

The background of the cover is a dark grey or black, featuring a complex, intricate white line-art pattern. This pattern consists of various floral motifs, including stylized flowers, leaves, and swirling vines, some of which are rendered with dashed lines. The overall effect is a dense, elegant, and somewhat traditional aesthetic.

**Engaging
With Literature**

Reading Short Stories in English

英文短篇
小说选读

曼小琴 著



上海交通大学出版社
SHANGHAI JIAO TONG UNIVERSITY PRESS

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吴小琴 编著



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内容提要

本教材选取 19 世纪以来的英语短篇小说,并提供了作家作品的介绍,比如文学流派、作品风格、社会历史背景等,便于学生获取重要信息。选材力求难度适中,具有可读性,并把文学常识作为一个模块,贯穿在各个单元中。单元练习引导学生在预习时初步理解故事内容,在课堂与课后学习进行更深层次的思考,还特别设计了词汇练习,帮助学生扩大词汇量。

本教材适用于非英语专业的通识课、特色课,也适用于英语专业的学生阅读。

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前言



为了配合高校大学英语教学改革,满足学生的实际需求,在经过几年通识课程的教学尝试与教材建设之后,《英语短篇小说阅读与欣赏》终于付梓问世。

选择给大学生开设文学方面的通识课程,理由不外乎以下几点。

1. 文学是语言的艺术,学习原汁原味的文学文本,不但可以帮助学生巩固大学英语课程的教学成果,还可以进一步帮助学生附带习得词汇与语言结构,提高语言表达能力。

2. 在学习过程中,结合作品分析,介绍文学手段与写作技巧,帮助学习者提高文学鉴赏能力与写作能力;通过引导学生进行积极性的阅读,参加文学文本意义的建构,提高其想象力与创造力。

3. 文学作品关怀人,文学也是人学。学习经典文学作品,不但可以丰富个体的情感体验,唤起个体对真善美的追求与热爱,还可以帮助个体面对人生。

4. 文学是社会文化的载体,通过学习文学作品,帮助学生运用已有语言知识去了解英美国家的社会与文化,形成文化意识。

本教材有如下编写特点:

1. 本书以话题为中心,选取了 19 世纪以来英美国家著名的短篇小说进行讨论学习。话题多样,贴近生活。

2. 所选作品内涵丰富,可做多重意义解读,易于激发学习者的阅读兴趣与讨论热情。

3. 选材兼顾了可读性,并且对难以根据上下文猜测意义的生词进行了旁注,减少阅读难度。

4. 提供了作家作品的简要介绍,设置了课前阅读任务,以利于学生课外自主学习,使有限的课堂时间可以用于对作品本身的学习分析。



英语短篇小说选读

5. 结合作品,介绍了文学创作的手段与技巧,以便学生获得一定的文学知识,提高文学鉴赏能力。

6. 设置了部分词汇练习与翻译,以便增强词汇附带习得的效果。

本教材适用于英语专业以及非英语专业已经通过四六级的本科生。学时因各校而已,课堂教学内容可以根据学时而取舍。建议学生课前完成规定的阅读任务,了解大体内容及其背景,完成阅读理解问答题,课堂接受检查与参与讨论,进行课堂展示;课后要求学生自主完成补充阅读的相关小说,老师以答疑方式处理。

编者

2018年1月

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Unit 1

Materialism and Relationship

Main Reading

大卫·赫伯特·劳伦斯(David Herbert Lawrence, 1885 - 1930), 是 20 世纪英国作家中最具独创性又最具争议的作家, 是现代主义小说家的代表人物。他出生于英格兰诺丁汉郡的一个矿工家庭。做小学教师的母亲对与自己不匹配的婚姻非常失望, 竭力让五个孩子接受好的教育以便逃离矿工生活。劳伦斯在贫穷和父母的争吵声中长大, 哥哥死后他成了母亲情感的寄托。劳伦斯上了三年中学, 十五岁终止学业, 做小职员, 后来进入诺丁汉大学学院接受两年的师范专科训练, 成为教师。由于健康原因, 1919 年后他一直在国外, 去过意大利、澳大利亚、墨西哥、美国与法国等地。1930 年 3 月因肺结核病逝于法国。



