

中文导读英文版

Gone with the Wind

飘

下部

[美] 马格丽特·米切尔 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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内 容 简 介

Gone with the Wind, 中文译名为《飘》,是最经典的爱情巨著之一,它的作者是美国著名女作家马格丽特·米切尔。故事讲述美国南北战争和战后重建时期,主人公郝思嘉曲折、哀婉的爱情与婚姻故事。美国南北战争前夕,生活在南方的少女郝思嘉,美貌而叛逆,她爱上了英俊的小伙子卫希礼,但卫希礼却选择了善良的媚兰。出于妒恨,郝思嘉嫁给了媚兰的哥哥查理。南北战争爆发后,卫希礼和查理应征入伍。查理不幸去世,郝思嘉成了寡妇。为了生活,战后的郝思嘉违心地同弗兰克结婚。不久之后,弗兰克去世,郝思嘉再次成为寡妇。郝思嘉不得已又和白瑞德结婚。不久,经过太多磨难的白瑞德对她已不太信任,下决心和她离婚。当爱离她而去时,郝思嘉才明白真爱自己和她所爱的人其实正是白瑞德。

该书自 1936 年出版以来,一直畅销至今,并被译成世界上几十种文字。根据小说改编的电影《乱世佳人》,曾一举夺得七项奥斯卡大奖,并成为电影史上最经典的名片之一。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为通俗的文学读本,本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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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

飘=Gone with the Wind (下部): 中文导读英文版/(美)米切尔(Michell, M.)原著;王勋等编译. —北京:清华大学出版社,2009.1
ISBN 978-7-302-19003-5

I. 飘… II. ①米… ②王… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②长篇小说—美国—现代
IV. H319.4; I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2008)第 188158 号

责任编辑:李 晔

插图绘制:王 轲

责任校对:白 蕾

责任印制:王秀菊

出版发行:清华大学出版社

地 址:北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座

<http://www.tup.com.cn>

邮 编:100084

社 总 机:010-62770175

邮 购:010-62786544

投稿与读者服务:010-62776969, c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

质 量 反 馈:010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 刷 者:清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者:三河市溧源装订厂

经 销:全国新华书店

开 本:170×260 印 张:38.25 字 数:704 千字

版 次:2009 年 1 月第 1 版 印 次:2009 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印 数:1~5000

定 价:119.00 元(上下册)

本书如存在文字不清、漏印、缺页、倒页、脱页等印装质量问题,请与清华大学出版社出版部联系调换。联系电话:(010)62770177 转 3103 产品编号:030340-01



马格丽特·米切尔（Margaret Michell，1900—1949），美国 20 世纪最伟大的作家之一。马格丽特出生在美国亚特兰大，1922 年成为《亚特兰大日报》的记者，1926 年开始创作长篇小说《飘》。1936 年该书一经出版，便成为当时美国最畅销的小说。1949 年，米切尔因车祸离开人世。《飘》是她唯一的一部文学作品，也是她的成名之作，书写了美国文学史上最为光辉的一页。它不仅成为美国的文学经典，而且跻身于世界文学名著之林。

故事以 19 世纪 60 年代美国南北战争和战后重建时期为背景，以女主人公郝思嘉曲折、哀婉的生活、爱情与婚姻故事为主线，描绘了内战前后美国南方人的生活。作品刻画了那个时代的许多南方人的形象，占中心位置的人物郝思嘉、白瑞德、卫希礼、媚兰等人是其中的典型代表。他们的习俗礼仪、言行举止、精神观念、政治态度以至于衣着打扮等等，在小说里都叙述得十分详尽。小说在描绘人物生活与爱情的同时，勾勒出南北双方在政治、经济、文化各个层面的异同，具有浓厚的史诗风格，堪称美国历史转折时期的真实写照，同时也成为历久不衰的爱情经典。

小说最吸引人的地方是郝思嘉的个性以及她的爱情故事。她的爱情不是充满诗意和浪漫情调的那一种，而是现实的和功利的。为了达到目的，她甚至不惜使用为人所不齿的狡诈伎俩。由于是真实的，所以她的爱情故事还是那么引人入胜。真实的东西可能并不崇高，但更接近人们的生活，因而也更受读者喜爱。郝思嘉的爱情故事里包含了许多复杂的因素。如果说卫希礼和媚兰的爱情代表的是一种为人称道的正统爱情观念的话，郝思嘉对卫希礼的爱就是一种对正统的叛逆。为了她一生第一次也是唯一的一次纯情的爱，她不顾一切，勇往直前。在卫希礼和媚兰结婚后，郝思嘉的追求仍不放弃，甚至越来越强烈。其行为与当时在传统观念教育下的其他女性形成强烈的反差，这正是她在爱情上表现出来的最可爱的地方。为了真爱，她甘愿付出自己的一切，的确令人感动。至于她后来的数次婚姻，



