

浓咖啡双语文经典



02



小妇人

Little Women

Louisa May Alcott

[美] 路易莎·梅·奥尔科特 著

配电影光盘



双盘装



中国对外翻译出版公司



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读“浓咖啡”双语经典

我们正面临着一个各种各样的思维方式和价值取向杂陈并存的众声喧哗的时代，我们需要塑造属于我们自己的时代的经典之作。殊不知，经典之所以成为经典，是历经了一个漫长而艰辛的过程，如同大浪淘沙。在一个相对短促的时期内，我们检验经典的成效自然大打折扣。因此，拥抱经典，无疑是我们获取有益人生经验的捷径！

“浓咖啡”双语经典丛书，将引领你与文学经典亲密接触。不知不觉间，你将沉浸在阅读的欢娱中爱不释手。在体味经典淡雅、隽永的芳香之时，你芜杂的心绪能得到最妥帖的慰藉。沉思移时，你将感谢大师们所馈赠的多汁、味美的精神食粮。面对当下物欲横流、日益喧嚣的世界，借助经典的辉光，你将会以从容的姿态寻找到最适合你的生存方式。

“浓咖啡”对原著进行必要的“节录”“浓缩”，既不失原著的主旨，又体现出巨著的精髓。同时配上经典影视光盘，并对名著中人物的不同汉译名称统一加注，使您在快节奏的今天，能在短时间内品味经典，体味人生。

让文学经典伴随我们漫漫人生路！

让我们在经典中沉醉，在经典中沉静，在经典中明心见性！

编 者





《小妇人》简介

路易莎·梅·奥尔科特 (Louisa May Alcott) 生于 1832 年，卒于 1888 年，美国作家。路易莎是位富有进取精神的人，年轻时曾教过书，做过护士，当过佣人。这些都为她创作《小妇人》提供了真实的素材。

路易莎十五岁开始写作，二十一岁开始发表作品。1868 年写成《小妇人》，打动了无数读者，特别是女性读者。她在书中所倡导的崇高精神，至今仍激励着一代又一代人。书中的故事，在今天还能勾起许多母亲对过去生活的美好回忆。

《小妇人》主要叙述马奇家的四个姐妹——梅格、乔、艾美、贝思是如何争取自力，又如何热爱家庭的。梅格爱慕虚荣，渴求变得高贵，但却放弃了继承马奇婶婶遗产的权利。乔善良纯真，对劳里的爱没有丝毫杂念，总是为别人打算。艾美热爱绘画，但她最终却放弃了追求最高境界的抱负，成为一个扶贫助困、具有高尚人格的人。贝思喜爱音乐，富有牺牲精神，为帮助赫梅尔一家而不幸染病。马奇家四姐妹的自尊和自立，体现了人性的尊严。

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CHAPTER 1

PLAYING PILGRIMS

'CHRISTMAS won't be Christmas without any presents, ' grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.

'It's so dreadful to be poor! ' sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress.

'I don't think it's fair for some girls to have plenty of pretty things, and other girls nothing at all, ' added little Amy, with an injured sniff.

'We've got father and mother and each other, ' said Beth, contentedly, from her corner.

The four young faces on which the firelight shone brightened at the cheerful words, but darkened again as Jo said sadly,

'We haven't got father, and shall not have him for a long time. ' She didn't say 'perhaps never, ' but each silently added it, thinking of father far away, where the fighting was.

Nobody spoke for a minute; then Meg said in an altered tone,

'You know the reason mother proposed not having any presents this Christmas was because it is going to be a hard winter for everyone; and she thinks we ought not to spend money for pleasure when our men are suffering so in the army. We can't do much, but we

can make our little sacrifices, and ought to do it gladly. But I am afraid I don't; ' and Meg shook her head, and she thought regretfully of all the pretty things she wanted.

...

As young readers like to know 'how people look, ' we will take this moment to give them a little sketch of the four sisters, who sat knitting away in the twilight, while the December snow fell quietly without, and the fire crackled cheerfully within. It was a comfortable old room, though the carpet was faded and the furniture very plain; for a good picture or two hung on the walls, books filled the recesses, chrysanthemums and Christmas roses bloomed in the windows, and a pleasant atmosphere of home-peace pervaded it.

