

<<呼啸山庄>>

图书基本信息

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作者：（英）勃朗特 著，王勋 等编译

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### 前言

艾米莉·勃朗特（Emily Bronte，1818-1848），英国19世纪最伟大的作家之一。

1818年7月30日，艾米莉·勃朗特出生于英国北部约克郡的豪渥斯。

她的父亲是当地一位牧师，母亲是家庭主妇。

姐姐夏洛蒂·勃朗特、妹妹安妮·勃朗特也是著名作家，在英国文学史上有“勃朗特三姐妹”之称。

艾米莉·勃朗特的童年生活很不幸。

3岁时，母亲便患癌症去世。

父亲收入很少，全家生活艰苦凄凉。

幸好父亲是剑桥圣约翰学院的毕业生，学识渊博，他常常教子女读书，指导他们看书报杂志，还给他们讲故事。

这是自母亲去世后孩子们所能得到的唯一的乐趣，同时也给艾米莉以及两个姐妹带来最初的影响，使她们从小就对文学产生了浓厚的兴趣。

艾米莉性格内向，娴静文雅，从童年时代起就酷爱写诗。

1845年秋天，勃朗特三姐妹自费出版了一本诗集。

尽管她们的诗写得很美，却没有引起人们的注意。

诗集的出版激发了“勃朗特三姐妹”的创作热情，于是三姐妹开始创作小说。

《呼啸山庄》是艾米莉唯一的一部小说，发表于1847年12月。

她们三姐妹的三部小说——夏洛蒂的《简·爱》、艾米莉的《呼啸山庄》和小妹妹安妮的《艾格尼斯·格雷》是同一年问世的。

除《呼啸山庄》外，艾米莉还创作了193首诗，被认为是英国的天才女作家。

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### 内容概要

艾米斯·勃朗特编著的《呼啸山庄》是世界上最伟大的文学名著之一，被誉为“文学界的斯芬克斯”。

恩萧先生是呼啸山庄的主人，他收养了一名孤儿，取名希斯克里夫。

希斯克里夫与恩萧的女儿凯瑟琳从小青梅竹马，并产生了炽烈的爱情。

恩萧死后，他的儿子辛德雷继承了庄园。

希斯克里夫被降为仆人，由于世俗的等级观念，凯瑟琳嫁给了画眉山庄主人林顿，绝望中的希斯克里夫愤然出走。

几年后希斯克里夫荣归故里，畸形的复仇心理使他策划了一系列阴谋，先是使辛德雷倾家荡产，之后诱骗林顿的妹妹与他成婚，之后恣意虐待，而凯瑟琳也在极大的悲痛中早产而亡。

希斯克里夫最后做了两个庄园的主人，但他并不感到幸福，带着对凯瑟琳的思念，在一个风雨之夜结束了自己的生命。

《呼啸山庄》自出版以来，一直畅销至今已被译成世界上几十种语言。

多次被改编成电影。

书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代青少年读者的心灵。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。

为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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## 章节摘录

"I told you we laughed," he answered "The Lintons heard us, and with one accord, they shot like arrows to the door; there was silence, and then a cry, 'Oh, mamma, mamma! Oh, papa! Oh, mamma, come here. Oh, papa, oh!' They really did howl out something in that way. We made frightful noises to terrify them still more, and then we dropped off the ledge, because somebody was drawing the bars, and we felt we had better flee. I had Cathy by the hand, and was urging her on, when all at once she fell down. 'Run, Heathcliff, run!' she whispered. 'They have let the bull-dog loose, and he holds me!' The devil had seized her ankle, Nelly: I heard his abominable snorting. She did not yell out-no! She would have scorned to do it, if she had been spitted on the horns of a mad cow. I did, though: I vociferated curses enough to annihilate any fiend in Christendom; and I got a stone and thrust it between his jaws, and tried with all my might to cram it down his throat. A beast of a servant came up with a lantern, at last, shouting- 'Keep fast, Skulker, keep fast!' He changed his note, however, when he saw Skulker's game. The dog was throttled off; his huge, purple tongue hanging half a foot out of his mouth, and his pendant lips streaming with bloody slaver. The man took Cathy up; she was sick, not from fear, I'm certain, but from pain. He carried her in; I followed, grumbling execrations and vengeance. 'What prey, Robert?' hallooed Linton from the entrance. 'Skulker has caught a little girl, sir,' he replied; 'and there's a lad here,' he added, making a clutch at me, 'who looks an out-and-outer! Very like, the robbers were for putting them through the window to open the doors to the gang after all were, asleep, that they might murder us at their ease. Hold your tongue, you foul-mouthed thief, you! you shall go to the gallows for this. Mr Linton, sir, don't lay by your gun.' 'No, no, Robert,' said the old fool. 'The rascals knew that yesterday was my rent-day: they thought to have me cleverly. Come in; I'll furnish them a reception. There, John, fasten the chain. Give Skulker some water, Jenny. To beard a magistrate in his stronghold, and on the Sabbath, too! Where will their insolence stop? Oh, my dear Mary, look here! Don't be afraid, it is but a boy-yet the villain scowls so plainly in his face; would it not be a kindness to the country to hang him at once, before he shows his nature in acts as well as features?' He pulled me under the chandelier, and Mrs Linton placed her spectacles on her nose and raised her hands in horror. The cowardly children crept nearer, also, Isabella lisping- 'Frightful thing! Put him in the cellar, papa. He's exactly like the son of the fortune-teller, that stole my tame pheasant. Isn't he, Edgar?' "While they examined me, Cathy came round; she heard the last speech, and laughed. Edgar Linton, after an inquisitive stare, collected sufficient wit to recognise her. They see us at church, you know, though we seldom meet them elsewhere. 'That is Miss Earnshaw!' he whispered to his mother, 'and look how Skulker has bitten her-how her foot bleeds!' "Miss Earnshaw? Nonsense!' cried the dame; 'Miss Earnshaw scouring the country with a gipsy! And yet, my dear, the child is in mourning-surely it is-and she may be lamed for life!' "What culpable carelessness in her brother!' exclaimed Mr Linton, turning from me to Catherine. 'I've understood from Shielders'" (that was the curate, sir) "'that he lets her grow up in absolute heathenism. But who is this? Where did she pick up this companion? Oho! I declare he is that strange acquisition my late neighbour made, in his journey to Liverpool-a little Lascar, or an American or Spanish castaway.' "A wicked boy, at all events,' remarked the old lady, 'and quite unfit for a decent house! Did you notice his language, Linton? I'm shocked that my children should have heard it.' "I recommenced cursing-don't be angry, Nelly-and so Robert was ordered to take me off. I refused to go without Cathy; he dragged me into the garden, pushed the lantern into my hand, assured me that Mr Earnshaw should be informed of my behaviour, and, bidding me march directly, secured the door again. The curtains were still looped up at one corner, and I resumed my station as spy; because, if Catherine had wished to return, I intended shattering their great glass panes to a million of fragments, unless they let her out. She sat on the sofa quietly. Mrs Linton took off the grey cloak of the dairy maid which we had borrowed for our excursion, shaking her head and expostulating with her, I suppose: she was a young lady, and they made a distinction between her treatment and mine. Then the woman-servant brought a basin of warm water, and washed her feet; and Mr Linton mixed a tumbler of negus, and Isabella emptied a plateful of cakes into her lap, and Edgar stood gaping

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at a distance. ....

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