：首先，你永远使用匹普这个名字。第二，对你如此慷慨的那个人的名字必须保密，直到时机成熟了，那个人会告诉你的。禁止你问任何问题，或想发现这个人是谁，你接受这些条件吗？”

当我小声说“接受”时，我的心脏快跳出来了。

“喂，讲点细节问题，当你正在学习时，我要给你在伦敦过一个绅士生活的足够费用，你无论需要什么都来向我要。我建议马修·朴凯特作为一名教师。”我记起来了，这是郝薇香小姐其中一个亲戚的名字，这个亲戚不常看她。“你必须买几件新衣服，我留给你20镑吧。”他从小钱袋里数出20个硬币放在桌子上，“你什么时候能动身去伦敦？下星期六？”

我感到十分迷惑，同意了。他看了看乔，乔好像更迷惑不解。

“喂，乔·葛吉瑞，或许，我只讲或许，我没有什么许诺，”他漫不经心地从一只手到另一只手扔着他的钱袋说，“也许我已经讲过，当你失去你的徒弟时，给你一份礼品。”

乔把他那粗壮有力的手轻轻地搭在我的肩上，“匹普，你能自由自在地享受富贵和幸福，他知道这一点。不过，你认为用金钱就能买回我失去的——来铁匠铺的这个小孩子——永远是最知心的朋友！”他再也说不下去了。

亲爱的好人乔！我竟会这样地准备离开你，甚至来不及感谢你！现在，我能看到在你眼前用那强壮的铁匠手臂捂着双眼，你的肩膀颤抖着，脸颊挂着泪水。但是，我的好运使我如此兴奋，我忘记要感谢乔。贾格斯先生虽然认为乔拒绝要钱是一个大傻瓜，并提醒我在一周内直接到他的办公室那里，接着离开了我们。

乔告诉了毕蒂所发生的一切，两人祝贺我。因为我将离开他们，开始，他们很平静。很伤心，而我许愿永远不会忘记他们，会经常回来看望他们。毕蒂设法告诉我姐姐这条好消息，但是，这个可怜的女人不能理解。

当乔和毕蒂变得高兴一点儿时，开始讨论我未来可能的计划，我变得更悲惨了。现在，我能够做一个绅士，像我永远希望的那样，我不能肯定，我要离开家时是否是充满着幸福的回忆。

那一周过得很慢，我穿过教堂墓地去了沼泽地做最后一次散步。至少再也不用想我那个囚犯了，无疑他现在已经归天了。

我有些特殊的事情要问毕蒂。“毕蒂，”当只是我们俩时，我说，“你想你不能教乔一点东西吗？”

“你什么意思，教他？”毕蒂问。

“对，我亲爱的老乔胜似其他人，不过，要改善他的教育和举止。”

毕蒂眼睛睁得很大，“噢？”她说，“照这么说他的举止不够好，是吗？”

“噢，做得挺好。不过，当我接到钱财时，我打算让他去见重要人物，举止要规范。”

“你过去不这样想，”毕蒂没有看我，问：“他不想去见重要人物，他不想从干得挺好的这项工作中离去，这个村庄非常需要他？”

“喂，毕蒂，”我不高兴地说，“你嫉妒我的好运吗？我不期望你这样，这是你性格不好的一面，毕蒂。”

“不管你责骂我还是感谢我，我都将每时每刻为这个家做出一流的奉献，我将永远记着你，不管你想不想我。”可怜的毕蒂说。

这次会面我不高兴，想想真奇怪，我的远大前程的消息没有让我更快乐一点儿。

当我来到镇上定做新衣服时，潘波趣先生正在商店门口等着我。

“我亲爱的朋友，你是否允许我这样称呼你，”他摇晃着我的双手喊着，“让我为你的好运祝贺！没有人比你得到的更多！”他似乎比以前更通情达理得多，我同意和他吃午饭。

“当我想起，”他高兴地说，“我，潘波趣，小小的帮助，领着你到小姐家去玩”。

“记住，”我打断他的话，“有关对我如此慷慨的那个人，我们从来不会说任何事情。”

“别担心，相信我，我亲爱的朋友，喝些葡萄酒，吃些鸡！噢，鸡，你没有想，当你围着田地跑时，有人为他效力，你够幸运的，我可以吗？我可以吗？”他跳起来，又摇动着我的手。

当我们喝了葡萄酒，潘波趣想起我快乐的时代，他和我一起度过我的童年。我记得不完全是这样，不过，我开始觉得他是一个好心肠、诚实的人。在生意上，他想问我的意见。他说，他正希望找一个会把资金投入到的生意中的年轻人，好像对我的看法很感兴趣。“可以吗？可以吗？”他再一次摇晃着我的手。

“你知道，我过去常说：‘那孩子会走运的，他不是一个普通的孩子’”我想，他的看法确实很神秘。

去伦敦之前，有一个人我的确要去拜访。我穿上新衣服，去了郝薇香小姐府上，给我开大门的又是她的表妹。

“喂，匹普？”当郝薇香小姐看到我时说。

“我准备明天去伦敦，郝薇香小姐。”我仔细地挑了几句话说，“我想说告别了，自从上次见到你，我就交上好运啦。为此，我很感激！”

“很好，很好，”她回答说，显得很高兴地看着她的表妹，她正在盯着我的新衣服，“这件事我知道，我见过贾格斯先生啦。那么，一个富有的人收养你啦？”

“是的，郝薇香小姐。”

她冷冷地对她的表妹付之一笑，她的表妹看上去，气色相当不好。

“记住按照贾格斯先生告诉你的去做，你将永远保留匹普的名字，对吗？再见，匹普。”她向我伸出手来，我吻了她的手，这样做似乎是很自然的事情。这样，我离开了在烛光下穿着新娘礼服、周围是尘封的家具的这位老夫人。

星期天的早晨，要走几英里到镇上乘去伦敦的马车，出发之前，我急急忙忙地要走，以便赶快和家里的人说再见。当我离开这个宁静沉睡的村庄时，笼罩着沼泽地的迷雾正在升起，它向我显示，我正进入这神秘的大千世界。突然我意识到，我正在离开已成为过去的——我的童年，我的家和乔。这时，我希望我要求他和我一起走去坐马车，我不能停止喊叫。在旅途中，无论什么时候换乘马车，我良心上在想能不能让我下车，回过头来礼貌地说声再见。但是，现在大雾已经完全升起来了，并笼罩着前面给我铺设的新世界。

7 Pip arrives in London

At that time everybody in England agreed that London was a wonderful city. So I was surprised to find it rather ugly, with narrow dirty streets, and people crowded into tiny houses. I was frightened by its huge size. At Smith—field, the meat market, I was shocked by the dirt and blood everywhere. Then I came to Newgate Prison, where a drunk old man showed me the place where prisoners were hanged, and told me excitedly that four men would die there tomorrow. I was disgusted by this news. My first impression of London could not have been worse.

However I managed to find Mr Jaggers' office, noticing that other people were waiting for the great man too. After some time he appeared, walking towards me. His clients all rushed at him together. He spoke to some, and pushed others away. One man held on to the lawyer's sleeve.

'Please, Mr Jaggers, ' he begged, 'my brother is accused of stealing silver. Only you can save him! I'm ready to pay any—thing! '

'Your brother? ' repeated the lawyer. 'And the trial is to—morrow? Well, I'm sorry for you, and him. I'm on the other side. '

'No, Mr Jaggers! ' cried the man desperately, tears in his eyes. 'Don't say you're against him! I'll pay anything! '

'Get out of my way, 'said Mr Jaggers and we left the man on his knees on the pavement.

Now Mr Jaggers turned to me and told me that on Monday I would go to Matthew Pocket's house to start my studies, but until then I would stay with his son, Herbert, who lived near-by.

Wemmick, Mr Jaggers' clerk, showed me the way to Mr Pocket's rooms. He was a short, dry man, with a square, expressionless face, between forty and fifty years old. His mouth was so wide that it looked like a post-box, and gave the impression of smiling all the time.

'Is London a very wicked place? ' I asked him, trying to make conversation as we walked.

'You may be robbed or murdered in London. But that may happen to you anywhere, if there is any profit in it for the criminal. '

I was not sure whether I looked forward to living in London, where people like Wemmick accepted crime so calmly.

We arrived at Herbert Pocket's rented rooms. The building was the dirtiest I had ever seen, with broken windows and dusty doors. It stood in a little square with dying trees around it. I looked in horror at Mr Wemmick.

'Ah! ' he said, not understanding my look. 'Its quiet position makes you think of the country. I quite agree. Goodbye, Mr Pip. '

I went up the stairs, where there was a note on Mr Pocket's door, saying 'Returning soon. ' His idea of 'soon' was not the same as mine. About half an hour later I heard footsteps rushing upstairs, and a young man of my age appeared breath-less at the door. 'Mr Pip? ' he said. 'I'm so sorry I'm late! '

I greeted him in a confused manner, unable to believe my eyes. Suddenly he looked closely at me and gasped.

'But you're the boy at Miss Havisham's! '

'And you, ' I said, 'are the pale young gentleman! '

We both started laughing, and shook hands.

'Well! ' he said, 'I hope you'll forgive me for having knocked you down that day. ' In fact I had knocked him down. But I did not contradict him.

'Do you know why I was there? ' he asked. 'I had been invited to Miss Havisham's to see if she liked me. I suppose I didn't make a good impression on her. If she had liked me, I could be a rich man and engaged to Estella by now. '

'Were you disappointed? ' I asked.

'Oh! I wouldn't want to marry Estella! She's a hard, proud girl, and Miss Havisham has brought her up to break men's hearts, as a revenge on all men. '

'Is she a relation of Miss Havisham's? ' I asked.

'No, only adopted. Why were you at Miss Havisham's then? '

'To make my fortune, the same as you! But I was lucky. '

'You know Mr Jaggers is Miss Havisham's lawyer? It was kind of him to suggest that my father should teach you. My father is Miss Havisham's cousin, you know. '

Herbert Pocket made an excellent impression on me. He always spoke openly and honestly. There was nothing secret or mean in his character, and we soon became good friends. I told him of my past life in the village, and my expectations.

'Call me Herbert, ' he said. 'Would you mind my calling you Handel? There's a wonderful piece of music by Handel, called The Blacksmith, which reminds me of you. ' Of course I agreed, and as we sat down to dinner, Herbert told me Miss Havisham's sad story.

'Her mother died young. Her father was very rich and very proud, with only one child, Miss Havisham, by his first wife. Then he married his cook, and had a son by her. This son, a half-brother to Miss Havisham, was a bad character, and didn't inherit as much from his father as Miss Havisham did. And so perhaps he was angry with her for influencing her father against him.

'Anyway, a certain man appeared, and pretended he was in love with Miss Havisham. She was certainly in love with him, and gave him whatever money he asked for. My father was the only one of her relations who dared to tell her that this man should not be trusted. She was so angry that she ordered my father straight out of the house, and he has never seen her since. Her other relations were not interested in her happiness but only in inheriting her wealth, so they said nothing. The couple fixed the wedding day, the guests were invited, the dress and the cake were brought to the house.

The day came, but the man did not. He wrote a letter—’

‘Which she received at twenty to nine, when she was dressing for her wedding?’ I said.

‘Yes, so she stopped the clocks at that moment. She was very ill for a while, and since then has not seen daylight. People think that her half—brother sent the man to get money from her, and that he shared the profits. Perhaps he hated her for inheriting most of the Havisham fortune. Nobody knows what happened to the two men. So now you know as much as I do!’

We talked of other things. I asked Herbert what his profession was.

‘Oh, working in the City,’ he said happily. ‘Insuring ships. There’s a lot of money in that, you know. Huge profits!’

I began to think that Herbert must have greater expectations than I had.

‘Where are your ships at the moment?’ I asked admiringly.

‘Oh, I haven’t started yet. I’m working in a counting-house just now. They don’t pay me much, but I’m looking about me for a good opportunity. Then I’ll make my fortune!’

Looking around the room, at the old, worn furniture, I realized that Herbert must be very poor. And although he seemed full of hope for the future, somehow I thought he would never be very rich or successful.

He and I spent a happy weekend visiting London together. Although it was all very exciting, I could not avoid noticing the dirt and bad smells and heat, and I compared it sadly with my village home, which now seemed so far away.

7 匹普到达伦敦

在那时，英国的每个人都称赞伦敦是一座美丽的城市。然而，让我吃惊的是，发现这座城市陈旧不堪、街道狭窄肮脏，人们拥挤在窄小的房子里，我被城市巨大的规模而吓呆。在伦敦肉食品店，一个鲜肉市场，到处的污物和血迹让我毛骨悚然。然后，我来到新兴监狱，这里一个喝得醉熏熏的老人把绞首架的地方指给我看，并兴奋地告诉我，明天这儿将有4个人归天，这个消息让我厌恶。我的伦敦第一印象不能再坏了。

不管怎样，我要设法找到贾格斯先生的事务所，我注意到，其他人也在等候这位大人。过了一会儿他露面了，朝我走来。他的顾客一起向他冲来，他说了几句话，把其他人打发走了。有一个人抓住律师的衣袖。

“求您啦，贾格斯先生”，他乞求说，“指控我兄弟偷了银器，只有你才能救他！我准备支付什么都行！”

“你的兄弟？”律师重复说，“判决是明天吗？喂，对你很抱歉，我是在对面。”

“不，贾格斯先生！”这个人不顾死活地叫喊着，双眼充满着泪水，“不是说你反对他！我什么东西都会支付的！”

“滚开”，贾格斯先生说，我们离开了跪在人行道上的那个人。

现在，贾格斯先生转向我并告诉我星期一我将去马修·朴凯特的家，开始我的学业。不过，到那时，我将和他的儿子，住在附近的赫伯特生活在一起。

文米克，贾格斯先生的雇员，带着我去了朴凯特先生的房间。他是一个干瘪矮小的家伙，一张面无表情的方脸，年龄四、五十岁。他的大嘴看上去像一个邮箱，总是给人留下一个冷笑的印象。

“伦敦是一个很坏的地方吗？”我问他，当我们走着的时候，设法找点儿话说。

“在伦敦，你可能被抢或被杀，如果对罪犯有点好处，不论你在何处，都可能发生。”

我不知道是否盼望在伦敦生活，这儿的人们都像文米克一样平静地容忍犯罪。

我们到达赫伯特·朴凯特租的房屋，这是我见到的最肮脏的房子，破碎的门窗，满是尘土的楼道。这座房子坐落在一个小方院内，周围有一些要死不活的树木。我恐怖地看着文米克先生。

“啊！”他不理解我的脸色，说，“幽静的职位让你想起农村，我很赞成，再见，匹普先生。”

我上了楼梯，在朴凯特的门上贴有一张纸条，上面写着“外出即归”。他的“即归”意思和我的意思不一样。大约半小时之后，我听到冲上楼的脚步声，一个和我年龄相仿的年轻人上气不接下气地出现在门口。“匹普先生吗？”他说，“对不起，我来晚了！”

我有点慌乱地向他问候，不能相信自己的眼睛。突然他气喘吁吁地盯着我。

“你是在郝薇香小姐家里的那个孩子！”

“你，”我说，“是那个白面少年绅士！”

我们摇摇双手，开始大笑起来。

“喂！”他说，“希望你能原谅我，那天把你打倒了”。事实上，是我把他打倒了。但是，我没有反驳他。

“你知道为什么我在那儿？”他问，“郝薇香小姐让我去见她，看看我是否中她的意。我猜，我没有给她留下好的印象，如果她喜欢我的话，我现在可能是一个富翁了，并和艾丝黛拉订婚了。”

“你们没有约定吗？”我问道。

“噢！我不想和艾丝黛拉结婚！她是一个冷酷无情、傲慢的女孩子，郝薇香小姐把她带大，教唆她去伤男人的心，报复所有的男人。”

“她是郝薇香小姐的亲戚吗？”我问。

“不是，只不过是养女罢了。那么，你为什么在郝薇香小姐家呢？”

“为我的命运，和你一样！不过，我是幸运的。”

“你知道贾格斯先生是郝薇香小姐的律师吗？他仁慈地建议让我父亲教你，我父亲是郝薇香小姐的表兄，你明白。”

赫伯特·朴凯特给我一个极好的印象，他说的总是直率和诚实的。在他的性格上，没有什么秘密和别有用意的事情，我们很快就成了好朋友。我告诉他在乡村过去的生活和我的前程。

“叫我赫伯特，”他说，“我叫你汉德尔你会介意吗？有一支汉德尔写的美妙的乐曲，叫《铁匠》，这是你提醒了我。”当然我同意，当我们坐下来吃晚饭时，赫伯特给我讲了郝薇香小姐悲哀的故事。

“她的妈妈年轻时就去世了，她的父亲是个富翁也很高傲，他第一个妻子，只有郝薇香小姐这一个孩子。然后，他和他的厨娘结婚，和她有一个儿子，这个儿子，对郝薇香小姐来说是同父异母的弟弟，是一个性格很坏的人，从他父亲那里继承的家产远没有郝薇香小姐那么多。或许是他生她的气，影响到她父亲反对他。

有一个人假装爱上了郝薇香小姐，她是深深地爱着他，无论什么时候他要钱，她都给他。我父亲是她亲戚中唯一的一个，他敢告诉她这个人不是真正地爱她。她很生气，以致于下令让我父亲离开她的家。从此，他再也没有见到她。其他的亲戚对她的幸福不感兴趣，只想继承她的财富。因此，他们什么也不说。两人定好结婚的日子，宾客都邀请了，结婚礼服和蛋糕都买回家了。可是，结婚这一天到来之际，那人却不见了。他写了一封信——”

“她是在8点40分收到的，当时她正穿着结婚礼服吧？”我说。

“不错，在那一时刻她停止了钟表。她一时病得很重，自从那以后再没见过阳光。人们认为是她同父异母的弟弟派那个人来向她要钱，他从中得利。也许他恨郝薇香继承的财富太多，没有人知道两人发生了什么事情。现在你所知道的和我一样多！”

我们谈了些其它事情。我问赫伯特，他的职业是什么。

“噢，在市里工作，”他愉快地说，“从事船只保险，这一行有许多钱，你知道，丰厚的利润！”

我开始想，赫伯特一定比我有更远大的前程。

“此刻你的船在哪儿！”我羡慕地问。

“噢，我还没有开展工作，刚才我正在会计室工作。他们没有支付更多的钱给我，不过，我找到了挣钱的好机会，不久，我将成为富翁。”

看看周围的屋子，古老破旧的家具。我想，赫伯特一定很清贫，尽管他似乎对未来充满希望，不知为什么我想他不会成为富翁，也不会成功的。

我和他一起游览了伦敦，度过了一个愉快的周末。虽然这使我很兴奋，但我不能回避去评价这个脏乱、怪味、又闷热的地方，伤心地和我似乎更遥远的乡下现在的家相比较。

8 Visiting Mr Wemmick and Mr Jaggers

Herbert introduced me to his father, who lived the other side of London, in Hammersmith. In the next few months I studied hard with Mr Pocket, who was always a most kind and helpful teacher. I divided my time between Herbert's and his father's home. If I needed money, I collected it from Wemmick at Mr Jaggers' office, and there seemed to be plenty of money available.

There were two other gentlemen studying at Mr Pocket's. They were quite different from each other. Bentley Drummle came from a rich family living in the country. He was lazy, proud, mean and stupid. I much preferred Startop, who was a pleasant, sensitive young man. He and I used to row our boats up and down the river together. But Herbert was my greatest friend, and we used to spend most of our time with each other.

One day when I was collecting my money from Wemmick, he invited me to his house at Walworth, a village outside London.

'You don't mind walking there, Mr Pip?' he asked. 'I like to get some exercise if I can. For dinner we're having a roast chicken. I think it'll be a good one because I got it from one of our clients. I always accept any little presents from clients, especially if it's cash, or anything that can easily be changed into cash. You see these rings I'm wearing? Given by clients, just before they died. All hanged, they were. By the way, I hope you won't mind meeting my aged parent?'

'No, of course not,' I said quickly.

'You haven't had dinner with Mr Jaggers yet?' Wemmick continued. 'He's inviting you, and the other three young gentlemen, tomorrow. There'll be good food and drink at his house. But I'll tell you something, Mr Pip. When you're there, look at his housekeeper.'

'Why?' I asked. 'Is there something strange about her?'

'She's like a wild animal. But Mr Jaggers has trained her! Oh yes! He's stronger, and cleverer, and more complicated than anyone else in London. And you know, another strange thing about him, he never locks his doors or windows at night.'

'Isn't he ever robbed?' I asked in surprise.

'All the thieves in London know where he lives, but none of them would dare to rob him. They are all afraid of him, you see. They know he wouldn't rest until he had seen them hanged. He's a great man, Mr Pip.'

Wemmick's house at Walworth was a tiny wooden house in the middle of a garden. On top of the roof was a small gun.

'We fire the gun at nine o'clock every evening,' said Wemmick proudly. 'And behind the house—I call it the Castle—I keep animals, and grow my own vegetables. So, in case of enemy attack, we can always eat our own food. What do you think of it?'

I congratulated him on his home. He was clearly delighted to show a visitor all his ideas and improvements.

'I do everything myself, you know,' he said. 'It helps me forget the office for a while. Would you mind being introduced to the Aged now? He would like it very much.'

So we entered the Castle, where we found a cheerful old man sitting by the fire.

'Well, aged parent,' said Wemmick, 'how are you?'

'Very well, John,' replied the old man, nodding happily.

'Here's Mr Pip, aged parent. Nod your head at him, Mr Pip, he's completely deaf, but he likes to see people nod at him.'

'This is a fine house of my son's, sir,' cried the old man, nodding back at me. 'It should be kept by the nation for the public to visit after my son's death.'

'You're proud of it, aren't you, Aged?' said Wemmick, his face losing all its usual hardness as he looked at the old man.

'I hope Mr Jaggers admires your home, Mr Wemmick?' I asked.

'He's never been here. Never met the Aged. Never been invited. No, the office is one thing, and private life is another. At the office I never speak of the Castle, and at the Castle I don't think about the office.'

The Aged was obviously looking forward to the evening ceremony of firing the gun. At nine o'clock exactly Wemmick fired it. As the tiny house shook, the Aged jumped up and down in his armchair, crying excitedly, 'I heard it! That's the gun!'

Supper was excellent, and I spent the night in the smallest bedroom I had ever seen. Next morning, as Wemmick and I walked back to London, I noticed his face becoming dryer and harder, and his mouth becoming more like a post-box again. When we arrived at the office, nobody could have guessed that he had a home, or an aged parent, or any interests at all out-side his work.

Wemmick was right in saying that Mr Jaggers would invite me to dinner. Startop, Drummle, Herbert and I were asked to go to the office at six o'clock the next evening. There we found Jaggers washing his hands and face carefully with perfumed soap. He did this every evening before going home. He seemed to be washing away his clients and his work, like dirt. We all walked to his house together.

The housekeeper brought in the first dish. She was about forty, with a strange wild expression on her pale face. She seemed almost afraid of her master, and looked anxiously at him whenever she entered the room.

The food was indeed very good, and the conversation was cheerful. But somehow Mr Jaggers made us all show the worst side of our characters, and encouraged Drummle, who we all disliked, to annoy us. When Drummle stupidly said that he was stronger than any of us, we all protested, foolishly showing each other our muscles to prove how strong we were. Suddenly Mr Jaggers clapped his large hand on the housekeeper's, as she was removing a dish. We stopped talking immediately.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'look at my housekeeper here. She is stronger than any of you. Molly, show them your

wrists. ’

‘No, please, master, ’ she begged, trying to pull away, but he held her hand firmly.

‘Show them, Molly, ’ he said, and she held her wrists out to us. ‘I’ve never seen stronger hands than these, ’ he said. There was silence for a few minutes. ‘All right, Molly, you can go, ’ he said, and she hurried out.

During the rest of the dinner, Mr Jagers continued to enjoy watching us quarrelling with Drummle. He gave the impression, surprisingly, of liking Drummle very much. But I was glad when the dinner was over, and Herbert and I could walk quietly back to our rooms together.

8 拜访文米克先生和贾格斯先生

赫伯特把我介绍给他父亲，他的父亲住在伦敦的另一边，在汉麦尔斯密斯。后来的几个月，我要跟朴凯特先生努力地学习，朴凯特先生永远是一位很慈祥、很乐于助人的老师。不过，我的时间是在赫伯特和他父亲两个家中度过。如果需要钱，我就从贾格斯先生事务所文米克那里取，那儿的钱好像取之不尽，用之不竭。

在朴凯特先生家里学习的，还有另外两名绅士，他们之间有很大的区别。本特利·朱穆尔来自乡下一个富有的家庭，他懒惰傲慢，卑鄙和愚蠢。我更喜欢史达多蒲，他是一个快活的、反应灵敏的年轻人。我和他经常一起下河划小船。但是，赫伯特是我最知心的朋友，我们大部分的时间经常是我俩在一起度过。

一天，当我从文米克那里收到钱时，他邀请我去他的家，是在伦敦郊区的一个村庄——沃尔鄂斯。

“走着去你不介意吧？匹普。”他问道，“如果我可能的话，想锻炼锻炼。晚餐我们有一只烤鸡，我想它的味道很好。因为，是从我们其中一位诉讼委托人那里得到的。我总是从诉讼委托人那里收受点礼品，尤其是现金，或者是能够容易兑换成现金的任何东西。你看到我带的这些项链了吗？正是顾客死以前给的，他们都被处以绞刑。顺便说一句，希望你见到我年迈的父亲不会介意？”

“不会，当然不会的，”我很快地回答。

“你还没有和贾格斯先生吃过晚饭吧？”文米克接着说，“他正邀请你明天和另外三位年轻绅士，在他家，会有丰盛的酒席。不过，我将告诉你一些事情，匹普先生，当你在那里的时候，看看他的女管家。”

“为什么？”我问，“她有奇怪的地方吗？”

“她像一只野兽。但是，贾格斯先生已经训练了她！噢，是的！在伦敦他比其他任何人强壮、聪明、更精细。你知道，另一件奇怪的事情，晚上，他从不锁门窗。”

“他从来没被盗过？”我惊奇地问。

“伦敦的小偷都知道他住的地方，可是，他们没有一个敢去偷他的东西，都害怕他，你明白。他们知道，直到他看着他们被绞死，才会休息。他是一个了不起的人物，匹普先生。”

在沃尔鄂斯，文米克的房子是一座小木房，周围是花园，屋顶上有一把小猎枪。

“我们每天晚上9点开枪，”文米克自豪地说，“在房子后面——我叫它城堡——我养家畜和自己种蔬菜。因此，万一敌人袭击，我们总能吃上自己的食物，你认为如何？”

在他家里，我向他祝贺。很显然，他乐意向来访者表白他的主意和进步。

“每件事情都是我自己做，你知道，”他说，“它能帮助我暂时忘掉那个事务所。现在向老人介绍你不反对吧？他会十分喜欢的。”

因此，我们进了这座城堡，发现一位快乐的老人正坐着烤火。

“喂，老父亲，”文米克说，“你好吗？”

“很好，约翰，”老人高兴地点点头说。

“这是匹普先生，老父亲。向他点点你的头，匹普，他完全耳聋。但是，他喜欢看到人们向他点头。”

“这是我儿子雅致的房子，先生。”老人喊着，向我回敬着点头，“我儿子死后，这座房子会被国家保存起来，供人们参观。”

“你为这座房子感到自豪，对吗？老父亲。”文米克说，当他看着老人时，以往脸上冷冰冰的表情悄然失散。

“我希望贾格斯先生羡慕你的家，文米克先生？”我说。

“他从不来这儿，从不见这位老人，从不拜访。不，事务所是一码事，而个人的生活是另一码事。在事务所，我从来不提这座城堡的事，而在这座城堡里，我不考虑事务所的事。”

显而易见，这位老人正盼望着晚上的开枪仪式。在9点钟，文米克确实开枪。当这座小房子振动时，这位老人在椅子上跳上跳下，兴高采烈地叫喊着，“我听到了！那是枪声！”

晚餐极丰盛，我在从未见过的最小的就寝房间里消磨了这一夜。第二天早晨，当我和文米克走回伦敦时，我发现他的脸又干又硬，他的嘴又变得像一个邮箱。当我们到达事务所，没有人能猜到他有有一个家，或一位老父亲，或他工作之外的许多乐趣。

文米克说贾格斯先生将邀我吃晚饭是对的。第二天晚上6点钟，史达多蒲、朱穆尔、赫伯特和我被叫到事务所。在这儿，我们发现贾格斯先生用香皂仔细地洗手洗脸。他每天晚上回家之前都这么做。他像洗脏物一样，似乎要洗掉他的顾客和工作。我们大家一起走向他家。

女管家首先上菜盘。她大概40多岁，在她苍白的脸上有一种奇怪的野蛮表情。她好像害怕她的主人，不管什么时候进到这间屋子，她都很忧虑地看着他。

吃的确实是美味佳肴，谈话也是欢快的。但是，贾格斯先生莫名其妙地让我们大家都表露一下自己性格最坏的一面，鼓动着我们都不喜欢惹我们生气的朱穆尔说。当朱穆尔大言不惭地说他比我们都强壮时，我们都反对，愚蠢地相互显示一下我们的肌肉来证明我们是多么强壮。突然，贾格斯先生向正在收拾盘子的女管家拍拍他那双大手。我们立即停止谈话。

“绅士们，”他说，“看看我这儿的女管家，她比你们任何一名都强壮。莫莉，给他们看看你的手腕。”

“别了，求求您啦，主人，”她乞求着说，企图拽走。但是，他紧紧地握着她的手。

“给他们看看，莫莉，”他说，她拿出自己的腕给我们看，“我从来没有见过比这双手更强壮的，”他说。片刻，鸦鹊无声。“很好，莫莉，你可以走了，”他说。她急忙出去了。

在晚饭休息期间，贾格斯先生饶有兴趣地看着我们和朱穆尔争吵。他给人们一个奇怪的印象，正合朱穆尔的意。不过，当晚餐结束时，我很高兴，我和赫伯特能一起赶快回我们的房间了。

9 A visit from Joe

‘My dear Pip, Mr Gargery asks me to tell you he will be in Lon—don soon, and could visit you at 9 o’ clock on Tuesday morning, at Mr Herbert Pocket’s rooms, if that is all right with you. He and I talk about you every night, and wonder what you are saying and doing.

Best wishes,

Biddy.

P. S. I hope you will not refuse to see him, even though you are a gentleman now. He is such a good man. ’

I received this letter on Monday, and realized that Joe would arrive the next day. I am sorry to confess that I did not look forward to seeing him at all. If I could have kept him away by paying money, I certainly would have paid money. I knew that his clothes, his manners and uneducated way of speaking would make me ashamed of him. Luckily Herbert would not laugh at him.

At nine o’ clock the next morning I heard Joe’s clumsy boots on the stairs, and at last he entered Herbert’s rooms.

‘Pip, how are you, Pip? ’ He shook both my hands together, his good honest face shining with happiness.

‘I’m glad to see you, Joe. Give me your hat. ’

But Joe insisted on holding it carefully in front of him. He was wearing his best suit, which did not fit him at all.

‘Well! What a gentleman you are now, Pip! ’

‘And you look wonderfully well, Joe. ’

‘Yes, thank God. And your poor sister is no worse. And Biddy is as hard—working as ever. But Wopsle isn’t our church clerk any longer! He’s become an actor! Acting in one of your London theatres, he is! ’ Joe’s eyes rolled around the room, noticing the expensive furniture I had bought recently.

‘Do sit down to breakfast, Mr Gargery, ’ said Herbert politely. Joe looked round desperately for a place to put his hat, and finally laid it lovingly on a shelf. Breakfast was a painful experience for me. Joe waved his fork in the air so much, and dropped so much more than he ate, that I was glad when Her—bert left to go to work. I was not sensitive enough to realize that it was all my fault, and that if I hadn’t considered him common, he wouldn’t have been so clumsy.

‘As we are now alone, sir——’ began Joe.

‘Joe, ’ I said crossly, ‘how can you call me sir? ’

He looked at me quietly for a moment. ‘Wouldn’t have come, you see, ’ he said slowly and carefully. ‘wouldn’t have had the pleasure of breakfast with you gentlemen. But I had to come. Got a message for you, Pip. Miss Havisham says Estella’s come home and would be glad to see you. ’

I felt the blood rush to my face as I heard her name.

‘And now I’ve given my message, ’ said Joe, standing up and picking up his hat. ‘Pip, I wish you even more success. ’

‘But you aren’t leaving already, Joe? ’ I protested.

‘Yes, I am, ’ he said firmly. Our eyes met, and all the ‘sir’ melted out of his honest heart as he gave me his hand. ‘Pip, dear old boy, life is full of so many goodbyes. I’m a blacksmith, and you’re a gentleman. We must live apart. I’m not proud, it’s just that I want to be in the right place. I’m wrong in these clothes, and I’m wrong in London, but I’m fine at the forge, or in the kitchen, or on the marshes. You won’t find so much wrong with me if you come to see Joe, the blacksmith, at the old forge, doing the old work. I know I’m stupid, but I think I’ve understood this at last. And so God bless you, Pip, dear old boy, God bless you! ’

His words, spoken simply and from the heart, touched me deeply. By the time I had managed to control my tears, and looked round for him, he had gone.

I decided to visit Miss Havisham as soon as possible. Next day, when I arrived to take my seat on the coach to our town, I discovered I was sitting in front of two convicts, who were being taken to the prison—ships by their guard. The prisoners wore handcuffs, and iron chains on their legs. With horror I suddenly recognized one of them—it was the man in our village pub who had given me the two pound notes! and strangely enough, during the journey I heard the prisoners talking about it.

‘So Magwitch asked you to give the boy two pounds? Trusted you to do it? ’

‘That’s right. And I did what he asked. The boy had helped him, you see. Fed him, and kept his secret. ’

‘What happened to Magwitch in the end? ’

‘They sent him to Australia for life, because he tried to es—cape from the prison—ship. ’

I knew I looked so different that he would not recognize me, but I was afraid all the same. All the horror of my child—hood experience with the escaped convict had come back to me, just when I thought it was safe to forget it.

But once we had arrived, and I was on my way to Miss Havisham’s house, I thought only of my bright future. She had adopted Estella, she had more or less adopted me. She perhaps wanted me to inherit the dark old house and to marry Estella. But even though I was in love, I didn’t hide from myself the fact that I would be unhappy with Estella. I loved her because I couldn’t stop myself loving her.

I was surprised to see Orlick opening the gate to me.

‘So you aren’t working for Joe any longer? ’ I asked.

‘As you see, young master, ’ he said rudely.

I knew he could not be trusted, and I decided to tell Mr Jaggers that Orlick was not responsible enough to work for Miss Havisham. Mr Jaggers would probably send him away.

When I entered Miss Havisham’s room, there was a well—dressed lady sitting with her. When she lifted her head and

looked at me, I realized it was Estella. She had become so beautiful that I felt very distant from her. In spite of all my education, I still seemed to be the coarse, common boy she used to laugh at.

‘She’s changed very much, hasn’t she, Pip?’ asked Miss Havisham, laughing wickedly. I replied confusedly. I could see that Estella was still proud, and I knew that it was she who made me feel ashamed of home, and Joe, but I also knew that I could never stop loving her.

She and I walked in the ancient garden, talking quietly about our childhood meetings. Now that we were adults, she seemed to accept me as a friend. I could not have been happier. I felt sure Miss Havisham had chosen us for each other. What a fool I was!

Suddenly she stopped and turned to me. ‘Miss Havisham may want us to spend more time together in future. But in that case I must warn you that I have no heart. I can never fall in love.’

‘I can’t believe that,’ I replied. As she looked straight at me, I recognized something in her face. Had I seen that ex—pression recently, on another woman?

When we went back to the house, Miss Havisham spoke to me alone. ‘Do you admire her, Pip?’ she asked eagerly.

‘Everybody who sees her must admire her.’

She pulled my head down to hers with her bony arm and whispered, ‘Love her, love her, love her! If she likes you, love her! If she hurts you, love her! If she tears your heart to pieces, love her!’ I could feel the muscles on her thin arm round my neck. She seemed so angry that she could have been talking about hate, or revenge, or death, rather than love.

9 乔的来访

“我亲爱的匹普：

葛吉瑞先生让我告诉你，他马上到伦敦，如果你方便的话，将在星期二早晨9点钟在赫伯特·朴凯特的房间里拜访你，我和他每天晚上都谈论你，想知道你说的和干的事情。

最美好的祝愿。

毕蒂。

又及：即使你现在是一位绅士了，我希望你不会拒绝见他，他真是一个好人。”

我星期一收到了这封信，知道第二天乔将到来。很抱歉我得承认，我一点也不想见他。如果我能给点儿钱把他打发走，我一定付钱。我知道他的穿戴、举止和没教养的说话方式，会让我羞耻。幸运的是，赫伯特不会嘲笑他。

第二天早晨9点钟，我听到乔的那双笨拙的靴子上楼声，最后，他进了赫伯特的房间。

“匹普，你好吗？匹普？”他摇晃着我的两只手，他那友好诚实的脸上流露出愉快的表情。

“我见到你很高兴，乔，把帽子给我。”

但是，乔坚持小心翼翼地在他面前拿着帽子。穿了一套他最好的衣服，对他一点也不合身。

“喂！你现在是一名绅士，匹普！”

“你的气色好极了，乔。”

“是的，感谢上帝。你可怜的姐姐也不错，毕蒂像以前一样努力地干活。不过，伍甫赛不像以前是我们的教堂职员啦！他成了一名演员！他正扮演你们伦敦戏院的一个角色！”乔的眼睛扫视着屋子周围，发现了最近我买的那件昂贵的家具。

“坐下吃早餐吧，葛吉瑞先生，”赫伯特礼貌地说。乔绝望地四周寻找一个放帽子的地方。最后，他恋恋不舍地把帽子放在一个架子上。对我来说，早餐是一个痛苦的经历，乔频繁地在空中挥舞着他的叉子，吃的还没有掉得多，当赫伯特离开去工作时，我很高兴，我不那么敏感了，认识到都是我的过错，如果我不认为他粗俗，他就不会如此笨拙的。

“现在只剩下我们两个了，先生——”他开始说。

“乔，”我不高兴地说，“你怎么能叫我先生呢？”

他平静地看了我一会儿，“不打算来的，你明白，”他慢吞吞地、认真地说，“和你们绅士不会吃一顿愉快的早餐，但是，我必须来，让你得到一个信息，匹普。郝薇香小姐说，艾丝黛拉回来了，她很乐意见到你。”

当我听到她的名字时，顿时面红耳赤。

“现在我已经转达了我的信息，”乔说，站起来拾起他的帽子，“匹普，我祝你更加成功。”

“你要走吗？乔。”我不同意地说。

“是的，我这就走，”他紧接着说。我们相对而视，当他向我伸出手时，所有的“先生”都被他那诚实的心触化掉，“匹普，亲爱的老伙计，没有不散的宴席。我是一个铁匠，而你是一位绅士，我们必须分开生活，我不妄自尊大，那是我要去的合适地方，我穿这身衣服觉得不舒服，在伦敦不自在，而我在铁匠铺、厨房、沼泽地自在得多。如果你回来看乔，那个铁匠，在破旧的铁匠铺干老本行，你不会发现我会有那么多不舒服的。我知道我愚蠢，不过，我想最后我会明白这些的。从此，愿上帝保佑你，匹普，亲爱的老伙计，愿上帝保佑你！”

他的话，说得简明扼要，发自内心，他深情地摸摸我。等我设法控制住我的眼泪，转首找他的时候，他已经走了。

我决定尽可能快地去拜访郝薇香小姐。第二天，当我找到了马车找座位去镇上时，发现我正坐在两名罪犯前面，卫兵把他们带到船上监狱，罪犯带着手铐和脚镣。突然，我恐慌地认识他们其中的一个，是在我们小酒店给我两英镑钞票的那个人！太奇怪了，在路途行走期间，我听到罪犯们在谈论这件事。

“因此，马格韦契让你给那个孩子两英镑钱吗？要托你去办这件事？”

“对，我是按他的要求干的，那个孩子救过他，供养过他，为他保密。”

“最终马格韦契发生什么事情？”

“他们把他终生发配到澳大利亚，因为他企图越狱。”

我知道，我看上去比以前大不相同，致使他不会认出我来。可是，我照样害怕，我童年时代和那个逃犯经历的所有恐怖又回到我面前。此刻我想，忘记它是最安全的。

终于我们到达目的地，我在去郝薇香小姐家的路上，只想我的辉煌前程，她收养了艾丝黛拉，也或多或少收养了我，或许她要我继承那座黑暗的旧住宅，并让我和艾丝黛拉结婚。当然，我爱上艾丝黛拉，我不隐瞒我自己的事实，和艾丝黛拉结婚我不是幸福的。我爱她，因为我不能阻止自己爱她。

我大吃一惊。看到奥立克给我打开了大门。

“你不是一直为乔干活吗？”我问。

“你明白，年轻的主人，”他粗鲁地说。

我知道，不能信任他，我决定告诉贾格斯先生，奥立克为郝薇香小姐干活不太可靠，贾格斯先生很可能会把他赶走。

当我进到郝薇香小姐的房间，有一位穿着入时的女子和她坐在一起。当她抬起头看着我的时候，我认出来了，正是艾丝黛拉。她变的如此漂亮，致使我感到同她的距离十分遥远。尽管我受到全面的教育，我似乎还是她过去嘲笑的粗俗、平庸的孩子。

“她变化很大，是吗？匹普。”郝薇香小姐恶意地笑着问，我拒绝回答。我能看出，艾丝黛拉仍然是傲慢，我知道是她让我为我的家和乔感到羞愧。但是，我也知道，我永远不能停止爱她。

我和她在那个古老的花园里散步，平静地谈论着童年发生的事情。现在我们都是成年人了，她好像接受我作为一个朋友。我高兴不起来，我确信郝薇香小姐在捉弄我们，我是一个大傻瓜！

突然，她停住脚步转向我，“郝薇香小姐可能让我们在将来一起度过更多的时光。但是，在那种情况下，我必须警告你，我没兴趣，我永远也不会坠入爱河。”

“我不能相信这些，”我回答说，当她直勾勾地看着我时，从她的脸上我认清了一些事情。最近我在其他女人脸上看到过那样的表情吗？

当我们回到那座房子时，郝薇香小姐单独对我说，“你喜欢她吗？匹普。”她热切地问。

“人人见了都会喜欢她的。”

她用那骨瘦如柴的手臂拽低我的头，小声对我说：“爱她，爱她，爱她！如果她喜欢你，爱她！如果她伤害你，爱她！如果她把你的心撕成碎片，爱她！”我能感觉到她那搂着我脖子的瘦臂肌肉。她好像提起恨、报复、死而不是爱十分忿怒。

10 Pip and Herbert talk about love

I returned to London, dreaming of the beautiful girl, now a woman, who had so influenced my childhood, and who, I hoped, would share my future life. I am sorry to say I did not think about dear, good Joe at all. I felt I had to express my feelings to someone, and so that evening I told Herbert my secret.

Instead of being surprised, as I expected, my friend replied,

‘I know that already, Handel. You never told me, but it was obvious. You’ve always loved Estella. It’s very lucky that you seem to have been chosen to marry her. Does she, er, admire you?’

I shook my head sadly. ‘Not at all. And Herbert, you may think me lucky. I have great expectations, I know. But all that depends on one person! And I still don’t really know how much I’ll receive, or when! Nothing is certain!’

‘Now, Handel,’ said Herbert cheerfully, ‘don’t lose hope. Mr Jaggers himself told you you would have a large fortune, didn’t he? He would never make a mistake about something like that. Anyway, you’ll be twenty—one soon. Perhaps you’ll discover more then.’

‘Thank you, Herbert!’ I said, feeling much better.

‘But I want to ask you something, my dear Handel,’ said Herbert, looking serious for once. ‘Think of Estella, and her education, and how unhappy you may be with her. Couldn’t you possibly—and I’m saying this as a friend, remember—couldn’t you forget about her?’

‘I know you’re right, Herbert,’ I said miserably, ‘but I can never stop loving her.’

‘Well, never mind!’ said Herbert. ‘Now I have something to tell you myself. I am engaged.’

‘May I ask the young lady’s name?’

‘Clara. Her mother’s dead, and she lives with her father. We must keep our feelings for each other secret, because I haven’t enough money to marry her yet. As soon as I start insuring ships we can marry.’ Herbert tried to look hopeful about his future, but this time he couldn’t even manage his usual cheerful smile.

One day I received a letter which made my heart beat fast.

‘I am coming to London the day after tomorrow by the mid-day coach. Miss Havisham wants you to meet me.

Estella.’

If there had been time, I would have ordered several new suits. I ate nothing until the day arrived, and all morning I waited impatiently for the coach. She seemed more beautiful than ever, and her manner to me was very pleasant, as I took her to the house in London where Miss Havisham had arranged for her to stay. Her life seemed to be planned by Miss Havisham right down to the smallest detail. I only hoped I was part of that plan.

10 匹普和赫伯特谈论爱情

我回到伦敦，梦见那个漂亮的姑娘，一个对我童年产生重大影响的女人，我希望和这位姑娘分享我未来的生活。我很抱歉地说，亲爱的好人乔在我心目中早已化为泡影了，我觉得必须向别人表达我的感情。因此，那天晚上，我把秘密告诉了赫伯特。

当期望着我的朋友回答时，我大吃一惊。

“我已经知道了，汉德尔。你从来没有告诉我，但那是显而易见的。你总是爱着艾丝黛拉，看起来你选择她和你结婚，真是十分幸运的。是她，呃，喜欢你吗？”

我伤心地摇摇头，“一点也不喜欢，赫伯特，你可以认为我幸运，我有一个远大前程，我知道。但是，所有一切都靠的是一个人！我仍然搞不明白我到底会得到多少，会到什么时候！事事都拿不准！”

“喂，汉德尔，”赫伯特高兴地说，“不要丧失信心，贾格斯先生他自己告诉过你，你将有一大笔财富，是吗？像这种事情一样，他从来没有做错过什么事儿。无论怎样，你马上21岁了，那时，或许你会看得更透。”

“谢谢你，赫伯特！”我心情舒畅地说。

“但是，我要向你问点事情，亲爱的汉德尔，”赫伯特说，看上去这一次特别认真。“艾丝黛拉认为，她有教养，你和她怎么会幸福。你不可能想得通——做为一个朋友我这样说，记住——你不可能把她忘记吧？”

“我知道，你说得对，赫伯特，”我自悲地说，“但是，我从来不能终止爱她。”

“喂，别在意！”赫伯特说，“现在，我把自己的一些事情告诉你，我订婚了。”

“我可以问这位年轻小姐的名字吗？”

“克莱拉。她母亲去世了，和她父亲生活在一起。我们必须为我们的感情互相保密。因为，我也没有足够的钱和她结婚。我的船只保险业务一开张，我们就能结婚。”赫伯特想方设法显得他的前途有希望。但是，这一次他甚至不能控制他平时的欢乐微笑。

一天，我收到了一封来信，这封信让我心慌。

“后天我乘午班马车到伦敦，郝薇香小姐要你来接我。

艾丝黛拉。”

如果有时间，我会订几套新衣服。我不吃不喝直到这一天的到来；整个上午我不耐烦地等待着马车。她好像比以前更美丽了，当我带着她去郝薇香小姐已经为她在伦敦安排好的住处时，她对她的态度十分好。她的生活看起来是被郝薇香小姐操纵着，直到很小的细节，只希望我是被操纵的一部分。

11 Pip attends a burial

One evening a black-edged envelope was delivered to me at Herbert's rooms. The letter inside informed me that Mrs J. Gargery had died the previous Monday, and that the burial would be next Monday, at 3 p. m. This news came as a shock to me. It was the first time that someone close to me had died, and I could not imagine life without my sister, even if I had never loved her, or even thought about her recently.

I arrived at the forge early on Monday afternoon. Joe was sitting in the front room, wrapped in a black cloak.

‘Dear Joe, how are you?’ I asked.

‘Pip, dear old boy, you knew her when she was a fine woman...’ and he could say no more.

Biddy, in her neat little black dress, was busy serving food. Old friends from the village were talking quietly among themselves, and I noticed the awful Pumblechook trying to catch my eye, as he drank brandy and swallowed large pieces of cake.

‘May I, my dear sir? May I?’ he asked, his mouth full, and shook my hand enthusiastically.

My sister's dead body was carried slowly out of the house and through the village, followed by all of us. We could see the marshes, and the sails of ships on the river. And there, in the churchyard, next to my unknown parents, my poor sister was laid quietly in the earth, while the birds sang and the clouds danced in the sky.

Biddy, Joe and I felt better when all the guests had gone, and we had a quiet supper together. I decided to spend the night at the forge, which pleased Joe very much. I was pleased with myself for offering to do so.

I waited until I found Biddy alone. Then I said, ‘I suppose you won't be able to stay here now, will you, Biddy?’

‘No, Mr Pip. I'll stay in the village, but I'll still look after Mr Gargery as much as I can.’

‘How are you going to live, Biddy? If you want any money—’

‘I'm going to be the village schoolteacher,’ she said quickly, her cheeks pink. ‘I can earn my own money.’

‘Tell me, Biddy, how did my sister die?’ ‘She had been worse than usual, when one evening she said, very clearly, “Joe.” And so I ran to the forge to fetch him. And she put her arms round his neck and laid her head on his shoulder, quite happy. Once she said “sorry”, and once “Pip”. She never lifted her head up again, and an hour later she died.’

Biddy cried, and I cried too. ‘What happened to Orlick, Biddy?’ ‘He's still in the village. He doesn't work for Miss Havisham any more. You know, he—he follows me sometimes.’

‘You must tell me if he bothers you, Biddy. I'll be here more often now. I'm not going to leave poor Joe alone.’

Biddy said nothing. ‘Come, Biddy, what do you mean by this silence?’

‘Are you quite sure, then, that you will come to see him?’ ‘Oh Biddy!’ I said sadly. ‘This really is a bad side to your character! Don't say any more!’ And that evening I thought how unkind, how unjust, Biddy was to me.

Next morning I looked in at the forge before leaving, and said goodbye to Joe, who was already hard at work. ‘I shall be back to see you soon, Joe!’

‘Never too soon, sir,’ said Joe, ‘and never too often, Pip!’

As I walked away, I think I knew that I would not go back. Biddy was right.

In London, I did some serious thinking. I could see that my character had not improved since I had heard about my expectations. I was spending far too much money. What was worse, I was a bad influence on Herbert, who was also spending too much. I would have offered to pay his bills, but he was too proud to listen to such a suggestion. I had hoped that on my twenty-first birthday I would discover more about my future, but Mr Jaggers explained that he could not give me any more information, except that from now on I would have five hundred pounds a year to spend as I liked. I suddenly thought of a way I could help Herbert.

When I asked Wemmick if he could advise me on how to help a friend start up in business, his post-box mouth opened wide.

‘Choose one of the six London bridges,’ he said, ‘and throw your money over it. That's better than investing money for a friend. That's my official opinion, of course.’

‘Ah, so you would give me a different opinion at Walworth?’

‘You'll be welcome there, Mr Pip, on private business.’

Next Sunday I visited Wemmick and his aged parent at the Castle. This time there was a lady called Miss Skiffins, clearly a regular visitor, who made the tea, and sat next to Wemmick on the sofa. When he and I were alone, Wemmick listened carefully to my request, and after thinking hard, found an answer.

With his help I arranged to invest some money in a shipping company called Clarrikers. Finally I signed an agreement with them, in which they promised to offer Herbert a job, and later to make him a partner. At last I felt that my expectations had done some good to someone.

11 匹普出席一个葬礼

一天晚上，在赫伯特的屋里，一封贴着黑边的信件递给了我。这封信给我带来了乔·葛吉瑞夫人上星期一去世的消息，订于在下星期一下午3点钟安葬。这个消息来得突然，让我十分震惊。对我来讲，这是第一次亲近的人死了，我不能想像生活里没有了我姐姐，即使我从来也没爱过她，甚至最近也没想起她。

星期一下午，我早早地到达了铁匠铺，乔卷着黑色的斗篷，正在屋子前面坐着。

“亲爱的乔，你好吗？”我问道。

“匹普，亲爱的老伙计，你知道她，当她是一个很好的女人时……”他不能再说下去了。

毕蒂，穿着她那整洁的小黑衣服，正忙着准备饭菜。村里来的老朋友，他们之间正在心平气和地交谈着。我注意到当可怕的潘波趣喝着白

兰地、吞食着大块的蛋糕时，他企图捕捉我的眼神。

“可以吗？我亲爱的先生？可以吗？”他不停地问，热切地摇着我的手。

我姐姐的尸体被缓慢地抬出屋子，通过村庄，我们紧随其后。我们能看到沼泽地和河里航行的船只。在教堂墓地，紧挨着我一无所知的父母，我那可怜的姐姐安静地躺在泥土里，这时天空上乌云翻滚，乌鸦尖叫。

当客人们都走了，我和乔、毕蒂心情稍好一些，我们一起吃了顿安静的晚餐。我决定在铁匠铺过夜，这使乔十分高兴，我对自己提出这样做也感到高兴。

我一直等到毕蒂一个人在的时候，这时我说：“我猜你不会再在这里住下去了，不是吗？毕蒂。”

“不，匹普先生，我会住在这个村庄的，而且继续尽全力照顾葛吉瑞先生。”

“你打算怎样生活，毕蒂？如果你需要钱的话——”

“我打算做一名村办教师，”她的脸颊红润起来，很快地说，“我能自己挣钱。”

“告诉我，毕蒂，我姐姐是怎么死的？”

“她的情况比平时反常，一天晚上，她特别清楚地说，‘乔’。因此，我跑到铁匠铺叫他。她搂着他的脖子，头扎在他怀里，看上去很快乐。一次，她说‘对不起’，一次说‘匹普’，她再也没有抬起头，半小时后她离开了人间。”

毕蒂哭泣我也哭泣着。

“奥立克怎么样，毕蒂？”

“他仍然在村里，他再没有为郝薇香小姐干活。你知道，他——他有时还尾随着我。”

“你一定告诉他，如果他再骚扰你，毕蒂，我会随时在这里的，我不打算离开可怜孤独的乔。”

毕蒂没有言语。

“嘿，毕蒂，你沉默不语，什么意思？”

“那么，你能保证常来看他吗？”

“噢，毕蒂！”我伤心地说，“这正是你性格不好的一面，不要再说了！”那天晚上，我想毕蒂对我是多么不友好，多么不公道。

第二天早晨，走之前，我向铁匠铺里张望，向已经在拚命干活的乔告别。

“我会很快回来看你，乔！”

“用不着很快的，先生，”乔说，“用不着经常的，匹普！”

当我离开时，我想我知道我不会回来的，毕蒂的看法完全正确。

在伦敦，我做了认真的考虑。自从我听到有关我的前程，知道我的品行没有改善，我在大把大把地花钞票，这种做法是很坏的，我对赫伯特产生了不好的影响，他也是大把地花钱。我会为他支付账单的，但是，他听到这个建议很得意。我希望在我21岁生日能够发现更多的财富，可是贾格斯先生解释说从现在除了我一年会有500英镑的花消外，他不能给我更多的信息。我突然想出一个能帮助赫伯特的办法。

当我问文米克在如何帮助一位朋友生意开张问题上他能否为我提出建议时，他的邮箱嘴张得很大。

“在六座伦敦桥中选其中的一个，”他说，“把你的钱扔在桥上，这样比为朋友投资更好，当然那是我正式的意见。”

“噢，那么说在沃尔鄂斯你还会给我其它的建议？”

“在那儿你会受到欢迎的，匹普先生，私人买卖。”

第二个星期天，我在那座城堡拜访了文米克和他年迈的父亲。这一次，有位女士叫斯基芬小姐，很显然是一位常客，斯基芬小姐泡好茶，挨着文米克坐在沙发上。当只有我和他时，文米克仔细地听着我的请求，苦心焦思后，找到了一个答案。

出于他的帮助，我安排在一家船业公司叫克拉雷克斯投一部分资。最终，我和他们签订了合同，在合同上，他们承诺提供给赫伯特一份工作，以后让他成为股东。最后，我感到用我的前程为他人做了一些有益的事情。

12 Pip discovers the truth

While Estella lived in London, staying with friends of Miss Havisham's, I often visited her. She had an endless stream of admirers, and I was jealous of all of them. I never had an hour's happiness with her, but I still thought about her, day and night, and my dearest wish was to marry her. Several times Miss Havisham ordered me to bring Estella to visit her, and of course I always obeyed. Estella was as proud and cold as ever, with her admirers, with Miss Havisham and with me.

One man who admired her and followed her everywhere was the unpleasant Bentley Drummle. One day I asked her about him.

'Estella, why do you encourage someone like Drummle? You know very well he's stupid, and nobody likes him.'

'Don't be foolish, Pip,' she answered. 'Perhaps I encourage him because that has a certain effect on the others.'

'But he isn't worth it!' I cried angrily.

'What difference does it make?' she answered tiredly. 'If I smile at him, it's because it means nothing to me. You should be glad that I don't give you false looks or smiles. At least I am always honest with you.'

But while my heart was aching for Estella, I had no idea that I would soon be hit by a disaster which would completely destroy my hopes and dreams. The chain of events which had begun before I ever met her was slowly reaching its end.

Herbert and I had moved to rooms in a house by the river, in the Temple area. One evening he was abroad on business and I was alone at home, reading. It was terrible weather, stormy and wet, with deep mud in the streets. The wind rushing up the river shook the whole building, and the rain beat violently against the windows. As I closed my book at eleven o'clock, I heard a heavy footstep on the stairs. When I went to the door with my lamp, I saw a man coming slowly upstairs. He was wearing rough clothes, and he was about sixty, with a brown face and long grey hair. But what really surprised me was that he was holding out both hands to me.

'Can I help you?' I asked politely but coldly.

'Ah! Yes,' he said, dropping his hands, 'yes, I'll explain.' He came into the sitting-room, where he looked round admiringly at my furniture and books. He held out his hands to me again, but I refused to take them. Then he sat down heavily in a chair, and rubbed his eyes with one rather dirty hand.

'You see,' he said, 'it's disappointing. Looked forward to this day for so long, I have. But it's not your fault. I'll explain. Is there anybody near who can hear us?'

'Why do you, a stranger, visiting me late at night, ask that question?' I asked. And then suddenly I knew who he was! In spite of the years that had passed, I was sure he was my convict! And when he held out his hands again, this time I took them. He raised my hands to his lips and kissed them.

'You helped me all those years ago, Pip! Never forgotten it!' He seemed to want to put his arms around me, but I stopped him.

'If you are grateful to me for what I did in my childhood, I hope you have improved your way of life now. It wasn't necessary to come here to thank me. But you must understand that. ...' I stopped speaking as I noticed how strangely he was staring at me.

'What must I understand?' he asked, his eyes fixed on me.

'That I don't wish to be your friend. You and I met once in the past, but now our lives are separate. Will you have a drink before you leave?' As I handed him a glass of rum, I noticed that his eyes were full of tears. 'I'm sorry if that sounds hard,' I added. 'I didn't mean it to be. Good luck in the future!' We drank together. 'How have you been living recently?'

'I was sent to Australia, you know, because I escaped from the prison-ship. After several years I finished my punishment, and so I was allowed to work for myself. I did every kind of job there. It was a hard life, but I made a lot of money.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' I said. 'That reminds me, I must give you back the two pounds you sent me. I don't need it now.' And I handed him two new pound notes from my purse. Still watching me, he held them near the lamp until they caught fire.

'May I ask,' he said, 'how you have done so well, since you and I met on those lonely marshes?' His eyes were still fixed on mine, and I began to tremble.

'I—I've been chosen to inherit a fortune,' I whispered.

'Perhaps I can guess how much,' said the convict. 'Could it be, well, five hundred pounds a year?' I stood up, holding on to the back of my chair, my heart beating like a hammer.

'The agent who arranged it all,' he continued. 'was he perhaps a lawyer, name of Jaggers?'

Suddenly I realized the awful truth. I could not speak nor breathe, and fell on to the sofa. He brought his fierce old face close to mine, and bent over me.

'Yes, Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman of you! You see, I promised myself that all the money I earned out there in Australia should go to you! I'm your second father, Pip! I'm not a gentleman myself, and I didn't go to school, but I've got you, Pip! And look what a gentleman you are! And what books you've got! You'll read them to me, Pip! And I'll be proud of you even if I can't understand them! Didn't you ever think it could be me who was sending the money?'

'Oh no, no, no,' I replied. 'Never, never! Wasn't any-one else involved at all?'

No, just me, and Jaggers, of course. Who else could there be? Dear boy, I kept myself going, you see, through all the hard work, just by thinking of you. And I promised myself I'd come back to England one day, and see my boy.' He laid his hand on my shoulder. 'Now you must find a bed for me,' he added, 'and remember, not a word to anybody. I was sent away for life, and they'll hang me if they discover I've come back.'

My feelings were horribly confused. The man who had paid for my education and luxuries for years was risking his life to see me. I could not like him, in fact my whole body trembled with disgust when he touched me, but I had to protect him.

He went to sleep in Herbert's room. After locking all the doors carefully, I sat weakly down by the fire and tried to make sense of my life. How foolish my dreams had been! Miss Havisham had never intended to make me rich, or let me marry Estella. But there was something worse than that. It was for this convict, who could be caught and hanged at any moment, that I had deserted Joe. I could never, never, never forgive myself for that.

12 匹普真相大白

当艾丝黛拉生活在伦敦和郝薇香小姐的朋友住在一起时，我常去拜访她。她有一个川流不息的崇拜者队伍，我是他们大家所嫉妒的。我和她从来没有半小时的快乐，但我仍然日夜想念她，我的最美好的愿望是和她结婚。郝薇香小姐几次要求我带着艾丝黛拉去看她。当然啦，我总是服从。艾丝黛拉对她的崇拜者、对郝薇香小姐、对我像以往一样的傲慢和冷酷无情。

有一个喜欢她并且到处陪着她的人是可恶的本特利·朱穆尔。一天，我向艾丝黛拉问起了他。

“艾丝黛拉，为什么你亲近像朱穆尔这样的人？你很清楚他是愚蠢的，没有人喜欢他。”

“不要犯傻了，匹普，”她回答说，“也许我亲近他是因为在其他方面有某些影响。”

“可是，他不值得亲近！”我气愤地喊着。

“这样做有什么关系？”她厌倦地回答，“是否我对他微笑？而对你没什么表示。你应当高兴，我没有给你虚假的一眼或虚假的微笑。最后，我始终对你是真情的。”

但是，当我正为艾丝黛拉痛心时，我还没有意识到，我很快会受到完全毁灭我的希望和梦想的这一灾难性的打击。我在认识她以前已经开始的一连串的事件，正慢慢地走向它的结尾。

我和赫伯特迁移到河附近住处，位于寺庙区。一天晚上，他还在国外办理业务，我独自在家里看书。天气恶劣，暴风骤雨和潮湿，大街上泥泞不堪。狂风冲击着河水震动整个楼房，大雨猛烈地击打着窗户。当我在11点钟合上书本时，听到楼梯上有沉重的脚步声。当我拿着灯走到门口时，看到一个人正缓慢地上楼。他穿着一身粗制的衣服，他有一副褐色的脸，蓄着一头灰色长发，大约60岁左右。不过，让我真正吃惊的是他向我伸出双手。

“我能帮你的忙吗？”我有礼貌地但冷冰冰地说。

“啊，是呀，”他放下他的手说，“是的，我会解释的。”他进到客厅，他羡慕地看看周围的家具和书本，又向我伸出双手，但被我拒绝。然后，他吃力地坐在椅子上，用一只很脏的手揩着眼睛。

“你明白，”他说，“让我很失望。这一天我盼望了很久。不过，不会怪你的不友好相待，我会解释的。旁边没有人能听到我们谈话吧？”

“你为什么这样做，一个陌生人，深更半夜到我屋里来，问这种问题？”我问道。这时，我突然认出了他是谁！尽管岁月流逝许多年，我确信他是我那个囚犯！他又伸出双手，这一次我接过他的双手，他把我的双手捧到嘴边接着吻了我的双手。

“很多年以前，你救过我，匹普！我从来不会忘记此事！”他好像要拥抱我，但是，我推开了他。

“如果你是感激我在童年时我所做的一切，我希望你现在改过自新，用不着来这里感谢我。但是，你必须明白……”当我发现他很奇怪地正盯着我时，我停止了说话。

“我必须明白什么？”他说，眼睛紧紧盯着我。

“我不希望做你的朋友，我和你在过去相见过，但是，现在我们的生活是分开的。你走之前，要喝点东西吗？”当我递给他一杯朗姆酒时，我发现他的眼睛盈满了泪水。“如果我说得太刻薄，请原谅，”我补充说，“我说的没有别的意思。祝你未来好运！”我们一起干杯，“你现在过得怎么样啊？”

“我被发落到澳大利亚，你知道，因为我从船上监狱逃跑。几年以后，我刑满释放，因此，允许我为自己干活。在那儿，我什么活都干过，生活很艰苦，但我挣了很多钱。”

“我听了真高兴，”我说，“这提醒了我。我必须把你送给我的两英镑钱还给你，我现在不需要它了。”接着我从钱袋里拿出两张崭新的英镑钞票递给了他。他把钞票拿到灯的附近，直到烧着，他仍然看着我。

“我问你，”他说，“自从我和你在那个寂寞的沼泽地相见后，你是怎么富起来的？”他的眼睛仍然盯着我的眼睛。我开始发抖。

“我——我被选中去继承一笔财富，”我小声地说。

“或许我多少能猜出来，”这个逃犯说，“可能是，唷，一年500英镑？”我抓着椅背站起来，像揣了只小兔一样，心怦怦地跳。

“由监护人安排的这一切，”他继续说，“他或许是一名律师吧，叫贾格斯？”

我突然明白了这个可怕的真相。我哑口无言，喘不过气来，瘫倒在沙发上。他带着可怕的老脸靠近我的脸伏在我上边。

“是啊，匹普，亲爱的孩子，我把你培养为一名绅士！你明白，我向自己保证，把在澳大利亚挣来的钱，都将全部给你！我是你再生之父，匹普！我自己不是一个绅士，我没有上过学。但是，我得到了你，匹普！瞧，你是一名绅士！你有这么多书！你将给我读这些书，匹普！即使我对书本一窍不通，我也会为你感到自豪！你无论如何也想不到提供给你钱的竟是我吧？”

“噢，不，不，不，”我回答说，“从来没有想到，从来没有想到！再没有人知道此事吧？”

“没有，当然，只有我和贾格斯，还能有谁呢？亲爱的孩子，我坚持自己的信念，你明白，通过拼命地工作，就是想着你，我坚信总有一天会回到英国来，见见我的孩子。”他把手放在我的肩上，“现在，你必须给我找个睡觉的地方，”他补充着说，“并记住，不能把此事张扬出去，我是被终生发配在那儿，如果他们发现我已经回来了，将会绞死我。”

我的心情被搅得恐怖慌乱。多年来，一直给我支付用于教育和奢侈的这个人，冒着生命危险来看我。我不可能喜欢他，当他碰我时，事实上我全身是由于厌恶而发抖。但是，我必须保护他。

他到赫伯特的房间去睡觉，我小心地把所有的门紧锁牢后，瘫软地坐在火炉旁，竭力地思考我的人生。我的梦想多么愚蠢！郝薇香小姐从来没有打算让我富有，也没有打算让我和艾丝黛拉结婚。但是，有些比这个更糟糕的事情，就是这个逃犯，他随时都会被抓到处以绞刑。还有，我已经抛弃了乔，为这一点我从来不能，从来不能，从来不能原谅自己。

13 Planning Magwitch's future and hearing about his past

I slept a little, but woke early. I felt I needed some fresh air, and went downstairs and out of the building. On the way down I fell over a man hiding in a dark corner, who ran away immediately. This worried me. I suspected he had followed my convict to the house. Would he now inform the police?

My guest and I had breakfast together. He ate noisily and greedily, like an animal. I tried hard not to be disgusted by his manners. He told me his name was Abel Magwitch, and after breakfast he lit his pipe and held out his hands for mine again.

'All I want is to stand and look at you, dear boy!' he said. 'A real gentleman, made by me! You're going to have every-thing a London gentleman should have, a carriage, and horses, and everything!' He threw a great thick wallet on to the table. 'All that is yours. I've come back to England to watch you spend it.'

'Stop!' I cried desperately. 'We must discuss your plans. How long are you going to stay here?'

'How long?' he repeated, surprised. 'I'm not going back.'

'But where will you be safe?'

'Dear boy, who knows I'm here? You, Jaggers and Wemmick, that's all. Anyway, I know I can live with the fear of death. I've done that all my life.'

All I knew was that I must keep him out of sight until Herbert returned. Then we could produce a better plan for the future. I decided to rent a room for him in a house near ours, where I thought he would be safe for the moment. I bought him different clothes, and had his hair cut, but to me he looked just the same, and I lived in constant fear that he would be recognized by someone who had known him in the past.

My unwanted guest and I spent five long days and evenings together, with the wind and rain beating on the windows. Those few days seemed more like a year to me. He slept, or ate, or played cards. Sometimes he listened to me reading, with a proud smile on his face. I could not sleep or eat. I used to watch him sleep, wondering what bloody crimes lay in his past, and knowing that I alone protected him from a horrible death.

I cannot describe my joy when Herbert finally returned. At last I could share my terrible news with my friend. He, too, was shocked to hear that my great expectations came from the prisoner I had helped so long ago, and when I introduced him to our guest, Herbert could hardly hide his dislike.

When we were alone, he said to me, 'You look so pale, Handel. This has been a painful time for you.'

'Herbert, something must be done. He wants to spend even more on me! He must be stopped!'

'You mean you can't accept any more of his money?'

'How can I? You know he's a criminal! How do I know where his money comes from? And think what I owe him already! I have no way of paying him back. Oh Herbert, if I didn't have you as a friend, I'd be desperate!' I could only just control my tears. Herbert kindly pretended not to notice.

'My dear Handel,' he said, 'if you want to pay back what you owe him, you could always join my company, Clarrikers. I'm going to be a partner there soon, you know.' Poor Herbert! He did not suspect whose money was helping him become a partner.

'But there's another thing,' added Herbert. 'This man has a fierce and violent character. He's come here with a fixed idea, which he's been looking forward to for half his life. If you destroy his idea, his life will be worthless.'

'And he will allow himself to be arrested and hanged,' I continued, nodding. 'Yes, I've thought that ever since he arrived. If that happened, I'd feel guilty for ever.'

'So you cannot destroy his dream now. First we must get him out of England, where he risks death every moment. Then you will explain that you can't accept his money. I'll help you all the way, trust me.' I shook Herbert's hand gratefully.

Next morning after breakfast we asked Magwitch to tell us more about his past life, so that we could protect him better.

'You promise to keep it a secret, Pip's friend?' he said to Herbert. 'Well I'll put it in a few words. In prison and out of prison. That's been my life, more or less. Don't remember my parents. No idea where I was born. I slept in fields, I stole food, sometimes I worked. And I grew to be a man. It was about twenty years ago I met Compeyson. I'd kill him now, at once, if I met him! He's the man I was fighting when the soldiers found me on the marshes, Pip. He was handsome and educated, so people thought he was a gentleman and trusted him. I was a partner in his business, and a dirty business it was, too. We persuaded rich people to invest their money with us, we used stolen banknotes, we wrote false cheques. Compeyson was clever, but what a wicked, cold heart he had! He always got the profits but never the blame.'

'His former partner, Arthur, lived in Compeyson's house and was very ill. In fact he was dying. He and Compeyson had got a lot of money out of a rich lady some years before, and Arthur kept dreaming of this lady. Late one night he appeared at the sitting-room door, pale and shaking, crying, "Compeyson, she's there! In my room! All dressed in white, ready for the wedding! She's angry, she says she wants revenge! You broke her heart, you know you did! And now she says I'm going to die!"'

'Compeyson and his wife put Arthur back to bed, but at five o'clock in the morning we heard screams coming from his room, and he died soon after.'

'I should have realized it was a mistake getting involved with Compeyson. In the end we were both arrested for several crimes. And what happened? At the trial he lied and lied. I was the criminal, in and out of prison all my life, and I got fourteen years on the prison-ship. He was the gentleman, of good character and with important friends, and only got seven years.'

Magwitch had become very excited, and had to breathe deeply to calm himself. 'I promised myself I'd smash his handsome face when I saw him on the prison-ship. I was just going to, when a guard caught hold of me. I managed to escape by diving into the river. That's how I reached the marshes, and the churchyard. And then Pip, my boy, you told me Compeyson was on the

marshes too. He must have escaped, like me. So I hunted him and smashed his face, and I was going to take him back to the prison-ship, so that he wouldn't have the pleasure of being free, when the soldiers caught us. Again he was clever. His punishment for escaping was light. But I was brought to trial again, and sent to Australia for life. ’

‘Is Compeyson dead? ’ I asked after a silence.

‘Heard no more of him, ’ he said, shaking his head. ‘But if he’s alive, he hopes I’m dead, that’s certain! ’

Herbert passed me a note he had been writing. It said:

‘The name of Miss Havisham’s half-brother was Arthur. Compeyson is the man who pretended to be in love with her. ’

13 规划马格韦契的未来和听他讲述自己的身世

我睡了一会儿，但是醒得很早，我感到需要吸点新鲜空气。于是，我下了楼走出了这座楼房。沿着路走，我发现一个人躲在黑暗角落里，这个家伙立刻跑掉。这使我忧虑，我猜想他在这座房子已经盯上我那个囚犯了。现在，他会通知警察吗？

我和我的客人共进早餐，他狼吞虎咽地吃着。对他的行为，我极力控制厌烦的情绪。他告诉我，他叫阿伯尔·马格韦契。早餐后，他点上烟斗，又向我伸出手来。

“我所要求的就是能站在这里瞧瞧你，亲爱的孩子！”他说，“我一手培养出来的一名真正绅士！伦敦的绅士有的东西你也会有：一辆马车，还有马匹，样样东西都有！”他把一个很厚的皮夹子扔到桌子上，“这都是你的，我回到英国就是要看你花钱。”

“停！”我拼命地喊着，“我们必须讨论一下你的打算，你打算在这里呆多久？”

“多长时间？”他吃惊地回答，“我不打算回去了。”

“可是你住在哪里才安全？”

“亲爱的孩子，谁会知道我在这儿？只有你、贾格斯和文米克，再没有人知道了。无论怎样，我知道死亡的恐惧伴随我的生活，我已经完成了我的一生。”

我知道，在赫伯特回来之前，我必须把他藏起来。然后，我们能够为将来提出一个更好的计划。我决定在我们的附近为他租一套房子，在这儿，我想他会安全一点儿。我带着他换了服装，给他理了发。但是，对我来讲，也和过去没有什么两样，我生活得提心吊胆，生怕过去了解他的人会认出他来。

和我不想要的客人在伴随着风雨敲打着窗户的气候中一起度过了5昼夜。对我来讲，那几天好像是度日如年。他睡觉，或者吃饭，或者玩牌。有时，他带着自豪的笑脸听我念书。我吃不下，睡不香，常常看着他睡觉，不知道发生在过去他血腥腥的罪行，却知道我独自从可怕的死亡中保护他。

当赫伯特总算回来时，我不能形容我的快乐，最终我能把那可怕的消息与我的朋友分担。听说我的远大前程是来自很久以前我救过的罪犯，他也被震惊了。当我把我们的客人介绍给他时，赫伯特尽可能地隐瞒自己的反感情绪。

当我们俩独自在一起时，他对我说，“你看上去很苍白，汉德尔，这对你来说是痛苦的时刻。”

“赫伯特，有些事情要去做。他想在我身上投入更多！必须阻止他！”

“你的意思是说再也不接受他的钱了？”

“我怎么能接受？你知道他是一个逃犯！我怎么知道他的钱是从哪儿来的？想想我已经欠下他的账！我没有办法还他。哦，赫伯特，如果没有你作为一个朋友，我会绝望的！”我能勉强地控制住眼泪，赫伯特友好地假装没看见。

“我亲爱的汉德尔，”他说，“如果您要想不欠他的钱，你随时可以参加我的公司，克拉雷克斯，我马上就是那儿的一个股东，你知道。”可怜的赫伯特！他确实没有对帮助他成为股东的这些钱产生怀疑。

“不过，另有一件事情，”他补充着说，“这个家伙有一个凶恶、暴烈的性格，他带着一个固执的想法来到这儿，在这里他盼望着度过后半生。如果你破坏了他的想法，他的生活将失去意义。”

“他会让自己被捕，被拖上绞刑架”，我点着头继续说，“是的，我想过了，自从他到来以前，如果那是碰巧发生的，我对以前感到有罪。”

“因此，你现在不能破坏他的梦想。首先，我们必须把他弄出英格兰。在这儿，他随时都有死的危险。然后，你将说明你不能接受他的钱。我将设法帮助你，相信我。”我感激地握着赫伯特的手。

第二天上午，早饭后，我们让马格韦契多给我们讲点他过去的经历，以便我们能够更好地保护他。

“你许诺为此事保密，匹普的朋友。”他对赫伯特说，“我将用几句话就能讲清楚，进过监狱和出过监狱，那或多或少就是我的生活。不记得我的父母，不记得自己在哪儿出生。我在田间睡过，我偷过吃的，有时我也干活，我就是这样长大成人的。20多年前，我遇见了康培生，如果我现在遇见他，我会立刻杀了他！他就是士兵在沼泽地里发现我和他正在厮打的那个家伙。匹普，他清秀漂亮有教养，因此，人们认为他是一名绅士并相信他。我是他生意上的合伙人，也是一个不干净的生意。我们说服有钱的人向我们投资。我们经常偷钞票，伪造支票，康培生很精明。但是，他有一个很毒辣、冷酷的心！他总是得到好处却从来没有受到谴责。”

“他以前的合伙人，阿瑟，住在康培生家里，病得很重，事实上已是垂死挣扎。几年以前，他和康培生从一位富贵小姐那里得到一大笔钱，阿瑟梦想得到这位小姐。后来的一个晚上，他脸色苍白全身颤抖着出现在会客厅门口，叫喊起来，“康培生，她在这儿！在我的房间！全身穿着白色衣服，准备结婚！她发怒了，她说她要报仇！你伤透她的心，你知道你干的事！他现在说我将会死掉”！

“康培生和他妻子把阿瑟放回床上。但是，在早晨5点钟，我们听到来自他房间的尖叫声。不久，他死了。”

“我应当认识到让康培生缠住是一个错误，最后我们俩因为种种罪行被逮捕。接着发生什么事情？在审判中，他撒谎不眨眼。我是罪犯，我的全部生活是进出监狱，我被判了14年船上监狱徒刑。他是绅士，有良好的品行，又有大人物的朋友，才判了他7年徒刑。”

马格韦契变得十分兴奋，不得不深吸一口气，使自己平静下来，“我向自己许诺，当我在船上监狱见到他时，我要打烂他漂亮的脸蛋。我刚要动手，一名警卫把我拦住。我设法潜入水中逃跑，那就是我怎么到了沼泽地，到了教堂墓地。这时，匹普，我的孩子，你告诉我康培生也在沼泽地里。他和我一样越狱逃跑出来。因此，我搜索他，毁他的容。当士兵们抓住我们时，我打算把他带回船上监狱，以便他没有人身自由的快乐。又是他的精明，他的越狱惩罚很轻，而我再一次受到审判，被终身发配到澳大利亚。”

“康培生死了吗？”沉默了一会儿我问道。

“没有再听到他的消息”，他摇着脑袋说，“但是，如果他还活着，他会希望我死，那是肯定的！”

赫伯特把他写的条子递给我，上面写到：

“郝薇香小姐的同父异母兄弟的名字就是阿瑟，康培生就是假装和她相爱的那个家伙。”

14 Pip visits Estella and Miss Havisham again

Before taking Magwitch abroad, I felt I must see both Estella and Miss Havisham. When I visited Estella's London home, I found she had gone to stay with Miss Havisham, and so, leaving Magwitch in Herbert's care, I went by coach to the town I knew so well.

Before walking to Miss Havisham's, I went to the hotel for breakfast. It was an unpleasant shock to discover Bentley Drummle there, but I could imagine his reason for visiting the area. When he noticed me, he immediately called to the waiter, making sure I could hear, 'Listen, you! The lady isn't going riding today. And remember, I'm not having dinner here tonight, I'll be at the lady's.' And Drummle smiled wickedly at me, knowing that what he said cut me to the heart. He went out, shouting for his horse.

If he had spoken Estella's name, I would have hit him. I was so angry with him, and so depressed about my future, that I could not eat the breakfast. Instead I went straight to the old house.

I found Miss Havisham and Estella sitting in the same room, with candles burning as usual.

'Miss Havisham,' I said, 'I must tell you that I'm as unhappy as you ever wanted me to be. I've discovered who has been paying for my education. Now I know I shall never be rich, or important. I cannot tell you any more. It isn't my secret, but another person's.' I stopped, considering what to say next.

'Go on,' said Miss Havisham, looking interested.

'I thought it was you, Miss Havisham! And you encouraged me in my mistake!'

'Why should I be kind to anybody after all I've suffered!' cried Miss Havisham angrily.

'Yes, you're right,' I said quickly, to calm her. 'But you also encouraged your relations to think I would inherit some of your fortune.'

'Why shouldn't I?' she cried wildly.

'But Matthew Pocket and his son are different. They aren't selfish or greedy, they're generous and honest. I want you to know that.'

She looked carefully at me. 'What do you want for them?'

'I'm asking for money,' I replied, my cheeks red. 'I would like you to help my friend Herbert become a partner in his company. I started paying for this myself two years ago—and I want to keep it a secret from him—but now I find I can't continue the payments. I can't explain why. It's part of the other person's secret.'

Miss Havisham looked at the fire, and then at me again.

'What else?' she asked.

Turning to Estella, I tried to control my trembling voice. 'You know I love you, Estella,' I said. 'I have loved you long and dearly.' she shook her head.

'I know, I know I have no hope of ever marrying you, Estella. But I have loved you ever since I first saw you in this house. It was cruel of Miss Havisham to encourage me to hope, but I don't think she meant to be unkind.'

'What you say,' said Estella very calmly, 'doesn't touch my heart. I can't feel love as you do. And I've warned you of this. Haven't I?'

'Yes,' I answered miserably, 'but I couldn't believe it.'

'It's the way I've been brought up.'

'Estella, Bentley Drummle is in town here. You go riding with him, don't you? Is he having dinner with you tonight?'

'It is all true,' she answered, a little surprised.

'You cannot love him, Estella!' I cried.

'Didn't you listen? I can never love anyone!' And then she added, 'But why not tell you the truth? I'm going to marry him.'

I covered my face with my hands. After a moment I lifted my head and cried, 'Don't throw yourself away on an animal like him! Even if you won't marry me, there must be others who love you. Any of them would be a thousand times better than Drummle!'

'I can't marry a man who expects me to love him. So Drummle will do well enough as my husband. You will soon forget me.'

'Never, Estella! You are part of myself. You are in every line I've read, in every view I've seen, in every dream I've dreamt. To the last hour of my life, you will remain part of me. God bless you and God forgive you!' I held her hand to my lips for a moment. As I left, Estella's lovely face looked at me in wonder, but Miss Havisham was staring at me with a mixture of pity and guilt.

It was all over. To calm my feelings I walked all the way back to London. At night the Temple gates were always closed, but the night-porter let me in when I told him my name. He gave me an envelope addressed to Mr Pip. Inside, in Wemmick's writing, it said: 'DON'T GO HOME.'

14 匹普再一次拜访艾丝黛拉和郝薇香小姐

把马格韦契带到国外之前,我觉得必需见见艾丝黛拉和郝薇香小姐。当我到了艾丝黛拉的伦敦住处,我发现她已经走了,住在郝薇香小姐那里。因此,我离开马格韦契,赫伯特将关照他,我乘马车去了我了指掌的镇上。

走到郝薇香小姐家之前,我到餐馆吃早饭,在餐馆,发现了本特利·朱穆尔,真是扫兴。但是,我能想像出他来这个地方的原因。当他发现了我,他立即喊仆人,这很清楚,是说给我听的。“听着,你!小姐今天不骑马了,记住,今天晚上我不在这儿吃晚饭了,我将在小姐家吃。”朱穆尔向我发出恶意的一笑,知道他说这些会伤我的心。他走出餐馆,吼着要他的马。

如果他说出艾丝黛拉的名字,我会揍他的。我对他十分气愤,如此沮丧的未来。我早饭没吃,直接去了那座旧住宅。

我发现郝薇香小姐和艾丝黛拉坐在那间和平常一样点着蜡烛的屋子里。

“郝薇香小姐，”我说，“我必须告诉你，我没有像以前你让我那样高兴，我已经发现了是谁在资助我的学习。我现在明白了，我不会成为富翁或大人物，我不能告诉你更多，那不是我的秘密，而是别人的秘密。”我闭上了嘴，考虑下一步说什么。

“继续说，”郝薇香小姐感兴趣地看着我说。

“我想那是你，郝薇香小姐！你促使我犯了错误！”

“为什么我必须仁慈地对待每个人蒙受伤害！”郝薇香小姐生气地叫喊着。

“是的，你说得很对，”我对她心平气和地接着说，“你也促使了你的亲戚认为我会继承你的财产。”

“我为什么会这样？”她疯了似地叫喊。

“不过，马修·朴凯特和他的儿子不同，他们不是自私自利贪心的，他们是慷慨诚实的，我让您知道这一点。”

她仔细地看着我，“你为他们要什么呢？”

“我要钱，”我回答说，脸红了起来，“我想让你去帮助我的朋友赫伯特在他的公司成为股东。两年前，我开始为这项工作自己投资，我要为此事对他保密——但是，我现在发现我不能继续投资了，我不能解释为什么，那是别人的一部分秘密。”

郝薇香小姐看着火炉，然后又看着我。

“还有什么？”她问道。

我转向艾丝黛拉，极力地控制我震颤的声音，“你知道我爱你，艾丝黛拉，”我说“我已经长时间地深深地爱着你。”她摇了摇头。

“我知道，我知道和你结婚已经化为泡影，艾丝黛拉。但是，自从我在这座房子里见到你，就爱上了你。助长这个希望的是郝薇香小姐的残酷性，不过，我认为她不是恶意的。”

“你说什么”，艾丝黛拉十分平静地说，“不要伤我的心，我感觉不到像你说的爱，这一点，我已经警告过你，对吗？”

“是的，”我悲惨地回答，“可是，我不相信你说的。”

“那就是我成长的路。”

“艾丝黛拉，本特利·朱穆尔在镇上，你和他一起骑马，是吗？他今天晚上和你一起吃晚饭？”

“一点没错，”她带点吃惊的样子回答。

“你不爱他，艾丝黛拉！”我喊着。

“你没听说吗？我从来不爱任何人！”然后，她补充说，“为什么不告诉你真相呢？我打算和他结婚。”

我用双手捂着脸，过了一会儿，我抬起头，说，“你不要自投虎口去喜欢他！即使你不会和我结婚，那也应该找爱你的人，他们当中任何一个都会比朱穆尔好上千万倍！”

“我不能和盼望我去爱他的男人结婚，因此，朱穆尔作为我的丈夫再好不过了，你会很快忘掉我的。”

“永远不会，艾丝黛拉！你是我生命的一部分，你是我读到的每一行，是我看到的每一景，是我梦到的每一梦。到了我生命的最后一刻，你也将留在我心中。上帝保佑你，上帝宽恕你！”我把她的手放在我的嘴唇上呆了一会儿。这时我感到，艾丝黛拉用那可爱的面容惊奇地看着我。但是，郝薇香小姐用那怜悯和内疚交织的眼神瞅着我。

一切都结束了。平静一下心情，我踏上回伦敦的路途。晚上，寺庙的大门总是关闭的。但是，当告诉守夜人我的名字时，他让我进去，他给了我一封写有匹普收的信件。信内是文米克的笔迹，内容是：“万勿回家”。

15 Shelter for Magwitch

I spent a restless night at a hotel, worrying about the reasons for Wemmick's warning. Early in the morning I went to see him at the Castle. He told me he had heard I was being watched, and that someone was looking for Magwitch. He also knew that Compeyson was alive and in London. While I was absent, Wemmick had warned Herbert to move our guest to a safer place. Clara, the girl Herbert was in love with, lived with her old father in a house on the river, quite near the open sea, and Herbert had arranged to rent rooms for Magwitch in this house. It was further away from the centre of London and our home, and we could easily take Magwitch abroad by boat from there.

‘Our friend is there now,’ said Wemmick, ‘and you can visit him tonight, but don't go back there after that. And remember, Mr Pip,’ he added firmly, ‘remember to get his cash. You don't know what may happen to him. Don't let anything happen to his cash.’

I could not explain to Wemmick how I felt about Magwitch's money, so I said nothing.

That evening I visited the house, and met Clara, a lovely girl, obviously in love with Herbert. How lucky she and Herbert were! I thought of Estella, and felt very sad.

Magwitch seemed quieter and more likeable than the last time I had seen him. He accepted all our arrangements for him gratefully. I was almost sorry to say goodbye to him.

I decided to keep a rowing boat near our rooms, so that Herbert or I could row up and down the river, as far as Clara's house. If Magwitch saw us on the river, he could draw his bedroom curtain to show everything was all right.

For the next few weeks, life went on as normal. Herbert went to work and visited Clara in the evenings. I rowed on the river, and waited for news from Wemmick.

One evening, instead of reading alone in my room, I went to the theatre where Mr Wopsle was acting. He noticed me in the audience, and kept looking at me in a very strange way. After the play we met outside the theatre, and he asked immediately,

‘You didn't see that man sitting right behind you, Mr Pip?’

I felt suddenly cold. ‘Who was he?’ I asked.

‘You remember, Mr Pip, that Christmas Day, when you were a boy? We went on to the marshes with the soldiers and found the escaped convicts fighting each other. Well, one of those two was looking over your shoulder tonight.’

‘Which one?’ I asked, holding my breath.

‘The one with the bleeding face,’ he answered.

So Compeyson was still following me! I knew Magwitch was in great danger. Later that evening Herbert and I discussed the problem, and promised each other to be more careful than ever.

About a week later I met Mr Jaggers by chance in the street, and he invited me to dinner that evening. Wemmick was there too. Mr Jaggers told me Miss Havisham wished to see me on business, so I said I would go the next day.

Then Jaggers said, ‘Well, Pip! Our friend Drummle has won a great prize! He has married Estella!’

I had been expecting this news for some time but it still came as a terrible shock.

‘I wonder,’ continued Jaggers, ‘who will be the stronger in the end, the wife or the husband? He may beat her—’

‘Surely he isn't wicked enough to do that!’ I cried.

‘He may, or he may not. But she is certainly more intelligent than him. We shall see.’

Just then I noticed the housekeeper putting a dish on the table. I stared at her. I had seen exactly such eyes, and such hands, very recently! And suddenly I was absolutely certain that this woman was Estella's mother.

Later, as Wemmick and I left Jaggers' house together, I asked him about his employer's housekeeper. He told me that, many years before, she had been jealous of her husband and another woman, and had been accused of murdering this woman. Jaggers was her lawyer, and at her trial he managed to show that she was not strong enough to kill anyone. She was also suspected of killing her three-year-old daughter, who had disappeared. But because of Jaggers' clever arguing, she was judged innocent of murder. After the trial she left her husband and became Jaggers' housekeeper.

15 马格韦斯隐藏起来

我在一家旅店度过了一个不眠之夜，为文米克警告的原因担忧。一大早我去那个城堡见他，他告诉我，他听说有人正监视我，有人正在寻找马格韦契，他还知道康培生还活着，在伦敦。当我不在的时候，文米克已经提醒赫伯特把我们的客人转移到安全的地方。克莱拉，这个和赫伯特相爱的姑娘，和她父亲住在靠近河边的一座房子里，离宽阔的大海很近。赫伯特已经安排了在这座房子里为马格韦契租间房子，这座房子离伦敦市中心和我们的家很远。从这里，我们能很容易地通过船把马格韦契送往国外。

“现在，我们的朋友在这里，”文米克说，“你今晚就能拜访他。不过，在这之后不要回那儿。记住，匹普先生，”他紧接着说，“记住得到他的钱，你不知道对他来说会发生什么，不要让你的钱发生任何事情。”

我高不清文米克怎么会惦记马格韦契的钱。因此，我什么也没说。

那天晚上，我去了这座房子，遇上了克莱拉，一个可爱的姑娘，显而易见，和赫伯特相爱。她和赫伯特是多么的幸运！我想到艾丝黛拉，感到十分伤心。

马格韦契看起来比较镇静，比我上一次见到的他更温和了，可喜的是他全部接受了我们为他的安排，我几乎很难过对他说再见。

我决定在我们住处的附近雇用一只小划船，以便我或者赫伯特能在河道里划来划去，能划到克莱拉的家那么远。如果马格韦契在河上看到我们，拉开他卧室的窗帘就能很好地展示一切。

几周来，生活过得平安无事。赫伯特去工作，晚上拜访克莱拉，我在河里划船，等着来自文米克的消息。

一天晚上，我去了戏院而不是独自在屋子里读书。伍甫赛先生正在上演，他在观众席上发现了我，用一种十分惊奇的眼神不停地看着我。演出后，我们在戏院外面相遇，他立即问我：

“你没看见坐在你右后面的那个人吗？匹普先生。”

我突然感到寒颤起来，“他是谁？”我问道。

“你记得，匹普先生，那个圣诞节，当你还是一个孩子，我们和士兵们去了沼泽地，发现两个逃犯在互相厮打。喂，那其中的一个今天晚上正在看你的肩膀。”

“哪一个？”我憋着呼吸问。

“脸上流血的那一个，”他回答说。

好一个康培生仍然在跟踪我！我知道马格韦契危险很大。后来，那天晚上，我和赫伯特讨论了这个问题，我们互相许诺要比以往更加小心。

大约一周后，在大街上，我意外地遇见贾格斯先生。那天晚上，他邀请我吃晚饭，文米克也在那里。贾格斯先生告诉我郝薇香小姐有事希望见我。因此，我说第二天去。

然后，贾格斯说，“喂，匹普！我们的朋友朱穆尔赢得了一个巨大的奖品！他已经和艾丝黛拉结婚啦！”

我料想到这个消息已经有一会儿了。但是，这个消息仍然来得毛骨悚然。

“我惊讶，”贾格斯继续说，“谁是最终强者，这个妻子还是这个丈夫？他可能击败她——”。

“他那样做确实不是最坏的！”我喊着。

“他可能，或者他不可能，但是她一定比他更聪明，我们将拭目以待。”

正在这时，我注意到那个女管家把一个盘子放在桌子上，我盯着她。就在最近，我确实见过这样的眼睛，这样的手！突然，我完全确信，这个女人就是艾丝黛拉的母亲。

后来，当我和文米克一起离开贾格斯的家时，我问他有关他的雇主女管家。他告诉我，很多年以前，她猜疑她丈夫和另外一个女人好，被指控谋杀这个女人。贾格斯是她的律师，在她的判决中，他设法表明她体弱不能杀害其他人。也怀疑她杀害了3岁的女儿，她女儿已经失踪了。但是，因为贾格斯的聪明善辩，所以判决她的谋杀罪不能成立。判决后，她离开了她丈夫，成了贾格斯的女管家。

16 Miss Havisham realizes how Pip has suffered

When I went to see Miss Havisham the next day, as she had requested, her house looked darker than ever, and I realized how lonely she was without Estella. She looked sadly at me.

‘Tell me, Pip,’ she said, stretching out her hand to me, ‘how can I help your friend? You said something about it last time.’

I explained my agreement with Clarrikers to make Herbert a partner. Nine hundred pounds still had to be paid.

‘And you will be happier if I pay this?’

‘Much happier.’

‘can’t I help you yourself, Pip?’

‘There is nothing you can do,’ I answered.

She wrote a cheque which she handed to me. ‘Mr Jaggers will give you the money. And—here, Pip,’ handing me another piece of paper, ‘here is a note with my name on. If, one day, you can write under my name “I forgive her”, please do it.’

‘Oh Miss Havisham,’ I said, ‘I can do it now. We have all made mistakes. I can’t be bitter with anyone.’

‘What have I done, Pip!’ she cried, dropping to her knees in front of me. ‘I should never have brought up Estella like that, or allowed you to be hurt!’

‘Could I ask you something about Estella? How and why did you adopt her?’

‘I never knew her parents,’ she said quietly. ‘I asked Jaggers to find a little girl for me to adopt, and he brought Estella here, when she was about three.’

We had no more to say to each other, and so I left. But on my way through the old garden I had a strange feeling that something was wrong, and I ran back upstairs to check that Miss Havisham was all right. As I opened the door of her room, I saw her sitting close to the fire. Suddenly a great flame lit the room. She turned and rushed towards me, screaming, her hair and clothes on fire. Somehow I managed to cover her with my coat and put out the flames with my hands.

I sent for a doctor, who cleaned her wounds. Her bed was placed on the great dining table, where her wedding cake had been, and she lay there, covered with a white sheet, half con-scious. I could not stay, but left her in the care of the doctor and several nurses, and returned to London.

My hands and right arm had been badly burnt. But al-though I was in great pain, I was desperate to know if Mag-witch was safe.

‘Everything’s fine,’ Handel,’ Herbert told me calmly, as he gently put bandages on my hands. ‘He seems much pleasanter than before. I actually like him now. Do you know, yesterday he was telling me about his past. Apparently at one time he was married to a young woman who was jealous of an-other woman. There was a fight, and his wife killed the other. Luckily for her, she had a clever lawyer at her trial, and was never punished for the murder. She and Magwitch had a daughter, who Magwitch dearly loved. Both wife and child disappeared after the trial, and he thought his wife must have killed their daughter.’

‘How old was the child?’ I asked, trying to control my excitement.

‘She would have been about your age, if she had lived.’

‘Herbert,’ I said, ‘am I ill or mad or anything?’

‘No,’ replied Herbert, after examining me carefully, ‘al-though you do look a little excited.’

‘Listen, Herbert. Magwitch is Estella’s father.’

The next day, although I felt ill and weak, because of my burns, I went straight to Jaggers’ office. He admitted that Estella was his housekeeper’s daughter, adopted by Miss Hav-isham to give her the chance of a better life. But even he, the great Jaggers, did not know that Magwitch was Estella’s father.

16 郝薇香小姐认识到匹普蒙受了痛苦

当我第二天去看郝薇香小姐时，由于她的要求，她的屋子看来比以前更黑暗，我认识到，没有艾丝黛拉，她是多么的孤独，她伤心地看着我。

“告诉我，匹普”，她向我伸出手说，“我怎么才能帮助你的朋友？上一次有关这件事你说了一点儿。”

我解释我同克拉雷克斯的协议，让赫伯特有股份，仍然有900英镑必须支付。

“如果我支付这些，你会更高兴？”

“会很高兴。”

“我不能帮助你自己吗？匹普。”

“你没有什么可帮的，”我回答说。

她写了一张支票递给我，“贾格斯先生会给你钱。这儿，匹普，”她递给我另一张纸，“这儿是带有我名字的票据。如果，有一天，你能在我的名字下面写上‘我原谅她’，请你这样做。”

“噢，郝薇香小姐”，我说，“我现在就能这样做，我们都有错儿，我不能怨恨别人”。

“我做了些什么，匹普！”她跪在我面前叫喊着，“我不应该像那样培养艾丝黛拉，或让你受到伤害！”

“我可以问你有关艾丝黛拉的情况吗？怎么和为什么你收养她？”

“我从来不知道她的父母，”她平静地说。“我要求贾格斯为我找一个小女孩收养，她把艾丝黛拉带到这儿，当时她大约3岁。”

我们相互再没有说什么，因此，我离开了。但是，在穿过那个旧花园的路上，我有一个奇怪的感觉，情况不太对头。我跑回来上了楼去核实郝薇香小姐是不是安然无恙。当我打开她的房门，我看到她紧靠火炉坐着。突然，一个巨大的火焰点燃了屋子，她转过身向我扑来，尖叫着，她的头发和衣服着火了。我想方设法用我的外套盖住她，用我的手扑灭了火焰。

我派人去请了一位医生，医生给她清洗了伤口。她的床放在那张大餐桌上，她的结婚蛋糕还在那儿，她躺在那里，上面盖着白床单，半清醒状态。我不能久留，离开她后，交由医生和几名护士照看。我回到伦敦。

我的手和右臂烧得很厉害，但是，虽然我很痛，我还是迫不及待地想知道马格韦契是否安全。

“平安无事，汉德尔，”赫伯特心平气和地告诉我，他轻柔地把我的手缠上绷带，“他好像比以前更高兴。现在，我确实喜欢他。你知道，昨天，他告诉我他的身世。很明显，他和一个年轻的女人结了婚，这个女人嫉妒另外一个女人，在一次厮打中，他的妻子杀了另外一个女人。她很幸运，在她的判决中，有一位精明的律师，对于这次谋杀，她从来没有受到惩罚。她和马格韦契有一个女儿，马格韦契非常爱她。判决以后，妻子和孩子失踪了。他想，他的妻子一定杀了他们的女儿。”

“这个孩子多大？”我尽力控制着激动的心情问道。

“如果她还活着的话，和你的年龄差不多。”

“赫伯特，”我说，“是我病了、疯了、或出了其它什么毛病？”

“不是，”赫伯特仔细地检查了我以后，回答，“虽然你看上去有点兴奋。”

“听着，赫伯特，马格韦契是艾丝黛拉的父亲。”

第二天，尽管因为我的烧伤，感到不舒服和虚弱，我还是直接去了贾格斯的事务所。他承认，艾丝黛拉是他的女管家的女儿，给她一个生活更好一点的机会，被郝薇香小姐收养。但是，至于他，聪明能干的贾格斯却并不知道马格韦契是艾丝黛拉的父亲。

I paid Clarrikers Miss Havisham's nine hundred pounds, and felt glad that Herbert's future, at least, was safe. Clarrikers were going to send Herbert to India, to open a new office there. So while helping my old friend, I would be losing him at the same time.

Wemmick advised us to move Magwitch out of the country in the middle of the week. So we decided to row the boat down to Clara's house on Wednesday, collect Magwitch, and continue right down the river to Essex, where we could stop one of the foreign ships sailing from the port of London to Germany or Holland. With luck, nobody would notice us or suspect us. Our friend Startop agreed to row instead of me, as my hands were still too painful.

However, when I went back to our rooms on Monday, my head full of arrangements for the journey, I found a letter, addressed to me and delivered by hand. It said:

‘If you want information about your guest, you should come tonight or tomorrow night to the old house near the lime kiln on the marshes. Tell no one. You must come alone.’

I did not have time to consider. I rushed out again and was just in time to catch the afternoon coach.

I stopped in town only to ask about Miss Havisham. She was still very ill, it seemed. Then I walked fast on to the dark lonely marshes. Soon I arrived at the lime-kiln, which was still burning, although the workmen had all gone home. I pushed open the door of the old house, which I thought was uninhabited, but to my surprise there was a bed, a table and a candle inside. Suddenly the candle was blown out, I was attacked from behind and my arms were tied close to my sides with a thick rope. The pain in my injured arm was terrible. In a moment the candle was lit again, and I recognized my attacker. Orlick! I saw he had been drinking, and I knew I was in a very dangerous situation.

‘Now,’ he said fiercely, ‘I’ve got you!’

‘Why have you brought me here?’ I asked.

‘Don’t you know?’ he replied, drinking straight from a bottle. ‘Because you’re my enemy. I lost that job at Miss Havisham’s because of you. And what’s more, Biddy would have liked me if you hadn’t been there. You’ve been in my way ever since you were a child. And now I’m going to have your life! Tonight you’re going to die!’

I felt I was looking down into my own grave. I could see no possible way of escape.

‘More than that,’ he said, ‘I don’t want anything left of you. I’ll put your body in the kiln. Even your clothes will be burnt, and in the morning there’ll be nothing left.’

I realized I had not told anybody where I was going. No-body would know where to look for me.

‘Another thing,’ he said, smiling cruelly, ‘it was your fault your ugly sister was attacked. I did it, I hit her with the iron chain your convict left on the marshes, but I did it because I hated you!’ He drank again. I watched the level of the liquid go down. I knew that when he finished the bottle, my life would end.

‘And I know all about that convict you’re hiding. I’ve waited and watched outside your rooms and on the stairs. You fell over me once. I’ve got a friend who’s going to inform the police about him. Yes, Compeyson’ll make sure he’s hanged, when you’re dead!’

The last of the rum went down his throat, and picking up his hammer he came towards me. Determined to fight, I shouted as loudly as I could. Suddenly the door was thrown open and Herbert and Startop rushed in. With a violent shout Orlick jumped over the table and escaped into the night.

My two friends had found Orlick’s letter to me, which, in my hurry, I had dropped in my room in London. They had suspected some wicked plot, and come straight to the town, and then to the marshes, to find me. Luckily they had arrived just in time.

They took me back to London that night, and looked after me carefully all the next day, so that, although my arm was still aching, and I felt very weak, I was fit enough for the planned journey on Wednesday.

17 匹普死里逃生

我支付给克拉雷克斯，郝薇香小姐的900英镑，感到高兴的是，最终，赫伯特的前程是平安无事。克拉雷克斯打算派赫伯特去印度，在那儿办一个新的事务所。因此，在帮助我的老朋友同时，我将失去他。

文米克劝我们在本周中期把马格韦契转移到国外。因此，我们决定在星期三，划船到克莱拉的家，带上马格韦契，继续沿着河走到艾西克斯，在那儿，我们能够停靠在从伦敦港口航行到德国或荷兰去的其中一艘外国船上。带给我们好运，没有人会发现和怀疑我们。我们的朋友史达多蒲同意代替我划船，因为我的手仍然很痛。

然而，当我星期一回到我们的住处时，为了这次旅行安排，我的头都胀大了，我发现一封写给我的信，并是亲手递送的，内容如下：

“如果想知道你的客人消息，你在今天晚上或明天晚上到沼泽地石灰窑附近那间旧屋来，勿让别人知道，你必须独自一人来。”

我没有时间思考，我又冲了出去，正好赶上下午的马车。

我在镇上停下来，只是想打听一下郝薇香小姐的情况，好像是她病得仍然很重。然后，我快速向荒凉黑暗的沼泽地走去。很快找到了石灰窑，虽然民工都已回家，但是石灰窑仍在燃烧。我推开那间旧屋的门，我想没有人居住。但是，让我吃惊的是里面有一张床、一张桌子和一支蜡烛。突然蜡烛被扑灭，有人在背后袭击了我，双臂被一条粗绳子紧紧地绑在我身体的两侧，在受伤的胳膊上，疼痛难以忍受。过了一会儿，蜡烛又点亮了，认出我的袭击者，奥立克！我见他已喝了酒，知道我处在十分危险的位置。

“喂，”他凶恶地说，“我可逮住你啦！”

“你为什么把我带到这儿！”我问道。

“你不知道？”他回答说，直接对着瓶子喝着酒，“因为你是我的敌人。因为你，我失去了郝薇香小姐家的那份工作。还有，如果你不在那儿的话，毕蒂会喜欢我。自从你是个小孩子时就一直有害于我。现在，我打算杀了你！今天晚上，你将走向末日。

我感觉到，我正走向死亡之墓。我明白，无逃生之路。

“这还不够，”他说，“我不会让你留下任何痕迹，我将把你的身体放到石灰窑里，甚至连你的衣服都化为灰烬，到了早晨将一丝不留。”

我知道没有告诉任何人我去哪了，没有人会知道到这儿找我。

“还有另一件事情”，他残忍地笑着说，“你那讨厌的姐姐被击倒是你的过错，那是我干的，我击倒了她，用的是在沼泽地你那个罪犯留下的铁链。不过，都是因为恨你我才干的！”他又喝了酒，我看到酒的液面在下降。我知道，当他喝完这瓶酒，我的生命即将结束。

“我对你藏的那个罪犯了如指掌，我已经在你的屋子外面和楼梯等候监视着，你一旦落在我手上，我有一个朋友，这个朋友打算把他的情况通知警察。对了，康培生确信他将被绞死。那时，你也归天了！”

他最后一滴朗姆酒下肚，拿起锤子向我走来，决定去战斗，我拼命地大声呼喊。突然，门被撞开，赫伯特和史达多蒲冲了进来，伴随着一阵猛烈的嘈杂声，奥立克跳上桌子，逃窜到黑夜之中。

我的两个朋友发现了奥立克给我的信，由于慌忙，把信掉在伦敦我的屋子里，他们猜到一些不好的兆头，直接到了镇上，然后去了沼泽地找我。真幸运，他们到得正是时候。

他们连夜把我带回伦敦，第二天一整天都细心地照料我。虽然，我的手臂仍然疼痛，感觉很虚弱，我还是能胜任星期三的旅行计划。

It was a cold, bright morning when we set out cheerfully down the river. I steered the boat, Herbert and Startop rowed. At Clara's house Magwitch was waiting for us, wrapped in a dark cloak.

'Dear boy!' he said, putting his hand on my shoulder as he sat down heavily in the boat. 'Thank you!'

We rowed eastwards down the river all day, looking round all the time to check that no one was following us. Magwitch seemed quite happy, smoking his pipe and watching the water.

You don't know what a pleasure it is to me, Pip,' he said once, 'to be with my dear boy, in the open air.'

'You'll be completely safe, and free, tomorrow,' I said.

'I hope so, dear boy. But looking into the future, well, that's like looking for the bottom of the river, isn't it? Can't be done.' He remained silent after that.

We decided to spend the night at a little riverside pub. It seemed safe because there were no other guests, but the pub owner asked us a question which worried us.

'Did you see that boat go past, gentlemen? Rowed by four men, with two others on board. It's been up and down the river several times. Could be a Customs boat.'

When he left us alone, we discussed this information in whispers. In the end we decided to go to bed, and then set out the next morning just in time to catch the ship to Hamburg. I woke early, and when I looked out of the window, I saw two men examining our boat, but I decided not to wake Herbert or Startop, who needed their rest after rowing all the previous day.

Late in the morning we rowed into the centre of the river. We could see the ship to Hamburg coming closer. Magwitch and I picked up our bags, and said goodbye to Herbert and Startop, so that we would be ready to stop the ship and get on board. Suddenly a boat rowed by four men appeared from nowhere and came out very fast into the centre of the river, close to us. A fifth man was steering, and a sixth, his face hidden in his cloak, whispered instructions to the steerer. They all stared at us.

'You have a convict there who's returned from Australia,' shouted the steerer. 'That's the man, in the cloak. His name is Abel Magwitch. I'm a Customs officer and I arrest him!'

Suddenly their boat was touching ours. The Hamburg ship was almost on top of us, and the ship's captain shouted the order to stop engines, but it was too late. At the same moment the Customs officer put his hand on Magwitch's shoulder, and Magwitch pulled the cloak off the other man in the boat. It was Compeyson! And as I watched, he fell backwards into the water, his face full of terror. The huge ship hit our tiny boat with a great crash. Somehow the Customs officers managed to get me on board their boat, with Herbert and Startop, but our boat sank, and the two convicts had disappeared.

Soon, however, we discovered Magwitch in the water, badly injured, and pulled him into the boat. He told me that he had fallen into the water with Compeyson, and then been hit by the ship. I believed what he said. At the time there was no sign of Compeyson, whose dead body was found several days later.

Magwitch was taken to prison to wait for his trial. I arranged for Jaggers to be his lawyer, but Jaggers warned me there was almost no hope of saving his life. Magwitch's thick wallet was handed over to the police, and Wemmick was quite annoyed with me about it.

'Really, Mr Pip, to lose so much cash!' he said. 'You see, Compeyson was so determined to get his revenge that you couldn't have saved Magwitch. But you certainly could have saved the cash. That's the difference. But could I ask you something, Mr Pip? Would you come for a walk with me on Monday morning?'

It seemed a strange request, and although I did not really feel like accepting, he politely insisted.

I arrived at the Castle early on Monday morning, and after a glass of rum and milk, we set out on the road.

'Well, well!' said Wemmick suddenly. 'Here's a church! Let's go in!' And when we were inside, there was another surprise.

'Well, well!' he said again. 'Look what I've found in my pockets! Let's put them on!' As he had 'found' two pairs of white gloves, and his post-box mouth was as wide as it could possibly be, I began to suspect something. And when I saw the Aged come in with a lady, I knew I was right.

'Well, well!' said Wemmick, still pretending to be surprised, 'here's the Aged, and Miss Skiffins! Let's have a wedding!'

And so Wemmick was married to Miss Skiffins, and we all celebrated afterwards at a little pub near the church.

I was delighted for Wemmick, but I could not stop worrying about Magwitch. He had been so badly injured that he was moved to the prison hospital, where I visited him every day. I read to him, and talked to him, and did everything I could to make him comfortable. But day by day I watched him becoming weaker, although he never complained. To the prison guards he was a dangerous criminal, but to me he was an unfortunate man, who had at least some goodness in him. I could not leave him now.

At his trial Jaggers was proved right. The judge decided that Magwitch, a convict sent away for life who had returned, must be hanged. I could not accept this terrible punishment, and wrote to all the important people I could think of, asking for mercy for Magwitch. But all of them refused to help.

I noticed, on my daily visits to him, that he was getting much worse. He lay in bed, looking calmly at the white ceiling. Sometimes he could not speak, and just pressed my hand. One evening as I entered his room, he smiled weakly at me.

'Dear boy,' he said, 'you're never late.'

'I don't want to lose a moment of the time I'm allowed to visit you,' I said.

'Thank you, dear boy. God bless you! You've never deserted me, dear boy!' He had spoken his last words.

I touched his chest, remembering that I had wanted to desert him once. He put both his hands on mine.

‘Dear Magwitch, listen to me. You had a child once, who you loved and lost.’ He pressed my hand gently. ‘She’s alive. She’s a lady and very beautiful. And I love her!’

He was too weak to speak any more, but he just managed to lift my hand to his lips. Then he looked peacefully up at the white ceiling again. Slowly his eyes closed and his head dropped quietly on to his chest.

18 马格韦契的故事结束

那是一个冷飕飕的、阳光明媚的早晨。我们高兴地动身下了河，赫伯特和史达多蒲划船，我掌舵，在克莱拉家里，马格韦契卷着一件黑斗蓬正在等候我们。

“亲爱的孩子！”他说，他重重地在船上坐下，把手搭在我的肩膀上说，“谢谢你”。

我们全天向河东方向划去，随时向四周张望，警惕有没有人跟踪我们。马格韦契吸着烟斗，望着水面，看上去很高兴。

“你不知道，我是多么高兴，匹普”，他说了一遍，“自由自在地和我亲爱的孩子在一起。”

“你明天就会完全脱离危险，自由自在，”我说。

“我希望如此，亲爱的孩子。但是，展望未来，喂，那就像寻找河底一样，对吗？不是轻而易举的。”之后，他保持沉默。

我们决定在一个河边小客栈过夜，这儿似乎安全，因为没有其他客人。但是，客栈老板向我们问的一个问题却让我们担忧。

“你们看见划过去的那只船，先生们？4个人划船，船上还有另外两个人，这个船划来划去好几次了，可能是海关的船。”

当他离开我们时，我们小声地讨论了这个消息。最后，我们决定去睡觉，然后第二天早晨出发，正点赶上去汉堡的船只。我一大早就醒了，当我从窗外望去时，看到两个人检查我们的船。但是，我决定不去叫醒赫伯特和史达多蒲，他们划了一整天船需要休息。

早晨晚些时候，我们划进河中心。我们能够看到去汉堡的船正在接近我们，我和马格韦契拿起我们的包裹，向赫伯特和史达多蒲告别，以便我们做好准备，那只船一停我们就上去。突然，一只4人划的船不知从什么地方来的，飞快地到了河中心，向我们逼近。第4个人掌舵，第6个人用斗蓬捂着他的脸，向那个舵手耳语几句，他们都盯着我们。

“你们那里有一个从澳大利亚来的罪犯，”那个舵手叫喊着，“就是穿斗蓬的那个人，他叫阿伯尔·马格韦契，我是海关警官，我要逮捕他！”

突然，他们的船撞上我们的船，那艘汉堡的船离我们近在咫尺，该船船长呼喊命令关掉发动机，可是已经太晚了。同时，那个海关警官揪住马格韦契的肩膀，马格韦契扯掉在那只船上另一个人的斗蓬，是康培生。当我观察的时候，他仰面朝天掉进水里，他看上去很恐惧。巨轮撞击我们的小船，伴随着巨大的轰隆声。海关警官们设法把我和赫伯特、史达多蒲救到他们的船上。可是，我们的船下沉了，那两个逃犯已不知去向。

但是，不久我们在水面上发现了马格韦契，伤得很重，把他拖到船上。他告诉我，他和康培生已经掉进水里，往上浮的时候被船撞伤，我相信他说的。当时，没有康培生的踪影，几天后，他的尸体才被发现。

马格韦契被投入监狱候审判，我安排贾格斯出任他的律师。但是，贾格斯提醒我救他的命几乎是没有什么希望。马格韦契厚厚的钱夹子被送交警察局，有关这件事，文米克对我很恼火。

“真的，匹普先生，失去这么多钱！”他说，“你明白，康培生如此决定报仇致使你不能救马格韦契。可是，你确实能救那份钱，那是有区别的。但是，我能要求你多少？匹普先生？星期一早晨你能来和我散步吗？”

这好像是一个奇怪的要求，虽然我不是真正乐意接受，他还是有礼貌地坚持。

星期一大早，我到了那座城堡，喝了一杯朗姆酒和牛奶以后，我们动身上了路。

“喂，喂！”文米克突然说，“那儿是教堂！我们进去！”当我们在里边时，又有一个意外。

“喂，喂，”他又说“瞧，在我口袋里发现了！把它们戴上！”当他“发现”两副白手套时，他的邮箱嘴拼命地张大。我开始猜想什么，当我看见那位老人和一位小姐进来时，我知道我猜对了。

“喂，喂！”文米克说，仍然假装很吃惊，“这是那位老长者和斯基芬小姐！让我们举行一个婚礼！”

这样，文米克和斯基芬小姐结了婚。其后，我们大家在教堂附近的一座小饭馆祝贺他们。

我为文米克高兴，但是，我抑制不住为马格韦契的担忧。他伤得如此之重，以致被转住监狱医院，在这里，我每天看看他。我给他读书，给他讲话，我做的每一件事情都能让他愉快起来。但是，我看到他的体质每况愈下，尽管他从来不说。对于监狱警卫来说，他是一个危险的罪犯。但是对我来讲，他是一个不幸的人，只有最后一点儿快乐属于他，我不能现在抛弃他。

在他的判决中，证明贾格斯判断是对的。法官决定，马格韦契，一个被终身发配的罪犯逃回来、必须被绞死。我不能接受这个可怕的惩罚，写信给我能够想起来的所有大人物，请求给予马格韦契宽大处理。但是，他们都拒绝帮助。

我每天去看他，发现他的状况越来越糟。他躺在床上，安静地瞅着天花板。有时，他说不了话，仅仅握着我的手。一天晚上，当我进到他的房间时，他对我淡淡地一笑。

“亲爱的孩子！”他说，“你从来不早。”

“我不想失去允许我看望你的每一分钟。”我说。

“谢谢你，亲爱的孩子，上帝保佑你！你从来没有抛弃我，亲爱的孩子！”他说了最后一句话。

我摸着他的胸部，想起我曾经要抛弃他。他的双手放在我的手上。

“亲爱的马格韦契，听我说，你曾经有一个你痛爱和失去的孩子，”他轻轻地握着我的手，“她还活着，她是一位小姐并且十分漂亮，我爱她！”

他太虚弱以致不能说话，但是，他使出最后一点微弱之力，把我的手拉到他的唇边，他的眼睛慢慢地闭上了，他的头静静地垂在他的胸前。

19 A wedding

The excitement of all these events made me seriously ill for several weeks. Herbert was abroad, on business for Clarrikers, and there would have been nobody to look after me, if Joe had not heard about my illness and come to London to nurse me.

When I was getting better, he told me some of the local news. Miss Havisham had died, and left all her fortune to Estella, except for £4000, which Matthew Pocket inherited. And Orlick had been arrested for breaking into Pumblechook's house and stealing his money. Dear old Joe seemed just the same, but as I got better, he began to remember I was a gentleman, and call me sir again, and when I got up one morning, I discovered he had gone.

I decided to go back to the village, to thank him for all his help, and to carry out a plan I had been considering for some time. I wanted to ask Biddy to marry me, and I knew I would be happy with her. So I went by coach to the old town, as I had done so many times before, and walked to the forge. But as I came closer, I could not hear the sound of Joe's hammer, and I noticed fresh white curtains at the windows, and bright flowers everywhere. Suddenly I saw Biddy and Joe at the door, arm in arm.

'Pip!' cried Biddy happily, running to kiss me. 'Pip, it's my wedding day, and I'm married to Joe!'

I was still weak from my illness, and the shock was too much for me. They had to help me into the house and let me rest in a chair. They were both so pleased that I had come, by accident, to make their day perfect. I could only be glad that I had never spoken of my plan to Joe, when he was looking after me.

'Dear Biddy,' I said, 'you have the best husband in the whole world.'

'I couldn't love him more than I do,' she replied.

'And dear Joe, you have the best wife in the world, and she will make you as happy as even you deserve to be, dear good Joe!' Joe put his arm over his eyes. 'And Joe and Biddy, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all you've done for me. Tell me you forgive me for not being grateful, and not being good. And think better of me in the future!'

'Oh dear old Pip,' said Joe, 'God knows we forgive you, if there is anything to forgive!'

So I left the forge, and started a new life, working as a clerk for Clarrikers, Herbert's company. I was sent to the new office in India to take charge, while Herbert came back to England to marry his Clara.

Herbert and his wife invited me to live with them, and we all stayed out in India for many years. In the end I too became a partner in the company. We worked hard and honestly, and made good profits.

It was not until eleven years later that I returned to England and saw Biddy and Joe again, although I had been writing regularly to them. One evening in December I gently pushed open the old kitchen door, and there, sitting by the fire next to Joe, in my old place, was Pip! Joe and Biddy's son had my name and looked just like me. They also had a little daughter, and were the happiest of parents.

'Dear Pip,' said Biddy quietly to me after supper, 'have you quite forgotten her? Tell me, as an old friend.'

'My dear Biddy, I can never forget her. But that was all a dream, which has passed!'

But I was secretly planning to revisit Miss Havisham's old house, alone, as a way of remembering Estella. I had heard that her husband had been very cruel to her. They had separated, and then he had died two years ago. Perhaps she had remarried by now.

The old house had been knocked down, and there was nothing left but piles of stones in the garden. In the moonlight I walked sadly around, until suddenly I saw a woman's figure in the shadows. I went closer and then——

'Estella!' I cried.

'You recognize me? I have changed a lot,' she answered.

She was older, but still beautiful. I had never before seen such a soft light in those once proud eyes, or felt such a friendly touch of her once cold hand.

'It's strange, Estella! After so many years, we meet by chance, here, where we first met!'

'Yes, it's strange. I haven't been here for years, although the land belongs to me. But tell me, you still live abroad?'

'Yes, I still do. I'm doing well in India.'

'I've often thought of you. Since my husband died, I have given you a place in my heart.'

'You have always held your place in my heart, I answered.

There was silence for a few moments.

'I didn't think I would say goodbye to you here,' she said.

'It's painful saying goodbye, Estella.'

'But last time you said, "God bless you, God forgive you!" You could say that to me now, now that I understand how much you loved me, now that I have suffered, now that I am a better person. Tell me we are friends.' she spoke more eagerly than I had ever heard her speak before.

'We are friends,' I said, taking her hand.

'And will continue being friends, even when we are apart,' said Estella.

We walked, hand in hand, out of the old garden. As the morning mist had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so the evening mist was rising now, and in the clear moonlight I saw no shadow of another separation from her.

19 一次婚礼

一连串的打击使我严重病倒几周。赫伯特出国了，为克拉雷克斯做生意。如果不是乔听说我病了并来伦敦护理我，这里是没有人会照顾我

的。

当我渐渐好一点儿，他告诉我当地一些消息。郝薇香小姐已经死了，除了4000英镑由马修·朴凯特继承，留下的所有财产归了艾丝黛拉。奥立克因为破门而入潘波趣的家偷了他的钱，已经被逮捕了，亲爱的老乔好像没什么变化。但是，当我更好一些，他开始想起我是一位绅士，又叫我先生。一天早晨，当我起了床时，发现他已经走了。

我决定回铁匠铺，去感谢他的一切帮助，并携带着我已经考虑了一会儿的一个计划。我想请求毕蒂和我结婚，我知道和她会幸福的。因此，我乘马车去了老家，像这样的做法以前有很多次，我来到铁匠铺。但是，当我走近时，我听不到乔的锤子声音。我看到窗户上崭新的白色窗帘，到处是色彩鲜艳的花朵。在门口，突然我看到毕蒂和乔拥抱着。

“匹普！”毕蒂高兴地叫起来，跑过来吻我，“匹普，今天是我的婚礼，我和乔结婚啦！”

我仍然受疾病的折磨提不起精神，对我打击太大了。他们不得不帮助我进了屋，让我在椅子上休息。他们俩对我的偶然到来如此高兴，使他们的婚礼更完美。我唯一高兴的是，当他照顾我时，从来没有对他讲过我的计划。

“亲爱的毕蒂，”我说，“你有世界最好的丈夫。”

“我特别爱他。”她回答说。

“亲爱的乔，你有世界上最好的妻子，她会使你和你应得的一样幸福，亲爱的大好人乔！”乔用手臂捂着双眼，“乔和毕蒂，我从内心感谢你们为我所做的一切。告诉我，你们原谅我没有感恩、没有做好。想想我将来会好起来的！”

“噢，亲爱的老匹普，”乔说，“如果有什么可原谅的，上帝知道，我们原谅你！”

因此，我离开铁匠铺，开始一种新生活，做了一名职员为克拉雷克斯，赫伯特的公司工作。当赫伯特回到英格兰和他的克莱拉结婚时，我被指派到印度的新事务所从事收费工作。

赫伯特和他的妻子邀请我和他们住在一起，我们在印度住了许多年。最终，我在该公司也成了一个股东。我们努力诚实地工作，并取得了丰厚的利润。

最终，11年后，我回到了英格兰，再一次看看毕蒂和乔。虽然，我经常给他们写信。在12月份的一个晚上，我轻轻地推开那个旧厨房门。在这儿，这是我的老地方，在火炉旁边紧挨着乔坐着的是——匹普！乔和毕蒂的儿子取了我的名字，看上去很像我。他们还有一个小女儿，是最幸福的父母。

“亲爱的匹普，”晚饭后，毕蒂心平气和地对我说，“你差不多忘记她了吧？作为一个老朋友，告诉我。”

“我亲爱的毕蒂，我从来不能忘记她，不过，那都是梦想，一切成为过去！”

但是，我正秘密地计划去单独重访郝薇香小姐的故居，作为想起艾丝黛拉的方法。我听说过，她的丈夫对她十分粗野，他们已经离婚。两年前，他已经死了。或许目前她已经再婚了。

那座旧住宅已经被拆掉，没有什么东西留下，而在花园里有一堆石头。在日光下，我伤心地在周围转转，直到我突然朦朦胧胧看见一个女人的身影。我走近一些，这时——

“艾丝黛拉！”我叫喊起来。

“你认得出我？我变了许多，”她回答。

她是老了一些，但是仍然很漂亮。我以前从来没有在这双曾经傲慢的眼睛上见过这样的温柔明亮，摸到她那曾经冷冰冰的手感觉这样的亲切。

“真奇怪，艾丝黛拉！这么多年后，我们在这里也是第一次见面的地方偶然相见！”

“是的，真奇怪，虽然这块房基地是属于我的，但是，我多年不在这里了。告诉我，你还住在国外吗？”

“是的，我还在国外，我在印度干得很好。”

“我常想起你，自从——我的丈夫——死后，我一直给你在心中留着位置。”

“你总是在我心中占有位置，”我回答。

沉默了一会儿。

“我不想在这儿向你告别。”她说。

“告别，那是痛苦的，艾丝黛拉。”

“但是，最后一次你说，‘上帝保佑你，上帝原谅你！’你现在能对我那样说吗。现在，我才明白你是多么的爱我，现在，我很痛苦，现在，我是个比较好的人。告诉我，我们是朋友。”她渴望说的超过以前我听到过她说的话。

“我们是朋友，”我拉着她的手说。

“即使我们分开，也会继续是朋友，”艾丝黛拉说。

我们手拉手走出那个旧花园。当晨雾老早升起来的时候，我第一次离开了铁匠铺。那么，现在夜雾正在升起，在这清朗的月光下，我却看不到另外一个影子从她那里分离出来。

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简介

爱情未必总是幸福的历程，相爱的人也未必总是彼此善待。我们都熟知很多恋人因外来压力不能相聚的故事——有时是因为他们的家庭，有时是迫于他们所处社会的世俗习惯。

在《呼啸山庄》中，使恋人隔开的主要原因来自他们自身。这个故事中的人物，像现实世界的人们一样，有弱点——正是这些弱点导致了他们的不幸。他们高傲、自私；他们经常陷于感情纠葛之中，又不能决定自己的命运。爱情经常由于这些原因而失败，但现实生活中很少有像这个故事中所描述的这样动人心魄。

艾米莉·勃朗特（1818—1848）出生和生活于英格兰北部的约克郡，也是《呼啸山庄》这个故事发生的地方。她与她的姐姐夏洛蒂和妹妹安妮都属当时英格兰最伟大的小说家之列。

1 Mr Lockwood visits Wuthering Heights

1801 I have just returned from a visit to my landlord, Mr Heathcliff. I am delighted with the house I am renting from him. Thrushcross Grange is miles away from any town or village. That suits me perfectly. And the scenery here in Yorkshire is so beautiful!

Mr Heathcliff, in fact, is my only neighbour, and I think his character is similar to mine. He does not like people either.

‘My name is Lockwood,’ I said, when I met him at the gate to his house. ‘I’m renting Thrushcross Grange from you. I just wanted to come and introduce myself.’

He said nothing, but frowned, and did not encourage me to enter. After a while, however, he decided to invite me in.

‘Joseph, take Mr Lockwood’s horse!’ he called. ‘And bring up some wine from the cellar!’ Joseph was a very old servant, with a sour expression on his face. He looked crossly up at me as he took my horse.

‘God help us! A visitor!’ he muttered to himself. Perhaps there were no other servants, I thought. And it seemed that Mr Heathcliff hardly ever received guests.

His house is called Wuthering Heights. The name means ‘a windswept house on a hill’, and it is a very good description. The trees around the house do not grow straight, but are bent by the north wind, which blows over the moors every day of the year. Fortunately, the house is strongly built, and is not damaged even by the worst winter storms. The name ‘Earnshaw’ is cut into a stone over the front door.

Mr Heathcliff and I entered the huge main room. It could have been any Yorkshire farmhouse kitchen, except that there was no sign of cooking, and no farmer sitting at the table. Mr Heathcliff certainly does not look like a farmer. His hair and skin are dark, like a gipsy’s, but he has the manners of a gentleman. He could perhaps take more care with his appearance, but he is handsome. I think he is proud, and also unhappy.

We sat down by the fire, in silence.

‘Joseph!’ shouted Mr Heathcliff. No answer came from the cellar, so he dived down there, leaving me alone with several rather fierce-looking dogs. Suddenly one of them jumped angrily up at me, and in a moment all the others were attacking me. From every shadowy corner in the great room appeared a growling animal, ready to kill me, it seemed.

‘Help! Mr Heathcliff! Help!’ I shouted, trying to keep the dogs back. My landlord and his servant were in no hurry to help, and could not have climbed the cellar steps more slowly, but luckily a woman, who I supposed was the housekeeper, rushed into the room to calm the dogs.

‘What the devil is the matter?’ Mr Heathcliff asked me rudely, when he finally entered the room.

‘Your dogs, sir!’ I replied. ‘You shouldn’t leave a stranger with them. They’re dangerous.’

‘Come, come, Mr Lockwood. Have some wine. We don’t often have strangers here, and I’m afraid neither I nor my dogs are used to receiving them.’

I could not feel offended after this, and accepted the wine. We sat drinking and talking together for a while. I suggested visiting him tomorrow. He did not seem eager to see me again, but I shall go anyway. I am interested in him, even if he isn’t interested in me.

* * *

Two days later Yesterday afternoon was misty and bitterly cold, but I walked the four miles to Wuthering Heights and arrived just as it was beginning to snow. I banged on the front door for ten minutes, getting colder and colder. Finally Joseph’s head appeared at a window of one of the farm buildings.

‘What do you want?’ he growled.

‘Could you let me in?’ I asked desperately.

He shook his head. ‘There’s only Mrs Heathcliff indoors, and she won’t open the door to you.’

Just then a young man appeared and called me to follow him. We went through the back door and into the big room where I had been before. I was delighted to see a warm fire and a table full of food. And this time there was a woman sitting by the fire. She must be Mrs Heathcliff, I thought. I had not imagined my landlord was married. She looked at me coldly without saying anything.

‘Terrible weather!’ I remarked. There was silence.

‘What a beautiful animal!’ I tried again, pointing to one of the dogs that had attacked me. She still said nothing, but got up to make the tea. She was only about seventeen, with the most beautiful little face I had ever seen. Her golden wavy hair fell around her shoulders.

‘Have you been invited to tea?’ she asked me crossly.

‘No, but you are the proper person to invite me,’ I smiled.

For some reason this really annoyed her. She stopped making the tea, and threw herself angrily back in her chair. Meanwhile the young man was staring aggressively at me. He looked like a farm worker, but seemed to be part of the family. I did not feel at all comfortable. At last Heathcliff came in.

‘Here I am, sir, as I promised!’ I said cheerfully.

‘You shouldn’t have come,’ he answered, shaking the snow off his clothes. ‘You’ll never find your way back in the dark.’

‘Perhaps you could lend me a servant to guide me back to the Grange?’ I asked.

‘No, I couldn’t. There aren’t any servants here except Joseph and the housekeeper. Get the tea ready, will you?’ he added fiercely to the young woman. I was shocked by his unpleasantness.

We sat down to eat. I tried to make conversation with the three silent people round the table.

‘How happy you must be, Mr Heathcliff,’ I began, ‘in this quiet place, with your wife and—’

‘My wife! My wife’s ghost, you mean?’

I suddenly realized I had made a serious mistake. So his wife was dead! Of course he was too old to be married to that young girl. She must be married to the young man next to me, who was drinking his tea out of a bowl and eating his bread with unwashed hands. Perhaps the poor girl had found no one better to marry in this uninhabited area. I turned politely to the young man.

‘Ah, so you are this lady’s husband!’ This was worse than before. His face went red, and he seemed only just able to stop himself hitting me. He muttered something I could not hear.

‘Wrong again, Mr Lockwood,’ said Mr Heathcliff. ‘No, her husband, my son, is dead. This,’ he added, looking scornfully at the young man, ‘is certainly not my son.’

‘My name is Hareton Earnshaw,’ growled the young man.

We finished our meal in silence, and when I looked out of the window, all I could see was darkness and snow.

‘I don’t think I can get home without a guide,’ I said politely. No one answered me. I turned to the woman.

‘Mrs Heathcliff,’ I begged, ‘What can I do? Please help me!’

‘Take the road you came on,’ she replied without interest, opening a book. ‘That’s the best advice I can give.’

‘Mr Heathcliff, I’ll have to stay here for the night!’ I told him.

‘I hope that will teach you not to walk over the moors in bad weather,’ he answered. ‘I don’t keep guest bedrooms. You can share a bed with Hareton or Joseph.’

I was so angry with them all that I could not stay there a moment longer, and rushed out into the darkness. I saw Joseph by the back door, caught hold of the lamp he was carrying, and ran with it to the gate. But the dogs chased after me and attacked me, and I was soon knocked to the ground. Heathcliff and Hareton stood at the door, laughing, as I shouted at the dogs and tried to get up. In the end I was again rescued by the housekeeper, Zillah, who ordered away the dogs and helped me to my feet.

I was so bruised and exhausted that I did not feel strong enough to walk home, and although I did not want to, I had to spend the night at Wuthering Heights. Nobody wished me goodnight, as Zillah took me upstairs to find a bed for me.

1 洛克伍德先生造访呼啸山庄

1801年

我刚刚拜访我的房东希斯克利夫先生回来。我喜欢从他那儿租来的那座房子。画眉山庄无论离哪个村镇都有数英里之遥，正合我的心意。约克郡这儿的风景太美了！

希斯克利夫先生实际上是我唯一的邻居，并且我觉得他的性情与我相仿。他也不喜欢人群。

在通向他房子的院门前我见到了他。“我姓洛克伍德，”我说道，“我租用着您的画眉山庄。我是来同您打个招呼的。”

他没说话，却皱了一下眉头，不太愿意让我进去。但呆了一会儿又决定请我进屋。

“约瑟夫，牵走洛克伍德先生的马！”他喊道，“到地窖里拿些酒上来！”约瑟夫是个很老的仆人，脸上表情乖戾。牵马时气鼓鼓地看了我一眼。

“上帝保佑！来了客人！”他自言自语地嘟囔着。我想可能再没有别的仆人了。看来希斯克利夫先生几乎从不接待客人。

他的房子叫呼啸山庄。意思是“狂风肆虐的山丘上的房子”，名字起得恰如其分。房子周围的树不是直着长，而是被常年累月里从荒原过来的北风吹弯的。好在房子造得结实，即使是冬天最烈的风暴也毁不了。房子正门的一块石头上刻着“欧肖”这个名字。

希斯克利夫先生和我进到极大的正房。它很像是约克郡一个普通农家的厨房，只是没有做饭的迹象，桌旁也没坐着农夫。希斯克利夫先生看上去显然不像个农夫，他的头发和皮肤是深色的，像吉卜赛人，但有绅士的派头。他还能对自己的外表再多上点儿心，但已经算得上英俊了。我觉得他很高傲，而且郁郁寡欢。

我们在火旁坐下，都没说话。

“约瑟夫！”希斯克利夫先生高声喊道。地窖里没有回答，于是他钻了下去，只剩下我单独和几条恶狗在一起。突然有一条气势汹汹地跳起来扑向我，随即其他的几条也都攻向我。这大屋子的每个阴暗角落都蹿出一条嗥叫的恶兽，似乎有要杀了我的架势。

“救命呀！希斯克利夫先生！救命！”我一边竭力不让狗近身，一边高声喊道。我的房东和他的仆人根本不急来解救我，从地窖的楼梯往上爬，慢得不能再慢了。但幸运的是有个女人，我猜她是这儿的女管家，冲进屋里把狗制服了。

“搞什么鬼？”希斯克利夫先生无礼地问我道，这时他终于进了屋。

“是您的狗，先生！”我回答。“您不应该把一个生人和它们撇在一起。它们很危险。”

“好了，好了，洛克伍德先生，喝点酒。我们这儿不常来生人，恐怕我和我这些狗都不知道怎么接待客人。”

这么一来我倒没了被冒犯的感觉，接过了酒。我们坐在一起边喝边聊了一会儿。我提议明天再来拜访他。他对再见我似乎并没有热情，但无论如何我也得去。我对他很有兴趣，虽然他对我没有。

两天后

昨天下午有雾，天气阴冷，但我走了四英里去呼啸山庄，刚到就开始下雪了。我在前门使劲儿敲了10分钟，觉得越来越冷。最后约瑟夫终于从一间农舍的窗子里探出头来。

“你想干什么？”他吼道。

“你能让我进去吗？”我绝望地问。

他摇了摇头。“只有希斯克利夫夫人在家，她不会给你开门的。”

就在这时出现了一个年轻人，叫我跟他走。我们从后门进了我曾去过的那间大屋。看到暖暖的一炉火和一张摆满饭菜的桌子，我精神一振。这次有一个女人坐在火旁。我猜她一定就是希斯克利夫夫人了。我没料到我的房东已有家室。她冷冰冰地看着我，一声没吭。

“这坏天气！”我说。还是沉默。

“真是条好狗！”我指着攻击过我的一条狗，又试探了一次。她还是没说话，却起身沏茶。她只有十七岁上下，一张脸蛋儿是我所见过的

最美的。她金色、波浪般的头发披在肩上。

“是请你来喝茶的吗？”她别扭地问了我一句。

“不，但您应该请我，”我微笑着说。

这话不知为何让她真的有些不悦。茶也不沏了，怒气十足地一屁股坐回她的椅子。同时，那个年轻人也挑衅似地盯着我。他看起来像个农场做工的，但又似乎是这个家庭的成员。我觉得很不自在。最后希斯克利夫终于进来了。

“我来了，先生，我说过我要来的！”我高高兴兴地说。

“你不该来，”他回答，一边抖落衣服上的雪，“天黑了你别想找到回去的路。”

“也许您能派个仆人领我回画眉山庄？”我问道。

“不，我做不到。这儿除了约瑟夫和女管家就没有仆人了。把茶沏好，行吗？”他蛮横地对那个年轻女人加了一句。他的不悦让我大吃一惊。

我们坐下开始进餐。我试着同桌边这三个默不作声的人搭话。

“您该有多幸福啊，希斯克利夫先生，”我发话道，“在这个宁静的地方，与您的夫人和……”

“我的夫人！你指的是我夫人的灵魂吗？”

突然间我意识到我犯了个严重的错误。原来他的夫人已经死了！他这个年龄当然不会娶那么年轻的姑娘。她嫁的一定是我旁边的这个年轻人，他正从碗里喝茶，用来吃面包的手也没有洗。也许这可怜的姑娘在这人烟稀少的地方也找不到更好的人可嫁了。我恭敬地转向那年轻人。

“啊，原来您是这位夫人的先生！”这一下比刚才更糟。他的脸红了，似乎差点儿就忍不住要揍我。他嘟囔了些什么，但我没听清。

“又错了，洛克伍德先生，”希斯克利夫先生说，“不，她的丈夫，我儿子，已经死了。这位，”他边讥讽地看着那年轻人，边补充道，“当然不是我的儿子。”

“我叫哈里敦·欧肖，”年轻人吼道。

我们在沉默中吃完了饭，这时我往窗外望去，能看到的只是一片黑暗和雪花。

“我想，没有向导我回不了家的，”我礼貌地说。没人理睬我的话。我转向那女人。

“希斯克利夫夫人，”我恳求道，“我能怎么办？请帮帮我！”

“顺着你来的原路回去，”她毫不关心地回答，同时打开了一本书，“这是我能给你的最好的建议。”

“希斯克利夫先生，我不得不在这儿过夜了！”我告诉他。

“我希望能接受这个教训，天气不好时别到荒原上走，”他回答，“我未为客人准备卧室。你可以同哈里敦或约瑟夫睡一张床。”

我对他们几个简直是怒不可遏，在这儿我一会儿也呆不下去了，当即冲出门，到了黑暗之中。我看见约瑟夫在后门那儿站着，于是一把抓过他手里的那盏灯，拿着奔大门跑去。但那些狗追着攻向我，我很快就被击倒在地上。在我对着狗高声呵斥，试图站起来那当儿，希斯克利夫和哈里敦却站在门前笑着。最后，又是女管家齐拉救了我，她叱退了狗，扶我站起来。

我浑身是伤，精疲力竭，感觉没力气走回家，虽然我不想留下，但不得不在呼啸山庄过夜了。齐拉带我上楼要为我找张床的时候，谁也没对我说晚安。

2 Catherine Earnshaw's room

1801 'Quietly, sir!' whispered the housekeeper, as we climbed up the dark stairs. 'My master will be angry if he discovers which bedroom you're sleeping in. For some reason he doesn't want anyone to sleep there, I don't know why. They're strange people in this house, you know. Here's the room, sir.'

But I was too tired to listen. 'Thank you, Zillah,' I said, and, taking the candle, I entered the room and closed the door.

The only piece of furniture in the large, dusty bedroom was a bed, placed next to the window. There were heavy curtains which could be pulled around it, to hide the sleeper from anyone else in the room. Looking inside the curtains I saw a little shelf full of books, just under the window. I put my candle down on the shelf, and dropped thankfully on to the bed. I closed the curtains around the bed, and felt safe from Heathcliff and everyone else at Wuthering Heights.

I noticed that there were names written on the wall in childish handwriting—Catherine Earnshaw, Catherine Heathcliff and Catherine Linton. Then I fell asleep, but I was woken very suddenly by a smell of burning. My candle had fallen on to a Bible on the shelf and was burning it. When I opened the Bible to see if it was damaged, I found that wherever there was an empty page, or half a page, someone had written on it, and on the first page was written 'Catherine Earnshaw's diary, 1776'. Who was the girl who had slept in this bed, written her name on the wall, and then written her diary in the Bible, twenty-five years ago? I read it with interest.

'How I hate my brother Hindley!' it began. 'He is so cruel to poor Heathcliff. If only my father hadn't died! While he was alive, Heathcliff was like a brother to Hindley and me. But now Hindley and his wife Frances have inherited the house and the money, and they hate Heathcliff. That horrible old servant Joseph is always angry with Heathcliff and me because we don't pray or study the Bible, and when he tells his master, Hindley always punishes us. I can't stop crying. Poor Heathcliff! Hindley says he is wicked, and can't play with me or eat with me any more.'

My eyes were beginning to close again and I fell asleep. Never before had I passed such a terrible night, disturbed by the most frightening dreams. Suddenly I was woken by a gentle knocking on the window. It must be the branch of a tree, I thought, and tried to sleep again. Outside I could hear the wind driving the snow against the window.

But I could not sleep. The knocking annoyed me so much that I tried to open the window. When it did not open, I broke the glass angrily and stretched out my hand towards the branch. But instead, my fingers closed around a small, ice-cold hand! It held my hand tightly, and a voice cried sadly, 'Let me in! Let me in!'

'Who are you?' I asked, trying to pull my hand away.

'Catherine Linton,' it replied. 'I've come home. I lost my way!' There seemed to be a child's face looking in at the window.

Terror made me cruel. I rubbed the creature's tiny wrist against the broken glass so that blood poured down on to the bed. As soon as the cold fingers let go for a moment, I pulled my hand quickly back, put a pile of books in front of the broken window, and tried not to listen to the desperate cries outside.

'Go away!' I called. 'I'll never let you in, not if you go on crying for twenty years!'

'It is almost twenty years!' replied the sad little voice. 'I've been out here in the dark for nearly twenty years!' The hand started pushing through the window at the pile of books, and I knew it would find me and catch hold of me again. Unable to move, I stared in horror at the shape behind the glass, and screamed.

There were rapid footsteps outside my bedroom door, and then I saw the light of a candle in the room.

'Is anyone here?' whispered Heathcliff. He could not see me behind the curtains, and clearly did not expect an answer. I knew I could not hide from him, so I opened the curtains wide.

I was surprised by the effect of my action. Heathcliff dropped his candle and stood without moving, his face as white as the wall behind him. He did not seem to recognize me.

'It's only your guest, Lockwood,' I said. 'I'm sorry, I must have had a bad dream and screamed in my sleep.'

'To the devil with you, Mr Lockwood!' growled my landlord. 'Who allowed you to sleep in this room? Who was it?'

'It was your housekeeper, Mr Heathcliff,' I said, quickly putting my clothes on. 'And I'm angry with her myself! No one can sleep in a room full of ghosts!'

'What do you mean?' asked Heathcliff, looking suddenly very interested. 'Ghosts, you say?'

'That little girl, Catherine Linton, or Earnshaw, or whatever her name was, must have been wicked! She told me she had been a ghost for nearly twenty years. It was probably a punishment for her wickedness!'

'How dare you speak of her to me?' cried Heathcliff wildly. But as I described my dream, he became calmer, and sat down on the bed, trembling as he tried to control his feelings.

'Mr Lockwood,' he said finally, brushing a tear from his eye, 'you can go into my bedroom to sleep for the rest of the night. I'll stay here for a while.'

'No more sleep for me tonight,' I replied. 'I'll wait in the kitchen until it's daylight, and then I'll leave. You needn't worry about my visiting you again either. I've had enough company for a long time.'

But as I turned to go downstairs, my landlord, thinking he was alone, threw himself on the bed, pushed open the window and called into the darkness. 'Come in! Come in!' he cried, tears rolling down his face. 'Catherine, do come! My darling, hear me this time!'

But only the snow and wind blew into the room.

How could my dream have produced such madness? I could not watch his suffering any more, and went downstairs.

I waited in the kitchen until it was light enough outside for me to find my way through the deep snow back to Thrushcross Grange. The housekeeper there, Ellen Dean, rushed out to welcome me home. She thought I must have died in the previous night's snowstorm. With a warm fire, and a hot meal, I began to recover from my unpleasant experiences.

After my stay at Wuthering Heights, I thought I would never want to speak to any human being again, but by the end of the next day I was beginning to feel lonely. I decided to ask Mrs Dean to sit with me after supper.

‘How long have you lived in this house?’ I asked her.

‘Eighteen years, sir. I came here early in 1783 when my mistress was married, to look after her. And when she died, I stayed here as housekeeper.’

‘Who was your mistress?’ I asked.

‘Her name was Catherine Earnshaw,’ she replied.

‘Ah, my ghostly Catherine,’ I muttered quietly to myself.

‘She married Mr Edgar Linton, a neighbour,’ added Mrs Dean, ‘and they had a daughter, Cathy, who married Mr Heathcliff’s son.’

‘Ah, so that must be the widow, young Mrs Heathcliff at Wuthering Heights!’

‘That’s right, sir. Did you see her? I looked after her as a baby, you know. How is she? I do want to know.’

‘She looked very well, and very beautiful. But I don’t think she’s happy.’

‘Oh, poor thing! And what did you think of Mr Heathcliff?’

‘He’s a rough, hard man, Mrs Dean. But I’m very interested in him. Tell me more about him.’

‘Well, he’s very rich, of course, and mean at the same time. He could live here at Thrushcross Grange, which is a finer house than Wuthering Heights, but he would rather receive rent than live comfortably. But I’ll tell you the whole story of his life, as much as I know, that is, and then you can judge for yourself.’

2 凯瑟琳·欧肖的房间

1801年

“别出声，先生！”我们爬上黑暗的楼梯时女管家轻声对我说。“如果我的主人发现你睡在那间卧室，他会生气的。因为某些原因，他不愿任何人睡在那儿，我不知为什么。这座房子里尽是怪人，这你知道。就是这个房间，先生。”

但我太累了，也没顾得上听。“谢谢，齐拉，”我说，然后拿着蜡烛，进了房间，关上门。

这是一间很大的卧室，积满灰尘，唯一的家具就是那张靠窗放着的床。有几重厚厚的帘子，拉起来可以把床围住，这样房里的其他人就看不见睡觉的人了。我往帘子里头看了一眼，看到窗子的正下方有一个装满了书的架子。我把蜡烛放到架子上，心满意足地躺上了床。我把床的围帘拉上，有一种与希斯克利夫和呼啸山庄所有其他人隔开的安稳感觉。

我注意到墙上写着些名字，笔迹很幼稚——凯瑟琳·欧肖，凯瑟琳·希斯克利夫和凯瑟琳·林顿。然后我就睡着了，但突然我被一阵着火的味儿呛醒了。是蜡烛倒在了架子上的一本《圣经》上，正烧着呢。当我打开那本《圣经》看有没有烧坏时，发现凡是有空白页，或半页空白的地方都写满了字，而第一页上就写着“凯瑟琳·欧肖的日记，1776年”。25年前在这床上睡过、在墙上写上自己的名字，然后又在《圣经》上写日记的姑娘是谁？我饶有兴致地读了下去。

“我恨死我哥哥亨德雷了！”日记开始写道，“他对可怜的希斯克利夫太凶了。如果我爸爸还没过世该多好！他活着的时候，希斯克利夫先生就像是我和亨德雷的兄弟一般。但现在亨德雷和他老婆弗朗西丝继承了房子和财产，而他们恨希斯克利夫。约瑟夫那可恶的老仆人又总是因为希斯克利夫和我祈祷或不读《圣经》而对我们吹胡子瞪眼，当他状告到主人那儿，亨德雷肯定要惩罚我们。我止不住要哭。可怜的希斯克利夫！亨德雷说他邪性，再也不让他跟我一起玩儿，不让他跟我一起吃饭。”

我的眼睛又慢慢合上，睡着了。在这以前我从来没有经历过那么可怕的一夜，被最令人恐惧的梦魇烦扰着。突然间我被窗子上轻轻的敲击声弄醒了，一定是树枝的缘故，我想，打算接着再睡。我能听到外面风卷着雪花打在窗子上的声音。

但我无法入睡。敲击声太让人心烦，我试图打开窗户。窗子打不开，于是我恼怒地砸碎了玻璃向外伸手去够那根树枝。但树枝没够着，却抓住了一只冰凉的小手！小手紧紧抓着我的手，一个声音哭诉道，“让我进去！让我进去！”

“你是谁？”我问道，想把手抽回来。

“凯瑟琳·林顿，”它回答，“我回家了！我迷路了！”似乎有一张孩子的脸由窗外探望进来。

恐惧使我心狠起来。我把那小东西的细小的手腕儿在破玻璃上拉来拉去，直到血滴到了床上。那冰冷的手指一放松，我就赶紧把手抽了回来，在窗子缺口前堆了一摞书，尽量不去听外面那苦苦哀求的声音。

“滚开！”我嚷道，“我决不会让你进来的，再叫20年也没用！”

“已经快有二十年啦！”那凄楚孱弱的声音回答道。“我流落在外面这黑暗里已经将近20年啦！”那只手开始伸过窗子的破口来推那摞书，我知道它会找到我而且又会抓住我的。我一动不能动，惊恐地盯着玻璃后面的影子，放声尖叫起来。

我的卧室门外很快就传来了急促的脚步声，然后就看到房间里有了烛光。

“有人吗？”希斯克利夫低声问。我在帘子后面，他看不见，因而显然不指望会有人回答。我知道我躲不过他了，就把帘子拉开了一大块。

我这个动作的后果让我吃了一惊。希斯克利夫手里的蜡烛掉了，呆呆地站在那儿，他的脸煞白得像他身后的墙。他好像没认出我来。

“我不过是您的客人，洛克伍德啊，”我说。“对不起，想必我做了个恶梦，在睡梦中尖叫出来了。”

“见鬼去吧，洛克伍德先生！”我的房东咆哮道。“谁允许你睡在这房间的？是谁？”

“是您的女管家，希斯克利夫先生，”我说，同时很快地穿上了衣服。“我也很生她的气！没人能睡在这挤满鬼魂的房间！”

“你什么意思？”希斯克利夫问，突然露出很感兴趣的样子。“鬼魂，你说？”

“那个小姑娘，凯瑟琳·林顿，或欧肖，或不管她叫什么，一定是个邪种！她告诉我她已经做了将近二十年的鬼了。这可能就是对她邪恶的惩罚！”

“你怎么竟敢对我说起她来？”希斯克利夫狂怒地高声叫道。但随着我描述着梦境，他开始平静下来，在床边坐下，颤抖着，试图控制他的情绪。

“洛克伍德先生，”最后他开腔了，一边抹去他眼里的一滴泪，“后半夜你可以去我的卧室睡。我要在这儿呆一会儿。”

“今晚我没法再睡了，”我回答。“我要到厨房坐到天亮，然后就走。您也不必担心我会再来拜访您了。就这玩意儿已够折腾我好一阵子了。”

当我转身下楼时，我的房东以为就他自己了，一头倒在床上，推开窗户，对着黑暗喊叫起来。“进来吧！进来吧！”他哭喊着，眼泪顺着他的脸淌下来。“凯瑟琳，来吧！我的爱人，这次你听到我了吧！”

但只有雪花和着风吹进房来。

我的梦怎么会让他如此疯狂？我不忍再看他凄苦的样子，下楼去了。

我在厨房等着，直到外面的天光能使我在深深的雪地里找到回画眉山庄的路。画眉山庄的女管家，艾伦·迪恩，赶出来迎我回家。她以为我一定在头夜的暴风雪中死了呢。抱着暖暖的一炉火，吃了一顿热乎乎的饭菜，我开始从我不快的经历中恢复了过来。

打我在呼啸山庄过了一夜之后，我想我再也不会同任何人说话了，但到了第二天后半晌我又开始觉得孤单。我决定让迪恩夫人在晚饭后陪我坐一会儿。

“你在这房子里住了多久啦？”我问她。

“18年啦，先生。我是在1783年初我的女主人结婚时来这儿的，来照顾她。她死后，我就做了这儿的女管家。”

“你的女主人是谁？”我问。

“她名叫凯瑟琳·欧肖，”她回答。

“啊，我的鬼魂凯瑟琳，”我喃喃地自语道。

“她嫁给了艾加·林顿先生，一个邻居，”迪恩夫人补充说，“后来他们生了个女儿，凯茜，嫁给了希斯克利夫先生的儿子。”

“哦，一定就是那个寡妇，呼啸山庄里年轻的希斯克利夫夫人！”

“对，先生。您见到她了吗？她小时候是我看的，您知道。她怎么样？我真的很想知道。”

“她看上去很好，非常漂亮。但我觉得她并不开心。”

“噢，可怜的人儿！那您觉得希斯克利夫先生怎么样？”

“他是个粗暴、苛刻的人，迪恩夫人。但我对他挺有兴趣。给我再说些他的事。”

“嗯，他很富，当然，同时吝啬。他本可以住在画眉山庄这儿，房子要比呼啸山庄好，但他宁愿收租金也不愿住得舒坦。我会给您讲所有有关他的事儿，就是尽我所知的，然后您就可以自己判断了。”

3 Ellen Dean's story—Catherine and Heathcliff as children

1770 When I was a child, I was always at Wuthering Heights, because my mother was a servant with the Earnshaw family. They are a very old family who have lived in that house for centuries, as you can see from their name on the stone over the front door. I grew up with Catherine and Hindley Earnshaw, and we three played together as children.

One day, their father Mr Earnshaw came back from a long journey. He had travelled sixty miles to Liverpool and back on business, and was very tired.

‘Look what I’ve brought you!’ he told us all, unwrapping something he was holding carefully in his arms. Catherine and Hindley were expecting presents, and they rushed eagerly to see what it was. They were very disappointed to see only a dirty, black-haired gipsy child.

‘I found him all alone in the busy streets of Liverpool,’ Mr Earnshaw explained to them, ‘and I couldn’t leave him to die. He can sleep in your room.’ But Hindley and Catherine were angry because they had not received any presents, and refused to let the strange child share their room. However Mr Earnshaw insisted, and little by little the boy became accepted by the family. He was called Heathcliff, as a first and last name. No one ever discovered who his parents had been.

Catherine and he became great friends, but Hindley hated him, and was often cruel to him. Old Mr Earnshaw was strangely fond of this gipsy child, and frequently punished his son for behaving badly to Heathcliff. Hindley began to be jealous of his father’s feelings for Heathcliff, and saw them both as enemies.

This situation could not last. As Mr Earnshaw grew old and ill, Heathcliff became even more his favourite, and Hindley often quarrelled with his father. When Hindley was sent away to study, I hoped that we would have peace in the house. But then it was that old servant Joseph who caused trouble. He tried to persuade his master to be stricter with the children, and was always complaining that Heathcliff and Catherine did not spend enough time studying the Bible or attending church services.

Catherine was a wild, wicked girl in those days. We had to watch her every moment of the day, to stop her playing her tricks on us. She was proud, and liked giving orders. But she had the prettiest face and the sweetest smile you’ve ever seen. I could forgive her anything when she came to say she was sorry.

She was much too fond of Heathcliff, and the worst punishment we could invent was to keep her separate from him. Her father could no longer understand her or her behaviour, and Catherine did not realize that his illness made him less patient with her.

At last Mr Earnshaw found peace. He died quietly in his chair by the fire one October evening in 1775. The night was wild and stormy, and we were all sitting together in the big kitchen. Joseph was reading his Bible at the table, while Catherine had her head on her father’s knee. He was pleased to see her so gentle for once, and she was singing him to sleep. I was glad the old gentleman was sleeping so well. But when it was time to go to bed, Catherine put her arms round her father’s neck to say goodnight, and immediately screamed, ‘Oh, he’s dead, Heathcliff! He’s dead!’

Heathcliff and I started crying loudly and bitterly too. Joseph told me to fetch the doctor, so I ran to the village, although I knew it was too late. When I came back, I went to the children’s room, to see if they needed me, and I listened for a moment at their door. They were imagining the dead man in a beautiful distant place, far from the troubles of this world. And as I listened, crying silently, I could not help wishing we were all there safe together.

3 艾伦·迪恩讲述的故事

——凯瑟琳和希斯克利夫的童年

1770年

我小时候一直在呼啸山庄，因为我母亲在欧肖家做用人。欧肖家是一个很古老的家族，在那幢宅子住了好几百年，你能从门前石头上刻着的名字看出来。我是同凯瑟琳和亨德雷·欧肖一起长大的，小时候我们仨都在一起玩儿。

一天，他们的父亲欧肖先生出远门回来。他步行了六十英里去利物浦办事后又赶回来，非常疲倦。

“看我给你们带来了什么！”他对我们大家说，一边打开了怀里小心抱着的东西。凯瑟琳和亨德雷正指着是礼物呢，兴冲冲地围上来看到底是什么东西。当他们只看到一个脏兮兮、黑头发的吉卜赛孩子时，大失所望。

“我看到他孤零零地呆在利物浦繁忙的街头，”欧肖先生对他们解释说，“我总不能让他就那么死了吧。他可以睡在你们的房里。”但亨德雷和凯瑟琳气恼没有得到礼物，不肯让这个野孩子睡在他们的房间。在欧肖先生的坚持下，一家人还是渐渐地接受了这个孩子。给他起了个名字叫希斯克利夫，既是名，也是姓。始终没人搞清楚他的父母是谁。

凯瑟琳和他成了好朋友，但亨德雷不喜欢他，对他常常很粗暴。老欧肖先生异乎寻常地喜欢这个吉卜赛孩子，时常因为自己的儿子对希斯克利夫不友善而惩罚他。亨德雷开始嫉妒他父亲对希斯克利夫的感情，视他俩为敌。

这种情况不可能持续下去。随着欧肖先生变得年迈多病，他越发地偏爱希斯克利夫了，而亨德雷则常同他父亲吵架。当亨德雷被送到外头上学后，我本指望我们能在家里过上安稳日子。但又轮到老仆人约瑟夫招惹是非。他试图怂恿他的主人对孩子们再严厉些，总是抱怨希斯克利夫和凯瑟琳不下功夫研读《圣经》和参加教堂的礼拜。

凯瑟琳当时是个任性、淘气的姑娘。我们一天到晚都得盯着她，一不留意就做我们的恶作剧。她自大，好发号施令。但您从没看到过她那可爱的小脸和甜甜的微笑。只要她过来说抱歉时，我就什么都原谅她了。

她太喜欢希斯克利夫了，不让她和希斯克利夫在一起是我们所能采取的最严厉的惩罚。她的父亲已无法理解她和她的所作所为，而凯瑟琳也没有意识到父亲的病情已使她对自己不像以前那样惯着了。

欧肖先生最终安息了。1775年10月的一个晚上，他安祥地死在火炉旁他的椅子上。那天晚上狂风肆虐，我们都一起坐在大厨房里。约瑟夫伏案读着他的《圣经》，凯瑟琳把头枕在她父亲的膝头。好不容易看到她这么乖，欧肖先生很高兴，她唱着歌儿催他入眠。老先生睡得这么好，我很欣慰。但该上床睡觉，凯瑟琳用胳膊搂着她父亲的脖子道晚安时，她突然尖叫起来，“啊，他死了，希斯克利夫！他死了！”

希斯克利夫和我也都开始嚎啕痛哭。约瑟夫叫我去喊大夫，虽然我知道太晚了，但还是跑去了村子。回来后，我到孩子们的房间去看看他们是否需要我，我在门前站着听了一会儿。他们正在那儿想像死去的人如何在一个遥远、美丽的地方远离凡世的烦恼。我边听边默默地哭着，不禁开始祈望我们都能在天堂相安无事地相处。

4 Catherine Earnshaw gets to know the Lintons

1775 Hindley came home for his father's burial. What was more surprising was that he brought a wife with him. She was called Frances, a thin, pale woman with a frequent cough. Now that Hindley was the master of the house, he ordered Joseph and me to spend our evenings in the small back-kitchen, as we were only servants, while he, his wife and Catherine sat in the main room. Catherine and Heathcliff were treated very differently. Catherine received presents, and could continue her lessons, but Heathcliff was made to work on the farm with the men, and, as a farm worker, was only allowed to eat with us in the backkitchen. They grew up like two wild animals. Hindley did not care what they did, as long as they kept out of his way, and they did not care even if he punished them. They often ran away on to the moors in the morning and stayed out all day, just to make Hindley angry. I was the only one who cared what happened to the two poor creatures, and I was afraid for them.

One Sunday evening they were missing at bedtime, and Hindley ordered me angrily to lock the front door. But I did not want them to stay out in the cold all night, so I kept my window open to look out for them. In a while I saw Heathcliff walking through the gate. I was shocked to see him alone.

'Where's Catherine?' I cried sharply.

'At Thrushcross Grange, with our neighbours the Lintons,' he replied. 'Let me in, Ellen, and I'll explain what happened.' I went down to unlock the door, and we came upstairs very quietly.

'Don't wake the master up!' I whispered. 'Now tell me!'

'Well, Catherine and I thought we'd just walk to the Lintons' house. We wanted to see if Isabella and Edgar Linton are punished all the time by their parents, as we are.'

'Probably not,' I answered. 'I expect they are good children and don't need to be punished.'

'Nonsense, Ellen! Guess what we saw when we looked in at their sittingroom window? A very pretty room, with soft carpets and white walls. Catherine and I would love to have a room like that! But in the middle of this beautiful room, Isabella and Edgar Linton were screaming and fighting over a little dog! How stupid they are, Ellen! If Catherine wanted something, I would give it to her, and she would do the same for me. I would rather be here at Wuthering Heights with her, even if I'm punished by Joseph and that wicked Hindley, that at Thrushcross Grange with those two fools!'

'Not so loud, Heathcliff! But you still haven't told me why Catherine isn't with you?'

'Well, as we were looking in, we started laughing at them so loudly that they heard us, and sent the dogs after us. We were about to run away, when a great fierce dog caught Catherine's leg in its teeth. I attacked it, and made it let go of her leg, but the Lintons' servants appeared and caught hold of me. They must have thought we were robbers. Catherine was carried unconscious into the house, and they pulled me inside too. All the time I was shouting and swearing at them.

'What a wicked pair of thieves!' said old Mr Linton. 'The boy must be a gipsy, he's as dark as the devil!' Mrs Linton raised her hands in horror at the sight of me. Catherine opened her eyes, and Edgar looked closely at her.

'Mother,' he whispered, 'the young lady is Miss Earnshaw, of Wuthering Heights. I've seen her in church occasionally. And look what our dog has done to her leg! It's bleeding badly!'

'Miss Earnshaw with a gipsy!' cried Mrs Linton. 'Surely not! But I think you must be right, Edgar. This girl is wearing black, and Mr Earnshaw died recently. It must be her. I'd better put a bandage on her leg at once.'

'Why does her brother Hindley let her run around with such a companion?' wondered Mr Linton. 'I remember now, he's the gipsy child Mr Earnshaw brought home from Liverpool a few years ago.'

'He's a wicked boy, you can see that,' said Mrs Linton. 'And did you hear the bad language he used just now? I'm shocked that my children heard it.'

'I was pushed out into the garden, but I stayed to watch through the window. They put Catherine on a comfortable sofa, cleaned her wound and fed her with cakes and wine. I only left the house when I was sure she was well taken care of. She's a breath of fresh air for those stupid Lintons. I'm not surprised they like her. Everybody who sees her must love her, mustn't they, Ellen?'

'I'm afraid you'll be punished for this, Heathcliff,' I said sadly.

And I was right. Hindley warned Heathcliff that he must never speak to Catherine again, or he would be sent away from Wuthering Heights, and it was decided that Catherine would be taught to behave like a young lady.

She stayed with the Linton family at Thrushcross Grange for five weeks, until Christmas. By that time her leg was fine, and her manners were much better than before. Frances Earnshaw visited her often, bringing her pretty dresses to wear, and persuading her to take care of her appearance, so that when she finally came home after her long absence, she almost seemed a different person. Instead of a wild, hatless girl, we saw a beautiful, carefully dressed young lady.

When she had greeted all of us, she asked for Heathcliff.

'Come forward, Heathcliff!' called Hindley. 'You may welcome Miss Catherine home, like the other servants.'

Heathcliff was used to being outside all day, and had not bothered to wash or change his clothes. His face and hands were black with dirt. In spite of this, Catherine was very glad to see him and rushed up to kiss him. Then she laughed.

'How funny and black and cross you look! But that's because I'm used to Edgar and Isabella, who are always so clean and tidy. Well, Heathcliff, have you forgotten me?'

But, ashamed and proud, the boy said nothing, until suddenly his feelings were too much for him.

'I won't stay to be laughed at!' he cried, and was about to run away, when Catherine caught hold of his hand.

'Why are you angry, Heathcliff? You...you just look a bit strange, that's all. You're so dirty!'

She looked worriedly at her hands, and her new dress.

'You needn't have touched me!' he said, pulling away his hand. 'I like being dirty, and I'm going to be dirty!'

As he ran miserably out of the room, Hindley and his wife laughed loudly, delighted that their plan to separate the two young people seemed to be succeeding.

The next day was Christmas Day. Edgar and Isabella Linton had been invited to lunch, and their mother had agreed, on condition that her darlings were kept carefully apart from ‘that wicked boy’. I felt sorry for poor Heathcliff, and while the Earnshaws were at church, I helped him wash and dress in clean clothes.

‘You’re too proud,’ I scolded him as I brushed his black hair. ‘You should think how sad Catherine is when you can’t be together. And don’t be jealous of Edgar Linton!’

‘I wish I had blue eyes and fair hair like him! I wish I behaved well, and was going to inherit a fortune!’

‘He has none of your intelligence or character! And if you have a good heart, you’ll have a handsome face. Who knows who your parents were? Perhaps a king and queen, far more important than the Lintons!’

In this way I encouraged Heathcliff to have more confidence in himself. But when the Earnshaws and the Lintons arrived back from church, the first thing Hindley did was shout at Heathcliff.

‘Get out of my sight, until we’ve finished eating! I’ll pull that long hair of yours if you don’t obey me at once!’

‘It is long,’ said Edgar. ‘I’m surprised he can see anything.’

This was too much for Heathcliff. He looked desperately around for a weapon, picked up a bowl of hot soup and threw it at Edgar, who started screaming. Hindley immediately took hold of Heathcliff and pushed him upstairs.

‘I’m sure Hindley’s going to hit him!’ cried Catherine. ‘I hate it when Heathcliff is punished! It’s your fault, Edgar, you annoyed him! Why did you speak to him?’

‘I didn’t,’ replied Edgar, tears in his eyes. ‘I promised Mother I wouldn’t. I spoke about him, not to him.’

‘Well, don’t cry,’ said Catherine with scorn. ‘You’ve made enough trouble already. Here comes my brother.’

Hindley returned, hot and breathless.

‘That’ll teach him!’ he said. ‘And now let’s have lunch!’

The others seemed to forget Heathcliff, but I noticed Catherine could not eat much, and I knew she was sorry for her friend. In the evening there was music from a travelling band, and dancing in the main room. Catherine said the music sounded sweeter from high up, and so she went to sit in the dark on the stairs. When I went to find her, however, I discovered she had gone right to the top of the house to talk to Heathcliff through his locked bedroom door, and had then climbed out on to the roof and in through his window. I persuaded them both to come out of the room the same way, as I had no key to the door, and took Heathcliff down into the warm servants’ kitchen with me, while Catherine returned to her guests and the dancing.

‘You must be hungry, Heathcliff,’ I said. ‘You haven’t eaten all day. Have some Christmas cake, do.’

‘I can’t eat anything,’ he growled, putting his head in his hands. ‘I’ve got to think how I can have my revenge on Hindley. I only hope he doesn’t die first! He’ll be sorry he’s treated me like this, Ellen!’

4 凯瑟琳·欧肖认识了林顿一家

1775年

亨德雷回家参加他父亲的葬礼。更令人惊奇的是他带回来个妻子。她叫弗朗西丝，是个瘦瘦的白白的女人，咳嗽个不停。这会儿亨德雷成了这宅子的主人，他责令约瑟夫和我晚上呆在后面的小厨房里，因为我们是下人，而他、他妻子和凯瑟琳则坐在正屋里。凯瑟琳和希斯克利夫的境遇大不相同。凯瑟琳收到了礼物，可以继续学习，但希斯克利夫被遣去与男人们一起在农庄干活，一个干农活的，只能被允许和我们在后面厨房里一起吃饭。他们俩像两个小野人似地长大了，亨德雷对他们的所作所为不闻不问，只要他们别碍着他的事；而他们就算被亨德雷惩罚也不吃他那一套。他们常常一大早就跑到荒原上，一整天都呆在外面，就是为了气气亨德雷。只有我才关心这两个可怜的小东西，替他们担惊受怕。

一个星斯天的晚上，该睡觉的时候还没见他们人影，亨德雷怒冲冲地命令我锁上前门。但我不想他们大冷天整夜呆在外头，所以我就没关我的窗户，留意着他们。过了一会儿，我看到希斯克利夫走进了大门。见到只有他一个人，我大吃一惊。

“凯瑟琳哪儿去了？”我尖声叫道。

“在画眉山庄，在我们的邻居林顿家，”他回答。“让我进去，艾伦，我会跟你解释是怎么回事。”我下去开了门，我们一声不响地走上楼。

“别吵醒了主人！”我小声说。“现在说吧！”

“呃，凯瑟琳和我本打算走到林顿家，我们想看看伊莎贝拉和艾加·林顿是不是也像我们这样天天受他们父母的罚。”

“八成不会，”我答道。“我想他们都是好孩子，没必要惩罚。”

“不是那么回事儿，艾伦！猜猜我们从他们起居室的窗子望进去时看到了什么？那是一个很漂亮的房间，铺着软软的地毯，四壁洁白。凯瑟琳和我要是有那么一间该多好！但就在这漂亮房间的中间，伊莎贝拉和艾加·林顿正围着一只小狗又吵又闹！他们多傻啊，艾伦！如果凯瑟琳想要什么东西，我就会给她，她对我也一样。就算约瑟夫和那个坏亨德雷惩罚我，我也宁愿跟凯瑟琳在呼啸山庄，而不愿在画眉山庄与那两个傻瓜在一起！”

“小声点儿，希斯克利夫！但你还没告诉我凯瑟琳为什么没和你在一起？”

“呃，我们往里看的时候开始笑出声来，声音太大被听见了，他们就放狗追我们。就在我们要跑开的当儿，一条凶猛的大狗咬住了凯瑟琳的腿。我打了狗，让它放开她的腿，但林顿家的仆人出来抓住了我。他们肯定是把我们当贼了。凯瑟琳人事不醒，被抬进了房里，他们把我也拽了进去。我一直在不停地大叫大骂他们。

“这两个小恶贼！”老林顿夫人说。“这小子一定是个吉卜赛人，看他黑得像鬼一样！”林顿夫人一看到我，双手惊恐地举了起来。凯瑟琳睁开眼，艾加紧盯着她。

“妈妈，”他低声说，“这小姑娘是呼啸山庄的欧肖小姐。我在教堂碰见过她一两次。看我们的狗把她腿咬的！出了这么多血！”

“欧肖小姐和一个吉卜赛人在一起！”林顿夫人叫道。“绝对不可能！但我想你说得没错，艾加。欧肖小姐穿黑带孝，欧肖先生是最近刚过世的。一定是她。我得马上把她的腿包扎一下。”

“她哥哥亨德雷怎么能让她和这么个伴儿到处跑？”林顿先生问。“我想起来了，他是几年前欧肖先生从利物浦带回家的那个吉卜赛孩

子。”

““他是个坏小子，你一眼就能看出来，”林顿夫人说。“你没听见刚才他骂的粗话？我的孩子们听到了这些话，真让人害怕。”’

“我被推到院子里，但我呆着没走，从窗子往里看。他们把凯瑟琳放到一个舒适的沙发上，为她清洗伤口，喂她蛋糕，给她葡萄酒喝。看到她的确受到善待我才离开他们家。她给林顿家那些笨蛋带去了些新鲜空气。他们对她好，我不奇怪。谁见到她都会喜欢她，你说是吗，艾伦？”

“恐怕你会招来惩罚的，希斯科克利夫，”我黯然说道。

我说的不错。亨德雷警告希斯科克利夫再也不许和凯瑟琳说话，要不就把他撵出呼啸山庄，还决定要管教凯瑟琳，让她言谈举止像个年轻淑女的样子。

她在画眉山庄林顿家里住了五个礼拜，直到圣诞节。她腿好了以后，举止比以前规矩多了。弗朗西丝·欧肖常去看她，给她带去漂亮衣服穿，劝说她要注意打扮，所以当久别的凯瑟琳终于回到家时，好像完全变了个人。我们看到的是一个漂漂亮亮、穿戴留意的淑女，不再是那个毛手毛脚、帽子也不戴的小姑娘了。

跟我们大家打完招呼，她问起希斯科克利夫。

“过来，希斯科克利夫！”亨德雷叫道。“你可以像其他仆人一样欢迎凯瑟琳小姐回家。”

希斯科克利夫成天在外面呆惯了，也不上心换洗自己的衣服。他的脸和双手黑黑的，沾满尘土。即使这样，凯瑟琳见了他还是很高兴，冲上去吻了他。然后开怀笑了起来。

“你看上去真好笑，那么黑，还闷闷不乐的！但那是因为我看惯了艾加和伊莎贝拉的缘故，他们总是干干净净、整整齐齐的。唉，希斯科克利夫，你把我忘了吗？”

但这孩子既觉得羞愧，又很自尊，什么都没说，直到最后他突然受不了了。

“我不在这儿让你们嘲笑我！”他叫道，正准备跑出去，凯瑟琳一把抓住了他。

“怎么生气啦，希斯科克利夫？你……你只不过看上去有点怪怪的，仅此而已。你真脏！”

她不大放心地看了看自己的手和新衣服。

“你不必来碰我！”他说着，把手抽了回来。“我喜欢脏，以后还是脏！”

当他窘迫地跑出房间时，亨德雷和他妻子大笑起来，看到拆开这两个年轻人的计划似乎就要得逞，他们很开心。

第二天是圣诞节。已经邀请了艾加和伊莎贝拉·林顿来吃午饭，他们的母亲答应了，条件是要保证她的宝贝儿要离那个“坏小子”远远的。我为可怜的希斯科克利夫感到难过，趁欧肖一家去教堂的功夫，我帮他洗换了干净衣裳。

“你太要强了，”替他梳那头黑发时我埋怨他。“你应该想想你们不能在一块儿凯瑟琳该多难过啊。别去嫉妒艾加·林顿！”

“我多想自己像他那样长着蓝蓝的眼睛，浅色的头发！我但愿自己能举止得体，将来还可以继承一大笔财产！”

“你的聪明和优点他可一点儿也没有！如果你心地善良，你就会变得英俊。谁又知道你父母是什么人物？说不定是国王和王后呢，比林顿家显赫多了！”

我就是这样鼓励希斯科克利夫，让他对自己有更多自信。但当欧肖一家和林顿一家从教堂回来时，亨德雷二话没说就冲着希斯科克利夫吼叫起来。

“我们吃完饭之前别让我看见你！你要是不马上照办我就扯掉你的长头发！”

“头发真长，”艾加说。“想不到他还能看见东西。”

希斯科克利夫忍无可忍。他孤注一掷地往周围看了看，想找个家伙，接着抄起一盆热汤朝艾加泼了过去。艾加尖叫起来。亨德雷当即抓住希斯科克利夫，把他推上了楼。

“亨德雷肯定是要打他！”凯瑟琳哭道。“我不愿希斯科克利夫挨罚！都是你，艾加，你惹怒了他！你为什么要跟他说话？”

“我没有，”艾加答道，眼里含着泪。“我答应妈妈不跟他讲话。我只是说到他，没对他说话。”

“哎，别哭了，”凯瑟琳奚落道。“你惹的事儿够多了。我哥来了。”

亨德雷身上燥热、气喘吁吁地回来了。

“这下他就会学乖了！”他说。“我们现在吃午饭吧！”

其他人好像把希斯科克利夫抛到了脑后，但我看出凯瑟琳吃不下东西，我知道她是为她的朋友感到难过。那天晚上有一个巡回乐队来演奏音乐，在正屋里跳起了舞。凯瑟琳说音乐从高处听更柔美，就去坐到了黑黑的楼梯上。但我去找她时，发现她已经直接跑到房子的顶层，隔着上了锁的门跟希斯科克利夫说话。然后她又爬到房顶上，从他的窗户钻了进去。我劝说他们俩照原样从房间里出来，因为我没有那扇门的钥匙。我把希斯科克利夫领到下面仆人的厨房，那儿暖和，而凯瑟琳则回到客人们中间跳舞去了。

“你一定饿了，希斯科克利夫，”我说。“你一整天没吃东西了。吃些圣诞蛋糕吧，吃吧。”

“我什么也吃不下，”他吼道，把头埋在双手里。“我要想个法子报复亨德雷。我只盼着他别先死了！他这样对我会后悔的，艾伦！”

5 Catherine and Edgar

1778 In the summer of this year Hindley's wife Frances had her first, and last, baby. They called the boy Hareton. But the poor woman had been ill for a long time, although we had not realized it, and died soon after Hareton was born.

Hindley only had room in his heart for two people, himself and his wife, so when she died, he was in despair. He neither cried nor prayed. Instead he swore at God and man, and drank himself to sleep every night. The servants all left him, except for Joseph and me. Joseph enjoyed being able to scold his wicked employer, with warnings from the Bible, and I could not leave Miss Catherine. After all, I had grown up with her and Hindley.

But the master's behaviour was a bad example for Catherine and Heathcliff. At fifteen, Catherine was the most beautiful girl for miles around, but she was proud and quick-tempered. She led what was almost a double life. At Wuthering Heights, under Heathcliff's influence, she annoyed Hindley, laughed at Joseph, and was rude to me. But at Thrushcross Grange, which she often visited, she showed a different, calmer side of her character, and was polite, intelligent and amusing. The Lintons all liked her, and poor Edgar had fallen in love with her.

Heathcliff was sixteen at this time. He did not have time to study any more, and the long hours of work on the farm made him tired and dull. There was always an angry expression on his face, and he did not even try to keep himself clean and tidy. He seemed to want people to dislike him. Catherine and he still spent time together, when he was not working in the fields, but he no longer expressed his fondness for her in words, and he looked angry if she touched or kissed him.

One afternoon, when Hindley had gone into town, Heathcliff came into the main room after lunch. I was helping Catherine to arrange her hair, as she had invited Edgar Linton to visit her while Hindley was absent.

'Catherine, are you going anywhere this afternoon?' asked Heathcliff. 'Why have you got that silk dress on? Nobody's visiting you, I hope.'

'No-o, I don't think so,' replied Catherine, looking quickly at me. 'But you should be at work by now, Heathcliff.'

'That devil Hindley isn't away very often. I'm taking a holiday. I won't work any more today. I'm staying with you this afternoon. He'll never know.'

Catherine thought for a moment. Somehow she had to prepare him for Edgar's visit. 'Isabella and Edgar said they might call here this afternoon. If they come, you'll be scolded for not working.'

'Tell Ellen to say you're busy and can't see them,' he said. 'Those friends of yours take up all your time. You spend most of your evenings with them, not with me.'

'Well, why should I always spend my time with you?' she asked crossly. 'What can you talk about? How can you amuse me?'

'You never told me before that you didn't like my company, Catherine!' cried Heathcliff.

Just then we heard a horse outside, and there was a light knock on the door. Edgar Linton entered, his handsome face full of delight at receiving Catherine's unexpected invitation. I wondered if Catherine was comparing her two friends, as Edgar came in and Heathcliff ran out.

'I haven't come too soon, have I?' asked Edgar politely.

'No,' answered Catherine. 'Leave us alone, Ellen.'

'I'm just doing my work, miss,' I replied, pretending to dust the furniture. Hindley had told me to be present if Edgar Linton came to visit Catherine.

She came up to me, and whispered crossly, 'Go away, Ellen!' Keeping her back to Edgar, she cruelly scratched my arm.

'Oh!' I screamed, to show Edgar what had happened. 'What a wicked thing to do, miss! You have no right to hurt me!'

'I didn't touch you, you lying creature!' she cried angrily, and, unable to control herself, hit me hard on the face.

'Catherine, love! Catherine!' cried Edgar, shocked.

The baby, Hareton, who followed me everywhere, immediately started sobbing and saying, 'Wicked aunt Catherine!'

She picked him up and shook the poor child until he screamed. Edgar rushed up to her and tried to stop her. At once she turned and hit him over the ear as hard as she could.

The young man looked very pale and went straight to the door.

'Where are you going, Edgar Linton?' she asked. 'Don't leave me! I shall be miserable all night!'

'Can I stay after you have hit me?' he replied. 'You've made me afraid and ashamed of you. I won't come here again!'

'Well, go then, if you want to!' she cried. 'I'm going to cry until I'm ill!' and she dropped on to the floor, her shoulders shaking and the tears rolling down her face. Edgar managed to get as far as the door. But here he hesitated, and I called out to him to encourage him to leave.

'Miss is just a selfish child, sir! You'd better ride home and forget her!'

But as he could not stop looking at her, I knew there was no hope for him. Nothing would keep him away from her now. And sure enough, he came back into the room and shut the door. This time I left them alone, and stayed in the kitchen with little Hareton, but when I came to warn them that Hindley had returned, I realized that their quarrel had only brought them closer together.

5 凯瑟琳与艾加

1778年

这年夏天，亨德雷的妻子弗朗西丝生下她的第一个，也是最后一个孩子。他们给这个男孩起名叫哈里顿。尽管我们没有意识到，其实那个可怜的女人已是病了不短时间，在生下哈里顿后不久就死了。

亨德雷的心里只容得下两个人，他和他妻子，她这么一死，亨德雷万念俱灰。他既没哭，也没祈祷。反而怨天尤人，一天到晚地喝酒。仆人们都离开了他，只剩下约瑟夫和我。约瑟夫很高兴能有机会引用《圣经》中的警句来斥责他那恶毒的主人几句，我也离不开凯瑟琳。不管怎么说，我是与她 and 亨德雷一块儿长大的。

但主人的所作所为对凯瑟琳和希斯科克利夫起了坏影响。凯瑟琳15岁时，出落成方圆数英里最漂亮的姑娘，但她傲气十足，性情暴躁。她几乎是过着一种双重生活。在呼啸山庄，受希斯科克利夫的影响，她惹亨德雷生气，拿约瑟夫取笑，对我也无礼。但在她常去的画眉山庄，就表现出她性格中恬静的另一面，她彬彬有礼，聪明风趣。林顿一家都喜欢她，可怜的艾加已经爱上了她。

希斯科克利夫当时16岁。他再也没有时间去学习，终日在农庄里长时间劳作使他身心疲惫、无精打采。他的脸上总是有一种愤愤然的表情，也不上心保持自己的整洁。他好像是想让人讨厌他。他不下地干活儿时，凯瑟琳还时常和他呆在一起，但他不再开口表达对她的深情，凯瑟琳碰他或吻他时，他甚至看上去很恼怒。

一天下午，亨德雷进城去了，希斯科克利夫吃完午饭后进进了正屋。我正在帮凯瑟琳梳理头发，因为她请了艾加·林顿在亨德雷不在家的时候来看她。

“凯瑟琳，你下午要去哪儿吗？”希斯科克利夫问道。“为什么穿上了丝绸礼服？我希望不是有人要来看你吧。”

“没，没有，我没这么想，”凯瑟琳回答，说着瞥了我一眼。“但你现在应该上工了，希斯科克利夫。”

“亨德雷那恶棍不常出去。我今天休假。我今天不干活儿了，我今天下午和你在一起。他不会知道的。”

凯瑟琳寻思了一会儿。她反正要让他对艾加的造访有个准备。“伊莎贝拉和艾加说今天下午要来这儿。如果他们来了，你不干活儿会受责骂的。”

“告诉艾伦说你没空儿，不能见他们，”他说。“你的这帮朋友占用了你全部时间，你多数晚上都和他们在一起，没和我。”

“那，为什么我要总和你在一起呢？”她愠怒地问道。“我们能谈些什么？你能怎样逗我开心？”

“你以前从没告诉我你不喜欢和我在一起，凯瑟琳！”希斯科克利夫大声道。

就在此时我们听到外面传来马声，然后是轻轻的敲门声。艾加·林顿走进来，出乎意料地受到凯瑟琳的邀请，他那英俊的脸上满面春风。我搞不清凯瑟琳是不是在对她的两个朋友做比较，艾加进来时，希斯科克利夫跑了出去。

“我没来得太早吧，是么？”艾加彬彬有礼地问。

“没有，”凯瑟琳回答。“别管我们了，艾伦。”

“我还在干活儿呢，小姐，”我回答，假装掸家具上的灰尘。亨德雷吩咐我如果艾加·林顿来看凯瑟琳，我要在场。

她朝我走过来，懊恼地小声说，“走吧，艾伦！”她背对着艾加，恶狠狠地抓着我的胳膊。

“噢！”我尖叫起来，要让艾加看看到底是怎么回事。“这么做太恶毒了，小姐！你没权伤害我！”

“我没动你，你这个嚼舌头的东西！”她恼怒地喊道，失去了自控，重重地打在我的脸上。

“凯瑟琳，亲爱的！凯瑟琳！”艾加叫道，大吃一惊。

哈里顿那孩子一向是我去哪儿他去哪儿，他马上开始哭出声来，叫着，“坏姑姑凯瑟琳！”

她提起他，摇着这惨兮兮的孩子，直到他尖叫起来。艾加冲上去想制止她。她当即转过身，用尽全身力气打在他的耳部。

这年轻人面色惨白，直奔门而去。

“你去哪儿，艾加·林顿？”她问道。“别离开我！我整夜都会难受的！”

“你打了我，我还能呆下去么？”他回答。“你让我怕了你，为你感到羞耻。我不会再来了！”

“好，走罢，随你便！”她哭喊道。“我要哭出病来！”说着倒在地板上，肩膀战栗着，眼泪顺着脸庞淌下来。

艾加已走到门口。但在那儿犹豫着，我向他喊着，催他离开。

“小姐只是个自私的孩子，先生！你最好骑马回家，忘了她吧！”

但他忍不住看着她，我就知道他没指望了。现在什么都没法使他离开她。自然而然，他回到房里关上门。这次我不管他们了，到厨房和小哈里顿呆着，但当我去提醒他们亨德雷回来了时，我看得出他们这一吵不过是让他们走得更近了。

6 Heathcliff disappears

1778—9 Hindley came into the kitchen, swearing terribly, just as I was about to hide little Hareton, in a cupboard. I was always afraid that Hindley would hurt his small son, either by accident or on purpose, when he was drunk, so I tried to keep Hareton out of the way. But this time Hindley discovered my plan.

‘Ah, you keep my son in a cupboard, do you!’ he cried angrily, picking up a sharp kitchen knife. ‘With the devil’s help I’ll make you swallow this, Ellen!’ And he pushed the knife between my teeth.

I was never afraid he would hurt me, and calmly took the knife out of my mouth.

‘But that can’t be my son, can it?’ he continued aggressively, staring at the frightened little boy. ‘If it is, he should be punished for not running to greet his father. Perhaps I’ll cut his ears off!’ And then suddenly his manner changed. ‘No, Hareton, darling, don’t cry! Kiss me, kiss your father! What? You won’t? Then I’ll break your neck!’

Poor Hareton, screaming wildly, was carried upstairs by his father. Suddenly Hindley stopped on the stairs to listen, almost forgetting what he was holding. Heathcliff had come into the house and stood at the bottom of the stairs, looking up. Just then the child jumped out of Hindley’s arms and fell. I only had time to gasp in horror, before I saw that Heathcliff had caught him.

Heathcliff stared down at the child he was holding. He must have felt sorry he had saved the life of his enemy’s son. I rushed to take the poor little boy in my arms, and Hindley came slowly downstairs.

‘Look what you’ve done, Mr Hindley!’ I cried. ‘You nearly killed your own son! What would his mother say if she were alive?’

‘Take him away, Ellen And you, Heathcliff, go away too. I won’t murder you tonight, unless perhaps I set the house on fire. But that depends how I feel.’ And he poured himself a drink.

‘Don’t drink any more, Mr Hindley!’ I begged.

‘What difference does it make?’ he growled. ‘Get out, both of you! To the devil with you!’

We left him swearing at us, and went back into the kitchen.

‘It’s a pity he can’t kill himself with drink,’ muttered Heathcliff. ‘Dr Kenneth says he’ll live longer than any of us, he’s so strong.’

He walked out of the door and, I thought, into the fields. In fact I discovered later that he was sitting just under the window, and could hear everything that was said in the kitchen.

I was singing little Hareton to sleep when Catherine came in.

‘Are you alone, Ellen?’ she whispered. ‘Where’s Heath cliff?’

‘He’s out on the farm,’ I answered.

She looked sad and worried, and I even saw a tear or two on her face. But I had not forgotten how she had lied, and behaved so badly to me as well as to Edgar Linton, so I did not feel sorry for her, or encourage her to talk.

‘Ellen, will you keep a secret for me?’ she asked in the end, giving me her sweetest smile. ‘I must tell you! I need your advice. Today Edgar Linton has asked me to marry him, and I gave him an answer. Now, before I tell you if it was yes or no, you tell me which I should have said.’

‘Really, Miss Catherine, how can I know? Perhaps you should have refused him. He must be a fool to ask you, after you were so rude and violent this afternoon.’

‘Well, I accepted him, Ellen!’ she said crossly. ‘But should I have done so? Should I? What do you think?’

‘First, do you love him?’ I asked.

‘Of course I do,’ she replied.

‘Why do you love him, Miss Catherine?’

‘Well, I do, that’s enough. Well, because he’s handsome, and a pleasant companion.’

‘Oh, that’s bad,’ I said, shaking my head.

‘And because he loves me.’

‘That’s worse.’

‘And because he’ll be rich, and I shall be the most important woman for miles around.’

‘Worst of all. But there are several other handsome, rich young men in the world. Why don’t you marry one of them?’

‘I don’t know any of them. I only know Edgar.’

‘Well, I don’t know why you’re unhappy, Miss Catherine. Your brother will be pleased, and Mr Edgar’s parents will, too. You love Edgar, and Edgar loves you. What’s the problem?’

‘Here! And here!’ replied Catherine, beating her head and her chest. ‘In my heart and soul I know I’m wrong! Ellen, I can’t live apart from Heathcliff! He is more myself than I am. Our souls are the same! I have nothing in common with Edgar. But I can’t marry Heathcliff now! Hindley has made him become a poor, dull farm worker. He’ll never know how I love him.’

I suddenly heard a movement outside the window, and saw Heathcliff stand up and walk away. I realized he had been listening until he heard Catherine say she could not marry him. Then he stayed to hear no more.

‘Quiet, Miss Catherine!’ I said. ‘Just imagine how hard it will be for Heathcliff when you marry Mr Edgar! He’ll have no friends at all when you leave him.’

‘Leave him? Why should we be separated?’ she asked angrily. ‘Who will separate us? Nobody will dare! Edgar must learn to accept him as my friend. Didn’t you ever think, Ellen, that if Heathcliff and I married, we would be very poor? But if I marry Edgar, I can help Heathcliff with my husband’s money.’

‘That’s the worst reason you’ve given so far for marrying Mr Edgar,’ I replied, shocked.

‘It isn’t! Heathcliff is more important to me than myself. My love for Edgar is like the leaves on the trees—I’m sure time will change it. But my love for Heathcliff is like the rocks in the ground—not beautiful, but necessary and unchanging. He’s always, always in my heart—’

Just then Joseph entered the kitchen. I whispered to Catherine that I was sure Heathcliff had heard some of what she said. She jumped up, frightened, and rushed outside. But although we all looked everywhere for Heathcliff, there was no sign of him that night, or for many nights in the future.

At about midnight, while we were still waiting for him to come home, we noticed the wind was getting stronger. We could hear it whistling down the chimney, and howling all around the house. Suddenly there was a terrible crash of thunder, and the branch of a tree fell on to the roof. We were not hurt, but Joseph immediately dropped on to his knees to pray. The rain was beating down on the windows, but Catherine stayed outside, although by now her hair and clothes were completely wet.

In the end we all went to bed. I managed to persuade Catherine to come in, but she insisted on sleeping in the kitchen, in case Heathcliff returned during the night. In the morning we discovered that she had caught a fever, as a result of getting wet. She became seriously ill, and it was several weeks before Dr Kenneth would allow her out of bed.

When she recovered, she was invited to stay for a while at Thrushcross Grange. Unfortunately old Mr and Mrs Linton caught the fever too, and died within a few days of each other. Catherine returned to us, prouder and quicker-tempered than ever, but not as strong as before.

‘If she gets ill again, it could be fatal,’ Dr Kenneth warned us. ‘My advice to you is to do whatever she wants, and don’t make her angry!’ So we had to obey all her orders, and Joseph and I were not allowed to scold her any more.

Edgar Linton was still in love with her, and thought himself the happiest man on earth when he married her three years after his parents’ death. She insisted on having me with her, so we moved together to Thrushcross Grange, although I was very sad to leave little Hareton with his father.

It’s very late, Mr Lockwood. I think you should go to bed, or you’ll be ill tomorrow. I can tell you the rest of the story another time.

Four weeks later. In fact I was ill the next day, and have been ill since then. The terrible night I spent at Wuthering Height was the cause of my illness, and I blame Mr Heathcliff for it. Dr Kenneth has warned me I won’t be able to go out until the spring. All I can do is lie in bed, listening to the howling wind and staring at the grey northern sky.

So I’ve decided to ask Mrs Dean to come upstairs and finish telling me her story. She tells me she’s happy to continue.

6 希斯克利夫失踪了

1778—1779年

我正想把小哈里顿藏进饭橱里，亨德雷就骂骂咧咧地进到厨房。我一直怕亨德雷会在喝醉了酒后有意无意地伤害他的小儿子，所以我想法儿让哈里顿别碍事。但这次亨德雷看出了我的心思。

“啊，你把我儿子放在饭橱里，是吗！”他火气冲冲地嚷道，拿起一把锋利的菜刀。“看在魔鬼的份儿上，我要让你把它吞下去，艾伦！”说着把刀塞进我的牙缝。

我从没怕过他会伤害我，很镇静地把刀从我嘴里拿出来。

“但这不可能是我儿子，对吗？”他又挑衅似地接着说道，瞪着被吓坏了的小男孩。“如果这是，他应该受到惩罚，因为他没跑出来问他父亲好。或许我会割掉他的耳朵！”然后他的态度突然变了，“不，哈里顿，亲爱的，别哭！亲亲我，亲亲你父亲！怎么？你不？那我就拧断你的脖子！”

可怜的哈里顿狂呼乱叫着被他父亲抱向楼上。亨德雷突然在楼梯上停下听着什么，几乎忘了他抱的是什么。希斯克利夫来到屋里，站在楼梯下面往上看。就在这时那孩子跳出亨德雷的手臂，掉落下来。就在我吓得倒吸冷气的时候，只见希斯克利夫一把接住了他。

希斯克利夫紧盯着他手中抱着的孩子。他一定后悔救了他仇人儿子的命。我赶上去把那可怜的小男孩接到我怀里，亨德雷慢条斯理地朝楼下走来。

“看您做了些什么，亨德雷先生！”我叫道。“您差点弄死自己的儿子！如果他妈还活着会怎么说？”

“把他带走，艾伦。还有你，希斯克利夫，也走开。我今晚不会杀你，除非可能我把这房子烧了。但那得看我心情如何。”他给自己倒了杯酒。

“别再喝啦，亨德雷先生！”我乞求道。

“那又怎么样？”他咆哮道。“滚，你们两个都滚！你们见鬼去吧！”

我们没理会他对我们的咒骂，回到厨房。

“可惜没喝死他，”希斯克利夫低声说。“肯尼士大夫说他会比我们命长，他那么壮。”

他走出门，我想是到田里去了。其实到后来我得知他当时坐在窗户下面，厨房里说什么他都能听见。

我哼着曲儿催小哈里顿入睡时凯瑟琳进来了。

“你一个人吗，艾伦？”她小声说。“希斯克利夫哪儿去啦？”

“他去农庄了，”我回答。

她模样忧郁，心事重重，我甚至看到她脸上有一两滴泪珠。但我没忘她是如何说瞎话的，还有对我和艾加·林顿那样粗暴，所以我不同情她，也不想听她说什么。

“艾伦，你肯为我保密吗？”她最后问道，露出了她最甜美的微笑。“我必须告诉你！我需要你的意见。今天艾加·林顿向我求婚了，我给了他个答覆。现在我先不说是‘是’还是‘不是’，你告诉我应该怎么说。”

“说真的，凯瑟琳，我怎么知道？也许你应该回绝他。今天下午你对他那么粗暴无礼他还向你求婚，一定是个傻瓜。”

“哼，我接受了他，艾伦！”她愠怒地说道。“可我该这么做么？我应该么？你怎么想？”

“首先是，你爱他吗？”我问。

“我当然爱他，”她回答。

“你爱他什么，凯瑟琳小姐？”

“这，我爱他，这就够了。嗯，因为他英俊，跟他在一起很快活。”

“哦，不妙，”我摇摇头说。

“还因为他爱我。”

“更糟糕。”

“还因为他会很富有，我会成为方圆数英里最尊贵的女人。”

“糟得不能再糟了。那这世上还有其他一些英俊富有的年轻人。你怎么不挑一个嫁？”

“我不认识他们，我只认识艾加。”

“那，我就不知道你为何闷闷不乐了，凯瑟琳小姐。你哥哥会高兴的，艾加先生的父母也会高兴的。你爱艾加，艾加也爱你。有什么问题？”

“这儿！还有这儿！”凯瑟琳答道，边说边敲着自己的头和心口。“在我心灵深处我知道我错了！艾伦，我生命里不能没有希斯科克利夫！他比我还是我自己！我们心心相印！而我与艾加毫无共同之处。但我现在不能嫁给希斯科克利夫！亨德雷把他变成了一个穷困、枯燥乏味的干农活的。他永远不会知道我有多爱他。”

我突然听见窗外有动静，然后看见希斯科克利夫站起来走开了。我意识到他一直在听，直到凯瑟琳说她不会嫁给他。之后他就没留下来听了。

“静一静，凯瑟琳小姐！”我说。“只要想一想你嫁给艾加时对希斯科克利夫有多残酷啊！你离开他，他就一个朋友也没有了。”

“离开他？我们为什么要分开？”她怒问道。“谁会拆散我们？没人敢！艾加要学着把他作为我的朋友来接受他。你难道没想过，艾伦，如果希斯科克利夫和我结婚，我们就会一贫如洗吗？可如果我嫁了艾加，我可以用我丈夫的钱帮助希斯科克利夫。”

“到目前为止，这是你说的要嫁给艾加先生的最糟糕的一个理由，”我答道，感到很吃惊。

“不是！对我来说，希斯科克利夫比我还重要。我对艾加的爱就像树叶——肯定会随着时间而变化。但我对希斯科克利夫的爱如地上的磐石——虽不华丽，却必不可少，一成不变。他永远、永远在我心里——”

就在这时约瑟夫进了厨房。我轻声告诉凯瑟琳我肯定希斯科克利夫听到了她说的一些话。她神色惊恐地跳将起来，冲了出去。那天晚上，虽然我们哪儿都找遍了，也没见到希斯科克利夫的影子，此后很多天他都没露面。

那天午夜，我们还坐着等他回家，注意到风越刮越大。我们能听见风呼啸着从烟囱里灌下来，房子周围一片怒号声。突然一声骇人的霹雳，一根树枝落到房顶上。我们没伤着，可约瑟夫当时就扑通跪在地上开始祈祷。雨敲打着窗户，但凯瑟琳呆在外面，尽管她的头发和衣裳此时都已经湿透了。

最后我们都上床睡觉去了。我把凯瑟琳劝进屋来，可她坚持要睡在厨房，怕希斯科克利夫夜里回来。第二天早晨我们发现她发烧了，因为淋湿的缘故。她病得很厉害，过了好几个礼拜肯尼士大夫才允许她下床。

她病好后，被请去画眉山庄去住一段。不幸的是年迈的林顿夫妇也患了热病，几天之内相继去世。凯瑟琳回到我们这儿，比以前更骄横，脾气也更暴躁了，但身体不如以前健壮了。

“要是她再得病，可能会致命，”肯尼士大夫告诫我们，“我劝你们顺着她，别让她生气！”因此我们得对她言听计从，不许约瑟夫和我再责备她。

艾加·林顿依然爱着凯瑟琳，他在父母过世三年后娶了她，自以为是世上最幸福的人。她执意要我陪她，所以我们一起搬到画眉山庄，尽管把小哈里顿留给他父亲让我很难过。

天很晚了，洛克伍德先生。我觉得您该睡觉了，否则明天会生病的。我再找时间给您讲剩下的事。

四周后事实上第二天我是病了，一直卧床不起。病因就是我在呼啸山庄度过的那可怕的一夜，这我归咎于希斯科克利夫先生。肯尼士大夫告诫我春天之前不能出门。我只好躺在床上，听着风的怒号，盯着北方灰暗的天际。

于是我决定请迪恩夫人上楼来给我讲完她的故事。她说她乐意讲下去。

7 Heathcliff returns

1783 Well, sir, when Miss Catherine became Mrs Linton, and we went to live at Thrushcross Grange, I must say I was surprised and pleased by her behaviour. She showed great fondness for her husband, and for his sister, Isabella. He, of course, was very anxious that no one should disobey her, or make her angry. If she was depressed for a time, he blamed it on the illness she had had, and was sympathetic. But for most of the time, I believe they shared a deep and growing love for each other.

Unfortunately this happiness did not last. One evening I was bringing in a basket of apples from the garden, when a voice behind me said, 'Ellen, is that you? '

It was a deep, rather unusual voice. I turned, to see a tall, dark man in the shadow near the kitchen door.

'Don't you know me?' he asked. 'Look, I'm not a stranger! '

'What!' I cried in surprise, for it had been four years since he disappeared. 'Heathcliff! Is it really you? '

'Yes,' he replied, looking up at the windows of the house. 'Are they at home? Where is she? Tell me, Ellen! I must speak to her! '

'I'm not sure if you should see her,' I hesitated. 'Will the shock be too much for her? '

'Go and tell her I'm here, Ellen!' he said impatiently. 'Don't make me suffer like this! '

I left him at the door, and went upstairs to find Mr and Mrs Linton. They were sitting quietly together, looking out over the peaceful valley. The room, and the view, and the two people, seemed so calm that I did not want to disturb them. But I had to deliver my message.

'A man wants to see you, madam,' I muttered.

'I'll go downstairs and see him then,' replied Catherine. 'Bring the tea up, Ellen, while I'm away.' She left the room.

'Who is it, Ellen?' asked Mr Edgar.

'It's that Heathcliff, sir. You remember, he used to live at Wuthering Heights.'

'What! The gipsy, who worked on the farm?' he cried.

'Mrs Linton would be angry if she heard you talking about him like that, sir. She was very upset when he ran away. She's very fond of him, you know.'

Mr Edgar put his head out of the window and called to his wife, 'Don't stand there in the cold, love! Bring the person in, if it's anyone special.'

Catherine rushed upstairs and into the room, wild and breathless. She threw her arms round her husband's neck.

'Oh Edgar darling! Heathcliff's come back! '

'Well, well,' said Mr Edgar crossly, 'there's no need to get excited.'

'I know you didn't like him,' she said, 'but please, I beg you to be friends with him now. Shall I ask him to come up? '

'You're suggesting inviting him up here, into our sitting room? Don't you think the kitchen is more suitable for him? '

Catherine looked at her husband, half angry and half laughing. 'No,' she said, 'I can't sit in the kitchen. Ellen, bring two tables, one for your master and Miss Isabella, the other for Heathcliff and myself. We'll sit apart from them, as we're of a lower class! Will that please you, Edgar darling? Decide quickly! I must have him near me! '

'Ellen, you go and bring him up,' said Mr Edgar. 'And Catherine, try not to behave foolishly. Remember, he's only a servant! '

When Heathcliff entered the sitting-room, I was surprised to see how much he had changed. He wore a confident, intelligent expression on his face, and his manner was no longer rough. Although I recognized the same black fire in his eyes, the farm boy had become a gentleman.

Mr Edgar was as surprised as I was, but welcomed Heathcliff as politely as he could. However, he grew more and more annoyed as he watched his wife's delighted face. She could not take her eyes off Heathcliff.

'Tomorrow I won't be able to believe that I've seen and touched you, Heathcliff!' she cried, catching hold of his hands. 'But how cruel of you to run away and keep silent for four years, and never think of me! '

'I've thought of you more than you've thought of me,' he replied quietly. 'I heard you had married, Catherine, and I came, just to see you once, and then take my revenge on your brother Hindley. Your welcome may change my plans. You know, I've had a bitter, hard life since I last heard your voice, and if I've survived, it's all because of you! '

'Catherine,' said Mr Edgar, trying to remain polite, 'please pour out the tea, or it will be cold. Mr Heathcliff will have a long walk to wherever he's staying tonight, and I'm thirsty.'

But Catherine was too excited, and Mr Edgar too angry, to drink any tea. After a while their guest left. We discovered that he had been invited to stay at Wuthering Heights, by Hindley. I could not understand why Hindley, who hated him, would want his company, and I felt sure it would have been better for all of us if Heathcliff had never come back.

Catherine could not keep her happiness to herself. In the middle of the night she woke me to talk about Heathcliff.

'I just can't sleep, Ellen!' she said. 'And Edgar won't listen when I tell him how happy I am! He's so selfish! '

'He never liked Heathcliff,' I replied, 'and he'll be angry if you go on talking about him. You think he's weak, but he could be as determined as you, about something he thinks is important.'

'No!' she laughed. 'I have such confidence in Edgar's love that I think I could kill him, and he wouldn't blame me for it. He will have to learn to accept Heathcliff as my friend.'

'Do you know why Heathcliff is staying at Wuthering Heights? '

“Oh, yes. He explained that he went there to look for me. Hindley asked him to play cards, and when he discovered Heathcliff had a lot of money, invited him to stay there. You know how greedy my brother is. He'll make Heathcliff pay rent, and hope to win money from him at cards. Heathcliff wants to stay there to be near me. I'm so happy, Ellen! And I want everyone around me to be happy too!”

Catherine behaved so sweetly to her husband in the next few days that Thrushcross Grange seemed full of sunshine, and in spite of his doubts, Mr Edgar allowed Heathcliff to visit her regularly. However, Heathcliff's visits produced a result which none of us had expected. Isabella, Mr Edgar's sister, a pretty girl of eighteen, suddenly declared that she was in love with Heathcliff. Mr Edgar, who loved her dearly, was shocked. He knew that if he and Catherine had no sons, Isabella would inherit the considerable Linton fortune. He did not like the idea of the fortune passing to Heathcliff, as Isabella's husband. But more importantly, he suspected that Heathcliff was hiding his true wickedness under his gentlemanly appearance.

Catherine tried hard to persuade Isabella that Heathcliff was not worth loving, but poor Isabella was jealous of Catherine's relationship with Heathcliff and would not listen. Finally, Catherine told Heathcliff himself that Isabella was in love with him. She thought she knew what his answer would be.

“How could I ever love that stupid girl?” he asked. “She has a miserable pale face, and weak blue eyes, just like your husband! But...she will inherit the family wealth from him, won't she?”

“That's true,” replied Catherine. “But don't think about that, Heathcliff. I hope Edgar and I will have several sons, and then they will inherit it.”

Catherine did not speak of this matter again, but I am sure Heathcliff often thought about it. I watched him carefully in the next few days. I hoped he would do nothing to hurt Mr Edgar, who was a kind master to me. I was worried, too, about what was happening at Wuthering Heights. Hindley and his son Hareton seemed like lost sheep to me, and I knew there was a wicked wolf just waiting for the chance to attack them.

7 希斯克利夫回来了

1783年

好的，先生。凯瑟琳小姐成了林顿夫人，我们就去住到画眉山庄，我得说她的表现让我又惊又喜。她看上去对丈夫非常疼爱，对他妹妹伊莎贝拉也不错。自然，他很上心不叫人逆她的愿或给她气生。在她心情郁闷时，他就归咎于她得的那场病，大加同情。但在大部分时间里，我相信他们相互之间的深情不断增长着。

遗憾的是这种幸福没有持续下去。一天晚上，我正拎着一篮子苹果从花园往家里去，这时我身后有一个声音说道，“艾伦，是你么？”

这声音低沉，不大熟悉。我转过身，看到在厨房门旁的阴暗处有一个又高又黑的人。

“你不认识我了？”他问道，“瞧，我不是个生人！”

“什么！”我惊叫道，因为他已经失踪四年了，“希斯克利夫！真是你吗？”

“是的，”他回答，抬头看着房子的窗户。“他们在家吗？她在哪儿？告诉我，艾伦！我得和她说话！”

“我说不好你是不是应该见她，”我犹豫道。“这会不会对她太突然了？”

“去通报她我在这儿，艾伦！”他不耐烦地说。“别让我这样受苦！”

我把他留在门口，上楼去找林顿夫妇。他们静静地坐在一起，眺望着宁静的山谷。这房间、这景致，还有那两个人，看上去那么平和安宁，我真不愿打扰他们。可我不得不通报讯息。

“有个人想见您，夫人，”我低声说。

“那我就下楼去见他，”凯瑟琳答应。“艾伦，我不在这会儿你把茶端上来。”她离开了房间。

“是谁，艾伦？”艾加先生问。

“是那个希斯克利夫，先生。您记得，他以前住在呼啸山庄。”

“什么！那个吉卜赛人，在农庄干活儿的那个？”他叫喊道。

“先生，如果林顿夫人听见您这么说他，会生气的。他出走时她很难过。她非常喜欢他，这您知道。”

艾加先生把头探出窗子，高声对他妻子说，“别站在凉地里，亲爱的！要是贵客，就把他带进来。”

凯瑟琳冲上楼进了房间，兴奋若狂，气喘吁吁。她张开双臂，一下搂住了丈夫的脖子。

“哦，亲爱的艾加！希斯克利夫回来啦！”

“好，好，”艾加先生不痛快地说道，“没有必要激动。”

“我知道你不喜欢他，”她说，“但求求你，我乞求你现在跟他做朋友。我能让他上来么？”

“你想请他上到这儿，到我们的起居室？你难道不觉得他去厨房更妥当吗？”

凯瑟琳似怒似笑地看着她的丈夫。“不，”她说，“我不能坐到厨房里。艾伦，搬两张桌子，一张给你的主人和伊莎贝拉，另一张给希斯克利夫和我。我们不跟他们一起坐，因为我们层次低！这样你高兴了罢，亲爱的艾加？快拿主意！我必须让他离我近点！”

“艾伦，你去把他领上来，”艾加先生说，“还有，凯瑟琳，你别做傻事。记住，他只是个下人！”

当希斯克利夫进到起居室，我惊讶地看到他变化太大了。他脸上带着自信、睿智的表情，举止也不再粗野。虽然我还能看出他的眼中依然有一团黑色的火焰，但这个干农活的小伙子已经变成了一个绅士。

艾加先生同我一样感到惊讶，但他还是尽可能礼貌地对他表示欢迎。可当看到妻子满脸喜色，他越来越气恼。她的目光无法离开希斯克利夫。

“到明天我都不能相信我已经见到了你，摸到了你，希斯克利夫！”她抓住他的手，兴奋地说，“可你多忍心啊！出走之后杳无音讯都四年了，也从不想我！”

“我想你要比你想象的多，”他平静地说，“我听说你结婚了，凯瑟琳，我是来见你一面，然后去报复你哥哥亨德雷的。你对我的欢迎也许会改变我的计划。从最后一次听到你声音到现在，我一直过着辛酸艰苦的生活，如果说我还能幸存下来，那都是为了你！”

“凯瑟琳，”艾加先生说道，尽量保持着礼节，“请倒茶吧，否则就凉了。希斯克利夫先生还要走一段长路到他今晚住的地方，我也渴了。”

但凯瑟琳兴奋异常，而艾加先生怒气很盛，茶都喝不下。过了一会儿，他们的客人走了。我们发现他被请去住在呼啸山庄，是亨德雷先生邀请的。我无法理解亨德雷那么恨他，为何还想和他在一起，我也肯定如果希斯克利夫压根儿没回来对我们大家都会更好些。

凯瑟琳无法独享她的快乐。大半夜叫醒我聊希斯克利夫的事。

“我就是睡不着，艾伦！”她说，“我要跟艾加讲我有多高兴，他又不肯听！他真自私！”

“他向来不喜欢希斯克利夫，”我回答，“如果你再谈他，他会生气的。你认为他软弱，但只要是他认为重要的事。他可能像你一样执著。”

“不！”她笑道，“我对艾加的爱太有信心了，我想我就是杀了他，他也不会怪我的。他要学会把希斯克利夫当我的朋友来接受。”

“你知道希斯克利夫为什么住在呼啸山庄吗？”

“噢，是的。他解释说他去那儿找我。亨德雷请他玩牌，当他看出希斯克利夫很有钱，就请他住在那儿了。你知道我哥哥有多贪财。他会收希斯克利夫的租金，而且指望玩牌赢他的钱。希斯克利夫住在那儿是想离我近点儿。我真高兴，艾伦！我希望我身边的每个人也都高兴！”

在接下去的日子里凯瑟琳对她丈夫表现得非常亲热，画眉山庄似乎阳光明媚，因此尽管艾加先生心存疑窦，他还是允许希斯克利夫常来看她。然而希斯克利夫的来访却导致了一个我们都未曾料想的结果。艾加先生的妹妹伊莎贝拉，一个18岁的可爱姑娘，突如其来地公开说她爱上了希斯克利夫。艾加先生对妹妹十分钟爱，对此感到震惊。他明白如果他与凯瑟琳没有儿子的话，伊莎贝拉将继承林顿家族相当可观的财产。他不想让财产落入成了伊莎贝拉丈夫的希斯克利夫手中。而更非同小可的是，他怀疑在希斯克利夫绅士般的外表下隐藏着真实的险恶居心。

凯瑟琳竭力劝伊莎贝拉说希斯克利夫不值得她爱，但可怜的伊莎贝拉妒嫉凯瑟琳与希斯克利夫的关系，对此听不进去。最后，凯瑟琳告诉希斯克利夫本人说伊莎贝拉爱上了他。她以为自己知道他会怎么回答。

“我怎么能爱那个傻姑娘？”他反问道，“她那张脸凄惨苍白，一双蓝眼睛也毫无神采，像你丈夫似的！可……她将从他那儿继承家族的财产，对吧？”

“对，”凯瑟琳答道，“但别惦记那个，希斯克利夫。我希望艾加和我会生几个儿子，然后他们来继承财产。”

凯瑟琳没再提起这件事，可我肯定希斯克利夫经常在盘算着它。在过后的几天里我留心观察他。我希望他别做什么伤害艾加先生的事，艾加先生对我是个仁慈的主人。我也在担心呼啸山庄的事态如何。在我看来，亨德雷和他儿子哈里顿像是迷途的绵羊，而我知道有一只恶狼正在伺机对他们发起进攻。

8 Catherine is ill

1783 The next time Heathcliff came to Thrushcross Grange, he met Isabella by chance in front of the house. I was watching from the kitchen window, as he went up to her, and, supposing that no one else could see him, kissed her.

‘Look, madam!’ I cried to Catherine, who was passing through the kitchen. ‘That devil Heathcliff told you he could never love Miss Isabella! And now he’s kissing her!’

So when Heathcliff entered the house, Catherine was ready to scold him.

‘Leave Isabella alone, Heathcliff!’ she ordered. ‘You’ll make Edgar angry!’

‘You think I’m afraid of that weak little creature?’ he growled. ‘Anyway, what difference does it make to you? I can kiss her if she likes it. I’m not your husband, you needn’t be jealous of me!’

‘I’m not jealous of you!’ replied Catherine. ‘If you like Isabella, you can marry her. But do you like her?’

‘It’s you I want to talk about, Catherine. You know you’ve treated me badly. And I’m going to have my revenge! Thank you for telling me Isabella’s secret. I swear I’ll make good use of it!’

At this point I went to look for my master, and told him that Catherine and Heathcliff were quarrelling in the kitchen.

‘How can my wife call that man a friend?’ he cried angrily. ‘I’ve been too weak with her. I can’t allow him to visit her any more. Call two servants, Ellen.’ He went to the kitchen. I followed him, telling the servants to wait in the hall.

‘Catherine!’ said Mr Edgar to his wife as he entered. ‘Do you think it’s right to listen to this wicked man’s talk?’

‘Have you been listening at the door, Edgar?’ asked Catherine coldly. Heathcliff laughed, which made Mr Edgar even angrier.

‘You, sir’, he said to Heathcliff, ‘are poisoning our family life. I should never have accepted you as Catherine’s friend. I must inform you that you will never be allowed to enter this house again, and that if you don’t leave within three minutes, you will be thrown out.’

‘Well, well!’ replied Heathcliff, looking scornfully at Mr Edgar’s small figure. ‘So, you’re going to throw me out your self, are you?’

My master looked towards the door. I realized he wanted to call the servants, as he knew he was not strong enough to fight Heathcliff alone. But Catherine must have guessed his plan. She hurried to the door and locked it. Mr Edgar looked at her in angry surprise.

‘You must fight him like a gentleman, without anyone to help you!’ she told her husband. ‘That’ll teach you to scold me!’

Mr Edgar tried to get hold of the key, but she threw it quickly into the hottest part of the fire. He went very pale, and could not stop his whole body trembling.

‘Oh Edgar!’ cried his wife. ‘You’ve lost the fight already! You aren’t a man, you’re a mouse!’

‘So that,’ said Heathcliff, pointing at Mr Edgar, ‘is the thing you preferred to me, Catherine. Is he crying, or is he going to die of fear?’

He went up to look more closely at Mr Edgar, who suddenly recovered and hit Heathcliff hard on the neck. While Heathcliff was getting his breath back, Mr Edgar walked out of the other kitchen door into the garden.

‘Now you’ll never be able to come here again,’ said Catherine to Heathcliff. ‘Go away quickly! He’ll return with men and guns.’

Heathcliff was sensible enough to take her advice. He broke down the locked door and escaped, just as the master and his men returned.

Catherine, who was over-excited, ordered me to go upstairs with her. I hoped she would not discover that I had told Mr Edgar about her quarrel with Heathcliff.

‘I’m wild with anger, Ellen!’ she said, when we reached the sittingroom. ‘All this trouble is because of Isabella! Tell Edgar I’m in danger of becoming seriously ill. I hope it’s true, I want to frighten him. He’s upset me badly. Why did he listen to us talking in the kitchen? Heathcliff says wicked things, but I know I can control him. Well, if I can’t have Heathcliff as my friend, if Edgar is going to be mean and jealous, I’ll try to break both their hearts by breaking my own. You must remind Edgar how quick-tempered I am, and what Dr Kenneth said about my health. Edgar must let me do what I want!’

I did not feel sympathetic towards Catherine, and certainly did not want to frighten my poor master by telling him she was ill. As I was leaving the room, however, he entered.

‘Catherine,’ he said, ‘you must tell me one thing. You must choose between me and Heathcliff. Which do you intend to have?’

‘Leave me alone!’ she cried wildly. ‘I’m ill, can’t you see, I can’t even stand! Edgar, leave me!’

She fell, stiff and pale, on to the floor. Mr Edgar looked very frightened.

‘Don’t worry, sir,’ I whispered to him. ‘She told me she would try to make you afraid by pretending to be ill.’

Unfortunately she heard me. She jumped up, her hair loose and her eyes staring, and rushed to her bedroom. We heard the key turn in the lock.

For the next few days she refused to speak to anyone, even me. I took her food up to her room, but she would not eat. Mr Edgar spent his time in the library, and did not ask about his wife. He hoped, I suppose, that she would come and ask him to forgive her. But I knew she was too proud to do that.

On the third day she unlocked her door and called me. She ate and drank eagerly, then lay down again.

‘Oh, why don’t I die, since no one cares about me!’ she muttered. ‘Edgar doesn’t love me at all! What is he doing all

this time, Ellen? ’

‘He’s reading Mbooks in the library, madam, ’ I answered.

‘Reading books!’ she cried, shocked. ‘And I’m dying up here! My God! Does he know how I’ve changed, how ill I am? Can’t you tell him I’m seriously ill, Ellen?’

‘You forget, Mrs Linton, that you’ve eaten tonight. I’m sure you’ll feel better tomorrow morning. ’ I still wanted to make her realize how selfish she was being, although I was a little worried by her pale, almost ghostly face.

‘I begin to see that you don’t like me, Ellen. How strange! I always thought everybody loved me! Now they are all my enemies—Isabella and Edgar and you! I’ll die with cold faces around me! I’ve had terrible dreams these past few nights, you know. Open the window, Ellen! I’m so hot!’

I refused, as it was the middle of winter. She was feverish.

‘Who is that over there?’ she asked, staring at her own face in a mirror opposite her bed. I could not make her understand it was herself, and I began to be afraid that her illness was real.

‘Stay with me, Ellen,’ she cried, holding my hand. ‘I’m frightened of that face! I’m frightened of being alone! I wish I were in my bed at Wuthering Heights, with the wind howling through the trees. Do let me feel a breath of air from the moors, just one breath!’

I opened the window for a moment, then closed it. The cold air seemed to calm her. ‘I wish I were a young girl again, wild and free, out on the moors with Heathcliff! Open the window again, wider this time! Why won’t you?’

‘Because I don’t want you to die of cold,’ I replied.

‘But it’s my only chance of life!’ she cried, jumping out of bed and going to the window. I tried to force her back to bed, but her fever made her surprisingly strong. We looked out together into the icy darkness. There was no moon, and no lights were visible anywhere. But Catherine was sure she could see Wuthering Heights.

‘Look!’ she said. ‘There’s my old home, and the church yard near it. I won’t lie there alone, Heathcliff! I won’t rest until you’re in the grave with me!’

I was still holding her back from the window, and wondering what to do next, when Mr Edgar entered.

‘Please help, sir,’ I called, ‘Mrs Linton is ill.’

‘Catherine’s ill?’ he gasped. ‘Shut the window, Ellen! Catherine! Why—’

When he saw his wife’s face, he was so shocked that he stopped speaking and stared at her in horror. She was almost unconscious and did not recognize him at first.

‘Ah, it’s you, is it, Edgar Linton?’ she said after a few moments. ‘You don’t come when you’re wanted, and now you come when you’re not wanted! But whatever you say, nothing can keep me from my home, my place of rest, out there in the open air, with a gravestone at my head!’

‘She’s feverish, sir, and doesn’t know what she’s saying,’ I whispered. ‘If she has food and rest, she’ll recover.’

‘I want no further advice from you, Ellen Dean,’ said Mr Edgar coldly. ‘You knew how ill she was, and you didn’t tell me!’

I ran downstairs and out of the kitchen door to fetch the doctor. I thought I heard the sound of horses in the distance, which seemed strange at two o’ clock in the morning. And when I found Dr Kenneth, he told me someone had seen Isabella and Heathcliff meeting secretly in the garden earlier that evening.

That night none of us slept. We all sat together and waited, while the doctor stayed with his patient. He told us he hoped that Catherine would recover, if we kept her very quiet.

In the morning we discovered that Isabella’s room was empty. She had run away with Heathcliff! When Mr Edgar heard the news, he just said, ‘She chose to go with him. Don’t speak to me of her again. I no longer think of her as my sister.’

8 凯瑟琳病了

1783年

希斯克利夫再次来画眉山庄时碰巧在宅子前面见到了伊莎贝拉。他朝她走过去的时候，我正从厨房的窗户里看着，他以为没人能看见他，就吻了她。

“看哪，夫人！”我喊着凯瑟琳，她正从厨房走过。“希斯克利夫那恶棍告诉你他决不会爱伊莎贝拉小姐！这会儿正吻她呢！”

所以希斯克利夫一进房子，凯瑟琳已经打定主意责备他了。

“别碰伊莎贝拉，希斯克利夫！”她用命令的口吻说道。“你会惹怒艾加的！”

“你以为我怕那个弱不禁风的小东西？”他吼叫道。“再说，这跟你有什么关系？只要她愿意，我就可以吻她。我不是你的丈夫，你不必嫉妒我！”

“我没嫉妒你！”凯瑟琳回答。“如果你喜欢伊莎贝拉，你可以娶她。可你真的喜欢她吗？”

“我想谈论的是你，凯瑟琳。你明白你们都怎么虐待我。我要报复！谢谢你告诉我伊莎贝拉的秘密。我立誓要好好利用这一点！”

到了这地步我就去找了我的主人，告诉他凯瑟琳和希斯克利夫正在厨房里争吵。

“我妻子怎么会称这个人为朋友？”他怒吼道。“我对她一直太纵容了。我不能允许他再来看她。叫两个仆人，艾伦。”他朝厨房而去。我跟着他，叫仆人在厅里等着。

“凯瑟琳！”艾加先生一进门便对妻子说道。“你觉得听这恶棍说话合适吗？”

“你在门口听着的吗，艾加？”凯瑟琳冷冷地问道。希斯克利夫笑了起来，艾加先生火气更大了。

“你，先生，”他对希斯克利夫说，“在破坏我的家庭生活。我本来就不应该把你当凯瑟琳的朋友看待。我必须奉告你决不许你再进这房子，如果你三分钟内不离开，你就会被扔出去。”

“好，好！”希斯克利夫回答，满脸讥讽地看着艾加先生瘦小的身躯。“这么说，你要亲自把我扔出去喽，是吗？”

我的主人往门那儿看了一眼。我意识到他想叫仆人，因为他明白他自个儿无力与希斯克利夫斗。但凯瑟琳想必猜出了他的心思。她赶到门

前，锁上了门。艾加先生又气又惊地盯着她。

“你必须像个绅士一样跟他打，别叫人帮忙！”她告诉丈夫。“对你责骂我会是个教训！”

艾加先生试图去抢钥匙，可她当即把钥匙扔进炉火的中央。他的脸色变得煞白，无法控制全身的颤抖。

“噢艾加！”他妻子叫道。“你已经输了！你不是个男人，你是只老鼠！”

“你就喜欢这么个东西，”希斯科克利夫指着艾加先生说，“而不喜欢我，凯瑟琳。他是要哭出来，还是会吓死？”

他凑上前去更接近地看着艾加先生，艾加先生冷不防地缓过劲来重重打在希斯科克利夫的脖子上。趁希斯科克利夫正往回喘气的当儿，艾加先生从厨房的旁门走出去，到了花园。

“哎，你再也不能来这儿了，”凯瑟琳对希斯科克利夫说。“快走罢！他就要带着人、带着枪来了。”

希斯科克利夫明智地听从了她的劝告。就在主人和他的手下回来的当儿，他砸坏锁着的门逃走了。

凯瑟琳十分激动，吩咐我陪她上楼。我希望她别发现我告诉艾加先生她和希斯科克利夫吵架的事。

“我气疯了，艾伦！”我们刚进起居室她就说，“麻烦都是伊莎贝拉惹起的！跟艾加说我快病得不行了。我盼着真生病，我想吓唬吓唬他。他让我狼狈坏了。他为什么要偷听我们在厨房的谈话？希斯科克利夫说了些难听的，可我有把握能控制他。好，如果我不能有希斯科克利夫这个朋友，要是艾加开始小器、嫉妒，我就让自己伤心来使他们俩都心碎。你千万要提醒艾加我脾气如果暴躁，肯尼士大夫是怎么说我的健康情况的。艾加得让我做我想做的事！”

我对凯瑟琳不感觉同情，当然也不想去吓唬我那悲惨的主人，告诉他她病了。但我正要离开房间的时候，他进来了。

“凯瑟琳，”他说，“你必须给我说清楚一件事，你必须在我和希斯科克利夫之间做出选择。你想要哪一个？”

“别烦我！”她狂怒地喊道。“我病了，你看不见吗，我站都站不住了！艾加，别烦我！”

她脸色煞白，直挺挺地倒在地板上。艾加先生惊恐万分。

“别担心，先生，”我轻声对他说。“她告诉我她要装病来吓唬您。”

不巧被她听见。她跳起来，披头散发、双目圆瞪，跑向她的卧室。我们听到锁被拧上了。

此后好几天她对谁都一言不发，连我在内。我把饭端到她房间，可她不肯吃。艾加先生呆在书房，也不过问他妻子。我想，他是指望她会来请求他原谅。但我清楚她那么傲慢，是不会那样做的。

到第三天她打开房门把我叫去。她狼吞虎咽地又吃又喝，接着又躺倒了。

“噢，我怎么不死，反正没人关心我！”她咕哝道。“艾加根本就不爱我！这段时间他在干吗，艾伦？”

“他在书房看书，夫人，”我回答。

“看书！”她惊异地嚷道。“我在上面都快死了！上帝！他知道我变化有多大，病得有多重吗？你就不能告诉我我病得不行了，艾伦？”

“您忘了，林顿夫人，您今晚吃了东西。我肯定您明天早上会感觉好些的。”我还是希望能使她认识到她有多自私，尽管她苍白、如幽灵般的脸色令我有点儿担心。

“我开始觉察到你不喜欢我了，艾伦。真想不到！我总以为人人都喜欢我！而如今他们都成了我的对头——伊莎贝拉和艾加，还有你！周围都是冷冰冰的面孔，我要死了！前几个晚上我一直在做恶梦，你清楚。打开窗户，艾伦！我太热啦！”

因为正值隆冬，我不肯。她有点发烧。

“那是谁？”她盯着床对面镜子中她自己的脸问道。我无法使她明白那就是她自己，所以我开始担心她是真病了。

“陪着我，艾伦，”她抓着我的手叫道。“那张脸让我害怕！我害怕一个人呆着！我希望我是躺在呼啸山庄我的床上，风在树林间呼啸。就让我感受一下荒原上吹来的空气吧，就一下！”

我把窗打开了一会儿，接着又关上。冰冷的空气似乎使她安静了些。“我希望我又成了小姑娘，疯疯癫癫、自由自在，同希斯科克利夫一起到荒原去！再把窗子打开，这次开大点！你为什么不肯？”

“因为我不想你冻死，”我回答。

“可只有这样我才有活下去的可能！”她叫着，从床上跳下来奔窗户而去。我试图拉她回床上去，可她高度兴奋，力气大得出奇。我们一起望着外面早冰般的黑暗。没有月亮，也看不见灯光。但凯瑟琳一口咬定她能看到呼啸山庄。

“看！”她说。“那是我原来的家，还有附近的教堂墓地。我不要独眠在那儿，希斯科克利夫！除非你和我同穴而葬，否则我不会安息的！”

我仍然抱着她，不让她靠近窗户，搞不清下面该怎么办，这时艾加先生进来了。

“请帮帮忙，先生，”我叫道，“林顿夫人病了。”

“凯瑟琳病了？”他吃了一惊。“关上窗户，艾伦！凯瑟琳！为什么——”

一看到妻子的脸，他吓坏了，话也不说了，只顾惊恐地盯着她。她几乎人事不省，开始没认出他来。

“噢，是你，是吗，艾加·林顿？”她过了好一会儿才说道。“需要你的时候你不来，不需要的时候你倒来了！无论你怎么说，什么也别想阻止我回家，我安息的地方，在外面的旷野里，头顶上立着一块墓碑！”

“她有些发烧，先生，在说胡话，”我低声说。“如果她吃了东西，再休息一下就会好的。”

“我不想再听你的意见，艾伦·迪恩，”艾加先生冷冷地说道。“你本来知道她病得有多重，却不通报我！”

我跑到楼下，出了厨房门去找大夫。我觉得好像听到远处有马嘶声，此刻是凌晨两点钟，似乎有点儿蹊跷。我找到肯尼士大夫时，他告诉我有人看见伊莎贝拉和希斯科克利夫当天晚上早些时候在花园里幽会。

那天晚上我们谁都没睡。大夫陪病人呆着，我们则坐在一起等。他对我们说如果我们能让她心平气和，凯瑟琳有望痊愈。

到了早晨我们发现伊莎贝拉的房间空着。她跟希斯科克利夫跑了！艾加先生听了这个消息，他只说，“是她自找的要跟他走。别再对我提起她。我不再认她这个妹妹。”

9 Isabella's story

1784 For two months we heard nothing of Isabella or Heathcliff. During that time Catherine was dangerously ill with brain fever, and Dr Kenneth warned us that even if she recovered, her brain would never return to normal. However she did seem to get better, and no one could have been happier than my master, when he saw her sitting up in bed for the first time, and beginning to take an interest in the people and things around her. He loved her so much, and took such good care of her, that I really thought she would recover. There was another reason for her to live. She was expecting a baby, and we all hoped she would have a son, who would inherit the Linton fortune.

Then Mr Edgar received a letter from Isabella, telling him that she and Heathcliff were married. With it was a long letter for me, which said:

Wuthering Heights

Dear Ellen,

I arrived here last night and heard that Catherine's brother refuses to write to me, so you are the only one I can write to. Tell Edgar I still love him and Catherine, and want to return to Thrushcross Grange, but I can't!

The rest of this letter is for you alone, Ellen. Two questions—how did you manage to get on with the people in this house? They don't seem human! And (this interests me very much) what is Mr Heathcliff? A man? A madman? A devil? When you come to visit me, you must explain to me what sort of creature I've married. And you must come very soon, with a message from Edgar.

Heathcliff brought me here last night. This house is going to be my home, he says. He disappeared as soon as we arrived, so I entered the kitchen alone. What a miserable, depressing place it is now, Ellen! By the fire stood a dirty child. I realized he must be Catherine's nephew, Hareton, and tried to shake his hand. But he greeted me by swearing at me, so I went into the hall to find somebody else. When I knocked at another door, it was opened by a tall, thin man, with long, dirty hair hanging down to his shoulders. I knew this must be Hindley Earnshaw, Catherine's brother and Hareton's father. His eyes, and Hareton's, reminded me of Catherine.

'What do you want?' he asked roughly.

'My name was Isabella Linton,' I replied. 'Now I'm married to Mr Heathcliff.'

'Ah, so that devil has returned! Good!' he growled.

You can imagine, Ellen, how unhappy I felt in that unpleasant house. I knew that only four miles away was my real home, Thrushcross Grange, containing the only people I loved in the world. But those four miles were like an ocean, which I could not cross! Don't tell Edgar or Catherine this, but I had hoped to find a friend at Wuthering Heights, some one to support me against Heathcliff. Now I realized that no one here would help me.

After a long silence I said, 'Please ask a maid to show me my bedroom. I'm tired after my journey.'

'We have no maids here,' he answered. 'Joseph will show you Heathcliff's room, if you like. And—and—you'd better lock the bedroom door tonight!'

'Why, Mr Earnshaw?' I asked. I did not want to lock myself in with Heathcliff.

He brought out a gun, which had a knife attached to it.

'Look at this,' he said. 'Every night I try to open his bedroom door. Up to now he's locked it. But one night he'll forget, and then I'll kill him!'

'Why do you hate him so much?' I asked.

'Because he's taken everything from me!' he shouted angrily. 'There's nothing left for Hareton to inherit! But I'm going to get it all back! and his money too, and then his blood. Then the devil can have his soul!'

He seemed mad to me, Ellen. I left him, and went to find the old servant, Joseph. It seemed that Heathcliff's room was locked, and there were no guest bedrooms, so in the end I slept on a chair in the child's room. What a welcome to my new home!

I know Heathcliff blames Edgar for Catherine's illness. He has warned me he'll make me suffer for it. Oh, I do hate him—I'm so miserable—I've been such a fool! Don't tell any one at Thrushcross Grange about this, Ellen. Come quickly—don't disappoint me!

Isabella

As soon as I had read this, I asked Mr Edgar if I could take a message from him to his sister.

'You may visit her this afternoon, Ellen, if you like. Tell her I'm not angry, just sorry to have lost her. I can't imagine she will ever be happy. I shall never visit her or write to her.'

When I arrived at Wuthering Heights that afternoon, I was shocked to see how much worse the house looked than when I used to live there. I realized that Hindley did not care what conditions he lived in, and Joseph clearly spent more time praying than cleaning. Heathcliff and Isabella were both in the main room. Heathcliff looked more like a gentleman than I had ever seen him, but his wife had not bothered to brush her hair or change her dress. I had to explain to poor Isabella that Mr Edgar had refused to write to her. She cried a little when she heard that. Then Heathcliff asked me question after question about Catherine's illness.

'If you really love her,' I told him, 'you'll keep away from her now. She mustn't be over-excited. Her health will always be weak. And her loving husband is a very good nurse to her!'

'Her loving husband!' repeated Heathcliff scornfully. 'Don't compare my feeling for her with his! No, Ellen, before you leave this house, I'll make you promise to arrange a meeting for me with Catherine. I must see her!'

'I'll never agree to that,' I said. 'She's just beginning to recover. She's almost forgotten you, and now you want to upset her again!' 'Ellen, you know as well as I do that she can never forget me! If she thinks once of Edgar Linton, she thinks a thousand times of me! He can't love her as I can! And Catherine has a heart as deep as mine!'

‘Catherine and Edgar are very fond of each other!’ said Isabella suddenly. ‘Don’t speak of my brother like that!’

‘Your dear brother doesn’t care enough about you to write to you,’ replied Heathcliff, smiling sourly.

‘That’s because he doesn’t know how much I’ve suffered,’ she answered quietly, turning away to hide the tears on her face.

‘Sir,’ I said, ‘it seems to me that Miss Isabella, Mrs Heathcliff, I should say, is unhappy. You must treat her kindly. Try to look after her. Let her have a maid, for example.’

‘I’m not going to be soft with her,’ he replied with a laugh. ‘She was stupid enough to run away with me. I never pretended to love her. Now I think she’s beginning to realize that I scorn her. She’s an even weaker fool than her brother, but she’s going to be useful to me. That’s why I’m keeping her with me.’ ‘Ellen, he says he married me to have his revenge on Edgar! But I won’t let him carry out his plan, whatever it is. I’ll die, or I’ll see him dead first!’

‘You’re getting violent, Isabella!’ said Heathcliff. ‘Go up—stairs now. I want to speak to Ellen Dean in private. Go on!’ And he pushed her roughly out of the door. ‘Don’t you feel pity for her?’ I asked, when we were alone. ‘Have you ever felt pity for anybody in your life?’ ‘Why should I? She’s just like an insect under my foot. The more she cries, the more I enjoy hurting her. Now, Ellen, listen. I’ll wait every day and every evening in the Grange garden, until I find a chance to see Catherine. If I meet Edgar Linton or his servants, I’ll shoot them. But don’t you think it’d be better to avoid a fight? You could tell me when she’ll be alone. Then there’ll be no violence.’

I argued and complained, and refused fifty times, but in the end he forced me to agree. I promised to let him know when Edgar Linton was away from home. I suppose it was wrong of me, but I hoped it would be Heathcliff’s last meeting with Catherine.

9 伊莎贝拉的故事

1784年

两个月来伊莎贝拉和希斯克利夫音讯全无。在这期间凯瑟琳的脑膜炎很重，肯尼士大夫提醒我们就算她病好了，她的脑子也无法完全复原。尽管如此她看上去还是好了起来，当我的主人看到她第一次在床上坐起来并开始注意她周围的人和事时，他比谁都高兴。他对她爱意无限，关心无微不至，于是我真的相信她一定会好起来。她要活下去还有另一个原因。她怀了孩子，我们都希望她能生个儿子来继承林顿家族的财产。

后来艾加先生收到了伊莎贝拉来的一封信，告诉他她已同希斯克利夫结婚了。同来的还有一封给我的长信，写道：

亲爱的艾伦：

我昨晚到了呼啸山庄，听说凯瑟琳病了。我哥哥不肯给我写信，所以我只能给你写。告诉艾加我还爱着他和凯瑟琳，还想回到画眉山庄，可我不能！

下面的内容是写给你一个人的，艾伦。有两个问题——你是怎么跟这宅子里的人相处的？他们好像没有人性！还有（我很想知道）希斯克利夫先生是什么东西？是人么？是个疯子？还是个魔鬼？你来看我的时候，你一定得跟我说说我到底嫁给了个什么东西。你一定要尽快来，带一个艾加的口信来。

希斯克利夫昨晚把我带到这儿。这宅子将是我的家，他说。一到这儿他就不见了，所以我一个人进了厨房。现在那儿真是个乱七八糟、令人难受的地方，艾伦！火炉旁站着一个邋遢的孩子，我琢磨他一定就是凯瑟琳的侄子哈里顿了，于是想握握手。可他用咒骂的方式来欢迎我，所以我到厅里去找其他人。我去敲另一扇门，开门的是一个瘦高挑儿的男人，头发又长又脏，披到肩上。我知道这一定就是亨德雷·欧肖，凯瑟琳的哥哥，哈里顿的父亲。他的眼睛，还有哈里顿的眼睛，让我想起凯瑟琳。

“你想干什么？”他粗鲁地问。

“我叫伊莎贝拉·林顿，”我回答。“我已嫁给了希斯克利夫先生。”

“哦，这么说那个恶棍回来啦！好！”他咆哮道。

你可以想像得到，艾伦，我在那讨厌的宅子里会多难过。我清楚这儿离我真正的家画眉山庄只有四英里，那儿有我在这世上唯一爱着的人。但那四英里像一片汪洋，我过不去！别把这个告诉艾加或凯瑟琳，我原指望能在呼啸山庄找到一个朋友，一个能帮助我对付希斯克利夫的人。如今我明白这儿没人能帮我。

沉默了许久之后我说，“请让个女仆带我去我的卧室。我走了那么远的路，累了。”

“我们这儿没有女仆，”他回答。“约瑟夫会带你去希斯克利夫的房间，如果你愿意。还有——还有——今晚你最好锁上卧室的门！”

“为什么，欧肖先生？”我问。我不想把自己和希斯克利夫锁在房间里。

他拿出一枝枪，上面还带着一把刀子。

“看看这个，”他说。“我每天晚上都想撬开他卧室的门。到目前为止他都上锁。可要是哪天晚上他忘了，我就会杀了他！”

“你为什么这么恨他？”我问。

“因为他抢走了我的一切！”他嚎道。“什么也没剩下让哈里顿去继承！但我会把它全夺回来的！还有他的钱，还有他的血。然后魔鬼就能收去他的灵魂！”

我看他好像疯了，艾伦。我离开了他，去找那个老仆约瑟夫。希斯克利夫的房间似乎是锁着的，也没有给客人住的卧室，所以最后我在孩子的房里睡下了。到了我的新家，他们就这么欢迎我！

我明白希斯克利夫把凯瑟琳的病归咎于艾加。他威胁过我，要我为此吃苦头。啊，我真恨他——我真命苦——我真是个傻瓜！别对画眉山庄的任何人讲，艾伦。快来吧——别让我失望！

伊莎贝拉

于呼啸山庄

一读完信，我就问艾加先生我能否替他给他妹妹带个口信。

“你今天下午可以去看她，艾伦，如果你愿意。告诉她我不是生气，只是为失去她而难过。我无法想像她会幸福。我不会再看她，也不会给她写信。”

那天下午我到呼啸山庄时，看到房子比我以前住的时候脏乱得多，我很吃惊。我想到亨德雷不在乎他住的环境，约瑟夫花在祈祷上的时间无疑比打扫卫生多。希斯克利夫和伊莎贝拉都在正房里。希斯克利夫比我以前任何时候看到他时都更像个绅士，可他的妻子却懒得梳理头发、更换衣服。我不得不向可怜的伊莎贝拉解释说艾加先生不肯给她写信。她听到这个哭了一会儿。然后希斯克利夫就一遍一遍地问我凯瑟琳的病

情。

“要是你真的爱她，”我对他说，“你现在就离她远点。她不能太激动。她的身体一直都会很弱。她那深情的丈夫把她护理得非常好！”

“她那深情的丈夫！”希斯克利夫讥讽地重复了一句。“别把我对她的感情与他的相比！不，艾伦，你离开这房子之前，我要让你答应安排我与凯瑟琳见一面。我一定要见她！”

“我决不会答应的，”我说。“她刚刚开始恢复。她差不多把你忘了，而你现在又要再去惹她！”

“艾伦，你我都知道她决不会忘了我！如果她想起艾加·林顿一次，她就会想我一千次！他不会像我那样爱她！凯瑟琳有一颗如我一般深情的心！”

“凯瑟琳和艾加彼此非常相亲相爱！”伊莎贝拉突然说道。“别那样说我哥哥！”

“你那亲爱的哥哥对你的关心还不足以让他给你写信，”希斯克利夫回道，悻悻地一笑。

“那是因为他不知道我有多苦，”她静静地回答道，她转过身去不让人看见她脸上的泪水。

“先生，”我说，“伊莎贝拉小姐，我应该说是希斯克利夫夫人，好像不高兴。你得对她好点。尽量照顾她。比如说，给她找个女仆。”

“我不会对她来软的，”他笑着答道。“她太傻了，跟我私奔。我从没假装爱她。此刻我想她开始明白我看不起她。她甚至比她哥哥还软弱愚蠢，但她对我会有用。所以我才留她在我这儿。”

“艾伦，他说他要我是为了报复艾加！不管他打什么鬼主意，我不会让他得逞的。要么我死，要么我要看着他先死！”

“你开始过激了，伊莎贝拉！”希斯克利夫说道。“现在上楼去。我想同艾伦·迪恩单独谈谈。快去！”他粗野地把她推出门外。

“难道你不怜悯她吗？”只剩我们两个时我问。“你这一生可曾怜悯过什么人吗？”

“我为什么要怜悯？她就像我脚下的一只虫子。她越叫唤，我就越喜欢折磨她。好了，艾伦，听着。我每天从早到晚都会在画眉山庄的花园里等着，直到我有机会看到凯瑟琳为止。要是让我遇上艾加·林顿或他的家仆，我就开枪打死他们。可你不觉得最好能避免一场争斗吗？你可以告诉我什么时候她单独在。这样就不会有伤害了。”

尽管我同他争执、抱怨，无数次地拒绝，但最终他还是强迫我答应下来。我应允艾加·林顿出门的时候通知他。我觉得我做得不对，但我希望着这是希斯克利夫最后一次见凯瑟琳。

1784 Heathcliff had given me a letter for Catherine, but I decided not to show it to her until Mr Edgar was out of the house. My chance came four days after my visit to Wuthering Heights. As it was a Sunday, Mr Edgar and all the servants went to church, leaving me alone to look after Catherine.

She was sitting downstairs, by an open window, enjoying the spring sunshine. Her appearance had changed since her illness, but there was a strange beauty in her pale face. She did not read or sew any more, but used to sit there silently, staring into the distance. Her eyes seemed fixed on something far away, something beyond normal sight.

I showed her the letter, but she looked confused and could not seem to understand it, so I had to explain ‘It’s from Mr Heathcliff, ’ I said gently. ‘He’s in the garden, and wants to see you. What shall I tell him? ’

She said nothing, but bent forward in her chair to listen. We both heard someone coming through the hall. Heathcliff had realized the house was almost empty, and had found an open door Catherine looked eagerly towards the entrance to the room. He appeared, and in two steps was by her side. For five whole minutes he held her in his arms and kissed her again and again it gave him great pain to look at her face. He could see, as I could, that she would never recover, that she was certain to die.

