

插图·中文导读英文版



How Phil Brent Won Success

苦尽甘来

[美] 霍瑞修·爱尔杰 著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

美国有史以来

最有力的励志文学作品

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美国中小学生必读书目



清华大学出版社



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内 容 简 介

《苦尽甘来》是世界上最伟大的青春励志小说之一。主人公菲尔是个聪明、善良、正直、勇敢的孩子。他的父亲刚去世，继母就告诉了菲尔一个令他不能接受的消息——菲尔并不是父亲的亲生儿子。由于无法忍受继母的虐待，菲尔决定离家去寻找自己的亲生父母。菲尔来到了离家不远的一座大城市，凭着自己的机敏和勤奋，他很快找到了一份工作，并结交了一些朋友。菲尔一边工作一边打听听着父母的消息，在朋友们的帮助下，菲尔发现了关于自己亲生父母的一些线索。正当他准备前往寻找自己的父母的时候，继母正在实施一场针对菲尔的骗局。最终继母设计的骗局被揭穿，菲尔回到了亲生父亲的身边。

书中所展现的励志故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。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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第一章 菲尔有了麻烦

Chapter 1 Phil Has a Little Difficulty



菲尔是个孤儿，父亲已经去世，现在和继母住在一起。一天，他在路上走着，突然一个雪球砸来，菲尔很生气，决定要找出是谁在暗算他。菲尔听到了路旁远处一堵石墙后边传来窃笑的声音，于是他走过去爬上石墙，看到了一个和自己年龄相仿的男孩拼命地逃跑了。

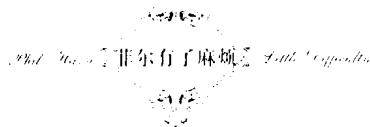
这个男孩不是别人，正是菲尔同父异母的弟弟乔纳斯，菲尔也明白了是谁在暗算自己。

菲尔质问乔纳斯为什么要这么做，乔纳斯因为心虚开始逃跑，但还是被菲尔追上了，菲尔抓着乔纳斯的衣领，继续质问乔纳斯。乔纳斯说他高兴这么做，这激怒了菲尔。乔纳斯意识到了事情的严重性，但是已经晚了。菲尔用力将乔纳斯摁倒在地，把雪抹在乔纳斯的脸上。乔纳斯威胁菲尔说，他会告诉母亲的，可是菲尔并不害怕，因为了解菲尔的人都知道菲尔是一个好人。

乔纳斯朝家里跑去。菲尔决定先不回家，因为他知道他的继母布伦特太太一定会袒护自己的亲生儿子。半个小时之后，菲尔回到了家中，布伦特太太正在起居室里等他。布伦特太太质问菲尔为何要欺负乔纳斯，菲尔把事情的经过向布伦特太太说了一遍，但是她



菲尔抓着乔纳斯的衣领



并不相信菲尔，并说为菲尔的粗暴感到羞耻。

乔纳斯为自己的谎言继续辩解，他得到了自己的母亲的信任，可是菲尔很是轻蔑地要求乔纳斯说实话。布伦特太太认为菲尔是在污蔑自己的儿子，觉得菲尔实在是坏透了。一怒之下，她告诉菲尔，他什么都没有，要靠她的施舍才能生活，因为菲尔的父亲——布伦特先生并没有为菲尔留下任何遗产，当然这只是布伦特太太的说法。她还告诉菲尔布伦特先生不是菲尔的生父。

Phil Brent was plodding through the snow in the direction of the house where he lived with his stepmother and her son, when a snowball, moist and hard, struck him just below his ear with stinging emphasis. The pain was considerable, and Phil's anger rose.

He turned suddenly, his eyes flashing fiercely, intent upon discovering who had committed this outrage, for he had no doubt that it was intentional.

He looked in all directions, but saw no one except a mild old gentleman in spectacles, who appeared to have some difficulty in making his way through the obstructed street.

Phil did not need to be told that it was not the old gentleman who had taken such an unwarrantable liberty with him. So he looked farther, but his ears gave him the first clew. He heard a chuckling laugh, which seemed to proceed from behind the stone wall that ran along the roadside.

"I will see who it is," he decided, and plunging through the snow he surmounted the wall, in time to see a boy of about his own age running away across the fields as fast as the deep snow would allow.

