

世界名著·经典电影·双语阅读

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Gone with the Wind

◆ [美] 玛格丽特·米切尔 著

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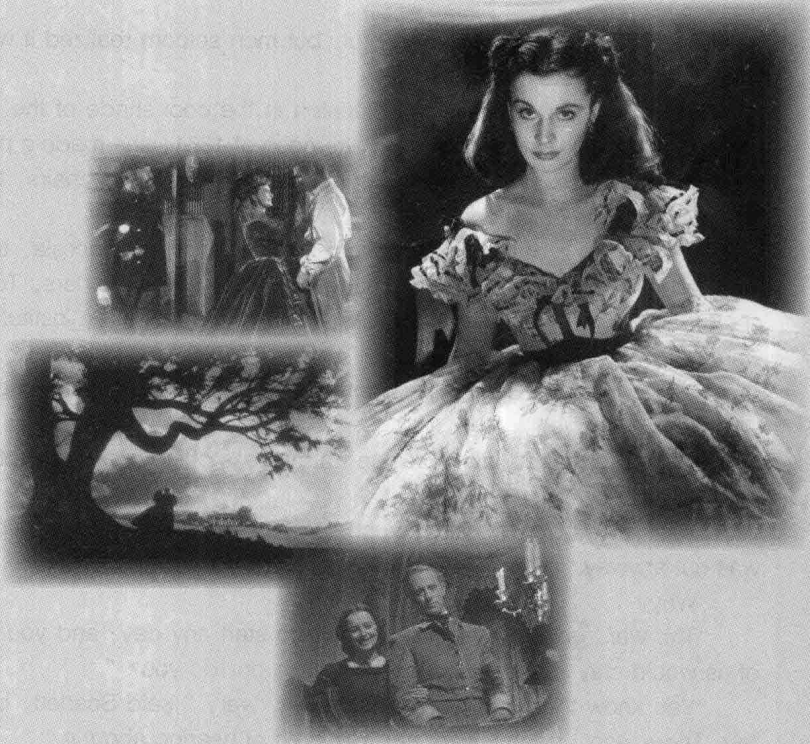
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Gone with the Wind



Part One

Chapter 1

斯嘉丽

Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were.

Seated with Stuart and Brent Tarleton in the cool shade of the porch of Tara, her father's plantation, that bright April afternoon of 1861, she made a pretty picture.

On either side of her, the twins lounged easily in their chairs, they were as much alike as two bolls of cotton.

They had just been expelled from the University of Georgia, the fourth university that had thrown them out in two years; and their older brothers, Tom and Boyd, had come home with them, because they refused to remain at an institution where the twins were not welcome.

"I know you two don't care about being expelled, or Tom either," she said. "But what about Boyd?"

"Oh, he can read law in Judge Parmalee's office over in Fayetteville," answered Brent carelessly.

"Besides, it don't matter much. We'd have had to come home before the term was out anyway."

"Why?"

"The war, goose! The war's going to start any day, and you don't suppose any of us would stay in college with a war going on, do you?"

"You know there isn't going to be any war," said Scarlett, bored. "It's all just talk. There won't be any war, and I'm tired of hearing about it."

"Not going to be any war!" cried the twins indignantly, as though they had been defrauded.

"Why, honey, of course there's going to be a war," said Stuart.

Scarlett made a mouth of bored impatience.

"If you say 'war' just once more, I'll go in the house and shut the door."

She meant what she said, for she could never long endure any conversation of which she was not the chief subject. The boys were enchanted, as she had intended them to be, and they hastened to apologize for boring her. War was men's business, not ladies', and they took her attitude as evidence of her femininity.

Having maneuvered them away from the boring subject of war, she went back with interest to their immediate situation.

