

英文  
English Collection  
爱藏

01

悬疑故事

Mysterious Stories

# 下一个就是你

You Will Be The Next One

“这简直就是一个活生生的人!”接着,  
他转过头去看他的爱人,  
却意外地发现,她已经死了!

艾柯◎编译

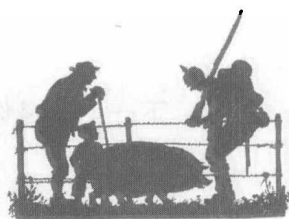


文化艺术出版社  
Culture and Art Publishing House

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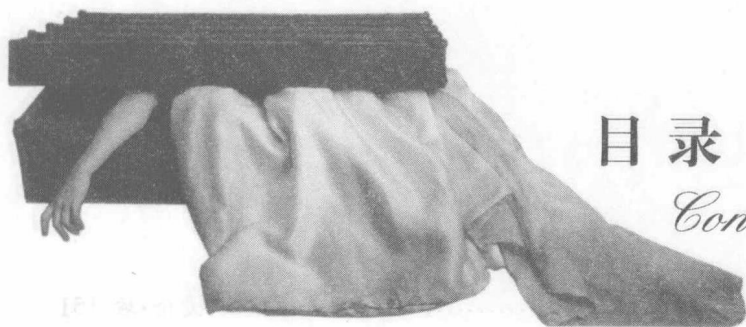
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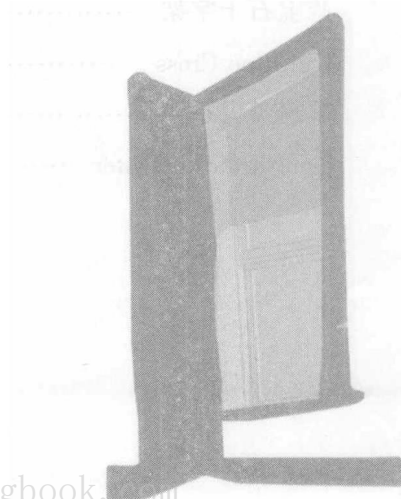
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# 死亡诊断

## A Diagnosis of Death

安布罗斯·比尔斯 / Ambrose Bierce

安布罗斯·比尔斯(Ambrose Bierce, 1842—1914), 美国恐怖、灵异小说家, 生于美国俄亥俄州梅格斯县的一个贫苦农民家庭。参加过美国南北战争, 这段不平凡的经历为他后来的文学创作打下了坚实的基础。战争结束后, 他开始了一个编辑兼作家的忙碌生涯。早期的作品主要是随笔和讽刺性短诗, 也包括一些小说。他的人生观比较悲观, 被人们称为“辛辣比尔斯”。

“我这个人不像你们有些医生那么迷信, 有些医生既喜欢玩弄‘科学人士’的头衔, 又迷信那些非科学的东西。”霍弗振振有词地说着, 好像在反驳控告自己的人, 其实根本没有人控告他, “坦白地说, 在你们医生中间, 确实有一些人, 确切来说, 是极少数的人, 相信人的灵魂不会在这个世界上消失, 相信那些被你们随便地叫作‘鬼怪’的幽灵。在这一点上, 我和你们不一样。但是, 我十分相信, 活着的人有时候可以在他根本没有出现的地方被人们看见。当然, 这个人肯定曾经在这个地方居住过。可能是由于他在那个地方居住了好长一段时间, 也可能是他对周围的影响太强烈, 因此, 周围的万事万物都留下了他的印记。说实在的, 我知道一个人的性格和品质能够对他所处的环境产生极大的影响。如果有人长期受他的影响, 那么一段时间之后, 这个受他影响的人的眼里就会浮现出他的身影。毋庸置疑, 这种能影响周围环境的性格和品质必须是恰当的、正确的; 能够浮现他的身影的眼睛也不是随便某个人的眼睛, 必须是恰当的人的眼睛——比如说, 我的眼睛。”

