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*The Selected Short Stories of Daudet — The Last Class*

# 都德短篇小说精选 ——最后一课

[法] 都德 著  
高晨鹏 等 编译

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## 内 容 简 介

本书精选了法国著名作家阿尔封斯·都德的短篇小说 29 篇,其中包括《最后一课》《小间谍》《教皇的骡子》《海关水手》《两家旅店》和《柏林之围》等世界短篇小说的经典名篇。它们曾被翻译成各种文字,并常被选为中、小学生的语文教材,影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者。

无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为文学读本,这些经典名篇对当代中国的读者都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解故事概况,进而提高英文阅读速度和阅读水平,在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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阿尔封斯·都德（Alphonse Daudet, 1840—1897），19世纪法国著名现实主义小说家，被誉为“法国的狄更斯”。他有着自己独特的写作风格，特别是短篇小说，《最后一课》《柏林之围》等作品都已成为世界文学宝库中的瑰宝。

1840年5月13日，都德出生于法国南方尼姆城一个破落的商人家庭。他的父亲是个商人，母亲爱好文学且酷爱读书，她对都德走上文学创作之路产生了很大的影响。都德自幼聪颖过人，很小的时候就练习写诗。在里昂中学读书时，都德就已经博览群书。1855年，因父亲破产家道中落，他被迫辍学自谋生路。15岁的时候，都德到阿雷小学校任自习辅导员。两年之后，他在哥哥资助下来到巴黎，在贫困的境遇中开始文学创作。最初他尝试写诗歌，后来创作剧本，但都没有成功。1866年，都德出版了短篇小说集《磨坊文札》，该作品在法国国内引来了广泛关注。1868年，他出版了长篇小说《小东西》，该小说一出版便大获成功，都德因此奠定了在法国文坛的地位。1870年，普法战争爆发，都德应征入伍。1873年，他发表了著名的短篇小说集《月曜故事集》，该小说集以普法战争为背景，《柏林之围》《最后一课》等短篇小说的经典名篇便收录其中。普法战争之后，都德进入长篇小说创作期，共创作了十二部长篇小说，其中包括著名的有讽刺资产阶级庸人的《达拉斯贡的戴达伦》（1872），揭露资产阶级家庭生活腐朽的《小弟罗蒙与长兄黎斯雷》（1874），以及刻画巧于钻营的资产阶级政客形象的《努马·卢梅斯当》（1881）、《萨芙》（1884）、《不朽者》（1888）等。1897年都德去世，葬入著名的拉雪兹公墓。

都德一生共创作了十三部长篇小说、一个剧本和四个短篇小说集。而使他名扬世界的是短篇小说，如著名的《柏林之围》因具有深刻的爱国主义内容和精湛的艺术技巧而在世界文坛享有极高的声誉，成为世界短篇小说中的杰作；《最后一课》通过一个幼稚无知的小学生的自叙，生动地表



现了法国人民对自己祖国短暂拥有的土地的眷恋，该作品已成为世界短篇小说中的经典。他共创作了近百篇短篇小说，每篇一般两三千字，文笔简洁生动，题材丰富多彩，构思新颖巧妙，风格素雅清淡。他的短篇小说被译成世界上各种文字，并常被选为中、小学生的语文教材，影响了世界各地一代又一代的人们。我国教育部最新颁布的《普通高中语文课程标准》将其短篇小说指定为学生必读作品。

本书精选了都德的短篇小说 29 篇，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，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。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT，还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由高晨鹏编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。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。

啄木鸟教育 (www.zmnedu.com)

2014 年 5 月

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# 1. 最后一课

## The Last Class



当迟到的法国小学生弗朗茨探头探脑地朝着教室里望时，他心中的忐忑因为眼前不同寻常的场景而烟消云散了。教室里坐满了村子里的大人，他们小心翼翼地捧着破旧的课本，表情是那么的严肃认真，老师哈默尔先生穿上了节日里才会穿的礼服，似乎有什么不寻常的事情要发生了。哈默尔先生并没有像以往那样训斥小弗朗茨，他冲着这个调皮的小男孩温和地笑了笑，因为这也许是这个懵懂无知的孩子最后一节法语课了。由于普法战争中法国战败，阿尔萨斯与洛林被割让给了普鲁士，明天

所有的小学就不再允许教授法文了。小弗朗茨从来没有这么用心地听过法文课，他觉得那些平时绞尽脑汁也想不明白的语法，现在却如此地简单易懂。他想起了自己浪费了的光阴，想起明天他就要和这如歌声般动听的法语永别了，他那颗幼小的心中浮上了一层痛苦与悲哀。哈默尔先生在黑板上一遍遍地书写着“法兰西，阿尔萨斯”，似乎要将这份深深的爱国情怀镌刻在每一个人的心上。下课铃打响了，这欢快的铃声在哈默尔先生听来如同丧钟一般，他无语凝噎，他的嗓子只能发出低沉的呜咽，他转身写下了“法兰西万岁”几个大字，这是他心中，也是全体阿尔萨斯人心中最坚定的誓言。



