

# 【莫泊桑短篇小说集】中英双语 对照



莫泊桑 (Guy de Maupassant) 是19世纪法国著名的短篇小说家，他的作品以其独特的现实主义风格和对人性的深刻洞察而闻名。他的小说主题广泛，包括战争、农村生活、中产阶级的道德伪善，以及性欲和爱情的复杂性。莫泊桑的短篇小说以其精炼的叙述和出色的结构而闻名。他的作品通常以出人意料的结局结束，这种结局既让人惊讶，又让人深思。他的一些最著名的短篇小说包括《项链》、《露水夫人》和《米特拉尔的项链》。莫泊桑

莫泊桑 著

唐库学习 译

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How strange those old recollections are which haunt us, without our being able to get rid of them.

多么奇怪的那些陈旧的回忆，它们困扰着我们，我们无法摆脱它们。

This one is so very old that I cannot understand how it has clung so vividly and tenaciously to my memory.

这一个如此古老，以至于我无法理解它如何如此生动地和顽强地停留在我的记忆中。 —

Since then I have seen so many sinister things, which were either affecting or terrible, that I am astonished at not being able to pass a single day without the face of Mother Bellflower recurring to my mind's eye, just as I knew her formerly, now so long ago, when I was ten or twelve years old.

从那时起，我曾见过那么多令人不安或可怕的事情，以至于我惊讶地发现自己无法一天都没有母亲贝尔弗劳尔的脸庞在我的脑海中出现，就像我以前认识她一样，那是如此久远的往事，当我才十岁或十二岁的时候。

She was an old seamstress who came to my parents' house once a week, every Thursday, to mend the linen.

她是一个老裁缝，每周四都会来我父母家修补衣物。 —

My parents lived in one of those country houses called chateaux, which are merely old houses with gable roofs, to which are attached three or four farms lying around them.

我父母住在那种被称为庄园的乡村小屋里，那只是附有三四个农场的陈旧房屋。

The village, a large village, almost a market town, was a few hundred yards away, closely circling the church, a red brick church, black with age.

这个村庄，一个相当大的村庄，几乎可以算是个集镇，离这里几百码远，紧紧地围绕着一座红砖黑墙的教堂，可见岁月的痕迹。

Well, every Thursday Mother Clochette came between half-past six and seven in the morning, and went immediately into the linen-room and began to work.

每个星期四，克洛谢特妈妈都会在早上六点半到七点之间来到，立刻走进织布房开始工作。 —

She was a tall, thin, bearded or rather hairy woman, for she had a beard all over her face, a surprising, an unexpected beard, growing in improbable tufts, in curly bunches which looked as if they had been sown by a madman over that great face of a gendarme in petticoats.

她是个高个子，瘦瘦的，有着胡子的女人，或者更确切地说，是一张满脸胡子的女人，一个令人惊讶，意想不到的胡子，在那张像巡警穿着裙子的庞大脸上生长着，以令人难以置信的卷曲团簇的形式，看起来就像是 被一个疯子撒在那张脸上的。 —

She had them on her nose, under her nose, round her nose, on her chin, on her cheeks;  
她的鼻子上、鼻子下、鼻子周围，下巴上、脸颊上都长满了胡子。 —

and her eyebrows, which were extraordinarily thick and long, and quite gray, bushy and  
bristling, looked exactly like a pair of mustaches stuck on there by mistake.

她的眉毛异常浓密和长，灰色的、浓密的、竖立起来的眉毛看起来就像是错误地贴在那儿的胡子。

She limped, not as lame people generally do, but like a ship at anchor.

她走路一瘸一拐的，不像一般的跛脚人那样，而是像一艘抛锚的船舶。 —

When she planted her great, bony, swerving body on her sound leg, she seemed to be  
preparing to mount some enormous wave, and then suddenly she dipped as if to disappear in  
an abyss, and buried herself in the ground.

当她把她那庞大、骨瘦如柴、扭曲的身体放在健康的腿上时，她似乎在准备登上一片巨大的波浪，然后突然下沉，仿佛要消失在一个深渊中，然后埋入地下。 —

Her walk reminded one of a storm, as she swayed about, and her head, which was always  
covered with an enormous white cap, whose ribbons fluttered down her back, seemed to  
traverse the horizon from north to south and from south to north, at each step.

