

中英双语  
全新完美呈现

荡涤心灵的精神SPA 第一品牌美文

# 每天读点 *Enjoy a Bit of English Everyday* 英文小说

刘正 \ 编译



大连理工大学出版社  
Dalian University of Technology Press

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

每天读点英文小说:英汉对照/刘正编译. 一大  
连:大连理工大学出版社,2011.11  
ISBN 978-7-5611-6588-1

I. ①每… II. ①刘… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物  
②短篇小说-小说集-世界 IV. ①H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2011)第213077号

大连理工大学出版社出版

地址:大连市软件园路80号 邮政编码:116023

发行:0411-84708842 邮购:0411-84703636 传真:0411-84701466

E-mail:dutp@dutp.cn

URL:<http://www.dutp.cn>

辽宁星海彩色印刷有限公司印刷

大连理工大学出版社发行

---

幅面尺寸:160mm×235mm

印张:17

字数:295千字

印数:1~5000

2011年11月第1版

2011年11月第1次印刷

---

责任编辑:邹怡

责任校对:白雪

封面设计:王付青

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ISBN 978-7-5611-6588-1

定价:26.00元

# 写在前面的话

## *Previous Remark*



英国著名作家和艺术家罗斯金曾这样提议：“把每一个黎明看作你生命的开始，把每一个黄昏看作你生命的小结。让每一个这样短短的生命都能为自己留下一点儿可爱的事业的脚印，留下你心灵得到充实的痕迹。”是的，红颜春树，流年织梭；少不努力，老当奈何？岂能让飞逝的每一天蹉跎虚度？

阅读小说能使人在休闲之余有颇多顿悟，不知不觉中心灵会得到充实。时尚而多元的你读点英文小说吧！体会那一个个鲜活灵动的人物的命运，感受那扑面而来的异国风情。这样，你的生活会变得更精彩！更重要的是，你收获了实实在在的语感和妙趣横生的知识。

《每天读点英文小说》这本书，英汉对照，带有作者简介和注释，精选了一些近现代世界著名作家的充满个性的作品，力争在有限的篇幅中完整而多样地展现这些文坛巨人的熠熠风采。

这本书秉着对英语文学的无比敬意和对汉语翻译的深切尊重，试图在这喧嚣的、快节奏的现代生活中，为读者朋友们营造一个惬意的心灵别墅，给朋友们送去一点点闲适和饱满的快乐，倘若还能多上一点点深刻，我们编者则求之不得。希望此书能成为一部望远镜，把艰难的英文小说阅读向读者拉近，使对英文小说的阅读变成一种每天的好习惯。

感谢参与此书制作的全体人员。我们期待着来自读者的反馈和意见。

刘正

2011.10

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## 无秘密的神秘人物

# The Sphinx Without a Secret



【英国】奥斯卡·王尔德

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### 作者简介

奥斯卡·王尔德(Oscar Wilde, 1854.10.16—1900.11.30)是英国唯美主义艺术运动的倡导者,著名的作家、诗人、戏剧家、艺术家。他生于爱尔兰都柏林的一个家世卓越的家庭,是家中的次子,全名为:奥斯卡·芬葛·欧佛雷泰·威尔斯·王尔德(Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde)。在牛津,王尔德受到了沃尔特·佩特及约翰·拉斯金的审美观念影响,并接触了新黑格尔派哲学、达尔文进化论和拉斐尔前派的作品,这为他之后成为唯美主义先锋作家确立了方向。作品有:小说《道林·格雷的画像》(The Picture of Dorian Gray, 1891);童话集《快乐王子和其他故事》(The Happy Prince and Other Tales, 1888)、《石榴屋》(A House of Pomegranates, 1891);诗作《诗集》(Poems, 1881)、《斯芬克斯》(Sphinx, 1894)、《瑞丁监狱之歌》(The Ballad of Reading Gaol, 1898);剧本《薇拉》(Vera, 1880)、《温德密尔夫人的扇子》(Lady Windermere's Fan, 1892)、《帕都瓦公爵夫人》(The Duchess of Padua, 1893)和《真诚最要紧》(The Importance of Being Earnest, 1895)等。



