

小说卷

天天读点好英文
Everyday English Notes

名家笔下的 精彩故事

李悦 编译

英语十分钟阅读

黑龙江科学技术出版社
Heilongjiang Science and Technology Press

小说卷

天天读点好英文
Everyday English Notes

名家笔下的 精彩故事

李悦 编译

英语十分钟阅读

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

天天读点好英文——小说卷:英汉对照 / 李悦编译.
——哈尔滨:黑龙江科学技术出版社, 2011.2

ISBN 978-7-5388-6554-7

I. ①天… II. ①李… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物
②小说—作品集—世界 IV. ①H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2011)第 024437 号

天天读点好英文——小说卷

编 译 李 悦

责任编辑 刘佳琪

装帧设计 百 花

出 版 黑龙江科学技术出版社

(地址:哈尔滨市南岗区建设街 41 号 邮编:150001

电话:0451-53642106 传真:0451-53642143 发行部)

发 行 全国新华书店

印 刷 北京京师印务有限公司

开 本 880×1230 1/32

印 张 7

字 数 200 千字

版 次 2011 年 5 月第 1 版 2011 年 5 月第 1 次印刷

书 号 ISBN 978-7-5388-6554-7/Z·813

定 价 19.80 元

(如发现本书有印刷质量问题,印刷厂负责调换)



拭目近看百变情

To Appreciate the Changeful Emotions

002 最后一片叶子 / [美] 欧·亨利

The Last Leaf / *O. Henry*

017 项链 / [法] 居伊·德·莫泊桑

The Necklace / *Guy de Maupassant*

039 变色龙 / [俄] 安东·契诃夫

A Chameleon / *Anton Chekhov*

048 老鼠夜里也睡觉 / [德] 沃尔夫冈·博歇尔特

The Rats Do Sleep Nights / *Wolfgang Borchert*

057 乡村骑士 / [意大利] 乔万尼·维尔加

Cavalleria Rusticana / *Giovanni Verga*



曾经感叹的沧桑

Vicissitudes Once Sighed for

074 竞选州长 / [美] 马克·吐温

Running for Governor / *Mark Twain*

087 质量 / [英] 约翰·高尔斯华绥

Quality / *John Galsworthy*

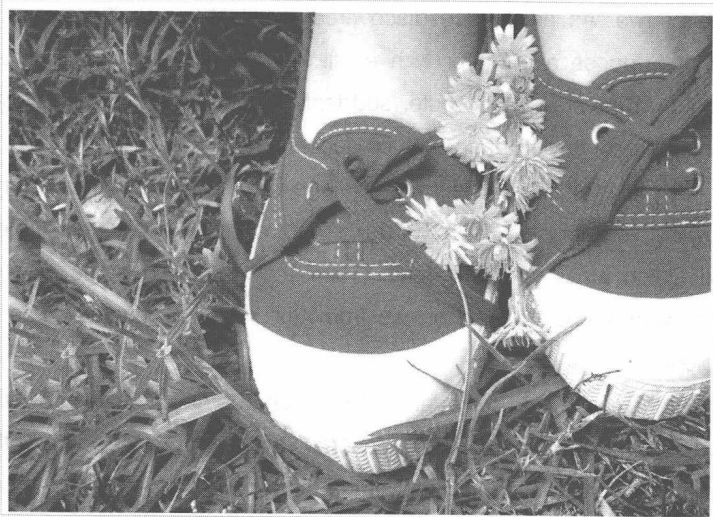
- 103 乡村医生 / [奥地利] 弗兰茨·卡夫卡
A Country Doctor / Franz Kafka
- 117 七个铜板 / [匈牙利] 莫里兹·日格蒙德
Seven Pennies / Moricz Zsigmond
- 129 罗生门 / [日本] 芥川龙之介
Rashomon / Ryūnosuke Akutagawa
- 142 最后一课 / [法] 阿尔封斯·都德
The Last Lesson / Alphonse Daudet



随性而动的心灵 Free and Unrestrained Soul

- 154 泄密的心 / [美] 埃德加·爱伦·坡
The Tell-tale Heart / Edgar Allan Poe
- 166 墙上的斑点 / [英] 弗吉尼亚·伍尔夫
The Mark on the Wall / Virginia Woolf
- 184 一小时的故事 / [美] 凯特·肖班
The Story of An Hour / Kate Chopin
- 191 冒险 / [美] 舍伍德·安德森
Adventure / Sherwood Anderson
- 206 画册的一页 / [英] 凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德
Feuille D'album / Katherine Mansfield