‘Oh, Catherine! Oh, my life! How can I bear It! ’ he cried. ‘You and Edgar have broken my heart, ’ said Catherine, ‘And you both want me to pity you! How strong you are, Heathcliff! You’ll live for years after my death! Will you forget me, and be happy with others, when I’m in my grave? ’ ‘It’s wicked of you to say that, Catherine. You know your words will burn for ever in my memory after you’ve left me. You know I could never forget you! ’

‘I don’t want you to suffer more than I do, Heathcliff. I only want us to be together, always . ’

Heathcliff turned away, his shoulders shaking. ‘That isn’t my Heathcliff, ’ Catherine said to me. ‘I’ll always love my Heathcliff, and take him with me. He’s in my soul, you see. Oh, Ellen, I do want to escape from this prison. There’s a beautiful world waiting for me out there. You feel sorry for me now because I’m ill. Well, very soon I’ll feel sorry for you, because I’ll be beyond you all! ’

Heathcliff turned towards her, his fierce eyes wet. For a moment they looked at each other, and then they were in each other’s arms again. No one could have separated them.

‘How cruel you’ve been to me, Catherine! ’ he cried wildly. ‘You loved me, so why did you marry Edgar Linton? It’s all your fault! I haven’t broken your heart, you’ve broken it! 108 And you’ve broken mine too! Do you think I want to live after you are dead? ’ ‘If I’ve done wrong, I’m dying for it! ’ sobbed Catherine. ‘It’s your fault too, Heathcliff! You left me, remember? But I forgive you. Now forgive me! ’

It’s hard to forgive, when I look at your sad eyes, and feel your thin hands. Kiss me again, Catherine! I forgive you for making me suffer, but how can I forgive you for dying? ’

Catherine sobbed quietly, hiding her face in his shoulder, and tears rolled down Heathcliff’s dark face.

Suddenly I noticed, through the window, the servants coming back from church. I was afraid Mr Edgar would find Heathcliff with Catherine.

‘My master will be here in a moment, ’ I warned them. ‘I must go, Catherine, ’ said Heathcliff. ‘No, no! ’ she screamed. ‘Don’t go! It’s the last time! Edgar won’t hurt us! Heathcliff, I’ll die if you go! ’ ‘All right, my darling, I’ll stay. If he shot me in your arms, I’d die happy. ’

At that moment my master appeared at the door. When he saw Heathcliff holding his wife, he went pale with anger.

‘Here, take care of her first, ’ said Heathcliff, putting Catherine in her husband’s arms, ‘then speak to me later if you wish. ’ He walked out of the house.

Catherine seemed to be unconscious, and Mr Edgar was so worried about her that he forgot about Heathcliff for the moment. She recovered a little, but did not recognize any of us, and was clearly very ill. We put her to bed immediately, and at twelve o’ clock that night her daughter, Cathy, was born, two months early. That’s the young lady you saw at Wuthering Heights, Mr Lockwood. Two hours later, Catherine died, without calling for Heathcliff, or recognizing Edgar. My poor master was in the depths of despair. I thought it was very unfortunate that Catherine had only given him a daughter, not a son. Now the Linton fortune would pass to Isabella and her husband after Mr Edgar’s death.

Catherine’s dead body lay peacefully on her bed. In death she looked more beautiful than in life. I wondered if she was now beyond us all, ’ as she had said, and hoped that her soul had found a home with God.

In the morning I went to look for Heathcliff. I found him in the Grange garden, where he had been waiting for news all night. ‘She’s dead, I know! ’ he cried to me as I came closer.

‘Don’t cry, she doesn’t need your tears! Tell me—tell me, how did—? ’ He tried to say her name, but could not manage it. ‘How did she die? ’ he said at last, staring fiercely at me. ‘Don’t be sorry for me, I don’t want your pity! ’ ‘Poor creature! ’ I thought. ‘You have a heart just like other men, but you are too proud to show it! ’

Aloud I said, ‘She died quietly, in her sleep. Her life finished in a gentle dream. I hope she wakes as calmly in the other world! ’ ‘Where are you, Catherine? ’ he cried in despair. ‘Don’t leave me here, where I can’t find you! I pray that you will never rest while I’m alive. You said I killed you—haunt me then! Murdered people do haunt their murderers, I believe. Come back as a ghost—drive me mad—I don’t care! Oh, God! I can’t bear it! I cannot live without you, my soul! ’

He howled like a wild animal, and hit his forehead several times against a tree, until the wood was covered in blood. I knew I could no longer help him, so I left him.

Catherine was buried the following Friday. Her brother Hindley, although invited, did not come, and Isabella was not invited, so it was only Mr Edgar and the servants who attended the ceremony. To our surprise, she was not buried in the church with the Lintons, nor with the Earnshaws. She lies in an open corner of the churchyard, where she can breathe the air from the moors. Her husband’s grave is next to hers.

1784年

希斯科克利夫给了我一封致凯瑟琳的信，但我决定在艾加先生不在家时再给她看。我从呼啸山庄回来后过了四天时找到了一个机会。那是个礼拜天，艾加先生和所有家仆都到教堂去了，留我一个人照看凯瑟琳。

她在楼下一个开着的窗户旁坐着，享受着春天的阳光。她得病之后容貌变了，但她惨白的面庞有一种莫名的美。她不再读书，也不再做针线活儿，但常静静地坐在那儿，呆呆地望着远方。她的目光好像盯着远处的什么东西，正常视线以外的东西。

我把信给她看，可她显得有些茫然，似乎无法理解，所以我不得不解释一下。

“是希斯科克利夫来的，”我轻声说。“他在花园里，想见你。我该怎么跟他说？”

她什么也没说，但从椅子上欠起身在听着。我们俩都听到有人从厅里走过来。希斯科克利夫意识到房子里没有什么人了，就找了扇敞开的门。凯瑟琳急切地望着房门。他出现了，两步就走到她的身边。他把她抱在怀里，一遍遍地吻她，足足有五分钟。他看着她的脸，十分痛苦。他和我都能看出来，凯瑟琳永远不会复原了，她肯定是要死了。

“噢，凯瑟琳！噢，我的命根子！我如何能忍受得了！”他痛苦地叫道。

“你和艾加伤透了我的心，”凯瑟琳说。“你们都想让我怜悯你们！你多健壮啊，希斯科克利夫！我死后你还能活好多年！等我入土之后，你会忘了我，和别的人幸福地生活吗？”

“你这么说是中了邪，凯瑟琳。你明白在你离开我之后，你的话仍将会烙印在我记忆中。你知道我永远都不会忘记你的！”

“我不想你比我多受罪，希斯科克利夫。我只想我们俩在一起，永远。”

希斯科克利夫转开身，他的双肩在颤抖。

“这不是我的希斯科克利夫，”凯瑟琳对我说道。“我将永远爱我的希斯科克利夫，把他带在身边。他在我的灵魂里，你知道。哦，艾伦，我真想逃离这牢狱。那儿有一个美丽的世界在等着我。你为我难过是因为我病了。可很快我就会为你们感到难过，因为我将会在你们所有人之上！”

希斯科克利夫转过来面对着她，炽烈的双眼里含着泪。他们先是相对而视，然后又拥抱在一起。没人能把他们分开。

“你对我多无情啊，凯瑟琳！”他发疯似地说道。“你爱我，那为什么却嫁给了艾加·林顿？都是你的错！我没有伤你的心，是你自己伤了自己的心！而且你还伤了我的心！你以为你死了我还想活下去吗？”

“如果是我错了，那我该死！”凯瑟琳抽泣道。“也有你的错，希斯科克利夫！你离开了我，还记得吗？但我原谅你。你也原谅我吧！”

“我一看到你忧郁的双眼，摸着 you 瘦弱的双手，我就很难原谅。再吻吻我吧，凯瑟琳！我原谅你给我的痛苦，可我怎能原谅你要死？”

凯瑟琳无声地啜泣着，把脸埋在他的肩上，泪水顺着希斯科克利夫黝黑的面庞淌落下来。

我突然从窗子看到仆人们正从教堂往回走。我怕艾加先生会看到希斯科克利夫和凯瑟琳在一起。

“我的主人马上就到了，”我提醒他们。

“我得走了，凯瑟琳，”希斯科克利夫说。

“不，不！”她高声叫起来，“别走！这是最后一面了！艾加不会伤害我们的！希斯科克利夫，你要走我会死的！”

“好，我亲爱的，我不走。如果他把我杀死在你的怀里，我会幸福地死去。”

这时，我的主人在门口出现了。看到希斯科克利夫正抱着自己的妻子，他的脸气得煞白。

“哎，先照看她，”希斯科克利夫说，把凯瑟琳交到她丈夫的怀里，“要是你想跟我说话，呆一会儿再说。”他走出了房子。

凯瑟琳好像是晕过去了，艾加先生非常担心，一时间竟忘了希斯科克利夫的事。她的知觉恢复了一点，可认不出我们，显然是病得很重。我们当即把她放到床上，就在当天晚上12点她的女儿凯茜出世了，早产了两个月。她就是你在呼啸山庄看见的那年轻女士，洛克伍德先生。两个小时后，凯瑟琳死了，既没有喊希斯科克利夫，也没认出艾加。我那可怜的主人陷入了深深的绝望。我想，凯瑟琳只给他生了个女儿却没有儿子，真是太不幸了。这样在艾加先生死后林顿家的财产就会传给伊莎贝拉和她的丈夫。

凯瑟琳的遗体宁静地躺在她的床上。她死后的样子比生前更美。我不知道是否现在她“在我们之上”，像她曾说过的那样，我祈望她的灵魂已在上帝那儿找到了归宿。

早晨我去找希斯科克利夫。在画眉山庄的花园里我找到了他，他一整夜都在那儿等着消息。

“她死了，我知道！”我走近时他对我叫道。“别哭，她不稀罕你的眼泪！告诉我——告诉我，是怎么——？”他想说她的名字，但说不出来。“她是怎么死的？”他最后说道，凶神恶煞般地盯着我。“别为我难过，我不需要你的怜悯！”

“可怜的家伙！”我想。“你的心跟别的男人也都一样，但你的自尊心太强，不肯表现出来而已！”

我大声说，“她是在睡梦中平静地死去的。她的生命在安祥的梦中结束了。我希望她能在另一个世界同样平静地醒来！”

“你在哪儿，凯瑟琳？”他绝望地喊着。“别把我留在这儿，我找不到你！我祈求在我还活着的时候你永远不要安息。你说是我害死了你——那就来索我的命吧！我相信被害死的人会找害他们的人索命的。变作鬼魂回来吧——把我逼疯——我不在乎！噢，上帝！我受不了啦！我活着不能没有你，我的爱人！”

他像一头野兽般地嗥叫着，好几次把前额撞到一棵树上，直到树干上沾满了鲜血。我明白我也帮不了他，就离开了。

凯瑟琳是那个礼拜五安葬的。虽然请了他的哥哥亨德雷，可他没来，又没有请伊莎贝拉，所以只有艾加先生和仆人们参加了葬礼。我们感到奇怪的是她没被葬在教堂林顿家人下葬的地方，也没同欧肖家的人葬在一起。她躺在教堂墓地开阔的一角，她在那儿能呼吸到荒原吹来的空气。她丈夫的墓和她的相邻。

1784 That Friday evening the wind changed, and brought first rain, then snow. Next morning the spring flowers were all hidden under deep snow. Mr Edgar stayed in his room. I was in the sitting-room with the baby, when I was surprised to hear a girl's voice behind me. I turned round, and saw it was Isabella Heathcliff. I was quite shocked by her appearance. Her hair was loose, and wet with snow and rain. She wore a light silk dress and thin shoes, which did not seem at all suitable for a long walk in the snow. Under her ear was a deep wound, which was bleeding. Her face was scratched and bruised, and she looked very tired. I could see that she was expecting a baby.

‘I've run all the way here from Wuthering Heights,’ she said, gasping for breath. ‘I couldn't count how many times I've fallen down! Ellen, please ask a maid to find some dry clothes for me, and then I'll go on to the village. I'm not staying here.’ ‘First, my dear young lady,’ I told her, ‘you'll get warm and dry, and I'll put a bandage on that wound. Then we'll have some tea.’ She was so exhausted that she let me help her without protesting, and finally we sat down together near the fire with our cups of tea.

‘Oh, Ellen,’ she said, ‘I cried bitterly when I heard of Catherine's death, you know And Heathcliff is desperately sad! But I can't feel sorry for him. This is the last thing of his I've got,’ and she took off her gold wedding-ring and threw it in the fire. ‘I'll never go back to him. But I can't stay here, in case he comes to find me. And anyway I don't want to beg for Edgar's help, or make trouble for him. To escape from Heathcliff I must go a long way away. How could Catherine have liked him, Ellen? I wish he would die, and then I could forget him completely!’ ‘Don't say that,’ I protested, ‘he's a human being. There are worse men than him in the world!’ ‘He isn't human,’ she replied. ‘I gave him my heart, and he destroyed it, so I can't feel pity for him. But I must tell you how I managed to escape. Hindley Earnshaw should have been at Catherine's burial yesterday, but he had been drinking so much that he couldn't go. Last night he and I were sitting silently in the kitchen at about midnight, when Heathcliff came home. Hindley decided to lock the doors so that Heathcliff could not get in. He told me his plan was to murder his hated guest that night, with the weapon he had shown me. I hate Heathcliff too, but I could not agree to murder, so I called out a warning from the kitchen window. Heathcliff swore horribly at me and broke one of the windows. Hindley put his right arm out through the hole, with the gun in it, and aimed it at his enemy. But before he could fire, Heathcliff caught hold of the gun and pulled it away from Hindley. The knife cut into Hindley's wrist, and blood poured out. Heathcliff jumped into the kitchen through the window, and started kicking and hitting Hindley, who was lying unconscious on the kitchen floor. ‘I ran off to find Joseph. When we came back, Heathcliff was putting a bandage on Hindley's wrist. Joseph was shocked at the sight of his master, and would have gone to the police, if Heathcliff hadn't forced me to describe what happened. I had to agree that Hindley had certainly attacked Heathcliff first. ‘The next day, I decided to have my revenge on Heathcliff, by telling Hindley that ‘that devil’ had hit and kicked him when he was unconscious. And I told Heathcliff to his face that he could never have made Catherine happy, if she had been his wife. This made him so angry that he threw a knife at me, which cut my neck, and then he rushed towards me, swearing violently. I knew I had to get away quickly, and as I ran out of the kitchen, I saw Hindley attack Heathcliff Both of them were rolling on the floor, fighting. I came over the moors through the snow to the Grange. At last I'm free! And I shall never, never spend another night at Wuthering Heights.’

After drinking her tea, Isabella left the Grange From our village she travelled by coach to the south, where she made her new home near London. There, a few months later, she had a son. She called him Linton.

Heathcliff must have discovered this from the servants. One day when I saw him in the village, he said, ‘I hear I've got a son, Ellen, whose name's Linton! I suppose Isabella wants me to hate him! She can keep him for the moment. But tell Edgar Linton I'll have the boy one day! He's mine!’

After Catherine's death my poor master, Mr Edgar, was a changed man. He no longer went to church, or saw any friends. He occasionally went for lonely walks on the moors, and regularly visited his wife's grave. But fortunately Catherine had left him something of herself, her daughter Cathy. This tiny child soon won his heart.

It's strange, Mr Lockwood, to compare Hindley and Edgar. They both lost their wives, and were left with a child. Hindley did not believe in God, and showed no interest in his son Hareton. But Edgar believed, and loved his daughter Cathy deeply.

Hindley himself died six months after his sister Catherine. We never discovered exactly what happened, but Heathcliff said he had drunk himself to death. It appeared that Heathcliff had won Hindley's house, land and money from him when playing cards, so he was now the master of Wuthering Heights. Hareton inherited nothing from his father, and could only stay on at Wuthering Heights as a servant, working for the man who had been his father's enemy.

11 伊莎贝拉跑了

1784年

那个礼拜五的晚上风向变了，先来了一阵雨，接着是雪。第二天早晨春天的花儿都被厚厚的雪掩埋了。艾加先生呆在自己的房间里。我正在起居室里和婴儿在一起，这时出乎意料地听到身后有一个姑娘的声音，我回过身，看到是伊莎贝拉·希斯克利夫。她的样子让我吓了一跳。她散乱的头发湿漉漉地沾满雨雪。她穿着一件薄薄的丝绸外衣和一双单鞋，这装束看着根本不适合在雪地里走远路。她的耳根有一处很深的伤口，淌着血。脸上伤痕累累，看上去疲惫不堪。我能看出她怀孕了。

“我是从呼啸山庄一路跑到这儿的，”她上气不接下气说道。“我也数不清跌了多少跤！艾伦，请叫一个女仆给我找些干衣裳，然后我接着到村里去。我不呆在这儿。”

“首先，我的好小姐，”我对她说，“你先暖和暖和，等身子干了，然后我把伤口给你包扎一下。最后我们再喝点茶。”她累极了，所以乖乖地由着我拾掇她，最后我们端着茶在炉火旁一起坐了下来。

“哦，艾伦，”她说，“听到凯瑟琳的死讯，我大哭了一场，你知道。希斯克利夫也是悲痛欲绝！但对他我可怜不起来。这是我身上最后一件他的东西，”说着摘下她的结婚金戒指扔进火里。“我再也不回到他那儿去了。可我不能留在这儿，以防他来找我。况且反正我不想求艾加帮忙，说不定还会给他添麻烦。要躲开希斯克利夫，我得走得远远的。凯瑟琳怎么会喜欢他，艾伦？我盼着他死，这样才能把他忘得一干二净！”

“别那么说，”我分辩道，“他是一个人。世上还有比他更坏的人！”

“他不是人，”她回答。“我把心交给了他，他却把它毁了，所以我不能可怜他。我得告诉你我是怎么逃出来的。亨德雷·欧肖昨天本来

是要参加凯瑟琳的葬礼的，但他喝多了，没去成。昨晚约摸半夜的时候，他和我坐在厨房里，默默无言，这时希斯科克利夫回来了。亨德雷想锁上门不让希斯科克利夫进来。他对我说他准备当天晚上用他给我看过的武器去杀他这个恨之入骨的房客。我也恨希斯科克利夫，可我不能同意去杀人，所以我就朝厨房的窗户外大声警告。希斯科克利夫对我破口大骂，砸坏了一个窗户。亨德雷右手拿着枪，从破洞里伸出去瞄准他的仇人。可他还来不及开枪，希斯科克利夫一把把枪抓住，夺了过去。刀子割进了亨德雷的手腕，血顿时涌了出来。希斯科克利夫从窗户跳进厨房，开始对躺在地板上已人事不知的亨德雷拳打脚踢。

“我跑出去找约瑟夫。我们回来时，希斯科克利夫正给亨德雷包扎手腕。约瑟夫一见他主人的样子惊恐万分，要不是希斯科克利夫逼着我说出怎么回事，他就去报警了。我不能不同意说的确是亨德雷先攻击希斯科克利夫的。

“第二天，我决定报复希斯科克利夫，于是告诉亨德雷在他昏迷不醒时那‘恶棍’曾对他拳打脚踢。而且我还当着希斯科克利夫的面说，如果凯瑟琳当了他妻子，他也决不能让她幸福。这话让他勃然大怒，一把刀就朝我扔过来，砍在我脖子上，接着他又大骂着向我冲来。我明白我必须马上逃走，就在我跑出厨房的当儿，我看见亨德雷攻向希斯科克利夫，他们俩在地板上厮打着滚作一团。我在雪地里越过荒原朝画眉山庄而来。我终于自由啦！我坚决不会在呼嘯山庄多过一个晚上。”

喝完茶，伊莎贝拉离开了画眉山庄。她从我们的村子出发，乘马车去了南方，并在伦敦附近建立了一个新家。几个月后，她在那儿生了个儿子，给他起名叫林顿。

希斯科克利夫一定是从仆人们那儿听说了这个消息。一天，我在村里看见他，他说，“我听说我有了个儿子，艾伦，他叫林顿！我猜伊莎贝拉是想让我恨他！她可以暂时养着他。但要告诉艾加·林顿，这孩子总有一天是我的！他是我的！”

凯瑟琳死后，我那可怜的主人艾加先生似乎成了另一个人。他不再上教堂，也不看朋友。他偶尔会上荒原独自走走，定期去看看妻子的墓。但好在凯瑟琳给他留下了她的血肉，女儿凯茜。这个小孩子很快赢得了他的欢心。

洛克伍德先生，要比较亨德雷和艾加就会令人不解。他们都失去了妻子，都留下了一个孩子。亨德雷不信上帝，对哈里顿毫不关心。而艾加信上帝，并且非常爱他的女儿凯茜。

亨德雷在他妹妹死后六个月也死了。我们一直没弄清楚到底是怎么回事，尽管希斯科克利夫说他是喝酒醉死的。好像希斯科克利夫是玩牌赢走了亨德雷的宅子、土地和钱财，所以现在他成了呼嘯山庄的主人。哈里顿从他父亲那儿一个子儿也没继承到，只能呆在呼嘯山庄当仆人，为他父亲原来的仇人干活儿。

12 Bringing up Cathy

1797 During the next twelve years I was happier than I had ever been before. All my time was spent looking after little Cathy, who brought sunshine into our lives. She was a real beauty, with the Earnshaws' dark eyes and the Lintons' fair skin. She wasn't as proud and quick-tempered as her mother, but she was used to getting what she wanted. Her father loved her so much that he gave her everything, and never scolded her.

Until she was thirteen she had never been outside the Grange garden alone. She knew nothing of Wuthering Heights or Heathcliff. She often asked me about the hills in the distance, beyond the moors, and wanted to ride her pony there. I knew the master would not let her leave the safety of the Grange to go so far, especially as the road to the hills passed close to Wuthering Heights. So I always told her she would be able to go there when she was older. I did not know what she was planning.

Mr Edgar received a letter from his sister Isabella. She wrote that she was dying of a fever, and asked him to visit her for the first and last time. She also wanted him to take care of her son Linton after her death. Although my master hated travelling, he did not hesitate to do as she requested. He told me to look after Cathy carefully, and left at once.

He was away for three weeks. Cathy did not cause me any trouble at first. She spent her days walking her dogs and riding her pony in the large garden. But one day she asked if she could stay out the whole day, and away she went on her little pony, with her two dogs running behind.

There was no sign of her at tea-time, and I began to be seriously worried. I went outside to look for her. At the gate I found a workman, who had seen her jump the low wall separating the garden from the road, and then ride on towards the hills and Wuthering Heights.

I was very frightened now. She could be lost on the moors! She could have tried to climb the hills, and fallen! I walked across the moors as fast as I could, and arrived breathless at Wuthering Heights. How glad I was to see one of her dogs lying outside the kitchen door! I knocked loudly, and Zillah let me in. I knew she had been the housekeeper there since Hindley's death. 'Ah,' she said, 'you've come for your little mistress! She's here, quite safe! The master, Mr Heathcliff, isn't here. He won't be back for a while.'

Cathy was sitting comfortably in the kitchen, talking eagerly to Hareton. He was now a big, strong young man of eighteen, who was staring rather stupidly at her. I was delighted to find her again, but I pretended to be angry to punish her. 'Well, miss! You are wicked, going such a long way all alone! I've been all over the moors looking for you! looking father will be angry!' 'What have I done?' she sobbed, suddenly frightened. 'Father didn't forbid me to leave the Grange garden! He won't scold me, Ellen. He's never cross, like you! And I've been to the hills, Ellen! This-man-showed me, because I didn't know the way.'

I made her put on her hat and prepare to leave. 'Whose house is this?' she asked suddenly. 'It's your father's, isn't it?' she added, turning to Hareton. 'No,' he replied, looking down. His face went very red.

'Whose then-your master's?' she asked.

He swore, and turned away. 'Ellen, he didn't say miss to me. Servants should always say 'miss', shouldn't they?'

Hareton frowned and looked very angry, but said nothing. 'You, get my horse,' she ordered him 'Hurry!' 'What the devil do you mean? I'm not your servant!' he growled. 'You see, Miss Cathy? Nice words to be used to a young lady! Now come along, let's fetch the pony and leave,' I said. 'But Ellen,' she cried, staring horrified at him, 'how dare he speak to me like that! He must do as I tell him!'

He's not your servant, miss,' said Zillah, who had been listening to the conversation. 'He's your cousin.' 'He can't be my cousin!' cried Cathy, with a scornful laugh. 'Father has gone to fetch my cousin from London. He's a gentleman's son, not-not a farm worker like him!' She pointed at poor Hareton, whose clothes were old and dirty.

I was very annoyed with her and Zillah. Now Heathcliff would hear about his son's arrival, which we had hoped to keep secret from him. And Cathy would certainly ask her father whether she had a cousin at Wuthering Heights. On our way home I explained to her that if her father discovered she had visited Wuthering Heights, he would perhaps be so angry with me that he would send me away. She could not bear to think of that, so she promised to keep her visit a secret from him.

We heard from Mr Edgar that his sister had died, and that he was returning soon with his young nephew. Cathy was wild with excitement. She would see her dear father again, and have a cousin of the same age to play with.

But when the coach arrived, young Linton had to be carried into the house. He was a pale, thin boy, who looked very like Mr Edgar. He seemed so weak that I wondered how long he would live. I thought he would have no chance of life if his father Heathcliff took him to live at Wuthering Heights.

In fact Linton only stayed one night with us. Later that evening Heathcliff's servant Joseph arrived and asked to speak to the master. Although it was late and Mr Edgar was tired after his journey, Joseph insisted, so I took him to the master's room. 'Heathcliff has sent me for his son, and I can't go back without him,' he said.

Mr Edgar was silent for a moment. On his face was an expression of deep sadness. He had hoped to keep Linton with him, as Isabella had wished. But he could not refuse the boy's father. 'Tell Mr Heathcliff,' he said calmly, 'that Ellen will take his son to Wuthering Heights tomorrow. He's asleep at the moment, and I won't disturb him.'

'No!' said Joseph, banging the table with his hand. 'I must take him back now!'

'Not tonight!' answered Mr Edgar. 'Leave the house now, and tell your master what I said!' 'Very well!' shouted Joseph, as he walked out. 'If he doesn't arrive early in the morning, Heathcliff will come for him!'

12 凯茜长大了

1797年

在以后的12年里，我比以前任何时候都过得舒心。我所有的时间都花在照看小凯茜身上，她给我们的生活带来了阳光。她是一个不折不扣的小美人，长着欧肖家的黑眼睛，林顿家的白皮肤。她不像她母亲那样孤傲和脾气暴躁，但也是习惯了要什么有什么。她的父亲对她非常宠爱，什么都给她，也从不责骂。

她13岁之前从未单独出过画眉山庄的门。她对呼啸山庄和希斯克利夫的事一无所知。她常问我远处荒原那边的山丘是什么样的，想骑着她的小马到那儿去。我知道主人不会让她离开画眉山庄的庇护，跑到那么远的地方，尤其是通向山丘的路离呼啸山庄很近。所以我总是告诉她等她长大些才能去。我不知道她是怎么打算的。

艾加先生收到一封她妹妹伊莎贝拉来的信。她在信中说她患了热病，将不久于人世，头一次、也是最后一次请求他去看望她。她还想托付他在她死后照顾她的儿子林顿。尽管我的主人实在不愿出门，可他还是毫不犹豫地依了她。他嘱咐我小心看管凯茜，然后就上路了。

他走了三个星期。开始凯茜没给我添什么麻烦。她整天在大花园里溜狗，骑她的小马。但有一天她问能不能到外面呆一整天，然后骑上她的小马，后面跟着两条狗就走了。

到了吃茶点的时候还没见她的人影，我开始真的担心起来。我到外面找她。我在大门前碰到一个佣工，他曾看见她跳过花园和路之间的矮墙，骑着马朝山丘和呼啸山庄的方向去了。

这时我吓坏了。她可能在荒原里迷了路！她可能试图爬山时摔了下来！我以最快的速度走过荒原，上气不接下气地赶到呼啸山庄。当看到厨房的门前躺着凯茜的一条狗，我真是如释重负！我大声敲门，齐拉把我让了进去。我知道亨德雷死后她就成了这儿的女管家。

“哦，”她说，“你是来找你家小姐的！她在这儿，平安无事！主人希斯克利夫先生不在家。他一时还回不来。”

凯茜舒舒服服地坐在厨房里，跟哈里顿兴致勃勃地说着话。他已是18岁的小伙子，长得高大强壮，正傻呆呆地盯着她看。我很高兴找到了她，但我还是作出生气要惩戒她的样子。

“好啊，小姐！你真是够野的，一个人跑了这么远！我到荒原找遍了你！你父亲会生气的！”

“我怎么啦？”她呜咽起来，忽然觉得有点害怕。“父亲并不禁止我离开画眉山庄！他不会骂我的，艾伦。他从不发怒，像你！我去了山上，艾伦！是这个——人——给我指的路，因为我不认识。”

我叫她戴上帽子，准备告辞。

“这是谁的房子？”她冷不丁地问道。“是你父亲的，是吗？”她转向哈里顿，加了一句。

“不，”他回答，眼睛看着下面，脸变得通红。

“那是谁的——你主人的？”她问。

他骂了一句，转过身去。

“艾伦，他没叫我‘小姐’。仆人该永远称‘小姐’，对么？”

哈里顿眉头一皱，看上去很恼怒，但没说话。

“你，给我备马，”她命令道。“快点！”

“你他妈的什么意思？我不是你的仆人！”他怒吼道。

“你知道了，凯茜小姐，对一个年轻的小姐就用这种文雅的语言！跟我走吧，我们牵上小马离开吧，”我说。

“可艾伦，”她嚷道，反感地瞪着他，“他怎敢那样对我说话！他得照我吩咐的去做！”

“他不是你的仆人，小姐，”齐拉说道，她一直在听着他们的对话，“他是你表哥。”

“他不可能是我的表哥！”凯茜讥笑着喊道。“父亲到伦敦去接我表弟去了。他是个有教养人家的公子，不是——不是像他这样一个农庄里干活儿的！”她指着衣衫破旧邋遢、可怜巴巴的哈里顿。

她和齐拉让我很气恼。这样希斯克利夫就会听到他儿子回来的消息，我们本打算不让他知道的。而且凯茜也肯定会问父亲她是不是有个表哥在呼啸山庄。在回去的路上，我对她解释说要是她父亲得知她去了呼啸山庄，会对我很生气，有可能会把我赶走。她不愿想像这种结果，所以答应不让父亲知道她来呼啸山庄的事。

我们收到艾加先生信说他妹妹已经去世了，他很快就带着他的小侄子回来。凯茜欣喜若狂。她又能见到父亲了，而且还将有一个同龄的表弟和她一起玩。

可当马车到来的时候，小林顿是被抱着进的房子。他是个皮肤苍白、身体瘦弱的少年，样子很像艾加先生。他看上去很虚弱，我不禁怀疑他还能活多久。我想如果他父亲希斯克利夫把他带到呼啸山庄去住的话，他就根本没有活下去的机会。

其实林顿只同我们一起住了一夜。当天晚上希斯克利夫的仆人约瑟夫来了，想求见主人，有话要说。虽然已经很晚，艾加先生长途跋涉也很疲惫，可约瑟夫执意要见，于是我就把他领到主人的房间。

“希斯克利夫派我来接他的儿子，不带上他我不能回去，”他说。

艾加先生好一会儿没做声。满面愁容。他本来希望按伊莎贝拉的遗愿把林顿留在他身边。可他无法挡得住他父亲。

“转告希斯克利夫先生，”他平静地说，“艾伦明天会把他儿子送到呼啸山庄。他现在已经睡了，我不愿叫醒他。”

“不行！”约瑟夫手拍着桌子说道，“我现在必须把他带回去！”

“今天晚上不行！”艾加先生回答，“马上离开这座房子，把我的话告诉你的主人！”

“好极了！”约瑟夫往外走的时候叫嚷道。“要是他明天一大早没到，希斯克利夫会来接他的！”

13 Heathcliff's son at Wuthering Heights

1797 Linton was very surprised to be woken so early, and told that he had another journey to make, before break fast. As we rode the four miles to Wuthering Heights, he kept asking me questions about his new home, and the father he had never seen. When we arrived, Heathcliff, Hareton, and Joseph all came out of the house to inspect the child.

‘Master, that’s not a boy,’ said Joseph after a while. ‘Look at that white skin and fair hair! Mr Edgar’s sent you his daughter instead!’ ‘God! What a beautiful creature!’ laughed Heathcliff scornfully. ‘That’s worse than I expected!’

I helped the trembling child off the horse and into the house. Heathcliff took him roughly by the arm.

‘I hope you’ll be kind to him, Mr Heathcliff,’ I said. ‘He’s weak, and ill. And he’s all the family you’ve got!’

‘Don’t worry,’ Ellen, replied Heathcliff with a smile. ‘As Isabella’s son he’ll inherit Thrushcross Grange one day, and I don’t want him to die before that He’ll be educated as a gentleman. But I’m bitterly disappointed at having such a weak, crying baby for a son!’

So poor Linton was left in his father’s care. At first Cathy was miserable, because she would not now have anyone to play with, but she soon forgot him. Whenever I met Zillah, the housekeeper, in the village, I used to ask her about Linton. ‘He’s often ill,’ she told me. ‘And so selfish! He has to have a fire even in summer! He calls for cakes and hot drinks all the time. He only ever thinks of himself. Mr Heathcliff can’t bear being in the same room as him!’

Several years passed without any more news of Linton. In 1800 Cathy reached the age of sixteen. We never celebrated her birthday, because it was also the day her mother died. On this particular day she came downstairs, dressed for going out, and suggested a walk on the moors with me. Her father gave permission.

It was a lovely spring morning, and I was very happy walking in the sunshine, watching Cathy running ahead of me. But we had walked further than I had realized, and I called to her to come back. She did not seem to hear me. We were on the moors, close to Wuthering Heights, when I caught sight of two men talking to her. I recognized Heathcliff and Hareton at once. I hurried to catch up with her. ‘Miss Cathy,’ I said breathlessly, ‘we must go home. Your father will be getting worried. ‘No, he won’t, Ellen. This gentleman wants me to go to his house and meet his son. He says we’ve already met, but I don’t remember, do you? Let’s go, Ellen!’

Although I protested, she and Hareton were already halfway to Wuthering Heights. Heathcliff and I followed behind. ‘It’s very bad of you, Mr Heathcliff,’ I scolded him. ‘Mr Edgar will blame me for letting her go to your house.’ ‘I want her to see Linton, Ellke, he re-plied. ‘Listen to my plan. It’s really a very generous one. I want the two cousins to fall in love and marry. You know Cathy won’t inherit anything from her father. My son Linton will inherit all the Linton fortune when Edgar dies. If she marries Linton, she’ll be wealthy. Of course, if Linton dies, then the money comes to me, as his only other relation.’

I was still angry with Heathcliff, but it was too late to stop Cathy entering Wuthering Heights. She was delighted to rediscover her cousin Linton, who was keeping warm by the fire. ‘If he is my cousin, and you are his father,’ she said to Heathcliff, smiling, ‘then you must be my uncle! Why don’t you ever visit us at the Grange?’ ‘I visited it once or twice too often before you were born,’ he said. ‘I must tell you that I quarrelled violently with your father once. He hates me, and if you tell him you want to come here, he’ll forbid it.’

‘Well, if I can’t come here, Linton can come to visit me at the Grange,’ suggested Cathy happily.

‘It’ll be too far for me,’ said her cousin weakly. ‘It would kill me to walk four miles.’

Heathcliff looked scornfully at his son.

‘I don’t think my plan will ever succeed, Ellen!’ he whispered to me. ‘Who would fall in love with a selfish baby like that?’ He went to the kitchen door and called, ‘Hareton! Come and take Miss Cathy round the farm.’ Cathy was eager to see the animals, and she and Hareton went out.

As we watched them through the kitchen window, Heathcliff seemed to be thinking aloud.

‘I’ve taken my revenge on his father, by making Hareton work for me. I treat him badly, as they used to do to me, and he suffers, as I used to. He’s intelligent, and strong, and handsome, but I’ve taught him to scorn those qualities. So now he’s just an uneducated farm worker, and knows nothing of the world. That’s how he’ll always be. And my son? He’s stupid, and weak, and ill. But he’s gentleman, and he’ll marry Cathy, and he’ll be rich!’

Meanwhile Linton had got up from his armchair and gone out to join Cathy and Hareton. Through the open window I could hear the two younger ones laughing at Hareton’s coarse way of speaking. I began to dislike Linton rather than pity him.

When we arrived back at the Grange, Cathy told her father about the visit. He did not want to frighten her, and, in my opinion, did not explain clearly enough why she should never communicate with Linton again. At the time she seemed to accept her father’s wish.

During the next few weeks, however, I noticed Cathy’s behaviour change. She was always writing on little pieces of paper, which she kept in a locked drawer in her room, and every morning she got up surprisingly early to go down to the kitchen. I suspected something, and day I decided to break open her drawer. In it I was horrified to find a whole pile of love letters from Linton. The two cousins had been writing to each other in secret for several weeks, and Cathy had used the milkman as a messenger. I told her at once that I knew her secret, and made her promise not to send or receive any more letters. We burnt Linton’s letters together.

13 希斯克利夫的儿子在呼啸山庄

1797年

林顿很奇怪自己为什么那么早就被叫醒, 而且还要接着走, 连早餐都没吃。在我们骑马去呼啸山庄的四英里路途中, 他一直在问我有关他的新家和他那从未见过面的父亲的事。我们一到, 希斯克利夫、哈里顿和约瑟夫都走出房子来审视这孩子。

“主人, 那不是个男孩子,” 过了一会儿约瑟夫说。“看那白皙的皮肤和浅浅的头发! 艾加先生把他的女儿给你送来充数!”

“上帝! 多漂亮的小家伙!” 希斯克利夫轻蔑地笑起来。“比我预想的还不如!”

我把战战惊惊的孩子扶下马，陪他进了房子。希斯克利夫粗野地抓着他的胳膊。

“我希望你對他好一点，希斯克利夫先生，”我说。“他体弱多病，况且他也是你唯一的家人！”

“别担心，艾伦，”希斯克利夫笑着答道，“他是伊莎贝拉的儿子，总有一天会把画眉山庄继承下来，在此之前我可不希望他死。他会被调教成个绅士。但要这么个弱不禁风、哭哭啼啼的孩子作儿子，让我大失所望！”

这样可怜的林顿就被留下来由他父亲照顾。开始凯茜很难过，因为这样一来她没有人陪她玩了，但不久她就把他忘了。无论什么时候我在村子里碰到女管家齐拉，我就向她打听林顿的情况。

“他常生病，”她告诉我。“还特别自私！夏天他都得要点上炉火！他一刻不停地要点心和热茶。他只想着自己。希斯克利夫先生跟他在一个房间里根本呆不下去！”

又是几年过去了，没再听到林顿的消息。1880年凯茜满16岁了。我们从未庆祝过她的生日，因为她母亲也是那一天去世的。就在这个不寻常的日子她一身出门的装束走下楼来，提议和我到荒原上去走走。她父亲同意了。

那是个可爱的春天的上午，走在阳光下，看着凯茜在前面蹦蹦跳跳，我心情很愉快。但在我不经意之间，我们已走出了很远，我喊她回来。她好像没听见我的话。我们在荒原上，离呼啸山庄不远，这时我看见有两个男人在跟她说话。当时我就认出是希斯克利夫和哈里顿。我赶紧追上她。

“凯茜小姐，”我喘着粗气说道，“我们得回家了。你父亲会开始担心了。”

“不，他不会，艾伦。这位先生想让我到他家去见他儿子。他说我们曾见过面，可我不记得了，你记得吗？我们去吧，艾伦！”

尽管我不同意，可她和哈里顿已经走到去呼啸山庄的半路上了。希斯克利夫和我在后面跟着。

“你没安好心，希斯克利夫先生，”我指责他。“艾加先生会怪我让她去你家的。”

“我想让她见见林顿，艾伦，”他答道。“听听我的打算。这的确是个很大度的计划。我想让这两个表兄弟相爱结婚。你清楚凯茜继承不到他父亲的任何东西。我儿子林顿在艾加死后会继承林顿家所有家产。如果她嫁给林顿，她就会很富有。当然，如果林顿死了，财产就归我了，因为我是他唯一的家人。”

我还在生着希斯克利夫的气，但已经来不及制止凯茜进呼啸山庄去了。她很高兴又见到表弟林顿，他正在炉火旁取暖。

“他是我表弟，而你是他父亲，”她微笑着对希斯克利夫说，“那你肯定就是我姑父啦！你为什么从不到画眉山庄去看我们？”

“我在你出世之前多去了那儿一两次，”他说。“我必须告诉你有一次我同你父亲吵得很凶。他恨我，要是你告诉他你要到这儿来，他会坚决不许的。”

“那好，要是我不能来这儿，林顿可以去画眉山庄去看我，”凯茜满心欢喜地出主意道。

“对我来说太远了，”她的表弟细声细气地说。“走四英里我会累死的。”

希斯克利夫轻蔑地看着自己的儿子。

“我想我的计划是不可能成功了，艾伦！”他小声对我说。“谁会爱上像他那么个自私的小东西？”他走到厨房门口叫道，“哈里顿！来带凯茜小姐到农庄看看。”凯茜很想看看牲畜，于是她同哈里顿出去了。

我们从厨房的窗户看着他们，希斯克利夫好像是在自言自语。

“让哈里顿替我干活，我已经报复了他父亲。我对他百般虐待，他们以前对我也是那样；他很痛苦，我以前也一样。他聪明、健壮、英俊，但我教他看不起这些优点。所以他如今成了个没教养的干农活的，对这个世界一无所知。他将来永远就是这个样子啦。而我的儿子呢？他愚蠢、孱弱多病。可他是个绅士，他会娶凯茜，还会很富有！”

这时林顿从躺椅中站起来，出去找凯茜和哈里顿。我由开着的窗户听到那两个年纪较小的年轻人正在奚落哈里顿的说话口音粗俗。我开始有些不喜欢林顿，不那么同情他了。

我们回到画眉山庄后，凯茜把去呼啸山庄的事告诉了父亲。在我看来，他可能是不想吓着她，没有跟她解释清楚她为什么不能再和林顿交往。当时她似乎是接受了父亲的告诫。

可在过后的几个星期里，我注意到凯茜的举动有些异样。她老是在小纸条上写字，把纸条锁在她房间的抽屉里，每天早晨起床出奇地早，然后下到厨房。我怀疑她在搞什么鬼，于是一天我决定撬开她的抽屉。我震惊地发现里面是一大摞林顿写来的情书。这两个表兄弟偷偷地相互通信已有好几个星期了，凯茜是让送牛奶的替他们捎信。我马上告诉她我知道了她的秘密，逼着她答应不再写信和收信。我们一起把林顿的信烧了。

1800 The months passed, and soon it was autumn. Mr Edgar caught a bad cold, which seemed to get worse and worse. He stayed indoors the whole winter, so Cathy only had me as a companion on her walks. She had become very quiet and sad since her relationship with Linton had ended, and was very worried about her father's illness. One day when we were walking in the Grange garden, I noticed her crying. 'Cathy, what's the matter, love?' I asked. 'Oh, Ellen,' she sobbed, 'what shall I do if Father dies? And if you die? I'll be left alone!' 'I hope he and I have years more of life ahead of us. All you need do is look after your father, and let him see you're cheerful. But I think he would be really ill if he thought you loved Linton, whose father would like to see Mr Edgar dead.'

I'll never, never do anything to worry or annoy Father,' she promised. 'I only want him to recover. I love him more than anyone else in the world, more than myself!'

Just then we reached the gate, and I saw a gentleman on a horse looking over it. It was Heathcliff. 'Miss Linton!' he called. There's something I must tell you!'

'I won't listen, answered Cathy. 'Father and Ellen both say you're a wicked man.'

'But this is about my son Linton, not me. What a trick you played on him! You wrote him all those love letters, and then I suppose you got tired of it, and stopped! well, you've broken poor Linton's heart. I swear, he's dying of love for you, and he'll be in the grave by next summer unless you help him! Be generous, come and visit him. I'll be away all next week, so your father won't be angry if you come.'

He rode away. Although I tried to persuade Cathy that Heathcliff could not be telling the truth, my young mistress was very upset, and determined to discover how Linton was.

The next morning we rode to Wuthering Heights. We found Linton alone, lying on a sofa. He looked feverish and ill, and had a bad cough. 'Will you shut the door?' he said crossly, as we entered. 'It's so cold! No, Cathy, I can't breathe if you kiss me! I want a drink.'

Cathy poured him a glass of water.

And are you glad to see me, Linton?' she asked hopefully. 'Yes, I am,' he replied. 'But you should have come before! My father swore at me, and said it was my fault you didn't come. Will you come and visit me again?'

'Yes, Linton,' Cathy said gently, holding his hand. 'If Father agreed, I'd spend half my time with you. I wish you were my brother, then we could spend all our time together!' 'But my father says you would love me best if you were my wife, so that would be better.'

'I'd never love anybody more than Father,' she replied seriously. 'Sometimes men hate their wives, like your father. He hated your mother, my aunt Isabella. That's why she left him.' 'That's not true!' cried the boy. 'Anyway, your mother hated your father! And she loved mine!' 'You're lying! I hate you!' she shouted angrily, and gave the sofa a violent push. He fell back, and started coughing so badly that even I was frightened. At last he recovered. Cathy was crying in a corner, afraid that she had really hurt him.

'How do you feel now, Linton?' she asked after a while. 'I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you.' 'I wish you felt as ill as I do, you cruel thing! And I was better today, before you came!' His voice was full of pity for himself.

'We must go,' I said. 'You can see, Miss Cathy, that he isn't dying of love for you! It's not your fault that he's ill. Come along!' But I could not stop Cathy whispering something in Linton's ear, before we left the room.

On the way home I told her I would not allow her to visit him again. 'He's a selfish child, Miss Cathy, and I don't think he'll live till he's twenty. I'm glad you're not going to marry him.'

Cathy looked sad. 'I'm sure he'd recover if I looked after him. And I don't think we'd quarrel if we knew each other better.' 148 'Well, miss, if you try to go there again, with or without me, I'll tell your father.'

But the next day I fell ill, and had to stay in bed for three weeks, which was very unusual for me. My little mistress went from her father's bedroom to mine, and back again, and looked after us both with the greatest care. But I never wondered what she did in the evenings, when Mr Edgar had gone to bed, and I no longer needed her.

I only discovered the truth on the first day I was able to get up. In the evening I asked her to read to me, and was surprised how sleepy she seemed. She went to bed early. I felt rather worried about her health, and went to her room an hour later to see if she needed anything. Her bedroom was empty. I sat there in the dark, waiting for her to return.

When she arrived, shaking the snow off her shoes, she was shocked to find me there. I guessed where she had been, but I made her tell me the whole story. Every night since I had been ill, she had ridden to Wuthering Heights and spent the evening with her cousin. Sometimes she was happy with Linton, when he was cheerful and less selfish, but most of the time she was miserable. However, she insisted that the visits should continue, because Linton needed her, and she wanted to see him.

Although she begged me to say nothing to her father, I went straight to the master and told him. He forbade her to visit Wuthering Heights again. She had to obey her father, although it made her very sad.

Well, Mr Lockwood, all this happened only about a year ago. I never thought I would be telling a stranger this story! But who knows how long you'll be a stranger? You're too young to live alone for long, and no one could see Cathy and not love her. Anyway, I'll continue my story.

14 密 访

1800年

过了几个月，很快就到秋天了。艾加先生得了重感冒，似乎病情日渐严重。他整个冬天都呆在屋里，所以凯茜散步时只有我来陪她。自从她同林顿的关系结束后，她变得很沉默、忧郁，也非常担心父亲的病情。有一天我们在山庄花园散步时我看到她哭了。

“凯茜，怎么啦，亲爱的？”我询问道。

“哦，艾伦，”她抽泣道，“要是父亲去世了我该怎么办？要是你再去世了呢？我就会被孤零零地撇下！”

“我倒希望他和我都能多活些年。你只需要照顾好你父亲，让他看到你快乐。但我想如果他认为你爱上了林顿，他会真的很痛苦，林顿的

父亲盼着艾加先生死呢。”

“我永远、永远不会做让我父亲担心或不快的事，”她许诺道。“我只希望他能痊愈。他是世上我最爱的人，我爱他胜过我自己！”

就在我们刚到大门的时候，我看见一个绅士打扮的人骑在马上往里张望。是希斯克利夫。

“林顿小姐！”他喊道。“我有话得跟你说！”

“我不听，”凯茜回答。“父亲和艾伦都说你是个坏人。”

“可要说的是我儿子林顿的事，不是我。你对他施了什么鬼花招！你给他写了这么多情书，然后我想你是厌倦了，不写了！好了，你伤透了可怜的林顿的心。我肯定他会因为爱你而被折磨死的，要是你不帮帮他，到不了明年夏天他就要入土了！仁慈点儿罢，来看看他。我下个星期都不在家，所以你来的话你父亲不会生气的。”

他骑着马走了。尽管我百般劝说凯茜希斯克利夫一定没讲真话，可我家小姐还是很放心不下，执意要去看看林顿的情况。

第二天上午我们骑马去了呼啸山庄。我们发现林顿孤单地躺在沙发上，他像是得了病，在发烧，咳嗽得也很厉害。

“你们关上门行吗？”我们进屋时他不快地说，“太冷了！不，凯茜，别吻我，我会喘不上气来的！我想喝水。”

凯茜给他倒了杯水。

“你见到我高兴么，林顿？”她满怀期望地说。

“是的，我高兴，”他答道。“但你早就该来的！我父亲骂我，说你不来是我的过错。你还会来看我吗？”

“是的，林顿，”凯茜抓着他的手轻声说。“要是父亲同意，我可以抽一半时间来陪你。你是我弟弟该多好，那样我们就总能在一起了！”

“但我父亲说你要是成了我妻子的话，你就会最爱我，那样就更好了。”

“我不会爱任何人胜过我父亲，”她认真地说道。“有时候男人恨他们的妻子，像你父亲。他恨你母亲、我姑姑伊莎贝拉。所以她离开了他。”

“一派胡言！”小伙子嚷道。“不管怎么说，你母亲恨你父亲！她爱我父亲！”

“你撒谎！我恨你！”她喊道，使劲地推了一下沙发。他倒向后面，开始拼命地咳嗽，连我都吓坏了。最终他缓了过来。凯茜在一个角落里哭着，害怕自己真的伤着他了。

“你现在感觉怎么样，林顿？”呆了一会儿她问道。“对不起，我不是故意要伤害你。”

“但愿你也得我这么重的病，你这个无情的东西！你来之前，今天我本来好些了！”他腔调里对自己充满了怜悯。

“我们得走了，”我说。“你看得出来，凯茜小姐，他不是因为对你的爱而要死的！他生病不是你的过错。走罢！”我们离开房间之前，我拦不住她在林顿的耳边悄悄说着什么。

在回家的路上我告诉她我不会允许她再去看他。

“他是个自私的孩子，凯茜小姐，我看他活不过20岁。我庆幸你不会嫁给他。”

凯茜满脸愁容。“如果我去照顾他，他肯定能好起来。如果我们能更了解对方，我想我们不会吵架的。”

“好，小姐，要是你还想再去那儿，不管要不要我去，我都会告诉你父亲。”

可第二天我病了，只好在床上躺了三个星期，这于我是很不常有的事。我家小姐从她父亲的卧室跑到我的卧室，又跑回去，精心照顾我们两个人。但我从没想到过她在晚上艾加先生入睡后，我也不需要她照顾的时候，她都干了些什么。

到我头一天能下床的时候我才察觉真相。那天晚上我请她给我读点东西，没想到她显得很瞌睡。她早早地上了床。我有些担心她的身体，过了一个小时我去她房间看她是不是需要点什么，她的卧室空无一人。我坐在黑暗中等她回来。

她一进门，抖落鞋上的雪时看到我在那儿，她吓了一跳。我猜到她去了哪儿，可我还是让她自己向我交代了整个来龙去脉。我生病后，她每天晚上都骑马去呼啸山庄去陪她表弟。在林顿心情愉快、不那么自私的时候，她有时也会高兴，可大多数时间里她都很难过。但她坚持继续去呼啸山庄，因为林顿需要她，她也想见他。

虽然她央求我不要对她父亲吐露任何风声，我还是径直到主人哪儿告诉了他。他严禁凯茜再去呼啸山庄。这让她很伤心，可她不得不听父亲的话。

好了，洛克伍德先生，这都不过是一年以前发生的事情。我从没想到会跟一个生人说这件事！可很难说您将来还算不算生人？您很年轻，不能总单独生活，谁见了凯茜都会喜欢上她的。不提这些了，我接着讲我的故事。

1800 A few days after the master had forbidden Cathy to visit Linton, he asked my opinion of the boy.

‘Tell me honestly, Ellen, what do you think of his character?’

‘Well, sir, I don’t think he’s wicked, like his father. But you’ll have plenty of time to get to know him, sir. He’s too young to marry yet.’

Mr Edgar walked to the window and looked out. It was a misty February evening, but the churchyard was just visible.

‘I’ve often prayed for death, Ellen. I’ve been very happy with my little Cathy. But I’ve been just as happy lying, through the long June evenings, on her mother’s grave, and looking forward to the moment when I can join Catherine there! I haven’t got much time left, Ellen. What can I do for Cathy before I die? Should she marry Linton? I wouldn’t mind him being Heathcliff’s son, if only he loved her and could be a good husband to her.’

‘God will show us what to do, sir,’ I replied.

In the spring Mr Edgar was still ill, and he continued to worry about Cathy’s future. One day he wrote to Linton inviting him to visit the Grange. Linton wrote a long letter back, explaining that his father would not allow him to do that. He begged his uncle to let him meet Cathy for a walk or a ride on the moors between the Grange and Wuthering Heights, as they could not meet in either house. Mr Edgar refused at first, and Linton sent him several more letters. I am sure they had all been carefully checked by Heathcliff before they were posted.

Finally Mr Edgar agreed. He hoped that, if Cathy married Linton, who would inherit the Linton fortune, she would at least be able to remain in her family home. He had no idea that Linton was seriously ill. Neither did I. I never imagined that a father could treat a dying child as cruelly and wickedly as we later discovered Heathcliff had done.

It was a hot, sunny day in summer when Cathy and I rode out to meet her cousin. We were both shocked to discover that he could neither ride nor walk, and was lying on the grass, waiting for us. He looked even paler and weaker than the last time I had seen him. During our meeting he did not seem interested in Cathy or her news. Cathy noticed this immediately.

‘Well, Linton,’ she said after a while, ‘you don’t want to talk to me, so I think I’ll go home.’

‘No, no!’ he cried, getting quite excited. ‘Not yet! Stay—at least another half-hour! My father will be angry with me if you leave early!’

‘I suppose we can stay a few minutes longer,’ said Cathy.

We waited, talking to each other quietly while Linton slept a little. Sometimes he cried out in pain. ‘Do you think his health is better now than before?’ whispered Cathy.

‘I’m sorry, Miss Cathy, I think it’s much worse,’ I answered.

Cathy called her pony, and the sound woke Linton up.

‘If you see my father,’ he said, hesitating, ‘could you tell him I’ve been cheerful? He’ll be here soon!’ And he looked round in terror.

‘I’ll be here next Thursday!’ cried Cathy, as she jumped on her pony. ‘Come on, Ellen!’

In the week that followed, Mr Edgar’s illness grew worse every day. Cathy could not avoid realizing how serious it was, and sat by his bedside day and night, looking sad and pale. Her father’s room had become her whole world. On Thursday I thought a ride in the fresh air would be good for her, and Mr Edgar gladly gave her permission to see Linton. He was hoping that she would not be left alone after his death. I did not want to worry him in his last moments, so I did not tell him that Linton was also dying.

We rode on to the moors and found Linton lying in the same place as before. He was looking very frightened.

‘I thought you weren’t going to come!’ he said.

‘Why won’t you be honest?’ cried Cathy at once. ‘Why have you brought me here again, if you don’t want to see me? My father’s very ill and I should be with him.’

Tears rolled down Linton’s face. He seemed terrified.

‘Oh, I can’t bear it!’ he sobbed. ‘Cathy, I daren’t explain! But if you leave me, he’ll kill me! Dear Cathy, my life is in your hands! Kind, sweet Cathy, perhaps you will agree, and then he won’t hurt me!’

Cathy was no longer impatient. ‘Agree to what, Linton?’ she asked gently. ‘Tell me everything! You wouldn’t do anything to hurt me, would you, Linton? I’m your best friend.’

‘I daren’t tell you! My father—the boy gasped. Just then Heathcliff appeared. He did not look at Cathy and Linton, who continued talking to each other, but he spoke quietly to me.

‘Ellen, how is Edgar? Is he dying, as the villagers say?’

‘It’s true, the master is dying,’ I answered.

‘That boy over there is dying too. I only hope Edgar dies before him. If Linton dies first, my plan will fail.’ He shouted angrily to his son, ‘Get up, Linton!’ and then said politely to Cathy, ‘Miss Cathy, would you help him back to the house. He can’t walk far alone.’

‘Father has forbidden me to enter your house,’ said Cathy.

‘Well, come along, Linton. I’ll have to take you home then,’ said Heathcliff.

‘No! No! No! Please, Cathy! You must come with me!’ screamed Linton wildly. He held desperately on to her arm.

Cathy could not refuse the boy, who seemed almost mad with fear. So we all walked the few steps to Wuthering Heights. When we had entered the house, however, I was horrified to see Heathcliff lock the front door. The key was in his hand.

‘Hareton, Joseph and Zillah are all out of the house,’ he said calmly, ‘so we are quite alone.’

‘Give me that key!’ cried Cathy angrily. ‘I’m not afraid of you!’ She took hold of his closed hand and bit it. He hit her violently several times, on both sides of the head, and she fell into a chair, trembling. I rushed at him, but he pushed me away.

‘Cry as much as you like, Miss Cathy,’ he said. ‘In a few days I’ll be your father, and I’ll punish you just like that, as often as necessary!’

When Heathcliff went out to look for our horses, Cathy and I hurried round the kitchen looking for a way to escape. But all the doors and windows were locked. Linton was sitting calmly in a chair near the fire, happy that he was not being punished this time. We persuaded him to explain his father’s plan to us.

‘Father is afraid I’ll die soon, you see, so he wants us to be married tomorrow morning. You’ll have to stay here all night, Cathy. Then perhaps he’ll let you go home in the morning.’

‘You marry this beautiful, healthy young lady?’ I cried. ‘You must be mad! And wicked too! You and your father have tricked us into coming here!’ And I shook him until he started coughing.

‘I must go home now. Father will be worried already,’ said Cathy. ‘I love Father better than you, Linton!’

Heathcliff returned and sent his son upstairs to bed.

‘Mr Heathcliff,’ begged Cathy, ‘Father will be miserable if I don’t go home. Please let me go. I promise to marry Linton. Father would like it, and I love him. Why do you force me to do something I want to do?’

‘He can’t force you!’ I cried. ‘I’ll go to the police!’

‘To the devil with you, Ellen! Miss Cathy, I’m delighted that your father will be miserable. In that case you will certainly stay here for twenty-four hours. You won’t leave here until you’ve kept your promise to marry Linton.’

‘Please send Ellen to let Father know I’m safe!’ sobbed Cathy bitterly. ‘Poor Father! He’ll think we’re lost!’

‘Your father must have hated you when you came into the world (I did, at least), and he’ll hate you as he leaves it. Go on crying. That’s what you’ll be doing when you’re Linton’s wife. He’ll make a cruel, selfish husband, I think.’

Heathcliff took us upstairs to Zillah’s room, where we spent the night, locked in. Neither of us could sleep. At seven the following morning he came to fetch Cathy, and took her away. From that moment I saw nobody except Hareton, who brought me food, for four whole days and nights.

On the fifth morning Zillah came into the room. She was surprised and pleased to see me, and told me the villagers all thought Cathy and I had got lost on the moors, and died, four days ago. I ran out of the room to look for Cathy.

The big kitchen was full of sunshine, and the door was open, but the only person there was Linton.

‘Where is she? Where is Miss Cathy?’ I cried wildly.

‘Upstairs, in a locked room,’ he replied calmly, eating a piece of sugar. ‘We won’t let her go yet. Father says I shouldn’t be soft with Cathy. We’ve had the wedding ceremony, so she’s my wife now, and must stay with me. I don’t care if she cries, or is ill!’

‘Have you forgotten her kindness to you last winter, when you wrote that you loved her, and she used to come through wind and snow to see you? Now you believe your father’s lies about her! And you leave her alone, ill and crying in a strange house! You pity yourself, but you won’t pity her! What a heartless, selfish boy you are!’

‘I can’t stay with her! She cries so much I can’t bear it! I can’t sleep with all that noise. She promised that if I gave her the key to our room, she’d give me all her nice books, and her pony, but I told her she had nothing to give. They’re all mine, or they’ll belong to me very soon. And then she cried, and took a little gold case from around her neck. Inside were two pictures, one of her mother and one of her father. I wanted to take them both from her, but she wouldn’t let me, so I screamed for help. My father came, and ordered her to give him the pictures and the case. When she refused, he—he hit her on the face and knocked her down, and broke the gold case under his foot. He took away the picture of her mother.’

‘And were you pleased to see Miss Cathy hurt?’ I asked.

‘My father was right to punish her. But I didn’t like seeing her mouth full of blood. She can’t speak because of the pain. Now you’ve made me tired with all this talking! You won’t find the key to the room! Go away!’

As there seemed to be no chance of persuading him to help her escape, I decided to go back to the Grange as quickly as possible, and rescue her later.

What a welcome I received from the servants at the Grange, who thought I was dead! But I did not have time to tell them my story. I went straight to my master’s room. He was lying in bed, very weak and close to death. I told him how Heathcliff had trapped us, and that Cathy was probably married to Linton by now. Mr Edgar realized that his enemy wanted to get hold of the Linton fortune, through his son. He asked me to send for his lawyer, to make arrangements so that Cathy would not lose all her inheritance.

I did as he asked, but the lawyer sent a message, saying that he could not come until the next day. I also sent four strong men with weapons to Wuthering Heights, to demand my young lady’s freedom. I was very angry when they returned without her, because Heathcliff had sent them away.

But I needn’t have worried. In the middle of the night, as I was taking some water to the master, I heard a knock on the front door, and went to open it. It was my little mistress!

‘Ellen, Ellen!’ she sobbed. ‘Is Father still alive?’

‘Yes,’ I cried, ‘and thank God you’re safe with us again!’

‘I managed to make Linton help me escape from the room! Now I must see Father!’

I could not bear to be present at their meeting. I waited outside the bedroom door. But they were both calm. Cathy’s despair was as silent as her father’s happiness. He died in perfect peace, Mr Lockwood. Kissing her, he whispered, ‘I’m going to join her, and you, dear child, will join us!’ He did not move or speak again.

Cathy did not cry, but sat silently by his dead body all morning. At lunch-time the lawyer arrived, too late to help Cathy. Heathcliff had bribed him to stay away. He gave us Heathcliff's orders. All the servants except me had to leave. Cathy, Mrs Heathcliff now, was only allowed to stay at the Grange until her father was buried.

15 圈 套
1800年

就在主人不准凯茜去看林顿过后几天，他问我对那个小伙子有什么看法。

“跟我说实话，艾伦，你觉得他品行怎么样？”

“嗯，先生，我觉得他不恶毒，不像他父亲。可是要了解他，您得花很多功夫，先生。他太小，还不能结婚。”

艾加先生走到窗前，朝外望去。那是一个雾濛濛的2月的夜晚，刚刚能看到教堂墓地。

“我常盼着死去，艾伦。有我的小猫，我非常幸福。但在那6月的漫漫长夜里我躺在她母亲的坟冢上，期望着能在另一个世界与她重逢的时候，我也同样欣慰！我剩下的时间不多了，艾伦。我死之前能为凯茜做些什么呢？她该嫁给林顿吗？只要他爱她，能做个好丈夫，我不在乎他是希斯克利夫的儿子。”

“上帝会教我们怎么做的，先生，”我回答。

到了春天艾加先生的病情依旧，他还在为凯茜的前程担忧。有一天，他写信给林顿请他来画眉山庄作客。林顿回了一封长信，解释说他不许他来。他恳求舅舅让他见凯茜一面，到画眉山庄和呼啸山庄之间的荒原上去散步或者骑马，因为他们在哪个家里都不能会面。艾加先生开始不同意，接着林顿又给他写了几封信。我肯定那些信在寄出前都经希斯克利夫仔细审查过。

最终艾加先生同意了。他希望如果凯茜嫁给林顿（他将继承林顿家的财产），那她至少还能住在她自己家的房子里。他不知道林顿已重病缠身，我也不知道。我怎么也想不到一个父亲能那么无情、狠毒地对待一个垂死的孩子，这是我们后来才发现的。

在一个炎热、阳光明媚的夏日，凯茜和我策马去见她表弟。看见他既不能骑马又不能走路，而是躺在草地上等着我们，我们都大吃一惊。他比上次我见到他时脸色更苍白、身体更虚弱。我们在一起的时候他好像对凯茜和凯茜说的事都不感兴趣。凯茜当时就看出来了。

“那好，林顿，”她停了一会儿说道，“你不想和我说话，那我想我还是回家吧。”

“不，别走！”他叫起来，有些激动。“先别走！留在这儿——至少再呆半个钟头！如果你早走了，我父亲会对我发火的！”

“我想我们还能再呆几分钟，”凯茜说。

林顿小睡了一会儿，我们边等边小声说着话。有时他疼得叫出声。

“你觉得他的身体比以前好些了吗？”凯茜低声说。

“对不起，凯茜小姐，我觉得大不如从前，”我回答。

凯茜唤了一声她的小马，声音把林顿弄醒了。

“如果你见到我父亲，”他犹犹豫豫地说道，“你能不能跟他说我挺高兴的？他马上就会来了！”说罢惊恐地往四下看了看。

“我下礼拜四来！”凯茜大声说，一边跳上马。“走罢，艾伦！”

在此后的一周里，艾加先生的病日渐恶化。尽管很不情愿，凯茜还是意识到了病情严重性，于是不分昼夜地守在他的床前，她愁眉不展，气色很差。她成天只在父亲的房间呆着。到了礼拜四，我琢磨骑马透透新鲜空气会对她有好处，而且艾加先生很高兴地允许她去看林顿。他希望死后不至于把她孤孤单单地撇下。我不想让他在最后的日子有什么放心不下的，所以没告诉他林顿也在撒谎。

我们骑着马上了荒原，看到林顿还像上次一样躺在同一个地方，面带惊惧之色。

“我以为你不来了呢！”他说。

“你为什么不说实话？”凯茜顿时哭了，“要是你不愿见我，为什么还要把我叫来？我父亲的病很重，我应该陪着他。”

眼泪顺着林顿的面庞往下淌，像是很害怕的样子。

“噢，我受不了啦！”他呜咽道。“凯茜，我不敢说！可要是你离开我，他会杀了我的！亲爱的凯茜，我的命攥在你的手里！善良、可爱的凯茜，你或许会答应，这样他就不会折磨我了！”

凯茜不再那么不耐烦。“答应什么，林顿？”她轻声问，“全都告诉我！你不会做伤害我的事，对么，林顿？我是你最好的朋友。”

“我不敢告诉你！我父亲——”这孩子喘了口气。就在这时希斯克利夫出现了。他没看凯茜和林顿，他们还在接着说话，他悄悄地对我说。

“艾伦，艾加怎么样啦？他是快死了吗？村里的人是这么讲的。”

“是的，老爷将不久于人世了，”我回答。

“那孩子也快要死了。我只希望艾加死在他前面。要是林顿先死，我的计划就落空了。”他向儿子怒斥道，“起来，林顿！”然后又彬彬有礼地对凯茜说，“凯茜小姐，你能扶他回家去吗。他一个人走不了太远的路。”

“父亲不让我进你们家的宅子，”凯茜说。

“好罢，走，林顿。那我来带你回家。”希斯克利夫说。

“不！不！不！求你啦，凯茜！你一定要跟我来！”林顿大叫起来。他没命地抱着凯茜的胳膊。

凯茜无法拒绝他，他好像是吓得快发疯了。于是我们一起走这几步到了呼啸山庄。可当我们一进屋，我吃惊地看到希斯克利夫把前门锁上了。钥匙在他手里。

‘哈里顿约瑟夫，齐拉都不在屋，’他平静地说，‘所以只有我们自己。’

“把钥匙给我！”凯茜愤怒地喊道。“我不怕你！”她抓住他攥着的手咬了一口。他使劲打了她头两侧几下，她倒在了椅子上，浑身颤抖着。我朝他冲过去，但他把我推开了。

“你愿意怎么哭就怎么哭，凯茜小姐。”他说，“过不了几天我就是你父亲啦，只要需要，我会就这样教训你！”

希斯克利夫出去找我们的马的时候，凯茜和我忙在在厨房里找迷路。但所有的门和窗户都上了锁。林顿在炉火旁的椅子上安然地坐着，很高兴他这次没受到惩罚。我们劝说他把他父亲的计划告诉我们。

“父亲怕我很快就要死了，你知道，所以他想让我们明天上午结婚。你一整夜都要在这儿呆着了，凯茜。上午他可能就让你回家。”

“你和这个漂亮、健康的年轻小姐结婚？”我问道。“你一定疯了！而且恶毒！你和你父亲用计把我们骗到这儿！”我晃着他，直到他开始咳嗽为止。

“我现在必须回家。父亲肯定已经担心了，”凯茜说。“我爱我父亲胜过爱你，林顿！”

希斯克利夫回来后把儿子送到楼上的床上。

“希斯克利夫先生，”凯茜哀求道，“要是我不回家，父亲会很难过的。求您让我走吧。我答应嫁给林顿。父亲会喜欢这样的，我爱他。你为什么要逼着我做我原本愿意的事？”

“他不能强迫你！”我叫道。“我要去找警察！”

“见你的鬼去罢，艾伦！凯茜小姐，你父亲难过我很开心。要是这样，你自然要在这儿呆24小时。你得实现要嫁给林顿的诺言，否则别想离开这儿。”

“请让艾伦去给我父亲报个平安！”凯茜泣不成声。“可怜的父亲！他会以为我们迷路了！”

“你来到这世上时你父亲一定恨你（至少我是这样），而在他离开这世上时他还会恨你。接着哭吧。你当了林顿的妻子就只能以泪洗面了。我想必他会是个无情、自私的丈夫。”

希斯克利夫把我们弄到楼上齐拉房间里，被锁在里面过了一夜。我们俩都睡不着。第二天早晨7点他来找凯茜，把她带走了。在此之后整整四个昼夜里，除了哈里顿来给我送吃的，我就谁的面也没见到了。

第五天的早晨齐拉来到了房间。她见到我很吃惊，也很高兴，告诉我村里人都以为凯茜和我四天前就在荒原上迷路死了。我跑出房间去找凯茜。

大厨房里洒满了阳光，门是开着的，但只有林顿一个人在。

“她在哪儿？凯茜小姐在哪儿？”我厉声问道。

“楼上，锁在房间里，”他不动声色地答道，正吃着一块糖。“我们还不能放她走。父亲说我对凯茜不能手软。我们已经举行了婚礼，所以她现在是我妻子，得和我在一起。我不在乎她哭不哭、病不病！”

“你忘了她去年冬天对你多好，你写信给她说你爱她，她顶风冒雪来看你？如今你听信了你父亲说她的鬼话！你把她孤独地撇在一旁，任她在—个陌生的房子里生病、痛苦！你可怜自己，却不肯可怜她！你真是个没心没肺、自私的小子！”

“我无法和她呆在一起！她没命地哭，我受不了！吵得我睡不着。她答应要是我把我们房间的钥匙给她，她就把她所有的书还有小马给我，但我告诉她说她没有什么东西可给我的啦。它们已经是我的了，或者说很快就会属于我。然后她哭了起来，从脖子上拿下一个小金框。里面有两张肖像，一张是她母亲，另一张是她父亲。我想把它们都从她手里拿过来，可她不肯，所以我就大叫起来。我父亲来了，命令她把画像和金框都交给他。她不肯，他——他就扇了她一记耳光，把她打倒在地，用脚踩坏了金框。他把她母亲的肖像拿走了。”

“看到凯茜小姐受虐待你挺开心吧？”我问。

“我父亲惩罚她没错。但我不喜欢看她满嘴是血的样子。她疼得说不出话来。你让我说了这么多话我都累了！你找不到房间钥匙的！走开！”

看来要劝说他帮凯茜逃走是没什么指望了，我决定尽快赶回画眉山庄，过后再救她。

回到画眉山庄，我受到仆人们的热情迎接，他们都以为我死了！但我没时间跟他们讲原委。我径直去了主人的房间。他躺在床上，极度虚弱，快要不行了。我告诉他希斯克利夫是如何骗我们入了圈套，还有凯茜很可能已嫁给了林顿。艾加先生明白过来他的仇敌是想通过他的儿子来抢夺自己的财产。他叫我去找他的律师，做好安排使凯茜不至于失去全部的继承权。

我照他说的做了，可律师捎信来说第二天才能来。我还派了四个壮汉带着武器到呼啸山庄去解救我家小姐。他们空手而归，我很生气，因为希斯克利夫把他们赶了回来。

可不该我担心。当天深夜，我正去给主人送水，听见前门有敲门声就去开门。正是我家宝贝小姐！

“艾伦，艾伦！”她呜咽着。“父亲还活着吗？”

“是的，”我哭了，“感谢上帝你又平平安安地回到了我们身边！”

“我想法儿让林顿帮我逃出了那房间！现在我得见父亲！”

他们会面时我不忍在场。我在卧室门外等着。但他们俩都很平静。凯茜的绝望和她父亲的欣慰都在沉默中表达了。他是非常安祥地死去的，洛克伍德先生。他亲着她，微弱地说，“我要去见她了，而你，亲爱的孩子，也会和我们团聚的！”他再也没有动、没有说话。

凯茜没哭，但整个上午都在他的遗体旁默默地坐着。午饭时律师来了，太晚了，已帮不了凯茜。希斯克利夫贿赂了他要他别管这事，他传达了希斯克利夫的指令。除我之外，所有的仆人都被遣走了。只允许凯茜，现在是希斯克利夫夫人，在她父亲下葬前住在画眉山庄。

16 Cathy becomes a widow

1800—1 On the evening after the burial, Heathcliff came to fetch Cathy.

“Why not let her stay here with me?” I begged.

“I’m looking for someone to rent the Grange from me,” he answered. “You’ll stay on here as housekeeper, Ellen, but Cathy must come to Wuthering Heights. From now on she’ll have to work for her food.”

“I shall work,” replied Cathy. “And I’ll look after Linton. He’s all I’ve got to love in the world. I’m just sorry for you, Mr Heathcliff. You have nobody to love you! You are as lonely and miserable as the devil! Nobody will cry for you when you die! I’m glad I’m not you!”

“Go and get your clothes, you wicked girl,” he said. “We’ll be leaving in a few minutes.” When she had gone, he walked across the room to look at the picture of Cathy’s mother, Catherine, which was hanging on the wall.

“Do you know what I did yesterday, Ellen?” he said, turning quickly away from the picture. “I went to the churchyard, and asked the man who was digging Edgar’s grave to open the lid of Catherine’s coffin for me. Her face looked just the same! I could not stop looking at her. When the man closed the lid, I broke open one side of her coffin, the side away from Edgar’s grave, and covered it up with earth. And I bribed the man to bury me there when I die, next to her, and to take the side of my coffin away too, so that I shall have her in my arms, not Edgar!”

“You were very wicked, Mr Heathcliff, to disturb the dead!”

“I disturbed nobody, Ellen, and I feel much happier now. She is the one who has disturbed me. For eighteen years she has haunted me. You know I was wild, almost mad, after she died. For days I prayed for her ghost to return to me. On the day of her burial, I went to her grave in the evening. There was a bitter wind, and snow on the ground. I wanted so much to have her in my arms again! So I dug down through the loose earth to her coffin, and was about to pull the lid off, when I felt a warm breath on my face. She seemed to be with me, not in the earth, but close to me. I was so happy that she was with me again! I filled in the grave, and ran eagerly home to the Heights. I looked impatiently round for her. I could feel her but I could not see her! And since then, she has played plenty of tricks on me like that. When I sleep in her bedroom, I can hear her outside the window, or entering the room, or even breathing close to me, but when I open my eyes, I’m always disappointed. Slowly, slowly, she’s killing me, with the ghost of a hope that’s lasted eighteen years!”

He was talking almost to himself, so I did not answer. When Cathy came in, he stood up, ready to go.

“Goodbye, Ellen!” whispered my dear little mistress. “Come and visit me!” As she kissed me, her face felt as cold as ice.

“Oh, no you won’t, Ellen!” said Heathcliff. “I’ll send for you if I want you!” and together they left the Grange.

I haven’t seen Cathy since then. Once I went to the Heights to visit her, but I was not allowed to see her. About six weeks ago I had a long conversation with Zillah, the housekeeper, who gave me news of Cathy. It appeared that, when she arrived at the Heights, she did her best to look after her sick husband. He was obviously dying, although Heathcliff refused to call the doctor. Only a few weeks after her arrival, Linton died in the night, with only Cathy by his bedside. Heathcliff inherited all of Linton’s, and what had been Cathy’s, fortune, so Cathy is now very poor.

She must be very miserable, and very lonely, in that dark, unpleasant house. Heathcliff hates her, and Joseph and Zillah don’t speak to her, because they think she’s too proud. Poor Hareton would like to be friendly with her, but she scorns him because he’s uneducated. I would like to leave my job here, rent a little cottage and ask Cathy to come and live with me, but Mr Heathcliff will never permit that. Of course, if she married again, she could leave that house, but I can’t arrange that.

16 凯茜成了寡妇

1880—1881年

葬礼后的当天晚上，希斯克利夫来领凯茜。

“你就不能让凯茜和我在一起吗？”我乞求道。

“我在找人来租我的画眉山庄，”他回答，“你住在这儿做管家，艾伦，但凯茜必须来呼啸山庄。从现在起她要干活才有饭吃。”

“我会干活的，”凯茜回答。“我来照顾林顿，他是这世上我唯一需要去爱的人。我只是为你感到难过，希斯克利夫先生。没有人爱你！你就像个鬼一样孤独痛苦！你死的时候没人会为你掉眼泪！我庆幸我不是你！”

“去取你的衣服，你这个混账丫头，”他说。“我们几分钟后就走。”她出去后，他走到房间的另一头，看着挂在墙上凯茜母亲凯瑟琳的画像。

“你知道昨天我干了什么，艾伦？”他很快把视线从画像上转回来说道，“我去了教堂墓地，让给艾加掘墓的人替我打开了凯瑟琳的棺材盖。她的面容看上去跟以前完全一样！我禁不住地盯着她看。那人盖上棺材后，我把她棺材不靠艾加墓的一面砸开了，然后用土埋上。我还收买了那个人，等我死后把我埋在那儿，埋在她旁边，我也要把我棺材的一面去掉，这样我就可以搂着她了，艾加不能！”

“你真恶毒，希斯克利夫先生，去惊动死去的人！”

“我谁也没惊动，艾伦，我现在感觉高兴多了。她才是惊动了我的人。18年来她在索我的命。你知道，她死后我变得粗野，几乎发了疯。好几天我都在祈求她的鬼魂能回到我身边。在她下葬的那天，我晚上去了她的墓前。当时凄风阵阵，地上积着雪。我太想再把她抱在怀里啦！所以我挖开盖在她棺材上疏松的泥土，正想掀开盖子，突然觉得我的脸上有一股温暖的气息。她好像就在我身边，不在泥土里，而在紧靠着我。她又和我在一起了，我欣喜不已！我覆盖好坟墓，急冲冲地跑回呼啸山庄家里。我焦急地四下里找她。我能感觉到她，但看不见她！打那以后她如法炮制地屡次捉弄我。我睡在她房间的时候，我能听到她在窗外，或进了屋，或就在我身边呼吸，可当我一睁开眼，我总是失望。慢慢地、慢慢地，她用持续了18年之久的幽灵般飘渺的希望试图弄死我！”

他几乎是在自言自语，所以我也没有回答。凯茜进来了，他站起来，准备走。

“再见，艾伦！”我亲爱的小女主人小声说。“来看我！”她亲我的时候，我觉得她脸上冰凉。

“噢，你不能，艾伦！”希斯克利夫说。“如果我需要你，我会派人来叫你的！”他们一起离开了画眉山庄。

此后我就没有见过凯茜。有一次我去呼啸山庄看她，但没让我见她。大概六个星期以前我和女管家齐拉长谈了一次，她跟我讲了凯茜的消息。看来在凯茜到呼啸山庄后一直尽心尽力照顾她生病的丈夫。很明显他快要死了，尽管如此，希斯克利夫还是不让找大夫。在她到呼啸山庄

仅几个星期之后，林顿在夜里死了，当时只有凯茜陪在他床边。希斯克利夫继承了林顿的（原本是凯茜的）所有财产，所以现在凯茜一贫如洗。

在那栋阴暗、压抑的宅子里，她一定过得很痛苦、很孤独。希斯克利夫恨她，约瑟夫和齐拉也因为觉得她孤傲而不跟她说话。可怜的哈里顿想对她友善一点，可她又看不起他没教养。我愿意辞了这儿的工作，租上一间小农舍让凯茜来和我一起住，但希斯克利夫决不会答应的。当然，要是她再嫁人的话她就能离开那宅子，可要我安排我又无能为力。

17 Mr Lockwood visits Wuthering Heights again

1802 After hearing the end of Mrs Dean's story, I made my plans for the future. I decided I did not want to spend another winter at the Grange, and told her I would ride to the Heights to inform my landlord. She handed me a letter to give to Cathy Heathcliff.

When I arrived at the gate, Hareton met me and took me into the house. Cathy was there, preparing vegetables for lunch. She did not bother to greet me.

'She may be beautiful, ' I thought, 'but she's not very polite. ' I passed by her chair, and cleverly dropped Mrs Dean's note in front of her, so that Hareton wouldn't see it. She, however, just said aloud, 'What's that? '

'A letter from the housekeeper at the Grange, ' I said, annoyed with her. She gasped, and tried to pick it up, but Hareton got there first.

'Mr Heathcliff will want to look at this, ' he said, putting it in his pocket. But when Cathy pretended to cry, Hareton could not bear to make her sad, and he threw the letter down on the table. She eagerly read every word, and asked me several questions about the people at the Grange.

'Mrs Dean will want an answer to her letter, ' I reminded her.

'You must tell her that I have no paper or pens to write with. I haven't even any books! ' she answered sadly.

'No books! ' I cried. 'How can you manage without them in this lonely place? '

'I always used to read so much that Mr Heathcliff decided to take away my only pleasure and destroy my books. I've looked all over the house for them. Joseph only reads the Bible, but some of my books are in Hareton's room! Why did you take them, Hareton? Just because you enjoy stealing? They can't be any use to you! '

'I think Mr Hareton wants to learn, ' I said, hoping to prevent a quarrel between them. 'No doubt he took them away to study them. '

'Yes, 'replied Cathy, laughing. 'I hear him trying to read to himself sometimes and it's extremely funny! He makes some terrible mistakes! '

After a moment's shocked silence Hareton left the room. He returned almost immediately with his arms full of books, and threw them angrily down at Cathy's feet.

'Take them! ' he shouted. 'I never want to see them again! '

'I won't have them now, ' she said. 'I'll hate them because they'll make me think of you. '

Hareton picked up the books and threw them on the fire, then walked quickly out of the house.

Mr Heathcliff came in as Hareton went out. He had a restless, anxious expression on his face.

'Mr Heathcliff, ' I said, 'I must tell you I'm leaving for London next week, for six months, and I shan't want to rent the Grange any more after October. '

'So, Mr Lockwood, you've got tired of the moors already, have you? Well, have your lunch with Hareton and me, anyway. Cathy, take your lunch in the kitchen with Joseph and Zillah. '

I did not enjoy lunch with my two silent companions, and left the Heights straight afterwards.

'What a pity, ' I thought, 'that Cathy Heathcliff and I didn't fall in love, as Mrs Dean would have liked! Then I could have taken her away from this miserable place for ever! '

Several months later, in September, I was travelling to visit friends in Yorkshire. I found myself near Thrushcross Grange, and decided to spend a night there. After all, I was still paying rent for it. When I arrived, I was surprised to find a different housekeeper, who told me Mrs Dean had become housekeeper at the Heights. I wanted to have a walk after travelling all day, so I left orders for the woman to cook my supper and prepare bedroom for me, and I walked the four miles to Wuthering Heights.

As I came close to the old house, I noticed that there were flowers in the garden, and the doors and windows stood open. I could see two people inside, and I stopped for a moment, curious to hear a little of their conversation.

'Read it again, stupid! ' said a voice as sweet as a silver bell. 'Read it correctly this time, or I'll pull your hair! '

'You must kiss me if I get it right, ' answered a deep voice. The man was sitting at a table, reading from a book. His handsome face shone with pleasure, and his eyes often left the book to look at the small white hand that lay on his shoulder. The girl stood behind him, bending over to help him. Her face—it was fortunate he could not see her face, or he would never have been able to concentrate on his studies. I could see it, and I was bitterly sorry that I had thrown away my chance of seeing that beauty every day of my life.

I did not want to disturb their happiness, so I went round to the back door, where I discovered my old friend Ellen Dean.

'Oh, Mr Lockwood, welcome back! ' she cried. 'Are you staying at the Grange again? '

'Yes, Mrs Dean, just for one night. But tell me, why are you housekeeper here now and not at the Grange? '

'Zillah left, you see, and Mr Heathcliff wanted me here. '

'I have a little business with him, about the rent. '

'Oh! Mr Heathcliff is dead, sir. He died three months ago. I manage all Mrs Heathcliff's business for her. She hasn't learnt to do it herself yet, you see. '

'Heathcliff is dead! ' I repeated, surprised. 'Well! Tell me how it happened, Mrs Dean! '

'Sit down, sir, and drink some beer. I'll gladly tell you. His life ended very strangely. '

1802年

听完了迪恩夫人的故事，我为自己的将来做好了计划。我拿定主意不想在画眉山庄过第二个冬天了，我告诉她我要骑马到呼啸山庄去通知我的房东。她交给我一封信要我带给凯茜·希斯克利夫。

我到大门口时，哈里顿迎我进了房子。凯茜在，正准备午餐用的蔬菜。她懒得和我打招呼。

“她也许漂亮，”我想，“可她太无礼了。”走过她的椅子时我巧妙地把迪恩夫人的便条丢在她面前，这样哈里顿就看不见了。可她却大声说道，“那是什么？”

“画眉山庄女管家的信，”我说，有些生她的气。她愣了一下，刚想要拣起来，但哈里顿先拿到了。

“希斯克利夫先生会想看看的，”他说，把信揣进了口袋里。可当凯茜假装哭的时候，哈里顿不忍让她伤心，把信扔到桌子上。她急切地读着每一个字，还问了我几个关于画眉山庄里的人的问题。

“迪恩夫人想有回信，”我提醒她。

“你一定要告诉她我没有可用来写信的纸和笔。我连书都没有！”她难过地说。

“没有书！”我叫道。“在这么孤寂的地方没有书你是怎么过的？”

“我过去总是很喜欢读书，所以希斯克利夫先生决定剥夺我唯一的乐趣，把我的书毁掉。我整个屋子都找遍了。约瑟夫只读《圣经》，可我的一些书却在哈里顿的房间里！你为什么要拿那些书，哈里顿？只是因为你喜欢偷东西吗？它们对你没什么用！”

“我想哈里顿先生是想学习，”我说，希望他们别吵起来。“无疑他拿走书是去研读的。”

“是的，”凯茜笑着答道。“我听到他有时自己试着读书，可笑极了！有时犯严重的错误。”

哈里顿很吃惊，呆呆地说不出话来，过了一会儿离开了房间。他随后即抱着一怀抱书回来，怒气冲冲地将书扔在凯茜的脚边。

“拿走吧！”他嚷道。“我再也不想看了！”

“我现在也不想它们了。”她说。“我会恨它们的，因为会让我想起你。”

哈里顿拣起书扔进了火里，然后快步走出了房子。

哈里顿一出去希斯克利夫先生就进来了。满脸焦虑不安的表情。

“希斯克利夫先生，”我说，“我得告诉您我下周要去伦敦，要走六个月，所以10月份以后我就不想再租用画眉山庄了。”

“这么说，洛克伍德先生，您已经厌倦荒原了，是吗？好，不管怎么样，您跟哈里顿和我一起用午餐吧。凯茜，你在厨房同约瑟夫和齐拉吃午餐。”

跟两位默不作声的人一起用午餐真不是件乐事，之后我就直接离开了呼啸山庄。

“真遗憾，”我想，“凯茜·希斯克利夫和我没有像迪恩夫人希望的那样彼此相爱！果真如此的话我就带她永远离开这个伤心的地方。”

几个月之后，正值9月，我去看望在约克郡的朋友，途中我发现自己离画眉山庄不远，于是决定去那儿过一夜。没想到到了那儿却发现管家已换了个人，新的管家告诉我迪恩夫人已到呼啸山庄去做管家了。经过一整天的旅行我想散散步，于是吩咐女管家为我做好晚餐，准备一间卧室，然后我步行四英里去呼啸山庄。

当我走近那栋老宅子，我注意到花园里开着花，门和窗也都是开着的。我能看见里面有两个人，我驻足站了一会儿，好奇地听到他们之间的一点谈话。

“再读一遍，笨蛋！”一个银铃般甜美的声音说道。“这次别读错了，否则我就拽你的头发！”

“我要是读对了你一定要吻我，”一个低沉的声音回答。这个人坐在桌旁，正读一本书。他英俊的面庞洋溢着喜悦的光彩，他的双眼不时离开书本看着搭在他肩上的白皙的小手。那姑娘站在他身后，弯着腰辅导他。她的面庞——幸亏他看不到她的面庞，否则他决不能集中精神学习。可我能看到这面庞，我真是懊悔自己丢掉了此生终日与这个美人相见的机会。

我不想打搅他们的快乐，所以绕到了后门，在那儿看到了我的老朋友艾伦·迪恩。

“噢，洛克伍德先生，欢迎回来！”她叫道。“您又在画眉山庄住了？”

“是的，迪恩夫人，只住一夜。先告诉我，你为什么在这儿做管家而不在画眉山庄了？”

“齐拉走了，你知道，希斯克利夫先生想要我到这儿来。”

“我和他还有一些事务，租房子的事情。”

“噢！希斯克利夫先生死了，先生。他三个月以前死的。我替希斯克利夫夫人处理一切事务。她还没学会自己来干，你知道。”

“希斯克利夫死了！”我惊异地重复道。“那么，告诉我是怎么回事，迪恩夫人！”

“请坐，先生，喝点啤酒。我很乐意告诉您。他的生命结束得很奇特。”

18 Heathcliff's end

1801—2 I was delighted to come back to the Heights, and hoped I could make Cathy's life more comfortable. But she was restless, and complained of loneliness. At first she continued to annoy Hareton, by laughing at him, but after a while she decided she really wanted him as a friend. She apologized for being rude to him, and offered to teach him everything she knew. From that moment on, the two cousins have always been together, studying. Hareton has a lot to learn, and Cathy is not the most patient of teachers. But what they have in common is their love for each other. You see, Mr Lockwood, it was easy enough to win Cathy's heart. But now I'm glad you didn't try. I'll be the happiest woman in England when those two marry!

Heathcliff noticed little of what was happening around him, and would never have been aware of the cousins' feelings, if it hadn't been for Joseph. In the middle of our lunch one day, the old man rushed into the room, shaking with anger.

'I'll have to leave! I wanted to die here, where I've been a servant for sixty years! But now she's taken my garden from me! She's stolen the boy's soul, master! I can't bear it! '

'Is the fool drunk?' asked Heathcliff. 'Can you explain this, Hareton? '

'I've pulled up two or three of his fruit-trees, ' confessed Hareton, 'but I'll put them back again. '

'It was my fault, ' added Cathy bravely. 'I asked him to do it. We wanted to plant some flowers there. '

'Who the devil gave you permission?' growled Heathcliff.

'You should let me have a bit of garden, as you've taken all my land!' replied Cathy sharply. 'And you've taken Hareton's land too! He and I are friends now! I'll tell him about you! '

The master stood up, staring at her fiercely.

'Out of the room, wicked girl!' he shouted. 'I'll kill you if I get near you! '

'If you hit me, Hareton will hit you. He won't obey you any more, and soon he'll hate you as much as I do! '

'You'd better leave, Cathy, ' whispered Hareton urgently. 'I won't quarrel with Mr Heathcliff. '

But it was too late. I was sure Heathcliff was going to hit her. He took hold of her, one strong hand in her hair and the other raised over her head. But when he looked into her face, his anger suddenly disappeared, and he let his arm fall to his side. He sat heavily down in his chair and put his hand over his eyes for a moment. We all stared at him.

'You must learn not to make me angry, ' he said, trying to be calm. 'Go away, all of you! Leave me alone! ' A little later he went out, saying he would return in the evening.

As darkness fell, Cathy and Hareton were busy at their studies in the kitchen. I was sitting with them, happy to see them helping each other so well. I feel they're almost my children, Mr Lockwood, and I'm very proud of them. As the master entered the house, he had a full view of us three. They lifted their eyes to meet his. Perhaps you haven't noticed it, but their eyes are very similar, and they are exactly like those of Catherine Earnshaw. Mr Heathcliff stopped and stared, then looked away. At a sign from me, Cathy and Hareton went quietly out into the garden, leaving me alone with Mr Heathcliff.

'It's silly, isn't it, Ellen, ' he muttered, 'that I have worked all my life to destroy these two families, the Earnshaws and the Lintons. I've got their money and their land. Now I can take my final revenge on the last Earnshaw and the last Linton, I no longer want to! There's a strange change coming in my life. I'm in its shadow. I'm so little interested in daily events that I even forget to eat and drink. I don't want to see those two, that's why I don't care if they spend time together. She only makes me angry. And he looks so like Catherine! But everything reminds me of Catherine! In every cloud, in every tree I see her face! The whole world reminds me that she was here once, and I have lost her! '

'You don't feel ill, sir, do you? Are you afraid of death? '

'I'm not ill, Ellen, and I'm not afraid to die. But I can't continue like this! I have to remind myself to breathe—almost to remind my heart to beat! I have a single wish, for some thing my whole body and heart and brain have wanted for so long! Oh God! It's a long fight! I wish it were finished! '

For some days after that, Mr Heathcliff avoided meeting us at meals. He ate less and less. Late one night I heard him leave the house. He did not return until the morning. When he came in, I noticed a change in his expression. There was a strange, wild happiness in his face, although he was pale and trembling.

'Will you have some breakfast, sir?' I asked.

'No, I'm not hungry, ' he answered.

'I don't think you should stay outside at night, sir. You'll catch a bad cold or a fever! '

'Leave me alone, Ellen, ' he replied.

I began to worry about him. He was strong and healthy, but a man must eat in order to live. For the next three days he ate nothing. At every meal the food lay untouched on the plate in front of him. He did not look at the food, or at us. He seemed to be looking at something quite close to him, some thing we could not see. His fierce black eyes followed it with such eager interest that he sometimes stopped breathing for as much as half a minute.

He did not sleep either. For three days he had spent the night in Catherine Earnshaw's old bedroom, and I could hear him walking up and down, and talking, calling, crying all night.

One morning I managed to speak to him, and make him listen to me. 'Mr Heathcliff, you must have some food and sleep. Look at yourself in the mirror! You look ill and tired. '

'It's not my fault that I can't eat or rest. You wouldn't tell a drowning man to rest when he can see the shore! I'm close to what I've wanted for eighteen years, very close! But my soul's happiness is killing my body! '

'It's a strange kind of happiness, master. Take my advice, and pray to God to forgive you for what you've done wrong in the past, if you think you're going to die. '

'Thank you, Ellen, you've reminded me of something. It's the way I want to be buried. My coffin will be carried to the churchyard in the evening. You and Hareton will be present, nobody else. And make sure my orders about the two coffins are

obeyed! I want no ceremony, or words from the Bible—I don't believe in any of that. '

He spent the next night, and the next day, in Catherine's room, muttering and sobbing all the time. I sent for Dr Kenneth, but the door was locked, so the doctor could not see him. The following night was very wet, and in the morning as I walked in the garden, I noticed that the bedroom window was wide open.

'He must be very wet if he's in bed,' I thought, 'the bed is so close to the window. I'll go and look.' I found another key which fitted the lock, and opened the door. Mr Heathcliff was there in bed, lying on his back. His eyes were staring at me, so eagerly and fiercely, and he seemed to be smiling! His face and clothes were wet from the rain, and he did not move. I realized he was dead!

I closed the window. I combed his long, black hair from his forehead. I tried to close his eyes, but they would not shut. Suddenly frightened, I called for Joseph. The old servant came at once, but refused to touch the body.

'Ah, the devil's taken his soul! I warned him that would happen!' he cried. 'You see how wicked he is, smiling at death! But thank God Hareton Earnshaw will have the house and land now, that he should have inherited from his father!' And he went down on his knees to pray.

Hareton was, in fact, the only one who was sad at Heathcliff's death. He and I were present at the burial. Heathcliff was buried next to Catherine's grave, as he had wished. As we were not sure of his age or anything else about him, there is only one word on his gravestone—Heathcliff. The villagers are very frightened of his ghost. They say he often haunts the churchyard and the moors.

Hareton and Cathy will be married on New Year's Day, and they'll move to the Grange. I'll be their housekeeper. Joseph will take care of Wuthering Heights, but most of the rooms here won't be used again.

You'll pass the churchyard, Mr Lockwood, on your way back to the Grange, and you'll see the three gravestones close to the moor. Catherine's, the middle one, is old now, and half buried in plants which have grown over it. On one side is Edgar Linton's, and on the other is Heathcliff's new one. If you stay there a moment, and watch the insects flying in the warm summer air, and listen to the soft wind breathing through the grass, you'll understand how quietly they rest, the sleepers in that quiet earth.

18 希斯克利夫的结局

1801—1802年

回到呼啸山庄我很高兴，我希望能使凯茜的生活过的更舒心些。可她很烦躁，抱怨说孤独。开始她还招惹哈里顿，嘲笑他，但过了一段时间她觉得自己真的想要他做朋友。她为自己对他的无礼道了歉，并提出要把她会的一切都教给他。从此，这两个表兄妹就形影不离，在一起学习。哈里顿有好些要学的，而凯茜又不是个很耐心的老师。但他们的共同点是他们彼此相爱。你看，洛克伍德先生，要赢得凯茜小姐的心不难。可现在我庆幸您没有试。他们俩结婚时我就是英格兰最幸福的女人了！

希斯克利夫对他身边发生的事几乎没有注意到，如果要不是约瑟夫，他也决不会察觉这对表兄妹的感情。一天，我们正吃着午饭，那个老头冲进屋里，气得浑身发抖。

“我得离开！我本想死在这儿，我在这儿做了60年的仆人！可她现在把我花园抢走了！她偷走了这孩子的魂儿，主人！我无法忍受了！”

“这傻瓜喝醉了？”希斯克利夫问。“你能解释一下吗，哈里顿？”

“我拔了他两三棵果树，”哈里顿坦白道，“但我会把它们种回去的。”

“是我的错，”凯茜大胆地插话道，“是我让他拔的。我们想在那儿种些花儿。”

“谁他妈的批准的？”希斯克利夫咆哮道。

“你把我全部土地都拿走了，总该让我有一片花园吧！”凯茜不饶地反驳道。“而且你还夺走了哈里顿的土地！他和我现在是朋友！我要把你的事告诉他！”

主人站了起来，两眼恶狠狠地盯着她。

“滚出这房间，坏丫头！”他嚷道。“要是让我走近你，我会杀了你！”

“如果你打我，哈里顿会打你的。他不会再听你的话，过不了多久，他也会像我一样恨你！”

“你最好离开这儿，凯茜，”哈里顿小声催促道。“我不会同希斯克利夫先生争吵。”

但太晚了。我肯定希斯克利夫要打她了。他抓住她，一只大手揪住她的头发，另一只手举过了她头顶。可当他看到她的脸的时候，怒气突然消失了，把手臂放了下来。他重重地坐回椅子上，双手捂住眼睛呆了一会儿。我们都目不转睛地看着他。

“你要学着别惹我生气，”他说道，想镇静下来，“滚开，都滚！别烦我！”不一会儿他出去了，说晚上回来。

夜幕降临，凯茜和哈里顿在厨房忙着学习。我在旁边坐着，看到他们互帮互助处得那样融洽我很高兴。我觉得他们是我自己的孩子似的，洛克伍德先生，我为他们感到非常自豪。主人进到房子时，一眼就看见了我们三个。他们抬起眼，与希斯克利夫相对而视。可能您没留意，他们俩的眼睛很相像，而且跟凯瑟琳·欧肖的眼睛几乎一模一样。希斯克利夫先生站住凝视了一会儿，然后眼光转向了别处。我叹了口气，凯茜和哈里顿悄悄溜进了花园，只剩下我和希斯克利夫先生。

“真傻，是吧，艾伦，”他喃喃道，“我倾尽一生精力要摧毁这两个家庭，欧肖和林顿家。我得到了他们的钱财和土地。如今我可以对最后一个姓欧肖的和最后一个姓林顿的施加最后的报复，我却不想干了！我的生命里发生着奇怪的变化，我正处在这变化的阴影之中。我对日常的事务提不起兴趣，甚至想不起吃喝。我不想见到他们俩，所以我不管他们是不是在一起。她只会惹我生气，而他长得真象凯瑟琳！可什么东西都能让我想起凯瑟琳来！在每一朵云团、每一棵树上我都能看到她的脸！整个世界都在提醒我她曾经在这儿，而我却失去了她！”

“您没感到不舒服吧，先生，是吗？您惧怕死么？”

“我没病，艾伦，我也不怕死。可我不能继续这样下去了！我得提醒自己要喘气——几乎得提醒自己的心去跳！我只有一个愿望，那是我许久以来殚精竭力、挖空思想得到的东西！噢，上帝！这是一场漫长的搏斗！我希望它结束吧！”

在以后的几天里，希斯克利夫先生吃饭的时候躲着我们。他吃得越来越少。有一天深夜我听见他出了宅子，第二天上午才回来。他进来时，我注意到他神情有些异样。尽管气色苍白、全身颤抖，可脸上洋溢着诡秘、疯狂的喜悦。

“您用点早餐吗，先生？”我问。

“不，我不饿，”他回答。

“我觉得您不该在外面过夜，先生。您会感冒发烧的！”

“别管我，艾伦，”他回答。

我开始为他担心。他身体强健，但要活着总要吃饭呀。此后三天他什么也没吃，每顿饭放到他面前他都没动。他根本不看饭菜，也不看我们。他似乎在看着就在他身边的什么东西，我们却看不见。他炽烈的黑眼睛聚精会神地紧盯着它，有时甚至半分钟也不喘气。

他也不睡觉。他在凯瑟琳·欧肖从前住的卧室里连续呆了三个晚上，我能听到他走来走去，整夜地说话、嗥叫、痛哭。

一天早晨我跟他搭话，让他听我的。“希斯科克利夫先生，你一定得吃得睡。用镜子看看您自己！您看上去疫病交加的。”

“我吃不下、睡不着不是我的错。当一个快淹死的人看见岸边时，你不会让他歇息吧！我就要得到18年来梦寐以求的东西，快了！可我灵魂的欢乐扼杀着我的肉体！”

“那是一种怪诞的欢乐，主人。听我的，如果您认为自己将不久于人世，就祈求上帝宽恕您以往的过错吧。”

“谢谢，艾伦，你提醒了我一件事，是关于我下葬的方式。我的棺材要在晚上抬到教堂墓地。你和哈里顿要在场，不要别人。要保证按我放置两口棺材的命令去做！我不要葬礼，也不要读《圣经》——我一概不信。”

他当天晚上和第二天白天都呆在凯瑟琳的房间，一直在喃喃自语和呜咽抽泣。我叫人去找肯尼士大夫，但卧室的门上了锁，大夫没法看他。那天晚上很潮湿，早晨我在花园里走，注意到那卧室的窗户是大开着的。

“如果他在床上一定会被打得很湿，”我想，“床离窗户很近。我要去看看。”我找到了能开那把锁的另一把钥匙，打开门。希斯科克利夫先生在床上仰面躺着，他的双眼瞪着我，热切而激动，似乎是在微笑！他的脸和衣裳被雨打湿了，他没有动弹。我意识到他是死了！

我关上窗，为他梳理了额头长长的黑发。我试着帮他闭上眼睛，可它们不肯阖上。突然间我很害怕，喊叫起约瑟夫来。那老仆人马上就来了，但不肯动遗体。

“啊，魔鬼取走了他的灵魂！我警告过他会这样的！”他叫道，“你看他有多邪恶，死的时候还笑！谢天谢地，哈里顿·欧肖现在将拥有这房子和土地，他本应从他父亲那儿就继承到的！”他跪下开始祈祷。

实际上只有哈里顿对希斯科克利夫的死感到难过。他和我参加了下葬。如他自己所愿，希斯科克利夫被埋在凯瑟琳的墓旁。因为我们不知道他确切年龄或其他情况，所以墓碑上只有一个字——希斯科克利夫。村里人很害怕他的鬼魂，他们说 he 经常在教堂墓地和荒原上游荡。

哈里顿和凯茜将在元旦那天结婚，然后他们搬到画眉山庄去。我将给他们做管家。约瑟夫看管呼啸山庄，但大多数房间都不会再使用了。

您回画眉山庄的路上会经过教堂墓地，洛克伍德先生，您可以看见靠近荒原的三个墓碑。中间凯瑟琳的已经旧了，被周围生长的杂草掩住了一半。一边是艾加·林顿的，另一边是希斯科克利夫的新墓碑。如果您在那儿呆一会儿，看着在温暖夏日的空气里纷飞的昆虫，听着在草丛中喘息的柔风，您就会知道在静谧的泥土下，长眠的人在多么平静地安息。

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简介

简·爱背负着自然与社会给她的一切不幸，开始了她的人生：她没有双亲，没有钱财，她是（男人世界中的）一个弱女子；雪上加霜的是，她不漂亮。她有着坚强的个性，这使她在世人眼里更加失去了魅力，因为她不会对别人逆来顺受。

她不像是世上伟大爱情故事中的女主角，然而她却有着相当于此的举动。世人看到的是她的种种劣势，告诉她对生活不要有太多奢望。然而简·爱不听这一套，她拒绝接受世人给予她的卑微地位。她要求世人接受她的本来面目：她可能微不足道，但却是自己命运的主宰；她也许不漂亮，却值得他人爱。

夏洛特·勃朗蒂（1816—1855）是英国最伟大的小说家之一。她在英格兰北部约克郡的生活本身狭窄有限，然而其小说充满激情与想像，享誉世界。

人物表

简·爱

盖茨赫德

里德太太，简·爱的舅妈

贝茜，保姆

阿伯特小姐，里德太太的女仆

洛依德医生

洛伍德学校

布鲁克赫斯特先生，学校财务总监

丹伯尔小姐，女学监

海伦·伯恩斯，学生

特恩费得

费尔法斯太太，管家

阿黛拉，罗切斯特先生的法国情妇的女

爱德华·罗切斯特，特恩费得府的主人

英格姆夫人，她们的母亲

格丽丝·普尔

迪克·梅森

布莱克斯先生，马迪拉的爱先生的律师

伯莎·梅森

摩尔屋

圣约翰·李维斯，戴安娜和玛丽的哥哥，莫顿的牧师

汉娜，管家

罗莎蒙特·奥利弗小姐，富有工厂主的女儿

枫丹庄园

People in This Story

Jane Eyre

At Gateshead

Mrs Reed, Jane Eyre's aunt

Bessie, the nursemaid

Miss Abbott, Mrs Reed's maid

Dr Lloyd

Robert, the coachman.

At Lowood School

Mr Brocklehurst, the school's financial manager

Miss Temple, the headmistress

Helen Burns, a pupil

At Thornfield

Mrs Fairfax, the housekeeper

Adèle, daughter of Mr Rochester's French mistress

Edward Rochester, the owner of Thornfield Hall

Lady Ingram, their mother

Grace Poole

Dick Mason

Mr Briggs, lawyer to Mr Eyre of Madeira

Bertha Mason

At Moor House

St John Rivers, brother of Diana and Mary, and vicar of

Morton

Hannah, his housekeeper

Rosamund Oliver, daughter of a rich factory-owner

At Ferndean Manor

1 The red room

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

These three usually spent their time crying and quarrelling, but today they were sitting quietly around their mother in the sitting-room. I wanted to join the family circle, but Mrs Reed, my aunt, refused Bessie had complained about me.

'No, I'm sorry, Jane. Until I hear from Bessie, or see for myself, that you are really trying to behave better, you cannot be treated as a good, happy child, like my children. '

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

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

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

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

'Where are you, rat?' he shouted. He did not see me behind the curtain. 'Eliza! Georgy! Jane isn't here! Tell Mamma she's run out into the rain—what a bad animal she is! '

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

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

'What do you want?' I asked him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'I was reading, 'I answered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gradually it became dark outside. The rain was still beating on the windows, and I could hear the wind in the trees. Now I was no longer angry, and I began to think the Reeds might be right. Perhaps I was wicked. Did I deserve to die, and be buried in the churchyard like my uncle Reed? I could not remember him, but knew he was my mother’s brother, who had taken me to his house when my parents both died. On his death bed he had made his wife, aunt Reed, promise to look after me like her own children. I supposed she now regretted her promise.

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

‘Miss Eyre, are you ill?’ asked Bessie.

‘Take me out of here!’ I screamed.

‘Why? What’s the matter?’ she asked.

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

‘She’s not even hurt,’ said Miss Abbott in disgust. ‘She screamed just to bring us here. I know all her little tricks.’

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

‘She screamed so loudly, ma’am,’ said Bessie softly.

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

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

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

第一部 盖茨赫德的孩子

1 红房子

那天下午，我们不能出去散步。寒风刺骨，大雨瓢泼，大家都待在家里，我倒是因此感到高兴。我从来不喜欢走长路，特别是在冬天。过去我最讨厌回到家时天色已暗，手脚冰凉，女仆贝茜总是训斥我而使我痛苦不堪。无论何时我都懂得我和我的表兄妹——里德家的伊丽莎、约翰和乔治娜不一样。他们不仅比我高大、强壮，而且还受宠。

这三个人常常吵闹不休，但今天却和妈妈一起静静地坐在起居室里。我也想参加进去，可我的舅妈里德太太不允许。贝茜告了我的状。

“对不起，简。如果不听到贝茜说或是由我亲眼看到你的确努力要学好，你就不能像我的孩子那样，被当成是快乐的好孩子。”

“贝茜说我干什么了？”我问。

“简，这样问我不礼貌的。如果你不能好好讲话，就闭嘴。”

我悄悄退出起居室，走进隔壁的小房间，从书架上选了一本图画书。我爬上窗台，拉好窗帘，把自己整个藏了起来。我坐了一会儿，时而望望窗外。11月的午后天气阴沉，大雨倾泻在秃枝枯叶的花园里。不过大部分时候，我认真读着书，完全被书中的图画吸引住了。我沉浸在想像的世界中，暂时忘掉了伤心和孤单，只感到快活。我唯一担心的就是我的秘密藏身处可能会被发现。

突然，门开了，约翰·里德冲了进来。

“老鼠，你在哪儿？”他叫着，没有看到窗帘后面的我。“伊丽莎！乔吉！简不在这儿！告诉妈妈她跑出去淋雨了。真是个畜生！”

“幸好我拉上了窗帘，”我心想。他永远找不到我，因为他并不聪明。可是，伊丽莎一下子就猜出了我在哪里。

“约翰，她坐在窗台上。”她在起居室喊道。于是，我赶紧走了出来，因为我不愿意他来拽我。

“你想怎样？”我问道。

“说’里德主人，您想要什么’，”他坐在椅子子说。“我要你过来。”

约翰·里德已经14岁了，而我只有10岁。他长得又高又胖，常常狼吞虎咽吃得太多，以致闹病。他本该上寄宿学校的，可是他妈妈太宠他，把他接回家一两个月，因为她觉得他身体弱。约翰既不喜欢他的母亲，也不喜欢他的妹妹，对我更只有恨。他欺侮我，惩罚我，不是一星期两三次，也不是一天里一两次，而是随时随地。他一靠近，我就浑身打颤。他有时打我，有时吓唬我，我整天生活在对他的恐惧中，我根本不知道如何阻止他。仆人们不愿得罪他们的小主人，而里德太太根本看不到她的心肝宝贝会有什么错。

于是，我服从了约翰的命令，走向他坐的椅子，心想他那张脸真是丑极了。可能他看出了我的心思，用手重重地打在我的脸上。

“这是罚你刚才对妈妈无礼，”他说，“罚你藏起来的鬼主意，罚你那么瞪着我，你这老鼠！”我已经习惯了被他欺负，从没想过要还手。

“你在帘子后面干什么？”他问。

“我在读书，”我答道。

“给我看看。”我将书递了过去。

“你没权拿我们的书。”他接着说。“你身无分文，你父亲也没给你留下一分钱。你应该上街讨饭，而不是一位绅士家里过舒服日子。不管怎样，这些书都是我的，几年以后整幢房子也是我的了。我要教训你别再借我的书。”他举起重重的书，狠狠地打在我身上。

我被打倒在地，头碰在门上磕破了。我感到疼痛不堪，平生第一次突然忘记了我对约翰·里德的恐惧。

“你这个残忍的坏蛋！”我喊着，“你欺侮人！你像个刽子手！”

“什么！什么！”他叫嚷着，“她说我什么？伊丽莎，乔吉，你们听到了吗？我要告诉妈妈去，可是我先得……”

他冲过来打我，不过现在他的对手是一个绝望的女孩子。我真的觉得他是个刽子手坏蛋。我感到血从脸上流下来，疼痛给了我力量，我使出全力还手了。我的反抗吓了他一跳，他大声求救。他的妹妹们跑去叫里德太太，里德太太又叫上了仆人阿伯特小姐和贝茜。她们把我们拉开，我听到她们说：“多坏的小丫头！她竟打了约翰主人！”

里德太太平静地说：“把她带到红房子里锁起来。”于是手脚并用、极力挣扎的我被抱到了楼上。

一进红房子，我又安静下来，两个仆人开始训斥我。

“说真的，爱小姐，”阿伯特小姐说，“你怎么能打他呢？他是你的小主人啊！”

“他怎么是我的主人？我又不是仆人！”我喊道。

“不，爱小姐。你连仆人都不如，因为你都不干活。”阿伯特小姐答道。她们都瞪着我，好像很不赞同我。

“小姐，你应该记住，”贝茜说，“你的舅妈负担你的衣食，你应该感恩才对。你再没有其他亲戚朋友了。”

在我短短的一生中，总是听到这样的活，而我又无以对答。我沉默着，痛苦地听着她们的提醒。

“如果你生气、粗鲁的话，里德太太可能会把你送走。”贝茜又说。

阿伯特小姐说：“不管怎样，上帝会惩罚你这颗邪恶的心的，简·爱。向上帝祈祷，说你抱歉。”她们把门仔细锁好，然后走了。

红房子阴冷、寂静，尽管是最大的卧室之一，却很少使用。九年前，我舅舅里德先生就死在这里。从此，没人再愿睡在里面了。

我孤单单的，心里痛苦地思量着和我一起生活的这些人。约翰·里德，他的妹妹们，他的母亲，仆人——他们所有的人都指责我、训斥我、恨我。为什么我总不能让他们高兴呢？伊丽莎自私，却得到尊重。乔治娜脾气坏却人人喜欢，因为她长得漂亮。约翰粗鲁、残忍、凶暴，却没人惩罚他。我尽量不犯错误，可他们每时每刻都说我捣乱。现在我为了保护自已反抗了约翰，更成了众矢之的。

整整一个漫长的下午，我都待在红房子里问自己，为什么我非得受苦，为什么生活如此不公平。也许我应该跑掉或干脆饿死。

天渐渐黑了，雨点仍然拍打着窗户，还可以听到风在树枝间呼啸。我已经不生气了，甚至开始觉得也许里德一家是对的。也许我真的挺坏，我是不是应该死，然后像里德舅舅一样被埋在教堂的院子里？我已记不起他了，但我知道他是我妈妈的哥哥。我双亲过世后，他收留了我。临死前，他要妻子里德太太保证像照顾自己的孩子一样照顾我。我想她现在后悔自己的许诺了。

我产生了一个怪念头。我能肯定如果里德先生仍在世，他会好好待我的。现在我环顾黑暗中的家具和墙壁，开始害怕他的鬼魂会回来因他的妻子不能信守诺言而惩罚她。他可能从教堂院子里的坟墓走出来，出现在这间屋里！我被这念头吓坏了，连气都不敢喘。突然，黑暗中我看到一道光闪过屋顶，可能是外面的灯光，可我在惊恐之中，没想到这些。我觉得那一定是鬼魂，是来自另一个世界的人。我的头胀起来，心狂跳不已。我耳朵听到的是不是翅膀的声音？是不是有什么东西在靠近我？我尖叫着冲到门口，使劲地摇门，阿伯特小姐和贝茜赶紧跑来开门。

“爱小姐，你病了吗？”贝茜问。

“把我放出去！”我尖叫着。

“为什么？怎么了？”她问。

“我看到一道光，我觉得那是鬼。”我哭着紧紧抓住贝茜的手。

“她连伤都没有，”阿伯特小姐厌恶地说。“她叫喊就是要我们来。我知道她的小把戏。”

“这是怎么了？”一个声音愤怒地问。里德太太出现在门口。“阿伯特，贝茜，我不是告诉你们我来之前让简待在这屋子里吗？”

“太太，她叫得太凶了，”贝茜轻声说。

“贝茜，让她松开手，”里德太太答道。“简·爱，你别以为这样就可以离开这屋子，你的捣蛋把戏对我行不通。你再在这里关一个钟头，罚你企图欺骗我们。”

“噢，舅妈，请原谅我！我受不了！你把我关在这儿，我会死的……”我尖叫着，在她手中挣扎着。

“安静！自制一点儿！”她把拼命反抗的我又推进房间里锁了起来。我重新陷入了黑暗，伴着寂静和鬼魂。我一定是昏过去了，其他的什么也记不起来了。

2 Leaving Gateshead

I woke up to find the doctor lifting me very carefully into my own bed. It was good to be back in my familiar bedroom, with a warm fire and candle-light. It was also a great relief to recognize Dr Lloyd, who Mrs Reed called in for her servants (she always called a specialist for herself and the children). He was looking after me so kindly. I felt he would protect me from Mrs Reed. He talked to me a little, then gave Bessie orders to take good care of me. When he left, I felt very lonely again.

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

'Bessie, what's happened? Am I ill? '

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Oh really, Miss!' said Bessie.

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

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

After Bessie had left, he asked, 'What really made you ill? '

'I was locked up in a room with a ghost, in the dark.'

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

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

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

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

'I have no father or mother, brothers or sisters,' I began.

'But you have a kind aunt and cousins.'

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

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

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

'You have no relations apart from Mrs Reed? '

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

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

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

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

I heard later from the servants that he had spoken to Mrs Reed about me, and that she had agreed immediately to send me to school. Abbott said Mrs Reed would be glad to get rid of me. In this conversation I also learned for the first time that my father had been a poor vicar. When he married my mother, Miss Jane Reed of Gateshead, the Reed family were so angry that they disinherited her. I also heard that my parents both died of an illness only a year after their wedding.

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

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

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

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

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

Christmas passed by, with no presents or new clothes for me. Every evening I watched Eliza and Georgiana putting on their new dresses and going out to parties. Sometimes Bessie would come up to me in my lonely bedroom, bringing a piece of cake, sometimes she would tell me a story, and sometimes she would kiss me goodnight. When she was kind to me I thought she

was the best person in the world, but she did not always have time for me.

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

‘This is the little girl I wrote to you about,’ said Mrs Reed to the stony stranger.

‘Well, Jane Eyre,’ said the stranger heavily, ‘and are you a good child?’

It was impossible to say yes, with Mrs Reed sitting there, so I was silent.

‘Perhaps the less said about that, the better, Mr Brocklehurst,’ said Mrs Reed, shaking her head.

‘I’m sorry to hear it, he answered. ‘Come here. Jane Eyre, and answer my questions. Where do the wicked go after death?’

‘They go to hell,’ I answered.

‘And what must you do to avoid going there?’ he asked.

I thought for a moment, but could not find the right answer.

‘I must keep in good health, and not die,’ I replied.

‘Wrong! Children younger than you die all the time. Another question. Do you enjoy reading the Bible?’

‘Yes, sometimes,’ I replied, hesitating.

‘That is not enough. Your answers show me you have a wicked heart. You must pray to God to change it, if you ever want to go to heaven.’

‘Mr Brocklehurst,’ interrupted Mrs Reed, ‘I mentioned to you in my letter that this little girl has in fact a very bad character. If you accept her at Lowood school, please make sure that the headmistress and teachers know how dishonest she is. She will try to lie to them of course. You see, Jane, you cannot try your tricks on Mr Brocklehurst.’

However hard I had tried to please Mrs Reed in the past, she always thought the worst of me. It was not surprising that I had come to hate her. Now she was accusing me in front of a stranger. My hopes of starting a new life at school began to fade.

‘Do not worry, madam,’ Mr Brocklehurst said, ‘the teachers will watch her carefully. Life at Lowood will do her good. We believe in hard work, plain food, simple clothes and no luxury of any kind.’

‘I will send her as soon as possible then, Mr Brocklehurst. I hope she will be taught according to her low position in life.’

‘Indeed she will, madam. I hope she will be grateful for this opportunity to improve her character. Little girl, read this book. It tells the story of the sudden death of a young girl who was a liar. Read and pray.’

After Mr Brocklehurst had given me the book and left, I felt I had to speak. Anger was boiling up inside me. I walked up to Mrs Reed and looked straight into her eyes.

‘I do not deceive people! If I told lies, I would say I loved you! But I don’t, I hate you! I will never call you aunt again as long as I live. If anyone asks how you treated me, I will tell them the truth, that you were very cruel to me. People think you are a good woman, but you are lying to them!’

Even before I had finished I began to experience a great feeling of freedom and relief. At last I had said what I felt! Mrs Reed looked frightened and unhappy.

‘Jane, I want to be your friend. You don’t know what you’re saying. You are too excited. Go to your room and lie down.’

‘I won’t lie down. I’m quite calm. Send me to school soon, Mrs Reed. I hate living here.’

‘I will indeed send her soon,’ murmured Mrs Reed to herself.

2 离开盖茨赫德

我醒来时，发现医生正小心地把我抱回我的床上。回到自己熟悉的、有温暖的炉火和烛光的卧室，真是太好了。见到洛依德医生也是极大的安慰。里德太太总是请他为仆人看病（她和她的子女请的是专科大夫）。他仔细护理着我，我觉得他可以在里德太太面前保护我。他和我说了会儿话，然后告诉贝茜要好好照顾我。他走了，我又感到非常孤独。

但令我惊奇的是贝茜根本没有训斥我。实际上，她待我很好，我竟壮着胆子问了她一个问题。

“贝茜，发生了什么事？我病了吗？”

“是的，你在红房子里病倒了，不过你会好起来的，别担心，简小姐。”她答道，然后到隔壁屋里叫来了另一个仆人，我能听得到她悄悄的话声。

“莎拉，今晚到这儿来陪我和这个小可怜一起睡。我不敢单独陪她，她可能会死的，昨晚她病得很厉害。你认为她看到鬼了吗？我觉得里德太太待她太狠了。”于是，两个仆人睡在了我的房里。我躺着一夜不曾合眼，浑身惊恐地打颤，两眼因害怕睁得大大的，想象着每个角落里都有鬼魂。

幸运的是，我没有因红房子里的可怕经历而害一场大病，但我永远忘不了那个晚上。后来的几天里，由于惊吓我变得非常紧张和忧郁，整天哭泣着。尽管贝茜想尽办法用好吃的和我喜欢的书吸引我，我却不愿意吃东西，甚至不想读书。我知道没有人爱我，没什么可指望的。

医生又来了，他看到我痛苦的样子感到很吃惊。

“她哭，也许是因为今天早晨不能和里德太太一起坐马车。”贝茜猜测着。

“她比这懂事得多，”医生边说边冲我笑着。“她已经是小孩子了。”

“我不是因为这个哭。我讨厌坐马车出门。”我马上说。“我哭是因为我很痛苦。”

“噢，真的吗，小姐？”贝茜说。

医生关切地看着我，他那双灰色的小眼睛充满智慧。这时铃响了，叫仆人们去吃饭。

“贝茜，你可以走了，”他说，“我在这儿和简小姐说话，等你回来。”

等贝茜走后，他问：“你究竟是怎么病的？”

“我被关在有鬼的黑房子里。”

他笑了：“怕鬼，是吗？”

“是的，怕里德先生的鬼魂。你知道，他是在那间屋里去世的，谁都不再进去。把我单独关在里面，又不点蜡烛，真是太残酷了，我永远忘不了！”

“可是你现在并不怕呀！你这么难过一定另有原因。”他说着，和蔼地看着我。

我怎么能向他诉说什么让我难过呢！

“我没有父亲、母亲，也没有兄弟、姐妹，”我说。

“可是你有好心的舅妈和表兄妹呀。”

“但是，是约翰·里德把我打倒的，是舅妈把我关起来的。”我哭了，无法再说下去。

“你不喜欢住在盖茨赫德、住在这么漂亮的大房子里吗？”他问。

“我很乐意离开这里，但是无处可去。”

“除了里德太太，你没有其他亲戚吗？”

“也许有几个，都很穷，但我对他们一无所知。”我答道。

他最后问：“你想上学吗？”我想了一会儿。我对学校几乎根本不了解，但那至少是个变化，是新生活的开始。

我最后说：“是的，我想上学。”

“好了，好了，”医生自言自语着站了起来。“我们想想办法。孩子太脆弱了，她该透透气了。”

后来我从仆人那儿听说，他和里德太太谈了我的事，她立刻就答应送我去学校。阿伯特说里德太太把我打发走了才高兴呢。谈话中我还生平第一次得知我的父亲曾是个穷牧师。他和妈妈——盖茨赫德的简·里德小姐——结婚时，里德一家非常生气，取消了她的继承权。我还得知我的父母在结婚一年后就双双因病去世。

时间一天天、一星期一星期地过去了，可是里德太太还是不提送我上学的事。一天，她训斥我时，我冷不防向她提了个问题。我事先并无准备，话就这么从我嘴里溜出来了。

“如果里德先生活着，他会怎么说？”我问。

“什么？”里德太太叫道，她冷漠的灰眼睛充满恐惧地盯着我，好像我是个鬼。我必须接着说下去。

“我的里德舅舅现在在天堂，可以知道你所想的和你干的事，我父母也知道。他们知道你多么恨我，对我多么残忍。”

里德太太给了我一个耳光，一言不发地走开了。贝茜训了我一个钟头，说我是世界上最不感恩的孩子。的确，我心中充满仇恨，连自己都觉得自己坏。

圣诞节过去了，我没有礼物，也没有新衣服。每天晚上，我都看着伊丽莎和乔治娜换上新裙子去参加舞会。贝茜有时到我孤零零的卧室来，带块蛋糕或讲个故事，有时吻吻我，与我道晚安。她对我好时，我觉得她是世界上最好的人，但她不是总有时间陪我。

1月15日早晨，贝茜跑到我的房间里，说有个客人要见我。是谁呢？我知道里德太太也会在场，我怕再见到她。我害怕地走进早餐室，抬起头来，看到的是一根黑柱子！至少，在我看来他的模样就是这样。他又高又瘦，身穿黑衣，上端是一张冰冷、僵硬的脸。

“这就是我信中提到的女孩。”里德太太对冷冰冰的陌生人说。

“啊，简·爱，”陌生人低沉地说，“你是个好孩子吗？”

里德太太坐在那里，我不可能答“是”，于是只好沉默。

“布鲁克赫斯特先生，这点最好少提。”里德太太边说边摇头。

“真遗憾。”他说。“简·爱，到这儿来回答我的问题。坏人死后去哪里？”

“进地狱。”我答道。

“你应该做什么才能不进地狱呢？”他问。

我想了想，但找不到正确的答案。

“我必须保持健康，不要死去。”我答道。

“不对，随时都有比你还小的孩子死去。另一个问题，你喜欢读《圣经》吗？”

“是的，有时喜欢。”我犹豫着答道。

“这还不够，你的回答表明你有颗邪恶的心。如果你想进天堂，你就要向上帝祈祷改变它。”

里德太太打断他说：“布鲁克赫斯特先生，我在信中已向你说起这孩子性情很坏。如果你收她进洛伍德学校，就得让所有女学监和教师知道她有多么不老实，她肯定会对她们撒谎。简，你瞧！你不能在布鲁克赫斯特先生那儿耍花招。”

无论过去我下了多大功夫取悦里德太太，她总是往最坏里想我。我变得这么恨她也就没什么奇怪的了。现在她又当着生人的面指责我，我到学校开始新生活的愿望开始破灭了。

“太太，不必担心。”布鲁克赫斯特先生说。“教师们会严密监督她，洛伍德的生活对她有好处。我们信仰的是刻苦耐劳、节衣简食，无任何奢侈可言。”

“布鲁克赫斯特先生，我会尽快把她送去。我希望你们能根据她的低下身份教导她。”

“的确是这样，太太。我希望她能为得到改造其品性的机会而表示感激。小姑娘，读读这本书，其中讲的是一个撒谎的女孩突然死去的故事。读吧，祈祷吧！”

布鲁克赫斯特先生把书递给我，然后走了。我觉得我必须说话，怒火在我胸中燃烧。我走到里德太太面前，直盯着她的眼睛。

“我不骗人。如果我真的撒谎，我会说我爱你！可是，我不爱你，我恨你！只要我活着，我不会再叫你舅妈。如果有人问我你是怎么待我的，我会以实相告，告诉他们你待我很凶。大家都把你当好人，可是你却在骗他们。”

话还没说完，我就已经感到无比轻松和自由，我终于说出了我的感受。里德太太看上去既害怕又难受。

“简，我想做你的朋友，你不明白你都说了些什么。你太激动了，回房里躺下歇会儿吧。”

“我不躺下，我很冷静。里德太太，快把我送去上学，我讨厌住在这里。”

里德太太自语道：“我是得尽快让她走。”

3 My first impressions of school

Mrs Reed arranged for me to leave on the nineteenth of January. I had to get up very early to catch the coach, but Bessie helped me to get ready.

'Will you say goodbye to Mrs Reed, Jane?' she asked.

'No, she said I shouldn't disturb her so early. Anyway, I don't want to say anything to her. She's always hated me.'

'Oh, Miss Jane, don't say that!'

'Goodbye to Gateshead!' I shouted wildly, as we walked together out of the front door, to wait for the coach in the road. It arrived, pulled by four horses, and full of passengers. The coachman took my luggage and called me to hurry up. Bessie kissed me for the last time as I held tightly to her.

She shouted up to the coachman, 'Make sure you take care of her! Fifty miles is a long way for a young child to go alone.'

'I will!' he answered. The door was closed, and the coach rolled off. What a strange feeling to be leaving Gateshead, my home for the whole of my childhood! Although I was sad to say goodbye to Bessie, I was both excited and nervous about the new place I would see, and the new people I would meet.

I do not remember much about the journey, except that it seemed far too long. We stopped for lunch, to change the horses. Then in the afternoon I realized we were driving through countryside. I slept for a short time but was woken when the coach stopped. The door opened and a servant called in,

'Is there a little girl called Jane Eyre here?'

'Yes,' I answered, and was helped out of the coach with my luggage. Tired and confused after the journey, I followed the servant into a large building, where she left me in a sitting-room. In came a tall lady, with dark hair and eyes, and a large, pale forehead. I discovered that she was Miss Temple, the headmistress of Lowood school. She looked at me carefully.

'You are very young to be sent alone. You look tired. Are you?' she asked, putting her hand kindly on my shoulder.

'A little, ma'am,' I replied.

'How old are you, and what is your name?'

'I'm Jane Eyre, ma'am, and I'm ten years old.'

'Well, I hope you will be a good child at school,' she said, touching my cheek gently with her finger.

I was taken by a teacher, Miss Miller, through the silent corridors of the large school, to the long, wide schoolroom. There about eighty girls, aged from nine to twenty, sat doing their homework. I sat on a bench near the door, with my slate.

'Put away the lesson-books and fetch the supper-trays!' called Miss Miller. Four tall girls removed all the books, then went out and returned with trays which were handed round. Each child could have a drink of water out of the shared cup, and could take a small piece of biscuit. Then we all went quietly upstairs to the long, crowded bedroom, where two children shared every bed. I had to share Miss Miller's, but I was so tired that I fell asleep immediately.

In the morning the ringing of a bell woke me, although it was still dark. I got dressed quickly in the bitter cold of the room, and washed when I could. There was only one basin for six girls. When the bell rang again, we all went downstairs, two by two, and silently entered the cold, badly lit schoolroom for prayers. As the bell rang a third time to indicate the beginning of lessons, the girls moved into four groups around four tables, and the teachers came into the room to start the Bible class. I was put in the bottom class. How glad I was when it was time for breakfast! I had hardly eaten anything the day before. But the only food served to us was porridge, which was burnt. It was so disgusting that we could not eat it, so we left the dining-room with empty stomachs. After breakfast came the one happy moment of the day, when the pupils could play and talk freely. We all complained bitterly about the uneatable breakfast. Lessons started again at nine o'clock and finished at twelve, when Miss Temple stood up to speak to the whole school.

'Girls, this morning you had a breakfast which you couldn't eat. You must be hungry, so I have ordered a lunch of bread and cheese for you all.' The teachers looked at her in surprise.

'Don't worry, I take responsibility for it,' she told them.

We were delighted, and all rushed out into the garden to eat our lunch. Nobody had taken any notice of me so far, but I did not mind that. I stood alone outside, watching some of the stronger girls playing, trying to forget the bitter cold, and thinking about my life. Gateshead and the Reed family seemed a long way away. I was not yet used to school life. And what sort of future could I look forward to?

As I wondered, I saw a girl near me reading a book. I felt brave enough to speak to her, since I too liked reading.

'Is your book interesting? What is it about?' I asked.

'Well, I like it,' she said after a pause, looking at me. 'Here, have a look at it.' I glanced quickly at it but found it too difficult to understand, so I gave it back.

'What sort of school is this?' I asked.

'It's called Lowood school. It's a charity school. We're all charity children, you see. I expect your parents are dead, aren't they? All the girls here have lost either one or both parents.'

'Don't we pay anything? Is the school free?' I asked.

'We pay, or our relations pay, £ 15 a year for each of us. That isn't enough, so some kind ladies and gentlemen in London pay the rest. That's why it's called a charity school.'

'Who is Mr Brocklehurst?' was my next question.

'His mother built this part of the school. He's the manager, and looks after all financial matters. He lives in a large house near here.'

I did not see her again until during the afternoon lessons, when I noticed that she had been sent to stand alone in the middle of the schoolroom. I could not imagine what she had done to deserve such a punishment, but she did not look ashamed or unhappy. She was lost in thought, and did not seem to notice that everyone was looking at her.

’If that happened to me, ’I thought, ’I would be so embarrassed! ’

After lessons we had a small cup of coffee and half a piece of brown bread, then half an hour’s play, then homework. Finally, after the evening biscuit and drink of water, we said prayers and went to bed. That was my first day at Lowood.

3 我对学校的第一印象

里德太太安排我在1月19日离开。为了赶上马车，我必须起个大早，贝茜帮助我做好了准备。

她问：“简，你去向里德太太道别吗？”

“不了，她说不让我这么早打扰她。反正我也不想和她说话。她一向恨我的。”

“噢，简小姐，别这么说。”

“盖茨赫德，再见了！”我大声喊着。我们一起走出前门，在路边等车。车来了，四匹马拉着，挤满了乘客。车夫接过我的行李，让我赶紧上车。我紧抱着贝茜，她吻了我最后一次。

她对车夫喊着：“你一定要好好照顾她。小孩子孤身一人，50英里路太远了。”

“我会的。”车夫答道。门关上了，马车继续前行。离开盖茨赫德的感觉真奇怪，这是我整个童年的家呀！和贝茜告别让我很难过，但想到我要去新的地方，见到新的人，我就又激动又害怕。

路上的事我已记不太清了，只觉得旅途实在太长了。我们停下来吃中饭、换马匹。下午，我意识到我们正在穿越乡村。我睡了一会儿，车停下我便醒了。门开了，一个仆人叫道：

“有没有叫简·爱的女孩？”

“有。”我答道，大家帮我下车，并取了行李。由于旅途劳累，昏头昏脑的我随着仆人走进一幢大房子，她让我等在起居室里。一位高高的女士走了进来，她黑发黑眼睛，前额宽阔、苍白。我得知她是丹伯尔小姐，洛伍德学校的女学监，她仔细端详着我。

“你一人上路还年龄太小，你看上去累了。累吗？”她问，一只手亲切地搭在我肩上。

“有一点儿，太太。”我答道。

“你多大了？叫什么名字？”

“我叫简·爱，10岁了。”

“好啊，我希望你在学校是个好孩子。”她说着用手指轻轻摸着我的脸颊。

我被一位叫米勒小姐的教师带着，穿过这座大学校寂静的走廊，来到又长又宽的教室。那儿大约有80个女孩，年龄从9岁至20岁不等，都坐在那儿写作业。我夹着石板，坐在靠近门口的一张长凳上。

米勒小姐喊道：“放下书本，去取晚餐盘子。”四个高个女孩收拾起所有的课本，然后出去取来了盘子，一个个传递下去。每个孩子可以喝点儿水，吃一小块儿饼干。然后我们都静静地上楼，来到狭长、拥挤的寝室。每两个孩子共用一张床。我只能和米勒小姐同住，但是我实在太累了，马上就睡着了。

早晨，尽管外面天还黑着，铃声就把我叫醒了。屋里很冷，我赶紧穿好衣服，然后找机会洗漱。六个女孩只有一只盆。铃声再次响起时，我们一对一对地下楼，静静地走进寒冷、阴暗的教室祈祷。第三遍铃响表示开始上课。姑娘们分成四组，分别围着四张桌子坐好，老师们走进来开始上《圣经》课。我被编入最低班。早餐时间一到，我真是高兴极了。前一天我几乎什么也没吃，可是我们得到的唯一的食物只有粥。粥糊了，令人恶心，我们根本无法下咽，于是空着肚子离开了餐厅。早餐后是一天中的快乐时光，学生们可以自由玩耍、交谈，我们都起劲地抱怨着那没法吃的早餐。9点钟接着上课，直到12点。这时，丹伯尔小姐站起来对全校学生讲话。

“姑娘们，今天早晨你们的早餐无法下咽。你们一定饿了，所以我给大家订了面包和奶酪当做午饭。”老师们都惊讶地看着她。

“别担心，我负全责。”她对老师们说。

我们很高兴，都跑到花园中去吃午饭。到现在还没有人注意到我，可我并不在意。我独自一人站在外面，看着几个比较壮实的女孩玩耍，努力忘掉寒冷，思考着我的生活。盖茨赫德和里德一家似乎那么遥远，我还不习惯学校的生活。我会有什么样的未来呢？

我正想着，看到旁边一个女孩儿在读书。我也喜欢读书，于是壮着胆子和她搭话。

“你的书有意思吗？讲什么的？”我问。

“嗯，我喜欢。”她停了一会儿，看着我说。“喏，看看吧！”我匆匆扫了一眼，觉得太难读懂，就还给了她。

“这是个什么样的学校？”我问。

“这叫洛伍德学校，是所慈善学校。你知道，我们都是接受慈善的孩子。我想你的父母都去世了吧？这里所有的女孩要么失去了单亲，要么失去了双亲。”

“我们要交钱吗？学校是免费的吗？”我问。

“我们或我们的亲戚交钱，每人每年15英镑。这不够用，因此伦敦一些好心的先生女士就支付剩下的费用。这就是为什么这儿是慈善学校。”

“布鲁克赫斯特先生是谁？”我接着问。

“他母亲建立了学校的这一部分。他是经理，管理所有财务的事。他就住在附近的一所大房子里。”

直到下午上课，我才又一次见到了她，我看到她被叫去独自站在教室中央。我想像不出她做错了什么，要遭这样的惩罚，可她看上去既无害臊，也不难过。她沉思着，似乎没有注意到大家都在看她。

我心想：“如果轮到我，我会非常尴尬的。”

下课后，我们喝了一小杯咖啡，吃了半片黑面包，然后玩半小时，再做作业。终于，在晚上吃过饼干、喝过水之后，我们祈祷完毕可以睡觉了。这就是我在洛伍德的第一天。

4 Making a friend

The next morning we got up in the dark as before, but the water was frozen, so we could not wash. It was freezing cold in all the rooms. This time the porridge was not burnt, but I still felt hungry, as the quantity was so small.

I stayed in the bottom class, but noticed the girl that I had been talking to was in another class. Her surname seemed to be Burns. Teachers called girls by their surnames in this school. Her class were studying history, and her teacher, Miss Scatterd, appeared constantly annoyed by her.

‘Burns, hold your head up, can’t you!’

‘Burns, don’t stand like that!’

The history questions asked by Miss Scatterd sounded very difficult, but Burns knew all the answers. I kept expecting the teacher to praise her, but instead she suddenly cried out,

‘You dirty girl! You haven’t washed your hands this morning!’

I was surprised that Burns did not explain that none of us could wash our faces or hands because the water had been frozen. Miss Scatterd gave an order. Burns left the room and returned, carrying a stick. The teacher took it and hit Burns several times with it. The girl did not cry or change her expression.

‘Wicked girl!’ said Miss Scatterd. ‘Nothing will change your dirty habits!’

Later that day, during the play-hour, I found Burns alone by the fireside, reading the same book as before, and I started talking to her.

‘What is the rest of your name?’ I asked.

‘Helen,’ she replied.

‘Do you want to leave Lowood?’

‘No, why should I? I was sent to school here, so I must learn as much as I can.’

‘But Miss Scatterd is so cruel to you!’ I burst out.

‘Cruel? Not at all. She is strict and she sees my faults.’

‘If I were you, I’d hate her,’ I cried. ‘If she hit me with a stick, I’d seize it and break it under her nose.’

‘I don’t think you would,’ answered Helen quietly. ‘And if you did, Mr Brocklehurst would send you away from school, and your relations would be upset. Anyway, the Bible tells us to do good, even if other people hurt us. Sometimes you have to put up with some hard things in life.’

I could not understand her ideas but I had a feeling she might be right. I looked at her in wonder.

‘You say you have faults, Helen. What are they? To me you seem very good.’

‘You are wrong,’ she answered. ‘I’m untidy and careless and I forget the rules. I read when I should be doing my homework. You see, Miss Scatterd is right to scold me.’

‘Is Miss Temple as strict as that?’ I asked.

A soft smile passed over Helen’s normally serious face.

‘Miss Temple is full of goodness. She gently tells me of my mistakes, and praises me if I do well. But even with her help I don’t concentrate properly in class, I just dream away the time, and then I can’t answer the teacher’s questions.’

‘But today in history you knew all the answers!’ I said.

‘I just happened to be interested, that’s all,’ she replied.

‘I expect you are always interested in Miss Temple’s lessons, because you like her and she is good to you. I’m like that. I love those who love me, and I hate those who punish me unfairly.’

‘You should read the Bible and do what Christ says—people who believe in God should love their enemies,’ said Helen.

‘Then I should love Mrs Reed and her son John, which is impossible,’ I cried.

Helen asked me to explain what I meant, and listened carefully to the long story of what I had suffered at Gateshead.

‘Well,’ I asked impatiently at the end, ‘isn’t Mrs Reed a bad woman? Don’t you agree with me?’

‘It’s true she has been unkind to you, because she dislikes your faults, as Miss Scatterd dislikes mine. But look how bitterly you remember every angry word! Wouldn’t you be happier if you tried to forget her scolding? Life is too short to continue hating anyone for a long time. We all have faults, but the time will come soon when we die, when our wickedness will pass away with our bodies, leaving only the pure flame of the spirit. That’s why I never think of revenge, I never consider life unfair. I live in calm, looking forward to the end.’

For a moment we both stayed silent. Then one of the big girls came up, calling, ‘Helen Burns! Go and put away your work and tidy your drawer immediately, or I’ll tell Miss scatterd!’

Helen sighed, and, getting up, silently obeyed.

4 交朋友

第二天早晨，我们和以往一样天黑就起床了，可是水都冻了冰，不能洗漱了。所有的屋里都冰冷冰冷的。这次粥没有烧糊，但我还是饿，因为量太少了。

我仍在最低班，却注意到曾和我讲话的女孩在另一个班，她好像姓伯恩斯。在这所学校，老师们总是用姓叫学生。她们班在学历史，她的老师斯盖查德小姐似乎总是被她惹恼。

“伯恩斯，抬起头来，难道做不到吗？”

“伯恩斯，别那么站着！”

斯盖查德小姐提出的历史问题听起来非常艰深，但伯恩斯知道所有的答案。我总是期待着老师表扬她，但却听到老师突然吼道：

“你这个脏丫头。早晨你没有洗手！”

我感到惊讶的是，伯恩斯并没有解释，我们谁也没洗脸、洗手，因为水冻冰了。斯盖查德小姐下了一个命令。伯恩斯出去了，回来时拿了一根棍子。老师接过棍子，在伯恩斯身上打了好几下。她既没有哭，也没有表情上的变化。

“坏丫头！”斯盖查德小姐说。“什么也改变不了你脏的习惯！”

后来在游戏的时候，我找到了独自坐在火边的伯恩斯，她还在读那本书。我开始和她说话。

“你叫什么名字？”我问。

“海伦。”她答道。

“你想离开洛伍德吗？”

“不，为什么要离开呢？我被送到这里上学，所以必须尽量多学些东西。”

“但斯盖查德小姐待你太狠了！”我生气地说。

“狠吗？没什么。她很严格，能看到我的毛病。”

“如果我是你，我会恨她的。”我大声说。“如果她用棍子打我，我会把它夺过来，在她眼皮底下把它折断。”

“我觉得你不会那样做。”海伦平静地说。“如果你做了，布鲁克赫斯特先生会把你赶出学校，你的亲戚会不高兴的。不管怎样，《圣经》教导我们要做好事，即使别人伤害我们也一样。有时候你必须忍受生活中的艰难。”

我不能理解她的想法，但觉得她也许是对的。我疑惑地看着她。

“海伦，你说你有错，错在哪儿？我觉得你很好。”

“你错了。”她答道。“我不整洁，粗心大意，还常忘了规定，该做作业的时候我却读书。你瞧，斯盖查德小姐批评我是对的。”

“丹伯尔小姐也这么严厉吗？”我问。

海伦一贯严肃的脸上掠过淡淡的微笑。

“丹伯尔小姐好极了。她和蔼地告诉我哪里不对；我做得好，她会表扬我。但即便有她的帮助，我在课上还是不能集中精神。我总是在做梦，于是就回答不了老师的问题。”

“但今天历史课上你知道所有的答案啊！”我说。

“我只不过感兴趣罢了，仅此而已。”她答道。

“我觉得你总是对丹伯尔小姐的课感兴趣，因为你喜欢她，她也待你好。我就是这样，别人爱我，我也会爱她。谁不公平地惩罚我，我就恨谁。”

“你应该读读《圣经》，按基督的话去做——信仰上帝的人应该爱他的敌人。”海伦说。

“那我应该爱里德太太和她儿子约翰了？不可能！”我叫着。

海伦让我解释一下这是什么意思，并仔细地听了我在盖茨赫德漫长的痛苦经历。

最后我不耐烦地问：“怎么样，里德太太难道不是坏女人？你不赞成我吗？”

“她的确对你不好，因为她不喜欢你的缺点，就像斯盖查德小姐不喜欢我的一样。如果你努力忘了她的训斥，不是会开心点儿吗？生命太短暂了，没时间恨一个人那么久。我们都有错误，但我们不久就会死去，我们的邪恶会随我们的躯体一起消失，只留下精神之火。这就是为什么我从来不想报复，我从不认为生活不公平。我平静地生活，期待着终结。”

我们都沉默了一会儿。这时一个大孩子跑过来叫着：“海伦·伯恩斯，赶快去收拾你的课本，整理你的抽屉，否则我就去报告斯盖查德小姐！”

海伦叹了口气，站起身，默默地服从了。

5 Mr Brocklehurst's visit and its results

It was difficult for me to get used to the school rules at Lowood, and to the hard physical conditions. In January, February and March there was deep snow, but we still had to spend an hour outside every day. We had no boots or gloves, and my hands and feet ached badly. We were growing children, and needed more food than was provided. Sometimes the big girls bullied us little ones and made us hand over our teatime bread or evening biscuit.

One afternoon, when I had been at Lowood for three weeks, a visitor arrived. All the teachers and pupils stood respectfully as he entered the schoolroom. I looked up. There, next to Miss Temple, stood the same black column which had frowned on me in the breakfast-room at Gateshead. I had been afraid he would come. I remembered only too well Mrs Reed's description of my character, and the promise he had given her to warn teachers at Lowood about my wickedness. Now they would consider me a bad child for ever.

At first Mr Brocklehurst spoke in a murmur to Miss Temple. I could just hear because I was in the front of the class.

'Tell the housekeeper she must count the needles, and only give out one at a time to the girls, they lose them so easily! And Miss Temple, please make sure the girls stockings are mended more carefully. Some of them have a lot of holes.'

'I shall follow your instructions, sir,' said Miss Temple.

'And another thing which surprises me, I find that a lunch of bread and cheese has been served to the girls recently. Why is this? There is nothing about it in the rules! Who is responsible?' 'I myself, sir,' answered Miss Temple. 'The breakfast was so badly cooked that the girls couldn't possibly eat it, so they were hungry.'

'Madam, listen to me for a moment. You know that I am trying to bring up these girls to be strong, patient and unselfish. If some little luxury is not available, do not replace it with something else, but tell them to be brave and suffer, like Christ Himself. Remember what the Bible says, man shall not live by bread alone, but by the word of God! Madam, when you put bread into these children's mouths, you feed their bodies but you starve, their souls!'

Miss Temple did not reply. She looked straight in front of her, and her face was as cold and hard as marble. Mr Brocklehurst, on the other hand, now looked round at the girls, and almost jumped in surprise

'Who—what is that girl with red hair, with curls, madam, with curls everywhere?'

'That is Julia Severn,' said Miss Temple quietly. 'Her hair curls naturally, you see.'

'Naturally! Yes, but it is God we obey, not nature! Miss Temple, that girl's hair must be cut off. I have said again and again that hair must be arranged modestly and plainly. I see other girls here with too much hair. Yes, I shall send someone tomorrow to cut all the girls' hair.'

'Mr Brocklehurst...' began Miss Temple.

'No, Miss Temple, I insist. To please God these girls must have short, straight hair and plain, simple clothes...'

He was interrupted by the arrival of three ladies, who had unfortunately not heard his comments on dress and hair. They all wore the most expensive clothes and had beautiful, long, curly hair. I heard Miss Temple greet them as the wife and daughters of Mr Brocklehurst.

I had hoped to hide my face behind my slate while Mr Brocklehurst was talking, so that he would not recognize me, but suddenly the slate fell from my hand and broke in two on the hard floor. I knew only too well what would happen next.

'A careless girl!' said Mr Brocklehurst quietly, almost to himself 'The new girl, I see. I must not forget to say something to the whole school about her.' and then to me, aloud,

'Come here, child.'

I was too frightened to move, but two big girls pushed me towards him. Miss Temple whispered kindly in my ear, 'Don't be afraid, Jane. I saw it was an accident.' Her kindness touched me, but I knew that soon she would hear the lies about me, and then she would hate me!

'Put the child on that chair, said Mr Brocklehurst. Someone lifted me up on to a high chair, so that I was close to his nose. Frightened and shaking, I felt everyone's eyes on me.

'You see this girl?' began the black marble column. 'She is young, she looks like an ordinary child. Nothing about her tells you she is evil. But she is all wickedness! Children, don't talk to her, stay away from her. Teachers, watch her, punish her body to save her soul—if indeed she has a soul, because this Child...I can hardly say it... this child is a liar!'

'How shocking!' said the two Brocklehurst daughters, each wiping a tear or two from their eyes.

'I learned this fact,' continued the great man, 'from Mrs Reed, the kind lady who took care of her after her parents' death and brought her up as a member of the family. In the end Mrs Reed was so afraid of this child's evil influence on her own children that she had to send her here. Teachers, watch her carefully!'

The Brocklehurst family stood up and moved slowly out of the schoolroom. At the door, my judge turned and said,

'She must stand half an hour longer on that chair, and nobody may speak to her for the rest of the day.'

So there I was, high up on the chair, publicly displayed as an ugly example of evil. Feelings of shame and anger boiled up inside me, but just as I felt I could not bear it any longer, Helen Burns walked past me and lifted her eyes to mine. Her look calmed me. What a smile she had! It was an intelligent, brave smile, lighting up her thin face and her tired grey eyes.

When all the girls left the schoolroom at five o'clock, I climbed down from the chair and sat on the floor. I no longer felt strong or calm, and I began to cry bitterly. I had wanted so much to make friends at Lowood, to be good, to deserve praise. Now nobody would believe me or perhaps even speak to me. Could I ever start a new life after this?

'Never!' I cried. 'I wish I were dead!' Just then Helen arrived, bringing my coffee and bread. I was too upset to eat or drink, but she sat with me for some time, talking gently to me, wiping away my tears, and helping me to recover. When Miss Temple came to look for me, she found us sitting quietly together.

‘Come up to my room, both of you,’ she said.

We went to her warm, comfortable room upstairs.

‘Now tell me the truth, Jane,’ she said. ‘You have been accused, and you must have the chance to defend yourself.’

And so I told her the whole story of my lonely childhood with the Reed family, and of my terrible experience in the red room.

‘I know Dr Lloyd, who saw you when you were ill,’ she said. ‘I’ll write to him and see if he agrees with what you say. If he does, I shall publicly tell the school you are not a liar. I believe you now, Jane.’ And she kissed me. She turned to Helen.

‘How are you tonight, Helen? Have you coughed a lot today?’

‘Not very much, ma’am.’

‘And the pain in your chest?’

‘It’s a little better, I think.’

Miss Temple examined Helen carefully, and sighed a little. Then she gave us some tea and toast. For a while I felt I was in heaven, eating and drinking in the warm, pretty room, with kind Miss Temple and Helen.

But when we reached our bedroom, Miss Scatcherd was checking the drawers.

‘Burns!’ she said. ‘Yours is far too untidy! Tomorrow, all day, you will wear a notice on your forehead saying UN-TIDY!’

Helen said Miss Scatcherd was quite right, and wore the notice all the next day. But I was furious, and at the end of the afternoon, tore it off her head and threw it in the fire.

When Miss Temple received a letter from Dr Lloyd, agreeing that what I had said was true, she told the whole school that I had been wrongly accused and was not a liar. From that moment, I felt I was accepted, and set to work to learn as much as I could, and make as many friends as possible.

5 布鲁克赫斯特先生

的来访及其后果

我很难适应洛伍德的校规和艰苦的生活条件。1月、2月和3月，雪积得很厚，但我们仍必须每天在户外活动一小时。我们没有靴子和手套，我的手脚疼得很厉害。我们正在长身体，需要比供给量更多的食品。有时大孩子欺负小孩子，逼我们把下午茶、面包或晚上的饼干交给她们。

我到洛伍德三星期后的一个下午，有一个客人来了。所有的老师和学生都恭敬地站着，看他走进教室。我抬头一看，站在丹伯尔小姐身边的不就是在盖茨赫德的早餐室里对我皱眉头的大黑柱子嘛！我就怕他来。我清清楚楚地记得里德太太就我品行所说的一番话，也记得他向她保证要提醒洛伍德的老师们我是多么坏。现在她们会永远认为我是个坏孩子了。

布鲁克赫斯特先生先对丹伯尔小姐低语了几句。因为站在前排，我刚好能听到一点儿。

“告诉管家她必须清点针数，每次只发给学生们一根针，她们太容易弄丢了。丹伯尔小姐，姑娘们的长筒袜应该补得再仔细些，有的洞太多了。”

“先生，我会照办的。”丹伯尔小姐说。

“还有一件事让我奇怪，我发现最近孩子们吃了一顿有面包和奶酪的午饭。为什么？校规里没这规定！谁负责任？”

“先生，我本人。”丹伯尔小姐答道。“早餐做得很差。孩子们无法吃下去，所以饿着肚子。”

“女士，你听我说。你知道我要把这些孩子培养得强壮、耐心和无私。如果缺了点儿奢侈品，不要用其他东西来弥补，应该告诉她们要勇敢，要像基督那样去受苦。记住《圣经》里的话，人不能仅靠面包活着，人要靠上帝的话活着。女士，当你把面包放到这些孩子的嘴里时，你填饱了她们的肚子，却给她们的心灵带来了饥馑。”

丹伯尔小姐没有答话，她直视前面，脸孔如大理石般冰冷僵硬。而布鲁克赫斯特先生这时却扫视着孩子们，突然惊讶得几乎跳起来。

“这是谁？这个红头发女孩儿是谁？髻发，满头髻发！”

“她是朱丽雅·沙文。”丹伯尔小姐轻声说。“您知道，她天生髻发。”

“天生！是的，可我们遵从的是上帝，而不是天性！丹伯尔小姐，必须得把那姑娘的头发剪了。我曾反复说头发必须梳理得简单朴实，我看这儿的其他孩子头发也太多了。好吧，明天我派个人来，给所有的孩子理发。”

“布鲁克赫斯特先生……”丹伯尔小姐刚开口。

“不，丹伯尔小姐，我一定要这样做。为了让上帝高兴，这些孩子必须只留短短的直发，穿朴素、简单的衣服……”

他的讲话被三位女士的到来打断了，可惜她们没有听到他关于头发和衣装的高论。她们都穿着最昂贵的衣服，留着长长的美丽的髻发。我听到丹伯尔小姐和她们打招呼，她们是布鲁克赫斯特先生的太太和女儿。

他说话时，我本想把自己的脸藏到石板后，好让他认不出来，可是石板突然从我手中滑落，掉在地上碎成了两片。我完全知道下面该发生什么了。

“粗心大意的孩子！”布鲁克赫斯特先生轻声说，几乎像在自言自语。“我知道了，是新来的。我不能忘了向全校讲讲她的事。”然后他大声对我说：

“孩子，到这儿来。”

我害怕得动弹不得，但两个大女孩把我推了过去。丹伯尔小姐亲切地在我耳边悄悄说：“简，别害怕。我看到你不是故意的。”她的好心感动了我，可我知道她会听到关于我的谎言，然后就会讨厌我了！

“让她站在那把椅子上。”布鲁克赫斯特先生说。于是有人把我抱到一把高高的椅子上，我都快碰到他的鼻子了。我害怕得发抖，觉得每个人的眼睛都在盯着我。

“你们看到这个女孩了？”黑石头柱子开始说话了。“她很小，看上去像个普通的孩子。从她身上看不出她是邪恶的，但她坏透了。孩子们，不要跟她说话，躲开她。老师们，监视她，惩罚她的身体以便拯救她的灵魂——如果她有灵魂。因为这个孩子……我真难以启齿……这孩子会撒谎！”

“真叫人吃惊！”布鲁克赫斯特的两个女儿同声说，还用手擦着眼中的一两滴泪。

这个了不起的人又说：“我是从里德太太那儿得知这一切的。这位好心的女士从她父母去世后就照顾她，把她当作自家人一样抚养。最后里德太太因为非常担心这孩子会对自己的子女产生恶劣的影响，不得不把她送到这里。老师们，认真监督她！”

布鲁克赫斯特一家站起来，慢慢走出教室。走到门口，我的审判者转过身来说：

“她还得上椅子上再站半个小时，今天谁也不许同她讲话。”

于是我就这样高高地站在椅子上，作为邪恶的丑恶典型示众。我心中充满羞愧和愤怒，我正觉得再也无法忍受时，海伦·伯恩斯从我面前走过，抬起头来看着我。她的目光让我平静下来。她笑得多好！那是智慧、勇敢的微笑，映亮了她瘦削的脸颊和疲惫的灰色眼睛。

5点钟，所有女孩都离开了教室。我从椅子上爬下来，坐在了地上。我再也不觉得坚强和平静了，开始放声大哭。我曾渴望在洛伍德交朋友，做好孩子，得到表扬，现在谁也不会再相信我，可能也不会再跟我说话了。我以后还能开始新生活吗？

“永远不能！”我喊道。“我真希望自己死了！”正当这时海伦来了，给我拿了咖啡和面包。我难过得不想吃，也不想喝，但她陪我坐了一会儿，轻声跟我说话，给我擦眼泪，帮助我恢复常态。丹伯尔小姐来找我时，看到我们俩正静静地坐在一起。

“到我房间里来，俩人都来。”她说。

我们来到她楼上温暖、舒适的房间。

“简，现在跟我说实话。”她说。“你受到指责，必须有机会为自己辩护。”

于是我向她讲述了我在里德家度过的孤独的童年，以及在红房子里的可怕经历。

“我认识你生病时去看你的洛依德先生。”她说。“我会写信给他，看他是否同意你的说法。如果他同意，我将公开告诉全校，你没撒谎。简，现在我相信你了。”她吻了我，然后转向海伦。

“海伦，你今晚怎么样？今天咳得厉害吗？”

“不厉害，太太。”

“胸口还疼吗？”

“我觉得好点儿了。”

丹伯尔小姐端详着海伦，叹了口气。然后她让我们喝茶，吃烤面包片。一时间我觉得自己到了天堂，在温暖、漂亮的房子里，和善良的丹伯尔小姐还有海伦一起又吃又喝。

但是当我们到教室时，斯盖查德小姐正在检查抽屉。

“伯恩斯！”她说。“你的抽屉太乱了！明天一天，你必须在脑门上贴上一个字——乱！”

海伦说斯盖查德小姐一点儿没错，第二天果然贴上了字条。但是，我气愤极了，傍晚，我把字条从她头上揪下来，扔进了火里。

丹伯尔小姐收到了洛依德医生的回信，同意我说的是实情。于是她向全校宣布我被错怪了，我不是个撒谎的人。从那一刻起，我觉得自己被接受了，开始努力学习，广交朋友。

6 Learning to like school

Life at Lowood no longer seemed so hard, as spring approached. We enjoyed walking and playing in the surrounding countryside. But, with fog lying constantly in the valley, it was not a healthy place for a school, and by May more than half the girls were seriously ill with typhus fever. As a result of poor food and bad living conditions, many girls died.

While there was fear and death inside the school, the sun shone on the flowers outside, and on the flowing streams in the valleys. So I and the few who had escaped illness enjoyed the beautiful summer weather, with no lessons or discipline at all.

Helen Burns could not come walking with me, because she was ill, not with typhus but with tuberculosis. At first I had thought she would recover, but when I learned her illness was serious, I decided to visit her at night, for what might be the last time. I found her lying in bed, looking pale and weak.

‘You’ve come to say goodbye,’ she whispered, coughing.

‘You are just in time. I’m going soon.’

‘Where, Helen? Are you going home?’ I asked.

‘Yes, to my long home—my last home.’

‘No, no, Helen!’ I was crying at the thought of losing her.

‘Jane, your feet are cold. Lie down with me and cover them with my blanket.’ I did so.

‘I am happy, Jane,’ she continued. ‘You mustn’t cry. By dying young, I’ll avoid suffering. I am going to heaven.’

‘Does heaven really exist?’ I asked.

‘Yes, I’m sure of it. I’m sure our souls go there when we die,’ she answered firmly.

‘Will I see you again, Helen, when I die?’

‘Yes, you will go to heaven too, Jane.’

I could not quite believe that heaven existed, and I held tightly to Helen. I did not want to let her go. We kissed goodnight and fell asleep. In the morning Miss Temple found me asleep with Helen Burns dead in my arms. She was buried in the local churchyard.

Gradually the typhus fever left Lowood, but the number of deaths made the public aware of the poor conditions in which the pupils lived. Money was raised to build a new school in a better position, many improvements were made, and Mr Brocklehurst lost his position as manager. So it became a really useful place of education. I stayed for eight years, for the last two as a teacher. I was busy and happy all that time, relying greatly on the help and encouragement of my dear friend Miss Temple.

But when she married and moved to a distant part of the country, I decided it was the moment for me to change my life too. I realized I had never known any other world apart from Lowood or Gateshead. Suddenly I wanted freedom—or at least a new master to serve. So I advertised in a newspaper for a job as a governess. When I received an answer from a Mrs Fairfax, who wanted a governess for a girl under ten years old, I accepted, with the permission of the new headmistress of Lowood.

6 开始喜欢学校

春天来临，洛伍德的生活似乎不再那么艰难了。我们喜欢到周围的乡村散步、游戏。但是山谷中常常迷雾不散，对学校来说不是个好地方。到了5月，有一半以上的女孩子得了猩红热。由于伙食差，生活条件恶劣，许多孩子都死了。

学校里充满了恐怖和死亡，而外面却是阳光照耀着的花朵和山谷间流淌的小溪。因此我和另外几个逃过病魔的孩子尽情享受美丽的夏日，不用上课，也没有纪律。

海伦·伯恩斯不能和我一起散步，因为她病了，得的不是猩红热，而是肺结核。我原以为她会康复，但后来听说她病得很重时，便决定晚上去看她，这很可能是见她最后一面了。我发现她躺在床上，苍白而虚弱。

“你来告别了。”她悄声说，并不停地咳嗽。“你来得正是时候，我很快就要走了。”

“去哪儿，海伦？你回家吗？”我问。

“是的，回我遥远的家，永远的家。”

“不，不，海伦！”想到要失去她，我哭了起来。

“简，你的脚是冷的。和我一起躺下，用毯子盖上。”我照办了。

“简，我很快乐。”她接着说。“你不要哭。早点死，我可以免受痛苦，我要去天堂了。”

“真的有天堂吗？”我问。

“是的，我敢肯定，我相信我们死时我们的灵魂能上天堂。”她坚定地回答。

“海伦，我死的时候会再见到你吗？”

“会的，简，你也会进天堂。”

我不能完全相信有天堂存在。我紧紧抱着海伦，不想让她走。我们互相亲吻，道晚安，然后就睡着了。早晨，丹伯尔小姐发现我睡着，海伦已死在我怀里。她被埋在当地的教堂院子里。

猩红热渐渐离开了洛伍德，但死亡的人数使公众意识到了学生们恶劣的生活条件。人们筹资在较好的位置盖了一所新学校，并做了许多改进。布鲁克赫斯特先生去掉了经理的职位，于是洛伍德变成了名副其实的教育场所。我待了八年，最后两年是做老师。无论何时我都忙忙碌碌、高高兴兴的，在很大程度上，我都依赖我亲爱的朋友丹伯尔小姐的帮助和鼓励。

但是，她结婚了，嫁到了一个偏远的地方。我觉得我也该改变自己的生活了。我意识到除洛伍德和盖茨赫德外，我对其他地方一无所知。突然，我想得到自由……或至少去为一个新主人服务。于是我在报上登了做家庭教师的广告。我从费尔法斯特太太那儿得到回信，说她要为一个不到10岁的女孩找位家庭教师。经洛伍德新的女学监同意，我答应了下来。

7 Thornfield and Mr Rochester

Thornfield Hall was a large gentleman's house in the country, near a town called Millcote. There, after my sixteen-hour journey, I was welcomed by Mrs Fairfax. She was a little old lady, dressed in black, who seemed glad to have someone else to talk to, apart from the servants. Although the house was dark and frightening, with its big rooms full of heavy furniture, I was excited at being in a new place, and looked forward to my new life there, working for kind Mrs Fairfax.

But I was surprised to discover on my first full day at Thornfield that Mrs Fairfax was not in fact the owner, as I had assumed, but the housekeeper, and that my new master was a Mr Rochester, who was often away from home. My pupil was a girl called Adele, seven or eight years old, who was born in France and could hardly speak English. Luckily I had learnt French very well at Lowood, and had no difficulty in communicating with young Adele, a pretty, cheerful child. It appeared that Mr Rochester, who had known Adele and her mother very well, had brought Adele back to England to live with him after her mother had died. I taught her for several hours every day in the library, although it was not easy to make her concentrate on anything for long, as she was clearly not used to the discipline of lessons.

One day I took the opportunity of asking Mrs Fairfax a few questions about Mr Rochester, as I was curious about him, and the little housekeeper seemed happy to talk.

'Is he liked by most people?' was my first question.

'Oh yes, his family have always been respected here. They've owned the land round here for years,' she replied.

'But do you like him? What is his character like?'

'I have always liked him, and I think he's a fair master to his servants. He's a little peculiar, perhaps. He's travelled a lot, you know. I expect he's clever, but I can't tell, really.'

'What do you mean, peculiar?' I asked, interested.

'It's not easy to describe. You're never sure whether he's serious or joking. You don't really understand him, at least I don't. But that doesn't matter, he's a very good master.'

I could get no further information from Mrs Fairfax about Mr Rochester, but instead she offered to show me round the whole house. We went through many large, impressive rooms, finally reaching the top floor, where there was a narrow corridor with several small black doors, all shut. I stopped to look at them, and thought for a moment they looked like prison doors, hiding evil secrets. No sooner had I turned away to go downstairs than I heard a strange, ghostly laugh.

'Mrs Fairfax!' I called out, as the housekeeper was already on her way downstairs. 'Did you hear that laugh? Who is it?'

'It may be Grace Poole,' she answered calmly. 'She is paid to help the housemaid in her work, and always sews in one of those rooms.' I heard the laugh again. It did not sound human to me.

'Grace!' called Mrs Fairfax. I did not expect anyone to answer, but in fact a door opened and a middle-aged woman appeared. She looked too plain and sensible to be a ghost.

'Too much noise, Grace,' said Mrs Fairfax. 'Remember your instructions!' Grace nodded and went back into the room.

Several times in the next few months I went up to the top floor again, where I could look out of the high windows in the roof to see the surrounding countryside and be alone with my thoughts. I was very happy teaching pretty little Adele in the daytime, and talking to kind old Mrs Fairfax in the evening, but I felt that something was missing from my life. I had dreams of a greater and better life, and above all, I wanted to do more. People are not always satisfied with a quiet life, and women as well as men need action.

While on the top floor I often heard Grace Poole's strange laugh, and sometimes I saw her too. She used to go silently in and out of the room with a plate of food or a glass of beer.

One day in January I had a free afternoon, as Adele was ill, so I decided to walk to Hay, a village two miles away, to post a letter for the housekeeper. It was a bright, frosty day, and I was enjoying the fresh air and the exercise. Stopping on the lonely road, I watched the sun go down in the trees behind Thornfield, and then in the silence I heard a horse approaching. Suddenly there was a crash as the horse slipped and fell on the ice, bringing down its rider. I ran to see if I could help the traveller, who was swearing furiously as he pulled himself free of his horse.

'Are you hurt, sir? Can I do anything?' I asked.

'Just stand back,' he growled, as he lifted himself painfully to his feet. Obviously his leg hurt him, and he sat down quickly.

'If you need help, sir, I can fetch someone either from Thornfield Hall or from Hay,' I offered.

'Thank you, but I don't need anyone. I haven't broken any bones,' he replied crossly. I could see him clearly in the moonlight. He was of medium height, with wide shoulders and a strong chest. He had a dark face, with angry-looking eyes, and was about thirty-five. If he had been a young, attractive gentleman, I would have been too shy to offer help, but as he was not handsome, and even quite rough, I felt I wanted to help him.

'I can't leave you, sir, so late on this lonely road, till I see you are fit enough to get on your horse,' I insisted.

He looked at me for the first time when I said this.

'I think you ought to be at home yourself,' he answered.

'Do you live near here?'

'In that house over there,' I said, 'and I'm not at all afraid of being out at night. I'm just going to Hay to post a letter, and I'll be happy to take a message for you.'

'You live in...in that house?' he asked, surprised, pointing to Thornfield Hall, which was lit up in the moonlight.

'Yes, sir,' I replied.

'Whose house is it?' he asked.

‘Mr Rochester’s.’

‘Do you know Mr Rochester?’ was his next question.

‘No, I’ve never seen him,’ I answered.

‘You aren’t a servant at Thornfield Hall, of course. You must be...’ he hesitated, looking at my plain black dress. He seemed puzzled to know who I was, so I helped him.

‘I am the governess.’

‘Ah, the governess! I had forgotten!’ He tried to get up but his leg was still hurting him badly. ‘I don’t want you to fetch help, but you could help me yourself, if you like.’

‘Of course, sir,’ I said. And so he leaned his weight on my shoulder and I helped him wald to his horse. In a moment he had jumped on to the horse’s back.

‘Thank you, now take your letter to Hay, then hurry home!’ he called as he rode off into the distance.

I walked on, glad to have helped someone, to have done something active for once. In my mind I saw that dark, strong face, and I still felt excited by our meeting. Even when I arrived back at Thornfield, I did not go in for a while. I did not want to go into the dark house, where I would spend the evening quietly with old Mrs Fairfax. So I stayed outside, staring up at the moon and the stars with a beating heart, wishing and dreaming of a different, more exciting life.

When I entered, the servants told me that Mr Rochester had arrived, and that he had hurt his leg when his horse slipped on ice on the road to Hay.

第三部 特恩费得的家庭教师

7 特恩费得和罗切斯特先生

特恩费得府是乡间一幢绅士住的大房子，在小镇米尔考特附近。经过16个小时的旅途，我受到费尔法斯太太的迎接。她是个小老太太，身穿黑衣，似乎很喜欢除了仆人外能有人聊聊天。房子阴暗吓人，大大的房间里满是沉重的家具。尽管如此，我还是为来到一个新地方感到激动，期待着新生活的开始，期待着为善良的费尔法斯太太工作。

但是，在特恩费得的第一天，我惊讶地发现费尔法斯太太并不像我认为的那样是这里的主人，而是管家。我的新主人是罗切斯特先生，他经常不在家。我的学生是个叫阿黛拉的女孩，七八岁的样子，出生在法国，几乎不会讲英语。幸好我在洛伍德法文学得不错，可以毫不困难地和阿黛拉这个漂亮、快活的孩子进行交流。罗切斯特先生似乎是阿黛拉和她母亲的熟人，她母亲死后他把她接到英国一起生活。每天，我在书房给她上几小时课，我很难让她长时间集中精神做任何事情，因为她显然不习惯上课的纪律。

一天，我找机会向费尔法斯太太询问罗切斯特先生的情况，因为我很好奇。管家似乎很乐意谈。

“大家都喜欢他吗？”这是我的第一个问题。

“噢，是的。他家在这一带很有威望，他们拥有这周围的土地已经许多年了。”她答道。

“你喜欢他吗？他性格怎么样？”

“我一直都喜欢他，而且我觉得他对仆人来说是个公平的主人。也许，他有点怪，要知道他经常旅行在外。我想他脑子聪明，但真的说不准。”

“你是什么意思，有点怪？”我感兴趣地问。

“很难形容。你总摸不透他是认真的还是开玩笑。你不能真正了解他，至少我做不到。不过这没关系，他是个好主人。”

从费尔法斯太太那儿，我对罗切斯特先生再了解不到什么了，可她主动提出带我参观整幢房子。我们走过许多令人惊叹的大房间，最后来到顶层。那儿有一条狭窄的走廊，几扇小黑门都紧闭着。我停下来看，觉得有点像监狱的门，后面隐藏着罪恶的秘密。我刚转身下楼，就听到了奇怪的鬼一样的笑声。

“费尔法斯太太！”我叫出了声，管家正往楼下走。“你听到笑声了吗？那是谁？”

“可能是格丽丝·普尔。”她平静地回答。“她是雇来给女佣做帮工的，总是在其中一间屋里做针线。”我又听见了笑声，我觉得那简直不像人的声音。

“格丽丝！”费尔法斯太太叫道。我以为不会有人答话，但是门开了，出现了一位中年妇女。她看上去普通、清醒，不可能是个鬼。

“格丽丝，太吵了。”费尔法斯太太说。“记住给你的指示。”格丽丝点点头，回到屋里。

以后的几个月里，我又几次到过顶层。我从房顶的高大窗户眺望周围的乡村，独自遐想着。我白天教漂亮的小阿黛拉，晚上和费尔法斯老太太聊天，很是快活，但我总觉得生活中缺少点什么。我梦想着更不平凡、更美好的生活，最重要的是我想做更多的事情。人们不会总是满足于平静的生活，无论男女都需要行动。

在顶层时，我常常听到格丽丝·普尔的怪笑，有时也能见到她。她经常端着一盘食物或一杯啤酒，静悄悄地进出房间。

1月的一天，因为阿黛拉生病了，我整个下午空闲着，就决定步行到两英里外的村子海依去给管家寄封信。天气晴朗，有些雾气，我喜欢这新鲜空气和户外活动。我在孤寂的路上停下脚步，凝视着太阳在树枝间沉到了特恩费得背后，然后，我听到寂静中传来了渐近的马蹄声。突然一声巨响，马打滑摔倒在冰上，把骑马人也带了下来。我跑过去，看是否能帮旅行的人什么忙。他正一面挣脱马鞍，一面狂怒地咒骂着。

“你受伤了吗，先生？我能帮忙吗？”我问。

“站后面点儿。”他吼道，并艰难地站了起来。显然，他的脚受了伤，他赶紧又坐下来。

“先生，如果需要帮助，我可以到特恩费得或海依去叫人来。”我建议着。

“谢谢，不过我不需要任何人，我骨头又没断。”他不高兴地答道。月光下，我可以清楚地看到他。他中等身材，肩膀宽阔，有着结实的胸膛。他脸色黑黑的，有着一双呈怒视状的眼睛，大约35岁的样子。如果他是个有魅力的年轻绅士，我会不好意思主动帮忙的，但是他并不英俊，甚至相当粗鲁，我觉得我想帮助他。

“先生，我不能离开，让你孤零零这么晚待在路上，除非我看到你还能骑上马去。”我坚持着。

我说这话时，他第一次看了看我。

“我觉得你自己就该待在家里。”他说。“你住在这儿吗？”

“住在那边的房子里。”我说。“我一点儿也不怕晚上外出，我正要去海依寄信，我能帮您带个口信吗？”

“你住在那……那幢房子里？”他指着月光下已亮起灯火的特恩费得府，吃惊地问。

“是的，先生。”我答道。

“是谁的房子？”他问。

“罗切斯特先生的。”

“你认得罗切斯特先生吗？”他又问。

“不，我从没见过他。”我回答说。

“你当然不是特恩费得的仆人。你一定是……”他看着我朴素的黑衣服犹豫不决，似乎搞不清我是谁，于是我就帮了他一个忙。

“我是家庭教师。”

“噢，家庭教师！我忘了！”他试图站起来，但腿仍然疼得厉害。“我不想让你找人帮忙，但如果你愿意，你自己就能帮我。”

“当然愿意，先生。”我说。于是他把全身的重量都压到我的肩膀上，我扶他走到马边。不一会儿，他就跳上了马背。

“谢谢你。现在去海依发信，然后赶快回家。”他说着，骑马消失在远方。

我接着走，心里因帮助了别人并第一次主动做了点事情而感到高兴。我脑中又现出那张黑黑的、坚强的面孔，仍在为我们的相遇感到激动。即使当我回到特恩费得，我也没有马上走进去。我不愿走进昏暗的房子，和费尔法斯太太安静地度过夜晚。于是我待在外面，心情激动地凝视着明月和星空，希望和梦想着另一种更加令人激动的生活。

我进屋时，仆人们告诉我罗切斯特先生回来了而他的马在通往海依的路上滑倒在冰上了，他的腿受了伤。

8 Getting to know Mr Rochester

Thornfield Hall became quite busy the next day, now that the master had returned. People kept coming to visit him on business. I enjoyed the new, cheerful atmosphere. But I could not make Adele concentrate on her lessons because she was constantly talking about the presents Mr Rochester had promised to bring her. That evening we were invited to have tea with him. I immediately recognized the traveller I had helped, with his dark hair and skin, his square forehead and his stern look. His leg was supported on a chair, but he made no effort to greet me when I entered. In fact, he neither spoke nor moved.

'Have you brought a present for Miss Eyre with you as well?' Adele asked him.

'A present? Who wants a present?' he said angrily. 'Did you expect a present, Miss Eyer? Do you like presents?'

'I haven't much experience of them, sir,' I answered. 'Anyway, I have no right to expect a present, as I haven't done anything to deserve one.'

'Don't be so modest! I've been talking to Adele. She's not very clever, but you've taught her well.'

'Sir, that is my present. That's what a teacher wants most, praise of her pupil's progress.'

Mr Rochester drank his tea in silence. After tea, he called me closer to the fire, while Adèle played with Mrs Fairfax.

'Where were you before you came here?' he asked.

'I was at Lowood school, sir, for eight years.'

'Ah, yes, a charity school! Eight years! I'm surprised you lasted so long in such a place. There is something like magic in your face. When I met you on the road to Hay last night, I almost thought you had put a spell on my horse! I still wonder if you did. What about your parents?'

'They're dead. I don't remember them.'

'And your relations?'

'I have none.'

'Who recommended you to come here?'

'I advertised, and Mrs Fairfax answered the advertisement.'

'Yes,' said the old housekeeper, 'and I thank God she did. She's a good teacher for Adèle, and a kind friend to me.'

'Don't try to give her a good character, Mrs Fairfax,' said Mr Rochester sternly. 'She and her magic made my horse slip on the ice last night.'

Mrs Fairfax looked puzzled and clearly did not understand.

'Miss Eyre,' continued Mr Rochester, 'how old were you when you started at Lowood?'

'About ten.'

'And you stayed there eight years, so you are now eighteen?' I nodded. 'I would never have been able to guess your age,' he went on. 'Now, what did you learn there? Can you play the piano?'

'A little.'

'Of course, that's what all young women say. Go and play a tune on the piano in the library.' I did as he asked.

'That's enough!' he called after a few minutes. 'Yes, you do indeed play a little, just like any schoolgirl, better than some perhaps. Now, bring me your sketches.' I fetched them from my room. Having looked carefully at them, he chose three.

'These are interesting,' he said. 'You have only expressed the shadow of your ideas, because you aren't good enough at drawing or painting, but the ideas, where did they come from? Who taught you to draw wind, and space, and feeling? But put them away now, Miss Eyre. Do you realize it's nine o'clock? Adèle should be in bed by now. Good night to you all.' Mr Rochester's mood had suddenly changed, and he clearly wished to be alone.

Later that evening I talked to Mrs Fairfax. 'You said Mr Rochester was a little peculiar,' I said. 'Well, what do you think, Miss Eyre?' 'I think he is very peculiar, and quite rude.' 'He may seem like that to a stranger. I'm so used to him that I never notice it. And he has had family troubles, you know.'

'But he has no family,' I answered.

'Not now, that's true, but he did have an older brother, who died nine years ago.'

'Nine years is a long time. Surely he has recovered from losing his brother by now.'

'Well, there was a lot of bad feeling in the family. The father was very fond of money, and wanted to keep the family property together, so the elder brother inherited most of it. I don't know what happened, but I do know Mr Edward (that's the master) quarrelled with his family. That's why he's travelled so much. When his brother died, he inherited Thornfield, but I'm not surprised he doesn't come here often.'

'Why should he stay away?' I asked, surprised.

'Perhaps he thinks it's a sad place. I really don't know.' It was clear that Mrs Fairfax would not tell me any more.

One evening, a few days later, I was invited to talk to Mr Rochester after dinner. At the far end of the room Adèle was delightedly telling Mrs Fairfax about the presents she had received. Mr Rochester called me closer to the fire.

'I don't like the conversation of children or old ladies,' he murmured to me. 'But they are entertaining each other at the moment, so I can amuse myself.' Tonight he did not look so stern, and there was a softness in his fine, dark eyes. As I was looking at him, he suddenly turned and caught my look.

'Do you think I'm handsome, Miss Eyre?' he asked.

Normally I would have taken time to think, and said something polite, but somehow I answered at once, 'No, sir.'

'Ah, you really are unusual! You are a quiet, serious little person, but you can be almost rude.'

‘Sir, I’m sorry. I should have said that beauty doesn’t matter, or something like that. ’

‘No, you shouldn’t! I see, you criticize my appearance, and then you stab me in the back! All right, tell me. What is wrong with my appearance? ’

‘Mr Rochester, I didn’t intend to criticize you. ’

‘Well, now you can Look at my head. Do you think I am intelligent?’ He pointed to his huge, square forehead.

‘I do, sir. Is it rude to ask if you are also good? ’

‘Stabbing me again! Just because I said I didn’t like talking to old ladies and children! Well, young lady, I wanted to be good when I was younger, but life has been a struggle for me, and I’ve become as hard and tough as a rubber ball. I only have a little goodness left inside. ’He was speaking rather excitedly, and I thought perhaps he had been drinking. ’Miss Eyre, you look puzzled. Tonight I want conversation. It’s your turn. Speak. ’

I said nothing, but smiled coldly.

‘I’m sorry if I’m rude, Miss Eyre. But I’m twenty years older, and more experienced, than you. Don’t you think I have the right to command you? ’

‘No, sir, not just because you’re older and more experienced than me. You would have the right only if you’d made good use of your experience of life. ’

‘I don’t accept that, as I’ve made very bad use of my experience! But will you agree to obey my orders anyway? ’

I thought, ‘He is peculiar, he’s forgotten that he’s paying me £ 30 a year to obey his orders, ’and I said, ‘Not many masters bother to ask if their servants are offended by their orders. ’

‘Of course! I’d forgotten that I pay you a salary! So will you agree because of the salary? ’

‘No, sir, not because of that, but because you forgot about it, and because you care whether a servant of yours is comfortable or not, I gladly agree. ’

‘You have honesty and feeling. There are not many girls like you. But perhaps I go too fast. Perhaps you have awful faults to counterbalance your few good points. ’

‘And perhaps you have too, ’I thought.

He seemed to read my mind, and said quickly, ‘Yes, you’re right. I have plenty of faults. I went the wrong way when I was twenty—one, and have never found the right path again. I might have been very different. I might have been as good as you, and perhaps wiser. I am not a bad man, take my word for it, but I have done wrong. It wasn’t my character, but circumstances which were to blame. Why do I tell you all this? Because you’re the sort of person people tell their problems and secrets to, because you’re sympathetic and give them hope. ’

‘Do you think so, sir? ’

‘I do. You see, when life was difficult, I became desperate, and now all I have is regret. ’

‘Asking forgiveness might cure it, sir. ’

‘No, it won’t. What I really should do is change my character, and I still could but—it’s difficult. And if I can’t have happiness, I want pleasure, even if it’s wrong. ’

‘Pleasure may taste bitter, sir. ’

‘How do you know, a pure young thing like you? You have no experience of life and its problems. But I will try to lead a better life. ’

I stood up. The conversation was becoming hard to follow.

‘I must put Adèle to bed now, ’I said.

‘Don’t be afraid of me, Miss Eyre. You don’t relax or laugh very much, perhaps because of the effect Lowood school has had on you. But in time you will be more natural with me, and laugh, and speak freely. You’re like a restless bird in a cage. When you get out of the cage, you’ll fly very high. Good night. ’

8 认识罗切斯特先生

第二天，特恩费得因为主人的返回而忙碌起来，不断有人来跟他谈事情，我喜欢这种欢快的新气氛。但是我没办法让阿黛拉专心上课，因为她总是喋喋不休地说着罗切斯特答应送给她的礼物。晚上，我们被邀请去和他一起喝茶。我一眼就认出了那黑头发、黑皮肤、宽阔的前额和严肃的表情，他正是我帮助过的旅行者。他的腿搭在椅子上，但当我进门时，他根本没有打招呼的表示。实际上，他既没说话，也没动一动。

“你也给爱小姐带礼物了吗？”阿黛拉问。

“礼物？谁要礼物？”他生气地说。“爱小姐，你想要礼物吗？你喜欢礼物吗？”

“先生，这东西我接触得不多。”我答道。“无论怎样，我无权想得到礼物，因为我没有做什么可以赢得礼物。”

“别太谦虚了。我已经和阿黛拉谈过。她不是很聪明，但你教得不错。”

“先生，这就是我的礼物。表扬学生的进步，就是老师最想得到的。”

罗切斯特先生静静地喝着茶。茶喝完后，阿黛拉和费尔法斯太太玩着，罗切斯特先生叫我离火近些。

“来这儿之前你在哪里？”他问。

“先生，我在洛伍德生活了八年。”

“啊，是的，一所慈善学校！八年！你在那种地方坚持了这么久，真让我吃惊。你的脸上有种魔力。昨天晚上我在去海依的路上碰到你时，我差点以为你对我的马念了咒！我还在琢磨你是不是念了咒。你的父母呢？”

“他们死了，我不记得他们了。”

“你的亲戚呢？”

“我没有亲戚。”

“谁让你来这儿的？”

“我登了广告，费尔法斯太太给了回话。”

“是的，”老管家说，“谢天谢地她登了广告。她不仅是阿黛拉的好老师，也是我的好朋友。”

“别把她说得那么好。”罗切斯特绷着脸说。“昨天晚上她和她的魔法让我的马摔倒在冰上了。”

费尔法斯太太看上去稀里糊涂，显然没搞清是什么意思。

罗切斯特先生接着说：“爱小姐，你刚去洛伍德时几岁了？”

“大约10岁。”

“你在那儿待了八年，那么现在18了？”我点点头。他又说：“我永远猜不出你的年龄。好，你在那儿都学了些什么？会弹钢琴吗？”

“会一点儿。”

“当然啦，所有的年轻女人都这么说。到书房去弹个曲子。”我照他说的做了。

“够了！”几分钟后他喊道。“是的，你的确只会一点儿，和其他女学生一模一样，可能比有的还弹得好一点儿。现在把你的素描拿来看看。”我从房间把画取来，他仔细看了看，挑出了三张。

“很有意思。”他说。“你只是表达了你的想法的影子，因为你不善绘画，可是这些想法，都是从哪儿来的？谁教你画风、画空间、画情感的？不过，收起来吧，爱小姐。你知道已经9点钟了吗？阿黛拉该上床了。各位晚安。”罗切斯特先生的情绪忽然变了，他显然想单独待着。

那天晚上，我后来和费尔法斯太太聊起来。

“你说过罗切斯特先生有点怪。”我说。

“那么，你认为呢，爱小姐？”

“我觉得他很怪，而且相当粗野。”

“对陌生人来说他似乎是这样的。我太习惯他了，从来不觉得。你知道，他曾有过家庭问题。”

“可是他没家呀。”我答道。

“的确，现在是没有。但他曾有过一个哥哥，九年前去世的。”

“九年已经很久了。现在他肯定已经从失去哥哥的痛苦中恢复过来了。”

“唉，他家里感情不好。父亲非常贪财，希望把家族的产业守在一起，因此老大继承了大部分产业。我不知出了什么事，但我知道爱德华先生（就是主人）曾和他的家人吵过架，这就是为什么他常常出游。他哥哥死后，他继承了特恩费得，但他不常回来，我并不感到奇怪。”

“他为什么要离开呢？”我惊讶地问。

“也许他觉得这是个伤心的地方，我真是不清楚。”显然，费尔法斯太太不会再跟我多说了。

几天后的一个晚上，我被邀请在晚饭后和罗切斯特先生谈话。在房间的一角，阿黛拉正兴致勃勃地向费尔法斯太太讲述她得到的礼物。罗切斯特先生让我离火近些。

“我不喜欢小孩子和老太太的对话。”他悄悄对我说。“可是她们正互相逗趣，我自己也可以找点乐。”今晚他看上去没有那么严肃了，他漂亮的黑眼睛里透着温柔。我正看着，他突然转过身来，碰到了我的目光。

“你认为我英俊吗，爱小姐？”他问。

一般来说，我会稍微想一想，然后说点客气话，可是现在我却脱口而出：“不，先

“啊，你可真不一般！你是个安静、严肃的小人儿，不过你也可以变得几乎粗鲁。”

“先生，对不起。我应该说美丽并不重要，或是类似的话。”

“不，你不应该！我明白了，你批评了我的外表，还要从背后再捅上一刀！好吧，告诉我，我长得有什么不妥吗？”

“罗切斯特先生，我没有批评您的意思。”

“好吧，现在你批评吧。看着我的头，你觉得我聪明吗？”他指着自已宽大的前额。

“是的，先生。如果问您是不是好人，会不礼貌吗？”

“你又捅刀子！就因为我不喜欢跟老太太和小孩讲话！好吧，年轻的姑娘，我年轻时想做个好人，但生活对我来说是一场斗争，我已经变得和橡胶球一样坚韧了。我只在心底还存着一点好意。”他说得很激动，我想也许他喝酒了。“爱小姐，你看上去有些糊涂。今晚我要的是交谈，轮到你了，说话吧。”

我没说什么，只是冷冷地笑着。

“爱小姐，如果我太粗鲁了，我道歉。但我比你年长20岁，更有阅历。你不认为我有权命令你吗？”

“不，先生。只因为您比我年长、阅历丰富不行。只有您好好利用了你的生活经历，您才有这个权力。”

“我不接受，因为我并没有好好利用我的生活经历。不过你能同意尽管如此还是服从我的命令吗？”

我心想：“他是怪，他忘了他每年付给我30英镑就是要我服从他的命令。”于是我说：“没有那么多主人会费心询问他们的命令是否得罪了仆人。”

“当然！我忘了我付你薪水！那么你会因为薪水服从吗？”

“不，先生，不是因为薪水，而是因为您忘了薪水，还因为您关心您的一个仆人是否舒心，我愿欣然从命。”

“你老实，有情感，像你这样的女孩子很少见。不过也许我结论下得太快了，也许你有讨厌的缺点来抵消你的好处。”

“你或许也有。”我心想。

他似乎知道我的心思，马上说：“是的，你是对的。我有很多缺点。我21岁走错了路，就再也没找到正确的道了。我可能曾经和你一样好，可能更聪明。我不是坏人，我向你保证，但我做了错事。这不是我的性格，但环境才是罪魁。我为什么要告诉你这一切？因为你是那种听别人倾诉问题和秘密的人，因为你有同情心，给人以希望。”

“先生，您这样认为吗？”

“是的。你知道，生活艰难时，我变得绝望了，现在我只有满腹的悔恨。”

“请求原谅或许可以医治创伤，先生。”

“不，不会的。我真正要做的是改变我的个性，我还能做到，不过很难。如果我没有幸福，我就寻欢，尽管那不对。”

“寻欢可能是苦涩的，先生。”

“你怎么知道，你这么个纯洁的姑娘？你没有生活经历，不知道生活的艰难。但是我会努力过更好的生活。”

我站了起来，交谈已难以继续下去。

“我必须让阿黛拉上床了。”我说。

“爱小姐，别怕我。你不放松，也很少笑，这可能是洛伍德对你的影响。但是到时候你会和我更自然地相处的，说说笑笑，自由地交谈。你像笼中不安的小鸟，一旦走出笼子，就会远走高飞。晚安。”

9 Mr Rochester's past

Soon I discovered what Mr Rochester meant when he said he had done wrong. One afternoon, while walking in the gardens of Thornfield, he told me the story of his love—affair in Paris with a French dancer, Geline.

'Yes, Miss Eyre, I was young and foolish then. I was so in love with her that I rented a house and hired servants for her. I gave her a carriage and jewels, in fact I threw away a fortune on her, just like any fool in love. One evening I visited her but found she was out, so I waited on her balcony, smoking a cigar. I heard her carriage arriving. Imagine my horror at seeing her step out followed by a man! You're so young, you've never felt love or jealousy, have you, Miss Eyre? You are floating along a quiet river now, you don't see the water boiling at the foot of the great rocks, but one day you'll come to a point in life's stream where the wild force of the waves may destroy you, where the noisy rushing water may drown you! I am calm enough now, calm enough to like living here at Thornfield. I like it because it's old, and grey, and dark, and yet I hate—' He did not finish what he was saying, staring angrily up at the windows on the top floor of his house. It was a look of disgust, pain and shame. I could not understand what he meant, and wanted to hear more about Celine, so I encouraged him to finish the story.

'What happened when she entered the house, sir? '

'Oh, I'd forgotten Céline! By the way, it's strange my telling you all this, but I know my secret's safe with you, and I know, too, that it can't have an evil influence on you—your mind's too strong for that. Yes, I listened to her conversation with her lover, an elegant young fool, and I knew I was no longer in love with her. So I walked into the room, told her our relationship was over, and challenged her lover to fight me. Next day I shot him in the arm during our fight, thought that was the end of the whole thing, and left France. But a few months before, Céline had had a baby girl, Adèle, and she claimed that Adèle was my child. She may be, although I doubt it. So when, a few years later, Céline abandoned Adèle and ran away to Italy with a singer, I went to Paris and brought Adèle back to grow up in England. '

I felt proud that Mr Rochester had trusted me with the story of his past life. I thought a lot about his character, and although I was aware of his faults, I also saw his goodness and kindness to me. From now on, my happiest moments were spent with him. I could not have imagined a better companion.

One night I was woken by a slight noise. I felt sure someone was outside my bedroom door. As I hurried to lock it, I called, 'Who's there? There was a strange, inhuman sound, then I heard a door shut upstairs on the top floor. 'Was that Grace Poole? 'I wondered, trembling. My curiosity made me open the door, and I found the corridor full of smoke. I saw it was coming from Mr Rochester's door, which was slightly open. I completely forgot my fears and rushed into his room. He lay fast asleep, surrounded by flames and smoke. Even his sheets were on fire.

'Wake up! Wake up! 'I shouted desperately, throwing water over him to put out the flames. Not until the fire was almost out did he wake up, swearing to find himself so wet.

'Is there a flood? ' he cried.

'No, sir, I answered, 'but there's been a fire. '

'Jane Eyre, is it you and your magic? 'he asked. 'Have you put a spell on me again? Did you intend to drown me this time? '

'Please get up, sir. Someone has plotted to kill you! 'And I explained what I had heard and how I had put out the fire. He looked very serious, and thought for a few seconds.

'Shall I fetch Mrs Fairfax, sir, or the servants? 'I asked.

'No, why bother them? Just stay here for a moment. I'm going up to the top floor. Don't call anyone, I'll be back soon.

I waited, cold and tired, in his room for what seemed a very long time. Then I saw the light of his candle approaching through the darkness, and he appeared, looking pale and depressed.

'Did you see anything when you opened your bedroom door? 'he asked, glancing sharply at me.

'No, sir, only a candle on the floor. '

'But you heard a strange laugh, did you say? '

'Yes, I've heard it before. Grace Poole laughs like that. "

'That's it. It must have been Grace Poole. You've guessed it. I shall consider what to do about it. But meanwhile I'm glad you're the only person who knows anything about all this Say nothing to anybody else, and now, go back to your own room.

'Good night, then, sir, 'I said, moving towards the door.

'What! Are you leaving me already! 'he said, seeming surprised, although he had just told me to go, 'And so coldly? '

'You said I should go, sir. '

'But not without saying goodbye, not without a kind word or two. Why, you've saved my life. I hate being in debt to anyone, but with you it's different, Jane. I'm happy to owe you my life. 'His voice was trembling as he took both my hands in his. 'I knew, when I first saw you, that you would do me good. I saw it in your eyes when I met you. I was right to... like...your smile and the magic in your face. 'There was energy in his voice and a strange light in his eyes.

'I'm glad I happened to be awake, 'I said, 'but I must go now. I'm cold. 'I knew I could not control my feelings much longer, and I needed time to think But he still held on to my hands. Then I thought of a way of escaping.

'I think I hear the servants moving, sir, 'I said.

'Well, leave me, 'he said, and let me go.

That night, or what was left of it, I could not sleep. My mind was full of confusing pictures and disturbed emotions.

9 罗切斯特的过去

不久，我就发现了罗切斯特说他曾做过错事是什么意思。一天下午在花园里散步时，他向我讲述了在巴黎和一位叫赛林娜的法国舞女的爱情故事。

“是的，简小姐，我那时年轻、愚蠢。我非常爱她，甚至为她租了房子，雇了仆人。我给她马车和首饰，在她身上挥霍了很多钱，就像任何陷入爱情的傻瓜一样。一天晚上，我去看她，她却不在，于是我就在她阳台上抽着雪茄，等着她。我听见马车来了。能想像得出我看到她走下马车、后面跟着一个男人时所感到的惊愕吗！你太年轻了，还没有感受过爱情或是嫉妒，是不是，爱小姐？现在你正随平静的小河漂流而下，看不到岩石脚下湍急的水流，但是有一天，你会在生活的长河中感到可以毁灭你的巨浪，咆哮的急流可能把你淹没！现在我已平静了，平静得喜欢住在特恩费得。我喜欢它，因为它陈旧、晦涩、黑暗，但是我恨——”他没有说完，只是愤怒地瞪着房子顶层的窗户。那目光中饱含厌恶、痛苦和耻辱。我不知他是什么意思，想多听听赛林娜的事，于是就鼓动他把故事讲完。

“先生，她进屋后发生了什么事？”

“噢，我忘了赛林娜！我告诉你这一切，真有些奇怪，不过我知道你会保守我的秘密，我还知道，它们不会对你产生坏影响——你太有头脑了。是的，我听到她和情人的对话，那是个优雅的年轻笨蛋。我知道我已不再爱她，于是便走进屋去，告诉她我们的关系完了，并向她的情人要求决斗。第二天，我在决斗中击伤了他的胳膊。我觉得事情已经了结，便离开了法国。但是在此几个月前，赛林娜生下一个女孩儿阿黛拉，声称是我的孩子。可能是吧，但我怀疑。几年后，赛林娜抛弃了阿黛拉，跟一个歌手跑到意大利去了，我便去巴黎，把阿黛拉带回英国抚养。”

罗切斯特能把他过去的生活讲给我听，我感到非常骄傲。我常常琢磨他的性格，尽管我意识到他的缺点，但也知道他待我很好很和善。从此，我最快活的时光就是和他在一起。我想像不出还有比他更好的伴侣。

一天夜里，我被一点响动吵醒。我可以肯定有人在我卧室门外，便赶紧去锁门，喊着：“谁在那儿？”我听到一个不像人发出的奇怪声音，然后是楼上顶层的关门声。“是格丽丝·普尔吗？”我纳闷，身上直发抖。好奇心驱使我打开了门，我看到走廊里全是烟。烟是从罗切斯特先生略开着的房门里冒出来的。我完全忘了害怕，冲进他的房间。他睡得正香，被火焰和浓烟包围着，连床单都着了火。

“快醒醒！快醒醒！”我一边声嘶力竭地叫着，一边把水泼到他身上灭火。直到火快灭了他才醒来，发现一身湿，嘴里咒骂着。

“发大水了吗？”他叫道。

“不，先生。”我说。“不过着火了。”

“简·爱，是你和你的魔法吗？”他问。“你是不是又对我念了咒语？这次是想淹死我吗？”

“先生，请起来吧。有人要谋害你！”我讲述了我听到的声音以及我灭火的过程。他看上去表情严肃，沉思了一会儿。

“我去叫费尔法斯太太或仆人吧？”我问。

“不，为什么要打扰他们？在这儿等一会儿，我到顶层去一下。别叫任何人，我马上就回来。”

我又冷又累，似乎在他的房间等了很长时间。然后我看到他举着蜡烛从黑暗中走来，他脸色苍白、神情沮丧。

“你开卧室门时看到什么了吗？”他问，目光锐利地看着我。

“没有，先生，只有地上的一根蜡烛。”

“可是你不是说听到一声怪笑吗？”

“是的，我以前也听到过。格丽丝·普尔就那么笑。”

“不错，一定是格丽丝·普尔。你猜对了。我要考虑一下怎么处理。不过我很高兴你是唯一的知情者。一点儿也不要对别人提起，现在回房间吧。”

“那么晚安，先生。”我说完向门口走去。

“什么！你就走了！”他似乎有些吃惊地说，尽管他刚刚让我离开。“就这么冷冰冰地走了？”

“先生，你说我该走了。”

“但不是不道别，不说点儿什么呀。怎么，你救了我的命啊！我讨厌欠别人的情，不过对你就难办了，简。我很高兴欠你的救命之恩。”他声音有些颤抖，把我的双手握在他手里。“我第一次见到你，就知道你会给我带来好运，我见到你时在你眼睛里看出来的。我……喜欢……你的微笑和脸上的魔力，看来是对的。”他的声音中充满激情，眼中闪着异样的光。

“我真高兴我当时正好醒着。”我说。“但我现在必须走了，我冷。”我知道我的感情不能控制太久，我需要时间想一想，但他还是握着我的手。这时我想了个逃脱的办法。

“我想我听到仆人们在走动了，先生。”我说。

“好吧，去吧。”他说完就放我走了。

那天晚上或者说那晚余下的时间里，我无法再入睡。我脑子纷乱一片，心绪不安。

10 The mystery of Grace Poole

After this sleepless night I was eager to see Mr Rochester in the morning, but there was no sign of him. He had obviously told the servants that he had accidentally set fire to his room by knocking over a lighted candle. As I passed his bedroom, I saw Grace Poole sitting inside, calmly mending the curtains. She certainly did not look desperate or mad enough to have tried to murder her master. But I decided to investigate.

Good morning, Grace, I said, entering the room. 'Tell me, what happened last night? The servants are talking about it.'

'Good morning, miss,' she replied, looking up innocently. 'Well, master was reading in bed and fell asleep, so he must have knocked the candle over. It set fire to the sheets, but luckily he managed to put the flames out with some water.'

'How strange!' I said quietly. 'Didn't anybody hear what was happening? At this, she seemed to examine me carefully.'

Mrs Fairfax and you sleep nearest this room, miss. Mrs Fairfax is a heavy sleeper, like most old people, and didn't hear anything. But you're young, miss. Perhaps you heard a noise?' 'I did,' I whispered. 'I'm sure I heard a strange laugh.'

She went on sewing calmly.

'I don't think master would have laughed, when he was in such danger,' she said. 'You must have been dreaming.'

'No, I wasn't dreaming,' I replied sharply. 'You didn't think of opening your door and looking out into the corridor?' she asked. I suddenly realized that if she suspected I knew of her guilt, she might attack me.

'No, in fact I locked my door,' I answered, 'and I shall lock it every night from now on.'

That's wise of you, miss. We might have burglars at Thornfield one day, you never know.

I was amazed by her self-control, and could not understand why Mr Rochester had not asked the police to arrest her, or at least dismissed her from his service. Why had he asked me to keep the attack a secret? How could such a proud gentleman be so much in the power of one of his servants that he could not even punish her for trying to kill him? Did she know a terrible secret from his past, which she had threatened to tell? Could he ever have been in love with her? 'NO, I thought, 'he could never love anyone as plain and coarse as she is. But then, I'm not beautiful either, and I sometimes think he loves me. Last night—his words, his look, his voice!' And my cheeks were red as I thought of those precious moments.

I was now even more impatient to see Mr Rochester, but when I was having tea with Mrs Fairfax in the afternoon, the first thing she said was, 'It's fine weather for the master's journey.'

'Journey!' I cried. 'I didn't know he'd gone anywhere!'

'Oh yes, he went off just after breakfast, to visit a family in a big house about sixteen miles away. I know they've invited a lot of guests, who'll be staying in the house. Mr Rochester is always very popular with the ladies at these parties, so he may not come back for a week or so.'

'Who are the ladies at this house-party?

'Three sisters, very elegant young ladies, and their friends, Blanche and Mary Ingram. But Blanche is the most beautiful of all. I saw her when she came to a Christmas party at Thornfield, six or seven years ago.'

'What does she look like?'

'She was eighteen then, a lovely girl, with beautiful skin, long curling black hair, and fine black eyes which shone as brightly as her jewels. She looked like a queen. All the gentlemen admired her, not only for her beauty but also for her musical skills. When she and Mr Rochester sang together, it was a delight to hear.'

'Mr Rochester? I didn't know he could sing.'

'Oh yes, he has a very fine voice. And then she played the piano later. The master said she played extremely well.'

'And this beautiful lady isn't married yet?'

'No, I don't think she or her sister has much money.'

'But I'm surprised some rich gentleman hasn't fallen in love with her. Mr Rochester, for example. He's rich, isn't he?'

'Oh yes. But you see, there's a considerable difference in age. He's nearly forty, and she's only twenty-five.'

'Well, marriages like that happen every day. Do you think—' But I was interrupted by Adele, who came to join us, and the subject was changed.

That night in my room I was stern with myself.

'You, Jane Eyre, I accused my reflection in the mirror, 'you are the biggest fool in the world! How could you imagine that a gentleman of family and wealth would love you, a plain little governess! Just look at yourself!' And I decided that next day I would draw an honest sketch of myself, and then one of Blanche Ingram, painting the most lovely face I could imagine, according to Mrs Fairfax's description. In the future, if ever my old feelings about Mr Rochester began to return, I would only have to glance at the two pictures to see the great difference between us, and in this way common sense would destroy my foolish dreams.

10 格丽丝·普尔之谜

度过一个不眠之夜后，早晨我很想见到罗切斯特先生，但是根本没有他的人影。显然他已经告诉仆人们他不小心碰翻了蜡烛，使房间着火了。经过他的房间时，我看见格丽丝·普尔坐在里面，平静地补着窗帘。她看上去根本不像绝望或疯狂到要杀死主人的地步。但我还是决定探个究竟。

“早上好，格丽丝。”我说着走进屋里。“告诉我，昨晚出了什么事？仆人们都在议论呢。”

“早上好，小姐。”她回答着抬起头来，没事儿似的。“嗯，主人躺在床上看书睡着了，他肯定是碰翻了蜡烛。蜡烛点着了床单，好在他用水把火扑灭了。”

“多怪啊！”我轻声说。“没有人听到动静吗？”听到这话，她好像仔细打量了我一眼。

“费尔法斯特太太和你睡得离他最近，小姐。费尔法斯特太太像大多数老年人一样，睡得很沉，没听见什么。不过，小姐，你还年轻。也许你听到了动静？”

“是的。”我说，“我敢肯定我听到了一声怪笑。”

她继续平静地干着手中的针线活。

“处在这样的危险之中，我想主人是不会笑的。”她说，“你一定在做梦。”

“不，我没有做梦。”我厉声答道。

“你没想起要开门朝走廊里看看？”她问。我突然意识到如果她怀疑我知道她的罪过，可能会袭击我。

“不，我把门锁上了。”我说，“从今往后我每天晚上都会锁门。”

“小姐，这才是明智的。谁知道呢，也许有一天特恩费得会闯进盗贼的。”

她的自我克制让我吃惊，我纳闷为什么罗切斯特先生不叫警察抓她或至少解雇她。为什么他要我保守秘密？一个那么骄傲的绅士怎么能这样被自己的仆人左右，那人即使要杀他也不能予以惩罚呢？她是不是知道他过去的什么可怕的秘密，要挟要讲出来呢？他是不是曾经爱过她？“不，”我心想，“他永远不会去爱这么个平淡粗俗的人。可是我也不漂亮呀，但有时我觉得他爱我。昨天夜里——，他的话，他那眼神，他那声音！”想到那些珍贵的瞬间，我的双颊不禁红了。

现在我更加急不可耐地想要见到罗切斯特先生，但下午我和费尔法斯太太喝茶时，她第一句话就是：“今天天气不错，正适合主人旅行。”

“旅行！”我叫着，“我不知道他已经到别处去了。”

“噢，是的，他早饭后就走了、去拜访16英里外的一户人家。我知道他们请了许多客人，都住在家里。在这种晚上罗切斯特先生总是很受女士们的欢迎，所以他可能会个把星期不回来。”

“这次晚会上有哪些女士？”

“三姐妹，都是文雅的年轻女士，还有她们的朋友布朗蒂和玛丽·英格姆，可布朗蒂是其中最漂亮的一个。六七年前在特恩费得的圣诞晚会上我见过她。”

“她什么样儿？”

“她当时18岁，非常可爱，有好看的皮肤，长长的鬓发，美丽的黑眸子像珠宝一样闪着光。她就像个皇后。所有的绅士都喜欢她，这不仅因为她美，还因为她有音乐才华。她和罗切斯特先生一起唱歌时，那听起来非常悦耳。”

“罗切斯特先生？我不知道他会唱歌。”

“噢，是的，他嗓子很好。然后她弹钢琴，主人说她弹得非常出色。”

“这位漂亮的女士还没有结婚？”

“没有，我想她或她妹妹都没什么钱。”

“但是我奇怪怎么没有哪位富有的绅士爱上她，比如说罗切斯特先生。他很富，是不是？”

“噢，是的。可你知道，年龄差得太多。他快40岁了，而她只有25岁。”

“不过，这样的婚姻天天都有。你觉得——”但我被阿黛拉打断了，她来找我们，话题也就变了。

当晚我在房间里严厉地剖析自己。

“你，简·爱，”我指责着镜中的我，“你是世界上最大的傻瓜！你怎么能想象一位有家有产的绅士会爱上你这个不起眼的小家庭教师呢！好好看看你自己吧！”我决定第二天老老实实在地画一张自画像，再给布朗蒂·英格姆画一张，根据费尔法斯太太的描述，画出我能想像的最迷人的脸蛋儿。今后如果我对罗切斯特先生旧情复发，我只要看看两幅画，看看我们之间的巨大差别就够了。这样理智就会打破我愚蠢的梦。

11 The Thornfield house-party

Two disappointing weeks passed before we heard from Mr Rochester again. During this time I tried hard to forget my feeling for him. I reminded myself that he paid me to teach Adèle, nothing more, and that no other relationship could exist between us. When his letter finally came, Mrs Fairfax announced with great excitement that he was planning a house-party at Thornfield. He was going to return in three days' time, and had invited a large number of ladies and gentlemen to stay for several days. We all worked extremely hard in the next few days, cleaning all the rooms and preparing the food.

The only person in the house who did not appear excited was Grace Poole, who stayed in her room upstairs, coming down once a day for food and drink. None of the servants seemed at all curious about her, but I once heard two of the maids talking, and I listened when I caught her name

Does Grace Poole earn a lot, then? asked one.

'Oh yes, live times what you and I earn!' answered the other.

'But she's good at the work, I expect,' said the first. 'Ah! She understands what she has to do, that's true,' answered the second, 'and not everyone would want to do her job, not even for all that money!'

'Quite right! I wonder whether the master-' Suddenly they saw me and broke off their conversation

'Doesn't she know? I heard one of them whisper.

'No,' said the other, and they were silent. So I realized there was a secret at Thornfield, which nobody wanted to tell me.

At last the great day came. Everything was ready for the master and his guests. Adèle and I watched from an upstairs window as the carriages arrived. In front rode Mr Rochester on his black horse, and with him rode a beautiful lady, her black curls streaming in the wind. Blanche Ingram! 'I thought we listened to the laughing and talking in the hall, as the guests were welcomed by their host and his house-keeper. From a dark corner of the stairs we admired the ladies as they went up to their rooms, and then again as they descended to dinner in their elegant evening dresses. Adèle was hoping Mr Rochester would call her down to meet the guests, but in the end she was so tired with all the excitement that she and I both went to bed early.

Next morning after breakfast the whole group went out for the day. Again I saw Mr Rochester and Blanche Ingram riding together. I pointed this out to Mrs Fairfax.

'You see, Mr Rochester clearly prefers her to any of the other ladies.'

'Yes, he does seem to admire her,' admitted the housekeeper.

'And she admires him. Notice how she looks at him! But I haven't really seen her face yet. I'd like to.'

'You'll see her tonight,' answered Mrs Fairfax. 'I mentioned to the master that Adèle wanted to be introduced to the ladies, and he asked you to bring her down to meet them this evening.'

'Well, I'll go if he wants me to, but I don't like meeting strangers. I'm not used to it.'

'I understand how you feel,' said the old lady kindly, 'but the guests won't notice you much, and you can easily escape after a short time.'

So Adèle and I, dressed in our best, were waiting as the ladies came into the sitting-room after dinner. I was most impressed by the beauty and elegance of all of them, but was especially fascinated by the Ingram family. Lady Ingram, although between forty and fifty, was still a fine woman. Her hair still looked black, by candle-light at least, and her teeth still seemed perfect. But she had fierce, proud eyes, that reminded me of aunt Reed's, and a hard, powerful voice. Her daughter Mary was rather quiet, but her other daughter Blanche was very different. As soon as the gentlemen came into the room and coffee was served, she became the centre of attention. She played the piano excellently, she sang sweetly, she discussed intelligently, and all the time her flashing eyes, rich black curls and fine figure attracted glances from every gentleman in the room.

But I was looking for someone else. The last time I had seen him, on the night of the fire, he had held my hands, told me I had saved his life, and looked at me as if he loved me. How close we had been then! But now, he entered the room without even looking at me, and took a seat with the ladies. I could not stop looking at him rather like a thirsty man who knows the water is poisoned but cannot resist drinking. I had never intended to love him. I had tried hard to destroy all feelings of love for him, but now that I saw him again, I could not stop myself loving him. I compared him to the other gentlemen present. They were all fine, handsome men, but they did not have his power, his character, his strength, or indeed his deep laugh or his gentle smile. I felt that he and I were the same sort of person, that there was something in my brain and heart, in my blood and bone, that connected me to him for ever. And although I knew I must hide my feelings, must never allow myself to hope, I also knew that while there was breath in my body, I would always love him.

Just then I heard Blanche Ingram say to him, 'Mr Rochester, you should have sent that little girl-Adèle, is that her name? -to school, but I see you have a governess for her. I saw a strange little person with her just now. Has she gone? Oh no, there she is in the window-seat. It's very foolish of you, you know. Governesses aren't worth their salary, are they, Mamma?'

'My dear, don't mention governesses to me!' cried Lady Ingram, holding a white hand to her forehead. 'How I have suffered with them! One of the older ladies whispered to her, pointing in my direction.

'Oh, I don't care if she hears me!' said Lady Ingram. 'All governesses are useless. They never teach children anything.'

'What fun we used to have, playing tricks on them, didn't we, Mary?' laughed Blanche. 'But governesses are boring. Let's change the subject. Mr Rochester, Will you sing with me?'

'With pleasure,' he answered, bowing, and the group moved towards the piano. This was the moment for me to escape, but I had only just left the sitting-room and reached the hall, when Mr Rochester appeared through another door.

'Come back, you're leaving too early,' he said to me.

‘I’m tired, sir. ’He looked at me for a minute.

‘And a little depressed .Why? Tell me. ’

‘Nothing-it’s nothing, sir. I’m not depressed. ’

‘But I think you are. You’re almost crying. But I haven’t got time now to discover the reason. Well, tonight you may leave early, but I want to see you with my guests every evening. Good night, my-’He stopped, bit his lip, and turned quickly away.

Those were cheerful, busy days at Thornfield The old house had never seen so, much life and activity. When it was fine the host and his guests went riding, visited places of interest, and walked in the gardens, and when it was wet they played games indoors. Mr Rochester and Blanche Ingram were always together. Observing them closely, I felt very sure that he would soon marry this fine lady. But I did not feel jealous, because I knew he did not love her. She had made every effort to attract him, but he had not given her his heart. I saw her faults very clearly. She was intelligent but had no opinions of her own. She was beautiful but not good. She spoke of feelings but she knew nothing of sympathy or pity. And above all she had her mother’s pride and hardness. Other eyes apart from mine saw all these faults. Mr Rochester himself knew she was not perfect, but he was clearly preparing to marry her, perhaps because she was of good family, perhaps for some other reason.

One day when Mr Rochester was out alone on business, a stranger arrived in a carriage, and introduced himself as an old friend of the master’s. His name was Mason, and he had just returned from the West Indies, where Mr Rochester had once lived.

11 特恩费得家庭晚会

令人失望的两星期过去了，我们终于得到罗切斯特先生的消息。这期间我努力忘掉自己对他的情感。我提醒自己他付钱雇我是计我教阿黛拉，我们之间不可能再有别的其他关系。他的信终于到了， 费尔法斯太太激动地宣布他打算在特恩费得举办家庭晚会。他三天后回来，邀请了许多女士先生在这里小住几日，以后几天里，大家打扫房间，准备食物，干得非常卖力。

家里唯一不显得激动的人就是格丽丝·普尔。她待在楼上的房间里，每天下来一次取吃的喝的。似乎没有一个仆人对她表示好奇，但有一次我听到两个女仆说话，提到她的名字，便听了起来。

“那格丽丝·普尔挣得多吗？”一个问。

“噢，当然，是你我挣的五倍。”另一个回答说。

“不过我想她干得不错。”第一个又说。

“啊，她明白自己该干什么，这没错儿的，”第二个答道，“而且不是每个人都愿于她那份差事，给那么多钱也不会干。”

“没错儿。我不知道主人是否……”突然她们看见我，中止了对话。

“她不知道吗？”我听见其中一个悄悄说。

“不知道。”另一个说，而且两人都不说话了。因此我意识到特恩费得有一个秘密，谁都不想告诉我。

重大的日子终于来临，为宾主准备的東西已一切就绪。我和阿黛拉透过楼上的窗户看到马车驶来。前面是骑着黑马的罗切斯特，在他身边同行的是一位漂亮的女士，黑色的髻发随风飘舞。“布朗蒂·英格姆。”我心想。我们听到大厅里充满欢声笑语，主人和管家正忙着迎接客人。我们躲在楼梯的暗处，羡慕着那些上楼走进各自房间的女士们，又在她们穿着优雅的晚装重新下楼用晚餐时欣赏着她们。阿黛拉希望罗切斯特先生会叫她下去见客人，但最后她兴奋得累了，我们俩都早早睡下了。

第二天一早吃过早饭后，所有人都外出了。我又一次看到罗切斯特和英格姆并驾齐驱。我跟费尔法斯太太提到了这点。

“你瞧，罗切斯特先生显然更喜欢她，而不是其他女士。”

“是的，他的确似乎很仰慕她。”管家赞同道。

“她也仰慕他。你瞧她是怎么看着他的！可我还看清她的脸。我真想看看。”

“你今晚能见到她。”费尔法斯太太说，“我跟主人说阿黛拉想见见那些女士们，他让你今晚带她下楼来见她们。”

“好吧，如果他让我去我就去。不过我不喜欢见生人，我不习惯。”

“我了解你的感受。”老太太和善地说，“不过客人们不会太注意你，你过一会儿就可以很容易地溜走。”

于是我和阿黛拉穿上最好的衣服，静等女士们晚饭后到客厅来。我被她们所有人的美丽和优雅打动，更被英格姆一家打动。英格姆夫人尽管已经四五十岁，仍然保持着风采。她的头发看上去依然是黑的，至少在烛光下如此，她的牙齿似乎仍是那么光洁。但她的目光严厉而傲慢，让我想起里德舅妈的那种目光，说起话来声音又硬又有力。她的女儿玛丽非常文静，但另一个千金布朗蒂就完全不一样了。先生们刚进门，咖啡刚端上，她就成了大家注意的中心。她弹得一手好钢琴，歌喉甜美，谈吐机智，眨动着的大眼睛、浓密的黑色髻发和纤巧的身躯一直吸引着屋里每个男人的目光。

可是，我在找另一个人。我最后一次见到他时，是在那个起火的晚上，他曾握着我的双手，告诉我我救了他的命，而且看着我，好像他爱我一样。那时我们离得多近啊！但是现在他走进来甚至没看我一眼，就坐到了女士们中间。我不能不看着他，就像一个口干舌燥的人明知水有毒但还是要喝。我从没想过要爱他，也尽力毁掉自己对他的爱慕之情。然而现在我又见到了他，我不能让自己不爱他。我把他和在场的其他先生进行比较。他们都很优雅、英俊，但缺少他的威力、个性和力量，也没有深沉的大笑和温柔的微笑。我觉得他和我是一类人，在我的脑中、心中，在我的血中、骨中，已经有什么东西把他和他永远联系在一起了。尽管我知道我必须掩盖自己的情感，永远不允许自己有所希冀，但我也清楚只要我的身体中一息尚存，我就会永远爱他。

这时，我听到布朗蒂·英格姆对他说：

“罗切斯特先生，你应该已把这个小女孩——阿黛拉是她的名字吧？——送进学校，可我看到你却为她请了一位家庭教师。刚才我见到一个小怪人和她在一起。她走了吗？噢，没有，她就坐在窗户那儿。你知道，你很傻。家庭教师根本不值那么多工资，妈妈，是不是？”

“亲爱的，别跟我提家庭教师。”英格姆夫人叫道，用白净的手抚住了额头。“我受尽了她们的罪。”一位上年纪的女士指着我的方向悄声对她说些什么。

“噢，我才不管她是否能听见我呢！”英格姆夫人说。“所有的家庭教师都没用，她们从来不教什么给孩子。”

“我们拿她们开心，真是高兴，玛丽，是不是？”布朗蒂笑道，“不过家庭教师乏味得很，我们换个话题吧！罗切斯特先生，你和我一起唱歌吧。”

“乐意从命。”他躬身答道，大家都来到钢琴边。是我溜走的时候了。可我刚刚走出客厅来到大厅，罗切斯特先生就从另一扇门中走了出来。

“回来，你走得太早了。”他对我说。

“先生，我累了。”他看了我一会儿。

“还有点儿不高兴。为什么？告诉我。”

“没什么，没有什么，先生。我没不高兴。”

“可我觉得是，你都快哭了。现在我没时间搞清原因。好吧，今晚你可以早走一会儿，但我希望每晚都看到你我和我的客人在一起。晚安，我的——”他停住了，咬着嘴唇，迅速转身走了。

这几天特恩费得欢欢闹闹的。老房子从来没有像现在这样充满活力和生机。天好时，宾主一起骑马，停停看看，漫步花园；下雨时，他们就在室内玩游戏。罗切斯特先生和布朗蒂·英格姆小姐总是在一起。我仔细观察着他们，感到他很快就会娶这位漂亮的女士。但我并不嫉妒，因为我知道他不爱她。她使出浑身解数吸引他，但他没有把心交给她。我对她的缺点看得一清二楚。她聪明却毫无主见，她美丽却不善良，她奢谈感情却不懂得什么是同情和怜悯。最重要的是，她继承了母亲的强硬和傲慢。除我以外，其他人的眼睛也看到了这些缺点。罗切斯特先生自己也知道她不是完美的，但他显然准备娶她，也许是因为她有个好家庭，也许出于其他原因。

一天，罗切斯特先生有事独自外出。一个陌生人乘马车来到这里，称自己是主人的老朋友。他的名字叫梅森，刚从西印度群岛归来，罗切斯特先生曾在那里住过。

12 The gipsy woman

No sooner had Mr Mason joined the group of guests than a servant entered to announce the arrival of an old gipsy woman, who was supposed to be a skilled fortune-teller. The ladies were very excited and decided to ask her to tell their fortunes. Miss Ingram, as usual, was first, and spent fifteen minutes alone with the old woman in the library. She came back looking cross.

'It's just childish nonsense! How can you all believe in that sort of thing!' she said, picking up a book and pretending to read it. But as she frowned more and more, and did not turn a page, I assumed that the gipsy's words were more important to her than she wanted us to think. Next, three young ladies went in together, and came back full of praise for the gipsy's skill.

'She's old, and dirty, and ugly,' they cried, shocked, 'but she knows everything about us, everything!' While the gentlemen were calming them down, the servant entered the room again.

'Excuse me, miss,' he said to me. 'The gipsy says there's another young single lady in the room. She refuses to leave the house until she has seen all the young ladies. It must be you.'

'Oh, I'll go,' I said gladly. I was curious to see the gipsy.

She was sitting in an armchair in the library, murmuring

words over a little black book. Her large black hat covered most of her face, but when she lifted her head, I saw her dark eyes.

'So you want me to tell your fortune?' she asked.

'Well, I must warn you, I don't believe in your skill.'

'I expected that. why don't you tremble?'

'I'm not cold.'

'Why don't you turn pale?'

'I'm not ill.'

'Why don't you ask me to tell your fortune?'

'I'm not a fool.'

The old woman laughed and started smoking a short black pipe.

'I can prove that you're cold, and ill, and a fool,' she said. 'Listen. You're cold, because you're alone. You're ill, because you lack love. And you're a fool, because love is near you, and you won't take one step to reach it.'

'That's true of many people,' I said, interested.

'Yes, but especially true of you. I can see that happiness is waiting for you, if you really want it. Tell me, in that room of fine people, isn't there one face you look at, one person you're interested in?'

'I hardly know the ladies and gentlemen here,' I answered.

'Well, you surely know the master of the house? What do you think of his relationship with his guests, and with one particular guest?' asked the gipsy, smiling wickedly.

'They're all very friendly with each other,' I replied cautiously. The gipsy seemed to know a lot about Thornfield.

'Friendly! I'd say more than that, in fact I'd go so far as to mention the name of Blanche Ingram and the word, marriage. They will obviously be an extremely happy couple, although I told Miss Ingram something about the Rochester property which made her look quite depressed. If a wealthier gentleman comes along, Mr Rochester might lose his beautiful bride...'

But I came to hear about my future, not Mr Rochester's!

'It depends on whether you're going to stretch out your hand for happiness. Let me look at your face. Your eyes and your mouth show me that feelings are important to you, but your forehead shows me that common sense is your main guide in life. You will never do anything wrong or shameful. Well, I respect that. I don't want sacrifice or sorrow in my life. I want—but that will do. I'd like to stay here looking at you for ever, but I must stop acting now.'

Was I dreaming? What was happening? The old woman's voice had changed and become as familiar to me as my own.

'Well, Jane, do you know me?' asked the familiar voice. And, struggling with the old clothes, Mr Rochester stepped out of his disguise.

Sir, you've been talking nonsense to make me talk nonsense. It's hardly fair.'

'De you forgive me, Jane?'

'I shall try to, sir. But you shouldn't have done it.'

'What are my guests doing, Jane?'

'Discussing the gipsy, I imagine. Oh, and did you know that a stranger has arrived to see you?'

'A stranger! I wasn't expecting anyone. Who can it be?'

'His name's Mason, sir, and he comes from the West Indies.'

The smile froze on Mr Rochester's lips, and his face went white.

'Mason! The west Indies!' he repeated three times.

'Do you feel ill, sir?' I asked, worried.

'Jane, help me,' he murmured, almost falling. I helped him to sit down, and sat with him. He took my hand and rubbed it gently.

‘I wish I were on an island with you and nobody else, with no trouble or danger or terrible memories to make me suffer.
’How can I help you, sir? I’d give my life to help you. ’
’Jane, if I need help, I’ll ask you, I promise. Get me a glass of wine now. ’I fetched one from the dining-room, and gave it to him. He looked less pale, but very stern.
’Jane, if all those fine guests of mine came and spat at me, what would you do? ’he asked.
’Turn them out of the house, sir, if I could. ’
’But if they only looked at me coldly, and whispered behind their hands about me, and then left me one by one?
’I’d stay with you, sir, to comfort you. ’
’And if the whole world disapproved of me, would you still stay with me? ’
’If you deserved my friendship, as I’m sure you do, I wouldn’t care about other people’s disapproval.
’Thank you, Jane. Now go and ask Mr Mason to come and see me. ’So I did, and, leaving the two men in the library, went to bed.

Much later I heard him showing Mr Mason to his bedroom, and was glad that Mr Rochester sounded so cheerful.

12 吉普赛女人

梅森刚刚加入客人的行列，仆人就进来通报一位吉普赛老妇人来了，据说是算命高手。女士们都很激动，决定让她算算命。和往常一样，英格姆小姐捷足先登，和老妇在书房里待了一刻钟。她回来时，面带不快。

“简直是小孩子说胡话。你们怎么能相信这一套！”她说说着拿起一本书，假装读着。但她的眉头越皱越紧，没有翻动一页，我猜普吉普赛人的话对她来说比她让我们想像的要重要。接着，三位年轻女士一起走了进去，回来时对吉普赛人的技巧赞不绝口。

“她又老、又脏、又丑。”她们吃惊地叫着。“可是我们的事她什么都知道。”先生们安抚着她们，这时仆人又走了进来。

“对不起，小姐。”他对我说，“吉普赛人说还有一位年轻女士在屋里。不见到所有的女士，她不答应离开这里。她指的一定是你。”

“噢，那我去。”我高兴地答道。我很好奇，想见见那个吉普赛人。

她坐在书房的一把扶手椅上，对着一本小黑书念念有词。宽大的黑帽子几乎遮住了她整个的脸，但她抬起头时，我看到了一双黑眼睛。

“那么你想让我算命？”她说。

“我得警告你，我不相信你的把戏。”

“我料到了。你怎么不发抖呢？”

“我不冷。”

“为什么你脸色不变得苍白？”

“我没病。”

“为什么你不让我算命？”

“我不是傻瓜。”

老妇大笑起来，开始用一个短小的黑烟斗吸烟。

“我可以证明你冷，还有病，还是个傻瓜。”她说，“听着，你冷，因为你孤单；你有病，因为你缺少爱；你是个傻瓜，因为爱就近在咫尺，你却不能迈出一步够到它。”

“很多人都这样。”我感兴趣地说。

“是的，但你更是这样。我可以看出，如果你真想得到幸福，幸福正等待着你。告诉我，在那一屋子的优雅的人当中，不是有一张脸你在看，有一个人你感兴趣吗？”

“我几乎不认识这些女士和先生。”我答道。

“那么，你当然认得这家的主人了？你觉得他和客人，和其中一位客人，关系如何？”吉普赛人带着狡黠的微笑问道。

“他们彼此非常友好。”我小心地回答。吉普赛人似乎很了解特恩费得。

“友好！我不止于此。实际上我还要说出布朗蒂·英格姆的名字和结婚这个词。他们显然会是无比幸福的一对儿，虽然我刚才对英格姆小姐讲了罗切斯特家产的事，让她很不高兴。如果有一位更富有的绅士随行，那么罗切斯特先生可能会失去漂亮的新娘…”

“可我是来为自己算命的，不是为罗切斯特先生！”

“这取决于你是否伸出手去争取幸福。让我看看你的脸，你的眼睛和嘴巴告诉我情感对你来说是重要的，但你的额头告诉我理智才是你生活的主要指南。你永远不会做出错事或丑事，我尊重这点。我不希望自己的生活中有牺牲或痛苦，我希望——但这样就行。我希望永远待在这里看着你，不过我现在得停止演戏了。”

我在做梦吗？出什么事了？老妇的声音变了，变成了与我自己的一样熟悉的声音。

“好了，简，你认识我吗？”熟悉的声音问。挣脱着破衣服，罗切斯特先生不再伪装了。

“先生，你在胡说，也害得我胡说。这不公平。”

“你原谅我吗，简？”

“先生，我会努力，可你不该这么做。”

“简，我的客人在做什么？”

“我想在议论吉普赛人吧。噢，你知道有一个陌生人来看你吗？”

“陌生人！我没等谁来啊。是谁呢？”

“先生，他叫梅森，从西印度群岛来。”

微笑在他的嘴上凝住了，他的脸变得苍白。

“梅森！西印度群岛！”他重复了三遍。

“先生，你不舒服吗？”我担心地问。

“简，帮帮我。”他嘟囔着，几乎摔倒。我扶他坐下，然后坐到他身边。他握着我的手，轻轻抚摸着。

“我希望我和你待在一个小岛上，没有别人、没有麻烦、没有危险、没有痛苦的记忆折磨我。”

“先生，我怎样才能帮你呢？我可以豁出命来帮助你。”

“简，如果我需要帮助，我会叫你，我保证。现在给我拿杯酒来。”我从餐厅拿来一杯酒递给他。他看上去没有那么苍白了，但很严肃。

“简，如果我的那些优雅的朋友走过来对我吐唾沫，你会怎么做？”他问。

“先生，如果办得到，我就把他们轰出去。”

“但如果他们只是冷眼看着我，掩口议论我，然后一个个离开我呢？”

“我会留下陪你，安慰你，先生。”

“如果全世界都反对我，你还会留下来陪我吗？”

“如果你配得上我的友情，我也确信是这样，那么我不会理会其他人的反对。”

“简，谢谢。现在叫梅森来见我。”我照办了，我让他们单独在书房待着。自己去睡了。

很久以后，我听到他带梅森进了他的卧室；听到他的声音如此愉快，我感到很高兴。

13 The stranger is attacked

I was woken by the full moon shining in on me, as I had forgotten to draw my curtains. Suddenly, a wild, terrible cry broke the silence, echoing throughout the house. My heart missed a beat. What could it mean? It came from the top floor. Then I heard the sounds of a desperate struggle, just above my room.

'Help! Help! Help! wofl\aflyofl6 hdp ffi6? ROChZJef! Rochestered ForC'd's sake, comJ shouted a voice from SPSt81fS • Bedroom doors were opened as the guests woke up. What's happening? 'Fetch a candle! Is it a fire? 'Are there burglars? 'Where's Rochester? He isn't in his room! ' 'Here I am,' called the master of the house, descending with a candle from the top floor. 'It's all right. You'll not be afraid of the ladies. A servant's had a bad dream, that's all, and started screaming. Nothing to worry about. Please go back to your rooms. You'll catch cold otherwise.' And so he calmed his guests and persuaded them to return to their rooms. But I knew that the sounds I had heard could have nothing to do with a servant's dream. He dressed and waited in my room in case I was needed. After about an hour, when the old hall was so cold that I could hardly breathe, I heard a cautious knock on my door.

'Are you awake, Jane?' asked the voice I had been expecting.

'Yes, sir, and dressed.'

'Good, I need you. Come and help me. Bring a clean cloth with you.' We went quietly up to the top floor, where he unlocked one of the small black doors.

'Do you feel faint at the sight of blood?' he asked.

'I don't think so,' I replied. We entered a room with curtains hung on the walls. One of the curtains was tied back to reveal a secret door into another small room. From there came an angry growling sound, almost like a dog.

'Wait here,' said Mr Rochester, and went into the secret room where a shout of laughter greeted him. Ah, so Grace Poole was there! He came out quickly and closed the secret door. Then he showed me why he needed me. In an armchair lay Mr Mason, his clothes and his arm covered in blood. As we bent over him, he opened his eyes and groaned.

'Am I going to die?' he murmured weakly.

'No, man, don't be foolish. It's just a scratch,' answered Mr Rochester. 'Now, Jane,' he said, turning to me, 'have to leave you in this room with Mason while I fetch the doctor. You must wipe away the blood with the damp cloth, like this, and help him to drink a little water. But on no account must you speak to him. Is that understood?' I nodded, and nervously watched him leave the room. I could hear him turning the key in the lock.

So here I was, in the middle of the night, locked in with a bleeding, dying man, and a wild, murdering woman only on the other side of a door! It seemed a long night, interrupted only by Mason's groans, and by occasional animal-like noises from the secret room. I had plenty of time to wonder why these violent attacks happened, first the fire in Mr Rochester's room, and now a physical attack on a stranger. And how was Mr Mason involved? Why was he here on the top floor? I had heard his host showing him to a bedroom near mine, on the second floor. And why was Mr Rochester so frightened when Mr Mason came to Thornfield?

At last Mr Rochester arrived with the doctor, who cleaned and bandaged Mason's wounds.

'Strange!' remarked the doctor, 'The skin on the shoulder has been torn by teeth, as well as a knife!'

'She bit me, murmured Mason, when Rochester managed to get the knife from her.'

'Well, I warned you not to see her alone,' said Rochester. 'You should have waited till the morning, then we could have seen her together. Don't worry, man, when you get back to the West Indies, you can forget her. Think of her as dead and buried. Now, doctor, is Mason ready to be moved? I have a carriage waiting outside. You'll take him home with you to avoid gossip, and then in a few days he'll be fit enough to leave the country.'

Although it was now early morning, the house was still in total silence, and so there were no witnesses to see Mason being helped downstairs and put in the carriage.

'Look after him, doctor,' said Rochester. 'Goodbye, Dick.'

'Edward, make sure she's taken care of, make sure she's treated well... Mason could not continue, but burst into tears.

'I'll do my best, Dick, as I always have done,' replied Rochester, shutting the door of the carriage, which rolled away. 'But I wish there was an end to it!' he murmured to himself.

As we were walking back through the garden to the house, he said to me, 'Jane, you've had a strange night. You look pale. Were you afraid when I left you alone with Mason?'

'Not of Mason, sir, but of Grace Poole in the secret room.'

'But I'd locked her door. I would never leave you in danger.'

'Will she go on living here, sir?' I asked.

'Oh yes. Don't think about her.'

'But I'm sure your life is in danger while she's here.'

'Don't worry, I can take care of myself. I'm in more danger while Mason's in England. I live in constant fear of a disaster.'

'But Mr Mason's weak! You have great influence with him!'

'Yes. He wouldn't knowingly hurt me, but by one careless word he could destroy, if not my life, at least my chance of happiness. Sit down with me on this bench, Jane. I want to ask you something.'

The early sun warmed the bench and the birds were singing. Now, Jane, suppose a boy in a foreign country makes a mistake, not a crime, mind you. The results of this mistake have a terrible effect on his whole life. He comes home after years of suffering, and meets someone, who is fresh and good and pure. Now, can he ignore society, can he forget the past, and live the rest of his life with her in peace?'

It was a difficult question to answer. In the end I said, 'You can't rely on a human being to cure you of evil and give you peace. You must ask for God's help. ' 'But I think I've found the cure! It's... He paused. I held my breath. I almost thought the birds would stop singing to hear the name he was going to say.

'Yes, 'he said in quite a different, hard voice, you've noticed my love for Miss Ingram, haven't you? Don't you think she'll cure me of my wickedness, Jane? Oh, I can hear some of the guests in the garden. Go into the house by the back door. 'As I went one way, and he another, I heard him say cheerfully to the gentlemen, 'Mason's already left. I got up early to say goodbye to him. '

13 陌生人遭袭击

由于我忘记拉好窗帘，一轮满月照在我身上，我被弄醒了。突然，一声可怕的狂叫打破了寂静，在整幢房子里回荡。我的心跳都停了。这是怎么回事？声音从顶层传来，接着我听到就在我楼上有死命挣扎的声音。

“救命！救命！救命！来人啊！救救我！罗切斯特！罗切斯特！看在上帝的份上，快来啊！”楼上有人喊着。

许多卧室的门打开了，客人们都被吵醒了。“出什么事了？”“拿蜡烛来！”“着火了吗？”“有强盗？”“罗切斯特呢？他不在自己屋里！”

“我在这儿！”房子的主人喊道，他拿着蜡烛从顶楼走了下来。“没事儿。女士们，别怕。一个仆人做了噩梦，然后开始喊叫，就这样。没什么好担心的。请回屋吧，不然会着凉的。”他安慰着客人们，把他们劝回屋里。

但是我知道我听到的声音跟什么仆人的噩梦毫无关系。于是我穿好衣服，等在屋里，以防要我帮忙。大约一小时后，特恩费得已恢复了平静，有人小心地敲我的门。

“简，你醒着吗？”我期待的声音问道。

“先生，醒了，还穿好了衣服。”

“好，我需要你，来帮帮忙，带上一块干净的布。”我们悄悄走上顶层，他打开了其中的一扇小黑门。

“你见到血晕不晕？”他问。

“我想不会。”我答道。我们走进屋里，只见帘子挂在墙上，其中一个已卷好，露出一个暗门，通向另一间小屋子。从那儿传出了愤怒的嚎叫声，几乎像一只狗似的。

“等在这儿。”罗切斯特说完走进密室，一阵狂笑迎接了他。啊，格丽丝·普尔在里面！他很快退身出来，关上了暗门。然后他指给我为什么他需要我。扶手椅上躺着梅森先生，他的衣服上和手臂上都有血。当我们俯身看他时，他睁开眼睛呻吟着。

“我会死吗？”他虚弱地轻声道。

“不会的，别傻了，不过划伤了一点儿。”罗切斯特说。他转过身来对我交待着：“简，我要你留在屋里陪梅森先生，我去请医生。你必须用湿布擦净血迹，像这样，然后给他喝点儿水。但切莫对他说话，明白吗？”我点点头，害怕地看着他离开了房间，听到他把门锁上了。

于是我就这么半夜被锁起来陪伴一个流血不止、就要死去的人，而杀人的疯女人就在门那边！夜显得那么漫长，只有梅森的呻吟和不时从密室里传出的野兽般的声音不时打破长夜。我有许多时间猜测为什么会发生这些暴力事件，先是罗切斯特先生房间着火，现在又是陌生人遭到袭击。梅森先生是怎么卷进来的？他为什么会在顶层呢？我听到主人把他领进二楼我隔壁的卧室的。梅森先生来到特恩费得，为什么罗切斯特先生那么害怕？

终于，罗切斯特先生带着医生来了，那医生为梅森清洗、包扎了伤口。

“真奇怪！”医生说，“肩上的伤既有牙咬的，也有刀扎的！”

梅森低声说：“罗切斯特夺她手里的刀时，她咬了我。”

罗切斯特说：“我警告过你不要单独见她。你应该等到早晨，然后我们一起去看她。别担心，伙计，你回到西印度群岛，就可以把她忘掉，就当她是死了。被埋掉了。医生，梅森先生能动了吗？我有马车等在外面。你把他带你家，免生议论，几天后他就可以休养得离开这个国家了。”

尽管已是清晨，整幢房子仍是寂静一片，因此没人看到梅森被扶到楼下，坐进了马车。

“医生，好好照顾他。”罗切斯特说，“迪克，再见！”

“爱德华，保证照顾好她，保证好好待她……”梅森说不下去了，哭了起来。

“狄克，我会像以前一样尽最大努力的。”罗切斯特回答说。他关上车门，车走了。“可我希望有结束的一天。”他自语道。

我们穿过花园回到屋里时，他对我说：“简，你过了奇怪的一夜。你看上去脸色苍白。我留下你陪梅森时你害怕吗？”

“不是怕梅森，是怕暗室里的格丽丝·普尔。”

“可我已经锁了门，我不会让你处在危险中的。”

“她还会在这儿住下去吗？”我问。

“噢，是的。别想她了。”

“可我肯定她住在这儿你就会有生命危险。”

“别担心，我会照顾好自己。梅森不离开英格兰，我会更有危险。我总是担心灾难会降临。”

“但是梅森先生很脆弱！你对他影响力很大！”

“是的，他不会故意伤害我，但不小心说错一个字，他如果不是毁掉我的生活，也会夺走我寻求幸福的机会。简，和我一起坐在凳子上。我想问你点儿事。”

晨曦照暖了长凳，小鸟在唱歌。“简，如果一个男孩在国外犯了错误，我提醒你这不是犯罪，错误的结果严重影响了他的整个生活。经过多年的痛苦之后，他重返故里，遇到一个人，清新、善良、纯洁。那么，他能否不顾社会，忘记过去，和她一起平静地度过余生？”

这个问题很难回答。最后我说：

“你不能依靠人来医治你的邪恶，给你安宁，你必须请求上帝的帮助。”

“但是我我觉得我已找到了出路，是……”他停住了。我屏住呼吸，我觉得连小鸟都会停止歌唱，听听他要讲出的名字。

“是的。”他换了完全不同的生硬语调，“你已经注意到我对英格姆小姐的爱慕，是不是？简，你不觉得她可以医治我的恶习吗？噢，我听到有客人来花园了。从后门进屋去。”我们分头走开时，我听到他高兴地对先生们说：“梅森已经走了，我一早起来和他道别。”

14 Trouble at Gateshead

When I was a child at Gateshead, Bessie the nursemaid

used to say that to dream of children was a sure sign of trouble to come. For a whole week now I had dreamed of a small child every night, and perhaps Bessie was right, as a message came from Gateshead.

It appeared that my cousin John Reed, who had spent and wasted all his money and some of his mother's, and been in debt or in prison Most of his life, had killed himself a week before And then Mrs Reed, whose health had been badly affected by worrying about her son, had suddenly fallen ill when she heard of his death Although she could hardly speak, she had recently managed to express a wish to see me And so my cousins Eliza and Georgiana had sent their coachman, Robert, to bring me back to Gateshead

I felt I could not refuse to see my aunt, perhaps for the last time, So I went to ask Mr Rochester's permission to leave Thornfield for a while I found him talking to Miss Ingram, who looked at me in disgust when I interrupted their conversation.

'Well, Jane, what is it?' he asked, when we had left the room full of guests and gone into the library.

'Please, sir, I would like permission to visit my aunt, who is ill, for a week or two.

'Your aunt! You told me you had no relations!'

'I have none who, love me, sir. She's Mrs Reed, my uncle's wife. Her son has died recently. I really can't neglect her now that she is dying.

'What nonsense, Jane, rushing off to visit an old lady who has never loved you! But I see you've decided to go. Where does she live and how long will you stay?'

'She lives at Gateshead, sir, a hundred miles away. I'll stay as short a time as can.

'Promise me only to stay a week.

I can't promise, sir, I might have to stay longer.

'And you certainly can't travel a hundred miles alone!'

'They've sent the coachman for me, sir. I'll leave tomorrow.'

Mr Rochester thought for a while.

'Well, you'll need some money. I haven't paid you any salary yet. How much have you in the world, Jane?' he asked, smiling.

I showed him my tiny purse. He took it and laughed as he counted the few coins. Then he took out his wallet.

'Here is £50, 'he said, offering me a note.

'But you only owe me £15, sir!' I cried.

'On second thoughts, give me that back. If you had £50, perhaps you would stay away for three months. Here is £ 10. Is that enough?'

'Now you owe me £5, sir, 'I pointed out.

'You'll have to come back for it then, 'he said, laughing.

'There's something else, sir. You've told me you're going to marry soon. In that case, Adèle should go to boarding school.'

'To get her out of my lovely bride's way? A very sensible suggestion. But what about you?'

'I must find another job somewhere. I'll advertise.'

'Don't you dare!' he growled. 'Promise me, Jane, not to look for another job. I'll take care of that.'

'I'll promise, sir, if you promise that Adèle and I will be out of your house before your bride enters it.'

'Very well! And now we must say goodbye.'

'Goodbye, Mr Rochester.'

I set out early the next morning and travelled all day. As I approached Gateshead Hall, I realized it was nine years since I had left it. In that time I had made some friends, gained much self-confidence, and finally lost my hatred of the Reeds.

I was delighted to see my old friend Bessie again. She had married Robert the coachman, and was very busy with her three young children. The house itself had not changed at all, but my cousins certainly had. Eliza was now very tall and thin, with a rather sour face, dressed in very plain clothes, and with a cross hanging round her neck Georgiana, on the other hand, was still pretty but very fat, and wore extremely fashionable clothes. They did not seem pleased to see me, in fact they more or less ignored me, but I hardly noticed their rudeness. I told the housekeeper that I would be staying for several days, and then went straight to my aunt's room.

I remembered it well from my childhood. I had often been called there to be punished. Bending over her bed I kissed her.

'How are you, dear aunt?' I asked. I had sworn never to call her aunt again, but I did not regret breaking that promise to myself. I held her hand.

'Are you Jane Eyre?' she asked. Her face, although deathly pale, was as stern as ever, and she removed her hand from mine. 'That child was more trouble to me than anyone would believe! I was glad to send her to Lowood. And John! Poor John! He needs so much money! Where can I get more money from? What will happen? She seemed very confused and excited, so I left her to sleep.

Her illness got worse in the next few days. I spent some time every day looking after her, and the rest of the time with my cousins, listening to their plans for the future. Eliza was planning to join a religious community after her mother's

death, but Georgiana was hoping to stay in London with relations, to see the new fashions and go to all the parties. It was quite clear they had no real feeling for their mother, and were almost looking forward to her death.

