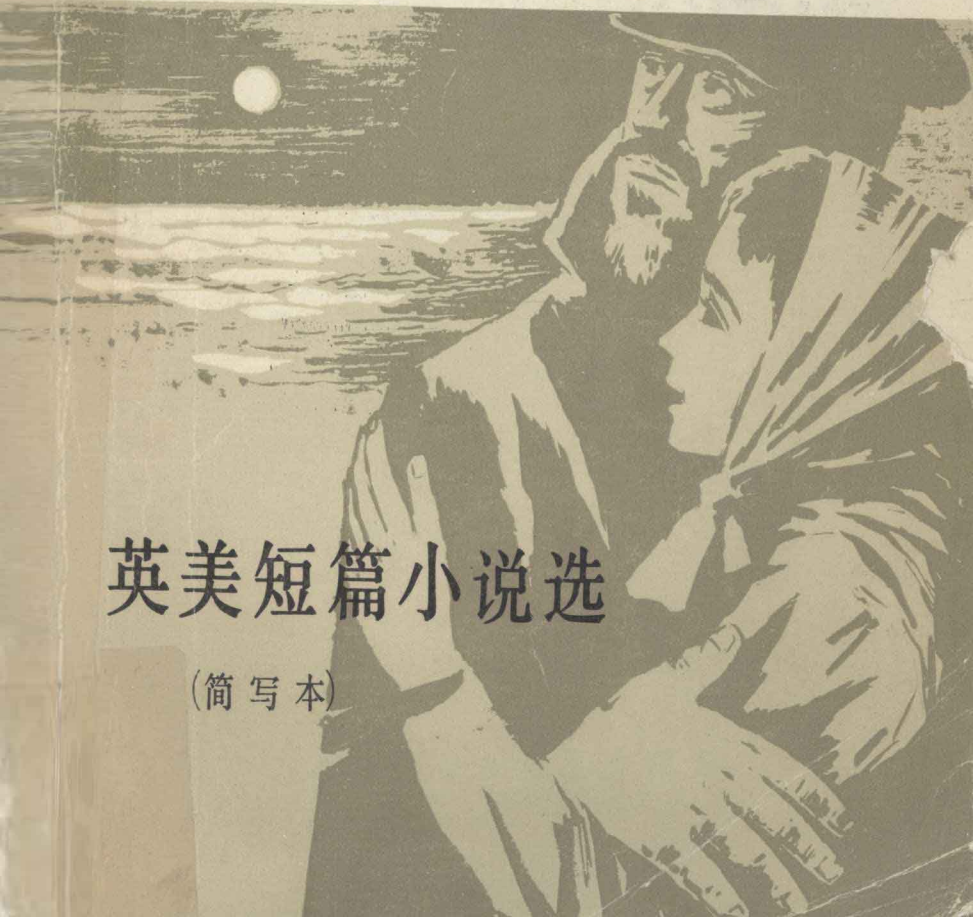


简易英汉对照读物

British and American Short Stories



英美短篇小说选

(简写本)

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BRITISH AND AMERICAN
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集体编译

外语教学与研究出版社

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外语教学与研究出版社出版发行

(北京市西三环北路19号)

北京印刷三厂印刷

新华书店总店北京发行所经销

开本787×1092 1/32 9印张 200千字

1982年12月第1版 1990年4月北京第3次印刷

印数22,001—92,000册

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ISBN7—5600—0267—6/H.96

定价:2.95元

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I. Gifts of the Magi*

O. Henry

This story was written at the time when men did not wear their watches on their arms as they do now, but in their pockets, with a chain. Women had long hair of which they were very proud, and they put combs at the sides and back.

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. Della counted it three times. One dollar and eighty-seven cents, and the next day would be Christmas. She sat down and cried. Della was Mrs. James Dillingham-Young. She and her husband lived in two rooms at the top of a building in a poor part of New York. Once Jim, Della's husband, had work which paid him thirty dollars a week; but now he got only twenty. Jim and Della loved each other very much.

