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Jane Eyre

简·爱

【英】勃朗特著

路佳丽 米娜 周燕 译

主审◎韩霏一 顾问◎许渊冲



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序

敦煌文艺出版社即将推出《世界英语文学名著双语阅读》系列丛书，现将与该系列丛书相关的一些情况介绍如下：

一、出版本丛书的理由

1. 阅读的重要性

阅读可以获取信息和增长知识。Francis Bacon(弗朗西斯·培根)在 Of Studies(《论读书》)中说：“Reading makes a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.”(读书使人渊博，论辩使人机敏，写作使人精细。)阅读中，通过不断获取信息和不断增长知识，就能达到这里的“渊博”。

阅读可以学习语言。华东师范大学黄源深教授(2006)在《好的英语是“读”出来的——阅读的重要性》一文中说：“学习任何语言都需要大量阅读。学习英语也需要大量阅读。英语学得好的人，一般说来，都读过相当数量的书；反之，也只有读得比较多的人，才能真正学好英语。”英语学习在我国缺乏天然的语言环境，因此，在整个英语学习中突出“读”不失为是具有中国特色的外语教学方法。用英语思维是许多英语学习者都希望达到的一种境界。但对于一个生活在非英语环境中的中国学生来说，要做到部分或全部用英语思维有很大困难。众多英语学习者的经历证明，坚持大量阅读是实现这一目标最有效的途径之一。

阅读可以愉悦身心。阅读需要读者的情感投入，尤其是阅读戏剧、小说、故事类等。在阅读此类文章时，读者的心会会自觉不自觉地投入其中，关注和感受作者的情感、态度。这样，阅读将会更有兴味。

阅读可以构建思想。阅读不只是获取信息，也不只是学到某些语言形式，而是读者积极主动地将自己已有的知识经验(“图式”)和语篇中的信息结合，从而产生新的思想。当读者思想与语篇中的信息相遇时，它不是被动地吸收而是积极地进行构建和编辑。

阅读可以欣赏和消遣。阅读可以欣赏到原汁原味的英语语言的美；感受到世界上多元文化的魅力，体味到不同民族的思维特点，享受到跨文化交际的乐趣；领略到异国风情、异域风光；等等。比如，阅读英美文学作品，可使我们丰富审美体验，提高审美能力；促进批判性思维能力的形成；更好地了解多元文化。又如，欣赏性文章在审美价值方面给读者的影响是巨大的。阅读这些文章时，读者有时被美好的



描述深深触动，有时又被带有偏见的争论激怒，但有时又会从古怪离奇的情节中享受到极大的乐趣。

阅读可以提高素养，塑造人生。一本好书，一篇好文章，可以塑造人的灵魂，改变人的性格，可以激励一个人从此积极向上，成为一生的转折。有人说：“主动的、大量的阅读能提高审美情趣，充实精神营养，完善人格塑造。”比如，当你读了《钢铁是怎样炼成的》之后，你会不被保尔·柯察金百折不挠的精神感动吗？有人读了此书后，认识到理想是一个人一生的向往和追求。一个没有理想的人，就像大海中一条无舵的小船，随波逐流；一个人有理想，且目标明确，就会对国家，对民族，对人类做出大的贡献。

下列英语谚语有力地体现了读书对提高素养，塑造人生的作用：

A good book is the best of friends, the same today and forever. (好书即挚友，相伴一生。)

Enlarge your views by reading. (读书以开阔视野增长见识。)

There is no friend so faithful as a good book. (最忠实的朋友莫过于一本好书。)

Use a book as a bee does flowers. (读书犹如蜜蜂采花酿蜜。)

Reading is to the mind what exercise to the body. (阅读对于心灵之重要，犹如运动之于身体。)

2. 扩大外语学习中的“量”

中国人学习外语，精读、精听有余，但泛读、泛听远远不够。因此，中国人学习外语，在注重“精”的同时，必须更加注重“泛”，即必须在“量”上狠下工夫。有了“量”的积累，才会有“质”的飞跃。