One afternoon I was sitting outside the Café de la Paix, watching the splendour and shabbiness of Parisian life, and wondering over my vermouth at the strange panorama of pride and poverty that was passing before me, when I heard some one call my name. I turned round, and saw Lord Murchison. We had not met since we had been at college together, nearly ten years before, so I was delighted to come across him again, and we shook hands warmly. At Oxford we had been great friends. I had liked him immensely; he was so handsome, so high-spirited, and so honourable. We used to say of him that he would be the best of fellows, if he did not always speak the truth, but I think we really admired him all the more for his frankness. I found him a good deal changed. He looked anxious and puzzled, and seemed to be in doubt about something. I felt it could not be modern scepticism, for Murchison was the stoutest of Tories, and believed in the Pentateuch<sup>[1]</sup> as firmly as he believed in the House of Peers; so I concluded that it was a woman, and asked him if he was married yet.

“I don’t understand women well enough,” he answered.

“My dear Gerald,” I said, “women are meant to be loved, not to be understood.”

“I cannot love where I cannot trust,” he replied.

“I believe you have a mystery in your life, Gerald,” I exclaimed, “tell me about it.”

“Let us go for a drive,” he answered, “it is too crowded here. No, not a yellow carriage, any other colour—there, that dark green one will do”; and in a few moments we were trotting down the boulevard in the direction of the Madeleine.

“Where shall we go?” I said.

“Oh, anywhere you like!” he answered—“to the restaurant in the Bois; we will dine there, and you shall tell me all about yourself.”

“I want to hear about you first,” I said. “Tell me your mystery.”

He took from his pocket a little silver-clasped morocco case, and handed it to me. I opened it. Inside there was a photograph of a woman. She



was tall and slight, and strangely picturesque with her large vague eyes and loosened hair. She looked like a clairvoyance, and was wrapped in rich furs.

“What do you think of that face?” he said, “is it truthful?”

I examined it carefully. It seemed to me the face of someone who had a secret, but whether that secret was good or evil I could not say. Its beauty was a beauty moulded out of many mysteries—the beauty, in fact, which is psychological, not plastic—and the faint smile that just played across the lips was far too subtle to be really sweet.

“Well,” he cried impatiently, “what do you say?”

“She is the Gioconda in sables,” I answered. “Let me know all about her.”

“Not now,” he said, “after dinner,” and began to talk of other things.

When the waiter brought us our coffee and cigarettes I reminded Gerald of his promise. He rose from his seat, walked two or three times up and down the room, and, sinking into an armchair, told me the following story:

“One evening,” he said, “I was walking down Bond Street at about five o’ clock. There was a terrific crush of carriages, and the traffic was almost stopped. Close to the pavement was standing a little yellow brougham, which, for some reason or other, attracted my attention.”

As I passed by there looked out from it the face I showed you this afternoon. It fascinated me immediately. All that night I kept thinking of it, and all the next day. I wandered up and down that wretched Row, peering into every carriage, and waiting for the yellow brougham; but I could not find *ma belle inconnue*<sup>[2]</sup>, and at last I began to think she was merely a dream. About a week afterwards I was dining with Madame de Rastail. Dinner was for eight o’ clock; but at half-past eight we were still waiting in the drawing-room. Finally the servant threw open the door, and announced Lady Alroy. It was the woman I had been looking for. She came in very slowly, looking like a moonbeam in grey lace, and, to my intense delight, I was asked to take her into dinner. After we had sat down, I remarked quite



innocently, "I think I caught sight of you in Bond Street some time ago, Lady Alroy." She grew very pale, and said to me in a low voice, "Pray do not talk so loud; you may be overheard." I felt miserable at having made such a bad beginning, and plunged recklessly into the subject of the French plays. She spoke very little, always in the same low musical voice, and seemed as if she was afraid of some one listening. I fell passionately, stupidly in love, and the indefinable atmosphere of mystery that surrounded her excited my most ardent curiosity. When she was going away, which she did very soon after dinner, I asked her if I might call and see her. She hesitated for a moment, glanced round to see if any one was near us, and then said, "Yes, tomorrow at a quarter to five." I begged Madame de Rastail to tell me about her; but all that I could learn was that she was a widow with a beautiful house in Park Lane, and as some scientific bore began a dissertation on widows, as exemplifying the survival of the matrimonially fittest, I left and went home.

