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儿子与情人

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导 读

戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯是英国二十世纪杰出的小说家，也是西方文学史上争议最大的文学家之一。他于1885年9月出生在英国诺丁汉郡的一个矿工家庭。其父脾气暴躁、经常酗酒、打骂妻儿，而母亲则出身清教家庭，受过相当教育。她在对丈夫完全失望后便将满腔的热血转化为超常的母爱，全部倾注在孩子身上。这种异乎寻常的母爱就像一张无法冲破的巨网，笼罩着劳伦斯的生活，制约着他的感情，影响他的一生。直到1910年，母亲病逝以后，他才挣扎着走出这畸形母爱的怪圈。劳伦斯一生动荡。他当过屠户会计、厂商雇员、中学教师；他曾在英伦中部游历，也曾在澳洲和美洲的草原上漫步；他曾与一位教授夫人双双私奔，在当时引起轩然大波……而这一切经历，都成为他创作的积累，并支撑了他的写作大业。

《儿子与情人》这部劳伦斯的成名作就是在他频繁的旅行生活中写就的。它奠定了劳伦斯作为英国现代杰出小说家在世界文学史上的地位。该书出版于1913年，通常人们都把它看作是劳伦斯带有自传性质的长篇小说，因为故事取材于他的早年生活。本书贯穿了劳伦斯的三个主要思想：一是哀叹和抗议由于工业发展而造成的自然环境的污染；二是对社会地位的强烈自卑感，决心挣脱所属阶级的枷锁；三是因不能正确对待婚姻与性生活的矛盾而感到苦闷。

故事围绕煤矿工人莫瑞尔一家展开，通过青年主人公保罗的成长经历反映了深刻的社会与心理乃至人性的问题。从小酷爱绘画的保罗执著、上进，但他面对爱情却茫然失措；母亲对他的热爱与占据竟使他在与初恋女友弥利安交往时顾虑重重。他们的纯精神恋爱充满爱与恨的冲突，最终导致破裂。在此之后，他与女工克莱拉的纠葛又仅只停留在肉体的愉悦，缺乏共同的信仰与理解。至此，保罗发现：只要有母亲在身边，他就不可能与别人相爱成功。保罗感到痛苦万分。在母亲去世以后，他决心离开家乡，到其他地方去寻找新的生活。

在本书中，劳伦斯以他独特的如诗一般的语言，熨贴入微的心理描写和震撼心旌的情感描述，为人们充分展现了他的生命激情与艺术才华。《儿子与情人》的问世，为劳伦斯第一次赢得了广泛的声誉，同

时也是他引起争议的开始。作品发表之初,公众对它不加掩饰的两性关系的描写颇有争议。然而,它并不因此而失去光彩,甚至可以说是劳伦斯“最好的和最正规的小说”。如今,它已被英国一些大学列入文科必读书目之中。

《儿子与情人》与1915年完成的作品《虹》、1921年出版的姊妹篇《恋爱中的女人》以及其最后一部长篇巨作《查特莱夫人的情人》并称为劳伦斯的四大杰作。1930年3月,这位天才的文学家病逝于法国的旺斯镇,享年45岁。在他短暂的一生中,劳伦斯不仅成名于长篇小说,而且他还写过很多优秀的短篇小说、散文和诗篇。另外,他的书信也很有名。纵观他的一生和他的创作,我们认为,他是一位极为严肃的作家,非常诚恳,一直坚持不懈地在文学中探索人生的真谛。他能深入到人物的灵魂深处,挖掘更有意义的思想,揭示出人们心灵深处所受的创伤和疑问。从这点来看,劳伦斯也是心理分析小说的先驱之一。近年来,劳伦斯的作品越来越受到人们的欢迎和重视。因此,他也被推崇为二十世纪英国文学最重要的代表作家之一。

译 者

PART ONE
1
**THE EARLY MARRIED
LIFE OF THE MORELS**

“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 coalminers, 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

