

【 插图 · 中文导读英文版 】



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彩虹幽谷

[加拿大] 露西·莫德·蒙哥马利 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

《彩虹幽谷》是“安妮系列”丛书之一，它是二十世纪最伟大的英语文学作品之一。约翰·马瑞迪斯牧师一家新搬到了溪谷村，带给了村民们无尽的好奇和流言蜚语。牧师家的孩子们——杰瑞、菲斯、尤娜、卡尔，与壁炉山庄的孩子们——杰姆、楠、黛、华特成为了好朋友，他们经常在美丽的彩虹幽谷玩耍，还从脏兮兮的旧谷仓里捡回了一个叫做玛丽·旺斯的流浪儿。天真无邪的他们惹了不少麻烦事，屡屡招致村民非议，但每次都化险为夷，终于成功地赢得了大家的喜爱。本书讲述的是继绿山墙的安妮长大成人之后的另一段无忧无虑的童年时光，而正如书中所提到的“吹魔笛的人”的故事那样，令人惊心动魄的未来面纱也即将被揭开……

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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露西·莫德·蒙哥马利（Lucy Maud Montgomery, 1874—1942），二十世纪加拿大最伟大作家之一。

1874年10月30日，露西出生在加拿大爱德华王子岛的克里夫顿。由于母亲早逝，露西的童年和少年时代几乎都是在外祖父母家中度过的。露西自幼喜爱写作，她在中学时代就显示出了良好的文学天赋。1908年，露西出版了她的第一部小说《绿山墙的安妮》，该书一出版便成为当时最畅销的英语小说，受到全世界青少年读者的热烈欢迎。《绿山墙的安妮》俘获了众多少男少女的心，千百万崇拜者的信如雪片般飞到爱德华王子岛露西的家里，希望知道“小安妮后来怎么样了？”。在读者的鼓励和支持下，露西将安妮的故事写成了系列小说，之后陆续出版了《少女安妮》、《小岛上的安妮》、《梦中小屋的安妮》、《彩虹幽谷》、《埃文利传奇》、《壁炉山庄的丽拉》等小说，分别描述了不同时期安妮的生活经历和情感历程。

“安妮系列”小说是一套在英语国家风行近一个多世纪而不衰的经典名著，颇受读者欢迎。许多人将它作为礼品书，送给成长中的女孩子。“安妮系列”从安妮的少女时代写到她成为一个6个孩子的母亲，以迷人的艺术魅力展示了一个加拿大少女丰满的成长过程，征服了全世界女孩的心。《绿山墙的安妮》之后，是《少女安妮》，写安妮在家乡生气勃勃地做小学教师；《小岛上的安妮》写安妮在大学读学士学位，经历交友、恋爱；《梦中小屋的安妮》写安妮开始了婚姻生活，依然对一切充满爱心和好奇；在《彩虹幽谷》中，安妮的孩子们长大了，安妮给了他们热情、欢乐、爱的教育。马克·吐温称：“安妮是继不朽的爱丽斯之后最令人感动和喜爱的儿童形象”，安妮的故事已成为“世界上最甜蜜的少女成长故事”。安妮系列小说故事是关于“伴随着内心秘密成长”的故事，一个让两位英国首相都为之着迷的美妙故事，是让家长、老师和孩子都能从中获得感悟的心灵读物。



1942年4月24日，露西因冠状动脉血栓症在多伦多去世，丧礼于长老会的教堂举行，在绿色屋顶之家守夜之后，露西被葬于卡文迪什社区公墓。露西是一位多产作家，一生共创作了二十多部长篇小说，以及许多短篇小说、诗歌、自传。然而使她名扬世界的还是以安妮为主人公的系列小说，该安妮系列小说问世近百年来，至今被译成世界上几十种文字，风靡全世界；同时，它还多次被改编成电影、电视剧、动画片，影响和感染了一代又一代世界各地的读者。

在中国，安妮同样是读者最熟悉、最喜爱的少女形象。时至今日，在中国这部被世界公认的文学名著仍然散发着永恒的魅力。基于以上原因，我们决定编译安妮系列丛书，系列丛书包括《绿山墙的安妮》、《少女安妮》、《小岛上的安妮》、《彩虹幽谷》、《梦中小屋的安妮》、《埃文利传奇》、《壁炉山庄的丽拉》和《埃文利新传奇》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、李智能、李鑫、熊红华、傅颖、乐贵明、王婷婷、熊志勇、聂利生、傅建平、蔡红昌、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、胡武荣、贡东兴、张镇、熊建国、张文绮、王多多、陈楠、彭勇、王婷婷、邵舒丽、黄福成、冯洁、熊红华、王晓旭、王业伟、龚桂平、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中可能会有一些不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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1. 返家