外语学习有一个“点—线—面”的问题。一本书只是一个点，无数本书连成一条线，更多的线形成一个面。所谓“水平”就是面的问题。拿阅读来说，首先要读大量的初级书。当读完30本英语初级读物后，读第31本时，可能就会没几个生词，就会轻松地读懂，这时就可以读中级水平的读物了。需要知道，量的积累在基础阶段最为重要。金字塔的魅力就在于它完美的建筑结构。有宽广深厚的基础，才能造就塔尖的辉煌。我国许多老一代的外语专家在谈及外语学习方法时，无一言以蔽之地说：“学习外语最重要的就是一个‘多’字！”

3. 体现外语学习中的循序渐进

许多中国人学了一段时间英语后常感到困难重重。其中，相当一部分人会觉得再也学不下去了，只好半途而废。如大学里学英语的学生从图书馆借来一本英语原著，一边看一边查生词，在书上记词义，写得密密麻麻，第一页看下来就有二十几



个生词，第二页还有二十几个，到了第五页已不知道第一页所云了。阅读对他们来说确实艰难、枯燥。读英语原著成了查英语词典、记英语生词，成了标准的苦差事。究其原因，就是学习材料太难，违背了“循序渐进”的原则。

在英语学习初级阶段可读一些英语原著改写的简易读物，方法是：先读500~800单词写成的读物，再读800~1500单词写成的，然后再读1500~2500单词写成的。这样逐步加深，循序渐进，就能读下去，就会读懂。这样，你读的材料，比如是小说，就会吸引你不断地读下去。就像小学生初次读西游记一样，可能会爱不释手。在阅读过程中，你会记住许多英语单词，学到许多英语表达，也会复习学过的句型结构和语法知识。你的英语水平就这样不知不觉地提高了。循序渐进阅读的巨大优点是：易于进行；增添兴趣；能产生成就感，培养自信；容易做到学以致用。

4. 双语阅读的必要性

母语在外语学习中既有促进作用，也有干扰作用。如果运用恰当，学习者在双语阅读中，母语的促进作用会不时地体现出来。教学实践证明，完全脱离母语，不符合中国人外语学习的实际，也不能有效地提高学习效率。

外语学习中本族语的影响不可避免。仅就初中学生而言，他们在开始学英语时，已有十三、四岁。可以说，他们已经熟练地掌握了本族语。他们已习惯于用本族语思维，用本族语理解和表达。在这种情况下始学英语，跟“幼儿学语”已有很大的不同。幼儿学说话时，他们很自然地把所学的话跟周围的事物联系起来，直接理解。而初中学生始学英语时，他们理解问题，表达思想，却很自然地首先想到了本族语。更何况是成人学习英语了。据此，英语学习中，某些学习阶段中的双语阅读是非常必要的。

5. 学习中外文化的重要渠道

学习外语，不仅要学语言，还要学文化。阅读世界名著，可以更多地了解所学语言国家的历史地理、风土人情、传统习俗、生活方式、行为规范、文学艺术、价值观念等。双语阅读，读者在接触和了解外国文化的同时，可加深对中华民族优秀传统文化的认识，接受属于全人类的先进文化的熏陶，提高对中外文化异同的敏感性和鉴别能力。

二、本系列丛书的特点

1. 选材经典

《世界英语文学名著双语阅读》系列选录的全部是英语国家的经典文学名著。其中有：《基督山伯爵》、《苔丝》、《汤姆·索亚历险记》、《哈姆雷特》、《傲



慢与偏见》、《巴黎圣母院》、《悲惨世界》、《雾都孤儿》、《牛虻》、《红与黑》、《飘》、《简·爱》、《呼啸山庄》、《战争与和平》、《双城记》、《荆棘鸟》、《昆虫记》、《小王子》、《吸血鬼》，等等。因此，这里提供的是原汁原味的原创英语，而不是经过改编的二手英语。

