

名家经典珍藏版

海明威中短篇小说选

(英汉双语)

[美] 海明威◎著 青 闰◎译

❖❖❖ SELECTED STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY ❖❖❖



北京工业大学出版社

主 閱

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出版说明

人类历史的发展过程也是思想文化不断积累和沉淀的过程。在几千年的人类历史发展长河中，先贤们或在人文社科领域，或在科学技术领域创作出了无数经典名著。这些著作所蕴藏的思想财富和学术价值，早已为世人所熟知，它们无不体现了作者所处的特定时代的思想和文化。通过这些经典名著，读者不仅可以欣赏到流畅的文笔、生动的描述和详细的刻画、深邃的思想，更可以领悟它们各自独特的历史与文化内涵。可以说，这些作品深深地影响了世世代代的读者，也引导着当今的学人以此来充实和丰富自己的头脑。有鉴于此，我们邀请了专门研究世界历史文化的专家学者，精心挑选代表世界历史文化不同领域的经典作品，采取英汉双语对照的形式出版，一方面为读者提供原汁原味的世界经典名著，让读者自由地阅读，在此过程中逐渐提升自己的英语水平；另一方面通过这种阅读，以达到对世界历史文化的整体了解，开阔自己的视野，打开通往世界的心灵之窗，同时又获得思想文化、个人修养、伦理道德等多方面的提升。

我们衷心期待这套书成为大家学习道路上不可或缺的好伙伴！如果您在阅读中发现有疑问或错误之处，请不吝指正，以便我们更加完善这套书。

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The Old Man and the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat.

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago," the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was

老人与海

他是一位老人，独划小船，在墨西哥湾捕鱼。84天了，他连一条鱼也没有捕到。在最开始的40天还有一个男孩子跟随着他。可是，40天后还是没有捕到一条鱼。男孩子的父母就说，老人现在一定是*salao*^[1]，也就是说，倒霉到了极点。于是，男孩子的父母命令离开他，上了另一条船，男孩子第一周就捕到了3条大鱼。男孩子见老人每天总是空船而归，心里非常难过，常常下岸帮老人，要么是拿盘好的钓线，要么是拿鱼钩和鱼叉，要么是拿缠绕在桅杆上的帆。船帆是用面粉袋片打着一块块补丁，卷起时看上去就像是一面永败之旗。

老人骨瘦如柴，后脖颈上皱纹很深，脸颊上因热带海面反射太阳光造成了良性皮肤癌，落下了密密麻麻的褐斑，顺着脸两侧蔓延而下；双手也因常拽绳索拉大鱼而留下了一道道深深的疤痕，而且这些伤疤没有一道是新的。它们就像无鱼可捕的沙漠中被侵蚀的地方那样古老。

除了那双眼睛之外，他浑身苍老，那双眼睛是大海般的颜色，神情愉悦，永不言败。

“圣地亚哥，”当他们俩从小船停泊的地方爬上岸时，男孩子对老人说，“我

[1] *salao*，西班牙语，意思是“倒了血霉的”。

hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money."

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.

"No," the old man said. "You're with a lucky boat. Stay with them."

"But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then we caught big ones every day for three weeks."

"I remember," the old man said. "I know you did not leave me because you doubted."

"It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must obey him."

"I know," the old man said. "It is quite normal."

"He hasn't much faith."

"No," the old man said. "But we have. Haven't we?"

"Yes," the boy said. "Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace and then we'll take the stuff home."

"Why not?" the old man said. "Between fishermen."

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen. The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin out and carried them laid full length across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the

又能随你出海了。我们挣到了一些钱。”

老人教会了男孩子捕鱼，男孩子很爱他。

“不，”老人说，“你跟了一条交好运的船。还是跟着吧。”

“可是，别忘了，有一次咱们87天没有捕到一条鱼，后来我们一连3周每天都捕到了大鱼。”

“我记得，”老人说，“我知道，你不是因为怀疑才离开我。”

“是爸爸叫我离开的，我是孩子，必须听他的。”

“我明白，”老人说，“这很正常。”

“他没有多大信心。”

“是啊，”老人说，“可是，我们有信心，不是吗？”

“是，”男孩子说，“我请你到露台饭店喝杯啤酒，然后我们再把这些渔具拿回去，怎么样”

“有啥不行？”老人说，“都是打鱼人嘛。”

他们坐在露台饭店，好多渔夫跟老人开玩笑，老人并不生气。一些上了年纪的渔夫望着他，为他发愁，但没有流露出来，只是礼貌地聊着洋流，聊着他们把钓线送到海里有多深，聊着天气一向多好，聊着他们的见闻。当天有收获的渔夫都已返航，他们剖开枪鱼，半片半片地排在两块木板上，每块木板的末端都由两人抬着，摇摇晃晃地送到收鱼站，在那儿等冷藏车运往哈瓦那的市场。逮到鲨鱼的人们把鱼送到海湾另一头的鲨鱼加工厂，吊到复合滑车上。鱼已去肝，割鳍，剥皮，肉被切

other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting.