她的步态让人想起了暴风雨，她摇晃着身体走来走去，她那总是戴着一个巨大的白色帽子的头，帽带在她的后背上飘舞，似乎在每一步中从南到北、从北到南地横贯地平线。

I adored Mother Clochette.

我爱慕着克洛谢特夫人。 —

As soon as I was up I went into the linen-room where I found her installed at work, with a foot-  
warmer under her feet.

我一起床就走进了她安置工作的布匹房，她的脚下放着一个暖脚器。 —

As soon as I arrived, she made me take the foot-warmer and sit upon it, so that I might not  
catch cold in that large, chilly room under the roof.

我一到达，她就让我拿上暖脚器坐在上面，这样我就不会在这个大而寒冷的阁楼里着凉了。

“That draws the blood from your throat,” she said to me.

“那会把你的喉咙里的血吸出来，”她对我说。

She told me stories, whilst mending the linen with her long crooked nimble fingers;

她一边修补着布匹，一边给我讲故事，她那双弯曲、灵巧的长手指。 —

her eyes behind her magnifying spectacles, for age had impaired her sight, appeared  
enormous to me, strangely profound, double.

她戴着放大镜式的老花眼镜，因为年岁已高，她的视力受损，对我来说，她的眼睛显得巨大，奇怪的深邃，会出现双重的感觉。

She had, as far as I can remember the things which she told me and by which my childish heart was moved, the large heart of a poor woman.

她有着我还记得的和让我这个孩子心动的事情，一个贫穷女人的宽大心脏。 —

She told me what had happened in the village, how a cow had escaped from the cow-house and had been found the next morning in front of Prosper Malet's windmill, looking at the sails turning, or about a hen's egg which had been found in the church belfry without any one being able to understand what creature had been there to lay it, or the story of Jean-Jean Pila's dog, who had been ten leagues to bring back his master's breeches which a tramp had stolen whilst they were hanging up to dry out of doors, after he had been in the rain.

她告诉我村子里发生的事情，比如一头牛从牛舍逃出来，第二天早上被发现站在普罗斯珀·马莱尔的风车前，看着叶片转动；或者教堂钟楼里找到的鸡蛋，谁也无法理解是什么动物下的蛋；还有简·皮拉的狗的故事，当一个流浪汉偷走它主人晾晒在户外的裤子后，狗走了十个里程回来找回裤子，当时正下着雨。 —

She told me these simple adventures in such a manner, that in my mind they assumed the proportions of never-to-be-forgotten dramas, of grand and mysterious poems;

她以如此方式讲述这些简单的冒险故事，使得它们在我的脑海中变成了令人难以忘怀的戏剧，宏大而神秘的诗篇。 —

and the ingenious stories invented by the poets which my mother told me in the evening, had none of the flavor, none of the breadth or vigor of the peasant woman's narratives.

母亲晚上给我讲的诗人们编造的巧妙故事，没有乡村妇人叙述的故事那样的味道、广度和活力。

Well, one Tuesday, when I had spent all the morning in listening to Mother Clochette, I wanted to go upstairs to her again during the day after picking hazelnuts with the manservant in the wood behind the farm.

好吧，有一天星期二，当我整个上午都在听Mother Clochette时，我想在白天和男仆一起在农舍后面的树林里摘榛子后再次上楼找她。 —

I remember it all as clearly as what happened only yesterday.

我记得这一切就像昨天发生的一样清晰。

On opening the door of the linen-room, I saw the old seamstress lying on the ground by the side of her chair, with her face to the ground and her arms stretched out, but still holding her needle in one hand and one of my shirts in the other.

打开衣间的门，我看到老裁缝躺在椅子旁边的地上，脸朝下，双臂伸开，但还紧握着针在一只手中，另一只手拿着我的一件衬衫。 —

One of her legs in a blue stocking, the longer one, no doubt, was extended under her chair, and her spectacles glistened against the wall, as they had rolled away from her.

她的一条腿穿着蓝色的袜子，比较长的那条，无疑是伸在椅子下，她的眼镜在墙上闪光，因为它们从她滚落下来。

I ran away uttering shrill cries. They all came running, and in a few minutes I was told that Mother Clochette was dead.

