

「双语时代」
英语文学精选书系

英语短篇小说 精选读本

李文俊 选译

英汉对照 单词注释

SELECTED ENGLISH SHORT STORIES
WITH
CHINESE TRANSLATION

English

中国国际广播出版社

「双语时代」
英语文学精选书系



英语短篇小说 精选读本

李文俊 选译

英汉对照 单词注释

SELECTED ENGLISH SHORT STORIES
WITH
CHINESE TRANSLATION

中国国际广播出版社

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

英语短篇小说精选读本 / (美) 亨利等著; 李文俊译.

北京: 中国国际广播出版社, 2007.4

(双语时代·英语文学精选书系)

ISBN 978-7-5078-2732-3

I. 英... II. ①亨... ②李... III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物
②短篇小说—作品集—世界 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2006) 第116163号

英语短篇小说精选读本

著 者	亨利等
责任编辑	赵 芳
版式设计	国广设计室
责任校对	徐秀英
出版发行 社 址	中国国际广播出版社 (83139469 83139489[传真]) 北京复兴门外大街2号 (国家广电总局内) 邮编: 100866
网 址	www.chirp.com.cn
经 销	新华书店
印 刷	北京广内印刷厂
开 本	720 × 1020 1/16
字 数	471千字
印 张	19.75
印 数	7000册
版 次	2007年4月 第一版
印 次	2007年4月 第一次印刷
书 号	ISBN 978-7-5078-2732-3 / H · 273
定 价	36.00元

国际广播版图书 版权所有 盗版必究

(如果发现印装质量问题, 本社负责调换)

| 双语时代 |

英语文学精选书系



英语短篇小说精选读本

英语诗歌精选读本

英语散文精选读本

英语演说精选读本

英语戏剧精选读本

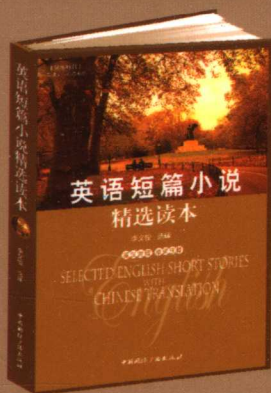
英语童话精选读本

英语名家日记精选读本

英语名家书信精选读本

圣经故事

古希腊罗马神话



◎ 英语短篇小说精选读本

出版策划：王 平
责任编辑：赵 芳
封面设计：田荣荣

序 言

最近，为了编这本英汉对照注释本短篇小说集，必须把自己历年来所译的短篇小说重读一遍。在梳理过程中，小时候依靠对照本、注释本学习英语的情形，不免时时会浮上心头。岁月飞逝，记得还是六十年前念初中时，我于暑假期间，在先父廷芳先生的指导下，就是用商务印书馆版的《青鸟》（比利时梅特林克的剧本）注释本学习英语的。在下一个暑假里，又参加了上海成都路青年会办的英语补习班，用的课本又是注释本英语版的《一千零一夜》。记得有一次上学路上，恰逢美军飞机前来轰炸上海的日本军事目标，我还欣喜地躲在梧桐树荫下，偷窥 B-29 的身影。还未等我念完“辛巴德的第二次航行”，日本就投降了。这以后我与英语的接触，便是捕捉由吉普车里飘出来的美国 G.I.（大兵）的土腔土调，以及电影《乱世佳人》中克拉克·盖博与费雯·丽的唇枪舌剑了。当时的情景，似乎都还历历在目呢，想不到今天倒要轮到自己在帮助年轻朋友学习英语上出些力气了。

回想起来，我一生的经历可谓是平淡如水。我这首生命之曲结构很简单，无非就是“学”与“用”这两个声音在唱二重唱。先是学习，学习外语，学习翻译。然后就是工作，从事外国文学编辑、研究与翻译的工作。通过工作学习，又通过学习进一步提高工作能力。记得那是在 1951 年，我欣喜欲狂地从出版社取到我与两位中学同学合译的书。这应该算是我学习英语的最初成果了。这以后，除了“文革”有几年被迫中辍之外，我一直没有放下手中的笔。算下来，也足足有半个世纪的历史了。