第一部

第一章

斯嘉丽·奥哈拉长得并不漂亮，但是男人们像塔尔顿家那对双胞胎兄弟一样为她的魅力所迷时，就很少注意到这点了。

一八六一年四月一个晴朗的下午，斯嘉丽同塔尔顿家的斯图尔特和布伦特坐在她父亲的塔拉农场的阴凉走廊里，她貌美如画。

她的两旁，那对双胞胎轻松地斜靠在椅子上，他们长得一模一样，像两个棉桃似的。

他们刚被乔治亚州大学开除，这是这两年中第四所把他们撵走的大学了。于是他们的两个哥哥，汤姆和博伊德，也同他们一起回到了家里，因为他们拒绝呆在不欢迎这对双胞胎的学校里。

“我知道你们俩一点也不在乎被学校除名，汤姆也一样。”她说，“可是博伊德怎么办？”

“唔，他可以到费耶特维尔那边的帕马利法官事务所去学法律嘛。”布伦特漫不经心地答道。

“而且，如今这也不算回事了。反正在期末之前，我们都得回家。”

“为什么？”

“战争嘛！呆头鹅！战争随时可能开始，开战之后，难道你认为我们还会留在学校里吗？”

“你明明知道不会有什么战争的。”斯嘉丽厌烦地说道，“那只不过是说说罢了。根本不会有什么战争，我也听烦了战争的事。”

“不会有什么战争！”双胞胎像被人骗了似地怒吼道。

“亲爱的，当然会有战争啊！”斯图尔特说。

斯嘉丽很不耐烦地噘着嘴。

“只要你再说一句‘战争’，我就进屋去，把门关上。”

她是说真的，因为她从来就受不了不以她为主题的谈话。如她所料，小伙子们被她的模样迷住了，他们连忙为让她感到无聊而向她道歉。战争是男人的事，与淑女们无关，他们把她的态度当成是女人味的表现。

既然把他们从战争这无聊话题岔开了，她便兴冲冲地回到他们眼前的事儿上来。

Gone with the Wind

"What did your mother say about you two being expelled again? "

The boys looked uncomfortable, recalling their mother's conduct three months ago when they had come home, by request, from the University of Virginia.

"Well, " said Stuart, "she hasn't had a chance to say anything yet. Tom and us left home early this morning before she got up, and Tom's laying out over at the Fontaines' while we came over here."

"Didn't she say anything when you got home last night? "

"We were in luck last night. Just before we got home that new stallion Ma got in Kentucky last month was brought in, and the place was in a stew. When we got home, Ma was out in the stable with a sackful of sugar smoothing him down and doing it mighty well, too. So we went to bed, and this morning we got away before she could catch us, and left Boyd to handle her."

"Do you suppose she'll hit Boyd? "

"Of course she won't hit Boyd. She never did beat Boyd much because he's the oldest and besides he's the runt of the litter," said Stuart, proud of his six feet two. "That's why we left him at home to explain things to her."

"I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow, " said Scarlett. "There's nothing worse than a barbecue turned into an indoor picnic."

"Oh, it'll be clear tomorrow and hot as June, " said Stuart. "Look at that sunset. I never saw one redder. You can always tell weather by sunsets."

They looked out across the endless acres of Gerald O'Hara's newly plowed cotton fields toward the red horizon.

There was the click of china and the rattle of silver as Pork, the valet-butler of Tara, laid the table for supper.

At these last sounds, the twins realized it was time they were starting home. But they were loath to face their mother and they lingered on the porch of Tara, momentarily expecting Scarlett to give them an invitation to supper.

"Look, honey. You've got to give me the first waltz and Stu the last one and you've got to eat supper with us. "

"If you'll promise, we'll tell you a secret, " said Stuart.

"What? " cried Scarlett, alert as a child at the word.

"Is it what we heard yesterday in Atlanta, Stu? If it is, you know we promised not to tell."

"Well, Miss Pitty told us."

"Miss Who? "

"You know, Ashley Wilkes' cousin who lives in Atlanta, Miss Pittypat Hamilton-Charles and Melanie Hamilton's aunt."

"I do, and a sillier old lady I never met in all my life."