除了 10 部长篇小说, 他还留下大量的短篇小说、诗歌与评论等。《儿子与情人》(*Sons and Lovers*, 1913) 是其著名的自传体小说, 讲述矿工的儿子保罗的成长过程, 哀叹和抗议工业发展造成的自然环境的污染, 特别描写了使他自然感情遭到扭曲的“恋母情结”。姊妹篇《虹》(*The Rainbow*, 1915) 和《恋爱中的女人》(*Women in Love*, 1921) 对资本主义工业文明提出了强烈的批评。《查泰莱夫人的情人》(*Lady Chatterley's Lover*, 1928) 是欧美文坛上最令人震惊、最引起争议的作品。虽然该小说命运坎坷, 但终因其严肃的寓意、批判社会的主题, 真切透辟的写实手法和细腻深刻的心理描写成为名著, 并对现当代英国乃至西方文学产生了重大影响。

劳伦斯的作品背景主要集中在他家乡诺丁汉郡一带的矿区与乡村, 其创作主要揭示工业文明对人精神的侵蚀, 体现否认人与自然相脱离的严重后果。从小生活在矿区的小村里, 他比较理解矿工家庭极其艰难的生活, 十分憎恨产业主义, 憎恨大规模地开采煤矿对周围农村的破坏, 这种破坏状况在他的青少年时期正达到顶峰。他认为人性本善, 工业化的西方文明强调人的智力否定人的自然本能, 因此毁了人的感情生活, 使人失去人性; 机器工业和物

质文明的过度发展压抑禁锢了人的本性,造成了人与社会与自然的冲突。他主张恢复人鲜活的生命力,形成人与自然、人与人之间的和谐关系。他关注的是藏在人的“自我”之下的自然本质,要表现的不仅是肉体与理性上的感觉,而是更深层次的真实心理状态。因此,他让作品的故事情节退居其次,更注重对人物感情的细腻刻画和精神世界的深入探索,用象征与细节描写传达主题与寓意。

他认为西方文明在衰落,人将与自然脱离。要重新觉悟是自然的一部分,那么接受性爱是这一觉悟的重要方面。他从心理学角度分析男女之间的性关系,认为这是人之本性,是人与自然的结合,完美的性爱是人的需求。正是因为作品中大量的直率的性爱描写,《虹》被查封,而《查泰莱夫人的情人》在英美两国遭禁,直到1960年才由企鹅出版社原封不动地出版。他在揭示男女情爱的同时,将性爱描写上升到哲学和美学的高度,而那伴随着炽烈的性爱体验的,是对历史、政治、宗教、经济等社会问题的严肃思考。他与弗洛伊德同属一个时代,虽然自称没有读过对方的书,但是两人很多见解相符。他将小说中使用的心理分析法理论化,先后出版《心理分析和无意识》(*Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, 1921)与《无意识的幻想曲》(*Fantasia of the Unconscious*, 1922)。

许多评论家认为,他的短篇小说优于长篇小说,因为主题更突出,结构更紧凑,效果更完整。短篇集有《普鲁斯军官》(*Prussian Officer*, 1914)、《英格兰,我的英格兰》(*England, My England*, 1922)与《离去的女人》(*The Women Who Rode Away*, 1928)。

《木马赢家》(*The Rocking-Horse Winner*, 1933)是劳伦斯较为著名的短篇小说之一,写于晚年,去世后才发表。故事中,男孩保罗渴望母爱,但是对物质的追求已经使海斯特丧失了爱的能力。为了获得母爱,让家中那个“一定要有更多的钱!一定要有更多的钱!”的轻声低语永远消失,保罗骑上木马,在疯狂地摇动木马的过程中试图预测下一场赛马的结果,以便在赛马赌博中多赢钱。木马带他到一个“幸运的”地方去了吗?小说以童话故事的形式铺开,通篇弥漫童话的氛围,把传说和神话中的超自然因素糅合在一起,塑造了一个被成人世界的问题所摧残的儿童形象,从侧面反映了工业文明中拜金主义对健康和谐的人际关系扭曲。