The next day I arrived at Park Lane punctual to the moment, but was told by the butler that Lady Alroy had just gone out. I went down to the club quite unhappy and very much puzzled, and after long consideration wrote her a letter, asking if I might be allowed to try my chance some other afternoon. I had no answer for several days, but at last I got a little note saying she would be at home on Sunday at four and with this extraordinary postscript: "Please do not write to me here again; I will explain when I see you." On Sunday she received me, and was perfectly charming; but when I was going away she begged of me, if I ever had occasion to write to her again, to address my letter to "Mrs. Knox, care of Whittaker's Library, Green Street." "There are reasons," she said, "why I cannot receive letters in my own house."

All through the season I saw a great deal of her, and the atmosphere of mystery never left her. Sometimes I thought that she was in the power of some man, but she looked so unapproachable that I could not believe it. It was really very difficult for me to come to any conclusion, for she was like one of those strange crystals that one sees in museums, which are at one

moment clear, and at another clouded. At last I determined to ask her to be my wife: I was sick and tired of the incessant secrecy that she imposed on all my visits, and on the few letters I sent her. I wrote to her at the library to ask her if she could see me the following Monday at six. She answered yes, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight.

I was infatuated with her: in spite of the mystery, I thought then—in consequence of it, I see now. No; it was the woman herself I loved.

The mystery troubled me, maddened me. Why did chance put me in its track?

“You discovered it, then?” I cried.

“I fear so,” he answered, “You can judge for yourself.”

When Monday came round I went to lunch with my uncle, and about four o’clock found myself in the Marylebone Road. My uncle, you know, lives in Regent’s Park. I wanted to get to Piccadilly, and took a short cut through a lot of shabby little streets. Suddenly I saw in front of me Lady Alroy, deeply veiled and walking very fast. On coming to the last house in the street, she went up the steps, took out a latch-key, and let herself in. “Here is the mystery,” I said to myself, and I hurried on and examined the house. It seemed a sort of place for letting lodgings. On the doorstep lay her handkerchief, which she had dropped. I picked it up and put it in my pocket. Then I began to consider what I should do. I came to the conclusion that I had no right to spy on her, and I drove down to the club. At six I called to see her. She was lying on a sofa, in a tea-gown of silver tissue looped up by some strange moonstones that she always wore. She was looking quite lovely. “I am so glad to see you,” she said, “I have not been out all day.” I stared at her in amazement, and pulling the handkerchief out of my pocket, handed it to her. “You dropped this in Cumnor Street this afternoon, Lady Alroy,” I said very calmly. She looked at me in terror but made no attempt to take the handkerchief. “What were you doing there?” I asked. “What right have you to question me?” she answered. “The right of a man who loves you,” I replied; “I came here to ask you to be my wife.” She hid her face in



her hands, and burst into floods of tears. “You must tell me,” I continued. She stood up, and looking me straight in the face, said, “Lord Murchison, there is nothing to tell you.”—“You went to meet some one,” I cried, “this is your mystery.” She grew dreadfully white, and said, “I went to meet no one.”—“Can’t you tell the truth?” I exclaimed. “I have told it,” she replied. I was mad, frantic; I don’t know what I said, but I said terrible things to her. Finally I rushed out of the house. She wrote me a letter the next day; I sent it back unopened, and started for Norway with Alan Colville. After a month I came back, and the first thing I saw in the Morning Post was the death of Lady Alroy. She had caught a chill at the Opera, and had died in five days of congestion of the lungs. I shut myself up and saw no one. I had loved her so much, I had loved her so madly. Good God! how I had loved that woman!”

“You went to the street, to the house in it?” I said.

“Yes,” he answered.

“One day I went to Cumnor Street. I could not help it; I was tortured with doubt. I knocked at the door, and a respectable-looking woman opened it to me. I asked her if she had any rooms to let. “Well, sir,” she replied, “the drawing-rooms are supposed to be let; but I have not seen the lady for three months, and as rent is owing on them, you can have them.”—“Is this the lady?” I said, showing the photograph. “That’s her, sure enough,” she exclaimed, “and when is she coming back, sir?”—“The lady is dead,” I replied. “Oh sir, I hope not!” said the woman; “she was my best lodger. She paid me three guineas a week merely to sit in my drawing-rooms now and then.” “She met some one here?” I said, but the woman assured me that it was not so, that she always came alone, and saw no one. “What on earth did she do here?” I cried. “She simply sat in the drawing-room, sir, reading books, and sometimes had tea.” the woman answered. I did not know what to say, so I gave her a sovereign and went away. Now, what do you think it all meant? You don’t believe the woman was telling the truth?”