"Well, when we were in Atlanta yesterday, waiting for the home train, her carriage went by the depot and she stopped and talked to us, and she told us there was going to be an engagement announced tomorrow night at the Wilkes ball."

barbecue

['bɑ:bikju:]

n. 烧烤餐会

valet-butler

['væli'bu:tlə]

n. 男主人的贴身男仆

“对于你俩又被开除的事，你们的母亲说了些什么？”

小伙子们显得有点不自在，想起了三个月前他们被弗吉尼亚大学请回家时，他们的母亲是如何收拾他们的。

“唔，她还没有机会说什么呢。”斯图尔特答道，“今天一清早她还没起床，汤姆和我俩便出门了。汤姆半路上去方丹家了，我们就上这儿来了。”

“昨天晚上你们到家时，难道她什么话也没说吗？”

“昨天晚上我们很走运。就在我们到家前，我妈上个月在肯塔基买下的那匹公马给送来了，家里闹哄哄的。我们到家时，妈正在马棚里拿着一口袋糖安抚它，妈可擅长干这个了。于是我们就上床睡觉了。今天一早，在她逮住我们之前，我们便溜了出来，只留下博伊德去对付她。”

“你们认为她会打博伊德吗？”

“她当然不会打博伊德。她从没怎么打过博伊德，不但因为他年龄最大，还因为他是个矮子。”斯图尔特说道，他为自己六英尺二的个头儿自豪，“所以我们才把他留在家里，跟妈解释这些事情。”

“希望明天别下雨。”斯嘉丽说，“要是把野外烧烤改成在家吃野餐，可就糟透了。”

“嗯，明天会晴，还会跟六月一样热。”斯图尔特说，“你看那落日，我还从没见过比这更红的太阳呢。看落日就能知道天气。”

他们都朝远方望去，越过奥哈拉家无边无际的新翻耕的棉花地，直到红红的地平线上。

他们接着便听到瓷器当当和银餐具丁丁的响声，这时管家波克已经在摆桌子开晚饭了。

听到这些声响，这对孪生兄弟知道他们该动身回家了。但是他们不想回去见母亲的面，便在塔拉农场的走廊里徘徊，盼望着斯嘉丽挽留他们吃晚饭。

“亲爱的，你得跟我跳第一轮华尔兹，跟斯图尔特跳最后一轮，然后和我们一起吃晚饭。”

“你要是肯答应，我们便告诉你一个秘密。”斯图尔特说。

“什么秘密？”斯嘉丽叫着，一听到“秘密”这个词她就像个孩子似的活跃起来。

“斯图尔特，是不是我们昨天在亚特兰大听到的那个消息？如果是，那你知道，我们答应过不告诉别人的。”

“皮蒂小姐就告诉了我们嘛。”

“什么小姐？”

“就是艾希礼·威尔克斯的表姐。你知道，皮蒂帕特·汉密尔顿小姐，查尔斯和梅兰妮的姑妈，她住在亚特兰大。”

“我知道她，我一辈子没见过比她更傻的老太婆。”

“我们昨天在亚特兰大等回家的火车的时候，她的马车经过车站，她停车和我们说了会儿话，她告诉我们，在明天威尔克斯家的舞会上，要宣布一桩婚事。”

Gone with the Wind

"Oh, I know about that," said Scarlett in disappointment. "That silly nephew of hers, **Charlie** Hamilton, and Honey Wilkes."

"Do you think he's silly?" questioned Brent. "Last Christmas you sure let him buzz round you plenty."

"I couldn't help him buzzing," Scarlett shrugged negligently. "I think he's an awful sissy."

"Besides, it isn't his engagement that's going to be announced," said Stuart triumphantly. "It's Ashley's to Charlie's sister, Miss Melanie!"

Scarlett's face did not change but her lips went white—like a person who has received a stunning blow without warning and who, in the first moments of shock, does not realize what has happened.

"Now, Scarlett, we've told you the secret, so you've got to promise to eat supper with us."

"Of course I will," Scarlett said automatically.

"And all the waltzes?"

"All."

"You're sweet! I'll bet the other boys will be hopping mad."

"Let 'em be mad," said Brent. "We two can handle 'em. Look, Scarlett. Sit with us at the barbecue in the morning."

"What?"

Stuart repeated his request.

"Of course."

The twins looked at each other jubilantly but with some surprise.

Filled with new enthusiasm by their success, they lingered on, hinting broadly for invitations to supper. Some time had passed before they realized that Scarlett was having very little to say. The atmosphere had somehow changed. Sensing something they could not understand, baffled and annoyed by it, the twins struggled along for a while, and then rose reluctantly, looking at their watches.

Stuart bellowed: "Jeems!" And after an interval a tall black boy of their own age ran breathlessly around the house and out toward the tethered horses. Then they were off down the walk at a rush, mounted their horses and, followed by Jeems, went down the avenue of cedars at a gallop, waving their hats and yelling back to her.

