

“七彩”英汉对照读物系列

# 短篇惊险小说 精选

◎ 卢志宏 李 琰 张曼君 译  
陈 静 唐晓萌 蔡 嵘

Selected Horror Short Stories



安徽科学技术出版社

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陈 静 唐晓萌 蔡 嵘 译  
(按姓氏笔画排序)

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## 编辑的话

优秀的惊险小说，向来受到广大读者的青睐。比如“福尔摩斯探案集”、“阿加莎·克里斯蒂探案集”这两个系列，在国内市场上已有多个版本，国内读者对之耳熟能详。然而在短篇惊险小说这个范畴中，中国读者能随口报来的名家和名作则少之又少。为了帮助读者拓宽阅读面、品味不同风格的短篇惊险小说，我们在本书中收集了17篇不同时代最著名的英文短篇，用英汉对照的形式让读者充分认识这些经典作品。

选材时，我们特别留意收录侧重点不同的小说，如“当心狗咬”和“最危险的猎物”描述主人公惊险的经历；“抽签”和“最后一击”表现人性的阴暗面；“一则鬼故事”则带有很强的幽默色彩。希望这些作品能从不同的角度折射出惊险小说世界的瑰丽之光。愿读者乐在书中。

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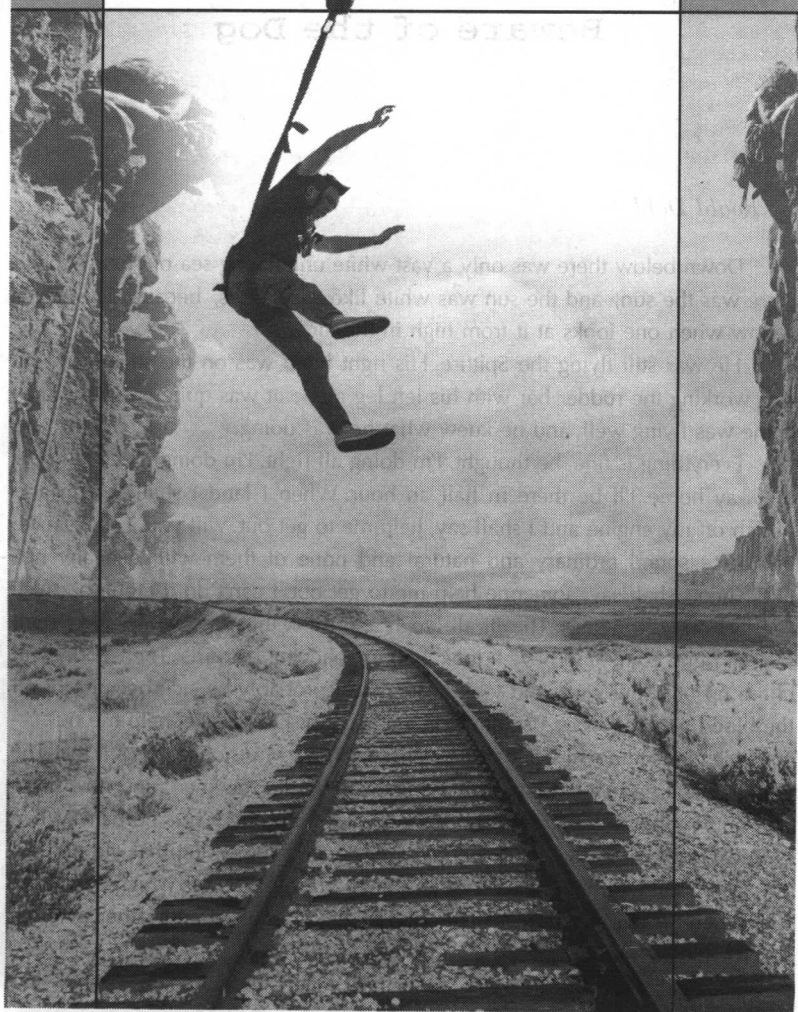
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## Classic Horror Short Stories



UNITS 10

## Beware of the Dog

*by Roald Dahl*

Down below there was only a vast white undulating sea of cloud. Above there was the sun, and the sun was white like the clouds, because it is never yellow when one looks at it from high in the air.