One dark, stormy night I visited the dying woman. She lay there asleep in her room, neglected by her daughters and servants. As I looked out of the window into the black emptiness, I wondered about the great mystery of death, and thought of Helen Burns, who was so sure her spirit would go to heaven. Would my aunt's spirit go there too?

'Who are you?' I heard the sick woman murmuring. 'I wanted to see Jane Eyre. I must tell her something.

'I am Jane Eyre, aunt,' I told her gently.

'I know I'm very ill,' she said weakly. 'Before I die I must confess what I've done wrong. First, I broke my promise to my husband about you, and second She broke off.' After all, perhaps I don't need to tell her,' she said to herself and then, 'No, it's no good, I know I'm dying. I must tell her, and quickly! Jane Eyre, take the letter from the top drawer of my desk, and read it.' I did so. It said:

'Why did I never hear of this?' I asked, amazed.

'I hated you so much that I wrote, back to Him, telling him you had died of typhus fever at Lowood That was my revenge on you, for causing me so much trouble!' she cried angrily.

'Dear aunt,' I said, 'don't think about that any more I was only a child, it's not surprising I was a nuisance.'

'You were always so angry and violent, such a wicked child!'

'Not as wicked as you think. I would have loved you if you'd let me. Forget it all and kiss me now, aunt.' But it was too late for her to break the habit of dislike, and she turned away from me. Poor woman! She died soon afterwards, keeping her hatred of me alive in her heart, and no one at Gateshead cried for her.

14 盖茨赫德出了麻烦

小时候我还在盖茨赫德时，女仆贝茜就曾对我说梦到孩子一定是祸事的预兆。整整一个星期以来，我每晚都梦到一个小孩儿。也许贝茜是对的，盖茨赫德让人捎信来了。

似乎是我的表哥约翰·里德挥霍了他自己的全部钱财以及他母亲的一部分钱，大部分时间都是负债累累或蹲监狱。一星期前他自杀了。里德太太因为替儿子担心，身体受到严重影响，听到他的死讯，突然一病不起。尽管她几乎难以讲话，最近还是设法表示希望见见我。于是我的表姐妹伊丽莎和乔治娜派了车夫罗伯特接我回盖茨赫德。

我感到自己无法拒绝去看望舅妈，也许这是最后一面了。于是我到罗切斯特先生那儿，请他准许我离开特恩费得一段时间。我见到他正跟英格姆小姐讲话，我打断他们的谈话时，她正厌恶地看着我。

“噢，简，什么事？”我们离开满是客人的房间而来到书房时，他问道。

“先生，请您允许我去看望我的舅妈，她已经病了一两个星期了。”

“你的舅妈！你告诉我你没有亲戚的！”

“先生，我没有喜欢我的亲戚。她是里德太太，我舅舅的妻子。她儿子最近死了。她快不行了，我真的不能不理她。”

“简，真是胡说，跑去看一个从未喜欢过你的老太太！不过我看你已决心要走了。她住在哪儿？你去多久？”

“先生，她住在100英里以外的盖茨赫德。我尽量待的时间短些。”

“答应我只待一星期。”

“先生，我不能答应，可能必须逗留得长些。”

“你不能只身旅行100英里啊！”

“先生。他们派来了车夫。我明天动身。”

罗切斯特先生想了想。

“好吧，你需要些钱，我还没有付给你工资。简，你全部家当有多少？”他笑着问。

我把小钱包拿给他看。他接过去，一边数里面的几个硬币一边笑，然后他掏出自己的钱夹。

“这是50英镑。”他说着递给我一张钞票。

“可你只欠我15英镑啊，先生！”我叫道。 “我再想想，把钱还给我吧。如果你有50镑，可能会在外面待上三个月。这是10镑，够吗？”

“现在你欠我5镑，先生。”我指出。

“那么你就得回来讨债了。”他笑着说。

“先生，还有别的事。你曾告诉我你快要结婚了。如果是这样，阿黛拉应该去上寄宿学校。”

“让她别在可爱的新娘面前碍手碍脚？很有道理。但是你呢？”

“我必须在别处找事做，我会登广告。”

“你敢！”他吼道，“简，答应我，不要找别的工作，由我来处理。”

“先生，我答应，条件是新娘进门前，阿黛拉和我必须离开你家。”

“很好！那现在我们得说再见了。”

“再见，罗切斯特先生。”

第二天我一早就出发了，奔波了一整天。盖茨赫德府渐渐近了，我意识到从我离开这里，九年已经过去了。这期间，我交了些朋友，增长了不少自信，最后也不再恨里德一家了。

我很高兴又见到老朋友贝茜。她嫁给了车夫罗伯特，要照顾她的三个小孩，所以很忙。房子本身一点儿没变，但我的表兄妹显然是变了。伊丽莎现在又高又瘦，面带苦相，穿着非常简朴，脖子上挂着个十字架。而乔治娜依然漂亮，但很胖，穿着非常时髦的衣服。她们见到我似乎并不高兴，实际上多少有点儿不理睬我，而我几乎没注意到她们的失礼。我告诉管家我只住几天，然后径直来到舅妈的屋里。

儿时的生活让我清楚地记得这屋子。我常常被叫进来受罚。我俯下身去吻了她。

“亲爱的舅妈，你好吗？”我问。我曾发誓不再叫她舅妈，但是打破了誓言我并不后悔。我拉住她的手。

“你是简·爱吗？”她问。她脸色尽管已是死灰色，却仍像过去一样严厉。她把手抽了回去。“那孩子给我带来的麻烦，比谁想的都要多！我很高兴把她送到洛伍德去了。约翰！可怜的约翰！他需要那么多钱！我到哪儿去多弄钱呢？会出什么事？”她好像又糊涂又激动，于是我起身让她睡了。

以后几天里，她病情恶化了。我每天都花些时间照顾她，剩下的时间就和表姐妹在一起，听她们讲述未来的计划。伊丽莎打算在母亲去世后参加一个宗教团体，而乔治娜则希望到伦敦和亲戚住在一起，去观赏时装，参加各种晚会。显然她们和母亲没有什么感情，几乎是在盼着她死。

一个风雨交加的夜晚，我又去看望垂死的女人。她正睡在屋里，女儿和仆人们都不理会她。我望着窗外无尽的黑夜，思量着死亡的神秘。我想到了海伦·伯恩斯，她是那么肯定自己会进天堂。我舅妈的灵魂也会进天堂吗？

“你是谁？”我听到病人低语道，“我要见简·爱，我必须告诉她一件事。”

“舅妈，我就是简·爱。”我轻柔地对她说。

“我知道我病得很重。”她虚弱地说。“我死前必须坦白我做的错事。第一，我违背了为你向我丈夫许下的诺言。第二……”她止住了。“也许我没有必要告诉她。”她自言自语道。然后她又说：“不，这不好，我知道我要死了。我必须告诉她，而且要快！简·爱，从我书桌最上面的抽屉里拿一封信，念念。”我照办了。信上说：

“我怎么从来没听说过？”我吃惊地问。

“我很恨你，就写信告诉他你在洛伍德得猩红热死了。这就是我对你给我惹这么多麻烦的报复！”她恨恨地说。

“亲爱的舅妈，”我说，“别再想这些了。我那时还只是个孩子，难免让人烦。”

“你总是那么生气，那么凶，真是个好孩子！”

“没有你想像的那么坏。如果你当时允许的话，我会爱你的。舅妈，忘了这一切吧，请吻我一下。”然而现在让她放弃厌恶的习惯已为时太晚，她扭过头去不理我。可怜的女人！她不久就死了，心中仍留着对我的仇恨。盖茨赫德没有一个人人为她落泪。

15 The future Mrs Rochester

And so I set out on the long journey back to Thornfield. Mrs Fairfax had written to me while I was at Gateshead, telling me that the guests had all gone, and Mr Rochester had gone to London to buy a carriage for his wedding. It was clear that he would be getting married very soon.

After a long day sitting in the coach, I decided to get out at Millcote, leave my luggage at the hotel, and walk across the fields to Thornfield. It was a warm June evening, and I felt glad to be going home. I had to remind myself sternly that Thornfield was not my permanent home, and that the person I was so looking forward to seeing was perhaps not even thinking of me.

And then I saw him! He was sitting on the gate ahead of me, writing in a notebook. He noticed me at once. 'Hallo!' he cried. I was trembling at the unexpected sight of him, and could not control my voice, so I approached in silence.

'So it's Jane Eyre!' he continued. 'Why didn't you send for a carriage? It's just like you to come on foot from Millcote. Now, what have you been doing for a whole month?'

'I've been looking after my aunt, sir, who's just died.'

'You come from another world, Jane, from the world of the dead. I think you must be a spirit. And absent for a whole month! I'm sure you've quite forgotten me.'

Even though I knew I would soon lose him, he had such power to make me happy that I was in heaven listening to him.

'Did Mrs Fairfax tell you I've been to London?' he asked.

'Oh yes, sir, she did.'

'And I expect she told you why I went there? Well, you must see the carriage I've bought, Jane. It will suit Mrs Rochester perfectly. I only wish I were more handsome, as she's so beautiful. Can't you put one of your spells on me, to make me more attractive for her?'

'That's beyond the power of magic, sir,' I replied, while thinking, 'To someone who loves you, you are handsome enough.'

Mr Rochester was sometimes able to read my thoughts, but this time he just smiled warmly at me, and opened the gate.

'Pass, friend,' he said, 'and welcome home!'

I could have just walked past him in silence, but something made me turn and say quickly, before I could stop myself, 'Thank you, Mr Rochester, for your great kindness. I'm glad to come back to you, and wherever you are is my home—my only home.' I ran across the field and into the house before he had time to answer.

Two weeks passed after my return, with no news of the wedding. There were no preparations at Thornfield, and no visits to the Ingram family, who lived only a few miles away. I almost began to hope.

It was the middle of summer, and every day the sun shone on the green fields, the white, baked roads, and the cool, dark woods. One evening, after Adele had gone to sleep, I went into the garden. I discovered a quiet place where I thought nobody would find me, but then I noticed Mr Rochester had come into the garden too. Hoping to escape back to the house, I crept quietly behind him while he was bending over to admire an insect, but—

'Jane,' he said suddenly, 'come and look at this beautiful insect. Oh, now he's flown away. No, don't go back to the house, Jane, on such a lovely night. Come and walk with me.' I could not find a reason for leaving him, so I accompanied him in silence.

'Jane,' he began, 'you like Thornfield, don't you? And you even like little Adele, and old Mrs Fairfax, don't you?'

'I do, sir, I really don't want to leave them.'

'What a pity!' he sighed. 'That's what happens in life. No sooner have you got used to a place than you have to move on.'

'Do I have to move on, sir? Leave Thornfield?'

'I'm afraid you must, Jane.'

'Then you are going to be married, sir?'

'Exactly, Jane. And as you have pointed out, when I take the lovely Miss Ingram as my bride, you and Adele must leave the house, so I'm looking for a new job for you.'

'I'm sorry to cause you trouble,' I said miserably.

'No trouble at all! In fact I've already heard of a very good job which would be just right for you, teaching the five daughters of an Irish family. You'll like Ireland, I think. They're such friendly people,' he said cheerfully.

'It's such a long way away, sir!' I was fighting to keep my tears back. There was an icy coldness in my heart.

'Away from what, Jane?'

'From England and from Thornfield and—'

'Well?'

'From you, sir!' I could not stop myself, and burst into tears immediately.

'It certainly is very far away,' he said calmly. 'Let's sit on this bench, Jane, like old friends saying goodbye. You know, I sometimes feel as if you and I were connected by a string tying our two hearts together, and if you went to Ireland, I think that string might break and I might bleed to death.' 'I wish...I wish I'd never been born!' I cried. 'I wish I'd never come to Thornfield!' No longer able to control my feelings, I poured out what was in my heart. 'I can't bear to leave! Because here I've been treated kindly. And because I've met you, Mr Rochester, and I can't bear never to see you again. Now I have to leave, I feel as if I'm dying!'

'Why do you have to leave?' he asked innocently.

‘Why?’ I repeated, amazed. ‘Because you’re marrying Miss Ingram—she’s your bride!’

‘My bride! I have no bride!’ he answered. ‘But I will have one, and you must stay!’

‘I can’t stay!’ I cried furiously. ‘Do you think I can watch another woman become your bride? Do you think I’m a machine, without feelings? Do you think, because I’m small and poor and plain, that I have no soul and no heart? Well, you’re wrong! I have as much soul and heart as you. It is my spirit that speaks to your spirit! We are equal in the sight of God!’

‘We are!’ repeated Mr Rochester, taking me in his arms and kissing me. ‘Don’t struggle, Jane, like a wild restless bird!’

‘Let me go, Mr Rochester. I am no bird, but a free human being. And I managed to break away.’

‘Yes, Jane, you are free to decide. I ask you to walk through life with me, to be my constant companion.’

‘You’re laughing at me. You’ve already chosen your companion for life.’ I was crying quietly, while Mr Rochester looked gently and seriously at me.

‘Jane,’ he said, ‘I ask you to be my wife. You are my equal, Jane. Will you marry me? Don’t you believe me?’

‘Not at all,’ I answered.

‘I’ll convince you! Listen, I don’t love Miss Ingram and she doesn’t love me. She only liked me for my wealth, and when I, disguised as the gipsy woman, told her that I had only a little money, she and her mother lost interest in me. You strange magical spirit, I love you! You, small and poor and plain, I ask you to marry me!’

‘You want to marry me?’ I cried, almost beginning to believe him. ‘But I have no friends, no money, no family!’

‘I don’t care, Jane! Say yes, quickly! It’s cruel to make me suffer like this! Give me my name, say, “Edward, I’ll marry you!”’ he cried, his face very pale in the moonlight.

‘Are you serious? Do you really love me? Do you honestly want me to be your wife?’ I asked.

‘I swear it.’

‘Then, Edward, I will marry you.’

‘My little wife!’ He held me in his arms for a long time, kissing me gently. Once he murmured, ‘No family! That’s good. No family to interfere!’ and then, ‘I don’t care what people think!’ and again and again, ‘Are you happy, Jane?’ I thought of nothing except the great happiness of being with him for ever.

But while we were talking the weather had changed. A strong wind was now blowing and there was a loud crack of thunder. Suddenly rain poured down, and although we hurried back to the house, we were quite wet when we arrived in the hall. We did not notice Mrs Fairfax standing in the shadows.

‘Good night, my darling,’ he said, kissing me repeatedly. As I ran upstairs, I caught sight of the old lady’s shocked face.

‘Tomorrow I’ll explain to her,’ I thought. Just then I was too happy to think about anything except our bright future.

Outside, the storm continued furiously all night, and in the morning we discovered that the great tree at the bottom of the garden, which had stood for hundreds of years, had been hit by lightning and torn in half.

15未来的罗切斯特太太

于是我踏上了返回特恩费得的漫长旅途。我在盖茨赫德时，费尔法斯特太太曾写信给我，告诉我客人们都走了，罗切斯特先生也去了伦敦，为他的婚礼购置马车。他显然是很快就要结婚了。

我在马车里坐了整整一天，于是决定在米尔考特下车，将行李留在旅馆里，步行走过田野，回到特恩费得。6月的夜晚温暖宜人，想到要回家了，我感到非常高兴。我不得不时时严肃地警告自己特恩费得不是我永久的家，我热切希望见到的那个人可能根本想都不想我。

后来我看到了他！他就坐在我前头的大门口，正往笔记本里写着什么。他一下子就看见了我。

“你好啊！”他喊道。意外地见到他让我浑身发抖，无法控制自己的声音，于是我静静地走了过去。

“那么是简·爱了！”他接着说，“你为什么没叫马车去？走着从米尔考特回来，这正像你。好了，你整整一个月都干什么了？”

“先生，我一直照顾舅妈，她刚去世。”

“简，你来自另一个世界，一个死人的世界，我想你肯定是个幽灵。离开整整一个月！我肯定你已经把我忘了。”

尽管我知道我很快就会失去他，但他使我感到幸福的力量是那么强大，听到他的声音我就像进了天堂。

“费尔法斯特太太告诉过你我去伦敦了吗？”他问。

“噢，是的，先生，她告诉我了。”

“我想她也跟你说了我为什么去？好了，你必须看看我买的新马车，它完全配得上罗切斯特太太。我只希望自己长得好看些，因为她是那么美。你不能给我念个咒语，让我对她更有吸引力吗？”

“先生，这是魔力无能为力的。”我一边回答一边想：“对于爱你的人来说，你已经够英俊的了。”

罗切斯特先生有时可以看透我的心思，但这次他只是对我热切地微笑，并打开了大门。

“请进，朋友，”他说，“欢迎回家！”

我本可以静静地从他面前走过，可不知什么让我转过身来，没等我止住自己，话已说出了口：“罗切斯特先生，谢谢你的盛情。我很高兴回到你这里，你在哪儿，哪儿就是我的家，我唯一的家。”我不等他答话就跑过院子进了房间。

我回来后已经两星期了，却没有婚礼的消息。特恩费得没做任何准备，没人去看望仅几英里之遥的英格姆一家。我几乎在盼着婚礼了。

时值仲夏，每天骄阳都照耀着绿色的田野，白的、烤硬的路面和凉爽的深绿色树林。一天晚上阿黛拉入睡后，我走进花园。我找了个自认为谁也找不到我的僻静处，可是这时我看到罗切斯特先生也来到花园。我希望能溜回屋去，于是从他背后蹑手蹑脚地走着。他正弯下身去观赏一只小虫子。可是——

他突然说：“简，过来看看这只美丽的小虫子。噢，它现在飞了。别走，简，这么美好的夜晚，别回屋里去，过来跟我走走。”我找不到离开他的藉口，便默默地陪着他。

“简，”他开始说道，“你喜欢特恩费得，是不是？你甚至喜欢小阿黛拉和费尔法斯老太太，对吗？”

“是的，先生。我真不愿离开她们。”

“真可惜！”他叹息道。“生活就是这样。你刚刚适应一个地方，就得搬走了。”

“先生，我必须搬走吗？离开特恩费得吗？”

“简，恐怕你必须这样。”

“那么你要结婚了，先生？”

“简，正是这样。正像你所说的，当我娶可爱的英格姆小姐为妻时，你和阿黛拉必须离开我家，所以我正在给你找新工作。”

“对不起，麻烦你了。”我痛苦地说。

“一点儿不麻烦。实际上我已经听说有份很不错的工作，正适合你，到一户爱尔兰人家教五个女孩。我想你会喜欢爱尔兰的，那儿的人非常友好的。”他快活地说道。

“先生，这太远了！”我努力抑制住自己的泪水，心里感到冰一样冷。

“简，离什么太远了？”

“离英格兰，离特恩费得，还有离——”

“嗯？”

“离你，先生。”我无法克制自己，眼泪一下子涌了出来。

“的确非常遥远。”他平静地说，“简，我们一块坐坐，就像老朋友道别一样。你知道，我有时感到我们两个是连在一起的，一根线系着我们的两颗心。如果你去爱尔兰，那根线可能会绷断，我会流血死去的。”

“我希望……我希望我根本没来到人世！”我叫道，“我希望我永远没来过特恩费得！”我再也无法控制自己的感情，一下子倾诉出我的心声。“离开这里我无法忍受！因为在这里我得到善待，因为我遇到了你，罗切斯特先生，我不能忍受再也见不到你。现在我必须离开，我觉得我要死了！”

“你为什么要走呢？”他茫然地问。

“为什么？”我吃惊地重复着。“因为你要娶英格姆小姐——她是你的新娘！”

“我的新娘！我没有新娘！”他答道。“不过我会有的，而你必须留下！”

“我不能留下，”我恼怒地说，“你认为我能看着别的女人成为你的新娘吗？你认为我是机器没有感情吗？你以为我弱小、贫穷、平凡就没有灵魂、没有心吗？那么，你错了！我和你一样有血有肉。我的灵魂在对你的灵魂讲话！我们在上帝眼里是平等的！”

“我们是！”罗切斯特重复着，把我揽在怀里，吻着我。“简，别像只不安的小野鸟一样挣扎！”

“罗切斯特先生，让我走。我不是鸟，而是个自由人。”我努力挣脱了出来。

“是的，简，你可以自由决定。我请求你在生活中与我同行，做我永远的伴侣。”

“你在取笑我，你已经选择了自己的生命伴侣。”我无声地哭着，罗切斯特先生温柔而严肃地看着我。

“简，”他说，“我请求你做我的妻子。简，我们是一样的。你嫁给我吗？你不相信我吗？”

“一点儿也不相信。”我回答。

“我会说服你的。听着，我不爱英格姆小姐，她也不爱我。她为我的财才爱我，而当我装扮成吉普赛女人告诉她我只有一点钱时，她和她母亲都对我失去了兴趣。你这奇怪的带着魔力的小精灵，我爱你！你，弱小、贫穷、平凡，我请求你嫁给我！”

“你想娶我？”我叫道，几乎有点儿相信他了。“可是我没有朋友，没有钱，没有亲人！”

“简，我不在乎。快答应！让我这么痛苦，真是太残酷了！讲我的名字，说：‘爱德华，我嫁给你！’”他喊着，脸色在月光下那么苍白。

“你是认真的？你真的爱我？你真的希望我成为你的妻子？”我问。

“我发誓！”

“那么，爱德华，我嫁给你。”

“我的小妻子！”他久久地搂着我，温柔地吻着我。他一时低语着：“没有亲人，这很好。没有家庭的干涉。”一时又说：“我才不管别人怎么想呢！”他重复了一遍又一遍：“简，你幸福吗？”我心里没有别的，只想着能和他永远在一起是多么幸福。

我们说话时，天突然变了。大风骤起，并响了一声炸雷。忽然大雨倾盆而下，尽管我们赶紧跑进屋去，到大厅时还是湿透了。我们没注意到费尔法斯太太站在暗处。

“亲爱的，晚安！”他说，不停地吻着我。我跑上楼时，看到了老太太脸上吃惊的表情。

“明天我再向她解释。”我心想。这时我大高兴了，除了我们的美好未来，再无暇顾及别的。

外面雷雨一夜未停。早晨，我们发现花园深处一棵已挺立几百年的大树被雷击中，劈成了两半。

16 Preparing for the wedding

I was a little nervous before seeing Mr Rochester next morning. Was I really going to marry him, or was it all a dream? But I soon felt calmer when he came to meet me and kissed me.

'Jane, you look well and smiling and pretty,' he said. 'You will be Jane Rochester in four weeks' time, not a day more. I'll send for my family jewels, which are kept in a London bank. They are for my bride, whether she's a great lady or a governess.'

'Oh no, sir!' I cried. 'I'm too plain for jewels! I'm not used to wearing them.'

'I insist, Jane. Today I'm taking you in the carriage to Millcote to buy you some elegant clothes. In a month's time we'll have a quiet wedding in the local church, and after a few days in London we'll travel through all the countries of Europe.'

'Well, sir, you seem very eager to please me, but I wonder if you will agree to a request of mine.'

'Ask me anything, Jane, anything!'

'Indeed I will. This is my request. I ask you not to give me jewels and fine clothes.'

'If that's really your wish, I agree. But can't you think of anything I can give you?'

'Well, I'd like you to give me the answer to a question.'

He looked worried, and turned away from me.

'Curiosity is dangerous,' he said. 'I may not be able to agree to this particular request. Well, what is it?'

'How stern you look! I suppose that's how you will look when we are married! This is what I want to know. Why did you take such trouble to make me believe you wished to marry Miss Ingram?'

He stopped frowning at once and smiled down at me.

'Is that all? What a relief! All right, I shall have to confess, although you may be angry with me, Jane—as angry as you were last night, when you told me we were equal. Well, I pretended to love Miss Ingram to make you madly jealous. I wanted you to be as much in love with me as I was with you.'

'And I suppose you didn't care at all about poor Miss Ingram's feelings?'

'She only has one feeling—pride. Were you jealous, Jane?'

'Never mind, Mr Rochester. One more request—please explain everything to Mrs Fairfax. She looked so shocked last night!'

When I visited the old housekeeper later that day, I found she was amazed by the news that I was going to marry the master.

'I would never have thought it!' she kept repeating. 'Mr Rochester, so proud and such a gentleman! To marry his governess!' She examined me closely, as if to discover the reason for this strange event, and shook her head, still puzzled. 'He's twenty years older than you! He could be your father!'

'No, indeed, Mrs Fairfax,' I replied crossly. 'He looks much younger than that!'

'Is he really going to marry you for love?' she asked.

I was so hurt by her amazement that tears came to my eyes.

'Why?' I asked. 'Do you think he couldn't possibly love me?'

'No, no, Miss Eyre, but you must realize that this is a very unusual situation. You must be careful of your reputation. I advise you to keep him at a distance until you are married.'

Although I was upset by the old lady's words, I followed her advice, and in the weeks before the wedding I went on teaching Adele as usual. Only in the evenings did I spend some time with Mr Rochester, and I was careful not to allow him to hold me in his arms or kiss me. Sometimes he was angry with me and called me a 'hard little thing' or 'a cruel spirit', but I preferred that to being called 'my darling'. I saw that Mrs Fairfax approved of my correct behaviour, and I knew that he respected me for it. But it was not easy for me. I would rather have shown him my love. My future husband was becoming my whole world, and more than that, my hope of heaven.

At last the night before the wedding arrived. My clothes were packed and I was ready. But I was anxious to see Mr Rochester, who had been away on business, so I ran out of the quiet house to meet him on the road. A wild, stormy wind was blowing, and in the garden I passed the wreck of the great tree. Then suddenly I saw him riding towards me.

'You see!' he shouted. 'You can't do without me! Jump up onto my horse!' Together we rode back to Thornfield. While he ate dinner, I sat quietly beside him. He looked closely at me.

'You look sad, Jane,' he said. 'Is anything wrong? Are you nervous about your new life?'

'No,' I replied firmly. 'I'm not worried about that, because I love you. But last night I had a strange dream, a terrible dream! It was dark and windy outside, and before I went to sleep I could hear a dog growling in the distance. In my dream I was carrying a small child in my arms down a long road. I was trying to catch up with you, but I couldn't.'

'And you still worry about a foolish dream, when I'm close to you? But say you love me again, Jane.'

'I do love you, Edward. But I haven't finished my story.'

'Is there more? Well, go on.'

'I dreamed that Thornfield was totally destroyed, just a heap of stones. I was still carrying the child, but now I could see you riding away into the distance. I knew you would never come back! Then I woke up.'

'That's all then, Jane. Nothing to worry about.'

'No, wait. There was candle-light in my room, and a strange shape examining the wedding dress hanging in my cupboard. My blood ran cold. It wasn't Mrs Fairfax or any of the servants, it wasn't even Grace Poole. It was a horrible sight!'

‘Describe the shape, Jane.’

‘It looked like a tall woman, with long thick dark hair hanging down hhe took up the beautiful veil you bought me, put it on her own head, then turned to admire herself in the mirror. It was then that I saw her wild, inhuman face! She removed the veil, tore it in two and threw it on the floor.’

‘And then?’ Mr Rochester seemed almost nervous.

‘She came to my bedside, put her candle close to my face and stared fiercely at me. I must have fainted, and I suppose she left. Now can you tell me who or what that woman was?’

‘Jane, you are too sensitive. That was just a dream. Don’t think about it any more!’ he answered comfortingly.

‘That’s just what I said to myself when I woke up this morning, but when I looked on the floor, there was me veil, torn in two halves!’ I felt Mr Rochester suddenly tremble.

‘To think what might have happened!’ he cried, throwing his arms around me. ‘Thank God it was only the veil!’ After a few moments he said calmly, ‘Now, Jane, be sensible. That woman must have been Grace Poole. There is no other explanation.’

‘Perhaps you’re right,’ I admitted slowly.

‘One day I’ll explain to you why I keep her in my house. But tonight, go and sleep in Adele’s room You’ll be quite safe there. Just dream about our future!’

16准备婚礼

第二天早上，我有些害怕见到罗切斯特先生。我是真的要和他结婚了，还是做了一场梦？但是，他来看我，吻了我，我很快平静下来。

“简，你气色不错，有了笑容，还那么漂亮。”他说。“四星期后你将成为简·罗切斯特，一天也不会多。我会派人取来存在伦敦银行里的祖传珠宝。它们是留给我的新娘的，不管她是位了不起的贵妇还是家庭教师。”

“噢，不，先生。”我说，“我太平凡了，配不上珠宝，我也不习惯戴首饰。”

“简，我一定要你戴。今天我带你坐马车到米尔考特去买些漂亮衣服。一个月后，我们就在本地的教堂里举办安安静静的婚礼，在伦敦待几天后，我们要走遍欧洲所有的国家。”

“好了，先生，你好像急着要让我高兴，但不知你可否答应我一个小小的请求。”

“说吧，简，要什么都行！”

“我是要说。这就是我的要求：我请你不要给我珠宝和漂亮的衣服。”

“如果你真这么想，我就答应你。但是你就不能想想我能送给你点儿什么？”

“我希望你给我一个问题的答案。”

他看上去有些担心，转身背对着我。

“好奇是危险的。”他说，“我或许无法答应这个特别的请求。好吧，什么问题？”

“你怎么这么严厉！我想我们结婚后你就会是这个样子！这就是我想知道的：你为什么费那么大功夫让我相信你想娶英格姆小姐？”

他立即眉头舒展，微笑着俯视着我。

“就这个？真让我松了口气。好吧，我必须坦白，不过也许会惹你生气，就像昨天晚上你跟我说我们是平等的那时候一样生气。我假装爱英格姆小姐，是为了让你嫉妒得发狂。我希望你能像我爱你一样地爱我。”

“那么我想你一点儿也不顾及可怜的英格姆小姐的感情？”

“她只有一种感情——傲慢。简，你嫉妒过吗？”

“没什么，罗切斯特先生。还有一个请求——请向费尔法斯太太解释这一切。昨天晚上她吃惊不小。”

那天我去看老管家时，发现她对我要与主人结婚的消息惊诧不已。

“我永远想不到！”她一直反复说着，“罗切斯特先生，这么骄傲，这么一位绅士！要娶他的家庭教师！”她仔细打量着我，似乎想为这件怪事找出点儿什么缘由。她摇着头，还是搞不懂。“他比你年长二十岁，可以当你父亲了！”

“不，费尔法斯太太。”我不悦地答道，“他看上去当然比这年轻。”

“他真是因为爱你才跟你结婚吗？”她问。

我被她的大惊小怪刺痛了，眼泪不禁涌了上来。

“怎么了？”我问。“你觉得他不可能爱上我？”

“不，不，爱小姐，但你必须知道这种情况很不寻常，你得注意自己的名声。我建议你结婚之前和他保持距离。”

尽管老太太的话让我不高兴，我还是听从了劝告，在婚礼前的几星期里继续照常给阿黛拉上课。只有晚上我才和罗切斯特先生待上一会儿，并小心翼翼地不让他搂抱或亲吻我。有时他生我的气，叫我“顽固的小东西”或者“残酷的精灵”，但我更愿听这个，而不愿听他叫我“我亲爱的”。我看出费尔法斯太太赞许我的正确举动，也知道他也因此而尊重我。但是，这对于我并非易事，我宁愿向他表露我的爱。我未来的丈夫已成了我世界的全部，还不止于此，他是我希望的天堂。

婚礼的前夜终于来临，我的衣服都已收拾停当，我也做好了准备。但我很想见到罗切斯特先生，他因事外出了。于是我跑出静悄悄的屋子，到路上去迎候他。狂风呼啸着，我走过花园里倒地的大树，突然看到他策马向我奔来。

“你瞧！”他喊道，“你不能没有我！快上马！”我们一起骑马回到特恩费得。他吃晚饭时，我就静静地坐在他身边。他端详着我。

“简，你好像有点悲伤。”他说，“有什么事吗？你对新生活担心吗？”

“不。”我坚定地答道，“我不担心，因为我爱你。可是昨晚我做了一个奇怪的梦，一个可怕的梦！外面很黑，刮着风，临睡前我还听到远处的狗叫。梦中我抱着一个小孩走在一条漫长路上。我努力追赶着你，却追不上。”

“我离你这么近，你还为这个愚蠢的梦担心吗？简，再说一遍你爱我。”

“爱德华，我真的爱你。不过，我的话还没说完。”

“还有吗？好吧，接着讲。”

“我梦见特恩费得全被毁了，只剩下一堆石头。我仍抱着孩子，不过这时我见你骑马走向远方。我知道你永远不回来了！然后我就醒了。”

“简，就这些吧！没什么好担心的。”

“不，等等。我的房间里有烛光，一个奇怪的人影仔细察看着我挂在衣柜里的婚纱。我的血都凝住了。那既不是费尔法斯太太，也不是哪个仆人，甚至连格丽丝·普尔都不是。那是一个可怕的景象！”

“简，形容一下那个样子。”

“那看上去像个高个子女人，浓浓的长发披垂下来。她拿起你给我买的漂亮的面纱，盖在自己头上，然后转身照着镜子欣赏。正是这时我才看到她那张狂野的、不像人长的脸！她取下面纱，将它撕成两半，扔到了地上。”

“然后呢？”罗切斯特似乎有些紧张起来了。

“她来到我床边，用蜡烛照着我的脸，凶狠地盯着我。我一定晕过去了，她大概也离开了。现在你能告诉我这女人是谁或者是什么吗？”

“简，你太敏感了。那只是个梦，别再想它了！”他安慰着。

“这也是早晨醒来时我对自己说的，可我看地上的时候，那儿真有面纱，而且撕成了两半！”我感到罗切斯特突然抖了一下。

“想想可能出什么事吧！”他叫道，伸手抱住了我。“谢天谢地只是个面纱！”过了一会儿，他镇静地说：“好了，简，理智些。那女人一定是格丽丝·普尔。没有别的解释。”

“也许你是对的。”我迟疑地答应着。

“总有一天我会向你解释为什么把她留在我家的。不过今晚你到阿黛拉的房间里睡，你会很安全的。做个好梦，想想我们的未来！”

17 The wedding day

We had no friends or family to accompany us to the church. I had not told my Reed cousins about our wedding, but I had written to my uncle, John Eyre, in Madeira. Mr Rochester was in such a hurry that he only allowed me a short time to put on my wedding dress and veil.

'Jane, you look lovely,' he said. 'But you can only have ten minutes for breakfast!' We almost ran up the road to the church, his strong hand holding mine. His dark face looked stern, and he did not speak. I did not notice the weather or my surroundings at all, I only wanted to know why he looked so fierce. Suddenly he noticed how pale I was, and stopped for a moment to let me get my breath back. Then we walked more slowly into the church.

The priest and the clerk were waiting for us. There was nobody else except two strangers who were standing at the back of the church. The ceremony began, and soon I heard the priest come to the point in the wedding where he had to ask, 'Is there any reason why these two people should not be married?'

The priest paused for a second, as was the custom, but before he could continue, a voice from the back of the church said clearly,

'There is a reason.'

The priest looked up from his book, and stood silent. Mr Rochester said in his deep voice, without turning his head, 'Continue with the ceremony.'

Silence fell again. Then the priest shook his head. 'I must investigate this first,' he said. One of the strangers from the back of the church came forward and said, calmly and quietly,

'This wedding cannot continue, because Mr Rochester is already married.'

I felt as if I had been hit. Mr Rochester's whole face was like colourless marble. Without speaking or smiling, he was holding me tightly round the waist, as if he would never let go.

'Who are you?' he growled at the stranger. 'And tell me what you know of this supposed wife of mine.'

'I'm a lawyer, sir. I have a certificate here proving that you married Bertha Mason in the West Indies fifteen years ago.'

'That may prove I've been married, but it doesn't prove that she's still alive.'

'I can produce a witness,' said the lawyer, 'who has seen her alive recently.'

'Produce him—or go to hell!' said Mr Rochester.

'Here he is. Mr Mason!' called the lawyer. And the second stranger slowly approached from the shadows, his pale face looking frightened. Mr Rochester, staring furiously at him, raised his strong right arm to knock him down.

'No!' cried Mason, trembling. Mr Rochester dropped his arm, and turned away in disgust.

'Sir,' said the priest, frowning, 'don't forget we are in the house of God. Mr Mason, please tell us if this gentleman's wife is still alive.'

'She's at Thornfield Hall,' replied Mason in a weak voice. 'I'm her brother and I've seen her there.'

'Thornfield Hall!' cried the priest. 'I've lived here for years, and I've never heard of a Mrs Rochester!'

'I was careful to keep her a secret,' murmured Mr Rochester, frowning. After a few minutes' thought, he announced, 'I must reveal the truth, I suppose. There will be no wedding today. No doubt God will punish me for this. What this lawyer says is true. I've been married, and my wife still lives! I was tricked into marrying her when I was young, in the West Indies. Madness runs in her family, but they didn't tell me that. Now she's more of an animal than a woman. I keep her locked away, guarded by my old servant Grace Poole. I invite you all to come to my house to see her, and to judge whether I had the right to ask this innocent young girl to marry me. Follow me!'

Still holding me firmly, he left the church, followed by the others. At the door of Thornfield Hall, Mrs Fairfax, Adele and the servants rushed forward, smiling, to congratulate us.

'Too late!' cried the master, waving them away. 'Your congratulations are fifteen years too late!' We all went up to the top floor, and entered the room where Mason had been attacked. Mr Rochester lifted the curtain, opened the secret door and showed us the little room. Grace Poole was making soup over a fire, and behind her a shape crawled on the floor. It was hard to say whether it was animal or human. It growled like a wild animal, but it wore clothes, and had long, thick, dark hair.

'How are you, Mrs Poole?' asked the master. 'And how is your patient today?'

'Not bad, sir,' answered Grace, 'but be careful. She'll try and bite you if she sees you, sir.' Just then the shape turned and with a fierce cry attacked Mr Rochester violently. I recognized her dark, ugly face. They struggled for a moment, and then he held her down and, with Mrs Poole's help, tied her to a chair. He turned to the others with a bitter smile.

'You see, gentlemen, this is my wife. This is the partner I have to live with for ever. And instead I wished to have this' (laying his hand on my shoulder) '...this young girl. Can you honestly blame me? Compare the two, and then judge me!'

We all left the room silently. As we went downstairs the lawyer said to me, 'I know you weren't aware of this, Miss Eyre. Nobody will blame you, and Mr Mason will tell your uncle so, when he goes back to Madeira.'

'My uncle! Do you know him?' I asked, surprised. 'I'm his lawyer. Mr Mason and he have often done business together. On his way back to the West Indies, Mr Mason stopped in Madeira and stayed with Mr Eyre, who mentioned that his niece was going to marry a Mr Rochester.'

'Yes, I wrote to tell him I was getting married,' I said.

'Well, when Mr Mason explained that Mr Rochester was already married, your uncle sent him straight back to England to prevent you from marrying and making a terrible mistake. I'm afraid your uncle is very ill and will probably die soon, so I think you had better stay in England, until you receive further news of him.'

After the gentlemen had left, I entered my room and locked the door. Slowly I took off my wedding dress and veil. I was weak and exhausted, and only just beginning to realize what had happened. Could I ever again trust the being I had turned into a sort of god? I would not think of him as evil, but he could not have felt real love for me. How foolish I had been to believe him, and love him so much! My hopes were all dead, and my future was empty. I lay on my bed, faint and wishing for death. while darkness swam around me.

17婚礼

我们没有朋友或家人陪伴去教堂。我没有把婚礼的事告诉里德家的表姊妹，但给马迪拉的约翰·爱舅舅写了信。罗切斯特先生那么心急，只给了我很短的时间让我穿上结婚礼服、戴好面纱。

“简，你可爱极了。”他说，“不过你只有十分钟吃早饭！”我们几乎是跑着来到教堂，他有力的臂膀搂着我，深色的脸膛表情严肃，一语不发。我根本没有注意到天气和周围的环境，只是纳闷他为什么看上去这么严厉。突然他注意到我脸色发白，赶紧停了一下让我喘口气。然后，我们放慢脚步，走进教堂。

牧师和执事正等着我们。除了教堂后面站着两个陌生人，再无他人。仪式开始了，很快牧师就进行到了婚礼中他必须问的一句：“有理由说明这俩人不应结婚？”

牧师照例停顿了一会儿，然而在他继续之前，教堂后面传来一个清晰的声音：“是有一个理由。”

牧师从书本中抬起头来，静静地站着。罗切斯特先生没有回头，用他深沉的声音说：“仪式继续进行。”

又是一阵沉默。然后，牧师摇着头说：“我必须先调查一下。”其中一个陌生人从教堂后面走上前来，镇静地轻声说：“婚礼不能继续，因为罗切斯特先生已经结婚了。”

我觉得自己像被猛击了一下。罗切斯特先生的脸整个变成了无色的大理石。他既没说话也没有笑，只是紧紧搂着我的腰，好像永远不想放手似的。

“你是谁？”他冲陌生人吼道。“告诉我，关于我所谓的妻子你知道些什么！”

“先生，我是律师。我有文件在此证明十五年前你在西印度群岛和伯莎，梅森结了婚。”

“这可能证明我结过婚，但不证明她还活着。”

“我有证人。”律师说，“他最近看到她还活着。”

“让他出来，不然就下地狱去！”罗切斯特说。

“他在这儿。梅森先生！”律师叫道。另一个陌生人从暗处走近，他的脸吓得发白。罗切斯特先生愤怒地瞪着他，举起强壮的右臂，要把他打翻在地。

“不！”梅森发抖地叫着。罗切斯特放下手，厌恶地扭过头去。

牧师皱着眉头说：“先生，不要忘记我们是在上帝的圣殿里。梅森先生，请告诉我们这位先生的妻子是不是还活着。”

“她就在特恩费得。”梅森用虚弱的声音说。“我是她哥哥，曾在那儿见过她。”

“特恩费得！”牧师大声说，“我在这里住了这么多年，从来没听说过什么罗切斯特太太！”

“我小心翼翼地保守着这个秘密。”罗切斯特先生紧皱眉头嘟哝着。他沉思了几分钟，宣布说：“我想我必须以实相告了。今天没有婚礼了，无疑上帝会因此而惩罚我。律师说的是对的，我曾结过婚，我的妻子还活着。我年轻时在西印度群岛，被骗娶了她。她家族有癫狂病，但他们并没告诉我。现在她更像野兽，而不是女人。我把她锁起来了，让我的老仆格里丝·普尔看守着。我请你们各位都到我家去看看她，去判断一下我是否有资格要求这个无辜的女孩嫁给我。跟我来！”

他仍然紧紧搂着我，离开了教堂，其他人跟在后面。到了特恩费得门口，费尔法斯太太、阿黛拉和仆人们都跑过来，笑着向我们道喜。

“太晚了！”主人喊道，挥手让他们走开。“你们的祝贺迟到了十五年！”我们都走上顶层，来到梅森受袭击的那间屋子。罗切斯特先生掀起布帘，打开暗门，让我们看到了小房间。格里丝·普尔正在炉子上烧汤，身后一个东西伏在地上，很难看出那究竟是人还是动物，像野生动物一样咆哮着，但穿着衣服，黑发又多又长。

“普尔太太，你好吗？”主人问。“今天你的病人怎么样？”

“还不错，先生。”格里丝说。“不过，要小心。她如果看到你会咬你的，先生。”正在这时那东西转过身来，尖叫着向罗切斯特先生扑来。我认出了她那张丑恶的黑脸。他们挣扎了一会儿，他在普尔太太的帮助下，把她按倒在椅子上，绑了起来。他苦笑着转向其余的人。

“先生们，你们看，这就是我妻子。这就是我不得不永远与之之为伴的人。相反，我想要得到这位”（他把手放到我肩上）“……这位姑娘。你们能真心责怪我吗？比较一下，然后再对我裁决！”

我们都沉默着离开了小屋。下楼时律师对我说：“爱小姐，我知道你不了解这一切。谁也不会怪你，梅森先生回到马迪拉时也会这么对你舅舅说。”

“我舅舅！你认识他？”我惊奇地问。

“我是他的律师。梅森先生和他常在一起做生意。在回西印度群岛的路上，梅森在马迪拉停留，住在爱先生那儿，并听他说他的外甥女要和一位罗切斯特先生结婚。”

“是的，我曾写信告诉他我要结婚了。”我说。

“那么，梅森先生向他解释说罗切斯特先生已经结婚了，你舅舅让他立刻回英格兰，阻止你结婚，以免铸成大错。我担心你舅舅病得很重，可能不久就会死去，所以我觉得你该留在英格兰，等待他的进一步消息。”

先生们走后，我回到自己的房间，锁上了门。我慢慢脱掉礼服，摘下面纱。我虚弱而疲劳，才刚刚开始意识到已经发生的一切。我还能再相信几乎被我当成了上帝的那个人吗？我不会认为他是邪恶的，但他不可能真正地爱过我。我相信他，那么爱他，是多么愚蠢啊！我的一切希望都破灭了，我的未来成了泡影。我躺在床上，昏沉沉的，只想死去。黑暗慢慢将我笼罩了起来。

18 Mr Rochester's explanation

Sometime in the afternoon I recovered a little, but I felt faint as I stood up, and realized I had not eaten anything all day. So I opened my bedroom door and almost fell over Mr Rochester, who was sitting in a chair just outside.

'I've been waiting for you all this time, Jane,' he said. 'And I haven't heard you scream or shout or cry. Aren't you angry with me? I never meant to hurt you. Will you ever forgive me?'

He sounded so sincere that I forgave him at once in my heart.

'Scold me, Jane! Tell me how wicked I am!' he said.

'Sir, I can't. I feel tired and weak. I want some water.'

He took me in his arms and carried me downstairs to the library, where he put me in front of the fire, and gave me a glass of wine. I began to feel better. He bent to kiss me, but I turned my face determinedly away.

'What!' he cried. 'You refuse to kiss me! Because I'm Bertha Mason's husband? Is that it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I know you very well, Jane. I know how firm you are when you've decided something. You're planning to destroy my hope of happiness. You intend to be a stranger to me from now on. And if I'm friendly towards you in future, you'll remind yourself, "That man nearly made me his mistress—I must be ice-cold to him," and ice-cold is what you'll be.'

'It's true, sir,' I said, trying to stop my voice from trembling, 'that everything around me has changed, so I must change too. Adele must have a new governess.'

'Oh, Adele will go to boarding school. I've already decided that. And you and I will both leave this house, this narrow stone hell, this house of living death. We can never be happy here, under the same roof as that woman. Oh, I hate her!'

'You shouldn't hate her, sir,' I said. 'It's not her fault she's mad, poor thing.'

'Jane, my darling, it's not because she's mad that I hate her. If you were mad, I wouldn't hate you. I'd look after you lovingly. But why talk of madness? We are all ready to travel, everything is packed. Tomorrow we'll leave. I have a place to go to, where nobody will find us or talk about us—'

'And take Adele with you, sir, she'll be a companion for you,' I interrupted. I knew I had to tell him soon.

'Adele? What do you mean, Jane? She's going to school. I don't want her, I want you with me. Do you understand?'

I did, but I slowly shook my head. He was becoming angry, and was staring fiercely at me. He looked as if he was about to lose control. I was not at all afraid, because I knew I still had the power to calm him. So I took his hand and stroked it, saying,

'Sit down, sir, I'll talk or listen to you as long as you like.' I had been struggling with tears for some time and now I let them flow freely. It was a great relief.

'Don't cry, Jane, please be calm,' he begged.

'How can I be calm when you're so angry?'

'I'm not angry, but I love you so much, and your pale little face looked so stern and decided.' He tried to put his arm round me, but I would not let him.

'Jane!' he said sadly, 'you don't love me, then?'

'I do love you,' I answered, 'more than ever, but this is the last time I can say it. There is only one thing for me to do, but you'll be furious if I mention it.'

'Oh, mention it! If I'm angry, you can always burst into tears,' he said, with a half-smile.

'Mr Rochester, I must leave you. I must start a new life among strangers.'

'Of course. I told you we would leave. I'll ignore that nonsense about you leaving me. You'll be Mrs Rochester and I'll be your husband until I die. We'll live happily and innocently together in a little white house I have in the south of France. Jane, don't shake your head, or I'll get angry.'

'Sir, your wife is alive,' I dared to say, although he was looking aggressively at me, 'and if I lived with you like that, I'd be your mistress.'

'I'm a fool!' he said suddenly. 'I haven't told you the whole story! Oh, I'm sure you'll agree when you know everything! Listen, Jane, you know that my father loved money very much?'

'I heard someone say that, yes, sir.'

'Well, he hated the idea of dividing the family property, so he left it all to my elder brother. But that meant I would be poor unless I married a rich wife, so he decided I should marry Bertna Mason, the daughter of his wealthy friend Jonas Mason. I was young and easily impressed, so when I saw her in the West Indies, beautiful and elegantly dressed, I thought I loved her. What a fool I was then! After the wedding I learned that my bride's mother and younger brother were both mad. Dick Mason will probably be in the same state one day. My father knew all this, but did not tell me. I soon found that Bertha and I had nothing in common. Not only was she coarse and stupid, her madness also made her violent. I lived with her for four years. By now my father and brother were dead, so I was rich, but I considered myself poor, because I was tied to a mad wife until death.'

'I pity you, sir, I do pity you.'

'Pity, Jane, is an insult from some people, but from you I accept it as the mother of love. Well, I had moments of despair when I intended to shoot myself, but in the end I decided to bring the mad woman back to Thornfield Hall, where nobody knew that we were married. She has lived here ever since. Even Mrs Fairfax and the servants don't know the whole truth about her. But although I pay Grace Poole well, and trust her absolutely, she sometimes drinks too much and allows the creature to escape. Twice she has got out of her room at night, as you know. The first time she nearly burnt me in my bed, and the second time she visited you, and must have been reminded of her own wedding day by seeing your wedding

dress. ’

’And what did you do, sir, when you had brought her here?’

’I travelled all over Europe, Jane. I was looking for a good and intelligent woman to love—’

’But you couldn’t marry, sir, ’ I interrupted.

’I believed I could. I thought I might find some reasonable woman who would understand my case and accept me. ’

’Well, sir, did you?’

’Not in Europe, Jane, where I spent ten long years looking for an ideal. I tried taking mistresses, like Celine, the French dancer. But finally, bitter and disappointed with my wasted life, I returned to Thornfield on a frosty winter afternoon. And when my horse slipped and fell on the ice, a little figure appeared and insisted on helping me. In the weeks that followed, I began to depend on that bird—like little figure for my happiness and new interest in life. ’

’Don’t talk any more of the past, sir, ’ I said, wiping a secret tear from my eyes.

’No, Jane, you’re right, the future is much brighter. You understand now, don’t you? I’ve wasted half my life in misery and loneliness, but now I’ve found you. You are at the centre of my heart. It was stupid of me to try to marry you like that without explaining. I should have confessed everything, as I do now, and appealed to your great generosity of spirit. I promise to love you and stay with you for ever. Jane, promise me the same. ’

A pause. ’Why are you silent, Jane?’

This was a terrible moment for me. In the struggle and confusion that was going on in my heart I knew that he loved me and I loved him, but I also knew that I must leave him!

’Jane, just promise me, “I will be yours. ” ’

’Mr Rochester, I will not be yours. ’Another pause.

’Jane, ’he said, with a gentleness that cut into my soul, ’Jane, do you intend us to live apart for ever?’

’I do. ’ ’Jane, ’ (bending towards me and kissing me) ’is that still your intention?’

’It is, ’I replied, pulling away from him.

’Oh Jane, this is a bitter shock. It would not be wicked to love me. ’

’It would be wicked to do what you want. ’

’Jane, just imagine my horrible life when you have gone. I shall be alone with that mad woman upstairs. Where shall I find friendship, and hope?’

’You can only trust in God and yourself. Live without doing wrong, and die hoping to go to heaven. ’

’That’s impossible without you! And—and you have no family to offend by living with me!’He was beginning to sound desperate. I knew that what he said was true. However, in my heart I also knew I was right to leave.

He seemed to read my thoughts. Rushing furiously across the room, he seized me violently and stared fiercely into my eyes. He could have broken me in two with one hand, but he could not break my spirit. Small and weak as I was, I stared firmly back at him.

’Your eyes, Jane, ’he said, ’are the eyes of a bird, a free, wild being; Even if I break your cage, I can’t reach you, beautiful creature! You’ll fly away from me. But you could choose to fly to me! Come, Jane, come!’He let me go, and only looked at me. How hard it was to resist that look!

’I am going, ’I said.

’Does my deep love mean nothing to you? Oh Jane, my hope…my love…my life!’And he threw himself despairingly on the sofa. I had reached the door, but I could not leave. I walked back, bent over him, and kissed his cheek.

’Goodbye, my dear master!’I said. ’May God protect you!’

’Without your love, Jane, my heart is broken, ’he said. ’But perhaps you will, so generously, give me your love after all—’He jumped up with hope in his eyes, holding out his arms to me. But I turned and ran out of the room.

That night I only slept a little, dreaming of the red room at Gateshead. The moonlight shone into my bedroom, as it did then, and I saw a vision on the ceiling, a white figure looking down on me. It seemed to whisper to my spirit, ’Daughter, leave now before you are tempted to stay. ’

’Mother, I will, ’I answered. And when I woke up, although it was still dark outside, I wrapped up some spare clothes in a parcel, and put a little money in a purse. As I crept downstairs, I could hear Mr Rochester in his room, walking up and down and sighing. I could find heaven in this room if I wanted. I just had to enter and say, ’I will love you and live with you through life until death!’My hand moved towards the handle. But I stopped myself, and went miserably downstairs and out of the house.

Setting out on the road, I could not help thinking of Mr Rochester’s despair when he found himself abandoned. I hated myself for wounding him, and for perhaps driving him to a life of wickedness, or even death. I wanted desperately to be with him, to comfort him, but somehow I made myself keep walking, and when a coach passed, I arranged to travel on it as far as my money would pay for. Inside the coach I cried the bitterest tears of my life.

18罗切斯特先生的解释

下午不知什么时候，我感觉好些了，但站起来时仍感到头晕，我这才意识到我已一整天没吃一点儿东西了。于是我打开卧室的房门，几乎扑倒在这坐在门外椅子上的罗切斯特先生身上。

“简，我一直在等着你。”他说，“我没听到你叫喊或是哭泣。你不生我的气吗？我本无意伤害你。你能原谅我吗？”

他说得那么真诚，我立刻就在心里原谅了他。

“简，骂我吧！告诉我我有多么坏！”他说。

“先生，我不能。我感到很累、很虚。我想喝点水。”

他双手将我抱起，将我抱到楼下的书房，把我放在炉火前，递上了一杯酒，我开始感到好些了。他俯身要吻我，但我断然把脸扭开了。

“怎么！”他喊道，“你拒绝吻我！因为我是伯莎·梅森的丈夫？是不是？”

“是的，先生。”

“简，我非常了解你。我知道如果你决心已下，你是不会动摇的。你打算毁掉我幸福的希望，你想从今往后和我成为陌路人。如果今后我对你友好，你会提醒自己：’这个人差点儿让我成了他的情妇——我必须对他冷若冰霜。’你的确会变得冷若冰霜的。”

“是这样，先生，”我说，努力控制住自己的声音不让它发抖。“我周围的一切的确都发生了变化，所以我也必须改变。阿黛拉必须有位新老师。”

“啊，阿黛拉去上寄宿学校，我已经决定了。你和我将离开这幢房子，这狭小的石头地狱，这活死人的宅邸。在这里和那个女人在同一屋檐下，我们永远不会幸福。噢，我恨她！”

“先生，你不该恨她。”我说，“她疯了，可怜兮兮的，这并不是她的错。”

“简，亲爱的，我不是因为她疯而恨她。如果你疯了，我不会恨你，我会满怀爱心地照顾你。可是，为什么要说什么疯不疯的？我们已做好出发的准备，所有行李都整理好了，我们明天离开。我有一个地方可去，那儿没人找得到我们，也没人议论我们……”

“先生，带上阿黛拉吧，她会陪伴你。”我打断他。我知道我必须马上告诉他了。

“阿黛拉？简，你是什么意思？她要上学。我不需要她，我想和你在一起。你明白吗？”

我明白，但我慢慢摇了摇头。他变得生气了，两眼狠狠地盯着我，他看上去好像快控制不住自己了。我一点儿不害怕，因为我知道我还有力量让他平静下来。于是我握住他的手，轻轻抚摸着，说：

“先生，坐下，只要你愿意，我可以一直跟你说话，听你讲话。”我一直努力抑制着眼泪，现在我随它流淌，心里非常轻松了。

“简，别哭，请平静些。”他哀求着。

“你这么生气，我又如何能平静呢？”

“我没有生气，可是我太爱你了。你苍白的小脸看上去那么严肃，坚决。”他想搂着我，我却不允许。

“简！”他伤心地说，“那么你不爱我吗？”

“我是爱你的。”我说，“比以往更爱你，不过这是我最后一次这样说了。我能做的只有一件事，但我说出来你会发怒的。”

“好了，说吧！如果我生气，你就哭好了。”他带着点笑意说。

“罗切斯特先生，我必须离开你。我必须在陌生人中间开始新的生活。”

“当然，我跟你说过我们要离开的。我不理会什么你要离开我这类的胡说八道。你将是罗切斯特太太，我将是你的丈夫，直到死。我们将无忧无虑地、幸福地一起生活在我在法国南部购置的小白屋里。简，别摇头，否则我会生气的。”

“先生，你的妻子还活着。”尽管他咄咄逼人地看着我，我还是壮着胆子说了出来。“如果我这样跟你生活在一起，我就是你的情妇。”

“我是个傻瓜！”他突然说，“我还没把故事的全部告诉给你！噢，我敢肯定你了解一切后会同意的。简，听着。你知道我父亲非常爱财？”

“是的，先生，我听别人说过。”

“好了，他很不愿意把家产分割开，于是就全部传给了我的哥哥。但这就意味着如果不娶个阔老婆，我就很穷，于是他决定我应该和伯莎·梅森结婚，她是他的富朋友乔森·梅森的女儿。我当时年轻，很容易被迷住，所以当我在西印度群岛见到漂亮而又着装优雅的伯莎时，我以为我爱她。当时我真是个傻瓜！婚礼之后，我才得知新娘的妈妈和弟弟都疯了。迪克·梅森可能有一天也会这样。我父亲知道这一切，但没有告诉我。我很快就发现伯莎和我毫无共同之处。她不仅粗鲁、愚蠢，疯病还让她变得凶暴。我和她生活了四年。到那时我父亲和哥哥都去世了，所以我有钱了，但我仍认为自己是个穷汉，因为我至死都被拴在这个疯老婆身上了。”

“我可怜你，先生。我真的可怜你。”

“简，别人的可怜是一种侮辱，但你的可怜，我把它当做爱之源接受。我曾经绝望过，想开枪自杀，但最终还是决定把疯女人带回特恩费得，这儿谁也不知道我们结婚了。此后她一直住在这里，即使费尔法斯太太和仆人也不完全了解她的真相。但是尽管我给格丽丝·普尔的薪水丰厚，并绝对信任她，她有时喝得太多，让那东西跑了出来。她曾两次在夜间跑出她的房间，这你知道的。第一次她几乎把我烧死在床上，第二次她去找了你，看到你的婚纱她一定想起了自己的婚礼。”

“先生，你把她带到这儿来后又做了什么？”

“简，我游遍了欧洲。我在寻找一位善良、聪明的女人，去爱她——”

“但你却不能结婚，先生。”我打断他。

“我当时想我能。我以为我能找到一位理智的女人，理解我的处境，并接受我。”

“那么，先生，你找到了吗？”

“简，在欧洲没找到，我在那儿花了十年时间寻找一个偶像。我曾找过情妇，比如赛林娜，那个法国舞女。但是最终在我浪费了生命，感到痛苦而失望后，我在冬日一个雾蒙蒙的下午回到特恩费得。我的马滑倒在冰上时，一个小家伙出现了，还坚持要帮助我。以后的几个星期里，我开始依赖这个像鸟儿一样的小人来寻找我的幸福和对生活的新兴趣。”

“先生，别再说过去这些了。”我说，擦去了不知不觉流出的眼泪。

“不，简，你是对的，未来会更加光明。现在你明白了，对不对？我在痛苦和孤独中虚度了前半生，但现在我找到了你，你在我心中。我不解释就要和你结婚，真是太傻了。我应该像现在这样坦白一切，然后请求你的宽容。我保证永远爱你，和你在一起。简，你也对我保证。”

一阵沉默。“简，你为什么不说话？”

这对我是个可怕的时刻。我内心矛盾着，理不出头绪，我知道他爱我，我也爱他，但我也知道我必须离开他！

“简，就答应我，说：’我是你的。’”

“罗切斯特先生，我不是你的。”又一阵沉默。

“简，”他温柔的声音刺进我的心灵深处，“简，你想让我们俩永远分离吗？”

“是的。”

“简，”（他弯下腰来吻着我）“你还这么想吗？”

“是的。”我回答说，并从他那儿挣脱出来。

“噢，简，这真是一个痛苦的打击。爱我不是罪过啊。”

“做你想做的事就是罪过。”

“简，想象一下你走后我的生活该多么可怕。我将独自伴着楼上的那个疯女人。我到哪里去寻找友谊、寻找希望？”

“你只能相信上帝和自己。活着时不要做错事，死去时希望进天堂。”

“没有你这是不可能的！再说……你与我生活在一起也不会触怒什么家人。”他开始有些绝望。我知道他说的不错，但我内心也深知我离去是对的。

他像看出了我的心思。他狂怒地冲过屋子，猛地抓住我，狠狠地盯着我的眼睛。他用一只手就能把我弄成两半，但他却无法动摇我的意志。尽管我又弱又小，我却坚定地和他对视着。

“简，你的眼睛，”他说，“是鸟的眼睛，一个自由的、野性的生命的眼睛。即使我打碎了你的笼子，我也够不到你这个美丽的生灵！你会飞走，离我而去。可你也可以选中向我飞来！来，简，来啊！”他放开我，只是看着我。要抵挡这目光是多么难啊！

“我走了。”我说。

“难道我深深的爱对你毫无意义？噢，简，我的希望……我的爱人……我的生命！”他绝望地倒在沙发里。我已到了门口，却不能离开。我又走回来，俯下身去，亲吻了他的脸颊。

“再见，我亲爱的主人！”我说，“愿上帝保护你！”

“简，没有你的爱，我的心都碎了。”他说，“可是毕竟你也许还是可以慷慨地把你的爱给我……”他眼中充满希望地跳起来，向我张开双臂。然而，我转身跑出了房间。

那一夜我睡得很少。我梦到了盖茨赫德的红房子。月光照进我的卧室——当时也确实有月光，我看到天花板上有一个白色影子正向下看着我。它好像对我的灵魂悄声说：“女儿，现在就离开，免得你又受诱惑留下来。”

“妈妈，我会的。”我答道。我醒来时，虽然外面天还黑着，还是将几件换洗衣服放进包裹，然后在钱包里装了点儿钱。我蹑手蹑脚下楼时，听到罗切斯特先生在他房间里，一边来回踱步，一边叹息不已。如果我愿意，我就可以在那间屋里找到天堂。我只消进去说：“我将爱你，和你一起生活到生命的终结。”我的手向门把移去，但我阻止了自己，痛苦地走下楼梯，走出了房子。

上路后，我忍不住要想罗切斯特先生发现自己被抛弃后该是多么绝望。我恨自己伤害了他，或许又让他去过邪恶的生活甚至死去。我渴望和他在一起，安慰他，但不知怎么我还是逼着自己向前走。马车路过时，我打算让自己走到旅费所能负担的最远的地方。马车内，我流下了一生中最伤心的泪。

19 Finding shelter

I was put down at Whitcross, a crossroads on the moor, after travelling for two days in the coach. As it rolled away, I realized I had left my parcel inside, and given the coachman all the coins in my purse. I was alone on the open moor, with no money or possessions. Lonely white roads stretched across the great, wide moors as far as the hills. I was glad to see there were no towns here, because I did not want people to question me or pity me. So I walked across the moor, until I found a dry place to sleep, in the shelter of a small hill. Luckily it was a warm night, with no rain. The next day was hot and sunny, but I needed food and water, so I could not stay on the moor.

Taking one of the white roads, I eventually found a small village. I needed all my courage to knock on some of the doors, asking if there was any paid work I could do. None of the village people could help me, and I could not bring myself to beg for food, although by now I felt weak and faint. At the baker's I offered to exchange my leather gloves for a small cake, but the baker's wife looked at my dirty clothes and said, 'I'm sorry, but how do I know you haven't stolen them?' All I ate that day was a piece of bread, which I begged from a farmer eating his supper. I spent another night on the moor, but this time the air was cold and the ground was damp. Next day I walked from house to house again, looking in vain for work. I was now very weak from lack of food, and I began to wonder why I should struggle to stay alive, when I did not want to live.

It was getting dark again, and I was alone on the moor. In the distance I could see a faint light, and I decided to try to reach it. The wind and rain beat down on me, and I fell down several times, but finally I arrived at a long, low house, standing rather isolated in the middle of the moor. Hiding near the door, I could just see into the kitchen through a small uncurtained window. There was an elderly woman, who might be the housekeeper, mending clothes, and two young ladies, who seemed to be learning a language with dictionaries. The kitchen looked so clean and bright, and the ladies so kind and sensible, that I dared to knock at the door. The elderly woman opened it, but she must have thought I was a thief or a beggar, because she refused to let me speak to the young ladies. The door closed firmly, shutting me out from the warmth inside.

I dropped on to the wet doorstep, worn out and hopeless, prepared to die. There the young ladies' brother found me, when he returned home a few minutes later, and he insisted, much against the housekeeper's wishes, on bringing me into the house. They gave me bread and milk, and asked my

'Jane Elliott, 'I replied. I did not want anybody to know where I had come from. To their further questions I answered that I was too tired to speak. Finally they helped me upstairs to a bedroom, and I sank gratefully into a warm, dry bed.

For three days and nights I lay in bed, exhausted by my experiences, and hardly conscious of my surroundings. As I was recovering, Hannah, the housekeeper, came to sit with me, and told me all about the family. She had known them since they were babies. Their mother had been dead for years, and their father had died only three weeks before. The girls, Diana and Mary Rivers, had to work as governesses, as their father had lost a lot of money in business. St John, their brother, was the vicar in the nearest village, Morton. They only used this house, called Moor House, in the holidays.

When I felt strong enough to get dressed and go downstairs, Diana and Mary looked after me very kindly, and made me feel welcome in their pleasant home. Their brother, however, seemed stern and cold. He was between twenty-eight and thirty, fair-haired and extremely handsome. Diana and Mary were curious about my past, but sensitive enough to avoid asking questions which would hurt me. St John, on the other hand, made determined efforts to discover who I was, but I, just as firmly, refused to explain more than necessary. I told them only that, after attending Lowood school, I became a governess in a wealthy family, where an unfortunate event, not in any way my fault, caused me to run away. That was all I was prepared to say. I offered to do any kind of work, teaching, sewing, cleaning, so that I could become independent again. St John approved of my keenness to work, and promised to find me some paid employment.

第四部 在摩尔屋

19 寻找栖身地

乘马车行进了两天后，我在威特考斯下车，一个沼泽地上的十字路口。马车走后才意识到自己把包裹忘在了车上，钱包里的所有硬币也都给了车夫。我孤零零地站在旷野上，身无分文，一无所有。白色的道路孤独地延伸在广阔的草地上，一直通到山脚下。我很高兴这里看不到乡镇，因为我不想让别人问我或是可怜我。于是我走过沼泽地，直到在小山脚下的避风处找到一块可以睡觉的干地方。所幸夜晚是温暖的，没有下雨。第二天，阳光灿烂，天气很热，但我需要食物和水，所以不能再在沼泽地上待下去。

我沿着一条白茫茫的路走着，终于找到一个小村子。我鼓起自己所有的勇气，敲响了一些人家的门，打听是否有什么能挣钱的活可干。村里没人能帮助我；而且尽管我感到虚弱头晕，却不能让自己去乞讨。在面包店，我想用皮手套换一小块点心，但面包师的妻子却看着我的脏衣服说：“对不起，可我怎么知道这不是你偷的呢？”一整天我只吃了一片面包，是从一个正吃晚饭的农民那儿讨来的。我在沼泽地上又过了一夜，但这夜205

天凉了，地上湿乎乎的。第二天，我又挨家挨户地去找工作，一无所获。现在我因为没有食物已变得非常虚弱，不想活了时开始纳闷自己为什么还拼命地要活着。

天又黑了，我只身一人在沼泽地上。看到远处有微弱的灯光，便决定到那儿去。风裹着雨打在我的身上，我跌倒了好几次，但终于还是走到了一幢孤零零立在沼泽地中间的长长的矮房子前。我藏在门边，只能从一个没挂帘子的小窗看到厨房。一位上年纪的妇人，可能是管家，正在补衣服，还有两个年轻姑娘似乎正借助字典学外语。厨房看上去干净明亮，姑娘们显得那么善良知理，于是我壮着胆子敲了门。年长的妇人开了门，但她一定以为我是一个小偷或乞丐，因为她不让我两位年轻姑娘讲话。门紧紧关上了，把我和屋里的温暖断然隔开。

我倒在潮湿的台阶上，精疲力竭，不抱任何希望，只等着死。几分钟后，年轻姑娘的哥哥从外面回来，在这儿发现了我。他不听管家的话，坚持要把我抬到屋里。他们给了我面包和牛奶，还问我叫什么名字。

“简·艾略特，”我回答说。我不愿让任何人知道我是从哪里来的。他们又问了其他问题，我只是说我太累了，不想说话。最后，她们扶我上楼到卧室休息，我感激地躺到了温暖的、干燥的床上。

三天三夜，我由于劳累过度一直躺在床上，几乎不知道我周围的一切。随着我渐渐好转，管家汉娜就来陪我坐坐，并跟我讲这家人的事情。他们还在儿时，汉娜就认识他们。他们的母亲已去世多年，而父亲在三个星期前刚刚死去。两个女孩戴安娜和玛丽·李维斯不得不做家庭教师，因为他们父亲的生意亏了大本，她们的哥哥圣约翰是最近的村子莫顿的牧师。她们只是在假期里才住在这幢叫摩尔屋的房子里。

我有力气穿好衣服下楼时，戴安娜和玛丽和善地照顾着我，让我觉得在这个和睦的家中是受欢迎的。但她们的哥哥却似乎严肃而冷漠。他约莫28到30岁，金发，非常英俊。戴安娜和玛丽对我的过去感到好奇，但却敏感地不提及可能伤害我的问题。另一方面，圣约翰却坚持不懈地

想要搞清我究竟是谁，而我也坚决地拒绝做出没有必要的解释。我只告诉他们在洛伍德上学之后，我到一家富人家做家庭教师，一件不幸的事使我跑掉了，但那绝不是由于我的过错。我就准备说这些。我提出什么事我都愿做，教书、缝补、清洗，只要能再次独立。圣约翰赞同我对工作的迫切要求，答应帮我找份挣钱的工作。

I spent a month at Moor House, in an atmosphere of warm friendship. I learned to love what Diana and Mary loved the little old grey house, the wild open moors around it, and the lonely hills and valleys where we walked for hours. I read the books they read, and we discussed them eagerly. Diana started teaching me German, and I helped Mary to improve her drawing. We three shared the same interests and opinions, and spent the days and evenings very happily together.

However, St John hardly ever joined in our activities. He was often away from home, visiting the poor and the sick in Morton. His strong sense of duty made him insist on going, even if the weather was very bad. But despite his hard work I thought he lacked true happiness and peace of mind. He often stopped reading or writing to stare into the distance, dreaming perhaps of some ambitious plan. Once I heard him speak at a church service in Morton, and although he was an excellent speaker, there was a certain bitterness and disappointment in his words. He was clearly not satisfied with his present life.

The holiday was coming to an end. Soon Diana and Mary would leave Moor House to return to the wealthy families in the south, where they were both governesses, and St John would go back to the vicar's house in Morton, with Hannah, his housekeeper. Although, his cold manner made it difficult for me to talk to him, I had to ask him whether he had found any employment for me.

'I have,' he answered slowly, 'but remember I am only a poor country vicar, and can't offer you a job with a high salary, so you may not wish to accept it. There's already a school for boys in Morton, and now I want to open one for girls, so I've rented a building for it, with a small small cottage for the schoolteacher. Miss Oliver, who lives in the area and is the only daughter of a rich factory-owner, has kindly paid for the furniture. Will you be the schoolteacher? You would live in the cottage rent-free, and receive thirty pounds a year, no more.'

I thought about it for a moment. It was not as good as being a governess in an important family, but at least I would have no master. I would be free and independent.

'Thank you, Mr Rivers, I accept gladly,' I replied.

'But you do understand?' he asked, a little worried. 'It will only be a village school. The girls will be poor and uneducated. You'll be teaching reading, writing, counting, sewing, that's all. There'll be no music or languages or painting.'

'I understand, and I'll be happy to do it,' I answered.

He smiled, well satisfied with me.

'And I'll open the school tomorrow, if you like,' I added.

'Very good,' he agreed. Then looking at me, he said, 'But 214

I don't think you'll stay long in the village.'

'Why not? I'm not ambitious, although I think you are.'

He looked surprised. 'I know I am, but how did you discover that? No, I think you won't be satisfied by living alone. You need people to make you happy.' He said no more.

Diana and Mary lost their usual cheerfulness as the moment for leaving their home and their brother came closer.

'You see, Jane,' Diana explained, 'St John is planning to become a missionary very soon. He feels his purpose in life is to spread the Christian religion in unexplored places where the people have never heard the word of God. So we won't see him for many years, perhaps never again! He looks quiet, Jane, but he's very determined. I know he's doing God's work, but it will break my heart to see him leave!' And she broke down in tears.

Mary wiped her own tears away, as she said, 'We've lost our father. Soon we'll lose our brother too!'

Just then St John himself entered, reading a letter. 'Our uncle John is dead,' he announced. The sisters did not look shocked or sad, but seemed to be waiting for more information. St John gave them the letter to read, and then they all looked at each other, smiling rather tiredly.

'Well,' said Diana, 'at least we have enough money to live on. We don't really need any more.'

'Yes,' said St John, 'but unfortunately we can imagine 216

how different our lives might have been.' He went out. There was a silence for a few minutes, then Diana turned to me,

'Jane, you must be surprised that we don't show any sadness at our uncle's death. I must explain. We've never met him. He was my mother's brother, and he and my father quarrelled years ago about a business deal. That's when my father lost most of his money. My uncle, on the other hand, made a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. As he never married and had no relations apart from us and one other person, my father always hoped we would inherit uncle John's money. But it seems this other relation has inherited his whole fortune. Of course we shouldn't have expected anything, but Mary and I would have felt rich with only a thousand pounds each, and St John would have been able to help more poor people!' She said no more, and none of us referred to the subject again that evening.

The next day the Rivers family returned to their separate places of work, and I moved to the cottage in Morton.

20 一个新家

在摩尔屋，我在温暖的友情中度过了一个月。我开始喜欢戴安娜以及玛丽所喜欢的——这个小小的灰色老屋，周围的开阔草地，孤零零的山丘和河谷，我们常去那里散步，一去便是几个钟头。我读她们读的书，然后大家一起热烈地讨论。戴安娜开始教我德文，我则帮助玛丽提高她的素描。我们三人有共同的兴趣和一致的想法，白天晚上都高高兴兴地待在一起。

但是，圣约翰却很少参加我们的活动。他常常出门，去看望莫顿的穷人和病人。他强烈的责任心使他即使在天气恶劣的时候也一定要去。然而尽管他工作很努力，我仍觉得他缺少真正的幸福和安宁的心绪。他常常停止读书或写作，呆呆地盯着远处，可能梦想着什么宏伟的计划。一次我听到他在莫顿的教堂里布道，尽管他很有口才，我却听出他话语中的某种痛苦和失望。他显然不满足于现在的生活。

假期要结束了。不久戴安娜和玛丽都要离开摩尔屋，回到南方的富人家，继续做家庭教师。圣约翰要带着管家汉娜回到以莫顿的牧师的身份住的屋里去。尽管他举止冷漠，让我很难与他搭话，我还是得问他是否为我找到了工作。

“找到了。”他慢慢地说。“但不要忘了我只是个乡下的穷牧师，不可能给你一份薪水高的工作，所以你可能不愿接受。在莫顿已有一所男孩子上的学校，现在我想为女孩子办所学校。因此我已租好了校舍，其中有教师住的小房子。奥利弗小姐住在这一带，是一个富裕的工厂主的女儿，她好心买来了家具。你能做教师吗？你可以免费住在小房子里，每年可得30镑，不会更多。”

我考虑了一会儿。和在大家庭中做家庭教师相比，这不算好，但至少我没有什么主人了，我是自由和自立的。

“谢谢，李维斯先生，我很乐意接受。”我说。

“但是你明白吗？”他有些担心地问。“这只是一所乡村小学。女孩子们很穷，没有受过教育。你要同时教阅读、写作、算术和缝纫。没有音乐、语言或绘画课。”

“我明白，我乐意做。”我答道。

他微笑着，对我非常满意。

“如果你愿意，我明天就开学。”我补充道。

“很好。”他应和着，然后看着我说：“但我觉得你在村里不会久留的。”

“为什么呢？我没有什么雄心壮志，不过我觉得你有。”

他看上去很吃惊。“我知道我有，可你是怎么发现的？不，我觉得你不会满足于孤独的生活，你需要别人给你带来快乐。”他没再说什么。

随着离家和离开哥哥的日子一天天临近，戴安娜和玛丽渐渐失去了平日的欢乐。

“简，你知道，”戴安娜解释道。“圣约翰计划不久去做传教士。他认为自己生命的意义在于把基督教传播到人们从未听说过上帝之言的蛮荒之地去。所以我们好几年都将见不到他，甚至可能再也见不到了。简，他看上去文静，但却很坚定。我知道他为上帝工作，但看他离去让我心都碎了。”她哭了出来。

玛丽擦着自己的眼泪，说：“我们失去了父亲，不久又要失去哥哥！”

正在这时圣约翰读着一封信走了进来，“咱们的舅舅约翰去世了。”他宣布说。两姊妹看上去既不吃惊也不悲伤，却似乎在等着什么下文。圣约翰把信递给她们看，然后她们相互对视一眼，疲倦地笑了。

“好了，”戴安娜说，“至少我们有足够的钱生活下去。我们真的不需要那么多。”

“是的。”圣约翰说。“但不幸的是我们能想像出我们的生活是多么不一样。”他出去了。沉默了几分钟后，戴安娜对我说：“简，我们对舅舅的死显不出一点儿悲哀，你不必惊讶。我必须解释一下。我们从未见过他。他是我母亲的一个兄弟，多年前他和我父亲因为生意上的事大吵了一场。那时我父亲亏了很多钱，而我舅舅却发了财，赚了20 000英镑。他从未结婚，除我们和另一个人之外也没有亲戚，我父亲一直希望我们能继承约翰舅舅的财产。但是似乎另一个人已继承了他的全部遗产。当然我们本不该指望什么，但如果每人有1 000英镑，玛丽和我就会觉得很富裕了，圣约翰也能帮助更多的穷人了。”她没有再说下去，那天晚上谁也没再提起此事。

第二天，李维斯一家各自回到不同的工作地点，而我则搬到莫顿的小屋子去了。

I had twenty village girls to teach, some of them with such a strong country accent that I could hardly communicate with them. Only three could read, and none could write, so at the end of my first day I felt quite depressed at the thought of the hard work ahead of me. But I reminded myself that I was fortunate to have any sort of job, and that I would certainly get used to teaching these girls, who, although they were very poor, might be as good and as intelligent as children from the greatest families in England.

Ever since I ran away from Thornfield, Mr Rochester had remained in my thoughts, and now, as I stood at my cottage door that first evening, looking at the quiet fields, I allowed myself to imagine again the life I could have had with him in his little white house in the south of France. He would have loved me, oh yes, he would have loved me very much for a while. 'He did love me, 'I thought, 'nobody will ever love me like that again. 'But then I told myself that I would only have been his mistress, in a foreign country, and for a short time, until he grew tired of me. I should be much happier here as a schoolteacher, free and honest, in the healthy heart of England. But strangely enough, St John Rivers found me crying as he approached the cottage. Frowning at the sight of the tears on my cheeks, he asked me,

'Do you regret accepting this job, then? '

'Oh no, 'I replied quickly, 'I'm sure I'll get used to it soon. And I'm really very grateful to have a home, and work to do. After all, I had nothing a few weeks ago. '

'But you feel lonely, perhaps? 'he asked, still puzzled.

'I haven't had time to feel lonely yet. '

'Well, I advise you to work hard, and not to look back into your past. If something which we know is wrong tempts us, then we must make every effort to avoid it, by putting our energy to better use. A year ago I too was very miserable, because I was bored by the routine life of a country vicar, and I was tempted to change my profession. But suddenly there was light in my darkness, and God called me to be a missionary. No profession could be greater than that! Since that moment of truth, I have been perfectly happy, making my preparations for leaving England and going abroad in the service of God. Happy, that is, except for one little human weakness, which I have sworn to overcome. '

His eyes shone as he spoke of his great purpose in life, and I was listening, fascinated, so neither of us heard the light footsteps approaching the cottage along the grassy path.

'Good evening, Mr Rivers, 'said a charming voice, as sweet as a bell. St John jumped as if hit between the shoulders, then turned slowly and stiffly to face the speaker. A vision in white, with a young, girlish figure, was standing beside him. When she threw back her veil, she revealed a face of perfect beauty. St John glanced quickly at her, but dared not look at her for long. He kept his eyes on the ground as he answered, 'A lovely evening, but it's late for you to be out alone. '

'Oh, Father told me you'd opened the new girls' school, so I simply had to come to meet the new schoolteacher. That must be you, 'she said to me, smiling. 'Do you like Morton? And your pupils? And your cottage? 'I realized this must be the rich Miss Oliver who had generously furnished my cottage.

'Yes, indeed Miss Oliver, 'I replied. 'I'm sure I'll enjoy teaching here. And I like my cottage very much. '

'I'll come and help you teach sometimes. I get so bored at home! Mr Rivers, I've been away visiting friends, you know. I've had such fun! I was dancing with the officers until two o'clock this morning! They're all so charming! '

St John's face looked sterner than usual and his lip curled in disapproval, as he lifted his handsome head and looked straight into Miss Oliver's laughing eyes. He breathed deeply and his chest rose, as if his heart wanted to fly out of its cage, but he said nothing, and after a pause Miss Oliver continued, 'Do come and visit my father, Mr Rivers. Why don't you ever come? '

'I can't come, Miss Rosamund. 'It seemed clear to me that St John had to struggle with himself to refuse this smiling invitation.

'Well, if you don't want to, I must go home then.

Goodbye! 'She held out her hand. He just touched it, his hand trembling.

'Goodbye! 'he said in a low, hollow voice, his face as white as a sheet. They walked away in different directions. She turned back twice to look at him, but he did not turn round at all.

The sight of another person's suffering and sacrifice stopped me thinking so much about my own problems. I had plenty of opportunities to observe St John and Miss Oliver together. Every day St John taught one Bible lesson at the school, and Miss Oliver, who knew her power over him, always chose that particular moment to arrive at the school door, in her most attractive riding dress. She used to walk past the rows of admiring pupils towards the young vicar, smiling openly at him. He just stared at her, as if he wanted to say, 'I love you, and I know you love me. If I offered you my heart, I think you'd accept. But my heart is already promised as a sacrifice to God. 'But he never said anything, and she always turned sadly away like a disappointed child. No doubt he would have given the world to call her back, but he would not give his chance of heaven.

When I discovered that Miss Oliver's father greatly admired the Rivers family, and would have no objection to her marrying a vicar, I decided to try to persuade St John to marry her. I thought he could do more good with Miss Oliver's money in England than as a missionary under the baking sun in the East.

My chance came some weeks later, when he visited me one November evening in my little cottage. He noticed a sketch I had been doing of Miss Oliver, and could not take his eyes off it.

'I could paint you an exact copy, 'I said gently, 'if you admit that you would like it. '

'She's so beautiful! 'he murmured, still looking at it. 'I would certainly like to have it. '

'She likes you, I'm sure, 'I said, greatly daring, 'and her father respects you. You ought to marry her. '

'It's very pleasant to hear this, 'he said, not at all shocked by my honesty. 'I shall allow myself fifteen minutes to

think about her. 'And he actually put his watch on the table, and sat back in his chair, closing his eyes. 'Married to the lovely Rosamund Oliver! Let me just imagine it! My heart is full of delight! 'And there was silence for a quarter of an hour until he picked up his watch, and put the sketch back on the table.

'Temptation has a bitter taste,' he said, shaking his head. 'I can't marry her. You see, although I love her so deeply, I know that Rosamund would not make a good wife for a missionary.

'But you needn't be a missionary!' I cried.

'Indeed I must! It's the great work God has chosen me to do! I shall carry with me into the darkest corners of the world knowledge, peace, freedom, religion, the hope of heaven! That is what I live for, and what I shall die for! '

'What about Miss Oliver?' I asked after a moment. 'She may be very disappointed if you don't marry her. '

'Miss Oliver will forget me in a month, and will probably marry someone who'll make her far happier than I ever could! '

'You speak calmly, but I know you're suffering. '

'You are original,' he said, looking surprised. He had clearly not imagined that men and women could discuss such deep feelings together. 'But believe me, I have overcome this weakness of mine, and become as hard as a rock. My only ambition now is to serve God. 'As he picked up his hat before leaving, something on a piece of paper on the table caught his eye. He glanced at me, then tore off a tiny piece very quickly, and with a rapid 'Goodbye!' rushed out of the cottage. I could not imagine what he had found to interest him so much.

21 李维斯先生的代价

我给村里的二十个女孩儿上课，有些女孩儿乡下口音很重，我几乎无法和她们交流。只有三人会读书，没有人会写字。所以第一天下来，想到摆在我面前的艰苦工作，我感到非常沮丧。但是我提醒自己能找到任何一份工作对我来说都是幸运的，我一定能习惯教这些孩子，她们尽管很穷，但可能和来自英格兰大家族的孩子一样好，一样聪明。

自从离开特恩费得后，罗切斯特先生一直留在我的脑海里。现在，我在这第一个夜晚站在小屋门口，望着静静的田野，任由自己想象着在法国南部的小白屋里我们会过怎样一种生活。他会爱我。噢，是的，他会一时非常爱我。“他的确爱过我。”我想。“再不会有谁像他那样爱我。”但是我又告诫自己，我只能成为他在异国的情妇，时间不会长，直到他厌倦我了。在这里做教师，生活在英格兰健康的腹地，我会更快乐、自由和实在。可奇怪的是当圣约翰来到小屋时，他却发现我在哭泣。他看着我脸颊上的泪痕，皱着眉头问：

“那么你后悔了？”

“噢，不，”我赶紧说，“我相信我很快会适应的。而且有了家，有了工作，我真的非常感激。无论如何，几星期前我还是一无所有呢！”

“也许你感到孤独？”他仍然不解地问。

“我还没有时间去感受孤独。”

“那么我建议你努力工作，不要去回首往事。如果我们明知是错误的东西在引诱我们，我们就必须尽一切努力避免它，把精力放在更有意义的方面。一年前我也非常痛苦，因为乡村牧师的单调生活让我感到厌倦，我起了换个工作的念头。然而黑暗中突然出现了光明，上帝召唤我去做一名传教士。没有什么职业比这更伟大了！从那个真理显现的时刻起，我就一直非常快乐，准备着离开英格兰，到国外去为上帝效力。这就是快乐，除此之外，我还有一个人性的弱点需要克服。”

他讲述自己的远大人生目标时，眼睛都亮了，我听着，非常激动，因此我们谁也没有听到沿着长满小草的路走向小屋的脚步声。

“晚上好，李维斯先生。”有人说道，声音优美动人，如银铃般甜美。圣约翰一抖，好像被人从背后打了一下，然后慢慢地、僵硬地转过身去对着来人。他身后站着一个人身穿白衣、年轻、有着少女般体态的人。当她撩起面纱时，她现出了姣好完美的面容。圣约翰迅速瞥了她一眼，却不敢长时间看她。他一直盯着脚下回答道：“夜很美，但太晚了，你不该单独出来。”

“噢，父亲告诉我你已开办了新的女童学校，所以我必须来见见新老师。一定是你了。”她笑着对我说。“你喜欢莫顿吗？还有你的学生呢？你的小屋呢？”我意识到这一定是有钱的奥利弗小姐，她慷慨地为我的小屋提供了家具。

“的确喜欢，奥利弗小姐。”我答道。“我肯定会喜欢在这里教书，并且我非常喜欢我的小屋。”

“我有时会来帮你教书的，我在家里待得无聊。李维斯先生，我出门看朋友去了，过得非常愉快！我一直和军官们跳舞到凌晨两点钟。他们都太迷人了！”

当圣约翰抬起英俊的脸而直视奥利弗小姐一双满含笑意的脸时，他的脸比平时变得更加严肃，嘴角向下撇着表示不以为然。他深深地吸了一口气，胸膛鼓了起来，好像他的心要飞出牢笼一般，然而他什么也没说。沉默一阵后，奥利弗小姐继续说：“请一定来看望我父亲，李维斯先生。你为什么不来呢？”

“罗莎蒙特小姐，我不能去。”我明显看出圣约翰必须努力克制自己，不接受这带着微笑的邀请。

“好吧，如果你不想去，我就得回家了。再见！”她伸出手去。他只是碰了碰，手直发抖。

“再见！”他用空落落的声音低声说，脸也变得像纸一样苍白。他们朝不同的方向走去。她两次回过回头来看着他，而他根本没有转过一次身。

看到别人的痛苦和牺牲，使我暂时不再去想自己的问题。我有很多机会观察圣约翰和奥利弗小姐。每天圣约翰在学校上一次圣经课，而奥利弗小姐明白自己对他的影响力，总是挑这个时候，穿着迷人的骑装，来到学校门口。她常常在孩子们钦慕的注视下走向年轻的牧师，毫不掩饰地向他微笑着。他只是注视着她，好像想说：“我爱你，我也知道你爱我。如果我把心交给你，我想你会接受的，但我的心已经答应奉献给上帝。”可他从来不说什么，而她也总是像个失望的孩子一样伤心地离去。毫无疑问他可以放弃世上的一切唤她回来，但却不能放弃他进入天堂的机会。

我发现奥利弗小姐的父亲非常尊重李维斯一家，决不会反对女儿嫁给一个牧师，便决定说服奥利弗和她结婚。我觉得，与在东方的骄阳下做什么传教士相比，他有了奥利弗小姐的财产，可以在英格兰做更多善事。

几个星期后，我找到了机会。11月的一个晚上，他到小屋来看我。他注意到我为奥利弗小姐画的一幅素描，无法把目光从上面移开。

“如果你承认你喜欢，我可以为你画一幅更细的。”我轻声道。

“她太美了！”他喃喃地说，目光仍然盯着画。“我当然愿意要一张。”

“我敢肯定她喜欢你。”我大胆地说。“他父亲也尊重你，你应该娶她。”

“很高兴听你这么说。”他说，一点儿也不为我的坦率感到惊讶。“我给我自己十五分钟来想她。”他真的将表放在桌上，然后靠到椅子上，闭上了眼睛。“和可爱的罗莎蒙特·奥利弗小姐结婚！让我想像一下吧！我心中充满了快乐！”一刻钟里寂静无声，然后他拿起手表，把素描放回桌上。

“诱惑是苦涩的。”他摇头说。“我不能和她结婚。你知道，尽管我深深地爱着她，但我知道罗莎蒙特不会成为一个传教士的好妻子。”

“可你不一定非做传教士啊！”我叫道。

“我当然必须做！这是上帝选择我去做的伟大工作！我要给世界上最黑暗的角落带去知识、和平、自由、宗教和天堂的希望。我为此而生，也将为此而死！”

“那奥利弗小姐怎么办？”我过了一会儿问。“你不娶她，她可能会非常失望。”

“奥利弗小姐一个月后就会把我忘掉，可能会嫁给一个比我更能使她幸福的人！”

“你说起来轻松，但我知道你很痛苦。”

“你真有创见！”他惊奇地说。显然他想像不出男女之间还可以一起讨论这样深层的情感问题。“不过，相信我，我已经克服了自己的这个弱点，变得如顽石般坚强。我现在唯一的志向就是为上帝服务。”他拿起帽子正要离去，桌上纸上的什么东西吸引了他的注意力。他看了我一眼，然后迅速撕下一个小角。他匆匆说声“再见！”便冲出了小屋。我搞不清他发现了什么让他这么感兴趣的東西。

22 Sudden wealth

When St John left, it was beginning to snow, and it continued snowing all night and all the next day. In the evening I sat by my fire, listening to the wind blowing outside, and had just started reading when I heard a noise. The wind, I thought, was shaking the door, but no, it was St John, who came in out of the frozen darkness, his coat covered in snow.

'What's happened?' I cried, amazed. 'I thought nobody would be out in weather like this! What's the matter?'

'There's nothing wrong,' he answered calmly, hanging up his coat, and stamping the snow from his boots. 'I just came to have a little talk to you. Besides, since yesterday I've been eager to hear the other half of your story.' He sat down. I had no idea what he was referring to, and remembering his strange behaviour with the piece of paper, I began to fear that he might be going mad. He looked quite normal, however, and we made conversation for a while, although he seemed to be thinking of something else.

Suddenly he said, 'When I arrived I said I wanted to hear the rest of your story. But perhaps it's better if I tell the story. I'm afraid you've heard it before, but listen anyway. Twenty years ago a poor vicar fell in love with a rich man's daughter. She also fell in love with him, and married him, against the advice of all her family. Sadly, less than two years later the couple were both dead. I've seen their grave. Their baby daughter was brought up by an aunt, a Mrs Reed of Gateshead. You jumped—did you hear a noise? I'll continue. I don't know whether the child was happy with Mrs Reed, but she stayed there ten years, until she went to Lowood school, where you were yourself. In fact, it seems her life was quite similar to yours. She became a teacher at Lowood, as you did, and then became a governess in the house of a certain Mr Rochester.'

'Mr Rivers!' I interrupted, unable to keep silent.

'I can imagine how you feel,' he replied, 'but wait till I've finished. I don't know anything about Mr Rochester's character, but I do know that he offered to marry this young girl, who only discovered during the wedding ceremony that he was in fact already married, to a mad woman. The governess disappeared soon after this, and although investigations have been carried out, and advertisements placed in newspapers, and every effort made to find her, nobody knows where she's gone. But she must be found! Mr Briggs, a lawyer, has something very important to tell her.'

'Just tell me one thing,' I said urgently. 'What about Mr Rochester? How and where is he? What's he doing? Is he well?'

'I know nothing about Mr Rochester. Why don't you ask the name of the governess, and why everybody is looking for her?'

'Did Mr Briggs write to Mr Rochester?' I asked.

'He did, but he received an answer not from him, but from the housekeeper, a Mrs Fairfax.'

I felt cold and unhappy. No doubt Mr Rochester had left England for a life of wild pleasure in the cities of Europe. That was what I had been afraid of. Oh, my poor master—once almost my husband—who I had often called 'my dear Edward'!

'As you won't ask the governess's name, I'll tell you myself,' continued St John. 'I've got it written down. It's always better to have facts in black and white.' And he took out of his wallet a tiny piece of paper, which I recognized as part of my sketch book, and showed it to me. On it I read, in my own writing, 'JANE EYRE', which I must have written without thinking.

'The advertisements and Briggs spoke of a Jane Eyre, but I only knew a Jane Elliott,' said St John. 'Are you Jane Eyre?'

'Yes—yes, but doesn't Mr Briggs know anything about Mr Rochester?' I asked desperately.

'I don't think Briggs is at all interested in Mr Rochester. You're forgetting the really important thing. Don't you want to know why he's been looking for you?'

'Well, what did he want?' I asked, almost rudely.

'Only to tell you that your uncle, Mr Eyre of Madeira, is dead, that he has left you all his property, and that you're now rich—only that, nothing more.'

Rich! One moment I was poor, the next moment I was wealthy. It was hard to realize my new situation. A fortune brings serious worries and responsibilities with it, which I could hardly imagine. I was sorry to hear that my uncle, my only surviving relation, was dead. However, the inheritance would give me independence for life, and I was glad of that.

'Perhaps you would like to know how much you've inherited?' offered St John politely. 'It's nothing much really, just twenty thousand pounds, I think.'

'Twenty thousand pounds?' The news took my breath away. St John, who I had never heard laugh before, actually laughed out loud at my shocked face. 'Perhaps...perhaps you've made a mistake?' I asked him nervously.

'No, there's no mistake. Now I must be leaving. Good night.' He was about to open the door, when suddenly I called, 'Stop! Why did Mr Briggs write to you in order to find me?'

'Oh, I'm a vicar. I have ways of discovering things.'

'No, that doesn't satisfy me. Tell me the truth,' I insisted, putting myself between him and the door.

'Well, I'd rather not tell you just now, but I suppose you'll discover it sooner or later. Did you know that my full name is St John Eyre Rivers?'

'No, I didn't! But then what—' And I stopped as light flooded my mind and I saw clearly the chain of circumstances which connected us. But St John continued his explanation.

'My mother's name was Eyre,' he said. 'She had two brothers, one, a vicar, who married Miss Jane Reed of Gateshead, and the other, John Eyre of Madeira. Mr Briggs, Mr Eyre's lawyer, wrote to us telling us that our uncle had died, and left all his property, not to us, because of his quarrel with our father, but to his brother's daughter. Then Mr Briggs wrote again later, saying this girl could not be found. Well, I've found her.' He moved towards the door, his hat in his hand.

'Wait a moment, just let me think,' I said. 'So you, Diana and Mary are my cousins?'

‘We are your cousins, yes,’ he said, waiting patiently.

As I looked at him, it seemed I had found a brother and sisters to love and be proud of for the rest of my life. The people who had saved my life were my close relations! This was wealth indeed to a lonely heart, brighter and more life-giving than the heavy responsibility of coins and gold.

‘Oh, I’m glad—I’m so glad!’ I cried, laughing.

St John smiled. ‘You were serious when I told you you had inherited a fortune. Now you’re excited about something very unimportant.’

‘What can you mean? It may mean nothing to you. You already have sisters and don’t need any more family. But I had nobody, and now I suddenly have three relations in my world, or two, if you don’t want to be counted.’ I walked rapidly round the room, my thoughts rising so fast I could hardly understand them. The family I now had, the people who had saved me from starvation, I could now help them! There were the four of us cousins. Twenty thousand pounds, shared equally, would be five thousand pounds each, more than enough for each one of us. It would be a fair and just arrangement, and we would all be happy. I would no longer have the worry of controlling a large amount of money, and they would never have to work again. We would all be able to spend more time together at Moor House.

Naturally, when I made this suggestion to St John and his sisters, they protested strongly, and it was with great difficulty that I finally managed to convince them of my firm intention to carry out this plan. In the end they agreed that it was a fair way of sharing the inheritance, and so the legal steps were taken to transfer equal shares to all of us.

22 财从天降

圣约翰离开时，天下起雪来，持续了一晚上和第二天一天。晚上，我坐在炉边，听着屋外呼啸的风声。我正要开始看书，突然听到什么响动。我想是风吹动门的声音吧，但不是，是圣约翰。他从寒夜中走进来，身上披满雪花。

“出了什么事？”我惊讶地问。“我以为没人会在这种鬼天气里外出。怎么啦？”

“没出什么事。”他平静地说，一边挂好帽子，并跺掉靴子上的积雪。“我只是要跟你谈谈。另外，从昨天开始，我很想听听你的另外一部分故事。”他坐了下来。我摸不清他指的是什么，想起他昨晚撕纸的奇怪举动，我开始担心他是不是要疯了。但是，他看上去一切正常，我们说了会儿话，不过他显然在想着别的事情。

突然，他说：“我刚才到的时候，说我想听听你另一部分故事，不过也许由我来讲更好。也许你以前听过，但还是再听听吧！二十年前，一个穷牧师爱上了一个富家的女儿，女孩也爱上了他，和他结了婚，违背了家庭的意愿。不幸的是，不到两年，他们便双双去世。我曾见到他们的墓。他们的小女儿由舅妈——盖茨赫德的里德太太抚养长大。你抖了一下，是听到什么动静了吗？我接着说。我不知道孩子跟着里德太太生活得是否幸福，但她在那儿住了十年，直到去洛伍德上学。你也在那儿待过。实际上，她的生活经历似乎和你很像。然后，她成了一位罗切斯特先生家的家庭教师。”

“李维斯先生！”我无法再保持沉默，打断了他。

“我能够想像你的感受，”他答道。“不过，还是先听我说完。我不了解罗切斯特先生的性格，但他提出要娶这位年轻姑娘。姑娘是在婚礼上才发现他已经结婚，妻子是个疯女人。此后不久家庭教师很快失踪了。尽管进行了调查，报上登了启事，用尽了一切办法寻找她，还是没人知道她的下落。但是，必须要找到她！律师布莱格斯先生有重要的事要跟她谈。”

“就告诉我一件事。”我急切地说。“罗切斯特先生怎么了？他现在怎么样？在哪儿？在做什么？他好吗？”

“我对罗切斯特先生一无所知。你为什么不问问家庭教师的名字，以及为什么大家都在找她？”

“布莱格斯先生给罗切斯特先生写信了吗？”我问。

“他写过，但回信的不是他，而是管家，一位费尔法斯太太。”

我感到身上发冷，很不高兴。无疑罗切斯特先生又离开英格兰到欧洲的城市去寻找作乐了，这正是我所担心的。噢，我可怜的主人，差点儿成了我的丈夫，我曾经常称做“我亲爱的爱德华”的人！

“既然你不问家庭教师的名字，我来告诉你。”圣约翰接着说。“我有笔头证据，最好还是白纸黑字清楚些。”他拿出钱包，从里面抽出一张小纸片，拿给我看。我认出那是我速写本上的，上面是我自己的亲笔字“简·爱”，这一定是我无意之中写上去的。

“布莱格斯先生及启事中提到一个简·爱，但我只认识一个简·艾略特。”圣约翰说。“你是简·爱吗？”

“是的，是的，可布莱格斯先生就没有罗切斯特先生的消息吗？”我迫不急待地问。

“我觉得布莱格斯先生对罗切斯特先生毫无兴趣，你忘了真正重要的事。你想知道他为什么在找你吗？”

“好吧，他究竟想要什么？”我几乎无礼地问。

“只是想告诉你，你舅舅，马迪拉的爱先生去世了，他把财产留给了你，你现在富有了。就这些，再没别的了。”

富有！一时我很穷，一时我又富了。我很难意识到自己的新境遇。一笔财富可以带来我根本无法想像的担忧和责任。听到我唯一活着的亲人我的舅舅去世了，我感到很难过。但是继承遗产可以让我独立生活，这点我很高兴。

“或许你想知道你继承了多少财产？”圣约翰客气地说。“其实并不很多，我想只有20 000英镑。”

“20 000英镑？”这消息让我停止了呼吸。我从未听到过圣约翰的笑声，这时他看到我吃惊的样子，不禁大笑了起来。“也许……也许你搞错了。”我胆怯地问他。

“不，没有错。现在我得走了，晚安。”他正要开门，我突然喊道：“站住！为什么布莱格斯找我要写信给你？”

“哦，我是牧师，有途径找到。”

“不，我不满意你的话，告诉我实情。”我坚持道，站在门前挡住他。

“我本不想现在告诉你，不过我想你早晚也会知道。你知道不知道我的全名叫圣约翰·爱·李维斯？”

“不，不知道！不过，那么这就是说……”我停住了，脑子里念头一闪，开始明白联系我们之间的那一连串的事情。但圣约翰继续解释着。

“我母亲姓爱。”他说。“她有两个哥哥，一个是牧师，娶了盖茨赫德的简·里德小姐，另一个就是马迪拉的约翰·爱。布莱格斯先生是爱先生的律师，他写信告诉我们舅舅死了。因为和我们的父亲吵架，他没有把财产留给我们，而是给了他弟弟的女儿。后来布莱格斯先生又写信来，说找不到那位姑娘。不过，我把你找到了。”他手里拿着帽子朝门口走去。

“等一等，让我想想。”我说。“那么戴安娜和玛丽是我的表姐妹了？”

“是的，我们是你的表亲。”他耐心地等待着。

我看着他，好像自己找到了一个哥哥和两个姐姐，可以一辈子爱他们，并以他们为荣。原来救了我的命的人竟是我的近亲！对一颗孤独的心来说，这的确是一笔财富，比金钱带来的沉重负担更能照亮我的生命。

“啊，我真高兴——我真高兴！”我笑着，叫着。

圣约翰笑了。“我跟你说你继承了财产时你很严肃，现在对这无关紧要的事你倒激动起来了。”

“你这是什么意思？这可能对你毫无意义。你已经有两个妹妹，不再需要什么亲人了。可是我没有一个亲人，而现在我的世界里却突然有了三个亲人，或许是两个，如果241

你不愿被称做一个的话。”我在屋里急步踱着，脑子里的念头一个接一个地闪现，我自己都搞不懂了。我现在的亲人，这些曾从饥饿中拯救过我的人，我如今可以帮助他们！我们表兄妹四个，均分 20 000英镑，每人可得5 000英镑，足够用的。这样安排公平合理，我们大家都会感到高兴，我也不必再为掌握着这么多钱而担心，她们也不必再工作了。我们可以有更多的时间一起生活在摩尔屋了。

我向圣约翰和他的妹妹们提出这个建议时，他们坚决反对。我费了很大力气才说服她们我一定要这样办。最后他们终于同意这样分配遗产是公平的，于是我们办理了必要的法律手续，把财产平均划到每个人名下。

I promised to stay at Morton school until Christmas, when St John would be able to find another teacher. He was there when I closed the school for the Christmas holidays. I was quite sorry to have to say goodbye to some of my pupils.

'You see what progress they have made! And you've only worked here a few months!' he said. 'Imagine how much more good you could do if you gave your whole life to teaching!'

'Yes,' I answered, 'but I couldn't do it for ever. Don't mention school, I'm on holiday now!'

He looked serious. 'What are your plans?'

'I want you to let me have Hannah for a few days. She and I are going to clean Moor House from top to bottom, and make all the Christmas preparations that you know nothing about, being only a man. Everything must be ready for Diana and Mary when they come home next week, for a really wonderful holiday.'

St John smiled but he was still not satisfied with me. 'That's all right for the moment, but I hope, Jane, that you'll look higher than domestic activity, and think about a better way of using your energy and intelligence in the service of God.'

'St John, I have so many reasons for happiness. I am determined to be happy despite your scolding!'

That week Hannah and I worked harder than we had ever worked in our lives before, but at last all was ready. It was a delight to see Diana's and Mary's faces when they arrived cold and stiff from their long journey, and saw the warm fires and polished furniture, and smelt the cakes and meat dishes cooking.

We three spent the whole of Christmas week in perfect happiness. The air of the moors, the freedom of home, and the beginning of independence made Diana and Mary happier than I had ever seen them. Only St John remained apart from our conversations and laughter. He continued his serious studies, and spent much time visiting the sick as usual.

'Do you still intend to be a missionary?' Diana asked him once, a little sadly.

'Nothing has changed or will change my plans,' he answered. 'I shall leave England in a few months'time.'

'And Rosamund Oliver?' asked Mary gently.

'Rosamund Oliver is engaged to a Mr Granby, a very suitable young man, according to her father.' His face was calm. I realized he had managed to overcome what he called his weakness.

Gradually our life at Moor House lost its holiday feeling, and as we took up our usual habits and regular studies again, St John sat with us more often. Sometimes I had the impression he was observing us. One day, when Diana and Mary were out and I was learning German, he suddenly said to me, 'I want you to learn Hindustani instead of German. I'll need it for my missionary work in India, and you could help me to learn it by studying with me. I've chosen you because I've noticed you have better powers of concentration than either of my sisters.' It seemed so important to him that I could not refuse, and when his sisters returned, they were surprised to find me learning Hindustani with St John.

From now on we spent a lot of time together, studying. I had to work very hard to satisfy him. Under his influence, however, I felt I was losing my freedom to be myself. I could no longer talk or laugh freely, as I knew he only approved of serious moods and studies. I fell under his freezing spell, obeying all his commands without thinking.

One evening, at bedtime, as he kissed his sisters good night, and was holding out his hand to shake mine, as usual, Diana said, laughing, 'St John! You aren't treating Jane like one of the family! You should kiss her too.' I was rather embarrassed, but St John calmly kissed me, and did so every evening after that.

I had not forgotten Mr Rochester in all these changes of home and fortune. His name was written on my heart, and would stay there as long as I lived. Not only had I written to ask Mr Briggs more about him, I had also written twice to Mrs Fairfax. But after I had waited in vain for six months, I lost hope, and felt low indeed. Diana said I looked ill, and needed a holiday at the seaside, but St John thought I ought to concentrate on more serious work, and gave me even more Hindustani exercises to do.

One day, while he and I were walking on the moors, he announced, 'Jane, I'll be leaving in six weeks.'

'You're doing God's work. He'll protect you,' I replied.

'Yes, it seems strange to me that all my friends don't want to join me. God offers a place in heaven to all who serve Him. What does your heart say to that, Jane?'

'My heart is silent—my heart is silent,' I murmured.

'Then I must speak for it,' said the deep, stern voice. 'Jane, come with me to India as a missionary!'

Was it a call from God? I felt as if I was under a terrible spell, and I trembled, afraid that I might not be able to escape.

'Oh St John, don't choose me!' I begged. But it was useless appealing to a man who always did what he believed to be his duty, however unpleasant it was.

'God intended you to be a missionary's wife,' he continued. 'Trust in Him, Jane. Marry me, for the service of God.'

'I can't do it, St John, I'm not strong enough!' I cried. The iron bars of a cage seemed to be closing in around me.

'I've seen how hard you can work, Jane. You will be a great help to me with Indian women, and in Indian schools.'

I thought, 'Yes, I could do that. But I know that he doesn't love me, and despite that, he asks me to marry him!' So I said,

'I'm ready to go with you to India, but as a sister, not as a wife.'

He shook his head. 'You must see that's impossible. No, a sister could marry at any time, and leave me. I need a wife, who will obey me in life, and who will stay with me until death.'

I trembled as I felt his power over me already. 'I'll give my heart to God,' I said. 'You don't want it.' As I looked at his stern face, I knew I could go anywhere in the world with him as a colleague, but I could never lose my freedom by

marrying him.

‘I’ll ask you again in a few days’ time, he said, ‘and remember, it isn’t me you’re refusing, but God!’

From then on his manner towards me was as cold as ice, which caused me great pain. I began to understand how, if I were his wife, this good, religious man could soon kill me, without feeling any guilt at all.

When he asked me again, we were alone in the sitting-room. He put his hand on my head and spoke quietly in his deep, sincere voice. ‘Remember, Jane, God calls us to work for Him, and will reward us for it. Say you will marry me, and earn your place in heaven!’ I admired and respected him, and under his touch my mind was changing. I was tempted to stop struggling against him, as I had been tempted before, in a different way, by Mr Rochester. The missionary gently held my hand. I could resist his anger, but not his gentleness. I desperately wanted to do what was right.

‘If I felt certain,’ I answered finally, ‘that God really wanted me to marry you, I would agree!’

‘My prayers are heard!’ cried St John. Close together we stood, waiting for a sign from heaven. I was more excited than I had ever been before. There was a total silence in the house, and the room was full of moonlight. Suddenly my heart stopped beating, and I heard a distant voice cry, ‘Jane! Jane! Jane!’—nothing more. Where did it come from? It was the voice of Edward Rochester, and it spoke in sadness and in pain.

‘I’m coming!’ I cried. ‘Wait for me!’ I ran into the garden calling, ‘Where are you?’ Only the hills sent a faint echo back.

I broke away from St John, who had followed, asking me questions. It was my time to give orders now. I told him to leave me, and he obeyed. In my room I fell to my knees to thank God for the sign He had sent me, and waited eagerly for daylight.

23 往昔的呼唤

我答应在莫顿的那个学校住到圣诞节，那时圣约翰会找到另外一位教师。圣诞节放假时他在学校。要和我的一些学生道别，我感到很难过。

“你瞧她们进步多大！而你才工作了不过几个月的时间！”他说。“想像一下，如果你一生从事教育会成就多大的善事啊！”

“是的，”我答道，“但我不能一直教下去。别提学校了，我现在放假了！”

他表情严肃起来：“你有什么打算？”

“我想请你把汉娜借给我几天。我要和她从上到下彻底打扫摩尔屋，做好各种圣诞节的准备。你一个男人，对此一无所知。戴安娜和玛丽下星期回家时，应该一切就绪，我们要过一个真正精彩的节日。”

圣约翰笑了，但他对我还不满足。“眼下这样很好。不过，简，我希望你能超越家居琐事，看得更高一点，思考一下用更好的办法以你的精力和智慧为上帝服务。”

“圣约翰，我高兴的原因太多了。尽管你批评我，我还是下决心要快快乐乐的。”

那一星期里，我和汉娜干得比任何时候都卖力，不过一切终于就绪了。戴安娜和玛丽经过长途跋涉到家时都冻僵了。她们看到了温暖的炉火，锃亮的家具，还闻到了蛋糕和炉子上炖肉的香味。又见到她们的面真让人高兴。

圣诞节的一星期里，我们三人过得兴高采烈。沼泽地上的空气、家中的自由自在以及独立生活的开始，使戴安娜和玛丽显得比我见过的任何时候都要高兴。只有圣约翰没有加入我们的谈话和欢笑。他继续他的学习，并像往常一样花许多时间看望病人。

“你还想做一个传教士吗？”戴安娜一次有点儿伤心地问他。

“什么也没有改变，什么也改变不了我的打算。”他回答说。“我几个月后就离开英格兰。”

“那罗莎蒙特·奥利弗小姐呢？”玛丽轻声问。

“罗莎蒙特·奥利弗小姐已经和一位格兰比先生订婚，据她父亲说，是个很匹配的年轻人。”他表情很平静。我意识到他已克服了他所谓的弱点。

在摩尔屋的生活渐渐褪去了节日的气氛，我们又开始按老习惯生活，进行正常的学习，圣约翰和我们在一起的时间多起来。有时候我感到他在观察我们。一天，戴安娜和玛丽出门了，我正在学习德语，他突然对我说：“我想让你学印度斯坦语，而不是德语。我在印度做传教士的工作需要它，你和我一起学可以帮助我。我之所以选择你，是因为我觉得你比我的两个妹妹更能集中精力。”这对他似乎至关重要，使我难以拒绝。两姐妹回来时，看到我正和圣约翰学习印度斯坦语，感到非常惊讶。

从此我们常在一起学习，我必须非常刻苦才能使他满意。但是，在他的影响下我感到我正在失去保持自我的自由。因为我知道他只赞赏严肃认真的态度和学习，我不能再自由地说笑。我好像被他施了定身术，不假思索地服从着他所有的命令。

一天晚上，就寝的时间到了，他吻了两个妹妹，并道晚安，又像往常那样伸出手来握我的手。戴安娜笑着说：“圣约翰，你没把简当做一家人来对待！你也应该吻她。”我很尴尬，但圣约翰平静地吻了我。此后每天晚上都这样。

在所有这些关于家庭与财富的变迁发生的过程中，我始终不能忘记罗切斯特先生。他的名字已写在我心上，只要我活着，就永远不会消失。我不仅越来越多地给布莱格斯先生写信，打听他的消息，还给费尔法斯特太太去过两封信。但是空等了半年，我不抱希望了，感到无比沮丧。戴安娜说我看上去不舒服，需要到海边去疗养，然而圣约翰却说我应该集中精力多做些正经的事，还给我更多的印度斯坦语练习来做。

一天，当他和我在沼泽地上散步时，他宣布：“简，我六星期后离开。”

“你在为上帝工作。他会保护你。”我说。

“是的，奇怪的是我的朋友没有一个愿与我同行。上帝给所有为他服务的人在天堂都准备好了地方。简，你的心对此有什么回答？”

“我的心是沉默的——我的心是沉默的。”我喃喃道。

“那么我就必须替它说话了。”他用严肃低沉的声音说。“简，跟我一起去印度做传教士吧！”

这是上帝的召唤吗？我感到自己被附上了可怕的咒语，我颤抖着，害怕自己无法逃脱出来。

“噢，圣约翰，别选择我。”我乞求着。然而他一向认为自己在履行责任，无论那是多么不愉快；向这样的人乞求是徒劳的。

“上帝要让你成为一个传教士的妻子。”他接着说。“简，相信我。嫁给我，为上帝服务。”

“圣约翰，我不能，我不够坚强。”我大声说。牢笼的铁条似乎正从四面向我逼近。

“简，我看到了你工作起来有多么刻苦。你可以在印度妇女中、在印度学校里给我很大帮助。”

我心想：“是的，我能够做到，但我知道他不爱我。尽管这样，他还让我嫁给他！”于是我说：

“我准备跟你去印度，但是做为妹妹，而不是妻子。”

他摇摇头。“你要知道那是不可能的。不行，妹妹随时可以嫁人，离我而去。我需要一个妻子，在生活中听命于我，并伴我至死。”

我发起抖来，因为我已感受到他的力量在控制着我。“我会把心交给上帝。”我说。“你不需要的。”我望着他紧绷的脸，知道我可以做为同事伴他到天涯海角，但我永远不能为与他结婚而失去我的自由。

“我几天以后再问你一次。”他说。“记住，你拒绝的不是我，而是上帝！”

此后他对我的态度便冷若冰霜，使我非常痛苦。我开始明白，如果我是他的妻子，这个善良、虔诚的男人会很快要了我的命，而自己却不感到丝毫的愧疚。

他第二次问我时，我们正单独坐在客厅里。他将手放在我的头上，用深沉而真诚的声音轻声地说：“简，记住，上帝呼唤我们为他工作，并将为此奖赏我们。说，你会嫁给我，去争取你在天堂的位置。”我仰慕他、尊重他，在他的触摸下我的想法开始变化。我有些想停止对他的反抗，就像过去在另一种情形下受到罗切斯特先生的诱惑一样。传教士温柔地握着我的手。我可以抵抗他的气愤，却无法抗拒他的温柔。我竭力想把事情做对。

我最后说：“如果我的确感到上帝真的想让我和你结婚，我会同意的。”

“我的祈祷显灵了！”圣约翰叫道。我们紧紧站在一起，等待来自天堂的信号。我从未像现在这样激动。屋里一片寂静，月光洒了一地。突然，我的心好像停止了跳动。我听到一个遥远的声音呼唤着：“简！简！简！”再没有别的了。这是从哪儿传来的？这是罗切斯特先生的声音，悲伤而痛苦。

“我来了！”我喊着。“等等我！”我跑进花园喊着：“你在哪儿？”只有山丘隐约的回声。

我从圣约翰身边挣脱着跑出来，他跟在我后面追问着。现在该轮到我不命令了。我让他离开我，他遵从了。回到自己的房间后，我跪到地上。感谢上帝给我带来的讯息。我急切地盼着天亮。

24 Returning to Thornfield

In the morning I explained to Diana and Mary that I had to go on a journey, and would be away for several days. Although they did not know the reason for my journey, they were far too sensitive to my feelings to bother me with questions.

And so I walked to Whitcross, the lonely crossroads on the moor, where I had arrived a year ago with no money or luggage. I took the coach, and after thirty—six hours of travelling I got down at Thornfield village, and almost ran across the fields in my hurry to see the well—known house again, and its owner. I decided to approach from the front, to get the best view of the house. From there I would be able to see my master’s window. ‘He might even be walking in the gardens,’ I thought, ‘and I could run to him, touch him! Surely that wouldn’t hurt anybody?’

But when I reached the great stone columns of the main gate, I stood still in horror. There, where I had hoped to see a fine, impressive house, was nothing but a blackened heap of stones, with the silence of death about it. No wonder that letters addressed to people here had never received an answer. There must have been a great fire. How had it started? Had any lives been lost? I ran back to the village to find answers to my questions.

‘Well, ma’am,’ the hotel—owner told me, ‘I was one of Mr Rochester’s servants at the time, and I can tell you it was his mad wife who started the fire in the governess’s room. The master had been wildly in love with the governess, you see, ma’am, although she was just a plain little thing, and when she disappeared, he almost went mad. His wife must have understood enough to be jealous of the girl. Anyway, in the fire the master risked his life helping all the servants out of the house, then bravely went back to save the mad woman. We saw her jump from the roof and fall to her death. But because he went back to help her, he was badly injured in the fire, losing a hand and the sight of both eyes. Very sad, ma’am.’

‘Where is he now?’ I asked urgently.

‘At another house of his, Ferndean Manor, thirty miles away.

I hired a carriage to drive there at once.

第五部 枫丹庄园的女主人

24 回到特恩费得

早晨，我跟戴安娜和玛丽解释说我必须出门，离开几天。尽管她们不知道我出门的原因，但她们都小心地顾及着我的感觉，没有多问什么。

于是我走到威特考斯。一年前，我曾身无分文来到这块沼泽地上的十字路口。我乘上马车，经过36个小时的旅程，在特恩费得村下了车。我几乎是跑着走过田野，急切地想再次看到那熟悉的老屋和它的主人。我决定从前面过去，以便看得更清楚些。从这个角度我能见到主人房间的窗户。“他或许就在花园散步呢！”我想。“我可以向他跑过去，抚摸他！这肯定不会伤了谁吧？”

但是，当我来到大门的巨大石柱下时，我呆站着，心中充满恐惧。我原本希望看到一座府第巍然矗立的地方，此时却只剩下几堆焦黑的石头，周围是死一般的寂静。难怪写给这里的人的信，没有一点儿回音呢。一定是发生了大火灾，怎么引起的呢？有人死去吗？我跑回村子去寻找答案。

“是这样，女士。”旅馆的店主对我说。“我曾是罗切斯特先生的一个仆人，我可以告诉你，一定是他的疯老婆在家庭教师的房间里放了火。女士，你知道，尽管她只是个不起眼的小东西，可是主人却疯狂地爱上了她。她失踪后，他几乎要疯了。他的老婆一定还知道嫉妒那个姑娘。不管怎样，大火中主人冒着生命危险帮助所有的仆人们逃出了屋子，然后又勇敢地冲回去救那疯女人。我们看到她从屋顶跳下来，摔死了。可是他因为回去救她却被大火严重烧伤，失去了一只手，一双眼睛也瞎了。真让人伤心啊，女士。”

“他现在在哪儿？”我急切地问。

“在他的另一所房子枫丹庄园那儿，离这儿30英里。”

我立即租了辆马车，向那里驶去。

25 Finding Mr Rochester again

Ferndean Manor was a large old house in the middle of a wood. It looked dark and lonely, surrounded by trees. As I approached, the narrow front door opened, and out came a figure I could not fail to recognize, Edward Rochester. I held my breath as I watched, feeling a mixture of happiness and sadness. He looked as strong as before and his hair was still black, but in his face I saw a bitter, desperate look, that I had never seen there before. He walked slowly and hesitatingly along the path. Although he kept looking up eagerly at the sky, it was obvious that he could see nothing. After a while he stopped, and stood quietly there, the rain falling fast on his bent, uncovered head. Finally he found his way painfully back to the house, and closed the door.

When I knocked at the door, Mr Rochester's old servant, John, opened it and recognized me. He and his wife Mary were the only servants their master had wanted to keep when he moved from Thornfield. Although they were surprised to see me, I had no difficulty in arranging to stay at Ferndean that night.

'But he may not want to see you,' warned Mary, as we sat together in the kitchen. 'He refuses to see anybody except us. 'She was lighting some candles. 'He always wants candles in the sitting-room when it's dark, even though he's blind. '

'Give them to me, Mary,' I said. 'I'll take them to him. '

The blind man was sitting near the neglected fire in the dark room. 'Put down the candles, Mary,' he sighed.

'Here they are, sir,' I said.

'That is Mary, isn't it?' he asked, listening carefully.

'Mary's in the kitchen,' I answered.

'What sweet madness has seized me?' he cried suddenly.

'Where is the speaker? I can't see, but I must feel, or my heart will stop, and my brain will burst! Let me touch you, or I can't live! I held his wandering hand with both of mine. 'Is it Jane? This is her shape...' He released his hand and seized my arm, shoulder, neck, waist and held me close to him.

'She is here,' I said, 'and her heart too. I am Jane Eyre. I've found you and come back to you. '

'My living darling! So you aren't lying dead in a ditch somewhere! Is it a dream? I've dreamed so often of you, only to wake in the morning, abandoned, my life dark, my soul thirsty. '

'I'm alive, and I'm not a dream, In fact, I'm an independent woman now I've inherited five thousand pounds from my uncle. '

'Ah, that sounds real! I couldn't dream that. But perhaps you have friends now, and don't want to spend much time in a lonely house with a blind man like me. '

'I can do what I like, and I intend to stay with you, unless you object. I'll be your neighbour, your nurse, your housekeeper, your companion. You will never be sad or lonely as long as I live. '

He did not reply immediately, and I was a little embarrassed by his silence. I had assumed he would still want me to be his wife, and wondered why he did not ask me.

'Jane, he said sadly, 'you cannot always be my nurse. It's kind and generous of you, but you're young, and one day you will want to marry. If I could only see, I'd try to make you love me again, but...' And he sighed deeply.

I was very relieved to discover that was all he was worrying about, because I knew that his blindness made no difference at all to my love for him. However, I thought too much excitement was not good for him, so I talked of other things, and made him laugh a little. As we separated at bedtime, he asked me, 'Just one thing, Jane. Were there only ladies in the house where you've been?' I laughed, and escaped upstairs, still laughing. 'A good idea!' I thought. 'A little jealousy will stop him feeling so sorry for himself! '

Next day I took him outside for a long walk in the fresh air. I described the beauty of the fields and sky to him, as we sat close together in the shade of a tree.

'Tell me, Jane, what happened to you when you so cruelly abandoned me?' he asked, holding me tightly in his arms.

And so I told him my story. Naturally he was interested in St John Rivers, my cousin.

'This St John, do you like him? '

'He's a very good man. I couldn't help liking him. '

'He's perhaps a man of fifty or so? '

'St John is only twenty-nine, sir. '

'Rather stupid, I think you said? Not at all intelligent? '

'He has an excellent brain, sir. '

'Did you say he was rather plain, ugly, in fact? '

'St John is a handsome man, tall and fair, with blue eyes. '

Mr Rochester frowned, and swore loudly.

'In fact, sir,' I continued, 'he asked me to marry him. '

'Well, Jane, leave me and go. Oh, until now I with thought you would never love another man! But go and marry Rivers! '

'I can never marry him, sir He doesn't love me, and I don't love him. He's good and great, but as cold as ice. You needn't be jealous, sir All my heart is yours. '

He kissed me. 'I'm no better than the great tree hit by lightning at Thornfield, 'he said. 'I can't expect to have a fresh young plant like you by my side, all my life. '

'You are still strong, sir, and young plants need the strength and safety of a tree to support them. ' 'Jane, will

you marry me, a poor blind man with one hand, twenty years older than you?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘My darling! We’ll be married in three days’ time, Jane. Thank God! You know I never thought much of religion? Well, lately I’ve begun to understand that God has been punishing me for my pride and my past wickedness. Last Monday night, in a mood of deep depression, I was sitting by an open window, praying for a little peace and happiness in my dark life. In my heart and soul I wanted you. I cried out “Jane!” three times.’

‘Last Monday night, about midnight?’ I asked, wondering.

‘Yes, but that doesn’t matter. This is what’s really strange. I heard a voice calling “I’m coming, wait for me!” and “Where are you?” And then I heard an echo sent back by hills, but there’s no echo here, in the middle of the wood. Jane, you must have been asleep. Your spirit and mine must have met to comfort each other! It was your voice I heard!’

I did not tell him I had actually spoken those words many miles away, at that exact moment on that night, because I could hardly understand how it happened myself.

‘I thank God!’ said Edward Rochester, ‘and ask Him to help me live a better life in future!’ Together we returned slowly to Ferndean Manor, Edward leaning on my shoulder.

We had a quiet wedding. I wrote to tell the Rivers the news. Diana and Mary wrote back with delighted congratulations, but St John did not reply.

Now I have been married for ten years. I know what it is like to love and be loved, No woman has ever been closer to her husband than I am to Edward. I am my husband’s life, and he is mine. We are always together, and have never had enough of each other’s company. After two years his sight began to return in one eye. Now he can see a little, and when our first child was born and put into his arms, he was able to see that the boy had inherited his fine large black eyes.

Mrs Fairfax is retired, and Adele has grown into a charming young woman. Diana and Mary are both married, and we visit them once, a year. St John achieved his ambition by going to India as planned, and is still there. He writes to me regularly. He is unmarried and will never marry now. He knows that the end of his life is near, but he has no fear of death, and looks forward to gaining his place in heaven.

25 重新找到罗切斯特先生

枫丹庄园是一幢建在树林中间的高大的旧房子，看上去灰暗、孤单，周围绿树环绕。当我走近时，狭窄的前门打开了，里面走出的正是我永远都能认出的爱德华·罗切斯特。我屏住呼吸注视着，心中悲喜交加。他看上去还和过去一样强壮，头发依然乌黑，但在他的脸上，我看到的是从未见过的痛苦、绝望的表情。他慢慢地、踌躇地在路上走着。尽管他抬起头来热切地望着天空，但显然他什么也看不见。过了一会儿，他停住脚步，静静地站着，雨水打在他低着的、光光的头上。最后他艰难地找到了回家的路，关上了门。

当我敲门时，罗切斯特先生的老仆人约翰打开门，并认出了我。主人从特恩费得搬来时，他和妻子玛丽是主人唯一想留下的仆人。尽管他们见到我很吃惊，我还是没费什么事就做好了当晚住在枫丹的安排。

我们一起坐在厨房里，玛丽警告说：“他也许不愿见到你。除了我们以外，他拒绝见任何人。”她点上几根蜡烛。“尽管他瞎了，却总希望天黑时在客厅里点上蜡烛。”

“把蜡烛给我，玛丽。”我说。“我给他拿去。”

这个双目失明的人坐在黑屋子里无人照管的炉火边。“把蜡烛放下，玛丽。”他叹了口气。

“先生，它们在这里。”我说。

“你是玛丽，对吗？”他说，并仔细听着。

“玛丽在厨房里。”我答道。

“是什么甜蜜的疯狂攫住了我？”他突然喊道。“说话的人在哪儿？我看不到，但我必须感觉到，否则我的心就会停止跳动，我的脑子就会迸裂！让我摸摸你，否则我会活不下去！”我双手握住他摸索着的手。“是简吗？这是她的样子……”他腾出手来，抓住我的胳膊、肩膀、脖子、腰肢，把我紧紧抱住。

“她在这里。”我说。“她的心也在这里，我是简·爱。我找到你了，回到你身边来了。”

“我的宝贝还活着！那么你没有死在某处的阴沟里！这是不是梦？我常常梦见你，早上醒来却已被抛弃，只剩下黑暗的生活和饥渴的灵魂。”

“我活着，我不是梦。实际上我现在是个独立的女人了，我从舅舅那儿继承了5 000英镑。”

“啊，这听起来倒是真的！我不会梦到这个。但是也许你现在有了朋友，不再想到这幢孤零零的房子里，花许多时间陪伴一个像我这样的瞎子了。”

“我想做什么，就能做什么。我想和你一起住，除非你反对。我要成为你的邻居，你的护士，你的管家，你的伴侣。只要我活着，你就永远不会悲伤或孤独。”

他没有立刻回答，他的沉默使我感到有些尴尬。我本以为他仍然希望我成为他的妻子，却纳闷他为什么不向我提出来。

“简，”他悲哀地说。“你不能永远做我的护士。你很慷慨善良，但你还年轻，总有一天你会想结婚。如果我能够看得见，我会努力让你再爱上我，但是……”他深深地叹了口气。

原来他担心的就是这些，我感到轻松了许多，因为他失明丝毫没有影响到我对他的爱。但是，我觉得过于激动对他没好处，于是就开始扯些别的话题，逗他笑一点儿。我们分手去就寝时，他问我：“简，就一件事。你住的家里只有女士吗？”我笑了，逃上楼去，仍止不住笑。“好主意。”我想。“小小的嫉妒会让他减少对自己的伤心。”

第二天，我带他到户外散步，呼吸些新鲜空气。当我们紧挨着坐在树阴下时，我向他描述着田野和天空的美丽。

“简，告诉我。你狠心抛下我后，又发生了什么事？”他紧紧搂着我问。

于是我向他讲述了我的经历。他自然对我的表兄圣约翰很感兴趣。

“这个圣约翰，你喜欢他吗？”

“他是个很好的人，我不能不喜欢他。”

“他也许五十多岁？”

“不，先生，圣约翰只有29岁。”

“我想你说过他很傻？一点儿也不聪明？”

“先生，他有着出色的头脑。”

“你是不是说过他实际上很平凡、很丑？”

“圣约翰是个美男子，个子高高的，金发碧眼。”

罗切斯特先生皱起眉头，大声诅咒着。

“先生，”我接着说，“实际上他要我嫁给他。”

“好了，简，离开我走吧！啊，直到此刻我一直以为你不会再爱上别人！但是走吧，去和李维斯结婚！”

“先生，我永远不能和他结婚。他不爱我，我也不爱他。他很好、很伟大，但却冷若冰霜。你不必嫉妒，我整个的心都是你的。”

他吻吻我。“我跟特恩费得被雷击倒的大树没什么两样。”他说，“我不能指望像你这样一棵稚嫩的小树一辈子陪伴在我身边。”

“先生，你仍然强壮。小树需要大树的力量和庇护来支撑自己。”

“简，你愿嫁给我，一个比你年长20岁、只有一只手的、可怜的盲人吗？”

“是的，先生。”

“我亲爱的！简，我们三天内就结婚。感谢上帝！你知道我从来不那么看重宗教吧？不过最近我认为上帝在为我的傲慢和邪恶的过去惩罚我。上星期一晚上，我情绪很坏，坐在敞开的窗边，祈求我黑暗的生活中出现一点儿安宁和幸福。在我的内心和灵魂深处，我想得到你。我喊了三声‘简！’”

“上星期一晚上，大约午夜时？”我奇怪地问。

“是的，不过这还无关紧要。真正奇怪的是这个：我听到一个声音回答着：‘我来了，等等我！’还说：‘你在哪儿？’然后我听到山丘传来的回声，可我们这里没有山丘，是在树林当中。简，你当时一定睡了。你我的魂灵一定见了面，互相安慰！我听到的正是你的声音。”

我自己也搞不清这一切是如何发生的，便没有告诉他就在那天夜里的那个时刻，我在很远的地方说出的正是他听到的话。

“我感谢上帝！”爱德华·罗切斯特说，“我请求他帮助我在未来过上更好的生活。”爱德华扶着我的肩膀，我们一起慢慢回到枫丹庄园。

我们举行了简单的婚礼。我写信告诉了李维斯一家，戴安娜和玛丽回信热情祝贺我们，但圣约翰没有回复。

现在我已结婚十年。我懂得什么是爱和被爱。没有任何女人与丈夫，能像我和爱德华那样亲密。我是我丈夫的生命，而他也是我的。我们总是在一起，享受不够彼此的陪伴。两年后，他的一只眼睛开始恢复视力。现在他已经能看到一点儿。我们的第一个孩子出世、放到他怀里时，他可以看出孩子继承了他那双又大又黑的漂亮眼睛。

费尔法斯太太退休了，阿黛拉已出落成一个迷人的姑娘。戴安娜和玛丽都结了婚，我们每年都去看她们一次。圣约翰实现了他的远大志向，如期去了印度，至今还在那里。他经常给我写信，没有结婚，也不打算结婚了。他知道自己生命就要完结，但是他对死亡毫不惧怕，盼着在天堂中获得他的一席之地。

[1 0 liver's early life](#)

[2 0 liver's first job](#)

[3 0 liver goes to London](#)

[4 0 liver in London](#)

[5 0 liver's life changes](#)

[6 0 liver is found again](#)

[7 The robbery](#)

[8 After the robbery](#)

[9 0 liver starts another life](#)

[10 Life in the country](#)

[11 Nancy makes a visit](#)

[12 Nancy keeps an appointment](#)

[13 The end of the gang](#)

[14 The end of the mystery](#)

简介

《雾都孤儿》一书于1838年首次刊行。当时并不时兴写作反映生活的悲惨现实的小说，但狄更斯存心要使读者震惊。他想要展示出罪犯们的真实面目，揭露出隐藏在伦敦狭小、肮脏的偏僻街道里的恐怖与暴力。因此他为我们写了邪恶的费金，残暴的比尔·赛克斯，以及一大群窃贼强盗。这些人撒谎、欺诈、偷盗，害怕进监狱，害怕刽子手把绞索套到他们的脖颈上，在惴惴不安中生活。

狄更斯写这本书还有一个目的。他试图说明，善良能克服一切艰难险阻。因此，他为我们塑造了小奥利弗·特威斯特——一个孤儿，他被投入一个充满贫困与犯罪的世界，忍饥挨饿，挨打挨骂，从来没有人爱他。他为我们写出了南希——可怜、凄惨、悲苦的南希，她生活在一个残忍的世界中，却挣扎着要忠实于她所爱的人。

而且，正如在一切最好的故事里一样，善良最终战胜了邪恶。

查尔斯·狄更斯（1812—1870）是英国最伟大的小说家之一。他出生于一个穷苦的家庭（他的父亲曾因欠债而入狱），但他后来享有盛名，并且拥有财富。

1 0 liver's early life

0 liver Twist was born in a workhouse, and when he arrived in this hard world, it was very doubtful whether he would live beyond the first three minutes. He lay on a hard little bed and struggled to start breathing.

0 liver fought his first battle without much assistance from the two people present at his birth. One was an old woman, who was nearly always drunk, and the other was a busy local doctor, who was not paid enough to be very interested in 0 liver's survival. After all, death was a common event in the workhouse, where only the poor and homeless lived.

However, 0 liver managed to draw his first breath, and the n announced his arrival to the rest of the workhouse by crying loudly. His mother raised her pale young face from the pillow and whispered, 'Let me see the child, and die.'

The doctor turned away from the fire, where he had been warming his hands. 'You must not talk about dying yet,' he said to her kindly. He gave her the child to hold. Lovingly, she kissed the baby on its forehead with her cold white lips, the n stared wildly around the room, fell back-and died. 'Poor dear!' said the nurse, hurriedly putting a green glass bottle back in the pocket of her long skirt.

The doctor began to put on his coat. 'The baby is weak and will probably have difficulties,' he said. 'If so, give it a little milk to keep it quiet.' The n he looked at the dead woman. 'The mother was a good-looking girl. Where did she come from?'

'She was brought here last night,' replied the old woman. 'She was found lying in the street. She'd walked some distance, judging by her shoes, which were worn to pieces. Where she came from, where she was going to, or what her name was, nobody knows.'

The doctor lifted the girl's left hand. 'The old story,' he said sadly, shaking his head. 'No wedding ring, I see. Ah! Good night.'

And so 0 liver was left with only the drunken nurse. Without clothe s, under his first blanket, he could have been the child of a king or a beggar. But when the woman dressed him later in rough cotton clothe s, yellow with age, he looked exactly what he was - an orphan in a workhouse, ready for a life of misery, hunger, and neglect.

0 liver cried loudly. If he could have known that he was a workhouse orphan, perhaps he would have cried even more loudly.

The re was no one to look after the baby in the workhouse, so 0 liver was sent to a special 'baby farm' nearby. The re, he and thirty other children rolled around the floor all day, without the inconvenience of too much food or too much clothing. Mrs Mann, the old woman who 'looked after' them, was very experienced. She knew what was good for children, and a full stomach was very dangerous to their health. She also knew what was good for herself, so she kept for her own use the money that she was given for the children's food. The board responsible for the orphans sometimes checked on the health of the children, but They always sent the beadle, a kind of local policeman, to announce their visit the day before. So whenever the board arrived, of course, the children were always neat and clean.

This was the way 0 liver was brought up. Consequently, at the age of nine he was a pale, thin child and short for his age. But despite frequent beatings by Mrs Mann, his spirit was strong, which was probably the reason why he managed to reach the age of nine at all.

On 0 liver's ninth birthday, Mr Bumble the beadle came to the house to see Mrs Mann. Through the front window Mrs Mann saw him at the gate, and turned quickly to the girl who worked with her.

'Quick! Take 0 liver and those others upstairs to be washed!' she said. The n she ran out to unlock the gate. (It was always kept locked to prevent official visitors walking in unexpectedly.)

'I have business to talk about,' Mr Bumble told Mrs Mann as he entered the house. He was a big fat man, often bad-tempered, and was full of self-importance. He did not like to be kept waiting at a locked gate.

Mrs Mann took his hat and coat, placed a chair for him, and expressed great concern for his comfort. 'You've had a long walk, Mr Bumble' she said, 'and you must be thirsty.' She took out a bottle from the cupboard.

'No, thank you, Mrs Mann. Not a drop.' He waved the bottle away.

'Just a little drop, Mr Bumble, with cold water,' said Mrs Mann persuasively.

Mr Bumble coughed. 'What is it?' he asked, looking at the bottle with interest.

'Gin. I keep it for the children's medicine drink.'

'You give the children gin, Mrs Mann?' asked Mr Bumble, watching as she mixed his drink.

'Only with medicine, sir. I don't like to see the m suffer.'

'You're a good woman, Mrs Mann.' Mr Bumble drank half his glass immediately. 'I'll tell the board about you. Now - the reason why I'm here. 0 liver Twist is nine years old today. We've never been able to discover anything about his parents.'

'The n how did he get his name?'

'I gave it to him,' said Mr Bumble proudly. 'We follow the alphabet. The last one was an S-Swubble. The n it was T, so this one is Twist. The next one will be Unwin. Anyway, Oliver Twist is now old enough to return to the workhouse. Bring him here, please.' While Mrs Mann went to get him, Mr Bumble finished the rest of his gin.

Oliver, his face and hands now almost clean, was led into the room.

'Will you come along with me, Oliver?' asked Mr Bumble in a loud voice.

Oliver was very glad to be free of Mrs Mann's violence, but he said nothing because she was angrily shaking her finger at him. However, as the gate closed behind 0 liver, he burst into tears. He was leaving behind the other children, the only friends he had, and he realized at that moment how lonely he was in the world.

Mr Bumble walked on with long steps, with 0 liver on his short little legs running beside him. The feeling of contentment produced by gin-and-water had now disappeared, and the beadle was in a bad mood once more.

Back at the workhouse, 0 liver was taken to see the board. He stood in front of ten fat men who were sitting around a table.

‘What’s your name, boy?’ asked a particularly fat man with a very round, red face.

0 liver was frightened at the sight of so many people, and started to cry.

‘Why are you crying?’

The beadle hit him on the back, and so naturally 0 liver cried even more.

‘The boy is a fool,’ one member of the board announced.

‘You know you have no father or mother,’ said the first man, ‘and that you have been brought up with other orphans?’

‘Yes, sir,’ replied 0 liver, crying bitterly.

‘Why is the boy crying?’ repeated the other man, puzzled.

‘You have come here to be educated,’ continued the fat man, ‘so you will start working here tomorrow at six o’clock.’

0 liver was led away to a large room, where, on a rough hard bed, he cried himself to sleep.

The room in the workhouse where the boys were fed was a large stone hall, and at one end the master and two women served the food. This consisted of a bowl of thin soup three times a day, with a piece of bread on Sundays. The boys ate everything and were always hungry. The bowls never needed washing. The boys polished the m with their spoons until They shone. After three months of this slow starvation, one of the boys told the others he was so hungry that one night he might eat the boy who slept next to him. He had a wild hungry eye, and the other boys believed him. After a long discussion, They decided that one of the m should ask for more food after supper that evening, and 0 liver was chosen.

The evening arrived; the soup was served, and the bowls were empty again in a few seconds. 0 liver went up to the master, with his bowl in his hand. He felt very frightened, but also desperate with hunger.

‘Please, sir, I want some more.’

The master was a fat, healthy man, but he turned very pale. He looked at the little boy in front of him with amazement. Nobody else spoke.

‘What?’ he asked at last, in a faint voice.

‘Please, sir,’ replied 0 liver, ‘I want some more.’

The master hit him with the serving spoon, the n seized 0 liver’s arms and shouted for the beadle. The beadle came quickly, heard the dreadful news, and immediately ran to tell the board.

‘He asked for more?’ Mr Limbkins, the fattest board member, asked in horror. ‘Bumble – is this really true?’

‘That boy will be hanged!’ said the man who earlier had called 0 liver a fool. ‘You see if I’m not right.’

0 liver was led away to be locked up, and a reward was offered to anybody who would take him away and use him for work.

1 奥利弗的童年

奥利弗·特威斯特出生在一家济贫院里，他来到这个艰难的人世的那一刻，是否能活过三分钟都是很难说的。他躺在一张小硬板床上，挣扎着开始呼吸。

他出生时在场的两个人没有给他什么帮助，这使得奥利弗要独自承担他的第一场战斗。其中一个是一位老妇人，她几乎总是喝得醉醺醺的；另一个则是当地一位忙碌的医生，这位医生没有得到足够的报酬，所以对奥利弗能否活下来并不很在意。在济贫院这个只有穷人和无家可归的人待的地方，死亡毕竟是一件非常平常的事。

不管怎样，奥利弗总算尽力吸进了第一口气，然后，他以响亮的哭声向济贫院里其他的人宣告自己的到来。他的母亲从枕头上抬起了年轻而苍白的脸，用微弱的声音说：“让我看一眼孩子，我就可以死了。”

正在火炉上烤手取暖的医生转过身来，好心地对她说：“别说什么死不死了。”他把孩子递过去让她抱在怀里。她用冰冷而毫无血色的嘴唇怜爱地在孩子的额头上亲了一下，然后急切地在屋里四处环顾一圈，便向后倒去，咽了气。

“可怜的东西！”老看护说着，急忙将一个绿色的小玻璃瓶揣回长裙子的兜里。

这时医生开始穿外衣。“这孩子太弱，恐怕会有麻烦，”他说，“如果真是这样，给他喂点牛奶，好让他别哭。”然后，他又转过脸看了一眼死去的女人，说：“这母亲长得还挺漂亮。她是哪儿来的？”

“她是昨天夜里被送到这儿来的，”老妇人回答道。“她倒在马路上，被人发现了。她脚上那双鞋子已经磨得破破烂烂的了，由此可以看出她是从很远的地方来的。她从哪儿来，要到哪儿去，叫什么名字，没人知道。”

医生拉起那年轻女人的左手，摇摇头，伤心地说：“又是老一套。没有结婚戒指，果然如此。唉！晚安。”

奥利弗就这样被留下了，由那位醉醺醺的看护一个人看着。他光着身子，裹在毕生第一块毯子里，既可以是国王的儿子，也可以是乞丐的儿子。可后来老妇人给他穿上了由于年头太久而发了黄的粗棉布衣服，这时，他看上去和他的身份完全一致了——一个济贫院的孤儿，准备好了去过一种充满苦难、饥饿和忽视的生活。

奥利弗大声哭着。假如他已经知道自己是一个济贫院的孤儿，他可能会哭得更响些。

在济贫院里没有专人照顾婴儿，所以奥利弗被送进了附近一家专门的“育婴堂”。在这里，奥利弗与其他三十多个孩子每天在地上滚爬着，没有过多的衣物和食物来麻烦他们。曼太太“照顾”着这些孩子，这老女人非常有经验。她知道什么对孩子们有好处，知道吃饱肚子对孩子们的身体是非常有害的。同时她也知道什么对她自己有好处，于是她把人家给孩子们伙食费都留给自己。负责孤儿事务的地方董事会有时会来检查孩子们的健康状况，可他们往往在前一天派执事去告诉他们要来访问，执事是一种地方警察。所以，无论他们什么时候来，孩子们准是个个头净脚净的。

奥利弗就是这样长大的，因此，他到了九岁时，还非常苍白瘦小，比同龄孩子矮一大截。尽管常常遭到曼太太的毒打，他的意志却很坚强。这大概也是他竟然能活到九岁的缘故吧。

奥利弗九岁生日的这天，执事班布尔先生来育婴堂看曼太太。曼太太透过楼前的窗户看见他站在大门口，慌忙转向和她一起干活的女孩，说道：

“赶快！把奥利弗和其他孩子都带到楼上洗洗！”然后她匆忙跑去开大门。（为了防止官方人员料想不及的来访，这大门常常是锁着的。

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“我有点事要跟你谈，”班布尔先生跟曼太太说着，走进了屋子。他是个身材肥胖、脾气暴躁、妄自尊大的人。他可不喜欢被关在门外长时间地等候。

曼太太接过了他的帽子和外衣，替他端过一把椅子，并且对他是否舒适表示了极大的关心。“班布尔先生，您大老远地走来，一定是渴了。”她说着从橱子里拿出了一个瓶子。

“不，谢谢，曼太太，我一滴都不喝。”他挥手推开瓶子。

“只稍稍来一点儿，班布尔先生，这是加了冰水的，”她极力地劝说。

班布尔先生咳嗽了一声。“是什么？”他问道，并饶有兴趣地看着瓶子。

“杜松子酒，我这是留着给孩子们吃药用的。”

“曼太太，你给孩子们喝杜松子酒？”班布尔先生看着她给自己兑酒，问道。

“只是吃药的时候给他们喝上一点儿，先生。我不忍心看着他们受罪。”

“曼太太，你真是个好心的女人。”班布尔先生马上喝下了半杯。“我会在董事会那里替你美言的。现在言归正传，说说我今天来这儿的目。奥利弗·特威斯特今天已经整整九岁了，迄今为止，我们没有打听到关于他父母的任何消息。”

“那么，他是怎么有了这个姓的？”

“这姓是我给他起的，”班布尔先生自豪地说，“我们是按照字母表的顺序给他们安排姓氏的，前一个是S，叫斯瓦勃（Swubble），轮到他是字母T，所以就叫特威斯特（Twist），下一个叫恩温（Unwin）。不管怎么说，奥利弗已经长大了，该回到济贫院去了。请把他带到这儿来。”曼太太去带奥利弗时，班布尔先生喝干了杯子里剩下的杜松子酒。

奥利弗手和脸差不多洗干净了，他被带了进来。

“你愿意跟我走吗，奥利弗？”班布尔先生大声问。

奥利弗特别渴望能尽早逃脱曼太太的暴虐统治，可他却没吭声，因为这时她正恶狠狠地向他暗暗摇着手指头。可是当大门在奥利弗身后关上时，他突然涕泪横流。他就要离开其他的孩子们了，而这些孩子是他仅有的朋友，此刻，他顿时感到自己在这个世界上是多么孤独。

班布尔先生在前面大步流星地走着，奥利弗挪动短腿一路小跑地跟在旁边。喝了加水的杜松子酒所产生的心满意足的感觉这会儿已荡然无存，这位执事的情绪又不好了。回到了济贫院，奥利弗被带去见董事会的人。十个体态臃肿、肥头大耳的人围坐在一张桌子周围，他站在他们面前。

“小子，你叫什么名字？”其中一个长着滚圆红脸的特别胖的人问道。

奥利弗被眼前这么多的人给吓哭了。

“你哭什么？”

执事在奥利弗的背上揍了一下，当然这一下使他哭得更厉害了。

“他是个傻子。”一位董事大声说。

“你知道你没有父母，是和那些孤儿一起长大的吗？”第一位先生说。

“我知道，先生。”奥利弗伤心地回答道。

“这孩子哭什么？”另外那位先生莫名其妙地问。

“你是到这儿来受教育的，”那个胖子接着说，“所以从明天早晨六点钟起，你得在这儿干活。”

奥利弗又从这儿被带到了一间大屋子里。他躺在屋里一张粗糙的木板床上，哭着哭着就睡着了。

济贫院里男孩子们吃饭的地方是一间有石板墙石板地的大屋子，在屋子的一头，管事的和两位女佣负责给孩子们打饭。其实这一日三餐顿只是一碗稀粥，只有在星期天才加一片面包。孩子们把碗里的东西吃得一干二净，还是饥肠辘辘。他们的碗根本不用刷洗。孩子们用勺子把碗刮得锃亮。这样缓慢的挨饿持续了三个月后，一天，一个男孩跟别的男孩子说他太饿了，没准哪天晚上他会吃了睡在他边上的人。他那饥饿得发狂的眼神让别的男孩无法不相信他的话。经过长时间的商量，他们决定必须有一个人在当天晚饭后，去请求多给点儿吃的。结果，奥利弗被选中了。

天黑了，开晚饭了，没有几秒钟，孩子们的碗就又一干二净了。奥利弗站了起来，手里捧着碗，心惊胆战地朝管事的走了过去。由于极度饥饿，他横下了一条心。

“劳驾，先生。我还想要一点儿。”

管事的是一个脑满肠肥的壮汉，但他一下子显得大吃一惊，脸都白了。他惊讶地看着站在他面前的这个小男孩。这时屋里鸦雀无声。

“什么？”他终于回过味来，用无力的声音问道。

“劳驾，先生，”奥利弗又说了一遍，“我还想要一点儿。”

管事的用盛粥的勺子向奥利弗打去，过后又抓住他的胳膊大声地叫唤着执事。执事马上赶来了，得知了这件可怕的事，并立即跑去向董事会汇报。

“他想要更多的饭吃？”董事会头号大胖子利姆金斯先生震惊地问，“班布尔——难道真是这样吗？”

“这孩子将来是要上绞刑架的！”起初说奥利弗是个傻子的那位先生嚷嚷着，“你就看我说得对不对吧。”

奥利弗被带走，锁在一间屋子里。董事会宣布，谁把这孩子领去干活，谁就会得到奖赏。

2 O liver's first job

O liver stayed a prisoner alone in the dark room for a week. He cried bitterly all day, and when the long night came, he spread his little hands over his eyes to shut out the darkness, and tried to sleep. He was given freezing water to wash with, and was beaten daily by Mr Bumble in front of all the other boys in the hall, as a warning to the m.

One day Mr Bumble met the local undertaker, Mr Sowerberry, outside the workhouse.

'Do you know anybody who wants to train a boy for work, Mr Sowerberry?' Mr Bumble pointed at the notice on the wall above him, which offered five pounds to anybody who would take O liver Twist for work.

Mr Sowerberry rubbed his chin and thought for a while. 'I pay enough for the poor with my taxes,' he said, 'so why shouldn't I be able to make use of the m in my work? Yes, I'll take the boy myself.'

And so the board agreed to send O liver to work for the undertaker. The necessary papers were signed. O liver's small possessions were put into a brown paper parcel, and he was led to Mr Sowerberry's house by Mr Bumble. As They walked along, tears began to run down O liver's face.

'What is it this time?' asked Mr Bumble impatiently. 'Don't be so ungrateful. This gentleman is going to look after you.'

'It's just that I'm so lonely, sir!' said the child. 'Everybody hates me. Please don't be angry with me, sir!'

Even Mr Bumble felt a little pity. He coughed, told O liver to dry his eyes and be a good boy, and walked on with him in silence.

The undertaker had just finished work for the day when Mr Bumble entered his shop.

'Here, I've brought the boy,' said the beadle.

O liver bowed to the undertaker, who raised his candle to get a better view of the boy. 'Mrs Sowerberry,' he called, 'come and have a look.'

His wife, a short, thin woman with a disagreeable face, came out to see. 'He's very small,' she said immediately.

'He is,' agreed Mr Bumble, 'but he'll grow, Mrs Sowerberry.'

'Yes,' she said crossly, 'when he eats our food. Go on, get downstairs.' She pushed O liver downstairs into a damp, dark kitchen, and called to the girl working down the re. 'Here, Charlotte, give this boy some meat that the dog left—if he thinks it's good enough for him.'

O liver tore the meat to pieces with his teeth as if he were a wild animal. Mrs Sowerberry watched him in silent horror, already thinking about her future food bills, then took him upstairs to the shop.

'You'll sleep here, among the coffins,' she said.

O liver stared around the dark, airless shop at the coffins, some finished, some only half-made. He trembled at the thought of ghosts. His bed was a small hole in the floor, and looked very like a grave.

But it was not only the room that depressed O liver. He felt very lonely, with no friends and no one to care for him. As he lay on the bed, he found himself wishing that it really was his grave.

The next morning he was woken up by someone kicking at the shop door.

'Open the door, will you?' shouted a voice through the keyhole.

'Yes, sir.'

'I suppose you're the new boy,' said the voice through the keyhole. 'How old are you?'

'Ten, sir.'

'The n I'll hit you when I get in,' said the voice.

O liver was experienced enough to know that the promise was probably true. He opened the door with a shaking hand, the n looked up and down the street. All he could see was a large boy wearing the uniform of one of the charity schools, where the children of the very poor used to go.

'Did you want a coffin?' asked O liver, innocently.

The charity-boy looked at him fiercely. 'You'll be needing a coffin soon, Workhouse, if you make jokes like that! I'm Mister Noah Claypole, and you're working under me. Now, hurry up and open the curtains!' As he said this, he kicked O liver and entered the shop. He was a big, clumsy boy of about fourteen, with a large head and very small eyes. Added to the se attractions were a red nose and dirty yellow trousers.

The boys went down to breakfast, which the girl Charlotte had made for the m. She gave an extra piece of meat to Noah, the n told O liver to hurry up as it was his job to look after the shop.

'Did you hear that, Workhouse?' shouted Noah.

'He heard, Noah,' said Charlotte. 'Leave him alone.'

'Why?' asked Noah. 'All his relations have already left him alone. His mother and father aren't going to interfere with him!' Charlotte and Noah both started laughing loudly. O liver sat alone in the corner, eating old bits of bread.

Noah was a charity-boy, but not a workhouse orphan; he at least knew who his parents were. But for a long time all the local shop-boys had insulted him because he wore the uniform of a charity-boy. Now fortune had brought him a creature in an even lower position in society than himself. Noah intended to repay to O liver every insult he had ever received, and to make the new boy's life a misery.

After a few weeks, Mr Sowerberry decided that he liked O liver's appearance enough to train him in the undertaking business. O liver's permanent expression of sadness was very suitable, the undertaker thought, for collecting dead bodies from houses and accompanying the coffins to funerals.

One day Mr Bumble came to tell the m about a woman who had died in an extremely poor part of the town, and Sowerberry

and 0 liver went to collect the body. They went down dirty narrow streets where the houses on either side were tall and large, but very old. Some of the houses were almost falling down, and had to be supported by huge blocks of wood. The area was so poor that even the dead rats in the street looked as though They had died of hunger.

They found the right house, and climbed the dark stairs to a miserable little room. Some children watched the m from the shadows as They entered. Something lay beneath a blanket on the floor in one corner. A man and an old woman stood near the body. 0 liver was afraid to look at the m. With their thin faces and sharp teeth, They looked like the rats he had seen outside.

As Sowerberry began to measure the body for a coffin, the man knelt on the floor and cried out, 'She starved to death, I tell you! That's why she died!' He fell to the floor, and all the children behind him started to cry. Sowerberry and 0 liver, their work done, left as fast as They could.

They returned the next day with the coffin and four men from the workhouse who were to carry it. The man and the old woman followed the coffin to the church, and waited silently by the grave for the priest to arrive. When at last he came, he hurried through the burial prayers, and as quickly as possible (it was only a job, after all) the coffin was put into the ground. At this point the husband, who had not moved once during his wife's burial- not even during the long wait for the priest-suddenly fainted to the ground and had to have cold water thrown over him.

'So how did you like it, 0 liver?' asked Sowerberry later, as they walked home.

'Not very much, sir,' 0 liver answered truthfully.

'You'll get used to it, my boy.'

0 liver wondered how long that would take, and remained silent all the way back to the shop, thinking about everything that he had seen and heard.

2 奥利弗的第一个工作

奥利弗被单独在小黑屋里关了一星期。他整天都伤心地流泪，每当漫长的黑夜来临，他就用两只小手捂住眼睛，来驱走黑暗，力求入睡。每天他只能用带着冰碴的水洗脸。为了杀一儆百，奥利弗每天要当着其他孩子的面挨班布尔先生一顿毒打。

一天，班布尔先生在济贫院外面遇见了当地的棺材店老板索尔贝里先生。

“索尔贝里先生，您知道谁想要带个学徒吗？”班布尔指着墙上方的一个通告说。上面写着，愿意领走奥利弗·特威斯特去干活的人可以得到五英镑的奖金。

索尔贝里先生摸着下巴想了一会儿。“我纳不少的税金养活穷人，干吗不让他们去为我干活呢？对，我领走这孩子。”

这样，董事会同意让棺材店老板领走奥利弗去干活。必要的手续都办理了，奥利弗仅有的一点东西放在一个小牛皮纸包里。他由班布尔先生带着去了索尔贝里先生家。他们一面走着，奥利弗一面又泪流满面。

“这回又怎么了？”班布尔先生不耐烦地问，“别那么不识好人心，这位先生会照顾你的。”

“我感到太孤单了，先生！”这孩子说，“人人都讨厌我。请别生我的气，先生！”

连班布尔先生也有点可怜他了。他咳了一声，嘱咐奥利弗擦干眼泪，要当个乖孩子。然后两人便径直朝前走着，谁也不吭声了。

班布尔先生走进铺子时，棺材店老板刚忙完一天的活计。

“瞧！孩子我给您送来了。”执事说。

奥利弗朝着店老板鞠了一躬。索尔贝里先生举起蜡烛台打量着奥利弗，嘴里喊着：“太太，快来看看。”

他的妻子是个瘦小枯干、面目可憎的女人。她走出来看了一眼，马上说：“他太小了。”

“是的，”班布尔先生说，“可他还会长的，索尔贝里太太。”

“那倒是，”她不痛快地说，“他吃了我们家的饭是会长大的。走，下楼去。”她连推带搽地把奥利弗推进了一间潮湿黑暗的厨房里，并朝着在那儿干活的女孩子说：“喂，夏洛特，把狗吃剩的肉给这孩子吃点——如果他不嫌弃的话。”

奥利弗像野兽一样用牙撕啃着肉。索尔贝里太太目瞪口呆地看着他，心里已经在想着她往后的伙食负担了。过后，她又把他带到楼上的铺面里。

“你就睡在这些棺材中间。”她说。

奥利弗呆呆地环顾四周。原来这是一间黑暗、闷气的作坊，里面放着一些做好了和正在做着的棺材。看着这些，他满脑子都是鬼怪，不由得毛骨悚然。他睡在地板上一个狭小的洞里，看上去真像个墓穴。

使奥利弗沮丧的不仅仅是这个住处。他感到非常孤独，没有朋友，没人关心他。他躺在床上时，发现自己真希望就是躺在墓穴里了。

第二天一大早，他被店门口一阵踢门声惊醒。

“开开门，好吗？”有人透过钥匙孔喊道。

“就来，先生。”

“你大概就是新来的学徒吧？”从钥匙孔里传进来的声音问道，“你多大了？”

“十岁了，先生。”

“那么我进去就揍你一顿。”那声音接着说。

奥利弗很有经验，认为他很可能真的说到做到。他用颤抖的手打开了门，然后，来回扫视了一下街面，只看见一个穿着一家慈善学校制服的大个子男孩。慈善学校是穷人家孩子上的学校。

“您要棺材吗？”奥利弗无知地问。

这个慈善学校的男孩凶狠地看着他。“你才马上要用棺材了。如果你是那么开玩笑的话，我就管你叫济贫院！我是诺厄·克莱普尔先生，你是在我手下干活的。现在，马上打开帘子！”他说着，抬腿朝奥利弗踢了一脚，然后走进了铺子。他大约十四岁，大块头，笨手笨脚的，一个大脑袋上长了一双很小的眼睛。除了这些非凡品貌以外，他还有一个红鼻子和一条脏兮兮的黄裤子。

两个男孩到楼下去吃那个叫做夏洛特的姑娘为他们准备好的早饭。她多给了诺厄一块肉，然后又让奥利弗快点吃，因为照看铺子是他的事。

“你听见了吗，济贫院？”诺厄嚷嚷道。

“他听见了，诺厄。”夏洛特说，“别管他。”

“为什么？”诺厄问道，“他的亲戚早就不管他了。他父母亲再也不会来烦他了！”夏洛特和诺厄两人都大声笑了起来，奥利弗独自坐在角落里吃着一点剩面包。

诺厄是个慈善学校的男孩，但并不是济贫院里的孤儿；他起码还知道自己的父母是谁。但就因为他穿着慈善学校的制服，有好长时间当地店铺里的男孩子们都侮辱他。这一次运气给他带来了一个比他社会地位更低下的家伙。诺厄决定要把以往所受的凌辱都转送给奥利弗，让这新来的男孩没有好日子过。

几星期之后，索尔贝里先生看够了奥利弗，决定要训练他去做殡仪生意。因为奥利弗老是一副苦相，棺材店老板认为他很合适做这件事，他想让他到死者家里搬运尸体和陪伴棺柩到墓地去。

一天，班布尔先生来告诉他们，有一位住在本镇贫民区的女人死了。索尔贝里先生和奥利弗去收尸，他们沿着肮脏狭窄的街道朝前走着，路两边的房屋都是又高又大，但过于陈旧了。有些房屋几乎要倒塌了，不得不用粗大的圆木支撑着。这个地方太穷了，连路上的死老鼠好像都是饿死的。

他们找到了死者的家，爬上黑暗的楼梯，走进了一个破破烂烂的小屋。几个孩子从黑影里看着他们走进来。在屋子一角的地上，一条毯子蒙着什么东西，旁边站着一个男人和一个老妇。奥利弗害怕看他们，他们面孔消瘦，牙齿尖锐，看起来就像他在外面街上看到的老鼠。

索尔贝里先生开始量尸体，看需要多大的棺材。站在旁边的男人跪在地上，大声地喊了起来：“她是活活给饿死的呀！我告诉你，她就是为这个死的！”他倒在地上，身后的孩子们都哭了起来。索尔贝里和奥利弗忙完了活计，就赶快离开了。

第二天，他们送来了棺材，一起来的还有四个从济贫院来抬棺材的人。那个男人和老妇跟在棺材的后面来到了教堂，默默地站在墓穴旁等着牧师的到来。牧师终于来了，他匆忙地主持了葬礼的祈祷仪式（毕竟这只是一种活计）。棺材尽可能快地放进了墓穴，就在这时，这位在妻子葬礼中一直一动不动的丈夫——即使在长时间等待牧师时也不曾动一下——晕倒在地上了。人们不得不在他的脸上洒了一些凉水。

“奥利弗，你感觉怎么样？”事后，索尔贝里在往家走的路上问。

“感觉不太好，先生。”奥利弗如实说道。

“你会习惯的，孩子。”

奥利弗不知道这需要多长时间，在回铺子去的路上他一直一声不吭，回想着自己所见所闻的一切。

3 O liver goes to London

O liver was now officially an undertaker's assistant. It was a good, sickly time of year, and coffins were selling well. O liver gained a lot of experience in a short time, and was interested to see how brave some people were after a death in the family. During funerals for some rich people, for example, he saw that the people who had cried the loudest in church usually recovered the fastest afterwards. He noticed how in other wealthy families the wife or the husband often seemed quite cheerful and calm despite the recent death—just as if nothing had happened. O liver was very surprised to see all this, and greatly admired the m for controlling their sadness so well.

He was treated badly by most of the people around him. Noah was jealous because O liver went out to burials while he was left back in the shop, so he treated him even worse than before. Charlotte treated him badly because Noah did. And Mrs Sowerberry was his enemy because Mr Sowerberry was supposed to be his friend.

One day something happened which might seem unimportant, but which had a great effect on O liver's future. Noah was in a particularly bad mood one dinner-time, and so he tried to make O liver cry by hitting him, pulling his hair, and calling him horrible names. This was all unsuccessful, so he tried personal insults.

'Workhouse, how's your mother?' he asked.

'She's dead,' replied O liver, his face going red with emotion.

Noah hoped that O liver was going to cry, so he continued.

'What did she die of, Workhouse?'

'Of a broken heart, I was told. 'And a tear rolled down O liver's cheek.

'Why are you crying, Workhouse?'

O liver remained silent, and Noah grew braver. 'You know, I feel very sorry for you, Workhouse, but the truth is your mother was a wicked woman.'

O liver seemed suddenly to wake up. 'What did you say?'

'She was so bad it was lucky she died, or she would have ended up in prison, or hung.'

His face bright red with anger, O liver jumped up, seized Noah's throat, and shook the older boy so violently that his teeth nearly fell out. The n he hit him with all his strength and knocked him to the ground.

'He'll murder me!' screamed Noah. 'Charlotte! Help! O liver's gone mad—'

Charlotte and Mrs Sowerberry ran in and screamed in horror. They took hold of O liver and began to heat him. The n Noah got up and started to kick him from behind. When They were all tired, They forced O liver, who was still fighting and shouting, into the cellar and locked it.

Mrs Sowerberry sat down, breathing heavily. 'He's like a wild animal!' she said. 'We could all have been murdered in our beds!'

'I hope Mr Sowerberry doesn't take any more of the se dreadful creatures from the workhouse,' said Charlotte. 'Poor Noah was nearly killed!' Mrs Sowerberry looked at Noah sympathetically.

Noah, who was twice O liver's size, pretended to rub tears from his eyes.

'What shall we do?' cried Mrs Sowerberry. 'He'll kick that door down in ten minutes.' They could hear O liver banging and kicking at the cellar door. 'Noah—run and get Mr Bumble.'

So Noah ran through the streets as quickly as he could to fetch the beadle. When he reached the workhouse, he waited for a minute to make sure his face was suitably tearful and frightened.

As soon as Mr Bumble came out, Noah cried, 'Mr Bumble! Mr Bumble! It's O liver Twist, sir. He's become violent. He tried to murder me, sir! And Charlotte, and Mrs Sowerberry as well.'

Mr Bumble was shocked and angry. 'Did he? I'll come up the re immediately and beat him with my stick.'

When he arrived at the shop, O liver was still kicking wildly at the cellar door.

'Let me out!' he shouted from the cellar, when he heard Mr Bumble's voice. 'I'm not afraid of you!'

Mr Bumble stopped for a moment, amazed and even rather frightened by this change in O liver. The n he said to Mrs Sowerberry, 'It's the meat that's caused this, you know.'

'What?'

'Meat, madam. You've fed him too well here. Back in the workhouse this would never have happened.'

'I knew I was too generous to him,' said Mrs Sowerberry, raising her eyes to the ceiling.

At that moment Mr Sowerberry returned and, hearing what had happened (according to the ladies), he beat O liver so hard that even Mr Bumble and Mrs Sowerberry were satisfied. Mr Sowerberry was not a cruel man, but he had no choice. He knew that if he didn't punish O liver, his wife would never forgive him.

That night, alone in the room with the coffins, O liver cried bitter, lonely tears. He did not sleep, and very early in the morning, before anyone was awake, he quietly unlocked the shop door and left the house. He ran up the street and through the town as far as the main road, where he saw a sign that told him it was just seventy miles from the re to London. The name London gave the boy an idea. That huge place! Nobody, not even Mr Bumble, could ever find him the re! He had heard old men in the workhouse say it was a good place for brave boys, and that the re was always work the re for those that wanted it. It would be the best place for him. He jumped to his feet and walked forward again.

But after only four miles he began to realize just how far he would have to walk. He stopped to think about it. He had a piece of bread, a rough shirt, two pairs of socks and a penny. But he could not see how the se would help him get to London any faster, so he continued walking.

He walked twenty miles that day. The only thing he had to eat was his piece of bread and some water which he begged

from houses near the road. He slept the first night in a field, feeling lonely, tired, cold and hungry. He was even hungrier the next morning when he woke up, and he had to buy some more bread with his penny. That day he walked only twelve miles. His legs were so weak that They shook beneath him.

The next day he tried to beg for money, but large signs in some villages warned him that anyone caught begging would be sent to prison. Travellers on the road refused to give him money; They said he was a lazy young dog and didn't deserve anything. Farmers threatened to send their dogs after him. When he waited outside pubs, the pub-owners chased him away because They thought he had come to steal something. Only two people were kind enough to feed him: an old woman and a gate-keeper on the road. If They had not given him some food, he surely would have died like his mother.

Early on the seventh morning of his journey, O liver finally reached the little town of Barnet, just outside London. Exhausted, he sat down at the side of the road. His feet were bleeding and he was covered in dust. He was too tired even to beg. The n he noticed that a boy, who had passed him a few minutes before, had returned, and was now looking at him carefully from the opposite side of the road. After a long time the boy crossed the road and said to O liver,

'Hello! What's the matter the n? '

The boy was about O liver's age, but was one of the strangest-looking people he had ever seen. He had a dirty, ordinary boy's face, but he behaved as if he were an adult. He was short for his age and had little, sharp, ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on top of his head but it looked as though it would blow off at any minute. He wore a man's coat which reached almost down to his feet, with sleeves so long that his hands were completely covered.

'I'm very tired and hungry,' answered O liver, almost crying. 'I've been walking for a week. '

'A week! The magistrate's order, was it? '

'The magistrate? What's that? '

'A magistrate's a kind of judge,' explained the surprised young gentleman. He realized O liver did not have much experience of the world. 'Never mind that. You want some food,' he went on. 'I haven't got much money but don't worry—I'll pay. '

The boy helped O liver to his feet, and took him to a pub. Meat, bread, and beer were placed before O liver, and his new friend urged him to satisfy his hunger. While O liver was eating, the strange boy looked at him from time to time with great attention.

'Going to London?' he asked him finally.

'Yes.'

'Got anywhere to live? '

'No. '

'Money? '

'No. '

The strange boy whistled, and put his arms into his pockets as far as the big coat sleeves would allow him. 'I suppose you want to sleep somewhere tonight, don't you? '

'I do,' replied O liver. 'I haven't slept under a roof since I started my journey. '

'Well, don't worry. I've got to be in London tonight, and I know a very nice old gentleman the re who'll let you live in his place and not even ask you for money! '

O liver was deeply grateful for this offer of shelter and talked for a long time with his new friend. His name was Jack Dawkins, but he was usually called 'The Artful Dodger'. 'Artful' because he was very clever at getting what he wanted; and 'Dodger' because he was very good at not getting caught when he did something wrong. When he heard this, O liver felt rather doubtful about having such a friend. However, he wanted first to meet the kind old gentleman in London, who would help him. After that, he could decide whether to continue the friendship with the Artful Dodger.

3 奥利弗到伦敦去

奥利弗现已是棺材店老板的正式助理，这一年年景很好，疾病成灾，棺材生意兴旺。在不长的时间里他就积累了许多经验。他很有兴趣地发现有些人在家里死了人时表现得沉着勇敢。比如说，他发现在一些有钱人的葬礼上，在教堂里哭声最大的人往往都是事后恢复最快的人。他注意到，还有一些富人人家，尽管刚刚死了人，但无论死者的妻子还是丈夫，都显得轻松愉快、镇定自若——好像什么都没发生过一样。奥利弗对这些感到不可理解，对他们能很好地克制悲伤不流露于外佩服极了。

他身边的人大都待他极不好。诺厄十分妒忌奥利弗，因为他能出去参加葬礼，而自己却被留在店铺里，所以比以前更加残酷地对待他。夏洛特对他不好，是因为诺厄对他坏。索尔贝里太太跟他是对头，是因为她认为索尔贝里先生是他的朋友。

一天，发生了一件本来看起来好像不很重要的事，可这事对奥利弗的未来却产生了很大的影响。晚餐时，诺厄的心情特别不好，他成心想弄哭奥利弗，就打他，揪他的头发，用各种坏话骂他，但这都无济于事。他便对他进行人格侮辱。

“济贫院，你妈妈呢？”他问道。

“她死了，”奥利弗回答说，由于感情激动，他的脸变红了。

诺厄想让奥利弗哭出来，就接着问：“她是怎么死的，济贫院？”

“有人告诉我她是伤心死的。”一颗泪珠从奥利弗的脸上滚落下来。

“你怎么哭了，济贫院？”

奥利弗不吭声，诺厄胆子大了，更加得寸进尺：“你知道我很同情你，济贫院，但你妈妈其实是个坏女人。”

奥利弗好像猛一激灵。“你说什么？”

“她太坏了，所以死了倒是件好事，否则她最后会被关进监狱或处以绞刑的。”

奥利弗的脸由于气愤而涨得通红。他猛地跳了起来，一把掐住诺厄的喉咙，拼命地摇着那大孩子，差点儿把他的牙齿都摇掉了。接着，他使出全身的力气一拳将他打倒在地。

“他会弄死我的！”诺厄尖声叫喊着，“夏洛特！救命！奥利弗疯了……”

夏洛特和索尔贝里太太跑了进来，害怕得尖叫起来。他们抓住奥利弗拳脚相加。这时诺厄才从地上爬了起来，从背后抬脚猛踢他。直到他们都打累了，他们才将仍在反抗的奥利弗推进地下室，锁了起来。

索尔贝里太太坐下来，喘着粗气说：“他简直像头野兽！我们都有可能被他害死在床上。”

“我真不希望索尔贝里先生再从济贫院里带来这种可怕的东西，”夏洛特说，“可怜的诺厄差点儿被掐死！”索尔贝里太太表示同情地看着诺厄。

诺厄是奥利弗身材的两倍，这会儿他正假装擦着眼泪。

“我们该怎么办？”索尔贝里太太叫喊着，“用不了十分钟他就会把那扇门踢破的。”他们能听见地下室里奥利弗咚咚的敲门踹门声。“诺厄——快去把班布尔先生找来。”

诺厄尽可能快地跑着，穿过了几条街道，去叫执事。他来到了济贫院，先在外面站了一会儿，好确实做到自己的脸上有适当的泪痕和害怕的样子。

班布尔先生从屋里一出来，诺厄就喊了起来：“班布尔先生！班布尔先生！又是奥利弗·特威斯特闹事了。他动手打人，想弄死我，先生！还想害死夏洛特和索尔贝里太太。”

班布尔先生大为震惊，他非常生气。“是吗？我立刻就去，我要用我的手杖狠狠地揍他。”

他来到棺材店时，奥利弗还在发疯似地踹着地下室的门。

“让我出去！”他听到了班布尔先生的声音时，在地下室叫喊着，“我不怕你！”

班布尔先生稍稍站了一会儿，他对奥利弗的变化很吃惊，甚至很有点害怕。然后他对索尔贝里太太说：“这就是肉食造成的结果，你知道。”

“什么？”

“肉，太太，你这里给他吃得太好了。在济贫院里是从来不会发生这种事的。”

“我知道我对他是太厚道了，”索尔贝里太太抬起眼睛看着天花板，说道。

就在这时，索尔贝里先生从外面回来了，他知道了发生的一切（是从女人们的嘴里听说的），就狠狠地打了奥利弗一顿，以至于班布尔先生和索尔贝里太太都感到满意了。索尔贝里先生不是个狠心的人，可他没有别的办法，他很清楚，假如他不惩罚奥利弗，他老婆是不会饶过他的。

那天晚上，一个人呆在棺材房里，奥利弗哭了，流下了辛酸、孤单的眼泪。他一夜没睡，第二天一大早，趁着还没有一个人起床，便轻轻地打开了铺子的门，离开了这座房子。他沿街道跑下去，尽快地穿过镇子，直走到大路上。他看见一块牌子上写着“此地距伦敦七十英里整”。伦敦这个地名使这个孩子产生了一个念头。那是个极大的地方！在那儿没人能找到他，就连班布尔先生也找不到！在济贫院里他听老人们说过，那是个勇敢的孩子去的好地方，而且在那儿很容易找到事做。对他来说那将是最好的去处。他一跃而起，朝前走去。

但是刚刚走了四英里，他已开始意识到他还有多么长的路要走。他停下脚步，想了想这件事。他身边有一块面包、一件粗布衫、两双袜子和一便士。他看不出这些东西怎么能帮他更快地到达伦敦。于是，他继续往前走去。

那一天，他走了二十英里，只吃了身边的那块面包，喝了点儿从路边人家讨来的水。第一天晚上他睡在了野地里，孤单、疲劳、寒冷、饥饿一起向他袭来。第二天早晨醒来，他更加饥饿难耐，不得不拿出仅有的一便士买了点儿面包。这一天他只走了十二英里，他的两条腿软弱无力，不停地瑟瑟发抖。

第三天，他不得不乞讨小钱了。但在一些村子，他能看到大的牌子，上面写着警告说，任何乞讨的人，一旦抓住后，将被送进监狱。路上的行人拒绝给他钱；他们说他是条小懒狗，不应得到任何东西。农夫们威胁说要放出狗来追他。他站在小酒店外面时，酒店老板也要赶他走，因为他们认为他是来偷东西的。只有两个好心人给了他东西吃：一位老妇和一个路上的看门人。如果不是他们给他东西吃，他肯定会像他母亲一样死去的。

在旅途的第七天清早，奥利弗终于到达了伦敦附近一个叫巴尼特的小镇子。他精疲力竭地坐在路边，两只脚流着血，浑身上下沾满了尘土。由于过度疲劳，他连乞讨的劲儿都没有了，这时，他注意到有一个男孩几分钟之前从他身边走过，这会儿又折了回来，站在马路的对面仔细打量着他。过了好一会儿，这男孩穿过马路，向他走来，说：

“喂！怎么回事？”

这男孩跟奥利弗年龄相仿，但奥利弗从未见过像他这样样子奇怪的人。他长着一张普通男孩的肮脏的脸，可他的一举一动跟大人一样。他比实际年龄要矮一点儿，一双贼溜溜的眯缝眼很难看。他的帽子就搁在脑袋顶上，看上去随时有可能被风吹掉。他身上穿了一件大人的外衣，衣服几乎拖到了脚背上。衣袖很长，几乎将他的两只手全盖在里面。

“我又累又饿，”奥利弗几乎是哭着回答说，“我走了整整一星期的路了。”

“一星期！是治安推事的命令吗？”

“治安推事，是什么？”

“治安推事是一种法官。”那位感到惊讶的年轻先生解释说。他明白了奥利弗涉世不深，没有多少经验。“别去管那些了。你现在需要吃点东西。”他接着说，“我身上没多少钱，但是别担心——我会付钱的。”

这个男孩扶奥利弗站起来，带他走进一家小酒馆。肉、面包和啤酒摆在了奥利弗面前。他的新朋友催他快解除饥饿。奥利弗吃东西时，这个陌生的男孩不时注意地盯着他看。

“去伦敦吗？”他最后问。

“是的。”

“有地方住吗？”

“没有。”

“有钱吗？”

“没有。”

这陌生的男孩吹了声口哨，将两只手插进了衣袋里，直到宽大的衣袖挡住不能再插进去为止。“我想你今儿晚上得找个睡觉的地儿，是不是？”

“是的。”奥利弗回答说，“这一路上我从来没在屋顶下睡过觉。”

“别担心，今儿晚上我也得去伦敦。我认识那儿一个非常好的老先生，他会让你住在他那儿的，而且不要你的钱！”

奥利弗对他能提供栖身之处深为感激，同他的新朋友聊了很长时间。他叫杰克·道金斯，可人们都叫他“插翅神偷”。叫“神偷”是因为

他能灵巧地得到他想要的东西；而“插翅”则是指他做了坏事时，善于及时逃脱不被捕获。奥利弗听到这儿，对有这样一个朋友感到拿不定主意。不管怎样，他先要见见在伦敦的这位好心的、会帮助他的老先生，之后再决定是否与插翅神偷继续他们的朋友关系。

For some reason the Dodger did not want to enter London during daylight, so it was nearly eleven o'clock at night when They got near the centre. 0 liver had never seen a dirtier or more miserable place. The streets in this district were narrow and muddy, and the re were terrible smells everywhere. Children wandered around even at this time of night, in and out of the many shops, playing and screaming. The pubs were full of people fighting, and big, evil-looking men stood in doorways or at dark corners. 0 liver almost wanted to run away, but just the n the Dodger pushed open a door and pulled 0 liver into a dark hall.

'Who's the re?' a voice cried out.

'It's me,' said the Dodger. The faint light of a candle appeared in the hall.

'Who's the other one?'

'A new friend.'

They went up some dark and broken stairs. 0 liver could hardly see where he was going, but the Dodger seemed to know the way, and helped 0 liver up. They entered a room with walls that were black with age and dirt. In front of the fire was a table with a candle stuck into a bottle of beer, and an old man, with a horribly ugly face and red hair, stood next to the fire cooking. He was wearing a dirty old coat and seemed to divide his attention between his cooking and a number of silk handkerchieves, which were hanging near the fire. The re were several rough beds in the room. Four or five boys, about the same age as the Artful Dodger, sat round the table, smoking and drinking like middle-aged men. They all looked up when the Dodger and 0 liver entered.

'This is him, Fagin,' the Dodger said to the old man. 'My friend 0 liver Twist.'

Fagin smiled and shook 0 liver's hand. The n all The young gentlemen came up to him and shook both his hands very hard, especially the hand which held his few possessions. One of the boys was particularly kind. He even put his hands in 0 liver's pockets so that 0 liver would not have to empty the m himself when he went to bed. The boys would probably have been even more helpful, but Fagin hit the m on their heads and shoulders until They left 0 liver alone.

'We're very glad to see you, 0 liver,' said Fagin. 'I see you're staring at the handkerchieves, my dear. Aren't the re a lot? We've just taken the m all out to wash the m, that's all! Ha! Ha! Ha!'

This seemed to be a joke, as the old gentleman and all his young friends gave loud shouts of laughter. The n supper began. 0 liver ate his share of the food and was the n given a glass of gin-and-water. Fagin told him to drink it fast. Immediately afterwards, 0 liver felt himself lifted onto one of the beds and he sank into a deep sleep.

When he woke, it was late morning. Fagin was the only other person in the room, and he was boiling coffee in a pan. When the coffee was done, he turned towards 0 liver and looked closely at the boy. 0 liver was only just awake and his eyes were half-closed, so he seemed to be still fast asleep. Fagin the n locked the door and from a hidden hole in the floor, he took out a small box, which he placed carefully on the table. His eyes shone as he opened it and took out a gold watch covered in jewels.

'Aah!' he said to himself. 'What fine men They were! Loyal to the end. They never told the priest where the jewels were. Nor about old Fagin. Not even at the very end. And why should They? It was already too late. It wouldn't have stopped the rope going round their necks!'

Fagin took out at least six more watches, as well as rings and bracelets and many other valuable pieces of jewellery. He looked at the m with pleasure, the n replaced the m. 'What a good thing hanging is!' he murmured. 'Dead men can never talk, or betray old friends!'

At that moment he looked up and saw 0 liver watching him. He closed the lid of the box with a loud crash, and picked up a bread knife from the table. 'Why are you watching me? What have you seen? Tell me—quick!'

'I couldn't sleep any longer, sir,' said 0 liver, terrified. 'I'm very sorry.'

'You weren't awake an hour ago?' Fagin asked fiercely, still holding the knife.

'I promise I was n't, sir,' replied 0 liver.

'Don't worry, my dear,' Fagin said, putting down the knife and becoming once again the kind old gentleman. He laughed. 'I only tried to frighten you, my dear. You're a brave boy, 0 liver! And did you see any of the pretty things?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Ah,' said Fagin, turning rather pale. 'They-They're mine, 0 liver. All I have, in my old age.'

0 liver wondered why the old man lived in such an old, dirty place, when he had so many watches, but the n he thought that it must cost Fagin a lot of money to look after the Dodger and the other boys. So he said nothing, and got up and washed. When he turned towards Fagin, the box had disappeared.

Soon the Dodger entered with a cheerful young man named Charley Bates.

'Have you been at work this morning?' Fagin asked the Dodger.

'Hard at work,' answered the Dodger.

'Good boys, good boys!' said Fagin. 'What have you got?'

'A couple of pocket-books and some handkerchieves.'

'Good workers, aren't They, 0 liver?' said the old man.

'Very good,' said 0 liver. The others all started laughing, though 0 liver saw nothing funny in his answer. Fagin inspected the handkerchieves and told the two boys that They were extremely well made and that he was very pleased with their work.

After breakfast They played a very strange game. The cheerful old man put a watch in his jacket pocket, with a guard-chain round his neck, and a notebook and a handkerchief in his trouser pocket. The n he went up and down the room holding a

walking stick, just like the old gentlemen who walked in the streets. Sometimes he stopped at the fireplace, and sometimes at the door, pretending to stare with great interest into shop windows. He would then constantly look round, as if afraid of thieves, touching all his pockets in such a natural and funny way that Oliver laughed until tears ran down his face. All the time, the two boys followed Fagin everywhere, and every time he turned round, they moved out of his sight so quickly that it was impossible to follow their movements.

Finally, the Dodger bumped into him accidentally from behind, and at that moment both boys took from him, very quickly, his watch, guard-chain, handkerchief, and notebook. If the old man felt a hand in any of his pockets he cried out, and then the game began again.

Later, the boys went out again to do some more work. When they had gone, Fagin turned to Oliver. 'Take my advice, my dear,' he said. 'Make them your models. Especially the Dodger. He'll be a great man himself, and will make you one too, if you copy him. Is my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket, my dear?'

'Yes, sir,' said Oliver.

'See if you can take it out, without my feeling it. Just as you saw them doing it when we were playing.'

Oliver held up the bottom of the pocket with one hand, as he had seen the Dodger hold it, and pulled the handkerchief lightly out of it with the other.

'Has it gone?' asked Fagin.

'Here it is, sir,' said Oliver, showing it in his hand.

'You're a clever boy, my dear,' said the old gentleman, putting his hand on Oliver's head. 'I've never seen a quicker boy. If you go on like this, you'll be the greatest man in London. Now come here and I'll show you how to take the marks out of handkerchieves.'

Oliver wondered what the connection was between playing at stealing from the old gentleman's pocket and becoming a great man. But he followed him quietly to the table and was soon deeply involved in his new study.

Oliver remained in Fagin's room for many days, picking the marks and names out of the handkerchieves and sometimes playing the same game as before. One evening two young ladies came to visit, and a very cheerful party followed. Oliver thought they were very nice, friendly girls.

The Dodger and Charley Bates went out to work every day, but sometimes came home with no handkerchieves, and Fagin would get very angry. Once he even knocked them both down the stairs and sent them to bed with no dinner because they had returned with nothing.

At last, the morning came when Oliver was allowed to go out to work with the two other boys. They had been no handkerchieves for him to work on for several days and there was not very much to eat for dinner. The three boys set out, but they walked so slowly that Oliver thought they were not going to work at all. Then suddenly the Dodger stopped and put his finger to his lips.

'What's the matter?' demanded Oliver.

'Be quiet!' replied the Dodger. 'Do you see that old man outside the book shop? He's the one.'

Oliver looked from the Dodger to Charley Bates with great surprise and confusion, but he had been told not to ask questions. The two boys walked quickly and secretly across the road towards the old gentleman. Oliver followed behind them, watching in silent amazement.

The old gentleman looked quite rich; he wore gold glasses, white trousers, and had an expensive walking stick under his arm. He had picked up a book and was standing there, reading it with great concentration—just as if he were in his own armchair at home. Oliver, his eyes wide with horror and alarm, watched as the Dodger put his hand in the old gentleman's pocket, took out a handkerchief, and handed it to Charley Bates. Then the two of them ran round the corner as fast as they could.

Suddenly, the whole mystery of the handkerchieves, and the watches, and the jewels, and Fagin, became clear. Oliver stood for a moment in terror, blood rushing through him until he felt he was on fire. Then, confused and frightened, he started to run. At the same time, the old gentleman, putting his hand to his pocket and realizing his handkerchief was missing, turned round. He saw Oliver running away, so he naturally thought Oliver was the thief. With loud cries of 'Stop thief!', he ran after Oliver with the book still in his hand.

The old gentleman was not the only one who started shouting. The Dodger and Charley Bates, not wanting to attract attention to themselves by running down the street, had stopped round the first corner. When they realized what was happening, they also shouted 'Stop thief!' and joined in the chase like good citizens.

The cry of 'Stop thief!' always causes great excitement. Everybody in the street stopped what they were doing and began to shout themselves. Many joined in the chase with enthusiasm and soon there was a big crowd running after Oliver.

Finally, they caught the exhausted boy. He fell down on the pavement and the crowd gathered round him.

'Is this the boy?' they asked the old gentleman.

'Yes,' he answered, leaning over Oliver. 'But I'm afraid he's hurt himself.'

'I did that,' said a huge young man proudly. 'And I hurt my hand doing it.' The old gentleman looked at him with an expression of dislike.

Oliver lay on the ground, covered with mud and dust and bleeding from the mouth, and looked wildly at all the faces surrounding him. At that moment a policeman arrived and took Oliver by the collar. 'Come on, get up,' he said roughly.

'It wasn't me, sir,' said Oliver, looking round. 'It was two other boys. They're here somewhere.'

'Oh no, they aren't,' replied the policeman. In fact, he was right, as the Dodger and Charley had quietly disappeared as soon as the crowd had caught Oliver. 'Come on, get up!'

'Don't hurt him,' said the old gentleman.

’I won’t, said the policeman, tearing O liver’s jacket half off his back as he lifted him up.

The three of the m started walking, followed by the excited crowd.

4 奥利弗在伦敦

由于某些原因，插翅神偷不愿意在白天进伦敦，所以，他们到达市中心时，已经差不多是晚上11时了。奥利弗从未见过这么龌龊、悲惨的地方。这个地区的街道狭窄泥泞，到处散发着熏人的臭气。临近半夜了，孩子们还在街头游逛着，在街头的许多小铺子里进进出出，玩闹、尖叫着。小酒馆里挤满了打架的人。凶神恶煞般的大块头站在门口外黑暗的角落里。奥利弗差点儿被吓跑了。就在这时，神偷推开一扇门，将奥利弗拽到一个昏暗的门厅里。

“是谁啊？”一个声音唤道。

“是我。”神偷说。门厅里出现了一丝微弱的蜡烛的光亮。

“另一个是谁呀？”

“一位新朋友。”

他们踩着漆黑、破烂的楼梯走上去，奥利弗几乎什么也看不见，全靠神偷扶着他往前走，而神偷显得对这儿挺熟的。他们走进了一间屋子，由于年代已久，屋子的墙又黑又脏。炉前的桌子上放了一瓶啤酒，瓶口插着一节蜡烛。一位长着非常丑恶的脸和红头发的老人站在火炉旁煮饭。他穿了一件破旧、肮脏的大衣，好像一边煮着饭一边注意着挂在炉旁边的几条丝手帕。屋里摆着几张简陋的床。四五个与插翅神偷年龄差不多的男孩围坐在桌子旁，像中年人一样嘴里叼着烟，喝着酒。神偷和奥利弗走进来时，他们都抬起头来看。

“这就是他，费金。”神偷跟老头说。“我的朋友奥利弗·特威斯特。”

费金微笑着同奥利弗握握手，然后所有的小绅士们都走过来使劲地握着他的双手，尤其是那只拿着他仅有的几件东西的手。一个孩子特别善良，竟然把手伸进了奥利弗的衣袋里，这样奥利弗在睡觉前就无需自己费力气掏出兜里的东西了。如果不是费金使劲地敲打他们的头和肩膀，让他们不再骚扰他，他们还可能会给奥利弗更殷勤的帮助。

“见到你很高兴，奥利弗。”费金说，“我看你是在看那些手帕吧，亲爱的，那岂不是有很多吗？我们把它们全部拿了出来，准备洗一洗，不过如此而已！哈！哈！哈！”

这好像是一句笑话，因为老先生和他这些年轻的朋友都大笑起来。然后晚饭开始了。奥利弗吃完了他的一份，大家又给了他一杯加了水的杜松子酒。费金让他一口气喝下去。不一会儿，他觉得被人抬起来放在了一张床上，便睡了过去。

他一觉醒来，时间已近中午，屋里只有费金一个人，他正在用一个平底锅煮咖啡。咖啡煮好后，他转身仔细看了一眼奥利弗。奥利弗这时刚刚醒来，眼睛还是半闭着的，所以，好像还在沉睡着。然后费金锁上了房门，从地板上一个隐蔽的洞里拿出了一个小盒子。他将小盒子小心地放在桌子上，打开盒盖，从里面拿出了一块满镶着宝石的金表。他看着金表，眼睛发出了贪婪的光。

“噫呀！”他自言自语地说，“他们是多好的人啊！忠诚到底。他们一直没告诉牧师珠宝在什么地方。也没把我老费金招出来。直到最后。他们为什么要招出来呢？当时已经太晚了，招了也已经无法去掉就要套在他们脖子上的绳索了！”

费金又拿出了至少六块手表，还有戒指、手镯和其它一些贵重的宝石饰品。他欣喜地看着这些东西，之后，又放了回去。“绞刑是多么好的事！”他咕哝着，“人死了就再也不能开口说话了，也不能背叛老朋友了！”

就在这时，他抬起头，看见奥利弗正在盯着他看。他哗啦一下盖上了盒盖，从桌上抓起一把面包刀。“你为什么看着我？你都看见什么了？快告诉我！”

“我醒来后睡不着了，先生。”奥利弗吓得魂不附体地说，“对不起！”

“一小时以前你没有醒吧？”他凶恶地问，手里仍然攥着那把刀。

“我保证，我没有，先生。”奥利弗回答说。

“别担心，亲爱的。”费金说着，放下手里的刀，又成了原来那个善良的老先生了。他笑着说：“我只是想吓唬吓唬你，亲爱的。你是个勇敢的孩子，奥利弗！你看见那些漂亮的東西了吗？”

“是的，先生。”

“噢！”费金应着，脸变得相当白了，“那——那是我自己的东西，奥利弗。是我这老头子全部的家当。”

奥利弗很纳闷，这老头有那么金表，他为什么还住在这么陈旧、破烂的地方；不过，然后他又想，他养活神偷和其他的孩子们肯定也得花去许多钱。因此他什么也没说，就起身去洗脸了，当他再转身看费金时，那只盒子已经不见了。

不一会儿，神偷和一个叫查理·贝茨的乐呵呵的年轻人走了进来。

“今儿上午你们工作了吗？”费金问神偷。

“干得很卖劲。”神偷回答说。

“好孩子，好孩子！”费金说，“你们都弄到什么了？”

“几个皮夹子和几条手帕。”

“他们是好工人，对不对，奥利弗？”老头说。

“非常好。”奥利弗说。别人都笑了，可奥利弗并不觉得他的回答有什么好笑的。费金查看过手帕，告诉两个孩子这些手帕做工精美，并表示对他们的工作感到高兴。

早饭后，他们做着一种奇特的游戏。高高兴兴的老头将一块手表揣进他的上衣兜里，将表链套在脖子上，再把一个小本和一条手帕装进裤袋里。然后他手里拄着手杖，来回地在屋里走着，就好像那些走在马路上的年老的绅士一样。他一会儿停在炉旁，一会儿停在门口处，假装饶有兴趣地看着橱窗里的东西。他不停地左顾右盼，用一种自然而滑稽的动作摸索着浑身下上的衣兜，好像是怕有小偷。奥利弗被逗得笑出了眼泪。两个男孩一直跟在费金的身后，每当他转身时，他们俩就立刻躲得没影了，让他很难跟上他们的动作。

最后，神偷偶然地从后面撞了他一下，就在这个节骨眼上，他身上的手表、表链、手帕、记事本都到了两个男孩手里。如果老头感到有手伸进兜里，他就叫一声。接着游戏又重新开始。

之后，孩子们又出去做更多的工作了。他们走后，费金转向奥利弗。“听我的话，亲爱的，”他说，“照着他们的榜样去做，特别是神偷，他自己将来会成为一个了不起的人，假如你跟他学，你也会成为一个了不起的人的。我的手帕是不是从兜里耷拉到外面了，亲爱的？”

“是的，先生。”奥利弗说。

“试试看，你是否能在我不知不觉中将它拿走，就像你刚才看到他们做的那样。”

奥利弗学着神偷的样子，一只手向上托住衣兜的底部，用另一只手轻轻抽出了手帕。

“拿走了吗？”费金问。

“在这儿呢，先生。”奥利弗说着把手里的手帕给他看。

“你真是个聪明的孩子，亲爱的。”老先生摸着奥利弗的头说，“我还从没见过比你更伶俐的孩子，如果你照着这样继续学下去，你会成为伦敦最伟大的人物。你过来，我教给你怎样去掉手帕上的记号。”

奥利弗搞不明白，玩从老先生兜里偷东西的游戏和成为一个伟大的人物这二者之间有什么联系。但他一声不响地跟他走到了桌边，很快便投入了这项新的学习。

奥利弗在费金的屋里待了许多天，学习拆掉手帕上的记号和名字，有时也玩和以前一样的那个游戏。一天晚上，有两位年轻的女士前来造访，他们在一起聚会，玩得非常愉快。奥利弗觉得这两个女孩非常和善友好。

神偷和查理·贝茨每天都出去工作，但有时他们带不回来手帕，这时，费金就很生气。有一次，就因为他们没带回东西来，他竟然将他们俩打下楼梯，并且不给他们吃晚饭。

这天早上，奥利弗终于被允许与这两个男孩一起出去工作。他们已经有好几天没带回手帕来给他拆记号了，所以他们也没能吃到足够的晚饭。早晨，这三个男孩子出发了。他们走得非常慢，使奥利弗以为他们不是去工作的。突然，神偷停住了脚步，将一个手指竖在嘴唇上。

“出了什么事？”奥利弗问。

“别出声！”神偷说，“你看见站在书店外面的那个老头了吗？就是他。”

奥利弗极度惊奇和迷惑地看看神偷，又看看查理·贝茨，但人家告诉过他不许提问题。两个男孩偷偷地快速穿过马路，朝老先生走去，奥利弗尾随在他们后面，惊奇地悄悄看着。

老先生看上去很富有，他戴着一副金边眼镜，身穿一条白色裤子，一根昂贵的手杖夹在腋下。他从书摊上拿起一本书，站在那儿专心地看着——就好像坐在家里的软椅上一样。奥利弗睁大了一双恐惧和惊慌的眼睛，看着神偷将手伸进了老先生的兜里，抽出了一条丝手帕，递给了查理·贝茨，然后两人绕过拐角尽快地跑开了。

顿时，关于手帕的秘密及手表、宝石和费金的事都变得一清二楚了。奥利弗害怕地在那里站了一会儿，感到浑身的血流加快了，他觉得自己正在发烧。然后，迷惑和害怕使他撒腿就跑。就在这时，老先生把手伸进了裤兜里，发现手帕不见了，他转过身来，正好看见奥利弗从他身边跑开，所以，理所当然地，他认为奥利弗是小偷。他大声地喊着：“抓贼！”并追赶着奥利弗，手里仍然拿着那本书。

喊叫起来的人不止老先生一个，神偷和查理·贝茨为了不一直顺着马路跑下去而引起别人的注意，已停在了第一个拐角处。当他们认识到发生了什么事时，也掺和在人群里，像好公民一样喊着：“抓贼！”并参加了追逐。

“抓贼！”这喊声往往能引起极大的骚动。街上的每一个人都停下正在做的事，跟着喊。许多人以极大的热情加入了追逐的人群。很快就有一大帮人在追赶奥利弗。

最后，这个筋疲力尽的孩子终于被他们抓住了。他摔倒在人行道上，人们将他团团围住。

“是这个男孩吗？”他们问老先生。

“是的。”他回答道，并俯下身看着奥利弗。“恐怕他是伤着自己了。”

“那是我弄的，”一个大个子年轻人自豪地说，“都把我的手弄痛了。”老先生反感地看了他一眼。

奥利弗躺在地上，浑身上下沾满了泥土，嘴里往外流着血，惊慌失措地看着围着他的一张张面孔。不一会儿，警察赶来了，抓住领子拎起了奥利弗，粗暴地说：“站起来，跟我走！”

“先生，不是我，”奥利弗四下里张望着说，“是另外的两个男孩，他们就在附近的什么地方。”

“噢，不，他们不在这里。”警察说。其实，他说得对，在追赶的人群将奥利弗抓住后，神偷和查理·贝茨就溜之大吉了。“起来！”

“别打他。”老先生说。

“我不会打他的。”警察说着将他从地上拉起来，差点儿把他的上衣从身上扯下来。

他们三个人朝前走去，沸沸扬扬的人群跟在他们身后。

5 O liver's life changes

O liver was taken to the nearest police station. The officer at the gate looked at the boy. 'Another young thief, eh? 'He turned to the old gentleman, 'Are you the person who was robbed, sir? '

'Yes, I am, 'replied the old gentleman, 'but I'm not sure that this boy actually took the hand kerchief. I don't really want to take him to court. '

'Too late. He must go before the magistrate now. '

O liver was locked in a small stone cell, which was disgustingly dirty and smelly. As the key turned in the lock, the old gentleman said to himself thoughtfully, 'The re's something in that boy's face... He could be innocent. Where have I seen someone like him before? 'After thinking about this for a few minutes, he said, 'No; it must be imagination. 'He sighed unhappily, and began reading the book again.

Some time later, the officer touched his shoulder and told him that the court was ready. A magistrate was a judge who dealt with small crimes in local courts, and the magistrate for this district was well known. His name was Mr Fang and he was a disagreeable, bad-tempered man. Today he was in a particularly bad mood. He frowned angrily at the old gentleman, and asked sharply,

'Who are you? '

'My name, sir, is Brown low. '

'Officer! What is this man charged with? '

'He's not charged, sir, 'answered the officer. 'He's accusing the boy. '

The magistrate looked at Mr Brown low from head to foot. 'And what have you got to say? '

Mr Brown low began to explain. 'I was standing outside a book shop—'

'Be quiet, sir! 'shouted Mr Fang. 'Policeman! Now—you arrested the boy. What happened? '

The policeman told the magistrate what he had heard, and how he had searched O liver afterwards and found nothing.

'Are there any witnesses? 'asked the magistrate.

'None, 'answered the policeman.

Mr Fang then turned to Mr Brown low and angrily told him to describe what had happened. Mr Brown low explained that he had run after the boy only because he saw him running away. He did not think that the boy was the actual thief and he hoped that the boy would not be punished. 'He's been hurt already, 'he added, 'and now I'm afraid he's very ill. '

'I don't believe that for a moment, 'said Mr Fang unpleasantly. He turned to O liver. 'Come now, don't try any clever tricks with me! What's your name? 'he demanded.

O liver tried to reply, but he was too weak to speak. He was deadly pale, and he felt the room spinning round him. At last he managed to whisper a request for water, but the magistrate refused angrily. Suddenly, O liver fainted and fell to the floor.

Mr Fang stared at him angrily. 'Guilty. Three months 'prison, 'he said immediately. 'Let him lie there. He'll soon be tired of that. 'Mr Fang stood up. 'This court is now closed. '

At that moment a man in an old black coat rushed in. 'Stop! 'he shouted. 'Don't take the boy away. I saw it all. I'm the book shop owner. '

Mr Fang's face was black with anger at this unexpected interruption, but the book shop owner demanded to be heard. He described exactly what had really happened. He had seen two boys steal the hand kerchief and then run away, leaving O liver to be arrested.

In a final burst of bad temper, Mr Fang said that his time had been wasted. He announced that O liver was innocent, and ordered everybody out of the court.

The order was obeyed, and as Mr Brown low turned to go down the street, he saw O liver lying on the pavement, shaking, his face as white as death.

'Poor boy! Poor boy! 'said Mr Brown low, bending over him. He called a coach quickly, laid O liver on the seat, and drove away.

The coach stopped at a neat house in a quiet, shady street in north London. O liver was gently carried in to a bed, and received more care and kindness than he had ever had in his life. But he had a fever, and for many days he lay there unconscious. When he eventually awoke, weak, thin and pale, he looked anxiously around the room.

'What room is this? Where am I? 'he said. 'This is not the place I fell asleep in. '

Mrs Bedwin, the motherly old housekeeper, heard his words, and instantly came to him. 'Hush—be quiet, my dear, or you'll be ill again. Lie down. '

He lay down, and woke up again much later. After a while, he was able to sit up in a chair, although he was still too weak to walk. In this new position he could see a picture of a woman hanging on the wall opposite. 'Who is that, madam? 'he asked the old housekeeper.

'I don't know, my dear. Do you like it? '

'The eyes look so sad, and they seem to be staring at me. As if the person was alive, and wanted to speak to me but couldn't. '

'You're weak and nervous after your illness, 'Mrs Bedwin said kindly. 'Don't worry about things like that. '

Later that day Mr Brown low came in, having heard that the boy was a little better at last. He was delighted to see that O liver could sit up. But when he saw O liver's face clearly, Mr Brown low stared hard at him.

'I hope you're not angry with me, sir, 'said O liver anxiously.

‘No, no. Not in the least,’ he replied. The n he turned to the housekeeper. ‘But look, Mrs Bed win, look the re!’ He pointed to the picture of the woman above O liver’s head and the n to the boy’s face. It was a living copy of the picture; even the expression was the same. O liver did not understand what was happening. He was so alarmed by Mr Brown low’s excitement that he fainted once more.

The Dodger and Charley Bates had left the crowd which was chasing O liver as soon as They could. They went back to their house through the narrow streets, using a complicated route in case anyone was following the m. Once They were safely away from other people, Charley Bates rolled on the ground and laughed and laughed.

‘Ha! Ha! Ha! When I saw O liver running away so fast, round all the corners, bumping into walls... and all the time I had the hand kerchief in my pocket... Ha! Ha! Ha!’

‘But what’ll Fagin say?’ asked the Dodger.

‘What do you mean?’

The Dodger said nothing more but led Charley Bates into the house and up the stairs. When Fagin saw the m enter, he rose to his feet.

‘Where’s O liver?’ he asked the m furiously.

The two boys looked uneasily at each other, but said nothing. Fagin took hold of the Dodger’s collar and shook him violently. ‘Tell me or I’ll kill you!’

The Dodger slid out of his coat in one smooth movement, leaving Fagin holding only the empty coat. ‘The police have got him,’ he said reluctantly. He looked round for a weapon to fight with, but Fagin already had a heavy metal pot in his hand. He threw it hard at the Dodger, but missed and hit Charley Bates, who started to shout with fear.

Suddenly, all this noise and confusion was silenced by a deep voice at the door.

‘What the devil’s going on here?’ the voice demanded.

The owner of the voice was a big man of about thirty-five in a black coat and very dirty trousers, with a brown hat on his head and a dirty hand kerchief around his neck. He also had a three-day-old beard. A white dog with torn ears followed him into the room. The man kicked the dog into a corner and looked round at the signs of battle.

‘Are They trying to murder you, Fagin? I would if I was the m. I’d have done it long ago. Now, give me some beer, and don’t poison it.’

It was said as a joke, but if the man had seen the evil look on Fagin’s face, he might have thought the warning was a necessary one.

Fagin produced some beer, and as the fight appeared to be over, everybody sat down. In the conversation that followed, Fagin told the newcomer that O liver had been caught by the police. ‘I’m afraid, Mr Sikes,’ he said, ‘the boy may say something which will get us into trouble.’

‘Very likely,’ said Bill Sikes, smiling unkindly. ‘You’ve got problems, Fagin.’

‘And I’m afraid,’ added Fagin, ignoring Sikes’ remark, ‘that if we’re in trouble, the n a lot of other people will be in trouble too, if you understand me, my dear,’

Sikes turned angrily towards the old man. The re was a silence. The n Sikes said, ‘Somebody must find out what’s happened. If he hasn’t said anything yet, we must catch him when he leaves the police station.’

Fagin nodded. But the re was a difficulty. None of the m wanted to go anywhere near a Police station. The problem was solved with the arrival of the two young ladies whom O liver had met one evening in Fagin’s house.

‘Nancy, my dear,’ Fagin said. He smiled sweetly at one of The young ladies. ‘Can you go to find out what’s happened to O liver?’

The young lady answered calmly, ‘No, I won’t.’

‘You’re the only one here that the police in this district don’t know,’ said Sikes. ‘She’ll go, Fagin.’

‘No,’ repeated Nancy.

‘Yes, she will, Fagin.’ Sikes was right. With a mixture of threats and promises, he soon persuaded Nancy to go.

She set off at once, and at the police station pretended to be a shy, frightened girl. ‘Is my poor little brother O liver here?’ she asked the officer with the keys.

‘He’s not here,’ the officer replied. ‘The gentleman’s got him.’

‘The gentleman? Oh no! What gentleman?’ cried Nancy, very upset.

The policeman explained that O liver had become ill, and the old gentleman had taken him to his house in the Pentonville district of north London. Nancy, still looking terribly upset, left the station, and hurried back to Fagin’s house with this news. As soon as he heard it, Sikes called his white dog, put on his hat and left without saying goodbye to anyone.

‘We must find him,’ Fagin said urgently to the rest of the m. ‘No one can stay here—it’s too dangerous now. All of you—walk around Pentonville and keep your ears open. Don’t come back until you have some news of O liver! If you can, kidnap him! We’ve got to keep him quiet before he starts talking about us to his new friends.’

With the se words, he pushed the m all from his room and double-locked the door behind the m. The n he took out his hidden box and very carefully hid all the watches and the jewellery beneath his clothe s.

5 奥利弗的生活变了

奥利弗被带进了最近的警察局。门口的一位警官盯着这孩子。“嗨！又是一个小贼？”他扭头向老先生问道，“先生，您就是被盗人吗？”

“是我，”老先生回答，“但我不敢说他就是偷了我手帕的那个孩子。我并不真想把他带到法庭上来。”

“太晚了，他必须现在就去见治安推事。”

奥利弗被锁进了一个石砌的小牢房，牢房里脏极了，气味令人作呕。钥匙在门锁里转动的那一瞬间，老先生若有所思地自言自语道：“这

孩子的表情好像意味着什么……他有可能是无辜的，我曾经在什么地方见过这么一个孩子呢？”他琢磨了一会儿，说：“不，这一定是我想像的。”他可惜地叹了口气，又接着看他的书。

过了一会儿，警官拍了拍他的肩膀说，法庭已经准备就序，担任审判官的是一位治安推事，治安推事主要是在地方法庭处理一些小的犯罪案。这位推事在他所管辖的区域里是很有名气的，他的名字叫范先生。他是个脾气很坏、难以相处的人。特别是今天，他的心情极为不佳，他紧皱着眉头，生气地朝老头厉声问道：

“你是什么人？”

“先生，我的名字叫布朗洛。”

“警官！这人被控什么罪名？”

“推事，他没有被控什么，”警官回答说，“他是这孩子的指控人。”

推事将布朗洛从头到脚地打量了一番，说：“你有什么要说的吗？”

布朗洛先生开始解释，“我正站在一家书店的外面——”

“安静，先生！”范先生大声地说，“警察！刚才——是你逮捕了这孩子，因为什么事？”

警察向推事报告了他所听到的事情，以及经过搜身什么也没发现的情况。

“有证人吗？”推事问。

“没有。”警察回答道。

范先生转向布朗洛先生，生气地命令他讲述事情发生的经过。布朗洛先生说，他追赶这孩子主要是因为他看见这孩子 在跑开。但他认为这孩子并不是那真正偷东西的小偷，他希望这孩子不要受到惩罚。“他已经受到了伤害，”他又说，“恐怕他现在病得很厉害。”

“我一点也不相信这些，”范先生不高兴地说。他转向奥利弗。“过来，别跟我要花招，你叫什么名字？”他问道。

奥利弗想张口说话，可他虚弱得连话都说不出来了。他的脸色苍白得要命，他觉得屋子在眼前旋转着。终于，他勉强低声地请求要喝水，但被推事愤怒地拒绝了。突然，奥利弗昏倒在地上。

范先生生气地凝视着他。“有罪，判监禁三个月。”他马上说，“就让他躺在这儿，他不久就累了，自己会起来。”范先生站了起来：“审判现在结束。”

就在这时，一个身穿黑色长外套的男人跑了进来。“等等！”他大声喊着，“别把这孩子带走。事情经过我都看见了。我是书店的老板。”

因为这意想不到的打扰，范先生的脸气得发黑。书店老板要求法官听他的陈述，他确切述说了事情的真实情况。他看见两个男孩偷了手帕，然后就逃走了，将奥利弗留下来当了替罪羊。

范先生最后一次大发脾气，声称他的时间完全浪费了。他宣布奥利弗无罪，并命令所有人退出法庭。

命令得到了执行。布朗洛先生转身沿着马路往前走时，看见奥利弗躺在人行道上，全身颤抖着，脸惨白得像死人一样。

“可怜的孩子！可怜的孩子！”布朗洛先生说着俯下身去看他。他赶快叫来了一辆马车，让奥利弗躺在座位上，他们便坐着马车离开了。

在伦敦北部一条绿树成荫的街道上的一座整洁的房屋前，马车停了下来。奥利弗被轻轻地抬进去安置在一张床上，在这里他得到了一生中从未有过的关心和爱护。可是他仍发着烧，几天几夜不省人事。当他最终醒来时，他全身虚弱无力，脸色苍白。他不安地四下打量着屋子。

“这是什么地方？我在哪儿？”他说，“这不是我睡着时的地方。”

贝德温太太是一位像慈母一样的女管家，听见他在说话，赶紧来到了他身边。“别说话——要安静！宝贝，不然的话你还会生病的。躺下。”

他躺下来，又睡了很久才醒来。过了一段时间，他可以在椅子上坐着了，但他还是虚弱得不能走路。坐起来后，他能看见一个年轻女人的画像挂在对面的墙上。“太太，她是谁？”他问年老的女管家。

“我也不知道，亲爱的，你喜欢这张画像吗？”

“她一双眼睛很悲哀，好像在盯着我看。她像个真人，想跟我说点什么，可又说不出。”

“你刚生了病，身体很虚弱，精神不稳定，”贝德温太太友善地说，“别为这些事感到不安。”

那天晚些时候，听说孩子终于稍稍好些了，布朗洛先生走了进来。他很高兴看见奥利弗能坐起来了。布朗洛先生看清了这孩子的长相时，便目不转睛地盯着他看。

“我希望您不会是生我的气，先生，”奥利弗不安地说道。

“不，不，绝对不是，”他说道，然后又转向女管家。“你看，贝德温太太，看这儿！”他指着挂在奥利弗床头上方的女人画像，然后又指指男孩子的脸。后者简直是画像活生生的翻版，就连表情都一样。奥利弗不知道发生了什么事，他被布朗洛先生的激动不已搞得惶惶然，结果又昏了过去。

神偷和查理·贝茨两人尽快地离开了追赶奥利弗的人群，他们是走在一条很窄的街道上回到他们的房子去的，采用了非常复杂的路线，以免被人跟踪。一等到安全地远离人群了，查理·贝茨就倒在地上打着滚笑个没完没了。

“哈！哈！哈！我看见奥利弗跑得那么快，绕过那么多街角，撞在了墙上……这手帕却一直在我兜里……哈！哈！哈！”

“可是费金会怎么说呢？”神偷问。

“你这是什么意思？”

神偷没再说什么，领着查理·贝茨进了屋，上了楼。费金见他们回来了，就站了起来。

“奥利弗呢？”他勃然大怒地问。

两个孩子不安地互相看着，什么也不说。费金抓住神偷的衣领拼命地摇晃着他。“告诉我，不然的话我会杀了你的！”

神偷以一个非常娴熟的动作从衣服里滑了出来，使费金手里只攥着一件空衣服。“警察把他抓走了。”他不情愿地说，并四下里扫视着，想找一件武器来抵挡。可费金早已将一只重重的铁锅拿在了手里，并使劲地朝神偷扔过去，锅没打着他，却打在了查理·贝茨的身上。他吓得叫喊起来。

顿时，这些声音和混乱被门口一个低沉的声音喝住。

“见鬼，这儿到底发生了什么事？”这声音问道。

说话的是一个身材高大、年龄在三十五岁左右的人，他穿了一件黑外衣和一条很脏的裤子，头上戴了一顶棕色的帽子，一条脏围巾系在脖

子上。他脸上的胡子三天没刮了。跟他进来的还有一只白色的小狗，耷拉着两只受了伤的耳朵。这人把小狗一脚踢到了房子的角落里，然后看着屋里争斗的痕迹。

“他们想杀了你吗，费金？如果我是他们，我也会的。我早就想干这事了。给我来点啤酒，别往里搁毒药。”

这好像是个玩笑，可假如那人看到了费金脸上邪恶的表情，他会认为这种警告是必要的。

费金拿出了一些啤酒，争斗好像平息了，大家又都坐了下来。费金跟刚才进来的人聊着天，说奥利弗被警察抓起来了。“赛克斯先生，”他说，“我怕这孩子会说些给我们带来麻烦的话。”

“很可能。”比尔·赛克斯不怀好意地笑着说，“你遇上麻烦了，费金。”

“我还怕，”费金并不在意赛克斯说的话，接着说，“假如我们遇到了麻烦，许多其他的人也会受到连累的，如果你能听懂我的话，亲爱的。”

赛克斯生气地转向老头，谁也不吭声了。然后，赛克斯说道：“应该有人去弄清楚情况怎么样了，如果他还什么都没说出来，在他出警察局后我们必须把他抓回来。”

费金连连点头。可现在有一个困难，没人愿意到警察局附近去。这个难题随着两位年轻姑娘的到来而解决了。她们就是奥利弗曾在费金的屋里见到过的两个女孩。

“南希，我亲爱的，”费金冲着一位女孩甜蜜蜜地笑着说，“你能不能去看看奥利弗现在怎么样了？”

这女孩冷静地回答说：“不，我不去。”

“你是我们这儿警察唯一不认识的人。”赛克斯说。“她会去的，费金。”

“不。”南希重复了一遍。

“是的，她会去的，费金。”赛克斯说对了，他连威吓带许诺，很快就说服了南希去做这件事。

她立刻就出发了，在警察局里她装做一个非常害羞和胆小的女孩。“我可怜的弟弟奥利弗在这儿吗？”她问一位手里拿了一串钥匙的警官。

“他不在这儿，”警官说，“那位先生把他带走了。”

“那位先生？噢，不，哪位先生？”南希非常伤心地哭了。

这位警官向她解释说，奥利弗病倒了，老先生将他带到他在伦敦北部本顿维尔区的家里去了。南希看上去仍然很难过，她离开警察局，带着这个消息马上回到了费金的家。一听到这个消息，赛克斯叫上他的白狗，戴上帽子，没跟任何人打招呼就离开了。

“我们必须找到他，”费金急切地跟剩下的人说，“现在谁都不许留在这儿——这里太危险了。你们全部——到本顿维尔去转悠，竖起你们的耳朵。得不到奥利弗的消息你们就别回来！如果可能的话，把他给我绑架回来！在他跟新朋友谈论我们之前，我们要封住他的嘴。”

说完这番话，他将屋里所有的人都推了出去，并在房门上又加了一道锁，然后拿出了藏着的小盒子，将所有手表和珠宝饰物都小心翼翼地藏在了衣服里面。

O liver began to recover and slowly regain his strength. The picture that had caused Mr Brown low 's excitement was taken down from the wall, and was not mentioned again. O liver was disappointed at the disappearance of the picture, since he liked the woman's face, but he had many other things to think about now.

They were happy days, while O liver was getting better. He played cards with Mrs Bed win and listened to stories about her family. The days were all so quiet and relaxing, after the hardships and poverty of his previous life. Mr Brown low bought him a new suit and new shoes, and O liver's dirty old clothes were given away.

One day Mr Brown low asked him to come to his study for a little talk.

O liver went in and sat down. He looked at Mr Brown low 's serious face in alarm. 'Don't tell me you're going to send me away, sir, please!' he exclaimed. 'Let me stay here! I could help with the housework...please, sir!'

'My dear child, don't be afraid, 'said Mr Brown low kindly. 'I won't desert you. I believe that you're a good boy, not a common thief. You told me you're an orphan—that seems to be the truth. But I want to hear now the whole story of your life, and how you came to be with the boys I saw you with that day.'

O liver began his story but was soon interrupted by the arrival of Mr Grimwig, an old friend of Mr Brown low 's. Mr Grimwig was a fierce old gentleman and very fond of arguments. He clearly knew all about O liver and inspected him closely.

'So this is the boy, is it?' he said at last.

O liver bowed politely and was introduced by Mr Brown low . Tea was then brought in, and during the meal Mr Grimwig stared so hard at O liver that the boy felt rather confused. Eventually, Mr Grimwig whispered to Mr Brown low , 'He may be a good-looking boy, but I think he's deceiving you, my good friend, '

'Nonsense!' said Mr Brown low , becoming angry.

'Well, we'll see, answered his friend. 'We'll see. '

Later that afternoon Mr Brown low wanted to return some books to a bookseller, and to send some money for new books that he had already collected. Mr Grimwig suggested that O liver should go. 'He'll be sure to deliver everything safely, 'he said with a smile.

'Yes, please let me take the m, 'said O liver, delighted to be of use.

Mr Brown low hesitated, but Mr Grimwig's smile had annoyed him. 'Very well, 'he said. 'Here are the books, O liver, and a five-pound note. The bookseller will give you ten shillings change. '

'I won't be ten minutes, 'replied O liver eagerly, and he ran out into the street.

'So you expect him to come back, do you?' enquired Mr Grimwig.

'Yes, I do, 'said Mr Brown low , smiling confidently. 'Don't you? '

'No, He has a new suit of clothes, some valuable books, and a five-pound note in his pocket. He'll join his old friends the thieves, and laugh at you. If he comes back, I'll eat my hat. '

The two men sat by the window with a pocket-watch between them, and waited for O liver's return.

O liver hurried through the streets to the book shop, thinking how lucky he was. Suddenly there was a loud scream behind him. 'Oh, my dear brother!' Before he could look round, a pair of arms was thrown tightly around his neck.

'Don't!' he cried, struggling. 'Let go! Why are you stopping me? Who is it? '

The young woman holding him started to cry loudly. 'I've found him! Oh! O liver! You naughty boy, to make me suffer so much! Come home immediately, you cruel boy!' She burst into tears and several people stopped to stare at what was happening.

'What's the matter?' asked one of the watching women.

'He ran away from his parents a month ago, 'The young woman said. 'They're hard-working, respectable people, and he left them to join a gang of thieves and bad characters, and almost broke his mother's heart. '

'Go home, you horrible child, 'said another woman.

'Yes—go back to your parents, 'said a third.

'But I haven't got any!' replied O liver, greatly alarmed. 'I haven't got a sister, either. I'm an orphan. I live in Pentonville. '

'Listen to him! Make him come home, 'The young woman said to the crowd, 'or he'll kill his dear mother and father, and break my heart. '

Suddenly O liver recognized the woman he had seen in Fagin's house. 'It's Nancy!' he said, without thinking.

'You see?' cried Nancy to the crowd. 'He knows me! '

Just then a big man ran out of a beer shop, followed by a white dog. 'What's this? Young O liver! Come home to your poor mother, you young devil! And what books are these? You've stolen them, haven't you? Give them to me. 'The man, who was Bill Sikes, seized O liver with one strong hand and hit him on the head with the other.

'That'll do him good!' shouted some of the crowd. 'It's the only way to treat boys like him. '

Bill Sikes held onto O liver's arm. 'Come on, you young thief! '

Still weak from illness, and terrified by the growling dog, O liver could not resist. He was taken through the dark narrow streets at great speed. Sikes and Nancy gave him no chance to escape and O liver had no breath to call out for help. All too quickly, he was back in Fagin's house, where his old friends were waiting for him.

'Delighted to see you looking so well, my dear, 'Fagin said, bowing politely. 'Why didn't you write, and say you were coming? We'd have got something warm for supper. '

The Dodger and Charley Bates roared with laughter, and the Dodger began looking through the books O liver had with him.

“Give the m back!” O liver cried. “Those books belong to the kind old gentleman who took me into his home. Send him back the books and the money—he’ll think I stole the m!”

“You’re right,” laughed Fagin. “He will think that!”

O liver jumped to his feet and ran wildly from the room, shouting for help. The Dodger and Fagin caught him easily, and brought him back. The n the old man picked up a long piece of wood.

“So you wanted to get away, my dear, did you? Wanted to call the police and get help? We’ll cure you of that.”

He hit O liver hard on the shoulders with the stick. He was raising it for a second hit when Nancy rushed forward and, seizing the piece of wood, threw it into the fire.

“I won’t let you do it, Fagin!” she shouted. “You’ve got him again. Isn’t that enough? Now leave him alone.”

Fagin and Sikes looked at each other, shocked by her reaction.

“You’d better keep quiet, my girl,” growled Sikes.

“No, I won’t!” cried the girl wildly. “Now you’ve got the boy, you’ll turn him into a thief and a liar. Isn’t that enough, without killing him too?”

She rushed at Fagin and would have hit him if Sikes had not held her arms so tightly that she couldn’t move. She struggled wildly for a while, the n, exhausted, she fainted. Sikes laid her down in the corner, as surprised as Fagin at her anger.

“She can be really wild when she’s angry,” Sikes said.

Fagin wiped his forehead. “That’s the trouble with women,” he said, “but she’s a clever girl in her work.”

The n Charley Bates and the Dodger took away O liver’s expensive new suit, gave him some old clothe s, and locked him up in a dark room. O liver felt tired and ill, and was soon fast asleep.

6 奥利弗又被找到了

奥利弗慢慢地恢复了，气力也恢复了。那幅挂在墙上使布朗洛先生激动不已的画像被拿了下来，也不再被任何人提起了。画像的消失使奥利弗很失望，因为他很喜欢照片上女人的面貌，不过，现在他有许多别的事要想。

奥利弗渐渐恢复的这些日子是非常幸福的，他与贝德温太太一起打牌，听她讲一些她们家里的故事。经受了以前那些备尝穷困与艰辛的日子后，现在的日子是如此平静、愉快。布朗洛先生给奥利弗买了一套新衣服和一双新鞋子，他以前的破烂衣服都送掉了。

一天，布朗洛让他到书房来，想跟他说点事。

奥利弗走进书房坐定，他看看布朗洛满脸的严肃劲，惊慌起来。“先生，请别把我送走！”他惊叫着。“让我留在这儿！我能帮着干家务活……先生，求求您了！”

“亲爱的孩子，别害怕，”布朗洛先生和蔼地说，“我不会抛弃你的。我相信你是个好孩子，不是个下贱的小偷。你跟我说过你是个孤儿——看来这是真的。现在我知道你全部的身世，还有，那天我看见你和那些孩子在一起，我知道你是怎么和他们混到一块的。”

奥利弗开始述说自己的故事，不一会儿，他就被格里姆威格先生的来访打断了。他是布朗洛先生的一位老朋友，这位老先生生性残忍，喜欢辩论。他清楚地知道奥利弗的一切情况，仔细地审视着他。

“看来这就是那个孩子了，是吗？”他最后问道。

奥利弗有礼貌地给他鞠了躬，并由布朗洛先生作了介绍。然后用人递上了茶点，喝茶时格里姆威格先生死死盯着奥利弗，使这孩子感到非常不自在。终于，格里姆威格先生凑近布朗洛先生，小声地说：“这孩子可能算是长相不错，但我想他是在欺骗你呢，我的好朋友。”

“胡说八道！”布朗洛先生生气地说。

“好吧，我们走着瞧，”他的朋友说，“我们走着瞧。”

那天下午稍晚一些时候，布朗洛先生要把几本书还给一位书商，另外带点钱为他已经拿回来的几本新书付款。格里姆威格先生建议让奥利弗去办这件事。他微笑着说：“他肯定会安全地把书和钱都送到的。”

“是的，让我去吧。”奥利弗说道，他很高兴能被派上用场。

布朗洛先生先是有点犹豫，可他被格里姆威格先生的那种微笑惹恼了。“好吧，”他说，“书在这儿，奥利弗，这是五个英镑，书商会找回十个先令的。”

“用不了十分钟我就能回来。”奥利弗急切地说，然后跑着出去，上了街。

“你还指望他能回来，是吗？”格里姆威格先生问道。

“是的。”布朗洛先生非常自信地笑着说，“你不指望他回来吗？”

“不，他穿着一身新衣服，带着一些价钱很贵的书，兜里装着五英镑的钞票。他会回到他那些老朋友那儿，回到那个贼窝去笑话你的。假如他回来了，我就把我的帽子给吃了。”

这两位先生靠窗户坐着，将一块怀表放在他们中间，等着奥利弗回来。

奥利弗急忙穿过街道，朝书店奔去，心想自己真幸运。忽听背后一声大叫：“啊，我亲爱的弟弟！”他还来不及朝后看一眼，就觉得有一双胳膊紧紧地搂在了他的脖子上。

“别！”他挣扎着叫道，“放开！你干吗要挡住我，你是谁？”

那年轻女人搂住他大声地叫着：“我找到他了！噢！奥利弗！你这个不听话的孩子，你让我多伤心啊！赶紧回家，你这个没良心的孩子！”她痛哭流涕，惹得几个行人停下脚步，看出了什么事。

“出了什么事？”一个看热闹的妇人问道。

“一个月以前他从爸爸妈妈那里逃了出来，”那年轻女人说，“他父母可是任劳任怨、清白正派的人，他竟跑出来和一帮小偷、坏人混在一起，这简直使他妈伤心透了。”

“回家去，你这个讨厌的孩子。”另一个女人说。

“对，快回到你父母那儿去。”第三个人说。

“可我没有父亲，也没有母亲！”奥利弗非常惊恐地说，“更没有姐妹，我是个孤儿，我住在本顿维尔区。”

“你们听他说的！你们让他回家去，”年轻女人冲着人群说，“否则，他父母会为他死去的。我也会伤透了心。”

突然，奥利弗认出了她就是在费金家见过的那个女人。“你是南希！”他不假思索地说。

“你们看，”南希冲着人群大声说，“他认识我！”

就在这时，一个大个子男人从一家啤酒馆里跑了出来，身后跟着一条白狗。“这是怎么了？小奥利弗！快回到你可怜的妈妈身边去，你这个小家伙！这些是什么书？是你偷来的吧？来，给我。”这人就是比尔·赛克斯。他用一只粗壮有力的大手抓住奥利弗，用另一只手打他的脑袋。

“这对他有好处！”人群里一些人说，“对待他这种男孩就得这样。”

比尔·赛克斯紧紧抓牢奥利弗的胳膊。“走，你这个小偷！”

由于生过病，身体仍然很虚弱，奥利弗被这条狗的狂叫吓坏了，他坚持不住了。他被裹挟着很快地穿过了黑暗狭窄的街道。赛克斯和南希死死地抓住他，他无法逃走。奥利弗气喘吁吁，连救命都喊不出。转眼间，他又回到了费金的家，他的老朋友们都在这儿等着他呢。

“很高兴见到你这么好，亲爱的。”费金说，并很礼貌地鞠着躬。“你为什么不写信说你要回来了？那样我们会留下点热乎乎的晚饭给你的。”

神偷和查理·贝茨狂笑着。神偷又开始翻奥利弗带着的书。

“还给我！”奥利弗说，“这些书是那个带我去他家的好心的老先生的。书和钱得给他送回去——否则他会认为是我偷走了他的书和钱。”

“你说的对，”费金笑着说，“他会这么认为的！”

奥利弗一跃而起，疯狂地从屋里往外跑去，喊着救命。神偷和费金毫不费力就将他抓了回来，这时，这老头拿起一根长木头。

“这么说你想离开这儿，是吗，亲爱的？想叫警察来救你？我们先来治治你。”

他用木棒使劲地打奥利弗的肩膀，当他再次举起手里的木棒时，南希扑了过去，夺下了木棒，扔进了炉火。

“我不许你这样对待他，费金！”她嚷嚷着，“你把他弄回来了，还不够吗？现在别折磨他了。”

费金和赛克斯互相看了一眼，他们被她的举动惊住了。

“你最好别嚷嚷，姑娘。”赛克斯咆哮着。

“不，我要嚷嚷！”这女孩发狂般地叫着，“你们现在弄到这孩子了，你们要把他变成一个贼，一个骗子，这还不够吗？难道还要弄死他吗？”

她扑向费金，如果不是赛克斯抓住了她的胳膊，使她动不了的话，她会跟他撕打一番的。她拼命地挣扎了一会儿，然后没了力气，晕倒了。赛克斯让她躺在墙角处，和费金一样，他对她的发怒感到惊讶。

“她发起脾气来可真够疯的。”赛克斯说。

费金擦着额头。“女人就这一点麻烦。”他说，“可她干起活来倒挺麻利的。”

然后，查理·贝茨和神偷拿走了奥利弗的新衣服，给他扔了几件旧衣服，把他锁进了一间黑屋子。奥利弗觉得又累又难受，没多一会儿就沉沉地睡着了。

7 The robbery

A few days later, a visitor arrived in London from Oliver's home town. He was a large, fat man, and very proud of his hat, which showed the world that he was a most important official. It was, in fact, Mr Bumble the beadle, Oliver's old enemy.

Mr Bumble had completed his business in the city, and had just finished a most satisfactory meal in a pub. He pulled up his chair to the fire, to enjoy his hot gin-and-water in comfort, and opened the newspaper. The first thing he saw was this notice:

A reward of five pounds is offered for any information leading to the discovery of a young boy, Oliver Twist, who was kidnapped from his home in Pentonville last Thursday evening. I am also very interested in any information about his past.

There was then a full description of Oliver's clothes and appearance, and Mr Brownlow's full address. Mr Bumble rubbed his eyes, read the notice again, and was at the address in less than ten minutes. He was shown into Mr Brownlow's study, where the old gentleman and his friend Mr Grimwig were sitting.

'Do you know where the poor boy is now?' Mr Brownlow asked, when the beadle had explained the reason for his visit.

Mr Bumble shook his head.

'Do you know anything good about him?' asked Mr

Grimwig, looking closely at Mr Bumble's face.

Mr Bumble shook his head again, very seriously, and turned down the corners of his mouth.

'Then tell us everything you know about him,' said Mr Brownlow impatiently.

Mr Bumble put down his hat, unbuttoned his coat, folded his arms, and sat back in his chair. He spoke in his most important and official voice, and talked for twenty minutes. His listeners heard all the details of Oliver's illegitimate birth, and how generously he had been treated as a workhouse orphan. They heard how he had always been an ungrateful and dangerous child, violently attacking another boy, and finally running away from the house where he had been working.

The old gentleman shook his head sadly and gave Mr Bumble the five pounds. 'I would have been happy to give you three times the amount if your story had proved that the boy was good.'

If Mr Bumble had known this earlier, he might have told a different story, but now it was too late. So he took the money and left.

Mr Brownlow walked up and down his room for several minutes, deep in thought. He rang the bell for Mrs Bedwin, his housekeeper, and told her what he had heard.

'I don't believe it,' she said, with great certainty.

'I was right,' said Mr Grimwig with satisfaction. 'You should have listened to what I said.'

Mr Brownlow said angrily, 'Never let me hear the boy's name again. Never. Remember that, Mrs Bedwin.'

There were sad hearts at Mr Brownlow's house that night.

* * *

Meanwhile, in another part of London, Oliver remained a prisoner. Fagin had told Oliver how ungrateful he had been to run away. He had told him that he would have died of hunger without Fagin's kindness. He went on to tell Oliver the story of another young boy, who had gone to the police to tell them about the gang, but who had finally been hanged one morning for being a thief. Fagin described the hanging in terrifying detail, and said that he hoped he would never have to tell the police about Oliver—and see Oliver with a rope around his neck. Oliver felt his blood turn cold.

He remained locked in a room for many days, seeing nobody between early morning and midnight. He spent his time thinking sadly about his friends in Pentonville. After a week he was free to wander round the house during the day. It was a dirty place, full of rats and insects but no other living thing. All the windows were closed, and covered with wood and metal bars that kept out the light.

One afternoon the Dodger and Charley Bates were at home and they started telling Oliver about their lives as thieves.

'Why don't you become one?' Charley asked him. 'We all are here—both of us, and Fagin, Sikes, Nancy—all of us.'

'I don't want to be,' replied Oliver. 'I wish they'd let me go.'

'But it's a good life,' the Dodger said, taking some coins from his pocket and throwing them up in the air. 'What does it matter where the money comes from?' he said, laughing.

'If you don't steal it, someone else will. You can be sure of that!'

Fagin entered at this point, with two young men, and joined in the conversation. One of the young men had just come out of prison, and there were many cheerful jokes about his very short hair-cut. Everybody sat around the fire, talking and laughing for hours. Fagin told Oliver how good the Dodger was at his job, and what a friendly boy Charley was. It was, without doubt, an interesting evening for Oliver, after so many days locked up alone.

After that evening he was rarely on his own again. He spent a lot of time with the Dodger and Charley, and often played the handkerchief game with them. At other times Fagin would tell them all about robberies he had committed in his younger days, telling the stories so well and putting in so many funny details that Oliver could not stop laughing, even though he knew it was wrong.

Fagin knew what he was doing. He had made sure that Oliver was so lonely and miserable that he would be desperate for any friends, however criminal. Slowly and deliberately, Fagin was trying to poison the young boy's mind.

One damp, cold, windy night a few weeks later, Fagin put on his heavy coat and, with the collar pulled up high to hide his face, left his home. He walked fast through the streets, never losing his way even in the darkest places. Finally, he reached an evil, narrow street lit only by a single lamp. He knocked on a door, said something quietly to the person who opened it, then walked upstairs.

Bill Sikes was sitting by his fire with his dog when Fagin entered. The room was a small, dark place with almost no furniture. Nancy was there, too, and Fagin glanced at her uneasily. He had not seen her since she had attacked him to stop him hitting Oliver. However, she seemed to have forgotten all about it, because she told him to pull up a chair and warm himself by the fire.

'I'm ready for business,' Bill Sikes said, looking at Fagin suspiciously. 'Say what you have to say, Fagin.'

'It's about the robbery at Chertsey, Bill,' answered Fagin. 'Some lovely silver in that house down the road.'

'I know, I know,' Sikes said. 'I was down there two nights ago to have a look at the house. But it's locked like a prison at night, all except one part.'

'Where's that?' asked Fagin, bending his head forwards, his eyes staring excitedly at Sikes.

'Do you think I'm stupid? I'm not telling you! Anyway, what we need is a boy.'

'So the road's a small place where only a boy can enter the house?' asked Fagin.

'Maybe. But we need a boy.'

The road was silence for a time, while Fagin thought. Then he made a sign to Sikes to tell Nancy to leave the room.

'Don't worry, Sikes said. 'You can trust her—she won't talk. Isn't that right?'

'Of course it's right,' answered the young woman, taking a large drink from the bottle on the table, and laughing. 'Anyway, Fagin, I know your idea is for Oliver to do the job.'

'You're a clever girl, said Fagin, smiling evilly. 'That's exactly what I had in mind. Listen, Bill—the boy's been training for a few weeks, and it's time he did some work. He's the smallest one, anyway.'

'Is he safe?' asked Sikes. 'Because if he tries any tricks on me, I'll kill him!'

'He'll be ours for life, if he feels he's one of us. And this job will make him feel like that,' said Fagin eagerly. 'The boy looks so innocent he's perfect. And we've got to include him in some crime as soon as we can. Otherwise, if he escapes now, he can tell the police about us and stay free himself.'

So it was decided that Oliver would help Sikes with the robbery in two days' time. The plan was discussed in great detail and all the arrangements made. By then, Sikes was very drunk, and Fagin got up to leave. As he put on his coat, he stared hard at Nancy, frowning a little. No, he was sure he could trust her; she was loyal.

The next night, Oliver was alone in Fagin's house when Nancy entered. She was so nervous and white-faced that Oliver asked her if she was ill.

'God forgive me!' she said, beating her hands together. 'I never thought I would do this!'

'Has anything happened?' asked the boy. 'What is it?'

She sat with her back to him, and hid her face with her hands. After a while she said, 'I don't know why I feel so strange sometimes. Come on, Oliver—are you ready? You have to come with me to Bill's house.'

'Why?'

'Oh—nothing important.'

Oliver did not believe her, but he thought that at last this might be an opportunity to escape. So he said, rather too quickly, 'I'm ready.' Nancy guessed what he was thinking.

'Oliver,' she said, 'this is not the time to escape. I've saved you once, and I will again, but if anything happens tonight, it might mean my death.' She said this so seriously that Oliver decided it must be true. He was quiet while they walked quickly through the streets to Sikes' house.

Inside his room, Sikes sat Oliver down on a chair. 'Did he come quietly?' he asked Nancy.

'Quiet as a mouse.'

'Glad to hear it,' said Sikes. 'Now listen to me, boy.' He put a gun against Oliver's head. 'If you say one word when you're outside with me, I'll shoot you. Understand?'

Oliver nodded, trying hard not to tremble.

Sikes and Oliver started out at five o'clock in the morning, while it was still dark. They crossed from one side of London to the other. At first the streets were empty, then shops began to open and people started going to work. Gradually, the noise and traffic increased, and as they passed through the meat market at Smithfield, Oliver was amazed by the sight and smells of so many animals, and by the huge crowds of people, all pushing and swearing and shouting. But Bill Sikes marched on without stopping.

Later in the day they were given a lift in a horse and cart from west London out into the country. Night fell, and after walking a few more miles down country roads, they finally arrived at an old house standing alone by a river. It was dark and seemed to be empty. They went inside without knocking.

Inside were two other men, who, at Sikes' command, produced food and drink for him and the boy. Then Sikes told Oliver to get some sleep as they would be going out again later that night. Oliver still had no idea of the purpose of this expedition, but his head ached with tiredness and he soon fell asleep.

At half past one the men got up and checked their equipment, gathering several sticks as well. Sikes and the man called Toby left the house together, with Oliver walking between them. There was now a thick fog and the night was very still as they hurried through the deserted streets of the nearby town. Out in the country again, they walked down several small roads until finally they stopped at a house surrounded by a high wall. As quick as lightning, Toby climbed up and pulled Oliver after him. Inside the garden, they crept towards the house, and now, for the first time, Oliver realized in horror that the purpose of the expedition was robbery, and maybe even murder.

Bill Sikes broke open a small window at the back of the house, then shone his light into Oliver's face.

'Now listen. I'm going to put you through here. Go straight through into the hall and on to the front door, and let us

in. And if you don't, you can be sure I'll shoot you. '

O liver, stupid with terror, was lifted through the window into the house. Desperately, he decided to try to run upstairs and warn the family. He began to creep forwards.

Suddenly, the re was a loud noise from the hall.

'Come back! ' shouted Sikes. 'Back! Back! '

O liver stood still, frozen with fear. A light appeared, the n two men on the stairs, the m a sudden bright flash, and a loud bang. O liver staggered back. Sikes seized the boy's collar through the window and pulled him back out into the garden.

