

中文导读英文版

The Diary of A Nobody
小人物日记

[英] 乔治·格罗史密斯 威登·格罗史密斯 原著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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北京

内 容 简 介

The Diary of A Nobody, 中文译名《小人物日记》, 它由英国著名喜剧演员、作家、歌手乔治·格罗史密斯和其弟英国著名演员、画家威登·格罗史密斯共同编著而成。书中讲述了实实在在的正经人普特尔的幸福生活。普特尔是一个公司的小职员, 勤勤恳恳、兢兢业业, 他对工作和生活心满意足: 在郊区有一幢六个卧室的房子, 老板对他很照顾, 妻子也与他情投意合, 还有两个关系很不错的朋友。踌躇满志的普特尔开始写日记, 当然都是些家长里短、柴米油盐, 太阳底下无新事。偶尔有机会参加一个上等人的聚会, 虽洋相出尽, 可老普却并不在意。成为一个体面的绅士是他生活目标, 他的努力得到了回报, 最终他基本上达到了自己的目标。

一百多年来, 该书被翻译成几十种语言, 可谓是走遍全世界。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 引进该书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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乔治·格罗史密斯（George Grossmith, 1848—1912），英国著名喜剧演员、作家、歌手，著有自传小说《大众小丑》。威登·格罗史密斯（Weedon Grossmith, 1852—1919）是乔治·格罗史密斯的弟弟，英国著名剧作家、画家和大众喜剧演员。格罗史密斯兄弟于 1891 年共同创作出版了雅俗共赏的名著 *The Diary of A Nobody*（《小人物日记》）。

格罗史密斯兄弟在《小人物日记》一书中虚构的公司小职员普特尔可是个名人，他的名字还进入了日常英语。《小人物日记》讲述的正是老普的幸福生活，小市民家常的细微末节让人感到亲切，其中对老普的讥讽有一定深度的自省和自嘲。该书先是在英国的幽默杂志《潘趣》（*Punch*）上连载，后来才结集成书，引起轰动，之后不断再版。该书出版后，普特尔便成了英国的名人，他的名字 *pooter* 进入了日常英语，还派生了 *pooterish* 一词，用来指某一类在郊区生活的古板守旧的中产人士。该日记也被认为是一部维多利亚全盛时期郊区生活的“编年史”。当然，老普是被虚构出来的一个“典型”，他的刻板老套、乏味虚荣、容易满足、没有幽默感等，既让人发笑，也令人同情。英国讽刺艺术的精妙于此中毕现。钱钟书先生将此书叹为奇作，惊其设想之巧，认为“世间真实情事皆不能出其范围”。该书雅俗共赏，时至今日，仍广受世界各地读者的欢迎，尤其是青少年朋友们。《不列颠百科全书》和牛津出版社的《英美文化词典》里都有相关的词条。

在中国，《小人物日记》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《小人物日记》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种，一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环

前言



境。而从英文学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《小人物日记》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、熊金玉、赵雪、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中会有一些不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

普特尔先生的序言

为什么我的日记就不能出版呢？我常见到以前从未听说过的人写回忆录。遗憾的是，我怎么没有从年轻的时候就开始写日记！



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第一章

Chapter 1



在新家安顿下来后，我决定开始写日记。推销商和刮泥板都有点烦人。牧师的来访让人荣幸。

我们的新家叫月桂府，我和妻子卡丽搬到那儿刚刚一个星期。我们很快就适应了附近的火车噪音，新家真的太舒适了。

下班后我愿意呆在家中。晚上老朋友们会来拜访，我和妻子都很乐意见到他们。没有朋友来的时候，我和妻子就整理家里的东西，妻子还会在新买的钢琴上弹弹。我们的儿子威利在银行工作。下面就是我的日记：

四月三日

今天推销商法默森上门做生意，这让我想起卧室门和小客厅的门铃都坏了。好友高英来串门，但他说受不了油漆味，就没多坐。

四月四日

又有推销商来。卡丽出去了，我和屠户霍文定了一块羊肩骨。卡丽跟黄油商博塞特定了黄油、食盐和鸡蛋。晚上，住在对面的卡明斯来了，给我看他的海泡石烟斗。但他也不喜欢油漆味，很快就回去了，结果出门时被刮泥板绊倒。我对他说一定会拆了刮泥板。