He was still flying the Spitfire. His right hand was on the stick, and he was working the rudder bar with his left leg alone. It was quite easy. The machine was flying well, and he knew what he was doing.

Everything is fine, he thought. I'm doing all right. I'm doing nicely. I know my way home. I'll be there in half an hour. When I land I shall taxi in and switch off my engine and I shall say, help me to get out, will you. I shall make my voice sound ordinary and natural and none of them will take any notice. Then I shall say, someone help me to get out. I can't do it alone because I've lost one of my legs. They'll all laugh and think that I'm joking, and I shall say, all right, come and have a look, you unbelieving bastards. Then Yorky will climb up onto the wing and look inside. He'll probably be sick because of all the blood and the mess. I shall laugh and say, for God's sake, help me out.

He glanced down again at his right leg. There was not much of it left. The cannon shell had taken him on the thigh, just above the knee, and now there was nothing but a great mess and a lot of blood. But there was no pain. When he looked down, he felt as though he were seeing something that did not belong to him. It had nothing to do with him. It was just a mess which happened to be there in the cockpit; something strange and unusual and rather interesting. It was like finding a dead cat on the sofa.

He really felt fine, and because he still felt fine, he felt excited and unafraid.



## 谨防狗咬

罗德·达尔

下面只有一片茫茫起伏的白色云海。上面是太阳，太阳和云一样的白，高空中看到的太阳从来不是黄色的。

他还在驾驶着“喷火”号，右手放在操纵杆上，只用左腿控制着方向舵。这很容易。飞得很好，他知道自己是在干什么。

一切都很好，他想。我干得不错，干得漂亮。我知道回家的路。不用半个小时我就能到家了。降落时，我向前滑行，然后关闭引擎，我会说，帮我出去，好么？我要说得像平常一样，自自然然，没人会注意到异常。于是我说，有谁帮我出去。我自己不行，我掉了一条腿。他们都会大笑，以为我在开玩笑。然后我说，好吧，过来看看，你们这些不相信我的家伙。然后约克会爬上机翼，朝里瞧瞧。看到乱糟糟、血肉模糊的一片，他可能会吐出来。我会笑着说，看在上帝的分上，帮我出去。

他又朝下扫了一眼右腿。那条腿已经所剩无几。炮弹击中了大腿，就在膝盖上面，现在除了一团稀烂和大片的血，没有什么了。可是一点也不痛。他朝下看的时候，就像看到了不属于自己的东西，和他没有任何关系，只是一堆碰巧放在驾驶舱的杂物，一些奇怪的，不常见又很有意思的东西。就像在沙发上发现一只死猫。

他真的感觉很好。因为仍然感觉好，他很兴奋，也不害怕。

I won't even bother to call up on the radio for the blood wagon, he thought. It isn't necessary. And when I land I'll sit there quite normally and say, some of you fellows come and help me out, will you, because I've lost one of my legs. That will be funny. I'll laugh a little while I'm saying it; I'll say it calmly and slowly, and they'll think I'm joking. When Yorky comes up onto the wing and gets sick, I'll say, Yorky, you old son of a bitch, have you fixed my car yet? Then when I get out I'll make my report and later I'll go up to London. I'll take that half bottle of whisky with me and I'll give it to Bluey. We'll sit in her room and drink it. I'll get the water out of the bathroom tap. I won't say much until it's time to go to bed, then I'll say, Bluey, I've got a surprise for you. I lost a leg today. But I don't mind so long as you don't. It doesn't even hurt. We'll go everywhere in cars. I always hated walking, except when I walked down the street of the coppersmiths in Bagdad, but I could go in a rickshaw. I could go home and chop wood, but the head always flies off the ax. Hot water, that's what it needs; put it in the bath and make the handle swell. I chopped lots of wood last time I went home, and I put the ax in the bath....

