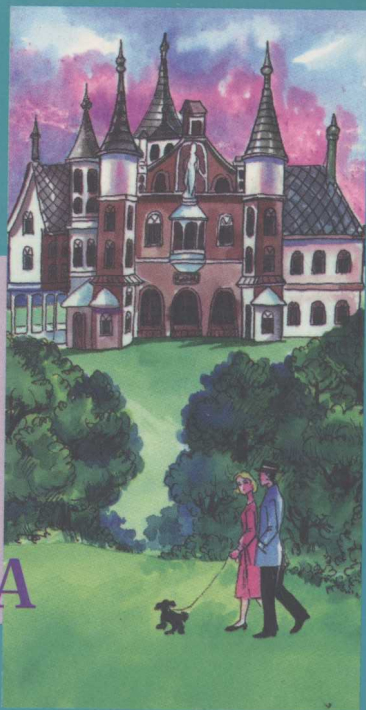


英汉对照世界文学名著简易读本

蝴蝶梦



REBECCA

[英] D·杜穆里埃原著

语文出版社

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出版说明

这是一套世界名著简写本，采取英汉对照的方式出版，可作为中小学生学习英语的辅助读物。简写本既保持了原著的主要故事情节和艺术丰韵，又注意和词汇、语法的教学相配合，通篇是规范、纯正的英语，读起来津津有味，引人入胜，使读者在阅读欣赏中增长语言知识和能力。汉译旨在帮助读者学习原文，故多直译，文采方面未作过多的润色。

LAST night I dreamt that I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me that I was going in by the iron entrance gates. The private road was just a narrow ribbon now, its stony surface covered with grass and weeds. Sometimes, when I thought it lost, it would appear again, beneath a fallen tree or beyond a muddy ditch made by the winter rains. The trees had thrown out new low branches which stretched across my way. I came upon the house suddenly, and stood there with my heart beating fast and tears coming to my eyes.

There was Manderley, our Manderley, secret and silent as it had always been, the grey stone shining in the moonlight of my dream. Time could not spoil the beauty of those walls, nor of the place itself, lying like a jewel in the hollow of a hand. The grass sloped down towards the sea, which was a sheet of silver lying calmly under the moon, like a lake undisturbed by wind or storm. I turned again to the house, and I saw that the garden had run wild, even as the woods had done. Weeds were everywhere. But moonlight can play strange tricks with the fancy, even with a

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昨天夜里梦见又回到了曼德利，我像正在穿过一道道铁门。甬道此时像一条窄窄的带子，石子铺成的路面上杂草丛生。有时我以为它消失了，却又在一棵枯倒的树下，或是冬季雨水淤积的泥泞的水沟旁找到。树木已经伸出新的、低矮的枝桠，挡住了我的去路。突然我来到了那幢房子前面。站在那里，我的心急剧地跳动，眼眶里溢满了泪水。

这就是曼德利，我们的曼德利。它还是像以往那么神秘、宁静。灰色的石砖在我梦中的月光下闪亮。时间没有能够破坏这些墙壁和这个地方的美，它璀璨得像手中的一颗明珠。草地斜伸向大海，海水在月光下平静如镜，像没有风暴袭扰的一片湖水。我又转向房子，看见花园像林子一样已经荒芜，杂草丛生。可是月光能与想象，甚至是与一个梦幻者的想象开玩

dreamer's fancy. As I stood there, quiet and still, I could swear that the house was not an empty shell but lived and breathed as it had lived before. Light came from the windows, the curtains blew softly in the night air, and there, in the library, the door would stand half open as we had left it, with my handkerchief on the table beside the bowl of autumn flowers.