四月五日

由于卡丽也定了羊肩骨，结果送来了两块。高英来串门，被刮泥板绊倒。我要拆了刮泥板。

四月六日

博塞特卖的鸡蛋是坏的，于是把剩下的都退给他，并叫他不要再上门定货了。今天下大雨，昨晚高英错把我的雨伞当拐杖拿走了。没有雨伞也得上班。晚上黄油商博塞特竟喝醉酒，在我楼下大吵大闹。我和气地和他说话，他却重重地甩门走了，接着我听见他被刮泥板绊倒的声音，我很庆幸没有拆了刮泥板。

四月七日

今天周六，但由于办公室的头儿不在，我七点才回到家。博塞特在等我，请求我接受他的道歉和一斤鲜黄油。我原谅了他，并和他定了些鲜鸡蛋。我们的地毯小，够不着两边漆过的地方。卡丽建议把漆加宽，我决定礼拜一去看看是否有相配的颜色。

四月八日

做完礼拜，我和牧师一起回来。打不开前门，我只好带牧师走侧门。牧师进门时被刮泥板绊倒，扯破了裤角。卡丽不该在礼拜日提出补裤子的建议。散步时发现了种蔬菜的好地方。晚上又去教堂，和牧师一起走回来。卡丽发现牧师的裤子补过了。牧师让我拿募捐盘。

We settle down in our new home, and I resolve to keep a diary. Tradesmen trouble us a bit, so does the scraper. The Curate calls and pays me a great compliment.

My clear wife Carrie and I have just been a week in our new house, "The Laurels," Brickfield Terrace, Holloway—a nice six-roomed residence, not counting basement, with a front breakfast-parlour. We have a little front garden; and there is a flight of ten steps up to the front door, which, by-the-by, we keep

locked with the chain up. Cummings, Gowing, and our other intimate friends always come to the little side entrance, which saves the servant the trouble of going up to the front door, thereby taking her from her work. We have a nice little back garden which runs down to the railway. We were rather afraid of the noise of the trains at first, but the landlord said we should not notice them after a bit, and took 2 pounds off the rent. He was certainly right; and beyond the cracking of the garden wall at the bottom, we have suffered no inconvenience.

After my work in the City, I like to be at home. What's the good of a home, if you are never in it? "Home, Sweet Home," that's my motto. I am always in of an evening. Our old friend Gowing may drop in without ceremony; so may Cummings, who lives opposite. My dear wife Caroline and I are pleased to see them, if they like to drop in on us. But Carrie and I can manage to pass our evenings together without friends. There is always something to be done: a tin-tack here, a Venetian blind to put straight, a fan to nail up, or part of a carpet to nail down—all of which I can do with my pipe in my mouth; while Carrie is not above putting a button on a shirt, mending a pillow-case, or practising the "Sylvia Gavotte" on our new cottage piano (on the three years' system), manufactured by W. Bilkson (in small letters), from Collard and Collard (in very large letters). It is also a great comfort to us to know that our boy Willie is getting on so well in the Bank at Oldham. We should like to see more of him. Now for my diary: —

April 3. —Tradesmen called for custom, and I promised Farmerson, the ironmonger, to give him a turn if I wanted any nails or tools. By-the-by, that reminds me there is no key to our bedroom door, and the bells must be seen to. The parlour bell is broken, and the front door rings up in the servant's bedroom, which is ridiculous. Dear friend Gowing dropped in, but wouldn't stay, saying there was an infernal smell of paint.

April 4. —Tradesmen still calling; Carrie being out, I arranged to deal with Horwin, who seemed a civil butcher with a nice clean shop. Ordered a shoulder of mutton for to-morrow, to give him a trial. Carrie arranged with Borset, the butterman, and ordered a pound of fresh butter, and a pound and a

half of salt ditto for kitchen, and a shilling's worth of eggs. In the evening, Cummings unexpectedly dropped in to show me a meerschaum pipe he had won in a raffle in the City, and told me to handle it carefully, as it would spoil the colouring if the hand was moist. He said he wouldn't stay, as he didn't care much for the smell of the paint, and fell over the scraper as he went out. Must get the scraper removed, or else I shall get into a SCRAPE. I don't often make jokes.

April 5. —Two shoulders of mutton arrived, Carrie having arranged with another butcher without consulting me. Gowing called, and fell over scraper coming in. MUST get that scraper removed.

