

经典名著英汉对照丛书

大卫·科波菲尔

David Copperfield

[英] 狄更斯/著
陈俊 揭力勤 宋晓冬 戈丽梨 等/编译
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前 言

近五年来,中国人民解放军军事经济学院、武汉纺织大学等军队及地方的十余所高校教学一线大学英语教师们根据大学生的需求和英语水平编译了近 80 部经典名著简写本——经典名著英汉对照丛书。他们不仅保留了原文深厚隽永的内涵,还严格控制了其难易度,即根据大学英语相应等级的词汇量对经典名著原文进行了改编,并增加了注释和译文。注释包括超纲词、短语、难句子、简单的背景知识等。名著编译简写本的英文及译文都力争精短准确,以飨大学生读者及英语水平相当的其他读者。

名著编译简写本的内容包括内容简介、英文、译文、注释及参考书目,英文的难易程度控制在 5000 词汇量以内。

《大卫·科波菲尔》是英国小说家查尔斯·狄更斯(Charles Dickens, 1812—1870 年)的长篇小说,被称为他“心中最宠爱的孩子”。全书采用第一人称叙事语气,融入了作者本人的许多生活经历。查尔斯·狄更斯的全部创作都体现了他的道德意图,那就是博爱、宽容的人道主义精神。正是他鲜明的道德意图,使小说具有净化人的灵魂的巨大感染力。查尔斯·狄更斯的描写不仅在细节配置和情绪烘托上都合情合理,恰到好处,还能给人以启发,让读者对恋爱、婚姻和家庭问题都有深刻的感悟。

编 者

2014 年 6 月

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Chapter 1 I Was Born

I was born at Blunderstone, in Suffolk, or “there by”, as they say in Scotland. I was a **posthumous** child. My father’s eyes had closed upon the light of this world six months, when mine opened on it. In the shadowy remembrance that I have of my first childish associations with his white grave-stone in the churchyard, and of the indefinable compassion I used to feel for it lying out alone there in the dark night, when our little **parlour** was warm and bright with fire and candle, and the doors of our house were — almost cruel, it seemed to me sometimes — bolted and locked against it.

An aunt of my father, Miss Trotwood, or Miss Betsey was the principal **magnate** of our family. She had been married to a husband younger than herself, who was very handsome with an incompatibility of temper. At last, Miss Betsey paid him off, and effected separation by mutual consent. He went to India with his capital. Anyhow, from India tidings of his death reached home, within ten years. How they affected my great-aunt, nobody knew; for immediately upon the separation, she took her maiden name again, bought a cottage in a **hamlet** on the sea-coast a long way off, established herself there as a single woman with one servant.

My father had once been a favourite of hers, I believe; but she was mortally **affronted** by his marriage, on the ground that my mother was “a wax doll”. She had never seen my mother, but she knew her to be not yet twenty. My father and Miss Betsey never met again. He was double my mother’s age when they married, but of a delicate constitution. He died one year afterwards, and as I have said, six months before I came into the world.

One bright and windy March afternoon, my mother was sitting by the fire, but poorly in health, and very low in spirits, looking at it through her tears, and desponding heavily about herself and the fatherless little stranger. When lifting her eyes as she dried them, to the window opposite, she saw a strange lady coming up the garden.

My mother had a sure **foreboding** at the second glance, that it was Miss Betsey. When she reached the house, instead of ringing the bell, she came and looked in at that identical window. After her eyes reached my mother, she made a frown and a gesture to her, like one who was accustomed to be obeyed, to come and open the door. My mother went.

“Mrs. Copperfield, I think,” said Miss Betsey.

“Yes,” said my mother, faintly. Then Miss Betsey introduced herself. My mother bent her

head, and begged her to walk in.

They were both seated, and Miss Betsey said nothing, my mother, after vainly trying to restrain herself, began to cry.

“Oh tut, tut, tut!” said Miss Betsey, in a hurry. “Don’t do that! Come, come!” she looked up and down my mother and said, “You’re totally a child ah.” My mother couldn’t stop crying. She was worrying about her future, worrying whether she could bring up the baby alone, and even worrying she would die before she became a mother.

Perhaps observing that my mother was a little unwell, Miss Betsey said, “Have some tea. Then you will feel better. What do you call your girl?”

“I don’t know that it will be a girl, yet, ma’am,” said my mother innocently.

“I don’t mean that. I mean your servant-girl.”

“Peggotty! It’s her surname. Mr. Copperfield called her by it, because her Christian name was the same as mine.”

“Here! Peggotty!” cried Miss Betsey, opening the parlour door. “Tea. Don’t dawdle.” It seemed that she had been a recognized authority in the house ever since it had been a house.

