

名著双语读物

中文导读+英文原版

Sons and Lovers

儿子与情人

[英] 劳伦斯 著

纪飞 等 编译



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内 容 简 介

《儿子与情人》是英国著名作家劳伦斯的第一部长篇小说，入选兰登书屋现代文库“二十世纪英国百部最佳小说”。这是一部带有自传性的长篇小说，取材于作者童年与青少年时代的生活。主人公保罗出身于煤矿工人家庭，父母性格不合且精神追求迥异。哥哥英年早逝，保罗成为母亲唯一的希望。母亲非常爱保罗，希望并督促他成名成家，跻身于上流社会，为母亲争光争气，但她又从精神上控制儿子，使他不能钟情于别的女人。保罗爱上的第一个姑娘叫米利安，由于母亲的干涉，这对情人未遂心愿。保罗喜欢的第二个姑娘叫克拉拉，他们的爱情也未能逃出失败的命运。与保罗一次次的冲突令母亲心力交瘁，一病不起。直到母亲去世后，他才摆脱了束缚，离别故土和情人，真正成人。该书自出版以来，被译成世界上多种文字，还多次改编成电影。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为文学读本，该书对当今中国的读者都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够迅速了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分都增加了中文导读。

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戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯 (David Herbert Lawrence, 1885—1930), 英国著名小说家、诗人、散文家, 被誉为“英国文学史上最伟大的人物之一”。

1885年9月11日, 劳伦斯出生在英国诺丁汉郡的一个矿工家庭。他的父亲是一位矿工, 接受的教育很少; 母亲出身于中产阶级家庭, 受过良好的教育。父亲喜欢纵欲享乐, 母亲却古板拘谨, 这种不和谐的家庭结构对劳伦斯日后的创作产生了深远的影响。劳伦斯自幼身体孱弱、性格敏感, 他是在母亲的庇护下长大成人的, 他的成名作《儿子和情人》正是带有他独特家庭经历印记的自传体小说。在1912年开始专门从事文学创作之前, 劳伦斯做过会计、工人、雇员和小学教师等工作。1911年, 劳伦斯出版了第一部长篇小说《白孔雀》, 1913年发表第一部重要小说《儿子与情人》, 1915年出版了小说《虹》, 1921年出版《恋爱中的女人》, 1928年出版《查泰莱夫人的情人》。这些小说的核心内容都是围绕着性展开的, 劳伦斯把人对性的追求, 看成是引起一切生活现象的根源。其中, 长篇小说《查泰莱夫人的情人》由于对性爱的毫不隐晦和直白的描写, 被斥为淫秽作品, 曾受到英国当局的抨击和查禁。除以上这些作品外, 劳伦斯还出版了《亚伦之杖》(1922)、《袋鼠》(1923)等其他题材的小说; 出版的诗集有《爱诗及其他》(1913)、《爱神》(1916)、《如意花》(1929)等。劳伦斯长期旅居国外, 除到过德国、法国、意大利等欧洲国家之外还到过澳洲和美洲等地区。1930年3月2日, 劳伦斯病逝于法国旺斯。

劳伦斯一生共创作了十多部小说、三本游记、三本短篇小说集, 另有诗歌、散文、评论等多篇。在种类繁多的作品中, 小说最能代表他的文学成就。其中《恋爱中的女人》《查泰莱夫人的情人》《虹》《儿子与情人》等小说已成为二十世纪世界文学的经典名作, 这些小说被译成几十种文字在全世界发行, 并被多次搬上银幕, 广为流传。时至今日, 劳伦斯仍然是全世界最受欢迎的作家之一, 他的小说在世界范围内拥有广泛的读者。在



中国，劳伦斯的作品同样深受欢迎，他的小说几乎都已被引进，并多次再版。基于以上原因，我们决定编译劳伦斯的四大经典之作——《查泰莱夫人的情人》、《虹》、《恋爱中的女人》、《儿子与情人》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使语言贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，这些经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是英汉双语版名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

