

【 插图 · 中文导读英文版 】



Anne's House of Dreams
梦中小屋的安妮

[加拿大] 露西·莫德·蒙哥马利 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

《梦中小屋的安妮》是“安妮系列”丛书之一，它是20世纪最伟大的英语文学作品之一。安妮成了美丽的新娘，和吉尔伯特一起定居在了四风港的圣玛丽格伦村。在迷人的梦中小屋中，她遇上了有着无数故事的看守灯塔的吉姆老船长、热情而心地善良的老处女科涅莉亚小姐、谜一样冷漠而绝美的女孩莱丝莉等灵魂上的知音。安妮在梦中小屋经历了欢乐与悲伤、出生与死亡，而这些经历使得她愈发坚强，更加珍惜与吉尔伯特之间的爱情，也终于赢得了莱丝莉纯洁无暇的信任，两人成为了最好的朋友。当预示着幸福的金星从西南角的天空升起时，不仅给安妮带来了失而复得的最珍贵的礼物，也让莱丝莉告别了往日不幸的阴影，迎来了生命里的第一个春天。最后，吉姆船长捧着自己的“人生箴言”扬帆起航，去天尽头寻找他毕生思念的“消失的玛格丽特”，莱丝莉获得了自己的幸福，而安妮不得不泪别梦中小屋，前往“壁炉山庄”。但他们那些充满着欢笑和泪水的故事并没有结束，一直在继续着。

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。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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露西·莫德·蒙哥马利 (Lucy Maud Montgomery, 1874—1942), 20世纪加拿大最伟大的作家之一。

1874年10月30日,露西出生在加拿大爱德华王子岛的克里夫顿。由于母亲早逝,露西的童年和少年时代几乎都是在外祖父母家中度过的。露西自幼喜爱写作,她在中学时代就显示出了良好的文学天赋。1908年,露西出版了她的第一部小说《绿山墙的安妮》,该书一出版便成为当时最畅销的英语小说,受到全世界青少年读者的热烈欢迎。《绿山墙的安妮》俘虿了众多少男少女的心,千百万崇拜者的信如雪片般飞到爱德华王子岛露西的家里,希望知道“小安妮后来怎么样了?”。在读者的鼓励和支持下,露西将安妮的故事写成了系列小说,之后陆续出版了《少女安妮》、《小岛上的安妮》、《彩虹幽谷》、《梦中小屋的安妮》、《埃文利传奇》、《壁炉山庄的丽拉》等小说,分别描述了不同时期安妮的生活经历和情感历程。马克·吐温称:“安妮是继不朽的爱丽斯之后最令人感动和喜爱的儿童形象”,安妮的故事已成为“世界上最甜蜜的少女成长故事”。安妮系列小说是关于“伴随着内心秘密成长”的故事,是一个让两位英国首相都为之着迷的美妙故事,是让家长、老师和孩子都能从中获得感悟的心灵读物。

1942年4月24日,露西因冠状动脉血栓症在多伦多去世,丧礼于长老会的教堂举行,在绿色屋顶之家守夜之后,蒙哥马利被葬于卡文迪什社区公墓。露西是一位多产作家,一生共创作了二十多种长篇小说,以及许多短篇小说、诗歌。然而使她名扬世界的还是以安妮为主人公的系列小说,该安妮系列小说问世近百年来,至今被译成世界上几十种文字,风靡全世界;同时,它还多次被改编成电影、电视剧、动画片,影响和感染了一代又一代世界各地的读者。

在中国,安妮同样是读者最熟悉、最喜爱的少女形象。时至今日,在中国这部被世界公认的文学名著仍然散发着永恒的魅力。基于以上原因,



我们决定编译安妮系列丛书，系列丛书包括《绿山墙的安妮》、《少女安妮》、《小岛上的安妮》、《彩虹幽谷》、《梦中小屋的安妮》、《埃文利传奇》、《壁炉山庄的丽拉》和《埃文利新传奇》，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，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。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、王婷婷、邵舒丽、黄福成、冯洁、熊红华、王晓旭、王业伟、龚桂平、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、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，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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1. 在绿山墙的阁楼

In The Garret of Green Gables



绿山墙的阁楼与所有的阁楼一样令人心旷神怡。安妮坐在窗台上，呼吸着来自八月午后的甜暖的熏风，窗外的白杨树正在风中摇曳，更远的是蔚蓝的天空和浮在白色云朵中的远山。这就是她所居住的爱德华王子岛。

安妮用她那双如天空般清澈的眼睛望向坐在阁楼一角的戴安娜。戴安娜·莱特，距我们上次看到她已经过去三年了。此时她已颇具稳重的小主妇模样，臂弯里正熟睡着一个长着一头黑色鬃发的小人儿。但她那双闪闪发亮的黑眸、玫瑰色的脸颊和醉人的酒窝，还是和当年她与安妮在果园里发誓友谊永恒不渝的时候一样。

