

<<艰难时世>>

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内容概要

《艰难时世》（Hard Times，1854年）是十九世纪英国著名批判现实主义作家狄更斯（Charles Dickens）的又一巨著。

小说描绘了资产阶级的唯利是图、工人群众的贫困和苦难，以及劳资的矛盾和斗争。

作者以一种近乎漫画式的笔调出神入化地展示了一系列典型的人物性格。

在当时的英国文学中，如此题材尚属少见。

故事发生在一个工业小城焦煤镇。

这里有势利而自私的“教育家”格拉德格林，他一直为自己倡导的那套窒息人性的教育方式而自鸣得意。

这套教育方式首先扼杀了他儿女的天真情感。

女儿路易莎的心灵自小受到严重摧残和压抑，后最屈从父命嫁给了年长自己三十多岁的富翁邦得比；

儿子汤姆则变得放荡和堕落。

邦得比，这个有着古怪虚荣心的焦煤镇巨富，为了维护“自我奋斗成功”的虚假形象，不惜抛弃生母，假充孤儿。

小说同时还着意刻划了下层人物的不幸，使人过目难忘。

比如美丽单纯的茜茜，善良解人的雷恰尔，勤劳而又不幸的斯蒂芬及其酗酒沉沦的妻子。

本书是《艰难时世》原著的简易中英对照读本。

原书起伏的情节、动人的神采以及辛辣的笔调，通过一种明白、浅近、生动的语言得以再现。

阅读本书，正可以在把握原作梗概的同时，迅速提高英语的阅读能力。

本书的汉语译文有助于读者正确理解原文以及学习一些翻译技巧。

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作者简介

狄更斯（1812-1870）19世纪英国著名作家及英国批判现实主义文学奠基人。出生于海军小职员家庭，自学成才。一生共创作了14部长篇小说，还有许多中、短篇小说和杂文、游记、戏剧、小品。著有《艰难时世》《双城记》《雾都孤儿》《大卫·科波菲尔》《远大前程》等。

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章节摘录

For a moment Louisa longed to cry on his shoulder and tell him all that was in her heart. He was a good man, and kind, in his own way. But she could not forget the education of a lifetime. The walls between them were too high. Louisa looked at his stony face, and the moment passed. She sat for a long time, looking silently out of the window. 'Are you asking the factory chimneys for advice, Louisa?' 'There seems to be nothing there except smoke. But when the night comes, fire bursts out!' she answered, 'I know that, of course but I do not see what that has to do with our conversation, Louisa.' 'Father, life is so short--' 'It is longer now than ever before, my dear. Modern medicine—' 'I speak of my own life, father.' 'The same laws govern it, my dear,' 'Oh, what does it matter?' she cried. Then, in a steady, straight way, she went on, 'Tell Mr Bounderby this Since he wishes to take me in this way, I am prepared to accept his hand in marriage. Say those exact words.' 一时间, 路易莎多么渴望扑在他的肩上痛哭一场, 向他倾述心中的一切。

他是一个好人, 有他特有的仁慈心, 然而她忘不了有生以来所受的教育。

隔在他们中间的墙实在太高了。

路易莎望着那张冷冰冰的脸, 刚才的念头忽然消失了。

她久久地坐着, 一言不发地望着窗外。

“难道你在向工厂的烟囱请教吗, 路易莎?” “那儿除了浓烟之外似乎什么都没有。

可一到夜晚, 那儿就进出火星。

” “我知道, 当然—可我看不出这和我们的谈话有什么相干, 路易莎。

” “父亲, 生命太短暂了—” “现在人的寿命比以往任何时候都要长, 亲爱的, 因为现代药物—” “我是说我自己的生命, 父亲。

” “你的生命受同样的规律支配, 亲爱的。

” “噢, 这又有什么关系?

” 她叫喊起来。

接着, 她声音平静直截了当地说: “告诉邦得比先生, 既然他希望用这种方式娶我, 我准备接受他的求婚。

把这话一字一句地传给他。

” Coketown was full of Facts, with no Imagination at all. Its bricks had been red before the smoke and dirt made them black. It was a town of machinery and tall factory chimneys. It had a black river full of waste from the factories beside it. Its buildings shook all day with the thunder of its great machines. Its streets all looked the same, and its people all looked the same, and did the same thing. To them every day was the same as yesterday and tomorrow. Every year was the same as last year and next year. Coketown was a serious place. It had eighteen churches of plain red brick. Its prison, town hall, and hospital all looked the same. Fact, Fact, Fact was everywhere, from the school to the tidy graveyard. But it was not a happy place. The ordinary working people never went inside the churches. They got drunk instead, in its pubs—and even sang and danced. Could it be, perhaps that they felt a need for something more than pure Fact in their lives? Imagination, perhaps; a need for some lightness and laughter in their hard-working, Fact-filled lives? The man lives at Pods End, said Mr Gradgrind. Wheres that, Bounderby? Mr Bounderby was not sure, so they stopped and looked about them. Just then a girl came running round the corner. Mr Gradgrind recognized her. Stop! he shouted. Where are you going? Girl number twenty stopped, shaking with fear, and curtsied shyly. Why are you rushing through the streets like a mad thing? said Mr Gradgrind. Someone was chasing me, said the girl.

