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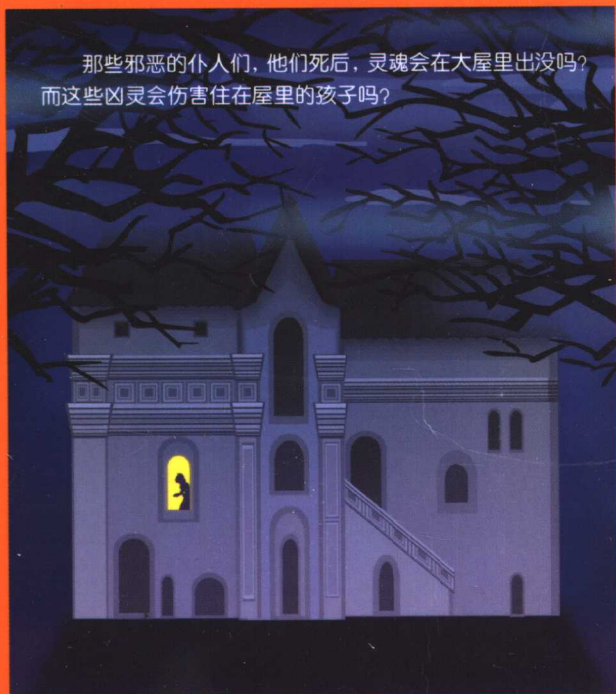
The Turn of the Screw

螺丝在拧紧

HENRY JAMES

原著 亨利·詹姆斯

那些邪恶的仆人们，他们死后，灵魂会在大屋里出没吗？
而这些凶灵会伤害住在屋里的孩子吗？



外教社

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HENRY JAMES

Adapted by Dr Colin Swatridge

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注释 张颖



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出版说明

为了促进我国中学生的英语学习,培养他们的文化素养和文学修养,上海外语教育出版社经过长时间的酝酿和市场调研,决定将英国麦克米伦出版公司的一套文学名著简写本引荐给我国的中学生。

麦克米伦出版公司是从20世纪初开始陆续出版这套文学名著简写本的。为了满足世界各地英语为非母语国家、也包括英语国家不同程度中学生的阅读需要,他们请专家对一些大家耳熟能详的世界文学名著进行了改写,在保留原著的故事情节和原著者的创作风格的同时,适当地降低了语言的难度,至今已经推出了200多本。若干年过去了,这些书仍然受到世界各地读者的欢迎。

外教社从麦克米伦出版公司的这套文学名著简写本中精心挑选了40本,汇成一套“轻松读经典丛书”,难易程度跨越“英语课程标准”的3级—8级。这套丛书选编了英、美、法等国文学大师的经典之作,包括莎士比亚、狄更斯、马克·吐温、哈代、大仲马等著名作家的作品。为了让中学生在阅读过程中更好地把握原书的精髓和作家的创作历程,外教社还特地对读物中的语言难点做了注释;并加入了一篇关于作家、作品的背景介绍。

我们衷心希望“轻松读经典丛书”能够有助于提高我国中学生的文学欣赏水平,陶冶他们的道德情操,增强他们的英语阅读能力,成为开启中国中学生英语文学名著阅读之门的金钥匙。

外教社编辑部

2002年11月

简 介

亨利·詹姆斯(1843—1916)是杰出的小说家、文体家和评论家。在用英语写作的小说家中他率先把小说作为一门艺术进行长期的探索与实验,堪称英语小说现代主义的先行者。

亨利·詹姆斯受过高等教育,游历众多,与不少伟大的英语作家谙熟。青少年时期,詹姆斯一家曾在欧洲不少城市居住,所以他也对当时许多法国小说家与俄国小说家的作品了解甚多。他对小说作为一种艺术形式颇有兴趣。当时不少欧洲作家都认为小说记载了艺术与社会的历史,小说家应担负起与历史学家一样的重任,反映真实的一切。亨利·詹姆斯就是这样一位认真负责的小说家。

19世纪晚期,短篇小说作为一种文学形式开始崛起兴盛。亨利·詹姆斯一生著有二十部长篇小说,一百多篇短篇小说和十二部中篇小说。他对中篇小说这种写作形式尤为推崇,写于1898年的《螺丝在拧紧》便是其中最著名的一部。

詹姆斯作品的一个基本题材是善与恶之间的斗争,这也正是《螺丝在拧紧》的主题。小说的女主人公受雇于一位富有的监护人,作其所监护的两个孩子的家庭教师。为了拯救孩子的灵魂,女教师与前任女教

