

浓咖啡双语经典



09

Jane Eyre

简

· 爱

Charlotte Brontë

[英] 夏洛蒂·勃朗特 著



配电影光盘



双盘装



中国对外翻译出版公司

浓咖啡双语经典丛书

# 简·爱

*JANE EYRE*

*Charlotte Brontë*

[英] 夏洛蒂·勃朗特 著

王占青 译



中国对外翻译出版公司

---

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

简爱/(英) 勃朗特 (Bronte, C.) 著; 王占青译.

—北京: 中国对外翻译出版公司, 2005.1

(浓咖啡双语经典系列)

ISBN 7-5001-1314-5

I. 简... II. ①勃... ②王... III. 英语 对照读物,  
小说-英、汉 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2004) 第 134791 号

---

出版发行 / 中国对外翻译出版公司

地 址 / 北京市西城区车公庄大街甲 4 号物华大厦六层

电 话 / (010) 68002481 68002482

邮 编 / 100044

传 真 / (010) 68002480

E-mail: ctpc@public.bta.net.cn

http://www.ctpc.com.cn

策划编辑 / 铁 钧 责任编辑 / 又 林 育 超

责任校对 / 李 歌 排 版 / 大汉方圆图文设计制作中心

印 刷 / 北京东方七星印刷厂

经 销 / 新华书店北京发行所

规 格 / 787×1092 毫米 1/24

印 张 / 8.75

版 次 / 2005 年 1 月第一版

印 次 / 2005 年 1 月第二次

印 数 / 5001-10000 册

---

ISBN 7-5001-1314-5/H·410 定价: 18.00 元



版权所有 侵权必究  
中国对外翻译出版公司

## 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。在快节奏的今天，使您在短时间品味经典，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





# 目 录

## CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1	1	CHAPTER 10	47
第一章	4	第十章	50
CHAPTER 2	7	CHAPTER 11	52
第二章	8	第十一章	55
CHAPTER 3	9	CHAPTER 12	58
第三章	11	第十二章	61
CHAPTER 4	13	CHAPTER 13	63
第四章	18	第十三章	66
CHAPTER 5	22	CHAPTER 15	69
第五章	24	第十五章	73
CHAPTER 7	26	CHAPTER 16	77
第七章	30	第十六章	79
CHAPTER 8	34	CHAPTER 17	81
第八章	36	第十七章	83
CHAPTER 9	38	CHAPTER 18	85
第九章	43	第十八章	87

CHAPTER 19

第十九章

CHAPTER 21

第二十一章

CHAPTER 22

第二十二章

CHAPTER 23

第二十三章

CHAPTER 24

第二十四章

CHAPTER 25

第二十五章

CHAPTER 26

第二十六章

CHAPTER 27

第二十七章

89

91

93

96

99

101

103

113

122

127

131

136

140

145

149

155

CHAPTER 29

第二十九章

CHAPTER 31

第三十一章

CHAPTER 33

第三十三章

CHAPTER 34

第三十四章

CHAPTER 36

第三十六章

CHAPTER 37

第三十七章

CHAPTER 38

第三十八章

160

162

164

166

168

171

174

175

176

184

191

195

199

202

# 目 录

## CONTENTS



## CHAPTER 1

...

Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand; to the left were the clear panes of glass, protecting, but not separating me from the drear November day. At intervals, while turning over the leaves in my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar, it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near, a scene of wet lawn and storm-beat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast.

...

John Reed was a schoolboy of fourteen years old; four years older than I, for I was but ten; large and stout for his age, with a dingy and unwholesome skin; thick lineaments in a spacious visage, heavy limbs and large extremities. He gorged himself habitually at table, which made him bilious, and gave him a dim and bleared eye with flabby cheeks. He ought now to have been at school; but his mamma had taken him home for a month or two, 'on account of his delicate health'. Mr Miles, the master, affirmed that he would do very well if he had fewer cakes and sweetmeats sent him from home; but the mother's heart turned from an opinion so harsh, and inclined rather to the more refined idea that John's sallowness was owing to over-application, and, perhaps, to pining after home.



JANE EYRE



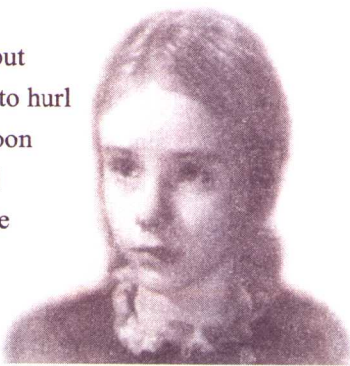
John had not much affection for his mother and sisters, and an antipathy to me. He bullied and punished me; not two or three times in the week, nor once or twice in a day, but continually: every nerve I had feared him, and every morsel of flesh on my bones shrank when he came near. There were moments when I was bewildered by the terror he inspired, because I had no appeal whatever against either his menaces or his inflictions; the servants did not like to offend their young master by taking my part against him, and Mrs Reed was blind and deaf on the subject; she never saw him strike or heard him abuse me, though he did both now and then in her very presence; more frequently, however, behind her back.

