

简易汉英对照读物



Island
Militia Women

海岛女民兵

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(简写本)

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本书简介

这部小说描写解放初期，在海防前线的一个小岛上，一支女民兵队伍在党的关怀、教育、培养下，以英勇顽强的革命精神，克服重重困难，粉碎特务、渔霸以及暗藏的阶级敌人的侵扰、破坏，在保卫和建设海岛的斗争中成长壮大起来的过程。小说以民兵连长海霞讲故事的方式写成，读来亲切感人。

原著于1966年初版，1972年再版，后由北京电影制片厂改编拍摄为电影，片名《海霞》，在国内有比较广泛的影响。

这个汉英对照简写本系节选原著主要情节改写而成。汉语部分主要依据人民文学出版社1972年版《海岛女民兵》一书；英语部分主要依据外文出版社1975年翻译出版的 *Island Militia Women* 一书（由金秀珍摘录，夏祖烽教授审改）。为适应汉英对照读物的需要，两者在文字上均有不同程度的改动。汉语部分大约相当原书篇幅的四分之一。取舍改动不当之处，概由改写者负责。本书可供高中和大专院校学生及有相当程度的英语自学者阅读，也可供懂英语的学习汉语者作为泛读材料。

一九六〇年春，从北京开出的十三次南下特快列车轰响着向南飞奔。我们坐的第十号车厢里，都是出席过全国民兵代表大会后回去的代表。同行旅客都很活跃。

我来开会之前，邻居们对我讲过美丽的大陆的许多情况。我自己也时常设想祖国的景象。当她从我眼前掠过时，却还要美好得多，比我想象的要美好一千倍！

刘秀珍同志坐在我对面。她过去在浙南游击队打过仗，现在在平阳县东风公社的党委书记。她忽然轻轻地对我说：“海霞，你是个小滑头！会上你总是听别人的，自己什么也不说。跟别人讲讲你们岛上人们的事迹也不算自夸啊，不是吗？你们保卫着祖国的海防前线，人们想知道你们民兵是怎样生活和斗争的。”

我觉得有很多话要说。我心里涌起一种自豪感，为我们的海岛和民兵而自豪。我希望人人都到我们的岛上去看看。

一踏上海岛，就会看到武装的男女民兵，站在高高的峭壁上，警惕地注视着祖国的海疆。

观潮山海拔只有二百多公尺，但从下面望上去，却显得很高。这是我们同心岛最高的地点。在观潮山下的山谷里，就是分成两半的渔村榕桥。东榕桥和西榕桥分别位于山谷的两面斜坡上，村前就是葫芦湾，狭小的湾口通向大海，巨大的腹部构

Spring, 1960. The south-bound Express No. 13 from Beijing thundered towards the South. All of us in Coach No. 10 were returning from the National People's Militia Conference. My fellow travellers were a lively lot.

Neighbours had told me much about our beautiful land before I left for the conference. How I had often tried to picture the motherland to myself. But how much lovelier, a thousand times lovelier, was she as she streamed past me!

Seated opposite to me was Comrade Liu Xiu-zhen. She had once fought in the ranks of the South Zhejiang Guerrilla Column and was now the Party secretary at the East Wind People's Commune in Pingyang County. Suddenly she whispered to me, "You are a sly little one, Haixia! At the conference you were always listening to what others said, but never said a word yourself. Telling others what the people on your island have done is not boasting, you know. You defend the country's coast, right out on the frontlines. People want to know how the militia there live and fight."

There is much to tell, I thought, I felt a surge of pride in my breast, pride in our island and in our militia. I wished that every one could come and visit our island.

As soon as you set foot there you would see the militia, armed men and women, on guard high up on the cliffs, keeping an ever watchful eye on the sea approaches of our motherland.