Who-- began Mr Gradgrind. Just then the colourless boy, nitzer, came round the corner at such blind speed that he ran into Mr Bounderby and fell down. What do you mean by this, boy? asked Mr Gradgrind. Jupe, was this boy chasing you? Yes, sir. No, I wasnt! the boy cried, Not until she ran away. But all circus people are liars. Enough, said Mr Gradgrind. Bitzer, if I hear any more about you, you will hear about me through the master of the school. Now go along. The boy went, with a poisonous look at Sissy. Now, girl, said Mr

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Gradgrind, take us to your father; we are on our way there. What is in that bottle? Drink, I suppose. Oh, no, sir, its a special oil. Oil? Whatever for? To rub father with. We always use it, sir, when anyone gets hurt in the circus ring. The girl led them to a poor little public house. Its here, sir. Just through the bar and up the stairs. If you hear a dog, sir, its only Merrylegs the Wonder Dog. 焦煤镇充满了事实，没有一点想像。

镇上的砖原先是红的，烟灰把它们染得漆黑。

镇上机器密布，工厂的烟囱高高耸立。

一条黑乎乎的河流载着岸边工厂里排出的废弃物流过城镇。

建筑物整日在机器的轰鸣声中震颤。

不仅街道看起来一样，镇上的人看起来也都一样，并且工作也都一样。

对他们来说，今天无异于昨天和明天，今年无异于去年和明年。

焦煤镇气氛严肃，有十八座简朴的红砖教堂。

监狱、市政厅、医院看起来毫无二致。

事实、事实，从学校到小基地，处处是事实。

但是，它却不是一片乐土。

普通劳动工人从来不进教堂。

相反。

他们在小酒店里把自己灌个酩酊大醉，甚至又唱又跳。

会不会是他们感到需要一些别的东西，而不是他们生活中那些纯粹的事实?或许是想像。

他们生活如此繁重，到处充塞着事实，是不是需要一点轻松和快乐呢? “那个人住在‘豆荚端街’

。这条街在哪儿，邦得比?” 格拉德格林先生问。

邦得比也不大清楚。

于是他们停住脚步四下张望。

就在这时，一个女孩绕墙跑过来，格拉德格林先生一眼认出了她。

“站住!” 他叫道，“你往哪儿跑?” 二十号女学生站住了，怕得直发抖，哆哆嗦嗦地行了个屈膝礼。

“你为什么像个疯子一样在街上跑?” 格拉德格林先生问。

“有人在追我，” 女孩说。

“谁——” 格拉德格林先生刚想说话，这时比策尔，那个面无血色的男孩，绕过墙角飞快地冲过来，一头撞在邦得比身上，一下摔倒了。

“你这是怎么回事，小孩?” 格拉德格林先生问道，“朱浦，是这个小孩追你吗?” “是的，先生

。” “不，我没有，” 男孩叫道，“她跑了我才追的。

马戏团里的人都是骗子!” “够了。

” 格拉德格林先生说，“比策尔，如果你再说一句话，你会从你老师那儿知道我怎么处置你。

好了，你走吧。

” 男孩恶狠狠的眼光瞪了茜茜一下，悻悻而去。

“好了，孩子，” 格拉德格林先生说，“带我们去见你父亲，我们正要找他。

那瓶子里有什么?我想是酒吧。

” “哦，不是，先生，是一种特殊的油。

” “油?干什么用的?” “给我父亲搓揉用的。

马戏场上一旦有人受伤都要用到它，先生。

” 女孩把他们带到一个破旧的小客栈里。

“是这儿，先生。

穿过酒吧，上了楼梯就跑了。

如果你听到狗叫，先生，那不过是奇狗梅里莱格。

”

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编辑推荐

《艰难时世》是英国著名小说家狄更斯的一部批判现实主义作品，而本书是该名著的英汉双语对照简写本，将原著的情节及狄更斯特有的叙事笔调通过明白浅显语言再现。是英语学习者提高英语阅读能力的不错的辅助读物。

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