



“十三五”江苏省高等学校重点教材

Classical Western Short Stories

西方经典短篇小说 阅读教程

◎主编 左进 李利红



南京大学出版社



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前 言

教育部于2017年颁布了《大学英语教学指南》(以下简称《教学指南》)作为高等学校人才培养质量国家标准,这是继《大学英语课程教学要求》(试行)、《大学英语课程教学要求》后的又一关于大学英语教学的重要文件。《教学指南》是新时期普通高等学校制定大学英语教学大纲、进行大学英语课程建设、开展大学英语课程评价的最新依据。

《教学指南》提出:大学英语的教学目标是“培养学生的英语应用能力,增强跨文化交际意识和交际能力,同时发展自主学习能力,提高综合文化素养”,还指出:“根据我国现阶段基础教育、高等教育和社会发展的条件现状,大学英语教学目标分为基础、提高、发展三个等级。”根据最新的《教学指南》,现行三个级别的大学英语教学目标都对英语的阅读理解能力作出了明确的要求。只有多阅读,不断增加英语语言知识的输入,逐步加大阅读量,拓展阅读的广度和深度,方能不断提高英语听、说、读、写、译的综合应用能力。我们根据该文件的精神,编写了大学英语拓展类高级阅读教材《西方经典短篇小说阅读教程》作为大学英语选修课教材。

《西方经典短篇小说阅读教程》的编写符合教育部各文件对大学英语教学目标的要求,更符合2017年最新版的《教学指南》中对大学英语教学课程性质要实现“工具性”和“人文性”统一的要求,且具有三点特色:(1)西方经典短篇小说“可读性”强,首先使学生能够读进去,愿意阅读,甚至享受阅读,这是阅读课程的最终目的,也是目前诸多阅读教材难以实现的目的。本教材所选篇章用词准确、语句优美,且文化知识丰富,使学生在阅读的同时,感受英语字词的生动运用和含义丰富的句意表达,既能扩大学生的词汇量,又能提高学生英语学习的技能。(2)英文原版短篇小说的文学性、趣味性更强,文化传达更完整,思维导向更清晰;同时它又避免了碎片化的阅读,有益于学生思辨力的培养。(3)在阅读和欣赏经典美文的同时,也能够深刻了解西方有关伦理、道德、习俗等其他方面的知识,能让学生在阅读中领略西方文化的方方面面,感受经典篇章带给人的震撼力,从而提升自己跨文化交际的能力,提高自己的文学素养。

本教程按照有利于教师教学、有利于学生学习的思路进行编写,习题编写既对学生的阅读有启发,又能发挥学生的主观能动性,启发学生思考,鼓励学生参与小组讨论,以达到师生互动共赢。



全书共 14 个单元,每个单元分为 Part A 和 Part B 两个部分,具体安排如下:每个单元每部分都以导入练习(Lead-in Questions)为引子,导入相关小说的话题,以激发学生对后面篇章阅读的兴趣,也给学生提供了练习英语口语的机会;Questions about the Author and the Story 的目的是帮助学生顺利阅读篇章;主篇章均为精选的西方经典的短篇小说原文,易懂意深;篇章后的 Questions for Discussion 模块目的是检查学生对篇章主题、重要细节等内容的掌握情况,此部分有助于学生深度理解篇章,为学生的思维提供更广阔的空间,亦有助于学生树立正确的世界观等。

本教程主题丰富,引发学生思考的维度亦不同。按照设定,Part A 部分为精讲部分,Part B 部分为学生课后扩充阅读的部分。为确保完成阅读任务,需要采取课内与课外相结合的方式,加强对学生课外自主学习的指导,使学生充分利用课内外的时间,提高英语阅读能力,提升对英语的运用能力。

为适应信息化教学的需要,我们在各单元的 Part A 和 Part B 最后都提供了相关网址,以便学生自主学习时利用网上资源;有些篇幅较长的小说,为了学生阅读方便,省略了部分段落并辅以二维码供学生扫码阅读。在书中无法呈现的配套资源,读者也可扫描扉页二维码处获得。

本教材由主编左进、李利红负责全书的策划、选材、设计和审校,由李利红、郁敏、王春梅、张明兰、张秀娟、徐耀云和吕晓棠负责各章节的编写工作。本教材的使用对象为高等学校非英语专业已完成大学英语基础阶段学习且已达到大学英语教学要求中“提高”或“发展”层级的学生使用,也可以供具有相当英语水平的英语学习者和研究人员使用。

