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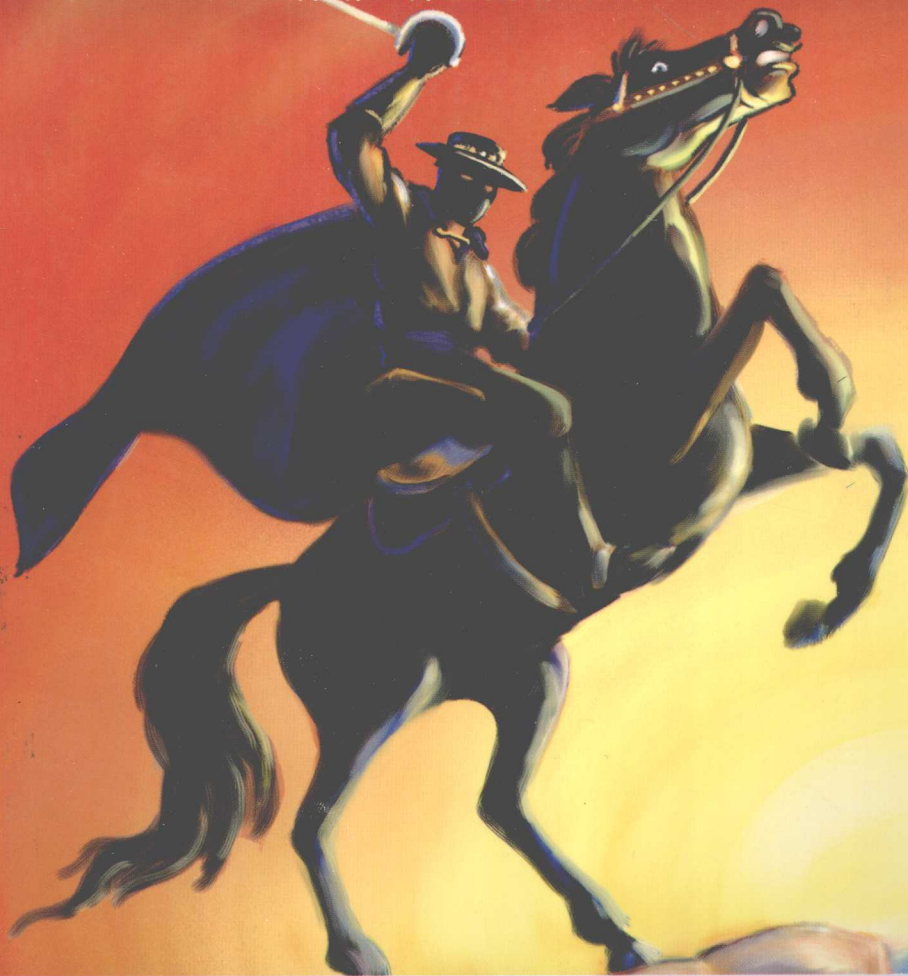


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# THE MARK OF ZORRO

# 蒙面侠佐罗

约翰斯顿·麦卡利 著  
保琳·弗兰西斯 改编



青岛出版社  
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作者 约翰斯顿·麦卡利

改编 保琳·弗兰西斯

译者 罗小姝 刘淑玲

主编 刘启萍



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改 编 保琳·弗兰西斯  
翻 译 罗小妹 刘淑玲  
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## Introduction

Johnston McCulley was born in 1879 in the United States of America. He worked as crime reporter for a newspaper, but often wrote cowboy stories for weekly magazines. In 1919, McCulley created a new character called Zorro for five of his stories. They were made into a film in 1920. The stories were so popular that they were published as a book in 1924 — using the film's title “The Mark of Zorro” .

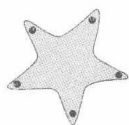
The Zorro stories are set in the small town of Reina de Los Angeles (Queen of the Angels), in southern California. This town is now the city of Los Angeles. California was then a province of Mexico and its people spoke Spanish. Many Franciscan monks went there to set up missions. They owned much of the land and raised cattle to sell cattle hides.