"So it's you, Jonas!" he shouted wrathfully. "I thought it was some sneaking fellow like you."

Jonas, his stepbrother, his freckled face showing a degree of dismay, for he had not calculated on discovery, ran the faster, but while fear winged his steps, anger proved the more effectual spur, and Phil overtook him after a brief run, from the effects of which both boys panted.

"What made you throw that snowball?" demanded Phil angrily, as he seized Jonas by the collar and shook him.

"You let me alone!" said Jonas, struggling ineffectually in his grasp.

"Answer me! What made you throw that snowball?" demanded Phil, in a tone that showed he did not intend to be trifled with.

"Because I chose to," answered Jonas, his spite getting the better of his prudence. "Did it hurt you?" he continued, his eyes gleaming with malice.

"I should think it might. It was about as hard as a cannonball," returned Phil grimly. "Is that all you've got to say about it?"

"I did it in fun," said Jonas, beginning to see that he had need to be prudent.

“Very well! I don’t like your idea of fun. Perhaps you won’t like mine.” said Phil, as he forcibly drew Jonas back till he lay upon the snow, and then kneeling by his side, rubbed his face briskly with snow.

“What are you doing? Going to murder me?” shrieked Jonas, in anger and dismay.

“I am going to wash your face.” said Phil, continuing the operation vigorously.

“I say, you quit that! I’ll tell my mother.” ejaculated Jonas, struggling furiously.

“If you do, tell her why I did it.” said Phil.

Jonas shrieked and struggled, but in vain. Phil gave his face an effectual scrubbing, and did not desist until he thought he had avenged the bad treatment he had suffered.

“There, get up !” said he at length.

Jonas scrambled to his feet, his mean features working convulsively with anger.

“You’ll suffer for this!” he shouted.

“You won’t make me !” said Phil contemptuously.

“You’re the meanest boy in the village.”

“I am willing to leave that to the opinion of all who know me.”

“I’ll tell my mother!”

“Go home and tell her!”

Jonas started for home, and Phil did not attempt to stop him.

As he saw Jonas reach the street and plod angrily homeward, he said to himself: "I suppose I shall be in hot water for this; but I can't help it. Mrs. Brent always stands up for her precious son, who is as like her as can be. Well, it won't make matters much worse than they have been."

Phil concluded not to go home at once, but to allow a little time for the storm to spend its force after Jonas had told his story. So he delayed half an hour and then walked slowly up to the side door. He opened the door, brushed off the snow from his boots with the broom that stood behind the door, and opening the inner door, stepped into the kitchen.

No one was there, as Phil's first glance satisfied him, and he was disposed to hope that Mrs. Brent—he never called her mother—was out, but a thin, acid, measured voice from the sitting-room adjoining soon satisfied him that there was to be no reprieve.

"Phil Brent, come here!"

Phil entered the sitting-room.

In a rocking-chair by the fire sat a thin woman, with a sharp visage, cold eyes and firmly compressed lips, to whom no child would voluntarily draw near.

On a sofa lay outstretched the hulking form of Jonas, with whom he had had his little difficulty.

"I am here, Mrs. Brent," said Phil manfully.

"Phil Brent," said Mrs. Brent acidly, "are you not ashamed to

look me in the face?”

“I don’t know why I should be.” said Phil, bracing himself up for the attack.

“You see on the sofa the victim of your brutality.”continued Mrs. Brent, pointing to the recumbent figure of her son Jonas.

Jonas, as if to emphasize these words, uttered a half groan.

Phil could not help smiling, for to him it seemed ridiculous.

“You laugh,” said his stepmother sharply. “I am not surprised at it. You delight in your brutality.”

“I suppose you mean that I have treated Jonas brutally.”

“I see you confess it.”

“No, Mrs. Brent, I do not confess it. The brutality you speak of was all on the side of Jonas.”

“No doubt,” retorted Mrs. Brent, with sarcasm. “It’s the case of the wolf and the lamb over again.”

“I don’t think Jonas has represented the matter to you as it happened,” said Phil. “Did he tell you that he flung a snowball at my head as hard as a lump of ice?”

“He said he threw a little snow at you playfully and you sprang upon him like a tiger.”

“There’s a little mistake in that,” said Phil. “The snowball was hard enough to stun me if it had hit me a little higher. I wouldn’t be hit like that again for ten dollars.”

