

语工作室
曹华民 王冠梅 注解

华中科技大学出版社

瘸王子

心 动 驿 站 系 列

THE LAME PRINCE

情节注解



红叶英语工作室
曹华民 王冠梅 注解

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常青藤寄语



“英语常青藤”系列图书自 1998 年推出以来,受到了广大读者的热烈欢迎和喜爱,虽一再重印仍供不应求,单本累计印数最高已达近十万册。在此谨向支持我们的读者致以衷心的感谢。

我们收到了许多热心读者的来信,他们对“英语常青藤”图书给予了充分的肯定和赞誉,这对于我们出版者来说,真是莫大的欣慰和鼓励,同时也鞭策我们向更高的目标迈进,为读者提供更多更好的英语轻松阅读类的图书。

时值人类迈入又一个新千年之际,我们对“英语常青藤”读物进行了重大改版和扩充,不仅内容更精彩、更可读了,而且版式更好看、装帧更精美了;呈现在读者面前的也不再是仅有的两个辑子,而是包括“精品回味”、“名家名篇”、“名人小传”、“开心草莓”、“人与自然”、“心动驿站”、“象牙塔”、“咖啡屋”等近十个子系列的大型系列丛书。读者朋友在这里不仅能接触到纯正、地道的英语,增强综合运用英语的能力,而且能领略到国外生活的方方面面,扩大与外部世界的沟通,成为新世纪的新型人才。

新版“英语常青藤”图书具有以下几大特点:

(1) 内容丰富,表达地道。读物所选的英文材料绝大多数直接取自国外原版,内容广泛,涉及语言、文化、风俗、习惯、历史、传统等许多方面。

(2) 形式活泼,易学易用。编排方式新颖活泼,所配插图清新高雅,使读书学习变得轻松愉快,给读者以美的享受。读物多采用英汉对照形式,必要处还加有注释,方便读者学习。

(3) 装帧精美,适于收藏。装帧设计力求精美大方,加之内容实用可读,因此颇具收藏价值;若将其作为礼品,馈赠亲友,则更显得温馨高雅,意义非凡。

最后依然是我们出版人的宗旨:愿“英语常青藤”带给您的,不仅是常青的英语,更是常青的人生。

出版者

前言

给好的英语文学读物加注以便于更准确地理解读物的内容和提高英语水平,这种做法已有近一个世纪或更长的历史了。如这套丛书的《初恋》便是丰子恺先生曾于 1922 年春初译并加注,1929 年 6 月重校,1931 年 4 月初版发行的,而此前已有藤浪氏的日译本,丰子恺先生在译者序的结尾说:“我的汉译当然是依据 Gamett 的英译本的。又参考藤浪氏的日译本,注解大都是抄藤浪氏的。谨声明于此。”

注解者所保存下来的这些英语读物绝大部分都是上个世纪 50 年代初期和中期在北京外文书店或东安市场的旧书店购买的,个别的如屠格涅夫的《初恋》(英汉对照本)则是在 40 年代初同班同学赠送的。现在把这些读物的英译文加注释并以简短词语概括主要段落的大意,借以引导读者更好地欣赏和理解原文原意。将如此经典的读物奉献给本世纪的青少年,我的心情你们有兴趣可以猜想,但最好还是把兴趣集中在小说上吧。

注解者
于喻家山麓

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瘸王子

【故事梗概】

本书为前苏联作家阿列克塞·托尔斯泰关于20世纪初俄国乡绅小说的代表作。小说描写用情不专的瘸腿王子与全区最美的女郎浪漫的恋情和一波三折的婚姻，歌颂了忠贞不渝的爱情，鞭挞了朝秦暮楚的轻薄行径。书中人物刻画深刻，情节耐人寻味。

Moonlight

I

By midnight the moon stood over Kolyvan, lit up the irregular windows of the log-cabins on one side, sent *the black shadows along the trampled sorrel*¹ of the village street on the other, and then disappeared behind *a solitary cloud*² that had *strayed into*³ the night sky. This was the time when an open carriage drawn by three horses abreast, *the harness bells muffled*⁴, *came racing hell for leather through the village*⁵.

The cocks had not yet begun their matutinal *crowing*⁶ but the dogs had already ceased their *yelping*⁷ and the only light visible was that which shone through the cracks in the *shutters*⁸ of the last house in the village.

