







The Most Famous Novels in The World

世界上最著名的短篇小说

经典小说演绎彼时生活 地道口语荟萃不朽金句

赵敏 成应翠 编著



本书适用对象: 高中生、大学生及那些对知识仍抱有热望的人们 ② 机械工业出版社





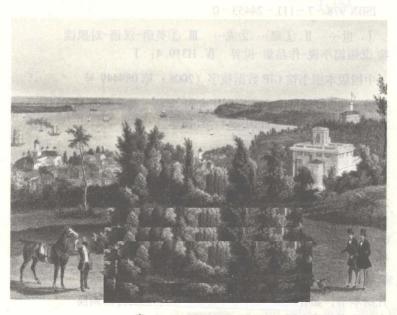




- 最优美的文字
- 最经典的对白
- 最动人的情想

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世界上许多文坛巨匠也都醉心于短篇小说的写作。海明威、哈代、爱伦·坡、乔伊斯、欧·亨利、马克·吐温……这些耳熟能详的名字,这些在文学史上曾经风靡一个时代的作家,他们的作品经久不衰,岁月也无法使它们褪色。

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前言

史诗般的长篇巨著犹如九曲黄河一般跌宕起伏、震撼人心;短篇小说却像涓涓细流,悄然流进心田,在心灵的阅读中悄悄地感动着你。

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你是否从这些语言大师的作品里读到了人间百态、喜怒哀乐?是否曾经为《竞选州长》里那位善良正直的候选人遭到污蔑而感到气愤?是否曾经为《我的叔叔于勒》里趋富疾贫的夫妇不敢与一贫如洗的弟弟相认而感到羞耻?是否曾经为《项链》里年轻貌美的玛蒂尔德因为一串假项链耗尽青春而感到惋惜?这些主人公仿佛就生活在我们的身边,与我们如影随形,我们观望着他们,关注着他们的一举一动,其实他们并不存在于现实中,而是活在我们的心灵中。我们阅读他们的时,也是在阅读我们的心灵。每当读完一篇小说,我们为主人公或喜,或悲,或哀,或怒,总想在里面找到自己的影子,我们会质问自己:我也正直如斯?我也费种虾?……

我们的生活中也同样充满了浪漫与刺激、寂静与喧嚣,紧张的现代生活常常使我们身心疲惫,想要寻找解脱的出口。这时,不妨泡上一杯香茗,敞开窗户,任窗外的风景成为你的装饰、鸟儿的啼鸣成为你的音乐,静静地读几篇短篇小说,那种清新、那种温婉和流溢,甚至那种压在心底最深处最久远的渴望,会随着与小说主人公的共鸣无声地流淌出来。

本书经过反复筛选,从世界经典短篇小说里精选了 20 余篇具有代表性的短篇小说,以飨读者。下面,就让我们在风和日丽,或者斜风细雨的午后,捧一杯香茗,品味自然,品味生活,和心灵交流,与经典同行,感受最原始的欣喜与悸动吧!

参加本书编写的人员还有:刘文娟、郭文正、吴淑严、武 少辉、李远子、朱文萍、王琴和林滢。

由于编者水平有限,挂一漏万自不待言,望广大读者不吝赐教。

Novels



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印第安营地

厄内斯特・海明威

厄内斯特·米勒尔·海明威 (Ernest Herningway, 1899~1961) 美国小说家、诺贝尔文学奖获得者。1899年7月21日生于芝加哥市郊橡胶园小镇。父亲是医生和体育爱好者,母亲从事音乐教育。6个兄弟姐妹中排行第二,他从小酷爱体育、捕鱼和狩猎。中学毕业后曾去法国等地旅行,回国后当过见习记者。第一次大战爆发后,他志愿赴意大利当战地救护车司机。1918年夏在前线被炮弹炸成重伤,回国休养。后来去加拿大多伦多市星报任记者。1921年重返巴黎,结识美国女作家斯坦因、青年作家安德森和诗人庞德等。

在这篇小说里,小尼克陪同身为医生的父亲前往印第安营地,在那里他既见证了一个新生命的艰难诞生,同时也目睹了另一个生命的轻易放弃。生命是脆弱的,有人积极争取,有人却主动放弃。不管是积极争取,还是主动放弃.请珍爱生命!

