

# 飘

那些让我魂牵梦系的精彩篇章

中文导读学习版

[美] 玛格丽特·米切尔 著

庞冬 编译

**Gone  
with the  
Wind**



电子工业出版社

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF ELECTRONICS INDUSTRY  
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## 内 容 简 介

小说中的故事发生在 1861 年美国南北战争前夕。生活在南方的少女斯嘉丽从小深受南方文化传统的熏陶，可在她的血液里流淌着野性的叛逆因素。随着战火的蔓延和生活环境的恶化，斯嘉丽的叛逆个性越来越丰满、鲜明，在一系列的挫折中她改造了自我，改变了个人甚至整个家族的命运，成为时势造就的新女性形象。作品在描绘人物生活与爱情的同时，勾勒出南北双方在政治、经济、文化各处层次的异同，具有浓厚的史涛风格，堪称美国历史转折时期的真实写照，同时也成为历久不衰的爱情经典。

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## Chapter 1 Scarlett's Jealousy



### 第一章 嫉妒的斯嘉丽

中文导读

斯嘉丽·奥哈拉是爱尔兰移民杰拉德·奥哈拉之女，她从小生长在美国南部富饶美丽的塔拉庄园。斯嘉丽漂亮、任性，充满活力，小镇上的年轻小伙子无不拜倒在她的石榴裙下。十六岁之前，她一直过着无忧无虑的生活，直到她意外得知自己的心上人艾希利·威尔凯斯将要迎娶表妹梅兰妮为妻，斯嘉丽的生活才如一池春水被风无情吹皱，再难回复到往昔的平静。

## Chapter 1

SCARLETT O'HARA was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father. But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch of hazel, starred with bristly black lashes and slightly tilted at the ends. Above them, her thick black brows slanted upward, cutting a startling oblique line in her magnolia-white skin—that skin so prized by Southern women and so carefully guarded with bonnet, veils and mittens against hot Georgia suns.

Seated with Stuart and Brent Tarleton in the cool shade of the porch of Tara, her father's plantation, that bright April afternoon of 1861, she made a pretty picture.

On either side of her, the twins lounged easily in their chairs, they were as much alike as two bolls of cotton. They had just been expelled<sup>①</sup> from the University of Georgia, the fourth university that had thrown them out in two years; and their older brothers, Tom and Boyd, had come home with them, because they refused to remain at an institution where the twins were not welcome.

“I know you two don't care about being expelled, or Tom either,” she said, “But what about Boyd?”

“Oh, he can read law in Judge Parmalee's office over in Fayetteville,” answered Brent carelessly. “Besides, it doesn't matter much. We'd have had to come home before the term was out anyway.”

“Why?”

“The war, goose! The war's going to start any day, and you don't suppose any of us would stay in college with a war going on, do you?”

“You know there isn't going to be any war,” said Scarlett, bored. “It's all just talk. There won't be any war, and I'm tired of hearing about it.”

① expel [iks'pel]  驱除, 赶走 (CET4)

“Why, honey, of course there’s going to be a war,” said Stuart.

Scarlett made a mouth of bored impatience.

“If you say ‘war’ again, I’ll go in the house.”

She meant what she said, for she could never long endure any conversation of which she was not the chief subject. But she smiled when she spoke, consciously deepening her dimple and fluttering her bristly black lashes as swiftly as butterflies’ wings. The boys were enchanted<sup>①</sup>, as she had intended them to be, and they hastened to apologize for boring her. They thought none the less of her for her lack of interest. Indeed, they thought more. War was men’s business, not ladies’, and they took her attitude as evidence of her femininity<sup>②</sup>.

Having maneuvered<sup>③</sup> them away from the boring subject of war, she went back with interest to their immediate situation.

“What did your mother say about you two being expelled again?”

The boys looked uncomfortable, recalling their mother’s conduct three months ago when they had come home, by request, from the University of Virginia.

“Well,” said Stuart, “she hasn’t had a chance to say anything yet. Tom and us left home early this morning before she got up, and Tom’s laying out over at the Fontaines’ while



we came over here.”

“Didn’t she say anything when you got home last night?”

“We were in luck last night. Just before we got home that new stallion Ma got in Kentucky last month was brought in, and the place was in a stew. When we got home, Ma was out in the stable with a sackful of sugar smoothing him down and doing it mighty well, too. So we went to bed, and this morning we got away before she could catch us. and left Boyd to handle her.”

“Do you suppose she’ll hit Boyd?”

“Of course she won’t hit Boyd. She never did beat Boyd much because he’s the oldest and besides he’s the runt of the litter,” said Stuart, proud of his six feet two. “That’s why we left him at home to explain things to her.

“I hope it doesn’t rain tomorrow,” said Scarlett. “It’s rained nearly every day for a week. There’s nothing worse than a barbecue<sup>④</sup> turned into an indoor picnic.”

“Oh, it’ll be clear tomorrow and hot as June,” said Stuart. “Look at Oat sunset I never saw one redder. You can always tell weather by sunsets.”

