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（散文卷）

梦寐难忘的往事

A true Story Haunted Him

赫伯特等

Anthony Abbot



北京师联教育科学研究所　编译
学 苑 音 像 出 版 社　出版

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全真的语言环境,完全的语言表述,是语言学习的核心,其实操性、实用性是普通的语言学习训练无法比拟的。《英汉对照外国文学名著精读丛书》是完全英语环境的真实再现和英语口语的实际应用,对英语学习有着事半功倍的效果。

每一部经典文学作品,都经历了时间与读者的检验,其语言经典、凝炼,是英语学习者的绝佳参照物和学习范本,本丛书精选了各时期、各体裁文学作品的经典代表作,集外国文学之大成,对学习外国语言,陶冶读者情操,提高读者文学素养,也有着极大帮助。

用中学英语读世界名著是本丛书的最大特色。我国非传统的英语语系国家,广大中学生的英语读写能力也不是很强,针对这一现状,我们精选了难度适宜、思想健康的经典文学作品,使读者能读下去、读得通、读得懂。

跨媒体出版,是本书的一大特点,以往单媒体出版,不能尽显文学作品之精髓,对语言学习也有所不足,针对这一问题,本丛书特意采用的跨媒体出版的形式,以音频、文字双重学习,使学习效率极大提高。

编　者

2005 年 7 月

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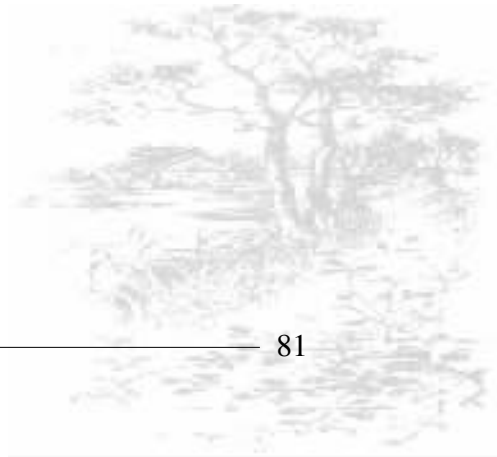
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A True Story Haunted Him

梦寐难忘的往事

ANTHONY ABBOT　　赫伯特

MY friend had, like many other eminently successful men, a secret ambition that was never satisfied; he yearned to write mystery yarns, but never found time to try.

"*One story haunts my mind*," he told me. "*It was a terrifying experience that actually happened to a young girl I used to know. Would you like to hear it*?"

At my eager "*Yes, sure*!" his pleased laugh rang out in the vaulted, oddly shaped study where we sat.

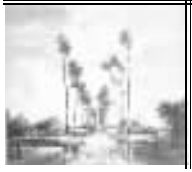
The girl's name, he began, was Marjorie, A penniless lass with a long pedigree and a sweet face, she had been raised by a scheming aunt to find a million dollars and marry it. So when, at 17, Marjorie fell in love with a poor medical student,

我这位朋友和许多别的名成业就的人一样，心里隐藏着一个从未实现的抱负：想写奇情小说，可是总抽不出空来试一下。

"有一个故事，叫我梦寐难忘，"他对我说，"这件事是我过去认识的一个女孩子亲身经历的，她实在受惊不少。你想听吗？"

我才说了一声"当然要听！"他就哈哈笑起来了。我们坐的那间书房，形状很特别，穹形屋顶，立时响遍了他的笑声。

他开始讲：女孩子名叫玛卓丽。这位小姑娘虽然一贫如洗，却是世家出身，长得俏丽动人，由姑母妩养。这位长辈为她的将来打算，从小就苦口婆心地告诉她侄女必定要



the aunt promptly arranged to take her niece abroad. In the, qo´s that was still standard technique. The young lady could cool her ardor amid the Alpine snows of a Swiss finishing school.

As luck would have it, two days before sailing time, Aunte was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. This Marjorie thought, meant a reprieve—but no! Safely out of the ether, Auntie commanded Marjorie to go off without her; the family lawyer must find a chaperone immediately! This turned out to be no problem at at all, for an agent of the steamship line reported that an American nun, Sister Agatha, would also be traveling alone, and glad to watch over the young passenger.

