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## 没有秘密的斯芬克斯

## The Sphinx without a Secret

Oscar Wilde (爱尔兰) 著  
Bill Bowler (英) 改写

外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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周 晶 译

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# AUTHOR

## 关于作者

### Oscar Wilde

Oscar Wilde was born in Dublin, Ireland in 1854, and studied Greek and Latin at university in Dublin and Oxford. As well as a number of short stories for adults and fairy stories for children, he wrote the novel *The Portrait of Dorian Gray* (1891). He also wrote a number of very popular comedies for the theatre, including *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895), but is perhaps most famous for his many clever and funny sayings about life and people. He died in Paris in 1900 at the age of forty-six.

### 奥斯卡·王尔德

奥斯卡·王尔德1854年生于爱尔兰都柏林，曾在都柏林大学和牛津大学学习希腊语和拉丁语。除了著有大量给成年人看的短篇小说和给孩子看的童话故事，他还写了小说《道林·格雷的画像》（1891）。他还为剧院写了多部非常受欢迎的喜剧，其中包括《不可儿戏》（1895），不过他最为知名的或许还是他对于人和生活的诸多机智幽默的评语。1900年，他在巴黎去世，享年46岁。



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## BEFORE READING *LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME*

**1 Lord Arthur's crime is murder. Who does he want to kill?**

**Tick three boxes. Use a dictionary to help you.**



**a** ☐ Lady Windermere, one of Lord Arthur's friends



**b** ☐ Mr Podgers, Lady Windermere's fortune teller



**c** ☐ Sybil Merton, the woman Lord Arthur wants to marry



Lord Arthur



**d** ☐ The Dean of Chichester, Lord Arthur's clever uncle



**e** ☐ Lord Surbiton, Lord Arthur's rich brother



**f** ☐ Lady Clementina, the oldest person in Lord Arthur's family

**2 Which murder methods does he use?**

**a** ☐ a bomb in a clock

**c** ☐ drowning in a river

**e** ☐ a gun

**b** ☐ a knife

**d** ☐ poison

**f** ☐ an old sword

# Lord Arthur Savile's Crime

## At Lady Windermere's

It was Lady Windermere's last party before the spring holidays. There were many more guests in Bentinck House – her London home – than usual. There were important men from the **government** in their best suits. All the beautiful women were wearing their most expensive dresses, and at the end of the biggest, longest room stood **Princess** Sophia of Carlsruhe, a short, heavy little lady with small black eyes and big rings on her fingers. She spoke loudly in bad French and laughed at everything that people said to her.

It was a wonderful party. There were so many different and interesting people there. Sweet ladies from old families talked with angry young men. A number of rich old artists stood on the stairs and talked together like poor art students. It was one of Lady Windermere's best nights.

Lady Windermere looked very fine with her clear white neck, her large blue eyes, like the bluest of spring flowers, and her gold hair. It was a strong gold colour, not cheap yellow, but the rich gold of sunlight.

As a young woman Lady Windermere had a number of **romantic** adventures, which made people think that she was interesting. She married three times, but because she only had one lover through all those years, the world soon stopped telling terrible stories about her. She was now forty, had no children, and enjoyed pleasing herself, which is the secret of staying young.

She was pleased when Princess Sophia stayed for hours. When the Princess left at half past eleven, Lady Windermere

**government**

*n.* the people who control a country  
政府

**princess**

*n.* an important woman in a small country  
公主

**romantic**

*adj.* about love  
浪漫的



began talking to her old friend the **Duchess** of Paisley.

'Where is my **palmist**?' she asked suddenly.

'Your palmist?' cried the Duchess, nearly jumping out of her seat.

'Yes, I can't live without him at the moment.'

'You are always so unusual,' said the Duchess, trying to remember what a palmist was, and hoping that it wasn't like a **manicurist**.

'He looks at my hand twice a week,' went on Lady Windermere.

'Oh dear!' said the Duchess to herself. 'He really is like a manicurist after all. How terrible to ask an uninteresting guest to a party like this! I hope he isn't English.'

'He says that I have an interesting hand,' replied Lady Windermere, 'and that it's a good thing that my thumb isn't any shorter, because a very short thumb means that you look on the dark side of life and prefer to leave the world behind and to be alone.'

