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真假珍珠

American Short Stories II

美国名人
短篇小说精选

第2辑

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[美]C. G. Draper 主编

李晓东 译

麦格希 中英双语阅读文库



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I 前言

PREFACE

英语思想家培根说过：阅读使人深刻。阅读的真正目的是获取信息，开拓视野和陶冶情操。从语言学习的角度来说，学习语言若没有大量阅读就如隔靴搔痒，因为阅读中的语言是最丰富、最灵活、最具表现力、最符合生活情景的，同时读物中的情节、故事引人入胜，进而能充分调动读者的阅读兴趣，培养读者的文学修养，至此，语言的学习水到渠成。

“麦格希中英双语阅读文库”在世界范围内选材，涉及科普、社会文化、文学名著、传奇故事、成长励志等多个系列，充分满足英语学习者课外阅读之所需，在阅读中学习英语、提高能力。

◎难度适中

本套图书充分照顾读者的英语学习阶段和水平，从读者的阅读兴趣出发，以难易适中的英语语言为立足点，选材精心、编排合理。

◎精品荟萃

本套图书注重经典阅读与实用阅读并举。既包含国内外脍炙人口、耳熟能详的美文，又包含科普、人文、故事、励志类等多学科的精彩文章。

◎功能实用

本套图书充分体现了双语阅读的功能和优势，充分考虑到读者课外阅读的方便，超出核心词表的词汇均出现在使其意义明显的语境之中，并标注释义。

鉴于编者水平有限，凡不周之处，谬误之处，皆欢迎批评教正。

我们真心地希望本套图书承载的文化知识和英语阅读的策略对提高读者的英语著作欣赏水平和英语运用能力有所裨益。

丛书编委会

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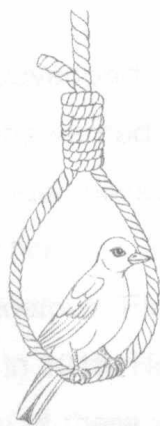
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01

A Jury of Her Peers

Adapted from the story by Susan Glaspell

Susan Glaspell was born in 1882, in Davenport, Iowa. She worked for a newspaper there until she earned enough to support herself by writing *fiction*. She wrote a lot—ten novels and more than forty stories. But she is also well known for her *plays*. She and her husband *founded* a famous theater, the Provincetown Playhouse, in Provincetown, Massachusetts (on Cape Cod), in 1915. Her husband *directed* plays by young, unknown writers. Many of these writers later became famous. Glaspell first wrote “A Jury of Her Peers” as a play

她的同性陪审团

根据苏珊·格拉斯佩尔的同名故事改写

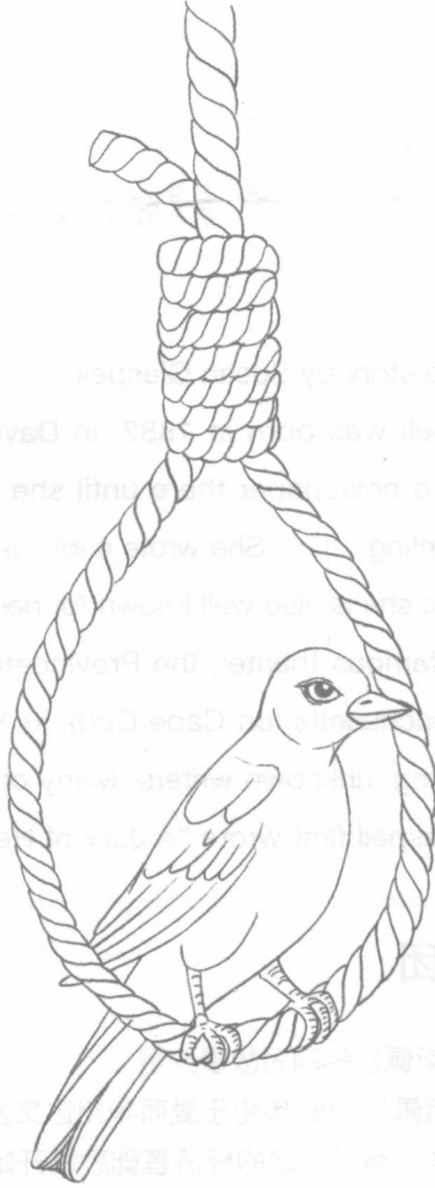
苏珊·格拉斯佩尔1882年生于爱荷华州达文波特市。她最初在一家报社工作，有了一定的经济基础后就开始从事文学创作。作品涵盖十部小说、四十多篇短篇故事。但是她以戏剧而闻名。1915年，她与丈夫在马萨诸塞州的普林斯顿创建了普林斯顿剧院。她的丈夫导演了一些年轻的不知名作家的话剧。后来其中许多作家出名了。格拉斯佩尔最初创作的“她的同性陪审团”是一部戏剧，名为《琐事》，trifles这个

fiction *n.* 小说

found *v.* 建立

play *n.* 剧本；戏剧

direct *v.* 导演



A Jury of Her Peers

called *Trifles*—the word means “small things of little value.” Later, she rewrote the play as a story. Glaspell often wrote about people trapped by the choices they make in life. She died in 1948.