'They've hit him! ' shouted Sikes. 'He's bleeding. '

A bell rang loudly, above the noise of more gunshots and the shouts of men. O liver felt himself being carried across rough ground, and the n he saw and heard no more

7 抢劫

几天后，一位来访者从奥利弗家乡的小镇来到了伦敦。他是一个高大、肥胖的人，对自己的帽子感到非常自豪，这帽子向别人表示他是位最重要的官员。其实，他就是班布尔先生，那位执事，奥利弗的老对头。

班布尔先生在城里办完了公事，刚在一家酒馆里吃了一顿非常满意的饭菜。他把椅子向炉旁拉了拉，舒服地喝着一杯辣辣的加了水的杜松子酒，打开报纸。首先跳入他眼帘的是这条消息：

启事接着详细地描述了奥利弗的穿着和长相，以及布朗洛先生家的详细地址。班布尔先生揉了揉眼睛，把这条消息又看了一遍，不到十分钟，他就找到了那个地址。他被带到了布朗洛先生的书房，这位老先生和他的朋友格里姆威格先生正坐在里面。

“你知道这可怜的孩子现在在哪儿吗？”执事说明了来意后，布朗洛先生问道。

班布尔先生摇了摇头。

“你知道他的任何好的方面吗？”格里姆威格先生仔细打量着班布尔先生的脸，问道。

班布尔先生非常严肃地又摇了摇头，撇了撇嘴。

“那么，告诉我们你所知道的有关他的一切。”格里姆威格先生不耐烦地说。

班布尔先生摘下帽子，解开衣扣，双臂交叉放在胸前，向后靠在椅子上。他用他那重要官员的嗓音说了足足二十分钟。他的听众知道了奥利弗非法出生的详细过程，以及作为济贫院里的孤儿他得到了怎样宽厚的待遇。他们也得知他是一个忘恩负义的、危险的孩子，粗暴地殴打了另一个孩子，最后终于从他干活的人家逃跑了。

老先生伤心地摇了摇头，给了班布尔先生五个英镑。“我会很高兴给你三倍的钱——假如你说的事能证明他是个好孩子。”

如果班布尔早知道是这样的话，他说的可能会与刚才说的完全不一样，可现在已为时太晚了。他只好拿了钱，离开了。

有几分钟工夫，布朗洛先生在屋里来回地踱着步，陷入了深思。他拉铃叫来了贝德温太太，他的女管家，把他所听到的事告诉了她。

“我不相信这些。”她非常肯定地说。

“我说的是对的。”格里姆威格先生满意地说，“你本应该听我的话。”

布朗洛先生气愤地说：“以后别再让我听到这孩子的名字，永远不要。记住了吗，贝德温太太？”

那天晚上，布朗洛先生家里的人心里都很悲伤。

与此同时，在伦敦的另一个地方，奥利弗像个囚犯一样被关着。费金已告诉他，逃跑是件忘恩负义的事。他还说，若不是自己对他仁慈，奥利弗本来是会饿死的。他又告诉了奥利弗另一个小男孩的事。这个孩子到警察局告发了他的同伙，结果在一天早晨作为小偷被送上了绞刑架。费金详细地形容了绞刑的恐怖。他说，希望他自己永远不会被迫到警察那儿去告发奥利弗——也不愿看到绞索套在奥利弗的脖子上。奥利弗这时感到浑身的血液都凝固了。

他被锁在小屋里许多天，每天从清早到午夜见不到一个人，他的时间都是在苦苦思念他在本顿维尔的朋友中度过的。一星期后，他白天从小屋里被放出来，只能在屋子里转来转去。这是个很脏的地方，除了老鼠和虫子外，没有其它活物。所有的窗户都是紧闭着的，上面还钉了许多木板和铁棍，亮光透不进来。

一天下午，神偷和查理·贝茨在屋里没出去，他们同奥利弗聊起了他们的小偷生涯。

“你为什么不也当个小偷？”查理问他，“我们都在一起——我们俩，还有费金，赛克斯，南希，我们都在一起。”

“我不想，”奥利弗回答道，“我真希望他们能放我走。”

“可是这种日子很舒服。”神偷说着从兜里掏出了几个硬币抛向空中。“管他钱是从哪儿来的呢！”他笑着说，“你不去偷，别人也会去的。这是毫无疑问的！”

正在这时，费金与另外两个年轻人走了进来，参加谈天，其中的一个年轻人是刚从监狱里出来的。大家拿他剃得很短的头发开着玩笑。几个小时里，大家围着火炉坐着，又说又笑。费金告诉奥利弗，神偷干得多么巧妙，查理又是个多么友好的孩子。被独自锁在小屋多日之后的今天对奥利弗来说无疑是很有趣的。

从那天晚上起，他很少一个人待着了，总是同神偷和查理在一起，常常同他们做着手帕的游戏。有时，费金给他们讲他年轻时干过的一些盗窃的事。他维妙维肖地说着事情滑稽的细节，奥利弗虽然心里明白这都是坏事，但还是不停地大笑着。

费金很清楚他在干什么。他知道奥利弗很孤独、很痛苦，迫切需要朋友，哪怕是做罪犯的朋友。费金在试图慢慢地、有计划地毒害这孩子的心灵。

几星期后一个寒冷、潮湿又刮着大风的晚上，费金穿上厚厚的大衣，竖起衣领，把整个脸都遮住，离开了家。他快步穿过几条街，甚至在一些最漆黑的地方，他也准确无误地走着。最后，他走进了一条只亮着一盏路灯的邪恶、狭窄的街道。他在一扇门上敲了几下，小声和来开门的人咕哝了几句，便走进去了上楼。

费金进去时，比尔·赛克斯和他的狗正坐在火炉旁。这间房子昏暗、狭小，几乎没有什么家具。南希也在这儿，费金不自在地瞟了她一眼。自从上次她向他扑来，阻止他殴打奥利弗之后，他一直没再见到她。可她却好像早已把那件事忘得一干二净了。她让他拿过一把椅子，在炉火旁暖暖身子。

“我已经准备好做交易了，”比尔·赛克斯多疑地看着费金说，“你有什么要说的就说吧，费金。”

“是关于到切特赛盗窃的事，比尔，”费金回答说，“在那边那所房子里有一些漂亮的银制器皿！”

“我知道，我知道。”赛克斯说，“两天前的夜里，我过去看过那房子。到了晚上，那里简直像监狱一样锁得死死的，只有一个地方防备不严。”

“那是哪儿？”费金问，并把头往前伸了伸，兴奋地盯着赛克斯看。

“你以为我傻啊？我才不告诉你呢！不管怎么说，我们需要有一个孩子。”

“那么，是不是有个小地方，只有孩子才能从那里钻进去？”费金问。

“也许吧。反正我们需要一个小男孩。”

费金在考虑着，半天没人吱声。然后他给赛克斯递了一个眼神，暗示他先让南希出去。

“别担心，”赛克斯说，“你可以信得过她——她不会走漏风声的。是吧？”

“那还用说。”年轻的女人说着，拿起桌上的瓶子喝了一大口，然后大笑起来。“不管怎样，费金，我知道你的心思。你是想让奥利弗去干这件事。”

“你真是个聪明的姑娘。”费金说道，邪恶地笑着。“这正是我的意思。听着，比尔——这孩子已经练了好几个星期了，该到他出力干活的时候了，再说他也是最瘦小的。”

“他保险吗？”赛克斯问，“他要是跟我要花招，我会杀了他的。”

“如果他觉得他是我们自己的话，他会一辈子都听我们的。而这次行动就会使他产生这种感觉。”费金急切地说。“这孩子看上去很单纯，他是最理想不过的人选。我们必须尽快让他和我们一起进行一次犯罪行动，否则，他一旦跑了，到警察局告发了我们，他自己还可以不进监狱的。”

就这样，奥利弗被选定协助赛克斯在两天之后去干这件入室盗窃的事。这次行动的计划经过了非常周密的讨论，各项准备工作都做好了。到这时，赛克斯已喝得酩酊大醉了。费金站起身来要走，他穿大衣时，死死地盯着南希看，皱了皱眉头。不，他肯定他是可以信任她的，她很忠诚。

第二天夜里，奥利弗独自待在费金的家里，这时南希来了。她惊恐万分，脸色发白，因此奥利弗问她是否不舒服。

“上帝饶恕我！”她双手直拍巴掌，说道，“我没想到我会这么做！”

“出事了吗？”男孩问，“什么事？”

她背对着他坐下，用双手蒙住脸。一会儿，她说：“我不明白为什么，我有时有这种奇怪的感觉。快走，奥利弗——你准备好了吗？你必须现在跟我到比尔那里去。”

“什么事？”

“嗯，没什么要紧事。”

奥利弗不相信她的话，可他想终于可能得到一个逃跑的好机会了，因此他未免太快地回答说：“我准备好了。”南希猜到他在想什么。

“奥利弗，”她说，“这次不是你逃走的时候，我救过你一次，我还会这么做的。但是，如果今儿晚上出了什么事，那就可能意味着我得去死。”她非常认真地说着这番话，奥利弗想，这一定是真的。一路上他一声不响，快步地朝前走着，穿过街道，直奔赛克斯家。

进了屋，赛克斯让奥利弗坐在椅子上，“他一路上安静吗？”他问南希。

“安静得像只小老鼠。”

“很高兴听到这个。”赛克斯说。“孩子，现在听我说，”他把一支枪顶在奥利弗脑门上，“你跟我出去时，假如说一句话，我就开枪打死你，明白了吗？”

奥利弗不停地点着头，尽量不使自己发抖。

早晨5点钟，赛克斯和奥利弗出发了。这时，天色还很黑，他们横穿伦敦，从一头走到另一头。刚开始时街道上还是空荡荡的，过了一会儿店铺开始开张，人们开始去工作了。渐渐地，嘈杂声越来越大，车马越来越多，他们穿过史密斯菲尔德的肉市时，奥利弗被那里各种牲畜的形象和气味，还有那熙熙攘攘推搡着、咒骂着、叫喊着的人群惊呆了。可比尔·赛克斯却大步地朝前走着，一刻不停。

那天晚些时候，他们搭上了一辆从伦敦西部往乡间去的马车。夜幕降临，又走了几英里的乡间小路，他们终于到达了坐落在一条河边的一幢古老房屋。屋里黑着灯，好像没人。他们没敲门就照直走了进去。

里面有两个男人，他们在赛克斯的指令下，为他和男孩子送上了吃的喝的。吃过饭后，赛克斯让奥利弗去睡一会儿，因为这天深夜他们还得出去。到现在为止，奥利弗还不知道这次远行的目的，可他累得头痛，马上就睡着了。

差不多一点半，人们就起来了，检查了一下他们的工具，还把几根木棍收集在一起。赛克斯和那个叫托比的人一起离开了这幢房子，奥利弗走在他们两人中间。夜晚雾很大，四周非常安静，他们匆匆地穿行在附近小镇子荒僻的街道上。不久，他们又到了乡间，走完几条小道，最后停在了一座被一道高墙围着的房屋前。比尔闪电般地爬上了墙，随后把奥利弗也拉了上去。到了花园里，他们蹑手蹑脚地向屋子靠近。直到现在，奥利弗才万般惊恐地知道了这次远行的目的是入室盗窃，很有可能还会谋财害命。

比尔·赛克斯打破房子后面的一个小窗户，然后把手中的灯光射在了奥利弗的脸上。

“听着，我从这儿把你放进去，你一直往前走，穿过大厅，到前门把我们放进去，如果你不照着我说的去做，你可以肯定我是会开枪打死你的。”

奥利弗被吓傻了。他被举起来，钻过窗子，进到房里。他万般无奈，决定设法跑上楼，通知房主。他开始蹑手蹑脚地朝前走。

突然，厅里传来了一声很响的动静。

“回来！”赛克斯喊着，“回来！回来！”

奥利弗站在那儿一动不动，给吓呆了。一盏灯亮起来，两个男人出现在楼梯上，接着是一道闪光和砰的一响。奥利弗踉踉跄跄退了几步。赛克斯将手伸进窗户，抓住奥利弗的衣领，将他从屋里揪到院子里。

“他们打中他了！”赛克斯喊道，“他在流血。”

一阵响亮的铃声压过了枪声和人的呐喊声。奥利弗觉得自己被人扛着跑过高低不平的地面，然后就对什么也没有知觉了。

8 After the robbery

The night was bitterly cold. A sharp wind whipped the fallen snow up into the air and blew it into every hole and corner. It was a night for the homeless to lie down and die; and for luckier people to sit close to their fires and thank God They were at home.

In the workhouse where O liver was born, Mrs Corney -the widow in charge- was making tea by her fire. When she heard a knock at her door, she frowned and called out sharply, 'Come in. ' The frown, however, was quickly changed to a sweet smile when she saw Mr Bumble enter.

'Hard weather, Mr Bumble, 'said the widow.

'Yes, indeed, ma'am, ' replied the beadle. 'We've had to give out to the poor people in this town great quantities of bread and cheese today, and They' re still complaining. Why, one man even came back and demanded some free fire-wood!

What does he want that for? People are never satisfied. Give the m one thing today, and tomorrow They'll ask for something else! '

Mrs Corney agreed that it was very shocking. They discussed some workhouse business together, and the n Mr

Bumble looked hopefully at the teapot. Mrs Corney offered him some tea. Instantly, Mr Bumble sat down by the fire and gave the widow such a warm smile that her face turned a delicate pink. She passed Mr Bumble the tea-cup, and as he took it, he managed to give her hand a little stroke. 'You're a kind-hearted woman, Mrs Corney, 'said the beadle.

'Oh, Mr Bumble! 'said the widow, smiling shyly. For a while there was a friendly silence between the m, the n Mr Bumble moved his chair closer to the widow's. Mrs Corney, of course, did not notice this, but when the beadle's arm began to slide around her waist, she felt she must make a small protest.

Encouraged by this response, Mr Bumble immediately gave her a kiss, but at this interesting moment there was a sudden knock at the door. Mr Bumble jumped to his feet and went to the other end of the room.

'Please, Mrs Corney, ' said a voice outside. 'Old Sally is going fast. '

'Well, what can I do to help her? 'asked Mrs Corney angrily.

'Nothing, ma'am, replied the old woman outside. But she says she has something to tell you, which you must hear. She won't die quietly till you come. '

Complaining loudly, Mrs Corney asked Mr Bumble to wait until she came back. Then she followed the old woman up the stairs.

Old Sally lay in bed in a freezing cold room. The fire was so small and mean that it gave no warmth at all.

Mrs Corney bent over the bed, and the dying woman opened her eyes. 'Come closer, 'she murmured. 'Let me whisper in your ear. ' She held onto Mrs Corney's arm and pulled her down towards her 'In this same room I once helped a pretty young woman who came in with cut and bleeding feet, who gave birth to a boy and then died. '

'Well? ' asked Mrs Corney impatiently.

'I robbed her. She was hardly dead before I stole it! '

'Stole what? '

'It! The only thing she had. It was gold. It could have saved her life! '

'Gold? Who was this mother? Tell me! '

'She told me to look after it when she died. ' The old woman's mind was getting confused. 'She trusted me, poor girl, and I stole it. '

'Quick, tell me or it may be too late! ' said Mrs Corney greedily. ' What was it, and what was the boy's name? '

The old woman could hardly speak. 'O liver. The gold I stole was—'

'Yes, yes! What? '

The old woman fell back onto the bed, dead.

Mrs Corney hurried back to her room, where Mr Bumble was still admiring her furniture and counting her silver teaspoons. They sat down again by the fire, and soon Mr Bumble's arm returned to its previous position round Mrs Corney's waist. It was not long before he asked her to marry him, and the widow happily accepted him. While They drank to celebrate the arrangement, Mrs Corney told Mr Bumble about old Sally's death, and the unknown gold object which she had stolen from the dead body of The young woman.

After many expressions of undying love, Mr Bumble finally left the room and returned home, with bright visions of his future.

While these events were happening in the workhouse, the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates were playing cards in Fagin's house. The Dodger, as usual, was winning easily; somehow, he always seemed to know exactly what cards the other players had in their hands. Suddenly there was a faint ring on the bell downstairs, and Toby came in-the man who had gone with Bill Sikes and O liver to rob the house in Chertsey. Fagin jumped to his feet.

'Where are They? ' he screamed. 'Sikes and the boy! Where are They hiding? '

'We failed, ' said the robber.

' What happened? '

'They fired and hit the boy. We ran away with O liver between us, and They chased us with dogs. '

'And the boy? What about the boy? 'gasped Fagin.

'His head was hanging down, and he was cold. We needed to go faster so we left him in a field, alive or dead That's all I know about him. '

Fagin did not wait to hear any more. He gave an angry scream. ran out of the house and hurried through the streets until

he reached Bill Sikes' house. As he climbed the stairs, he thought, 'Well, Nancy, if the re' s anything going on here, I'll find out about it—however clever you are. '

Nancy was alone upstairs in her room, her head on the table.

'She's been drinking again, ' thought Fagin. As he closed the door, she woke up. He told her what had happened during the robbery; she said nothing and her head returned to the table. 'And where do you think the boy is now, my dear? ' Fagin asked her, trying hard to see her face. 'Poor little child! Left alone like that. '

Nancy looked up. 'I hope the child's dead. The n he'd be happier than any of us. '

'What! ' said Fagin, in amazement.

'It's better like that. The sight of the boy turns me against myself, and all of you. '

'You're drunk. Fagin suddenly lost his temper. 'The boy's worth a fortune to me—and now a drunken gang has lost him. And if Sikes doesn't return that boy to me, dead or alive, I'll tell the police about him and I'll get Sikes hanged. Just remember that! '

When Fagin left her, Nancy was already back in a drunken sleep, her head lying on the table once more. Fagin went out into the blackness of the night and walked home. He had reached the corner of his street and was searching in his pocket for his key, when a dark figure came out of the shadows and crossed the road towards him.

I've been waiting here for two hours, Fagin. ' said the stranger. 'Where have you been? '

'On your business, my dear, ' said Fagin, glancing at him uneasily.

'We'd better talk inside. '

The door closed behind the m and They crept quietly up to the top floor in order not to wake the sleeping boys downstairs. They sat in a dark room, the only light coming from a candle burning in the passage outside.

The stranger's name was Monks, and he was in an evil mood.

He listened to Fagin for a while, frowning heavily. 'It was badly planned, he said angrily. 'Couldn't you have made the boy into an ordinary thief, and the n got him arrested and sent out of the country for the rest of his life? '

'But he isn't like the other boys here, ' Fagin said. 'I had nothing to frighten him with. Anyway, I've already helped you. After he was caught by the police, stealing from the book shop, I got Nancy to get him back. And the n she felt sorry for him. '

'Kill her! ' Monks said impatiently.

'We can't afford to do that kind of thing, ' said Fagin.

'But I can turn the boy into an ordinary thief now. And the n Nancy will harden her heart against him. I know how women are. But if he's already dead—'

'That's not my fault! ' said Monks quickly. 'I always said to you— do anything you want to him, but don't kill him. I wouldn't have been able to forget it, if you had. '

Suddenly he jumped to his feet, staring at the wall opposite the door. 'What's that? ' he whispered, terrified.

'What? Where? ' cried Fagin.

'The shadow! I saw the shadow of a woman pass along that wall! '

White-faced, They both ran from the room into the passage. The candle threw long shadows down the stairs, but the re was no one the re. They listened. Only silence filled the house.

'It was your imagination, ' said Fagin, softly.

'I swear I saw it! replied Monks. They searched all the upstairs rooms. They were empty, and as quiet as death. Monks grew calmer, and eventually left the house at one o'clock in the morning.

The chase down at Chertsey the previous night had not lasted long. The re was a lot of noise of men shouting and dogs barking, as the servants from the house pursued the robbers across the fields. But Sikes and Toby wasted no time. They dropped O liver's unconscious body in a field, and disappeared into the fog and the darkness in different directions. The three pursuers lost enthusiasm for the chase and agreed among themselves that it was much too dangerous to continue. They returned to the house, keeping close together and trying to look brave.

Morning came, but O liver still lay in the field as if dead. It began to rain heavily, and after a while O liver opened his eyes. His left arm was covered in blood and hurting badly. He felt so weak he could hardly stand, but he knew that if he stayed where he was, he would die. Gasping with pain, he forced himself to his feet and with slow, shaky steps, began to walk. He had no idea where he was going, and moved forward mechanically, as though in a dream.

After a while his feet found a road, and he looked round and saw a house in the distance. He decided he would rather die near human beings than in a cold field, so he turned his steps towards the house. As he came nearer, he realized that the house was familiar and he felt faint with terror. But where else could he go? With a last effort, he crawled up the path and knocked on the door, the n fell exhausted on the step.

It was now mid—morning. Inside the house the men servants were still describing the night's adventures to the cook and the servant girl, who gasped with appreciative horror at every exciting moment. They were all enjoying themselves very much—when the re came a knock at the door. Pale with fright, They all stared at each other. Nobody was keen to answer the knock, so eventually They all went, including the dogs. Very cautiously, They opened the door, and saw nothing more alarming than poor O liver, curled up in a sad little heap on the step.

The n one of the men gave a shout, seized the boy by a leg and pulled him into the hall. 'Here he is! ' he cried excitedly. 'Here's the thief! I shot him last night! '

A young lady appeared at the top of the stairs. 'What's going on here? Quiet, please! Is this poor boy very hurt? '

'Very, ' said the servant, proudly.

’The n one of you go to town as fast as you can and fetch a policeman and Dr Losberne. The rest of you, help to carry the boy upstairs and put him to bed. Treat him kindly, I beg you. ’

8 盗窃案之后

那是个极其寒冷的夜晚。凛冽的寒风将落在地面上的雪卷向空中，又吹进每一个洞穴和角落。这是个让流浪街头无家可归的人躺下来死亡的夜晚。而那些能偎坐在火炉旁的人则感谢上帝让他们有家可待，他们是更幸运的人。

在奥利弗出生的济贫院里，科尼太太——一个负责管事的寡妇——在炉火旁煮着茶，忽听有人敲门。她皱起了眉头并大声喊着：“进来。”她看见走进来的人是班布尔先生，紧皱的眉头顿时变成了甜甜的微笑。

“这鬼天气，班布尔先生。”寡妇说。

“一点不假，太太。”执事应着，“我们今天不得不把大量的面包和奶酪发放给镇子上的穷人，可他们仍在抱怨。哼，竟然有一个人回来，要一些免费的木柴！他要这个干什么？人们从来没有满足的时候，今天给了这个，明天他们还会要那个！”

科尼太太点着头，说这是叫人很吃惊的。他们一起商量了一些济贫院的事，然后班布尔先生满怀希望地看着茶壶。科尼太太请他喝茶，立刻，班布尔先生在靠近炉火的地方坐了下来，并热情地向她笑了一笑。这使她的脸微微发红，娇艳无比。她把茶杯递给班布尔先生时，他接过茶杯，顺势抚摸了一下她的手。“你真是个好心的女人，科尼太太。”执事说。

“噢，班布尔先生！”这寡妇含着害羞的微笑说。他们友好地默默相对了一会儿，班布尔先生将他的椅子挪了挪，更靠近科尼太太了。她当然没注意到这一行动。但是，在执事轻轻地将胳膊搂在了她的腰上时，她觉得她必须稍加抗议了。

这一反应使班布尔先生胆子更大了，他马上亲了她一下，但就在这有趣的一刹那，响起了一阵敲门声。班布尔先生立即跳起身来，走到了屋子的另一头。

“科尼太太，快，”门外有人喊着，“老萨莉快要死了。”

“那么，我能帮她什么忙呢？”科尼太太生气地说。

“什么忙也帮不了，太太。”外面的老妇说，“可她说，她有话要跟你说，你非得听不可，在你去之前她是不会安安静静死去的。”

科尼太太大声地抱怨着，请班布尔先生在她回来之前先别离开。随后，她跟着老妇上楼去了。

老萨莉躺在一张床上，屋子冷得像个冰窖。炉里的火又小又弱，没有一点热气。

科尼太太站在床边俯下身。床上垂死的女人睁开眼睛。“靠近点。”她小声说。“让我悄悄对着你的耳朵说。”她紧紧拉住科尼太太的胳膊，使她俯身靠近自己。“就在这间屋子里，我曾帮助过一个漂亮的年轻女人。她进来时，两只脚伤痕累累，血迹斑斑，她在这儿生下了一个男孩就死了。”

“后来呢？”科尼太太急切地问道。

“我偷了她的东西。是在她还没有最后断气的时候偷的！”

“偷了什么东西？”

“那个东西！她身上仅有的一件东西。是金子的。这东西本可以救她的命！”

“金子的？这女人是谁？快告诉我！”

“她说，她死后让我收藏好这东西。”这老妇的脑子开始糊涂了，说话颠三倒四。“这可怜的姑娘，她相信我，可我却拿了她的东西。”

“快说，要不然来不及了！”科尼太太贪婪地说。“那是个什么东西，生下的男孩叫什么名字？”

这老妇说话已经非常困难了。“奥利弗。我拿的金子是……”

“嗯，嗯，什么？”

这老妇向后一仰，倒在床上死了。

科尼太太连忙返回了自己的房间，班布尔先生仍在这儿用羡慕的眼光欣赏着她屋里的家什，数着喝茶用的银勺。他们俩又重新坐在了火炉旁，班布尔的一只胳膊又回到原处，搂住了科尼太太的腰。没多久，班布尔先生就开始向那寡妇求婚，她高兴地答应了。他们举杯祝贺这一安排，这时，科尼太太将老萨莉的死和她从死去的年轻女人身上偷了不知名的金货的事一起告诉了班布尔先生。

说了许多永不变心的殷勤话之后，班布尔先生怀着关于自己将来的美好梦想离开了这间屋子，回到了自己的家。

在这些事发生于济贫院里时，插翅神偷和查理·贝茨正在费金的家里打着牌。和往常一样，神偷轻松地赢了对家。不知怎么回事，好像他每次都确切地知道对家手里有什么牌似的。突然，楼下传来一阵轻轻的门铃声，走进来的是托比——是和比尔·赛克斯、奥利弗一起去切特赛那所房子盗窃的那个人。费金跳了起来。

“他们呢？”他尖叫着，“赛克斯和那个孩子！他们躲在哪儿？”

“我们没得手，”窃贼说。

“出了什么差错？”

“他们开枪打伤了那孩子，我们俩架着奥利弗拼命逃了出来。他们带着狗追我们。”

“那孩子怎么样了？他现在在哪儿？”费金喘着气问。

“他耷拉着头，浑身发冷，因为我们得赶紧逃离那儿，所以不得不将他丢下，不管是死是活。关于这孩子我只知道这些。”

费金没有等着再听下去。他愤怒地尖叫着，冲出了屋子，匆匆地穿过几条街道，一直跑到比尔·赛克斯的家。他边上楼边琢磨着：“好啊，南希，如果这里面有什么花招，我会搞清楚的——无论有多聪明，也瞒不过我。”

南希一个人待在楼上她的房间里，头歪在桌子上。

“她又喝醉了。”费金想。在他关门时，她醒来了。他把盗窃失败的事跟她说了，她没吱声，头又歪在了桌子上。“亲爱的，你觉得这孩子现在会在哪儿？”费金问道，力图从她脸上看出点什么。“可怜的孩子！就这样被丢下不管了。”

南希朝他翻了一眼。“我倒希望这孩子已经死了，死了反倒比我们任何人都痛快。”

“什么？”费金惊叫着。

“那样更好些。我一看见这孩子就痛恨我自己，也痛恨你们所有人。”

“你又喝醉了。”费金突然生起气来。“这孩子对于我是无价之宝——现在你们这帮酒鬼把他丢了。如果赛克斯不把这孩子还给我，不管是死是活，我会去警察局告他的，我会把他送上绞刑架的。记着！”

费金说完走开时，南希又醉醺醺地回到了梦乡，她的头再一次倒在了桌子上。费金出了门，在茫茫黑夜之中往家里走去。他走到家门口的拐角处，把手伸进衣袋里摸索着找钥匙，这时，从黑暗处出来一个人影，过了马路朝他走来。

“费金，我在这儿整整等了你两个小时，你跑到哪儿去了？”这个陌生人说。

“为你办事去了，亲爱的。”费金说着，不安地瞥了他一眼。

“我们最好进去说话。”

门在他们身后紧紧地关上了。他们轻轻地上了顶楼，生怕吵醒睡在楼下的孩子们。他们坐在黑屋子里，只有一丝烛光从通道里透进来。

这个陌生人叫蒙克斯，他现在情绪很坏。

他紧皱眉头听着费金说了一会儿，然后气愤地说：“你们的计划糟透了，你难道就不能把他训练成普通的小贼，然后让警察局抓了去流放到国外去终此一生吗？”

“可是他跟这儿其他孩子不一样，”费金说，“我已经没什么可以用来吓唬他的了。反正，我已经帮过你了。他上次在书店偷东西被警察抓了去，是我让南希把他找回来的，可后来南希也觉得对不起他。”

“杀了她！”蒙克斯不耐烦地说。

“那么干我们经受不起。”费金说，“不过，我现在能使这孩子成为一个普通的盗贼，南希也会对他慢慢心狠起来的，我懂女人的心。但要是他已经死了……”

“那不是我的过错！”蒙克斯赶紧说。“我一直跟你说——你怎么着都行，就是别弄死他。如果你真杀了他，我是不会忘了这件事的。”

他猛地站了起来，紧盯对着门的一堵墙看着。“那是什么？”他惊恐地小声说。

“什么？在哪儿？”费金叫道。

“影子！我看见一个女人的影子从这墙上一闪而过！”

他们俩脸色发白，一起从屋里来到了通道。蜡烛的火苗在楼梯上投下了一条长长的黑影，可那里没有一个人。他们倾听着，屋里仍是一片寂静。

“是你的幻觉。”费金轻声地说。

“我发誓我看见了！”蒙克斯说。他们查看了楼上每一个房间，结果都是空的，像死一样寂静。蒙克斯稍微镇静了一点，凌晨一点钟他离开了这所房子。

前一天夜里切特赛的追捕并没有持续多长时间。这幢房子的仆人跑过了田野，追赶着盗贼，喊叫的人声中夹杂着一阵阵狗叫声。但赛克斯和托比毫不浪费时间，他们将失去知觉的奥利弗扔在了野地里，便沿着不同的方向消失在雾茫茫的黑夜之中了。三个仆人追赶了一阵便失去了热情。他们认为再追下去将会很危险，便返回房子，尽量待在一起，装出很勇敢的样子。

天亮了，奥利弗仍像死了一样躺在荒郊野地里。天下起了大雨，一会儿，奥利弗睁开了眼睛。他的左胳膊上全是血，而且痛得厉害。他虚弱得几乎站不起来，但他明白，如果就待在这里，他会死去的。由于疼痛，他倒吸着凉气，强迫自己站了起来，迈着缓慢的步子，摇摇晃晃地朝前走去。他不知道自己是在走向哪里，只是机械地向前移动着脚步，好像在梦境中一样。

过了一段时间，他到了小路上，四处张望着，发现不远处有所房子。他下定决心，就是死也要死在有人的地方，决不能死在这冰冷荒凉的野地里。于是他转过身，朝这房子走去。来到近处时，他竟发觉这房子很面熟，他恐惧得一阵眩晕。可他离开这儿还能去哪儿呢？他使尽了最后一点余力，爬过小径，拉响了门铃，便筋疲力尽地瘫倒在台阶上。

现在已是天上午的了。这房子里的男仆们仍在向厨娘和一位女佣描述着昨夜的冒险经历。厨娘和女佣倒抽着冷气，对当时的每一个惊险的场面表现出赞赏和恐惧。他们正说得乐不可支——这时门铃响了。他们互相看着，脸色吓得发白。没人想去开门，最后他们一起走向门口，连几条狗都去了。他们小心翼翼地打开门，只见可怜的奥利弗蜷缩成一团倒在门口的台阶上，此外没有更可怕的事。

其中的一个男人大喊了一声，抓住奥利弗的一条腿就把他拖进了大厅。“就是他！”那人兴奋地大叫着，“他就是那个贼！昨天晚上是我开枪打中他的！”

这时，楼梯口出现了一个年轻的女人。“出了什么事？请安静点！这个可怜的孩子伤得很重吗？”

“不轻，”男仆得意地说。

“那么，你们赶快去一个人到镇子上找警察来，并把罗斯伯恩医生请来，其他的人帮着把这孩子抬到楼上，放在床上。好好照看他，我求求你们了。”

In a comfortable, pleasant sitting-room, the two ladies of the house waited anxiously for the doctor and the police to arrive. The owner of the house, Mrs May lie, was an older woman, but her niece, Rose, was a girl of seventeen, whose quiet beauty and gentle charm won all hearts.

As soon as the doctor arrived, he ran breathlessly into the house and burst into the room without knocking. He was clearly a good friend of the ladies.

'I never heard of such a dreadful thing! You should both be dead of fright! he said to Mrs May lie. 'In the silence of the night, too! Are you both all right? Why didn't you send for me at once? '

'We are quite all right, said Rose, smiling. 'But the re's an injured boy upstairs whom aunt wants you to see. '

Dr Losberne went up to examine 0 liver, and was the re for some time He came down looking rather puzzled, and asked the two ladies to see the boy with him.

'I can promise you the re's nothing very frightening about him, 'he said.

Instead of the evil-looking robber They expected to see, the two ladies found only a pale, thin child, lying peacefully asleep.

He looked to innocent that Mrs May lie said, 'This child could never have been in a gang of robbers! '

'It certainly seems strange, agreed the doctor, 'but wickedness can hide behind the most gentle face, you know. '

'But he's so young, too! ' cried Rose. 'Can you really believe this poor boy is a criminal? Oh, Dr Losberne, and my dear aunt, I beg you both to have pity on him. '

Mrs May lie did not need persuading, and the doctor could not resist Rose's tears. He had, in fact, an extremely kind heart, which he tried to hide behind a quick, fierce manner- though this usually deceived no one.

'Well, what's to be done, the n? ' he said quickly. 'We'll have the police here at any moment, ready to take the boy away and throw him into prison! '

Rose begged him to think of a plan, and the doctor thought hard for a few minutes, frowning fiercely. At last he said,

'I've got it! ' and rubbed his hand s together in satisfaction.

A little later, 0 liver woke up and was very anxious to tell his story, although he had lost a lot of blood and was very weak. When the doctor and the ladies had heard all about his sad life, They were quite sure that They wanted to save 0 liver from any unfair punishment. So Dr Losberne went down to the kitchen to talk to the three servants who had surprised Sikes and 0 liver during the robbery. The doctor folded his arms and gave the men a long, hard stare.

'Tell me, ' he began, can you be absolutely sure that the boy upstairs is the same one that was in the house last night? Well? '

The doctor, usually such a friendly man, seemed so angry that the servants stared at him, open-mouthed. The doctor gave the m no time to think, and went on fiercely,

'Three men see a boy for about a second in the dark, in the middle of a lot of smoke and noise. A boy comes to the same house the next day and because one arm is injured, They think he must be the robber. Are you going to swear that this is the same boy? Well? What do you say? ' he finished impatiently.

The servants looked at each other in great confusion.

Suddenly the re was a ring at the gate; the police officers had finally arrived. Dr Losberne gave orders that plenty of beer should be served before the officers went up to see 0 liver. He also made sure that the servants had a generous amount of beer, too.

When the Officers were finally allowed to see 0 liver, Dr Losberne said, 'This is a boy who was shot this morning while walking on a farmer's property where he shouldn't have been. The servants saw him and immediately thought he must be the same boy from last night. But now They say They're sure it's not the same boy. '

The servants were by now so confused by beer and excitement that They were not sure of anything at all. The robbers had certainly had a boy with the m, They said, but whether this boy was the same boy... well, it seemed very doubtful. The police, too, had drunk quite a lot of beer by now, and before long They were very willing to believe that 0 liver was not the robber of the night before. They had their own ideas about who committed all the robberies in the area, and 0 liver was unknown to the m.

At last the police left, and 0 liver was allowed to recover in the kind care of Mrs May lie, Rose, and Dr Losberne. It was several weeks before he was well enough to get out of bed. But the n he quickly grew stronger, and every day told his rescuers how grateful he was. One thing, however, caused him unhappiness. He wanted to find Mr Brown low , the kind old man who had looked after him in London. 'Mr Brown low would be pleased to know how happy I am now, 'he said. So when Dr Losberne offered to take 0 liver to London to see Mr Brown low , the boy was very pleased.

They set out by coach one fine morning, and when They arrived in London, They went straight to Mr Brown low 's house. 0 liver's heart beat with excitement as They stopped outside. But the house was empty. They were told by the people next door that Mr Brown low had moved to the West Indies six weeks before. 0 liver was very disappointed; he had thought about Mr Brown low so much recently, and had always hoped to find him again. But now the kind old man had moved abroad, still believing 0 liver was a lying thief, and he might hold this belief until the day he died.

This was a bitter disappointment to 0 liver, but his new friends were still as kind to him as ever. They left the house in Chertsey and moved to a quiet cottage it the country, taking 0 liver with the m Spring came, and in the fresh air, away from the noise and smoke and trouble of the city, 0 liver began a new life. He went for walks with Rose and Mrs May lie, or Rose read to him, and he worked hard at his lessons. He felt as if he had left behind forever the world of crime and hardship and poverty.

在一间舒适宜人的客厅里，房子里的两位女士正在焦急地等待着警察和医生的到来。房屋的主人梅利太太年纪比较大一些，可是她的侄女罗斯是一位十七岁的小姐，她安详的美貌和温柔的魅力赢得了每个人的心。

医生一赶到就上气不接下气地跑到房子里，顾不得敲门便冲进了屋。很显然，他是女士们的好朋友。

“我还没听说过这么吓人的事！你们俩竟然还没被吓死！”他跟梅利太太说，“又是深更半夜的！你们俩没什么事吧？为什么当时不赶紧派人去叫我呢？”

“我们倒是好好的没事，”罗斯微笑着说，“不过楼上有个受了伤的男孩子，姑妈想请您去看看。”

罗斯伯恩医生上楼去看奥利弗，待了好一阵子。他满脸迷惑不解地走下来，请两位女士一起上去看看那孩子。

“我肯定这孩子没有什么可怕的，”他说。

这两位妇女看到的不是一个相貌可怕的盗贼，而是一个苍白、瘦弱的孩子，躺在那儿安静地睡着。

他看上去那么单纯，以至于梅利太太说：“这孩子不可能参加盗贼的团伙！”

“这件事看来确实挺奇怪的，”医生表示同意说，“可你也别忘了，邪恶是可能隐藏在善良的面貌背后的。”

“可他还是个孩子！”罗斯嚷着，“你们真能相信他是个罪犯吗？哎呀，罗斯伯恩医生，亲爱的姑妈，求你们发发善心吧。”

梅利太太用不着劝说，而这位医生更经不住罗斯小姐的眼泪。其实他是个非常好心的人，他试图将善良隐藏在一种厉害而性急的态度背后——但这通常瞒不了任何人。

“那么现在该怎么办？”他急忙说，“警察随时会赶到，他们会把他带走，关进监狱。”

罗斯求他赶紧想个法子。医生紧锁眉头，苦苦沉思了几分钟。终于，他满意地搓着两只手说：“有了！”

一会儿，奥利弗醒来了，尽管他失血过多，非常虚弱，但他还是迫不急待地述说了自己的经历。医生和两位女士得知了奥利弗悲惨的身世后，便决定要帮助他，使他免受不公正的惩罚。因此，罗斯伯恩医生到下面的厨房里去和当晚撞见了赛克斯和奥利弗来偷窃的三名仆人说这件事。他将双手交插在胸前，盯着那三个人看了一会儿。

“告诉我，”他说，“你们敢绝对肯定楼上的那个孩子就一定是昨天晚上进到屋里来的那个孩子吗？嗯？”

这位医生以往都是非常和气友好的，可这会儿竟是如此地愤怒，使得这些仆人目瞪口呆。医生不给他们考虑的时间，就又发怒说：

“三个人在黑暗中，在烟雾和嘈杂声中只看了孩子一眼，然而，第二天有一个孩子来到了这所房子，只因为他胳膊受了伤，这几个人居然就认为他就是那个盗贼。你们敢保证他就是那个孩子吗？嗯？你们有什么可说的？”他不耐烦地说完了。

三个仆人互相看着，莫名其妙，大惑不解。正在这时，门铃忽然响起，警官终于赶来了。罗斯伯恩医生吩咐，在警官上楼去看奥利弗之前，啤酒一定要管够；另外，他还安排好同样多的啤酒给仆人们喝。

警官最后被允许去见奥利弗时，医生说：“这个孩子今天上午被枪打伤了，是因为他在一个农场主的私人土地上走，他是不该到那儿去的。仆人们发现了，马上以为他就是昨天晚上的那个孩子，可现在他们肯定，他不是那个孩子。”

这时几个仆人已经酒劲发作，稀里糊涂，又加上过度兴奋，什么也不能肯定。盗贼中肯定有一个孩子，他们说，但究竟是不是这个孩子……，那就搞不清了。警官也喝多了点，不一会儿，他们也很愿意相信奥利弗不是前一天晚上的盗贼。谁常在这一带作案，他们自己心里有数，可奥利弗对他们来说却很陌生。

警察们终于离开了，奥利弗被允许留了下来，在梅利夫人、罗斯和医生的精心护理下恢复健康。他的病情好转到能离开床的地步用了好几周的时间，可从那以后他很快就健壮起来了，每天都跟他的救命恩人们说他是多么感恩戴德。可有一件事一直使他闷闷不乐。他想去找布朗洛先生，那个在伦敦照看过他的好心的老人。“布朗洛先生要是知道我现在多么幸福快乐，一定会高兴的。”他说。因此，当医生提出带奥利弗去伦敦看望布朗洛先生时，这孩子高兴极了。

在一个晴朗的早晨，他们坐着马车出发了，一到伦敦便直奔布朗洛先生的家。当马车停在大门外时，奥利弗由于兴奋心咚咚地跳着。然而房子是空的，没有一个人。隔壁的邻居告诉他们，布朗洛先生一家已在六个星期之前迁到西印度群岛去了。这使奥利弗异常失望，这些天来，他经常想到布朗洛先生，也一直盼望能再见到他。可现在这位好心的老人移居国外了，他仍然认为奥利弗是个说谎话的小偷；一直到死，他都有可能这么认为。

这件事使奥利弗非常痛苦失望，可他的新朋友们还是对他友好如初，他们带着奥利弗离开了切特赛的这幢房子，搬到了乡下一所安静的茅舍。春天来了，这里空气新鲜，远离闹市，远离烟雾和纷扰，奥利弗开始了一种新生活。他常常与罗斯和梅利夫人外出散步，有时罗斯读书给他听，他也努力地学习功课。他觉得自己好像永远把罪恶、艰辛和贫困的世界抛在背后了。

10 Life in the country

The weeks slipped contentedly past, and spring turned into summer. O liver was now a strong and healthy boy, and very fond of Rose and Mrs May lie as They were of him.

One hot summer evening, after a walk in the country, Rose became very weak and pale, and confessed she felt ill. By the next morning she was in a dangerous fever, and Mrs May lie and O liver were afraid she might die. Mrs May lie sent O liver to the nearest town, four miles away, to post two express letters. One was to Dr Losberne in Chertsey, the other to

Harry May lie, Mrs May lie's son.

O liver, filled with anxiety, ran as fast as he could along the country roads and across the fields until, hot and exhausted, he reached the town. He posted the letters and turned to hurry home again. As he was running past a pub in the main street, he accidentally bumped into a tall man in black coming out. The man stared at O liver. 'What the devil's this?' he said, stepping back.

'I'm sorry, sir. I was in a hurry, and didn't see you.'

The man murmured angrily to himself, 'Who would have thought it? Curse him! I can't get away from him!'

'I'm sorry, sir, repeated O liver, frightened by the man's wild, staring eyes.

'The devil break your bones!' the man said through his teeth. 'What are you doing here? He raised his hand and started towards O liver with a mad look in his eyes, but fell violently to the ground, shaking and gasping, in a fit. People hurried up and helped the man into the pub while O liver, thinking that the man was mad, ran quickly home/

Mrs May lie and O liver passed a sleepless night, and Rose grew steadily worse as the fever burned in her. O liver said every prayer he had ever learnt ten times over.

Late the next day Dr Losberne and Harry May lie arrived, and the house was full of worried faces and anxious whispers. But the danger passed, and by the next night Dr Losberne was able to announce that, though seriously ill, Rose would not die. O liver cried for joy.

A day or two later, Mrs May lie talked privately to her son. Harry was a handsome young man of about twenty-five, with a cheerful, honest face and friendly manners. He was clearly very fond of Rose.

'I know that you want to marry Rose, Mrs May lie told her son, 'and she is the nicest person I know. But I want you to remember one thing—her birth.'

'Mother, that means nothing to me,' said The young man. 'I love her.'

'I know you do, Harry, but she herself is well aware of her doubtful birth, and this might affect her answer if you ask her to marry you. I know you have ambitions to enter politics. If you marry a woman with a stain on her name, even though it's not her fault, it might spoil your chances of success in life. Society is cruel, Harry. People might use the knowledge of your wife's doubtful birth against you, and against your children, too. And one day, you might begin to regret your marriage.'

'Only a selfish man would do that, Mother!' Harry answered impatiently. 'No, I am quite determined. I have loved Rose for a long time, and nothing will ever change that.'

Mrs May lie sighed. 'And she, I know, is very fond of you. But she herself may try to protect you, and refuse an offer of marriage from you, for your sake. Remember that, Harry. But now, I must go back and sit with her.'

'Will you tell her how much I've worried about her?' asked Harry. 'And how anxious I am to see her again?'

'Of course I will,' replied Mrs May lie.

Some days after this conversation, O liver was sitting in the room where he studied in the evenings. It was a warm night, and he had been studying hard for some hours. He fell asleep at his desk and started dreaming. He dreamt that he was in Fagin's house again, and could see the old man sitting in his corner, whispering to another man. Yes, my dear, he heard Fagin say, 'you're right. That's him.'

In O liver's dream the other man answered. 'Of course it is! I told you I'd seen him. I'd recognize him anywhere. If I walked across his unmarked grave, I'd know it was him buried under the ground.'

He said this with such hatred that O liver woke up from fear. In front of him, at the open window, so near he could almost touch the man, were Fagin and the strange, wild man he had bumped into outside the pub in the town. In a flash, They were gone. O liver sat still, white with terror, for a second, then shouted loudly for help.

Harry and Dr Losberne came running, and hearing what had happened, They rushed outside into the night and searched the garden and the fields around. There was no sign of anybody.

'It must have been a bad dream, O liver,' said Harry, breathless after running through the fields. He had heard all about O liver's past from his mother.

'No,' replied O liver, still frightened. 'I saw the man both as plainly as I see you now.'

Nothing more was seen or heard of the two men, and after a few days, the event was forgotten. Rose recovered rapidly and was soon able to go outside again. Harry May lie waited a few days, then, as his mother had expected, he asked Rose to marry him. And as his mother had warned him, Rose refused.

'Don't you love me?' he asked her, holding her hand.

'I do,' she whispered, 'but please try to forget me. It would ruin your future as a politician if anybody found out about my birth. I could never, never forgive myself.'

Harry paused for a few minutes. 'Tell me one thing, dear Rose. Could you have accepted if your past had been different? Or if I had been poor and friendless, with no hope of riches or success?'

'I could,' answered Rose, covering her face to hide her tears. 'But as you are, I can never be more than a friend to you.'

'I shall ask you once more, said Harry softly. 'In a year's time or less, I shall ask you to change your mind. '

The girl shook her head and smiled sadly. 'No, it will be useless. '

Harry left the next day, having asked Oliver to write to him secretly with news of his mother and Rose. From an upstairs window, Rose watched him leave with tears in her eyes.

Mr Bumble was now a married man, and not a happy one. He was no longer a beadle but the manager of the workhouse, and his wife, formerly Mrs Corney, scolded and argued with him day and night. One evening, after a particularly violent fight, when she threw things at him and chased him out of the house, he went for a walk alone through the town. He felt very sorry for himself, and finally went into a pub to find comfort in gin—and—water. A tall dark man, sitting in the corner, watched Mr Bumble while he drank. The stranger's clothes were dusty and muddy, as if he had travelled a long way. Mr Bumble began to feel uncomfortable at the man's hard stare, and tried to avoid meeting his eyes.

'I've seen you before, 'the stranger said, eventually. 'you were the beadle here. '

'I was. But I don't recognize you. '

'It doesn't matter. I came here to look for you, and I'm lucky to have found you. I'd like some information. ' He pushed a couple of coins across the table.

'What information?' asked Mr Bumble suspiciously, slipping the coins into his pocket.

'About a workhouse birth. A boy called Oliver Twist. '

'Young Twist! I remember him! He was a dreadful—'

'It's not him I want to talk about, interrupted the stranger. 'I've heard enough of him. It's the old woman who was the nurse for his mother. Where is she? '

'Oh— she died last winter, 'said Mr Bumble. Then he remembered that his wife had been there when old Sally had died, and he realized that this information might be worth something. He told the man that one woman had been with the nurse when she died, and had heard some secret from her.

'Where can I find this woman? the stranger asked quickly, showing in his pale face how important this was to him.

'I can bring her to meet you tomorrow, 'said Mr Bumble.

'All right Down by the river, at nine in the evening. ' The man wrote the address on a piece of paper.

'And your name? asked Mr Bumble.

'Monks, replied the stranger, 'but you don't need to remember it. 'Then he quickly left the pub.

The next evening was dark and cloudy; a storm threatened and already the first drops of rain were falling. Mr and Mrs Bumble walked up the main street of the town, then turned towards a group of ruined old houses next to the river. Mr Bumble went first, carrying a dim light, and his wife followed closely behind. At the oldest and most ruined building, They stopped and Mr Bumble took out his piece of paper. The first distant crash of thunder shook the air, and the rain began to pour down heavily. Then They heard Monks calling out of an upstairs window.

'Is that the man? ' Mrs Bumble asked her husband.

'Yes. '

'Then be careful to say as little as you can. Don't tell him I'm your wife. '

Monks opened a small door, saying impatiently, 'Come in! Don't keep me waiting! '

Mr Bumble was only brave when dealing with poor, helpless people. He felt very uneasy about entering this dark building with an ill—tempered stranger. However, he was equally afraid of his wife. Nervously, he followed her through the door.

Inside, Monks stared at Mrs Bumble for some time. 'So this is the woman, is it? '

'Yes, 'replied Mr Bumble cautiously.

As They walked upstairs, there was a bright flash of lightning outside, followed by loud thunder. They sat down at the table and Monks started immediately.

'So you were present when the old woman died, is that right? And she told you something? He stared at Mrs Bumble again.

'Yes, 'said Mrs Bumble. 'Something about the mother of Oliver Twist. But first, how much will you pay me for the information? '

'If it's what I want to hear—twenty—five pounds, 'said Monks. 'But it's a lot of money for something which has been lying dead for twelve years. 'Reluctantly, he pushed the money across the table towards her, then bent forward to listen. The faces of the three nearly touched, as the two men leant over the table to hear what the woman had to say, and the woman leant over towards them so that They could hear her whisper. In the dim lamplight their faces looked pale and ghostly.

'The old woman who was the nurse died with only me in the room, 'said Mrs Bumble.

'No one else was there? ' asked Monks fiercely.

'No one. '

'Good, 'said Monks. 'Go on. '

'She spoke about a young woman who had given birth in the same bed some years before. The child was Oliver Twist. And this nurse had robbed the child's mother. '

'Robbed in life? ' asked Monks.

'In death. She stole from the body when it was hardly cold. But the old woman fell back and died before she could tell more. '

'It's a lie! 'shouted Monks furiously. 'You know more! I'll kill you both if you don't tell me what else she said. '

'She said no more, 'repeated Mrs Bumble calmly, showing (unlike Mr Bumble) no fear of the strange man's violence. 'But in her hand I found a piece of dirty paper. '

‘Which contained...?’

‘Nothing. It was only a receipt from a pawnbroker. I went to the pawnbroker and got back a little gold locket. Inside was a gold wedding ring and on the locket itself, the name

“Agnes”.’ She put the locket on the table in front of Monks.

He picked it up immediately and looked at it closely, his hands shaking. ‘Is this all?’

‘It is. And now I want to ask you a question. What do you intend to do with the locket?’

‘This. So it can never be used against me.’ Monks suddenly pushed the table to one side and opened a small door in the floor. Down below rushed the river, its muddy waters swollen by the heavy rain.

‘If you threw a man’s body down the river, where would it be to-morrow?’ asked Monks.

‘Twelve miles down the river, and cut to pieces,’ replied Mr Bumble in a shaky voice.

Monks tied the locket to a heavy weight and dropped it in to the water. In a second, it was gone. The three of them looked into each other’s faces, and seemed to breathe more freely.

‘Now we have nothing more to say,’ said Monks, with a threatening look at Mr Bumble. ‘And nothing to say to any one else either. Do you understand?’

‘Certainly,’ said Mr Bumble, very politely. He moved away from the strange man, anxious to leave quickly.

At the door to the street, Monks turned again to Mr Bumble. ‘And if we ever meet again, we don’t know each other. Do you understand that as well?’

‘Perfectly,’ said the relieved Mr Bumble, moving away into the rain and pulling his wife with him.

10 乡下的一段日子

几星期的日子令人满意地过去了，春天已消逝，现在进入了炎炎夏日。奥利弗现在长得很健壮了，他非常喜欢罗斯和梅利夫人——她们也同样喜欢他。

盛夏一个酷热的夜晚，刚从外面散步回来，罗斯突然手脚发软，脸色苍白，她承认自己病了。到了第二天早晨，她仍高烧不退，梅利夫人和奥利弗担心她会死去。梅利夫人让奥利弗到四英里以外离这儿最近的一个镇子上去发两封快信。一封是发给切特赛的罗斯伯恩医生的，另一封是给梅利夫人的儿子哈里·梅利的。

奥利弗忧心忡忡，尽可能快地跑过一条条乡间道路和一片片田地，等赶到了镇子上，他已是热气腾腾，精疲力竭。他发了信，就转身一刻不停地往回赶。他匆匆跑过镇子中心街道上的一家酒馆门前时，与从酒馆里出来的一个穿着一身黑的大汉撞了个满怀。这人盯着奥利弗，一边往后退一边说：“见鬼！怎么搞的？”

“对不起，先生，我走得急，没看见您。”

那人恼怒地自言自语着：“谁料到竟然会是他？该死的！我总也躲不开他。”

“对不起，先生。”奥利弗被对方那死死盯住他的凶狠的眼睛吓坏了，又说了一句。

“让魔鬼打断你的骨头！”那人从牙缝里挤出了一句话，“你在这儿干什么？”他说着，高高举起一只大手向奥利弗走过去，眼睛里流露出疯狂的目光，但又突然急病发作，摔在了地上，颤抖着，喘着粗气。周围的人赶紧把他搀起来扶进了酒馆；奥利弗以为他是个疯子，就急忙跑回家了。

梅利夫人和奥利弗一夜没睡，罗斯的病情继续恶化，高烧不止。奥利弗不停地替她祈祷，一连十几遍地念着他所知道的各种祷文。

第二天晚些时候，罗斯伯恩医生和哈里·梅利都赶来了。家里每个人都是满脸的焦急、忧虑，低声说着话。但危险终于过去了，到了第二天的晚上，医生终于得以宣布，罗斯虽然病得很厉害，但已脱离了生命危险。奥利弗高兴得流出了眼泪。

一两天后，梅利夫人和儿子单独进行了一次谈话，哈里大约二十五岁，年轻英俊，一脸的和气诚实，待人非常友好。很明显，他是非常喜欢罗斯的。

“我知道你想娶罗斯做你的妻子，”梅利夫人跟儿子说，“她也是我所遇到的最好的女孩，可有一件事你别忘了——她的出生。”

“母亲，我不在乎这些。”年轻人说。“我爱她。”

“我懂你的心思，哈里，可她自己很清楚她身世可疑，如果你向她求婚，这件事可能影响到她的答覆。我也知道你有心要进入政界，如果你娶了一个姓氏上有污点的女人做妻子，哪怕这并不是她自己的过错，此事也可能会破坏你出人头地的机会。社会是残酷的，哈里。人们会用你妻子不明不白的出生来攻击你以及你的子女。有一天，你可能要为这桩婚事后悔的。”

“母亲，只有自私的人才会这么做！”哈里不耐烦地说，“不，我决心已定，我爱慕罗斯已久，这是任何事都改变不了的。”

梅利夫人叹了口气。“她，我知道，也是非常爱你的，可她自己可能想要保护你，为了你她会拒绝你的求婚的。记着这一点，哈里。我现在必须去陪她一会儿了。”

“请您告诉她，我非常为她的健康担心。”哈里说，“还请告诉她，我迫切想再见到她，好吗？”

“我当然会的。”梅利夫人回答说。

在那次谈话几天之后的一个晚上，奥利弗又像往常那样坐在那间屋子里学习。那天晚上很闷热，他认真地学了好几个小时，便坐在桌前犯困来了，迷迷糊糊地做了个梦。他梦见他又回到了费金的家，看见那个老家伙坐在屋子的角落里，跟另一个人小声地嘀咕着什么。“没错，亲爱的，”他听见费金说，“你说对了，那就是他。”

奥利弗在梦中听见另一个人回答说：“绝对是他！我跟你说过我看见他了。无论他到了哪儿我都能认出他来；他就是死了，埋进了土里，坟上没有标志，我从坟上走过，也能认出下面埋的是他。”

他这话说得凶狠无比，把奥利弗给吓醒了。就在他的眼前，打开着的窗口外，他一伸手便能摸着的地方，站着费金和那个奇怪的、和奥利弗在镇子上的酒馆前撞了个满怀的疯子。突然，他们又不见了。奥利弗霎时间吓得脸色惨白，坐在那儿动弹不了，然后，他猛地高声喊着救命。

哈里和罗斯伯恩医生闻声赶来，问清了是怎么回事后，就冲进了夜色中，在屋子花园和周围的田地里来回搜寻，但没发现什么人。

“奥利弗，你一定是做了个噩梦！”哈里在田地里跑了一大圈回来，上气不接下气地说。他从母亲那里得知了奥利弗的全部经历。

“不是。”奥利弗仍害怕地说。“我清清楚楚地看见了他们俩，就像现在看见你站在这儿一样。”

此后没有人再发现这两个人，几天过去，这件事就被人们忘记了。罗斯恢复得很快，不久又像以前一样能够出来活动了。哈里·梅利又等

待了几日，之后，正如他母亲预料的那样，他请求罗斯小姐嫁给他。也正像他母亲提醒过的那样，他遭到了罗斯的拒绝。

“难道是你不爱我吗？”他拉着她的手说。

“我是真心地爱你，”她低语着，“但请你设法忘掉我。一旦有人知道了我不明不白的出生，这将会断送你作为一个政治家的前途。这将会使我永远、永远无法饶恕自己。”

哈里半天沉默不语。“亲爱的罗斯，告诉我一件事，假如你的过去不是这样，假如我是个贫穷的没有朋友的人，没有希望会变得富有，也没有希望会成功，那你会答应我的请求吗？”

“我会的。”罗斯蒙住脸，掩盖着流出的泪水，说：“但像你目前这种情况，我最多只能做你的朋友。”

“我会再向你求婚的，”哈里含情脉脉地说，“只需一年的时间，或者用不了一年，我会求你改变主意的。”

女孩摇着头，伤感地微笑着说：“不会的，一切都将无济于事。”

第二天哈里便离开了家，他背地里嘱咐奥利弗给他写信，告知关于母亲和罗斯的情况。罗斯站在楼上的窗前，泪水涟涟地目送着哈里离去。

班布尔先生现在是个结了婚的人了，可他并不是个幸福的人。他已升为济贫院的院长，不再是以前的那个执事了。他的妻子，以前的科尼太太，整天同他吵吵闹闹，骂骂咧咧。一天晚上，刚刚结束了一场特别激烈的争斗（她朝他身上扔东西，把他赶出了家门），他沿着镇子的街道朝前走着。他自怜自怨，终于进了一家小酒馆，要了一点加了水的杜松子酒，借酒浇愁。一个黝黑的高个子男人坐在酒馆的一角，瞧着喝酒的班布尔先生。这个陌生人穿着一身沾满了泥土的衣服，好像刚从很远的地方来到这儿。班布尔先生被他盯得有点不自在，尽量躲避着他的目光。

“我以前见过你。”这个陌生的人最终说。“你那时是这儿的执事。”

“是的，可我怎么也想不起您来了。”

“这不要紧，我到这儿就是来找你的，很幸运，竟然碰到了你。我想从你这儿打听点事。”他从桌子的另一头推过来几个硬币。

“您想知道什么？”班布尔先生疑心重重地问，并一下子将那几个硬币放进了衣袋。

“关于一个出生在济贫院，叫奥利弗·特威斯特的男孩。”

“小特威斯特，我知道他，他是个非常讨厌的——”

“我要知道的不是关于他的事，”陌生人打断了他的话，“他的事我全都听烦了，我想知道的是看护过他妈妈的那个老女人，她现在在什么地方？”

“噢，她去年冬天就死了。”班布尔先生说。他突然想起，老萨莉死的时候，他妻子就在场。他意识到这一条消息可能值几个钱，就跟那个人说，老看护死的时候有一个女人在身边，并从她那里知道了一些秘密。

“我怎么能找到这个女人？”陌生人急切地问，他那苍白的面色显示出这事对他有多么重要。

“我明天可以把她带到这儿来见您。”班布尔先生说。

“太好了，那就在下面的河岸上，晚上九点整。”那人将地址写在了一张纸头上。

“您叫什么名字？”班布尔先生问。

“蒙克斯。”陌生人回答道，“但是你不必记住这个。”然后他便急匆匆地离开了酒馆。

第二天的夜晚又黑又阴沉，天上开始掉着雨点，一场大雨就要来临了。班布尔夫妇沿着镇子的主要街道走着，然后拐弯朝着河边一些破败的旧屋子走去。班布尔先生手里提着一盏昏暗的灯走在前头，他的妻子紧跟在身后。他们在一幢最古老和最破旧的楼前停了下来，班布尔先生拿出了他记地址的纸条。第一声惊雷在远处空中炸响，随后大雨倾盆而下。这时他们听见蒙克斯从楼上的一个窗口叫了一声。

“是那个人吗？”班布尔太太问自己的丈夫。

“是他。”

“那你就尽量少说话，别跟他说我是你妻子。”

蒙克斯打开一扇小门，不耐烦地说：“快进来！别让我再等了！”

班布尔先生只有在对付穷人和孤苦无援的人时才是勇敢的，要同这个脾气暴躁的陌生人一起走进黑洞洞的楼里，他感到十分胆怯。但他也同样怕他的妻子。他紧张地跟着她进了门。

到了屋里，蒙克斯盯着班布尔太太看了片刻。“她就是那个女人吗？”

“是她。”班布尔先生十分小心地回答。

他们上楼时，外面忽然打了一下闪电，接着马上是一阵雷鸣。他们在一张桌子旁坐下，蒙克斯迫不急待地开始讲话。

“那个老女人死的时候你在场，是吗？她跟你说了些什么？”他又紧盯着班布尔太太。

“是的，”班布尔太太说，“一些关于奥利弗·特威斯特的母亲的事。但是，您首先要告诉我，知道这些情况您会给我多少钱？”

“假如是我想要知道的事，我会给你二十五英镑，”蒙克斯说。“对于一个沉睡了十二年的消息，这些钱不算少了。”说着，他不情愿地将桌子上的钱朝她面前推了过去，然后俯身向前去听。三个人的脸几乎凑在了一起，两个男人俯在桌子上方凑向这女人，听她说些什么，她也朝他们靠了过去，好让他们能听见她小声说话。在昏暗的灯影下，他们的脸苍白得像幽灵一样。

“那个当看护的老女人死的时候只有我在她的房间里。”班布尔太太说。

“还有别人在场吗？”蒙克斯恶狠狠地问。

“没有。”

“太好了，”蒙克斯说，“接着说。”

“她说的是多年前一个年轻的女人就在她躺的那张床上生下了一个孩子。这孩子就是奥利弗·特威斯特。这个老看护偷了他妈妈的一样东西。”

“是在她死之前拿的吗？”蒙克斯问。

“是在她断气之后，尸骨还没有寒冷的时候。没跟我说上几句话，老萨莉便倒下死了。”

“撒谎！”蒙克斯恼怒万分地叫嚷着，“你肯定还知道更多的事！如果你不把她的话全说出来，我会宰了你们俩的。”

“她没能说更多的话。”班布尔太太冷静地说。她（不像班布尔先生）没有显露出一点害怕这个陌生人的暴虐的样子。“可我在她手里发现了一张肮脏的破纸头。”

“里面有……？”

“什么都没有，是一家当铺的收条。我找到了这家当铺，赎回的是一个挂在项链上面的小金盒子，里面放着一枚金的结婚戒指，金盒子上写的人名是‘阿格尼丝’。”她把小金盒子放在了桌子上蒙克斯的面前。

他一把抓起小盒子，放在眼前仔细地看着，两只手不停地颤抖。“只有这些吗？”

“就这些。现在我想问您一句，您打算把这盒子怎么办？”

“这么办！这样谁也不能用它来找我的麻烦了。”蒙克斯猛地把桌子推到了一边，打开了地板上的一个暗门，下面是汹涌的河水。由于大雨，泥浆般的河水涨了起来。

“假如把一个人的尸体从这儿扔下去，明天他会到了什么地方？”蒙克斯问。

班布尔先生用发抖的声音说：“十二英里以外，裂成了碎片。”

蒙克斯将金盒子系在了一个很重的东西上，把它扔进了水里。它刹那间就消失了。三个人互相看着，喘出的气好像都轻松了许多。

“现在我们没有更多要说的话了，”蒙克斯威胁地看着班布尔先生说。“别跟任何人说起这件事，明白吗？”

“当然了。”班布尔先生有礼貌地说。他离开这个陌生的人远一点，急于尽快走开。

在临街的门口处，蒙克斯又转向班布尔先生说：“如果我们以后再碰到，谁也不认识谁。你明白吗？”

“那是绝对的，”班布尔先生如释重负地说道，然后拉着妻子走进了大雨里。

On the evening after the Bumbles' little business meeting, Mr Bill Sikes, waking from a sleep, called out to ask the time.

The room he was lying in was very small and dirty. It was a different room from the one he had occupied before the Chertsey expedition, but it was in the same poor part of London. There were so few possessions or comforts in the room that it was clear Mr Sikes had met hard times. He himself was thin and pale from illness, and was lying on the bed, wrapped in an old coat. The white dog lay on the floor next to him.

Seated by the window was Nancy, repairing Sikes' old jacket. She, too, was thin and pale. At Sikes' voice she raised her head from her work. 'Not long past seven,' she said. 'How do you feel now, Bill?'

'As weak as water. Help me get up, will you?'

As Nancy helped him out of bed, Sikes swore and cursed at her clumsiness. Illness had not improved his temper.

'You would n't speak like that if you knew how kindly I've nursed you these last few days,' said Nancy. 'So many nights, I've looked after you.' She sat down in a chair, exhausted.

'Get up!' shouted Sikes. 'What's wrong with you?'

But Nancy was unable to get up. Her head fell back against the chair and she fainted.

Sikes swore and cursed again, but Nancy remained unconscious.

'What's the matter here?' asked a voice from the door, and Fagin, followed by the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates, entered the room. When they saw Nancy, they hurried to help her. Charley rubbed her hands and the Dodger gave her a drink from the bottle he carried. Gradually, Nancy recovered her senses.

Sikes then turned to Fagin. 'What are you here for?' he asked roughly. 'You haven't been here for weeks—all the time I was ill. I haven't two coins to rub together. Why didn't you help me? You treat me worse than a dog!'

'Don't be bad-tempered, my dear,' said Fagin calmly. 'I haven't forgotten you, Bill.'

'Well, what about some money, then? I've done enough work for you recently—what about some money?'

'I haven't a single coin with me, my dear,' said Fagin.

'Then go and get some—you've got lots at home. No, I don't trust you. Nancy can go back with you to your house and fetch some money. I'll stay here and sleep.'

After a good deal of arguing, Fagin managed to reduce the amount Sikes was demanding from five pounds to three pounds. He went back to his house with Nancy and the boys.

When they were inside, Fagin told the girl, 'I'll just go upstairs and fetch the cash for Bill, my dear. There's little money in this business, Nancy, little money and no thanks—but I'm fond of seeing the young people around me.'

Suddenly there was a man's voice at the front door. As soon as Nancy heard it, she sat up in her chair.

'That's the man I was expecting earlier,' said Fagin. 'Don't worry. He'll only be ten minutes.'

The man entered the room. It was Monks. When he saw Nancy, he moved back, as if he had expected no one but Fagin.

'It's all right, only one of my young people,' Fagin said to him. 'Did you see him?'

'Yes,' answered Monks.

'Any news?'

'Good news,' said Monks with a smile. 'Let me have a word with you.' He and Fagin went upstairs to talk privately.

As soon as they had left the room, Nancy took off her shoes and crept silently up the stairs to listen in the passage—as she had done once before. She was gone for a quarter of an hour, then, like a ghost, she reappeared in the downstairs room and sat down. Immediately afterwards, the two men descended the stairs.

'How pale you are, Nancy!' said Fagin, once Monks had left the house. 'What have you been doing to yourself?'

'Nothing—except waiting here for you too long,' she answered, turning her face away from him. 'Now, where's the money for Bill?'

With a sigh for every piece of money, Fagin put the agreed amount into her hand.

When Nancy was out in the street again, she sat down on a door step, and for a few minutes seemed unable to move. Then she started running wildly through the streets, and when she was exhausted she stopped and burst into tears. This strange mood seemed to leave her then, and she turned and hurried back to Sikes' house.

At first when she returned, Sikes noticed nothing unusual about her. Fagin, with his sharp, suspicious eyes, would have noticed something at once. But as night came, the girl's nervous excitement increased and even Sikes was alarmed by the paleness in her cheeks and the fire in her eye.

He lay in bed, drinking hot gin-and-water, and staring at her. 'You look like a corpse that's come back to life again. What's the matter with you tonight?'

'Nothing. Why are you staring at me so hard?'

'Either you've caught the fever yourself, or—no, you're not going to—you wouldn't do that!'

'Do what?' asked the girl.

'There's not a girl alive as loyal as you. If you weren't, I'd have cut your throat months ago. No, you must have the fever coming on, that's it. Now, give me some of my medicine.'

Nancy quickly poured out his medicine with her back to him. He took it, and after turning restlessly for some time, he eventually fell into a deep, heavy sleep.

'The drug's taken effect at last,' Nancy said to herself as she rose from her position beside the bed. 'I hope I'm not

too late. '

Quickly, she put on her coat and hat, looking round fearfully as if she expected at any moment to feel Sikes' heavy hand on her shoulder. She kissed the robber's lips softly, then ran from the house without a sound.

She hurried in the direction of west London, pushing past people on the pavement, and running across crowded streets with out looking.

'The woman is mad!' said the people, turning to look ather as she rushed past the m.

She came to a wealthier part of the town where the street swere quieter, and before long she had reached her destination. It was a family hotel in a quiet street near Hyde Park. The clock struck eleven as she entered.

The man at the desk looked at her and asked, 'What do you want here? '

'I want to see Miss May lie. '

The man looked at The young woman with strong disapproval. 'She won't want to see someone like you. Come on, get out. '

'Let me see her-or two of you will have to throw me out!' said Nancy violently.

The man looked at her again, and decided it would be easierto do as she asked. He led her upstairs to Rose's room.

Nancy entered with a brave face but with fear in her heart.

'Please sit down and tell me why you wish to see me, 'said Rose May lie, looking with some surprise at this poor, rough girl from the streets. Rose's manner was so kind and sincere, and so unexpected, that Nancy burst into tears.

When she had recovered a little, she asked, 'Is the door shut? '

'Yes, 'answered Rose, a little nervously. 'But why? '

'Because I am about to put my life, and the lives of others, in your hand s. I am the girl that kidnapped little O liver and took him back to old Fagin's house on the night O liver was going to the bookseller. '

'You!' said Rose.

'Yes, it was me. I am that wicked creature you have hear dab out. I've no friends except thieves and robbers. I've lived on the streets since I was a child, cold, hungry, among people who are always drunk and fighting. And that's where I'll die, too. '

'I pity you!' said Rose in a broken voice.

'But I'll tell you why I'm here. Do you know a man called Monks? '

'No, 'answered Rose.

'He knows you. I heard him tell Fagin that you were at this hotel. Maybe he's changed his name. Soon after O liver was put into your house on the night of the robbery, I listened insecret to a conversation between Monks and Fagin in the dark. And I heard Monks say that he'd seen O liver in the street, and that he knew at once O liver was the child he was looking for, although I couldn't hear why. Monks the n agreed to pay Fagin some money if he could find O liver again, and more money if he could turn the poor boy into a thief. '

'Why? 'asked Rose.

'He saw my shadow on the wall as I listened, and I had to escape. I didn't see him again until last night. '

'And what happened the n? '

'I listened at the door again. And I heard Monks say this: "So the only proof of the boy's identity is at the bottom of the river, and the old woman who received it is dead. " He and Fagin laughed. The n Monks said that he had all O liver' s money safely now, but how funny it would be if the boy went to prison for stealing, after his father's unfair will. '

'What is all this? 'asked Rose.

'It's the truth, lady. The n Monks said he couldn't have O liver killed because suspicion would point to himself. Bu the 'd try for the rest of his life to harm the boy if he could. The n Monks laughed again about the money O liver should have got from his father's will. "My young brother O liver will n ever see that money! " he said. '

'His brother!' exclaimed Rose.

'Those were his words, 'said Nancy, looking round uneasily, as if she still expected to see Sikes. 'And the n hetalked about how amazed you would be if you knew who

O liver really was.

'And this man was serious? '

'His voice was full of anger and hatred. I know many people who do worse things, but I'd rather listen to all of the m than to this man Monks. But I must get back now, or people will wonder where I've been. '

'Back! How can you go back to such a life?'asked Rose. 'You've told me all this. Now I can help you by letting you stay somewhere safe. '

'No. Perhaps it's hard for you to believe, but the re's one man, the most dangerous of the m all, that I can never leave. You're the first person who's ever spoken to me so kindly-but it's too late. '

'It's never too late! '

'It is!'cried the girl. 'I can't leave him now. And if I tell anyone about this man, he'll die. '

'But how can I find you again, when we want to investigate this mystery further? '

'I'll meet you secretly, if you promise not to watch or follow me, 'said Nancy. 'And if you promise just one more thing-not to do anything to hurt the man I can never leave. '

'I promise. '

'Every Sunday night, between eleven and twelve, I will walk on London Bridge if I am alive. Meet me the re if youwant

more information. ’

As Nancy said the se words, she left the room and ran down the stairs and out into the street once more. Rose was left alone, her thoughts in great confusion, as she wondered desperately what to do and who to ask for advice.

The next morning, O liver, who had been out walking, ran in to Rose’s room at the hotel. He was breathless with excitement.

’I can’t believe what I’ve seen! Now you’ll all know that I’ve told you the truth!’ he shouted.

’I know you’ve always told us the truth—but what are you talking about?’ asked Rose.

I’ve seen Mr Brown low , the kind man who was so good to me.

’Where?’

’Going into a house,’ said O liver, crying with joy. ’I’ve got the address here.’

’Quick,’ said Rose. ’Call a coach. I’ll take you there immediately.’

The idea came to Rose that perhaps Mr Brown low would advise her. She had been afraid to tell Nancy’s story to Dr Losberne, since the good doctor was very excitable and often acted with more enthusiasm than wisdom.

In less than five minutes They were in the coach on their way to the address. Rose went in first to talk to Mr Brown low alone. She was taken into his study, and polite greetings were exchanged. When They were seated again, Rose said,

’This will surprise you very much, but you were once very kind to a dear friend of mine, and I’m sure you will be interested to hear news of him.’

’Really? May I ask you his name?’

’O liver Twist.’

Mr Brown low said nothing for a few seconds, but simply stared at Rose. Finally he moved his chair nearer to her and said with great feeling, ’I once thought that he was a liar and a thief. If you have evidence to show me I was wrong, please tell me at once.’

’I know him to be a child with a warm heart,’ said Rose.

’And despite the hardships of his life, he’s a better person than almost anyone I know.’

’I looked for him everywhere,’ said Mr Brown low , ’but I could never find him. I could never quite believe that he really did intend to rob me.’

Rose told him everything that had happened to O liver since the n. She finished by saying, ’And his only sorrow, for some months, has been that he could not find you, his former friend.’

’Thank God!’ said Mr Brown low . ’This is great happiness to me, great happiness. But why haven’t you brought him with you, Miss May lie?’

’He’s waiting in a coach at the door,’ replied Rose.

Mr Brown low hurried out of the room, down the stairs and into the coach without another word. In a minute he had returned with O liver. ’How well he looks!’ he said. ’New clothes, the same sweet face, but not so pale; the same eyes, but not so sad.’

They talked with great joy for some time. Then Mr Brown low sent for Mrs Bed win, the old housekeeper. She came in quietly and waited for her orders.

’You get blinder every day,’ said Mr Brown low impatiently.

’People’s eyes, at my time of life, don’t improve with age,’ replied the old lady.

’Then put on your glasses.’

As she searched for the m in her pocket, O liver could not wait any longer and ran into her arms.

’Dear God!’ she said. ’It’s my innocent boy!’

’My dear old nurse!’ cried O liver.

’I knew he would come back,’ said the old lady, holding him in her arms. ’How well he’s dressed—how well he looks again!’ She laughed and cried at the same time, and could not let O liver go.

While O liver talked to Mrs Bed win, Rose asked Mr Brown low if she could speak to him privately. He led her in to another room, and the re listened, with a good deal of amazement, to Rose’s account of her extraordinary conversation with Nancy. Between the m, They decided that Mrs May lie and Dr Losberne should be told, and that Mr Brown low would come to the hotel that evening for a discussion. For the moment, nothing would be said to O liver himself.

That evening at the hotel O liver’s four friends met as arranged. Dr Losberne, of course, was full of immediate plans to rush round London arresting all the gang and hanging the mat once. Mr Brown low , fortunately, was able to persuade him to abandon this wild idea.

’Then what’s to be done?’ cried the doctor impatiently.

’First,’ said Mr Brown low calmly, ’we must discover who he inheritance that should have been his.’

’Yes, yes,’ said the doctor, nodding in agreement. ’But how shall we achieve the se aims?’

’We must find this man Monks,’ said Mr Brown low . ’Nancy will not betray the man who is special to her, but she will surely agree to tell us how or where to find Monks. Then we must find a way to force Monks to talk. We must be both cautious and clever. After all, we have no proof against him, and if we cannot make him talk, this mystery will never be solved. But we’ll have to wait five days until Sunday before we can meet Nancy on London Bridge. Until the n, we can do nothing.’

11 南希的造访

在班布尔夫妇那次小小的业务洽谈之后的晚上, 比尔·赛克斯先生一觉醒来, 大声地问着是什么时候了。

他躺在一间脏乱狭小的屋子里。这已不是他去切特赛远征之前住的那间房子了，但仍旧是在伦敦原先的那个贫民区。屋里没有什么家什和用具，很明显，赛克斯先生遇上艰难的日子了。由于得了一场病，他非常瘦弱、苍白，身上裹着一件破旧的大衣，缩在床上。那条白色的狗趴在旁边的地上。

南希坐在窗户旁边，手里缝补着赛克斯的一件旧外衣。她也很消瘦，面无血色。听见赛克斯的喊声，她停下手里的活计，抬起头说：“刚过七点钟，比尔，你这会儿感觉怎么样了？”

“浑身没劲。你扶我起来，行吗？”

南希扶他从床上起来时，他张口就骂，嫌她笨手笨脚。一场大病也没能使他暴躁的脾气有所改变。

“你要是知道这些天我是怎么伺候你的，就不该这样对我恶语相加。”南希说。“这么多个晚上，我都一直看护着你。”她疲惫地坐在一把椅子上。

“站起来！”赛克斯吼叫着，“你是怎么了？”

可南希已经站不起身了。她的头向后仰去，撞在椅子上；她昏了过去。

赛克斯又是一阵咒骂，可南希一点知觉都没有了。

“这里究竟出了什么事？”从门外传来了一个人的声音，原来是费金走了进来，后面跟着插翅神偷和查理·贝茨。他们看到南希，连忙过去帮助她。查理不停地搓着她的两只手，神偷拿出自己带在身上的一瓶酒给她灌了一口。慢慢地，南希恢复了知觉。

赛克斯这时转向费金。“你来干什么？”他暴躁地问，“你已有好几个星期不来这儿了——而我一直病着，身上连一个小钱都没有了。你为什么不来帮帮我？你待我连一条狗都不如！”

“亲爱的，别生气，”费金不慌不忙地说，“比尔，我可没忘记你。”

“那么，给我一些钱，怎么样？这些日子我可替你干了不少活儿——给我点钱行吗？”

“我身上连一个子儿都没有了，亲爱的。”费金说。

“那去拿点来——你家里有的是钱。不，我才不会相信你呢。南希可以跟你回去拿点钱来。我留在这儿睡一觉。”

争执了好一会儿，费金才设法将赛克斯提出的数额从五英镑降到了三英镑。南希以及两个男孩一起跟着他回家了。

到了家里，费金对那姑娘说：“亲爱的，我上楼去给比尔找点现钱。这行当没多少油水，南希，钱又少，又不落好——可我就是喜欢看着年轻人在我身边。”

突然，前门外传来了一个男人的声音，南希一听见这声音，立刻在椅子上挺直了身子。

“这人是我就早等着的，”费金说，“别担心，他待十分钟就走。”

这男人走了进来，原来是蒙克斯。他看见南希在这儿，就又退了出去，看来，他原以为屋里只有费金一个人。

“没关系，她是我一个年轻人。”费金对他说。“你见到他了吗？”

“见到了。”蒙克斯说。

“有什么消息吗？”

“好消息，”蒙克斯笑着说。“我想跟你单独谈谈。”他和费金上楼去进行秘密谈话。

他们刚出去，南希就脱下鞋蹑手蹑脚地跟了上去，在过道里偷听他们的谈话——就跟上次一样。一刻钟之后，她像幽灵一样，又回到了楼下的屋子里坐定。紧接着，两个男人也走下了楼梯。

蒙克斯刚出房门，费金就说：“南希，你脸色苍白，到底怎么了？”

“没什么——就是坐在这儿等的时间长了点，”她说把脸扭到一边去了。“好吧，你给比尔的钱呢？”

费金在她手上放了彼此达成协议的钱数，每放下一块钱就叹一口气。

南希出门来，又到了马路上。她坐在一家门口的台阶上，有好一阵子似乎不能动弹了。接着，她拚命地在马路上疯跑着，直到疲惫不堪才停住脚，放声大哭起来。然后，这种一时的奇怪心情好像消失了，她回转身，匆匆回到了赛克斯的家。

她初到家时，赛克斯并没有注意到她反常的情绪。如果是费金，用那狡猾多疑的眼睛一扫，就会马上注意到有什么事不对头了。可是到了晚上，这姑娘更加紧张不安，连赛克斯都对她苍白的面色和着火似的眼睛起了警惕之心。

他躺在床上，喝着辣辣的加水杜松子酒，眼睛死盯着她。“你看上去像个还魂的死尸。你今晚是怎么了？”

“没什么，你干吗这么死死地盯着我看？”

“你要么是也得了热病，要么就是想去——不，你不可能去……你不会那么干的！”

“干什么？”姑娘问。

“没有另一个女孩子像你这样忠实于我。不然的话，几个月前我就割断你的喉咙了。不，你一定是染上了热病，就是这样。把我的药递给我。”

南希背对着他迅速将药倒出来。他吃了药，在床上来回地翻动着，不一会儿便死睡过去。

“这药终于起作用了。”南希自言自语着，从床边站了起来。“我希望我不会太迟了。”

她迅速套上外衣，戴上帽子，恐惧地朝四处看了看，好像随时都会感觉到赛克斯一只沉重的手压在她的肩膀上。她轻柔地在盗贼的嘴唇上吻了一下，便不声不响地从这房间跑了出去。

她急匆匆地朝着伦敦西部赶去，推搡着人行道上来往的行人，连看也不看一眼就跑步横穿车水马龙的街道。

“这女人一定是疯了！”当她直冲过身旁时，人们转过身来看着她。

她来到了富裕一些的地区，这里街道更僻静，不一会儿她便到了她要找的地方。这是一个靠近海德公园、坐落在一条安静的街道上的家庭旅馆。当她走进去时，大钟正好敲响了11点。

一个坐在柜台后面的男人问：“你有什么事？”

“我想见梅利小姐。”

这男人带着极端不屑的神情看着这个年轻的女人，说：“她是不会见像你这样的人的，赶快出去。”

“让我见见她——否则你们得有两个人才能把我赶出去！”南希激烈地说。

那人又看了一眼南希，心想还不如答应她的请求更省事些，便领着她来到了楼上罗斯的房间。

南希故作镇静地走进屋子，其实心里害怕得很。

“请坐下，告诉我你找我有何事，”罗斯·梅利稍带惊奇地看着这个可怜、粗俗的游荡街头的女孩，说道。罗斯的态度非常善良、真挚，这是南希万万没有料到的，她哇地一声哭了起来。

她稍稍平静了一点，便问：“门关着吗？”

“是的。”罗斯说，并有点不安地问，“这是为什么？”

“因为我将要把自己的性命，还有别人的性命都交给您了。我就是那天晚上小奥利弗到书商家去时将他拐骗回费金家的那个女孩。”

“你！”罗斯说。

“是，是我，我就是那个您听说过的坏家伙。除了小偷和强盗我没有别的朋友。我从小就住在街上，生活在寒冷和饥饿之中，身边的人永远喝得醉醺醺的，总要打架。我也将会死在那里。”

“我很可怜你！”罗斯带着哭腔说道。

“但我要告诉你，我是为什么来找您的。您认识一个叫蒙克斯的男人吗？”

“不认识。”罗斯答道。

“可他认识你，我听他告诉费金说，你住在这家旅馆。也可能是他改了姓名。盗窃的那天晚上，他们把奥利弗塞进了你们家。此后不久，我就偷听到蒙克斯跟费金的对话。我听见蒙克斯说，他在路上碰见了奥利弗，而且他一眼就认出了这就是他正在寻找的那个孩子。但我没听清为什么。蒙克斯还答应，如果费金能再找到这孩子，他就给他一笔钱。要是他能把那可怜的孩子变成一个盗贼，他会给他更多的钱。”

“为什么？”罗斯问。

“我偷听时，他在墙上发现了我的影子，我不得不逃开。从那时起，一直到昨天晚上，我再没见过他。”

“后来又发生了什么事？”

“我昨天又去门口偷听，听见蒙克斯说：‘唯一能证实这孩子身份的东西现在被扔在了河底，拿到过这东西的那个老女人已经死了。’他和费金放声大笑。然后，蒙克斯说，他现在可以安全地得到奥利弗的全部钱财了，但是，在他父亲立了不公正的遗嘱之后，假如奥利弗因偷盗进了监狱，这事将是多么地可笑啊。”

“这究竟是怎么回事？”罗斯问道。

“这是事情的真相，小姐。蒙克斯后来说，为了避免让人们猜疑他，他不会杀死奥利弗的。但他会在他的余生，尽可能地去伤害这个孩子。然后蒙克斯又为奥利弗按父亲的遗嘱应该得到一笔钱的事大笑起来。‘我的小弟永远也见不到这些钱了。’他说。”

“他的小弟！”罗斯惊叫着。

“这些是他的原话。”南希说着，不安地朝四处看着，好像她还怕看见赛克斯出现。“后来，他又提到，假如您知道了奥利弗的真实身份，您会多么吃惊。”

“这个人说这话是当真的吗？”

“他说话的声音里充满了愤怒和憎恨。我见过许多做更坏的恶事的人，我倒宁愿和他们打交道，也不愿和蒙克斯这种人来往。现在我得走了，不然他们会猜疑我去了什么地方。”

“回去！你怎么还能回到那种生活中去呢？”罗斯问。“你已经跟我说了这些话了呀。现在，我要帮助你，让你待在一个安全的地方。”

“不，您大概很难相信，有一个人，他们当中最危险的一个人，是我永远不能离开的。您是我遇到的头一个这么好心地和我说的人——可是太晚了。”

“还来得及！”

“不！”女孩大声地说，“我现在不能离开他，我要是跟别人提起他，他必死无疑。”

“为了深入调查这件疑案，我怎样才能再找到你呢？”

“如果您保证不监视或跟踪我，我会偷偷地来见你。”南希说。“您还得向我保证另一件事——不做任何伤害这个我永远不能离开的男人的事。”

“我向你保证。”

“那么，每个星期天的晚上十一点到十二点之间，我在伦敦桥上散步，假如我还没有死的话。您要想知道更多的事，就到那儿去找我。”

南希说完这些话，出了房间，跑下楼，到了马路上。屋里只剩下罗斯，她的思想陷入了混乱之中。她极力地想着应该怎么办，应该向谁去请求帮助。

第二天早晨，刚从外面散步回来的奥利弗跑进了旅馆里罗斯的房间，他兴奋得都喘不上气来了。

“我简直不敢相信我的眼睛！现在你们可以知道，我跟你们说的都是实话了！”他嚷嚷着。

“我知道你一直说的是真话——可你现在说的是什么事？”罗斯问。

“我看见布朗洛先生了，就是那个对我特别好的好心的先生。”

“在哪儿？”

“他正走进一所房子。”奥利弗说着，高兴地流出了眼泪。“我记下地址了。”

“快去，”罗斯说，“叫一辆马车，我马上就带你去。”

罗斯突然想到，布朗洛先生可能会给她出点主意。她先前不敢把南希的话告诉罗斯伯恩医生，因为这个好心的老头易于激动，他往往热情有余，而考虑不周。

不到五分钟，他们便坐上了马车，朝着那个地址赶去。罗斯首先自己进去，单独和布朗洛先生谈话。罗斯被带进了他的书房，一番客气的寒暄之后，都落了座，这时罗斯说：

“这大概会使您非常惊讶，您曾经善待过我的一位好朋友，您肯定会对有关他的消息很感兴趣。”

“是吗？我能问一下他的名字吗？”

“奥利弗·特威斯特。”

布朗洛先生只是盯着罗斯，半天不吱声。最后他把椅子朝罗斯跟前挪动了一下，非常激动地说：“我曾一度以为他是个骗子，是个小偷。如果你有什么证据能说明我是错的，请你赶快告诉我。”

“我知道他是个好心的孩子，”罗斯说，“尽管他过了许多苦日子，但他比我所见过的大多数人要好。”

“我也在到处寻找他，”布朗洛先生说，“可一直没能找到他。我也一直不太相信他是真的算计着来偷盗我。”

罗斯跟他说了从那以后奥利弗的全部经历。她最后说：“几个月来唯一使他伤心的事就是找不到您，他从前的好朋友。”

“感谢上帝！”布朗洛先生说，“这是我最大的快乐，最大的快乐。那你为什么没有带他一起来，梅利小姐？”

“他现在就在门外马车上等着。”罗斯回答道。

布朗洛先生什么都顾不上说了，急忙走出房间，下了楼，上了马车。一会儿，他跟奥利弗一起进来了。“他看上去多健康啊！”他说，“崭新的衣服，还是那张可爱的脸，只是比以前红润多了；还是那双眼睛，也不像以前那样充满了忧伤。”

他们非常高兴地聊了一会儿，然后布朗洛先生叫人把老管家贝德温太太找来。她轻轻地走进屋，站在那儿等候吩咐。

“你的眼睛一天不如一天了，”布朗洛先生不耐烦地说。

“到了我这个岁数，人的视力是不会随着年纪的增长而变得更好的。”老管家说。

“那么就戴上你的眼镜。”

她把手伸进衣袋里摸索着找眼镜时，奥利弗再也忍不住了，一下扑进了她的怀里。

“噢，上帝！”她说，“原来是我无辜的孩子！”

“亲爱的老妈妈！”奥利弗叫着。

“我就知道他会回来的，”老妇人把他搂在怀里说，“他穿得多好啊——气色也恢复得很好了！”她高兴地笑着，同时脸上流淌着泪水，紧紧地抱住奥利弗不松手。

奥利弗同贝德温太太交谈着，这时，罗斯提出是否能与布朗洛先生单独谈谈。他把她带到了另一个房间。在那里，他惊讶万分地听着罗斯叙述她同南希非常怪异的谈话。他们俩决定，这件事必须让梅利夫人和罗斯伯恩医生知道，另外，布朗洛先生当晚得去旅馆同他们商量这件事。在这期间，他们决定什么也不跟奥利弗说。

当天晚上，奥利弗的四位朋友按照预先的安排来到了旅馆。当然，罗斯伯恩医生有一脑子的计划，他想立即就行动，跑到伦敦的各个地方把这伙匪徒都抓起来，立刻送到绞刑架上。幸亏有布朗洛先生极力劝阻他放弃这个不切实际的想法。

“那该怎么办？”医生不耐烦地大声说。

“首先，”布朗洛先生平静地说，“我们必须弄清谁是奥利弗的亲生父母。下一步——假如这个姑娘说的事都是真的——我们必须拿回应该属于奥利弗的这份遗产。”

“对，对，”医生点着头表示同意地说，“可我们怎么才能做到这一切呢？”

“我们必须找到蒙克斯这个人。”布朗洛先生说，“南希不会背叛对她有特殊意义的那个人，但她肯定愿意告诉我们怎样或在哪儿能找到蒙克斯。如果是这样，我们还必须设法让蒙克斯开口说话，我们不但要小心谨慎，而且要善用心计。毕竟我们还没有指控他的证据。假如我们没有办法使他说出一切，那么这件谜案将永远无法解开。但我们不得不再等待五天，从现在起，一直到星期天在伦敦桥上见到南希的时候为止。目前我们什么也干不了。”

12 Nancy keeps an appointment

On exactly the same night as Nancy had met Rose May lie, two people from Oliver's home town were making their way towards London. Their progress was slow, since they travelled on foot, and in addition, the girl was carrying a heavy bag on her back. The young man carried nothing. From time to time he turned to shout at the girl behind him. 'Hurry up! What a lazy creature you are, Charlotte! I'll come and give you a kick if you don't move faster!'

The young man was Noah Claypole, who had made Oliver's life so miserable at Mr Sowerberry's house. He was now taller and uglier but otherwise little changed. He and Charlotte had grown tired of the undertaking business and had set off to London to start a new life—with all the money from Mr Sowerberry's shop in their pockets.

Eventually, They entered London, and Noah began to look for a quiet, cheap pub where They could spend the night. Charlotte followed obediently at his heels as They walked through a district of narrow, dirty streets.

At last Noah found a pub that he thought was suitable. It was dark and dirty, with a few rough-looking men in the bar. They entered and asked for a room for the night and a meal of cold meat and beer, which They ate in the bar. The beer made Noah talkative and he began to boast. 'So it's no more coffins for us, my girl. We can do better than just robbing Mr Sowerberry. In London there are pockets, houses, coaches—even banks!'

'I like the sound of it, Noah, but how are we going to do all this?' asked Charlotte.

'We can meet people who know about the se things. I'd like to be the leader of some gang, if there's a good profit to be made in that kind of work.' Noah felt very pleased with himself, and looked forward to an easy life of crime in the capital.

They talked about their plans for a few minutes. The n a stranger, who had been sitting unseen round the corner, came up to the m. The stranger was Fagin. He greeted the m in a very friendly and cheerful way, sat down with the m, and immediately ordered more beer for Noah.

'That's good beer,' said Noah, already a little drunk. He thanked the stranger for the drink.

'Expensive, too,' said Fagin. 'If you drink that everyday, my dear, you'll need to empty pockets, houses, coaches, even banks.'

When he heard his own words repeated, Noah went pale with terror. The stranger must have heard everything, even how They had robbed Mr Sowerberry!

'Don't worry,' laughed Fagin, pulling his chair closer. 'You're lucky it was only me who heard you.'

'I didn't take it,' said Noah quickly. 'It was the woman who did it!'

'It does n't matter who did it, my dear, replied Fagin, looking quickly at Charlotte. 'Because I'm in that business myself. And the people in my house as well. I can introduce you to the right people, if you're interested. You both look like good workers.'

Charlotte and Noah felt a mixture of fear and pleasure. 'What would you want me to do?' asked Noah. 'Some thing light, if possible,' he added.

'What about spying on people?' asked Fagin. 'Or robbing young children who are going shopping for their mothers? That's light work, and easy.'

Noah laughed. 'That sounds like just the thing for me! And what will I earn for this work?'

'You can live free in my house, and give me half of what you earn.'

After the r discussion, and the transfer of Mr Sowerberry's money from Noah's pocket to Fagin's, agreement was reached. The next day Noah and Charlotte went to live in Fagin's house and began to be instructed in their new profession.

Although training and experience had made Nancy an expert liar, she could not completely hide the fear in her mind. She knew she had taken an enormous risk in going to see Rose May lie. If Fagin or Sikes ever found out...But she pushed the se fears away. She was determined to keep her promise to Rose May lie, and meet her as arranged.

On the first Sunday night after her meeting with Rose, she was in Sikes' room when the clock struck eleven. Fagin was there, too, discussing some business with Sikes. Nancy stood up and put on her coat. Sikes watched her, surprised.

'Nancy! Where are you going at this time of night?'

'Not far.'

'What kind of answer is that? Where are you going?'

'I don't know,' replied the girl.

'Then I do. Nowhere. Sit down.'

'I'm not well. I want a breath of air.'

Sikes got up and locked the door.

'Let me go!' said the girl with great force. 'Just for one hour—let me go!'

Sikes seized her arms roughly. 'The girl's gone mad!'

Nancy fought wildly, and Sikes had to hold her down in a chair. She continued to scream and fight until midnight, when, exhausted and tearful, she stopped struggling. She went into another room and threw herself on a bed.

'She's a strange girl,' Sikes said to Fagin, shaking his head. 'Why did she suddenly decide to go out tonight? It hought that after all the se years I'd finally tamed her. She must be ill—perhaps she's still got a bit of fever.'

'That must be it,' said Fagin, nodding thoughtfully.

As he walked home, Fagin's eyes were sharp with suspicion. He had suspected for a while that Nancy had become tired of Bill Sikes' brutality and violence, and that she had found a new friend to take his place. Her manner was different; she often left home alone, and she seemed less interested in the gang. And tonight, her desperate impatience to go out at a

particular hour...He was certain he was right. He began to make plans.

First, he wanted to know who Nancy's new friend was. He could make him a valuable new member of the gang, with Nancy as his assistant. But there was another, darker reason. Fagin, too, had become tired of Sikes. Sikes knew too much—too many dangerous secrets about Fagin himself. Fagin distrusted everybody, but he hated and distrusted Sikes most of all. It would be very convenient if Sikes could be...removed.

'With a little persuasion,' Fagin thought, 'perhaps the girl would poison Sikes.' Suddenly, his eyes narrowed in delight. 'Yes! First, I must have her watched, and find out who her new man is. Then I shall threaten to tell Sikes everything. She knows that neither she nor her new man will ever be safe from Sikes' violent jealousy. She will have no choice except to do as I ask her—and then, once the murder is done, she will be in my power for ever!'

Early next morning Fagin called the newest member of his gang. Noah was doing very well. He had already brought home quite a lot of money. He had found that robbing small children was indeed light, easy work, and he was proud of his success.

'I have another job for you now,' Fagin told him. 'It needs great care and secrecy. I want you to follow a woman. I want to know where she goes, who she sees, and if possible, what she says. I will pay you a pound for this information.'

Noah's eyes were wide with greed. 'I'm the right man for this job. Who is she?'

'One of us.'

'What? You don't trust her, then?'

'Exactly so, my dear. Exactly so,' smiled Fagin. The following Sunday, soon after eleven o'clock, a woman walked quickly through the dark streets towards London Bridge. A mist hung over the river, and the buildings on the far bank could hardly be seen. A man followed some distance behind her, keeping to the darkest shadows. It was a cold, damp night, and there were very few people on the streets at this late hour.

When the woman reached the centre of the bridge, she stopped and looked around anxiously. The man following her topped too. The heavy bell of St Paul's cathedral rang out, announcing the death of another day. Just as it finished, a grey-haired man and a young woman got out of a coach and walked across the bridge. They met the woman, who took her down some steps leading to the river bank. They stood in deep shadow by the wall of the bridge. The man hurried down some other steps, crept up to the corner of the wall, and listened.

Nancy spoke first. 'I'm so frightened tonight I can hardly breathe.'

'Frightened of what?' asked Mr Brownlow. He seemed to pity her.

'I wish I knew. Horrible thoughts of death, and blood, have been with me all day. I don't know why.'

'Speak to her kindly,' said Rose to Mr Brownlow. 'Poor girl! She seems to need it.'

'I could not come last Sunday,' continued the girl. 'I was kept in by force. But tonight he'll be out all night until day light. Now, before I tell you anything else, I must tell you that I don't want Fagin, or any of the other members of the gang, to be handed to the police.'

'Why not?'

'Because I couldn't betray the man. They've been loyal to me, and I'll stay loyal to the man.'

'Then just tell us how we can get Monks, and I promise one of your friends will be harmed,' said Mr Brownlow.

'And Monks will never know how you found out about him?' she asked.

'We promise,' said Rose gently.

Nancy then told the man, in so low a voice that the listener round the corner could hardly hear her, where Monks often went for a drink, and what he looked like. She finished by saying, 'On his throat, high up, there is—'

'A bright red mark?' asked Mr Brownlow.

'Do you know him?' asked Nancy in surprise.

'I think I do.' Mr Brownlow murmured to himself, 'It must be him!' Then more loudly, he said to Nancy, 'Thank you for everything you've told us. But now—how can you go back to these people? Come with us now, tonight. We can arrange for you to be hidden from the man all forever, if you want us to.'

The girl shook her head. 'I'm chained to him, bad as they are. I've gone too far to change my life now.' She looked nervously over her shoulder. 'I can feel those dreadful terrors again—visions of blood and death. I must go home.'

Mr Brownlow and Rose could not persuade her to change her mind. Sadly, they turned to leave, and when they had gone, Nancy fell to the ground in a storm of tears. Meanwhile, Noah Claypole, amazed by all that he had heard, crept up the steps and ran for Fagin's house as fast as his legs could carry him. Some hours later, nearly two hours before dawn, Noah lay asleep in Fagin's house. But Fagin sat silently by a dead fire, staring at the flame of a candle on the table beside him. With his pale, wrinkled face and his red, staring eyes, he looked like a devil out of hell. Hatred ran like poison through his every thought. Hatred for the girl who had dared to talk to strangers, who had ruined his plan to get rid of Sikes. He did not believe her promise not to betray him, and he feared that he would now be caught, and hung.

Just before dawn Sikes entered the room, carrying a bundle which contained the results of his night's work. Fagin took what Sikes gave him, then stared at the robber for a long time without speaking.

'Why are you looking at me like that?' asked Sikes, uneasy at the old man's strange expression.

Fagin raised his hand, but his passion was so great that he could not speak.

'Say something, will you!' shouted Sikes, placing his huge hand on Fagin's collar and shaking him in his anger and fear.

'Open your mouth and say what you've got to say!'

Eventually Fagin found his voice. 'Bill, what would you do if one of the gang went out at night and told someone all about us, and what we'd done? What would you do to him?'

‘I’d smash his head into little pieces,’ said the robber, swearing violently.

‘And what if it was me, who knows so much about all of us, and could put us all in prison and get us all hanged?’ whispered Fagin, his eyes flashing with hate.

‘I’d beat your brains out in public. Even in the law-court, I’d run over and kill you with my bare hands,’ said Sikes, showing his teeth in his anger. ‘I don’t care who it was, that’s what I’d do.’

Fagin woke Noah. ‘Tell Bill what you told me, what you saw, what she did. Tell him!’

Noah rubbed the sleep from his eyes and told Sikes everything. His face white with passion, Sikes listened to the end, then, swearing furiously, he rushed from the room and down the stairs.

‘Bill!’ Fagin called after him. ‘You won’t be too violent?’

Sikes made no reply, but, pulling open the door, ran out into the silent streets. He did not turn his head to right or left, but looked straight in front of him with wild determination. He ran at great speed, his eyes on fire, his teeth tight together, and did not pause until he reached his own door. He ran up to his room, entered and locked the door, put a table against it, then woke Nancy.

‘Bill!’ she said, pleased to see him. But when she saw his expression, the colour went out of her face. ‘What’s the matter?’ she said in alarm.

‘You know what.’ Sikes took out his gun, but realizing, even in his madness, that a shot might be heard, he beat her twice across the face with it as hard as he could. She fell, with low cry of pain and terror, almost blinded by the blood that flowed from the cut on her forehead. The murderer staggered to a corner, seized a heavy stick and struck her down.

12 南希如期赴约

就在南希去见罗斯·梅利的那个晚上，两个从奥利弗家乡来的人正朝伦敦走来。因为他们是徒步行走，加之其中的女孩背上还背着一个沉重的大包，所以进度很慢。身边的年轻男子却空着两手，还时不时地转过身去朝跟在后面的女孩大声吼着：“快点，夏洛特，你这个懒东西！你再这么磨磨蹭蹭的，我可就要踢你一脚了。”

这个年轻的男人是诺厄·克莱普尔，就是他使奥利弗在索尔贝里先生家受够了折磨。他现在长高了一点，比以前更丑了点，此外没有什么大的变化。他与夏洛特厌倦了棺材店的生意，想到伦敦去开始新的生活——他们卷走了索尔贝里先生棺材店所有的钱财。

他们终于到达了伦敦，诺厄试图找一家既安静又便宜的酒店过夜。在穿过一个街道狭窄脏乱的地区时，夏洛特顺从地跟在他身后。

终于，诺厄找到了一家他认为合适的酒店。店里昏暗、肮脏，吧台前坐着几个相貌粗鲁的人。他们走进来，要了房间和晚饭。晚饭是一盘冷肉和一些啤酒，他们坐在吧台前吃了起来。啤酒一下肚，诺厄便打开了话匣子，胡吹一气：“现在我们再也不用天天和棺材打交道了，我的姑娘。从今往后我们要比偷盗索尔贝里先生干得更大。在伦敦，有的是有钱的口袋、大宅子、马车——还有银行！”

“这听起来很叫人喜欢，诺厄。可是我们怎么去干这些事呢？”夏洛特问。

“我们得结伙一些懂得这一行的人，如果干这些事很来钱，我就当某个团伙的头头。”诺厄这时洋洋得意，他渴望在首都过一种作奸犯科的安逸生活。

他们谈着自己的打算，说了几分钟。这时，一个坐在看不见的拐角处的陌生人朝他们走来。这人就是费金。他同他们非常友好而热情地打着招呼，坐了下来，又马上为诺厄要了些啤酒。

“这啤酒还不错，”诺厄已经颇有醉意，他向陌生人表示了谢意。

“但是并不便宜。”费金说。“亲爱的，如果你天天喝的话，你必须去从口袋、房子、马车和银行里弄钱。”

诺厄一听这人在重复刚才自己说过的话，有点害怕。这人肯定把他们刚才说的话全都偷听去了，就连他们偷了索尔贝里先生钱的事也知道了！

“别害怕，”费金大笑，把椅子朝近处拉了拉，“你们很幸运，只有我听见了你们的话。”

“我没拿，”诺厄赶紧说，“都是这女人干的！”

“是谁干的都没关系，亲爱的，”费金说着瞟了一眼夏洛特，“因为我也是干这一行的。还有跟我住在一起的一些人也是如此。如果你有兴趣的话，我可以把你们介绍给干这一行的人。你们俩看上去很能干。”

夏洛特和诺厄又惊喜。“你要我干点什么呢？”诺厄问。“一点轻活，假如可能的话。”他又说。

“暗地里监视人怎么样？”费金说，“或是去抢到商店里替母亲买东西的孩子？这些都是轻活，也是好干的活。”

诺厄大笑起来。“这听上去正是适合我的事！那么我能挣到多少钱呢？”

“你可以免费在我家住，只是把挣来的东西分给我一半就行了。”

经过进一步的商量，索尔贝里先生的钱从诺厄衣袋里又全装进了费金的衣袋，双方达成了协议。从第二天开始，诺厄和夏洛特就搬到费金家去住，并开始新职业的训练。

尽管训练和经验使南希成为一个内行的骗子，但她无法完全掩盖内心的恐惧。她知道自己是冒着极大的风险去见罗斯·梅利的。一旦费金或赛克斯察觉了这一切……但她把这些恐惧推到一边。她决心信守对罗斯·梅利许下的诺言，按照安排好的时间地点去见她。

在见过罗斯之后的第一个星期天的晚上，她正在赛克斯的房间里，这时钟敲响了11点，费金也在这里，正跟赛克斯商量着什么事。南希站了起来，穿上了大衣。赛克斯惊奇地看着她。

“南希！都晚上这个时候了，你还要去哪儿？”

“就在附近走走。”

“这是什么话？你要去什么地方？”

“我也不知道。”女孩回答说。

“那么我知道。你哪儿也甭去了。坐下。”

“我不舒服，想到外面去换换空气。”

赛克斯站了起来，锁上了房门。

“让我出去！”女孩力争道，“就一个小时——让我去一下！”

赛克斯粗暴地抓住她的胳膊。“这丫头八成是疯了！”

南希极力反抗着，赛克斯不得不将她按在椅子上。她不停地尖叫挣扎着，一直到午夜，她已泪流满面，疲惫不堪，才停止了挣扎。她走进了另一个房间，一头倒在了床上。

“她真是怪人，”赛克斯摇着头跟费金说，“她是怎么回事，今晚上突然决定非要出去不可？我还以为，经过这些年我已经驯服了她呢。她一定是不舒服了——大概热病还没好利索。”

“一定是这么回事，”费金多虑地点着头说。

在回家的路上，费金两眼放出狡猾的光，充满了疑虑。一段时间以来，他怀疑南希大概是厌烦比尔·赛克斯的蛮横和暴力了，怀疑她可能有了代替赛克斯的新朋友。她的态度也同过去不一样了；她老是一个人往外跑，好像对这个团伙也没什么兴趣了。而且，今天晚上，又是在某一特定的时间里急于出去……他肯定自己的怀疑是对的。他开始布设一个计谋。

首先，他想要弄清南希的新朋友是谁。他可以使他也成为这个团伙重要的新成员，让南希做他的助手。但是，其另外一个险恶的用心是，费金也有点厌烦赛克斯了。赛克斯知道的事太多了——而且许多是有关费金的致命的秘密。费金从不相信任何一个人，而他最恨、最不信任的人则是赛克斯。假如能把赛克斯……除掉，那就方便多了。

“稍加劝说，”费金想，“这姑娘没准会把赛克斯毒死。”突然，他高兴地眯起了眼睛。“对！首先，我得叫人跟踪她，弄清楚她的新情人是谁。然后，我威胁说要把这一切都告诉赛克斯。这样，她知道由于赛克斯极度地忌妒，她自己和新情人都将永远不得安生。到那时，她束手无策，只能乖乖地按照我说的去做——一旦谋杀成功，她就将永远被我掌握了！”

第二天一大早，费金叫过他们匪帮里最新的成员。诺厄干得很出色，他已经拿回来不少钱了。他发现抢小孩的钱真是一件轻松容易的工作，正为自己的成功感到得意呢。

“我另有一件工作需要你去做，”费金跟他说，“这得干得十分小心和秘密。我要你去跟踪一个女人。我要知道她去的是什么地方，跟什么人见面，如果可能的话，最好是能知道他们说了些什么。弄清了这些事，我给你一个英镑。”

诺厄贪婪地睁大了眼睛。“我干这事最拿手，她是谁？”

“一个自己人。”

“什么？这么说，你信不过她？”

“亲爱的，说得对，说得对，”费金笑了笑。

下一个星期天的晚上，刚过了11点，一个女人匆匆地穿过漆黑的街道朝伦敦桥的方向走去。雾气笼罩在河上，河对岸的楼房几乎看不见。一个男人远远地尾随着她，尽可能地藏身在黑影里。这是一个既寒冷又潮湿的夜晚，加之已是深夜11点了，街上行人稀少。

这个女人来到了桥中间，停下脚步，焦急地四处张望着。跟在她身后的男人也停了下来。圣保罗大教堂的大钟敲响了，宣布又一天的结束。钟声刚刚停止，一位灰白头发的男人和一个年轻女人从一辆马车上跳了下来，走过桥去。他们同这个女人会了面，女人带着他们沿河岸的台阶走了下去。他们站在桥身的黑影处。那男人赶紧从另一处也下了台阶，蹑手蹑脚地走到了桥身的拐角处，静静地偷听着。

南希先开口说话了。“我太害怕了，都快喘不上气来了。”

“怕什么？”布朗洛先生问，他看上去很可怜她。

“不知为什么。死啦，出血啦，这些可怕的想法整天老缠着我。不知为什么。”

“要和蔼地跟她说话，”罗斯跟布朗洛先生说，“这可怜的姑娘，她好像需要的就是这个。”

“上星期天我没能出来，”姑娘接着说，“我被强留在家里了。可今晚上他出去了，要一直到天亮才能回来。听我说，在我告诉你们任何别的话之前，我必须告诉你们，我不想让费金或是团伙里的任何一个人被警察抓起来。”

“为什么？”

“因为我不能背叛他们。他们一直忠实于我，我也得忠实于他们。”

“那么只告诉我们怎样才能找到蒙克斯，我保证你的任何一个朋友都不会受到伤害，”布朗洛先生说。

“蒙克斯也将永远不会知道你们是怎样发现他的秘密的吗？”她问。

“我们保证他不会知道的。”罗斯轻柔地说。

然后南希用极小的声音跟他们说话，躲在墙拐角处的男人几乎什么也听不见。她告诉他们蒙克斯常去喝酒的地方，以及他的长相，她最后说：“在他的喉头，靠上面的地方，有一个——”

“一个鲜红的痣？”布朗洛先生问道。

“您认识他？”南希惊讶地问。

“我想我认识他。”布朗洛先生小声地自言自语着。“肯定是他！”然后他又提高些声音跟南希说：“谢谢你跟我们说了这些。可是，现在你怎么能再回到这种人身旁去呢？今晚干脆跟我们走吧。假如你要求我们这样做，我们会把你永远藏起来，他们任何人再也找不到你。”

这姑娘摇着头。“尽管他们很坏，可我已跟他拴在一起了。我已经走得太远了，已经无法再改变我的生活了。”她惊恐不安地回头看了看，“我又有那种可怕的恐怖感了——我似乎看到了流血和死亡。我得赶紧回去了。”

布朗洛先生和罗斯无法劝她改变主意，他们伤心地转身走了。当他们离开后，南希哭倒在地，涕泪横流。同时，诺厄·克莱普尔对听到的事十分惊奇，他轻手轻脚地走上了台阶，以最快的速度朝费金家跑去。

几小时之后，离天亮大约还有两小时，诺厄在费金家睡着了，而费金却默默地坐在已经灭了的炉火旁，盯着身旁桌上的蜡烛的火苗。他的一张满是皱纹、毫无血色的脸和一双直勾勾、布满了血丝的眼睛，让他看上去活像刚从地狱里爬出的魔鬼。仇恨像毒液一样浸透了他的每一个想法。这姑娘竟敢向外人泄露他们的秘密，她使他除掉赛克斯的计划破产了——他恨死她了。他不相信她许下的不会出卖他的诺言了，他担心自己现在会被抓起来，送上绞刑架。

天快亮时，赛克斯走了进来，拿着一个包，里面装着他一晚上工作的收获。费金接过赛克斯给他的东西，盯着这强盗看了半天，没说话。

“你为什么用这种眼神看着我？”赛克斯看着这老头子奇怪的神色，不安地问。

费金举起手来，但感情过分激动，仍说不出话来。

“你说句话，行吗？”赛克斯大声吼着，用一只大手抓住了费金的衣领，又愤怒又恐惧地摇晃着他。“张开你的嘴，把你要说的话说出来！”

费金终于能说出话了。“比尔，假如我们团伙当中的一个人晚上出去把我们的事全告诉了别人，我们该怎么办？你会怎么收拾他？”

“我会把他的脑壳敲个粉碎。”这个盗贼恶狠狠地咒骂着。

“假如这个人是我，知道我们这里的事最多，能使我们一个不落地都进监狱，都被绞死，那又怎么样呢？”费金小声地说，眼睛里闪着憎恨的目光。

“我会在大庭广众之下打出你的脑浆来。就是在法庭上，我也会赤手空拳地跑过来杀了你。”赛克斯愤怒得咬牙切齿地说，“我才不管他是谁呢，我就是要这么干。”

费金叫醒了诺厄。“把你刚才跟我说的话再跟比尔说一遍，说你都看见了什么，她又干了什么。都跟他说！”

诺厄揉着惺松的睡眼，把事情的全部经过又跟赛克斯说了一遍。由于感情激动，赛克斯的脸色变得惨白，听完后他恼怒万分地咒骂着，奔出了房间，冲下了楼。

“比尔！”费金在他身后喊道，“你不会……太粗暴了吧？”

赛克斯没回答，而是拉开房门，跑到了寂静无声的街道上。他头也不回，目不旁视，直瞪瞪地向前看着，疯狂地铁定了一条心。他飞快地跑着，眼睛里冒着火，牙关死死地咬在一起，一口气直跑进了家门。他跑上楼，进了自己的房间，反锁上房门，又拉过来一张桌子顶在了门上，然后才叫醒南希。

“比尔！”她看见他高兴地说。可她发现他的神色不对劲，顿时脸色变得煞白。“出什么事了？”她警觉地问。

“你知道出什么事了。”赛克斯拿出枪，但即便是在这种丧心病狂的时候，他也知道枪声会被人听见的。所以他抡起枪狠狠地朝她的脸上横打了两下，她发出一声痛苦与恐惧的低叫，倒在了地上，从额头的伤口里流出的鲜血糊住了她的眼睛。凶手摇摇晃晃地走到屋角，抓起了一根大木棍将她打倒了。

13 The end of the gang

The sun burst upon the crowded city in all its brightness. It lit up every corner of London, the great houses of the rich, and the miserable homes of the poor. Its hone everywhere, even into the room where the murdered woman lay. The horror of that scene was even more dreadful in the clear morning light.

Sikes sat the re, unable to move, looking at the body. He had thrown the blood-covered stick into the fire, the n washed himself and his clothe s. He had cut out the bits of his clothes that were stained and burnt the m too, but the re were still bloodstains all over the floor. Even the dog's feet were bloody.

Finally, he forced himself to leave the room, pulling the dog out with him and locking the door behind him. He walked rapidly north, towards High gate, the n on to Hampstead. On the open land of Hampstead Heath, away from people and houses, he found a place in a field where he could sleep with out being disturbed.

But before long he was up again and running. This time heran back towards London for a while. The n he turned and went north again, sometimes walking, sometimes running, with no clear purpose in his mind. Eventually, he felt hungry, and changed direction towards Hendon, a quiet place away from the crowds, where he could buy food. But even the children and chickens the re seemed to look at him with suspicion. So he turned back towards Hampstead Heath again, without having eaten, uncertain where to go.

At last he turned north again, his dog still running at his heels, and set off to a village just outside London. He stopped at a small, quiet pub and bought a meal, the n went on again. It was now dark and as he continued walking, he felt as if Nancy were following him, her shadow on the road, her last low cry in the wind. If he stopped, the ghostly figure did the same. If he ran, it ran too, moving stiffly, like a corpse. Sometimes he turned, determined to drive the ghost away, but his blood ran cold with terror. Every time he turned, the ghost turned too, and was still behind him.

Finally, he found another field where he could hide. He lay down, unable to sleep, his mind filled with visions of the dead girl. Her wide, dead eyes stared at him, watching him through a curtain of blood.

Suddenly he heard shouting in the distance. He jumped to his feet and saw that the sky seemed on fire. Sheets of flame shot into the air, driving clouds of smoke in his direction. He heard an alarm bell, and more shouts of 'Fire!' Running with his dog across the fields, he joined the crowds of men and women fighting the fire. He could forget his own terror in this new danger, and he worked all night with the crowd, shouting, running and working togethe r to stop the flames destroying more buildings.

In the morning the mad excitement was over, and the dreadful memory of his crime returned—more terrifying than ever. In desperation, he decided to go back to London.

'At least the re'll be somebody I can speak to, 'he thought to himself. 'And it's a better hiding-place than out here in the country. I'll hide the re for a week, get some money out of Fagin, the n escape to France. '

Suddenly he remembered the dog-people would be looking for his dog as well as himself. He decided to drown the animal. But the dog smelt the man's fear, and turned and ran away from him faster than it had ever run in its life. 'You have a choice, Mr Monks, 'said Mr Brown low . 'You have been kidnapped and brought here to my house. You can either tell me what I want to know, or I'll have you arrested, instantly, for fraud and robbery. It's your choice. And you must decide now. At once. '

Monks hesitated and looked at the old man, but Mr Brown low 's expression was so serious and determined that The younger man realized it was pointless to protest. 'I didn't expect this treatment from my father's oldest friend, 'said Monks angrily, sitting down with a frown on his face.

'Yes, I was your father's oldest friend, 'said Mr Brown low . 'And I know all about you-how your father, while still a boy, was forced by his family into an unhappy marriage with an older woman, and how you were the result of that marriage. I also know that your parents separated, hating each other by the end. '

'Well-what's so important about that? '

'When They'd been separated for ten years, 'said Mr Brown low , 'your father met another family. The re were two daughters, one nineteen years old and the other only two or three. Your father became engaged to the older daughter. At this point one of his rich relations died and left him a lot of money in his will. Your father had to travel to Italy to receive his inheritance, and while the re, he became ill and died. Your mother, who was living with you in Paris, immediately rushed to Italy when she heard the news. As your father had made no will of his own, all the relation's money came to you and her. '

Monks listened with close attention, biting his lip and staring at the floor.

'Before your father went to receive that money, he came to see me, 'continued Mr Brown low slowly, his eyes fixed on Monks' face.

'I never heard that before, 'said Monks, looking up suddenly, a suspicious expression on his face.

'He left me a picture of the poor girl he wanted to marry. He talked wildly about shame and guilt, and how he would give part of the money he'd inherited to his wife and to you, and use the rest to escape from England with the girl he loved. He refused to tell me any more details. '

Monks breathe d more easily, and even smiled.

'But, 'said Mr Brown low , pulling his chair nearer to the other man, 'by chance I was able to rescue your brother 0 liver from a life of misery and—'

'What! 'cried Monks.

Mr Brown low continued without a pause. 'And when he was recovering from his sickness here in my house, I noticed how similar he looked to the girl's face in the picture. But he was taken away before I could discover his history—as you know very well. '

'You can't prove anything! 'said Monks.

'I can. I heard that you were in the West Indies. I went the re to try and find you to see if you knew anything about O liver, but you'd already left. I returned to London, and was unable to find you until two hours ago. '

'And now what? You can't prove that O liver's my brother. 'Monks smiled unpleasantly.

'I couldn't before, 'said Mr Brown low , standing up. 'But now I can. The re was a will, but your mother destroyed it. This will mentioned a child that would be born later; this was O liver, the child you met later by accident. You noticed his resemblance to your father and you became suspicious. You the n went back to his birthplace, found proof of his birth and the fact that he's your half-brother, and destroyed that proof. '

Monks sat in silence, his eyes filled with fear.

'Yes, 'continued Mr Brown low fiercely, 'shadows on the wall have caught your whispers with Fagin, and brought the m to my ear. For the sake of that innocent child, whom you wanted to destroy. And now murder had been done, and you are as guilty of that as if you had struck the blow yourself! '

'No, no, 'said Monks quickly. 'I knew nothing of that. Nothing at all. 'He was silent for a while, realizing how much was known about him. Hatred and fear fought inside him, but he was a coward at heart. At last, seeing no escape, he raised his head. 'I will admit everything-in front of witnesses, if necessary. '

Mr Brown low nodded coldly. 'I will prepare a document for you to sign. You must give O liver what is really his, and the n you can go where you please. '

At that moment Dr Losberne rushed into the room. 'The murderer will be taken tonight! His dog's been found. '

'And Fagin? 'asked Mr Brown low .

'They're sure of him. They may have him already. '

Mr Brown low turned back to Monks. 'Have you made up your mind? '

'Yes, 'replied Monks. 'And you promise-it'll remain a secret? No police, or charges of fraud against me? '

'Yes, 'said Mr Brown low . 'You have my promise. For now, you must remain here, locked in this room. I will come for you tomorrow evening and take you to sign a confession in front of witnesses. '

Mr Brown low the n left the room with the doctor, and They eagerly discussed the news of the hunt for the criminals. 'My blood boils with anger, 'said Mr Brown low . 'This poor murdered girl must be revenged. You stay here and guard Monks. I'll go out and get the latest news. '

The two men parted, each in a fever of excitement. Down by the river Thames was a district called Rotherhithe , one of the dirtiest and roughest places in London. The houses next to the river had no owners; They were broken down and ruined, but could be defended against attack. In an upper room of one of the se houses, were three members of Fagin's gang.

'When was Fagin taken, the n? 'asked the man called Toby.

'Two o'clock this afternoon. Charley and I escaped up the chimney, but Noah was caught. Bet went to see Nancy and when she saw the body, she started screaming and wouldn't stop. She's been taken to hospital. '

'What's happened to Charley Bates? '

'He'll come here when it's dark. It's too dangerous now. '

'We're in trouble, 'said Toby. 'Fagin's going to hang-that's certain. '

'You should have seen him when he was caught, 'said another robber. 'The police carried him through the crowd while all the people jumped at him, screaming and trying to attack him. '

Suddenly Sikes' dog ran into the room. All the robbers rushed out immediately to look for Sikes, but the re was no sign of him. They returned to the upstairs room.

'I hope he's not coming here, 'said Toby.

'The dog's come a long way, 'said another man. 'Covered in mud, and tired out. '

They sat the re in silence, wondering where Sikes was. It was already dark when They heard a sudden, hurried knock at the door downstairs.

Toby went to the window to look down, the n pulled his head back in, his face pale with fear. The re was no need to tell tlec others who it was.

'We must let him in, 'said Toby, although none of the m wanted to see him. Toby went down to the door and returned, followed by sikes. White-faced, with a three-day-old beard, hollow cheeks and staring eyes, Sikes looked like a ghost. No one said a word.

'Nothing to say to me? 'Sikes asked.

The only answer was a low shout of many voices from outside in the distance, coming closer. Lights appeared. Looking out, Sikes saw a stream of people crossing the bridge towards the m. The n the re was a loud knocking on the door and more shouts from the crowd.

'The doors are made of metal and They're locked and chained, 'said Toby. The three robbers watched Sikes nervously, as if he were a wild animal.

'Bring a ladder! 'shouted some of the crowd below.

'Give me a rope, quick, 'Sikes said to the others. 'I'll go the other way, climb down the back and escape over the river. Get me a rope-now! Or I'll do three more murders! '

A minute later, Sikes appeared on the roof and the shouts from the crowd below swelled to a great roar. The n the front door was smashed down and people streamed into the house. Sikes quickly tied the rope around the chimney, the n began to tie the other end around himself, ready to lower himself to the ground behind the house. But just as he put the rope over his head, he screamed in terror and threw his arms above his head. He staggered back, slipped and fell over the edge of the roof. As he fell, the rope tightened around his neck with a horrible jerk. In a second the murderer was dead, and the re he

hung, his body swinging gently from side to side. The dog, which had followed its master onto the roof, jumped down towards the lifeless body, missed, and fell dead on the stones below.

13 盗窃团伙的末日

喷薄而出的太阳悬挂在这座拥挤的城市的上空，光芒四射，它照亮了伦敦的每一个角落，照亮了有钱人家的宅院，也照亮了穷人家的陋室。它把每一处都照亮了，也照进了被杀害了的女人横尸的房间。可怕的场面在清晰的晨光下显得更加令人毛骨悚然。

赛克斯坐在那里看着眼前的死尸，动弹不得。他已把沾满了血迹的木棍丢进了炉火里，然后擦洗了自己，洗净了衣服。他将衣服上溅上血的部分也撕下来烧掉了，即便是这样，地上还有一片片血迹，就连狗爪子上也满是血污。

最后，他强迫自己离开了这屋子，拉出了狗，将房门上了锁。他快速往北面走，朝着海格特墓地，然后又走向汉普斯泰德，在汉普斯泰德荒原开阔的野地里，远离人群和房屋的地方，他找到了一个能够不受惊扰睡一觉的地方。

可没多一会儿他就起来了，拔腿就跑。这一次他先是回头向伦敦方向跑去，没跑出多远又折回来向北，跑跑停停，心里没有一个明确的目的地。最后他感觉到肚子饿了，又掉转方向朝亨顿走去。这是个人不多的僻静的小地方，他可以在这儿买点东西吃。可是，连这里的孩子和鸡都好像在怀疑地看着他，所以他什么也没吃，又转身朝汉普斯泰德荒原走去，心里还是不知该往哪儿去。

最终他又朝北部，朝伦敦边上的一个村子走去，他的那条狗还一直跟在他的脚后。他到一个安静的小酒馆里买了点东西吃，紧接着又往前走。这时天已渐渐黑了下来，他继续走着，总觉得南希好像跟在他的身后，她的影子就在路上，她最后那一声低叫随风响着。他若停住脚步，这个鬼影也就停了下来。他若快走几步，这个影子也跟着一路小跑，像死尸一样僵硬地移动着。他有时转过身去想赶走这个影子，但他竟然恐惧得连浑身的血液都凝固住了。他每一次转身，这个鬼魂也跟着他一起转，老是在他的身后。

最后，他终于找到了能藏身的又一片野地，躺了下去，可是睡不着，满脑子都是这个死了的女孩的形象。她那死气沉沉的大眼睛盯着他，在一道血帘子后面看着他。

他突然听见远处的叫喊声，便一跃而起，看见天空好像着了火。一片片火舌喷向空中，翻滚的浓烟朝他这边刮来。他听见了报警的铃声，还有更多的人喊叫着：“火！”他带着他的狗跑过了这片野地，也加入到了这群救火的男男女女中。在眼前的新危险中，他可以忘了自己的恐惧。整整一个晚上，他都和这群人一起叫喊着，跑着，一起奋力地灭火，以免大火毁坏更多的房屋。

天亮了，这种疯狂的激情消失了，他犯下的可怖罪行的回忆却回来了——比以前更加可怕。在绝望中，他决定还是回伦敦去。

“起码，在那里我还有能说话的人。”他心想。“那儿是个比乡间更好的藏身的地方。我要在那儿躲一个星期，想法从费金那儿弄点钱来，然后再逃到法国去。”

他突然想到了他的狗——人们现在不但在找他，而且可能在找他的狗。他决定把这畜生溺死。可这狗察觉出了主人的惧怕心理，转过身以它平生最快的速度跑开了。

“蒙克斯先生，你面临着一个选择。”布朗洛先生说。“你是被劫持到我家里来的，你得告诉我我要知道的事，否则我会立刻让警方拘捕你，罪名是诈骗和盗窃。你可以作出选择，但必须马上决定，立刻。”

蒙克斯犹豫了一下，看着这老人，但布朗洛先生的神色非常严肃和坚定，年轻人意识到争辩是没有用的。“我没料到父亲交情最深的朋友会这样对待我。”蒙克斯愤怒地说着，紧皱眉头坐了下来。

“不错，我曾是你父亲交情最深的老朋友。”布朗洛先生说，“你的什么事我都知道——当你的父亲还是个小伙子时，他是怎样在家庭的逼迫下与一个比他大的女人结了婚，造成了这桩不幸的婚姻；后来你又是怎样成了这一婚姻的产物。另外我也知道你父母后来又分居了，那时他们已到了互相憎恨的地步。”

“那么——这有什么要紧的呢？”

“他们分居十年以后，”布朗洛先生说，“你的父亲又遇到了另一家人，这家人有两个女儿，一个当时十九岁，而另一个只有两三岁。你父亲和这家的大女儿订了婚。就在这当口，他的一个有钱的亲戚死了，在遗嘱上给他留下了一大笔钱财。你父亲必须到意大利去接受这笔遗产。可他却在那儿患了病，死在了那个地方。你的母亲和你当时住在巴黎，她得知了你父亲的死讯，匆匆赶到了意大利。由于他没有立遗嘱，他亲戚留给他的那一份钱就都归你和你母亲所有了。”

蒙克斯聚精会神地听着，咬着嘴唇，眼睛盯着地板。

“你父亲去接受那笔钱之前，来看过我。”布朗洛先生盯着蒙克斯的脸，继续慢慢地说。

“他给我留下了一张他要娶的那个可怜女孩的画像。他疯了似地说了许多感到耻辱和内疚的话，还说要把继承来的钱一部分给他的妻子和你，用其余的钱与他心爱的姑娘一起逃出英国。除了这些，他不愿跟我说得再详细了。”

蒙克斯稍微轻松些地呼吸着，脸上甚至现出了笑容。

“可是，”布朗洛先生说着，把椅子朝对方身边拉了拉。“碰巧的是，我又从悲惨的生活中搭救了你的弟弟奥利弗——”

“什么？”蒙克斯叫道。

布朗洛先生停也不停，继续说：“当他在我们家养病时，我发现他与像上的女人长得是那样相似。可没等我弄清他的历史，他又被弄走了——这些你都很清楚。”

“你不能证实任何事情！”蒙克斯说。

“我当然能。我听说你在西印度群岛，就到那里试图找到你，看你是否知道有关奥利弗的事，可那时你已离开了。我又回到了伦敦，直到两小时之前才终于找到你。”

“可现在又怎么样？你不能证实奥利弗就是我的弟弟。”蒙克斯不怀好意地咧嘴笑了笑。

“在以前我不能，”布朗洛先生站了起来，说，“可现在我能。本来有一份遗嘱，但你的母亲毁了它。这份遗嘱里提到了一个就要出生的孩子；这就是奥利弗，也就是你后来偶然碰到的那个孩子。你发现他长得像你的父亲，起了疑心。后来你去了他的出生地，找到了能证实他是你异母弟弟的证据，然后又销毁了这一证据。”

蒙克斯一声不吭地坐在那里，眼睛里充满了惊恐。

“是的，”布朗洛先生继续狠狠地说道，“墙上的影子窃听到了你和费金的私语，并把你们的谈话内容带给了我。为了你想毁掉的这个无辜的孩子，现在已然发生谋杀案了，你的罪过就如同你亲手杀了人一样严重！”

“不，不，”蒙克斯赶忙说道，“我对此事一无所知，什么也不知道。”他沉默了一会儿，意识到别人已对他了解得太多了。在他内心深处，仇恨和恐惧针锋相对地斗争着，但实际上他是个胆小鬼。最后，他看到无法逃脱，便抬起头，说：“我愿承认所有的一切——如果有必要的话，面对证人承认我的所作所为。”

布朗洛先生冷冷地点了点头。“我会准备一份文件，让你签名。你必须给奥利弗本该属于他的一切，完事后你随便去哪儿都行。”

正在这时，罗斯伯恩医生冲进房来，说：“今天晚上杀人犯要抓到了！已经发现了他的狗。”

“费金呢？”布朗洛先生问道。

“他们满有把握抓到他。说不定已经抓到了。”

布朗洛先生转身对蒙克斯说：“你想好了吗？”

“想好了。”蒙克斯答道。“你保证——不把这事公诸于众吗？保证警察不来麻烦我？没人控诉我犯了欺诈罪？”

“是的，”布朗洛先生说，“我保证。现在你必须待在这儿，锁在这间屋里。明天晚上我来找你，带你去当着证人的面签个自白书。”

布朗洛先生说完便和医生离开了房间，他们急切地讨论着追捕罪犯的事。“我真是太气愤了，血液都沸腾了，”布朗洛先生说。“我们一定要为这个被谋杀的可怜姑娘报仇。你在这儿看着蒙克斯，我出去探探消息。”

两人分手了，都非常兴奋、狂热。

泰晤士河岸边有个叫做罗瑟海斯的地区，这是伦敦最肮脏、治安最差的地区之一。河边的房子都没有主人，已破败不堪，近似废墟，但仍能用来据守顽抗。费金匪帮的三个成员就聚集在这里的一幢房子楼上的屋里。

“费金是什么时候被抓住的？”名叫托比的男人问道。

“今天下午两点钟。查理和我是钻烟囱逃走的，但诺厄被抓获了。蓓丝去看南希，看见尸体后，高声尖叫不止。人们将她送进了医院。”

“查理·贝茨怎么样了？”

“天黑后他会来这儿。现在太危险了。”

“我们遇到麻烦了，”托比说，“费金要被处绞刑，这是肯定的。”

“你该看到他被捉时的情况。”另一名强盗说。“警察带他从人群中穿过时，所有的人都冲向他，大叫大嚷，要打他。”

突然，赛克斯的狗跑进了屋里。所有的强盗都立即飞跑出去找赛克斯，但外面没有他的踪迹。他们回到楼上的房间里。

托比说：“我希望他别来这儿。”

另一个男人说：“这狗走了很长一段路，全身是泥，已疲惫不堪了。”

他们默默地坐在那儿，猜想着赛克斯会到哪儿去了。当他们突然听到楼下一阵急促的敲门声时，天已经黑了。

托比走到窗口向下看了看，缩回头来，脸吓得煞白。不用说，其余的人也知道楼下是谁了。

“我们得让他进来。”托比说，但其实谁也不想见他。托比下楼开门，回来时后面跟着赛克斯。赛克斯脸色惨白，三天未刮胡子，两腮深陷，两眼发直，活像个幽灵。屋里没人吭声。

“也不跟我说点什么吗？”赛克斯问。

仅有的回答就是门外远处传来的许多人低沉的喊叫声，而且这声音越来越近。接着又出现了灯光。赛克斯向外张望，看到一股人流正过桥向他们走来。然后是咚咚的敲门声和人群大喊大叫的声音。

“这些门是金属的，而且锁得很结实，用链子拴住了。”托比说。三个强盗紧张地看着赛克斯，好像他是个野兽。

“拿个梯子来！”底下的人群中有人喊道。

“给我根绳子，快点，”赛克斯对其余的人说，“我走另一条路，从后面爬下去，过河逃跑。给我绳子——快点！不然，我会再干掉三个人！”

一分钟以后，赛克斯出现在屋顶上，下面人群的喊声越来越高，简直成了吼叫声。然后前门被撞垮，人们拥进房子。赛克斯迅速把绳子的一头系在烟囱上，开始把另一头往自己身上系，准备将自己顺到房后的地面上。但正当他把绳圈往头上套时，他惊恐地叫起来，双手向上猛伸。他趑趄着往后一退，脚下一滑，从屋顶的边缘掉了下去。他往下掉时，绳子死死地套住了他的脖子，猛地一拉。刹那间，这杀人犯死了，挂在那儿，尸体轻轻地左右摇晃。那条跟着主人爬上屋顶的狗，朝着断了气的尸体跳过去，没抓住，掉在下面的石头上摔死了。

14 The end of the mystery

The next day Oliver travelled with Mr Brownlow, Dr Losberne, Mrs Maylie and Rose back to his birthplace. He had been told a little of his history, and knew that there would be more explanations at the end of this journey. He was anxious and uncertain, wondering what he would hear.

But towards the end of the journey, he began to recognize familiar places, and in great excitement pointed them out to Rose. There was the path he had taken when he had run away. There, across the fields, was the 'baby farm'. Then, as they drove into the town, he saw the house of Mr Sowerberry the undertaker, and the workhouse that had been his prison.

They stopped at the biggest hotel in the town, and went in to their rooms. During dinner Mr Brownlow stayed in a separate room, and the older members of the group went in and out with serious faces. Mrs Maylie came back with her eyes red from crying. All this made Rose and Oliver, who had not been told any new secrets, very nervous and uncomfortable.

At nine o'clock Dr Losberne and Mr Brownlow brought Monks into the room. Oliver was very surprised; this was the same man he had bumped into once outside a pub, and seen another time with Fagin, looking in at him through the window of the country cottage. Oliver was told that Monks was his half-brother, and the boy stared at him in shock and amazement. Monks looked back at him with hatred.

'We have the whole story here in these papers,' said Mr Brownlow, putting them on the table. 'All we need now is for you to sign them, Monks. And to tell Oliver what happened.'

Monks started hesitantly. 'My father had arrived in Italy to collect the money he had inherited, when suddenly he fell ill. When he died, we found two papers in his desk. One was a letter to his girl; the other was a will.'

'What was the letter?' asked Mr Brownlow.

'It was written when he was ill, telling the girl how ashamed he was that she was pregnant. He asked her not to remember him as a bad man but as someone who had made a mistake. He reminded her of the day he'd given her the locket and ring.'

Oliver's tears fell fast as he listened to the story of his father.

'And what about the will?' asked Mr Brownlow.

Monks was silent.

'The will,' continued Mr Brownlow, speaking for him, 'was in the same spirit as the letter. He talked of the misery of his marriage to his wife, and the evil character of you, Monks, his only son, who had been brought up by your mother to hate him. He left you and your mother an annual income of \$800. The rest of his property he left to his girl Agnes and to their child, if it were born alive, and if it showed itself to be of a good, kind character. The money would only go to you, Monks, as the older son, if the younger turned out to be as evil as you.'

'My mother,' said Monks, 'burnt this will, and never sent the letter. The girl Agnes left her home in secret, so that her pregnancy would not bring shame on her family. I swore to my mother, when she was dying, that if I ever found my half-brother, I would do him all the harm I could. He would feel my hatred like a whip on his back. I paid Fagin to trap Oliver into a life of crime. But then he escaped, and that stupid, interfering girl Nancy talked to you. If I'd had the chance, I would have finished what I'd begun.' Monks stared at Oliver, and his lips moved in a silent curse.

'And the locket and ring?' asked Mr Brownlow.

'I bought them from Mr and Mrs Bumble, who had stolen them from the nurse, who had stolen them from Agnes, the dead girl. I've already told you how I threw them into the river.'

Mr Brownlow turned to Rose. 'I have one more thing to explain,' he said to the girl.

'I don't know if I have the strength to hear it now,' she murmured, 'having heard so much already.'

Mr Brownlow put his hand under her arm. 'You have a great deal of courage, dear child,' he said kindly. He turned to Monks. 'Do you know this young lady, sir?'

'Yes.'

'I don't know you,' said Rose faintly.

'The father of poor Agnes had two daughters,' said Mr Brownlow. 'What happened to the other one, who was only a young child at the time?'

'When Agnes disappeared,' replied Monks, 'her father changed his name and moved to a lonely place in Wales, where no one would know about the family shame. He died very soon afterwards, and this young daughter was taken in by some poor people. My mother hated Agnes and everybody connected with her. She hunted for this young sister, and made sure that her life would be unhappy. She told the poor people who had taken her in that the girl was illegitimate, and that she came from a bad family with an evil reputation. So the child led a life of miserable poverty-until Mrs Maylie saw her by chance, pitied her, and took her home.'

'And do you see this young sister now?' asked Mr Brownlow.

'Yes. Standing by your side.'

Rose could hardly speak. 'So...Oliver is my nephew?'

'I can never call you aunt,' cried Oliver. 'You'll always be my own dear sister!'

They ran into each other's arms, both of them crying in their happiness. A father, sister and mother had been lost and gained, and it was too much for one evening. They stood for a long time in silence, and the others left them alone. The court was full of faces; from every corner, all eyes were on one man-Fagin. In front of him, behind, above, below-he seemed surrounded by staring eyes. Not one of the faces showed any sympathy towards him; all were determined that he should hang. At last, there was a cry of 'Silence!', and everyone looked towards the door. The jury returned, and passed close to Fagin. He could tell nothing from their faces; they could have been made of stone. Then there was complete stillness-not a whisper, not a breath...Guilty. The whole court rang with a great shout, echoing through all the rooms as the crowd ran out of the building to tell all the people waiting outside. The news was that he would die on Monday.

Fagin thought of nothing but death that night. He began to remember all the people he had ever known who had been hung. He could hardly count the m. They might have sat in the same prison cell as he was sitting in now. He thought about death by hanging—the rope, the cloth bag over the head, the sudden change from strong men to bundles of clothes, hanging at the end of a rope.

As his last night came, despair seized Fagin’s evil soul. He could not sit still, and hurried up and down his small cell, gasping with terror, his eyes flashing with hate and anger. Then he lay trembling on his stone bed and listened to the clock striking the hours. Where would he be when those hours came round again?

In the middle of that Sunday night, Mr Brownlow and Oliver were allowed to enter the prison. Several strong doors were unlocked, and eventually They entered Fagin’s cell. The old robber was sitting on the bed, whispering to himself, his face more like a trapped animal’s than a human’s.

‘You have some papers, Fagin,’ said Mr Brownlow quietly, ‘which were given to you by Monks to look after.’

‘It’s a lie!’ replied Fagin, not looking at him. ‘I haven’t got any.’

‘For the love of God,’ said Mr Brownlow, very seriously, ‘don’t lie to us now, on the night before your death. You know that Sikes is dead and Monks has confessed. Where are the papers?’

‘I’ll tell you, Oliver,’ said Fagin. ‘Come here.’ He whispered to him. ‘They’re in a bag up the chimney in the front room at the top of the house. But I want to talk to you, my dear.’

‘Yes,’ said Oliver. ‘Will you pray with me?’

‘Outside, outside,’ said Fagin, pushing the boy in front of him towards the door. ‘Say I’ve gone to sleep—They’ll believe you. You can take me out with you when you go.’ The old man’s eyes shone with a mad light.

‘It’s no good,’ said Mr Brownlow, taking Oliver’s hand. ‘He’s gone too far, and we can never reach him now.’

The cell door opened, and as the visitors left, Fagin started struggling and fighting with his guards, screaming so loudly that the prison walls rang with the sound.

They left the prison building in the grey light of dawn. Outside in the street, huge crowds were already gathering, joking and laughing, and pushing to get the best places near the great black platform, where the rope hung ready for its morning’s work.

Less than three months later, Rose married Harry Maylie. For her sake, Harry had abandoned his political ambitions, and had become a simple man of the church. There was no longer any mystery about Rose’s birth, but even if there had been, Harry would not have cared. They lived next to the church in a peaceful village. Mrs Maylie went to live with them, and spent the rest of her days in quiet contentment.

Mr Brownlow adopted Oliver as his son. They moved to a house in the same quiet village, and were just as happy. Dr Losberne discovered suddenly that the air in Chertsey did not suit him. In less than three months he, too, had moved—to a cottage just outside the village, where he took up gardening and fishing with great energy and enthusiasm.

Mr Brownlow suggested that half the remaining money from the will should be given to Monks and the other half to Oliver, although by law it should all have gone to Oliver alone. Oliver was glad to accept the suggestion. Monks went off with his money to the other side of the world, where he spent it quickly and was soon in prison for another act of fraud. In prison he became ill and died. The remaining members of Fagin’s gang died in similar ways in other distant countries, all except Charley Bates, who turned his back on his past life of crime and lived honestly, as a farmer.

Noah Claypole was given a free pardon for telling the police about Fagin. He soon became employed as an informer for the police, spying on people and telling the police about anyone who had broken the law. Mr and Mrs Bumble lost their jobs and became poorer and poorer, eventually living in poverty in the same workhouse that They had once managed.

In that quiet country village, theyears passed peacefully. Mr Brownlow filled the mind of his adopted son with

knowledge, and as he watched the boy grow up, he was reminded more and more of his old friend, Oliver’s father. The two orphans, Rose and Oliver, led lives that were truly happy. The hardships that They had once suffered had left no bitterness in their gentle souls, and all their lives They showed the mercy and kindness to others that God himself shows to all things that breathe.

14 揭开秘密

第二天，奥利弗与布朗洛先生、罗斯伯恩医生、梅利夫人以及罗斯一起回到他的出生地。在途中，他已得知了有关他过去的一些事情，知道在旅行结束时听到更多的解释。他焦急不安，心中无主，揣摩着他还将会听到些什么事情。

路快走完了，他逐渐地认出了那些熟悉的地方，十分激动地把这些地方指给罗斯看。那儿是他当初逃离时走过的小道。田野的另一端是育婴堂。他们驾车进镇子时，他看到了棺材店老板索尔贝里先生的房子，以及他曾在其中过着囚徒生活的济贫院。

他们在镇上最大的一座旅馆前停了下来，进了各自的房间。晚餐时，布朗洛先生待在一个单独的房间里，其他年长的人进出这房间时都板着严肃的面孔。梅利夫人出来时两眼哭得通红。罗斯和奥利弗对这一切感到非常紧张和不安，因为他们未曾被告知任何新的秘密情况。

9点钟时，罗斯伯恩医生和布朗洛先生把蒙克斯带了进来。奥利弗感到很惊讶，这正是同奥利弗在酒馆外撞个满怀的那个人，也正是曾经和费金一起透过村舍的窗户窥视奥利弗的那个人。大家告诉奥利弗，蒙克斯是他的异母哥哥。奥利弗用讶异和震惊的目光看着蒙克斯，蒙克斯也回看着他，眼里充满了仇恨。

布朗洛先生把一些文件放在桌子上说：“所有的事情都写在这里！我们只要你在上面签字，蒙克斯，还要你亲口告诉奥利弗所发生的一切。”

蒙克斯犹豫地开始道：“我父亲到意大利去取他继承的钱财，却突然病倒了。他死后，我们在他的桌子发现了两份文件，一份是给那个女孩的信，另一份是一份遗嘱。”

“什么信？”布朗洛先生问。

“这封信是他在患病时写的，他在信中告诉那个女孩，他对她怀孕这件事感到多么羞愧。他请求她不要把他当作坏人来记忆，他只是一个犯了错误的人。他还提醒她记住他送给她戒指以及小金盒的那一天。”

奥利弗一面听着他父亲的事，一面不停地流着眼泪。

“遗嘱后来怎样说？”布朗洛先生问道。

蒙克斯没有回答。

“那份遗嘱，”布朗洛先生接着说，“和信中所说的意思是一样的。他在里面讲到了他同他妻子的痛苦婚姻以及他唯一的儿子蒙克斯——也就是你——的邪恶性格，你母亲抚养你成人时一直教你憎恨你父亲。他留给你和你的母亲每年800英镑的收入。其余的财产都留给了那个少女阿格尼丝以及他们的孩子，如果这个孩子能活下来，并且成长为一个善良的好孩子的话。如果这个孩子变得像你一样邪恶，那么你蒙克斯作为长子，有权拥有所有这些钱。”

蒙克斯说：“我母亲烧了这份遗嘱，也没有把信发出去。那个少女阿格尼丝偷偷地离开了家，因为她不愿让怀孕这件事使她的家庭蒙上耻辱。我母亲死时，我向她发誓，如果我遇上我那异母兄弟的话，我会竭尽全力地伤害他的。他会感到我的憎恨就像鞭子抽打在他的背上。我付给费金钱，是让他设圈套给奥利弗钻，使他过上犯罪的生活。但他逃脱了，而那个愚蠢的好管闲事的南希把一切都告诉了你们。如果我机缘好的话，我本来是能够完成已经开始做的事的。”蒙克斯盯着奥利弗，嘴唇蠕动，不出声地暗暗诅咒着。

“那么戒指和那个盒子呢？”布朗洛先生问。

“那个老看护从死去的姑娘阿格尼丝那里偷走了它们，班布尔太太又从看护那里偷了来，我最终从班布尔夫妇那里花钱买下了它们。我已告诉过你们，我是如何把它们扔进河里的。”

布朗洛先生转向罗斯，对她说：“我还有一件事要解释。”

“我真不知是否还有力气听下去，”她嘟哝道，“今天已听得太多了！”

布朗洛先生把手扶在罗斯的胳膊下，和善地对她说：“亲爱的孩子，你是很坚强的。”他回头向蒙克斯问道：“先生，你认识这位小姐吗？”

“认识。”

“我不认识你。”罗斯用微弱的声音说道。

布朗洛先生说：“可怜的阿格尼丝的父亲有两个女儿，他另外的一个女儿呢？当时还是个小女孩的那个？”

蒙克斯回答道：“阿格尼丝失踪后，她父亲改了姓名，并把家搬到了威尔士的一个偏僻的地方，在那里没人会知道他家庭的耻辱。没多久他便去世了，他的小女儿因此就被一些穷人领养了。我母亲痛恨阿格尼丝以及所有和她有关的人，她四处寻找她的妹妹，并千方百计让她受折磨。她跟领养这个小女孩的穷人说这女孩是个私生子，说女孩出生在一个名声败坏的罪恶的家庭。于是，这个小女孩一直过着穷苦悲惨的生活——直到梅利夫人偶然见到她，可怜她，并把她带回家。”

“你现在看见这位妹妹了吗？”布朗洛先生问道。

“是的，就是站在你身旁的那位小姐。”

罗斯几乎说不出话来。“那么说……奥利弗是我的外甥？”

这时奥利弗喊道：“我永远不叫你姨妈，你永远是我的亲爱的亲姐姐！”

他们拥抱在一起，高兴地流着泪。父亲，母亲，姐妹，失去之后又重新得到，这一晚发生的事情太多了。他们长时间地站在那里沉默不语，其他人都不去打搅他们。

法庭上坐满了人，每一个角落里的每一双眼睛都注视着一个人——费金。在他前后左右，上上下下，似乎有无数双瞪大的眼睛包围着他。没有一个人流露出同情。他们都认为对他应处以绞刑。终于，大家听到一声大喊：“肃静！”随后所有人都看着门口。陪审团回来了，从费金身旁走过。他无法从他们脸上看出自己的命运；他们的脸孔像石头一样没有表情。大厅里一片静寂——没有窃窃私语，没有呼吸声……“有罪！”整个法庭响起了呐喊声，喊声在各个房间回荡着，因为人们都奔出楼去，把消息告诉等在门外的人们：费金将在星期一被处死。

那天晚上，费金唯一想到的就是死。他开始回忆所有那些他认识的被处以绞刑的人。他根本数不清了。他们当初也许就是被关在眼下他坐着的这间囚室里。他想到了被绞死的情景——绳子，套在头上的布袋子，一个强壮的人忽然变为一团衣服，悬挂在绳子的一端。

当最后一个夜晚来临时，绝望吞噬着费金那罪恶的心灵。他坐立不安，在他的小牢房里上窜下跳，惊恐地喘着粗气，眼睛里闪烁着愤怒和憎恨的光。然后，他哆哆嗦嗦地躺在石头床上，听着报时的钟声。当这些时刻再次到来时，他会在哪里呢？

在那个星期天的半夜里，布朗洛先生和奥利弗被允许进入牢房。几扇沉重的大门开了锁，最终他们进入了费金的牢房。这个老强盗正坐在床上，喃喃自语，他的脸不像人脸，更像一个落网的动物的脸。

“费金，蒙克斯曾给你几份文件让你保管。”布朗洛先生平静地说。

“那是谎话，我一份都没有！”费金回答说，眼睛不看着布朗洛先生。

此时，布朗洛先生非常严肃地说：“看在上帝的份上，在你死前的夜晚，不要对我们再撒谎了。你知道赛克斯已经死了，蒙克斯已坦白说出了一切。那些文件在什么地方？”

“奥利弗，我告诉你，”费金说，“你过来。”他在奥利弗耳边低声说：“它们在我房子最上层前屋烟囱里的一个袋子里。可是，亲爱的，我想和你说几句话。”

“好吧，”奥利弗说道，“你愿和我一起祈祷吗？”

“到外面去，到外面去，”费金说着，把奥利弗挡在自己前面推向门口。“跟他们说我睡着了——他们会相信你的。你们走时，可以把我带出去。”老头子的眼睛疯狂地亮了起来。

布朗洛先生拉着奥利弗的手说：“没有用了。他已经疯了，现在我们再也不能说服他了。”

牢门打开了，当来访者离开的时候，费金开始挣扎，和看守打斗起来，他大声尖叫，使牢房的墙壁都产生了回响。

在青灰色的晨光中，他们离开了监狱。外面的大街上已聚集了拥挤的人群，他们时而说着玩笑话，时而放声大笑，挤来挤去，都想找到离黑色平台最近的地方。在那儿，绞索已经挂起来，为当天早上的工作准备好了。

不到三个月后，罗斯和哈里·梅利结了婚。为了她，哈里已放弃了他的政治抱负，做了教堂里一个普通的工作人员。有关罗斯的出生不再存在任何秘密，但即使有，哈里也不会介意的。他们住在教堂旁边的一个平静的村庄里，梅利夫人搬去和他们一起生活，在平静满足中安度晚年。

布朗洛先生把奥利弗收为养子。他们搬进了同一个安静的村庄里的一所房子，同样过着幸福的生活。罗斯伯恩医生突然发现切特赛的空气并不适合他，不到三个月后，他也搬了家——搬到了村子外的小农舍里，在那里他开始从事园艺和钓鱼，精力充沛，兴趣盎然。

布朗洛先生建议遗嘱中剩下的钱一半归蒙克斯，另一半归奥利弗，尽管按法律规定，奥利弗应独自拥有全部财产。奥利弗非常高兴地接受了这一建议。蒙克斯拿走了他的钱后去了世界的另一边，他很快就把钱花光了，不久就因另一起诈骗行为入狱。在狱中，他生病死去。费金那一伙中剩下的人在其他一些遥远的国度以相似的方式先后死去，只有查理·贝茨除外，他痛改前非，做了一名老老实实的农民。

由于诺厄·克莱普尔向警察揭发了费金的罪行，他得到了宽恕。他不久就被警察局雇用为眼线，暗中监视别人，并向警察局举报那些犯法

的人。班布尔夫妇二人失去了工作，越来越穷，最终生活在他们曾经管理过的济贫院里，过着贫困的生活。

在那个安静的村落里，年复一年，人们过着平静的生活。布朗洛先生教给他的养子许多知识。他看着这个男孩逐渐长大，愈发想起他的老朋友——奥利弗的父亲。两个孤儿，罗斯和奥利弗，过着真正幸福的生活。他们曾遭受过的艰难困苦并没有给他们善良的心灵留下创伤，在他们的一生中，他们对其他人表现出的同情与善良就像上帝对一切生灵所表现的一样。

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简介

“家产万贯而又尚未婚配的男人一定需要一位贤内助，这是一条世界上尽人皆知的真理。”因此，当这样一位男人搬到班纳特家附近时，班纳特太太喜出望外。她马上感到，彬格莱先生很可能——几乎肯定——会成为五个女儿当中哪一个的丈夫。

“人们都说他很年轻，很英俊，特别招人喜欢！”愚蠢的丽迪亚说。她是班纳特姐妹中年龄最小的。“还有更棒的呢，他喜欢跳舞！谁都知道，爱跳舞就意味着他很可能爱上谁！”

可是，爱上谁呢？不久，伊丽莎白·班纳特就确信他对大姐简情有独钟。毫无疑问，他们一有见面机会，他便对她大献殷勤。可是，有谁说钟情的结果就一定是婚姻、乃至幸福呢？

不过，对班纳特家姐妹有意的并非彬格莱先生一人。还有她们的表兄、令人厌倦的柯林斯先生。还有兵团的军官们——比如韦翰先生。当然，还有彬格莱先生的朋友达西先生——他身材魁梧、皮肤黝黑、家财万贯，可是却非常无礼、傲慢、难以相处……

简·奥斯汀（1775—1817）一生生活平静，是英国最受爱戴的作家之一。她的小说描写的是英国中产阶级的人际关系和礼仪。她的作品因为风趣幽默、细致敏锐而使她享誉至今。

1 The Bennets' new neighbour

It is a truth well known to all the world that an unmarried man in possession of a large fortune must be in need of a wife. And when such a man moves into a neighbourhood, even if nothing is known about his feelings or opinions, this truth is so clear to the surrounding families, that they think of him immediately as the future husband of one or other of their daughters.

'My dear Mr Bennet,' said Mrs Bennet to her husband one day, 'have you heard that someone is going to rent Netherfield Park at last?'

'No, Mrs Bennet, I haven't,' said her husband.

'Don't you want to know who is renting it?' cried Mrs Bennet impatiently.

'You want to tell me, and I don't mind listening.'

Mrs Bennet needed no further encouragement. 'Well, my dear, I hear that he's a very rich young man from the north of England. It seems he came to see Netherfield on Monday and was so delighted with it that he arranged to rent it at once. Of course, it is the finest house in the area, with the largest gardens. His servants will be here by the end of the week, and he will be arriving soon afterwards!'

'What is his name?' asked Mr Bennet.

'Bingley.'

'Is he married or single?'

'Oh, single, my dear, of course! A single man of large fortune—he has an income of four or five thousand pounds a year. How wonderful for our girls!'

'Why? How can it affect them?' Mr Bennet asked.

'My dear Mr Bennet,' she replied, 'how can you be so annoying! You must realize I'm thinking of his marrying one of our daughters.'

'Is that his purpose in coming to the area?'

'His purpose? No, of course not. But it's very likely that he'll fall in love with one of them. And I want him to see the girls as soon as possible, before our other neighbours introduce themselves. So you must visit him as soon as he arrives.'

'I really don't see why I should,' said Mr Bennet. 'You and the girls can visit him, or perhaps you should send them by themselves. Yes, that might be better, as you're as attractive as any of them, and Mr Bingley might like you best.'

'My dear, you flatter me,' replied his wife, 'I certainly have been called beautiful in the past, but I think a woman with five adult daughters should stop thinking of her own beauty. Mr Bennet, I beg you to visit him. You know it's correct for the gentleman of the family to visit new neighbours first. I simply cannot take the girls to see him unless you have already met him.'

'Surely you worry too much about the rules of polite society. I'm sure Mr Bingley will be delighted to see you all. And I'll write him a few lines, which you can give him, agreeing gladly to his marrying any of the girls, although I must especially recommend my dear little Lizzy.'

'Oh no, Mr Bennet!' gasped Mrs Bennet, horrified. 'Please don't do that! And Lizzy is no better than the others, although I know she is your favourite.'

'Our daughters are all very silly, ignorant girls, it's true. But at least Lizzy is a little more intelligent than her sisters.'

'Mr Bennet, how can you speak so unkindly of your own children? Oh dear, how ill I feel! Have you no pity for me? Don't you realize how I suffer?'

'Indeed, my dear, I've suffered with you for the last twentythree years. But I think you will recover, and live to see many more rich young men come into the neighbourhood.'

When he was young, Mr Bennet had made the mistake of falling in love with a pretty but foolish young woman. During the long years of their marriage, he had had time to regret his mistake. He soon realized that his wife had little intelligence or common sense, and was only interested in talking, shopping and finding husbands for her daughters. His experience had made him rather bitter, and he could not stop himself mocking his wife, who never understood her husband's sense of humour.

So when, a week later, Mrs Bennet discovered that her husband had in fact visited Mr Bingley at Netherfield, she was surprised and very pleased. But she and her daughters tried in vain to persuade Mr Bennet to describe the wealthy stranger, and in the end they had to rely on another neighbour's description.

'He sounds wonderful, Mama!' cried Lydia, the youngest and noisiest of the sisters. 'Charlotte Lucas's father has been to see him, and says he's quite young, very handsome, and extremely charming! And even better, he loves dancing! Everybody knows that means he's very likely to fall in love!'

As politeness required, Mr Bingley came to visit Mr Bennet a few days later. He was not, however, fortunate enough to see the Bennet girls, who were hiding behind the curtains in an upstairs room in order to catch sight of the handsome stranger. Mrs Bennet planned to invite him to dinner, but in fact they met him at another social event first. The Bennets lived in the small Hertfordshire village of Longbourn, and public dances were regularly held in the nearest town, Meryton. The girls were greatly looking forward to this particular dance, because they had heard that Mr Bingley would be attending, with a group of friends from London.

On the night of the dance, all eyes were on Mr Bingley as he entered the room. He had brought his two sisters, with the husband of the elder, Mr Hurst, and another young man, Mr Darcy. Mr Bingley was indeed good-looking and gentleman-like, and his sisters were fine, fashionable women. However, everybody was soon talking about Mr Darcy, a tall,

handsome man, who, it was said, had an income of ten thousand pounds a year. The ladies in the room gazed at him in admiration for about half the evening, until they became aware of his constant frown and his unwillingness to talk or dance. Then there was general agreement that he was proud and disagreeable, and considered himself superior to country people. Mr Bingley, on the other hand, made himself popular with the ladies by dancing every dance and talking to everybody.

As there were not as many gentlemen as ladies, Elizabeth Bennet did not have a partner for one of the dances, and was sitting watching the dancing. Mr Darcy was standing near her, and when Mr Bingley came up to speak to his friend, Elizabeth could not avoid hearing their conversation.

‘Come, Darcy,’ said Bingley, ‘I hate to see you looking so cross! Why don’t you dance with one of these lovely girls?’

‘Certainly not,’ replied Darcy. ‘You know how I hate dancing with a partner I don’t know. I would particularly dislike it at a village dance like this. Apart from your sisters, there isn’t a woman in the room I would even consider dancing with. You are dancing with the only attractive girl here.’ He was looking at Mrs Bennet’s eldest daughter Jane, who was waiting for Bingley to join her for the next dance.

‘Oh yes! She’s the most beautiful creature I’ve ever seen! But just behind you is one of her sisters. She’s very pretty, and I’m sure she’s very pleasant. My partner could introduce you.’

‘Who do you mean?’ And Darcy turned to look at Elizabeth for a moment. ‘No,’ he said coldly, ‘she’s not attractive enough to tempt me. Go back to your partner, Bingley.’

This conversation did not endear Mr Darcy to Elizabeth, but she told the story very cheerfully and amusingly to her friends.

The evening passed very happily for everybody else, and Mrs Bennet was delighted with the effect her eldest daughter had had on Mr Bingley.

‘He danced with Jane twice!’ she told her husband later. ‘He danced with all the others only once! And he really is so handsome! But his friend Mr Darcy was so rude to poor Elizabeth! Luckily, she doesn’t care! She wouldn’t want to please him! Such a horrible, proud man! I simply hate him!’

When Jane and Elizabeth were alone, they discussed their dancing partners.

‘I was really very flattered when Mr Bingley asked me to dance a second time!’ said Jane, blushing. ‘I didn’t expect it at all!’

‘Didn’t you?’ said Elizabeth. ‘I did. Dear Jane! You were five times prettier than any other woman in the room, but you’re too modest ever to expect admiration.’

‘I have to admit that I liked Mr Bingley,’ continued Jane in her gentle voice. ‘He’s so good-mannered and agreeable!’

‘He’s also handsome,’ added her sister, ‘which makes his character quite perfect! But what did you think of his sisters?’

‘Very pleasant when you get to know them. The younger, Miss Caroline Bingley, will be living at Netherfield with her brother. I’m sure we’ll enjoy having her as a neighbour.’

Elizabeth listened in silence. She was not convinced. ‘Jane is so kind!’ she thought. ‘Always ready to see the good side of people’s characters! I considered Mr Bingley’s sisters too proud, almost rude, in fact. I’m sure they feel superior to most other people, like Mr Darcy.’ But she did not say any more.

After the dance the Bennet and Bingley families began to visit each other every few days. It became evident that Mr Bingley admired Jane very much, and Elizabeth knew that her sister was close to falling in love with him. She was discussing this with her good friend, Charlotte Lucas, one day Charlotte was a sensible, intelligent young woman of twenty-seven, the eldest daughter of Sir William and Lady Lucas, who were neighbours of the Bennet family.

‘It’s a good thing,’ said Elizabeth, ‘that if Jane is in love with Mr Bingley, nobody will know, because she always behaves so cheerfully and normally.’

‘That’s sometimes a mistake,’ replied Charlotte, shaking her head wisely. ‘If she doesn’t show her feelings at all, even to the man she loves, she may lose the opportunity of catching him. Jane should use every moment she gets with Bingley to attract and encourage him.’

‘But I consider a man should try to discover a woman’s feelings, not wait for her encouragement! And Jane probably doesn’t know what her real feelings for Bingley are yet—she has only seen him a few times, not often enough to understand his character, or be sure that she really loves him.’

‘Well, I wish Jane success with all my heart,’ said Charlotte finally, ‘but I think she’d have as much chance of happiness if she married him tomorrow, as if she studied his character for a whole year. Happiness in marriage is simply a question of chance. I think it’s better to know as little as possible about the person you’re going to spend your life with.’

Elizabeth laughed, sure that Charlotte did not mean what she was saying.

While observing Mr Bingley’s interest in Jane, however, Elizabeth had not noticed Mr Darcy’s interest in herself. Although at first he had not even considered her pretty, he now began to realize what a beautiful expression her dark eyes gave to her intelligent face, and what an attractive figure she had. ‘Of course, she is only an unfashionable village girl,’ he told himself, but her conversation is often quite amusing.’ Whenever they met, he did not speak to her, but stood near her, listening to her and watching her closely, conscious of a wish to know her better.

One evening at a party at the Lucases’ house, Darcy was standing alone, as usual, away from the other guests, watching the dancing. His host, Sir William, came to speak to him.

‘Mr Darcy! Are you enjoying the dancing, sir? What a delightful entertainment it is!’

Darcy frowned. ‘Yes,’ he said with cool disdain, ‘it’s something that any uneducated person can be good at.’

‘I’m sure you’re good at dancing yourself, sir,’ replied Sir William cheerfully. ‘Look! Here’s Miss Elizabeth Bennet.’ She was crossing the room at that moment. ‘Let me persuade you to dance with her. You cannot refuse to dance when so much beauty is in front of you.’

‘Indeed, sir,’ replied Elizabeth quickly, in some embarrassment, ‘I have no intention of dancing. You must excuse me.’

‘Miss Bennet, please allow me the pleasure of dancing with you,’ said Mr Darcy politely, holding out his hand.

But with equal politeness Elizabeth refused again, and turned away. Mr Darcy was watching her walk away, with a slight smile on his face, when Caroline Bingley came up to him.

‘Mr Darcy,’ she said, ‘I’m sure I know what you’re thinking—how boring all these silly little country people are!’

‘Not at all, Miss Bingley. In fact, I was just thinking what pleasure a pair of fine eyes can give.’

‘Really! And who do these fine eyes belong to, may I ask?’

‘Miss Elizabeth Bennet.’

‘Well! Let me be the first to congratulate you, Mr Darcy! When will the wedding be?’

‘Ah! That’s what I expected you to say. A lady’s imagination jumps from admiration, to love, to marriage, in a moment.’

‘Well, of course, when you’re married, you will often have her charming mother and sisters to stay. How delightful for you!’ And Miss Bingley, seeing that Darcy remained calm, continued to mock the Bennet family as amusingly as she could.

1 班纳特家的新邻居

家产万贯而又尚未婚配的男人一定需要一个贤内助，这是一条世界上尽人皆知的真理。当这样一位男人搬到了附近时，这条真理在邻居们心中就显得更加清楚，他们哪怕对他的感情或意见一无所知，也会马上把他当作他们哪个女儿未来的丈夫。

“亲爱的班纳特先生，”一天，班纳特夫人对她丈夫说，“你听说了吗？尼日斐庄园到底还是租出去了。”

“我还没听说，班纳特太太，”她丈夫说。

“难道你不想知道是谁要租吗？”班纳特太太不耐烦地嚷了起来。

“你要想告诉我，我也不妨听听。”

班纳特夫人不需要更多的鼓励就开腔了。“啊，亲爱的，我听说他是个阔少爷，英格兰北部人。好像是星期一来看了看尼日斐，十分喜欢，马上安排把它租了下来。当然，连宅子的花园都那么大，那确实是这一片最好的庄园。他的仆人周末到，他本人随后就到！”

“他叫什么名字？”班纳特先生问道。

“彬格莱。”

“结婚了还是单身？”

“啊，亲爱的，当然是单身！家产万贯的单身汉——他每年收入四五千镑呢。对咱家姑娘们来说真是再好不过了！”

“为什么？这跟姑娘们有什么关系？”班纳特先生问道。

“我亲爱的班纳特先生，”她回答道，“你怎么那么讨厌！你应该想到，我是在考虑他跟我们哪个姑娘结婚。”

“他搬到这儿住就是为了这个吗？”

“为这个？当然不是。可是真说不准他会爱上我们哪个姑娘。我想尽早让他见见姑娘们，要赶在其他邻居自我介绍之前。所以，他一来你就得去拜访他一下。”

“我真是不明白为什么要去拜访他，”班纳特先生说，“你可以和姑娘们去，或者你让她们自己去。对，还是让她们自己去好，你长得那么迷人，比她们哪个都不逊色，说不定彬格莱先生会看上你呢。”

“亲爱的，你太夸奖我了，”他妻子答道，“过去人们当然说我漂亮，可是我觉得，一个女人家，五个女儿都长大成人了，不应该再老想自己漂亮不漂亮。班纳特先生，我求求你，还是去拜访他一下吧。你知道，来了新邻居，家里的男人先去拜访一下是应该的。你如果不先见见他，我怎么好带着姑娘们去呢？”

“你对文明社会的条条框框真是考虑得太多了。我相信彬格莱先生会很高兴见到你们几个的。对了，我给他写几句话，你可以捎过去，就说他随便娶哪个姑娘，我都很乐意。不过，我得特别推荐我的小丽萃。”

“哦，不，班纳特先生！”班纳特太太倒抽口气，吓坏了。“别那样！再说，丽萃也不比其他几个好，不过我知道你偏爱她。”

“我们几个姑娘都很蠢，很无知，这是真的。可是，丽萃至少还比她几个姐妹聪明点儿。”

“班纳特先生，你怎么能这样无情地说自己的亲生女儿？哦。亲爱的，我难受极了！你一点儿也不心疼我吗？你没想到我多难受吗？”

“怎么没想到，亲爱的，我跟着你难受了23年了。不过我想你会恢复过来的，会在有生之年看到更多的阔少爷来和我们做邻居。”

班纳特先生年轻时犯了个错误，爱上了一个漂亮却愚蠢的年轻女人。结婚这么多年，他有的是时间来追悔自己的错误。不久，他就认识到妻子没有一点头脑或是常识，只知道唠叨、逛商店、给女儿找婆家。这种经历使得他有点儿尖刻，禁不住要嘲弄他妻子几句，而这种幽默感他妻子却从来都听不出来。

所以，一周之后，班纳特太太得知丈夫实际上已到尼日斐拜访过彬格莱先生，感到十分惊奇和喜出望外。可是，她和女儿们怎么求都白搭，班纳特先生就是不肯向她们吐露这位阔少爷的情况，最后，她们不得不从另一位邻居那里探听消息。

“听说他棒极了，妈妈！”姊妹几个中年龄最小、最爱喧闹的丽迪亚大声说，“夏洛特·卢卡斯的父亲去看过他，说他很年轻，很英俊，极有魅力！还有更棒的呢，他喜欢跳舞！大家都知道，喜欢跳舞就意味着他很可能堕入爱河！”

出于礼貌，彬格莱先生几天以后回访班纳特先生。可是，遗憾的是，他未能见到班纳特家的几位姑娘，因为当时几个姑娘为了一睹这位英俊的陌生人的风采，正躲在楼上一间屋子的窗帘后面偷看呢。班纳特夫人计划邀请他吃饭，可是，事实上他们在另一次社交活动中提前见了面。班纳特一家住在哈福德郡的小村子浪搏恩，公共舞会定期在最近的镇子麦里屯举办。姑娘们在企盼着这次特别的舞会，因为她们听说彬格莱先生要参加，还要带些伦敦的朋友来。

舞会的那天晚上，彬格莱先生走进舞厅时，所有的眼睛都盯住了他。他把姐姐和妹妹都带来了，还有姐夫赫斯特先生和另外一个年轻人达

西先生。彬格莱先生确实仪表堂堂，风度翩翩。他的姐姐也是优雅入时的女人。可是，没过多久，人人都开始谈论达西先生。他身材魁梧，英俊潇洒，据说年收入一万英镑。舞厅里的女士们用爱慕的眼光盯了他半个晚上，直到后来她们感到他不住地皱眉，不愿说话也不愿跳舞。最后，大家一致认为这个人高傲自大，性情乖戾，觉得自己比乡下人高一等。而彬格莱先生每支曲子都跳，跟谁都交谈，博得了各位女士的喜欢。

因为男士没有女士多，所以伊丽莎白·班纳特有一支曲子没有舞伴，坐着看大家跳。达西先生就站在她旁边。彬格莱先生过来跟朋友搭话时，伊丽莎白免不了听到他们的对话。

“来呀，达西，”彬格莱说，“不要满脸不高兴的样子，姑娘们多可爱，怎么不跟她们跳？”

“当然不跳，”达西说，“你知道我多么讨厌跟陌生人跳舞，尤其是在乡下的舞会上。除了你的姐妹之外，跟这个屋子里别的女人跳舞我连想都不会想。只有一个迷人的女孩，还在跟你跳。”他看着班纳特太太的长女简，简正在等彬格莱与她一起跳下一支曲子。

“哦，是的！她是我见过的女孩中最美的！可是，你后边坐的是她妹妹。她很漂亮，我相信她会使你很愉快的。我的舞伴可以给你们作一下介绍。”

“你说的是谁？”达西转身打量了一下伊丽莎白。“不，”他冷冷地说，“她不够迷人，吸引不了我。回去跟你的舞伴跳吧，彬格莱。”

这番对话并没有使伊丽莎白对达西先生产生好感，可是她却十分快活而饶有兴趣地把这段故事讲给朋友听。

除了达西，那天晚上大家过得很愉快。班纳特太太对于长女给彬格莱先生留下的印象感到欢欣不已。

“他和简跳了两次！”后来她告诉丈夫说。“他和其他人都只跳了一次！他长得多潇洒呀！可是他的朋友达西对可怜的伊丽莎白多无理呀！还好，她并不在意！她是不会想去取悦他的！多么可憎，多么自大呀！我实在不喜欢他！”

简和伊丽莎白在一起时，各自谈论各自的舞伴。

“彬格莱请我跳第二次时，我真是受宠若惊！”简说着，两颊绯红。“我一点儿都没有想到！”

“你没想到吗？”伊丽莎白说，“我可是想到了，亲爱的简！你比那里任何一位女人都要漂亮五倍，可是你从来都太谦虚，想不到别人会爱慕你。”

“我必须承认我喜欢彬格莱先生，”简继续用温柔的声音说，“他多有礼貌，多么随和呀！”

“他还很英俊，”妹妹补充说，“这使他的性格相当完美！可是，你觉得他的姐妹怎么样？”

“跟她们认识以后很容易相处。妹妹卡罗琳·彬格莱小姐要和哥哥一起住在尼日斐。我相信有她做邻居我们会很愉快的。”

伊丽莎白听着，一声不吭。她不信。“简太善良了，”她想，“总是看到人们性格中好的一面！我觉得彬格莱先生的姐妹太高傲了，实际上有点粗鲁。我相信她们认为自己比大多数人高一等，就像达西先生一样。”可是，她不再言语。

舞会过后，班纳特和彬格莱两家每隔几天就互访一次。事情已经很明显，彬格莱十分爱慕简，而且伊丽莎白知道她姐姐也差不多爱上了他。一天，伊丽莎白跟好朋友夏洛特·卢卡斯谈起了这件事。夏洛特聪明而有才智，她27岁，是威廉爵士和卢卡斯夫人的长女，他们是班纳特家的邻居。

“如果简确实爱上了彬格莱，谁都不会知道，”伊丽莎白说，“因为她表现得总是那么快活，那么正常。这是件好事。”

“有时候那是个错误，”夏洛特一边明智地摇摇头一边回答说，“如果她一点不表现出自己的感情，甚至对自己所爱的人都如此，那么，她可能会丧失捉住他的机会。简应当利用她和彬格莱相处的每个机会来吸引他，鼓励他。”

“可是我认为男人应当努力去发现女人的感情，而不是等待她的鼓励！而且简也许还不知道自己对彬格莱的真正感情是什么——她只见过他几次，还不足够了解他的性格，或者还不敢肯定自己爱他。”

“好吧，我真心希望简获得成功，”夏洛特最后说，“可是我认为，她明天和他结婚与研究他一年性格后再和他结婚同样可能获得幸福。婚姻上的幸福不过是个机遇问题。我想，对于和自己终生为伴的人还是了解得越少越好。”

伊丽莎白大笑起来，心里肯定夏洛特想说的不是这个意思。

可是，伊丽莎白在观察彬格莱先生对简的兴趣时，没有注意到达西先生对她本人的兴趣。虽然达西先生刚开始甚至想都没有想过伊丽莎白很漂亮，可是他现在开始认识到她那双乌黑的眼睛给她那聪慧的面庞增添了多么美的表情。“当然，她不过是一位土里土气的乡村姑娘，”他心里想，“可是她的谈话经常很有意思。”无论何时，他们俩见面时，达西都不和伊丽莎白说话，而是站在她近旁，听她说话，仔细地观察她，心里意识到自己想更多地了解她。

一天晚上，在卢卡斯家的舞会上，达西像往常一样独自站着，离别的客人远远的，看着人家跳舞。主人威廉爵士过来跟他说话。

“达西先生！您在欣赏舞会吗？多么轻松的娱乐呀！”

达西皱了皱眉。“是的，”他冷冷地、不屑一顾地说，“跳舞嘛，连粗人都会学好。”

“我相信您本人也擅长跳舞，先生，”威廉爵士兴高采烈地回答。“你看，伊丽莎白·班纳特小姐来了。”她当时正在穿过房间。“让我来说服你跟她跳舞。这样的美貌就在眼前，怎么能谢绝不跳呢？”

“真的，先生，”伊丽莎白迅速回答道，有点儿不好意思，“我不想跳舞，你务必原谅我。”

“班纳特小姐，请允许我跟你跳一曲吧，”达西先生有礼貌地说，同时伸出了手。

但伊丽莎白同样有礼貌地又拒绝了，并且转身离去。达西先生脸上带着一丝微笑，正在看着她走开，这时，卡罗琳·彬格莱朝他走来。

“达西先生，”她说，“我敢肯定你在想什么——这些愚蠢的小乡巴佬多无聊啊！”

“根本不是这样，彬格莱小姐。实际上我是在想一双优美的眼睛能给人多少乐趣啊。”

“真的吗！这双优美的眼睛是谁的，我可以问一下吗？”

“伊丽莎白·班纳特小姐的。”

“好啊！让我来第一个祝贺你，达西先生！婚礼什么时候举行？”

“啊！我知道你要这么说。女人的想象力是跳跃式的，从爱慕到相爱到结婚，一会儿的事。”

“那当然啦，结婚以后，你可以经常叫她那迷人的妈妈还有姐妹们去坐坐，那简直愉快极了！”

彬格莱小姐看到达西还是那么平静，就继续竭力取笑班纳特一家。

2 Jane's illness

Mr Bennet had a comfortable income of two thousand a year, and a pleasant house in Longbourn. But, unfortunately for his daughters, after his death all his property would pass to a distant male relation. Mrs Bennet's father had been a lawyer, and had only left his daughter a small amount of money. She had a brother who owned shops in London, and she also had a sister, married to a Mr Philips. He had been her father's clerk, and now carried on his late employer's business.

Mr and Mrs Philips lived in Meryton, which was only a kilometre or so from the village of Longbourn. It was a most convenient distance for the Bennet girls, who were usually tempted there three or four times a week, to visit their aunt or a dress-maker who lived opposite. The youngest daughters, Kitty and Lydia, were particularly regular visitors. Their minds were more vacant than their sisters, and if no better entertainment was available, a walk to Meryton always provided some amusement, as well as interesting local news from their aunt.

The latest news, which delighted Kitty and Lydia, was that the regiment which had recently arrived in Meryton was to stay there for the whole winter. The two girls now visited their aunt every day, and as Mr Philips knew all the officers, Kitty and Lydia were soon introduced to them. At home they could talk of nothing but officers and their handsome uniforms: even Mr Bingley's fortune now seemed hardly worth considering.

After listening to their praise of the officers one morning, Mr Bennet said coolly, 'From what I can see, you must be two of the silliest girls in the country. I've suspected it for some time, but now I'm convinced.'

Kitty was embarrassed and did not reply, but Lydia, the youngest, continued to express her admiration for a certain Captain Carter, with perfect indifference.

'I am very surprised, my dear,' said Mrs Bennet, 'that you should be so ready to think your own children silly. As it happens, they are all very clever.'

'That is the only point, I think, on which we do not agree. I am afraid I must say that I consider our two youngest daughters unusually foolish.'

'My dear Mr Bennet, you mustn't expect such young girls to have the common sense of their father or mother. I remember when I used to like a red coat myself, and indeed I still do. If a good-looking officer with five or six thousand a year wanted to marry one of my girls, I wouldn't turn him down. And I thought Colonel Forster looked very handsome last night at Sir William's, in his regimental uniform.'

Just then a servant entered with a note for Jane, which had come from Netherfield. Mrs Bennet's eyes shone with pleasure and she called out eagerly, while her daughter was reading it, 'Well, Jane, who is it from? What does he say? Tell us, tell us quickly, my love!'

'It's from Miss Bingley,' said Jane. 'She invites me to dinner at Netherfield, as she and her sister are alone. It seems her brother and the gentlemen are having dinner with the officers, in Meryton.'

'With the officers!' cried Lydia. 'I wonder why aunt Philips didn't tell us that!'

'Having dinner in Meryton,' repeated Mrs Bennet, shaking her head. 'That's very unlucky.'

'May I take the carriage?' asked Jane.

'No, my dear, you'd better ride over there, because it looks likely to rain, and then you'll have to stay the night.'

'That would be a good plan,' said Elizabeth to her mother, 'if you were sure they wouldn't offer to send her home in their carriage.'

'Oh, but they can't! The gentlemen must have taken Mr Bingley's carriage to go to Meryton.'

'I'd much rather go in the carriage,' Jane said.

'But, my dear, your father can't spare the horses, I'm sure. They're needed on the farm, aren't they, Mr Bennet?'

Mr Bennet finally agreed that they were in fact being used that day in the fields. So Jane set out on her horse, while her mother called cheerfully after her, 'I do hope it'll rain heavily, my love!' And Jane had not been gone for long before it rained hard. Elizabeth was a little worried about her sister, but Mrs Bennet was delighted. 'What a good idea of mine that was!' she said more than once, extremely pleased with herself.

Not until the next morning, however, did she realize the full extent of her success. After breakfast a servant from Netherfield arrived with a note from Jane to Elizabeth, explaining that Jane had caught cold on her wet ride, and had been invited to stay at Netherfield until she recovered.

'Well, my dear,' said Mr Bennet, 'if your daughter should become seriously ill and die, it would be a comfort to know that she died in a good cause, and in obedience to your orders.'

'Oh, I'm not afraid of her dying. People don't die of colds. She'll be looked after well at Netherfield. As long as she stays there, everything will be all right.'

But Elizabeth felt really anxious, and was determined to go to her sister. As the carriage was not available, and she was not keen on riding, she decided to walk the five kilometres to Netherfield. Kitty and Lydia accompanied her as far as Meryton, where they went to visit one of the officers' wives. Elizabeth continued alone, crossing field after field and jumping impatiently over streams, in her anxiety to see her sister.

When she arrived at Netherfield, with tired feet, muddy stockings and a face healthily pink with exercise, she was shown straight into the sitting-room. The two sisters, Miss Bingley and Mrs Hurst, could hardly believe that she had come so far alone and on foot in such bad weather, but they received her politely. Their brother, however, was more than polite: he was kind and considerate towards her. Mr Darcy said very little, hesitating between admiration of her healthy good looks and doubt whether she should have come such a distance alone. Mr Hurst said nothing at all, as he was thinking only of his breakfast.

Elizabeth was glad to be taken almost immediately to her sister's room, where she found Jane delighted to see her, but very feverish and unwell. The doctor came, and after examining his patient, advised that she should stay in bed and take

some medicine. Elizabeth stayed with her all day, looking after her, and the Bingley sisters also spent some time in the patient's room. However, in the afternoon, when it was time for Elizabeth to leave, Jane seemed so upset that Miss Bingley was obliged to invite Elizabeth to stay at Netherfield for the present, and a servant was sent to Longbourn to inform the Bennet family and bring back some clothes.

That evening Elizabeth went down to dinner, leaving Jane in bed in her room. She noticed the Bingley sisters' apparent concern for Jane change to indifference in a few moments, and knew she had been right to dislike them at first sight. Mr Bingley, indeed, was the only one of the group whose behaviour she was satisfied with. His anxiety for Jane was evident, and his politeness towards herself most pleasing. But the others, she felt, treated her as an unwelcome guest. Miss Bingley was concentrating all her attention on Mr Darcy, and Mrs Hurst also joined in their conversation, while Mr Hurst was only interested in eating, drinking and playing cards.

When Elizabeth left the room after dinner to see if Jane needed anything, Miss Bingley at once began to criticize her.

'What bad manners she has! She's both proud, and lacking in politeness to her superiors! She has no conversation, no elegance and no beauty!'

Mrs Hurst agreed, and added, 'She has no good qualities, except that she's an excellent walker. I'll never forget her appearance this morning. She really looked almost wild.'

'She did indeed, Louisa. How silly of her to come at all! Why must she run around the countryside, just because her sister has a cold? Her hair looked so untidy! And her dress! Simply covered in mud!'

'I must say,' said Bingley, 'I didn't notice any of that. I thought she looked remarkably attractive when she arrived this morning.'

'You observed her wild appearance, I'm sure, Mr Darcy,' said Miss Bingley, 'and I imagine you wouldn't wish your sister to make such a show of herself.'

'Certainly not.'

'Walking four or five kilometres, whatever it was, up to her ankles in mud, and alone, quite alone! It seems to me to show a dreadful sort of independence, a country girl's indifference to what is acceptable.'

'I think it shows a very pleasing affection for her sister,' said Bingley.

'I'm afraid, Mr Darcy,' whispered Miss Bingley, 'that this adventure has rather lessened your admiration of her fine eyes.'

'Not at all,' he replied. 'They were brightened by the exercise.'

After a short pause, Mrs Hurst began again. 'I have a great liking for Jane Bennet. She is really a very sweet girl, and I wish with all my heart she were well married. But with such a father and mother, and with such vulgar relations, I'm afraid there's no chance of it.'

'I think the Bennet girls have an uncle who's a lawyer in Meryton.'

'Yes, and they have another who owns shops in Cheapside! Such a nice part of London!' Both the sisters laughed.

'If they had enough uncles to fill Cheapside,' cried Bingley, 'it wouldn't make them any less charming!'

'But it must considerably lessen their chances of marrying men of any position in the world,' replied Darcy.

Bingley did not answer, but his sisters agreed enthusiastically, and continued mocking their dear friend's vulgar relations for some time.

Late in the evening, when Elizabeth was satisfied that Jane was asleep, she felt she ought to go downstairs again. She found the party in the sitting-room, playing cards, but although they invited her to join in their game, she refused politely, and picked up a book to read.

'I can fetch you more books to read, if you wish,' offered Bingley, 'but I'm afraid I haven't got a large library. Unlike you, I'm too lazy to spend much time reading.'

'What a delightful library you have at Pemberley, Mr Darcy!' said Miss Bingley. 'And what a beautiful house it is! Charles, when you buy your house, I hope it will be even half as lovely as Pemberley.'

'I hope so too,' agreed Bingley.

'And your dear sister, Mr Darcy? I expect she's grown since the spring. I want so much to see her again! I've never met anyone who delighted me so much! Such an appearance, such manners! And so extremely accomplished for her age!'

'I'm always surprised,' said Bingley, 'to find how very accomplished all young ladies are. How do they have the time and patience to learn all these skills?'

'Certainly people use the word "accomplished" too loosely,' said Darcy, 'but I am far from agreeing with you about ladies in general. I cannot boast of knowing more than six who are really accomplished.'

'Then,' said Elizabeth, 'your idea of an accomplished woman must include a great many qualities.'

'Yes, a great many.'

'Oh! Certainly,' cried his faithful assistant, Miss Bingley, 'an accomplished woman must have a thorough knowledge of music, singing, drawing, dancing and modern languages, and besides this, a certain something in her manner of walking, in her voice and in her behaviour.'

'All this she must possess,' added Darcy, 'and something more solid, the improvement of her mind by wide reading.'

'I'm no longer surprised at your knowing only six accomplished women,' said Elizabeth. 'I rather wonder at your knowing any. I've never seen such elegance, and intelligence, and knowledge, as you describe, in one woman.'

Mrs Hurst and Miss Bingley were both protesting loudly that they knew many women like this, when Mr Hurst called their attention back to the card game. As this meant an end to the conversation, Elizabeth soon afterwards left the room.

'Miss Elizabeth Bennet,' said Miss Bingley to Darcy, 'is one of those women who try to appear attractive to men by

undervaluing other women. I think that's a mean trick. '

'It is true,' said Darcy, 'that there is meanness in all the tricks used by ladies to attract men. '

Miss Bingley was not satisfied enough with this answer to continue the conversation.

The next morning Elizabeth was glad to be able to inform Mr Bingley and his sisters that Jane was very much better.

In spite of this improvement, however, she asked for her mother to be sent for, as she wanted Mrs Bennet's opinion of Jane's state of health. Soon after breakfast, therefore, Mrs Bennet, accompanied by her two youngest daughters, reached Netherfield.

Elizabeth, although relieved to hear that her mother did not think Jane's illness serious, began to regret asking her to come, when she saw the Bingley sisters smiling at Mrs Bennet's remarks. Elizabeth blushed for her mother, who could not help showing her lack of intelligence and common sense in every-thing she said.

Kitty and Lydia made an equally bad impression. They had been whispering together, when suddenly Lydia, who was an attractive, confident, well-grown girl of fifteen, pushed herself rudely forward. She begged Mr Bingley to hold a ball at Netherfield. With his usual politeness, Mr Bingley promised he would, but Elizabeth saw his sisters exchanging meaningful glances. She was quite glad when her mother and sisters left. She and Jane were to stay another night at Netherfield, to allow Jane to recover completely.

That evening Elizabeth appeared again in the sitting-room. She could not avoid noticing how frequently Mr Darcy's eyes were fixed on her, but as she felt sure that so great a man could not possibly admire her, she assumed that when he looked at her, he was criticizing her in some way. This thought did not cause her any pain, as she liked him too little to care for his approval.

In the conversations she had with him, she spoke in her usual slightly mocking manner, rather expecting to offend him, but was surprised by the quiet politeness of his replies. Darcy had never before been so charmed by any woman. He really believed that if she did not have such vulgar relations, he might be in danger of falling in love with her. Miss Bingley saw or suspected enough to be jealous, and her great anxiety for the recovery of her dear friend Jane was increased by her wish to get rid of Elizabeth.

Fortunately perhaps, for almost everyone at Netherfield, Elizabeth and her sister, who was now quite recovered, were returning home the next day. Only Mr Bingley showed real sorrow at this, and was concerned that Jane might not be fit enough to travel. Mr Darcy was quite relieved, and determined that no sign of admiration for Elizabeth should escape him now. Miss Bingley's politeness to Elizabeth, as well as her affection for Jane, increased rapidly as the moment of departure approached, and she was able to say goodbye to them with many warm expressions of friendliness and a promise to visit them very soon.

Mr Bennet was glad to welcome his eldest daughters home again, as he had felt their absence from the family circle, but Mrs Bennet, who had hoped they would stay much longer, was quite disappointed to see them come back in such a short time.

2 简生病了

班纳特先生年收入两千英镑,而且在浪搏恩有一处宜人的宅子,生活堪称小康。可是,令女儿们感到遗憾的是,他死后,所有的财产都要由一位远房的男性亲戚来继承。班纳特夫人的父亲曾做过律师,他只给女儿留下很少一笔钱。班纳特夫人有一个弟弟在伦敦开商店,还有一个妹妹,嫁给了菲力普斯先生。菲力普斯曾做过她父亲的职员,现在继承了已故老板的事业。

菲力普斯夫妇住在麦里屯,离浪搏恩村只有大约一公里。这个距离对于班纳特家的几位姑娘来说再方便不过了,她们常常禁不住每周上那儿去三四次,去看姨妈或者住在对面专做女式服装的裁缝。最小的两位姑娘,吉蒂和丽迪亚,尤其常去。她们的精神比几个姐姐更空虚,如果没有更好的娱乐方式,到麦里屯走一走总是会带给她们带来一些乐趣,她们还会从姨妈那里听到当地一些有趣的新闻。

最新的消息是,最近到达麦里屯的一个兵团要在那里呆整整一个冬天。这个消息使得吉蒂和丽迪亚欣喜异常。这两个姑娘现在每天到姨妈家去。菲力普斯先生认识所有的军官,所以很快就把吉蒂和丽迪亚介绍给了他们。在家里,她们可以什么也不谈,只谈军官和他们漂亮的制服,连彬格莱先生的大笔财产似乎也不值一提。

一天早上,班纳特先生听了她们对军官的称赞以后冷冷地说:“依我看,你们俩肯定是全英国最傻的女孩。过去,我还一直怀疑这个,现在我彻底相信了。”

吉蒂感到害臊,没有吱声。可是最小的丽迪亚毫不在意,继续表达她对一个什么卡特尔上尉的爱慕之情。

“我真感到奇怪,亲爱的,”班纳特夫人说,“你为什么总是爱把自己的孩子想得那么傻。巧得很,她们都很聪明。”

“我想,只有这一点我们俩意见不一致。恐怕我得说,我们的两个小女儿还不是一般的愚蠢。”

“我亲爱的班纳特先生,她们还小呢,你不能指望她们有父母一样的见识。我记得自己过去就很喜欢红色的外套,确实,我现在还喜欢。如果哪一位年收入五六千英镑的漂亮军官想要我们的哪个姑娘,我是不会拒绝他的。我觉得福斯特上校昨天晚上在威廉爵士家身穿兵团制服看起来很英俊。”

这时,一位仆人拿着给简的一张便条走了进来,便条是从尼日斐送来的。班纳特太太喜出望外,眼睛为之一亮,女儿还没看完,她就急切地叫道:“哎呀,简,是谁来的?上面写的什么?告诉我们,快告诉我们,我的乖!”

“是彬格莱小姐来的,”简说,“她邀请我到尼日斐吃饭,因为只有她和她姐姐在家。好像她哥哥和几位先生正在麦里屯和军官们吃饭呢。”

“军官们!”丽迪亚大喊一声。“不知道菲力普斯姨妈为什么不把这事儿告诉我们!”

“在麦里屯吃饭,”班纳特夫人摇了摇头,重复道,“这太不巧了。”

“我可以坐马车去吗?”简问道。

“不能,亲爱的。你最好骑马过去,因为看起来要下雨了,那样的话,你就得在那儿过夜。”

“如果你敢肯定他们不主动提出用他们自己的马车送她回家的话,”伊丽莎白对她妈妈说,“那么,这个计划就很好。”

“哦!可是他们送不了!那几位先生一定坐彬格莱先生的马车到麦里屯去了。”

“我还是想坐马车去,”简说。

“可是,我亲爱的,你爸爸必须用那几匹马,腾不出空来,肯定不行。班纳特先生,田里还需要它们,是吧?”

班纳特先生不得已,最后终于同意说,是啊,实际上那天田里还在用着牲口呢。于是简骑着马出发了,而她妈妈在后面兴高采烈地

喊道：“我真希望雨能下大点儿，乖！”果真，简还没走多大会儿，雨就下大了。伊丽莎白有点担心姐姐，可是，班纳特太太感到庆幸。“我这个主意多妙啊！”她不止一次地这样说，对自己感到极为满意。

可是，直到第二天早上，她才认识到自己的如意算盘大获成功了。早饭过后，尼日斐来了一位仆人，他从简那里给伊丽莎白带来一张便条，说简雨天骑马感冒了，并且应邀在尼日斐住下，直到康复。

“啊，亲爱的，”班纳特先生说，“如果你女儿病重死去，那么，得知她的死因这样美妙，又是服从了你的命令，也会是一种安慰啊。”

“哦，我不担心她会死去。得感冒是不会死人的。她在尼日斐会得到悉心照料的。只要她呆在那儿，一切都会好的。”

但是，伊丽莎白真正感到焦急，决心去看看姐姐。因为没有马车，她又不热心骑马，所以，她决定步行五公里到尼日斐去。吉蒂和丽迪亚一直把她送到麦里屯，在那里，她们去找一位军官的妻子。伊丽莎白接着就一个人走下去，穿过一片片田地，跨越一条条小溪，心情烦躁，急切地要见到姐姐。

她到达尼日斐以后，两脚乏力，满袜烂泥，由于运动，双颊透着健康的粉红色。她被直接领到了起居室。彬格莱小姐和赫斯特夫人姐妹俩几乎不敢相信，路这么远，天这么坏，她会一个人步行过来，不过她们还是彬彬有礼地接待了她。然而，彬格莱先生可不仅仅是彬彬有礼：他对她和蔼而体贴。达西先生很少说话，既喜爱她健康的模样，又怀疑她该不该这么大老远地过来，心里犹豫不决。赫斯特先生一言不发，只想吃着早饭。

伊丽莎白几乎马上被带到了姐姐的卧室，对此她很满意。在那里，她发现简见到她很愉快，可是发着高烧，情况很糟糕。医生来了，给病人检查过之后，建议她卧床休息，吃点药。伊丽莎白全天和她呆在一起，照料她，彬格莱姐妹俩也在病房里呆了一段时间。可是，到了下午，伊丽莎白该走的时候，简似乎感到十分焦躁不安，彬格莱小姐就不得不邀请伊丽莎白先呆在尼日斐并派一个仆人到浪搏恩通知班纳特家，再带回些衣服。

那天晚上，伊丽莎白下去吃饭，留简一个人在屋里躺在床上。她注意到彬格莱姐妹对简明显的关怀之情不一会儿就变成一片漠然，这时她认识到第一次见面就讨厌她们的感觉是正确的。说实在的，这几个人中只有彬格莱先生一个人的表现使她感到满意。他为简感到焦虑是很显然的，对自己的礼貌也是很令人满意的。但是，她感到其他的人把她当成不受欢迎的客人。彬格莱小姐整个心思都在达西身上，赫斯特夫人也参加到他们的谈话里去，赫斯特先生只对吃饭、喝酒、打牌感兴趣。

伊丽莎白吃过饭离开房间，去看简是不是需要什么。这时，彬格莱小姐马上开始说她的坏话。

“她多没教养啊！又傲慢又不知道尊重上等人！她不跟人攀谈，不爱打扮，相貌平平！”

赫斯特夫人也这么看，并补充说：“她没有什么好品质，只有一样，就是能走路。我永远忘不了她今天早上的模样。就跟疯了差不多。”

“她确实如此，露易莎。她到这儿来真是太傻了，在野地里来回跑什么，就因为她姐姐着点儿凉吗？看她的头发，乱糟糟的，不堪入目！她的衣服，简直是用泥抹了一遍！”

“我说句话，”彬格莱先生说，“你们所说的我都没有看见。我觉得她今天早上到来的时候，看起来很有魅力。”

“达西先生，你肯定看到她今天早上的疯癫劲了，”彬格莱小姐说，“我想你不会希望你的妹妹这样丢人现眼吧。”

“当然不会。”

“不管怎么说，走了四五公里，烂泥没到了脚脖子，又是一个人，没有一个人做伴！我似乎看到一种可怕的独立性，一种乡下女孩对什么该做、什么不该做的漠视。”

“我想这表现出对姐姐的手足之情，是难能可贵的。”彬格莱说。

“达西先生，”彬格莱小姐小声说，“恐怕她这次冒险削弱了你对她眼睛的喜爱吧。”

“一点没有，”他回答说，“一运动眼睛反而更加明亮了。”

稍作停顿之后，赫斯特夫人又开始了。“我很喜欢简·班纳特，她真是个很可爱的女孩，我真心希望她能找个好男人。可是，父母是那样，亲戚又那么粗俗，我想她是不会有这样的机会的。”

“我想班纳特家的姑娘有个姨父在麦里屯做律师。”

“是的，她们还有个舅舅在齐普赛开店呢。伦敦的这个地方真不错！”姐妹俩纵声大笑。

“假使她们父母的兄弟多得能把齐普赛塞满，”彬格莱大声说，“那也不会使她们的魅力有任何减少！”

“可是这必将大大减少她们同世界上任何有地位的男人结婚的机会，”达西回答道。

彬格莱没有回答，可是他的姐妹们兴高采烈地表示同意，并继续嘲笑了一会儿亲爱的朋友的下贱亲戚。

深夜，伊丽莎白看到简睡着了，心里很高兴，她觉得应该再到楼下去。她发现那些人在客厅打牌，虽然他们邀请她一起玩，可是她有礼貌地拒绝了，并拿起一本书读了起来。

“如果你愿意读，我可以给你多拿几本来，”彬格莱提出，“不过，恐怕我没有个大图书馆。不像你，我太懒，不读什么书。”

“达西先生，你在彭伯里的图书馆多么令人赏心悦目啊！”彬格莱小姐说。“那幢房子多漂亮啊！查尔斯，你买房子时，我希望有彭伯里的一半那么可爱就行了。”

“我也希望如此，”彬格莱附和道。

“还有，你那可爱的小妹怎么样了，达西先生？我估计春天以来她又长高了吧！我多想再见到她呀！我见过的人还没有哪个像她那样使我感到快活！她的相貌，她的风度！还有小小年纪就多才多艺！”

“我总觉得奇怪，”彬格莱说，“我发现如今的年轻小姐们都是多才多艺。她们哪儿来的时间，哪儿有耐心来学习这些技艺呢？”

“当然是人们把‘多才多艺’这个词用滥了，”达西说，“不过，你把小姐们都称为多才多艺，我则完全不敢苟同。真正多才多艺的据我所知不过五六个人。”

“那样的话，”伊丽莎白说，“你所谓的多才多艺一定要具备多种优良品质才行啦。”

“是的，要有多种优良品质。”

“啊！当然啦，”他忠实的帮腔者彬格莱小姐大声说道，“多才多艺的人必须通晓音乐、演唱、绘画、舞蹈和现代语言，除此之外，还要注意行姿、嗓音和举止。”

“所有这些都必须具备，”达西补充道，“除此之外，还有更实在的，那就是要博览群书，扩大视野。”

“这么说来，你只知道五六个多才多艺的人，就不足为怪了，”伊丽莎白说。

“你竟然还知道有这样的人存在，我感到相当惊讶。我还从来没有见过你所谓的集优雅、智慧和知识于一身的女人呢。”

赫斯特太太和彬格莱小姐大声抗议说，她们认识很多这样的妇女。这时，赫斯特先生叫她们不要分心，注意玩牌。因为这就意味着谈话的

结束，所以，伊丽莎白不久就离开了房间。

“伊丽莎白·班纳特小姐，”彬格莱小姐对达西说，“是那种贬低别人抬高自己以吸引男人的女人。我以为这是很卑鄙的。”

“你说得对，”达西说，“女人用来吸引男人的所有花招都是卑鄙的。”

彬格莱小姐对这个回答不够满意，谈话就此中断了。

第二天早晨，伊丽莎白很高兴地通知彬格莱先生和她的姐妹说，简的状况大为改善。

不过，虽然病情大为好转，伊丽莎白还是想让人叫母亲过来，听听她对于简的健康状况的意见。于是，早饭过后不久，班纳特太太在两个小女儿的陪同下，到达了尼日斐。

听到母亲说简的病不要紧，伊丽莎白松了口气。尽管如此，当她看到彬格莱姐妹取笑她母亲说的话时，她开始后悔不该叫母亲过来。伊丽莎白为母亲感到脸红，因为母亲所说的每句话都不自觉地表现出她缺乏头脑和起码的见识。

吉蒂和丽迪亚给人的印象也一样坏。她们俩一直在窃窃私语，可是突然那个迷人的、充满自信的、15岁就发育成熟的丽迪亚十分无礼地出了一下风头。她恳求彬格莱先生在尼日斐举行一次舞会。彬格莱先生像往常一样，彬彬有礼地答应说他会举办的，不过伊丽莎白看到他的姐妹别有用心地交换了一下眼色。母亲和妹妹走了以后，她感到很高兴。她和简要在尼日斐再呆一个晚上，等到简完全恢复后再走。

那天晚上，伊丽莎白再次来到起居室。她不可避免地注意到达西先生的目光频繁地落在自己身上。不过，她觉得，这样一位大人物是不可能爱慕她的，所以，她就假定他注视她时，是在挑她的毛病。这种想法并没有使她感到痛苦，因为她不爱他，所以并不在乎他心里怎么想。

她与他交谈时，总是带点儿讥讽的口吻，有点期望能惹他生气，但他的回答却出人意料地心平气和和彬彬有礼。达西以前还从来没有被哪个女人这样迷住过。他真心认为，要不是她出身这么卑微，他还真有爱上她的危险。彬格莱小姐的所见所疑足以使她醋性大发，由于希望摆脱掉伊丽莎白，她盼望好友简早日康复的焦虑心情更是与日俱增。

伊丽莎白和她姐姐（现在已经基本康复）第二天就要回家了，这对于尼日斐几乎所有人来讲，也许都是求之不得的。只有彬格莱先生对她们的离别感到真正的难过，并且担心简还没有完全康复，不宜出门。达西先生松了口气，并决定此时此刻不能流露出对伊丽莎白有半点爱慕之情。随着离别时刻的到来，彬格莱小姐对伊丽莎白的客气程度以及对简的感情迅速增加，到与她们道别时，竟能说出许多令人心里暖烘烘的友好之辞来，她还许诺不久将对她们进行一次拜访。

班纳特先生见到两个年长些的女儿回家来，自然十分高兴，因为她们不在时，他总觉得家里少了点儿什么。可是班纳特太太本希望她们多住些日子，看到她们这么早回来，心里相当失望。

3 Mr Collins visits Longbourn

‘I hope, my dear,’ said Mr Bennet to his wife at break-fast the next morning, ‘that you have told the cook to send up a good dinner today, as I am expecting a visitor.’

‘Who is it, my dear? I know of nobody who is coming, unless Charlotte Lucas happens to call in, and I hope my dinners are good enough for her.’

‘The person I’m talking about is a gentleman and a stranger.’

Mrs Bennet’s eyes shone with excitement. ‘It’s Mr Bingley, I’m sure! Why, Jane, you never mentioned it! Well, I’ll be extremely glad to see him. Lydia, my love, ring the bell. I must speak to the cook at once.’

‘It is not Mr Bingley,’ said her husband. ‘It’s a person whom I have never seen before.’

This caused general astonishment, and he had the pleasure of being eagerly questioned by his wife and five daughters all at the same time. Having amused himself for some time with their curiosity, he finally explained. ‘I have recently received a letter from my cousin, Mr Collins, who, as you know, will inherit all my property when I die, and may throw you out of this house as soon as he wants.’

‘Oh, my dear!’ cried his wife. ‘Please don’t mention that hateful man. It’s the hardest thing in the world to accept the fact that your property is not left to your own children, and I’m sure, if I were you, I’d have tried to do something about it.’

Jane and Elizabeth tried to explain the legal situation to her again. They had often attempted to do this before. But it was a matter which Mrs Bennet refused to understand, and she continued to complain bitterly about Mr Collins.

‘It certainly is most unjust,’ agreed Mr Bennet, ‘and nothing can clear Mr Collins from the guilt of inheriting this house. But if you listen while I read his letter to you, you may perhaps be a little softened by his manner of expressing himself.’

He read aloud the following letter:

Dear Sir,

The disagreement between you and my late respected father always worried me, and since his death I have frequently wished to improve the relationship between our families. After a long period of study and training I have recently become a priest, and have been fortunate enough to gain the patronage of Lady Catherine de Bourgh, widow of Sir Lewis de Bourgh. This generous lady has given me the post of rector at Hunsford, which was luckily vacant. Hunsford is the village near her own large country house in Kent. Here I carry out the duties of my profession whenever necessary, and I take great care to behave at all times with grateful respect towards her ladyship. As a priest, moreover, I feel it my duty to encourage all families in my area of influence to live peacefully. Because of this, I flatter myself that I am acting correctly in offering you my friendship. I am of course concerned that when I eventually inherit all your property, your daughters will doubtless be very poor, and I do apologize for this. I promise you I am ready to make amends in every possible way—but more about this later. If you do not object, I propose to visit you and your family on Monday November 18th, at four o’ clock, and shall probably stay until the following Saturday week. This will cause me no inconvenience at all, as Lady Catherine is far from objecting to my occasional absence from my duties.

I remain, dear sir, with respectful good wishes to your lady and your daughters, your friend, William Collins.

‘So we can expect this peace-making gentleman at four o’ clock today,’ said Mr Bennet, as he folded up the letter. ‘He appears to be a most polite and serious young man. How considerate of Lady Catherine to allow him to visit us!’

‘Well, if he is ready to make amends to the girls in some way, I shall certainly not discourage him,’ said Mrs Bennet.

‘Although it’s difficult,’ said Jane, ‘to guess how he intends to do that, it’s good of him to want to help us.’

‘I think he’s peculiar,’ said Elizabeth. ‘He sounds too pleased with himself, and he speaks so politely of Lady Catherine! And why does he apologize for inheriting Father’s property in future? We know it’s not his fault. Can he be a sensible man, sir?’ she added, turning to Mr Bennet.

‘No, my dear, I think not. I have great hopes of finding him quite the opposite. There is a mixture of servility and self-importance in his letter, which promises to be entertaining. I am impatient to see him.’

Mary, the middle daughter, who spent most of her time reading and who seldom joined in family conversations, now remarked that in her opinion his letter was well expressed. But Kitty and Lydia did not show any interest in the letter or its writer. As it was highly unlikely that their cousin would arrive in a regimental uniform, they could not imagine having any pleasure in meeting him. Their mother, however, had changed her attitude towards Mr Collins after his letter, and was now preparing to meet him with such calmness that it astonished her husband and daughters.

Mr Collins arrived punctually, and was received with great politeness by the whole family. Mr Bennet indeed said little, but the ladies were ready enough to talk, and Mr Collins did not seem in need of encouragement. He was a tall, heavy-looking young man of twenty-five. His expression was serious, and his manners very formal. Soon after his arrival, he said to Mrs Bennet, ‘Madam, I must compliment you on having such a fine family of daughters. I had heard much of their beauty, but I find them even more beautiful than reports have stated. I do not doubt you will see them all well married quite soon.’

Mrs Bennet never quarrelled with compliments, and she answered, ‘You’re very kind, sir, and indeed I do hope so, because otherwise they’ll have nothing at all to live on.’

‘You refer perhaps to my inheriting the Bennet property?’

‘Ah, yes, sir, I do! You must confess it is a sad business for my poor girls.’

‘I am very aware, madam, of the hardship to your lovely daughters—and could say more about this, but I am cautious of saying too much too soon. But I would like to say that I have come prepared to admire the young ladies. And perhaps when we

know each other better—’

The bell rang for dinner, and the family moved into the dining-room with their guest. The girls smiled secretly at each other, as Mr Collins praised the hall, the dining-room and all the furniture. Mrs Bennet would normally have been delighted with such praise, but she could not help thinking that he was perhaps admiring it all as his future property. The dinner, too, he considered excellent, and he asked which of his charming cousins was responsible for it. But Mrs Bennet explained quite sharply to him that they were very well able to afford a good cook, and that her daughters had nothing to do in the kitchen. He begged her pardon immediately for offending her, and continued to apologize for about a quarter of an hour.

Mr Bennet had hardly spoken up to now, but he thought it was time to enter the conversation. ‘You seem very fortunate in your patron, Mr Collins,’ he said.

He could not have chosen a better opening remark. Mr Collins spoke enthusiastically for several minutes in praise of Lady Catherine. ‘Never in my life have I witnessed such considerate behaviour in a person of high birth! Although she is such a great lady, she has never treated me with disdain. She talks to me almost as an equal, and gives me advice. For example, she has recommended me to marry as soon as possible. And do you know, she has asked me to dinner twice at her house! Some people consider her proud, but she has only ever been kind to me. She even took the trouble to visit my small house, and was thoughtful enough to suggest one or two improvements—some shelves upstairs.’

‘That is very correct and polite, I’m sure,’ said Mrs Bennet. ‘Does she live near you, sir?’

‘Only a small country road separates my poor house from Rosings Park, her ladyship’s home.’

‘I think you said she is a widow? Has she any family?’

‘She has only one daughter, who will inherit Rosings and all Lady Catherine’s property. A most charming young lady, unfortunately in weak health. I often pay her some little compliment on her appearance or her accomplishments when I visit Rosings. Lady Catherine appreciates these compliments to her daughter, and I see it as my duty to please her ladyship.’

‘I am sure you’re right,’ said Mr Bennet. ‘No doubt you are expert at flattering with delicacy. May I ask how you think of these pleasing compliments?’

‘Some of them come to me at the time, but in my spare moments I do occasionally prepare a few words which may be suitable for different occasions.’

Mr Bennet listened to his cousin with the greatest enjoyment. Mr Collins was as foolish as he had hoped. But by tea-time Mr Bennet had had enough, and after tea, asked his guest to read aloud to the ladies. However, when a novel was handed to Mr Collins, he looked shocked, and protested that he never read novels. He chose a religious book instead, and started reading in a slow, serious voice. Lydia could not hide her boredom for long, and after only three pages she interrupted him rudely, to ask her mother a question about one of the officers in Meryton Mr Collins was offended, and refused to read any more, although Mrs Bennet and her other daughters apologized for Lydia’s lack of manners.

Mr Collins was not a sensible man, and neither education nor society had improved him. The respect he felt for his patron, and his very good opinion of himself and his new position, made him proud and servile at the same time. Now that he had a home and a considerable income, he had decided to marry. The Bennet girls, who would lose their inheritance because of him, had a reputation for being attractive and charming, and his idea of making amends to them was to marry one of them. He considered this an excellent plan, and thought himself extremely generous and unselfish in carrying it out.

He had known he was right when he arrived at Longbourn and saw Jane Bennet’s lovely face. As the eldest, she should marry first, and for the first evening she was his choice. But the next morning, after a fifteen-minute conversation with Mrs Bennet, he had to change his mind. When he explained that he was hoping to find a wife among her daughters, she replied, with a happy smile, that her eldest daughter was very likely to be engaged soon. ‘But there are my other daughters, Mr Collins,’ she continued, encouragingly.

Mr Collins had only to change from Jane to Elizabeth, and it was soon done—done while Mrs Bennet was pouring the tea. Next to Jane in birth and beauty, Elizabeth was the obvious choice.

Mr Bennet was delighted, hoping that she might soon have two daughters married. The man whom she had so disliked the day before was now a favourite with her.

3 柯林斯先生造访浪搏恩

“亲爱的，我希望你已经通知过厨师今天送上一份像样的晚饭，我有客人来。”第二天早饭后班纳特先生对妻子说。

“亲爱的，是谁？除了夏洛特·卢卡斯偶尔来一趟，我不知道谁还会来。要是她，家常便饭就够了。”

“我说的那个人是个有教养的男人，一个陌生人。”

班纳特太太激动得两眼放光。“是彬格莱先生，我敢肯定！简，你怎么从来没有提过！啊，能见到他我高兴极了。丽迪亚，我的乖，快拉铃。我得马上跟厨师讲。”

“不是彬格莱先生，”她丈夫说，“这个人我以前从来没有见过。”

一言既出，满座皆惊。太太和五个女儿异口同声，急切地向他发问，这使他十分得意。他先拿她们的好奇心逗了一会儿乐，最后作了解释。“最近，我收到了远房侄子柯林斯先生的一封来信。你们知道，我死后他要继承我的一切财产，到时候可能随时把你们赶出这幢房子。”

“哦，亲爱的！”他妻子叫道。“请不要提那个可恶的家伙。自己的财产不留给自己的孩子，这恐怕是世界上最难叫人接受的事情了。我要是你的话，肯定不会就此罢休。”

简和伊丽莎白又向她解释了一遍法律上的具体情况。她们以前经常向她解释，可是这种事班纳特太太拒不理解，她继续叫苦不迭地对柯林斯先生发牢骚。

“这件事当然很不公平，”班纳特先生表示赞同，“柯林斯先生继承这幢房子受之有愧，无论怎样他都难以免于这种愧疚。可是，如果你愿意听听他的来信，他说话的口气也许会使你的态度缓和一点。”

他大声朗读了以下这封信：

亲爱的先生，

阁下与先父之不和一直令我深感不安。自从先父去世之后我一直希望重修两家之好。经过长期学习与培训，我已于最近成为牧师，并万分

荣幸地获得刘易斯·德·包尔公爵的遗孀凯瑟琳·德·包尔夫人的恩宠。这位慷慨的夫人将汉斯福的教区长职位赐与了我，当时，这个职位正好空缺。汉斯福是个村庄，位于这位夫人在肯特郡巨大的乡间别墅附近。在此，一有必要，我便履行自己的职责，而且无时无刻不极力表现出对夫人的感激和尊敬。另外，作为一名牧师，我感到有责任尽我力之所及，促进本教区家家户户亲善和睦。有鉴于此，我自信向您伸出友谊之手是正确之举。我最终继承您的财产之后，诸位令媛一定会一无所有，对此我自然深感不安，并为此真切道歉。我向您保证我愿意尽一切可能给予补偿——这一点容后再叙。如果您不反对，我拟于11月18日星期一4点钟前来拜谒您和全家，并有可能在贵府打扰至星期六离开。这不会引起我什么不便，因为凯瑟琳夫人对于我偶尔离开职守绝无反对之意。

亲爱的先生，我向尊夫人及诸位令媛致以尊敬的、良好的祝愿。您的朋友威廉·柯林斯。

“所以，今天下午4点这位和事佬先生就要来了，”班纳特先生说着，一面把信折叠起来。“他像是一位知书达礼、严肃认真的年轻人。凯瑟琳夫人允许他拜访我们，真是体贴入微呀！”

“那么，如果他愿意用某种方式给女儿们以补偿的话，我当然不会给他泼冷水，”班纳特太太说。

“虽然很难猜测，”简说，“他打算如何补偿我们，不过，他想帮助我们，倒是件好事。”

“我觉得他有点儿古怪，”伊丽莎白说。“他听起来过于自鸣得意，谈起凯瑟琳夫人又过于客气！他将来继承父亲的财产为什么要道歉？我们知道那不是他的错。先生，他会是个理智的人吗？”她转向班纳特先生，补充道。

“我想不是，亲爱的。他极有可能恰恰相反。他在信中显得既卑躬屈膝，又妄自尊大，这一定很有趣，我真想马上见到他。”

年纪居中的女儿玛丽大部分时间都在读书，很少参与家人的谈话，这时她插话说，在她看来，这封信意思表达得恰如其分。可是吉蒂和丽迪亚对这封信和它的作者没表现出任何兴趣。她们想象不出来见到表兄会有什么乐趣，因为他极不可能穿着军服来。不过，她们的母亲听完信之后改变了对柯林斯先生的态度，现在准备着心平气和地迎接他，这使得丈夫和女儿们大为惊讶。

柯林斯先生准时到达，受到了全家极为客气的接待。班纳特先生实际上没说几句话，可是女士们总是有话可说，而柯林斯先生似乎也不需要鼓励。这个年轻人25岁，高高的个子，样子很稳重。他表情严肃，言谈拘谨。他来到不久，就对班纳特太太说：“夫人，您有这么懂事的女儿，我必须向您表示祝贺。关于她们的美貌我耳闻很多，如今相见，才知道比传闻的漂亮百倍。我相信，您不久就会看到她们一个个喜结良缘。”

对于别人的夸奖，班纳特太太从来不争执，于是她回答道：“谢谢你的吉言，先生，我确实希望她们找到好男人，不然的话，她们生活就无依无靠了。”

“您大概是指我要继承班纳特家的财产一事吧？”

“啊，是的，先生，一点儿不错！你也得承认，对我那可怜的女儿来说，这可不是什么令人高兴的事。”

“夫人，我十分清楚令媛们的困难处境——关于这一点，我还有话要说，可是我十分注意讲话要宁少勿多，宁晚勿早。不过，我愿意告诉您，对于到这里后对姑娘们产生爱慕之情，我是有思想准备的。也许等我们互相熟悉之后——”

开饭的铃声响了，全家人同客人一起来到了餐厅。柯林斯先生称赞客厅、餐厅和所有的家具，姑娘们对此偷偷地相视而笑。要在往常，班纳特夫人听到这样的赞美，一定会乐滋滋的，可是这次她禁不住心里嘀咕，说不定他是在欣赏自己未来的财产呢。晚饭他也说好极了，就问是哪位迷人的表妹的手艺。可是班纳特夫人十分尖刻地向他解释说，他们完全请得起好厨师，女儿们根本不用下厨房。他于是赶紧请她原谅自己的冒失，接着又道歉了大约一刻钟。

到现在为止，班纳特先生几乎还没有说什么话，但是，他觉得现在应该介入谈话了。“柯林斯先生，你被授与圣职似乎非常幸运，”他说。

他选的这句开场白再合适不过了。柯林斯先生兴致勃勃地讲了几分钟，称赞凯瑟琳夫人。“我一生中还从来没有见过出身如此高贵的人会这样体贴人！虽然她是一位贵妇人，可是她从来都没有看不起我。她和我谈话几乎就像和同等身份的人谈话一样，还给我提出建议。例如，她建议我尽早结婚。而且，您知道吗，她请我到她家吃过两次饭！有人认为她高傲，可是她对我从来都很和蔼。她甚至不怕麻烦到寒舍去过一次，还十分细心地让我作一两处改进——在楼上放几个架子。”

“我相信她做得很对、很有礼貌，”班纳特太太说，“她住得离你近吗，先生？”

“夫人的家、罗新斯庄园和寒舍仅有一条乡间小路相隔。”

“我想你刚说过她是个寡妇？有孩子吗？”

“她只有一个女儿，将会继承罗新斯庄园和凯瑟琳夫人所有的财产。是一位很有魅力的年轻小姐，可惜健康状况欠佳。我拜访罗新斯时经常稍稍称赞一下她的容貌和才艺。凯瑟琳夫人很喜欢对她女儿的称赞。我把取悦夫人当成了我的职责。”

“我认为你做得对，”班纳特先生说。“你奉承人体贴入微，毫无疑问是个专家。请问你是怎么想起这些取悦之辞的？”

“有些是当下随口说的，不过，空闲时我也准备几句，也许在不同的场合可以用上。”

班纳特先生饶有兴趣地听了这位侄子的谈话。柯林斯先生正像他所预料的那样愚蠢。到喝茶时分，班纳特先生觉得已经听够了，茶点过后，他便请客人给姑娘们大声读点东西。可是，柯林斯先生一看到递给他的是小说，脸上马上露出吃惊的神色，坚持说他从来不读小说。相反，他选了一本宗教方面的书，然后用缓慢、严肃的声调读了起来。丽迪亚不会长时间地掩饰自己的厌倦情绪，他只读了三页，她便粗鲁地打断了他，问她母亲麦里屯一位军官的情况怎么样了。柯林斯先生感情受到了伤害，拒绝再往下读，尽管班纳特太太和其他几个女儿为丽迪亚的失礼道了歉。

柯林斯先生不是一位很有理智的人，教育和社会都改变不了他。对保护人的尊敬、自命不凡和新职位使得傲气和奴性在他身上并存。他现在既然有了窝，收入又相当可观，于是便决定结婚了。班纳特家的姑娘以娇媚迷人闻名遐迩，他所谓的补偿就是同其中的一位姑娘结婚，以弥补这些姑娘因为他而失去的继承权。他认为这是一个极好的计划，还觉得自己使之付诸实施，非常慷慨无私。

他到达浪搏恩，见了简·班纳特可爱的脸蛋后，便肯定自己的决定是正确的。简作为长女，应当首先结婚，在头天晚上，他就选中了她。但第二天早上与班纳特太太经过15分钟的交谈，他就不得不改变自己的想法了。他解释说他要几位姑娘中找一位妻子时，班纳特太太脸上洋溢着幸福的微笑，她回答说，大女儿很可能不久就订婚。“可是我还有别的女儿呢，柯林斯先生，”她继续说，语调中带着鼓励。

柯林斯先生不得不把简换成伊丽莎白，不一会儿就定了下来——班纳特太太沏茶时他做出了决定。伊丽莎白在年龄和姿色上都仅次于简，选她是很显然的。

班纳特太太乐滋滋的，满心希望不久将有两个女儿嫁出去。前一天她还感到厌恶的那个男人一下子成了她的掌上明珠。

4 Elizabeth meets Mr Wickham

When later that morning Lydia suggested walking to Meryton to see some of the officers, all her sisters except Mary agreed to accompany her. Even Mr Collins went with them, encouraged by Mr Bennet, who was by now most anxious to have some time to himself. During their walk, the girls listened politely to Mr Collins's self-important speeches, but as soon as they entered Meryton, the younger ones no longer even pretended to be interested in his conversation, but looked eagerly around in search of the officers.

Just then all the young ladies noticed a very gentleman-like young man, whom they had never seen before, walking down the street with an officer they knew. They were all wondering who the handsome stranger could be, when the officer came up to them to greet them. He asked permission to introduce his friend, whose name was Mr Wickham, and who had apparently arrived recently from London, to become an officer in the regiment. This was exactly as it should be, because the young man only needed an officer's uniform to become completely charming. He was very good-looking, with a very pleasant, sociable manner, and after the introductions, conversation flowed most enjoyably in the little group. They were still standing and talking happily together, when they heard the sound of horses, and saw Darcy and Bingley riding down the street. The two gentlemen came straight towards the ladies to greet them. Bingley was clearly most interested in Jane Bennet, and started talking particularly to her. Darcy, however, was just determining not to look at Elizabeth, when he suddenly noticed the stranger. By chance Elizabeth saw Darcy's and Wickham's faces at the moment when they caught sight of each other, and she was astonished at the effect of the meeting. Both changed colour, one white, the other red. After a few moments Mr Wickham touched his hat, and Mr Darcy nodded very slightly. What could this mean? It was impossible to imagine, and it was impossible not to wish to know.

In another moment Mr Bingley, who did not seem to have noticed what had happened, said goodbye and rode away with Mr Darcy. The two officers accompanied the young ladies to Mrs Philips' house, but did not go in, in spite of Lydia's repeated invitations. Mrs Philips was always glad to see her nieces, and welcomed Mr Collins most politely when he was introduced to her. She did not, however, have any more information for the girls about the agreeable Mr Wickham.

'But I tell you what, my dears,' she said brightly, 'I'm giving a little supper party for some of the officers tomorrow. I'll ask Mr Philips to visit Mr Wickham and invite him to come too. Will you all come as well?'

The girls were delighted and agreed at once to this arrangement, and the whole group walked back to Longbourn, happily discussing the enjoyable evening they were going to have. Mr Collins had been very impressed with Mrs Philips' politeness, and when they reached Longbourn, he complimented Mrs Bennet on her sister's elegance and charming manners.

The next evening the carriage took him and his five cousins to Meryton, and the girls had the pleasure of hearing, as they entered the hall, that Mr Wickham had accepted their uncle's invitation, and was at that moment in the house.

When Mr Collins was shown into the sitting-room, and had time to look around and admire it, he said immediately to Mrs Philips, 'Madam, I must compliment you on the size and furniture of this room. Really, I could almost imagine myself in the smaller summer breakfast-room at Rosings!'

This remark did not at first please his hostess very much, but when she heard from him what Rosings was, and who its owner was, and how much Lady Catherine's furniture cost, she realized what a great compliment it was. During the evening Mr Collins found Mrs Philips a kind and attentive listener, which was fortunate, as the Bennet girls could not bring themselves to listen to him any longer.

All the ladies were impatient to see Mr Wickham, and when he came into the room, he appeared far more charming and gentlemanly than any of the officers present. He was the lucky man towards whom almost every female eye turned, and Elizabeth was the lucky woman beside whom he finally took his seat. His pleasant way of making conversation made her feel that he could talk interestingly about anything. As he did not play cards, which some of the party were doing, he stayed talking to Elizabeth for a large part of the evening. She hoped he would tell her how he knew Mr Darcy, but she dared not mention that gentleman. Luckily, however, Mr Wickham himself began to talk about it, although in a rather hesitating manner.

'Netherfield is quite near Meryton, I suppose? How long has—has Mr Darcy been staying there?'

'He has been there about a month,' replied Elizabeth. Unwilling to let the matter drop, she added, 'He is a man of very large property in Derbyshire, I understand.'

'Yes,' replied Wickham, 'his income is ten thousand a year at least. I know more about him than most people, as I have been closely connected with his family since childhood.'

Elizabeth could only look surprised.

'You might well be surprised, Miss Bennet, at my saying that, after noticing, as you probably did, the very cold manner of our meeting yesterday. Do you know Mr Darcy well?'

'As well as I ever wish to!' cried Elizabeth. 'I've spent four days in the same house as him, and I consider him very disagreeable.'

'I've known him too long and too well to judge fairly whether he's disagreeable or not. But I believe most people would be astonished by your opinion.'

'He is not at all liked here in Hertfordshire. Everybody is disgusted with his pride. You won't find him praised by any one.'

'I can't pretend to be sorry that he is valued as he deserves, but with him I believe it doesn't often happen. The world is blinded by his fortune and importance, or frightened by his proud behaviour, and sees him only as he chooses to be seen.' After a pause Wickham added, 'I wonder if he's likely to stay at Netherfield much longer.'

'I don't know at all, but I hope his presence won't stop you becoming an officer in the regiment here.'

'Oh no! I won't be driven away by Mr Darcy. If he wishes to avoid seeing me, he must go. The reason I have for avoiding him is one I could easily make public to the whole world—he has treated me very badly. His late father, Miss Bennet, was one of the best men who ever lived, and the most faithful friend I ever had. And whenever I'm with this Mr Darcy, I think of his father with the most painful regret. Mr Darcy has behaved wickedly towards me, but I could forgive him anything except

the insult to his father's memory. '

Elizabeth was fascinated, and listened eagerly, but did not like to ask any questions. Mr Wickham began to speak more generally about Meryton and the charming people he had met there.

In fact, that's why I was tempted to join the regiment. I'd heard that Meryton society is most agreeable. Society, I confess, is necessary to me. I have been a disappointed man, you see. I did not intend to join the army at all. The Church ought to have been my profession, and I should at this moment have a comfortable income as a Derbyshire rector, if the gentleman we were speaking of just now had wished it. '

'Indeed! '

'Yes—Mr Darcy's father had always been very fond of me, and intended to give me the post of rector of Pemberley. But unfortunately, after his death, when the post became vacant, it was given to someone else. '

'No! ' cried Elizabeth, horrified. 'But how could that happen? Why didn't you get legal advice, and claim what was rightfully yours? '

Mr Darcy's father had not stated his wish in writing. A man of honour could not have doubted his intention, but Mr Darcy chose to treat it as a recommendation only. I really can not accuse myself of having done anything to deserve to lose the post. The fact is, he hates me. I think he was jealous of his father's affection for me, which annoyed him from the beginning.

'This is very shocking! I hadn't thought Mr Darcy as bad as this, although I've never liked him. I assumed he felt superior to everyone else, but did not suspect him of behaving in such a wicked, unjust, inhuman way! '

'We grew up together at Pemberley, you know. My father gave up all his time to take care of the Pemberley farms, and was greatly appreciated as a close friend by the late Mr Darcy, who promised just before my father's death to provide for me. The present Mr Darcy did not choose to respect that promise. '

'How strange that Mr Darcy's pride has not made him help you! Surely he's too proud to wish to appear dishonest—which is what I must call him. '

'He's certainly very proud—proud of his position, his family, his father, and his sister, too, you know. '

'What sort of a girl is Miss Darcy? '

He shook his head. 'It gives me pain to criticize a Darcy. But she's too much like her brother—very, very proud. She's a handsome girl of about fifteen or sixteen, and, I understand, extremely accomplished. '

'I am astonished at Mr Darcy's close friendship with Mr Bingley! How can Mr Bingley, who seems so charming and kind, be friendly with such a man? '

'I don't know Mr Bingley at all, but Mr Darcy can be a pleasant companion if he thinks it worthwhile. '

Just then they were joined by some of the others, and the conversation became more general. When Mr Collins was talking to Mrs Philips about his patron, Mr Wickham looked quickly in his direction, and then asked Elizabeth, 'Does your cousin know Lady Catherine de Bourgh very well? '

'I don't think he has known her for long, but she has recently given him the post of rector of Hunsford. '

'Perhaps you know that Lady Catherine is the present Mr Darcy's aunt? I believe she is planning to marry her daughter, who will inherit a fortune, to Mr Darcy. '

This information made Elizabeth smile, as she thought of poor Miss Bingley's efforts to attract Mr Darcy, which might all be in vain. The supper party came to an end, and Elizabeth went away with her head full of Mr Wickham. She could think of nothing but him, and what he had told her, all the way home.

The next day she told Jane everything she had discussed with Mr Wickham. Jane listened with astonishment and concern. She could not believe that Mr Darcy could so little deserve Mr Bingley's friendship, and yet she did not want to doubt the truthfulness of such an agreeable young man as Mr Wickham. Elizabeth, however, felt sure that Mr Darcy was to blame.

That morning an invitation arrived at Longbourn. Mr Bingley had fixed the date for the ball he had promised to give at Netherfield, and it was to be on the following Tuesday. Every female in the Bennet family was looking forward to it, even Mary, who lifted her head from her book to say, unsmiling, 'As long as I have my mornings free for serious reading, I do not mind meeting people in the evenings. I consider some relaxation and amusement is good for everybody. '

Elizabeth felt so cheerful at the thought of dancing with Mr Wickham that she made an unusual effort to speak kindly to Mr Collins.

'Will you accept Mr Bingley's invitation, sir? And if you do, will you, as a priest, consider it right to dance? '

'I shall certainly accept, and I am so far from objecting to dancing that I hope to have the honour of dancing with all my beautiful cousins. I take this opportunity of asking you, Miss Elizabeth, for the first two dances especially. '

She was very surprised, and rather annoyed. She had hoped that Wickham would ask her for those dances, but now she would have Mr Collins instead! She could not refuse, however, and his request also worried her in another way. His manner to her seemed particularly flattering, which gave her the unwelcome idea that perhaps she had been chosen from among her sisters to be the rector of Hunsford's wife. As she observed the increasing number of compliments he paid to her beauty and character, she felt sure that he intended to propose marriage. For the moment, however, she decided to do nothing, but wait and see.

On Tuesday evening, when Elizabeth entered the hall at Netherfield and looked in vain for Mr Wickham among the red coats gathered there, she was surprised and disappointed to see he was not present. She had never doubted he would come, and had dressed with more than her usual care, looking forward to winning his heart, which she knew was already partly hers. But she immediately suspected that Darcy had persuaded Bingley not to invite Wickham, and although she discovered from one of the officers that in fact Wickham had been invited, but had been called away on business, she felt sure Wickham had wanted to avoid meeting Darcy, and blamed Darcy for this. As a result, when Darcy greeted her, she was so annoyed with him that she could hardly reply politely.

But she soon became more cheerful, and determined to enjoy the ball in spite of Wickham's absence. Unfortunately, the first two dances, with Mr Collins, were painfully embarrassing, as her cousin had no idea how to dance, and moved extremely awkwardly. She was relieved to leave him, and have the third dance with an officer, who gave her great pleasure by talking about Wickham and his popularity in the regiment. After this, she was very surprised to be approached by Mr Darcy and invited to dance. She was so astonished, in fact, that she accepted him without thinking, and found herself standing opposite him on the dance floor. 'What an honour for me, to be allowed to dance with Mr Darcy!' she thought. They danced for some time in silence, and then she made a remark. He replied, and was silent again. After a pause, she spoke again.

'Now you must say something, Mr Darcy. You could remark on the size of the room, or the number of couples.'

He smiled. 'I'll say whatever you wish me to say.'

'Very well. That reply will do for the moment. Perhaps soon I'll observe that private balls are much pleasanter than public ones. But now we can be silent. Conversation needs to be arranged in this way so that those people who don't enjoy talking are not required to make any effort.'

'Are you referring to yourself, or are you thinking of me?'

'Both,' said Elizabeth, smiling, 'because I think you and I are similar. We're both unsociable and unwilling to speak, unless we can astonish and impress the whole room.'

'I am sure you aren't like that,' he answered. 'I cannot say whether I am, or not. You obviously think so.'

She said nothing.

'Do you and your sisters often go to Meryton?' he continued.

'We do,' she replied, and, unable to resist the temptation, she added, 'When you met us there last week, we had just been introduced to someone.'

The effect was immediate. There was a new coldness in Darcy's expression. After a moment he said, with difficulty, 'Mr Wickham is so agreeable that he makes friends easily. Whether he can keep them is less certain.'

'He has been unlucky enough to lose your friendship,' replied Elizabeth sharply, 'and in a way which will cause him hardship all his life.' Darcy did not reply to this, and there was only time for a little more conversation before the dance ended.

Elizabeth went to find Jane, and listened with delight as she described her feelings for Bingley, and her confidence in his affection for her. But apart from Jane, it seemed to Elizabeth that if her family had made an agreement to appear as stupid as possible during the ball, they could not have been more successful. First Mr Collins insisted on going to introduce himself to Mr Darcy, the nephew of his respected patron, and was received very coldly. Then, during supper, Mrs Bennet could not be prevented from talking very loudly to Lady Lucas about her great hopes of Jane's marriage to Bingley. Elizabeth blushed in embarrassment when she realized that the Bingley sisters and Mr Darcy were able to hear. Finally, when some music was required, Mary Bennet went confidently to the piano, and sang and played several songs, all rather badly.

The rest of the evening brought Elizabeth little amusement. She could not even go and talk to people she knew, as Mr Collins seemed determined to stay close by her side all evening. Fortunately, her good friend Charlotte Lucas occasionally gave her some relief, by kindly listening to some of Mr Collins' long speeches. At least Elizabeth did not have to talk to Mr Darcy any more. He often stood near her, quite alone, but did not come close enough to speak.

At the end of the evening it was obvious to Elizabeth that although her family had greatly enjoyed the ball, the Bingley sisters were eager for these particular guests to leave. Mr Collins, however, was enthusiastic in his praise of the Bingleys' hospitality, and Mrs Bennet invited the whole Bingley family to visit Longbourn as soon as possible. She was feeling very satisfied, convinced that in three or four months Jane would be married to Bingley. She was also sure that Elizabeth would marry Mr Collins. This was a good enough marriage for Elizabeth, who was her least favourite daughter, but not nearly as impressive as Jane's marriage to Bingley.

4 伊丽莎白巧遇韦翰先生

那天上午晚些时候, 丽迪亚提议步行到麦里屯去见几位军官, 除了玛丽, 几位姐姐都同意陪她去。甚至柯林斯先生也去了。是班纳特先生鼓励他去的, 他现在急切地需要清静一会儿。在路上, 姑娘们很有礼貌地听着柯林斯先生妄自尊大的演讲, 可是, 她们一进入麦里屯, 几位年龄小的便四处张望, 搜索军官的影子, 连听他讲话的样子都不装了。

正在这时, 所有的年轻小姐都注意到了一位风度翩翩的年轻人, 这个人她们以前从未见过, 现在正和一位她们认识的军官沿着大街往前走。她们正在纳闷这位英俊的陌生人是谁, 那位军官走过来和她们打招呼。军官获得允许之后介绍了他的朋友韦翰先生。他显然是新近从伦敦过来的, 调到团里当军官。看来军官就理应他当, 因为这个年轻人只需配上军官制服, 便能使姑娘们完全为之倾倒。此人一表人才, 谈吐文雅, 待人随和, 互相介绍完毕之后, 这个小团体就充满了欢声笑语。他们正站在一块愉快地交谈, 这时他们听到一阵马蹄声, 看见达西和彬格莱骑着马沿街走来。两位先生径直来到姑娘们面前与她们打招呼。彬格莱显然对简·班纳特最感兴趣, 开始跟她一个人谈话。而达西正在下决心不去看伊丽莎白时, 突然注意到了那位陌生人。达西和韦翰目光相撞时, 伊丽莎白正好看到他们两人的脸色。她对两人相遇时的表现感到惊讶不已。两人脸色都变了, 一个白, 一个红。片刻之后, 韦翰先生碰了碰帽子以示行礼, 达西先生则轻微地点了点头。这会是什么意思? 不可能想象得出来, 而且也不可能不想去探个究竟。

彬格莱先生似乎没有注意到刚才发生的事, 过了一会儿便道了别, 与达西先生骑着马走了。两位军官陪着几位小姐到了菲力普斯家, 虽然丽迪亚再三邀请, 但他们没有进去。菲力普斯太太见到外甥女总是十分高兴, 听她们介绍了柯林斯先生后, 很客气地向他表示欢迎。可是, 关于那随和的韦翰先生, 她也不能给姑娘们提供更多的情况。

"不过, 我告诉你们怎么办, 孩子们," 她喜气洋洋地说, "明天我请几位军官吃顿晚饭, 我让菲力普斯先生去拜访一下韦翰先生, 也请他过来。你们大家也都来吗?"

姑娘们兴高采烈, 马上同意了 this 安排, 这一些人便又步行返回浪搏恩, 一路谈论着将要度过的愉快的夜晚。柯林斯先生对于菲力普斯太太的彬彬有礼印象深刻, 到达浪搏恩后, 便向班纳特太太称赞她妹妹迷人绰约的风姿。

第二天晚上, 柯林斯先生和五个表妹乘马车到达麦里屯, 姑娘们一进客厅, 就听说韦翰接受了姨夫的邀请, 而且已经驾到, 感到十分高兴。

柯林斯先生被领到起居室, 四下张望并欣赏了一会儿, 马上对菲力普斯太太说: "夫人, 您的房间如此宽敞, 家具如此精美, 我必须向您

表示祝贺。实际上我几乎可以想象出我正身处罗新斯小型的夏日早餐厅！”

这句话起初并没有使女主人感到十分高兴，可是，当她得知罗新斯是什么、它的主人是谁、凯瑟琳夫人的家具多么昂贵时，她才认识到刚才的话是何等的恭维。那天晚上，柯林斯先生发现菲力普斯太太很和蔼，听别人讲话很专心。这一点使他很幸运，因为班纳特家的姑娘们已经再也耐不住性子听他讲了。

所有的小姐都迫不及待地等着见到韦翰先生。他走进了屋里，显得比在场的任何军官都更有魅力，更有绅士风度。韦翰是当天最幸运的男子，差不多每个女人的目光都转向了他；伊丽莎白是最幸运的女子，因为韦翰终于在她身边坐了下来。他谈话的愉快方式使伊丽莎白感觉到他可以饶有兴趣地谈论任何事情。有些人在打牌，他不打牌，所以，大半个晚上都在与伊丽莎白聊天。伊丽莎白希望他能告诉她他是如何认识达西先生的，可是她不敢提起那个男人。不过，韦翰碰巧自己提起了这个话头，虽然讲起来有些迟疑。

“尼日斐离麦里屯很近吧，我想是？达西先生在那儿呆了有——多长时间了？”

“大约有一个月了，”伊丽莎白回答说。为了不转移话题，她又补充说：“据我所知，他在德比郡有大量财产。”

“是的，”韦翰回答说，“他的年收入至少一万英镑。提起他，我比一般人都更清楚，因为我从小就跟他家关系密切。”

伊丽莎白惊讶不已。

“班纳特小姐，你昨天看到——可能会看到——我们见面时冷冰冰的样子，今天又听了我这番话，我想你会感到很奇怪的。你和达西先生很熟吗？”

“我也只希望跟他这么熟就足够了！”伊丽莎白大声说，“我们在同一屋檐下生活了四天，我觉得这个人很讨厌。”

“我们的交往太久太深，使我不能公平地判断他是否讨厌。可是我觉得多数人都会对你的评价感到震惊。”

“他在哈福德郡这儿可一点也不讨人喜欢。大家对他的高傲都感到恶心。你不会听到任何人赞扬他。”

“他得到这样的评价是罪有应得，我对此表示难过也不是装出来的。但对于他，人们一般不会作出你这样的评价。因为世人都被他的财产和地位蒙住了眼睛，或者被他的傲慢行为吓懵了，只能是他摆出什么样子，大家就看什么样子。”韦翰顿了一下，接着说，“我不知道他是否可能在尼日斐长期呆下去。”

“我一点都不清楚，不过我希望他在这儿不会影响你在这边的兵团成为军官。”

“噢，不会的！我不会被达西先生赶走的。如果他想避免见到我，他应当走。我不想见他的理由我可以轻易地向全世界公开——他待我很糟糕。班纳特小姐，他已故的父亲是世界上最好的人之一，也是我所有朋友中最忠诚的。每当我和现在的达西先生在一起时，我一想到他的父亲，便会充满了最令人痛心的遗憾。达西先生对我十分恶毒，但是，我一切都可以原谅他，就是不能原谅他毁灭了他先父的声名。”

伊丽莎白被强烈地吸引住了，急切地听着，但不想问什么问题。韦翰先生开始泛泛而谈麦里屯和他在那里遇到的轶闻趣事。

“实际上，这也正是我为什么会被吸引到这里参军的缘故。我早就听说麦里屯的社交圈子是十分令人愉快的。我承认，社交对我是必要的，你知道，我是一个生活无望的人。我原来并不打算参军。我应当做牧师。如果我们刚才谈到的那位先生希望的话，我现在应当是德比郡的一名教区长了，有一笔丰厚的收入。”

“是吗！”

“是的——达西先生的父亲一直很疼爱我，打算把彭伯里的牧师职位留给我。可是，遗憾的是，他死后，牧师的职位空缺时，却给了别人。”

“不！”伊丽莎白感到震惊，叫了起来。“可是那怎么可能呢？你为什么不寻求法律帮助，请求获得自己的合法权益？”

“达西先生的父亲没有立书面遗嘱。正直的人是不会怀疑他的意图的，但是达西先生却把它理解为仅仅是一种推荐意见。我确实没有做错什么事，让我丧失这样的职位。事实上是他恨我。我想是他父亲对我的疼爱使他心存妒意，使他一开始就耿耿于怀。”

“真是骇人听闻！虽然我从来没有喜欢过达西先生。可是从来没有想到过他有那样坏。我只是想，他总觉得自己高人一等，可是从来没有怀疑过他会这样邪恶，这样不公正，这样无情！”

“你知道，我们俩在彭伯里一块长大。我父亲把毕生的精力都用于照料彭伯里的农场，因此，已故的达西先生对我父亲十分感激，把父亲看作挚友，就在我父亲临终前，他许诺以后供养我。现在的达西先生没有信守那个诺言。”

“我真感到奇怪，达西先生既然有那样的自尊心，为什么不能帮你一把！确实，他是傲慢过度，不愿显得不诚实——我不能不称之为不诚实。”

“他当然很傲慢——因为自己的地位、家庭、父亲，还有妹妹，你知道。”

“达西小姐是什么样的人？”

他摇了摇头。“批评达西家的人使我感到痛心。但是，她太像她哥哥了——非常、非常傲慢。她是个十五六岁的漂亮小姐，据我所知，很有才气。”

“我对达西先生和彬格莱先生的亲密关系感到震惊！彬格莱先生看起来那么可爱，那么和蔼，怎么会跟这样的人交朋友？”

“我根本不认识彬格莱先生，可是达西先生如果认为值得，也会和颜悦色地和人相处。”

这时，另外几个人加入了他们的谈话，话题就分散了。当柯林斯先生对菲力普斯太太谈起他的保护人时，韦翰先生迅速朝那个方向望了一下，然后问伊丽莎白：“你表兄和凯瑟琳·德·包尔夫人很熟吗？”

“我想他们不会相识多久，但是，她最近把汉斯福的教区长职务给了他。”

“你也许知道凯瑟琳夫人就是现在的达西先生的姨妈？我想她打算把她的女儿嫁给达西先生。她女儿会继承一大笔财产。”

这话使伊丽莎白笑了，因为她想到了可怜的彬格莱小姐，她正在设法吸引达西先生，这下就可能是白费力气了。晚宴结束，伊丽莎白走了，满脑子都是韦翰先生。她一路上只是想着他，和他所说的话。

第二天，她把与韦翰先生的谈话内容全部告诉了简。简又惊讶又关切地听着。她不敢相信达西先生竟如此辜负了彬格莱先生的一番情谊，又不愿怀疑像韦翰先生这样可爱的年轻人所说的话的真实性。但是，伊丽莎白坚信是达西先生的错。

那天上午，浪搏恩的一家受到了邀请。彬格莱先生已经确定了他答应在尼日斐举办的舞会的日子，就在下一个星期二。班纳特一家的所有女性都盼望着这一天，甚至玛丽也不例外。她从书上抬起头，绷着脸说：“只要我上午能空出来读些严肃的书籍，晚上和人交往一下我倒不介意。我认为适度的放松和娱乐对任何人都是有好处的。”

伊丽莎白一想到将要与韦翰先生跳舞了，感到异常兴奋，竟然作出了不同寻常的努力，和柯林斯先生好声好气地说起话来。

“先生，您接受彬格莱先生的邀请吗？如果您接受的话，作为一个牧师，您觉得跳舞合适吗？”

“我当然接受。我不仅不反对跳舞，而且还希望能有幸和所有漂亮的表妹跳上一曲。我借此机会邀请您，伊丽莎白小姐，特别和我跳前两

支曲子。”

她很奇怪，还有点恼火。她希望韦翰请她跳前两场，可现在却要 and 柯林斯先生跳！可是，她不能拒绝，而且，他的请求使她感到担心的还有另外一点。他对她似乎特别殷勤，这给她一种不祥的感觉，即，在众姐妹中莫非是她被选中了做汉斯福教区长的妻子？她观察到他对她的美貌和性格奉承的次数越来越多，便肯定他想要求婚了。不过，目前她决定按兵不动，等着瞧。

星期二晚上，伊丽莎白走进了尼日斐的大厅，在穿着红色制服的军官中怎么也找不到韦翰先生。对他的缺席，伊丽莎白感到又奇怪，又失望。她从来没有想过他会不来，所以刻意打扮了一番，希望赢得他的欢心。她知道，他的心已有一部分属于她了。但是，她马上怀疑是达西说服了彬格莱不要邀请韦翰。尽管她 from 一位军官那里得知实际上韦翰受到了邀请，不过有公务而被抽走了，但她还是肯定，韦翰是想避免见到达西，因此又把罪责推到了达西身上。所以，当达西和她打招呼时，她对他很恼火，几乎不能有礼貌地回答他。

不过，不一会儿她就高兴起来了，并决心在韦翰缺场的情况下尽情享受这个舞会。遗憾的是，和柯林斯先生跳的前两场舞令人十分难堪，因为她的表兄根本不会跳舞，动作笨拙极了。跟他跳完以后，她松了口气。第三场是与一位军官跳的，这位军官谈到韦翰先生和他在团里的好人缘，使她获得很大乐趣。跳完之后，达西先生走近她并请她跳舞，她感到十分惊讶。实际上，她由于过分惊讶，来不及思考就接受了他的邀请，发现自己已经在舞池中站到了他的对面。“能获许同达西先生跳舞，这对我该是多大的荣幸呀！”她想。他们在沉默中跳了一会儿，伊丽莎白说了一句话，他回答完毕，又陷入了沉默。停顿了一下，她又开了口。

“达西先生，你现在得说话了。你可以谈谈房间的大小，或是有几对夫妇。”

他笑了。“你希望我说什么我就说什么。”

“很好。这样的回答现在还可以。也许过不了多久，我会发现私人舞会比公共舞会令人愉快得多。不过，现在我们可以不说话了。安排谈话时不应当强求不喜欢谈话的人费劲去找话说。”

“你是在说自己，还是在说我？”

“两个都说，”伊丽莎白答道，面带微笑，“因为我觉得我和你很相似。我们都不合群，不愿讲话，除非能语惊四座。”

“我敢肯定你不是那样的人，”他回答道。“我说不上自己是或者不是。你显然认为我是那样的人。”

她一言不发。

“你们姊妹几个经常去麦里屯吗？”他继续问道。

“经常去，”她回答说，心里憋不住，又补充说，“你上周在那儿见到我们时，我们刚被介绍给别人。”

这句话立刻产生了效果。达西的脸上重新蒙上了一层阴冷的表情。停了片刻，他面露难色地说：“韦翰先生十分随和，结交朋友自然容易。至于能不能和朋友长久相处，那就很难说了。”

“他真不走运，竟然失去了您的友谊，”伊丽莎白刻薄地说，“而且失去友谊的方式使他终生受罪。”达西没有回答，仅剩一点儿时间了，又谈了几句话，舞会就结束了。

伊丽莎白走过去找到了简，兴高采烈地听她描述自己对彬格莱的感情，以及她如何坚信彬格莱对她也一往情深。但伊丽莎白似乎觉得，假如当初她们全家已达成一致，认为在舞会上出洋相越多越好的话，那么，他们这次表演是再成功不过的了，只有简是个例外。首先是柯林斯先生坚持要把自己介绍给达西先生，即他尊敬的保护人的外甥。而得到的反应却十分冷淡。接着是吃晚饭时班纳特太太禁不住大声地同卢卡斯夫人谈论她很有希望将简嫁给彬格莱。伊丽莎白意识到彬格莱姐妹和达西先生能听到这些话时，羞得两颊通红。最后是需要演奏音乐时，玛丽·班纳特走过去，充满自信地坐到钢琴前，演唱并弹奏了几首歌曲，都很糟糕。

晚上剩下的时间没给伊丽莎白带来多少乐趣。她甚至不能脱身去和熟人说话，因为柯林斯先生似乎下定了决心整个晚上都傍在她身边形影不离。幸运的是，她的好友夏洛特·卢卡斯偶尔让她松了口气，十分和善地听听柯林斯先生的某些长篇大论。伊丽莎白至少不用和达西先生说话了。他经常站在她附近，形单影只，但又不凑近了说话。

晚会结束时，伊丽莎白明显地感觉到，虽然她全家在舞会上玩得都很高兴，但彬格莱姐妹希望他们这批客人赶快离开。然而，柯林斯先生还兴致勃勃地称赞彬格莱全家的盛情款待，班纳特太太又邀请彬格莱全家尽早到浪搏恩去。她感到十分满意，确信三四个月以后，简就可以和彬格莱成婚了。她也肯定伊丽莎白将会嫁给柯林斯先生。对伊丽莎白这位她最不待见的女儿来说，这样的结合已经够可以的了，但是根本比不上简和彬格莱的婚姻来劲。

5 Mr Collins proposes twice

At Longbourn the next day, soon after breakfast, Mr Collins asked Mrs Bennet for permission to speak privately to Elizabeth. Mrs Bennet was delighted, and hurried the other girls out of the room, so that Elizabeth and Mr Collins were left alone together. Elizabeth did not want to stay, and got up to leave, but after a moment's thought, sat down again quietly, determined to listen and reply politely.

