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粵語和漢語的比較

When Stephen Crane was born in 1871, in Newark, New Jersey, he was the last in a big family of fourteen children. His minister father was very strict and wouldn't permit his children any amusements except reading.

Although Stephen enjoyed reading, along with writing and baseball, he rebelled against a formal education and dropped out of college. He then moved to New York City, where some freelance writing for newspapers kept him from always being broke and hungry.

Then a series of magazine articles on Civil War battles gave him the idea of writing a war novel.

关于作者

斯蒂芬·克莱恩在 1871 年诞生在新泽西州纽沃克的一个大家庭，在 14 个孩子中他最小。父亲是个牧师，对孩子很严厉，除了读书以外，不允许他们有任何其他消遣。

尽管斯蒂芬喜欢阅读、写作和打棒球，但是对正规教育却很反感。读大学时，他退了学。接着他就迁到纽约市，靠为几家报社自由撰稿勉强度日。

后来，他从一系列的关于美国内战的杂志文章中受到启发，便产生了写一部战争小说的念头。在那些文章中老兵们描述了他

While the veterans who wrote these articles described what *happened*, they never described how they *felt* 鄧
Stephen Crane would change all that in his novel 鄧

So, although the 21-year-old writer had never been in a war and was writing about one that was fought before he was born, Crane described with uncanny accuracy the fears and sorrows, the cowardice and courage of the soldiers as they fought one of the war's bloodiest battles—Chancellorsville 鄧

Crane couldn't interest book publishers in his story, so he sold it to a newspaper syndicate, and in December, 1894, *The Red Badge of Courage* appeared in serial form in over 700 newspapers 鄧 For his 18,000-word story, Crane was paid a half-cent a word, for a total of \$ 90!

们的见闻，却没有写出他们的内心感受，斯蒂芬·克莱恩打算在自己的小说中彻底改变这一切。

于是，年仅 21 岁的克莱恩，尽管自己没经历过战争，所写的又是一场在他出生之前就已经发生了战争，但他却令人难以置信地把这场内战众多战役中最为惨烈的一次——钱斯勒斯维尔战役精确地加以描述，把士兵们的恐惧和悲伤，懦弱和勇敢描绘得淋漓尽致。

克莱恩的小说当时并未引起出版商的兴趣。他只好将小说卖给了一家报业辛迪加。于是，在 1894 年 12 月，《红色英勇勋章》在 700 多份报纸上以连载的形式出现了。按照一个字半美分付费，克莱恩从这部 18 000 字的小说中总共才得到 90 美元的稿费！

The story was greeted with great enthusiasm, especially by many Civil War veterans, who insisted that Crane *had to* have been in the war himself to have described so accurately all that the soldiers felt

Stephen Crane later *did* report on wars, in Cuba and in Greece. But these assignments left him with his own red badge—malaria and tuberculosis. These diseases led to his death in 1900, at the young age of 28.

During his short life, Crane also published four books of short stories and two books of poetry. But he is best remembered for his classic American novel of the Civil War!

这部小说受到了极大的欢迎，尤其是许多参加过内战的老兵，他们坚持说克莱恩肯定是亲自参加过那场战争，要不然根本不可能如此准确地描绘出士兵们的全部感受。

斯蒂芬·克莱恩后来确实到过古巴和希腊从事战争报道。但是给他带来的却是属于他自己的“红色勋章”——疟疾和肺结核。这些疾病使他在 1900 年，年仅 28 岁就去世了。

克莱恩在其短暂的一生中，还出版了四本短篇小说集和两本诗集。但是最令人怀念的，则是他的这本经典美国内战小说！

《~~毛尔威尔城~~》 援乐趣；消遣

《~~红 Badge~~》 援疟疾

《~~战争与和平~~》 援自由撰稿

《~~战争与和平~~》 援肺结核



在弗吉尼亚的北方联军兵营。

精忠报国 南方联军。北方联军和南方联军分别指美国南北战争时支持联邦政府的军队和支持南方联邦的军队，以下分别简称北军和南军。

悦匀粤殊砸员

耘世嵩舜辛葬圆群, 耘世嵩舜颀蜚圆早

It was dawn on a spring morning in 1863, and the young Union soldiers of the 304th Regiment were just waking up. Most of the 304th were farm boys from New York State who had enlisted in the army of the North. Now, they were camped in rough log huts and tents on a hillside somewhere in northern Virginia.