Tide-Watcher's Point is only a couple of hundred metres above the sea, but from below it looks very high and lofty. It is the highest spot on our Concord Island. Nestling in the cove below Tide-Watcher's Point are the two halves of the fishing hamlet of Rongqiao. East Rongqiao and West Rongqiao lie on the slopes of the hollow. In front of the settlement is Gourd Bay, its narrow mouth

成海湾本身，它的样子象个葫芦，所以叫葫芦湾。湾口外面六七百米是虎头屿。它保护着海湾，使它免受狂风巨浪的侵袭，成为良好的海港。

把村落分开的山沟中，有一棵古老的榕树。它的树根形成跨山沟的天然桥梁，榕桥村因此得名。

我愿意和大家讲讲我们岛上的民兵。

比如有一个女民兵，不论到哪儿都背着孩子。她是我们的一个排长——阿洪嫂。这位三个孩子的母亲以具有坚强的斗争精神而知名。

站在阿洪嫂身后的黄毛丫头，身材矮小，但朝气蓬勃。她叫陈玉秀。她现在是我们的优秀射手。

那个苗条秀气的黄云香是个耐心、细致的姑娘，她又文雅又安静，大家都知道，她唱渔歌唱得很动听。

我讲我们民兵的时候，不能不提到高大健壮的方书记，没有他的引导，我们就不能取得进步。我们还应当感谢象深思熟虑、性情平和的德顺爷爷和耿直粗犷的旺发爷爷这些老一辈的人。

但是，我跟他们讲些什么呢？从哪儿讲起呢？

我对刘秀珍和其他人说：“好吧，如果你们真想知道旧社会我们岛上的人所受的苦和我们民兵连是怎样在斗争中成长起来的，那我就从头讲起吧。”

leading out to sea and its big belly making up the bay itself. It is shaped like a gourd, hence its name. Six or seven hundred metres outside the mouth of the bay is Tiger-Head Isle. It shelters the bay from raging winds and high waves, making it a good harbour.

Astride the gully dividing the hamlet stands an old banyan tree. Its roots form a natural bridge across the gully, giving our hamlet the name Rongqiao, meaning literally Banyan Bridge.

I would like to tell everyone about our island's militia. For example, there's the militia woman who always carries her baby on her back everywhere she goes. She is A-hong's wife, one of our platoon leaders. This mother of three children is known for her tough fighting spirit.

That little chit of a girl with brownish hair standing behind A-hong's wife is short and slight, but she is full of vigour and vitality. Her name is Chen Yu-xiu. She is now one of our best shots.

That slender, winsome Huang Yun-xiang is patient and meticulous. Modest and quiet-spoken, she is well known for the beautiful way she sings fisherfolk's songs.

I can't talk about our militia without mentioning Fang, our tall, strong Party secretary, without whose guidance we could not have made progress. We also owe much to our elders like thoughtful, even-tempered Granddad De-shun, and to gruff, straight-speaking Granddad Wang-fa.

But what was I to tell them? And where to start?

"Very well," I said, addressing Liu Xiu-zhen and the others, "if you really want to hear about the suffering of the people on our island in the old society and how our militia company grew up in struggle, then I will have to start from the very beginning."

二

在旧社会，我们岛上有两个骑在渔民背上的恶霸，还有三家垄断鱼市场的家族。渔民把他们叫做“两把斧头三把刀”。

我家姓李，世代靠海为生。爸爸十二岁那年，爷爷生了病，不能出海，家里没有东西吃，奶奶一狠心，把小儿子押给陈占鳌的父亲渔行主陈逢时家做工。奶奶换来一百斤白薯干。她把口袋背回家去一称，只有八十四斤，奶奶气得直哭，但毫无办法。

爸爸第二天走到陈家渔行柜台前，陈逢时用手杖轻轻敲他的头说：“你叫什么啊？”

“我叫八十四斤，八十四斤白薯干！”爸爸回答说。

“哈哈！”陈逢时明白爸爸的意思，格格一笑说，“你们穷人不值半文钱，八十四斤便宜了你！”

我出生时，爷爷奶奶早已去世。爸爸妈妈也都是四十开外的人了。生下我时，他们俩并不高兴。妈妈没有奶给我吃。她吃野菜和白薯叶子，怎么能喂奶呢？

爸爸说：“我们没有东西喂这孩子，她要饿死了，把她送给别人吧。”

妈妈也这么想，她哭着把我包起来，要我爸爸找一个附近的人家送掉，她好常来看我。

In the old society there were two local tyrants on our island who rode on the backs of the fishermen, plus three families that monopolized the fish market. We fisherfolk called them the "Twin Axes and Three Knives".