“I do.”

“Then why did Lady Alroy go there?”

“My dear Gerald,” I answered, “Lady Alroy was simply a woman with a mania for mystery. She took these rooms for the pleasure of going there with her veil down, and imagining she was a heroine. She had a passion for secrecy, but she herself was merely a Sphinx without a secret.”

“Do you really think so?”

“I am sure of it.” I replied.

He took out the morocco case, opened it, and looked at the photograph. “I wonder?” he said at last.



一天下午，我在和平餐馆的外面闲坐，一边观看着辉煌华丽和寒酸破旧兼而有之的巴黎生活场景，一边品着味美斯酒，对打我眼前经过的、既骄傲得意又穷困虚弱的陌生全景感叹称奇。这时我听到有人喊我的名字。转身一看，是莫奇森勋爵。当年我们是大学同学，分开后将近十年没见面了，所以再次邂逅我不胜欢喜，故彼此热情握手。在牛津大学读书时我们曾是脾气相投的朋友。我特别喜欢他，他人长得那么风流潇洒，精神境界那么高尚脱俗，那么让人敬佩。当年我们对他的评价是：他要是不总是实话实说，就会是男人中独领风骚的绝佳人物。但我认为，我们倒是因为他的坦率而真地更崇拜他了。我发现他变化很大。他表情焦虑、迷茫，似乎对什么事心存疑虑。我觉得这不可能是现代怀疑症，因为莫奇森是最顽固的托利党党徒，对摩西五经的信奉程度跟他信奉贵族院一样笃诚坚定。因此我断定他这是因为女人，就问他是否结了婚。

“我不太理解女人，”他回答道。

“我亲爱的杰拉德，”我说，“女人是叫人去爱的，不是叫人去理解的。”

“不去信任，我怎么去爱？”他答道。

“我坚信你的生活中肯定有隐藏的事，杰拉德，”我惊呼道，“跟我讲讲。”

“咱们乘马车逛一逛吧，”他答道，“这儿人太多。不，就别坐黄色马车了，其他什么颜色都行——那儿，那辆深绿色的就行”。不一会儿，马儿就小跑着载我们顺着林荫大道朝玛德兰方向驶去。



“咱们去哪儿？”我问。

“噢，你喜欢哪儿就去哪儿！”他答道——“到波伊斯街的那家餐馆吧；我们在那儿吃饭，你把你的事儿都跟我说说。”

“我想先听你的事，”我说。“跟我讲讲你的秘密。”

他从兜里掏出一个银扣摩洛哥革小皮夹递给我。我打开一看，里面有张女人的照片。她高挑轻捷，大眼睛目光朦胧，头发蓬松，显得她有那种很上相的怪怪的特质。她仿佛能把纷纭世事洞察秋毫，身上还裹着款华贵的毛皮大衣。

“你觉得那张脸怎么样？”他说，“逼真吗？”

我仔细端详着。在我看来，这似乎是张藏着个秘密的人的脸，不过这秘密是善是恶我就说不准了。这张脸庞的美丽是由许多神秘的谜构成——其实这是种心理上的美，非外力可塑——而掠过嘴角的那丝淡淡的微笑，微妙得难以称得上是甜美。

“喂，”他忍不住大声问道，“你有何感想？”

“她是穿着紫貂毛皮大衣的蒙娜丽莎，”我答道，“把有关她的一切都跟我说说。”

“现在就先别说了，”他说，“等吃完饭吧，”接着开始谈起了别的事。

当服务员给我们端来了咖啡和香烟时，我提醒杰拉德别忘了刚才对我的允诺。他从座位上站起身，在屋里踱了两三个来回，然后坐进一张扶手椅中，给我讲述了下面的故事：

“一天黄昏，”他说，“大约五点钟的时候，我正沿着邦德街走着。街上的车辆挤得水泄不通，交通几乎瘫痪。一辆黄色的小型布鲁厄姆式马车就靠着人行道停着。这辆车也不知怎么的，就吸引了我的注意。”