When they had rounded the curve of the dusty road that hid them from Tara, Brent drew his horse to a stop under a clump of dogwood. Stuart halted, too, and the darky boy pulled up a few paces behind them.

"Look," he said. "Don't it look to you like she would of asked us to stay for supper?"

"I thought she would," said Stuart. "I kept waiting for her to do it, but she didn't. What do you make of it?"

"I don't make anything of it. But it just looks to me like she might of."

"It looked to me like she was mighty glad to see us when we came."

"I thought so, too."

"And then, about a half-hour ago, she got kind of quiet, like she had a headache."

Charlie

是 Charles 的昵称或简称

'em 等于 them

dunno 等于 don't know,

语速快时的连读音

“噢，我知道那件事。”斯嘉丽失望说，“她那个傻侄子查尔斯·汉密尔顿要和霍妮·威尔克斯结婚。”

“你觉得他傻吗？”布伦特问，“去年圣诞节你可让他在你身边转了个够呢。”

“我又没法让他别转。”斯嘉丽毫不在意地耸了耸肩膀，“我觉得他这个人太娘娘腔了。”

“但是，明晚要宣布的并不是他的亲事。”斯图尔特得意地说，“是艾希礼和查尔斯的妹妹梅兰妮小姐订婚的事哩！”

虽然她脸色没有变，可是嘴唇发白了，就像冷不防受到当头一击，而且在震惊的最初几秒钟，还不明白那是怎么回事。

“现在，我们已经把秘密告诉你了，斯嘉丽，你一定得答应跟我们一起吃晚饭。”

“当然，我会的。”斯嘉丽机械地说。

“还要跳每一轮华尔兹舞？”

“每一轮。”

“你真好！我敢打赌，别的小伙子会气得跳起来。”

“让他们气吧。”布伦特说，“我们俩能对付他们。斯嘉丽，明天上午的烧烤餐会也跟我们坐在一起好吗？”

“什么？”

斯图尔特将请求重复了一遍。

“当然！”

双胞胎喜洋洋地看看彼此，不过也有点惊讶。

成功让他们充满热情，在斯嘉丽身边恋恋不去，处处暗示要人家挽留他们吃晚饭。过了好一会儿，他们才发现斯嘉丽已经没什么话说了。气氛已经变了。他们感觉到有某种难以理解的事，因此沮丧不安起来。他们又赖着呆了一会儿，才看看表，不情愿地站起身来。

斯图尔特大喊一声：“詹姆斯！”不一会儿一个和他们年龄相仿的高个儿黑孩子气喘吁吁地从房子另一侧跑过来，朝两匹拴着的马跑去。他们匆匆走下人行道，骑上马，一口气跑上柏树大道，詹姆斯在后面跟着他们，回过头挥着帽子向斯嘉丽叫喊。

他们在尘土飞扬的大道上拐过弯，看不见塔拉农场后，布伦特勒住马，在一丛山茶萸下站住了。斯图尔特跟着停下来，黑小子也紧跑几步跟上了他们。

“你看，”他说，“你不觉得她好像要请我们留下吃饭吗？”

“我觉得她本来会留我们的。”斯图尔特答道，“我一直等着她开口，但是她却没有。你想这是为什么？”

“我一点也不明白。不过我总觉得她本打算留我们。”

“在我看来，我们来她家时，她好像也很高兴见到我们。”

“我也这么觉得。”

“可后来，大约半个钟头以前吧，她就不怎么说话了，好像在头痛。”

Gone with the Wind

"I noticed that but I didn't pay it any mind then. What do you suppose ailed her? "

"I dunno. Do you suppose we said something that made her mad? "

They both thought for a minute.

"I can't think of anything. Besides, when Scarlett gets mad, everybody knows it. She don't hold herself in like some girls do."

"Yes, that's what I like about her. But it was something we did or said that made her shut up talking and look sort of sick."

"You don't suppose it's because we got expelled? "

"Hell, no! Don't be a fool."

Brent turned in the saddle and called to the negro groom.

