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https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/475/2021_2022__E7_AC_94_E8_AF_91_E9_AB_98_E7_c67_475388.htm Now, Mr. Earnshaw did not understand jokes from his children: he had always been strict and grave with them. and Catherine, on her part, had no idea why her father should be crosser and less patient in his ailing condition than he was in his prime. His peevish reproofs wakened in her a naughty delight to provoke him: she was never so happy as when we were all scolding her at once, and she defying us with her bold, saucy look, and her ready words. turning Josephs religious curses into ridicule, baiting me, and doing just what her father hated most - showing how her pretended insolence, which he thought real, had more power over Heathcliff than his kindness: how the boy would do HER bidding in anything, and HIS only when it suited his own inclination. After behaving as badly as possible all day, she sometimes came fondling to make it up at night. Nay, Cathy, the old man would say, I cannot love thee, thou art worse than thy brother. Go, say thy prayers, child, and ask Gods pardon. I doubt thy mother and I must rue that we ever reared thee! That made her cry, at first. and then being repulsed continually hardened her, and she laughed if I told her to say she was sorry for her faults, and beg to be forgiven. 现在，恩肖先生已经无法理解儿女们的玩笑，而且他对他们总是非常严厉，也没有什么好脸色。而凯瑟琳也无法理解父亲生病之后变得越来越乖戾，越来越缺乏耐心，他年轻时的状态已经荡然无存。每当她淘气的逗他时，他都会愤愤的骂她。她

最高兴的时候莫过于我们所有的人一起指责她，而她回之以调皮的漂亮眼神和早有准备的辩解；她把约瑟夫的教会诅咒当成是笑话，咬我，还有就是做她父亲最讨厌的事情让他看见她假装的傲慢（他不知道是假装的）比他的仁慈对他（希斯克利夫）更有影响力：对于她，希斯克利夫总是有求必应，而对于他，希斯克利夫则只自己高兴做的。一天到头坏够了，有时候晚上她会主动言和的。“不，凯西，”老人家说，“我是不能爱你的。你比你哥哥还要差劲儿。去祷告吧，孩子，请求神的宽恕。我想我何你妈妈是不是养错你了。”起初，她会为这些话哭，后来被拒绝慢慢的让她更加倔强。如果我让她为犯下的错误道歉，请求原谅，她则会大笑。 But the hour came, at last, that ended Mr. Earnshaws troubles on earth. He died quietly in his chair one October evening, seated by the fire-side. A high wind blustered round the house, and roared in the chimney: it sounded wild and stormy, yet it was not cold, and we were all together - I, a little removed from the hearth, busy at my knitting, and Joseph reading his Bible near the table (for the servants generally sat in the house then, after their work was done). Miss Cathy had been sick, and that made her still. she leant against her fathers knee, and Heathcliff was lying on the floor with his head in her lap. I remember the master, before he fell into a doze, stroking her bonny hair - it pleased him rarely to see her gentle - and saying, Why canst thou not always be a good lass, Cathy? And she turned her face up to his, and laughed, and answered, Why cannot you always be a good man, father? But as soon as she saw him vexed again, she kissed his hand, and said she would sing him to sleep. She

began singing very low, till his fingers dropped from hers, and his head sank on his breast. Then I told her to hush, and not stir, for fear she should wake him. We all kept as mute as mice a full half-hour, and should have done so longer, only Joseph, having finished his chapter, got up and said that he must rouse the master for prayers and bed. He stepped forward, and called him by name, and touched his shoulder. but he would not move: so he took the candle and looked at him. I thought there was something wrong as he set down the light. and seizing the children each by an arm, whispered them to frame up- stairs, and make little din - they might pray alone that evening - he had summut to do. ***frame up- stairs, and make little din - they might pray alone that evening - he had summut to do.

Which means “ go upstairs, and make little noisy, they might pray alone that evening, he had something to do. ” 最终，结束恩肖先生所有尘世的恩怨的时候来了。一个十月的晚上，坐在火炉庞的椅子上，他静静闭上了眼睛。狂风围着屋子咆哮，在烟筒里怒号：听起来既野蛮又暴躁。但并不怎么冷，我们大家聚在一起。我在离壁炉稍远的地方织着我的东西，约瑟夫则在桌子旁边读着《圣经》（因为工人做完活后，那个时候都会坐在屋里）。凯西小姐病了，这让她安静下来。她靠在父亲的膝盖上，而希斯克利夫则枕着她的腿，躺在地上。我记得主人在打盹之前，抚摸着她的美丽的头发看见她文静的样子他很高兴他说，“为什么你不能永远都做一个好姑娘呢，凯西？”她仰脸迎着他的父亲，笑着回答，“你为什么不能永远是一个好人呢，父亲？”但是，一看见他又要动怒的样子，她说她可以唱歌给他听，知道他睡着。她开始轻轻的吟

唱，直到他的手指从她的手中滑落，然后他的头搭拉到了胸前，我告诉她别出声，也别吵，因为担心她会把他吵醒。我们像老鼠一样静静的待了整整半个小时，我们本应该再待久一点，只是约瑟夫已经读完了一章，站起来说他得让主人起来做睡前祷告。他走向前去，叫他(老恩肖)的名字，并碰了碰他(老恩肖)的肩膀，但是他(老恩肖)一动不动。于是他拿起蜡烛去看他(老恩肖)。我想肯定是出什么事情了，因为他放下蜡烛，抓住两个孩子的胳膊，轻声对他们说，“到楼上去，晚上不要弄出什么声音，他们可以自己祷告，而他还有事情要做。” I shall bid father good-night first, said Catherine, putting her arms round his neck, before we could hinder her. The poor thing discovered her loss directly - she screamed out - Oh, hes dead, Heathcliff! hes dead! And they both set up a heart-breaking cry. “我要先跟父亲道晚安才是。”凯瑟琳说。我么还没有来得及拦住她，她已经用手环上了父亲的脖子。可怜的孩子亲自发现了自己的不幸，她尖叫出声，“噢！他死了。希斯克利夫！他死了！”然后，两个人开始放声痛哭。 I joined my wail to theirs, loud and bitter. but Joseph asked what we could be thinking of to roar in that way over a saint in heaven. He told me to put on my cloak and run to Gimmerton for the doctor and the parson. I could not guess the use that either would be of, then. However, I went, through wind and rain, and brought one, the doctor, back with me. the other said he would come in the morning. Leaving Joseph to explain matters, I ran to the childrens room: their door was ajar, I saw they had never lain down, though it was past midnight. but they were calmer, and did not need me to console

them. The little souls were comforting each other with better thoughts than I could have hit on: no parson in the world ever pictured heaven so beautifully as they did, in their innocent talk. and, while I sobbed and listened, I could not help wishing we were all there safe together. 我也跟他们一起痛哭，大声的，痛苦的。但是约瑟夫责问我们到底在想什么，在一个进入天堂的圣徒面前哭嚎。他让我穿上斗篷去吉默吞请医生和牧师。我想不去请这两个人来有什么用，但是，我还是不顾风雨，带回来了一位医生。牧师说，他会在天亮后过来。把解说事情缘由的人物留给了约瑟夫，我跑向孩子们的房间。他们的们半掩着，我看见他们都还没有睡下，尽管已经过了午夜。但是他们都平静多了，也不需要我去安慰他们。小家伙们安慰彼此的方法比我想到过的都好：没有那个牧师能把天堂描绘得和他们天真无邪的谈话中的一样美丽，而呜咽着，静静的听着，情不自禁的祷告我们从此之后都平安无事。 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