Our family name is Li. For generations our family had lived off the sea. The year father was twelve, grandfather fell sick. As he could not go to sea, the family had nothing to eat. Grandmother steeled her heart and placed her young son in bondage to work for fish merchant Chen Feng-shi, father of Chen Zhan-ao. In return, grandmother was to be given a hundred *jin* of sliced and dried sweet potatoes. When she got the bags home and weighed them, she found there were only eighty-four *jin*. Grandmother could do nothing but fume and weep.

When father walked up to the counter in Chen's shop the next day, Chen Feng-shi tapped his head with a walking stick and said, "What do they call you?"

"I'm called Eighty-four *jin*, Eighty-four *jin* of dried sweet potato slices!" replied father.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Chen cackled, realizing what father meant. "You beggars aren't worth half a copper. You are over-priced at eighty-four *jin*!"

Grandfather and grandmother passed away long before I was born. My parents were already in their forties, and my arrival did not bring them any joy. Mother could not feed me at her breast. Existing on wild herbs and sweet potato leaves only, how could she?

"We have nothing to feed the child and she is starving," Father said, "Let's give her away."

Mother thought the same and began bundling me up, weeping all the while. She begged father to give me to some family living nearby so she might see me frequently.

爸爸苦笑一下，抱着我在门外站了很久，然后叹了口气，捡起一个木盆，把我放在里头，向沙滩走去。涨潮了，他把木盆放在沙滩上，轻轻地说：“去吧，孩子，活了命，算你运气好，死了也别怪爹妈。”

他拖着沉重的步子离开了沙滩，不时回头看看。回家后，爸爸抱着头，坐在门口石头上，没有注意刘大伯站在旁边。

刘大伯也是陈占鳌（那时陈逢时早已死了）家的渔工。刘大伯为人正直、性情急躁，深受渔工尊敬。

他晃晃手里的酒瓶子说：“我是来给你贺喜的。”

这时爸爸才看见刘大伯，他说：“穷人家生个孩子有什么可庆贺的？我把她送给海龙王了。”

“你说什么！你呵！”刘大伯叫着，把瓶子扔下，就往沙滩跑。他找到了我，把我抱回家去，责备爸爸说：“孩子是人，穷人家的孩子也是人。你一定要让她活！”

爸爸反驳道：“你以为我不要她活吗？可是我们拿什么喂她呢？她妈没有奶！”

刘大伯沉默了一会儿说：“我明白了。我们叫石头妈给石头断奶，喂你的孩子。”他不等回答，就抱着我转身急忙回他家去了。

石头是刘大伯的独生子，刚一岁。他马上断了奶，刘大妈开始给我喂奶。

当妈妈来看我时，刘大妈说：“给这孩子起个名字吧。你是她的亲妈！”

妈妈说：“干吗要给她起名儿呢？她不过是个穷渔工家的孩子。叫什么都行。”

Father gave a bitter laugh. He stood for a long moment by the door with me in his arms. Then with a sigh he picked up a tub, put me in it and walked towards the beach. The tide was coming in. He placed the wooden tub on the beach, saying softly, "Go, child. If you are lucky you'll live. If you die, you mustn't blame your parents."

He left the beach with heavy steps, turning to look back from time to time. Reaching home, father sat on the stone before the door, his head in his hands. Nor did he notice Uncle Liu standing near.

Uncle Liu was another fisherman working for Chen Zhan-ao (the elder Chen having died). Uncle Liu was an honest, short-tempered man. He was held in high esteem by all the fishermen.

Waving a bottle of wine, he said, "I've come to celebrate the happy event with you."

