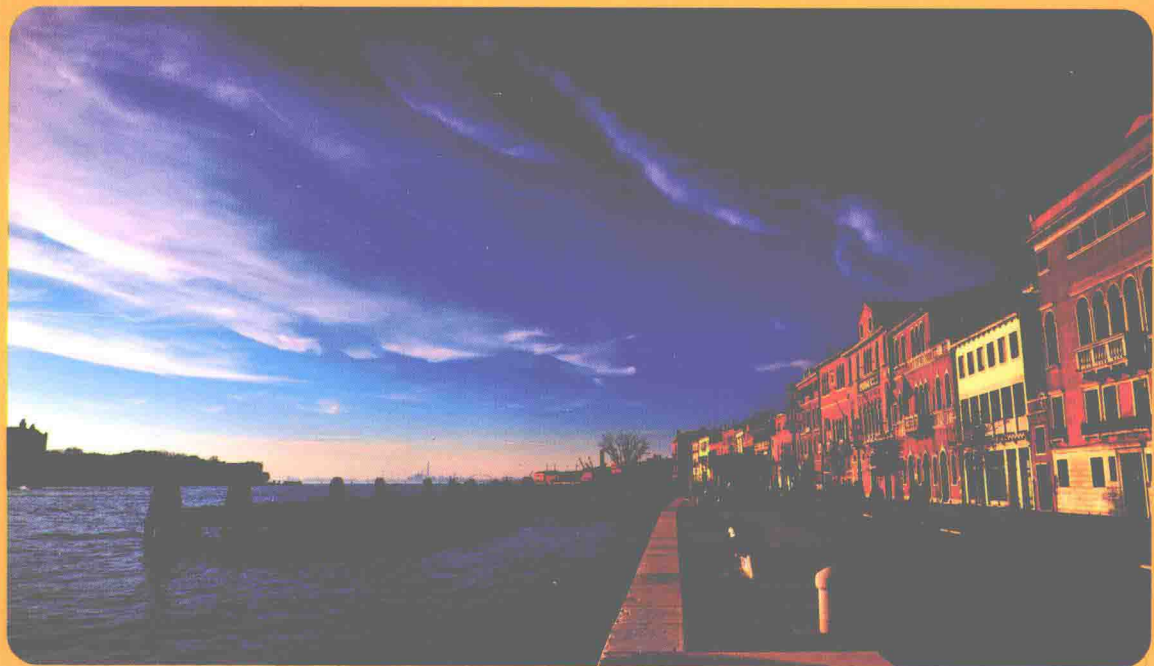


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晨读夜诵

英语经典短篇小说大全集

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晨读夜诵

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序言 Preface

用英语“悦读”世界

培根曾说“读书足以怡情，足以博彩，足以长才。”这位英国的大思想家将“怡情”放在第一位，不能不说是有深意的。若是抹去了读书的愉悦，“博彩”和“长才”也就仿佛失去了厚实的根基，徒留浮华的表面。读英语也是如此，若是抛弃了阅读的趣味，各类考试、考级也最终会成为空中楼阁，经不起现实生活的考验。

其实英语阅读带给我们的又岂止是知识或才能？它展现给我们的是一个更为广阔的世界。

在阅读中，我们感受独特的风情。这里有 *Robinson Crusoe*（《鲁滨逊漂流记》）中坚定无畏的冒险与开拓，有 *Pilgrim's Progress*（《天路历程》）中闪耀着宗教神圣之光的虔诚与信念，有 *A Midsummer Night's Dream*（《仲夏夜之梦》）般喧闹的幻想与狂欢，也有 *Sherlock Holmes*（《福尔摩斯探案集》）中熠熠生辉的科学 with 理性。

在阅读中，我们体验语言的魅力。当我们读到《老人与海》那句“A man can be destroyed but not defeated.（一个人可以被毁灭，但不能被打败。）”时，我们忍不住惊讶，震撼的思想竟可以用如此简单的文字凝结。当我们读到《西风颂》中的“If winter comes, can spring be far behind?（如果冬天来了，春天还会远吗？）”时，我们又忍不住赞叹，悠远的哲思竟可以与抑扬的韵律如此巧妙地融合。然而，也许我们自己都不会意识到，在阅读过程中，这些英语文字已然悄无声息地潜入我们的内心，缓缓沉淀，直至融入我们自己的语言。



在阅读中,我们感悟生命的成长。英文经典,披沙沥金,闪耀着人类共同的智慧之光。无论是狄更斯的 *Great Expectation* (《远大前程》),还是海伦·凯勒的 *Three Days to See* (《假如给我三天光明》),这些曾经激扬着西方一代人的篇章,同样会激励着这个时代的我们。将自身成长中的迷茫与痛苦、激情与喜悦,置于人类更广阔的精神世界,我们便会发现,我们的心灵得到抚慰,视野得以拓展,生命获得意义……

