

诗露·英汉对照读物



The Marriage Scheme

婚姻陷阱

Carla Cassidy



外语教学与研究出版社
禾林® 图书有限公司

(京)新登字 155 号

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

婚姻陷阱/(加拿大)卡希迪(Cassidy, C.)著;张小慧译.

—北京:外语教学与研究出版社,1997.1

ISBN 7-5600-1192-6 (诗露·英汉对照读物)

I. 婚… II. ①卡… ②张…

III. 小说-加拿大-对照读物-英、汉 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(97)第 00618 号

诗露·英汉对照读物

婚姻陷阱

The Marriage Scheme

原著 Carla Cassidy

译者 张小慧(台湾)

出版发行 外语教学与研究出版社
(北京市西三环北路 19 号)

印刷 华利国际合营印刷有限公司

经销 新华书店总店北京发行所

开本 736×965 1/32 9.25 印张

版次 1997 年 6 月第 1 版 1997 年 6 月第 1 次印刷

印数 1-25000 册

书号 ISBN 7-5600-1192-6/H·669

定价 9.80 元

9 8 0 0 0 1

京权图字：01-96-1530

The Marriage Scheme

Original: © 1993 Carla Cassidy

Translation: © 1996 Harlequin Books S. A.

Foreign Language Teaching & Research Press

Cover Art: © 1996 Harlequin Enterprises Limited

All rights reserved including the right of
reproduction in whole or in part in any form.

This edition is published by arrangement with Harlequin Books S. A.

All characters in this book are fictitious.

Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead,
is purely coincidental.

本书所有人物皆属虚构, 如有雷同, 纯属巧合。

版权所有 翻版必究

出版说明

加拿大禾林图书有限公司出版了一套“诗露”爱情小说系列,该系列中的每部小说都讲述了一个曲折的爱情故事,作者非常精心地在小说中安排和构造情节走向,设计情绪节奏和阅读兴奋点,牵引着读者能够以最快的读速在极短的时间里将一部小说读完,并随即翻开另一部。

“诗露”小说在西方极其畅销,这或许不只是说明了该类读物独具的市场生命力,是否还可以认为同样会是一个细致的出版者对当今读者的别样关切?

外语教学与研究出版社始终致力于我国外语的普及,孜孜以求掀起外语阅读的风气。外语学习也许不必尽是辛劳的苦事,不苦不累、轻轻松松、且又乐在其中的外语阅读已为越来越多的外语学习者所欢迎。因此,“edutainment”(寓教于乐)就成了外研社在图书出版中做出的一种新的尝试。这次外研社与禾林图书有限公司达成出版协议,以谨慎的态度推出这套系列小说的英汉版本(配设译文),此为原因之一。同时还应说明的是,选择了爱情小说作为这种读物的内容,其目的并不在于营造温馨浪漫,推销款款情语。因为,读者所能注意得到,言情类型小说的语言尽管大半缺乏风格,语言大半缺乏创造

性,但是它的通俗流畅和透明,倒是值得我们英语学习者品味品味的。爱情小说免不了涉及人类多种多样的情绪心理。某种意义上说,爱情小说是人类丰富情感的展示“橱窗”:相思之苦,别离之伤,误解之涩,相拥之喜,生死之痛,所有这一切情感的表达方式和词汇,都交汇在言情小说里,因此言情小说应该被我们视为一种语库,而为读者系统并具规模地提供这种语库,正是外研社出版“诗露”系列的第二个原因。

爱情小说尽管少了些凝重和深沉,但小说中叙述的男女两性的情感生活,也或多或少地传达出一些西方世界爱情与婚姻的文化。前些时候美国言情小说《廊桥遗梦》风靡中国,并引发了国人对婚外恋情的讨论。这一现象表明,即使是言情类型小说,也能够敏感地传达出一个时代里人们价值观念的细微变化。正是在这层意义上,禾林爱情系列小说在一定程度上便拥有了文化的内涵,读者可以从小说中触探到西方社会生活价值观念的迁变。是为原因之三。

值得一提的是,这套系列英语读物的译文别具一格,它并非与原文字字对应。译者都是台湾译坛上的妙手,他们采取的是一种宽松的意译方法,行文通俗流畅。译者们如此处理,只希望不致引起读者的误解,同时我们也希望读者在禾林提供的爱情故事中品尝悲喜苦乐,在明快畅晓的小说叙述语言的环绕中坐看云起云消……

**"Mom, promise me you
won't get mad..."**

"Charley, whenever you say that, I automatically ready myself to get angry. What's going on?" Abby asked as she followed her daughter into the restaurant.

"Well... Lauren's dad is sort of divorced and he's coming tonight just to meet you. He sort of thinks it's a blind date."

"Remind me when we get home tonight that you're *sort of* grounded," Abby said through clenched teeth.

Then she looked over to the table where Lauren and her dad waited. Abby fought an overwhelming urge to turn and run. Sitting next to Lauren, looking stern and formidable, was the man who had tried to put her in jail just the other night — the Honorable Judge Eldridge Stewart.