说来惭愧，我始终没有能分出精力，试着从理论的高度，认真总结自己的翻译工作，概括出几条道道儿来。不过有一点我相信自己是一贯坚持的，那就是在翻译外国文学作品时从来都不敢轻慢。我总是尊重原作，尽力去体察作者的良苦用心与



个人特色，尽可能把那支妙笔想要表现的主旨、思想、感情、趣味、气氛、口气、声音，甚至是潜隐的渴念，都一一传达出来。原作是好文章，译文也总得有些文采吧。为了做到这一点，就必须时时刻刻虚心学习——向生活学习，向老百姓学习，向老翻译家学习，向高明的同辈学习以及通过书本学习。做编辑的常常抱怨是在为人做嫁衣裳，但是做这一行也未尝不能在别的方面讨到便宜，那就是有机会接触到各个时代、各个国家、各种风格的众多原作，接触众多译者的各种风格的译品。不入深山即能窥见宝藏，这对学习翻译来说是何等优越的条件啊。我也由此知道自己应该具备哪些套路，以应付原作者打过来的诡异拳法。

这次承出版社不弃，使我能有机会从过去所译的短篇小说中选出十几篇，合成一集，供年轻朋友学习原作时对照参考。这样做使我既感到高兴又不免感到惶惑。但我想既有原文在焉，译文纵有欠妥甚至理解错误之处，亦不至于有“话语权”被不才一人垄断之嫌。我之所以愿意做这项工作，主要是坚信，学习外语不可不读原文的文学作品，不管是散文、小说，还是戏剧与诗歌。因为文学语言从总体上说，总要比生活语言与实用性的文字更为精确、讲究、丰富与生动。它源自生活又高于生活。这里所收的十几篇作品的作者，都是美国、英国与其他以英语为母语的国家的名家。这次挑选重读时发现，不管是充满悲情的还是幽然的，它们都有一个共同点，那就是不但语言好，而且还富于生活气息。我想这恐怕与自己个人的文学欣赏趣味不无关系吧。

最后，必须再一次强调指出：拙译仅仅是“参考译文”，倘有不妥之处尚祈读者不吝赐正。

李文俊
二零零六年九月

Contents 目录

1. S.O.Jewett 萨·俄·裘威特 (2)
A White Heron
一只白苍鹭
2. Hamlin Garland 赫姆林·加兰 (22)
The Return Of A Private
一个兵士的回家
3. O.Henry 欧·亨利 (54)
The Furnished Room
带家具出租的房间
4. O.Henry 欧·亨利 (68)
The Cop And The Anthem
警察和赞美诗
5. George Ade 乔治·艾德 (80)
Effie Whittlesy
埃菲·惠特利西
6. William Faulkner 威廉·福克纳 (94)
Turnabout
调换位置
7. Alan Marshall 阿伦·马歇尔 (150)
Trees Can Speak
能言树
8. Erskine Caldwell 欧斯金·考德威尔 (160)
Rachel
拉雪尔



9. Erskine Caldwell 欧斯金·考德威尔 (176)
 Joe Craddock' s Old Woman
 裘·克拉道克的老婆子
10. Angus Wilson 安格斯·威尔逊 (180)
 Realpolitik
 现实政治
11. Dylan Thomas 狄伦·托马斯 (196)
 The Followers
 盯梢者
12. Carson McCullers 卡森·麦柯勒斯 (214)
 A Domestic Dilemma
 家庭困境
13. I.B.Singer 艾·比·辛格 (234)
 A Day In Coney Island
 康尼岛的一天
14. J.D.Salinger 杰·戴·塞林格 (254)
 A Perfect Day For Bananafish
 逮香蕉鱼的最佳日子
15. Nadine Gordimer 纳丁·戈迪默 (278)
 Loot
 掠夺
16. John Updike 约翰·厄普戴克 (284)
 Personal Archeology
 私人考古学
17. Woody Allen 伍迪·艾伦 (298)
 The Rejection
 拒收
- 注释 (306)

A White Heron

Ed. Jones



A White Heron

S.O. Jewett

I

THE woods were already filled with shadows one June evening, just before eight o'clock, though a bright sunset still glimmered **faintly** among the trunks of the trees. A little girl was driving home her cow, a plodding, **dilatory**, **provoking** creature in her behavior, but a valued companion for all that. They were going away from the western light, and striking deep into the dark woods, but their feet were familiar with the path, and it was no matter whether their eyes could see it or not.

