



惊悚悬疑系列

LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER



羊腿与谋杀 ——大师惊悚悬疑精选短篇集

[美] 罗尔德·达尔等 / 著

引人入胜的故事
让你心跳加速的文字
细致入微的描写
充满诡异惊悚的情节
最大限度挑战你的勇气
满足你的探索心理
形成一种无法抗拒的诱惑

海明威、马克·吐温、史蒂文森、
欧·亨利、比尔斯——阵容强大，精彩
纷呈，大师们的经典之作华丽毕现！



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LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER

羊腿与谋杀

——大师侦探悬疑精选短篇集

 中国宇航出版社

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前言

寓阅读快感于悬念中

著名作家、旅居英伦多年、曾任英国国家广播公司制作人的董桥认为读英文侦探小说好处多。董桥说：“学英文有三苦，不在洋人环境长大学洋文学不进骨髓是一苦；死命默记文法语法是二苦；性情内向不喜结交洋人无从多说多练是三苦。而通过原汁原味的侦探小说便可化解这些苦处，苦中寻乐寻的自然还是虚构天地的洋人百态。柴米油盐固然要学，亲疏爱恨人情世故也要懂得掌握分寸。小说多得不得了，读饱了感同自家经历，陌生的语言渐渐不太陌生，洋文洋话慢慢有了生活气息，不再学究。”

惊悚悬疑小说是西方通俗文学的一种体裁，与哥特式小说、犯罪小说等同属惊险神秘小说的范畴。惊悚悬疑小说以悬念为驱动力，引起读者阅读兴趣，注重阅读快感，满足读者好奇心。表面看起来，读者是为了搞清楚故事的结局来进行阅读，但实际上惊悚悬疑小说的精华，是让读者享受等待结局或探询结局的过程，结局悬挂在最后，只是起到一个“勾引”的作用。惊悚悬疑小说通常塑造具有惊人推理及判断智力的人物，根据一系列的线索，解开各种悬念，侦破犯罪的疑案。它的结构、情节、人物甚至环境都有一定的格局和程式。由于传统惊悚悬疑小说中的破案大多采取推理方式，所以也有人称它为推理小说。

惊悚悬疑小说产生约 200 年来,备受全球读者青睐,在文学史上闪耀着独特的光辉。时至今日,惊悚悬疑小说在西方仍然十分流行。据统计,惊悚悬疑小说在欧美的图书销售量占到图书总数的 15% 到 25%,其独特的通俗文学功能其他类型的文学作品不能替代的。

图书市场上,旨在提高英文阅读能力的读物很多,如情感美文,励志演讲,诗歌小说,电影剧本等等;但各种版本的英汉对照读物所编选的内容大同小异,往往令读者无所适从,难以选择。

我们这次推出的“惊悚悬疑系列”英文读物,意在为读者提供另一种学习方式:通过阅读经典的、原汁原味的、未经删节修改的惊悚悬疑小说英文原著,不经意间,使英文水平大为提高。作为外语学习者,如果你能坚持读几本英文侦探小说,相信你的英文阅读水平便在轻松惬意中进步,进入到英文阅读的“无隔”境界。

作为本系列丛书的第一批读物,我们为读者精心编选出五部,都是英文惊悚悬疑的代表之作。

《黑猫》是美国作家埃德加·爱伦·坡(Edgar Allan Poe)的短篇小说精选集。埃德加·爱伦·坡被认为是西方侦探悬疑小说的鼻祖、科幻小说先驱之一、恐怖小说大师、短篇哥特式小说的巅峰作家、象征主义先驱,影响了包括儒勒·凡尔纳和柯南·道尔在内的很多作家。他既具有卓越的想象力,也擅长缜密的逻辑推理;他推崇美,又钟情于对恐怖和死亡的凝视。他的作品具有瑰丽、诡秘和梦幻般的格调。他首创了侦探悬疑小说的模式,对惊悚悬疑小说的发展产生了重大影响,

