

企鹅文学经典



英语简易读物

4

无名的裘德

Jude the Obscure

托马斯·哈代 著

THOMAS HARDY



外文出版社 ● FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

无名的裘德:英文/(英)哈代著.

—北京:外文出版社,1996

ISBN 7-119-01826-4

I. 无… I. 哈… II. ①言情小说-英国-当代-英语

②英语-语言读物 N. ① I 561.4 ② H319.4; I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(95)第 18619 号

英国企鹅出版集团授权外文出版社

在中国独家出版发行英文版

企鹅文学经典

英语简易读物

(阶梯四)

无名的裘德

托马斯·哈代 著

责任编辑:余军

外文出版社出版

(中国北京百万庄路 24 号)

邮政编码 100037

煤炭工业出版社印刷厂印刷

1996 年(32 开)第一版

(英)

ISBN 7-119-01826-4/I·400(外)

著作权合同登记图字 01-95-487

定价:4.00 元

GLOSSARIES

cart	二轮马车
well	井
cottages	茅舍, 村舍, 农舍
baker	面包师
hedge	树篱
spires	塔尖, 尖顶
trade	买卖, 交易
ecclesiastical	基督教会的
stone-mason	石匠, 石工
inn	旅馆
barmaid	酒吧女侍者
apprentice	学徒
lodgings	寄宿
obscure	阴暗的
dismissal	解雇, 撤职
headstones	墓碑
graves	坟墓
theological	神学的
divorce	离婚

* 注: 以上所列单词为书中黑体字

无名的裘德

Jude the Obscure

这是哈代小说中最具悲剧意义的一部作品。裘德和苏都曾有过一次失败的婚姻。后来他们相爱了,但过去生活的阴影却剪不断,理还乱,并最终导致他们同步悲伤……



外文出版社

BIOGRAPHY

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) is one of England's greatest and best-loved writers. His novels are all set in a region of southern England that he called Wessex. They are famous for his descriptions of the countryside and the lives of poor country people in the nineteenth century.

Jude the Obscure is the last of Hardy's major novels, which also include *Tess of the d'Urbenvilles*, *The Mayor of Casterbridge* and *Far From the Madding Crowd* (Simply Stories, Level 3).

After *Jude the Obscure*, he concentrated on writing poetry.

Jude the Obscure

THOMAS HARDY

Retold by Katherine Mattock
Series Editor: Derek Strange



FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS

PENGUIN ENGLISH

Published by the Penguin Group

Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England

Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA

Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia

Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2

Penguin Books(NZ)Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

Jude the Obscure was first published in 1896

This adaptation by Penguin Books in 1993

Text copyright © Katherine Mattock, 1993

Illustrations copyright © Kay Dixey, 1993

All rights reserved

The moral right of the adapter and illustrator has been asserted

Published by arrangement with the Penguin Group

27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England

Reprinted in the People's Republic of China

by the Foreign Languages Press 1996

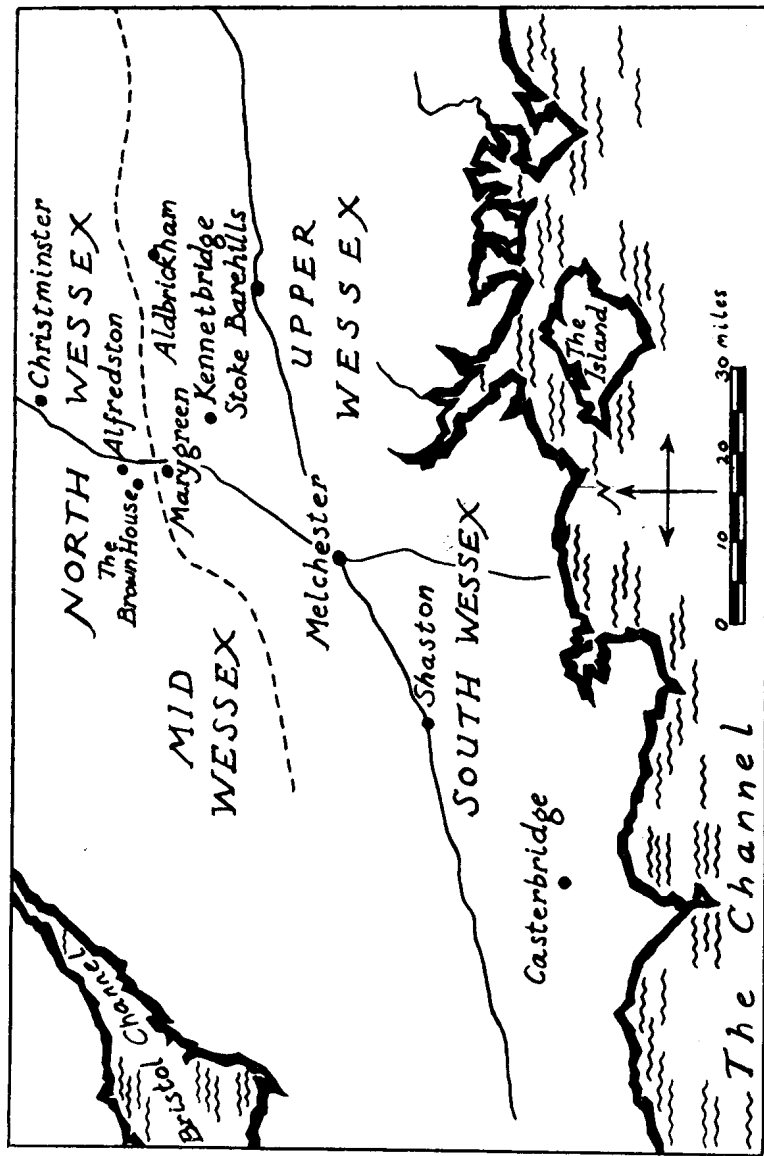
24 Baiwanzhuang Road, Beijing 100037, China