When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbour from the shark factory; but today there was only the faint edge of the odour because the wind had backed into the north and then dropped off and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

“Santiago,” the boy said.

“Yes,” the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking of many years ago.

“Can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow?”

“No. Go and play baseball. I can still row and Rogelio will throw the net.”

“I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you, I would like to serve in some way.”

“You bought me a beer,” the old man said. “You are already a man.”

“How old was I when you first took me in a boat?”

“Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in too green and he nearly tore the boat to pieces. Can you remember?”

“I can remember the tail slapping and banging and the thwart breaking and the noise of the clubbing. I can remember you throwing me into the bow where the wet coiled lines were and feeling the whole boat shiver and the noise of you clubbing him like chopping a tree down and the sweet blood smell all over me.”

“Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?”

“I remember everything from when we first went together.”

成了一条条，以备腌制。

刮东风时，隔着海湾，一股股鱼腥味也能从鲨鱼加工厂那边飘过来；可是，今天只有淡淡的气味，因为风向倒北，后来也逐渐平息，所以露台饭店阳光明媚，舒适惬意。

“圣地亚哥。”男孩子说。

“噢。”老人应道。他正握着酒杯，想着多年前的事儿。

“我去弄点沙丁鱼给你明天用吧？”

“不用了。你还是打棒球去吧。我还能划船，有罗吉略帮我撒网。”

“我是真想去。要是不能随你打鱼，我想为你做点什么。”

“你给我买了啤酒，”老人说，“你已经长大了。”

“你第一次带我上船出海时，我有多大？”

“5岁，那天我把一条鱼拖上船，它活蹦乱跳，差点儿把船撞碎，你也险些丢了命，你还记得吗？”

“我记得鱼尾巴噼里啪啦一个劲拍打，船上的横座板都被打断了，还有棍棒的敲打声。我记得你把我向船头猛推，那儿放着湿漉漉的钓线卷，我感觉整条船都在摇晃，还听到你用棍子啪啪打鱼的声音，像在砍树似的，还记得我浑身上下有一股甜丝丝的血腥味。”

“你是真能记得那回事，还是我告诉你的？”

“我们第一次一起出海以来的事儿，我都记得。”

The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident loving eyes.

"If you were my boy I'd take you out and gamble," he said. "But you are your father's and your mother's and you are in a lucky boat."

"May I get the sardines? I know where I can get four baits too."

"I have mine left from today. I put them in salt in the box."

"Let me get four fresh ones."

"One," the old man said. His hope and his confidence had never gone. But now they were freshening as when the breeze rises.

"Two," the boy said.

"Two," the old man agreed. "You didn't steal them?"

"I would," the boy said. "But I bought these."

"Thank you," the old man said. He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride.

"Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current," he said.

"Where are you going?" the boy asked.

"Far out to come in when the wind shifts. I want to be out before it is light."

"I'll try to get him to work far out," the boy said. "Then if you hook something truly big we can come to your aid."

"He does not like to work too far out."

"No," the boy said. "But I will see something that he cannot see such as a bird working

老人用慈爱的眼睛看着他。

"你要是我的儿子，我一定会带你出去赌一把，"他说，"可你是你爸妈的儿子，又搭上了走运的船。"

"我去弄些沙丁鱼来吧？我还知道上哪儿能弄到4条鱼饵。"

"不用了，今天我自己的还剩下有，放在盒子里腌着。"

"我给你弄4条新鲜的吧。"

"一条就行。"老人说。他的希望和信心从来没有消失过，这时候又像微风起时那样十足。

"两条吧。"男孩子说。

"就两条，"老人表示同意，"你不是偷的吧？"

"我本想去偷，"男孩子说，"不过，这些是我买来的。"

"谢谢你，"老人说。老人虽心地单纯，却不知自己是什么时候开始如此谦卑。可是，他知道他如此谦卑，明白这并不丢脸，也丝毫没有损害真正的自尊心。

"瞧这洋流，明天会是一个不错的日子。"他说。

"你打算上哪儿？"男孩子问。

"跑远些，等风向变了，再回来。我想不到天亮就出发。"

"我会尽力让船主也跑远些去捕鱼，"男孩子说，"这样，要是你真的钓到了大鱼，我们就能赶去帮你的忙。"

"他不喜欢跑太远去捕鱼。"

and get him to come out after dolphin.”