本教材获批江苏省 2017 重点教材建设立项,感谢江苏省教育厅的支持;感谢淮阴工学院教务处的支持;感谢淮阴工学院历届公选课学生的试用及给出的反馈意见;在教材出版准备过程中,南京大学出版社提出了建设性的意见。在此,谨一并致谢。

限于编者水平,疏漏错讹之处在所难免,敬请广大师生批评指正。

《西方经典短篇小说阅读教程》编写组

2018 年 1 月

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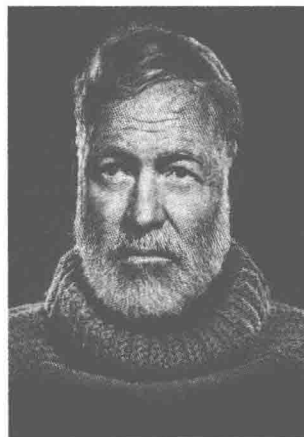
Chapter One

Part A

Hills Like White Elephants

By Ernest Hemingway

Ernest Hemingway (1899—1961) was one of the best-known American authors of the 20th century. Hemingway was born in Oak Park, Illinois. After high school, he worked as a newspaper reporter and then went overseas to take part in World War I as an ambulance driver and infantryman with the Italian army. He was badly wounded at the age of eighteen. Also, he took an active part in the anti-Fascist struggle in the Spanish Civil War and in World War II, and served as a war correspondent in both. Emotional breakdowns that proceeded from his frustrations about writing well in addition to physical ailments resulting from war wounds and heavy drinking finally led to his suicide in 1961.



Hemingway's main works include *In Our Time* (1925), *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), and *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952) which won the Pulitzer Prize (1953) and the Nobel Prize for literature (1954). His fiction usually focuses on people's living essential, dangerous lives—soldiers, fisherman, athletes, bullfighters—who meet the pain and difficulty of their existence with stoic courage. This code may be summed up in his phrase “grace under pressure.” His style is characterized by the understatement, the suppression of emotion, the almost indifferent handling of the extraordinary, and the deceptive economy in expression. This is known as the “iceberg technique.” What's more, he is distinguished for his skill in developing the plot through casual conversations rather than action. His best known stories *Hills like White Elephants* and *Indian Camp* are good examples to present his themes and writing styles.

 **Lead-in Questions**

1. Why is Hemingway called the spokesman of the Lost Generation?
2. How is the Iceberg Theory embodied in Hemingway's works?

 **Questions about the Author and the Story**

1. The girl's name Jig is mentioned in the story, but the man's name is not. Why might Hemingway have done so?
 - A. Because the man is not important to the story.
 - B. Because the man isn't the one thinking of having an operation.
 - C. Because the girl is the one who talked about hills like white elephants.
 - D. Because the man could represent any man, anywhere in the world.
2. Where does the story take place?
 - A. In Barcelona.
 - B. In a bar.
 - C. At a train station.
 - D. In a hotel.
3. The girl told the man that the Anis del Toro tasted like licorice, and then said: "Everything tastes of licorice." Why did she say that?
 - A. Licorice is a spice used in many Spanish dishes.
 - B. Spanish water has a slight licorice taste.
 - C. Licorice is common in Spain. She thinks that all new things become boring after a while.
 - D. She loves licorice and loves their life of traveling and trying new things.
4. Further on in the conversation he says, "I think it's the best thing to do. But I don't want you to do it if you don't really want to." What does he really mean?
 - A. He is not sure if the operation is safe, but he doesn't want to scare her.
 - B. He doesn't mind whether she has the operation or not.
 - C. He doesn't want her to have the operation, but she can if she wants to.
 - D. He wants her to have the operation, but also wants her to take responsibility for the decision.
5. Towards the end of the story the man says, "We can have the world." The girl answers: "No, we can't. It isn't ours anymore ... And once they have taken it away, you never get it back." What might the girl's answer mean?
 - A. She is worried that if she has the operation, they may not be able to travel any more.
 - B. No one can own the world. It can't belong to any one.
 - C. She is scared that she might die if she has the operation.
 - D. She is worried that if she has the operation, she might lose the most important thing in the world.



The hills across the valley of the Ebro^① were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain, made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out flies. The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade, outside the building. It was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went on to Madrid.

“What should we drink?” the girl asked. She had taken off her hat and put it on the table.

“It’s pretty hot,” the man said.

“Let’s drink beer.”

“Dos cervezas^②,” the man said into the curtain.

“Big ones?” a woman asked from the doorway.

“Yes. Two big ones.”

The woman brought two glasses of beer and two felt pads. She put the felt pads and the beer glasses on the table and looked at the man and the girl. The girl was looking off at the line of hills. They were white in the sun and the country was brown and dry.