Then he saw the sun shining on the engine cowling of his machine. He saw the rivets in the metal, and he remembered where he was. He realized that he was no longer feeling good; that he was sick and giddy. His head kept falling forward onto his chest because his neck seemed no longer to have any strength. But he knew that he was flying the Spitfire, and he could feel the handle of the stick between the fingers of his right hand.

I'm going to pass out, he thought. Any moment now I'm going to pass out.

He looked at his altimeter. Twenty-one thousand. To test himself he tried to read the hundreds as well as the thousands. Twenty-one thousand and what? As he looked the dial became blurred, and he could not even see the needle. He knew then that he must bail out; that there was not a second to lose, otherwise he would become unconscious. Quickly, frantically, he tried to slide back the hood with his left hand, but he had not the strength. For a second he took his right hand off the stick, and with both hands he managed to push the hood back. The rush of cold air on his face seemed to help. He had a moment of great clearness, and his actions became orderly and precise. That is what happens with a good pilot. He took some quick deep breaths from his

我甚至不会费事在无线电里寻求供血车，他想。没那必要。降落的时候，我会很正常地坐在那里，对他们说，你们哪位帮我出去，好吗。我掉了一条腿。那会很有意思。说这话的时候，我会笑笑。我要平静而又缓慢地讲话。他们会以为我在开玩笑。当约克爬上机翼，要吐出来的时候，我会说，约克，你这个老混蛋，把我的车修好了吗？从飞机里出来后，我会做个汇报，然后去伦敦。我要把这半瓶威士忌带给布露易。我们坐在她的房间里喝酒。我从浴室龙头接水。睡觉前，我不会说很多话。要睡觉时，我会说，布露易，我有一件你想不到的事要告诉你。今天我掉了一条腿。不过，只要你不介意，我也不会介意。我甚至都不觉得疼。我们可以开车去任何地方。我一向讨厌走路，除了那次走在巴格达那条有许多铜匠铺的街上；不过我可以坐人力车。我能回家伐木，可是斧子的头总是从斧子上飞出去。热水，需要的是热水；把斧子放进浴盆，让斧柄膨胀。上次回家我砍了很多木头，我把斧子放进浴盆……

这时，他看到飞机的金属罩上阳光闪烁。他看到金属里的铆钉，记起他是在哪儿。他意识到自己的感觉不再那么好；感到恶心和眩晕。头不断地向胸前垂，因为脖子似乎不再有一点儿力量。但是他知道自己仍在开着“喷火”，他还能感觉到右手手指间操纵杆的把柄。

我要昏过去了，他想。现在我随时都会失去知觉。

他看了看测高仪。二万一千。为了测试自己，读到了千位数后，他努力去读百位数。二万一千几？他看着看着，仪表盘变得模糊不清，他甚至连指针都看不清。那时他知道必须跳伞，一秒钟都不能耽搁，否则他就会昏过去。慌乱之中，他迅速地试图用左手把飞机的防护罩向后滑，可是他没有力气。他把右手从操纵杆上拿开一会儿，用两只手把防护罩推到了后面。一阵冷风吹到他脸上，似乎有点效果。那一刻他感到非常清醒，动作变得条理，准确无误。这就是一名优秀飞行员的素质。他从氧气面罩里迅速地深呼吸了几下，同

oxygen mask, and as he did so, he looked out over the side of the cockpit. Down below there was only a vast white sea of cloud, and he realized that he did not know where he was.

It'll be the Channel, he thought. I'm sure to fall in the drink.

He throttled back, pulled off his helmet, undid his straps, and pushed the stick hard over to the left. The Spitfire dripped its port wing, and turned smoothly over onto its back. The pilot fell out.