The Duchess felt happier at once. She understood that a palmist was someone special. 'Ah, I see. And can he see the future in your hand too?' she asked.

'Of course,' answered Lady Windermere. 'Both the good and the bad things. I think he prefers the bad. Next year, for example, I am in great danger on the ground and at sea, so I am going to live in a large balloon and pull up my lunch every day in a little lunch box. It is all in my hand, you know. I think everyone should visit a palmist once a month. That way they will know what they shouldn't do. Of course they'll still do it, but it's nice to hear about bad things before they happen. Now can somebody find Mr Podgers or do I have to look for him myself?'

Lord Arthur Savile, a tall young man, stood listening to their conversation with a smile on his face. He was thinking of Sybil Merton, the woman he wanted to marry. Turning to Lady

**duchess**

*n.* a very important woman from a very good family  
公爵夫人; 女公爵

**palmist**

*n.* someone who sees the future in people's hands  
手相师

**manicurist**

*n.* someone who makes people's hands look nice  
美甲师

Windermere, he said, 'I'll go and find Mr Podgers for you. But what is he like?'

'Well, he isn't unusual or romantic-looking. He's a short fat man with a large **bald** head and gold glasses. He looks like a family doctor, I'm afraid. People are very strange these days. They never look like what they are. I had a famous murderer here last year and he looked just like a nice old **vicar** and told funny stories all evening. Ah, there you are, Mr Podgers. Now, I want you to read the Duchess of Paisley's hand. Duchess, you must take off your **glove**. No, not your left hand, dear, the other one.'

'Oh, Lady Windermere. Are you sure this is all right?' said the Duchess, pulling off an old white glove.

'Of course not, nothing interesting ever is,' replied Lady Windermere, 'but that's how the world goes. Mr Podgers, this is the Duchess of Paisley. Duchess, this is Mr Podgers. And if you say that her mountain of the moon is bigger than mine I shall stop coming to you.'

**bald**  
*adj.* with no hair  
秃头的

**vicar**  
*n.* a man who works for the church  
牧师

**glove**  
*n.* a thing that you wear on your hand  
手套

'Are you sure this is all right?'



'I am sure there's nothing like that in my hand,' said the Duchess.

'You are right,' said Mr Podgers, looking at the little fat hand with its short, square fingers. 'You have a very small mountain of the moon. But you have a very long life **line** and will live happily for many years to come. Your head line is not really very strong, but your heart line—'

'Oh, tell us about her romantic adventures, Mr Podgers.'

'I'm afraid, Lady Windermere, that there isn't anything to tell. I see her feeling the same as she always has and staying with her husband.'

The Duchess looked pleased. 'Go on, Mr Podgers,' she said.

'You are very careful about spending money, I see,' he said, and Lady Windermere began to laugh loudly.

'Well, Mr Podgers, I think that you have read the Duchess's hand beautifully,' she said. 'And now you must read some other hands, too.'

So Mr Podgers read a number of other people's hands. After only a short time some guests were afraid and didn't want him even to look at their hands. But Lord Arthur Savile was interested in hearing about his future.

'Will Mr Podgers read my hand?' he asked Lady Windermere.

'Of course. But I must tell you that Sybil is coming to lunch with me tomorrow. So if Mr Podgers learns that you get angry easily or are going to be ill in later life, or have a wife in Bayswater, I shall tell her everything.'

'I'm not afraid,' answered Lord Arthur. 'Sybil knows me as well as I know her. That is why she's marrying me.'

But when Mr Podgers saw Lord Arthur's hand his face went yellow, he said nothing, his bald head shook, and his fat fingers went cold.

Lord Arthur felt afraid. 'I am waiting, Mr Podgers,' he said.

'We are all waiting,' cried Lady Windermere.

Mr Podgers dropped Lord Arthur's right hand and looked

#### **line**

*n.* a long thin mark; palmists look at the lines on your hand  
掌纹



carefully at his left one. His face went white. At last he looked up and pushed the corners of his mouth into a smile. 'It is the hand of a fine young man . . .' he said.

'Yes, we know that already,' said Lady Windermere. 'The question is: will he make a fine husband?'

'All fine young men do that, Lady Windermere . . . let me see . . . He will go on a journey soon . . .'