"Jeems! "

"Suh? "

"You heard what we were talking to Miss Scarlett about? "

"Nawsuh, Mist'Brent! Huccome you think Ah be spyin' on w'ite folks? "

"Spying, my God! You darkies know everything that goes on. Now, did you hear us say anything that might have made Miss Scarlett mad—or hurt her feelings? "

Thus appealed to, Jeems gave up further pretense of not having overheard the conversation and furrowed his black brow.

"Look ter me lak she sho glad ter see you an' sho had missed you, an' she cheep along happy as a bird, tell'bout de time y'all got ter talkin' 'bout Mist' Ashley an' Miss Melly Hamilton gittin' mah'ied. Den she quiet down lak a bird w'en de hawk fly ober."

"Jeems is right. But I don't see why, " said Stuart. "She's not crazy about him. It's us she's crazy about."

Brent nodded an agreement.

"But do you suppose, " he said, "that maybe Ashley hadn't told her he was going to announce it tomorrow night and she was mad at him for not telling her, an old friend, before he told everybody else? "

"Well, maybe. But what if he hadn't told her it was tomorrow? Why, we've known it for years. The Wilkes and Hamiltons always marry their own cousins. "

"Well, I give it up. But I'm sorry she didn't ask us to supper. I swear I don't want to go home and listen to Ma take on about us being expelled."

"Maybe Boyd will have smoothed her down by now."

"Yes, he can do it, but it takes Boyd time. No, we can't go home till after midnight. "

"Look, Brent! I know where we can go for supper. Let's ride across the swamp to Abel Wynder's place and tell him we're all four home again and ready for drill."

"That's an idea! " cried Brent with enthusiasm.

As they picked their way across the red furrows and down the hill to the river bottom in the deepening dusk, Brent yelled to his brother:

"Look, Stu! Don't it seem like to you that Scarlett would have asked us to supper?"

"I keep thinking she would, " yelled Stuart. "Why do you suppose ..."



Hell, my God, my
Goodness, heaven

等等，都是英语中常用的
语气词

Suh 相当于 *Sir*；本书中
描写的黑人在说话时口
音都很重，权且用“俺”
一类的词汇聊充其意

“我也发觉了，可我当时没注意。你想她是哪儿不舒服了呢？”

“我不知道。你认为我们说了什么让她生气的吗？”

他们两人都想了一会儿。

“我想不出来。而且，如果斯嘉丽生气了，谁都看得出来。她可从来不是那种不吭声的女孩子。”

“对，这就是我喜欢她的地方。不过，一定是我们说了或做了什么，让她不说话，而且看起来好像不舒服的样子。”

“你觉得不会是因为我们被开除了吧？”

“见鬼，不可能！别傻了。”

布伦特在马鞍上转过身头，叫那个黑人马夫：

“吉姆斯！”

“少爷？”

“你听见我们和斯嘉丽小姐说的话了吗？”

“没有呀，布伦特先生！您怎么怀疑俺偷听白人老爷的话呢？”

“我的上帝，偷听！你们这些小黑鬼什么事都知道。好，你听见我们说什么惹斯嘉丽小姐生气——或者叫她不开心的话了吗？”

听到这句问话，吉姆斯不再假装不曾偷听他们的谈话，皱起眉头来。

“俺看，她见到你们挺高兴，她想你们呢，她像只小鸟儿一样叽叽喳喳地乐呢，直到后来你们讲起艾希礼先生要和梅兰妮·汉密尔顿小姐结婚，她就不作声了。后来她就像只小鸟儿看见老鹰打头上飞过一样，一声儿不出。”

“吉姆说得对，但我不明白那究竟是为什么。”斯图尔特说，“她又不喜欢他。她喜欢的是我们。”

布伦特点头同意。

“可是，你想过没有？”他说，“也许艾希礼没告诉她明天晚上要宣布那件事，而她觉得他不先告诉她这个老朋友，便对别的人都说了，所以生气了呢？”

“唔，可能。就算他没有告诉她明天就要宣布这事儿，又怎样呢？咳，我们老早就知道了呀。威尔克斯家和汉密尔顿家向来是姑表结亲。”

“好了，我不想猜来猜去了。不过，她不留我们吃晚饭，我总是觉得遗憾。我绝对不想回家听妈妈对我们被学校开除的事大发雷霆。”

“说不定博伊德已经把她的火气平息下来了。”