“哈哈,不错,必须是恰当的眼睛,这样的眼睛能把感觉传送到不恰当的大脑。”弗雷利大夫笑着说。

“谢谢,您这话说得还挺客气。当然了,人们总喜欢说那些使对方满意的话。”

“请原谅我的冒昧,不过刚才你说你确实知道这种事情。这听起来像话中有话,不是吗?如果你不介意,不妨给大家讲一讲你是怎么知道的。”

“我知道你们会把它叫做幻觉,”霍弗说道,“不过也没关系。”紧接着,他开始讲述他经历的那个故事。

“你们都知道,去年夏天,我曾到一个名叫梅里迪安的小镇去消暑度假。我原本打算借宿在一个亲戚家里,可是不巧的是,这个亲戚突然生病了,所以,我不得不重新寻觅其他的住所。克服了种种困难之后,我终于找到了一套空置的寓所,于是租了下来。这套寓所曾住着一个古怪的医生,名叫曼纳林。几年前,他突然离家外出,从此便失去了消息,连这寓所的代理人也不知道他的下落。这套房子是那个医生自己建造的,他与一个老仆人一起住在里面,一住就是十年。但是来找他看病的人从来都是寥寥无几,所以,没过几年他就把医生这个行当彻底放弃了。不仅如此,他几乎从社会中一下子消失了,过着与世隔绝的生活,成了一个名副其实的隐士。我从一个乡村医生那里获得了一些关于他的情况——这个乡村医生大概是唯一与曼纳林有过联系的人。他告诉我,曼纳林在隐退期间,致力于一系列非同寻常的研究。后来,他把这些研究成果写成了一本书。但可惜的是,这本书没有获得同行专家的认同。究其真正的原因,是那些同行专家认为曼纳林的精神有些不正常。我没有看过那本书,现在也记不起它的书名了。不过,我倒是听说那本书详细说明了一个令人震惊的理论。是这样的,曼纳林坚持一种观点,就是许多人的死亡日期可以在他们身体还健康的情况下进行准确预测。一般来说,预测的时间可能比真正死亡的时间要提前几个月。不过,我想,最多也不会超过18个月。当地有传言,说他曾经进行过数例死亡预测,或者按你们的语言叫作死亡诊断。奇怪的是,凡被曼纳林预测过死亡日期的人,都是在曼纳

林告诫他们的日期突然死去的,并且死亡原因不明。不过话又说回来,所有这些都与 I 真正要说的无关,所以就把它当作医生的消遣资料。

“寓所经过布置,与曼纳林居住时一模一样。但是这种环境,对于一个既非隐士又非搞学问的人来说,显得过于阴郁了。并且我觉得这种环境特征已经感染了我,或者更确切地说,是这间屋子之前的居住者的某些特征感染了我。因为,我觉得我总是处于一种前所未有的忧郁状态。我想,这种状态并非是孤独造成的。在这套寓所里,没有什么仆人和 I 一起居住。不过我也习惯了,因为在我自己的家里,本来就没有仆人和 I 同住。你们也知道, I 一贯喜欢拥有自己的一片天地,虽然不是为了做什么研究,但是却沉溺于读书的生活中。不管是什么原因,反正寓所里的那种氛围是令人沮丧的,使人觉得邪恶的东西正在向你逼近。尤其是当我待在曼纳林的书房里时,这种感觉最强烈。那间书房是整个寓所中最敞亮、最通风的。书房里挂着一张曼纳林真人大小的画像,那种气势像在控制着书房。除此之外,这张画像也没有什么特别之处。画像里的曼纳林气质非凡,五官端正,大概 50 岁左右的样子,头发灰白,脸颊润滑,眼睛中透着阴郁和严肃。画像中有某种东西一直吸引着 I 的注意力, I 对这个人的形象也越来越熟悉,它就像鬼魂一样缠着我,在脑海中久久挥之不去。