我打旁边经过的时候，车里往外探头张望的就是今天下午我给你看过的那张相片上的脸。这脸庞当即让我着了迷。整个夜晚，我不断地将那张脸思来想去，而接下来的一整天也全然如此。我在那条满是鳞次栉比的房屋的破烂不堪的街道上来回溜达，往每辆车里瞧着，等着那辆黄色布鲁厄姆车的出现。但我就是无法找到我的那位陌生美人，直到最后我都开始认为她只是个梦而已。大约一星期以后，我当时正要和德·拉斯太夫人共进晚餐。晚餐定在八点；可八点半了，我们仍在客厅里等候。最后总算有位仆人推开了门，宣称艾尔罗伊女士到。她正是我一直在寻找的女人。她进门动作很缓慢，宛若一束扎着灰色饰带的月光；而且，让我大喜过望的是，竟还安排我携陪她入席。落座后，我相当天真地说，“我觉得

不久前在邦德街看见过你，艾尔罗伊女士。”她脸色一下子变得煞白，低声对我说，“拜托别这么大声讲；有人可能会听见。”开场白竟叫我弄得如此之糟真是让我痛苦万分，而且我鲁莽地谈论起法国戏剧。她说得很少，总是用同样的那种低低的声音般的嗓音说话，好像她担心某个人正在偷听似的。我激情而愚蠢地堕入了爱河，围绕着她周身的那种不可名状的神秘气氛激发了我最热切的好奇心。晚饭其实她没吃多久就要离开，我就询问她我可否登门造访她。她犹豫片刻，环顾四周看看旁边有没有人，然后说，“好吧；明天差一刻五点见。”我央求德·拉斯太夫人跟我讲讲艾尔罗伊女士；可我得到的信息仅仅是：艾尔罗伊女士是位在帕克街有幢漂亮房子的寡妇。然后，我如同某个惹人生厌的科学人士为了例证幸存下来的最合适的婚姻形式是什么而着手去写一篇关于寡妇的专题论文一样，离开了那儿，回了家。

次日，我分秒不差地赶到了帕克街，却被那男管家告知说艾尔罗伊女士刚出去。我十分扫兴地直往俱乐部去了，心里十分迷惑不解。长长地思索一番之后我给她写了封信，问她可否另找个午后见我一面。好几天我都没收到答复，但最后我终于收到一张小纸条，说她星期日四点会在家，并且有这样一条不同寻常的附言：“请别再往这儿给我来信；见面我再向你解释。”星期日她接见了，她的魅力无可挑剔；可是在我离开之前，她拜托我说，若真是再给她写信，就把信寄到“格林街，维特图书馆（转交）诺克斯夫人收。”

“出于某些原因，”她说，“我不能在我自己的房子里收信。”

整个季节我没少同她见面，而那种神秘氛围也从来没离开过她。有时我以为某个男人在控制着她，可她看上去是那么不可接近，我都不相信她背后能有什么男人罩着。我真的很难以得出任何结论，因为她就如同一颗人们在博物馆里见到的那种奇异的水晶石，时而澄澈无瑕，时而又云山雾罩。最后，我决心求她嫁我为妻；因为她加在我所有拜访中和我致她的零星几封信中的那些永不停歇的秘密感让我倍受煎熬。我往图书馆给她去了封信，问她能否在下一个周一的六点钟见我一面。她回复说可以，我真是乐上了天。

我深深迷上了她：当时我想，就算她扑朔迷离又怎么样呢？——可结果，我现在明白了。不，我爱的是这个女人本人。

她神秘让我烦躁，令我发狂。为什么机缘竟阴差阳错地让我着了这条道儿呢？

“那么，当时你发现这一点了吗？”我直着嗓子问。

无秘密的神秘人物  
The Sphinx Without a Secret

“恐怕是的，”他答道，“你可以自己来判断。”