我吓得尖声大叫着逃走。大家都跑过来，几分钟后我被告知Mother Clochette去世了。

I cannot describe the profound, poignant, terrible emotion which stirred my childish heart. I cannot describe that激动人心、尖锐而可怕的情感，它激动着我的幼稚心灵。 —

I went slowly down into the drawing-room and hid myself in a dark corner, in the depths of an immense old armchair, where I knelt down and wept.

我慢慢走进客厅，躲在一个黑暗的角落里，深藏在一把巨大的古老扶手椅的深处，跪下来哭泣。 —

I remained there a long time, no doubt, for night came on.

我在那里待了很长时间，想必是夜晚到了。 —

Suddenly somebody came in with a lamp, without seeing me, however, and I heard my father and mother talking with the medical man, whose voice I recognized.

突然有人拿着灯进来，但没有看见我，我听见父亲和母亲跟医生谈话，我还能认出医生的声音。

He had been sent for immediately, and he was explaining the causes of the accident, of which I understood nothing, however.

他是立刻被派来的，他正在解释这起事故的原因，但我对此一无所知。 —

Then he sat down and had a glass of liqueur and a biscuit.

然后他坐下来喝了一杯利口酒，吃了一块饼干。

He went on talking, and what he then said will remain engraved on my mind until I die!

他继续说着，他那时说的话将会永远铭记在我的脑海中，直到我死去！ —

I think that I can give the exact words which he used.

我想我可以给出他当时使用的确切措辞。

“Ah!” said he, “the poor woman!

“啊！”他说，“可怜的女人！ —

She broke her leg the day of my arrival here, and I had not even had time to wash my hands after getting off the diligence before I was sent for in all haste, for it was a bad case, very bad. 她在我到达这里的那天摔断了腿，而我甚至连下车之后洗手的时间都没有就被紧急召唤了，因为情况很糟糕，非常糟糕。

“She was seventeen, and a pretty girl, very pretty! Would any one believe it?

“她只有十七岁，一个漂亮的女孩，非常漂亮！有谁会相信呢？ —

I have never told her story before, and nobody except myself and one other person who is no longer living in this part of the country ever knew it.

我从未讲述过她的故事，只有我和另一个不再生活在这个地区的人知道。 —

Now that she is dead, I may be less discreet.

现在她去世了，我可能会不再那么谨慎了。

“Just then a young assistant-teacher came to live in the village;

“就在那时，一个年轻的助教搬到了村子里， —

he was a handsome, well-made fellow, and looked like a non-commissioned officer.

他长得英俊，身形匀称，看起来像个下士。 —

All the girls ran after him, but he paid no attention to them, partly because he was very much afraid of his superior, the schoolmaster, old Grabu, who occasionally got out of bed the wrong foot first.

所有的女孩都追着他跑，但他对她们毫不在意，部分原因是他非常害怕他的上司，那个偶尔会拿错脚起床的校长，老格拉比。

“Old Grabu already employed pretty Hortense who has just died here, and who was afterwards nicknamed Clochette.

“老格拉比已经雇佣了后来被称为克洛谢特的漂亮女孩霍丽耶斯。 —

The assistant master singled out the pretty young girl, who was, no doubt, flattered at being chosen by this impregnable conqueror;

助教挑选出这个漂亮的年轻女孩，她无疑被这个坚不可摧的征服者的选择所激励； —

at any rate, she fell in love with him, and he succeeded in persuading her to give him a first meeting in the hay-loft behind the school, at night, after she had done her day's sewing.

无论如何，她爱上了他，并成功地说服她在晚上完成她一天的缝纫后，在学校后面的干草仓约会。

“She pretended to go home, but instead of going downstairs when she left the Grabus' she went upstairs and hid among the hay, to wait for her lover.



“她假装回家了，但她离开格拉布一家时没有下楼，而是上了楼，躲藏在干草中，等待她的恋人。 —

He soon joined her, and was beginning to say pretty things to her, when the door of the hay-loft opened and the schoolmaster appeared, and asked:

他很快加入了她，并开始对她说甜言蜜语，就在这时，干草棚的门打开了，学校校长出现了，问道： —

‘What are you doing up there, Sigisbert?’ Feeling sure that he would be caught, the young schoolmaster lost his presence of mind and replied stupidly:

“你们在那里做什么，西吉斯伯特？”年轻的教师确信自己会被抓到，失去了镇定，愚蠢地回答道： —

‘I came up here to rest a little amongst the bundles of hay, Monsieur Grabu.’