April 6 —Eggs for breakfast simply shocking; sent them back to Borset with my compliments, and he needn't call any more for orders. Couldn't find umbrella, and though it was pouring with rain, had to go without it. Sarah said Mr. Gowing must have took it by mistake last night, as there was a stick in the hall that didn't belong to nobody. In the evening, hearing someone talking in a loud voice to the servant in the downstairs hall, I went out to see who it was, and was surprised to find it was Borset, the buttermilk man, who was both drunk and offensive. Borset, on seeing me, said he would be hanged if he would ever serve City clerks any more—the game wasn't worth the candle. I restrained my feelings, and quietly remarked that I thought it was POSSIBLE for a city clerk to be a GENTLEMAN. He replied he was very glad to hear it, and wanted to know whether I had ever come across one, for HE hadn't. He left the house, slamming the door after him, which nearly broke the fanlight; and I heard him fall over the scraper, which made me feel glad I hadn't removed it. When he had gone, I thought of a splendid answer I ought to have given him. However, I will keep it for another occasion.

April 7. —Being Saturday, I looked forward to being home early, and putting a few things straight; but two of our principals at the office were absent through illness, and I did not get home till seven. Found Borset waiting. He had been three times during the day to apologise for his conduct last night. He said he was unable to take his Bank Holiday last Monday, and took it last night

instead. He begged me to accept his apology, and a pound of fresh butter. He seems, after all, a decent sort of fellow; so I gave him an order for some fresh eggs, with a request that on this occasion they **SHOULD** be fresh. I am afraid we shall have to get some new stair-carpets after all; our old ones are not quite wide enough to meet the paint on either side. Carrie suggests that we might ourselves broaden the paint. I will see if we can match the colour (dark chocolate) on Monday.

April 8, Sunday. —After Church, the Curate came back with us. I sent Carrie in to open front door, which we do not use except on special occasions. She could not get it open, and after all my display, I had to take the Curate (whose name, by-the-way, I did not catch,) round the side entrance. He caught his foot in the scraper, and tore the bottom of his trousers. Most annoying, as Carrie could not well offer to repair them on a Sunday. After dinner, went to sleep. Took a walk round the garden, and discovered a beautiful spot for sowing mustard-and-cress and radishes. Went to Church again in the evening :walked back with the Curate. Carrie noticed he had got on the same pair of trousers, only repaired. He wants me to take round the plate, which I think a great compliment.

第二章

Chapter 2



推销商和刮泥板仍让人心烦。听腻了高英对油漆的牢骚。我说了句一生中最高明的俏皮话。园艺工作很有乐趣。斯蒂尔布斯克先生、高英、卡明斯和我之间有个小误会，莎拉让我在卡明斯面前出了丑。

四月九日

我们决定不和一个屠户打交道了，结果一大早他就来门前辱骂我。

我关上门。不一会，屠户大力踢门。他被刮泥板绊倒，叫嚷着要去告我。上班路上，我去叫五金商法默森到我家拆刮泥板和修门铃。

回家后感觉好累。帕特利先生是个油漆匠兼装修工。他没有找到相配的颜色，建议我把楼梯全部刷一遍。我只好同意了。我种了些蔬菜，九点就上床睡觉了。

四月十日

法默森亲自来拆刮泥板。我谢过他就上班了。几个年轻职员上班严重迟到，我警告了他们中的三人。

十七岁的皮特和我顶嘴，让我很不高兴。晚上高英来串门，又抱怨油漆味。我觉得他太不注意说话场合了。有一次卡丽还适当提醒过他。

四月十一日

种的蔬菜还没有发芽。因为和杂货店的伙计说话，没有赶上去城里的公共马车。那伙计说他敲门我们没有听见，门铃也坏了，竟然直接走到门口，弄脏了楼梯，所以我和他理论了一番。

我上班迟到了半小时，以前从来没有过。今天头儿帕卡普先生突击检查出勤，而我是唯一迟到的人。高级职员巴克灵帮我圆了场。我听见皮特嘲笑我。卡明斯晚上来串门，和我玩多米诺骨牌。

四月十二日

蔬菜仍然没有发芽。法默森修刮泥板时钻漏了煤气管。我得多花钱了。

晚上高英来了，给我抽绿雪茄，据说是他的朋友休麦士从美国带来的。我抽得脸都绿了，赶紧找个借口溜了出去。

我在花园里呼吸了点新鲜空气。回来时高英又给我一支，我婉言拒绝了。高英说他闻到有干腐味，我俏皮地说他倒是做了不少干腐的事。这是我说过的最俏皮的话，夜里睡觉时我还笑醒了两次。