Zorro was a man who appeared in times of trouble wearing a long purple cloak and a black mask. He fought with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. He helped the poor and always stood up for what was right. In *The Mark of Zorro*, he helps a friar and a noble family whose land has been stolen — and falls in love!

More than eighty films based on Zorro have been made throughout the world. He was such a well-loved character that Johnston McCulley wrote stories about him until his death in 1958, at the age of seventy-nine.

These are the Spanish words used in the story:

<i>adios</i>	goodbye
<i>caballero</i>	gentleman
<i>Don</i>	Mr.
<i>fray</i>	friar, monk
<i>plaza</i>	a village or town square
<i>senor / senores</i>	Mr. / gentlemen
<i>senorita</i>	Miss / madam
<i>sombrero</i>	hat with a large round brim
<i>zorro</i>	fox



## 引 言

约翰斯顿·麦卡利 1879 年生于美国，早年曾为报社撰写治安通讯，也时常编写牛仔故事在期刊杂志上发表。1919 年，麦卡利通过 5 个故事塑造出一位新的小说人物——佐罗。故事于 1920 年被搬上银幕，深入人心，又于 1924 年被编辑成书出版发行，与电影同名叫《蒙面侠佐罗》。

佐罗的故事发生在加利福尼亚南部小镇——天使女王镇，即现在的洛杉矶。当时的加利福尼亚州还是墨西哥的一个省，当地人讲西班牙语。许多圣方济会的修士来到这里建立教区。他们拥有大片土地，饲养牲畜以出售皮革。

佐罗正是出现在那样一个乱世，身披紫色斗篷，头戴黑色面具，一手持剑一手握枪。他始终是正义、劫富济贫的化身。在《蒙面侠佐罗》一书中，他帮助过一位修士，也帮助过一户土地被夺的贵族家庭，并爱上了贵族家的女儿。

全世界有 80 多部电影根据佐罗的传奇改编而成，佐罗成为备受人们喜爱的人物。为此约翰斯顿·麦卡利一直都在撰写佐罗的故事，直到 1958 年 79

岁去世。

以下是这篇故事里使用的西班牙语词汇：

<i>adios</i>	goodbye 再见
<i>caballero</i>	gentleman 阁下（先生）
<i>Don</i>	Mr. 先生
<i>fray</i>	Friar, monk 修道士，僧侣
<i>plaza</i>	a village or town square 村庄或小镇广场
<i>senor/senores</i>	Mr./gentlemen 先生/阁下
<i>senorita</i>	Miss/madam 小姐/太太
<i>sombrero</i>	hat with a large round brim 阔边帽
<i>zorro</i>	fox 狐狸

## CHAPTER ONE

# *The Stranger in the Storm*

It was a typical February storm for southern California. The wind shrieked and sheets of rain hit the ground in the little town of Reina de Los Angeles. But inside the tavern, Sergeant Pedro Gonzales stretched his big feet towards the roaring fire. With one hand he touched his sword and in the other he held a mug of wine.

"Tis a night for evil!" he said to the landlord.

The landlord agreed and filled the sergeant's mug again. Pedro Gonzales had a bad temper when it was empty.

"An evil night!" the sergeant repeated. He drank his wine in one gulp and sprawled closer to the fire.

The conversation died away and the landlord became afraid. Sergeant Gonzales was only happy when he was arguing and if he could not argue, he might start a fight. The landlord came closer and started to speak. "They are saying in the town that this Senor Zorro is causing trouble again."

His words had a terrible effect on Gonzales. He hurled his half-filled wine mug onto the dirt floor and crashed his fist onto the table. The other soldiers scattered.

"Senor Zorro, eh?" he cried in a ferocious voice. "Is it my fate to always hear that name? Senor Zorro, eh? Mr Fox! He is as cunning as one, and he stinks as much!"