“有一天晚上, I 拿着一盏油灯(曼纳林的寓所尚无煤气灯)回卧室,途中经过这间书房。跟往常一样, I 在画像前停了下来。在灯光下,画像仿佛呈现出一种前所未有的表情,那种表情真是难以用语言来描绘。但是,明显使人有一种恐惧感。不过,当时 I 并没有这种感觉,倒是对它产生了兴趣。于是, I 把油灯从画像的一侧移到另一侧,想看一下光线的变化给画像表情的变化带来的影响。当我这样观察的时候,突然有一种回头看的冲动。 I 回头看时,只见一个男人穿过房间径直向 I 走来。他的身体越来越近,当与油灯近在咫尺时, I 借着灯光定睛一看,原来他正是曼纳林本人。当时的情景让我感觉仿佛是整幅画像在地面移动一样。

“‘对不起’,我当时有点不高兴,冷冷地对那个男人说,‘我好像没有听



见你敲门。’

“他在离我一臂之远的地方过去,并且举起右手食指,做了个告诫的手势,然后一句话没说,又走出了房间。但是,我没有看清楚他到底是怎么出去的,就像我没弄明白他怎样进来的一样。

“当然,不用我告诉你们,你们肯定会说这就是所谓的那种‘幻觉’,而我称之为‘幽灵’。因为那个书房仅有两扇门,其中的一扇门是紧锁着的,另一扇门是通往卧室的,但卧室并没有出口啊。当我意识到这一点时,什么感受就不必在这里赘述了。

“我敢肯定地说,对你们来讲,这样的经历听起来就是一个极其普通的‘鬼故事’,一个根据传统艺术大师创立的常规思维模式编造的‘鬼故事’。如果情况真的如此,即便他编造的故事是真的,我也不会在这里破费口舌讲这些了。可是事实另外一个样子,曼纳林还活着。因为今天我还在联邦大街和他碰过面,他在人群中与我擦肩而过。”

霍弗终于讲完了自己的经历的故事,然后两个人沉默了片刻,弗雷利大夫漫不经心地用手指敲打着桌子。

“今天你看见他的时候,他说了些什么吗?”弗雷利大夫问道,“你是不是从他说的什么话中确定他还没有死?”

霍弗的眼睛瞪得很大,没有回答弗雷利大夫的问题。

“也许他做了什么手势,摆出了什么姿态?”弗雷利大夫继续问道,“比如说举起一个手指,做个告诫的动作什么的。他不是曾经就这样做过吗?——这是他在说一些严重问题时的习惯动作。——譬如,要宣布一个诊断结论什么的。”

“没错,他的确做了个手势,就像他的幽灵在书房里做的那个一样。可是,天哪,难道你认识他?”霍弗显然紧张起来。

“是的,我认识他,我曾经读过他写的书。并且,将来每个医生都要读他的书。这本书是本世纪对医学最突出、最重要的贡献之一。你的猜测没错,我确实认识他,因为三年前我曾经给他看过病。不过,他早已经死了。”

霍弗一下子从椅子上跳了起来,一副惊慌失措的样子。他在房间里踱着

大步,然后走向自己的朋友,颤抖地问道:“弗雷利大夫,你对我是不是有什么要嘱咐的?你看,你作为一个医生——”

“我没什么要说的,霍弗先生。不用担心,你是我见过的最健康的人了。作为你的朋友,我劝你还是回家去吧。你的小提琴拉得那么好,就像是个天使,回家拉几首轻松、活泼的曲子,忘掉这件该死的事情吧。”

就在第二天,人们发现霍弗死在自己的房间里。死的时候,小提琴还在他的脖子上,琴弓搭在弦上,面前摆着的是肖邦《葬礼进行曲》的谱子……

“I am not so superstitious as some of your physicians—men of science, as you are pleased to be called,”said Hawver, replying to an accusation that had not been made. “Some of you—only a few, I confess—believe in the immortality of the soul, and in apparitions which you have not the honesty to call ghosts. I go no further than a conviction that the living are sometimes seen where they are not, but have been—where they have lived so long, perhaps so intensely, as to have left their impress on everything about them. I know, indeed, that one’s environment may be so affected by one’s personality as to yield, long afterward, an image of one’s self to the eyes of another. Doubtless the impressing personality has to be the right kind of personality as the perceiving eyes have to be the right kind of eyes—mine, for example.”