The Rocking-Horse Winner

By D. H. Lawrence

bonny *adj.* 健美的

1 There was a woman who was beautiful, who started with all the advantages, yet she had no luck. She married for love, and the love turned to dust. She had **bonny** children, yet she felt they had been thrust upon her, and she could not love them. They looked at her coldly, as if they were finding fault with her. And hurriedly she felt she must cover up some fault in herself. Yet what it was that she must cover up she never knew. Nevertheless, when her children were present, she always felt the center of her heart go



hard. This troubled her, and in her manner she was **all the more** gentle and anxious for her children, as if she loved them very much. Only she herself knew that at the center of her heart was a hard little place that could not feel love, no, not for anybody. Everybody else said of her: "She is such a good mother. She adores her children." Only she herself, and her children themselves, knew it was not so. They read it in each other's eyes.

all the more 更;愈加

2 There were a boy and two little girls. They lived in a pleasant house, with a garden, and they had **discreet** servants, and felt themselves superior to anyone in the neighborhood.

discreet *adj.* 言行谨慎的

3 Although they lived **in style**, they felt always an anxiety in the house. There was never enough money. The mother had a small income, and the father had a small income, but not nearly enough for the social position which they had to keep up. The father went in to town to some office. But though he had good **prospects**, these prospects never materialized. There was always the **grinding** sense of the shortage of money, though the style was always kept up.

in style 有气派地;时髦地

prospect *n.* 前景;前途
grinding *adj.* 恼人的

4 At last the mother said: "I will see if I can't make something." But she did not know where to begin. She racked her brains, and tried this thing and the other, but could not find anything successful. The failure made deep lines come into her face. Her children were growing up, they would have to go to school. There must be more money, there must be more money. The father, who was always very handsome and expensive in his tastes, seemed as if he never would be able to do anything worth doing. And the mother, who had a great belief in herself, did not succeed any better, and her tastes were just as expensive.

5 And so the house came to be **haunted** by the unspoken phrase: *There must be more money! There must be more money!* The children could hear it all the time, though nobody said it aloud. They heard it at Christmas, when the expensive and splendid toys filled the **nursery**. Behind the shining modern rocking-horse, behind the smart doll's house, a voice would start whispering: "There must be more money! There must be more money!" And the children would stop playing, to listen for a moment. They would look into each other's eyes, to see if they had all heard.

haunt *v.* 困扰;萦绕心头

nursery *n.* (供游戏的) 儿童室;婴儿室

spring *n.* 弹簧

champ *v.* 大声咀嚼

smirk *v.* 傻笑, 嬉笑

pram *n.* 婴儿车

self-consciously *adv.*
不自然地; 怕难为情地

puppy *n.* 小狗

timidly *adv.* 羞涩胆怯地

vaguely *adv.* 含糊地,
模糊地; 茫然地

filthy *adj.* 污秽的; 卑鄙的

lucre *n.* [贬] 金钱; 财富

And each one saw in the eyes of the other two that they too had heard.
“There *must* be more money! There *must* be more money!”

6 It came whispering from the **springs** of the still-swaying rocking-horse, and even the horse, bending his wooden, **champing** head, heard it. The big doll, sitting so pink and **smirking** in her new **pram**, could hear it quite plainly, and seemed to be smirking all the more **self-consciously** because of it. The foolish **puppy**, too, that took the place of the teddy-bear, was looking so extraordinarily foolish for no other reason but that he heard the secret whisper all over the house: “There *must* be more money!”

7 Yet nobody ever said it aloud. The whisper was everywhere, and therefore no one spoke it. Just as no one ever says: “We are breathing!” in spite of the fact that breath is coming and going all the time.

8 “Mother,” said the boy Paul one day, “why don’t we keep a car of our own? Why do we always use uncle’s, or else a taxi?”

9 “Because we’re the poor members of the family,” said the mother.

10 “But why are we, mother?”

11 “Well—I suppose,” she said slowly and bitterly, “it’s because your father has no luck.”

12 The boy was silent for some time.

13 “Is luck money, mother?” he asked rather **timidly**.

14 “No, Paul. Not quite. It’s what causes you to have money.”

15 “Oh!” said Paul **vaguely**. “I thought when Uncle Oscar said filthy lucker, it meant money.”

