

美国短篇小说

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AMERICAN SHORT STORIES IN SPECIAL ENGLISH

美國短篇故事

《中英對照》

第一輯

PAPA'S STRAW HAT

Fred Gipson

Papa was a rancher—he worked with horses. He was proud of the way he dressed. He always wore clean clothes, even when he worked: that is very difficult for a rancher who works outside on a horse farm.

He often said to me: "Son, you may not be able to buy the best clothes, but always keep those you have clean. That is the important part of what he said. His clothes were never of most of the other ranchers I knew. Papa never worked outside without a hat. And he always wore the same kind of hat. It was a cowboy hat, a large black hat of heavy wool.

He never pushed the hat to one side on his head, but wore it straight. And he did not push the top of the hat down like most cowboys do. He wore his hat full and high. I think he wanted to look taller than he really was.

Papa had two hats. One was his Sunday hat and the other his everyday hat. When his Sunday hat got old, he wore it every day and then bought a new Sunday hat.

He wore his Sunday hat only to church, or on holidays, or when he visited the city. Most of the time he kept his Sunday hat in a special box. He hid it so we could not find it.

Papa loved his hats, and he cared for them in a special way. He never threw them down on a chair—someone might sit on them.

爸爸的草帽

爸爸是一位牧場的老闆——他經營養馬事業。他一直以他的穿著方式爲榮，他總是穿得乾乾淨淨的，甚至當他工作時也是如此；這對於一位在馬場上工作的牧人來說，可真不是一件容易的事。

他時常對我說：「孩子！你可能買不起最好的衣服，然而你必須經常保持你的衣著整潔，這才是最重要的。」

爸爸言行如一，他的衣著從不像我所認識的其他大多數的馬主一般。爸爸從不在戶外工作而不戴帽子，他總是戴著同一款式的帽子，那是一頂牛仔帽——黑色厚呢大帽。

爸爸從不把帽子歪歪地戴在一邊，而總是方方正正地戴著；他也從不像大多數的牛仔一般把帽頂壓得扁扁的，而總是照著帽子的樣子高聳而方正地戴著。我認爲他是想使他看起來要比別人更神氣一點兒。

爸爸有兩頂帽子，一頂是星期天戴的，另外一頂是平常工作時戴的；當星期天的帽子戴舊了時，便把它作爲每天的工作帽，然後再添購一頂新的供星期天戴。

他祇有去教堂、假日或進城時才戴星期天用帽；大部份時間，他把他的星期天的帽子收藏在一個特製的盒子裡，這樣我們就無法找到它了。

爸爸喜愛他的帽子，也無微不至地照顧著它們；他從不隨意將帽子丟在椅子上，唯恐他人會把它坐扁了。

He even had a special place for his everyday hat. As soon as he came into the house from work he put his hat on a nail behind the kitchen door.

Mama was also very careful of Papa's hat. She was proud of the way he looked when he worked, or when he wore his Sunday hat and his best clothes. But she was not permitted to touch his Sunday hat.

But then something happened, Maybe it was the heat of the long summer. Maybe Mama read about hats in a magazine or book. But in some way she got the idea that Papa should not wear a heavy wool cowboy hat in the hot weather. She began to believe that Papa would lose his hair if he did. Mama began to worry more about Papa's hair than about his hats.

Perhaps it was Uncle George that made Mama worry about Papa's hair. Uncle George had no hair. His head was as smooth as an egg. But Papa had thick black hair that shone like silk. It would be terrible if Papa lost his hair because he wore a heavy wool cowboy hat.

And so Mama began to worry. She began to watch Papa carefully as he worked in the hot fields under his tall hat. She saw how wet his hair was when he came into the house.

Mama began to talk about hats.

"Papa," she said one day. "Why don't you throw that wool hat away and get a nice cool straw hat?"

"What?" Papa said. "Me wear a straw hat! I would never let my horses see me in a straw hat!"

"Horses," Mama answered. "What have horses to do with a straw hat? Animals don't care what kind of hat you wear!"

"Mine do," Papa said. "My horses recognize me because I always wear the same hat, and they like cowboy hats best."