Martha Hale opened the storm door and felt the cutting north wind. She ran back inside for her big wool *shawl*. She was unhappy with what she saw there in her kitchen. Her bread was all ready for mixing, half the *flour sifted* and half unsifted. She hated to see things half done. But it was no ordinary thing that called her away. It was probably further from ordinary than anything that had ever happened in Dickson County.

She had been sifting flour when the *sheriff* drove up with his horse and buggy to get Mr. Hale. Sheriff Peters had asked Mrs. Hale to

词意为“微不足道的小事”。后来她又将其改写为短篇小说。她的写作对象常常是由于错误抉择而陷入人生困境的人物。格拉斯佩尔逝世于1948年。

一推开外面的防风门，玛撒·黑尔便感受到了北风的刺骨，她赶紧跑回屋去拿大羊毛披肩。经过厨房时看到的一幕让她不快。她正准备和面做面包，面粉已经筛出来一半，还有一半没筛呢。她平时可容不得这样，什么事非得做完才罢休。然而今天却是万不得已，因为发生了一件非同寻常的事，可能比以往任何一件发生在迪克森郡的事情都更加非同寻常。

警长驾着马车来接黑尔先生时，她正在筛面粉。彼得斯警长又请黑

shawl *n.* 围巾

sift *v.* 筛（某物）

flour *n.* 面粉

sheriff *n.* 行政长官

come, too. His wife was nervous, he said with a *grin*. She wanted another woman to come along. So Martha Hale had dropped everything right where it was.

“Martha!” her husband’s voice came, “don’t keep the *folks* waiting out here in the cold!”

She tied the wool shawl tighter and climbed into the *buggy*. Three men and a woman were waiting for her. Martha Hale had met Mrs. Peters, the sheriff’s wife, at the county *fair*. Mrs. Peters didn’t seem like a sheriff’s wife. She was small and thin and ordinary. She didn’t have a strong voice. But Mr. Peter certainly did look like a sheriff. He was a heavy man with a big voice, very friendly to folks who followed the law. But now, Mrs. Hale thought, he was going to the Wrights’ house as a sheriff, not a friend.

尔夫人一同前往，他笑了笑，说自己的妻子太紧张了，想要个女伴。就这样，玛撒·黑尔就不得不把手头儿的活放下跟着去了。

“玛撒！”她听到丈夫在喊，“外边太冷，别让大伙儿等起来没完！”

她系紧羊毛披肩，上了车。车上有三男一女在等着她。玛撒·黑尔以前在集市上见过警长太太彼得斯夫人，她长得又瘦又小，相貌平淡无奇，说话柔声细语，怎么看也不像警长太太。但彼得斯先生看上去却很像个地道的警长：大块头，大嗓门，对遵纪守法的百姓非常友善。可他此行去赖特家，却是作为一个警长，而不是朋友，黑尔夫人心想。

grin *n.* 露齿笑
buggy *n.* 轻便马车

folk *n.* 人们
fair *n.* 集市

The Wrights' house looked lonely this cold March morning. It had always been a lonely-looking house. It was down in a *valley*, and the *poplar* trees around it were lonely-looking trees. The men were talking about what had happened there: her husband, Sheriff Peters, and the county *attorney*, Mr. Henderson. She looked over at Mrs. Peters.

"I'm glad you came with me," Mrs. Peters said nervously.

When the buggy reached the *doorstep*, Martha Hale felt she could not go inside. She had often said to herself, "I must go over and see Minnie Foster." She still thought of her as Minnie Foster, though for twenty years she had been Mrs. Wright. But there was always something to do, and Minnie Foster would go from her mind. She felt sad that she had come only now.