2. 文本权威

英文原著保证了英语语言的权威性。而译文，由于是由知名英语专家重新翻译的，因而也保证了汉语语言权威性。

3. 印装精美

传承敦煌文艺出版社一贯的优良作风，本系列丛书的印装是一流的，印刷精细，装帧精美。无论是第一眼，还是从头至尾阅读，都会让读者赏心悦目。

三、写序者心语

写序者去敦煌一游后，无比感叹辉煌的敦煌文化；今天，写序者浏览了敦煌文艺出版社即将出版的《世界英语文学名著双语阅读》系列丛书的书稿后，高度赞叹书中流的中外文笔。禁不住，感叹和赞叹交织成以下七言诗：

敦煌文艺社一体颂

敦煌珍稀经洞藏，名著精粹艺社扬。神窟仙画惊世卷，金句银段不锈章。

描眉点睛展魂魄，握笔走纸舞刀枪。古辉今放耀华梦，他劲我借助国强。

鉴于以上情况，本人诚挚地将敦煌文艺出版社出版的《世界英语文学名著双语阅读》系列丛书推荐给当代大学生和英语爱好者。

田式国 教授

2015年11月1日



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CHAPTER 1

第一章

There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery an hour in the morning; but since dinner (Mrs. Reed, when there was no company, dined early) the cold winter wind had brought with it clouds so sombre, and a rain so penetrating, that further out-door exercise was now out of the question.

I was glad of it: I never liked long walks, especially on chilly afternoons: dreadful to me was the coming home in the raw twilight, with nipped fingers and toes, and a heart saddened by the chidings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed.

The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mama in the drawing-room: she lay reclined on a sofa by the fireside, and with her darlings about her (for the time neither quarrelling nor crying) looked perfectly happy. Me, she had dispensed from joining the group; saying, "She regretted to be under the necessity of keeping me at a distance; but that until she heard from Bessie, and could discover by her own observation, that I was endeavouring in good earnest to acquire a more sociable and childlike disposition, a more attractive and sprightly manner—something lighter, franker, more natural, as it were—she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy, little children."

"What does Bessie say I have done?" I asked.

"Jane, I don't like cavillers or

那天出去散步是不可能了。其实早上我们还在光秃秃的灌木林中溜达了一个小时，但从午饭时起（无客来访时，瑞德太太很早就用午饭）随即便刮起了冬天里的寒风，紧接着阴云密布，大雨滂沱，到外面做活动也就只能作罢了。

这对我反到是高兴的事。我从来不喜欢远距离散步，尤其在寒冷的下午。你想想阴冷的薄暮时分回到家，手脚都冻僵了，还要受到保姆白汐的数落，又觉得体格不如伊莱扎、约翰和乔治亚娜·瑞德，心里既难过又惭愧，那情形委实可怕。

刚才提到的伊莱扎、约翰和乔治亚娜这时都在客厅里，簇拥着他们的妈妈。她则斜倚在炉边的沙发上，身旁坐着自己的小宝贝们（眼下既未争吵也未哭叫），一副安享天伦之乐的神态。而我呢，她恩准我不必同他们坐在一起了，说是她很遗憾，不得不让自己独自在一旁呆着。要是没有亲耳从白汐那儿听到，并且亲眼看到，我确实在尽力养成一种比较单纯随和的习性，活泼可爱的举止，也就是更开朗、更率直、更自然些，那她当真不让我享受那些只配给予快乐知足的孩子们的特权了。

"白汐说我干了什么啦？"我问。

"简，我不喜欢吹毛求疵或者刨根究底



questioners; besides, there is something truly forbidding in a child taking up her elders in that manner. Be seated somewhere; and until you can speak pleasantly, remain silent.”

