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随书赠
青少年

JANE EYRE

简·爱

夏洛蒂·勃朗特 著
保琳·弗兰西斯 改编



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Introduction

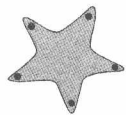
Charlotte Brontë was born in 1816 in Yorkshire, in the north of England. When she was four years old, her father became the vicar of Haworth, a small town on the Yorkshire Moors. Charlotte's mother died a year after they moved and their aunt came to look after the five children. When Charlotte was eight, she was sent away to school with Maria and Elizabeth, two of her sisters. Her sisters died at the school.

After leaving school Charlotte became a governess and a teacher, spending some time in Belgium. But she always missed her beloved moors when she was away.

Charlotte Brontë wrote *Jane Eyre* in 1847, under the name Currer Bell, as novels by women were not often published. It tells the story of the orphan Jane Eyre who becomes a governess at Thornfield Hall. Here she falls in love with its owner, Mr Rochester and discovers his terrible secret.

Charlotte Brontë wrote three other novels: *Shirley* (1849), *Villette* (1853) and *The Professor* (published in 1857 after her death). But *Jane Eyre* is the most popular because it was one of the first novels to tell a story from a young child's point of view. Jane Eyre is only ten when her story begins.

Charlotte Brontë did marry, but died a year later in 1855, at the age of thirty-nine.



引 言

夏洛蒂·勃朗特 1816 年生于英格兰北部的约克郡。4 岁那年，她父亲成为约克郡荒原的一个小镇——哈沃斯的一名牧师。他们搬到小镇后 1 年，夏洛蒂的母亲就去世了。婶婶过来照顾 5 个孩子。夏洛蒂 8 岁的时候，与两个妹妹玛利亚和伊丽莎白一起被送到学校。两个妹妹死在学校。

离开学校后，夏洛蒂成为家庭教师，当过学校教师，在比利时度过一段时间。然而，她离开家乡后，一直怀念她喜爱的荒原故居。

夏洛蒂·勃朗特于 1847 年创作《简·爱》，署名库若·白尔，因为当时妇女写的书常常得不到出版。书中讲述了孤儿简·爱的故事。简·爱成为桑非尔德府的家庭教师，爱上了主人罗彻斯特先生，并发现了其可怕的秘密。

夏洛蒂·勃朗特还创作了其他 3 本小说：《雪莉》（1849）、《维耶特》（1853 年）、《教授》（她死后于 1857 年出版），但《简·爱》最受欢迎，因为这是从儿童角度叙述的故事之一。故事开始的时候，简·爱才 10 岁。

夏洛蒂·勃朗特确实结过婚，1 年后于 1855 年去世，享年 39 岁。

CHAPTER ONE

Terror in the Red Room

My cousins — Eliza, John and Georgina Reed — were sitting with their mother by the fire. I was not allowed to join them, so I took a book and went to read by the window. But John found me there. John Reed was fourteen years old, four years older than me. He was large for his age and he bullied me all the time. I trembled in terror every time he came near me.

“You have no right to read our books,” he said, snatching it from me. “You have no money and no parents. You ought to beg, not live here with gentleman’s children like us.”

He threw the book at me and I fell, hitting my head against the door.

“Wicked and cruel boy!” I shouted, as the blood trickled down my face.

He ran straight at me, and pulled my hair. My aunt and Bessie, the nurse, forced us apart.

“Lock her in the red room!” my aunt cried.

I struggled all the way upstairs. In the red room, Bessie sat me on a stool and stood staring at me. “You must remember, Jane Eyre,” she said, “that if your aunt decided to turn you out of this house, you would end up in the poor-house.”

I did not reply. I had heard it all before.



“I am telling you this for your own good,” Bessie continued.
“You must try to be useful and pleasant. Then you would be welcome here at Gateshead Hall.”

She left, locking the door behind her. The red room was a spare room. It was cold because there was hardly ever a fire — and silent because it was a long way from the nursery. But worst of all,

this was the room in which my uncle, Mr Reed, had died nine years ago.

I went to see if the door was really locked. Alas! Yes! As I returned to my stool, I walked in front of a large mirror. I gazed at my white face and arms gleaming in the gloom, at my eyes glittering with fear. I looked like a ghost.

Daylight began to fade. It was now past four o'clock and the rain was still beating against the windows. I grew as cold as a stone and I began to feel afraid. I tried to remember my uncle — my mother's brother — who had taken me in when I was orphaned. As he lay dying, he had made his wife promise to bring me up as one of her own children.

"If my uncle was still alive, he would have treated me kindly," I thought.

I tried hard to be brave, until I saw a light gleaming on the wall. Then it moved across the ceiling. My heart started to beat faster. I gave a long and wild cry until I heard footsteps and the key turning in the lock.

"Miss Eyre, are you ill?" Bessie asked.

"I saw a light," I cried. "I thought it was a ghost! Let me out!"

"What is going on?" It was my aunt. "I gave orders that Jane Eyre should be left in the red room until I decided she should come out."

"Oh, aunt, have pity!" I cried. "Forgive me! I cannot bear it."

