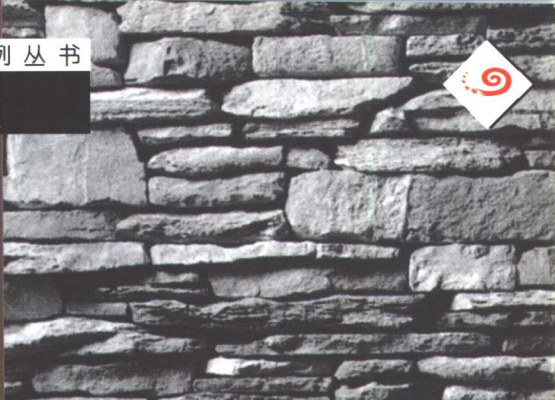


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Little Women

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总策划 苑涛 樊一昕
编 译 于学功

小妇人

Louisa May Alcott 原著



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世界图书出版公司

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苑 涛 樊一昕 丛书总策划

于学功 编 译

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前言

阅读英文名著是提高英文水平的最佳方式,但很多学生往往会走入追求故事情节的误区,读完之后收获甚微

我们的调查结果令人瞠目:大多数学生在读完英文名著之后却不能正确拼出书名、作者名与主要人物名,更不知道其中的经典名句。因此,思马得呼吁读者要走上正确的阅读之路,这套“引导式”的掌上名著便应运而生。

本书的特点与使用方法如下:

- 1 特别设有“背诵部分”,精选出了背诵与记忆要点,要求读者将此部分完全背熟;
- 2 将复杂且难以理解的句子用下划波浪线标出,并加以中文注释;
3. 将难词标出并进行注释,省去查字典的麻烦;
- 4 将好句子用**黑体加斜体**标出,让读者随时得到“老师”的指导;
5. 编排方式上采取左右对照的方式,特设“读书笔记”区,不仅有全方位的注释,还可以让读者做好属于自己的笔记。

由于时间有限,疏忽之处在所难免,欢迎读者指正

思马得学校图书编辑部

2001年2月



Brief comment and general introduction

简 评 与 梗 概

"Little Women," written by Louisa May Alcott, is a very popular juvenile book which shows young adults how to improve their characters when they grow up. Based on the author's memories of her childhood home, the story concerns the daily lives of the four girls in our story, boyish Jo, who wants to be a writer, beautiful Meg, whose dream is to be a playwright, gentle Beth, who wants to learn music, and vain Amy, whose hobby is painting. As they progress towards womanhood in Civil War New England, the four very different characters strive to achieve their personal ambitions, in love, in work and in family life.



背诵部分

- 1 书名 Little Women 小妇人
- 2 作者 Louisa May Alcott 路易莎·梅·奥尔科特 (1832—1888)
- 3 主要人物:

| | |
|------|--------|
| Jo | (乔) |
| Meg | (梅格) |
| Beth | (贝斯) |
| Amy | (艾美) |
- 4 叙述方式: Third person plus first person narration
(第一人称与第三人称并用, 直叙)
5. Good Quotations (好句子)

(1) "Oh, my girls, however long you may live, I never can wish you a greater happiness than this!"

(2) "I think too much of my looks and hate to work, but won't any more, if I can help it"

(3) "I'll try and be what he loves to call me, a little woman' and not be rough and wild, but do my duty here instead of wanting to be somewhere else"

(4) Beth said nothing, but wiped away her tears with the blue army sock and began to knit with all her might, losing no time in doing the duty that lay nearest her, while she resolved in her quiet little soul to be all that Father hoped to find her when the year brought round the happy coming home



CHAPTER 1

“Christmas won’t be Christmas without any presents,” grumbled^① Jo, lying on the rug^②.

“It’s so dreadful to be poor!” sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress.

“I don’t think it’s fair for some girls to have plenty of pretty things, and other girls nothing at all,” added little Amy, with an injured sniff.