“是呀，他是办得到，不过那也得花上博伊德不少时间。不行，我们得后半夜再回家。”

“你看，布伦特！我知道上哪儿有晚餐吃。咱们骑马越过沼泽地，到艾布尔·温德那里去，告诉他们我们四人又都回到了家里，准备去参加操练。”

“这个主意好！”布伦特兴奋地叫起来。

在越来越浓的暮色中，他们横过红土垅沟，跑下山麓向河床走去。这时布伦特向他兄弟喊道：

“你看，斯图尔特！你难道不觉得，斯嘉丽本来要留咱们吃晚饭吗？”

“我一直以为她会的。”斯图尔特大声答道，“你觉得是怎么回事呢……”

Chapter 2

When the twins left Scarlett standing on the porch of Tara and the last sound of flying hooves had died away, she went back to her chair like a sleepwalker.

Ashley to marry Melanie Hamilton!

Oh, it couldn't be true! The twins were mistaken. No, Ashley couldn't be in love with Melanie, because he was in love with her! She, Scarlett, was the one he loved—she knew it!

Mammy emerged from the hall, a huge old woman with the small, shrewd eyes of an elephant.

"Come on in de house, Miss Scarlett."

"No, I want to sit here and watch the sunset. It's so pretty. You run get my shawl. Please, Mammy, and I'll sit here till Pa comes home."

Scarlett heard the stairs groan and she got softly to her feet. As she stood, hesitant, wondering where she could hide until the ache in her breast subsided a little, a thought came to her, bringing a small ray of hope. Her father had ridden over to Twelve Oaks, the Wilkes plantation, that afternoon to offer to buy Dilcey, the broad wife of his valet, Pork.

Surely, thought Scarlett, Pa will know whether this awful story is true.

Soon she was at the end of the driveway and out on the main road, but she did not stop until she had rounded a curve that put a large clump of trees between her and the house.

Flushed and breathing hard, she sat down on a stump to wait for her father.

"Oh, it can't be true!" she thought. "Oh, Ashley! Ashley!"

True, he never made love to her, nor did the clear gray eyes ever glow with that hot light Scarlett knew so well in other men. And yet—and yet—she knew he loved her. She could not be mistaken about it.

She loved him and she wanted him and she did not understand him.

Why, only last week, when they were riding home at twilight from Fairhill, he had said: "Scarlett, I have something so important to tell you that I hardly know how to say it."

She had cast down her eyes demurely, her heart beating with wild pleasure, thinking the happy moment had come. Then he had said: "Not now! We're nearly home

第二章

双胞胎走了，只剩下斯嘉丽站在塔拉庄园的走廊上，直到他们的马蹄声已远远消失，她才如梦游人似的坐回椅子上。

艾希礼要跟梅兰妮·汉密尔顿结婚了！

这不可能是真的！那对双胞胎准搞错了。不，艾希礼不可能爱上梅兰妮，因为他在爱她呀！她——斯嘉丽才是他所爱的那个人呢——她知道！

嬷嬷从堂屋里走出来，她是个大块头老婆子，眼睛细小而精明，活像一头大象。

“斯嘉丽小姐，快进屋里来。”

“不，我想坐在这里看落日。它多美呀。你去给我把披肩拿来。多谢你了，嬷嬷，让我坐在这里，等爸爸回家来我再进屋去。”

听到楼梯格格作响，斯嘉丽便轻轻站起身来。她犹豫不定地站着，不知该躲到哪里去让胸口的痛楚稍稍减轻，这时她忽然起了一个念头，这念头给她带来了一丝微弱的希望。她父亲下午骑马到威尔克斯家的庄园“十二橡树”去了，为了商量买下管家波克的胖老婆迪尔茜。

当然，斯嘉丽想，爸爸会知道这个可怕的传闻不是真的。

她很快便到了车道尽头，走上了大路，可是她并不停步，直到拐过弯，那里有一大丛树遮掩着她，从大屋里再也不能看见她了。

她两颊发红，呼吸急促，坐在一个树桩上等待父亲。

“唔，那不可能是真的！”她心想，“啊，艾希礼！艾希礼！”