16 “**Filthy lucre** does mean money,” said the mother. “But it’s lucre, not luck.”

17 “Oh!” said Paul vaguely. “Then what is luck, mother?”

18 “It’s what causes you to have money. If you’re lucky you have money. That’s why it’s better to be born lucky than rich. If you’re rich, you may lose your money. But if you’re lucky, you will always get more money.”

19 “Oh! Will you? And is father not lucky?”

20 “Very unlucky, I should say,” she said bitterly.

21 The boy watched her with unsure eyes.



22 “Why?” he asked.

23 “I don’t know. Nobody ever know why one person is lucky and another unlucky.”

24 “Don’t they? Nobody at all? Does *nobody* know?”

25 “Perhaps God. But He never tells.”

26 “He ought to, then. And aren’t you lucky either, mother?”

27 “I can’t be, if I married an unlucky husband.”

28 “But by yourself, aren’t you?”

29 “I used to think I was, before I married. Now I think I am very unlucky indeed.”

30 “Why?”

31 “Well—never mind! Perhaps I’m not really,” she said.

32 The child looked at her, to see if she meant it. But he saw, by the lines of her mouth, that she was only trying to hide something from him.

33 “Well, anyhow,” he said **stoutly** , “I’m a lucky person.”

34 “Why?” said his mother, with a sudden laugh.

35 He stared at her. He didn’t even know why he had said it.

36 “God told me,” he **asserted** , **brazening it out** .

37 “I hope he did, dear!” she said, again with a laugh, but rather bitter.

38 “He did, mother!”

39 “Excellent!” said the mother, using one of her husband’s **exclamations** .

40 The boy saw she did not believe him; or, rather, that she paid no attention to his assertion. This angered him somewhat, and made him want to compel her attention.

41 He went off by himself, vaguely, in a childish way, seeking for the clue to “luck.” Absorbed, taking no heed of other people, he went about with a sort of stealth, seeking inwardly for luck. He wanted luck, he wanted it, he wanted it. When the two girls were playing with dolls in the nursery, he would sit on his big rocking-horse, **charging** madly into space, with a **frenzy** that made the little girls **peer at** him uneasily. Wildly the horse **careered** , the waving dark hair of the boy **tossed** , his eyes had a strange glare in them. The little girls dared not speak to him.

stoutly *adv.* 坚决地,
断然地

assert *v.* 断言,宣称
brazen out 厚着脸皮
说

exclamation *n.* 感叹
语

charge *v.* 冲锋
frenzy *n.* 狂热

peer at 凝视,盯着看
career *v.* 猛冲,飞跑
toss *v.* 抛,扔,甩

snort *v.* 发出哼声
steed *n.* 骏马

furious *adj.* 激烈的, 猛烈的; 高速的; 盛怒的
jockey *n.* 职业赛马骑师

glare *n.* 怒目而视
in full tilt 全速

gallop *n.* 疾驰, 飞跑

flare *v.* 闪亮
sturdy *adj.* 健壮的, 结实的
straddle *v.* 骑跨

42 When he had ridden to the end of his made little journey, he climbed down and stood in front of his rocking-horse, staring fixedly into its lowered face. Its red mouth was slightly open, its big eye was wide and glassy-bright.

43 “Now!” he would silently command the **snorting steed** . “Now, take me to where there is luck! Now take me!”

44 And he would slash the horse on the neck with the little whip he had asked Uncle Oscar for. He *knew* the horse could take him to where there was luck, if only he forced it. So he would mount again, and start on his furious ride, hoping at last to get there. He knew he could get there.

45 “You’ll break your horse, Paul!” said the nurse.

46 “He’s always riding like that! I wish he’d leave off!” said his elder sister Joan.

47 But he only glared down on them in silence. Nurse gave him up. She could make nothing of him. Anyhow he was growing beyond her.

48 One day his mother and his Uncle Oscar came in when he was on one of his **furious** rides. He did not speak to them.

49 “Hallo, you young **jockey** ! Riding a winner?” said his uncle.

50 “Aren’t you growing too big for a rocking-horse? You’re not a very little boy any longer, you know,” said his mother.