“They look like white elephants,” she said.

“I’ve never seen one,” the man drank his beer.

“No, you wouldn’t have.”

“I might have,” the man said. “Just because you say I wouldn’t have doesn’t prove anything.”

The girl looked at the bead curtain. “They’ve painted something on it,” she said. “What does it say?”

“Anis del Toro^③. It’s a drink.”

“Could we try it?”

The man called “Listen” through the curtain. The woman came out from the bar.

“Four reales^④.”

“We want two Anis del Toro.”

“With water?”

“Do you want it with water?”

“I don’t know,” the girl said. “Is it good with water?”

① the Ebro; the river that goes through the north of Spain into the Mediterranean; 埃布罗河, 流经西班牙北部, 注入地中海

② Dos cervezas; [Spanish]two beers; [西班牙语]来两杯啤酒

③ Anis del Toro; [Spanish]an alcoholic drink that is dark in color and tastes like liquorice; [西班牙语]茴香酒, 味道像甘草的绿色酒

④ reales: a coin used in Spain in the old days; 里亚尔, 昔时西班牙使用的货币



"It's all right."

"You want them with water?" asked the woman.

"Yes, with water."

"It tastes like licorice," the girl said and put the glass down.

"That's the way with everything."

"Yes," said the girl. "Everything tastes of licorice. Especially all the things you've waited so long for, like absinthe^①."

"Oh, cut it out."

"You started it," the girl said. "I was being amused. I was having a fine time."

"Well, let's try and have a fine time."

"All right. I was trying. I said the mountains looked like white elephants. Wasn't that bright?"

"That was bright."

"I wanted to try this new drink: That's all we do, isn't it—look at things and try new drinks?"

"I guess so."

The girl looked across at the hills.

"They're lovely hills," she said. "They don't really look like white elephants. I just meant the coloring of their skin through the trees."

"Should we have another drink?"

"All right."

The warm wind blew the bead curtain against the table.

"The beer's nice and cool," the man said.

"It's lovely," the girl said.

"It's really an awfully simple operation, Jig," the man said. "It's not really an operation at all."

The girl looked at the ground the table legs rested on.

"I know you wouldn't mind it, Jig. It's really not anything. It's just to let the air in."

The girl did not say anything.

"I'll go with you and I'll stay with you all the time. They just let the air in and then it's all perfectly natural."

"Then what will we do afterward?"

"We'll be fine afterward. Just like we were before."

"What makes you think so?"

"That's the only thing that bothers us. It's the only thing that's made us unhappy."

The girl looked at the bead curtain, put her hand out and took hold of two of the

① absinthe: a bitter and green alcoholic drink made with herbs;艾酒,艾叶制作的味苦的绿色酒



strings of beads.

“And you think then we’ll be all right and be happy.”

“I know we will. You don’t have to be afraid. I’ve known lots of people that have done it.”

“So have I,” said the girl. “And afterward they were all so happy.”

“Well,” the man said, “if you don’t want to you don’t have to. I wouldn’t have you do it if you didn’t want to. But I know it’s perfectly simple.”

“And you really want to?”

“I think it’s the best thing to do. But I don’t want you to do it if you don’t really want to.”

“And if I do it you’ll be happy and things will be like they were and you’ll love me?”

“I love you now. You know I love you.”

“I know. But if I do it, then it will be nice again if I say things are like white elephants, and you’ll like it?”

“I’ll love it. I love it now but I just can’t think about it. You know how I get when I worry.”

“If I do it you won’t ever worry?”

“I won’t worry about that because it’s perfectly simple.”

“Then I’ll do it. Because I don’t care about me.”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t care about me.”

“Well, I care about you.”

“Oh, yes. But I don’t care about me. And I’ll do it and then everything will be fine.”

“I don’t want you to do it if you feel that way.”

The girl stood up and walked to the end of the station. Across, on the other side, were fields of grain and trees along the banks of the Ebro. Far away, beyond the river, were mountains. The shadow of a cloud moved across the field of grain and she saw the river through the trees.

“And we could have all this,” she said. “And we could have everything and every day we make it more impossible.”

“What did you say?”

“I said we could have everything.”

“We can have everything.”

“No, we can’t.”

“We can have the whole world.”

“No, we can’t.”

“We can go everywhere.”

“No, we can’t. It isn’t ours any more.”



"It's ours."

"No, it isn't. And once they take it away, you never get it back."

"But they haven't taken it away."

"We'll wait and see."

"Come on back in the shade," he said. "You mustn't feel that way."