There was hardly a night the summer through when the old cow could be found waiting at the pasture bars; on the contrary, it was her greatest pleasure to hide herself away among the high **huckleberry** bushes, and though she wore a loud bell she had made the discovery that if one stood perfectly still it would not ring. So Sylvia had to hunt for her until she found her, and call Co'! Co'! With never an answering Moo, until her childish patience was quite spent. If the creature had not given good milk and plenty of it, the case would have seemed very different to her owners. Besides, Sylvia had all the time there was, and very little use to make of it. Sometimes in pleasant weather it was a **consolation** to look upon the cow's **pranks** as an intelligent attempt to play hide and seek, and as the child had no playmates she lent herself to this amusement with a good deal of

一只白苍鹭

萨·俄·裘威特

萨·俄·裘威特(S.O. Jewett, 1849-1900), 美国 19 世纪作家。18 岁开始发表作品。代表作有《尖枞之乡》与后期所写的一些短篇。她笔下虽然没有波澜壮阔的场面, 笔锋所及也仅仅是渔村农庄的日常琐事, 但是却能透过烦琐与平庸, 接触到埋藏得很深的生活脉搏。

faintly
[feɪntli]
adv. 微弱地

dilatory
[ˈdɪlətəri]
adj. 拖拉的

provoke
[prəˈvəʊk]
v. 煽动

huckleberry
[ˈhʌklbəri]
n. 黑果木

consolation
[kɒnsəˈleɪʃən]
n. 安慰

prank
[præŋk]
n. 恶作剧

wary
[weəri]
a. 警惕的

这是六月里的一个黄昏, 还不到八点钟, 枝干间虽然还闪烁着一抹暗淡的夕阳, 树林里却已经充满阴影。一个小姑娘正在把一头母牛往家里赶。这是只步子沉重、行动迟缓、好惹人生气的畜生, 不过尽管如此, 它还算是一个有用的伙伴。她们俩背对斜阳朝树林深处走去, 她们的脚都很熟悉林中小路, 因此, 看得见也好看, 看不见也好, 她们都不用发愁。

整整一个夏天, 这头老母牛几乎没有一个晚上, 是自动走到牛栏跟前等人来开门的; 相反, 把自己藏在越桔丛里成了它最大的快乐。虽然它脖子上挂有一只声音响亮的铃铛, 但是它已经发现: 只要站定了一动不动, 这只铃铛就不会出声。这样一来, 西尔维亚就得费好大的劲儿来找它了。小姑娘嘴里不断发出“牛啊! 牛!”的呼唤, 却从来听不见一次“哞”的应和声。找啊找啊, 小姑娘几乎都快失去了儿童有限的耐心。要不是这头牲口奶的质量好, 产量也高, 主人们是绝对不会这么迁就它的。而且反正西尔维亚有的是时间, 她正犯愁不知怎样打发呢。有时候, 遇到天气好, 把牛的恶作剧看成一次饶有兴味的捉迷藏游戏, 倒也可以解解闷儿。小姑娘没有游伴, 因此她就兴致勃勃地让自己参加到这样的娱乐里来了。这一回, “寻



A White Heron

zest. Though this chase had been so long that the **wary** animal herself had given an unusual signal of her whereabouts, Sylvia had only laughed when she came upon Mistress Moolly at the swamp-side, and urged her affectionately homeward with a **twig** of birch leaves. The old cow was not inclined to wander farther, she even turned in the right direction for once as they left the pasture, and stepped along the road at a good pace. She was quite ready to be milked now, and seldom stopped to **browse**. Sylvia wondered what her grandmother would say because they were so late. It was a great while since she had left home at half past five o'clock, but everybody knew the difficulty of making this **errand** a short one. Mrs. Tilley had chased the hornéd torment too many summer evenings herself to blame any one else for lingering, and was only thankful as she waited that she had Sylvia, nowadays, to give such valuable assistance. The good woman suspected that Sylvia **loitered** occasionally on her own account; there never was such a child for straying about out-of-doors since the world was made! Everybody said that it was a good change for a little maid who had tried to grow for eight years in a crowded manufacturing town, but, as for Sylvia herself, it seemed as if she never had been alive at all before she came to live at the farm. She thought often with **wistful** compassion of a wretched dry **geranium** that belonged to a town neighbor.