四月十三日

卡丽叫一个妇女来给客厅的坐椅和沙发做印花棉布罩。我认出那人是数年前在我姑妈家工作过的那位，而我姑妈住在克莱普汗。这世界太小了。

四月十四日

我买了一本园艺小册子，种下一些种子。我和卡丽说了一句俏皮话，可她竟不认为好笑。楼梯很漂亮。高英串门时建议把扶栏也漆一遍，卡丽也赞同。我去找帕特利，幸好他不在，我有借口让扶栏保持原样了。

四月十五日

三点的时候，卡明特和高英带来一个叫斯蒂尔布鲁克的朋友，约我去汉普斯特德和芬奇利走走。一路上，斯蒂尔布鲁克都在后头不怎么说话。五点时，高英建议去酒馆喝茶。我想起酒馆六点才开门，但斯蒂尔布鲁克认为没有问题。

到酒馆后，我对看门的说我是霍洛威来的，结果被拦在门外。斯蒂尔布鲁克说他们是布莱克希思来的，立刻被请进去了。

我在外面等了他们将近一小时。他们出来时，只有斯蒂尔布鲁克试图向我道歉。回家路上我一句话都没说。我觉得这件事还是先不和卡丽说为好。

四月十六日

下班后去园子里干了会活儿。晚上想给卡明特和高英写信说昨天的事情，但后来又不想写了。

四月十七日

我又想给朋友写信说说上礼拜天的事，但仔细想后就不写了。后来收到卡明斯的来信，说他和高英在等着我的解释。我气坏了，但还是回了一封请求原谅的信。我心里总觉得是在为被侮辱而道歉。

四月十八日

我感冒了，在办公室打了一整天喷嚏。晚上好冷，就叫佣人莎拉去买瓶基纳汗酒。我在扶手椅上睡着了，被很大的敲门声惊醒，原来是卡明斯来了。他说他和高英都原谅我了。

和卡明斯在玩多米诺骨牌时，他向我提起他有表弟在卖酒，推荐我买三十八先令一瓶的威士忌，我就和他说我的酒窖还满着。就在这时，莎拉进来，把一瓶用脏报纸包着的威士忌放在我们面前，说杂货铺没有基纳汗酒了，只有这种便宜的威士忌。

S radesmen and the scraper still troublesome. Gowing rather tiresome with his complaints of the paint. I make one of the best jokes of my life. Delights of Gardening. Mr. Stillbrook, Gowing, Cummings, and I have a little misunderstanding. Sarah makes me look a fool before Cummings.

April 9. —Commenced the morning badly. The butcher, whom we decided NOT to arrange with, called and blackguarded me in the most

uncalled-for manner. He began by abusing me, and saying he did not want my custom. I simply said: "Then what are you making all this fuss about it for?" And he shouted out at the top of his voice, so that all the neighbours could hear: "Pah! Go along. Ugh! I could buy up 'things' like you by the dozen!"

I shut the door, and was giving Carrie to understand that this disgraceful scene was entirely her fault, when there was a violent kicking at the door, enough to break the panels. It was the blackguard butcher again, who said he had cut his foot over the scraper, and would immediately bring an action against me. Called at Farmerson's, the ironmonger, on my way to town, and gave him the job of moving the scraper and repairing the bells, thinking it scarcely worth while to trouble the landlord with such a trifling matter.

Arrived home tired and worried. Mr. Putley, a painter and decorator, who had sent in a card, said he could not match the colour on the stairs, as it contained Indian carmine. He said he spent half-a-day calling at warehouses to see if he could get it. He suggested he should entirely repaint the stairs. It would cost very little more; if he tried to match it, he could only make a bad job of it. It would be more satisfactory to him and to us to have the work done properly. I consented, but felt I had been talked over. Planted some mustard-and-cress and radishes, and went to bed at nine.

April 10. —Farmerson came round to attend to the scraper himself. He seems a very civil fellow. He says he does not usually conduct such small jobs personally, but for me he would do so. I thanked him, and went to town. It is disgraceful how late some of the young clerks are at arriving. I told three of them that if Mr. Perkupp, the principal, heard of it, they might be discharged.

Pitt, a monkey of seventeen, who has only been with us six weeks, told me "to keep my hair on!" I informed him I had had the honour of being in the firm twenty years, to which he insolently replied that I "looked it." I gave him an indignant look, and said: "I demand from you some respect, sir." He replied: "All right, go on demanding." I would not argue with him any further. You cannot argue with people like that. In the evening Gowing called, and repeated his complaint about the smell of paint. Gowing is sometimes very tedious with