确实，他从来没有向她求过爱，他那清澈的灰色眼睛也从来没有闪烁过斯嘉丽在其他男人身上熟悉的那种光芒。可是即使——即使——斯嘉丽知道他爱她。在这点上她是不会错的。

她爱他，她需要他，她不了解他。

就在上周，他们傍晚骑马从费尔黑尔回家时，他还对她说：“斯嘉丽，我有件十分重要的事要告诉你，但是我不知该怎么跟你说。”

她那时假装端庄地低下头来，可心里高兴得怦怦跳，觉得那个快乐的时刻来了。接着他又说：“现在还不行！我们快到家了，没

demurely

[di'mjuəli]

adv. 端庄、拘谨地，假正经地

Gone with the Wind

and there isn't time. Oh, Scarlett, what a coward I am! " And putting spurs to his horse, he had raced her up the hill to Tara.

Scarlett, sitting on the stump, thought of those words which had made her so happy, and suddenly they took on another meaning, a hideous meaning. Suppose it was the news of his engagement he had intended to tell her!

Oh, if Pa would only come home! She could not endure the suspense another moment.

Still there was no sign of Gerald on the quiet winding road. But even as she strained her eyes down the darkening road, she heard a pounding of hooves at the bottom of the pasture hill and saw the horses and cows scatter in fright. Gerald O'Hara was coming home across country and at top speed. *pasture hoof*

Gerald did not see his daughter in the shadow of the trees, and he drew rein in the road, patting his horse's neck with approbation.

She laughed aloud. As she had intended, Gerald was startled by the sound; then he recognized her, and a look both sheepish and defiant came over his florid face.

Scarlett looked at her father in the fading light, and, without knowing why, she found it comforting to be in his presence.

"How are they all over at Twelve Oaks? "

"About as usual."

"Did they say anything about the barbecue tomorrow? "

"Now that I think of it they did. Miss Melanie Hamilton and her brother Charles have already come from Atlanta and—"

"Oh, so she did come? "

"She did. Come now, daughter, don't lag. Your mother will be hunting for us."

Scarlett's heart sank at the news.

"Was Ashley there, too? "

"He was there and he asked most kindly after you, as did his sisters, and said they hoped nothing would keep you from the barbecue tomorrow. I'll warrant nothing will," he said shrewdly. "And now, daughter, what's all this about you and Ashley? "

"There is nothing," she said shortly, tugging at his arm. "Let's go in, Pa."

"So now'tis you wanting to go in," he observed. "But here I'm going to stand till I'm understanding you. Now that I think of it, 'tis strange you've been recently. Has he been trifling with you? Has he asked to marry you? "

"No," she said shortly. *trifle*

"Nor will he," said Gerald.

Fury flamed in her, but Gerald waved her quiet with a hand.

"Hold your tongue, Miss! I had it from John Wilkes this afternoon in the strictest confidence that Ashley's to marry Miss Melanie. It's to be announced tomorrow."

"Now, don't be jerking your chin at me," warned Gerald. "If you had any sense you'd have married Stuart or Brent Tarleton long ago."

hoof

[hu:f]

n. 马蹄

pasture

['pɑ:stʃə]

n. 牧场

rein

[rein]

n. 缰绳

approbation

[,æprə'beɪʃən]

n. 嘉许

defiant

[di'faɪənt]

adv. 叛逆的, 挑衅的

时间了。哦，斯嘉丽，我真是个懦夫！”他随即用靴刺踢了踢马，一路疾驰送斯嘉丽爬上山冈，回到塔拉。

斯嘉丽坐在树桩上，回想着那几句曾叫她十分高兴的话，可这时它们突然有另一种意思，很可怕的意思。也许他打算告诉她的，就是他要订婚的消息！

啊，只要爸爸回来就知道了！她再也忍受不了这种悬念了。

在静静蜿蜒的路上，仍然没有杰拉尔德的影子。可是就在她眯着眼睛朝愈来愈暗的大路上张望时，她听到了牧场的谷底传来得得的马蹄声，又看见牛马正慌张地散开。杰拉尔德·奥哈拉正全速疾驰，穿过乡村，向家飞奔而来。

杰拉尔德并没有看见站在树木阴影中的女儿，他在大路上勒住缰绳，赞赏地轻拍着马脖子。

她大声笑起来。如她所料，杰拉尔德听见笑声吓了一跳，但他随后便认出了她的声音，他的红脸膛上现出半是羞怯、半是大胆的神情。

斯嘉丽在渐暗的暮色中望着父亲，不知为什么，一到他身边，她就觉得舒服多了。

“十二橡树那边的人都怎样？”

