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短
篇
小
说
Modern English
Short Stories

选

读

王冰 任森◎主编



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前言

《现代英美短篇小说选读》一书荟萃了 11 位英美现代作家的 11 篇短篇小说。所选作家有大师级的海明威、福克纳、乔伊斯，也有曼斯菲尔德、吉尔曼、特雷弗等。所选作品题材广泛、叙事精巧、风格迥异、语言细腻、贴近生活。故事或幽默滑稽、令人捧腹，如安德森的《鸡蛋的胜利》；或跌宕起伏、扣人心弦，如萨基的《敞开的窗》；或内涵悠远，发人深思，如海明威的《一个干净明亮的地方》。期望读者通过本书可以丰富和深化对英语世界的人生和社会的认识，洞察世态，感悟人生，提高文学修养和英语水平。

为了丰富读者的背景知识，引导读者欣赏短篇小说的精巧叙事和细腻笔触，感受其独特风格和永恒魅力。本书内容设计上除了选读部分外，还增添了作者简介、艺术特色、作品赏析、词汇、注释和思考题几个板块。其中作家简介部分以作家一生大事记为主线，重点介绍其各个时期的代表作品。艺术特色部分从作家叙事技巧、创作手法、语言特色等角度全方位呈现作家的艺术风格。作品赏析部分针对选文从创作风格、主题、语言特色等多角度深入剖析。除此之外，为了帮助读者排除阅读障碍，更好地理解小说所要传达的思想，每篇作品都提供了词汇表和汉语注释。词汇表附有音标和汉语释义。注

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前言
Preface



释部分包括专有名词、典故、词组、难句等。

本书既可以作为各类高校英语专业低年级阅读课教材，也可以作为非英语专业选修课教材，或者英语爱好者的课外读物。

本书在编写过程中参考了国内外同类书籍及相关作品评论，在此谨向作者们表示衷心的感谢和谢意。

由于编注者水平有限，时间仓促，书中难免有疏漏和不当之处，敬请专家学者以及热心读者不吝赐教，勘误校正。

编 者

2013 年 10 月

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The Nightingale and the Rose

夜莺与玫瑰

Oscar Wilde

001



【作者简介】

奥斯卡·王尔德 (Oscar Wilde), 爱尔兰作家、诗人、剧作家, 英国唯美主义艺术运动的倡导者, 英国当代最负盛名的剧作家之一。王尔德的童话也赢得了广大读者的青睐, 因此被誉为“童话王子”。

1854年: 王尔德出生于爱尔兰都柏林的一个家世卓越的家庭, 是家中次子。其父亲威廉姆·王尔德爵士是一个外科医生, 母亲是一位诗人兼作家。王尔德自幼便显示出很高的天赋, 精通法语、德语和拉丁语。

1874年: 获得都柏林三一学院古典文学最高荣誉——希腊文学柏克莱金质奖章。同年, 他拿到牛津大学莫德伦学院奖学金。当时年仅20岁的王尔德在那里受到罗斯金、佩特与纽曼红衣主教等人极大的影响。

1878年: 王尔德在牛津学业成绩名列前茅, 诗作《拉芬纳》(Ravenna) 赢得校内一项诗歌比赛。得奖的诗作由学校出资付梓, 成为王尔德第一本出版的作品。

1880年: 此时王尔德已经在伦敦社交圈崭露头角, 他的第一出剧作《薇拉》(Vera) 于同年完成。

1887年: 王尔德在接下来的两年期间于《妇女世界》担任编辑。同时他



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也完成并出版了一些短篇故事。

1888年：王尔德出版童话故事集《快乐王子与其他故事》(*The Happy Prince and Other Tales*)。

1891年：《石榴屋》(*A House of Pomegranates*)、《萨维尔勋爵的罪行与其他故事》(*Lord Arthur Savile's Crime and Other Stories*)、《意图》(*Intentions*)、与《道连·格雷的画像》(*The Picture of Dorian Gray*)出版。《道连·格雷的画像》引起极大的骚动，并受到媒体猛烈的攻击。

1896至1897年：王尔德被判有罪入狱。在服刑期间，王尔德写了一封长信《狱中书》(*De Profundis*)给艾尔佛瑞，解释自己的行为。

1897年：王尔德出狱，在友人罗斯陪伴下前往法国，并写下最著名的诗作《里丁监狱之歌》(*The Ballad of Reading Goal*)。

1900年11月30日：王尔德在加入天主教會的第二天过世。

【艺术特色】

奥斯卡·王尔德是英国19世纪末唯美主义运动的代表人物，是唯美主义的倡导者和实践者，无论是他的主张还是他的个性或者作品都是充满魅力的。王尔德醉心于艺术形式美的追寻，其断言只有风格才能使艺术不朽。王尔德不仅在服饰、装饰、语言的表达以及行为举止等人生的各方面创造了绚烂多彩的审美形式，而且成功地折射到他的作品中去。