Then a cloud came over the moon, like a dark hand before a face. The strange feeling went. I looked again upon an empty shell, with no whisper of the past about it. Our fear and suffering were dead. When I thought about Manderley in my waking hours I would not be bitter. I would think of it as it might have been, if I could have lived there without fear. I would remember the flower gardens in the summer, and the birds that sang there. Tea under the trees, and the sound of the sea coming up to us from the shore below. I would think of the blown flowers from the bushes, in the Happy Valley. These things could never fade. They were memories that could not hurt. All this I knew in my dream (for like most sleepers I knew that I dreamed). In reality, I lay far sway, in a foreign land, and would wake before long in the bare little hotel bedroom. I would lie a moment, stretch myself and turn, puzzled by that burning sun, that

笑。我站在那儿，平静而安宁。我可以起誓，这幢房子不是一具空壳，它像以往一样地生存、呼吸。光线从窗子透进来，夜风轻轻吹动窗帏；书房那里，门仍像我们离开时一样半掩着。桌子上，我的手绢搁在秋花的盆旁。

而后，一片乌云遮住了月光，像一只黑手挡住了明丽的面孔。那种奇特的感觉消失了。我再次望着这具空壳，没有丝毫对于旧事的呢喃回忆。苦难和恐惧都已逝去。醒来以后想起曼德利，我再不会感到痛苦。假如当初没有任何恐惧地在这儿生活，我也就能正常地对待它了。我会忆起夏日的花园，花园中歌唱的小鸟儿，树下的茶水，以及从下面海边传过来的海浪拍击声；还会想快乐谷的灌木丛里摇曳的鲜花。这些我永远不会忘掉，它们都不会刺痛我的美好记忆。在梦里我明白这一切（因为像大多数梦者一样，我知道我在做梦）。在现实中，在遥远的异国他乡，我躺在旅馆里的一张硬床上，不久就会醒来。我会再躺上一会儿，伸个懒腰，再

hard, clean sky, so different from the soft moonlight of my dream. The day would lie before us both, long, but full of a certain peace, a precious calm we had not known before. We would not talk of Manderley, I would not tell my dream. For Manderley was ours no longer. Manderley was no more.

We can never go back again; that is certain. The past is still too close to us. But we have no secrets now from each other. All things are shared. Our little hotel may be dull, and the food not very good; day after day, things may be very much the same. But dullness is better than fear. We live now very much by habit. And I—I have become very good at reading aloud! I have lost my old self-consciousness. I am very different from that person who drove to Manderley for the first time, hopeful and eager, filled with the desire to please. It was my lack of confidence, of course, that struck people like Mrs. Danvers. What must I have seemed like, after Rebecca?

I can see myself now, with short straight hair and young, unpowdered face, dressed in a badly-fitting coat and skirt, following Mrs. Van Hopper into the hotel for lunch. She would go to her usual table in the corner, near the window, and, looking to left and right with her little eyes like a pig's, would say, "Not a single well-known face! I shall tell the mana-

翻个身，不明白那灿烂的阳光，晴朗的天空，完全不同于我梦中柔和的月色。又将是漫长而和平的一天，以往我们从未有过的可贵的平静。我们不会谈起曼德利；我也不会讲起刚做的梦。因为，曼德利不再属于我们，曼德利不复存在。

我们永远无法回去，这是千真万确的事实。过去仍然离我们很近，可如今我们互相之间没有秘密。我们共有一切。我们的小旅店或许沉闷单调，食物也可能太差；一天天地，情况可能没有任何改观，但是单调总要强过恐惧。现在我们很习惯这种生活了，而且我——我已经很擅于大声朗读了。我已失去了以往自我意识，我已经完全不同于初次开车去曼德利时的自己。那时候的我满怀希望，迫切而踌躇满志。当然，正是我的缺乏信心给丹沃斯太太那样的人留下了深刻的印象。吕蓓卡之后，我会是一个什么形象呢？

现在我能看见当初的自己，短短的直发，年轻而不施粉黛的面孔，穿着一套极不合身的衣裙，跟随万·胡波太太走进饭店用午餐。她像平日一样走向墙角靠窗的那张餐桌，一对小猪眼左右张望着，说道：“没有一张大名鼎鼎的人

ger he must make a reduction in my bill. What does he think I come here for? To look at the waiters?"