爸爸甚至連放置日常工作帽也有特定的地方，收工後一進門就將他的帽子掛在廚房門後的釘子上。

媽媽也小心翼翼地照拂著爸爸的帽子，她常以爸爸工作時的或者穿戴著星期天最漂亮的衣帽時的模樣為榮，但她亦不獲准去碰爸爸的星期天帽子。

然而終於還是出事了，或許是由於長夏的炎熱，也可能是媽媽在雜誌或書本上看到了有關帽子的文章；總之，她有了這麼一種想法，她認為爸爸不該在大熱天裡戴那麼厚的呢帽；她相信爸爸若這麼戴下去，他的頭髮一定會掉光的。於是媽媽開始為爸爸的頭髮擔心的程度遠超過他的帽子操心。

或許是由於喬治叔叔而使得媽媽為爸爸的頭髮而擔心，因為喬治叔叔沒有頭髮，他的頭光禿禿像個蛋殼似的，而爸爸的頭髮既濃又黑，閃亮如絲；如果爸爸因為戴厚呢帽而把頭髮掉光，那該是多麼可怕呀！

因此媽媽開始煩惱了，她開始仔細地注意爸爸戴著其高而重的帽子在烈日照射下的田野中工作。在他進屋裡時，她看見他的頭髮好濕好濕。

於是媽媽開始談論帽子了。

「老頭子！」一天她說：「你為什麼不把那頂舊呢帽扔掉，去弄一頂好看而涼快的草帽呢？」

「甚麼？」爸爸說：「要我戴草帽？我絕不讓我的馬兒看見我戴草帽！」

「馬兒？」媽媽回答說：「馬兒和草帽有什麼關係？畜生才不會管你戴那一種帽子哩！」

「我的馬會！」爸爸說：「我的馬兒認識我，因為我常戴同樣的帽子，牠們最喜歡牛仔帽。」「總之，」他說：「說什麼我

all. "Anyway" he said, "I would not be seen dead in a straw hat!"

Mama talked and talked, but she could not change Papa's mind. They talked about hats all summer long. And at last Mama tried to frighten Papa to get him to wear a straw hat.

"Papa," she said, "just look at most of the ranchers we know. All of them wear heavy wool cowboy hats in the summer, and most of them have lost their hair."

Papa laughed at Mama. He laughed so hard the tears ran down his face and his stomach hurt. But his laughing did not stop Mama. She told him about Jim Berry who lost his hair about two years ago.

And Papa, a little angry, answered: "It was not a cowboy hat that made Jim Berry lose his hair. It was his wife always talking about hats and not giving him any peace and quiet."

Mama said nothing. She stopped talking about hats. I wondered what was going to happen. Then one day Mama got up earlier than usual. She marched to the kitchen and made breakfast. She had a very serious look on her face and did not say a word. She made more noise than usual and banged the dishes down so hard I thought they would break.

Suddenly she got in the car and drove toward the city. She did not tell us why she was going, but later she came home with a straw hat. She still looked very serious.

There had been little rain that year. It was a bad year for ranchers. We had little money. But it was the year for Papa to buy a new cowboy hat. Mama knew this. She also thought that if she spent money for a straw hat, Papa would not spend any money to buy a cowboy hat.

Mama was right. When Papa saw the straw hat his face

也不戴草帽！」

媽媽再三地勸說，但還是無法改變爸爸的心意。整個夏天他們都在談論帽子。最後，媽媽爲了要使爸爸戴草帽而試著去嚇唬他。

「老頭子！」她說：「你祇要看一看大多數我們所認識的牧人，他們在夏天都戴厚呢牛仔帽，結果他們大多數已成了禿子。」

爸爸笑媽媽。他大笑不已，笑得眼淚直流，肚子發痛；但他的暢笑並未使媽媽住口，她告訴他有關吉姆·貝利大約在兩年前禿頂的事。

爸爸不但不聽，反而稍帶怒意地回答說：「並不是牛仔帽使吉姆·貝利脫髮的，而是他老婆時常爲了帽子喋喋不休，沒有給他點安靜的緣故。」

媽媽默然不語，也不再提帽子的事了，我不知道將會發生何事，後來，終於有一天，媽媽起得比平常早一點。她重腳地跨進廚房去作早飯，臉色凝重，一言不發。她作飯時發出的聲音比平常響多了，大力摔碗碟，我想它們一定遭殃了。

忽然，她坐進汽車，開向城裡；她沒告訴我們她去幹甚麼，但是回家時却帶回來一頂草帽，她的臉上仍然毫無表情。

這是乾旱的一年，對經營牧場者來說這是歉收的一年，我們手頭很拮据，然而這是爸爸該買新牛仔帽的一年，媽媽很清楚；她也想到，如果她花了錢買一頂草帽，爸爸便不會再花錢去買一頂牛仔帽了。

媽媽的想法沒錯，當爸爸看到草帽時，他漲紅了臉，一句話

red. He said nothing, but pulled the straw hat down over his head until it hid his eyes. He looked very funny. I wanted to laugh but I didn't: I was afraid to because Papa was so angry.