最后一课

I was very late for school that morning, and I was terribly afraid of being scolded, especially as Monsieur Hamel had told us that he should examine us on participles, and I did not know the first thing about them. For a moment I thought of staying away from school and wandering about the fields. It was such a warm, lovely day. I could hear the blackbirds whistling on the edge of the wood, and in the Rippert field, behind the sawmill, the Prussians going through their drill. All that was much more tempting to me than the rules concerning participles; but I had the strength to resist, and I ran as fast as I could to school.

As I passed the mayor's office, I saw that there were people gathered about the little board on which notices were posted. For two years all our bad news had come from that board—battles lost, conscriptions, orders from headquarters; and I thought without stopping:

“What can it be now?”

Then, as I ran across the square, Wachter the blacksmith, who stood there with his apprentice, reading the placard, called out to me:

“Don't hurry so, my boy; you'll get to your school soon enough!”

I thought that he was making fun of me, and I ran into Monsieur Hamel's little yard all out of breath.

Usually, at the beginning of school, there was a great uproar which could be heard in the street, desks opening and closing, lessons repeated aloud in unison, with our ears stuffed in order to learn quicker, and the teacher's stout ruler beating on the desk:

“A little more quiet!”

I counted on all this noise to reach my bench unnoticed; but as it happened, that day everything was quiet, like a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my comrades already in their places, and Monsieur Hamel walking back and forth with the terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and enter, in the midst of that perfect silence. You can imagine whether I blushed and whether I was afraid!

But no! Monsieur Hamel looked at me with no sign of anger and said very gently:

“Go at once to your seat, my little Frantz; we were going to begin without you.”

I stepped over the bench and sat down at once at my desk. Not until then, when I had partly recovered from my fright, did I notice that our teacher had on his handsome blue coat, his plaited ruff, and the black silk embroidered breeches, which he wore only on days of inspection or of distribution of prizes. Moreover, there was something extraordinary, something solemn about the whole class. But what surprised me most was to see at the back of the room, on the benches which were usually empty, some people from the village sitting, as silent as we were: old Hauser with his three-cornered hat, the ex-mayor, the ex-postman, and others besides. They all seemed depressed; and Hauser had brought an old spelling-book with gnawed edges, which he held wide-open on his knee, with his great spectacles askew.

While I was wondering at all this, Monsieur Hamel had mounted his platform, and in the same gentle and serious voice with which he had welcomed me, he said to us:

“My children, this is the last time that I shall teach you. Orders have come from Berlin to teach nothing but German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new teacher arrives to-morrow. This is the last class in French, so I beg you to be very attentive.”

Those few words overwhelmed me. Ah! the villains! that was what they had posted at the mayor's office.

My last class in French!

And I barely knew how to write! So I should never learn! I must stop short where I was! How angry I was with myself because of the time I had wasted, the lessons I had missed, running about after nests, or sliding on the Saar! My books, which only a moment before I thought so tiresome, so heavy to carry—my grammar, my sacred history—seemed to me now like old friends, from whom I should be terribly grieved to part. And it was the same about

Monsieur Hamel. The thought that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget the punishments, the blows with the ruler.

Poor man! It was in honour of that last lesson that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes; and I understood now why those old fellows from the village were sitting at the end of the room. It seemed to mean that they regretted not having come oftener to the school. It was also a way of thanking our teacher for his forty years of faithful service, and of paying their respects to the fatherland which was vanishing.

I was at that point in my reflections, when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say from beginning to end that famous rule about participles, in a loud, distinct voice, without a slip! But I got mixed up at the first words, and I stood there swaying against my bench, with a full heart, afraid to raise my head. I heard Monsieur Hamel speaking to me:

"I will not scold you, my little Frantz; you must be punished enough; that is the way it goes; every day we say to ourselves: 'Pshaw! I have time enough. I will learn to-morrow.' And then you see what happens. Ah! it has been the great misfortune of our Alsace always to postpone its lessons until to-morrow. Now those people are entitled to say to us: 'What! you claim to be French, and you can neither speak nor write your language!' In all this, my poor Frantz, you are not the guiltiest one. We all have our fair share of reproaches to address to ourselves.