As he fell he opened his eyes, because he knew that he must not pass out before he had pulled the cord. On one side he saw the sun; on the other he saw the whiteness of the clouds, and as he fell, as he somersaulted in the air, the white clouds chased the sun and the sun chased the clouds. They chased each other in a small circle; they ran faster and faster, and there was the sun and the clouds and the clouds and the sun, and the clouds came nearer until suddenly there was no longer any sun, but only a great whiteness. The whole world was white, and there was nothing in it. It was so white that sometimes it looked black, and after a time it was either white or black, but mostly it was white. He watched it as it turned from white to black, and then back to white again, and the white stayed for a long time, but the black lasted only for a few seconds. He got into the habit of going to sleep during the white periods, and of waking up just in time to see the world when it was black. But the black was very quick. Sometimes it was only a flash, like someone switching off the light, and switching it on again at once, and so whenever it was white, he dozed off.

One day, when it was white, he put out a hand and he touched something. He took it between his fingers and crumpled it. For a time he lay there, idly letting the tips of his fingers play with the thing which they had touched. Then slowly he opened his eyes, looked down at his hand, and saw that he was holding something which was white. It was the edge of a sheet. He knew it was a sheet because he could see the texture of the material and the stitchings on the hem. He screwed up his eyes, and opened them again quickly. This time he saw the room. He saw the bed in which he was lying; he saw the grey walls and the door and the green curtains over the window. There were some roses on the table by his bed.

Then he saw the basin on the table near the roses. It was a white enamel basin, and beside it there was a small medicine glass.

This is a hospital, he thought. I am in a hospital. But he could remember nothing. He lay back on his pillow, looking at the ceiling and wondering what had happened. He was gazing at the smooth greyness of the ceiling which was

时朝驾驶舱外看了看。下面只是一片茫茫云海，他意识到自己不知道目前的方位。

应该是英格兰海峡，他想。我一定会掉进水里。

他降低速度，摘下头盔，解开安全带，把操纵杆推到左边。“喷火”的左舷倾斜，平滑地翻过身。飞行员掉了下去。

往下掉的时候，他睁开了眼睛，因为他知道在拉开拉线之前，他千万不能昏过去。在一侧他看到了太阳，另一侧看到了白云，当他下落，在空中翻滚时，白云追逐着太阳，太阳追逐着白云。在一个小圈子里，它们互相追逐；它们跑得越来越快，太阳，白云，白云，太阳，白云更近了，直到突然没了太阳，只有巨大的一片白色。整个世界都是白色的，里面空无一物。太白了，有时看起来成了黑色，过一会儿既不白也不黑，不过多数时候是白色。他注视着，由白变黑，又从黑到白，白色持续得很长，而黑色只有几秒钟。他习惯了在白色的时候入睡，又恰巧在黑色的时候醒来看看这世界。但是黑色转瞬即逝。有时仅仅一闪，像是谁拉灭了灯，又突然拉开，所以，每次变成白色时，他就打起盹。

有一天，当是白色的时候，他伸出一只手，摸到了什么东西。他把这东西放在手指之间揉来揉去。有一小会儿，他躺在那儿，指尖无聊地玩着那摸到的东西。然后，他慢慢地睁开眼睛，朝下看了看那只手，看到他正拿着一样白色的东西。那是床单的边。他知道那是床单，因为他能看出这布料的质地和折边上的针脚。他闭紧了眼睛，又很快地睁开。这次他看到的是一间屋子。他看到了自己躺的这张床；他看到了灰色的墙、门和窗户上绿色的窗帘。床边的桌子上有些玫瑰。

然后，他看到了桌子上玫瑰旁边的盆子。白色的搪瓷盆，挨着它的是一个药瓶。

这是医院，他想。我在医院。但是他什么都记不得了。他躺在枕头上，看着天花板，纳闷发生了什么事。他盯着天花板光滑的灰

so clean and gray, and then suddenly he saw a fly walking upon it. The sight of this fly, the suddenness of seeing this small black speck on a sea of gray, brushed the surface of his brain, and quickly, in that second, he remembered everything. He remembered the Spitfire and he remembered the altimeter showing twenty-one thousand feet. He remembered the pushing back of the hood with both hands, and he remembered the bailing out. He remembered his leg.