“你和吉尔伯特结婚后，将来住的地方定下了吗？”戴安娜抱着小安妮·科迪莉亚，说，“我希望它就在附近。”

“哦，不——那正是不好的一点。吉尔伯特计划在四风港安顿，离这里有六十英里。但那是爱德华王子岛最美丽的港口。它的一头有一个叫做圣玛丽格伦的小村庄，大卫·布莱斯医生在那儿行医多年。你知道，他是吉尔伯特的叔公，吉尔伯特正是去接替他的。虽然我们暂时还没有找到住所，但是我心里已经有了一间想象的梦中小屋——”

“那么蜜月旅行呢？”

“哪儿也不去，我就打算在四风港我心爱的梦中小屋里度蜜月。”安妮微笑着回答。

她们又谈论起伴娘与嫁妆的事，说到在当年学校音乐会上，吉尔伯特



安妮坐在窗台上

朗诵《莱茵河上的狂欢》，把安妮发际上掉落的玫瑰放入了自己胸前口袋的事。安妮的笑声回荡在阁楼中，比往昔更加甜美和成熟。正在下面的厨房里拌李子酱的玛莉拉，不禁深深感叹道，今后在绿山墙将会很难再听到这个笑声了。

“*T*hanks be, I’m done with geometry, learning or teaching it,” said Anne Shirley, a trifle vindictively, as she thumped a somewhat battered volume of Euclid into a big chest of books, banged the lid in triumph, and sat down upon it, looking at Diana Wright across the Green Gables garret, with gray eyes that were like a morning sky.

The garret was a shadowy, suggestive, delightful place, as all garrets should be. Through the open window, by which Anne sat, blew the sweet, scented, sun-warm air of the August afternoon; outside, poplar boughs rustled and tossed in the wind; beyond them were the woods, where Lover’s Lane wound its enchanted path, and the old apple orchard which still bore its rosy harvests munificently. And, over all, was a great mountain range of snowy clouds in the blue southern sky. Through the other window was glimpsed a distant, white-capped, blue sea—the beautiful St. Lawrence Gulf, on which floats, like a jewel, Abegweit, whose softer, sweeter Indian name has long been forsaken for the more prosaic one of Prince Edward Island.

Diana Wright, three years older than when we last saw her, had grown somewhat matronly in the intervening time. But her eyes were as black and brilliant, her cheeks as rosy, and her dimples as enchanting, as in the long-ago days when she and Anne Shirley had vowed eternal friendship in the garden at Orchard Slope. In her arms she held a small, sleeping, black-curled creature, who for two happy years had been known to the world of Avonlea as “Small Anne Cordelia.” Avonlea folks knew why Diana had called her Anne, of course, but Avonlea folks were puzzled by the Cordelia. There had never been a Cordelia in the Wright or Barry connections. Mrs. Harmon Andrews said she supposed Diana had found the name in some trashy novel, and wondered that Fred hadn’t more sense than to allow it. But Diana and Anne smiled at each other. They knew how Small Anne Cordelia had come by her name.

"You always hated geometry," said Diana with a retrospective smile. "I should think you'd be real glad to be through with teaching, anyhow."

"Oh, I've always liked teaching, apart from geometry. These past three years in Summerside have been very pleasant ones. Mrs. Harmon Andrews told me when I came home that I wouldn't likely find married life as much better than teaching as I expected. Evidently Mrs. Harmon is of Hamlet's opinion that it may be better to bear the ills that we have than fly to others that we know not of."

Anne's laugh, as blithe and irresistible as of yore, with an added note of sweetness and maturity, rang through the garret. Marilla in the kitchen below, compounding blue plum preserve, heard it and smiled; then sighed to think how seldom that dear laugh would echo through Green Gables in the years to come. Nothing in her life had ever given Marilla so much happiness as the knowledge that Anne was going to marry Gilbert Blythe; but every joy must bring with it its little shadow of sorrow. During the three Summerside years Anne had been home often for vacations and weekends; but, after this, a bi-annual visit would be as much as could be hoped for.

"You needn't let what Mrs. Harmon says worry you," said Diana, with the calm assurance of the four-years matron. "Married life has its ups and downs, of course. You mustn't expect that everything will always go smoothly. But I can assure you, Anne, that it's a happy life, when you're married to the right man."

Anne smothered a smile. Diana's airs of vast experience always amused her a little.

"I daresay I'll be putting them on too, when I've been married four years," she thought. "Surely my sense of humor will preserve me from it, though."