Until the last gong of the midnight sailing, Marjorie was on the hurricane deck with her medical student. She wept where he ran down the gangplank; sobbed as he stood on the dock waving. When at last the lonely girl went to her cabin, Sister Agatha was already sleeping.

At sunrise Marjorie was awakened by rowdy

想办法嫁给百万富翁。因为玛卓丽十七岁那年爱上了一个学医的穷学生之后，姑母马上就准备带她出国。在十九世纪末叶，这是拆散爱侣的典型办法。女孩子进了瑞士槟雪的阿尔卑斯山上的女子学校，热情自会冷淡下来。

谁知开船前两天，姑母忽然要动急救手术，急急忙忙地进了医院。玛妈卓丽心想，这一下子总可以暂缓成行了吧。可是不然！姑母施手术醒来，就命令玛卓丽迳自启程，不必候她；不过要家庭律师立刻找个人护送。过一点倒没有困难，因为轮船公司代理人说，有一位名阿嘉沙的美国籍修女，也是单身出门，愿意沿途照顾这位少女。

午夜开船之前，玛卓丽一直和那个医学生在顶层甲板上依依话别，直到最后一次呜锣，催送客的人离船，才告分手。他急步走下跳板，她哭个不停。他站在码头上挥手，她还在呜咽。终于这位孤单的女孩子进了房舱，这时阿嘉沙修女已经安寝。

天一亮，玛卓丽被一群吵吵闹

YHDZ WGWXMZJDCS·SWJ



passengers singing on their way to bed. The curtains of the nun 's bed were still closed. Very softly, she put bare feet into slippers, pulled a robe around her and went toward the bathroom—only to halt on the threshold, gasping with horror.

For, What she saw standing before the basin mirror was a tall figure robed like a Sister—but a lather of soap was smeared over cheeks and chin, and in one uplifted hand gleamed a razor, Sister Agatha was shaving !

Marjorie wanted to scream for help, to fly out of the room She could do nothing ; her throat felt paralyzed, her body bound. Slowly the man lowered the razor, his unwavering gaze fixed upon her. She saw that the coarse face was livid ; the luster of intolerable hate and fear shone in the hard, green eyes.

" *Don 't say one word—if you want to live* !" he warned her.

There was a roaring in Marjorie 's ears and a faraway thudding that was not the ship 's engines but her pounding heart.

" *Grab hold of the door* !" he called." *You 'd better not faint, I wouldn 't like it.* "

She swallowed hard and heard her own voice,

闹、唱着歌、刚准备就寝的旅客吵醒。修女床边的帐幕仍然低垂。她赤着双足,轻轻地穿上拖鞋,披了晨袍,往浴室走去——刚走到门口,不禁吓得停了脚步,倒抽冷气。

原来她看见脸盆镜子面前站着一个穿了修女长袍的高个子,两颊和下巴涂满了肥皂沫,一手举起,拿着闪闪发光的剃须刀。阿嘉沙修女竟在刮胡子!

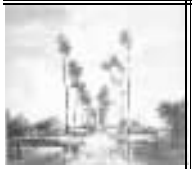
玛卓丽想大喊求救,奔出房舱,但却一样也没办到,只觉得喉咙麻木,全身若缚。那个男人慢慢放下剃刀,目不转睛地瞧着她,这时她才看清那张苍白粗糙的面孔,两只青绿凶恶的眼睛露出极端怨恨害怕的光芒。

" 想活,就别出声!"他警告她。

玛卓丽耳朵里一阵雷鸣,又觉得远处有轰隆轰隆的声音,这并不是船上引擎发出来的,而是她的心房在怦怦地跳。

" 抓住门 "他嚷道," 你最好别晕倒,晕倒我可不喜欢。"

玛卓丽力持镇定,勉强答话,声



remote and unreal, saying, "*I'm all right—thank you.*"

He honed the razor on the rump of his palm and smiled.

