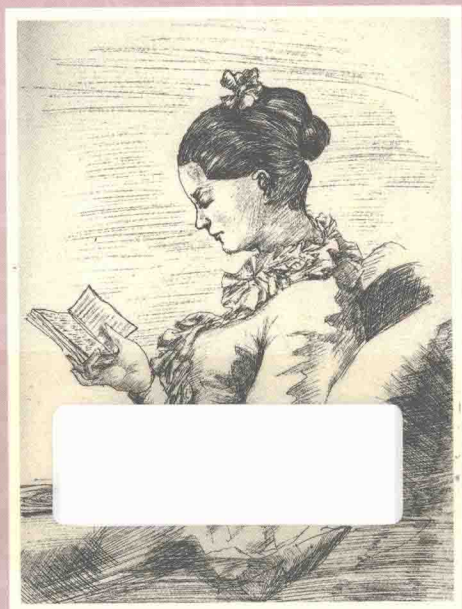


读名著·学英语

简·爱

Jane Eyre

〔英〕勃朗特 (Bronte, C.) 著 黄占英 译



阅读能力·词汇强化·语法巩固·短语训练

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吉林出版集团有限责任公司

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出版说明 Publisher's Note

英语是当今世界上主要的国际通用语言之一，也是世界上最广泛使用的语言。世界上有二十多个国家把英语作为官方语言或第二语言使用。据不完全统计，在全球差不多每十个人中就有一个人在讲英语。目前全世界的经济贸易、商业文书、政府交往、学术论文、旅游交通、银行文件语言等等都需要用到英文；互联网上的原版资料90%为英文；70%以上的邮件是用英文书写或用英文写地址的；全世界科技出版物70%以上用英语发表；全世界的广播节目中60%是用英语进行播放交流的；绝大部分的国际会议是以英语为第一通用语言（90%以上的国际会议用英语召开），它也是联合国的正式工作语言之一。

原本的非英语国家也早已将英语口语及课程普及化。大多数国家的高等学府、大学院校都开设英语语言文学专业，青少年也从小学习英语课程。仅在中国，就有一百多所大学设有英语专业或英语相关专业。随着我国对外开放的不断扩大化，科学技术不断进步，国际地位不断提高，迫切需要造就一大批精通外语的专门人才。而学好英语这门语言，对于我们来说，大有裨益：

第一，从小培养良好的英语读说听写基础，较早阅读原版图书和国外文献资料，增加课外知识，开阔眼界。

第二，英语是中考、高考的必选重点科目，即使不选择英语类专业，如果英语口语、写作或者翻译有一技之长，也会被社会广泛需要。

第三，具有英语语言优势可以增加被重点学校录取的几率，同时，不管将来从事哪个行业，英语交流都是必不可少的交际工具。

总之，加强英语学习已然刻不容缓，从今后的发展趋势来看，它就像我们的一日三餐一样不可或缺。

令人欣喜的是，我们的英语素质教育越来越受到重视，教师、家长和学生都逐渐意识到英语学习的重要性和必要性。其中对于基础英语教育而言，进行大量的原版英文阅读对提高英文学习水平是很有效的。国家教育部颁布的《英语课程标准》也对学生课外英语阅读提出了更高的标准和要求。

为全面提升英语爱好者的英语阅读能力，让亲爱的读者既读到原汁原味的英文原著，同时又能循序渐进，轻松愉快地学习世界文学文化，我们隆重推出了“读名著 学英语”阅读书系。

衷心希望亲爱的读者在阅读“读名著 学英语”系列图书的过程中有所收获，让大家不再感到英语学习沉闷枯燥，而是有章有法，在潜移默化中得以领悟，轻松提高学习兴趣；同时帮助更多的读者爱上英文，阅读英文，享受英语文化的极美盛筵。

前言 Preface

《简·爱》是19世纪英国著名女作家夏洛蒂·勃朗特的代表作，人们普遍认为《简·爱》是夏洛蒂·勃朗特“诗意的生平写照”，是一部具有自传色彩的作品。全书构思精巧，情节波澜起伏，感情色彩丰富而强烈，至今仍保持着它独特的艺术魅力。