王尔德的唯美主义是孤立审美主义或者被称作纯审美主义。它主要围绕“为艺术而艺术”的宗旨强调艺术的自主性、独立性，反对政治、道德、宗教等对艺术的干涉，认为艺术除表现自身外，别无所有。

王尔德的作品以其辞藻华美闻名，他的作品彰显了语言的自身参照性，即语言在刺激感官经验的丰富性和敏感性方面显露自身的美，从而达到唯美的效果。

王尔德的作品尤其是童话作品通常具有民间传统故事与唯美主义相结合的特点。民间故事使王尔德的童话成为有本之木，有源之水；唯美主义的文学理



念则令王尔德所写的童话体现出强烈的个人偏好。这两种动因相互影响使他的童话显现出独一无二的王尔德式的审美特色。

王尔德提倡享乐主义道德观，主张艺术与道德无关，致使很多人曾批判他的道德观。但他的作品体现的仍是维多利亚时期的道德理想。他不是要抛弃道德，而是要在艺术与道德的冲突中，力求表现出较大程度的融合。

【作品赏析】

《夜莺与玫瑰》是奥斯卡·王尔德的童话作品之一，故事讲述的是夜莺用全部的鲜血和整夜的歌声染红了玫瑰，用生命替一位年轻的学生去换一个姑娘一个晚上的爱情，然而玫瑰最终却被人弃之如敝屣。文章语言生动优美，辞藻华丽，诗意浓郁，其深刻的主题、丰富的意象、诗化的语言和戏剧化的情节，都使它有着极高的文学欣赏价值。

《夜莺与玫瑰》被 Rodney Shewan 称为王尔德“最简洁的社会批评之作”。文章在歌颂纯美爱情的同时，也描写了当时社会不同的人生观。作者极力赞美了夜莺所代表的理想主义的人生观；批判以青年学生为代表的徘徊于理想和现实之间的人生观；鞭挞了以教授的女儿为代表的随波逐流、爱慕虚荣的庸俗的人生观。

在这篇作品中，作者大量选取了自然界中常见的东西并赋之于美。夜莺和玫瑰更是极美的化身，他们不仅有美的外表，还有美的内在精神。这种理想的至美，就是王尔德想要表现的唯美主义的艺术创作。

《夜莺与玫瑰》中体现了童话所特有的戏剧化的情节，整篇童话都贯穿着美与丑、生与死以及理想与现实之间的矛盾。其中的对抗和冲突、毁灭或死亡带来了整个故事的高潮。这种由高到低的突然落差，产生了强烈的戏剧效果。

作者用了大量篇幅极力渲染夜莺之死的悲壮，这种悲壮的死不仅让我们同情夜莺的遭遇，而且给我们以振奋和鼓舞，因为永恒的爱依然存在。这就是王尔德在《夜莺与玫瑰》中想要传递给大家的一种悲剧的美。

The Nightingale and the Rose

“She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses,” cried the young student; “but in all my garden there is no red rose^[1].”

From her nest in the oak tree^[2] the Nightingale^[3] heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

“No red rose in all my garden!” he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. “Ah, I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made **wretched**.^[4]”

“Here at last is a true lover,” said the Nightingale. “Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not and now I see him.

“The Prince gives a ball to-morrow night,” **murmured** the young Student, “and my love will be there. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely and my heart will break.”

“Here, indeed, is the true lover,” said the Nightingale. “Surely love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than **emeralds**, and dearer than fine **opals**.

“The musicians will sit in their **gallery**,” said the young Student, “and play upon their stringed instruments^[5], and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her;” and he **flung** himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

“Why is he weeping?” asked a green **Lizard**, as he ran past him with his tail in

the air.

“Why, indeed?” said a Butterfly, who was **fluttering** about after a **sunbeam**.

“Why, indeed?” whispered a Daisy to his neighbor, in a soft, low voice.

“He is weeping for a red rose,” said the Nightingale.

“For a red rose!” they cried; “how very **ridiculous!**” and the little Lizard who was something of ^[6] a **cynic**, laughed outright. But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student’s sorrow, and she sat silent in the Oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She passed through the **grove** like a shadow^[7] and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot stood a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it she flew over to it. “Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.”