"I don't feel any way," the girl said. "I just know things."

"I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do—"

"Nor that isn't good for me," she said. "I know. Could we have another beer?"

"All right. But you've got to realize—"

"I realize," the girl said. "Can't we maybe stop talking?"

They sat down at the table and the girl looked across at the hills on the dry side of the valley and the man looked at her and at the table.

"You've got to realize," he said, "that I don't want you to do it if you don't want to. I'm perfectly willing to go through with it if it means anything to you."

"Doesn't it mean anything to you? We could get along."

"Of course it does. But I don't want anybody but you. I don't want any one else. And I know it's perfectly simple."

"Yes, you know it's perfectly simple."

"It's all right for you to say that, but I do know it."

"Would you do something for me now?"

"I'd do anything for you."

"Would you please please please please please please stop talking."

He did not say anything but looked at the bags against the wall of the station. There were labels on them from all the hotels where they had spent nights.

"But I don't want you to," he said, "I don't care anything about it."

"I'll scream," the girl said.

The woman came out through the curtains with two glasses of beer and put them down on the damp felt pads.

"The train comes in five minutes," she said.

"What did she say?" asked the girl.

"That the train is coming in five minutes."

The girl smiled brightly at the woman, to thank her.

"I'd better take the bags over to the other side of the station," the man said. She smiled at him.

"All right. Then come back and we'll finish the beer."

He picked up the two heavy bags and carried them around the station to the other tracks. He looked up the tracks but could not see the train. Coming back, he walked through the barroom, where people waiting for the train were drinking. He drank an Anis at the bar and looked at the people. They were all waiting reasonably for the train.



He went out through the bead curtain. She was sitting at the table and smiled at him.

“Do you feel better?” he asked.

“I feel fine,” she said. “There’s nothing wrong with me. I feel fine.”

Questions for Discussion

1. What’s the real problem with the two characters? Has the man tried to understand the woman? Do they understand each other?
2. What’s the significance of the setting in this novel?
3. Why does the author use the title “Hills like White Elephant”?

Links

1. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ernest_Hemingway
关于海明威生平及创作的详细介绍。
2. <http://genius.com/Ernest-hemingway-hills-like-white-elephants-annotated>
关于海明威的小说《白象似的群山》的细读资料。

Part B

Indian Camp

By Ernest Hemingway

Lead-in Questions

1. What are the characteristics of Hemingway’s Code Hero?
2. How much do you know about the theme and the style of Ernest Hemingway’s writing?

Questions about the Author and the Story

1. In *Indian Camp*, Nick, the main character, witnesses _____.
 - A. a tragic killing of the Indians by the white men
 - B. the real friendship between the white men and the Indians
 - C. a senseless killing of each other
 - D. the terrible scenes of birth and death
2. What is Nick father’s reaction after Nick witnesses the Indian man’s suicide?
 - A. Angry.
 - B. Apologetic.
 - C. Confused.
 - D. Pleased.
3. What did Nick’s father compare the operation to immediately?
 - A. Football player after a game.
 - B. Politician after a speech.



- C. Student after a test. D. Soldier after a battle.
4. Which of the following lines convinces you of Nick's innocence?
- A. "Where are we going, Dad?"
B. "Oh, Daddy, can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?"
C. "Nick didn't look at it."
D. All of the above.
5. In *Indian Camp*, Nick's night trip to the Indian village and his experience inside the hut can be taken as _____.
- A. an essential lesson about Indian tribes
B. a confrontation to the harshness of life
C. an initiation to the harshness of life
D. a leading process in human relationship

At the lake shore there was another rowboat drawn up. The two Indians stood waiting.

Nick and his father got in the stern of the boat and the Indians shoved it off and one of them got in to row. Uncle George sat in the stern of the camp rowboat. The young Indian shoved the camp boat off and got in to row Uncle George.

The two boats started off in the dark. Nick heard the oarlocks of the other boat quite a way ahead of them in the mist. The Indians rowed with quick choppy strokes. Nick lay back with his father's arm around him. It was cold on the water. The Indian who was rowing them was working very hard, but the other boat moved farther ahead in the mist all the time.

"Where are we going, Dad?" Nick asked.

"Over to the Indian camp. There is an Indian lady very sick."

"Oh," said Nick.

Across the bay they found the other boat beached. Uncle George was smoking a cigar in the dark. The young Indian pulled the boat way up the beach. Uncle George gave both the Indians cigars.