则纯粹是出于功利目的，表现了她性格中的残忍狡诈的一面。但是在当时战乱的背景下，为了生存，为了一家人有饭吃，为了保住她视为生命的土地，这种行为也是合理而真实的。她在战争中表现出的勇敢，独自承担起养活包括自己情人和情敌在内的一大家人的重担的责任感，以及在危险面前挺身而出、无所畏惧、疾恶如仇的精神，都使人产生敬意，减轻了人们对她为达目的不择手段的厌恶感。

除郝思嘉外，故事的另外一个主要人物就是白瑞德。围绕郝思嘉和白瑞德的恋情是故事的主线之一。白瑞德在当时社会是个为人所不齿的人物，因为人们认为他行为不端、名声不好，是个发战争财的投机商。但玩世不恭的白瑞德身上也不乏绅士气度，还颇有些侠肝义胆，常常救助朋友于危难之间。郝思嘉和白瑞德这样一个人物发生瓜葛，这本身就很引人注目，更不用说后来又有曲折离奇的发展。在两人的关系中，郝思嘉每个精心设计的“陷阱”都被白瑞德一针见血地点破。可以说，对于郝思嘉的所有心思，白瑞德都知道得清清楚楚。但是白瑞德还是喜欢郝思嘉，而且勇敢地追求自己的爱，可以说为了得到郝思嘉的爱，一切都在所不惜，这正是小说的另一个感人和动人之处。

小说的结尾，虽然最终郝思嘉和白瑞德结了婚，并有了女儿邦妮。但郝思嘉对卫希礼仍然旧情不忘。这使得白瑞德与其渐渐疏远。加之邦妮又在骑马时摔死，白瑞德便整日酗酒，对郝思嘉视同路人。失望的白瑞德最终决定弃家出走，永远离开郝思嘉。而此时的郝思嘉才意识到自己真正爱的人其实不是卫希礼，而是白瑞德。让人值得期待和想象的是，此时的郝思嘉并没有沉沦，也没有失去对未来生活的信心，而是“明天我要想办法重新得到他，毕竟明天又是另外一天了”。

该书自1936年出版以来，一直畅销至今，已被译成世界上几十种语言文字。根据小说改编而成的电影《乱世佳人》，曾一举夺得七项奥斯卡大奖，并成为电影史上最经典的名片之一。1937年，该书获得普利策文学奖。该书出版之前，美国的《出版商周刊》曾预言：“《飘》很有可能是迄今为止最伟大的美国小说。”它是全世界公认的世界文学名著之一，同时也是在中国影响最大的美国文学作品之一。在中国，《飘》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《飘》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。而其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考



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《飘》，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，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。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、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、李智能、李鑫、熊红华、傅颖、乐贵明、王婷婷、熊志勇、聂利生、傅建平、蔡红昌、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、胡武荣、贡东兴、张镇、熊建国、张文绮、王多多、陈楠、彭勇、邵舒丽、黄福成、冯洁、王晓旭、王业伟、龚桂平、徐鑫、周丽萍、曹隼、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，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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SECOND PERIOD

第四部分
PART FOUR

第三十一章

Chapter Thirty-one



白蝶姑妈不停地写信催思嘉他们回亚特兰大，思嘉不停地回信解释。寒冷的冬天到了，但塔拉的温饱还成问题。思嘉没有一双能够保暖的鞋，坐在桌前不停地发抖。威尔从外面回来，带来了坏消息，塔拉仍需要缴纳三百美元的税收，否则塔拉会被便宜拍卖，而买主是以前的监工乔纳斯·威尔克，以前和凯斯琳结婚的北方佬希尔顿现在是他的助手。思嘉这些日子一直待在塔拉没有出去，外面的事情都是由威尔和希礼在处理，根本不知道外面的形势怎样。现在整个局势都由北方佬控制着，他们不但

在战争中抢夺财物，即使现在战争结束了，也依然控制着塔拉的生死。思嘉想过把塔拉抵押或者卖掉钻石耳环，但这都被威尔否决了。因为现在没有人有钱或者愿意借钱给他们。思嘉吩咐威尔不要告诉别人，自己去找希礼商量，正好也有了可以单独和希礼相处的机会。