'My dear Miss Elizabeth, said Mr Collins seriously, 'this little unwillingness to hear me, this modesty of yours, can only add to your other charms. You can hardly doubt the purpose of my speech. Almost as soon as I entered the house, I chose you as the companion of my future life. But before I am carried away by my feelings, I think I should state my reasons for marrying.

Elizabeth was trying so hard not to laugh at the idea of Mr Collins being carried away by his feelings that she was unable to reply.

'First, ' he continued, 'it is right for a priest to marry, as an example to other people. Secondly, I'm sure marriage will add greatly to my happiness, and thirdly, which perhaps I should have mentioned earlier, my generous patron has advised me to marry. "Find an active, useful sort of person," she told me, "a woman who can make a small income go a long way. Bring her to Hunsford as your wife, and I'll visit her." So I decided to choose a wife from among my Bennet cousins, to lessen the loss to the family when the sad event of your father's death takes place. I flatter myself that you will appreciate my motives. And now, nothing remains but to convince you of the violence of my affection. I am quite indifferent to the fact that you bring little money with you into our marriage, and promise you that I shall make no ungenerous reference to this after we are married. '

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

'Sir, you forget I have given no answer. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me, but it is impossible for me to accept your proposal. '

'Of course I understand, ' said Mr Collins, 'that young ladies often do not accept a proposal of marriage the first time. I am therefore not at all discouraged, and sincerely hope we shall be married soon. '

'Sir, ' cried Elizabeth, 'your hope is rather extraordinary after what I've said! I am perfectly serious. You could not make me happy, and I'm convinced I'm the last woman in the world who would make you happy. And I'm sure that if Lady Catherine knew me, she would find me poorly qualified for the situation. '

'If I knew Lady Catherine thought so—' began Mr Collins, looking very worried. 'But I cannot imagine she would disapprove of you. And when I have the honour of seeing her again, I shall certainly tell her how modest, economical and practical you are. '

'Indeed, Mr Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. Pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I hope you will be very happy and very rich, but I cannot accept your proposal. ' She got up and was going to leave the room, but Mr Collins was speaking to her again.

'I am far from accusing you of cruelty in refusing me, as I know it is the custom with elegant ladies in society to refuse a gentleman the first time. I hope to receive a more favourable answer next time I speak to you of marriage. '

'Really, Mr Collins, ' cried Elizabeth with some warmth, 'you do puzzle me! I do not know how to express my refusal so that it convinces you! '

'You must allow me to flatter myself, dear cousin, that you do not intend to refuse me for long. My situation in life, my connections with the de Bourgh family, and my relationship to your own, all make my proposal a very suitable one. And you should remember that in spite of your many admirable qualities, it is not certain that you will receive any other offer of marriage, as you have very little money of your own. '

'Sir, thank you again for the honour you have done me, but to accept your proposal is absolutely impossible. Can I speak plainer than that? Don't think of me as an elegant female, but as a thinking creature speaking the truth from her heart! '

'You are charming! he cried, 'and I'm sure that when both your excellent parents agree, you will accept my proposal! '

Elizabeth did not reply, but left the room silently, determined to ask her father, if necessary, to make her refusal clear to the self-deceiving Mr Collins.

Mrs Bennet had been waiting eagerly for the end of the interview, and when she saw Elizabeth leave the room, she hurried in to offer her congratulations to Mr Collins. He received them with pleasure, adding that he was sure his cousin's refusal was a natural result of her modesty and delicacy of character.

'Refusal? ' repeated Mrs Bennet, shocked. 'Lizzy refused you? Do not worry, Mr Collins. I shall speak to her at once. She's a very obstinate, foolish girl, but I'll make her accept you.

'Pardon me, madam, ' cried Mr Collins, 'but if she's really obstinate and foolish, I do not think she would be a suitable wife for a man in my situation. '

'Sir, you quite misunderstand me, ' said Mrs Bennet, alarmed. 'She's only obstinate in a matter like this. In everything else she is very agreeable. I'll see Mr Bennet and we'll arrange it with her, I'm sure. '

She did not give him time to reply, but hurried to the library, where she knew she would find her husband.

'Oh, Mr Bennet, we need you urgently! We're all in such confusion! You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr Collins! '

Mr Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and stared at her with calm unconcern. 'I do not have the pleasure of understanding you, ' he said. 'What are you talking about? '

'Lizzy declares she won't have him, and if you don't hurry, he'll change his mind and not have her. '

'So what should I do? It seems a hopeless business. '

‘Speak to her about yourself. Tell her you insist on her marrying him. ’

‘Call her in here. She shall hear my opinion. ’

Mrs Bennet gladly rang the bell, and the servant brought Elizabeth into the library.

‘Come here, child, said her father as she appeared. ‘I’ve sent for you on a very important matter. I understand that Mr Collins has made you an offer of marriage, and you have re- fused? ’ When Elizabeth nodded, he continued, Very well. Now, your mother insists on your accepting. Isn’t that right, Mrs Bennet? ’

‘Yes, or I’ ll never see her again. ’

‘You now have an unhappy choice to make, Elizabeth. From this day on, you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr Collins, and I will never see you again if you do. ’

Elizabeth could not help smiling, but Mrs Bennet, who had been sure her husband supported her, was very disappointed.

‘What do you mean, Mr Bennet? You promised me you would insist on her marrying him. ’

‘My dear, ’ replied her husband, ‘I have two small requests to make. First, that you will accept that I know what I promised or did not promise, and secondly, that you will all leave me in peace as soon as possible. ’

That afternoon, Charlotte Lucas came to visit Elizabeth, and found the family still in great confusion. The younger girls were quite excited by the news of Mr Collins’ proposal, and Mrs Bennet was most annoyed with Elizabeth.

‘Oh dear Miss Lucas, ’ cried Mrs Bennet, can’t you per- suade Elizabeth to accept Mr Collins? Nobody else wants to help me! Oh, how ill I feel! And look at Lizzy now! She’s so unconcerned! But I tell you, Miss Lizzy, if you go on refusing every offer of marriage like this, you’ ll never get a husband at all! And I won’t be able to provide for you when your father is dead, I warn you now. I told you in the library that I wouldn’t speak to you again, and I won’t. I have no pleasure in talking to an undutiful child like you. Not that I have much pleasure in talking to anybody, with my headaches. Nobody knows how I suffer! But of course those who do not complain are never pitied. ’

Her daughters listened in silence, aware that any attempt to calm her would only increase her annoyance. Elizabeth, however, was determined not to marry Mr Collins, and in the end Mrs Bennet was obliged to accept that fact. When Mr Collins realized that Elizabeth had meant what she said, his manner towards her became coldly and stiffly polite. His long speeches and flattering compliments were transferred for the rest of the day to kind Charlotte Lucas, who took on herself the trouble of listening to him, for which all the Bennets were very grateful.

The next day a letter was delivered to Jane from Netherfield Elizabeth saw her sister’s expression change as she read it, and when they were alone, she asked about it.

‘It’s from Caroline Bingley, ’ said Jane, ‘and it has surprised me very much. The whole party have left Netherfield, and are on their way back to London, probably for the winter. They may not return to Netherfield at all. She says the only thing she sincerely regrets is leaving me behind in Hertford- shire, and promises! to write very frequently. ’

Elizabeth did not trust Miss Bingley’s apparent affection for Jane. ‘I really don’t think their departure matters very much, she said. ‘Mr Bingley won’t be kept in London by his sisters. I’m sure he’ ll be back at Netherfield soon. ’

‘But perhaps he prefers to stay in London, where many of his friends are. But I haven’t told you everything yet. Let me read you the part which particularly hurts me—’

Mr Darcy is impatient to see his sister, and we confess we are also eager to see her again Nobody is more beautiful, elegant or accomplished than Georgiana Darcy. Louisa and I have great affection for her, and hope one day to call her sister. My brother admires her very much. He will have frequent opportunities of seeing her, and although I am his sister I must say I think he is most capable of winning any woman’s heart.

‘What do you think of this, dear Lizzy? Isn’t it clear enough? Caroline doesn’t wish or expect me to become her sister-in- law; she’s convinced of her brother’s indifference towards me, and, perhaps because she suspects my feelings for him, she (most kindly!) warns me that he’s very likely to marry some- one else! ’

‘I have a totally different opinion. Miss Bingley sees her brother is in love with you, while she wants him to marry Miss Darcy. We aren’t rich enough or grand enough for them, and she is eager to have a family connection with the Darcys, so that it may be easier for her to marry Mr Darcy. So she follows her brother to London, hoping to keep him there, and tries to persuade you he doesn’t care about you. But of course he’s in love with you! ’

‘I really can’t agree with you about Caroline. I think she’s incapable of deceiving anyone. But Lizzy, my dear sister, even if she’s wrong about her brother, and he does care for me, could I be happy in accepting a man whose sisters and friends all wish him to marry someone else? ’

‘You must decide for yourself, and if you consider it more important to do what his sisters want, than to gain the happiness of being his wife, I certainly advise you to refuse him. ’

‘How can you say that? ’ said Jane, smiling a little. ‘You know I wouldn’t hesitate, although I’d be sad if they disapproved of me. But, oh dear, if he doesn’t come back to Netherfield, I’ ll never have to make the decision! ’

But Elizabeth was sure Mr Bingley could not be kept away from Jane by his sisters, and soon persuaded Jane to take a more hopeful view of the situation.

That day the Bennets, with Mr Collins, went to dinner with the Lucas family at Lucas Lodge. Again it was Charlotte who spent most of the evening listening to Mr Collins. Elizabeth was very relieved, and thanked her friend gratefully for the trouble she was taking. But Charlotte’s kindness had a particular aim, which Elizabeth was unaware of. Her plan was to encourage Mr Collins to transfer his attentions to herself. In fact, she was managing so well that, when she said goodnight to him after dinner, she would have felt sure of success if he had been staying in Hertfordshire for another week. But she did not fully appreciate the fire and independence of his character, which caused him to get up very early the next morning and escape from Longbourn House, in a great hurry to reach Lucas Lodge and throw himself at her feet. She did not keep him waiting for an answer, and the happy couple found themselves engaged as quickly as Mr Collins’ long speeches would allow.

Charlotte’s parents were delighted to agree to the marriage, and Lady Lucas began to work out, with more interest than

she had ever felt before, how many more years Mr Bennet was likely to live. Charlotte herself was quite satisfied. Mr Collins, certainly, was neither sensible nor agreeable, but still he would be a husband. She did not think highly of men or of marriage, but she had always intended to marry. Although marriage might not always bring happiness, it was the only honourable way in which a well-educated woman with little income could provide a home for herself. Now twenty-seven, and lacking beauty, she felt she was lucky to have found a husband.

She knew, however, that Elizabeth, whose friendship she greatly valued, would be astonished and possibly disapproving. So she decided to go to Longbourn House to tell her friend the news herself. Elizabeth was indeed shocked at first, and could not help crying out in surprise, but when Charlotte explained her reasons for accepting Mr Collins, Elizabeth tried hard to understand. When the rest of the Bennet family heard the news, they were also astonished. Mrs Bennet was quite horrified, and could not stop complaining bitterly about Charlotte's wickedness, Mr Collins's stupidity and Elizabeth's obstinacy. Mr Bennet was much calmer, only saying he was pleased to discover that Charlotte, whom he used to consider quite sensible, was as foolish as his wife, and more foolish than his daughter!

That day was Mr Collins' last at Longbourn, and he left with many speeches of thanks, as well as a promise to return very soon. Mr Bennet warned him to be careful not to offend his patron, by being absent from his duties too often, but Mr Collins, although extremely grateful for this sign of Mr Bennet's cousinly affection for him, was naturally eager to return to Hertfordshire, to see his future wife.

Only two weeks later he did, in fact, come back to stay at Longbourn, but spent most of his time at Lucas Lodge, making arrangements for the wedding. Mrs Bennet still felt very offended by him, but she was now becoming anxious about something even more important—Mr Bingley's continued absence. Day after day had passed with no news since the arrival of Caroline Bingley's letter. Elizabeth was now rather worried, and Jane feared the worst. Finally a second letter arrived from Caroline Bingley, and when Jane read it, she realized that all hope was over. The Bingley family were staying in London for the whole winter, and Georgiana Darcy was a frequent member of their circle. Miss Bingley boasted joyfully of this friendship, and looked forward to her brother's probable marriage to Miss Darcy.

Although she was deeply upset, Jane bravely tried to control her feelings. 'Do not worry, Lizzy, I shall be able to forget him in a while. I have nothing to complain of, as he made no promises to me. I just thought he cared for me, but I was wrong. Luckily, no one is hurt except myself.'

'My dear Jane!' said Elizabeth. 'You are too good. You always think the best of everybody. Now I think the worst of most people, and do not see much real value or common sense around me. Mr Bingley, for example. He may not be intending to hurt you, but misery can be caused by someone being just weak and indecisive. I'm convinced his sisters and his friend, Mr Darcy, are trying to influence him against you. Another example is Charlotte. I can't understand how she could agree to marry such a self-important, proud, silly man!'

'Dear Lizzy,' said Jane, 'we must respect Charlotte's decision. She may well be happy with Mr Collins. And as for Mr Bingley, we shouldn't expect a sociable young man to be so careful of his behaviour. Women often imagine admiration means more than it really does.'

'And men want that to happen.'

'I prefer to believe that I was mistaken in thinking he cared for me, and that his sisters love him and approve of his wish to marry Miss Darcy. I don't want to think badly of him or his sisters. That would be worse than anything.'

Elizabeth had to accept Jane's wishes, and from then on, Mr Bingley's name was seldom mentioned between them.

5 柯林斯先生两次求婚

第二天在浪搏恩,吃过早饭后不久,柯林斯先生请求班纳特太太允许他和伊丽莎白单独谈谈。班纳特太太满心欢喜,赶紧把其他几位姑娘轰出门去,这样伊丽莎白和柯林斯先生就可以单独在一起了。伊丽莎白不想呆在这儿,起身要走,但稍加思索之后,又静静地坐了下来,下决心听下去并作出有礼貌的回答。

"我亲爱的伊丽莎白小姐,"柯林斯先生很严肃地说,"你稍许的推却、你的怕羞害臊更增添了你的天生丽质。你对我说话的用意会有什么疑问。我差不多一进门,就把你选做我的终生伴侣。不过,在我被感情冲昏头脑之前,我想我应当先陈述一下结婚的理由。"

听到柯林斯先生所谓的被感情冲昏头脑,伊丽莎白使劲地憋住才没有笑出声来,以至于未能答出话来。

"首先,"他继续道,"牧师应当结婚,以便给他人树立良好榜样。其二,我相信婚姻会大大促进我的个人幸福。其三,这一条也许应当早点提,就是我的慷慨的保护人建议我结婚。'找一个活泼有用的女人,'她告诉我,'一个能勤俭持家、细水长流的女人。把她娶到汉斯福,然后我去拜访她。'于是,我决定从班纳特家表妹中选一个做妻子,以便减轻一下令尊不幸过世后家庭所蒙受的损失。我自以为你能赞赏我的动机。现在,我没别的可说了,剩下的就是让你相信我感情的冲动了。我们结婚你没有什么嫁妆财物,我一点都不嫌弃,并向你保证,结婚后决不会小气地向你提起此事。"

现在非打断他的话不可了。

"先生,你忘了我还没有回答你。你对我的恭维,我表示感谢,但是,接受你的求婚是不可能的。"

"我当然理解,"柯林斯先生说,"年轻的小姐遇到求婚时第一次通常不接受。因此,我一点都不气馁,并真切地希望我们不久就会结婚。"

"先生,"伊丽莎白嚷道,"我拒绝你以后你的希望真是太不同寻常了!我的话是完全严肃的。你不会使我幸福,在这个世界上,我也是最不可能给你幸福的人。而且我相信,如果凯瑟琳夫人认识我,她会发现我做你妻子不合格。"

"我要是知道凯瑟琳夫人这么想——"柯林斯先生又开口道,看起来有点担忧。"可是难以想象她会不满意你。我下次有幸再见到她时,一定会告诉她你多么谦虚,多么勤俭,多么实际。"

"柯林斯先生,说实话,对我的一切称赞都是没必要的。相信我说的话才是对我的恭维。我希望你十分幸福,十分富有,但是我不能接受你的求婚。"她起身正要离开房间,可是柯林斯先生又对她说话了。

"你残酷地拒绝了我,我一点也不责怪你,因为我知道社会上高雅的小姐总是习惯于第一次拒绝先生的求婚。我希望下次同你谈起婚姻大事时能给我一个肯定的答覆。"

"柯林斯先生,"伊丽莎白有些激动地嚷道,"你真使我迷惑不解!我不知道如何表示拒绝你才能相信!"

"亲爱的表妹,我的理解是你不会长时间拒绝我的,你应当容许我这样想。我的地位,我与德·包尔家的关系以及我与你们家的关系都使得我的求婚十分合适。并且你要记住,虽然你有很多品质令人钦佩,但你能不能得到别人的求爱,还不敢肯定,因为你自己一贫如洗。"

“先生，再次感谢你对我的垂青，但是接受你的求婚是绝对不可能的。我还能说得比这更清楚吗？不要把我看成高雅的女性，把我看成一个能从心底说真话的会思考的人吧！”

“你真有魅力！”他叫道，“我相信，当你尊敬的父母都同意后，你也会接受我的求婚的！”

伊丽莎白没有回答，而是默默地离开了房间，决心去请父亲（如果有必要的话）把她的意思向这个自欺欺人的柯林斯先生说清楚。

班纳特太太一直在热切地期待着会面的结束，她看到伊丽莎白出来以后，赶忙进屋向柯林斯先生表示祝贺。他十分高兴地接受了祝贺，并补充说，他肯定表妹的拒绝是谦虚和矜持的自然结果。

“拒绝？”班纳特太太重复道，大吃一惊。“丽萃拒绝了你？柯林斯先生，别担心，我马上跟她说。她很固执，很愚蠢，可是我一定让她接受。”

“对不起，夫人，”柯林斯先生叫道，“如果她真是又固执又愚蠢，那我想她做我这样的人的妻子也不合适。”

“先生，你过于误解了我，”班纳特太太说道，感到惊慌失措。“只在这种事情上她才固执，别的事她都很随和。我去找班纳特先生，我们俩把这件事包了，我有把握。”

她没有等他回答，而是急匆匆奔向书房，她知道在那儿肯定会找到丈夫。

“噢，班纳特先生，我们十万火急，需要你帮忙！都乱套了！你必须过来让丽萃嫁给柯林斯先生！”

她进来后，班纳特先生从书上抬起眼皮，漠不关心地望着她。“对不起，我没听懂你的话。”他说。“你在说什么？”

“丽萃表示她不要柯林斯先生，如果你不快点，他也就改变主意，不要她了。”

“那我应当怎么办呢？看来这事没指望了。”

“你亲自跟她谈谈。告诉她你非要她嫁给他不可。”

“叫她过来。她会听从我的意见的。”

班纳特太太高兴地拉响了铃，仆人把伊丽莎白带到了书房。

“过来，孩子，”父亲一见她便说。“我叫你过来有件要紧的事情。我听说柯林斯先生向你求婚，你拒绝了？”伊丽莎白点了点头，父亲接着说：“很好。现在，你妈妈非让你接受不可。是吧，班纳特太太？”

“是的，否则，我后半辈子不再见她。”

“伊丽莎白，现在你面临着一个不愉快的抉择。从今天开始，你不和母亲成为陌路人，就要和父亲成为陌路人了。你要是不嫁给柯林斯先生，你妈妈就不会再见到你；你要是不嫁给他，我就不会再见到你。”

伊丽莎白禁不住笑了，班纳特太太本来十拿九稳丈夫会支持她，可是现在感到很失望。

“你这是什么意思，班纳特先生？你答应过我你会迫使伊丽莎白嫁给他的。”

“亲爱的，”丈夫回答道，“我有两个小小的请求。首先，我答应过什么，没答应过什么，我心里清楚，这一点请你接受。第二，你们都赶快离开，让我清静一会儿。”

那天下午，夏洛特·卢卡斯来看伊丽莎白，发现全家还是乱哄哄的。几个小女儿都为柯林斯先生求婚的消息感到激动不已，而班纳特太太为伊丽莎白窝了一肚子火。

“噢，亲爱的卢卡斯小姐，”班纳特太太叫道，“你能不能说服伊丽莎白接受柯林斯先生？没有一个人愿意帮助我！噢，我真难过！你瞧那丽萃！像没事人似的！不过我告诉你，丽萃小姐，如果你继续拒绝这样的求婚，你根本就找不到丈夫！你父亲死后我也不能养活你，我警告你。我在书房告诉过你，我再也不会理你，我说到做到。跟你这样的不孝之女说话，我感到难受。我不是说跟别人说话就高兴，我的头疼。没人知道我受多大罪！当然，不抱怨就永远得不到怜悯。”

几个女儿一言不发地听着，都知道，安慰她等于火上浇油。可是，伊丽莎白下定了决心不和柯林斯先生结婚；最后，班纳特太太不得不接受这样的事实。柯林斯先生认识到伊丽莎白说话算数后，他对她的态度就变得冷若冰霜、敬而远之了。他的长篇大论和吹捧恭维之辞在这天剩下的时间里都转移到了好心的夏洛特·卢卡斯身上。卢卡斯小姐不厌其烦地听他啰嗦，班纳特全家对此都很感激。

第二天，从尼日斐给简送来了一封信。伊丽莎白看到姐姐读着信脸色变了，别人都走了以后，她问姐姐是怎么回事。

“是卡罗琳·彬格莱的来信，”简说，“我感到很奇怪。那些人全部离开了尼日斐，正在返回伦敦的路上，可能去过冬。他们可能不会再来尼日斐了。她说她唯一感到真切遗憾的是把我丢到了哈福德郡，并答应经常给我写信。”

伊丽莎白不相信彬格莱小姐对简的明显偏爱。“其实我觉得他们离开没有什么大不了的，”她说。“彬格莱先生不会被他的妹妹困在伦敦的。我相信他不久就会回到尼日斐。”

“但是，也许他更愿意留在伦敦，他的很多朋友都在那儿。我还没有给你讲完呢。我给你读一下最令我伤心的那一段——”

达西先生迫不及待地要见他的妹妹，我们承认我们也渴望再次见到她。没有人比乔治安娜·达西更漂亮、优雅、多才多艺了。露易莎和我对她很有感情，希望有一天能以姐妹相称。我哥哥十分爱慕她，他们有频繁的见面机会，我虽然是他的妹妹，可是，我得承认，我哥哥最能博得所有女人的欢心。

“你觉得这是什么意思，亲爱的丽萃？这还不够清楚吗？卡罗琳不愿意或者不期望我做她的嫂子；她深信她哥哥对我没有一点感情，而且；也许因为怀疑我爱上了她哥哥，便（十分善意地）警告我说他很有可能跟别人结婚！”

“我的看法和你完全不同。”

彬格莱小姐看到她哥哥爱上了你，而她却希望哥哥娶达西小姐。对他们来说，我们不够有钱有势，所以她热衷于和达西家攀亲，这样她要嫁给达西先生就容易些。因此，她跟哥哥一块去了伦敦，希望把他留在那儿，并且企图让你相信，她哥哥根本不把你当回事。可是，他当然是爱上了你！”

“关于卡罗琳的想法，我真的不能同意你的分析。我觉得她不会欺骗任何人。可是，丽萃，我亲爱的妹妹，即便她对她哥哥的看法是错的，即便她哥哥确实把我当回事，那么，如果妹妹和朋友都希望他要别人，那我接受他的爱会感到心安理得吗？”

“这就看你了。如果你认为与做他妻子的幸福比起来，照他妹妹的意思办更重要的话，我当然建议你还是拒绝他。”

“你怎么能这样说？”简笑了笑，说道。“你知道我是不会犹豫的，尽管她们要是不赞成的话我会感到难过。可是，天啊，如果他不回尼日斐，我就永远不用作决定了！”

可是，伊丽莎白坚信彬格莱先生不会因为妹妹而与简分手的，一会儿就说服了简对形势的估计要乐观些。

那天，班纳特一家，加上柯林斯先生，到卢卡斯府上与卢卡斯一家聚餐。这次又是夏洛特花了大半个晚上听柯林斯先生叙说。伊丽莎白感到十分轻松，对朋友这种代人受过的做法千恩万谢。但是夏洛特的和蔼可亲是别有用心，这一点伊丽莎白一无所知。她的计划就是鼓励柯林斯先生将注意力转移到自己身上。实际上，她将局面控制得很好，晚饭后向柯林斯先生道别时，她感到，如果他在哈福德郡再呆上那么一个星

期，她就有百分之百的成功把握。但是她没有完全领会到柯林斯先生性格中的热烈和独立性。这种性格促使他第二天早上起了个大早，从浪搏恩宅院逃了出去，急匆匆赶到卢卡斯府上，拜倒在卢卡斯小姐脚下。她没有让柯林斯先生等待答覆，他的长篇大论一结束，这一对幸福的伴侣就订下了终身。

夏洛特的父母很乐意地许下了这桩婚事，而卢卡斯夫人开始以极大的兴趣盘算着班纳特先生还可能活多少个年头。夏洛特本人也很满意。当然，柯林斯先生既无理智，又不随和，但做个丈夫还是可以的。她从来没有把男人或婚姻看得那么重要，但她一直打算结婚。虽然结婚并非总能带来幸福，但一个没有多少收入、受过良好教育的女人要想给自己安个家，这也算是唯一体面的方法。她现在已经27岁了，又相貌平平，她感到，找到了丈夫是件幸运的事。

不过，她知道，伊丽莎白（她十分珍视与伊丽莎白的友谊）会感到震惊，而且还可能反对。于是她决定亲自到浪搏恩府上向朋友通报这一消息。伊丽莎白开始确实吓了一跳，并且禁不住惊讶得叫了起来，可是当夏洛特解释了接受柯林斯先生求婚的理由之后，她便努力去理解她。班纳特家其他人听到这个消息后也都感到惊讶不已。班纳特太太很反感，禁不住骂夏洛特阴险，骂柯林斯先生愚蠢，骂伊丽莎白固执。班纳特先生要平静得多，只是说他很高兴地发现夏洛特像他妻子一样愚蠢，比他女儿更加愚蠢，而以前还以为她相当有理智呢。

那一天是柯林斯先生在浪搏恩呆的最后一天，他离开时说了很多表示感谢的话，并许诺不久还会再来。班纳特先生提醒他要小心谨慎，不要缺勤太多，得罪了保护人；但是，柯林斯先生虽然对班纳特先生表现出的叔侄情谊极为感激，他自然还是急于回到哈福德郡，去看他未来的妻子。

实际上，只过了两星期，他的确又来到了浪搏恩，但大部分时间都花在卢·卡斯府，为婚礼作些安排。班纳特太太仍旧对他感到不快，但现在开始对一件更为重要的事情感到焦虑——就是彬格莱先生迟迟不归。自从卡罗琳·彬格莱来信之后，日复一日，再也没有消息。伊丽莎白现在相当担忧，简最为害怕。终于，卡罗琳·彬格莱来了第二封信，简读完后，认识到一切希望都化为泡影。彬格莱全家要在伦敦度过整个冬天，乔治安娜·达西又是那个圈子的常客。彬格莱小姐兴高采烈地吹嘘这种友谊，并期待着她哥哥与达西小姐能够成婚。

简虽然感到深深的不安，但她勇敢地努力控制住自己的感情。“丽萃，别担心，我很快就会把他忘掉的。我没什么可抱怨的，他也没有向我作过许诺。我只是认为他对我有意，可是我错了。还好，除了我自己，这还没有伤害到别人。”

“我亲爱的简！”伊丽莎白说。“你太善良了。你总是把大家往好里想。现在，我认为大多数人都是坏的，在我的周围也看不到多少真正有价值或者明白事理的人。例如彬格莱先生。他可能不是故意伤害你，但一个人仅仅因为软弱无能或优柔寡断就完全可能招致痛苦。我确信他的妹妹和朋友达西先生都在企图影响他，和你作对。另外一个例子是夏洛特。我不明白她为什么会同意嫁给这样一个自高自大、愚蠢无比的男人！”

“亲爱的丽萃，”简说，“我们必须尊重夏洛特的决定。她和柯林斯先生可能会很幸福。至于彬格莱先生，我们不能期望这样善于社交的年轻人那么注意自己的行为。女人经常把爱慕想象得超出了其本身的含义。”

“而男人也想要女人那样想。”

“我倒愿意相信我误解了他对我的意思，而且他妹妹是爱他的，并且赞成他同达西小姐结婚的愿望。我不想把他或他的妹妹想得太坏。那样做是最糟糕的事情。”

伊丽莎白不得不接受简的愿望，从那以后，彬格莱的名字在她们之间很少被提及。

6 Elizabeth visits Mr and Mrs Collins

The following Monday Mrs Bennet had the pleasure of receiving her brother and his wife, who came as usual to spend Christmas at Longbourn. Mr Gardiner was a sensible, gentlemanlike man. The Netherfield ladies would have had difficulty in believing that a man who lived by buying and selling could be so well-mannered and agreeable. Mrs Gardiner, who was several years younger than Mrs Bennet and Mrs Philips, was a pleasant, intelligent, elegant woman, and a great favourite with her Longbourn nieces, especially the two eldest, who often stayed with her in London.

When Mrs Gardiner had given the presents she had brought with her, and described the newest fashions, she was obliged to listen to Mrs Bennet's complaints.

'I've suffered greatly since your last visit, sister!' cried Mrs Bennet. 'Just imagine! Two of my daughters were very close to marriage—and then—nothing! I do not blame Jane, who would have got Mr Bingley if she could, but Lizzy! Oh, sister! It is hard to think she might have been Mrs Collins by now, if she hadn't been so obstinate! The result is that Lady Lucas will have a daughter married before me. It makes me quite ill, to have such a disobedient daughter and such selfish neighbours. But your coming just now is a great comfort to me, and I am very glad to hear what you tell us, about long sleeves.'

Mrs Gardiner made a suitably sympathetic reply to her sister-in-law, and later that day found the opportunity to discuss the matter in more detail with Elizabeth, alone.

'I am sorry for Jane,' she said kindly, 'but, Lizzy, these things happen often! A young man like Mr Bingley frequently falls in love with a pretty girl, and when chance separates them, he forgets her very quickly.'

'Yes, aunt,' said Elizabeth, 'but in this case it was not chance, but the young man's interfering friends, who separated Jane and Mr Bingley. I'm sure he was violently in love with her.'

'Poor Jane! She's so sensitive. I'm afraid she may not get over it for some time. Now, if it had been you, Lizzy, you would have recovered more quickly, by finding humour in the situation. But do you think I could persuade Jane to come back with us to London? Perhaps a change of air would make her feel better.'

Elizabeth was extremely grateful to her aunt for this kind suggestion, and felt sure Jane would gladly agree.

'I hope,' added Mrs Gardiner, 'that she will not be influenced by the hope of seeing the young man. We live in such a different part of town that it is very unlikely they will meet, unless he actually comes to see her.'

'that is quite impossible, because his friend Mr Darcy would not allow him to visit so unfashionable an address!' But despite her protest, Elizabeth secretly thought that Jane might see Bingley in London and that a meeting would probably reawaken his affection for her.

The Gardiners stayed at Longbourn for a week, and Mrs Bennet made sure there was always some entertainment for her brother and sister-in-law. Whenever there was a dinner party at Longbourn House, some of the officers were always invited. Mrs Gardiner, who had noticed that Mr Wickham was a very frequent visitor and that Elizabeth spoke admiringly of him, took care to observe them both. She saw enough to make her a little anxious, and decided to speak to Elizabeth about him when they were alone.

'Lizzy,' she began, 'I can see that you and Mr Wickham like each other. But I must warn you not to get seriously involved with him. I admit he's a most interesting young man, but sadly he has no fortune. You are a sensible girl, and must realize that you would disappoint your father by agreeing to marry a penniless young man.'

'My dear aunt, do not worry. I'll take care of myself, and Mr Wickham too. He won't be in love with me, if I can prevent it.'

'Elizabeth, be serious.'

'I'm sorry, aunt, I'll try again. At present I'm certainly not in love with him. But he is by far the most agreeable man I've ever met, and if he really loved me... But I would hate to disappoint my father or make any of you unhappy. I cannot promise what I will do, but I will really try to do what I think is wisest. I hope you are satisfied with that.'

Her aunt replied that she was, and received Elizabeth's thanks for her kind advice. Several days after this, the Gardiners returned to London, taking Jane with them.

The day of Mr Collins' wedding soon arrived, and Mrs Bennet had to watch Charlotte Lucas become Mrs Collins. Before the bride left Longbourn for Hunsford, however, she asked Elizabeth to come and visit her in her new home as soon as possible. Elizabeth could not refuse, although she did not imagine it would be an enjoyable visit. It was arranged that Elizabeth would accompany Sir William Lucas and Maria, one of his other daughters, on their intended visit to Hunsford in March.

A week after Jane's departure, Elizabeth received a letter from her sister, saying that she had seen Miss Bingley, and hoped to continue their friendship. Elizabeth shook her head over this. She was not surprised to hear from Jane a few weeks later that Caroline Bingley had made no further attempts to communicate with her former dear friend. Elizabeth was saddened to read of Jane's disappointment, but felt more cheerful when she told herself that Jane would no longer be deceived, by the sister at least. All expectation from the brother was now absolutely over. As a punishment for him, she seriously hoped he would soon marry Mr Darcy's sister, who, according to Wickham, would make him quickly regret what he had thrown away.

At about this time, Elizabeth also received a letter from Mrs Gardiner, asking about Wickham, and she was able to reply quite honestly that there was no danger of her marrying him. He had transferred his affections to a Miss King, who had recently inherited ten thousand pounds. Elizabeth saw exactly what was happening, but her heart had only been slightly touched, and she was able to convince herself that it was quite natural for such an agreeable young man to wish for fortune and independence.

January and February passed, and the time for Elizabeth's visit to Mr and Mrs Collins approached. She had improved the plan, by arranging to spend a night in London at her uncle and aunt's house, before continuing the journey into Kent. She was very much looking forward to seeing Jane, who was still staying with the Gardiners.

The journey seemed long to Elizabeth, because Sir William and Maria had nothing to say worth hearing. But when the coach arrived at the Gardiners house' at lunch-time, Elizabeth was delighted to see that her sister looked as healthy and lovely as before. In a private conversation with her aunt later, however, Elizabeth discovered that Jane had been suffering from periods of depression, although she always tried bravely to appear cheerful.

The afternoon and evening passed only too quickly, and the next day Elizabeth and the other travellers set off again. When the coach arrived in Hunsford, they were all quite excited to see, on one side of the road, Lady Catherine's great park, which they had heard so much about. At last, on the other side, they came to the Rectory, where they were warmly welcomed by Mr Collins and Charlotte.

Elizabeth was more and more pleased she had come, when she found herself so affectionately received. She saw instantly that marriage had not changed her cousin's manners. He insisted on greeting them all with formal politeness and long speeches, and showed them round the house, explaining its many good points in exhausting detail. Elizabeth could not help thinking that perhaps he was speaking particularly to her, as if wishing to make her feel what she had lost in refusing him. But although everything seemed neat and comfortable, she was unable to please him with a sigh of regret. In fact, she wondered how Charlotte could look so cheerful, with such a companion. But whenever Mr Collins said anything of which his wife might be ashamed, which was quite often, Charlotte wisely did not appear to be listening. And when Mr Collins showed them proudly round his garden, in which he himself enjoyed working, Elizabeth admired the serious way in which Charlotte praised gardening as a most healthy exercise, and admitted encouraging her husband to work outdoors as much as possible.

Elizabeth had to confess to herself that, surprisingly, Charlotte really appeared to be happy. When Mr Collins could be forgotten, the house seemed very pleasant and comfortable, and from Charlotte's evident enjoyment of her home, Elizabeth supposed he must often be forgotten.

The visitors had only been in the house for a day when a message came from Lady Catherine, inviting them all to dinner at Rosings Park the next day. Mr Collins was delighted, and congratulated his guests on their good luck. 'I confess that I might have expected her ladyship to invite us all to drink tea at Rosings on Sunday,' he said. 'But to invite the whole party to dinner! So soon after your arrival, too! What a generous and considerate lady she is!'

The whole of the rest of that day and the next morning were spent discussing their visit to Rosings. This made Sir William and Maria quite nervous when the moment came to walk across the park and enter the great lady's house. Elizabeth, however, was unimpressed by what she had heard of Lady Catherine, and remained calm.

She was interested to see that Lady Catherine was a tall, large woman, who held herself stiffly and proudly, and received her guests with an air of disdain. She spoke loudly and decidedly on every matter, and was clearly convinced of her superiority over other people. Her daughter, Anne, was completely different—a small, thin, ill-looking lady, who spoke very little, and only in a whisper.

The dinner was very good, and was highly praised by Mr Collins. His repeated compliments, which Elizabeth thought were embarrassing, appeared to please Lady Catherine very much. After dinner her ladyship talked continuously, giving her opinions without any fear of contradiction or even comment. She then asked Elizabeth many detailed questions about her education, her sisters, and her father's income. Although Elizabeth considered these questions extremely personal and almost rude, she answered them politely and calmly. At the end of the long evening, the visitors were driven home in Lady Catherine's carriage, while Mr Collins praised his patron for her elegance, intelligence and hospitality.

This visit was repeated twice a week, but there was little other entertainment in Hunsford. Elizabeth had pleasant conversations with Charlotte, or read books, or walked along a narrow path by Lady Catherine's park, which no one else seemed to use. It was a quiet life, but she was satisfied with it.

However, two weeks after her arrival in Hunsford, she heard that some visitors were coming to stay at Rosings. Lady Catherine's nephew, Mr Darcy, was expected soon, accompanied by his cousin, Colonel Fitzwilliam. The next day, the two gentlemen arrived, and came almost immediately to the Rectory. Colonel Fitzwilliam was about thirty, not handsome, but very gentlemanly, and he talked pleasantly to the ladies. But Mr Darcy looked as cold and proud as ever, and after greeting Mrs Collins, spoke only a few stiffly polite words to Elizabeth. She took the opportunity of asking him if he had by any chance seen Jane in London recently, and thought he looked a little confused when he answered that he had not had that pleasure. Soon after that, the two gentlemen returned to Rosings.

Colonel Fitzwilliam's manners were very much admired by the ladies, who felt that he would add considerably to the enjoyment of their evenings at Rosings. But it was not until Easter Day that they received an invitation from Lady Catherine, and when they arrived in her sitting-room, it was clear that she was far more interested in her nephews than in her other guests. Colonel Fitzwilliam, however, seemed really glad to see them, and he came at once to sit beside Elizabeth. They talked so agreeably and amusingly together that Mr Darcy turned his eyes towards them and looked curiously at them several times. When her ladyship also noticed, she called loudly across the room, 'Fitzwilliam, what are you talking about with Miss Bennet? Let me hear what it is.'

'We're speaking of music, madam,' he said, when no longer able to avoid a reply.

'Of music! Then please speak to all of us. I must have my share in the conversation, if you are speaking of music. There are few people in England, I suppose, who have more true enjoyment of music than myself, or a better natural taste. If I had ever learnt to play, I would have been a great musician. But I often tell young ladies, practice is very important. I have told Miss Bennet several times that she will never play really well unless she practises more. And she is very welcome to come to Rosings and practise on the piano in the servants' hall. She won't be in anyone's way there, I can promise her.'

Mr Darcy looked a little ashamed of his aunt's insensitive words. Meanwhile, Colonel Fitzwilliam had persuaded Elizabeth to play some music, and she sat down at the piano. But when she had started playing, Mr Darcy went to stand in front of the piano, where he had a good view of her face. At the end of her first piece of music, Elizabeth said, smiling, 'You intend to frighten me, Mr Darcy, by coming to listen to me? But I'm obstinate, and won't be frightened.'

'I don't think you really believe I intend to alarm you, and I've had the pleasure of knowing you long enough to be

aware that you occasionally enjoy stating opinions which are not your own.

Elizabeth laughed at this picture of herself, and said to Colonel Fitzwilliam, ‘Your cousin will teach you not to believe a word I say. Indeed, Mr Darcy, it is very ungenerous of you to mention all my faults, and perhaps rather foolish too, because I may take my revenge, and tell things about you which your relations will be shocked to hear.’

‘I am not afraid of you,’ said Darcy, smiling.

‘But let me hear your accusation,’ cried Colonel Fitzwilliam. ‘I’d like to hear how he behaves among strangers.’

‘Well, prepare yourself for something very dreadful. The first time I ever saw him was at a ball in Hertfordshire, and at this ball, what do you think he did? He danced only four dances! I’m sorry to cause you pain, but that is what happened. He danced only four dances, although gentlemen were scarce, and to my certain knowledge, more than one young lady was sitting down, waiting for a partner Mr Darcy, you must admit it.’

‘I had not at that time the honour of knowing anybody at the ball, apart from my own group of friends. I should perhaps have asked to be introduced, but I do not like to recommend myself to strangers. I do not find it easy to talk to people I don’t know.’

‘You don’t want to take the trouble to do it, Darcy, that’s why!’ said Colonel Fitzwilliam.

‘I cannot play this piano as well as some other women,’ said Elizabeth, ‘but I’ve always assumed it is my own fault because I don’t take the trouble to practise. I know that I am capable of playing as well as anyone.’

Darcy smiled and said, ‘You are perfectly right. You have spent your time in a much better way. No one who hears you could imagine any possible improvement. We neither of us perform to strangers.’

Just then Lady Catherine interrupted them, to comment on Elizabeth’s playing. ‘Miss Bennet would play quite well, if she had a London teacher. Of course, Anne would have been a delightful performer, if her health had allowed her to learn.’

Elizabeth looked at Darcy to see his reaction to Anne de Bourgh’s name, but neither at that moment nor at any other could she observe any sign of love or even interest in his cousin. Lady Catherine continued to give Miss Bennet advice on her playing, but at the request of the gentlemen, Elizabeth stayed at the piano for the rest of the evening.

6 伊丽莎白拜访柯林斯先生和夫人

下一个星期一，班纳特太太的弟弟和弟媳照例到浪搏恩过圣诞节，她甚为欣喜。嘉丁纳先生通情达理，颇有绅士风度。尼日斐的小姐们可能会很难相信，做买卖出身的人竟会如此文雅而和善。嘉丁纳太太比班纳特太太和菲力普斯太太年轻几岁，和蔼聪慧，举止优雅，深得浪搏恩几个外甥女的喜爱，尤其是经常到伦敦和她呆在一起的两位大些的外甥女。

嘉丁纳太太分发完带来的礼品，讲述完最新服装款式之后，便不得不听听班纳特太太的牢骚话了。

“弟妹，自从你上次来过以后，我可遭了大罪了！”班纳特太太嚷道。“你想想看！两个女儿马上就要嫁出去了，可是接下来却成了一场空！我不怪简，如果有可能，她会得到彬格莱先生的，可是丽萃！哎呀，弟妹，真是难以想象，她如果不是那么固执，现在可能已经成了柯林斯太太了！结果呢，倒成了卢卡斯太太比我先嫁出一个女儿。遇到这样不听话的女儿和这样自私的邻居，真使我感到难受。可是你来得正是时候，对我是莫大的安慰，我非常喜欢听你讲新潮时装，长袖子啦什么的。”

嘉丁纳太太的回答对大姑子表示出适当的同情，那天晚些时候，她找到一个机会与伊丽莎白单独详细地谈了这件事。

“我为简感到难过，”她温和地说，“可是，丽萃，这种事太常见了！像彬格莱那样的年轻人很容易爱上漂亮女孩，而一旦碰巧两人分开，他就很快把她忘了。”

“是的，舅妈，”伊丽莎白说，“可是这次不是碰巧分开的，都怨那年轻人爱管闲事的朋友，是他们把简和彬格莱先生拆开的。我相信，彬格莱先生狂热地爱着她。”

“可怜的简！她太敏感了。我恐怕她一下子难以从中恢复过来。丽萃，这件事如果发生在你身上，你会很快把它淡忘的，因为你会苦中找乐。可是你觉得我会说服简跟我们一块回伦敦吗？也许到那里换换空气会使她好受些。”

伊丽莎白对舅妈的这种建议极为感激，她觉得简肯定会乐意去的。

“我希望，”嘉丁纳太太补充说，“她不会受到希望见到那个年轻人的影响。我们在城里住得那么远，碰上是不大可能的，除非他专程来看她。”

“这不太有可能，因为他的朋友达西先生不会允许他拜访这样一个不入流的地方！”可是，尽管伊丽莎白嘴上说得那么肯定，她心里还是暗自认为简在伦敦可能见到彬格莱，这样的会面还可能重新唤起他对她的感情。

嘉丁纳夫妇在浪搏恩呆了一个星期，班纳特太太作了各种安排，确保弟弟和弟媳总有得玩。一旦浪搏恩府上举办晚宴，总要请一些军官来。嘉丁纳太太注意到韦翰先生是位常客，伊丽莎白说起他又带着爱慕之情，于是就开始留心观察他们俩。她所看到的足以引起她的焦虑，她决定单独跟伊丽莎白谈谈。

“丽萃，”她开口道，“我看得出你喜欢韦翰先生，他也喜欢你。不过，我必须警告你不要跟他太认真。我承认他这个人很有意思，可是不幸的是他没有财产。你是有脑筋的，必须认识到嫁给一个身无分文的人会使你爸爸失望的。”

“亲爱的舅妈，别担心。我会把握好我自己的，韦翰先生也一样。他不会爱上我的，如果我能预防的话。”

“伊丽莎白，严肃点儿。”

“对不起，舅妈，我再努把力。现在我当然还没有爱上他。可是他是我迄今为止见到的最随和的人，如果他真的爱上了我……可是不愿意辜负父亲的期望或让你们哪个人不高兴。我不能保证我会怎么样，不过，我真地会按我认为最明智的方法去做。我希望我的想法你会满意。”

她舅妈说她感到满意，接受了伊丽莎白对她的建议表示的谢意。几天之后，嘉丁纳夫妇回到伦敦，把简也带了过去。

柯林斯先生的大喜日子很快来临，班纳特太太不得不眼睁睁地看着夏洛特·卢卡斯成为柯林斯太太。不过，新娘在离开浪搏恩前往汉斯福之前，请伊丽莎白尽快来参观她的新家。虽然伊丽莎白想象得出这次拜访不会有多乐趣，但她无法拒绝。按照安排，伊丽莎白将于三月份在威廉·卢卡斯爵士和他的另一个女儿玛利亚按计划去汉斯福进行拜访时陪他们一块去。

简离开后一个星期，伊丽莎白收到了她的来信，上面说她见到了彬格莱小姐，并且希望将友谊保持下去。伊丽莎白对此摇了摇头。几周后，她收到了简的来信，说卡罗琳·彬格莱没有进一步努力与先前的好友保持联系，对此，伊丽莎白一点都不感到奇怪。读到简的失望的信，伊丽莎白感到悲伤，但一想到至少简现在已不再受到他妹妹的蒙蔽，她便高兴许多。对她哥哥的一切期望现在都化为泡影了。作为对他的惩罚。伊丽莎白真心希望他不久就跟达西先生的妹妹结婚，因为据韦翰先生讲，这个女人会使他很快后悔自己一脚踢开了简。

大约在同时，伊丽莎白还收到了嘉丁纳太太寄来的信，问韦翰的情况。她老实地回答说，她还没有嫁给他的危险。他已把感情转移到

了金小姐身上。金小姐最近刚继承了一万英镑。所发生的一切伊丽莎白都看得清清楚楚，但她的心只是稍微受到些震动，而且她能自圆其说地认为像这样随和的年轻人希望获得财产和独立是很自然的事情。

1月和2月过去了，伊丽莎白拜访柯林斯夫妇的日子越来越近。她把计划作了更好的改动，安排在伦敦舅舅家停留一夜，然后继续往肯特郡去。她急切地盼望着见到简，她现在还呆在嘉丁纳家里。

伊丽莎白感到旅途漫漫，因为威廉爵士和玛利亚说的话没什么值得听的。但是，午饭时分马车到达嘉丁纳家以后，伊丽莎白看到姐姐和以前一样健康可爱，心里很高兴。不过，在与舅妈的一次私下谈话中，伊丽莎白得知简时不时地会出现精神沮丧，虽然她总是勇敢地装出高兴的样子。

下午和晚上过得太快了，第二天，伊丽莎白和另外两位旅行者又上路了。马车到达汉斯福以后，他们在路的一边看到了久闻大名的凯瑟琳夫人的大庄园，感到无比激动。最后，他们来到了位于另一边的教区长住宅，在那里受到了柯林斯先生和夏洛特的热情欢迎。

伊丽莎白看到自己受到如此真挚的接待，对自己的到来也感到越来越高兴。她马上看到，婚姻并没能改变她表兄的习惯。他坚持非常死板客套地接待他们，讲起话来长篇大论，又领着他们参观房子，极为细致地介绍它的很多优点。伊丽莎白禁不住想，也许他是专门冲她讲的，好像希望让她感到拒绝他给她带来了多大损失。但是，虽然一切看起来都井井有条，舒舒服服，她还是不能以表示后悔的一声叹息让他得意。实际上，她不明白夏洛特跟这样的人相处，为什么显得那样兴高采烈。不过，只要柯林斯先生说的哪句话使他妻子感到丢脸（这也是常事），夏洛特就很聪明地装作自己没在听。柯林斯先生自豪地带着他们在花园里观看时（他喜欢在那儿劳动），夏洛特一本正经地称赞搞园艺是很有益于健康的锻炼，并且承认自己鼓励丈夫尽可能多地在室外劳动，伊丽莎白听了心里直乐。

伊丽莎白心里必须承认，虽然有点奇怪，但夏洛特确实显得很幸福。只要不想起柯林斯先生，整个房子似乎非常舒适宜人；根据夏洛特对家园明显的得意之情，伊丽莎白设想，夏洛特一定不常想起他。

客人在那里才呆了一天，就接到凯瑟琳夫人的口信，邀请他们所有的人第二天全部到罗新斯庄园聚餐。柯林斯先生很得意，祝贺客人们交上了好运。“我得承认，我本来期望尊敬的夫人会邀请我们大家星期天到罗新斯喝茶，”他说，“但没想到会邀请所有的人赴宴！而且你们才刚来！夫人多么慷慨大方，多么关怀备至啊！”

那天剩下的全部时间和第二天上午都被用来讨论对罗新斯的拜访。当穿越庄园、进入夫人宅第的那一刻来临时，威廉爵士和玛利亚还真为此感到紧张。但是，伊丽莎白对于有关凯瑟琳夫人的传闻并不感到有很深的印象，所以还保持平静。

她看到凯瑟琳夫人觉得很有趣。她长得又高又大，举止傲慢，盛气凌人，接待客人时带着几分鄙夷。她嗓门很高，说一不二，显然自以为高人一等。她的女儿安与她截然不同——身材瘦小，愁容满面，很少开口，说起话来也低声细语。

晚饭很丰盛，柯林斯先生大加赞扬。他接连不断的赞美使伊丽莎白都觉得难为情，但凯瑟琳夫人似乎很高兴。晚饭后，夫人开始滔滔不绝地高谈阔论，也不怕自相矛盾甚至让别人说三道四。然后她就问了伊丽莎白很多具体的问题：受过什么教育，姐妹怎样，父亲收入多少。虽然伊丽莎白认为这些问题都是属于自家的事儿，别人无权过问，而且问题问得可以说很唐突，但她还是——有礼貌地、心平气和地作了回答。漫长的晚会结束后，客人们都坐着凯瑟琳夫人的马车回家了，而柯林斯先生又称赞了夫人的优雅、英明和好客。

这种拜访两周重复一次，但是在汉斯福几乎没有别的娱乐活动。伊丽莎白或者和夏洛特进行愉快的交谈，或者读书，或者沿着凯瑟琳夫人庄园旁一条小径散步，这条小径似乎没人走过。生活很平静，可她感到很满意。

但是，她到汉斯福两周后，听说有些客人要进住罗新斯。凯瑟琳夫人的外甥达西先生不久就要过来，陪他来的是表兄费茨威廉上校。第二天，两位先生到了，几乎马上就去了教区长住宅。费茨威廉上校三十来岁，相貌平平，但很有绅士风度，和小姐们谈笑风生。而达西先生还像先前那样冷漠傲慢，同柯林斯太太打过招呼以后，只与伊丽莎白呆板地客套了几句。伊丽莎白借此机会问他最近在伦敦是否碰到了简，他回答说无此殊荣，这时他觉得他有点糊涂。又过了一会儿，两位先生便返回罗新斯了。

费茨威廉上校的言谈举止十分受女士们爱戴，她们感到，他会大大增添她们在罗新斯晚会上的乐趣。但直到复活节他们才收到凯瑟琳夫人的邀请，他们来到她的起居室后，发现夫人显然对自己的外甥们更感兴趣，而不管其他客人。但是，费茨威廉上校似乎真地很高兴见到她们，他马上过来坐到了伊丽莎白身边。他们谈得十分融洽，妙趣横生，惹得达西先生好几次转过头来好奇地打量他们。夫人也注意到了，便从屋子另一头大声喊道：“费茨威廉，你和班纳特小姐在谈什么？让我也听听。”

“夫人，我们在谈音乐，”看到不回答不行了，他才说。

“谈音乐！那就跟我们大家讲讲。如果你们在谈音乐，我必须和你们一块谈。我想，在英格兰没有多少人能像我这样欣赏音乐，或者说有我这样的天赋。如果我学过演奏，我一定是个伟大的音乐家。但是，我经常告诉年轻的小姐，练习很重要。我和班纳特小姐说过几次，她要想真正地弹好，非多练不可。欢迎她到罗新斯来，在仆人的大厅里练习钢琴。我可以向她保证，在那儿她不会妨碍任何人的。”

达西先生对姨妈这种无礼的话感到有点儿脸上挂不住。同时，费茨威廉说服了伊丽莎白弹几首乐曲，她在钢琴旁坐下。可是，她开始弹奏时，达西先生起身站到了钢琴前，在那儿，他可以看清她的脸庞。第一首曲子结束后，伊丽莎白笑着说：“达西先生，你来听我弹琴，是想吓唬我吗？但是，我很犟，不害怕。”

“我想，你不会真地认为我想吓唬你，而且我有幸认识你已经够久了，知道你偶尔喜欢说些言不由衷的话。”

伊丽莎白对这种场面不由得笑了起来，对费茨威廉上校说：“你表弟在教导你不要相信我说的一切。说实在的，达西先生，你揭我的短处很不够有气量，也许还有点愚蠢，因为我可能报复，讲一讲你的事情，你的亲戚们听到会大吃一惊的。”

“我不怕你，”达西笑着说。

“可是，让我听听你的指责，”费茨威廉上校喊道。“我倒想听一听他在陌生人中表现如何。”

“那好吧，准备好听一听那可怕的事吧。我第一次见到他是在哈福德郡的舞会上，在这次舞会上，你想他都干了什么？他只跳了四次舞！我很抱歉使你难受，但这是事实。虽然先生们很少，而且据我所知，坐着等舞伴的小姐不止一个，他却只跳了四支曲子。达西先生，你得承认。”

“当时在舞会上除了自己的一圈朋友外，我还不认识任何人。我也许应当让人介绍一下，可是不喜欢向陌生人毛遂自荐。和不认识的人谈话令我觉得不安。”

“达西，不过是你不想去找麻烦罢了，这才是原因！”费茨威廉上校说。

“这架钢琴我不像其他女人弹得那样好，”伊丽莎白说，“但是我总设想那是我自己的过错——因为我没有自找麻烦去练习。我知道我是有能力弹得像别人那样好的。”

达西笑了笑说：“你完全正确。你利用时间的方式要好得多。听到你弹奏的人想象不出该作如何改进。我们两人都不喜欢在生人面前现眼。”

正在这时，凯瑟琳夫人插了进来，评论伊丽莎白的琴艺。“班纳特小姐如果有位伦敦老师的话，一定会弹得很好。当然，安的身体如果允许她学习的话，也会成为令人愉快的演奏家。”

伊丽莎白注意看达西对安·德·巴尔这个名字的反应，但此时此刻或其他任何时刻，她都观察不到他对表妹有丝毫的爱慕甚至兴趣。凯瑟琳夫人继续给班纳特小姐的弹奏提出意见，但在先生们的请求下，伊丽莎白在晚上剩下的时间里一直在弹琴。

7 Darcy proposes marriage

Elizabeth was sitting by herself the next morning, writing to Jane, while Mrs Collins and Maria were shopping in the village. She heard the doorbell ring, and knew that meant a visitor had arrived, but she was greatly surprised when Mr Darcy, and Mr Darcy only, was shown into the room.

He seemed astonished too, on finding her alone. 'I apologize for disturbing you, Miss Bennet. I understood that all the ladies were at home.'

'Please don't apologize, Mr Darcy. I hope Lady Catherine and her daughter are well?'

'Very well, thank you.' He said no more.

As he seemed in danger of sinking into total silence, Elizabeth had to think of something to say. She remarked, 'How very suddenly you all left Netherfield last November, Mr Darcy! I hope Mr Bingley and his sisters were well, when you left London?'

'Perfectly, thank you.' That was all the answer he gave.

'I think I have heard that Mr Bingley has not much idea of ever returning to Netherfield again?'

'It is probable that he will spend very little of his time there in future. He has many friends elsewhere.'

Elizabeth did not want to talk any longer about Mr Bingley, and, determined to leave the conversation to Mr Darcy, she remained silent. He understood, and soon began to speak again.

Mr Collins appears very fortunate in his choice of a wife.'

'Yes, indeed. She is one of the few sensible women who would have accepted him, although I'm not sure I consider her marrying Mr Collins as the wisest thing she ever did. She seems perfectly happy, however, and financially speaking, it's a good marriage.'

'It must be very agreeable to her to be such a short distance from her own family and friends.'

'A short distance, you say? It is nearly eighty kilometres!'

'And what is that? Little more than half a day's journey, on a good road. Yes, I call it a very short distance.'

'I would never have said Mrs Collins lived near her family,' cried Elizabeth.

'That shows how much you are attached to Hertfordshire. Anywhere outside the Longbourn area would, I suppose, seem far away to you. As he spoke, he smiled a little.

Perhaps he supposed she was thinking of Jane and Netherfield, thought Elizabeth, and she blushed. 'Whether the distance seems long or short depends on many circumstances. If the family's income is large enough to pay for frequent journeys, then distance is not a problem. But Mr and Mrs Collins will not be able to afford to travel very often, despite their comfortable income. I'm certain my friend does not consider Hunsford near her family.'

Mr Darcy moved his chair a little towards her, and said, 'You cannot have a right to such a very strong local attachment. You haven't spent your whole life at Longbourn, I am sure.

Elizabeth looked surprised. Experiencing a change of feeling, the gentleman moved his chair away again, took a newspaper from the table, and, glancing at it, said in a colder voice, 'Are you pleased with Kent?' They discussed Kent calmly and politely for a few minutes, and were then interrupted by Charlotte and Maria, who had returned from the village. Mr Darcy sat a little while longer, without saying much to anybody, and then went away.

'What can be the meaning of this!' said Charlotte, as soon as he had gone. 'My dear Lizzy, he must be in love with you, or he would never have visited us in this familiar way.'

But when Elizabeth described his silence, that did not seem likely, even to hopeful Charlotte, and they could only suppose that he had nothing better to do. In fact, from now on, both Mr Darcy and Colonel Fitzwilliam called regularly at the Rectory. It was obvious that Colonel Fitzwilliam came because he enjoyed talking to the ladies, and Elizabeth was reminded by her own satisfaction in being with him, as well as by his evident admiration of her, of her former favourite, Wickham. But it was more difficult to understand why Mr Darcy came. He did not often speak, and seldom appeared interested in the conversation. Even Charlotte, who observed Mr Darcy closely, was not sure whether he admired Elizabeth or not, and began to hope that perhaps her friend might marry Colonel Fitzwilliam instead.

When she took her daily walk along the path bordering the park, Elizabeth met Mr Darcy unexpectedly more than once. This was the more surprising, because she was careful to inform him that it was her favourite walk, so that he could avoid meeting her. It was also strange that, although he could just have greeted her and walked on, he always thought it necessary to turn back and walk with her. She could not quite understand him.

But one day, as she was walking, she met Colonel Fitzwilliam, not Mr Darcy, and greeted him with a smile. They walked back to the Rectory together.

'Are you leaving Kent this Sunday?' she asked.

'Yes, if Darcy doesn't put it off again.'

'He is fortunate to be able to arrange things as he likes.'

'Well, we all want to do that,' replied Colonel Fitzwilliam.

'But he is used to doing what he likes, because he is rich, and many others are poor. I, for example—I'm a younger son, you know, and won't inherit my father's fortune, so I shall never be rich or independent, like Darcy.'

'Now seriously, you cannot call yourself poor. When have you ever suffered because of lack of money?'

'Well, perhaps I haven't really suffered much yet. But there are difficulties. A younger son doesn't have a free choice when marrying. He cannot afford to marry a girl with no fortune.'

Elizabeth blushed, thinking that he might mean her, and began to talk of something else. She asked him about Darcy's sister, and mentioned that the Bingley sisters liked her very much.

‘Bingley—yes, I know them. Their brother is very pleasant—a great friend of Darcy’s,’ answered Colonel Fitzwilliam.

‘Oh, yes, Mr Darcy is extremely kind to Mr Bingley, and takes very good care of him,’ said Elizabeth drily.

‘Yes, I believe Darcy does take care of Bingley. I’m thinking of a recent situation, which Darcy was telling me about on the journey here. He was congratulating himself on having saved a friend from a most foolish marriage. Of course, I’m not sure the friend was Bingley, as Darcy didn’t mention the name.

‘Did Mr Darcy give you his reasons for interfering?’

‘I understood that there were some very strong objections to the lady.’

Elizabeth could not speak for a moment. When she was able to control her anger, she changed the conversation. As soon as they reached the Rectory, she said goodbye to Colonel Fitzwilliam, and went straight upstairs to her room. At last she could think without interruption about what he had told her. Bingley, must have been the friend to whom Darcy was referring. She had always assumed that Darcy was involved in the plan to separate Jane and Bingley, but it now appeared that he, not Miss Bingley, was the main cause of all that Jane had suffered, and still continued to suffer. The ‘very strong objections to the lady’ probably consisted of having one uncle who was a country lawyer, and another who was in business in London. There could be no possible objections to Jane herself, as she was intelligent, beautiful and charming. Nor could anyone object to Mr Bennet as a father-in-law. When Elizabeth thought of her mother, she felt a little less confident. She was still convinced, however, that Mr Darcy was interested in high-born connections rather than character or common sense. It was this, the worst kind of pride, which had destroyed for a while every hope of happiness for the most affectionate, generous heart in the world.

Thinking about all this made Elizabeth so upset and unhappy that she soon had a headache. It grew so much worse in the evening, and she was so unwilling to see Mr Darcy, that she decided not to go to Rosings that evening with Mr and Mrs Collins. Instead, she stayed in the Rectory sitting-room, rereading Jane’s recent letters from London. She was saddened to discover that, although Jane never complained, or referred to the past, in almost every line there was a lack of cheerfulness, which Elizabeth had not noticed the first time, and which now made her rather anxious. She was relieved to think that Darcy would be leaving Rosings in two days’ time, and she herself would be with Jane in less than two weeks. Colonel Fitzwilliam would also be leaving with Darcy, but he had made it clear that he had no intention of proposing to her, so she did not intend to be unhappy about him.

Just then, she heard the doorbell, and wondered if it might be Colonel Fitzwilliam, come to enquire about her health. But to her astonishment she saw Mr Darcy walk into the room. In a hurried manner he began to ask how she was feeling. She answered him with cold politeness. He sat down for a few moments, and then, getting up, walked about the room. Elizabeth was surprised, but said nothing. After a silence of several minutes, he came towards her, with none of his usual calmness, and said, ‘In vain have I struggled. It is no good. I cannot conquer my feelings. You must allow me to tell you how warmly I admire and love you.’

Elizabeth stared, blushed, doubted, and was silent. He considered this sufficient encouragement, and confessed all that he felt, and had felt for a long time, for her. He expressed himself well, but it was not only of love that he spoke. He also talked of his pride, and his sense of her social inferiority, which had made him struggle against his feelings for so long.

In spite of her dislike for him, Elizabeth appreciated what a compliment such a man’s affection was, and was at first sorry for the pain he was about to receive. But soon, as she heard his references to her inferior position, she lost all pity, and became very angry. She waited patiently, however, until he had finished. He ended by describing the strength of his love for her, which, in spite of all his attempts, he had been unable to conquer with arguments of reason and common sense, and finally he asked for her hand in marriage. She could see that he had no doubt of a favourable answer, which only made her angrier.

‘I believe society considers it correct, in cases like this,’ she replied, ‘to express grateful thanks. So if I could feel grateful, I would now thank you. But I cannot—I have never wanted your good opinion of me, and I cannot accept it. I’m sorry to hurt anyone, but it has not been done deliberately, and I hope the pain will not last long. The pride which, you tell me, has long prevented the expression of your affection, can have little difficulty in conquering your feelings after this explanation.’

Mr Darcy, whose eyes were fixed on her face, was both angry and surprised by her words. His face went pale, and he was clearly struggling to control himself. There was a dreadful pause, and then he spoke in a voice of forced calmness.

‘And this is all the reply I am to have the honour of expecting! I might, perhaps, wish to be informed why, with so little attempt at politeness, I am rejected.’

‘I might as well ask why, with so evident a wish to offend and insult me, you chose to tell me that you loved me against your reason and even against your character. But even if my own feelings towards you had been favourable, do you think anything could tempt me to accept the man who has destroyed, perhaps for ever, the happiness of a most dear sister?’

As she said this, Mr Darcy changed colour, but he listened without trying to interrupt her as she continued.

‘I have every reason in the world to think badly of you. Can you deny that you were the cause of Jane’s separation from Mr Bingley, and of her unhappiness? Can you deny it?’

‘I have no wish to deny that I did everything I could to separate them, and that I am delighted with my success. Towards my friend I have been kinder than to myself.’

Elizabeth treated this last remark with disdain, but its meaning did not escape her. ‘But it is not only because of Jane that I dislike you. My opinion of you was decided long ago. I heard all about your character from Mr Wickham. Now, what can you have to say on this matter? How can you defend yourself?’

‘You take an eager interest in that gentleman,’ said Darcy, less calmly than before. The colour was rising in his face.

“Who can help feeling an interest in him, when we hear of the unfortunate life he has had!”

“Unfortunate!” repeated Darcy contemptuously. “Yes, unfortunate indeed.”

“And it was your fault,” cried Elizabeth with energy. “You took away his chance of a comfortable income and a good position, which you knew had been intended for him. You have left him poor, and dependent, and disappointed. You have done all this! And you can still treat the mention of his name with contempt.”

“And this,” cried Darcy, as he walked with quick steps across the room, “is your opinion of me! Thank you for explaining it so fully. But perhaps you might not have considered these offences of mine, if your pride had not been hurt by my honest confession of my reasons for not proposing to you earlier. Perhaps I should have hidden my struggles, and flattered you by pretending I had every reason to love you. But I hate disguise of any sort. Nor am I ashamed of my feelings of pride, which are very natural. Could you expect me to delight in the inferiority of your family compared to mine?”

Elizabeth felt herself growing more angry every moment.

“Mr Darcy, you could not have made me the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it. The moment I first met you, I noticed your pride, your sense of superiority, and your selfish disdain for the feelings of others. Later events strengthened my dislike for you. You are the last man in the world whom I could ever be persuaded to marry.”

“You have said quite enough, madam. I perfectly understand your feelings. Forgive me for having taken up so much of your time, and accept my best wishes for your health and happiness.”

With these words he hurried out of the room, and the house. Elizabeth felt so weak that she sat down and cried for half an hour. She was so astonished to have received a proposal from Mr Darcy! His affection for her must indeed have been strong, to conquer all the objections he had to her family and position, objections which had made him prevent his friend marrying her sister. But his terrible pride, his shameless confession of what he had done to separate Jane and Bingley, and his 150cruelty towards Wickham soon removed any pity she might have felt for him.

7 达西求婚

第二天早上，伊丽莎白独自坐着，给简写信。柯林斯太太和玛利亚在村里买东西。她听到门铃响，知道有客人来了，但她见到达西先生，并且只有达西先生一个人被领进屋时，感到奇怪极了。

他发现她独自一人，也似乎很惊讶。“班纳特小姐，对不起，打扰你了。我还以为所有的女士都在家。”

“达西先生，请不要客气。我想凯瑟琳夫人和小姐都还好吧？”

“很好，谢谢。”他又不说话了。

看样子他有危险陷入完全的沉默。伊丽莎白必须找话说了。她说：“达西先生，去年11月，你们离开尼日斐太突然了，我想彬格莱先生和他的妹妹在你离开伦敦时还好吧？”

“很好，谢谢。”这就是全部回答。

“我想我听说过，彬格莱先生不怎么打算再回尼日斐了？”

“将来他可能不会在那个地方呆多长时间。他别处有很多朋友。”

伊丽莎白不想再往下谈彬格莱先生了，下决心把话题留给达西先生，于是她保持沉默。他明白了，不一会儿，就又开口说话了。

“柯林斯先生选了这样一位妻子似乎很幸运。”

“是的，一点不错。有思想的妇女能接受他的不多，她便是其中的一个。不过，我不敢肯定地认为她嫁给柯林斯先生是最明智的做法。可是，她似乎十分幸福，况且从经济上讲，这个婚姻也不错。”

“离娘家和朋友这么近，她一定觉得很满意。”

“你说离得那么近？差不多八十公里呢！”

“那算得了什么，半天多一点就到了，若是路好的话。是的，我认为是很近。”

“我永远不会认为柯林斯太太住得离娘家近，”伊丽莎白大声说。

“这说明你对哈福德郡的感情太深了。我想，浪搏恩以外的任何地方对你来说都是很远的。”他说话时，露出了一丝微笑。

伊丽莎白想，也许他认为自己在想简和尼日斐，于是脸就红了。“距离的远近取决于很多因素。如果家庭收入足以支付频繁的往来，那么距离就不成问题。但是，虽然他们有舒适的收入，柯林斯夫妇是承受不起经常的旅行的。我相信，我的朋友不会认为汉斯福离她家很近。”

达西先生把椅子朝她挪了挪，说：“你不该有这样强的乡土观念。可以肯定地说，你不会一辈子都在浪搏恩度过的。”

伊丽莎白看起来有点惊奇。那位先生感受到了感情的变化，便又把椅子挪开，从桌上拿了一张报纸，瞟了瞟，用冷淡些的语气说：“你对肯特郡感到满意吗？”他们又平静客气地讨论了一会儿肯特郡，然后夏洛特和玛利亚打断了他们，这两个人已从村里回来了。达西先生又坐了一会儿，也没跟谁说多少话，便离开了。

“这是什么意思！”他刚走，夏洛特就说。“亲爱的丽萃，他一定是爱上了你，否则，他绝不会以这种亲切的方式拜访我们。”

可是，当伊丽莎白描述了他沉默的样子之后，甚至是满怀希望的夏洛特也觉得那不大可能。这样，她们只能猜测他是没事可做才来的。实际上，就从这时起，达西先生和费茨威廉上校开始定期造访教区长住宅。显然，费茨威廉上校来此是因为他喜欢与女士们交谈，伊丽莎白和他在一起感到很满意，而他又显然爱慕她，这两者都使她想起以前的宠儿韦翰先生。可是，要弄明白达西先生为什么来就更困难些。他不常讲话，也很少对谈话表现出兴趣。即使是密切注视达西先生的夏洛特，也不敢肯定他是否爱慕伊丽莎白，于是，她开始希望，也许伊丽莎白可以转而嫁给费茨威廉上校。

伊丽莎白每天沿公园旁的小径散步时，不止一次地意外碰到达西先生。这就更奇怪了，因为她曾小心地告诉他这是她最喜欢的散步方式，以便让他避免碰见她。还有令人奇怪的是，他完全可以只和她打个招呼便继续往前走，可他总是觉得有必要掉转头和她一起走。她搞不大明白。

可是有一天，她在散步时碰到了费茨威廉上校，而不是达西先生，便微笑着和他打了招呼。他们一块走回到教区长住宅。

“你们这个星期日离开肯特郡吗？”她问道。

“是的，如果达西不再往后推的话。”

“他很幸运，安排事情有自主权。”

“哎，我们都想有自主权，”费茨威廉上校回答说。“但是他习惯于我行我素，因为他很富有，而其他很多人都很穷。比方说我——我不是长子，你也知道，继承不了父亲的家产，因此，我永远不会像达西那样富有或独立自主。”

“认真点儿讲，你不能说自己穷。你什么时候因缺钱受过罪？”

“也许我还没有真正受过罪。但确实有困难。小儿子结婚时没有自由选择的余地。他没有经济能力同没有财产的女人结婚。”

伊丽莎白脸一红，觉得他可能指自己，于是赶紧岔开了话题。她问他达西的妹妹的情况，并提及彬格莱姐妹很喜欢她。

“彬格莱——是的，我认识她们。她们的哥哥很招人喜欢——是达西的好朋友之一，”费茨威廉上校回答说。

“哦，是的，达西先生对彬格莱先生极好，对他十分关照，”伊丽莎白冷冰冰地说。

“是的，我觉得达西确实关照彬格莱。我想起了最近的一件事，是达西在到这里来的路上告诉我的。他庆幸自己阻止了一位朋友卷入一桩最愚蠢的婚姻。当然，我不敢肯定这位朋友就是彬格莱，因为达西没有提他的名字。”

“达西先生是否摆出了干涉的理由？”

“我的理解是有些人强烈反对这位小姐。”

伊丽莎白一时说不出话来。她压住心头的怒火，改变了话题。他们一到教区长住宅，她便向费茨威廉上校道了别，径直到了楼上自己的房间。现在终于可以不受干扰，独自思考一下他告诉她的这件事了。达西所指的那位朋友一定是彬格莱。她一直都在猜测达西参与了拆散简和彬格莱的计划，但现在似乎清楚了，是他，而不是彬格莱小姐，做了简已经遭受和继续遭受的痛苦罪魁祸首。“强烈反对这位小姐”的原因可能包括她有一个姨父做乡村律师，还有个舅舅在伦敦做买卖。对简本人不大可能有什么反对意见，因为她聪颖、漂亮、迷人。也不会有人反对认班纳特先生做老岳父的。伊丽莎白想到母亲时，感到有点缺乏自信。但是，她仍然坚信，达西先生只喜欢攀出身高贵的人，不喜欢平民百姓。正是这种最恶毒的傲慢，暂时毁掉了世界上最挚诚、最宽厚的一颗心所抱的每一线获得幸福的希望。

想到所有这些，伊丽莎白感到万分不安和难过，一会儿就犯了头痛病。到了晚上，头痛愈加剧烈，加上她不愿见到达西先生，于是她决定晚上不陪柯林斯夫妇去罗新斯了。相反，她呆在教区长家的起居室里，重读简最近从伦敦的来信。她难过地发现，虽然简从来没有抱怨过或提起过过去，但信中几乎每一行都流露出闷闷不乐的情绪。伊丽莎白读第一遍时没注意到，现在这使她有点焦急。一想到达西再过两天就要离开罗新斯，她本人也将在两周后见到简，心里便放松了一点。费茨威廉上校也将同达西一块走，但他已经挑明他无意向她求婚，所以，她不打算为他表示悲伤。

正在这时，她听到了门铃声，心中纳闷会不会是费茨威廉上校来探问她的身体状况。但是，令她大吃一惊的是，她看到达西先生走进了屋子。他匆匆地开始询问她感觉如何。她冷冰冰地客气地回答了他。他坐下，呆了一会儿，然后又站起来，在房间里踱来踱去。伊丽莎白感到奇怪，但什么也没说。几分钟沉默过后，他朝她走过来，一扫平时的冷静，说道：“我徒劳地进行思想斗争，但毫无用处。我再也无法控制自己的感情了。请允许我告诉你我多么敬慕你，多么爱你。”

伊丽莎白瞪大了眼睛，涨红了脸，满腹狐疑，一句话也说不出来。他一看这情景，认为是在怂恿自己说下去，立即向她倾吐了所有的感情，既有现在的，也有长期以来就感受到的。他表达得很充分，不但谈了他的爱，还谈到了他的傲慢，谈到他觉得她出身卑微，正是这一点使他与感情进行了长期的思想斗争。

虽然伊丽莎白讨厌他，但她认识到能得到这样的男人的爱是多大的恭维呀，所以开始时还对他即将接受的痛苦感到遗憾。但不久，她听到他说自己出身卑微，所有的怜悯之情便为愤怒所取代。但是，她耐心地等到他讲完。他最后形容了他对她的爱的力量，虽然他几经努力，但这种爱情的力量是无法用理性和经验战胜的，最后，他请求她接受他的求婚。她看得出，他自信能得到肯定的回答，这使得她更加恼怒。

她回答道：“我想，在这种情况下，社会上会认为应当表达一下感激之情。因此，如果我真觉得感激，我现在会谢你的。可惜我现在没有这种感觉——我从来不稀罕你的抬举，我也不接受你的抬举。我不愿伤害任何人，但我并不是故意的，我希望这痛苦不会持续太久。你说过，高傲使得你长期以来无法表达爱慕之情，但在你听了我的解释之后，高傲会毫不费力地战胜你的感情。”

达西先生一双眼睛紧紧盯着她的脸，听了这话，既气愤，又惊奇。他的脸色煞白，很显然在努力控制自己。可怕的停顿过后，他竭力装出一副镇定的样子说：

“我很荣幸，竟能得到这样一个回答。也许我可以请教一下，为什么我竟会遭到如此无礼的拒绝？”

“我也要请教你一下，你明明存心要冒犯我、侮辱我，却为什么要违背理性甚至自己的品格，说你爱我。但是，即便我对你的感情是肯定的，那么，也请你想一想，还有什么能打动我的心，让我去爱一个毁了我最亲爱的姐姐的幸福、甚至永远毁了她幸福的人？”

达西听了她的话，脸色大变。但他听着她继续往下说，一时不想插嘴。

“我有千万条理由把你往坏里想。你能否认你是拆散简和彬格莱先生、毁掉她幸福的罪魁祸首吗？你能否认吗？”

“我不想否认我竭尽全力把他们拆散，而且我还为我的成功感到喜悦。我对朋友比对自己体贴。”

伊丽莎白对他最后一句话十分鄙视，但他的用意她当然清楚。“但是，并不仅仅是因为简我才讨厌你。我对你早有成见，韦翰先生把你的品格全告诉了我。现在，对这个你还有什么话可说？你怎么为自己辩护？”

“你对那位先生倒挺关心的，”达西说道，语气已没有先前镇定。他的脸也更红了。

“凡是听过他不幸遭遇的人，谁能不关心他！”

“不幸遭遇！”达西轻蔑地重复道。“是的，真够不幸的。”

“这都是你一手造成的，”伊丽莎白使劲高声说。“是你剥夺了他享受舒适的收入 and 良好地位的机会，你清楚，这些本来都是属于他的。是你造成了他的贫困，让他无法独立，满心失望。这一切都是你干的！可是现在，你提起他的名字却还带着鄙夷。”

“这就是你对我的看法！”达西一边大声叫嚷，一边快速往屋子那头走。“谢谢你解释得这样周全。不过要不是我把以前迟疑不决的原因如实说出来，伤害了你的自尊心，也许你不会计较我得罪你的这些地方。也许我应当把我的思想矛盾隐瞒起来，假装我有一切爱你的理由，来奉承你。但是，我不喜欢任何形式的伪装。我也不为自己的高傲感到羞耻，因为那是很自然的。难道你指望我为你那些同我的亲戚无法相提并论的微贱的亲戚欢欣鼓舞吗？”

伊丽莎白感到越来越气恼。

“达西先生，你用任何方式向我求婚，也不能打动我，让我接受。从认识你的那一刹那起，我就注意到了你的狂妄自大、你高人一等的感觉以及对别人感情的自私蔑视。以后发生的事加深了我对你的反感。哪怕天下男人都死光了，我也不愿嫁给你。”

“你说够了，小姐，我完全理解你的感情。占用了你这么多时间，请原谅。我衷心地祝愿你健康、幸福。”

说完这些话，他匆匆走出房间，走出宅院。伊丽莎白感到虚弱无比，坐下来哭了半个小时。达西先生向他求婚，简直太令人惊讶了！他对她的爱一定的确十分强烈，它克服了家庭、地位的障碍，克服了自己用以阻挠朋友同她姐姐结婚的障碍。但他那可怕的高傲自大，他那对拆散简和彬格莱的姻缘的恬不知耻的坦白，以及他对韦翰的残酷无情，不久便把她可能产生的怜悯之情冲刷得荡然无存。

8 Elizabeth Learns more about Darcy and Wickham

The next morning Elizabeth had still not recovered from the surprise of Darcy's proposal to her. Feeling in need of exercise and fresh air, she decided to have a walk. In order to avoid meeting Mr Darcy, she kept away from her favourite path, but could not resist walking a little way into Lady Catherine's park. There she was astonished to see Darcy himself approaching her and calling her name.

'I have been walking some time in the hope of meeting you,' he said. 'Will you do me the honour of reading this letter?' And, handing her an envelope, he bowed slightly and walked quickly away. With no expectation of pleasure, but with the strongest curiosity, Elizabeth opened the letter, and began to read it as she continued her walk alone.

Do not be alarmed, madam, that I shall repeat the offer which so disgusted you last night. I have no intention of mentioning again wishes which, for the happiness of both of us, cannot be too soon forgotten. I would not have written, but justice requires my character to be defended.

You accused me last night of two very different offences. The first was that I had separated Mr Bingley from your sister, in spite of their mutual affection, and the second was that I had destroyed Mr Wickham's chance of future wealth and happiness, in spite of my father's honourable promises to him. I hope that you will no longer blame me for either of these offences, when you have read the explanation which follows. If I am forced to describe feelings which offend you, I can only say I am sorry.

I had not been long in Hertfordshire before I noticed that Bingley preferred your elder sister Jane to any other young woman. But I had often seen him in love before, and it wasn't until the Netherfield ball that I realized how serious his attachment was. I was careful to observe your sister closely, and as her manners and appearance were as pleasant and cheerful as ever, I remained convinced that she did not feel strongly about him. I was perhaps deceived by her calmness, and in that case, your anger has not been unreasonable. But I sincerely believed that her heart had not been touched. I objected to Bingley's possible marriage to her, not only for those reasons of social inferiority that I mentioned to you last night, but also for reasons which in my case I had tried to forget, but which I must state now. The behaviour that evening of your mother, your three younger sisters, and occasionally even your father, was so lacking in social correctness that I made up my mind to save my friend from what I considered would be a most unhappy marriage. If you are upset by my description of your family's faults, it may comfort you to consider that you and your elder sister have avoided any share of blame, and deserve nothing but honourable praise for your behaviour. To continue—when I was in London, with the help of Bingley's sisters, who shared my opinion, I explained to him the disadvantages of marriage to your sister. This alone would not have been enough to prevent the marriage, if I had not also been able to convince him of your sister's indifference to him. Then it was easy to persuade him not to return to Hertfordshire. I do regret one thing, however. Miss Bingley and I both knew that your sister was in London, but we hid the fact from Bingley. In this I consider I was less than honest, but I have no other apology to offer.

Your other, more serious accusation refers to Mr Wickham. Here again I may cause you pain—only you can tell how much. In order to show you his real character I must explain the whole of his connection with my family. His late father worked for mine for many years, helping to look after the Pemberley farms. His son, George Wickham, received much kindness from my father, who paid for him to go to school and to university. My father hoped the young man would enter the Church. If he became a priest, I was to give him the post of rector in a village near Pemberley, when it became vacant. But even before my father died, I had discovered Wickham's weakness of character and lack of morals. After my father's death, Wickham wrote to inform me that he did not intend to enter the Church, and asked for an amount of money instead of the post of rector. I knew that, with his character faults, he ought not to become a priest, and I therefore agreed at once. The business was soon arranged. He resigned all claim to the church post, and accepted three thousand pounds instead. I hoped that I would not see him or hear from him again. But three years later he wrote again, this time to ask for the rector's post, informing me that his money had all gone and his situation was desperate. You will hardly blame me for refusing. Since then he has doubtless been violent in accusing me of injustice to all who will listen to him.

There is one more circumstance which I would like to forget myself, but which I must now mention. I rely on your keeping this confidential. A year ago, I sent my sister, who is ten years younger than I am, on holiday to Ramsgate in Kent, in the care of a female companion. Unfortunately, there was an understanding between this woman and Mr Wickham, who also went to Ramsgate. With her help and encouragement, he spent a great deal of time with Georgiana, and flattered her so much that she believed she was in love, and agreed to elope with him. She was only fifteen at the time, and I am glad to say that she confessed everything to me immediately, when I arrived unexpectedly in Ramsgate just before their planned elopement. Naturally, I dismissed the companion, and wrote to Wickham, who left the place at once. He was doubtless most interested in my sister's fortune, which is thirty thousand pounds, but I cannot help supposing that he was also eager to revenge himself on me. I hope you will now clear me of all blame in this matter.

If, madam, you doubt the truthfulness of my description of these circumstances, I suggest you speak to Colonel Fitzwilliam. As my cousin and close friend, he knows every detail of these events, and will be happy to support what I say.

I will only add, may God be with you.

Fitzwilliam Darcy

Elizabeth experienced a variety of emotions as she read the letter. She was astonished to discover that Darcy was capable of any sort of apology. It was with a strong prejudice against anything he might say that she began reading his explanation of what had happened at Netherfield, and at first she was too angry with him to treat him with justice. But when she went on to read his description of his relationship with Wickham, she hesitated. It was so very different from Wickham's story, which she would have preferred to believe. But after a few moments' thought she realized that Darcy's statement was much more likely to be true. She began to remember several things about Wickham which now appeared strange to her. On the first evening she had met him, he had told the whole story about his lost fortune and the Darcy family to her, a total stranger. Then he had boasted of having no fear of Darcy, but had avoided the Netherfield ball the very next week. In addition, he had waited until the Bingleys and Darcy had left Netherfield before making his accusations public.

She reminded herself that no one in Hertfordshire knew anything about Wickham's past, so it was quite possible that he lacked morals, as Darcy said. She had to admit that Darcy himself, though horribly proud, had always shown himself to be a gentleman. Finally, Darcy would certainly not have dared to refer her to Colonel Fitzwilliam, if he were not certain that his cousin could prove these statements.

She became absolutely ashamed of herself. 'How badly I have behaved!' she cried. 'How prejudiced I have been, I who have always been so proud of my ability to judge people! That pride has led me blindly into making a stupid mistake. Flattered by Wickham's interest, and offended by Darcy's coolness, I have misjudged both of them. Till this moment, I never knew myself.'

She re-read what Darcy had to say about Jane, and this time was forced to admit that Jane had displayed few outward signs of her feelings for Bingley. Charlotte had even commented on it. Then when Elizabeth looked again at Darcy's comments on her family's behaviour, her sense of shame was very great, and she could not deny the justice of his words. Feeling more miserable than she had ever felt before, she slowly returned to the Rectory, where she had difficulty in maintaining a cheerful appearance.

Mr Darcy and Colonel Fitzwilliam left Rosings the next day, and were sadly missed by their aunt, who now had so little entertainment that she invited the Collinses and their visitors several times that week. As Elizabeth only had a few days left before the end of her visit, she thought it fortunate that most of her time was occupied. When she had a moment to herself, it was a great relief to walk outside in the garden or the park, alone with her thoughts. She soon knew Mr Darcy's letter by heart. Although she was still angry with him for the proud, over-confident way in which he had proposed, her anger turned against herself when she considered how unjustly she had criticized and accused him. She respected his character and felt pity for his disappointment, but did not for a moment regret her refusal, or have the slightest desire to see him ever again.

She was saddened when she thought of her family. Her father enjoyed laughing at Kitty's and Lydia's foolishness so much that he never attempted to control his two youngest daughters, and her mother, whose own behaviour was far from correct, was completely unaware that anything was wrong. And poor Jane! It now appeared that Bingley's affection had been sincere, and Jane's disappointment had been indirectly caused by the behaviour of her own near relations.

On Saturday morning Elizabeth said goodbye to her friend Charlotte, feeling sorry to leave her with such a husband. But Charlotte, although regretting the departure of her visitors, appeared quite content with her domestic arrangements. Mr Collins took care to say to Elizabeth, before she left, 'I do hope, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that you will be as happy in marriage as I am. My dear Charlotte and I have one mind and one way of thinking. We seem to be made for each other.'

'It is most fortunate when that is the case,' was all that Elizabeth could safely reply.

By midday she had arrived in London, where she had arranged to stay a few days at her aunt's house. There was, however, no opportunity to discuss Mr Darcy's letter with Jane, until they both reached Longbourn again, at the end of the week.

It was pleasant to be at home again, but Elizabeth was very conscious of her younger sisters' silliness. They were full of the sad news they had just heard, that the regiment was leaving Meryton in two weeks' time and would be staying for the summer in Brighton, a holiday town on the south coast. Lydia and her mother were trying hard to persuade Mr Bennet to take them to Brighton too, for several months, as the summer would be so miserable in Hertfordshire without the officers. Fortunately, Elizabeth felt sure her father would not agree to this foolish idea.

When she and Jane were alone, she told her sister about Darcy's proposal of marriage. Jane was astonished, but soon her sisterly feelings made her think it quite natural, and her kind heart felt pity for Darcy's disappointment. However, when she heard about George Wickham's wickedness, as explained in Darcy's letter, she was deeply shocked. After some discussion, the sisters decided not to tell anyone what they knew about Wickham, as he would soon be leaving Meryton in any case.

Elizabeth felt greatly relieved by this conversation. She had got rid of two of her secrets, and was certain of a willing listener in Jane, whenever she might wish to talk again of either. But she dared not tell the third, and explain to Jane how sincere Bingley's feelings for her had been. She could see that Jane was not happy, because of her continued warm affection for Bingley. However, there seemed little chance of Bingley marrying her now, and Elizabeth did not want to deepen Jane's feelings of regret for her lost happiness.

8 伊丽莎白加深对达西和韦翰的了解

第二天早上,伊丽莎白还没有从达西求婚的惊讶中恢复过来。她感到需要活动,需要新鲜空气,便决定出去散散步。为了避免与达西先生相见,她避开了所喜欢的小道,但禁不住走进了凯瑟琳夫人的庄园里边。在那儿,她惊讶地发现达西本人在向她走来,而且还叫着她的名字。

"我一直在这儿走动,希望能见到你,"他说,"请你赏光看看这封信好吗?"他递过信来,微微鞠了一躬,便快速地走开了。她没有希望得到多大乐趣,而是怀着强烈的好奇心,一边继续独行,一边开始读信:

小姐,请不要怕,我要重申昨天晚上令你厌恶的请求。我无意重提为了我们两人的幸福而无法很快忘记的愿望。我本来可以不写,但正义要求我为自己的品格辩护。

昨晚,你把两件十分不同的罪名加在我头上。第一件是我不顾彬格莱先生和令姊彼此相爱,拆散了他们的好事,第二件是我不顾先父的郑重许诺,断送了韦翰先生获得财富和幸福的机会。我希望你读完以下我的解释以后不会再为其中任何一件事责怪我。如果我被迫描述惹你生气的感情,那么,我只能说声抱歉。

我到哈福德郡不久,就看出彬格莱先生在当地所有少女中偏偏看中了令姊。但是,我以前经常看到他谈恋爱,直到举行尼日斐舞会,我才认识到他对令妹的倾心是多么认真。我仔细地密切观察令姊的变化,因为她的举止言谈一如既往地悦人和快活,所以,我仍旧坚信他对她没有强烈的感情。我也许为她表面的平静所欺骗,当真如此的话,那你的愤怒并非无稽之谈。但我曾真诚相信她的心未被触动。我反对彬格莱先生与令姊可能的婚姻,除了昨晚提及的社会地位卑下等原因之外,还有其他一些原因。我本人企图忘掉这些原因,但我今天必须说明。那天晚上,你的母亲、三位小妹,偶尔还有你的父亲,在举止方面过于不成体统,所以我决心让朋友免于这样一起我自认为甚为不幸的婚姻。如果我对你家人过错的描述令你不安,那么,如果说你和令姊已经免于任何指责,对你们的行为只能加以赞誉,那么,这对于你也不失为一种安慰吧!我接着讲——我在伦敦时,在彬格莱的妹妹的帮助下(她们与我有同感),我向他解释了与令姊结婚的不利之处。当然,仅此一点并不足以阻止这场婚姻,我还成功地说服了他令姊对他并无感情。这样,我就很容易说服他不再返回哈福德郡。但是,有一件事令我不能安心。彬格莱小姐和我都知道令姊在伦敦,但是我们向彬格莱隐瞒了事实。在这件事上,我认为自己不够诚实,但我仅能就此道歉。

你的另一个更严重的指责是关于韦翰先生的。在此，我可能再次引起你的痛苦——痛苦程度只有你知道。为说明他的真正品格，我必须解释他跟我家的全部关系。他已故的父亲为我父亲工作多年，负责看管彭伯里的农场。他的儿子乔治·韦翰深得先父宠爱，他供养他读完大学。我父亲希望这个年轻人进入教会。假如他成为牧师，我将要把彭伯里附近一个村子的教区长职位授与他，如果该职位有朝一日出现空缺的话。但是，即使在父亲去世之前，我已发现韦翰的品质缺陷和道德匮乏。父亲去世之后，韦翰写信通知我说他不打算进入教会，要求我给他一笔钱，而他将就此放弃教区长的职位，于是我马上同意了。一切很快安排妥当。他放弃了对教会职务的所有权力要求，接受了三千英镑作为补偿。我曾希望从那以后不再见到他或听到他的消息。但三年后他又来信了，这次是要教区长的职务，告诉我他的钱已花光，走投无路。你很难责怪我拒绝他的要求。从那以后，他逢人便讲，疯狂地指责我不讲公道。

还有一件事我自己希望忘记，但必须在此一提。我希望你严守秘密。一年前，我将我的妹妹（她比我小十岁）送到肯特郡的拉姆斯盖特度假，托付给一位女伴照料。不幸的是，这位女伴早与韦翰先生达成默契，而韦翰先生当时也去了拉姆斯盖特。在女伴的协助和怂恿下，他在乔治安娜那里花了大量的时间，把她吹捧得天花乱坠，竟然让她相信她爱上了他，便同意与他私奔。她当时只有15岁。我很高兴地告诉你，就在他们计划好私奔之前，我出其不意地到了拉姆斯盖特，她马上向我吐露了一切。很自然，我辞掉了女伴，并写信给韦翰，他马上离开了那个地方。毫无疑问，他最感兴趣的是我妹妹价值三万英镑的财产，但我禁不住也在想，他还急于借机报复我。我希望现在你能在这件事上让我免受指责。

小姐，如果你对我描述的真实性存在怀疑，你可以问费茨威廉上校。他是我的表兄和挚友，对这几件事都知道得一清二楚，他会很高兴地证实我所说的话。

最后，我再说一句：愿上帝与你同在。

费茨威廉·达西

伊丽莎白读信时，经受了复杂的感情变化。她惊奇地发现达西什么样的歉意都会表达。她是带着怀疑一切的目光开始读他有关尼日斐的解释的，起初，她火在心头，不能公正地看待他。但当她继续往下读到 he 描述与韦翰的关系时，便有些犹豫不决了。这与韦翰所讲的完全不同，她倒宁愿相信韦翰说的是真的。但思索片刻后，她认识到达西的陈述更加可信。她开始回忆起韦翰的几件事，现在觉得有点奇怪。她第一天晚上碰到他时，他就向她，一个完全陌生的人，讲述了自己破财的全部经历，讲了达西一家。后来他吹嘘不怕达西，可是，就在第二个星期，便避免去参加尼日斐的舞会。另外，他一直等到彬格莱一家和达西都离开了尼日斐以后，才将指责公开化。她还提醒自己，在哈福德郡，人们对韦翰的过去一无所知，所以，达西所说的他道德匮乏是完全有可能的。她必须承认，达西本人虽然十分高傲，却处处表现出绅士风度。最后，如果达西不敢肯定表兄费茨威廉会证明他的说法，那么，他也不敢让她去找他作证。

她惭愧得无地自容。“我的行为多糟糕呀！”她嚷道。“我的偏见太深了，就这样，我还总为自己阅人有术的慧眼而自豪呢！这自豪导致我犯了盲目愚蠢的错误。韦翰的殷勤使我受宠若惊，达西的冷静却伤了我的感情，我把他们两人都看错了。到现在，我才认识自己。”

她重读了达西关于简的叙述，这次，她被迫承认简对彬格莱的感情几乎没有什么外在表示。夏洛特甚至还就此讲过自己的看法呢。接着，伊丽莎白再看达西对自己家人行为的评述，更加羞辱不堪。她不能否认他说得公正。她感到前所未有的痛苦，慢慢返回到教区长住宅，在那里，她也很难摆出一副高兴的样子。

达西先生和费茨威廉上校第二天就离开了罗新斯，他们的姨妈想他们想得厉害。她现在因为没有什么娱乐，便邀请柯林斯夫妇和他们的客人每周来玩几次。因为伊丽莎白再过几天就要回去了，所以她觉得大部分时间都有事干还算幸运。她独自一人时，就在外面花园或公园里散步，不受干扰地静心思考，感到很大的快慰。很快，她就将达西先生的信熟记在心。虽然她对他求婚时的高傲和过分自信还余怒未消，但她一想到自己多么不公正地批评和指责他，这种怨气便转向了自己。她尊重他的品格，也为他的失望感到可惜，但一刻也没有后悔自己拒绝了他，也丝毫没有再次见到他的欲望。

她想到家人，感到一阵悲伤。她父亲喜欢嘲笑吉蒂和丽迪亚的愚蠢，但他从来没有管过这两个最小的女儿；她的母亲，自己的行为远非一般人能够接受，也完全不晓得出了什么差错。还有可怜的简！现在看来彬格莱对她的爱是真挚的，而简的失望却是由她家人的行为间接引起的。

星期六上午，伊丽莎白向朋友夏洛特道了别，心里为把她丢给这样的丈夫而感到难过。不过，夏洛特虽然为客人们的离开感到遗憾，但显得对家庭安排还相当满意。在伊丽莎白离开之前，柯林斯先生还特意告诉她说：“亲爱的伊丽莎白小姐，我真诚希望你的婚姻能像我这样美满。我和亲爱的夏洛特真可谓夫唱妇随，天作之合。”

“如果是这样，那就太幸运了，”伊丽莎白只能这么模棱两可地回答。

中午时分，她到达了伦敦，她已安排好住在舅母家小住几日。但是，她找不到机会同简讨论达西的信，这一拖就到了周末，她们都回到了浪搏恩。

又回到了家，令人感到愉快，但伊丽莎白对几个妹妹的傻气十分敏感。她们满口都是刚刚听到的坏消息，说什么军团两周后要离开麦里屯到南部沿海的度假村布赖顿消夏了。丽迪亚和她母亲在竭力说服班纳特先生也把她们带到布赖顿，住上几个月，因为在哈福德郡，没有了军官们，夏天实在难熬。值得庆幸的是，伊丽莎白可以肯定父亲不会同意这种愚蠢的建议。

她和简独处时，告诉了她达西求婚的事。简吃了一惊，但过了不久，姐妹之情使她感到这一切很自然，她那善良的心胸也为达西的失望感到惋惜。不过，她听到达西信中所讲的乔治·韦翰如何奸诈时，还是感到大为震惊。经过一番讨论，两人决定不把韦翰的事告诉任何人，反正他不久就要离开麦里屯了。

谈完话后，伊丽莎白感到无比轻松。她已甩掉了两个秘密，而且肯定她什么时候愿意再谈，简都会随时愿意倾听的。但她不敢谈第三个秘密，即向简说明彬格莱对她的感情是多么真挚。她看得出简不高兴，因为她不断唤起对彬格莱的温馨回忆。但是，现在彬格莱再娶她似乎希望已很渺茫了，伊丽莎白不想加深简对失去的幸福感到的遗憾。

9 Elizabeth in Derbyshire

During the week before the regiment's departure, all the young ladies in the Meryton area became extremely depressed. Only the two elder Miss Bennets were still able to eat, drink, sleep and lead a normal life. They were often scolded by Kitty and Lydia, who could not understand such hard-heartedness.

'How shall we manage without the officers!' they cried miserably. 'How can you smile like that, Lizzy?'

Their affectionate mother shared all their sadness. 'I re-member when Colonel Millar's regiment went away, twenty-five years ago,' she said, 'I thought my heart was broken.'

'I'm sure mine will be broken,' said Lydia.

'If we could only go to Brighton!' said Mrs Bennet. 'I'm certain a little sea-bathing would be good for me.'

'Oh yes! But Papa is so disagreeable about it.'

Elizabeth tried not to listen, but could not help seeing the justice of Darcy's objections to her family.

But soon Lydia's bitterness changed to absolute delight, when she received an invitation from Colonel Forster's wife, to accompany her to Brighton with the regiment. Mrs Forster was a very young woman, only recently married, and as cheerful and sociable as Lydia, with whom she had been friendly for two months. Poor Kitty was very upset at not being included in the invitation, but Lydia cared nothing for her sister's feelings. She ran wildly through the house, calling for everyone's congratulations, and laughing and talking more loudly than ever.

Elizabeth could not share her sister's happiness, and felt it was her duty to advise her father secretly to refuse permission for Lydia to go. But she could not convince him that Lydia would be in any real danger, and so all the arrangements were made for her sister's departure. Elizabeth thought her father was wrong, however, and was still worried about how Lydia would behave in an atmosphere of greater freedom, and among the temptations of a fashionable seaside town like Brighton.

Elizabeth had seen Mr Wickham regularly since her return from Kent, at family parties and visits. She no longer thought him so agreeable. As the rich Miss King had left Meryton to stay with her uncle, Mr Wickham appeared eager to transfer his affections back to Elizabeth. His confidence in his own charm and ability to please annoyed Elizabeth very much, so that when she met him for the last time before the regiment's departure, she spoke quite coldly to him. In reply to a polite question of his about her Hunsford visit, she could not stop herself mentioning her frequent meetings with Mr Darcy, and her favourable opinion of that gentleman's character. Wickham looked a little embarrassed, and made no further attempt to charm Elizabeth. They separated at last with mutual politeness, and possibly a mutual desire never to meet again.

When Lydia left for Brighton, Elizabeth had to put up with Mrs Bennet's and Kitty's constant complaints that Longbourn had become very dull. Fortunately, she was able to look forward to a trip which she would soon be taking with Mr and Mrs Gardiner. They had planned to visit the Lake District, but Mrs Gardiner had recently written to say that as her husband's business made it necessary to shorten their holiday to three weeks, they would not have time to visit the whole of the Lake District comfortably. Instead, she suggested visiting Derbyshire, an area with a particularly strong attraction for her, as she had spent a large part of her early life there. Elizabeth was disappointed, but accepted the new plan at once. Although it was impossible to hear of Derbyshire without thinking of Pemberley and its owner, she felt sure she could avoid meeting Mr Darcy there.

Four weeks later, Mr and Mrs Gardiner arrived at Longbourn, where they had arranged to leave their children in Jane's care. The next day they set out with Elizabeth on their journey. The three of them made excellent travelling companions, sharing an intelligent interest in the people and places they saw on their way, and a strong affection for each other. After visiting Oxford, Blenheim, Warwick, Kenilworth and Birmingham, they arrived in Derbyshire, and decided to stay in the small town of Lambton, where Mrs Gardiner had lived before her marriage. Elizabeth discovered that Mr Darcy's house, Pemberley, was only eight kilometres away from Lambton.

'I often used to go to Pemberley when I was younger,' said Mrs Gardiner. 'Wouldn't you like to see it, Lizzy? We could go tomorrow. It's a beautiful place. Wickham spent his youth there, you know.'

'I—I am rather tired of large country houses, aunt,' said Elizabeth, forced to pretend. How dreadful it would be to meet Mr Darcy, while viewing his house! But when she asked a servant at the hotel one or two careful questions that evening, she was told that Mr Darcy was not at home at the moment. Greatly relieved, she felt able to agree to her aunt's suggestion, when it was repeated the next morning, and Mr Gardiner ordered a carriage immediately.

In a short time they entered the gates of Pemberley park, and drove through an extensive and beautiful wood. At the top of a hill they had their first view of Pemberley House, situated on the other side of a valley, with a line of high, wooded hills behind. The house was a large, handsome, stone building, which appeared to fit naturally into the scenery. Mr and Mrs Gardiner were warm in their admiration, and Elizabeth was delighted. At that moment she felt that to be mistress of Pemberley might be worthwhile!

They drove up to the front door, and asked to be allowed to visit the house. The Pemberley housekeeper, a respectable, elderly woman, showed them round. All the rooms were of a good size, and elegantly yet sensibly furnished. From every window there was an attractive view. Elizabeth began to admire the owner's taste in everything she saw.

'And I might have been mistress of this place!' she thought. 'Instead of viewing these rooms as a stranger, I might be welcoming my uncle and aunt as visitors. But no,' she suddenly remembered, 'that could never be. I wouldn't have been able to invite my uncle and aunt, or any other of my vulgar family connections.' This was a lucky thought, which saved her from something like regret.

She longed to enquire of the housekeeper whether her master were really absent, but luckily her uncle asked the question instead. It was quite alarming to hear that Mr Darcy was expected to arrive the next day, with a large group of friends. How glad Elizabeth was that their own journey had not been delayed a day!

Mr and Mrs Gardiner were enjoying their conversation with the housekeeper, who seemed content to talk about her master.

‘Mr Darcy is a very handsome gentleman, as you will see from the painting upstairs. His sister is most attractive too, and so accomplished! She plays and sings the whole day. My master has just sent a new piano from London for her. He’s such a kind brother, he’ll do anything for Miss Georgiana.’

‘Does Mr Darcy spend much time at Pemberley?’ asked Mr Gardiner.

‘Not as much as I’d like, sir.’

‘If your master married, he might spend more time here!’

‘Yes, sir, but I don’t know when that’ll be. I don’t know who is good enough for him.’ Mr and Mrs Gardiner smiled, and Elizabeth listened with increasing astonishment as the housekeeper continued. ‘It’s no more than the truth. Every-body who knows him says the same. He’s never spoken a cross word to me, and I’ve known him since he was a baby. Some people call him proud, but I’ve never seen any of that. He’s the best master that ever lived.’

Elizabeth almost stared at her. ‘Can this be Mr Darcy?’ she wondered. This was the most extraordinary praise for the man she had always thought so disagreeable and proud, especially with people he considered inferior to himself. She longed to hear more, but now the housekeeper was leading them upstairs. Soon Elizabeth found herself in front of the painting of Mr Darcy. He was smiling at her, just as she remembered him smiling sometimes when he looked at her. She looked at the picture silently for several minutes before going downstairs with the others. At that moment Elizabeth certainly felt more warmly towards Mr Darcy than at any time since their first meeting. She was beginning to realize that she had underestimated his character. His housekeeper’s opinion of him was totally favourable, and what praise is more valuable than the praise of an intelligent servant? As she stood in front of his picture, she gratefully remembered the warmth of his feelings for her, and began to forget the way in which he had expressed them.

As they had now seen all the rooms which were open to the public, the housekeeper called the gardener, who was going to show them the park and gardens. They were just walking away from the house, when Elizabeth turned to have one last look, and saw the owner of Pemberley come suddenly forward from behind the house.

They were within twenty metres of each other, and Eliza-beth could not avoid his seeing her. Their eyes instantly met, and they both blushed. He appeared very surprised, but, recovering quickly, approached and spoke to Elizabeth, if not calmly, at least with perfect politeness. Astonished and con-fused, she received his greetings with embarrassment. Soon he could find no more to say, and left her to return to the house. Mr and Mrs Gardiner, who had been watching from a distance, expressed their admiration of his appearance, but Eliz-abeth could only think of her feelings. How unfortunate that she had come! She blushed again. It might seem as if she had planned this meeting with him. And his behaviour was so different! Never before had she heard him speak so politely and so gently. What could it mean?

Her head full of these thoughts, she joined her uncle and aunt in their walk through the gardens. They were walking slowly beside an attractive stream, when they noticed Mr Dar-cy coming towards them. This time Elizabeth was able to con-trol herself better, and she returned his greetings politely. She hid a smile when he asked her to do him the honour of intro-ducing him to her friends, as she felt sure he was not expecting the well-mannered Gardiners to be some of her low-born rela-tions. He certainly seemed surprised when she introduced her uncle and aunt, but took care to talk for some time to Mr Gar-diner, with every appearance of interest. Elizabeth was delight-ed that these relations, at least, could not be criticized for their poor behaviour or lack of intelligence. On their way back to the house, Mr Darcy walked beside Elizabeth. There was a short si-lence before she spoke.

‘Your housekeeper informed us you would not arrive until tomorrow, so I had not expected to find you here.’

‘It is true. I came early on business. The rest of the party will be here tomorrow. Among them are Mr Bingley and his sisters, whom you know.’ He continued after a pause, ‘And there is one other person who particularly wishes to meet you. Will you allow me, or do I ask too much, to introduce my sister to you?’

Surprised but flattered by this great compliment, Elizabeth gave her permission. When they arrived at the house, Mr Darcy offered them some refreshment, but they politely refused. Mr Darcy helped the ladies into the carriage, and as it drove away from Pemberley, Elizabeth watched him walking slowly back towards the house. Mr and Mrs Gardiner were loud in their praise of him, but Elizabeth said very little.

The very next morning Mr Darcy brought his sister to visit Elizabeth and the Gardiners at the hotel in Lambton. Mr and Mrs Gardiner were astonished by the honour they were receiving, but Elizabeth’s obvious embarrassment, and Darcy’s haste in making the visit so immediately, soon provided them with an explanation. They observed their niece and Darcy care-fully during the visit, and could not doubt that the gentleman was in love, although they were not certain of the lady’s feel-ings.

Elizabeth was delighted to discover that Georgiana Darcy, far from being proud, as Wickham had said, was just very shy, with quiet, gentle manners. It was clear that she greatly ad-mired her brother, and had every intention of liking Miss Ben-net, as Darcy had spoken of her so favourably. Elizabeth was al-so satisfied to see that Bingley, who was with the Darcys, did not seem particularly interested in Georgiana, in spite of Caro-line Bingley’s wishes. And she had to admit that she had never seen Mr Darcy behaving so sociably and pleasantly, not only to herself, but also to the relations to whom he had referred with such disdain during that last conversation in Hunsford Rectory. Elizabeth herself was more than usually anxious to make herself agreeable to everybody, and she succeeded, be-cause Bingley was ready, Georgiana was eager, and Darcy de-termined, to be pleased.

Miss Darcy, encouraged by her brother, invited Elizabeth and the Gardiners to dinner at Pemberley in two days’time, and when this invitation had been accepted, the Darcys and Mr Bingley left, with many warm expressions of politeness on both sides. Mr and Mrs Gardiner were very curious about their niece’s feelings for Mr Darcy, but were careful not to question her.

That evening Elizabeth lay awake for two whole hours, try-ing to understand how she felt about him. She now thought of him with respect and a certain admiration, and was deeply grateful to him, not only for having once loved her, but for still loving her enough to forgive her bitter rejection of him, as well as all her unjust accusations. The change she had

noticed, in a man who was once so proud, must be caused by his love for her. Now, since she was almost sure that if she wanted, she could encourage him to propose to her again, she only had to decide how far she wished to be involved in his future happiness, in which she already felt a real interest.

9 伊丽莎白在德比郡

兵团离开前一周，麦里屯地区所有的年轻小姐都变得极为沮丧。只有班纳特家两个大女儿还能吃、能喝、能睡，过着正常的生活。吉蒂和丽迪亚时常责怪她们，说不理解她们的铁石心肠。

“军官们走了我们怎么活呀！”她们悲切地嚷道。“丽萃，你怎么还笑得出来？”

她们慈爱的母亲和她们一样悲伤。“我记得25年前米勒上校的兵团离开时，我的心都碎了。”她说。

“我的心也快碎了，”丽迪亚说。

“我们要能去布赖顿就好了！”班纳特太太说，“我肯定，洗洗海水浴对我是大有好处的。”

“噢，是的！可是爸爸太反对了。”

伊丽莎白试图充耳不闻，但是，禁不住想到达西对她家的反对是正当的。

但是，不久，丽迪亚的满脸愁苦就变成了喜笑颜开，因为她受到了福斯特上校妻子的邀请，要她同兵团一道，陪她到布赖顿去。福斯特太太十分年轻，最近刚刚结婚，和丽迪亚一样快活合群，她们的友谊已有两个月了。可怜的吉蒂因为不在受邀之列，感到坐卧不安，可是丽迪亚对姐姐的感情不管不问。她在家东奔西跑，要大家向她道喜，谈笑声比以往任何时候都高。

伊丽莎白不能和妹妹分享快乐，还认为她有责任偷偷建议父亲不允许丽迪亚去。但她说服不了父亲丽迪亚会有什么真正的危险，于是，丽迪亚出发的一切安排都作好了。不过，伊丽莎白认为父亲错了，一旦享有更大自由，又到了布赖顿这样追求时尚的海滨城市，丽迪亚会变成什么样呢？伊丽莎白仍然为此担忧。

自从伊丽莎白从肯特郡回来以后，她常常在家庭聚会或互访中碰到韦翰先生。她不再认为这个人很随和。因为富有的金小姐已经离开麦里屯到叔叔那儿去了，韦翰先生似乎急于将他的感情转回到伊丽莎白身上。他对自己取悦人的魅力和能力信心十足，这使伊丽莎白十分恼火，因此，在兵团离开之前他们最后见面时，她对他说说话时相当冷淡。在回答他有关汉斯福之行有何感受的客套话时，她禁不住提起她经常与达西先生见面，并且说对这位先生的品行印象不错。韦翰看上去有点窘迫，也就不再试图吸引伊丽莎白了。最后，他们分手时彼此都很客气，也许彼此都不希望再次见面。

丽迪亚前往布赖顿以后，伊丽莎白就不得不忍受班纳特太太和吉蒂唠唠叨叨的抱怨，说什么浪搏恩现在太死气沉沉了。幸运的是，她可以期望着不久和嘉丁纳夫妇一块去旅行。他们原计划参观大湖区，但是，嘉丁纳太太最近写信说，由于丈夫的工作需要，必须把假期缩短为三周，这样就没有时间畅游大湖区的全部风景了。因此，她提议参观德比郡，这个地方对她有特殊的吸引力，因为她早年大部分时间都在那里度过。伊丽莎白感到失望，但是马上接受了新计划。虽然一听到德比郡不可能不想起彭伯里和它的主人，但她肯定地认为她可以避免在那里与达西先生相见。

四周以后，嘉丁纳夫妇到达了浪搏恩，他们安排好把孩子们留在那里，让简照料。第二天，他们就带上伊丽莎白踏上了旅途。他们三人是极好的旅伴，对路上的所见所闻有着共同的高雅兴趣，彼此之间又有着强大的情感联系。他们参观了牛津、布楞恩、沃里克、凯尼尔沃思和伯明翰以后，便来到了德比郡，决定呆在蓝白屯小镇，嘉丁纳太太结婚以前就住在那里。伊丽莎白发现，达西先生的住宅彭伯里离蓝白屯仅有八公里之遥。

“我年轻时经常到彭伯里去，”嘉丁纳太太说。“你不想看看那里吗，丽萃？我们明天就去。那地方很漂亮。韦翰年轻时就在那里度过，你也知道。”

“我——我有点腻味大的乡村庄园了，舅妈，”伊丽莎白说，竭力装出这个样子。看达西先生家的住宅时，再碰到达西先生，那该多糟糕呀！可是，那天晚上她详细询问了旅店仆人一两个问题后，便得知达西先生当时不在家。她大大松了一口气，第二天舅妈再问起同样的问题时，她便同意了舅妈的建议。嘉丁纳先生马上叫了一辆马车。

不一会儿，他们就进入了彭伯里庄园的大门，穿过一大片漂亮的林地，来到小山之巅。从这儿，他们第一次看到了彭伯里府第，它坐落于山谷另一侧，后面是一片林木覆盖的山陵。房子是巨大的、漂亮的石头建筑，与自然景观融为一体。嘉丁纳夫妇赞赏不已，伊丽莎白也感到兴奋。这时，她觉得，在彭伯里做主妇也许不错！

他们驱车到了前门，请求参观房子内部。彭伯里的管家是一位受人尊敬的老妇人，她带领着他们参观。每个房间都很宽敞，家具陈设也风雅有致。从每扇窗户都能看到迷人的风景。从所见的一切中，伊丽莎白开始欣赏主人的志趣。

“我差点儿就做了这儿的主妇呢！”她想。“我不但不必以一个陌生人的身份前来参观，而且还可以把舅父母当作贵客欢迎。可是不行。”她忽然想起来，“永远做不到。我无法邀请舅父母或者其他卑贱的亲戚。”她幸亏想到了这一点，才没有为当初的事后悔。

她真想问问这位管家，主人是否真的不在家，不过，她舅舅正好替她问了这个问题。听说达西先生预计明天到家，还要带许多朋友来，她感到很吃惊。她庆幸他们自己的旅行没有向后推迟一天！

嘉丁纳夫妇很乐意与管家谈话，管家似乎很高兴谈自己的主人。

“达西先生很英俊，从楼上的画像中你们可以看到。他妹妹也很有魅力，非常多才多艺！她整天弹啊唱啊的。我的主人刚让人从伦敦给她运来一架新钢琴。他这个哥哥非常善良，他为乔治安娜小姐不惜一切。”

“达西先生在彭伯里呆的时间长吗？”嘉丁纳先生问。

“我倒希望他能多呆些日子，先生。”

“主人结婚以后，可能会在这里呆的时间长些！”

“是的，先生。可是我不知道他什么时候结婚。我不知道谁能配得上他。”嘉丁纳夫妇笑了。管家继续讲；伊丽莎白越听越惊奇。“我说的全是实话。认识他的人都这么说。他从来没有对我说过一句生气的话，我是从小把他看大的。有的人说他傲慢，可是我一点也看不出来。他是世界上最好的主人。”

伊丽莎白几乎目瞪口呆。“这可能是达西先生吗？”她疑惑不解。她一贯认为这个人与别人格格不入，傲慢无比，特别是对那些他认为地位低的人，现在却听到了对他最为不平凡的赞美。她渴望多听一些，可是管家带他们上了楼。不一会儿，伊丽莎白就发现自己站到了达西先生的画像前。他正冲着她微笑，正是那种有时候他看她时所带的笑容。她默默地看了一会儿画像，便随其他人下楼去了。这时，伊丽莎白对达西先生产生了自第一次见面以来从未有过的亲切感。她开始认识到她低估了他的品格。管家对他的看法是完全肯定的，再说，有什么样的赞美比聪明的仆人的赞美更难得呢？她站在画像前那会儿，感激地回忆起他对她的温暖感情，而开始忘掉他表达感情的方式。

现在，他们已看完所有向公众开放的房屋，管家就把园丁叫过来，园丁要领着他们参观庄园和花园。他们正要离开房子，这时伊丽莎白又回头看了最后一眼，看到庄园的主人突然从房子后面走了过来。

他们相距不到二十米，伊丽莎白根本来不及躲闪。顷刻间，四目相对，两人都涨红了脸。达西显得十分惊奇，但很快恢复过来，走上前

去，与伊丽莎白说话。他谈不上镇定自若，但至少可以说十分客气。伊丽莎白感到既惊讶又心慌意乱，很尴尬地接受了他的问候。一会儿，他就觉得没什么可说的了，便离开她回到了屋里。嘉丁纳夫妇一直在远处观看，他们对他的外貌大加称赞，但伊丽莎白心中只有自己的感情。她来得多不是时候！她脸又红了。好像是她特意来见他似的。而他的态度也和以前完全不同！她从来没有听到过他说话这么彬彬有礼，这么温柔。这是什么意思呢？

她满脑子胡思乱想，加入了舅父舅母的行列，步行穿越花园。他们正沿一条引人注目的小溪缓行，这时，他们注意到达西先生朝他们走来。这一次，伊丽莎白控制得比较好，很有礼貌地回了他的问候。达西要她赏光，并且介绍一下她的朋友，她掩住了笑容，因为她敢肯定，达西不会想到温文尔雅的嘉丁纳夫妇会是她出身低下的亲戚。她介绍完舅父舅母后，他自然感到奇怪，但竟然跟嘉丁纳先生攀谈了一会儿，似乎很感兴趣。至少这两位亲戚不会被人指责为举止欠妥或智力贫乏，伊丽莎白对此感到欣慰。在返回住宅的路上，达西先生和伊丽莎白并肩走着。稍微沉默了片刻，伊丽莎白说：

“你的管家告诉我们你到明天才回来，所以，我没想到会在这儿碰上你。”

“是这样。我提前回来是有公务在身。剩下的人明天到。其中有彬格莱先生和他的姐妹，你都认识。”顿了一下，他继续说：“还有另外一个人特别希望见到你。你能否赏光，允许我向你介绍一下我的妹妹？你是否认为这样太冒昧了？”

伊丽莎白感到奇怪，但因为受到这种恭维而受宠若惊，便答允了他。他们到了宅第前，达西先生请他们进去吃点小点心，但他们客气地谢绝了。达西先生扶着两位女客上了马车，马车驶离彭伯里时，伊丽莎白看着他慢慢地走回了房子。嘉丁纳夫妇大声称赞他，但伊丽莎白几乎什么也没说。

就在第二天上午，达西先生就带着他妹妹来到了蓝白屯的旅馆，拜访伊丽莎白和嘉丁纳夫妇。嘉丁纳夫妇对这种殊荣甚感吃惊，但伊丽莎白明显的尴尬神色加上达西匆忙地安排如此紧迫的拜访，不久就给他们俩提供了解释。在拜访中他们俩密切地观察外甥女和达西的行为，结论是，毫无疑问，这位先生已经爱上了小姐，但小姐的感情还不敢确定。

伊丽莎白喜悦地发现乔治安娜·达西不像韦翰所说的那样，根本谈不上高傲，只是十分羞怯，举止十分恬静、温柔。很明显，她很钦佩哥哥，并极欲同班纳特小姐结交，因为达西尽说她的好话。伊丽莎白还高兴地看到，和达西兄妹同行的彬格莱似乎对乔治安娜小姐不是特别感兴趣，这一点就由不得卡罗琳·彬格莱了。她还不得不承认，她还从来没有见过达西先生的举止这样随和，这样令人高兴，不但对她如此，而且对自己的亲戚也如此。然而，最后一次在汉斯福教区长住宅谈话时，他曾如此鄙夷地说到她的亲戚。伊丽莎白本人也比往常更加急于使自己的形象在所有人面前显得和蔼可亲。她成功地做到了这一点，因为彬格莱时刻准备着接受她这种形象，乔治安娜渴望着接受她这种形象，达西下决心接受她这种形象。

达西小姐在哥哥的鼓励下，邀请伊丽莎白和嘉丁纳夫妇两天后到彭伯里赴宴。他们接受了邀请之后，达西兄妹和彬格莱先生就离开了，双方都说了很多暖烘烘的客气话。嘉丁纳夫妇对于外甥女对达西先生的感情感到十分好奇，但他们很小心，没有问她。

那天晚上，伊丽莎白翻来覆去整整两个小时未能入睡，她在努力弄清她对达西到底是什么感觉。她现在对他感到尊敬，和一定程度的爱慕，并且怀有深深的感激之情，不但是因为他以前爱过她，而且还因为他现在还爱她，爱得足以能够原谅她对他的断然拒绝，原谅她对他不公正的指责。在一个曾如此傲慢的人身上，她所注意到的这些变化，一定是因为他对自己的爱所致。既然她几乎可以肯定，如果她愿意的话，她可以鼓励他再次向自己求婚，那么，现在她只需决定在多大程度上她愿意涉足他未来的幸福，在这一点上，她现在已感到有了真正的兴趣。

10 Lydia and Wickham

On the third morning of her visit to Lambton, Elizabeth received two letters from Jane. The first had been badly addressed and sent elsewhere, then redirected. Her aunt and uncle were out walking, so she sat down to read them at once. The first had been written five days before, and started just as expected, with a description of Longbourn dinner parties and visits, but the second half of this letter was dated a day later, and was evidently written in a great hurry. This is what it said:

Since writing the above, dear Lizzy, something most unexpected and serious has happened. But do not wish to alarm you, we are all well. It concerns poor Lydia. An express letter came at midnight last night, when we were all in bed, from Colonel Forster, to inform us that she had run away to Scotland with one of his officers, with Wickham, in fact! There, of course, she can marry without her parents' approval. Imagine our surprise. What a foolish marriage for both of them! But at least he is not interested in her money, as he must know my father can give her almost nothing. Kitty admits that she knew about Lydia's attachment to Wickham, from Lydia's letters. Our poor mother is very upset. I must finish now, as I cannot stay away from her for long. I hope you can read this. I hardly know what I have written.

Without allowing herself time to think, Elizabeth opened the second letter, dated a day later, and read impatiently:

My dearest sister,

I am so confused I cannot write properly. I have bad news for you. Foolish though a marriage between Mr Wickham and our poor Lydia might be, we are now only too anxious to hear that it has taken place. There is reason to fear they have not gone to Scotland. Colonel Forster arrived here yesterday. He tells us that one of the Officers, a close friend of Wickham, believes that Wickham never intended to go to Scotland, or to marry Lydia at all. The colonel followed the couple as far as London, but they have not been seen leaving the capital. Our anxiety, my dear Lizzy, is very great. My father and mother believe the worst, and the colonel fears Wickham is not a man to be trusted, but I cannot believe him to be so wicked. And is Lydia so completely lacking in morals, that she could live with a man without being married? Impossible. Now my poor mother is really ill, my father is angry, for perhaps the first time in his life, and Kitty is being scolded for keeping the attachment a secret. While I am glad, dearest Lizzy, that you have been spared some of the confusion and worry we have been experiencing, I cannot help begging you all to come home as soon as possible. My father is going to London with the colonel to try to find Lydia. I think he is too upset to achieve results in the best and safest way, and my uncle's advice and help would be everything in the world. I rely on his goodness.

'Oh! Where, where is my uncle?' cried Elizabeth, running to the door. But just as she reached it, Mr Darcy came in. Her pale face and strange manner prevented him from speaking, and she, who could think of nothing except Lydia, said hurriedly, 'Excuse me, but I must leave you. I must find Mr Gardiner immediately. There is not a moment to lose.'

'Good God! What is the matter?' he cried, then added, 'Let me, or let the servant, go to find Mr and Mrs Gardiner. You are not well enough. You cannot go yourself.'

Elizabeth hesitated, but her legs were trembling, and she realized he was right. After giving the servant her message, she sat down, looking so ill that Darcy could not leave her, or stop himself saying gently, 'Let me call someone to look after you. Shall I get you a glass of wine? You are very ill.'

'No, thank you,' she replied. 'I am quite well. I am only upset by some dreadful news I've just received from Longbourn.' She burst into tears, and for a few minutes could not speak another word. Darcy watched her miserably, in sympathetic silence. At last, she spoke again. 'It cannot be hidden from anyone. My youngest sister has eloped, with—with Mr Wickham. You know him too well to doubt what will happen. She has no money, no connections, nothing that can tempt him to marry her. She is lost for ever. And I could have prevented it! I knew how bad his character was. If only I had told my family what I knew about him! But it is all too late now.'

Darcy looked at her in astonishment. 'I am shocked,' he said, 'and sad, very sad. What has been done to find her and bring her back?'

'My father has gone to London, and I hope my uncle will go too. We shall leave Lambton, I hope, in half an hour. But I know very well that nothing can be done. How can such a man be persuaded? How can we even find them? I have not the smallest hope. It is horrible!'

Darcy made no answer. He was walking up and down with a serious, thoughtful expression on his face. Elizabeth soon observed and instantly understood it. She was losing her influence over him. This proof of moral weakness in her family was driving him away from her. Never before had she so honestly believed she could have loved him, as now, when mutual affection must be impossible.

But she could not think for long of herself, when Lydia's situation was so desperate. Mr Darcy left almost immediately, politely regretting that Elizabeth and her aunt and uncle would not, in the circumstances, be able to come to dinner at Pemberley that day, and again expressing his sympathy. When Mr and Mrs Gardiner entered the room, Elizabeth hurriedly explained everything to them, and was greatly relieved when they agreed to leave at once, to return to Longbourn.

Their packing was done at great speed, and soon they were in the carriage, driving south.

'Lizzy,' began Mrs Gardiner, 'I cannot believe that Wickham's character is so bad that he would run away with Lydia, and not marry her. Do you really think he is capable of that?'

'My dear aunt, Jane and I both know that he has neither honesty nor honour. He has falsely accused Mr Darcy, and has lied wickedly about the whole Darcy family. You saw what a shy, gentle girl Miss Darcy is, but he had described her as proud, disagreeable and disdainful.'

'But does Lydia know nothing of this?'

'Oh, no! That is the worst of all. I didn't know the truth myself until my visit to Kent, and when I returned, and told Jane, she and I decided not to make our knowledge public. Now I know that was a mistake. I never thought that Lydia could be in any danger from him.'

When they arrived at Longbourn, Elizabeth and her aunt were able to help Jane in looking after the children. They also attempted to calm Mrs Bennet, who, however, refused to be calmed, and blamed everyone except herself for the disaster.

‘If only I had been allowed to take the family to Brighton, this would not have happened. Poor dear Lydia had no one to take care of her. Why did those Forsters ever let her go out of their sight? I am sure they neglected her. Of course, I did not want her to go to Brighton, but nobody took any notice of me, as usual. And now Mr Bennet has gone to London, and I’m sure he’ll fight Wickham, and then he’ll be killed, and then the Collinses will turn us out of the house, before he’s cold in his grave!’

‘Do not worry, sister,’ said Mr Gardiner kindly. ‘I’m going to London tomorrow, to help my brother-in-law.’

‘Oh, thank you, my dear brother,’ replied Mrs Bennet. ‘Make sure you find Lydia and Wickham, and if they are not married yet, make them marry. And tell Lydia, they mustn’t wait for wedding clothes, but she shall have as much money as she wants to buy them, after they are married. And keep Mr Bennet from fighting—tell him what a dreadful state I am in, so ill that I can get no rest by night or by day. And tell Lydia not to buy any clothes until she’s seen me, because she doesn’t know the best shops. Oh, brother, how kind you are! I hope you will manage everything.’

The next day Mr Gardiner travelled to London, as he had promised. Now began a painful period of waiting for those left at Longbourn. They became even more anxious, as news came from Meryton of Wickham’s lies, debts, and secret attachments to most of the servant girls in the town. Everybody declared that he was the wickedest young man in the world, and protested that they had always distrusted his great charm and appearance of goodness. Although Elizabeth did not believe half of these stories, she believed enough to feel sure that her sister’s reputation was already lost, and even Jane almost despaired of receiving good news.

In a few days’ time they were relieved to receive a letter from Mr Gardiner, but unfortunately it only informed them that Wickham and Lydia had not yet been found. Apparently Wickham had left gambling debts of over a thousand pounds behind him in Brighton. Mr Bennet was returning home the following day, leaving his brother-in-law in London to continue the search. When she heard this, Mrs Bennet did not show as much satisfaction as her children expected, considering the anxiety she had previously expressed for her husband’s safety.

‘What, is he coming home without poor Lydia?’ she cried. ‘And who will fight Wickham, and make him marry her?’

Mrs Gardiner took the opportunity of Mr Bennet’s return to go back to London herself, with her children. She was still longing to know how Elizabeth’s relationship with Darcy had developed, but Elizabeth had not once mentioned his name, so her aunt did not dare to ask any direct questions.

When Mr Bennet arrived home, he appeared as calm as ever, but in a conversation with Elizabeth he admitted that he felt to blame for Lydia’s elopement.

‘I know I should have had more control over her,’ he said. ‘And, Lizzy, you were right. I should never have let her go to Brighton.’

Kitty, who was listening, said, ‘Papa, if I ever went to Brighton, I’d behave much better than Lydia has done.’

‘You go to Brighton!’ cried her father. ‘I would not trust you within twenty kilometres of the place, for fifty pounds! No, Kitty, I have at last learnt to be cautious, and you will feel the effects of it. No officer may ever enter the house again, or even pass through the village. And balls will be absolutely forbidden, unless you dance only with your sisters.’

Kitty, taking these threats seriously, began to cry.

‘Well, well,’ said he, ‘don’t make yourself unhappy. If you are a good girl for the next ten years, I’ll take you to the theatre at the end of that time.’

Two days later, the news for which they had all been waiting so anxiously arrived. Mr Gardiner’s letter informed them that Wickham and Lydia had been found, but that they were not married. However, certain financial arrangements had been made with Wickham. Mr Bennet was asked to pay Lydia one hundred pounds a year, as well as arranging for her to inherit her equal share of the five thousand pounds which the Bennet girls would inherit after their parents’ death. If these reasonable conditions were agreed, Wickham had promised to marry Lydia.

At first Elizabeth and Jane were delighted that their sister’s reputation would be saved through marriage, even to such a man as Wickham. But then their father explained that Wickham would never have agreed to marry Lydia, unless he had been paid a considerable amount of money immediately. They began to worry that it would be difficult to repay Mr Gardiner, who must have bribed Wickham in this way. Mrs Bennet, however, had no such worries.

‘He is her own uncle, after all!’ she cried happily. ‘Why shouldn’t he pay? My dear, dear Lydia! Married at sixteen! How I long to see her, and dear Wickham too! But the wedding clothes! I’ll write to my sister-in-law about them at once! I’m so happy. In a short time I’ll have a daughter married. Mrs Wickham! How well it sounds!’

Now that Lydia was going to be married, Elizabeth greatly regretted telling Darcy of her fears for her sister. But even if Lydia had been married in the most honourable way, it was extremely unlikely that Mr Darcy would wish to connect himself with a family in which there was a close relationship with Wickham, the man he most justly disliked. She could not expect him to go on caring for her, as she felt certain he had done when they met in Derbyshire. But now that she was sure he could not love her, she was convinced they could have been happy together. He seemed to be exactly the man who would have suited her. They could have usefully influenced each other. His mind might have been softened and his manners improved by her sociability, and she might have learnt from his greater judgement and knowledge of the world. But no such relationship could now teach an admiring world what happiness in marriage was really like. Instead, Wickham would marry Lydia, with little chance of happiness for either of them.

Mr and Mrs Gardiner had arranged for Lydia to be married quietly in London, from their house. At first Mr Bennet had refused to allow his youngest daughter ever to enter his house again, but eventually Jane and Elizabeth persuaded him to receive Lydia and her husband after the wedding. It would only be a short visit, as almost immediately she and Wickham would be moving north to Newcastle, where he had accepted a new army post.

When the carriage containing the young couple arrived at Longbourn House, the two elder Bennet sisters were shocked to

see how unashamed Lydia was. She entered the house, laughing and joking, and asked all her sisters to congratulate her. Wick- ham was no more embarrassed than she was, and spoke to ev- eryone in his usual flattering, agreeable manner. They seemed to have no idea of the anxiety they had caused by their shame- less and wicked behaviour.

Elizabeth was quite disgusted by their relaxed, confident ap- pearance, and determined not to show any interest when Lydia insisted on describing every detail of her wedding day. She could not help reacting with astonishment, however, when Ly- dia let slip the name of Mr Darcy. He had apparently been pre- sent at the ceremony. Why would Mr Darcy, Elizabeth won- dered, attend the wedding of two people he must hold in the greatest contempt? She could not discover the reason from Ly- dia, who suddenly remembered it was supposed to be a secret, and she could not rest without knowing the truth, so she hur- riedly sent a note to her aunt in London, asking urgently for an explanation.

10 丽迪亚和韦翰

伊丽莎白在参观蓝白屯的第三天早上收到了两封简的来信。第一封因地址不清而投往别处，然后又转投过来。她舅父舅母都出去散步了，因此，她马上坐下来读信。第一封是五天前写的，不出所料，开头描述了浪搏恩的晚会和互访情况，但信的后半截所署的日期晚一天，显然是匆匆写成的，内容是：

亲爱的丽萃，上半封信写完之后，发生了一件出人意料、极其严重的事情。但我不想吓唬你，我们身体都很好。是关于丽迪亚的。昨天晚上，我们都已睡下，半夜时分福斯特先生给我们来了封急件，通知我们，她同一个军官，实际上就是韦翰，跑往苏格兰了！当然，在那里她可以不征得父母同意就结婚。想一想我们是多么吃惊。对他们两人来说，这是多么愚蠢的结合呀！不过至少他对她的钱财不感兴趣，因为他一定知道父亲几乎不会给她任何陪嫁。吉蒂承认，从丽迪亚的信中，她知道丽迪亚爱上了韦翰。可怜的母亲十分不安。我不得不就此搁笔，因为我不能把母亲丢下太久。我希望你能读到。我简直不知道自己写了些什么。

伊丽莎白来不及思考，便拆开了第二封信，这是过晚一天写的。她迫不及待地读了起来：

我最亲爱的妹妹，

我心乱如麻，书不成行。又是坏消息。虽然韦翰和可怜的丽迪亚结婚可能荒唐之极，但我们现在却急于听到他们完婚的消息。有理由担心，他们并没有去苏格兰。福斯特上校昨天到这儿来了。他告诉我们说，有一位军官，是韦翰的好友，他认为韦翰从来不曾打算去苏格兰，也不曾打算和丽迪亚结婚。上校跟踪两人一直到伦敦，但还没有看到他们离开伦敦。亲爱的丽萃，我们焦虑异常。父亲和母亲尽往坏处想，而上校担心韦翰是不可信赖之人，可是我无法相信他会如此奸诈。丽迪亚会不会没有半点羞耻之心，不举行结婚仪式就和那个人住在一起？不可能。现在可怜的妈妈真地病了，爸爸很生气，这也许是他有生以来第一次生气。他们痛斥吉蒂为他们的恋情保密之举。最亲爱的丽萃，我一方面为你感到高兴，因为你幸免于我们正在经历的混乱和担忧，另一方面，我不由得要求你们都尽快回家。父亲要和上校一起去伦敦找丽迪亚。我想，他由于过分不安，可能不会用最好最安全的办法达到预期目的，因此舅舅的建议和帮助将是最重要的。我拜托他了。

“噢！舅舅在哪儿，他在哪儿？”伊丽莎白叫道，跑到了门口。可是，她刚到门口，达西先生就进来了。她苍白的脸色和奇怪的举止让他没说出话来。她脑子中除了丽迪亚之外一片空白，她匆忙地说：“对不起，可我必须离开你。我必须马上找到嘉丁纳先生。一会儿都不能耽误。”

“天啊！怎么回事？”他叫了一声，又补充道，“让我，或者让仆人去 找嘉丁纳夫妇。你不舒服，自己不能去。”

伊丽莎白迟疑了，可是她的腿在打战，她认识到他说得对。向仆人吩咐完后，她坐了下来，样子十分难看，达西先生不能离开她，也不能用柔声细语使她安静下来：“我叫人来照料你吧。来杯葡萄酒好吗？你病得很重。”

“不，谢谢，”她回答道。“我很好。不过是刚从浪搏恩得到的可怕消息使我感到不安。”她哭了起来，好一会儿说不出话来。达西难过地望着她，满心同情地保持着沉默。最后，她又说话了。“这件事谁也瞒不了。我最小的妹妹私奔了，跟——跟韦翰先生。你對他太了解了，清楚会发生什么事。妹妹没有钱，没有社会关系，她的一切都不会吸引他与她结婚。她永远回不来了。我本来可以防止这件事发生的！我知道他的人品多么坏。我要是早点把他的底细告诉家里就好了！一切都太晚了。”

达西吃惊地看着她。“我感到震惊，”他说，“而且难过，很难过。现在已经采取了什么措施去把她找回来？”

“我父亲已去了伦敦，我希望舅舅也去。我希望半小时后离开蓝白屯。可是我非常清楚，我们什么办法也没有。怎么能说服这样一个人呢？甚至，我们怎么找到他们呢？我一点希望都不抱。太可怕了！”

达西没有回答。他表情严肃，若有所思地踱来踱去。伊丽莎白不久就发现并明白了这表情的意思。她对他的吸引力正在减退。这一家庭道德缺陷的有力证据正在把他从她身边推开。她从来没有像现在这样真诚地感到，她可能早已爱上了他，像现在这样，但现在，两厢情愿似乎已是不可能的了。

但她不能总想自己的事，丽迪亚面临的形势是如此严峻。达西先生几乎马上就离开了，临走时，他很客气地说，鉴于这种情况，伊丽莎白及其舅父母将不能参加当天在彭伯里举行的晚宴了，他为此感到遗憾，并再次表示同情。嘉丁纳夫妇进屋以后，伊丽莎白急忙向他们解释了发生的一切，他们同意马上离开，一起返回浪搏恩，她这才长长舒了一口气。

他们以极快的速度打点好行装，一会儿就坐上了马车，向南驱车而去。

“丽萃，”嘉丁纳太太开口说，“我无法相信韦翰的人品会差到这种地步，竟然把丽迪亚拐走而又不与她结婚。你真地觉得他会做出那种事吗？”

“我亲爱的舅妈，我和简都知道这个人既不诚实又无信誉。他诬陷达西先生，还恶毒地编造有关达西全家的谎言。你们看到了，达西小姐多么腼腆、温柔，可他硬说人家傲慢、难以相处、目中无人。”

“可是丽迪亚对此一无所知吗？”

“噢，一点儿也不知道！这才是最糟糕的。我也是到肯特郡去过以后才知道事实真相的，我回来以后，和简讲了，我们俩决定不把我们的情况公开。现在我认识到我犯了一个错误。我从未想到过丽迪亚会受到他的威胁。”

到了浪搏恩后，伊丽莎白和舅母帮着简照看孩子们。她们也努力安慰班纳特太太，而她拒绝接受安慰，把酿成灾祸的过错都推到了别人身上，觉得就她一个人没错。

“要是允许我把孩子们都带到布赖顿就好了，也不至于会发生这种事。可怜的丽迪亚，没有一个人照顾她。那些福斯特上校们为什么不看紧她？他们肯定是没把她放在心上。当然，我不想让她去布赖顿，可是，没有人理我，就像平时那样。现在，班纳特先生也去伦敦了，他肯定会跟韦翰拼命的，然后会被人家活活打死，他尸骨未寒，柯林斯一家就会把我们赶出去！”

“不要担心，姐姐，”嘉丁纳先生温和地说，“我明天就去伦敦，帮我姐夫一把。”

“噢，谢谢你，好兄弟，”班纳特太太回答道。“你一定要找到丽迪亚和韦翰，要是他们还没有成婚，就强迫他们成婚。告诉丽迪亚，他们不必等结婚礼服，但是，结过婚以后，再想买衣服的话，要多少钱给她多少钱。别让班纳特先生拼命——告诉他我的状况多么糟糕，我病得很重，日夜合不了眼。告诉丽迪亚不见到我不要买衣服，因为她不知道哪儿有最好的商店。噢，好兄弟，你太善良了！我希望你会把一切都处理好。”

第二天，嘉丁纳就履行诺言，前往伦敦。现在，留在浪搏恩的人开始了痛苦难熬的等待时期。从麦里屯不断传来韦翰的消息：撒谎、欠债以及与镇上大多数年轻女仆之间的秘密恋情，这使他们更加焦虑。大家都说，他是世界上最邪恶的年轻人，并且宣称，他们一贯怀疑他的巨大魅力和堂堂仪表。虽然伊丽莎白认为这些传闻不能全信，但相信其中的一部分就足以使她认定妹妹的名声已经丧失殆尽，甚至简都不指望听到什么好消息了。

过了几天，他们收到嘉丁纳先生的来信，舒了口气，但不幸的是，信中只说韦翰和丽迪亚还没有找到。很显然，韦翰在布赖顿欠下了一千多英镑的赌债。班纳特先生第二天要回家，留下内弟在伦敦继续搜寻。班纳特太太听说丈夫要回来，并不像孩子们所期待的那样满意，而前几天她还在为丈夫的安全焦虑不安呢。

“什么？他没找到可怜的丽迪亚就回来了？”她嚷道。“那谁还会跟韦翰拼命，强迫他和丽迪亚成婚？”

嘉丁纳太太趁着班纳特先生回来，带着孩子们回到了伦敦。她还是希望知道伊丽莎白与达西的关系发展得怎么样了，但伊丽莎白一次都没提过他的名字，所以，舅母也不敢直接问。

班纳特先生回到家以后，看样子同以前一样平静，但在与伊丽莎白的谈话中，他承认自己对丽迪亚的私奔负有责任。

“我知道我应当多管管她，”他说。“丽萃，你说得对。我根本就不应该放她去布赖顿。”

吉蒂也在听，听罢她说：“爸爸，我要是去了布赖顿，会比丽迪亚规矩得多。”

“你去布赖顿！”她爸爸高声叫道。“离那个地方还有20公里我都不放心，哪怕给我50英镑的押金！不，吉蒂，我终于学会了小心谨慎，你会有新体会的。任何军官以后别想再进这个家门，甚至别想从村里通过。一切舞会全部禁止，除非你与姐姐们跳舞。”

吉蒂当真了，哭了起来。

“好啦，好啦，”他说，“别不高兴了。如果你未来十年规规矩矩，十年结束后我会带你去看戏的。”

两天以后，他们都在热切期待的消息来了。嘉丁纳先生的信告诉他们，韦翰和丽迪亚已经找到，但他们还未成婚。但是，已与韦翰达成了某种财务方面的安排。请班纳特先生每年支付丽迪亚一百英镑，并安排她在父母下世后平等地参与继承留给班纳特家女儿的五千英镑。如果答应这些合理的条件，韦翰便答应娶丽迪亚为妻。

开始时，伊丽莎白和简都很高兴，认为妹妹的名声可以通过婚姻得以保全，哪怕是嫁给韦翰这样一位男人。可是，接着父亲解释说，除非已经付给了韦翰一大笔钱，否则他是决不会同意娶丽迪亚的。她们开始担心，要偿还嘉丁纳先生预付的这笔钱，可能会有困难。嘉丁纳先生一定是以这种方式贿赂了韦翰。但是，班纳特太太并没有这种担忧。

“他是当舅舅的嘛！”她高兴地叫道。“为什么不该出点钱？我亲爱的丽迪亚！16岁就结婚！我多么盼望见到她呀！还有亲爱的韦翰！可是结婚礼服呢？我马上给她舅妈写封信！我太幸福了！这么短的时间，就嫁出一个女儿。韦翰太太！听起来多顺耳呀！”

既然而迪亚要结婚了，伊丽莎白便十分后悔告诉了达西自己对妹妹的担忧。但是，即使丽迪亚以最体面的方式结婚，达西先生也极不可能愿意把自己同一个与韦翰有密切关系的家庭联系起来，因为韦翰是他最讨厌的人，当然他也理应遭到讨厌。她不能再指望他向她献殷勤，像他们在德比郡相遇时她肯定地感觉到的那样了。可是，现在既然她肯定他不可能再爱她了，她反而确信，倘若他们在一起，可能会很幸福。他配她似乎正好合适，他们可以相互积极地影响。她善于社交，可以帮助他软化思想，改善态度；他更长于判断，还有丰富的知识，可以使她从中受益。但这种关系已不复存在，他们再不能为仰慕他们的世人做出榜样，让他们看看幸福的婚姻到底是什么样子了。相反，韦翰要和丽迪亚结婚了，这给他们两人几乎都带不来一点幸福的机会。

嘉丁纳夫妇已安排好丽迪亚在伦敦不声张地悄悄结婚，就从他们家出嫁。开头时，班纳特先生曾拒绝让小女儿再踏进这个家门，但最后，简和伊丽莎白说服了他婚礼过后允许丽迪亚和他丈夫过来。探亲时间将会很短，因为她和韦翰几乎立刻就要到北方的纽卡斯尔去，在那里，他接受了一个新的军职。

当载着一对新人的马车到达浪搏恩府时，班纳特姐妹中两个大的对丽迪亚的厚颜无耻感到震惊。她进了屋子，又是笑又是逗乐，还要所有的姐姐向她道喜。韦翰也比她好不到哪儿去，跟每个人说话都还是往常那种阿谀奉承、随随便便的方式。他们对于自己的无耻和行为不端所引起的焦虑似乎根本没有意识到。

伊丽莎白对他们那种轻松、自信的形象深恶痛绝，因此，当丽迪亚执意要描述结婚当天的每个细节时，她下决心不露出任何兴趣。但是，丽迪亚不小心说出达西先生的名字时，她禁不住作出吃惊的反应。他显然参加了婚礼。伊丽莎白感到奇怪，达西先生为什么会参加这两位他理应最为鄙夷的人的婚礼？她从丽迪亚那里发现不了原因，因为丽迪亚突然想起这事应当保密；伊丽莎白不明白真相又寝食不安，于是便匆忙给伦敦的舅妈写了封信，请求迅速作出解释。

11 Bingley returns to Netherfield

Elizabeth had the satisfaction of receiving a reply from her aunt in the shortest time possible. She sat down eagerly to read it.

My dear niece,

I must confess I am astonished by your request for information about Mr Darcy's share in arranging Lydia's marriage. I assumed that you would know all about it. Your uncle is as surprised as I am. But if you are really innocent and ignorant, I must tell you all the details. On the day I returned to London from Longbourn, your uncle had a most unexpected visitor. Mr Darcy came to tell us he had discovered where your sister and Wickham were staying. The reason he gave for wanting to help was his belief that he was to blame for not making Wickham's worthlessness more public, and that therefore it was his duty to assist us in every possible way. If he had another motive, I am sure it would be just as honourable. He knew that Wickham had a close friend in London, a woman who had once been companion to Miss Darcy, and had been dismissed for some reason. So Mr Darcy found this woman, and bribed her to give him Wickham's present address. He went to see Wickham, and insisted on seeing Lydia, hoping to persuade her to return to her family. However, Lydia told him she only cared for Wickham, and had no intention of leaving him, whether he married her or not. Wickham privately told Mr Darcy that he had left the regiment because of his gambling debts, not because he intended to marry Lydia, and that he was still hoping to find and marry a woman of fortune in order to have a comfortable income. It was clearly necessary to persuade him to marry Lydia as soon as possible, and Mr Darcy had several meetings with Wickham to arrange financial matters with him. Finally, Mr Darcy was able to visit your uncle, as I have said, to explain the whole business, and to insist that he alone should be responsible for paying Wickham the promised amount. Your uncle argued with him for a long time, but our visitor was so obstinate that Mr Gardiner eventually had to agree. I think, Lizzy, that obstinacy is Mr Darcy's real fault, rather than any of the other faults of which he has been accused. He paid Wickham several thousand pounds, for past debts and future expenses, and attended the wedding to make a final payment. And in spite of Mr Darcy's declared motives, my dear Lizzy, you may be sure that your uncle would never have given in, if we had not assumed that Mr Darcy had another interest in the matter. Will you be very angry with me, my dear Lizzy, if I take this opportunity of saying how much I like him? His behaviour to us has always been as agreeable as when we were in Derbyshire. I think that if he marries the right woman, his wife may teach him to become more sociable. Please forgive me if I have assumed too much, or at least do not punish me by not inviting me to Pemberley. I shall never be happy until I have been all the way round the park.

But I must go to my children now.

Yours very sincerely,

M. Gardiner

Elizabeth read this letter with a mixture of pleasure and pain. Mr Darcy had thought so little of his pride that he had spent considerable time, effort and money on two people for whom he must feel the greatest disdain. He had even had to bargain with Wickham! She could not believe he had done all this for her, a woman who had already rejected him. But the fact remained that she and her family owed him everything. How bitterly she now regretted criticizing and mocking him in the past! She was ashamed of herself, but she was proud of him, proud that in a matter of honour, he had been able to conquer his own pride. She was even rather pleased, if a little regretful, that her aunt and uncle had felt sure that there was mutual affection between Mr Darcy and herself.

Mrs Bennet was quite depressed when Lydia and Wickham left Longbourn to travel north to Newcastle. But soon Mrs Philips brought the happy news that Mr Bingley was expected to return to Netherfield in a day or two, and Mrs Bennet became very excited. She made preparations to invite him to dinner, and counted the days that must pass before she could send the invitation.

However, on only the third morning after his arrival, she caught sight of him from her bedroom window, riding towards Longbourn House, with another gentleman, also on horseback.

'Girls! Quickly!' she cried. 'Mr Bingley is coming! And who's that with him? It must be Mr Darcy, that tall, proud man. Well, as he is Mr Bingley's friend, we must be polite to him, but I must say, I hate the sight of him.'

Both Jane and Elizabeth felt uncomfortable, and sympathized with each other. Jane was nervous about meeting Bingley again, and determined not to show her feelings. Elizabeth was uneasy at the thought of seeing Darcy, as she was the only one who knew how much the whole family owed him, in spite of their general dislike of him. She was astonished that he had come to see her, and for a moment she allowed herself to hope that his affection and wishes might still be the same.

She was disappointed, however, by the visit. Mr Darcy said scarcely anything to her, and appeared more thoughtful and less anxious to please than in Derbyshire. She wondered bitterly why he had come. In addition, she was highly embarrassed by her mother's behaviour. With flattering smiles Mrs Bennet concentrated all her conversation on Mr Bingley, while throwing the occasional unpleasant remark in Mr Darcy's direction. The only positive effect of the gentlemen's visit was the way in which Jane's charm and beauty appeared to excite Mr Bingley's admiration all over again, which Elizabeth was relieved and delighted to see.

The Bennet family did not see the two gentlemen again until Tuesday, when they came to dinner at Longbourn. It was a great pleasure to Elizabeth to watch Bingley sitting beside Jane, and talking happily to her, but this was the only enjoyment she gained from the party. Mr Darcy was unfortunately sitting a long way from her, next to Mrs Bennet. Elizabeth could see how seldom they spoke to each other, and how cold and formal their behaviour to each other was. She would have given anything to be able to tell him that his kindness was appreciated by at least one of the family. All through the long dinner, she desperately hoped there would be an opportunity for her to have some real conversation with him later. But the evening passed without any more than a short exchange of politeness between them, and Elizabeth lost all hope of immediate happiness.

Two days after this, Mr Bingley called at Longbourn House again. This time he was alone, as Mr Darcy had gone to London. He sat with the ladies for over an hour, talking cheerfully and agreeably to them. He came the next morning, and again in the evening. Mrs Bennet took every opportunity to leave him alone with Jane, by calling her other daughters out of the room for some reason or other. She was hoping to encourage him to propose, but in spite of her efforts Bingley remained

charming, and agreeable, and unattached.

But on the third day Bingley came in the morning to go shooting with Mr Bennet. He stayed for lunch, and was still there in the evening. And when Elizabeth entered the sitting- room unexpectedly, to her surprise she saw Jane and Bingley standing close together near the fire. They turned hurriedly when they heard her, and moved awkwardly away from each other. Bingley whispered something to Jane, and ran out of the room. Jane could not keep her secret from her sister, and, kiss- ing her, cried, ‘I am the happiest creature in the world! Oh, Lizzy! I do not deserve this! Why isn’t everybody as happy as I am!’

Elizabeth congratulated her sister most warmly and sincerely. ‘At last!’ she thought. ‘The end of all Mr Darcy’s anxious advice! The end of all Caroline Bingley’s lies and plans! The happiest, wisest, most reasonable end!’

‘I must go and tell my mother,’ continued Jane, ‘as he has just gone to ask my father’s permission. Oh, Lizzy! What happiness!’

It was a joyful evening for all of them. Jane looked more beautiful than ever, and Bingley was clearly very much in love. Mrs Bennet could not say enough to describe her delight, al- though she talked of nothing else all evening, and Mr Bennet was evidently very pleased.

Before the two eldest sisters went to bed that night, Eliza- beth listened willingly to Jane’s long description of Bingley’s good qualities. At the end, Jane added, ‘Oh, Lizzy! If only I could see you as happy as I am! If only there were another man like Bingley for you!’

‘Dear Jane, I can never be as happy as you, because I’m not as good as you. No, no, let me find my own husband. Perhaps, if I’m very lucky, I may meet another Mr Collins one day.’

The engagement was not kept a secret for very long. Mrs Bennet whispered the news to Mrs Philips, who told all her neighbours in Meryton. Everybody soon agreed that the Ben- nets were the luckiest family in the world, although only a few weeks before, when Lydia had run away, they had been consid- ered the most unfortunate.

11 彬格莱重返尼日斐

伊丽莎白在最短的时间里收到了舅母的回信，十分高兴，急切地坐下来读信：

亲爱的外甥女：

你请求解释达西先生参与安排丽迪亚结婚一事，我感到十分诧异。我还以为你全都知道。你舅舅也与我一样感到奇怪。但是，如果你真地一无所知，我必须把详情告诉你。我从浪搏恩回到伦敦那天，你舅舅遇到了一位不速之客。达西先生来了，他告诉我们他发现了你妹妹和韦翰呆的地方。据他说，他之所以想帮助我们，是因为他认为没有把韦翰的道德败坏当众揭穿是他的过错，这样，他就有义务尽一切可能帮助我们。如果他是另有所图，我相信，动机也会同样可贵。他知道韦翰在伦敦有一位要好的女友，她以前做过达西小姐的女伴，后来由于某种原因被解雇了。于是，达西先生找到了这个女人，贿赂她说出了韦翰目前的住址。他找到了韦翰，并坚持要见丽迪亚，希望说服她回到家里。但是，丽迪亚告诉她她只爱韦翰，并不打算离开他，不管他娶不娶她。韦翰私下里告诉达西先生，他离开兵团是为了逃避赌债，并不是想跟丽迪亚结婚，他现在仍然希望找一位有财产的女人结婚，以便获得舒适的收入。形势很明朗，有必要说服他尽快和丽迪亚结婚，于是达西先生与韦翰数次碰面，与他安排财务问题。最后，像我刚说过的那样，达西先生才得以来访你舅舅，解释全部经过，并坚持完全由他自己负责支付许诺给韦翰的所有款项。你舅舅与他争执了半天，但是我们的客人非常固执，嘉丁纳先生最后不得不同意。丽萃，我认为固执是达西先生的真正缺点，他受到指责的其他缺点都算不上。他支付给韦翰几千英镑，用于还清旧债，应付未来开销，并参加了婚礼，最后将钱款付清。亲爱的丽萃，尽管达西先生公开说明了一些原因，但是，你可以肯定，如果我们不是觉得他别有用心，你舅舅是绝不会让步的。亲爱的丽萃，如果我借此机会说我非常喜欢他，你不会生我的气吧？他对我们一直像在德比郡那样和气。我想，如果他娶到一个合适的女人，他妻子可能会教他如何更好地交际。如果我猜测得太过分，那么请你原谅，至少不要以将来不让我去彭伯里罚我。我不把庄园逛完，是不会感到高兴的。

我现在必须回到孩子们身边了。

M•嘉丁纳 谨启

伊丽莎白读着这封信，心里既高兴又痛苦。达西先生全然不顾自尊，在两个他最为鄙视的人身上花了那么多时间、精力和金钱。他甚至还得跟韦翰讨价还价！她难以相信他这一切都是为了她，一个拒绝过他的求婚的女人。但事实仍然是，她和她的家庭应为拥有的一切感激他。她想起以前批评他、嘲笑他，后悔得痛心疾首。她为自己感到羞愧，但为他感到骄傲，骄傲的是，在荣誉上，他战胜了自己的傲慢。她甚至相当高兴（虽然带点后悔），她舅母舅父肯定地感受到了达西先生和她相爱。

丽迪亚和韦翰离开浪搏恩北上纽卡斯尔，这使班纳特太太相当丧气。但不久菲力普斯太太带来了好消息，说彬格莱先生可望于一两天内返回尼日斐，班纳特太太激动万分。她开始为邀请他吃饭作准备，并且盘算着再过几天就可以发送请帖了。

但是，就在彬格莱到达后的第三天上午，她就从卧室的窗户中看到了他骑着马向浪搏恩府走来，同行的还有一位先生，也骑着马。

“姑娘们！快点儿！”她喊道。“彬格莱先生来了！跟他一起来的是谁？一定是达西先生，那个高个子、傲慢的人。哎呀，他既然是彬格莱先生的朋友，我们也要客气点儿，可是，我得承认，我不喜欢见到他。”

简和伊丽莎白都感到很不自在，两人同病相怜。又要见到彬格莱，简感到惴惴不安，决心不表露自己的感情。伊丽莎白一想到要见达西了，就感到很尴尬，因为就她一个人知道全家欠人家多少情，尽管大家都讨厌人家。他来看她，使她很惊奇，有那么一会儿，她大胆地希望她仍旧未改初衷。

但是，这次来访使她大失所望。达西失生几乎没跟她说什么，比起在德比郡来，显得更加深沉而不是急于取悦人。他为什么要来，她大惑不解。另外，她妈妈的举动使她极为难堪。班纳特太太带着奉承的微笑集中精力和彬格莱先生谈话，偶尔也冲达西先生说一句难听的话。两位先生来访的唯一积极效果是简的妩媚动人似乎重新唤起了彬格莱先生的爱慕，伊丽莎白看了深感慰藉和喜悦。

到了星期二，班纳特全家再次见到两位先生，他们是来浪搏恩赴宴的。看到彬格莱在简旁边坐下，愉快地同她交谈，伊丽莎白感受到极大的乐趣，但这也是她在晚上得到的唯一乐趣。达西先生不巧坐得离她很远，挨着班纳特太太。伊丽莎白看得出他们彼此说话说得多么少，互相间又多么冷淡与客气。她多么希望能够告诉他，全家至少还有一个人懂得他的善意。在漫长的晚饭期间，她拼命地希望能得到一个机会与他真正谈话。但是，整个夜晚过去了，除了简短的客套以外，他们什么也没有说，伊丽莎白断绝了一切立刻获得幸福的希望。

过了两天，彬格莱又来到浪搏恩府，这次是一个人，达西先生到伦敦去了。他和小姐们坐了一个多小时，兴高采烈、十分随和地与她们聊天。他第二天上午来了，晚上又来了。班纳特太太不错过每一个机会把他和简单独留下，借故将别的女儿叫出房间。她希望鼓励他求婚，但是，尽管她作了种种努力，彬格莱还是那样爱说爱笑，招人喜欢，不偏不倚。

但是，第三天彬格莱先生过来与班纳特先生一块去打猎。他留下吃了午饭，晚上还在那里。当伊丽莎白无意中来到起居室时，惊奇地发现简和彬格莱在火炉旁站着，挨得很近。他们听到她的声音，慌忙转身，尴尬地分开了。彬格莱对简小声说了句什么，便跑出了房间。简忍不住把秘密告诉了妹妹，吻了她一下，大声叫道：“我是世界上最幸福的人！噢，丽萃，我不配！大家都像我一样幸福就好了！”

伊丽莎白向姐姐表示最热烈、最诚挚的祝贺。“谢天谢地！”她心里想。“结束了，达西先生急切的劝告！结束了，卡罗琳·彬格莱的谎言和阴谋！最幸福、最明智、最合理的结局！”

“我得过去告诉妈妈，”简继续说，“因为他刚去请爸爸恩准。噢，丽萃！多么幸福啊！”

这天晚上所有的人都欢天喜地。简显得空前漂亮，彬格莱显然已坠入情网。班纳特太太的喜悦之情溢于言表，说也说不够，虽然她整个晚上别的什么也没说。班纳特先生显然也很高兴。

那天夜里休息之前，伊丽莎白很乐意地听了简对彬格莱优良品质的长篇描述。最后，简补充说，“噢，丽萃！我要是能看到你跟我一样幸福就好了！要是再有一个像彬格莱那样的人给你就好了！”

“亲爱的简，我永远不会像你那样幸福，因为我不如你。不，不，我要找到我自己的丈夫，也许，要是我运气好，有一天也许能再碰上一个柯林斯先生。”

订婚一事没有保密很长时间。班纳特太太将这个信息悄悄地对菲力普斯太太说了，菲力普斯太太又透露给麦里屯的所有邻居。大家立即达成共识，说班纳特一家是世上最幸运的家庭，尽管仅仅在几个礼拜以前丽迪亚出走的时候，他们还被视为最不走运的。

12 Elizabeth and Darcy

One morning, about a week after Bingley had proposed to Jane, a carriage arrived outside Longbourn House. Elizabeth, Kitty and their mother were in the sitting-room, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and their visitor entered. It was Lady Catherine de Bourgh.

They were all extremely astonished. Mrs Bennet, flattered to have such an important visitor, received her with great politeness. After sitting for a moment in silence, Lady Catherine said very stiffly to Elizabeth, 'I hope you are well, Miss Bennet. That lady, I suppose, is your mother. And that, I suppose, is one of your sisters.'

Elizabeth replied that she was correct in thinking so. Lady Catherine rose and said, 'I would like to have a walk in your garden, Miss Bennet, if you would accompany me.'

'Go, my dear,' cried Mrs Bennet. 'Show her ladyship the different walks. I'm sure she will like them.'

As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the different rooms, looked in, and declared them to be reasonable-looking rooms. They went into the garden in silence. Elizabeth was determined to make no effort at conversation with a woman who was being more than usually rude and disagreeable.

Lady Catherine began speaking when she was sure they were alone. 'You must know, Miss Bennet, why I have come.'

Elizabeth looked surprised. Indeed, you are mistaken, madam. I have no idea why you are honouring us with a visit.'

'Miss Bennet,' replied her ladyship angrily, 'however insincere you may be, you shall not find me so. A most alarming report reached me two days ago. I was told that you, Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would soon be engaged to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr Darcy. Although I knew it must be a shameful lie, and I would not offend him by supposing it to be possible, I decided at once to come here, to let you know my feelings.'

'If you believed it to be impossible,' said Elizabeth, with disdain, 'I wonder why your ladyship took the trouble of coming so far.'

'I came to insist on having this report contradicted. Tell me, is it true?'

'Your ladyship may ask questions which I shall not choose to answer.'

'This is too much! Miss Bennet, I insist on an answer. Has my nephew made you an offer of marriage?'

'Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible.'

'It ought to be impossible, but your skilful charms may have made him forget, in a moment of foolishness, what he owes to himself and his family. You must tell me. I am almost his nearest relation, and I have a right to know his plans.'

'But you have no right to know mine.'

'Let me speak plainly. This marriage, which you dare to hope for, can never take place, because Mr Darcy is engaged to my daughter. His mother and I planned their marriage, when they were still children. They are an ideal couple, both from respectable, honourable, ancient families, with an excellent fortune on both sides. What can possibly divide them? The desperate ambitions of a young woman without family, connections or fortune? It cannot be! And I warn you, Miss Bennet, if you marry him, do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends. Your name will never even be mentioned by any of us.'

'These are heavy misfortunes, but the wife of Mr Darcy must necessarily be so happy that she could not regret her marriage.'

'Obstinate girl! Tell me, are you engaged to him?'

Elizabeth could not avoid saying, after a moment's thought, 'I am not.'

Lady Catherine seemed pleased. 'And will you promise me never to enter into such an engagement?'

'I will make no such promise. You have totally misunderstood my character if you think I can be persuaded by such threats. I do not know whether your nephew would approve of your interference in his life, but you certainly have no right to interfere in mine.'

'To all the objections I have mentioned, I add one more. I am aware of your younger sister's elopement. Is such a girl to be my nephew's sister-in-law, and bring shame on the ancient name of Darcy?'

'You can now have nothing more to say,' Elizabeth said coldly. 'You have insulted me in every possible way.' She rose, and started walking back to the house. Lady Catherine also rose, and walked with her.

'Unfeeling, selfish girl! So you are determined to have him?'

'I have not said that. I am only determined to do what in my opinion will bring me happiness, without reference to you.'

'Do not imagine, Miss Bennet, that you will ever achieve your ambition.' When they arrived at her carriage, she added, 'I send no compliments to your mother. You do not deserve such politeness. I am most seriously displeased.'

Elizabeth did not answer, and entered the house, while Lady Catherine drove away in her carriage. She had to tell a little lie to her mother to explain Lady Catherine's unexpected visit and speedy departure, and then she shut herself in her room to consider what it all meant. Perhaps the Collinses had imagined, after the news of Jane's engagement to Bingley, that Darcy might marry her. They must have told Lady Catherine, who had made a special journey to Longbourn in order to break off this supposed engagement. Elizabeth began to feel depressed. If, as seemed likely, Lady Catherine now went straight to London to talk to her nephew, she might easily convince him of the inferiority of Elizabeth's social position. He would probably feel that his aunt's objections, which to Elizabeth appeared laughably weak, contained much common sense. In that case he might make up his mind not to marry her under any circumstances, and to keep away from Longbourn altogether.

The next morning Mr Bennet called Elizabeth into the library. In his hand he had a letter, which he had just received.

'Lizzy, I did not know I had two daughters about to be married. I congratulate you on a very important conquest.'

Elizabeth blushed, thinking that Darcy himself had written.

‘You seem to know what I mean, but I think even you will not be able to guess your admirer’s name. This letter is from Mr Collins, and he first congratulates me on Jane’s engagement, of which the gossiping Lucases have told him. Apparently the Lucases also think that my daughter Elizabeth might soon be marrying one of the great gentlemen in the country— Mr Darcy, in fact! Now, Lizzy, I think I have surprised you. Could he have chosen anyone we know as a more unlikely husband for you? Mr Darcy, who never praises, only criticizes women, and who probably never looked at you in his life! What an admirable choice!’

Elizabeth tried to share her father’s amusement, but had never appreciated his humour so little.

‘He goes on to say that when he dutifully gave this news to her ladyship, she made many objections, and stated that she would never agree to the marriage. He kindly gives us this information, he says, to prevent his cousin Elizabeth and her admirer from rushing into a marriage not approved by their families. Well, Lizzy! What do you think of that? I do enjoy Mr Collins’ letters. And I am delighted the Lucases thought of Mr Darcy. His perfect indifference to you, and your strong dislike of him, make it so extremely amusing. Don’t you agree?’

Elizabeth had great difficulty in pretending to be amused by the letter. It was necessary to laugh, when she would rather have cried. Her father had most cruelly hurt her by speaking of Darcy’s indifference, and she began to wonder whether perhaps, instead of his seeing too little, she might have imagined too much.

In spite of Elizabeth’s doubts, however, Mr Darcy returned to Netherfield a few days later, and he and Mr Bingley came to Longbourn soon afterwards. Bingley suggested they should all go for a walk, and while he and Jane concentrated on their own private conversation, some distance away, Elizabeth found herself alone with Mr Darcy.

Taking a deep breath, she said bravely, ‘Mr Darcy, I can no longer stop myself from thanking you for your extraordinary kindness to my poor sister. If the rest of my family knew of it, they would add their grateful thanks to mine.’

‘I had hoped to keep it a secret,’ he answered, ‘but if you must thank me, let it be for yourself alone. I shall not attempt to deny that wishing to give happiness to you was one of my reasons for helping your sister. But your family owe me nothing. Much as I respect them, I believe I thought only of you.’

Elizabeth was too embarrassed to say a word. After a short pause he added, ‘You are too generous to play with my feelings. If you still feel as you did last April, tell me so at once. My affections and wishes are unchanged, but one word from you will prevent me from ever mentioning them again.’

Elizabeth forced herself to speak, and immediately, though hesitatingly, gave him to understand that her feelings had changed so considerably since that time that she was now grateful and pleased to accept his proposal. When Darcy heard this, he was probably happier than he had ever been before, and he expressed himself as warmly and sensibly as a man violently in love can.

They walked on, without noticing in which direction. There was so much to be thought, and felt, and said. She soon learnt that his aunt had indeed seen him in London, after her disappointing visit to Longbourn. But unluckily for her ladyship, her critical comments and description of her conversation with Elizabeth produced exactly the opposite result to what she had intended.

‘It taught me to hope,’ Darcy explained, ‘as I had hardly ever allowed myself to hope before. I knew that if you had decided never to marry me, you would have admitted it to Lady Catherine openly and honestly.’

Elizabeth blushed and laughed as she replied, ‘Yes, you have experienced my honesty. After scolding you so rudely to your face, I was obviously quite capable of criticizing you to all your relations.’

‘I certainly deserved all your accusations. As an only son, I was brought up to be selfish and proud, and to consider myself superior to others. I would have continued like that if you, dearest, loveliest Elizabeth, had not taught me a lesson. I owe you a great deal for that.’

‘And I, how soon I thought better of you, when I read the letter you sent me! When I realized your description of events must be true, all my prejudices against you were removed!’

They talked of their unexpected meeting at Pemberley, which had renewed their interest in each other, of Georgiana Darcy’s immediate liking for Elizabeth, and of the engagement between Jane and Bingley.

‘I guessed,’ smiled Elizabeth, ‘that you had given your permission for their marriage.’

‘My permission! No! But I must admit I confessed to Bingley that I had made a mistake in supposing that your sister was indifferent to him, and I encouraged him to return to Netherfield to see if she still cared for him. I am delighted to hear of their engagement. He will be one of the happiest men in the world when he marries your sister. Only I shall be happier than him, when I am fortunate enough to marry you.’

Their conversation continued in this way, until they suddenly became aware of the lateness of the hour. They returned to Longbourn House, where they separated.

That evening Elizabeth could not help telling Jane her news. However, she almost regretted doing so, when she saw the astonishment on Jane’s face. At first Jane could not believe that her sister was engaged to a man she had so disliked, and she wondered if Elizabeth could really be happy with him. But when she had been convinced by Elizabeth’s explanations and promises, she was delighted, and congratulated her sister with all her heart.

The next day Mr Darcy came to ask Mr Bennet officially for Elizabeth’s hand in marriage. Mr Bennet also had to be persuaded that his favourite daughter could really be happy with such a proud, disdainful man. Only Mrs Bennet did not need to be convinced, although she was, most unusually, speechless with shock when she heard the news. When she recovered a little, she cried, ‘My sweetest Lizzy! How rich you will be! What jewels, what carriages you will have! Mr Darcy! Such a charming man! So handsome! So tall! I am so sorry I disliked him before. Ten thousand a year! Oh, my dear Lizzy!’

During the weeks of her engagement, Elizabeth was glad to see that all her family were beginning to appreciate Mr Darcy’s good qualities. Determined to protect him from her mother’s over-familiarity, she was relieved to see that Mrs Bennet respected her future son-in-law too much to say more than a few words to him. In spite of this, Elizabeth looked happily forward to the time when she and Darcy would leave Longbourn and move to all the comfort and elegance of their own

home at Pemberley.

Mrs Bennet was a happy mother indeed on the day when she got rid of her two most deserving daughters. It may be guessed with what delighted pride she afterwards visited Mrs Bingley and talked of Mrs Darcy. Mr Bennet missed his second daughter very much, and greatly enjoyed going to Pemberley to visit her.

Mr Bingley and Jane stayed only a year at Netherfield, before buying a large house in the north, only fifty kilometres from Pemberley. In this way, the two sisters were permitted their dearest wish, and were able to visit each other frequently.

Mary was the only sister who remained at home, as Kitty spent most of her time with her two elder sisters, which greatly improved her behaviour, character and intelligence.

Lydia and Wickham were always moving from one place to another in search of cheap rooms, and always spending more than they should. His affection for her soon became indifference, while hers for him lasted a little longer. They were not too proud to ask Lydia's sisters for financial help during every crisis, and Elizabeth and Jane both sent them regular gifts of money to pay their bills.

Caroline Bingley was deeply offended by Darcy's marriage, but she did not show her bitterness, and was always extremely polite to Elizabeth. Georgiana Darcy, on the other hand, became greatly attached to Elizabeth, and had the highest opinion of her. Lady Catherine, however, was so rude about Elizabeth to her nephew that he broke off communication completely with her for a time. In the end Elizabeth persuaded him to forgive his aunt, who eventually forgave her pride enough to visit them at Pemberley.

There remained a close relationship between the Darcys and the Gardiners. Darcy and Elizabeth were both warmly grateful to the two people who, by inviting her to Derbyshire and taking her to visit Pemberley, had brought them together.

12 伊丽莎白和达西

一天上午，大约在彬格莱向简求婚一周，一辆马车来到了浪搏恩府外。伊丽莎白、吉蒂和母亲正在起居室呆着，突然门被撞开了，客人闯了进来。是凯瑟琳·德·包尔夫人。

她们都极端惊讶。班纳特太太因为来了这样重要的客人而受宠若惊，赶紧非常客气地接待她。干坐了一会儿之后，凯瑟琳夫人很傲气地对伊丽莎白说：“我希望你还好，班纳特小姐。那位夫人我想是你母亲吧。那位我想是你妹妹吧。”

伊丽莎白回答说她说得对。凯瑟琳夫人站起来说：“班纳特小姐，如果你愿意陪我，我想到你家花园走走。”

“去呀，亲爱的，”班纳特太太嚷道，“让夫人看看不同的小路。我想她肯定会喜欢的。”

她们穿过大厅时，凯瑟琳夫人打开各个房间的门，往里看，称这些房间还算可以。她们沉默不语地走进花园。伊丽莎白觉得这个女人比往常更无礼傲慢，令人讨厌，于是拿定主意，不先开口跟她说话。

凯瑟琳夫人确信没有别人以后，便开始说话。“班纳特小姐，你一定知道我的来意。”

伊丽莎白很奇怪。“夫人，您肯定弄错了。我根本不知道您为什么肯赏脸光临。”

“班纳特小姐，”夫人怒气冲冲地说，“不管你有多么虚情假意，我可不是那种人。两天前听到的消息让我非常震惊。我听说，你，伊丽莎白·班纳特小姐，不久将与我的外甥，我的亲外甥，达西先生订婚。虽然我知道这是无稽之谈，虽然我把这事当真也伤不了达西的感情，但我还是决定马上到这里来，让你知道我的想法。”

“如果您认为那是不可能的，”伊丽莎白说道，带点鄙视，“我不明白夫人为什么要自找麻烦，跑这么远过来？”

“我到这里是要你把这条消息更正过来。告诉我，是真的吗？”

“您老尽可以问，但我可以拒绝回答。”

“太过分了！班纳特小姐，你必须回答。我外甥向你求婚了没有？”

“您老刚说过那是不可能的。”

“应该是不可能的，但是你蛊惑人心的手段高强，可能使他一时头脑发昏，忘记了自己的身份和门第。你必须告诉我。我几乎是他的至亲，我有权知道他的打算。”

“但是您无权知道我的打算。”

“我说得明白点。你竟然敢指望这桩婚事，可是它永远成不了，因为达西和我的女儿订婚了。他们小的时候，他母亲和我就帮他们订好了。他们俩门当户对，是天生的一对。他们都出身于名门望族，家史悠久，家财万贯。有什么可能把他们拆开？就靠一个没有门第、没有亲戚、没有家产的年轻女子的胆大妄为？根本不可能！班纳特小姐，我警告你，如果你跟他结婚，他的家庭和朋友绝不会理你！我们大家永远不会提你的名字！”

“这真是天大的不幸，但是达西先生的妻子一定会非常幸福，无法对自己的婚姻感到后悔。”

“犟丫头！告诉我，你们订婚了没有？”

伊丽莎白无法再避而不答了，思索了一会儿，说：“没有。”

凯瑟琳夫人似乎很高兴。“你能不能保证决不和他订婚？”

“我不会作这样的保证。如果您认为我会屈服于威胁的话，那您就完全看错我的性格了。我不知道您外甥是否会同意您干涉他的生活，但是您绝对没有权力干涉我的生活。”

“除了我刚提到的反对意见，我再加上一条。我知道你妹妹私奔的事。这样一个臭丫头也配做我外甥的小姨子，给达西这个古老的家族抹黑吗？”

“您现在该讲完了，”伊丽莎白冷冷地说。“您也把我侮辱够了。”她站起身，开始往回走。凯瑟琳夫人也起身，跟着她。

“冷酷、自私的丫头！你决心要嫁给他？”

“我没说过。我只决心做那些我认为能给我带来幸福的事，我不管您怎么想。”

“班纳特小姐，不要梦想你的痴心妄想会实现。”她们来到马车旁时，她又补充了几句，“我不向你母亲问候了，你们都不识抬举。我心情极不痛快。”

伊丽莎白没有回答，进了屋子，凯瑟琳夫人坐上马车，驱车走了。她不得不向母亲撒了个小谎，来解释凯瑟琳夫人不期而至和匆匆离去的原因，然后，她就进了自己的房间，关上门，考虑这一切的由来。也许柯林斯夫妇听到简与彬格莱订婚的消息后，想象着达西可能跟她结婚。

他们一定告诉了凯瑟琳夫人，她就专程来到浪搏恩，以便解除这一假想中的婚约。伊丽莎白开始感到沮丧。如果凯瑟琳夫人现在直接到伦敦去见她的外甥（这很可能），她可以轻易地说服他伊丽莎白社会地位多么低下。他就可能会觉得姨妈的反对意见是很有道理的，当然这种反对伊丽莎白认为十分可笑，不通情理，毫无说服力。倘若如此，他可能会下定决心无论如何不跟她结婚，从此不再到浪搏恩来。

第二天早上，班纳特先生把伊丽莎白叫进了书房。他手里拿了封信，是刚刚收到的。

“丽萃，我还不知道我有两个女儿要结婚了。我祝贺你情场得意。”

伊丽莎白羞红了脸，认为是达西本人写的信。

“你好像知道我的意思，可是，我觉得连你都猜不出这位爱慕者姓甚名谁。这封信是柯林斯先生来的，他先是为简的订婚恭喜我，是爱说闲话的卢卡斯夫妇告诉他的。很显然，卢卡斯夫妇还认为我的女儿伊丽莎白不久可能就会跟大贵之人结婚——实际上，就是达西先生！丽萃，我想我让你吃了一惊吧。在我们认识的人当中，还有谁是比他更不可能做你丈夫的？这个达西先生，从来不赞美女人，只知道批评，也许他一辈子连看都没看过你一眼！好个再恰当不过的人选！”

伊丽莎白尽量给父亲的逗乐子捧场，可是，她从来没有像今天那样不喜欢父亲的幽默。

“他接着说，他责无旁贷地把这个消息告诉夫人以后，她极力反对，宣称她决不答应这门婚事。他说，他好心好意地把这个消息告诉我们，是为了防止表妹伊丽莎白和她的爱慕者未经双方家庭同意就草率成婚。喂，丽萃！你觉得怎么样？我觉得柯林斯先生的信真有意思。卢卡斯夫妇竟然想到了达西，可真新鲜。他对你漠不关心，你对他讨厌得要死，这样不就太有趣了吗？你难道不觉得吗？”

伊丽莎白要装出对信感到有趣实在太难了。该笑的时候，她倒宁愿哭。她父亲说达西对她漠不关心，这大大伤害了她的感情。她开始怀疑，也许不是父亲太没眼力，而是自己凭空想象太多。

尽管伊丽莎白心里怀疑，几天后达西先生还是回到了尼日斐，他和彬格莱先生没多久就来到了浪搏恩。彬格莱提议他们都应出来散散步。在稍远的地方，彬格莱和简在说悄悄话，这时，伊丽莎白发现自己一个人和达西留在了一起。

她深深吸了一口气，鼓起勇气说：“达西先生，我再也忍不住了，我要感谢你的深情厚意，是你救了我可怜的妹妹。如果我家里面别人知道的话，他们也会对你感激不尽的。”

“我本希望保密，”他回答说，“但是，如果你要谢我的话，只消表明这是你一个人的意思。我不想否认，希望你得到幸福是我帮你妹妹的原因之一。但你的家庭不欠我任何东西。我虽然尊重他们，可是我心里只想到你一个人。”

伊丽莎白窘得说不出一句话来。过了片刻，只听他又说：“你是个爽快人，不会玩弄我的感情。如果你的感觉和四月份一样，请马上告诉我。我对你的初衷丝毫未变，但只要你说一句话，我以后决不再提。”

伊丽莎白不得不开口说话了。虽然说得吞吞吐吐的，但她马上告诉他，从那时到现在，她的感情起了很大变化，她现在以愉快和激动的心情接受他的盛情美意。这一回答简直使达西感到前所未有的快乐，他像狂恋者一样，无限热烈而又理智地向她倾诉衷曲。

他们继续往前走，也不管朝着什么方向。他们有多少心事要想，多少感觉要寻找，多少话要说呀。她一会儿就得知他姨妈确实在伦敦见到了他，那是在她来访浪搏恩失望而归之后。不幸的是，夫人的批评和她对那次谈话的描述产生了与她本意恰恰相反的效果。

“这件事教会了我奢望，”达西解释说，“因为我以前从来没有过奢望。我知道，如果你已决定永不嫁给我，你会公开诚实地向凯瑟琳夫人承认的。”

伊丽莎白羞红了脸，一面笑，一面说：“是的，你知道我为人直爽。我既然能够当你的面深恶痛绝地骂你，自然也会在任何亲戚面前批评你。”

“你骂我的话，都是我罪有应得。我是个独生子，从小就自私、高傲，认为自己高人一等。最最亲爱的伊丽莎白，要不是你教训了我一次，我可能到现在还是如此。这都多亏了你。”

“我也是，我读了你给我的信之后，很快就对你改变了看法。当我认识到你对事件的描述真实可信时，我对你的一切偏见都烟消云散了！”

他们谈到了在彭伯里的不期而遇，那重新燃起了彼此的旧情；谈到了乔治安娜·达西一见面就喜欢上了伊丽莎白；谈到了简和彬格莱的订婚。

伊丽莎白微笑着说：“我猜，你已经准许他们结婚了。”

“我准许了？不！不过，我得承认，我向彬格莱说明了你姐姐并非对他毫不在意，是我犯了一个估计错误，我并且鼓励他返回尼日斐看你姐姐是否还爱他。听到他们订婚的消息真使我感到喜悦。他娶了你的姐姐，将成为世界上最幸福的男人之一。只有我会比他更幸福，因为我有幸跟你结婚。”

他们就这样谈了下去，突然发现天色已晚。他们回到浪搏恩府，在那里分了手。

那天晚上，伊丽莎白忍不住将这一消息告诉了简。可是，当她看到简脸上的惊讶神色时，她差一点后悔告诉她。一开始，简难以相信妹妹会和一个她这样讨厌的人订婚，她怀疑伊丽莎白跟他是否会真正幸福。可是，当伊丽莎白向她解释和许诺之后，她便相信了，于是十分高兴，全心全意地向妹妹表示祝贺。

第二天，达西先生正式来请班纳特先生恩准他同伊丽莎白结婚。班纳特先生还得经劝说才相信他最宠爱的女儿同这样傲慢、爱瞧不起的人结婚会获得真正的幸福。只有班纳特太太不需要做什么思想工作，不过她听到这个消息后也惊得说不出一句话来，这种反应可是很少见。她稍微醒悟过来一点，便叫道：“我的心肝宝贝！你就要大富大贵了！你会有多少珠宝、多少马车呀！达西先生！多么可爱的丈夫！那么精神！那么魁梧！请原谅我以前那么讨厌他。每年收入一万英镑！噢，亲爱的丽萃！”

在她订婚的那一周，伊丽莎白高兴地看到全家人都开始喜欢达西先生的优秀品质。她决心护着达西，不让妈妈和他过分随便，但她看到班纳特太太对未来的女婿极其敬畏，简直不敢跟他多说话，便松了口气。尽管如此，伊丽莎白还是幸福地期待着有一天她和达西离开浪搏恩，搬进彭伯里自己舒适、幽雅的家园。

班纳特太太打发掉两个最争气的女儿那天，感到无比幸福。可以想象，后来她去探访彬格莱太太及到达西太太时，会是多么高兴与自豪。班纳特先生十分想念二女儿，所以非常喜欢到彭伯里去探访她。

彬格莱先生和简在尼日斐只呆了一年，然后就在北方买了座大宅子，离彭伯里只有50公里。这样，姐妹二人就可以经常往来，实现了最珍视的愿望。

家里就剩下玛丽一个女儿，因为吉蒂大部分时间都和两位大姐住在一起，耳濡目染，她的言谈举止、品行和思想都大有长进。

丽迪亚和韦翰总是搬来搬去，找便宜的房子住，总是入不敷出。他对妻子的爱很快变成了冷漠，她对丈夫的感情则持续得稍微长一点。每逢危机、伸手向丽迪亚的姐姐们要钱时，他们便显得不那么自傲了。伊丽莎白和简还定期给他们寄点私房钱帮他们付帐。

卡罗琳·彬格莱由于达西结婚而受到很大伤害，但她并没有显露心中的苦楚，对伊丽莎白也总是极为客气。另一方面，乔治安娜·达西对伊丽莎白极为依恋，对她也评价最高。但是，凯瑟琳夫人在外甥面前讲伊丽莎白的话如此无礼，达西有段时间与她断绝了往来。最后，伊丽莎白说服他原谅姨妈，后来，他姨妈竟也忘掉傲慢，到彭伯里拜访他们。

达西夫妇和嘉丁纳夫妇仍然关系密切。

达西和伊丽莎白衷心感激这两个人，正是他们两个邀请伊丽莎白到德比郡去，并带她去参观彭伯里，最终使他们喜结良缘。

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简 介

小说问世于1891年，至今依然是刻画女性内心情感的最为细腻动人的小说之一。

这是一本忧伤的书：一位少女的生命被慢慢地、但确实实地毁了——不是被她的敌人，而是被那些自称爱她的人。这是怎样的爱，何以摧毁自己所爱？

悲哀总是在眼睁睁地目睹错误发生却又无力阻拦之时产生。苔丝是一个快乐的姑娘，她的生活本该十分幸福——但合适的人儿犹豫着，不当的人却捷足先登。“别让她走！”我们不禁要大喊，或者“现在就告诉他，以免悔之太晚？”

然而还是太晚了：故事发生在一百年前——其实每天都在重演。我们无能为力，只有眼看着世界在变幻运转着，毁掉了苔丝，又继续变幻运转……仿佛根本未曾有过她。

托马斯·哈代（1840-1928）是英国最伟大的作家之一。他的大部分作品，包括《德伯家的苔丝》，都是以他的故乡，英国南海岸的多尔塞特为背景的。

1. the Maiden

One evening at the end of May a middle-aged man was walking home from Shaston to the village of Marlott in the Vale of Blackmoor. His legs were thin and weak, and he could not walk in a straight line. He had an empty egg-basket on his arm, and his hat was old and worn. After a while he passed an elderly parson riding a grey horse.

‘Good night, ’ said the man with the basket.

‘Good night, Sir John, ’ said the parson.

After another step or two the man stopped and turned round to speak to the parson.

‘Now, sir, last market-day we met on this road at the same time, and I said “Good night” and you answered “Good night, Sir John, ” as you did just now. ’

‘I did, ’ said the parson.

‘And once before that, almost a month ago. ’

‘I may have. ’

‘So why do you call me Sir John, when I am only John Durbeyfield? ’

The parson rode nearer, and after a moment’s hesitation, explained: ‘It was because I’ve discovered something of historical interest. I am Parson Tringham, the historian. Do you really not know, Durbeyfield, that you are a direct descendant of the ancient and noble family of the d’ Urbervilles? They descended from Sir Pagan d’ Urberville, who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror in 1066. ’

‘Never heard that before, sir! ’

‘Well, it’s true. Let me see your face. Yes, you have the d’ Urberville nose and chin. D’ Urbervilles have owned land and served their King for hundreds of years. There have been many Sir Johns, and you could have been Sir John yourself. ’

‘Well! ’ exclaimed the man. ‘And how long has this news about me been known, Parson Tringham? ’

‘Nobody knows about it at all, ’ said the parson. ‘I just happened to discover it last spring, when I was trying to find out more about the d’ Urbervilles and noticed your name in the village. ’

‘I’ve got an old silver spoon, and an old seal too at home, ’ said the man, wondering. ‘So where do we d’ Urbervilles live now, Parson? ’

‘You don’t live anywhere. You have died, as a noble family. ’

‘That’s bad. So where do we lie? ’

‘In the churchyard at Kingsbere-sub-Greenhill. ’

‘And where are our family lands? ’

‘You haven’t any. ’

John Durbeyfield paused. ‘And what should I do about it, sir? ’

‘Oh, nothing. It’s a fact of historical interest, nothing more. Good night. ’

‘But you’ll come and have some beer with me, Parson Tringham? ’

‘No, thank you, not this evening, Durbeyfield. You’ve had enough already. ’ The parson rode away, half regretting that he had told Durbeyfield of his discovery.

Durbeyfield walked on a few steps in a dream, then sat down with his basket. In a few minutes a boy appeared. Durbeyfield called to him.

‘Boy! Take this basket! I want you to go and do something for me. ’

The boy frowned. ‘Who are you, John Durbeyfield, to order me about and call me “boy”? You know my name as well as I know yours! ’

‘Do you, do you? That’s the secret! Well, Fred, I don’t mind telling you that the secret is that I’m one of a noble family. ’ And Durbeyfield lay back comfortably on the grass. ‘Sir John d’ Urberville, that’s who I am. And I’ve got the family seal to prove it! ’

‘Oh? ’

‘Now take up the basket, and tell them in the village to send a horse and carriage to me immediately. Here’s a shilling for you. ’

This made a difference to the boy’s view of the situation.

‘Yes, Sir John. Thank you, Sir John. ’

As they spoke, sounds of music came through the evening air from the village.

‘What’s that? ’ said Durbeyfield. ‘Have they heard my news already? ’

‘It’s the women dancing, Sir John. ’

The boy went on his way and Durbeyfield lay waiting in the evening sun. Nobody passed by for a long time, and he could just hear the faint music in the distance.

The village of Marlott lies in the beautiful Vale of Blackmoor. Although this valley is only four hours away from London, it has not yet been discovered by tourists and artists. The best view of the vale is from the hills surrounding it; it looks like a map spread out. It is a quiet, sheltered part of the countryside, where the fields are always green and the rivers never dry up. To the south lies the great dividing line of hills. From here to the coast the hills are open, the sun pours down on the huge dry fields, the atmosphere is colourless. But here in the valley lies a completely different countryside, smaller and more delicate. The fields are tiny, the air makes you sleepy, the sky is of the deepest blue. Everywhere you can see a rich greenery of grass and trees, covering smaller hills and valleys. This is the Vale of

Blackmoor.

And in the village of Marlott, following ancient custom, the young women gathered to dance every holiday. For this May-Day dance, all wore white dresses. There was a fine, handsome girl among them, with a red ribbon in her hair. As they danced, they noticed a carriage go by. Durbeyfield lay back in it, singing, ‘I’m—Sir—John—and—I’ve—got—a—spoon—and—seal—and—my—family—lies—at—Kingsbere!’ The girl with the ribbon, who was called Tess, turned red and said quickly to her friends, ‘Father’s tired, that’s all.’ The other girls just laughed but stopped when Tess looked unhappy. The dancing went on.

In the evening the men of the village came to watch and later to join the dancers. Three young strangers, who were passing by, also stopped to look. They explained they were brothers on a walking tour. The older two continued their walk, but the youngest seemed more interested in the girls than his brothers were, and stayed to dance with several of them. As he left the dance, he noticed Tess, who seemed a little sad that he had not chosen her. He looked back from the road, and could still see her in her white dress, standing modestly apart from the dancers. He wished he had danced with her. He wished he had asked her name. But it was too late. He hurried on to join his brothers.

The young stranger had made an impression on Tess. But soon, worried by her father’s strange appearance that afternoon, she decided to walk home. After the excitement of the dance, her parents’ small cottage was a depressing sight. It was dark inside, as they had only one candle. The furniture was old and worn. There were six children crowded into the tiny space. Their mother was doing the washing at the same time as putting the baby to sleep. Looking after so many children had aged Joan Durbeyfield, but she still showed some of her early prettiness, which Tess had inherited.

‘Let me help with the washing, mother,’ said Tess gently.

‘Oh Tess, I’m glad you’ve come,’ said her mother. ‘There’s something I must tell you.’

‘Is it anything to do with father making such a fool of himself this afternoon?’ asked Tess, frowning.

‘That’s all part of the excitement! They’ve discovered we’re the oldest family in the whole county, going back a long way! And our real name is d’Urberville! Doesn’t that make you proud! That’s why your father rode home in the carriage, not because he’d been drinking, as people thought.’

‘I’m glad of that. Will it do us any good, mother?’

‘Oh yes! Great things may come of it. No doubt our noble relations will be arriving in their carriages as soon as they find out.’

‘Where is father now?’ asked Tess suddenly.

Her mother did not answer directly. ‘He saw the doctor today, you know. It’s fat round the heart, he says. That’s the cause of his illness. He might last ten years… might last ten months or days.’

Tess looked anxious. Her father, suddenly a great man, to die so soon! ‘But where is father?’ she asked firmly.

‘Now don’t you get angry!’ said Mrs Durbeyfield. ‘The poor man was feeling so weak after the news that he went to Rolliver’s. He needs to build up his strength to deliver the beehives tomorrow, remember.’

‘Oh my God!’ cried Tess. ‘He went to a public house! And you agreed to it, mother!’

‘No, I didn’t,’ said Mrs Durbeyfield crossly. ‘I’ve been waiting for you to look after the children while I fetch him.’

Tess knew that her mother greatly looked forward to these trips to Rolliver’s. There she could sit by her husband’s side among the beer-drinkers, and forget that the children existed. It was one of the few bright moments in her hardworking life. Mrs Durbeyfield went out, and Tess was left with the children. They were very young, and totally dependent on the Durbeyfield couple: six helpless creatures who had not asked to be born at all, much less to be part of the irresponsible Durbeyfield family.

1 处 女

5月末的一天傍晚,有个中年汉子正从夏斯顿回家到黑荒野山谷的马勒特村去。他双腿瘦弱,一路东倒西歪。他手挽一个盛鸡蛋用的空篮子,帽子又旧又破。走了一会儿,他遇见了一位骑匹灰马的老牧师。

“晚安。”挽着篮子的人说。

“晚安,约翰爵士,”牧师说道。

刚走出一两步,这人停了下来,转过身对牧师说:

“嗯,先生,上次赶集那天,大约也是这个时候,我们在这条路上碰到过的。当时我向您道声‘晚安’,您也和刚才一样回答说‘晚安,约翰爵士’。”

“我是那么说的,”牧师说道。

“而且更早以前还曾有过一回——将近一个月以前吧。”

“我也许是说过的。”

“那么您为什么要称呼我‘约翰爵士’呢?我只不过是约翰·德北呀。”

牧师拍马走近,略一犹豫,便解释道:“那是因为最近我发现了一些史实。我是特林厄姆牧师,历史学家。德北呀,难道你真的不知道自己是那古老而高贵的德伯家族的一支直系后裔吗?这个家族起始于培根·德伯爵士,他是在1066年随同征服者威廉国王从诺曼底来到英格兰的。”

“这事我以前可从没听说过,先生!”

“哟,这可是千真万确的。让我看看你的脸。没错,你有德伯家的鼻子和下巴。德伯家族拥有大片土地,而且数百年来效忠于国王。哦,对啦,你们家族中有过好多个约翰爵士呐,而你自己就可能是一个。”

“哦!”这人惊呼道,“特林厄姆先生,有关我的事情,被发现有多久了?”

“根本没有人知道,”牧师说,“我是去年春天碰巧发现的,那时我正在努力发掘有关德伯家族的更多情况,于是在村子里注意到了你的姓氏。”

“我家里倒是有一把银匙和一枚旧印。”这人思忖道，“那么你说，我们德伯家族的人现在住在哪儿呢？”

“你们家族的人哪儿都没有了。你们这个豪门望族，算是已经完结了。”

“真可悲呀。那么，我们家族埋在哪儿？”

“绿山底王陴那儿的教堂墓地。”

“我们家族的田地又在哪儿呢？”

“你们什么也没有了。”

过了一会儿，约翰·德北又问：“那这事我该怎么办呢，先生？”

“唉，毫无办法。这只是有关历史的一桩事实，别无他意。告辞了。”

“特林厄姆牧师，您愿意来同我一起喝杯啤酒吗？”

“不，谢谢你啦，今晚不喝了，德北。你已经喝得够多了。”牧师拍马离去，有些后悔对德北说了他的发现。

德北走了几步，做梦一般。随后，他就挎着篮子坐了下来。过了几分钟，来了一个男孩，德北朝他喊道：

“小家伙，拎着我的篮子！我想要你替我办点事儿。”

男孩皱起眉头：“你是谁哟，约翰·德北，对我这么吆三喝四的，还叫我‘小家伙’？咱们俩谁还不知道谁叫什么呀！”

“你知道？你知道我的名字？这可是秘密。嗯，弗雷德，我不妨告诉你吧。这个秘密就是我是贵族人家的一员。”德北美滋滋地在草地上躺下来。“约翰·德伯爵士——那便是我，我有家族的印章可以证明！”

“哦？”

“现在，你拎上篮子，告诉村里的人立即给我派一辆单马马车来。这是给你的一先令。”

有了这钱，小伙子对这事儿的想法就不同了。

“遵命，约翰爵士。谢谢您啦，约翰爵士。”

他们正说着话，一阵音乐声穿过夜空从村头传来。

“怎么回事？”德北说，“他们已经得知我的新闻了吗？”

“那是妇女舞会，约翰爵士。”

男孩上路走了，德北躺在夕阳下等着。好长一段时间，没有人路过那儿，他只听到那悠远的音乐。

马勒特村位于美丽的黑荒野山谷。虽然山谷距伦敦只有四小时的路程，却尚未被游客和艺术家们发现。眺望山谷的最好视角是在环绕的山峦上；从那儿看过去，它宛如一幅平展的地图。这是一片峦嶂掩蔽的宁静乡村，田地总是郁郁葱葱的，溪流从不干涸。往南是耸立的山脉。由此往海岸去，山峦平缓开阔，阳光倾射在大片干涸的土地上，空气了无色彩。但在这里的山谷间，却是一派迥异的乡村景致，更小更精巧。田地不大，空气催人入梦，天空是最深最深的湛蓝。处处可见那树木草地的欲滴翠绿，覆盖了满山遍谷。这就是黑荒野山谷。

在马勒特村，遵从古老的习俗，每到假日，年轻妇女们都聚在一起跳舞。为这一次五月节，妇女们都身穿白衣裳。其中有一位纤秀好看的姑娘，头戴红色的发带。就在她们跳着舞时，她们看到一辆马车驰过。德北正仰身坐靠其中，唱道：“我是约翰爵士，我有银匙和印章，我的家庭埋在王陴那里。”那个头戴红发带、名叫苔丝的姑娘脸都涨红了，赶忙对伙伴们说：“父亲累了，就这么回事。”其他的姑娘全都大笑起来，但当她们察觉到苔丝的不悦时便停住了。舞会仍在继续进行着。

傍晚，村里的男人们赶来观看，并跟着跳了起来。还有三个路过的陌生人也停下来看了一会儿。他们解释说，他们兄弟三人正在远足旅行的途中。后来两个哥哥继续赶路了，而老三似乎比哥哥们对姑娘更感兴趣。他待了会儿，并和几个姑娘跳了舞。就在他离开舞会时，他注意到了苔丝。她看起来有点儿伤心，因为他没有邀她跳舞。当他在路上回头张望时，仍能见到穿着一身白色衣裙的她，优雅端庄地站在一群跳舞者的旁边。他真希望自己当初请她跳了舞，还想问问她的芳名，但现在已经来不及了。他要尽快赶上他的哥哥们。

陌生的年轻人给苔丝留下了印象，但很快苔丝想起了父亲下午古怪的模样，有些担心。于是她决定走回家去。她刚刚走出舞会，有些兴奋，她们家的小屋便显得有些抑郁。因为只有一根蜡烛，屋子里很昏暗。家具都是又旧又破的，还有六个孩子挤在这么一个小地方。苔丝的母亲一边在哄小宝宝入睡，一边洗着衣服。一个人要照料这么多孩子，这加速了琼·德北的衰老，但从她身上仍不难看出几分年轻时的姿色。苔丝承袭了母亲的美貌。

“让我帮你洗吧，妈，”苔丝温柔地说。

“哟，苔丝，你回来了我真高兴，”她母亲说，“我正有事儿要跟你说呢。”

“是关于爸爸下午出丑的事儿吗？”苔丝皱着眉头问道。

“就是那件让人激动的事儿！有人发现我们是整个郡里最古老的家族。有好长的历史哩！我们的真实姓氏是德伯！这不让你觉得骄傲吗？你爸爸就是因为这个才乘着马车回家的，可不像人家想的那样，是因为喝醉了酒。”

“我很高兴有这么回事儿。这对我们有什么好处吗，妈？”

“哦，当然！没准儿能由此产生一些大好事儿呢！毫无疑问，我们那些高贵的亲戚一旦得知此事，就会乘坐马车来看望我们的。”

“现在爸爸在哪儿？”苔丝突然问道。

母亲没有直接回答：“你知道他今天去看医生了。说病因是心脏周围堆了脂肪。也许他能再活十年……再活十个月或者十天。”

苔丝愁容满面。她的父亲，一个突然间变得如此伟大的人物，会这么快就死去！“但爸爸在哪儿啊？”她加重语气问道。

“嗯，你可别生气，”德北夫人说，“这可怜的人儿在听说了那则特大消息后，就浑身酥软啦，他只好去了罗里弗酒店。他需要积蓄点儿力气，要知道，明早他还得赶运那些蜂箱呢。”

“哦，天哪！”苔丝叫了起来，“他上酒店了！而你却同意了，妈！”

“不，我没有同意。”德北夫人生气地说。“我一直在等着你回来照看孩子们，这样我就可以去接他了。”

苔丝知道母亲非常希望到罗里弗酒店去。在那儿，她可以挨着丈夫坐在一群喝啤酒的人当中，忘掉孩子们的存在。这是她繁重的生活中难得的一小段幸福时光。德北夫人出去了，苔丝留下来与弟弟妹妹们在一起。他们都还这么小，还全得依靠德北夫妇：六个无助的小生命，他们自己并没有要求降临到这个世界上，更没有想要成为（这样）不能尽责的德北家庭中的成员。

It was eleven o' clock before all the family were in bed, and two o' clock next morning was the latest time to set off with the beehives. It was a distance of twenty or thirty miles on bad roads to Casterbridge, where the Saturday market was held. At half-past one Mrs Durbeyfield came into the bedroom where Tess and all the children slept.

'The poor man can't go,' she whispered. Tess sat up in bed.

'But it's late for the bees already. We must take them today.'

'Maybe a young man would go?' asked Mrs Durbeyfield doubtfully. 'One of the ones dancing with you yesterday?'

'Oh no, not for the world!' said Tess proudly. 'And let everybody know the reason? I'd be so ashamed! I think I could go if little Abraham came with me.'

Tess and Abraham dressed, led out the old horse Prince with the loaded waggon, and set off in the dark. They cheered themselves up with bread and butter and conversation.

'Tess!' said Abraham, after a silence.

'Yes, Abraham.'

'Aren't you glad that we're a noble family?'

'Not particularly.'

'But you're glad you're going to marry a gentleman?'

'What?' said Tess, lifting her face.

'Our noble relations are going to help you marry a gentleman.'

'Me? Our noble relations? We haven't any. Whatever put that into your head?'

'I heard them talking about it at home. There's a rich lady of our family out at Trantridge, and mother said that if you claimed relationship with her, she'd help you marry a gentleman.'

His sister became suddenly silent. Abraham talked on, not noticing her lack of attention.

'Did you say the stars were worlds, Tess?'

'Yes.'

'All like ours?'

'They seem like our apples—most of them good, a few bad.'

'Which do we live on? A good one or a bad one?'

'A bad one.'

'If we lived on a good one, how would things be different?'

'Well, father wouldn't be ill and cough as he does, and mother wouldn't always be washing.'

'And you would have been a ready-made rich lady, and not have to marry a gentleman.'

'Oh, Aby, don't—don't talk of that any more!'

Abraham finally went to sleep on the waggon. Tess drove the horse. Gradually she fell into a dream. She could see her father, foolish in his pride, and the rich gentleman of her mother's imagination laughing at the poor Durbeyfield family.

Suddenly she awoke from her dream to noise and violent movement. Something terrible had happened. She jumped down and discovered that the post carriage, speeding along the dark road, had driven into her slow and unlighted waggon. Poor Prince was seriously hurt, and as she watched he fell to the ground.

'You were on the wrong side,' said the post driver. 'I must go on with the post, but I'll send somebody to help you as soon as I can. You'd better stay here with your waggon.'

He went on his way, while Tess stood and waited, tears pouring down her cheeks. Daylight came. Prince lay there, unmoving, his eyes half open.

'It's all my fault,' cried Tess. 'What will mother and father live on now? Aby, Aby, wake up! We can't go on with our beehives—Prince is dead!' When Aby realized what had happened, his face looked like an old man's.

'It's because we live on a bad star, isn't it, Tess?' he said through his tears.

Finally a man arrived with a horse, to take the waggon on to Casterbridge to deliver the beehives, and then collect Prince on the way back. When they got home, Tess broke the news to her parents. They were not angry with her, but she blamed herself completely.

When Durbeyfield heard he would only get a few shillings for Prince's dead body, he rose to the occasion.

'We d' Urbervilles don't sell our horses for cat's meat!' he insisted. And the following day he worked harder than usual in digging a grave, where Prince was buried. All the children cried:

'Has he gone to heaven?' asked Abraham in tears. But Tess did not cry. Her face was dry and pale. She felt she had murdered a friend.

过了11点钟，这一家人全都上了床。要带着这些蜂箱上路，最迟也不能迟于翌晨两点钟出发。由那条糟糕的路去卡斯特桥市有二三十英里的路，那儿星期六有集市。在一点半钟的时候，德北夫人走进苔丝和其他孩子们睡觉的卧室。

“那个可怜的人儿去不了啦，”她轻轻说道。苔丝从床上坐了起来。

“但是已经迟了，我们必须在今天把蜂箱带到！”

“也许哪个年轻小伙子能去？”德北夫人有些迟疑。“叫个昨天跟你跳舞的小伙子？”

“哦，不，绝对不行！”苔丝自尊地说，“难道要让所有的人都知道原由吗？我会感到很羞耻的！我想我可以去，如果小亚伯拉罕能陪我的话。”

苔丝和亚伯拉罕穿好了衣服，牵出了那匹名叫“王子”的老马。马车已经上好了货。在黑暗中，他们出发了。他们吃了点儿面包黄油，让自己振奋起精神，还聊起了天。

“苔丝！”一阵沉默之后，亚伯拉罕开口了。

“嗯，亚伯拉罕。”

“我们是贵族家庭，难道你不高兴吗？”

“没有特别高兴。”

“但是，你要同一位先生结婚了，你会高兴吗？”

“什么？”苔丝仰起了脸，问道。

“我们的贵族亲戚会帮助你同一位先生结婚的。”

“我？我们的贵族亲戚？我们没有这样的亲戚呀。是什么让你脑子里有这种想法的？”

“我在家里听到他们谈起这件事。在纯瑞脊那儿，有一位我们家族的有钱太太。妈妈说如果你和她攀上亲，她会帮你嫁给一位先生的。”他姐姐突然沉默了。亚伯拉罕没有注意到姐姐已无心在听，还在继续说着。

“苔丝，你说过这些星星就是一个个世界吧？”

“是的。”

“全都像我们这儿的世界吗？”

“它们就像我们的苹果一样——大多数是好的，也有一些是坏的。”

“我们住在哪颗星星上呢？好的，还是坏的？”

“坏的。”

“假如我们住在一颗好的星星上，会有什么不同吗？”

“那样，爸爸就不会像现在这样生病，也不会咳嗽，而妈妈也不会总是洗个没完。”

“而你也早是一位有钱的小姐，用不着非得嫁给一位先生不可了。”

“哦，亚比，别说了——别再说这个了！”

亚伯拉罕后来在货车上睡着了。苔丝赶着马，也渐渐地进入了梦乡。在梦里她看见父亲荒唐可笑地沉浸在骄傲中，而那位她母亲想象中的有钱绅士嘲笑着贫穷的德北家。

一阵响声和剧烈的震动突然把苔丝从梦中惊醒。发生了什么可怕的事情。她从车上跳了下来，发现是一辆沿着漆黑的马路急速行驶的邮车撞上了她那辆慢吞吞、没点灯的货车。可怜的“王子”伤势严重，苔丝眼看着它倒在了地上。

“你的车跑错道了，”邮车车夫说道，“我必须继续赶送邮件。不过，我会尽快派人来帮助你。你最好和货车一起在这儿等着。”

邮车驰走了。苔丝站在一旁等着。眼泪不住地从脸颊上流下来。天亮起来了。“王子”躺在那儿，一动不动，半睁着眼睛。

“这全都是我的过错，”苔丝哭着说，“现在爸妈靠什么生活呢？亚比，亚比，快醒醒！我们的蜂箱运不成了——‘王子’死了！”亚比明白了所发生的事情时，露出了饱经沧桑的老人才有的表情。

“这是因为我们生活在一颗坏星星上，是不是，苔丝？”他眼泪汪汪地说道。

终于有人牵着匹马过来了。这匹马拉着货车把蜂箱送到了卡斯特桥，并在返回途中把“王子”的尸体捎了上来。到了家之后，苔丝把这事儿跟父母讲了。他们并没有生她的气，反而是苔丝自己陷入了深深的自责中。

当德北听说“王子”的尸体只能换几个先令时，他改变了主意。

“我们德伯家绝不会把我们的马卖掉换猫食的！”他坚持说。接下来的几天里，他比平常更卖劲儿地挖坟墓，“王子”下葬时，孩子们都哭了。

“他会去天堂吗？”亚伯拉罕流着泪问。但苔丝没有哭。她的脸干巴巴的，没有一丝血色。她觉得自己杀死了一个朋友。

Life now became rather difficult for the Durbeyfields. Without Prince to carry loads, John Durbeyfield could not buy and sell as he used to. He had never worked hard or regularly, and now he only occasionally felt like working. Tess wondered how she could help her parents. One day her mother made a suggestion.

‘It’s lucky we’ve found out about your noble blood, Tess. Do you know there’s a very rich lady called Mrs d’ Urberville living on the other side of the wood? She must be our relation. You must go to her and claim relationship with her, and ask for some help in our trouble. ’

‘I wouldn’t like to do that, ’ said Tess. ‘If there is such a lady, it would be enough to be friendly. We can’t expect help from her. ’

‘You could persuade anybody, my dear. Besides, something else might happen. You never know. ’ And her mother nodded wisely.

‘I’d rather try to get work, ’ said Tess sadly.

‘What do you say, Durbeyfield? ’ said his wife, turning to him.

‘I don’t like my children asking for help, ’ said he proudly. ‘I’m the head of the oldest branch of the family and a noble family like ours shouldn’t have to ask for help. ’ Tess could not accept his reasons for not going.

‘Well, as I killed the horse, mother, I suppose I ought to go. But don’t start thinking about her finding a husband for me.

‘Who said I had such an idea? ’ asked Joan innocently.

‘I know you, mother. But I’ll go. ’

Next morning Tess walked to Shaston, a town she hardly knew, and went on by waggon to Trantridge. The Vale of Blackmoor was her only world, and she had never been far outside the valley. All the knowledge she had came from her lessons in the village school, which she had left a year or two earlier. As soon as she left school she had tried to earn a little money by helping in the fields or milking cows or making butter. She blamed her mother for thoughtlessly producing so many children. Joan Durbeyfield was like a child herself, and never thought about the future. It was Tess who worried and worked and felt responsible for her little brothers and sisters. So naturally it was Tess who should represent her family at the d’ Urberville home.

From Trantridge she walked up a hill, and turning a corner, saw the house. She stoppd in amazement. It was large and almost new, a rich red against the green of the bushes around it. Behind it lay the woods called The Chase, an ancient forest. There were greenhouses and well-kept gardens. There was no lack of money here. Tess hesitated, almost frightened.

‘I thought we were an old family! ’ she said to herself, ‘but this is all new! ’ She wished she had not come.

She was right in a way. All this was owned by the d’ Urbervilles, or the Stoke-d’ Urbervilles as they called themselves at first. The Stokes were a northern business family who took an old-sounding name to add to their own when they moved into the south. So Tess was more of a d’ Urberville than any of them, but did not know it.

A young man appeared in the garden. He looked about twenty-four, and was tall and dark, with full red lips and a black moustache curled at the ends.

‘Well, my beauty, what can I do for you? ’ he said, looking interestedly at her. ‘I’m Mr d’ Urberville. ’

It needed all Tess’s courage to reply. ‘I came to see your mother, sir. ’

‘I’m afraid you can’t see her. She’s ill. What do you want to see her about? ’

‘I…I…it seems so foolish! ’

‘Never mind, ’ said he kindly. ‘I like foolish things. Try again, my dear. ’

‘I came, sir, to tell you we are of the same family as you. ’

‘Aha! Poor relations? ’

‘Yes. ’

‘Stokes? ’

‘No, d’ Urbervilles. ’

‘Oh yes, of course, I mean d’ Urbervilles. ’

‘We have several proofs that we are d’ Urbervilles. We have an old silver spoon and a seal at home. But mother uses the spoon to stir the soup. Mother said we ought to tell you, as we are the oldest branch of the family and we’ve lost our horse in an accident. ’

‘Very kind of your mother, ’ said Alec d’ Urberville, ‘and I certainly don’t regret it. ’ He looked admiringly at Tess, whose face blushed a deep pink. ‘And so you’ve come on a friendly visit? ’

‘I suppose I have, ’ murmured Tess, looking uncomfortable.

‘Let us walk round the gardens until you have to go home, my pretty cousin. ’ Tess wanted to leave as soon as possible, but the young man insisted. He took her to the greenhouses.

‘Do you like strawberries? ’ he asked.

‘Yes, ’ said Tess, ‘when they are ready. ’

‘These are ready now, ’ and so saying, d’ Urberville picked one and held it to her mouth.

‘No no! ’ she said. ‘I’d rather take it myself. ’

But Alec put it into her mouth. He put roses into her hair and filled her basket with strawberries and flowers. He gave her food to eat, and watched her, while he quietly smoked a cigarette. She looked more adult and womanly than she really was. Alec could not take his eyes off her. She did not know as she smiled innocently at the flowers that behind the

cigarette smoke was the cause of future sorrow in her life.

“What is your name?” asked Alec.

“Tess Durbeyfield. We live at Marlott.”

“I must see if my mother can find a place for you.” They said goodbye and she set off home carrying her strawberries and flowers.

This then was the beginning. Why did she have to meet the wrong man, and one who was so strongly attracted to her? Yet to the right man, she was only a half-forgotten impression from an evening’s dancing in a country field. In life, the right man to love hardly ever comes at the right time for loving. Nature does not often answer a call for love, until the caller is tired of calling. In this case, as in millions, it was not the two halves of a perfect whole who met. A missing half wandered somewhere else, arriving much later. This delay was to have tragic results.

3

德北一家的生活陷入了困境。没有“王子”运货，约翰·德北就不能像过去那样做买卖了。他从来没有坚持卖力地干过活儿，现在也就偶尔才会想找点活儿干。苔丝琢磨着怎样才能帮上父母的忙。一天，她母亲提出了一个建议。

“苔丝，得知你有高贵的血统是件幸运的事。你知道在林子那儿有位非常有钱的德伯太太吗？她准是我们的亲戚。你应当上她那儿去，说明和她的亲戚关系。就说我们处境困难，请求她帮帮忙。”

“我不愿做这种事，”苔丝说，“如果真有这么一位太太，只要她对我们友善，就足够了。我们不能指望从她那儿得到帮助。”

“你能打动任何人，亲爱的。而且，也许会有别的什么你意想不到的事儿发生呢。”她母亲自作聪明地点着头。

“我宁愿去找工作。”苔丝伤心地说。

“你认为怎样，德北？”妻子转向丈夫，问道。

“我不愿意我的孩子去求别人帮助。”他骄傲地说，“我是这个家族里最古老的一房的家长，像我们这样高贵的家庭是不应该求助于人的。”他的这些不让去的理由让苔丝无法接受。

“好吧，妈，是我害死了马，我想我该去一趟。不过别指望她会替我找个丈夫。”

“谁说我这么想啦？”琼显得很无辜地问道。

“我知道你怎么想，妈。不过，我会去的。”

第二天早晨，苔丝步行到夏斯顿，一个她很陌生的城镇，然后搭上一辆马车前往纯瑞脊。黑荒野山谷是苔丝生活的整个世界，她从来没有远离过那个山谷。她一两年前离开了村里的学校，她所有的知识就是从那儿的课上学来的。一离开学校，她就在地里帮着干活，挤牛奶或是做黄油，靠这些来挣点小钱。她责怪母亲不加考虑地生了那么多孩子。而琼·德北自己还像个孩子似的，从不为将来打算。倒是苔丝又操心又干活，觉得对弟姐妹们负有责任。因此，很自然地，她就要作为家庭代表前往德伯家。

到了纯瑞脊，苔丝爬上了一个小山坡，拐过一个弯后，就看到了一座房子。她诧异地停住了脚步。这是一座很大而且几乎全新的艳红色房子，被绿色灌木围绕着。在它后面是一片叫做逐猎林的树林，这是一片原始森林。还有温室花房和保养得很好的花园。这里是不会缺钱的。苔丝踌躇着，几乎有些惊恐不安了。

“我还以为我们是古老的家族呢，”她自言自语道，“但这儿都是全新的！”她真希望她没来。

在某些方面她是想对了。这一切都归德伯，或如他们最初称呼自己的那样，归斯托克—德伯家所有。斯托克是北部一个经商的家庭，当他们迁居到南方时，就给自己加了一个听起来古老高贵的姓氏。因此，比起他们中的任何人来，苔丝都更有资格是德伯家族的一员，但对此她一无所知。

一个年轻人从花园里走了出来。他看起来有二十四岁左右，高大，黝黑，嘴唇肥厚红润，留着打卷的唇髭。

“喂，我的美人儿，我能为你效劳吗？”他说道，一边颇有兴趣地看着她。“我是德伯先生。”

苔丝鼓足了所有的勇气，回答道：“我是来看望你母亲的，先生。”

“恐怕你不能见她，她病了。你见她有什么事儿吗？”

“我……我……这事显得太傻了！”

“不要紧，”他温和地说，“我就爱听傻事儿。说吧，亲爱的。”

“我来这儿是想告诉你们，我们是同族的亲戚，先生。”

“啊，穷亲戚吧？”

“是的。”

“斯托克家的人吗？”

“不是，是德伯家的。”

“哦，对，当然，我指的是德伯家。”

“我们有根据说自己是德伯家的人。我们家有个旧银匙，还有个印章。但我母亲用那个银匙搅汤。母亲说我们应该来告诉你们，因为我们是这个家族最古老的一房。还有，在一次事故中，我们连马都失去了。”

“你母亲可真是一片好意。”亚历克·德伯说，“我当然不会为此感到遗憾。”他倾慕地盯着她，这使苔丝的脸变得绯红。“那么你是来做一次友好访问的喽？”

“我想是的。”苔丝低声说，显得有些局促不安。

“在你必须回家之前，让我们在花园里转转吧，我的漂亮表妹！”虽然苔丝想尽快离开，但这年轻人坚持不让。他带她来到温室。

“你喜欢吃草莓吗？”他问。

“是的！”苔丝说，“等它们熟透了的时候。”

“它们已经熟透了。”说着，德伯就摘了一个，准备塞到苔丝嘴里。

“哦，不！”她说，“我宁愿自己来。”

但是亚历克还是把草莓放进了她嘴里。他还采了玫瑰别在她头上，并在她的篮子里装满了草莓和鲜花。他拿东西给她，自己就静静地抽着雪茄看她吃。苔丝看起来比实际上的她更成熟也更具有女人味儿。亚历克无法将视线从她身上移开。她不会想到，就在她天真无邪地对那些鲜花微笑时，坐在雪茄烟雾后面的，正是会给她未来生活带来痛苦的冤家对头。

“你叫什么名字？”亚历克问道。

“苔丝·德北。我家在马勒特村。”

“我一定留意看看我母亲是否能给你找份工作。”他们告别之后，苔丝带着一篮子草莓和鲜花回去了。

事情就这样开了头。为什么她一定要遇上这个不合适却如此垂涎于她的男人？而她留给那个适合于她的男人的，只不过是一个来自乡间黄昏舞会的已经模糊了的印象。在生活中，适合于爱的男人很少在适合于爱的时间出现。上天总是无视人们对爱的呼唤，直至人们呼唤得精疲力竭。这只不过是无数个阴差阳错的故事中的一个。两个无法完美结合的一半相遇了，而丢失的另一半还在别处徘徊，姗姗来迟。这样的延误即将导致悲剧的结局。

When Tess arrived home the following afternoon a letter had already been received by her mother. It appeared to come from Mrs d' Urberville, and offered Tess work looking after chickens. Joan Durbeyfield was delighted.

'It's just a way of getting you there without raising your hopes. She's going to recognize you as family, I'm sure of it. '

'I would rather stay here with father and you, ' said Tess, looking out of the window.

'But why? '

'I'd rather not tell you, mother. I don't really know. '

A few days later when Tess came back from looking for work, the children came running out and danced round her.

'The gentleman's been here! ' they shouted.

Joan was full of smiles. Mrs d' Urberville's son had called, and asked if Tess could come or not.

'He's a very handsome man! ' said Mrs Durbeyfield.

'I don't think so, ' said Tess coldly. 'I'll think it over. ' She left the room.

'He's in love with her, you can see that, ' said Mrs Durbeyfield to her husband. 'No doubt he'll marry her and she'll be a fine lady. '

John Durbeyfield had more pride in his new-found blood than energy or health. 'That's what young Mr d' Urberville is trying to do! Improve his blood by marrying into the old line! '

Persuaded by her mother and the children, Tess finally agreed to go. Mrs Durbeyfield secretly made wedding plans. Then the day came when Tess, wearing her best Sunday clothes on her mother's orders, said goodbye to her family.

'Goodbye, my girl, ' said Sir John, waking from a short sleep. 'Tell young d' Urberville I'll sell him the title, yes, sell it, at a reasonable price. '

'Not for less than a thousand pounds! ' cried Lady Durbeyfield.

'No, tell him he can have it for a hundred! No, fifty, no—twenty! Yes, twenty pounds, that's the lowest. Family honour is family honour and I won't take any less! '

Tess felt like crying but turned quickly and went out. Her mother went with her to the edge of the village. There she stopped and stood waving goodbye, and watched her daughter walking away into the distance. A waggon came to take her bags, and then a fashionable little carriage appeared. It was driven by a well-dressed young man smoking a cigar. After a moment's hesitation, Tess stepped in.

Joan Durbeyfield, watching, wondered for the first time if she had been right in encouraging Tess to go. That night she said to her husband, 'Perhaps I should have found out how the gentleman really feels about her. '

'Yes, perhaps you ought, ' murmured John, half asleep. Joan's natural trust in the future came back to her.

'Well, if he doesn't marry her before, he'll marry her after. If she plays her cards right. '

'If he knows about her d' Urberville blood, you mean? '

'No, stupid, if she shows him her pretty face. '

Meanwhile Alec d' Urberville was whipping his horse and driving the carriage faster and faster downhill. The trees rushed past at great speed. Tess was feeling thoroughly frightened. He took no notice when she asked him to slow down. She cried out and held on to his arm in fear.

'Don't touch my arm, hold on to my waist! ' he shouted. At the top of another hill he said, laughing, 'Put your arms around me again, my beauty! '

'Never! ' said Tess independently.

'Let me give you one little kiss, Tess, and I'll stop! '

'Will nothing else do? ' cried Tess in despair. 'Oh, very well! '

As they raced on, he was on the point of kissing her, when she suddenly moved aside, so that he almost fell off.

'I'll break both our necks! ' he swore passionately.

'I thought you would be kind to me, ' said Tess, her eyes filling with tears. 'I don't want to kiss anybody! '

But he insisted, so in the end she sat still and d' Urberville kissed her. No sooner had he done so than she wiped the place on her cheek with her handkerchief. Just then her hat blew off into the road and d' Urberville stopped the horse. Tess jumped down to get it, then turned triumphantly to Alec.

'I shall walk from here, ' she said firmly.

'But it's five or six miles more. '

'I don't care. '

'You made that hat blow off on purpose! You did, didn't you? '

She was silent. He swore angrily at her.

'Don't use such bad words! ' cried Tess. 'I shall go back to mother! I hate you! '

D' Urberville suddenly started laughing.

'Look, I promise never to do that again, ' he said. 'Come, let me take you in the carriage. '

But she refused, and began to walk in the direction of Trantridge. So they progressed slowly, d' Urberville driving the carriage beside Tess.

第二天下午，没等苔丝回到家，她母亲就先收到了一封信。信像是德伯夫人写来的，她给苔丝提供了一份养鸡的差事。琼·德北非常高兴。

“这是让你去他们那里，同时不要抱太大希望。我相信她一定会把你当做一家人看待的。”

“我宁愿留在家里跟你和爸爸在一起。”苔丝看着窗外说。

“那又为什么？”

“还是别对你说的好，妈妈，我也不太清楚。”

几天过后，当苔丝外出找工作回来时，孩子们都跑了出来，围着她手舞足蹈。

“有位先生来过这儿！”他们嚷嚷道。

琼笑意盎然。德伯夫人的儿子来拜访过，他问苔丝还能否去他那儿。

“他很英俊！”德北夫人说。

“我可不得觉得。”苔丝冷漠地说，“我会仔细考虑的。”说完，她离开了房间。

“看得出来，他爱上她了。”德北夫人对她丈夫说，“毫无疑问，他会跟她结婚的，她就快是一个贵妇人啦。”

与体力或健康相比，约翰·德北更为他那新发现的血统感到自豪。“跟古老的家族联姻，使自己的血统变得更高贵，这就是年轻的德伯先生想要做的事！”

经过母亲和孩子们的劝说，苔丝终于决定去了。德北夫人则暗自筹划着婚礼。到了要走的那天，苔丝依照母亲的吩咐穿上了最好的节日礼服，跟家人告别了。

“再见，我的孩子。”约翰爵士说道，他刚刚睡了一小觉。“告诉年轻的德伯，我愿意把爵士头衔卖给他。对，卖给他，如果价钱合理的话。”

“少于一千英镑就不卖！”德北夫人喊道。

“不，告诉他一百也行！不，五十，不，二十！对，二十英镑是最低价了。家族荣誉到底是家族荣誉，再少我就不干了！”

苔丝直觉得想哭，但她还是迅速转身走了。她母亲陪她走到了村头。在那儿停住，挥手道别后，母亲就看着女儿渐渐走远了。一辆货车驶过来，装上了苔丝的行囊，然后又有一辆时髦的小马车出现在她面前。驾车的是一个抽着雪茄、穿着讲究的年轻人。苔丝犹豫了一下，然后上了车。

琼·德北瞪大了眼睛，头一次怀疑起她鼓励苔丝去到底正确与否。那天晚上，她对丈夫说：“也许我应该先弄清楚那位先生对她的真实感情才对。”

“是的，也许你该这样。”约翰嘀咕着，半睡半醒。琼那对未来充满信心的天性又恢复了。

“嗯，就算他早不娶她，他晚也会娶她。要是苔丝有点儿心计的话。”

“你是说如果他知道了她的德伯家血统？”

“不，傻瓜，如果她向他展示她的漂亮脸蛋儿。”

就在这时，亚历克·德伯正鞭打着马，驾驭着他的马车以越来越快的速度下山。树木在飞快地倒退着。苔丝觉得自己简直要被吓蒙了。她请求他放慢速度，他根本不予理睬。苔丝尖叫着，恐惧中她抓住了他的手臂。

“别碰我的手臂，抱着我的腰！”他叫道。又到了另一座山头，他笑着说道：“伸出你的手抱着我吧，我的美人儿！”

“决不！”苔丝的语气表明她不愿再求助于他。

“苔丝，让我轻轻地吻你一下，我就停下来！”

“非这样做不可吗？”苔丝绝望地哭了。“哦，那好吧！”

马车还在急驶着。当他正准备吻她时，苔丝突然躲开了，以至于他几乎摔了下来。

“我会让我们俩的脖子一起摔断的！”他暴躁地咒骂道。

“我原以为你不会欺侮我的。”苔丝说，她的眼眶盈满了泪水。“我不想亲任何人！”

但是他坚持要这样。因此，最后她只好坐着不动，让德伯吻了她一下，但她立即就用手帕擦拭脸上被吻过的地方。就在这时，她的帽子被风吹到了地上。德伯停住了车，苔丝跳下车捡起了帽子，然后带着胜利的神情转向亚历克。

“我从这儿走着去。”苔丝说得很坚决。

“但还有五六英里路呢！”

“我不在乎。”

“你是故意让帽子被风吹掉的！肯定是这样的，对吗？”

她没做声，他怒气冲冲地对她破口大骂开了。

“请不要说这么脏的话！”苔丝叫道，“我要回到妈妈那儿去，我恨你！”

德伯突然间大笑起来。

“好了，我保证再也不这样了。”他说，“上来吧，让我用车载你去。”

但她拒绝了，并朝纯瑞脊方向走去。因此，德伯只好驾着车跟在她身旁。两个人就这样缓缓前行着。

The chickens for which Tess was responsible lived in an old cottage on Mrs d' Urberville's land. On her first day Tess had to take some of the chickens to show to their owner. She immediately realized the old lady was blind. Mrs d' Urberville held each bird and felt it carefully to see that it was in good health. At the end she suddenly asked Tess a question.

'Can you whistle? '

'Whistle, Ma' am? '

'Yes, whistle tunes. I want you to practise and whistle to my birds every day. '

'Yes, Ma' am. '

Tess was not surprised at Mrs d' Urberville's cold manner, and did not expect any more of such a great lady. However, she did not realize that the old lady had never even heard about the family connection.

Tess began to enjoy her new work with the chickens, and the next day in the cottage garden she decided to practise whistling as instructed. She was shocked to find that she had completely forgotten how to whistle. Suddenly she noticed a movement behind a tree near the wall. It was Alec d' Urberville.

'Well, cousin Tess, ' he said, 'I've never seen such a beautiful thing as you! I've been watching you from over the wall. Look, I can give you a lesson or two. '

'Oh no you won't! ' cried Tess, going back towards the door.

'Don't worry, I won't touch you. Just look...' and he showed her how to whistle. From that moment Tess found she could whistle tunes to the birds just as Mrs d' Urberville wanted. And as the weeks passed, she often met d' Urberville in the garden and began to lose her shyness of him.

Every Saturday night the other farm workers from the surrounding area used to go to drink and dance in the market town two or three miles away. On Sundays they would sleep late. For a long time Tess did not go with them. But after a while she wanted a change from her routine and began to go on the weekly trips regularly. She always came home with the others at night, preferring the protection of being in a group. One Saturday night she was in the town looking for her companions as it was time to go home, when she met Alec d' Urberville.

'What, my beauty? Here so late? ' he said, smiling at her.

'I'm just waiting for my friends, ' she answered.

'I'll see you again, ' he said as she moved away.

She became worried when she realized the workers were still dancing wildly and would not be going home soon. Again she caught sight of Alec, waiting in a doorway, his cigar glowing red in the dark. Eventually she joined a group wandering home. They had all been drinking, but she felt safer with them than alone. But after a while she became involved in a quarrel with them, and was trying to get away from the angry group, when Alec d' Urberville rode by. He offered to take her home on the back of his horse. She hesitated, then accepted.

Together they rode along in the dark, Tess holding on to Alec. She was very tired: every day that week she had got up at five. So she did not notice that they were riding off the main road and into The Chase, the oldest wood in England. It began to get foggy, and finally Alec admitted honestly that he was lost.

'Put me down here, sir, ' cried Tess at once. 'Let me walk home from here. How wrong of you to bring me away from the main road! I knew I shouldn't trust you! '

'Don't worry, my beauty, ' laughed Alec. 'I thought you would enjoy a longer ride on such a lovely night. But I can't let you go. The fog is so bad now that you couldn't possibly find your way. I'll leave you here and go to find out where we are. When I come back, I'll tell you, and you can come with me on horseback or go alone on foot—just as you like. '

She agreed to this. 'Shall I hold the horse? ' she asked.

'No, he'll stay quiet, ' answered Alec. 'By the way, your father has a new horse today. And the children have some new toys. '

'Was it...was it you who gave them? Oh, how good of you! ' murmured Tess with a heavy heart. 'I almost wish you hadn't! '

'Tessy, don't you love me just a little now? '

'I'm grateful, ' she admitted, 'but I'm afraid I don't...' and slowly she started to cry.

'Now don't cry, my dear. Sit here and wait for me. ' He made a bed for the tired girl among the dead leaves, and covered her with his coat. He set off into the fog to find out where he was, and came back to find Tess fast asleep. He saw her in her white dress among the leaves, a pale, shining figure in the dark. He bent down and touched her cheek with his. Everywhere there was darkness and silence. The birds and animals slept, safe in and under the trees. But who was looking after Tess? Who was protecting her innocence?

'Tess! ' said d' Urberville, and lay down beside her. The girl was not strong enough to resist him.

Why was Tess's girlish purity lost? Why does the wrong man take the wrong woman? Why do the bad so often ruin the good? Why is beauty damaged by ugliness? Thousands of years of philosophy cannot give us the answers to these questions. These things happen, and have always happened. Perhaps in the past, rolling home after a battle, Tess's ancestors, the real d' Urbervilles, had done the same, even more cruelly, to young country girls. But we cannot accept that that is Tess's fault, and should happen to her. As the people of her village say, 'It was to be. ' And from now on, Tess's life was to be completely different.

苔丝要养的鸡关在德伯夫人庄园的一间旧茅舍里。第一天她就要带着几只鸡去见它们的主人。她马上就意识到这个老妇人已经双目失明。德伯夫人一只只地抱过她的鸡，仔细地抚摩着，以便确认它们全都很好。之后，她突然向苔丝问道：

“你会吹口哨吗？”

“吹口哨，夫人？”

“对，吹点儿曲调。我要你练习每天给我的鸡儿们吹口哨。”

“是，夫人。”

苔丝对德伯夫人的冷漠并不感到惊讶，她本来就没对这样一位贵妇人抱更多的期望。然而她并不了解，这个老妇人根本就没听人说起过她们的亲戚关系。

苔丝开始喜欢上了这份养鸡的差事。第二天，在鸡舍的院子里，她决定奉命练习吹口哨，但她震惊地发现她把怎么吹口哨全给忘光了。突然，她发觉围墙附近一棵树后有响动，是亚历克·德伯在那儿。

“喂，苔丝表妹，”他说，“我从来没见过像你这么漂亮的姑娘！我一直在墙这边观察你。瞧，我可以教你一两下。”

“哦，不，你不能这样。”苔丝叫道，转身朝房门走去。

“别担心，我不会碰你的。看着……”他开始给她示范如何吹口哨。从那以后，苔丝发现自己可以按照德伯夫人的心意对着那些鸡儿吹调子了。几个星期来，她经常在花园里遇见德伯，渐渐地在他面前也就不再感到害羞了。

每个星期六晚上，附近地区的农民们都会到两三英里以外的镇上喝酒、跳舞，然后在星期天睡个懒觉。很长一段时间，苔丝都没有跟他们去。但过了一阵子，苔丝想改变一下原来一成不变的生活，就开始有规律地去参加这一周一次的活动。夜里她总是和大伙儿结伴回来，在一群人当中，她可以寻得保护。一个周六的晚上，她正在镇上寻找同伴儿，因为到该回去的时候了。这时，她遇上了亚历克·德伯。

“怎么了，我的美人儿？这么晚了还在这儿？”他笑着对她说。

“我只不过在等我的朋友们。”她回答道。

“我会再找你的，”当她走开时他说道。

她看到那些人还在疯狂地跳着舞，不像就要回去的样子，于是变得焦急起来。她又一次看到了亚历克，他正等在门口，雪茄烟在黑暗中闪烁着红光。最后她还是跟着一群人逛着回去，他们全都喝了酒，但是她觉得这样也比孤身一人安全些。但是过了一会儿，她卷入了一场争吵中，正极力想从愤怒的人群中脱开身时，亚历克骑着马过来了。他叫她坐在他的马背上，要带她回去。她犹豫了一下，同意了。

他们在黑暗中往前骑着，苔丝扶着亚历克。她太累了，那个星期她每天都5点钟起床。因此，她没有注意到他们已经偏离了大道，进入逐猎林，那片英格兰最古老的森林。空气中开始弥漫着雾霭。终于，亚历克老实地承认他迷路了。

“放我下马吧，先生。”苔丝立即哭叫道，“让我从这儿走回去！你不该把我从大道带到这儿来，这太过分了！我早知道不该相信你的！”

“别着急，我的美人儿，”亚历克笑着说，“我以为你会喜欢在这样的夜晚多骑一会儿的。但我不能让你走。现在雾这么大，你是根本找不着路的。我把你放在这儿等着，我去看看我们现在到了哪儿。我回来以后就告诉你。那时，你可以跟我骑马回去，也可以一个人走回去——随你的便。”

这么一说她便同意了。“我需要牵着马吗？”她问。

“不，它会乖乖地待着的，”亚历克回答道，“顺便告诉你，你父亲今天有匹新马了，孩子们也得到了一个新玩具。”

“是……是你送给他们的吗？哦，真得谢谢你的一片好心！”苔丝心情沉重地嘀咕着，“我真有点儿希望你没这么做！”

“苔丝，现在你会爱我一点了吧？”

“我很感谢你，”她承认道，“但是，恐怕我并不——”她开始哭了起来。

“别哭，我的宝贝儿。现在你就坐在这儿，等我回来吧！”他用枯叶给这疲倦的女孩儿铺了张床，还给她披上了自己的衣服。然后他离开了她，走入大雾中，试图辨别他所在的地方。回来时他发现苔丝早已熟睡。他看到了在一堆树叶中穿着白色衣裙的她，黑暗中一个柔弱、美丽的身影。他俯下身来，用自己的脸颊贴着她的。这儿到处都那么漆黑、静谧。鸟兽们都安全地在树上或树下睡着了。但是有谁会来照料苔丝？又有谁会来保护她的贞节呢？

“苔丝！”德伯唤道，并在她身边躺了下来。这个柔弱的女子是无力抵挡他的。

为什么苔丝会失去少女的贞操？为什么不合适的男人要与不合适的女人结合？为什么坏人总是毁灭好人？为什么美丽总被邪恶践踏？数千年来哲理无法给予我们这些问题的答案。这些事情发生着，总在发生着。也许过去，苔丝的祖先们，那些真正的德伯家的人，在经历了一场战斗返回时，曾对乡村的姑娘们做过同样的事，甚至更残酷的事。但我们不能认为这是苔丝的过错，应由她来偿还。也许就像她村子里的人们说的那样：“这一切都是命中注定的。”从这以后，苔丝的生活就截然不同了。

6. Maiden No More

It was a Sunday morning in late October about four months after Tess's arrival at Trantridge, and a few weeks after the night ride in The Chase. Carrying a heavy basket and bundle, Tess was walking towards the hills which divided her from the Vale, her place of birth. The scenery and people on this side were very different from those in her village. Marlott people mainly thought and travelled northward and westward, while on this side people were interested in the east and the south. She walked up the same hill which d'Urberville had driven down so wildly that June day. On reaching the top of the hill, Tess paused and looked for a long time at the familiar green world of home. It was always beautiful from here, but since she had last seen it, her view of life had changed. She had learnt that wickedness exists, even where there is beauty, and now she could hardly bear to look down into the Vale.

Then she looked behind her and saw a carriage coming up the same hill that she had just climbed, with a man leading the horse. Soon he caught up with her.

'Why did you slip away in secret like that?' asked d'Urberville breathlessly. 'I've been driving like mad to catch up with you. Just look at my horse! You know nobody would have prevented you from going. I'm going to drive you the rest of the way, if you won't come back with me.'

'I won't come back,' she said quietly. 'I thought so! Well, let me help you up. Give me your basket.'

She stepped up into the carriage and sat beside him. She had no fear of him now. The reason for this was also the reason for her sorrow. They drove along, d'Urberville making conversation and Tess thinking her own thoughts. When they approached the village of Marlott a tear rolled down her cheek.

'Why are you crying?' he asked coldly.

'I was only thinking I was born over there.'

'Well, we must all be born somewhere.'

'I wish I had never been born, there or anywhere else!' she said quietly.

'Well, you shouldn't have come to Trantridge if you didn't want to. You didn't come for love of me, anyway.'

'That's quite true. If I had ever loved you, if I loved you still, I could not hate myself for my weakness as much as I do now.'

He did not look at her.

She added, 'I didn't understand your intention until it was too late.'

'That's what every woman says.'

'How dare you say that!' she cried angrily, her eyes flashing at him. 'My God! I could hit you! Did you never think that some women may not only say it but feel it?'

'All right,' he said laughing, 'I am sorry to hurt you. I did wrong—I admit it. Only don't keep accusing me. I am ready to pay for it. You need never work on the farms again.'

Her lip lifted slightly as she replied, 'I will not take anything from you! I cannot!'

'One would think you were a queen as well as being one of the real d'Urbervilles! Well, Tess dear, I suppose I'm a bad sort of man. I've always been one, and I always will be one. But I promise I won't be bad to you again. And if anything should happen—you understand—if you are in any trouble or need anything, just drop me a line and I'll send by return whatever you want.'

She stepped down from the carriage and was going to leave him, when he stopped her and said, 'You're not going to turn away from me like that, dear? Come, let me kiss you!'

'If you wish,' she answered coldly. She offered her cool cheek to him, but her eyes rested on a distant tree as if the kiss had nothing to do with her.

'You don't give me your lips, Tess. I'm afraid you'll never love me.'

It's true. I have never loved you, and I never can.' She added sadly, 'Perhaps I should tell a lie and then I could lead a comfortable life. But I have enough honour not to tell that lie. If I loved you, I might have a very good reason to tell you so. But I don't.'

Alec sighed heavily, as if this scene were depressing him.

'Well, you're very sad, Tess, and you have no reason to be. You're still the prettiest girl for miles around. Will you come back with me? Say you will!'

'Never, never! I've made up my mind, and I won't come.'

'Then goodbye!' and Alec jumped up into his carriage and drove off.

Tess did not watch him go, but continued her walk alone. It was still early in the day and the sun was not yet giving any warmth. Tess felt even sadder than the autumn sadness which surrounded her.

But soon a man came up behind her, a man with a pot of red paint in his hand.

'Good morning,' he said, and offered to carry her basket.

'You're up early on a Sunday,' he continued.

'Yes,' said Tess.

'A day of rest for most people, although I do more real work today than in the rest of the week put together.'

'Do you?'

'In the week I work for man, but on Sunday I work for God. That's better work, don't you think? Wait a moment, I have something to do here.' He stopped at a gate, and in large red letters on the middle bar of the gate he painted some words from the Bible:

PUNISHMENT AWAITS YOU

In the soft air, against the gentle green of the trees and the peaceful fields, these great red words stared at Tess. They pointed a finger at her. This man was a stranger and could not know her story, but the words accused her.

‘Do you believe what you paint?’ she asked in a low voice.

‘Do I believe those words? Do I believe I am alive!’

‘But,’ she whispered, trembling, ‘suppose you were forced to do wrong?’

He shook his head. ‘I can’t answer that question. I paint the words and leave others to think about them in their own hearts.’

‘I think they are horrible words!’ cried Tess. ‘I’ll take my basket and go on now, and she walked away from him, her heart beating fast. ‘I don’t believe God said those things!’ she thought, as she reached her village.

There was smoke coming from her father’s chimney, but seeing the inside of the cottage made her heart ache. It was as poor as ever. Her mother jumped up, surprised to see her.

‘Well, my dear Tess!’ she said, kissing her. ‘How are you? Have you come home to be married?’

‘No, not for that, mother.’

‘What, isn’t your cousin going to marry you?’

‘He’s not my cousin, and he’s not going to marry me.’

Her mother looked at her closely. ‘Come, you haven’t told me everything.’

Then Tess went up to her mother, put her head on Joan’s shoulder, and told her the whole story.

‘And you haven’t persuaded him to marry you!’ cried Joan. ‘What’s the good of going there? Why didn’t you think of doing some good for your family instead of thinking only of yourself?’

Tess was confused. Alec had never mentioned marriage to her. But even if he had, she would never have accepted him, because she did not love him. This made her hate herself for what she had done. She would certainly never love him in the future. She did not quite hate him, but did not wish to marry him, even to remain respectable.

‘You ought to have been more careful if you didn’t want to marry him!’

‘Oh mother!’ cried the poor girl, her heart breaking. ‘Why didn’t you warn me about men? I was a child when I left home! I didn’t know how dangerous they can be, and you didn’t tell me!’

‘Well, we must make the best of it,’ said her mother. ‘It’s only human nature, after all.’

That afternoon the little cottage was full of Tess’s friends, girls who lived in the village and who had missed her while she had been away. They whispered to each other that Tess was sure to marry that handsome gentleman. Fortunately Tess did not hear them. She joined in their laughing and talking, and for a short time almost forgot her shame.

But the next day was Monday, the beginning of the working week, when there were no best clothes and no visitors. She awoke with the innocent children asleep around her, she who had lost her innocence. She looked into her future, and grew very depressed. She knew she had to travel on a long, stony road, without help or sympathy. She had nothing to look forward to, and she wanted to die.

In the next few weeks, however, she became more cheerful, and went to church one Sunday morning. She loved listening to the well-known tunes, and gave herself up to the beauty of the music. She wondered at the composer’s power. From the grave he could make a girl like her, who had never known him, feel extremes of emotion. She sat in a quiet, dark corner listening to the service. But when the village people arrived at church they noticed her and started whispering to each other. She knew what they were saying and realized she could come to church no more.

So she spent almost all her time in her bedroom, which she shared with the children. From here she watched the wind, the snow, the rain, beautiful sunsets and full moons, one after another. People began to think she had gone away. She only went out after dark, to walk in the woods and the fields. She was not afraid of the dark or the shadows; it was people she was anxious to avoid. She was at home on the lonely hills, but she felt guilty surrounded by innocent nature. When it rained, she thought nature was crying at her weakness, and when the midnight wind blew she thought nature was angry with her. But she did not realize that although she had broken an accepted social rule, she had done nothing against nature. She was as innocent as the sleeping birds in the trees, or the small field animals in the hedges.

