

<<丧钟为谁而鸣>>

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内容概要

《丧钟为谁而鸣》（旧译《战地钟声》）是中国人较早接触到的海明威的长篇小说，作者将细腻的人物刻画与紧凑故事情节相结合，叙述美国志愿者罗伯特·乔丹支援西班牙政府军的反法西斯战争、在战地与一西班牙姑娘玛丽亚相恋并最终战死疆场的故事。海明威将全部情节压缩在三天之内，动作描写准确生动，人物对话简约而各具特色，内心独白丰富多样，表现了高超的写作技艺，至今仍是海明威小说中最受人们喜爱的作品之一。

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作者简介

ERNEST HEMINGWAY (1899—1961) , American author. Between themid-1920s and the mid-1950s , he produced most of his work , and in 1954 he won the Nobel Prize in Literature. Hemingway's fiction was successful because the characters he presented exhibited authenticity that resonated with his audience. Many of his works are classics of American literature. The most famous of Hemingway's novels are The Sun Also Rises (1926) , A Farewell to Arms (1929) , The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber (1935) , For Whom the Bell Tolls (1940) , and The Old Man and the Sea (1951).

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章节摘录

CHAPTER 3 THEY came down the last two hundred yards , moving carefully from tree to tree in the shadows and now , through the last pines of the steep lull side , the bridge was only fifty yards away. The late afternoon sun that still came over the brown shoulder of the mountain showed the bridge dark against the steep emptiness of the gorge. It was a steel bridge of a single span and there was a sentry box at each end. It was wide enough for two motor cars to pass and it spanned , in solid-flung metal grace , a deep gorge at the bottom of which , far below , a brook leaped in white water through rocks and boulders down to the main stream of the pass. The sun was in Robert Jordan's eyes and the bridge showed only in outline. Then the sun lessened and was gone and looking up through the trees at the brown , rounded height that it had gone behind , he saw , now , that he no longer looked into the glare , that the mountain slope was a delicate new green and that there were patches of old snow under the crest. Then he was watching the bridge again in the sudden short trueness of the little light that would be left , and studying its construction. The problem of its demolition was not difficult. As he watched he took out a notebook from his breast pocket and made several quick line sketches. As he made the drawings he did not figure the charges. He would do that later. Now he was noting the points where the explosive should be placed in order to cut the support of the span and drop a section of it into the gorge. It could be done unhurriedly , scientifically and correctly with a half dozen charges laid and braced to explode simultaneously; or it could be done roughly with two big ones. They would need to be very big ones , on opposite sides and should go at the same time. He sketched quickly and happily; glad at last to have the problem under his hand; glad at last actually to be engaged upon it. Then he shut his notebook , pushed the pencil into its leather holder in the edge of the flap , put the notebook in his pocket and buttoned the pocket. While he had sketched , Anselmo had been watching the road , the bridge and the sentry boxes. He thought they had come too close to the bridge for safety and when the sketching was finished , he was relieved. As Robert Jordan buttoned the flap of his pocket and then lay flat behind the pine trunk , looking out from behind it , Anselmo put his hand on his elbow and pointed with one finger. In the sentry box that faced toward them up the road , the sentry was sitting holding his rifle , the bayonet fixed , between his knees. He was smoking a cigarette and he wore a knitted cap and blanket style cape. At fifty yards , you could not see anything about his face. Robert Jordan put up his field glasses , shading the lenses carefully with his cupped hands even though there was now no sun to make a glint , and there was the rail of the bridge as clear as though you could reach out and touch it and there was the face of the sentry so clear he could see the sunken cheeks , the ash on the cigarette and the greasy shine of the bayonet. ...

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