

伴随你一生的 短篇小说

岳玉庆 王 坤 主 编

A Lifetime Collection of
Classic Short Stories



中国宇航出版社



ec 英汉对照

心灵美文

伴随你一生的 短篇小说

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前言

本书共收了英国、美国和爱尔兰的 19 篇经典短篇小说,它们的作者分别是大名鼎鼎的海明威、马克·吐温、欧·亨利、爱伦·坡、霍桑、乔伊斯、比尔斯、王尔德、毛姆、华盛顿·欧文、萨基、威尔斯、赛珍珠、舍伍德·安德森、斯蒂芬·克兰和威廉·卡洛斯·威廉斯等。他们曾经获得诺贝尔或普利策等大奖。他们有的是长篇小说大师,有的是短篇小说泰斗,有的以诗歌饮誉世界。毋庸置疑,他们的作品都达到了世界短篇小说的顶峰,是英美两国文学史上最为脍炙人口的名篇佳作。这些小说叙事巧妙,笔触细腻,集中体现了英语短篇小说的独特风格和巨大魅力。

在时间就是金钱、效率就是生命的今天,可能许多人都已无暇去阅读一本本砖头般的巨著,但是他们又常怀一颗爱好文学和阅读的心,那么短篇小说就是最明智的选择。短篇小说不仅篇幅短小,随时可读,同时它又有完整而新颖的叙事。作家一般都倾己之力,把自己精湛的技巧和深邃的思考,高度浓缩在这小小的故事中。因此,短篇小说总都是充满魅力,吸引着一代又一代的读者。想必每个捧起本书的读者都会对中学读过的《竞选州长》、《麦琪的礼物》等记忆犹新。现在,您终于可以一睹它们原作的丰姿,领略英语的美妙和魅力。当然,通过本书您也可以

品尝到其他作者为您献上的精美作品。书中深爱父亲的小男孩、慷慨大方的百万富翁、踏上精神之旅的小伙子布朗、私奔时犹豫不决的伊芙琳、恪尽职守的士兵、跟断了头的女鬼结婚的大学生、被扔出窗外毙命的小狗等形象被刻画得丰满生动,令读者不禁破案叫绝,掩卷沉思,久久难忘。捧起本书,相信您会爱不释手,一读为快!

本书每篇短篇小说都附有汉语译文,为各个层次的读者阅读欣赏扫清了障碍。同时,本书还提供了作者简介、小说点题和词汇注释,为读者学习英语和理解小说提供了方便。

本书还附有 MP3 录音光盘一张,对目录中标注  的文章进行了全文录音,能增加读者阅读的兴趣,用于提高听力和口语。

由于编译人员的水平所限,再加时间仓促,本书在编译等方面难免有疏漏或不当之处,恳请读者不吝指正。

编者

2008 年 12 月





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A Clean, Well-Lighted Place

Ernest Hemingway

厄内斯特·海明威 (1899 - 1961): 美国小说家, 他的作品具有独特的风格, 不仅文体简洁自然, 而且语言生动明快, 对美国文学界产生了很大影响, 1953 年获得普利策奖, 他也是 1954 年度的诺贝尔文学奖获得者, 被文学界称为最有成就的“迷惘的一代”作家。代表作有短篇小说集《在我们的时代里》(1925)、《没有女人的男人》(1927) 和《胜者无所得》(1933), 中篇小说《老人与海》(1952), 长篇小说《太阳照常升起》(1926)、《永别了, 武器》(1929) 等, 其他作品还有《死在午后》(1932)、《非洲的青山》(1935)、《有的和没有的》(1937) 和《过河入林》(1950) 等。



It was very late and everyone had left the café except an old man who sat in the shadow the leaves of the tree made against the electric light. In the day time the street was dusty, but at night the dew settled the dust and the old man liked to sit late because he was deaf and now at night it was quiet and he felt the difference. The two waiters inside the caf knew that the old man was a little drunk, and while he was a good client they knew that if he became too drunk he would leave without paying, so they kept watch on him.

“Last week he tried to commit suicide,” one waiter said.

“Why?”

“He was in despair.”

“What about?”

“Nothing.”

“How do you know it was nothing?”

“He has plenty of money.”

They sat together at a table that was close against the wall near the door of the café and looked at the terrace where the tables were all empty except where the old man sat in the shadow of the leaves of the tree that moved slightly in the wind. A girl and a soldier went by in the street. The street light shone on the brass number on his collar. The girl wore no head covering and hurried beside him.

"The guard will pick him up," one waiter said.

"What does it matter if he gets what he's after?"

