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- Frances Hodgson Burnett (英) 著
- Clare West (英) 改写

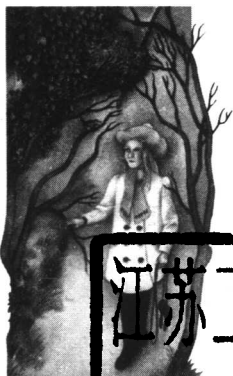
The Secret Garden

秘密花园



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藏书章

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简介

“咱俩差不多，”本·威瑟斯塔夫老头对玛丽说，“长得丑，脾气也不好。”

可怜的玛丽！谁都不要她，也没人喜欢她。父母去世以后，她被人从印度送回英国的约克郡，住在她舅舅的家里。那是一幢旧房子，很大，差不多有上百个房间，可大部分都关得严严实实，还上了锁。玛丽住在那儿，情绪很坏，她感到厌烦、孤独，整天没事可做，除了园丁本·威瑟斯塔夫老头，没人跟她说话。

不过后来玛丽听说了有关秘密花园的事。那花园的门紧锁着，钥匙也不知哪儿去了。10年了，除了那只能够飞过围墙的知更鸟，没有一个人进过那园子。玛丽望着知更鸟，琢磨着钥匙会在哪儿……

再后来，夜里房子中什么地方传来奇怪的哭声，听起来像是个孩子……

弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特生于1849年，卒于1924年。从16岁起她大部分时间住在美国，但经常回英格兰。她是一位终身作家，写了很多书，《秘密花园》是她的代表作。

1

Little Miss Mary

Nobody seemed to care about Mary. She was born in India, where her father was a British official. He was busy with his work, and her mother, who was very beautiful, spent all her time going to parties. So an Indian woman, Kamala, was paid to take care of the little girl. Mary was not a pretty child. She had a thin angry face and thin yellow hair. She was always giving orders to Kamala, who had to obey. Mary never thought of other people, but only of herself. In fact, she was a very selfish, disagreeable, bad-tempered little girl.

One very hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she woke up and saw that instead of Kamala there was a different Indian servant by her bed.

‘What are *you* doing here?’ she asked crossly. ‘Go away! And send Kamala to me at once!’

The woman looked afraid. ‘I’m sorry, Miss Mary, she — she — she can’t come!’

Something strange was happening that day. Some of the house servants were missing and everybody looked frightened. But nobody told Mary anything, and Kamala still did not come. So at last Mary went out into the garden, and played by herself under a tree. She pretended she was making her own flower garden, and picked large red flowers to push into the

1 幼年的玛丽小姐



似乎没有人注意玛丽的存在。玛丽出生在印度，父亲是驻印的英国官员，总是忙着工作，母亲长得非常漂亮，把所有时间都花在参加聚会上。所以，一个名叫卡玛拉的印度女人被雇来照看这个小姑娘。玛丽长得不漂亮，消瘦的脸上总是一副生气的样子，头发稀疏枯黄。她总对卡玛拉发号施令，卡玛拉只好顺从她。她很少想到别人，只顾自己。她确实是一个非常自私，脾气怪戾，很难相处的小女孩。

在她大约9岁那年的一个上午，天气很热，她醒来时发现站在床前的不是卡玛拉，而是另外一个印度女仆。

“你在这儿干什么？”她生气地问，“走开！叫卡玛拉马上到这儿来！”

那个女人看来很害怕。“对不起，玛丽小姐，她——她——她来不了了！”

那天发生了一些很奇怪的事情，房子里的一些仆人不见了，每个人看上去都惊恐异常。可是没有人告诉玛丽任何事情，卡玛拉也始终没来。最后玛丽只好一个人来到花园，在一棵树下玩耍。她假装是在给自己造一座花园，摘来大朵的红花插在土里，一边

official *n.* a person holding office or engaged in official duties. 官员。 **disagreeable** *adj.* unpleasant; rude. 让人讨厌的，不友善的。 **crossly** *adv.* having a bad temper. 不高兴地，执拗地。 **pretend** *v.* behave in a particular way because you want someone to believe that something is true when it is not. 假装，装作。

ground. All the time she was saying crossly to herself,

‘I hate Kamala! I’ll hit her when she comes back!’

Just then she saw her mother coming into the garden, with a young Englishman. They did not notice the child, who listened to their conversation.

‘It’s very bad, is it?’ her mother asked the young man in a worried voice.

‘Very bad,’ he answered seriously. ‘People are dying like flies. It’s dangerous to stay in this town. You should go to the hills, where there’s no disease.’