Della stopped crying. She stood by the window and looked out. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day and she had only one dollar eighty-seven cents with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, and this is all she had got. She had spent many happy hours planning something nice for him, something fine and beautiful which was really worthy of Jim.

Suddenly she turned quickly round and stood in front of the looking-glass. Her eyes were shining brightly, but her face had lost its colour. She quickly pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

There were two possessions of Mr. and Mrs. Young in which they took great pride. One was Jim's gold watch. That watch had belonged to his father and before that to his grandfather. The other proud possession was Della's hair: it was beautiful hair: it flowed

* The Magi were the three wise men from the East who brought offerings to the infant Jesus.

1. 梅琪的礼物*

欧·亨利

在写这个故事的年代，男人不象现在那样，把表戴在手腕上，而是在表上拴一根链子，放在口袋里。妇女们以留长发为荣，把梳子插在头的两边和脑后。

一元八角七。都在这儿了。黛拉数了三遍。一元八角七，而明天就是圣诞节。她坐下哭泣起来。黛拉就是詹姆斯·迪林汉·杨太太。她和她的丈夫住在纽约贫民区一幢楼的顶层的两间屋子里。黛拉的丈夫吉姆原来每周挣三十元，可是现在每周只挣二十元了。吉姆和黛拉相亲相爱，感情非常好。

黛拉不哭了。她站在窗口，看着外面。明天就是圣诞节了，而她只有一元八角七，可以给吉姆买件礼物。几个月来，她尽量节省，一分钱也舍不得花，结果就攒了这么点钱。为了筹划给吉姆买一件精美、漂亮，和他真正相称的好礼物，黛拉花了不少愉快的时光。

她蓦地转过身子，站在镜子面前。她的眼睛闪闪发光，不过她的脸色却变白了。她很快地把头发解开，让它披散下来。

杨先生和杨太太有两件值得骄傲的东西。一件是吉姆的金表，这块表是他的祖父传给他父亲，父亲又传给他的。另一件是黛拉的头发：那的确是一头美发，仿佛一条金色的河流从她

* 梅琪指向刚出生的耶稣基督朝圣并奉献礼物的东方三个贤者（俗称东方三大博士）。

down her back like a golden river.

She quickly did up her hair again. She put on her old coat and the old brown hat, ran down the stairs and out into the street. She stopped at a shop: "*Madame Sofrone, Hair-goods of all kinds*". She ran up the stairs.

"Will you buy my hair?" said Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take off your hat and let me see it."

Down flowed the river of gold.

Madame lifted the hair in her hand. "Twenty dollars," she said.

"Give it me quickly," said Della.

For the next two hours Della was searching the shops for Jim's present. She found the present at last. It had certainly been made for Jim and for no one else. It was good enough to go with his watch. In the past Jim sometimes did not like to take out his watch because it had no chain; but, with that chain on his watch, Jim might look at the time in any company.

When Della reached home she set to work to do something to her hair, and soon her head was covered with little curls which made her look like a schoolboy.

At seven o'clock the evening meal was ready.

Jim was never late. She held the watch-chain in her hand and sat on a corner of the table near the door through which he always came in. Then she heard his step on the stairs. She said a little prayer: "Please, God, make Jim think I am still pretty." The door opened and Jim came in. He looked very thin and serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two. He needed a new coat.

Jim stopped inside the door and stood there. His eyes were fixed on Della. There was a strange look in them. It was not anger, nor surprise. Della could not understand that strange look. He simply stood there looking at her—looking.

的背上倾泻下来。

她又匆匆把头发拢上去，穿上旧外套，戴上棕色旧帽子跑下楼，上街去了。她在一家商店门口站住了，商店的招牌上写着：“索弗朗女士商店，经营各种头发制品。”黛拉跑上楼去。

“你买我的头发吗？”黛拉问。

“我收购头发，”索弗朗女士答道，“脱下帽子，让我看看！”

一道金色的河水泻下来。

索弗朗女士把头发托在手里说：“二十元。”