"He had better get off the street now. The guard will get him. They went by five minutes ago."

The old man sitting in the shadow rapped on his saucer with his glass. The younger waiter went over to him.

"What do you want?"

The old man looked at him. "Another brandy," he said.

"You'll be drunk," the waiter said. The old man looked at him. The waiter went away.

"He'll stay all night," he said to his colleague. "I'm sleepy now. I never get into bed before three o'clock. He should have killed himself last week."

The waiter took the brandy bottle and another saucer from the counter inside the café and marched out to the old man's table. He put down the saucer and poured the glass full of brandy.

"You should have killed yourself last week," he said to the deaf man. The old man motioned with his finger. "A little more," he said. The waiter poured on into the glass so that the brandy slopped over and ran down the stem into the top saucer of the pile. "Thank you," the old man said. The waiter took the bottle back inside the caf. He sat down at the table with his colleague again.

"He's drunk now," he said.

"He's drunk every night."



“What did he want to kill himself for?”

“How should I know.”

“How did he do it?”

“He hung himself with a rope.”

“Who cut him down?”

“His niece.”

“Why did she do it?”

“Fear for his soul.”

“How much money has he got?”

“He's got plenty.”

“He must be eighty years old.”

“Anyway I should say he was eighty.”

“I wish he would go home. I never get to bed before three o'clock. What kind of hour is that to go to bed?”

“He stays up because he likes it.”

“He's lonely. I'm not lonely. I have a wife waiting in bed for me.”

“He had a wife once too.”

“A wife would be no good to him now.”

“You can't tell. He might be better with a wife.”

“His niece looks after him. You said she cut him down.”

“I know.”

“I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing.”

“Not always. This old man is clean. He drinks without spilling. Even now, drunk. Look at him.”

“I don't want to look at him. I wish he would go home. He has no regard for those who must work.”

The old man looked from his glass across the square, then over at the waiters.

“Another brandy,” he said, pointing to his glass. The waiter who was in a hurry came over.

"Finished," he said, speaking with that omission of syntax stupid people employ when talking to drunken people or foreigners. "No more tonight. Close now."

"Another," said the old man.

"No. Finished." The waiter wiped the edge of the table with a towel and shook his head.

The old man stood up, slowly counted the saucers, took a leather coin purse from his pocket and paid for the drinks, leaving half a peseta tip.

The waiter watched him go down the street, a very old man walking unsteadily but with dignity.

"Why didn't you let him stay and drink?" the unhurried waiter asked. They were putting up the shutters. "It is not half-past two."

"I want to go home to bed."

"What is an hour?"

"More to me than to him."

"An hour is the same."

"You talk like an old man yourself. He can buy a bottle and drink at home."

"It's not the same."

"No, it is not," agreed the waiter with a wife. He did not wish to be unjust. He was only in a hurry.

"And you? You have no fear of going home before your usual hour?"

"Are you trying to insult me?"

"No, hombre, only to make a joke."

"No," the waiter who was in a hurry said, rising from pulling down the metal shutters. "I have confidence. I am all confidence."

"You have youth, confidence, and a job," the older waiter said. "You have everything."



“And what do you lack?”

“Everything but work.”

“You have everything I have.”

“No. I have never had confidence and I am not young.”

“Come on. Stop talking nonsense and lock up.”

“I am of those who like to stay late at the café,” the older waiter said. “With all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night.”

“I want to go home and into bed.”

“We are of two different kinds,” the older waiter said. He was now dressed to go home. “It is not only a question of youth and confidence although those things are very beautiful. Each night I am reluctant to close up because there may be some one who needs the caf.”

“Hombre, there are bodegas open all night long.”

“You do not understand. This is a clean and pleasant café. It is well lighted. The light is very good and also, now, there are shadows of the leaves.”

our nadas and nada us not into nada but deliver us from nada; pues nada. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee. He smiled and stood before a bar with a shining steam pressure coffee machine.

“What’s yours?” asked the barman.

“Nada.”

“Otro loco mas,” said the barman and turned away.

“A little cup,” said the waiter.

The barman poured it for him.

“The light is very bright and pleasant but the bar is unpolished,” the waiter said.

The barman looked at him but did not answer. It was too late at night for conversation.

“You want another copita?” the barman asked.

“No, thank you,” said the waiter and went out. He disliked bars and bodegas. A clean, well-lighted café was a very different thing. Now, without thinking further, he would go home to his room. He would lie in the bed and finally, with daylight, he would go to sleep. After all, he said to himself, it’s probably only insomnia. Many must have it.