“Yes, the right kind of eyes, conveying sensations to the wrong kind of brains,”said Dr. Frayley, smiling.

“Thank you; one likes to have an expectation gratified; that is about the reply that I supposed you would have the civility to make.”

“Pardon me. But you say that you know. That is a good deal to say, don’t you think? Perhaps you will not mind the trouble of saying how you learned.”

“You will call it an hallucination,”Hawver said, “but that does not

matter.” And he told the story.

“Last summer I went, as you know, to pass the hot weather term in the town of Meridian. The relative at whose house I had intended to stay was ill, so I sought other quarters. After some difficulty I succeeded in renting a vacant dwelling that had been occupied by an eccentric doctor with the name of Mannering, who had gone away years before, no one knew where, not even his agent. He had built the house himself and had lived in it with an old servant for about ten years. His practice, never very extensive, had after a few years been given up entirely. Not only so, but he had withdrawn himself almost altogether from social life and become a recluse. I was told by the village doctor, about the only person with whom he held any relations, that during his retirement he had devoted himself to a single line of study, the result of which he had expounded in a book that did not commend itself to the approval of his professional brethren, who, indeed, considered him not entirely sane. I have not seen the book and cannot now recall the title of it, but I am told that it expounded a rather startling theory. He held that it was possible in the case of many a person in good health to forecast his death with precision, several months in advance of the event. The limit, I think, was eighteen months. There were local tales of his having exerted his powers of prognosis, or perhaps you would say diagnosis; and it was said that in every instance the person whose friends he had warned had died suddenly at the appointed time, and from no assignable cause. All this, however, has nothing to do with what I have to tell; I thought it might amuse a physician.

“The house was furnished, just as he had lived in it. It was a rather gloomy dwelling for one who was neither a recluse nor a student, and I think it gave something of its character to me—perhaps some of its former occupant’s character; for always I felt in it a certain melancholy that was not in my natural disposition, nor, I think, due to loneliness. I had no servants that

slept in the house, but I have always been, as you know, rather fond of my own society, being much addicted to reading, though little to study. Whatever was the cause, the effect was dejection and a sense of impending evil; this was especially so in Dr. Mannering's study, although that room was the lightest and most airy in the house. The doctor's life-size portrait in oil hung in that room, and seemed completely to dominate it. There was nothing unusual in the picture; the man was evidently rather good looking, about fifty years old, with iron-grey hair, a smooth-shaven face and dark, serious eyes. Something in the picture always drew and held my attention. The man's appearance became familiar to me, and rather "haunted" me.

"One evening I was passing through this room to my bedroom, with a lamp—there is no gas in Meridian. I stopped as usual before the portrait, which seemed in the lamplight to have a new expression, not easily named, but distinctly uncanny. It interested but did not disturb me. I moved the lamp  
~~from one side to the other and observed the effects of the altered light. While~~

“Doubtless this seems to you a very commonplace ‘ghost story’ — one constructed on the regular lines laid down by the old masters of the art. If that were so I should not have related it, even if it were true. The man was not dead; I met him today in Union Street. He passed me in a crowd.”

Hawver had finished his story and both men were silent. Dr. Frayley absently drummed on the table with his fingers.

“Did he say anything today?” he asked “anything from which you inferred that he was not dead?”

Hawver stared and did not reply.

“Perhaps,” continued Frayley, “he made a sign, a gesture—lifted a finger, as in warning. It’s a trick he had—a habit when saying something serious—announcing the result of a diagnosis, for example.”