福尔摩斯侦探故事堪称流行最广泛、历久不衰、具有世界影响的侦探悬疑小说的代表作。柯南·道尔在《血字的研究》(1887)里,第一次塑造了福尔摩斯(Sherlock Holmes)这个颖悟无比的业余侦探形

象。此后,他在《四签名》(1889)、《巴斯克维尔的猎犬》(1902)、《恐怖谷》(1915)和许多短篇小说里,全部以福尔摩斯为主角,以华生作陪衬,解开了各种疑难的罪案。福尔摩斯成了一个比他的作者更著名的世界性文学人物。

《羊腿与谋杀》是从世界级惊悚悬疑小说大师的精品中选取的最具有代表性作品的合集。欧·亨利、海明威、马克·吐温、史蒂文森、比尔斯等的最经典的悬疑作品,风格各异的短篇,情节扣人心弦,作品精彩纷呈,大师们的经典之作华丽毕现!

《剧院魅影》是加斯通·勒鲁从1909年到1910年在报纸上连载发表的,后来以书的形式印刷出版。小说受到各国读者的广泛欢迎,多次被搬上银幕或舞台。1986年改编的歌剧,成为百老汇历史上演出时间最长的剧目。这是一个浪漫离奇、充满悬念的故事,随着情节的跌宕起伏,读者的心或者悬在空中,或者获得强烈的心理共鸣。

《吸血僵尸惊情四百年》,讲述了一个惊世浪漫的爱情故事,展现了高贵优雅的嗜血幽灵对神权的质疑、对永生的渴望、对超灵异能力的膜拜、对爱情的追求,堪称悬疑与恐怖小说的精华之作。读者翻开任何一页,惊心动魄、不可思议的情感便会萦绕在你的脑海。

我们推出这套“惊悚悬疑系列”英语读物,要强调的是其对于学习英语的实用性,是为读者的语言学习提供能产生兴趣的系列材料,而不是让读者仅仅将其作为普通的英语文学作品来读。相比其他英文读物,本丛书选编的作品可读性更强,更能使读者产生阅读的兴趣和学习的信心:完美的构思,精彩的逻辑推理,引人入胜的刺激情节,使读者以紧张的心理状态,带着疑惑和推测,跟随故事的发展,享受一次次惊心动魄的破案之旅,让你的英语阅读欲罢不能。原汁原味的原著,更深入英语的真实和本质;惊悚悬疑题材的原著,又更能使

读者在轻松快乐阅读之后,收获一份特别的感悟。

相信读者在读完“惊悚悬疑系列”后,会为自己英语水平的进步而惊喜不已呢!

编者

2009 年 12 月

目录

Lamb to the Slaughter 羊腿与谋杀 罗尔德·达尔/1

怀孕六个月的幸福小女人玛丽如往常一样期待着警察老公帕特里克回家吃饭,可是今天丈夫举止怪异,宣称自己要离开她。玛丽用准备用来做饭的羊羔腿敲死了丈夫。她十分冷静地把羊羔腿放进烤箱,然后跑到外面去买菜,装作回来后才发丈夫被杀的模样报了警。警察到底能不能识破玛丽的诡计,发现就在眼皮底下的凶器呢?

The Monkey's Paw 猴爪 雅各布斯/13

一只干瘪的猴爪可以让人实现三个愿望?从朋友那里得到猴爪的雷克斯纳姆先生举起猴爪说出了第一个愿望,赐给他们家200英镑。第二天他们如愿以偿,有人送来了200英镑的赔偿,因为他们的儿子赫勃特工作时被机器卷了进去,肢体残缺,血肉模糊。一周后的深夜,痛不欲生的雷克斯纳姆夫人突然想起了猴爪,许了第二个愿望,让他们的儿子复活。过了不久,外面传来了敲门声,难道真的是他们的儿子从坟墓里出来了……

The Body-Snatcher 掘墓盗尸人 罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森/26

