

校园疑云

英汉对照

阿加莎·克里斯蒂著

伍

樱译



上海外语教育出版社

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出版说明

为了配合外语专业院校和综合性大学、师范大学、师范学院以及艺术院校中有关外国文艺理论和文学流派的教学，我们计划按照时代、流派、国别，逐步选译近代、现代著名作家的代表性作品，并附以作家评介和原文资料，供大专院校外语(科)系文学专业师生研究参考。

鉴于现代英国著名作家阿加莎·克里斯蒂在西方通俗文学侦探小说流派中占有颇为重要的地位，她的作品多达一百余部，其中被译成世界各国文字的，也不下百余种，影响十分巨大，伍纓同志特选译了《校园疑云》这部小说，作为阿加莎·克里斯蒂的代表性作品，推荐给读者。这部小说故事情节生动、曲折，人物形象鲜明、突出，结构严谨，推理性强，原文通俗流畅，对于了解这一流派的特点和阿加莎·克里斯蒂本人的文体风格以及写作技巧，具有一定的参考价值。

本书删去了原著中的《人物表》，并根据英、美出版的《百科全书》和美国出版的《读者文摘》(1979年1月号)所载有关资料，增补了《作者简介》，同时，为了便于读者参考使用，特分英汉对照和汉译分装本两种版本，英汉对照本的英文和汉译文页码采取两套页码序号排列，在此一并说明。

作者简介

英国女作家阿加莎·克里斯蒂一八九〇年九月十五日生于德文郡的托尔奎，一九七六年一月十二日在沃林福逝世。作为侦探小说作家几乎无人能与她相比。根据麦克米伦出版社一九七九年出版的《著名英语作家：小说及散文作家》一书所提供的资料，阿加莎·克里斯蒂自从一九二〇年出版了第一部《斯泰尔斯庄园奇案》起，先后发表了七十四部长篇小说、二十个短篇小说集、两卷诗集、一本游记、一部自传、十五个剧本和四部广播剧。她的十五个剧本中有八个是由她自己的小说改编而成，其中包括由她一九四九年发表的短篇小说《三个瞎老鼠》改编成的剧本《捕鼠器》。这个剧本自一九五二年上演以来迄今不衰，并由作者自己改编成广播剧。包括《捕鼠器》在内的剧本集于一九七八年出版。

由于阿加莎·克里斯蒂的父母认为小孩入学读书有损目力和脑子，所以她从小在家里由父母亲自教读。后来她在巴黎学习声乐和钢琴，但以后终于放弃音乐家生活转而从事写作。一九一四年她与阿奇博尔德·克里斯蒂上校结婚，但于一九二八年离婚。两年后她又与考古学家马克斯·马洛温结婚，并多次协助她丈夫到伊拉克、叙利亚等地从事亚述王国古城遗址的发掘工作。

在第一次世界大战期间，阿加莎·克里斯蒂参加志愿救护队，在托尔奎的红十字会医院当护士。第二次世界大战期

间，她在伦敦的大学学院医院的药房里工作。

阿加莎·克里斯蒂创造了两个深受读者欢迎的人物：比利时私家侦探埃居尔·普瓦罗和善于分析、酷爱侦察工作的老太太琼·马普尔小姐。普瓦罗初次出现于一九二〇年出版的《斯泰尔斯庄园奇案》。马普尔小姐在一九三〇年出版的《牧师住宅凶杀案》中首次登场。

阿加莎·克里斯蒂的侦探小说结构严谨。作者擅长用假线索故布疑阵，但又从不故弄玄虚将读者引入迷途。由于作者曾在医院服务并多次参加她丈夫的考古工作，她在药理学及中东风貌方面获得不少第一手知识，再加上她对小说中的一些细节往往下很大功夫进行考证，所以她的小说中的描述大多准确可信。

作者于一九五〇年成为英国皇家文学学会会员，一九五四年获得美国侦探小说大师奖，一九五五年获得纽约戏剧评论家奖，一九五六年获得不列颠帝国勋章，一九六一年接受英国埃克塞特大学授予的文学博士学位，一九七一年获得女爵士封号。

评论家T·J·温尼弗里思认为阿加莎·克里斯蒂作品浩瀚，在任何百科全书中均应占一定地位。实际上关于这位作家的条目早已列入《英国百科全书》、《美国百科全书》、《牛津大学英国文学指南》等书。