“Yes, he did—just as his apparition had done. But, good God! did you ever know him?”

Hawver was apparently growing nervous.

“I knew him. I have read his book, as will every physician some day. It is one of the most striking and important of the century’s contributions to medical science. Yes, I knew him; I attended him in an illness three years ago. He died.”

Hawver sprang from his chair, manifestly disturbed. He strode forward and back across the room; then approached his friend, and in a voice not altogether steady, said: “Doctor, have you anything to say to me—as a physician?”

“No, Hawver; you are the healthiest man I ever knew. As a friend I advise you to go to your room. You play the violin like an angel. Play it; play something light and lively. Get this cursed bad business off your mind.”

The next day Hawver was found dead in his room, the violin at his neck, the bow upon the string, his music open before him at *Chopin’s Funeral March*.

# 死去的活人

## Life in Death

埃德加·爱伦·坡 / Edgar Allan Poe

埃德加·爱伦·坡(Edgar Allan Poe, 1809—1849), 19世纪美国最著名、最具代表性的作家之一, 在短篇小说的发展历史中占有突出地位。他是短篇小说最重要的开创者之一, 为这一文学体裁提出了较全面的指导性理论。埃德加·爱伦·坡的短篇小说大致分为三类: 恐怖故事、谋杀疑案和科学难解之迷。他开创了侦探小说的先河, 被称为“侦探小说之父”。本文被世人公认为是他最完美的一篇短篇小说之一, 也是世界最佳短篇小说之一, 充分体现了他关于短篇小说的理论和风格特征。

这位画家在当时颇有名气, 因为他能把人物栩栩如生地画到画布上, 在这一方面, 同时代的其他画家没有一个人能与他相提并论。他非常擅于运用色彩和色调, 当人们看过他所作的画以后, 都会说这些画比那些活生生的人和物还要生动逼真。

他确实是一位实力派的画家。当他在画布上画水果时, 那些水果简直跟真的一样, 看起来好像你可以从画面上拿下来吃掉似的。当他在画布上画出一片春花烂漫的原野时, 你会看到画面上的景色如此逼真, 自己仿佛正漫步于这片原野, 能闻到微风送来的花香。当他用画笔在画布上勾画出一张人的面孔时, 你会觉得那就是一个鲜活的、有血有肉的现实人。

有一天, 这位高明的画家邂逅了一位美丽的女子, 他对她一见钟情。随着不断观察和闲聊, 他对她越来越倾慕。于是他不断向她献殷勤, 不停地夸

赞她的美貌。终于,她答应做他的妻子。

可是结婚不久,这位美丽的女子就发现,他对她的兴趣,与其说是情爱的对象,不如说是艺术的偶像。当他面对着她,对她的古典美大加赞美时,好像是站在一件艺术品面前,而不是站在一个活人面前。而对她说来,他可是曾经以爱情和生命相许的恋人。不久,他就向她表露心意,说他非常希望把她的这种旷世美貌表现在他的画里。

“到我的画室里去坐着,好吗?我要为你画张像。”他带着央求的语气对她说,“我要让你的美永远保留下来,并且这将是我的成功之作!”

而她,生性谦恭而温顺,听到这些赞美的话,也感到很开心,便说道:“好吧,亲爱的。我很高兴摆好姿势让你画。”

就这样,这位年轻貌美的妻子温顺地坐在画室里,一坐就是好几个小时,没有一句怨言。一天天过去了,每天她都顺从他的意愿,静静地坐在那里,摆好姿势,面带微笑。她之所以这样做,是因为她太爱他了,她希望丈夫能从自己的微笑和温顺中看出她对他的爱。

有时,她想对他大声说:“请把我看做一个人吧,而不是其他什么艺术品,像人一样爱我,需要我!不要把我当作一件物品!”可是,实际上,她除了说一些让他高兴的话之外,什么也没说。