A breakfast-room adjoined the drawing-room, I slipped in there. It contained a bookcase: I soon possessed myself of a volume, taking care that it should be one stored with pictures. I mounted into the window-seat: gathering up my feet, I sat cross-legged, like a Turk; and, having drawn the red moreen curtain nearly close, I was shrined in double retirement.

Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand; to the left were the clear panes of glass, protecting, but not separating me from the drear November day. At intervals, while turning over the leaves of my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar, it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near a scene of wet lawn and storm-beat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast.

I returned to my book—Bewick's *History of British Birds*: the letterpress thereof I cared little for, generally speaking; and yet there were certain introductory pages that, child as I was, I could not pass quite as a blank. They were those which treat of the haunts of sea-fowl; of “the solitary rocks and promontories” by them only inhabited; of the coast of Norway, studded with isles from its southern extremity, the Lindeness, or Naze, to the North Cape—

*“Where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked, melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule; and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides.”*

Nor could I pass unnoticed the suggestion of the bleak shores of Lapland, Siberia, Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, Iceland, Greenland, with “the vast sweep of the Arctic Zone, and those forlorn regions of dreary space,—that reservoir of frost and snow, where firm

的人，更何况小孩子家这么跟大人顶嘴实在令人讨厌。不会和气说话就别张嘴，一边呆着去。”

客厅的隔壁是一间小小的餐厅，我溜了进去。里面有一个书架。不一会儿，我从上面拿下一本书来，特意挑插图多的，爬上窗台，缩起双脚，像土耳其人那样盘腿坐下，将红色的波纹窗帘几乎完全拉拢，把自己加倍隐蔽了起来。

在我右侧，绯红色窗幔的皱褶挡住了我的视线；左侧，明亮的玻璃窗庇护着我，使我既免受十一月阴沉天气的侵害，又不与外面的世界隔绝，在翻书的间隙，我抬头细看冬日下午的景色。只见远方白茫茫一片云雾，近处湿漉漉一块草地和受风雨袭击的灌木。一阵持久而凄厉的狂风，驱赶着如注的暴雨，横空归过。

我重又低头看书，那是本比尤伊克的《英国鸟类史》。文字部份我一般不感兴趣，但有几页前言，虽说我是孩子，却不愿当放空页随手翻过。书中写到了海鸟生息之地；写到了只有海鸟栖居的“孤零零的岩石和海岬”；写到了自南端林纳斯尼斯，或纳斯，至北角都遍布小岛的挪威海岸：

北冰洋上巨浪翻，
北极小岛舞翩跹。
大西洋上波浪翻，
赫布里岛翻了天。

还有些地方我也不能看都不看，一翻而过，那就是书中提到的拉普兰、西伯利亚、斯匹次卑尔根群岛、新地岛、冰岛和格陵兰荒凉的海岸。“广袤无垠的北极地带和那些阴凄凄的不毛之地，宛若冰雪的储存库。千万个寒冬所积聚成的坚冰，像阿尔卑斯山

fields of ice, the accumulation of centuries of winters, glazed in Alpine heights above heights, surround the pole, and concentrate the multiplied rigours of extreme cold.” Of these death-white realms I formed an idea of my own: shadowy, like all the half-comprehended notions that float dim through children’s brains, but strangely impressive. The words in these introductory pages connected themselves with the succeeding vignettes, and gave significance to the rock standing up alone in a sea of billow and spray; to the broken boat stranded on a desolate coast; to the cold and ghastly moon glancing through bars of cloud at a wreck just sinking.

I cannot tell what sentiment haunted the quite solitary churchyard, with its inscribed headstone; its gate, its two trees, its low horizon, girdled by a broken wall, and its newly-risen crescent, attesting the hour of eventide.

The two ships becalmed on a torpid sea, I believed to be marine phantoms.

The fiend pinning down the thief’s pack behind him, I passed over quickly: it was an object of terror.

So was the black horned thing seated aloof on a rock, surveying a distant crowd surrounding a gallows.