Except in the United States of America,
this book is sold subject to the condition
that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise,
be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated
without the publisher's prior consent in any form of
binding or cover other than that in which it is
published and without a similar condition
including this condition being imposed
on the subsequent purchaser

ISBN 7-119-01826-4

Not for sale outside the People's Republic of China

Jude the Obscure



Map of Hardy's Wessex (the names of places are imaginary)

PART ONE: AT MARYGREEN

Chapter One

The schoolmaster was leaving the village and everybody seemed sorry. As his belongings were brought out of the schoolhouse, tears came into the eyes of a small boy of eleven, one of his night-school pupils.

'Why are you going to Christminster, Mr Phillotson?' asked the boy.

'You wouldn't understand, Jude,' the schoolmaster said kindly. 'You will, perhaps, when you are older.'

'I think I would understand now, Mr Phillotson.'

'Well then,' said the teacher. 'I'm going to Christminster to be near the university. My dream is to go to university and then to enter the Church.'

Jude helped to lift Phillotson's things onto a **cart**, all except a piano. 'Aunt can look after that,' the boy suggested, 'until you send for it.'

At nine o'clock, the schoolmaster got up into the cart beside his box of books. 'Goodbye, my friends,' he said. 'Be a good boy, Jude. Be kind to animals and read all you can. And if you ever come to Christminster, hunt me out.'

The horse and cart moved off across the village green, past the **well** and the old **cottages** and the new church. Jude looked sadly down into the well at the water far below. 'He was too clever to stay here any longer,' he said to himself. 'A small, sleepy village like Marygreen!'

'Bring me that water, you lazy young good-for-nothing!' A thin old woman had come to the door of her cottage.

Jude waved, picked up his buckets and walked across the green.

A little blue sign over the door of the cottage said, 'Drusilla Fawley, **baker**'. This was Jude's great-aunt, his grandfather's sister. As he emptied the buckets, he could hear her talking inside to some of the other village women.

‘And who’s *he*?’ asked a newcomer when Jude entered.

‘My great-nephew,’ replied Miss Fawley. ‘He came up to me from South Wessex a year ago, when his father died. Poor useless boy! But he has to earn a penny wherever he can. Just now, he keeps the birds away for Farmer Troutham.’

‘And he can help you with the baking, I suppose.’

‘Hmph!’ said Miss Fawley. ‘It’s a pity the schoolmaster didn’t take him with him to Christminster. The boy’s crazy for books. His cousin Sue’s the same, I’ve heard, though I’ve hardly seen her since her mother – well, I won’t go into that. Jude,’ she said, turning to him, ‘don’t *you* ever marry. The Fawleys shouldn’t marry.’

Jude went out to the bakehouse and ate the cake put out for his breakfast. Then he climbed over a **hedge** onto a path that led down to a large, lonely field planted with crops.

Clackety-clack. Clackety-clack. Every few seconds, the boy banged together two pieces of wood to frighten the birds away. Then, feeling tired and sorry for them, he threw down the clacker. ‘Farmer Troutham can afford to let you have *some* dinner,’ he said aloud. ‘Eat, my dear little birdies!’ The birds, black shapes on the brown earth, stayed and ate.

WHAM-CLACK! Jude and the birds rose together into the air as a red-faced farmer hit the boy on the seat of his trousers with his own clacker. ‘So!’ shouted Troutham, hitting him again and again on his behind. ‘It’s “Eat, my dear birdies”, is it, young man? That’s how you earn your sixpence a day keeping the birds off my crops!’ He stopped at last. ‘Here’s your payment for today. Now, go home and don’t let me ever see you on my fields again!’

Jude found his aunt at home, selling a loaf to a little girl.