"*Kid, there's not one thing in this world you've got to be scared about—so long as you behave yourself.*"

Striding forward, he towered over her. "*You understand, I never figured you in this deal at all. My friends just took over a Sister they knew about and brought me her ticket and this rig. Oh, they'll let her go all right, when I'm safe on the other side All I wanted was to lay low the whole trip, but last night who braces me when I come on board but the captain? And by just keeping quiet, I find out Sister Agatha is supposed to have you on her hands.... You thought I was asleep when you came in didn't you?*"

He gave her all unhallowed smile: "*Well, kid—we're stuck with each other. And for the rest of this trip you're not getting out of my sight. Night or day! One peep out of you and I cut your throat.*"

He reached out and touched her hand with a cold forefinger. "*And get one more thing straight If you're scared about anything else—forget it I got no*

音像是远处传过来的,不像自己的声音:"多谢你,我没有什么。"

他在手掌肉厚的地方杷剃刀磨了几下,笑了。

"小妞儿,只要你乖乖的,就不用害怕。"

他大步过来,身材比她高许多。他对她说:"你要明白,我根本没料到会有你这么一个人。我那班朋友知道有个修女要上船,绑了她,把她的船票和这套衣服给了我。你放心,等我平平安安到了那边,当然会放她。我一路上只打算静悄悄地,不要别人注意我,谁知昨晚上船,船长跟我缠起来了,我静听他说,知道阿嘉沙修女是负责照顾你的…你进舱来,以为我睡了吧?"

他向她涎皮赖脸地笑了笑。"好了,小妞儿,咱们俩算是标住了。从现在起,不许你离开我半步。不管白天夜晚!你要是通风报信,我就宰了你。"

他伸出手来,用冰冷的手指戳戳她。"还有一点要跟你说个明白。你要是怕别的什么——那倒不必。

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romantic ideas. You're as safe with me as in your mammy's arms. Just so long," he added,*" as you stick to the routine."*

Then began for Marjorie what seemed a hopeless eternity of terror. The man refused to sleep except in dark – of – the – morning snatches, rolled up against the door. The day would begin early; she would open her eyes before sunup. Very quietly she would lie there, listening to the throbbing engines— and her flesh would begin to creep as she remembered that another day of dread was beginning for her.

When she took her bath, he sat outside the bolted door. All their meals were brought to the cabin; the counterfeit nun watched in bleak silence while stewards made the beds. When the ship's doctor came around on his daily visit, Marjorie had to do the talking, even to asking for draughts of sleeping medicine, according to the man's orders—for under the flowing black robes a pistol was pointed unswerving at her head.

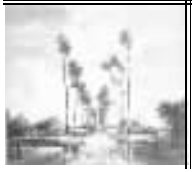
In the midst of the voyage there came a gray fog as if the ocean itself had taken the veil; out of the porthole nothing but damp, emptiness, and all night and all day the incessant bleating of the ship's horn. It got on her nerves so that she began to sob.

我不存邪心眼儿。跟我一道就和在你妈怀里一样安全。"他又补充一句："只要你听话。"

从这时候起，玛卓丽似乎坠入恐怖的深渊中，不知道什麽时候才能得救。那家伙不肯睡觉，只在天没亮的时候才偶尔瞌睡片刻，还把身了缩成一团，抵着房门。她每天醒得很早 太阳没有出来，已睁开眼睛，静静地躺在床上，听引擎轰隆轰隆地响——一想起又有一天恐怖的日子要过，全身便起鸡皮疙瘩。

玛卓丽沐浴时，门是闩紧的，那家伙就守在门外。三餐都叫进房舱里吃 待应生铺床的时候，那个假修女便不言不语地望着。船上医生每天照例来探视一次，只由玛卓丽一人跟医生谈话，甚至他要安眠药，也由也开口 她完全是奉命而行，因为在那飘垂的黑袍里面，有一支手枪对准着她的脑袋。