Chapter One

Abby Jones jumped out of the car at the red light and slammed the door. "Creep," she muttered beneath her breath, shoving a strand of the blond wig out of her eyes.

This was the last time, the very last time she let her daughter fix her up on a blind date. Charlene was a devoted, wonderful daughter, but as a matchmaker, the fourteen-year-old definitely missed her mark.

I'll ground her for a week, Abby thought, unable to believe her daughter had managed to talk her into going out with Walter Simmons, the man she'd just escaped from at the stoplight. It was easy to understand why Walter was so successful as a member of the wind section of the Baldwin Philharmonic Orchestra. The man was full of hot air. Worse than that, they'd attended a charity costume party. Walt had come dressed as a vampire, then had spent the rest of the evening trying to suck on her neck.

I'll ground her for a month, she amended,

looking around to get her bearings. Spying a phone booth on the next corner, she dug in the bottom of her purse to find a quarter. At least she'd chosen to jump ship at a place where a phone was nearby. Now all she had to do was call one of her friends to come and get her.

She went into the phone booth, deposited her money and quickly punched in seven numbers. As she waited for the connection to go through, her gaze swept up and down the street. Of all the places in town, why had she picked this particular seedy intersection to say au revoir to her date? She smiled wryly. Because it was at this particular intersection that Walt had transformed himself from a vampire to a wolf, pawing and groping at her with what seemed to be eight hands. She shuddered at the memory of his clammy touch and hot breath.

As she looked once again out the booth windows, she suppressed another shudder. Baldwin, Indiana was a nice city, but like all mid-size cities there were areas where sane, normal people didn't venture after dark. And this was definitely one of those areas.

"Come on, come on," she muttered impatiently, hoping her sister was home to receive

the call. After several unanswered rings, she hung up, and punched in seven new numbers. Surely one of her friends would be home on a Saturday night.

She hung up the telephone, realizing her friend Kathy apparently wasn't home, either.

For the third time she dropped in her quarter, irritably punching in another set of numbers. She whirled around as the door of the booth flew open. She sighed in relief as she came face-to-face with a young police officer.

"Okay, sweetheart, hang up the phone. That's one date you won't be keeping."

"I beg your pardon?" Abby looked at him in confusion.

"I said hang up the phone." She did as he requested, gasping in surprise as he took her arm and pulled her out of the phone booth. "Come on, honey. It's roundup night. The mayor wants all you working girls off the streets."

"Working girls?" Abby stopped in her tracks and stared at him, a nervous bubble of laughter escaping her lips. "Oh no, you can't think that I..." But, of course he could, she thought fatalistically. Here she stood before him, clad in a frowsy blond wig, a black leather miniskirt, metallic strapless blouse.

It had been Charlene's idea that she dress up like a punk rocker. *I'll ground her for a year*, Abby decided. "Look," she began, giving the officer a hesitant smile. "This is all a terrible misunderstanding. I'm not a . . . a . . . hooker. I've been to a costume party and I had a fight with my date —" She broke off at the officer's look of disbelief. "Really, this is all a horrible mistake."

Abby pulled her arm away from his grasp. "Please, listen to me . . . this is a misunderstanding."

The officer sighed wearily. "Lady, just get in the wagon before I lose my patience and add resisting arrest to your charges. You can discuss this 'misunderstanding' with the judge."

"This is a nightmare," she breathed aloud as the back door of the wagon was slammed shut and locked. "This can't be happening."

"First bust?" Abby looked at the young woman next to her. Actually, she was little more than a teenager, but her eyes looked old, world-weary. "First bust?" she repeated.

"Yes . . . I mean . . . no . . . I mean this is all a big mistake." Abby flushed. "You see, I was on my way home from a costume party, a charity affair for the Philharmonic. My date was a real creep so I got out

of his car and was making a phone call when the policeman just assumed..." She looked at all the women. "It was all just a crazy mistake."

"I know what you mean." A red-haired woman in a purple negligee nodded. "I was just on my way back to the convent when those mean cops nabbed me." Her words brought hoots of laughter and catcalls from the other women.

"No, you don't understand. I'm really a teacher," Abby protested. "I teach high school."

"Yeah, I'm a teacher, too," one of the others snickered. "But you can't find what I teach in no textbook." Again the wagon filled with raucous laughter, and Abby decided it would be best if she just kept her mouth shut until they got to the police station and she could get this mess cleared up.

"Don't worry," the young girl next to Abby spoke again as they were being led into the police station. "It's really no big deal. All they can book most of us on is loitering or disturbing the peace. You just plead guilty, pay the fine and you should be out of here within a couple of hours."

"I'm not going to plead guilty," Abby protested indignantly. "I'm not guilty."

The young girl eyed Abby with a wry grin.

"Yeah, right, we're all not guilty. We're just all misunderstood."

There was no more time for small talk as everyone was led into a room where forms were filled out and fingerprints taken. After being booked, they were locked in a holding tank where Abby did her best not to panic.

Thankfully she was in there only a few minutes before an officer came to let her make the phone call she'd been requesting since the moment she'd entered the station.

She immediately called her friend and lawyer, Harry Meeker.