‘Oh, I know!’ she cried. ‘We must leave soon!’

Suddenly they heard loud cries coming from the servants’ rooms, at the side of the house.

‘What’s happened?’ cried Mary’s mother wildly.

‘I think one of your servants has just died. You didn’t tell me the disease is *here*, in your house!’

‘I didn’t know!’ she screamed. ‘Quick, come with me!’ And together they ran into the house.

Now Mary understood what was wrong. The terrible disease had already killed many people in the town, and in all the houses people were dying. In Mary’s house it was Kamala who had just died. Later that day three more servants died there.

All through the night and the next day people ran in and out of the house, shouting and crying. Nobody thought of Mary. She hid in her bedroom, frightened by the strange and terrible sounds that she heard around her. Sometimes she cried and

玩还一边堵气地自言自语：

“我讨厌卡玛拉！等她回来我要揍她一顿！”

就在这会儿，她看见妈妈和一个年轻的英国人走进花园，玛丽听见了他们的谈话，他们却没注意到她。

“很严重，是吗？”妈妈问那个年轻人，声音充满焦虑。

“非常严重，”他严肃地说，“人们像苍蝇一样死去，再在城里待下去太危险了，你得到山里去，那里没有疫病。”

“哦，我知道！”她叫道，“我们得马上离开！”

突然，他们听到房子侧面用人屋里传来嚎啕大哭的声音。

“出了什么事？”玛丽的妈妈慌乱地大叫着。

“我看是你的一个用人刚刚死去。你没告诉过我这儿也有疫病，在你的房子里！”

“我根本不知道！”她尖声叫着，“快，跟我来。”他们一同冲进屋去。

现在玛丽明白是哪儿不对了。可怕的疫病已经夺去了城里很多人的生命，到处都有人在死去。在玛丽家刚刚死去的正是卡玛拉。那天后来又有3个用人死了。

整整一夜到第二天，人们跑进跑出，哭着，喊着，谁也没想起玛丽。她躲在卧室里，被周围这些可怕的奇怪声音吓坏了，不时

sometimes she slept.

When she woke the next day, the house was silent.

‘Perhaps the disease has gone,’ she thought, ‘and everybody is well again. I wonder who will take care of me instead of Kamala? Why doesn’t someone bring me some food? It’s strange the house is so quiet.’

But just then she heard men’s voices in the hall.

‘How sad!’ said one. ‘That beautiful woman!’

‘There was a child too, wasn’t there?’ said the other. ‘Although none of us ever saw her.’

Mary was standing in the middle of her room when they opened the door a few minutes later. The two men jumped back in surprise.

‘My name is Mary Lennox,’ she said crossly. ‘I was asleep when everyone was ill, and now I’m hungry.’

‘It’s the child, the one nobody ever saw!’ said the older man to the other. ‘They’ve all forgotten her!’

‘Why was I forgotten?’ asked Mary angrily. ‘Why has nobody come to take care of me?’

The younger man looked at her very sadly. ‘Poor child!’ he said. ‘You see, there’s nobody left alive in the house. So nobody *can* come.’

In this strange and sudden way Mary learnt that both her mother and her father had died. The few servants who had not died had run away in the night. No one had remembered little Miss Mary. She was all alone.

地哭着，哭累了就睡上一会儿。

第二天，当她醒来时，房子里一片寂静。

“说不定疫病已经过去，”她想着，“人们又和从前一样健康了，谁会接替卡玛拉来照看我呢？为什么家里没人给我送点吃的来？房子里这么静，真是太奇怪了。”

就在这时，她听到客厅里男人说话的声音。

“太惨啦！”有人说，“这么漂亮的女人！”

“还应该有个孩子的，是不是？”另外一个人说，“尽管我们都没有看见她。”

几分钟后，他们推开门，玛丽站在房间的中央，两个男人吓得跳了回去。

“我叫玛丽·莲诺丝，”她生气地说，“他们生病时我睡着了，现在我很饿。”

“就是这个孩子，谁都没看见她！”年长一点的男人对另一个说，“他们都把她忘了！”

“为什么把我忘了？”玛丽气呼呼地问，“为什么没人来照看我？”

年轻一点的男人忧伤地看着她，“可怜的孩子！”他说，“听着，这幢房子里的人全死了，所以没有人能来照看你。”

以这样一种奇异而突然的方式，玛丽得知她的父母已不在人世，活下来的几个用人也趁半夜逃走了。没人想起年幼的玛丽小姐，就只剩下她一个人了。

untidy *adj.* not neat and tidy. 不整洁的。**crooked** *adj.* not straight. 驼的，弯的。

Because she had never known her parents well, she did not miss them at all. She only thought of herself, as she had always done.