旅途中有一次大雾，大洋好像学修女的样子，也披上了头纱。舷窗外一无所见，只有洗澡的一片空白，汽笛日夜不断地鸣放。玛卓丽实在受不了，哭了。



He laid a rough palm over her mouth. "*No hysterics!*" he warned. "*You sit down there now and read me one Of your books.*"

She began to read aloud from a novel—a story of a guilty love, "*and it promptly stirred the imposter to virtuous indigna tion*" *What kind of reading is that for a young girl?*" he rasped and hurled the book through the porthole. "*Haven't you any respectable literature?*"

So she read to him from the Bible. While Scripture bewildered. him, he seemed to like St. Matthew and some of the Psalms. For a while, Marjorie had the childish hope that the Gospel might reform him, but he became even more hard Jumpy and suspicious the nearer they came to port.

One day he whirled on her and snarled, "*put that book down. What do you think is going to become of me?*

She thought for a moment and answered carefully, "*Itthey've found out, back in New York, they must have cabled to the other side. Won't there be detectives waiting for you?*"

"*That ain't likely in New York,*" he said. "*And on this ship nobody knows. Except you!*"

他伸出一双粗掌，捂住她的嘴。"不要发神经！"他警告她，"在那边坐下来，拿本书出来念给我听。"

她找出一本小说，就读出声来。小说写的是负心人的故事，很快就激起了那冒牌修女的义愤。"小姑娘怎么看起这种书来了？"他顺手奔过那本小说，朝窗外一扔。"难道你就没有正经一点的书吗？"

于是她拿出圣经来读。书里的话他虽然听寻迷惑不解，但似乎很喜欢马太福音和诗篇。有一阵子，玛卓丽还抱了天真的希望，以为他听了福音，可能改邪归正，那知船越驶近港口，他越凶狠，越焦灼，也越多疑。

有一天，他奔到她面前，咆哮着说："把这本书放下来。照你想，我会有什么结果？"

她想了片刻，小心地回答："假若纽约那边的人发觉了，一定已经打电报通知这边。那么，不会有侦探等着你吗？"

"纽约那边不会有人知道的，"他说，"至于这艘船上，谁也不知道，只有你！"

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He stopped and studied her with an insane sparkle in his eyes.

"*Except you!*" he repeated.

And that was when the pity and fear that she had come to feel for him gave way to panic. They both knew it was in her power to denounce him, once they got to port; and to bear witness against him, if he were ever caught. Tomorrow morning they would reach Cherbourg; the very hours of her life might be numbered. . . .

Yet, in spite of all her fears, Marjorie fell soundly asleep on that last night out. When she awoke, the ship was anchored in the harbor; and at her bedside stood the doctor, captain and nurse.

As she struggled up, she saw a heap of dark clothing on the opposite bed. The doctor patted her shoulder and said, "*You have had a terrible experience, my dear. He left you this note,*"

And she read: "*So long, Marjorie—and thanks for being a good sport and a damn fine girl. You wait for that nice medical student you told me about, your heart knows better than your Auntie. I apologize for putting that big dose of sleeping stuff in your coffee—but it had to be done, because I had to undress. I 'm going through the porthole. I 've never really hurt anybody yet, and if I get out of this I never will. There was a time when I might have cut your throat except for*

他住了嘴,把她细细端相了一阵,眼睛里露出狂暴的闪光。

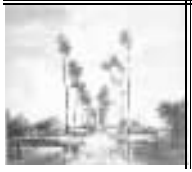
"只有你!"他又说一遍。

她本来已渐有怜悯他和替他害怕的感觉,现在全变成惊惶了。他们两人都晓得一旦到达港口之后,她可以出来检举他;假若他被捕,她可以出来作证,证明他有罪。明天早晨,船就要到谢堡了,她可能命在旦夕…

可是玛卓丽尽管满不恐惧,最后这晚却熟睡不醒。一觉醒来,船已进港,床边站着医生、船长和护士。

她挣扎着起身,看见对面的床上留下一堆黑衣。医生在她肩上轻轻拍了几下说:"姑娘,这次可把你吓坏了。这是他留给你的字条。"

她拿起来念:"再见,玛卓丽——这次你真听话,没有找我的麻烦,我要谢谢你。你对我说过的那个医科学生,你喜欢他,就等着嫁给他吧。应该样才好,你自己心里当然比你姑母明白。我在你的咖啡里放了那么多安眠药,很对不起。不过不放不行,因为我要脱衣服。



the part you read me about the thief on the Cross. That was a new one on me. ”

There was no signature.