“You were speaking about its being a girl,” said Miss Betsey. “I have no doubt it will be a girl. Now child, from the moment of the birth of this girl...”

“Perhaps boy,” my mother took the liberty of putting in.

“I tell you I am sure it must be a girl,” returned Miss Betsey. “Don’t contradict. From the moment of this girl’s birth, child, I intend to be her friend. I intend to be her godmother, and I beg you’ll call her Betsey Trotwood Copperfield. There must be no mistakes in life with this Betsey Trotwood. There must be no trifling with her affections, poor dear. She must be well brought up, and well guarded. I must make that my care.”

Peggotty came in with the teaboard and candles, and seeing at a glance how ill my mother was, she conveyed her upstairs to her own room with all speed, and immediately **dispatched** Ham Peggotty, her nephew, to fetch the nurse and doctor.

There were now occasional sounds of feet and voices overhead. Miss Betsey stopped her ears with jeweller’s cotton, waiting for the newly born baby anxiously.

At about midnight, the doctor Mr. Chillip came downstairs to the parlour where Miss Betsey was impatient. When she learned that my mother gave birth to a boy, she said nothing, but put on her hat, rushed out of the door angrily and never came back. That was how I was born.

posthumous *adj.* 遗腹的, 父死后出生的

parlour *n.* 客厅

magnate *n.* 富豪, 巨头

hamlet *n.* 小村庄

affront *v.* 冒犯, 公开侮辱

foreboding *n.* 预兆

dawdle *v.* 混日子, 游手好闲

dispatch *v.* 派遣

第一章 我出生了

我出生在萨福克的布兰德斯通, 或者就像苏格兰人说的那样是“在那一边”。我是遗腹子。父亲闭眼六个月后我睁开了眼。我还隐隐约约记得, 我初次看到墓地里那块白色的墓碑时产生过的种种幼稚的联想。他在黑夜里孤零零地躺在外面, 让我无限同情, 因为我们的客厅里生着火, 点着蜡, 又暖和, 又亮堂, 而我们的房门却插着门闩, 上着锁, 不让他进来, 有时我觉得这种做法简直残忍不堪。

我父亲的一个姨妈, 特洛伍德小姐, 或称贝西小姐, 是我们家里说一不二的人物。她曾嫁给一个比她年轻的丈夫, 人很帅气, 但是脾气暴躁。最终, 贝西小姐给了他一笔钱, 两人从此分居。他拿着那笔钱去了印度。然而, 不到十年, 从那边传来了他去世的消息。我姨奶奶作何感想, 无人知晓。因为一分居, 我姨奶奶就恢复了她未嫁时的姓, 并在很远的一个海边小村里买了间农舍, 带了一个仆人在那里过起独身女人的生活。

据我了解, 父亲一度很受我姨奶奶的宠爱, 但是他的婚事让她伤透了心, 因为我母亲在她看来不过是一个“蜡娃娃”。虽然她从来没见过我母亲, 却知道她当时还不到 20 岁。自打结婚后, 父亲和姨奶奶就再没见过面。那时, 我父亲的年纪比我母亲的大一倍, 身体也很虚弱。一年后, 他去世了, 我在前面已经提到过, 他去世后六个月我才来到这世上。

那是三月里一个晴朗多风的星期五下午, 我母亲坐在壁炉边。她身子虚弱, 精神不振, 泪眼汪汪地看着炉火, 想到自己和那尚未出生就没有父亲的小人儿就好不绝望。当她抬起头来拭泪的时候, 透过窗户, 突然看见一个陌生女人走进了花园。

再看一眼时, 我母亲便断定那个女人就是贝西小姐。她来到屋前, 没有按门铃, 而是一直走到正对着我母亲的那扇窗前, 往窗里张望。她的目光落在我母亲身上后, 她皱起眉头, 朝我母亲做了个手势, 示意她去开门, 就像是指使奴仆那样。于是我母亲走过去, 开了门。

“我想, 你就是科波菲尔太太吧。”贝西小姐说。

“是的。”我母亲很胆怯地答道。随后贝西小姐作了自我介绍, 我母亲低下头请她进来。

她们俩落座后，贝西小姐一言不发，我母亲竭力控制自己，还是控制不住，哭了起来。

“哦，好了，好了，好了！”贝西小姐忙说，“别这样！好啦！好啦！”她上下打量了一下我母亲说：“你完全还是个孩子啊！”我母亲还在哭泣，她担心今后的生活，担心自己能否独自抚养好孩子，甚至担心自己会在成为母亲前就死去。