6 不再是处女

这是10月末的一个星期天的上午，苔丝来到纯瑞脊已有四个来月，距离骑马到逐猎林那个晚上也有几个星期了。挎着一个沉重的篮子和包袱，苔丝正朝那些把她与她出生所在的山谷分开的山峦走去。这边的风土人情与她村里的大不相同。马勒特村的人们主要想着往北部和西部迁移，而这边的人们感兴趣的是东部和南部。她正向一个山头爬去，6月的一天，就是在这座山头，德伯曾疯狂地急驰而下。到达山顶后，苔丝停下了脚步，久久地凝望着家乡熟悉的绿色世界。从这儿看上去，它总是那么美，但是自从她上次见到它以后，她对生活的看法已经改变了。她已经懂得邪恶是存在的，哪怕是在很美的地方。现在她几乎无法再往下看山谷了。

她往身后看了看，发现一辆马车正朝着她爬过的同一座山驶上来，车上有一个人在赶着马。很快他就赶上了她。

“为什么你要这样偷偷地溜走？”德伯上气不接下气地问道，“为了追上你，我像疯了似地赶车。看看我的马吧！你知道没有人会阻止你走的。如果你不愿和我回去的话，剩下的路让我送你走。”

“我不愿回去。”她轻轻地说。

“我知道你会这么说的！那好，让我帮你上车吧，把篮子递给我。”

她登上马车，坐在他身旁。现在她已经不怕他了。不怕的原因也正是她痛苦的原因。车子往前驶着，德伯说着话，苔丝想着自己的心事。当他们临近马勒特村时，一滴泪珠从她的面颊上滚落下来。

“为什么要哭？”他冷冷地问道。

“我只是在想，我出生在那儿。”

“嗯，我们都是要出生在某个地方的。”

“我希望我从没出生过，不论是在那儿还是在别的任何地方！”她轻声说。

“哦，如果你不愿意你就不应该到纯瑞脊来。反正，你也不是因为爱我才来的。”

“一点儿不错。如果我曾经爱过你，如果我仍然爱着你，我就不会像现在这么恨自己的软弱无能了。”

他没有看她。

她继续说道：“当我明白了你的企图时，已经太晚了。”

“每个女人都这么说。”

“你怎么敢这么说！”她愤怒地叫道，眼冒怒火地瞪着他。“天哪，我会揍你的！难道你从没想过，有些女人不仅这么说，还真地这样感觉吗？”

“好吧，”他笑着说，“伤害了你我很抱歉。我做错了事——我承认。只是不要再没完没了地谴责我了。我是准备付出代价的，你再也不用到农场干活了。”

她的嘴唇稍稍撅起，回答道：“我不会从你那儿拿任何东西的！我不会的！”

“人们会认为你是个王后，就像认为你是一个真正的德伯家族的人一样！哦，亲爱的苔丝，我想我大概是个坏人。我一直是个坏人，将来也一直会是。但是我保证再也不对你做什么坏事了。如果有任何事情发生——你明白——如果你遇到任何麻烦或需要任何东西，来封短信就行了，我会送来你想要的任何东西。”

她从车上迈下来，正准备离他而去，他拦住了她，说道：“亲爱的，你不会就这样离开我了，是吗？来，让我吻你一下！”

“如果你想这样的话，”她漠然地答道。她向他仰起了冰凉的脸颊，目光却停留在远处的一棵树上，仿佛这亲吻跟她丝毫不相干似的。

“你没有把你的唇递过来，苔丝。恐怕你永远不会爱上我。”

“是的，我从来没有爱过你，也永远不会爱上你。”她又伤心地加上一句：“也许我该撒个谎，这样我的日子就会好过了。但是我还有足够的自尊，不撒那个谎。如果我爱过你，我会有很好的理由告诉你，但是我没有。”

亚历克沉重地叹了口气，好像这一席话令他很沮丧。

“嗨，苔丝，你很伤心。你这样是没有理由的。你仍是方圆数里内最漂亮的姑娘。你愿意回到我身边吗？说你愿意！”

“不，不愿！我已经下定决心了，永远不会回去的。”

“那么，再见！”亚历克跳上马车，驾车走了。

苔丝没有看着他离开，只管一个人继续走着。现在还很早，太阳射出的光芒尚未有一丝暖意。悲凉的秋意笼罩着她，而她觉得自己的内心更加哀伤。

但很快有个人从她后面赶了上来，手里提着一罐红色的颜料。

“早上好！”他说，并提出帮她提篮子。“你在星期天起得可够早的。”他继续说道。

“是啊，”苔丝说。

“这是大多数人休息的日子。但我在这一天做的真正工作，比一星期的其余六天加在一块儿还多。”

“是吗？”

“别的日子我为人们工作，但星期天我为上帝工作。这是一种更好的工作，你不觉得吗？等一下，在这儿我有点儿事要做。”他在一个大门前停了下来，并用很大的红字在门中间的栏杆上刷上《圣经》中的几个字：

惩罚等着你

在柔和的空气里，在嫩绿的树木和宁静的田野的包围中，这些大红字在盯着苔丝，它们在指责她。刷字的只不过是个陌生人，他并不知道她的经历，但这些红字在谴责她。

“你相信你刷的那些话吗？”苔丝轻轻地问道。

“你问我相信那些话吗？就跟相信我活着一样！”

“但是，”她的声音很低，有些发颤，“假如你是被迫做错了事呢？”

他摇了摇头：“我无法回答这个问题。我刷写这些话是留给人们用他们自己的心灵去思考的。”

“我认为这些话很可怕！”苔丝喊道。“给我篮子吧，我要走了。”她从他身边走开了，心在剧烈地跳动着。当她到达村子时，她想：“我相信上帝是不会那样说的！”

家里的烟囱冒着烟，但屋子里面的情景让她觉得心痛。这儿还像过去一样贫穷。见到她，母亲觉得很奇怪，急忙站了起来。

“哦，我亲爱的苔丝！”她一边说，一边吻着她。“你好吗？你是要回来结婚的吗？”

“不，不是为那个，妈。”

“什么，难道你表哥不打算跟你结婚吗？”

“他不是我的表哥，他也不会跟我结婚的。”

她的母亲关切地看着她。“过来，你还什么都没跟我说呢。”

苔丝走近母亲，把自己的头靠在琼的肩上，把事情的来龙去脉都告诉了她。

“而你沒有说服他跟你结婚！”琼叫道，“那去那儿有什么好处？你为什么不能想想为家里做点儿好事，而不是只考虑你自己呢？”

苔丝很迷惑。亚历克从来没有提过要跟她结婚。而即便他提过，她也永远不会接受他的，因为她不爱他。这一点让她为自己所做的事而恨自己。将来她当然也不会爱上他的。她并不十分痛恨他，但她不想跟他结婚，哪怕是为了维护自己的尊严。

“如果你不愿嫁给他，你就应该更小心才是！”

“哦，妈妈！”可怜的女孩哭道，她的心碎了。“为什么以前你没警告我要提防男人？我离开家的时候还只是一个孩子！我不知道他们会有多危险，你并没有告诉我！”

“嗯，我们必须尽量往好处想。”她母亲说，“毕竟，这只不过是人类的天性。”

那天下午，小屋里坐满了苔丝的朋友。她不在的时候，这些村里的姑娘们都非常想她。她们在私下里互相说，苔丝一定会嫁给那位英俊的先生的。很幸运，苔丝没有听到她们说的话。她加入到她们的欢声笑语中，在这段短暂的时间里，她几乎忘却了自己的耻辱。

但第二天就是星期一了，一周的工作又开始了。这天人们不会穿最好的衣服，也不会有人拜访。苔丝在一群睡在她身边的天真无邪的孩子

们中醒来，她自己却已失去了贞节。想到今后的日子，她变得非常忧郁。她知道她要走上一段漫长、坎坷的旅程，得不到帮助也得不到同情。她对未来心灰意冷，她想死去。

然而接下来的几个星期，她变得稍稍振作一点了。一个星期天的上午，她去了教堂。她喜欢听那些熟悉的旋律，沉浸在那美妙的音乐中。她对作曲家的力量感到惊叹。他虽已在坟墓当中，却能让一个像她这样与他素不相识的姑娘感受无限的激情。她坐在一个安静、黑暗的角落里，倾听基督仪式和音乐。但是当村子里的人们来到教堂后，他们注意到了她并窃窃私语起来。她知道他们在说什么，同时知道自己今后再也不能来教堂了。

因此，她把自己整天关在这间与其他孩子们共有的卧室里。在这儿，她看刮风，看下雪，看雨点飘洒，看美丽的日落，还有一轮又一轮的满月。人们渐渐以为她外出。只有在天黑以后，她才会出来，到树林里和田野上走走。她不怕黑暗和阴影，她极力想避开的只是人群。在孤寂的山上她感到自在，但被纯净的大自然包围时，她又有一种负罪感。下雨时，她会想到是大自然在为她的软弱而哭泣；而午夜的狂风又让她觉得大自然在生她的气。她没有意识到，虽然她触犯了一条公认的社会戒律，但她却从没违反过自然。她就像树林里熟睡的鸟儿或树篱下的田间小动物一样清白无辜。

One day in August the sun was rising through the mist. In a yellow cornfield near Marlott village it shone on two large arms of painted wood. These, with two others below, formed the turning cross of the reaping-machine. It was ready for today's harvest. A group of men and a group of women came down the road at sunrise. As they walked along, their heads were in the sun while their feet were in the shadow of the hedge. They went into the field.

Soon there came a sound like the love-making of the grasshopper. The machine had begun, and three horses pulled it slowly along the field. Its arms turned, bright in the sunlight. Gradually the area of standing corn was reduced. So was the living space of the small field animals, who crowded together, not knowing that they could not escape the machine in the end.

The harvesters followed the machine, picking and tying up bundles of corn. The girls were perhaps more interesting to look at. They wore large cotton hats to keep off the sun, and gloves to protect their hands from the corn. The prettiest was the one in the pale pink jacket, who never looked around her as she worked. She moved forward, bending and tying like a machine. Occasionally she stood up to rest. Then her face could be seen: a lovely young face, with deep dark eyes and long heavy curling hair. Her cheeks were paler, her teeth more regular, and her red lips thinner than most country girls'.

It was Tess Durbeyfield, or d' Urberville, rather changed, living as a stranger in her home village. She had decided to do outdoor work and earn a little money in the harvest.

The work continued all morning, and Tess began to glance towards the hill. At eleven o'clock a group of children came over the hill. Tess blushed a little, but still did not pause in her work. The eldest child carried in her arms a baby in long clothes. Another brought some lunch. The harvesters stopped work, sat down and started to eat and drink.

Tess also sat down, some way from the others. She called the girl, her sister, and took the baby from her. Unfastening her dress, and still blushing, she began feeding her child. The men kindly turned away, some of them beginning to smoke. All the other women started to talk and rearrange their hair. When the baby had finished Tess played with him without showing much enthusiasm. Then suddenly she kissed him again and again, as if she could not stop. The baby cried out at the violence of her kisses.

'She loves that child, though she says she hates him and wishes they were both dead,' said one of the women, watching the young mother.

'She'll soon stop saying that,' replied another. 'She'll get used to it. It happens to lots of girls.'

'Well, it wasn't her fault. She was forced into it that night in The Chase. People heard her sobbing. A certain gentleman might have been punished if somebody had passed by and seen them.'

'It was a pity it happened to her, the prettiest in the village. But that's how it happens! The ugly ones are as safe as houses, aren't they, Jenny?' and the speaker turned to one who was certainly not beautiful.

Tess sat there, unaware of their conversation. Her mouth was like a flower, and her eyes were large and soft, sometimes black, blue or grey, sometimes all three colours together. She had spent months regretting her experience and crying over it, but suddenly decided that the past was the past. In a few years her shame, and she herself, would be forgotten. Meanwhile the trees were just as green, and the sun shone just as brightly, as before. Life went on.

She most feared what people thought of her, and imagined that they talked constantly about her behind her back. In fact she was not often discussed, and even her friends only thought about her occasionally. Other things of more importance took up their time. If there had been no people around her, Tess would not have made herself so unhappy. She would have accepted the situation as it was. She was miserable, not because she felt unhappy, but because she imagined herself rejected by society.

Now she wanted to be useful again, and to work. So she dressed neatly, and helped in the harvest, and looked people calmly in the face, even when holding her baby in her arms.

Having eaten her lunch quickly, Tess went back to work with the harvesters in the cornfield until it was dark. They all came home on one of the largest waggons, singing and laughing together.

But when Tess reached home, she discovered that the baby had fallen ill that afternoon. He was so small and weak that illness was to be expected, but this still came as a shock to Tess. She forgot the shame surrounding his birth, and only wished passionately to keep him alive. However, it became clear that he was dying. Now Tess had a greater problem. Her baby had not been baptized.

Her ideas on religion were not very developed. She had more or less accepted that she would go to hell for her crime, and did not much care what would happen to her after death. But for her baby it was different. He was dying, and must be saved from hell.

It was nearly bedtime, but she rushed downstairs and asked if she could send for the parson. Her father had just returned from the public house, and was at his most sensitive to the shame brought upon his noble name by Tess. He refused to allow the parson in, and locked the door.

The family went to sleep. As the night passed, Tess realized, in great misery, that the baby was close to death. She walked feverishly up and down the room, until an idea came to her.

'Ah! Perhaps baby can be saved! Perhaps it will be just the same!'

She lit a candle, and woke her young brothers and sisters. Having poured some water into a bowl, she made them kneel around, with their hands together as in church. The children were hardly awake and watched Tess with big round eyes.

She looked tall in her long white nightdress, her long dark hair hanging down her back to her waist. Her enthusiasm lit up her face, giving it a beautiful purity—the face which had caused her shame.

She picked up the baby. One of the children asked, 'Are you really going to baptize him, Tess? What's his name going to be?'

She had not thought of that, but remembered the story of Adam and Eve in the Bible. Because they did wrong together,

God said they would live in sorrow for the rest of their lives.

She said firmly, ‘SORROW, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. ’

She splashed some water on the child, and there was silence.

‘Say Amen, children. ’

‘Amen, ’ they replied.

Tess put her hand into the water, and drew a huge cross upon the baby with her finger. She continued the service in the well-known words, asking for the baby to be protected against the world and against wickedness. Her belief gave her hope; her sweet warm voice rang out the thanks that follow the baptism. The single candle was reflected in her shining eyes like a diamond. The children asked no more questions, but looked up at her in amazement. She seemed almost like a god to them.

Poor Sorrow’s fight against the world and wickedness was a short one, fortunately perhaps, taking into account his situation. In the blue light of the morning he breathed his last. Tess had been calm since the baptism and she remained calm. She was no longer worried about Sorrow’s afterlife. If God did not accept the baptism, she did not value His Heaven, either for herself or for her child.

Tess thought a good deal about the baptism, however, and wondered if it might mean that Sorrow could be buried in the churchyard, with a church service. She went to the parson’s house after dark, and met him near his gate.

‘I should like to ask you something, sir. My baby was very ill, and I wanted you to baptize him, but my father refused to allow it. So I baptized him myself. Now sir, can you tell me this, ’ and she looked him straight in the eyes, ‘ will it be just the same for him as if you had baptized him? ’

The parson wanted to say no. She had done what should have been his job. But the girl’s strong feeling impressed him. The man and the parson fought inside him, and the man won.

‘My dear girl, ’ he said, ‘it will be just the same. ’

‘Then will you bury him in the churchyard? ’ she asked quickly.

The parson felt trapped. It was a difficult question to answer. ‘Ah, that’s a different matter, ’ he said. ‘I’m sorry, I cannot. ’

‘Oh sir! ’ She took his hand as she spoke.

He took it away, shaking his head.

‘Then I’ll never come to church again! ’ she cried. ‘But perhaps it will be the same for him? Tell me, have pity on me, poor me, tell me what you really think! ’

The parson was deeply touched by her emotion. For a surprising moment he forgot the strict rules of his church.

‘It will be just the same, ’ he answered kindly.

So the baby was carried in a cheap wooden box to the churchyard at night. There is a corner of the churchyard where the grass grows long, and where the suicides, drunks, unbaptized babies and other supposed criminals are laid. Sorrow was buried here, at the cost of a shilling and a pint of beer for the gravedigger. Tess bravely made a little cross and put it at the head of the grave one evening, when she could enter the churchyard without being seen.

It is all very well saying that we learn from experience. Tess had certainly learnt from experience, but could not see how to use her knowledge, so painfully gained.

So she stayed in her parents’ home during the winter, helping to look after the children, making clothes for them and earning a little money whenever she could. Important dates came round again: the night of her shame in The Chase, the baby’s birth and death, her own birthday. One day when she was looking at her pretty face in the mirror, she thought of another date, even more important—her own death. When it came it would swallow up all her prettiness and everything that had happened to her. When was it? It was a day lying hidden among all the other days of the year, so that she noticed nothing when it came round, and did not know what week, month, season or year it would be.

In a flash Tess changed from simple girl to complicated woman. Her face was often thoughtful, and there was sometimes a tragic note in her voice. Her eyes grew larger and more expressive. She became a beautiful woman. She had suffered, but had gained a certain self-confidence from her experiences.

Although the village people had almost forgotten her trouble, she decided she could never be really happy in Marlott. Trying to claim relationship with the rich d’Urbervilles seemed so foolish and shameful to her. She thought her family would never be respected there again. Even now she felt hope rise within her, hope of finding a place with no family connections and no memories. In escaping from Marlott she intended to destroy the past. Perhaps now she could make up for her crime against society.

Consequently she looked hard for work away from Marlott. She finally heard that a dairyman some miles to the south needed a good milkmaid for the summer. Having decided to go there, she promised herself there would be no more hopeless dreams. She would simply be the dairymaid Tess, and nothing more. Even her mother no longer talked about their connection with the noble d’Urbervilles.

But in spite of Tess’s decision to forget her ancestors, the dairy, called Talbothays, especially attracted her because it was near the former lands of the old d’Urberville family. She would be able to look at them, and not only observe that the noble d’Urberville family had lost its greatness, but also remember that a poor descendant had lost her innocence. She wondered if some good might come of being in the land of her ancestors. Hope and youthful energy rose up in her again, like leaves on a young tree in spring.

8月的一天，太阳正从薄雾中缓缓升起。在马勒特村附近的一片金黄的麦地上，阳光正照射着两根漆过的木头。这两根，加上下面的两根，就组成了割麦机上转动的十字形曲柄。这是在为今天的收割做准备。日出时分，一群男人和女人沿着大路走来了。他们的脸沐浴在阳光下，脚则落在了树篱的阴影里。他们走进了麦地。

很快传来一种蚱蜢求爱时发出的声音。机器开始运转了。有三匹马拉着它慢慢地往前开。机器的曲柄转动着，在阳光下闪闪发光。渐渐地，麦地里竖着麦子的部分减少了。田间小动物们的生存空间同样也就减少了。它们簇拥在一起，并不知道它们终究是无法从机器下逃生的。

收割者们跟着机器走，把麦子拾起并扎成一捆一捆。也许姑娘们看起来更有趣了。她们戴着宽边的棉布帽子以免阳光灼伤了脸，还戴着手套以防麦子刮破了手。其中最漂亮的要数那位穿着浅粉色短外套的姑娘。她干活时从不四处张望。她朝前面移动着，俯身捆扎，就像一台机器。偶尔她站直身子歇一会儿，这时你就可以看见她的脸了：这是一张年轻可爱的脸庞，嵌着一双幽深的眼睛。她还有一头又长又密的卷发。比起大多数乡下姑娘来，她的脸色更白晰，她的牙齿更整齐，她的红唇也更薄一些。

这就是已经有了很大变化的苔丝·德北或德伯。在家乡的村子里，她就像一个陌生人一样生活着。她已决定到户外干点活儿，在收割季节挣一点微薄的收入。

整个上午活儿就没停过，苔丝开始朝山那边不时地瞅上一眼。11点钟的时候，一群孩子翻山过来了。苔丝微微有些脸红，但仍没有停下手里的活计。最大的孩子怀里抱着一个裹着长衣服的婴儿，另一个提着午饭。人们停止了收割，坐下来，开始吃饭喝酒。

苔丝也在距人们有点远的地方坐了下来。她唤来那个女孩，她的妹妹，从她手中抱过来婴儿。她仍然有些脸红，解开衣服开始给孩子喂奶。男人们都善意地转过脸去，有些人开始抽起了烟。其他的女人都开始聊天，一边重新梳理她们的头发。把孩子喂饱了以后，苔丝没有显露多大热情地逗着孩子玩。然后她突然一遍又一遍地亲吻孩子，仿佛停不下来似的。孩子被她猛烈的亲吻吓得大哭起来。

“她爱那个孩子，尽管她说她恨他，希望他们娘俩都死了算了。”一个女人望着这个年轻的母亲，说道。

“她很快就会不再这么说啦。”另一个回答道，“她会习惯的，很多姑娘都有过这种经历。”

“但这不是她的错。那天晚上在逐猎林，她是被迫的。有人听到她哭诉过。如果那晚有人经过看到他们的话，某位先生是要遭到惩罚的。”

“这事儿发生在她身上真可惜了，她是村子里最漂亮的姑娘。不过正因为如此，才会发生这种事情！那些难看的姑娘就跟房子一样安全，是吗，珍妮？”说话的人朝一位显然不漂亮的姑娘问道。

苔丝坐在那儿，不知道她们在谈什么。她的小嘴像鲜花一般可人，她的大眼睛充满了柔情。那眼睛有时是黑的、蓝的或是灰的，有时就是这三种颜色的混合体。她花了几个月的时间为自己的经历悔恨哭泣，但突然间她决定让过去的事情成为过去。用不了几年，她的耻辱连同她本人就会被人们遗忘。树木仍像过去一样翠绿，阳光还同从前一样明媚。生活继续着。

她最怕人们会想起她，还想象他们会在背后不停地谈论她。事实上，她并没有经常被议论，就连她的朋友，也不过偶尔才会想起她。其他一些更重要的事情占据着他们的生活。如果她周围没有人，苔丝也就不会把自己弄得这么不快乐了。她会现实地接受她的处境。她很不幸，不是因为我觉得不快乐，而是因为她总想象自己被社会抛弃了。

现在，她想让自己重新变得有用，想去工作。所以她穿戴整齐，在收割季节来帮忙。她以平静的表情面对其他人，即便怀里抱着孩子也一样。

迅速地吃完午饭后，苔丝又回到地里和其他收割者们一块儿干起活儿来，一直干到天黑。他们都坐上一辆最大的马车，一路笑着唱着回去了。

但是当苔丝回到家以后，她发现孩子在那天下午生病了。他是那么地弱小，注定逃不过病魔之手，但这仍然震动了苔丝。她忘记了关于他出生的种种耻辱，只是满心希望他能活下来。然而很明显，他就要死了。现在苔丝遇到了一个更大的麻烦，她的孩子还没受过洗礼呢。

她的宗教信条没有多大的变化。她或多或少地接受了这样一个事实：因为她的罪过她将进地狱。她对自己死后会怎样并不太在意，但是对孩子来说，就不同了。他就要死去，她要把他从地狱中拯救出来。

已经到了快睡觉的时候，但她冲到了楼下问自己是否可以去请一位牧师来。她的父亲刚从酒店回来，正处在对苔丝给他高贵的姓氏带来的耻辱最敏感的时候。他拒绝让牧师到他们家来，还把门给锁上了。

家人都去睡觉了。夜晚一点点地流逝着。在极大的痛苦中，苔丝意识到孩子已离死神不远了。她焦躁不安地在房间里踱来踱去，最后她突然想出了一个主意。

“啊！也许孩子可以得救！也许这也是一样的！”

她点燃了一支蜡烛，唤醒了弟妹。她在一个碗里倒了些水，让他们跪成一圈，像在教堂里那样手牵着手。孩子们还没有完全清醒过来，只是瞪圆了眼睛看着苔丝。

穿着长长的白色睡裙，她看起来很高，黑色的长发从背后一直垂到腰际。她的热情使她的面孔焕发着光彩，透出一种美丽的圣洁——就是这张脸导致了她的耻辱。

她抱起了婴儿。一个孩子问：“你真要给他施洗礼吗，苔丝？那他叫什么名字呀？”

她还没想过这个，但她记起了《圣经》里亚当和夏娃的故事。因为他们在一起做错了事，上帝说他们余下的日子会生活在悲哀之中。

她坚定地说：“‘悲哀’，我以上帝、以耶稣、以圣灵的名义给你施洗。”

她把一些水洒在孩子身上，四周悄无声息。

“说阿门，孩子们。”

“阿门。”他们说道。

苔丝把手伸进水里，然后用手指在婴儿身上画了一个大大的十字。她用一些熟悉的话语继续进行着这个仪式。她请求让孩子免受尘世和邪恶的侵扰。她的信念给了她希望；她用甜美温和的声音做感恩祷告，结束了洗礼。那枝仅有的蜡烛在她闪烁的眼睛中放射出钻石般的光芒。孩子们没再问什么，只是诧异地抬头望着她。对他们来说，她看起来就像一位女神。

可怜的“悲哀”只对这个世界和邪恶做了一次小小的抗争，考虑到他的处境，也许他这样是幸运的。在蓝色的晨光中，他停止了呼吸。做完洗礼后，苔丝平静下来，而且一直保持着平静。她再也不用为“悲哀”死后担心了。如果上帝不接受这个洗礼，那她就不会珍视他的天堂，不论是自己还是为孩子。

但是苔丝还是对这个洗礼考虑了很多，她想知道这是否意味着“悲哀”可以按照教堂的仪式安葬在教堂墓地。天黑以后，她就到牧师家去了，在大门附近她遇见了牧师。

“先生，我想请教您一件事情。我的孩子病得很重，我想让您给他施洗，但是我的父亲不让我这么做。于是我自己给他施了洗。现在，先生，您是否能告诉我，”她两眼直直地看着他，“对他来说，这么做跟您给他施洗是一样的吗？”

牧师想说不一样。她做了他份内的事。但是这姑娘炽烈的感情让他感动。在他内心，作为人和作为牧师的两种角色在斗争着，最后，人取得了胜利。

“我亲爱的姑娘，”他说，“这会是一样的。”

“那你会将他安葬在教堂墓地吗？”她迅速问道。

牧师觉得陷入了圈套。这是一个很难回答的问题。“哦，那是另外一回事，”他说，“抱歉，我不能。”

“哦，先生！”她抓住他的手，说道。

他把手拿开了，摇了摇头。

“那么，我再也不去教堂了！”她哭道，“但也许对他来说是一样的？告诉我，可怜可怜我，告诉我您真实的想法！”

牧师被她的情绪深深地感染了。有一刻，他竟然忘记了教堂里那些严格的戒律。

“会是一样的。”他善意地回答道。

因此，当晚孩子被装在一个廉价的木制箱子里，运到了教堂墓地。这是一个杂草丛生的墓地角落，埋葬着那些自杀的人，饮酒过度的人，没有施过洗的婴儿，还有其他被认为有罪的人。她花了一个先令，给了掘墓人一品脱啤酒，“悲哀”便被葬在了这里。一天晚上，当她可以不被人看到地进入墓地时，苔丝做了一个小小的十字架，并把它竖在了坟头。

有句话说得好，叫“吃一堑，长一智。”苔丝当然从她的经历中学到了东西，只是不知道该怎样运用这些经历了如此之大的痛苦才懂得的道理。

于是，整个冬天她都住在父母家里，帮着照看孩子，给他们缝制衣服，并力所能及地挣点钱。一些重要的日子又转回来了：逐猎林受辱的那晚，孩子的生日和忌日，还有她自己的生日。一天，当她对着镜子看自己那张漂亮的脸孔时，她想到了另外一个甚至更重要的日子——她自己死去的日子。当它来临时，它会吞噬掉她的全部美丽和发生在她身上的一切事情。它会是什么时候呢？它偷偷地藏在一年中其他日子的背后，因此当它再度来临时，她无从察觉。她不知道它将出现在哪个星期，哪个月，哪个季节或者哪一年。

几乎仅在一瞬之间，苔丝就由纯朴的姑娘变成了成熟的女人。她经常带着一副沉思的表情，声音有时透着悲凉的语气。她的眼睛更大也更意味深长了。她变成了一个美丽的女人。她经历过痛苦，从经历中她获得了一种自信。

尽管村里的人们几乎已经忘记了她的遭遇，但苔丝觉得自己在马勒特是不会真正快乐的。在她看来，想要与富有的德伯家攀亲是那么地荒唐可耻。她认为她的家庭在那儿再不会受到尊敬了。她现在心里甚至萌生了希望。这希望就是找一个既没有家庭关系也没有回忆的地方。她想逃离马勒特村，企图由此毁灭过去。也许现在她可以弥补她对社会犯下的罪行了。

接下来她就积极地寻找远离马勒特村的工作。终于，她听说往南几英里的一个奶场主这个夏天需要一名熟练的挤奶女工。她决定去那儿，并向自己保证不再做空洞的梦。她将仅仅是挤奶女工苔丝，仅此而已。就连她的母亲也不再谈论他们与高贵的德伯家族的关系了。

但是，尽管苔丝决意忘掉她的祖先，那个叫塔尔勃塞的牛奶场之所以特别吸引她，却正是因为它挨着古老的德伯家族的土地。她可以看到它，这样，她不仅可以看到高贵的德伯家族失去了它的辉煌，还会记起它的一个可怜的后代失去了她的贞操。她想知道，生活在她祖先的土地上是否能给她带来一些好运。新的希望和青春的活力再度在她心中涌起，就像春天小树上的新叶。

8. a New Life

And so it was that on a beautiful morning in May, two to three years after her return from Trantridge, Tess Durbeyfield left home for the second time. She was going in the opposite direction this time. When she reached the first hill, she looked back at Marlott and her father's house with sadness in her heart.

She travelled partly by carriage and partly on foot, carrying her basket. Not far to her left she could see the trees which surrounded Kingsbere, with its church where her ancestors lay in their tombs. She could no longer admire or respect them. She almost hated them for ruining her life. Nothing of theirs was left except the old seal and spoon.

'Huh! I have as much of mother as father in me!' she said.

'All my prettiness comes from her, and she was only a dairymaid.'

Her walk took two hours, until she reached the hill overlooking the Valley of the Great Dairies. This valley was watered by the river Froom, and produced huge amounts of milk and butter, more even than Tess's Vale of Blackmoor, which was known as the Vale of Little Dairies.

As she stood and looked, she realized the valleys were quite different. Here the fields and farms were much larger. She saw more cows at a glance than she had ever seen before. The evening sun shone on their red, white and brown bodies. She thought that this view was perhaps not as beautiful as a view of Blackmoor Vale, which she knew so well. There the sky was deep blue, the smell of the earth was heavy in the air, the streams ran slowly and silently. But this view was more cheerful. Here the air was clear and light, and the river Froom rushed as fast as the shadow of a cloud.

Either the change in the quality of the air, or the feeling that she was going to start a new life here, made her feel much happier. She ran along, her hopes and the sunshine warming her.

She looked at her best as she ran laughing into the warm wind. The desire for pleasure, which is in every living thing, had finally won over Tess. She was, after all, only a young woman of twenty, who had not finished growing up. No event, however unpleasant, could have marked her for ever. She was young and strong and beautiful, and could not remain sad for long.

Her hopes rose higher than ever. She wanted to show how grateful she was for this second chance. She started singing love songs, but found they were not enough to express her feelings. She remembered the Sunday mornings of her girlhood, and sang: 'Oh sun and moon... Oh stars... Oh children of men... Praise the Lord! Praise Him for ever!' until she stopped suddenly and murmured, 'But perhaps I don't quite know the Lord yet.'

This was probably a pagan feeling in a religious form. People who live in the country and are close to nature, like Tess, keep many of the pagan ideas of their ancestors in their souls. Religion learned in church comes much later, and does not touch them deeply.

Tess was happy to be making her way independently in life. She really wanted to live honestly and work hard, unlike her father. Tess had her mother's energy and the energy of her youth to help her recover from her experience. Women do usually live through such experiences. 'Where there's life there's hope' is still true for most 'betrayed' women.

As Tess, full of enthusiasm, came downhill towards the dairy, she suddenly heard the milking call, again and again, from all parts of the valley. It was half-past four, when the dairy people brought in the cows. Tess followed the red and white animals, with their great bags of milk under them, into the farmyard. She saw the long sheds, and the wooden posts, shining and smooth where the cows had rubbed against them over the years. She saw the cows between the posts, the sun throwing their shadows on the wall as carefully as a painter paints a beautiful king or queen. As the cows waited for their turn, the milk fell in drops on the ground.

The dairymaids and men had come from their cottages as they saw the cows arriving from the fields. Each girl sat on her three-legged stool as she milked, her right cheek resting on the cow's body, watching Tess arrive. The men milked with their hats low over their eyes and did not see her. One of them was a middle-aged man, the head-dairyman she was looking for. He worked six days a week in his white milking clothes, milking and butter-making, and on the seventh he wore his best suit to take his family proudly to church. Because of this people nearby used to say:

Dairyman Dick

All the week,

On Sundays Mister Richard Crick.

Most dairymen are usually bad-tempered at milking time, but Mr Crick was glad to get a new dairymaid at this busy time of the year. So he received Tess warmly and asked her how her family were.

'When I was a boy I knew your part of the country very well,' he said. 'An old woman of ninety—she's dead now but she used to live near here—she once told me there was an ancient noble family of a name like yours, who came from here originally. But I didn't take any notice of an old woman like that.'

'Oh no, that's just a story,' said Tess.

Then Mr Crick turned to business. 'You can milk well, my girl? I don't want my cows drying up, especially just now.'

'Oh yes, I can,' answered Tess.

He looked at her delicate hands and pale face.

'Quite sure you're strong enough for this sort of life? It's comfortable enough here for rough country people but it's hard work.'

'Oh yes, I'm strong enough. I'm used to hard work,' Tess insisted.

'Well, have some tea and something to eat. You've had a long journey,' he said kindly.

'No, I'd rather begin milking straight away,' said Tess. 'I'll just drink a little milk first.'

This surprised Dairyman Crick, who appeared never to have thought of milk as a drink.

'Oh, if you can swallow it, have some,' he said, holding the bucket for her to drink from. 'I haven't touched any for

years. It would lie in my stomach like a stone, so it would. Now, try that one and see how you get on.’ And he pointed to the nearest cow.

As soon as Tess was on her stool under the cow, and the milk was pouring between her fingers into the bucket, she really felt that her new life was beginning. As she relaxed, she looked around her.

It was a large dairy. There were nearly a hundred milking cows. Dairyman Crick milked six or eight of the difficult ones with his own hands. He could not trust them to the dairymaids, because if the cows were badly milked their milk would simply dry up.

For a while there was no more talk among the milkers. Suddenly Mr Crick got up from his stool.

We’re not getting as much milk from them as usual,’ he said. ‘We’d better sing them a song, friends, that’s the only thing to do.’ So the group of milkers started singing, to encourage the cows to give more.

Mr Crick went on, ‘But I think bulls like music better than cows. Did I tell you all about William Dewy? On his way home after a wedding he found himself in a field with an angry bull. He took his violin and played some Christmas church music and down went the bull on his knees! Just like the animals around baby Jesus! And so William was able to escape.’

‘It’s a curious story. It takes us back to the past, when belief in God was a living thing.’ This unusual remark came from under a cow.

‘Well, it’s quite true, sir, believe it or not. I knew the man well,’ said Mr Crick.

‘Oh yes, I’m sure it’s true,’ said the man behind the brown cow. Tess could not see his face, and could not understand why the head—dairyman himself should call him sir. The man stayed under the cow long enough to milk three, at times saying something angrily to himself. Then he stood up, stretching his arms. Tess could now see him clearly. He wore the clothes of a dairyman but underneath he was quite different. He looked educated and gentlemanly.

But now she realized that she had seen him before. He was one of the three walking brothers who had stopped their walk to admire the May—Day dance in Marlott a few years before. He had danced with some of the other girls but not with her. He had not noticed her and had gone on his way. For a moment she was worried that if he recognized her he might discover her story. But she soon saw he did not remember her at all. Since she had seen him in Marlott, his face had grown more thoughtful. He now had a young man’s moustache and beard. From the time he had spent milking one cow, he was clearly a beginner at dairy work.

Tess discovered that only two or three of the dairymaids slept in the house, besides herself. They all shared a big bedroom near the cheese room. That night one of the girls insisted on telling Tess about all the people at the dairy. To Tess, half asleep, the whispers seemed to be floating in the air.

‘Mr Angel Clare—he’s the one who’s learning milking—he’s a parson’s son and thinks a lot and doesn’t notice girls. His father is parson at Emminster, some way from here. His sons, except Mr Clare, are going to be parsons too.’

Tess gradually fell asleep.

8 新生活

因此，从纯瑞脊回来两三年后，苔丝·德北在5月的一个美丽的清晨，第二次离开了家。这一次她是朝相反的方向走去。当她爬上第一座小山时，她满怀忧伤地回头看了看马勒特村和她父亲的房子。

她挎着篮子坐了一段马车，又走了一段路。在她左边不远的地方，她可以看到环绕王牌的树木，她的祖先就被安放在那儿的教堂墓地里。她不再倾慕，也不再尊敬他们了。她甚至有些恨他们，因为他们毁掉了她的生活。除了印章和银匙，他们什么也没留下。

“嘿！妈妈给予我的同爸爸给予我的一样多！”她说道，“我的美貌都是从她身上继承下来的，而她只不过是挤奶女工。”

她步行了两个小时，才来到了可以俯视大牛奶场的山头。福鲁姆河灌溉着这个山谷，这儿生产着大量的牛奶和黄油，甚至比苔丝家那边的黑荒野山谷还多，黑荒野山谷以小牛奶场谷而闻名。

她站定远眺，发现这儿的山谷截然不同。这里的田地 and 农场更广阔，而且她以前从来没有一眼望见过这么多的奶牛。夕阳85照在它们红色、白色还有棕色的皮毛上。她觉得这儿的风景也许并没有黑荒野山谷美丽，她对那个山谷太熟悉了。那儿的天空湛蓝无比，空气中充满了泥土的气息，溪水总是寂静缓慢地流淌着。但是这儿的景致更让人欢欣鼓舞。这儿的空气清新怡人，福鲁姆河水流湍急，就像一片白云的影子匆匆掠过。

不管是空气质量的改变，还是她即将在此开始一种全新生活的感觉，都使她感到更加欢欣愉悦。她朝前跑去，她的希望和这儿的阳光温暖着她。

当她大笑着跑进柔和的微风时，她的样子呈现出前所未有的神采。那种对幸福的渴望，那种存在于每一个有生命的物体中的渴望，终于重新赢得了苔丝。毕竟，她还只是一个20岁的年轻女子，还没有完全长大成人。任何事情，不管它有多么不幸，都不会永远在她身上留下伤痕。她年轻健康、精力充沛而且美丽动人，她可以不再长久地悲伤了。

她从来没有像现在这样满怀希望。她想表达出自己第二次机会的到来是如何地充满感激之情。她放声唱起了爱情歌曲，但觉得它们不足以表达她的感情。她回想起了少女时代礼拜日上午的情景，于是唱道：“哦，太阳和月亮……哦星星……哦，人类的孩子……赞美上帝吧！永远地赞美他！”唱着唱着，她突然停下并自言自语道：“但也许我对上帝了解得还不够。”

这也许只是用宗教形式表现的非基督教的感情。像苔丝这样生活在乡村、贴近自然的人，在心灵里保留了许多源于他们的祖先的非基督教思想。而从教堂得来的宗教信仰要迟得多，并没有多么深刻地影响他们。

可以按自己的方式独立地生活让苔丝感到高兴。她真心愿意实实在在地生活并勤勤恳恳地工作，而不是像她父亲那样。苔丝有从母亲那儿获得的力量和自己年轻生命的力量来帮助她从过去的经历中恢复过来。女人们通常要经历这种生活。对多数被生活玩弄过的女人们来说，“哪儿有生活，哪儿就有希望”仍是一条不变的真理。

当苔丝热情洋溢地朝着牛奶场跑下山时，她突然听到了挤奶的号令，一遍又一遍地在山谷各个角落响起。现在是四点半，到了牛奶场的人们把牛赶回来的时候了。苔丝跟着这些红色或白色、身下垂着硕大乳房的动物，跑进了场院。她看见了一排长长的屋棚和一根根木桩，由于奶牛长年的摩擦，它们被蹭得油光发亮。她看见了木桩之间的一头头奶牛，阳光把它们的阴影投射到墙上，就像画家精心绘制的一幅美丽的国王或王后的画像。还没有轮到它们呢，有几滴牛奶已滴到了地上。

挤奶女工和男人们看到奶牛从地里回来了，就都从屋子里走了出来。挤奶时，每个女工都坐在一张三腿的矮凳上，她们把右脸颊靠在牛的身子上，看到苔丝进来了。男人挤奶时压低帽子遮住了眼睛，没有注意到她。其中有一位中年男子，就是苔丝正在寻找的牛奶场主。他一礼拜六天穿着白色的挤奶服工作，挤奶，做黄油，到了第七天，他就穿上最好的衣服，带着全家人，体体面面地到教堂去做礼拜。由于这个缘

故，附近的人们常说：

整个星期都是奶场工狄克，
星期日是理查德·克里克先生。

大多数挤奶工在挤奶时都脾气暴躁，但克里克先生很高兴在一年中的繁忙季节里迎来了一个新的挤奶女工。他热情地接待苔丝，还问了她家人的情况。

“当我还是一个孩子时，我对你们那个地方就非常熟悉。”他说道，“一位九十岁的老太太——她现在已经死了，但她过去住在这儿附近——曾经告诉过我，有一个同你的姓氏相像的古老高贵的家族，很早以前是这儿的人。可我没理睬老太太说的话。”

“哦，不，那不过是一个故事罢了。”苔丝说。

然后克里克先生转到正事上：“你挤奶挤得好吗，我的孩子？我可不想看到我的牛不出奶，特别是在这个时候。”

“哦，是的，我能行，”苔丝回答。

他看了看她那双细嫩的手和有些苍白的脸。

“你确信你有足够的体力过这种生活吗？这儿的生活对强壮的乡下人来说够舒服的了，但活儿很累。”

“哦，是的，我有足够的体力。我已经习惯干重活儿了。”苔丝坚持说。

“那好，去喝杯茶，吃点东西。你刚刚走了这么长的路。”他和善地说。

“不，我宁愿立即开始挤奶，”苔丝说，“我先喝点儿牛奶就可以了。”

这让奶场工克里克感到惊讶，他仿佛从来没想过牛奶也能这么喝似的。

“哦，如果你喝得下，就喝吧，”他说，拿起了一个小桶让她喝。“我好几年没碰过它了。喝了它就像胃里放了块石头似的，是这样的。那么现在，你去挤那头牛，看看你干得怎样。”他指着最近的一头牛说道。

苔丝坐到了奶牛下面的凳子上，牛奶从她的指间流泄到桶里，她真地感觉到她的新生活开始了。在她歇息的空隙，她环顾了一下四周。

这是一个很大的牛奶场。有近一百头待挤的奶牛。奶场主克里克亲自挤六到八头不好挤的牛。他不放心把它们交给挤奶女工去挤，因为如果奶牛没被挤好，它们就会不出奶的。

有一阵子，挤奶工们没有声响。克里克先生突然从凳子上站了起来。

“我们今天挤的奶没有平常的多。”他说道，“我们最好还是给他们唱支歌吧，朋友们，只有这样啦。”于是这群挤奶工开始唱起歌来，想促使奶牛们出更多的奶。

克里克先生继续说道：“但我认为公牛比母牛更喜欢音乐。我跟你们讲过威廉·杜威的事吗？一次婚礼结束后，在回家路上的一块田地上，他遇上了一头愤怒的公牛。他拿出了小提琴，拉起一些圣诞节的教堂音乐，那头公牛居然跪下来了：就像围绕着小耶稣的动物那样！然后威廉就得以逃脱了。”

“这是一个奇特的故事。它把我们带回到过去的年代，那时对上帝的信仰是生动真实的。”有人从一头奶牛身下做出了这个不平常的论断。

“哦，这是完全真实的，先生，信不信由你。我跟那个人相当熟。”克里克先生说。

“哦，是的，我相信它是真实的，”那头棕色奶牛后面的人说道。苔丝无法看见他的脸，也不明白为什么牛奶场场主本人还要称呼他为先生。这人待在一头奶牛下面的时间足够让别人挤三头牛了，他还不时生气地自言自语。然后他站了起来，伸展了一下胳膊。这时苔丝可以清楚地看到他的脸了。他穿着挤奶工的衣服，但他本人显得与众不同。他看起来受过教育，很有教养。

但是她现在想起来，她以前曾见过这张脸庞。几年以前，在马勒特村的五月节舞会上，有三个徒步旅行的兄弟曾驻足观看过，他就是三兄弟之一，那个和其他一些女孩跳过舞但没同她跳的人。他没注意到她，又继续上路了。她一时忐忑不安起来，怕他认出她来后会得知她的经历。但很快，她发现他根本想不起她来了。自从她在马勒特见过他之后，他显得更深沉了。他现在蓄起了青年人的唇髭和络腮胡。从他挤一头牛花费的时间来看，对牛奶场的活儿，他显然是一个新手。

苔丝发现除了她之外，还有两三个挤奶女工和她睡在一间房子里。她们共有的这间大卧室挨着奶酪室。那天晚上，她们中有一个姑娘坚持要给苔丝讲牛奶场里所有人的情况。苔丝半睡半醒地听着，这些耳语就像漂浮在空中一样。

“安吉尔·克莱尔先生——就是那个学挤牛奶的人——是一位牧师的儿子，爱思考问题，但对女孩子从不留意。她父亲是爱敏斯特的牧师，离这儿有些距离。他的儿子们，除了克莱尔先生，也都打算当牧师。”

苔丝渐渐地睡着了。

Neither Angel Clare nor his family had originally chosen farming as a profession for him. When he was a boy, people admired his great qualities. Now he was a man, something vague and undecided in his look showed that he had no particular purpose in life. He was the youngest son of a poor parson. One day when he was studying at home, his father discovered that Angel had ordered a book of philosophy, which questioned the Church's teaching. How could his son become a priest if he read such books? Angel explained that he did not in fact wish to enter the Church like his brothers, because the Church's views were too strict and did not allow free thinking. The simple parson was shocked. He was a man of fixed ideas and a firm believer. And if Angel did not want to become a priest, what was the use of sending him to study at Cambridge? For the parson the whole point of going to university was to become a minister of God.

‘I want to use my mind,’ Angel insisted. ‘I want to read philosophy. I want to question my belief, so that what is left after I have questioned it, will be even stronger.’

‘But Angel, your mother and I have saved and saved to send you to university like your brothers. But how can we send you there if it is not in the service of God?’

So Angel did not have the advantage of a university education. After some years studying at home he decided to learn farming. He thought this kind of work could give him what he most valued, independence and freedom to think. So he came to Talbothays at twenty-six, as a student.

At first he stayed up in his room most of the time in the evenings, reading and playing his harp. But he soon preferred to read human nature by taking his meals in the general dining-room with the dairy people. The longer he stayed, the more Clare liked living with these simple country people. No longer did he see them as lacking in intelligence. He realized they were no different from him: he and they were all people walking on the dusty road which ends in death. He began to like working outside. He was learning about nature and about life. He came to know the changing seasons, morning and evening, different winds, waters and mists, shade and silence, and the voices of nature. All this he had never known before.

For several days after Tess's arrival, Clare, sitting reading a book, hardly noticed she was there. But one morning at breakfast he was reading music and listening to the tune in his head, when he heard a musical voice which seemed to become part of his tune. He looked round at Tess, seated at the table.

‘What a fresh and pure daughter of nature that dairymaid is!’ thought Angel. He seemed to remember something about her, something which took him back into a happy past, before decision made his life difficult. This memory made him look more often at Tess than the other dairymaids.

9

无论安吉尔还是他的家人，最初都没有选择务农作为他的职业。当他还是个孩子时，他就有令人羡慕的聪颖天资。现在他长大成人了，但神情里有一种模糊不定的东西显示出他在生活中还没有特定的目标。他是一位穷牧师的最小的孩子。有一天，当安吉尔在家里学习时，他父亲发现他订购了一本哲学书，该书对教会的教育提出了质疑。如果他的儿子读这种书，他还怎么做一名牧师呢？安吉尔解释说实际上并不想像哥哥们那样从事神职工作，因为教会的观念太刻板，没有自由思想的余地。这让虔诚的牧师感到震惊。他是一个顽固、执着而又坚定的信仰者。如果安吉尔不打算成为一名牧师，那送他到剑桥读书又有什么意义呢？对这位牧师而言，上大学的唯一目的，就是将来从事神职，成为一名牧师。

“我想发挥自己的才智，”安吉尔坚定地说道，“我想研读哲学。我想对自己的信仰提出质疑，这样经过质疑留下的东西，会更加坚定有力。”

“但是，安吉尔，你的母亲和我一省再省，想供你念大学，就像对你的哥哥们那样。但是如果不是为了上帝服务，我们怎能送你去呢？”

因此安吉尔失去了进大学接受教育的机会。在家自学了几年后，他决心去学习务农。他认为这种工作能给予他最最宝贵的东西，那就是独立思考的自由。于是在26岁时，他作为一名学徒来到了塔尔勃塞。

起先，到了晚上他就待在自己的房间里，靠读读书、弹弹竖琴度过大部分时间。可是不久，他更愿意到公共餐室和奶场其他人一道吃饭，来体会人类的天性。和大家在一起的时间越长，克莱尔就越喜欢和这些淳朴的乡下人生活在一起。他不再把他们看做缺乏智慧、没有见地的人了。他领悟到他们跟他没有什么不同：他和他们一样都是风尘仆仆的赶路人，他们的最终归宿都是死亡。他开始喜欢上户外的工作了。他在学习更多关于自然和关于生活的知识。他渐渐感悟到了变化的四季，清晨和黄昏，各种各样的风，水域和云雾，阴影和沉寂，以及自然界发出的种种声音。对这一切，他过去是一无所知的。

苔丝到来后的头几天，克莱尔总是坐着看他的书，几乎没有注意到她在那儿。但是一天早上吃早饭时，他正在看一本乐谱，并沉浸在头脑里出现的旋律中，这时他听到了一个悦耳动听的嗓音，听起来就像他旋律中的一部分。他掉头看到了苔丝，坐在餐桌旁。

“那个女工多么娇嫩纯洁，真是大自然的女儿啊！”他思忖道。他像是记起了关于她的什么事情，记忆把他带回到过去的一段快乐时光。那时，他还没有做出让生活变得困难的抉择。这种回忆也让他更加关注苔丝，而不是其他女工。

Dairyman Crick insisted that all the dairy people should milk different cows every day, not just their favourites. He was worried that a dairymaid might leave the dairy, and then her cows would not like being milked by a stranger. However, Tess began to find that the cows which came to her usually happened to be her favourites. This made her milking much easier. But she soon realized that it was not by chance, as it was Angel Clare who sent the cows in for milking.

‘Mr Clare, you have sent me my favourite cows!’ she accused him one morning, blushing.

‘Well, it doesn’t matter,’ said he. ‘You will always be here to milk them.’

‘Do you think so? I hope I shall. But I don’t know.’ Afterwards she was angry with herself. She had spoken too seriously to him, as if he were involved in her staying or leaving. In the evening after milking she walked in the garden alone, thinking about it.

It was a typical summer evening in June. The air was delicate and there was a complete, absolute silence. It was broken by the sound of a harp. The notes floated in the still air, strong and clear. Tess listened like a fascinated bird. She drew near to Clare, who still had not seen her. She was conscious of neither time nor space. The tune moved through her mind and body, bringing tears to her eyes. The waves of colour of the wild flowers mixed with the waves of sound. Angel finished playing, and caught sight of her. She blushed and moved away.

‘Why are you going, Tess?’ he asked. ‘Are you afraid?’

‘Oh no, sir, not of outdoor things.’

‘But indoors?’

‘Well, yes, sir.’

‘Life in general?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Ah, so am I, very often. Being alive is rather serious, don’t you think so?’

‘It is, now you put it like that.’

‘All the same, I wouldn’t expect a young girl like you to feel that. Why? Come, tell me.’

After a moment’s hesitation she answered, ‘The trees ask questions with their eyes, don’t they? And you seem to see hundreds of tomorrows all in a line, the first big and clear, the others getting smaller. But they all look fierce and cruel. But you can drive away all these ideas with your music, sir!’

He was surprised to find that this dairymaid had such sad thoughts. She was expressing in her own words the ache of modern life. This sadness made her more interesting to him. He did not know that her experience had given her great strength of feeling. Tess, on the other hand, could not understand why a man of religious family, good education and financial independence should feel sorry to be alive. How could this admirable and poetic man have felt, as she did two or three years ago, that he would rather die? It was true that he was not at present living among gentlemen. But he was studying what he wanted to know, and would become a rich farmer in time. So, as they neither understood each other’s secrets, they were both puzzled and waited to find out more.

At first Tess regarded Angel as an intelligence rather than a man. She became quite depressed as she realized the distance between her own knowledge and his. One day he asked her why she looked so sad.

‘Oh, it’s only that I feel I’ve been wasting my life! When I see what you know, I feel what a nothing I am!’

‘Well, my dear Tess,’ said Angel with some enthusiasm, ‘I shall be only too glad to help you study history, for example...’

‘I don’t know. What’s the use of learning that I’m one of a long row, and that my past and future are like thousands of other people’s? But there’s one thing I’d like to know—why the sun shines on the good and the bad just the same,’ she said, her voice trembling.

‘Oh, Tess, don’t be bitter!’ Of course he had wondered this himself in the past. But as he looked at her innocent lips, he thought this pure child of nature could only have picked up the question from others. She could not possibly have any guilt in her past.

When he had gone, Tess felt again how stupid she must appear to him. She wondered whether she could gain his respect by telling him of her d’Urberville blood. She first asked the dairyman if Mr Clare was interested in old families who had lost their money and land.

‘No,’ said Mr Crick firmly. ‘He’s a rebel, and the one thing he hates is an old family.’ After hearing this not very accurate view of Clare’s opinions, poor Tess was glad she had not mentioned her ancestors.

That summer, Tess and Clare unconsciously studied each other, balanced on the edge of a passion, yet just keeping out of it. But all the time, like two streams in a valley, they were destined to join. Tess had never been so happy as she was now, and perhaps never would be so again. They met continually. They could not help it. They met daily in the half-light, at three o’ clock in the morning, just before milking. They felt they were the first two up in the whole world, like Adam and Eve. Tess seemed like a queen to Clare, perhaps because he knew that she was the most beautiful woman walking about at this time of day. Lovely women are usually asleep at midsummer sunrise. But Tess was near, and the rest were nowhere. In the strange light she was no longer a milkmaid, but a vision of woman, the whole of womanhood in one form.

One day just after breakfast they all gathered in the milkhouse. The milk was turning in the churn, but the butter would not come. Dairyman Crick was worried.

‘Maybe someone in the house is in love,’ suggested his wife. ‘That sometimes causes it. D’you remember that maid years ago, and the butter didn’t come...?’

‘Ah yes, but that wasn’t being in love,’ replied Mr Crick. ‘That was damage to the churn.’ He turned to Clare to

tell the story.

‘Jack Dollop, one of our milkers, got a girl into trouble. One day her mother came looking for him with a great heavy umbrella in her hand. Jack hid in the churn, but she found him and turned it round and round. “ Stop, stop! ” cried Jack. “If you promise to marry my daughter! ” shouted the mother. And so he did. ’

Tess, very pale, had gone to the door for some fresh air. Fortunately the butter suddenly came. But Tess remained depressed all afternoon. To the others the story was funny. She alone could see the sorrow in it, and it reminded her of her experience.

Tess was first in bed that night, and was half asleep as the other girls undressed. She saw them standing at the window looking at someone in the garden with great interest.

‘It’s no use you being in love with him any more than me, Retty Priddle, ’ said Marian, the eldest.

‘There he is again!’ cried lzz Huett, a pale girl with dark hair. ‘ I would just marry him tomorrow if he asked me, ’ said Marian, blushing.

‘So would I, and more, ’ murmured Izz.

‘And I too, ’ whispered Retty shyly.

‘We can’t all marry him, ’ said Izz.

‘We can’t anyway, ’ said Marian. ‘He likes Tess Durbeyfield best. I’ve watched him every day and found it out. ’

There was a thoughtful silence.

‘How silly this all is!’ said Izz impatiently. ‘He’s a gentleman’s son. He won’t marry any of us or Tess either!’ They all sighed, and crept into their beds, and fell asleep. But Tess, with her deeper feelings, could not sleep. She knew Angel Clare preferred her to the others. She was more attractive, better educated and more womanly. She could keep his affection for her. But should she? Perhaps the others should have a chance of attracting his attention, and even of marrying him. She had heard from Mrs Crick that Mr Clare had spoken of marrying a country girl to help him farm, milk cows and reap corn. Tess had promised herself she would never marry and would never be tempted to do so. She ought to leave the field open for the other girls.

Next morning Dairyman Crick sent all the dairy people out into a field to search for garlic plants. One bite by one cow was enough to make the whole day’s butter taste of garlic. It was not by accident that Clare walked next to Tess.

‘Don’t they look pretty?’ she said to him.

‘Who?’

‘Izzy Huett and Retty. ’ She had decided that either would make a good farmer’s wife.

‘Pretty? Well, yes, I have often thought so.

‘They are excellent dairywomen.

‘Yes, though not better than you. ’ Clare observed them.

‘She is blushing, ’ continued Tess bravely, ‘because you are looking at her. ’ She could hardly say ‘Marry one of them if you really don’t want a fine lady! Don’t think of marrying me!’ From now on she tried to avoid spending time with Angel. She gave the other three every chance.

10

奶场主克里克坚持让所有奶场的工人每天挤不同的奶牛，而不是只挤他们最喜欢的那几头。他担心一旦哪个挤奶女工离开奶场后，她的奶牛会不喜欢被一个陌生人挤奶。然而，苔丝渐渐发现，分配给她的奶牛碰巧总是她最喜欢的几头。这让她挤起来更加轻松。但她很快发现这不是什么凑巧的事儿，因为是安吉尔·克莱尔分派待挤的奶牛。

“克莱尔先生，你总是把我最喜欢的奶牛分给我！”一天早上，她红着脸指责他说。

“啊，这不要紧，”他说，“你反正会总在这儿挤它们的。”

“你这么以为吗？我希望如此，但我不知道。”说完之后，她对自己有些恼火。她刚才对他说话时太严肃了，好像把他牵扯进了她的去留问题。傍晚挤完奶后，她独自到园子里漫步，心里还想着这件事。

这是6月间一个典型的夏日傍晚。空气柔和清新，四周静悄悄的，没有一丝声响。这份静谧被一阵竖琴声划破了。旋律在静止的空气中流动着，清晰有力。苔丝就像一只着了魔的鸟儿一般倾听着。她走近克莱尔，但克莱尔仍没注意到她。这时，苔丝心中已没有了时间和空间的感觉。这旋律流进了她的心田，流遍了她的全身，令她热泪盈眶。野花的各种色彩摇摆着，与音乐声的波动混合在一起。一曲终了，安吉尔看见了她。她脸刷地红了，赶紧走开了。

“为什么要走开呢，苔丝？”他问，“是害怕吗？”

“噢，不是的，先生，不是怕野外的东西。”

“那么，是屋里的什么喽？”

“嗯，是的，先生。”

“概括地说，是人生？”

“是的，先生。”

“啊，我也害怕这个，常常害怕。生活是相当严酷的，你是不是这样认为？”

“是吧，既然你这么说了。”

“虽然如此，我还是没有料到一个像你这样的年轻姑娘会有这种感觉，为什么？来，跟我说说吧。”

她踌躇了一会儿，回答道：“这些树都长着眼睛，它们用眼睛问问题，是不是？你仿佛看见许许多多的明天全都排成一行。最先的这个明天是最大、最清晰的，而后面的那些就变得越来越小了。但是，它们看起来都那么凶暴、残酷。不过你可以用你的音乐把所有这些想法都驱散，先生！”

他吃惊地发现这个挤奶女工竟如此地愁绪满怀。她用自己的话表达着现代生活的痛苦。这种忧郁让他更加关注她了。他并不知道她的经历给予了她如此强烈的感受。而另一方面，苔丝也不明白为什么像他这样一个出身于宗教家庭、受过良好教育、经济独立的人会对生活感到不

幸。像他这样令人羡慕、才华横溢的人，怎么可能与她在两三年前感觉的一样，情愿死去呢？他目前并没有生活在绅士们当中，这是事实，但是他正在学习他想要了解的知识，而且很快，他就会成为一个有钱的农场主的。正因为他们对彼此的内心世界都不了解，他们才都感到迷惑，并期待着进一步了解对方。

起初，苔丝把安吉尔·克莱尔看成是智慧的化身，而不是一个凡人。当她发现自己的知识和他的相比存在着如此之大的差距时，她感到非常抑郁。有一天他问她，为什么她看起来闷闷不乐。

“哦，这只是因为我感到自己一直在浪费自己的生命！当我了解到你所懂的知识，我觉得自己真是太渺小了！”

“噢，亲爱的苔丝，”安吉尔充满热情地说道，“我非常乐意教你，比如说，历史……”

“我不知道。学习又有什么用呢？我只不过是长长一列队伍中的一员，自己的过去和未来与成千上万个别人没有什么区别。但是有一件事我想要弄清楚——为什么太阳一视同仁地照在好人和坏人身上呢？”她说道，声音有些颤抖。

“哦，苔丝，不要这么愤世嫉俗！”他自己过去对此也困惑不解过。但是当他看到她那天真无邪的嘴唇时，他认为这个大自然的纯洁的孩子只不过从别人那里得到了这个问题。在她的过去，是不可能有什么罪孽的。

当他离开以后，苔丝又觉得自己在她面前一定表现得十分愚蠢可笑。她在考虑如果告诉他自己的德伯家血统，是否会赢得他的尊敬。她先到奶场主那儿打听克莱尔先生是否会对一个失去了财富和土地的古老家族有好感。

“不，”克里克先生肯定地说，“他是一个叛逆者，他痛恨古老的家族。”听完这番对克莱尔的观点并不十分准确的见解，苔丝庆幸自己没有提起她的祖先们。

那个夏天，苔丝和克莱尔都在无意中探究着对方，在感情的边缘徘徊，并试图避免陷入其中。但是在这整段时间里，他们就像山谷中的两条溪流，终究是要汇合在一起的。苔丝从来没有像现在这样快乐过，也许将来也不会有。他们频频相会，一天不见面心里就受不了。每天凌晨3点钟，在开始挤奶之前，天还没有全亮呢，他们就在一起了。他们觉得自己是整个世界上起得最早的一对，就如同亚当和夏娃。在克莱尔眼里，苔丝就像一个王后，也许是因为他知道她是一天中在这个时候走动的最美丽的女人。漂亮可爱的女人在盛夏太阳初升时，通常还在睡觉。但是苔丝就在身边，其他人却了无影踪。在这种特别的光线中，她不再是一个挤奶女工，而是一个女人的幻象，她集所有女性气质于一身。

一天，刚刚吃过早饭，他们都聚集到牛奶贮藏室里。牛奶倒进了黄油制造器，但是黄油却出不来。奶场主克里克很焦急。

“也许房子里有人恋爱了。”他的妻子提示道，“这种事情有时会导致这种后果的。你还记得多年以前的那个女工吗？那一次黄油就出不来……”

“哦，想起来了，但那不是恋爱。”克里克先生回答道。“那是把机器搞坏了。”他转向克莱尔讲起了这个故事。

“我们的一个牛奶工，杰克·多洛，让一个女孩子出了麻烦。一天，姑娘的母亲手里拿着一把又大又重的雨伞找他来了。杰克就藏到黄油机里去了，但她发现了，就一圈一圈地转机器。‘停下，停下！’杰克哭叫道。‘如果你答应跟我女儿结婚的话！’母亲喊道。于是他跟她女儿结婚了。”

苔丝面色惨白地走到了门口，她需要一些新鲜空气。幸好，黄油突然出来了。但是，那一下午苔丝都郁郁寡欢。对其他人来说，故事只是好笑而已，而她却独自体会到了其中的悲伤，这让她重新想起了她的遭遇。

那晚，苔丝第一个上床睡觉了。当别的姑娘们在脱衣服时，她已经快要睡着了。她发现她们站在窗前，兴致勃勃地看着园子里的某个人。

“蕾蒂·普里德尔，你爱上他也没有用，这一点跟我一样，”年龄最大的玛丽安说道。

“他又来啦！”伊茨·休爱特叫道，她是一个皮肤白、头发黑的姑娘。

“如果他向我求婚的话，我愿意明天就嫁给他。”玛丽安红着脸说道。

“我也是，而且更愿意。”伊茨轻轻说道。

“我也愿意，”蕾蒂羞涩地细声说。

“我们不能都嫁给他。”伊茨说。

“我们都不可能，”玛丽安说道，“他喜欢苔丝·德北。我一直天天观察他，我看出来的。”

大家都默不作声地想着什么。

“这一切都太可笑了！”伊茨忍不住说道，“他是个绅士的儿子，他是不会娶我们中间任何一个的，包括苔丝在内！”一阵叹息之后，她们都爬上床，睡着了。但是苔丝，怀着更深的感情，却无法入睡了。她知道，安吉尔·克莱尔喜欢她胜过其他姑娘。她更富有魅力，更有教养也更有女人味儿。她可以让他继续对她怀有爱慕之情。但是，她应该吗？也许其他人也应该有机会吸引他的注意，甚至与他结婚。她曾从克里克夫人那儿听说，克莱尔先生说起过要娶一个乡下姑娘帮他经营农场，挤牛奶、割庄稼什么的。苔丝曾向自己保证过，永远不结婚，也永远不被人引诱结婚。她应该敞开这块天地，把机会留给别的姑娘们。

第二天早上，奶场主克里克派全奶场的人到地里寻找大蒜类的植物。只要有一头牛咬了一口这种东西，就足以使一天的黄油都带上一股蒜味。克莱尔走在苔丝的旁边，这绝非偶然。

“她们看起来很漂亮，不是吗？”苔丝对他说。

“谁？”

“伊茨·休爱特和蕾蒂。”她觉得她们无论哪一个都能成为一名称职的农场主夫人。

“你说漂亮？噢，是的，我一直这么觉得。”

“她们是很出色的挤奶女工。”

“是啊，尽管没有你出色。”克莱尔观察着她们。

“她脸红了。”苔丝鼓足了勇气继续说道，“因为你在看着她。”她差点要说：“跟她们中的一个结婚吧，如果你真地不想娶一个高贵小姐的话！不要考虑跟我结婚！”从现在起，她就尽力避免和安吉尔在一起。她把每一个机会都留给了另外三个姑娘。

It was July and very hot. The atmosphere of the flat valley hung like a drug over the dairy people, the cows and the trees. It was Sunday morning after milking. Tess and the other three girls dressed quickly to go to Mellstock Church, which was three or four miles away from Talbothays. Heavy thunderstorms had poured down the day before, but today the sun shone brightly and the air was warm and clear. When the girls reached the lowest part of the road to Mellstock, they found it was flooded. In working clothes and boots they would have walked through, but they were wearing Sunday white stockings and thin shoes which they did not want to ruin. The church bell was calling, still a mile away.

Suddenly they saw Angel Clare approaching. He had seen them from far away, and had come to help them, one of them in particular.

‘I’ll carry you through the water, all of you,’ he offered. All four blushed as if they had one heart.

‘Now, Marian, put your arms round my shoulders. Hold on!’ and Angel walked off with her in his arms. Next was lzz Huett. Her lips were dry with emotion. Angel returned for Retty. While he was picking her up, he glanced at Tess. He could not have said more plainly, ‘It will soon be you and I.’ There was an understanding between them.

It was now Tess’s turn. He picked her up. She was embarrassed to discover her excitement at his nearness.

‘Three plain girls to get one beauty,’ he whispered.

‘They are better women than I,’ she said bravely.

‘Not to me,’ said Angel. She blushed. There was silence. Clare stood still and bent his face to hers.

‘Oh Tessy!’ he said. Her cheeks were pink and she could not look into his eyes. But he respected her modesty and did nothing more. He walked slowly, however, to make the journey as long as possible, and put her down on dry land. Her friends were looking with round thoughtful eyes at them. He said goodbye and went back by the road.

The four walked on together. Marian broke the silence by saying, ‘No, we have no chance against her!’ She looked joylessly at Tess.

‘What do you mean?’ asked Tess.

‘He likes you best, the very best! We saw as he brought you over. He’d have kissed you if you had encouraged him, only a little.’

They were no longer cheerful but they were not bitter. They were generous country girls who accept that such things happen. Tess’s heart ached. She knew that she loved Angel Clare, perhaps all the more passionately because the others also loved him. And yet that same hungry heart of hers pitied her friends.

‘I will never stand in your way!’ she cried to them that evening in the bedroom. ‘I don’t think he’s thinking of marrying, but even if he asked me, I’d refuse him, as I’d refuse any man.’

‘Oh why?’ they asked.

‘I cannot marry! But I don’t think he will choose any of you.’

So the girls remained friends. They all shared each other’s secret. The air in their bedroom was full of their hopeless passion. There was a flame burning the inside of their hearts out. But because they had no hope, they were not jealous of each other. They had even heard that Angel’s family were planning for him to marry a neighbour’s daughter. Tess no longer attached any importance to Clare’s interest in her. It was a passing summer attraction, nothing more.

The heat grew steadily greater. In this stormy atmosphere even a passing attraction would deepen into love. Everything in nature was ready for love. Clare became gradually more passionately in love with the soft and silent Tess. The fields were dry. Waggoners threw up clouds of dust on the road. Cows jumped over gates, chased by flies. Dairyman Crick’s sleeves were rolled up from Monday to Saturday, and the milkers milked in the fields for coolness.

On one of these afternoons Tess and Angel were milking near each other. Tess used to rest her head on the cow’s body, her eyes fixed on a distant field. The sun shone on the beautiful lines of the face. She did not know that Clare had followed her round and sat watching her. How very lovable her face was to him. He had never seen such beautiful lips and teeth, like roses filled with snow.

Suddenly Clare jumped up, leaving his bucket to be kicked over by the cow, went quickly towards her, and, kneeling down beside her, took her in his arms. Tess let herself relax in his arms in a moment of joyful surprise. He was on the point of kissing that tempting mouth, but stopped himself.

‘Forgive me, Tess dear!’ he whispered. ‘I ought to have asked. I love you, Tess really!’

Tess tried to free herself and her eyes began to fill with tears.

‘Why are you crying, my darling?’ he asked.

‘Oh I don’t know!’ she murmured, trying to pull away.

‘Well, I’ve shown my feeling at last, Tess,’ he said with a curious sigh, showing that his heart had overcome his reason. ‘I do love you dearly and truly. But I shall go no further now. I have surprised you.’

She freed herself and they went on milking. Nobody had noticed, and when Dairyman Crick came round there was no sign to show that there was any connection between them. Yet something had happened which was to change their whole world. As a practical man, the dairyman might laugh at love, but love has a habit of changing people’s lives. It is a force to be respected.

到了7月，天气非常炎热。悬浮在平坦的山谷中的大气就像麻醉剂一般，笼罩着奶场的人们、奶牛和树木。这是挤完奶后的一个星期天的早晨。苔丝和另外三个姑娘急匆匆地换上衣服，准备到梅尔斯托克教堂去，那儿距塔尔勃塞有三四英里远。前一天刚下过很大的暴雨，今天却阳光明媚，空气温和清新。当姑娘们走到通向梅尔斯托克那条路的最低的一段时，发现这一段路被洪水淹没了。平时穿着工作服和靴子，她们走过去就行了。但今天她们穿着做礼拜才穿的白袜子和薄鞋子，她们可不想把它们都毁了。还有一英里路，教堂的钟声已经响了。

突然，她们看到安吉尔·克莱尔正朝这边走近。他远远就看见她们了，是过来帮助她们的，特别是她们中的某一个。

“我把你们都抱过去，你们所有人。”他开口提供帮助。四个人的脸不约而同地全红了，好像心有灵犀。

“现在，玛丽安，用你的手臂抱住我的肩膀，抱紧点！”然后安吉尔抱起她走了。下一个是伊茨·休爱特。她激动得嘴唇都干了。然后安吉尔又回来接蕾蒂。当他抱起她时，他瞥了一眼苔丝。他用不着更直接了当地说：“很快就到你和我了。”他们之间存在着一种默契。

这下轮到苔丝了。他把她抱了起来。当她发现自己因他的贴近而激动时，她有些局促不安。

“抱过三个相貌平平的姑娘，就为了抱一个漂亮的。”他轻轻说道。

“她们是比我更好的姑娘，”她勇敢地说。

“对我来说不是，”安吉尔说道。她的脸又红了。一阵沉默后，克莱尔站住了，低下头，把自己的脸靠近苔丝的脸。

“哦，苔丝！”他轻唤道。她的脸颊微微红着，不能直视他的眼睛。出于对她的端庄的尊重，他没有再做出什么。然而，他走得很慢，尽可能地延长这段行程。然后他把她放在了干地上。她的朋友们都瞪圆了眼睛，关切地注视着他们。他说了声再见就沿原路返回了。

四个人继续往前走着。玛丽安打破了沉默，说道：“不，在她面前我们没有机会！”她闷闷不乐地看着苔丝。

“你这是什么意思？”苔丝问道。

“他最喜欢你！最最喜欢！当他抱你过来时，我们都看到了。如果你鼓励他的话，哪怕只有一点点鼓励，他就会吻你的。”

她们的愉快心情一扫而光，但她们也并不怀恨在心。她们都是宽厚的乡下姑娘，能够接受这种事情的发生。苔丝的心在作痛。她知道她爱安吉尔·克莱尔，也许这种爱变得更强烈了，因为其他姑娘也在爱着他。然而，正是她那颗充满渴望的心，对她的朋友们产生了同情。

“我将永远不会妨碍你们的！”那天晚上在卧室里，她向她们宣布，“我认为他并没有在考虑结婚，但是即使他向我求婚，我也会拒绝他的，就像拒绝任何其他男人一样。”

“哦，为什么？”她们问。

“我不能结婚！但是我认为他不会选择你们中任何一个的。”

这样，姑娘们还是朋友。她们互相分享彼此的秘密。她们卧室的空气中充斥着没有希望的热情。她们的心被激情燃烧着。但是因为她们不抱任何希望，她们之间也就没有妒忌。他们甚至还听说，安吉尔的家人正打算让他娶一个邻居的女儿。克莱尔对她的关注对苔丝来说，已不再有任何重要性。这只是一次夏天的、转瞬即逝的吸引，仅此而已。

气温不断地升高。在这多风暴的空气中，甚至短暂的吸引都会成为深深的爱慕。自然中的一切事物都为爱作好了准备。克莱尔对温柔沉静的苔丝的爱也越来越炽烈了。地是干的，马车驶过，扬起一片尘烟。奶牛跳过栅门，被一群苍蝇追逐着。奶场主克里克卷起袖子从星期一到星期六，为了图凉快，工人们都在地里挤奶。

就在这样的一个下午，苔丝和安吉尔在相距不远的地方挤着奶。苔丝习惯于把头靠在奶牛的身上休息，眼睛注视着远方的田野。阳光照在她脸庞秀美的轮廓上。她不知道克莱尔已经跟着她过来了，正坐着观看她。那是张多么讨人喜欢的脸啊！他从来没有见过如此美丽动人的唇齿，恰如含雪的玫瑰一般。

突然，克莱尔从坐的地方一跃而起，顾不上奶牛是否会把奶桶踢翻，快速地向她跑去。他跪在她身旁，把她搂进了怀里。那一刻，苔丝又惊又喜，她让自己依顺地偎在了他的怀里。他差点就要亲吻那张充满诱惑的小嘴了，但他抑制住了自己。

“请原谅我，苔丝，我亲爱的！”他轻声说道，“我本来应该问问你的。我爱你，苔丝，真的！”

苔丝想从他怀里挣脱出来，她的眼里开始噙满泪水。

“为什么哭，亲爱的？”他问。

“哦，我不知道！”她轻声说道，试图脱身走开。

“嗯，我终于向你表露了我的真情，苔丝，”他有些奇怪地叹了口气，说道。这表明他的情感战胜了他的理智。“我真地爱你，真心诚意地爱你，但是现在我不该有过分的表示，我吓着你了。”

她从他怀里挣脱出来，他们又开始挤奶了。没有人注意到他们，当奶场主克里克走过来时，没有任何迹象表明他们之间有什么瓜葛。然而，事情已经发生了，并将改变他们的整个世界。作为一个讲究实际的人，这位奶场主可能会嘲笑爱情，但是爱情惯于改变人们的生活。这是一种应该受到尊敬的力量。

12. the Result

The nights were as hot as the days. Angel Clare could not sleep. He went out into the darkness to think over what had happened that afternoon. He had come as a student of farming to this dairy, thinking he would be here only a short time. He thought it would be a quiet place. From here he could observe the great world outside, before plunging back into it. But the world outside had lost its interest, and the quiet place was now the centre of all feeling.

Clare was a thoughtful, honest man. He knew Tess was not a toy to play with and throw away when finished with. Her life was as important to her as his was to him. He knew he must treat her affection for him seriously. But if they went on meeting every day, their relationship must develop: he could not stop himself. As he had not decided what purpose their relationship should have, he decided that for the moment they should meet as little as possible. But it was not easy to keep to this decision. He was driven towards her by the heat in his blood.

He thought he would go and see his family. In less than five months he would have finished his studies here. After a few more months on other farms, he would be ready to start farming himself. Shouldn't a farmer's wife be a woman who understood farming?

He rode along the narrow road towards Emminster and his parents' house. His eyes were looking, not at the road, but at next year. He loved her: ought he to marry her? What would his mother and brothers say? What would he himself say two years after the wedding?

As he rode into the village, he saw a group of young girls waiting outside the church. Walking quickly to join them was Miss Mercy Chant, only daughter of his father's neighbour. His parents quietly hoped Angel would marry Mercy one day. She was very good at giving Bible classes, but in Angel's mind was the face of the pretty milkmaid who hardly ever thought of God.

His family were delighted, though surprised, to see him. Angel was glad to be at home, and yet he did not feel so much part of the family as he used to. His father's religious belief was very strict, but he was a kind, honest man, and fond of his sons. However, he would have been shocked to know of the pagan pleasure in nature and pretty womanhood experienced by Angel. His mother shared his father's religious views and helped in his church work. His brothers seemed rather unimaginative and narrow-minded, although they were both well educated: they felt that anybody outside the Church or university could not be respected.

As he walked with his brothers, Angel felt that, however lucky they were to have a university education, neither of them really saw life as it was lived. They thought farming was a poor man's job, not suitable for a gentleman. Angel felt all the more determined to keep to his choice.

In the evening he spoke to his father alone after prayers. Mr Clare told his son he had been saving the money he would have spent on his university education for him. This encouraged Angel to ask his father what sort of wife a farmer needed.

'A really Christian woman. Nothing else matters. For example, my neighbour Dr Chant...'

'But isn't the main thing that she should be able to milk cows, churn good butter, value animals and direct farm workers?'

Mr Clare had clearly never thought of this before.

'Yes, yes, certainly. But I was going to say that you will never find a purer woman than Mercy Chant. Your mother and I would be very happy if you...'

'Yes, yes, Mercy is good, I know. But, father, don't you think that one who is just as good and pure, and who understands farm life as well as the farmer, would be much better?'

After much discussion Angel got down to details. He explained he had met a woman who was ideally suited to be a farmer's wife, who went to church regularly, who was honest, sensitive, intelligent, graceful, pure as snow, and extremely beautiful.

'Is she of a good family, like Mercy?' asked his surprised mother, who had come in during the conversation.

'She is not what we call a lady,' said Angel firmly. 'She is a cottager's daughter. What's the advantage of good family to me? My wife will have to work hard and manage with very little money.'

'Mercy is educated. That has its charm,' said his mother, looking at him through her silver glasses.

'I shall help her with her reading. She will learn fast. She's full of poetry, real poetry. She lives what poets only write. And she is a good Christian girl. I'm sure you'll value her for that.'

His parents already doubted Angel's religious belief, so they were almost relieved to hear this of his future wife. They told him not to act in a hurry, but they would like to see her. Although Angel was free to marry or not as he wished, he did not want to hurt his parents, and he accepted their advice.

As he set off to return to the dairy and Tess, his father rode with him a little way. Mr Clare was telling his son about the new d'Urberville family who had taken the ancient name and lived near Trantridge. There was a young man and his blind mother. Preaching in the church there one day, Mr Clare had spoken out bravely against the well-known wickedness of young d'Urberville, who, after this, had publicly insulted him when they met later.

Angel was angry with d'Urberville. Dear father, you should not let yourself be insulted like that!'

'It doesn't matter to me. I have a duty to point out where people go wrong. Often men have hit me, but then at least they haven't hit their families. And they live to thank me, and praise God.'

'I hope this young man does the same!' said Angel warmly. 'But it doesn't seem likely.'

'We'll hope anyway,' said Mr Clare. 'Maybe one of my words may grow like a seed in his heart one day.'

Angel could not accept his father's narrow religious beliefs, but he loved him for his courage. He remembered that his father had not once asked whether Tess had money or not. This lack of interest in money meant that all the brothers would probably be poor for ever, but Angel still admired his father's belief that money was not important.

When he returned to the dairy, in the sleepy afternoon heat, nobody was awake. Getting up so early in the morning meant the milkers really needed a sleep before the afternoon milking. It was three o' clock, time for skimming. There was a slight noise upstairs, then Tess appeared before his eyes. She did not see him, and stretched one arm up above her head. She yawned like a cat and he saw the red inside of her mouth. Her whole soul breathed out physical beauty. Then her eyes flashed as she recognized him.

‘Oh Mr Clar! How you frightened me—I...’ she said, looking glad, shy and surprised at the same time.

Clare stepped forward to put his arms round her.

‘Dear, darling Tessy!’ he whispered, putting his face to her warm cheek. ‘Don’t call me Mr Clare any more! I’ve hurried back because of you!’

They stood holding each other, the sun warming them through the window. He looked deep into her eyes of blue and black and grey. She looked at him as Eve must have looked at Adam.

‘I must go skimming,’ she said. Together they went to the milk-house.

Perhaps the Talbothays milk was not very well skimmed that afternoon. Tess was in a dream as she skimmed. The heat of his love made her feel like a plant under a burning sun.

‘There’s something very practical that I want to ask you,’ he said gently. ‘I shall soon want to marry. Being a farmer, I need a wife who knows all about farms. Will you be that woman, Tessy?’

She looked quite worried. She had accepted that she could not help loving him, but she had not expected this result. With bitter pain she replied as she had promised herself she would.

‘Oh Mr Clare—I cannot be your wife... I cannot be!’ The sound of these words seemed to break her very heart.

‘But Tess!’ he said, amazed at her answer and holding her still closer. ‘Surely you love me?’

‘Oh yes, yes! And I would rather be yours than anybody’s in the whole world! But I cannot marry you!’ cried the sweet and honest voice miserably.

‘Tess, have, you agreed to marry someone else?’

‘No, no!’

‘Then why do you refuse me?’

‘Your father is a parson, and your mother will want you to marry a lady,’ said poor Tess, desperately trying to find an excuse.

‘No, certainly not, that’s why I went home, to talk to them both.’

‘I feel I cannot—never, never!’

‘Is it too sudden, my pretty? I’ll give you time. I won’t mention it again for a while.’

She tried to skim again, but her tears fell so that she could not do it. She could never explain her sadness, even to this her best friend. Clare began to talk more generally, to calm her. He talked about his father’s religious views, and the good work he did. He mentioned the insults his father had received from a young man near Trantridge who had a blind mother.

Tess now looked hard and worn, and her mouth was tragic. Clare did not notice. They finished skimming and he said to her softly:

‘And my question, Tessy?’

‘Oh no—no!’ she replied, hopelessly, thinking bitterly of Alec d’Urberville. ‘It can’t be!’

She went out with the other milkmaids to the cows in the fields. Angel watched her moving freely in the air like a swimmer on a wave. He knew he was right to choose a wife from nature, not from civilization.

12 结果

夜晚与白天一样炎热。安吉尔·克莱尔无法入睡，就来到外面漆黑的夜里，他在思考那天下午发生的事情。他是作为一名学习务农的学生来到这个牛奶场的，原以为在这儿只待一小段时间。他原以为这儿会是一个平静的地方。在他重新投入到外面那个伟大的世界之前，他可以在这儿冷眼旁观它。但是外部的世界已经失去了它的重要性，而这个平静的地方现在却成了他所有喜怒哀乐的中心。

克莱尔是一个善于思考、诚实正直的人。他知道苔丝不是一个用来戏耍的玩偶，在玩过之后就可以丢弃。她的生活对于她与他的生活对于他同等重要。他知道他必须严肃认真地对待她的感情。但是如果他们继续保持天天见面，他们的关系势必会继续发展：他无法阻止自己。因为他还无法断定他们的关系将发展成什么结果，于是他决定在这段时间里，他们应尽量少见面。但执行这样一个决定绝非易事。他沸腾的热血在驱使他走近她。

他觉得他应该回去见见他的家人。再有不到五个月，他在这儿的学习就要结束了。再到别的农场学习几个月，他就准备开始经营自己的农场了。一个农场主的妻子难道不该是个懂农务的女人吗？

他骑马沿着一条狭长的道路朝爱敏斯特和他父母的房子走去。他的眼睛在展望着什么，不是路面，而是下一个年头。他爱她：他应该娶她吗？他的母亲和哥哥们会怎么说？他自己在结婚两年后又会有什么说法？

当他骑马进村时，他看到一群年轻姑娘正等候在教堂外面。默茜·钱特小姐正快步走去加入她们，她是他父亲家邻居的独生女。他的父母都暗暗地希望有一天安吉尔能和默茜结婚。她对于传授《圣经》知识非常在行，但安吉尔的心被一张漂亮的面孔占据了，就是那个几乎从没有想起过上帝的挤奶女工的面孔。

尽管有些惊讶，他的家人见到他还是很高兴。回到家安吉尔也感到很愉快，然而他不再像过去那样觉得自己是这个家庭的重要组成部分了。他父亲恪守宗教信条，非常严格，但他是个和善正直的人，深爱着他的孩子们。然而，他若是知道安吉尔从自然界和漂亮女人身上所获得的非基督教的快乐，一定会感到震惊的。他母亲有着同父亲一样的宗教观念，并帮助父亲从事教堂的工作。他的哥哥们看起来相当枯燥死板，而且心胸狭窄，尽管他们俩都受过良好的教育，但他们觉得任何教堂或大学外的人都不应受到尊敬。

当他和哥哥们走在一起时，安吉尔感觉到，尽管他们俩很幸运地接受了大学教育，但没有一个能实事求是地看待生活。他们认为务农是穷人的职业，对一个绅士来说是不合适的。安吉尔坚持自己选择的决心更坚定了。

晚上做完祷告之后，他和父亲单独谈了谈。克莱尔先生告诉儿子，他一直都在积攒那笔该用来给他支付大学教育费用的钱。这让安吉尔有

了勇气，问父亲一个农场主需要什么样的妻子。

“一个虔诚的基督教徒，别的什么都不重要。比如说，我的邻居钱特医生……”

“但是难道这点不重要吗？就是她要会挤牛奶，搅制出上等的黄油，珍惜动物，并指导农场工人？”

很明显，克莱尔先生以前从未想过这个方面。

“是的，是的，当然。但我要说的是，你不可能再遇到一位比默茜·钱特更纯洁的姑娘啦。你母亲和我会非常高兴的，如果你……”

“是的，是的，我知道默茜是个好姑娘。但是，爸爸，难道你不认为一位同样纯洁善良的姑娘，像一个农场主一样了解农场生活的姑娘，会更合适吗？”

商讨了好一阵之后，安吉尔开始细细阐述。他解释道，他遇上了一位非常适合做农场主妻子的姑娘，她经常去教堂，她真诚、聪慧、机智、可爱，雪一般地纯洁，而且极其美丽。

“她是位大家闺秀吗？像默茜一样？”颇感意外的母亲问道，她是在他们谈话时进来的。

“她不是一位我们印象中的小姐，”安吉尔毫不退缩地说道，“她是一个农村人家的姑娘。大家闺秀能给我带来什么好处呢？我的妻子要卖力地工作，还要会安排那点微不足道的收入。”

“默茜受过教育，这是她的迷人之处。”他母亲透过她的银边眼镜看着他，说道。

“我将帮助她读书。她很快就能学会的。她充满了诗意，真正的诗意。她充满诗意地生活着，而诗人们只有在笔下流露这些。而且她还是位虔诚的基督教徒，我相信你们会因为这点珍视她的。”

他的父母已经怀疑安吉尔的宗教信仰了，因此他关于未来妻子的这一番话，倒让他们觉得宽心了。他们叫他别草率行事，表示愿意见见她。尽管安吉尔能够自由地选择结婚或不结婚，但他却不愿伤害他的父母。因此，他接受了他们的建议。

当他起身返回奶场和苔丝身边时，他父亲伴他同骑了一段路。克莱尔先生向儿子讲起了那个住在纯瑞脊附近、袭用了这个古老姓氏的新的德伯家庭。家里有一个年轻小伙子和他的双目失明的母亲。有一天在那儿的教堂布道时，克莱尔先生大胆地谴责了年轻人德伯的那些臭名昭著的恶行。此后，在他们碰面时，德伯公然地对他进行了辱骂。

安吉尔对德伯感到非常生气。“亲爱的爸爸，你不该让自己被这样辱骂！”

“这对我来说不要紧。我有责任指出人们做错的地方。经常会有人攻击我，但是至少，这样，他们就不会攻击家人了。他们在日后会感激我，赞美上帝。”

“我希望这个年轻人也能如此！”安吉尔热心地说，“但是看起来不太可能。”

“不管怎样，我们不要放弃希望。”克莱尔先生说道，“也许我的某一句话有一天会在他心里像种子一样生根发芽的。”

安吉尔无法接受他父亲狭隘的宗教信仰，但他为他的勇气敬爱他。他想起父亲从来没有问过苔丝是否有钱。这种对金钱的淡漠意味着也许他们兄弟几个会永远地一贫如洗，但是安吉尔仍然钦佩父亲关于金钱并不重要的观念。

当他回到牛奶场时，正值叫人昏昏欲睡的炎热下午，没有人醒着。挤奶工们早上起得如此早，因此在下午工作之前，他们非常需要睡上一觉。现在是3点钟，到了该撇牛奶的时间了。楼上发出了一阵轻微的响动，然后苔丝出现在他的眼前。她没有看见他，正把一只胳膊举过头顶伸展着。她像猫一样打呵欠，他看到了她嘴里红红的东西。她的整个灵魂呼出了她外在的美丽。他发现他时，眼睛猛地一亮。

“哦，克莱尔先生！你把我吓坏了——我……”她说道，神情里带着喜悦，又带有几分羞涩和惊讶。

克莱尔走上前去，拥抱她。

“亲爱的，宝贝苔丝！”他轻唤道，把自己的脸贴到了她温暖的脸颊上。“不要再称呼我克莱尔先生了！我这么匆忙赶回来，就是为了你！”

他们站立着互相拥抱，阳光透过窗户暖暖地照在他们身上。他深情地注视着她那双又蓝又黑又灰的眼睛，而她看他的眼神尤如夏娃看着亚当。

“我得去撇牛奶了，”她说。于是他们一起去了牛奶贮藏室。

也许那天下午，塔尔勃塞的牛奶撇得质量不太高。苔丝干活的时候，一直神情恍惚。他的爱的热量让她觉得自己像炎炎烈日烘烤下的一株植物。

“我有一个非常实际的问题要问你，”他温柔地说，“我打算不久就结婚。作为一个农场主，我需要一位对农场事务样样通晓的妻子。苔丝，你愿意做这样一位妻子吗？”

“啊，克莱尔先生——我不能成为你的妻子——我不能！”说出这些话时，她的心都要碎了。

“可是，苔丝！”他叫道。对她的回答他大感惊诧，更紧地抱住了她。“想必你是爱我的吧？”

“嗯，是的，爱你！比起世界上任何人来，我都更愿做你的妻子，但是我不能嫁给你！”她难过地用甜蜜而诚实的声音说。

“苔丝，是不是你已经同意嫁给别人了？”

“不，不是的！”

“那么你为什么拒绝我呢？”

“你父亲是位牧师，你母亲会要你娶一位小姐的。”可怜的苔丝说道，迫切地想找一个借口。

“不，当然不会，这次我回家的原因，就是要跟他们俩都谈谈。”

“我觉得自己不能——永远不能，永远不能！”

“是不是太突然了，我的美人儿？我会给你时间的。这会儿，我不再提这件事啦。”

她想接着干活，但是她的眼泪滴落下来，让她无法继续下去。她永远无法解释她的悲伤，哪怕是对这样一个她最亲密的朋友。克莱尔开始用更一般的口气跟她谈话，好让她平静下来。他谈起了他父亲的宗教观念，以及他做的善事。他提起了一个住在纯瑞脊附近的青年辱骂他父亲的事，他有个双目失明的母亲。

现在苔丝的脸变得严峻和焦虑起来，她的嘴显露出了不幸。克莱尔没有注意到。他们撇完牛奶后，他柔声向她问道：

“苔丝，我的问题怎么样了？”

“哦，不——不行！”她绝望地回答道，痛苦地想起了亚历克·德伯。“这绝不可能！”

她和其他挤奶女工一起，朝牧场的牛群走去。安吉尔看着她在户外的空气中自由地移动着步伐，就像水波中的游泳者。他知道他是正确的，他要选择一位来自自然而不是来自文明社会的妻子。

Clare was not depressed by Tess's refusal, feeling sure that she would finally accept him. A few days later he asked her again.

'Tess, why did you say "no" so positively?'

'I'm not good enough.'

'Not enough of a fine lady?'

'Yes. Your family would not respect me.'

'You know, you're wrong. My father and mother would. And I don't care about my brothers.' He held her to stop her slipping away. 'You didn't mean it, did you? I can't work or read or play or anything until I know that you will some day be mine! Say you will, Tess!'

She could only shake her head and look away.

'Then I ought not to hold you, to talk to you like this? Why, Tess?'

'It is for your good, my dearest! I can't give myself the great happiness of promising to be yours—because I am sure I ought not to!'

'But you will make me happy!'

'Ah, you think so, but you don't know!'

After a struggle like this, Tess would go to the fields or her room to cry. Her heart was so strongly on the side of his that she feared she might give way.

'Why doesn't somebody tell him all about me?' she thought. 'It was only forty miles away. Somebody must know!' But nobody knew and nobody told him.

Tess's life now had two parts, positive pleasure and positive pain. Every time she and Angel were alone together he would ask her again, and she would refuse. She was keeping her promise to herself, but in her heart of hearts Tess knew that eventually she would accept him. Love and nature both advised her to have him without thinking of complications, to delight in passion without considering future pain.

'I know I shall say yes—I can't help it!' She cried to herself in bed one night. 'But it may kill him when he knows! Oh, oh!'

'I've got some news for you all, said Dairyman Crick as they sat down to breakfast one Sunday morning. 'It's that Jack Dollop again.'

'The lover in the butter—churn?' said Angel Clare, looking up from his newspaper. 'And has he married the young milkmaid, as he promised?'

'Not he, sir,' replied the dairyman. 'He's married an older woman who had £ 50 a year. They married in a great hurry and then she told him that by marrying she'd lost her £50 a year! He only married her for her money too. So now they're always quarrelling.'

'She ought to have told him just before they went to church,' said Marian.

'She ought to have seen he only wanted her money, and refused him,' said Retty.

'What do you say, my dear? the dairyman asked Tess.

'I think she ought... to have told him the truth—or else refused him... I don't know,' replied Tess, who could not swallow her food. She soon left the table and went into the fields, feeling the pain in the story. She had continued to refuse Angel's offers of marriage, but from that Sunday he changed his approach towards her. He looked for her and came to talk to her at every possible moment, at milking, butter-making, cheese-making, among chickens and among pigs. She knew she could not resist much longer. She loved him so passionately, and he was so like a god in her eyes. He treated her as if he would love and defend her under any circumstances. This began to make her feel less afraid about agreeing to marry him, and telling him the truth about herself.

The days were shorter now, and in the mornings the dairy worked by candlelight. One morning between three and four she ran up to Clare's room to wake him, before waking the others. Having dressed, she was about to go downstairs when Angel came out of his room and stopped her.

'Now, miss,' he said firmly. 'You must give me an answer or I shall have to leave the house. You aren't safe with me. I saw you just now in your nightdress. Well? Is it yes at last?'

'I really will think seriously about it, Mr Clare.'

'Call me Angel then, and not Mr Clare. Why not Angel dearest?'

'It would mean I agree, wouldn't it?'

'It would only mean you love me, and you did admit that long ago.'

'Very well then, Angel dearest, if I must,' she murmured, smiling. Clare could not resist kissing her warm cheek.

After milking and skimming, all the dairy people went outside. Tess generously tried for the last time to interest Angel in the other dairymaids.

'There's more in those three than you think, she said.

'Any of them would make you a better wife than I could. And perhaps they love you as much as I do—almost.'

'Oh Tessy!' he cried impatiently. She was so relieved to hear this that she could not make any further self-sacrifice. She knew that this day would decide it.

In the late afternoon Angel Clare offered to drive the waggon with its buckets of milk to the station. He persuaded Tess to go with him.

At first there was silence as they drove along the quiet road, simply enjoying being close to each other. Soon drops of rain started falling. Tess's cheeks were pink and her long hair was wet. She had no jacket, and crept close to Clare. She held an old piece of cloth over them both to keep the rain off.

'Well, dear, ' said Angel, ' what about my question? '

'I'll answer you soon. '

'Before we get home? '

'I'll try. '

They passed an old house. Angel explained that it was an interesting place which belonged to the ancient family of the d' Urbervilles.

'It's very sad when a noble family dies out, ' he said.

'Yes, ' said Tess.

At last they reached the station and watched the milk being lifted on to the train. Tess was fascinated.

'Londoners will drink it for breakfast, won't they? People who don't know we drove for miles in the rain so that it might reach them in time. '

'That's true, but we drove a little for our own reasons too. Now Tess, ' he said anxiously, as they drove away into the night, 'your heart belongs to me. Why can't you give me your hand as well? '

'My only reason is you... I have something to tell you—I must tell you about my past life! '

'Tell me if you want to, dearest. I expect you have had as many experiences as that flower over there! '

'I grew up in Marlott. And at school they said I would make a good teacher. But there was trouble in my family. Father didn't work very hard and he drank a little. '

'Poor child! That's nothing new. ' He held her more closely to his side.

'And there is something unusual about me. I...I am not a Durbeyfield, but a d' Urberville. I'm a descendant of the same family who owned that house we passed. '

'A d' Urberville! And is that the whole story, Tess? '

'Yes, ' she answered faintly.

'Well, why should I love you less because of that? '

'The dairyman told me you hated old families. '

He laughed. 'Well, I hate the idea that noble blood should be more important than anything else. But I am really very interested in your news. What do you think of it? '

'I think it's sad, especially here, to see the fields which once belonged to my ancestors. '

'So that's the awful secret! '

She had not told him. At the last moment she had not been brave enough.

Angel was delighted. 'You see, Tess, society likes a noble name, and will accept you better as my wife, because you are a d' Urberville. Even my mother will like you better. You must use the name of d' Urberville from this very day. '

'I like the other name best. '

'But you must! By the way, there's someone who has taken the d' Urberville name near The Chase. Yes, he's the man who insulted my father. How strange! '

'Angel, I would rather not take that name! '

'Now then, Teresa d' Urberville, I've got you! Take my name and you will escape yours! '

'If it is sure to make you happy and you do wish to marry me very very much...'

'I do, dearest, of course! Say you will be mine for ever! '

He held her and kissed her.

'Yes! ' No sooner had she said it than she burst into a dry hard sobbing. Angel was surprised.

'Why are you crying? '

'I'm crying because I promised I would die unmarried! Oh, I sometimes wish I had never been born! '

'Tess, how could you wish that if you really loved me? I wish you could prove your love in some way. '

'Will this prove it more? ' cried Tess desperately, holding him close and kissing him. For the first time Clare learnt what a passionate woman's kisses were like, on the lips of one she loved with all her heart and soul, as Tess loved him.

'There—now do you believe? ' she asked, wiping her eyes.

'Yes. I never really doubted—never! '

They drove on in the darkness, forming one bundle under the cloth.

'I must write to my mother, ' she said.

'Of course, dear child. Where does she live? '

'In Marlott. '

'Ah, then I have seen you before...'

'Yes, when you would not dance with me. Oh, I hope that doesn't mean bad luck! '

After this decision Tess wrote an urgent letter to her mother. This was the reply she received:

Dear Tess,

I hope you are well, as I am. We are all glad to hear you are going to be married soon. But Tess, in answer to your question, whatever you do, don't tell your future husband anything about your past experience. No girl would be so foolish, especially as it is so long ago, and not your fault at all. Remember you promised me you would never tell anybody. Best wishes to your young man.

Love from your mother

Tess could not accept her mother's view of life, but perhaps Joan was right in this. Silence seemed best for Angel's happiness. So she grew calm, and from October onwards she was completely happy. Clare seemed the perfect guide, thinker, and friend. She saw perfection in his face, his intelligence, and his soul. She dismissed the past from her mind. They spent all their time together, as country people do once they are engaged. In the wonderful autumn afternoons they walked by streams, crossing on little wooden bridges. They saw tiny blue fogs in the shadows of trees and hedges, and at the same time bright sunshine in the fields. The sun was so near the ground that the shadows of Clare and Tess stretched a quarter of a mile ahead of them, like two long pointing fingers. When Clare talked to Tess of their future, and the farm they would have abroad, she could hardly believe that she would be going through the world by his side. Her feeling for him was now the breath and life of Tess's being. It made her forget her past sorrows, but she knew they were waiting like wolves for their moment to attack.

One day she cried out to Angel: 'Why didn't you stay and love me when I was sixteen... when you danced in Marlott? Oh, Why didn't you? '

'Ah yes! If only I had known! But you must not regret so bitterly! Why should you? '

Hiding her feelings quickly, she said, 'I would have had four more years of your love than I can ever have now. '

They had to tell the dairyman and his wife that they were planning to marry. That night as Tess entered the bedroom, all three dairymaids were waiting for her.

'You are going to marry him! ' said Marian.

'Yes, some day, ' said Tess.

'Going to marry him, a gentleman! ' said Izz.

'It's strange, ' said Marian, 'to think Tess will be his wife, not a fine lady, but a girl who lives like us. '

'Do you all hate me for it? ' asked Tess in a low voice.

'I want to hate you, but I cannot! ' said Retty.

'That's how I feel! ' said Marian and Izz.

'He ought to marry one of you, ' murmured Tess. 'You are all better than I am! '

'No, no, dear Tess, ' they all said.

'I think I ought to make him marry one of you even now! ' she sobbed. They went up to her and calmed her and helped her to bed. Before they went to sleep, Marian whispered, 'You will think of us when you are his wife, Tess, and how we did not hate you, because we did not expect to be chosen by him. '

The girls did not know that Tess cried even more at this, and that she decided she would tell Angel all her history.

Because of this, she would not set a date for the wedding. She wanted to stay as she was, not move forward into a new life. But soon it was clear that the dairyman did not want so many dairymaids at this time of year. Tess would have to leave the dairy at Christmas.

'I'm afraid I'm glad of it, ' said Angel to her, 'because now we must decide when to marry. We can't go on like this for ever. '

'I wish we could. I wish it could be always summer and autumn, with you always loving me! '

'I always shall. '

'Oh, I know you will! Angel, I'll fix the day! '

So they decided on 31st December. The wedding was to take place as privately as possible at the dairy. Tess now felt she could not stop things happening, and agreed passively to whatever Angel suggested. In fact Angel's plans were a little hurried. He had not meant to marry so soon. But he wanted to keep her with him, to help her with her reading and studying, so that he could present her proudly as a lady to his parents. He also planned to spend some time studying work in a flour-mill. They could spend their honeymoon staying in the old farmhouse which had once belonged to the d'Urbervilles, while Angel studied at the mill nearby.

The day, the impossible day of their wedding, came closer. His wife, Tess said to herself. Could it ever be?

Angel and Tess decided to spend a day together shopping on Christmas Eve. They went into town in a borrowed carriage. The town was full of strangers, who stared at Tess, happy and beautiful on Angel's arm. At the end of the day, Tess was waiting for Angel to bring the horse and carriage, when two men passed her in the street.

'She's a lovely maiden, ' one said to his friend.

'She's lovely, yes. But she's no maiden, replied the other.

Angel returned at that moment and heard these words. Wildly angry at this insult to Tess, he hit the man in the face. The man said quickly:

'I'm sorry, sir, I must have made a mistake. '

Angel accepted this, gave the man some money, said goodnight, and drove off with Tess. The two men went in the opposite direction.

'And was it a mistake? ' asked the second man.

'Certainly not, ' said his friend.

On the way home Tess was very serious. She felt she could not tell him the truth to his face, but there was another way. So she went to her room and wrote a four-page letter describing exactly what had happened three or four years ago. In the night she crept up to Angel's room and pushed the letter under his door.

Next morning she looked anxiously at him, but he kissed her as usual. He said nothing about the letter. Had he read it? Did he forgive her? Every morning and night he was the same, until finally the wedding day came.

Tess had not invited her family from Marlott. Angel had written to his. His brothers had not replied, and his parents wrote that they hoped he was not hurrying into marriage, but that he was old enough to decide for himself. Angel did not mind, because he was planning to introduce Tess to them as a d'Urberville as well as a dairymaid, some months later.

Tess was still worried about her confession, and left the crowd of busy people downstairs to creep silently up to Angel's bedroom. There she found her letter unopened, just under the carpet. He had not seen it. She could not let him read it now, in the middle of the preparations. She found him alone for a moment.

'I must confess all my mistakes to you!' she said, trying to keep her words light.

'Not today, my sweet! We'll have plenty of time later on! I'll confess mine too.'

'Then you really don't want me to?'

'I don't, Tessy, really.'

From now on, her one desire, to call him husband, and then if necessary to die, carried her on. She moved in a cloud.

There were few people in the church. At one point she let her shoulder touch Clare's arm, to be sure that he was really there. It was only when she came out that she noticed the carriage they were driving back in. She felt she must have seen it in a dream.

'Oh, maybe you know the story of the d'Urberville carriage,' said Angel, 'and this one reminds you of it. In the past a certain d'Urberville committed a crime in his carriage, and since then d'Urbervilles see or hear the old carriage whenever... But it's rather depressing to talk about.'

'Is it when we are going to die, Angel, or is it when we have committed a crime?'

'Now, Tess!' He kissed her. But she had no energy left. She was now Mrs Angel Clare, but wasn't she really Mrs Alexander d'Urberville?

Later that afternoon they left the dairy. All the dairy people watched them leave, and Clare kissed the dairymaids goodbye. As he was thanking the dairyman, a cock crowed just in front of him.

'That's bad!' whispered the dairymen to each other. 'When a cock crows at a husband like that...' and they laughed together behind their hands.

'Go away!' shouted Mr Crick at the cock. Later he said to his wife, 'Why did it have to crow at Mr Clare like that?'

'It only means a change in the weather,' said Mrs Crick, 'not what you think. That's impossible.'

Tess and Angel arrived at the old d'Urberville farmhouse. It was empty, although a woman came to cook and clean for them. They had their tea together, and Clare delighted in eating from the same plate as Tess. Looking at her he thought, 'Do I realize how important I am to this woman? And how I must look after her? I must never forget to think about her feelings!'

It started to rain as it grew dark outside. Finally a man arrived from the dairy with their bags.

'I'm sorry I'm late, sir,' he said, 'but terrible things have been happening at the dairy. You remember the cock crowing? Well, whatever it means, poor little Retty Priddle has tried to drown herself!'

'What happened?' asked Angel.

'Well, after you left, she and Marian walked from one public house to another, drinking. Retty was found in the river, later on. And Marian was found drunk in a field!'

'And Izz?' asked Tess.

'Izz is at home as usual, but very sad and depressed.'

As the man left, Tess sat sadly by the fire, looking into it. They were simple innocent girls who had not been loved. It was wicked of her to take all the love without paying for it. She would pay: she would tell, there and then.

Angel was sitting beside her, holding her hand. Their faces were red in the firelight.

'This morning,' he said suddenly, 'we said we would both confess our mistakes. I must tell you something and you must forgive me. Perhaps I ought to have told you before. I've put off telling you, because I didn't want to lose you.'

'Angel, I'm sure I'll forgive you...A wild hope was making Tess's heart beat faster.'

'Well, wait a minute. You know how much I believe in goodness and purity. But I myself, when I was in London years ago, did wrong with a woman I hardly knew. It lasted two days. I came home and I have never done anything like it since. Do you forgive me?'

'Oh Angel, of course I do! And I am almost glad, because now you can forgive me! I have a confession too.'

'Ah yes, well confess, you wicked little girl! It can hardly be more serious than mine.'

'It can't, no, it can't!' She jumped up joyfully at the hope.

'No, in fact, it is just the same. I will tell you now.'

She sat down again. They held hands. The fire burned like a Judgement Day fire. Her shadow rose high on the wall. Putting her head against his, she bravely told the whole story of her meeting with Alec d'Urberville and its results.

“苔丝，为什么你这么肯定地对我说‘不行’？”

“我不够好。”

“不够一位体面的小姐的标准？”

“是的。你的家庭是不会尊敬我的。”

“你知道，你这么说不对。我的父亲和母亲会尊敬你的，我不在乎我哥哥的看法。”他抱住她，防止她逃开。“你不是当真的，是不是？除非我知道有一天你将属于我，否则我无法工作，无法看书，无法放松或做任何别的事情！苔丝，说你会是我的！”

她只是不断地摇头，看着别处。

“那么，我不应该抱住你，不该这样跟你谈话？为什么，苔丝？”

“我最亲爱的，这是为你好！我不能给予自己这莫大的幸福，答应你我属于你——因为我确信我不应该！”

“但是那样你会让我幸福的呀！”

“啊，你这样认为，可是你并不知道实情啊！”

这样一番挣扎之后，苔丝会跑到野外或房间里痛哭一场。

她的心是如此紧密地和他连在一起，她怕她会屈服的。

“为什么没有人告诉他关于我的事情？”她想，“那儿离这儿只有四十英里远，一定有人知道的！”但是没有人知道，也没有人告诉他。

现在，苔丝的生活包含了两部分，实实在在的快乐和实实在在的痛苦。每当她和安吉尔单独在一起的时候，他都会再问她，而她又拒绝他。她坚守着自己的承诺，但在内心深处，苔丝知道她终归会接受他的。爱情和自然都劝她去拥有他，而不要想得太过复杂，趁着现在的热情享受快乐，而不要考虑将来的痛苦。

“我知道我会答应的——我克制不了！”一天晚上睡觉时，她哭着对自己说，“可是，当他知道那件事情以后，那也许会要他的命的！唉，唉！”

“我给你们大家带来了一些新闻。”星期天上午，当他们坐下吃早饭时，奶场主克里克说道，“还是关于杰克·多洛的事。”

“那个黄油机里的情人？”安吉尔·克莱尔抬起他正在看报纸的眼睛，说道，“他遵守诺言跟那位年轻的挤奶女工结婚了吗？”

“他没有，先生。”奶场主回答道，“他娶了一个比他大的女人，那女人一年有五十英镑收入。他们匆匆忙忙结了婚，然后她告诉他因为结婚，她失去了她的每年五十英镑！他也不过是因为她的钱才娶她的。因此，现在他们一直吵吵闹闹。”

“她应该在进教堂之前跟他说。”玛丽安说道。

“她应该看清他只想要她的钱，然后拒绝他，”蕾蒂说道。

“你怎么认为，亲爱的？”奶场主问苔丝。

“我认为她应该……告诉他真相——或者拒绝他……我不知道。”苔丝回答道。她再也咽不下她的饭了。她很快离开了餐桌，跑到了野外，感受着故事中的痛苦。她一直下断地拒绝安吉尔的求婚，但是从星期天开始，他变着法子接近她。他四处寻找她，利用每一个可能的机会跟她说话，不管是挤奶、制黄油还是做奶酪的时候，也不管是在鸡中间还是在猪群里。她知道她抵挡不了多久了。她这么炽烈地爱他，在她眼里，他就是一个神。他对待她就像不管在什么情况下，他都会深爱她，保护她。对于答应嫁给他并告诉他关于自己的事实真相这件事，她的害怕减少了。

现在白天变短了，清晨牛奶场要借助烛光干活。一天凌晨三四点钟之间，在唤醒其他人之前，她跑到楼上克莱尔的房间里，先唤醒他。她正准备下楼，这时安吉尔已经穿好了衣服，从他的房间里走出来，叫住了她。

“小姐，现在，”他的语气很坚决，“你必须给我一个答覆，否则我只有离开这个房子。跟我在一起你并不安全。我刚才看到你穿着睡衣。那么，最后你是答应了？”

“我一定会认真考虑的，克莱尔先生。”

“那么叫找安吉尔，而不是克莱尔先生。为什么不叫安吉尔，最亲爱的？”

“那就表明我同意了，不是吗？”

“这只能表明你爱我，这是很早以前你就承认过的。”

“那么好吧，如果我必须这么叫的话。安吉尔，最亲爱的。”她微笑着轻声叫道。克莱尔抑制不住要亲吻她那温暖的脸颊。

挤完又撇完牛奶之后，所有奶场的人都出去了。苔丝最后一次慷慨地尝试引起安吉尔对其他挤奶女工的兴趣。

“那里面你可以考虑的远不止三个，”她说，“其中任何一个都比我更适合做你的妻子，而且也许她们和我一样爱你——几乎是一样的。”

“哦，苔丝！”他焦躁地叫道。听到这个，苔丝是那么宽慰，她无法再进一步地作任何自我牺牲了。她知道这天就是作决定的日子。

那天傍晚，安吉尔·克莱尔要赶一辆装着一桶桶牛奶的马车去车站。他说服苔丝跟他一起去。

最初，他们沿着安静的马路赶着车子，谁也没吱声，只是默默地体会着彼此靠近的感觉。不久，开始有雨点滴落下来。苔丝的脸颊微红着，她的长发润湿了。她没有穿外套，不知不觉地偎近了克莱尔。她抓起一块旧布盖在他们身上挡雨。

“嗯，亲爱的，”安吉尔说话了，“我的问题考虑得怎样了？”

“我很快就会答覆你的。”

“在我们到家之前？”

“我会尽力。”

他们经过了一座旧房子。安吉尔解释说，这是一个让人好奇的地方，它属于一个叫做德伯的古老家族。

“一个高贵的家族消逝时是会让人伤感的。”他说。

“是啊。”苔丝说。

终于，他们到达了车站，看着牛奶被搬上了火车。苔丝看呆了。

“伦敦人会在早餐时喝到它们，是不是？那些人不知道我们冒着雨赶了这么远的路，就为了让他们能及时喝到牛奶。”

“确实如此，不过，我们赶车还有一点点我们自己的事情。苔丝，现在，”当他们在夜色中驱车离开时，他急切地问道，“你的心是属于我的，为什么不能答应嫁给我呢？”

“我唯一的理由是因为你……我有一些事情要对你说——我必须告诉你我过去的生活！”

“亲爱的，要是你愿意，你就对我说吧。我想你就如那儿的鲜花一样有着丰富的经历！”

“我在马勒特村长大。在学校读书的时候，他们说我会成为一个好老师的，但是我们家有点困难。父亲工作不很勤快，还喝酒。”

“可怜的孩子！这不是什么新鲜事。”他把她更紧地搂在了身边。

“然后，关于我自己有件不寻常的事。我……我不姓德北，而姓德伯。我是那个拥有我们路过的那座房子的家族的后代。”

“德伯家的人！这就是你的所有经历吗？苔丝？”

“是的。”她虚弱地回答说。

“可是因为这个，我为什么就得少爱你一些呢？”

“奶场主对我说过你嫌恶旧家族。”

他大笑了起来。“嗯，我憎恶这种观念，认为高贵的血统比任何其他事情都重要。但是我对你的新闻真地感兴趣。你自己是怎么想的？”

“我觉得这让人伤心，特别是在这儿，看到这些曾经属于我的祖先的土地。”

“所以，这就是那个可怕的秘密喽！”

她还是没有告诉他。在这最后时刻，她失去了足够的勇气。

安吉尔非常高兴。“苔丝，你知道，这个社会喜欢高贵的姓氏。因为你是德伯家的人，作为我的妻子，他们就会更好地接受你。甚至我母亲都会更喜欢你的。从今天开始，你一定要用德伯这个姓氏。”

“我更喜欢另外那个姓。”

“但是你必须这样！顺便提一句，在逐猎林附近已经有人袭用德伯这个姓氏了。是的，就是那个人辱骂了我的父亲。多奇怪啊！”

“安吉尔，我宁愿不要那个姓！”

“喂，苔丽莎·德伯，你是说不过我的。那就用我的姓吧，这样你就可以避开你的姓了！”

“要是你确信这会使你幸福，而且你确实非常非常希望娶我的话……”

“我确实是这样的，最亲爱的，当然是这样！说你将永远属于我！”

他抱住她并亲吻她。

“是的！”她一说出这话，便剧烈地抽噎起来。安吉尔大吃一惊。

“为什么哭了？”

“我哭，是因为我曾发誓我将终生不嫁！唉，有时我真希望自己从没出生过！”

“苔丝，如果你真心爱我的话，你怎么能这样想呢？我希望你能用什么方式来证明你的爱。”

“这样做是不是能更好地证实呢？”苔丝迫切地叫道。她抱紧他，亲吻他。克莱尔第一次感受到一个充满激情的女子亲吻的滋味。苔丝以发自内心的爱，亲吻着她全心全意爱着的男人的双唇。

“你看——现在你可相信了吧？”她抹着眼泪问道。

“相信了。其实，我从来没有怀疑过——从来没有！”

他们在黑夜中继续驱车赶路，在那块布下缩成了一团。

“我必须给我母亲写封信，”她说。

“当然啦，宝贝。她住在哪儿？”

“在马勒特村。”

“啊，那么我以前的确见过你……”

“是的，那时候你不愿和我跳舞。哦，我希望这个意味着什么坏运气！”

在作了这个决定之后，苔丝给她母亲写了一封紧急的信。这是她收到的回信：

亲爱的苔丝：

我希望你和我一样，一切都好。听说你不久就要结婚，我们都很高兴。但是，苔丝，对你提出的问题，回答是，不管怎么样，千万不要告诉你未来的丈夫任何有关你过去的遭遇。没有哪个姑娘会这么傻的，况且这是很久以前的事了，又根本不是你的过错。记住你答应过我，你永远不会告诉任何人的。代我问候那个年轻人。

爱你的妈妈

苔丝不能接受母亲对于人生的看法，但也许在这件事上，琼是正确的。保持沉默看来是让安吉尔快乐的最好办法。因此，她变得平静了，而且从10月以来，她一直沉浸在无比的幸福中。克莱尔像是一位绝好的老师、思想家和朋友。她从他的容貌、他的智慧和他的灵魂中找到了完美。在心里，她摆脱了过去。

像订了婚的乡下人那样，他们在一起度过了所有的时光。在壮丽的秋日午后，他们在小溪旁漫步，从小木桥上走过。他们在树木和篱笆的影子中看到轻薄的蒙蒙烟雾，而与此同时，田野上阳光灿烂、明媚。太阳离地面那么地近，它把克莱尔和苔丝在前面的影子拉到了四分之一英里长，就像伸出了两根长长的手指。当克莱尔对苔丝讲起他们的将来，还有他们将会在国外拥有的农场时，她几乎不能相信自己将会陪伴在他身旁，穿越这个世界。她对他的感情现在就如同维系苔丝身心的呼吸或生命一样。这让她忘记了过去悲伤，但是她知道这些悲伤就像伺机等候的狼一般，在等待出击的时刻。

有一天，她对克莱尔大声喊道：“为什么当我十六岁的时候，你不留在我身边爱我？当你在马勒特村跳舞的时候？哦，为什么你不那样做？”

“啊，我会的！如果我早知道的话！但是你个必这么哀怨地感到遗憾！为什么你会这样想？”

她迅速地掩饰起她的感情，说道：“那样的话，比起现在来，我就可以多拥有四年你的爱！”

他们有必要把他们准备结婚的事告诉奶场主和他的妻子。那天晚上，当苔丝走进卧室时，另外三个女工都在等着她。

“你就要嫁给他了！”玛丽安说。

“是的，某一天。”苔丝说道。

“嫁给他，嫁给一位绅士！”伊茨说。

“不可思议，”玛丽安说，“想想苔丝要成为他的太太了，她并不是一位体面的小姐，而只是生活得跟我们差不多的一个姑娘。”

“你们都会为此恨我吗？”苔丝轻轻地问道。

“我想要恨你，可是又恨不起来！”蕾蒂说。

“我也是这种感觉！”玛丽安和伊茨说道。

“他应该在你们中间娶一个。”苔丝说，“你们都比我好！”

“不，不，亲爱的苔丝，”她们一起说。

“即使是现在，我想我也应该让他娶你们当中的一个！”她抽泣着说道。她们走到她身边，安抚她，并扶她上了床。在她们入睡之前，玛丽安轻轻说道：“苔丝，你成了他太太之后会想起我们的，想起我们怎么不能恨你，因为我们从没指望过被他看中。”

姑娘们不知道，苔丝听到这些话时，哭得更厉害了。她决定把自己所有的经历都告诉安吉尔。

因为这个，她不想定下婚期。她只想保持现状，不愿继续往前走入新的生活。但是很快，情况变得很明显，那就是奶场主在一年中的这个时候不再需要这么多挤奶女工了。苔丝将不得不在圣诞节的时候离开。

“恐怕对此我感到高兴，”安吉尔对她说，“因为现在我们必须决定什么时候结婚啦！我们不能永远这样下去。”

“我希望我们能够如此。我希望永远是甜蜜的夏天和悦人的金秋，而且有你永远爱着我！”

“我永远爱你！”

“哦，我知道你会的！安吉尔，我愿意定下那个日子！”

于是，他们把婚期定在了12月31日。婚礼打算在牛奶场举行，尽可能地不张扬。现在，苔丝觉得自己无力阻止事情的进展，只是顺从地听任安吉尔安排。实际上，安吉尔的计划有点仓促，他本来没打算这么快结婚的，但是他想把她留在身边，帮助她读书、学习，以便日后可以自豪地把她像一位小姐似地带到他父母面前。同时，他计划花一段时间到一个面粉加工厂学习作业。他们可以在那座原来属于德伯家的旧农舍里度蜜月，同时，安吉尔可以在附近的面粉厂学习。

那个日子，那个令人无法忍受的婚礼日期，越来越临近了。他的妻子，苔丝自言自语道。这可能吗？

圣诞节的前一天，安吉尔和苔丝决定花一天时间一起去购置一些东西。他们坐着一辆借来的马车来到了镇上。这里到处都是陌生人，他们都盯住挽着安吉尔胳膊、漂亮又快乐的苔丝看。那一天的采购结束时，苔丝正等着安吉尔去牵马拉车，这时，街上有两个男人从她身边经过。

“她真是个好讨人喜欢的处女。”其中一个对他的朋友说。

“她讨人喜欢，这没错。但是她可不是什么处女。”另一个回答道。

安吉尔恰好在这时回来，听到了这些话。对苔丝的这种侮辱让他怒不可遏，他对准那人的脸就是一拳。那人赶紧说道：

“对不起，先生。我刚才一定是搞错了。”

安吉尔接受了道歉，给了那人点儿钱，道了声晚安，就和苔丝驾车离开了。那两人朝相反的方向走去。

“是弄错了吗？”另一个人问道。

“绝对没有。”他的朋友说。

在回家的路上，苔丝非常地严肃。她觉得她不能把事情的真相当面告诉他，不过还有别的办法。于是她回到自己的房间，写了一封四页长的信，信中详实地描述了三四年前所发生的事情。晚上，她蹑手蹑脚地走到安吉尔的房间，把信从门底下塞了进去。

第二天早晨，她焦虑地看着他，但是他亲吻她时和平常没什么两样。关于那封信，他只字未提。他读过信了吗？他宽恕她了吗？每天早晚，他都一如既往，终于，他们结婚的喜日子到了。

苔丝没有邀请她在马勒特的家人。安吉尔给他的家人写了信。他的哥哥们没有答覆，他的父母来信说，他们希望他不要草率地结婚，但是他已经足够大了，可以为自己做主。安吉尔并不介意，因为他打算几个月后，把苔丝不仅作为一个挤奶女工，还作为一个德伯家的人介绍给父母。

苔丝还在为她那封自白书忧心忡忡。她悄悄地离开了正在楼下忙碌着的人群，轻手轻脚地来到了安吉尔的卧室。在那儿，她发现她的信原封未动地塞在地毯下。他还没有见到这封信。可现在她不能让他看这封信了，因为婚礼正在准备当中。她找到了与他单独待一会儿的机会。

“我必须向你坦白我所有的过错！”她说道，尽量把话说得柔和一些。

“今天不行，我的宝贝儿！往后我们会有充裕的时间！那时我也要坦白我的过错！”

“那么，你是真地不想让我说喽？”

“是的，苔丝，的确是这样。”

从现在开始，她只有一个渴望，就是称他为丈夫。然后如果需要有人去死的话，那就让她去好了。她像在一片云雾中活动着。

教堂里只有寥寥数人。有一会儿，她用自己的肩膀碰碰他的手臂，好让自己确信他真地在那儿。只是到了她走出教堂时，她才注意到这辆载着他们回去的马车。她觉得她一定是在梦里见过它。

“啊，也许你知道德伯家马车的故事。”安吉尔说，“这辆马车让你想起了它。过去，有一个德伯家的人曾在他的马车里犯下了罪，从那以后，德伯家的人总会看到或听到那辆旧马车，当他们……但是，谈论这个太让人沮丧了。”

“安吉尔，是当我们死的时候，或是当我们犯了罪的时候吗？”

“别说啦，苔丝！”他亲吻着她。但她已经虚弱不堪了。她现在已成了安吉尔·克莱尔夫人，但实际上，她难道不是亚历山大·德伯夫人吗？

那天傍晚时分，他们离开了牛奶场。牛奶场的所有人都来为他们送行。克莱尔向每一个挤奶女工亲吻告别。当他向奶场主致谢时，一只公鸡恰好在他面前啼叫开了。

“那可不利！”奶场工们相互窃窃私语。“当公鸡冲着丈夫那样叫时……”他们在背后取笑起来。

“走开！”克里克先生冲着公鸡喊道。后来他对他的妻子说：“为什么公鸡一定要对着克莱尔先生那样啼叫呢？”

“这只表明天气要变了，”克里克夫人说，“不是你想的那样。那是不可能的。”

苔丝和安吉尔来到这座德伯家的旧农舍。整座房子空无一人。但是，会有一个女人来给他们做饭，打扫房子。他们一起喝茶点，克莱尔能和苔丝用同一个盘子进餐了，他感到非常高兴。他看着她，心想：“我意识到了我对这个女人有多重要吗？我又必须怎样去照顾她？我必须永远不忘考虑她的感受！”

夜幕渐渐降临，外面开始下雨了。终于，从牛奶场来了一个人，送来了他们的包裹。

“先生，很抱歉，我来晚了。”他说，“但是牛奶场刚刚发生了些可怕的事情。你还记得公鸡打鸣吗？唉，不管那预示着什么，可怜的小

雷蒂·普里德尔想淹死自己！”

“出了什么事？”安吉尔问道。

“是这样，在你们离开以后，她和玛丽安从一个酒店走到另一个酒店，不停地喝酒。后来，有人在河里发现了雷蒂，又有人发现玛丽安醉倒在一块田里！”

“那么伊茨呢？”苔丝问道。

“伊茨还像平常那样待在家里，但是非常伤心沮丧。”

这人离开了，苔丝神色凄怆地坐在壁炉旁，注视着炉火。她们都是从未被人爱过的朴实、纯洁的姑娘。而她没有付出任何代价，就获得了所有的爱，这是不道德的。她会偿付的：就在此时此地，她要把一切都讲出来。

安吉尔坐在她的身旁，握着她的手。在炉火的烘照下，他们的脸红彤彤的。

“今天上午，”他突然说道，“我们说过我们都要坦白自己的过错。有些事情，我必须告诉你，而你一定要宽恕我。也许我应该早些告诉你。我一直拖到现在才告诉你，是因为我不想失去你。”

“安吉尔，我一定会宽恕你……”急切的希望加快了苔丝的心跳。

“不过，先等一等。你知道我对美德和纯洁有多么笃信。可是，我自己，几年前在伦敦时，却糊里糊涂地和一个女人做了坏事。我们在一起度过了两天时间。回到家以后，我再也没干过类似的事情。你会宽恕我吗？”

“哦，安吉尔，当然，我会的！可以说，我的心情倒好些了，因为现在你能宽恕我了！我也有要坦白的事。”

“啊，是的，好好坦白吧，你这个小坏蛋！不会比我的更严重了吧。”

“不会的，是的，不会的！”由于充满了希望，她快乐地跳了起来。“是的，实际上，它们完全一样。我现在就讲给你听。”

她又坐了下来。他们的手握在一起。炉火燃烧得如同末日审判的火焰一般。她的身影被长长地映在了墙上。她把头靠在他的头上，勇敢地把自己与亚历克·德伯的相遇及其结果统统告诉了他。

14. the Woman Pays

Her story came to an end. She had not raised her voice: she had not cried. But things seemed to change as the story progressed. The fire looked as if it was laughing at her troubles. All the objects around her appeared not to care about her tragic history. And yet it was only a short time since he had been kissing her. Everything looked different now.

Clare stirred the fire. It was unnecessary, but he felt he had to do something. He had not really taken in the whole story yet. He stood up. Now as he began to understand the story in its full horror, his face was like an old man's. He made uncertain movements, because everything in his head was vague and uncertain. He could not make himself think clearly.

'Tess! Can I believe this? Are you mad perhaps? My wife, my Tess—you aren't mad, are you? '

'I am not, ' she said.

'And yet, ' he said, looking strangely at her, 'why didn't you tell me before? Oh yes, you would have told me, in a way, but I stopped you, I remember! '

He was talking but could not think at the same time. His brain seemed to have stopped working. He turned away from her. Tess followed him and stood there staring at him with dry eyes. Then she went down on her knees beside him.

'In the name of our love, forgive me! she whispered with a 168 dry mouth. 'I have forgiven you for the same! '

And as he did not answer, she said again,

'Forgive me as you are forgiven! I forgive you, Angel! '

'You—yes, you do. '

'But you do not forgive me? '

'Oh, Tess, it's not a question of forgiveness! You were one person, now you are another. How can forgiveness put that right? '

He paused, considering this. Then suddenly he started laughing in an unnatural, horrible way. It was like a laugh out of hell.

'Don't—don't! ' she cried, her face dead white. 'It kills me, that laugh! Angel, do you know what you're doing to me? I've been hoping, longing, praying to make you happy! '

'I know that. '

'I thought, Angel, that you loved me—me, my very self! ' If you do love me, how can you treat me like this? It frightens me! Having begun to love you, I will love you for ever, in all changes, in all troubles, because you are yourself. I ask no more. Then how can you, my husband, stop loving me? '

'I repeat, the woman I have been loving is not you. '

'But who is she? '

'Another woman in your shape. '

Suddenly she realized how he saw her. For him she was a guilty woman pretending to be an innocent one. There was terror in her white face as she saw this. She could not stand, and he stepped forward, thinking she might fall.

'Sit down, ' he said gently. 'You are ill, and I am not surprised. '

She sat down, her face still full of fear and her eyes wild.

'I don't belong to you any more then, do I, Angel? ' she asked helplessly. And at last the tears came. Clare watched her sobbing, and waited until the first violence of her emotion had passed.

'Angel, ' she said suddenly in a normal voice, 'am I too wicked for us to live together? '

'I haven't had time to think what we should do. '

'I won't ask you to let me live with you, Angel, because I have no right to! I won't write to tell my family we are married, as I said I would. '

'Won't you? '

'No, I won't do anything unless you order me to. And if you go away, I won't follow you. And if you never speak to me again, I won't ask why, unless you tell me I can. '

'And if I order you to do anything? '

'I'll obey you, even if I have to lie down and die. '

'How good of you. But it seems you have changed. In the past you were keen to look after yourself. Now you are keen to sacrifice yourself. '

Clare's bitter words, however, were not fully understood by Tess. She only knew that he was angry with her. She stood silent, not knowing that he was struggling with his love for her. She did not observe a large tear rolling slowly down his cheek. He was realizing what a change Tess's confession had made to his whole life. He had to decide on some action.

'Tess, ' he said, as gently as he could, 'I can't stay here just now. I'm going out. '

He quietly left the room. Two glasses of wine, ready for their supper, remained untouched on the table. Only two or three hours earlier they had drunk tea from the same cup.

As he closed the door behind him, Tess jumped up. He had gone: she could not stay. She put out the candles and followed him. The rain was over and the night was now clear.

Clare walked slowly and without purpose. His shape was black and frightening. She walked just behind him. There was water on the road, where the stars could be seen reflected. Away from the house the road went through the fields. She followed Clare as a dog follows its owner.

Eventually Tess could not help speaking to him.

“What have I done? Nothing interferes with my love for you. You don't think I planned it, Angel, do you? I would not deceive you like that!” “H'm, well. No, maybe you would not, but you are not the same. No, not the same But don't make me blame you.”

She went on begging for forgiveness. Perhaps she said things that would have been better left to silence.

“Angel! Angel! I was a child when it happened. I knew nothing of men.”

“I admit it was not so much your fault as his.”

“Then won't you forgive me?”

“I do forgive you, but forgiveness isn't everything.”

“And do you love me?”

He did not answer this question.

“Oh Angel—my mother says she knows several cases which were worse than mine, and the husband has not minded much ... well, he has accepted it at least. And in those cases the woman hasn't loved him as I love you!”

“Don't, Tess, don't argue. Those are just country people's ways. There is a correct way of doing things. I think that parson who discovered you were a d'Urberville should have kept quiet. Perhaps you were weak and could not refuse this man because your ancient noble blood has run thin, because your family is no good any more. I thought you were a child of nature, but you have the worst of your ancient family in you!”

Tess accepted his bitterness, not understanding the details. He did not love her as he had done, and nothing else mattered.

They went on again in silence. They walked slowly for hours, with sad anxious faces, not talking, one behind the other, like a funeral procession. Tess said to her husband:

“I don't want to cause you sadness all your life. The river is down there. I can put an end to myself in it. I'm not afraid.”

“Don't talk like that. Do what I ask, go back to the house and go to bed.”

“I will,” she said obediently.

When she returned to the house, she found everything as they had left it and the fire still burning She went to the bedroom. There was a mistletoe branch hanging above the bed. Now she understood why Angel had brought a strange parcel with him. It was to surprise her. He had delightedly hung it there. Now it looked foolish and out of place.

As she had nothing more to fear, and nothing more to hope for, she lay down. In a few moments lonely Tess was asleep, in the bedroom once used by the young wives of her ancestor.

Later on that night Clare also came back to the house. He prepared a bed downstairs, but crept shoeless upstairs to see if Tess was asleep. He was relieved to see her sleeping deeply. And yet he felt he alone had the whole worry of what action to take, and the responsibility for her life as well as his. He turned away from her door, and then turned back again, pulled by his love for her. But his eye was caught by a painting on the wall of one of Tess's ancestors, a proud fierce woman, who looked as if she hated and wanted to deceive all men. He thought she and Tess looked alike. That was enough to stop him, and he went downstairs to his lonely bed.

He looked calm and cold, full of self-control. His face showed he had fought against passion and won, but did not like being the winner. He still found it difficult to accept that Tess, the pure village maiden, was not what she seemed. How unexpected life could be! He put out the candle. The night came in, unconcerned and uninterested, the night which had swallowed up his happiness.

14 吃亏的是女人

她的故事叙述完了。她没有提高声调：她没有哭。但是随着故事的发展，事情像是发生了变化，炉火像是正在嘲笑她的遭遇。她周围的一切对她的悲惨遭遇似乎都漠不关心。然而，就在不久以前，他还亲吻着她。现在，一切都显得变了样。

克莱尔拨弄着炉火。虽然没必要，但他觉得他必须做点什么。他还没有完全真正领会这整个故事。他站起来。现在，当他开始体会到这故事全部可怕的内涵时，他的脸变得像一张老人的脸。他茫然地走来走去，因为他脑子里一切都是模糊而不确定的。他无法让自己冷静、清晰地思考。

“苔丝！我能相信这些吗？也许你是疯了？我的妻子，我的苔丝——你没有疯，是吗？”

“我没有疯，”她说。

“可是，”他神情怪异地看着她，说，“为什么以前你不告诉我？哦，是的，你本来会告诉我的，可以这么说，但是我没让你说，我记起来了！”

他在说话，但与此同时，他仍无法思考。他的头脑好像不听使唤了。他转过身离开她。苔丝跟上去，站在一边用那双无泪的眼睛望着他，然后在他身边跪了下来。

“看在我们相爱的份上，宽恕我吧！”她口干舌燥地喃喃说着，“同样的事情，我可是已经宽恕你了呀！”

他没有回答，因此她又说道：

“像你得到宽恕那样宽恕我吧！我宽恕了你，安吉尔！”

“你——是的，你宽恕了我。”

“可是你不宽恕我吗？”

“啊，苔丝，这不是宽恕不宽恕的问题。你从前是一个人，现在你是另外一个人了。这怎么是宽恕能改变得了的呢？”

他住了口，想了一想。接着，他突然狂笑起来，笑得那么怪异，那么可怕，犹如从地狱里发出的笑声。

“别——别这样！”她叫道，脸色煞白。“你这么笑，会吓死我的！安吉尔，你知道你正在对我做什么吗？我一直期待着、盼望着、祈祷着使你幸福！”

“这我知道。”

“安吉尔，我本来以为，你是爱我的——爱我，就是爱我这个人哪！如果你真地爱我，你怎能这样对我呢？我害怕极了！既然爱上了你，我就会永远爱着你。不论遇到什么变故，不论遭受什么困难，我都会爱你，永远地爱你，因为你就是你呀！我别无他求了。那么，为什么你，我自己的丈夫，会不再爱我了呢？”

“我再说一遍，我一直爱着的女人并不是你。”

“那是谁呢？”

“和你长得一样的另外一个女人。”

她突然意识到他是怎样看待她的。在他看来，她是一个假装清白的罪人。当她明白了这一点时，她惨白的脸上露出了惊恐的神色。她支撑不住了，他走上前去，以为她要跌倒了。

“坐下吧，”他轻声说道，“你病了，这并不让我感到意外。”

她坐了下来，依旧是满脸的恐惧，眼睛里也满是惊恐。

“安吉尔，我不再是你的人了，是吗？”她无可奈何地问道。终于，她的眼泪流了下来。克莱尔看着她啜泣，一直等到她第一次的感情狂澜平息下去。

“安吉尔，”她突然开口了，声音已恢复正常。“我是不是太坏了，使得我们不能生活在一起？”

“我还没有时间考虑我们该怎么办。”

“我不会要求你让我和你一起生活的，安吉尔，因为我没有这样做的权利！我也不会写信给我家里人说是我们结婚了，这信我原先说过要写的。”

“你不写了吗？”

“是的，我什么也不做，除非你要我去做。如果你离开我，我不会跟着你。如果你不再对我讲话，我也不会问为什么，除非你说我可以问。”

“那么要是我真的要你做什么呢？”

“我会服从的，即使是你要我躺下死去也行。”

“你真好。但是，你像是已经改变了。过去，你热切地想照料自己；现在，你热切地要牺牲自己。”

然而，苔丝并没有完全领会克莱尔这些酸楚的话语。她只知道他对她生气了。她静静地站着，不知道他正在同他对她的爱作斗争。她没看到一人滴泪珠正顺着他的面颊慢慢滚落下来。他正在逐渐认识到苔丝的坦白给他的整个生活带来的变化。他必须决定采取某种行动。

“苔丝，”他尽可能温和地说，“这一会儿，我在这儿待不下去了，我要出去走走。”

他悄悄地走出房间，为晚餐准备的两杯酒仍然放在桌子上，不曾动过。就在两三个小时前，他们还用同一个茶杯共饮过一杯茶。

当他把门关在了身后时，苔丝跳了起来。他已经走了，她也待不住了。她熄掉蜡烛，跟了出去。雨已停息，夜色现在也晴朗了。

克莱尔漫无目的地缓缓走着，他的身影漆黑吓人。她只是跟在他后面走。路面上积了水，可以看到星星在里面反射的光芒。从房子出来的这条路通向田野。她就像条跟着主人的家犬一般跟随着克莱尔。

终于，苔丝忍不住跟他说话了。

“我做了什么啊？没有任何事情妨碍我对你的爱。你不会以为我以前是有意那样做的吧，安吉尔，是不是？我不会那样欺骗你的！”

“嗯，好啦。是的，也许你不会，但你不一样了。足的，不一对了。但是，不要逼我责怪你。”

她继续乞求他的宽恕。也许当时她保持沉默比说这些话还好些。

“安吉尔！安吉尔！出那件事的时候，我还是个孩子！我对男人的事儿一点都不懂呀！”

“主要是他的罪过，这我承认。”

“那么，难道你还不宽恕我吗？”

“我是宽恕你了，但是宽恕并不等于一切。”

“那你还爱我吗？”

他没有回答这个问题。

“哦，安吉尔——我母亲说她知道好几件这样的事情，她们的情况比我的更糟，但做丈夫的并不是非常介意……是的，他们至少可以接受它。而那些事例中，女人爱她的丈夫并没有像我爱你这么深！”

“别，苔丝，别争辩了。那些只不过是乡下人的方法。做事情总有一个合乎体统的方法。我认为那个发现了你姓德伯的人应该什么都别说。你柔弱，你无力拒绝那个男人，也许是因为你的古老高贵的血统已经变得稀少，因为你的家族已不再体面堂皇。我原以为你是大自然的孩子，但是你却带有那个古老家族里最坏的东西！”

苔丝接受了他这一番谴责之辞，没有去理解它的细节。他已不像过去那样爱她了，别的一切都无关紧要。

他们继续无言地走着。带着悲哀忧虑的神情，一言不发地，他们就这样一前一后地慢慢走了几个小时，就像一支送葬的队伍。

苔丝对她的丈夫说：

“我不愿让你的一生都这么痛苦。那儿就有条河在流着，我可以在那里结束我的生命。我不害怕。”

“不要再说这样的话了。我怎么说你就怎么做，现在回到房子里去，上床睡觉。”

“我会的。”她顺从地说道。

返回房子时，她发现一切都同他们离开时一样，炉火还在燃烧着。她径直到了卧室。床上方挂着一束桑寄生藤枝。现在她明白了为什么安吉尔随身带了一个奇怪的包裹。他是要给她一个惊喜。他高高兴兴地把它挂在了那儿，可是现在它看起来又傻气又不合时宜。

因为她已经没有什么可以惧怕，也没有什么可以期待的了，她躺了下来。过了一会儿，寂寞的苔丝睡着了，在那间曾被她的祖先们的年轻妻子使用过的卧室里睡着了。

那晚夜深时，克莱尔也回到了屋里。他在楼下准备了一张床，但他光着脚，蹑手蹑脚地走到楼上看看苔丝是否睡着了。看到她已熟睡，他放宽了心。但是他感到，他一个人要全部承担该采取什么行动的焦虑，并且对她和他自己的生活负责了。他转身离开她的房门，又被他对她的爱给拉了回来。但是，他冷不防看到了墙上一幅苔丝祖先的画像，一个自负凶恶的女人，看起来就像是她憎恨并要欺骗所有的男人。他感到她和苔丝有相像之处。这就足以计他止步了，他到楼下自己那张孤独的床上去了。

他看起来沉静又冷峻，充满了自制力。他的神情显示出他经历了一场与情欲的战斗，而且他赢了，但他却不喜欢成为这样一个胜者。他依

然觉得他难以接受这个事实：苔丝，一个纯洁的乡村少女，竟不是她看起来的这样。生活有时是多么出乎意料啊！他熄灭了蜡烛。夜在漫不经心、漠然地一点点降临，就是这夜吞没了他的幸福和快乐。

When Clare woke up the next morning, the sky was grey and the sun was not shining. The fireplace in the room was full of cold ashes. The two full glasses of wine still stood untouched on the table.

When the cleaning woman came, he sent her away, not wanting a third person in the house. He found wood to make a fire, and prepared breakfast. People passing the farmhouse saw the smoke rising from the chimney, and envied the newly-married couple in their happiness.

‘Breakfast is ready!’ he called upstairs in a normal voice.

Tess came down immediately. She was already dressed, but her hands and face were cold. She had no fire in her bedroom, where she had been sitting waiting for his call, and staring at the dying mistletoe. Clare’s polite words gave her a moment of hope, which died, however, when she saw his face.

They were both, in fact, the ashes of their former fires. After last night’s passionate sorrow, they both felt heavy and lacking in energy.

Tess went up to Angel, touching him lightly with her fingers. Was this really the man who once loved her? Her eyes were bright, her cheeks still round, but her lips were pale. She looked absolutely pure. Angel looked at her in wonder.

‘Tess! Say it isn’t true! It can’t be true!’ ‘It is true.’

‘Every word?’

‘Every word.’

He would almost have preferred her to lie, so that he could believe her blindly, but she repeated, ‘It is true.’

‘Is he living?’ asked Angel.

‘The baby died.’

‘But the man?’

‘He is alive.’

‘Is he in England?’

‘Yes.’

Despair passed over Clare’s face. He moved vaguely around the room.

‘Look,’ he said, ‘I thought—any man would have thought—that if I didn’t look for knowledge, good family, and wealth in a wife, if I sacrificed all that, I would be sure of finding a country girl who was at least pure... but... but I should not accuse you.’

Tess understood his feelings perfectly. She saw that he had lost in every way.

‘Angel—I would not have married you if I had not known that, after all, there is a way out for you... only I hoped you would never...’ She was close to tears.

‘A way out?’

‘You can divorce me.’

‘Good heavens! How can you be so stupid? How can I divorce you?’

‘Can’t you, now I have told you everything?’

‘Oh Tess, you are so childish! You don’t understand the law. No, I can’t.’

There was shame and misery in Tess’s face.

‘I thought you could,’ she whispered. ‘Don’t think I planned this! I really believed you could take that way out. Oh, then I ought to have done it last night. But I didn’t have the courage. That’s just like me!’

‘The courage to do what?’ he asked.

‘To put an end to myself.’

‘Where?’

‘In the bedroom, under your mistletoe. With the rope from my box. But I couldn’t in the end! I was afraid that people would talk and you would suffer from that.’

Clare was shaken by this unexpected confession.

‘Now, listen. You must never think of such a wicked thing again. Promise me as your husband never to do anything like that.’

‘I promise. I see it was wicked. But, Angel, it was to set you free, and to avoid a divorce, which everyone would talk about. But dying by my own hand is too good for me. You, my husband, should kill me. I think I would love you more, if that were possible, if you could bring yourself to do it. I am so much in your way!’

‘Quiet! Don’t talk about it.’

‘Well, just as you wish. I will do whatever you like.’ They sat down to breakfast, tired and sad. They did not look at each other and they did not eat much. Angel left soon afterwards to start his studies at the flour-mill nearby. Tess cleared the ashes from the fireplace, cleaned the house and prepared the lunch, waiting for his return. At lunch they talked politely of work at the flour-mill and methods of milling. In the afternoon he went back to the mill, and in the evening he studied his books and papers. Tess felt she was in his way and went to the kitchen. He came to find her there.

‘Don’t work in the kitchen like this,’ he said. ‘You’re not my servant, you’re my wife.’

She looked happier. ‘You mean, I can think of myself as that?’ She asked, trembling.

‘What do you mean, Tess? You are my wife, of course.’

‘I don’t know, she said, with tears in her eyes. ‘I told you long ago I wasn’t good enough for you. And I’m not good enough! I was right! But you persuaded me!’

She turned her back on him, sobbing as if her heart would break. It would have won round any man but Angel Clare. Deep in him lay a hard logic, which had resisted the Church, and now resisted Tess. She accepted his treatment of her as being what she deserved. She would never have thought of criticizing his hardness. To her he was still perfection.

Another day passed by in the same way. Only once did Tess try to get closer to her husband. As he was leaving for the flour-mill, she put up her mouth to be kissed. He ignored the invitation, and said goodbye coldly. She felt as if he had hit her. How often had he wanted to kiss her in those happy days at Talbothays!

But on his way to the mill Angel regretted his coldness. He wished he had been kinder to her and kissed her once at least.

So they lived through another day-together in the same house, but more separately than ever before. Clare was desperately wondering what to do. Tess no longer even hoped for forgiveness. That evening she said bravely:

‘I suppose you aren’t going to live with me long, are you, Angel?’ She found it difficult to control the muscles of her face.

‘No. How can we live together as man and wife while that man lives? He is your natural husband, I’m not. If he were dead, that might be different. Anyway, have you thought of the future? have you thought we might have children? They would find out about this. Everybody would talk about it. Can you imagine them growing up under a cloud like that? They would hate you for it.’

Tess’s head was bent. Her eyes felt so heavy they were almost closed. ‘No, I can’t ask you to stay with me,’ she whispered. ‘I hadn’t thought of it like that.’

She had hoped, as women do, that living together for a time would break down his coldness. Being near him every day was her only hope of winning him back. But she had never imagined she might have children who would reject her. She now remembered how she had criticized her mother for bringing babies into the world without being able to look after them. She realized that she might have made the same mistake as Joan Durbeyfield. She completely accepted Angel’s argument.

She could have argued that if they went as planned to farm in another country, nobody would know about her past. But perhaps she was right not to argue. A woman knows not only her own sorrow but also her husband’s. He might keep the bitterness alive in his heart, even if nobody knew or talked about it at all. She had lost.

On the third day she said, ‘I accept what you say. We must separate.’

‘But what can you do?’

‘I can go home.’

Clare had not thought of that. ‘Can you really?’

‘Yes. If I am with you all the time, I may persuade you to stay, against your better judgement. Then you and I would both be sorry. I must go.’

‘Right,’ said Angel. His face was pale but his voice was determined.

Tess was slightly shocked. He had agreed so quickly to her generous offer!

‘I didn’t like to suggest it,’ he said, ‘but as you have, I think it’s a good idea to part—at least for a while. God knows, we may come together again one day!’

So they both prepared to leave the following day. That night Tess was woken by a noise in the house. At first she thought Angel was coming to her bedroom, and her heart beat wildly with joy. But then she saw his eyes staring emptily ahead of him, and knew he was walking in his sleep. He came to the middle of her room and said very sadly, ‘Dead! Dead! Dead! Poor darling Tess! So sweet, so good, so pure! My wife, dead!’

These words, which he would never say when awake, were very sweet to Tess. She would not have moved to save her life. She lay in absolute stillness, trying not to breathe, wondering what he was going to do with her. Her trust in him was complete.

He picked her up and carried her to the stairs. Was he going to throw her down? She knew he was leaving her the next day, perhaps for ever. She almost hoped they would fall and die together.

He continued downstairs, taking her out of the house towards the river. She had given herself totally up to him, and did not care what happened to her as long as she was with him. They arrived at a place where the river was fast and deep, and Angel started to cross it on the narrow footbridge, still holding Tess. Perhaps he wanted to drown her. Even that would be better than separation.

As they crossed, the water rushed fiercely below them. If Tess had moved in his arms, they would both have fallen into the dangerous water. But she had no right to take his life, although her own was worthless, so she stayed still.

Angel walked purposefully towards a ruined church near the river. Against the old wall was an empty stone tomb. In this he carefully laid Tess, and kissing her lips, sighed deeply and happily. He immediately lay down on the ground next to the tomb, and looked fast asleep.

Tess stepped out of the tomb and managed to persuade Angel to walk back to the house, without waking him. It was very cold outside, and both had only night clothes on. She helped him to his sofa bed in the living room, and he still did not wake up.

Next morning he seemed to remember nothing of the night’s experiences, and Tess did not refer to his sleepwalking. They finished packing and left the farmhouse, where they had hoped to be so happy. After driving some distance Angel stopped the carriage to get down and continue on foot. Tess was going further on in the carriage. He spoke seriously to her as they separated.

‘Now remember,’ he said, ‘I am not angry with you, but I cannot bear to live with you at the moment. I will try to accept it. But until I come to you, you should not try to come to me.’

The punishment seemed a heavy one to Tess. Had she really deserved this?

“May I write to you?”

“Oh yes, if you are ill or need anything. You probably won’t, so I might be the first to write.”

“I agree to the conditions, Angel, because you know best. Only don’t make it too much for me to bear!”

That was all she said. If she had sobbed or fainted or begged him, he would probably have given way. But she made it easy for him. He gave her some money and they said goodbye. He stood on the road watching the carnage continue up the hill, secretly hoping that Tess would look back. But she was lying half dead with misery inside. He turned to walk on alone, not realizing that he still loved her.

15

第二天早晨克莱尔睡醒时，天空灰蒙蒙的，没有阳光照耀。房间的壁炉里堆满了冰冷的柴灰。两杯满满的酒仍旧摆在桌子上，不曾被动过。

当那个女清洁工到来时，他把她打发走了，他不想房子里有第三个人。他找了些木头，生起了火，开始做早饭。路过这农舍的人看到烟囱里升起炊烟，都羡慕这对幸福的新婚夫妇。

“早饭准备好了！”他用一种平常的声音冲着楼上喊道。

苔丝马上就下来了。她已经穿好了衣服，但手和脸都冰凉冰凉的。她的卧室里没有生火，她就在那儿一直坐着，盯着那束快要枯死的藤枝，等着他叫她。克莱尔彬彬有礼的言谈让她产生了一瞬间的希望，但是，当她看到他的面孔时，这希望消逝了。

实际上，他们俩都是他们从前火焰的灰烬。在经历了昨夜的极度悲痛之后，他们俩都很沉重，而且疲惫不堪。

苔丝走到安吉尔身边，用手指轻轻地碰碰他。这真地就是那个曾经爱过她的男人吗？她的眼睛晶莹明亮，两颊依然丰满圆润，只是她的双唇没有血色。她看起来纯洁得不容置疑。安吉尔惊诧地注视着她。

“苔丝！说吧，那不是真的！那不可能是真的！”

“是真的。”

“句句是真？”

“句句是真。”

他几乎宁愿她撒个谎，这样他就可以睁只眼闭只眼地相信她，但是她重复道：“是真的。”

“他还活着吗？”安吉尔问道。

“孩子死了。”

“可那个人呢？”

“他还活着”。

“他在英国吗？”

“是的。”

一种绝望的神情掠过克莱尔的脸，他茫然地在房间里踱来踱去。

“你瞧，”他说，“我原以为——任何男人都会这么以为的——如果在一个妻子身上，我不寻求学识、好的出身和财富的话，如果我牺牲这一切的话，那么我确信我会找到一个至少是纯洁的乡下姑娘……但是……但是，我不应该谴责你。”

苔丝了解他的感情，知道他已经完全不知所措了。

“安吉尔，假如当时我没有意识到这事对你来说至少还有一条出路的话，我是不会和你结婚的……只是我曾希望你将永远不会……”她说着就要哭了。

“一条出路？”

“你可以和我离婚。”

“天哪！你怎么会这么傻呢？我怎么能同你离婚呢？”

“你难道不能吗，既然我已经把一切都告诉你了？”

“哦，苔丝，你太幼稚了！你不懂法律。不，我不能离婚。”

苔丝的脸上露出了羞愧、痛苦的神情。

“我原以为你能这么做的，”她轻声说，“不要认为我是算计好的！我真地以为你可以用这种方式解脱的。哦，那昨晚我真应该那么做，可是我没有胆量。我这个人就是这样！”

“有胆量去做什么？”他问。

“结束我自己的生命。”

“在哪儿？”

“在卧室里，在你的桑藤下。用我箱子上解下的绳子。但是最终我没做成！我怕人们会议论，你会因此蒙受痛苦。”

克莱尔被这出乎意料的供认惊得发颤。

“现在，听着。你必须永远不再想那样邪恶的事情。向我，向你的丈夫保证你永远不会做出那种事情。”

“我保证。我明白这是邪恶的。但是，安吉尔，这是让你获得自由的办法。这样就可以避免一次让人人都议论的离婚。但是，死在我自己手里对我太宽容了。你，我的丈夫，应该杀了我。如果有这种可能，如果你让你自己这么做的话，我想我会更爱你的。我给你带来了这么多的麻烦！”

“别说了！别再说这个了。”

“好，照你的意思做，无论你想要我做什么，我都会照办的。”

又疲惫又伤心地，他们坐下来吃早饭。他们谁也没看对方一眼，草草地吃了一点儿。安吉尔吃完后很快就离开了，到附近的面粉厂，开始学习技术。苔丝清扫了壁炉里的灰烬，打扫了房子，准备午饭，等着他回来。吃午饭时他们客气地谈了谈面粉厂的工作情况以及加工面粉的方法。下午，他又到面粉厂去了，晚上就看他的书和报纸。苔丝觉得自己妨碍他了，就到厨房去了。他到那儿找到了她。

“不要在厨房里这样干活。”他说道，“你不是我的用人，你是我的妻子。”

她看起来高兴了些。“你的意思是，我可以这样看待自己？”

“苔丝，你这是什么意思？当然了，你是我的妻子。”

“我不知道。”她说道，眼里噙着泪水。“我很早以前就给你讲过，我不够好，配不上你。现在我也不够好！我是对的！但是你说服了我！”

她转过身去背对着他，心痛欲碎般地啜泣着。这本来会使任何一个男人软下心来，但是安吉尔·克莱尔却无动于衷。在他内心深处，存在着一种坚硬的理性，这种理性让他抵触过教会，现在又来抵触苔丝了。她接受了他对她的态度，把它看做理所当然的。在她眼里，他依然完美。

同样的生活又过去了一天。苔丝只尝试过一次去接近她的丈夫。他要离开到面粉厂去的时候，她凑上她的唇，等他吻她。他对她的主动表示不加理睬，只是冷冷地说了声再见。当时她的感觉就像挨了他的打。在塔尔勃塞那些快乐的日子，他是多么经常地想要吻她啊！

但是在去往面粉厂的路上，安吉尔对自己的冷酷无情感到后悔。他真希望自己刚才能对她好一些，至少吻她一下。

于是，他们又捱过去了一天——一起生活在同一幢屋里，可是彼此间的距离却比以往任何时候都大。克莱尔拼命地考虑该怎么办。苔丝对得到宽恕甚至都不再抱希望了。那天晚上，她勇敢地说道：

“我猜想你不打算同我长久地一起生活，是吗，安吉尔？”她发现想控制面部的肌肉真是困难。

“是的。那个人还活着，我们怎么能像夫妇那样一起生活呢？他是你实质上的丈夫，而我却不是。如果他已经死了，情况也许会不同。不过，你考虑过将来没有？考虑过我们也许会有孩子吗？他们会知道这件事，人人都会议论它。你能想象他们在那样的阴影中成长吗？他们会因此而恨你的。”

苔丝的头垂下去了。她的眼睛感到沉重得几乎要闭上了。“不，我不能要求你和我在一起，”她轻声说道，“我还从没考虑过那些事情。”

她本来希望，像所有女人们会做的那样，一起生活一段时间，会消除他的冷漠。她赢回他的心的唯一希望便是每天都伴在他身旁。但她从来都没想过她也许会有孩子，而他们会排斥她。她现在想起来她怎样地责怪过她母亲，说她无力照管孩子，却把他们带到这个世界来了。她意识到，她也许会琼·德北犯同样的错误。她完全接受了安吉尔的论点。

她原可以争辩说，他们可以按照原计划到另一个国家的农场去，在那儿，没有人会知道她的过去。但是她没有争辩，也许这是对的。一个女人不但了解自己的痛苦，而且了解她丈夫的痛苦。即使根本没有人知道或提起这件事，他也许还是会让这份苦楚存在他心里。她已经输了。

到了第三天，她说：“我接受你讲的道理。我们必须分开。”

“但是你怎么办呢？”

“我可以回娘家。”

克莱尔不曾想到过这事。“你真的行吗？”

“是的，如果我和你朝夕相处的话，我也许会说服你留下来，这有悖你更为合理的判断，然后我们俩都会后悔的。我必须走。”

“你说得对，”安吉尔说。他的脸很苍白，但他的语气很坚决。

苔丝微微有些震惊。对她慷慨大方的提议，他竟同意得这么快！

“我并不想提出这个建议，”他说，“但是你既然提出了，我认为分开是个好办法——至少分开一段时间。上帝知道，也许有朝一日，我们又会走到一起的！”

于是两个人都准备第二天离开。当晚，苔丝被房子里发出的声响惊醒了。起先，她以为是安吉尔到她卧室来了，她的心欢喜得一阵狂跳。但是，随后她看清了他的眼睛正茫然空洞地直视着前方，知道他这是在梦游。他来到她房间当中，悲戚地说道：“死了！死了！死了！可怜的，亲爱的苔丝！你是多么温柔，多么可爱，多么纯洁呀！”

这些他醒着的时候永远不会说的话，在苔丝听来，是那么地甜蜜。她不愿为拯救自己而躲避。她一动也不动地躺着，尽力不呼吸。她急切地想知道他会对她做些什么。她对他的信任是完完全全的。

他把她抱起来，托着她朝楼梯走去。他要把她摔下去吗？她知道他明天就要离开她了，也许是永远地离开了。她几乎希望他们一起跌下楼，一起死去。

他继续下楼，又把她抱出了房子，朝那条河走去。她把自己整个儿托付给他了，只要能和他在一起，她不在乎她会出什么事。他们到了一个河水又急又深的地方，安吉尔还是抱着苔丝，开始穿越那条狭窄的人行桥。也许他想淹死她。但即使是那样，也比分离好啊。

在他们过桥的时候，下面的河水在凶猛湍急地奔流。如果苔丝在他怀里动一动，他们就会双双落入这凶多吉少的河流中。尽管她自己的生命无足轻重，但是她没有权力带走他的生命，因此，她静静地躺着。

安吉尔下意识地走到了河流附近的一座残破的教堂。靠着那座旧墙，有一个空石墓。他把苔丝小心翼翼地放到了里面，吻着她的唇，深深地、愉快地叹息着。然后，他就躺倒在坟墓旁边的地面上。看起来他已经熟睡了。

苔丝从坟墓中走了出来，她设法诱导安吉尔和她走回家去，又不惊醒他。外面很冷，而他们俩都只穿着睡衣。她扶他上了起居室里他那张沙发床，而他仍然没有醒过来。

第二天早晨，他像是一点儿也记不起来夜里的经历了，而苔丝也没有提起他梦游的事。他们收拾好了行李，就离开了农舍——他们原来希望在那儿度过一段幸福时光的。驾车前行了一段路后，安吉尔停住马车，下来继续步行。苔丝还要坐着马车往前走。在他们告别的时候，他神情严肃地对她说了一些话。

“嗯，记住，”他说，“我不怨恨你，可是，这个时候，我无法忍受和你生活在一起。我将会尽力去接受它。但是，在我回到你身边之前，你最好不要来找我。”

这种惩罚对苔丝像是很严酷。她真地是罪有应得吗？

“我可以给你写信吗？”

“哦，可以，如果你生了病或有什么需要的话。可能你不会有这种事，所以也许是我先给你写。”

“我同意这些条件，安吉尔，因为你最懂得该怎么办。只是不要做得让我无法承受！”

那就是她全部的话。如果当时她哭了、晕倒了或是向他求情，他都可能会屈服让步的。但是她让他轻轻松松地过了这一关。他给了她一笔钱，然后他们就互相道别了。他站在路上，看着马车继续朝山头驶去，默默地希望苔丝能回头看一眼。但是怀着极大痛苦的苔丝此时已近乎昏厥。他转身独自朝前走了，并不知道自己依然是爱她的。

As the carriage drove on through Blackmoor Vale, Tess now began to awake from her sorrow and wonder how she could face her parents. She left the carriage and came into Marlott on foot. When she entered the little cottage, her mother was doing the washing as usual.

'Why Tess!' she cried when she saw her daughter. 'I thought you were married! Really married this time!'

'Yes, mother, I am.'

'Then where's your husband?'

'Gone away for a time.'

'Gone away! When were you married then? Tuesday, as you said?'

'Yes, mother.'

'Married on Tuesday and today it's only Saturday, and he's gone away! What strange husbands you seem to find, Tess!'

'Mother!' Tess ran across to Joan and put her head on Joan's shoulder. 'You told me I mustn't tell him. But I did—I couldn't help it—and he went away!'

'Oh you fool, you little fool!' cried her mother.

'I know, I know,' sobbed Tess. 'But he was so good! I couldn't lie to him. And if only you knew how much I loved him and how much I wanted to marry him!'

'Well, it's too late now,' said Mrs Durbeyfield. 'Whatever will your father say? He was very proud of your marriage. He's been telling them at the public house that you'll help his noble family become great again. Oh, there he is now!'

Tess ran upstairs, but through the thin walls she could hear the whole story being told to Sir John.

'People will laugh at me in the village!' he said. 'Do you think he really did marry her, Joan? Or is it like the first?'

Tess could listen no more. Even her own family did not believe her. She could not stay. She gave her mother half the money which Clare had given her, and told her family she was going to join him. And so she left Marlott again, looking for work.

Angel Clare also returned home. He had spent three weeks since his wedding trying to remain calm and continue his studies, but with the disturbing picture of Tess always in his mind. He was beginning to wonder if he had treated her unfairly. She had been so much a part of his plans for the future that he was now thinking of countries where they could farm together. The idea of Brazil attracted him. The countryside, people and habits would be so different. Perhaps they could make a new life there together. So he went back to Emminster to tell his parents his new plan.

'But where's your wife, dear Angel?' cried his mother when he arrived.

'She's at her mother's for the moment. I've come home in rather a hurry, because I've decided to go to Brazil.'

'Brazil! But they're all Roman Catholics there!'

'Are they? I hadn't thought of that.'

But Mr and Mrs Clare were even more interested in their son's marriage than in Brazil's religion.

'Angel, we do want to meet your wife. We are not in the least angry about this rather hurried wedding, so why haven't you brought her? It seems strange.'

Angel explained that she would be staying at her mother's while he went to Brazil alone to see if the country was suitable. He planned to bring her to meet his parents before he went there a second time, with her. But his mother was disappointed at not seeing Tess. She watched her son as he ate, and asked questions.

'Is she very pretty?'

'She certainly is!'

'And a maiden of course?'

'Of course.'

'I imagine you were her first love?'

'Exactly.'

His father asked no questions, but when the moment for evening prayers arrived, he chose a passage from the Bible.

'This passage is very suitable, as you are here, Angel. It is in praise of a pure wife.'

'We shall all think of her as your father reads it,' added his mother. As they listened to the ancient, beautiful words, Angel felt like crying.

His mother said, 'You see, Angel, the perfect woman, the Bible tells us, is a working woman, not a fine lady, a girl just like your wife. A girl who uses her hands and heart and head for others. I wish I could have met her, Angel. As she is pure, she is fine enough for me.'

Clare's eyes were full of tears. He quickly said goodnight and went to his room. His mother followed and stood at his door looking anxiously at him.

'Angel, why are you going away so soon? Have you quarrelled with your wife in these three weeks? Angel, is she ...is she a woman with a past?' The mother's instinct had found the cause of her son's worries.

'She is totally pure!' he replied, and felt that he had to tell that lie, even if he went to hell there and then for it.

'Then never mind the rest. There are few better things in nature than a pure country girl.'

Clare felt furious with Tess, because she had forced him to deceive his parents. Then he remembered her sweet voice, and the touch of her fingers on his face, and her warm breath on his lips. But this well-meaning young man, despite his advanced ideas, was still limited in his thinking. He could not see that Tess was in character as pure as the pure wife in the Bible.

The next day Clare left Emminster and began to prepare for his journey to Brazil. One day, returning from doing some business with a farmer, he happened to meet one of the dairymaids from Talbothays, Izz Huett. He knew her secret: she was an honest girl who loved him and who might have made as good a farmer's wife as Tess. He learnt from Izz that, of the other dairymaids, Retty had become ill, and Marian had started drinking. And Izz herself?

'Suppose I had asked you to marry me, Izz?' he asked.

'I would have said "yes", and you would have had a woman who loved you!'

A wild anger took hold of Clare. Society and its rules had trapped him in a corner. Why shouldn't he take his revenge on society?

'I'm going to Brazil, Izz, without Tess. We have separated for personal reasons. I may never be able to love you, but will you come with me?'

'Yes, I will,' said Izz after a pause.

'You know it's wrong in the eyes of the world, don't you? Do you love me very much? More than Tess?'

'I do, yes, oh, I do love you, but not more than Tess. Nobody could! She would have laid down her life for you.'

Clare was silent. A sob rose inside him. He heard Izz's words again and again in his head: She would have laid down her life for you.

'I'm sorry, Izz,' he said suddenly. 'Please forget what I said just now! I must be mad!'

'Oh please take me! Oh, I shouldn't have been so honest!' sobbed Izz.

'Izz, by your honesty you have saved me from doing something wicked. Thank you for that. And please forgive me!'

And so Angel said goodbye to the miserable girl. But he did not turn towards Tess's village. He continued with his plan, and five days later left the country for Brazil.

And so the months passed. Tess found occasional dairy work for the spring and summer. She sent all Angel's money to her family, who as usual had many expenses and hardly any income. She was too proud to ask Angel's family for more money. That winter she went to work at another farm, where Marian was working. Here the earth was poor, and the work was difficult. But Tess did not mind the hard work in the fields. As she and Marian dug out the vegetables in the pouring rain, they talked of Talbothays and of the sunny green fields and of Angel Clare. Tess did not tell Marian everything, so Marian could not understand why the couple were apart.

They wrote to Izz, asking her to join them if she had no other work. It was the coldest winter for years, but Tess and Marian had to go on working in the snow. Tess realized that the farmer was the same Trantridge man who had recognized her in the market town, and had been knocked down by Angel. He made her work twice as hard as the others.

When Izz came, Tess saw her whispering to Marian. Tess had a feeling it was important. 'Is it about my husband?' she asked Marian later.

'Well yes, Izz said I shouldn't tell. But he asked her to run away to Brazil with him!'

Tess's face went as white as the snow on the ground.

'What happened?'

'He changed his mind. But he was going to take her!'

Tess burst out crying. 'I must write to him! It's my fault! I shouldn't have left it to him! He said I could write to him! I've been neglecting him!'

But in the evening, in her room, she could not finish her letter to him. She looked at her wedding ring, which she wore round her neck in the day, and kept on her finger all night. What kind of husband would ask Izz to go to Brazil with him so soon after parting from his wife?

But this new information made her think again of visiting Angel's family in Emminster. She wanted to know why he had not written to her. She could meet his parents, who would surely be kind to her in her loneliness. So she decided to walk there from the farm at Flintcomb-Ash on a Sunday, her only free day. It was fifteen miles each way. She dressed in her best, encouraged by Marian and Izz, who sent her on her way at four o'clock in the morning. The girls sincerely loved Tess and wished for her happiness. It was a year since her wedding, and on that bright cold morning her unspoken hope was to win over her husband's family and so persuade him back to her.

Although she started cheerfully, she began to lose her courage as she approached Emminster. The church looked forbidding. Perhaps the rather strict parson would not approve of her travelling so far on a Sunday. But she had to go on. She took off her thick walking boots and hid them behind a tree, changing into her pretty shoes. She would collect the boots on the way out of town.

She took a deep breath and rang the bell at the parson's house. Nobody answered. She tried again. Silence. It was almost with relief that she turned and walked away. Then she suddenly remembered that they must all be at church. So she waited in a quiet part of the street until people began to stream out of church. She immediately recognized Angel's brothers and even overheard some of their conversation.

'Poor Angel!' one of them said. 'There's that nice girl, Mercy Chant. Why on earth didn't he marry her instead of rushing into marriage with a dairymaid?'

'It's certainly very strange. But his ideas have always been most odd.'

They joined Mercy Chant as she came out of church, and walked together along the road Tess had walked into Emminster.

'Look, here's a pair of old boots,' said one of the brothers, noticing Tess's boots behind the tree.

‘Excellent walking boots, I see, ’ said Miss Chant. ‘How wicked to throw them away! Give them to me. I’ll find a poor person who would like them. ’

Tess walked quickly past them, tears running down her face. She continued walking as fast as she could away from Emminster. How unlucky that she had met the sons and not the father! Angel’s parents would have taken poor lonely Tess to their hearts immediately, as they did every other lost soul, without thought of family or education or wealth.

She grew more and more tired and depressed as she walked the fifteen miles back to Flintcomb—Ash, where only hard work awaited her. But on the way she noticed a crowd listening to a preacher and she stopped for a while to join them. The preacher was describing with enthusiasm how he had been wicked for years and how a certain parson had pointed it out to him: this had gradually turned him from wickedness. But Tess was more shocked by the voice than the words. She moved round behind the crowd to look at his face. As the afternoon sun shone full on him, she recognized Alec d’Urberville.

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当马车穿越黑荒野山谷继续行驶时，苔丝渐渐从悲痛中醒转过来，开始思考该怎样面对她的父母。她下了马车，步行进入马勒特村。当她走进那间小农舍时，她母亲一如往常地在洗着衣服。

“苔丝，为什么？”她看到她女儿，不由得叫了起来，“我以为你结婚了！这次是真的结婚了吧！”

“是的，妈妈，结婚了。”

“那么，你的丈夫呢？”

“要离开一段时间。”

“离开！那么，你们是什么时候结婚的？如你所说的，星期二？”

“是的，妈妈。”

“星期二结婚，今天才不过是星期六，他就已经走了。看来你是找了一个非常奇怪的丈夫啊，苔丝！”

“妈！”苔丝朝琼奔去，把她的头伏在琼的肩上，“你嘱咐我不要告诉他，但是我说了——我忍不住——然后他走了！”

“哦，你这个傻瓜，你这个小傻瓜！”她母亲喊道。

“我知道，我知道，”苔丝哭诉着，“可是他原来是那么好的人！我不能对他撒谎。如果你知道我是多么地爱他，多么地想嫁给他，你就会明白了！”

“唉，现在已经太迟了，”德北夫人说道，“真不知道你父亲会怎么说？他对你的婚姻非常地自豪。他在酒店里跟他们说，你会帮忙把他的高贵家族重新振兴起来。哦，他来啦！”

苔丝跑到楼上去了。但是透过薄薄的墙壁，她听到了向约翰爵士叙述的整个事件。

“村里人会笑话我的！”他说，“你认为他真地跟她结婚了吗，琼？还是就像头一次那样？”

苔丝再也听不下去了，甚至她的家人都不信任她。她无法待在这儿了。她把克莱尔留给她的钱分出一半，给了她母亲，并告诉家里人，她打算去和他团聚。于是她又一次离开了马勒特，去找活儿干。

安吉尔·克莱尔也回到了家里。从婚礼之后，他花费了三周的时间试图让自己保持平静并继续学习，但他脑子里总不断地闪现出苔丝的影子，搅得他心神不安。他开始思索自己是不是对她做得太过分了。她曾是他未来生活计划中如此重要的一部分，以至于他现在还在考虑他们可以一起去哪些国家经营农场。巴西对他颇具吸引力。那儿的乡村、那儿的居民和风俗都与此地截然不同，也许他们可以一起在那儿开创新的生活。于是他返回爱敏斯特，告诉他父母他的新打算。

“亲爱的安吉尔，可是，你的妻子呢？”当他到家时，他母亲喊道。

“她这会儿在她娘家，我是相当匆忙地赶回家的，因为我已经决定了要去巴西。”

“巴西！但是那儿都是罗马天主教徒！”

“是吗？我还没想过这个呢。”

但是比起巴西的宗教来，克莱尔先生和克莱尔夫人对他们儿子的婚姻大事更为关切。

“安吉尔，我们真地想见见你的妻子。对你这次草率的婚礼，我们丝毫没有生气。那么，为什么你不把她带来？这显得有点奇怪。”

安吉尔解释说，在他单独赴巴西考察那个国家是否适合期间，她先住在娘家。他安排好了，在下次他和她一起去巴西之前，带她来见他的父母。但他的母亲对于没有见到苔丝非常失望。她看着儿子吃饭，还问了些问题。

“她很漂亮吗？”

“那是毫无疑问的。”

“自然是个少女喽？”

“自然是的。”

“我想你是她的初恋吧？”

“正是。”

他的父亲什么也没问，但是到晚上做祈祷的时刻，他从《圣经》里挑选了一段文章。

“安吉尔，这一段非常适合现在这个场合，这是赞美纯洁的妻子的。”

“当你父亲读这段话时，我们都会想到她。”他母亲加了一句。当他听着这些古老、优美的辞句时，安吉尔简直要哭了。

他的母亲说：“安吉尔，你看，《圣经》告诉我们，完美的女人是一个勤劳的女人，就像你的妻子那样的姑娘，一个用自己的双手、心灵和头脑为别人奉献的姑娘，而不是一位体面的小姐。安吉尔，我真希望我见过她了。我觉得她已经够好了，因为她是个纯洁的姑娘。”

克莱尔的眼眶里满是泪水。他迅速地道了晚安，就到自己的房间去了。他的母亲跟了过去，站在门口忧虑地看着他。

“安吉尔，你为什么这么快就要离去了？这三个星期里，你和你的妻子吵架了吗？安吉尔，她是……她是一个有经历的女人吗？”做母亲的本能发现了儿子忧虑的原由。

“她是完全纯洁的！”他回答道，他觉得自己一定要撒那个谎，哪怕他要为此在此时此地下地狱。

“那就永远不要在乎别的方面。自然界里很难再有比一个纯洁的乡村姑娘更好的事物了。”

克莱尔对苔丝感到非常愤怒，因为她逼得他欺骗他的父母。随后，他又想起了她温柔甜美的声音，她的手指在他脸上轻轻触摸的感觉，还

有她在他唇上温暖柔和的呼吸。但是这个本意善良的年轻人，尽管有先进的思想，在思维上却不免仍有局限。他不能看到，在本质上，苔丝与《圣经》中描述的圣洁的妻子是一样纯洁的。

第二天，克莱尔离开了爱敏斯特，开始为去巴西的行程作准备。一天，在同一位农场主了结了一些事情后的返回途中，他碰巧遇上了塔尔勃塞的一个挤奶女工，伊茨·休爱特。他知道她心里的秘密，她爱他，是个诚实的姑娘，而且能成为一个和苔丝一样贤惠的农场主妻子。他从伊茨口中得知了一些其他女工的情况。蕾蒂病倒了，玛丽安开始酗酒。伊茨自己怎么样呢？

“伊茨，假设我请求过你嫁给我，会怎么样？”他问。

“我会说‘好吧’，然后你就拥有了一个爱你的女人！”

一种疯狂的愤怒占据了克莱尔的思想。社会和它的法则设下圈套把他逼到了死角，为什么他不向这个社会报复？

“伊茨，我将要去巴西了，苔丝不跟着去。我们因为一些私人的原因分手了。可能我永远也不会爱你，但是，你愿意和我一起去吗？”

“是的，我愿意，”沉默了一会儿，伊茨说道。

“你知道这在世人的眼里是不对的，是不是？你非常非常爱我吗？爱得比苔丝还深？”

“是的，我爱你，哦，我确实很爱你，但是爱得没有苔丝深。没人能这样！她可以为了你舍弃她的生命。”

克莱尔哑然无语，他的心在哭泣。他听到伊茨的话一遍又一遍地在脑子里响起：她可以为了你舍弃她的生命。

“我很抱歉，伊茨，”他突然说道，“请你忘掉我刚才说的话吧！我一定是疯了！”

“哦，带我去吗？喔，我不应该那么老实！”伊茨呜咽着说。

“伊茨，你的诚实挽救了我，使我避免了一件罪恶的事情。我要因此感谢你，也请你原谅我！”

于是安吉尔告别了这个可怜的姑娘。但他并没有转回到苔丝的村子。他继续按他的计划行事，五天之后，他离开这个国家到巴西去了。

时间一个月又一个月地过去了。春夏两季，苔丝就在牛奶场找点临时的活儿干。她把安吉尔留下的钱都寄给了家里，这个家像往常一样总有许多支出，却几乎没有什么收入。她的自尊不允许她向安吉尔的家人伸手要钱。那个冬天她转到另外一个农场干活。玛丽安就在那里干活儿。这里的土地贫瘠，活儿也很辛苦。但是苔丝并不介意在地里干那些繁重的活儿。当她们淋着倾盆大雨在地里挖菜时，她们就讲讲塔尔勃塞，讲讲阳光明媚的绿色牧场，还有安吉尔·克莱尔。苔丝没有把事情的来龙去脉都告诉玛丽安，所以玛丽安无法理解为什么这对夫妇会分开。

她们给伊茨写信，叫她来跟她们一起干，如果她没别的活儿干的话。这是几年来最冷的一个冬天，可是苔丝和玛丽安必须顶着雪花干活儿。苔丝意识到农场主就是那个在集镇上认出她来的纯端脊人，曾经被安吉尔击倒在地。他让她干的活儿比其他人的加重了一倍。

当伊茨到来时，苔丝见她跟玛丽安耳语着什么。苔丝感觉这一定是件重要的事。“是有关我丈夫的事吗？”之后，她向玛丽安问道。

“嗯，是的，伊茨说我不应该告诉你。可是，他叫她跟他一起私奔到巴西去！”

苔丝的脸变得像地上的雪一样惨白。

“后来呢？”

“他改变了主意。但是他原来是打算带她去的！”

苔丝放声大哭起来。“我必须给他写信！这是我的过错！我原不该把这事留给他去做的！他说过我可以给他写信！我一直都疏忽他了！”

可是到了晚上，她在房间里给他写信时，又写不下去了。她盯着她的结婚戒指，她在白天把它挂在脖子上，到了晚上就整夜把它戴在手上。与妻子分离后，这么快就叫伊茨和他一起去巴西了，这是什么样的丈夫呢？

但是这个新信息让她重新考虑到爱敏斯特拜访安吉尔的家人。她想知道为什么他没有给她写信。她可以见见他的父母，在她孤苦伶仃的时候，他们一定会善待她的。于是她决定在一个她唯一空闲的日子，礼拜天，从弗林特石灰谷的农场出发，步行去那儿。单程的路就有15英里。在玛丽安和伊茨的怂恿下，她穿上了最好的衣服。她们在那天清晨4点钟把她送上了路。姑娘们都真挚地爱着她，由衷地希望她幸福。现在距她结婚的日子已有一年了，在那个晴朗寒冷的早晨，她那不曾说出口的愿望就是赢得她丈夫的家人，然后说服他回到她的身边。

虽然她出来时欢欣鼓舞，但是随着渐渐走近爱敏斯特，她却开始心慌了。教堂显得令人生畏。也许那位相当严格的牧师会不赞许她在礼拜日长途跋涉。可是，她只有往前走了。她脱下笨重的靴子，把它们藏到一棵树后面，然后，换上那双精致漂亮的靴子。她想出在出镇的路上再把靴子捡回来。

她深深地吸了口气，按响了牧师家的门铃。没有人答应。她又按了一次。还是没有动静。她几乎是松了口气，转身离开了。然后她想起来他们一定都在教堂呢。于是她就在街上一个安静的地方等着，直到人们川流不息地从教堂出来了。她马上认出了安吉尔的哥哥们，甚至还远远地听到了他们的谈话。

“可怜的安吉尔！”其中一个说道，“默茜·钱特，那个好姑娘在那儿。到底为什么他不娶她，而是跟一个挤奶工仓促地结了婚？”

“这真是很奇怪。不过，他的想法一直是最古怪的。”

当默茜·钱特从教堂出来时，他们便上前陪同她一起沿着那条苔丝走进爱敏斯特的路走着。

“看，这儿有一双旧靴子，”兄弟中有一人说道，他发现了苔丝放在树后的靴子。

“我觉得，这是很不错的步行靴子。”钱特小姐说道，“这样就扔了，多差劲啊！把它们交给我吧。拿去送给穷人，会有人喜欢的。”

苔丝匆匆地超过了他们，泪水从她脸上滑滚滚下。她继续尽可能快地走着，离开了爱敏斯特。她是多么不走运啊，碰见的偏偏会是两个儿子，而不是父亲。安吉尔的父母会立即打心底里接受孤苦可怜的苔丝，就像他们对每一个迷失的人做的那样，而不会去考虑他的出身、学识或财富。

在返回弗林特石灰谷的15英里路中，她变得越来越疲惫沮丧，那儿只有繁重的活儿等着她干。可是在半路上，她注意到有一群人正在听一个传道士说着什么。她停下脚步，也去听了一会儿。这个传道士正热情高涨地讲述他多年来曾是如何地品行不端，而一个牧师又是怎样地给他指出来：这让他渐渐地从邪恶中转变过来。但是他的声音比他的讲道更让苔丝震惊。她从人群后绕过去看他的脸，午后的阳光充沛地照在他身上，她认出来了，他是亚历克·德伯。

17. a Changed Man

This was the first time she had seen or heard of d' Urberville since she had left Trantridge. And although he stood there openly as a preacher, as a religious man, she still felt afraid of him. He had changed his clothes, his hair, his moustache and his expression, but could she really believe that he had changed his most secret thoughts and beliefs?

As soon as she recovered from her surprise, she moved away so that he would not notice her. But he suddenly caught sight of her, and the effect on him was electric. His enthusiasm faded, his voice hesitated, his lips trembled, his eyes dropped in confusion. Tess walked rapidly away along the road.

However, as she walked she felt he must be looking at her back as she walked away. And now she knew she could never escape the past, as she had hoped. Reminders of her past would surround her until she died. As she walked uphill she heard footsteps behind her, and, turning, saw that it was the one person in the whole world she did not want to meet this side of the grave.

'Tess! ' he said. 'I'm Alec d' Urberville! '

'I see you are, ' she said coldly. They walked on together.

'You may wonder why I'm following you. Well, I feel you are the person I would most like to save from hell. So I have come to do that. '

'Have you saved yourself? ' Tess asked bitterly.

'God has done it all, not me! I must tell you how I came to believe in Him. Have you ever heard of the parson of Emminster, old Mr Clare? A very strict, sincere man. '

'I have, ' said Tess.

'Well, he came to Trantridge once and tried to show me how wicked my life was. I insulted him at the time. But later my mother died, and somehow I began to think about what old Mr Clare said. Since then my one desire has been to help others to understand God too...'

'Don't go on! ' cried Tess. 'I can't believe in such a sudden change! I almost hate you for talking to me like this, when you know how you've ruined my life! You enjoy yourself for a while and then you make sure of your place in heaven! ' As she spoke she looked him full in the face with her great beautiful eyes.

'Don't look at me like that! ' said Alec. 'Your eyes remind me of—well, women's faces have too much power over me. Don't look at me! It might be dangerous for you! '

Eventually they came to a crossroads, where a strange stone stood. It was a lonely, unfriendly place, where people did not like to stay for long. Alec stopped here.

'I must go to the right here. I'm preaching at six this evening. Tell me, how has your life been since we last met? '

Tess told him about the baby. Alec was shocked.

'You should have told me! But before we part, come, put your hand on this stone. It was once a holy cross. I'm afraid of your power over me. Swear on the cross that you will never tempt me into wickedness! '

'Good God! How can you ask such an unnecessary thing! I don't want to see you ever again! '

'No, but swear it. '

Tess placed her hand on the stone and swore.

'I shall pray for you, ' called Alec as he walked away. 'Who knows, we may meet again! '

Tess went on her way, feeling upset, and soon met a man on the road. He told her that the cross was not religious, but marked the place where a criminal was put to death and buried. Trembling a little at this information, she finally arrived at Flintcomb—Ash.

One day the following week when Tess was working in the fields as usual, Alec d' Urberville came to see her. He explained to her that he intended to sell his land at Trantridge and go to help poor people in Africa.

'Will you help me put right the wicked thing I did to you? Will you be my wife? '

'Oh no, sir! ' she cried, horrified.

'Why not? ' Disappointment was visible in his face. It was not only duty which pushed him to make this offer, but also his old passion for her.

'You know I don't love you, ' answered Tess. 'In fact, I love somebody else. '

'Perhaps that is only a passing feeling...'

'No! '

'Yes! Why not? You must tell me! '

'Well, then... I have married him. '

'Ah! ' he cried and looked hard at her.

'It's a secret here, ' she begged. 'Please don't tell anybody. '

'Who is he? ' asked d' Urberville. 'Where is he? Why isn't he here to look after you? What sort of husband can he be, leaving you to work like this? '

'Don't ask! ' cried Tess, her eyes flashing.

'Your eyes! ' whispered Alec. 'I thought I no longer felt anything for you, but when I look into your eyes...' He took her hand.

She pulled it quickly away.

'Go now, please, in the name of your new religion, go! Respect me and my husband! '

‘Don’t worry, I can control myself. I just hoped that our marriage would take away the bad in both of us. But that plan is no good now. ’ He walked slowly away, his head bent in thought.

The farmer approached at that moment and was angry with Tess for wasting time talking to a stranger. Tess preferred hard words from this man of stone to sweet ones from Alec d’ Urberville. For a moment, however, she imagined escaping from her present hard life by marrying Alec, but rejected it immediately.

At home that night she began a letter to Clare, telling him of her great love for him. Reading between the lines he would have seen her secret fear for the future. But again she could not finish the letter, thinking of his offer to lzz, and so he never received it.

On a Sunday in February she was eating her lunch in the cottage where she lived, when d’ Urberville knocked at the door. He rushed in and threw himself into a chair.

‘Tess! ’ he cried desperately. ‘I can’t help it! I can’t stop thinking of you! Pray for me, Tess! ’

Tess did not pity him. ‘I cannot because I don’t believe God would change His plans just because I asked Him. ’

‘Who told you that? ’

‘My husband. ’

‘Ah, your dear husband… Tell me what he believes. ’

Tess explained, as clearly as she could remember, Angel’s beliefs. Alec watched her closely.

‘The fact is, you just believe whatever he says. That’s just like you women! ’

‘Ah, that’s because he knows everything! ’ Tess replied with enthusiasm. ‘What is good enough for him is good enough for me. ’

‘H’m, interesting, ’ murmured d’ Urberville. ‘Perhaps he understands religion better than old Mr Clare. Perhaps he’s right not to attach too much importance to the Bible and to fixed ideas. Perhaps I was wrong to become a preacher. Today I should be preaching at half—past two, and here I am! My passion for you was too strong for me! ’

‘You have let all those people down? They are waiting for you! ’

‘What do I care? You are the one woman I have always wanted. Why have you tempted me away from religion? I can’t resist you! ’ His black eyes flashed passionately. He advanced towards her.

‘I couldn’t help your seeing me again! ’ cried Tess, moving nervously away from him. ‘Please leave me! Remember I am married! Remember I can’t defend myself! ’

Alec stopped, turned, and went out without another word. But he went on thinking of Angel’s religious logic, as explained by Tess. It seemed to make sense. ‘That clever husband doesn’t know that his ideas may lead me back to her! ’ he laughed to himself.

In March the threshing—machine came for a day to Flintcomb—Ash. It was a huge red machine which ate all the corn the farm—workers could feed it. Next to it stood the engine which ran it, and the engineer. He lived in a world of fire and smoke, and was permanently black, as if he came from hell. The farmer put Tess next to the threshing—machine, so that she had the hardest and most tiring job of all. She had little chance to talk or rest, and at lunch time was about to start eating when she noticed d’ Urberville approaching. He had Changed his parson’s clothes and now looked just like the young gentleman she had first met at Trantridge.

‘I am here again, you see, ’ he said, smiling at her.

‘Why do you bother me like this? ’ she cried.

‘You trouble me! Your eyes look at me night and day. I can’t forget them. Tess, when you told me about that child of ours, my feelings for you became strong again. I have lost interest in religion and it is your fault! ’

‘You have stopped preaching? ’ asked Tess, shocked.

‘I have. What a lot of stupid people they are to listen to a preacher anyway! And I am convinced that your wonderful husband’s views are better than old Parson Clare’s. I don’t know how I became so enthusiastic! So now, here I am, my love, just as in the old times! ’

‘Not like that at all, no, now it’s different! ’ she said firmly. ‘Oh why couldn’t you stay religious? ’

‘Because you’ve explained your husband’s ideas so well to me that I accept them! Ha ha! But seriously, Tess, you need help. I am here and this husband of yours is not. Come with me! My carriage is waiting the other side of the field! You have tempted me, now share my life for ever! ’ He put an arm round her waist. Tess was red with anger but said nothing. She picked up a heavy leather glove and hit him in the face with it. It was an action which her ancestors must have often practised. Alec jumped up and wiped the blood from his mouth.

‘Remember one thing! ’ he said angrily, only just controlling himself as he held her by the shoulders. ‘Remember, my lady, if you are any man’s wife, you are mine! I will have you again! I’ll come back for an answer later on! ’

So he left, and the farm—workers started the afternoon’s threshing. It went on until the evening, as the work had to be finished that day. Tess became more and more exhausted and was near to fainting when they finally stopped. Alec d’ Urberville, who had been waiting for this moment, appeared at her side.

‘You are so weak, ’ he said, holding her arm. ‘I’ve told the farmer he should not use women for work with the threshing—machine. It’s too hard. I’ll walk home with you. ’

‘Oh yes, please do! ’ murmured Tess, too tired to be afraid of him. ‘You are kind sometimes. And at least you wanted to put right the wrong by offering to marry me. ’

‘If I can’t marry you, at least I can help you. I have finished with religion. But you must trust me! I have enough money to help your family and make them comfortable. ’

‘Have you seen them lately? ’ asked Tess quickly. ‘God knows they need help…but no—no, I can take nothing from you, either for them or for me! Please leave me alone! ’

As soon as she reached her room she wrote a passionate letter to Angel. My own husband,

I must call you that. I must ask you for help—I have no one else! I am so open to temptation, Angel! I cannot tell you who it is. Can't you come to me now, before anything terrible happens? I know you are far away, but I need help! I know I deserved the punishment you gave me, but please, Angel, please be kind to me! If you would come, I could die in your arms!

I live only for you. Don't think I shall be bitter because you left me. I am so lonely without you, my darling!

Haven't you ever felt one little bit of your love for me at the dairy? I am the same woman you fell in love with then, the very same. As soon as I met you, the past was dead for me. Can't you see this?

How silly I was to trust that you would always love me! I ought to have known I couldn't be so lucky.

People say I am still rather pretty, Angel. But I don't care about my looks because you are not here.

If you won't come to me, could I come to you? I'm so worried! I'm afraid I may fall into some wicked trap. Save me from what threatens me!

Your faithful heartbroken

Tess

17 一个悔过自新的人

自从离开纯瑞脊之后，这是她第一次见到或听说德伯。虽然他是以一个传道士、一个虔诚的基督徒的身份公然地站在那里，可是，她对他仍然感到恐惧。他已经改变了他的装束、他的发型、他的胡须和他的表情，可是她真地能相信他已经改变了他内心最深处暗藏的想法和信念吗？

她一从惊异中缓过神来，就赶紧走开了，想避免让他注意到她。但是他突然看见她了，这一发现给他带来了触电般的震惊。他的激情消退了，他的声音含糊了，他的嘴唇哆嗦着，他的眼睛慌乱不安地瞟来瞟去。苔丝加快步伐上了路。

然而，她一边走一边觉得他在她离开时一定盯着她的背影看。现在她知道了，她永远都无法如她所希望的那样摆脱过去。在她死去之前，她过去经历的各种见证者重重包围着她。当她朝着山上走去时，她听到背后响起了脚步声，她掉过头去，看见的是那个只要她一息犹存，便最不愿意在这世上见到的人。

“苔丝！”他说，“我是亚历克·德伯！”

“我知道是你，”她冷漠地回答。他们一起朝前走着。

“你一定纳闷，为什么我要跟着你。嗯，我觉得你是我最想从地狱中拯救的一个人。所以我就来这么做了。”

“你拯救了你自己吗？”

“是上帝做了这一切，不是我！我得告诉你我是怎样渐渐地相信他的。你曾经听说过爱敏斯特的牧师，老克莱尔先生吗？一个严格、真诚的人。”

“我听说过，”苔丝说道。

“嗯，有一次他来到纯瑞脊，竭力给我指出我当时的生活是多么邪恶。那时候，我辱骂了他。可是后来，我母亲去世了，不知怎么地，我开始思考老克莱尔先生说过的话。打那以后，我唯一的愿望就是帮助其他人，还有了解上帝……”

“别再说下去了！”苔丝叫了起来，“我不能相信这样一个突如其来的改变！你这样跟我说话，我几乎要恨你了！你知道，你怎样地把我的生活给毁掉了！你寻欢作乐了一段时间后，又要确保在天堂里给你留个地方！”她用她那双美丽的大眼睛直直地盯着他的脸，说道。

“别这样看着我！”亚历克说，“你的眼睛让我回想起了——唉，女人的脸蛋对我的威力真是太大了。别看着我！这可能对你有危险！”

终于，他们来到了一处三岔路口，那儿竖着一块奇异的石头。这是个荒僻、险恶的地方，人们都不喜欢在此久留，亚历克在这儿停住了。

“我得在这儿右拐了，今晚六点钟我还要讲道呢。跟我说说，我们分手以后你的生活怎么样？”

苔丝跟他说了孩子的事。亚历克很震惊。

“你早该告诉我！那么，来，在我们分手之前，你把手放在这块石头上，这里有过一个神圣的十字架。我很害怕你对我产生的威力。对着十字架发誓你永远不会引诱我犯罪！”

“我的天哪！你怎么会要我做这种毫无必要的事！我连见都不想再见你！”

“没错，不过，发誓吧。”

苔丝把她的手放在石头上，发了誓。

“我会为你祈祷的，”亚历克一边走一边喊道，“谁知道呢，也许我们还会再见面的！”

苔丝怏怏不乐地继续她的路程，不久，她在路上碰见了一个人，他告诉她，那个十字架没有宗教的含义，而是给一个罪犯被判处死刑和埋葬的地方做个标记。听到这件事让苔丝有些发颤。终于，她走到了弗林特石灰谷。

接下来的那个星期，有一天苔丝正像平常那样在地里干活儿，亚历克·德伯看她来了。他向她说明他打算把纯瑞脊的土地卖了，然后去非洲救助那儿的穷人。

“你愿意帮我挽回我对你犯下的罪过吗？你愿意做我的妻子吗？”

“哦，不，先生！”她惊骇地叫道。

“为什么不行？”他脸上的失望显而易见。不仅仅是他的责任促使他提出这个请求，还有他对她昔日的激情。

“你知道我不爱你，”苔丝回答说，“实际上，我爱上别人了。”

“也许那只是一时的感情……”

“不是！”

“是的！为什么不是？你一定得告诉我！”

“嗯，那么……我已经嫁给他了。”

“啊！”他惊叫起来，愕然地注视着她。

“在这儿，这是个秘密，”她请求道，“请不要告诉任何人。”

“他是谁？”德伯问道，“他在哪儿？他为什么不在这儿照料你？把你抛下干这样的活儿，他算哪门子的丈夫？”

“别问了！”苔丝叫道，她的眼睛闪着光。

“你的眼睛！”亚历克喃喃说道，“我原以为我对你已不再有什么感觉了，但是，当我看到你的眼睛……”他抓住了她的手。她急忙抽了出来。

“走吧，请你走吧，以你的新信仰的名义，走吧！请尊重我和我的丈夫！”

“别担心，我能控制自己。我原来只是希望我们的结合能除去我们两个人身上的罪恶。可是这个计划现在看来已经不合适了。”他慢慢地走开了，低头沉思着什么。

这时，农场主过来了，他对苔丝浪费时间和一个陌生人交谈这事大为恼火。苔丝宁愿受到这个冷酷的人的严厉谴责，也不愿意听到亚历克·德伯的甜言蜜语。然而，有一刻她想象着与亚历克结婚来摆脱她目前艰难的生活，但是立即又打消了这个念头。

那晚，她在房子里开始给克莱尔写信，倾诉她对他深厚的爱情。从字里行间，他原可以体会她对未来暗藏的恐惧。可是她又想起了他对伊茨的请求，又一次没能把信写完，因此，他根本就收不到这封信。

2月的一个星期天，她正在她住的小房子里吃着午饭，德伯敲响了门，他冲了进来，一屁股坐在了椅子上。

“苔丝！”他声嘶力竭地喊道，“我无法克制自己！我无法停止想你！为我祈祷吧，苔丝！”

苔丝并不同情他。“我不能。因为我相信上帝不会因为我的请求就改变他的安排。”

“谁这么跟你说的？”

“我的丈夫。”

“啊，你亲爱的丈夫……告诉我，他都相信些什么。”

苔丝根据记忆，尽可能清楚地阐述着安吉尔的信念。亚历克密切地注视着他。

“事实上就是，你相信他说的每一句话。你们女人都是这样的。”

“哦，那是因为他知道一切事情！”苔丝充满激情地回答道，“对他足够好的东西对我同样足够好。”

“哼，真有意思，”德伯咕哝着，“也许他比老克莱尔先生更好地理解宗教。也许他是对的，不要太受《圣经》和那些教条观念的束缚。也许是我错了，竟想成为一个传教士。今天，我应该在两点半的时候讲道，但是我在这儿！我对你的感情太炽烈了！”

“你让那些人都失望了？他们正在等着你呢！”

“我在乎什么？你一直是我想要的女人。为什么你把我从宗教信仰里诱惑出来了？我无法抵御你！”他的黑眼睛显露出心荡神驰的情欲，他一步步朝她靠近。

“我无法让你不再见到我！”苔丝叫着，神经质地从他身边闪开，“请离开我吧！记住我已经结婚了！记住我无法保护自己！”

亚历克不动了，一句话也没再说，转身走了出去。但是，他还在继续思考着苔丝阐述的安吉尔的宗教逻辑。它看起来合情合理。“那个聪明的丈夫不知道他的思想可能会把我重新牵回到她身边！”他在心里窃笑道。

3月的一天，弗林特库姆一带来了一辆打谷机。这是一台大型的红色机器，它可以吞掉农场工人们装进去的所有麦子。它的旁边放着一台开动它的发动机，还站着一个技师。他生活在一个烟与火的世界里，永远是黑乎乎的，好像从地狱里来的一般。农场主安排苔丝站到打谷机边上，这样她就得干最繁重最乏味的活儿。她几乎没有机会说话或休息。到了午饭时间，她正准备吃饭时，看见德伯过来了。他已经换掉了那身牧师的服装，现在看起来就与她在纯瑞脊初次遇到时的那个年轻的绅士一样。

“你看，我又来了。”他笑着对她说。

“你为什么老来烦我呀！”她大叫起来。

“是你扰乱了我的心！你的眼睛日日夜夜地注视着我。我无法忘记它们。苔丝，当你把我们的孩子的事跟我说了的时候，我对你的感情又变得炽烈起来了。对宗教我已经失去了兴趣，这是你的罪过。”

“你已经停止布道了吗？”苔丝震惊地问道。

“是的，停止了。总之，他们是多么愚蠢的一大群人啊，听一个传教士布道！我为你那伟大的丈夫的观点折服了，我确信他的观点比老克莱尔牧师的好。真不知道我怎么就变得热情高涨了！所以，现在，我来了，亲爱的，就像过去的日子一样！”

“一点儿也不像那样了，不，现在情况不同了！”她坚决地说道，“哦，为什么你不能保持你对宗教的虔诚？”

“因为你如此生动地向我解释了你丈夫的观点，我接受它们了！哈哈！不过，说正经的，苔丝，你需要帮助。我在这儿，而你的那个丈夫不在。跟我来吧！我的马车就在田那头等着！你已经引诱我了，现在，永远地和我一起共享生活吧！”他伸出一只手臂，揽住了她的腰。苔丝气得涨红了脸，可是一句话都说不出来。她抓起了一只笨重的皮手套，朝他的脸打去。这一定是她的祖先们经常要练习的动作。亚历克跳了起来，擦了擦嘴角渗出的血。

“记住一件事情！”他恼怒地说道，抓住她的肩膀，克制着自己。“记住，我的小姐，如果你是任何一个男人的妻子，你就是我的！我会再度拥有你的！晚些时候，我会再来听你的回音！”

于是他离开了，农场工人又开始了下午打谷的活儿。因为这活儿必须在今天干完，所以一直持续到晚上。苔丝越来越精疲力尽，等到他们终于干完时，她几乎快晕倒了。一直在等候着这个时刻的亚历克·德伯出现在她的身边。

“你太虚弱了，”他抓着她的手臂说道，“我已经告诉农场主了，他不应该让女人跟着打谷机干活。这活儿太累人了，我陪你走回去。”

“哦，是的，好吧！”苔丝喃喃地说道，她太累了，已感觉不到对他的惧怕。“有时候你的心肠挺好的，至少，你想弥补过去的过失，提出要跟我结婚。”

“如果我不能娶你，至少我可以帮助你。我已经跟宗教没有什么瓜葛了，但是你一定要信任我！我有足够的钱帮助你的家人，让他们都过得舒舒服服的。”

“你最近见过他们吗？”苔丝急切地问道，”“上帝知道，他们需要帮助……但是，不——不，我不能从你这儿拿任何东西，不管是为他们还是为我自己！请让我一个人待着吧！”

她一回到房间，就给安吉尔写了一封感情深切的信。我自己的丈夫：

我必须这样称呼你，我必须向你呼救了——我别无他人可求！我是这么毫无防卫地受到诱惑，安吉尔！我不能告诉你他是谁。你难道不能趁着现在，不等可怕的事情发生，立即赶到我身边来吗？我知道，你在很远的地方，但是我需要帮助！我理解你给我的惩罚，我罪有应得，可是请你，安吉尔，请你善待我！如果你来，我就可以在你怀里安息了！

我只是为了你才活着。不要以为你离我而去，我会怨恨什么。亲爱的，没有你，我是多么孤寂啊！

难道你没有感觉到过一丝一毫你在牛奶场时对我的爱吗？我没变，我还是你以前爱上的那个女人，一点也没变。当初，我一见到你，过去的事情对我就都消亡了。难道你看不出这一点吗？

我有多傻呀，我一开始相信您会永远爱我的！我早就应该知道，我是不可能这么幸运的。

安吉尔，人们说我依然是那么漂亮迷人。可是，因为你不在这儿，我不关心我的容貌。

如果你不能到我这儿来。我能上你那儿去吗？我是这么地担心！我怕我也许会落入某个可怕的陷阱，我面临危险，救救我吧！

你忠实的心碎的妻子

苔丝

This desperate cry for help eventually arrived at the parson's house in Emminster. Old Mr Clare was pleased.

'I think this letter is from Angel's wife. I hope this will bring him home more quickly. He did say he was planning to come home next month. '

'Dear boy, I hope he will get home safely, ' murmured Mrs Clare. 'I still feel he should have gone university like the other two. He should have had the same chance as them, Church or no Church. '

This was the only complaint she ever made to her husband. He too was worried that he had been unfair to Angel. They blamed themselves for this unfortunate marriage. If Angel had studied at Cambridge he would never have become a farmer and married a country girl. Still, his more recent letters showed that Angel was planning to come home to fetch her, so perhaps their quarrel, whatever it was, could be settled.

Angel himself was at this moment riding across Brazil towards the coast. He had never completely recovered from the serious illness he had had when he first arrived. He was not as strong as before, and looked much older. The country had been a disappointment to him. Many farmers had come here from England hoping to make their fortune, and had died in the fields or on the roads. He knew now he could not farm here.

His attitude to life had changed during this time. He began to look again at what was right and wrong. He began to see that a person should be judged not only on what he has done but also on what he wanted to do. He began to think that he had perhaps been unfair to Tess, and he thought about her with growing affection.

He wondered why she had not written. He forgot that he had told her not to write first. He did not realize that she was obeying his orders exactly, although it was breaking her heart.

On his journey, he travelled with another Englishman. They were both depressed and both told each other their problems. The stranger was older and more experienced than Angel. He had a different, more open approach to life. He told Angel clearly that he was wrong in parting from Tess.

The next day they got wet in a thunderstorm. The stranger fell ill and died a few days later. Death came as no surprise in that unfriendly land. Clare buried him, and continued his journey. The man's words were somehow given greater importance by his unexpected death, and suddenly Clare felt ashamed. Tess had committed no crime. He should believe in her character, and not object to a past action she could not avoid. He remembered the words of Izz Huett: She would have laid down her life for you. No woman could do more. How she had looked at him on their wedding day—as if he were a god! And during that terrible evening by the fireside, when she told him her story, how desperately sad she had been to realize he might not love her any more.

Meanwhile Tess was not hopeful that Angel would come in answer to her letter. The past had not changed, so he might not change either. Nevertheless she spent her spare time preparing for his possible return, practising singing the songs he used to like, tears rolling down her cheeks all the while.

One evening she was in the cottage as usual when there was a knock at the door. A tall thin girl came in and Tess recognized her young sister Liza—Lu.

'Liza—Lu! ' said Tess. 'What's the matter? '

'Mother is very ill, ' her sister said seriously, 'and father is not well either and says a man of such noble family shouldn't have to work. So we don't know what to do. '

Tess thought for a moment. She realized she had to go home immediately, although her time was not yet up at the farm. She left her sister to rest for a while, and she herself set off at once with her possessions in a basket.

Although it was night and she had a fifteen-mile walk, she felt quite safe. She was only worried about her mother, and did not notice the strange shapes of trees and hedges in the darkness. At three in the morning she passed the field where she had first seen Angel Clare, and felt again the disappointment when he did not dance with her. And when she saw the family cottage, it seemed to be part of her body and life, as it always did.

She found her mother recovering from her illness, and took over as head of the household. Her father did not seem ill, and had a new plan for earning money.

'I'm going to find all the historians round here, ' he said, 'and get them to pay money to keep me going. After all, they pay to look after old ruins, and I'm of historical interest. I think they'll be pleased to do it! '

Tess did not have time to answer. She nursed her mother, fed the children, and worked in the garden, planting vegetables for next year. She enjoyed working outside, among her neighbours. One evening when it was almost dark, she was digging happily in the vegetable garden, some distance from the cottage. It was a clear, fresh night, with smoke blowing about from small fires in the gardens. Suddenly she saw a man's face in the light of a fire. It was d' Urberville! She gasped and stepped back, her face pale.

'What are you doing here? '

'My dear Tess, I just want to help you, to see you. Have you finished at that farm? '

'Yes, I have. '

'Where are you going next? To join your dear husband? '

'Oh, I don't know! ' she said bitterly. 'I have no husband! '

'That is quite true in one way. But you have a true friend. When you go back to your cottage, you'll see what I've done for you. '

'Oh Alec, I wish you wouldn't give me anything! I—I have enough, I—I just don't want to live at all! ' Her tears fell as she started digging again. When she looked round, d' Urberville had left.

On her way back one of her sisters rushed towards her shouting, 'Tess! Tess! Mother is much better but father is dead! '

‘But father was only a little bit ill!’ said Tess, trying to take in the news.

‘He dropped down just now, and the doctor said there was no hope for him because it’s his heart!’

Poor John Durbeyfield’s death had more importance than his family realized at first. The cottage was in his name. On his death the farmer who owned it decided to put farm workers in it, and told the Durbeyfields to leave. They were not much respected in the village because of John’s laziness. Tess also felt guilty that her presence might have influenced the farmer. The village people clearly thought she was not a good example for their children.

So on Lady Day the Durbeyfields had to leave their old home. The night before they left, d’Urberville came to visit Tess, to offer her and her family a little house on his land at Trantridge. Her mother could look after the chickens, and he would pay for the children to go to school. Tess firmly rejected his offer. But when he had gone, for the first time a feeling of anger rose in her against her husband. She had never intended to do wrong and he had punished her too hard! She passionately wrote these few words to him:

Oh why have you treated me so badly, Angel? I do not deserve it. You are cruel! I intend to forget you. You have been so unfair to me!

T

She ran out and posted it before she could change her mind.

‘I see there’s been a visitor,’ said her mother, coming into the living room later. ‘Your husband, was it?’

‘No, it wasn’t him. He’ll never, never come,’ said Tess hopelessly. She had said it was not her husband, but she was feeling more and more that d’Urberville was physically her husband.

Next day their possessions were put on a waggon and taken to Kingsbere. Mrs Durbeyfield had booked rooms there, as it was the family home of the d’Urbervilles, and she still hoped some good would come of belonging to the ancient family. But as they approached Kingsbere after a long and tiring day’s journey, a man came to tell them there were no rooms available. Tess and her mother unloaded the waggon, and left the children and furniture near the churchyard wall, while they looked for somewhere to stay. But all the rooms were full.

Tess looked desperately at the pile of their possessions. In the cold sunlight of this spring evening the furniture looked old and the pots looked worn.

‘Tombs belong to families for ever, don’t they?’ asked her mother brightly, having looked round the churchyard. ‘Well, that’s where we’ll stay, children, until the place of your ancestors finds us some shelter!’

Tess helped her mother move the big bed against the church wall. Underground were the tombs of the d’Urbervilles, and at the head of the bed was a beautiful old window, in which the symbols on the Durbeyfield seal and spoon could be seen. The children were put to bed all together for warmth and comfort.

‘Tomorrow we’ll find somewhere better!’ said Joan cheerfully. ‘But Tess, what’s the good of you playing at marrying gentlemen, if it leaves us like this!’

Tess went inside the ancient church and stared sadly at the tombs of her ancestors. She thought she saw a movement and turned to look again at a stone figure lying on a tomb. When she saw it was Alec d’Urberville lying there, she almost fainted.

‘I’m going to help you,’ he said, jumping up and smiling at her. ‘You’ll see that I’m more useful than a real d’Urberville. I’ll see your mother. You’ll thank me for this!’ As he brushed past her, she dropped her head on to the cold stone of the tomb.

‘Why am I on the wrong side of this stone?’ she whispered.

Marian and Izz had seen Tess moving house with her family, and knew what a difficult position she was in. They generously hoped she would one day be happy with Angel again, and were afraid for her, knowing that Alec d’Urberville was constantly tempting her. They decided to write a letter to Angel Clare, to inform him of the dangerous situation his wife was in. This is what they wrote:

Dear Sir,

Watch out for your wife if you love her as much as she loves you. She is in danger from an enemy in the shape of a friend. A woman’s strength cannot last for ever, and water, if it drops continually, will wear away a stone—yes, even a diamond.

From two well-wishers

18

这封绝望的求助信最终到了爱敏斯特牧师的家中，老克莱尔先生很高兴。

“我想这是安吉尔的妻子来的信。我希望这会让他更快地回家。他是说过，他计划下个月回家的。”

“亲爱的孩子，我希望他能平安到家。”克莱尔夫人低声说道，“我仍然觉得他应该像其他两个那样去上大学，他应该和他们有同样的机会，不管是不是到教会工作。”

这是她有史以来唯一一次向她的丈夫发牢骚。他自己也为他没有公平地对待安吉尔感到忧虑。他们为这桩不幸的婚姻责备自己。假如安吉尔在剑桥学习的话，他就永远不会成为一个农场主，也不会跟一个乡下姑娘结婚了。不过，安吉尔最近一次的来信表明他仍打算回家带她一起去，所以他们的争吵，不管是为了什么，也许可以解决了。

安吉尔自己这个时候正骑马横穿巴西到海岸。他一到这儿就生了场大病，以后再也没有彻底恢复过来。他已经不如以前那么健壮了，看起来也老了许多。这个国家让他失望了。许多从英国来的农场主，怀着发家致富的梦想到了这儿，却死在了地里或路上。他知道他无法在此经营农场了。

在这期间，他对生活的态度已发生了转变。他开始再度审视起是非曲直来。他开始明白，评判一个人不仅仅要根据他做过什么，还要根据他想做什么。他开始想到自己过去对待苔丝也许是不公平的，他怀着与日俱增的爱恋，回想着她。

他纳闷她为什么不给他写信。他忘了，他说过不要先来信的。他没有意识到她在完完全全地服从他的命令，尽管这叫她伤心欲碎。

在行程中，他和另外一个英国人结伴而行。他们都很沮丧，彼此倾诉着自己的问题。这位陌生人比安吉尔年长，阅历也更丰富。他对生活

的态度有自己不同的、更为豁达开朗的一套。他明确地对安吉尔说，他离开苔丝是错误的。

第二天，他们赶上一场雷阵雨，被浇湿了。这个陌生人病倒了，几天之后便死去了。在那种环境恶劣的地方，死神的降临是不足为奇的。克莱尔将他安葬了，又继续自己的行程。由于这出人意料的死亡，他的话不知怎地显示出了更大的重要性，克莱尔突然感到羞愧了，苔丝并没有犯罪。他应该相信她的品质，而不是对她无法避免的一段过去横加指责。他回想起了伊茨·休爱特说的话：她可以为你舍弃她的生命。没有任何一个女人能付出更多了。在他们结婚的那天，她是带着怎样的眼神凝视着他呀——仿佛他是一个神！而在火炉边度过的那个可怕的夜晚，当她对他说了她的经历后，意识到他可能不再爱她时，她又是多么地伤心欲绝啊！

同时，苔丝对安吉尔会响应她的信而回来不抱什么希望了。过去并没有改变，所以也许他也没有改变。然而，她还是利用空闲的时间，为他可能的返回作着准备，练习唱他过去爱听的歌，每到这个时候，眼泪就会从她的双颊悄悄滚落。

一天晚上，像往常一样，她正待在小屋里，这时响起了一阵敲门声。一个高高瘦瘦的女孩走了进来，苔丝认出，是她的妹妹丽莎一露。

“丽莎一露！”苔丝说，“出什么事儿啦？”

“妈妈病得很重，”她的妹妹焦虑地说道，“爸爸的身体也不好，还说像这样一个高贵家族的人是不该工作的。所以我们不知道如何是好。”

苔丝想了一会儿。她意识到自己必须立即回家一趟，尽管她在农场的干活期未滿。她让妹妹留下来休息一会儿，自己把行李装在一个篮子里，即刻启程了。

虽然是夜里了，她还有15英里的路要走，但她觉得十分安全。她只是担心她的母亲，根本注意不到黑暗中那些树木和篱笆怪异的影子。凌晨3点，她经过与安吉尔·克莱尔初次见面的田野，因他没有请她跳舞产生的失望又一次涌上心头。她看到她们家的房子，它就像她身体和生活的一部分。它总是这样的。

她发现她母亲正从病中恢复，又接管了一家的事务，她的父亲则不像生病的样子，还制定了一个挣钱的新计划。

“我打算找到周围地区的所有的历史学家，”他说道，“让他们出钱支持我的生活。毕竟，他们是要花钱照看那些历史古迹的，我也有历史价值，我认为他们会乐意这么做的！”

苔丝没有工夫回答他的话。她要看护母亲，喂养孩子，还要在园子里干活儿，为来年种点儿蔬菜。她喜欢跟左邻右舍一起，在户外干活儿。一天傍晚，天将黑时，她在菜园子里欢快地掘着土。园子离家有些距离。这是一个明朗、清新的夜晚。园子里的小火堆升起了一团团的烟雾，突然，她在火光中看到了一张男人的脸，是德伯！她惊得透不过气来，后退了几步，脸变得惨白。

“你在这儿干什么？”

“我亲爱的苔丝，我只不过想要帮助你，看望你。你在那个农场的活儿结束了吗？”

“是的，结束了。”

“下一步你要去哪里？和你亲爱的丈夫团聚？”

“哦，我不知道！”她愤愤地说，“我没有丈夫！”

“从某种意义上说，这是相当正确的，但是 you 有一个真正的朋友。当你回到你的屋子时，你会看到我为你做的事情。”

“哦，亚历克，我真希望你什么都不要给我！我——我已经有足够的了，我——我根本就不想活了！”当她重新开始掘土时，已是泪流满面了。她环顾四周，德伯已经走了。

在回家的路上，她的一个妹妹朝她飞奔而来，叫着：“苔丝！苔丝！妈妈好多了，可是爸爸死了！”

“可是爸爸只有一点小小的病！”苔丝说道，极力领会这个消息的涵义。

“他刚才跌倒了。医生说因为他心脏的毛病，他没有救活的希望了！”

可怜的约翰·德北的去世所带来的影响比他的家人最先意识到的更为重大。这座房子是以他的名义使用的。因为他死了，农场主——也就是房主人决定让农场工人们住到这里，叫德比一家都搬走。因为约翰的懒惰，他们家在村子里不太受敬重。苔丝也感到很愧疚，也许她的存在影响了那个农场主。村子里的人们都明确地认为她不是弟妹们的好榜样。

于是在圣母领报日那天，德北一家不得不离开了他们的老房子。离开的前一天晚上，德伯来看望苔丝，提出把在纯瑞脊他的土地上的一间房子给她和她的家人住。她的母亲可以为他养鸡，他则可以出钱供孩子们上学。苔丝严厉地拒绝了他的帮助。可是当他离开之后，她内心第一次产生了对她丈夫愤怒的感觉。她从来没有存心要做错事，他对她的惩罚太残酷了！她满怀激情地写了下面几句话：

啊，安吉尔，你为什么对我这么狠哪？这不是我应受的惩罚，你真是残酷！我要设法忘掉你。你对待我太不公平了！

苔

她跑出去，趁着她还没有改变心意赶忙寄了这封信。

“我看有人来拜访过了，”她母亲随后来到了起居室，说道，“是你的丈夫，对吗？”

“不，不是他。他永远、永远也不会来的。”苔丝绝望地说道。她说了来者不是她的丈夫，可是她却越来越感到，德伯是她实质上的丈夫。

第二天，他们的家当被装上了一辆运货马车，带到王陴那儿。德北夫人在那儿订了房间，因为那儿是德伯家族的房产，并且由于归属于这个古老的家族，她仍然抱着从中能出现什么好事的希望。可是经过一天漫长又疲惫的旅行之后，在临近王陴时，有个人来告诉他们这儿已经沒有空余的房间了。苔丝和她母亲从货车上卸下东西，把孩子和家具留在教堂墓地围墙附近，她们自己则去寻找能住的地方。但是所有的房子都是满满的。

苔丝绝望地看着这一堆家当。在这春天傍晚冷冷的日光下，家具看起来很破旧，而锅碗瓢盆都是破破烂烂的。

“坟墓永远属于家族所有，是不是？”在环顾了教堂墓地之后，她的母亲欢快地问道。“好了，孩子们，在你们祖先的地位给我们找到避难所之前，这就是我们要待的地方。”

苔丝帮助她母亲把那张大床移到靠着教堂墙壁的位置。地下就是德伯家族的坟墓，床前有一个漂亮古老的窗格，里面可以见到德伯印章和银匙上的标记。为了保暖和舒适起见，孩子们统统上了床，挤在一起。

“明天我们会找到一个更好的地方！”琼乐观地说道。“可是苔丝，你随随便便地嫁给绅士先生们得到了什么好处，如果我们落到这个地步的话！”

苔丝走进了这座古老的教堂，忧伤地盯着她祖先们的坟墓。她觉得她看到了什么东西在动，掉过头去又看了一眼，坟墓上躺着一个僵硬的身子。当她认出是亚历克·德伯躺在那儿时，她几乎要昏厥过去了。

“我打算帮助你，”他跳起来，笑着对她说道。“你会看到我比一个真正的德伯家的人更有用处。我要去见你的母亲。你会为此感激我的！”当他从她身边擦肩而过时，她对着坟墓冰冷的石块垂下了头。

“我为什么不是在墓石的另一边？”她喃喃说道。

玛丽安和伊茨知道苔丝和她的家人搬家了，也了解她处在一个怎样的困境当中。她们宽厚地希望有一天她会重新和安吉尔幸福地生活在一起。她们也为她担心，因为她们知道那个亚历克·德伯在不断地诱惑她。她们决定给安吉尔·克莱尔写封信，通知他有关他妻子的危险处境。这是她们写的内容：

敬爱的先生：

如果您爱您的妻子也像她爱您那样深的话，请关心她吧。她正受到一个伪装成朋友的敌人的威胁。一个女人的力量是不能永无止境地持续下去的。如果不停地滴落，水都能穿石——是的，即使是钻石也会被磨光的。

两个好心人

19. the End

It was evening in the parson's house at Emminster. Mr and Mrs Clare were waiting anxiously for Angel's return.

'He won't be here yet, my dear, ' said old Mr Clare, as his wife went to the front door for the tenth time. 'Remember his train doesn't come in till six o'clock, and then he has to ride ten miles on our old horse. '

'But he used to do it in an hour, ' said his wife impatiently. Both knew it was useless to talk about it, and the only thing to do was wait.

When they heard footsteps they rushed outside to meet the shape in the darkness.

'Oh my boy, my boy, home at last! ' cried Mrs Clare, who at that moment cared no more for Angel's lack of religion than for the dust on his clothes. What woman, in fact, however firm her beliefs, would not sacrifice her religion for her children? Nothing was more important to Mrs Clare than Angel's happiness.

But as soon as they reached the living room, she saw his face clearly in the light of the candles. She gave a cry and turned away in sorrow. 'Oh, it's not the Angel who went away! '

Even his father was shocked to see the change in his son. They would not have recognized him if they had passed him in the street. The cruel climate and hard work had aged him by twenty years. He was like a shadow, thin and bony, with no spring in his step and no enthusiasm in his eyes.

'I was ill over there, ' he said, noticing his parents concern. He had to sit down, being weak after his journey.

'Has any letter come for me? ' he asked eagerly. 'The last one...'

'From your wife? '

'Yes. I didn't get it until very recently, as I was travelling. If I had received it earlier, I would have come sooner. '

They gave him a letter that had been waiting for his arrival. Angel read it rapidly. It was Tess's last letter, short and desperate:

Oh why have you treated me so badly, Angel? I do not deserve it. You are cruel! I intend to forget you. You have been so unfair to me!

T

'It is all quite true! ' cried Angel hopelessly, throwing down the letter. 'Perhaps she will never take me back! '

'Angel, don't worry so much about a country girl, ' said his mother, anxious about her son's state of mind.

'You know, I've never told you, but she is actually a descendant of one of the oldest, noblest families in England, a d'Urberville in fact. And do you know why I left her? How could I be so narrow-minded! I left her because I discovered she was not the pure country girl I thought. She had been seduced by a so-called gentleman. But it wasn't her fault. And I know now that her whole character is honest and faithful. I must get her back! '

After this outburst Angel went to bed early and thought about the situation. In Brazil it had seemed easy to rush straight back into Tess's loving arms whenever he chose to forgive her. However, now he knew she was angry with him for leaving her for so long. He admitted she was right to be angry. So he decided to give her time to think about their relationship, and wrote to her, at Marlott, instead of going to see her. To his surprise he received in reply a note from her mother.

Dear Sir,

My daughter is not with me at the moment and I don't know when she'll come back. I will let you know when she does. I cannot tell you where she is staying. We don't live in Marlott any more.

Yours

J. Durbeyfield

At first Clare decided to wait for further information from Tess's mother, but then he re-read the letter sent on to him in Brazil, written from Flintcomb-Ash: I live only for you. Don't think I shall be bitter because you left me. I am so lonely without you, my darling!

Haven't you ever felt one little bit of your love for me at the dairy? I am the same woman you fell in love with then, the very same. As soon as I met you, the past was dead for me...

He was so touched he felt he must go immediately to find her, however angry she and her family might be with him. While he was packing, the letter from Izz and Marian arrived, and made him hurry even more.

His search for Tess took him first to Flintcomb-Ash, where he discovered she had never used her married name. He began to realize, too, what hardship she had suffered rather than ask his family for money. Next he travelled to Marlott, but found the Durbeyfield cottage occupied by others. As he left the village he passed the field where he had first seen Tess at the dance. He could not bear to see it, because Tess was not there. In the churchyard he saw a new headstone, on which was written:

In memory of John Durbeyfield, rightly d'Urberville, of the once powerful family of that name, and direct descendant of Sir Pagan d'Urberville. Died March 10th, 18—

A gravedigger noticed Clare looking at it, and called to him, 'Ah sir, that man didn't want to be buried here, but in his ancestors'tombs at Kingsbere. '

'So why wasn't he buried there? '

'No money. In fact, sir, even this headstone has not been paid for. '

Clare went immediately to pay the bill for the stone, and set out towards Shaston, where he found Mrs Durbeyfield and her children living in a small house. She seemed embarrassed to see him.

‘I’m Tess’s husband,’ he said awkwardly. ‘I want to see her at once. You were going to write and tell me where she is. Is she well?’

‘I don’t know, sir, but you ought to.’

‘You’re right. I ought to know that about my own wife. Where is she?’

Mrs Durbeyfield would not reply.

‘Do you think Tess would want me to try and find her?’

‘I don’t think she would.’

He was turning away, and then he thought of Tess’s letter: If you would come, I could die in your arms! I live only for you—I am so lonely without you, my darling! He turned back.

‘I’m sure she would!’ he said passionately. ‘I know her better than you do!’

‘I expect you do, sir, for I have never really known her.’

‘Please, Mrs Durbeyfield, please tell me where she is! Please be kind to a miserable lonely man!’

There was a pause after this cry from the heart. Finally Tess’s mother replied in a low voice, ‘She is at Sandbourne.’

‘Thank you,’ he said, relieved. ‘Do you need anything?’

‘No, thank you, sir,’ said Joan Durbeyfield. ‘We are well provided for.’

Clare took the train to Sandbourne. On his arrival at eleven o’clock in the evening he took a room in a hotel, and walked around the streets, in the hope of meeting Tess. But it was too late to ask anybody.

It seemed a strange place to Clare. It was a bright, fashionable holiday town, with parks, flowerbeds and amusements. This new town, a product of modern civilization, had grown up near the ancient Egdon Woods, where the paths over the hills had not changed for a thousand years.

He walked up and down the wide streets, trying to admire the modern buildings. He felt confused. The sea murmured, and he thought it was the trees. The trees murmured, and he thought it was the sea. He could not understand what had brought Tess here. This was a town for relaxation, for pleasure, not for a working girl like Tess. There were no cows to milk here, and no vegetables to dig. He looked at the lights in the bedroom windows, and wondered which one was hers.

Before going to bed he re—read Tess’s passionate letter. He could not sleep that night. At the post office next morning they knew nothing of the names of Clare or Durbeyfield.

‘But there is the name of d’Urberville at Mrs Brooks’, said the postman.

‘That’s it!’ cried Clare, pleased to think she had taken her ancestors’ name, as he had suggested.

He made his way quickly to Mrs Brooks’ house, following the postman’s directions. It was a large, impressive house, and he wondered if he should go to the back door, as Tess was probably a servant here. But he rang at the front. Mrs Brooks herself appeared.

‘Is Teresa d’Urberville here?’ he asked.

‘Mrs d’Urberville?’

‘Yes.’ He felt pleased that she was known there as a married woman. ‘Please tell her that a relation wants to see her. Say it’s Angel.’

‘Mr Angel?’

‘No, just Angel. She’ll know.’

Angel waited in the sitting room, his heart beating painfully.

‘Whatever will she think of me?’ he thought. ‘I look so different, so much older!’ He was still weak after his illness. He could hardly stand, and held on to the back of a chair, as she entered the room.

He was not prepared for what he saw. Tess was wearing fashionable clothes, and looked even more beautiful than he remembered. He had held out his arms, but they fell to his side, because she stood still in the doorway. He thought she could not bear his changed appearance.

‘Tess!’ he whispered. His voice was low and breaking with emotion. ‘Can you forgive me for going away? Can’t you—come to me? Why are you—so beautiful?’

‘It is too late,’ she said, her voice hard and her eyes shining unnaturally.

‘I didn’t see you as you really were! Please forgive me, Tessy!’ he begged. ‘Too late, too late!’ she said, waving her hand impatiently.

‘Don’t come close, Angel! Keep away!’

‘But is it that you don’t love me, my dear wife, because I’ve been ill? I’ve come to find you. My parents will welcome you! I’ve told them everything!’

‘Yes, yes! But it is too late.’ Every moment seemed like an hour to her. She felt as if she was in a dream, trying to escape, but unable to. ‘Don’t you know what has happened? I waited and waited for you. But you didn’t come! And I wrote to you, and you didn’t come! He kept on saying you would never come back again, and he was very kind to my family after father’s death. He—’

‘I don’t understand.’

‘He has won me back to him.’

Clare stared at her. He saw her fashionable clothes. He saw her relaxed, well—fed body. He saw her white, delicate hands. At last he understood, and fell into a chair, as if hit on the head.

She continued, ‘He is upstairs. I hate him now, because he told me a lie, that you would never return, and you have

returned! Will you go away now, Angel, please, and never come back? ’

They looked at each other without joy and without hope, desperately wanting to be sheltered from reality.

‘It’s my fault! said Clare. But talking did not help. The Tess he had first loved had separated her body from her soul. Her soul remained and would remain faithful to him for ever. But what happened to her body no longer interested her after he had rejected it.

After a few moments of confused reflection, he realized Tess had left the room. His mind was in a fog. He felt very cold and very ill. Somehow he found himself in the street, walking, although he did not know where.

Mrs Brooks was not usually curious about her guests. She was too interested in the money they paid her, to ask many questions. However, Angel Clare’s visit to her wealthy guests, Mr and Mrs d’Urberville, as she knew them, was unusual enough to interest her. She could hear parts of the conversation between the two lost souls, and when Tess went back upstairs, Mrs Brooks crept quietly up to listen outside the bedroom door. She heard Tess sobbing, and through the keyhole could see her half lying over the breakfast table.

‘And then my dear husband came home to me…And it’s too late! Because you persuaded me, you with your fine words as you did when you seduced me! You told me he would never come back! But he did! And you helped my family—that’s how you persuaded me so cleverly. But when I believed you and came to live with you, he came back! And now I’ve lost him a second time, and this time for ever! He will hate me now! ’ She turned her tear—stained face and Mrs Brooks could see how she was suffering. ‘And he’s dying, he looks as if he’s dying! It will be my fault if he dies! You have destroyed my life and his! I can’t bear it, I can’t! ’ The man spoke sharply, and after that there was silence.

Mrs Brooks went back downstairs to wait until she was called to take their breakfast away. She could hear Tess moving about, and then saw Tess leave the house, fully dressed in her fashionable clothes. Perhaps Mr d’Urberville was still asleep, as he did not like getting up early. Mrs Brooks wondered who this morning’s visitor was, and where Mrs d’Urberville had gone so early.

Just then she noticed a mark on the ceiling. It seemed to be spreading. It was red, and when she stood on the table and touched it, it looked like blood. She ran up to listen at the bedroom door again. The dead silence was broken only by a regular drip, drip, drip. She ran wildly out into the street and begged a man she knew to come back with her. Together they hurried upstairs and pushed open the bedroom door. The breakfast lay untouched on the table, but the large knife was missing. They found it in Alec d’Urberville’s heart. He lay on the bed, pale, fixed, dead, still bleeding. Soon the news spread all over Sandbourne that Mrs Brooks’ guest had been killed by his young wife.

19 结 局

一天晚上，在爱敏斯特的牧师家，克莱尔先生和夫人正焦急地等待着安吉尔的归来。

“亲爱的，他还到不了，”老克莱尔先生说道。他的妻子已经第十次到前门探望了。“记住他的火车直到六点才能抵达，然后他还得骑着咱们那匹老马走上十里路呢！”

“可是，以往他在一个小时内就骑到了，”他的妻子焦躁地说道。两个人都知道谈论是没有用的，唯一能做的就是等待。

他们听到脚步声，急忙冲到了门外，迎接那个黑暗中的身影。

“哦，我的孩子，我的孩子，终于到家了！”克莱尔夫人叫道。在这个时候，她关切的仅仅是安吉尔身上的尘土，而不会在乎他缺少宗教信仰。实际上，哪一个女人，不管她的信仰多么坚定，不会为了她的孩子们牺牲她的信仰？对克莱尔夫人来说，没有任何东西比安吉尔的幸福更重要。

可是当他们进到了起居室，她在烛光映照下端详起他的脸庞时，她不禁惊叫了起来，痛苦地转过头去，“哦，这不是离开时的安吉尔！”

甚至他的父亲在看到儿子的变化时也很震惊。如果他们在街道上经过他身旁，他们会认不出他来的，恶劣的气候和艰苦的劳动让他苍老了二十岁。他瘦骨嶙峋，步伐沉重，目光黯然失神，简直不成人样了。

“在那边我一直生病，”注意到父母的忧虑，他说道。旅程之后，他已很虚弱，不得不坐下来了。

“有我的什么信件吗？”他急切地问道，“最近的一封……”

“从你妻子那儿来的？”

“是的，我直到最近，当我在旅行的时候才收到。如果我早点儿收到信的话，我会更快赶回来的。”

他们给了他一封一直等他回来看的信。安吉尔快速地浏览了信，这是苔丝最近一封信，写得简短、迫切：

啊，安吉尔，你为什么对我这么狠哪？这不是我应受的惩罚，你真是残酷！我要设法忘掉你。你对待我太不公平了！

苔

“说得一点儿不错！”安吉尔绝望地叫道，信掉到了地上，“也许她永远不会再接受我了！”

“安吉尔，不要对一个乡下姑娘过分担心了，”他母亲说道。她对儿子的心理状态非常忧虑。

“你们知道吗，我从来没有告诉过你们，可是她实际上是英国最古老、最高贵的一个家族的后裔，事实上就是德伯。你们知道我为什么会离开她吗？我怎么会这般心胸狭窄！我离开她是因为我发现她并不是我认为的那样，是个纯洁的乡下姑娘。她曾被一个所谓的绅士先生诱奸过。可是这不是她的过错。现在我知道了她全部的品质就是诚实和真挚。我必须让她回到我的身边！”

这一番倾诉之后，安吉尔早早地上了床，他考虑着现在的情形，他在巴西时以为，无论什么时候，只要他宽恕了她，他都可以轻而易举地返回她爱的怀抱。然而，现在他知道因为自己离开她过于长久，她对他愤怒了。他承认她的愤怒是合情合理的。于是，他决定给予她时间来思考他们之间的关系。他没有去看望她，而是给她写了封信，寄往马勒特。意外地，他收到了她母亲回复的一张便条。

敬爱的先生，

我女儿现在没有和我住在一起。我不知道她什么时候能回来。若她回来，我会设法让您得知。我不能告诉您她现在住在哪里，我们不再住在马勒特了。

你的

J·德北

起先，克莱尔决定等着从苔丝母亲那里获得进一步的消息。可是之后他又重读了那封写于弗林特库姆地区、他在巴西时收到的信：

我只是为你才活着，不要以为你离我而去，我会怨恨什么。亲爱的，没有你，我是多么孤寂啊！

难道你没有感觉到过一丝一毫你在牛奶场时对我的爱吗？我没变，我还是你以前爱上的那个女人，一点也没变。当初，我一见到你，过去的事情对我就都消亡了……

他被深深地触动了，他觉得自己必须立刻去找到她，不管她和她的家人可能会对有多气愤。他正收拾东西时，又收到了伊茨和玛丽安的信，这让他心情更为迫切了。

他寻找苔丝的第一步是到了弗林特库姆地区。在那儿，他发现她从来都没用过她婚后的名字。他同时也意识到，不管她遭受多么艰难的处境，她都不愿向他的家人要钱。接下来他又辗转到马勒特，可是他发现德北家的房舍住着别人。当他离开村子时，他经过了他第一次在舞会上见到苔丝的地方。他不忍再看下去，因为苔丝不在那儿了。在教堂墓地，他看到一块新墓碑，上面写着：

纪念约翰·德北，恰当地说，是德伯，这个姓氏的家族曾经非常强大，他是培根·德伯先生的直系后裔，死于3月10日，18时。

一个掘墓人注意到克莱尔正盯着墓碑看，便对他喊道：“啊，先生，那个人可不想埋在这儿。他想葬在王陴那边他祖先们的坟墓里。”

“那么，为什么不把他葬到那儿去？”

“没有钱呀。实际上，就连这块墓碑的钱还没付呢。”

克莱尔马上掏钱付了墓碑的账，又动身朝夏斯顿去了。在那儿，他发现德北夫人和她的孩子们住在一间狭小的房子里。看到他，她显得有些局促不安。

“我是苔丝的丈夫，”他窘迫地说道，“我想立刻见到她，您本来是要写信告诉我她在哪里的。她还好吗？”

“我不知道。可是，先生，您应该知道呀。”

“您说得对，我应该知道我自己妻子的情况，她在哪儿？”

德北夫人不愿回答。

“您认为苔丝愿意让我努力找到她吗？”

“我认为她不会。”

他转身欲走，这时，他想起了苔丝的信：“如果你来，我就可以在你怀里安息了！我只是为了你才活着……亲爱的，没有你，我是多么孤寂啊！”他又转回身来。

“我确信她会的！”他充满热情地说道：“我比您更了解她！”

“我希望您是对的，先生，因为我从来没有真正了解过她。”

“请您，德北夫人，请您告诉我她在哪儿！请您对一个可怜又孤独的男人仁慈一点吧！”

他从心里发出了这声呼唤，此后，是片刻的沉默。苔丝的母亲终于低声地回答道：“她在桑德伯恩。”

“谢谢您，”他说道，并感到宽慰了些，“有任何需要吗？”

“不用了，谢谢您，先生。”琼·德北说，“我们被供养得很好。”

克莱尔搭乘了一班火车赶往桑德伯恩。在晚上11点到达之后，他在旅馆里订了个房间，之后就到街上四处逛，抱着能碰到苔丝的希望。可是已经太晚了，连个可问的人都没有。

对于克莱尔，这是个陌生的地方。它是个光鲜、时新的度假城镇，有公园、花圃和各种娱乐休闲设施。这个新城镇，作为现代文明的产物，在古老的埃格登森林附近渐渐发展了起来，而那里山峦上的小径千年来都不曾改变过。

他在宽阔的街道上走来走去，极力想去欣赏这些现代的建筑。他觉得思想很混乱。大海的瀑瀑细语被他听成是树木的声音；而树叶的沙沙作响又被认作是大海的声音。他不能理解是什么把苔丝带到了这里。这是一个休闲、消遣的城镇，不适合像苔丝这样要干活儿的姑娘。这儿没有奶牛可以挤，也没有蔬菜可以挖。他透过卧室的窗子看着万家灯火，急于想知道哪一盏是属于她的。

上床之前，他又读了苔丝那封热情洋溢的来信。那一晚，他辗转难眠。第二天早晨，他来到了邮电局，可是他们不知道有叫克莱尔或德北的人。

“可是在布鲁克斯夫人那儿住着个叫德伯的，”邮递员说道。

“就是它了！”克莱尔叫道，他很高兴，认为苔丝采纳了他的建议，使用了她祖先的姓氏。

顺着邮递员指引的方向，他急忙奔向布鲁克斯夫人的房子。这是一座宽敞、奢华得令人惊叹的房子，他怀疑他是否应该走后门，因为苔丝也许在这儿做用人。可是，他在前门按响了铃，布鲁克斯夫人亲自开门来了。

“苔莉莎·德伯住在这儿吗？”他问。

“德伯太太吗？”

“是的。”他感到很高兴，因为苔丝是以已婚妇女的身份住在这里的。“请转告她有一个亲戚想要见她，就说是安吉尔。”

“安吉尔先生吗？”

“不，就是安吉尔，她会明白的。”

安吉尔在起居室里等候，他的心在痛苦地跳动着。

“她对我到底会有什么看法呢？”他在想，“我看起来完全不同了，老了这么多！”病后他的身子还很虚弱。当她走进房间时，他几乎无法站立，紧紧地抓着椅子的靠背。

对他所见的情景，他没有心理准备，苔丝穿着时髦簇新的衣服，看起来比他记忆中的她更为楚楚动人。他伸出双臂，可又垂落下来，因为她木然不动地站在门口。他心想，她不能接受他改变了的模样。

“苔丝！”他轻轻叫道。他的嗓音低沉，因情绪激动而断断续续。“你能宽恕我离你出走吗？难道你……不能向我走过来吗？为什么你……如此漂亮？”

“太晚了，”她说。她声音有些刺耳，眼睛的光芒也是躲躲闪闪的。

“我过去没有看出你真正的本质，请你宽恕我，苔丝！”他请求道。

“太晚了，太晚了！”她焦躁地挥着手，说道，“别靠近我，安吉尔！站开！”

“可是，我的好妻子，是因为我生了病，你就不爱我了吗？我是来找你的，我的父母也会欢迎你！我把一切都告诉他们了！”

“是的，是的！可是，太晚了。”每一秒钟对她都像一个小时那样难捱，她觉得自己如同在梦中，想要逃，却不能。“你还不知道发生了什么事吗？我把你等了又等。可你没有来！后来我给你写了信，你还是没有来！他老是说，你永远不会再回来了，父亲去世后，他待我们家非常好，他……”

“我听不懂。”

“他重又把我拉过去了。”

克莱尔盯着她看。他看到了她时新的衣服，他看到了她松弛的、保养得很好的身子，他看到她白皙娇嫩的双手。终于，他领会了她的意思，一下子瘫倒在椅子上，像是被人在头上击了一下。

她继续说着：“他在楼上。我现在恨他，因为他向我撒了谎，说你再也不会回来了，可你却已经回来了！安吉尔，现在请你走开吧，永远别再回来，好吗？”

他们面面相觑，没有欢乐也没有希望，只是竭力地希望躲避这严酷的现实。

“这是我的错呀！”克莱尔说。对是这已经无济于事了。他最初爱过的苔丝已把她的身躯从她的灵魂中分离开了，她的灵魂保持着，而且将永远保持着对他的忠诚。可是在遭受他的拒绝之后，她已不再关心她的身躯所要承受的一切了。

一阵胡思乱想之后，他发现苔丝已经离开了。他的心被迷茫的大雾笼罩着。他觉得很冷，极其不舒服。不知不觉中，他来到了街上，走着，尽管他并不知道要走向何处。

布鲁克斯夫人平常不太爱管客人们的闲事。她太关心他们付给她的钱了，顾不上问许多问题。然而，安吉尔·克莱尔对德伯先生和太太的拜访——据她所知，他们可是非常富有的客人——有些太不寻常，引起了她的兴趣。她能断断续续地听到一点儿这两个失魂落魄的人之间的谈话。当苔丝返回到楼上时，布鲁克斯夫人也蹑手蹑脚地摸上来，偷偷地在卧室门外听着。她听到苔丝啜泣的声音，贴着钥匙洞眼，她看到她半瘫在早餐桌上。

“后来，我那亲爱的丈夫回家找我来了……可是，太晚了！因为你用你的花言巧语劝诱我！就像你诱奸我时做的那样！你对我说，他将永远不回来了！可是，他回来了！你帮助我的家人——你聪明地利用这个劝诱我，可是当我相信了你，来和你一起生活时，他回来了！现在我又一次失去了他，这次是永远失去他了！他现在会恨我的！”她转过那张泪痕满面的脸，布鲁克斯夫人能够明白她正遭受多么大的痛苦。“他命不长，他看上去是命不长了！如果他死了，那是我的罪过！你毁了我的一生，也毁了他的！我受不了啦！我受不了啦！”那个男人尖声说了句什么，之后，一阵沉寂。

布鲁克斯夫人返回楼下等着，等着被召唤去端走他们的早餐。她听到苔丝发出了些响动，然后看到苔丝齐全地穿着那身时新的衣服，离开了房子。也许德伯先生还睡着呢，因为他不喜欢早起。布鲁克斯夫人暗自纳闷早上的来访者到底是谁，而德伯太太这么一大早又要去哪儿。

就在这时，她注意到天花板上有什么痕迹，看起来正在扩散。是红色的，她爬上桌子，摸了摸，像是血。她跑上楼，又在卧室门边偷听。死一般的寂静被这有规律的一滴、一滴、又一滴的声响给打破了。她疯狂地跑到大街上，请求一个她认识的男人与她一起回去。他们一起急急地上了楼，推开了卧室的门。早餐一动未动地摆在桌子上，可是那把大刀子不见了。他们发现它插在亚历克·德伯的心脏上。他煞白地、僵硬地躺在床上，已经死了，还在流血。布鲁克斯夫人的房客被他年轻的妻子杀死了。这个消息很快传遍了整个桑德伯恩。

Meanwhile Angel Clare returned to his hotel, and sat for a while over breakfast, staring into space. A note arrived from his mother, saying that his brother Cuthbert was going to marry Mercy Chant. Clare threw away the paper. At last he got up, paid the bill and went to the railway station. But he could not sit patiently and wait for the next train, in an hour's time. He had nothing to wish for in life, and nobody to love. He was in no hurry, but just wanted to get out of that town as soon as possible.

So he started walking along the road out of town. The road was open, and dropped down to cross a valley. When he was climbing the far side of the valley, he stopped for breath, and something made him turn round. There was a small black figure in the distance—a human figure, running. Clare waited. It looked like a woman, but he never imagined that it could be his wife until she came close and he saw it was less.

'I saw you—turn on to the road—from the station—and I've been following you all this way!' She was pale, breathless and trembling. He did not question her but took her arm and helped her along. They took a footpath under some trees, to avoid being seen.

'Angel,' she said, 'do you know why I've been running after you? To tell you that I've killed him!' There was a pitiful smile on her white face as she spoke.

'What!' he cried, thinking her mind was disturbed.

'I don't know how I did it,' she said. 'I had to do it, for you and me, Angel. I was afraid long ago, when I hit him in the mouth with that heavy glove, that I might kill him one day. He has come between us and ruined our lives. I never loved him at all, Angel. You believe me, don't you? Oh, why did you go away, when I loved you so much? But I don't blame you, Angel. Only, will you forgive me now? I could not bear losing you any longer, I had to kill him. Say you love me now, say you do!'

'Oh, I do love you, Tess, I do. It has all come back!' he said, holding her tightly in his arms. 'But what do you mean, you've killed him?'

'He is dead. He heard me crying about you, and he called you rude names. I couldn't bear it. So I killed him.'

Eventually Angel came to believe that she probably had killed d'Urberville. He was amazed at the strength of her feeling, and this, it seemed, had made her forget the difference between right and wrong. She did not seem to realize what she had done, and laid her head on his shoulder, crying with happiness. He wondered if the bad blood of the d'Urbervilles was to blame for this moment of madness.

However, he knew he could not leave her now. She expected him to protect her. And at last, Clare felt nothing but love for this passionate, loving wife of his. He kissed her again and again, and held her hand.

'I won't leave you! I'll protect you as well as I can, my dearest love, whatever you may or may not have done!'

They walked on, less turning her head occasionally to look at him. For her he was still perfection, despite his thinness and pale face. He was the one man who had loved her purely, and who believed in her as pure. Their arms around each other's waists, they walked through the woods on lonely footpaths, taking care not to meet anybody. They did not talk much, being content to be together at last.

'Where shall we go?' asked Tess.

'I don't know. Perhaps we could find a cottage to stay in tonight. Can you walk a long way, Tessy?'

'Oh yes! I could walk for ever with your arm around me!' At midday Angel went to a public house and brought food and wine back to where Tess was waiting in the woods for him. Her clothes were so fashionable that the country people would have noticed her.

'I think we should keep walking inland, away from the coasts, said Clare, as they finished eating. 'We can hide there for a while. Later on, when they stop looking for us, we can go to a port and get right out of the country.'