Gonzales turned to face his soldiers. "He is the curse of the



highway with his mask and sword, they tell me. He uses the point of it to carve the letter 'Z' on the face of his enemy. The mark of Zorro, that's what they call it. But I have never seen him or his sword. No, Senor Zorro never comes near me. Here is one fox it will give me pleasure to hunt."

"There is a reward..." the landlord began.

"Yes," Gonzales interrupted, "offered by the Governor of California himself. But Senor Zorro never visits our town. Why not? Because we have a prison, that's why! And Senor Zorro keeps away from prisons."

"But he must have a place where he eats and sleeps," the landlord said. "One day your soldiers will trail him to his den."

"He says that he is not a thief," Gonzales sneered. "He says that he is a friend of the poor and that that he only punishes those who behave badly."

"I am glad that he never comes here," the landlord said. "I have no wish to be robbed."

"To be robbed?" Gonzales cried in a voice of thunder. "Robbed of what? Of a jug of weak wine. You fool! Let this bold and cunning Zorro enter this door. Let his eyes twinkle through his mask. Let me face him just for one moment and I shall claim that generous reward. More wine, fat fool!"

The door of the tavern suddenly opened and the candles flickered in a gust of wind and rain. Gonzales half pulled out his sword. The landlord gave a sigh of relief. It was Don Diego Vega, a fair young nobleman of twenty-four.

"Have I startled you, senores?" Don Diego asked politely, glancing around the room.



“No, the storm did,” Gonzales replied. “You are not capable of startling any man.”

“Hmm!” Don Diego grunted, taking off his hat and cloak. “Watch your words, my friend. I can forget the difference in our upbringing only if you mind your tongue. You amuse me, senor, and for that I do not mind buying you wine. But make fun of me in public, or in private, and we shall no longer be friends.”

“I beg your pardon, my good friend,” Gonzales replied. “If any man asks me from now on, I shall tell them that you are a man of quick wit and sword.” He threw back his head and roared with laughter.

The peculiar friendship between the two men was the talk of the town. Don Diego came from a family that owned thousand of acres of land, herds of horses and cattle — and huge fields of wheat. He owned an enormous ranch and a house in the town, too. One day, he would inherit a great fortune.

But Don Diego was unlike most other young men. He hardly ever wore a sword. He disliked fighting. He was the opposite of Sergeant Gonzales in every way.

“We have been talking about Senor Zorro,” Gonzales said. “The curse of the highway.”

“Let us not speak about him,” Don Diego said with a yawn. “All I ever hear are tales of bloodshed and violence. These are difficult times. Is it not possible to talk of music or poetry?”

“Corn mush and goat’s milk,” Gonzales muttered.

“In any case, Senor Zorro has only robbed men who have stolen from the missions or the poor,” Don Diego continued. “He has killed no one.”

“I shall catch him!” Gonzales cried. “And...”

“Then tell me later — not now!” Don Diego replied. He put down his wine and reached for his sombrero and cloak. Then he plunged back into the storm and the darkness.

“That man is as gentle as a spring breeze,” Gonzales remarked. “He cannot bear violence. I wish I had his looks and money. Ha! There would be a stream of broken hearts.”

“And broken heads!” one of the soldiers said.

“Ha! Ha! Yes, broken heads!” cried Gonzales, jumping to his feet. He pulled out his sword and swept it backwards and forwards through the air, shouting, thrusting and lunging. He roared with laughter as he fought the shadows.

“If only this fine Senor Zorro was here!” Gonzales gasped.

The door opened again and a man entered. His sombrero was pulled low on his head to stop the wind carrying it away. His body was wrapped in a long purple cloak.

Suddenly the stranger whirled round. The landlord gave a cry of fear and moved away. The soldiers gasped. Sergeant Gonzales allowed his lower jaw to drop and his eyes bulged. The man who stood before them wore a black mask over his face. His eyes glittered behind two slits. He bowed.