Home Again



五月一个晴朗的傍晚，晚霞洒满了四风港与海岸。科尼利亚小姐迈着轻快的步伐，准备去壁炉山庄拜访从欧洲出差归来的布莱斯夫妇。她急于和他们一起讨论村里的新鲜事，尤其是新来的那户古怪的牧师家的事。

苏珊·贝克和安妮·雪莉正坐在壁炉山庄的门廊前，远远地看着科尼利亚小姐的到来。安妮依然如同少女一般，美丽的灰绿色的大眼睛如梦如幻，全然不像是六个孩子的母亲。她身后的吊床里躺着有着红色鬃发和淡褐色眼睛的丽拉，那是壁炉山庄最小的孩子；褐发褐眼的雪利则在苏珊怀里熟睡着，他是苏珊最心爱的宝贝。

“亲爱的医生太太，科尼利亚小姐从港口那边过来了，她会把这三个月发生的事情详详细细地说给你听的。”苏珊说。

“希望如此，”安妮说，“我真想知道这些日子溪谷村发生了什么。苏珊，我觉得我特别喜欢听八卦消息。”

*I*t was a clear, apple-green evening in May, and Four Winds Harbour was mirroring back the clouds of the golden west between its softly dark shores. The sea moaned eerily on the sand-bar, sorrowful even in spring, but a sly, jovial wind came piping down the red harbour road along which Miss Cornelia's comfortable, matronly figure was making its way towards the



苏珊和安妮聊天

village of Glen St. Mary. Miss Cornelia was rightfully Mrs. Marshall Elliott, and had been Mrs. Marshall Elliott for thirteen years, but even yet more people referred to her as Miss Cornelia than as Mrs. Elliott. The old name was dear to her old friends, only one of them contemptuously dropped it. Susan Baker, the gray and grim and faithful handmaiden of the Blythe family at Ingleside, never lost an opportunity of calling her "Mrs. Marshall Elliott," with the most killing and pointed emphasis, as if to say "You wanted to be Mrs. and Mrs. you shall be with a vengeance as far as I am concerned."

Miss Cornelia was going up to Ingleside to see Dr. and Mrs. Blythe, who were just home from Europe. They had been away for three months, having left in February to attend a famous medical congress in London; and certain things, which Miss Cornelia was anxious to discuss, had taken place in the Glen during their absence. For one thing, there was a new family in the manse. And such a family! Miss Cornelia shook her head over them several times as she walked briskly along.

Susan Baker and the Anne Shirley of other days saw her coming, as they sat on the big veranda at Ingleside, enjoying the charm of the cat's light, the sweetness of sleepy robins whistling among the twilit maples, and the dance of a gusty group of daffodils blowing against the old, mellow, red brick wall of the lawn.

Anne was sitting on the steps, her hands clasped over her knee, looking, in the kind dusk, as girlish as a mother of many has any right to be; and the beautiful gray-green eyes, gazing down the harbour road, were as full of unquenchable sparkle and dream as ever. Behind her, in the hammock, Rilla Blythe was curled up, a fat, roly-poly little creature of six years, the youngest of the Ingleside children. She had curly red hair and hazel eyes that were now buttoned up after the funny, wrinkled fashion in which Rilla always went to sleep.

Shirley, "the little brown boy," as he was known in the family "Who's Who," was asleep in Susan's arms. He was brown-haired, brown-eyed and brown-skinned, with very rosy cheeks, and he was Susan's especial love. After his birth Anne had been very ill for a long time, and Susan "mothered" the baby with a passionate tenderness which none of the other children, dear as they

were to her, had ever called out. Dr. Blythe had said that but for her he would never have lived.

"I gave him life just as much as you did, Mrs. Dr. dear," Susan was wont to say. "He is just as much my baby as he is yours." And, indeed, it was always to Susan that Shirley ran, to be kissed for bumps, and rocked to sleep, and protected from well-deserved spankings. Susan had conscientiously spanked all the other Blythe children when she thought they needed it for their souls' good, but she would not spank Shirley nor allow his mother to do it. Once, Dr. Blythe had spanked him and Susan had been stormily indignant.

"That man would spank an angel, Mrs. Dr. dear, that he would," she had declared bitterly; and she would not make the poor doctor a pie for weeks.