Margaret, the eldest of the four, was sixteen, and very pretty, being plump and fair, with large eyes, plenty of soft, brown hair, a sweet mouth, and white hands, of which she was rather vain. Fifteen-year-old Jo was very tall, thin, and brown, and reminded one of a colt; for she never seemed to know what to do with her long limbs, which were very much in her way. She had a decided mouth, a comical nose, and sharp, grey eyes, which appeared to see everything, and were by turns fierce, funny, or thoughtful. Her long, thick hair was her one beauty; but it was usually bundled in a net, to be out of her way. Round shoulders had Jo, big hands and feet, a fly-away look to her clothes, and the uncomfortable appearance of a girl who was rapidly shooting up into a woman, and didn't like it. Elizabeth—or Beth, as everyone called her—was a rosy, smooth-haired, bright-eyed girl of thirteen, with a shy manner, a timid voice, and a peaceful expression, which was seldom disturbed. Her father called her 'Little Tranquility', and the name suited her excellently; for she seemed to live in a happy world of her own, only venturing out to meet the few whom she trusted and loved. Amy, though the youngest, was a most

important person—in her own opinion at least. A regular snow-maiden, with blue eyes, and yellow hair, curling on her shoulders, pale and slender, and always carrying herself like a young lady mindful of her manners. What the characters of the four sisters were we will leave to be found out.

...

'Well, dearies, how have you got on today? There was so much to do, getting the boxes ready to go tomorrow, that I didn't come home to dinner. Has anyone called, Beth? How is your cold, Meg? Jo, you look tired to death. Come and kiss me, baby.'

As they gathered about the table, Mrs March said, with a particularly happy face, 'I've got a treat for you after supper.'

A quick, bright smile went round like a streak of sunshine. Beth clapped her hands, regardless of the biscuit she held, and Jo tossed up her napkin, crying, 'A letter! a letter! Three cheers for father!'

'Yes, a nice long letter. He is well, and thinks he shall get through the cold season better than we feared. He sends all sorts of loving wishes for Christmas, and an especial message to you girls,' said Mrs March, patting her pocket as if she had got a treasure there.

'I think it was so splendid of father to go as chaplain when he was too old to be drafted, and not strong enough for a soldier,' said Meg, warmly.

They all drew to the fire, mother in the big chair, with Beth at her feet, Meg and Amy perched on either arm of the chair, and Jo leaning on the back, where no one would see any sign of emotion if the letter should happen to be touching. Very few letters were written in those hard times that were not touching, especially those which fathers sent home. In this one little was said of the hardships endured, the dangers faced, or the home-

sickness conquered; it was a cheerful, hopeful letter, full of lively descriptions of camp life, marches, and military news; and only at the end did the writer's heart overflow with fatherly love and longing for the little girls at home.

'Give them all my dear love and a kiss. Tell them I think of them by day, pray for them by night, and find my best comfort in their affection at all times. A year seems very long to wait before I see them, but remind them that while we wait we may all work, so that these hard days need not be wasted. I know they will remember all I said to them, that they will be loving children to you, will do their duty faithfully, fight their bosom enemies bravely, and conquer themselves so beautifully, that when I come back to them I may be fonder and prouder than ever of my little women.'

Everybody sniffed when they came to that part; Jo wasn't ashamed of the great tear that dropped off the end of her nose, and Amy never minded the rumpling of her curls as she hid her face on her mother's shoulder and sobbed out, *'I am a selfish girl! but I'll truly try to be better, so he mayn't be disappointed in me by band by.'*

...



第一章

朝 圣

“没有礼物的圣诞节就不是圣诞节。”躺在小毛毯上的乔小声地咕哝着。

“贫困真可怕！”梅格低头看着身上的旧衣服，发出一声叹息。

“有些姑娘有许多好东西，可有些人一无所有，我觉得这不公平。”小艾美哼着鼻子加了一句。

“我们有父母双亲。”角落里的贝思争辩着说。

这句欢乐的话使四张炉火映照的青春的脸亮了一下，但马上又暗了下来，因为乔又忧伤地说：

“我们没有父亲，而且将很长时间没有。”她虽没说“也许永远没有。”但每个人都默默地加上了它，想着远方正在作战的父亲。

大家一时都无话可说；于是梅格换了个口气说：

“你们知道妈妈建议今天圣诞节不给礼物的原因在于今年冬天对每个人来讲都将是严冬；她认为当男人们在部队里受着严冬煎熬时我们不应该花钱享乐。我们虽然做不了很多，但可以做一点儿牺牲，而且应该乐于如此。不过我恐怕不乐意”；梅格摇着脑袋，她一想到那些梦寐以求的漂亮礼物就遗憾。

.....