Each picture told a story; mysterious often to my undeveloped understanding and imperfect feelings, yet ever profoundly interesting: as interesting as the tales Bessie sometimes narrated on winter evenings, when she chanced to be in good humour; and when, having brought her ironing-table to the nursery hearth, she allowed us to sit about it, and while she got up Mrs. Reed’s lace frills, and crimped her nightcap borders, fed our eager attention with passages of love and adventure taken from old fairy tales and other ballads; or (as at a later period I discovered) from the pages of Pamela, and Henry, Earl of Moreland.

With Bewick on my knee, I was then

的层层高峰，光滑晶莹，包围着地极，把与日俱增的严寒汇集于一处。”我对这些死白色的地域，已有一定之见，但一时难以捉摸，仿佛孩子们某些似懂非懂的念头，朦朦胧胧浮现在脑际，却出奇地生动，导言中的这几页文字，与后面的插图相配，使兀立于大海波涛中的孤岩，搁浅在荒凉海岸上的破船，以及透过云带俯视着沉船的幽幽月光，更加含义隽永了。

我说不清一种什么样的情调弥漫在孤寂的墓地：刻有铭文的墓碑、一扇大门、两棵树、低低的地平线、破败的围墙。一弯初升的新月，表明时候正是黄昏。

两艘轮船停泊在水波不兴的海面上，我以为它们是海上的鬼怪。

魔鬼从身后按住窃贼的背包，那模样实在可怕，我赶紧翻了过去。

一样可怕的是，那个头上长角的黑色怪物，独踞于岩石之上，远眺着一大群人围着绞架。

每幅画都是一个故事，由于我理解力不足，欣赏水平有限，它们往往显得神秘莫测，但无不趣味盎然，就像某些冬夜，白汐碰巧心情不错时讲述的故事一样。遇到这种时候，白汐会把烫衣桌搬到保育室的壁炉旁边，让我们围着它坐好。她一面熨瑞德太太的蕾丝花边，把睡帽的边沿烫出褶裥来，一面让我们迫不及待地倾听她一段段爱情和冒险故事，这些片段取自于古老的神话传说和更古老的歌谣，或者如我后来发现的，来自《帕美拉》和《莫兰伯爵亨利》。

当时，我膝盖上放着比尤伊克的书，心



happy: happy at least in my way. I feared nothing but interruption, and that came too soon. The breakfast-room door opened.

“Boh! Madam Mope!” cried the voice of John Reed; then he paused: he found the room apparently empty.

“Where the dickens is she!” he continued. “Lizzy! Georgy! (calling to his sisters) Joan is not here: tell mama she is run out into the rain—bad animal!”

“It is well I drew the curtain,” thought I; and I wished fervently he might not discover my hiding-place: nor would John Reed have found it out himself; he was not quick either of vision or conception; but Eliza just put her head in at the door, and said at once—

“She is in the window-seat, to be sure, Jack.”

And I came out immediately, for I trembled at the idea of being dragged forth by the said Jack.

“What do you want?” I asked, with awkward diffidence.

“Say, ‘What do you want, Master Reed?’” was the answer. “I want you to come here;” and seating himself in an arm-chair, he intimated by a gesture that I was to approach and stand before him.

John Reed was a schoolboy of fourteen years old; four years older than I, for I was but ten: large and stout for his age, with a dingy and unwholesome skin; thick lineaments in a spacious visage, heavy limbs and large extremities. He gorged himself habitually at table, which made him bilious, and gave him a dim and bleared eye and flabby cheeks. He ought now to have been at school; but his mama had taken him home for a month or two, “on account of his delicate health.” Mr. Miles, the master, affirmed that he would do very well if he had fewer cakes and sweetmeats sent him from home; but the mother’s heart turned from an