师的鬼魂及仆人的鬼魂展开了斗争。而孩子们虽在外表上天真无邪，却受鬼魂影响，异常狡黠。《螺丝在拧紧》的确是个鬼故事，却不落俗套。由于詹姆斯在戏剧上亦有尝试，他对日常对话颇有研究，《螺丝在拧紧》中就包括了许多对话，小说的紧张气氛大多也由此产生。

与众多鬼故事一样，《螺丝在拧紧》也发生在汽车尚未问世的时代。在一间大屋子里，所有故事都开始了……

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CHAPTER 1

I was the youngest of several daughters of a poor country parson. At the age of twenty, I answered an advertisement for a governess¹. I had to present myself for judgement at a house in Harley Street, that was vast and imposing². The owner of the house was a gentleman, a bachelor in the prime of life, handsome, bold and pleasant. What struck me most of all, and gave me the courage that I afterwards showed, was that he put the whole thing to me as a favour that I should do him. I could tell he was rich, in a glow of high fashion, of good looks, of expensive habits, and of charming ways with women. His was a big house, full of the spoils³ of travel; but it was to his country house, an old family

1 **governess**: 女家庭教师(19 世纪富人一般不把子女送到学校,而是请家庭教师) 2 **imposing**: (常用以指人或建筑)堂皇的,雄伟的,令人印象深刻的 3 **spoils**: 财宝,战利品,猎来的野味、兽皮

place in Essex¹, that he wished me to go.

He was guardian to a small nephew and small niece, children of a younger brother who had died two years before. They had been a great worry to him but he had done all he could. He felt the proper place for them was the country, and he kept them there from the first, with the best people he could find to look after them. The awkward thing was that they had no other relations, and his own affairs took up all his time. He had placed at the head of the house at Bly, an excellent woman, Mrs Grose, whom he was sure his visitor would like. She was house keeper, and looked after the little girl. There were plenty of people to help, but of course the young lady who would go down as governess would be in supreme authority. In the holidays, she would also have to look after the small boy. He had been at school for a term, but as the holidays were about to begin, he would soon return. There had been a young lady for the two children, but they had had the misfortune to lose her. She had been very good to them; but when she died, there was no alternative but the school for little Miles. Mrs Grose had done what she could for Flora, since then, in the way of manners and things; and

1 Essex: 艾塞克斯(英国英格兰东南部的郡)



there were also a cook, a housemaid, a dairy-woman, an old pony, an old groom¹, and an old gardener, all of them thoroughly respectable.

The prospect² struck me as slightly grim. I was young, untried, nervous; I had a vision of serious duties and little company—of really great loneliness. I hesitated—took a couple of days to consult and consider; but the salary was much greater than I could otherwise dream of, so, I accepted the position. Then my new employer laid down his main condition; this was that I should never trouble him. Never—neither appeal, nor complain, nor write about anything. I was to receive all moneys from his solicitor³, take the whole thing over, and let him alone. I promised to do this; and when, for a moment, he held my hand, and thanked me for the sacrifice, I already felt rewarded.

I never saw the gentleman again.

.

I felt sure I had made a mistake; but in a carriage, towards the end of a June afternoon, through country whose summer sweetness seemed like a friendly welcome, my courage revived. I suppose I had expected a dreary house; so what

1 groom: 马夫 2 prospect: 前途, 前景 3 solicitor: 专门处理
家庭与私人法律事务的律师

greeted me was a good surprise. I remember being impressed by the broad, clear front, by open windows and fresh curtains, and a pair of maids looking out. I remember the lawn, and the bright flowers, and the crunch of my wheels on the gravel¹. Then there immediately appeared at the door, with a little girl in her hand, a person who curtsied² to me as if I had been the mistress or a distinguished visitor.

The little girl who accompanied Mrs Grose affected me on the spot as a charming creature. She was the most beautiful child I had ever seen, and I afterwards wondered why my employer hadn't made more of a point to me of this. I slept little that night—I was too much excited. The large, impressive room, one of the best in the house, the great bed, the full draperies³, the long mirrors in which, for the first time, I could see myself from head to foot, all struck me as so many added extras. It was obvious as well, from the first moment, that I should get on with Mrs Grose. I felt that she was so glad—stout, simple, plain, clean, wholesome woman—that she was actually on her guard against showing it too much.

1 gravel: 沙砾 2 curtsy: 行屈膝礼 3 draperies: (供装饰用的)织物、帷帐、布料等



The radiant image of my little girl, the vision of her angelic¹ beauty, made me restless, so that I several times rose before morning and wandered about my room to take in the whole prospect. I watched from my open window the faint summer dawn, and listened as the first birds began to twitter². There were moments when I believed I recognised, faint and far, the cry of a child; and when I started at what I thought, in the passage beyond my door, was the sound of a light footstep. But I dismissed these fancies. To watch, teach, ‘form’ little Flora would so obviously be the making of a happy and useful life. It had been agreed that after this first occasion, she would sleep in my room. I had undertaken the whole care of her. She had remained just this last time with Mrs Grose out of consideration for my strangeness and her natural timidity. In spite of this timidity—which the child herself had been perfectly frank about—I felt quite sure she would presently like me.