“Senor Zorro, at your service,” he said.



## 第一章

## 风雨中的陌生人

加利福尼亚州南部下起了二月特有的暴风雨。天使女王小镇大风呼啸，下起瓢泼大雨。在一家小酒馆内，彼得·冈萨雷斯军士将双脚伸向熊熊燃烧的炉火。他一手把剑，一手端着酒杯。

“这是个罪恶之夜！”他对店主说。

店主附和着给军士斟满酒。只要彼得·冈萨雷斯手中的酒杯一空，他就会大发脾气。

“罪恶之夜！”军士重复着，又一口豪饮，将手脚凑近炉火。

说话声渐渐沉寂下来，店主害怕起来，因为唯一能使冈萨雷斯军士感到高兴的事就是争吵。倘若没有争吵，他便会动手。店主凑近开口说：“镇

上有人传言佐罗先生又惹麻烦了。”

冈萨雷斯对这话反应强烈，他把仅剩半杯酒的杯子摔到脏兮兮的地上，一拳砸在桌上。其他士兵纷纷躲开。

“佐罗先生，嗯？”他愤怒地大叫道，“难道注定我总是要听到这个名字吗？佐罗先生，嗯？是狐狸先生吧！他就是只狡猾的狐狸，与狐狸臭味相投！”

冈萨雷斯转头对士兵说：“他们告诉我这家伙头戴面具身佩长剑，都成为大道上的一大祸害。他用剑尖在对手的脸上刻上他佐罗的标记——字母‘Z’，这就是为什么他被称作佐罗的原因。我从没见过他和他的剑，从没有，蒙面侠佐罗从来不敢靠近我。这只狐狸倒激起了我打猎的兴致。”

“有这么一份悬赏……”店主又开口了。

“对，”冈萨雷斯打断说，“加利福尼亚州总督自己出资。可是佐罗从没来过我们镇。为什么不来呢？是因为我们这儿有监狱，蒙面侠佐罗就躲得远远的。”

“不过他总得有个吃饭、睡觉的地儿吧。”店主说，“总有一天，你的士兵会找到他的老窝的。”

“他声称自己不是贼，”冈萨雷斯冷笑说，“而是穷人的朋友，专门惩罚那些作恶多端的人。”

“幸好他没来这儿。”店主说，“我可不想被抢。”

“被抢？”冈萨雷斯暴跳如雷，“抢什么？一坛劣酒。你个蠢货！但愿这个粗野狡猾的佐罗踏进这门坎儿来，但愿他面具后的那双眼睛敢正视我，但愿我能会会他。用不了一会儿，我就可以去申请领那笔丰厚的奖金了。倒酒，蠢胖子！”

突然，酒馆的门开了，一阵风雨袭来，烛火被吹得忽明忽暗。冈萨雷斯的剑拔到一半，店主吁了一口气，进来的是堂迭戈·维加，一位面目清秀年仅24岁的贵族青年。

“先生，吓到你们了吗？”堂迭戈四下看了看，礼貌地问。

“没有！是风雨。”冈萨雷斯回答，“你怎么可能吓着谁？”

“嗯！”堂迭戈哼了一声，摘下帽子，解下斗篷，“注意你的言词，朋友。如果你讲话注意些，我就不计较咱们修养不同了。先生，你取笑我，不然我会请你喝一杯。但是，你如果在公共场合和私人场合都寻我开心，

咱们就断交。”

“请再说一遍，朋友，”冈萨雷斯回答道，“从现在起，如果有人问我，我准会说你这个家伙不仅脑子快而且剑也快。”他得意地扬扬头，大笑起来。

这两人的特殊友情从小镇的情况谈起。堂迭戈家地产数千，牲畜成群，良田万顷，还拥有一个大农场和镇上的一处房产。将来他还会继承一大笔财产。

但是堂迭戈与其他大多数年轻人不同，他几乎不佩剑，不喜欢争斗。他和冈萨雷斯军士在任何方面都格格不入。

“咱们谈谈蒙面侠佐罗吧！”冈萨雷斯说，“那个半路劫匪。”