第一部
第一章
**莫瑞尔夫妇的
新婚生活**

洼地区的前身是赫尔街。赫尔街由格林希尔巷那儿小河边的一片歪歪斜斜的茅草棚所组成，那里面的住户是些矿工，都在两个矿区以外的小矿井里干活。小河从一片桤木树下潺潺流过，还没有受到这些小矿井的污染。矿井里的煤是使用驴子吃力地拉着起重装置的转盘从地下拉上来的。这一带到处都是这种小矿井，有些在查理二世在位时就开始挖掘了。几个矿工和驴子像蚂蚁般钻到地下，麦田和草地上便随之出现一些奇形怪状的土堆和一块块黑斑。这些矿工所居住的茅屋一排排，一幢幢，随处可见。这些小屋，加上教区里寥寥无几的织袜工人的零星田园、住房，就组成了贝斯伍德镇。

后来，大约在六十年前，这里突然间发生了变化。小矿井被金融家的大矿井挤垮了。诺丁汉郡和德比郡都发现了煤矿和铁矿，于是便出现了卡斯顿·韦特公司。帕尔莫斯顿勋爵在一片欢呼声中，正式为本公司坐落在舍伍德森林公园附近的第一家煤矿的

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 dwell-

开工仪式剪了彩。

与此同时，臭名昭著的赫尔街也被一场大火烧个精光，堆积多年的垃圾也因此得以清除。

卡斯頓·韦特公司发觉他们交上了好运，从赛尔贝到纳塔尔河谷开采了一个又一个新矿，很快这里就有了六个矿井。一条铁路从纳塔尔村区陡峭的砂岩山上蜿蜒而下，途经已经破败的卡尔特会修道院，罗宾汉泉和斯宾尼公园，最后到达位于一片麦田之中的明顿大矿井。过了明顿，铁路穿过谷地到达邦克山，由此分野通往可以俯瞰克瑞斯和德比郡群山的贝加利和赛尔贝。这六个矿就像六枚黑色的图钉一样镶嵌在河谷一带的乡野里，而逶迤的铁路正如同一段精美的链条将它们一一连接起来。

卡斯頓·韦特公司为了给大批矿工提供一个住处，在贝斯伍德镇的坡地上修建了四方形的住宅区。然后，在河谷那边赫尔街的原址上，又建造了洼地区。

洼地区共有六座矿工住宅，分成两行，每行三座，就像多米诺骨牌上的六个小点一样。每座内部有十二幢房子。这两排住宅

ings 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 auculcas 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,

坐落在贝斯伍德那陡峭的山坡脚下,从阁楼窗口望去,正对着通往赛尔贝的那座平缓的山坡。

这些房子本身还挺坚固、体面。如果在楼下四周走一走,便可看见每幢房子那些整齐的前窗,可爱的小门厅,低矮的水蜡树篱,阁楼上的天窗以及门前的小花园。靠近谷底的一排房子的背面种着樱草和虎耳草,上面一排房子的阳面种着美洲石竹。但那只是外表景观,是矿工家属们打扫干净却不经常住人的客厅的景象,而主卧室和厨房都在房子的背面,冲着两排楼的内侧,而那里看到的只能是杂乱的后园和垃圾坑。在两排房子中间,两行灰坑中间形成一条小道,孩子们在那里玩耍,妇女们在那里聊天,男人们则喜欢在那里吸烟。所以说,尽管在洼地区房子盖得挺像样,那里的实际生活状况却相当恶劣。因为人们的生活少不了厨房,而厨房面对的却是垃圾成堆的臭巷子。

莫瑞尔太太并不急于搬进洼地区。她从贝斯伍德搬下山,住进这房子时,它已经盖了十二个年头了,而且有些破落,但是她也没有更好的选择。她住在上面一排房子的最末端,所以只有一

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 prowling 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,

个邻居。她的房子比别人家多了一个长条形花园，这使她好像比那些住在中间房子里的女人稍微有一些优越感，因为她每星期要付五先令六便士，而她们只付五先令。不过一点点的不同也不能给她很大的安慰。

她今年三十一岁，已经结婚八年。她长得玲珑娇小，气质文弱，但举止刚毅。刚开始和洼地区的女人们接触时她感到有些不适应。她是七月份搬来的，到九月份，她的第三个孩子就要出生了。

她的丈夫是个矿工。他们刚刚搬进新居三个星期就赶上了休假，集市开张。她知道自己的丈夫一定会尽情享用一下这个假期的。集市开张那一天是星期一，他一大早就出去了。两个孩子也都很高兴。威廉七岁了，吃过早饭之后就兴冲冲地跑到集市上去了，撇下五岁的安妮哭哭啼啼的，也吵着要去。莫瑞尔夫人只顾埋头干自己的活计，她还不太熟悉现在的邻居，不好让人家帮忙照看自己的小女儿，所以就答应她吃过午饭再带她到集市上去。

威廉在十二点半钟终于回来了。他是个非常活跃的孩子，头

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 still. 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.

