

经典读库

惊悚
过山车

英汉对照
ENGLISH-CHINESE EDITION

Angel of
Death

恐怖短篇精选

文学大师的
经典恐怖短篇

青闰 / 丹冰 译注

爱伦·坡\阿瑟·柯南·道尔
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莫泊桑\马克·吐温



外文出版社
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The Tell-Tale Heart

by Edgar Allan Poe

T rue! — nervous — very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses — not destroyed — not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing **acute**^①. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? **Hearken**^②! and observe how healthily — how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once **conceived**^③, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his money I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! One of his eyes **resembled**^④ that of a vulture — a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so gradually, I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye for ever.

I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it. When I had made an opening **sufficient**^⑤ for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no

泄密的心

埃德加·爱伦·坡

- ① acute /ə'kjʊt/
adj. 敏锐的
- ② hearken /'hɑ:kən/
vi. 倾听
- ③ conceive /kən'si:v/
vt. 想出；怀有
- ④ resemble /ri'zemb/
vt. 像……；类似
- ⑤ sufficient
/sə'fɪʃənt/ n.
〈俗〉足够

对！——神经紧张——我过去和现在都神经紧张，非常非常可怕，但你为什么要说我疯了昵？这种病使我感觉敏锐——不是毁灭，也不是迟钝。首先是听觉敏锐。我听到天上和地上的所有一切。我听到地狱里的许多东西。那我是怎么疯的呢？听！看我可以多么健康——多么平静地告诉你整个经过。

我现在无法说清当初怎么会有那个念头，但一旦有那种想法，就日夜不停地缠绕着我。没有任何动机，也没有任何欲望。我爱那个老人。他从未冤枉过我，也从未侮辱过我。我对他的钱财没有任何欲望。我想是因为他的眼睛！对，正是这样！他有一只秃鹫那样的眼睛——淡蓝色的眼睛，上面蒙着一层阴翳。每当那只眼睛落在我身上，我浑身的血就会变冷。所以，渐渐地，我决心要结果那老人的生命，这样我就永远摆脱了那只眼睛。

我从来没有像在杀害那老人前的一周里对他那样亲切过。每天半夜时分，我转动门闩，推开他的房门。我将门推开到足以探进头时，先伸进一盏遮得

light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. I moved it slowly — very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening. When my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously. I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights — every night just at midnight — but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed^① me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went into the chamber, and spoke to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if started. Now you may think that I drew back — but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were closely fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out, "Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal^② terror. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing

⑥ vex /veks/ vt.
使烦恼；激怒

⑦ mortal /'mɔ:tl/
adj. 极度的

严严实实、透不出一丝光线的提灯，接着再探进头。我慢慢地、慢慢地往里探，以免打扰老人的睡眠。我花了一小时才把整个头探进门缝。我将头完全探进房间时，小心翼翼地揭开提灯，只把提灯揭开一条缝，让一束细光照在那只鹰眼上。我如此这般一连做了七夜——每次都恰好在午夜时分——但我发现那只眼睛总是闭着：这样就使我无法下手，因为让我恼火的不是老人，而是他那只“邪恶的眼睛”。而每天早晨，天一破晓，我就走进他的卧室，跟他说话，亲热地对他直呼其名，并问他夜里睡得怎样。

第八天晚上，我比平常更加小心地推开房门。就连表上分针的移动也比我开门的速度快。他也许听见了我的声音；因为他突然动了动身子，仿佛受到了惊吓。他的房间里黑黢黢的伸手不见五指，因为害怕盗贼，百叶窗被关得严严实实，所以我知道他不可能看见门开。我依然坚定地推着房门。

我探进头，正要打开提灯，这时我的拇指在铁皮罩扣上滑了一下。老人忽地从床上坐起，大声问道：“谁在那里？”

我一动不动，一声不吭。整整一个小时，我纹丝不动，也没听见他躺下。他仍然坐在床上，侧耳聆听。

过了一会儿，我听到了一声轻轻的呻吟，我知道那是极度恐惧时的呻吟。我熟悉这种声音。多少个夜晚，当更深人静，整个世界沉睡之时，它总是从我的心底涌起。我知道，从那第一声轻微的响动，他在床上翻了个身后，就一直睁眼躺在床上。从那时起，他的恐惧感就在一点一点地增加。

我耐心等了好长一阵子，没有听见他躺下，于

him lie down, I resolved to open a little — very, very little **crevice**[®] in the lantern. At length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and full upon the vulture eye.