赖特家的房屋在三月份这个寒冷的清晨显得孤寂而冷清。房屋位于谷底，总是给人一种孤寂而冷清的感觉，四周的白杨树也是同样的孤寂和冷清。三个男人——黑尔先生，彼得斯警长，郡里的律师亨得森先生——在谈论这里发生的事。黑尔夫人则看着那边的彼得斯夫人。

“我很高兴你能陪我一起来，”彼得斯夫人说话的时候有点紧张。

马车到了门口，玛撒·黑尔却不想进去。她常常对自己说：“我得去看看明妮·福斯特了。”尽管明妮·福斯特二十年前就已成为赖特夫人，可黑尔夫人总觉得她还是明妮·福斯特。想归想，手头却总有忙不完的事，去看明妮的事也就罢了。就这样一直拖到今天才来，黑尔夫人不禁感

valley n. 山谷
attorney n. 律师

poplar n. 白杨；白杨木
doorstep n. 门阶

The men went over to stand by the *stove*. The women stood together by the door. At first, they didn't even look around the *kitchen*.

"Now, Mr. Hale," the sheriff began. "Before we move things around, you tell Mr. Henderson what you saw when you came here yesterday morning."

II

Mrs. Hale felt nervous for her husband. Lewis Hale often lost his way in a story. She hoped he would tell it straight this time. *Unnecessary* things would just make it harder for Minnie Foster.

"Yes, Mr. Hale?" the *county* attorney said.

到悲伤。

男人们走进去，站到了炉边，两个女人则站在门口。刚开始，他们甚至都没有到厨房看看。

“好了，黑尔先生，”警长开始说话了。“在移动现场的东西之前，你跟亨得森先生说说昨天一早来都看到了什么。”

II

黑尔夫人不太放心她的丈夫——刘易斯·黑尔说起什么事来经常颠三倒四。她希望这次他能直截了当一些，无关的情节只会对明妮·福斯特更为不利。

“说吧，黑尔先生？”郡律师说道。

stove *n.* 火炉

unnecessary *adj.* 不必要的

kitchen *n.* 厨房

county *n.* 郡；县

“I started to town with *a load of* potatoes,” Mrs. Hale’s husband began. “I came along this road, and I saw the house. I said to myself, ‘I’m going to see John Wright about the telephone.’ They will bring a telephone out here if I can get somebody else to help pay for it. I’d spoken to Wright before, but he said folks talked too much already. All he asked for was *peace* and quiet. I guess you know how much he talked himself. But I thought I would ask him in front of his wife. All the women like the telephone. In this *lonely* road it would be a good thing. Not that he cared much about what his wife wanted...”

Now there he was!—saying things he didn’t need to say. Mrs. Hale tried to catch her husband’s eye, but luckily the attorney *interrupted* him with:

“我拉着一些土豆进城，”她的丈夫开始说：“我沿着这条路走，我看见了这座房子。我自言自语地说，‘我得去看看约翰·赖特，谈谈电话的事。’要是再能找出一个人来合伙出钱的话，这儿就能安上电话了。以前就和赖特谈过这事，可他说人们眼下尽说空话，除了平和、宁静的生活，他什么也不想要。我猜你们肯定知道他一个人啰啰嗦嗦地说了多久。这次我想当着他妻子的面问问他。女人都喜欢电话。在这条偏僻的公路上安个电话可是件好事。倒不是他有多在乎他妻子的要求……”

又来了！——又说没用的事儿。黑尔夫人很想用目光暗示丈夫，好在律师用下面的话打断了他：

a load of 大量；许多

lonely *adj.* 偏僻的

peace *n.* 和平

interrupt *v.* 打断；中断

“Just tell what happened when you got there, Mr. Hale.”

Mr. Hale began again, more *carefully*. “I *knocked* at the door. But it was all quiet inside. I knew they must be up—it was past eight o’clock. I knocked again, louder, and I thought I heard someone say, ‘Come in.’ I opened the door—this door”—Mr. Hale pointed toward the door where the two women stood. “And there, in that *rocking chair*”—he pointed to it—“sat Mrs. Wright.”

“How did she look?” the county attorney asked.

“Well,” said Hale, “she looked—strange.”

“How do you mean—strange?”

The attorney took out a notebook and pencil. Mrs. Hale did not like that pencil. She kept her eye on her husband, as if to tell him,

“说说你来的时候都发生了什么就行了，黑尔先生。”

黑尔先生重新开始，这次更谨慎了。“我敲了敲门。可是里面一点儿声音也没有。我知道他们肯定都起来了——已经八点多了。我又使劲敲了敲门，觉得里面有人说：‘进来。’我打开门——就是这扇门”——黑尔先生指了指两位女人站立的地方。“就在那儿，就在那把摇椅上”——他又指了指那把摇椅——“赖特太太就坐在那儿。”

“当时她看起来怎么样？”律师问。

“哦，”黑尔说：“她看起来——很怪。”

“你是什么意思——怎么个怪法？”

律师拿出笔记本和铅笔，那铅笔可不太招黑尔夫人喜欢。她盯着丈夫，看样子是在告诫他：“别说废话，说出来记到本子上就是麻烦。”黑

carefully *adv.* 小心地

rocking chair 摇椅

knock *v.* 敲

“No unnecessary things. They’ll just go into that notebook and *make trouble*.” Hale spoke carefully, as if the pencil made him think more slowly.

