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生词量 **2400** 词

《经典名著英汉对照》

Rebecca

蝴蝶梦

原著 Daphne Du Maurier 改写 彭敏 杨敏/翻译 彭敏 主编 夏少芳

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Preface

前言

“读万卷书，行万里路”，“读书破万卷，下笔如有神”，这都是在强调览群书的重要性。汉语是这样，英语更是如此。初学英语的人要获得英语语感实为不易，但却十分重要。语感从何而来？可以从大量阅读英文材料的学习过程中来。阅读英语文学名著则是一条极好的途径。学生像一块干涸的海绵，被浸泡在语言和文化的海洋中时，他们能全方位地迅速吸收大量养分。但是，如果偶尔读一读英文，却只能像蜻蜓点水，或者像游走河边被溅起的水花浇湿衣衫，那样很难把英语学好。同时，学语言亦是学文化。学习文化需要细细摄取，需要长时间熏陶，而阅读英语文学名著却能更为有效地帮助学生学习英语文化。

为了能让广大学习英语的学生朋友们在英语语言知识与文化的海洋里遨游，快速获得语感，掌握英语精髓，了解英语国家的社会历史文化背景，我们组织改编

王迈迈英语 ◆ 畅销十五年 ◆ 风靡几代人

了适合于初、中级英语学习者阅读的部分英语文学名著。所编译的作品都是英语国家家喻户晓的名家杰作。它们是:《格列夫游记》、《哈克贝里·费恩历险记》、《鲁滨逊漂流记》、《汤姆·索亚历险记》、《雾都孤儿》、《呼啸山庄》、《傲慢与偏见》、《蝴蝶梦》、《嘉莉妹妹》、《简·爱》、《双城记》和《苔丝》。

阅读这些作品,你能了解到英国作家狄更斯笔下的奥立弗的悲惨童年;能读到格列夫游历小人国、大人国的故事;读到19世纪发生在呼啸山庄和画眉山庄的爱恨情仇的故事;了解到本内特的几个成年待嫁女儿是如何从傲慢与偏见的迷失中走出来的;能读到十九世纪三、四十年代在美国密西西比河中下游地区马克·吐温笔下以汤姆·索亚和哈克贝里·费恩为首的一群孩子天真浪漫的历险故事……

在编译过程中,考虑到作品对初、中级英语学习者的可读性问题,编译者在保留其文化精髓的同时,对原著的难句进行了删改,对涉及到文化现象的语言和难词作了适当注释。并提供了阅读对照译文。

欢迎读者朋友对该系列丛书提出宝贵意见。

编 者



内容简介

吕蓓卡是小说男主角迈克西姆的前妻。故事开始时她已经死了近一年。小说从女主角“我”梦回曼陀丽开始回忆往事。故事是从法国开始的，我作为“陪伴”随范·霍珀夫人来到蒙特卡洛。恰好同男主角迈克西姆——著名的曼陀丽庄园的主人住在同一家旅馆，并逐渐产生了感情。随后，迈克西姆向我求婚，并把我带回了曼陀丽庄园。而出身贫寒的我在曼陀丽四处碰壁，尤其是受到丹弗斯太太的百般刁难。因为她是吕蓓卡的忠实奴仆，不愿看到我取代吕蓓卡的位置。曼陀丽的一切都让我觉得吕蓓卡美丽而高贵，她和迈克西姆曾是一对恩爱夫妻，现在他虽然和我结婚，但仍深爱着吕蓓卡。

正在这个时候,故事的情节发展到高潮。在曼陀丽附近的海湾找到了吕蓓卡的沉船。迈克西姆向我说出了真相。原来在吕蓓卡是个荡妇,迈克西姆多次告戒她,她却不听,反而变本加厉。迈克西姆一怒之下将其杀死并沉尸海底。事情的真相消除了一直以来吕蓓卡在我心头造成的阴影,我更加坚信与迈克西姆的爱情,我们心灵相通了。法院最后认定吕蓓卡是自杀而死。但吕蓓卡的表哥费弗尔想趁机勒索一笔钱财,拿出了吕蓓卡死前留给他的便条作为证据,要为吕蓓卡伸冤。而在后来的调查中,找到了吕蓓卡生前给她看过病的贝克医生,才知道吕蓓卡得了癌症,这就更加证明吕蓓卡有自杀的动机。费弗尔失败了。就在大家认为一切都将结束,男女主人公可以重回曼陀丽庄园开始新的生活的时候,曼陀丽却在一把大火中不复存在了。