‘Why are you back so early?’ the old woman demanded.

‘Mr Troutham has sent me away because I let the birds eat a little bit. There are the last wages I shall ever earn!’ Jude threw the sixpence tragically onto the table.

'Ah! Why didn't you go to Christminster with that schoolmaster of yours?'

Jude helped his aunt for the rest of the morning. Then he went into the village and asked a man where Christminster was.

'Over there, about twenty miles away.' The man pointed to the north-east, past Farmer Troutham's field.

Jude's curiosity increased. The railway had brought him from the south up to Marygreen, but he had never been north beyond it. Quietly, he went back down to Troutham's field and up the far side, to where the path joined the main road. To his surprise, he found he was looking down on miles of flat lowland.

Not far from the road stood a farm building known as the Brown House. Jude stopped when he noticed a ladder and two men repairing the roof.

'I want to know where Christminster is, please,' he said.

'It's out across there, past those trees.' One of the men pointed. 'You can see it on a clear day.'

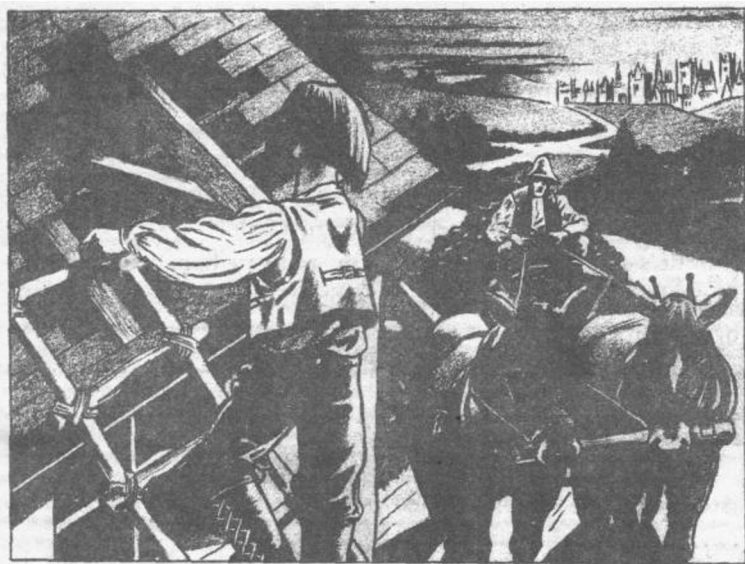
'The best time to see it,' said the other man, looking in the same direction, 'is when the sun's going down, all flaming red. But you can't see it now. It's too cloudy.'

In the evening, when Jude passed the Brown House again on his way home, the ladder was still there though the men had gone. He climbed up it, prayed, and waited.

About quarter of an hour before sunset, the clouds thinned in the west. Jude looked to the north-east as the men had told him. There, now, he could see points of light. The air became clearer still. Now the points of light showed themselves as the windows and shiny wet roofs and **spires** of a city. It was Christminster!

The boy looked on and on, until suddenly the shine went and the city was hidden again. The sun had set.

Jude climbed quickly down the ladder and began to run towards Marygreen, trying not to think about ghosts.



Jude went to the Brown House whenever he could and looked eagerly into the distance.

Chapter Two

From this time on, Jude went to the Brown House whenever he could and looked eagerly into the distance. One evening when he was there, a team of horses came slowly up the hill, pulling coal.

‘Have you come from Christminster?’ he asked the carter.

‘No, not that far,’ replied the carter pleasantly. He noticed the book of stories under the boy’s arm. ‘You couldn’t understand the books they read in Christminster, young man,’ he went on. ‘It’s all learning there, nothing but learning and religion! I’m talking of the college life, of course. As for music, there’s beautiful music everywhere in Christminster. And the buildings, well! There’s nothing like them anywhere in the world ...’

Jude walked home, deep in thought. 'Christminster is a city of light,' he said to himself. 'It's a place of learning and religion. It would just suit me.'

But how could he prepare himself for Christminster? He would start learning. Yes, he would learn Latin and Greek! But how could he get the right books?

At about this date, Phillotson sent for his piano and that gave Jude an idea. He wrote his hero a letter, asking him to get him some old grammar-books in Christminster; and he hid the letter inside the piano.

Every morning before his aunt was up, Jude then called at the village post office. At last, a packet arrived. He cut the string, opened the books – and discovered, to his horror, that every word of both Latin and Greek had to be individually learnt!

'I can't do it!' he cried. 'Why was I ever born?'



Jude was now twelve years old. He quickly recovered from his disappointment over the grammar-books and began to make himself useful to his aunt. Her bakery grew, and they bought an old horse and cart. Jude used this horse and cart for delivering bread to cottages outside the village, and for studying his Latin and Greek at the same time.