We ate in silence, for Mrs. Van Hopper liked to think about nothing but her food. Then I saw that the table next to ours, which had been empty for three days, was to be used once more. The head waiter was bringing someone now. Mrs. Van Hopper put down her fork, and stared. Then she leant over the table to me, her small eyes bright with excitement, her voice a little too loud.

"It's Max de Winter," she said, "The man who owns Manderley. You've heard of it, of course. He looks ill, doesn't he? They say he can't get over^① his wife's death."

Her curiosity was like a disease. I can see her as though it were yesterday, on that unforgettable afternoon, wondering how to make her attack. Suddenly, she turned to me, "Go upstairs quickly and find that letter from my nephew, the one with the photograph. Bring it down to me at once."

I saw then that she had made her plan. I wished I had the courage to warn the stranger. But when I returned I saw that she had not waited; he was even now sitting beside her. I gave her the letter, without a word. He

① get over 此处意指“忘却”

的脸孔！我要告诉经理，他必须降低对我的收费。他以为我来这儿是干嘛的？来看这些侍者的吗？”

我们静静地用餐，除了食物以外，万·胡波太太什么事也不愿去想。后来我发现邻桌空了三天之后，又要派上用场。领班正领着一个人走过来。万·胡波太太放下叉子盯着看。而后，她从桌子上探过身来，两只小眼睛激动得熠熠放光，用有点太高的声音对我说：

“这是马克斯·迪·温特，曼德利的主人。你当然听说过曼德利。他看上去像生病了对吗？他们说无法忘掉妻子的死。”

她的好奇简直就是一种病态。一切就像昨天一样清晰，在那个难忘的下午，她琢磨着如何发起进攻。突然她转向我：“快点上楼去找我外甥的那封来信，有照片的那封，马上拿下来给我。”

当时，我明白她已经计划好了，我希望自己有勇气警告那个陌生人。但等我回来，发现她并没有等我；甚至他现在就坐在她一旁。我把信递给她，一句话也没说。他立即站起身。

rose to his feet at once.

"Mr. de Winter is having coffee with us; go and ask the waiter for another cup," she said, just carelessly enough to warn him what I was. It showed that I was young and unimportant, and that there was no need to include me in the conversation. So it was a surprise to find that he remained standing, and that it was he who made a sign to the waiter.

"I am afraid I must disagree," he said to her, "you are both having coffee with me," and before I knew what had happened he was sitting on my usual chair and I was beside Mrs. Van Hopper.

For a moment she looked annoyed. Then she leant forward, holding the letter.

"You know, I recognized you as soon as you walked in," she said, "and thought, 'Why, there's Mr. de Winter, Billy's friend; I simply *must* show him the photographs of Billy and his wife.' And here they are, bathing at Plam Beach. Billy is mad about her. He had not met her of course when he gave that party where I saw you first. But I dare say you don't remember an old woman like me?"

"Yes, I remember you very well," he said. "I don't think I should care for Palm Beach. That sort of thing has never amused me."

Mrs. Van Hopper gave her fat laugh. "If Billy had a home like Manderley he wouldn't

“迪·温特先生要和我们一起喝咖啡，去叫侍者再送一杯来。”她漫不经心地说，但这足够提醒他我的身分。这表明了我的年轻而且无足轻重，没必要把我也包括进谈话的圈子。所以，当看见他依然站着，并且正是他向侍者打了个手势的时候，我非常惊讶。