I remember how quiet he was as he marched out of the house.

I followed him that day. He was going to train the wild horses again and I loved to watch him work. He had gotten the horses earlier in the year but they were still half wild, half-trained.

Papa slowly walked toward the field where the horses were eating grass. He was a good rancher because he was gentle with horses, never cruel to them. He had given the horses names and always called to them when he first saw them in the morning. He talked softly to them so they would not be afraid. Sometimes the horses walked up to him when he called their names.

They knew his cowboy hat, which he wore every day, and they did not feel safe near any other person.

I followed Papa as he walked toward the field calling their names. At first, the horses continued to eat. But as Papa got closer the horses looked up at him.

Suddenly, they jumped high into the air, raising their front feet. Then, they began to run around, wildly. They screamed, the way frightened horses do. One horse kicked a hay-wagon over. All of them ran around and around in the field and then raced toward the barn where they slept.

I never heard such a noise. Papa began to shout "Whoa boys, steady boys, steady..." But there was nothing he could do.

He marched toward the house, while inside the barn the

也不說，卻把草帽從頭上一直往下拉，直到遮住了他的眼睛；他的樣子看起來很滑稽，我想笑但沒敢笑出來，因為爸爸是如此地生氣。

我還記得當他走出屋子時，沉靜得怕人。

那天我跟著他，他又要去訓練那些野馬，我喜歡看他工作；雖然他在那年的早些時候買進了那些馬，但牠們仍然是半馴不馴的。

爸爸慢慢地走向馬兒正在吃草的田野。他是一個好牧人，因為他待馬兒很溫和，從不虐待他們。他為所有的馬兒取了名字，而當他於早晨初見他們時，總是喊他們的名字。他輕言細語地跟牠們說話，以免他們害怕。有時候，當他叫牠們的名字時，牠們便會走近他。

牠們認識他每天戴的牛仔帽。當任何外人接近時牠們都會感到不安全。

在爸爸叫著牠們的名字走向田野時，我跟在後面。起初馬兒繼續吃草；但是當爸爸再走近時，馬兒都抬起頭來看著他。

突然地，牠們舉起前蹄，跳了起來，接著牠們開始瘋狂地繞著圈子亂跑，正如所有受驚的馬兒一樣，牠們尖聲嘶叫。有一匹馬把乾草車踢翻了；牠們都在田野間繞圈奔馳不已，然後跑向牠們睡覺的馬廄。

我從未聽見過這種嘈雜喧鬧的聲音。爸爸開始高聲大喊：「孩子們！停下來，鎮定點，孩子們！鎮定……」但是他似是一籌莫展。

他走向房子，而馬廄內受驚的馬兒在尖叫著並猛踢馬廄的牆壁。

frightened horses screamed and kicked hard against the walls of the barn.

Mama came running out of the house. She stood near the door waiting for Papa. She held her hands against her heart.

"What is it Papa. . . what is it?"

Papa did not answer. She held the door open and he marched into the house. Mama followed him.

I went in after them to see what was going to happen. Papa walked straight to the stove in the kitchen. He opened the top of the stove, pulled the straw hat off his head and pushed it deep down into the fire.

At last, he turned to Mama and looked at her in a way that even frightened me.

I never heard Papa so angry. He shouted and shouted all sorts of new words. At last, his anger was gone and he said in a soft, but firm voice:

"Now listen to me, Mama. Understand this! I will never wear a straw hat, or any other kind of hat my horses do not like!"

Then he put on his Sunday cowboy hat and walked out of the house.

It was almost midnight when the noise died away and the animals became quiet. The next day, Papa fixed all the broken wood in the walls of the barn.

I never heard Mama talk any more about hats. Perhaps, that is why when Papa died, many years later, there was a round spot on the top of his head where there was no hair.