"'Afraid of folks,'"old Mrs. Tilley said to herself, with a smile, after she had made the unlikely choice of Sylvia from her daughter's houseful of children, and was returning to the farm. "'Afraid of folks,' they said! I guess she won't be troubled no great with 'em up to the old place! " When they reached the door of the lonely house and stopped to unlock it, and the cat came to **purr** loudly, and rub against them, a deserted **pussy**, indeed, but fat with young robins, Sylvia whispered that this was a beautiful place to live in, and she never should wish to go home.

The companions followed the shady woodroad, the cow taking slow steps, and the child very fast ones. The cows stopped long at the brook to drink, as if the pasture were not half a **swamp**, and Sylvia stood still and waited, letting her bare feet cool themselves in the **shoal** water, while the great twilight moths struck softly against her. She waded on through the brook as the cow moved away, and listened to the thrushes with a heart that beat fast with pleasure. There was a **stirring** in the great boughs overhead. They were full of little birds and beasts that

twig

[ˈtwɪɡ]

n. 细枝

browse

[braʊz]

v. 吃草

errand

[ˈerənd]

n. 差使

loiter

[ˈlɔɪtə]

v. 闲逛

wistful

[ˈwɪstfʊl]

adj. 渴望的

geranium

[dʒiˈreɪnjəm]

n. 老鹳草属植物

purr

[pə:]

n. 呼噜声

pussy

[ˈpusi]

n. 猫咪

swamp

[swɒmp]

n. 沼泽

shoal

[ʃəʊl]

adj. 浅的

stirring

[ˈstɜːrɪŋ]

adj. 激动人心的

人”的时间实在拖得太长，连很沉得住气的畜生也免不了反常地发出声音，从而暴露了自己的位置。西尔维亚是直到在沼泽地边缘找到“毛茛太太”时才乐得笑出声来的，接着，她亲昵地用带树叶的小桦树枝抽打它，催促它快点回家。老母牛也不再贪玩，甚至还自己对准正确的方向，跨着大步沿着小路朝前走去，自从离开牧场以来这还是第一次呢。它已经很想让人给自己挤奶了，所以连地上的青草也不怎么停下来吃。她们这么晚回家，西尔维亚都不知道姥姥会怎么说呢。她是五点半离开家的，到现在时间已经很长了，不过谁都清楚，要用很短的时间完成这样的任务也不是件容易的事。梯尔利太太自己过去也多次在夏日傍晚放牧过这只磨人的两角畜生，她该不会责怪别人磨磨蹭蹭。相反，她一边等待一边还应该感到欣慰呢，因为如今她总算添了西尔维亚这个帮手，这帮手还是挺有用的呢。慈祥的老婆婆猜想有时是西尔维亚自己贪玩才弄得这么晚的；自古以来还真没见过这样一个到了野外便不知回家的孩子！人人都说，对于一个在拥挤的工业城市里生活了八年、发育不良的小女孩来说，换个环境是最好不过的事。可是对西尔维亚自己来说，她的生命像是到了这儿乡才真正开始的。小姑娘常常揪心与怜悯地想起城里邻家后院长出来的一株天竺葵。

“说‘她怕见生人，’”梯尔利老婆婆喃喃自语地说，脸上漾出了一丝笑容，那还是她从女儿那一大窝孩子中挑中了不起眼的西尔维亚，带了她刚回到农庄上那时候的事。“都说‘她怕见生人。’哼！我琢磨回到这儿老家，她就算想见生人也见不到啰！”当时，她们来到这所孤寂的房子的门前，正站停下来拿钥匙开门，一只大声喵喵叫着的猫走了过来，在她们身边挨蹭。这只猫咪有好一阵没人管了，不过她靠逮知更鸟的小雏鸟过日子，吃得圆圆滚滚的。当时，西尔维亚悄没声地说，能住在这个地方真是太美了，她是永远也不会想念自己城里的家的。