“我上来休息一下，躺在干草捆上，格拉布先生。”

“The loft was very large and absolutely dark, and Sigisbert pushed the frightened girl to the further end and said:

“阁楼非常大而且完全黑暗，西吉斯伯特把受惊的女孩推到了更远的地方，说道： —

‘Go over there and hide yourself.

“到那边去躲起来。 —

I shall lose my position, so get away and hide yourself.’

我会丢掉工作的，所以赶紧走开，藏起来。”

“When the schoolmaster heard the whispering, he continued:

“当校长听到窃窃私语声时，他继续说道： —

‘Why, you are not by yourself?’ ‘Yes, I am, Monsieur Grabu!’ ‘But you are not, for you are talking.’ ‘I swear I am, Monsieur Grabu.’ ‘I will soon find out,’ the old man replied, and double locking the door, he went down to get a light.

“你不是一个人来的吧？”“不，格拉布先生，我是一个人！”“但是你却是，因为你正说话。”“我发誓我是，Grabu先生。”“我很快就会知道的。”老人回答道，然后双重锁好门，下楼取火。

“Then the young man, who was a coward such as one frequently meets, lost his head, and becoming furious all of a sudden, he repeated:

“然后，这个年轻人，他是一个经常遇到的懦夫，突然失去了理智，变得非常愤怒，他重复道： —

‘Hide yourself, so that he may not find you.

“躲起来，这样他就找不到你。 —

You will keep me from making a living for the rest of my life;

你会让我在余生中无法谋生， —

you will ruin my whole career.

你会毁了我整个事业。 —

Do hide yourself! They could hear the key turning in the lock again, and Hortense ran to the window which looked out on the street, opened it quickly, and then said in a low and determined voice:

快躲起来！”他们听到锁里的钥匙再次转动，Hortense跑到窗户边，迅速打开，然后以低沉而坚决的声音说道： —

‘You will come and pick me up when he is gone,’ and she jumped out.

“他走后你会来接我，”然后她跳了下去。

“Old Grabu found nobody, and went down again in great surprise, and a quarter of an hour later, Monsieur Sigisbert came to me and related his adventure.

“Grabu老人没有发现任何人，然后非常惊讶地再次下楼，15分钟后，Sigisbert先生来找我，并讲述了他的遭遇。” —

The girl had remained at the foot of the wall unable to get up, as she had fallen from the second story, and I went with him to fetch her.

那个女孩还躺在墙边无法站起来，因为她从二楼摔下来了，我和他一起去把她接回来了。 —

It was raining in torrents, and I brought the unfortunate girl home with me, for the right leg was broken in three places, and the bones had come through the flesh.

雨下得很大，我把那个可怜的女孩带回了家，她的右腿断了3处，骨头穿透了肌肉。 —

She did not complain, and merely said, with admirable resignation:

她没有抱怨，只是说着可敬的顺从之辞：“我受到了惩罚，很好的惩罚！” —

‘I am punished, well punished!’

我找来了帮手和工人的亲属，并告诉他们一个编造的故事，说是一辆脱缰的马车撞倒了她，在我门外伤了她的腿。

“I sent for assistance and for the work-girl’s relatives and told them a made-up story of a runaway carriage which had knocked her down and lamed her outside my door.

他们相信了我的谎言，而警察们整整一个月都没有找到这个事故的肇事者。 —

They believed me, and the gendarmes for a whole month tried in vain to find the author of this accident.

这就是全部！我说这个女人是一个英雄，属于那些完成伟大历史壮举的人种。

“That is all! And I say that this woman was a heroine and belonged to the race of those who accomplish the grandest deeds of history.

这是她唯一的恋爱经历，她去世时还是个处女。她是一个烈士，一位高尚的灵魂，一位无私奉献的女人！

“That was her only love affair, and she died a virgin.