It was open — wide, wide open — and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect **distinctness**[®] — all a dull blue, with a **hideous**[®] veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

There came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury.

But even yet I **refrained**[®]. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me — the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once — once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. I removed the bed and examined the corpse, placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

I then took up three **planks**[®] from the flooring of the chamber, **deposited**[®] all between the **scantlings**[®], then replaced the boards, so

- ⑧ crevice /'krevis/
n. (尤指岩石的)
裂缝; 缺口

- ⑨ distinctness
/dis'tɪŋktnis/ n.
清晰; 明确

- ⑩ hideous /'hidɪəs/
adj. 可怕的; 令
人惊悚的

- ⑪ refrain /ri'freɪn/
vi. 忍住

- ⑫ plank /plæŋk/
n. (厚) 木板

- ⑬ deposit /di'pɒzɪt/
vt. 堆放

- ⑭ scantling
/'skæntlɪŋ/ n.
小块木材

是决定把灯罩虚开一条缝——一条很小很小的缝。最后, 一线细如蛛丝的微光从灯罩缝中射出, 照在了那只鹰眼上。

那只眼睛睁着——圆圆地睁着——而我一看见它, 就怒不可遏。我当时把它看得一清二楚——一团暗蓝色, 蒙着一层可怕的阴翳, 它使我每一根骨头的骨髓都透凉, 但我看不见脸上的其余部分和老人的躯体, 因为仿佛是出于本能, 我将那道光线丝毫不差地对准了那个该死的蓝点。

我的耳朵里传进了一种低沉、单调、快速的声音, 就像是一只被棉花包着的手表发出的声音。我也熟悉那种声音。那是老人的心在跳动。它使我更加愤怒。

但是, 我仍然控制住自己, 尽可能让那束灯光稳定地照在那只眼上。与此同时, 那可怕的心跳不断加剧, 跳得越来越快、越来越响。老人心中的恐惧肯定已经达到了极点! 那心跳声变得越来越响了! 在更深人静的时刻, 在那幢老房子可怕的沉寂之中, 那样奇怪的声音使我感到难以抑制的恐惧。然而, 在相当长的一段时间里, 我仍然抑制住恐惧, 静静地站着。而那心跳声越来越响! 我想那颗心肯定会炸裂。这时, 一种新的担忧又紧紧地攫住了我——这声音会被邻居听到! 老人的死期已经到了! 随着一声呐喊, 我亮开提灯, 冲进了房间。他尖叫了一声——只叫了一声。转眼间, 我把他拖到了地上, 而且把那沉重的床推倒, 压在了他身上。看到大功告成, 我不禁开心地笑了。然而, 在好几分钟内, 那颗心仍然发出低沉的跳动声。不过, 它并没有使我恼火; 那声音不会被墙外听到。最后, 它终于不响了。我把床挪开, 将手放在他心口停了好一阵子。没有心跳。他完全死了。他那只眼睛再也不会折磨我了。

接着, 我撬开卧室地板上的三块厚木板, 把肢

that no human eye — not even his — could have detected anything wrong.

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock — still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, — for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect **suavity**^⑥, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; information had been lodged at the police station, and they had been **deputed**^⑦ to search the **premises**^⑦.

I smiled, for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search — search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. And I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest, while I myself placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which **reposed**^⑧ the corpse of the victim.

My manner had convinced them. I was at ease. They sat and chatted familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: — it continued and became more distinct. I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained **definitiveness**^⑨ — until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale — but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased. And what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound, much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath — and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly — more **vehemently**^⑩; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued

⑮ suavity /'swævəti/
n. 谦和

⑯ depute /di'pjut/
vt. 委派

⑰ premise /'premis/
n. [pl.] 房产

⑱ repose /ri'pəuz/
vt. 使静卧

⑲ definitiveness
/di'finitivnis/
n. 确定性; 决
定性

㉔ vehemently
/'vi:əməntli/
adv. 激烈地;
热烈地

解的尸体统统塞进木缝之间,然后将木板重新放好,所以任何人的眼睛——甚至他那只眼睛——都看不出丝毫破绽。

我做完这一切,已是凌晨四点——天仍然和半夜时一样黑。随着四点的钟声敲响,临街大门传来了敲门声。我下楼去开门时,心情非常轻松——还有什么好怕的呢?三个人走了进来,彬彬有礼地自我介绍说他们是警官。一位邻居夜里听到了一声尖叫,就报告了警察局。他们奉命前来搜查这幢房子。