"Your parents have not been careful enough to see that you were educated. They preferred to send you to work in the fields or in the factories, in order to have a few more sous. And have I nothing to reproach myself for? Have I not often made you water my garden instead of studying? And when I wanted to go fishing for trout, have I ever hesitated to dismiss you?"

Then, passing from one thing to another, Monsieur Hamel began to talk to us about the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the most clear, the most substantial; that we must always retain it among ourselves, and never forget it, because when a people falls into



servitude, "so long as it clings to its language, it is as if it held the key to its prison." Then he took the grammar and read us our lesson. I was amazed to see how readily I understood. Everything that he said seemed so easy to me, so easy. I believed, too, that I had never listened so closely, and that he, for his part, had never been so patient with his explanations. One would have said that, before going away, the poor man desired to give us all his knowledge, to force it all into our heads at a single blow.

When the lesson was at an end, we passed to writing. For that day Monsieur Hamel had prepared some entirely new examples, on which was written in a fine, round hand: "France, Alsace, France, Alsace." They were like little flags, waving all about the class, hanging from the rods of our desks. You should have seen how hard we all worked and how silent it was! Nothing could be heard save the grinding of the pens over the paper. At one time some cock-chafers flew in; but no one paid any attention to them, not even the little fellows who were struggling with their straight lines, with a will and conscientious application, as if even the lines were French. On the roof of the schoolhouse, pigeons cooed in low tones, and I said to myself as I listened to them:

"I wonder if they are going to compel them to sing in German too!"

From time to time, when I raised my eyes from my paper. I saw Monsieur Hamel sitting motionless in his chair and staring at the objects about him as if he wished to carry away in his glance the whole of his little schoolhouse. Think of it! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his yard in front of him and his class just as it was! But the benches and desks were polished and rubbed by use; the walnuts in the yard had grown, and the hop-vine which he himself had planted now festooned the windows even to the roof. What a heart-rending thing it must have been for that poor man to leave all those things, and to hear his sister walking back and forth in the room overhead, packing their trunks! For they were to go away the next day—to leave the province forever.

However, he had the courage to keep the class to the end. After the writing,



we had the lesson in history; then the little ones sang all together the ba, be, bi, bo, bu. Yonder, at the back of the room, old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and, holding his spelling-book in both hands, he spelled out the letters with them. I could see that he too was applying himself. His voice shook with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him, that we all longed to laugh and to cry. Ah! I shall remember that last class.

Suddenly the church clock struck twelve, then the Angelus rang. At the same moment, the bugles of the Prussians returning from drill blared under our windows. Monsieur Hamel rose, pale as death, from his chair. Never had he seemed to me so tall.

“My friends,” he said, “my friends, I—I—”

But something suffocated him. He could not finish the sentence.

Thereupon he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, bearing on with all his might, he wrote in the largest letters he could:

“VIVE LA FRANCE!”

Then he stood there, with his head resting against the wall, and without speaking, he motioned to us with his hand:

“That is all; go.”

## 2. 柏林之围

### The Siege of Berlin



儒弗上校将家搬到了爱丽舍来，这位倔强而骄傲的老人此举的目的在于参观法军的凯旋仪式。但是事与愿违，当法国惨败的消息传来时，儒弗上校那魁梧的身躯终于因为经受不住精神上的折磨而中风了。医生对这位年过八旬的老人康复并不抱希望，但是当老人听到误传的法军大捷的消息时，他竟然奇迹般地醒过来了！他干瘪的嘴唇颤抖着，紧蹙的眉毛终于舒展开来，这令一直照顾他的小孙女不禁又悲又喜。如果让儒弗上校知道法军全军覆没的消息，那么他一定会立马撒手人寰，可怜的小姑娘要一直编造一个善意的谎言。这是一项需要胆大心细的工作，一生戎马的老人对战争的进程了如指掌，只有将一切细节都编织得尽善尽美才能令他信服，他的孙女不得不每日研习德国的地图。在这场没有硝烟的虚假战争中，法军有如神助，还有八天他们就能攻克德国的首都柏林了，老人无时无刻都在等待着这荣耀的时刻。而真实的情况则是普鲁士人即将攻占巴黎，枪炮的声音犹如恐怖的魔鬼的嚎叫一般越来越近了，这个弥天大谎还能隐瞒多久谁都不知道。儒弗上校是位理智而仁慈的老人，在写给在前线浴血杀敌的儿子的信中，他告诫儿子要善待俘虏，宽大为怀，但是他不知道其实自己的儿子已经在战争中被俘而杳无音讯。当巴黎沦陷的那可怕的一天终于到来的时候，儒弗老人身着华丽的军装傲然站在阳台上，他眼睛望向前方，期待着法军吹起凯旋的号角。但是当普鲁士人的身影出现在他