本书中文导读内容由纪飞编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



第一卷 Part One

第一章 莫雷尔夫妇早年的婚姻生活

Chapter 1 The Early Married Life of the Morels.....2

第二章 保罗降生，冲突又起

Chapter 2 The Birth of Paul, and Another Battle.....32

第三章 莫雷尔遭弃，威廉得宠

Chapter 3 The Casting off of Morel, the Taking on of William.....54

第四章 保罗的少年生活

Chapter 4 The Young Life of Paul.....69

第五章 保罗步入了社会

Chapter 5 Paul Launches into Life99

第六章 莫雷尔家有人去世了

Chapter 6 Death in the Family.....134

第二卷 Part Two

第七章 少男少女的爱情

Chapter 7 Lad-and-Girl Love170

第八章 爱的纷争

Chapter 8 Strife in Love213

第九章 米利安的失败

Chapter 9 The Defeat of Miriam255

第十章 克拉拉

Chapter 10 Clara.....298

第十一章 对米利安的考验

Chapter 11 The Test on Miriam.....328



第十二章 激情

Chapter 12 Passion.....355

第十三章 巴克斯特·道斯先生

Chapter 13 Baxter Dawes403

第十四章 解脱

Chapter 14 The Release448

第十五章 被抛弃的人

Chapter 15 Derelict484

第一卷
Part One

第一章 莫雷尔夫妇早年的婚姻生活

Chapter 1 The Early Married Life of the Morels



这一带原来被称为地狱街，现在叫洼地区，住的全是矿工，到处都是小矿井，煤矿工人成排的小茅屋以及零星的田园组成了贝斯伍德村。六十年前卡讯-维特公司成立了，这家公司合并了不少小矿井，而后接连开发了不少新的地方。为了安置矿工，公司建造了好几个居民区。那些房子构造结实，从表面看起来周围的景色十分怡人，事实上只有居住在其中的居民才能看到后院中臭气熏天的垃圾坑。这里的房子虽然还不错，但是生活环境很恶劣，厨房每天都要面对着布满垃圾坑的巷道。

莫雷尔太太在这些房子盖好后的十二年才搬了进来。莫雷尔一家的房子是在一排的末尾，只有一家邻居，同时，旁边比别人家多了一个长方形的院子，不过每星期的房租也比别人多六便士。莫雷尔太太搬进来不久就赶上了节庆日，这天集市开市，莫雷尔一大早就出门享乐去了，大儿子威廉吃完早饭立刻就跑出门玩去了，剩下女儿安妮哭闹着要去集市逛逛，莫雷尔太太只好带着女儿去赶集。

威廉一直玩到中午十二点半才回来，一回家就叫着要吃饭，否则赶不及下午集市的开场了。午饭都没来得及吃完，孩子们就都抢着要出去。莫雷尔太太拗不过他们，只好跟着他们一起赶到了集市。两套木马已经发出了号角声，各种摊贩都开始叫卖。威廉兴高采烈地蹲在一个摊子前，不一会儿便给母亲送来了两只带有粉红色花纹的蛋杯，这是他花两便士玩游戏

赢回来的。之后莫雷尔太太带着孩子参观整个场子，到了下午四点多威廉还是不想回去。莫雷尔太太带着女儿安妮先回家了，经过酒馆时听到男人的吵闹声，她心想也许自己的丈夫正在里面呢。儿子在母亲走后玩得闷闷不乐，到了晚上六点半才回到家里，这时候他父亲还没有回来，莫雷尔太太正在做针线活。天色渐渐暗了下来，赶集的人们差不多都回来了。女儿已经睡着了，莫雷尔太太再次感觉到自己孤零零的。想到肚子里即将出世的第三个孩子，她越发感觉到生活枯燥无趣。贫穷乏味的生活她已经受够了，而且孩子们的父亲经常喝得醉醺醺的，要不是为了孩子们，她早就逃离了。这时，莫雷尔太太开始准备第二天的食物，一切收拾完之后，她又坐下来继续做针线活。莫雷尔到了半夜才回来，满身酒气，他带回来了一些姜饼和椰子。莫雷尔太太不想听他继续唠叨下去，就先上床休息了。