又一条划船被停在了湖岸,两个印第安人站在那里等候着。尼 克和他的父亲跨进船尾,两个印第安人便把船推下了水,其中一个 跳上船来划桨。乔治大叔就坐在随后一条船的船尾,那个年轻的印 第安人将船推下水,然后跳上船来为他划桨。

两条船在黑暗中启程了。浓雾中,尼克听到另外一条船的划桨 声从前面老远的地方传来,两个印第安人急促地划着桨。尼克躺下 去,父亲的胳膊搂着他。湖面上很冷,他们船上的印第安人非常卖 力地划着船桨。但另一条船在雾里始终划在前面,而且越来越到前 面去了。



- "我们到哪儿呢,爸爸?"尼克问。
- "到印第安营地去。那有一个印第安女人病得很厉害。"
- "哦!"尼克说。

等划到河湾对岸时,他们发现另外那条船已经上了河滩。乔治 大叔在黑暗中吸着雪茄烟。那个年轻的印第安人把船拉上了沙滩。 乔治大叔把雪茄烟分给两个印第安人。那个年轻的印第安人提着灯 笼带着他们从沙滩往上走,穿过一片露水润湿的草地,接着走进树 林,沿着一条小径走。小径通往一条伐木的大路。这条大路一直向 小山那边弯过去。因为两旁的树木都被砍掉了,所以到了大路就亮 堂多了。这时年轻的印第安人停下脚步,吹熄了灯,所有人一起沿 着大路往前走。

他们绕过一个弯,有一只狗跑出来汪汪地叫。前面,从剥树皮 的印第安人住的草棚里,有灯光透出来。又有好几只狗朝他们扑过

来。两个印第安人把这些狗都赶回了草棚。最靠近大路的草棚里有灯光从窗口射出来。一个年老的妇女提着灯站在门口。

屋里,木板床上躺着一个年轻的印第安女人。她正在生孩子,已经两天了,孩子还没落地。营地里所有的老年妇女都来帮助她。男人们都跑到了路上,在再也听不见她叫喊的地方坐下来,在黑暗里抽烟。当尼克和这两个印第安人跟着他父亲和乔治大叔走进草棚时,她正好又在尖声叫喊。她躺在双层床的下铺,盖着被子,显得很大。她的头转向一边。躺在上铺的是她的丈夫。三天以前,他的脚被自己的斧子砍成了重伤。他正在抽旱烟,屋子里气味很糟。

尼克的父亲叫人在炉子上烧些水,烧水时,他对尼克说话。

- "这位太太要生小孩了, 尼克,"他说。
- "我知道、"尼克说。
- "你不知道,"父亲说。"听我说。她现在正经历的过程叫分娩。 小孩要出来,她也想把小孩生出来。她全身的肌肉都在用劲要把小 孩生出来。她刚才大叫就是因为这个。"
 - "我明白了,"尼克说。

正在这时,那女人又叫了起来。

- "哎,爸爸,你不能给她吃点药,让她不这么叫行吗?"尼克问。
- "不行,我没有带麻药,"他的父亲说。"不过她的叫声不要紧。 我听不见,因为叫不叫无关紧要。"

躺在上铺的那女人的丈夫翻了个身,面冲墙壁。

厨房里的那个妇女向医生做了个手势,示意水热了。尼克的父亲走进厨房,把大壶里的水倒了一半在盆子里.。然后他解开手帕,拿出几样东西放在壶中剩下的水里。

"那些东西要烧开,"他说着,然后用从营地里带来的一块肥皂 在那盆热水里擦洗双手。尼克望着父亲打上肥皂的双手互相擦着。 他父亲一边仔仔细细地洗手,一边说着。

"你看,尼克,照理说小孩子是头先出来。但有时却并不是这样。如果不是头先出来的话,就要给大家添不少麻烦了。可能我还

得给这个太太动手术呢。我们待会儿就知道了。"他觉得自己的双手已经洗得够干净了,于是他走进去准备接生。

"把被子拉开,好吗,乔治?"他说。"我最好不碰它。"

