

# 远大前程

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

中英对照全译本

[英] 查尔斯·狄更斯 著

*Charles Dickens*

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译



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英国文学卷

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盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会

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## 前 言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释，部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



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## CHAPTER 1

## 第一章

MY father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister, — Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "*Also Georgiana Wife of the Above,*" I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the

我的父姓是皮利普，我的教名是菲利普，无论哪个名字我稚嫩的舌头都无法完整发出，最清晰的就是皮普。因此，我自称皮普，后来别人也叫我皮普了。

我说皮利普是我的父姓，是因为他的墓碑以及我的姐姐——乔·葛奇里夫人，她嫁给了一个铁匠——的认证。由于我从未见过我的父亲和母亲，也从未见过任何他们的影像（事实上他们那个时候还远没有什么照片呢），我对于他们样子最初的胡乱幻想衍生于他们的墓碑。我父亲墓碑上的字体让我产生了一个奇怪的想法，他是个方方正正的、黑黝黝的矮胖男性，有着卷曲乌黑的头发。从墓碑的特质及其上的铭文——“以及上面的妻子乔治亚娜”——我得出个幼稚的结论，我的母亲脸上点着雀斑，体弱多病。五个小小的菱形石碑，每个大约一英尺<sup>1</sup>半高，在他们墓旁整齐地排成一列，这代表着我对于五位年幼兄长的神圣记忆——他们在这个挣扎的世界过早地放弃了求生

<sup>1</sup> 英制长度单位，1英尺等于0.3048米。





memory of five little brothers of mine, — who gave up trying to get a living, exceedingly early in that universal struggle, — I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

“Hold your noise!” cried a terrible

的努力——我虔诚地相信，他们一出生就把手插在后面的裤袋里，终其一生从未抽出来。

我的家乡是一片湿地，伴着河流延伸，距离出海口大概二十英里<sup>1</sup>。一个难忘的自然状态的傍晚给了我对于这片土地鲜活而宽阔的初次印象。与此同时，我察觉到这片荨麻密布的荒芜之地是教堂墓地。已故的本区教民菲利普·皮利普及其妻乔治亚娜逝去并安葬于此，以及他们的五个早夭的子女——亚历山大、巴斯奥卢米、亚布拉罕、特比亚斯和罗吉尔——同样长眠于此。从墓地延伸出去的幽暗平坦的荒原是片湿地，堤坝、丘陵以及闸门在这里纵横交错，零星散布着几只牲畜正在悠闲地觅食；远处那一条低低的铅灰色水平线是条河流；再远一点像在野蛮巢穴中呼啸着狂风的就是大海。同时心中的恐惧不断增长并开始哭叫的，正是我，皮普。

“闭嘴！”传来一声可怕的吼

<sup>1</sup> 英制长度单位，1英里等于1609.3米。

voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in coarse gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip, Pip, sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself, — for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head

叫，一个男人从教堂门廊一侧的墓地里冲了出来。“保持安静，你这个小淘气鬼，否则我割断你的喉咙！”

这是个可怕的人，一身粗劣的灰色衣服，腿上挂着大铁块。他没戴帽子，穿着破烂的鞋子，一块破布扎在头上。他曾被水淹没，在泥沼中窒息，被碎石割伤导致僵残，还有荨麻的蜇刺以及荆棘的刮蹭。他跛行着，有些哆嗦，瞪着眼咆哮着。他抓住我下巴时牙齿还在上下打战。

“哦，别割我的喉咙，先生，”我惊恐地恳求道，“求你不要这样做，先生。”

“告诉我你的名字！”他说，“快说！”

“我叫皮普，先生。”

“再说一遍，”他说，紧紧地盯着我，“大声说！”

“皮普，皮普，先生。”

“告诉我你住哪儿？”他说道，“指给我看！”

我指向我们村子所在的位置，位于平坦的河岸上，周围是桤木和截梢树，距离教堂一英里左右。

这个人打量我一会儿后，就把我倒转着拎起来，倒空了我的口袋。口袋空空的，只有一块面包。当教堂恢复了原样时——由于他突然让我头朝下地翻转，我看到教堂

over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet, – when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling while he ate the bread ravenously.

“You young dog,” said the man, licking his lips, “what fat cheeks you ha’ got.”

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

“Darn me if I couldn’t eat em,” said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, “and if I han’t half a mind to’t!”

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn’t, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

“Now lookee here!” said the man. “Where’s your mother?”

“There, sir!” said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

“There, sir!” I timidly explained. “Also Georgiana. That’s my mother.”

“Oh!” said he, coming back. “And is that your father alonger your mother?”

“Yes, sir,” said I; “him too; late of this parish.”

“Ha!” he muttered then, considering. “Who d’ye live with, – supposin’ you’re kindly let to live, which I han’t made up my mind about?”