小姑娘和母牛沿着幽黑的林中小路往前走，母牛慢腾腾地跨着大步，小姑娘急急地移动着她的那双小脚。在溪流旁边，母牛为了饮水，停留了很久，仿佛方才离开的那片牧场并不是布满沼泽似的。小姑娘也只好站住了等候。她贪图凉快，把光赤的脚浸泡在浅滩里，黄昏出来活动的大飞蛾纷纷轻轻地撞在她的身上。牛往前移动了，小姑娘也涉过浅滩朝前走去。她谛听着画眉的啼鸣，她的心因为喜悦跳动得更快了。她头顶上的

seemed to be wideawake, and going about their world, or else saying good-night to each other in sleepy **twitters**. Sylvia herself felt sleepy as she walked along. However, it was not much farther to the house, and the air was soft and sweet. She was not often in the woods so late as this, and it made her feel as if she were a part of the gray shadows and the moving leaves. She was just thinking how long it seemed since she first came to the farm a year ago, and wondering if everything went on in the noisy town just the same as when she was there; the thought of the great red-faced boy who used to chase and frighten her made her hurry along the path to escape from the shadow of the trees.

Suddenly this little woods-girl is horror-stricken to hear a clear **whistle** not very far away. Not a bird's whistle, which would have a sort of friendliness, but a boy's whistle, determined, and somewhat aggressive. Sylvia left the cow to whatever sad fate might await her, and stepped **discreetly** aside into the bushes, but she was just too late. The enemy had discovered her, and called out in a very cheerful and **persuasive** tone, "Halloa, little girl, how far is it to the road?" and trembling Sylvia answered almost **inaudibly**, "A good ways."

She did not dare to look boldly at the tall young man, who carried a gun over his shoulder, but she came out of her bush and again followed the cow, while he walked alongside.

"I have been hunting for some birds," the stranger said kindly, "and I have lost my way, and need a friend very much. Don't be afraid," he added **gallantly**. "Speak up and tell me what your name is, and whether you think I can spend the night at your house, and go out gunning early in the morning."

Sylvia was more alarmed than before. Would not her grandmother consider her much to blame? But who could have foreseen such an accident as this? It did not appear to be her fault, and she hung her head as if the **stem** of it were broken, but managed to answer "Sylvy," with much effort when her companion again asked her name.

Mrs. Tilley was standing in the doorway when the trio came into view. The cow gave a loud **moo** by way of explanation.

"Yes, you'd better speak up for yourself, you old trial! Where'd she tuck herself away this time, Sylvy?" Sylvia kept an **awed** silence; she knew by instinct

twitter
[ˈtwɪtə]
n. (鸟)吱吱地叫声

whistle
[ˈhwɪsl]
n. 口哨

discreetly
[disˈkri:tli]
adv. 慎重地

persuasive
[pəˈsweɪsɪv]
adj. 有说服力的

inaudibly
[ɪnˈɔ:dɪbli]
adv. 漫不经心地

gallantly
[ˈgæləntli]
adv. 有风度地

stem
[stem]
n. 树干

trio
[tri:əu]
n. 三个人

moo
[mu:]
n. 哞

awe
[ɔ:]
n. 敬畏

巨大枝干间响着一片嗡嗡嘤嘤声，显得生机勃勃。那些小鸟、小动物好像都还不睡，准备去干各自的营生；要不就是在用睡意朦胧的啼鸣向自己的朋友道晚安。走着走着，西尔维亚也有点瞌睡了。好在现在离家已经不远，空气也温和、甜美得很。这么晚了还呆在树林里，这种情况对她来说也是很少有的，她仿佛感到自己都溶进了灰暗的阴影与摇曳的树叶之中，成为它们的一分子。她又想起：她是一年前来到乡下的，但是时间好像过了很长很长似的，她不知道嘈杂的城里是否一切还跟她在一起的时候一样。她还想起那个红脸膛的大个儿男孩怎样经常追逐她，吓唬她，想到这里她不由加快了步子向前趑行，以逃离树木的阴影。