也许是看见我母亲不大舒服，贝西小姐说道：“喝点茶吧！这样你会好受些。你的女孩叫什么？”

“我还不敢说一定生个女孩呢，姨妈。”母亲天真地说。

“我不是说的那个，我是问你的女仆叫什么名字。”

“佩格蒂，那是她的姓。科波菲尔先生这样称呼她，是因为她的教名和我一样。”

“来，佩格蒂！”贝西小姐打开客厅的门，大声喊道，“拿茶来。别磨蹭！”那语气仿佛自从这个家庭建立以来她就是公认的一家之主。

“刚才你谈到生女孩的事，”贝西小姐说，“毫无疑问她会是个女孩。那么，孩子，这女孩一出生……”

“也许是男孩呢？”母亲冒失地插言说。

“我告诉你，我确定她是个女孩，”贝西小姐说，“别顶嘴。孩子，这个女孩生下来以后，我想做她的朋友。我想成为她的教母，我希望你叫她贝西·特洛伍德·科波菲尔。这个贝西·特洛伍德的生活里不能再出什么差错了，她的感情生活可不能再受到什么干扰。可怜的孩子，她应当很有教养，被监护得很好。我一定会把这当成我的责任。”

佩格蒂端着茶盘和蜡烛进来了。看到我母亲这么难受，连忙把我母亲送上楼，并马上打发她的侄儿汉姆·佩格蒂去请护士和医生。

楼上不时传来脚步声和喊叫声。贝西小姐忍不住往自己的耳朵里塞棉花球，焦急地等待着这个即将出世的孩子。

大约午夜时分，医生齐力普下楼来到客厅，贝西小姐已经很不耐烦了。当得知我母亲生的是个男孩时，她二话没说，戴上帽子，怒气冲冲地夺门而出，从此再没回来过。就这样我来到了世上。

Chapter 2 I Observe

When I look back on my early childhood, the first objects that assume a distinct presence before me are my mother with her pretty hair and youthful shape, and Peggotty with no shape at all, and eyes so dark that they seemed to darken their whole neighbourhood in her face, and cheeks and arms so hard and red that I wondered the birds didn't peck her in preference to apples. I have an impression that they are always around me. Peggotty used to hold her forefinger out to me, which is roughened by needlework, like a pocket nutmeg-grater.

I can remember there is a long passage in the house, leading from Peggotty's kitchen to the front door. A dark store-room, who owns our food, **tubs** and jars, opens out of it. At night, we usually sit in the parlour, chatting. One Sunday night my mother read to Peggotty and me in there, how **Lazarus** was raised up from the dead. And I was so frightened that they were afterwards obliged to take me out of bed, and showed me the quiet churchyard out of the bedroom window, with the dead all lying in their graves at rest. In the morning, I often go to the church with Peggotty. Our **pew** is there. With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen, and it's seen many times during the morning's service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him. I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to **gape**. Sometimes, I **furtively** look out of the window or look at my mother or Mr. Chillip who sits not far away from us. Once the clergyman seemed to sing a drowsy song. My eyes gradually shut up. Eventually, I fell off the seat with a crash, and was taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty.

And now I see the outside of our house. The **ragged** old rooks' nests are still **dangling** in the elm-trees at the bottom of the front garden. The back garden is beyond the yard where the empty pigeon-house and dog-kennel are. Over a fence, trees are loaded with fruit. My mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved. A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment. We are playing in the winter twilight, dancing about the parlour. When my mother is out of breath and rests herself in an elbow-chair, I watch her winding her bright curls round her fingers, and **straitening** her waist, and nobody knows better than I do that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty.

One night, my mother was not at home. Peggotty and I were sitting by the parlour fire, alone. I had been reading to Peggotty about crocodiles. Later I was tired of reading, and dead sleepy. I suddenly asked Peggotty, "Were you ever married?"

"Lord, Master Davy," replied Peggotty, "what put marriage in your head?"

She answered with such a start, that it quite awoke me.

"But were you ever married, Peggotty?" said I, "You are a very handsome woman, aren't you?" I thought her in a different style from my mother, certainly; but I considered her of another type of beauty.

"Me handsome, Davy!" said Peggotty, "No, my dear! But what put marriage in your head?"

"I don't know! You mustn't marry more than one person at a time, may you, Peggotty?"

"Certainly not," said Peggotty, with the promptest decision.

"But if you marry a person, and the person dies, why then you may marry another person, mayn't you, Peggotty?"

"You may," said Peggotty, "if you choose, my dear. That's a matter of opinion."

"But what is your opinion, Peggotty?" said I.

I asked her, and looked curiously at her, because she looked so curiously at me.