“We’ve got Father and Mother, and each other,” said Beth contentedly from her corner.

So our story begins with the four young girls talking around the fire. As our young readers probably want to know how they look, we will take a little time to describe the four sisters, who sat knitting away in the twilight, while the December snow fell quietly without, and the fire crackled cheerfully within. It was a comfortable room, though the carpet was faded and the furniture very plain, for a good picture or two hung on the walls, books filled the recesses, chrysanthemums^③ and Christmas roses bloomed in the windows, and a pleasant atmosphere of home peace pervaded^④ it.

Margaret, nicknamed Meg the eldest of the four, was sixteen, and very pretty, being plump^⑤ and fair, with large eyes, plenty of soft brown hair, a sweet mouth, and white hands, of which she was rather vain. Fifteen-year-old Jo was very tall, thin, and brown,

①[ˈɡrʌmbəl] *v* 抱怨,发牢骚

②[rʌɡ] *n*. (小)地毯,垫子

③[krɪˈsænθəməm] *n*. 菊花

④[pəˈveɪd] *v* 遍及

⑤[ˈplʌmp] *adj*. 圆胖的,丰满的



读书笔记

and reminded one of a colt¹, for she never seemed to know what to do with her long limbs, which were very much in her way. She had a decided mouth, a comical nose, and sharp, gray eyes, which appeared to see everything, and were by turns fierce, funny, or thoughtful. Her long, thick hair was her one beauty, but it was usually bundled into a net, to be out of her way. Round shoulders had Jo, big hands and feet, a flyaway² look to her clothes, and the uncomfortable appearance of a girl who was rapidly shooting up into a woman and didn't like it.

Elizabeth, or Beth, as everyone called her, was a rosy, smooth haired, bright eyed girl of thirteen, with a shy manner, a timid voice, and a peaceful expression which was seldom disturbed. Her father called her 'Little Miss Tranquility', and the name suited her excellently, for she seemed to live in a happy world of her own, only venturing³ out to meet the few whom she trusted and loved.

Amy, though the youngest, was a most important person, in her own opinion at least. A regular snow maiden, with blue eyes, and yellow hair curling on her shoulders, pale and slender, and always carrying herself like a young lady mindful of her manners.

What the characters of the four sisters were we will leave to be found out.

Their conversation continued, "We haven't got Father," Jo said, "and shall not have him for a long time."

1) ['kɒlt] *n.* 小马

② ['flaɪəweɪ] *adj.* (衣服) 不合身的

③ ['ventʃə] *n.* 投机; *v.* 冒险



She didn't say "perhaps never," but each silently added it, thinking of Father far away, where the fighting was.

After a short silence, Meg said in an altered tone, "You know the reason Mother proposed not having any presents this Christmas was because it is going to be a hard winter for everyone; and she thinks we ought not to spend money for pleasure while our men are suffering in the army. We can't do much, but we can make our little sacrifices, and ought to do it gladly. But I am afraid I don't." And Meg shook her head, as she thought regretfully of all the pretty things she wanted.

"What are you talking about? my girls," said a cheery voice at the door, it was their mother.

The girls turned to welcome a tall, motherly lady with a 'can I help you' look about her which was truly delightful. She was not elegantly dressed, but a noble-looking woman, and the girls thought the gray cloak and unfashionable bonnet covered the most splendid mother in the world.

"Well, dearies, how have you got on today? There was so much to do, getting the boxes ready to go tomorrow, that I didn't come home to dinner. Has anyone called, Beth? How is your cold, Meg? Jo, you look tired to death. Come and kiss me, baby."

While making these maternal inquiries, their mother, Mrs. March, got her wet things off, her warm slippers on, and sitting down in the easy chair, drew Amy



读书笔记

to her lap, preparing to enjoy the happiest hour of her busy day. The girls flew about, trying to make things comfortable, each in her own way. Meg arranged the tea table, Jo brought wood and set chairs, dropping, over turning, and clattering^① everything she touched. Beth trotted to and fro between parlor kitchen, quiet and busy, while Amy gave directions to everyone, as she sat with her hands folded.