的尖顶在我脚下。我是说，当教堂恢复原样，我已经坐在一个高高的墓碑上战栗着，而他正饥饿地大嚼着那块面包。

“你这小崽子，”他说着，舔了舔他的嘴唇，“你的小脸蛋倒是肥肥的。”

我知道我的脸蛋有点胖，尽管以我的年龄来说，我的个子相对小，且不强壮。

“该死的，我不吃了你的脸蛋才怪，”男人说，带着恐吓摇晃了一下头，“我不介意先吃掉半个。”

我诚挚地表示希望他不要这样做，并紧紧握住那块他把我放上去的墓碑；在一定程度上，这可以让我坐稳，不至于哭出声来。

“现在看这里！”那个男人说道，“你妈妈在哪儿？”

“在那儿，先生！”我答道。

他立即拔腿就跑，冲出几步后，又停下来回头看了看。

“就在那里，先生！”我胆怯地解释着，“就是写着乔治亚娜那里。那就是我的妈妈。”

“哦！”他又回到原处，“那么你妈妈旁边的就是你爸爸咯？”

“是的，先生，”我说道，“他也在这儿，本教区已故居民。”

“哈！”他咕哝着，若有所思地说道，“你会跟谁生活，假设你能够活下去的话，当然我还没有决

“My sister, sir, – Mrs. Joe Gargery, – wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.”

“Blacksmith, eh?” said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

“Now lookee here,” he said, “the question being whether you’re to be let to live. You know what a file is?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you know what wittles is?”

“Yes, sir.”

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

“You get me a file.” He tilted me again. “And you get me wittles.” He tilted me again. “You bring ’em both to me.” He tilted me again. “Or I’ll have your heart and liver out.” He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, “If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn’t be sick, and perhaps I could attend more.”

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its

定这么做？”

“我的姐姐，先生，乔·葛奇里夫人，铁匠乔·葛奇里的夫人，先生。”

“铁匠吗，嗯？”他说道。同时低头看向他的腿。

在他暗中看了几次他的腿和我之后，他靠近我所在的墓碑，抓住我的双肩，将我尽可能向后压；这样他的眼睛就能咄咄逼人地盯着我的眼睛，而我的眼睛只能无助地仰视着他的眼睛。

“看着我，”他说道，“这个问题关系到你是否能够活下去。你知道什么是锉子吗？”

“知道，先生。”

“你知道什么是吃的吗？”

“知道，先生。”

他每提出一个问题就把我向后按一次，就是为了给我强烈的无助感和危机感。

“你要给我拿一把锉子来，”他又把我晃了一下，“再给我弄些食物来，”他又晃了我一下，“你要把这两样都带来给我，”他再次晃了我一下，“否则我就挖出你的心和肝脏。”他再次晃了我一下。

我害怕极了，头晕得厉害，不由得双手紧贴着他，说道：“如果你能仁慈地让我坐直起来，先生，或许我就不会吐出来，也能听懂更多你说的话。”

他把我猛地一推，从墓碑上滚

own weathercock. Then, he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:—

“You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sum-ever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now, I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it wery hard to hold that young man off of your inside.

了下去，这一滚似乎连教堂都跳了起来，跳得比它屋顶的风向标还要高。紧接着，他抓住我的手臂，把我直直地放在石头顶上，继续提出这些可怕的条件：

“明天一大早，你要把锉子和食物带给我。你把这些东西带到那边的老炮台交给我。你必须做这些，并且不漏一点口风，也不留下任何迹象。不能表示出你见过我这样一个人，或者其他什么人，那样你才能继续活下去。如果你没做到，或者你有半点没按照我说的做，不管多么微不足道，你就会被我掏出你的心和肝脏，烤熟了吃掉。你要知道，我不是像你想的那样孤零零一个人。有个年轻人隐藏在我的左右，比起我的那个年轻同伴我就是个天使。那个年轻人能听到我说的每句话。那个年轻人有一套奇特的秘密方法，能抓住一个小男孩，得到他的心脏和肝脏。小男孩试图在这个年轻人面前隐藏自己是不可能的。小孩子或许会锁住门，躲进温暖的被窝，用被子把自己裹起来，用衣服蒙住自己的头，就认为他自己舒适而又安全了。但是那个年轻人会悄悄地爬啊爬，爬向他并把他开膛破肚。不过我现在经过艰难的努力，让这个年轻人暂时放过你。我发现让这个年轻人保持远离你非常困难。那么，你怎么说呢？”

Now, what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!"