“恐怕我得提出异议，”他对她说，“你们两位正在和我喝咖啡。”我还来不及弄清怎么回事，他已坐在我平日坐的椅子上，我便坐到万·胡波太太旁边。

有那么一会儿她看上去很生气。然后，她手里拿着那封信，往前探着身子。

“你知道，你一走进来我就认出你来了。”她说，“我想，啊，那就是迪·温特先生，比利的朋友；我只须拿比利和他妻子的照片给他看就行！这是他们两个在棕榈海滨游泳的照片。比利爱她都要发疯了。当然，他举行那个晚会之前，还从来没见过她呢。就在那个晚会上我第一次见到您。可我敢说，您已经记不得我这个老太婆了。”

“不，我记得很清楚。”他说，“不过我想我并不喜欢棕榈海滨，这种地方从来提不起我的兴趣。”

万·胡波太太放声大笑。“如果比利有个曼德利似的庄园，他才不会到棕榈海滨去玩儿

want to play around in Palm Beach," she said. She paused, expecting him to smile, but he went on smoking, looking just a little disturbed.

"I've seen pictures of it, of course," she said, "and it looks perfectly beautiful. I remember Billy telling me it had all those big places beat for beauty. I wonder you can ever bear to leave it."

His silence was painful, as anyone else would have noticed, but she ran on clumsily.

"Of course, you Englishmen are all the same about your homes," she said, her voice becoming louder and louder, "you don't want to seem proud of them. Isn't there a great hall at Manderley, with some very valuable pictures?"

I think he realized my discomfort, for he leant forward in his chair and spoke to me, his voice gentle, asking if I would have some more coffee, and when I shook my head I felt that his eyes were still upon me, puzzled.

"What brings you here?" Mrs. Van Hopper went on. "You're not one of the regular visitors. What are you going to do with yourself?"

"I have not made up my mind," he said, "I came away in rather a hurry."

His own words must have started a memory, for he looked disturbed again. She talked on, not noticing. "Of course you will miss

呢。”她停了一下，期待着他的微笑，可他继续抽着烟，倒像有些不耐烦。

“当然，我见过它的照片，”她接着说，“实在太美了。我记得比利告诉过我它集所有名胜之美于一身。我不相信您竟忍心离开它。”

任何人都会注意到他痛苦不堪，沉默不语，可她仍然絮絮叨叨地说着。

“当然罗，你们英国人对于家庭感觉都一样，”她的声音越来越高，“你们不想以之为骄傲。曼德利有个挂着一些昂贵名画的大厅，不是吗？”

我想他意识到了我的不安，他从椅子里把身子探过来和我说话。他的声音很柔和，问我是否再要一杯咖啡。我摇摇头，感到他的目光依旧盯着我，一副疑惑不解的样子。

“您怎么会到这里来了呢？”万·胡波太太接着说，“您可不是个旅游的常客。您独身一个人来，有何贵干？”

“还不知道。”他说，“我来得很匆忙。”

一定是他的这些话又触动了他的记忆，他又显得不耐烦起来。她却尽管滔滔不绝，丝毫没有在意。“您当然是会想念曼德利的。那个西

Manderley. The west country must be delightful in the spring."

"Yes," he said shortly. "Manderley was looking its best."

In the end it was a waiter who gave him his opportunity, with a message for Mrs. Van Hopper. He got up at once, pushing back his chair. "Don't let me keep you," he said.

"It's so delightful to have met you like this, Mr. de Winter; I hope I shall see something of you. You must come and have a drink some time. I have one or two people coming in tomorrow evening. Why not join us?" I turned away so that I should not watch him search for an excuse.

"I'm so sorry," he said, "tomorrow I am probably driving to Sospel; I'm not sure when I shall get back."

Unwillingly she left it, and he went.

The next morning Mrs. Van Hopper awoke with a sore throat and a rather high temperature. Her doctor told her to stay in bed. I left her quite happy, after the arrival of a nurse, and went down early for lunch—a good half-hour before our usual time. I expected the room to be empty, and it was—except for the table next to ours. I was not prepared for this. I thought he had gone to Sospel. I was halfway across the room, and could not go back. This