‘Where will I live?’ she wondered. ‘I hope I’ll stay with people who’ll let me do what I want.’

At first she was taken to an English family who had known her parents. She hated their untidy house and noisy children, and preferred playing by herself in the garden. One day she was playing her favourite game, pretending to make a garden, when one of the children, Basil, offered to help.

‘Go away!’ cried Mary. ‘I don’t want your help!’

For a moment Basil looked angry, and then he began to laugh. He danced round and round Mary, and sang a funny little song about Miss Mary and her stupid flowers. This made Mary very cross indeed. No one had ever laughed at her so unkindly.

‘You’re going home soon,’ said Basil. ‘And we’re all very pleased you’re leaving!’

‘I’m pleased too,’ replied Mary. ‘But where’s home?’

‘You’re stupid if you don’t know that!’ laughed Basil. ‘England, of course! You’re going to live with your uncle, Mr Archibald Craven.’

‘I’ve never heard of him,’ said Mary coldly.

‘But *I* know about him because I heard Father and Mother talking,’ said Basil. ‘He lives in a big lonely old house, and has no friends, because he’s so bad-tempered. He’s got a crooked

由于她跟父母并不亲近，因此一点也不想念他们。像以前一样，她只想到了她自己。

“我该住哪儿呢？”她思量着，“我想跟那些让我想干什么就干什么的人在一起。”

一开始她被带到一户英国人家，他们认识她的父母。可她讨厌他们凌乱的房子和吵吵闹闹的孩子们，而宁愿一个人在花园里玩。一天，她正玩着最喜欢的造花园游戏，那家的孩子巴兹尔走过来想帮她忙。

“走开！”玛丽大声喊道，“我才不用你帮忙！”

巴兹尔呆站了一会儿，很生气，可很快又乐开了。他围着玛丽又蹦又跳，一边唱起一支滑稽的有关玛丽小姐和她愚蠢的花儿的歌。这可把玛丽气坏了，还从来没人这么刻薄地嘲笑过她呢！

“你就快回家了，”巴兹尔说，“我们真高兴你快走了。”

“我也高兴，”玛丽答道，“可回哪儿的家？”

“你连这都不知道，可真够傻的！”巴兹尔笑道，“当然是英国！你要去跟你舅舅阿奇伯德·克莱文先生住了！”

“我从来没听说过他。”玛丽冷冷地说。

“可我知道，我听我爸爸妈妈谈论过他。”巴尔兹说，“他住在一幢孤零零的、又大又旧的风子里，一个朋友都没有，因为他脾

back, and he's horrid!'

'I don't believe you!' cried Mary. But the next day Basil's parents explained that she was going to live with her uncle in Yorkshire, in the north of England. Mary looked bored and cross and said nothing.

After the long sea journey, she was met in London by Mr Craven's housekeeper, Mrs Medlock. Together they travelled north by train. Mrs Medlock was a large woman, with a very red face and bright black eyes. Mary did not like her, but that was not surprising, because she did not usually like people. Mrs Medlock did not like Mary either.

'What a disagreeable child!' thought the housekeeper. 'But perhaps I should talk to her.'

'I can tell you a bit about your uncle if you like,' she said aloud. 'He lives in a big old house, a long way from anywhere. There are nearly a hundred rooms, but most of them are shut and locked. There's a big park round the house, and all kinds of gardens. Well, what do you think of that?'

'Nothing,' replied Mary. 'It doesn't matter to me.'

Mrs Medlock laughed. 'You're a hard little girl! Well, if *you* don't care, Mr Craven doesn't either. He never spends time on anyone. He's got a crooked back, you see, and although he's always been rich, he was never really happy until he married.'

'Married?' repeated Mary in surprise.

'Yes, he married a sweet, pretty girl, and he loved her

气太坏了。他还是个驼背，可怕极了！”

“我才不信呢！”玛丽大声说。可是第二天，巴兹尔的父母解释说她将要到英格兰北部的约克郡，跟她的舅舅住在一起。玛丽显得又烦躁又恼怒，可什么都没说。

轮船在海上航行了很久，克莱文先生的管家梅洛太太到伦敦来接玛丽，带她坐火车去北方。梅洛太太是个高大的女人，红脸膛，长着一双明亮的黑眼睛。玛丽不喜欢她，这也没什么好奇怪的，因为她通常谁也不喜欢。梅洛太太也不怎么喜欢玛丽。

“这孩子可真不讨人喜欢！”管家心里想，“不过也许我该跟她聊聊。”