简·爱从小失去父母，寄住在舅妈家，不平等的待遇让她饱受欺凌。因为一次和表哥的冲突，她被送进了罗沃德孤儿院。

孤儿院教规严厉，生活艰苦，院长是个冷酷的伪君子。简在孤儿院继续受到精神和肉体上的摧残。由于恶劣的生活条件，孤儿院经常有孩子病死。简毕业后留校任教两年，这时，她的好友海伦患肺病去世。简厌倦了孤儿院里的生活，登广告谋求家庭教师的职业。

桑恩菲尔德庄园的女管家聘用了她。庄园的男主人罗切斯特经常在外旅行，偌大的宅第只有一个不到10岁的女孩阿黛拉，罗切斯特是她的监护人，她就是简的学生。

桑恩菲尔德庄园虽有些神秘，但这并不影响简·爱日趋平静的教学生活。直到那天，常年在外旅行的罗切斯特突然回家，一切开始发生改变。

罗切斯特是个性格阴郁而又喜怒无常的人，然而单纯的简·爱却很快地捕获了他的心。虽然社会地位迥异，但表面上看似冷漠的两个人都掩饰不住内心的炽热，迅速地坠入了爱河。

一个带着童年的悲惨经历，一个带着过去婚姻的不幸遭遇，二人却相遇、相对、相知、相亲、相爱……

婚礼上，简·爱意外得知罗切斯特的妻子并没有死，而是疯了，被关在庄园里。罗切斯特为此苦苦哀求，然而，如雷轰顶的简·爱还是选择了离开，并在牧师的帮助下找到了一份乡村教师的工作。

牧师向简·爱求婚，却使她顿悟——其实自己无法忘记对罗切斯特的爱。于是，简·爱不顾一切地回到了那早已成为一片废墟的桑思菲尔德庄园。

此时，疯妻已死，罗切斯特也瞎了双眼。废墟上，历经苦难的他们再次相遇，简·爱深情地为罗切斯特弹起了他们第一次见面时曾经弹过的钢琴曲，真爱从心底被重新唤起……

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Part I

第一部分

*Truly, with so much hate in my heart,
I did feel terrible.*

的确，我心中充满了仇恨，连我自己都觉得可怕。



Chapter 1: The Red Room

We couldn't go outside at all on that cold, rainy afternoon. The rain was **pouring down**, and the wind was blowing hard. I didn't care, I was happy to stay indoors. Trying to take long walks in the winter was terrible! It **was supposed to** be healthy for our bodies, but I hated coming home in the dark with my feet and hands as cold as ice. And I was always unhappy because Bessie, one of the servants, was always scolding me. I had always known that I was different from my cousins, John, Eliza, and Georgiana Reed. They were prettier and taller than I, and everyone loved them.

These three children were not very nice to other people or to each other. Usually they spent their time fighting and crying with each other. However, today they were with their mother in the sitting room, sitting quietly and talking in front of the warm fire. I wanted to join them, but Mrs. Reed, my aunt, said I could not. She was angry with me because Bessie had told her I was being **troublesome**.

"No, I'm sorry, Jane," she said, looking at me as if I was a rat on the floor. "Until I know that you are really trying to be good and quiet, I will not treat you like one of my children. They are good!"

"What did Bessie tell you? What have I done?" I asked.

"Jane Eyre, do not ask me any more questions. You must do what you are told. If you cannot speak nicely and obey me, then be quiet!"