在爱丁堡,解剖学教师麦克法兰博士一直付款给一个叫约翰·格雷的计程车司机,暗中向他购买最近才死的尸体以供教学示范所用。可随着公墓的保卫措施越来越严密,格雷转而谋杀他人为麦克法兰提供新尸体。麦克法兰为了摆脱格雷,于是将他解剖了,尸体分给学生们的做实验。麦克法兰亲自带着一个学生去挖掘新死女尸,回来的路上,他惊讶地发现,布袋里的女尸竟变成了男尸……

The Signal Man 信号员 查尔斯·狄更斯/48

一个偏远小镇上的信号员,日复一日独自守候在镇上的火车山洞旁。他长期受到一个鬼影的困扰,那鬼影总是在信号灯旁边,重复着一个动作和一句话。鬼影第一次出现后不久,山洞出口发生了火车相撞的悲剧,鬼影第二次出现后不久,一个女子莫名死在铁轨下。而第三次,惊惧、焦虑的信号员又看到那鬼影做重复的动作,这一次,幽灵式的预言会带来什么灾难呢?

The Killer 杀人者 厄内斯特·海明威/64

两个男人在小饭馆里等着杀一个名叫奥利·安德烈森的人,饭馆的服务生乔治听到了这个消息漠不关心,另一名服务生尼克知道后迅速跑去给奥利通风报信,劝奥利去警察局报案。奇怪的是,奥利说去了也没用,然后他就一直躺在床上,眼睛盯着墙壁……

A Rose for Emily 献给爱米丽小姐的玫瑰 威廉·福克纳/76

曾经的南方没落贵族爱米丽小姐在镇上的居民眼里就像画上穿着白衣的女子,可她的父亲为了维护门第的高贵,赶走了向她求爱的人,剥夺了她获得爱情与幸福的机会。父亲撒手人寰时只留给她一所房子,30多岁孑然一身的她后来爱上了北方佬荷默,当她顶住重重压力决心嫁给荷默时,发现荷默却根本无意成家。自那以后,爱米丽四十年间再也没出过家门,直到她死后,人们才发现她房间里的秘密……

The Open Window 敞开的窗户 萨基/88

弗兰顿第一次去拜访莎伯莱顿夫人。家中15岁的小姑娘给他讲了她婶婶莎伯莱顿夫人的悲惨遭遇。三年前的今天,她婶婶莎伯莱顿夫人的两个弟弟和她丈夫从客厅的窗户前走过,出去打猎,可是不幸掉进沼泽,活不见人,死不见尸。从此以后,她婶婶一直开着窗,期待他们回家。不一会儿,莎伯莱顿夫人回来了,不断重复着说丈夫和弟弟很快就会回来,令弗兰顿坐立不安。突然,婶婶的眼睛一亮,十分兴奋,而小姑娘眼中则充满了恐惧,弗兰顿顺着她们的目光向窗户望去,三个一身泥泞的人影走了过来……

The Cone 圆锥体 赫伯特·乔治·威尔斯/93

霍洛克斯太太同丈夫的好友罗伯特在家中约会,两人正计划私奔的时候,霍洛克斯先生却突然回来了。不知道丈夫听到他们计划与否的太太只好和情人装做什么都没发生的样子,而霍洛克斯先生也将计就计,假装热情地带罗伯特去参观他的炼铁工厂,去欣赏那一座座巨大的圆锥体的排风炉……

The Furnished Room 带家具出租的房间 欧·亨利/107

一天傍晚天黑以后,有个青年男子在珀迪夫人家租了一间带家具的房间。家具很破旧,但他当晚就住了下来。这个单身男子一直钟情于一个剧院的姑娘,觉得这个姑娘是他在这个丑恶肮脏的世界上活下去的唯一希望,然而五个月前姑娘失踪了,他四处寻找,姑娘却仍然杳无音信。突然,他闻到房间里充满木犀草浓烈的芬芳,这正是那个姑娘的味道……

