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Perceiving myself in a blunder, I attempted to correct it. I might have seen there was too great a disparity between the ages of the parties to make it likely that they were man and wife. One was about forty: a period of mental vigour at which men seldom cherish the delusion of being married for love by girls: that dream is reserved for the solace of our declining years. The other did not look seventeen. 认识到自己弄巧成拙，我就试着去纠正错误。我早就该看出年龄上有如此大的差距的两个人怎么会是夫妻呢？一个大约四十岁，正值精力旺盛的时期。这个年龄段的男人很少会有被与年轻女子相爱并成婚的幻想：这种梦是留到我们年老时聊以慰藉的。而另外那个却还不到十七岁。 Then it flashed on me - The clown at my elbow, who is drinking his tea out of a basin and eating his bread with unwashed hands, may be her husband: Heathcliff junior, of course. Here is the consequence of being buried alive: she has thrown herself away upon that boor from sheer ignorance that better individuals existed! A sad pity - I must beware how I cause her to regret her choice. The last reflection may seem conceited. it was not. My neighbour struck me as bordering on repulsive. I knew, through experience, that I was tolerably attractive. 然后我突然灵光一动，“那个坐在我旁边的粗笨的，把茶喝得见底的，用没洗过的手抓面包吃的那个家伙，可能是她的丈夫，当然也是希斯克利夫的儿子。这就是隐居的结果：她把自己胡乱嫁给了一个

粗俗的农民，全然不知还有更好的人存在！真是令人伤心啊。我一定要意识到我是如何让她对她的选择感到后悔的。”最后一个念头看上去可能有些自负，但是不是的。我的旁边的人简直就把我当作厌恶的标志；我知道，凭经验，我还是有些许魅力的。Mrs. Heathcliff is my daughter-in-law, said Heathcliff, corroborating my surmise. He turned, as he spoke, a peculiar look in her direction: a look of hatred. unless he has a most perverse set of facial muscles that will not, like those of other people, interpret the language of his soul. “希斯克利夫太太是我的儿媳妇。”希斯克利夫说，这也就更加确定了我的猜想。当他说话的时候，他用很奇怪目光看了一眼：恨恨的目光。要不是因为他脸上特别僵硬的面部肌肉，那是不能表达他的内心的，就像其他人一样。Ah, certainly - I see now: you are the favoured possessor of the beneficent fairy, I remarked, turning to my neighbour. “啊，当然。我明白了。你是那善良仙女的幸运所有者。”我说着，转向旁边的人。This was worse than before: the youth grew crimson, and clenched his fist, with every appearance of a meditated assault. But he seemed to recollect himself presently, and smothered the storm in a brutal curse, muttered on my behalf: which, however, I took care not to notice. 这次更糟糕：那年轻人脸涨红，握紧了他的拳头，完全是在想要出手了。但是他很快控制住了自己，以他对我咕哝粗鲁的诅咒平息了这场风暴，而我只能假装没有听见。Unhappy in your conjectures, sir, observed my host. we neither of us have the privilege of owning your good fairy. her mate is dead. I said she was my daughter-in-law: therefore, she must have married my son. “先生，你的猜想很不

幸。”我的主人说，“我们两个都没有权利拥有你所谓的善良的仙女。她的丈夫已经死了。我说她是我的儿媳妇，那么，她肯定是嫁给我的儿子的。” And this young man is -Not my son, assuredly. “而这个年轻人确实不是我的儿子。”

Heathcliff smiled again, as if it were rather too bold a jest to attribute the paternity of that bear to him. 希斯克利夫又笑了，似乎把那个粗俗的孩子当作是他的儿子，是非常无礼的玩笑。 My name is Hareton Earnshaw, growled the other. and I'd counsel you to respect it! “我的名字是 海尔顿恩肖” 另外一个则咆哮道，“而且我希望你能放尊重些。” I've shown no disrespect, was my reply, laughing internally at the dignity with which he announced himself. “我并没有不尊重啊，”我回答道，心里却在嘲笑在自报家门时表现出来的高贵模样。 He fixed his eye on me longer than I cared to return the stare, for fear I might be tempted either to box his ears or render my hilarity audible. I began to feel unmistakably out of place in that pleasant family circle. The dismal spiritual atmosphere overcame, and more than neutralised, the glowing physical comforts round me. and I resolved to be cautious how I ventured under those rafters a third time. 他盯着我看了很长时间，长得我都不愿意去回瞪他了，因为担心这样下去，我也许会会扇他耳光，或是会大声的嘲笑他。我开始感到自己明显的不适应这个愉快的家庭。阴沉沉的氛围开始漫溢，它并不是抵消，而是完全冲散了周围的明亮舒适。我决定对第三次在这个屋檐下的大胆行径保持警惕。 The business of eating being concluded, and no one uttering a word of sociable conversation, I approached a window to examine the weather. A

sorrowful sight I saw: dark night coming down prematurely, and sky and hills mingled in one bitter whirl of wind and suffocating snow.

用餐完毕，没有一个人说出一个可以用来谈话的字眼。我走向窗前，去查看天气。我看见非常令我悲哀的场面：黑夜早已笼罩着大地，盘旋的风和令人憋闷的雪将天空和山搅在一起。 I dont think it possible for me to get home now without a guide, I could not help exclaiming. The roads will be buried already. and, if they were bare, I could scarcely distinguish a foot in advance.

“我认为我是不可能在没有向导的情况下回家了，”我不由说出，“路都被埋了起来，即便是没有被埋起来，我也几乎不能辨认出前面的脚印来。” Hareton, drive those dozen sheep into the barn porch. Theyll be covered if left in the fold all night: and put a plank before them, said Heathcliff. “海尔顿，把这些样都赶到谷仓前的门廊去。如果把它们留在外面过夜，他们会被埋起来的，放个木板在前面挡着。”希斯克利夫说。 How must I do? I continued, with rising irritation. “我该怎么做？”我又问道，怒气不由的增加了。 There was no reply to my question. and on looking round I saw only Joseph bringing in a pail of porridge for the dogs, and Mrs. Heathcliff leaning over the fire, diverting herself with burning a bundle of matches which had fallen from the chimney-piece as she restored the tea-canister to its place. The former, when he had deposited his burden, took a critical survey of the room, and in cracked tones grated out - Aw wonder how yah can faishion to stand thear i idleness un war, when all on ems goan out! Bud yahre a nowt, and its no use talking - yahll niver mend oyer ill ways, but goa raight to t divil, like yer mother afore ye! 没有人回

答我。当我四处看去，我只看见约瑟夫提着一桶稀饭来喂狗，而希斯克利夫太太靠在火炉旁，烧着从壁炉架上掉下来的一把火柴，消遣自己，这些火柴是她放茶叶罐回去的时碰下来的。前者，放下他的桶后，以审视的目光扫过房间，然后用嘶哑的嗓音挤出，“啊，我怎不明白当他们都出去了，你怎么还能让自己无所事事的或时更糟糕的站在那里？但是你有什么都不是，说也是没有用的你是不会改变自己的坏毛病的，你会变成魔鬼的，就像之前你妈妈那样。” I imagined, for a moment, that this piece of eloquence was addressed to me. and, sufficiently enraged, stepped towards the aged rascal with an intention of kicking him out of the door. Mrs. Heathcliff, however, checked me by her answer. 一时，我认认为这些话是对我说的，我感到非常的恼火，向前走去，想把这个老恶棍踢出去。然而，希斯克利夫太太的话阻止了我。 100Test 下载频道开通，各类考试题目直接下载。详细请访问 www.100test.com