

<<小人物日记>>

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内容概要

The Diary of A Nobody, 中文译名《小人物日记》，它由英国著名喜剧演员、作家、歌手乔治·格罗史密斯和其弟英国著名演员、画家威登·格罗史密斯共同编著而成。

书中讲述了实实在在的正经人普特尔的幸福生活。

普特尔是一个公司的小职员，勤勤恳恳、兢兢业业，他对工作和生活心满意足：在郊区有一幢六个卧室的房子，老板对他很照顾，妻子也与他情投意合，还有两个关系很不错的朋友。

踌躇满志的普特尔开始写日记，当然都是些家长里短、柴米油盐，太阳底下无新事。

偶尔有机会参加一个上等人的聚会，虽洋相出尽，可老普却并不在意。

成为一个体面的绅士是他生活目标，他的努力得到了回报，最终他基本上达到了自己的目标。

一百多年来，该书被翻译成几十种语言，可谓是走遍全世界。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，引进该书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。

为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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章节摘录

第一章 Chapter 1 在新家安顿下来后，我决定开始写日记。

推销商和刮泥板都有点烦人。

牧师的来访让人荣幸。

我们的新家叫月桂府，我和妻子卡丽搬到那儿刚刚一个星期。

我们很快就适应了附近的火车噪音，新家真的太舒适了。

下班后我愿意呆在家中。

晚上老朋友们会来拜访，我和妻子都很乐意见到他们。

没有朋友来的时候，我和妻子就整理家里的东西，妻子还会在新买的钢琴上弹弹。

我们的儿子威利在银行工作。

下面就是我的日记： 四月三日 今天推销商法默森上门做生意，这让我想起卧室门和小客厅的门铃都坏了。

好友高英来串门，但他说受不了油漆味，就没多坐。

四月四日 又有推销商来。

卡丽出去了，我和屠户霍文定了一块羊肩骨。

卡丽跟黄油商博塞特定了黄油、食盐和鸡蛋。

晚上，住在对面的卡明斯来了，给我看他的海泡石烟斗。

但他也不喜欢油漆味，很快就回去了，结果出门时被刮泥板绊倒。

我对他说一定会拆了刮泥板。

四月五日 由于卡丽也定了羊肩骨，结果送来了两块。

高英来串门，被刮泥板绊倒。

我要拆了刮泥板。

四月六日 博塞特卖鸡蛋是坏的，于是把剩下的都退给他，并叫他不要再上门定货了。

今天下大雨，昨晚高英错把我的雨伞当拐杖拿走了。

没有雨伞也得上班。

晚上黄油商博塞特竟喝醉酒，在我楼下大吵大闹。

我和气地和他说话，他却重重地甩门走了，接着我听见他被刮泥板绊倒的声音，我很庆幸没有拆了刮泥板。

四月七日 今天周六，但由于办公室的头儿不在，我七点才回到家。

博塞特在等我，请求我接受他的道歉和一磅鲜黄油。

我原谅了他，并和他定了些鲜鸡蛋。

我们的地毯小，够不着两边漆过的地方。

卡丽建议把漆加宽，我决定礼拜一去看看是否有相配的颜色。

四月八日 做完礼拜，我和牧师一起回来。

打不开前门，我只好带牧师走侧门。

牧师进门时被刮泥板绊倒，扯破了裤角。

卡丽不该在礼拜日提出补裤子的建议。

散步时发现了种蔬菜的好地方。

晚上又去教堂，和牧师一起走回来。

卡丽发现牧师的裤子补过了。

牧师让我拿募捐盘。

I settle down in our new home, and I resolve to keep a diary. Tradesmen trouble us a bit, so does the scraper. The Curate calls and pays me a great compliment. My dear wife Carrie and I have just been a week in our new house, "The Laurels," Brickfield Terrace, Holloway—a nice six-roomed residence, not counting basement, with a front breakfast-parlour. We have a little front garden; and there is a flight of ten steps up to the front door, which, by-the-by, we keep locked with the chain up. Cummings, Gowing, and our other