I had asked Mrs Grose at supper: ‘And the little boy—does he look like her? Is he, too, so very remarkable?’

‘Oh, Miss, most remarkable. If you think well of this one!’—and she stood there with a

1 angelic: 天使般的 2 twitter: 鸟鸣, 啾

plate in her hand, beaming at Flora.

‘Yes; if I do—’

‘You will be carried away by the little gentleman!’

‘I’m rather easily carried away,’ I said. ‘I was carried away in London!’

I can see Mrs Grose’s broad face as she took this in. ‘In Harley Street?’

‘In Harley Street.’

‘Well, Miss, you’re not the first—and you won’t be the last.’

‘And my other pupil, as I understand, comes back tomorrow?’

‘Not tomorrow—Friday, Miss. He arrives as you did, by the coach, and is to be met by the same carriage.’

I spent the next day with the little girl out of doors. I arranged with her, to her great satisfaction, that it should be she, and she only, who would show me the place. She showed it step by step, and room by room, and secret by secret. Her talking about it was delightful, and childish, so that, in half an hour, we had become tremendous friends. Young as she was, I was struck, throughout our little tour, with her confidence and courage. As my little conductress, with her hair of gold and her frock of blue, danced before me round corners, I had a vision of a castle of



romance—a castle that outdid story-books and fairy-tales. Yet, it was a big, ugly, antique¹ but convenient house—parts of it unused—in which I had the fancy of our being almost as lost as a handful of passengers in a drifting ship. And I—strangely—was at the helm²!

.

This first day was, on the whole, reassuring; but I was to see it end on a different note. The post-bag that evening—it came late—contained a letter for me from my employer. However, I found this to be composed of a few words, enclosing another, addressed to himself, with a seal still unbroken. ‘This, I recognise, is from the headmaster, who is an awful bore. Read him, please; deal with him; but mind you don’t report. Not a word. I’m off!’ I broke the seal with a great effort, took the unopened letter up to my room, and only read it just before going to bed. I should have let it wait till morning, for it gave me a second sleepless night. The next day, I was determined to open myself at least to Mrs Grose.

‘What does it mean? The child’s been dismissed from school.’

1 antique: (指家具和装饰品)超过一百年的,古老的 2 helm: 舵, 此处指负责

She gave me a blank look: 'But aren't they all—?'

'Sent home—yes. But only for the holidays. Miles may never go back at all.'

At this she raised her eyes, which she had turned from me; I saw them fill with good tears. 'What has he done?'

I gave her the letter, then realised that my friend could not read. I put it back in my pocket, hating myself for my clumsiness.

'Is it really *bad*?' The tears were still in her eyes. 'Do the gentlemen say so?'

'They go into no particulars¹. They simply express their regret that it is impossible to keep him. That can have only one meaning.' Mrs Grose listened with dumb emotion. She did not ask what this meaning might be, so I added: 'That he's an injury to others.'

At this, with one of the quick turns of simple folk, she simply flamed up. 'Master Miles! *Him* an injury?'

There was such a flood of good faith in it that, though I had not yet seen the child, I knew the idea was absurd.

'It's too dreadful,' cried Mrs Grose, 'to say such cruel things! Why, he's scarcely ten

1 go into no particulars: 没有谈及详情



years old. '

'Of course. It's incredible. '

'See him first, Miss. *Then* believe it! '

I felt straight away a new impatience to see him. It was the beginning of a curiosity that, in the next hours, was to deepen almost to pain. Mrs Grose was aware of the feeling she had produced in me: 'You might as well believe it of the little lady. Bless her,' she added the next moment, '*look* at her! '

I had left Flora in the schoolroom with a sheet of white paper, copying nice 'round O's'. Now she presented herself at the open door, as if she sought my company. I needed nothing more than this to feel the full force of Mrs Grose's comparison. I caught my pupil in my arms, and covered her with kisses.

Nevertheless, the rest of the day, I watched for a further opportunity to speak to Mrs Grose. Then towards evening I overtook her on the stairs, and held her by the arm. 'From what you said earlier, I take it that *you've* never known him to be bad. '

She threw back her head: 'Oh, never known him—I don't pretend *that!* '

I was upset again. 'Then you *have* known him—? '

'Yes, indeed, Miss, thank God! '