As they gathered about the table, Mrs. March said, with a particularly happy face, "I've got a treat^② for you after supper."

A quick, bright smile went round like a streak of sunshine. Beth clapped her hands, regardless of the biscuit she held, and Jo tossed up her napkin, crying, "A letter! A letter! Three cheers for Father!"

"Yes, a nice long letter. He is well, and thinks he shall get through the cold season better than we feared. He sends all sorts of loving wishes for Christmas, and an especial message to you girls," said Mrs. March, patting her pocket as if she had got a treasure there.

"Hurry and get done! Don't stop to quirk^③ your little finger and simper^④ over your plate, Amy," cried Jo, choking on her tea and dropping her bread, butter side down, on the carpet in her haste to get at the treat

Beth ate no more, but crept away to sit in her shadowy corner and brood over the delight to come, till the others were ready

①['klætə] *vi* 发出哗啦声,
(刀叉、碗碟等)碰撞发出的
声音

②[tri:t] *n* 宴请,款待

③['kwæk] *v* 隐藏

④['sɪmpə] *vi* 痴笑,假笑



"I think it was so splendid in Father to go as chaplain^① when he was too old to be drafted, and not strong enough for a soldier," said Meg warmly.

"Don't wish I could go as a drummer, a vivan, what's its name? Or a nurse, so I could be near him and help him," exclaimed Jo, with a groan.

"It must be very disagreeable to sleep in a tent, and eat all sorts of bad-tasting things, and drink out of a tin mug," sighed Amy.

"When will he come home, Marmee?" asked Beth, with a little quiver in her voice.

"Not for many months, dear, unless he is sick. He will stay and do his work faithfully as long as he can, and we won't ask for him back a minute sooner than he can be spared. Now come and hear the letter." They all drew to the fire, Mother in the big chair with Beth at her feet, Meg and Amy perched^② on either arm of the chair, and Jo leaning on the back, where no one would see any sign of emotion if the letter should happen to be touching. Very few letters were written in those hard times that were not touching, especially those which fathers sent home.

In this letter little was said of the hardships endured, the dangers faced, or the homesickness conquered. It was a cheerful, hopeful letter, full of lively descriptions of camp life, marches, and military news, and only at the end did the writer's heart overflow with fatherly love and longing for the little girls at home.

①[ˈtʃæplɪn] n (社团、军队等的)牧师

②[ˈpɜːtʃ] v. 就位,位于



"Give them all of my dear love and a kiss. Tell them I think of them by day, pray for them by night, and find my best comfort in their affection at all times. A year seems very long to wait before I see them, but remind them that while we wait we may all work, so that these hard days need not be wasted. I know they will remember all I said to them, that they will be loving children to you, will do their duty faithfully, fight their bosom enemies bravely, and conquer themselves so beautifully that when I come back to them I may be fonder and prouder than ever of my little women." Everybody sniffed when they came to that part. Jo wasn't ashamed of the great tear that dropped off the end of her nose, and Amy never minded the rumpling^① of her curls as she hid her face on her mother's shoulder and sobbed out, "I am a selfish girl! But I'll truly try to be better, so he mayn't be disappointed in me by-and-by."

"We all will," cried Meg. "I think too much of my looks and hate to work, but won't any more, if I can help it."

"*I'll try and be what he loves to call me, 'a little woman' and not be rough and wild, but do my duty here instead of wanting to be somewhere else,*" said Jo, thinking that keeping her temper at home was a much harder task than facing a rebel or two down South.

Beth said nothing, but wiped away her tears with the blue army sock and began to knit with all her

① ['rʌmpl] v 弄皱, 弄得乱七八糟



might, losing no time in doing the duty that lay nearest her, while she resolved in her quiet little soul to be all that Father hoped to find her when the year brought round the happy coming home.