由于年青读者想知道“她们的模样”，我们就借此机会粗略描绘一下四姐妹的外貌，她们正坐在黄昏的余辉下做针线，外面十二月的冬雪正悄无声息地落下，





屋内炉火在欢快地噼叭作响。这是间舒适的旧房子，尽管地毯已褪色，家具也很简单；墙上挂着一两幅画，壁橱内放满了书，窗台上的菊花和圣诞花正在绽放，屋内充满了家庭宁静、温馨的气氛。

四姐妹中的大姐，玛格丽特，十六岁，非常漂亮，体态丰盈而匀称，大眼睛，棕色头发柔软而浓密，甜甜的微笑，白皙的手臂，这一切令她颇为自得。十五岁的乔又高又瘦，皮肤棕黑，见了让人想起小公马；她好象从不知道把自己修长的四肢放在何处，因为它们相当碍事。她嘴巴刚毅，鼻子俊俏，灰色的眼睛敏锐异常，似乎能看穿一切，眼神时而炽热如火，时而略显调皮，时而若有所思。浓密的长发是她的一个闪光点，但通常为了方便而束在网内。乔的双肩圆润，大手大腿，衣服又肥又大，她正在迅速发育成一个成熟的女性，姑娘的尴尬神情显示了这一阶段的无奈。伊丽莎白——或称贝思，因为每个人都这么叫她——是一个十三岁的女孩，皮肤红润，头发润华，眼睛明亮，举止羞涩，嗓音羞怯，神态宁静而安详。她的父亲叫她“小宁静”，这个名字对她极为合适；因为她看起来就象住在自己的快乐王国，只敢出来与自己最信任最亲近的少数几个人相见。艾美——尽管最小，却是最重要的一个人物——至少她自己这样认为。她长得端庄秀丽，雪白的皮肤，蓝色的眼睛，金色的头发，卷曲着披落肩头，一副举止讲究的淑女风度。四姐妹的性格如何将是大家以后可以看到的。

.....

“宝贝们，你们今天过得怎么样？我的事情太多，得准备好明天出发的箱子，所以没回来吃午饭。有人来过吗？梅格，你的感冒怎样了？乔，你看样子非常疲



惫。来亲亲我，孩子。”

当她们围坐在桌子旁，马奇太太脸上快乐异常，说：“吃完饭后，我有一样好东西给你们。”

阳光般灿烂的微笑立刻浮现在四姐妹的脸上。贝思顾不得手里握着饼干就拍起手来，乔把餐巾一抛，叫着“信，一封信，爸爸万岁！”

“是的，一封令人愉快的长信。他很好，并认为冬天不像我们担心的那样难熬。他祝我们圣诞快乐、万事如意，还特别问候姑娘们。”马奇太太边说边摸口袋，仿佛她拿出的是珍宝。

“我想爸爸作随军牧师真是太好了，因为他已超过入伍年龄，身体也不适合当兵。”梅格热切地说。

他们都围在炉火边，母亲坐在大椅子上，贝思坐在她脚底下，梅格和艾米一边一个靠在椅子扶手上，乔靠在椅子背上，这样当信读到感人的地方别人注意不到她表情的变化。在那个艰难岁月里没有几封信不是感人至深、催人泪下的，尤其是那些父亲们的家书。在这封信中，几乎没有经历的磨难，面临的危险或是困扰的思乡之情；这是封令人振奋、充满希望的来信，全是对军旅生活、行军、军事新闻的生动描绘；只是在结尾才吐露出父亲的关爱和对家人的思念之情。

“给她们献上我所有的挚爱和吻。告诉她们我每天都思念她们，每晚都为她们祷祈，我每时每刻都从她们的爱中找到安慰。在见到她们之前一年的等待似乎有些漫长，提醒她们我们在等待中可以工作，这样艰难的岁月就不会荒废。我知道她们会记住我说的全部话语，她们是



你的好孩子，忠诚地履行自己的责任，勇敢地与自我斗争，善于控制自己，当我回家时，我会更喜爱我的小妇人，更为她们感到自豪。”

当念到此处时，每个人都抽泣起来；乔一点儿也不为大滴泪水滚到鼻子上感到难为情，艾美把脸埋在母亲的肩膀上哭泣着，丝毫不知泪水已打湿了卷发，“我是个自私的女孩！但我会努力做得更好，他就不会对我失望。”

.....



CHAPTER 2

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Jo was the first to wake in the grey dawn of Christmas morning. No stockings hung at the fireplace, and for a moment she felt as much disappointed as she did long ago, when her little sock fell down because it was so crammed with goodies. Then she remembered her mother's promise, and, slipping her hand under her pillow, drew out a little crimson-covered book. She knew it very well, for it was that beautiful old story of the best life ever lived, and Jo felt that it was a true guide-book for any pilgrim going the long journey. She woke Meg with a 'Merry Christmas, ' and bade her see what was under her pillow. A green-covered book appeared, with the same picture inside, and a few words written by their mother, which made their one present very precious in their eyes. Presently Beth and Amy woke, to rummage and find their little books also—one, dove-coloured, the other blue; and all sat looking at and talking about them, while the east grew rosy with the coming day.

'Where is Mother? ' asked Meg, as she and Jo ran down to thank her for their gifts, half an hour later.

'Goodness only knows. Some poor creeter come a-beggin' , and your ma went straight off to see what was needed. There never was such a woman for givin' away vittles