“快把钱给我。”黛拉说。

以后黛拉费了两个小时，在各家商店里为吉姆挑选礼物，她终于找到了。这一定是专门为吉姆而不是为别人造的，刚好和他的表相配。过去吉姆因为表缺一条链子，有时不爱把表掏出来，有了这条表链，吉姆就可以当着任何人看时间了。

黛拉一回家就动手做头发，一会儿功夫，她满头都是一个个小卷儿，弄得象个上学的小男孩儿一样。

七点钟，晚饭做好了。

吉姆从来不迟到。黛拉手里拿着表链，在吉姆进来的那扇门旁的一张桌子角边坐下来，不久，就听见他上楼的脚步声。她作了一个简短的祷告：“上帝啊，愿吉姆觉得我仍然好看。”门开了，吉姆走进来。他看上去身体瘦弱，举止庄重。可怜的人儿，他还只有二十二岁。他需要一件新外套。

吉姆一进门就站住了，两眼盯着黛拉，流露出一种奇异的神色，既不是气愤，也不是惊讶。黛拉不明白这种眼神的含意。吉姆只是站在那儿目不转睛地看着她，看着她。

Della got off the table and went to him.

"Jim dear," she said, "don't look at me in that way. I—I had my hair cut off and I sold it, because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. My hair will grow again. You don't mind, do you? I had to do it. My hair grows very fast. Say 'Happy Christmas', Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a beautiful present I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" said Jim, as if he hadn't quite understood the fact yet.

"Yes, I've cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well without my hair? I'm just the same girl without my hair, aren't I?"

Jim looked about the room. "You say your hair is gone?" he said.

"You don't need to look for it," said Della. "I tell you it's sold. It's sold; it's gone. And this is the evening before Christmas, Jim. I sold it for you. It may be that 'the hairs of my head are numbered'; but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I get the meal ready, Jim?"

Jim took Della in his arms and kissed her. Then he took a packet out of his coat pocket and put it on the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Della", he said. "I don't think there's anything that you could do to your hair which would make me love my girl any less. But, if you will undo that packet, you will see why I was rather surprised at first."

Della undid the packet and gave a cry of joy. Then she began to cry. For there lay the combs! The set of combs, side and back, which she had looked at so long in the window of a shop. They were beautiful combs with jewels in them, just the right colour for her hair. She had looked at them and wanted them, yet never hoped to possess them. Now they were hers; but the hair for which she had wanted them was gone.

She looked up at Jim with tear-filled eyes. Then, with a smile,

黛拉离开桌子，向他走去。

“亲爱的吉姆，”黛拉说，“别这么样瞧我。我——我把头发铰了，把它卖了，因为我要是不送你一件礼物，这个圣诞节我是过不好的。我的头发会再长的，你不会介意的，是吗？我不得不这样做。我的头发长得很快。吉姆，说‘圣诞快乐’，咱们俩高高兴兴的。你不会知道我送给你的礼物有多漂亮。”

“你把头发铰了？”吉姆说，他好象还不十分理解这一事实。

“是的，我把头发铰下来卖了，”黛拉说，“难道你就因为我没有头发就不喜欢我吗？没有头发，我还是我，不是吗？”

吉姆在屋里到处张望。他说：“你说你的头发没有了？”

“你不必再找了，”黛拉说，“我告诉你，已经卖了。卖掉了。没有了。就在圣诞节的前夕，为了你，我才把它卖了。我头上的头发也许可以数得清，然而我对你的爱谁也算不清。我这就给你拿饭来，好吗，吉姆？”

吉姆把黛拉搂在怀里吻着，然后从外套口袋里拿出一小包东西放在桌子上。

“黛拉，别误会，”他说，“我想，随你怎么处理你的头发，我也不会稍微减少一点我对妻子的爱。不过，你要是打开这个包儿，你就会明白为什么我最初感到有点意外。”

黛拉打开纸包儿，发出一声欢呼，接着哭起来了。因为纸包里放着几把梳子！一套梳子，有插在两边的，有插在脑后的。她在一家商店的橱窗里看过，看了很久，那是一套镶着宝石的美丽的梳子，正好和她的发色相配。她看过这些梳子，也需要这些梳子，却从来没有奢望自己会有这么一套。现在这套梳子居然是她的，而需要这套梳子的头发却已经没有了。

她噙着泪珠抬眼看着吉姆，一会儿又嫣然一笑说：“我的

she said, "My hair grows so fast, Jim."