Only then did father notice Uncle Liu. "What's there to celebrate, when a child is born to a poor family? I've sent it on its way to the Dragon King of the Sea."

"What did you say? You can't have!" exclaimed Uncle Liu, flinging the bottle down and running to the beach. He found me and took me home. He rebuked my father, saying, "A child is a human being, even if it's a poor man's child. You must let it live."

"Do you think I don't want it to live?" retorted father. "But what are we to feed her on? Her mother has no milk!"

After a long pause Uncle Liu looked up and said, "I know. We'll get Rock's mother to wean him and feed your girl." Without waiting for a reply he turned and hurried with me to his house.

Rock was Uncle Liu's only child, a year-old boy. He was immediately weaned and Aunt Liu started nurse me.

When mother came to visit me, Aunt Liu said, "You give the child a name. You're her mother."

"Why bother to name her?" said mother. "She's just a child of a poor fisherfolk family. Anything will do."

刘大伯大声说：“不，我们得给她起个跟别人一样的好名儿。我们就叫她海霞好吗？”

三

石头十三岁的时候，就好象长大成人了。

那年冬天，渔汛将近结束，我们准备过春节了。

刘大伯、李双和叔叔，还有我爸爸，这时候常悄悄在我家见面。起先我以为他们在商量春节后打鱼的事，后来，才发现不是这样的。

爸爸说：“今年我们不能让他们象从前那样骗我们了，陈占鳌不答应我们的要求，我们就不出海。”

双和叔犹豫地说：“要是陈占鳌不答应，怎么办呢？”

刘大伯大声说：“我们要把所有贫苦渔民和渔工串联起来，都不出海！这次非和陈占鳌算算账不可！”

双和叔说：“就怕咱们大伙儿不能团结起来。”

爸爸说：“陈占鳌有钱有势，狼心狗肺，要对付他可不是容易的事，只要我们手里有了他的把柄，他就不得不让步。如果大家知道陈家祖祖辈辈怎样用水银秤*来欺骗我们，就会站在一起的。”

* 中国的秤有个木杆，挖空秤杆，把水银灌进管子似的秤杆里，就成了水银秤。可以用它作弊。

"No," cried Uncle Liu. "We'll give her a name as fine as anyone's. Suppose we call her Hai-xia?"

3

When Rock was thirteen he seemed to be quite grown.

That winter, when the fishing season was drawing to an end, we started preparing for the Spring Festival.

For some time Uncle Liu, Uncle Li Shuang-he and my father had been meeting frequently and quietly in our house. At first I thought they were discussing fishing prospects following the Spring Festival. Then I found out that it was not so.

"This year we're not going to let them cheat us as they have done before," father said. "We won't go to sea if Chen Zhan-ao won't meet our demands."

"What could we do if Chen won't?" asked Uncle Shuang-he doubtfully.

"We must get all the poor fishermen and hands together and refuse to sail!" exclaimed Uncle Liu. "This time we must settle accounts with Chen."

"I'm afraid our people won't stick together," Uncle Shuang-he said.

"That Chen Zhan-ao has plenty of money and pull, and he also has the heart of a wolf," father said. "It won't be an easy matter to take him on. But once we have him where we want him he'll have to give in. Everybody will stand together when they see how the Chens have been rooking us for generations with that loaded steelyard* of theirs!"

* In China steelyards have a wooden beam. When a steelyard is loaded, it is hollowed out and a quantity of quicksilver is concealed in the tube-like beam.