这是她唯一的一次爱情故事，她去世时还是个处女。 —

She was a martyr, a noble soul, a sublimely devoted woman!

她是一位烈士，一个崇高的灵魂，一个极为无私奉献的女人！ —

And if I did not absolutely admire her, I should not have told you this story, which I would never tell any one during her life;

如果我对她不是非常崇敬，我就不会告诉你这个故事，这个我在她还活着的时候从不会告诉任何人的故事； —

you understand why.”

你明白为什么。

The doctor ceased. Mamma cried and papa said some words which I did not catch;

医生停下了说话。妈妈哭了，爸爸说了些我听不到的话； —

then they left the room and I remained on my knees in the armchair and sobbed, whilst I heard a strange noise of heavy footsteps and something knocking against the side of the staircase.

然后他们离开了房间，我留在扶手椅上跪着啜泣，听到了怪异的沉重脚步声和有什么东西敲击着楼梯的侧面。

They were carrying away Clochette’s body.

他们正在运走克洛什特的尸体。

My Little Darling: So you are crying from morning until night and from night until morning, because your husband leaves you;

亲爱的，你整天从早到晚，从晚到早都在哭泣，因为你的丈夫离开了你； —

you do not know what to do and so you ask your old aunt for advice;

你不知道该怎么办，于是向你的老姑姑请教。 —

you must consider her quite an expert.

你一定认为她是个行家。 —

I don't know as much as you think I do, and yet I am not entirely ignorant of the art of loving, or, rather, of making one's self loved, in which you are a little lacking.

我并不像你认为的那样了解得多，但我对爱的艺术并不完全陌生，或者说，对于让自己被爱的方式并不陌生。我可以承认， —

I can admit that at my age.

在我这个年纪。

You say that you are all attention, love, kisses and caresses for him.

你说你对他十分关注、充满爱意、亲吻和抚摸他。 —

Perhaps that is the very trouble;

也许这正是问题所在； —

I think you kiss him too much.

我觉得你亲吻他太多了。

My dear, we have in our hands the most terrible power in the world: LOVE.

亲爱的，我们手中握有世界上最可怕的力量：爱。

Man is gifted with physical strength, and he exercises force.

男人天生具有体力，而他运用力量。 —

Woman is gifted with charm, and she rules with caresses.

女人天生具有魅力，她以亲吻统治着世界。 —

It is our weapon, formidable and invincible, but we should know how to use it.

这是我们的武器，可怕而无敌，但我们要知道如何使用它。

Know well that we are the mistresses of the world!

要知道，我们是世界的女主人！ —

To tell the history of Love from the beginning of the world would be to tell the history of man himself:

要讲述爱的历史，就是要讲述人类自身的历史： —

Everything springs from it, the arts, great events, customs, wars, the overthrow of empires.  
一切都源自它，艺术、伟大的事件、风俗、战争、帝国崩溃。

In the Bible you find Delila, Judith;  
在圣经中找到了大利拉、茱迪斯； —

in fables we find Omphale, Helen;  
在寓言中找到了奥姆菲丽、海伦； —

in history the Sabines, Cleopatra and many others.  
在历史中有萨宾人、克利奥帕特拉等等。

Therefore we reign supreme, all-powerful. But, like kings, we must make use of delicate diplomacy.

因此，我们统治至高，无所不能。但是，就像国王一样，我们必须运用灵巧的外交手段。

Love, my dear, is made up of imperceptible sensations.  
亲爱的，爱由微妙的感觉组成。 —

We know that it is as strong as death, but also as frail as glass.  
我们知道它比死亡更强大，但也比玻璃更脆弱。 —

The slightest shock breaks it, and our power crumbles, and we are never able to raise it again.  
最轻微的震动就会破碎它，我们的权力瓦解了，再也无法重新建立起来。

We have the power of making ourselves adored, but we lack one tiny thing, the understanding of the various kinds of caresses.

我们拥有让自己被崇拜的力量，但我们缺少一点，就是理解各种爱抚的方式。 —

In embraces we lose the sentiment of delicacy, while the man over whom we rule remains master of himself, capable of judging the foolishness of certain words.

在拥抱中我们失去了细致的感觉，而我们统治的那个男人仍然保持着自我控制的能力，能够判断某些话语的愚蠢。 —

Take care, my dear; that is the defect in our armor.