51 But Paul only gave a blue **glare** from his big, rather close-set eyes. He would speak to nobody when he was **in full tilt** . His mother watched him with an anxious expression on her face.

52 At last he suddenly stopped forcing his horse into the mechanical **gallop** , and slid down.

53 “Well, I got there!” he announced fiercely, his blue eyes still **flaring** , and his **sturdy** long legs **straddling** apart.

54 “Where did you get to?” asked his mother.

55 “Where I wanted to go,” he flared back at her.

56 “That’s right, son!” said Uncle Oscar. “Don’t you stop till you get there. What’s the horse’s name?”

57 “He doesn’t have a name,” said the boy.

58 “Gets on without all right?” asked the uncle.



59 “Well, he has different names. He was called **Sansovino** last week.”

60 “Sansovino, eh? Won the Ascot. How did you know his name?”

61 “He always talks about horse-races with Bassett,” said Joan.

62 The uncle was delighted to find that his small nephew was **posted** with all the racing news. Bassett, the young gardener, who had been wounded in the left foot in the war and had got his present job through Oscar Cresswell whose **batman** he had been, was a perfect **blade** of the “**turf**”. He lived in the racing events, and the small boy lived with him.

63 Oscar Cresswell got it all from Bassett.

64 “Master Paul comes and asks me, so I can’t do more than tell him, sir,” said Bassett, his face terribly serious, as if he were speaking of religious matters.

65 “And does he ever put anything on a horse he fancies?”

66 “Well—I don’t want to give him away—he’s a young sport, a fine sport, sir. Would you mind asking him himself? He sort of takes a pleasure in it, and perhaps he’d feel I was giving him away, sir, if you don’t mind.”

67 Bassett was serious as a church.

68 The uncle went back to his nephew and took him off for a ride in the car.

69 “Say, Paul, old man, do you ever put anything on a horse?” the uncle asked.

70 The boy watched the handsome man closely.

71 “Why, do you think I oughtn’t to?” he **parried**.

72 “Not a bit of it. I thought perhaps you might give me a tip for the Lincoln.”

73 The car sped on into the country, going down to Uncle Oscar’s place in Hampshire.

74 “**Honor bright**?” said the nephew.

75 “Honor bright, son!” said the uncle.

76 “Well, then, Daffodil.”

77 “Daffodil! I doubt it, sonny. What about Mirza?”

Sansovino 与后面

Daffodil, Mirza,

Lancelot, Malabar 均
为马名

Ascot 与下文 Lincoln,

Leger, Grand National,

Derby 均为马赛

post *v.* 使熟悉, 使了
解

batman *n.* 勤务兵

blade *n.* 花花公子

turf *n.* 赛马场; 赛马

parry *v.* 挡开, 避开

honor bright 说真的

obscure *adj.* 无名的

78 “I only know the winner,” said the boy. “That’s Daffodil.”

79 “Daffodil, eh?”

80 There was a pause. Daffodil was an **obscure** horse comparatively.

81 “Uncle!”

82 “Yes, son?”

83 “You won’t let it go any further, will you? I promised Bassett.”

84 “Bassett be damned, old man! What’s he got to do with it?”

85 “We’re partners. We’ve been partners from the first. Uncle, he lent me my first five shillings, which I lost, I promised him, honor bright, it was only between me and him; only you gave me that ten-shilling note I started winning with, so I thought you were lucky. You won’t let it go any further, will you?”

86 The boy gazed at his uncle from those big, hot, blue eyes, set rather close together. The uncle stirred and laughed uneasily.

87 “Right you are, son! I’ll keep your tip private. Daffodil, eh? How much are you putting on him?”

88 “All except twenty pounds,” said the boy. “I keep that in reserve.”

89 The uncle thought it a good joke.

90 “You keep twenty pounds in reserve, do you, you young romancer? What are you betting, then?”

gravely *adv.* 严肃地

91 “I’m betting three hundred,” said the boy **gravely**. “But it’s between you and me, Uncle Oscar! Honor bright?”

92 The uncle burst into a roar of laughter.

93 “It’s between you and me all right, you young **Nat Gould**,” he said, laughing. “But where’s your three hundred?”

Nat Gould; Nathaniel Gould (1857—1919),
以赛马为题材的作家

94 “Bassett keeps it for me. We’re partners.”