发金黄，满脸雀斑，长得像个丹麦人或挪威人。

“可以开饭了吗，妈妈？”他戴着帽子，一进门就嚷起来，“集市一点半开始，那个人说的。”

“一做好你就可以吃了。”妈妈回答道。

“还没做好吗？”他瞪着一对漂亮的蓝眼睛看着她，显然不高兴了，“那我就先不吃了。”

“那样可不行。再说饭马上就好了，现在才十二点半。”

“人家就要开始了。”男孩又急又恼。

“他们开始就会要你命吗？”妈妈说道，“再说现在只有十二点半嘛，你还有整整一个小时呢。”

男孩听了马上去摆桌子，很快三个人就坐好开始用餐。他们正吃着果酱和蛋奶布丁，威廉突然从椅子上跳下来，站在那一动不动。这时远处传来旋转木马的吱嘎声和喇叭声。他望着母亲，脸上因气愤而发抖。

“我跟你说过吧。”他边说边跑到橱柜里去取帽子。

“把布丁带上——现在只一点过五分，是你把时间搞错了——你还没拿上两便士呢。”母亲急急忙忙地喊。

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.

男孩回来取走了两便士，一副极度失望的样子，一句话没说就走了。

"我也要去，我也去。"安妮开始哭啼起来。

"好吧，好吧，你这个哭个不停闹人精！"母亲说。那天下午，她带着女儿沿着高高的树篱筋疲力竭地爬上山坡。田里的干草都堆了起来，牛儿在悠闲地吃草。天气暖和，一切都充满了平和的气氛。

莫瑞尔太太不喜欢逛集市。那儿有两套木马，一套靠蒸汽发动，一套由小马拖动。三架手风琴在演奏，夹杂着手枪的射击声，卖椰子小贩刺耳的尖叫声，投掷游戏的摊主的吆喝声，以及放西洋镜的女摊主的招呼声。母亲看到儿子在有驯狮表演画面的帐篷外聚精会神地看着，这头著名的华莱士狮子据说曾咬死过一个黑人和两个白人。她没去管他，而是去给女儿买了些奶油糖。不一会儿，儿子兴奋异常地来到她面前。

"你没说你要来——这不是有很多好看的东西吗？——那个狮子咬死了三个人——我已经花光了我的两便士——看！"

他从口袋里掏出两个蛋形杯子，上面都有粉红色的玫瑰图

"I got these from that stall where y've 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.

案。

"我那个摊上赢来的。我在那儿打弹子游戏。一便士一次，我玩了两次，就赢了两个。看，这上面还有玫瑰花。我早就想要这样的。"

她知道这是儿子为自己选的。

"啊，"她高兴地说，"真漂亮。"

"你帮我拿着吧，我担心它们会被碰碎的。"

威廉看到妈妈也来到集市，感到喜出望外。他拉着她到处转，将一样样东西指给妈妈看。在看西洋镜时，她把那图片上的内容讲给儿子听，就像讲故事似的。他听得都入了迷，缠着她不让她走。他一步也不离妈妈的身边，心里充满了自豪与骄傲。他的妈妈头戴黑色小帽，身披斗篷，对其他的女人微笑示意，没有人比她更加端庄高贵。最后，她感到累了，就对儿子说：

"好了，你是现在就回家还是再待一会儿？"

"你现在就要走吗？"儿子的脸上露出遗憾的神情。

"不早了，现在都已经四点了。"

"你回去之后干嘛呀？"他抱怨道。

"你若不回去，可以留下再玩一会儿。"她说。

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

最后母亲拉着女儿慢慢地走远了。儿子站在那里看着他们的背影，既不想让她们走，自己又想在集市上多玩一会儿。莫瑞尔太太在路过星月酒馆时听到男人们在里面的吵嚷声，闻到一股啤酒味，猜想她丈夫可能就在里面，不觉得加快了脚步。