But my aunt pushed me back into the room and locked the door again. Then I fainted.

I woke up much later in my own room. No severe illness followed the shock of my stay in the red room, but it made me nervous and I am still nervous today because of it. The doctor came to visit me.

“What made you ill yesterday?” he asked kindly.

“I was shut up in a room until after dark and there was a ghost,” I told him. “And... and... I am very unhappy here. I should like to leave but I have nowhere else to go.”

“Would you like to go to school?” he asked.

I hardly knew what school was, but I nodded. Nothing more was said. But one January morning, a few weeks later, I saw a carriage coming up the drive. Bessie scrubbed my face and hands and brushed my hair roughly. Then she told me to go downstairs. I stood in the hall, trembling. What a miserable creature I had become because I was always afraid!

I knocked and entered the breakfast room. I curtsied low in front of a thin man dressed in black — a man with a face as grim as a mask. He looked me up and down.

“She is small,” he said. “How old is she?”

“Ten,” my aunt replied.

“Are you a good child, Jane Eyre?” the man asked.

“Perhaps the less said about that the better, Mr Brocklehurst,” my aunt said when I did not answer.

“There is no sadder sight than that of a naughty child,” he sighed.

“If you decide to take this child to Lowood School, Mr Brocklehurst,” my aunt continued, “the teachers must keep a strict eye on her and make sure she does not tell lies. And I ask that all

her holidays are spent at the school.”

When Mr Brocklehurst had left, I stood there alone with my aunt.

“I must speak to her,” I thought. “This will be my last chance.” I went over to her and took a deep breath. “I do not tell lies,” I blurted out. “If I did, I should say that I loved you! But I hate you more than anybody else in the world, except your son. I shall never come and see you when I am grown up and I shall tell everybody how cruel you have been to me.”

I left Gateshead Hall four days later.



第一章

红屋子里的恐怖生活

我表妹和表兄——里德家的3个孩子伊丽莎、约翰和乔治亚娜——簇拥着他们的妈妈坐在炉火边。他们不让我与他们坐在一起，于是，我便拿了一本书走到窗前读了起来。可是约翰发现了我在那儿。约翰·里德14岁，比我大4岁。论年龄，他那块头可真是不小。他总是欺负我。每次他走近我，我都吓得发抖。

“你无权读我们的书。”他说着把书夺走了，“你没有钱，没有父母。你应该当乞丐，而不是与我们这样体面人家的孩子住在一起。”

他把书朝我摔过来。我摔倒了，头碰到门上。

“你这个邪恶残暴的家伙！”我喊道。血顺着脸淌了下来。

他直冲过来揪我的头发。舅妈和女佣贝西把我们拉开了。

“把她锁进红屋里！”舅妈喊道。

在上楼时我挣扎了一路。在红屋里，贝西把我放到凳子上，站在那里瞪着我。“你必须记着，简·爱，”她喊道，“如果你舅妈决定把你从这屋里赶出去，你就会死在那破屋里。”

我没有搭腔，以前所有这种话我都听遍了。

“我告诉你是为了你好。”贝西接着说，“你必须学着干点活，讨人喜欢，这样才能在盖特海德府受欢迎。”

她离开了，并随手锁上门。红屋子是个闲置的屋子，很清冷，因为几乎没有生过火；又很安静，因为远离保育室，但最糟糕的是我的舅舅里德9年前死在这间屋里。

我到门口看看门是否锁上了。天哪！锁上了！我回到凳子上时，走到一面大镜子前，看着我昏暗中发光的白色脸庞和胳膊、亮闪闪的恐惧目光，我好像是个鬼。

天色黑了下来，现在是4点多钟，雨点还在敲打着窗户。我感觉自己像石头一样冰冷，而且开始感到害怕。我试着回忆舅舅。失去双亲后，是他把我带来的。临终前，他让妻子答应把我当作自己的孩子一样抚养大。

“如果舅舅活着，他会善待我的。”我想。

我努力给自己壮胆，但是看到墙上有个亮光向上滑动，滑过了天花板，我的心开始剧烈跳动。我发疯地尖叫了很长时间，才听到脚步声和开锁的声音。

“简·爱小姐，病了吗？”贝西问道。

“我看到亮光，”我喊道，“我认为那是鬼！让我出去！”

“出什么事了？”是舅妈的声音。“我说过，我没决定让她出来之前，简·爱应该待在红屋里。”

“喔，舅妈，可怜可怜我！”我喊道，“原谅我吧！我受不了啦。”

但是舅妈把我推回屋里，又锁上了门。后来我昏了过去。

过了好久，我才醒来，醒来发现我在自己的房间里。在红房子里的经历没有给我留下大病，但使我变得很紧张，现在还是如此。医生来给我看病。

“昨天为什么病了？”医生和蔼地问我。

“我被关在一间屋子里，一直关到天黑。那儿有个鬼。”我告诉他说，“还有，还有，我在这里很痛苦。我想离开，但没有别的地方可去。”