“大致来说，和往常一样。”

“他们有没有谈起明天的烧烤餐会？”

“我现在想起来，他们谈过的。梅兰妮·汉密尔顿小姐和她哥哥查尔斯已经从亚特兰大来了，并且——”

“噢，她真来了？”

“她来了。走吧，女儿，别磨蹭了。你妈会到处找咱们的。”

这消息让斯嘉丽的心都沉了。

“艾希礼也在那里吗？”

“他在，并且十分亲切地问候了你，他的姐妹们都问候了你，还说他们希望你明天别有什么事，参加不了烧烤餐会呢。我当然向他们保证绝不会的。”他精明地说，“现在你说吧，女儿，你和艾希礼到底是怎么回事？”

“没什么。”她简短地答道，一边使劲拉着他的胳膊，“爸，我们进去吧。”

“现在是你要进去了。”他看着她说，“可是我还是要站在这里，直到搞明白你为止。现在我想起来了，你最近有点奇怪。他在跟你胡闹吗？他向你求婚了吗？”

“没有。”她简短地回答。

“他也不会。”杰拉尔德说。

她心头火起，可是杰拉尔德摆了摆手，叫她安静。

“小姐，别说了！今天下午我从约翰·威尔克斯那里听说，艾希礼千真万确要跟梅兰妮小姐结婚。明天就会宣布。”

“现在别冲我不痛快啦。”杰拉尔德警告说，“你要是懂点事，早就该同塔尔顿家的斯图尔特或者布伦特结婚了。”

Gone with the Wind

"Will you stop treating me like a child!" cried Scarlett. "I don't want to go to Charleston or have a house or marry the twins. I only want—" She caught herself but not in time.

"It's only Ashley you're wanting, and you'll not be having him. And if he wanted to marry you, 'twould be with misgivings that I'd say Yes, for all the fine friendship that's between me and John Wilkes." And, seeing her startled look, he continued: "I want my girl to be happy and you wouldn't be happy with him."

"Oh, I would! I would!"

"That you would not, daughter. Only when like marries like can there be any happiness."

Scarlett was silent and her heart sank.

Rightly interpreting her silence, Gerald patted her arm and said triumphantly: "There now, Scarlett! You admit 'tis true. What would you be doing with a husband like Ashley? 'Tis moonstruck they all are, all the Wilkes." And then, in a wheedling tone: "When I was mentioning the Tarletons the while ago, I wasn't pushing them. They're fine lads, but if it's Cade Calvert you're setting your cap after, why, 'tis the same with me. The Calverts are good folk, all of them, for all the old man marrying a Yankee. And when I'm gone—Whist, darlin', listen to me! I'll leave Tara to you and Cade—"

"I wouldn't have Cade on a silver tray," cried Scarlett in fury. "And I wish you'd quit pushing him at me! I don't want Tara or any old plantation. Plantations don't amount to anything when—"

She was going to say "when you haven't the man you want," but Gerald, incensed by the cavalier way in which she treated his proffered gift, the thing which, next to Ellen, he loved best in the whole world, uttered a roar.

"Do you stand there, Scarlett O'Hara, and tell me that Tara—that land—doesn't amount to anything?"

Scarlett nodded obstinately. Her heart was too sore to care whether or not she put her father in a temper.

"Land is the only thing in the world that amounts to anything," he shouted, his thick, short arms making wide gestures of indignation, "for 'tis the only thing in this world that lasts, and don't you be forgetting it! 'Tis the only thing worth working for, worth fighting for—worth dying for."

Gerald had begun to work himself up into a pleasurable shouting rage when something in Scarlett's **woebegone** face stopped him.

"Oh, Pa!"

"It's not crying you are?" he questioned, fumbling clumsily at her chin, trying to turn her face upward, his own face furrowed with pity.

"No," she cried **vehemently**, jerking away.

"It's lying you are, and I'm proud of it. I'm glad there's pride in you, Puss. And I want to see pride in you tomorrow at the barbecue."

Gerald took her arm and passed it through his.