里乐滋滋的，至少是自得其乐，就怕别人来打扰，但打扰很快就来了。餐厅的门开了。

“嘘！苦恼小姐！”约翰·瑞德叫唤着，随后又打住了，显然发觉房间里空无一人。

“见鬼，她上哪儿去了呀？”他接着说。“丽茜！乔琪！”（喊着他的姐妹）“琼不在这儿呐，告诉妈妈她窜到雨地里去了，这个坏畜牲！”

“幸亏我拉好了窗帘，”我想。我真希望他发现不了我的藏身之地。约翰·瑞德自己是发现不了的，他眼睛不明，头脑不灵。可惜伊莱扎从门外一探进头来，就说：

“她在窗台上，准没错，杰克。”

我立即走了出来，因为一想到要被这个杰克硬拖出去，身子便直打哆嗦。

“什么事呀？”我问，既尴尬又不安。

“该说，什么事呀，瑞德‘少爷？’”便是我得到的回答。“我要你到这里来，”他在扶手椅上坐下，打了个手势，示意我走过去站到他面前。

约翰·瑞德是个十四岁的小学生，比我大四岁，因为我才十岁。论年龄，他长得又矮又胖，肤色灰暗，一付病态。脸盘阔，五官粗大，四肢肥大。还喜欢暴饮暴食，落得个肝火很旺，目光迟钝，两颊松弛。这阵子，他本该呆在学校里，可是他妈把他领了回来，住上一、两个月，说是因为“身体虚弱”。但他的老师迈尔斯先生却断言，要是家里少送些糕点糖果去，他什么都会很好的，做母亲的心里却讨厌这么刻薄的话，而倾向于一种更随和的想法，认为约翰是过于用功，或许还因为想家，才弄得那么面色憔悴的。



opinion so harsh, and inclined rather to the more refined idea that John's sallowness was owing to over-application and, perhaps, to pining after home.

John had not much affection for his mother and sisters, and an antipathy to me. He bullied and punished me; not two or three times in the week, nor once or twice in the day, but continually: every nerve I had feared him, and every morsel of flesh in my bones shrank when he came near. There were moments when I was bewildered by the terror he inspired, because I had no appeal whatever against either his menaces or his inflictions; the servants did not like to offend their young master by taking my part against him, and Mrs. Reed was blind and deaf on the subject: she never saw him strike or heard him abuse me, though he did both now and then in her very presence, more frequently, however, behind her back.

Habitually obedient to John, I came up to his chair: he spent some three minutes in thrusting out his tongue at me as far as he could without damaging the roots: I knew he would soon strike, and while dreading the blow, I mused on the disgusting and ugly appearance of him who would presently deal it. I wonder if he read that notion in my face; for, all at once, without speaking, he struck suddenly and strongly. I tottered, and on regaining my equilibrium retired back a step or two from his chair.

"That is for your impudence in answering mama awhile since," said he, "and for your sneaking way of getting behind curtains, and for the look you had in your eyes two minutes since, you rat!"

Accustomed to John Reed's abuse, I never had an idea of replying to it; my care was how to endure the blow which would certainly follow the insult.

"What were you doing behind the

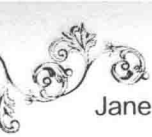
约翰对母亲和姐妹们没有什么感情，对我更加厌恶。他欺侮我，虐待我，不是一周三两次，也不是一天一两回，而是经常如此。弄得我每根神经都怕他，他一走运，我身子骨上的每块肌肉都会收缩起来。有时我会被他吓得不知所措，因为面对他的恐吓和欺侮，我无处哭诉。佣人们不愿站在我一边去得罪他们的少爷，而瑞德太太则装聋作哑，儿子打我骂我，她熟视无睹，尽管他动不动当着她的面这样做，而背着她的时候不用说就更多了。

我对约翰已惯于逆来顺受，因此便走到他椅子跟前。他费了大约三分钟，拼命向我伸出舌头，就差没有绷断舌根。我明白他会马上下手，一面担心挨打，一面凝视着这个就要动手的人那付令人厌恶的丑态。我不知道他看出了我的心思没有，反正他二话没说，猛然间狠命揍我。我一个踉跄，从他椅子前倒退了一两步才站稳脚跟。