“我们别谈他了。”堂迭戈打着哈欠说，“我听到的全是些血腥暴力的事，这可真是个乱世，就不能谈谈音乐诗歌吗？”

“风花雪月有什么好谈的。”冈萨雷斯喃喃道。

“无论怎样，佐罗只惩罚那些从教区和穷人那儿窃取东西的人。”堂迭戈接着说，“他从没有杀过人。”

“我要捉住他！”冈萨雷斯高声说，“然后……”

“以后再说，现在不谈这事儿！”堂迭戈打断说。他放下酒，戴上阔边帽，披上斗篷，又走进黑暗的暴风雨中。

“这个人温文尔雅，像春风般柔弱，”冈萨雷斯评论道，“他不能忍受暴力。我要是有他的相貌和财富就好啦！啊，那样就能引来无数人为我心碎！”

“还要引来无数人头落地。”一名士兵补充道。

“哈哈！对，无数人头落地！”冈萨雷斯一边大声说，一边跺着脚。他拔剑而起，凭空前后挥舞，喊叫，刺杀，一边大吼，一边大笑，同影子格斗起来。

“要是蒙面侠佐罗来这儿就好了！”冈萨雷斯喘着粗气说。

这时，门又打开，进来了一名男子。他头戴阔边帽，将帽檐压得极低，生怕被风吹跑，身裹一件紫色长斗篷。

这陌生人忽然抬眼四顾，店主惊恐得大叫出声，匆匆逃走。士兵们倒抽一口冷气。冈萨雷斯军士微微收起下颚，瞪大眼睛。站在他们面前的这人头戴黑面具，炯炯的目光穿过面具眼孔。他弯身鞠了一躬。

“在下佐罗愿为你效劳！”他说。

## CHAPTER TWO

# *A Clash of Swords*

“**B**y all the saints, if you are Senor Zorro, then you are a fool!” Gonzales cried. “By coming here, you have walked into a trap, my fine highwayman. Have you come to surrender your sword to me?”

Zorro laughed. “No. I am here on business.” He stared at Gonzales. “Four days ago, you beat a man brutally on the road between here and the mission at San Gabriel.”

“What business is that of yours?”

“I have come to punish you,” Zorro said.

“Come to punish me?” Gonzales asked, laughing. “You are as good as dead, senor. Say your prayers now!”

“There is no need,” Zorro replied.

“Then I must do my duty,” Gonzales replied. He lifted the point of his sword and walked carefully towards Zorro. Then suddenly, he stepped back. Zorro was holding a pistol in front of him.

“Ha! So that is the way you do it!” Gonzales cried. “Gentlemen prefer the sword.”

“Move back!” Zorro cried. “I shall not warn you again. I shall use my sword when everybody else in this room has moved away from me. I shall hold my pistol in my left hand and fight the sergeant with the sword in my right hand.” He laughed loudly.

“On guard, senor!”

Gonzales raised his sword and their blades clashed. Zorro did not move. He did not step forward or to the side. Gonzales attacked furiously. Then he moved away, hoping that Zorro would follow. But he stood his ground, forcing Gonzales to attack again.

Anger got the better of the sergeant. "Don't stand there like a mountain!" he cried. Then he tried to control his anger for an angry man cannot control his sword. His eyes narrowed and his stare became cold. But all the tricks he tried had no effect. Through his mask, Zorro's eyes seemed to be laughing at him.

"We have had enough of playing," Zorro said. "It is time for the punishment."

Suddenly he began to walk forward, slowly forcing Gonzales back until he was against the wall. At the same moment, somebody banged on the bolted door.

"I regret that I do not have time to give you the punishment you deserve," Zorro cried.