She had taken Shirley with her to her brother's home during his parents' absence, while all the other children had gone to Avonlea, and she had three blessed months of him all to herself. Nevertheless, Susan was very glad to find herself back at Ingleside, with all her darlings around her again. Ingleside was her world and in it she reigned supreme. Even Anne seldom questioned her decisions, much to the disgust of Mrs. Rachel Lynde of Green Gables, who gloomily told Anne, whenever she visited Four Winds, that she was letting Susan get to be entirely too much of a boss and would live to rue it.

"Here is Cornelia Bryant coming up the harbour road, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan. "She will be coming up to unload three months' gossip on us."

"I hope so," said Anne, hugging her knees. "I'm starving for Glen St. Mary gossip, Susan. I hope Miss Cornelia can tell me everything that has happened while we've been away—EVERYTHING—who has got born, or married, or drunk; who has died, or gone away, or come, or fought, or lost a cow, or found a beau. It's so delightful to be home again with all the dear Glen folks, and I want to know all about them. Why, I remember wondering, as I walked through Westminster Abbey which of her two especial beaux Millicent Drew would finally marry. Do you know, Susan, I have a dreadful suspicion that I love gossip."

"Well, of course, Mrs. Dr. dear," admitted Susan, "every proper woman likes to hear the news. I am rather interested in Millicent Drew's case myself. I

never had a beau, much less two, and I do not mind now, for being an old maid does not hurt when you get used to it. Millicent's hair always looks to me as if she had swept it up with a broom. But the men do not seem to mind that."

"They see only her pretty, piquant, mocking, little face, Susan."

"That may very well be, Mrs. Dr. dear. The Good Book says that favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but I should not have minded finding that out for myself, if it had been so ordained. I have no doubt we will all be beautiful when we are angels, but what good will it do us then? Speaking of gossip, however, they do say that poor Mrs. Harrison Miller over harbour tried to hang herself last week."

"Oh, Susan!"

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Dr. dear. She did not succeed. But I really do not blame her for trying, for her husband is a terrible man. But she was very foolish to think of hanging herself and leaving the way clear for him to marry some other woman. If I had been in her shoes, Mrs. Dr. dear, I would have gone to work to worry him so that he would try to hang himself instead of me. Not that I hold with people hanging themselves under any circumstances, Mrs. Dr. dear."

"What is the matter with Harrison Miller, anyway?" said Anne impatiently. "He is always driving some one to extremes."

"Well, some people call it religion and some call it cussedness, begging your pardon, Mrs. Dr. dear, for using such a word. It seems they cannot make out which it is in Harrison's case. There are days when he growls at everybody because he thinks he is fore-ordained to eternal punishment. And then there are days when he says he does not care and goes and gets drunk. My own opinion is that he is not sound in his intellect, for none of that branch of the Millers were. His grandfather went out of his mind. He thought he was surrounded by big black spiders. They crawled over him and floated in the air about him. I hope I shall never go insane, Mrs. Dr. dear, and I do not think I will, because it is not a habit of the Bakers. But, if an all-wise Providence should decree it, I hope it will not take the form of big black spiders, for I loathe the animals. As for Mrs. Miller, I do not know whether she really deserves pity or not. There

are some who say she just married Harrison to spite Richard Taylor, which seems to me a very peculiar reason for getting married. But then, of course, I am no judge of things matrimonial, Mrs. Dr. dear. And there is Cornelia Bryant at the gate, so I will put this blessed brown baby on his bed and get my knitting."

2. 家常话

Sheer Gossip



科尼利亚小姐说：“亲爱的，我非常高兴你们都回来了。今年溪谷村的春天比往常有意思多了，而且我们终于有新的牧师了，他叫约翰·马瑞迪斯。”

“他为人如何？”安妮关切地问。

科尼利亚小姐和苏珊不约而同地叹了口气。

“毫无疑问，他是整个溪谷村教堂最出色的牧师，但是他不太懂人情世故，而且马瑞迪斯太太四年前过世了，这是问题所在。他有四个孩子，但是家里只有一个老眼昏花的玛莎姨婆，她是我见过最糟糕的牧师管家。”科尼利亚小姐说。

“你说他有四个孩子吗？”安妮关切地问。

“嗯，他们整天在楼梯上跑来跑去。杰瑞今年十二岁，是最大的一个，聪明极了。菲斯小一岁，长得很漂亮，但是淘气得很。”

苏珊严肃地接过话来：“那天，菲斯把詹姆斯·米丽森太太送的一打鸡蛋和一桶牛奶放到地窖的时候，不小心滑了一跤，鸡蛋和牛奶都洒了。结果她却笑呵呵地站起来，说：‘也许我会变成一块蛋黄馅饼呢。’把米丽森太太气得半死。”