亲爱的，保重好，这就是我们盔甲的缺陷， —

It is our Achilles' heel.

我们的致命弱点。

Do you know whence comes our real power? From the kiss, the kiss alone! When we know how to hold out and give up our lips we can become queens.

你知道我们真正的力量来自哪里吗？来自吻，只有吻！当我们懂得坚持并放弃我们的双唇时，我们可以成为女王。

The kiss is only a preface, however, but a charming preface.

然而，吻只是一个前奏，但是一个迷人的前奏。 —

More charming than the realization itself.

比实现本身更迷人。 —

A preface which can always be read over again, whereas one cannot always read over the book.

一个前奏可以一直重读，而不能总是重读整本书。

Yes, the meeting of lips is the most perfect, the most divine sensation given to human beings, the supreme limit of happiness:

是的，唇唇相触是赋予人类最完美、最神圣的感觉，是幸福的极限： —

It is in the kiss alone that one sometimes seems to feel this union of souls after which we strive, the intermingling of hearts, as it were.

只有在吻之中，有时候才能感受到我们追求的灵魂的结合，心灵的交融。

Do you remember the verses of Sully-Prudhomme:

还记得Sully-Prudhomme的诗句吗：

Caresses are nothing but anxious bliss,

爱的抚摸只是焦虑的幸福，

Vain attempts of love to unite souls through a kiss.

爱的努力通过吻将两个灵魂合二为一是徒劳无功。

One caress alone gives this deep sensation of two beings welded into one —it is the kiss.

只有一个爱抚才能给予这种深深的感觉，两个人物似被熔合成一体——这就是吻。 —

No violent delirium of complete possession is worth this trembling approach of the lips, this first moist and fresh contact, and then the long, lingering, motionless rapture.

没有暴力的狂想完全占据者是不值得这颤抖的唇附近的接触，这第一次湿润而新鲜的接触，然后是长时间的、停滞不动的狂喜。

Therefore, my dear, the kiss is our strongest weapon, but we must take care not to dull it.

因此，亲爱的，亲吻是我们最强有力的武器，但我们必须小心不要磨损它。 —

Do not forget that its value is only relative, purely conventional.

不要忘记它的价值只是相对的，完全是约定俗成的。 —

It continually changes according to circumstances, the state of expectancy and the ecstasy of the mind.

它在不同的情况下不断变化，与心灵的期待和狂喜有关。 —

I will call attention to one example.

我会举一个例子。

Another poet, Francois Coppee, has written a line which we all remember, a line which we find delightful, which moves our very hearts.

另一位诗人，弗朗索瓦·科佩，写过一句我们都记得的诗句，一句让我们感到愉悦，触动我们内心的诗句。

After describing the expectancy of a lover, waiting in a room one winter's evening, his anxiety, his nervous impatience, the terrible fear of not seeing her, he describes the arrival of the beloved woman, who at last enters hurriedly, out of breath, bringing with her part of the winter breeze, and he exclaims:

在描述等待的恋人时，一个冬日的晚上，他的焦虑、他的紧张不安，对见不到她的可怕恐惧之后，他描述了心爱的女人的到来，她匆忙地进来，上气不接下气，带着一部分冬风，他惊喊道：

Oh! the taste of the kisses first snatched through the veil.

哦！通过面纱夺走的吻的滋味。

Is that not a line of exquisite sentiment, a delicate and charming observation, a perfect truth?

这不是一句精致感受的话，一种微妙而迷人的观察，一种完美的真实？ —

All those who have hastened to a clandestine meeting, whom passion has thrown into the arms of a man, well do they know these first delicious kisses through the veil;

所有那些匆忙赶往秘密会面的人，那些被激情推向男人怀抱的人，他们深知透过面纱的第一次美妙的亲吻； —

and they tremble at the memory of them.

他们对这些亲吻的回忆感到颤抖。 —

And yet their sole charm lies in the circumstances, from being late, from the anxious expectancy, but from the purely—or, rather, impurely, if you prefer—sensual point of view, they are detestable.