After she left me I went into the little room next door. I got a picture book from the

第01章 红房子

pour down
(雨) 倾盆而下
be supposed to
应该; 被期望

troublesome a.
麻烦的; 讨厌的

那个寒冷的阴雨天的下午我们根本不能出去。大雨瓢泼，寒风劲吹。我不在意这个，反倒很高兴待在屋里。在冬天里吃力地走长路太可怕了！虽然这看上去对我们的身体有好处，但我讨厌黑天的时候回家，手脚冰凉。又因为一个叫贝茜的仆人总是训斥我，我苦不堪言。我一直都明白，我与我的表兄妹——里德家的约翰、依丽莎和乔治亚娜不一样。他们不仅比我漂亮、高大，而且还受宠。

这三个孩子对别人不太友善，彼此相处也不太好。他们三个常常彼此打闹不休。但今天却和他们的妈妈一起静静地待在起居室里，坐在暖和的炉子前说着话。我想加入进去，可我的舅妈里德太太不让。因为贝茜之前告诉她我一直都好惹麻烦，所以她对我很生气。

“不行，简，对不起。”她看着我说，好像我是一只地板上的耗子似的。“直到我知道你真的想要学好。安安静静的，我才会像对待我的孩子一样对待你，他们都是好孩子！”

“贝茜跟你说什么了？我干什么了？”我问。

“简·爱，别再多问了，听话。如果你不好好讲话，不听我的，那就闭嘴！”

她走开后，我走进隔壁的小房间，从书架上拿了一本图

shelf and climbed on to the window seat, closing the curtains around me. Now no one could find me. I stared out the window at the cold, gray November day. The rain fell hard on the garden, which had no leaves or flowers. Then I looked at the picture book. I was inside a world of imagination. For a while, I forgot my sad, lonely life and felt a little happier. I was only afraid that the Reed children might find me. Because they were cruel to me, I tried to talk to them as little as I could.

Suddenly the door opened, John Reed ran in.

"Where are you, you little rat?" he said. He did not see my **hiding place**. "Eliza! Georgy! Jane is not here! Tell Mamma she's gone outside—what a bad girl she is!"

"How lucky I drew the curtain!" I thought. I knew he would never find me, because he was very stupid. But his sister Eliza was not stupid, and she knew exactly where I was.

"She's in the window seat, John!" she said. Immediately I came out, because I did not want them to be angry with me. "What do you want?" I asked him.

"Say, what would you like, Master Reed?" he said, sitting in a comfortable chair. "I want you to come here."

John Reed was fourteen, and I was only ten. He was large, ugly, and fat. He often ate too much at meals, which made him look like a pig. Usually he was away at school, but his mother had made him come home for a while, because she thought his health was not good. He did not have anything to do but fight with his sisters, get into trouble with Bessie, and treat me badly.

John did not love his mother or his sisters, and he hated me. He was always cruel to me. Sometimes he hit me, and sometimes he just threatened me. But I was always afraid when he was near. I did not know how to make him treat me well. The servants did not want to make him angry, so they did whatever he wanted. Mrs. Reed, his mother, loved him too much and thought he never did anything wrong.

hiding place
躲藏处

画书，爬上窗台，拉上窗帘。现在没人能找到我了。我朝窗外看了看。11月的天阴冷灰沉，大雨倾泻在秃枝无花的花园里。然后，我看着图画书，沉浸在想象的世界里。我暂时忘掉了伤心和孤单，而且还感受到了一丝快活。我唯一担心的就是里德家的孩子会发现我，因为他们对我太凶了。跟他们说话，我总是尽量小声点。

突然，门开了，约翰·里德冲了进来。

“你这个小耗子，你在哪儿？”他说。他没有看到我的藏身之处。“伊丽莎！乔吉！简不在这儿！告诉妈妈她已经出去了——真是个好丫头！”

“幸好我拉上了窗帘！”我想。我知道他绝对找不到我，因为他太笨。可是他的妹妹伊丽莎不笨，她完全知道我在哪儿。

“约翰，她在窗台上！”她说。我赶紧走了出来，因为我不想叫他们生我的气。“你想要干什么？”我问道。

“你该这么问——里德主人，您想要干什么？”他坐在舒适的椅子上说，“我要你过来！”

