ORIES OF ALLAN POE

英汉对照《英美文学精品

爱

SELEC

精神世界的探秘者 伦·坡短篇小说选

马爱农 译

■ 外文出版社

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精神世界的探秘者

爱伦·坡

爱伦·坡(Edgar Allan Poe, 1809-1849),美国著名诗人、小说家、批评家。生于波士顿一个艺人家庭。童年时父母双亡,被一富商收养,早早地就饱尝人情冷暖、世道艰辛。六岁时他随养母去英国,后回美国受贵族化的学校教育。后来他化名参军进了西点军校,却因玩忽职守而被开除。离开军校后,他与养父关系破裂,从此生活没有着落,开始卖文为生,从事杂志编辑工作。开始他写了不少文学评论文章,同时也写诗歌与短篇小说。后来他发现哥特式的恐怖小说很受欢迎,便专门致力干这方面的创作。

他既是诗人、小说家,又是文学理论家,著有《创作哲学》(1846)、《诗歌原理》(1850)等理论专著,提倡"为诗写诗"的纯艺术主张。他的诗属于浪漫派,主要有诗集《帖木尔》(1827)等。而他最成功的自然是短篇小说。爱伦·坡是第一个自觉地把短篇小说作为一种独立的文学体裁并提出了短篇小说创作理论的作家。他一共写了七十个短篇,收在《述异集》(1840)中,大部分为恐怖小说、推理小说和怪诞幽默小说。

他的个人生活很不幸。1835 年与表妹维吉尼亚结婚; 1847 年妻 子病故,他从此一蹶不振,精神失常,只得靠酗酒度日。1849 年 10 月7日死于巴尔的摩。

爱伦·坡生活的年代正是美国蓄奴制迅速衰退,资本主义高速发展的时期。资本主义的发展猛烈地冲击了传统的价值观念。而深受欧洲贵族化教育的爱伦·坡对资本主义的发展有一种本能的抵触。旧秩序的无可挽回的局势和他个人生活的种种不幸使他对社会、对人生产生一种恐怖、幻灭的心理。这种心理主导他的文艺创作理论,更直接

体现在他的文学作品中。无论是他的诗还是短篇小说,无不反映了这样的主题:美的幻灭、希望的恐怖、忧郁和怪异。

为了表现这个主题,爱伦·坡强调了营造预定气氛、创造"纯艺术"效果的做法。他认为,"在短篇小说中,每一事件,每一描写,甚至每一字,每一句都应该收到一定的统一效果,一个预想中的效果,印象主义的效果。"为了达到这种预先设计好的效果,爱伦·坡在创作中总是精心雕琢、巧妙构建,在诸如变态心理、死亡的恐怖、灵魂轮回、起死回生等病态的题材中,运用各种手段来烘托气氛,制造惊险、恐怖的强烈效果。

《厄歇尔府的倒塌》便是其中最典型的例子。为了达到预先设置的恐怖效果,作者一开始就进行铺垫。破败的古宅,阴森森的水池,枯萎的老树,墙上那些弯弯曲曲的裂缝……都给人以一种阴森诡谲、衰败零落的感觉。而古宅内的陈设和布置更是昏暗压抑,漆黑的地板,四壁的玄色帐幔,破朽的旧家具,还有鬼影幢幢的甲胄之类的战利品,一切的一切都透着一股阴森森的郁郁之气。

小说的主人公厄歇尔兄妹,孤独地守着阴森的老宅,都患有不可名状的不治之症。出于一种无法解释的病态心理, 哥哥在妹妹未死之前就埋葬了她。在一个狂风暴雨的夜晚,妹妹裹着尸衣回来,拖住哥哥,两人同归于尽。这时,从开篇就开始营造的恐怖情绪终于达到高潮,而本来就有一道大裂缝的厄歇尔古屋突然无声地倒塌,给作者精心设置的恐怖气氛划上一个完美的句号。