...

'You have no business to take our books; you are a dependant, mamma says; you have no money; your father left you none; you ought to beg, and not to live here with gentlemen's children like us, and eat the same meals we do, and wear clothes at our mamma's expense. Now, I'll teach you to rummage my book-shelves: for they are mine; all the house belongs to me, or will do in a few years. Go and stand by the door, out of the way of the mirror and the windows.'

I did so, not at first aware what was his intention; but when I saw him lift and poise the book and stand in act to hurl it, I instinctively started aside with a cry of alarm: not soon enough, however; the volume was flung, it hit me, and I fell, striking my head against the door and cutting it. The cut bled, the pain was sharp: my terror had passed its climax; other feelings succeeded.

'Wicked and cruel boy!' I said. 'You are like





a murderer—you are like a slave-driver—you are like the Roman emperors!"

...

He ran headlong at me: I felt him grasp my hair and my shoulder: he had closed with a desperate thing. I really saw in him a tyrant: a murderer. I felt a drop or two of blood from my head trickle down my neck, and was sensible of somewhat pungent suffering: these sensations for the time predominated over fear, and I received him in frantic sort. I don't very well know what I did with my hands, but he called me 'Rat! rat!' and bellowed out aloud. Aid was near him: Eliza and Georgiana had run for Mrs Reed, who was gone upstairs; she now came upon the scene, followed by Bessie and her maid Abbot. We were parted: I heard the words—

'Dear! Dear! What a fury to fly at Master John!'


...

Then Mrs Reed subjoined: 'Take her away to the red-room, and lock her in there,' Four hands were immediately laid upon me, and I was borne upstairs.



JANE EYRE .....





# 第一章

.....

绯红色窗幔的皱褶挡住了我右侧的视线；左侧是明亮的玻璃窗，保护着我，使我既免受十一月阴沉天气的折磨，又不会与外界隔绝。在翻书的间隙，我观察着冬日下午的景色。远方是一片白茫茫的云雾，近处是一块湿漉漉的草地和饱受风雨摧残的灌木。一阵阵凄厉的狂风伴着连绵的暴雨狂野地冲刷着眼前的一切。

.....

约翰·里德是个十四岁的小学生，比我大四岁，因为我才十岁。相对于他的年龄而言，他长得又大又壮，但肤色灰暗，一副病态。他的脸盘很阔，四肢粗大。他吃饭时常常狼吞虎咽，这使他肝火很旺，眼睛黯淡无光，面颊松弛。现在他本该呆在学校，但他妈把他领了回来，准备在家住上一两个月，理由是“身体欠佳”。但他的老师迈尔斯先生却断言，如果家里少送些糕点、糖果，他肯定会什么都很好。做妈妈的心里对这样尖锐的意见是难以接受的，而倾向于一种比较高雅的想法，认为约翰是过于用功，或许还因为想家，才弄得那么面黄肌瘦的。

约翰对母亲和姐妹们没有多少感情，对我则更是厌恶。他欺侮我，责罚我，不是一周三两次，也不是一天一两回，而是经常如此：我的每根神经都对他发怵，每当他走近我的时候，我身上的每块肌肉都会收缩起来。我经常被他突发的行为吓得手足无措，因为面对他的恐吓和欺侮，我无处哭诉。佣人们不愿站在我一边



去得罪他们的少爷，而里德太太则对此装聋作哑、充耳不闻。她从没看过她儿子打骂过我，尽管里德经常就当着她的面这样做，而背着她打骂我的次数不用说就更多了。

.....

“你无权动我们的书。妈妈说你是个寄生虫。你没有钱，你爸爸什么也没给你留下，你应当去讨饭，不能与我们这样体面人家的孩子住在一起，同我们吃一样的饭，穿我妈妈花钱买的衣服。现在我要教训教训你，因为你翻了我们的书架，而那些书都是我的，整座房子都是我的，或者说过几年就归我了。滚到门边去，离镜子和窗子

远点儿。”

我照他的话做了，起初并不知道他意欲何为，但是他举起书，拿稳当了，摆出要扔过来的架势时，我一声惊叫，本能地往旁边一闪，可是晚了，那本书已经飞过来了，正好打中了我，我应声倒地，脑袋撞在门上，碰出了一道口子。伤口流出了血，阵阵刺痛。恐惧已经越过了极限，其他的情感随之而至。

“你这个邪恶冷酷的孩子！”我说，“你像个杀人犯——奴隶监工——罗马皇帝！”

.....