目录

CONTENTS

Chapter 1	Dreaming Back to Manderley	
	梦回曼陀丽	1
Chapter 2	Remembering The Past	
	回忆过去	3
Chapter 3	Meeting Mr. de Winter	
	遇见德温特先生	7
Chapter 4	Understanding Each Other More	
	加深了解	13
Chapter 5	Talking about Rebecca	
	谈到吕蓓卡	21
Chapter 6	Proposing	
	求婚	25
Chapter 7	Back to Manderley	
	回到曼陀丽	31

Chapter 8	Morning Room	
	晨 室	37
Chapter 9	West Wing	
	西 厢	41
Chapter 10	Sea Beach	
	海 滩	49
Chapter 11	Remembering Rebecca	
	回忆吕蓓卡	57
Chapter 12	Breaking China Cupid	
	打碎爱神瓷塑	65
Chapter 13	Meeting Favell	
	遇见费弗尔	75
Chapter 14	Rebecca's Bedroom	
	吕蓓卡的卧室	85
Chapter 15	Visiting Grandmother	
	看望奶奶	93
Chapter 16	Fancy – dress Party	
	化装舞会	103
Chapter 17	After the Accident	
	出丑以后	115

Chapter 18	Questioning Mrs. Danvers	
	质问丹弗斯太太	123
Chapter 19	Finding the Sunken Boat	
	发现沉船	137
Chapter 20	Knowing the Truth	
	知晓真相	149
Chapter 21	Facing Difficulty	
	面临困境	161
Chapter 22	The Inquest	
	传 讯	169
Chapter 23	Favell	
	费 弗 尔	179
Chapter 24	Doctor Baker	
	贝 克 医 生	189
Chapter 25	Deciding to Go to London	
	决定去伦敦	199
Chapter 26	At the Doctor's	
	在医生家里	203
Chapter 27	Burning Manderley	
	火烧曼陀丽	209



Chapter 1

Dreaming Back to Manderley

Last night, I dreamt I went to Manderley again.

It was much different from what it had been in the old days. The drive was much narrower, a thread of its former self. Nature became what it had usually been, and it gradually and secretly spread on the drive. Because of the lack of care, man-made plants became wild ones.

In the dark, I saw that house. That was my Manderley! I found the courtyard was the same as the woods. They all obeyed the jungle law. In this deserted courtyard, ivy was everywhere and nearly entered the house.

Moonlight can play odd^① tricks upon the fancy, even upon a dreamers fancy. I stood in front of this deserted house as if it was as lively as before.

Light came from the windows, and the curtains blew softly in the night air. In the library, the door would stand half open as we had left it, with my handkerchief on the table. There was a little heap^② of library books marked "ready to return", and my dear dog Jasper lay on the floor...

Suddenly a cloud came upon the moon. Then my illusion^③ disappeared. The house became a desolate^④ shell, without a soul.

Manderley was a tomb. This was unchangeable. When I was awake and thought of Manderley, I didn't feel bitter because I once lived happily there. I would think of the blown lilac^⑤, and the Happy Valley. Now I lay many hundred miles away in a foreign country, and would awake in a few seconds in the bare little hotel bedroom. I would sigh a moment, stretch myself and turn, and open my eyes, be bewildered^⑥ at that shining sun, that hard, clean sky, so different from the soft moonlight of my dream. The day would lie before us, but with stillness we had never known before. When we were awake, we would not talk of Manderley and I would never tell my dream. For Manderley was ours no longer. Manderley was no more.





第一章

梦回曼陀丽

昨天晚上,我梦见我又回到了曼陀丽。

这里和我以前见到的曼陀丽很不一样了。车道要窄得多,和以前的比起来简直就是一条线。自然在这里象平常一样发挥着它的作用,逐渐蔓延到车道上来。由于没有人管理,人工栽培的植物变成了野生的。

在黑暗中,我看到了这个房子。那就是曼陀丽。我发现庭院和树林都是一样,它们都遵循了自然法则。在这个废弃的庭院里,长青藤随处可见,而且几乎都要长到房子里面去了。

月光能够让人产生奇异的幻觉,甚至对梦里的人也一样。我站在这栋被遗弃的房子前面,似乎它还是和以前那样有生机。

灯光从窗户里射出来,窗帘在夜晚的微风中轻轻飘动。藏书室的门和我们走的时候一样半开着,我的手帕还放在书桌上。还有一小堆标有“诗还”记号的图书馆藏书,我的爱犬杰斯珀就躺在地板上……