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intimate friends always come to the little side entrance , which saves the servant the trouble of going up to the front door , thereby taking her from her work. We have a nice little back garden which runs down to the railway. We were rather afraid of the noise of the trains at first , but the landlord said we should not notice them after a bit , and took 2 pounds off the rent. He was certainly right ; and beyond the cracking of the garden wall at the bottom , we have suffered no inconvenience. After my work in the City , I like to be at home. Whats the good of a home , if you are never in it? "Home , Sweet Home , " thats my motto. I am always in of an evening. Our old friend Gowing may drop in without ceremony ; so may Cummings , who lives opposite. My dear wife Caroline and I are pleased to see them , if they like to drop in on us. But Carrie and I can manage to pass our evenings together without friends. There is always something to be done : a tin-tack here , a Venetian blind to put straight , a fan to nail up , or part of a carpet to nail down—all of which I can do with my pipe in my mouth ; while Carrie is not above putting a button on a shirt , mending a pillow-case , or practising the "Sylvia Gavotte" on our new cottage piano (on the three years system) , manufactured by W. Bilkson (in small letters) , from Collard and Collard (in very large letters) . It is also a great comfort to us to know that our boy Willie is getting on so well in the Bank at Oldham. We should like to see more of him. Now for my diary : — April 3. —Tradesmen called for custom , and I promised Farmerson , the ironmonger , to give him a turn if I wanted any nails or tools. By-the-by , that reminds me there is no key to our bedroom door , and the bells must be seen to. The parlour bell is broken , and the front door rings up in the servants bedroom , which is ridiculous. Dear friend Gowing dropped in , but wouldnt stay , saying there was an infernal smell of paint. April 4. —Tradesmen still calling ; Carrie being out , I arranged to deal with Horwin , who seemed a civil butcher with a nice clean shop. Ordered a shoulder of mutton for to-morrow , to give him a trial. Carrie arranged with Borset , the butterman , and ordered a pound of fresh butter , and a pound and a half of salt ditto for kitchen , and a shillings worth of eggs. In the evening , Cummings unexpectedly dropped in to show me a meerschaum pipe he had won in a raffle in the City , and told me to handle it carefully , as it would spoil the colouring if the hand was moist. He said he wouldnt stay , as he didnt care much for the smell of the paint , and fell over the scraper as he went out. Must get the scraper removed , or else I shall get into a SCRAPE. I dont often make jokes. April 5. —Two shoulders of mutton arrived , Carrie having arranged with another butcher without consulting me. Gowing called , and fell over scraper coming in. MUST get that scraper removed. April 6 —Eggs for breakfast simply shocking ; sent them back to Borset with my compliments , and he neednt call any more for orders. Couldnt find umbrella , and though it was pouring with rain , had to go without it. Sarah said Mr. Gowing must have took it by mistake last night , as there was a stick in the hall that didnt belong to nobody. In the evening , hearing someone talking in a loud voice to the servant in the downstairs hall , I went out to see who it was , and was surprised to find it was Borset , the butterman , who was both drunk and offensive. Borset , on seeing me , said he would be hanged if he would ever serve City clerks any more—the game wasnt worth the candle. I restrained my feelings , and quietly remarked that I thought it was POSSIBLE for a city clerk to be a GENTLEMAN. He replied he was very glad to hear it , and wanted to know whether I had ever come across one , for HE hadnt. He left the house , slamming the door after him , which nearly broke the fanlight ; and I heard him fall over the scraper , which made me feel glad I hadnt removed it. When he had gone , I thought of a splendid answer I ought to have given him. However , I will keep it for another occasion. April 7. —Being Saturday , I looked forward to being home early , and putting a few things straight ; but two of our principals at the office were absent through illness , and I did not get home till seven. Found Borset waiting. He had been three times during the day to apologise for his conduct last night. He said he was unable to take his Bank Holiday last Monday , and took it last night instead. He begged me to accept his apology , and a pound of fresh butter. He seems , after all , a decent sort of fellow ; so I gave him an order for some fresh eggs , with a request that on this occasion they SHOULD be fresh. I am afraid we shall have to get some new stair-carpet after all ; our old ones are not quite wide enough to meet the paint on either side. Carrie suggests that we might ourselves broaden the paint. I will see if we can match the colour (dark chocolate) on Monday. April 8 , Sunday. —After Church , the Curate came back with us. I sent Carrie in to open front door , which we do not use except on special occasions.

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She could not get it open , and after all my display , I had to take the Curate (whose name , by-the-way , I did not catch ,) round the side entrance. He caught his foot in the scraper , and tore the bottom of his trousers. Most annoying , as Carrie could not well offer to repair them on a Sunday. After dinner , went to sleep. Took a walk round the garden , and discovered a beautiful spot for sowing mustard-and-cress and radishes. Went to Church again in the evening : walked back with the Curate. Carrie noticed he had got on the same pair of trousers , only repaired. He wants me to take round the plate , which I think a great compliment. The Diary of A Nobody Chapter 1

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编辑推荐

格罗史密斯兄弟在《小人物日记》中讲述了公司小职员老普的幸福生活，小市民家常的细微末节让人感到亲切，其中对老普的讥讽有一定深度的自省和自嘲。

该书出版后，普特尔便成了英国的名人，他的名字poorer还进入了日常英语，派生了pooterish一词，用来指某一类在郊区生活的古板守旧的中产人士；该日记也被认为是一部维多利亚全盛期郊区生活的“编年史”。

当然，老普是被虚构出来的一个“典型”，他的刻板老套、乏味虚荣、容易满足、没有幽默感等，既让人发笑，也令人同情。

英国讽刺艺术的精妙于此中毕现。

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