The Curious Dream 一个古怪的梦 马克·吐温/115

前天夜里,“我”做了个古怪的梦。梦里“我”深夜坐在门前的台阶上,看到一个高大的骷髅,带着布帽,半裹着发霉的尸体,肩扛着一口虫蛀的棺材,手里拿着一个包裹,从“我”面前走过。正当“我”惊诧不已的时候,又一个骷髅从“我”面前走过,要“我”帮他卸下背上的墓碑,然后坐在了“我”的身边……

The Damned Thing 鬼东西 安布罗斯·比尔斯/126

摩尔根和哈克去森林里猎鹤鹑,摩尔根却离奇死亡。他们亲眼看到附近的野燕麦好像被什么压倒似的,完全贴在地面上,慢慢朝他们这边倒了下来。然后哈克被莫名地撞倒在地,摩尔根周围空无一物,可是他的身体转瞬间变换了很多姿势,然后四分五裂了。期间哈克还听到非人非兽的恐怖吼声。验尸官听完哈克的陈述,却不肯将摩尔根生前的日记给他看,日记里到底记录了些什么呢……

An Occurance at Owl Creek Bridge 鹰溪桥上

..... 安布罗斯·比尔斯/137

南北战争时期,鹰溪桥上,几个北方联邦军人正要将一名企图破坏桥梁的南方农场主贝顿·法夸处以绞刑。贝顿的双手被绑在身后,脖子上紧紧套着绞索,一旦上尉发出讯号,他就会掉下去,而桥下面是湍急的河水。贝顿掉进水里后,竟然挣脱了手腕的绳索,浮出了水面,但桥上的联邦军人此刻并没有离开……

A Diagnosis of Death 死亡诊断

安布罗斯·比尔斯/149

霍弗大夫去年夏天曾到一个小镇度假,租了一套空置的寓所。这套寓所曾住着一个古怪的医生曼纳林,传说他能准确预测健康人的死亡时间。几年前,他突然消失了。霍弗跟别人说起当时在寓所里见到了曼纳林,曼纳林还对他做了一个告诫手势。而听众中有个人则证实,曼纳林三年前就已经死了……

One of Twins 孪生兄弟

安布罗斯·比尔斯/154

约翰和亨利是一对孪生兄弟,父母双亡后分开在两个城市工作。一日,亨利在大街上遇到个同他热情攀谈的陌生人,还被邀请去家里做客。亨利知道这个人肯定把自己当成了约翰,于是就替约翰答应了。事后约翰亲自赴约,几周后,还同这个人的美丽的女儿订了婚。没多久,约翰和未婚妻竟双双在家中被杀。孪生兄弟之间的心理感应能否帮助亨利找到凶手呢……

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow 睡谷的传说

华盛顿·欧文/162

塔里村附近有一个名为睡谷的偏僻狭谷。村里传说在美国独立战争时,一个骑兵的头被炮弹打飞了。死后,他阴魂不散,夜里常在睡谷骑马飞奔,到处寻找自己的头颅。小学教师伊卡伯德·克莱恩贪婪、迷信而又懦弱,他对当地一户富裕人家的女儿卡特琳娜·凡·塔塞尔的美貌和财产垂涎不已。一个月黑风高的夜晚,他从塔塞尔家的派对回家,没想到竟真的遇到了传说中的无头骑士……

Rip Van Winkle 瑞普·凡·温克尔 华盛顿·欧文/195

温克尔为人热心，靠耕种一小块贫瘠的土地养家糊口。有一天，他为了躲避唠叨凶悍的妻子，独自到附近的赫德森河畔兹吉尔山上去打猎。他遇到当年发现这条河的赫德森船长及其伙伴，在喝了他们的仙酒后，就睡了一觉。醒后下山回家，他发现人世沧桑，一切都十分陌生，原来他这一觉竟然睡了整整二十年……

A Haunted House 闹鬼的屋子 弗吉尼亚·伍尔芙/214

不论夜里几点醒来，“我”总能听到关门的声音。他们手挽着手，穿过一间又一间的房子。这对夫妻一直小声地说话，唯恐吵醒了“我们”。他们在屋子里翻来翻去，掀掀这儿，开开那儿，四处寻找，是在寻找什么宝藏么？可是当“我们”听到声音亲自起来去查看时，房子里却总是空荡荡的，没有人影……