过了一会,当他给那女人动手术时,乔治大叔和三个印第安男人把那女人按住,不让她动。她咬了乔治大叔的手臂,乔治大叔说,"该死的印第安母狗!"那个给乔治大叔划船的年轻的印第安人就笑他。尼克为他的父亲端着盆子。手术花了很长时间。他的父亲拎起了小孩,拍拍,促使他开始呼吸。然后把他递给了那个老年妇女。

"看,是个男孩,尼克,"他说道。"你这个见习医生滋味如何?"

尼克说,"还行。"他把头别过去,不敢看他父亲在干什么。"在 这儿,这一下就行了,"他的父亲说,把什么东西放进了盆子。

尼克没有去看。

"现在,"他的父亲说,"还得缝几针。你可以看,也可以不看, 尼克,随你的便。我要把我切的刀口缝起来。"

尼克没看。他的好奇心早就消失了。

他的父亲缝完了刀口站起身来。乔治大叔和那三个印第安男人 也站起来。尼克把盆子拿到厨房去。

乔治大叔看着他的手臂。那个年轻的印第安男人想起了什么, 笑了。

"我给你在伤口上涂些双氧水,乔治,"医生说。他在印第安女人那儿弯下腰。她这会儿安静了,眼睛紧闭。面容苍白。她不知道小孩怎么样了,什么也不知道。

"清早我就回去,"医生说着,站起身来。"护士会在中午从圣依格尼斯赶来。她会把我们要的东西都带来。"

他现在很得意,说个不停。就像一场比赛后足球运动员在更衣 室里的那般劲儿。

"这个手术真可以上医学杂志了,乔治,"他说。"用一把大折刀 做剖腹产手术,再用九英尺长的带尖的肠衣线缝起来。"

乔治大叔靠墙站着,看着他的手臂。

- "噢,你真是个伟人,真不错,"他说。
- "该看看那个骄傲的父亲了。在这些小事上他们往往是最受罪的," 医生说。"我得说,他倒挺沉得住气的。"

他把蒙着印第安人头的毯子一把揭开。他的手缩了回来,湿漉漉的。他踩着下铺的床沿,一只手提着灯,往上铺看。那个印第安人躺着,脸冲着墙。他的喉颈被齐耳割开了一个大口子。鲜血流了一摊,他的身子都浸在血泊之中了。他的头枕在左臂上。一把打开的剃刀刀刃朝上,掉在毯子里。

"把尼克带到草棚外面去, 乔治," 医生说。

没这个必要了。尼克站在厨房的门口,当他父亲一手提着灯, 另一只手把印第安人的头轻轻推过去时,他把上铺的情形看得清清 楚楚。

当他们沿着伐木的大路走回湖边时, 天刚刚亮。

- "尼克,我真后悔,不该带你来,"他的父亲说。那股手术后兴 高采烈的劲儿都没有了。"真不该让你看了这些,真是糟透了。"
 - "女人生孩子时都会那么难熬吗?"尼克说。
 - "不,不是,这只是个例外。"
 - "他为什么自杀呀,爸爸?"
 - "我不知道,尼克。他可能是经受不起,我猜想。"
 - "很多男人都自杀吗,爸爸?"
 - "不太多,尼克。"
 - "女人呢,多吗?"
 - "非常少。"
 - "到底有没有?"
 - "噢,有的。有时候有。"
 - "爸爸?"
 - "哎。"
 - "乔治大叔到哪去了?"