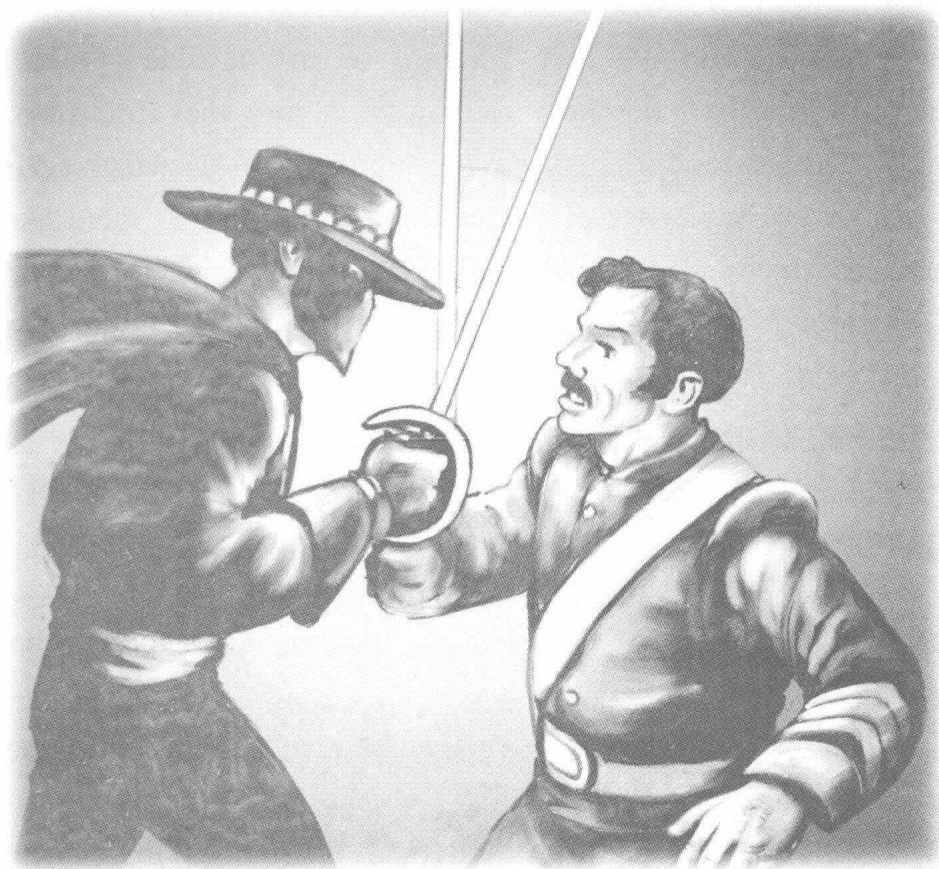
"We have Senor Zorro in here!" Gonzales cried. Zorro's sword darted backwards and forwards, glittering in the candlelight, until Gonzales felt his sword torn from his hand. He waited for the final thrust of the blade.

"I shall die here instead of on the field of battle as a soldier should," he thought.

Instead, Zorro slapped Pedro Gonzales once across the cheek. "Until next time, senor!" he said.

He ran to the window, opened it and jumped out. The wind and rain rushed in, blowing out all the candles. Gonzales roared with shame. He and his men stumbled after Zorro. But it was no use. It was too dark and wet to see anything.





Senor Zorro had disappeared — and no man could tell where.

## 第二卷 格斗

“天助我也！如果你是蒙面侠佐罗，你就是个傻瓜。”冈萨雷斯高声嚷嚷，“你敢来这儿，就是自投罗网，伟大的拦路劫匪，你拔剑靠近我试试？”

佐罗笑着说：“不，我是来这儿办事的。”他盯着冈萨雷斯，“4年前，从这儿到圣加布里埃尔教区的路上你曾经暴打过一个人。”

“关你屁事？”