“That isn’t so! Don’t believe him, mother!”said Jonas from the

sofa.

“And what did you do?” demanded Mrs. Brent with a frown.

“I laid him down on the snow and washed his face with soft snow.”

“You might have given him his death of cold,” said Mrs. Brent, with evident hostility. “I am not sure but the poor boy will have pneumonia now, in consequence of your brutal treatment.”

“And you have nothing to say as to his attack upon me?” said Phil indignantly.

“I have no doubt you have very much exaggerated it.”

“Yes, he has,” chimed in Jonas from the sofa.

Phil regarded his stepbrother with scorn.

“Can’t you tell the truth now and then, Jonas?” he asked contemptuously.

“You shall not insult my boy in my presence !” said Mrs. Brent, with a little spot of color mantling her high cheek-bones. “Phil Brent, I have too long endured your insolence. You think because I am a woman you can be insolent with impunity, but you will find yourself mistaken. It is time that you understood something that may lead you to lower your tone. Learn, then, that, you have not a cent of your own. You are wholly dependent upon my bounty.”

“What! Did my father leave you all his money?” asked Phil.

“He was not your father!” answered Mrs. Brent coldly.

第二章 秘密被揭开

Chapter 2 A Strange Revelation

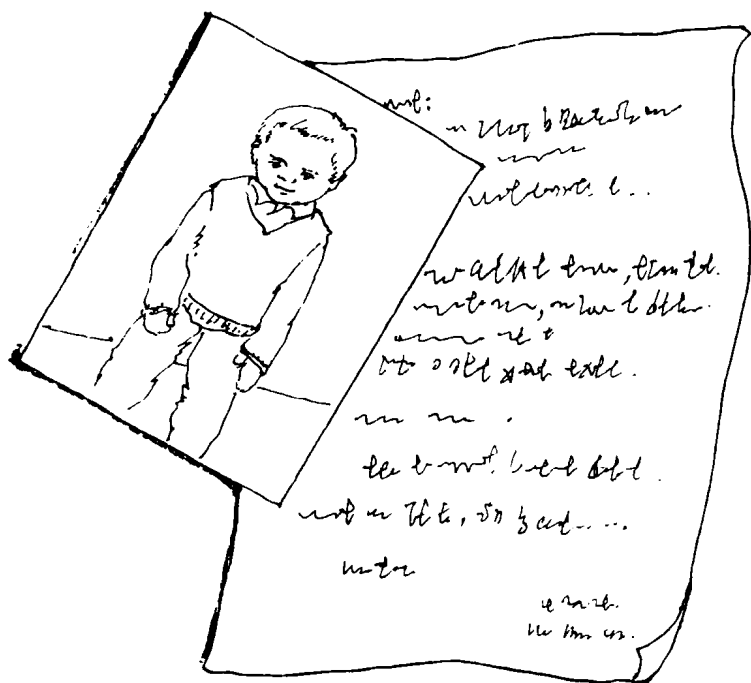


听到继母的话，菲尔感到很震惊。因为他一直以为杰拉尔德·布伦特是自己的亲生父亲，可是现在有人告诉他相反的情况，他简直要崩溃了。

布伦特太太很满意自己的话所引起的爆炸性的效果，并强调说她的丈夫布伦特先生不是菲尔的生父。菲尔对布伦特太太所说的话表示怀疑，布伦特太太把整件事情的经过告诉了菲尔。当时布伦特先生在俄亥俄州一个叫富尔顿威尔的小镇经营一家旅馆，一天夜里，一个绅士带着一个三岁的患了重感冒的男孩来到旅店，布伦特先生当时的妻子（现在她已经过世了）很同情他们，便主动提出晚上照顾那个男孩。男孩的父亲很感激，并请布伦特太太帮他照顾孩子一星期，因为他要出差去辛辛那提，布伦特太太很高兴地答应了。可是那个男人再也没有回来过，也没有任何消息。于是布伦特夫妇决定收养这个孩子。后来布伦特一家离开了俄亥俄州，而那个男孩就是菲尔。

布伦特太太拿出了一张三岁男孩的照片和一封布伦特先生写的信，信中说照片上的孩子菲尔是布伦特先生收养的。

现在菲尔不得不面对现实，他要回了那张照片，他还想要回那



小男孩的照片和信