From their position, they could see the wooded hills opposite them. Rising above the distant trees were scattered puffs of smoke, the remains of the Confederate campfires that had been burning throughout the night.



第一章摇没完没了的等待，没完没了的操练

1863年春的一个黎明，北方联军第 304 团的年轻大兵们刚刚从睡梦中醒来。这个团的小伙子们大部分是来自纽约州的农民，应征参加了北方的军队。目前他们扎营在弗吉尼亚北部某处山坡上一些简陋木棚和帐篷里。

从他们的位置可以看到对面长满树木的小山，远远的树木间依稀可见一缕缕飘散的青烟，那是南方联军彻夜燃烧营火的残烟。

For months, the raw troops of the 304th had been at this camp. They had seen no fighting and had only heard reports of great battles between the Union and Confederate armies in this Civil War.

By now, the men were disappointed, frustrated, and bored. They had spent the war drilling endlessly on any open field their lieutenant could find and waiting endlessly for orders to go into battle.

Stretching and yawning as they came out of their tent, Henry Fleming and Tom Wilson, two close friends, headed for the campfire. The regimental cook was pouring hot coffee into tin cups for the soldiers gathered around him. In between pouring, he was stirring the men's breakfast in a big black pot that was suspended over the fire.

数月以来，猿团的新兵们一直待在这个营地。他们从未遭遇过任何战斗，只是不断听闻关于这场内战中北军与南军之间激烈大战的消息。

到目前为止，士兵们心中充满了失望，沮丧和厌倦。他们每天做的就是他们的中尉所能找到的空地上没完没了地做战前操练以及没完没了地等待加入战斗的命令。

亨利·弗莱明和汤姆·威尔逊这两个好朋友伸着懒腰打着呵欠走出帐篷，向营火走去。团里的厨师正给围在他旁边的士兵们手中的锡杯倒上热咖啡。他一边倒还一边搅拌着旁边篝火上挂着的大黑锅，那里面煮着士兵们的早餐。



两个好朋友醒了。

Once breakfast was over, the men scattered about the camp, each looking for ways to keep busy and make the waiting less boring

“I think I clean my rifle,” said Tom, “even though I did it two days ago. Ain’t nothin’ much else to do.”

“I guess I write to my ma,” said Henry. “She worries if she don’t hear from me regular, ‘specially with pa dead. I know it’s hard runnin’ the farm without me to help.”

Before the two started off, they heard shouts from the path that led to a small creek below the camp. Running up the path was Jim Conklin, another of the farm boys in their regiment. Jim was waving a wet shirt high above his head to attract attention.

吃完早餐，士兵们分散在营地周围，各自找点事做，让自己忙一点，才不会等得那么无聊。

“我看我来擦擦步枪好了，”汤姆说，“尽管我前两天才刚擦过，但好像也没别的事好做的了。”

亨利说：“我还是给我妈写封信吧，她如果没按时收到我的信会担心的，尤其是我爸又不在了，我知道没有我帮忙，她一人打理农田一定很吃力。”

两人话没说完，就听到通向营地下面小溪的小路上有人大呼小叫。吉姆·康克林，团里的另一个农村小伙子正沿着小路跑上来，他把一件湿衣服在头上高高地挥舞着以吸引大家的注意。



“我有消息！”

“Hey, Jim,” called Henry, “what you doin’ all that shoutin’ or?”

“I got news!” hollered Jim, trying to catch his breath as a crowd of soldiers surrounded him. “Listen here! I was just down at the creek washin’ my shirt and one o’ them cavalry fellers was there waterin’ his horse. His brother works at division headquarters, an’ he told ‘im our regiment goin’ up river tomorrow an’ comin’ ‘round over the hill behind the rebels.”

“That’s a lie!” shouted a corporal. “Yeh don’t know what yer talkin’ about!”

“Yeah,” added Tom Wilson, “I don’t believe this army ever goin’ no’where. Why, we got ready to move eight times these last two weeks and we ain’t moved one single step.”