莫雷尔太太的父亲原本是个工程师，但后来穷困潦倒，沦落到别人手下当工头。莫雷尔太太是家里的二女儿，遗传了父亲清澈的蓝眼睛。娇弱高傲的她在十九岁那年结识了富商的儿子约翰，但次年由于家庭变故，莫雷尔太太跟着父亲回到了诺丁汉老家，而约翰的父亲也已经破产，听说到了别处当教师去了。两年过后她曾经尝试联络约翰，不过听说他已经娶了一个年过四十的富孀。从那以后他们再也没有联系过，她也没再提起过这个人。在她二十三岁的时候，在圣诞节舞会上认识了二十七岁的瓦尔特·莫雷尔。那时候的莫雷尔体格健壮，一头波浪形的黑发，整个人风度翩翩，而且说话富有幽默感，总能惹人开怀大笑。莫雷尔太太生性好奇，乐于听别人谈论他们自己的事情。她穿着素雅怡人的服装，装扮得清纯朴实，为人真诚坦率。许多男人一见到她便着了迷，莫雷尔也不例外，他一见到这个女孩便心跳加速。当时的莫雷尔太太也完全被这个来自不同世界的男人吸引住了，看到他优美的舞姿和开朗的笑容，她觉得这个男人十分有趣。当她得知莫雷尔十岁便当了矿工后，更加觉得不可思议，为他辛苦的生活而感动，甚至觉得那是一种高尚。两人在第二年圣诞节便结婚了，婚后六个月的生活还很快乐。

莫雷尔太太一直以为婚后住的小房子是属于自己的，她和周围的邻居也没什么交往。莫雷尔的母亲和姐妹看不惯她的小姐做派，可莫雷尔太太觉得只要有丈夫在身边，完全不需要理会别人的看法。到了第七个月，一次偶然的机会她发现了丈夫口袋里的家具账单，那些钱还没付清。莫雷尔太太找到婆婆问及此事，没想到婆婆连结婚办酒席的账都记在他们头上了。她这才弄清楚原来他们住的房子也是婆婆的，而且还需要付房租。莫

雷尔太太虽然没对丈夫说什么，但是心里却有了难以解开的结。后来听一些女人纷纷议论莫雷尔办跳舞班的事情，作为妻子的她心里更加不舒服。生下威廉之后，莫雷尔太太大病一场，即使丈夫天天在身边陪着，她也还是觉得十分寂寞。莫雷尔太太把一切的爱都转移到了儿子身上，最后对丈夫完全不闻不问，夫妻之间的关系变得十分紧张。作为父亲的莫雷尔完全没有任何耐心，只要孩子稍微有一点吵闹，便拳脚相向。莫雷尔太太痛恨丈夫的粗俗无赖，他们的关系日渐疏远。夫妻之间开始不断争吵，莫雷尔太太对丈夫的要求十分严格，希望莫雷尔能够一步登天，这样严格的要求却彻底毁了丈夫。

莫雷尔虽然喝酒，但从不会没有节制，也从没有耽误过工作。现在他的工钱没有以前多了，喝酒时经常向工友们抱怨解闷。莫雷尔每个星期固定给家里一笔生活费，有时候还给不足；当他工钱多了的时候，就会大把花钱，总之从不会多给家里一分钱，这让莫雷尔太太甚至宁愿丈夫的工钱少一点。杰里是莫雷尔的伙伴，可妻子并不喜欢他，因为这两个男人经常在一起喝酒赌钱。这一天莫雷尔醉醺醺地回来了，他踉跄地撞到了桌子，把莫雷尔太太吓了一跳，两个人又开始争吵起来。气急败坏的莫雷尔竟然把怀孕的妻子直接推出了门，自己锁上门之后不久便睡着了。莫雷尔太太一个人在门外呆了一会儿，冻得浑身直打哆嗦，她很担心肚子里的孩子会受到伤害。一两个小时过后，莫雷尔才被她敲窗户的声音惊醒。刚从梦中醒来的莫雷尔原本还打算发火，但清醒之后他明白自己干了什么，脑袋立刻耷拉了下来，赶紧去把门打开。莫雷尔太太进屋暖了暖身子，继续干着没干完的活，收拾好一切后才回房睡觉。