另一篇恐怖小说《泄密的心》写得也是丝丝人扣,作者写了杀人犯的犯罪心理及作案过程,但不是一般的"凶杀小说",也不能列为"道德小说"或"寓言小说"的范畴。作者只是用夸张的手法表现一种病态心理罢了。收到预期中的恐怖效果才是他的真正目的。他把主人公病态的犯罪心理逼真、传神地刻画出来,用夸张的手法表现了人物变态的恐怖心理以及由此产生的虚幻感觉,并通过这种心理情绪传递给读者一种毛骨悚然的信息,达到作者预期的效果。读了令人不寒而栗。

总之,爱伦·坡的恐怖小说主要是为了强调恐怖的效果,所有的构成因素如时间、地点、人物、情节、气氛和笔调都围绕这种效果。

通过一系列的烘托、铺垫, 小说最后进入高潮。

他说过,他写小说的目的是为了"把滑稽提高到怪诞,把害怕发展成恐惧,把机智夸大成嘲弄,把奇特变成怪异和神秘"。这种创作思想不仅体现在他的恐怖小说中,也体现在他其他小说的创作中。他的几乎每一篇小说,都或多或少地出现一些荒诞、古怪、畸形的形象,流露一种病态的、微癫的情绪,渲染某种怪异离奇、令人毛骨悚然的气氛。即使他的一些幽默诙谐小说也不例外。

《焦油博士和羽毛教授的疗法》描写的是一个疯人院的院长变成了疯子,领着全体疯人患者叛乱造反,将医生护士捆绑关押,周身涂满焦油,插上羽毛。疯子们在疯人院里大闹天宫,甚至还设宴招待参观者。宴席上,疯子们一个个慷慨陈辞,争相讲述"疯子们"的荒唐趣事,而实际上,被他们津津有味拿来嘲笑的正是他们自己。整个宴会场面,包括餐桌、烛台的布置,疯人们的穿着打扮,端上来的各种菜肴,再加上疯人们的现身说法,都是说不出的诡谲怪异,在滑稽中透着一种寒森森的病态情绪,给读者的感受十分奇特而深刻。

爱伦·坡在西方还被认为是侦探小说的鼻祖。在他的侦探作品中,案件的破获依靠破案人善于揣测人的心理活动和严密的逻辑推理。他在这方面的代表作有《毛格街血案》、《玛丽·罗热疑案》、《窃信案》、《金甲虫》等。爱伦·坡对西方侦探小说技巧方面的发展有一定影响。他的侦探小说写作模式,一百多年来一直被各国侦探小说家所效仿。

爱伦·坡在生前没有在美国文坛上得到重视,当时代表美国资产阶级文艺主流的超验主义派对他很少肯定。但是在世纪末,随着唯美主义文艺思潮的兴起,他的创作和理论逐渐显出其"启示性",法国象征派文人波特莱尔、马拉尔美、艾略特、纪德等现代主义作家都十分推崇他。直到现在,西方的文艺评论仍从他的作品中挖掘出层出不穷的意义,并在一些现、当代作家如福克纳的作品中,看出他的影响。萧伯纳曾称:"美国出了两个伟大的作家——埃德加·爱伦·坡和马克·吐温。"

因此,爱伦·坡不仅在美国文学史上,而且在整个英语国家的文学史上,乃至在世界文学史上的地位都是不容忽视的。

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泄密的心

一个神经过敏、精神变态的青年,对邻居老头存有一种莫名的、病态的仇恨,这仇恨越积越深,终于使他产生杀机。经过自以为巧妙的安排,在一个漆黑、死寂的夜晚,青年下手害死了老头,并将尸体藏在松动的地板下。面对警察的搜查和盘问,青年镇定自若,应答裕如,似乎就要蒙混过关了,然而地板下却传来老头的心跳,咚,咚,咚,一阵紧似一阵,青年终于崩溃。作品着重于人物病态心理的刻画,运用第一人称以加强主观感受的生动和逼真,以灯光、阴影、声音、节奏的不断变幻来渲染恐怖的氛围,使悬念越收越紧,而后在最高潮处戛然而止,令人在惊魂未定之时,回味无穷。