"My opinion is," said Peggotty, taking her eyes from me, "that I was never married myself, Master Davy, and that I don't expect to. That's all I know about the subject."

I thought she was angry because she replied that brief. But she did not. She let me continue to read the story of the crocodile. At this time, the doorbell rang. We went to the door and saw my mother standing there, particularly beautiful. A man was next to her with good-looking black hair and a black beard. Last Sunday, he walked home with us from church.

As my mother **stooped** down on the **threshold** to take me in her arms and kiss me, the gentleman said I was a more highly privileged little fellow than a **monarch**. He patted me on the head; but somehow, I didn't like him or his deep voice, and I was jealous that his hand should touch my mother's in touching me—which it did. I put it away, as well as I could.

"Oh, Davy!" **remonstrated** my mother.

"Dear boy!" said the gentleman, "I cannot wonder at his devotion!"

I never saw such a beautiful colour on my mother's face before. She gently **chid** me for being rude; and keeping me close to her **shawl**, turned to thank the gentleman for taking so much trouble as to bring her home. She put out her hand to him as she spoke, and as he met it with his own, she glanced, I thought, at me.

The gentleman also wanted to shake hands with me to show his friendship, but I just gave him my left hand deliberately—a wrong one for handshaking.

That night my mother was in a good mood. She remained at the other end of the room, and sat singing to herself. Shortly afterwards, I fell asleep, though I was not so sound asleep that I could hear voices, without hearing what they said. When I half awoke from this uncomfortable doze, I found Peggotty and my mother both in tears, and both talking. Peggotty seemed to insistently disapprove of what my mother did. They argued with each other. Although I didn't know what had happened, I was sad. I was afraid that they quarreled. In the end, we fell a-crying together.

A few days later, I saw the gentleman again. He walked home with us from church. Before he went he asked my mother to give him a bit of **geranium** blossom we had. Then the gentleman with the black whiskers appeared more frequently. I became accustomed to it. But I liked him no better than at first. I knew him by this name now — Mr. Murdstone.

One evening about two months afterwards, my mother was out as before. Peggotty suddenly and secretly asked me, “Master Davy, how should you like to go along with me and spend a fortnight at my brother's home at Yarmouth? Wouldn't that be a treat?”

“Is your brother an agreeable man, Peggotty?” I inquired, provisionally.

“Oh, what an agreeable man he is!” cried Peggotty, holding up her hands. “Then there's the sea; and the boats and ships; and the fishermen; and the beach; and Ham to play with....”

I was flushed by her summary of delights, and replied that it would indeed be a treat. “But what would my mum do while we're away?” said I, putting my small elbows on the table to argue the point. “She can't live by herself.”

“Don't you know? She's going to stay for a fortnight with Mrs. Grayper. Mrs. Grayper's going to have a lot of company.” Peggotty said happily.

The day soon came for our going. When the carrier's **cart** was at the gate, my mother stood there kissing me. A grateful fondness for her and for the old place I had never turned my back upon before, made me cry. I was glad to know that my mother cried too, and that I felt her heart beat against mine. When the carrier began to move, my mother ran out at the gate, and called to him to stop, that she might kiss me once more. As we left her standing in the road, Mr. Murdstone came up to where she was, and asked her to go back to our house. Seeing this, Peggotty seemed anything but satisfied. Yet it is unexpected that the two weeks' absence was the turning point of my life.

tub *n.* 浴盆, 桶

Lazarus 《新约·约翰福音》第11章讲,有一名叫拉撒路的人,死后埋入坟中四日,耶稣念其姐待他有恩,便在坟前呼喊拉撒路出来,结果死人即刻出来了

pew *n.* 座位

gape *v.* 瞠目结舌, 目瞪口呆

furtively *adv.* 偷偷地, 暗中地

rag *v.* 变破碎

dangle *v.* 摇晃

straiten *v.* 使变窄, 变紧

stoop *v.* 弯腰, 屈服

threshold *n.* 入口, 门槛

monarch *n.* 君主, 帝王

remonstrate *v.* 责备, 告诫

chid *v.* 责备(chide 的过去式及过去分词)

shawl *n.* 围巾

geranium *n.* 天竺葵

cart *n.* 双轮轻便马车

第二章 我 观 察

当我回忆幼年时, 首先清晰地浮现在脑海中的是我母亲, 她头发漂亮, 身材苗条; 其次是佩格蒂, 她谈不上什么身材, 两只眼睛很黑, 似乎把眼睛周围的地方也弄黑了。她的双颊和双臂那么硬, 那么红, 我都纳闷鸟儿为什么不去啄她而要去啄苹果。记忆中的她们总是围在我身边。佩格蒂常常伸出食指让我去抓, 她那食指因为做针线活已经变得很粗糙, 就像磨小豆蔻的擦子一样。