希礼正在果园里劈柴，思嘉看到别人干更苦的活也不会同情，但总觉得希礼不应该做这种事情。她宁愿自己受苦，也不想看到希礼受苦。思嘉将威尔带来的消息告诉了希礼，希礼沉默了。他凝视着远方，告诉思嘉自己也无能为力。思嘉一家对于自己和家人的照顾，希礼认为自己一辈子也报答不完，但是自己也只能尽力学会做事，却帮不了塔拉。自从战争开始，在前线的那些日子希礼明白了，以前的自己都在尽量避免别人闯入自己的生活；当看到战友死在自己身边，还有自己用枪射死的敌人，心里已经感受到了可怕。希礼认为最恐怖的并不是死亡，而是自己必须和众人住在一起，接受自己一直想逃避的现实。思嘉不太明白希礼的意思，但还是认真

在听。听到希礼想逃避，对一切已厌倦的时候，思嘉提出和他一起私奔，因为希礼曾经在十二棵橡树下说过爱自己的。希礼拒绝了思嘉，表示自己绝对不会离开媚兰和孩子，不管是否厌烦，都得负起责任；同时也会尽力帮助思嘉。思嘉看到希礼那股尊严，自己的挫败加上累积下的疲惫让她忍不住痛苦起来。希礼从没见过思嘉哭泣，这让他用异常温柔的语气抱着思嘉，安慰着，感受到思嘉在自己的怀里蠕动，产生了一种很兴奋的感觉，便忍不住亲吻下去。他们紧紧拥抱在一起，希礼猛然推开思嘉，这让思嘉更加肯定希礼是爱自己的。而希礼却很痛苦，他怕自己控制不住，要带媚兰和孩子离开。两个人都陷入了沉默，思嘉突然觉得全身发冷，自己什么都没有了，连希礼都要离开了。希礼抓起一把红土，放到思嘉手心，告诉思嘉她还有塔拉。思嘉告诉希礼他没有必要离开，自己不会让他全家饿死，并表示这种事情以后不会再发生了，说完头也不回地离开了。

*O*n a cold January afternoon in 1866, Scarlett sat in the office writing a letter to Aunt Pitty, explaining in detail for the tenth time why neither she, Melanie nor Ashley could come back to Atlanta to live with her. She wrote impatiently because she knew Aunt Pitty would read no farther than the opening lines and then write her again, wailing: "But I'm afraid to live by myself!"

Her hands were chilled and she paused to rub them together and to scuff her feet deeper into the strip of old quilting wrapped about them. The soles of her slippers were practically gone and were reinforced with pieces of carpet. The carpet kept her feet off the floor but did little to keep them warm. That morning Will had taken the horse to Jonesboro to get him shod. Scarlett thought grimly that things were indeed at a pretty pass when horses had shoes and people's feet were as bare as yard dogs'.

She picked up her quill to resume her writing but laid it down when she heard Will coming in at the back door. She heard the thump-thump of his wooden leg in the hall outside the office and then he stopped. She waited for a moment for him to enter and when he made no move she called to him. He came in, his ears red from the cold, his pinkish hair awry, and stood looking down at her, a faintly humorous smile on his lips.

"Miss Scarlett," he questioned, "just how much cash money have you got?"

"Are you going to try to marry me for my money, Will?" she asked somewhat crossly.

"No, Ma'm. But I just wanted to know."

She stared at him inquiringly. Will didn't look serious, but then he never looked serious. However, she felt that something was wrong.

"I've got ten dollars in gold," she said. "The last of that Yankee's money."

"Well, Ma'm, that won't be enough."

"Enough for what?"

"Enough for the taxes," he answered and, stumping over to the fireplace, he leaned down and held his red hands to the blaze.

"Taxes?" she repeated. "Name of God, Will! We've already paid the taxes."

"Yes'm. But they say you didn't pay enough. I heard about it today over to Jonesboro."

"But, Will, I can't understand. What do you mean?"

"Miss Scarlett, I sure hate to bother you with more trouble when you've had your share but I've got to tell you. They say you ought to paid lots more taxes than you did. They're runnin' the assessment upon Tara sky high—higher than any in the County, I'll be bound."

"But they can't make us pay more taxes when we've already paid them once."

