

疯狂英语阅读：I, Strahd The memorir sofa Vampire PDF转换可能
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https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/238/2021_2022__E7_96_AF_E7_8B_82_E8_8B_B1_E8_c96_238766.htm Though it was a bright, hot dawn outside, there were no windows in this part of the castle. Van Richten had to provide his own light in the form of a small lantern, which he gripped with a white-1)knuckled fist. He paused at the top of the 2)spiral stair-case, and held the lantern as high as his slight 3)stature allowed. Its 4)feeble glow managed to push back the darkness for a few yards, just enough for him to see that the room was apparently empty of threatening 5)occupants. That fact, of course, meant nothing in this place. He glanced back the way he 'd come. Cold stone walls 6)curved sharply down into 7)utter blackness, utter silence. A thin but rueful smile 8)tugged at one corner of his mouth. Like master, like castle, he thought, then his smile 9)vanished as he turned into the room. In the center of the room was a low and 10)massive table, smooth and bright, no 11)speck of dust anywhere... Van Richten went very still as he 12)regarded the 13)implications of the missing dust. After a moment 's thought, he 14)swallowed. It was 15)logical to assume Strahd had placed some sort of 16)spell on the room to preserve its contents while he slept. A great book and some 17)sheaves of paper lay on the table. Within easy reach was a pot of ink and some 18)quill pens, all ready for use. A chair was pulled away from this spot, as though the last occupant had only just walked out. As though at any moment he might return. Van Richten firmly 19)shrugged off that idea. If Strahd

had been active, he would have done something by now. The master was asleep, and his castle was in much the same condition. He moved toward the table and set his lantern down. Carefully, and not a little nervously, he ran his fingers over the fine leather cover of the book, swiftly opening it. It wasn't precisely a book, so much as a collection of various folios loosely bound together. There were no ornate illuminations, only lines of plain text in flowing handwriting. He turned to the first page and read: " I, Strahd, Lord of Barovia, well aware certain events of my reign have been misunderstood, hereby set down an exact record of those events, that the truth may at last be known... " He caught his breath. By all the gods, a personal journal? 我是斯特拉吸血僵尸回忆录尽管外面是明晃晃、热腾腾的黎明，城堡的这一角四壁无窗。冯里希顿不得不用盏小灯笼打着光，攥着灯笼的手指节紧得发白。他在螺旋梯的顶端停下来，矮小的身躯竭力地挑高了灯笼看。灯笼微弱的光在黑暗中只能勉强照出几码远，仅够让他看清这房间的大小，对于这儿的危险主人而言，房间实在是空荡荡的。任何事实真相，在这里都变得毫无意义。他回头瞥了一眼来路：冰冷的石墙扭曲着，径直没入无尽黑暗里，死一般的寂静。他的嘴角露出带着悔意的一丝轻笑。真是有什么样的主人就有什么样的城堡，他这么想着，转身走进房间里，笑容也随着消失了。房间中央摆着一张低而大的桌子，平滑莹亮，一尘不染……当冯里希顿想到这一尘不染意味着什么时，他就僵住了。思量了好一会儿，他咽了咽唾沫。假设斯特拉在睡眠时为了保护房内之物，而对房间下了某种咒语，也是合乎逻辑的。桌上放着一个厚厚的书本和几束纸页。近旁

是一罐准备好了的墨汁和几支鹅毛笔。椅子给拉开来，仿佛最后坐在上面的人才刚刚走开似的。仿佛他随时都可能返回--冯里希顿断然摆脱了这个想法。如果斯特拉还能行动的话，不用等到现在他早就动手了。主人睡着了，他的城堡同样也睡着了。他走到桌子跟前，放下灯笼。手指小心翼翼却毫不紧张地抚过书本上好的皮封面，飞快地打开它。这并非严格意义上的书本，而是一些不同的纸页松松地钉在一起。没有华丽的装帧，只有一行行犹如行云般的手写字。他翻到第一页读起来：“我是斯特拉--巴洛维亚的国王，我很明白我在位期间的一些事情遭到了世人误解，特此写下那些事情的真实记录，希望终有一天人们了解到事情的真相.....”他喘出一口气。老天啊，这是一本私人日记？

knuckle [5nQkEI] n. 指关节 2) spiral [5spaiErEI] a. 螺旋形的 3) stature [5stAtjEr] n. 身高，身材 4) feeble [5fi:bl] a. 微弱的，薄弱的 5) occupant [5CkjupEnt] n. 占有者，居住者 6) curve [kE:v] v. 弯曲 7) utter [5QtEr] a. 全然的，绝对的 8) tug [tQg] v. 用力拖拉 9) vanish [5vAniF] v. 消失 10) massive [5masive] a. 大块的，厚重的 11) speck [spek] n. 斑点 12) regard [ri5ga:d] v. 注意，关心，看待 13) implication [impli5keiFEn] n. 含意，暗示 14) swallow [5swCIeu] v. 吞咽 15) logical [5lCdVikEI] a. 合乎逻辑的，合理的 16) spell [spel] n. 符咒 17) sheave [Fi:v] v. 捆 18) quill [kwil] n. 鹅毛笔 19) shrug off 抖去，摆脱 20) precisely [pri5saisli] adv. 正好 21) folio [5fEuliEu] n. 对开的纸，原稿的一页 22) reign [rein] n. 统治时期 23) hereby [hiE5bai] adv. 因此，据此 24) set down 登记，记载 25) catch one's breath 喘息，歇口气让呼吸恢复正常

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