“Are his eyes that bad?”

“He is almost blind.”

“It is strange,” the old man said. “He never went turtle-ing. That is what kills the eyes.”

“But you went turtle-ing for years off the Mosquito Coast and your eyes are good.”

“I am a strange old man.”

“But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?”

“I think so. And there are many tricks.”

“Let us take the stuff home,” the boy said. “So I can get the cast net and go after the sardines.”

They picked up the gear from the boat. The old man carried the mast on his shoulder and the boy carried the wooden box with the coiled, hard-braided brown lines, the gaff and the harpoon with its shaft. The box with the baits was under the stern of the skiff along with the club that was used to subdue the big fish when they were brought alongside. No one would steal from the old man but it was better to take the sail and the heavy lines home as the dew was bad for them and, though he was quite sure no local people would steal from him, the old man thought that a gaff and a harpoon were needless temptations to leave in a boat.

They walked up the road together to the old man's shack and went in through its open door. The old man leaned the mast with its wrapped sail against the wall and the boy put the box and the other gear beside it. The mast was nearly as long as the one room of the

“是的，”男孩子说，“可是，我见的，他看不见，比如我看见一只鸟儿在盘旋，我会说是麒麟，叫他赶紧去追。”

“他的眼神有那么差吗？”

“基本上什么也看不见。”

“奇怪，”老人说，“他从来没有捕过海龟。那玩意儿才伤眼力呢。”

“可是，你在莫斯基托海岸外捕了那么多年的海龟，你的眼力现在不是也挺好的嘛。”

“我是一个不同寻常的老头。”

“不过，你现在还足够强壮对付一条非常大的鱼吗？”

“我想是的。再说，我还有不少绝活呢。”

“我们把渔具拿回家，”男孩子说，“我好去取渔网逮沙丁鱼。”

他们从船上取回捕鱼的渔具。老人肩扛桅杆，男孩子手提木箱，里面有编得紧实的褐色钓线卷、鱼钩和带柄的鱼叉。盛鱼饵的盒子，连同在大鱼被拖到船边时用来收服它们的那根棍子，都撇在了小船船尾的下面，谁也不会来偷老人的东西，但还是把桅杆和沉重的钓线拿回家为好，因为露水会损伤这些东西；再说，即使老人深信当地不会有人来偷自己的东西，他也觉得，留鱼钩、鱼叉在船上确是不必要的诱惑。

他们顺着路一起来到老人的小屋，从敞开的门走了进去。老人把绕着帆的桅杆靠到墙上，男孩子把木箱和其他渔具挨着它放下来。桅杆跟这小屋里的尺寸差不多

shack. The shack was made of the tough budshields of the royal palm which are called guano and in it there was a bed, a table, one chair, and a place on the dirt floor to cook with charcoal. On the brown walls of the flattened, overlapping leaves of the sturdy fibered guano there was a picture in color of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and another of the Virgin of Cobre. These were relics of his wife. Once there had been a tinted photograph of his wife on the wall but he had taken it down because it made him too lonely to see it and it was on the shelf in the corner under his clean shirt.

“What do you have to eat?” the boy asked.

“A pot of yellow rice with fish. Do you want some?”

“No. I will eat at home. Do you want me to make the fire?”

“No. I will make it later on. Or I may eat the rice cold.”

“May I take the cast net?”

“Of course.”

There was no cast net and the boy remembered when they had sold it. But they went through this fiction every day. There was no pot of yellow rice and fish and the boy knew this too.

“Eighty-five is a lucky number,” the old man said. “How would you like to see me bring one in that dressed out over a thousand pounds?”

“I’ll get the cast net and go for sardines. Will you sit in the sun in the doorway?”

“Yes. I have yesterday’s paper and I will read the baseball.”