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厄歇尔府的倒塌

描写一对兄妹的命运。他们是古老的厄歇尔家族的最后两人,住在破败、阴森的厄歇尔府里,且都身患绝症,精神脆弱、敏感。哥哥出于奇怪的变态心理,在妹妹未死前就埋葬了她。一个风疾雨骤的夜晚,妹妹破棺而出,拖住哥哥,两人同归于尽。这时,本已有一道裂缝的厄歇尔府突然倒塌,消失得无影无踪。作品对恐怖气氛的营造十分细致,厄歇尔府及周围景物的衰败零落,人物心情的孤寂和绝望,都在烘托和铺垫着最后那个极度恐怖的场景,准备和呼唤着高潮的到来。本篇是爱伦·坡恐怖小说的最杰出代表。

A Tale of the Ragged Mountains

凹凸山脉的传说

年轻绅士贝德罗性格敏感、苍白憔悴,为了治疗长期的神经痛, 医生定期为他施行催眠术。秋天一个阴霾的午后,贝德罗独自漫步进 人幽密的丛林,在半梦半醒的恍惚中,他似乎走进了自己的前世,并 亲历了前世中自己的死亡。蹊跷的是,贝德罗的相貌、性格、最后意 外死亡的方式,甚至他的姓名,都与若干年前的某个人不谋而合。是 巧合还是冥冥之中真有转世轮回的奥秘?这些诡谲阴森、玄奥莫测的 疑问都留给读者去思索了。

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提前埋葬

那是一种极度绝望的境地,那是一种恐怖得无以复加的境地。当你从长达数日、甚至数星期的昏睡中醒来,发现自己置身于棺材里,被深埋在地下,四下里一片漆黑、一片死寂,只闻到一股湿乎乎的腐土气味。那真是一种叫天天不应,叫地地不灵的境地,挣扎是徒劳的,渺茫的希望很快被没顶的绝望吞噬。小说讲述了若干个这样的故事,最后的高潮是"我"亲身经历的一场虚惊,这场虚惊的根源就在干"我"对这种提前埋葬的可怕命运的极度恐惧。

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骗术

本篇开宗明义,首先对骗子的特征、本性和才能作了一番幽默的分析,而后或详或略地讲述了十多个骗子成功行骗的故事。这些骗局实在是五花八门,无奇不有。骗子的手段也一个高过一个,令人叹为观止。故弄玄虚,欲擒故纵,狡兔三窟,瞒天过海,偷换概念,空手套白狼,……。而令读者颇为惊讶的是,那些一百多年前的骗术,在今天仍然活跃于我们周围的大街小巷。

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这是一篇结构紧凑、设计精巧的幽默小说,也是一部大团圆的滑稽喜剧。一位富家子弟,眼睛近视得出奇,却为了美观不肯戴眼镜,结果被模糊的视力误导,爱上了一个他最最不该爱的女人,出尽了洋相。小说对每个细节都交代得很明确,随着情节的发展,悬念也在一点点堆砌,最后在高潮的冲突中猛地抖开包袱,达到一种非常圆满和浓烈的喜剧效果。小说的语言也颇有特色,"我"用略含委屈和怨恨的口吻叙述自己的这段遭遇,给整个作品平添了一种诙谐滑稽的味道。

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在这个富有悬念的题目下面,是一则充满睿智的小故事,其核心就是一个"巧"字。两情相悦的青年男女,刀子嘴豆腐心的犟老头儿,打起了嘴巴官司,彼此都难以下台。无巧不成书的是,这个时候出现了两个探险家,他们同年同月同日分别朝相反方向环球旅行了一年,使老头儿刁难一对小情侣的难题迎刃而解,大家都获得了一个美满的结局,读者在感受愉悦的喜剧情节的同时,还能得到一些有趣的

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一个地处幽僻古堡的疯人院里,有一天突然发生了一件异乎寻常 的事,从此医生和病人的角色互换,一群疯人控制了整个古堡。他们 大吃大喝,寻欢作乐,并以自己独特而怪异的方式嘲笑"疯子"—— 其实就是他们自己。这是一幕荒诞的滑稽剧、尤为精彩的是作者对疯 人群相的生动描绘, 可笑而怪异, 滑稽而诡谲, 使人在哈哈大笑的同 时内心污起一种阴森森的恐惧。作者借此提出了理智和疯癫之间界限 的深刻命题。