"Harry, it's Abby," she said in relief when he answered the phone. "I have a small problem and could use your help. I've been arrested and need you here for legal advice." There was a long, pregnant pause at the other end of the line. "Harry?"

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

It was nearly an hour later when Abby was once again led out of the cell and taken to a hallway outside the courtroom where night court was taking place.

"Oh my gawd." Harry hurried toward her, his pinched little face radiating amusement. "Abby, love, what have you done to yourself?" He reached

up and touched one of her platinum curls. "I love the color, but the style does nothing for you."

Abby glared at the little man. "Cut the crap, Harry. I've had a bad night."

"Darling, you've absolutely made my night." Harry laughed then sobered as she shot him another scathing glare. "My, we *have* had a bad night, haven't we?"

"Harry, tonight I suffered through the blind date from hell, thanks to my dear daughter. That experience could only have been topped by being arrested for prostitution and thrown into a jail cell where I learned more about sex than I ever wanted to ask."

Harry grinned, started to say something, then pulled her over to a bench and sat her down. "Don't worry, I'll take care of this. They're going to call your case in just a few minutes. Tell me what happened."

When she was finished he patted her hand. "Don't worry. I'm sure this can be worked out quite easily. I'll just explain the situation to the judge and chances are he'll dismiss the whole thing."

Abby hadn't been in a courtroom since the day of her divorce ten years before. That particular

proceeding had been held in the middle of a Tuesday afternoon and the room had been packed.

"Oh, great," Harry murmured beneath his breath as they slid onto a bench at the back of the courtroom.

"What's wrong?" Abby asked anxiously, seeing the frown on Harry's face.

He motioned to the judge at the front of the courtroom. "That's the esteemed Judge Eldridge Stewart... Stoneface Stewart, as we in the legal system like to call him. Of course, we don't call him that to his face. The man has no sense of humor."

Abby looked at the judge with interest. He seemed relatively young to be in such an exalted position. His dark hair was thick and just beginning to gray at the temples. His features were finely tooled, chiseled by a force that combined beauty with strength. The arrogant straightness of his nose, the firm jawline broken only by the hint of a cleft in the chin — yes, it was a face of great character and strength. But it was his eyes that struck her. There was no mercy in their gray depths, no compassion, only a blank coldness that made a shiver race up her spine.

"He looks mean," she whispered to Harry.

Harry grimaced. "If this were the Old West, Judge Stewart would be the equivalent of a hanging judge. He's a hard man."

Abby rubbed her forehead with the tip of two fingers where a major headache was beginning to blossom with nauseating intensity. "Just get me out of here. I have a daughter to kill."

Harry laughed. "Keep in mind, if you follow through on that particular thought, you'll end up right back in here facing Judge Stewart."

Abby flushed beneath his intense stare as Harry began to tell him the circumstances of her presence in court.

"So you see, Your Honor," Harry concluded, "my client is a hard-working, upstanding single parent whose only crime is having an exceptionally abhorrent blind date."

This last statement made Abby glare at Harry once again. He didn't have to tell the judge that, for goodness' sake!

Those cold gray eyes stared at her long and hard. "I suggest, Mrs. Jones, that you be more selective in your dating habits in the future," he said, his voice ringing with undisputed authority. His gaze held hers for a moment longer. "Case dismissed." He

banged down the gavel, then added, "I don't want to see you in my courtroom again."

"Thank godness that's over," she breathed in relief as they left the courthouse. "That judge looked at me like he'd enjoy sending me up the river for a hundred years."

Harry laughed and threw an arm around her shoulders. "Judge Stewart looks at everyone that way. The man has no sense of humor whatsoever."

"No," Abby protested, kicking off her highheeled shoes and sinking down into the worn, overstuffed sofa. She was grateful to have made it through the week. Since the night of her arrest a week ago, her life had been the pits. It seemed as if everything and everyone conspired to make her as miserable as possible. Now her daughter was joining the conspiracy.

"Oh, come on, Mom," Charlene urged, sitting cross-legged on the floor at her mother's feet. "You promised me that one night this week we'd meet Lauren and get pizza for supper."

"Oh, Charley, I know I promised, but not tonight." Abby stretched her arms up over her head and simultaneously wiggled her toes, trying to release

the tension from her body. "I've had a horrible day. I swear, there must have been a full moon last night because all the kids were animals today. Jacob Warren confessed that the only reason he read *Romeo and Juliet* was so he could highlight the sexy parts." Abby shook her head with a rueful smile. "I'm afraid Shakespeare disappointed him."

"Jacob Warren is a total nerd," Charley pronounced with all the conviction of a fourteen-year-old. "And if you had a really bad day, then it's a good night to go out to eat. You won't have to mess with cooking, and besides, it's already set up. We're supposed to meet Lauren at the Pizza Palace at seven o'clock."

"All right," she relented. "We'll go tonight, but this is the last time I want you presenting me with plans already made."

Charley nodded, her brown eyes shining with excitement.

"I think I'll go soak in a hot tub and see if I can get relaxed before we go." Abby stood up, ruffling her daughter's dark hair as she walked by.

Once in the tub, she sank into the hot, scented water and sighed. This past week had been the