我面带微笑,我有什么好怕的呢?我向几位先生表示欢迎。我说那声尖叫是我在梦中发出的。我说,那位老人到乡下去了。我领着他们在房子里转了一遍。我请他们搜查——好好搜查。最后,我带他们进了老人的卧室。我让他们看老人的金银珠宝,完好无损,纹丝未动。随后,我向卧室里搬了几把椅子,请他们在那里歇歇脚;我则把自己的椅子放在了下面藏着尸体的那个位置。

我的举止使他们信以为真。我感到轻松自在。他们坐在那里,同我聊起了家常。但是,过了没大一会儿,我觉得自己脸色发白,盼望他们离开。我开始头痛耳鸣,但他们仍然坐在那里跟我闲聊。耳鸣声变得越发明显——它连绵不断,而且越来越清晰。我侃侃而谈,想以此摆脱那种感觉,但它连绵不断,而且越发明确——直到最后我发现那声音并不是我的耳鸣。

此时,我的脸色无疑变得更白,但我提高嗓门滔滔不绝。然而,那声音也在提高。我该怎么办?那是一种低沉、单调、快速的声音,就像是一只被棉花包着的手表发出的声音。我喘不过气来——不过,警官们还没有听到那声音。我以更快的语速、更多的激情侃侃而谈,但那个声音越来越响。我提高声调,

about trifles, in a high key and with violent **gesticulations**®, but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides — but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! What could I do? I foamed — I **raved**® — I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and **grated**® it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder — louder — louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? God! No, no! They heard! They were making a mockery of my horror! This I thought, and this I think. But any thing was better than this agony! Any thing was more tolerable than this **derision**®! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! And now — again! — louder! louder! louder! louder! —

“Villains!” I shrieked, “**dissemble**® no more! I admit the deed! Tear up the planks! — here, here! — it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

②1 gesticulation
/dʒeˌstɪkjʊˈleɪʃən/
n. 手势

②2 rave /reɪv/ vi.
胡言乱语

②3 grate /ɡreɪt/ vi.
刺耳地摩擦

②4 derision /dɪˈrɪʒən/
n. 嘲笑；嘲弄

②5 dissemble
/dɪˈsembl/ vi.
掩饰；假装不知

手舞足蹈，对一些鸡毛蒜皮的小事高谈阔论，但那声音越来越响。他们干嘛还不想走？我踏着沉重的脚步在地板上走来走去——而那声音仍然越来越响。噢，上帝！我该怎么办？我唾沫四溅——我胡言乱语——我破口大骂！我拼命摇晃自己坐的那把椅子，让它在地板上磨得吱嘎作响，但那声音压倒一切，连绵不断，越来越响。它越来越响——越来越响——越来越响！那几个人仍然侃侃而谈，面带微笑。难道他们真的没有听到吗？上帝啊！不，不！他们听到了！他们是在嘲笑我胆战心惊！我当时这样想，现在也这样想。但是，无论什么都比这种痛苦好受！无论什么都比这种嘲笑好受！我再也不能忍受他们虚伪的微笑！我感到必须尖叫，不然就会死去！现在它又响了！越来越响！越来越响！越来越响！越来越响！——

“你们这群恶棍！”我尖声叫道，“别再装聋作哑了！我承认那件事！撬开这些地板！——在这里，就在这里！——这是他可怕的心在跳动！”



Out of the Woods

by Richard Laymon

A sound like footsteps outside the tent shocked me out of half-sleep. Another camper? Not likely. We were far from the main trails^① and hadn't seen a **backpacker**^② in three days.

Maybe it was no one at all. Maybe a twig or pine **cone**^③ had dropped from a nearby tree. Or maybe the smell of food had drawn an animal to our camp. A big animal.

I heard it again — a dry **crushing**^④ sound.

I was afraid to move, but forced myself to roll over and see if Sadie was awake.

She was gone.

I looked down the length of my mummy bag. The **unzipped**^⑤ screen was swaying inward. A cool damp-smelling breeze touched my face, and I remembered Sadie leaving the tent. How long ago? No way to tell. Maybe I had dozed for an hour, maybe for a minute. At any rate, it was high time for her to come in so we could close the **flaps**^⑥.

"Hey, Sadie, why don't you get in here?"

I heard only the stream several yards from our campsite. It made a racket like a **gale**^⑦ blowing through a forest.

"Sadie?" I called.