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牛意人

本篇以自传的形式讲述了一个小人物靠坑蒙拐骗在人间"混生 活"的经历。"我"出身卑微、成年后混迹于"生意场"、凭着各种希 奇古怪的雕虫小计,设一些无聊的小圈套,骗几个小钱糊口。小说的 怪诞之处在于,尽管是小人物干的下三滥的营生,通篇的叙述语调却 **煞有介事、派头十足、俨然一个大企业家在大谈其发家史。内容与形** 式的这种反差,产生了一种很诙谐的喜剧效果。

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这是一篇讽刺无聊、庸俗文人的滑稽小说。通过报刊界一位后起 之秀辛格姆·鲍勃的成功经历、揭示了文人同行之间的黑暗内幕。他 们以报纸、杂志为战场、互相倾轧、排挤、贬低、毁谤,各种肮脏手 腕无所不用其极,而且翻手为云,覆手为雨,今天捧上天,明天一棍 子打死。在这一场又一场的混战中,制造了大量的垃圾文字,使报刊 界一片乌烟瘴气。有趣而可悲的是,这些人物和现象,在今天仍然屡 见不鲜。

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精神世界的探秘者

爱伦·坡短篇小说选

The Tell-Tale Heart

True!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! one of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye for ever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! and then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously-oh, so cautiously-cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible

泄密的心

对了!神经质,我一直都患有严重的神经质;但是你们为什么要说我疯了呢?我的病并没有摧毁我的感觉,没有使它变得迟钝,反而使它更加敏锐。尤其是听力异常的敏锐。我听得到天上和地下的所有声音。我听到地狱里的许多事情。试想,我怎么会是疯子呢?听吧!我来给你们把事情的来龙去脉讲一讲,看我讲得多么有条有理,心平气和。

要害就在这里。你们以为我疯了。疯子什么都不知道。可是你们没看到我是怎么做的。你们没看到我干得多么漂亮!那样的小心谨慎、深谋远虑,那样巧妙的掩饰!在下手的前一个星期中,我对老头比什么时候都好。每晚午夜时分,我悄悄拨动他的门闩,推开门一哦,动作轻极了!然后,当门缝打开到我的头可以伸进去的时候,我先把一只黑灯笼塞进去,灯笼上下封得严严实实,没有一丝光线漏出,然后我把脑袋伸了进去。哦,你要是看到我当时的那个机灵样,一定会哈哈大笑的!我的动作很慢,慢极了,生怕把老头从睡梦中惊醒。我用了一个钟头的时间才把整个脑袋伸进门缝,使我能看到他躺在床上。哈!———个疯子会这样聪明吗?然后,当我的头完全伸进屋里之后,我小心地打开灯笼——哦,那么小心——小心(因为铰链

to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I *felt* the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out—"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening;—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself—"It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he had been

会吱呀作响)。只打开那么一点儿,让一丝细细的光线落在那只兀鹰般的眼睛上。就这样我一连去了7个晚上,每晚都在午夜时分。可是那只眼睛总是闭着的;这样我就无法干那桩事。因为惹恼我的并不是那个老头,而是他邪恶的眼睛。每天早晨天一亮,我就大胆地走进他的房间,勇敢地和他攀谈,亲热地唤着他的名字,问他晚上睡得可好。所以你瞧,老头要能想到我在每天夜里午夜时分趁他睡着的时候窥视他的话,那他可真是老谋深算了。

第8个晚上我开门的时候特别小心。手表的分针都比我的手动得快些。那晚我第一次感觉到了自己的力量有多大,感觉到自己是多么聪明。我几乎无法控制自己的得意。想想吧,我在那儿一点点地推门,而他做梦都想不到我秘密的行动和思想。想到这里我不禁窃笑了起来;床上的他可能听到了我的声音,突然动了一下,像是受了惊。你可能以为我会退缩——可我没有。他的房间漆黑一片,伸手不见五指(百叶窗紧紧地关着,因为怕有强盗),我知道他不会看见门开了,所以我继续稳稳地、稳稳地推动房门。

我把头伸进来了,正要打开灯笼时,我的手指不小心碰动了洋铁栓,老头从床上腾地坐了起来,叫道——"谁在那儿?"