- 
- |                            |             |                    |
|----------------------------|-------------|--------------------|
| ① enchanted [in'tʃɑ:ntɪd]  | <b>adj.</b> | 陶醉的, 入迷的 (CET4)    |
| ② femininity [femi'nɪnɪti] | <b>n.</b>   | 女子气质, 阴柔、娇柔 (CET6) |
| ③ maneuver [mə'nu:və]      | <b>n.</b>   | 策略, 谋略 (CET6)      |
| ④ barbecue ['bɑ:bɪkjʊ]     | <b>n.</b>   | 烤肉、烧烤晚宴 (CET4)     |

They looked out across the endless acres of Gerald O'Hara's newly plowed cotton fields toward the red horizon.

There was the click of china and the rattle of silver as Pork, the valet-butler of Tara, laid the table of supper. At these last sounds, the twins realized it was time they were starting home. But they were loath to face their mother and they lingered on the porch of Tara, momentarily<sup>①</sup> expecting Scarlett to give them an invitation to supper.

"Look, honey. You've got to give me the first waltz and Stu the last one and you've got to eat supper with us."

"If you'll promise, we'll tell you a secret," said Stuart.

"What?" cried Scarlett, alert as a child at the word.

"Is it what we heard yesterday in Atlanta, Stu? If it is, you know we promised not to tell."

"Well, Miss Pitty told us."

"Miss Who?"

"You know, Ashley Wilkes' cousin who lives in Atlanta, Miss Pittypat Hamilton—Charles and Melanie Hamilton's aunt."

"I do, and a sillier old lady I never met in all my life."

"Well, when we were in Atlanta yesterday, waiting for the home train, her carriage went by the depot and she stopped and talked to us, and she told us there was going to be an engagement announced tomorrow night at the Wilkes ball."

"Oh, I know about that," said Scarlett in disappointment.

That silly nephew of hers, Charlie Hamilton, and Honey Wilkes.”

“Do you think he’s silly?” questioned Brent, “Last Christmas you sure let him buzz round you plenty.”

“I couldn’t help him buzzing,” Scarlett shrugged negligently<sup>②</sup>, “I think he’s an awful sissy.”

“Besides, it isn’t his engagement that’s going to be announced,” said Stuart triumphantly<sup>③</sup>. “It’s Ashley’s to Charlie’s sister, Miss Melanie!”

Scarlett’s face did not change but her lips went white—like a person who has received a stunning blow without warning and who, in the first moments of shock, does not realize what has happened. So still was her face as she stared at Stuart that he, never analytic, took it for granted that she was merely surprised and very interested.

“Miss Pitty told us they hadn’t intended announcing it till next year, because Miss Melly hasn’t been very well; but with all the war talk going around, everybody in both families thought it would be better to get married soon. So it’s to be announced tomorrow night at the supper intermission<sup>④</sup>. Now, Scarlett,

① momentarily ['mɒməntli'terili] **adv.** 短暂地, 临时地 (CET4)

② negligently ['neglidʒəntli] **adv.** 疏忽地, 粗心地; 随便地, (CET6)

③ triumphantly [traɪ'ʌmfəntli] **adv.** 成功地; 喜悦地 (CET4)

④ intermission ['intə'miʃən] **n.** 间歇, 暂停 (CET6)

we've told you the secret, so you've got to promise to eat supper with us."

"Of course I will," Scarlett said automatically<sup>①</sup>.

"And all the waltzes?"

"All."

"You're sweet! I'll bet the other boys will be hopping mad."

"Let 'em be mad," said Brent. "We two can handle 'em. Look, Scarlett. Sit with us at the barbecue in the morning."

"What?"

Stuart repeated his request.

"Of course." The twins looked at each other jubilantly but with some surprise.

Filled with new enthusiasm by their success, they lingered on<sup>②</sup>, talking about the barbecue and the ball and Ashley Wilkes and Melanie Hamilton, interrupting each other, making jokes and laughing at them, hinting broadly for invitations to supper. Some time had passed before they realized that Scarlett was having very little to say. The atmosphere had somehow changed. Sensing something they could not understand, baffled and annoyed by it, the twins struggled along for a while, and then rose reluctantly<sup>③</sup>, looking at their watches.

...

When the twins left Scarlett standing on the porch of Tara and the last sound of flying hooves had died away, she went back to her chair like a sleepwalker.

Ashley to marry Melanie Hamilton! Oh, it couldn't be true! The twins were mistaken. No, Ashley couldn't be in love with Melanie, because—oh, she couldn't be mistaken!—because he was in love with her! She, Scarlett, was the one he loved—she knew it!

Mammy emerged<sup>④</sup> from the hall, a huge old woman with the small, shrewd eyes of an elephant.

“Come on in de house, Miss Scarlett.”

“No, I want to sit here and watch the sunset. It's so pretty. You run get my shawl. Please, Mammy, and I'll sit here till Pa comes home.” Scarlett heard the stairs groan and she got softly to her feet. As she stood, hesitant<sup>⑤</sup>, wondering where she could hide until the ache in her breast subsided a little, a thought came to her, bringing a small ray of hope. Her father had ridden over to Twelve Oaks, the Wilkes plantation, that afternoon to offer to buy Dilcey, the broad wife of his valet, Pork.