'A holiday with his new wife, of course.'

'And someone in his family will die.'

'Not his sister, I hope?' cried Lady Windermere.

'No, no,' said Mr Podgers. 'Someone not as near to him as that.'

'Oh dear! So I have nothing important to tell Sybil when she comes tomorrow,' said Lady Windermere. 'Oh well, time for supper then. Are you coming, Duchess?'

'Yes, my dear,' said the Duchess, moving slowly to the door, 'I'm tired, but I must say I have enjoyed myself, and your manicurist – palmist – was most interesting.'

Lord Arthur stood by the fire. Some guests left and some stayed. His sister walked past him to the supper table with Lord Plymdale, and Lord Arthur looked even more unhappy. He felt that something terrible was waiting in the future for him. He nearly cried to think that anything could possibly come between him and Sybil Merton.

*Lord Arthur  
stood by the fire.*





# ACTIVITIES

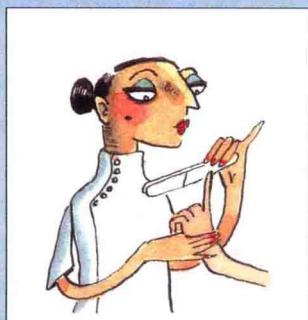
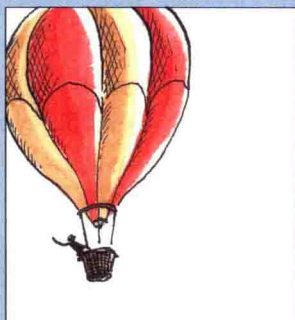
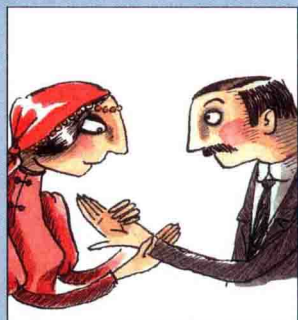
## READING CHECK

Are these sentences true or false? Tick the boxes.

	True	False
a There were a lot of important people at Lady Windermere's party.	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
b Lady Windermere believes everything that Mr Podgers tells her.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
c Lord Arthur Savile is happy when he thinks about Sybil Merton.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
d Mr Podgers looks like a murderer.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
e Mr Podgers reads Princess Sophia's hand at the party.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
f Lord Arthur Savile wants Mr Podgers to read his hand.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
g Lord Arthur Savile is going to marry a woman called Sybil.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
h Mr Podgers tells Lord Arthur exactly what he sees in his hand.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

## WORD WORK

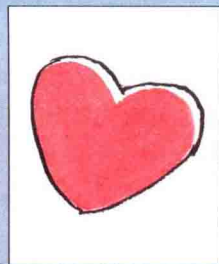
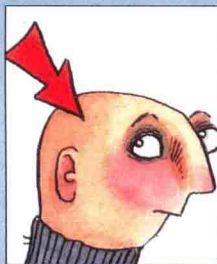
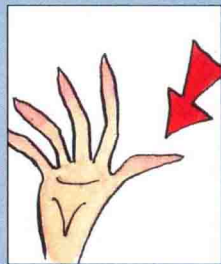
1 These words don't match the pictures. Correct them.



a ~~balloon~~ palmist

b manicurist \_\_\_\_\_

c palmist \_\_\_\_\_



d glove \_\_\_\_\_

e bald \_\_\_\_\_

f heart \_\_\_\_\_

g thumb \_\_\_\_\_

# ACTIVITIES

## 2 Complete these sentences with words from Chapter 1.

- a L ady Windermere has a house in the country and a house in London.  
 b Princess Sophia of Carlsruhe is a g \_\_\_\_\_ at the party in Bentinck House.  
 c Lady Windermere had many r \_\_\_\_\_ adventures when she was younger.  
 d The D \_\_\_\_\_ of Paisley and Lady Windermere talk a lot at the party.  
 e Arthur Savile, a young English L \_\_\_\_\_, listens to them.  
 f Mr Podgers can see the f \_\_\_\_\_ in people's hands.  
 g The Duchess has a long life l \_\_\_\_\_ on her hand.  
 h 'I haven't been to church to meet the new v \_\_\_\_\_ yet.'