The boy did not know whether yesterday’s paper was a fiction too. But the old man

一样长。

小屋是用大椰子树上叫作“海鸟粪”的坚韧苞壳盖成的，里面有一张床、一张桌子、一把椅子，泥土地面上还有一个用木炭烧饭的地方。在纤维结实、“海鸟粪”抚平、搭接而成的褐色墙壁上，有一幅彩色耶稣圣心图和另一幅科布莱圣母图，这是老人妻子的遗物。墙上曾挂了一幅他妻子的着色照，但他早已取掉了，因为他看了只会使自己越发感到孤单，它如今放在屋角隔板上他的一件干净衬衣的下面。

“吃的有什么？”

“锅鱼煮黄米饭。要吃点吗？”

“不，我回家吃。要我给你生火吗？”

“不用，过一会儿我自己来。也许就吃冷饭。”

“我把渔网拿走可以吗？”

“当然可以。”

其实，根本不存在什么渔网，男孩子还记得他们卖掉渔网的那天。然而，他们每天要扯上这么一段。根本没有什么鱼煮黄米饭，这一点男孩子也知道。

“85是个吉利数，”老人说，“你有没有想过我逮回一条去掉下脚料还有1000多磅的鱼？”

“我拿渔网捞沙丁鱼去。你坐在门口晒晒太阳吧。”

“好。我有一张昨天的报纸，我来看看棒球新闻。”

男孩子不知道昨天的报纸是不是也是虚构的。不过，老人把它从床底下取了

brought it out from under the bed.

“Perico gave it to me at the bodega,” he explained.

“I’ll be back when I have the sardines. I’ll keep yours and mine together on ice and we can share them in the morning. When I come back you can tell me about the baseball.”

“The Yankees cannot lose.”

“But I fear the Indians of Cleveland.”

“Have faith in the Yankees my son. Think of the great DiMaggio.”

“I fear both the Tigers of Detroit and the Indians of Cleveland.”

“Be careful or you will fear even the Reds of Cincinnati and the White Sox of Chicago.”

“You study it and tell me when I come back.”

“Do you think we should buy a terminal of the lottery with an eighty-five? Tomorrow is the eight-fifth day.”

“We can do that,” the boy said. “But what about the eighty-seven of your great record?”

“It could not happen twice. Do you think you can find an eighty-five?”

“I can order one.”

“One sheet. That’s two dollars and a half. Who can we borrow that from?”

“That’s easy. I can always borrow two dollars and a half.”

“I think perhaps I can too. But I try not to borrow. First you borrow. Then you beg.”

“Keep warm old man,” the boy said. “Remember we are in September.”

“The month when the great fish come,” the old man said. “Anyone can be a fisherman

出来。

“是去杂货铺时，佩里科给我的。”他解释说。

“我弄到沙丁鱼就回来。我要把你的和我的一起冰镇，明天早上我们就能分着用了。我回来时，你就能给我聊聊棒球方面的新闻了。”

“洋基队不会输。”

“可是，我怕克利夫兰印第安人队会赢。”

“相信洋基队，孩子。想一想了不起的迪马乔。”

“我既担心克利夫兰印第安人队，也担心底特律老虎队。”

“当心，要不然连辛辛那提红队和芝加哥白短袜队，你都要怕了。”

“你好好看报，等我回来，给我讲讲。”

“你看我们去买一张尾数是85的彩票好吗？明天是第85天了。”

“这样做行，”男孩子说，“而你上次创下的纪录是87天，这咋说？”

“这种事儿不会再发生了。你看能弄到一张尾数是85的吗？”

“我去订一张。”

“就一张。两块五一张。我们向谁借这笔钱呢？”

“这个容易。两块五，我总能借到吧。”

“我看说不定我也能借到。可我不想借钱。先借钱，后讨饭。”

“老伙计，穿暖和点儿，”男孩子说，“别忘了，现在是9月。”

“正是大鱼光顾的月份，”老人说，“5月份，任何人都可能是好渔夫。”

in May.”

“I go now for the sardines,” the boy said.

When the boy came back the old man was asleep in the chair and the sun was down. The boy took the old army blanket off the bed and spread it over the back of the chair and over the old man's shoulders. They were strange shoulders, still powerful although very old, and the neck was still strong too and the creases did not show so much when the old man was asleep and his head fallen forward. His shirt had been patched so many times that it was like the sail and the patches were faded to many different shades by the sun. The old man's head was very old though and with his eyes closed there was no life in his face. The newspaper lay across his knees and the weight of his arm held it there in the evening breeze. He was barefooted.

The boy left him there and when he came back the old was still asleep.