我不吱声,一动不动地站着。整整一个小时我一块肌肉都没动一下,同时也没有听到他躺下。他仍旧坐在床上听着;就像我自己这样,整夜整夜地,听着墙中死神守望者的声音。

不多久我听到了一声轻微的呻吟,我知道这是人在极度恐惧下发出的呻吟。它不是疼痛或悲哀的呻吟。哦,不是的!它是在不堪恐惧的重压时,从灵魂深处发出的低沉而压抑的声音。我很熟悉这种声音。许多夜晚,午夜时分,全世界都在熟睡的时候,它也会从我自己的胸中涌出,带着可怕的回音,加深了那令我不安的恐惧。我说我很了解。我了解老头的感受,并同情他,尽管我在心里偷偷暗笑。我知道自从听到第一声微响,他在床上翻了个身以后,他就一直没有再睡着。他的恐惧在不断地增强。他试图想象它们是毫无根据的,可是无法做到。他对自己说:"那只是烟囱里的风,那只是一只耗子跑过去了",或"只不过是一只蟋蟀叫了一声"。是的,他试图用这些假设来

trying to comfort himself with these sup-positions; but he had found all in vain. *All in vain*; because Death, in approaching him, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to *feel* the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and full upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me-the sound would be heard by a neighbor! the old man's hour had come! with a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once-once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon 安慰自己;可是都没有用,都没用;因为死神在悄悄走近他时,已经把自己的影子投在了他的身上,把他整个笼罩了。正是这无形的影子的悲惨影响使他感到了——尽管他既没有看到也没有听到——感到了房间中我的脑袋的存在。

我非常耐心地等了很长时间,还没有听到他躺下,于是我决定把灯笼打开一条缝,一丝极小极小的缝。我便这么做了,你想象不出我是多么小心翼翼,小心翼翼,终于,缝隙中射出一线微光,细若蛛丝,正好落在那只兀鹰般的眼睛上。

那眼睛睁着,大大地睁着,我凝视着它,不禁火冒三丈。我对它看得一清二楚,灰暗的蓝眼珠,上面还蒙着一层可恶的阴翳,它使我骨髓发凉;可是我看不到老头脸上或身体的其他任何部分,我好像是本能地把光线对准了那个该死的部位。

我不是说过被你们当做疯子的人只是感觉过于敏锐吗?现在, 啊,我听到了一种低低的、沉闷而急促的声音,像是一只裹在棉花里 的表在响。我对这声音也很熟悉。这是那老头的心跳。它加剧着我的 愤怒,就像战鼓激发士兵的勇气一样。即使是这样我仍然克制住了自 己,静悄悄地站着,几乎连气都不出。我一动不动地举着灯笼,看自 己能使光线在那只眼睛上保持得多稳。与此同时,那可怕的咚咚的心 跳声在加剧,它每时每刻越来越快、越来越响。老头一定恐惧到了极 点! 它越来越响, 随着时间的推移, 一刻响过一刻! 你听仔细了吗? 我告诉讨你我有些神经质,我确实是这样。半夜三更,在那座静得可 怕的老房子里, 这样一种奇怪的声音使我产生了无法控制的恐惧。然 而,我克制着自己又呆了几分钟没有动。可是那心跳越来越响,越来 越响!我觉得那颗心要爆炸了。这时一种新的焦虑攫住了我,这声音 会被邻居听到的! 老头的死期到了! 我一声大叫, 扯开灯笼, 跳进屋 内。他尖叫了一声,只一声。转眼我已把他拖到地上,拖过沉重的被 褥压在他身上。然后我开心地微笑起来,这桩事情干完了。可是,那 颗心继续沉闷地跳动了许多分钟。不过我并不为此而烦恼,隔着墙, 人们是不会听到的。最后它终于停止了。老头死了。我搬开被子对尸 体进行检查。没错,他已经死得跟石头一样了。我把手在他的心口上