She jumped up and cried, "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him in her open hand. The bright gold shone.

"Isn't it beautiful, Jim? I hunted all over the town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch, I want to see how it looks on it."

Jim did not obey. He sat down, and put his hands behind his head and smiled.

"Della," he said, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep them for a time. They're too nice to use just at present. . . . I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. Now shall we have our evening meal?"

The Magi brought presents to Jesus Christ on the first Christmas of all Christmases. They first had the idea of giving Christmas presents. They were wise. Here I have told you this story of two foolish children in a poor set of rooms who gave up for each other his or her greatest treasure. They chose their presents unwisely; but those gifts which are the sign of real love are the best gifts of all.

(Selected from *Singing Wind and Other Stories*,
Adapted by Michael West, Longman, 1977.)

头发长得很快，吉姆。”

她跳起来叫道：“唉呀呀！”

吉姆还没看到给他买的漂亮礼物呢。她摊开手把礼物递给他，亮晶晶的金子闪着光。

“漂亮吧！吉姆！我为了它跑遍全城。现在你可以每天拿出表来看上一百次了。把表给我，我想看看配上表链子是什么样子。”

吉姆没有照她的话做。他坐下来，双手托在脑后笑了。

“黛拉，”他说，“把我们的圣诞节礼物收起来，搁一段时间。现在马上就用，未免太可惜了……为了给你买梳子，我把表卖了。现在可以吃晚饭了吗？”

梅琪在第一个圣诞节给耶稣基督送来礼物。他们首先想出赠送圣诞节礼物的主意。他们都是聪明人。我在这里对你们讲了一个故事：有两个傻孩子，住在两间简陋的房子里，他俩各自为对方舍弃了最宝贵的东西。他们选择礼物时欠考虑，然而这些礼物却是真正爱情的象征，因而是最好的礼物。

（选自《风中歌声及其他故事》，迈克尔·韦斯特改写，
朗门出版公司一九七七年版，刘燕盛译 庄林校）

2. One Thousand Dollars

O. Henry

"One thousand dollars," said the lawyer, coldly; "and here is the money." He had not a very good opinion of Richard Waring; he did not like him.

Richard Waring laughed as he took the thin packet of notes. "It's difficult to know what to do with just one thousand dollars. Of course, I could go to a fine hotel and live like a prince for a few days; or I could give up my work in the office and do what I want to do—paint pictures: I could do that for a few weeks. But what would I do after that? I should have lost my place in the office, and have no money to live on. If it were a little less money, I would buy a new coat or a radio, or give a dinner to my friends. If it were more, I could give up the work in the office and paint pictures. But it's too much for one and too little for the other."

"You heard the reading of your uncle's Will," said the lawyer, "telling what is to be done with his money after his death. I must ask you to remember one point. Your uncle has said that you must bring me a paper showing exactly what you did with this money, as soon as you have spent it. That is your uncle's wish, as written in his Will. I hope you will do as he asked."

"Yes, I'll do it," said the young man.

Richard wasn't a bad young man, or a foolish young man; but he did not like working in an office. What he really loved was painting pictures. He was a good painter; but there's no money in painting pictures. What was the use of saving? Whenever he got a present from his rich uncle he spent it. So the rich uncle said, "He's

2. 一千元

欧·亨利

“一千元，”律师冷冷地说，“钱在这儿。”他对理查德·沃林没多大好感，也不喜欢他。

理查德·沃林笑着接过薄薄的一叠钞票。“只有一千元，怎么花法，可真叫人为难。当然，我可以找个高级旅馆象王子那样住上几天；我也可以不到事务所去工作，而去干我愿意干的事——画画儿，我可以画上几个星期。可是，我以后怎么办呢？我把事务所的职位丢掉了，钱也花光了；如果这笔钱的数目少一点，那我就去买一件新外套或者一架收音机，要不，请朋友吃一顿；如果数目大一点，我就可以辞去事务所的工作，去画画儿。然而这笔钱这样嫌多，那样又嫌少。”