最后用林语堂先生的一句话作结:“没有阅读习惯的人,往往被禁锢于眼前的世界……但当他拿起一本书时,他会立刻进入一个不同的世界。”这也正是我们编写本系列丛书的目的所在,希望这套“英语阅读”丛书带你“悦读”这个别样的世界。

上海外国语大学教授 冯庆华





目录

Contents



命运之手

- 002 • The Story of An Hour 一小时的故事
009 • The Lady or the Tiger 美女还是老虎
016 • Necklace 项链
031 • David Swan 大卫·斯旺
044 • News of the Engagement 订婚的消息
053 • Mr. Know-All 无所不知先生
063 • The Egg 鸡蛋



生生不息

- 072 • The Last Leaf 最后一片叶子
080 • The Law of Life 生命的法则
087 • Love of Life 热爱生命
094 • A Piece of Steak 一块牛排
101 • Quality 品质



荧幕经典

- 114 • The Great Gatsby: Daisy's Past 了不起的盖茨比:黛西的往事
122 • The Great Gatsby: Renewed Romance 了不起的盖茨比:前缘再续
131 • The Curious Case of Benjamin Button: Birth of the Old Man
 本杰明·巴顿奇事:老头诞生记
141 • The Curious Case of Benjamin Button: Misplaced Love
 本杰明·巴顿奇事:错位的爱情
150 • The Million Pound Note: A Huge Bet 百万英镑:身陷赌局
158 • The Million Pound Note: Fame and Fortune 百万英镑:名利双收
- 



爱的眷顾



- 168 • A Service of Love 爱的牺牲
 176 • The Gift of the Magi 麦琪的礼物
 184 • The Romance of a Busy Broker 证券经纪人的浪漫故事
 194 • The Nightingale and the Rose 夜莺与玫瑰
 203 • The Happy Prince 快乐王子
 210 • The Little Girl 小女孩
 222 • Feuille d'Album 画册的一页



世间百态



- 230 • Dusk 黄昏
 239 • The Cop and the Anthem 警察与赞美诗
 247 • My Uncle Jules 我的叔叔于勒
 255 • A Chameleon 变色龙
 264 • The Death of a Government Clerk 小公务员之死
 272 • Fat and Thin 胖子和瘦子
 278 • Running for Governor 竞选州长



奇谈怪传



- 286 • The Tell-tale Heart 泄密的心
 293 • The Black Cat 黑猫
 300 • The Masque of the Red Death 红死魔的面具
 307 • The Fall of the House of Usher 厄舍府的倒塌
 312 • A Rose for Emily 献给埃米莉的玫瑰
 321 • The Open Window 敞开着的窗户
 330 • The Monkey's Paw 猴爪



吾国吾民



- 344 • Two Friends 两个朋友
- 355 • Boule de Suif; Dainties of Boule de Suif 羊脂球:羊脂球的美食
- 365 • Boule de Suif; Collective Violence 羊脂球: 集体暴力
- 373 • Mademoiselle Fifi 菲菲小姐
- 383 • The Last Lesson 最后一课
- 391 • A Horseman in the Sky (1) 空中骑士(上)
- 399 • A Horseman in the Sky (2) 空中骑士(下)





命运之手



She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

她简短地做了个祈祷，希望生命能够长久。而就在昨天，她一想到漫长的人生就不寒而栗。

——凯特·肖邦 《一小时的故事》



The Story of An Hour

一小时的故事

凯特·肖邦(Kate Chopin)



作者介绍

凯特·肖邦(1851—1904),美国小说家,曾被誉为“美国女权主义文学创作的先驱之一”。她早年丧夫,人到中年后创作了大量女性主题的文学作品,因大胆探讨女性意识的崛起而引起美国文坛的震动,其作品因提出过于前卫而露骨的女性诉求,甚至遭到排斥。《觉醒》(*Awakening*)是其最出名的长篇小说。



作品介绍

《一小时的故事》讲述了一位女性在得知丈夫死讯之后的意外经历。马拉德在铁路灾难中死去,马拉德夫人因为心脏有疾病,亲友们将消息十分婉转地告诉了她。她在短暂的伤心之后,意识到丈夫去世之后她将得到身体与心灵的解放。她十分欢喜,正准备迎接新的生活,却看到了丈夫推门而入——原来他根本没有在事故现场。惊吓过度的马拉德夫人因心脏病突发而死去。

① Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted¹ with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure

1 afflict vt. 使痛苦

① 编者注:本书中,该序号用于分别标记英文和中文段落,以方便读者对应查找

himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall¹ any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

② She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver² with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler³ was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

③ There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob⁴ came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke⁵ repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

1 forstall *vt.* 抢在……前行动

2 aquiver *adj.* 颤抖的

3 peddler *n.* 小贩

4 sob *n.* 啜泣

5 bespeak *vt.* 表示

④ There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously¹. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will — as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under the breath: “free, free, free!” The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted² perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial³. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession⁴ of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

⑤ There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose⁵ a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination⁶.