“Wake up old man,” the boy said and put his hand on one of the old man's knees.

The old man opened his eyes and for a moment he was coming back from a long way away. Then he smiled.

“What have you got?” he asked.

“Supper,” said the boy. “We're going to have supper.”

“I'm not very hungry.”

“Come on and eat. You can't fish and not eat.”

“I have,” the old man said getting up and taking the newspaper and folding it. Then he started to fold the blanket.

“Keep the blanket around you,” the boy said. “You'll not fish without eating while I'm

“现在我去弄沙丁鱼。”男孩子说。

等男孩子回来时，老人在椅子上睡着了，太阳已经落下。男孩子从床上拿起一条旧军毯，抻开，搭过椅背，盖住了老人的双肩。

这是一双非同寻常的肩膀，尽管老人上了年纪，但依然强健，脖子也还硬实。老人睡着了，脑袋向前耷拉着，脖子上的皱纹也不那么明显了。他的衬衣上不知打了多少次补丁，弄得像他那张帆一样，补丁被太阳晒得褪成了深浅不一的多种颜色。不过，老人满脸苍老，眼一合上，脸上一点生机都没有。报纸横放在他的膝盖上，幸好他的一条胳膊压在上面才没有被晚风吹走。他光着脚。

男孩子撇下他，走开了，等他再回来时，老人还在睡着。

“老伙计，醒一醒。”说着，男孩子把手放到老人的一个膝盖上。

老人睁开眼，一时仿佛在从遥远的地方回过神来。随后，他微微一笑。

“你弄到了什么？”他问。

“晚饭，”男孩子说，“我们来吃晚饭吧。”

“我不太饿。”

“得了，吃吧。你不能光捕鱼，不吃饭。”

“我曾这样干过。”说着，老人站起身，拿起报纸，折叠好，接着就要去叠毯子。

“毯子就披身上吧，”男孩子说，“只要我活着，你就不会不吃饭去捕鱼。”

alive.”

“Then live a long time and take care of yourself,” the old man said. “What are we eating?”

“Black beans and rice, fried bananas, and some stew.”

The boy had brought them in a two-decker metal container from the Terrace. The two sets of knives and forks and spoons were in his pocket with a paper napkin wrapped around each set.

“Who gave this to you?”

“Martin. The owner.”

“I must thank him.”

“I thanked him already,” the boy said. “You don’t need to thank him.”

“I’ll give him the belly meat of a big fish,” the old man said. “Has he done this for us more than once?”

“I think so.”

“I must give him something more than the belly meat then. He is very thoughtful for us.”

“He sent two beers.”

“I like the beer in cans best.”

“I know. But this is in bottles, Hatuey beer, and I take back the bottles.”

“That’s very kind of you,” the old man said. “Should we eat?”

“I’ve been asking you to,” the boy told him gently. “I have not wished to open the container until you were ready.”

“这么说，祝你长命百岁，多保重。”老人说，“我们吃什么？”

“黑豆米饭、油炸香蕉，还有些炖菜。”

男孩子是把饭菜放在双层饭盒里从露台饭店拿来的。两副刀叉、汤匙，每副用餐巾纸包着，放在口袋里，捎过来。

“这是谁给你的？”

“马丁。饭店的老板。”

“我得去谢谢他。”

“我已经谢过他了，”男孩子说，“你用不着再谢他了。”

“我要把大鱼肚子上的肉送给他，”老人说，“他已经不止一次这样帮我们了吧？”

“我想是的。”

“这样的话，除了鱼肚子肉以外，我一定要再送他一个什么东西。他真关心我们。”

“他还送了两份啤酒。”

“我最喜欢罐装啤酒。”

“我知道。不过，这是瓶装的，阿图埃牌啤酒，喝完我还要把瓶子送回去。”

“你真好，”老人说，“我们吃吧？”

“我一直都在催你吃饭呢，”男孩子温和地告诉他，“等你准备好，我才愿意打开饭盒。”

“I'm ready now,” the old man said. “I only needed time to wash.”

Where did you wash? the boy thought. The village water supply was two streets down the road. I must have water here for him, the boy thought, and the soap and a good towel. Why am I so thoughtless? I must get him another shirt and a jacket for the winter and some sort of shoes and another blanket.

“Your stew is excellent,” the old man said.

“Tell me about the baseball,” the boy asked him.

“In the American League it is the Yankees as I said,” the old man said happily.

“They lost today,” the boy told him.