But their plans were vague. They were like two children, who think only of the moment. The weather was warm and they enjoyed walking together. However, in the afternoon they did not find any suitable cottages to stay in, and it was too cold to sleep outside. They had walked about fifteen miles, when they passed a large empty house in the middle of the woods.

'All those rooms empty!' said Tess, 'and we have no shelter!'

'We can stay the night there,' said Clare. 'Look, there's a window open. The caretaker probably airs the rooms in the daytime. We can climb in. Nobody will know.'

And so they did. They chose a bedroom with heavy old-fashioned furniture and a huge old bed. They kept quiet while the caretaker came to shut the windows in the evening. Then the house was theirs. They ate some of the food they had brought, and went to bed in total darkness.

During the night she told him about his sleepwalking just after their wedding.

'You should have told me at the time!'

'Don't think of the past! Think of the present. Tomorrow may mean the end of our happiness.'

But when tomorrow came it was wet and foggy. It seemed that the caretaker only came on fine days, so they were alone in the house. They had enough food and wine, and stayed there for the next five days. It was the honeymoon they had never had. They had no contact with people, and only noticed changes in the weather. Neither mentioned the depressing period from their wedding—day to the present. They lived for the moment, and were completely happy. When Angel suggested leaving their shelter and travelling to a port like Southampton or London, Tess was unwilling.

'Why put an end to sweetness and happiness? Outside, everything is confused and sad. Here, we are quite content.'

Angel agreed. Inside was forgiveness and love: outside was eventual punishment.

'And...' she said, putting her cheek against his, 'I want you to go on loving me. I'm afraid you might reject me one day for what I've done. Then I would rather be dead. I must have been mad to kill him! But I don't want to be alive when you

reject me for it. ’

They stayed for one more day, but the caretaker came early that fine sunny morning. She wanted to open the windows in the bedrooms, which she did not usually do, and opened their bedroom door. She saw the young couple lying in the big bed, fast asleep, and hurried away to tell her neighbours.

Tess and Angel woke soon after, and decided to leave immediately. They dared not stay any longer. When they were in the woods Tess turned to look at the house.

‘So much happiness in that house! ’ she whispered. ‘My life can only be a question of a few weeks. Why couldn’t we have stayed there? ’

‘Don’t say that, Tess! We’ll go northwards and get to a port. They won’t find us. ’

They kept going all day and most of the night, passing the cathedral city of Melchester and reaching open land. It was a windy, cloudy night. They walked on grass, so as not to make any noise on the road. They were alone and in darkness. Suddenly, Clare almost bumped into a great stone rising up in front of him. Moving forwards carefully, they found other stones, standing tall and black against the night sky.

‘What on earth is this place? ’ Clare asked.

‘Listen! ’ cried Tess.

The wind, playing on the huge stones, produced a strange tune, like the notes of a great harp. The couple walked slowly into the middle of the great circle of stones.

‘It’s Stonehenge! ’ cried Clare.

‘The pagan temple? ’

‘Yes. Older than the centuries; Older than the d’Urbervilles! ’

‘Let’s stay here tonight, Angel, ’ said Tess, lying down on a flat stone which was still warm from the day’s sunshine.

‘We’d better not. This place can be seen for miles in daylight. ’

‘I feel at home here, ’ murmured Tess. ‘You used to say at Talbothays that I was a pagan, do you remember? ’

He bent over her and kissed her.

‘Sleepy, are you, dearest? ’

‘I love it here, ’ she said. ‘I have been so happy with you. And here I have only the sky above my face. There is nobody in the world except us two. ’

Clare thought she could rest a while here. He put his coat over her, and lay down beside her.

‘Angel, ’ she asked presently, as they listened to the wind among the stones, ‘if anything happens to me, will you take care of Liza—Lu? ’

‘I will. ’

She is so good and pure. Oh Angel, I wish you would marry her if you lose me, as you will do soon ‘If I lose you, I lose everything. ’

‘She has all the best of me without my bad side, and if she were yours, it would almost seem as if we were not separated by death. Well, I won’t mention it again. ’

There was silence for a while. Angel could see the first light in the east. They had not much time.

‘Did they sacrifice to God here? ’ she asked

‘No, to the sun. ’

‘That reminds me, dear. Tell me, do you think we shall meet again after we are dead? I want to know.

He kissed her to avoid replying.

‘Oh Angel, that means no! ’ she almost sobbed. ‘And I so wanted to see you again—so much, so much! Not even you and I, Angel, who love each other so much? ’

He could not answer. Soon she fell asleep on the stone of sacrifice. The night wind died away, and the stones looked black in the half—light. Something seemed to move in the distance. It was a figure approaching Stonehenge. Clare wished they had gone on, but it was too late. He turned, and saw another, and another. They were uniformed men, closing in on Tess with slow purposeful steps. Clare jumped up wildly, looking round for a way to escape.

‘It’s no use, sir, ’ said the nearest policeman. ‘We’ve surrounded the place. ’

‘Let her finish her sleep! ’ he begged in a whisper, as the men gathered round the stone. He held her hand. She was breathing more like a trapped animal than a woman. All waited in the growing light, their faces and hands silver, the stones grey. When the light was strong, she awoke.

‘What is it, Angel? ’ she said, sitting up. ‘Have they come for me? ’

‘Yes, dearest, they have. ’

‘That is right. I am almost glad. This happiness could not have lasted! ’

She stood up and went towards the waiting men. ‘I am ready, ’ she said quietly.

One July morning the sun shone on two figures climbing the hill leading out of the fine city of Wintoncester. They were young but they walked bent in sorrow. One was Angel Clare, the other Tess’s younger sister, Liza—Lu. Hand in hand, with pale, tear—stained faces, they walked in silence.

When they reached the top of the hill, they heard the town clocks strike eight. They turned quickly and looked back at the city. They could see the cathedral, the college and the prison very clearly. A tall post was fixed to the prison tower. A few minutes after eight, as they watched, a black flag moved slowly up the post.

The gods had finished playing with Tess. Society had seen ‘justice’ done. Her d’Urberville ancestors slept on in their tombs, uncaring. The two silent watchers dropped to the ground and stayed there without moving for a long time. The flag waved in the wind. As soon as they had strength, they stood up, joined hands again, and continued slowly on their way.

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同时，安吉尔·克莱尔回到了他的旅馆，整顿早餐他就坐在那儿，死死地盯着前方。他的母亲来了封短信，说他的哥哥卡斯伯特就要同默茜·钱特结婚了。克莱尔把信扔掉了。最后他站了起来，付清了账，走到了火车站。可是他无法耐心地坐在那里等下一趟火车，那得花一个小时。他对生活已不抱任何希望，也没有人可以爱了。他有充裕的时间，但只想尽快地离开这个城镇。

于是他开始沿着出城的马路走着。这条路很开阔，顺着下来，横穿过一座山谷。当他在山谷远处的那头爬行时，他停下来喘口气，有什么东西促使他转过身去。远处有个小小的黑影——是一个人的身影，正在跑着。克莱尔等待着。像是一个女人，可是克莱尔一点都没想到这可能是他的妻子。直到她走近了，他才认出来，那是苔丝。

“我看到你——转身上了马路——从火车站——我一直跟了你这么远！”她脸色苍白，上气不接下气，还有些发抖。他没有问什么，挽着她的胳膊，扶着她一起走。他们挑了一条树下的小路走，以免被人看见。

“安吉尔，”她说，“你知道我为什么一直追赶着你吗？我要告诉你，我杀死他了！”她说话时，苍白的脸上漾出一丝令人怜悯的微笑。

“什么！”他尖叫道，认为她神志不清了。

“我不知道我是怎么做的，”她说，“我必须这么做，安吉尔，为了你，也为了我。很早以前，当我用那只笨重的手套抽他的嘴巴时，我就怕有一天我也会杀了他。他插在我们中间，毁了我们的生活。我根本就不爱他，你相信我，是不是？哦，当初，我那么爱你的时候，你为什么离开我啊？不过，我现在并不责怪你，安吉尔。我只是想问你，安吉尔，现在你会宽恕我吗？我不能忍受再失去你，我不得不杀死他。现在，说你爱我吧，说你爱我！”

“啊，我是爱你的，苔丝，我确实爱你。一切都回来了！”他说着，把她紧紧地搂到怀里。“可是，你的意思是，你杀死他了？”

“他死了。他听见我在哭喊你，就粗鲁地叫骂你的名字，我忍无可忍，于是杀了他。”

终于，安吉尔渐渐相信她也许真地杀死了德伯。他对她感情的力量感到惊愕，而这，似乎让他忘记了是非的区别。她像是根本没有认识到自己做过了什么，把她的头埋在他的肩上，幸福地哭着。他怀疑是否德伯家族的罪恶血统该为这一时刻的疯狂遭受谴责。

然而，他知道，现在他不能离开她，她期待着他来保护她。到最后，克莱尔除了对他热情、忠诚的妻子满怀爱意之外，已感觉不到其他了，他对她吻了又吻，抓起了她的手。

“我不会离开你的！我会尽我所能来保护你，最亲爱的宝贝，无论你做过还是没做过任何事情！”

他们继续走着，苔丝不时地转过头看看他，尽管他的脸庞瘦削苍白，但对她而言，他仍是完美的。他是唯一一个不掺杂质地爱过她、并相信她的纯洁的男人。他们互相揽着对方的腰，在树林中孤寂的小径上穿行，小心翼翼地避开任何人。他们谈得不多，对于终于能够团聚感到心满意足。

“我们要去哪儿？”苔丝问道。

“我不知道。也许我们能找到一间今晚住的小屋，苔丝，你能走远路吗？”

“哦，我能！有你的手臂搂着我，我可以永远地走下去！”

到了中午时分，安吉尔到一个酒店买了此食物和酒回来，苔丝就在树林里等着他。她的衣服这么时新，会引起乡下人注意的。

“我认为我们应该继续朝内地走，离开海岸。”当他们吃完东西时，克莱尔说道。“我们可以在那儿躲藏一段时间。之后，等他们停止搜寻我们的时候，我们可以到一个港口，径直逃离这个国家。”

可是他们的打算是含糊的。他们就像两个孩子，只考虑到眼前的情况。天气暖洋洋的，他们乐在一起走着。然而，到了下午，他们还没找到一间可以住的房子，睡在外面又太冷了。当他们大约走了十五英里时，他们在树林中央经过了一幢空荡荡的大房子。

“所有的房间都是闲置着的！”苔丝说，“而我们连个可以遮蔽的地方都没有！”

“我们今晚可以待在这儿！”克莱尔说道。“看，那儿有个窗户开着。看管人可能在白天让房子通通风。我们可以爬进去，没有人知道的。”

于是他们爬了进去。他们选择的那间卧室摆放着式样古老的家具和一张宽大的旧床。晚上，当看管人来关窗户时，他们就保持安静，没有发出声响。之后，这幢房子就属于他们了。他们吃了一些带来的食物之后，就在一团漆黑中上床睡觉了。

夜里，她对他说婚礼后他梦游的事。

“那个时候你就应该告诉我！”

“别想过去的事了，想想现在吧！明天也许就是我们幸福的终结。”

可是第二天的天气很潮湿，雾气蒙蒙的。看来那个看管人只在天气晴朗的日子才来，因此，他们单独住在房子里。他们有足够的食物和酒，接下来又住了五天。这段时间成了他们以前没有享受过的蜜月。他们和外界没有任何联系，能注意到的只是天气的变化。他们谁也不提婚后到现在那一段忧郁的日子。他们为眼前活着，非常非常地幸福。安吉尔提议离开这个临时的避难所，前往像南安普顿或伦敦这样的港口城市，可苔丝不愿意。

“为什么要结束甜蜜和幸福？在外面，一切都是那么混乱和悲伤。在这儿，我们十分满足。”

安吉尔同意了。里面只有宽恕和爱情；而外面是最后的惩罚。

“还有……”她把她的脸颊贴着他的，说道，“我要你继续爱我。我害怕有一天你会因为我所做的事抛弃我。那样，我情愿死去。我一定是疯了，我把他杀死了！可是如果你因此抛弃我，那我也不想活了。”

他们又待了一天。但是在那个阳光明媚的早晨，看管人来了。她想把卧室的窗户打开——她平时不经常这么做——就打开了他们卧室的门。她看到这对年轻的夫妇躺在那张大床上，酣睡着，就赶紧去告诉她的邻居们。

苔丝和安吉尔很快就醒了，决定立即离开。他们不敢再多停留一会儿。他们到了树林里，苔丝回头看了看那幢房子。

“那座房子里有那么多的幸福！”她轻声说道，“我的性命也不过是几个星期的事情了，为什么我们不能留在那儿？”

“别这么说，苔丝！我们朝北走，到达一个港口，他们不会找到我们的。”

他们赶了整整一个白天和几乎整个晚上的路程，经过了教堂城市梅尔切斯特，到了一片开阔的平原。这是一个多云、有风的夜晚。他们为了避免在路上发出任何声响，就在草地上走。黑暗中只有他们两个人。

突然，安吉尔几乎猛地撞上了一块竖在他面前的巨石。他们小心翼翼地朝前移动着，又发现了其他石头，在夜晚的苍穹下，高高地、黑黑地矗立着。

“这到底是什么地方？”克莱尔问。

“听！”苔丝叫道。

风在这些巨石上弹奏着，发出一种奇怪的音调，就像一架巨大的竖琴演奏出的乐章。这两个人慢慢地走到了这些石头环绕着的一个大圆圈的中央。

“这是巨石阵！”克莱尔叫道。

“异教徒神庙？”

“是的，比世纪还要古老，比德伯家族还要古老！”

“安吉尔，我们今晚就待在这儿吧！”苔丝说着，躺在了一块平坦的石头上，石头还留有白天日照时吸收的余温。

“最好不要。白天，几英里外都能看见这个地方！”

“在这儿我觉得很自在，”苔丝低声说，“你过去在塔尔勃塞常常说我是个异教徒，你记起来了么？”

他俯下身，亲吻她。

“亲爱的，困了，是吗？”

“我喜欢这儿，”她说，“和你在一起，我是这么幸福。在这儿，我的上方只有天空，在这个世界里，只有我们两个人。”

克莱尔心想，她可以在这儿休息一会儿，他把自己的外套盖在她的身上，在她身边躺了下来。

“安吉尔，”后来，在他们倾听着石头之间的风声对她问道，“如果我有什不测，你愿意照顾丽莎-露吗？”

“我愿意。”

“她是那么贤惠纯洁，哦，安吉尔，如果你失去我——你不久就会失去我的，我希望你能娶她。”

“如果我失去你，我就失去了一切。”

“她具有一切我最好的东西，却没有我坏的一面。如果她属于你了，那么几乎就好像死亡没把我们分开一样。好了，我不再提它了。”

有一会儿，他们都默不作声。安吉尔能看到东方亮起了第一道曙光。他们没有多少时间了。

“他们是在这儿祭献上帝吗？”她问。

“不，祭献太阳。”

“这倒提醒我了，亲爱的，告诉我，你认为我们死后还会相遇吗？我想知道。”

他吻她，想避开这个问题。

“哦，安吉尔，那就是说不能！”她几乎要哭了。“我是那么地想要再见到你——那么强烈，那么强烈！安吉尔，连你和我，两个爱得这么深的人都不能吗？”

他无法回答，很快，她在那块祭礼石上睡着了。夜里的风渐渐消逝了，从蒙蒙的光线中，那些石头看起来黑乎乎的。远处，像是有什么东西在移动。是一个朝巨石阵靠近的身影。克莱尔真希望他们已经上路了，可是太晚了。他转过头，看到了另外一个人，还有一个。这些穿着制服的人，有目的地缓缓地向苔丝靠近。克莱尔疯狂地跳了起来，环顾四周，想找条逃脱的路。

“这没用，先生。”离得最近的那个警察说，“我们已经包围了这个地方。”

“让她睡完觉吧！”当警察们聚集到石头周围时，他低声请求道。他抓住她的手，她的呼吸更像一只落入陷阱的动物发出的，而不是一个女人发出的。所有的人都在越来越明亮的曙光中等待着，他们的脸和手成了银白色的，石块是灰色的。当光线强烈起来时，她醒了。

“什么事呀，安吉尔？”她说，坐了起来。“他们来找我了吗？”

“是的，宝贝，他们来了。”

“那就对了。我简直感到很高兴，这种幸福本来就不可能持久。”

她站了起来，朝那些等候的警察走去，“我准备好了。”她平静地说。

7月的一个早晨，在一座从美好的温顿塞斯特城延伸出来的小山上，阳光正照耀在两个爬山人的身上。他们很年轻，但是因悲痛而伏下身去走着。一位是安吉尔·克莱尔，另一位是苔丝的妹妹，丽莎-露，他们手牵着手，脸色苍白，泪痕满面地默默前行。

当他们到达山顶时，他们听到教区的钟声敲打了八下。他们迅速转身，眺望着这个城市。他们可以清楚地看到教堂、大学，还有监狱。一根高高的旗杆竖立在监狱塔楼上方。8点过了几分，他们看到一面黑旗缓缓升上旗杆。

神明对苔丝的戏弄就此告终了，世人看到正义得到了伸张。她的德伯祖先沉睡在他们的坟墓中，漠不关心。两位沉默的观众跌倒在了地上，久久地没有动弹。旗子在风中飘展着。一有了力气，他们就站了起来，重新手挽着手，继续慢慢地走上了他们的路程。

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Colley Cibber①

O say what is that thing call'd Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight.
O tell your poor blind boy !
You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?
My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.
With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know
Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy

一 盲孩

柯莱·西柏

你们说的“光”，是什么东西，
我永远不可能感觉出来；
你们能够“看”，是什么福气，
请告诉我这可怜的盲孩！
你们讲到了种种奇景，
你们说太阳光辉灿烂；
我感到他温暖，可他怎么能
把世界分出黑夜和白天？
这会儿我玩耍，待会儿我睡觉，
这样分我的白天和夜晚；
假如我老是醒着，睡不着，
我觉得那就是白天没完。
我听见你们一次又一次
为我的不幸而叹息：唉……
可我完全能忍受这损失——
损失是什么我并不明白。
别让我永远得不到的东西
把我愉快的心情破坏：
我歌唱，我就是快乐君王，
尽管我是个可怜的盲孩。

屠 岸译

Ambrose Philips①

Timely blossom, Infant fair,
 Fondling of a happy pair,
 Every morn and every night
 Their solicitous delight,
 Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
 Pleasing, without skill to please;
 Little gossip, blithe and hale,
 Tattling many a broken tale,
 Singing many a tuneless song,
 Lavish of a heedless tongue;
 Simple maiden, void of art,
 Babbling out the very heart,
 Yet abandon'd to thy will,
 Yet imagining no ill,
 Yet too innocent to blush;
 Like the linnet in the bush
 To the mother-linnet's note
 Moduling her slender throat;
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,
 Wanton in the change of toys,
 Like the linnet green, in May
 Flitting to each bloomy spray;
 Wearied then and glad of rest,
 Like the linnet in the nest: ----
 This thy present happy lot,
 This, in time will be forgot:
 Other pleasures, other cares,
 Ever-busy Time prepares;
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
 This picture, once, resembled thee.

二 致夏洛蒂·普尔滕尼

安布罗斯·菲力普斯

及时开的花，漂亮的女孩，
 幸福的爹妈心尖的爱，
 在每个清晨，每个良夜，
 你总是爹妈渴望的愉悦，
 睡着，醒着，自由自在，
 毫无机巧，却招人喜爱；
 唧呀说话，健康，欢欣，
 讲些个并不连贯的事情，
 唱多少歌子，全走了调，
 又说又唱，没完没了；
 单纯的幼女，天真无邪，
 把一片童心向外倾泻，
 你无拘无束，随心所欲，
 不知道邪恶是什么东西，
 一派纯真，不懂得羞赧，
 就像红雀在矮树林间
 跟随着红雀妈妈的歌声，
 调整自己纤细的嗓音；
 唧呀唱出你小小的欢愉，
 调皮地变换着一件件玩具，
 又像金翅鸟迎来五月，

轻捷地飞向鲜花嫩叶；
要是累了就愉快地歇息，
仿佛红雀休憩在窝里：——
这一切是你今天的好运道，
这一切到时候会被忘掉：
匆匆的时间将为你准备好
别的欢乐和别的烦恼；
你将来在你的女儿身上
会看到她同你多么相像。

屠 岸译

William Blake①

The Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing Green.
Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say:
"Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing Green.
Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The Sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

三 荡着回声的草地

威廉·布莱克

太阳升起，
满天欢喜；
快乐的钟声敲响，
迎接春光；
云雀和画眉，
林中的鸟类，
围着快乐的钟响
唱得更加嘹亮，
这时候我们游戏
在荡着回声的草地。
老约翰，白发满头，
笑着赶走了忧愁，
坐在橡树下面
老人们中间。
他们笑看我们玩耍，
他们都这样说话：
“当我们还是男孩女孩，
欢度童年时代，
我们也这样游戏
在荡着回声的草地。”
孩子们乏了，

再不能玩耍了；太阳落山，
我们停止了游玩。
多少小妹妹小弟弟
绕着妈妈的双膝，
像小鸟归巢，
准备睡觉。
再不见孩子们游戏
在越来越暗的草地。
屠 岸译

William Blake

Sleep, Sleep, beauty bright,
 Dreaming o'er the joys of night,
 Sleep, Sleep, in thy sleep
 Little sorrows sit and weep.
 Sweet Babe, in thy face
 Soft desires I can trace,
 Secret joys and secret smiles,
 Little pretty infant riles.
 As thy softest limbs I feel,
 Smiles as of the morning steal
 O'er thy cheek and o'er thy breast
 Where thy little heart does rest.
 O the cunning wiles that creep
 In thy little heart asleep!
 When thy little heart does wake,
 Then the dreadful lightnings break.

四 摇篮歌

威廉·布莱克

睡吧，睡吧，漂亮的宝贝，
 整夜在欢乐的梦乡酣睡；
 睡吧，睡吧，在你的梦里，
 小小的悲哀坐着哭泣。
 可爱的宝贝，在你的脸上，
 我看到有一种温柔的渴望，
 秘密的快乐，秘密的微笑，
 小小的狡黠，婴儿的计巧。
 当我爱抚你柔软脚和手，
 好象有早晨的微笑偷偷
 爬上你的脸，爬上你的胸，
 小小的心呵就在你胸中。
 呵，在你熟睡的心底，
 有多少聪慧，有多少伶俐！
 等到你小小的心儿苏醒，
 可怕的黑夜就迎来黎明。

屠岸译

William Blake

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
 And laughing is heard on the hill,
 My heart is at rest within my breast,
 And every thing else is still.
 Then come home my children, the sun is gone down,
 And the dew of night arise.
 Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
 Till the morning appears in the skies.
 No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
 And we cannot go to sleep.
 Besides, in the sky, the little birds fly,
 And the hills are all coverd with sheep.
 Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
 And then go home to bed.
 The little ones leaped and shouted and laugh'd,
 And all the hills echoed.

五 保姆的歌

威廉·布莱克

听到草地上孩子们叫，
 听到山头上孩子们笑，
 我的心中，充满安宁，
 世间万物一片静悄悄。
 孩子们回家吧，太阳落山了，
 夜晚的露水正来临。
 来来，已经玩够，让咱们走，
 等明朝天边太阳升。
 不不，让我们玩，白天还没完，
 我们不睡觉，不睡觉。
 你看蓝天上，小鸟在飞翔，
 还有羊群在满山跑。
 好吧好吧再玩一回，直到天全黑，
 再回家去上眠床。
 小家伙们又跳又叫又是笑，
 笑声在所有的山头来回响。

屠 岸译

Charles and Ma ry Lamb①

A child's a plaything for an hour;
 Its pretty tricks we try
 For that or for a longer space ----
 Then tire, and lay it by.
 But I knew one that to itself
 All seasons could control;
 That would have mocked the sense of pain
 Out of a grieved soul.
 Thou straggler into loving arms,
 Young climber-up of knees,
 When I forget thy thousand ways
 Then life and all shall cease.

六 一个孩子

恰尔斯·兰姆 玛丽·兰姆

孩子只是个片刻的玩意儿；
 我们让他逗着玩，
 玩会儿，或玩的时间长一些——
 累了，就把他搁一边。
 可我认识个孩子不一样，
 他摆布一年四季；
 他能使遭受不幸的人儿
 一下子把痛苦忘记。
 你一头扎进亲爱的怀抱，
 爬上膝盖的小乖乖！
 我忘记你的千姿百态时——
 万类将停止存在。

屠 岸译

William Wordsworth①

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder ----- everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not

七 “那是个美丽的傍晚”

威廉·华兹华斯

那是个美丽的傍晚，安静，清澈；
神圣的时光，静如修女一样，
屏息着在崇奉礼赞；阔大的太阳
正在一片宁谧中逐渐沉落；
苍天的安详慈悲君临着大海：
听啊！那伟大的生命已经苏醒，①
用他那永恒的律动发出了一阵阵
轰雷一般的声音——千古不改。
跟我同行的孩子呵，亲爱的女孩！②
假如你仿佛还没有接触到圣念，
你的天性不因此而不够崇高：
你整年都躺在亚伯拉罕的胸怀，③
你在神庙的内殿里崇拜，礼赞，
上帝在你的身边，我们却不知道。

屠 岸译

John Keats①

There was a naughty Boy,
And a naughty Boy was he.
He ran away to Scotland
The people for to see ----
'Then he found
That the ground
Was as hard,
That a yard
Was as long,
That a song
Was as merry,
That a cherry
Was as red ----
That lead
Was as weighty,
That fourscore
Was as eighty,
That a door
Was as wooden
As in England ----
So he stood in his shoes
And he wonder'd ,
He wonder'd ,
He stood in his shoes And he wonder'd.

八 “有一个淘气的男孩”①

约翰·济慈

有一个淘气的男孩，
淘气的男孩就是他。
他一跑跑到苏格兰，
把人情世故来观察——
于是他发现，
跟英格兰比，
那里的土地
同样硬，
那里的尺寸
同样长，
那里的歌唱
同样美妙，
那里的樱桃
同样红艳——
那里的铅
同样沉甸甸，
那里三七
同样是二十一，
那里的门
同样是木头制成——
于是他站着发呆，
觉得真奇怪，
真奇怪，
他站着发呆，
觉得真奇怪。
屠 岸译

Hugh M iller①

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes,
 Nae stockings on her feet;
 Her supple ankles white as snow
 Of early blossoms sweet.
 Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
 Her double, dimpled chin;
 Her pucker' d lip and bonny mou' ,
 With nae ane tooth between.
 Her een sae like her mither's een,
 Twa gentle, liquid things;
 Her face is like an angel's face ----
 We're glad she has nae wings.

九 婴 儿

休·米勒

没鞋子套上她小小的脚趾，
 她脚上没穿丝袜；
 她两双柔软的脚步雪白，
 仿佛初开的鲜花。
 她穿着粉红散点的便装，
 两个笑窝，双下巴；
 漂亮的小嘴，吮着嘴唇，
 嘴里还没有一颗牙。
 她的眼真像她母亲的眼呵，
 那么柔和，水汪汪；
 她的脸真像天使的脸呵——
 幸亏她没有翅膀。
 方谷绣 屠 岸译

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow①

Come to me, O ye children !
 For I hear you at your play,
 And the questions that perplexed me
 Have vanished quite away.
 Ye open the eastern windows,
 That look towards the sun,
 Where thoughts are singing swallows
 And the brooks of morning run.
 In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
 In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
 But in mine is the wind of Autumn
 And the first fall of the snow.
 Ah! what would the world be to us
 If the children were no more?
 We should dread the desert behind us
 Worse than the dark before
 What the leaves are to the forest,
 With light and air for food,
 Ere their sweet and tender juices
 Have been hardened into wood, -----
 That to the world are children;
 Through them it feels the glow
 Of a brighter and sunnier climate
 Than reaches the trunks below.
 Come to me, O ye children
 And whisper in my ear
 What the birds and the winds are singing
 In your sunny atmosphere.
 For what are all our contrivings,
 And the wisdom of our looks,
 When compared with your caresses,
 And the gladness of your looks?
 Ye are better than all the ballads
 That ever were sung or said;
 For ye are living poems,
 And all the rest and dead.

十 孩子们

亨利·瓦兹华斯·朗费罗

到我这儿来吧，孩子们！

我听见你们在嬉闹，

那些使我烦恼的问题

顿时云散烟消。

你们打开东面的窗户吧，

朝向升起的太阳，

那儿，思念是呢喃的燕子，

早晨的溪水流淌。

你们的心中有小鸟阳光，

思绪里有溪水流泻，

我的头脑里却只有秋风，

加上初降的霜雪。

啊！世界会变成什么样，

如果没有了新一代？

我们会害怕身后的荒漠——

比面前的黑暗更厉害。
正如树叶把阳光和空气
当养料给森林带来，
树叶甜嫩的汁液还没有
化为坚硬的木材，——
儿童对世界也是这样；
世界凭儿童而感受
比树干感受的气候更加
明亮灿烂的光流。
到我这儿来啊，孩子们！
贴耳朵悄悄告诉我：
在你们充满阳光的大气里
风和鸟唱的是什么。
我们的一切书本知识
和一切发明创造，
怎能比得上你们的爱抚，
你们的一脸甜笑？
你们胜过世界上曾经
说唱的一切歌谣；
你们是活的诗篇，而其他
全都是死的曲调。

屠 岸译

Walt Whitman①

We two boys together clinging,
 One the other never leaving,
 Up and down the roads going, North and South
 excursions making,
 Power enjoying, elbows stretching, fingers clutching,
 Arm'd and fearless, eating, drinking, sleeping, loving,
 No law less than ourselves owning, sailing, soldiering,
 thieving, threatening,
 Misers, menials, priests alarming, air breathing, water
 drinking, on the turf or the sea-beach dancing,
 Cities wrenching, ease scorning, statutes mocking,
 feebleness chasing,
 Fulfilling our foray.

十一 我们两个孩子在一起依附着

瓦尔特·惠特曼

我们两个孩子在一起依附着，
 这一个永远不离开那一个，
 在路上翻山越岭，向北方又向南方去旅行，
 享受着力量，伸张着臂弯，紧扣着手指，
 武装而无畏，吃着，喝着，睡着，爱着，
 绝不承认在我们自己以下的法律，航行着，
 作战着，偷窃着，威胁着，
 教守财奴、贱人、教士吃惊，呼吸着空气，
 饮着水，在草地上或海岸边舞蹈着，
 扭伤着城市，轻蔑着安逸，藐视着纪念像，
 追击着弱点，
 完成着我们的袭击。

屠 岸译

Robert Louis Stevenson①

When children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.
Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.
He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why,
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by !
He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'Tis he that inhabits the caves that you dig;
'Tis he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win
Tis he, when at night you go off to your bed,
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your head;
For wherever they're lying, in cupboard or shelf,
'Tis he will take care of your playthings himself !

十二 瞧不见的游戏伴儿

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森

孩子们独自在草地上游玩，
瞧不见的伴儿就悄悄来到身边。
孩子们高兴，寂寞，又挺乖，
“儿童之友”就从树林里走出来。
谁也没听到他，谁也没见到他，
他这幅肖像，你永远不会描画，
可只要孩子们高兴，独个儿游戏，
他准定在这儿，不管在屋外，屋里。
他躺在桂冠里，他奔在草地上，
你碰响好听的玻璃杯，他就歌唱；
只要你快乐，又说不出理由，
在你身边就肯定有“儿童之友”！
他喜欢身子小，他不爱身子大，
能在你挖的洞子里住下的，正是他，
你让锡制的玩具兵上战场，
也是他：总站法国人一边，吃败仗。
夜里，当上床的时候来到，
那是他：不再打搅你，叫你去睡觉；
你的玩具，不管在橱里躺、架上站，
那是他：会照料好每一样，每一件。

屠岸方谷绣译

Robert Louis Stevenson

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out
 Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
 And high overhead and all moving about,
 There were thousands of millions of stars.
 There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
 Nor of people in church or the Park,
 As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
 And that glittered and winked in the dark.
 The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
 And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
 These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
 Would be half full of water and stars.
 They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
 And they soon had me packed into bed;
 But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
 And the stars going round in my head.

十三 该睡的时候溜了

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森

穿过窗格，窗栏，窗框，
 客厅和厨房里射出了灯光；
 几百万，几千万，几万万颗星星
 高高地旋转在我的头顶上。
 树叶儿几千张，比不上星星多，
 教堂里，公园里，人不如星星多，
 一群群星星啊，低头看着我，
 一群群星星啊，在夜空闪烁。
 天狼星，北斗星，猎户星，火星，
 指引水手们航海的星，……
 在天上闪烁，墙边的水桶里
 装了半桶清水和星星。
 大人们看到我，边喊边追我，
 马上把我抱上了床；
 灿烂的光啊，还在我眼前闪烁，
 星星们，还在我脑子里游荡。

屠岸方谷绣译

Robert Louis Stevenson
 I should like to rise and go
 Where the golden apples grow;----
 Where below another sky
 Parrot islands anchored lie,
 And, watched by cockatoos and goats, Lonely
 Crusoes building boats; ----
 Where in sunshine reaching out
 Eastern cities, miles about,
 Are with mosque and minaret
 Among sandy gardens set,
 And the rich goods from near and far
 Hang for sale in the bazaar;----
 Where the Great Wall round China goes,
 And on one side the desert blows,
 And with bell and voice and drum,
 Cities on the other hum; -----
 Where are forests, hot as fire,
 Wide as England, tall as a spire,
 Full of apes and cocoa-nuts
 And the negro hunters' huts; ----
 Where the knotty crocodile
 Lies and blinks in the Nile.
 And the red flamingo flies
 Hunting fish before his eyes; ----
 Where in jungles, near and far,
 Man-devouring tigers are,
 Lying close and giving ear
 Lest the hunt be drawing near,
 Or a comer-by be seen
 Swinging in a palanquin; ----
 Where among the desert sands
 Some deserted city stands,
 All its children, sweep and prince,
 Grown to manhood ages since,
 Not a foot in street or house,
 Not a stir of child or rouse,
 And when kindly falls the night,
 In all the town no spark of light.
 There I'll come when I'm a man
 With a camel caravan:,
 Light a fire in the gloom
 Of some dusty dining-room.;
 See the pictures on the walls,
 Heroes, fights and festivals;
 And in a corner find the toys.
 Of the old Egyptian boys.

十四 漫游

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森
 我真想起身，抬腿就走。
 到金色苹果园里去漫游；——
 去那儿：上面是异国的蓝天，
 下面是鹦鹉岛，横躺在海面，
 孤独的鲁滨孙们在建造木船，

白鸚和山羊守候在旁边；——
去那儿：一座座东方的城镇，
在阳光下，向周围几十里延伸，
城里装饰着清真寺和塔尖，
寺塔的四周是沙盖的花园，
琳琅的杂货，来自四方，
招徕顾客，悬挂在市场；——
去那儿：长城环抱着中国，
在它的一边，是风沙，荒漠，
另一边，是城市，一片嘈杂，
钟声、鼓声和人声喧哗；——
去那儿：火焰般炎热的森林，
宽阔如英格兰，高耸如尖塔顶，
那儿到处是椰子果，大猿猴，
茅屋里住着黑人好猎手；——
去那儿：看鳄鱼披一身鳞甲，
躺在尼罗河里，两眼眨巴。
还有那红色的火烈鸟，它一见
水里的鱼儿，就啄到嘴边；——
去那儿：原始的林莽草莱，
吃人的老虎们在远近徘徊，
挨着身子躺，竖着耳朵听，
就怕猎人越来越挨近，
就怕有人到林子里来，
坐在轿子里，一摇又一摆；——
去那儿：在一片荒凉的沙地，
直立着一座古城的残迹，
城里所有的王子和穷娃娃
多少个世纪前就已经长大，
没有人走动在屋里，在街道，
没有孩子笑，也没耗子叫，
当着温和的夜晚来临，
全城见不到一丝光影。
我要到那儿去，只等我长大，
就带着骆驼队向那儿进发；
去那儿，在幽暗尘封的饭厅，
点燃起火炬，给周围照明；
从墙上挂着的多少幅画图，
看英雄，战斗，节日的欢愉；
我最后还发现，在一角墙隅，
古埃及儿童的一堆玩具。

屠 岸 方谷绣译

Robert .Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
 And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
 He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
 And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.
 The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow ----
 Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
 For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
 And he sometimes gets so little that there' s none of him at all.
 He hasn' t got a notion of how children ought to play,
 And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
 He stays so close beside me, he' s a coward you can see;
 I' d think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!
 One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
 I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
 But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
 Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

十五 我的影子

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森

我有个小小的影子，进进出出跟着我，
 我可不大知道他到底有什么用处。
 他呀，从头到脚都非常非常地像我；
 我跳上床去，倒看见他比我先蹦上床。
 他怎样成长的呢，嘻，那才叫好玩——
 全不像真正的孩子那样，慢慢地长大；
 有时候他长得那么高，象皮球，一蹦窜上天，
 有时候他缩得这么小，我完全看不到他。
 孩子应该怎样游戏，他可是完全不知道，
 他呀，只知道捉弄我，跟我开玩笑。
 他老是紧紧跟着我，真像个胆小鬼，你瞧；
 我像他跟牢我那样去跟牢保姆可多害臊！
 一天早上，非常早，太阳还没有起身，
 我起来看到露珠在金凤花儿上闪耀；
 可是我那懒惰的小影子，真贪睡，还不醒，
 他在我身后，在家里床上，呼呼地睡觉。

屠岸方谷绣译

Robert Louis Stevenson

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do !
Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside -----
Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown ----
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down !

十六 秋 千

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森

荡呀荡着秋千上蓝天，
上蓝天，你呀喜欢不喜欢？
我想小孩儿最爱荡秋千，
荡着秋千真好玩，真好玩！
荡过围墙边呀荡上天，
我看到天地这么宽，这么宽，
我看到河流、树木和牛羊，
我看到田野没有边，没有边……
我再往下看，绿色大花园，
棕色的屋顶在眼前，在眼前——
我重新又荡着秋千上蓝天，
我在空中上下翻，上下翻！
屠 岸 方谷绣译

A. A. Milne①

Here I go up in my swing

Ever so high.

I am the King of the fields, and the King

Of the town.

I am the King of the earth, and the King

Of the sky.

Here I go up in my swing ...

Now I go down.

十七 秋千歌

阿·亚·米尔恩

我抓住秋千往上荡，

高高地往上荡。

我就是田野的王，

城市的王，

我就是大地的王，

天空的王。

我抓住秋千往上荡……

荡完就下来到地上。

屠 岸译

A. A. Milne

I never did, I never did, I never did like

"Now take care, dear!"

I never did, I never did, I never did want

"Hold-my-hand";

I never did, I never did, I never did think much of

"Not up there, dear! "

It's no good saying it . They don't understand

十八 谁也管不着

阿·亚·米尔恩

我绝对，我绝对，我绝对不爱听

"当心啊，小乖乖！"

我绝对，我绝对，我绝对不要

"把我的手儿紧紧抓";

我绝对，我绝对，我绝对不理睬

"别上那儿啊，小乖乖！"

说这话没用。他们懂个啥！

屠 岸译

A. A. Milne

If I were bear,
And a big bear too,
I shouldn't much care
If it froze or sned;
I shouldn't much mind
If it snowed or friz----
I'd be all fur-lined
With a coat like his!
For I'd have for boots and a brown fur wrap,
And brown fur knickers and a big fur cap.
I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my jaws,
And brown fur mittens on my big brown paws.
With a big brown furry-down up to my head,
I'd sleep all the winter in a big fur bed.

十九 皮毛熊

阿·亚·米尔恩

假如我是熊，
一只大狗熊，
我就甭担心
雪落冰封；
我就甭害怕
冰冻雪飘——
我会有外衣，
里外都是毛！
我会有皮靴，有围脖，棕色皮毛造，
有棕色毛皮灯笼裤，还有大皮帽。
我会有毛皮皱领子包住我下巴，
有棕色皮手套套上我棕色大手爪。
有棕色毛绒垫垫在我的头下面，
我会在毛皮大床上睡过一冬天。

屠 岸译

20 ARIEL'S SONG

William Shakespeare①

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily:

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

二十 爱丽儿的歌①

威廉·莎士比亚

蜜蜂采蜜的地方，我也在采：

向钟形樱草花瓣里我一头栽；

我躺在那里听猫头鹰叫起来。

我骑在蝙蝠的背上飞得快，

快活地要把夏天追回来；

在枝头垂挂的鲜花底下，

我将快活地，快活地安家。

屠 岸译

William Blake
 Sound the Flute!
 Now it's mute.
 Birds delight
 Day and Night.
 Nightingale
 In the dale,
 Lark in Sky
 Merrily
 Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year.
 Little Boy
 Full of joy.
 Little Girl
 Sweet and small.
 Cock does crow,
 So do you.
 Merry voice,
 Infant noise,
 Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year
 Little Lamb,
 Here I am,
 Come and lick
 My white neck.
 Let me pull
 Your soft Wool.
 Let me kiss
 Your soft face
 Merrily Merrily we welcome in the Year

二十一 春 天

威廉·布莱克
 把笛子吹起！
 现在它无声无息。
 白天夜晚
 鸟儿们喜欢。
 有一只夜莺
 在山谷深深，
 天上的云雀，
 满心喜悦，
 欢天喜地，迎接新年到。
 小小的男孩
 无比欢快。
 小小的女孩
 玲珑可爱。
 公鸡喔喔叫，
 你也叫声高。
 愉快的嗓音，
 婴儿的闹声，
 欢天喜地，迎接新年到。
 小小的羊崽，
 这里有我在，
 走过来舔舐
 我白白的脖子。
 你的毛柔软，
 让我牵一牵。

你的脸娇嫩，
让我吻一吻。
欢天喜地，我们迎接新年到。
屠 岸译

William Blake

The modest Rose puts forth a thorn;

The humble Sheep, a threatning horn.

While the Lilly white, shall in Love delight,

Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright

二十二 百合花

威廉·布莱克

腼腆的玫瑰花有刺无情；

温顺的绵羊有角吓人。

百合花白皙，充盈着爱的欢喜，

没刺没角玷污她光辉的美丽。

方谷绣 屠 岸译

William Blake

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot,
From the morn to the evening he strays
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.
For he hears the lambs' innocent calls
And he hears the ewes' tender reply,
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh

二十三 牧 童

威廉·布莱克

牧童的运气多么美好，
从早到晚他四处来去：
他整天随着羊群转悠，
他满口说着赞美的话语。
他听见羊羔天真的叫唤，
他听见母羊亲切的回应，
他守护着，羊群就平安无事，
羊群知道牧童离它们很近。

屠 岸译

James Hogg①

Where the pools are bright and deep,
 Where the grey trout lies asleep,
 Up the river and over the lea,
 That's the way for Billy and me.
 Where the blackbird sings the latest,
 Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
 Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.
 Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
 Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
 There to track the homeward bee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.
 Where the hazel bank is steepest,
 Where the shadow lies the deepest,
 Where the clustering nuts fall free,
 That's the way for Billy and me.
 Why the boys should drive away
 Little sweet maidens from the play,
 Or love to banter and fight so well,
 That's the thing I never could tell.
 But this I know, I love to play,
 Through the meadow, among the hay;
 Up the water and over the lea,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

二十四 男孩的歌

詹姆士·霍格

哪里有深水潭，清亮的池塘，
 哪里有鳟鱼睡得正香，
 朝河流上游走，越过牧场，
 就是我和比利要去的地方。
 哪里有黑鸟把新歌唱起来，
 哪里有可爱的山楂花盛开，
 有雏鸟鸣叫着四散飞翔，
 就是我和比利要去的地方。
 哪里有收割人割庄稼最干净，
 哪里有干草堆高高的一片青，
 去跟踪小蜜蜂回归蜂房，
 就是我和比利要去的地方。
 哪里有棒树坡陡峭险峻，
 哪里有阴影藏得深深，
 哪里有胡桃纷纷落地上，
 就是我和比利要去的地方。
 为什么男孩们游戏的时候
 要把可爱的小女孩都赶走，
 还相互逗弄，殴打得厉害，
 这事儿我永远说不明白。
 可这事我明白，我喜欢游戏，
 闯进干草堆，穿过芳草地：
 朝河流上游走，越过牧场，
 就是我和比利要去的地方。

屠岸译

William Wordsworth

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die !

The Child is father of the Man;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

二十五 虹 彩

威廉·华兹华斯

每当我看见天上的虹彩，

我的心就欢跃激荡；

我生命开始的时候是这样，

现在成人了，我也是这样，

将来我老了，也不会更改，

否则，就让我死亡！

儿童乃是成人的父亲，①

在我的有生之年，我希望

永远怀着赤子的虔诚。

屠 岸译

Jane Taylor①

Twinkle, twinkle, little star !
 How I wonder what you are,
 Up above the world so high,
 Like a diamond in the sky.
 When the blazing sun is gone,
 When he nothing shines upon,
 Then you show your little light,
 Twinkle, twinkle all the night
 The dark blue sky you keep
 And often thro' my curtains peep,
 For you never shut your eye
 Till the sun is in the sky.
 'Tis your bright and tiny spark
 Lights the traveller in the dark;
 Though I know not what you are,
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star !

二十六 星

琪恩·泰勒

一闪，一闪，小小的星！

你是啥呀我说不清，
 远离着地球挂得高，
 像颗钻石在天空照。
 燃烧的太阳下了山，
 他不再照耀人世间，
 你就发出小小的光，
 一闪，一闪，整夜地亮。

守着深蓝深蓝的天，
 透过窗帘看我的脸，
 你永不闭上你的眼，
 直等到太阳再出现。
 你小小火花闪闪亮，
 照着夜行人赶路忙；
 你是啥呀我说不清，

一闪，一闪，小小的星！

屠 岸译

Mary Howitt①

See the yellow catkins cover
 All the slender willows over;
 And on mossy banks so green
 Star-like primroses are seen;
 And their clustering leaves below
 White and purple violets grow.
 Hark the little lambs are bleating,
 And the cawing rooks are rneeting
 In the elms ---- a noisy crowd;
 And all birds are singing loud,
 There, the first white butterfly
 In the sun goes flitting by

二十七 春 歌

玛丽·霍威特

瞧，黄色的柳絮已经缀满
 所有纤长的柳树枝杆；
 在长满苔藓的绿色田埂
 报春花涌现像无数星辰；
 在报春的一簇簇叶子下面
 长出了白紫两色的紫罗兰。
 听，羊羔咩咩地细声叫喊，
 乌鸦们群栖在榆树之颠，
 不停地聒噪——喧闹的一伙；
 鸟儿们全都在高声唱歌，
 第一只蝴蝶一身白色
 贴着太阳光一闪而过！
 方谷绣 屠 岸译

John Greenleaf Whittier^①

Blessings on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace
 From my heart I give thee joy, -----
 I was once a barefoot boy !
 Prince thou art, ---- the grown-up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollared ride
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy
 In the reach of ear and eye, ----
 Outward sunshine, inward joy:
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !
 Oh for boyhood's painless play,
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
 Knowledge never learned of schools,
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,
 Of the wild-flower's time and place,
 Flight of fowl and habitude
 Of the tenants of the wood;
 How the tortoise bears his shell,
 How the tortoise bears his shell,
 And the ground-mole sinks his well;
 How the robin feeds her young,
 How the oriole's nest is hung;
 Where the whitest lilies blow,
 Where the freshest berries grow,
 Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Mason of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural plans
 Of gray hornet artisans!
 For, eschewing books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy, ----
 Blessings on the barefoot boy!
 Oh for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for.
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade;

For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!
Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude !
O' er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !
Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward.,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

二十八 赤脚男孩

约翰·格林里夫·惠蒂叶

祝福你呵，小小年纪，
赤脚男孩，晒黑的面皮！
穿一条马裤，卷边的裤脚，
口哨轻吹，欢快的曲调；

嘴唇红红，尝过了山中
生长的草莓，变得更红；
透过风度潇洒的破帽沿，
阳光照上了你的孩子脸；
我衷心祝愿你满心欢快，——
我也曾一度是赤脚男孩！
你是王子，——长大的成人
只是共和政体的公民。
让百万富翁纵横驰骋！
赤脚孩，你在他身旁行进，
通过你的眼睛和耳朵
你得到的远比他买到的多，——
户外的阳光，内心的欢爱：
祝福你呵，赤脚男孩！
无忧无虑呵，游戏的童年，
一觉醒来是欢笑的白天，
身体健，谁管医生的律条，
知识多，不是从课堂里学到，
知道野蜂追逐在早上，
知道野花在哪里开放；
禽鸟怎样飞翔，森林里
各种鸟类有什么脾气；
乌龟怎样背负着甲壳，
土拨鼠怎样把洞穴挖好，
鼯鼠又怎样挖通地道；
知更鸟怎样喂养子女，
黄鹏怎样修筑巢居；
白色百合花在哪里开放，
新鲜的浆果在哪里生长，
哪里伸展着野豆的藤蔓，
哪里闪亮着野生的葡萄串；
知道黑马蜂熟练的技巧，
能用粘土来构筑蜂巢，
灰色大黄蜂是营造专家，
有着一整套建筑规划！
躲过了作业，避开了书本，
大自然回答了所有的提问；
他跟大自然手拉手行进，
他跟大自然面对面谈论，
分享大自然的欢乐情怀，——
多么幸福呵，赤脚男孩！
啊，童年时代的六月，
一年的花季这时候集结，
我听到、看到的一切都在
等着我（他们的主人）到来。
我拥有多少鲜花和树丛，
歌唱的小鸟，嗡嗡的蜜蜂；
多好玩啊，松鼠在游戏，
尖嘴的鼯鼠勤奋地挖地；
紫色的黑莓供我品尝，
窜出了石崖，越过了篱墙；
欢笑的溪水使我喜悦，
日日夜夜流淌不歇；
在花园墙边悄悄低语，
从落差到落差向我倾诉；

我有镶沙的狗鱼池塘，
我有胡桃树在那边斜坡上，
我有仙乡果园的苹果
在果树弯弯的枝上挂着！
我的眼界越来越开阔，
我的财富也越来越多；
我见到、了解的整个世界
像中国玩具组合成一台
造出来给一个赤脚男孩！
哦，节日里有美味佳肴，
像我的碗里有牛奶面包，
白镏的汤匙，木头的碗，
在门前青灰的铺石上用餐！
在我的上空，像豪华锦帐，
霞光四射，落日辉煌，
紫幕垂挂，镶着金边，
风卷云霓，百褶连环；
这时候来了阵阵乐声，
是青蛙乐队开始奏鸣；
为了照亮喧闹的歌班，
萤火虫点起了灯光闪闪。
我是君王：欢乐和气派
全都侍奉着赤脚男孩！
那么，孩子，趁着童年，
愉快地生活，常开笑颜！
虽然石头坡嶙峋难爬，
新割的草地布满尖茬，
可每个早晨会领你去经历
滴滴露水的新鲜洗礼；
每个傍晚有凉风吹拂，
从你的脚边送走炎热：
一眨眼功夫你这双赤脚
将藏进体面的鞋子监牢，
不能在草地上自由来去，
像钉上铁蹄干活的马驹，
要在磨坊里踏步劳动，
转来转去不停地做工：
但愿这一双脚丫的踪迹
不会印上禁区的土地；
但愿这双脚不会陷进
蒙人的流沙，罪恶的陷阱。
呵，要珍惜你幸福还在，
可幸福难再呵，赤脚男孩！
屠 岸译

Alfred Tennyson ①

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.
 By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.
 Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.
 I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.
 With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.
 I chatter, chatter as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.
 I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,
 And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,
 And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.
 I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers,
 I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.
 I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars;
 I loiter round my cresses;
 And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

二十九 小溪

阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生
我来自骨顶鸡和苍鹭的老巢，
我突然进涌而出，
从蕨丛中来，我晶莹闪耀，
急急地冲向山谷。
我匆匆流经三十座山峰，
轻滑过山脊之间，
把二十个村庄，一座小镇，
五十座桥梁甩后边。
我终于流过菲利普农庄，
汇入浩荡的大江，
世上的人们来来往往，
我却永远奔前方。
在青石道上我潺潺流过，
一路上铮铮淙淙，
汨汨地卷入山凹的漩涡，
絮语在卵石丛中。
我七拐八弯，冲刷着堤岸，
流过闲地和农田，
我让柳兰和锦葵装点
仙境一般的岸沿。
潺潺地，潺潺地不断流淌，
我汇入浩荡的大江，
世上的人们来来往往，
我却永远奔前方。
我百转千回，进山出穴，
有时候载落花远航，
我怀里处处有鳟鱼活跃，
有茴鱼悠然来往，
我漫游前进，这里那里
激溅起飞沫似雪，
我纵身跃过金色的砂砾，
让朵朵银浪碎裂，
一路上我带着轻波细浪，
汇入浩荡的大江，
世上的人们来来往往，
我却永远奔前方。
我流过如茵的草坪悄悄，
滑过榛树荫丛；
我漂来甜蜜的勿忘我草，
送到恋人们手中。
我滑行，流漾，我朦胧，闪亮，
任燕子飞掠水面，
我教如网的阳光跳荡，
射向沙洲浅滩。
我披着月色和星光低语
在荆棘丛生的大荒；
到卵石滩前我徘徊不去；
环抱着水芹倘佯；
我再次跃进，蜿蜒流淌，
汇入浩荡的大江，
世上的人们来来往往，
我却永远奔前方。

屠 岸译

Robert Louis Stevenson

I saw you toss the kites on high
 And blow the birds about the sky;
 And all around I heard you pass,
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song !
 I saw the different things you did,
 But always you yourself you hid.
 I felt you push, I heard you call,
 I could not see yourself at all—
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song !
 O you that are so strong and cold,
 O blower, are you young or old?
 Are you a beast of field and tree,
 Or just a stronger child than me ?
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song !

三十 风

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森

我见你把风筝抛向云端，
 我见你把鸟儿吹向蓝天；
 我到处听见你跑步的声息，
 像姑娘的裙子掠过草地——
 风啊，你整天不停地吹响，
 风啊，你的歌声多么嘹亮！
 我见你做了各样的事儿，
 却老是隐藏着自己的影儿。
 我感到你推动，听到你呼啸，
 可你的身影我从没见到——
 风啊，你整天不停地吹响，
 风啊，你的歌声多么嘹亮！
 你呀，多么强壮，又多么寒冷！
 你这个“老吹”呀，是青年，还是老人？
 你是只野兽，奔窜在林莽，
 还是个顽童，比我更强壮？
 风啊，你整天不停地吹响。
 风啊，你的歌声多么嘹亮！

屠岸 方谷绣译

Robert Louis Stevenson

Smooth it slides upon its travel,
 Here a wimple, there a gleam— -
 O the clean gravel !
 O the smooth stream !
 Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,
 Paven pools as clear as air— -
 How a child wishes
 To live down there !
 We can see our coloured faces
 Floating on the shaken pool
 Down in cool places,
 Dim and very cool;
 Till a wind or water wrinkle,
 Dipping marten, plumping trout,
 Spreads in a twinkle
 And blots all out.
 See the rings pursue each other;
 All below grows black as night,
 Just as if mother
 Had blown out the light
 Patience, children, just a minute
 See the spreading circles die;
 The stream and all in it
 Will clear by-and-by

三十一 镜子河

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森

河面平滑，河水静静流，
 这儿浪一闪，那儿水一皱——

啊，光洁的石头！

啊，平静的溪流！

落花挂帆漂，银鱼儿水里跳，
 池塘平如镜，清水天空照——

啊，孩子这样想啊：

住在那里有多好！

我们能看见自己的红脸庞，
 池面在摇晃，脸庞在动荡，

动荡在幽暗、清凉

而又安静的地方；

过来一阵风，吹皱一池水，

貂儿一身湿，鳊鱼窜浪飞，

水纹在扩散，只一会儿，

波平浪静风不吹。

瞧水圈一个把一个来追；

河底下象夜晚一般漆黑，

正像妈妈吹灭了

一支蜡烛的光辉！

孩子们，再等一分钟时光——

那扩散的水圈儿就会消亡；

溪水和水里的一切

会重新清澈明亮。

屠 岸 方合绣译

Hilaire Belloc ①

They whom their mothers bare through Summer heat,
 Are boys of Autumn, and a fruit complete.
 They whom their mothers bare through April rain,
 Are new as April, and as April vain.
 They whom their mothers in dark Winters bare,
 Wake to a barren world, and straight despair.
 But they that held through Winter to the Spring
 Despair as I do, and, as I do, sing.

三十二 四季

希雷亚·贝洛克

母亲们在盛夏酷暑中诞生的孩子
 是秋的宁馨儿，十全十美的果实。
 母亲们在四月雨季中诞生的小宝宝
 像四月般新鲜，也像四月般爱炫耀。
 母亲们在阴暗的冬天诞生的儿郎
 苏醒在荒芜的世界里，面对绝望。
 但他们只要从严冬坚持到阳春，
 就像我一样，会绝望，又会歌吟。

屠岸译

Hilaire Belloc

The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other:

The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother.

The moon on my left and the dawn on my right.

My brother, good morning ! my sister, good night!

三十三 清 晨

希雷亚·贝洛克

月亮在一边，黎明在另一侧：

月亮是我妹妹，黎明是我哥哥。

月亮在我左侧，黎明在我右边，

哥哥呵，早上好！妹妹呵，晚安！

方谷绣 屠 岸译

Walter de la Mare①

All winter through I bow my head
 Beneath the driving rain;
 The North wind powders me with snow
 And blows me black again;
 At midnight under a maze of stars
 I flame with glittering rime,
 And stand, above the stubble, stiff
 As mail at morning-prime.
 But when that child, called Spring, and all
 His host of children, come,
 Scattering their buds and dew upon
 These acres of my home,
 Some rapture in my rags awakes;
 I lift void eyes and scan
 The skies for crows, those ravening foes
 Of my strange master, Man.
 I watch him striding lank behind
 His clashing team, and know
 Soon will the wheat swish body high
 Where once lay sterile snow;
 Soon shall I gaze across a sea
 Of sun-begotten grain,
 Which my unflinching watch hath sealed
 For harvest once again

三十四 稻草人

华尔特·德·拉·梅尔

整个冬天我把头低着，
 在瓢泼大雨下捱淋；
 北风洒了我一身白雪，
 又把我吹成原形；
 夜半一片迷人的星光下，
 我披着严霜闪熠，
 我站在麦茬地里，像一副
 铠甲，迎来了晨曦。
 等到那名叫春天的孩子
 带一群儿童到来，
 把蓓蕾和露珠向着我家
 这一方田地撒开，
 我一身破衣里就升起狂喜；
 我抬起无珠的眼审视
 天上的乌鸦：我那怪主人——
 人类——的贪婪仇敌。
 我看见主人赶着牛拉犁，
 大步走过，我知道
 在曾经积雪的田地里，
 麦子很快会窜得一人高；
 我的视线很快会越过
 阳光培育的麦海，
 我的勇敢的守护保证了
 又一次丰收到来。

屠岸译

A. A. Milne

No ore can tell me,
 Nobody knows,
 Where; the wind comes from,
 Where the wind goes.
 It's flying from somewhere
 As fast as it can,
 I couldn't keep up with it ,
 Not if I ran.
 But if I stopped holding
 The string of my kite,
 It would blow with the wind
 For a day and a night.
 And then when I found it,
 Wherever it blew,
 I should know that the wind
 Had been. going there too.
 So then I could tell them
 where the wind goes ...
 But where the wind comes from
 .Nobody knows.

三十五 山上的风

阿·亚·米尔恩

没人告诉我，
 也没人知道：
 风从哪儿来，
 风往哪儿跑。
 风从一个地方来，
 飞得快，飞得急，
 我跟不上风的步子，
 跑也来不及。
 可要是我站着抓住
 风筝的一根线，
 风筝就随风飘去，
 飘一天，飘一晚。
 无论风筝飘哪儿，
 只要我找得见，
 我知道风准定
 也到了那边。
 我就能告诉人们
 风往哪儿跑……
 可风从哪儿来，
 谁也不知道。
 屠 岸译

A. A. Milne

Between the woods the afternoon
Is fallen in a golden swoon,
The sun looks down from quiet skies
To where a quiet water lies,
And silent trees stoop down to trees.
And there I saw a white swan make
Another white swan in the lake;
And, breast to breast, both motionless,
They waited for the wind's caress
And all the water was at ease.

三十六 镜 子

阿·亚·米尔恩

午后的时光落到林间，
带来一团金色的晕眩，
太阳从静静的天空俯瞰
下面静静的湖水一片，
沉默的树向树鞠躬。
我看见一只白天鹅在湖上
引出另一只结伴成双；
胸膛挨胸膛，不动也不语，
他俩等待着风的爱抚……
这片水多自在轻松！

屠 岸译

A. A. Milne

She wore her yellow sun-bonnet,
She wore her greenest gown;
She turned to the south wind
And curtsied up and down.
She turned to the sunlight
And shook her yellow head,
And whispered to her neighbour:
"Winter is dead."

三十七 黄水仙花

阿·亚·米尔恩

她戴上金黄的太阳帽，
她穿上碧绿的长外衣；
她转身向南风，
一颠一颠地行着屈膝礼。
她转脸向阳光，
摇着她金黄的头颅，
低声对她的邻居说：
"冬天已经死去。"

方谷绣 屠 岸译

A. A. Milne

Where am I going ? I don't quite know.
 Down to the stream where the king-cups grow —
 Up on the hill where the pine-trees blow —
 Anywhere, anywhere. I don't know.
 Where am I going ? The clouds sail by,
 Little ones, baby ones, over the sky.
 Where am I going ? The shadows pass,
 Little ones, baby ones, over the grass.
 If you were a cloud, and sailed up there,
 You'd sail on water as blue as air,
 And you'd see me here in the fields and say:
 "Doesn't the sky look green today?"
 Where am I going? The high rooks call:
 "It's awful fun to be born at all. "
 Where am I going? The ring-doves coo:
 "We do have beautiful things to do. "
 If you were a bird, and lived on high,
 You'd lean on the wind when the wind came by,
 You'd say to the wind when it took you away:
 "That's where I wanted to go today !"
 Where am I going? I don't quite know.
 What does it matter where people go ?
 Down to the wood where the blue-bells grow —
 Anywhere, anywhere. I don't know.

三十八 春天的早晨

阿·亚·米尔恩

去到啥地方？我可说不上。
 去那小溪旁，驴蹄草儿长——
 去那山岗上，满山松涛响——
 啥地方，都一样。我可没主张。
 我去啥地方？云彩挂帆过，
 小云彩，云宝宝，天上飘几朵。
 我去啥地方？影子穿梭来，
 小影子，影宝宝，草地上一排排。
 假如你是片云彩，扬帆向那边，
 你就航行在水上，水似天空蓝，
 你会瞧见我站在这儿野地里说：
 "今天的天空看来是不是绿颜色？"
 我去啥地方？高个乌鸦大声叫：
 "活在世上真正有趣得不得了。"
 我去啥地方？斑尾林鸽咕咕叫：
 "我们要干的美妙事情真不少。"
 假如你是只小鸟，栖在高枝上，
 你就靠着吹来的风儿去飞翔，
 风儿带你走，你会对着风儿讲：
 "那就是今儿我想去的好地方。"
 去到啥地方？我可说不上。
 人们去哪儿不都一个样？
 去林中，风铃草儿满地长——
 啥地方，都一样。我可没主张。

屠 笛译

39 THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY

William Cowper ①

The noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wander'd on his side.
My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,—
(Two nymphs adorn'd with every grace
That spaniel found for me,)
Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds,
Now, starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads.
With scarce a slower flight.
It was the time when Ouse display'd
His lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent survey'd,
And one I wish'd my own.
With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.
Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains
With fix'd considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.
But with a cherup clear and strong
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the stream.
My ramble ended, I return'd;
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discern'd,
And plunging left the shore.
I saw him with that lily cropp'd
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
The treasure at my feet.
Charm'd with the sight, 'The world', I cried
'Shall hear of this thy deed;
'My dog shall mortify the pride
'Of man's superior breed;
'But chief myself I will enjoin,
'Awake at duty's call,
'To show a love as prompt as thine
'To Him who gives me all.'

三十九 狗和睡莲

威廉·考伯

中午，树荫浓，微风和煦，
拂过静静的河浪，
我抛开读书写作的思虑，
沿着乌斯河徜徉。
我的长毛狗，犬类菁英，
血统纯净门第高——
(是两位仪态万方的美人

为我把它搜罗到，
嬉闹着隐没在旗帜和芦苇里，
一会儿又突现在眼前，
他越过草地去追逐燕子，
奔跑得飞快如箭。
季节到了：乌斯河水面上
出现了新开的睡莲；
花儿的妍丽我专心观赏，
想采到一朵在手边。
我用藤杖远远地拨来
一朵，快靠近岸沿；
战利品即将到手，可是唉！
又从我手边飘远。
乖儿狗注意我失败的苦恼，
一脸专注的思索，
他心存疑团，小狗的头脑
想弄清事态的经过。
用清脆有力的一声啧啧，
我驱散他的思想，
然后我走开，长时间沿着
弯曲的河水徜徉。
我停止漫步，转身回返，
乖儿狗跑在前头；
看准了漂浮的一团睡莲，
他纵身跳进水流。
我见他衔着那朵嫩蕊，
急匆匆游过来迎上
我的快步，他立即把宝贝
在我的脚前安放。
我一见便呆了，“世界，”我惊叫，
“该知道这桩事件；
我的狗使优秀人类的骄傲
受到了一次挑战！
”可是我更要提醒自己
履行应尽的本分，
学你的果断，向造我的上帝
献出我一片爱心。”

屠 岸译

William Blake

Little Lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?
 Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
 By the stream, and o'er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing, wooly, bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice?
 Little Lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?
 Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
 Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
 He is called by thy name,
 For he calls himself a Lamb;
 He is meek and he is mild,
 He became a little child.
 I a child, and thou a lamb,
 We are called by his name.
 Little Lamb, God bless thee,
 Little Lamb, God bless thee.

四十 羔 羊

威廉·布莱克

小羔羊，谁造你的？
 你可知道谁造你的？
 谁给你生命，谁把你喂养——
 在溪水边，在草地上；
 还给你好看的衣裳，
 最最细腻的，柔软又光亮，
 还给你这么柔和的嗓音，
 叫所有的山谷都喜欢听？
 小羔羊，谁造你的？
 你可知道谁造你的？
 小羔羊，我告诉你吧，
 小羔羊，我告诉你吧：
 他的名字跟你的一样，
 因为他称自己叫羔羊；
 他是既温良又和蔼，
 他成了一个小孩。
 我是小孩，你是羔羊，
 我们的名字跟他的一样。
 小羔羊，上帝保佑你啊，
 小羔羊，上帝保佑你啊。

屠 岸译

Samuel Taylor Coleridge①

Do you know what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent — the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing, and loving — all come back together.
But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he —
"I love my Love and my Love loves me!"

四十一 回答一个孩子的问话

塞缪尔·泰勒·柯尔律治

你可知道鸟儿在说什么？麻雀，白鸽，
红雀和鸫鸟在说，“我爱，我爱！”
冬天，他们沉默了——风刮得厉害；
风说啥，我不知道，可风在高歌。
绿叶，鲜花，晴朗暖和的天气，
歌唱，爱情——一切都重回大地。
而云雀呵，洋溢着爱，充满了喜欢，
他下面是绿野，上面是蓝天，
于是他唱啊，唱啊，他永远唱不败——
“我爱我的爱，哎，我的爱把我爱！”

屠岸译

Mary Lamb ①

Henry was every morning fed
 With a full mess of milk and bread.
 One day the boy his breakfast took,
 And ate it by a purling brook.
 His mother lets him have his way.
 With free leave Henry every day
 Thither repairs, until she heard
 Him talking of a fine gray bird.
 This pretty bird, he said, indeed,
 Came every day with him to feed;
 And it loved him and loved his milk,
 And it was smooth and soft like silk.
 —On the next morn she follows Harry,
 And carefully she sees him carry
 Through the long grass his heap'd - up mess.
 What was her terror and distress
 When she saw the infant take
 His bread and milk close to a snake!
 Upon the grass he spreads his feast,
 And sits down by his frightful guest,
 Who had waited for the treat;
 And now they both began to eat.
 Fond mother! shriek not, O beware
 The least small noise, O have a care —
 The least small noise that may be made
 The wily snake will be afraid—
 If he hear the slightest sound,
 He will inflict th'envenom'd wound.
 —She speaks not, moves not, scarce does breathe,
 As she stands the trees beneath.
 No sound she utters; and she soon
 Sees the child lift up his spoon,
 And tap the snake upon the head,
 Fearless of harm; and then he said,
 As speaking to familiar mate,
 "Keep on your own side, do, Gray Pate;"
 The snake then to the other side,
 As one rebuked, seems to glide;
 And now again advancing nigh,
 Again she hears the infant cry,
 Tapping the snake, "Keep further, do;
 Mind, Gray Pate, what I say to you."
 The danger's o'er! she sees the boy
 (O what a change from fear to joy!)
 Rise and bid the snake "Good-bye";
 Says he, "Our breakfast's done, and I
 Will come again to-morrow day";
 —Then, lightly tripping, ran away.

四十二 小孩和蛇

玛丽·兰姆

每天早上，母亲用面包
 和牛奶把亨利喂得饱饱。
 一天，这孩子拿着早餐

吃着，在潺潺的溪水旁边。
母亲允许他随便行走。
亨利就每天获得自由
走远。一天他母亲听到
他说起一只美丽的灰鸟。
他说，这只鸟儿真漂亮，
每天来跟他把早餐共享；
鸟儿爱他，也爱他的牛奶，
鸟身像丝绸，柔滑可爱。
——第二天早上她紧跟着亨利，
细心地注视着孩子端起
丰盛的早餐穿行过草地。
啊，她多么恐惧，焦急——
她突然瞧见这孩子拿着
面包和牛奶走近一条蛇！
他在草地上把宴席摆开，
挨着这可怕的客人坐下来；
那家伙正等着主人请客；
他们俩就开始一同吃喝。
深情的母亲！别喊叫，当心啊，
别发出一丁点声音，留神啊——
只要发出一丁点响声，
狡猾的蛇就会受惊——
假如他听到轻微的声响，
毒牙就会把孩子咬伤。
——不出声，不动，屏息凝神，
她只是在树荫底下站定。
她一声不响；很快看到
孩子举起了一把小勺，
朝蛇的头上轻轻叩打，
一点不害怕；接着又说话，
像是对亲密的伙伴言谈，
“灰头，回到你自己的一边；”
那蛇仿佛受到了责难，
看样子像要爬回另一边；
可是一会儿蛇又挨近，
母亲又听见孩子的叫声，
他拍拍蛇头，“走远点，去；
灰头，我的话你要记住。”
危险过去了！她看见孩子
（转危为安，谢天谢地！）
站起身来对蛇说“再见”；
说，“咱俩用过了早餐，
明几个早上我会再来”；
——然后，他连蹦带跳地跑开。

方谷绣 屠 岸译

Thomas Campbell①

The deep affections of the breast
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possess'd
By human hearts.

A Parrot, from the Spanish main,
Full young and early caged came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turn'd on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chatter'd many a day:
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last when blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore;
He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied;
Flapp'd round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

四十三 鹦鹉

真实的故事

托马斯·坎贝尔

胸膛里蕴藏的无限深情，
原是上天对生命的赐予，
这却并不是人类的心灵
独有的天赋。

一只鹦鹉，年轻，翅膀亮，
在笼中，从西班牙所豁的大陆①

飘洋来到这马耳岸上——②

凄凉的国土。

向芳香树丛（从这儿他获得
一身羽毛，色彩绚烂），
向青天，阳光，故乡的水果，
他说声再见。

换来的是泥炭烧出的浓烟，③

石南满地长，天空雾茫茫，
他金色的眼睛转向巉岩
和咆哮的海浪。

仍受到宠爱，在寒冷地带，
他活着，长时间喋喋不休：
到老迈，翅膀变灰白，不再
金灿灿，绿油油。

最后眼瞎了，像成了哑巴，
他骂人，傻笑，不再言语；

一个西班牙人偶然到
达这马耳岛屿；
他用西班牙语来招呼鹦鹉，
鹦鹉也用西班牙语答复；
绕笼子振翅，喜极而尖呼，
跌下来，死去。

屠 岸译

Alfred Tennyson

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies: —
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

四十四 墙缝里的花

阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生

墙上裂缝里长的小花呀，
我从墙缝里把你摘下：——
连根带叶拿在我手中，
小花呀——要是我能够弄懂
你的一切，从头到根，
我就懂得了上帝和人。

屠岸译

Elizabeth Barrett Browning ①

Loving friend, the gift of one,
 Who, her own true faith, hath run.
 Through thy lower nature;
 Be my benediction said
 With my hand upon thy head,
 Gentle fellow-creature!
 Like a lady's ringlets brown,
 Flow thy silken ears adown
 Either side demurely,
 Of thy silver-suited breast
 Shining out from all the rest
 Of thy body purely.
 Darkly brown thy body is,
 Till the sunshine, striking this,
 Alchemise its dullness,—
 When the sleek curls manifold
 Flash all over into gold,
 With a burnished fulness.
 Underneath my stroking hand,
 Startled eyes of hazel bland
 Kindling, growing larger,—
 Up thou leapest with a spring,
 Full of prank and curvetting,
 Leaping like a charger.
 Leap! thy broad tail waves a light;
 Leap! thy slender feet are bright,
 Canopied in fringes.
 Leap — those tasselled ears of thine
 Flicker strangely, fair and fine,
 Down their golden inches.
 Yet, my pretty sportive friend,
 Little is't to such an end
 That I praise thy rareness!
 Other dogs may be thy peers
 Haply in these drooping ears,
 And this glossy fairness.
 But of thee it shall be said,
 This dog watched beside a bed
 Day and night unwearied,—
 Watched within a curtained room,
 Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
 Round the sick and dreary.
 Roses, gathered for a vase,
 In that chamber died apace,
 Beam and breeze resigning—
 This dog only, waited on,
 Knowing that when light is gone,
 Love remains for shining.
 Other dogs in thymy dew
 Tracked the hares and followed through
 Sunny moor or meadow—
 This dog only, crept and crept
 Next a languid cheek that slept,

Sharing in the shadow.
Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear,
Up the woodside hieing—
This dog only, watched in reach
Of a faintly uttered speech,
Or a louder sighing.
And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double,—
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.
And this dog was satisfied,
If a pale thin hand would glide
Down his dewlaps sloping,—
Which he pushed his nose within,
After, — platforming his chin
On the palm left open.
This dog, if a friendly voice
Call him now to blyther choice
Than such chamber-keeping,
"Come out!" praying from the door,—
Pressest backward as before,
Up against me leaping.
Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly not scornfully,
Render praise and favour!
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said
Therefore, and for ever.
And because he loves me so,
Better than his kind will do
Often, man or woman,—
Give I back more love again
Than dogs often take of men,—
Leaning from my Human.
Blessings on thee, dog of mine,
Pretty collars make thee fine,
Sugared milk make fat thee!
Pleasures wag on in thy tail—
Hands of gentle motion fail
Nevermore, to pat thee!
Downy pillow take thy head,
Silken coverlid bestead,
Sunshine help thy sleeping!
No fly's buzzing wake thee up—
No man break thy purple cup,
Set for drinking deep in.
Whiskered cats arointed flee—
Sturdy stoppers keep from thee
Cologne distillations;
Nuts lie in thy path for stones,
And thy feast-day macaroons
Turn to daily rations!

Mock I thee, in wishing weal?—
Tears are in my eyes to feel
Thou art made so straightly,
Blessing needs must straighten too,—
Little canst thou joy or do,
Thou who lovest greatly.
Yet be blessed to the height
Of all good and all delight
Pervious to thy nature,—
Only loved beyond that line,
With a love that answers thine,
Loving fellow-creature!

四十五 给弗拉希，我的狗
伊丽莎白·巴瑞特·布朗宁

爱友呵，你是她的礼品，
通过你那卑微的天性，
流着她真诚的情谊，^①
但愿能说出我的祝福，
我把手放上你的头颅，
你这温柔的小东西！
像一位女士的棕色鬃发，
你那丝质的耳朵垂挂，
乖乖地贴在两边，
你的胸脯穿着银衣裳，
你全身各部也都闪闪亮，
纯正的毛儿无瑕疵。
你身上的毛儿本是深褐色，
可一旦阳光向你来照射，
暗褐就变成金黄，
柔滑的鬃毛一绺又一绺，
全身都闪射黄金的光流，
擦过的光泽亮堂堂。
在我的手掌轻轻的抚摩下，
温柔的褐色眼睛被惊吓，
发亮而越睁越大，——
充满着活力，你高高跃起，
欢蹦乱跳，还要耍淘气，
活像冲锋的战马。
跳啊！大尾巴划过一道光；
跳啊！细长的脚丫闪闪亮，
让缘缨如伞般盖住。
跳啊——你挂着流苏的两耳
奇异地扑动，漂亮又精致，
沿寸寸金色纹路。
但是，我可爱顽皮的小捣蛋，
你的气度真够不平凡，
我的赞扬可没完！
别的狗或许跟你能般配，
它们的耳朵也都往下垂，
它们也都光灿灿。
可是对于你，我要讲更多，
在床边，这只狗久久守卫着，
日日夜夜不疲倦，——
守卫在拉上窗帘的房间内，
当阳光还没有冲破那包围

凄苦病人的黑暗。
瓶中采来的一朵朵玫瑰，
在这房间里很快就枯萎，
阳光和轻风来不了；——
只有这只狗，始终陪伴，
它懂得尽管阳光变暗，
爱还会继续闪耀。
别的狗踏着百里香朝露，
追赶着野兔，飞跑奔逐
在阳光明媚的草原；——
只有这只狗，匍匐又匍匐，
在我倦睡的面颊旁蹲伏，
跟我同享着幽暗。
别的狗带着忠诚的欢叫，
听到清脆的笛声唢哨，
赶紧奔向树林边；——
只有这只狗，紧守在身旁，
听有气无力的话语轻讲，
或一阵大声的哀叹。
假如有一两滴泪水灼热，
坠落到他那柔滑的耳朵，
或连续发出叹息声；——
他就急急忙忙跳上来，
喘着气摇尾巴表示亲爱，
费着劲儿献殷勤。
这只狗感到满足，假如
一只苍白瘦手的爱抚
滑向他下垂的颈项，——
他把鼻子伸向脖子下，
后来，又挤平他的下巴
在摊开手心的掌上。
假如有一个友好的声音
叫他去选择更多的欢欣，
别守着屋子不动窝，
“出来吧！”门口的声音在恳求，——
他还像从前，赶紧回头，
跳上身来倚着我。
就因为这样，我对这只狗
从不轻视，只有温柔，
给以宠爱和赞扬！
所以我说出我的祝福，
我把手放上他的头颅，
永远也不会变样。
因为他爱我以这样的诚意，
远胜过他的同类们对于
男女主人的忠顺，——
我就回报他更多的挚爱，
别的狗难以向人讨得来，——
这样做凭我的“人性”。
我的小狗，让我祝福你，
精巧的项圈使你更美丽，
甜牛奶使你圆滚滚！
尾巴上摇摆着多少欢快，——
双手的轻抚你永不躲开，
拍着你这小胖墩！

软枕头贴着你的脑袋，
丝绒的床单在身下铺开，
阳光照得你好睡觉！
苍蝇嗡嗡叫，你却更酣睡，——
没有人打碎你的紫色杯，
让你从杯里喝个饱。
长胡子猫咪被逐远远逃，——
坚实的瓶塞子塞得牢又牢，
科隆香水你沾不上；
坚果躺在小路上当石子儿，
节日宴会上才有的杏仁饼儿
成了你每天的食粮！
我笑话你，是祝你运道好？——
泪水充盈在眼眶里，我感到
你处处受到限制，
给你的祝福实在也有限，——
你很少欢乐，也许有一点，
你爱得伟大之至！
然而我还是祝福你能够
在你的天性里永远渗透
绝顶的善良和欣喜；——
只愿你得到越界的爱心，
有爱心回报你一片真情，
你这可爱的小东西！
屠 岸 章 燕译

W alter de la Mare
 The seeds I sowed—
 For weeks unseen—
 Have pushed up pygmy
 Shoots of green;
 So frail you'd think
 The tiniest stone
 Would never let
 A glimpse be shown.
 But no; a pebble
 Near them lies,
 At least a cherry-stone
 In size,
 Which that meresprout
 Has heaved away,
 To bask in sunshine,
 See the Day.

四十六 种 子

华尔特·德·拉·梅尔

我播下的种子——

几个星期不见——

已经爆出绿芽，

小得只一点点；

它们那么脆弱，

你们一定会想，

连小石子也能

阻止它们生长。

不对；有块石子

就在它们边上，

它的大小至少

跟个樱桃相像，

可是那棵幼芽

把这石子推开，

冒出来晒太阳，

看看外面世界。

任溶溶译

Walter de la Mare

How large unto the tiny fly
Must little things appear! —
A rosebud like a feather bed,
Its prickle like a spear;
A dewdrop like a looking-glass,
A hair like golden wire;
The smallest grain of mustard-seed
As fierce as coals of fire;
A loaf of bread, a lofty hill;
A wasp, a cruel leopard;
And specks of salt as bright to see
As lambkins to a shepherd.

四十七 苍蝇

华尔特·德·拉·梅尔

华尔特·德·拉·梅尔

对小苍蝇来说，没错，

小东西大得不得了！——

玫瑰花苞像张大床，

它的一根刺像支矛；

一滴露像面穿衣镜，

一根头发像根金线；

小小一颗芥菜种子，

像燃烧的煤块一般；

一块面包像座高山；

一只黄蜂像头凶豹；

看见几粒闪光的盐，

像牧人见一群羊羔。

任溶溶译

Eleanor Farjeon①

Bronwen gathered wild-flowers
Up-and-down the lane;
Her gathering touch upon them.
Sweeter was than rain.
Now a blossom overblown,
Now a bud begun—
Her eye that lightened on them
Was quicker than the sun.
One by one she named them,
Oh, she did express
In her pretty namings
All their prettiness:
Some were fit for virgins,
Some for merry dames,
And the love with which she named them
Was lovelier than their names.

四十八 花丛里的布蓉温

埃莉诺·法杰恩

布蓉温采集野花，
从小径这边到那边；
她的手触到花朵，
花感到比雨水还甜。
一朵花开过了盛期，
一朵花正待绽开——
她射到花上的目光
闪得比阳光还快。
她逐个给花儿取名，
哦，用美名一串
她充分显示出那些
花儿的美丽娇妍：
有的名恰好给处女，
有的名给快活的太太，
她给花命名时的爱心
比花名更加可爱。
方谷绣 屠 岸译

A. A. Milne

Where the water-lilies go
To and fro,
Rocking in the ripples of the water,
Lazy on a leaf lies the Lake King's daughter,
And the fait winds shake her.
Who will come and take her?
I will! I will!
Keep still! Keep still!
Sleeping on a leaf lies the Lake King's daughter ...
Then the wind comes skipping
To the lilies on the water;
And the kind winds wake her.
Now who will take her?
With a laugh she is slipping
Through the lilies on the water.
Wait! Wait!
Too late, too late!
Only the water-lilies go
To and fro,
Dipping, dipping,
To the ripples of the water.

四十九 睡 莲

阿·亚·米尔恩

一朵朵睡莲在水上

来去漂荡，

随着细浪轻漾，

湖王的女儿懒洋洋地躺在莲叶上，①

微风把她摇晃。

谁要来把她带走？

我要！我要！

别吵！别吵！

湖王的女儿正在莲叶上睡觉……

风来了，蹦蹦跳跳，

跨过水上的睡莲一朵朵；

温和的风把她唤醒，

谁来把她带走？

她一笑就溜，

穿过水上的睡莲一朵朵。

等一等！等一等！

来不及喽！来不及喽！

只有睡莲一朵朵

在水上来去漂荡，

沉浸，沉浸，

浸入水上的细浪。

屠 岸译

A. A. Milne

A lion has a tail and a very fine tail,
 And so has an elephant, and so has a whale,
 And so has a crocodile, and so has a quail—
 They've all got tails but me.
 If I had sixpence I would buy one;
 I'd say to the shopman, "Let me try one";
 I'd say to the elephant, "This is my one."
 They'd all come round to see.
 Then I'd say to the lion, "Why, you've got a tail!
 And so has the elephant, and so has the whale!
 And, look! There's a crocodile! He's got a tail!
 You've all got tails like me!"

五十 赶 时 髦

阿·亚·米尔恩

狮子有尾巴，非常漂亮，
 鲸鱼也有，再加大象，
 鳄鱼也有，鹈鹕也一样，
 除了我，他们都有尾巴。
 要是我有六便士，我要买一条；
 我跟店员说，“给我来一条；”
 我跟大象说，“看我的尾巴翘。”
 他们都围过来看我的尾巴。
 我对狮子说，“你有尾巴呀，真棒！
 鲸鱼也有啊，还有大象！
 瞧！那是鳄鱼！他也一个样！
 你们都像我呀，有尾巴！”
 方谷绣 屠 岸译

Jean Too mer ①

Within this black hive to-night
 There swarm a million bees;
 Bees passing in and out the moon,
 Bees .escaping out the moon,
 Bees returning through the moon,
 Silver bees intently buzzing,
 Silver honey dripping from the swarm of bees;
 Earth is a waxen cell of the world comb,
 And I, a drone,
 Lying on my back,
 Lipping honey,
 Getting drunk with silver honey,
 Wish that I might fly out past the moon
 And curl forever in some far-off farmyard flower.

五十一 蜂 箱

吉恩·吐默

今晚在黑色的蜂箱内
 集结着无数蜜蜂；
 蜜蜂在月亮里外进进出出，
 蜜蜂逃出了月亮，
 蜜蜂穿过月亮回来，
 银色的蜜蜂闹哄哄地嗡嗡叫，
 银色的蜂蜜从成群的蜜蜂身上滴下；
 大地是地球蜂房的蜡制巢室，
 而我，一只雄蜂，
 仰天躺着，
 吮着蜂蜜，
 喝着银色的蜂蜜醉了，
 我愿穿过月亮冲出去
 永远绕着远方农庄的花朵飞翔。
 方谷绣 屠 岸译

Ted Hughes^①

Once I crept in an oakwood — I was looking for a stag.

I met an old woman there — all knobbly stick and rag.

She said: "I have your secret here inside; my little bag."

Then she began to cackle and I began to quake.

She opened up her little bag and I came twice awake —

Surrounded by a staring tribe and me tied to a stake.

They said: "We are the oak-trees and your own true family.

We are chopped down, we are torn up, you do not blink an eye.

Unless you make a promise now — now you are going to die.

Whenever you see an oak-tree felled, swear now you will plant two.

Unless you swear the black oak bark will wrinkle over you And root you among the oaks where you were born but never grew."

This was my dream beneath the boughs, the dream that altered me.

When I came out of the oakwood, back to human company,

My walk was the walk of a human child, but my heart was a tree.

五十二 我自己的真正的家族

泰德·休斯

有一次我悄悄进入橡树林——我寻找一头鹿。

我遇见个老太婆——一身疙瘩的枯柴棒加破布。

她说："你的秘密在我的小口袋里，我全有数。"

于是，她开始咯咯笑，我开始发抖。

她打开她的小口袋，我一而再地意识到——

一群人在围着我，我在木桩上被捆牢。

他们说："我们是橡树，是你真正的家族成员。

我们被砍倒，被撕裂，你连眼睛也不。

你现在就将死去，除非你答应一个条件。

每见到一株橡树被砍倒，你得发誓栽两株。

你若不发誓，黑色起皱的橡树皮会把你裹住，

让你植根在橡林中，你出生在这儿却永远不发育。"

这是我在树枝下做的梦，这梦改变了我。

我走出橡树林，回到人间伙伴的居处，

我走路像人类的孩子，我的心却成了一株树。

屠 岸译

53 A SEA DIRGE

William Shakespeare

Full fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made:

Those are pearls that were his eyes:

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell.

五十三 海 悼

威廉·莎士比亚

五浔深处躺着你父亲；

珊瑚是他的骨头化成：

这些珍珠，是他的眼睛：

他的躯体全没有消泯，

不过承受了大海的变幻，

变得这样地奇丽，灿烂。

海仙女时刻为他报丧：

丁当。

听！我听见了——钟儿丁当响。

屠 岸译

William Blake

"I have no name;
I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am,
Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee!
Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee;
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while;
Sweet joy befall thee!

五十四 婴儿欢喜

威廉·布莱克

"我没有名字；
生下来只两天。"
我叫你什么呢？
"我很快乐，
我的名字叫‘欢喜’。"
愿你有甜蜜的欢喜！
可爱的欢喜！
甜蜜的欢喜，才两天。
我叫你甜蜜的欢喜；
你确是笑了，
我始终唱着；
愿你有甜蜜的欢喜！
屠 岸译

William Blake

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
 And I am black, but O! my soul is white;
 White as an angel is the English child:
 But I am black as if bereav'd of light.
 My mother taught me underneath a tree,
 And sitting down before the heat of day,
 She took me on her lap and kissed me,
 And pointing to the east began to say:
 Look on the rising sun: there God does live
 And gives his light, and gives his heat away.
 And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
 Comfort in morning, joy in the noon day.
 And we are put on earth a little space,
 That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
 And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
 Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.
 For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
 The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his voice,
 Saying: come out from the grove, my love and care,
 And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.
 Thus did my mother say and kissed me,
 And thus I say to little English boy.
 When I from black and he from white cloud free,
 And round the tent of God like lambs we joy:
 I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear,
 To lean in joy upon our father's knee.
 And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
 And be like him and he will then love me.

五十五 小小黑男孩

威廉·布莱克

我母亲在南方的旷野生下我，
 我是黑的，可是啊！我灵魂洁白；
 英国的孩子有天使般白的肤色：
 但我是黑的，像被剥夺了光彩。
 我母亲在树荫下面教育我，
 坐下来，趁白昼的热气还没来到，
 她把我抱在她的膝上，吻着我，
 她指看东方，开口对我说道：
 看太阳升起：那儿居住着上帝，
 他发出光芒，他放出热的辐射。
 花草树木、野兽和人类早晨起
 就受到安慰，到中午获得欢乐。
 我们在大地上占有一小块空间，
 我们好学着承受爱的光束，
 这些黑身体和这个晒黑的脸
 只是朵乌云，像是阴凉的林木。
 当我们的灵魂学会了忍受炎热，
 乌云会消失，我们会听到他的嗓音，
 说：亲爱的宝贝，从林木中出来吧，
 围着我的金帐篷像羔羊般欢欣。
 我母亲对我这样讲并且吻了我，
 我对英国小孩子也这样讲说。
 我从乌云里而他从白云里摆脱，

就围着上帝的帐篷像羔羊般快乐：
我给他遮荫，直到他受得住炎热，
我乐意在我们父亲的膝上倚着。
我将站起来把他的银发摩挲，
我愿意像他，于是他也将爱我。

方谷绣 屠 岸译

Robert Burns①

Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' saut tears tricklin down your nose;
 Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
 Past a' remead!
 The last, sad cape-stane of his woes;
 Poor Mailie's dead!
 It's no the loss of warl's gear,
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed:
 He's lost a friend an' neebor dear
 In Mailie dead.
 Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
 A lang half-mile she could descry him;
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
 She ran wi' speed:
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
 Than Mailie dead.
 I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 An' could behave hersel wi' mense:
 I'll say 't, she never brak a fence,
 Thro' thievish greed.
 Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
 Sin' Mailie's dead.
 Or; if he wanders up the howe,
 Her livin image in her yowe
 Comes bleatin till him, owre the knowe,
 For bits o' bread;
 An' down the briny pearls rowe
 For Mailie dead.
 She was nae get o' moorlan tips,
 Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;
 For her forbears were brought in ships,
 Frae 'yoiit the Tweed:
 A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
 Than Mailie's dead.
 Wae worth the man wha first did shape
 That vile, wanchancie thing — a rape!
 It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
 Wi' chokin dread;
 An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape
 For Mailie dead.
 O a' ye bards on bonie Doon!
 An' wha on Ayr your chanter's tune!
 Come, join the melancholious croon
 O' Robin's reed!
 His heart will never get aboon!
 His Mailie's dead!

五十六 可怜的母亲梅莉的挽歌

罗伯特·彭斯

写诗哀悼，写文章哀悼，

让眼泪沿着鼻缝往下掉；

诗人的厄运终究难逃，

要挽救，已经迟了！
最大的悲痛，最后一遭；
可怜的梅莉死了！
不是因为丢失了钱币，
才流出悲哀愁苦的泪滴，
才叫诗人把丧服穿起，
悲哀地把头低了：
是因为失去了朋友，邻居——
可怜的梅莉死了。
梅莉曾跟着他走遍全镇；
半哩外就能把他认准；
一见到他就柔声叫鸣，
向他奔过去了：
再忠诚的朋友无处可寻，
如今梅莉死了。
我知道梅莉是通情的母羊，
她一举一动都得体大方：
她从不踩破篱笆围墙
去把东西偷吃了，
诗人不出门，孤独凄凉，
因为梅莉死了。
有时从幽谷他漫步登山，
梅莉的崽子是梅莉的活翻版，
跑过来向着他咩咩叫唤，
讨一点面包吃了；
他的泪珠儿滚滚不断，
因为梅莉死了。
梅莉可不是荒原的野种羊——
粗糙的毛，难看的模样；
她祖先是从特威德河对岸远方
用船运到这儿的：
再也剪不到羊毛这样漂亮，
因为梅莉死了。
诅咒那首先起恶念的家伙，
他竟想出了可怕的绳索！
好心人见了都张口结舌，
几乎要吓死了；
罗宾的帽子上有黑纱戴着，
因为梅莉死了。
啊，杜恩河畔的诗人们！
请你们在艾尔把风笛奏鸣！
来配合罗宾芦笛的清音，
齐奏悲歌哀诗吧！
他的心永远告别了欢欣！
他的梅莉死了！

屠 岸译

William Wordsworth

A simple Child,

That lightly draws its breath,

And feels its life in every limb,

What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:

She was eight years old, she said;

Her hair was thick with many a curl

That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,

And she was wildly clad:

Her eyes were fair, and very fair;

— Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,

How many may you be?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,

And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."

She answered, "Seven are we;

And two of us at Conway dwell,

And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,

My sister and my brother;

And, in the church-yard cottage, I

Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,

And two are gone to sea,

Yes ye are seven!—I pray you tell,

Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,

"Seven boys and girls are we;

Two of us in the church-yard lie,

Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run above, my little Maid,

Your limbs they are alive;

If two are in the church-yard laid,

Then ye are only five. "

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"

The little Maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,

And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,

My kerchief there I hem;

And there upon the ground I sit,

And sing a song to them.

"And often after sun-set, Sir,

When it is light and fair,

I take my little porringer,

And eat my supper there. "

"The first that died was sister Jane;

In bed she moaning lay,

Till God released her of her pain;

And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;

And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.
"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."
"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! We are seven."
"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in haven!"
Twas throwing words away, for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

五十七 我们是七个

威廉·华兹华斯

——单纯的孩子，
呼吸得愉快安详，
感到生命充沛在四肢，
怎知道什么是死亡？
我遇到一个农家小姑娘：
她说，她今年八岁；
她的头发纷披在头上——
一卷卷，一绺绺丝穗。
她带着乡土和林野的韵味，
衣服也十分土气；
她眼睛可美了，非常的美；
——她的美使我欣喜。
"小姑娘，你们一共有几个——
几个姊妹兄弟？"
"几个？一共七个，"她说，
看着我，有点儿惊奇。
"他们在哪儿？请你告诉我。"
她回答，"我们七个人；
当中有两个在康韦住着，
两个在海上航行。
"还有我姊姊和哥哥两个人，
躺在教堂的墓地；
坟场边，小屋里，离他们挺近，
我跟妈住在一起。"
"你说两个在康韦住着，
两个在海上远航，
可你们总共有七个！——你说说，
这怎么可能，好姑娘！"
"我们男孩儿女孩儿共七个；"
小姑娘这样回答，
"有两个在教堂墓地里躺着，
在墓地的树荫底下。"
"小姑娘，你会跑会蹦，
你的手脚多灵活；
那两个已经躺在坟墓中，
你们只剩下五个。"
"坟头草青青，一眼看得清，"

小姑娘这样开言，
“离我家门前，十二步多一点，
两座坟紧紧相连。
“在那儿我时常织我的长袜，
把手帕儿四边缝合；
在那儿我时常就地坐下，
为哥哥姊姊唱歌。
“先生，只等太阳落山后，
在晴朗明亮的黄昏天，
我总是拿起小粥碗往前走，
到他们身边吃晚饭。
“琪恩姊姊头一个离去；
她躺着哼叫不休，
上帝不让她再受痛苦；
她就一去不回头。
“她让人家安放在墓地；
当青草干枯的时候，
我哥哥约翰跟我游戏，
在姊姊坟墓四周。
“等到地上下满了白雪，
我可以奔跑溜滑，
约翰哥哥也只好离别，
在姊姊身旁躺下。”
“两个已经在天国，”我说，
“那你们还剩几个？”
小姑娘回答我不假思索，
“先生，我们是七个。”
“可他们死了，那两个死了！
他们的灵魂在天国！”
我的话全是白费唇舌；
小姑娘仍然坚持这样说，
“不，我们是七个！”

屠 岸译

William Wordsworth

Surprised by joy—impatient as the wind—
 I turn'd to share the transport—O with whom
 But Thee—deep buried in the silent tomb,
 That spot which no vicissitude can find?
 Love, faithful love recall'd thee to my mind—
 But how could I forget thee ? Through what power
 Even for the least division of an hour
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
 To my most grievous loss? —That thought's return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
 Save one , one only, when I stood forlorn,
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
 That neither present time, nor years unborn
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

五十八 伤逝①

威廉·华兹华斯

惊奇于喜悦，风一样等待不及，
 我转身去分享狂喜，同谁分享——
 如果不同你，哦，深深地埋葬
 在无声无息、安谧的坟里的你？
 真挚的爱把你召回我心里——
 我怎能忘记你啊？是什么力量
 （即使在千万分之一的时光）
 骗了我，使我两眼瞎，不再感知
 我最伤心的损失？——返回的思绪
 是至痛奇哀，可我的忧心经得住，
 唯一的例外是那时：我惘然若失，
 得知我至爱的宝贝已一去不回，
 无论当时或未来的年月都不会
 再把那天使的面容向我显示。

屠 岸译

William Wordsworth

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:

And, when I crossed the wild,

I chanced to see at break of day

The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;

She dwelt on a wide moor,

—The sweetest thing that ever grew

Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,

The hare upon the green;

But the sweet face of Lucy Gray

Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—

You to the town must go. ;

And take a lantern, Child, to light

Your mother through the snow. "

"That, Father! will I gladly do:

'Tis scarcely afternoon—

The minster-clock has just struck two,

And yonder is the moon!"

At. this the Father raised his hook,

And snapped a faggot-band;

He plied his work; —and Lucy took

The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:

With many a wanton stroke

Her feet disperse the powdery snow,

That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:

She wandered up and down;

And many a hill did Lucy climb:

But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night

Went shouting far and wide;

But there was neither sound nor sight

To serve them for a guide

At day-break on a hill they stood

That overlooked the moor;

And thence they saw the bridge of wood,

A furlong from their door.

They wept —and, turning homeward, cried,

"In heaven we all shall meet;"

—When in the snow the mother spied

The print of Lucy' s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge

They tracked the footmarks small;

And through the broken hawthorn hedge,

And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:

The marks were still the same;

They tracked them on, nor ever lost;

And to. the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank

Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!
—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.
O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

五十九 露西·格雷

——孤寂

威廉·华兹华斯

我多次听说过露西·格雷：

只一回，我经过野外，
天刚亮，一个偶然的机，
我见过这孤独的女孩。
露西没伙伴，也没友朋；
她住在广阔的草原上，
——自古以来最可爱的生灵呵，
生长在人间的门旁！
你仍然可见到野兔在绿草中，
可见到小鹿在游玩；
但露西·格雷甜蜜的面孔，
却永远不会再看见。

“今儿夜晚将有暴风雨——

你得到镇上去一次；
带盏提灯去给你妈照着路
走过那雪地，孩子！”

“这个吗，我挺愿意去，爸爸！

现在还没到下半年——

教堂的钟声刚打了两下，
月亮还远在那边！”

这时候她父亲举起镰刀，
把捆柴的绳箍劈开；
他勤奋干活；——露西随后
把提灯拿了起来。

山上的小鹿不比她更欢悦：
她用顽皮的动作
踢着那粉末似的白雪，
像烟雾般飞扬飘落。

想不到，暴风雨提前来临：
她踉跄着下山又上岗；
露西爬过了不少山岭：
但永远没到达镇上。

整整一夜，可怜的爹娘
出门到处去喊叫；
但没有形迹也没有声响
来给他们作引导。

到拂晓，他们登上了一条
俯瞰这旷野的山梁；
他们见到了一座木桥，
在离家二百米的地方。

他们流泪了，——回家去，哭叫，

“让我们在天国重逢！”
——忽然，她的母亲觉察到
雪地上有露西的脚踪。
他们从险峻的山坡走下，
追随着小小的足迹；
穿过那破损的山楂篱笆，
沿着长长的石壁；
然后跨过开阔的野地：
脚印依然如前；
他们追踪着，决不让丢失，
终于到达桥边。
继续追踪着一个个脚印，
他们从积雪的岸边
一直追到桥板的中心
脚印便不再看见！
——然而有人说，直到今日，
她仍是活着的孩童；
你可以看见可爱的露西
在那寂寞的旷野中。
她遨游着越过平坦和崎岖，
永远不回头看望；
还唱着一支寂寞的歌曲，
歌声在风中鸣响。

屠 岸译

John Keats

I had a dove, and the sweet dove died;
 And I have thought it died of grieving:
 O, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
 With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving.
 Sweet little red feet! Why should you die?
 Why should you leave me, sweet bird? Why?
 You lived alone in the forest-tree,
 Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
 I kissed you oft and gave you white peas;
 Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

六十 “我有只鸽子”

约翰·济慈

我有只鸽子，这可爱的鸽子死了；
 我想它的死是因为太伤心了：
 啊，它为什么伤心？它的两只脚
 被我亲手纺出的银线捆紧了。
 又红又小的脚，多可爱！你为什么死去？
 为什么离开我，可爱的鸟？什么缘故？
 你曾经单独地生活在树林里，
 漂亮的东西！为什么不跟我生活在一起？
 我时常吻你，给你洁白的豌豆吃；
 你为什么不愉快地活着，像活在绿色树林里？

屠岸译

Walt Whitman

There was a child went forth every day,
 And the first object he look' d upon, that object he became,
 And that object became part of him for the day or a
 certain part of the day,
 Or for many years or stretching cycles of years.
 The early lilacs became part of this child,
 And grass and white and red morning- glories, and white
 and red clover, and the song of the phoebe-bird,
 And the Third- month lambs and the sow' s pink- faint
 litter, and the mare' s foal and the cow' s calf,
 And the noisy brood of the barnyard or by the mire of the
 pondside,
 And the fish suspending themselves so curiously below
 there, and the beautiful curious liquid,
 And the water- plants with their graceful flat heads, all
 became part of him.
 The field- sprouts of Fourth month and fifth month
 became part of him,
 Winter- grain sprouts and those of the light -yellow corn,
 and the esculent roots of the garden,
 And the apple- trees cover' d with blossoms and the fruit
 afterward, and wood- berries, and the commonest weeds
 by the road,
 And the old drunkard staggering home from the outhouse of
 the tavern whence he had lately risen,
 And the schoolmistress that pass' d on her way to the school,
 And the friendly boys that pass' d and the quarrelsome boys,
 And the tidy and fresh-cheek' d girls, and the barefoot negro
 boy and girl,
 And all the changes of city and country wherever he went.
 His own parents, he that had father 'd him and she that had
 conceiv' d him in her womb and birth' d him,
 They gave this child more of themselves than that,
 They gave him afterward every day, they became part of
 him.
 The mother at home quietly placing the dishes on the
 suppertable,
 The mother with mild words, clean her cap and gown, a
 wholesome odor falling off her person and clothes as she
 walks by,
 The father, strong, self- sufficient, manly, mean, anger' d
 unjust,
 The blow, the quick loud word, the tight bargain, the crafty
 lure,
 The family usages, the language, the company, the
 furniture, the yearning and swelling heart,
 Affection that will not be gainsay' d ,the sense of what is real,
 the thought if after all it should prove unreal,
 The doubts of day-time and the doubts of night-time, the
 curious whether and how,
 Whether that which appears so is so, or is it all flashes and
 specks?
 Men and women crowding fast in the streets, if they are not

flashes and specks what are they?

The streets themselves and the facades of houses, and goods

in the windows,

Vehicles, teams, the heavy-plank' d wharves, the huge crossing

at the ferries,

The village on the highland seen from afar at sunset, the

river between,

Shadows, aureola and mist, the light falling on roofs and

gables of white or brown two miles off,

The schooner near by sleepily dropping down the tide, the

little boat slack-tow' d astern,

The hurrying tumbling waves, quick-broken crests, slapping,

The strata of color' d clouds, the long bar of maroon-tint

away solitary by itself, the spread of purity it lies motion

less in,

The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of

salt marsh and shore mud,

These became part of that child who went forth every day;

and who now goes, and will always go forth every day.

六十一 有一个孩子向前走去

瓦尔特·惠特曼

有一个孩子每天向前走去，

他看见最初的东西，他就变成那东西，

那东西就变成了他的一部分，在那一天，或在那一天的某一部分，

或继续了好几年，或好几年结成的伸展着的好几个时代。

早开的紫丁香变成了这孩子的一部分，

还有草，白色和红色的牵牛花，白色和红色的苜蓿花，和鸬鸟的歌，①

还有三月里的羔羊，母猪生的一胎淡红色的柔弱的小猪，

牝马生的小马，母牛生的小牛，

还有在棚里的、或者在池边泥沼旁的一胎喧闹的小动物，

还有鱼，把自己有趣地悬在水中的鱼，还有美丽的有趣的流水，

还有水生植物，生着优美的平顶的——这一切都变成了他的一部分。

四月和五月田里的嫩芽变成了他的一部分；

冬谷的苗，淡黄的谷的苗，园中可以吃的植物的根，

还有开满了花朵的苹果树，接着是苹果，浆果，和路边最普通的野草；

还有年老的酒醉者，方才从酒店的外屋起身，蹒跚地回家，

还有女教师，在路上向学校走去，

还有友好的男孩子们，在路上走过，还有争吵的男孩子们，

还有整洁的，面颊红喷喷的女孩子们，和赤脚的黑种男孩和女孩，

还有他曾到过的一切城市和乡村的一切变动。

他自己的双亲，对他尽保护养育责任的父亲，在肚子里孕育而诞生了他的母亲，

他们自己所给予这孩子的，还不止这个，

此后他们每天都有东西给予这孩子，他们变成了他的一部分。

母亲，在家中，轻轻地把菜盆子放在晚餐桌上，

母亲，说着温和的话，把帽子和衣服洗干净，有健康的气息从她的身上和衣服上散出来，当她走过的时候；

父亲，强健的，自足的，男子气的，卑劣的，易怒的，不公正的；

鞭打，急促而高声的话，苛刻的契约，狡猾的诱引，

家庭的习俗，语言，交际，家具，渴念着的、膨胀着的心，

不会被否定的爱情，对于真实的事物的感觉，唯恐最后会证实它为不真实的顾虑，

白天的怀疑和夜晚的怀疑，那古怪的究竟和怎样，

那事物虽然表现着如此，但究竟是否如此，或者，那是否全是光和点？

在街道上紧紧地拥挤着的男人和女人，假使他们不是光和点，他们是什么？

那街道本身，房屋的正面，窗中的货物，

车辆，拉车的几头牲口，铺着厚板的码头，摆渡口的巨阔的水面，

日落时远远地看得见的、高原上的村庄，流过其间的河道，

阴影，光圈，和烟霞，落在白色或棕色的屋顶和屋翼上的光，离这儿两哩路远，
附近的纵帆船，困乏地随着潮水流下，在尾部松弛地拽着纤绳的小船，
匆忙地向前滚旋着的波涛，转眼就迸散的浪峰，拍击着，
层层彩云，栗色的长条，独自孤零零地在远处，有它不动地躺在其中的纯洁性的广袤，
地平线的边沿，飞着的海鸥，咸水沼和岸边湿泥的香气，
这些都变成了那孩子的一部分，而他，每天向前走去，他现在还在走，而且要永远一天天地向前走去。

屠 岸译

Walt Whitman

On the beach at night,
 Stands a child with her father,
 Watching the east, the autumn sky.
 Up through the darkness,
 While ravening clouds, the burial clouds, in black masses
 spreading, Lower sullen and fast athwart and down the
 sky,
 Amid a transparent clear belt of ether yet left in the
 east,
 Ascends large and calm the lord-star Jupiter,
 And nigh at hand, only a very little above,
 Swim the delicate sisters the Pleiades.
 From the beach the child holding the hand of her father,
 Those burial-clouds that lower victorious soon to devour
 all,
 Watching, silently weeps.
 Weep not, child,
 Weep not, my darling,
 With these kisses let me remove your tears,
 The ravening clouds shall not long be victorious,
 They shall not long possess the sky, they devour the stars
 only in apparition,
 Jupiter shall emerge, be patient, watch again another
 night,
 the Pleiades shall emerge,
 They are immortal, all those stars both silvery and golden
 shall shine out again,
 The great stars and the little ones shall shine out again,
 they
 endure,
 The vast immortal suns and the long-enduring pensive
 moons shall again shine.
 Then dearest child mournest thou only for Jupiter?
 Considerest thou alone the burial of the stars?
 Something there is,
 (With my lips soothing thee, adding I whisper,
 I give thee the first suggestion, the problem and
 indirection,)
 Something there is more immortal even than the stars,
 (Many the burials, many the days and nights, passing away,
)
 Something that shall endure longer even than lustrous
 Jupiter,
 Longer than sun or any revolving satellite,
 Or the radiant sisters the Pleiades.

六十二 夜里在海边

瓦尔特·惠特曼

夜里，在海边，
 站着一个小女孩，和她的父亲在一起，
 注视着东方，秋季的天空。
 向上，穿过黑暗，
 当劫掠的云，埋葬一切云，散布着黑色的大块，更低的，
 阴沉而迅速地，斜劈下天空的时候，在东方还剩下的一条

晴朗透明的光带之间，向上升起了权威的木星，巨大而沉静，
靠近它旁边，稍高一点的地方，
泛泳着优美的七姊妹，那金牛星座。
在海边，那孩子，握住了她父亲的手，
向着这些胜利下垂，将立刻吞食所有星星的埋葬一切的云
注视着，悄悄地哭泣了。
别哭，孩子，
别哭，亲爱的，
让我用亲吻来拭去你的眼泪，
劫掠的云不会长久胜利，
它们不会长久占有天空，只会虚幻地吞食星星，
木星会出现，忍耐些，过几天，夜里再来看，金牛星座也会再出现，
它们是不朽的，这一切星星，不论银色的，金色的，都会再发光，
大的星星和小的星星都会再发光，它们经久不变；许多巨大的不朽的恒星，许多经久不变的沉思的卫星，会再发光。
那么，最亲爱的孩子，你只为木星悲悼吗？
你只关心星星的被埋葬吗？
有一种东西，
（用我的唇吻抚慰你，我再向你耳语，
我给你初步的意见，问题，和暗示，）
有一种东西会比星星更加永久，
（许多丧葬，许多白天和夜晚，过去了，）
有一种东西会更长久地存在，比之于那光辉的木星，比之于太阳，或任何绕转着的卫星，
或辉煌的七姊妹，那金牛星座。

屠 岸译

Eleanor Farjeon

The moon upon her watch-tower

With her golden eye

Guarded the quarters

East and West the sky.

Just as midnight

Was stepping past,

One drew his first breath,

One drew his last.

The moon upon her watch-tower

Rang a soundless bell—

It might have been for welcome,

It might have been farewell.

六十三 瞭望塔上的月亮

埃莉诺·法杰恩

月亮在瞭望塔上

用金色的目光

守望天上的

东方和西方。

正当“午夜”

漫步走过时，

有人开始呼吸，

有人呼吸停止。

月亮在瞭望塔上

敲起无声的钟——

也许是为了欢迎，

也许是为了送终。

方谷绣 屠 岸译

64 THE LITTLE BOY LOST

William Blake

Father, father, where are you going?

O do not walk so fast.

Speak, father, speak to your little boy,

Or else I shall be lost.

The night was dark, no father was there,

The child was wet with dew.

The mire was deep, and the child did weep;

And away the vapour flew.

六十四 小男孩迷路了

威廉·布莱克

父亲，父亲，你上哪儿去？

你别迈这么快的步。

父亲，对你的孩子说话呀，

要不然我会迷了路。

夜更暗了，父亲不见了，

孩子沾湿了夜露。

深陷进淤泥，孩子在哭泣；

烟雾向四面飘去。

屠 岸译

William Blake

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wand' ring light,
Began to cry, but God ever nigh,
Appeard like his father in white.
He kissed the child and by the hand led
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, thro' the lonely dale
Her little boy weeping sought.

六十五 小男孩找到了

威廉·布莱克

小男孩迷失在荒凉的泥沼地里，
一线游荡的亮光给他指引，
他开始哭喊，可上帝在旁边，
穿一身白衣出现，像他的父亲。
他吻了孩子，抚着他的手
把他带给了他的母亲，
她凄惨愁苦，曾踏遍荒谷，
哭泣着把她的孩子找寻。

屠 岸译

William Blake

When my mother died I was very young,
 And my father sold me while yet my tongue
 Could scarcely cry "weep weep weep weep!"
 So your chimneys I sweep and in soot I sleep.
 There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head
 That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shav'd, so I said,
 "Hush, Tom never mind it, for when your head's bare,
 You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."
 And so he was quiet, and that very night,
 As Tom was a sleeping, he had such a sight,
 That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe, Ned and Jack
 Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black,
 And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
 And he open'd the coffins and set them all free.
 Then down a green plain leaping laughing they run
 And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.
 Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
 They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.
 And the Angel told Tom if he'd be a good boy,
 He'd have God for his father and never want joy.
 And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark
 And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
 Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm,
 So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

六十六 扫烟囱的小孩（一）

威廉·布莱克

我妈妈死的时候，我还挺小，
 我爸爸卖了我，那时候我几乎不会叫，
 不会叫“扫烟，扫烟，扫烟啊，扫！”
 我现在扫你们烟囱，在灰堆里睡觉。
 有个小汤姆·达克，鬃头发，像羊毛，
 把他的头发剃掉的时候，他哭叫。
 我说，“汤姆，别叫唤，你的头剃光了，
 煤灰就不能把你的银发弄脏了。”
 他安静下来，就在那天晚上，
 汤姆睡着了，见到了这样的景象：
 狄克，乔，奈德，贾克……千万个
 扫烟囱小孩关进了黑棺材，加了锁，
 来了位天使，拿着把发光的钥匙，
 他打开棺材，放出了所有的孩子。
 他们到草地上，又跳又跑又笑嚷，
 到河里洗了澡，太阳下浑身闪亮光。
 光身子，白皮肤，把口袋全都扔下，
 孩子们升到云头，在风里玩耍。
 天使说，“你只要做个好孩子，汤姆，
 上帝就做你的父亲，你永远幸福。”
 汤姆醒了，我们起身在黑暗中，
 拿起口袋，拿起扫帚去上工。
 早上冷，汤姆却感到温暖又快乐，
 有道是，只要尽本分，不必怕灾祸。

屠岸译

William Blake

A little black thing among the snow,
 Crying "weep, weep!" in notes of woe!
 "Where are thy father and mother? Say?"
 "They are both gone up to the church to pray.
 "Because I was happy upon the heath,
 And smil' d among the winter's snow,
 They clothed me in the clothes of death,
 And taught me to sing the notes of woe.
 "And because I am happy, and dance and sing,
 They think they have done me no injury,
 And are gone to praise God and his Priest and King
 Who make up a heaven of our misery."

六十七 扫烟囱的小孩（二）

威廉·布莱克

大雪天里有个乌黑的小东西，
 "扫烟，扫烟！"他叫得惨惨凄凄！
 "告诉我，你的爸爸妈妈在哪里？"
 "他们都上了教堂，在祷告上帝。
 "因为在家乡我总是欢欢喜喜，
 就是在冬天雪地里我也爱笑；
 他们便给我穿上这倒霉的丧衣，
 还教我唱起这支凄凉的歌调。
 "因为我总是高兴，又唱歌又跳舞，
 他们自以为对我没给过损伤，
 就跑去赞美上帝、神父和君主——
 他们拿我们的痛苦来建造天堂。"
 屠 岸译

William Wordsworth

The post-boy drove with fierce career,
 For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;
 When, as we hurried on, my ear
 Was smitten with a startling sound.
 As if the wind blew many ways,
 I heard the sound, —and more and more;
 It seemed to follow with the chaise,
 And still I heard it as before.
 At length I to the boy called out;
 He stopped his horses at the word,
 But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
 Nor aught else like it, could be heard.
 The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
 The horses scampered through the rain;
 But, hearing soon upon the blast
 The cry, I bade him halt again.
 Forthwith alighting on the ground,
 "Whence comes," said I, "this piteous moan?"
 And there a little Girl I found,
 Sitting behind the chaise, alone.
 "My cloak!" no other word she spake,
 But loud and bitterly she wept,
 As if her innocent heart would break;
 And down from off her seat she leapt.
 "What ails you, child?" —she sobbed "Look here!"
 I saw it in the wheel entangled,
 A weather-beaten rag as e'er
 From any garden scare-crow dangled.
 There, twisted between nave and spoke,
 It hung, nor could at once be freed;
 But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
 A miserable rag indeed!
 "And whither are you going, child,
 To-night along these lonesome ways?"
 "To Durham," answered she, half wild—
 "Then come with me into the chaise."
 Insensible to all relief
 Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
 Sob after sob, as if her grief
 Could never, never have an end.
 "My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
 She checked herself in her distress,
 And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
 I'm fatherless and motherless.
 And I to Durham, Sir, belong."
 Again, as if the thought would choke
 Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
 And all was for her tattered cloak!
 The chaise drove on; our journey's end
 Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,
 As if she had lost her only friend
 She wept, nor would be pacified.
 Up to the tavern-door we post;

Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.
"And let it be of duffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

六十八 阿丽丝·费尔

——贫穷

威廉·华兹华斯

车夫用可惊的速度赶车，
威胁的乌云已侵没月亮；
我们疾驰的时候，我耳朵
听到了一种撼人的声响。
我一次又一次听见那声音，
像风儿吹往许多方向；
它似乎在跟着马车前进，
我听见那声音老不变样。
最后我把马车夫喊住；
他立刻动手拉紧了马缰，
可是，听不到喊叫或哀哭，
也再听不到这一类声响。
于是马车夫再挥起鞭子，
马儿又拉车在雨中疾驰；
可是狂风中那声音又起，
我让车夫再停下车子。
随即我从马车上跨下来，
说，“哪来这可怜的哀唤？”
这时我发现一个小女孩
独自坐在车厢的后面。
她高声哭着，十分哀切，
“我的外套！”她不说别的话，
她纯洁的心儿像快要碎裂；
接着，她从座位上跳下。
“怎么啦，孩子？”——她哽咽着讲，
“看这儿！”我看见，绞在车轮中，
一件风雨剥蚀的破衣裳，
像园中稻草人，还在摆动。
在车轴和轮辐中间轧牢，
那衣服一下子不能拉起；
可我们合力拉出了外套，
真是一件可怜的破衣！
“路上这么寂寞凄苦，
今晚你去哪儿，小孩？”
她半粗野地回答：“德勒姆。”
“那么就跟我到车厢里来。”
毫不理睬一切的劝慰，
这女孩坐着，让人可怜，
她抽噎不止，她的伤悲
似乎永远、永远没完。
“你家在德勒姆住吗，小孩儿？”
她暂时抑止了自己的哀伤
说，“我叫阿丽丝·费尔；
我没有爹，也没有娘。
我是德勒姆人，先生。”

她那念头好像又要
塞住她的心，她更加伤心；
全为了那件破烂的外套！
马车继续向前飞奔；
终点近了，她坐在我旁边，
好像失去了唯一的亲朋，
她老是哭着，不听人劝。
我们在旅店门口停住；
我讲了阿丽丝和她的悲哀；
我把一笔钱交给店主，
请他去买一件新的外套来。
“去挑一件灰色呢子衣，
一件最能保暖的新外套！”
第二天，小孤儿阿丽丝，
啊，她变得多么骄傲！
屠 岸译

Walter Scott①

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land!"
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn' d
 As home his footsteps he hath turn' d
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power and pelf,
 The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd and unsung.

六十九 爱国心

华尔特·司各特

这人还活着，他的心已死亡，
 他从来没有对自己这样讲，
 "这就是故土，我的祖国！"
 如果不再流浪在异邦，
 一旦踏上祖国的土壤，
 谁的内心不热情似火？
 要是这号人，把他认清；
 诗人的欢歌不为他歌吟；
 尽管他头衔高，姓氏堂皇，
 要多少有多少钱财宝藏，
 不管那头衔，财富和权力，
 那家伙，一切都为了自己，
 他活着，就该是臭名远扬，
 双料地死了，就该下葬，
 埋入他从那儿出来的土壤，
 没有人哭泣，致敬，歌唱。

屠 岸译

Robert Southey①

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.
 She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found;
 He came to ask what he had found
 That was so large and smooth and round.
 Old Kaspar took it from the boy
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh
 "Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 "Who fell in the great victory.
 "I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about;
 And often when I go to plough
 The ploughshare turns them out.
 For many thousand men," said he,
 "Were slain in that great victory."
 "Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes;
 "Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they fought each other for."
 "It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout;
 But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory.
 "My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly:
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.
 "With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then
 And new-born baby died:
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.
 "They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun:
 But things like that, you know, must be

After a famous victory.
"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good Prince Eugene";
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine;
"Nay.. nay.. my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.
"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little .Peterkin:—
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

七十 布伦宁战役之后

罗伯特·骚赛

一个夏日的傍晚，
老卡斯巴把活儿干完，
夕阳光下他坐着，
在自己村舍的门前；
小孙女薇尔敏在他身边
绿色草地上嬉耍游玩。
她看见哥哥彼得金
滚来个东西大又圆，
那东西原是他在小河旁
玩耍时偶然发现；
他过来问爷爷这玩艺儿是啥，
这么大，这么圆，又这么光滑。
卡斯巴从孩子手中接过它，
孩子在一边等待；
于是老人摇一摇头儿，
不禁发出叹息来：
"这是个可怜家伙的头盖骨，
他打了大胜仗，一命呜呼。
"我在花园里找到好几个，
那东西多着呢，在这一带；
我犁地的时候常常见到
犁铧把头盖骨翻出来。
成千上万的人呵，"他讲，
"在那场大大的胜仗中阵亡。"
"告诉我们那是咋会事，"
少年彼得金大声讲；
小姑娘薇尔敏仰起了头儿，
含着好奇的目光；
"告诉我们打仗是干嘛，
他们为什么要互相拼杀。"
"那是英国人，"卡斯巴大声说，
"一仗打败了法国兵；
可他们为什么互相拼杀，
我也实在说不清。
不过大伙儿都说，"他讲，
"那是一场有名的大胜仗。
"我爹那时候住在布伦宁，
那条小溪的近旁；
人们烧毁了他的房屋，
他不得不逃往他乡：

他带着老婆孩子逃命，
找不到地方落脚安顿。
“全国是一片刀光火影，
一切都化为灰烬，
许多怀着孩子的母亲
和新生的婴儿丧命：
可是你知道这情况是每次
著名的胜仗中必有的事。
“据说打仗结束后战场上——
那景象实在可怕；
成千上万具尸体躺着，
腐烂在太阳光下：
可是你知道这情况是每次
著名的胜仗后必有的事。
“马尔布鲁公爵，好亲王尤金
受到的赞扬真热烈；”
小女孩薇尔敏说道，“啊呀，
这可是坏事，是造孽！”
“不不……我的小姑娘，”老人讲，
“那是一场有名的大胜仗。
“人人都交口称赞公爵，
他打赢了这场战争。”
“可到底赢得了什么好处？”
少年彼得金发问：——
“噢，这我说不好，”老人讲，
“可那总归是有名的大胜仗。”
屠 岸译

Percy Bysshe Shelley①

I love thee, Baby! for thine own sweet sake;
 Those azure eyes, that faintly dimpled cheek,
 Thy tender frame, so eloquently weak,
 Love in the sternest heart of hate might wake;
 But more when o'er thy fitful slumber bending
 Thy mother folds thee to her wakeful heart,
 Whilst love and pity, in her glances blending,
 All that thy passive eyes can feel impart:
 More, when some feeble lineaments of her,
 Who bore thy weight beneath her spotless bosom,
 As with deep love I read thy face, recur,—
 More dear art thou, O fair and fragile blossom;
 Dearest when most thy tender traits express
 The image of thy mother's loveliness.

七十一 给爱恩丝

坡西·比希·雪莱

你可爱极了，婴孩，我这么爱你！
 你那微带笑靥的脸颊，蓝眼睛，
 你那娇嫩的、柔软动人的躯体，
 教充满憎恨的铁心都生出爱心；
 有时，你要睡就马上睡着了，你母亲
 俯身把你抱紧在她清醒的心上，
 你默默的眼睛所感到的一切动静
 就把她喜悦的爱怜传到你身上：
 有时候，她把你抱在洁白的胸口，
 我深情注视你的脸，她的面貌
 就在你脸上隐现——这样的時候，
 你更可爱了，美丽纤弱的花苞；
 你母亲的美影借你温柔的神态
 充分呈现后，你就最最可爱！

屠岸译

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHT

Felicia Dorothea Hemans①

Clad in all their brightest green,
This day the verdant fields are seen;
The tuneful birds begin their lay,
To celebrate thy natal day.
The breeze is still, the sea is calm,
And the whole scene combines to charm;
The flowers revive, this charming May,
Because it is thy natal day.
The sky is blue, the day serene,
And only pleasure now is seen;
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,
Combine to bless thy natal day.

七十二 我母亲的生日

八岁时作

费丽西亚·多罗西亚·希曼斯

明亮的绿色覆盖一切，
今天满眼是青翠的田野；
爱唱的鸟儿开始唱歌，
为了祝贺你生日快乐。
微风不吹，大海宁静，
所有的景色如此迷人；
诱人的五月里，花儿苏醒，
因为今天是你的诞辰。
天空蔚蓝，天气晴朗，
到处是一片喜悦欢畅；
玫瑰、石竹、郁金香一起
祝贺你生日欢欢喜喜。
方谷绣 屠岸泽

F elicia Dorothea Hemans

The boy stood on the burning deck

Whence all but he had fled;

The flame that lit the battle's wreck

Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,

As born to rule the storm—

A creature of heroic blood,

A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll' d on—he would not go

Without his father's word;

That father, faint in death below,

His voice no longer heard.

He call' d aloud: — "Say, father! say

If yet my task is done!"

He knew not that the chieftain lay

Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,

"If I may yet be gone!"

And but the booming shots replied,

And fast the flames roll' d on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,

And in his waving hair,

And look' d from that lone post of death

In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,

"My father! must I stay?"

While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,

The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,

They caught the flag on high,

And stream' d above the gallant child

Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—

The boy—oh! where was he?

Ask of the winds that far around

With fragments strew' d the sea! —

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,

That well had borne their part;

But the noblest thing which perish' d there

Was that young faithful heart!

七十三 卡萨卡

费丽西亚·多罗西亚·希曼斯

这男孩站在燃烧的甲板上，

人们都跑了，他留下；

照耀着残破战舰的火光

越过尸体，包围他。

他仍然站着，美丽辉煌，

像是风暴的统帅——

英雄的种呵，傲岸的形象，

尽管是孩童的体态。

烈焰滚滚来——他父亲没下令，

他不能擅离职守；

他父亲倒下了，已经牺牲，

听不见儿子的请求。
他高叫：“说话呀，爸爸！你说——
我是否尽到了责任？”
孩子不知道军官僵卧着，
对儿子已毫无感应。
孩子又叫喊，“说话呀，爸爸！
我可不可以离开？”
只有轰响的炮弹在回答，
火焰迅速地卷来。
他感到烈焰烧到前额，
烧到飘动的发梢，
单独在死亡岗位上，他看着，
绝望了，平静而骄傲；
孩子再一次高声叫喊，
“爸爸！我一定得留下？”
火焰正穿过桅索和布帆，
绕着他向前进发。
疯狂的火彩包围了舰只，
司令旗在高处燃烧，
烈焰滚过这勇敢的孩子，
像旗帜在天空飞飘。
一声爆炸，雷鸣电闪——
哦，那孩子在哪？
问风吧——风把船的碎片
向海面四散抛撒！——
桅杆，舵轮，美丽的尖旗，
都已经各尽责任；
但葬入海中的最高贵的东西
是那颗忠诚的童心！
屠 岸译

William Thom①

Whena' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,
 By aunty or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
 Wha stans last and lanely, an' naebody carin'?
 'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn.
 The mitherless bairn gangs till his lane bed,
 Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
 His wee hack it heelies are hard as the airn,
 An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.
 O speak him nae harshly—he trembles the while,
 He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile!
 In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
 That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn.

七十四 没有妈妈的孤儿

威廉·托姆

孩子们都已经回家安静下来，
 身边有姑妈，表姐，健壮的奶奶，
 谁还孤零零站着，没有人关怀？
 那是没妈妈的孤儿——可怜的傻小孩。
 孤儿向他那清冷的床铺走来，
 冷呵，身上没东西盖，头上没帽子戴；
 小小的脚跟冻裂了，硬得像铁块，
 窝里没温暖呵，这个没妈妈的小孩！
 别粗声对他说话——他吓得抖起来，
 他弯腰听吩咐，求你的笑容和蔼！
 没心肝的人们痛苦时应该明白
 是上帝在降灾，为了这没妈妈的小孩。
 方谷绣 屠 岸译

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

I

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
 And that cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
 The young birds are chirping in the nest,
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly!
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free.

II

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
 Why their tears are falling so?
 The old man may weep for his to-morrow
 Which is lost in Long Ago;
 The old tree is leafless in the forest,
 The old year is ending in the frost,
 The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
 The old hope is hardest to be lost.
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 Do you ask them why they stand
 Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
 In our happy Fatherland?

III

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their looks are sad to see,
 For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
 Down the cheeks of infancy.
 'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary;
 Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak!
 Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
 Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
 Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children;
 For the outside earth is cold;
 And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
 And the graves are for the old.'

IV

'True,' say the children, 'it may happen
 That we die before our time;
 Little Alice died last year—her grave is shapen
 Like a snowball, in the rime.
 We looked into the pit prepared to take her:
 Was no room for any work in the close clay!
 From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
 Crying, "Get up, little Alice! it is day."
 If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
 With your ear down, little Alice never cries;
 Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
 For the smile has time for growing in her eyes:
 And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in

The shroud by the kirk-chime!
It is good when it happens,' say the children,
'That we die before our time.'

V

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have;
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, 'Are your cowslips of the méadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

VI

'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow;
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

VII

'For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places:
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
"O ye wheels" (breaking out in a mad moaning),
"Stop! be silent for to-day!"'

VIII

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals:
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels! —
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

IX

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray;
So the blessed One who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, 'Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door.
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

X

'Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
"Our Father," looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words, except "Our Father,"
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand which is strong.
"Our Father!" If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good .and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
"Come and rest with Me, My child."

XI

'But, no!' say the children, weeping faster,
'He is speechless as a stone;
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!' say the children, — 'up in Heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving—
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.'
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
And the children doubt of each.

XII

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! let them weep!

XIII

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,

For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity!—
‘Haw long,’ they say, ‘how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child’s heart, —
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child’s sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.’

七十五 孩子们的哭声
伊丽莎白·巴瑞特·布朗宁

—

你们听到孩子们在哭泣吗，我的兄弟？
他们还没到发愁的年岁！
他们把幼小的头儿靠在妈妈的怀里，
这也止不住他们流泪。
幼小的羔羊在草地上咩咩叫，
幼小的鸟雀在窝里叽叽唱，
幼小的鹿在跟影子嬉闹，
幼小的花朵正向西方开放——
可是幼小的，幼小的孩子们，我的兄弟呵，
他们正在苦苦地哭泣！
当别的孩子们游戏的时候他们哭泣呵，
在这个属于自由人的国度里。

二

你们可曾问问这些伤心的孩子
为什么这样地止不住流泪？
老人会为了自己的明天而哭泣——
他们的明天远不能追回；
老树在林子里失落了一身绿叶，
老迈的一年结束在漫天的冰雪，
老伤口受到触击疼得最剧烈，
老盼着的希望破灭了感到最痛切。
可是幼小的，幼小的孩子们，我的兄弟呵，
你们不问问他们为什么
在自己妈妈的怀里还这样苦苦地哭泣呵——
在我们这个幸福的祖国？

三

他们仰望着，双颊下陷，面色苍白，
那神态叫人看了悲伤，
因为成年人久积的痛苦已深深刻画在
他们童年的面颊之上。
他们说：“你们这古老的大地非常阴暗，
我们幼小的脚呵非常虚弱！
我们只走了几步，就感到疲倦——
休息的墓地又太远，真难觅得。
去问老人为什么哭泣吧，别问孩子们；
坟墓外面的世界太冷酷；
我们孩子们站在墓外，困惑不明，
而坟墓只允许老人进入。”

四

孩子们说道：“真的，这完全可能，
时候没到我们就死亡；
小阿丽丝去年死了——她的坟堆成

一个雪球，蒙上了白霜。

我们探望过那准备埋她的土坑：

粘结的泥土里没干活的地方！

她躺下安睡了，没人再把她唤醒，

叫‘天亮了，阿丽丝赶快起床！’

无论晴天雨天，如果在坟旁

你侧耳倾听，阿丽丝从不哭叫；

如果见到她，一定认不出她的模样，

因为她的眼睛里显出了微笑：

她过得挺愉快，裹着布，听教堂的钟声

给她安宁，为她唱催眠曲！”

孩子们这样说，“那将是一件好事情，

如果我们早早地死去。”

五

可悲呵，可叹，孩子们！他们在追寻

生中之死，当作最好的慰藉；

他们用坟墓里面的裹尸布裹紧

自己的心，免得心儿碎裂。

走出去，孩子们，走出矿井和城市吧，

唱起来，孩子们，像小画眉一样歌唱；

大把采摘草地上漂亮的樱草花吧，

大声笑，让樱草花从指缝里撒到地上！

可是他们回答说：“你们草地上的樱草花

像不像我们矿井附近的野草？

让我们安静地呆在煤层的阴影下吧，

哪管你们的欢乐多么美好！”

六

“因为呵，”孩子们说，“我们已经太累，

没力气奔跑也不能蹦跳；

要是我们想着草地，那只是因为

可以在那里躺倒，睡觉。

我们弯腰，膝盖就酸疼发颤，

我们想走，却扑面摔倒在地上；

在我们沉重下垂的眼皮下面，

最红的花儿苍白得像霜雪一样；

因为，我们整天吃力地拖运重担，

穿过地下黑暗的煤矿巷道——

要不，我们就整天在厂房里运转

铁的轮子，转得没完没了。

七

“因为，铁轮整天转着，隆隆地叫——

卷起的风吹向我们的脸，——

直到我们的心发慌，头发晕，脉搏燃烧，

四面的墙壁也在晃动打旋：

高窗外茫茫的天空在动荡摇摆，

射到墙上的长长的光线在摇曳，

天花板上爬着的黑苍蝇都转了起来，

一切都在转，整天转，我们和一切。

整天，铁轮子发出隆隆的响声，

有时候我们会这样祈祷，

‘轮子呵！’（我们迸发出疯狂的悲鸣）

‘停下！安静一天吧，至少！’”

八

是的，安静！让他们听见彼此呼吸，

哪怕一会儿，一口口气息相通！

让他们手触着手，在这少年时期，
纯洁温柔的人情水乳交融！
让他们感到这里钢铁的冷酷运转
并不是上帝塑造揭示的全部人生：
让他们活生生的灵魂表明否定这概念：
他们只是在轮子里、轮子下生存！——
钢铁的轮子依然整天在滚动奔忙，
把生活碾得粉碎，落入底层；
孩子们的灵魂呵，尽管上帝召唤向太阳，
仍在黑暗中盲目地冲撞不停。

九

我的兄弟呵，请你们嘱咐可怜的孩子
抬头看上帝，向他祈求；
慈悲的上帝既然降福给一切别的人，
也总会给他们降福保佑。
他们回答说，“上帝是谁？铁轮在滚转，
轰响，我们的话他听得出来？
我们高声哭诉，可人类从我们身边
走过，充耳不闻，根本不理睬。
我们听不见（因为铁轮在隆隆地响）
陌生人在门边说什么话语。
那么上帝，既然有天使围着他歌唱，
还能再听到我们的泣诉？

十

“祷词中只有两个字我们记得，
在午夜那个凶险的时刻，
‘父亲，’我们在房里轻轻地这样说，
像念咒语，我们向上望着。
除了‘父亲’，我们不知道说别的什么，
我们想，有时候天使们暂停歌颂，
上帝会摘取这两个字和温柔的沉默，
把两者握在他有力的右掌中。
‘父亲！’如果他听见了，他必定会应声
（因为人们说他慈祥和蔼）
带着纯情的微笑，俯视险峻的红尘：
‘孩子，跟我一同休息吧，快来。’

十一

“但是，不！”孩子们说，哭得更厉害，
“上帝像石头一样不言不语；
有人告诉我们，上帝的形象实在
就是命令我们拼命干活的厂主。
算了吧！”孩子们说，——“就是在天堂
也只能找到轮子般转动的黑云。
别嘲弄我们了；苦难使我们失去了信仰——
我们仰望上帝，却已经哭瞎了眼睛。”
哦，我的兄弟呵，你们可听见孩子们
在哭泣，在驳诘你们宣讲的教义？
上帝的博爱教人信奉上帝的万能，
这两者孩子们都不再深信不疑。

十二

在你们面前，孩子们哭泣，这很自然！
他们还没有奔跑就已经疲惫；
他们从没见过太阳光，更不曾看见
比太阳更灿烂的天国光辉。
他们有成人的悲伤，缺乏成人的智力；

陷入成人的绝望，没有成人的镇静；
是奴隶，没有基督教世界的自由权利，
是殉难者，极度痛苦，却毫无荣名，——
仿佛老人耗尽了精力，却无法回顾，
不能收获多少回忆的产物，——
他们是被剥夺了尘世和天堂之爱的遗孤。
让他们啼哭吧！让他们啼哭！

十三

他们苍白而凹陷的面孔向上仰视，
那些脸都显出骇人的模样，
他们使你想起他们的守护天使
在天上抬眼向上帝凝望！——
他们说，“残酷的国家呵，为了推动地球，
你将多久地踏在孩子的心上？
还将扼杀孩子的心跳，任铁蹄驰骤，
带你走向王座，在市场中央？
我们的鲜血迸溅着！堆积金元的人呵，
紫衣华袂表明了你们的道路！
但是静寂中孩子的哭泣却诅咒得深呵，
远远超过了壮汉的冲天暴怒。”

屠 岸译

Henry Wadsworth Long fellow
 Between the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the Children's Hour.
 I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.
 From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair,
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.
 A whisper, and then a silence:
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
 They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.
 A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall!
 By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle wall!
 They climb up into my turret
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;
 If I try to escape they surround me;
 They seem to be everywhere.
 They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!
 Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old mustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all!
 I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you down into the dungeon
 In the round-tower of my heart.
 And there will I keep you for ever
 Yes, for ever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And moulder in dust away!

七十六 孩子们的时刻
 亨利·瓦兹华斯·朗费罗
 在日光和黑暗交替之间，
 夜幕开始降落，
 一天的工作暂时停止，
 这是孩子的时刻。
 我听见楼上房间里响着
 嗒嗒的小小脚步声，
 唧呀一声门儿打开，
 一阵甜嫩的嗓音。
 我从书房里借灯光见她们
 沿大厅楼梯往下走——
 阿丽丝沉静，阿蕾格拉笑着，

艾获丝金发满头。
窃窃耳语，然后静悄悄：
从她们笑眼里我知道
她们在秘密策划着怎样
抓住我，让我吓一跳。
楼梯口发出突然袭击，
大厅里开始强攻！
她们从三扇不设防的大门
进入我城堡的墙中！
爬上我椅子的靠背和扶手，
直登上我的楼台，
我想要逃走，被她们包围，
她们无处不在。
她们用亲吻几乎吞了我，
用胳膊把我缠绕，
我想起莱茵河上鼠塔里
那位宾根主教！
蓝眼睛强盗呵，你们真以为
自己爬过了墙头，
像我这样的胡子老人
就不是你们的对手！
我很快把你们锁进堡垒，
决不让你们离去，
更要把你们打入监牢——
在我的心灵深处。
我将在那里把你们守住，
永远守住，永远，
直到城堡坍塌成废墟，
化作灰尘一片！
屠 岸译

Alfred Tennyson

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

七十七 婴儿歌

阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生
在窝里，在黎明时刻，
小鸟儿说些什么？
我要飞，小鸟这样讲，
妈妈呀，我要飞翔。
小鸟啊，你稍等片时，
等翅膀长得更结实。
她就稍稍等待，
然后飞出巢外。
在床上，在黎明时刻，
小宝宝说些什么？
像小鸟，宝宝说道，
我要起来，要飞跑。
宝宝啊，你再睡片时，
等手脚长得更结实。
只要她稍睡一晌，
宝宝就飞奔出房。

屠岸译

Charles Kingsley①

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.
The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.
"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."
They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

七十八 迪河的沙滩

恰尔斯·金斯利

"啊，玛丽，去唤牛羊回家，
去唤牛羊回家，
去唤牛羊回家，
跨过迪河的沙滩；
西风狂号，带着湿气，浪花，
她去了，孤孤单单。
西来的海潮冲上了沙岸，
冲刷又冲刷沙岸，
盖过又盖过沙岸，
望过去没边没沿。
滚来的暮霭降临大地，笼罩地面：
而她呀，一去不返。
"啊！那是水草，是鱼，是漂移的头发——
是一束金色头发，
溺水女孩的头发
在海中渔网的上面？
鲑鱼也没有这样美丽的光华
在迪河的木桩中间。"
他们把她划运过卷滚的浪涛，
那残忍的滚动的浪涛，
那残忍的饥饿的浪涛，
运她到坟墓中，在大海旁边：
可至今船夫们还听到她唤牛羊的呼叫
响彻迪河的沙滩。

屠岸译

Walt Whitman

I see the sleeping babe nestling the breast of its mother,
The sleeping mother and babe—hush'd, I study
them long and long.

七十九 母亲和婴儿

瓦尔特·惠特曼

我看见睡着的婴儿，在他母亲的怀中蹯伏着；
睡着的母亲和婴儿——在静默中，我研究着
他们很久很久。

屠 岸译

WONDERFUL WORLD

Willaim Brighty Rands①

Great, Wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
 With the wonderful water round you curled,
 And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
 World, you are beautifully drest.
 The wonderful air is over me,
 And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
 It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
 And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.
 You friendly earth! how far do you go,
 With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
 With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
 And people upon you for thousands of miles?
 Ah, you are so great and I am so small,
 I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
 And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
 A Whisper inside me seemed to say,
 "You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot:
 You can love and think, and the earth cannot!"

八十 伟大、广阔、美丽、奇妙的世界

威廉·布莱蒂·兰兹

世界啊，你伟大、广阔、美丽、奇妙，
 奇妙的海水把你环绕，
 奇妙的花草在你的胸膛上生长——
 世界啊，你穿着美丽的衣裳。
 奇妙的气流在我的上空，
 奇妙的风儿把树木晃动；
 风走在水上，风转动磨坊，
 风自言自语在群山顶上。
 友好的大地！你伸展得多远？——
 你河里流水淌，田里麦浪翻，
 布满了城市，花园，峭岩，岛屿，
 你身上千里万里多少人居住！
 啊！你这样伟大，我这样渺小，
 世界啊，我一想到你就几乎吓倒；
 可是在我今天祷告的时刻，
 我内心仿佛有声音悄悄地说，
 “你是个小不点，却能够超过地球：
 你能爱，能思索，可是地球不能够！”

屠岸译

Coventry P atmore①

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
 I struck him, and dismiss'd
 With hard words and unkiss'd,
 —His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 But found him slumbering deep,
 With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
 From his late sobbing wet.
 And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
 For, on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put, within his reach,
 A box of counters and a red-vein a stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
 And six or seven shells,
 A bottle with bluebells,
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
 To comfort his sad heart.
 So when that night I pray'd
 To God, I wept, and said:
 "Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
 Not vexing Thee in death,
 And Thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good,
 Then, fatherly not less
 Than I whom Thou has moulded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
 'I will be sorry for their childishness.' "

八十一 玩 具

考文垂·帕特莫尔

我的小儿子，带着沉思的目光，
 像大人那样平静地说话行事，
 已经七次违背了我订的规章，
 我打了他，叫他走开些，
 口气粗暴，更没有吻别，
 ——他的母亲有耐心，可已经去世。
 后来，怕他太伤心会影响睡眠，
 我走到他床前，
 发现他睡得正酣，
 眼睑阴暗，睫毛上面
 刚才哭泣的泪痕未干。
 我不禁悲声叹息，
 吻去他的泪，留下我的泪滴；
 原来在一张桌子上，紧挨他头边，
 在够得着的距离内，他摆起
 一盒假银币，一枚红纹石，
 一块被海滩沙子磨损的玻璃片，
 六个或七个贝壳，

一瓶子蓝铃花朵，
两枚法国铜币，精心地排成图案，
来舒展他悲伤的心田。
那天晚上，我向上帝祷告，
我不禁哭了，说道：
“啊！等我们到了弥留之际，
临死也不打搅您上帝，
而您记起了那些玩具——
我们的乐趣，
我们几乎不懂得
您掌握的伟大美德，
于是，您会像我一样慈爱——
我原是您用泥土捏出来——
您会收起愤怒，说，
‘对他们的幼稚，我感到难过。’ ”
屠 岸译

Robert Louis Stevenson

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
 It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
 For every night at tea-time and before you take your seat,
 With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.
 Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
 And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
 But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
 O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!
 For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
 And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
 And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
 O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

八十二 点灯的人

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森

茶快煮好了，太阳已经西落；
 这时候，可以在窗口见到李利走过身旁；
 每晚，喝茶的时候，你还没就座，
 李利拿着提灯和梯子走来了，把街灯点亮。
 汤姆愿意当驾驶员，玛利亚想航海，
 我爸是个银行家，他可以非常有钱；
 可是，我长大了，让我挑选职业，
 李利呵，我愿跟你去巡夜，把一盏盏街灯点燃！
 只要门前有街灯，我们就很幸福，
 李利点亮了许多盏，又点亮一盏在我家门口；
 你手拿提灯和梯子，别忙着走过，
 李利呵！今晚瞧一眼这个孩子，向他点点头！
 屠 岸 方谷绣译

William Butler Yeats①

Dance there upon the shore;
 What need have you to care
 For wind or water's roar?
 And tumble out your hair
 That the salt drops have wet;
 Being young you have not known
 The fool's triumph, nor yet
 Love lost as soon as won,
 Nor the best labourer dead
 And all the sheaves to bind.
 What need have you to dread
 The monstrous crying of wind?

八十三 给一个迎风起舞的孩子

威廉·巴特勒·叶芝

你只管在海边舞蹈；
 有什么必要害怕
 狂风吼，海浪呼啸？
 你只管披一头散发
 让咸水浪花来打湿；
 你太小，不懂蠢汉
 会怎样得意，也不知
 顷刻间情人会失恋，
 能干的工人会死去，
 把麦子捆起来多艰难。
 这样子，你何必畏惧
 海风怪兽般狂喊？

屠岸译

Hugh MacDiarmid①

“Does it matter? Losing your legs?”

Siegfried Sassoon

Now let the legless boy show the great lady

How well he can manage his crutches.

It doesn't matter though the Sister objects,

“He's not used to them yet,” when such is

The will of the Princess. Come, Tommy,

Try a few desperate steps through the ward.

Then the hand of Royalty will pat your head

And life suddenly cease to be hard.

For a couple of legs are surely no miss

When the loss leads to such an honour as this!

One knows, when one sees how jealous the rest

Of the children are, it's been all for the best! —

But would the sound of your sticks on the floor

Thundered in her skull for evermore!

八十四 在儿童医院里

休·麦克迪亚密德

“怎么样？丢了你的两条腿？”

西格弗里德·萨松

让这个缺腿的男孩向高贵的夫人

表演吧：他能够把拐杖运用自如。

有什么关系？尽管护士长不同意：

“他还没练好啊！”既然这是公主

提出的意愿。来吧，汤米，拼死

也要在病房里试着来回走几步。

王亲国戚的手会拍拍你的头，

生活一下子会变得不再那么苦。

失去两条腿显然没什么可恼，

既然因此能得到这样的荣耀！

要知道，尽管别的孩子们心中

嫉妒，这件事办得可完全成功！——

但愿那拐杖触击地板的响声

永远在她的头颅里电闪雷鸣！

屠岸译

85 ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLDFISHES

Thomas Gray^①

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below
Her conscious tail her joy declared:
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.
Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.
The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw
With many an ardent wish
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize——
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to Fish?
Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between—
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled;
She tumbled headlong in!
Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery God
Some speedy aid to send:—
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
A favourite has no friend!
From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold:
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold!

八十五 淹死在鱼缸里的爱猫

托玛斯·格雷

在一只高高瓷缸的表面，
中国的工艺，彩釉鲜艳，
盛开着蓝色的花朵，
一只雌猫，端庄幽娴——
沉静的赛狸玛，趴在缸沿，
凝视着下面的湖波。
敏感的尾巴，表露愉快：
圆脸漂亮，胡须雪白，
脚掌如丝绒柔软，

外衣可以同龟甲媲美，
两耳似黑玉，两眼如翡翠，
她见了就呜呜赞叹。
她凝神注视，只见下面
有两个水中精灵出现，
像天使在自由翱翔：
鳞片形成推罗紫铠甲，
紫铠看上去富丽豪华，
还透出闪闪金光。
不幸的美女看得出了神：
胡须先一探，再把爪子伸，
充满热切的心愿，
她想去抓住猎物，没成功，——
哪个女人见黄金不心动？
哪只猫见鱼不嘴馋？
孟浪的小姐！她目不转睛，
一再伸爪子，一再躬身，
全不知下面是深渊——
命运这凶神坐一旁微笑——
脚爪子闪失，被缸沿滑倒；
她一头栽进了波澜！
她八次从水里冒出半身，
喵喵叫喊，求各路水神
快地前来相救：——
海豚没来，海仙不露面，
苏珊和狠心的汤姆没听见——
是宠儿，怎会有朋友！
还没受骗的美人呵，醒醒，
要懂得一失足就成千古恨，
要大胆更要细心：
使人目眩心迷的诱惑
并非都可以合法取得，
闪光的不都是黄金！

屠 岸译

William Wordsworth

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one;
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

八十六 给一个女孩

——写在她的照相簿上

威廉·华兹华斯

坚持小小的服务是真正的服务。
聪明人！别藐视任何谦卑的伙伴；
雏菊投下自己的影子来保护
流连的露珠，免得被太阳晒干。
方谷绣 屠 岸译

Ann Taylor①

O How one ugly trick has spoiled
 The sweetest and the best!
 Matilda, though a pleasant child,
 One ugly trick possessed,
 Which like a cloud before the skies
 Hid all her better qualities.
 Sometimes she'd lift the teapot lid,
 To peep at what was in it,
 Or tilt the kettle, if you did
 But turn your back a minute;
 In vain you told her not to touch,
 Her trick of meddling grew so much.
 Her Grandmamma went out one day,
 And by mistake she laid
 Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
 Too near the little maid.
 'Ah! well,' thought she, 'I'll try them on,
 As soon as Grandmamma is gone.'
 Forthwith she placed upon her nose
 The glasses large and wide;
 And looking round, as I suppose,
 The snuff-box too she spied.
 'O what a pretty box is this!
 I'll open it,' said little Miss.
 'I know that Grandmamma would say
 "Don't meddle with it, dear";
 But then she's far enough away,
 And no one else is near;
 Beside, what can there be amiss
 In opening such a box as this?'
 So thumb and finger went to work
 To move the stubborn lid,
 And presently a mighty jerk
 The mighty mischief did;
 For all at once, ah, woeful case!
 The snuff came puffing in her face.
 Poor eyes, poor nose, poor mouth and chin
 A dismal sight presented;
 And as the snuff got further in,
 Sincerely she repented;
 In vain she ran about for ease,
 She could do nothing else but sneeze.
 She dashed the spectacles away,
 To wipe her tingling eyes,
 And as in twenty bits they lay,
 Her Grandmamma she spies;
 'Heyday! and what's the matter now?'
 Cried Grandmamma, with lifted brow
 Matilda, smarting with the pain,
 And tingling still and sore,
 Made many a promise to refrain
 From ever meddling more;
 And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,

She ever since has kept her word.

八十七 爱瞎鼓捣的玛蒂

安·泰勒

哦，讨厌的坏习惯会损害

漂亮聪明的小孩！

玛蒂这孩子活泼可爱，

却有个坏习惯难改，

正象蓝天上一朵乌云

遮住了她的优良品性。

有时候她会掀开茶壶盖，

瞧里面有什么东西，

有时候你刚刚转身走开，

她就把水壶翻倒地；

你让她别碰东西，没效，

她可是越来越爱瞎鼓捣。

有一天她的奶奶出门去，

一时疏忽大意，

把她的眼镜和彩色鼻烟壶

忘在小姑娘那里。

孩子想：“太好了！奶奶不在家，

我正好把这些东西来耍耍。”

她立刻拿起那宽大的眼镜

架上自己的鼻梁；

不出所料，她四下搜寻，

又把鼻烟壶看上。

“啊，这小壶多么可爱！”

小姐说，“我要把它打开。”

“我知道奶奶会冲我喊，

‘别碰它呀，小乖乖’；

可是这会儿她已经走远，

我身边又没旁人在；

再说，打开这么个小壶，

又算是犯了什么错误？”

于是所有的指头都使劲

去掀动紧紧的壶盖，

顽皮的动作，狠狠地一拧，

突然把盖子打开；

一下子——啊，这可惨了！

鼻烟喷得她满颊满脸了。

可怜的眼鼻嘴唇和下巴——

实在是可悲的景象；

鼻烟只管加紧刺激她，

她这才后悔懊丧；

她跑来跑去想缓解却无效；

除了打喷嚏不知道怎么办。

她把眼镜猛地扔一边，

去擦刺痛的眼睛，

眼镜成了几十块碎片，——

她见到奶奶走近；

“嗨！出了什么事故？”

奶奶喊道，眉毛直竖。

玛蒂呀，脸上还是火辣辣，

痛得好比针儿扎，

一再答应今后要听话，

不再折腾胡乱抓；

听说自从这事儿发生后，
她确实能把诺言来遵守。
屠 岸译

Thomas Car lyle①

So here hath been dawning

Another blue day:

Think, wilt thou let it

Slip useless away?

Out of eternity

This new day is born;

into eternity

At night doth return.

Behold it aforetime

No eye ever did:

So soon it for ever

From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning

Another blue day:

Think, wilt thou let it

slip useless away?

八十八 今 天

托马斯·卡莱尔

又一个蔚蓝的晴天

随黎明来到:

想想, 你可愿把它

白白浪费掉?

来自永恒的光阴,

诞生了今天;

到夜晚, 它又返回

永恒的时间。

没眼睛预先看见过

它的踪影:

它很快从一切眼睛前

永远消隐。

又一个蔚蓝的晴天

随黎明来到:

想想, 你可愿让它

白白地溜掉?

屠 岸译

Hilaire Belloc

Child! do not throw this book about!
 Refrain from the unholy pleasure
 Of cutting all the pictures out!
 Preserve it as your chiefest treasure.
 Child, have you never heard it said
 That you are heir to all the ages?
 Why, then, your hands were never made
 To tear these beautiful thick pages!
 Your little hands were made to take
 The better things and leave the worse ones;
 They also may be used to shake
 The Massive Paws of Elder Persons.
 And when your prayers complete the day,
 Darling, your little tiny hands
 Were also made, I think, to pray
 For men that lose their fairylands.

八十九 在赠给孩子的书上题辞

希雷亚·贝洛克

孩子！这本书别乱扔乱抛！
 别为了不光彩的取乐胡闹
 就把书中的画页都剪掉！
 这本书要当作宝贝保存好。
 孩子，难道你从没听说过
 你是全部历史的继承者？
 要知道，你的手生来就不该
 把这些漂亮的书页撕破！
 你一双小手生来是为了
 取得美和善，拒绝丑和恶：
 你的手也将用来同那些
 祖先们厚实的巨手紧握。
 当你用祈祷使一天终结，
 亲爱的，你那一双小手，
 我想，也该用来为那些
 丢失了幻境的大人祈求。

屠 岸译

Hilaire Belloc

WHEREIN WRONG-DOERS SUFFER

And is it true? It is not true!

And if it was it wouldn't do

For people such as me and you,

Who very nearly all day long

Are doing something rather wrong.

九十 幻想故事小人书的题辞

希雷亚·贝洛克

那里面做错事的人吃了苦头

故事是真的吗？不是真的！

如果是真的，对这些人来说

也不是真的，比如你和我，

我们这些人差不多整日

都在于一些错误的事。

屠 岸译

Robert Graves①

You learned Lear's Nonsense Rhymes by heart,
not rote;

You learned Pope's Iliad by rote, not heart;

These terms should be distinguished if you quote

My verses, children—keep them poles apart—

And call the man a liar who says I wrote

All that I wrote in love, for love of art.

九十一 辩护词：致男孩儿女孩儿们

罗伯特·格雷夫斯

你们在心里记里亚的《胡诌歌》，不死记；

却死记蒲柏的《伊利亚德》，心里记不牢；

孩子们，你们如果复诵我的诗，

必须极端分明地区别这两条。

这是撒谎；如果谁说我写诗不是

充满了爱心而是为了爱技巧。

屠岸译

92 TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY AN ALLEGORY

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

On the wide level of a mountain's head,
(I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,
A sister and a brother!
That far outstripp'd the other;
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
And looks and listens for the boy behind:
For he, alas! is blind!
O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,
And knows not whether he be first or last.

九十二 实际的时间和幻想的时间

一则寓言

塞缪尔·泰勒·柯尔律治

在山顶，在无限广阔的峰峦之巅

（总在仙境吧，究竟在哪儿，不知道），

像鸵鸟，张开它们的翅膀当风帆，

两个孩子在永不休止地赛跑，

是可爱的姊弟，正飞奔向前！

姊姊在前头，远远地领先；

可是她一边跑，一边回头瞧后面，

瞧着、倾听着后面的弟弟追上来：

因为那弟弟呀，唉！是个盲孩！

他举步均匀，跑过崎岖和平坦，

不知道自己是落后还是占先。

屠岸译

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.
But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

九十三 有点儿稚气，可是挺自然

塞缪尔·台勒·柯尔律治

假如我是披着羽毛的小鸟，
长着两只小小的翅膀，
亲爱的，我就飞到你那儿！
不过这种想法真无聊，
我还是留在这儿。
可是睡着了，我就飞到你那儿：
睡着了，我总是跟你在一块儿！
世界，全是一个人的。
可是接着醒了，我在哪儿？
完全，完全孤零零的。
哪怕帝王下令，也留不住睡意：
所以我爱没天亮就醒：
这样，睡意尽管去，
天还暗呢，把眼睛轻闭，
好梦照样继续。

屠 岸译

Edward Lear①

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"
Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.
"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

九十四 猫头鹰和小猫咪

爱德华·里亚

乘一只漂亮的嫩绿色小小船，
猫头鹰和小猫咪出海去远航：
带着蜂蜜一小罐，大把的钱，
包钱的是一张钞票五英镑。
猫头鹰仰望星星高空悬，
伴着小小的吉他把歌唱：
"可爱的小猫哟，小猫哟，我的小心肝，
小猫哟，你呀你有多漂亮，
多漂亮，
多漂亮！
小猫哟，你呀你有多漂亮！"
小猫咪对猫头鹰说："美丽的鸟儿哟，
你唱得多么迷人多么甜！
哦，咱俩结婚吧；不能再等啦：
可一枚戒指怎样才能到手边？"
整整一年零一天，他们去得远，
来到个长着"当当"树的好地方，
有只小猪崽在林子里面站起来，

一枚戒指挂在鼻尖上，

鼻尖上，

鼻尖上，

一枚戒指挂在鼻尖上。

“小猪儿乖，我出一角钱，你愿不愿

把戒指卖给我？”小猪说：“这好办”。

他们买走了金指环，结婚就在第二天，

还有山上的火鸡来相伴。

他们手里拿有利刃的三齿叉，

吃着榲桲果的薄薄片和百果馅；

手把手来换，双双站在沙滩边，

他们在月光下面舞翩翩，

舞翩翩，

舞翩翩，

他们在月光下面舞翩翩。

屠 笛 译

Edward Lear

They went to sea in a sieve, they did;
 In a sieve they went to sea:
 In spite of all their friends could say,
 On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
 In a sieve they went to sea.
 And when the sieve turned round and round,
 And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
 They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
 But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig:
 In a sieve we'll go to sea!"
 Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.
 They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
 In a sieve they sailed so fast,
 With only a beautiful pea-green veil
 Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
 To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
 And every one said who saw them go,
 "Oh! won't they be soon upset you know?
 For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
 And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
 In a sieve to sail so fast."
 Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.
 The water it soon came in, it did;
 The water it soon came in:
 So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
 In a pinky paper all folded neat;
 And they fastened it down with a pin.
 And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
 And each of them said, "How wise we are!
 Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
 Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
 While round in our sieve we spin.
 Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.
 And all night long they sailed away;
 And when the sun went down,
 They whistled and warbled a moony song
 To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
 In the shade of the mountains brown.
 "O Timballoo! How happy we are
 When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar!
 And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
 We sail away with a pea-green sail
 In the shade of the mountains brown."
 Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.
They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—
To a land all covered with trees:
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
And a hive of silvery bees;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And seventeen bags of edelweiss tea,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.
Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.
And in twenty years they all came back, —
In twenty years or more;
And every one said, "How tall they've grown!
For they've been to the Lakes, & the Terrible
Zone
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health, and gave them a
feast

Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And every one said, "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."
Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

九十五 乱糟糟的小人儿

爱德华·里亚

他们去远航，乘一只细筛，可不；
他们乘着筛子出海去远航；
不管伙伴们怎样来说道，
在冬天一清早，迎着大风暴，
他们乘着筛子出海去远航。
那只筛子团团转，团团转，
人人都叫喊："你们都得被水淹！"
他们大声叫："我们的筛子小；
可我们不管怎么着，不管那一套：
我们要乘着筛子出海去远航！"
在远方，远远的，
乱糟糟小人儿就住在那块好地方：
他们的头绿绿的，他们的手蓝蓝的；
他们乘着筛子出海去远航。
他们乘着筛子出海去远航，可不，
他们在海上乘风又破浪，
一路上，他们只带着纱巾一小块，
嫩绿色的，真漂亮，用丝带
系在烟斗做的小小桅杆上。
看他们出发的人们都在把心担：

“哦！他们会不会马上就翻船？
眼下天空漆漆黑，道路长又长；
赶上出什么事，乘着筛子去远航——
这可实在是个坏主张。”

在远方，远远的，
乱糟糟小人儿就住在那块好地方：
他们的头绿绿的，他们的手蓝蓝的；
他们乘着筛子出海去远航。
筛子里很快进了水，可不；
海水很快进到了筛子里：
为了不弄湿，他们拿了张粉红纸，
叠整齐，用来把脚丫包严实，
再用一只别针别仔细。

他们度过了黑夜在瓦罐里；
“我们真聪明！”人人都得意：
“尽管天这么黑，路又那么远，
我们还在筛子里面打转转，
没觉得做错了或者太性急。”

在远方，远远的，
乱糟糟小人儿就住在那块好地方：
他们的头绿绿的，他们的手蓝蓝的；
他们乘着筛子出海去远航。
长夜漫漫长，他们出海去远航；
太阳落山岗，他们的口哨响，
声悠扬，把那月亮的曲子来歌唱，
棕色山脉的阴影罩身上，
铜锣一般的声音在回荡。

“廷巴噜！住在筛子和瓦罐里，
哦！我们的心呀多欢喜！
长夜漫漫长，笼罩着淡淡的月亮光，
我们把嫩绿色的布帆高高扬，
在棕色山脉的阴影下面去远航。”

在远方，远远的，
乱糟糟小人儿就住在那块好地方：
他们的头绿绿的，他们的手蓝蓝的，
他们乘着筛子出海去远航。
他们航行去到西大洋，可不——
到了个长满树木的好地方：
他们买了只猫头鹰，一辆小推车，
还买了一磅香稻米和酸果果，
又买了一只银色蜜蜂箱；
买了几只绿寒鸦，一头小猪娃，
一只可爱的小猴猴，有着棒糖爪，
十七包火绒草做成的茶叶末，
“亮玻璃”还在四十个瓶子里搁，
还有多多的干酪阵阵香。

在远方，远远的，
乱糟糟小人儿就住在那块好地方：
他们的头绿绿的，他们的手蓝蓝的；
他们乘着筛子出海去远航。
二十年过去啦，他们全都回了家——
二十年，或许还要长；
大家都这么说：“瞧他们长高了这许多！
他们去过恐怖国，见过大湖泊，
还有钦克利波浪的小山岗。”

他们开盛宴，举杯祝康健，
吃着漂亮的酵母做成的汤团面；
人人都开口讲：“要是我们也活得长，
我们也要乘着筛子去远航，
去那钦克利波浪的小山岗。”
在远方，远远的，
乱糟糟小人儿就住在那块好地方：
他们的头绿绿的，他们的手蓝蓝的；
他们乘着筛子出海去远航。

屠 笛译

Robert Louis Stevenson

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
 I had two pillows at my head,
 And all my toys beside me lay
 To keep me happy all the day.
 And sometimes for an hour or so
 I watched my leaden soldiers go,
 With different uniforms and drills,
 Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;
 And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
 All up and down among the sheets;
 Or brought my trees and houses out,
 And planted cities all about.
 I was the giant great and still
 That sits upon the pillow-hill,
 And sees before him, dale and plain,
 The pleasant land of counterpane.

九十六 被子的大地

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森

我病了，只好躺在床上，
 垫两个枕头在脑袋下方，
 一件件玩具都在我身边，
 叫我整天都快活，喜欢。
 有时候，用一个钟头光景
 我瞧着铅制的兵丁行军，
 他们穿着不同的军装，
 操练在被褥铺成的山岗；
 有时候，我让一队队舰只
 在床单的海洋上破浪行驶，
 要不就搬走树木和房子，
 在床上筑起一座座城市。
 我是个伟大的严肃的巨灵，
 在枕头叠成的山上坐镇，
 凝视着面前的平原和山谷，
 守着这一片被子的国土。

屠岸方谷绣译

Robert Louis Stevenson

What are you able to build with your blocks?

Castles and palaces, temples and docks

Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,

But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,

There I'll establish a city for me:

A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,

And a harbour as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,

A sort of a tower on the top of it all,

And steps coming down in an orderly way

To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:

Hark to the song of the sailors on board!

And see on the steps of my palace, the kings

Coming and going with presents and things!

Now I have done with it, down let it go!

All in a moment the town is laid low

lock upon block lying scattered and free,

What is there left of my town by the sea?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,

The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,

And as long as I live and where'er I may be,

I'll always remember my town by the sea.

九十七 积木城

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森

你用积木能搭出什么来？

圣堂，码头，宫殿，城堡。

让雨下吧，让别人去逛吧，

我可愉快地在家里营造。

把沙发当山，把地毯当海，

我给自己盖一座城市：

城边是教堂、磨坊、宫殿，

港口停泊着我的船只。

雄伟的宫殿，有柱子，围墙，

一座塔搭在宫殿的顶端，

一段台阶整齐地铺下来，

直铺到我的船避风的海湾。

这条船航行，那条船停泊：

听，甲板上水手们在歌唱！

看，宫殿的台阶上，国王们

拿着礼品和珍宝来来往往！

我已经搭完了，把它推倒吧！

整个城市一下子倒地。

一块块积木横七竖八，

我那海边的城市在哪里？

我见过它，所以我又见到它：

教堂和宫殿，居民和船只，

只要我活着，不论我去哪儿，

我永远惦念我海边的城市。

屠岸方谷绣译

Eug ene Field①

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe—

Sailed on a river of crystal light,

Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring-fish

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we!”

Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song

As they rocked in the wooden shoe,

And the wind that sped them all night long

Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring-fish

That lived in that beautiful sea—

“Now cast your nets wherever you wish—

But never afeard are we”;

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

And all night long their nets they threw

For the fish in the twinkling foam—

Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home;

’Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed

As if it could not be;

And some folks thought’twas a dream they’d

dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea—

But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken, Blynken, are two little eyes,

And Nod is a little head,

And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies

Is a wee one’s trundle-bed.

So shut your eyes while Mother sings

Of wonderful sights that be,

And you shall see the beautiful things

As you rock in the misty sea,

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three :

Wynked, Blynken, and Nod.

九十八

， 眨 眨 ， 和 瞌 睡

尤 金 · 费 尔 德

， 眨 眨 和 瞌 睡 在 夜 里

乘 着 木 鞋 去 远 航 ——

航 行 在 水 晶 玻 璃 光 河 里 ，

驶 进 露 水 的 海 洋 。

“ 你 们 上 哪 儿 去 ？ 有 什 么 意 图 ？ ”

月 亮 婆 婆 问 他 们 仨 。

“ 我 们 到 这 儿 来 钓 鱼 ， 钓 鲱 鱼 ，

美 丽 的 海 是 鲱 鱼 的 家 ；

我 们 把 金 网 银 网 撒 ！ ”

答话的是，眨眨，和瞌睡。
月亮婆婆笑了，唱着歌儿，
他们仨在木鞋里颠簸，
整夜吹送他们的风儿
吹起了露水的轻波。
一群群小星星都是鲱鱼
在美丽的海洋里嬉耍——
“你们的鱼网只管撒去——
我们可绝不害怕”；
星星们这样嚷，冲着渔夫仨，
他们是，眨眨，和瞌睡。
他们整夜向闪光的海洋
撒网去捕捉鲱鱼——
可木鞋随即从天上下降，
把渔夫们带回家去；
这是一次美妙的远航，
看来似乎不可能；
有人想，他们是进入了梦乡，
到美丽的天海去旅行——
我可要给三个渔夫命名，
叫你们，眨眨，和瞌睡。
和眨眨是小眼睛一双，
瞌睡是小小的头，
登天航行的木鞋是一张
小囡床，能推着走。
闭下你的眼，听妈妈歌唱，
唱出奇妙的景象，
你就能见到美丽的风光——
当你在雾海里晃荡，
旧木鞋把三个渔夫摇晃——
他们是，眨眨，和瞌睡。

屠 岸译

Robert Browning①

I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
'Tis clear,' cried they, 'our Mayor's a noddy;
And as far our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing! '
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
'For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap! '
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
'Bless us,' cried the Mayor, 'what's that? '
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,

Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)

‘Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!’

V

‘Come in!’ —the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one; ‘It’s as my great-grand-sire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom’s tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb
stone!’

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
And, ‘Please your honours,’ said he, ‘I’m able,
By means of a secret charm to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.’
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame cheque;
And at the scarf’s end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
‘Yet,’ said he, ‘poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?’
‘One? fifty thousand!’ —was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept

In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished!
Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, ‘At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press’s gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cup-boards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
In breathed) called out, Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So, munch on, crunch on, take your
nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
—I found the Weser rolling o’er me.’

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
‘Go,’ cried the Mayor, ‘and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!’ —when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the marketplace,

With a, 'First, if you please, my thousand guilders!'

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;

So did the Corporation too.

For council dinners made rare havoc

With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;

And half the money would replenish

Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow

With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!

'Beside,' quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,

'Our business was done at the river's brink;

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,

And what's dead can't come to life, I think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink

From the duty of giving you something for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;

But as for the guilders, what we spoke

Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.

A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!'

X

The piper's face fell, and he cried,

'No trifling! I can't wait, beside!

I've promised to visit by dinner time

Bagdat, and accept the prime

Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,

For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,

Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—

With him I proved no bargain-driver,

With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!

And folks who put me in a passion

May find me pipe to another fashion.'

XI

'How?' cried the Mayor, 'd'ye think I'll brook

Being worse treated than a Cook?

Insulted by a lazy ribald

With idle pipe and vesture piebald?

You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,

Blow your pipe there till you burst!'

XII

Once more he stept into the street;

And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;

And ere he blew three notes (such sweet

Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling

Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,

Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,

And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is sca
ttering,

Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
 'He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!'
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
 'It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!'

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
 'And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six.'
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great Church-Window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

X V

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise.

九十九 哈默林的花衣吹笛人

——儿童故事

罗伯特·布朗宁

—

哈默林市在布伦瑞克，

在著名城市汉诺威的近侧；
威悉河水，又深又宽广，
冲洗着它的南面的城墙；
你找不到比它更可爱的地方；
但是，当我唱起这支歌，
想起大约五百年前
市民们深受兽害的熬煎，
我真感到难过。

二

耗子闹
耗子袭击狗，弄死猫，
咬啮摇篮里的孩子，
吃掉缸里贮存的乳酪，
舔食厨师勺里的汤汁，
咬破小桶，把咸鲱鱼乱叼，
在男人的星期日礼帽里做窝巢，
甚至破坏女人们闲聊：
五十种不同的升半音降半音
组成的叽叽吱吱的尖叫声
把女人谈话的声音淹没掉。

三

最后，市民们来自全市，
成群结队地到了市政厅，
他们喊：“很清楚，市长是白痴；
至于市政府，更骇人听闻，
我们买貂皮礼服给傻蛋，
他们却无能又不下决心于
为我们把耗子的祸害连根铲！
你们又老又肥胖，你们想
穿着皮袍子过悠闲的时光？
醒来，老爷们！该运用脑袋，
找出个我们找不出的办法来，
要不然，一准叫你们卷铺盖！”
这时候市长和市政府议员
都浑身发抖，狼狈不堪。

四

他们开会，静坐一小时，
最后市长打破了沉默：
“我想把皮袍子卖了，换钱使；
我本来不想在这里呆着！
叫人家动脑筋，说说不难——
我肯定，我的头痛又犯，
我抓挠头皮，还是没法办。
哦，来个捕鼠机，捕鼠机！”
他正说着——发生了什么事？
是谁在门上轻轻敲击？
“天哪！”市长叫，“什么声音？”
（同全体议员一起，他坐定，
看上去矮小，却胖得惊人；
比起张开得太久的牡蛎，
他眼睛不亮，也不更润湿，
除非到中午他肚子提抗议，
要一盘粘汁的新鲜甲鱼吃）
“只是一声鞋子蹭垫席？
只要是老鼠活动的声息

就吓得我卜卜心跳不已！”

五

“进来！”市长叫，像个大高个：

于是走进了一位怪家伙！

他从头到脚穿一套长外衣，

半身红来半身黄，真希奇；

这个人个子老高又精瘦，

敏锐的蓝眼睛，像两只针尖头，

头发蓬松松，皮肤黑黝黝，

颊边下巴上，都没胡子留，

笑容却时隐时现在嘴唇口——

他是哪方人，谁也猜不透！

没有哪个人会满心羡慕

这个高个子和那身怪衣服：

有人说：“倒像我的曾祖父

被末日审判的号声惊起，

从彩绘的墓石下走到了这里！”

六

他走到会议桌前便开口：

“尊敬的先生们，办法我有，

我能用秘密的法术招引

太阳光下的÷斧种活生灵

或者爬或者游或者飞或者奔——

跟我走，我们没见过这光景！

这法术我主要用来制服

那些为害人类的活物，

像鼯鼠、蟾蜍、蝾螈、蝰蛇等；

人们叫我花衣吹笛人。”

（他们注意到他脖子上有围巾，

上面是红黄两色的条子

跟方格花纹的外衣挺相称；

围巾的末端挂着一支笛子；

他的手指像迫不及待，

总想把笛子演奏起来，

这笛子低低地垂挂晃悠

在那件老式的外衣前头。）

“是的，”他说，“我是个穷笛手，

去年六月，鞑靼国可汗得救，

是我引走了大群的蚊虫；

我让亚洲一位国王自由，

免除了帮吸血蝠的进攻

你们的脑子也不用为难，

我如果为你们灭鼠成功，

能不能付给我一千块钱？”

吃惊的市长和议员们大呼：

“一千？五万也可以支付！”

七

吹笛人向大街迈开步伐，

先在脸上微微地一笑，

仿佛他知道有什么魔法

正在沉默的笛子里睡觉；

然后，像一个音乐行家，

他卷起嘴唇，吹起横笛，

锐眼里蓝绿的光彩熠熠，

像是向烛焰撒上了盐粒；

尖锐的笛音没响到三声，
就听到象一支军队在低鸣；
咕哝变成了大声嘟囔，
嘟囔又变成雷鸣轰响，
耗子们打着滚奔出了民房。
大耗子，小耗子，精瘦的，强壮的，
黑耗子，灰耗子，棕色的，褐黄的，
严肃的老龙钟，欢快的年轻娃，
父亲，母亲，叔叔，表兄，
竖起了胡子，翘起了尾巴，
成百上千个耗子家庭，
兄弟，姊妹，妻子，丈夫——
没命地跟着吹笛人奔去。
吹着笛，他走过一条条街道，
耗子们步步紧跟，跳跃舞蹈，
他们走到了威悉河边，
都跳进河里，统统死光！
——只有一只，像凯撒般强健，
游到对岸，活着带上
他的记录，给鼠国家乡

（他把手稿小心收藏）：
记录说：“尖锐的笛声一鸣，
我仿佛听见了刮牛肚的声音，
又像是苹果，熟透甜润，
往榨果汁的机器里塞进：
又听见拿走腌肉缸的木盖，
让果酱橱门稍稍打开，
拔去海鱼油瓶的软木塞，
叫黄油桶的围箍裂开来；
听起来好象有一个嗓音
（比竖琴或萨泰里琴声更悠扬）
在呼叫：哦，作乐吧，耗子们！
全世界已成了巨大的腌鱼场！
嚼吧，啃吧，把点心吞咽！
吃早饭，晚饭，午餐，正餐！
白糖一大桶，满身是窟窿眼，
像个大太阳，就在我眼前，
发出光来金灿灿，红彤彤，
我想它会说，来给我打洞！
——威悉河已在我头顶汹涌。”

八

你该听到哈默林的市民
敲响了钟声，震荡着钟楼顶。
“去，”市长叫“找来长杆子！
把耗子窝捣毁，把耗子洞堵死！
跟木匠和建筑师一同商量，
不让在本市留下一丁点
耗子的痕迹！”——忽然在市场上，
吹笛人一脸的喜气洋洋，
说道，“请付我一千块钱！”

九

一千块！市长顿时变了脸；
议员们的脸色也同样不好看
市府宴会的排场破天荒，
要各种名牌酒浇灌肥肚肠；

花五百就可以重新用美酒
把窖里的大酒桶注满填够。
岂能付给他这么一笔钱——
这穿着吉普赛花衣的流浪汉
“此外，”市长会意地眨眼睛，
“咱们的事儿结束在河滨；
我们亲眼见耗子们丧了命，
我想，已死的不可能复生。
朋友，我们不会不负责
给你一点酒浆来解渴，
再给点钱装进你的钱袋；
至于我们说过的一千块，
那是开玩笑，你也挺明白。
再说，损失教我们节俭。
一千？！来，拿五十块钱！”
十

吹笛人沉下脸来，大声：
“别开玩笑！我不能久等！
我答应就去巴格达访问，
接受宴请，有美味佳羹，
由首席厨师亲手制出，
因为我曾为哈里发的御厨
把一窝蝎子彻底清除——
我不是讨价还价的商贾，
你们连一分钱也休想少付！
谁要是惹得我怒火升高，
会听到我吹奏另一支曲调！”
十一

“怎么？”市长叫，“我岂能忍耐
你待我比对待厨子更坏？
下流的懒汉，破笛子，烂衣服，
竟敢把我市长来侮辱？
你要挟？好，使你的鬼办法，
吹笛吧，一直吹到你肚子炸！”
十二

他向大街又一次走去；
在他的嘴边又一次
搁上那笔直光滑的长笛，
还没吹三声（从没有乐师
奏出过如此美妙的乐音，
使空中充满了喜悦欢欣）
就听到沙沙响，看来是一大帮
快活的小家伙，又挤又推闹嚷嚷，
小脚踢踢踏踏，木鞋呱哒呱哒，
小手劈劈啪啪，小嘴叽叽喳喳，
像给鸡在场上撒了麦粒一大把，
从屋里奔出了所有的小娃娃。
男孩和女孩，一个不落，
红喷喷的脸颊，金灿灿的卷发，
光闪闪的眼睛，珍珠般的门牙，
欢天喜地，跟着奇妙的笛声奔跑，
蹦蹦跳跳，又叫又笑。

十三
市长目瞪口呆，议员们
仿佛变成了木头一根根，

挪不动步子，喊不出声音
对那些欢跳着走过的娃娃们——
只能眼睁睁看着孩子群
兴高彩烈地尾随着吹笛人。
市长心头剧烈地疼，
可怜的议员们胸口卜卜跳，
因为吹笛人已从主街道
转向威悉河水滚滚流，
他们的儿女恰恰在跟着走！
不过他又从南向西转，
他迈步走向柯佩尔堡山，
他身后孩子们紧紧挤向前；
个个都欢天喜地乐无边。
“他绝对爬不过那座高山头，
他势必不能把笛子再吹奏，
我们将看见孩子们会停留！”
正当他们走到半山腰，
一扇神奇的门打开了，瞧！
好像突然开了一个洞；
吹笛人走进去，孩子们向里涌
待他们全部进入山里，
山腰的大门便紧紧关闭。
说全部？不！有一个是瘸腿，
一路上他不能老是跳舞；
在后来的岁月里，如果你责备
他愁眉苦脸，他常常倾诉，——
“玩伴们走了，城里真无聊！
我念念不忘，我永远见不到
玩伴们能见到的一切奇观，
吹笛人答应我也能看见。
他说要带我们去一方乐土，
连接着本市，就在近处，
那儿喷泉涌，果树遍地，
花朵的颜色美丽得出奇，
一切都新鲜而不可思议；
麻雀比这儿的孔雀更夺目，
狗跑起来快过这儿的鹿，
蜜蜂没有蛰人的刺，
马生来就长着老鹰的翅；
正当我得到保证挺可靠，
说我的瘸腿很快能治好，
笛声不响了，我停步站立，
发现自己没进入山里，
被留了下来，我真不愿意，
我现在跟以前一样瘸腿，
那乐土再没听说过一回！”
十四
可悲呀，可悲，哈默林市！
许多市民的脑子都想起
圣经说天堂的大门开启，
凡是富人想进去就好比
骆驼穿过针眼般容易！
市长向东西南北派人
给那位吹笛人捎去口信，
无论在哪里有幸找到他，

可以满足他金银钱财，
只要他从去路重新回来，
把跟他走的儿童送回家。
等他们发现一切都白干，
吹笛人和孩子们一去不复返，
他们就命令律师们这么办：
一切案卷上签署日期，
除写明某日某月某年，
还须把如下的文字加添：
“离一千三百七十六年
七月二十二日发生的事
又过了多少多少时间。”
他们为了更好地纪念
孩子们最后消隐的地点，
把那里命名为“花衣吹笛人大街”
无论谁在那里打鼓弄笛，
准定会失掉就业的权利。
他们不允许酒肆狂欢
干扰这条街道的肃穆；
在山腰开过的洞门对面
竖起铭刻这故事的石柱，
把故事再绘上教堂的窗子，
使得全世界都能熟知
他们的儿童怎样被骗走；
刻的画的至今还存留。
我不能不说的事儿还有：
在特兰西瓦尼亚有一个部族
是异邦民族的一支分部，
他们那外地的习俗和服饰
曾引起邻人们分外的重视，
他们把这些归因于父母，
说自己的先祖来自地狱，
长久以前就被人诱入，
先祖原是一大群男女，
来自哈默林，可是他们
自己也不清楚事情的究竟。

十五

那么，威利，让我们动手
跟一切人，特别是吹笛人，解除冤仇：
只要他们吹笛为我们免去鼠祸，
我们就应当信守我们的承诺。

屠 岸译

①这首诗是作者写给一个名叫威利的孩子看的。

Christina Georgina Rossetti①

Morning and evening

Maids heard the goblins cry:

"Come buy our orchard fruits,

Come buy, come buy:

Apples and quinces,

Lemons and oranges,

Plump unpecked cherries,

Melons and raspberries,

Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,

Swart-headed mulberries,

Wild free-born cranberries,

Crab apples, dewberries,

Pine-apples, blackberries,

Apricots, strawberries;—

All ripe together

In summer weather,—

Morns that pass by,

Fair eves that fly;

Come buy, come buy:

Our grapes fresh from the vine,

Pomegranates full and fine,

Dates and sharp bullaces,

Rare pears and greengages,

Damsons and bilberries,

Taste them and try:

Currants and gooseberries,

Bright-fire-like barberries,

Figs to fill your mouth,

Citrons from the South,

Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;

Come buy, come buy."

Evening by evening

Among the brookside rushes,

Laura bowed her head to hear,

Lizzie veiled her blushes:

Crouching close together

In the cooling weather,

With clasping arms and cautioning lips,

With tingling cheeks and finger tips.

"Lie close," Laura said,

Pricking up her golden head:

"We must not look at goblin men,

We must not buy their fruits:

Who knows upon what soil they fed

Their hungry thirsty roots? "

"Come buy," call the goblins

Hobbling down the glen.

"Oh," cried Lizzie, "Laura, Laura,

You should not peep at goblin men."

Lizzie covered up her eyes,

Covered close lest they should look;

Laura reared her glossy head,

And whispered like the restless brook:

"Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds weight.
How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes."
"No," said Lizzie: "No, no, no;
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us."
She thrust a dimpled finger
In each ear, shut eyes and ran:
Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchant man.
One had a cat's face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat's pace,
One crawled like a snail,
One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,
One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.
She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together:
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather.
Laura stretched her gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone.
Backwards up the mossy glen
Turned and trooped the goblin men,
With their shrill repeated cry,
"Come buy, come buy."
When they reached where Laura was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother;
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother.
One set his basket down,
One reared his plate;
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:
"Come buy, come buy," was still their cry.
Laura stared but did not stir,
Longed but had no money:
The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste
In tones as smooth as honey,

The cat-faced purr'd,
The rat-paced spoke a word
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;
One parrot-voiced and jolly
Cried "Pretty Goblin" still for "Pretty Polly";—
One whistled like a bird.
But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:
"Good folk, I have no coin;
To take were to purloin:
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather."
"You have much gold upon your head,"
They answered all together:
"Buy from us with a golden curl."
She clipped a precious golden lock,
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red:
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
Clearer than water flowed that juice;
She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use?
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;
She sucked until her lips were sore;
Then flung the emptied rinds away
But gathered up one kernel stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turned home alone.
Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings:
"Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.
Do you not remember Jeanie,
How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Plucked from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours?
But ever in the moonlight
She pined and pined away;
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more but dwindled and grew grey;
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low:
I planted daisies there a year ago
That never blow.
You should not loiter so."
"Nay, hush," said Laura:

"Nay, hush, my sister:
I ate and ate my fill,
Yet my mouth waters still;
Tomorrow night I will
Buy more:" and kissed her:
"Have done with sorrow;
I'll bring you plums tomorrow
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting;
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
What melons icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed:
Odorous indeed must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap."
Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtained bed:
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forbore to fly,
Not a bat flapped to and fro
Round their nest:
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.
Early in the morning
When the first cock crowed his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie:
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed;
Talked as modest maidens should:
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part;
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
One longing for the night.
At length slow evening came:
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook;
Lizzie most placid in her look,
Laura most like a leaping flame.

They drew the gurgling water from its deep;
Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags,
Then turning homewards said: "The sunset flushes
Those furthest loftiest crags;
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags,
No wilful squirrel wags,
The beasts and birds are fast asleep."
But Laura loitered still among the rushes
And said the bank was steep.
And said the hour was early still,
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill:
Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
"Come buy, come buy,"
With its iterated jingle
Of sugar-baited words:
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.
Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come;
I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:
You should not loiter longer at this brook:
Come with me home.
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glowworm winks her spark,
Let us get home before the night grows dark:
For clouds may gather
Though this is summer weather,
Put out the lights and drench us through;
Then if we lost our way what should we do?"
Laura turned cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
That goblin cry,
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?
Must she no more such succous pasture find,
Gone deaf and blind?
Her tree of life drooped from the root:
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache;
But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,
Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way;
So crept to bed, and lay
Silent till Lizzie slept;
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,
And gnashed her teeth for balked desire, and wept
As if her heart would break.
Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry:
"Come buy, come buy;"—

She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen:
But when the noon waxed bright
Her hair grew thin and grey;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.
One day remembering her kernel-stone
She set it by a wall that faced the south;
Dewed it with tears, hoped for a root,
Watched for a waxing shoot,
But there came none;
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling moisture run:
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dreamed of melons, as a traveller sees
False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crowned trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.
She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Brought water from the brook:
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat.
Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy: "—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The voice and stir
Poor Laura could not hear;
Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,
But feared to pay too dear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride;
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest Winter time,
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp Winter time.
Till Laura dwindling
Seemed knocking at Death's door:
Then Lizzie weighed no more
Better and worse;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with clumps of
furze
At twilight, halted by the brook:
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.

Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping:
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,
Cat-like and rat-like,
Ratel and wombat-like,
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—
Hugged her and kissed her:
Squeezed and caressed her:
Stretched up their dishes,
Panniers, and plates:
"Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,
Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs;
Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs."—
"Good folk," said Lizzie,
Mindful of Jeanie:
"Give me much and many:"
Held out her apron,
Tossed them her penny.
"Nay, take a seat with us,
Honour and eat with us,"
They answered grinning:
"Our feast is but beginning.
Night yet is early,
Warm and dew-pearly,
Wakeful and starry:
Such fruits as these
No man can carry;
Half their bloom would fly,
Half their dew would dry,
Half their flavour would pass by.
Sit down and feast with us,
Be welcome guest with us,
Cheer you and rest with us."—
"Thank you," said Lizzie: "But one waits

At home alone for me:
So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Of your fruits though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny
I tossed you for a fee."—
They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling.
One called her proud,
Cross-grained, uncivil;
Their tones waxed loud,
Their looks were evil.
Lashing their tails
They trod and hustled her,
Elbowed and jostled her,
Clawed with their nails,
Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,
Twitched her hair out by the roots,
Stamped upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeezed their fruits
Against her mouth to make her eat.
White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,—
Like a rock of blue-veined stone
Lashed by tides obstreperously,—
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire,—
Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
Like a royal virgin town
Topped with gilded dome and spire
Close beleaguered by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.
One may lead a horse to water,
Twenty cannot make him drink.
Though the goblins cuffed and caught her,
Coaxed and fought her,
Bullied and besought her,
Scratched her, pinched her black as ink,
Kicked and knocked her,
Mauled and mocked her,
Lizzie uttered not a word;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in:
But laughed in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syrudded all her face,
And lodged in dimples of her chin,
And streaked her neck which quaked like curd.
At last the evil people
Worn out by her resistance

Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit
Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot;
Some writhed into the ground,
Some dived into the brook
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
Some vanished in the distance.
In a smart, ache, tingle,
Lizzie went her way;
Knew not was it night or day;
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,
Threaded copse and dingle,
And heard her penny jingle
Bouncing in her purse,—
Its bounce was music to her ear.
She ran and ran
As if she feared some goblin man
Dogged her with gibe or curse
Or something worse:
But not one goblin skurried after,
Nor was she pricked by fear;
The kind heart made her windy-paced
That urged her home quite out of breath with
haste
And inward laughter.
She cried "Laura," up the garden,
"Did you miss me?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;
Laura, make much of me:
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men."
Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutched her hair:
"Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden?
Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted,
Undone in mine undoing
And ruined in my ruin,
Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden?"—
She clung about her sister,
Kissed and kissed and kissed her:
Tears once again
Refreshed her shrunken eyes,
Dropping like rain
After long sultry drouth;
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,
She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loathed the feast:
Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast.
Her locks streamed like the torch
Borne by a racer at full speed,
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,
Or like an eagle when she stems the light
Straight toward the sun,
Or like a caged thing freed,
Or like a flying flag when armies run.
Swift fire spread through her veins, knocked at
her heart,
Met the fire smouldering there
And overbore its lesser flame;
She gorged on bitterness without a name:
Ah! fool, to choose such part
Of soul-consuming care!
Sense failed in the mortal strife:
Like the watch-tower of a town
Which an earthquake shatters down,
Like a lightning-stricken mast,
Like a wind-uprooted tree
Spun about,
Like a foam-topped waterspout
Cast down headlong in the sea,
She fell at last;
Pleasure past and anguish past,
Is it death or is it life?
Life out of death.
That night long Lizzie watched by her,
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cooled her face
With tears and fanning leaves:
But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laughed in the innocent old way,
Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of grey,
Her breath was sweet as May
And light danced in her eyes.
Days, weeks, months, years
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,

Their lives bound up in tender lives;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time:
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood;
(Men sell not such in any town:)
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote:
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,
"For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands,"

一〇〇 小妖精集市

克里斯蒂娜·乔治娜·罗塞蒂

在清晨，在傍晚，

女孩们听见妖精在叫卖：

“来买我们园里的好果果，

来买来买快来买：

苹果、榲桲果，

柠檬和香橙，

没被鸟啄的樱桃鼓鼓圆，

山莓好，瓜儿甜，

蜜桃的颊上有粉霜，

一串串桑葚紫黑色，

到处野生的越橘果，

花红和露莓，

菠萝、黑刺莓；

杏儿和草莓；——

如今夏天好气候，

所有的果子全熟透，——

晨光不等候，

夜色飞得快；

来买来买快来买：

藤上摘下的鲜葡萄，

饱满的石榴真正好，

海枣和尖尖的小洋李，

希罕的梨子和青梅子，

西洋李和乌饭果，

来试一试，尝一尝，

大醋栗，小醋栗，

红酸果，亮得像团火，

无花果，塞满你的嘴，

香橼子，南方来，

眼看好漂亮，舌尝好滋味；

来买来买快来买。

”

每天每天到黄昏，
在溪边，灯芯草中间，
罗拉低头细细听，
丽西遮住羞红的脸：
这会儿是凉飕飕的天气，
她俩紧紧偎依在一起，
胳膊挽胳膊，告诫在嘴边，
寒冷刺痛了面颊和手指尖。
“挨紧点，”罗拉开了口，
伸直了她那金发的头：
“咱们决不能看一眼小妖精，
他们的水果咱们决不能买：
他们用什么样的土壤来培育
饥渴的果树根？谁明白？”
妖精们一瘸一拐下山谷，
“来买呀！”他们叫。
丽西大声说，“啊，罗拉，罗拉，
那些个小妖精，你千万不能瞧！”
丽西捂住了自己的眼，
捂得紧紧的，不让眼睛瞧；
罗拉抬起有丝光头发的头，
像不停的溪流般低声道：
“瞧呀，丽西，瞧呀，丽西，
小小的妖精正向峡谷里去。
一个妖精拖着只篮子，
一个妖精背着只盘子，
一个妖精使劲地拉着
一只好几磅重的金碟子。
葡萄藤品种一定好，
才长出这么甜美的葡萄串；
风儿吹向果树梢，
一定温煦又和暖。”
“不不不，”丽西说，“不能要；
别让他们的果品把我们迷住，
他们的果品会害我们，有毒。”
她用搥瘪的手指头塞紧
两只耳朵，闭着眼跑远：
罗拉却逗留不走，好奇心
使她想看看每一个小商贩。
一个，有一张猫的脸，
一个，挥动着尾巴，
一个，走着耗子的步伐，
一个，像蜗牛那样爬，
一个，像毛茸茸的笨袋熊四处把猎物寻找，
一个，像蜜獾慌乱地一路摔倒。
她听见一个声音好像是
许多鸽子一齐咕咕叫：
那声音是在令人愉快的天气里
充满爱意温柔的软语调。
罗拉伸长她白得发亮的颈脖，
像只被灯芯草包围的天鹅，
像朵小溪畔生长的百合，
像白杨树枝在月光下婆娑，
像只下水的船舶，
最后的约束已经摆脱。

倒退着，上了长满青苔的山谷，
妖精们转身，成群地走过来，
他们尖声叫，不断地重复：
“来买买买快来买。”
他们走到罗拉呆着的地方，
就一动不动地站在青苔上，
斜着眼彼此瞧瞧，
兄弟带着古怪的弟兄；
彼此发出个暗号，
兄弟带着狡猾的弟兄。
一个家伙放下了竹篮，
一个家伙举起了托盘，
一个家伙用卷须，树叶，还有
皱裂的棕色核桃来编织王冠
（任何市镇都没有这样的货色出售）；
一个家伙吃力地举起沉重的金盘子，
把水果送到她面前：
“来买快来买”，他们还是这样喊。
罗拉目不转睛地看，可是不动弹，
渴望着买呀，可是没有钱：
甩尾巴的贩子请她尝一尝，
语调悦耳像蜜糖，
猫脸的贩子呜呜叫，
走耗子步子的贩子也说道：
欢迎！连蜗牛般爬的家伙说话也听得到；
一个快活的家伙有鹦鹉的嗓音，
不喊“可爱的鹦鹉”却老喊“可爱的妖精”；
一个家伙像鸟一样吹口哨。
伶牙俐齿的罗拉连忙开了口：
“好人儿，我一个钱也没有；
伸手拿就是当小偷：
我的口袋里没有铜板，
我也没有银元，
我所有的金子全在荆豆花上，
荆豆花在赭色石南树的上方，
随着风儿在摇荡。”
“有那么多黄金长在你头上，”
他们齐声回答：
“买我们的东西，只用你一卷金发。”
她剪下珍贵的金发一绺，
让赛过珍珠的眼泪直流，
然后她吸吮那白嫩鲜红滚圆的水果：
比岩上采来的蜂蜜甜得多，
香得胜过男人喜爱的醇酒，
果汁流淌，比水更清澈；
这样的美味她从来没尝过，
多多的享受，她可曾吃够？
她吸吮，吸吮，吸吮了多少个
从神秘莫测的果园里长出的水果；
她吸吮到嘴唇痛又酸；
她把吃剩的果皮扔一边，
却把一颗果核拣在手，
不知道现在是夜晚还是白天，
独个儿回身往家走。
丽西跟她碰头在大门口，

明智地把她来谴责：
“亲爱的，你不该逗留得这么久，
对于女孩子，黄昏不是好时刻；
你不该在山谷里游荡，
去到妖精们常去的地方。
难道你不记得珍妮曾经
在月光下面遇见了妖精，
拿了他们精选的礼物许多，
吃了他们的水果，戴上了他们
从树荫底下采来的花朵——
那时候夏季已经成熟在每个时刻？
可是就在月光下面
她变得憔悴又憔悴；
她寻找妖精，在白天，在夜晚，
再也找不到，自己枯萎了，脸色发灰；
初雪下降，她倒在地上，
直到今天没有草儿生长
在她被埋葬的地方：
一年前在那里我把雏菊栽上，
雏菊却永远没花儿开放。
你不该在那里游荡。”
“不，别作声，”罗拉说，
“不，别作声，姊姊哟：
我吃呀吃呀吃了个够，
可是我的口水还在流；
明天晚上我还要走
去买更多的果：”她吻了姊姊的脸：
“实在对不起，真抱歉；
明儿我给你带回
刚从母枝上摘下的鲜梅，
值得尝尝的樱桃美味；
你无法想象我的牙齿咬过
怎样好吃的无花果，
还有冰一样凉爽的甜瓜
在金子做的碟子里堆着，
我抱不住那碟子，它太大，
还有长一层柔细茸毛的蜜桃，
透明的没核儿的葡萄：
这些果树一定在芬芳的草地上
生长，吸饮着纯净的水浪，
水边有百合花生长，
花汁甜得像白糖。”
金发的头挨着金发的头，
像两只鸽子在一个窝里头，
互相用翅膀抱着对方，
她俩在挂着帐幔的床上躺下，
像两朵茎上的鲜花，
像两片刚落的雪花，
像两支象牙权杖，
顶端装饰着黄金，归威严的国王。
月亮和星星探身向她们凝望，
风儿把催眠曲向她们歌唱，
行动笨拙的猫头鹰忍耐着不再飞翔，
没有一只蝙蝠拍着翅膀来往
围绕着她们的住房：

面颊挨面颊，胸膛靠胸膛，
在一个窝里互相紧紧依傍。
早早的，在清晨，
第一声鸡叫唤醒了人们，
像蜜蜂那样灵巧，那样忙碌，可爱，
罗拉跟着丽西起身：
把蜂蜜收进来，挤牛奶，
给室内通空气，把房间理整齐，
用精白的面粉来作糕饼
供娇小的嘴巴吃肚里，
接着制作黄油，攒奶油，
给家禽喂饲料，坐下来，缝衣裳；
像端庄的姑娘那样把话讲：
丽西心胸坦荡，
罗拉心不在焉作梦想，
一个满足，一个有点儿发愁；
一个只为白天的喜悦展歌喉，
一个把夜晚来渴求。
黄昏终于慢慢地来临：
她俩带着水罐走到芦苇丛生的小溪边；
丽西看上去非常平静，
罗拉像一朵猛烈跳动的火焰。
她们从深处汲取汨汨的流水；
丽西采摘紫色和金黄的鸢尾花，
转身回家去，说：“落日的余辉
映红了最远处高耸的山崖；
走吧，罗拉，别的女孩都已经回家，
没有任性的松鼠在摇尾巴，
走兽飞禽都已经安睡。”
但罗拉还在灯芯草丛里磨蹭，
说什么河岸真险峻。
罗拉说什么时光还早，
晚风还不冷，露水还没降下来：
她老是倾听，可是听不到
惯常的叫卖：
“来买买买快来买”——
声音像铃铛，一遍又一遍，
甜言蜜语把人来诱骗：
不管她怎样注意看，
无论奔跑的，甩尾的，跌交的，瘸腿的，
连一个妖精也没看出来；
更甭说那一大帮，
总是沿着山谷走来的，
结队行，或者单个上，
那些个活蹦乱跳的水果商。
终于丽西催：“罗拉呀，走；
我听见叫卖水果可不敢瞧他们：
你不该在溪边再逗留：
跟我回家门。
星星升，月儿弯，
萤火虫儿一闪又一闪，
别等夜晚漆黑咱们快快把家还：
尽管现在是夏季，
乌云会聚集，
遮住星光把咱俩全身淋个遍，

咱俩要是迷了路，那该怎么办？”

罗拉变得像石头般冷，

她发觉只有姊姊听见叫卖声，

那妖精的叫卖，

“来买水果快来买。”

想必她再也买不到这些美味的水果？

想必她再也找不到那充满浆汁的草场，

变得又聋又盲？

她的生命之树从根部凋零：

她心里痛苦，一句话也不说；

把目光穿过黑暗，什么也看不见，

艰难地走回家，她的水罐一路漏着水；

爬上床，躺下来，

静静的，直到丽西入睡；

罗拉坐起来，怀着热烈的渴念，

因愿望得不到满足而咬牙，流泪，

仿佛她的心就要破碎。

一天天，一夜夜，

罗拉守望着，毫无结果，

极端痛苦，抑郁沉默。

她再没有听到妖精的叫卖：

“来买来买快来买；”——

她再没有发现妖精们

沿着山谷兜售他们的果品：

中午时刻阳光灿烂，

她的头发却变得稀疏灰暗；

她萎缩了，像美丽的满月

很快地由盈变亏，她的火焰

逐渐熄灭。

一天她想起了她那颗果核，

她把它栽在朝南的墙角；

用泪水浇灌它，盼它长出根株，

注视着，希望冒出棵嫩苗，

不过这只是空想；

果核从来没见过阳光，

也从来没感到过泪水流淌：

她两眼凹陷，嘴唇枯萎，

梦见了甜瓜，像旅人在沙漠大荒

看见了海市蜃楼的流水，

上有树冠的浓荫遮盖，

可沙漠风一吹旅人更加焦渴难耐。

她不再打扫房间，

不再照看鸡鸭和牛群，

不再取蜂蜜，不再做面饼，

不再去打水在小溪边：

只是坐在壁炉旁，没一点力气，

不想吃东西。

好心的丽西不忍心看见

妹妹那腐蚀心灵的忧烦

自己却不能分担。

她无论在早晨，在夜晚，

都听见妖精在叫卖：

“来买我们园里长出的好果果，

来买来买快来买；”——

挨着小溪，沿着山谷，

她听见妖精们的脚步，
那声音，那扰攘，
可怜的罗拉听不见；
丽西真想去买水果来安慰妹妹，
又怕价钱太昂贵。
她想起了坟墓里的珍妮姑娘，
她原本要做新娘；
可是为了得到新娘应得的幸福，
她反而病倒，死亡，
死在她青春欢悦的时刻，
在冬季最初来到的时刻，
刚下了第一场亮晶晶的白霜，
刚下了第一场清冷冬雪的时光。
罗拉一天天凋败，
看上去已把死神的大门敲响：
于是丽西不再掂量
后果是好还是坏；
她把一枚银币放进小钱袋，
吻了罗拉，便穿过荆棘丛生的荒地，
在黄昏时分，停在小溪边：
有生以来第一次
开始听和看。
妖精们发现她在窥视，
全都哈哈笑起来：
拥向她，有的一瘸一拐，
有的飞，有的跳，有的奔驰，
急促地呼吸，喘不过气来，
暗自笑，拍着手，高兴地叫，
咯咯地喊，唠里唠叨，
做鬼脸，扮怪相，
一个个作势又装腔，
扭歪了脸庞，
作古正经地现出怪模样，
猫咪的相，耗子的样，
蜜獾的形，袋熊的状，
蜗牛的步子挺匆忙，
鸚鵡的嗓子，口哨响，
手忙脚乱，慌里慌张，
像喜鹊那样叽叽喳喳闹嚷嚷，
像鸽子那样拍动翅膀，
像鱼那样滑翔，——
拥抱她，亲吻她：
挤捏她，抚摸她：
递上她们的碟子，盘子，
举起他们的簋子，篮子：
“瞧瞧我们的苹果，
深红色，赤褐色，
来咬我们的樱桃，
吃一口我们的蜜桃，
香橼和海枣，
你想要的葡萄，
梨子，在太阳光下
晒成了红色，
连枝带叶的鲜梅；
来摘取果子，来吸吮汁水，

还有石榴和无花果类。”——

“好人儿，”丽西说，

心里没忘记珍妮：

“给我水果，我要很多很多：”——

她把围裙端起，

扔给他们一枚银币。

“不，跟我们一起排排坐，

请赏光，跟我们一起吃果果，”

他们龇牙咧嘴地回答丽西：

“我们的宴会刚刚开始。

今晚时光还早，

天气暖和，露珠闪耀，

星光高照，叫人不想睡觉：

像这样的水果，

没有人能够带到；

果面的粉霜一半就要飞跑，

果上的水珠一半就要干掉，

果子的鲜味一半就要失效。

跟我们一起排排坐吃果果，

愿你做个受我们欢迎的来客，

跟我们一同歇息一齐乐。”——

“谢谢你们，”丽西说：“有人儿一个在家里等着我：

咱们用不着再商谈，

如果你们的水果一只也不卖给我

（虽然你们有很多很多），

那就把银币还给我，

那是我扔给你们的水果钱。”——

他们开始抓挠自己的头皮，

不再摇尾巴，呜呜叫，

但是明显地表示不同意，

不满地咕哝，粗鲁地咆哮。

一个妖精嚷嚷说她太骄傲，

脾气不好没礼貌；

他们的嗓门越来越高，

现出一副副凶恶的相貌。

猛烈地甩动着尾巴，

他们踩她，推搡她，

用胳膊肘挤她，撞她，

用爪子乱抓，

汪汪叫，喵喵叫，嘶嘶叫，嘲笑她，

撕破她的裙服，弄脏她的长袜，

揪她的头发猛地连根拔，

在她柔嫩的脚上蹂躏，

抓住她的手，对准她的嘴巴

塞他们的水果，要她吃下。

丽西站着，白皮肤金头发，

像水中的一朵百合花，——

像一块礁石布满蓝色的纹理，

受到喧闹的潮水猛烈的冲击，——

像一座孤独的灯塔

在怒号的灰色大海中挺立，

高举着一支金色的火把，——

像一棵挂满果子的橘树，

披一身蜜甜的白花，

在黄蜂和蜜蜂的围攻下受苦，——

象一座庄严的处女城市，
高耸出镀金的穹顶和尖塔，
一支舰队把她紧紧围住，
疯狂地要扯下她的旗帜。
一个人能牵马到水洼，
二十个人没法强迫他饮水。
虽然妖精们用巴掌打她，抓她，
哄她，殴打她，
恳求她，威吓她，
抓挠她，拧得她皮肤发黑，
踢她，敲打她，
打伤她，嘲笑她，
丽西却不说一句话；
她不想张开嘴巴，
免得他们给她嘴里塞进一大把：
她心里笑着感到脸上
涂满的果汁在流淌，
有的果汁在她的笑窝里存放，
有的一条条挂在她凝乳般颤动的脖子上。
最后，这些邪恶的家伙，
被她的抵制弄得精疲力尽，
扔还她的银币，踢他们的水果，
沿着他们走的一条条路径，
没留下一条根，一支苗，一颗核；
有的妖精曲身钻进地底，
有的跳水潜入小溪，
留下一圈水纹一点涟漪，
有的乘风飞去，没一丝声息，
有的在远处销声匿迹。
像针扎一样刺痛，浑身疼，
丽西走上自己的归程；
不知道现在天黑还是天明；
跳上斜坡，冲过荆豆花丛，
在矮林和幽谷里穿行，
听见她的银币弹跳
在钱袋里，发出响声，——
钱币的弹跳是音乐，直冲她的耳鼓。
她跑啊跑啊跑，
仿佛她害怕总有个妖精
在跟踪她，一路嘲笑又诅咒，
或者做着更坏的事情：
但是并没有妖精急急追赶在后头，
她也没有被恐怖抓住；
是她那善良的心促使她风一样快
赶回家去，奔得透不过气来，
却笑在心头。
她喊“罗拉，”进入园门，
“你可想我？
快来吻我。
别管我身上的伤痕，
抱紧我，吻我，吸吮果汁，
挤在我身上的妖精果汁给你吃，
妖精的果子肉和妖精的果子露，
吃我，喝我，爱我；
罗拉，把我咬个够，舔个透；

为了你，我冒险走进了山谷，
跟他们打交道，那些小妖精商人。”
罗拉从椅子上跳起，
向空中伸开两臂，
一把抓住自己的头发：
“丽西，丽西，你可曾为我去吃了那禁果？
难道你的容光要跟我一样变暗，
你的青春要跟我一样遭摧残，
我闯了祸，你也要受灾难，
我凋落，你也要凋落，
饥渴，萎黄，被妖精蛊惑？”——
她把姊姊紧紧地搂住，
吻她吻她再吻她：
泪水又一度
苏润了她萎陷的眼珠，
经过了长久的干旱灼热，
她泪如雨下；
她颤抖，心中痛苦，苦恼，害怕，
她用饥饿的嘴唇吻她又吻她。
她的嘴唇开始枯焦，
那果汁是她口舌痛苦的根源，
她憎恨那次飧宴：
像着了魔似的扭动身子，她又唱又跳，
扯破了长袍，绞着两手，
心急火燎，可悲可恼，
还锤打胸口。
她的头发飘散像一支火炬
由全速前进的赛跑者高举，
或者像奔逃的群马飘动的鬃毛，
或者像一只老鹰顶着阳光，
直飞向太阳，
或者像笼中的鸟儿被释放，
或者像军队奔跑时举着的军旗飘扬。
飞动的火在她血管里蔓延，叩她的心脏，
遇到她心头郁积的火，
压倒了那较小的火舌；
她吃足苦头，不可名状：
啊！傻孩子，竟选择这样一种责任
来承担耗竭灵魂的忧伤！
在殊死的搏斗中感觉已经失灵：
像城头的瞭望塔
在地震中坍塌，
像雷电击中的桅杆，
像被大风连根拔起的树
随风乱转，
像龙卷风卷起冒着泡沫的水柱
劈头摔向海面，
她终于倒下；
欢乐已经消失，痛苦已经消失，
现在是生，还是死？
从死中求生。
一整夜丽西在她身旁守护，
数着她微弱脉搏跳动的次数，
试探她有没有呼吸，
拿水到她唇边，用眼泪，用树叶当扇子

给她的脸庞一点凉意：
当鸟儿一早在屋檐上下啾鸣，
早起收庄稼的人拖着沉重的步子
走向堆放金色麦捆的田埂，
当沾着露珠的青草
向着轻快吹过的晨风弯腰，
当新的花蕾在新的一天
开放出杯子形状的百合花在小溪旁边，
这时候，罗拉仿佛从梦中苏醒，
像过去一样天真地笑起来，
拥抱丽西，不止两回三回；
她闪光的金发没有一丝灰白，
她的呼吸像五月一样甘美，
她的眼睛里跃动着光彩。
一天天，一周周，一月月，一年年，
过去了，两姊妹都已经成家，
有了自己的小孩；
她们那母亲的心啊总不免害怕，
她们的生命同幼小的生命紧密相连；
罗拉会把小家伙们叫来，
告诉孩子们她青春的往事，
那些早已逝去的愉快日子，
光阴一去不再回还：
她会讲到那鬼怪出没的山谷，
那些离奇邪恶的水果商贩，
他们的水果尝在嘴里蜜样甜，
化到血液里就成毒；
（人类在任何市镇都不卖这样的货物：）
她会告诉孩子们她的姊姊怎样
挽救了她，面对着危险的死亡，
终于取得了火辣辣的解毒法：
然后她让孩子们小手携着小手，
嘱咐他们要相依相守，
“不论在平静的还是在风暴袭来时，
世界个哪儿有像姊姊这样的朋友；
在沉闷的路上她使你奋发，
你走上了歧路她拉你一把，
你踉跄跌倒了她扶你起来，
你站着不动她给你增添力量。”

屠 岸译

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The Elves and the Shoemaker

There was once a shoemaker, who, through no fault of his own, became so poor that at last he had nothing left but just enough leather to make one pair of shoes. He cut out the shoes at night, so as to set to work upon them next morning; and as he had a good conscience, he laid himself quietly down in his bed, committed himself to heaven, and fell asleep. In the morning, after he had said his prayers, and was going to get to work, he found the pair of shoes made and finished, and standing on his table. He was very much astonished, and could not tell what to think, and he took the shoes in his hand to examine them more nearly; and they were so well made that every stitch was in its right place, just as if they had come from the hand of a master-workman.

Soon after, a purchaser entered, and as the shoes fitted him very well, he gave more than the usual price for them, so that the shoemaker had enough money to buy leather for two more pairs of shoes.

He cut them at night, and intended to set to work the next morning with fresh spirit; when he got up they were already finished, and a customer even was not lacking, who gave him so much money that he was able to buy leather enough for four new pairs. Early next morning he found the four pairs also finished, and so it always happened; whatever he cut out in the evening was worked up by the morning, so that he was soon in the way of making a good living, and in the end became very well to do.

One night, not long before Christmas, when the shoemaker had finished cutting out, and before he went to bed, he said to his wife,

“How would it be if we were to sit up tonight and see who it is that does us this service?”

His wife agreed, and set a light to burn. Then they both hid in a corner of the room, behind some coats that were hanging up, and then they began to watch. As soon as it was midnight they saw come in two neatly-formed naked little men, who seated themselves before the shoemaker’s table, and took up the work that was already prepared, and began to stitch, to pierce, and to hammer so cleverly and quickly with their little fingers that the shoemaker’s eyes could scarcely follow them, so full of wonder was he. And they never left off until everything was finished and was standing ready on the table, and then they jumped up and ran off.

The next morning the shoemaker’s wife said to her husband, “Those little men have made us rich, and we ought to show ourselves grateful. With all their running about, and having nothing to cover them, they must be cold. I’ll tell you what: I will make little shirts, coats, waistcoats, and breeches for them, and knit each of them a pair of stockings, and you shall make each of them a pair of shoes. ”

The husband consented willingly, and at night, when everything was finished, they laid the gifts together on the table, instead of the cut-out work, and placed themselves so that they could observe how the little men would behave. When midnight came, they rushed in, ready to set work, but when they found, instead of the pieces of prepared leather, the neat little garments put ready forthem, they stood a moment in surprise, and then they testified the greatest delight. With the greatest swiftness they took up the pretty garments and slipped them on, singing,

“What spruce and dandy boys are we!

No longer cobblers we will be. ”

Then they hopped and danced about, jumping over the chairs and tables, and at last danced out at the door.

From that time they were never seen again; but it always went well with the shoemaker as long as he lived, and whatever he took in hand prospered.

as if…好像; 尤如

asleep [+’sli:p] adj. 熟睡的

astonish [+’st&niM] vt. 吃惊

be astonished惊愕

but [(弱)b+t, (强)b)t]prep. 但是

commit [k+’mit] vt. 承诺; 委托

commit oneself to 承诺(某事)

conscience [’k&nM+ns]n. 良心

elf [elf]n. 小精灵

enough [i’n)f]adj. 足够的

enter [’ent+]vi. 进入

examine [ig’z\$min] vi. 检查; 察看

fall [f&:l] vi. (fell [fel], fallen [’f&:l+0n])跌落; 下降

fall asleep 睡着; 进入梦乡

fault [f&:t]n. 缺点

finish [’finiM]vt. 完成

fit [fit] vi. 大小合适

get to 着手干(某事)

(be) going to…打算(从事某事)

heaven [’hevn]n. 天; 上天; 天堂

just [DN]st] adv. 正巧; 正当

last [l%:st]n. 最后 at last终于

lay [lei]vt. (laid [leid]) 放

lay oneself(让自己)躺在…
leather ['leJ+]n. 皮革
leave [li:v]vt. 离开; 离别
master-workman ['m%:st+w+:km+n]n. 老师傅; 名工巧匠
nearly ['ni+li]adv. 几乎
once [w)ns]adv. 一次
one's own自己
pair
place
prayer
price
purchaser ['p+:tM+s+]n. 购买者
quietly ['kwai+tli]adv. 静静地
right [rait] adj. 正确的
shoemaker ['Mu:meik+]n. 制鞋匠
so as to为了…的目的
so that为了…; 以至于
soon [su:n]adv. 很快; 不久
stitch [stitM]n. 一针
through [Iru:]prep. 通过
usual ['ju:{u+l}]adj. 普通的
work upon对…进行加工
able ['eibl] asdj. 能够的
be able to 能够(做…)
agree [+ 'gri:] vi. 同意
already [&:l' redi]adv. 已经
behind [bi' haind] prep. 在…的后面
both [b+(I)]adj. 两个的
burn [b+:n]vt. (burnt [b+:nt])燃烧
Christmas ['krism+s]n. 圣诞节
corner ['k&::n+]n. 角落
customer ['k)st+m+]n. 顾客
end [end]n. 尾端; 结尾; 结束
enough [i'n)f]adj. 足够的
even ['i:v+n]adv. 甚至于
finish ['finiM]vt. 完成; 结束
fresh [freM]adj. 新鲜的
get up vi. 起床
hang [h\$R] vi. (hung [h)R])挂着; 挂起; 吊起
happen ['h\$p+n]vi. 发生
hide [haid]vi. (hid [hid], hidden ['hidn]) 躲藏
intend [in'tend]vi. 打算; 想要做…
lacking ['l\$kiR]adj. 缺乏的
leather ['leJ+]n. 皮革
living ['liviR]n. 生计
midnight ['midnait]n. 半夜
naked ['neikid]adj. 赤裸裸的; 裸露的
neatly-formed ['ni:tli'f&:md] adj. (体形等)端正的
pair
prepair
seat oneself 坐下; 坐在…
service ['s+:vis]n. 服务, 干活
set to 准备好(做某事)
shoemaker ['Mu:meik+]n. 鞋匠
sit up 熬夜, 开夜车

so...that(用于表示结果)太...以至于
soon [su:n]adv. 很快; 不久
as soon as... 一...就...
spirit ['spirit]n. 精神
watch [w&tM]vt. 观看; 观察
well to do 富裕的
whatever [hw&t'ev+]pron. 无论如何
behave [bi'heiv]vi. 表现; 举止
breeches ['bri:tMiz]n. 短裤; 马裤
cleverly ['klev+li]adv. 巧妙地
consent [k+n'sent]vi. 同意
cut-out ['k)taut]adj. 裁剪
finish ['finiM]vt. 完成
follow ['f&l+u]vt. 跟随
full [ful]adj. 充满的
garment ['g%:m+nt]n. 服装(总称)
gift [gift]n. 礼品
grateful ['greitful] adj. 感激的
hammer ['h\$m+]vt. 用榔头敲打
husband ['h)zb+nd]n. 丈夫
instead of 代替
knit [nit] vt. 编织
lay [lei]vt. (laid [leid]) (安)放
leather ['leJ+]n. 皮革
leave [li:v]vi. 离开
midnight ['midnait]n. 半夜
neat [ni:t]adj. 整齐的
observe [+b'z+:v]vt. 观看; 观察
off [&(:)f]adv. 离开, 关闭
ought [&t]v. aux. 应该
pair
piece
pierce
place
prepare
put ready 准备好
quicklly ['kwikli]adv. 很迅速地
ready ['redi]adj. 准备好的
running about 到处跑
rush [r)M]vi. 冲向
scarcely ['sk#+sli]adv. 很少
set [set]vi. 开始做...
shoemaker ['Mu:meik+]n. 鞋匠
so that~can...这样就能
stitch [stitM]vt. 缝针
together [t+'geJ+] adv. 一道; 一起
until [+n'til]conj. 直到...才...
waistcoat ['weistk+ut]n. 马甲; 背心
willingly ['wiliRli]adv. 心甘情愿的
with all... 由于...; 考虑到...
wonder ['w)nd+]n. 感叹; 对...感到惊奇不已
cobbler ['k&bl+]n. 鞋匠; 臭皮匠
dandy ['d\$ndi] adj. 漂亮的
delight [di'lait]n. 高兴
garment ['g:m+nt]n. 服装(总称)

go well 顺利
hop [h&p]vi. 双脚跳
jump [DN]mp)n. 跳跃
last [l%:st]n. 最后
at last最后的, 上一次的
live [liv] vi. 生活
moment ['m+um+nt]n. 时刻; 瞬间
never ['nev+]adv. 决不
no longer不再
over ['+uv+]prep. 在…之上
prosper ['pr&sp+]vi. 繁荣; 昌盛; 发达
shoemaker ['Mu:meik+]n. 鞋匠
slip [slip]vt. 滑(倒)
spruce [spru:s]adj. 打扮得整洁漂亮的;
surprise [s+'praiz]n. 吃惊
in surprise吃惊地
swiftness ['swiftnis]n. 迅速
take in hand着手; 从事
testify ['testifai] vt. 为…作证
whatever [hw&t'ev+] pron. 无论如何
小精灵和鞋匠

以前有个鞋匠。虽然并不是因为他自己的过错,但是他变得很穷困,最后他只剩下仅够做一双鞋的皮料,别的一无所有。于是,他在晚上把鞋料裁好,准备第二天上午开始把皮料制成皮鞋。由于他心安理得,所以能安然躺在床上,把自己的一切托付上苍,然后就入睡了。第二天早晨,他做过祷告后,准备开始工作,但是发现想要做的那双鞋子已经做好,放在自己的桌上。他吃惊得目瞪口呆,不知该怎么想。他把鞋子拿在手里,再加仔细端详。这双鞋做得好极了,就像是出自一个制鞋大师之手,一针一线的位置都恰到好处。

不久,一位买主走进来。因为那双鞋穿在他脚上大小很服贴,他给了比一般都高的价钱。这样,鞋匠就有钱买了做两双鞋的皮料。他在晚上把皮料裁剪好,准备第二天早晨精神焕发地开始工作。但当他起身时,发现鞋料又已经被做成了鞋子。甚至连买主也不缺。那位买主给他很多的钱,使他可以购买做四双皮鞋的皮料。隔天一大早,他又发现那四双鞋也已有人帮他做好。如此反复,无论他晚上裁剪了多少双鞋料,到早上这些鞋料必然被做成了鞋子。如是,他的生活很快得到了改善,最后还是变得十分富有。

圣诞节前不久的一个晚上,鞋匠在裁完皮料上床之前对他的妻子说:

“今天晚上如果我们熬个夜,看看谁在为我们干活,好吗?”

他的妻子同意了。他们点了一盏灯,然后躲在屋子一角挂了几件上衣的后面,再就开始观察。一到半夜时,他们发现两个五官端正,但身上赤条条的小人,来到屋内,坐在鞋匠的桌子前,干起为他们准备好的活儿。他们时儿穿针引线,时儿用锥钉钉子,他们的小手指如此灵敏俐落,连鞋匠的眼光也几乎赶不上,他真是惊叹不已。他们总是先把活儿干完,把做好的放在桌上,然后才跳跳蹦蹦地离去。

第二天早晨,鞋匠的妻子对鞋匠说:“那两个小人使我们发了财,我们也应该对他们表示感激之情。他们一丝不挂地跑东跑西,一定很冷。我有个主意。我会给他们做些小衬衫,小外套,小马甲,小马裤,并且为他们每人织一双长统袜,你再为他们每人做一双鞋子。”

丈夫欣然同意。晚上,当他们做完所有的事情后,他们把礼物一起放在桌上,而不再放裁剪好的鞋料,然后,他们躲到可以观察小精灵如何行动的地方。半夜一到,两个小精灵匆匆而来,准备开始工作。但是他们没有发现裁剪好的皮料,却发现了为他们准备好的整洁的小衣裳,他们呆了一阵子,然后喜形于色,很快地拿起了漂亮的衣服,一面穿在身上,一面唱着:

“我们是多么时髦漂亮的小伙子啊!

“我们不再是臭皮匠了。”

他们又跳又唱,在屋里的桌子和椅子上跳来跳去,最后跳出了大门。

从那以后,再也没有见到过他们,但是鞋匠后来终其一生都过得幸福美满,凡是所经营的事业,无不兴旺发达。

解 说

1. through no fault of his own并非由于他自己的过错。2. he had nothing left but just enough leather to make one pair of shoes他除了仅够做一双鞋的皮料之外一无所有。(句中nothing…but…意为“只有…”)3. so as to get to work upon (next morning) 以便(明晨)对它们进行加工;(词组中so as to引导出表示目的的状语词组。)4. committed himself to heaven把自己托付给上苍;听天由命。5. said his prayere做了祷告。6. found the pair of shoes made and standing on his table发现那双鞋子已经做好并被放在桌上了。7. could not tell what to think惊讶得目瞪口呆。8. every stich was in its right place每一针的位置都很贴切。9. as if they had come from the hand of a master -workman好像它们是制鞋大师的杰作。10. gave more than usual price for them付的钱比往常要多。11. enough money to buy leather for…足够买制作…的皮料。12. with fresh spirit精力充沛地;精神焕发地。13. who gave him so much money that…(那个顾客)给他那么多的钱…;(句中who指上文中的那个顾客,that…后接表示结果的状态从句。14. four new pairs = four new pairs of shoes四双新鞋子。15. Early next morning第二天一早。16. found the four pairs also finished发现那四双鞋也已经做好了。17. whatever he cut out in the evening无论他晚上裁剪好多少双鞋料。18. was worked up next morning第二天早上必然被做好了。19. so that he was soon in the way of making a good living因此,他的生活很快就越来越好,句中 in the way of表示一种发展倾向;make a good living过好日子,生活舒适。20. not long before Christmas圣诞节前不久。21. finish cutting out完成裁剪工作。22. how would it be if…如果…那么会怎样?23. as soon as it was midnight一到半夜 they saw come in two neatly-formed naked little men 一到半夜,他们就发现有两个五官端正,浑身上下一丝不挂的小人走进房间,(句中,宾语从句为倒装句,句中的come in位置提前,使句子更生动,正常语序应为:…they saw two neatly-formed naked little men come in 24. …began to stitch, to pierce and to hammer so cleverly and quickly with their little fingers that…开始用他们的小手指非常迅速而熟练地穿针引线,打洞,钉钉子,因此…(句中that引导出表示结果的状态从句。)25. full of wonders was he (that) 他惊讶极了;(此句为了强调full而倒装;一般词序为:he was so full of wonderds (that…)26. Those little men have made us rich这些小人儿使我们富裕起来。27. with all their

running about他们跑东跑西的. 28. they must be cold他们一定很冷. 29. I'll tell you what 我有个主意. 30. placed themselves so that they could observe how the little men would behave 把他们自己藏在一个地方, 从那儿可以看到那些小人儿会干什么. 31. With the greatest swiftness以最快的动作. 32. What spruce and dandy boys are we! 我们是多么时髦漂亮的孩子啊! (此句为了达到押韵的目的而主谓倒置, 也可改写为: What spruce and dandy boys we are!) 33. No longer cobblers we will be = We will be cobblers no longer. 34. It always went well with the shoemaker as long as he lived但是鞋匠后来终其一生都过得幸福美满. 35. whatever he took in hand prospered无论他干什么, 都发利市/很赚钱.

The Wolf and the Seven Little Goats

There was once an old goat who had seven little ones, and was as fond of them as ever mother was of her children. One day she had to go into the wood to fetch food for them, so she called them all round her.

“Dear children, ” said she, “I am going out into the wood; and while I am gone, be on your guard against the wolf, for when he were once to get inside he would eat you up, skin, bones, and all. The wretch often disguises himself, but he may always be known by his hoarse voice and black paws. ”

“Dear mother, ” answered the kids, “you need not be afraid, we will take good care of ourselves.” And the mother bleated good-bye, and went on her way with an easy mind.

It was not long before someone came knocking at the house door, and crying out,

“Open the door, my dear children, your mother has come back, and has brought each of you something. ”

But the little kids knew it was the wolf by the hoarse voice.

“We will not open the door,” cried they; “you are not our mother; she has a delicate and sweet voice, and your voice is hoarse; you must be the wolf. ”

Then off went the wolf to a shop and bought a big lump of chalk, and ate it up to make his voice soft. And then he came back, knocked at the house door, and cried,

“Open the door, my dear children, your mother is here, and has brought each of you something. ”

But the wolf had put up his black paws against the window, and the kids, seeing this, cried out,

“We will not open the door; our mother has no black paws like you; you must be the wolf. ”

The wolf then ran to a baker.

“Baker, ” said he, “I am hurt in the foot; pray spread some dough over the place. ”

And when the baker had plastered his feet, he ran to the miller.

“Miller,” said he, “strew me some white meal over my paws. ” But the miller refused, thinking the wolf must be meaning harm to someone.

“If you don’t do it,” cried the wolf, “I’ll eat you up!”

And the miller was afraid and did as he was told. And that just shows what men are.

And now came the rogue the third time to the door and knocked. “Open, children!” cried he. “Your dear mother has come home, and brought you each something from the wood. ”

“First show us your paws,” said the kids, “so that we may know if you are really our mother or not. ”

And he put up his paws against the window, and when they saw that they were white, all seemed right, and they opened the door; and when he was inside they saw it was the wolf, and they were terrified and tried to hide themselves. One ran under the table, the second got into the bed, the third into the oven, the fourth ran into the kitchen, the fifth hid in the cupboard, the sixth under the sink, the seventh in the clock-case. But the wolf found them all, and gave them short shrift; one after the other he swallowed down, all but the youngest, who was hid in the clock-case. And so the wolf, having got what he wanted, strolled forth into the green meadows, and laying himself down under a tree, he fell asleep.

Not long after, the mother goat came back from the wood; and, oh! what a sight met her eyes! The door was standing wide open; table, chairs, and stools, all thrown about; dishes broken; quilt and pillows torn off the bed. She sought her children; they were nowhere to be found. She called to each of them by name, but nobody answered, until she came to the name of the youngest.

“Here I am, Mother,” a little voice cried, “ here, in the clock-case. ”

And so she helped him out, and heard how the wolf had come, and eaten all the rest. And you may think how she cried for the loss of her dear children. At last in her grief she wandered out of doors, and the youngest kid with her; and when they came into the meadow, there they saw the wolf lying under a tree, and snoring so that the branches shook. The mother goat looked at him carefully on all sides and she noticed how something inside his body was moving and struggling.

“Dear me!” thought she. “Can it be that my poor children that he devoured for his evening meal are still alive?” And she sent the little kid back to the house for a pair of shears, and needle, and thread. Then she cut the wolf’s body open, and no sooner had she made one snip than out came the head of one of the kids; and then another snip, and then one after the other the six little kids all jumped out alive and well, for in his greediness the rogue had swallowed them down whole. How delightful this was! So they comforted their dear mother and hopped about like tailors at a wedding.

“Now fetch some good hard stones,” said the mother, “and we will fill his body with them, as he lies asleep. ”

And so they fetched some in all haste, and put them inside him, and the mother sewed him up so quickly again that he was none the wiser.

When the wolf at last awoke, and got up, the stones inside him made him feel very thirsty, and as he was going to the brook to drink, they struck and rattled one against another. And so he cried out:

What is this I feel inside me

Knocking hard against my bones?

How should such a thing betide me!

They were kids, and now they’re stones.

So he came to the brook, and stooped to drink, but the heavy stones weighed him down, so he fell over into the water and was drowned. And when the seven little kids saw it they came up running.

“The wolf is dead, the wolf is dead! ” they cried, and taking hands, they danced with their mother all about the place.

afraid [+’freid]adj. 害怕；恐怕
against [+’geinst] prep. 与…相对抗
back [b\$k]adv. 向后
bleat [bli:t]vi. (象声词)羊的叫地声
bone [b+un]n. 骨骼；骨头
bring
care [k#+]n. 小心；注意；仔细
take good care of注意；照顾
cry [’krai]vi. 叫唤；叫喊
dear [di+] adj. 亲爱的
disguise [dis’gaiz]vt. 伪装；化装
disguise oneself把自己化装成…
ever [’ev+] adv. 永远
fetch [fetM]vt. 去…拿来
fond [f&nd]adj. 喜爱
fond of 喜欢
food [fu:d]n. 食物
get inside 进入
goat [g+ut]n. 山羊
guard [g%:d]n. 警惕
on one’s guard戒备；警惕
hoarse [h&:s]adj. (声音)沙哑的
kid [kid] n. 孩子
knock [n&k]vt. 敲(门)
little ones [’litl w)nz]n. 小东西；小家伙
may [mei]v. aux. 可能
mind [maind]n. 头脑；思想
need [ni:d]v. aux. 需要
once [w)ns]adv. 有一次
open [’+up+n]vt. 打开

paw

round [raund] prep. 在…周围；环绕着
skin [skin]n. 皮；皮肤
so [s+u]conj. 如此…那么地…
someone [’s)mw)n]pron. 有人；某人
something [’s)mIiR]pron. 一些(事情)；某事
when [hwen]conj. 那时
while [hwail]conj. 当…的时候
wolf [wulf] n. 狼
wood [wud]n. 树林
would [wud] v. aux. will的过去式
wretch [retM]n. 恶棍
against [+’geinst]prep. 靠着
baker [’beik+]n. 面包师
bring
chalk [tM&:k]n. 石膏
cry [krai]vi. 叫喊
dear [di+]adj. 亲爱的
delicate [’delikit]adj. 优雅的；细小娇嫩
dough [d+u]n. 面粉团
hoarse [h&:s]adj. 沙哑的
hurt [h+:t]vt. 伤害
kid [kid]n. 孩子；儿童
knock [n&k]vt. 敲打；敲门
like [laik] prep. 像…一样

lump [lʌmp]n. (一)块
lump of(一)块
make [meɪk] vt. (made [meɪd]) 使得
meal [mi:l]n. 一餐饭
miller ['mɪl+]n. 磨坊主
must [(弱)m+st, (强)m]st]v. aux. 必须
off [&(:)f]adv. 离开
over ['+uv+] prep. 在…之上

paw

place
plaster ['plɛ:st+]vt. 敷上;
pray

put

refuse [ri'fju:z]vt. 拒绝
soft [sɒft]adj. 柔软的; 细嫩的
something ['s)miI]pron. 某事; 某物
spread [spred]vt. 洒; 撒
strew [stru:]vt. (strewed [stru:d], strewn [stru:n]) 撒满
sweet [swi:t]adj. 甜蜜的; 甜美的
when [hwen] conj. 当…的时候
wolf [wulf]n. 狼
afraid [+ 'freɪd]adj. 害怕
against [+ 'geɪnst]prep. 对着; 靠着
as [(弱)+z, (强)\$z]conj. 当…之际
bring
but [(弱)b+t, (强)b]t]prep. 但是
clock-case ['klɒk]keɪs]n. 大钟的外壳
cry [krai]vi. 叫喊
cupboard ['k)b+d]n. 碗厨
dear [di+] adj. 亲爱的
find [faɪnd]vt. (found [faʊnd])发现; 找到
get [get]vi. (got [gɒt])得到
harm [hɑ:m]n. 伤害
hide [baɪd] (hid [hɪd], hidden ['hɪdn])vt.
hide oneself 把自己藏在…
inside ['ɪn' saɪd]n. 在…中间
just [DN]st]adv. 只有
kid [kɪd] n. 孩子
kitchen ['kɪtʃɪn]n. 厨房
knock [nɒk]vt. 敲打; 敲(门)
may [meɪ]v. aux. (might [maɪt]) 可以; 可能
mean [mi:n]vt. 意味着
miller ['mɪl+]n. 磨坊主
must [(弱)m+st, (强)m]st] v. aux. 必须
one after the other 一个接着一个
oven [')vn]n. 烤炉

paw

really ['ri+li]adv. 真正地; 真地
right [raɪt]adj. 正确的; 右边的;
rogue [r+ug]n. 流氓; 恶棍
seem [si:m]vi. 似乎
show [M+u]vt. 表示; 暗示
shrift [Mrɪft]n. 对待
give short shrift无情地对待
so that…(may)… 以至…

someone ['s)mw)n]pron. 某人
something ['s)mIiR]pron. 某事
swallow ['sw&l+u]vt. 吞食
terrify ['terifai] vt. 使…充满恐惧
time [taim]n. 次数
try [traɪ] vt. 尝试
when [hwen]conj. 当…的时候
wolf [wulf]n. 狼
wood [wud]n. 森林
asleep [+ 'sli:p]adj. 睡着的; 熟睡的
branch
break
clock-case ['kl&kkeis]n. 大钟的外壳
cry for 为…而哭泣
dear [di+]adj. 亲爱的
dish [diM]n. 盆子; 碟子
fall asleep 睡着了
forth [f&:l]adv. 向前
goat [g+ut]n. 山羊
grief [gri:f]n. 悲痛
hide [haid]vt. (hid [hid], hidden ['hidn])躲藏
kid [kid]n. 孩子
last [l%:st]n. 最后; 终于
look [luk]vt. 看; 瞧
loss [l&s]n. 丧失; 失去
may [mei]v. aux. (might [mait]) 可以; 能够
meadow ['med+u]n. 草地; 牧场
meet [mi:t] vt. (met (met))遇到
lay [lei]vt. (laid [leid])放;
lay oneself down 让自己躺下
lie [lai]vi. (lay [lei], lain [lein]) 躺
name [neim] n. 名字
by name按名字
nobody ['n+ub+di]pron. 没有谁
nowhere ['n+uhw#+]adv. 无论何处都没有
off [&(:)f]adv. 离开
oh [+()int. 喔; 噢
pillow ['pil+u]n. 枕头
quilt [kwilt]n. 被褥; 床单
rest [rest]n. 余下的
seek [si:k]vt. (sought [s&:t])寻找
shake [Meik]vi. (shook [Muk], shaken ['Meik+n]震动
sight [sait]n. 情景; 景象
snore [sn&:]vi. 打鼾
so that 以致于
stool [stu:l]n. 凳子; 矮凳
stroll [str+ul]vi. 散步
tear [t#+]vt. [tore] [t&:], torn [t&:n]]撕开
throw [Ir+u] vt. (threw [Iru:], thrown [Ir+un])投扔
until [+n'til]conj. 直到…才…
wander ['w&nd+]vi. 徘徊; 流浪
wide [waid] adv. 宽的
wood [wud]n. 森林
alive [+ 'laiv]adj. 活的; 活着的
asleep [+ 'sli:p]adj. 睡着的

awake [+’weik]vi. (awoke [+’w+uk], awaken [+’weik+n]使…醒过来
carefully [’k#+fuli]adv. 仔细地；小心地
comfort [’k)mf+t]vt. 安慰
dear me 天哪！
delightful [di’laitful]adj. 高兴的
devour [di’vau+]vt. 吞食
fetch [fetM]vt. 取来
fill [fil] vt. 填入
for [(弱)f+, (强)f&:]conj. 为了
get up起床；起身
greediness [’gri:dinis]n. 贪婪； 贪心
hard [h%:d] adj. 硬的
haste [heist]n. 匆忙
in haste n. 匆忙地
hop [h&p]vi. 跳跃；双脚齐跳
inside [’in’said]prep. 在…之内
lie [lai]vi. (lay [lei], lain [lein]) 躺
like [laik]prep. 像…一样
meal [mi:l]n. 一餐饭
needle [’ni:dI]n. (缝纫用的)针
no sooner…than 一…就…
none [n)n]pron. 没有人；一个人也没有
notice [’n+utis]vt. 注意到
pair
quickly [’kwikli]adv. 迅速地
rogue [r+ug]n. 流氓；恶棍
send [send]vt. (sent [sent]) 送；派
sew [s+n]vt. 缝合
shears [Mi+z]n. (剪羊毛用的)大剪刀
side [said]n. 一侧
snip [snip]n. 剪开
still [stil]adv. 仍然
struggle [’str)gl]vi. 斗争
swallow [’sw&l+u]vt. 吞食
tailor [’teil+]n. 裁缝
thirsty [I+:sti]adj. 口渴
thread [Ired]n. 线
wedding [’wediR]n. 婚礼
whole [h+ul]adj. 整个的
wise [waiz]adj. 聪明的
none the wiser他一点也不知道；他仍被蒙在鼓里
against [+’geinst]prep. 与…相对；靠着
betide [bi’taid]vt. 发生；降临
bone [b+un]n. 骨头
brook
cry [krai]vi. 叫唤
dead [ded] adj. 死的；死亡的
drink [driRk]vt. (drank [dr\$Rk], drunk [dr)Rk]) 喝水
drown [draun]vt. 淹死
fall [f&:l]vi. (fell [fel], fallen [’f&:l+n]) 跌落；掉下
feel [fi:l]vt. (felt [felt]) 感到
hard [h%:d] adj. 硬的
heavy [’hevi]adj. 沉重的
how [hau] adv. 如何
inside [’in’said]prep. 在…中间

kid [kid]n. 小孩
knock [n&k]vi. 敲打；撞击
over ['+uv+]adv. 在…之上
place
rattle ['r\$tɪl]vt. 卡嗒卡嗒地响
should [Mud]v. aux. shall的过去式
so [s+u]adv. 如此地
stoop [stu:p]vi. 弯腰
strike [straik] vt. (struck [str]k))打声
such [(弱)s+tM, (强)s)tM]如此地…
weigh [wei]vt. (以重量)压下
wolf [wulf]n. 狼

七只小山羊和狼

从前有个羊妈妈，她有七个孩子——七只小山羊。像每个母亲一样，她也很爱自己的孩子。有一天，她要到树林里去为他们寻找食物，所以，她就把孩子们叫到身边。

“亲爱的孩子们，”她说，“我就要去森林里了，我走了以后，你们一定要提防那头狼，因为万一他溜进了屋里，他一定会把你们连皮带骨吃个精光。那个坏蛋常常伪装，但是，你们总是可从它那吵哑的声音和黑黑的爪子认出他来。”

“亲爱的妈妈，”孩子们回答，“你不要害怕，我们会好好地照顾自己的。”羊妈妈与孩子们道别后，就放心地走了。

羊妈妈走了没多久，就有人来敲门，并大声喊道：

“亲爱的孩子们，快开门吧，你们的妈妈回来了，我还为每个小乖乖都带了东西！”

但是小家伙们从那个吵哑的声音中，就知道它是狼。

“我们不会开门的，”他们高声答道。“你不是我们的妈妈；她的声音柔和甜美，而你的声音粗哑。你一定是狼。”

于是狼离开了，前往一家商店买了一大块白垩。它把白垩吃了，使自己的声音柔和一些，然后他又卷土重来，一边敲门一边喊道：

“开门呀，亲爱的孩子们。你们的妈妈到家了。我给你们每人都带了东西。”

但是，那头狼把自己的黑爪子搭在窗上，给孩子们看见了。于是，孩子们喊道：

“我们才不会开门呢！”我们的妈妈没有像你那种黑黑的爪子。你一定是狼。”

于是狼跑到一个面包师那里，对面包师说，“面包师，我的脚受伤了，请你给我在脚上敷些生面团吧。”

面包师给他敷上生面团后，他又跑到一个磨坊主人那里说道：

“磨坊老板，请你在我的脚上洒些白面粉。”

但磨坊主人回绝了，他想狼一定在动坏脑筋害人。

“如果你不给我在脚上洒面粉，我就把你吃掉！”

于是磨坊主人害怕了，就按狼的要求，给它的脚上洒了些白面粉。人就是这样，先求自保。

随后，那个恶棍第三次来到羊妈妈的家，敲门。

“孩子们，开门来！”他喊道，“你们亲爱的妈妈回来了，我还从林子里给你们大家带来了好东西！”

“先给我们看看你的爪子，”孩子们说。“这样我们才会知道你是否真正是我们的母亲。”

于是狼把它的爪子搭在窗上。当孩子们看到爪子是白的，一切似乎都很正常，他们就把门打开了。当狼进屋后，他们才发现它是狼。孩子们怕极了，大家都想把自己藏起来。第一只山羊躲到了桌下，第二只山羊钻进了床上的被子里，第三只山羊躲到了烤炉内，第四只山羊逃进了厨房，第五只山羊钻进了碗橱里，第六只山羊躲到了水槽下面，第七只山羊钻进了大钟的钟壳之中。但是，除了那只钻进钟壳的小羊幸免之外，老狼把其余的六只都找了出来，而且毫不留情地把他们一一吞下了肚子。

吃饱后，狼心满意足地走到一片如茵的草地，躺在一棵大树下进入了梦乡。

没多久，羊妈妈从林子里回来。啊！她看到的是一副什么景象啊！大门敞开着，屋内的桌子，椅子，小凳子摔的到处都是，地上是被打碎的碗碟和从床上扯下的床单和枕头，却什么地方也找不到孩子。于是，她开始一个个地呼唤他们的名字，只有当叫到最小的那个孩子时，才听到回答：

“妈妈，”一个微弱的声音回答道，“我在这里，在大钟的钟壳里。”

羊妈妈帮助小山羊爬出了钟壳，并听他讲狼怎样来把其余的羊都吃光了的经过。你们可以想像，羊妈妈是怎样地为失去了她亲爱的孩子们而痛哭流涕。最后，她伤心地带着那只最小的羊，漫无目的的走到户外。在那草地上，他们发现那头狼躺在树下，鼾声如雷，把树枝都震得发抖。羊妈妈对狼仔仔细地左看右看，发现它的肚子里有东西在动，在挣扎。

“天啊！”她想，“我的那些被狼吞食当晚餐的可怜的孩子们，是否有可能还活着！”于是她叫小羊回家去拿一把剪羊毛用的大剪刀和一些针线。然后，她就动手把狼的肚子剪开。她刚刚剪开一个口子，一只小羊的头就冒了出来，她又剪下去，于是狼肚子内的小羊一个接一个地从开口处跳了出来，因为恶狼贪婪得很，在吃小羊时是整个吞下去的，所以小羊们能安然无恙地活着。这是多么令人高兴的事啊！小羊们一边安慰着羊妈妈，一边兴高采烈跳跳蹦蹦，就像在参加一个婚礼一样。

“去搬些又大又硬的石头来，”羊妈妈说，“我们要乘狼熟睡时把它的肚子填满石头。”

于是，小羊们急急忙忙地搬了些石头来，塞进了狼的肚子，随后羊妈妈很迅速地把狼肚子又缝合了起来，而狼一点也没有发觉。

狼醒来之后，肚子里的石头使它感到很渴，当他动身到溪水旁边去喝水时，一路上石头还相互碰撞，响个不停。于是他自言自语地说：

我肚里到底是什么东西？

硬绑绑顶着我的骨头。

事情怎么会这样希奇！

吃下的是小羊羔，现在却成了石头。

走到小溪边，狼就弯下身子准备饮水，但是重的石头压得他直不起腰来。于是，他跌进水里淹死了。小羊们看到狼淹死了，都跑了出来。“狼死了，狼死了。”他们喊道，同时手挽着手，和羊妈妈一起在周围跳起舞来。

解 说

1. was fond of them as ever mother of her children像任何母亲喜爱自己的孩子那样，羊妈妈很喜爱自己的羊羔(此句句字为省略句，其完整的表达方式为：was fond of them as mother was ever fond of her children 2. she had to go into the wood to fetch food forthem她不得不去森林为他们取食物(had to意为：不得不)3. I’m going out into the wood我要去森林。(句中 am going out是用现在进行方式表示将来的一种方法)4. be on your guard against the wolf要警惕那头狼(be on your guard against意为：要当心；要警惕)5. he would eat you up, skin, bones and all他会把你们连皮带骨都吃了。(句中skin, bones and all为独立成分，补充说明 eat you up)6. he may always be known by his hoarse voice and black paws你们总是可从他沙哑的声音和黑黑的爪子把他认出来。(原句为被动语态，但用主动语态来译出它们的意思更附合中文习惯。)7. you need not be afraid你不必害怕。8. bleated good-bye(bleated good-bye是 said good-bye变化而来的。因为羊不会说话，只能 bleat(羊叫)，所以 said good-bye就成了bleated good-bye，以达到一种幽默的语言效果。)9. with an easy mind很放心地。10. It was not long before someone came…不久就有人来到(It was not long before…是固定句型，意为：不久…)11. Then off went the wolf to a shop = Then the wolf went off to a shop 然后，那头狼就去了一家商店。12. to make his voice soft为的是使他的声音更温柔。13. your mother is here. 你们的妈妈来了。14. the kids, seeing this, cried out看到这情景，孩子们都叫了起来。(此句也可改写为：When they saw this (=seeing this), the kids cried out.)15. I am hurt in the foot. 我的腿受伤了。(表示伤在何处，可用介词 in。

例如：She was hurt in the back. 他的背部受伤了。)16. pray spread some dough over the place. 请在这地方敷一些生面粉团。17. thinking the wolf must be meaning harm to someone认为那头狼一定在打算害人。(to mean harm to someone意为“有意要害人”。)18. And that just shows what men are.而那恰恰表现了人的本质。(when men are: 人就是那样的。)19. so that we may know if you are really our mother or not这样我们就能知道你是否真是我们的母亲。(以if为首的从句是know的宾语从句；if在这里意为“是否”。)20. when he was inside当他进入了屋内(=when he was inside the house。)21. one after the other he swallowed down他把小羊羔一个接着一个地吞下肚内。(此句为倒装句，其一般语序为= he swallowed one after the other. 倒装后强调 one after the other.22. who was hid in the clock-case 那个最小的小羊羔藏在大钟的钟壳之内。(who指上文中的第七个小羊羔。)23. having got what he wanted得到了他所要得到的东西(=after he had got what he wanted to get。)24. laying himself down under a tree 让自己躺在一棵树下。25. Not long after不久。26. was standing wide open(门)大开着。27. all thrown about(桌子，椅子等)被乱扔一气。28. dishes broken盆子被打破了(=dishes were broken)29. quilt and pillows torn of the bed床单和枕头都被撕下了床。(= quilt and pillows were torn off the bed)30. they were nowhere to be found无论在什么地方都找不到他们。31. until…直到…32. helped him out帮他走出了钟壳。33. in her grief在她极度痛苦之中。34. they saw the wolf lying under a tree, and snoring so that the branches shook他们看见那头狼躺在一棵树下，他鼾声大作，使树枝也为之颤动。35. she noticed how something inside his body was moving and struggling她注意到他的肚子里有什么东西在动，在挣扎。36. Can it be that…是否有可能…37. a pair of shear 一把剪羊毛用的大剪刀。38. cut the wolf’s body open把狼的肚子剖开。39. no sooner had she made one snip that out came the head of one of the kids她刚刚剪开一个小口，一个孩子的头就冒了出来。40. and then another snip 然后，(她)又剪了一个小口。41. one after the other一个接着一个。42. in his greediness由于他的贪婪。43. sewed him up so quickly that…把他的肚子很快地缝合了；缝合得如此之快，以至…44. made him feel very thirsty使他感到非常口渴。45. rattled one against another(石头)相互撞击，发卡嗒卡嗒的声音。46. What is this I feel. 我感觉到的是什么东西啊。(=What is this that I feel。)47. they came up running他们跑着来到(母亲面前)。48. taking hands相互握着手；手挽着手。49. all about the place到处(all about和all over都有“到处”的意思，例如：all over the country全国各地。)

The Frog Prince

In the old times, when people could have all they wished, there lived a King whose daughters were all handsome, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun himself, who has seen so much, wondered each time he shone over her because of her beauty. Near the royal castle there was a great dark wood, and in the wood under an old linden tree was a well; and when the day was hot, the King's daughter used to go forth into the wood and sit by the brink of the cool well, and if the time seemed long, she would take out a golden ball, and throw it up and catch it again, and this was her favorite pastime.