然而，它们的魅力仅存在于特定的环境中，因为迟到，因为焦急的期待，但从纯粹的——或者更确切地说，如果你愿意——肉欲的角度来看，它们是可恶的。

Think! Outside it is cold.

想一下！外面很冷。 —

The young woman has walked quickly;

年轻的女人走得很快； —

the veil is moist from her cold breath.

面纱上因她的寒冷呼吸而潮湿。 —

Little drops of water shine in the lace.

小水滴在蕾丝上闪烁。 —

The lover seizes her and presses his burning lips to her liquid breath.

情人抓住她，把炽热的嘴唇贴在她湿润的呼吸上。 —

The moist veil, which discolors and carries the dreadful odor of chemical dye, penetrates into the young man's mouth, moistens his mustache.

潮湿的面纱渗入年轻男子的口中，沾湿了他的胡须。 —

He does not taste the lips of his beloved, he tastes the dye of this lace moistened with cold breath.

他不能品尝他心爱女子的嘴唇，只能尝到面纱上湿润的化学染料的味道。 —

And yet, like the poet, we would all exclaim:

然而，就像诗人一样，我们都会惊呼：

Oh! the taste of the kisses first snatched through the veil.

哦！透过面纱初次抢夺的吻的味道。

Therefore, the value of this caress being entirely a matter of convention, we must be careful not to abuse it.

因此，这个拥抱的价值完全是一种约定俗成的事情，我们必须小心不要滥用它。

Well, my dear, I have several times noticed that you are very clumsy.

亲爱的，几次我都注意到你很笨拙。然而， —

However, you were not alone in that fault;

你并不是唯一一个有这个缺点的人； —



the majority of women lose their authority by abusing the kiss with untimely kisses.

大多数女人通过不恰当的亲吻而失去了权威。 —

When they feel that their husband or their lover is a little tired, at those times when the heart as well as the body needs rest, instead of understanding what is going on within him, they persist in giving inopportune caresses, tire him by the obstinacy of begging lips and give caresses lavished with neither rhyme nor reason.

当她们感觉丈夫或情人有点疲倦时，那些心灵和身体都需要休息的时候，她们却坚持给予不合时宜的拥抱，用顽固的嘴唇疲惫他，给予毫无道理的拥抱。

Trust in the advice of my experience. First, never kiss your husband in public, in the train, at the restaurant.

请相信我的经验之言。首先，在公共场合、火车上、餐厅里，别亲吻你的丈夫。 —

It is bad taste; do not give in to your desires.

那是不雅的；不要屈从于你的欲望。 —

He would feel ridiculous and would never forgive you.

他会感到荒谬，并且永远不会原谅你。

Beware of useless kisses lavished in intimacy.

当心在亲密之中浪费的无用的吻。 —

I am sure that you abuse them.

我确定你滥用它们。 —

For instance, I remember one day that you did something quite shocking.

例如，我记得有一天你做了一件相当令人震惊的事情。 —

Probably you do not remember it.

也许你不记得了。

All three of us were together in the drawing-room, and, as you did not stand on ceremony before me, your husband was holding you on his knees and kissing you at great length on the neck, the lips and throat.

我们三个人都在客厅里，由于你没有对我太拘谨，你丈夫正把你抱在膝上，亲吻着你的脖子、嘴唇和喉咙。 —

Suddenly you exclaimed: "Oh! the fire!

突然你大喊：“哦！火！ —

” You had been paying no attention to it, and it was almost out.

”你一直没有注意到它，它几乎快熄灭了。 —

A few lingering embers were glowing on the hearth.

壁炉上还有几颗残留的余烬闪烁着。然后他站起来， —

Then he rose, ran to the woodbox, from which he dragged two enormous logs with great difficulty, when you came to him with begging lips, murmuring:

跑去取木箱，费了很大的劲才拖出两根巨大的木头，就在这时你走向他，用恳求的嘴唇低语着：“亲我！”他费力地转过头，试图同时抬起那两根木头。

“Kiss me!” He turned his head with difficulty and tried to hold up the logs at the same time.

请将我作为编号3的那句话删除，因为它是重复的。 —

Then you gently and slowly placed your mouth on that of the poor fellow, who remained with his neck out of joint, his sides twisted, his arms almost dropping off, trembling with fatigue and tired from his desperate effort.