周一来临的时候我先去和我的叔叔一起吃午饭，然后大约四点钟的时候我来到了玛丽莱波路。你知道的，我叔叔住在摄政王公园。我想去皮卡迪利大街，于是取捷径穿过了许多破旧的小街。突然，我看到艾尔罗伊女士就在我前面走，严严实实地蒙着面纱，步子迈得飞快。一到了街尽头的那所房子，她就登上台阶，掏出外门钥匙，开门进了屋。“原来秘密在此，”我心里想。我匆匆跟上，仔细端量了一下那所房子。这似乎是个出租寄宿房子的地方。门口台阶上有方她落下的手帕。我把它捡起来放进兜里。然后我开始思考我该怎么做。我的结论是：我无权窥探她，于是我一路疾走到了俱乐部。六点钟我登门拜访她。当时她正躺在沙发上，身上穿着件银白色丝绸料半休闲长衫，上开口处用她一直爱佩戴的一些奇怪的月长石圈环地捆扎着。她看上去俏丽可人。“见到你我真是高兴，”她说，“我一整天都没出去呢。”我目瞪口呆地望着她，然后掏出我兜里的那方手帕递给她。“这是今天下午您在卡姆诺街掉的，艾尔罗伊女士，”我十分平静地说。她恐惧地看着我，却没一点接手帕的意思。“你在那儿做什么呢？”我问道。“你有什么权力质问我？”她回道。“凭一个爱你的男人的权利，”我回答说，“我本来到这儿是想向你求婚的。”她用双手捂住了脸，泪雨滂沱。“你必须告诉我，”我一味地坚持着。她站起来，直视着我的脸说，“莫奇森勋爵，这没什么可对您讲的。”“你是去和某个人见面吧，”我大声道，“这就是你的秘密。”她脸色白得吓人，然后说，“我没去见任何人。”“你就不能讲真话吗？”我慨叹道。“我都说了真话了，”她答道。这简直把我弄得疯狂了；我都不知道后来对她说了些什么，但肯定是口不择言地对她说了些可怕的话。最后我冲了出去。次日她给我来了封信；我连拆都没拆就原信寄回，然后跟阿兰·考尔维尔一起动身前往挪威了。一个月后我回来了，在晨间邮报上看到的第一件事竟然是艾尔罗伊女士的死讯。她在歌剧院染上风寒，五天后因肺部气血阻塞而辞世。我把自己关闭起来，谁也不见。我曾那么深切地爱她，我也曾那么疯狂地爱她。亲爱的上帝啊！我是多么爱那个女人啊！”

“你去了那条街，去了那条街的那所房子？”我说。

“是的，”他回答。

“一天，我去了卡姆诺街。我忍不住，去了那儿；因为疑虑折磨着我。我敲了敲门，有位外表和蔼的女人给我开了门。我问她有没有房间要出租。“好吧，先生，”她回答说，“休憩室是能出租的；可我有三个月没看到那位女士了，房租钱还没付呢，所以您可以租。”“是这位女士吗？”我边展示那相片给她看边说。“是她，肯



定没错，”她惊叹着说，“可她何时再回来呢，先生？”“这位女士已经死了，”我答道。“噢，先生，我真不希望是这样！”这个女人说，“她曾是我最好的房客。她每周付我三几尼，仅为了偶尔在我的休憩室里坐坐。”“她在这儿会过什么人吗？”我说。可这个女人确定地告诉我说根本不是我想的那样，说这位租房女士总是独来独往，不同任何人见面。“那她究竟到这儿做什么呢？”我放声问道。“她只是来这休憩室坐坐，先生。读读书啦，有时还喝茶。”这女人回答到。我不知道该说什么，就给了她一金镑，然后离开了。现在，依你看，这一切究竟是怎么回事？你相信女房东说的是真话吗？”

“我相信。”

“那艾尔罗伊女士为什么到那儿去呢？”

“我亲爱的杰拉德，”我回答说，“艾尔罗伊女士只不过是把神秘玩到成狂成瘾的那种人。她用这些屋子就是为了找那种低垂着面纱去那儿并把自己想像成一个剧中主人公的乐趣。她对保密行为非常地热衷，可本人却只是个无秘密的神秘人物。”

“你真的这么认为吗？”

“我确信无疑，”我答道。

他掏出那摩洛哥革皮夹，打开，端详着那张照片最终说了句“是吗？”



[1] pentateuch n. 圣经最初的五书；梅瑟五书；摩西五经

[2] inconnue adj. 陌生的