



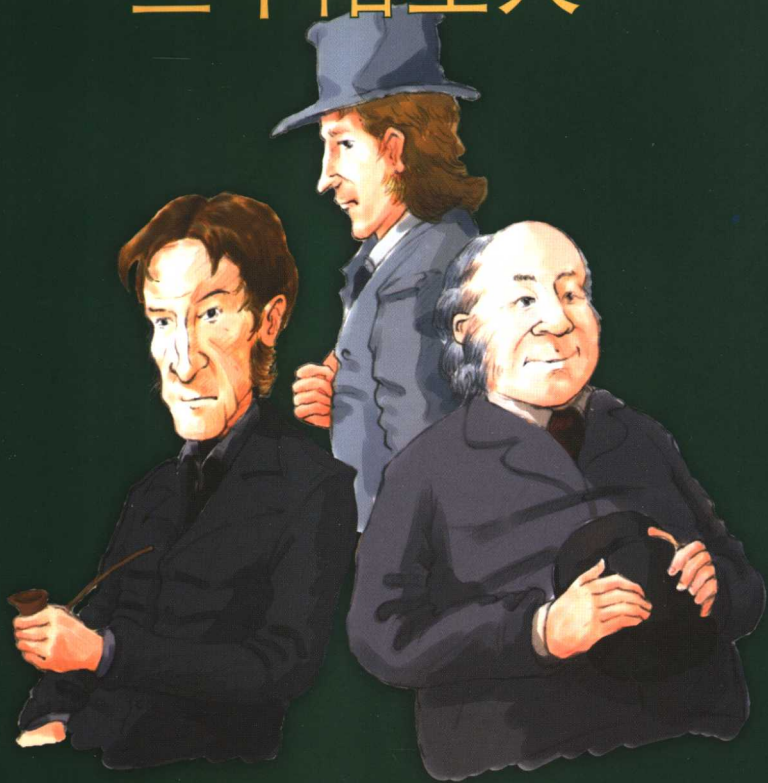
书虫·牛津英汉双语读物

■ Thomas Hardy (英) 著

■ Clare West (英) 改写

The Three Strangers and Other Stories

三个陌生人



外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS



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- Thomas Hardy (英) 著
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- 田 娜 译

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内容简介

托马斯·哈代最著名的小说莫过于《德伯家的苔丝》，但他也创作了大量的短篇故事。其中大多数取材于哈代在英格兰南部居住时，周围村庄的人们给他讲述的故事。

人有相似，无论他们生活在城镇还是乡村，在当代还是一百年前。

一个牧羊少年惊恐地睁大了双眼，从他的小棚屋中往外窥视一个女人和一个并非她丈夫的男人秘密约会。

一个年轻女教师原本要回家嫁给一个比自己大得多的男人，却因做了一时冲动的事而改变了自己的生活。

不过，还是让我们从一座孤零零的村舍的敲门声说起吧。屋内灯光明亮、气氛欢快，人们伴随着音乐翩翩起舞，玩得很开心。屋外大雨滂沱，顺着山间小路走来的陌生人凝视着灯火通明的窗户。他是该继续赶路，还是停下来歇歇、坐在温暖的炉火边吃点东西呢？

THE THREE STRANGERS and Other Stories

Thomas Hardy is probably best known for his novels such as *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, but he also wrote a great number of short stories. Many of them were based on stories told by people in the villages around where he lived in the south of England.

People are the same, whether they live in the town or the country, today or a hundred years ago.

From his hut a young shepherd boy watches, wide-eyed and afraid, a secret meeting between a woman and a man who is not her husband.

A young teacher, going home to marry a much older man, has a moment of madness that will change her life.

But we begin with a knock on the door at a lonely cottage. Inside, all is bright and cheerful, with music and dancing, and people enjoying themselves. Outside, the rain beats down, and the stranger following the footpath across the wild hills stares at the lighted windows. Should he go on, or can he stop for a while, to find rest and food and a seat by a warm fire?

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The Three Strangers and Other Stories

THE THREE STRANGERS

1

The first stranger

In the south-west of England there are many long, low, grassy hills, which have not changed their appearance for centuries. Farmers still keep their sheep on them, and the only buildings are lonely cottages, where shepherds live.

Fifty years ago there was a shepherd's cottage on one of these hills. It was only three miles from the market town of Casterbridge, but it was unusual for travellers to pass this way. There was no road, just two footpaths which crossed in front of the cottage door. During the long winters, snow and rain fell heavily here, which made travelling difficult.