It seemed all right now. He looked down at the end of the bed, but he could not tell. He put one hand underneath the bedclothes and felt for his knees. He found one of them, but when he felt for the other, his hand touched something which was soft and covered in bandages.

Just then the door opened and a nurse came in.

"Hello," she said. "So you've waked up at last."

She was not good-looking, but she was large and clean. She was between thirty and forty and she had fair hair. More than that he did not notice.

"Where am I?"

"You're a lucky fellow. You landed in a wood near the beach. You're in Brighton. They brought you in two days ago, and now you're all fixed up. You look fine."

"I've lost a leg," he said.

"That's nothing. We'll get you another one. Now you must go to sleep. The doctor will be coming to see you in about an hour." She picked up the basin and the medicine glass and went out.

But he did not sleep. He wanted to keep his eyes open because he was frightened that if he shut them again everything would go away. He lay looking at the ceiling. The fly was still there. It was very energetic. It would run forward very fast for a few inches, then it would stop. Then it would run forward again, stop, run forward, stop, and every now and then it would take off and buzz around viciously in small circles. It always landed back in the same place on the ceiling and started running and stopping all over again. He watched it for so long that after a while it was no longer a fly, but only a black speck upon a sea of gray, and he was still watching it when the nurse opened the door, and stood aside while the doctor came in. He was an Army doctor, a major, and he had some last war ribbons on his chest. He was bald and small, but he had a cheerful face and kind eyes.

"Well, well," he said. "So you've decided to wake up at last. How are you feeling?"

"I feel all right."

色,那是如此的洁净,如此的灰白;突然,他看到了正在上面走着的一只苍蝇。看到这只苍蝇、突然看到一片灰白的海洋中的这个小黑点,他仿佛被理清了思绪,片刻之间记起了一切。他记起了“喷火”号,记起了显示二万一千英尺的高度仪。他记起了他的那条腿。

现在似乎很好。他看了看床的那头,却看不出什么。他把一只手放到毯子下面去摸自己的膝盖。他摸到了一个,再去摸另一个时,他的手碰到了一些裹在绷带里的软软的东西

就在这时,门开了,一位护士走进来。

“你好,”她说。“你总算醒了。”

她不漂亮,但是高大整洁。年龄有三四十岁,长着浅色的头发。除此之外,他没注意到别的。

“我在哪儿?”

“你很幸运。你落在海滩旁的树林里。你在布赖顿\*。他们两天前把你送来,现在你已经好了。你看起来很好。”

“我丢了一条腿,”他说。

“那没什么,我们会给你另接一条。现在你必须睡觉。医生一小时以后来看你。”她拿起盆和药瓶出去了。

可是他没有睡觉。他想睁着眼睛,害怕如果闭上眼睛,一切都将消失。他躺着看天花板。那只苍蝇还在那儿。它很有精神。它会飞速地向前跑几英寸,然后停下来。然后会再向前跑,停下来,向前跑,停下来,不时地飞起,疯狂地绕着小圈子。它总是落在天花板的同一个地方,又一次开始起跑,停下。他注视着苍蝇很长时间,过了一会儿,那不再是一只苍蝇,而只是一片灰白中的一个黑点。他仍旧盯着看,这时护士推开门,站在一旁,医生进来了。军医,少校,胸前是一些最近的战争勋带。秃顶,矮小,但是面容愉快,目光和善。

“啊,啊,”他说。“你终于决定醒了。感觉怎么样?”

“我觉得很好。”

\* 英国东南部海滨城市名。

"That's the stuff. You'll be up and about in no time."

The doctor took his wrist to feel his pulse.