“嘿，吉姆，”亨利叫他，“你在那儿嚷嚷什么呢？”

吉姆大声喊着：“我有消息！”一大群士兵围住了他，他拼命地喘着气，“听好了，我刚才在溪边洗衣服，刚好一个骑兵在那儿饮马，他的兄弟在师部工作，他兄弟告诉我们团明天就要沿着河向上游进发，翻过叛军后面的那座山头。”

“撒谎！”一个下士嚷了起来。“你根本不知道你在说什么！”

汤姆·威尔逊也插嘴说：“就是，我也不相信这队伍会开拔。我们这两个星期已经有八次准备出发了，可最后还是连一步也没挪动过。”



亨利小时候关于战争的梦想。

The men began arguing among themselves, some believing Jim and others accusing him of making up the story to feel important鄢

Henry listened to these arguments, first with some doubt, then with eagerness鄢“ So, at last I疾 go in to疾 to fight, ” he whispered to himself鄢His eyes glowed as he remembered how from the time he was old enough to read, he had pictured himself a hero in every battle throughout history, in every battle in every corner of the world鄢

So, when this war had come, it was important to Henry鄢 to be part of it鄢His mother had called him a fool and discouraged him鄢But Henry was determined and had enlisted in a company that was forming in their town鄢



大家开始纷纷争论起来，有的人相信吉姆而有的人则指责他
是为了显得自己是个人物而捏造新闻。

亨利听着他们的争论，他先是半信半疑，后来却有点兴奋。
他自言自语地说：“因此，我终于要上战场了！”回想起他从小
刚开始读书时就想象着自己是一位历史上所有战争、世界上每个
角落的战役中的英雄，他就两眼炯炯发光。

因此，当现在这场战争来临时，对亨利来说就显得非常重要，
因为他就身在其中。虽然他妈妈当初一直给他泼冷水，说他是
个傻瓜，可亨利已经打定了主意，而且报名参加了他们镇里成
立的一个连。



“孩子，你要多加小心。”

When he walked into the barn in his shiny blue uniform, his mother went right on milking their cow, though tears ran down her wrinkled cheeks and her thin body began to quiver as she spoke to him鄢

“Yeh take care of yerself, son鄢Yeh do what they tell yeh an 疾on 疾yeh git in the company of wild fellers who drink an 疾wear 鄢Remember that yer pa taught yeh not t 疾hink a 疾nythin 疾cept what 疾right 鄢”

Before leaving to join his regiment, Henry had stopped at his school to say good 鄢ye to his friends 鄢The young people had crowded around him, admiring his blue uniform with its shiny brass buttons and praising him for his bravery 鄢Even the girls looked at him ador 鄢ingly, and Henry had beamed with pride 鄢

他穿着崭新的蓝色制服走进牛棚，当妈妈和他说话时，尽管眼泪从她那满是皱纹的脸颊滚落下来，她那瘦弱的身体也开始不停地颤抖，但她仍坚持继续挤着牛奶。

她还是对他说：“孩子，你要多加小心，上级叫你做什么就做什么，不要跟那些酗酒骂人的坏小子们混在一块儿。记住你爸怎么教你的，坏事千万不要做。”

临去团里报到前，亨利去了学校向他的朋友道别。年轻人都围着他，纷纷赞美他那缀着亮闪闪的铜纽扣的蓝制服，称赞他的勇敢。姑娘们更是用仰慕的眼神看着他，亨利当时可真是容光焕发，踌躇满志。



一个友善的南军卫兵。

On the march from New York to Washington, the recruits were welcomed at each town. People prepared feasts, young girls smiled and flirted with them, and old men complimented them on their bravery. Henry felt like a hero even before his first battle.

But then had come months and months of boredom at this campsite in northern Virginia, where the recruits had done nothing but drill, or try to keep warm, or sit and twiddle their thumbs.

The only enemy Henry had seen or heard was a lone guard on duty on the southern side of a nearby river when Henry was on patrol on the northern side.

“Yankee boy,” the ragged guard had called to him, “I seem like a right good young feller, a little dumb mebbe for fightin’ but right good.”

从纽约前往华盛顿的路上，新兵们大受欢迎，沿途每个镇子上，人们都盛宴款待，姑娘们对他们眉目传情，长者们赞他们勇敢。还没打过一仗，亨利就仿佛觉得自己是个英雄了。

可接下来的却是在弗吉尼亚北部营地一个月又一个月的无聊时光。新兵们所能做的只是操练、取暖，或者坐着百无聊赖地旋弄自己的拇指。

这期间亨利见过或听过的唯一一个敌人，就是当他在附近的一条河的北面巡逻时，河的南面有个单独站岗的卫兵。

“喂，北方小子，”那个衣衫褴褛的卫兵对他喊道，“你小子看上去不赖，打仗也许嫩了点，不过还是个好小子嘛。”