"这是对你的教训，谁叫你刚才那么无礼跟妈妈顶嘴，"他说，"谁叫你鬼鬼祟祟躲到窗帘后面，谁叫你两分钟之前眼光里露出那付鬼样子，你这小耗子！"

我已经习惯于约翰·瑞德的辱骂，从来不愿去理睬，一心只想着如何去忍受辱骂以后必然接踵而来的殴打。

"你躲在窗帘后面干什么？"他问。



curtain?” he asked.

“I was reading.”

“Show the book.”

I returned to the window and fetched it thence.

“You have no business to take our books; you are a dependent, mama says; you have no money; your father left you none; you ought to beg, and not to live here with gentlemen’s children like us, and eat the same meals we do, and wear clothes at our mama’s expense. Now, I’ll teach you to rummage my bookshelves: for they are mine; all the house belongs to me, or will do in a few years. Go and stand by the door, out of the way of the mirror and the windows.”

I did so, not at first aware what was his intention; but when I saw him lift and poise the book and stand in act to hurl it, I instinctively started aside with a cry of alarm: not soon enough, however; the volume was flung, it hit me, and I fell, striking my head against the door and cutting it. The cut bled, the pain was sharp: my terror had passed its climax; other feelings succeeded.

“Wicked and cruel boy!” I said. “You are like a murderer—you are like a slave-driver—you are like the Roman emperors!”

I had read Goldsmith’s History of Rome, and had formed my opinion of Nero, Caligula, etc. Also I had drawn parallels in silence, which I never thought thus to have declared aloud.

“What! what!” he cried. “Did she say that to me? Did you hear her, Eliza and Georgiana? Won’t I tell mama? but first—”

He ran headlong at me: I felt him grasp my hair and my shoulder: he had closed with a desperate thing. I really saw in him a tyrant, a murderer. I felt a drop or two of blood from my head trickle down my neck, and was sensible of somewhat pungent suffering: these sensations for the time predominated over fear, and I

“在看书。”

“把书拿来。”

我走回窗前把书取来。

“你没有资格动我们的书。妈妈说的，你靠别人养活你，你没有钱，你爸爸什么也没留给你，你应当去要饭，而不该同像我们这样体面人家的孩子一起生活，不该同我们吃一样的饭，穿妈妈掏钱买的衣服。现在我要教训你，让你知道翻我们书架的好处。这些书都是我的，连整座房子都是我的，等过几年就归我了。滚，站到门边去，离镜子和窗子远点。”

我照他的话做了，起初并不知道他的用意。但是他把书举起，拿稳当了，立起身来摆出要扔过来的架势时，我一声惊叫，本能地往旁边一闪，可是晚了，那本书已经扔过来，正好打中了我，我应声倒下，脑袋撞在门上，碰出了血来，疼痛难忍。我的恐惧心理已经超越了极限，被其他情感所代替。

“你是个恶毒残暴的孩子！”我说。“你像个杀人犯——你是个奴隶监工——你像罗马皇帝！”

我读过戈德史密斯的《罗马史》，时尼禄、卡里古拉等人物已有自己的看法，并暗暗作过类比，但决没有想到会如此大声地说出口来。

“什么！什么！”他大叫大嚷。“那是她说的吗？伊莱扎、乔治亚娜，你们可听见她说了？我会不去告诉妈妈吗？不过我得先——”

他向我直冲过来，我只觉得他抓住了我的头发和肩膀，他跟一个拼老命的家伙扭打在一起了。我发现他真是个暴徒，是个杀人狂。我觉得一两滴血从头上顺着脖子淌下来，感到一阵热辣辣的剧痛。这些感觉一时占了上风，我不再畏惧，而发疯似地同他对打起