The night of March 28th, 1825, was one of the coldest and wettest that winter, but inside the cottage all was warm and cheerful. Shepherd Fennel had invited family and friends to drink to the health of his youngest child, a recent arrival in the family. Nineteen people were at the party: married women and single girls, shepherds and farm workers, young people talking of love, and old friends talking of the past.

三个陌生人

1. 第一个陌生人

英格兰西南部绵亘着许多低矮而葱郁的山丘，它们的面貌千百年来未曾改变。农夫们依旧在山上放羊，山上唯一的一种建筑就是牧羊人居住的那些孤零零的小屋。

50年前，其中一座山上有一间牧羊人的小屋。尽管它距离卡斯特桥的集镇仅有3英里，却很少有行人从此经过。这里没有大路，仅有两条小径在小屋门前交会。在漫长的冬季里，这里雨雪很大，行走很困难。

1825年3月28日那晚是那年冬天最湿冷的一夜，不过小屋里却十分温暖，气氛欢快。牧羊人芬内尔邀请了亲朋好友来家里喝酒，祝福他最小的孩子——一个刚出生不久的家庭成员——身体健康。19个人参加了这次聚会：有已婚的妇人和单身的女孩，也有牧羊人和农场工人。年轻人谈论着爱情，老朋友们则追忆起往昔时光。

appearance *n.* the way a person or thing looks to other people 外表；外观

cottage *n.* a small house, esp. in the country 小屋；村舍

market town *n.* a town where a regular market is held (定期举行集市贸易的)集镇

footpath *n.* a narrow path or track for people to walk on 人行小径

Shepherd Fennel had chosen his wife well. She was a farmer's daughter from one of the valleys, and when she married, she brought fifty pounds with her in her pocket — and kept it there, for the needs of a coming family. She did not like to spend money unnecessarily, and had worried about the kind of party to give that evening. 'At a sit-still party,' she thought, 'the men'll get too comfortable and drink the house dry. But at a dancing-party people get hungry and then they'll eat all our food! We'll have both sitting *and* dancing — that's the best way.' And secretly she told the fiddler to play for no more than fifteen minutes at a time.

But when the dancing began, nobody wanted to stop. The fiddler refused to catch Mrs Fennel's eye, and played on. The music got louder and louder, and the excited dancers stepped faster and faster. Mrs Fennel could do nothing about it, so she sat helplessly in a corner, as the minutes became an hour.

While this was happening indoors, outside in the heavy rain and darkness a figure was climbing up the hill from Casterbridge. It was a tall, thin man, about forty years old, dressed all in black and wearing thick, heavy boots.

When he reached the shepherd's cottage, the rain came down harder than ever. The man left the footpath and went up to the door. He listened carefully, but the music inside had now stopped, and the man seemed unsure what to do.

牧羊人芬内尔找了个好妻子。她是山谷里一个农夫的女儿，结婚的时候口袋里揣来了 50 英镑——并且一直没花，准备贡献给即将组成的家庭。她不喜欢乱花钱，还一直为那晚该举行哪种聚会而忧心忡忡。“在坐着不动的聚会中，”她盘算着，“男人们通常会舒服得过了头，把家里的酒喝个底朝天。可是在舞会中，人们又容易饥饿，会吃掉我们所有的食物！所以我们既要坐着又要跳舞——这是最好的办法。”她还偷偷告诉拉小提琴的人，一次最多只拉 15 分钟琴。

可是舞会开始后，就没有人想停下来了。拉小提琴的人不肯看芬内尔太太的眼色，只管继续拉琴。音乐声越来越大，而兴奋的人们也越跳越快。芬内尔太太对此束手无策，只能无助地坐在角落里；而原本打算举行十来分钟的聚会竟延长到了一个小时。

屋内的人们正兴高采烈地跳着舞；屋外暴雨滂沱，漆黑一片，一个身影正从卡斯特桥向山上艰难地攀爬着。这是一名四十岁左右的瘦高男人，一身黑衣，脚穿厚重的靴子。

到达牧羊人的小屋时，雨下得越发大了。男人走下小径，来到门前。他仔细聆听，但这时音乐已经停了，他似乎有些不知所措。他环顾四周，身后的小径上空无

fiddler *n.* a person who plays a fiddle (a violin)
拉小提琴的人；小提琴手

He looked around, but could see no one on the footpath behind him, and no other houses anywhere near.