"Is it settled yet where you are going to live?" asked Diana, cuddling Small Anne Cordelia with the inimitable gesture of motherhood which always sent through Anne's heart, filled with sweet, unuttered dreams and hopes, a thrill that was half pure pleasure and half a strange, ethereal pain.

"Yes. That was what I wanted to tell you when I phoned to you to come down today. By the way, I can't realize that we really have telephones in Avonlea now. It sounds so preposterously up-to-date and modernish for this

darling, leisurely old place.”

“We can thank the A. V. I. S. for them,” said Diana. “We should never have got the line if they hadn’t taken the matter up and carried it through. There was enough cold water thrown to discourage any society. But they stuck to it, nevertheless. You did a splendid thing for Avonlea when you founded that society, Anne. What fun we did have at our meetings! Will you ever forget the blue hall and Judson Parker’s scheme for painting medicine advertisements on his fence?”

“I don’t know that I’m wholly grateful to the A. V. I. S. in the matter of the telephone,” said Anne. “Oh, I know it’s most convenient—even more so than our old device of signalling to each other by flashes of candlelight! And, as Mrs. Rachel says, ‘Avonlea must keep up with the procession, that’s what.’ But somehow I feel as if I didn’t want Avonlea spoiled by what Mr. Harrison, when he wants to be witty, calls ‘modern inconveniences.’ I should like to have it kept always just as it was in the dear old years. That’s foolish—and sentimental—and impossible. So I shall immediately become wise and practical and possible. The telephone, as Mr. Harrison concedes, is ‘a buster of a good thing’—even if you do know that probably half a dozen interested people are listening along the line.”

“That’s the worst of it,” sighed Diana. “It’s so annoying to hear the receivers going down whenever you ring anyone up. They say Mrs. Harmon Andrews insisted that their ‘phone should be put in their kitchen just so that she could listen whenever it rang and keep an eye on the dinner at the same time. Today, when you called me, I distinctly heard that queer clock of the Pyes’ striking. So no doubt Josie or Gertie was listening.”

“Oh, so that is why you said, ‘You’ve got a new clock at Green Gables, haven’t you?’ I couldn’t imagine what you meant. I heard a vicious click as soon as you had spoken. I suppose it was the Pye receiver being hung up with profane energy. Well, never mind the Pyes. As Mrs. Rachel says, ‘Pyes they always were and Pyes they always will be, world without end, amen.’ I want to talk of pleasanter things. It’s all settled as to where my new home shall be.”

“Oh, Anne, where? I do hope it’s near here.”

“No-o-o, that’s the drawback. Gilbert is going to settle at Four Winds

Harbor—sixty miles from here.”

“Sixty! It might as well be six hundred,” sighed Diana. “I never can get further from home now than Charlottetown.”

“You’ll have to come to Four Winds. It’s the most beautiful harbor on the Island. There’s a little village called Glen St. Mary at its head, and Dr. David Blythe has been practicing there for fifty years. He is Gilbert’s great-uncle, you know. He is going to retire, and Gilbert is to take over his practice. Dr. Blythe is going to keep his house, though, so we shall have to find a habitation for ourselves. I don’t know yet what it is, or where it will be in reality, but I have a little house of dreams all furnished in my imagination—a tiny, delightful castle in Spain.”

“Where are you going for your wedding tour?” asked Diana.

“Nowhere. Don’t look horrified, Diana dearest. You suggest Mrs. Harmon Andrews. She, no doubt, will remark condescendingly that people who can’t afford wedding ‘towers’ are real sensible not to take them; and then she’ll remind me that Jane went to Europe for hers. I want to spend MY honeymoon at Four Winds in my own dear house of dreams.”

“And you’ve decided not to have any bridesmaid?”

“There isn’t any one to have. You and Phil and Priscilla and Jane all stole a march on me in the matter of marriage; and Stella is teaching in Vancouver. I have no other ‘kindred soul’ and I won’t have a bridesmaid who isn’t.”

“But you are going to wear a veil, aren’t you?” asked Diana, anxiously.

“Yes, indeed. I shouldn’t feel like a bride without one. I remember telling Matthew, that evening when he brought me to Green Gables, that I never expected to be a bride because I was so homely no one would ever want to marry me—unless some foreign missionary did. I had an idea then that foreign missionaries couldn’t afford to be finicky in the matter of looks if they wanted a girl to risk her life among cannibals. You should have seen the foreign missionary Priscilla married. He was as handsome and inscrutable as those daydreams we once planned to marry ourselves, Diana; he was the best dressed man I ever met, and he raved over Priscilla’s ‘ethereal, golden beauty.’ But of course there are no cannibals in Japan.”

“Your wedding dress is a dream, anyhow,” sighed Diana rapturously.