"The bottoms" succeeded to "Hell Row". Hell Row was a block of thatched, bulging cottages that stood by the brookside on Greenhill Lane. There lived the colliers who worked in the little gin-pits two fields away. The brook ran under the alder trees, scarcely soiled by these small mines, whose coal was drawn to the surface by donkeys that plodded wearily in a circle round a gin. And all over the countryside were these same pits, some of which had been worked in the time of Charles II, the few colliers and the donkeys burrowing down like ants into the earth, making queer mounds and little black places among the corn-fields and the meadows. And the cottages of these coal-miners,

in blocks and pairs here and there, together with odd farms and homes of the stockingers, straying over the parish, formed the village of Bestwood.

Then, some sixty years ago, a sudden change took place. The gin-pits were elbowed aside by the large mines of the financiers. The coal and iron field of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire was discovered. Carston, Waite and Co. appeared. Amid tremendous excitement, Lord Palmerston formally opened the company's first mine at Spinney Park, on the edge of Sherwood Forest.

About this time the notorious Hell Row, which through growing old had acquired an evil reputation, was burned down, and much dirt was cleansed away.

Carston, Waite & Co. found they had struck on a good thing, so, down the valleys of the brooks from Selby and Nuttall, new mines were sunk, until soon there were six pits working. From Nuttall, high up on the sandstone among the woods, the railway ran, past the ruined priory of the Carthusians and past Robin Hood's Well, down to Spinney Park, then on to Minton, a large mine among corn-fields; from Minton across the farmlands of the valleyside to Bunker's Hill, branching off there, and running north to Beggarlee and Selby, that looks over at Crich and the hills of Derbyshire: six mines like black studs on the countryside, linked by a loop of fine chain, the railway.

To accommodate the regiments of miners, Carston, Waite and Co. built the Squares, great quadrangles of dwellings on the hillside of Bestwood, and then, in the brook valley, on the site of Hell Row, they erected the Bottoms.

The Bottoms consisted of six blocks of miners' dwellings, two rows of three, like the dots on a blank-six domino, and twelve houses in a block. This double row of dwellings sat at the foot of the rather sharp slope from Bestwood, and looked out, from the attic windows at least, on the slow climb of the valley towards Selby.

The houses themselves were substantial and very decent. One could walk all round, seeing little front gardens with auriculas and saxifrage in the shadow of the bottom block, sweet-williams and pinks in the sunny top block; seeing neat front windows, little porches, little privet hedges, and dormer windows for the attics. But that was outside; that was the view on to the uninhabited parlours of all the colliers' wives. The dwelling-room, the kitchen, was at the

back of the house, facing inward between the blocks, looking at a scrubby back garden, and then at the ash-pits. And between the rows, between the long lines of ash-pits, went the alley, where the children played and the women gossiped and the men smoked. So, the actual conditions of living in the Bottoms, that was so well built and that looked so nice, were quite unsavoury because people must live in the kitchen, and the kitchens opened on to that nasty alley of ash-pits.

Mrs. Morel was not anxious to move into the Bottoms, which was already twelve years old and on the downward path, when she descended to it from Bestwood. But it was the best she could do. Moreover, she had an end house in one of the top blocks, and thus had only one neighbour; on the other side an extra strip of garden. And, having an end house, she enjoyed a kind of aristocracy among the other women of the “between” houses, because her rent was five shillings and sixpence instead of five shillings a week. But this superiority in station was not much consolation to Mrs. Morel.

She was thirty-one years old, and had been married eight years. A rather small woman, of delicate mould but resolute bearing, she shrank a little from the first contact with the Bottoms women. She came down in the July, and in the September expected her third baby.