95 “You are, are you? And what is Bassett putting on Daffodil?”

96 “He won’t go quite as high as I do, I expect. Perhaps he’ll go a hundred and fifty.”

97 “What, pennies?” laughed the uncle.



98 “Pounds,” said the child, with a surprised look at his uncle. “Bassett keeps a bigger reserve than I do.”

99 Between wonder and amusement Uncle Oscar was silent. He pursued the matter no further, but he determined to take his nephew with him to the Lincoln races.

100 “Now, son,” he said, “I’m putting twenty on Mirza, and I’ll put five for you on any horse you fancy. What’s your pick?”

101 “Daffodil, uncle.”

102 “No, not the **fiver** on Daffodil!”

103 “I should if it was my own fiver,” said the child.

104 “Good! Good! Right you are! A fiver for me and a fiver for you on Daffodil.”

105 The child had never been to a race-meeting before, and his eyes were blue fire. He **pursed** his mouth tight, and watched. A Frenchman just in front had put his money on Lancelot. Wild with excitement, he flayed his arms up and down, yelling, “*Lancelot! Lancelot!*” in his French **accent**.

106 Daffodil came in first, Lancelot second, Mirza third. The child **flushed** and with eyes **blazing**, was curiously **serene**. His uncle brought him four five-pound notes, four to one.

107 “What am I to do with these?” he cried, waving them before the boy’s eyes.

108 “I suppose we’ll talk to Bassett,” said the boy. “I expect I have fifteen hundred now; and twenty in reserve; and this twenty.”

109 His uncle studied him for some moments.

110 “Look here, son!” he said. “You’re not serious about Bassett and that fifteen hundred, are you?”

111 “Yes, I am. But it’s between you and me, uncle. Honor bright!”

112 “Honor bright all bright, son! But I must talk to Bassett.”

113 “If you’d like to be a partner, uncle, with Bassett and me, we could all be partners. Only, you’d have to promise, honor bright, uncle, not to let it go beyond us three. Bassett and I are lucky, and you must be lucky, because it was your ten shillings I

fiver *n.* 五英镑钞票

purse *v.* 噘起

accent *n.* 口音

flush *v.* 脸红

blaze *v.* 闪耀; 燃烧

serene *adj.* 宁静的

spinning yarns 讲故事

obstinately *adv.* 执拗地

started winning with”

114 Uncle Oscar took both Bassett and Paul into Richmond Park for an afternoon, and there they talked.

115 “It’s like this, you see, sir,” Bassett said. “Master Paul would get me talking about racing events, **spinning yarns**, you know, sir. And he was always keen on knowing if I’d made or if I’d lost. It’s about a year since now, that I put five shillings on Blush of Dawn for him—and we lost. Then the luck turned, with that ten shillings he had from you, that we put on Singhalese. And since that time, it’s been pretty steady, all things considering. What do you say, Master Paul?”

116 “We’re all right when we’re sure,” said Paul. “It’s when we’re not quite sure that we go down.”

117 “Oh, but we’re careful then,” said Bassett.

118 “But when are you sure?” smiled Uncle Oscar.

119 “It’s Master Paul, sir,” said Bassett, in a secret, religious voice. “It’s as if he had it from heaven. Like daffodil, now, for the Lincoln. That was as sure as eggs.”

120 “Did you put anything on Daffodil?” asked Oscar Cresswell.

121 “Yes, sir. I made my bid.”

122 “And my nephew?”

123 Bassett was **obstinately** silent, looking at Paul.

124 “I made twelve hundred, didn’t I, Bassett? I told uncle I was putting three hundred on Daffodil.”

125 “That’s right,” said Bassett, nodding.

126 “But where’s the money?” asked the uncle.

127 “I keep it safe locked up, sir. Master Paul he can have it any minute he likes to ask for it.”

128 “What, fifteen hundred pounds?”

129 “And twenty! And forty, that is, with the twenty he made on the course.”

130 “It’s amazing!” said the uncle.

131 “If Master Paul offers you to be partners, sir, I would if I were you; if you’ll excuse me,” said Bassett.

132 Oscar Cresswell thought about it.