一个干净明亮的地方

厄内斯特·海明威

夜色已深,小餐馆里空空荡荡,只剩下一位老人,独自坐在灯光投下的斑驳的树叶影子里。白天,街道上尘土飞扬,而一入夜,露水压下尘埃,一切都不再喧扰。老人喜欢这样坐到很晚。因为他是个聋子,此时远离白天的喧嚣,周围一片寂静,老人能体会到这种不同。餐馆里两位侍者知道老人已经微醉了,由于他经常光顾,大家都知道只要老人大醉,他就会分文不付,起身离开,所以他们一直盯着他。



“上周这老头儿试图自杀过。”其中一个侍者说道。

“为什么？”

“绝望呗。”

“对什么绝望？”

“没什么。”

“你怎么知道没什么？”

“他钱多着呢。”

他住在离酒店很近，北街正道的贵宾，望着平台，那甲除

“他每天晚上都这副模样。”

“他究竟为了什么要闹自杀啊?”

“我怎么知道。”

“那他怎么自杀的?”

“用绳子上吊。”

“那又是谁把他放下来的?”

“他侄女儿。”

“她为什么要救他?”

“担心他失去灵魂。”

“他到底有多少钱?”

“很多就是了。”

“他看上去也得 80 岁了。”

“恩,怎么看也得 80 了。”

“真希望他赶紧回家。他害得我从没在 3 点前睡过觉。想想这个时间是个什么概念呀!”

“他就喜欢熬夜。”

“他孤单,我可不孤单。我老婆还在床上等着我呢。”

“他以前也有个老婆。”

“现在他有个老婆对他可没什么好处。”

“你怎么知道,说不定有个老婆能好点呢。”

“他侄女会照顾她的,你刚才说她救了他。”

“没错。”

“不过我可不想活那么老。人老了就邋里邋遢,看着都脏。”

“那可不一定,这个老头就挺干净的。你看他喝酒从没撒过,就算现在喝醉了都没有。不信你看。”

“我才不想看他呢。我只盼着他赶紧回家。他在这儿,我们还必须得伺候着,他压根儿就不为我们这样的人考虑。”

老人把目光从酒杯上移开,抬头看看广场,又望望侍者。

“再来杯白兰地。”他指指空杯子,说道。那个侍者赶紧走过去。

“没了。”他不耐烦地说道,还使用省略句法,一般蠢人对醉汉或



者老外就这个说话法。“今晚没了,到这吧,打烊了。”

“再来杯。”老人继续说。

“不,没啦。”侍者一边摇着头,一边用毛巾擦拭了一下桌沿。

……

要点亮光的心情。”

“我可是想快点回家睡觉了。”

“我们不是一类人。”年纪大点的一边说着，一边穿衣服准备回家。“这不只是年轻和自信的问题，虽然拥有它们是件美好的事情。每天晚上我都不想打烊，因为有些人晚上愿意过来。”

“行了吧，老兄，通宵营业的酒店多的是呢。”

“你不会明白的。这儿干净又令人愉快，光线明亮，而且，还有婆婆的树叶影子。”

“晚安了。”年轻的侍者说道。

“晚安。”年纪稍长的与其道别。他关上电灯，继续自言自语。餐馆的确灯光明亮，而干净和愉悦又是必不可少的。在这里你不需要音乐，你当然不会想听音乐。你也不需要神气自得地站在酒吧前，尽管此时那里应有尽有。那么他怕什么？那不是怕，也不是忧虑，那只是他所熟知的虚无。全都是虚无飘渺的，人也不例外。此时，虚无、亮光、干净和有序便是人的全部所需。有的人生活在其中却从未有所感知，然而他明白一切都是虚无缥缈的，一切都追随着这种虚无。我们的名字叫做虚无，我们的国度也叫虚无。我们都是虚无中的虚无。给我们虚无吧，时刻陪伴我们的虚无，虚无是我们的，我们又都在虚无飘渺中。然而，让我们从这种虚无中解脱出来吧，为了追随虚无。为了虚无中的虚无欢呼吧，虚无与我们同在。他微笑着站在酒吧前，一台光亮的蒸汽压咖啡机赫然立在那里。

“请问想来点什么？”侍者问道。

“虚无。”

“又是一个神经病。”侍者嘟囔着转身离开。

“一小杯即可。”餐馆的侍者说道。

侍者给他倒上。

“这里光线很好，令人愉悦，只是不够干净。”侍者说道。

侍者看着他，并没有接话。夜已深了，这个时间点儿并不适合聊天。

“要再来一杯吗？”侍者问道。