Her husband was a miner. They had only been in their new home three weeks when the wakes, or fair, began. Morel, she knew, was sure to make a holiday of it. He went off early on the Monday morning, the day of the fair. The two children were highly excited. William, a boy of seven, fled off immediately after breakfast, to prowl round the wakes ground, leaving Annie, who was only five, to whine all morning to go also. Mrs. Morel did her work. She scarcely knew her neighbours yet, and knew no one with whom to trust the little girl. So she promised to take her to the wakes after dinner.

William appeared at half-past twelve. He was a very active lad, fair-haired, freckled, with a touch of the Dane or Norwegian about him.

“Can I have my dinner, mother?” he cried, rushing in with his cap on. “’Cause it begins at half-past one, the man says so.”

“You can have your dinner as soon as it’s done,” replied the mother.

"Isn't it done?" he cried, his blue eyes staring at her in indignation. "Then I'm goin' be-out it."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. It will be done in five minutes. It is only half-past twelve."

"They'll be beginnin'," the boy half cried, half shouted.

"You won't die if they do," said the mother. "Besides, it's only half-past twelve, so you've a full hour."

The lad began hastily to lay the table, and directly the three sat down. They were eating batter-pudding and jam, when the boy jumped off his chair and stood perfectly stiff. Some distance away could be heard the first small braying of a merry-go-round, and the tooting of a horn. His face quivered as he looked at his mother.

"I told you!" he said, running to the dresser for his cap.

"Take your pudding in your hand—and it's only five past one, so you were wrong—you haven't got your twopence," cried the mother in a breath.

The boy came back, bitterly disappointed, for his twopence, then went off without a word.

"I want to go, I want to go," said Annie, beginning to cry.

"Well, and you shall go, whining, wizzening little stick!" said the mother. And later in the afternoon she trudged up the hill under the tall hedge with her child. The hay was gathered from the fields, and cattle were turned on to the eddish. It was warm, peaceful.

Mrs. Morel did not like the wakes. There were two sets of horses, one going by steam, one pulled round by a pony; three organs were grinding, and there came odd cracks of pistol-shots, fearful screeching of the cocoanut man's rattle, shouts of the Aunt Sally man, screeches from the peep-show lady. The mother perceived her son gazing enraptured outside the Lion Wallace booth, at the pictures of this famous lion that had killed a negro and maimed for life two white men. She left him alone, and went to get Annie a spin of toffee. Presently the lad stood in front of her, wildly excited.

"You never said you was coming—isn't the' a lot of things?—that lion's killed three men—I've spent my tuppence—an' look here."

He pulled from his pocket two egg-cups, with pink moss-roses on them.

"I got these from that stall where y'ave ter get them marbles in them holes. An' I got these two in two goes—'aepenny a go—they've got moss-roses on, look here. I wanted these."

She knew he wanted them for her.

"H'm!" she said, pleased. "They ARE pretty!"

"Shall you carry 'em, 'cause I'm frightened o' breakin' 'em?"

He was tipful of excitement now she had come, led her about the ground, showed her everything. Then, at the peep-show, she explained the pictures, in a sort of story, to which he listened as if spellbound. He would not leave her. All the time he stuck close to her, bristling with a small boy's pride of her. For no other woman looked such a lady as she did, in her little black bonnet and her cloak. She smiled when she saw women she knew. When she was tired she said to her son:

"Well, are you coming now, or later?"

"Are you goin' a'ready?" he cried, his face full of reproach.

"Already? It is past four, I know."

"What are you goin' a'ready for?" he lamented.

"You needn't come if you don't want," she said.

And she went slowly away with her little girl, whilst her son stood watching her, cut to the heart to let her go, and yet unable to leave the wakes. As she crossed the open ground in front of the Moon and Stars she heard men shouting, and smelled the beer, and hurried a little, thinking her husband was probably in the bar.

At about half-past six her son came home, tired now, rather pale, and somewhat wretched. He was miserable, though he did not know it, because he had let her go alone. Since she had gone, he had not enjoyed his wakes.

"Has my dad been?" he asked.

"No," said the mother.