媽媽從房中跑了出來，兩手撫在胸前，她站在門旁等爸爸。

「怎麼啦，老頭子？怎麼啦？」

爸爸沒有回答，她把門打開，爸爸大步跨進屋內，媽媽跟著他。

我跟在他們後面進入屋內，想看看究竟會發生什麼事。爸爸一直走向廚房的爐灶。他打開灶門，從頭上拉下草帽，把它重重地摔進火堆裡。

最後，他車轉身瞪著媽媽，他的樣子甚至差一點沒把我嚇死。

我從未聽說爸爸如此生氣過，他大聲地用各種我從沒聽過的氣話吼叫著。最後，他怒息了，氣也消了，然後用一種緩和卻堅定的口氣說：「現在聽我說，老太婆，你一定要弄清楚！我以後決不戴草帽，或者戴我的馬兒所不喜歡的任何其他樣子的帽子！」

然後他戴上他的星期天戴的牛仔帽走出了屋子。

時近午夜鬧聲漸息，畜生們才平靜了下來。翌日，爸爸修好了馬廄牆上所有斷裂的木板。

從此以後，我未曾再聽見媽媽提過帽子的事，或許這就是為何爸爸在幾年後去世時，頭頂上有一塊圓形的禿頂。

bartelby

BARTELBY

Herman Melville

I am an old lawyer, and I have three men working for me. My business continued to grow and so I decided to get one more man to help write law documents. 资料. 证件. 文件

I have met a great many people in my days, but the man who answered my advertisement was the strangest person I ever met or heard of. 奇怪

He stood outside my office and waited for me to speak. He was a small man, quiet, and dressed in a clean but old suit of clothes. I asked him his name. It was Bartelby. After a few more questions, I told him he could work for me.

At first Bartelby almost worked himself too hard writing the legal papers I gave him. He worked through the day by sunlight and into the night by candlelight. I was happy with his work, but not happy with the way he worked. He was too quiet. Had he been happy and cheerful, I would have liked him much better. But, he worked well: like a machine, never looking or speaking.

One day, I asked Bartelby to come to my office to study a legal paper with me. Without moving from his chair, Bartelby said: "I do not want to."

I sat for a short time, too surprised to move. Then I became excited.

"You do not want to. What do you mean, are you sick? I want you to help me with this paper!"

"I do not want to."

His face was calm. His eyes showed no emotion. He was

巴 特 比

我是個年老的律師，我僱了三個人幫我做事；由於業務不斷地擴展，所以我決定再請一個人來幫忙抄寫法律文件。

我一生中接觸過不少的人，但是這位看到廣告而來應徵的男子，却是我平生所遇到或聽說過的最怪的一位。

他站在我辦公室外面，等我接見；他身材矮小，沈默寡言，穿著一套乾淨而陳舊的衣服。我問了他的姓名，叫巴特比。又問了幾個問題後，我便告訴他決定僱用他了。

起初，巴特比非常賣力地抄寫我交給他的法律文件，他日以繼夜地努力工作；我對他的工作成績甚感滿意，但並不喜歡他的工作方式，他太沈默了。如果他的為人能快活些和爽朗點，我想我一定會更喜歡他。然而，他工作勤奮；像一部機器，既不左顧右盼，也不說話。

有一天，我請巴特比到我辦公室來同我研究一個法律文件。他坐在椅子上一動也不動地說：「我不要」。

我簡直驚愕得楞住了；呆坐了片刻，然後我冒火了。

「你不要？你是什麼意思？你身體不舒服？我要你幫助我處理這個文件！」

「我不要。」

他的臉色平靜，兩眼毫無表情，他並不生氣。我想這真是怪

not angry. This is strange, I thought. What should I do? But, the telephone rang, and I forgot the problem for the time being. Handwritten: 5/2/23

A few days later, four long documents came into the office. They needed careful study, and I decided to give one document to each of my men. I called and all came to my office. But not Bartelby.

"Bartelby, quick, I am waiting."

He came, and stood in front of me for a moment. "I don't want to," he said, then turned and went back to his desk.

I was so surprised. I could not move. I looked at the others, but found no words to speak. There was something about Bartelby that froze me, yet, at the same time, made me feel sorry for him.

As time passed, I saw that Bartelby never went out to eat dinner. Indeed, he never went anywhere. At eleven o'clock each morning, one of the men would bring Bartelby some ginger cakes.

"Umm. He lives on them," I thought. "Poor fellow! He is a hard worker and does not mean to hurt me in any way. He is a little foolish at times, but he is useful to me."

"Bartelby," I said one afternoon. "Please go to the post office and bring my mail."

"I do not want to."

I walked back to my office too shocked to think. Let's see, the problem here is: one of my workers named Bartelby will not do some of the things I ask him to do. He will not check his own work, and he will not do the little jobs.

One important thing about him though, he is always in his office.

One Sunday I walked to my office to do some work.