They walked up from the beach through a meadow that was soaking wet^① with dew, following the young Indian who carried a lantern. Then they went into the woods and followed a trail that led to the logging road that ran back into the hills. It was much lighter on the logging road as the timber was cut away on both sides. The young Indian stopped and blew out his lantern and they all walked on along the road.

They came around a bend and a dog came out barking. Ahead were the lights of the

① soaking wet; very wet; 湿透



shanties where the Indian bark peelers^① lived. More dogs rushed out at them. The two Indians sent them back to the shanties. In the shanty nearest the road there was a light in the window. An old woman stood in the doorway holding a lamp.

Inside on a wooden bunk lay a young Indian woman. She had been trying to have her baby for two days. All the old women in the camp had been helping her. The men had moved off up the road to sit in the dark and smoke out of range of the noise she made. She screamed just as Nick and the two Indians followed his father and Uncle George into the shanty. She lay in the lower bunk, very big under a quilt. Her head was turned to one side. In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his foot very badly with an ax three days before. He was smoking a pipe. The room smelled very bad.

Nick's father ordered some water to be put on the stove, and while it was heating he spoke to Nick.

"This lady is going to have a baby, Nick," he said.

"I know," said Nick.

"You don't know," said his father. "Listen to me. What she is going through is called being in labor. The baby wants to be born and she wants it to be born. All her muscles are trying to get the baby born. That is what is happening when she screams."

"I see," Nick said.

Just then the woman cried out.

"Oh, Daddy, can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?" asked Nick.

"No. I haven't any anesthetic," his father said. "But her screams are not important. I don't hear them because they are not important."

The husband in the upper bunk rolled over against the wall.

The woman in the kitchen motioned to the doctor that the water was hot. Nick's father went into the kitchen and poured about half of the water out of the big kettle into a basin. Into the water left in the kettle he put several things he unwrapped from a handkerchief.

"Those must boil," he said, and began to scrub his hands in the basin of hot water with a cake of soap he had brought from the camp. Nick watched his father's hands scrubbing each other with the soap. While his father washed his hands very carefully and thoroughly, he talked.

"You see, Nick, babies are supposed to be born head first but sometimes they're not. When they're not they make a lot of trouble for everybody. Maybe I'll have to operate on this lady. We'll know in a little while."

When he was satisfied with his hands he went in and went to work.

"Pull back that quilt, will you, George?" he said. "I'd rather not touch it."

① bark peelers: those people who takes the skin on boughs and trunks off a tree; 剥树皮的土著人



Later when he started to operate Uncle George and three Indian men held the woman still. She bit Uncle George on the arm and Uncle George said, “Damn squaw^① bitch!” and the young Indian who had rowed Uncle George over laughed at him. Nick held the basin for his father. It all took a long time.

His father picked the baby up and slapped it to make it breathe and handed it to the old woman.

“See, it’s a boy, Nick,” he said. “How do you like being an internee?”

Nick said, “All right.” He was looking away so as not to see what his father was doing.

“There. That gets it,” said his father and put something into the basin.

Nick didn’t look at it.

“Now,” his father said, “there’s some stitches to put in. You can watch this or not, Nick, just as you like. I’m going to sew up the incision I made.”

Nick did not watch. His curiosity had been gone for a long time.

His father finished and stood up. Uncle George and the three Indian men stood up. Nick put the basin out in the kitchen.

Uncle George looked at his arm. The young Indian smiled reminiscently.

“I’ll put some peroxide on that, George,” the doctor said.

He bent over the Indian woman. She was quiet now and her eyes were closed. She looked very pale. She did not know what had become of the baby or anything.

“I’ll be back in the morning,” the doctor said, standing up. “The nurse should be here from St. Ignace by noon and she’ll bring everything we need.”

He was feeling exalted and talkative as football players are in the dressing room after a game.

“That’s one for the medical journal, George,” he said. “Doing a Caesarian with a jackknife^② and sewing it up with nine-foot, tapered gut leaders.”

Uncle George was standing against the wall, looking at his arm.

“Oh, you’re a great man, all right,” he said.

“Ought to have a look at the proud father. They’re usually the worst sufferers in these little affairs,” the doctor said. “I must say he took it all pretty quietly.”

He pulled back the blanket from the Indian’s head. His hand came away wet. He mounted on the edge of the lower bunk with the lamp in one hand and looked in. The Indian lay with his face toward the wall. His throat had been cut from ear to ear. The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged the bunk. His head rested on his left arm. The open razor lay, edge up, in the blankets.

“Take Nick out of the shanty, George,” the doctor said.

① squaw: American Indian woman; 美国印第安妇女

② jackknife: large pocket-knife with a folding blade; 大折刀