刘大伯问道：“你对那杆弄虚作假的秤有把握吗？”

“绝对有把握，”爸爸肯定地说，“我为他家干了半辈子活儿，他们一回也不让我碰那杆秤，我早就疑心了。今年春节前夕，趁他们大吃大喝的时候，我拿了那杆秤，到仓库去，试了好几回，我的怀疑得到证实了。”

“那就好，”刘大伯放心地说，“可别着急。咱们等到节骨眼上再说。”

三月是黄鱼汛。渔民们都呆在岸上。陈占鳌怒气冲冲。有一天，大家都聚在沙滩上，刘大伯说：“陈占鳌不发工资，我们不出海；我们没粮食养家活口，就不出海；以后他再在秤上捣鬼，压低鱼价，抬高粮价，就不出海！”

大榕树周围站满了人。陈占鳌来了。他说：

“乡亲们，我从来没有亏待过你们，鱼价低，怪不得我，这是那帮鱼贩子干的。如果价钱不压低，他们不愿意，就不买我们的鱼，你们知道，他们不买会怎么样，鱼就会烂在舱里！”

爸爸在人群中大声说：“你们和买主串通好了！跟他们分成，一家一半！”

陈占鳌说：“等等，你没有真凭实据就不要随便指责我！鱼贩子不给我鱼钱，我怎么付给你们呢？你们以为我不跟你们一样着急要钱吗？你们看！这是我向他们催款的信件和电报。”他摇晃着一扎五颜六色的纸头。

"Are you sure about that trick steelyard?" asked Uncle Liu.

"Dead sure of it," father assured him. "I've worked half my life for that family and never once would they let me so much as touch that steelyard. I've had my suspicions for a long time. Then on the eve of the Spring Festival when they were guzzling, I got hold of it, took it to the warehouse and tried it several times. My suspicions were confirmed."

"That's fine," Uncle Liu said, looking relieved. "But don't be in a hurry. We're got to wait for the right moment."

March was the season for yellow croakers, but the fishermen stayed ashore. Chen Zhan-ao fumed and raged. One day when everyone was gathered on the beach, Uncle Liu announced, "If Chen doesn't pay us, we won't go to sea. If we get no grain for our families, we won't go to sea. If there's going to be any more monkeying with the scales or cutting down the price of fish or forcing up the price of grain, we won't go to sea!"

People crowded round the big banyan tree. Chen Zhan-ao came up.

"Fellow villagers," said Chen. "I have never been unfair to any one of you. It was not my fault the price of fish fell. It was those fishmongers. They refuse our catches if the prices aren't low enough to please them. You know what happens when they refuse to buy—your catch rots in the hulls!"

Father shouted from the crowd, "You and the buyers are hand in glove! You split fifty-fifty with them!"

"Wait a moment," Chen said. "You can't throw accusations around without firm proof of what you say! How can I pay you when those fishmongers don't pay me? Do you think I'm not as anxious as you to get the money? Look here! These are the letters and telegrams I've sent asking them to pay up." He waved a sheaf of coloured papers in the air.

陈占鳌又说：“乡亲们，我向来买卖公平。我买鱼卖米都用一杆秤，我对你们大伙儿不错，你们干吗对我这样呢？”

德顺爷爷神色焦急地在人群里挤到刘大伯跟前问：“有些人动摇了，咱们怎么办？”

“放心好了。”刘大伯回头在爸爸耳边说了几句话，爸爸就挤出去走了，有些人也要走。

刘大伯大声说：“现在别走！既然陈先生要证据，老李去拿了。”

爸爸拿着一杆大秤回来了。这是一杆六尺来长的红木造的秤。陈占鳌象挨了一鞭子似的往后一缩，脸刷地一下子变了颜色。

刘大伯接过秤来，在手里掂了掂说：“就是这个！陈先生就是这么欺诈我们的！看！”他突然一下子在膝盖上把秤杆掀断，水银象珠子一样从空心秤杆里滚出来。

这不是秤！这是吸血鬼的工具。称鱼买进的时候，很快地一晃，把水银晃到空心秤杆的尾部去，秤杆往下斜，让渔民觉得买卖公平，其实上了当。一百二十斤鱼称成了一百斤，称粮食卖给渔民的时候，又是一晃，水银滚到秤头一边去了。我这才知道，奶奶用我爸爸换的一百斤白薯干怎么会变成八十四斤的。

这杆断秤就象一股风，把渔民们闷在心里的怒火吹旺了。家家都被这杆秤榨尽了血汗。人们的注意力集中在那杆断秤上