突然间一片乌云遮住了月亮。这时我的幻觉也消失了。整个房间成了没有生机的空壳。

曼陀丽是一座坟墓。这是不可改变的事实。当我在清醒的时候想到曼陀丽,我不觉得痛苦因为我曾经在那里幸福的生活过。我可以记起褐色的丁香花和幸福谷。现在我躺在离曼陀丽几百英里外的另一个国家里,在几分钟之后我就要在这个小酒店里醒来。我可能会叹一會兒气,伸个懒腰,转过身睁开眼晴,迷惘地看着耀眼的太阳,看着冷漠洁净的天空,这种感觉是和梦里看见柔和的月光很不一样的。白昼就在我们面前,但它充满了我们从未体会过的平静。当我们醒着的时候,我们不会谈论曼陀丽。我也不会告诉他我的梦。因为曼陀丽已经不再是我们的了,曼陀丽已经不复存在了。

① odd *a.* 奇异的

③ illusion *n.* 幻觉

⑤ lilac *n.* 丁香花

② heap *n.* 一小堆

④ desolate *a.* 没有生机的

⑥ bewildered *a.* 迷惘的



Chapter 2

Remembering The Past

We can never go back again, that is much certain. We try to forget the past, but something may remind us of our memories.

We will meet difficulties in our life sooner or later and we have already defeated this devil. Now we both don't have secrets from one another, because we share happiness and woe^① together.

Although our little hotel is dull and the food is bad, we would not make it otherwise. We should meet too many of the people he knows in any of the big hotels. In this routine life, I develop an interest for reading. We wait anxiously the arrival of the mail from England every day.

We can see all kinds of finals of ball games or boxing matches in the newspaper, and various strange competitions.

Sometimes I can get some copies of *Field*^②, the newspaper talks something about nature, which makes me think of Manderley. Once there was an article on wild pigeons. This reminded me of the old days and made my reading falter^③. I saw a grey look on his face and stopped my reading.

This thing taught me a lesson: English news can be read, such as sports, politics, but the things which will remind him of unhappy past will not be mentioned.

Sometimes I can enjoy my afternoon and have a simple afternoon tea. The things I have as my afternoon tea are always the same—two slices of bread and butter and a cup of China tea. I also think of half past four at Manderley: the table drawn before the library fire, the door opened on time, and the laying of the tea, the silver tray, the





第二章

回忆过去

可以肯定的是我们再也无法回到从前了。我们试着忘记过去,但是总会有些事情让我们又记起过去的事情。

在我们的一生中,我们总会遇到这样那样的困难,我们已经打败了这个恶魔。现在,我们之间没有秘密,因为我们在一起患难与共。

尽管我们住的小旅店非常没有生气,而且饮食也很糟糕,但是我们却不想改变。在其他任何大酒店里,我们都会碰见很多他所认识的人。在这种非常程序化的生活中,我发展了自己读书的兴趣。我们每天都焦急地等待从英国来的报纸。我们可以在上面看到各式各样的球类运动的决赛和拳击比赛,还有各种奇怪的比赛。

有的时候我可以得到几份《田野报》,这份报纸是讲关于大自然的故事,这些事让我想到了曼陀丽。有一次,我在上面看到一篇关于野鸽的文章。这使我想到了以前的生活,使我的朗读结结巴巴。我看到了他阴沉的脸色,便停止了朗读。

这件事使我明白:英语的新闻可以读,比如体育,政治,但是任何会联想到不快乐的注事的东西都不要提。

有的时候我可以度过一个愉快的下午和享用简单的下午茶。我的下午茶通常都是一样的——两片黄油面包和一杯中国茶。我也会想起曼陀丽下午四点半的情景:在藏书室的火炉边摆上一张桌子,门会准时打开,然后一成不变地摆放茶,银色托盘,

① woe *n.* 悲哀,灾难

② Field *n.* 《田野报》

③ falter *v.* 结结巴巴





kettle, the snowy cloth were all unchanging. Jasper, waved its big ears, always seemed indifferent to the food before us and yet we ate so little. I didn't know how to do with all the food. However, I never dare to ask Mrs. Danvers what she will do with this food and I can imagine her saying, "There were never any complaints when Mrs. De Winter was alive." Instinctively^① I thought, "She is comparing me to Rebecca", and sharp as a sword the shadow came between us.

All these have gone, and Rebecca will never bother us. Even my faithful Jasper has gone to heaven and Manderley is no more! Every time I remember these old days, I will stand on the balcony and take a deep breath. I suppose what makes me bold is his dependence on me. At any rate, I have lost my diffidence, my shyness^② with strangers. I am very different from that self who drove to Manderley for the first time. It was my awful deeds made such a bad impression on Mrs. Danvers. What must I have seemed like after Rebecca? I can remember what I looked like at that time: a straight, bobbed^③ hair, youthful, unpowdered face, dressed in an ill - fitting coat, followed after Mrs. Van Hopper like a shy, uneasy girl. Mrs. Van Hopper is a short fat lady and always wears a pair of glasses—the enemy of others' private lives. She would make for her usual table in the corner of the restaurant, close to the window, and lift her glasses to her small piggy eyes to survey the scene to right and left of her, then utter^④ "Not a single well - known personality^⑤".