The Spectre Bridegroom 鬼新郎 华盛顿·欧文/217

城堡里参加婚礼的宾客都在等待从未谋面的新郎，最后等来的新郎是一位脸色苍白的青年武士。在整个欢乐的婚礼中，新郎却不时显出阴郁不快的怪异神态，而且新郎在听完男爵讲的鬼故事后突然告辞，并宣布他已经死去，坟墓正等他下葬，只留下了伤心的美丽新娘和惊诧的宾客……

Lamb to the Slaughter 羊腿与谋杀

罗尔德·达尔

怀孕六个月的幸福小女人玛丽如往常一样期待着警察老公帕特里克回家吃饭，可是今天丈夫举止怪异，宣称自己要离开她。玛丽用准备用来做饭的羊羔腿敲死了丈夫。她十分冷静地把羊羔腿放进烤箱，然后跑到外面去买菜，装作回来后才发现丈夫被杀的模样报了警。警察到底能不能识破玛丽的诡计，发现就在眼皮底下的凶器呢？

The room was warm and clean, the curtains drawn, the two table lamps alight—hers and the one by the empty chair opposite. On the sideboard behind her, two tall glasses, soda water, whiskey. Fresh ice cubes in the Thermos bucket.

Mary Maloney was waiting for her husband to come home from work.

Now and again she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought that each minute gone by made it nearer the time when he would come. There was a slow smiling air about her, and about everything she did. The drop of a head as she bent over her sewing was curiously tranquil. Her skin—for this was her sixth month with child—had acquired a wonderful translucent quality, the mouth was soft, and the eyes, with their new placid look, seemed larger darker than before. When the clock said ten minutes to five, she began to listen, and a few moments later, punctually as always, she heard the tires on the gravel outside, and the car door slamming, the footsteps passing the window, the key turning in the lock. She laid aside her sewing, stood up, and went forward to kiss him as

he came in.

“Hello darling.” she said.

“Hello darling.” he answered.

She took his coat and hung it in the closet. Then she walked over and made the drinks, a strongish one for him, a weak one for herself; and soon she was back again in her chair with the sewing, and he in the other, opposite, holding the tall glass with both hands, rocking it so the ice cubes tinkled against the side.

For her, this was always a blissful time of day. She knew he didn't want to speak much until the first drink was finished, and she, on her side, was content to sit quietly, enjoying his company after the long hours alone in the house. She loved to luxuriate in the presence of this man, and to feel—almost as a sunbather feels the sun—that warm male glow that came out of him to her when they were alone together. She loved him for the way he sat loosely in a chair, for the way he came in a door, or moved slowly across the room with long strides. She loved intent, far look in his eyes when they rested in her, the funny shape of the mouth, and especially the way he remained silent about his tiredness, sitting still with himself until the whiskey had taken some of it away.

“Tired darling?”

“Yes,” he said. “I'm tired,” And as he spoke, he did an unusual thing. He lifted his glass and drained it in one swallow although there was still half of it, at least half of it left. She wasn't really watching him, but she knew what he had done because she heard the ice cubes falling back against the bottom of the empty glass when he lowered his arm. He paused a moment, leaning forward in the chair, then he got up and went slowly over to fetch himself another.

“I'll get it!” she cried, jumping up.

“Sit down.” he said.

When he came back, she noticed that the new drink was dark am-

ber with the quantity of whiskey in it.

“Darling, shall I get your slippers?”

“No. ”

She watched him as he began to sip the dark yellow drink, and she could see little oily swirls in the liquid because it was so strong.

“I think it’s a shame,” she said, “that when a policeman gets to be as senior as you, they keep him walking about on his feet all day long. ”

He didn’t answer, so she bent her head again and went on with her sewing; but each time he lifted the drink to his lips, she heard the ice cubes clinking against the side of the glass.