我记得我们的房子里有一条长廊, 从佩格蒂的厨房一直通到前门。走廊里有一间黑暗的储藏室, 那里有食物和各种各样的桶罐。晚上, 我们经常坐在客厅聊天。一个星期的晚上, 母亲给我和佩格蒂读书, 讲的是有关一个叫拉撒路的人如何死而复生的故事。我听了后怕得要命, 她们不让我起床, 把卧室窗外那片安静的坟地指给我看, 此时死者在坟墓里安息着。早上, 我经常和佩格蒂一起去教堂, 那里有我们家的专用座位, 座位旁边有个窗户, 往外可以看见我们家的房子。在做礼拜的时候, 佩格蒂会朝我们的房子看很多次, 那样她就可以明确地知道我们那房子没遭抢劫, 也没发生火灾。虽说佩格蒂自己的眼睛向四处看, 可如果我的眼睛往外瞟, 她就非常生气, 还冲我皱眉头, 意思是我在座位上, 眼睛应当看着牧师。可是我不能老看着牧师啊! 我怕他纳闷我为什么老用眼睛盯着他。说不定他会说着说着停下来, 跑过来问我, 那我可怎么办呢? 盯着人看总是很不好。有时, 我会偷偷地看着窗外, 看看坐在旁边的母亲, 或者看看坐在不远处的齐力普

先生。有一次，牧师的歌声像催眠曲一样，我越听越困，结果从座位上摔下来跌了个半死，然后就被佩格蒂带出去了。

现在，我从外面观察我们家这所房子。房前花园的尽头，几棵榆树上依然挂着些破旧的鸟巢。后花园在空鸽房和空狗窝的后面。篱笆外面，树上硕果累累。母亲摘一些果实放在篮子里，我就站在一旁，偷偷地摘些酸栗囫圇吞咽下去，还尽力装成若无其事的样子。一阵大风刮起，夏天一转眼就过去了。冬日的黄昏时分，我们嬉闹，在客厅里跳舞。母亲喘不过气时就坐在扶手椅上休息。我看到她用手指绕了绕她光亮的发卷并挺了挺腰，我比谁都了解，她爱漂亮，并为自己的美貌感到自豪。

一天晚上，母亲不在家，只有佩格蒂和我坐在客厅的壁炉边，我给佩格蒂读有关鳄鱼的故事。到后来我实在困得不行，突然问佩格蒂：“你结过婚吗？”

“天啊，大卫少爷！”佩格蒂答道，“你怎么想起来问我结婚的事呢？”

她回答的时候显得很吃惊，这倒使我清醒多了。

“可是你到底结过婚没有呢，佩格蒂？”我说，“你是个非常漂亮的女人呀，是不是？”我认为她和母亲不是同一种类型的人，这是肯定的。不过，我认为她是另一种美。

“你说我漂亮，大卫，”佩格蒂说道，“不对，我的宝贝儿！你到底怎么想到问我结婚的事呢？”

“我也不知道！你一次只能和一个人结婚吧，对不对，佩格蒂？”

“当然是这样。”佩格蒂毫不犹豫地答道。

“可是如果你和一个人结了婚，而这个人后来死了，到那时你就可以和另一个人结婚了，是不是，佩格蒂？”

“如果你愿意，你可以那样做，我的宝贝！”佩格蒂说，“这就看你怎么想了。”

“可你是怎么想的呢，佩格蒂？”我说。

我一边问她，一边好奇地看着她，因为她也用那么好奇的眼光看着我。

“我的观点是，”佩格蒂说着，并把目光从我身上挪开，想了想，“我自己从来没有结过婚，大卫少爷，我也没有结婚的打算。关于这件事，我就是这么着的。”

我以为她生气了，因为她回答得那样简短。但是她没有。她让我继续念鳄鱼的故事。这时，门铃响了。我们走到门口。看见我母亲站在那里，我觉得她当时显得特别漂亮，旁边还有位先生，他长着漂亮的黑发和黑络腮胡子，上星期天，他还和我们一起从教堂走回家来着。

母亲在门前弯下腰来抱我并亲我时，那男人说我是一个比皇帝更享有特权的小家伙。他拍了拍我的头，可是不知道为什么，我不喜欢他，也不喜欢他那深沉的嗓音，我还嫉妒他，在他摸我的时候，我不愿意让他的手碰到母亲的手，可是还真碰上了。我一下子就把手推开了。

“啊，大卫！”母亲呵斥道。