A long pole on top of which was a hoop with a bundle of hay tied to it, stuck up above the *gambrel roof*⁹ of the gate telling the traveller from after that this house was an inn. Beyond the inn the flat *steppe*¹⁰, grey in the moonlight, stretched away into the distance; it was in this direction that the *lathered horses*¹¹ were being driven, the

【午夜蹄声】

1. 车马走过的红褐色泥路
2. 一朵孤云
3. 飘进
4. 马铃已经包起来
5. 在皮鞭下飞快跑过村子
6. 报晓
7. 吠声
8. 百叶窗

【安抵酒店】

9. 复折屋顶
10. 草原
11. 汗水和口沫滴滴答答的马



regular gallop of the *trace-horses*¹² and fast trot of the *shaft-horse*¹³ sounding dully in the silence of the night. The man in the carriage raised his cane and touched the coachman. *The horses sat back on their haunches*¹⁴ and pulled up in front of the inn.

The man unwound a *travelling rug*¹⁵ from his legs, climbed out by holding on to the *coachman's box*¹⁶ and *limped*¹⁷ across the grass to the low porch of the inn. There he turned back and spoke softly to the coachman:

"You may go. Be back at dawn."

The coachman *flipped the reins*¹⁸, the carriage rolled away into the steppe and the man took hold of the door handle, *rattled*¹⁹ it and then leaned back against *the rickety post of the porch*²⁰ as though wrapped in thought. His narrow face was pale, there were shadows under his long eyes and *his small wavy beard was worn to leave the chin bare*²¹. Slowly he drew off his right glove and knocked again.

The *patter*²² of bare feet across *the creaking boards*²³ of the outer room came to him, the door opened a tiny crack, was then thrown *wide open*²⁴ and a young peasant woman stood on the threshold.

"Alyoshenka!" she exclaimed in happy excitement. "And I didn't expect you." She touched his hand shyly and kissed his shoulder.

12. 两边的马

13. 车辕马

14. 马蹲了下来

【步下马车】

15. 旅行毛毯

16. 车夫的座位

17. 一瘸一拐地走

【等待佳人】

18. 猛一拉缰绳

19. 把...弄得格格响

20. 门廊的摇摇晃晃的柱子

21. 他留了一点儿八字胡,下巴剃得干干净净

22. 嗒嗒声

23. 嘎吱响的地板

24. 敞开



伴
熱
心
幼
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相
酒
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时



“Will you let me in, Sasha?” he asked.
“I’ll stay till morning.” He walked into the moonlit outer room of the inn.

Sasha went in front of him and kept turning back with a smile on her fresh and pretty face that showed her white teeth.

“I saw you ride through the village at midday. ‘He’s probably going to Master Volkov,’ I thought. I thought they would *press*²⁵ you to spend the night there but here you are, come to see me.”

“Have you any guests in the inn?”

“There’s nobody here,” answered Sasha, going into the summer living room. “Some peasants with *hay wains*²⁶ stopped here but they are all sleeping outside,” and she sat down on a wide bed covered with a *patchwork quilt*²⁷ and smiled tenderly.

The moonlight, shining through the tiny window, lit up Sasha’s face, the slightly upturned corners of her lips and her long neck emphasized by the opening of her black *sarafan*²⁸; *a string of amber beads trembled on her bosom*²⁹.

“Bring some wine,” said the newcomer.

He stood in the shadow holding his hat and stick. Sasha jumped up obediently and went out. He lay down on the bed and put his hands behind his head. A slight *frown*³⁰ gave a twist to his face and distorted it. He *turned on his side*³¹, grabbed

【进店相见】

【含情脉脉】

25. 极力劝说

26. 干草运输马车

27. 杂色布片拼成的被子

【月下佳人】

28. 长袍

29. 一串琥珀珠子
在胸前颤动

30. 皱眉头

31. 侧过身子

a pillow and buried his face in it.

Sasha returned carrying a small table covered with a napkin; she placed two bottles on it, one of wine and one of some *sweet alcoholic decoction*³², then climbed up some steps to the *larder*³³ and brought down *a plate of nuts, raisins and cookies*³⁴. She moved rapidly and lightly, going back and forth from moonlight to shadow. The man on the bed *raised himself on to his elbow*³⁵.