“就跟我一样，”安妮笑了，“我想我会喜欢上这个菲斯的。”

“她确实充满了活力，”科尼利亚小姐承认道，“尤娜是个小甜心，卡尔最小，喜欢收集蟾蜍和青蛙。唉，马瑞迪斯先生一回家就一头扎到书堆里，顾不上管他们。”

“我觉得马瑞迪斯一家应该是约瑟的同类。”安妮肯定地说。



唠家常

科尼利亚小姐说：“是这样的。嗯，我该回去了，真遗憾没见着其他几个宝贝儿。记得告诉他们，我家的甜甜圈罐装得满满地等着他们呢。”

“他们很快就会来拜访的，不过双胞胎要向罗斯玛丽·韦斯特学习音乐。我昨天刚跟她谈妥，她长得真的很迷人。”

“大家都喜欢罗斯玛丽，不过她一直都任她姐姐爱伦摆布。啊，我先走了，马歇尔一回来就要吃晚饭的。”

“Where are the other children?” asked Miss Cornelia, when the first greetings—cordial on her side, rapturous on Anne’s, and dignified on Susan’s—were over.

“Shirley is in bed and Jem and Walter and the twins are down in their beloved Rainbow Valley,” said Anne. “They just came home this afternoon, you know, and they could hardly wait until supper was over before rushing down to the valley. They love it above every spot on earth. Even the maple grove doesn’t rival it in their affections.”

“I am afraid they love it too well,” said Susan gloomily. “Little Jem said once he would rather go to Rainbow Valley than to heaven when he died, and that was not a proper remark.”

“I suppose they had a great time in Avonlea?” said Miss Cornelia.

“Enormous. Marilla does spoil them terribly. Jem, in particular, can do no wrong in her eyes.”

“Miss Cuthbert must be an old lady now,” said Miss Cornelia, getting out her knitting, so that she could hold her own with Susan. Miss Cornelia held that the woman whose hands were employed always had the advantage over the woman whose hands were not.

“Marilla is eighty-five,” said Anne with a sigh. “Her hair is snow-white. But, strange to say, her eyesight is better than it was when she was sixty.”

“Well, dearie, I’m real glad you’re all back. I’ve been dreadful lonesome. But we haven’t been dull in the Glen, believe ME. There hasn’t been such an exciting spring in my time, as far as church matters go. We’ve got settled with a minister at last, Anne dearie.”

“The Reverend John Knox Meredith, Mrs. Dr. dear,” said Susan, resolved

not to let Miss Cornelia tell all the news.

"Is he nice?" asked Anne interestedly.

Miss Cornelia sighed and Susan groaned.

"Yes, he's nice enough if that were all," said the former. "He is VERY nice—and very learned—and very spiritual. But, oh Anne dearie, he has no common sense!"

"How was it you called him, then?"

"Well, there's no doubt he is by far the best preacher we ever had in Glen St. Mary church," said Miss Cornelia, veering a tack or two. "I suppose it is because he is so moony and absent-minded that he never got a town call. His trial sermon was simply wonderful, believe ME. Every one went mad about it—and his looks."

"He is VERY comely, Mrs. Dr. dear, and when all is said and done, I DO like to see a well-looking man in the pulpit," broke in Susan, thinking it was time she asserted herself again.

"Besides," said Miss Cornelia, "we were anxious to get settled. And Mr. Meredith was the first candidate we were all agreed on. Somebody had some objection to all the others. There was some talk of calling Mr. Folsom. He was a good preacher, too, but somehow people didn't care for his appearance. He was too dark and sleek."

"He looked exactly like a great black tomcat, that he did, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan. "I never could abide such a man in the pulpit every Sunday."

"Then Mr. Rogers came and he was like a chip in porridge—neither harm nor good," resumed Miss Cornelia. "But if he had preached like Peter and Paul it would have profited him nothing, for that was the day old Caleb Ramsay's sheep strayed into church and gave a loud 'ba-a-a' just as he announced his text. Everybody laughed, and poor Rogers had no chance after that. Some thought we ought to call Mr. Stewart, because he was so well educated. He could read the New Testament in five languages."

"But I do not think he was any surer than other men of getting to heaven because of that," interjected Susan.

"Most of us didn't like his delivery," said Miss Cornelia, ignoring Susan.

"He talked in grunts, so to speak. And Mr. Arnett couldn't preach AT ALL. And