"He's helping to wait at the Moon and Stars. I seed him through that black tin stuff wi' holes in, on the window, wi' his sleeves rolled up."

"Ha!" exclaimed the mother shortly. "He's got no money. An' he'll be satisfied if he gets his 'lowance, whether they give him more or not."

When the light was fading, and Mrs. Morel could see no more to sew, she rose and went to the door. Everywhere was the sound of excitement, the restlessness of the holiday, that at last infected her. She went out into the side garden. Women were coming home from the wakes, the children hugging a white lamb with green legs, or a wooden horse. Occasionally a man lurched past, almost as full as he could carry. Sometimes a good husband came along with his family, peacefully. But usually the women and children were alone. The stay-at-home mothers stood gossiping at the corners of the alley, as the twilight sank, folding their arms under their white aprons.

Mrs. Morel was alone, but she was used to it. Her son and her little girl slept upstairs; so, it seemed, her home was there behind her, fixed and stable. But she felt wretched with the coming child. The world seemed a dreary place, where nothing else would happen for her—at least until William grew up. But for herself, nothing but this dreary endurance—till the children grew up. And the children! She could not afford to have this third. She did not want it. The father was serving beer in a public house, swilling himself drunk. She despised him, and was tied to him. This coming child was too much for her. If it were not for William and Annie, she was sick of it, the struggle with poverty and ugliness and meanness.

She went into the front garden, feeling too heavy to take herself out, yet unable to stay indoors. The heat suffocated her. And looking ahead, the prospect of her life made her feel as if she were buried alive.

The front garden was a small square with a privet hedge. There she stood, trying to soothe herself with the scent of flowers and the fading, beautiful evening. Opposite her small gate was the stile that led uphill, under the tall hedge between the burning glow of the cut pastures. The sky overhead throbbed and pulsed with light. The glow sank quickly off the field; the earth and the hedges smoked dusk. As it grew dark, a ruddy glare came out on the hilltop, and out of the glare the diminished commotion of the fair.

Sometimes, down the trough of darkness formed by the path under the hedges, men came lurching home. One young man lapsed into a run down the steep bit that ended the hill, and went with a crash into the stile. Mrs. Morel

shuddered. He picked himself up, swearing viciously, rather pathetically, as if he thought the stile had wanted to hurt him.

She went indoors, wondering if things were never going to alter. She was beginning by now to realise that they would not. She seemed so far away from her girlhood, she wondered if it were the same person walking heavily up the back garden at the Bottoms as had run so lightly up the breakwater at Sheerness ten years before.

“What have I to do with it?” she said to herself. “What have I to do with all this? Even the child I am going to have! It doesn’t seem as if I were taken into account.”

Sometimes life takes hold of one, carries the body along, accomplishes one’s history, and yet is not real, but leaves oneself as it were slurred over.

“I wait,” Mrs. Morel said to herself—“I wait, and what I wait for can never come.”

Then she straightened the kitchen, lit the lamp, mended the fire, looked out the washing for the next day, and put it to soak. After which she sat down to her sewing. Through the long hours her needle flashed regularly through the stuff. Occasionally she sighed, moving to relieve herself. And all the time she was thinking how to make the most of what she had, for the children’s sakes.

At half-past eleven her husband came. His cheeks were very red and very shiny above his black moustache. His head nodded slightly. He was pleased with himself.

“Oh! Oh! waitin’ for me, lass? I’ve bin ‘elpin’ Anthony, an’ what’s think he’s gen me? Nowt b’r a lousy hae’f-crown, an’ that’s ivry penny—”

“He thinks you’ve made the rest up in beer,” she said shortly.

“An’ I ’aven’t—that I ’aven’t. You b’lieve me, I’ve ’ad very little this day, I have an’ all.” His voice went tender. “Here, an’ I browt thee a bit o’ brandysnap, an’ a cocoanut for th’ children.” He laid the gingerbread and the cocoanut, a hairy object, on the table. “Nay, tha niver said thankyer for nowt i’ thy life, did ter?”

As a compromise, she picked up the cocoanut and shook it, to see if it had any milk.