So the four girls all decided to try hard to be good. Sitting around their mother, they sang a song together to celebrate a special Christmas Eve.



CHAPTER 2

Jo was the first to wake in the gray dawn of Christmas morning. She remembered her mother's promise and, slipping her hand under her pillow, drew out a little crimson-covered book. She knew it very well, for it was that beautiful old story of the best life ever lived, and Jo felt that it was a true guidebook for any pilgrim going on a long journey.

She woke Meg with a "Merry Christmas," and bade^① her see what was under her pillow. A green-covered book appeared, with the same picture inside, and a few words written by their mother, which made their one present very precious in their eyes.

Presently Beth and Amy woke to rummage and find their little books also, one dove-colored, the other blue, and all sat looking at and talking about them, while the east grew rosy with the coming day.

"Where is Mother?" asked Meg, as she and Jo ran down to thank her for their gifts, half an hour later.

"Goodness only knows. some poor creeper^② came, begging, and your ma went straight off to see what was needed. There never was such a woman for givin' away vittles^③ and drink, clothes and firin'," replied Hannah, who had lived with the family since Meg was born, and was considered by them all more as a friend than a servant.

"Merry Christmas, Marmee! Many of them! Thank

①[baid] *vb* bid 的过去式,
命令,吩咐

[不觉东方已泛起红霞,新的一年又开始了。]

②['kri:pə] *n* 爬行者

③['viti] *n* 食物



you for our books. We read some, and mean to every day," they all cried in chorus when they saw their mother back again.

"Merry Christmas, little daughters! I'm glad you began at once, and hope you will keep on. But I want to say one word before we sit down. Not far away from here lies a poor woman with a little newborn baby. Six children are huddled into one bed to keep from freezing, for they have no fire. There is nothing to eat over there, and the oldest boy came to tell me they were suffering hunger and cold. My girls, will you give them your breakfast as a Christmas present?"

The girls were all unusually hungry, having waited nearly an hour, and for a minute no one spoke, only a minute, for Jo exclaimed impetuously^①, "I'm so glad you came before we began!"

"May I go and help carry the things to the poor little children?" asked Beth eagerly.

"I shall take the cream and the muffings^②," added Amy, heroically giving up the article she most liked.

Meg was already covering the buckwheats, and piling the bread into one big plate.

"I thought you'd do it," said Mrs. March, smiling as if satisfied. "You shall all go and help me, and when we come back we will have bread and milk for breakfast, and make it up at dinner time."

They were soon ready, and the procession set out. Fortunately it was early, and they went through

①[im'petʃuasli] *adv.* 急切地,
性急地

②['mʌfɪn] *n* 松饼



back streets, so few people saw them, and no one laughed at the queer party.

When they got there, they found it was a poor, bare, miserable room, with broken windows, with no fire, only ragged bedclothes. There's a sick mother, wailing^① baby, and a group of pale, hungry children cuddled under one old quilt, trying to keep warm

How the big eyes stared and the blue lips smiled as the girls went in

"Ach, mein Gott! It is good angels come to us!" said the poor woman, crying for joy.

"Funny angels in hoods and mittens," said Jo, and set them to laughing.

In a few minutes it really did seem as if kind spirits had been at work there. Hannah, who had carried wood, made a fire, and stopped up the broken panes with old hats and her own cloak. Mrs. March gave the mother tea and gruel, and comforted her with promises of help, while she dressed the little baby as tenderly as if it had been her own. The girls meantime spread the table, set the children round the fire, and fed them like so many hungry birds, laughing, talking, and trying to understand the funny broken English.

"Das ist gut!" "Die Engel—kinder!" cried the poor things as they ate and warmed their purple hands at the comfortable blaze.

The girls had never been called angel children before, and thought it very agreeable, especially Jo, who had been considered a 'Sancho' ever since she

①['weɪl] *vi* 哀号, 嚎啕

[是戴帽子手套的奇怪的天使。]

[〈德〉“真是好!”“这些天使般的好心人!”]