- "他会来的,没事。"
- "死,难不难,爸爸?"
- "不,我想很容易吧,尼克。这要看情况。"

他们坐在船上,尼克在船尾,他的父亲划桨。太阳从小山上升了起来。一条鲈鱼跳出来,在水面弄了个水圈。尼克把手伸进水里,在水面上划出了一道波纹。清晨还挺冷的,但是湖水却比较暖和。

这个清早,在湖面上,尼克坐在船尾,他的父亲划船,他很肯 定地认为他永远不会死。



Indian Camp

Ernest Hemingway

At the lake shore there was another rowboat drawn up. The two Indians stood waiting.

Nick and his father got in the stern of the boat and the Indians shoved it off $^{\oplus}$ and one of them got in to row. Uncle George sat in the stern of the camp rowboat. The young Indian shoved the camp boat off and got in to row Uncle George.

The two boats started off in the dark. Nick heard the oarlocks of the other boat quite away ahead of them in the mist. The Indians rowed with quick choppy[®] strokes. Nick lay back with his father's arm around him. It was cold on the water. The Indian who was rowing them was working very hard, but the other boat moved further ahead in the mist all the time.

- "Where are we going, Dad?" Nick asked.
- "Over to the Indian camp. There is an Indian lady very sick."
- "Oh!" said Nick.

Across the bay they found the other boat beached. Uncle George was smoking a cigar in the dark. The young Indian pulled the boat way up on the beach. Uncle George gave both the Indians cigars.

They walked up from the beach through a meadow that was soaking wet with dew, following the young Indian who carried a lantern. Then

they went into the woods and followed a trail that led to the logging road that ran back into the hills. It was much lighter on the logging road as the timber was cut away on both sides. The young Indian stopped and blew out[®] his lantern and they all walked on along the road.

They came around a bend and a dog came out barking. Ahead were the lights of the shanties where the Indian bark-peelers lived. More dogs rushed out at them. The two Indians sent them back to the shanties. In the shanty nearest the road there was a light in the window. An old woman stood in the doorway holding a lamp.

Inside on a wooden bunk lay a young Indian woman. She had been trying to have her baby for two days. All the old women in the camp had been helping her. The men had moved off up the road to sit in the dark and smoke out of range of the noise she made. She screamed just as Nick and the two Indians followed his father and Uncle George into the shanty. She lay in the lower bunk, very big under a quilt. Her head was turned to one side. In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his foot very badly with an ax three days before. He was smoking a pipe. The room smelled very bad.

Nick's father ordered some water to be put on the stove, and while it was heating he spoke to Nick.

"This lady is going to have a baby, Nick," he said.

"I know," said Nick.

"You don't know," said his father. "Listen to me. What she is going through is called being in labor. The baby wants to be born and she wants it to be born. All her muscles are trying to get the baby born. That is what is happening when she screams."

"I see," Nick said.

Just then the woman cried out.

"Oh, Daddy, can't you give her something to make her stop

screaming?" asked Nick.

"No. I haven't any an anesthetic[®]," his father said. "But her screams are not important. I don't hear them because they are not important."

The husband in the upper bunk rolled over against the wall.

The woman in the kitchen motioned[®] to the doctor that the water was hot. Nick's father went into the kitchen and poured about half of the water out of the big kettle into a basin. Into the water left in the kettle he put several things he unwrapped from a handkerchief.

"Those must boil," he said, and began to scrub his hands in the basin of hot water with a cake of soap he had brought from the camp. Nick watched his father's hands, crabbing each other with the soap. While his father washed his hands very carefully and thoroughly, he talked.

"You see, Nick, babies are supposed to be born head first but sometimes they're not. When they're not, they make a lot of trouble for everybody. Maybe I'll have to operate this lady. We'll know in a little while."

When he was satisfied with his hands he went in and went to work.

"Pull back that quilt, will you, George?" he said. "I'd rather not touch it."

Later when he started to operate Uncle George and three Indian men held the woman still. She bit Uncle George on the arm and Uncle George said, "Damn squaw bitch!", and the young Indian who had rowed Uncle George over laughed at him. Nick held the basin for his father. It all took a long time. His father picked the baby up and slapped it to make it breathe and handed it to the old woman.

"See, it's a boy, Nick," he said. "How do you like being an interne?"