"By the way," he said, "some of the lads from your squadron were ringing up and asking about you. They wanted to come along and see you, but I said that they'd better wait a day or two. Told them you were all right, and that they could come and see you a little later on. Just lie quiet and take it easy for a bit. Got something to read?" He glanced at the table with the roses. "No. Well, nurse will look after you. She'll get you anything you want." With that he waved his hand and went out, followed by the large clean nurse.

When they had gone, he lay back and looked at the ceiling again. The fly was still there and as he lay watching it he heard the noise of an airplane in the distance. He lay listening to the sound of its engines. It was a long way away. I wonder what it is, he thought. Let me see if I can place it. Suddenly he jerked his head sharply to one side. Anyone who has been bombed can tell the noise of a Junkers 88. They can tell most other German bombers for that matter, but especially a Junkers 88. The engines seem to sing a duet. There is a deep vibrating bass voice and with it there is a high pitched tenor. It is the singing of the tenor which makes the sound of a JU-88, something which one cannot mistake.

He lay listening to the noise, and he felt quite certain about what it was. But where were the sirens, and where the guns? That German pilot certainly had a nerve coming near Brighton alone in daylight.

The aircraft was always far away, and soon the noise faded away into the distance. Later on there was another. This one, too, was far away, but there was the same deep undulating bass and the high singing tenor, and there was no mistaking it. He had heard that noise every day during the battle.

He was puzzled. There was a bell on the table by the bed. He reached out his hand and rang it. He heard the noise of footsteps down the corridor, and the nurse came in.

"Nurse, what were those airplanes?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I didn't hear them. Probably fighters or bombers. I expect they were returning from France. Why, what's the matter?"

"They were JU-88's. I'm sure they were JU-88's. I know the sound of the engines. There were two of them. What were they doing over here?"

The nurse came up to the side of his bed and began to straighten out the sheets and tuck them in under the mattress.



“这就好了。你很快就没事了。”

医生摸了摸他的脉搏。

“对了，”他说，“你们中队的一些小伙子打电话来问你的情况。他们想来看你，不过我对他们说最好等一两天。我告诉他们你很好，他们很快就能来看你。安静地躺在这儿，别担心。”“有能读读看看的东西么？”他扫了一眼桌上的玫瑰。“没有。哦，护士会照顾你的。你想要什么，她会拿给你。”说着这话，他挥了挥手，出去了，那位高大整洁的护士跟在后面。

他们出去了，他向后躺下，又看着天花板。苍蝇还在那儿，躺着看苍蝇的时候，他听到远处传来的飞机声。他躺着听飞机引擎的声音。声音很远很远。奇怪，这是什么呢，他想。让我看看能不能听出来。突然，他猛地把头转向一边。被轰炸过的人都能听出“容克 88”的声音。事实上人们能认出多数其他德国战斗机，但尤其是“容克 88”。它的引擎似乎在唱双重奏。深沉颤抖的男低音，和着高调的男高音。正是这男高音的歌唱让人决不会错认“容克 88”的声音。

他躺着听这声音，他十分确信。但是，警报声在哪儿？枪声在哪儿？这个德国飞行员真有种，敢在大白天一个人飞近布赖顿。

飞机总是离得很远，不一会儿那声音消逝在远方。不久，又一架。这一架也很远，但是同样深沉颤抖的男低音和着高调的男高音，不会错。打仗的时候他每天都听到这声音。

他困惑了。床边桌子上有一个铃。他伸出手，按响了铃。他听到走廊里的脚步声，护士走进来。

“护士，那是什么飞机？”

“我肯定不知道。我刚才没听到。可能是战斗机或是轰炸机。我想它们是从法国飞回来。怎么，有问题么？”

“那是‘容克 88’的声音。我确信那是‘容克 88’的声音。我知道那引擎的声音。有两架。它们在这儿干什么？”

护士走到他床边，理平了床单，掖在床垫下。