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https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/461/2021_2022__E7_AC_94_E8_AF_91_E9_AB_98_E7_c95_461097.htm Heathcliff stood near the entrance, in his shirt and trousers, with a candle dripping over his fingers, and his face as white as the wall behind him. The first creak of the oak startled him like an electric shock: the light leaped from his hold to a distance of some feet, and his agitation was so extreme, that he could hardly pick it up. 希斯克利夫站在门口，身穿衬衫和长裤，手里拿着蜡烛，烛油滴在他的手指上，而他的脸同他身后的墙一样苍白。橡木门一响，他的震惊犹如触电一般：蜡烛从他手中滑落下来，掉在了几英尺外，而他极度不安，差点捡不起来蜡烛。 It is only your guest, sir, I called out, desirous to spare him the humiliation of exposing his cowardice further. I had the misfortune to scream in my sleep, owing to a frightful nightmare. Im sorry I disturbed you. “是你的客人而已，先生，”为了避免他会因过多的表露出他的胆怯而感到难堪，我喊出声来。“因为做噩梦，我不幸在梦中大叫。很抱歉，打扰你了。” Oh, God confound you, Mr. Lockwood! I wish you were at the - commenced my host, setting the candle on a chair, because he found it impossible to hold it steady. And who showed you up into this room? he continued, crushing his nails into his palms, and grinding his teeth to subdue the maxillary convulsions. Who was it? Ive a good mind to turn them out of the house this moment? “噢，你真该死，洛克伍德先生！我希望你是在——”我的主人说道，由于拿不稳手中的蜡烛，他把它固定在椅子上。“是谁领你

到这个房间来的？”他继续问道，拳头紧握，指甲扎入手掌，咬紧牙齿以防止下颌的抽搐。“是谁？我很想现在就把他赶出去！” It was your servant Zillah, I replied, flinging myself on to the floor, and rapidly resuming my garments. I should not care if you did, Mr. Heathcliff. she richly deserves it. I suppose that she wanted to get another proof that the place was haunted, at my expense. Well, it is - swarming with ghosts and goblins! You have reason in shutting it up, I assure you. No one will thank you for a doze in such a den! “是你的仆人齐拉，”我说，同时跳下床来，很快穿好衣服。“我一点都不在乎你这样做，希斯克利夫先生，这是她应得的。我猜，她是想借我的缘故，换一个不闹鬼地方工作。而这里，挤满了孤魂野鬼！我可以保证，你把它关起来是对的。没有人因为在这个鬼地方睡上一觉而感谢你的！” What do you mean? asked Heathcliff, and what are you doing? Lie down and finish out the night, since you ARE here. but, for heavens sake! dont repeat that horrid noise: nothing could excuse it, unless you were having your throat cut! “你说什么？”希斯克利夫问道，“你在干什么？既然你已经在这里了，就躺下来等天亮再说。但是，看在上帝的份上，千万不要再发出那恐怖的声音，除非你的喉咙被割断了！” If the little fiend had got in at the window, she probably would have strangled me! I returned. Im not going to endure the persecutions of your hospitable ancestors again. Was not the Reverend Jabez Branderham akin to you on the mothers side? And that minx, Catherine Linton, or Earnshaw, or however she was called - she must have been a changeling - wicked little soul! She told me she had been walking the earth these twenty

years: a just punishment for her mortal transgressions, I've no doubt!

“如果那个小恶鬼从窗户爬了进来，她肯定会掐死我的！”
我回敬道，“我可不愿再受你那好客的祖先的迫害了。尊敬的杰布兹布兰德汉姆是不是你母亲的亲戚？而那个年轻女子，凯瑟琳林顿，或者恩肖，或者其他什么她用过的姓氏，她一定难以管束，是个小淘气包！她告诉我，她在外面走了20年了，只是为了救赎她身前犯下的罪。对此，我一点都不怀疑！”
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