拭目尽看
To Appreciate 百变情
the Changeful
Emotions



最后一片叶子

The Last Leaf

► [美] 欧·亨利 / O. Henry

1862—1910

作家作品

欧·亨利是美国最著名的短篇小说家之一，曾被评论界誉为“曼哈顿桂冠散文作家”和“美国现代短篇小说之父”。他善于描写美国社会尤其是纽约百姓的生活；又因描写了众多的人物，富于生活情趣，被誉为“美国生活的幽默百科全书”。代表作有小说集《四百万》、《命运之路》等。其中一些名篇如《警察与赞美诗》、《带家具出租的房间》、《最后一片叶子》等使他享誉世界。

《最后一片叶子》是说一位穷困潦倒的画家为了鼓起病人生存的勇气，在枝叶凋零的常春藤旁画上一片树叶的情景，赞美了小人物的伟大人格和高尚品德。

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called “places”. These “places” make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch **attics**¹ and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth avenue, and became a “colony.”

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. “Johnsy” was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d’hôte of an Eighth street “Delmonico’s,” and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so **congenial**² that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places".

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

"She has one chance in — let us say, ten," he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. "And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She — she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day," said Sue.

"Paint? — Bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice — a man, for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth — but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in

cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten."

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting — counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and a little later "eleven;" and then "ten," and "nine;" and then "eight" and "seven," almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear. Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were — let's see exactly what he said — he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by tomorrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Besides I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model

for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move 'till I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp.

Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes, plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and **derision**³ for such idiotic imaginings.

"Vass! " he cried. "Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der prain of her? Ach, dot poor lettle Miss Johnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her

mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old — old **flibbertigibbet**!”

“You are just like a woman!” yelled Behrman. “Who said I will not bese? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf been trying to say dot I am ready to bese. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes.”

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit-miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

“Pull it up; I want to see,” she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! After the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

“It is the last one,” said Johnsy. “I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall today, and I shall die at the same time.”

“Dear, dear!” said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow,

"think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and — no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

An hour later she said: "Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is — some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now — that's all."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and — look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece — he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell."



在华盛顿广场西面的一个小区里，街道胡乱四处地蔓延开来，分裂成一条条的小“巷子”。这些巷子形成了很多奇怪的角度和曲线。有时，一条街道自身就要交叉一两次。有一个画家曾经发现这条街的可贵之处：假如有收账的来讨要颜料、纸张和画布的钱，当他在这条街上绕来绕去之后，他会突然发现自己一分钱的账也没要到，人却又回到了原地！

所以不久之后，一些搞艺术的人就汇集到这个古雅别致的格林维治村，搜寻朝北开的窗户、十八世纪的三角墙、荷兰式的阁楼，还有这里低廉的房租。然后他们就会从第六大道购进一些锡蜡的大杯子和一两个火锅，这样就形成了一个“艺术家聚居地”。

苏和琼茜的画室位于一幢低矮的三层砖房的顶楼。“琼茜”是乔安娜的昵称。这两个女孩一个来自缅因州，一个来自加利福尼亚。她们俩是在第八大道的“戴尔莫尼克餐厅”吃饭的时候碰上的，两人发现彼此对艺术、菊苣沙拉和服饰的品味上都是如此的相投，于是就共同创建了这间画室。

那还是五月份的事。到了十一月，一个冷酷而又无法用肉眼看见的不速之客——医生称之“肺炎”——闯进了这片聚居地，用他冰冷的手指四处乱碰。在广场的东面，这个猖獗的破坏者横冲直撞，被他袭击的受害者多达几十人。但是在这条像迷宫一样的狭长而又长满青苔的巷子里，他却放慢了脚步。

“肺炎先生”并不是你们所谓的有着骑士精神的老绅士。一个被加利福尼亚的西风吹得面无血色的小女人本来不应该是这个拳头通红、呼吸急促的老东西打击的对象。可是琼茜还是被他打垮了：她一动不动地躺在那张刷过油的铁床上，透过荷兰式的窗户，直直地望着对面砖房那



堵光秃秃的墙。

一天早晨，那个忙碌的医生挑了挑他那毛茸茸的灰色眉毛，把苏叫到了走廊里。

“依我看啊，她只有十分之一生还的希望，”他一边说，一边甩了甩体温计。“这一成的希望还得靠她求生的欲望。要是有人存心想去殡仪馆排队，那什么灵丹妙药都救不了她。你的这位小姐已经认定自己不会好起来了。她有什么心事吗？”

