

新英语故事丛书 6  
NEW ENGLISH STORIES

# 甜蜜的拒绝

*Sweet Denial*

灵珊 郑康 晓冰 编

西安电子科技大学出版社

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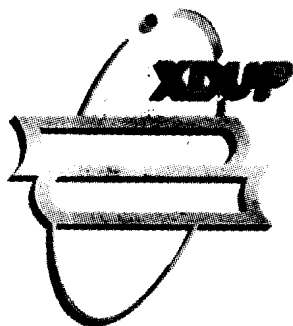
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## 内 容 简 介

一个女人与几个男人的较量，梦境中奇异行星的旅行，肥胖儿痛苦的拒绝，20 多条人命的悲剧，豹妹与杀人狂的对话，计算机给人类带来的不幸，老鼠眼中的人类世界，以及时空倒流的神奇遭遇，……25 个闻所未闻的新奇故事，吸引您忘掉学英语的苦恼，而陶醉在使用英语的快乐之中。



# 序

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书总算编完了，大家都如释重负。呈现在读者面前的是一本英文短篇故事集。目的是让学英语的学生来提高阅读能力的。

对于读者来说，前言和文章的引言是次要的，内容才是关键。读者要掌握的是内容，是对故事的了解，是能否通过它来达到学英语的目的。而对编者来说，前言又是必须的。现在无论多么有名的企业如长虹、青岛海尔不都在打广告吗？“酒香不怕巷子深”也已是老话了，可口可乐这么有名的饮品，不都将广告打遍了全球吗？作广告没什么不好，可最终决定企业成功的关键，恐怕还是产品的内在质量。就一本书而言，就是它的内容了。

本书的故事，单看一下目录，题目就会吸引你。有“英雄的悲剧”、“冲出黑暗”、“奇异的头”、“戏说莫泊桑”、“审问”等等。再看具体内容，更是包罗万象，千奇百怪。有爱情悲剧，历史事件，杀人狂的经历以及科幻故事等。作者也是形形色色的，有著名作家，也有普通百姓，有成人，还有儿童。那么是不是说本书每篇故事都很精彩呢？其实不然，原因是多种多样的。例如，由于作者年龄的关系，写作水平参差不齐，有的小作者用词甚至有错误。有的作者造了一些新词，文中出现了新的语言现象。这也引起了我们的注意，但不管怎样，我们都将它保留下来。我们并没有刻意追求某种风格，或现代或古典，或温馨浪漫或残酷凶杀，而想尽量多地提供给读者以选择的余地，以便更好地学习语言，了解最新

的语言现象。

另外，在书的内容上，很多故事涉及到许多当今西方社会的社会问题，如：离婚、绑架、自杀、凶杀、环境保护、种族歧视……。故事的描写及结果在某种程度上反映了作者的态度。我们是以学习语言为主要目的，但不能回避内容。作者的有些观点希望读者能加以鉴别。我们认为，大多数作者的观点都是积极的。他们利用小说宣扬人生中的真善美，尖锐地批判和辛辣地讽刺了当今社会中的丑恶现象。对于这一点，我们不是搞文学评论的，不想说得太多，留给读者自己去评论。

总之，我们希望读者在读完本书后，能有所收获，并能给我们提出批评意见，以便我们今后做得更好。

编 者

1998年6月



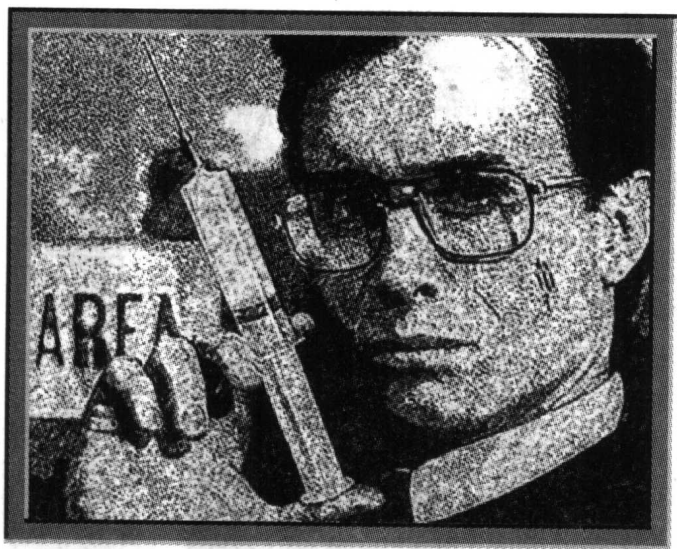
“你再说一下你的名字好吗？”她微微一笑，说话时流露出亚洲人的特点。

“我叫迈克，你呢？”

——摘自“结束痛苦”



初秋，32 岁的扎克与妻子，以及三个 9 岁、7 岁、5 岁的  
孩子一起，在一个晴朗的星期日下午，来到纽约的林布鲁克……  
——摘自“难忘的事”



“哈罗，凯洛” 西亚斯医生坐在桌子后说：“请坐。”

——摘自“新药”



汤姆把手插在头发中，他感到非常累，疲惫不堪，不知不觉  
中泪水已从脸颊上流淌下来。

——摘自“失踪者”

