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remembered I was lying in the oak closet, and I heard distinctly the gusty wind, and the driving of the snow. I heard, also, the fir bough repeat its teasing sound, and ascribed it to the right cause: but it annoyed me so much, that I resolved to silence it, if possible. and, I thought, I rose and endeavoured to unhasp the casement. The hook was soldered into the staple: a circumstance observed by me when awake, but forgotten. I must stop it, nevertheless! I muttered, knocking my knuckles through the glass, and stretching an arm out to seize the importunate branch. instead of which, my fingers closed on the fingers of a little, ice-cold hand! The intense horror of nightmare came over me: I tried to draw back my arm, but the hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice sobbed, Let me in - let me in! Who are you? I asked, struggling, meanwhile, to disengage myself. 这次，我记得，我躺在橡木壁橱里，并且很清晰的听见外面的大风，还有被风吹的雪的声音。我听着，还是，冷杉还是不断发出烦人的声音，认为是它造就了这些。我实在是受不了它了，觉得要让它安静下来，如果可能的话。想着，我就站起来，费力想推开窗扉。我醒的时候看见窗扣是和台子焊在一起的，但是忘记了。“不管怎么样，我都要制止它！”我自言自语，用我的手砸碎玻璃，把手伸出去，想要抓住主干；但是，我抓到的确实一只小小的，冰冷的手！我立即觉得毛骨悚然，试图讲手缩回来，但是那手却抓住不

放，一个最忧郁的声音呜咽道，“让我进去，让我进去！”

“你是谁？”我问，同时挣扎着，想脱身。Catherine Linton, it replied, shiveringly (why did I think of LINTON? I had read EARNSHAW twenty times for Linton) - I'm come home: I'd lost my way on the moor! As it spoke, I discerned, obscurely, a child's face looking through the window. Terror made me cruel. and, finding it useless to attempt shaking the creature off, I pulled its wrist on to the broken pane, and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the bedclothes: still it wailed, Let me in! and maintained its tenacious gripe, almost maddening me with fear. How can I! I said at length. Let ME go, if you want me to let you in! The fingers relaxed, I snatched mine through the hole, hurriedly piled the books up in a pyramid against it, and stopped my ears to exclude the lamentable prayer. I seemed to keep them closed above a quarter of an hour. yet, the instant I listened again, there was the doleful cry moaning on! “凯瑟琳林顿，”它回答道，声音颤抖（为什么我会想林顿呢？我读到的恩肖是林顿的二十倍之多），“我回家，但是我在野外迷路了！”在它说话的时候，我模糊的看见了一个孩子般的脸透过窗户往里看。恐惧让我变的残忍，发现挣扎摆脱不了这个东西，我把它的手腕压在破了的窗户上，来回的摩擦直到血流下来，浸湿了床褥，但是它还是哀求，“让我进去！”，还是紧紧的抓着不放，恐惧几乎让我疯狂。“我怎么让你进来！”最后我说，“如果你想让我放你进来的话，先放开我。”手指松开了，我从洞里把手缩回来，立即把书堆成金字塔形状堵在洞口，并将耳朵捂起来，不想在听见那烦人的哀求。我似乎让它停止了一刻钟，然而当我再听的

时候，那个哀求还在不停的哀求。 Begone! I shouted. Ill never let you in, not if you beg for twenty years. It is twenty years, mourned the voice: twenty years. Ive been a waif for twenty years! Thereat began a feeble scratching outside, and the pile of books moved as if thrust forward. I tried to jump up. but could not stir a limb. and so yelled aloud, in a frenzy of fright. To my confusion, I discovered the yell was not ideal: hasty footsteps approached my chamber door. somebody pushed it open, with a vigorous hand, and a light glimmered through the squares at the top of the bed. I sat shuddering yet, and wiping the perspiration from my forehead: the intruder appeared to hesitate, and muttered to himself. At last, he said, in a half-whisper, plainly not expecting an answer, Is any one here? I considered it best to confess my presence. for I knew Heathcliffs accents, and feared he might search further, if I kept quiet. With this intention, I turned and opened the panels. I shall not soon forget the effect my action produced. “ 走开！ ” 我叫道，“ 我永远都不会让你进来的，就算你乞求二十年也没有用的。 ” “ 是二十年了， ” 那个哀怨的声音说道，“ 二十年，我已经二十年无家可归了！ ” 话毕，外面响起了微弱的抓的声音，那堆书也动起来，仿佛有东西要进来了。我试图跳起来，脚却动不了；于是，我大声的叫，极其恐惧的叫。让我迷惑的是，我发现，叫并不是理想的方式。急促的脚步靠近我的房门，有人用力推开门，微弱的灯光透过床上顶部的格子照了进来。我还发抖的坐着，擦去头上的汗。来人似乎有些怀疑，自言自语。最后，他用近乎耳语的声音问道，“ 有人在吗？ ” 并没有期待有人回答。我觉得最好还是承认我的存在，因为我听出

是希斯科利夫的声音，也担心如果我部说话，他可能会继续找下去。思定，我转身打开挡板。我将永远部会忘记我的动作产生的效果。 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](http://www.100test.com)