And yet she had loved him — sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this

1 tumultuously *adv.* 喧闹地

2 exalted *adj.* 兴奋的

3 trivial *adj.* 不重要的

4 procession *n.* 一排

5 impose *vt.* 强加

6 illumination *n.* 照明

possession of self-assertion¹ which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

“Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

⑥ Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhold, imploring² for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door — you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir³ of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

⑦ She arose at length and opened the door to her sister’s importunities⁴. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly⁵ like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister’s waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine’s piercing cry; at Richards’ quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease — of the joy that kills.

1 self-assertion *n.* 自信

2 implore *vt.* 恳求或乞求

3 elixir *n.* 长生不老药

4 importunity *n.* 强求

5 unwittingly *adv.* 不知不觉地





① 由于马拉德夫人有心脏病，大家都小心翼翼地用尽量温和的语气告诉她马拉德先生去世的消息。

她的姐姐约瑟芬支支吾吾、半遮半掩地向她透露了这件事。她丈夫的朋友理查德也在她身旁。当铁路发生事故的消息传到邮局时，理查德正好在那里。死亡名单上第一个就是布伦特利·马拉德的名字。理查德等到了第二封电报，证实了消息属实，就赶忙回来，免得一些不够谨慎体贴的人将消息告诉马拉德夫人。

② 许多女人在听到丈夫去世的噩耗后，都无法接受这一残酷的事实，而马拉德夫人并不是这样。她当时一瞬间就倒在自己姐姐怀中放声大哭，在那一刻猛烈地释放出来。当狂风般的伤痛逐渐过去后，她独自走回了房间，不让一个人跟着她。

房中立着一把宽大而舒适的扶手椅，正对着敞开的窗户。身体的疲惫使马拉德夫人软弱无力，失魂落魄。她一下子坐到了椅子上。

她可以看见屋前院子里的树梢，它们摆动着，充满了春天的生机。空气中还有一丝雨后的芬芳气息。街道上有个小贩在大声叫卖，远处隐约传来一阵歌声，屋檐下数不清的麻雀在叽叽喳喳地唱着。

③ 层层叠叠的云朵出现在窗外西边的天空中，中间透出一片片蓝天。

她坐在那里，头枕在靠垫上一动也不动，直到一阵抽泣涌上喉头，让她全身颤抖，正如一个在哭声中入睡的孩子在梦中仍在哭泣一样。

她还年轻，有着一张美丽而娴静的面孔。脸上的线条显得压抑，又包含着一种力量。而她现在双眼无神，愣愣地盯着远处的蓝天。那眼神中并无丝毫的沉思，而是思维的暂时停顿。

④ 有一种东西正在向她靠近。她等待着它的到来，但又充满了恐惧。到底是什么东西？她并不清楚，它太微妙，太难以名状。但她毕竟感受到了——它从天空里爬出来，穿过空气中的声音、气味和色彩向她走来。

她的胸脯开始剧烈地起伏。她逐渐明白了这个前来占有她的东西究竟是什么。她努力用自己的意志将这个东西抵挡回去——可她的意志就像她两只纤白的手一样软弱无力。就在她放弃抵抗时，微微张开的双唇之间轻轻地蹦出了这样的话，她一遍又一遍地低声重复：“自由，自由，自由！”空洞的眼神和随之而来的恐惧神情从她眼中消失了，取而代之的是热切的目光。她的脉搏剧烈地跳动着，流动的血液温暖、松弛了她每一寸肌肤。

她并没有冷静下来，思考自己是不是被猛兽般的喜悦附了身。有一种清晰的、兴奋的感觉告诉她，是与否都已经无足轻重了。她知道，当自己看到丈夫交叉在冰冷胸前的温柔体贴的双手时，看到一张灰暗僵死的曾充满对妻子爱恋的面孔时，还是会流泪。但她还看到，这痛苦的一刻过去后，她将迎来很长一段完全属于自己的岁月，她向它们展开双臂迎接。

⑤ 接下来的日子，她不需要为任何人而活，除了她自己。曾经有盲目顽固的信念造就的强大意志让她屈从——世间的男女都相信自己有将个人意志强加于人的权利，而这种意志今后也不会存在了。当她心念一闪的瞬间，她觉得无论是出于善意还是恶意，这种强加意志的做法都无异于犯罪。