"Come over here, Sasha," he said. She immediately sat down at his feet on the bed. "Tell me, Sasha, if I were to hurt you really badly, if I were to insult you *mortally*³⁶, would you forgive me?"

"As you will, Alexei Petrovich," answered Sasha *in a tremulous voice*³⁷, after a slight pause. "And for your love I thank you humbly." She turned away from him and sighed.

For a long time Prince Alexei Petrovich Krasnopsky tried to get a glimpse of the expression on Sasha's face in the dark.

"Anyway, you wouldn't understand," he said softly, almost lazily. "You're glad I've come and you didn't even ask where I'd come from and why I am lying here on your bed. My lying here on your bed now is disgusting. Yes, horrible, Sasha, rotten...."

"What are you saying?" she muttered in

【款待王子】

32. 甜酒酿

33. 食品柜

34. 一盘核桃、葡萄干和甜饼干

35. 把身子支撑在胳膊上

36. 极大地

【黯然神伤】

37. 用颤抖的声音

【王子自责】



怦然心动情深处

泪洒灯前读书时



terror. "As though I had let you come in and did not love you."

"Come closer. That's better," continued the prince and seized Sasha by her round shoulders.

"I said that you wouldn't understand, so don't try to. Listen, this evening I had a long talk, as long as I wanted, with a certain person. And it made me feel good, very good."

"With Miss Volkova?"

"Yes, with her. I sat close to her and my head was *dizzier*³⁸ than it ever gets from your wine. You know, sometimes you dream that somebody is *stroking*³⁹ you tenderly, that's how I remember her, just as in a dream. I have just come away from there and was thinking that everything would go well with me. But when I drove into Kolyvan I realized that all I had to do was halt my carriage at your door and all my well-being would fly away to the devil. Now do you understand? No? I must not come to you any more. I wish you'd poison me."

Sasha's hands dropped helplessly to her sides, she lowered her head.

"*Are you sorry for me*⁴⁰, Sasha? Are you?" asked the prince; he drew her towards him, kissed her face but she did not open her eyes or *part*⁴¹ her tightly clamped lips; she was like a woman of stone.

"Stop it," he said. "I'm only joking."

【意欲分手】

38. 更头昏目眩

39. 抚摸

【茕茕无言】

40. 你为我难过吗

41. 分开; 张开

At last she spoke in a tone of sheer desperation:

"I know you're joking, but I believe you *all the same*⁴². Why do you *torment*⁴³ me? There is not the smallest part of my soul left *unbruised*⁴⁴. I know you only love me out of pity. I'm just a peasant woman, what can I expect from life, how can I hope for happiness!"

At this moment a cock crowed loudly outside. A sleepy horse *pawed the boards of its stall*⁴⁵. In the faint morning light the prince's *gaunt*⁴⁶ but handsome face gradually became visible. His big eyes were sad and serious, a slightly *sarcastic smile*⁴⁷ had frozen on his lips.

Sasha looked at him for a long time, then began to kiss his hands, shoulders and face; she lay down beside him, warming him with her strong and *amorous*⁴⁸ body.

II

*I*n a new log cabin that stood on the other end of the village in the middle of a small *weed-ridden yard*¹ surrounded by a *wattle fence*², Doctor Zabolkin lay on the sleeping-shelf of the stove.

All that was visible from below was a head and a chin covered with *stiff red bristles*³

【村妇纯情】

42. 还是, 仍然

43. 折磨

44. 没有受伤

45. 踢马厩的木头

地板
46. 瘦削的

47. 讽刺的微笑

【一厢情愿】

48. 柔美的

【乡村医生】

1. 长满杂草的院子

2. 篱笆

3. 粗硬的红色须茬



怦然心动情深处
泪洒灯前读书时



supported between two fists. Tufts of the same red hair stuck out in all directions, starting from the crown of the *head*⁴ and falling over the forehead and obscuring the eyes; *the face was unwashed and puffed from sleep*⁵.

Doctor Grigory Ivanovich Zabolkin, *screwing up his eyes*⁶, spat down from his shelf, aiming at a knot in a floor board.