At last he decided to knock on the door.

‘Come in!’ called Shepherd Fennel. All eyes turned towards the stranger, as he entered the warm room.

He kept his hat on, low over his face. ‘The rain is heavy, friends,’ he said in a rich, deep voice. ‘May I come in and rest here for a while?’

‘O’ course, stranger,’ replied the shepherd. ‘You’ve chosen your moment well, because we’re having a party tonight. There’s a new baby in the family, you see.’

‘I hope you and your fine wife’ll have many more, shepherd,’ the man answered, smiling politely at Mrs Fennel. He looked quickly round the room, and seemed happy with what he saw. He took his hat off, and shook the water from his shoulders.

‘Will you have a drink with us, stranger?’ asked Fennel. He passed a mug of his wife’s home-made mead to the newcomer, who drank deeply from it and held it out for more.

‘I’ll take a seat in the chimney corner, if you don’t mind,’ said the man, ‘to dry my clothes a bit.’ He moved closer to the fire, and began to look very much at home.

‘There’s only one more thing that I need to make me happy,’ he added, ‘and that’s a little tobacco.’

‘I’ll fill your pipe,’ said the shepherd kindly.

一人，而附近也没有其他房屋。

终于，他决定敲门。

“请进！”牧羊人芬内尔喊道。陌生人走进了温暖的房间，所有的目光都转到了他身上。

他没有摘下帽子，压低的帽沿挡住了他的脸。“这雨可真大呀，伙计们，”他的声音浑厚而低沉，“我能进来在这儿休息一会儿吗？”

“当然可以，陌生的朋友，”牧羊人答道，“你来得正是时候，我们今晚正好在举行聚会。你看，我家里添了个小孩子。”

“希望您和您的贤妻多生贵子，牧羊人。”男人答道，礼貌地对芬内尔太太微笑着。他迅速环视了一下房间，看样子对眼前的一切很满意。他摘下帽子，抖落了肩上的雨水。

“跟我们喝一杯好吗，陌生的朋友？”芬内尔问。他递给这位新来者一杯妻子自酿的蜂蜜酒。陌生人一饮而尽，伸过杯子要再来一杯。

“如果你们不介意的话，我想坐在壁炉边的座位上，”那人说，“这样可以把我的衣服烘一烘。”他又朝炉火凑了凑，开始变得随意起来，看着跟在自己家里差不多。

“再有一样东西我就心满意足了，”他又说，“那就是一点点烟叶。”

“我给你装烟斗。”牧羊人亲切地说。

rich *adj.* deep, strong, and beautiful sound (声音) 深沉浑厚的 **mug** *n.* a round container for drinking 圆筒形有柄大杯 **mead** *n.* an alcoholic drink made from honey 蜂蜜酒 **chimney corner** *n.* a seat by the side of a large open fireplace 壁炉边的座位 **tobacco** *n.* the dried brown leaves that are smoked in cigarettes, pipes etc. 烟叶; 烟草 **pipe** *n.* a thing used for smoking tobacco 烟斗

‘Can you lend me one?’

‘You’re a smoker, and you’ve no pipe?’ said Fennel.

‘I dropped it somewhere on the road.’ The man lit the pipe that Fennel gave him, and seemed to want to talk no more.

“你能借给我一只烟斗吗?”

“你抽烟，却没有烟斗?” 芬内尔问道。

“我在路上把它弄丢了。” 那人点燃了芬内尔给他的烟斗，看样子不想再多说话了。

2

The second stranger

During this conversation the other visitors had not taken much notice of the stranger, because they were discussing what the fiddler should play next. They were just getting up to start another dance when there was a second knock at the door. At this sound, the stranger turned his back to the door, and seemed very busy trying to light his pipe.

‘Come in!’ called Shepherd Fennel a second time. In a moment another man entered. He too was a stranger.

This one was very different from the first. There was a more cheerful look about him. He was several years older, with greying hair and a full, reddish face. Under his long wet coat he was wearing a dark grey suit.

‘I must ask to rest here for a few minutes, friends,’ he said, ‘or I shall be wet to the skin before I reach Casterbridge.’

‘Make yourself at home, sir,’ replied Fennel, a little less warmly than when welcoming the first stranger. The cottage was not large, there were not many chairs, and these newcomers brought cold, wet air into the room.

The second visitor took off his coat and hat, and sat down heavily at the table, which the dancers had pushed into the chimney corner. He found himself sitting next to