他直向我扑过来：我觉得他抓住了我的头发和肩膀，他跟一个疯狂的东西扭打在一起。我看出他真是个暴君、杀人犯。我觉得一两滴血从头上顺着脖子淌下来，火辣辣地疼。这些感觉一度使我不再畏惧，发疯似的同他对打起来。我不知道自己的双手到底干了什么，只听得他骂我“讨厌鬼！讨厌鬼！”，同时大声地嚎叫



着。他的帮手就要来了，伊丽莎和乔治亚娜早已跑出去叫楼上的里德太太。她来到现场时，后面跟随着贝茜和女佣艾博特。她们把我们拉开了，我听见她们说：

“天啊！对约翰少爷发这么大的火！”

.....

随后里德太太补充说：“把她带到红房子里去，锁起来。”四只手立刻抓住了我，我被抬到楼上。





## CHAPTER 2

...

The red-room was a spare chamber, very seldom slept in: I might say never.

...

Mr Reed had been dead nine years: it was in this chamber he breathed his last; here he lay in state; hence his coffin was borne by the undertaker's men; and, since that day, a sense of dreary consecration had guarded it from frequent intrusion.

...



JANE EYRE .....







## 第二章

.....

红房子是间空闲的卧房，很少有人在里面过夜。也许我可以说：从来没有。

.....

里德先生已经死了九年：他就是在这间房子里咽气的，遗体也放在这里，他的棺材由殡葬工人从这里抬走。从此这里便弥漫着一种阴森忧伤的气氛，叫人们不愿来此。

.....





## CHAPTER 3

...

The good apothecary appeared a little puzzled. I was standing before him: he fixed his eyes on me very steadily: his eyes were small and gray, not very bright; but I dare say I should think them shrewd now: he had a hard-featured yet good-natured looking face. Having considered me at leisure, he said, 'What made you ill yesterday?'

'She had a fall,' said Bessie, again putting in her word.

'Fall! why, that is like a baby again! Can't she manage to walk at her age? She must be eight or nine years old.'

'I was knocked down,' was the blunt explanation, jerked out of me by another pang of mortified pride; 'but that did not make me ill,' I added; while Mr Lloyd helped himself to a pinch of snuff.

...

'The fall did not make you ill; what did, then?' pursued Mr Lloyd, when Bessie was gone.

'I was shut up in a room where there is a ghost, till after dark.'

I saw Mr Lloyd smile and frown at the same time. 'Ghost! What, you are a baby after all! You are afraid of ghosts?'



JANE EYRE .....



'Of Mr Reed's ghost I am; he died in that room, and was laid out there. Neither Bessie nor any one else will go into it at night, if they can help it; and it was cruel to shut me up alone without a candle—so cruel that I think I shall never forget it.'

'Nonsense! And is it that makes you so miserable? Are you afraid now in daylight?'

'No: but night will come again before long; and besides, I am unhappy—very unhappy, for other things.'

'What other things? Can you tell me some of them?'

...

'For one thing, I have no father or mother, brothers or sisters.'

'You have a kind aunt and cousins.'

Again I paused; then bunglingly enounced,

'But John Reed knocked me down, and my aunt shut me up in the red-room.'

Mr Lloyd a second time produced his snuff-box.

...

'Would you like to go to school?'

...

'I should indeed like to go to school,' was the audible conclusion of my musings.

...



简·爱



# 第三章

.....

好心的药剂师显得有些莫名其妙。我站在他面前，他目不转睛地瞧着我。他的眼睛小且呈灰色，并不明亮，但我应当说现在我认为它们非常锐利。他的相貌严厉而温和，他从容地打量了我一番后说：“昨天你怎么得的病？”

“她跌了一跤。”贝茜又插嘴说。

“跌跤！那是小孩子的把戏！她这样年纪还不会走路？她总得有八九岁了吧。”

“我被人打倒了，”自尊心再次受到伤害引起的一阵痛楚使我冒昧地作了这样的辩解，“但那并没有使我生病。”我趁劳埃德先生取了一撮鼻烟吸起来时接着说。

.....

“跌跤不会使你生病，那么是什么原因呢？”当贝茜一离开，劳埃德先生赶紧问道。

“他们把我关在一间闹鬼的房子里，直到天黑。”

我看到劳埃德先生微微一笑，又皱了皱眉，“鬼！哎，你毕竟是个孩子！你怕鬼吗？”

“我怕里德先生的鬼魂，他就死在那间房子里，还停在那儿。如果有别的办法，贝茜和其他人晚上都不进那个房间。把我一个人关在里面，也没有蜡烛，心肠那么狠，我一辈子都不会忘。”



JANE EYRE .....