一天夜里,她躺在床上辗转反侧,打算第二天跟丈夫说:“亲爱的老公,我在嫉妒你的情妇。”她想,他听到这些话一定会吃惊地问:“情妇?除了你,我哪还有情人呀!”然后她会告诉他:“艺术就是你的情妇!”可是不知为什么,对说出这些话,她始终没有足够的勇气。她还是很耐心地坐在那里给他做模特,让他作画。就这样,一个小时又一个小时过去了,一天又一天,一周又一周。因为她爱丈夫,所以才有耐心坐在那里。她知道,他的乐趣是从他自己的工作中得到的,她要满足他。

这位画家富有激情,他热情却容易激动。他彻底沉浸在自己的创作中,眼睛里只有他所希望见到的东西。当她勉强地挤出微笑时,他不曾、也不可能觉察出她正变得越来越虚弱,无精打彩。他没看出或者说他根本就看不出

来。他这位可爱的模特脸上的红润正渐渐地消失,尽管画面上的肌肤色调鲜艳而美丽。

终于,这位画家的作品即将出炉,他的创作激情也格外高涨。他只是偶尔把眼光从画面上转过去看看他的妻子,她依然耐心地坐在那里。如果他多看她几眼,稍微看得仔细一些,他也许会觉察出那涂在画面上的色泽是从她的脸颊上汲取来的,画面上的微笑也是从她的嘴唇上掠走的。

最后,又过了几个星期,他开始审视自己的作品,准备最后再润色几笔。他觉得画像的嘴角上需要轻轻地涂上一笔,眼睛还需要再仔细地加一点色彩。

这个女人知道她的丈夫的作品即将完成,于是,精神暂时振作了起来。然后,等他把该抹的那一笔抹上,把该涂的那一点色彩涂上,这位画家往后站了站,陶醉地望着他那幅用心灵和娴熟的双手创作出来的杰作。

当他站在画像面前,欣赏着这件美妙的艺术作品时,他情不自禁地高声喊道:“这简直就是一个活人!”他兴奋地转过头去看他的爱人,却发现她已经死了!

The painter was known for his ability to put life on canvas like no other artist of his time. His skills in the use of colors and hues was so great that some who viewed the paintings he created said that they were more true to life than life itself.

He, indeed, was a skilled artist. When he painted fruit, it seemed as though you could take it from the picture and eat it. When he put a field of spring flowers on canvas, you could view the scene in the daintiness and imagine yourself walking in that field, feeling a gentle breeze carrying the fragrance of the flowers. And when he put a face on his canvas with his brush, it looked like a person of flesh and blood with life and breath.



One day this skilled artist met a beautiful woman who immediately became the object of his affections. As he observed her and spoke with her, he admired her more and more. He showered her with kindness and words of praise until she consented to be his wife.

Not long after they were married, however, the beautiful woman found out that she was more the object of his artistic interest than of his affections. When he admired her classic beauty it was as though he were standing in front of a work of art rather than in front of a human being to whom he had pledged his love and promised his life. And soon he expressed his great desire to put her rare beauty on canvas.

"Please sit for me in the studio," he pleaded, "and I will immortalize your beauty. The work will be my masterpiece! "

She was humble and obedient as well as flattered by his words, so she said, "Yes, my love. I will be happy to pose for you."

So the beautiful, young wife of the artist sat meekly for hours in his studio, no complaining. Day after day she sat obediently, smiling as she posed. because she loved him and because she hoped that he would see her love in her smile and obedience.

She sometimes wanted to call out to him, "Please love me and want me as a person rather than as an object! " But, instead, she spoke nothing but words which pleased him.

Once, as she lay sleepless in bed at night, she planned to say to him the next day, "My dear husband, I am jealous of your mistress! " She thought that surely he would answer in surprise. "Mistress? I have no one but you! " And then she would say, "Your mistress is your art! " However, somehow she was never courageous enough to say any of the words, so she continued to sit for him patiently, hour after hour, day after day, week after week. Her love for him gave her the patience, for she knew how much pleasure he took in this