“Well, she didn’t seem to know what she was going to do next. I said, ‘How do, Mrs. Wright. It’s cold isn’t it?’ And she said, ‘Is it?’ and sat there *fingering* her *apron*, nervous—like.”

“Well, I was surprised. She didn’t ask me to come in and sit down, but just sat there, not even looking at me. And so I said, ‘I want to see John.’”

“And then she laughed—I guess you’d call it a laugh.”

“I said, a little sharp, ‘Can I see John?’”

尔先生字斟句酌，就好像是那支铅笔让他的思维减慢了似的。

“嗯，她好像有点魂不守舍。我说：‘早啊，赖特夫人，今儿天真冷啊！’她说：‘是吗？’她坐在那儿光是摆弄围裙，样子挺紧张。”

“我呢，觉得很吃惊。她既没让我进屋，也没让我坐下。光是坐在那儿，连看都不看我一眼。我只好说：‘我要见见约翰。’”

“这时，她居然哈哈大笑起来——我想应该叫‘大笑’”。

“我提高了嗓门，又说，‘我可以见见约翰吗？’”

make trouble 制造麻烦

apron n. 围裙

finger v. 用手指拨弄

“‘No,’ she said, kind of dull. ‘Isn’t he home?’ I said. ‘Yes,’ says she, ‘he’s home.’ ‘Then why can’t I see him?’ I asked her. Now I was angry. ‘Because he’s dead,’ says she—all quiet and *dull*. She fingered her apron some more.”

“‘Why, where is he?’ I said, not knowing what to say.

“She just *pointed* upstairs—like this,” said Hale, pointing. “Then I said, ‘Why, what did he die of?’”

“‘He died of a *rope* around his neck,’ says she, and just went on fingering her apron.”

Nobody spoke. Everyone looked at the rockingchair as if they saw the woman who had sat there yesterday.

“‘不’，她有点麻木地说。‘他不在家吗？’我问。‘在啊，’她说，‘他在家。’我有点生气，又问：‘那我为什么不能见他？’‘因为他死了，’她说这话的时候显得挺平静，没什么表情，手里还摆弄着围裙。”

“‘什么，他在哪儿？’我问，我当时实在不知道该说什么好了。”

“她指了指楼上——就像这样，”黑尔边说边指了指楼上。我接着问：‘他是怎么死的？’

“‘用绳子勒死的，’她一边说，一边接着摆弄围裙。”

没人说什么话。每个人都看着那张摇椅，就好像看到了昨天还坐在上面的女人。

dull *adj.* 无趣的；呆滞的

rope *n.* 绳；绳索

point *v.* 指向

“And what did you do then?” The attorney at last interrupted the *silence*.

“I went upstairs.” Hale’s voice fell. “There he was—lying on the—he was dead, all right. I thought I’d better not *touch* anything. So I went downstairs.

“‘Who did this, Mrs. Wright?’ I said, sharp, and she stops fingering her apron. ‘I don’t know,’ she says. ‘You don’t know?’ said I. ‘Weren’t you sleeping in the same bed with him? Somebody tied a rope around his neck and killed him, and you didn’t *wake up*?’”

“‘I didn’t wake up,’ she says after me.”

“I may have looked as if I didn’t see how that could be. After a minute she said, ‘I sleep sound.’”

“那你又做了些什么？”最后是律师打破了沉默。

“我上楼了，”黑尔压低了声音说。“他就在那儿，躺着——真的死了。我想最好什么也别碰，所以，我又下楼了。”

“‘这是谁干的，赖特太太？’我厉声问。她停下来，不再摆弄围裙。‘不知道，’她回答说。‘你不知道？’我说。‘你不是和他睡在一张床上吗？有人把绳子勒在他脖子上，杀了他，你居然没醒？’”

“‘我没醒，’她紧接着说。”

“我当时可能满脸愕然的样子。过了一会儿，她又说，‘我睡得太死了。’”

silence *n.* 沉默；寂静

touch *v.* 触摸

wake up 醒来