一九八一年五月

Agatha Christie

Cat

Among the Pigeons

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Cast of Characters

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- MISS CHADWICK—Vague, dreamy, but essentially dependable, she had helped to found Meadowbank, and her whole life was tied up in the school 1
- ANN SHAPLAND—Miss Bulstrode's new secretary, she was cool, efficient, and somewhat mysterious 2
- MISS JOHNSON—The school matron, Meadowbank was closer to her heart than her own family 4
- Mlle. ANGELE BLANCHE—Though her references were good, her teaching was indifferent—but she had a suspiciously quick eye and a greedy mind 4
- EILEEN RICH—An ugly, eager, intelligent woman, she had recently returned to Meadowbank from an Eastern holiday, though not a very happy one 5
- MISS ROWAN & MISS BLAKE—Junior mistresses at Meadowbank, they returned from holiday with no notion that the school would prove much more exciting than two weeks in Italy 5
- MISS BULSTRODE—The presiding spirit of Meadowbank, headmistress extraordinary. With her retirement imminent, it would be hard to say which was more important to her: the choice of her successor, or murder at the school 6

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PROLOGUE

Summer Term

IT WAS THE opening day of the summer term at Meadowbank school. The late afternoon sun shone down on the broad gravel sweep in front of the house. The front door was flung hospitably wide and, just within it, admirably suited to its Georgian proportions, stood Miss Vansittart, every hair in place, wearing an impeccably cut coat and skirt.

Some parents who knew no better had taken her for the great Miss Bulstrode herself, not knowing that it was Miss Bulstrode's custom to retire to a kind of holy of holies to which only a selected and privileged few were taken.

To one side of Miss Vansittart, operating on a slightly different plane, was Miss Chadwick, comfortable, knowledgeable, and so much a part of Meadowbank that it would have been impossible to imagine Meadowbank without her. It never had been without her. Miss Bulstrode and Miss Chadwick had started Meadowbank school together. Miss Chadwick wore pince-nez, stooped, was dowdily dressed, amiably vague in speech, and happened to be a brilliant mathematician.

Various welcoming words and phrases, uttered graciously by Miss Vansittart, floated through the house.

"How do you do, Mrs. Arnold? Well, Lydia, did you enjoy your Hellenic cruise? What a wonderful opportunity! Did you get some good photographs?"

"Yes, Lady Garnett, Miss Bulstrode had your letter about the art classes and everything's been arranged.

"How are you, Mrs. Bird? Well? I don't think Miss Bulstrode will have time today to discuss the point. Miss Rowan is somewhere about if you'd like to talk to her about it.

"We've moved your bedroom, Pamela. You're in the far wing by the apple tree . . .

"Yes, indeed, Lady Violet, the weather has been terrible so far this spring. Is this your youngest? What is his name? Hector? What a nice aeroplane you have, Hector.

"Très heureuse de vous voir, madame. Ah, je regrette, ce ne serait pas possible, cette après-midi. Mademoiselle Bulstrode est tellement occupée."

"Good afternoon, Professor. Have you been digging up some more interesting things?"

ii.

In a small room on the first floor, Ann Shapland, Miss Bulstrode's secretary, was typing with speed and efficiency. Ann was a nice-looking young woman of thirty-five, with hair that fitted her like a black satin cap. She could be attractive when she wanted to be, but life had taught her that efficiency and competence often paid better results, and avoided painful complications. At the moment she was concentrating on being everything that a secretary to a headmistress of a famous girls' school should be.

From time to time, as she inserted a fresh sheet in her machine, she looked out of the window and registered interest in the arrivals.

"Goodness!" said Ann to herself, awed, "I didn't know there were so many chauffeurs left in England!"

Then she smiled in spite of herself, as a majestic Rolls moved away and a very small Austin of battered age drove up. A harassed looking father emerged from it with a daughter who looked far calmer than he did.

As he paused uncertainly, Miss Vansittart emerged from the house and took charge.

"Major Hargreaves? And this is Alison? Do come into the house. I'd like you to see Alison's room for yourself. I . . ."

Ann grinned and began to type again.

"Good old Vansittart the glorified understudy," she said to herself. "She can copy all the Bulstrode's tricks. In fact she's word perfect!"

An enormous and almost incredibly opulent Cadillac, painted in two tones, raspberry red and azure blue, swept

(with difficulty, owing to its length) into the drive and drew up behind Major the Hon. Alistair Hargreaves' ancient Austin.

The chauffeur sprang to open the door. An immense, bearded, dark-skinned man, wearing a flowing aba, stepped out; a Parisian fashion plate followed; and then a slim dark girl.