六点半左右，儿子回来了。他脸色苍白，显得十分疲倦。而且还很沮丧，因为母亲先回家了。她走后，他玩得一点都不开心。

"爸爸回来了吗?"他问。

"没有,"母亲回答。

"他在星月酒馆里帮忙呢,我从黑铁皮窗上的小洞看见的。他把袖子卷得高高的。"

"嗯!"母亲听到这里含糊地应了一声"他又没钱了。人家或多或少给他一点,他就满足了。"

天渐渐暗下来,莫瑞尔太太没法再做针线活了,于是她站起身,朝门口走去。到处都是片节日的欢腾气氛,她终于也被感染了,不禁走出门,来到园子里。女人们都陆续从集市上回来了,孩子们有的拿着小木马,有的抱着小绵羊,羊腿都涂成了绿色。偶尔也有几个男子扛着东西走

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, try-

过。有时也有那些好丈夫陪着全家一同归来，一路欢声笑语，但是大多数都是妇女和孩子们在一起。夜幕降临了，那些系着白围裙的主妇们都站在街角拉家常，双手交叉在胸前。

莫瑞尔太太独自待在园子里，她对此已经习以为常了。孩子们都已上楼睡觉去了，表面上看来似乎这个家已经足够安稳了。但是一想到即将出生的孩子，她便感到一阵酸楚。这个世界好像没有什么吸引人的，她觉得没什么好指望的——至少在威廉长大成人之前。对此，她只能耐心等待，默默忍受，直到孩子们长大。提到孩子，这个新生儿她真不想要，因为负担不起。丈夫在酒馆里帮人家忙活，还经常喝得醉醺醺的。她看不起他，可是又不得不跟他联系在一起。她不愿意接受腹中的这个孩子。若不是为了威廉和安妮，她真的不愿再忍受这种穷困、卑贱的生活。

她来到园子里，觉得身子沉重得出不了门，待在屋子里又过于沉闷。思来想去，她感到前途渺茫，自己整个人像给活活埋葬掉了似的。

花园由水腊树篱围着，呈正方形。她静静地站在那，想让自

ing 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.”

己融入那芬芳的花香和迷人的暮色中。在小门对面，有一条上山的台阶，旁边种着高高的树篱。周围的牧草已被割倒，在夕阳里泛着金黄色的光泽。不一会儿，夜幕已经完全笼罩了大地。一切都变得模糊不清。天色更黑了，山顶上亮起了一簇灯光，集市的喧闹声也渐渐消失了。

树篱下的那条小路上不时有男人们蹒跚地走过。一个小伙子匆匆往下跑，不小心摔在石阶上。莫瑞尔太太看到了，不禁打了个寒战。那人自己爬起来，样子可怜兮兮的，恨恨地骂了几句，好像都是石阶的不是。

她一边走进屋去，一边思忖着自己的生活将来是否还有新的变化。但是她也意识到那是不大可能的。她觉得离自己的少女时代如今已经很遥远了。如今这个步履沉重迈进洼地区后园的女人，再也不是当年那个在希尔尼斯大堤上脚步轻快，健步如飞的姑娘了。

“这儿和我有什么关系呢？”她自言自语道，“这一切都与我何干？甚至这个即将出世的孩子又与我有何关系呢？反正也没

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'fcrown, 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,

有人真正在乎我。”

有时，生活会控制你，主宰你，将你承载至生命的终点，然而它是那么不真实，它让人稀里糊涂地随波逐流。

“我一直在等待，”莫瑞尔太太自言自语，“我等啊等啊，可是期盼的事情永远也不会到来。”

然后，她到厨房里将一切收拾干净，点上灯，添上火，再把第二天该洗的衣服浸泡好。这时她坐下来做针线活，一干就是几个小时，她手中的针在缝补的衣服上一闪一闪的。有时，她停下来叹口气，歇一歇，心里面一直想着为了孩子总得将一切都尽量做得更好。

丈夫回来时，已经十一点半了。他的双颊绯红，胡须整齐，一副志得意满的样子。他轻轻地朝妻子点了点头。

“噢，亲爱的，你还在等我吧。我去帮安东尼干活了，你猜他给我多少？就他妈的半个银币——”

“你还喝了他那么多啤酒呢。”她平静地回答。

“我没——没喝多少。真的，不骗你。今天真的没喝多少。”他的声音变得温柔起来，“看，我给你买了白兰地酒味姜饼，这是给孩子们买的椰子。”他把手里的东西放在桌子上“喂，我可从来