

<<泄密的心>>

图书基本信息

书名：<<泄密的心>>

13位ISBN编号：9787302303169

10位ISBN编号：7302303169

出版时间：2012-11

出版时间：清华大学出版社

作者：（美）坡 著，王勋 等编译

页数：246

字数：215000

版权说明：本站所提供下载的PDF图书仅提供预览和简介，请支持正版图书。

更多资源请访问：<http://www.tushu007.com>

<<泄密的心>>

内容概要

《泄密的心（插图·中文导读英文版）》精选了美国著名作家爱伦·坡的短篇小说14篇，其中包括《泄密的心》《绝境》《欺骗是一门精准的科学》《陷阱和钟摆》和《厄舍古屋崩溃记》等世界短篇小说文学宝库中的经典名篇。

这些短篇小说被翻译成各种文字，影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者，并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧和卡通等。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为文学读本，这些经典名篇对当代中国的读者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，在每篇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。

<<泄密的心>>

作者简介

埃德加·爱伦·坡（Edgar Allan Poe，1809-1849），19世纪美国著名作家、文学评论家、短篇小说先驱，被誉为世界上侦探小说和科幻小说的鼻祖。

1809年1月19日，爱伦·坡出生在美国马萨诸塞州首府波士顿，在他年幼的时候，父亲离家出走，母亲病故，之后被商人约翰·爱伦收养。

爱伦·坡的一生非常坎坷，他在养父母那里享受过家庭的温暖，但最后被养父逐出家门；少年时代他接受过良好的教育，但由于各种原因却被弗吉尼亚大学退学；虽然是个天才的作家，但以写作为生的他一生却贫困潦倒。

1849年10月7日，当他在巴尔的摩为自己的新杂志工作期间，突然昏迷不醒，被送往医院后不久便离开了人世。

在他短暂的一生中，爱伦·坡共写了70多篇短篇小说，其中代表作有《莫格街凶杀案》《黑猫》《泄密的心》《欺骗是一门精准的科学》《凹凸山的故事》《眼镜》《红死病的化妆舞会》和《厄舍古屋崩溃记》等。

<<泄密的心>>

书籍目录

泄密的心
绝境
失去呼吸
生意人
欺骗是一门精准的科学
红死病的化妆舞会
约会
一桶白葡萄酒
凹凸山的故事
陷阱与钟摆
椭圆形画像
厄舍古屋崩溃记
贝蕾妮丝
莫雷娜

章节摘录

JRUE!-nervous-very , very dreadfully nervous I had been and am;but why will you say that I am mad?The disease had sharpened my senses-not destroyed-not dulled them.Above all was the sense of hearing acute.I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth.I heard many things in hell.How , then , am I mad?Hearken!and observe how healthily-how calmly I can tell you the whole story. It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain;but once conceived , it haunted me day and night.Object there was none.Passion there was none.I loved the old man.He had never wronged me.He had never given me insult.For his gold I had no desire.I think it was his eye!yes , it was this!He had the eye of a vulture-a pale blue eye , with a film over it.Whenever it fell upon me , my blood ran cold;and so by degrees-very gradually-I made up my mind to take the life of the old man , and thus rid myself of the eye forever. Now this is the point.You fancy me mad.Madmen know nothing.But you should have seen me.You should have seen how wisely I proceeded-with what caution-with what foresight-with what dissimulation I went to work!I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him.And every night , about midnight , I turned the latch of his door and opened it-oh so gently!And then , when I had made an opening sufficient for my head , I put in a dark lantern , all closed , closed , that no light shone out , and then I thrust in my head.Oh , you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in!I moved it slowly-very , very slowly , so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep.It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed.Ha!would a madman have been so wise as this , And then , when my head was well in the room , I undid the lantern cautiously-oh , so cautiously-cautiously (for the hinges creaked) -I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye.And this I did for seven long nights-every night just at midnight-but I found the eye always closed;and so it was impossible to do the work;for it was not the old man who vexed me , but his Evil Eye.And every morning , when the day broke , I went boldly into the chamber , and spoke courageously to him , calling him by name in a hearty tone , and inquiring how he had passed the night.So you see he would have been a very profound old man , indeed , to suspect that every night , just at twelve , I looked in upon him while he slept. Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door.A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine.Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers-of my sagacity.I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph.To think that there I was , opening the door , little by little , and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts.I fairly chuckled at the idea;and perhaps he heard me;for he moved on the bed suddenly , as if startled.Now you may think that I drew back-but no.His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness , (for the shutters were close fastened , through fear of robbers) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door , and I kept pushing it on steadily , steadily. I had my head in , and was about to open the lantern , when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening , and the old man sprang up in bed , crying out-"Who's there?" I kept quite still and said nothing.For a whole hour I did not move a muscle , and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down.He was still sitting up in the bed listening;-just as I have done , night after night , hearkening to the death watches in the wall. Presently I heard a slight groan , and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror.It was not a groan of pain or of grief-oh , no!-it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe.I knew the sound well.Many a night , just at midnight , when all the world slept , it has welled up from my own bosom , deepening , with its dreadful echo , the terrors that distracted me.I say I knew it well.I knew what the old man felt , and pitied him , although I chuckled at heart.I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise , when he had turned in the bed.His fears had been ever since growing upon him.He had been trying to fancy them causeless , but could not.He had been saying to himself-"It is nothing but the wind in the chimney-it is only a mouse crossing the floor , It is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp."Yes , he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions : but he had found all in vain.All in vain;because Death , in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him , and enveloped the victim.And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel-although he neither saw nor heard-to feel the presence of my head within the room. When I had waited a long time , very patiently

<<泄密的心>>

, without hearing him lie down , I resolved to open a little-a very , very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it-you cannot imagine how stealthily , stealthily-until , at length a simple dim ray , like the thread of the spider , shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye. It was open-wide , wide open-and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness-all a dull blue , with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person : for I had directed the ray as if by instinct , precisely upon the damned spot. And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the sense?

<<泄密的心>>

版权说明

本站所提供下载的PDF图书仅提供预览和简介，请支持正版图书。

更多资源请访问:<http://www.tushu007.com>