"Miss Scarlett, you don't never go to Jonesboro often and I'm glad you don't. It ain't no place for a lady these days. But if you'd been there much, you'd know there's a mighty rough bunch of Scallawags and Republicans and Carpetbaggers been runnin' things recently. They'd make you mad enough to pop. And then, too, niggers pushin' white folks off the sidewalks and—"

"But what's that got to do with our taxes?"

"I'm gettin' to it, Miss Scarlett. For some reason the rascals have histed the taxes on Tara till you'd think it was a thousand-bale place. After I heard about it, I sorter oozed around the barrooms pickin' up gossip and I found out that somebody wants to buy in Tara cheap at the sheriff's sale, if you can't pay

the extra taxes. And everybody knows pretty well that you can't pay them. I don't know yet who it is wants this place. I couldn't find out. But I think that pusillanimous feller, Hilton, that married Miss Cathleen knows, because he laughed kind of nasty when I tried to sound him out."

Will sat down on the sofa and rubbed the stump of his leg. It ached in cold weather and the wooden peg was neither well padded nor comfortable. Scarlett looked at him wildly. His manner was so casual when he was sounding the death knell of Tara. Sold out at the sheriff's sale? Where would they all go? And Tara belonging to some one else! No, that was unthinkable!

She had been so engrossed with the job of making Tara produce she had paid little heed to what was going on in the world outside. Now that she had Will and Ashley to attend to whatever business she might have in Jonesboro and Fayetteville, she seldom left the plantation. And even as she had listened with deaf ears to her father's war talk in the days before the war came, so she had paid little heed to Will and Ashley's discussions around the table after supper about the beginnings of Reconstruction.

Oh, of course, she knew about the Scallawags—Southerners who had turned Republican very profitably—and the Carpetbaggers, those Yankees who came South like buzzards after the surrender with all their worldly possessions in one carpetbag. And she had had a few unpleasant experiences with the Freedmen's Bureau. She had gathered, also, that some of the free negroes were getting quite insolent. This last she could hardly believe, for she had never seen an insolent negro in her life.

But there were many things which Will and Ashley had conspired to keep from her. The scourge of war had been followed by the worse scourge of Reconstruction, but the two men had agreed not to mention the more alarming details when they discussed the situation at home. And when Scarlett took the trouble to listen to them at all, most of what they said went in one ear and out the other.

She had heard Ashley say that the South was being treated as a conquered province and that vindictiveness was the dominant policy of the conquerors. But that was the kind of statement which meant less than nothing at all to Scarlett. Politics was men's business. She had heard Will say it looked to him

like the North just wasn't aiming to let the South get on its feet again. Well, thought Scarlett, men always had to have something foolish to worry about. As far as she was concerned, the Yankees hadn't whipped her once and they wouldn't do it this time. The thing to do was to work like the devil and stop worrying about the Yankee government. After all, the war was over.

Scarlett did not realize that all the rules of the game had been changed and that honest labor could no longer earn its just reward. Georgia was virtually under martial law now. The Yankee soldiers garrisoned throughout the section and the Freedmen's Bureau were in complete command of everything and they were fixing the rules to suit themselves.

This Bureau, organized by the Federal government to take care of the idle and excited ex-slaves, was drawing them from the plantations into the villages and cities by the thousands. The Bureau fed them while they loafed and poisoned their minds against their former owners. Gerald's old overseer, Jonas Wilkerson, was in charge of the local Bureau, and his assistant was Hilton, Cathleen Calvert's husband. These two industriously spread the rumor that the Southerners and Democrats were just waiting for a good chance to put the negroes back into slavery and that the negroes' only hope of escaping this fate was the protection given them by the Bureau and the Republican party.

Wilkerson and Hilton furthermore told the negroes they were as good as the whites in every way and soon white and negro marriages would be permitted, soon the estates of their former owners would be divided and every negro would be given forty acres and a mule for his own. They kept the negroes stirred up with tales of cruelty perpetrated by the whites and, in a section long famed for the affectionate relations between slaves and slave owners, hate and suspicion began to grow.

The Bureau was backed up by the soldiers and the military had issued many and conflicting orders governing the conduct of the conquered. It was easy to get arrested, even for snubbing the officials of the Bureau. Military orders had been promulgated concerning the schools, sanitation, the kind of buttons one wore on one's suit, the sale of commodities and nearly everything else. Wilkerson and Hilton had the power to interfere in any trade Scarlett might make and to fix their own prices on anything she sold or swapped.