But the Tree shook its head.

“My roses are white,” it answered; “as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old **sun-dial**, and perhaps he will give you what you want.”

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.” But the Tree shook its head.

“My roses are yellow,” it answered; “as yellow as the hair of the mermaid^[8], and yellower than the **daffodil** that blooms in the **meadow**. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student’s window, and perhaps he will give you what you want.”

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student’s window.

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.” But the



Tree shook its head.

“My roses are red,” it answered, “as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of **coral**. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has **nipped** my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year.”

“One red rose is all I want,” cried the Nightingale, “only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?”

“There is a way,” answered the Tree; “but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you.”

“Tell it to me,” said the Nightingale, “I am not afraid.”

“If you want a red rose,” said the Tree, “you must build it out of music by moonlight ^[9], and **stain** it with your own heart’s blood. You must sing to me, and the thorn must **pierce** your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine.”

“Death is a great price to pay for a red rose,” cried the Nightingale, “and Life is very dear to all. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?” ^[10]

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes. “Be happy,” cried the Nightingale, “be happy, you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart’s blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover.”

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him. But the Oak-tree understood and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale, who had built her nest in his branches. “Sing me one last song,” he whispered. “I shall feel lonely when you are gone.”

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.



When she had finished her song, the Student got up.

“She has form,”^[11] he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove. “That cannot be denied to her but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style without any sincerity.”^[12] She would not sacrifice herself for others.” And he went into his room, and lay down on his bed, and after a time, he fell asleep.

And when the Moon shone in the heavens, the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper into her breast, and her life-blood **ebbed** away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the topmost spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvelous rose, **petal** following petal, as song followed song. But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. “Press closer, little Nightingale,” cried the Tree, “or the Day^[13] will come before the rose is finished.”

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid^[14].

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of the bridegroom when he kisses the lips of the bride. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart so the rose’s heart remained white.

And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. “Press closer, little Nightingale,” cried the Tree, “or the Day will come before the rose is finished.”

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.^[15]

And the marvelous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson

was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.^[16]

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and a film came over her eyes. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt something choking her in her throat.

Then she gave one last burst of music. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and lingered on in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with **ecstasy**, and opened its petals to the cold morning air.

"Look, look!" cried the Tree, "the rose is finished now;" but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

"Why, what a wonderful piece of luck!" ^[17]he cried; "here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name."^[18] and he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor's daughter with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway winding blue silk on a **reel**, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

"You said that you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose," cried the Student. "Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it tonight next your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how I love you."

But the girl frowned.

"I am afraid it will not go with ^[19] my dress," she answered; "and besides, the **Chamberlain's** nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

"Well, upon my word,^[20] you are very ungrateful," said the Student angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the **gutter**, and a cartwheel went over it.

"What a silly thing Love is!" said the Student as he walked away. "It is not half as useful as Logic. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics."^[21]"

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

【词汇】

单词	音标	注释
wretched	['retʃɪd]	adj. 不幸的
murmur	['mɜ:mə]	vt. 低声说
emerald	['ɛməɪəld]	n. 绿宝石
opal	['əʊp(ə)l]	n. 猫眼石
gallery	['gæl(ə)rɪ]	n. 走廊
fling	[flɪŋ]	vt. 扔, 摔
lizard	['lɪzəd]	n. 蜥蜴
flutter	['flʌtə]	vi. 鼓翼
sunbeam	['sʌnbɪ:m]	n. 阳光
ridiculous	[rɪ'dɪkjʊləs]	adj. 可笑的
cynic	['sɪnɪk]	n. 愤世嫉俗者
grove	[grəʊv]	n. 小树林
sun-dial	['sʌndəɪəl]	n. 日晷仪
daffodil	['dæfədɪl]	n. 水仙花
meadow	['medəʊ]	n. 草地
coral	['kɒr(ə)l]	n. 珊瑚
nip	[nɪp]	vt. 冻伤
stain	[steɪn]	vt. 给……着色
pierce	[prɪəs]	vt. 刺穿
ebb	[eb]	vi. 减
petal	['pet(ə)l]	n. 花瓣
ecstasy	['ekstəsi]	n. 狂喜; 入迷; 忘形
reel	[ri:l]	n. 卷筒
chamberlain	['tʃeɪmbəlɪn]	n. 宫廷大臣
gutter	['gʌtə]	n. 排水沟

【注释】

[1] red rose 从表层上看, 夜莺用生命塑造的血玫瑰象征着一朵爱情之花