但她毕竟爱过自己的丈夫——她有时爱他，但更多的时候并没有。那又怎么样呢！她突然感受到自己生命中最强烈的冲动来自于自我的意识，在这种意识面前，爱情这个不解之谜又算什么。

“自由！身体和灵魂的自由！”她喃喃地说个不停。

⑥ 约瑟芬跪在紧闭的房门外，双唇贴着钥匙孔，乞求马拉德夫人让她进去。“露易丝，开开门！求求你，开门吧——你这样会生病的。露易丝，你在做什么呢？看在老天的分上快开门吧。”

“走开。我不会把自己弄病的。”她不会，她正透过敞开的窗户，吮吸生命的甘露。

她的遐想超越了她的身体，在未来的岁月中疾驰。春日，夏日，所有的日子都将属于她自己。她简短地做了个祈祷，希望生命能够长久。而就在昨天，她一想到漫长的人生就不寒而栗。



⑦ 她最终站起身,给心急火燎的姐姐开了门。她的眼中闪烁着炽热的凯旋,难掩自己胜利女神般的姿态。她搂住了姐姐的腰,两人一同走下了楼梯。理查德在楼梯口等着她们。

有人用钥匙打开了前门——是布伦特利·马拉德先生。他风尘仆仆,却仍从容地拎着旅行包和伞走了进来。事故发生的时候他并不在场,甚至根本都不知道发生了什么。他一进门就呆住了——约瑟芬发出了尖叫,理查德慌忙跑去,想要将他挡在露易丝的视线之外。

医生说马拉德夫人因发心脏病而死——欢愉夺走了她的性命。

作品赏析

小说《一小时的故事》以刻画女性的内心世界为主,以细腻隽永的语言、自然转换的视角和出人意料的结局,塑造了一个站在道德与自由边缘的新女性形象。

作者本人是女性,描写的又是女性敏感多变的心理,所以遣词造句尤其注重细节。在讲述马拉德夫人从哀伤到喜悦的心情变化时,作者并没有直接进行人物心理描述,而是首先带入了窗外清新怡人的自然景色——充满春天气息的树梢、蓝蓝的天空和洁白的云朵,通过充满活力的大自然,用象征的手法反映了主人公此时对美好未来的渴望。小说还运用了多视角转换的表现手法,使故事读起来一波三折,令人回味。开篇用第三人称限知视角,客观地描述了人物与事件,并且巧妙地通过亲友对马拉德夫人情绪的保护展示了社会的道德标准——一个女人在丧夫之时的表现应该是十分痛苦的。而这时作者又转入了全知视角,描述马拉德夫人看到的东 西,窥探到她不因丧夫而悲伤、反而期盼自由的隐秘的内心活动,让读者惊叹于主人公真实想法与社会道德的背离。小说结尾又回到限知视角,客观地描述了主人公的丈夫回到家中,马拉德夫人惊吓而死的场景,制造了强烈的戏剧冲突。作者在全知视角中充满了对主人公同情和理解,而在限知视角中又表现了对主人公命运的讽刺,通过文字的冲突展现了现实世界中女性在婚姻与自由之间的彷徨与无奈。

The Lady or the Tiger

美女还是老虎

弗兰克·斯托克顿(Frank R. Stockton)

作者介绍

弗兰克·斯托克顿(1834—1902),美国小说家、幽默作家,以其19世纪末期备受欢迎的童话故事而著名,他摒弃了传统童话的道德说教模式,用就事论事的态度和幽默的语言调侃了人性中的暴力和贪婪。《美女还是老虎》(*The Lady or the Tiger*)是他最著名的寓言小说。

作品介绍

《美女还是老虎》是弗兰克·斯托克顿最著名的文学作品,也是众多文学选集争相收录的小说。故事发生在一个想象中半开化的国度:一个年轻俊美的平民爱上了国王的女儿,于是国王一怒之下下令在竞技场审判他。那里有两扇门,他将打开任意一扇。如果里面是饥肠辘辘的老虎,他将被吃掉,如果里面是一位绝色美女,他将立刻迎娶她。公主费尽心机知道了门背后的秘密,并且得知门后的美女是自己的情敌。在审判的当天,公主暗示自己的爱人选择右边的门。到底公主指向的是老虎,还是美女呢?作者没有给出故事的结局,而是让读者自己猜测答案。故事发表于1882年,引起了大量读者对故事结局的猜测和疑问。“美女还是老虎?”在英语中已经成为“不可解问题”的代名词。

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid¹ fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious² as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station³ common to the conventional heroes of romance who

1 florid *adj.* 绚丽的

2 imperious *adj.* 专横的

3 station *n.* 地位