"You'll look like a perfect queen in it—you're so tall and slender. How DO you keep so slim, Anne? I'm fatter than ever—I'll soon have no waist at all."

"Stoutness and slimness seem to be matters of predestination," said Anne. "At all events, Mrs. Harmon Andrews can't say to you what she said to me when I came home from Summerside, 'Well, Anne, you're just about as skinny as ever.' It sounds quite romanvtic to be 'slender,' but 'skinny' has a very different tang."

"Mrs. Harmon has been talking about your trousseau. She admits it's as nice as Jane's, although she says Jane married a millionaire and you are only marrying a 'poor young doctor without a cent to his name.'"

Anne laughed.

"My dresses ARE nice. I love pretty things. I remember the first pretty dress I ever had—the brown gloria Matthew gave me for our school concert. Before that everything I had was so ugly. It seemed to me that I stepped into a new world that night."

"That was the night Gilbert recited 'Bingen on the Rhine,' and looked at you when he said, 'There's another, NOT a sister.' And you were so furious because he put your pink tissue rose in his breast pocket! You didn't much imagine then that you would ever marry him."

"Oh, well, that's another instance of predestination," laughed Anne, as they went down the garret stairs.

2. 梦中之屋

The House of Dreams



绿山墙历史上还没有像现在这样紧张和兴奋过。玛莉拉对瑞秋·林德太太说，当我还是一个孩子时，有个老牧师就告诉我，一栋房子只有经历过出生、婚礼和死亡之后，才能成为一个真正的家，而现在这儿马上就要迎来一场婚礼了。

不久，吉尔伯特来了。他和安妮沿着白桦溪谷一路漫游。在白桦树的荫翳里，这对沉浸在甜蜜之中的恋人畅谈着即将携手展开的新生活。

吉尔伯特告诉安妮，他已经找到了住所。不是在村子里，而是一栋位于港湾的白色小房子，可以看到日落，是四风港最老的房子。四风岬的灯塔看守人——吉姆船长会告诉他们关于它的所有浪漫的老故事。

安妮谨慎地表示赞同，又问：“但是，房子周围有树吗？而且……我不敢奢望，也许附近最好有一条小溪？”

“噢，那里到处都是森林的精灵们！大片的冷杉、白杨和白桦，还有一个赏心悦目的小花园。实际上，确实有一条小溪正从花园的一角穿过。”

安妮发出了一声长长的满足的叹息声：“那么，你已经找到了我的梦中小屋，亲爱的。”

There was more excitement in the air of Green Gables than there had ever been before in all its history. Even Marilla was so excited that she couldn't help showing it—which was little short of being phenomenal.



吉尔伯特和安妮在林中漫步

"There's never been a wedding in this house," she said, half apologetically, to Mrs. Rachel Lynde. "When I was a child I heard an old minister say that a house was not a real home until it had been consecrated by a birth, a wedding and a death. We've had deaths here—my father and mother died here as well as Matthew; and we've even had a birth here. Long ago, just after we moved into this house, we had a married hired man for a little while, and his wife had a baby here. But there's never been a wedding before. It does seem so strange to think of Anne being married. In a way she just seems to me the little girl Matthew brought home here fourteen years ago. I can't realize that she's grown up. I shall never forget what I felt when I saw Matthew bringing in a GIRL. I wonder what became of the boy we would have got if there hadn't been a mistake. I wonder what HIS fate was."

"Well, it was a fortunate mistake," said Mrs. Rachel Lynde, "though, mind you, there was a time I didn't think so—that evening I came up to see Anne and she treated us to such a scene. Many things have changed since then, that's what."

Mrs. Rachel sighed, and then brisked up again. When weddings were in order Mrs. Rachel was ready to let the dead past bury its dead.

"I'm going to give Anne two of my cotton warp spreads," she resumed. "A tobacco-stripe one and an apple-leaf one. She tells me they're getting to be real fashionable again. Well, fashion or no fashion, I don't believe there's anything prettier for a spare-room bed than a nice apple-leaf spread, that's what. I must see about getting them bleached. I've had them sewed up in cotton bags ever since Thomas died, and no doubt they're an awful color. But there's a month yet, and dew-bleaching will work wonders."

Only a month! Marilla sighed and then said proudly:

"I'm giving Anne that half dozen braided rugs I have in the garret. I never supposed she'd want them—they're so old-fashioned, and nobody seems to want anything but hooked mats now. But she asked me for them—said she'd rather have them than anything else for her floors. They ARE pretty. I made them of the nicest rags, and braided them in stripes. It was such company these last few winters. And I'll make her enough blue plum preserve to stock her jam closet for a year. It seems real strange. Those blue plum trees hadn't even a