"That's probably Princess Whatshername herself," thought Ann. "Can't imagine her in school uniform, but I suppose the miracle will be apparent tomorrow . . ."

Both Miss Vansittart and Miss Chadwick appeared on this occasion.

"They'll be taken to the Presence," decided Ann.

Then she thought that, strangely enough, one didn't quite like making jokes about Miss Bulstrode. Miss Bulstrode was Someone.

"So you'd better mind your P's and Q's, my girl," she said to herself, "and finish these letters without making any mistakes."

Not that Ann was in the habit of making mistakes. She could take her pick of secretarial posts. She had been personal assistant to the chief executive of an oil company, private secretary to Sir Mervyn Todhunter, renowned alike for his erudition, his irritability and the illegibility of his handwriting. She numbered two Cabinet Ministers and an important Civil Servant among her employers. But on the whole, her work had always lain among men. She wondered how she was going to like being, as she put it to herself, completely submerged in women. Well—it was all experience! And there was always Denis! Faithful Denis, returning from Malaya, from Burma, from various parts of the world, always the same, devoted, asking her once again to marry him. Dear Denis! But it would be very dull to be married to Denis.

She would miss the company of men in the near future. All these schoolmistressy characters—not a man about the place, except a gardener of about eighty.

But here Ann got a surprise. Looking out of the window, she saw there was a man clipping the hedge just beyond the drive—clearly a gardener but a long way from eighty. Young, dark, good-looking. Ann wondered

about him—there had been some talk of getting extra labour—but this was no yokel. Oh, well, nowadays people did every kind of job. Some young man trying to get together some money for some project or other, or indeed just to keep body and soul together. But he was cutting the hedge in a very expert manner. Presumably he was a real gardener after all!

"He looks," said Ann to herself, "he looks as though he might be amusing . . ."

Only one more letter to do, she was pleased to note, and then she might stroll round the garden.

iii.

Upstairs, Miss Johnson, the matron, was busy allotting rooms, welcoming newcomers, and greeting old pupils.

She was pleased it was term time again. She never knew quite what to do with herself in the holidays. She had two married sisters with whom she stayed in turn, but they were naturally more interested in their own doings and families than in Meadowbank. Miss Johnson, though dutifully fond of her sisters, was really only interested in Meadowbank.

Yes, it was nice that term had started.

"Miss Johnson?"

"Yes, Pamela."

"I say, Miss Johnson, I think something's broken in my case. It's oozed all over things. I think it's hair oil."

"Chut, chut!" said Miss Johnson, hurrying to help.

iv.

On the grass sweep of lawn beyond the gravelled drive, Mademoiselle Blanche, the new French mistress, was walking. She looked with appreciative eyes at the powerful young man clipping the hedge.

"*Assez bien*," thought Mademoiselle Blanche.

Mademoiselle Blanche was slender and mouselike and not very noticeable, but she herself noticed everything.

Her eyes went to the procession of cars sweeping up to the front door. She assessed them in terms of money. This

Meadowbank was certainly *formidable*! She summed up mentally the profits that Miss Bulstrode must be making.

Yes, indeed! *Formidable*!

v.

Miss Rich, who taught English and geography, advanced toward the house at a rapid pace, stumbling a little now and then because, as usual, she forgot to look where she was going. Her hair, also as usual, had escaped from its bun. She had an eager ugly face.

She was saying to herself:

"To be back again! To be *here* . . . It seems years . . ." She fell over a rake, and the young gardener put out an arm and said:

"Steady, miss."

Eileen Rich said, "Thank you," without looking at him.

vi.

Miss Rowan and Miss Blake, the two junior mistresses, were strolling toward the Sports Pavilion. Miss Rowan was thin and dark and intense; Miss Blake was plump and fair. They were discussing with animation their recent adventures in Florence; the pictures they had seen, the sculpture, the fruit blossoms, and the attentions (hoped to be dishonourable) of two young Italian gentlemen.

"Of course one knows," said Miss Blake, "how Italians go on."

"Uninhibited," said Miss Rowan who had studied psychology as well as economics. "Thoroughly healthy, one feels. No repressions."

"But Giuseppe was quite impressed when he found I taught at Meadowbank," said Miss Blake. "He became much more respectful at once. He has a cousin who wants to come here, but Miss Bulstrode was not sure she had a vacancy."

"Meadowbank is a school that really counts," said Miss Rowan, happily. "Really, the new Sports Pavilion looks