突然之间，这个稚弱的林中姑娘吓得毛骨悚然，因为她听见从不远的地方传来了一阵清脆的口哨声。这可不是鸟儿的啼啭，那种声音令人感到友好、亲切，而是男孩的口哨，肆无忌惮甚至有点咄咄逼人的口哨，西尔维亚听凭母牛去经受命运的摆布，自己蹑手蹑脚走了几步，钻进了一丛灌木。可是她行动得太晚了，“敌人”已经发现了她。他用一种很讨人喜欢、很有感染力的声调喊道：“嗨，小姑娘，这儿离开大路有多远啊？”全身颤抖的西尔维亚的回答几乎没法听清。“还远着呢，”她说。

她不敢放胆抬起头来看这个高高的小伙子，这人肩膀上扛着一支枪。不过她还是从树丛里钻了出来，重新跟在母牛屁股后面。那年轻人走在她的身边。

“我是来打几种鸟的，”陌生人和蔼地说，“我迷了路，非常需要朋友的指点，你可别害怕，”他殷勤地加上这么一句。“你大胆说好了，告诉我你叫什么名字，依你看我能不能在你们家里住一夜，好让我明天一大早再到林子里去打猎。”

西尔维亚更加害怕了。她的姥姥会不会加倍地责怪她呢？可是谁又能料到会出这样的事呢？这事好像也不能怪她呀。她耷拉着脑袋，仿佛脖梗都已经折断了。不过她还是费了好大的劲儿哼哼唧唧地发出了几个音：“西尔维。”因为她的同伴再次问她叫什么名字了。

三个伙伴出现在家宅附近时，梯尔利太太正立在门口等候呢。母牛哞地大吼了一声，算是她作出的解释。

“对了，你最好还是自己来把事情交代清楚，你这个老坏蛋！西尔维，这一回她又藏到哪儿去啦？”西尔维亚却吓得一言不

that her grandmother did not comprehend the **gravity** of the situation. She must be mistaking the stranger for one of the farmer-lads of the region.

The young man stood his gun beside the door, and dropped a heavy game-bag beside it; then he bade Mrs. Tilley good-evening, and repeated his **wayfarer's** story, and asked if he could have a night's **lodging**.

"Put me anywhere you like," he said. "I must be off early in the morning, before day; but I am very hungry, indeed. You can give me some milk at any rate, that's plain."

"Dear sakes, yes," responded the hostess, whose long **slumbering** hospitality seemed to be easily awakened. "You might fare better if you went out on the main road a mile or so, but you're welcome to what we've got. I'll milk right off, and you make yourself at home. You can sleep on husks or feathers," she proffered **graciously**. "I raised them all myself. There's good pasturing for geese just below here towards the ma'sh. Now step round and set a plate for the gentleman, Sylvy!" And Sylvia promptly stepped. She was glad to have something to do, and she was hungry herself.

It was a surprise to find so clean and comfortable a little dwelling in this New England wilderness. The young man had known the **horrors** of its most **primitive** housekeeping, and the dreary **squalor** of that level of society which does not rebel at the companionship of hens. This was the best thrift of an old-fashioned farmstead, though on such a small scale that it seemed like a **hermitage**. He listened eagerly to the old woman's **quaint** talk, he watched Sylvia's pale face and shining gray eyes with ever growing enthusiasm, and insisted that this was the best supper he had eaten for a month; then, afterward, the new-made friends sat down in the doorway together while the moon came up.

Soon it would be berry-time, and Sylvia was a great help at picking. The cow was a good milker, though a **plaguy** thing to keep track of, the hostess **gossiped** frankly, adding presently that she had buried four children, so that Sylvia's mother, and a son (who might be dead) in California were all the children she had left. "Dan, my boy, was a great hand to go gunning," she explained sadly. "I never wanted for pa'tridges or gray squer'ls while he was to home. He's been a great wand'rer, I expect, and he's no hand to write letters. There, I don't blame him, I'd ha'seen the world myself if it had been so I could."