“她——她希望有一天能去那不勒斯海湾画画。”苏说道。

“画画？——胡说！她心里有没有值得她考虑两次的事——比如说，一个男人？”

“男人？”苏就像吹口琴似的哼了一声，说道，“男人哪能值得——不，大夫，没那回事。”

“哦，毛病就出在这儿了，那么，”医生说道，“我会竭尽全力用科学所能达到的所有方法来医治她。可是一旦我的病人开始计算她的殡葬队伍中会有多少辆马车，我就得把药物的疗效减掉百分之五十了。要是你能让她问出一个关于今年冬季新款大衣袖子的问题，我保证她生还的希望会增加到五分之一，而不是十分之一。”

医生走后，苏走进工作室大哭了一场，把一张日式餐巾纸哭成了一团纸浆。然后她拿起画板，吹着雷格泰姆小调，大摇大摆地走进琼茜的房间。

琼茜仍旧纹丝不动地躺在被窝里，脸朝向窗户。苏以为她睡着了，也就不再吹口哨了。

苏摆好了画板，开始为杂志社的一篇故事画钢笔画插图。年轻的画家必须通过为杂志社画故事插图，以铺平他们通向艺术的道路；而这些故事也正是年轻作家们为了铺平通向文学的道路而创作的。

当苏正在给故事的主人公——一个爱达荷州的牛仔——绘制一条漂亮的马裤和一个单片眼镜的时候，她听见了一个低低的声音传了过来，接着又重复了几次。她赶快走到了床前。

琼茜的眼睛睁得大大的。她正望向窗外，嘴里数着数——还是倒着数的。

“十二，”她说道，过了一会儿又说，“十一。”然后是“十”、“九”、“八”和“七”几乎是连着说出来的。

苏关切地望向窗外。那里有什么可数的呢？外面只能看见一个空荡阴暗的院子，以及二十英尺开外的砖房那堵光秃秃的墙。一棵枯老的常春藤——它的根部已经扭曲腐朽了——爬上了那堵砖墙的半腰的位置。

秋天萧瑟的寒风把常春藤上的叶子几乎都吹落了，只剩下光秃秃的

藤条还依附在这堵快要倒塌的墙上。

“什么事啊，亲爱的？”苏问道。

“六，”琼茜说道，声音低得像是在耳语，“它们现在掉得更快了。三天以前差不多还有一百片，数得我头都疼了。可是现在就容易了。又掉了一片。现在只剩下五片了。”

“五片什么呀，亲爱的？快告诉你的苏。”

“叶子呀，常春藤上的叶子。当最后一片叶子掉下来的时候，我也得走了。三天以前我就知道了。难道大夫没告诉你吗？”

“哦，我还从没听说过这么荒唐的事呢！”苏装作满不在乎地抱怨道，“这棵老树的叶子跟你能不能康复有什么关系？你以前不是很喜欢那棵树吗！所以，淘气的小姑娘，你就别再庸人自扰了。哦，对了，今天早上大夫告诉我你很快就会好起来的——让我想想他具体是怎么说的——他说你有九成康复的希望呢！这跟我们开车或步行在纽约的大街上，路过一幢新楼的几率差不多。现在试着喝点儿汤吧，让苏蒂去画完她的画，这样她就能把画卖给编辑，好给她生病的孩子买瓶葡萄酒，也给自己买点儿猪排解解馋。”

“你不再买酒了，”琼茜说道，眼睛还盯着窗外。“又掉了一片。不，我不想喝汤。就剩下四片叶子了。我想在天黑前看着最后一片叶子飘落下来。然后我也得走了。”

“琼茜，亲爱的，”苏俯下身子对她说，“你能不能答应我把眼睛闭上，我画完画你再往外看，好吗？我明天得交三幅画呢。我需要光线，否则我就拉上窗帘了。”

“你不能到别的屋里画吗？”琼茜淡淡地问道。

“我宁可待在你身边，”苏说道，“除此之外，我也不想让你总盯着那些荒唐的树叶。”

“那你一画完就叫我，”琼茜说着闭上了眼睛，她的脸色苍白，一动不动地躺着，就像一座倒下来的雕像，“因为我想亲眼看着最后一片叶子掉下来。我已经等得不耐烦了，也想得不耐烦了。我真想把所有的事都撒手