“要是你愿意，我可以给你讲讲你舅舅的事。”她大声说。“他住在一幢很大的老宅子里，离哪儿都不近。那个宅子差不多有一百个房间，可大部分都紧闭着，上了锁。房子周围有一片很大的园林，还有各式的花园。你觉得怎么样？”

“不怎么样，”玛丽答道，“跟我一点关系都没有。”

梅洛太太笑了：“你这个小倔丫头！好啦，如果你不在乎，克莱文先生自然也不在乎。他从不把时间花在任何人身上，他是个驼背，而且，尽管一直都有钱，在他结婚之前他从来没有真正快乐过。”

“结婚？”玛丽惊奇地重复道。

“是啊，娶了个温柔美丽的姑娘，他非常

Yorkshire *n.* a former county of England. 约克郡(英国一个郡)。 **explain** *v.* to tell someone something in a way that helps them understand it better. 解释，说明。 **housekeeper** *n.* a person employed to manage a household. 管家。

deeply. So when she died—’

‘Oh! Did she die?’ asked Mary, interested.

‘Yes, she did. And now he doesn’t care about anybody. If he’s at home, he stays in his room and sees nobody. He won’t want to see *you*, so you must stay out of his way and do what you’re told.’

Mary stared out of the train window at the grey sky and the rain. She was not looking forward to life at her uncle’s house.

The train journey lasted all day, and it was dark when they arrived at the station. Then there was a long drive to get to the house. It was a cold, windy night, and it was raining heavily. After a while Mary began to hear a strange, wild noise. She looked out of the window, but could see nothing except the darkness.

‘What’s that noise?’ she asked Mrs Medlock. ‘It’s — It’s not the sea, is it?’

‘No, that’s the moor. It’s the sound the wind makes, blowing across the moor.’

‘What is a moor?’

‘It’s just miles and miles of wild land, with no trees or houses. Your uncle’s house is right on the edge of the moor.’

Mary listened to the strange, frightening sound. ‘I don’t like it,’ she thought. ‘I don’t like it.’ She looked more disagreeable than ever.

非常爱她。所以那姑娘一死——”

“哦！她死了吗？”玛丽感兴趣地问道。

“是啊，她死了。所以现在克莱文先生谁也不关心了，他在家的时候就待在屋子里谁也不见。他不会想见你的，所以你必须躲着他，照别人吩咐你的去做。”

玛丽望着车窗外灰色的天空和飘落的雨丝，对于住在舅舅家的生活没有一丝期盼。

火车走了一天，到站时天已经黑了。可离那幢房子还有很远的路，要搭马车才能到。这是一个寒冷的夜晚，风疾雨骤。过了一阵，玛丽听到一种奇怪的、狂野的声音，她向窗外看去，可除了黑暗什么都看不见。

“那是什么声音？”她问梅洛太太，“那——那不是海，对吗？”

“对，那不是海，是荒原的声音，是风吹过荒原时发出的声音。”

“荒原是什么？”

“就是大片大片的荒地，没有树，也没有房屋，你舅舅家就住在荒原的边上。”

玛丽听着那奇怪而又可怕的声音，心里想着：“我讨厌它，我讨厌它。”她看上去更加不讨人喜欢了。

look forward to *hope; expect*. 盼望，期待。**moor**
n. a large area of high land covered with grass, bushes, with soil that is not good for growing crops. 荒原。

2

Mary in Yorkshire

They arrived at a very large old house. It looked dark and unfriendly from the outside. Inside, Mary looked around the big shadowy hall, and felt very small and lost. They went straight upstairs. Mary was shown to a room where there was a warm fire and food on the table.

‘This is your room,’ said Mrs Medlock. ‘Go to bed when you’ve had some supper. And remember, you must stay in your room! Mr Craven doesn’t want you to wander all over the house!’

When Mary woke up the next morning, she saw a young servant girl cleaning the fireplace. The room seemed dark and rather strange, with pictures of dogs and horses and ladies on the walls. It was not a child’s room at all. From the window she could not see any trees or houses, only wild land, which looked like a kind of purple sea.

‘Who are you?’ she asked the servant coldly.

‘Martha, miss,’ answered the girl with a smile.

‘And what’s that outside?’ Mary continued.

‘That’s the moor,’ smiled Martha. ‘Do you like it?’

‘No,’ replied Mary immediately. ‘I hate it.’

‘That’s because you don’t know it. You *will* like it. I love it. It’s lovely in spring and summer when there are flowers. It always smells so sweet. The air’s so fresh, and the birds sing so