“That means nothing. The great DiMaggio is himself again.”

“They have other men on the team.”

“Naturally. But he makes the difference. In the other league, between Brooklyn and Philadelphia I must take Brooklyn. But then I think of Dick Sisler and those great drives in the old park.”

“There was nothing ever like them. He hits the longest ball I have ever seen.”

“Do you remember when he used to come to the Terrace? I wanted to take him fishing but I was too timid to ask him. Then I asked you to ask him and you were too timid.”

“I know. It was a great mistake. He might have gone with us. Then we would have that for all of our lives.”

“I would like to take the great DiMaggio fishing,” the old man said. “They say his

“现在我准备好了，”老人说，“只需要点时间洗把脸。”

你上哪儿洗？男孩子想。村里的水龙头在沿大路穿过两条街的地方。男孩子想，我该弄些水、肥皂和一条干净毛巾让他用。我怎么这样粗心大意？我必须再弄件衬衣和夹克，让他过冬用，还有一双鞋子、一条毯子。

“这菜炖得棒极了。”老人说。

“给我讲讲棒球赛吧。”男孩子请求他说。

“我说过，美国联赛，总是洋基队的天下。”老人兴高采烈地说。

“他们今天输了。”男孩子告诉他。

“这算不上什么，了不起的迪马乔又恢复了状态。”

“洋基队还有其他人咧。”

“这还用说。不过，他最重要。另一场联赛时，布鲁克林队和费拉德尔菲亚队之间，我一定选择布鲁克林队。可是，话说回来，我又想起了迪克·西斯勒和他在老公园里打出的那些好球。”

“从来没有人打过那么好的球。就我所见，数他打得最远。”

“你还记得过去他常来露台饭店吗？我想带他出海捕鱼，可我太胆小，不敢对他开口。后来，我要你去对他讲，可你也不敢。”

“记得。那是一个极大的失误。要不然，说不定他已经随我们一起出海了。然后，我们就可以回味一辈子了。”

“我很想带了了不起的迪马乔去捕鱼，”老人说，“听说他父亲也是个渔夫。说

father was a fisherman. Maybe he was as poor as we are and would understand.”

“The great Sisler’s father was never poor and he, the father, was playing in the Big Leagues when he was my age.”

“When I was your age I was before the mast on a square rigged ship that ran to Africa and I have seen lions on the beaches in the evening.”

“I know. You told me.”

“Should we talk about Africa or about baseball?”

“Baseball I think,” the boy said. “Tell me about the great John. J. McGraw.” He said Jota for J.

“He used to come to the Terrace sometimes too in the older days. But he was rough and harsh-spoken and difficult when he was drinking. His mind was on horses as well as baseball. At least he carried lists of horses at all times in his pocket and frequently spoke the names of horses on the telephone.”

“He was a great manager,” the boy said. “My father thinks he was the greatest.”

“Because he came here the most times,” the old man said. “If Durocher had continued to come here each year your father would think him the great manager.”

“Who is the great manager, really, Luque or Mike Gonzalez?”

“I think they are equal.”

“And the best fisherman is you.”

“No. I know others better.”

“Qué va,” the boy said. “There are many good fishermen and some great ones. But

不定他当初也像我们现在这样穷，会理解我们。”

“了不起的西斯勒的爸爸从来没有穷过，他爸爸像我这样年纪时就在大联赛里打球了。”

“像你这样年纪时，我就在一条去非洲的方帆船上当普通水手了，我还在夜晚的海滩上看见过狮子呢。”

“我知道。你跟我讲过。”

“我们是来谈非洲还是棒球？”

“我看还是谈棒球吧，”男孩子说，“给我讲讲了不起的约翰·J. 麦格劳。”他把Jota（何塔）说成了J。

“早些年，他也常来露台饭店。可是，他一喝酒，就脾气粗暴，出口伤人，难以相处。他的脑子里，除了棒球之外，就是赛马。至少他口袋里总是揣着赛马的名单，电话里常提到一些马的名字。”

“他曾是一个了不起的经理，”男孩子说，“我爸爸认为他最了不起。”

“这是因为他来这儿的次数最多，”老人说，“要是多罗彻每年来这儿，你爸爸就会认为他才是了不起的经理。”

“说真的，谁才是了不起的经理，是卢克还是迈克·冈萨雷斯？”

“我认为他们不相上下。”

“而最了不起的渔夫就是你。”

“不，我知道有不少比我强。”