“你听到我宣读你叔父的遗嘱了，”律师说，“遗嘱中说明了他去世以后如何处置他的财产。我必须请你记住一点：你叔父说过，你把钱用掉之后，必须马上交给我一个书面报告，确切地说明你是怎样花这笔钱的。这是你叔父的遗愿，在遗嘱上写着。希望你按照他的嘱咐去做。”

“好吧，我会这样做的。”年轻人回答道。

理查德·沃林这个年轻人既不坏，也不傻。他就是不乐意在事务所里工作。他真正喜爱的是绘画，画得不错，但是靠画画儿挣不来钱。攒钱又有什么用？不论什么时候，他那阔叔叔一给他钱，他就花了。因此那位阔叔叔说：“他是个小傻瓜，

a young fool and does not know how to use money."

Richard Waring went along to his friend Old Bryson. He found him half-asleep over a newspaper.

"I've just come from my uncle's lawyer," said Richard. "He has left me just one thousand dollars, and when I've spent it I have to tell the lawyer what I did with it. What can a man do with just one thousand dollars—no more, no less?"

"I thought that your uncle was a very rich man, worth half a million."

"He was," said Richard, "but he hasn't left it to me. He has left \$100 and a gold ring to each of his servants, and \$1000 to me. And I expect all the rest goes to a hospital or something like that. . . . What can one do with \$1000?"

"Is there no other person to whom the money might go? Hadn't he any family?" asked Bryson.

Richard did not answer at once; then he said, "There's Mary Hayden, the daughter of a friend of my uncle. She lived in his house, and she got \$100 and a gold ring—like the rest of the servants. I wish I'd had just that—just \$100 and a ring. I would have had a good dinner with my friends and that would have been the end of it. Now, don't tell me I'm a fool, but tell me what can a man do with \$1000?"

Old Bryson took off his glasses and rubbed them.

"One thousand dollars," he said, "may mean much—or little. One man might buy a home with it—just a hut, yet to him a home. Another man might get the best doctor and treatment for his sick wife. It would pay for sending a clever boy to a day-school for a few years; or it could be lost in a few seconds at Monte Carlo. It would buy a fine picture—or a bright jewel, or pay for printing a learned book if

不知道怎么花钱。”

理查德·沃林到他的朋友老布雷逊那儿去，发现他拿着报纸，快睡着了。

“我刚从我叔叔的律师那里来，”理查德说，“我叔叔只留给我一千元，等我用掉了，还得告诉律师我是怎么用的。一个人有了一千元，不多也不少，该怎么办呢？”

“我原来以为你叔叔是个大阔佬，有五十万元呢。”

“他有，”理查德说，“可他没留给我。他给他的每一个仆人一百元和一枚金戒指，给我一千元。我想，他把其余的钱都给了医院或者诸如此类的单位……你说，一千元能干些什么吧？”

“难道他的钱再没有别人可给的了么？他没有其他亲属吗？”布雷逊问。

理查德没有立刻回答，过了一会儿他说：“有一个玛丽·海顿，是我叔父的一个朋友的女儿。她住在我叔叔家里，跟仆人们一样，也得到一百元和一枚金戒指。但愿也给我一百元和一枚金戒指就好了，那我就可以和我的朋友们一块儿美美地吃一顿，完事大吉。好了，你可别说我是傻瓜，告诉我，一个人拿了一千元该怎么办？”

老布雷逊摘下眼镜擦起来。

“一千元，”他说，“可以说多，也可以说少。有的人可用来买一所住宅，不过是所小房子，对他来讲就是一所住宅啦。另一个人也许会去请一个好医生给他的妻子看病。这笔钱也够一个聪明的孩子在走读的学校里读几年书，要是在蒙特卡洛，这点儿钱几秒钟之内就会输个精光。这笔钱也可以买一幅好画儿或者一颗光彩夺目的宝石，也可以为了一本不太厚的学术