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# 英雄的悲剧

## Heroic Tragedy

By M. Stanley Bubien

贝多芬，19世纪初德国著名音乐家。他的音乐才能，是同他的民主政治理想分不开的。贝多芬酷爱自由、平等、博爱。他的一生，可以说是一个用音乐作武器向封建势力进攻的战斗的一生。早在波恩大学读书的时候，贝多芬就接受了法国大革命的熏陶。1804年，贝多芬的第三交响乐《英雄交响乐》正式完成了。乐曲以庄严、雄伟的旋律，谱写了革命英雄的心声。在开始创作时，贝多芬非常崇拜保卫法国革命的统帅拿破仑，所以在这部交响乐的扉页上写了“献给拿破仑·波拿巴”这几个字。但是，当这部交响乐完成时，拿破仑已经抛弃共和，做了皇帝。贝多芬痛苦万分，就把这一行划掉，改为“《英雄交响乐》——纪念一位伟人”。这伟人，就是革命的人民。

I tapped the score sitting upon my friend's table, his newest symphony which he had been poring over for several months. Notes caught my eye and I tilted my head.

"A new direction for you, I see."

He smiled, and his hair flew back with his vigorous nod. Laying one hand upon the score, he said, "Yes!" He turned it to read better, his grin becoming childlike. "I confess, Ferdinand," he directed a mischievous eye toward me, "I left this out hoping you would notice. It's so nearly complete, and I've wanted to share it with someone."

"Let's have a look then." I stepped to his side and we both gazed upon his creation. Melodies cascaded within my head as he flipped the pages. A lengthy work, obviously conceived on a grand scale, conjured to mind the life and the death of someone deserving immense fanfare.

"Done?" he asked, as he had countless pages before, and flopped the vellum to expose the one below. However, instead of the score's continuation, there sat, completely out of sequence, the title page. I first noticed at the bottom, "Ludwig Van Beethoven," and then, at the top, "Bonaparte."

"You've dedicated this work to Napoleon?" I asked.

His stood straight, as if at attention. "Absolutely. He has restored order to France, making their wondrous nation the envy of all Europe once again. The people rejoice, for he is a hero. Yes! A hero!"

I frowned. "You name the emperor of France a hero?"

"Emperor?" he scowled in surprise. "He is not an emperor."

I realized then that this news had not reached his ears. "My friend," I said, placing a hand firmly upon his shoulder, "I am sorry to tell you this, but it is most unfortunately true. Bonaparte has declared himself an emperor."

He did not cross-question me, nor did he try to deny my words—I believed he trusted my counsel implicitly. Etched up-

on his face, I could see the inner turmoil as his cheeks slowly began to burn and the scowl became solid as iron.

He rested fingers upon the score's title and said, "Is he then, too, just an ordinary human being?" His question begged no answer, and his voice raised as he continued, "Now he, too, will trample upon all the rights of man and satisfy only his ambition." Seizing the page, he wrenched it from the table and cried, "He will become a tyrant!"

And with that, he rent the vellum in two and cast it upon the floor. Clasp hands behind his back, he began pacing. Once or twice, he even trampled upon the leaflets as if he wished to be trampling upon the remains of Bonaparte himself.

A cloud had descended and it refused to clear. I confess I fled from his flat at my first opportunity, and, once upon the street, I glanced in to see him fiercely pacing still.

"What a tragedy," I mumbled amidst passersby, for I envisioned the remainder of his third symphony sharing the fate of the title page. "What a heroic tragedy."

## Notes

pore v. 细想, 熟读, 熟视  
tilt v. 倾斜, 使……倾侧  
grin n. 露齿笑, 裂口笑  
mischievous a. 淘气的, 恶作剧的  
flip v. 轻击, 轻弹  
cascade v. 像瀑布般地落下  
conjure v. 使在脑中显现如画, 追忆, 以咒文召唤, 变戏法  
fanfare n. 喇叭或号角嘹亮的

吹奏声  
vellum n. 上等皮纸, 皮纸文书, 牛皮纸  
flop v. 笨拙地移动或落下  
title page n. 书名页; 书籍的内封面; 扉页  
rejoice v. 使……欢喜, 高兴  
scowl v. 皱眉头, 做出不高兴的脸  
cross-question (cross-examination)

n. 盘诘; 严询  
implicitly ad. 含蓄地; 暗中地  
etch v. 描绘, 刻印, 蚀刻, 蚀  
镂  
turmoil n. 骚动, 混乱  
tyrant n. 暴君

rend v. (p. t & p. p rent) 劈开,  
分裂  
wrench v. 猛扭, 扭伤, 曲解  
leaflet n. 小叶, 传单  
envision v. 想像, 幻想

# 心灵深处

*Within*

*By Miranda Scott*

这像是一篇散文。这类作品当今极其流行的模式是：小故事+小情调+小哲理。在重功利轻人情的现代生活中，这类小散文讴歌并且证明着古老的温情，给人以一种浪漫温馨的感觉。作为青年人，心灵深处永远涌动着热烈的情感和对爱的渴望。那么相思，既是心的翅膀，也是心的镣铐；是甜蜜的果，也是痛苦的汁。

The stardust swirled about my head and flew to places unknown before I discovered you. It left me grasping to feel its cool sweetness and longing to touch its shimmering brightness, only to find it out of reach and leaving me to want more.

Many times I longed to feel the beauty of a touch within, the heat of one that lived deep inside myself but gave me no indication until the time was right, the embrace of a force unknown. Until I discovered you, it did not happen.

But alas, a day came when, as the stardust flew over my head, I touched the sweetness, and soon thereafter I felt a warm embrace. One that tugged at my heart and touched my