Now it happened one day that the golden ball, instead of falling back into the maiden's little hand which had sent it aloft, dropped to the ground near the edge of the well and rolled in. The King's daughter followed it with her eyes as it sank, but the well was deep, so deep that the bottom could not be seen. Then she began to weep, and she wept and wept as if she could never be comforted. And in the midst of her weeping she heard a voice saying to her.

"What ails you, King's daughter? The tears would melt a heart of stone. "

And when she looked to see where the voice came from, there was nothing but a frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water.

"Oh, is it you, old waddler?" said she. "I weep because my golden ball has fallen into the well. "

"Never mind, do not weep, " answered the frog; "I can help you; but what will you give me if I fetch up your ball again?"

"Whatever you like, dear frog, " said she; "any of my clothes, my pearls and jewels, or even the golden crown that I wear. "

"Your clothes, your pearls and jewels, and your golden crown are not for me. " answered the frog; "but if you would love me, and have me for your companion and playfellow, and let me sit by you at table, and eat from your plate, and drink from your cup, and sleep in your little bed-if you would promise all this, then would I dive below the water and fetch you your golden ball again. "

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I will promise it all, whatever you want, if you will only get me my ball again. "

But she thought to herself, "what nonsense he talks! as if he could do anything but sit in the water and croak with the other frogs, or could possibly be anyone's companion. "

But the frog, as soon as he heard her promise, drew his head under the water and sank down out of sight. But after a while he came to the surface again with the ball in his mouth, and he threw it on the grass.

The King's daughter was overjoyed to see her pretty plaything again, and she caught it up and ran off with it.

"Stop, stop! " cried the frog. "Take me up, too; I cannot run as fast as you!"

But it was of no use. The King's daughter would not listen to his croaking, but made haste home, and very soon forgot all about the poor frog, who had to betake himself to his well again.

The next day, when the King's daughter was sitting at table with the King and all the court, and eating from her golden plate, there came a knocking at the door, and a voice crying, "Youngest King's daughter, let me in!"

And she got up and ran to see who it could be, but when she opened the door, there was the frog sitting outside. Then she shut the door hastily and went back to her seat, feeling very uneasy. The King noticed how quickly her heart was beating and said:

"My child, what are you afraid of? Is there a giant standing at the door ready to carry you away?"

"Oh, no, " answered she; "No giant, but a horrid frog. "

"And what does the frog want?" asked the King.

"O dear father," answered she, "when I was sitting by the well yesterday, and playing with my golden ball, it fell into the water, and while I was crying for the loss of it, the frog came and got it again for me on condition I would let him be my companion, but I never thought that he could leave the water and come after me; but now there he is outside the door, and he wants to come in to me. "

And then they all heard him knocking the second time and crying:

"Youngest King's daughter,

Open to me!

By the well water

What promised you me?

Youngest King's daughter

Now open to me!"

" That which you have promised must you perform, " said the king; "so go now and let him in. "

So she went and opened the door, and the frog hopped in, following at her heels, till she reached her chair. Then he stopped and cried:

"Lift me up to sit by you. "

But she delayed doing it until the King ordered her. When once the frog was on the chair, he wanted to get on the table; and there he sat and said! "Now push your golden plate a little nearer, so that we may eat together. "

And so she did; but everybody saw how unwilling she was, and the frog feasted heartily, but every morsel seemed to stick in her throat.

"I have had enough now," said the frog at last, "And as I am tired, you must carry me to your room, and make ready your silken bed, and we will lie down and go to sleep."

Then the King's daughter began to weep, and was afraid of the cold frog; she could not even touch him, and now he

actually wanted to sleep in her pretty clean bed. Now the King grew angry with her, saying:

“That which you have promised in your time of necessity, must you now perform.”

So she picked up the frog with her finger and thumb, carried him upstairs and put him in a corner, and when she had lain down to sleep, he came creeping up, saying! “I am tired and want sleep as much as you; take me up, or I will tell your father.”

Then she felt beside herself with the rage, and picking him up, she threw the frog with all her strength against the wall, crying:

“Now will you be quiet, you horrid frog!”

But as he fell, he ceased to be a frog, and became all at once a prince with beautiful kind eyes. And it came to pass that, with her father’s consent, they became bride and bridegroom. And he told her how a wicked witch had bound him by her spells, and how no one but she alone could have released him, and that they two would go together to his father’s kingdom. And there came to the door a carriage drawn by eight white horses, with white plumes on their heads, and with golden harness, and behind the carriage was standing faithful Henry, the servant of the young prince. Now, faithful Henry had suffered such care and pain when his master was turned into a frog, that he had been obliged to wear three iron bands over his heart, to keep it from breaking with trouble and anxiety. When the carriage started to take the prince to his kingdom, and faithful Henry had helped them both in, he got up behind, and was full of joy at his master’s deliverance. And when they had gone a part of the way, the prince heard a sound at the back of the carriage, as if something had broken, and he turned round and cried:

“Henry, the wheel must breaking!” but Henry answered:

“The wheel does not break,

Tis the band round my heart

That, to lessen its ache,

When I grieved for your sake,

I bound round my heart.”

Again, and yet once again there was the same sound, and the prince thought it must be the wheel breaking, but it was the breaking of the other bands from faithful Henry’s heart, Because it was now so relieved and happy.

aloft [+'l&ft]adv. 高高在上

as [(弱)+, (强)\$z]conj. 正当…

beauty ['bju:ti]n. 美人

because of 因为

bottom ['b&t+m]n. 底部

brink

castle ['k%:sl]n. 城堡

cool [ku:l]adj. 凉爽的

drop [dr&p]vi. 掉下; 跌落

edge [edN]n. 边缘

fall ['f&:l]vi. 下落; 掉下

favorite ['feiv+rit]adj. 最喜爱的

follow ['f&l+u]vt. 跟随

forth [f&:I]adv. 向前

frog [fr&g]n. 青蛙

golden ['g+uld+n]adj. 金色的

ground [graund]n. 地面

handsome ['h\$ns+m]adj. 英俊的

happen ['h\$p+n]vi. 发生

instead of 代替; 而不是

linden ['lind+n]n. 菩提树

maiden ['meidn]n. 姑娘; 女郎

near [ni+]prep. 靠近

pastime ['p%:staim]n. 娱乐; 消遣

people ['pi:pl]n. 人们

prince

roll [r+ul] vi. 滚动

royal ['r&i+l]adj. 王室的; 皇家的

seem [si:m]vi. 似乎; 好像

send [send]vt. (sent [sent]) 送; 投掷

shine [Main]vi. (shone [M&n, 美M+un])发出光辉

sink [siRk]vi. (sank [s\$Rk], sunk [s)Rk])下沉

so [s+u] adv. 如此的
throw [Ir+u] vt. (threw [Iru:], thrown [Ir+un]) 投扔
time [taim]n. 时代
used to [ju:s(t)t+]总是(表示过去的习惯动作)
weep [wi:p]vi. (wept [wept]) 哭泣
well [wel]n. 水井
wish [wiM]vi. 希望
wonder [’w)nd+]vi. 很想知道；感到惊奇
wood [wud]n. 森林
would [wud]v. aux. will的过去式(常用来表示一个习惯动作)
ail [eil]vt. 使…苦恼
as if好像；似乎
because [bi’k&z]conj. 因为
below [bi’l+u]prep. 在…下方
but [(弱) b+t, (强)b)t] prep. 但是；
clothes [kl+uJz]n. 衣服
comfort [’k)mf+t] vt. 安慰
companion [k+m’p\$nj+n]n. 同伴；伴侣
crown [kraun]n. 王冠
dear [di+]adj. 亲爱的(常用来表示亲昵)
dive [daiv]vi. 潜水
drink [driRk] vt. (drank [dr\$Rk], drunk [dr)Rk])喝；饮
even [’i:v+n]adv. 甚至于
fall [f&:l]vi. (fell [fel], fallen [’f&:l+n])落下
fetch [fetM]vt. 取来
frog [fr&g]n. 青蛙
golden [’g+uld+n]adj. 金色的
heart [h%:t]n. 心里；心脏
help [help]vt. 帮助
jewel [’dNu:+l]n. 宝石
let [let] v. aux. 让…
look [luk]vt. 看；瞧
melt [melt]vt. 融化
midst [midst]n. 在…中间
mind [maind]vt. 介意
never [’nev+]adv. 决不
nothing [’n)liR] pron. 什么也没有
oh [+u]int. 噢
pearl
plate
playfellow [’pleifel+u]n. 游戏的伙伴
promise [’pr&mis]vt. 答应
stretch [stretM]vt. 伸展
tear [ti+]n. 眼泪
thick [Iik]adj. 厚的
ugly [’)gli]adj. 难看的
waddler [’w&dl+]n. 摇摇晃晃的家伙；摇头晃脑的人
wear [w#+]vt. (wore [w&:], worn [w&:n])穿；戴
weep [wi:p]vi. (wept [wept])哭泣
well [wel] n. 水井
whatever [hw&t’ev+]pron. 无论如何
would [wud]aux. v. will的过去式
anyone [’eniw)n]n. 无论何人
anything [’eniIiR]n. 无论何物
as if好像；似乎

as soon as 一…就…
betake [bi'teik]vi. (betook [bi'tuk], betaken [bi'teik+n])带到
betake oneself to 把自己带到…
but [(弱)b+t, (强)b)t]prep. 除了之外
companion [km'p\$nj+n]n. 伴侣
croak [kr+uk]vi. (青蛙)叫
draw [dr&:] vt. (drew [dru:], drawn [dr&:n])拖; 拉
fast [f%:st] adv. 迅速
fetch [fetM]vt. 去取来
forget [f+'get]vt. (forgot [f+'g&t], forgotten [f+'g&tn])忘记
frog [fr&g]n. 青蛙
get [get]vt. 拿到
golden ['g+uld+n]adj. 金色的
grass [gr%:s]n. 草
haste [heist]n. 匆忙; 仓促
make haste赶快
listen ['lisl]vi. 听
nonsense ['n&ns+ns]n. 废话
off [&(:)f]adv. 离开
overjoyed ['+uv+dN&id]adj. 极其高兴的
plaything ['pleiliR]n. 玩具
poor
possibly ['p&s+bli]adv. 可能
pretty ['priti]adj. 漂亮的
promise ['pr&mis] n. 答应; 许诺
sight [sait]n. 视野
out of sight 看不见了; 从视野中消失
sink [siRk] vi. (sank [s\$Rk], sunk [s)Rk])下沉
surface ['s+:fis]n. 表面
use [ju:s]n. 用处
be of no use毫无用处
want [w&nt]vt. 要
well [wel]n. 井
whatever [hw&t'ev+]pron. 无论如何
while [hwail]n. 一段短暂的时间
after a while 过了一会儿
would [wud] v. aux. will的过去式
afraid [+ 'freid]adj. 害怕; 恐惧
beat [bi:t]vi. (beat [bi:t], beaten ['bi:t+n])打; 心跳
carry ['k\$ri]vt. 拿 carry away 拿走
companion [k+m'p\$nj+n]n. 伴侣
condition [k+n' diM+n]n. 条件
on condition以…为条件
court [k&:t]宫廷; 宫廷人员
cry [krai] vi. 哭泣
dear [di+]adj. 亲爱的
fall [f&:l]vi. (fell [fel], fallen ['f&:l+n])跌落; 跌下
feel [fi:l]vi. (felt [felt]) 感到
frog [fr&g]n. 青蛙
get up起身; 起床
giant [' dNai+nt]巨人
golden [' g+uld+n]adj. 金色的
hastily ['heistili]adv. 匆忙的
heart [h%:t]n. 心脏
horrid ['h&rid]adj. 可怕的; 令人讨厌的

how [hau] adv. 如何
knocking [ˈn&kiR]n. 敲打；叩打
leave [li:v]vt. (left [left])离开
let [let]aux. v. ; vt. 让
let in 让…进入
loss [l&s] n. 失去
never [ˈnev+]adv. 决不
notice [ˈn+utis]vt. 注意到
o [+u] int. 喔
oh [+u] int. 哦；噢
outside [ˈaut’said] adv. 外面的；外边的
plate
quickly [ˈkwikli]adv. 很快地
ready [ˈredi]准备好的；原意的
seat [si:t]n. 座位
shut [M)t]vt. 关闭
uneasy [ˈn’i:zi]adj. 不安
want [w&nt]vt. 要
well [wel]n. 井
when [hwen]adv. 何时
while [hwail]conj. 在…之际
would [wud]aux. v. will的过去式
cry [krai]vi. 叫唤
delay [di’lei]vt. 延迟；拖延
feast [fi:st]vt. 宴席
follow [ˈf&l+u]vi. 跟随
frog [fr&g]n. 青蛙
get [get]vt. (got [g&t])到达；
get on 跳上(桌子)
golden [ˈg+uld+n]adj. 金色的
heartily [h%:tili]adv. 高兴地；心满意足地
heel [hi:l]n. 脚跟
at one’s heels 跟在某人的后边
hop [h&p]vi. (双脚)跳；
hop in跳进
how [hau] adv. 如何
know [n+u]vt. 知道
let [let] vt.让 let in 让…进入
lift [lift] vt. 举 lift up 举起
may [mei] aux. v. (might [mait])可以；可能
near [ni+]adv. 靠近
once [w)ns] adv. 一次
order [ˈ&:d+] vt. 命令
outside [ˈaut’said] prep. 在…外边
perform
plate
promise [ˈpr&mis]vt. 答应
push
reach [ri:tM] vt. 达到
sit by 坐在…的旁边
so [s+u] adv. 如此
till [til] conj. 直到
time [taim]n. 次 the second time 第二次
together [t+’geJ+]adv. 与；一起
until [+n’til]conj. 直到

unwilling [ˈʊnˈwɪliŋ]adj. 不情愿的

want [wʌnt]vt. 要

well [wel]n. 井

when [hwen]conj. 当…的时候

actually [ˈ\$ktMu+li]adv. 事实上

afraid [+ˈfreid]adj. 害怕; 恐怕

against [+ˈgeinst]prep. 与…相对

angry [ˈ\$Rgri]adj. 生气

angry with对…开始生气

as [(弱)+z, (强)\$z]conj. 正当…

carry [ˈk\$ri]vt. 拿

cease [si:s]vi. 停止

clean [kli:n]adj. 清洁的

corner [ˈk&:n+]n. 角落

creep [kri:p]vi. (crept [krept])爬

enough [iˈn)f]n. 足够的

even [ˈi:v+n]adv. 甚至

feel [fi:l]vi. (felt [felt])感到

beside oneself 感到不能控制自己

go to sleep去睡觉

horrid [ˈh&rid]adj. 可怕的; 令人厌恶的

last [l%:st]n. 最后; 终于

lie [lai](lay [lei],lain [lein])vi. 躺

lie down躺下

make [meik]vt. (made [meid]), 使得 makeready准备好

morsel [ˈm&:s+l] n. 一小口; 一点点

necessity [niˈsesiti]n. 必要

perform

pick

pretty [ˈpriti]adj. 漂亮的

promise [ˈpr&mis]vt. 答应; 许诺

quiet [ˈkwai+t]adj. 安静的

rage [reidN]n. 愤怒

ready [ˈredi]adj. 准备好的

seem [si:m]vi. 似乎

silken [ˈsilk+n]adj. 像绸缎一般的

so [s+u]adv. 如此的

stick [stik]vi. 黏

strength [streI]n. 力量

all one's strength竭尽全力

throat [Ir+ut]n. 喉

thumb [I)m]n. 大拇指

tired [ˈtai+d]adj. 疲劳的

touch [t)tM]vt.

upstairs [ˈ)pˈst#z] adv. 楼上

want [wʌnt]vt. 要

weep [wi:p]vi. (wept [wept])哭泣

alone [+ˈl+un]adv. 独自一人的; 孤单单的

anxiety [\$Rgˈzaiti]n. 烦恼; 极度不安

band [b\$nd]n. 箍

bind [baind]vt. (bound [baund])绑着, 束缚

bride

bridegroom [ˈbraidgrum]n. 新郎

care [k#+]n. 担忧

carriage [ˈk\$ridN]n. 马车

consent [k+n'sent]n. 同意
deliverance [di'liv+r+ns]n. 解放；得到拯救
draw [dr&:]vt. (drew [dru:], drown [dr&:n])拖；拉
faithful ['feiIful]adj. 忠实的
full [ful]adj. 满的
get up起身
hamess ['h%:nis]n. 辕具
Henry ['henri]n. 亨利
iron ['ai+n]n. 铁的
joy [DN&i]n. 喜悦
keep [ki:p]vt. (kept [kept])保持
kingdom ['kiRd+m]王国
master ['m%:st+]n. 主人
oblige [+b'laiDN]vt. 有义务
once [w]ns]n. 一次 all at once突然
pain
part
pass
come to pass发生
plume
release [ri'li:s]vt. 释放；解除
round [raund]adv. 绕圈子
turn round向后转
sound [saund]n. 声音
spell [spel]n. 魔法
such [(弱)s+tM, (强)s)tM]adj. 如此的
suffer ['s)f+]vt. 受难
together [t+'geJ+]adv. 一起
trouble ['tr)b1]n. 苦恼；忧虑
wear [w#+]vt. (wore [w&:], worn [w&:n])戴着
wicked ['wikid]adj. 可恶的
witch [witM]n. 女巫
would [wud]aux. will的过去式
ache [eik]n. 痛苦
band [b\$nd]n. 带；箍
because [bi'k&z]conj. 因为
bind [baind]vt. (bound [baund])绑
break
breaking ['breikiR]n. 破裂；碎裂
faithful ['feiIful] adj. 忠实的
grieve [gri:v]vi. 悲哀
heart [h%:t]n. 心脏
Henry ['henri]n. 亨利
lessen ['lesn]vt. 减轻
once [w]ns]adv. 一次
prince
relieve [ri'li:v]vt. 使…感到安慰
round [raund]prep. 绕着
sake [seik]n. 原因for one's sake为了某人的原因
so [s+u]adv. 如此的；非常的
sound [saund]n. 声音
'tis [tiz] It is的缩略形式
wheel [hwi:l]n. 车轮
when [hwen]conj. 当…的时候
yet [jet]adv. 然而

青蛙王子

在人们还可以实现愿望的古代，那时候有个国王，他有好几位公主。虽然每位公主都貌美如花，但是她们中的小公主更是光艳照人，连见过很多世面的太阳，在每次向她洒下万道金光时，也因她的美而惊奇不已。在国王城堡附近有一片广阔无垠的黑森林。

在林中的一棵老菩提树下，有一口水井。天气炎热时，小公主总会到林中的那口井边，坐在凉爽的井台上。如果呆的时间比较长，她还会拿出一个金球，在手里抛上抛下，这是她最喜欢的游戏。

有一天，小公主把球抛出后，球却没有落回她抛球的小手里，球掉在井边，然后就滚进了井里，小公主眼睁睁地看着它下沉。那口井很深，简直是深不见底，小公主开始哭泣。哭呀哭呀，似乎谁也安慰不了她。就在这时，她听到有个声音对她说，

“什么事使您如此伤心啊，公主？您的眼泪连铁石心肠的人也能感动。”

小公主抬起头来朝发出声音的地方看去，发现有只青蛙正把那难看的笨脑袋瓜子伸出水面。

“噢！是你吗？你这个摇摇晃晃的家伙，”小公主说道。“我是在为我掉到井里的金球而哭呀。”

“没有关系，别哭了。”青蛙回答。“我能够帮助你，但是如果我再把你的球捡起来，你会给我什么报酬呢？”

“你要什么我就给你什么，亲爱的青蛙，”公主说。“我的任何衣服，珍珠宝石，甚至我头上的金冠。都可以。”

“你的衣服，你的珍珠宝石，你的金冠我都用不着，”青蛙回答说，“但是，如果你会爱我，把我当作你的同伴和游伴，用餐时坐在你身边，同吃一盘菜，同喝一杯水，而且还要睡在你的小床上。如果你答应所有这些条件，那么我就潜入水底，替你把金球再拿上来。”

“好的，”公主答道，“无论你提出什么要求我都同意，只要你再把球给我拿回来。”

但是公主又暗暗自己在想，“他在讲什么废话！好像什么事它都能干似的。他除了和其它青蛙一样坐在井里呱呱叫而外，或者说他还可能成为别人的同伴。”

然而那青蛙一听到她表示同意，就一缩头钻进水里不见踪影了。一会儿，它嘴里衔着球冒出了水面，然后就把球扔在草地上。

当公主看到她的漂亮的玩具时，心里非常欢喜，拣起球就走了。

“等等，等等！”青蛙叫道。“把我也拣起来。我可不能跑得像你那么快。”

但这样叫也没有用，公主不听青蛙呱呱叫，只是赶着回家，并且很快就把可怜的青蛙全忘了，那只青蛙毫无办法只有回到自己的井里。

第二天，当小公主和皇帝以及所有朝臣们坐在桌旁，正在从金盘中取食用餐时，突然有敲门声，并且有声音喊道：“国王的小公主，快开门让我进来呀！”

小公主起身跑去看那究竟可能是谁，当她发现门外坐着的是那只青蛙。她急急忙忙把门关上，然后回到自己的座位上，心里感到十分不安。国王看到她心情很紧张，于是就问道：

“孩子，你害怕什么？是不是门外站着个巨人准备要把你抢去呀？”

“啊，没有，”她回答，“不是巨人，是只可怕的青蛙。”

“那只青蛙要什么？”国王问道。

“啊，亲爱的父王，”公主答道，“昨天我坐在井边玩球时，球掉进了水里。当我在为此而哭泣时，那只青蛙跑来为我拣回了球，条件是要我让它成为我的伴侣。当时我并没有想到它能离开水井而跟我走的。但是现在它却已到了门外，要来找我。”

正在这时，他们都听到了青蛙再次的敲门声和叫喊声：

“小公主，

快来替我开门！

你在井边答应过我什么事？

小公主，

快来开门。”

国王说：“你答应做的事一定要做，所以你现在就去开门让他进来。”

于是，小公主去开了门。青蛙紧跟在她的后面。一跳一跳地一直跟到她的椅子前。然后，青蛙停下来说道：

“请把我抱起来，让我坐在你身旁。”

但是小公主一直等到国王命令她，她才把青蛙放在椅子上。青蛙一上了椅子，又要求，让他坐在桌子上。坐上了桌子后，青蛙说道，“请把你的金盘子推到离我近一点的地方，这样我才能和你一起吃！”

小公主照做了，但每个人都看得出她是多么地不情愿。青蛙开始开怀大嚼，但是小公主却感到每一小口似乎都难以下咽。

最后，青蛙说：“我吃饱了，而且因为我觉得疲倦了，你现在必须把我抱到你的房间去，把你的锦缎的床铺好，我们要一起躺下睡觉。”

小公主听罢开始哭泣，她害怕那冷冰冰的青蛙，连碰也不敢碰他，而他现在硬要睡在她那又漂亮又干净的床上。于是国王对她变得很生气，他说，

“你在需要别人帮助时答应别人的事，现在你一定要言出必行。”

于是，小公主用大拇指和另一个手指把青蛙拈起来带上了楼，并且将它放在屋里的一个角落里。当小公主自己躺在床上准备睡觉时，青蛙爬了过来，对小公主说：“我和你一样累，我同样也要睡觉，请你把我抱上床。否则我就去告诉国王。”这时，小公主简直怒不可遏。她把青蛙拾起，然后用尽全身力气向墙上扔去，一边叫道：

“你这个可怕的青蛙，现在你可以安静了吧！”

然而，青蛙掉下时不再是个青蛙了，突然间变成了一个有着一双迷人而亲切的眼睛的王子。事情后来演变成在国王同意下，他们结为夫妇成了新娘和新郎。王子告诉公主，他是如何地被一个邪恶的女巫用咒语作弄，而只有小公主一人才能解求他。他还告诉公主他将带着她返回自己父王的国度。于是，有一天，王宫前来了一辆由八匹白色骏马拉着的马车，马头上还插着白羽毛，背上金鞍。在马车后面站着王子的忠仆亨利。在王子被变成青蛙的日子里，亨利心情非常沉痛，因此他箍了三个法圈在他心的周围，以免他的心由于过分不安和担忧而破碎。那一天亨利首先帮助王子与公主上了马车，当马车带着王子朝着他的国家出发时，亨利心里充满了喜悦，他上了车，站在车后，为王子得到拯救而高兴。马车走了一段路时，王子就听到车后咔嚓一声，好像什么东西震断了，于是他回过头大声说道：

“亨利，一定是轮子断了！”但是亨利答道：“轮子没有断，

而是箍在我心上的铁圈，

当我为你而伤心时，

为了减缓我的心痛，
我在心的周围箍了铁圈。 ”

接着，同样的声音又响起了，王子以为一定是车轮断了，而实际上断的是亨利箍在心口的另外两个铁箍，因为忠实的亨利现在已心花怒放了。

解 说

1. in the old times, when people could have all they wished在人们想要什么就能得到什么的古代，…(句中when指 in the old times.)2. was so beautiful that…美丽到…的程度。3. the sun himself太阳自己；太阳本身(注意：童话中往往对太阳，月亮，动物等采用拟人手法，所以此句中用himself来指太阳，而不用itself.)4. each thim he shone over her 每当太阳照耀着她时 (=each time when the sun shone over her.) 5. in the wood under a linden tree was a well 在森林中的一棵菩提树下有一口水井。(此句为倒装句子，一般语序为: a well was under a linden tree in the wood.)6. would take out a golden ball(她)总是拿出一个金色的球。(句中would常用来表示过去的习惯动作.) 7. it happened one day that…有一天，碰巧…8. so deep that the bottom could not be seen(那口井)非常深，连井底也看不见。(so…that…在这里用来引导一个表示结果的状态从句.)9. wept and wept哭个不停10. as if she could never be comforted好像没有人能安慰她 (as if: 似乎；好像，例如: The boy talks as if he were an old man. 那个男孩子讲起话来好像他是个老头似的.)11. in the midst of her weeping正当她在哭泣时12. see where the voice came from观察一下声音是从哪里发出的。13. stretching out of the water伸出水面 14. Whatever you like无论你喜爱什么 15. have me for your companion and playfellow让我做你的伴侣，让我和你一起玩耍。(playfellow: 游戏的伙伴.)16. at table 正用餐 17. then would I dive那样我才会潜入水中(此句为倒装句，也可写作: then I would dive; would在此表示意愿.)18. whatever you want无论你要什么19. she thought to herself她暗暗地思考。20. what nonsense he talks! 他讲的真是废话!21. as if he could do anything but…好像他除了…之外还能做些其他什么似的。22. …or could possibly be anyone’s companion或者说他还能成为别人的伴侣。(此句的语气中流露出对青蛙的轻视和不信任.)23. as soon as he heard her promise 一听到她表示答应(as soon as: 一…就…) 24. With the ball in his mouth把球衔在嘴里 25. was overjoyed to see…看到(球被找了回来)，非常高兴。26. I cannot run as fast as you不能跑得像你那样快。27. would not listen to his croaking不愿听他(青蛙)的叫唤声。28. there came a knocking at the door传来一声敲门声。29. a voice crying有一个声音在叫唤着。30. see who it could be看看那个敲门的人到底是谁 31. sitting outside坐在门外 32. feeling very uneasy 感到很不安 33. noticed how quickly her heart was beating注意到她的心在很快地跳动(意: 心情很紧张)。34. What are you afraid of? 你害怕什么? 35. standing at the door ready to carry you away站在门外准备把你抢去。36. No giant, but a horrid frog. 不是一个巨人，而是一个可怕的青蛙。37. on condition I would let him be my companion. 以我答应让他做我的伴侣为条件。(句中condition之后省去了that此句也可改写为: on condition that I would…)38. they all heard him knocking the second time and crying他们都听到他第二次敲门，还听到他喊道: …39. By the well water what promised you me?你在井边答应过我什么事? 40. That which you have promised must you perform你答应的事一定要做(此句也可改写为: you must perform that which you have promised) 41. following at her heels紧跟在她的后面。42. push…a little nearer把…推进一些。43. so that we may eattogether这样我们就能一起吃了。(句中so that…引导出表示目的的状态从句。例如: Heworks hard so that he may pass the exam.他为了能通过考试而努力学习.) 44. sawhow unwilling she was看到她她是那么的不情愿。45. every morsel seemed to stick in her throat她连一小口食物也不能下咽。46. grewangry with her, saying…开始对她生气，说道: 47. That which you have promised inyour time of necessity, must you now perform. 你在需要帮助的时刻许下的诺言你现在必须履行，(此句也可改写为: you must now perform that which you have promised in your time of necessity.48. came creeping up, saying…(青蛙)爬近些，说道: … 49. I want sleep as much as you我像你一样想睡觉。(as…as you意为: 像你一样，例如: I cannot run as fast as you我不能像你跑的那样快.) 50. take me up, or I will tell your father.把我抱起来，否则我就要告诉国王了。51. you horrid frog.你这个可怕的青蛙。52. ceased to be a frog不再是个青蛙了。(ceased to be:不再是; 停止，例如: He ceased to breathe他停止了呼吸; 他死了.)53. a prince with beautiful kind eyes一个有着迷人而亲切眼睛的王子。54. with her father’s consent在得到她的父亲的同意后 55. how a wicked witch had bound him by her spells一个巫婆是如何用咒语把他束缚起来。56. how no one but she alone could have released him为什么只有她才能解救他。57. and that……以及……(此that从句也是上文中 he told her的宾语从句.) 58. with white plumes on their heads, and with goldenharness(这几匹马)头上插着羽毛，背上金鞍 59. behind the carriage was…the young prince在马车后面站着忠实的亨利，王子的仆人。(此句为倒装句，主语为faithful Henry它也可改写为: Faithful Henry, the servant of the young prince, was standing behind the carriage.)60. had suffered such care and pain that…承受了那么多的担忧和痛苦。61. to keep it from breaking with trouble and anxiety为了使它不会因为不安和担忧而破碎…(句中此动词不定式为表示目的的状态.) 62. helped them both in把他们两个都扶上了马车。63. as if something had broken好像有什么东西断裂了。64. the wheel must be breaking一定是轮子断了。65. Tis(It is)the band round my heart that to lessen its ache, When I grieved for your sake, I bound round my heart.(裂开的)是箍在我心上铁圈；当我为你而伤心时，为了减缓我的心痛我把铁圈箍在我的心上；(此句中有一个定语从句，一个状语从句；定语从句由that引导，修饰the band;状语从句由when引导，修饰动词不定式to lesson its ache;此句也可改写为: it is the band that I bound round my heart, to lessen its ache when I grieved for your sake.) 66. it must be the wheel breaking一定是轮子断了。

Rapunzel

There once lived a man and his wife, who had long wished for a child, but in vain. Now there was at the back of their house a little window which overlooked a beautiful garden full of the finest vegetables and flowers; but there was a high wall all round it, and no one ventured into it, for it belonged to a witch of great might, and of whom all the world was afraid. One day, when the wife was standing at the window, and looking into the garden, she saw a bed filled with the finest rampion; and it looked so fresh and green that she began to wish for some; and at length she longed for it greatly.

This went on for days, and she knew she could not get the rampion, she pined away, and grew pale and miserable. Then the man was uneasy, and asked:

“What is the matter, dear wile? ”

“Oh,” answered she, “I shall die unless I can have some of that rampion to eat that grows in the garden at the back of our house.

The man, who loved her very much, thought to himself:

“Rather than lose my wife I will get some rampion, cost what it will.”

So in the twilight he climbed over the wall into the witch’s garden, plucked hastily a handful of rampion and brought it to his wife. She made a salad of it at once, and ate of it to her heart’s content. But she liked it so much, and it tasted so good, that the next day she longed for it thrice as much as she had done before; if she was to have any rest the man must climb over the wall once more. So he went in the twilight again; and as he was climbing back, he saw, all at once, the witch standing before him, and was terribly frightened, as she cried, with angry eyes:

“How dare you climb over into my garden like a thief, and steal my rampion! It shall be the worse for you!”

“Oh,” answered he, “be merciful rather than just. I have only done it through necessity; for my wife saw your rampion out of the window, and became possessed with so great a longing that she would have died if she could not have had some to eat.” Then the witch said:

“If what you tell me is true, you may have as much rampion as you like, on one condition—the child that will come into the world must be given to me. I will be kind to the child, and care for it like a mother.”

In his distress of mind the man promised everything; and when the time came when the child was born, the witch appeared and, giving the child the name of Rapunzel(which is the same as rampion), she took it away with her.

Rapunzel was the most beautiful child in the world. When she was twelve years old the witch shut her up in a tower in the midst of a wood, and it had neither steps nor door, only a small window above. When the witch wished to be let in, she would stand below and would cry:

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel! Let down your hair!”

Rapunzel had beautiful long hair that shone like gold. When she heard the voice of the witch she would undo the fastening of the upper window, unbind the plaits of her hair, and let it down twenty ells below, and the witch would climb up by it. After they had lived thus a few years it happened that as the King’s son was riding through the wood, he came to the tower; and as he drew near he heard a voice singing so sweetly that he stood still and listened. It was Rapunzel in her loneliness trying to pass away the time with sweet songs. The King’s son wished to go in to her, and sought to find a door in the tower, but there was none. So he rode home, but the song had entered into his heart, and every day he went into the wood and listened to it. Once, as he was standing there under a tree, he saw the witch come up, and listened while she called out:

“O Rapunzel, Rapunzel! Let down your hair.”

Then he saw how Rapunzel let down her long tresses, and how the witch climbed up by it and went in to her, and he said to himself:

“Since that is the ladder, I will climb it, and seek my fortune.” And the next day, as soon as it began to grow dusk, he went to the tower and cried:

“O Rapunzel, Rapunzel! Let down your hair.” And she let down her hair, and the King’s son climbed up by it.

Rapunzel was greatly terrified when she saw that a man had come in to her, for she had never seen one before; but the King’s son began speaking so kindly to her, and told how her singing had entered into his heart, so that he could have no peace until he had seen her herself. Then Rapunzel forgot her terror, and when he asked her to take him for her husband, and she saw that he was young and beautiful, she thought to herself:

“I certainly like him much better than the old mother Gothel,” and she put her hand into his hand, saying:

“I would willingly go with you, but I do not know how I shall get out. When you come, bring each time a silken rope, and I will make a ladder, and when it is quite ready I will get down by it out of the tower, and you shall take me away on your horse.” They agreed that he should come to her every evening, as the old woman came in the daytime. So the witch knew nothing of all this until once Rapunzel said to her unwittingly:

“You are much heavier to draw up, Mother Gothel, than the King’s son, who has just left me!” “O wicked child,” cried the witch, “What is this I hear! I thought I had hidden you from all the world, and you have betrayed me!”

In her anger she seized Rapunzel by her beautiful hair, struck her several times with her left hand, and then grasping a pair of shears in her right—snip, snip—the beautiful locks lay on the ground. And she was so hard-hearted that she took Rapunzel and put her in a waste and desert place, where she lived in great woe and misery.

The same day on which she took Rapunzel away she went back to the tower in the evening and made fast the severed locks of hair to the window hasp, and the King’s son came and cried:

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel! Let down your hair”

Then she let the hair down, and the King’s son climbed up, but instead of his dearest Rapunzel he found the witch looking at him with wicked, glistening eyes.

“ Aha!” cried she, mocking him, “ you came for your darling, but the sweet bird sits no longer in the nest, and sings no more; the cat has got her, and will scratch out your eyes as well! Rapunzel is lost to you; you will see her no more.”

The King’s son was beside himself with grief, and in his agony he sprang from the tower: he escaped with life, but the thorns on which he fell put out his eyes. Then he wandered blind through the wood, eating nothing but roots and berries, and doing nothing but lament and weep for the loss of his dearest wife.

So he wandered several years in misery until at last he came to the desert place where Rapunzel lived with her twin-children that she had borne, a boy and a girl. At first he heard a voice that he thought he knew, and when he reached the place from which it seemed to come Rapunzel knew him, and fell on his neck and wept. And when her tears touched his eyes they became clear again, and he could see with them as well as ever.

Then he took her to his kingdom, where he was received with great joy, and there they lived long and happily.

- afraid [+’freid]adj. 害怕
- back [b\$kn. 后面；后部
- bed [bed]n. 花床；苗床
- belong [bi’ l&R]vi. 属于belong to属于
- dear [di+]adj. 亲爱的
- die [dai]vi. 死亡
- fill [fil]vt. 充满
- fine [fain]adj. 良好的
- for [(弱)f+, (强)f&:]conj. 为了…
- fresh [freM]adj. 新鲜的
- full [ful]adj. 满满的
- get [get]vt. (got [g&t])得到
- greatly [’greitli]adv. 大大地；非常
- grow [gr+u](grew [gru:], grown [gr+un])vi. 生长着；种植着
- length [leRI]n. 长度 at length最后
- live [liv]vi. 住着；生活着
- long [l&R]vt. 渴望long for渴望
- look [luk]vi. 看；观看
- matter [’m\$t+]事情；事件；情况
- might [mait]n. 力量
- miserable [’miz+r+bl]adj. 难受的；痛苦的
- oh [+u]int. 啊；噢
- once [w)ns]adv. 一次
- overlook [’+uv+’ luk]vt. 俯瞰
- pale
- pine
- pine away因过度思念而渐渐消瘦
- rampion [’r\$mpj+n]n. 风铃草(一种蔬菜)
- Rapunzel [’r\$pnts+l]拉庞翠儿(人名，意为“风铃草”)
- round [raund]prep. 环绕着
- so [s+u]adv. 如此的…；非常…
- stand [st\$nd]vi. (stood [stud])站立
- uneasy [n’ i:zi]adj. 不安
- unless [+n’ les]conj. 除非
- vain [vein]adj. 徒劳的
- in vain徒劳
- vegetable [’ vedNit+bl]蔬菜
- venture [’ventM+]vi. 尝试
- when [hwen]conj. 当…的时候
- wish [wiM]vt. 希望
- witch [witM]n. 女巫
- all at once突然
- angry [’ \$Rgri]adj. 生气的；愤怒的
- as [(弱)+z, (强)\$z]conj. 正当…的时候
- back [b\$kn. 后面
- before [bi’ f+:]prep. 在…之前；在…前面
- climb [klaim]vi. 爬

content [k+n'tent]n. 满足
one's heart's content心满意足
cost [k&st]vt. 以…为代价
cry [krai]vt. 叫喊; 叫唤
dare [dN+]vi. 敢于
eat [i:t]vi. (ate [eit], eaten [i:tn])吃
frighten ['fraitn]vt. 使…害怕
get [get]vt. 得到
handful ['h\$ndful]n. 一把; 一捧
hastily ['heistili]adv. 急急忙忙地; 匆忙地
just [DN]st]adj. 正当
like [laik]vt. 喜欢
lose [lu:z]vt. (lost [l&st])失去
long for渴望
love [l)v]vt. 热爱
merciful ['m+:siful]adj. 仁慈的; 宽大为怀的
necessity [ni'sesiti]n. 必要的
oh [+u]int. 噢; 啊
once [w]ns]n. 一次 all atonce突然间
only ['+unli]adv. 仅仅
over ['+uv+]prep. 在…之上
pluck
rampion ['rmpjn]n. 风铃草(一种蔬菜)
rather ['r%:J+]adv. 而…ratherthan而不是…
rest [rest]n. 安宁
salad ['s\$l+d]n. 色拉(一道菜)
so [s+u]adv. 如此的…
so~that非常…以至于…
steal [sti:l](stole [st+ul], stolen ['st+ul+n])vt. 偷窃; 偷盗
taste [teist]vi. 品尝
terribly ['ter+bli]adv. 非常地; 极其
thief [Ii:f]n. 贼
think [IiRk]vi. (thought [I&:t])想; 思考 think to oneself暗自思考
thrice [Irais]adv. 三倍; 三次
through [Iru:]prep. 由于, 因为
twilight ['twailait]n. 黄昏时分
witch [witM]n. 女巫
worse [w+:s]adj. 更糟糕的(bad之比较级)
above ['+b)v]adv. 向上; 上方
appear ['+pi+]vi. 出现
away ['+wei]adv. 离开; 离去
take away拿走
bear [b#+]vt. (bore [b&:], born [b&:n])诞生
below [bi'l+u]adv. 向下; 在下方
care [k#+]vt. 关注; 照顾
come into the world诞生; 来到人世间
condition [k+n'diM+n]n. 条件
cry [krai]vi. 叫喊
distress [dis'tres]n. 困苦; 苦恼
fastening ['f%:sniR]n. (窗)栓; 门闩
hair [h#+]n. 头发
kind [kaind]adj. 慈样的; 心地善良的
let down放下; 垂下
let in让…进入
like [laik]prep. 像…一样

longing ['l&RiR]n. 渴望；迫切希望
may [mei]aux. v. (might [mait])可以；可能
midest [midt]n. 中间；in themidst of 在…的中间
mind [maid]n. 思想；头脑
neither ['naiJ+]adv. 既不…
possess
became possessed with使…拥有；不能摆脱(某种思绪)
promise ['pr&mis]vt. 答应
rampion ['r\$mpj+n]n. 风铃草
Rapunzel ['r\$pnts+l]拉庞翠儿(人名)
shine [Main]vi. (shone [M&n], 美 [M+un])发出光泽
shut [M)t]关闭；
shut up把…关起来
steps [steps]n. 阶梯
tower ['tau+]n. 塔楼
undo [')n'du:]n. 放松；解开
upper [')p+]adj. 上方的；上面的
wish [wiM]vt. 希望
witch [witM]n. 女巫
wood [wud]n. 森林
would [wud]aux. v. 总是(表示过去某一时期内的习惯动作)
as [(弱)+z, (强)\$z]conj. 正当…的时候
below [bi'l+u]adv. 下方；向下
call [k&l]vi. 叫喊
climb [klaim]vt. 爬
draw [dr&:]vi. (drew [dru:],
drawn [dr&n])(向某一方向)移动
draw near接近
dusk [d)sk]n. 黄昏时分
ell [el]n. 厄而(古代量度单位；相当于45英寸)
enter ['ent+]vi. 进入
few [fju:]adj. 很少；a few有几个
fortune ['f&:tM+n]n. 好运道；运气
grow [gr+u]vi. (grew [gru:], grown [gr+un])生长；种植
happen ['h\$p+n]vi. 发生；
it happened that正巧
heart [h%:t]n. 心
how [hau]adv. 如何
ladder ['l\$d+] n. 梯子
let down放下
listen ['lisn]vi. 听；
listen to倾听…
live [liv]vi. 生活
loneliness ['l+unlinis]n. 孤独
near [ni+]adv. 靠近
none [n)n]pron. 一个也没有
o [+u]int. 噢；喔
once [w)ns]adv. 一次
pass away度过；消磨时光
plait
ride [raid]vi. (rode [r+ud], ridden ['rid+n])骑(马)；乘(车)
seek [si:k]vt. (sought [s&:t])寻找
since [sins]conj. 自从
so~that如此的…以至于…
stand still静止不动

still [stil]adj. 宁静的
sweet [swi:t]adj. 甜的; 甜美的
sweetly ['swi:tli]adv. 动听地
through [Iru:]prep. 通过
thus [J]s]adv. 这样
tower ['tau+]n. 塔楼
tress [tres]发束; 发辫
try [traɪ]vt. 尝试; 努力地去
unbind [n'baɪnd]vt. (unbound [n'baʊnd])放松; 解开
while [hwaɪl]conj. 正当...的时候
wish [wiʃ]vt. 希望
witch [witʃ]n. 女巫
wood [wʊd]n. 森林
would [wʊd]aux. v. 往往(will的过去式. 常用来表示过去的一个习惯动作)
agree ['gri:]vi. 同意; 赞成
as [(弱)+z, (强)\$z]conj. 正当...的时候
away [+wei]adv. 离开; 离去
take away拿走
bring
certainly ['s+:tnli]adv. 当然
climb [klaɪm]vi. 爬
daytime ['deɪtaɪm]n. 白昼; 白天
enter ['ent+]vi. 进入
forget [f+'get]vt. forgot [f+'g&t], forgotten [f+'g&tn]忘记
get out出去; 离开
Gothel ['g&t+]戈什儿(女巫的名字)
greatly ['greɪtli]adv. 非常; 大大地
hair [h#+]n. 头发
heart [h%:t]n. 心
how [hau]adv. 如何
husband ['h)zb+nd]n. 丈夫
kindly ['kaɪndli]adv. 慈爱地; 亲切地
ladder ['l\$d+]n. 梯子
let [let]vt. 让... let down放下
never ['nev+]adv. 决不
nothing ['n)IɪR]pron. 没有任何东西
one [w)n]n. 某人
peace

put

quite [kwaɪt]adv. 相当; 很
ready ['redi]adj. 准备好
rope [r+up]n. 绳索
should [Mʊd]aux. v. shall的过去式
silken ['sɪlk+n]adj. 像丝绸似的
singing ['siRɪn]n. 歌声
so that这样... (用来引导表示目的或结果的状态)
terrify ['terɪfaɪ]vt. 使...恐慌
terror ['ter+]n. 惊恐; 恐慌
think [IɪRk]vi. 想; 思索
think to oneself暗想
tower ['tau+]n. 塔楼
until [+n'til] conj. 直到...才...
willingly ['wɪlɪŋli]adv. 自愿地; 情愿
witch [witʃ]n. 女巫
would [w+d,wʊd]aux. v. will的过去式

aha [%(:)ʼh%:]int. 啊哈
anger [ʼ \$Rg+]n. 愤怒
away [+ʼwei]adv. 离开 take away 拿开
betray [biʼtrei]vt. 背叛
climb [klaɪm]vi. 爬
dear [di+]adj. 亲爱的
desert [ʼdez+t]n. 沙漠
draw up 拉起
fast [f%:st]adj. 迅速的
make fast 使…加速
glistening [ʼglisniR]adj. 闪光的
Gothel [ʼg&t+l]n. 戈什儿
grasp [gr%:sp]vt. 抓住
ground [graund]n. 地面
hard-hearted [ʼh%:dʼh%:tid]adj. 冷酷的；心肠硬的
hasp [h\$sp]n. 纺锤
heavy [ʼhevi]adj. 沉重的
hide [haid](hid [hid], hidden [ʼhidn]vt. 躲藏
instead of 代替
just [DN]st]adv. 正好；恰巧
leave [li:v]vt. (left [left]) 离开
left [left]adj. 左边的
let down 放下
lock [l&k]n. 锁
misery [ʼmiz+ri]n. 苦难
mock [m&k]vt. 耻笑
O [+u]int. 噢
once [w)ns]adv. 一次
pair
place
seize [seiz]vt. 抓住
several [ʼsevr+l]adj. 几个；一些
severed [ʼsev+d]adj. 切断的
shears [Mi+z]n. 大剪刀
snip [snip] n. 剪断；剪开
so~that 如此…以至…
strike [staik]vt. (struck [str)k]) 打听
tower [ʼtau+]n. 塔楼
until [)nʼtil]conj. 直到
unwittingly [)nʼwitiRli]adv. 不知不觉的
waste [weist]adj. 荒芜的
where [hw#+]adv. 那里
wicked [ʼwikid]adj. 可恶的
witch [witM]n. 女巫
woe [w+u]n. 痛苦
agony [ʼ \$g+ni]n. 痛苦
as well 也
at first 起初
bear [b#+]vt. (bore [b&:], borne [b&:n])prep. 生；诞生
beside [biʼsaid]prep. 在…一边
be beside oneself 不能自制
berry [ʼberi]n. 浆果
blind [blaɪnd]adj. 瞎的；失明的
clear [kli+]adj. 清澈的
darling [ʼd%:liR]n. 亲爱的人儿

dear [di+]adj. 亲爱的
desert ['dez+t]n. 沙漠
escape [is'keip]vi. 逃走
escape with life逃脱性命
ever ['ev+]adv. 永远
fall [f&l]vi. (fell [fel], fallen ['f&l+n]) 跌落
grief [gri:f] n. 悲痛
joy [DN&i]n. 喜悦
kingdim ['kiRd+m]n. 王国
lament [l+'ment]n. 哀叹
loss [l&s]n. 丧失
misery ['miz+ri]n. 苦难
neck [nek]n. 颈部
nest [nest]n. 鸟巢
no longer不再
no more 不再；没有了
place
put out熄灭；弄瞎
reach [ri:tM]vi. 到达
receive [ri'si:v]vt. 欢迎
root [ru:t]n. 根
scratch [skr\$tM]vt. 抓
several ['sevr+l]adj. 几个
spring [spriR]vi. (sprang ['spr\$R], sprung [spr]R)) 跳起
sweet [swi:t]adj. 甜蜜的
tear [ti+]n. 眼泪
thorn [l&n]n. 刺
through [Iru:]prep. 通过
touch [t)tM]vt. 接触
twin-children ['twin'tMildr+n]n. 双胞胎
wander ['w&nd+]vi. 流浪；徘徊
weep [wi:p](wept [wept])vi. 哭泣
拉庞翠儿

从前有一对夫妻。他们很久就希望有个孩子，但是总不能如愿。他们的后屋有一扇小窗，从这小窗子看到下面有一个长满了奇花异草的漂亮的花园，但是周围有高墙，没有人敢冒险进入这个花园，因为这所花园属于一个法力无边的巫婆，整个世界也都怕她。有一天，那个妻子正站在窗前，欣赏着下面花园的景色时，突然发现花园中有一个长满了漂亮的风铃草的花床。那些风铃草长得如此鲜嫩，如此碧绿诱人，使她开始想要得到一些，而且最后她强烈地渴望要得到它。

这种情况持续了好几天，她知道自己无法得到对面花园中的风铃草，她日见消瘦，脸色苍白，真是其情可悯。她的丈夫为此而感到不安，于是问道：

“亲爱的妻子，到底发生了什么事情？”

妻子答道：“唉，如果我吃不到我们屋后花园中的风铃草，我会死去的。”那丈夫很爱自己的妻子，他暗自思量：

“无论花什么代价，我也要弄到一些风铃草，而不能失去我的妻子。”

于是，在昏暗的傍晚时分，他翻墙爬进了巫婆的花园，匆匆忙忙地摘了一把风铃草，带给他的妻子。她把那风铃草做成沙拉，心满意足地把它吃了。由于风铃草味道鲜美之极，第二天她比以前更想要吃。如果要使她满意，她丈夫必须每次翻墙入园采摘风铃草。于是，在傍晚时分，他又去了。当他要爬出围墙时，他突然发现那巫婆正站在他面前，当她带着愤怒的目光对他吼叫时，他害怕极了。

“你竟敢像贼一样溜进我的花园来偷摘我的风铃草，你要倒霉了！”

“啊！”他答道，“请你法外施恩吧！我这样做是不得已。我太太从窗口看到了你的风铃草。她简直被它迷住了，如果她吃不到的话，她会死的。

”

于是，那巫婆就说：

“如果你说的是真话，那么你要多少就可摘多少。但是有一个条件，你妻子吃了这风铃草之后，生下的孩子一定要给我，我会像母亲一样慈祥地照看那孩子。”

怀着痛苦的心情，那男子完全答应了。后来，当他的妻子生产时，女巫出现了，她为孩子取名拉庞翠儿(意即“风铃草”)，并把孩子带走了。

拉庞翠儿是世界上最美丽的孩子。当她十二岁时，女巫就把她关在森林中间的一座塔楼之上。那座塔楼既无楼梯又无门，只有顶层的一扇小窗。当女巫想要上塔楼时，她就在下面叫道：

“拉庞翠儿！拉庞翠儿！把你的头发放下来！”

拉庞翠儿长着一头金色的美丽长发。她一听到女巫的喊声，就会把窗子打开，松开辫子，把它垂下20厄而，(厄而——为英国古代的长度

单位，相当于现在的45寸——译者注。）于是女巫就会顺着她的长发爬上塔楼。

他们就这样生活了几年之后，碰巧有位王子骑马走进那森林，他来到那座塔楼，当他走近时，他听到美丽动听的歌声，他驻足倾听。原来那是拉庞翠儿在寂寞中用歌唱来消磨时光。王子想走进塔楼找她，他设法找门，但却根本没有门，他无奈骑马回家，但那美妙的歌声已深入他心中，他每天都来到森林里听拉庞翠儿的歌声。有一次，当他正站在一棵树下时，他看到女巫来了，并且注意听到她喊道：

“拉庞翠儿，拉庞翠儿，快放下你的长发！”

于是，他看到拉庞翠儿放下了她的长发，以及女巫如何利用头发爬上塔楼去到她那里。他自言自语道：

既然那就是“楼梯”，那么我也要爬上去，试一试我的运气。第二天，一到傍晚，他就来到塔下叫道：“拉庞翠儿，拉庞翠儿，放下你的头发！”

接着拉庞翠儿就垂下了她的头发，而王子也顺着头发，爬进了塔楼。

看到爬进塔中的是个男子，拉庞翠儿大吃一惊，因为她从来没有看见过男子，但是王子开始很和善地向她倾诉他对于她的歌声是如何地难以忘怀，因此他觉得一定要和她见面，否则心情就不得安宁。这时拉庞翠儿忘了恐惧。她也看到王子既年轻，又英俊，当王子向她求婚时，她暗自思量：

“比起老妈妈戈什儿来，我当然喜欢他得多罗！”

于是，她拉着王子的手说：

“我很愿意跟你走，但是我不知道如何才能离开这里。以后每次你来时，请带一段丝质的绳子，我会把它们编成一架绳梯，当我把绳梯编好后，我就顺着绳梯下来走出塔楼，然后你用你的马带我离开。”由于那巫婆总是白天来的，他们约好王子晚上来，所以那巫婆对他们的往来一无所知，直到有一天拉庞翠儿无意中说出：

“戈什儿妈妈，拉你上来比刚刚离开的王子要重得多！”

女巫一听，大叫道：“你这个坏孩子，你讲什么话啊！我以为已把你藏得远离人世，而你却背叛了我。”

一怒之下，她一把抓住了拉庞翠儿美丽的头发，用左手狠狠地打了她几下，然后用右手抓起一把大剪刀，咔嚓，咔嚓几下就把她的金发剪落地上。接着，那巫婆是如此的铁石心肠竟把拉庞翠儿放逐到一处荒无人烟的沙漠，让她生活在悲哀苦难中。

在她放逐拉庞翠儿的同一天晚上，女巫回到了塔楼，将切断的发束系在窗框上，这时王子来到窗下叫喊道：

“拉庞翠儿，拉庞翠儿！把头发放下！”

于是，女巫把头发放下，让王子爬了上来。但是，他看到的不是亲爱的拉庞翠儿，而是那个眼神恶狠瞪着他的女巫。

“啊哈！”她戏弄地大声说道，“你来看你可爱的人儿，但是小鸟不再呆在鸟巢里了，她也不再唱歌了。猫把她抓走了。它还要把你的眼珠也抓出来哩！你已经失去了拉庞翠儿，你再也看不到她了。”

王子听后悲痛欲绝，在极度痛苦中，他纵身跳下了塔楼。虽然他侥幸没有送命，但是他跌落在荆棘丛中，眼睛被刺瞎了，从此，他在森林中盲目地徘徊流浪，终日为失去亲爱的妻子而哭泣悲伤，只靠食用植物的根和浆果维生。

就这样王子悲惨地流浪了好几年，最后终于来到了拉庞翠儿被放逐的沙漠。在那里，拉庞翠儿正和她所生的一对双胞胎——一男一女一起苦度时光。

起初，他听到一种自己认为很熟悉的声音。后来当他一路摸索到似乎是声音所来之处时，拉庞翠儿认出了他，就抱着他的头大哭起来。当她的眼泪流过王子的眼睛时，王子的眼睛又再变得像以往一样重见光明了。

于是，王子就将她带回他自己的王国，全国也欢欣鼓舞地迎接她，从此他们就长久幸福地生活在一起了。

解 说

1. but in vain然而不能如愿 2. a beautiful garden full of the finest vegetables and flowers长满了奇花异草的漂亮花园(句中 full of the finest vegetables and flowers为定语词组，修饰 a beautiful garden,也可理解为是 a beautiful garden which was full of the finest vegetables and flowers.的省略形式。) 3. no one ventured into it没有人敢冒险进入这个花园. 4. and of whom all the world was afraid而且，全世界都害怕她. 5. a bed filled with…长满了…的花床. 6. it looked so fresh and green that…它看上去如此之新鲜，如此碧绿诱人，以至…(so…that…在此句中引导出一个表示结果的状语从句。又如：The book seems so interesting that she wants to read it through.那本书那么的有趣，以至于她想一口气把它读完。) 7. This went on for days这种状态持续了好几天。(for days:经过了好几天。) 8. What is the matter?发生了什么事? 9. who loved her very much,他(她的丈夫)非常爱她，(who指上文中的 her husband.) 10. Rather than lose my wife I will get some rampion, cost what it will.与其说要失去我的妻子，无论花什么代价我也要搞到一些风铃草。(cost what it will也可表达为：no matter what it will cost) 11. she made a salad of it她把它做成了色拉(salad:一种凉拌菜。) 12. thrice as much as she had done before她渴望吃到风铃草的心情比以前更迫切了，其强烈程度为以前的三倍。) 13. ate of it吃了它。(eat it与 eat of it仅有微细的差别。eat和 of it之间可加 some也可加 all eat. some of it意为吃了其中的一部分，而 eat all of it则意为把它全吃了。文中对是否吃了一部分还是全吃了未加细说。根据上下文更可能是eat all of it) 14. it shall be the worse for you!你要倒霉了! 15. through necessity迫于需要 16. became possessed with so great a longing that…不能摆脱那种极其渴望的心理，以至于…(简直被迷住了，以至于) 17. she would have died if she could not have some to eat如果她吃不到的话，她会死去的(此句为虚拟句，假设与过去相反的情况，事实是：She didn’t die because she had some to eat.) 18. if what you tell me is true如果你对我说的是真话…(句中what = that which;例如：Do you understand what I say?即：Do you understand that which I say?你懂不懂我说的话?) 19. you may have as much rampion as you like你想要多少风铃草，就可以拿多少. 20. on one condition只有一个条件. 21. in his distress of mind在他思想极度痛苦之中. 22. When the time came when the child was born当婴儿诞生的时刻来临之际。(当他的妻子生产时) 23. which is the same as rampion她的名字(在意义上)与 rampion相同。(which指上文中的 Rapunzel [拉庞翠儿]; the same as…与…相同;与…一样，例如：This is the same medal as I lost这个奖章与我失去的那个一样。) 24. it had neither steps nor door它(指“塔楼”)既没有台阶楼梯，又没有门. 25. only a small window above只有顶层的一扇小窗. 26. heard a voice singing so sweetly that听到一个声音唱得那么的优美动听(动词 hear后接复合宾语 [complex object];这复合宾语常由 [n/pron]+现在分词 [verb+ing]构成;例如：I heard the thunder roaring我听到雷声隆隆。) 27. in her loneliness当她感到孤独时 28. pass away the time with sweet songs以唱美妙的歌曲来消磨时光. 29. saw the witch comeup看到那个女巫走近. 30. and how the witch climbed up by it也看到她是如何爬上塔楼的. 31. he said to himself他对自己说. 32. was greatly terrified被吓得怕极了. 33. had never seen one before从来就没有看到过一个(男人). 34. began speaking so kindly to her开始对她很温和地说话. 35. told how her singing had entered into his heart告诉她她的歌声是如何打动他的心灵的. 36. until he had seen her herself直到他和她见面为止. 37. saying:…说道:… 38. I would willingly go with you我会愿意地跟你走的. 39. I do not know how I shall get out我不知道如何能走出塔楼. 40. each time(此处作连接词，意为：每次…) 41. when it is quite ready I will get down by it out of the tower当它(指“梯子”)做好了，我会用它来走下塔楼。) 42. the witch knew nothing of all this那个女巫对此一无所知. 43. You are much heavier to draw up than the king’s son把你拖上来要比把王子拖上来重得多。(much在此修饰 heavier,表示程度，例如 She is much

prettier than her sister她比她的姐姐漂亮得多.) 44. What is this I hear我听到的是什消息啊! 45. I had hidden you from all the world我把你藏得远离人世. 46. in her anger she seized her by her beautiful hair.一怒之下, 女巫一把抓住了她美丽的头发. 47. grasping a pair of shears in her right用右手抓起一把大剪刀. 48. she was so hard-hearted that...她心肠如此之硬, 甚至...49. and where she lived in great woe and misery在那里, 她过着痛苦而艰难的生活. 50. he found the witch looking at him他发现那个女巫注视着他(动词 find后可接由“名词/代词+现在分词”构成的复合宾语, 例如: I found the bird singing. 我发现鸟儿在唱歌.)51. the sweet bird sits no longer in the nest.那甜美的鸟儿不再呆在窝里了. 52. Rapunzel is lost to you你已经失去了拉庞翠儿. (动词be常被用来表示状态, 例如: The sun is set.太阳已下山了.)53. in his agony在他极度痛苦之中. 54. the thorns on which he fell put out his eyes他摔在荆棘丛中, 那荆棘刺瞎了他的眼睛. 55. he wandered blind through the wood他双目失明, 流浪于森林中. 56. eating nothing but roots and berries除了树根和浆果外, 其它什么东西也不吃. 57. doing nothing but lament and weep for the loss of his dearest wife除了为失去最亲爱的妻子而悲伤和哭泣之外, 无所事事. 58. the desert place where Rapunzel lived with her twin-children that she had borne, a boy and a girl.(来到了)一片沙漠, 在那里, 拉庞翠儿和她的两个双胞胎, 一个男孩和一个女孩, 一起生活着. 59. he heard a voice that he thought he knew他听到了一个他以为很熟悉的声音.

Snow-White and Rose-Red

Once there was a poor widow who lived alone in her hut with her two little children, who were called Snow-White and Rose-Red, because they were like the flowers which bloomed on two rose-bushes which grew before the cottage. But they were as pious, good, industrious, and amiable children as any that were in the world, only Snow-White was more quiet and gentle than Rose-Red. For Rose-Red would run and jump about the meadows, seeking flowers and catching butterflies, while Snow-White sat at home helping her mother to keep house, or reading to her if there were nothing else to do. The two children loved one another dearly, and always walked hand in hand when they went out together; and when they talked of it they agreed that they would never separate from each other, and that whatever one had the other should share. Often they ran deep into the forest and gathered wild berries; but no beast ever harmed them. For the hare would eat cauliflowers out of their hands, the fawn would graze at their side, the goats would frisk about them in play, and the birds remained perched on the boughs singing as if nobody were near. No accident ever befell them; and if they stayed late in the forest, and night came upon them, they used to lie down on the moss and sleep till morning; and because their mother knew they would do so, she felt no concern about them. One time when they had thus passed the night in the forest, and the dawn of morning awoke them, they saw a beautiful child dressed in shining white sitting near their couch. She got up and looked at them kindly, but without saying anything went into the forest. The children saw they had slept close to the edge of a pit, into which they would have certainly fallen had they walked farther in the dark. Their mother told them the figure was doubtless the good angel who watches over children.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to enter it. Every morning in the summer-time Rose-Red would first put the house in order, and then gather a nose gay for her mother, in which she always placed a bud from each rose tree. Every winter's morning Snow-White would light the fire and put the kettle on to boil, and although the kettle was made of copper it yet shone like gold, because it was scoured so well. In the evening, when the flakes of snow were falling, the mother would say; "Go, Snow White, and bolt the door"; and then they used to sit down on the hearth, and the mother would put on her spectacles and read out of a great book while her children sat spinning. By their side, too, lay a little lamb, and on a perch behind them a little white dove reposed with her head under her wing.

One evening, when they were thus sitting comfortably together, there came a knock at the door as if somebody wished to come in. "Make haste, Rose-Red," cried her mother; "make haste and open the door; perhaps there is some traveler outside who needs shelter." So Rose-Red went and drew the bolt and opened the door, expecting to see some poor man outside, but instead, a great fat Bear poked his black head in. Rose-Red shrieked out and ran back, the little lamb bleated, the dove fluttered on her perch, and Snow-White hid herself behind her mother's bed. The bear, however, began to speak, and said. "Be not afraid, I will do you no harm; but I am half frozen, and wish to come in and warm myself."

"Poor Bear!" cried the mother. "Come in and lie down before the fire; but take care you do not burn your skin"; and then she continued: "Come here, Rose-Red and Snow-White, the Bear will not harm you, he means honorably." So they both came back, and by degrees the lamb, too, and the dove overcame their fears and welcomed the rough visitor.

"You children," said the Bear, before he entered, "come and knock the snow off my coat." And they fetched their brooms and swept him clean. Then he stretched himself before the fire and grumbled out his satisfaction; and in a little while the children became familiar enough to play tricks with the unwildly animal. They pulled his long, shaggy skin, set their feet upon his back and rolled him to and fro, and even ventured to beat him with a hazel stick, laughing when he grumbled. The bear bore all their tricks good-temperedly, and if they hit him too hard he cried out:

"Leave me my life, you children,

Snow-White and Rose-Red,

Or you'll never wed."

When bedtime came and others were gone, the mother said to the Bear: "You may sleep here on the hearth if you like, and you will be safely protected from the cold and bad weather."

As soon as day broke the two children let the Bear out again, and he trotted away over the snow, and ever afterwards he came every evening at a certain hour. He would lie down on the hearth and allow the children to play with him as much as they liked, till by degrees they became so accustomed to him that the door was left unbolted till their black friend arrived.

But as soon as spring returned, and everything out of doors was green again, the Bear one morning told Snow-White that he must leave her, and could not return during the whole summer. "Where are you going, then, dear Bear?" asked Snow-White.

"I am obliged to go into the forest and guard my treasures from the evil Dwarfs; for in winter, when ground is hard, they are obliged to keep in their holes, and cannot work through; but now, since the sun has thawed the earth and warmed it, the Dwarfs pierce through, and steal all they can find; and what has once passed into their hands, and gets concealed by them in their caves, is not easily brought to light." Snow-White, however, was very sad at the departure of the Bear, and opened the door so hesitatingly that when he pressed through it he left behind on the latch a piece of his hairy coat; and through the hole which was made in his coat Snow-White fancied she saw the glittering of gold; but she was not quite certain of it. The Bear, however, ran hastily away, and was soon hidden behind the trees.

Some time afterwards the mother sent the children into the wood to gather sticks; and while doing so, they came to a tree which was lying across the path, on the trunk of which something kept bobbing up and down from the grass, and they could not imagine what it was. When they came nearer they saw a Dwarf, with an old wrinkled face and a Snow-White beard a yard long. The end of this beard was fixed on a split of the tree, and the little man kept jumping about like a dog tied by a chain, for he did not know how to free himself. He glared at the maidens with his red fiery eyes, and exclaimed, "Why do you stand there? Are you going to pass without offering me any assistance?" "What have you done, little man?" asked Rose-Red. "You stupid, gaping goose!" exclaimed he. "I wanted to have the tree split, in order to get a little wood for my kitchen, for the little wood which we use is soon burned up with great fagots, not like what you rough, greedy people devour! I had driven the wedge in properly, and everything was going on well, when the smooth wood flew upward, and the tree closed so suddenly together that I could not draw my beautiful beard out, and here it sticks and I cannot get away. There, don't laugh, you milk-faced things! Are you dumbfounded?"

The children took all the pains they could to pull the Dwarf's beard out; but without success. "I will run and fetch some help," cried Rose-Red at length. "Crack-brained sheepshead that you are!" snarled the Dwarf. "What are you going to call other people for? You are too many now for me; can you think of nothing else?"

"Don't be impatient," replied Snow-White; "I have thought of something"; and pulling her scissors out of her pocket she cut off the end of the beard. As soon as the Dwarf found himself at liberty, he snatched up his sack, which lay between the roots of the tree, filled with gold, and throwing it over his shoulder marched off, grumbling and groaning and crying: "Stupid people! to cut off a piece of my beautiful beard. Plague take you!" and away he went without once looking at the children.

Some time afterwards Snow-White and Rose-Red went fishing, and as they neared the pond they saw something like a great locust hopping about on the bank, as if going to jump into the water. They ran up and recognized the Dwarf. "What are you after?" asked Rose-Red. "You will fall into the water." "I am not quite such a simpleton as that," replied the Dwarf; "but do you not see this fish will pull me in?" The little man had been sitting there angling, and unfortunately the wind had entangled his beard with the fishing line; and so a great fish bit at the bait, the strength of the weak little fellow was not able to draw it out, and the fish had the best of struggle. The Dwarf held on by the reeds and rushes which grew near; but to no purpose, for the fish pulled him where it liked, and he must soon have been drawn into the pond. Luckily just then the two maidens arrived, and tried to release the beard of the Dwarf from the fishing line; but both were too closely entangled for it to be done. So the maiden pulled out her scissors again and cut off another piece of the beard. When the Dwarf saw this done he was in a great rage, and exclaimed: "You donkey! That is the way to disfigure my face. Was it not enough to cut it once, but you must now take away the best part of my fine beard? I dare not show myself again now to my own people. I wish you had run the soles off your boots before you had come here!" So saying, he took up a bag of pearls which lay among the rushes, and without speaking another word, slipped off and disappeared behind a stone.

Not many days after this adventure, it chanced that the mother sent the two maidens to the next town to buy thread, needles and pins, laces and ribbons. Their road passed over a common, on which here and there great pieces of rock were lying about. Just over their heads they saw a great bird flying round and round, and every now and then dropping lower and lower, till at last it flew down behind a rock. Immediately afterwards they heard a piercing shriek, and running up they saw with affright that the eagle had caught their old acquaintance, the Dwarf, and was trying to carry him off. The compassionate children thereupon laid hold of the little man, and held him fast till the bird gave up the struggle and flew off. As soon then as the Dwarf had recovered from his fright, he exclaimed in his squeaking voice: "Could you not hold me more gently? You have seized my fine brown coat in such a manner that it is all torn and full of holes, meddling and interfering rubbish that you are!" With these words he shouldered a bag filled with precious stones, and slipped away to his cave among the rocks.

The maidens were now accustomed to his ingratitude, and so they walked on to the town and transacted their business there. Coming home, they returned over the same common, and unawares walked up to a certain clean spot on which the Dwarf had shaken out his bag of precious stones, thinking nobody was near. The sun was shining, and the bright stones glistened in its beams and displayed such a variety of colors that the two maidens stopped to admire them.

"What are you standing there gaping for?" asked the Dwarf, while his face grew as red as copper with rage; he was continuing to abuse the poor maidens, when a loud roaring noise was heard, and presently a great black Bear came rolling out of the forest. The Dwarf jumped up terrified, but he could not gain his retreat before the Bear overtook him. Thereupon, he cried out: "Spare me, my dear Lord Bear! I will give you all my treasures. See these beautiful precious stones which lie here; only give me my life; for what have you to fear from a little weak fellow like me? You could not touch me with your big teeth. There are two wicked girls, take them; they would make nice meals, as fat as young quails; eat them for heaven's sake."

The Bear, however, without troubling himself to speak, gave the bad-hearted Dwarf a single blow with his paw, and he never stirred after.

The maidens were then going to run away, but the Bear called after them: "Snow-White and Rose-Red, fear not! Wait a bit and I will accompany you." They recognized his voice and stopped; and when the Bear came, his rough coat suddenly fell off, and he stood up a tall man, dressed entirely in gold. "I am a king's son," he said, "And I was condemned by the wicked Dwarf, who stole all my treasures, to wander about in this forest, in the form of a bear, till his death released me. Now he has received his well deserved punishment."

Then they went home, and Snow-White was married to the prince, and Rose-Red to his brother, with whom they shared the immense treasure which the Dwarf had collected. The old mother also lived for many years happily with her two children, and the rose trees which had stood before the cottage were planted now before the palace, and produced every year beautiful red and white roses.

agree [+ 'gri:]vi. 同意

alone [+ 'l+un]adv. 单独的

amiable ['eimj+bl]adj. 和善的

as~as像...一样

beast [bi:st]n. 野兽

berry ['beri] n. 浆果

bloom [blu:m]vi. 开花

butterfly ['b)t+flai]n. 蝴蝶

cauliflower ['k&liflau+]n. 花椰菜

cottage ['k&tidN]n. 小屋

dearly ['di+li]adv. 深深地(爱着)

else [els]adv. 其它

ever ['ev+]adv. 永远

forest ['f&rist] n. 森林
gather ['g\$J+]vt. 收集
gentle ['dNentl]adj. 温柔的
grow [gr+u]vi. (grew [gru:], grown [gr+un]) 生长
hand in hand 手挽着手
hare [h#+]n. 野兔
harm [h%:m]vt. 伤害
hut [h)t]n. 小茅屋
industrious [in'd)str+s]adj. 勤劳的
jump [dN)mp]vi. 跳跃
keep house做家务
like [laik]prep. 像…一样
meadow ['med+u]n. 草原
once [w)ns]adv. 一次
one another相互
pious ['pai+s]adj. 孝顺的
quiet [kwai+t]adj. 安静的
rose-bush ['r+uzbuM]n. 玫瑰
Rose-Red ['r+uzred]n. 原意：“像玫瑰一样红”文中译为“红玫瑰”文中女主人之名
seek [si:k]vt. (sought [s&:t]) 寻找
separate ['sep+reit]vi. 分离；分别
share [M#+]vi. 分享
Snow-White ['sn+uhwait]n. 文中女主人公之名：白玫瑰
talk of谈到；谈论
together [t+'geJ+]adv. 一起
while [hwail]conj. 与…同时；而…
widow ['wid+u]n. 寡妇
wild [waild]adj. 野生的
would [wud]aux. v. (will的过去式. 表示过去的习惯动作.)
accident ['\$ksid+nt]n. 意外；事故
angel ['eindN+1]n. 安琪儿；天使
as if…好像；似乎
awake [+weik]vt. (awoke [+w+uk], awoke or awaked [+weikid]) (从睡眠中)醒来
befall [bi'f&:l]vt. (befell [bi'fel]befallen [bi'f&:l+n]) 发生
bough [bau]n. 树枝
certainly ['s+:tnli]adv. 当然
close [kl+uz]adv. 靠近
concern [k+n's+:n]n. 关心；关切
cottage ['k&tidN]n. 小屋
couch [kautM]n. 睡眠的地方
dawn [d&:n]n. 黎明
doubtless ['dautlis]adv. 毫无疑问地
edge [edN]n. 边沿
enter ['ent+]vt. 进入
ever ['ev+]adv. 永远
farther ['f%:J+]adv. 更远 (far的比较级)
fawn [f&:n]n. 小鹿；幼鹿
figure ['fig+]n. 人影；人
frisk [frisk]vi. 跳跃；嬉戏
gather ['g\$J+]vt. 采集
get up 起身
goat [g+ut]n. 山羊
graze [greiz]vt. 吃草
keep [ki:p]vt. (kept [kept]) 保持
late [leit]adv. 迟；晚

lie [lai]vi. (lay [lei], lain [lein])躺

moss [m&s]n. 青苔

nosegay ['n+uzgei]n. (芳香的)花束

one time一次

order ['&:d+]n. 整理得井井有条

perch

pit

place

play

in play在玩耍

pleasure ['pleN+]n. 喜悦

remain [ri'mein]vi. 仍然，依然

shining ['MainiR]adj. 闪光的；发出光辉的

side [said]n. 侧面

summer-time ['s)m+tain]n. 夏季

thus [J)s]adv. 这样

used to [ju:s(t)t+] (过去)经常…

watch [w&tM]vt. 注视；观看

without [wiJ'aut]prep. 没有

would [wud]aux. v. will的过去式

although [&:l'J+u]conj. 虽然

as if…好像；似乎

bear [b#+]n. 熊

behind [bi'haind]prep. 在…之后

bleat [bli:t]vi. (羊的)叫声

boil [b&il]vt. 煮沸水

bolt [b+ult]vt. 闩门

bud [b)d]n. 花蕾

comfortably ['k)mf+t+bli]adj. 舒适地

copper ['k)p]n. 黄铜

dove [d)v]n. 鸽子

draw [dr&:]vt. (drew [dru:], drawn [dr&:n])拖；拉

expect [iks'pekt]vt. 期望

fat [f\$t]adj. 胖的

flake [fleik]n. 雪片

haste [heist]n. 匆忙make haste赶快

hearth [h%:I]n. 壁炉

instead [in'sted]adv. 代替

kettle ['ketl]n. 水壶

lamb [l\$m]n. 小羊羔

lie [lai]vi. (lay [lei], lain [lein])躺

light [lait]vt. 点火；生炉子

outside ['aut'said]adv. 外边；在外

perch

perhaps

poke

put on放置在…之上

repose [ri'p+uz]vt. 休息；睡眠

scour ['skau+]vt. 擦洗

shelter ['Melt+]n. 躲避风雨的地方

shine [Main]vi. (shone [M&n, 美M+un])发出光辉

shriek [Mri:k]vi. 尖叫声

side [said]n. 侧面

spectacles ['spekt+klz]n. 眼镜

spin [spin]vt. 纺纱

thus [J]s]adv. 这样
together [t+’geJ+]adv. 一起
traveler [’tr\$vl+]n. 旅行者
used to…(过去)常常…(用来表示过去的习惯)
while [hwail]conj. 与…同时
wing [wiR]n. 翅膀
wish [wiM]vt. 希望
would [wud]aux. v. will的过去式(常用来表示过去的习惯动作)
yet [jet]adv. 仍然; 尚未
beat [bi:t]vt. (beat, beaten [bi:t+n])打; 揍
broom
burn [b+:n]vt. 烧焦; 烤焦
care [k#+]n. 当心
continue [k+n’tinju(:)]vt. 继续
degree [di’gri:]n. 程度
by degrees渐渐地
dove [d]v]n. 鸽子
enough [i’n)f]adv. 足够地
enter [’ent+]vt. 进入
even [’i:v+n]adv. 甚至
familiar [f+’milj+]adj. 熟悉的
fear [fi+]n. 害怕
fetch [fetM]vt. 去拿来
flutter [’fl)t+]vi. 振翼
frozen [’fr+uzn]vt. freeze(冻僵)的过去分词
grumble [’gr)mb]vt. 嘀咕
harm [h%:m]n. 伤害
hazel [’heizl]n. 榛树
hide [haid]vt. (hid [hid], hidden [hidn])躲藏
hide oneself把自己藏起来
honorably [’&n+r+bli]adv. 有信誉的; 说话算数的
however [hau’ev+]conj. 然而
knock off敲掉; 抖掉
lamb [l\$m]n. 小羊羔
lie [lai]vi. (lay [lei], lain [lein])躺
mean [mi:n]vi. 意思是; 意味着
overcome [?’uv+’k)m]vt. (overcame [?’uv+’keim], overcome)克服
perch
pull
roll [r+ul]vt. 使滚动
rough [r)f]adj. 粗野的
satisfaction [?’s\$ti’sf\$km+n]n. 满意
shaggy [’M\$gi]adj. 毛茸茸的
skin [skin]n. 皮膏; 毛皮
stick [stik]n. 棍棒
stretch [stretM]vt. 伸展
stretch oneself伸展手脚
sweep [swi:p]vt. (swept [swept])打扫
to and for(推)来(推)去
trick [trik] n. 玩笑
play tricks开玩笑
unwildly [)n’waildli]adj. 温顺的
venture [’ventM+]vt. 冒险尝试
visitor [’vizit+]n. 来客; 拜访者
warm oneself暖暖身子

while [hwaɪl]n. 一会儿 in a little while不久；很快
accustomed [ə'kʌstəmd]adj. 习惯于
afterwards ['%:ft+w+dz]adv. 随后
allow [ə'laʊ]vt. 允许
arrive [ə'raɪv]vi. 到达
bear [bɜː]vt. 熊
bear [bɜː]vt. (bore [bɔː], borne [bɔːn]) 忍受
bedtime ['bedtaɪm]n. 就寝的时间；上床睡觉的时间
break
certain ['sɜːtn] adj. 肯定的；有把握的
dear [diə] adj. 亲爱的
degree [di'ɡriː] n. 程度；by degrees 渐渐地
during ['dʒuːrɪŋ] prep. 在…期间
ever ['evə] adv. 永远
good-temperedly ['ɡʊd'temp+dli] adv. 脾气好的
guard [ɡ%:d]vt. 看护；守护
hard [h%:d] adv. 困难地
hearth [h%:I] n. 壁炉
hit [hit]vt. 打；敲击
leave [li:t]vt. (left [left]) 让… 处于某种状态 leave unbolted 不把门拴上
let out 让…出去
lie [lai]vi. (lay [lei], lain [lein]) 躺
may [meɪ] aux. v. (might [maɪ]) 可以
oblige [ə'blaɪdN]vt. 有义务
be obliged to 不得不…
over [ə'uvə] prep. 在…之上
play
play with 与…玩耍
protect
return [ri'tɜːn] vi. 回来
safely ['seɪfli] adv. 安然地；平安地
so…that…如此…以至于…
trick [trɪk] n. 诡计
trot away 以小跑步的速度离去
unbolted [ʌn'bʊltɪd] adj. 把门闩去掉的
weather ['weɪə] n. 天气
wed [wed] vi. 结婚
whole [həʊl] adj. 整个的
would [wʊd] aux. v. will的过去式
across [ə'krɒs] prep. 穿过
afterwards ['%:ft+w+dz]adv. 随后；之后
bob [bɒb]vi. 上下抖动
cave [keɪv]n. 洞穴
certain ['sɜːtn]adj. 肯定的；确切的
conceal [kə'nseɪl] vt. 隐藏
departure [di'p%:tM+]n. 离别；出发
Dwarf [dwɔːf]n. 小矮人
easily ['iːzɪli]adv. 容易地
evil ['iːvl] adj. 恶劣的；坏良心的
fancy ['fænsi]vt. 想像；幻想
for [(弱)f+, (强) f&:]conj. 因为；为了
gather ['g\$J+]vt.
收集
get [get]vt. (got [gɒt])得到
glitter ['glɪt+]vi. 闪闪发光

hairy ['hɜːri]adj. 多毛的; 毛茸茸的
hard [hɑːd] adj. 坚硬的
hastily ['heɪstɪli]adv. 急忙地; 急匆匆地
hesitatingly ['hezɪteɪtɪrli]adv. 犹豫不决地
hide [haɪd]vt. (hid [hɪd], hidden ['hɪdn]) 躲藏
hole [h+ul]n. 洞
however [hau'ev+]conj. 然而
imagine ['ɪm\$dnɪn]vt. 想像
keep [ki:p]vi. (kept [kept])保持
latch [l\$tM]n. 门闩
leave [li:v]vt. (left [left]) 离开
light [laɪt]n. 光; 光线
bring to light 揭露; 使暴露
oblige [+ 'blaidN]vt. 有义务
be obliged to 不得不
pass
path
piece
pierce
press
since [sɪns]conj. 自从
so...that...如此...以至于...
steal [sti:l]vt. (stole [st+ul], stolen ['st+uln])偷盗; 偷窃
stick [stɪk]n. 木棒
thaw [I&:]vt. (冰雪)溶化
through [Iru:]adv. 穿透过地
treasure ['treN+]n. 宝藏
trunk [tr)Rk]n. 树干
while [hwail]conj. 在...的同时
wrinkled ['rɪRkld]adj. 布满皱纹的
assistance [+ 'sɪst+ns]n. 帮助
beard [bi+d]n. 胡须
burn [b+:n]vt. (burned [b+:nd], burnt [b+:nt])烤焦
close [kl+uz]vi. 关闭
devour [di'vau+]vt. 吞食
drive [draɪv]vt. 使...进入; 敲进
dumbfound [d)m'faund]vt. 耳聋
Dwarf [dw&:f]n. 小矮人
end [end]n. 一端
exclaim [ɪks'kleɪm]vi. 惊叫
fagot ['f\$g+t]n. 柴捆
fetch [fetM]vt. 去拿来
fiery ['fai+ri]adj. 火红的
fix [fɪks]vt. 使固定
for [(弱)f+, (强)f&:]conj. 为了; 因为
free [fri:]vt. 使自由freeoneself使(自己)从...之中得到解脱
gape [geɪp]vi. 张着口呆呆地看
get away滚开
glare [gl#+]vt. 瞪着眼看
goose [gu:s](geese [gi:s])n. 鹅
greedy ['gri:di]adj. 贪婪的
how [hau]adv. 如何
jump about跳来跳去
length [leRl]n. 长度
at length最后; 终于

maiden ['meɪdn]n. 姑娘；少女
milk-faced ['mɪlk'feɪst]adj. 脸色白白的
offer ['ɒf+]vt. (主动)提供
order ['ɔ:d+]n. 次序 in orderto…为了；目的是
pains
take pains为…付出劳力
properly ['prɒp+li]adv. 恰当地；正确地
pull
rough [r]f]adj. 粗鲁的
snow-white ['sn+u'hwaɪt]像雪一般的白
split [split]分裂；裂开
stick [stɪk]vt. (stuck [stɪk])把…刺入，插入
stupid ['stʃupɪd]adj. 愚蠢的
success [s+k'ses]n. 成功
tie [taɪ]vt. 把…绑在…
upward [')pw+d]adv. 向上
wedge [wedN]n. 楔子(呈三角形的木块)
wood [wud]n. 木头；柴禾
yard [j%:d]n. 码(英制长度单位)
after ['%:ft+]prep. 在…之后
afterwards ['%:ft+w+dz]adv. 后来
as if…好似
away [+wei]adv. 离开
bank [b\$Rk]n. (河)岸；
beard [bi+d]n. 胡须
crack-brained ['kr\$k'breɪnd]n. 愚蠢的；疯狂的
Dwarf [dw&:f]n. 小矮人
else [els]adj. 别的；另外的
end [end]n. 末端
fall [f&:l]vi. (fell [fel], fallen ['f&:l+n])掉下；下落
fill [fil]vt. 使充满
groan [gr+un]vi. 呻吟
grumble ['gr)mbɪ]vi. 咕哝；抱怨
hop about跳来跳去
impatient [im'peiM+nt]adj. 不耐烦的
liberty ['lib+ti]n. 自由
lie [lai]vi. (lay [lei], lain [lein])躺
like [laɪk]prep. 像…一样
locust ['l+uk+st]n. 蝗虫
march [m%:tM]vi. 行进；行军
near [ni+]vt. 接近
off [&(:)f]adv. 离开
piece
plague
Plague take you但愿你染上瘟疫!
pond
pull
quite [kwaɪt]adv. 相当地
recognize ['rek+gnaɪz]vt. 认出
reply [ri'plai]vi. 回答
root [ru:t]n. 根
sack [s\$k]n. 麻袋
scissors [siz+z]n. 剪刀
sheepshhead [Mi:pMed]n. 笨蛋
shoulder ['M+uld+]n. 肩膀

simpleton ['simplt+n]n. 头脑简单的人
snarl [sn%:l]vi. 怒吼
snatch [sn\$tM]vt. 快抓；抢
stupid ['stjupid]adj. 笨拙的；愚蠢的
such...as...如此...以至于(不能)
without [wiJ' aut]prep. 没有...
able [eibl]adj. 能够的
among [+ 'm)R]prep. 在...的中间
angle [' \$Rgl]vt. 钓鱼
bait [beit]n. 鱼饵
beard [bi+d]n. 胡须
best [best]adj. 最好的；尽最大的努力
bite [bait]vi. (bit [bit], bitten [' bitn])咬
boot [bu:t]n. 靴子
closely [' kl+uzli]adv. 紧紧地
dare [d#+]vt. 胆敢
disfigure [dis' fig+]vt. 破坏(某人的)面貌
donkey [' d&Rki]n. 驴子
draw [dr&:]vt. (drew [dru:], drawn [dr&:n])拖；拉
entangle [in' t\$Rgl]vt. 缠绕在一起
exclaim [iks' kleim]vi. 惊叫
fellow [' fel+u]n. 家伙
fishing line [' fiMiR' lain]n. 钓鱼线
hold on抓住；抓紧
lie [lai]vi. (lay [lei], lain [lein])躺
luckily [' l)kili]adv. 幸运地
maiden [' meidn]n. 少女；姑娘
off [&(:)f]adv. 分离
cut off剪断
own [+un] adj. 自己的
part
pearl
piece
pond
pull
purpose [' p+:p+s]n. 目的
to no purpose并没有达到目的
rage [reidN]n. 发怒
reed [ri:d]n. 芦苇
release [ri' li:s]vt. 释放
rush [r&M]n. 灯蕊草
scissors [' siz+z]n. 剪刀
sole [s+ul]n. 鞋底
trength [streRI]n. 力量
struggle [' str)gl]n. 斗争
unfortunately [n' f&:tM+nitli]adv. 不幸的是
weak [wi:k]adj. 软弱的；无力的
wind [wind]n. 风
without [wiJ' aut]prep. 没有...；缺乏
acquaintance [+ 'kweint+ns]n. 相识
adventure [+d' ventM+]n. 历险(记)
affright [+ 'frait]n. 惊恐
afterwards [' %:ft+w+dz]adv. 随后；之后
at last终于
chance [tM%:ns]vi. 偶然发生

It chanced that...碰巧
common ['k&m+n]n. (农村中的)共用土地
compassionate [k+m'p\$M+nit] vi. 富有同情心的
disappear [ʔdis+'pi+]vi. 失踪; 消失
eagle [i:gl]n. 老鹰; 秃鹰
every now and then经常; 常常
exclaim [iks'kleim]vi. 惊叫
fast [f%:st]adv. 赶快
fright [frait]n. 恐惧
full [ful]adj. 满满的
gently ['dNentli]adv. 柔和地; 温柔地
give up放弃
hold [h+uld]vt. (held [held])握住
hole [h+ul]n. 洞穴
immediately [i'midi+tli]adv. 立即
interfering [ʔint+'fi+riR]adj. 干涉的
lace [leis] n. 花边
lay hold of...抓住
lie [lai]vt. (lay [lei], lain [lein])躺
maiden ['meidn]n. 少女; 姑娘
manner ['m\$n+]n. 方式; 态度
meddling ['medliR]adj. 干涉的
needle ['ni:dl]n. (缝衣)针
pass over通过
piece
piercing ['pi+siR]adj. 尖厉的地方; 刺耳的piercing shriek刺耳的尖叫
recover [ri'k)vR]vi. 恢复
rock [r&k]n. 岩石
round [raund]adv. 环绕
rubbish ['r)biM]n. 废物; 垃圾
seize [seiz]vt. 抓住
shriek [Mri:k]n. 尖叫
slip [slip]vi. 溜走
squeaking ['skwi:kiR]adj. 尖厉的
struggle ['str)gl]n. 斗争 such~that...如此...以至于...
tear [t#+]vt. (tore [t&:], torn [t&:n])撕破
thereupon ['J#+r+'p&n]adv. 因此
thread [Ired]n. 线
word [w+:d]n. 单字; 话语
abuse [+ 'bju:z]vt. 滥用; 虐待
accustom [+ 'k)st+m]vt. 习惯于
admire [+d' mai+]vt. 赞赏
beam [bi:m]n. 光束
bright
business ['biznis]n. 事情
cave [keiv]n. 洞穴
certain ['s+:tn]adj. 当然的; 肯定的
common ['k&m+n]n. 公有地
continue [k+n'tinju(:)]vt. 继续
copper ['k&p+]n. 铜
dear [di+]adj. 亲爱的
display [dis'plei]vt. 表现; 展示
fear [fi+]vi. 恐惧
fill [fil]vt. 使充满
gain [gein]vi. 得到

gape [geip]vi. 睁大眼睛 gapefor张口惊视
glitter ['glit+]vi. 闪光
ingratitude [in'gr\$titju:d]n. 不知感激
lie [lai]vi. (lay [lei], lain [lein])躺
Lord [l&:d]n. 老爷(对贵族的尊称)
loud [laud]adj. 大声的
maiden ['meidn]n. 姑娘
noise [n&iz]n. 声音
overtake [?'uv+'teik]vt. (overtook [?'uv+'tuk], overtaken [?'uv+'teik+n])赶上
precious ['preM+s]adj. 珍贵的
presently ['prezntli]adv. 很快
rage [reidN]n. 愤怒
retreat [ri'tri:t]n. 退却
roaring ['r&:riR]adj. 吼叫
roll [r+ul]vi. 滚动
shake [Meik]vt. (shook [Muk], shaken ['Meik+n])发抖
shake out抖出(口袋中的东西)
shoulder ['M+uld+] n. 肩膀
slip [slip]vi. slip away溜走
spare [sp#+]vt. 宽宥; 饶恕
spot [sp&t]n. 地点
such~that如此...以至于...
terrify ['terifai]vt. 使恐惧
thereupon [J#+r+'p&n]adv. 因此
transact [tr\$n'z\$kt]vt. 交易
treasure ['treN+]n. 财宝; 珍宝
unawares [')n+'w#+rz]adv. 不知不觉地
variety [v+'rai+ti]n. 种类
accompany [+ 'k)mp+ni]vt. 伴随
bad-hearted ['b\$d'ha:tid]adj. 坏心肠的
bit [bit]n. 一点点
blow [bl+u]n. 打击
call after在...后面叫唤
condemn [k+n'dem]vt. 诅咒
death [deI]n. 死亡
deserved [di'z+_:vd]adj. 应该的
dress [dres]vi. 穿衣服
entirely [in'tai+li] adv. 完全地
fall off掉下
fat [f\$t]adj. 肥胖
fear [fi+]vt. 害怕
fellow ['fel+u] n. 家伙
forest ['f&rist]n. 森林
form [f&:m]n. 形式
heaven ['hevn]n. 天堂for heaven's sake看在上天的分上
however [hau'ev+]conj. 然而
immense [i'mens]adj. 极大的
like [laik]prep. 像...一样
maiden ['meidn]n. 姑娘; 少女
make [meik]vt. ([meid])使得
marry ['m\$ri]vt. 结婚
meal [mi:l]n. 一餐饭
nice [nais]adj. 良好的; 鲜美的

paw

prince

punishment [ˈpʊniʃmənt] n. 惩罚
quail [kweɪl] n. 鹌鹑
receive [riˈsi:v] vt. 受到
recognize [ˈrekənaɪz] vt. 认出
release [riˈli:s] vt. 释放
rough [rʌf] adj. 粗糙的
run away 逃跑
share [ʃeɪə] vt. 分享
single [ˈsɪŋɡl] adj. 单个的
steal [sti:l] vt. (stole [stəʊl], stolen [ˈstəʊlən]) 偷窃
stir [stɪə] vi. 动; 开始活动
suddenly [ˈsʌdnli] adv. 突然
touch [tʌtʃ] vt. 接触
treasure [ˈtreɪzə] n. 珍宝
trouble [ˈtrʌbl] vt. 使苦恼; 使烦恼 trouble oneself to do 为…操心
wander about 游荡
weak [wi:k] adv. 软弱的
well [wel] adj. 好
wicked [ˈwɪkɪd] adj. 恶劣的
without [wɪˈaʊt] prep. 没有
would [wʊd] aux. v. will 的过去式
collect [kəˈlekt] vt. 收集
cottage [ˈkɒtɪdʒ] n. 小屋
dwarf [dwɔːf] n. 小矮人
for [(弱)f+, (强)f&:] prep. 有…之久
happily [ˈhæpɪli] adv. 幸福地
live [lɪv] vi. 生活
palace [ˈpælɪs] n. 宫殿
plant
produce

红玫瑰与白玫瑰

从前有个贫穷的寡妇，她和两个女儿一起住在一间小茅屋里。那两个女儿就像她们家门前两株玫瑰花树上开的花一样，所以她们一个叫白玫瑰，另一个叫红玫瑰。但她们也像世界上其他的孩子一样，孝顺，善良，勤劳而又和善，只是白玫瑰比红玫瑰更娴静，更温柔。因为红玫瑰常常在草原上又跑又跳，采花捕蝶，而白玫瑰总是在家帮助妈妈做家务，或者，如果没有其它事情做时，她就读书给妈妈听。两个孩子极为相亲相爱，一起外出时，总是手牵着手，当她们谈到未来时，她们约定将来彼此永不分开，而且大家分享彼此的所有。她们常常深入森林采摘野生浆果，但是从来没有野兽会来伤害她们，因为野兔会从她们的手中吃花椰菜，小鹿会在她们身边吃草，山羊会在她们前后欢乐地跳跃，而在她们附近的树枝上，小鸟们会像旁若无人似地欢唱。她们从来没有遇到过任何意外事故。如果她们在森林里玩得太晚了，当夜幕低垂时，她们就会躺在青苔上，一觉睡到天亮。她们的母亲知道她们会在森林里安睡，所以对她们一点也不感到担忧。

有一次，红玫瑰和白玫瑰就像这样在森林中过了一夜，当她们在黎明醒来时，发现靠近她们睡的地方，坐着一个身穿闪闪发亮白衣裳的美丽小孩。接着她站了起来，和霭地看看她们就一言不发地走进了森林，事后，她们发现，她们睡觉的地方紧靠着一个大坑，如果那天晚上她们在黑暗中只要再向前跨出一步，就一定会跌进坑里。她们的妈妈告诉她们，那小人无疑是保护小孩的善良的天使。

白玫瑰和红玫瑰每天都把妈妈的小屋打扫得非常干净，使人一走进小屋，就感到愉快。夏季里，每天早晨红玫瑰所做的第一件事就是打扫房间，然后她会给妈妈采集一束花，在花束中间，总有从门前的那两株玫瑰树上分别摘下来一红一白的两朵玫瑰花苞。冬天时，每日清晨白玫瑰就会把火生起来，然后放上水壶烧水。虽然水壶是铜制的，但是它却闪耀如金，这是因为水壶总是擦得很亮。到了晚上，当雪片纷飞时，母亲就会说，“白玫瑰，去把门关上。”然后，她们全家坐在壁炉前，妈妈会戴起眼镜，念一册大书中的故事，这时小姑娘们就在一边坐着纺纱。在她们的身旁还躺着一头小羊羔，并且在她们后面的栖木上，一只小白鸽把头藏在翅膀下，安然入睡了。

一天晚上，正当她们像这样舒适地坐在一起时，忽然传来了敲门声，好像有人想要进来。“赶快，红玫瑰。”妈妈大声说道，“快开门，门外可能有个旅客想找地方过夜。”于是，红玫瑰就去取下门闩，把门打开。她原来指望门外是个可怜人，但是把黑黑的头伸进来的，却是一头又大又胖的大黑熊。

红玫瑰惊叫起来，赶紧逃回屋里。小羊羔也咩咩地叫，小白鸽在栖木上吓得直拍翅膀，白玫瑰则把自己藏在妈妈的床后。这时大熊却口吐人言，说道：“别怕，我不会伤害你们的。但是我几乎冻僵了，只是希望进来暖暖身子。”

“可怜的熊呀，”妈妈叫道，“快进来躺在炉火前，不过可要小心，别把自己的毛皮烤焦了。”然后，她继续说道，“红玫瑰，白玫瑰，快到这里来，大熊不会伤害你们的，他很规矩。”就这样，红玫瑰和白玫瑰都回到了火炉旁。渐渐地，小羊羔和小白鸽也克服了害怕心理，欢迎那位粗鲁的不速之客。

在他要进门之前，大熊说，“孩子们，快来把我外衣上的雪拍掉。”于是她们拿起扫帚，把大熊身上的雪扫干净。随后，大熊在火炉前伸了伸腿，一边哼声表示很满意，没多久，孩子们就跟大熊混熟了，并且熟得和这头温顺的野兽开起玩笑来。她们拉拉他那长长毛茸茸的毛皮，踩在他的背上，把他翻来翻去，甚至胆敢用榛木棍来打他。当大熊哼叫抱怨时，她们就大笑。

大熊脾气很好地忍受了她们的玩笑。如果她们打得太重了一些，大熊就喊道：

“孩子们，红玫瑰，白玫瑰，快饶命，

否则你们会永远嫁不出去。”

在睡觉时刻到了，大家都去睡觉后，妈妈就对大熊说，“如果你愿意的话，你可以睡在火炉前，这样你就安稳地不会受到寒冷和恶劣天气的苦了。”

天一亮，两个小孩放大熊出了门，大熊也就从雪地上很快地跑开了，从此以后，大熊每天晚上定时归来，他总是躺在壁炉前，让孩子们尽情地和他玩耍，渐渐地，她们变得很习惯于他了，所以每天总要等到她们的黑朋友回来后，才把大门关上。

当春天一来临，门外大地又绿时，一天早晨，大熊告诉白玫瑰说，他必须告辞了。而且整个夏天都不能回来，“亲爱的大熊，那么你会去哪儿呢？”白玫瑰问道。“我必须去森林中看守我的金银财宝，防备那可恶的小矮人来偷。”因为在冬天，地面是硬梆梆的，小矮人只得呆在洞里，弄不穿地面搞鬼。现在太阳已将泥土解冻，把泥土晒得暖暖的，小矮人就能钻穿地面，凡找得到的东西，他们都会偷，而且无论什么东西，一到他们手中被他们藏进他们的山洞之后，再要找回来就很困难了。”看到大熊要离去，白玫瑰感到非常伤心，很勉强地把门打开。当大熊挤出大门时，在门关上留下了他那毛外衣的一小片。通过那外衣上被钩破的小洞，白玫瑰似乎看见里面有金子在闪亮，但她不能肯定，是不是。大熊一出门就急急忙忙地跑开了，很快消失在树林中。

过了些时，母亲叫孩子们去森林里拾柴。在拾柴时，她们发现林中小径上横着一棵倒下的大树，大树的树干上似乎有什么东西在跳上跳下。但她们想像不出那是什么东西。当他们走近后才发现，那是一个满脸皱纹的小矮人，但是他那雪白的胡须却有一码长。他的胡子的一端被树缝夹住了，使他只能像一条被锁链锁住的狗一样跳上跳下，不知如何才能使自己得以脱身。他用他大红暴戾的眼睛瞪了瞪小姑娘，并且吼道，“你们站在那儿干什么？难道你们不打算帮我一把想一走了之了吗？”小人儿，发生了什么事情？红玫瑰问道。“你这只张着嘴的笨鹅，”他喊道。“我原是要劈开这棵树，捡拾点厨房用的柴，因为我们所用的小柴是一大捆一大捆地烧，很快就烧完了。那一捆捆的柴，可不像你们粗野贪婪的人所吞食的东西哟！我本来已经好好地吧楔敲进了树干，一切进行得很顺利，就在那时滑溜的木头向上跳了起来，裂缝顿时合拢了，以致我漂亮的胡子来不及躲开，就这样夹住了。我也在这里动弹不得。喂，别笑呀，你们这两个白脸蛋的东西，你们还发甚么呆呀？”

两个姑娘拼命用力，想把小老头的胡子从夹缝里拔出来，但是没有成功，最后，红玫瑰说，“我跑回去找些帮手吧！”“你这个昏了头的傻瓜，”小矮人骂道，“对我来说，你们两人已太多了，你为什么还要叫别人？难道你们就想不出别的办法了吗？”

“别不耐烦，”白玫瑰回答说，“我想出了个办法。”说着，她从她口袋里拿出一把剪刀，一下子就把胡子末端剪断了。小矮人一获得自由就抓起放在树根旁装满了黄金的麻袋，把它一摔地背上了后背，一边走，一边喃喃地抱怨，“笨蛋，把我漂亮的胡子也剪断了！但愿你发瘟！”他连看也不看救了他的小姑娘们就扬长而去。

又过了些时，白玫瑰和红玫瑰去池边钓鱼。当她们走近池塘时，看见有样东西，很像只大蝗虫，在池边跳来跳去，好像要跳入池中似的。她们跑上前才认出，又是那个小矮人。“你要干什么？”红玫瑰问道，“你这样会掉进池子里去的。”“我才不那么笨蛋。”小矮人答道，“难道你没有看见，那条鱼正想把我拉进水里吗？原来，小矮人在钓鱼。不幸的是，风把他的胡子和钓鱼的线绞地一起了。一条大鱼上钩后，小矮人的力量不够，不能把鱼拖出水面，而鱼却占了上风。小矮人抓住长在附近的芦苇和灯蕊草，但仍然没有用，大鱼想把他拉向哪里就拉到哪里，如果两个姑娘没有及时来到，小矮人很快就会被拖入池中。幸好是，两个小姑娘赶来了。她们想把小矮人的胡子跟钓鱼线分开，但是它们缠绕得太紧了，没法解开。于是，小姑娘再一次拿出了剪刀，又剪下了小矮人的一撮胡子。小矮人一看到胡子又被剪了，勃然大怒，喊道，“你这个笨驴！你们就这样把我的脸弄得不成形了。你们剪了一次还不够吗？难道你们非把我那最漂亮的一束胡子剪去才甘心？现在我已经不敢在我的同类前露脸了。我多么希望你们在到这里之前已经把鞋底跑穿了！”他一边叫嚷，一边就把在灯蕊草中间的一袋珍珠拾了起来，什么别的话也没说就溜了，接着就在岩石后面消失了。这次惊险之后没过几天，碰巧母亲又派她们到邻近的小镇子上去买些针线，别针，花边缎带等。到那小镇的路上要经过一片公用地。公用地到处可看到一些大岩石。在她们头上，他们看到有只好大的鸟在盘旋，而且不时地俯冲，越飞越低，最后那鸟往下飞到一块岩石后面。紧接着，她们听到了一声尖锐的叫声。

她们惊恐万状地跑近一看，原来老鹰抓住了她们的老相识——小矮人，而且正要腾空而去。充满同情心的小姑娘，马上就抓住了小矮人，紧紧地抱住了他，一直到老鹰扭不过而放弃飞走为止。小矮人刚从惊恐中恢复过来，就尖声尖气地叫喊道，“难道你们就不能轻一点抓我吗？你们这样抓住我那件讲究的棕色大衣，把它撕得千疮百孔。你们真是一对多管闲事的废物！说完这席话，他扛起了一袋装满宝石的口袋，溜进了岩石中的洞穴。

现在，姑娘们对小矮人不知感激的表现已习以为常。所以，她们还是继续往城里去买东西。在回家的路上，她们又走过了同一块公用地。不知不觉中，她们来到了一处比较洁净的地方，在那里，小矮人倒出了自己的一袋宝石，当时它还以为附近没有人。阳光普照着，在阳光下，宝石发出各种光彩，使得两位姑娘也不禁驻足观赏起来。

“你们瞪大了眼睛站在那里呆看什么？小矮人问道，他的脸色因发怒而涨得像赤铜般的通红。他继续斥责着那两个可怜的姑娘，这时她们听到了一声响亮吼叫，不久，一头大黑熊像滚球似地冲出了森林。小矮人吓得跳了起来，但是，他已无退路，大熊追上了他，因此，他大喊道，“饶了我吧，熊大爷！我愿意把我所有的财宝都给你，你看这儿的这些漂亮的宝石。只要你饶命。像我这样一个软弱的小家伙，你又有什么好害怕的？你不要用你的大牙齿来咬我，那里有两个坏孩子，把她们吃了可真是一顿美餐，她们像嫩鹌鹑一样的肥。看在老天的份上，把她们吃了吧！”

但是那头熊连说也懒得说，就用他的前掌给了那坏心肠的小矮人一巴掌。于是小矮人永远再也动弹不了。

那时，姑娘们正想要逃跑，但是大熊在后面叫住了她们，“白玫瑰，红玫瑰，别害怕。等一下，我会来陪伴你们。”她们听出了他的声音，停住脚步。大熊走到跟前，突然间他的粗毛皮外衣脱落下来了，他竟然是一位穿着金衣身材高大的年青人。“我是位王子，”他说，“我受到那个偷我财宝坏矮人的诅咒，把我变成一头熊，在森林里到处流浪，一直到他死后我才能恢复人形，现在他已恶贯满盈，罪有应得。”

于是，他们就一起回家。白玫瑰和王子结了婚，而红玫瑰则嫁给了王子的弟弟。他们共同享受小矮人收集的巨额财富，她们的老母亲也和两个女儿一起幸福地生活了许多年。原先生长在她们茅屋前的两株玫瑰树，现在已经移植到了王宫前，每年都长满了美丽的红玫瑰和白玫瑰。

解 说

1. who were called她们被称为(who were called在句中为非限定定语从句，修饰two little children.) 2. the flowers which bloomed on the two rose-bushes which grew before the cottage.小屋前两株玫瑰树上盛开的花朵(句中第一个 which从句修饰 the flowers. 在这个从句中又含有另一个从句，修饰 the two rose-bushes.) 3. as...as...像...一样。例如 He is as fat as a pig.他像猪一样胖。 4. ...seeking flowers and catching butterflies,寻找花朵和捕捉蝴蝶。 5. ...while Snow-white ...而白玫瑰却(坐在家里帮助妈妈做家务。)(while在句中引导出并列从句。) 6. helping her mother to keep house帮助她妈妈做家务; keep house做家务。 7. reading to her读书给她听(her指上文中的 mother) 8. separate from each other相互分离。 9. and that(此that从句和前面的一样，都是agreed的宾语从句。) 10. whatever one had the other should share无论谁有什么都要和另一个分享(whatever即是one had的宾语，又是share的宾语。 11. the hare would eat野兔会从她们的手中吃花椰菜。(句中 would常用来表示过去的习惯动作。)12. the birds remained perched on the bough鸟儿仍然栖息在树枝上。 13. singing as if nobody were near好像是在近处一样地唱着歌(as if: “好像”例: The boy talks as if he were a scholar.那个男孩讲话的样子好像他是个学究似的。) 14. night came upon them夜幕降临了。 15. used to过去总是...，例如: He used to go to church on Sunday.以前他在星期天常常上教堂。 16. she felt no concern about them她并不为她们感到担忧,concern:担心; 担忧。 17. One time when they had thus passed the night.有一次,当她们就是这样度过了一夜之际。(句中 when引导出定语从句,修饰 one time.) 18. saw a beautiful child dressed in shining white sitting near their couch看见有一个穿着闪闪发光的白衣的美丽孩子坐在她们睡的地方旁边。 19. into which they would have certainly fallen had they walked farther in the dark如果她们在黑暗中再走远一点,那么她们必然会掉进坑内。(该句用的是虚拟语气,表示过去可能发生的情况。) 20. in which(which指a nosegay

[一束芳香的鲜花]21. put the kettle on to boil把水壶放在火上煮(请注意, 介词 on之后省略了 the fire两字。)22. sat spinning坐着纺纱spinning系动词不定式, 在句中作状语词组。)23. reposed with her head under her wing把头藏在翅膀下睡眠。(reposed在此处作“休息”, 睡眠解。)24. there came a knock at the door传来一下敲门声(此句系倒装句, 主语为 a knock。)25. as if somebody wished to come in似乎有人想进来。26. there is some traveler who needs shelter外面是个旅客, 想要进来避避风雨。(shelter在此处意为“避风雨之处。”)27. expecting to see some poor man outside以为会看到外面是个可怜人(poor在此处并不一定指“贫穷的”, 而是指“令人可怜的”, 因为那人正在屋外受风雪严寒之苦。)28. hid herself behind her mother's bed躲藏在母亲的床后(hid是 hide的过去式。表示“躲藏于某处”常用 hide oneself in这一句型。)29. I will do you no harm我不会伤害你的, 此句也可写成 I won't do you any harm. 30. I am half frozen我几乎已被冻僵了。(half在此处有almost之意。)31. take care you do not burn your skin当心别把你的毛皮烤焦了。32. knock the snow off my coat把雪从我的外套上抖去。33. swept him clean把他(身上的雪)扫个干净。34. grumbled out his satisfaction喃喃地道出了自己心满意足的心情。35. became familiar enough to play tricks with已经熟悉到可以和他开玩笑的程度。(句中enough之后的动词不定式表示程度, 例如: He is rich enough to buy a motorcar他已经富有到可以买汽车的程度。)36. even ventured to beat him甚至试着揍他, venture意为“冒险尝试”。37. laughing when he grumbled当听到他咕哝时, (高兴得)笑了起来。38. Leave me my life, you children, /Snow-White and Rose-Red, /Or you'll never wed. 饶我一命吧, 孩子们, 白玫瑰与红玫瑰, 否则, 你们会永远嫁不出去。(wed在这里意为“结婚,”“出嫁”。or意为“否则”例如: Study hard, or you will not succeed. 努力学习, 否则就不会成功。)39. others were gone别人都走了。(gone有“离去”及“消失”之意。例如: All hope is gone所有的希望都破灭了。)40. and you will be safely protected from the cold and bad weather这样, 你就能躲避严寒的恶劣的天气对你的威胁。41. As soon as the day broke 天一亮。(The day broke意为“天亮”, “天明”)42. allow the children to play with him as much as they liked. 允许孩子们尽情地与他玩耍。43. till 直到...(例如: He worked till midnight他一直工作到深夜。)44. became so accustomed that(此句中 accustomed之后省略了 his coming in the evening。)45. was left unbolted门仍未关上(leave +过去分词表示“使...保持某种状态”, 例: leave it undone使...未做完。)46. since the sun has thawed the earth and warmed it既然太阳已经使大地解冻转暖。since在此句中意为“既然”, 引导出表示原因的状语从句。例: Since there is no help, let us leave here. 既然没有任何帮助, 那么就让我们离开此地吧!)47. steal all they can find. 把他们所能发现的都偷走(they can find为定语从句修饰 all。)48. what has once passed into their hands, and gets concealed by them in their caves, 任何经过他们之手, 藏进山洞里的东西... 49. is not easily brought to light很难再被发现。(bring to light有“揭露”, “披露”之意)50. was very sad at the departure of the Bear对于那头熊的离去感到很伤心。51. opened the door so hesitatingly that...如此不情愿地, 犹豫不决地开门以至于52. pressed through it把门挤开; 挤出门外(句中 it指 the door。)53. through the hole which was made in his coat通过他外套上撕破的洞(句中 which...为定语从句, 修饰 the hole)54. was not certain of it. 对此不能确定; 对此不能下定论。55. Some time afterwards过了一些日子。17-18. sent the children into the wood to gather sticks 让孩子们到森林中去拾柴薪。56. on the trunk of which something kept hobbling up and down (在树干上有一样东西在不断地跳上跳下。(句中 which指上文的 tree。)57. imagine what it was想像那是什么。58. a snow-white beard a yard long雪白胡须有一码长。59. like a dog by a chain像被一条铁链锁住了的狗。60. how to free himself如何使自己获得自由。61. Are you going to pass without offering me any assistance? 难道你们打算不给我提供任何帮助就走了吗? 62. have the tree split把树劈开(have有“使得”之意, 强调动作之结果, 例: I had my watch mended. 我请人把我的手表修好了。)63. in order to get a little wood for my kitchen为了替我的厨房备些柴薪。(in order to: “为了”; “目的是”。例: He studied hard in order to get the scholarship. 为了得到奖学金, 他学习很努力。)64. not like what you rough, greedy people devour不像你们那种粗鲁, 贪婪的人们那样, 只知道吞食。65. had driven the wedge in properly把楔子正确地敲进了(树干)66. everything was going on well一切都很顺利。67. closed so suddenly that...(裂开了的树干)合拢得如此之快, 以至于... 68. took all the pains they could to...他们尽力去...(take pains to do something尽力去做某事)69. but without success但未能成功。70. crack-brained sheepshead that you are!你真是一个愚蠢的笨蛋!(此句为强调句, 相当于you are indeed a crack-brained sheepshead!)71. What are you going to call other people for? 为什么你打算去喊别人来? 72. You are too many now for me对于我来说, 你们两个已经太多了。73. Can you think of nothing else? 难道你想不出别的主意了吗? (else为后置定语, 修饰 nothing)74. pulling her scissors out of her pocket从她的口袋中拿出一把剪刀。75. As soon as the Dwarf found himself at liberty, 小矮人一发现自己已获得了自由...(此句为表示时间的状语从句。)76. which lay between the roots of the tree, 那个麻袋放在树根之间。(句中which指上文中的bag。)77. filled with gold装满了黄金。78. throwing it over his shoulder把麻袋扛上肩。79. marched off, ...ing大步地离开了。80. to cut off a piece of my beautiful beard把我的一缕美丽的胡须也剪去了。81. away he went = he went away他走开了(此句为倒装句, 把away放在句首起强调作用。)82. saw something like a great locust hopping about看到了一个像蝗虫那样的东西在跳来跳去。83. I am not quite such a simpleton as that我不会笨到那种地步。84. the wind had entangled his beard with the fishing line风把他的胡须和钓鱼线缠绕在一起。85. had the best of the struggle在斗争中占了上风。86. held on by the reeds and rushes which grew near依靠抓住附近的芦苇和灯蕊草而坚持着。87. pulled him where it liked想把他拖向哪里就拖向哪里。88. must soon have been drawn into the pond(小矮人)没多久就会被拖进池塘中。89. release the beard of the Dwarf from the fishing line把小矮人的胡子从钓鱼线上解开。90. were too closely engangled for it to be done由于缠绕得太紧而解不开。(to be done即指上文中的 released from the fishing line)91. When the Dwarf saw this done当小矮人看到他的胡子又被剪去了, ...(此句中的 this done 指文中小姑娘又用剪刀剪去了小矮人的一束胡子。)92. Was it not enough to cut it once难道剪胡子剪了一次还不够吗? 93. I dare not show myself again now to my own people现在我再也不敢在我自己的同类(指其他小矮人中)露脸了。94. I wish you had run the soles off your boots before...我多么希望你们在跑到这里之前就把鞋底跑穿了。95. So saying(一边说着, 一边就...(So saying的正常语序为saying so, 倒置后可加强语气, 强调so。)96. Not many days after this adventure. 这次历险后没过几天, ... 97. it chanced that the mother sent the two maidens to the next town to buy...碰巧, 母亲派两个女孩子到邻近的镇上去买些东西。(it chanced that即 it happened by chance that...) 98. on which here and there在那块空地上散放着...(here and there意为“到处”; “四处”。)99. Just over their heads they saw...就在她们的上方, 她们看到... 100. saw a great bird flying round and round他们看到一只大鸟在盘旋。101. running up they saw with affright that...跑近一看, 她们惊恐地看到...(句中running up相当于When they ran up, ...) 102. As soon as the Dwarf had recovered from his fright, 小矮人从惊恐中恢复过来就...(as soon as为连接词, 解释“一...就...”。) 103. have seized my fine brown coat in such a manner that...(你们)用这种方式抓住我那件讲究的棕色大衣, 结果...(句中such...that...引导出表示结果的状语从句。) 104. meddling and interfering rubbish that you are!你们真是爱管闲事的人!(句中meddling与interfering意义相近, 均为“干涉他人事务”, 两者并用以加强语气。)105. With these words讲完这几句话...106. a bag filled with precious stones一个装满宝石的袋子。107. were now accustomed to his ingratitude对于小矮人不知感激的为人已习以为常。108. Coming home家。109. had shaken out his bag of precious stones, thinking nobody was near(小矮人)以为附近无人, 就把宝石从袋里都抖了出来。110. displayed such a variety of colours that...显示出如此众多的色彩, 以至于... 111. stopped to admire them停下来欣赏宝石(stop to do something意为停下原来正在做的事, 而开始一件新的工作, 其意义与 stop doing something 完全不一样。)112. What are you standing there gaping for? 你们站在那儿睁大了眼睛干什么? 113. while(句中while表示“正当...”)114. when...(句中when表示“正在那个时候”, 相当于 just at that time。)115. came rolling out of the forest从森林里像个球似地滚出(一头大熊)(rolling在句中表示come的方式或状态。)116. Jumped up terrified恐惧地跳出来。(terrified为过去分词, 补充说明jumped up时的心理状态。)117. could not gain his retreat before the Bear overtook him在熊赶上他之前未能找到退路。118. only give me my life只要饶我一命。119. what have you to fear你有什么好害怕的呢? 120. they would make nice meals他们一定会成为很好的食物(make a nice meal表示有“成为一顿美餐之意。”)121. as fat as

young quails像嫩鹌鹑一样肥. (as...as: 像...一样...) 122. without troubling himself to speak连讲话的口舌也不想浪费. 123. gave the Dwarf a single blow with his paw 用他的前爪给了小矮人一击. 124. were then going to run away当时正想逃走. 125. stood up a tall man一个高大的人站了起来. 126. who stole all my treasures他(指小矮人)偷走了我的所有宝藏. 127. was condemned by...to...被诅咒而成为... 128. in the form of a bear以熊的形状. 129. till...直到... 130. has received his well deserved punishment现在已得到了应有的惩罚.

补注

一、p. 4, 20-21行——they saw come in two neatly-formed naked little men, who seated themselves before the shoemaker's table, ...

[关系代词的用法(a)连接用法]who是Seated以下的主语。这种情况是从前往后读，是and they seated themselves...的意思，所以说是连接用法。与此相同的还有where, which, when, while这种情况。

p. 66...he snatched up his sack, which lay between the roots of the tree, ...可以作为说明句修饰前面的名词或句子。

p. 72 “What are you standing there gaping for?” asked the Dwarf, while his face grew as red as copper with rage, ...

p. 72... he was continuing to abuse the poor maidens, when a loud roaring noise was heard, ...

p. 48...she took Rapunzel and put her in a waste and desert place, where she lived in great woe and misery.

仍和以上几个句子一样属同类型用法，有till(或until)

p. 70...they saw a great bird flying round and round, and every now and then dropping lower and lower, till at last it flew down behind a rock.

译成“而且...终于...”，不是指某一瞬间。

p. 16 She called to each of them by name, but nobody answered, until she came to the name of the youngest.

二、p. 10, 1行——There was once an old goat who had seven little ones, ...

[关系代词的用法(b)限定用法]这个who是主语，先行词是an old goat。这种情况下 who had seven little ones修饰 an old goat，所以翻译时从后面往前翻较好。

三、(1)p. 2, 2-3行——...became so poor that at last he had nothing left but...

(2)p. 18, 20-21行——the mother sewed him up so quickly again that...

“so~that...”可翻译成“这样的...以致于...”，so后边即有如(1)那样跟形容词的，也有如(2)那样跟副词的，用法很多。同这一用法大致相同的还有“such~that...”，不同之处是such后面跟的是名词。

p. 34 Now, faithful Henry had suffered such care and pain when his master was turned into a frog, that he had been obliged to wear three iron bands over his heart, to keep it from breaking with trouble and anxiety.

四、p. 14, 10-12行——First show us your paws so that we may know if you are our mother or not.

“so that~may...”翻译成“~能...那样”so that~的从句里通常使用may或can。

p. 6..., and at night, when everything was finished, they laid the gifts together on the table, instead of the cut-out work, and placed themselves so that they could observe how the little men would behave.

五、p. 18, 8-9 行——no sooner had she made one snip than out came the head of one of the kids; ...

“no sooner~than...”通常译为“~刚...就...”，但请注意，此类句子的动词和主语的位置是颠倒的。当然，也有和“~刚...就...”一样主谓语不倒置的，这就是“as soon as...”。

p. 26..., as soon as he heard her promise, ...

这种用法最多。

p. 4 As soon as it was midnight they saw come in two neatly-formed naked little men, ...

“used to”，“would”二者皆在表示过去的习惯时用，但前者用于经常性的习惯，后者则用于规律性的习惯。

p. 22 the King's daughter used to go forth into the wood and sit by the brink of the cool well, and if the time seemed long, she would take out a golden ball, and throw it up and catch it again, ...

p. 42 When the witch wished to be let in, she would stand below and would cry, ...

p. 54...; and if they stayed late in the forest, and night came upon them, they used to lie down on the moss and sleep till morning; ...

六、现在分词、过去分词被用于定语的情况、作为状语用的情况及作为分词连接上下文的情况等三种情况在本故事中都用得很多，在此一并说明。

[I]、作为定语的分词

(1)以“名词+现在分词”的形式起定语的作用。

p. 24...a frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water.

p. 28 Is there a giant standing at the door ready to carry you away?

(2)“现在分词+名词”(起定语作用的。)

p. 70 a piercing shriek in his squeaking voice

p. 72 a loud roaring noise

(3)“名词+过去分词”

p. 54 a beautiful child dressed in shining white

p. 6 neat little garments put ready for them

p. 34 And there came to the door a carriage drawn by eight white horses, ...

(4)“过去分词+名词”

p. 4 neatly-formed naked little men

p. 6 the pieces of prepared leather

p. 74 Now he has received his well deserved punishment.

[II]、作为状语和补语的分词

(1)现在分词作为状语的动词是及物动词时.

p. 10 someone came knocking at the house door...

p. 32 He came creeping up, saying...

p. 56...while her children sat spinning...

(2)现在分词作为补语的动词是不及物动词时.

p. 16...there they saw the wolf lying under a tree, and snoring so that the branches shook.

p. 44..., as he drew near, he heard a voice singing so sweetly that he stood still and listened.

p. 46...he found the witch looking at him with wicked, glistening eyes.

(3)过去分词作为状语的动词是不及物动词时.

p. 72 The Dwarf jumped up terrified, ...

p. 54..., and the birds remained perched on the boughs singing as if nobody were near.

(4)过去分词作为补语的动词是及物动词时.

p. 2...he found the pair of shoes made and finished, ...

[III] 、分词连接上下文

作为动词和连接词兼用——这要根据不同场合而定, 即有表示同时发生的付带状况, 又有“and”“as...”以及其他意思的.

(1)表付带状况的

p. 8 Then they hopped and danced about, jumping over the chairs and tables, ...

(2)表“and”的

p. 32 Now the King grew angry with her, saying...

(3)表原因、理由(“as”)的

p. 12 But the miller refused, thinking the wolf must be meaning harm to someone.

测试题

[1]下面是格林童话中的三个故事, 它们都发人深省. 那么, 究竟有何教训呢? 请简述之.

(a)The Elves and Shoemaker

(b)The Wolf and the Seven Little Goats

(c)Snow-White and Rose-Red

[2]请回答下列问题

(a)第一个故事

(1)这位鞋匠最初过着什么样的生活?

(2)鞋匠的生活是怎样逐渐好起来的?

(3)鞋匠夫妇商量后, 对小矮子做了什么?

(b)第二个故事

(1)山羊妈妈出门前要它的幼仔注意什么?

(2)狡猾的狼用什么方法欺骗小山羊?

(3)狼进屋时, 七只小山羊分别藏到什么地方?

(4)能够逃过狼的袭击的只有一只小山羊, 这只羊行几?(七只中的第几?)

(5)山羊妈妈是怎样从狼的威胁下救出六只小羊的?

(6)狼最后怎样了?

(c)第三个故事

(1)故事中的公主是怎样一位美女?

(2)公主喜欢在森林中干什么?

(3)公主的球从井底被带上了来了, 面对青蛙的表述, 公主没有道谢, 她是怎么想的?

(4)国王为何斥责公主?

(d)第四个故事

(1)那个男子为何两次翻墙偷偷进入巫婆的禁园?

(2)巫婆许诺用什么交换条件让他采风铃草?

(3)为何给刚生下的孩子取名Rapunzel?

(4)Rapunzel长到十二岁时, 巫婆对她干了什么?

(5)来到森林的王子是怎样发现攀登无入口的塔的方法的?

(6)Rapunzel打算用什么方法同王子一起从塔上逃跑?

(7)巫婆从何得知王子的?

(8)王子为何失明?

(9)流浪沙漠的王子根据什么得知Rapunzel还存在?

(e)第五个故事

(1)两少女的性格稍有差异, 请加以说明.

(2)两少女在漫长的冬夜与母亲围炉而坐，那时她们是怎样消磨时光的？

(3)两少女的家里饲养了几种动物和鸟，它们分别是什么？

(4)隆冬时节，熊每晚都去她家，春天到来之后，熊对她们说了什么？

(5)两少女在森林中见到的矮人是何许人也？

(6)两少女是在什么场合帮助矮人的？

[3]用下列词组造句.

(1) make haste (2) as soon as (3) take care of

(4) be fond of (5) by name (6) so~that

(7) so that~ may (8) because of (9) at last

(10) make ready (11) go to sleep (12) come to pass

(13) keep...from~ing (14) for one's sake (15) a lump of(a pair of)

(16) be able to (17) in surprise (18) in vain

(19) it happened that~ (20) instead of

[4]写出下列词语的意义，并分别用它们造句.

(1) a little (2) little (3) a few (4) few

(5)some (6)much (7)many (8)pretty

(9)beautiful (10)handsome (11)several (12)right

(13)wrong (14)correct (15)poor (16)miserable

(17)once (18)once upon a time (19) rather (20)more

[5]写出下列动词的变化.

(1) hear (2) lay (3) pay (4) say

(5) have (6) tell (7) make (8) leap

(9) send (10) spend (11) run (12) sing

(13) break (14) speak (15) do (16) rise

(17) lie (18) fall (19) see (20) eat

[6]将下列单词的单数形式改为复数，复数改为单数.

(1) day (2) wife (3) shoes (4) branch

(5)leaves (6)children (7)fish (8)man

(9) roof (10) wolf (11) half (12) knife

(13) feet (14) tooth (15) life

[7]将适当词语填入下文的()中，使之成为完整的句子.

(1) In the morning, after he had said his prayers, he found() of shoes made and finished.

(2)He()very much astonished.

(3)A customer gave him() much money that he was able to buy leather enough for four new shoes.

(4)While I am gone, be on your guard() the wolf.

(5) The wolf often disguises(), but he may always be known() his hoarse voice.

(6) We will take good care() ourselves.

(7) It was not long before someone came knocking() the door.

(8) Show us your paws so that we() know if you are really our mother or not.

(9)The little goats tried to hide().

(10) Not long after, the mother goat came() from the wood.

(11) The mother goat looked()the wolf carefully on all side.

(12)It happened one day()the golden ball dropped to the ground near the edge of the well and rolled in.

(13) The well was so deep that the bottom() not be seen.

(14)She looked to see where the voice came().

(15)If you would promise all this, I()dive below the water and fetch you your golden ball.

(16)The garden belonged()a witch of great might.

(17)All the world was afraid()the witch.

(18)Every day the prince went into the wood and listened()the sweetsong.

(19)He heard a voice()so sweetly that he stood still and listened.

(20)As()as it began to dusk, the prince went to the tower in the wood.

The Elves and the Shoemaker

(一)

I. 阅读测验20%

下面四个问题是针对本文提出的，每题附有四个备选答案。请找出其中最适当的一个答案。

1. At the beginning of the story, the shoemaker was very poor because _____.

[]

- A. he was not diligent enough.
- B. he had to support a large family.
- C. he was poor in skill.
- D. he was unlucky.

2. Soon the shoemaker was in the way of making a good living because _____.

[]

- A. no matter how much leather he had cut the previous night, it was skilfully made into shoes and sold the next morning.
- B. each night the elves came and left some money on the table.
- C. the shoemaker's wife treated the elves well.
- D. he forced the elves to make shoes for him every night.

3. The shoemaker and his wife sat up late one night not long before Christmas because_____

[]

- A. they had too much leather to cut out.
- B. they were curious to know who had been helping them.
- C. they wanted to catch the thieves.
- D. they wanted to give some presents to the elves.

4. The next morning, the wife suggested making some clothes for the elves because_____

[]

- A. she took pity on them.
- B. the elves asked her for some.
- C. she wanted to show their gratitude to the elves.
- D. the shoemaker was afraid that the elves would no longer work for them.

II. 对话 20%

下面五题是日常生活中常见的对话，有些与本文有关，有些则无关。每题各有一个空格，每题之下附有四个备选答案，请根据对话内容，选出一个最适当的答案：

1. A: I should say that the shoemaker owed his success solely to his good luck.

B: Well _____. Don't you think he worked very hard himself, too. []

- A. I don't think so.
- B. your opinion is a bit one-sided if you ask me.
- C. I agree with you perfectly.
- D. I am sure you are wrong.

2. A: We were rather surprised about the quality of the shoes you delivered to us last month. We've received some complaints from our customer.

B: _____. []

- A. Oh, it's quite usual. We've had a problem with our machinery.
- B. This is just an exception. Generally speaking, the quality of our products are good.
- C. I'm terribly sorry. We've had a slight problem with the machinery. I guarantee it won't happen again.
- D. Those customers of yours always make a fuss about even the slightest defect.

3. A: How pretty your little boots are!

B: _____. []

- A. Thank you. My father gave them to me on my birthday.
- B. How funny that you should like my worn-out boots.
- C. Don't flatter me.
- D. Well, they are just so.

4. A: It's my birthday today.

B: _____. []

- A. Do you mean we should have a celebration?
- B. Oh, I'm sick of birthday parties. It's so monotonous.

- C. Happy birthday to you! May you have many happy returns of the day.
 D. It's too late for you to tell me now. Otherwise I would give you a present.
 5. A: There will be a party at my home this sunday. I shall be happy if you would join us.
 B: _____. []
 A. I hate parties. It's just a waste of time.
 B. On the one hand I don't like parties, and on the other hand I have another appointment that day.
 C. Thanks for the invitation. Unfortunately I have another appointment that day.
 D. Well, I can't come because my boss has invited me to his party.

III. 综合测验 20%

下面一段短文共有十个空格，每个空格附有四个备选答案。请仔细阅读后选出一个最适当的答案。

finished cutting out, and before he went to bed, he said to his wife,

How would it be if we were to sit 1 tonight and see who it is that does us this 2 ?”

His wife agreed, and 3 a light to burn. Then they both hid in a corner of the room, behind some coats 4 were hanging up, and then they began to watch. 5 it was midnight they saw come in two neatly-formed naked little men, who 6 themselves before the shoemaker's table, and took up the work that was already 7 , and began to stitch, to pierce, and to hammer 8 cleverly and quickly with their little fingers that the shoemaker's eyes could scarcely 9 them, so full of wonder was he. And never did they 10 until everything was finished and was standing ready on the table, and then they jumped up and ran off.

1.
[]
A. down B. up
C. upright D. behind
2.
[]
A. job B. work
C. service D. favour
3.
[]
A. prepare B. set
C. brought D. took down
4.
[]
A. that B. who
C. where D. when
5.
[]
A. Whenever B. At the time
C. At the moment D. As soon as
6.
[]
A. sat B. sitted
C. seated D. seat
7.
[]
A. done B. cut
C. prepared D. placed
8.
[]
A. very B. very much
C. such D. so
9.
[]
A. glimpse B. look at
C. follow D. glance at
10.
[]
A. left off B. leave behind

C. leave off D. left behind

IV. 词汇 20%

下面十个题目，各有一个空格，每题都附有四个备选答案。请选择一个最适合空格的单词。

1. He doesn't work but he gets a good _____ from his investments.

[]

A. wages B. earning

C. income D. salary

2. Jane is far too _____. She must learn to think before she jumps.

[]

A. impulsive B. intuitive

C. instinctive D. intense

3. The noise was so _____ that only those with excellent hearing were aware of it.

[]

A. dim B. soft

C. gentle D. faint

4. The dog felt very _____ when its master left the house, dressed for a party.

[]

A. disillusioned B. disappointed

C. cheated D. deceived

5. The prisoner _____ that he had assaulted a policeman.

[]

A. refused B. rejected

C. denied D. declined

6. The train was _____ by a heavy snowfall.

[]

A. postponed B. delayed

C. adjourned D. protracted

7. A force of desperate men burst out of the besieged city and _____ the army that had surrounded them.

[]

A. won B. submitted

C. gained D. defeated

8. After the collision he examined the considerable _____ to his car.

[]

A. injuries B. damages

C. damage D. destruction

9. The jury _____ him of having committed the robbery and he was then sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

[]

A. accused B. charged

C. convinced D. convicted

10. The bus company apparently ignores the many _____ about unpunctuality and overcrowding of buses.

[]

A. claims B. griefs

C. complains D. objections

V. 中译英 20%

请将下面五句中文翻译成通顺的英语。如能使用括号内所给的单词则更为理想：

1. 并非由于她自己的错误，那位漂亮的姑娘却诞生在一个贫困的家庭。

(fault) (through no fault of her own)

2. 在困境时，有些人听天由命，把自己托付于上苍，也有人奋力拚搏，以找寻出一条出路。(commit oneself to heaven)

3. 因为他工作勤奋，他的生活很快富裕起来。(be in the way of)

4. 对于父母为他们所做的一切，孩子们应怀有感激之情。(be grateful to)

5. 父亲问儿子：“你在学校学习得好吗？”(go well)

解 答

I. 1. D. 2. A. 3. B. 4. C.

II. 1. B. 2. C. 3. A. 4. C. 5. C.

III. 1. B. 2. C. 3. B. 4. A. 5. D.

6. C. 7. C. 8. D. 9. C. 10. C.

IV. 1. C. 2. A. 3. D. 4. B. 5. C.

6. B. 7. D. 8. C. 9. D. 10. C.

V. 1. Through no fault of her own, the pretty girl was born in a poor family.

2. In times of difficulty, some people commit themselves to heaven while others work hard to find a way out.

3. Because of his industriousness in his work, he is soon in the way of making a good living.

4. Children should learn to be grateful to what their parents have done to them.

5. "Does your study go well at school?" the father asked his son.

The Frog Prince

(二)

I. 阅读测验 20%

下面四个问题是针对本文提出的, 每题附有四个备选答案. 请把其中最适当的一个答案找出.

1. The youngest daughter of the king in the story was _____.

[]

A. very ugly

B. very beautiful

C. disliked by the sun

D. hated by the moon

2. The youngest princess was very much fond of _____.

[]

A. playing near a pond.

B. ball games near a pond in the Palace.

C. knitting while sitting by the brink of a well.

D. playing with a golden ball near a well in a dark forest not far from the palace.

3. Why did the youngest princess promise to take the frog back to the palace?

[]

A. Because he looked very interesting.

B. Because he wanted to play games with her.

C. Because he said he would help her to retrieve the ball from the well.

D. Because he saved her from drowning in the well.

4. The king was very angry with his daughter at dinner one day because _____.

[]

A. the frog knocked at the door again and again.

B. the princess broke a plate.

C. the princess failed to keep her promise.

D. the princess forgot to pay money to the frog.

5. Which of the following statements is true.

[]

A. The frog died when the princess dashed him against the wall.

B. The king drove the frog out of the palace.

C. The princess threw the frog out of the window.

D. The frog turned out to be a handsome prince and eventually the princess fell in love with him.

II. 对话 20%

下面五题是日常生活中常见的对话, 有些与本文有关, 有些则无关. 每题各有一个空格, 每题之下附有四个备选答案, 请根据对话内容, 选出一个最适当的答案.

1. A: Sorry to be late for the party. I got a bit lost.

B: _____.

[]

A. Too bad to have kept us waiting. You should have started earlier.

B. Oh, it's all right. We were wondering what had happened to you.

C. If there is one thing I hate most, it is people who can't learn to be punctual.

D. Don't be late next time, you hear me.

2. A: Thank you for coming to dinner with us.

B: _____.

[]

A. It's okey.

- B. Oh, it is worth the trouble of coming here.
 C. Oh, the pleasure is mine. How kind of you to have invited me.
 D. Don't mention it. I would love to come if the dishes are better next time.

3. A: Surely they should have known we were coming.
 B: Well, perhaps they hadn't got our letter. _____.
 []

- A. So they could not know we were coming.
 B. So they should not know we were coming.
 C. So they might not have known we were coming.
 D. So they should not have known we were coming.
 4. A: Tom doesn't pay back his debts. He makes me angry.
 B: If there is one thing I can't stand, _____.

- []
 A. they are people who don't pay back their debts.
 B. it is a person who don't pay back his debts.
 C. it is one who refuse to pay back his debts.
 D. it is people who don't pay back their debts.
 5. A: What a fool you are not to have parked your car in the parking lot.
 B: How I wish _____.
 []

- A. I parked my car in the parking lot!
 B. I had parked my car in the parking lot!
 C. I didn't just park my car in the street.
 D. I came by bike instead of by car.

III. 综合测验 20%

下面一段短文共有十个空格，每个空格附有四个备选答案。请仔细阅读后选出一个最适当的答案。

Once upon a time there was a wise king who had many pretty daughters. Among the princesses, the youngest was the most beautiful. She liked to play with a golden ball near a well under a linden tree in a dark wood not far from the palace. One day 1 her dismay, the golden ball rolled into the well and 2 to the bottom of the water. She cried and cried for the loss of her ball 3 a frog came to her rescue. He retrieved the ball from the well 4 on condition that from then on the princess would take him back to the palace and 5 him as her playmate. When the princess did not carry 6 her promise, he jumped all the way to the palace and, with the help of the king, forced the princess to take him to her room. There the princess was so angry that she threw him against the wall. To her amazement, the frog changed into a 7 prince and told her that it was a 8 that had turned him into a frog and no one 9 the princess could save him. Later on, the princess and the prince 10 in love with each other and got married. From then on, they lived happily all their life.

1.
 []
 A. in B. on
 C. for D. to
 2.
 []
 A. floated B. ran
 C. sank D. sinked
 3.
 []
 A. to B. which
 C. until D. since
 4.
 []
 A. by B. for
 C. around D. on
 5.
 []
 A. seem B. regard
 C. look D. appear
 6.
 []

- A. out B. on
C. forward D. in
7.
[]
A. ugly B. handsome
C. beautiful D. pretty

8.
[]
A. wizard B. magician
C. witch D. fairy

9.
[]
A. however B. but
C. only D. whosoever

10.
[]
A. went B. fallen
C. became D. fell

IV. 词汇 20%

下面十个题目，各有一个空格，每题都附有四个备选答案。请选择一个最适合空格的单词。

1. The _____ cats that are still found in some remote places are distantly related to our friendly and tame domestic companions.

- []
A. savage B. wild
C. cruel D. fierce

2. The forecast predicted _____ weather with snow, sunshine, wind and thunder and that is just what we have had.

- []
A. fluctuating B. differing
C. various D. variable

3. The book proved to be very unreliable and so was quite _____ to him in his research.

- []
A. invaluable B. unimportant
C. useless D. unusable

4. To our grief, we were told that he had met with a _____ of misfortunes.

- []
A. continuation B. repetition
C. succession D. continuity

5. His authority and _____ make him an excellent leader.

- []
A. self-consciousness B. self-confidence
C. self-centredness D. self-satisfaction

6. He broke the world _____ for the 100 meter dash.

- []
A. mark B. level
C. standard D. record

7. I'd like to _____ him to you for the job. He is a most conscientious worker.

- []
A. suggest B. recommend
C. advise D. propose

8. Nobody has been able to explain the _____ of this commonly used expressions.

- []
A. reason B. starting-point
C. cause D. origin

9. He had an _____ habit of emptying ashtrays out of his upstairs window onto our doorstep.

- []
A. objectionable B. uneducated

C. offensive D. uncultivated

10. The music aroused an _____ feeling of homesickness in him.

[]

A. intense B. intensive

C. intentional D. intending

V. 中译英 20%

请将下面五句中文翻译成通顺的英语，如能使用括号内所给的单词则更为理想。

1. 那只青蛙与公主讲话的样子就像他/它是个人一样. (as if)

2. 她借给他一百元，条件是他必须在发工资的那天归还. (on condition that)

3. 你必须履行你在困难时作出的许诺. (perform)

4. 那个小姑娘跟在妈妈的脚跟后面进了花园. (follow at someone's heels)

5. 后来，公主同意与青蛙王子结婚. (consent)

解答

I. 1. B. 2. D. 3. C. 4. C. 5. C.

II. 1. D. 2. C. 3. C. 4. D. 5. B.

6. A. 7. B. 8. C. 9. B. 10. D.

III. 1. D. 2. C. 3. C. 4. D. 5. B.

6. A. 7. B. 8. C. 9. B. 10. D.

IV. 1. B. 2. D. 3. C. 4. C. 5. B.

6. D. 7. B. 8. D. 9. C. 10. A.

V. 1. The frog talked to the princess as if he were a human being.

2. She lent him \$100 on condition that he would pay her back on his pay day.

3. You must perform what you have promised in your time of necessity.

4. The little girl followed at her mother's heels into the garden.

5. Later the princess consented to marry the frog prince.

Snow-White and Rose-Red

(三)

I. 阅读测验 20%

下面四个问题是针对本文提出的，每题附有四个备选答案。请找出其中最适当的一个答案。

1. Snow-White got her name because _____.

[]

A. her complexion was as white as the snow.

B. her face was as pale as a person with insufficient nutrition.

C. she was as pretty as the white rose that grew in front of her cottage.

D. her mother wanted her to be as beautiful as the princess in the story "Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs".

2. No accident had ever befallen Snow-White and Rose-Red as _____.

[]

A. they had never quarrelled with each other.

B. they were such pious and industrious children.

C. they were so obedient and tender to their mother.

D. they were guarded by angels from the heaven day and night.

3. One winter evening, while the two children were sitting quietly around the fire, a huge black bear rushed into their cottage because _____.

[]

A. he wanted to eat up the two little girls.

B. he wanted to be sheltered from the snow and cold outside.

C. he was fond of playing with little girls.

D. he was in search of the dwarf who had stolen his treasure.

4. How many times had the two little girls saved the life of the dwarf with long white beard?

[]

A. Once

B. Twice

C. Three times.

D. Four times.

5. What is the best word to be used to describe the dwarf from the point of view of the little girls?

[]

- A. Vicious.
- B. Mean and ungrateful.
- C. Greedy and foolish.
- D. Ugly but funny.

II. 对话 20%

下面五题是日常生活中常见的对话，有些与本课文有关，有些则无关。每题各有一个空格，并各附四个备选答案。请依照对话内容，选出一个最适当的答案。

1. A: Do you mind if I call you by your first name Tony?

B: _____.

[]

- A. Not at all. Go ahead.
- B. Well, we are not familiar enough, I'm afraid.
- C. How strange that you should get such a queer idea.
- D. I'd prefer you address me by my family name.

2. A: Please have some fish. It's delicious.

B: _____.

[]

- A. I don't like fish.
- B. It tastes awful.
- C. I don't think it is delicious at all.
- D. Thanks, but I am not particularly keen on fish.

3. A: Would you like a cup of coffee?

B: _____.

[]

- A. Yes.
- B. No.
- C. Yes, please. I'd love some.
- D. No. It's so bitter.

4. A: The lights are on, so they must be at home.

B: That's right. If they weren't at home, _____.

[]

- A. the lights wouldn't have been on.
- B. the lights would't be on.
- C. the lights shouldn't have been on.
- D. the lights mustn't be on.

5. A: He's a maths teacher, isn't he?

B: Well, he did English at the university _____.

[]

- A. So he mustn't be a maths teacher.
- B. So he shouldn't be a maths teacher.
- C. So he can be a maths teacher.
- D. So he can't be a maths teacher.

III. 综合测验 20%

下面一段短文共有十个空格，每个空格附有四个备选答案。请仔细阅读后选出一个最适当的答案。

As soon as spring returned, and everything out of 1 was green again, one morning the bear told Snow-White that he must leave her, and could not return during the whole summer. "Where are you going, then, dear bear?" sked Snow-White, "I am 2 to go into the forest and guard my treasures from the evil Dwarfs; for in winter, when ground is hard, they are obliged to 3 in their holes, and cannot work through; but now since the sun has warmed the earth and 4 it, the Dwarfs pierce through, and steal all they can find; and whatever has once passed 5 their hands, and gets concealed by them in their caves, is not easily brought to 6 " Snow-White, however, was very sad at the 7 of the Bear, and opened the door so hesitatingly that when he 8 through it he left behind on the latch a piece of his coat Snow-White 9 that she saw the glittering of gold; but she was not quite certain of it. The bear, 10 , ran hastily away, and was soon hidden behind the trees.

1.

[]

- A. the window B. the door
- C. windows D. doors

2.
[]
A. forced B. obliged
C. inclined D. reluctant

3.
[]
A. maintain B. sleep
C. keep D. staying

4.
[]
A. melted B. softened
C. thawed D. carved

5.
[]
A. onto B. into
C. off D. under

6.
[]
A. the earth B. the light
C. earth D. light

7.
[]
A. sight B. left
C. passing D. departure

8.
[]
A. forced B. pressed
C. rushed D. sneaked

9.
[]
A. fancied B. imagined
C. glanced D. glimpsed

10.
[]
A. but B. however
C. startled D. frightened

IV. 词汇 20%

下面十个题目，各有一个空格，每题都附有四个备选答案。请选择一个最适合空格的单词。

1. He says he would write an English textbook if he could find a(n) _____ to deal with the less interesting parts.
[]

- A. collaborator B. partner
C. accomplice D. ally

2. There were so many people that the customs officer didn't bother to _____ our luggage.
[]

- A. glance B. check
C. ask D. search

3. Most people were no longer listening to his long _____ story.
[]

- A. tiring B. boring
C. weary D. irritable

4. About 7 o'clock in the evening, a storm came up suddenly. Before we had time to do anything, we were _____.
[]

- A. blinded by the lightning.
B. deafened by the lightning.
C. unsighted by the lightning.

- D. unseen by the lightning.
5. It is a pity that he is blind _____.
[]
- A. at his own fault.
B. to his own fault.
C. by his own fault.
D. with his own fault.
6. This the _____ piano on which the composer created some of his greatest works.
[]
- A. actual B. genuine
C. real D. original
7. I should like to rent a house, modern, comfortable and _____ in a quiet neighbourhood.
[]
- A. after all B. first of all
C. above all D. before all
8. Your teacher has lost his voice and _____ I am taking his place today.
[]
- A. besides B. accordingly
C. thereby D. moreover
9. A _____ woman is needed to take care of two small children.
[]
- A. confident B. confidential
C. dependent D. reliable
10. Far more should be done to _____ the sufferings of thousands of homeless people.
[]
- A. alleviate B. improve
C. remedy D. house
- V. 中译英 20%

请将下面五句中文翻译成通顺的英语。如能使用括号内所给的单词则更为理想:

- 外面雪下得那么大,你不应该冒险出去滑雪。(venture)
- 孩子们对于那头大熊每晚上的来访很快就习以为常了。(accustom)
- 看到那矮人的胡子与钓鱼绳绞在一起一定很有趣吧。(entangle)
- 直到那头熊开始对孩子们讲话时,孩子们才从恐惧中恢复过来。(recover from one's fright)
- 你为什么站在那里瞪着眼看着我?难道你不能走过来帮我一把吗?(gape)

解答

- I. 1. C. 2. D. 3. B. 4. C. 5. B.
- II. 1. A. 2. D. 3. C. 4. B. 5. D.
- III. 1. D. 2. B. 3. C. 4. C. 5. B.
6. D. 7. D. 8. B. 9. A. 10. B.
- IV. 1. A. 2. B. 3. B. 4. A. 5. B.
6. A. 7. C. 8. B. 9. D. 10. A.
- V. 1. It is snowing so hard outside, you should not venture to go skiing.
2. Soon the children became accustomed to the bear's visit every evening.
3. It must be funny to see the dwarf's beard entangled with the fishingline.
4. It was not until the bear had begun to speak to them that the children became recovered from their fright.
5. Why are you standing there gaping at me? Can't you come over and lend me a hand?

[皇帝的新装](#)

[汉斯尔与格瑞特尔](#)

[圣母院的驼背人](#)

[金刚](#)

[章鱼](#)

[大力水手——波普耶](#)

[特威德尔孪生兄弟](#)

[女巫弗丽吉](#)

[弗丽吉伦敦行](#)

[毛格利](#)

[丛林之王](#)

[胡桃钳](#)

[王子与贫儿](#)

[绿衣小精灵](#)

[可怕的吃人魔](#)

皇帝的新装

THE EMPE ROR’S NEW CLOTHES

Hans Christian Andersen

When two tailors tell the emperor they make magic cloth, he gives them gold thread to make the cloth for his new suit. The tailors are clever! They tell the emperor that stupid people can’t see the cloth. And when the emperor wears his invisible suit in town, all the people laugh at him. The emperor is very embarrassed!

THE EMPEROR’S NEW CLOTHES

“I like clothes! I love clothes!” says the emperor. “I have clothes for the morning, for the afternoon and for the evening! I have clothes in different colours!”

One day, two men come to town.

“We are tailors¹,” says the first man.

“We make cloth²,” says the second man.

“Our cloth is magic!”

The emperor is very happy. He wants some new cloth to make a suit¹.

He wants a new suit for the parade² in town.

“Why is your cloth magic?” the emperor asks the tailors.

“It’s magic because clever¹ people can see it. Stupid² people can’t.”

The emperor is very pleased.

“We need gold thread¹ to make the magic cloth,” the men say.

The emperor gives the tailors lots of gold thread. But the tailors steal² the gold.

The tailors start to make the magic cloth. They sit at the empty¹ loom² and work all day and all night.

Clickerty, click, clickerty, click, goes the loom.

“Go and see the cloth,” says the emperor to the prime minister.

The prime minister looks¹ and looks.

But he can’t see the cloth!

“I’m not stupid!” he thinks².

“The cloth is beautiful,” says the prime minister and goes to tell the emperor. The wicked¹ tailors laugh² and laugh and laugh!

“Give us¹ some more gold thread,” the tailors say.

The emperor gives them² more gold thread.

The wicked tailors steal all the gold!

The emperor sends a general¹ to see the cloth.

The general looks and looks and looks, but he can’t see the cloth.

“The prime minister can see the cloth,” thinks the general, “I’m not stupid!”

“The cloth is wonderful,” he says. When the general goes away¹, the tailors laugh and laugh and laugh!

The tailors cut¹ and sew² the cloth.

“Can the emperor come and try on his new clothes?” the men ask.

“Of course, of course,” says the emperor. Let’s go!”

“Oh dear,” thinks the emperor. “I can’t see the cloth! The prime minister can see it. The general can see it! I’m NOT stupid!”

The emperor touches¹ the invisible² cloth. “It’s a beautiful suit!” he says.

“The cloth is cool¹ and very light². It’s perfect for the summer!” he says.

The emperor wears the invisible suit at the parade.

“He’s got no clothes on!” shouts a little boy. “Ha, ha, ha,” laugh the people.

The emperor’s face¹ is very red. “It’s a trick²!” he thinks. “Look for the tailors!” shouts the emperor. But of course, the soldiers can’t find the tailors...or the gold thread!

您读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

“我喜欢衣服！我爱衣服！”皇帝说，“我有早上穿的衣服，中午穿的衣服和晚上穿的衣服！我有各种不同颜色的衣服！”

一天，城里来了两个人。

“我们是裁缝，”一个人说。

“我们会织布，”第二个人说。

“我们织的布很神奇！”

皇帝很兴奋。他想用新的布料做一套礼服。

他想穿新的礼服在城里游行。

“为什么说你们织的布很神奇呢？”皇帝问裁缝。

“说它神奇是因为聪明的人能看到它，愚蠢的人却看不到它。”

皇帝很高兴。

“我们要用金线来织这种神奇的布，”裁缝说。

皇帝送给裁缝们许多金线。但裁缝们偷走了金子。

裁缝们开始织神奇的布。

他们坐在空空的织布机前整日整夜地工作。

卡嗒，卡嗒，织布机不停地转。

“该去看看布料了，”皇帝对首相说。

首想看啊看啊。

但他看不到布料。

“我并不愚蠢啊！”他想。

“布料很漂亮，”首相向皇帝汇报说。

邪恶的裁缝笑啊笑啊。

“再给我们一些金线吧，”裁缝说。

皇帝又给了他们一些金线。

邪恶的裁缝又偷走了所有的金子。

皇帝派一位将军去看布料。

将军看来看去，但他无法看见布料。

“首相能看见布料，”将军想，“我也并不傻！”

“布料相当好，”他说。

将军走后，裁缝大笑不止。

裁缝们裁剪缝制服装。

“皇帝能来试穿一下新装吗？”两人问。

“当然可以，”皇帝说，“走吧！”

“哦，天啊！”皇帝想，“我看不到布料！首相能看见，将军能看见！我并不愚蠢啊！”

皇帝摸着看不见的衣服，“多漂亮的礼服！”他说。

“布料很凉爽也很轻。正适合夏天穿！”他说。

皇帝穿着看不见的礼服去游行。

“他没穿衣服！”一个小男孩大喊。“哈哈”人们都笑起来了。

皇帝的脸红红的。

“这是个骗局！”他想。“去找裁缝！”皇帝喊。卫兵当然找不到裁缝……和金线！

汉斯尔与格瑞特尔

HANSEL AND GRETEL

Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm

Hansel and Gretel's family is very poor. The children don't have enough food. Their father decides to lose them in the forest. The two children find a house made of sweets and cakes! But an old witch, who lives in the house, captures them. She wants to eat Hansel! The children find gold in the house and escape. Home again with their mummy and daddy, they are happy and ...rich!

HANSEL AND GRETEL

Hansel and Gretel's daddy is a woodcutter¹.

Their mummy is a housewife.

They live in a small house in the forest.

The family is very poor and the children are often hungry².

"We have no food¹ for the children," cries² the woodcutter's wife. "And no money³," continues the woodcutter, "but I have a plan. When I go to work tomorrow, I can leave Hansel and Gretel in the forest." "SHUSH," whispers his wife, "the children mustn't hear you."

But Hansel isn't asleep¹ and he hears his father's plan. The boy puts small stones² in pockets.

Next day when they go into the forest, Hansel drops³ the stones behind him.

The woodcutter leaves the children in the forest and goes home.

"One, two, three," count¹ Hansel and Gretel.

They collect² the stones and soon they are home.

The next day the woodcutter takes the children a long, long way into the forest.

The children have a bread roll¹. Hansel drops breadcrumbs² behind him.

When the woodcutter leaves the children, Gretel is afraid of the animals³.

"Don't be afraid," says Hansel, "we can follow the breadcrumbs to get home." But the birds eat the breadcrumbs and Hansel and Gretel can't find their way home.

Soon it is dark¹ and they are lost!

"I'm very tired¹," says Gretel.

"Let's rest under this tree²," Hansel suggests.

The two children go to sleep and when they wake up they are very, very hungry!

"Look," shouts Gretel, "a house of cakes¹!"

"Mmmmm, a biscuit roof, sugar windows and cream cakes on the door! Yummy yummy²!" says Hansel, "let's...eat the house!"

Hansel eats a biscuit and Gretel eats a cake. They hear a voice inside the house.

"Nibble¹, nibble like a mouse², who is nibbling at my house?" says the voice.

"It's a cat," the children answer.

The door opens and an ugly¹ old woman with a stick² comes out. Hansel and Gretel are afraid, but the old woman smiles and says, "Come in, come in, come into my house, my dear children!"

The house is full of good food to eat and warm beds¹. Hansel and Gretel don't know the old woman is a bad witch². The witch doesn't like cakes or sugar to eat, she likes...children!

The witch captures¹ the children. She wants Gretel to help her in the house and she puts Hansel in a cage².

"Ha, ha, ha," laughs the witch. "Eat all the food, I want a nice FAT³ boy to eat!"

"Are you fat now?" asks the witch.

"Give me your finger¹, I can't see very well."

But Hansel puts a small bone² out of the cage.

"My goodness," cries the witch, "you are very thin!"

"Light¹ the fire² in the oven³," the witch tells Gretel. "I can't," the little girl answers. "Stupid goose⁴," shouts the witch and puts her head in the oven to light the fire.

Gretel pushes¹ the witch into the oven and frees² Hansel.

The children find gold and jewels in the witch's house and take them to their mummy and daddy. The woodcutter's family is never hungry again. They are happy³ now.

您读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

汉斯尔和格瑞特尔的父亲是一个樵夫。

他们的妈妈是一位家庭主妇。

他们住在森林中的一幢小房里。

家里很穷，孩子们经常吃不饱。

"我没有给孩子们吃的东西了，" 樵夫的妻子哭了。

“我们也没有钱，”樵夫接着说，“但我有个打算，明天去干活的时候，把汉斯尔和格瑞特尔留在森林里。”

“嘘，”妻子小声说，“孩子们应该没听到吧。”

但汉斯尔并没睡着，他听到了爸爸的计划。男孩在口袋中装了些小石子。

第二天，他们走进森林，汉斯尔在身后扔下小石子。

樵夫把孩子们留在森林里，回家了。

“一、二、三”汉斯尔和格瑞特尔数着。

他们拾起小石子很快回到家里。

第二天，樵夫带孩子们在森林里走了很远。

孩子们带了一个面包。汉斯尔在他们身后撒下面包屑。樵夫离开后，格瑞特尔很害怕。

“别害怕，”汉斯尔说，“我们可以按面包屑找回家。”

但鸟儿把面包屑吃了，汉斯尔和格瑞特尔找不到回家的路。

天很快黑了，他们迷路了！

“我累了，”格瑞特尔说。

“我们在树下休息一下吧。”汉斯尔说。

两个孩子睡着了，当他们醒来时，他们非常非常饿！

“看，”格瑞特尔大叫，“一座蛋糕房子！”

“哦，饼干屋顶，糖果窗户，奶油蛋糕的墙壁！”汉斯尔说，“我们来吃房子吧！”

汉斯尔吃了一片饼干，格瑞特尔吃了一块蛋糕。

他们听到房子里传出一个声音。

“吃，象老鼠，谁在吃我的房子？”

“是猫，”孩子们回答。

门开了，一个丑陋的老女人拿一根木棍走出来。汉斯尔和格瑞特尔很害怕，但老女人笑着说，“进来，进来，到房间里来，我可爱的孩子！”

房间里到外是好吃的东西和温暖的床。

汉斯尔和格瑞特尔不知道老女人是一个坏巫婆。

巫婆不喜欢吃蛋糕、糖果，她喜欢吃……小孩儿！

巫婆抓住了孩子们。她叫格瑞特尔帮忙做家务，把汉斯尔关在笼子里。

“哈，哈，哈”巫婆笑着，“把所有的食物都吃了，我喜欢吃胖男孩！”

“你现在长胖了吗？”巫婆问。

“伸出你的手指，我看不清楚。”

但汉斯尔把一根小骨头伸出笼子。

“天啊，”巫婆叫起来，“你太瘦了！”

“点燃壁炉中的火，”巫婆吩咐格瑞特尔。

“我不会，”小女孩回答。

“呆鹅，”巫婆大叫，并把头伸进炉子里点火。

格瑞特尔把巫婆推进壁炉，放出汉斯尔。

孩子们在巫婆的房间里找到了金子和珠宝，并把它们带回家。樵夫一家再也不挨饿了。

他们生活得很幸福。

圣母院的驼背人

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE-DAME

Victor Hugo

Quasimodo the hunchback lives in the bell tower at Notre-Dame, in Paris. He only has one friend, Esmeralda.

One day, a curious little boy called Pierre goes up the tower to see “the monster” everyone is afraid of.

Quasimodo shows Pierre the birds he cures and little Pierre help him. The two boys soon become friends...

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE-DAME

Quasimodo lives in the bell tower¹ of Notre-Dame. Notre-Dame is a big cathedral in Paris. Every day he rings² the old bells. DING, DONG, DING, DONG. And all the people go to church.

“Who rings the bells?” little Pierre asks his mummy.

“Ohhh, a horrible monster!” she answers. “Don’t go up¹ the bell tower! The monster eats² little boys!”

Little Pierre is curious. One day, after mass, he creeps¹ up the steps to the bell tower.

“Hello...are you here, monster?” he calls. “I’m not afraid of you,” he says.

“Come out and let me see you!”

“I’m not a monster,” a voice says. Pierre sees a teenager. A very ugly¹ boy! “Who are you? How old are you?” asks Pierre.

“My name’s Quasimodo,” the ugly boy answers. “I’m fifteen years old.”

Quasimodo is a hunchback¹. He’s short and bent². One eye is big and one eye is small. He’s got a big nose and brown hair. “You’re not very good-looking,” says Pierre.

“I know, I know,” Quasimodo answers.

“Where do you live?” Pierre asks. “I live here in the tower,” Quasimodo answers. “I work here, sleep¹ here and eat here too. Where do you live?”

“I live at the king’s palace. My father’s a gardener² there.”

“Do you go to school?” asks Pierre.

“No, no, I can’t leave¹ the tower, ” the hunchback answers. “Everyone is afraid of me...except Esmeralda.”

“What do you do all day?” asks Pierre.

“Oh, I’m always very busy,” Quasimodo answers. “I ring the bells, and look after² the birds³ ...come and see!”

Quasimodo takes Pierre up to the top¹ of the tower. There are boxes of leaves². In the boxes are ... birds! There are sparrows with broken³ wings and pigeons with broken legs. There’s a robin with a bad cough⁴ too!

“This is a real hospital!” exclaims Pierre. When the birds see the hunchback, they chirp¹ and limp² to him. They are very happy when Quasimodo is there with them!

“You are a doctor ...an animal doctor. A vet¹! You are brilliant, good and kind! You can look after all the birds in Paris!” shouts² Piere. Quasimodo blushes³.

“Thank you, thank you,” he says. “But I can’t leave the tower!”

Quasimodo is sad when Pierre goes home. “Come and see me again,” he calls. Pierre nods¹ and waves² his hand,. “Tomorrow is Sunday. I can come after mass,” He answers. “See you then.”

Every day Pierre runs to visit the hunchback.

Quasimodo is very, very happy because he has a friend. Pierre is his first friend!

Pierre is happy too. He likes to help nurse¹ the birds.

The king of France is depressed¹!

“My parrot² doesn’t talk³!” he cries. “I say: ‘repeat after me: my darling!, my king’. But the stupid bird is MUTE⁴!”

“Take it to the hunchback of Notre-Dame, ” says Pierre. Quasimodo is very surprised¹ to see the king in the bell tower. He takes the parrot and speaks to it quietly.

“Pretty boy, pretty boy, my darling,” answers the parrot.

The king is very happy. “I name¹ you the royal vet!” he says. Quasimodo rides² to the Palace every day now, but he still lives in the bell tower where he rings the bells and looks after his little friends...the birds!

您读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

卡西摩多住在圣母院的钟楼上。圣母院是巴黎的一个大教堂。他每天敲一口破钟，叮咚叮咚。于是所有的人便去教堂。

“谁在敲钟？”小皮埃瑞问妈妈。

“哦，一个可怕的怪物！”她回答，“别到钟楼上去！那怪物会吃小男孩！”

小皮埃瑞很好奇。一天做完弥撒，他慢慢地走上钟楼。

“你好……你在吗，怪物？”他喊。“我不怕你，”他说，“出来，让我看看你！”

“我不是怪物，”一个声音说。

皮埃瑞看见一个年轻人。一个很丑的男孩子！

“你是谁？你多大了？”皮埃瑞问。

“我叫卡西摩多，”丑男孩回答，“我十五岁。”

卡西摩多是驼背。他个子又矮背又弯。一只眼睛大，一只眼睛小。他有一头棕色的头发，鼻子很大。

“你长得并不漂亮，”皮埃瑞说。

“我知道，我知道，”卡西摩多回答。

“你住在哪儿？”皮埃瑞问。

“我住在钟楼上，”卡西摩多回答，“我在这干活，在这睡，也在这儿吃。你在哪儿住？”

“我住在王宫里，我爸爸是那里的园丁。”

“你上学吗？”皮埃瑞问。

“不，不，我不能离开钟楼，”驼背人回答，“每个人都怕我……除了爱斯米达。”

“你每天做什么？”皮埃瑞问。

“我一般都很忙，”卡西摩多回答，“我敲钟、养鸟……来看！”

卡西摩多带皮埃瑞来到钟楼顶上。那有一箱箱的树叶，箱子里是……小鸟！有折断翅膀的麻雀，断了腿的鸽子。还有一只咳嗽得很厉害的知更鸟！

“这是一个真正的医院！”皮埃瑞欢呼着。当鸟儿看到驼背人，他们叫着，跳跃着向他走去。卡西摩多和他们在一起，大家很高兴。

“你是大夫……动物的大夫。一个兽医！你人好，善良，令人佩服！你可以照顾全巴黎的鸟！”皮埃瑞喊。

卡西摩多脸红了。“谢谢，谢谢，”他说，“但我不能离开钟楼！”

皮埃瑞要回家了，卡西摩多很伤心，“再来看我，”他说。皮埃瑞点点头，挥挥手。“明天是星期天。我会来做弥撒，”他回答，“再见。”

每天皮埃瑞都来看卡西摩多。

卡西摩多因为有了朋友而高兴，皮埃瑞是他第一个朋友！

皮埃瑞也很高兴。他喜欢帮忙照顾小鸟。

法国国王不开心！

“我的鹦鹉不说话！”他哭着说，“我说：‘跟我说，我亲爱的！我的国王！’但这只蠢鸟是哑巴！”

“交给圣母院的驼背人，”皮埃瑞说。卡西摩多在钟楼里见到国王时很惊奇。他接过鹦鹉，悄悄地和他说话。

“漂亮的男孩，亲爱的，”鹦鹉说。

国王很高兴。“我任命你为王宫兽医！”他说。卡西摩多现在每天骑马去王宫，但他还是住在钟楼上，敲钟，照顾他的小朋友——鸟儿们！

金刚

金刚是一只巨型大猩猩，住在非洲丛林中。它吓坏了土人。马利维尔教授和佩吉·奎因抓住了这只大猩猩并将它带到了纽约。金刚从笼子中逃跑并爬到了帝国大厦上面。直升飞机袭击并射中这只大猩猩。当它死的时候，佩吉非常伤心。

Edgar Wallace

KING KONG

King Kong is a big black gorilla that lives in the African jungle. It terrifies the natives. Professor Merrywell and Peggy Queen capture the gorilla and take it to New York. King Kong escapes from its cage and climbs the Empire State Building. Aeroplanes attack and shoot the gorilla. When it dies, Peggy is very sad.

KING KONG

Professor Merrywell and Peggy Queen are in the African Jungle. It's very, very hot and the mosquitoes¹ are terrible!

"Ouch," she says, "these mosquitoes are very hungry!"

"I'm hungry² too," says the professor.

"What's this?" asks Professor Merrywell.

"It's cucumber sandwich¹," Peggy answers, "and that's a ham roll²."

TUM, TATUM, TUM, TATUM.

"What's that?" asks professor Merrywell. "It's a drum," Peggy answers. "And that's a native. HELP!"

"One, two, six, eight natives," counts¹ Peggy. "They are hungry too," says Professor Merrywell.

"Have a cucumber sandwich," says Peggy.

"I don't like cucumber," the native answers. "I like...YOU!"

"Oh no," says Peggy, "CANNIBALS²!"

The natives tie¹ Peggy to a tree. "Don't go," shouts Peggy.

"You are the King's dinner," says a native.

"Every year he eats a girl from the village. This year he can eat² an American!"

Peggy is afraid¹. She can hear² bees³ and animals in the jungle. "Elephants, tigers, monkeys ,lions," she thinks, "and that's a...GORILLA!HELLLLP!"

In front of Peggy is King Kong!

King Kong is an enormous¹, black gorilla with big hands and big feet. "AHHHHH," cries Peggy.

The big gorilla looks at Peggy. The native girls have got brown faces, brown hair and brown eyes. This girl has got blue eyes and yellow hair!

King Kong touches¹ her face and hair.

"Don't eat me, you big stupid gorilla!" she shouts.

King Kong likes this girl, she is different! The gorilla takes her to its home in the trees².

King Kong brings bananas to Peggy.

"Bananas, bananas, bananas," complains Peggy. "Haven't you got any ice-cream¹ or chocolate?"

One day, when King Kong is in the jungle, Professor Merrywell rescues² Peggy.

"King Kong must go to New York," says Professor Merrywell. Hundreds of natives help the Professor. They make the gorilla a prisoner¹, and put it on a ship².

Men ,women and children go to see the gorilla. They take photographs of the gorilla. The flashes¹ make King Kong very angry. He roars² and breaks the cage³.

The police can't stop King Kong! The gorilla charges¹ down the streets. The people are terrified²! "Come on Peggy, " says Professor Merrywell, "let's go to my office in the Empire State Building!"

King Kong wants Peggy! The gorilla roars down the streets¹. It looks at all the blonde women. He doesn't like the lights² or the traffic³. It's very different to the jungle. There aren't any banana trees!

King Kong arrives at the Empire State Building. The big gorilla starts to climb¹ up the building. Up, up, up, it goes. It looks for² Peggy in every window.

King Kong sees Peggy and climbs to the top¹ of the Empire State Building. Helicopters attack from the left and the right. BANG, BANG, BANG, they shoot² the gorilla.

Peggy is very sad¹. "I'm sorry," she cries, "the jungle is your home, not New York."

The giant gorilla touches Peggy's face and her beautiful yellow hair, then falls² off the Empire State Building.

你读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

马利维尔教授和佩吉·奎因在非洲丛林中。这儿天气非常非常热，蚊子很可怕。

“哎哟，”她说，“这些蚊子很饿。”

“我也饿了，”教授说。

“这是什么？”马利维尔教授问。

“这是黄瓜三明治，”佩吉回答说，“那是火腿卷。”

咚，哒咚，咚，哒咚。

“那是什么？”马利维尔教授问。

“是鼓，”佩吉回答，“那是个土人。救命！”

“1个、2个、6个、8个土人，”佩吉数道。“他们也饿了，”马利维尔教授说。

“吃个黄瓜三明治吧，”佩吉说。

“我不喜欢吃黄瓜，”土人答道，“我喜欢……你！”

“哦，不，”佩吉说，“食人族！”

土人把佩吉绑在树上。“不要走，”佩吉大喊。

“你是金刚的晚餐，”一个土人说，“每年他都吃一个村里来的女孩。今年他可以吃个美国人。”

佩吉很害怕。她可以听到丛林中蜜蜂和动物的声音。“大象、老虎、猴子、狮子，”她想，“那是只……大猩猩！救……救命！”

佩吉面前站着金刚。

金刚是一只巨大的黑色大猩猩。它有很大的手和脚。

“啊……”佩吉大叫。

这只巨型大猩猩看着佩吉。土人女孩有着棕色的面孔，棕色的头发和棕色的眼睛。而这个女孩却是蓝眼睛黄头发。

金刚摸了摸她的脸和头发。

“不要吃我，你这又大又蠢的大猩猩！”她尖叫道。

金刚喜欢这个女孩，她与众不同！大猩猩将她带回它在树丛中的家。

金刚给佩吉拿来香蕉。

“香蕉，香蕉，香蕉，”佩吉抱怨道，“你难道没有冰淇淋或巧克力吗？”

一天，当金刚在丛林里的时候，马利维尔教授救出了佩吉。

“金刚必须到纽约去，”马利维尔教授说。上百个土人帮助教授。他们把大猩猩关了起来，并把它运到船上。

男士、女士和孩子们去观看大猩猩。他们给大猩猩拍照。闪光激怒了金刚。它大声吼叫并冲破了笼子。

警察无法阻止金刚。大猩猩在街道上横冲直撞。人们吓坏了！“快，佩吉，”马利维尔教授说，“我们到我在帝国大厦的办公室去！”

金刚想要佩吉！大猩猩在街上怒吼。它看了所有的金发女郎。它不喜欢街灯和交通。这儿和丛林很不一样。这儿没有一棵香蕉树。

金刚回到了帝国大厦。这只巨型大猩猩开始爬这座大楼。向上，向上，向上，它爬着。它在每一个窗口中寻找佩吉。

金刚看到了佩吉，并爬到了帝国大厦楼顶。直升飞机从左边和右边袭击。砰，砰，砰，他们射中了大猩猩。

佩吉非常伤心。“对不起，”她哭道，“你的家是丛林，而不是纽约。”

这只巨大的大猩猩摸了摸佩吉的脸和她美丽的金发，然后从帝国大厦摔了下来。

章鱼

奥 斯沃尔德

章鱼奥斯沃尔德生活在西班牙的近海中。奥斯沃尔德很喜欢跳舞但却发出许多噪音吓跑了附近的鱼。渔民们在海中再不能打到鱼了，他们对镇长说了这件事。镇长叫来了一位专家。这位专家很快就找到了阻止奥斯沃尔德发出噪音的办法。

Karen Day

OSWALD THE OCTOPUS

Oswald the Octopus lives in the sea near Spain. Oswald likes to dance but it makes a lot of noise and the fish are afraid. When the fishermen can't find fish in the sea, they tell the mayor. The mayor calls an expert. The expert soon finds a way to stop Oswald making a noise!

OSWALD THE OCTOPUS

San Belcredas is a small village in the south¹ of Spain. It's a pretty village on the coast². The sea³ is blue and very clean. The houses are pink, blue, yellow, green and white.

At half-past-eleven in the evening, the men go fishing¹. They put nets² and baskets³ in the small fishing boats. There are always a lot of fish in the sea!

The men arrive in the morning with the boats chock-a-block¹ with fish! There are big fish, small fish, pretty fish, ugly fish and shell fish². The village women sell the fish in the market.

One morning, when the fishing boats arrive at the port¹, the men are very glum²! "There are no fish in the sea," they say. "No fish!" echo the women. "But that's impossible! There are always fish in the sea."

"We've got shoes, boxes and some bottles...but no fish!" they answer.

The village people are desperate! "Let's go to the mayor¹," they say. The mayor is worried² too. He loves Spanish paella.

"I can't eat paella if there aren't any fish," he thinks. "I have an idea¹," he says. "There is a man in the next town. He is an expert² on life in the sea."

The mayor telephones Pablo Cordobez, the expert!

That evening Pablo arrives at the port in a mini submarine¹.

The mayor gets in² and they go out to the sea.

"The fishermen are right," says Pablo, "there are no fish!"

The two men investigat¹e the sea bed². "Listen!" says Pablo. They can hear a loud noise³!

"CLICKITY, CLICK, CLICKITY, CLICK."

"Look, look," laughs Pablo. "That is why there are no fish." The mayor looks out of the porthole¹. He rubs² his eyes and looks again.

The men start to laugh³.

In front of them is Oswald the octopus! It's got a castanet¹ in each tentacle², and it's dancing! It sees the submarine.

"CLICKITY, CLICK, CLICKITY, CLICK! "It goes round and round the submarine.

"The fish are afraid¹ of the noise," says Pablo. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight, " he counts the castanets. "Sorry, Oswald, you can't play² the castanets, here."

That evening the men go fishing. The women are at the port when they arrive. "Where are the fish to sell¹ in the market²?" they ask.

"There are no fish," the fishermen say.

That night Pablo and the mayor get in the submarine and go back to the deep¹ sea.

"CLINKITY, CLINK, CLINKITY, CLINK," they hear. "Oh no," says the mayor. "Look at Oswald!"

Osw ld has got some shells in its tentacles, and it's dancing again!

CLINKITY, CLINK, CLINKITY, CLINK. Pablo takes the shells from Oswald! But Oswald starts to snap¹ its tentacles!

SNAPPITY, SNAP, SNAPPITY, SNAP."

"I have an idea," says Pablo. He tells the women to knit¹ gloves². Pablo puts the gloves on Oswald's tentacles. "Now you can dance," he says, "and the fishermen can fish." "And I can have my PAELLA!" says the mayor.

您读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

圣·贝尔克莱德斯是西班牙南部的一个小镇。它是一个在海边的可爱小镇。海很蓝，很清。小镇中座落着粉色的、蓝色的、黄色的、绿色的和白色的房子。

镇里的男人们在每天晚上的十一点半出海打渔。他们把鱼网和筐放在小渔船里。海里总是有许许多多的鱼。

每天早晨男人们驾着载满了鱼的渔船回来。有大鱼、小鱼、漂亮的鱼、丑陋的鱼和贝壳。镇里的妇女们就在市场上卖鱼。

一天早晨，渔船回到了港口，船上的男人们都非常的沮丧。“海里没有鱼，”他们说。“没有鱼！”妇人们应答道，“但那是不可能的！海里总是有鱼的。”

“我们打到了鞋子、盒子和一些瓶子……就没打到鱼！”他们回答说。

镇里的人们绝望了！“咱们找镇长去，”他们说。镇长也很着急。他非常爱吃西班牙派爱乐（一种肉、鱼、蔬菜合煮的饭，译者注）。

“如果没有鱼的话，我就吃不到派爱乐了，”他想。“我有个主意，”他说，“邻镇有一个人，他是位海底生物方面的专家。”

镇长给那位名叫帕布罗·科多拜兹的专家打了电话。那天晚上帕布罗乘着一般小型潜艇到达了港口。镇长钻进了潜艇，他们出海了。

“渔民们说对了，”帕布罗说，“是没有鱼。”两个人调查了海底。“听！”帕布罗说。他们听到了一种很吵的噪音。“卡哩卡塔，卡哩卡，卡哩卡塔，卡哩卡。”

“看，快看，”帕布罗笑道，“那就是为什么没有鱼的原因。”镇长向舷窗外望去。他揉了揉眼睛，又看了看。他们开始大笑了起来。他们前面就是章鱼奥斯沃尔德。它正在跳舞，每只触手上都戴了一个响板。它看到了潜艇，“卡哩卡塔，卡哩卡，卡哩卡塔，卡哩卡！”它绕着潜艇转了一圈又一圈。

“鱼害怕噪音，”帕布罗说。“一、二、三、四、五、六、七、八，”他边数边取下响板，“对不起，奥斯沃尔德，你不能在这儿玩响板。”

那天晚上男人们打鱼去了。他们回来时，妇人们正等在港口。“我们要在市场上卖的鱼在哪儿呢？”她们问。“还是没有鱼，”渔民回答说。

那天夜里帕布罗和镇长又钻进了潜艇回到了深海。他们听到：“卡隆卡塔，卡隆卡，卡隆卡塔，卡隆卡。”“噢，不，”镇长叫道，“看奥斯沃尔德！”

奥斯沃尔德在他的触手里拿着一些贝壳，又跳起了舞！“卡隆卡塔，卡隆卡，卡隆卡塔，卡隆卡。”帕布罗拿走了奥斯沃尔德的贝壳。但是奥斯沃尔德又弹起了它的触手。“叭塔，叭，叭塔，叭。”

“我有办法，”帕布罗说。他让妇人们织手套。帕布罗把手套戴在了奥斯沃德的触手上。“现在你能跳舞了，”他说，“渔民也可以打鱼了。”“我也可以吃到我的派爱乐了！”镇长说。

大力水手——波普耶

Elzie Chrisler Segar

POPEYE THE SAILOR

Popeye goes cycling in the country. He sees a big turkey on a gate. It's a very special turkey! Popeye thinks it can make him a rich man. He leaves the bird with his friend Olive Oyl but Olive doesn't know the turkey is special...and she's hungry!

POPEYE THE SAILOR

It's Christmas day and Popeye is at home. "What a beautiful morning;" he thinks, "the perfect day for cycling¹."

He takes his bike out of the garage² and leaves for the country³.

Popeye is cycling down the road when he sees a big turkey¹ sitting on a gate². It's singing³! It's got a beautiful voice! "I'm Tommy the Turkey," sings the turkey.

Popeye tries to grab¹ the turkey but the bird jumps off ² the gate. "Here you are, birdie," says Popeye, "here's some popcorn for you."

"I sit in a tree," sings the turkey, and runs to a pond¹.

Popeye goes to jump on the turkey, but the bird jumps to the left ² and Popeye falls³ in the pond. SPLASH!!!

The turkey runs in a field¹ and Popeye chases it. In the field is a big bull ² .

The bull sees Popeye and throws³ him up in the air. Popeye crashes in a haystack⁴.

"I sing every day," sings the turkey, and sits in an oak tree.

Popeye starts to climb¹ the tree. The bird fills its beak ² with acorns ³ and shoots ⁴ him. RATTATAT-A-TAT go the acorns.

Next, the turkey climbs on a boulder ¹ and sings: "For you and for me!"

Poor Popeye is very, very tired ² now, but he wants the turkey!

Popeye takes a tin of spinach¹ out of his pocket and eats it! "GULP, GULP, GULP."

Popeye's muscles ² are enormous! He is very strong! "You can't escape ³ me now," he shouts.

Popeye pushes and pushes ¹ the boulder, and it rolls ² down the hill. The turkey tries to run on the boulder but falls off. Popeye quickly picks it up ³ and goes home.

Once home, Popeye switches on¹ the television. Mr Rocketfeller , the famous banker ², is speaking. "I can't find my singing turkey," he says. "There is a \$50.000 reward ³ for the person who finds it."

"Wow," shouts Popeye jumping up. "I'm rich ¹ !"

Popeye telephones Mr Rocketfeller, but the phone is out of order ² . Popeye decides to take the turkey to Olive Oyl's house.

Popeye knocks ¹ on the door. Olive Oyl isn't at home, so he ties the turkey to the door-knocker ² and writes Olive a message ³ . Then he goes to a telephone box ⁴ .

Mutton, Olive's bulldog ¹ , goes and sits in front of the turkey. "Bow, wow," barks ² the dog.

"Tommy, bow, Turkey, wow," replies the turkey. Mutton is puzzled ³ ! The dog eats the message and goes back to its kennel ⁴ .

Olive Oyl arrives home and sees the bird. "What a huge ¹ turkey," she says. "It's a Christmas present from Popeye."

She takes the bird in the house.

"Merry Christmas, Olive," says Popeye when he arrives.

"Merry Christmas," Olive answers, "thank you for my present." "What present?" Popeye asks.

"The turkey, of course," answers Olive. "Please, have dinner with us," she says.

On the table¹ is the singing turkey...

ROASTED²!

您读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

今天是圣诞节，大力水手呆在家中。

“多么美丽的早晨，”他想，

“这样的天气骑车郊游太好了。”

因此他从车库里取自行车向乡下骑去。

大力水手正沿着道路骑车，忽然看到旁边的门上蹲着一只大火鸡。火鸡正在唱歌，他有一副优美的嗓音！

“我是火鸡汤米，”火鸡唱着。

大力水手想抓住火鸡，但火鸡跳离了大门。

“这是给你的，小鸟，”大力水手说道。

“这些是给你的爆米花。”

“我坐在树上，”火鸡唱道，然后就跑向了一个池塘。

大力水手跑过去想扑住火鸡，但火鸡向左一躲，大力水手掉进了池塘里。只听扑通一声！

火鸡跑到了田地里，大力水手紧追其后。田地里有一头大公牛。公牛看见了大力水手并且用力将他扔向半空中。大力水手落在了一个草垛

上。

“我每天都唱歌，”火鸡坐在一棵橡树上唱道。

大力水手开始向树上爬。火鸡把嘴里塞满了橡子并把它们射向大力水手。橡子噼噼叭叭地打在了大力水手的身上。

接着火鸡又爬到一块巨石上唱道：“为了你也为了我。”

可怜的大力水手累极了，但他急于想得到那只火鸡。

大力水手从上衣袋里拿出一罐菠菜开始吃起来。吃完之后，他的肌肉迅速膨胀，他变得非常强壮！

“你再也不能从我这里跑掉了，”大力水手喊道。

大力水手用力推动了巨石，巨石滚下山去。火鸡试图在巨石上跟着跑，但巨石滚得太快了以至于火鸡跟不上掉了下来。大力水手迅速抓住火鸡。把它带回了家。

大力水手一回到家就打开了电视机。电视里著名的银行家洛克菲勒先生在发表电视讲话。

他说：“我会唱歌的火鸡失踪了，我愿出5万美元酬谢找到它的人。”

“哇，”大力水手喊着跳起来，“我发财啦！”

大力水手立即打电话给洛克菲勒先生，但是电话机坏了。大力水手决定把火鸡带到奥立弗家里。

大力水手敲了敲门，但奥立弗不在家。因此他把火鸡拴在门把手上并且给奥立弗留了一张纸条，然后就向电话亭走去。

奥立弗的牛头犬——马顿发现了火鸡，它走到火鸡前坐下来，汪汪地叫了几声。

“我是火鸡汤米，”火鸡回答道。

马顿吃了一惊，它吞吃了那张纸条，然后就回到它的窝里。

奥立弗回到家里发现了那只火鸡。

“多么肥的一只火鸡，”她说道，它一定是大力水手给我的圣诞礼物。于是 she 就把火鸡拿进了屋里。

“圣诞快乐，奥立弗，”当大力水手进屋时说道。

“圣诞快乐，”奥立弗回答道，“谢谢你给我的圣诞礼物。”

“什么礼物？”大力水手问道。

“当然是那只火鸡，”奥立弗回答道。

“请与我们一起共进晚餐吧！”她说道。

桌子上放着那只会唱歌的火鸡，但已经被烤熟了。

特威德尔孪生兄弟

Lewis Carroll

THE TWEEDLETWINS

Alice is lost in a wood. She meets two very strange twins, Tweedledee and Tweedledum. The twins are exactly the same and they argue all the time! Alice asks them the way out of the wood but the twins are frightened by a crow and run away leaving Alice alone!

THE TWEEDLE TWINS

Alice is in a wood 1. “Do I go left or right?” she says.

She sees two men. “Excuse me, I’m lost 2.Can you tell me the way out of this wood?” she asks. The two men do not answer. “They’re statues 3 ,” says Alice.

“We aren’t statues,” the men say.

“My name’s Alice. Who are you?” the girl asks.

“I’m Tweedledee, and this is my brother Tweedledum.”

“We’re twins 1,” says Tweedledum, “we are exactly the same, and we wear the same clothes 2.”

Tweedledee and Tweedledum wear shirts with collars, ties and trousers. They wear cardigans, socks and shoes. They’ve got school caps on their heads 1 too.

“Do you like your brother?” Alice asks.

“No, we argue 2 every day,” Tweedledee answers.

“What do you argue about?” asks Alice.

“We argue about stories.”

“What stories?” asks Alice.

“The story today is about the carpenter 1 and the walrus 2,” the twins answer.

“I like the carpenter,” says Tweedledum.

“I like the walrus,” says Tweedledee.

“Is it important who you like?” asks Alice. “It’s only a story!”

“Of course it’s important,” the twins answer.

“Do you want to listen to 1 the story?”

“No, no,” says Alice. “I don’t want to listen to the story. Please tell me the way out of the wood.”

“After the story,” say the twins.

The twins tell Alice this story.

The carpenter and the walrus are on the beach 1 one day. It’s a beautiful day.

“Let’s go for a walk,” says the carpenter to the oysters 2 in the sea.

“Oh, please say yes,” the baby oysters say to their daddy.

The oysters polish 1 their shoes and wash 2 their hands. They like a walk on the beach. The carpenter and the walrus walk in front and the oysters run behind. The baby oysters are very happy.

“Let’s sit and rest 1,” says the carpenter. “I am hungry,” says the walrus, “what can we eat?” he asks. “Not us,” say the oysters trembling 2 in their shoes.

“Of course not,” the carpenter answers, “you are our friends.”

The walrus and the carpenter have a loaf of bread 1 and some butter 2.

“It’s a pity we can’t make sandwiches,” says the walrus. “Bread and butter isn’t very interesting.”

The two friends talk and eat, and eat and talk.

“It’s time to go home,” says the carpenter.

“Where are our friends the oysters?” asks the walrus.

But there are no oysters on the beach...only oyster shells 1 !

“Oh dear,” says the carpenter. “Our friends are in our tummies 2!”

“I don’t like this story,” says Alice.

“Those poor oysters! The walrus and the carpenter aren’t very nice 1 !They ask the oysters to go for a walk, and then they eat them!”

“But fresh 2 oysters are very nice,” say the twins.

“It’s time for our battle 1,” the twins tell Alice.

“Please tell me the way out of the wood,” says Alice for the sixth time.

“You must help us prepare for the battle,” say the terrible twins.

“But why must you fight?” asks Alice.

“We fight every day,” Tweedledum answers.

“Today the battle is about a rattle 1,” Tweedledum continues.

“A RATTLE!” cries Alice in surprise 2.

“He always breaks 3 my rattles,” Tweedledum says pointing at his brother.

“It’s an old rattle,” Tweedledee answers.

“No it isn’t,” says Tweedledum.

“Yes, it is,” Tweedledee replies.

“No, it isn’t!”

“Yes, it is!”

“No, it isn’t!”

“Yes, it is!”

“OH, SHUT UP,” shouts Alice. “Have your battle!”

Alice helps the twins to prepare for their battle. They put saucepans 1 on their heads and pillows 2 on their tummies.

Tweedledee has a sword 1 and Tweedledum has an umbrella.

“We are very brave 2 to fight battles,” the twins say to Alice. WHOOSH! A big black crow 3 flies down on the twins. “Help, help,” they cry and run into the woods. Alice is alone again.

“The Tweedle Twins are VERY brave,” says Alice. “And I am VERY LOST!”

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爱丽丝在森林中。“我向左走还是向右走呢？”她说道。

她看见了两个人。“对不起，我迷路了，你们能告诉我走出这片森林的路吗？”她问道。这两个人却不回答。“他们是塑像。”爱丽丝说道。

“我们不是塑像。”这两个人说道。“我叫爱丽丝，你们是谁？”小姑娘问道。

“我叫特威德尔迪，这是我的兄弟特威德尔杜姆。”

“我们是孪生兄弟。”特威德尔杜姆说，“我们长得一模一样，穿得衣服也一模一样。”

特威德尔迪和特威德尔杜姆穿着带领的衬衫、领带和裤子。他们穿着羊毛背心、袜子和鞋。他们头上还戴着学生帽子。

“你喜欢你的兄弟吗？”爱丽丝问。

“不，我们每天都吵架。”特威德尔迪答道。

“你们争论些什么呢？”爱丽丝问。

“我们争论一些故事中的事情。”

“什么故事呢？”爱丽丝问。

“今天的故事是一个关于木匠与海象的故事。”两个兄弟回答道。

“我喜欢那个木匠。”特威德尔杜姆说。

“我喜欢那个海象。”特威德尔迪说。

“你们喜欢谁这很重要吗？”爱丽丝问道。“这只是一个故事啊？”

“当然重要了。”这两个兄弟答道。

“你想听这个故事吗？”

“不，不。”爱丽丝说，“我不想听故事，请告诉我走出森林的路吧！”

“听完故事后再说吧。”两个兄弟说道。

这对兄弟给爱丽丝讲了这个故事。

一天，木匠与海象来到海滩。这一天的天气很好。

“我们散散步吧。”木匠对海中的牡蛎们说。

“哦，请答应他吧。”小牡蛎对他们的爸爸说道。

牡蛎们擦亮了鞋，洗净了手。

他们喜欢在海滩上散步。木匠和海象走在前面，牡蛎们在后面跑。小牡蛎们非常高兴。

“我们坐下来休息吧。”木匠说道。

“我饿了。”海象说，“我们吃点什么呢？”他问道。

“不是我们吧。”牡蛎们说着，他们吓着两腿发抖。

“当然不是了。”木匠答道，“你们是我们的朋友。”

海象和木匠吃了一条面包和一些黄油。

“真遗憾，我们不能做三明治。”海象说，“面包加黄油太没意思了。”

这两个朋友边谈边吃，边吃边谈。

“到回家的时候了。”木匠说道。

“我们的牡蛎朋友在哪呢？”海象问。但海滩上没有牡蛎，只有牡蛎壳。

“哦，天哪！”木匠说，“我们的朋友在我们的肚子里。”

“我不喜欢这个故事。”爱丽丝说。

“那些可怜的牡蛎！海象和木匠不是好人！他们请牡蛎出来散步，却吃了他们。”

“但是新鲜的牡蛎很好吃啊。”两个兄弟说。

“到我们打斗的时候了。”两兄弟告诉爱丽丝。

“请告诉我走出森林的路！”艾丽丝第六次说道。

“你必须帮我们做打斗准备。”这两个生气的兄弟说道。

“但你们为什么要打斗呢？”艾丽丝问道。

“我们每天都打斗。”特威德尔杜姆答道。

“今天这场打斗是为了一个拨浪鼓。”特威德尔杜姆接着说道。

“拨浪鼓！”艾丽丝惊讶地叫道。

“他总是弄碎我的拨浪鼓。”特威德尔杜姆指着他的兄弟说。

“那是一个旧拨浪鼓。”特威德尔迪回答道。

“不是”特威德尔杜姆说。

“是，就是。”特威德尔迪回答道。

“不，不是！”

“是，就是！”

“不，不是！”

“是，就是！”

“哦，住嘴，”艾丽丝喊道，“打吧！”

艾丽丝帮两兄弟准备好了他们的打斗。他们把带柄的深底锅戴在头上。把枕头捆在肚子上。

特威德尔迪拿着一把剑。特威德尔杜姆拿着一把伞。

“我们非常英勇善战。”两兄弟对艾丽丝说。

呜嘘！一只黑色的大乌鸦落在两兄弟头上。

“救命，救命啊！”他们大叫着逃进了森林。艾丽丝又成一个人了。

“特威德尔兄弟的确很勇敢，”艾丽丝说，“我也的确迷路了。”

女巫弗丽吉

FLIGGY THE WITCH

FLIGGY THE WITCH

Fliggy has got a granny. Her name is Dill Dee. Dilly Dee is a very important witch. She’s got fifty medals for good spell1 and fifteen for bad spells. She’s got an Oscar too!

Dilly Dee lives in Scotland. She wears a long black cloak1 and a pointed black hat. She goes shopping on a broomstick2 and she’s got a black cat. Its name is Speedy Sam. It’s a very fast cat. It’s intelligent too!

Fliggy lives in a flat1 in Birmingham. Fliggy is a very modern witch, she’s got a magic mobile phone2 !She wears red and yellow blouses and blue and green trousers. She hates black!

Fliggy goes shopping on an electric broom1! She’s got a cat. It isn’t intelligent. It’s white and very stupid! Its name is Sleepy Sal.

Fliggy wants to be famous but she isn’t a very good witch. She’s a disaster! When she goes out on her electric broom, she crashes into chimneys1 and television aerials2!

Fliggy opens the window. “Oh dear, it’s raining cats and dogs!” she says. Sleepy Sal is puzzled1. “Not REAL cats and dogs, silly.” explains Fliggy. “Cats and dogs means a lot of rain.”

Now, where is my umbrella? It isn’t on the table, it isn’t behind the armchair1, and it isn’t under the sofa2. Fliggy speaks in her magic mobile phone. “IFFY, PIFFY, POFFY, FEE, bring my umbrella here to me! ”

There is no umbrella, but there are cats and dogs falling1 from the sky. “The spell is wrong2!” cries Fliggy. “IFFY , PIFFY, POFFY, FEE,” she says again, “bring my umbrella here to me…PLEASE!”

“Oh, here is my umbrella,” she says, “and there are no cats and dogs!” Fliggy puts up1 her umbrella, jumps on her electric broom and races2 out of the window.

“Good morning, Mrs Rose, ” says Fliggy. “How are you?” “Oh, I’m not very well1 today,” Mrs Rose answers. “I’m an old lady.” “How old are you?” asks Fliggy. “I’m 92 years old!” the old lady answers.

“Can you make me twenty-one?” asks Mrs Rose. “Yes, of course, ” Fliggy answers. She speaks in her magic mobile phone and says, “IFFY, PIFFY, POFFY, TON, Mrs Rose is…A…A…ATCHOOO…ONE! ” Fliggy sneezes1!

Fliggy opens her eyes. “Oh no!” cries Fliggy. In the supermarket trolley1 is Mrs Rose. She isn’t twenty-one…she’s a baby! She’s one year old…! Mrs Rose is furious2!

Fliggy goes for a walk in the park.

“Help, help, ” shouts Patty Peel.

“My brother Teddy is in the lake1 and he can’t swim2!”

“IFFY, PIFFY, POFFY, LOG,” says Fliggy, “make Teddy Peel a little frog1!” “Please make Teddy a boy,” says Patty. “Mummy doesn’t like frogs!” “Mummy doesn’t like frogs!” “IFFY, PIFFY, POFFY, LOG, Teddy Peel is NOT a frog,” repeats Fliggy.

“WOOF, WOOF,” says a little dog. “Mummy doesn’t like frogs…OR dogs!” shouts Patty Peel. Fliggy jumps on her electric broom and goes home. “Perhaps I can win1 an Oscar tomorrow,” she says sadly.

您读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

弗丽吉有个奶奶。她的名字叫迪丽迪。她是一位著名的女巫。她因为好的咒语获得了50块金牌。坏的咒语获得了15块金牌。她还获得了一项奥斯卡奖。

迪丽迪住在苏格兰。她披着长长的黑斗蓬，戴着尖尖的黑帽子。她去购物时坐在扫帚上。她有一只黑色的猫，名字叫敏捷猫——萨姆。它是一只动作敏捷，充满智慧的猫！

弗丽吉住在伯明翰的一幢公寓里。她是一个非常时髦的女巫。她有一部魔力移动电话！弗丽吉穿着红黄相间的外套和蓝绿相间的裤子。她讨厌黑色！

弗丽吉去购物时坐在吸尘器上。她有一只猫。这只猫既不是黑颜色，也不聪明。它是一只白色，愚蠢的猫。它的名字叫瞌睡猫——萨尔。

弗丽吉想成名。但她并不是一名很出色的女巫。她是个灾星！每当她坐着吸尘器外出时，不是撞到烟囱上，就是撞到电视天线上！

弗丽吉打开窗户。“噢，上帝。天上在下猫和狗！”她说。瞌睡猫感到迷惑不解。“并不是真正的猫和狗，笨蛋！”弗丽吉解释说：“猫和狗就是雨！”

“噢，我的伞在哪？桌子上没有，扶手椅后面没有，沙发下没有。”弗丽吉对她的魔力移动电话喊到：“依菲、披菲、泼菲、菲，把我的伞拿来给我！”

伞没有出现，却有无数的猫和狗从天而降。“咒语错了！”弗丽吉哭到。“依菲、披菲、泼菲、菲，”她又说：“请把我的伞拿给我。”

“噢，我的伞在这。”她说：“而且猫和狗也消失了！”弗丽吉撑开伞，跳上吸尘器，朝窗外飞去。

“早上好，罗斯太太！”弗丽吉说：“你好吗？”“噢，我今天感到不舒服！”罗斯太太回答说：“我是个老太婆！”“您多大年纪啦？”弗丽吉问。“我92岁啦！”老妇人回答说。

“您能把我变成21岁吗？”罗斯太太问。“噢，当然！”弗丽吉答应了她。她对她的魔力移动电话说：“依菲、披菲、泼菲、嚏，罗斯太太是…啊…啊…啊嚏…一岁！”弗丽吉打了个喷嚏！

弗丽吉睁开眼睛。“噢，不！”她哭了。原来，罗斯太太在超市的手推车里。不过，她不是21岁，她是个婴儿！只有一岁！罗斯太太愤怒极了！

弗丽吉到公园里散步。“救命！救命！”帕蒂·皮尔喊到：“我哥哥掉到了湖里，他不会游泳！”

“依菲、披菲、泼菲、洛哥，”弗丽吉说：“把特迪·皮尔变成一只青蛙！”“把特迪变成男孩！”帕蒂说：“妈妈不喜欢青蛙！”“依菲、披菲、泼菲、洛哥，别把特迪变成青蛙，把他变成一只狗！”弗丽吉又说。

“汪，汪。”一条小狗叫到。“妈妈不喜欢青蛙或狗！”帕蒂大叫着。弗丽吉跳上她的吸尘器朝家飞去。“或许，明天我就能获得奥斯卡奖呢！”弗丽吉自言自语地说。

弗丽吉伦敦行

万圣节到了，弗丽吉和她的懒猫萨尔去了伦敦，因为那儿将要开一个女巫聚会。弗丽吉象往常一样拼错了许多咒语。晚上六点伦敦城将要成为废墟！但是，弗丽吉帮助警察并赢得了奥斯卡奖！

FLIGGY GOES TO LONDON

Sleepy Sal is Fliggy the witch's friend. It is a fat, white cat. Sleepy Sal is a very active cat. It likes to eat1 and sleep2. "Wake up3, Sleepy Sal," says Fliggy. "It's eight o'clock!"

"Go away," thinks1 Sleepy Sal, "I don't want to wake up!" "Today is the 31st of October," continues Fliggy. "There is a big party in London today, It's Halloween2!"

"Every Halloween, the President Witch awards1 an Oscar. I want to be MISS WITCH 1995! I want to be rich!" Fliggy shakes2 Sleepy Sal, "I must make a fantastic good spell3 today."

Fliggy and Sleepy Sal zoom1 out of the window, on Fliggy's electric broom. Sleepy Sal sees the houses and the people. "MIAOW," it says. Sleepy Sal doesn't like flying2!

Fliggy passes a brown duck. "Good morning," says the duck. "I've got to fly to Africa. It's cold for me here, but I'm very, very tired1."

"I can help you," says Fliggy.

Fliggy takes her magic mobile phone and says, "IFFY, PIFFY, POFFY, OON. Give the duck a big balloon!" The duck has got a big balloon on its back! "Oh thank you," says the duck. "Now I can rest2."

Sleepy Sal watches the wind1 blow the balloon...north! "Miaow. Africa is south, Fliggy," it says. "The bird doesn't like snow2 and ice3, Fliggy. FLIGGY...FLIGGY!" it miaows. But Fliggy doesn't hear.

Fliggy and Sleepy Sal fly1 over Trafalgar Square. "Look," says Fliggy, "Look at that poor man. He is on that column and can't get down2."

Fliggy takes her magic mobile phone and says, "IFFY, PIFFY, POFFY, POUND. Put that man on the ground!" The famous statue2 of Admiral Lord Nelson is in the fountain3!

"How terrible," says Fliggy. "This is Piccadilly Circus," but...there are no animals! "Fliggy takes her magic mobile phone and says," IFFY, PIFFY, POFFY, POWNS. Fill1 this circus with animals and clowns!"

Tigers and lions chasel the people in the streets. "HELP, HELP," they shout. Monkeys2 and clowns swing3 on the statue of Eros and break it. "Now, that is a real circus," says Fliggy.

"Oh, look, Sleepy Sal," says Fliggy. "Look at the bridge...it's broken!" Fliggy speaks in her magic mobile phone: Tower Bridge closes and men can't open2 it!

Fliggy casts a lot of spells. At five o'clock in the afternoon, London is in ruins! "Now I want to see the Tower," she tells Sleepy Sal. When Fliggy arrives at the Tower it is dark2.

She sees two men with big sacks1. "It's dark, those poor men can't see," says Fliggy. "IFFY, PIFFY, POFFY, PIGHT, give those men a nice bright light2!" The police see the men, and stop them. In the sacks are the CROWN JEWELS3!

Fliggy arrives at the Halloween party. The President Witch calls her, "Fliggy, you are a very clever1 witch," she says. The President Witch gives Fliggy the witch's Oscar. A golden pumpkin2!

您读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

懒猫萨尔是女巫弗丽吉的朋友。它是只胖乎乎的白猫。懒猫萨尔是只非常活泼的猫，它喜欢吃和睡。“醒一醒，懒猫萨尔，”弗丽吉说道，“现在八点了！”

“离远点儿，”懒猫萨尔心想，“我不想起床！”“今天是十月三十一日，”弗丽吉接着说，“今天伦敦将要举行一个大聚会，今天是万圣节前一天！”

“每个万圣节前夕女巫领袖都要颁发一个奥斯卡奖。我要成为1995年度女巫小姐！我要变得富有！”弗丽吉摇晃着懒猫萨尔说道，“我今天必须来个绝妙无比的咒语。”

弗丽吉和懒猫萨尔乘坐弗丽吉的电动扫帚嗖地飞出了窗户。懒猫萨尔看到了房子和人们。“喵”它叫了一声。懒猫萨尔不喜欢飞翔。

弗丽吉飞过一只棕色的鸭子。“早上好，”鸭子说，“我必须飞到非洲。这里对我来说很冷，但我非常非常累。”

“我可以帮助你，”弗丽吉说。

弗丽吉拿出魔法移动电话，说“依菲，披菲，泼菲，呜嗯。给鸭子一个大气球！”在鸭子背上出现了个气球。“哦，谢谢你，”鸭子说，“现在我可以休息了。”

懒猫萨尔看着风把气球吹向……北方！“喵，非洲在南部，弗丽吉，”它说道，“那只鸟不喜欢雪和冰，弗丽吉，弗丽吉……弗丽吉！”它喵喵叫道。但是弗丽吉没有听见。

弗丽吉和懒猫萨尔正飞过特拉法尔加广场。“看，”弗丽吉说，“看那可怜人。他在那根柱子上不能下来。”

弗丽吉拿出她的魔法移动电话说道“依菲，披菲，泼菲，呼哒。把那个人放到地面上！”于是这个著名的海军部长纳尔逊的塑像就被放在了喷泉里！

“多可怕呀！”弗丽吉说道，“这是彼克迪利马戏团，”“但是……没有动物！”弗丽吉拿出她的魔法移动电话说道，“依菲，披菲，泼菲，斯。弄些动物和小丑到这个马戏团来！”

老虎和狮子们在街道上追赶着人群，“救命，救命，”他们叫喊着。猴子和小丑们在伊若斯塑像上荡秋千并且弄坏了它。“现在这才是个真正的马戏团。”弗丽吉说。

“哦，看哪，懒猫萨尔，”弗丽吉说，“看那座大桥……它断了！”弗丽吉对着魔法移动电话说，“塔桥关闭，不许打开！”

弗丽吉念了许多咒语。在下午五点伦敦成了废墟！“现在我要看伦敦塔，”她告诉懒猫萨尔。当弗丽吉来到伦敦塔的时候，天已经黑了。

她看见两个背着大袋子的人。“天黑了，那些可怜的人看不见，”弗丽吉说，“依菲，披菲，泼菲，派特，给那些人亮光！”警察看到那两个人并拦住了他们。袋子里是皇冠珠宝！

弗丽吉到了万圣节聚会。女巫领袖点了她的名字。“弗丽吉，你是个非常聪明的女巫，”她说道。女巫领袖给弗丽吉颁发了女巫奥斯卡奖，一个金南瓜！

毛格利

Rudyard Kipling

MOWGLI

Mowgli lives in the jungle with a family of wolves. When a man-eating tiger comes after him, it is time for the boy to go back to the man village. But what adventures he has on his way!

MOWGLI

Bagheera the panther is hunting. He hears a baby crying in a cot¹. “It’s a man-cub²!” says Bagheera. “He is hungry.”

Bagheera takes the baby to mummy wolf.

Mummy wolf feeds³ the baby with her cubs, and calls him Mowgli.

Mowgli grows up¹ with the wolves. He plays with the wolf cubs.

“Shere Khan, the man-eating tiger², is in the jungle,” says Bagheera.

“He eats little boys! Go back to the man-village! It is safe there.”

Mowgli is sad¹ to leave his wolf family. Mowgli and Bagheera walk in the jungle and sleep in a tree. Hiding in the tree is Kaa, the python². He winds around³ the boy. Mowgli awakes and shouts loudly.

Bagheera wakes up and bites¹ the python. The snake slithers² off into the jungle. Next morning, a loud noise³ awakens Mowgli. An old elephant walks past, other elephants follow it.

“One, two! One, two!” it calls. The elephant’s feet bang on the ground. Mowgli marches behind¹ the elephants. He is so happy, he forgets² about Bagheera. Soon Mowgli is lost.

Mowgli sees a big bear¹. It is dancing² and singing.

“Hello, I’m Baloo!” says the bear.

“What are you doing in my jungle?”

Mowgli tells Baloo his story.

“I will help you!” says Baloo.

It’s very hot in the jungle. Baloo floats¹ on his back in a river and goes to sleep. Some monkeys² drag Mowgli away³. When Baloo awakes, Mowgli isn’t there.

Bagheera the panther arrives. He is looking for Mowgli.

Baloo and Bagheera look for¹ Mowgli. The monkeys take Mowgli to their king². Louis, the king, loves to dance. “I am the king of the Swingers!” he says. “We will have a dance for you.”

Louis, the monkeys and Mowgli dance. Baloo and Bagheera find the monkeys.

“We must rescue Mowgli,” says Baloo.

“Now, Baloo!” whispers¹ Bagheera.

“You dance with the monkeys. I will grab² Mowgli.”

Baloo starts dancing with the monkeys. It is a silly dance, and the monkeys laugh¹ at him. Bagheera, Baloo and Mowgli run away. Mowgli falls asleep² and the bear and the panther guard³ him.

“Where are we going?”

asks Mowgli next morning.

“We are going to the man-village,” says Baloo.

“No!” says Mowgli.

“I want to stay in the jungle with all my friends.”

He runs off¹ crying.

Shere Khan, the tiger, sees Mowgli and licks his lips¹.

“I am hungry,” he says. “I will have Mowgli for my dinner!”

Shere Khan snarls² and shows his big teeth. He is ready to jump on Mowgli.

Baloo grabs the tiger’s tail. But Shere Khan is too strong for Baloo. A flash of lightning¹ starts a fire. Mowgli picks up a burning branch² and waves it at Shere Khan. “No! No!” shouts the tiger. “Do not burn me!” He runs into the jungle.

Mowgli, Baloo and Bagheera go to see the man village. They hide¹ in some bushes². Mowgli sees a young girl walking to the river. She’s wearing a pretty dress. She is carrying a jar³ on her head.

“Isn’t she pretty!” says Mowgli, and follows her. The girl blushes¹ and they go to the village. Baloo and Bagheera sigh². “Mowgli is back where he belongs,” says Bagheera. And turning their backs, the two friends walk into the jungle.

您读懂了吗？

前面的小故事您读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

美洲豹巴格拉正在找食物。他听见一个小孩在摇篮里哭。

“他是个小男孩！”巴格拉说，“他饿了。”

巴格拉把小孩送到狼妈妈那。狼妈妈把他同小狼一起喂养，并叫他毛格利。

毛格利在狼群里长大。他与小狼们一起玩耍。

“沙拉·汉，这只吃人的老虎就在森林里，”巴格拉说，“他吃小孩！回到人类村庄里！那里安全。”

毛格利伤心地离开了狼家庭。毛格利和巴格拉走进森林，并在树上睡着了。

树里有一条大蟒，名叫卡亚。他缠住毛格利。毛格利惊醒并大叫。

巴格拉醒来就咬住大蟒。大蟒窜向森林。

第二天早上，一阵吵闹声把毛格利吵醒。一只老象走过来，后面跟着其它大象。

“一二！一二！”老象数着。地上留下了大象们的脚印。

毛格利跟在大象后面。他很高兴，于是就忘了巴格拉。很快他迷路了。

毛格利看见了一只大狗熊。他正在跳舞和唱歌。

“您好！我叫巴伦！”狗熊说道，“您在我的森林里干什么？”毛格利向狗熊讲述他的故事。

“我会帮您！”巴伦说。

森林里非常热。巴伦仰浮在河里睡着了。几只猴子把毛格利拖走。当巴伦醒来时，毛格利不在那儿了。

美洲豹来到河边。他正在找巴格利。

巴伦和巴格拉正在寻找毛格利。猴子们把毛格利带到他们的国王路易斯前面，猴王喜欢跳舞。

“我是斯威格斯的国王，”他说，“我们为你举行个舞会。”

路易斯，猴子们和毛格利在跳舞。巴伦和巴格拉发现了猴子们。

“我们必须救毛格利，”巴伦说。

“现在，巴伦！”巴格利悄声说，“你和猴子们跳舞。我去抓毛格利。”

巴伦开始同猴子们跳舞。那是一个好笑的舞蹈，猴子们都嘲笑他。

巴格拉，巴伦和巴格利跑开了。毛格利睡着了，狗熊和美洲豹守卫着他。

“我们去哪儿？”第二天早上，毛格利问道。

“我们去人类村庄，”巴伦说。

“不！”毛格利说，“我要同所有的朋友留在森林里。”他哭着跑开了。

沙拉·汉，那只老虎看见毛格利舔了舔嘴唇。“我饿了，”他说。“我要毛格利成为我的晚餐！”

沙拉·汉吼叫并露出了他的大牙。他准备向毛格利扑去。

巴伦抓住老虎尾巴。但是对巴伦来说，他太强壮了。一道闪电燃起了一堆火。毛格利捡起一枝烧着的树枝向沙拉·汉掷去。

“不！不！”老虎叫道。“不要烧我！”他向森林里跑去。

毛格利，巴伦和巴格拉去人类村庄。他们藏在灌木林后面，毛格利看见一位年青女孩向河边走去。她穿着一件漂亮的衣服。她头上顶着一只罐。

“她很漂亮！”毛格利跟在她后面说。女孩红着脸，他们一道向村庄走去。巴伦和巴格拉叹了一口气。“毛格利回到了他应该回去的地方，”巴格拉说。他俩转过身，一起向森林深处走去。

丛林之王

Dorothy Priest

THE KING OF THE JUNGLE

King Mane is unhappy because he hasn't got a son to be king when he dies. The wicked bandit Red-Eye Whiskers arrives and wants to marry Isabel, the king's daughter. The king is too old to fight...but a young lion comes to help him.

THE KING OF THE JUNGLE

King Mane is king of the jungle. He is a very important lion. He has a very big kingdom to guard. There are mountains, rivers and a jungle in his kingdom.

King Mane is sad because he is old...very old! The king looks at his daughter Isabel lying in the hot sun.

"I have a daughter," thinks the king, "but I haven't got a son to be king when I die."

Isabel speaks to the king. "Father, there is a fire in the jungle."

King Mane sees smoke above the trees.

The king quickly runs in the direction of the smoke.

The king runs into the jungle. It is dark and gloomy under the trees.

"What can I smell?" the king says.

"Hamburgers," says a voice.

"Hamburgers!" repeats the king.

"Hamburgers with onions," says the voice. In front of the king is the terrible lion bandit...Red-Eye Whiskers!

"What are you doing in my jungle?" roars the king.

"Can't you see?" Red-Eye answers. "I'm having a barbecue!"

Red-Eye Whiskers is chief of the whisker gang. They are bandits! When Red-Eye arrives there is always trouble! "Leave my jungle immediately," roars the king.

The wicked bandit laughs. "Listen Mane," says Red-Eye, "I'm here on business. I'm here to marry your daughter Isabel." "Never!" the king replies.

"Don't be silly," Red-Eye answers. "I want to marry Isabel. I hear she is beautiful."

"My daughter is a princess," answers the king. "She can't marry a bandit! Leave my jungle immediately!"

Red-Eye stands in front of the king and chants a rhyme: "Old king Mane is a little insane. He's old and slow, so he must go!" "He's right," thinks the king, sadly.

"What's the matter, daddy?" asks Isabel.

"Red-Eye Whiskers, the bandit, is here," her father replies.

"He wants to marry you!"

"NO!" shouts Isabel.

"Don't worry," says her father, "but we need help!"

The old king calls his friend White Beak the dove. "Fly to my old friend King Claw. Tell him I need his help." White Beak opens his wings and flies towards the mountains.

The next day is Tuesday. The month is June and it is hot. Red-Eye leaves the jungle. He goes to King Mane.

"Good morning, your majesty," says Red-Eye. "It's the perfect day to marry, don't you think?"

Isabel is terrified!

The king attacks and fights Red-Eye, but the bandit is very strong.

"Stop!" says a young lion jumping in front of Red-Eye. The young lion fights Red-Eye and pushes him into the river. The bandit is afraid...he can't swim!

"Your majesty," says the young lion. "My name is Karkut. I'm King Claw's son, at your service."

Isabel smiles at the brave lion. The two young lions walk down to the river.

Karkut and Isabel marry and have a son. It's a beautiful cub. King Mane is very happy. He holds up the cub. "I'm a granddad," he says, "and my kingdom has a future king!"

您读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

缅甸王是丛林之王。他是只地位显赫的狮子。他要防守一个辽阔的王国。在他的王国里有山脉、河流和一片丛林。

缅甸王很难过因为他老了……很老了！国王看着他的女儿躺在温暖的阳光中。“我有一个女儿，”他想着，“但是我没有儿子在我死后来继承我的王位。”

伊莎贝尔对国王说，“爸爸，丛林里着火了。”

缅甸王看到树上的浓烟。他迅速地往那个方向跑去。

国王跑进丛林。树林下光线暗淡。

“我闻到什么味道呢？”国王说。

“汉堡包。”一个声音说。

“汉堡包！”国王重复了一遍。

“汉堡包加洋葱。”那个声音说。

在国王面前站着可怕的歹徒狮子……红眼威斯克斯！

“你在我的丛林里干什么呢？”国王吼道。

“难道你看不见？”红眼回答说，“我正在烧烤呢！”

红眼威斯克斯是虬须帮的头儿。他们都是歹徒。红眼一来，麻烦就到！

“立即滚出我的丛林。”国王吼道。

这个邪恶的歹徒笑了。

“听着，缅因，”红眼说，“我到这儿是有事的。我来这里娶你的女儿伊莎贝尔。”

“不！”国王回答说。

“别傻了。”红眼回答说，“我想和伊莎贝尔结婚。我听说她很漂亮。”

“我的女儿是公主。”国王回答说，“她不能嫁给一个歹徒！立即滚出我的丛林！”

红眼站在国王面前，唱起歌来：

“老王缅因，有点发昏。

又老又慢，必须滚蛋！”

“他是对的。”国王悲伤地想着。

“出了什么事了，爸爸？”伊莎贝尔问道。

“红眼威斯克斯，那个歹徒，来这里。”她爸爸回答说，“他想和你结婚！”

“不！”伊莎贝尔叫起来。

“别担心。”她爸爸说，“但我们需要帮助！”

老王叫来他的朋友白嘴鸽子。

“飞去找我的老朋友克劳王。告诉他我需要他的帮助。”

白嘴张开翅膀，向山中飞去。

第二天是星期二。已是六月了，天气炎热。红眼离开丛林。他来找缅因王。

“早上好，陛下。”红眼说，“今天是结婚的好日子，难道你不这样认为吗？”

伊莎贝尔吓坏了。

国王向红眼扑过去，和红眼打起来了，但是歹徒很强壮。

“住手！”一只年轻的狮子跳到红眼面前，说道。这只年轻的狮子和红眼搏斗起来，并把他推进河里。歹徒怕了……他不会游泳！

“陛下，”年轻的狮子说，“我叫卡库特，是克劳王的儿子。随时为你服务。”

伊莎贝尔向这只勇敢的狮子微笑着。这两只年轻的狮子一起沿河流向下走去。

卡库特和伊莎贝尔结婚了，并生了个儿子，是只漂亮的小狮子。缅因王很高兴。他举起小狮子。“我做爷爷了。”他说，“我的王国有未来的国王啦！”

胡桃钳

E. T. A. Hoffmann

THE NUTCRACKER

Clara Stahlbaum and her brother Fritz live in Germany. At Christmas, Herr Drosselmeyer gives them a nutcracker. The nutcracker leads to an amazing adventure in a wonderful world of sweets! Chocolates and toffee dance for Clara. Is it a dream or is it real?

THE NUTCRACKER

Clara and her brother, Fritz, live in Germany. It is Christmas Eve. Clara's parents give a party. Her Father, Dr Stahlbaum invites a lot of friends. One is Herr Drosselmeyer. His hair is white and he wears a black eye-patch.

Herr Drosselmeyer brings special gifts. They are mechanical dolls. The children watch the dolls dancing. The dolls wear beautiful costumes. Clara and Fritz want to play with the dolls. But the dolls are too fragile. They are locked away.

The children are sad. But Herr Drosselmeyer has another gift. It is a nutcracker in the shape of a man. He puts a nut in the nutcracker and closes it. The nut cracks open. Clara laughs. She loves the little nutcracker.

Herr Drosselmeyer gives the nutcracker to Clara. She is very happy. But Fritz is jealous. He takes the nutcracker from Clara. He runs away with it. Clara chases him. They struggle for the nutcracker. It falls to the ground and breaks.

Clara is sad. She picks up the broken nutcracker. She puts it to sleep in her doll's bed. Fritz thinks this is silly. He and his friends sneer at Clara. Soon the party is over.

Later, Clara creeps down to the sitting room. She wants to see the nutcracker. The Christmas tree lights are on. The room looks ghostly. A strange noise startles her. The clock strikes twelve. Suddenly, the room fills with scurrying mice.

The mice advance across the room. Their king leads them. A platoon of toy soldiers marches out from under the Christmas tree. The nutcracker leaps from his bed. He leads the soldiers in battle against the mice.

Soon there is a mighty battle. Clara hurls her bedroom slipper at the Mouse King. He is destroyed. In that moment, the nutcracker changes into a handsome prince.

The Nutcracker Prince bows to Clara. He invites her to visit the Kingdom of Sweets with him. They leave the house behind. They travel through a forest of pine trees. Snow flakes fall around them.

The Kingdom of Sweets is a beautiful place. There are sugar palaces and toffee pavilions! The gardens are full of trees, laden with sweets of every kind. The Sugar Plum Fairy welcomes them to the kingdom.

Clara sits on a throne. Many sweets come to dance for Clara. A chocolate sweet dances a Spanish bolero. A coffee sweet does a dance from Brazil. Clara enjoys the dancing very much. She applauds loudly.

Russian sweets dance too. Crowds of children come to meet Clara. A troupe of dancing flowers perform a waltz. Everyone is happy. The Kingdom of Sweets is a very happy place.

To finish the show, Clara dances a duet with the Nutcracker Prince. Then the Sugar Plum Fairy dances a beautiful solo. Clara is delighted. It is a beautiful dance.

Finally, all the sweets return to dance around the Sugar Plum Fairy in a beautiful waltz. The Nutcracker Prince lifts Clara down from the throne. They join in the dancing. Suddenly, the room is dark.

When Clara awakes, she is in her bed. It is very quiet. Is it a dream? She goes down to the sitting room. The nutcracker is in the doll's bed. She looks at him. He winks!

您读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

克莱拉和她的哥哥福里兹，住在德国。圣诞节前夜。克莱拉的父母举办了一个晚会。她的爸爸斯达鲍姆博士，邀请了许多朋友。其中一位是德罗斯梅耶先生。他头发花白，并带了一个黑眼罩。

德罗斯梅耶先生带来了特殊的礼物。它们是机械娃娃。孩子们看着机械娃娃跳舞。娃娃们穿着漂亮的礼服。克莱拉和福里兹想和娃娃一起玩。但是它们太易损坏了。他们被锁了起来。

孩子们非常伤心。但是德罗斯梅耶先生还有另外一个礼物。它是人型的胡桃钳。他拿了一个胡桃放进里边然后一夹，胡桃“啪”得一声打开了。克莱拉笑了起来。她喜欢这个小胡桃钳。

德罗斯梅耶先生把胡桃钳送给了克莱拉。她非常高兴。但是福里兹很嫉妒。他从克莱拉那拿走了胡桃钳。他带着它跑了。克莱拉在后面追。他们争夺胡桃钳。胡桃钳掉在地上摔碎了。

克莱拉非常伤心。她捡起摔碎的胡桃钳。她把它放在她的玩具床上让它睡觉。福里兹认为这样做太傻了。他和他的朋友们嘲笑克莱拉。很快，晚会结束了。

随后，克莱拉轻手轻脚走进起居室。她想看一眼胡桃钳。圣诞树上的灯亮着。房间看起来阴森可怕。一种奇怪的声音使她惊呆了。时钟敲了十二下。突然，屋子里爬满了疾行的老鼠。

老鼠在屋子里穿来穿去。它们的国王领着它们。一个排的玩具兵从圣诞树下列队而出。胡桃钳从床上一跃而起。他率领着士兵投入了对付老鼠的战斗。

很快一场激烈的战斗开始了。克莱拉拿着在卧室穿的拖鞋朝鼠王猛掷过去。它被消灭了。这时，胡桃钳变成了一个英俊的王子。

胡桃钳王子朝克莱拉鞠躬施礼。他邀请克莱拉随他参观甜果王国。他们离开了家。他们穿过了一片松林。雪花落在他们的周围。

甜果王国是一个美丽的地方。这里是糖果的宫殿和太妃糖的乐园！树木和各种各样的糖果充满了花园。甜梅公主欢迎他们的到来。

克莱拉坐在王位上。很多糖果来为克莱拉跳舞。一个巧克力果跳了一曲西班牙舞。一个咖啡果跳了一曲巴西舞。克莱拉非常喜欢这些舞蹈，大声地鼓起掌来。

俄罗斯糖果也跳了起来。很多孩子走到克莱拉这边来。一队优秀的舞蹈花跳了一曲华尔兹。每一个人都很高兴。甜果王国是一片乐土。

晚会结束了。克莱拉和胡桃钳王子跳了一曲双人舞。然后甜梅公主又跳了一曲优美的独舞。克莱拉非常高兴。这是一个美妙的晚会。

最后，所有的甜果们在甜梅公主的周围跳起了优雅的华尔兹。胡桃钳王子把克莱拉从王座上接下来。他们一同走进了舞池。忽然，屋子一

片黑暗。

当克莱拉醒来时，她躺在床上。四周一片寂静。这是一个梦吗？她下楼来到起居室。胡桃钳正躺在玩具床上。她看了看胡桃钳。它在眨眼睛呢！

王子与贫儿

Mark Twain

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

Tom Canty meets Prince Edward in a garden. As the boys are similar, Prince Edward has an idea. He suggests they change clothes, just for fun. But when Prince Edward and Tom change clothes, it leads to a chain of events that brings excitement and adventures that they will never forget!

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

Tom Canty lives in London. It is the 16th century. Tom is a pauper¹, His family is very poor. Another boy, Edward Tudor, is born on the same day as Tom. He is a prince, the son of King Henry VIII² of England.

Tom's father is very cruel. He often beats¹ Tom. Tom's best friend is Father Andrew, a priest². He teaches Tom to read and write. Tom learns Latin. One day, Tom goes to Westminster. There, he sees Prince Edward, playing in the gardens.

A guard knocks Tom down. The prince is very angry. He takes Tom into the palace. He gives Tom food. Tom takes some nuts. The prince gives Tom the royal seal¹ to break the shells. The prince hides the seal in a suit of armour².

The prince and Tom play together. They realise they look alike. The prince puts on Tom's rags¹. Tom wears the prince's clothes. The prince goes to the gates² and speaks to the guard. The guard thinks the prince is Tom.

"I am Prince Edward!" shouts the prince. The crowd laugh. They do not recognise the prince. They think he is mad¹. Tom's cruel father drags² the prince away. "Come home at once!" he says. He thinks the prince is Tom!

At home, Tom's father beats the prince. Tom's cruel grandmother hits him too. Tom's father is a thief¹. He tries to make the prince steal too. The prince escapes into the dirty streets. Dogs pursue² the prince. He is very unhappy.

Back in the palace, Tom is worried¹ when the prince does not return². Now everyone thinks Tom is the prince. Tom doesn't know what to do. He makes silly mistakes. People think the prince is crazy.

Tom makes a new friend. Humphrey Marlone is a servant. He teaches Tom how to be a prince. Tom enjoys the job. He goes to banquets¹. He learns to fence². He soon forgets about the real prince.

The real prince is in trouble. Tom's father catches him. He forces the prince to steal. A guard catches the prince and sends him to prison¹. He meets nasty² people there.

A man helps Edward. His name is Miles Hendon. Miles helps the prince to escape¹. Then the prince hears bad news. His father is dead. The people are in mourning². Prince Edward is the new king. He must go home.

Miles and the prince go to the palace, but they are attacked¹ by Tom's father. The prince escapes into a wood. That night he sleeps in a barn, with a little calf².

In London there is a big procession¹, with many coaches. Tom Canty rides a white horse. He waves² to the crowds. Suddenly he sees his mother. She runs to him.

"I don't know that woman!" says Tom.

Immediately, Tom feels sorry. "How are my family and my friends?" he thinks. "How is the prince? It is time for the coronation. Where is the real prince?" There is a big crowd¹ in Westminster Abbey².

The coronation ceremony begins. The Archbishop¹ of Canterbury lifts the crown above Tom Canty's head. The prince jumps out from behind a pillar². "Stop!" he shouts. "I am the REAL king!" "It is true!" says Tom.

No one believes them. "Wait!" shouts¹ Tom. "Where is the royal seal?"

"In the suit of armour!" answers the prince.

"There!" says Tom. "Only the real prince knows that!"

So all is well. Edward is crowned² king, but he often speaks of his days as a pauper.

你读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

汤姆·坎特住在伦敦。这是十六世纪。汤姆是一个贫儿。他家很穷。另一个男孩爱德华·塔德尔和汤姆同一天出生。他是一个王子——英格兰国王亨利八世的儿子。

汤姆的父亲很残忍。他常打汤姆。汤姆最好的朋友是安德鲁神父，他是个牧师。他教汤姆读书、写字。汤姆学习拉丁文。一天，汤姆去了威斯敏斯特。在那儿，他看见爱德华王子正在花园里玩耍。

一个卫兵把汤姆打倒了。王子很生气。他把汤姆带到宫殿里。王子给汤姆东西吃。汤姆拿了一些核桃。王子把玉玺给汤姆，让他砸核桃。然后王子把玉玺藏在了盔甲里面。

王子和汤姆在一起玩。他们发现两人长得像。于是王子穿上汤姆的破衣服。汤姆穿上王子的衣服。王子来到大门口对卫兵发话。卫兵把王子当成了汤姆。

"我是王子爱德华！"王子喊道。人们都大笑起来。他们没有认出王子。他们认为他疯了。汤姆残忍的父亲把王子拖走了。"立刻回家去！"他说。他把王子当成了汤姆。

在家里，汤姆的父亲打王子。他残忍的祖母也打王子。汤姆的父亲是个贼。他企图让王子也偷东西。

王子逃到一条肮脏的大街上。几只狗在追他。王子很难过。

回到宫殿里，汤姆很着急，因为王子没有回来。现在，人们都把汤姆当成了王子。汤姆不知道做什么才好。他犯了愚蠢的错误。人们认为王子疯了。

汤姆交了一个新朋友。汉弗莱·马洛恩是个仆人。他教汤姆如何去做王子。汤姆喜欢这项工作。他去参加宴会。他学着击剑。他很快就忘了真王子。

真王子遇到了麻烦。汤姆的父亲抓住了他。他强迫王子去偷东西。卫兵抓住了王子并且把他关进了监狱。王子在那里遇到了坏人。

一个人帮了爱德华。他叫迈尔斯·亨顿。迈尔斯帮王子逃了出去。后来王子听到不幸的消息。他父亲死了。人们正在进行哀悼。王子爱德

华成了新国王。他必须回家去了。

迈尔斯和王子去宫殿的路上，遭到了汤姆父亲的袭击。王子逃进了一片森林。那天晚上，他和一头小牛睡在一个牛棚里。

在伦敦有一个大的游行队伍。其中有许多马车。汤姆·坎特骑在一匹白马上。他向人群挥手。突然汤姆看到了他的妈妈。她向汤姆跑去。

“我不认识那个妇人！”汤姆说。

很快，汤姆感到很难过。“我的家人和朋友怎么样呢？”他想。“王子好吗？加冕时间到了。真王子在哪儿？”有许多人在威斯敏特教堂里。

加冕仪式开始了。坎特伯雷大主教拿起王冠要给汤姆戴上。王子从柱子后面跳了出来“停下！”他喊道。“我是真王子！”“这是真的！”汤姆说。

没有人相信他们。“等一等！”汤姆说。“玉玺在哪里？”“在盔甲里！”王子回答。

“那儿！”汤姆说。“只有真王子知道！”

一切都和好如初。爱德华加冕成为国王。但他常谈起他做乞丐的那段日子。

绿衣小精灵

绿衣小精灵艾尔威斯仅仅在夜晚现形。但当他现形时，一切就真的开始发生了。

艾尔威斯喜欢帮助人们，但他生气时非常可怕。

THE GREEN ELF

Elvis the green elf only comes to life at night but when he does, things really begin to happen.

Elves loves to help people, but when he is angry, he is terrible!

THE GREEN ELF

Elvis is a small green elf. He is made of stone. He can do magic spells¹. He lives in a garden in a country village². Every night midnight³ he comes to life. He loves to help people.

Jt’s Mr. And Mrs. Smith’s¹ garden. They have two children. Their daughter is named Melissa² and their son is called Craig³. Melissa is nine years old and Craig is seven. They love to run about in the garden.

Next door lives Mr Grimm¹. He is not a nice man. He hates children. Melissa and Craig don’t like Mr Grimm.

“Your garden is a mess!” Mr Grimm tells Mr Smith. “Your grass² is too long, and there are lots of weeds³ in your flower bed⁴. ”

Mr. Smith is worried¹. He is too busy to do any gardening. The green elf hears Mr Grimm. He wants to help Mr Smith. At midnight, he comes to life. He opens the door of the garden shed².

The shed is full of garden tools¹. There are spades, rakes, trowels and a hose. “We have work to do!” says Elvis. All the garden tools come alive. They are magic! They work in Mr Smith’s garden all night. Soon, the garden is neat and tidy².

When the sun comes up, Elvis becomes stone again. Mr Grimm brings the mayor¹ to see the garden.

The mayor is angry². “There is nothing wrong with the garden,” the mayor says. “It is very tidy.” Mr. Grimm doesn’t understand.

At midnight the elf comes alive again. Mr Grimm looks into the garden. Elvis whispers to the garden hose. The garden hose squirts¹ water over Mr. Grimm. He is soaked² and very puzzled³.

“The garden is lovely!” “says Mrs Smith next day. We may win a trophy¹. ” Mr Grimm is not pleased. That night he climbs over the fence². He damages³ Mr. Smith’s garden.

But it is after midnight. The elf is awake. Elvis trips Mr Grimm up¹. Mr Grimm falls in the mud², face first³! Mrs Smith’s washing⁴ is in the garden. Elvis puts a magic spell on it .The washing comes alive.

The washing dances around Mr Grimm. He is terrified¹. He tries to jump back into his garden, but falls² over the fence. He rushes³ into his house and sits on his bed, shaking⁴. “This place is haunted!” he cries. “There are ghosts!”

Next morning, Mr Grimm puts a notice¹ in his garden. It says “HOUSE FOR SALE!” Then Mr Grimm leaves the house.

“Hooray!” shout the children. Melissa and Craig look in the windows. Inside² it is very untidy.

Melissa and Craig want nice new neighbours¹.

“Nobody wants to buy Mr Grimm’s house!” says Melissa.

Elvis hears what Melissa says. That night, after midnight, he goes round every garden in the village. All the garden statues² follow him home.

The statues all bring brushes¹ and tins of paint². They walk to Mr Grimm’s garden and they sing a little song.

Hi-Ho! Hi-Ho!

It’s off to work we go!

We just can’t wait to decorate.

Hi-Ho! Hi-Ho!

All night long, the elves clean¹ and paint². Next day, some new people come to see the house. “Isn’t it lovely?” they say. Mr And Mrs Brown have a son called Paul, aged nine, and a daughter called Angela, aged seven. “Just perfect!” says Melissa.

Afew days later a furniture¹ lorry² arrives at the house. The Browns are moving in. Soon the two families are good friends. One night, Elvis looks over the fence. The Browns have an elf in their garden. His name is Cliff. The green elf has a new friend too!

您读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

艾尔威斯是个绿衣小精灵。他是石制的，能下咒语。他住在乡下的一座花园里。每晚午夜时分他就现形了。他喜欢帮助别人。

这是史密斯夫妇的花园。史密斯夫妇有两个孩子，他们的女儿叫梅利莎，儿子叫克雷格。梅利莎九岁，克雷格七岁。他们喜欢在花园里玩耍。

隔壁住着格里姆先生。他是一个很不友好的人。他讨厌小孩子。梅利莎和克雷格不喜欢格里姆先生。

“你们的花园可真杂乱！”格里姆先生对史密斯先生说，“青草长得太高了，并且花坛里长满了杂草。”

史密斯先生很焦虑。他太忙了以致于不能照顾花草。绿衣小精灵听到了格里姆先生的话。他想去帮助史密斯先生。到了午夜时分，他现形了。他打开了园艺工作棚的门。

这个小棚里满是园艺用工具。有铁锹，耙子，小铲子和软水管。“我们有工作可做了！”艾尔威斯说。于是所有的园艺工具都具有了生命。他们具有了魔力！整个晚上他们都在史密斯先生的花园里工作着。不久，花园就变得整洁了。

当太阳升起来的时候，艾尔威斯又变成了石头。格里姆带市长来看这座花园。市长非常生气。“花园没什么毛病，”他说，“它非常整洁。”格里姆不明白这是怎么回事。

到了午夜时分，小精灵又出现了。格里姆先生到花园里来调查这件事了。艾尔威斯对花园里的软水管耳语了几句。软水管将水向格里姆先生当头喷去。格里姆先生全身湿透了，对此非常困惑。

“这花园可真美丽！”第二天史密斯先生说，“我们可以赢得一个奖品了。”格里姆先生却不高兴了。当晚他越过花园栅栏。他破坏了史密斯先生的花园。

但那时已过午夜，绿衣小精灵正醒着。艾尔威斯将格里姆先生绊倒。格里姆先生摔进泥坑，摔个嘴啃泥。

史密斯夫人洗好的衣物正挂在花园里。艾尔威斯对衣物下了一道咒语。这些衣物立刻有了生命。

这些洗好的衣物在格里姆先生周围舞动着。格里姆先生害怕极了。他设法越过栅栏跳回到自己的花园里，却从栅栏上跌了下去。他冲进了自己家里，坐到自己的床上，不停的发抖。“这个地方闹鬼！”他哭喊着。“有鬼！”

第二天早晨，格里姆先生在他的花园里立了一个布告牌，上面写着“此屋出售！”然后格里姆先生离开了他的家。

“太好了！”孩子们欢呼着。梅利莎和克雷格从窗子向里看，屋子里边非常零乱。

梅利莎和克雷格都希望能有友善的新邻居到来。

“没有人会想买格里姆先生的房子！”梅利莎说。

艾尔威斯听到了梅利莎所说的话。当晚午夜过后，他走遍了这个村子里的每一所花园。所有花园中的雕像都随着他回到了家里。

这些雕像都带着油漆刷和油漆桶。他们一边向格里姆先生的花园走来，一边还唱着歌。

嘿一嗨！嘿一嗨！

我们去工作！

迫不及待去粉刷。

嘿一嗨！嘿一嗨！

整个晚上，小精灵们都在清洗、粉刷。第二天，新来了一些人来看这栋房子了。“这可真漂亮呀！”他们说。布朗夫妇有一个九岁的儿子保罗和一个七岁的女儿安杰拉。“真是太好了！”梅利莎说。

几天之后，一辆搬家卡车开到了这栋房子。布朗一家搬进来了。不久这两家便成了好朋友。一天夜里，小精灵们越过栅栏望去，在布朗家的花园里也有一只小精灵。他的名字是克里夫。绿衣小精灵也有了一个新朋友！

可怕的吃人魔

可怕的吃人魔给村庄带来了恐怖。但是当他遇到勇敢的詹姆斯·布朗德时，他发现他力不从心了！詹姆斯用他的弹弓与吃人魔展开了搏斗，把村民们从吃人魔的嘴下解救出来。

THE HORRIBLE OGRE

A horrible man-eating ogre brings terror to the land. But when he comes up against brave James Blonde, he finds he has bitten off more than he can chew! James fights the ogre with his catapult and saves the village from becoming the ogre's dinner.

THE HORRIBLE OGRE

James Blonde is on holiday. He is hiking¹ in the country with a knap-sack² on his back. The birds are singing and he is enjoying the sunshine. Suddenly, a shadow³ falls on James. In front of him is an ogre. A big, horrible ogre!

The ogre is REALLY horrible. He is very, very big! He has long, dirty hair and an ugly, spotty¹ face. His clothes are in rags² and he wears big, smelly sandals³.

“I am a people-eating ogre!” he shouts at James “And I'm going to eat you for my dinner!”

The ogre grabs¹ James in his big hand. But James Blonde is very brave. He bites the ogre's fingers. “Yuch!” he says.

The ogre is hurt. He drops² James on the ground. James picks up a branch³ and hits the ogre on his toes⁴. The ogre jumps in pain.

Then James rushes into the woods. He runs and runs. Soon he comes to a village¹. The streets are deserted². He knocks on the door of a house.

“Let me in !” he shouts. “A horrible ogre is after me!”

The door opens and a woman looks out¹. “Come in quickly!” she says. Two children are hiding² under the bed. They are frightened of the ogre. “Where is your husband?” James asks. “He is hunting for the ogre.” says the woman.

Suddenly there is a great crashing. The ogre is in the village. He stamps his big foot on¹ a bicycle. A woman runs out of a house, screaming. James Blonde has a catapult² in his knap-sack. He grabs it and runs outside.

“Stop, you big bully!” James shouts at the ogre.

“It's you !” roars the ogre, and stops chasing¹ the woman.

Screaming², he runs towards James. James fires the catapult at the ogre. A big stone hits the ogre on the nose.

James hits the ogre on the knee¹, too. The ogre dances in pain². He holds his nose with one hand and his knee with the other hand. The ogre chases James into the woods.

James hides in some bushes¹. The ogre stops near the bushes, but he doesn't see James. James pushes some twigs² into the ogre's sandals. Then he sets the twigs alight³. The ogre jumps up and down. His sandals are on fire.

Nearby there is a river. The ogre jumps into the river to put out the flames. But there are crocodiles¹ in the river. They bite² the ogre's ankles³. He leaps⁴ out of the river very quickly. He goes back to his castle.

James goes back to the village. There are no men in the village. They are prisoners¹ of the ogre. They are locked² in his castle. The ogre is having a party. He wants to eat all the men.

“Don't worry³!” says James Blonde. “I can save them.”

James goes to the ogre's castle. He looks in a window. The village men are in a cooking pot¹. The ogre is cooking them for dinner. He sings happily.

Yum! Yum! Yum!

I'm not glum!

I want these men

In my big 'tummy' ²!

James looks in his knap-sack. He has some itching powder¹. He tiptoes² up behind the ogre and climbs up his chair. He drops the powder down the ogre's back³. The ogre jumps up and down and scratches and scratches. James and the men run to the village.

The ogre runs outside. Nearby there is a waterfall ¹. He stands under the waterfall to wash away the itching powder. A mouse² comes along to have a look. The ogre shakes³ in fright! The great big ogre is frightened of a little mouse! That gives James an idea.

Next day the ogre comes back to the village. He looks for more people to eat. The people are ready for him. The mothers have made special costumes¹ for the children. They are all dressed as mice²! The ogre is terrified ³. He runs away and they never see the ogre again!

您读懂了吗？

前面的小故事你读懂了吗？下面的译文可供您参考。

詹姆斯·布朗德在度假。他背着一个背包在乡村徒步旅行。小鸟在歌唱，他也享受着阳光的沐浴。突然，一个阴影笼罩在詹姆斯的身上。在他面前站着一个吃人魔。一个很大、可怕的吃人魔！

这个吃人魔真是可怕。他非常、非常地大！他的头发又长又脏，面孔难看，满是斑点。他穿着破旧的衣服和又长又臭的凉鞋。

“我是吃人的妖魔！”他对着詹姆斯吼道，“我要吃了你当我的午餐。”

吃人魔用他的大手抓住了詹姆斯。但是詹姆斯非常勇敢。他咬住了吃人魔的指头。“唉哟！”他叫道。吃人魔受伤了。他把詹姆斯丢到了地上。詹姆斯拿起一根树枝打在吃人魔的脚趾上。吃人魔疼得跳了起来。

然后，詹姆斯跑进了树林。他跑呀跑呀，很快来到一个村庄。街上一个人也没有。他去敲一个房子的门。

“让我进去！”他叫着，“有个可怕的吃人魔在追我！”

门开了，一个妇女朝外看了看。“快进来。”她说。两个孩子正躲在床下面。他们被吃人魔吓坏了。

“你丈夫哪儿去了？”詹姆斯问。

“他正在追捕那个吃人魔呢。”那个妇女说。

突然有一声猛烈地撞击声。吃人魔来到这个村庄里。他用他的巨大的脚踩在一辆自行车上。一个妇女尖叫着跑了出去。詹姆斯·布朗德有一个弹弓在他的背包里，他抓着它跑了出去。

“别动，你这恶魔！”詹姆斯朝吃人魔叫道。

“是你！”吃人魔吼道。他停住不再追那个妇女。

他尖叫着冲向詹姆斯。

詹姆斯拉开弹弓。一块大石子打在了吃人魔的鼻子上。

詹姆斯又打中了吃人魔的膝盖。吃人魔疼得直跳。他一只手捂着鼻子另一只手捂着膝盖。吃人魔追着詹姆斯进了树林。

詹姆斯躲在灌木丛中。吃人魔在灌木丛旁边停住了。但他没看到詹姆斯。詹姆斯把一些小树枝插到吃人魔的凉鞋里，然后把树枝用火点燃。吃人魔被烧得上蹿下跳。他的凉鞋着火了。

附近有条河。吃人魔跳进河去灭火。但是河里有鳄鱼。鳄鱼咬中了吃人魔的脚踝。他赶忙跳出河。吃人魔走回他的城堡。

詹姆斯回到了村庄。但村庄里一个人也没有。他们成了吃人魔的囚犯了。他们被锁在他的城堡里。吃人魔正举行宴会。他要把他们全部吃掉。

“不要着急！”詹姆斯·布朗德说道，“我能救他们。”

詹姆斯走到吃人魔的城堡。他从窗户往里看。村民们在锅里煮着。吃人魔要把他们煮了作饭吃。他快乐地唱着。

香，香，香。

心情像蜜糖。

快把这一帮，

装进大肚囊。

詹姆斯朝他背包里看了看。他有一些痒粉。他蹑着脚走到吃人魔身后爬上他的椅子，把痒粉撒在吃人魔的背上。吃人魔痒得上蹿下跳，又抓又挠。詹姆斯和村民们跑回了村里。

吃人魔跑了出去。附近有个瀑布。他站在瀑布下冲洗痒粉。一只老鼠走过来张望。吃人魔吓得直发抖！吃人魔怕小老鼠！这给詹姆斯出了主意。

第二天，吃人魔又来到村庄。他又找人吃了。人们已经作好了准备。妈妈们给她们的孩子做了特殊的衣服。他们都穿得跟老鼠一样。吃人魔怕极了。他跑走了，人们再也没看见过他！