"Goo-good night, sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

At the same time, he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms, — clasping himself, as if to hold himself together, — and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked

我说我会带给他一把锉子，并且尽我所能，哪怕是残羹剩饭也会带给他。我会在明天天刚亮时到炮台前找他。

“对天主发誓，如果你做不到你就被雷电劈死！”那人说道。

我按照他的话发了誓，他才把我从墓碑上抱了下来。

“听好，”他继续说道，“记住你要做的事，记住那个年轻人，现在你回家吧。”

“晚、晚安，先生！”我支支吾吾地说道。

“够了！”他说道，环视了下周围阴冷潮湿的沼泽，“我真希望我变成只青蛙，或者一条鳗鱼。”

与此同时，他用两只胳膊环抱着自己发抖的身体，他紧抱着自己，仿佛这样才能保持身体的完整，他一瘸一拐地走向教堂的围墙。我看着他离开，在荨麻密布、荆棘丛生的绿丘坟堆中穿行。在我稚嫩的眼睛里，他仿佛在躲避着那些死者从坟堆中缓缓伸出的、想要抓住他的脚踝把他拖进坟墓的双手。

当他来到教堂那低矮的围墙前时，从墙头翻了过去，就像双腿麻木僵硬的人一样，他随后转身看向我。当我看到他转身，我马上向家的方向转身，全力迈动我的双

over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping-places when the rains were heavy or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered, — like an unhooped cask upon a pole, — an ugly thing when you were near it; the other, a gibbet, with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards this latter, as if he were the pirate come to life, and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.

腿。我扭头向后看去，看到他在向河边走去，依然用双臂紧紧地抱住自己，用他那伤痛的双腿在密布沼泽中的大石块绕着前行，当大雨倾盆或者潮水上涨时，这些石块就充作垫脚石。

当我停下来向背后看他的时候，整个沼泽地已经变成了一条黑而漫长的水平线；那条河流成为另一条水平线，没有前者显眼，当然也没有那么黑。天空此时就像一条怒红色和浓黑色行行交织的带子。在河滩那边，我仅能在背景中模糊地分辨出两个黑影矗立在那；其中一个就是灯塔，指引着海员航行。它就像一个没有箍的木桶挂在杆子上，当你靠近就会觉得它实在是太丑陋了；另一个，是绞刑架，一些铁链还挂在上面，那里曾经吊死过一个海盗。这个人正一瘸一拐地向绞刑架行去，似乎他就是复活了的海盗，现在回来，准备再次将自己悬挂上去。我就这么想象着，感觉回头看到的東西太可怕了。当我看到牲畜们也抬起头望着他的背影，我很想知道是否它们也是这么想象的。我环视四周想找到那个恐怖的年轻人，却完全没看到任何关于他的迹象。而此时我再次感到恐惧，向家中跑去不敢再做停留。

## CHAPTER 2

## 第二章

MY sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbors because she had brought me up "by hand." Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and with eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow – a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

My sister, Mrs. Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a

我的姐姐，乔·葛奇里夫人，比我年长二十多岁，她在周围的邻里中享有很高的声誉，她自己也时常夸耀这种功劳。因为是她“亲手”把我带大的。我一直想找出这个词代表什么意思，我所知道的她有着又重又狠的手，而且喜欢把她的巴掌落在她丈夫的身上，当然我也未能幸免，我想乔·葛奇里和我就是这样被她亲手带大的。

我姐姐不是一个漂亮的女人，我对她的整体印象就是她一定是用了些手段才让乔·葛奇里和她结婚的。乔是个白皙的男人，光滑的脸庞，两鬓留着亚麻色的卷发，一双眸子是如此淡淡的蓝色，几乎与眼白融为一体。他性情文雅、敦厚、性格温和、容易相处、憨憨的，是个可爱的家伙。他就像希腊神话中的赫拉克勒斯一样力大无比，也跟他有着同样的弱点。

我的姐姐乔夫人，有着乌黑的头发和眼睛，皮肤是那种正流行的红色，我曾想知道她是不是可能不用肥皂，而是用肉豆蔻的擦子来洗



nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square impregnable bib in front, that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason why she should have worn it at all; or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off, every day of her life.

Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were, — most of them, at that time. When I ran home from the churchyard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me, the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney corner.

“Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And she's out now, making it a baker's dozen.”

“Is she?”

“Yes, Pip,” said Joe; “and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her.”

At this dismal intelligence, I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at

澡。她身材高大，瘦骨嶙峋，几乎总是围着一条粗糙的围裙，用两个活结系在背后。胸前是一条非常结实的围嘴，上面扎满了大头针和缝衣针。她把这作为自己强大功绩的证明以及指责乔的有力凭证，因此她几乎整天穿着这条围裙。尽管我真的怎么也找不出她整天穿成这样的理由，在她的生命里却从未脱下过这条围裙。

乔的铁匠铺毗连着我们的住房，那是栋木质结构的房子，就像其他乡下的住房一样，那个时候大部分都是木屋。当我从教堂的墓地跑回家时，铁匠铺已经打烊了，乔自己坐在厨房里。乔和我都是家中的受迫害者，所以我们两个相互信任，推心置腹。当我撬起门闩，慢慢探头进去时，他正对着我，坐在烟囱拐角处。

“乔夫人已经出去找了你好十二次，皮普。并且她现在正在外面，找第十三次。”

“真的吗？”

“千真万确，皮普，”乔说，“更糟糕的是，她带着那根止痒棒。”

听到这个让人沮丧的情报，我一圈一圈地扭动着背心上唯一的那颗纽扣，失落地望着炉火。止痒