然后你轻轻地慢慢地把嘴唇放在可怜的家伙的嘴上，他的脖子扭着，腹部扭曲，胳膊几乎要脱臼了，疲惫不堪，筋疲力尽。 —

And you kept drawing out this torturing kiss, without seeing or understanding.

而你却不停地抽出这折磨人的吻，却看不见也听不懂。 —

Then when you freed him, you began to grumble:

然后当你释放他时，你竟然开始抱怨： —

“How badly you kiss!” No wonder!

“你吻得多糟糕啊！”难怪！

Oh, take care of that! We all have this foolish habit, this unconscious need of choosing the most inconvenient moments.

哦，要小心！我们都有这种愚蠢的习惯，这种不自觉的选择最不方便的时刻。 —

When he is carrying a glass of water, when he is putting on his shoes, when he is tying his scarf—in short, when he finds himself in any uncomfortable position —then is the time which we choose for a caress which makes him stop for a whole minute in the middle of a gesture with the sole desire of getting rid of us!

在他端着一杯水的时候，穿上鞋子的时候，系围巾的时候——简而言之，在他发现自己处于任何不舒服的位置时，我们就选择了一个拥抱，让他停下来整整一分钟，中断了一个动作，只为了要摆脱我们！

Do not think that this criticism is insignificant. Love, my dear, is a delicate thing.

不要认为这种批评微不足道。爱情，亲爱的，是一件娇嫩的事情。 —

The least little thing offends it;

最细微的事情都会冒犯它。 —

know that everything depends on the tact of our caresses.

要知道一切都取决于我们抚摸的技巧。 —

An ill-placed kiss may do any amount of harm.

一个错误的吻可能会造成任何程度的伤害。

Try following my advice.

试着遵循我的建议。

Your old aunt,

你的老姑妈，

COLLETTE.

科莱特。

This story appeared in the Gaulois in November, 1882, under the pseudonym of “Maufrigneuse.”

这个故事于1882年11月在高卢人报上以“莫夫里涅兹”为笔名发表。

## HOW HE GOT THE LEGION OF HONOR

他是如何获得荣誉军团勋章的？

From the time some people begin to talk they seem to have an overmastering desire or vocation.

一些人从开始说话的时候就似乎有一个无法抗拒的渴望或志愿。

Ever since he was a child, M. Caillard had only had one idea in his head—to wear the ribbon of an order.

卡耶尔先生从小就只有一个念头——戴上一枚勋章的绶带。 —

When he was still quite a small boy he used to wear a zinc cross of the Legion of Honor pinned on his tunic, just as other children wear a soldier's cap, and he took his mother's hand in the street with a proud air, sticking out his little chest with its red ribbon and metal star so that it might show to advantage.

在他还是个小男孩的时候，他常常在短装上别着一枚铝制的荣誉军团十字架，就像其他孩子戴士兵帽一样，并且他挺着他带有红色绶带和金属星星的小胸膛自豪地拉着他妈妈的手在街上走，好让这些奖章能够显眼。

His studies were not a success, and he failed in his examination for Bachelor of Arts;

他的学习成绩不好，他在文学学士考试中失败了； —

so, not knowing what to do, he married a pretty girl, as he had plenty of money of his own.

所以，在不知该做什么的情况下，他娶了一个漂亮的女孩，因为他自己有很多钱。

They lived in Paris, as many rich middle-class people do, mixing with their own particular set, and proud of knowing a deputy, who might perhaps be a minister some day, and counting two heads of departments among their friends.

他们住在巴黎，就像许多富裕的中产阶级人一样，与自己特定的圈子交往，并为能认识一名有可能成为部长的代表和两个部门负责人而自豪地数着朋友。

But M. Caillard could not get rid of his one absorbing idea, and he felt constantly unhappy because he had not the right to wear a little bit of colored ribbon in his buttonhole.

但是，卡伊亚尔迟迟无法摆脱他那一个执念，由于他没有权利在钮扣孔上佩戴一小块彩色丝带，他常常感到不快乐。

When he met any men who were decorated on the boulevards, he looked at them askance, with intense jealousy.

当他在林荫大道上遇到任何佩戴勋章的人时，他嫉妒地斜视着他们。 —