At sixteen, he decided to concentrate on Christian studies. He read the New Testament in Greek; and on Sundays he visited all the local churches, translating anything he found in Latin.

He was as determined as ever to go to Christminster. But how could he support himself there while he studied? He had no income and no **trade**. Perhaps he could enter the building trade. The uncle he had never met, his cousin Susanna's father, did **ecclesiastical** metal work. Perhaps he, Jude, could do church work of some sort, too.

As soon as he had settled matters with his aunt, he went to the little market-town of Alfredston, on the main road north of the Brown House, and found work with a **stone-mason** there.

Jude now stayed in the town during the week, and walked the five miles back to Marygreen every Saturday. In this way, he reached and passed his nineteenth year.

Chapter Three

One Saturday afternoon at this time, Jude was returning early to Marygreen with his basket of tools on his back. It was fine summer weather and he was feeling pleased with his progress.

'Now,' he said to himself as he wandered back past the village of Cresscombe, 'I must settle in Christminster where I can buy books more easily. I'll save money and get into a college. I might even become a leader of the Church ...'

'Ha-ha-ha!' The sound of girls' laughter came over the hedge, but Jude did not notice.

'At Christminster, I must master ecclesiastical history ...'

'Ha-ha-ha!'

'I can work hard. Christminster will be proud of me.'

Jude was still deep in his dream when something soft and cold hit him on the ear and fell at his feet. He looked down. It was part of a pig, the unmentionable part of a pig!

He looked over the hedge. There was a stream and a cottage with some pigs. Three young women were kneeling by the stream, washing lumps of meat in the running water.

'Thank you!' he said, as he wiped his face.

'I didn't throw it!' said one girl to her neighbour.

'Oh, Anny!' said the second.

'You didn't do it, oh no!' Jude said to the third. He was almost sure she was responsible.

'Shan't tell you.' The girl was dark-eyed, well-built, almost handsome.

Jude climbed over the hedge and the two met on a small bridge over the stream.

'Don't tell people it was I who threw it!' said the girl.

'How can I? I don't know your name.'

'Arabella Donn. I live here. My father sells pigs.'

They talked a little more, and a little more. Jude had never before looked at a woman as a woman. Now he looked from Arabella's eyes to her mouth, to her breast, to her round bare arms.

'You should see me on Sundays!' she said.

'I don't suppose I could? Tomorrow? Shall I call?'

'Yes.' The girl looked at him almost tenderly, and returned to the congratulations of her companions.

Jude, as he went on his way, breathed new air. Suddenly, his plans for reading, working and learning were pushed to one side. 'But it's only a bit of fun,' he said to himself.



It was Sunday afternoon and Jude was in his room at his aunt's. He would not, he decided, go to meet the girl. He would read his Greek New Testament. He sat down at the table and, almost as soon, jumped up again. He could surely give up just one afternoon ... In three minutes, he was out of the house in his best clothes and on his way down to Arabella Donn's, west of the Brown House.

A smell of pigs came from the back and a man called out in a business-like voice, 'Arabella! Your young man!'

Jude entered just as Arabella came downstairs in her Sunday best. She looked so handsome that he was glad he had come.

They walked up to the Brown House, but in his excitement Jude did not once look towards Christminster. This country girl in her Sunday dress had agreed to take a walk with him! Our student, our future leader of the Church, was quite overcome. The pair went on to Alfredston and, at Arabella's suggestion, had some beer at an inn.

It was getting dark when they started home, and they walked closer together. 'Take my arm,' said Jude, and Arabella took it, up to the shoulder.

As they climbed to the Brown House, she put her head on his shoulder. Jude took the hint and kissed her. When they were halfway up the hill, he kissed her again. They reached the top and he kissed her once more.

It was nine o'clock when they arrived at her home and later still when 'Arabella's young man' got back to Marygreen. In his room, the New Testament still lay open on the table in silent accusation.



Jude left early next morning for his usual week in Alfredston. At the place where he had first kissed Arabella, he stopped and sighed. Six days before he could see her again!

A little later, Arabella came the same way with her two companions. She passed the place of the kiss without even noticing it.

'And what did he say next?'

'Then he said ...' Arabella repeated some of Jude's tenderest words to her.

'You've made him care for you,' said the one called Anny.

'Yes,' answered Arabella in a low, hungry voice. 'But I want more than that. I want him to have me, to marry me!'

'Well, he's an honest countryman. You can get him if you go about it in the right way.'

'What's the right way?'

The other two girls looked at each other. 'She doesn't know! Though she's lived in a town!'

'How do you mean? Tell me a sure way to catch a man, as a husband.'

Arabella's companions looked at each other again, and laughed. Then one spoke quietly in her ear.

'Ah!' Arabella said slowly. 'I didn't think of that.'

'Lots of girls do it,' said Anny.