“你不想上学吗？”他问。

我几乎没有听说过学校为何物，但还是点了点头。什么也没有多说。

几个星期以后，1月份的一个早上，我看到一辆马车从路上驶来。贝西给我擦了擦脸和手，又给我粗粗地梳了梳头，然后叫我下楼。我站在大厅里，颤抖着。我老是害怕，已经变成一个惨兮兮的人。

我敲了敲门，然后走进早餐房间。我向一个身着黑衣服的瘦瘦男士行了一个屈膝礼。那男人板着脸，好像戴着个假面具。他上下打量着我。

“她很小，”他说，“多大了？”

“10岁，”舅妈回答说。

“你是个好孩子吗，简·爱？”那人问道。

我没有回答问题，舅妈说：“也许，这样的问题最好少问，布劳科勒斯特先生。”

“眼前有一个淘气的孩子是最让人痛心了。”他叹息道。

“如果你决定带这孩子去娄伍德学校，布劳科勒斯特先生，”舅妈继续说，“老师必须严格管教她，不要让她撒谎。我请求让她所有的假期都在学校里待着。”

布劳科勒斯特先生离开后，就我与舅妈站在那里。

“我必须与她谈一谈。”我想，“这是我最后一次机会。”我走过去，深深地吸了一口气。“我不会撒谎。”我脱口而出，“如果我会撒谎，我会说我爱你。但是在这个世界上除了你儿子，我最恨你。我长大后永远也不回来看你。我会告诉所有人你曾经对我多么残酷。”

4天后，我离开了盖特海德府。

CHAPTER TWO

Lowood School

I remember little of that long journey through the wind and rain. It was dark when the carriage arrived at Lowood School. I was taken into a warm room where I met one of the teachers, Miss Temple.

“This child is very young to be sent here alone,” she said to her companion. “She is tired. Give her something to eat.”

I was too tired to dream that night. In the morning, a loud bell woke me up. The girls around me were getting dressed although it was still dark. I forced myself out of bed. When the bell rang again, we all walked downstairs to the classroom for prayers. At last we went into the dining room. I was so faint from hunger that I started to eat my porridge. But it was burnt and I could not finish it.

Nobody spoke to me all morning during lessons. Nobody seemed to notice me. When we went into the gloomy garden for our exercise, I saw a girl sitting on a stone seat, reading. I spoke to her. I did not know how I found the courage because I was not used to speaking to strangers. Her name was Helen Burns and we talked until the bell rang for lunch.

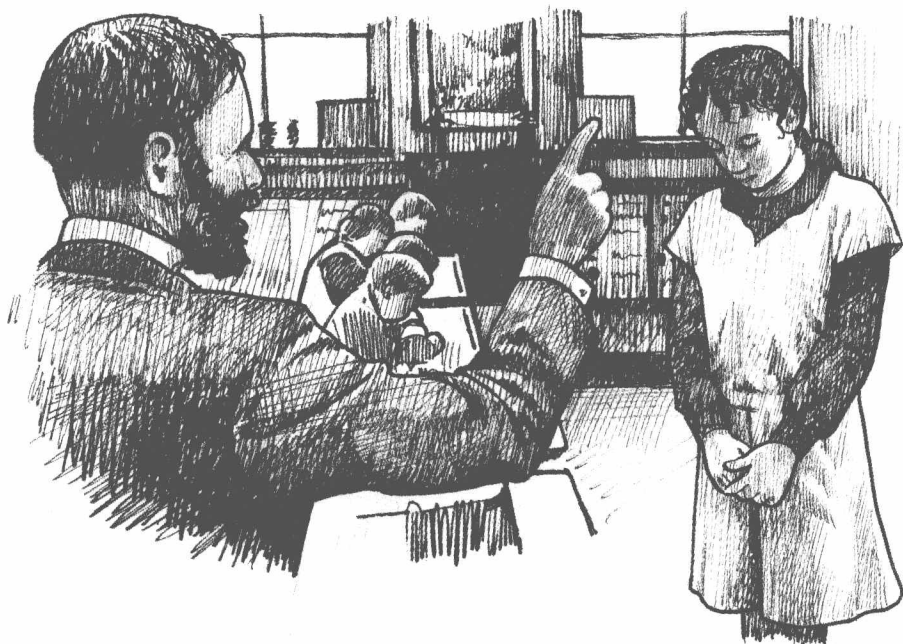
Lunch was a plate of potatoes and shreds of meat. At five o'clock we ate half a slice of bread and drank a cup of coffee. After study, we were allowed a glass of water, followed by prayers and

bed. Such was my first day at Lowood School.

And each day was the same — except for a visit from Mr Brocklehurst. I trembled when I saw him again, remembering what my aunt had told him. I sat at the back of the class, holding my chalk and slate carefully as I did my sums. Then suddenly, the slate slipped from my hands.

“Let the girl with the broken slate come out here!” Mr Brocklehurst shouted.

I was paralysed with fear, but the girls next to me pushed me to my feet. Mr Brocklehurst made me stand on a stool.



“This girl looks like a child,” he began, “but she is really the devil. You must not speak to her! This girl is a liar!”

He left and I had to stand there until the bell rang for supper. I was so ashamed that I could hardly breathe. Helen walked past and