## GUESS WHAT

What happens in the next chapter? Tick the boxes.



a Mr Podgers tells Lord Arthur ...

- 1 ☐ that he is going to die soon.  
 2 ☐ that he is going to kill someone.  
 3 ☐ that he is going to marry Sybil.



b Lord Arthur decides ...

- 1 ☐ to kill himself.  
 2 ☐ not to marry Sybil.  
 3 ☐ to kill someone in his family.

## A bloody crime

Lord Arthur Savile stood by the fire and his face was as white as stone. For the first time in his rich and careless life he felt deeply unhappy. Could Mr Podgers really see something terrible in his hand? Was it a bloody crime or something worse? Couldn't he escape from it in some way?

Suddenly Mr Podgers came back into the room. When he saw Lord Arthur, his face went green. For a minute both men were silent.

'The Duchess has left one of her gloves here. She asked me to bring it to her,' said Mr Podgers at last. 'Ah, I see it on that chair! Good night!'

'Mr Podgers, wait! Could you answer a question before you go? What did you see in my hand? I must know.'

'Why do you think I saw more than I told you, Lord Arthur?'

'I know that you did, and I'll pay you a hundred pounds if you tell me what it was. What is your address? I'll send you the money tomorrow.'

Mr Podgers' green eyes looked suddenly interested.

'Here is my visiting card,' he said, and he gave a small card to Lord Arthur, who read it:

MR SEPTIMUS R. PODGERS

PALMIST

103A WEST MOON STREET

'I am there from ten until four,' said Mr Podgers.

'Be quick, now!' said Lord Arthur. 'What do you see here?'



He held out his hand.

Mr Podgers closed the door.

'Very well, Lord Arthur. Please sit down.'

Ten minutes later, with a white face and wild eyes, Lord Arthur ran out of Bentinck House and down the street.

The night was very cold and windy, but his hands were hot and his face was on fire. He ran on and on. A policeman looked at him with interest when he ran past. Then a poor old man came up to ask him for some money, but when he looked into Lord Arthur's face, he felt afraid and he left the young man alone and didn't speak to him.

Suddenly Lord Arthur stopped under a street light and looked down at his hands. He thought he saw red blood on them and gave a cry.

Murder! That is what the palmist had told him. Murder! The night knew it. The wind **whispered** it in his ear. The dark corners of the street were full of it,

**whisper**

v. to speak very quietly

低语



*Lord Arthur looked down at his hands.*



and the houses along the street laughed about it.

First he came to the park where he listened to the silent trees. 'Murder! Murder! I'm going to murder someone!' he said to himself, shaking terribly. He felt a strong need to stop someone in the street and tell them everything.

Then he left the park, crossed Oxford Street and walked on, down poor, narrow streets. Two women in bright cheap dresses laughed at him when he walked past them. Now and

again he heard shouts and cries from the houses and he saw poor old people sitting in dark corners of the street.

At the corner of Rich Street he saw two men reading a **poster**. He crossed the street to look at it.

He read the poster many times and thought of the murderer running from the police. Perhaps one day they were going to put *his* name on a murder poster? The thought made him feel ill and he

## HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

We are looking for a murderer. Can you help us to find a man of between thirty and forty, wearing a black coat, grey trousers and a brown hat, and with a **scar** near his right eye?

**Police Reward £50**

### poster

*n.* a big piece of paper on a wall with words on it  
告示

### scar

*n.* a mark on your body from an old cut  
伤疤

### reward

*n.* money that you get for helping to find someone or something  
报酬

### servant

*n.* a person who works for someone rich  
仆人

turned and hurried on.

When the sun came up he found himself in Piccadilly Circus. From there he walked slowly home to Belgrave Square, looking up at the beautiful red sky. 'I hope that there won't be a storm later in the day,' he said to himself.

By the time he got to Belgrave Square the sky was a light blue and the birds were beginning to sing in the gardens.

When Lord Arthur woke up it was twelve o'clock and the sun was high in the sky. A **servant** brought him a cup of hot chocolate in bed. He drank it and then he got ready for his morning bath. He got into the deep water quickly and lay back in it. Then he put his head right under the water to wash away the terrible thoughts of the night before. When he got out of