“Darling,” she said. “Would you like me to get you some cheese? I haven’t made any supper because it’s Thursday. ”

“No,” he said.

“If you’re too tired to eat out,” she went on, “it’s still not too late. There’s plenty of meat and stuff in the freezer, and you can have it right here and not even move out of the chair. ”

Her eyes waited on him for an answer, a smile, a little nod, but he made no sign.

“Anyway,” she went on, “I’ll get you some cheese and crackers first. ”

“I don’t want it,” he said.

She moved uneasily in her chair, the large eyes still watching his face. “But you must eat! I’ll fix it anyway, and then you can have it or not, as you like. ”

She stood up and placed her sewing on the table by the lamp.

“Sit down,” he said. “Just for a minute, sit down. ”

It wasn’t till then that she began to get frightened.

“Go on,” he said. “Sit down. ”

She lowered herself back slowly into the chair, watching him all the time with those large, bewildered eyes. He had finished the second

drink and was staring down into the glass, frowning.

"Listen," he said. "I've got something to tell you."

"What is it, darling? What's the matter?"

He had now become absolutely motionless, and he kept his head down so that the light from the lamp beside him fell across the upper part of his face, leaving the chin and mouth in shadow. She noticed there was a little muscle moving near the corner of his left eye.

"This is going to be a bit of a shock to you, I'm afraid," he said. "But I've thought about it a good deal and I've decided the only thing to do is tell you right away. I hope you won't blame me too much."

And he told her. It didn't take long, four or five minutes at most, and she say very still through it all, watching him with a kind of dazed horror as he went further and further away from her with each word.

"So there it is," he added. "And I know it's kind of a bad time to be telling you, but there simply wasn't any other way. Of course I'll give you money and see you're looked after. But there needn't really be any fuss. I hope not anyway. It wouldn't be very good for my job."

Her first instinct was not to believe any of it, to reject it all. It occurred to her that perhaps he hadn't even spoken, that she herself had imagined the whole thing. Maybe, if she went about her business and acted as though she hadn't been listening, then later, when she sort of woke up again, she might find none of it had ever happened.

"I'll get the supper," she managed to whisper, and this time he didn't stop her.

When she walked across the room she couldn't feel her feet touching the floor. She couldn't feel anything at all—except a slight nausea and a desire to vomit. Everything was automatic now—down the steps to the cellar, the light switch, the deep freeze, the hand inside the cabinet taking hold of the first object it met. She lifted it out, and looked at it. It was wrapped in paper, so she took off the paper and looked at it

again.

A leg of lamb.

All right then, they would have lamb for supper. She carried it upstairs, holding the thin bone-end of it with both her hands, and as she went through the living-room, she saw him standing over by the window with his back to her, and she stopped.

“For God’s sake,” he said, hearing her, but not turning round. “Don’t make supper for me. I’m going out.”

At that point, Mary Maloney simply walked up behind him and without any pause she swung the big frozen leg of lamb high in the air and brought it down as hard as she could on the back of his head.

She might just as well have hit him with a steel club.

She stepped back a pace, waiting, and the funny thing was that he remained standing there for at least four or five seconds, gently swaying.

Then he crashed to the carpet. The violence of the crash, the noise, the small table overturning, helped bring her out of the shock. She came out slowly, feeling cold and surprised, and she stood for a while blinking at the body, still holding the ridiculous piece of meat tight with both hands.

All right, she told herself. So I’ve killed him. It was extraordinary, now, how clear her mind became all of a sudden. She began thinking very fast. As the wife of a detective, she knew quite well what the penalty would be. That was fine. It made no difference to her. In fact, it would be a relief. On the other hand, what about the child? What were the laws about murderers with unborn children? Did they kill then both—mother and child? Or did they wait until the tenth month? What did they do?

Mary Maloney didn’t know. And she certainly wasn’t prepared to take a chance.

She carried the meat into the kitchen, placed it in a pan, turned