Once I lived in Cote d'Azur at Monte Carlo^⑥ with Mrs. Van Hopper. When she was eating her meal happily, a new guest sat beside us. Mrs. Van Hopper put down her fork and worn her glasses. She stared at the newcomer, and I blushed for her about her deeds. Then she folded her glasses and turned to me.

"It's Max de Winter," she said, "the man who owns Manderley. You've heard of it, of course. He looks ill, doesn't he? They say he can't get over his wife's death..."





水壶和雪白的桌布。杰斯珀,摆着它的大耳朵,总是对它面前的食物没什么兴趣,我们都吃的很少。我不知道要怎么处理这些食物。但是我从来不敢去问丹弗斯太太她会怎样处理这些食物,我可以想象她说的话:“德温特夫人在世的时候可从来不抱怨。”直觉告诉我,“她又在拿我和吕蓓卡相比了”,这样就象一把利剑插在了我们之间……

所有这些都已经过去了,吕蓓卡再也不会影响我们。就连我忠心的杰斯珀也去了天国,而且曼陀丽也不复存在了!每当想起往昔,我就会在阳台上,做一个深呼吸。我想使我勇敢的是他和我互相依靠。无论如何,我已经不是那个缺乏自信,在陌生人面前非常羞涩的我了。我和第一次到曼陀丽的时候完全不一样了。我的糟糕的举止给丹弗斯太太留下了很不好的印象。在吕蓓卡之后,我在人们心目中的形象是什么样的呢?我还记得自己那时的样子:平直的短发,带着稚气、不施粉脂的脸庞,穿着不太合身的衣服,羞涩地、不太自然地跟在范·霍珀夫人的后面。范·霍珀夫人是一个又矮又胖的女人,总是戴着一副眼镜——别人隐私的敌人。她总是坐在餐厅角落那个临窗的位置,把眼镜放在她猪似的小眼睛前面左看右看,然后说“这里没有一个名人”。

有一次我和范·霍珀夫人住在蒙特卡洛的“蓝色海岸”。正当她津津有味地吃东西的时候,一个新客人坐在了我们旁边。范·霍珀夫人放下手中的叉子,戴上眼镜。她一直盯着这位新来的客人,我都为她的行为而感到脸红。接着,她收起眼镜转向我。

“这是迈克斯·德温特,”她说,“曼陀丽庄园的主人。你应该听说过。他看起来是病了。据说他妻子死了,他还没恢复过来……”

① instinctively *ad.* 凭直觉地

② shyness *n.* 害羞

③ bobbed *a.* 剪短的

④ utter *v.* 说出

⑤ personality *n.* 知名人物

⑥ Monte Carlo *n.* 蒙特卡洛,摩纳哥公国的一个城镇,位于地中海沿岸和法国里维埃拉,以其赌场和豪华酒店闻名。





Chapter 3

Meeting Mr. de Winter

I wonder what my life would be today, if Mrs. Van Hopper had not been a snob^①. Funny to think that my life all depends on her. For many years now she had come to the Hotel Cote d'Azur, and apart from bridge^②, her one pastime which was infamous^③ by now in Monte Carlo, was to claim visitors of distinction as her friends, even they met each other once in the post office. She could always think of some ways to introduce herself to others, such as borrowing the newspaper or asking the way to some place.

I can remember her deeds on that unforgettable afternoon as though it happened yesterday. She told me to go upstairs and find her nephew's letter. She said, "You remember, the letter was written on his honeymoon^④, with the photograph in it. Bring it down to me right away." I knew this was the means she used to introduce herself.

This newcomer would not like others to disturb him, I felt certain for that. Ten months ago, Mrs. Van Hopper saw something about him in newspaper and stored them in mind for future use. Why he should have chosen to come to the Cote d'Azur^⑤ at Monte Carlo was not our concerns. He had his own problems but others couldn't understand. Of course, Mrs. Van Hopper was an exception. She always didn't know how to behave properly and carefully.

When I came downstairs, I found that Mrs. Van Hopper had already used another means to make self-introduction and he sat in my usual place beside Mrs. Van Hopper.

When I gave the letter to her, she told my name to him vaguely^⑥. The introduction of me was her way to do self-protection, because once I was taken as her daughter.