Opposite him, on a bench under the tin lamp on the wall, sat a priest, a man of *small stature*⁷, calm and humble in appearance, *with a tinge of grey in his dark locks*⁸. The sleeves of his *cassock*⁹ were greasy and *in concertina folds*¹⁰. With a wry face Father *Vasily*¹¹ sat in silence, his hands in his sleeves, watching the doctor and his spitting.

"*How low a man can fall in three years*¹²," said Father Vasily at last.

"And don't you like it?" responded Grigory Ivanovich lazily. "It's been a habit of mine from childhood: whenever *I'm absolutely fed up*¹³ I just creep into some hole and spit. If you don't like it, don't look. I even used to have a favourite place for it—under the *barn*¹⁴ where the grass grew soft. Our bitch always used to *have her pups*¹⁵ there. The pups were warm and smelt of milk, the bitch licked them and they *whined*¹⁶ softly. It's good to be a dog, honest it is."

"You're a fool, Grigory Ivanovich," said

4. 头顶

5. 睡肿了

6. 眯起眼睛

【神父来访】

7. 小个子

8. 黑头发 略显灰白

9. 黑长袍

10. 折皱得像蛇皮

11. 瓦西里神父

12. 一个人三年能沉沦得多深啊

【无异狗窝】

13. 绝对是受够了

14. 谷仓

15. 下(生)小狗

16. 哀叫

Father Vasily after a pause. "I'd better go."

"You have no right to go until you provide me with spiritual comfort, Father Vasily. That's what the government pays you money for."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"You have graduated the university, you are still young, you have a *lay profession*¹⁷. *Why, in your place*¹⁸ I'd be laughing all day long. But you, no! What are you fit for with your ideas? You just lie and spit."

"Once, Father Vasily, I had wonderful ideas." Grigory Ivanovich turned over on his back, stretched his arms out from the shelf, *snapped his fingers*¹⁹ and yawned. "It's true I can't get used to vodka."

"Ugh!" said Father Vasily; with great care he took a tin cigarette-case from the pocket of his cassock, struck a match, *holding it between his cupped palms*²⁰ from force of habit, like one who usually lights matches in the wind, lit his cigarette, rolled the match-stick between his fingers and then threw it under the bench. "Believe me, if there were other educated people in the village I would never come here."

There had been many conversations of this sort between the doctor and Father Vasily since spring, when the Kolyvan hospital *burnt down*²¹. Grigory Ivanovich had then handed over all the

17. 世俗的职业

18. 嗨, 处在你的
位置

[忠言逆耳]

19. 弹了一下指头

20. 两个窝起的手
心

21. 烧毁



悍然心切快深处
湘酒灯前读书时



work to his assistant and had *retired*²² to the little cottage that the Zemstvo had rented until a new hospital was built.

Three years before Grigory Ivanovich had received his first appointment at Kolyvan. He had begun *eagerly driving round the villages*²³, giving medical treatment and even helping his patients with money. Dragging through *the mud of the flooded dirt-roads*²⁴ or with the icy wind cutting right through him on a January night when a dead moon hung over the dead snow; looking into *tiny stuffy hovels*²⁵ full of screaming, *scabby kids*²⁶, gassed and *driven to distraction by the acrid smoke in black bathhouses*²⁷ where women screamed in childbirth; sending despairing letters to the Zemstvo for more medicines, more doctors and more money; realizing that no matter what he did it all disappeared into the *bottomless abyss*²⁸ of village poverty, ruin and mismanagement—Grigory Ivanovich felt at last that he was alone with a *jar of castor-oil*²⁹ on a territory *sixty versts across*³⁰, where the children died by hundreds from *scarlet fever*³¹ and the adults from *hunger-bred typhus*³² and that in any case the castor-oil would not help and was not what was wanted. Then the hospital burnt down and he poured the castor-oil on the ground and climbed up on to his shelf.

Father Vasily, before whose eyes the third

22. 退到, 搬到

【不堪回首】

23. 热情满怀地开着车来往于各村间

24. 积满了水的泥路

25. 又小又挤的茅棚

26. 长满疥癣的孩子

27. 被阴暗的澡堂里呛人的烟子熏得叫人发狂

28. 无底的深渊

29. 一瓶蓖麻油

30. 在一片 60 俄里宽的土地上

31. 猩红热

32. 饥饿引发的斑疹伤寒

【人间真情】