A little silver clock chimed one. Time to go to bed. I thanked my friend and promised him that some day I would try to tell his story. And then. as I left the oval study of the White House, with its ship models and stamp albums and many historic treasures, I said good night to my friend who wanted to write mystery stories—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

我会从窗口跳出去。其实，我从来没有真正害过人，假若这一次逃得掉，今后再也不会。如果不是你向我读那段小偷被钉上十字架后忏悔的故事，我也许已把你这个无辜的人杀掉。这个故事我倒没有听过。”

字条上没有署名。

小银钟敲了一下。是就寐的时刻了。我谢过我那位朋友，还说有一天一定把他的故事写出来。于是我走出白宫这间陈列着船只模型、邮票簿、和许多名贵古物的椭圆形书房，一面跟那位想写奇情小说的朋友道声再会——他就是罗斯福总统。

（深圳教苑中学　刘建华译）

YHDZ WGWXMZJDCS·SWJ



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

西敏大寺

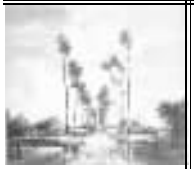
Washington Irving　　华盛顿·欧文

On one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of Autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and, as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster School, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a spectres from one of the

时方晚秋，气象肃穆，略带忧郁，早晨的阴影和黄昏的阴影，几乎连接在一起，不可分别，岁云将暮，终日昏暗，我就在这么一天，到西敏大寺去信步走了几个钟头。古寺巍巍，森森然似有鬼气，和阴沉沉的季候正好相符 我跨进大门，觉得自己好像已经置身远古世界，忘形于昔日的憧憧鬼影之中了。

我是从西敏学校的内庭走进去的，先走过一条弧顶的矮矮的长廊，墙壁很厚，墙上有圆孔，略有光线透入，廊中幽暗，幽幽然似在地下行走。黑廊尽头，我远远的看见大寺里的回廊，一个老年香火道人，身穿黑袍，正沿着拱廊阴影里踽踽走去，



neighboring tombs. The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discolored by damps and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments and obscured the death 's – heads and other funereal emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the key – stones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters; beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendor. From between the arcades the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky of a passing cloud, and beheld the sun – gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

AS I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions

看起来就像从附近的古坟里爬出来的鬼魂。我从当年僧院遗址那条路进入古寺,景象分外凄凉,我心也更适宜于往凄凉方面冥想了。回廊一带依然保留有几分当年的幽静出世之慨。灰色的墙壁为毒气所蒸,显得斑斑驳驳,年代已久,颓坏之象,也很明显。墙上长了一层白苍苍的苔藓,非但上面的碑文不可读,连骷髅像和别的丧用标志都模糊不清。弧顶布满雕刻花纹,可是斧钻的痕迹,也已模糊 拱心石上面雕有玫瑰花,可是当年枝叶茂美之状,已经不可复见。每样东西都可以看出年久衰败之象,可是即使处在颓朽之中,依然不乏赏心悦目之处。

一道带有秋意的黄色阳光,正从回廊环绕的广场上空倾泻下来;照耀着场中央一块稀疏的草坪,同时把上有拱顶的过道一角抹上一层阴郁的光辉。从拱廊之间向上望去,可以瞥见一抹蓝天,或一朵游云,还有那镀着阳光,伸向碧空的寺顶尖塔,也巍然在目。

我踯躅于回廊之间,时而凝视着这幅辉煌和颓败交融的景象,时而竭力辨认那些刻在墓石上的碑

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