- 
- ① automatically [ˌɔ:tə'mætɪkəli]    **adv.** 自动地, 机械地 (CET4)  
 ② linger on    **v.** 逗留, 徘徊 (CET6)  
 ③ reluctantly [rɪ'lʌktəntli]    **adv.** 不情愿地, 勉强地 (CET4)  
 ④ emerge [ɪ'mə:dʒ]    **v.** 出现, 发生 (CET4)  
 ⑤ hesitant ['hezɪtənt]    **adj.** 迟疑的; 踌躇的 (CET4)

Surely, thought Scarlett, Pa will know whether this awful story is true.

Soon she was at the end of the driveway and out on the main road, but she did not stop until she had rounded a curve. Flushed and breathing hard, she sat down on a stump to wait for her father.

“Oh, it can’t be true!” she thought. “Oh, Ashley! Ashley!” True, he never made love to her, nor did the clear gray eyes ever glow with that hot light Scarlett knew so well in other men. And yet—and yet—she knew he loved her. She could not be mistaken about it.

She loved him and she wanted him and she did not understand him.

Why, only last week, when they were riding home at twilight from Fairhill, he had said: “Scarlett, I have something so important to tell you that I hardly know how to say it.”

She had cast down her eyes demurely, her heart beating with wild pleasure, thinking the happy moment had come. Then he had said: “Not now! We’re nearly home and there isn’t time. Oh, Scarlett, what a coward I am!” And putting spurs to his horse, he had raced her up the hill to Tara.

Scarlett, sitting on the stump, thought of those words which had made her so happy, and suddenly they took on another meaning, a hideous<sup>①</sup> meaning. Suppose it was the news of his engagement he had intended to tell her! Oh, if Pa

would only come home! She could not endure the suspense another moment. She had to wait much longer, Mammy would certainly come in search of her and bully her into the house.

Still there was no sign of Gerald on the quiet winding road. If But even as she strained her eyes down the darkening road, she heard a pounding of hooves at the bottom of the pasture hill and saw the horses and cows scatter in fright. Gerald O'Hara was coming home across country and at top speed.

Gerald did not see his daughter in the shadow of the trees, and he drew rein in the road, patting his horse's neck with approbation<sup>②</sup>.

She laughed aloud. As she had intended, Gerald was startled by the sound; then he recognized her, and a look both sheepish and defiant came over his florid face.

Scarlett looked at her father in the fading light, and, without knowing why, she found it comforting to be in his presence.

“How are they all over at Twelve Oaks?”

“About as usual.”

“Did they say anything about the barbecue tomorrow?”

① hideous ['hidiəs]



丑陋的, 可怕的 (CET6)

② approbation ['æprə'beɪʃən]



许可, 认可; 赞许 (CET4)

“Now that I think of it they did. Miss Melanie Hamilton, that’s the name—she and her brother Charles have already come from Atlanta and—”

“Oh, so she did come?”

“She did, Come now, daughter, don’t lag. Your mother will be hunting for us.”

Scarlett’s heart sank at the news.

“Was Ashley there, too?”

“He was there and he asked most kindly after you, as did his sisters, and said they hoped nothing would keep you from the barbecue tomorrow. I’ll warrant nothing will,” he said shrewdly. “And now, daughter, what’s all this about you and Ashley?”

“There is nothing,” she said shortly, tugging<sup>①</sup> at his arm. “Let’s go in, Pa.”

“So now ’tis you wanting to go in,” he observed. “But here I’m going to stand till I’m understanding you. Now that I think of it ’tis strange you’ve been recently. Has he been trifling with you? Has he asked to marry you?”

“No,” she said shortly.

“Nor will he,” said Gerald.

Fury flamed in her, but Gerald waved her quiet with a hand.

“Hold your tongue, Miss! I had it from John Wilkes this afternoon in the strictest confidence that Ashley’s to marry



Miss Melanie. It's to be announced tomorrow.”

“Now, don't be jerking your chin at me,” warned Gerald. “If you had any sense you'd have married Stuart or Brent Tarleton long ago.”

“Will you stop treating me like a child!” cried Scarlett. “I don't want to go to Charleston or have a house or marry the twins. I only want—” She caught herself but not in time.

“It's only Ashley you're wanting, and you'll not be having him. And if he wanted to marry you, 'twould be with misgivings that I'd say Yes, for the fine friendship that's between me and John Wilkes.” And, seeing her startled look, he continued: “I want my girl to be happy and you wouldn't be happy with him.”

“Oh, I would! I would!”

“That you would not, daughter. Only when like marries like can there be any happiness.”

Scarlett was silent and her heart sank.

Rightly interpreting her silence, Gerald patted her arm and said triumphantly<sup>②</sup>: “There now, Scarlett! You admit 'tis true. What would you be doing with a husband like Ashley? 'Tis moonstruck they all are, all the Wilkes.” And then, in a wheedling tone: “When I was mentioning the Tarletons the

① tug [tʌg]

v. 用力拉 (CET4)

② triumphantly [traɪ'ʌmfəntli]

adv. 得意洋洋地, 兴奋地 (CET4)