约翰·里德已经14岁了，而我只有10岁。他长得高大，又丑又胖。他常常狼吞虎咽地吃得太多，以致像头猪一样。平时他在外上学，但他妈妈把他暂时接回家里，因为她觉得他身体不好。他无所事事，只有跟他的妹妹们打架，给贝茜添麻烦，欺负我。

约翰既不喜欢他的母亲，也不喜欢他的妹妹，对我更是只有仇恨。他总是对我很凶，有时打我，有时吓唬我。只要他一靠近我，我就害怕。我不知道怎样让他对我好点。仆人们不愿惹恼他，无论他要什么，他们都照办。他的母亲里德太太非常宠爱他，认为约翰绝对不会做错事。

While I walked over to John I thought about how ugly he was. I think he knew what I was thinking, because he suddenly hit me hard on the face.

"That is for your rudeness to Mamma just now," he said, "and for hiding, and for looking at me like that, you dirty little rat!" I was too afraid of John to hit him back.

"Now, what were you doing behind that curtain?" he asked.

"I was reading," I answered softly.

"Give me the book." I gave it to him.

"You can't touch these books!" he said. "You have no money, because your father gave you nothing when he died. You're nothing but a poor street rat. You ought to beg in the city, not live here with a gentleman's family. Anyway, all these books are mine, and so is the whole house! I'll teach you not to touch my things again!" Before I could run away, he lifted the heavy book and threw it hard at me.

It hit me and I fell, cutting my head on the door. I was in great pain, and suddenly for the first time in my life, I was so angry that forgot my fear of John Reed.

"You awful, cruel boy!" I shouted at him. "Why did you hit me? I haven't done anything to you. You don't even read those books, anyway. You are nothing but a stupid pig! You are as bad as a murderer!"

"What! What!" he screamed. "How dare you say these things to me? Do you hear this, sisters? I'll tell Mamma, but first..."

He ran to attack me, but now he was fighting with an angry girl. In those moments I really thought he was as bad as a murderer. I felt the blood running down my face, and the pain gave me strength. I fought him as hard as I could, kicking and biting. My strength surprised him, and he shouted for help. His sisters ran and told their mother. She called Bessie and Miss Abbott, her maid. They pulled us apart and I heard them say, "what a wild little animal! She attacked Master John!"

我向约翰走过去时，心想他太丑陋了。我觉得他知道了我在想什么，因为他突然狠狠地打了我的脸。

“这是罚你刚才对我妈妈无礼，”他说，“罚你藏起来，罚你那样看着我，你这个肮脏的小耗子！”我害怕约翰，不敢还手。

“说，你在帘子后面干什么？”他问。

“我在看书。”我轻声答道。

“把书给我。”我把书递了过去。

“你不能碰这些书！”他说，“你身无分文，因为你父亲死时什么也没给你留下。你只不过是个可怜的过街老鼠。你应该上城里去讨饭，而不是住在一位绅士的家里。不管怎样，这些书都是我的，连整个房子都是我的！我要教训你别再碰我的东西！”我还没来得及跑开，他就举起重重的书，狠狠地向我砸来。

我被打倒在地，头碰到门上磕破了。我感到疼痛不堪，突然间平生第一次气愤得忘记了我对约翰·里德的恐惧。

“你这个残忍的坏蛋！”我喊道，“你为什么打我？我又没惹你，你又不读这些书，你只不过是个蠢猪！你像个刽子手！”

“什么！什么！”他叫嚷着，“你怎敢这样说我？妹妹们，你们听到了吗？我要去告诉妈妈，不过我先得……”

他冲过来打我，不过现在他的对手是一个愤怒的女孩。当时我真的觉得他是个刽子手。我感到血从我的脸上流下来，而疼痛给了我力量，我使出全身力气向他还击，踢他、咬他。我的力气吓了他一跳，他大声呼救。他的妹妹们跑去找他们的妈妈。里德太太又叫上仆人贝茜和阿伯特小姐。她们把我们拉开，我听到她们说：“多野蛮的小畜生啊！她竟