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汉英对照经典读本



THE SHOP OF THE LIN FAMILY

林家铺子

茅盾 著

沙博理 译



4

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藏书章

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春蚕

SPRING SILKWORMS

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出版前言

本社专事外文图书的编辑出版,几十年来用英文翻译出版了大量的中国文学作品和文化典籍,上自先秦,下迄现当代,力求全面而准确地反映中国文学及中国文化的基本面貌和灿烂成就。这些英译图书均取自相关领域著名的、权威的作品,英译则出自国内外译界名家。每本图书的编选、翻译过程均极其审慎严肃,精雕细琢,中文作品及相应的英译版本均堪称经典。

我们意识到,这些英译精品,不单有对外译介的意义,而且对国内英文学习者、爱好者及英译工作者,也是极有价值的读本。为此,我们对这些英译精品做了认真的遴选,编排成汉英对照的形式,陆续推出,以飨读者。

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Publisher's Note

Foreign Languages Press is dedicated to the editing, translating and publishing of books in foreign languages. Over the past several decades it has published, in English, a great number of China's classics and records as well as literary works from the Qin down to modern times, in the aim to fully display the best part of the Chinese culture and its achievements. These books in the original are famous and authoritative in their respective fields, and their English translations are masterworks produced by notable translators both at home and abroad. Each book is carefully compiled and translated with minute precision. Consequently, the English versions as well as their Chinese originals may both be rated as classics.

It is generally considered that these English translations are not only significant for introducing China to the outside world but also useful reading materials for domestic English learners and translators. For this reason, we have carefully selected some of these books, and will publish them successively in Chinese-English bilingual form.

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林家铺子

THE SHOP OF THE LIN FAMILY

春 蚕

SPRING SILKWORMS

林家铺子

—

林小姐这天从学校回来就撅起着小嘴唇。她攥下了书包，并不照例到镜台前梳头发搽粉，却倒在床上看着帐顶出神。小花嚷的也跳上床来，挨着林小姐的腰部摩擦，咪呜咪呜地叫了两声。林小姐本能地伸手到小花头上摸了一下，随即翻一个身，把脸埋在枕头里，就叫道：

“妈呀！”

没有回答。妈的房就在隔壁，妈素常疼爱这唯一的女儿，听得女儿回来就要摇摇摆摆走过来问她肚子饿不饿，妈留着好东西呢，——再不然，就差吴妈赶快去买一碗馄饨。但今天却作怪，妈的房里明明有说话的声音，并且还听得妈在打呃，却是妈连回答也没有一声。

林小姐在床上又翻一个身，翘起了头，打算偷听妈和谁谈话，是那样悄地放低了声音。

然而听不清，只有妈的连声打呃，间歇地飘到林小姐的

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I

Miss Lin's small mouth was pouting when she returned home from school that day. She flung down her books, and instead of combing her hair and powdering her nose before the mirror as usual, she stretched out on the bed. Her eyes staring at the top of the bed canopy, Miss Lin lay lost in thought. Her little cat leaped up beside her, snuggled against her waist and miaowed twice. Automatically, she patted his head, then rolled over and buried her face in the pillow.

"Ma!" called Miss Lin.

No answer. Ma, whose room was right next door, ordinarily doted on this only daughter of hers. On hearing her return, Ma would come swaying in to ask whether she was hungry. Ma would be keeping something good for her. Or she might send the maid out to buy a bowl of hot soup with meat dumplings from a street vendor. . . . But today was odd. There obviously were people talking in Ma's room—Miss Lin could hear Ma hiccuping too—yet Ma didn't even reply.

Again Miss Lin rolled over on the bed, and raised her head. She would eavesdrop on this conversation. Whom could Ma be talking to, that voices had to be kept so low?

But she couldn't make out what they were saying. Only Ma's con-

耳朵。忽然妈的噪音高了一些，似乎很生气，就有几个字听得很分明：

——这也是东洋货，那也是东洋货，呃！……

林小姐猛一跳，就好像理发时候颈脖子上粘了许多短头发似的浑身都烦躁起来了。正也是为了这东洋货问题，她在学校里给人家笑骂，她回家来没好气。她一手推开了又挨到她身边来的小花，跳起来就剥下那件新制的翠绿色假毛葛驼绒旗袍来，拎在手里抖了几下，叹了一口气。据说这怪好看的假毛葛和驼绒都是东洋来的。她撩开这件驼绒旗袍，从床下拖出那口小巧的牛皮箱来，赌气似的扭开了箱子盖，把箱子底朝天向床上一撒，花花绿绿的衣服和杂用品就滚满了一床。小花吃了一惊，噗的跳下床去，转一个身，却又跳在一张椅子上蹲着望住它的女主人。

林小姐的一双手在那堆衣服里抓捞了一会儿，就呆呆地站在床前出神。这许多衣服和杂用品越看越可爱，却又越看越像是东洋货呢！全都不能穿了么？可是她——舍不得，而且她的父亲也未必肯另外再制新的！林小姐忍不住眼圈儿红了。她爱这些东洋货，她又恨那些东洋人；好好儿的发兵打东三省干什么呢？不然，穿了东洋货有谁来笑骂。

“呃——”

忽然房门边来了这一声。接着就是林大娘的摇摇摆摆的瘦身形。看见那乱丢了一床的衣服，又看见女儿只穿着一

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tinuous hiccups wafted intermittently to Miss Lin's ears. Suddenly, Ma's voice rose, as if she were angry, and a few words came through quite clearly:

“—These are Japanese goods, those are Japanese goods, hic!...”

Miss Lin started. She prickled all over, like when she was having a hair-cut and the tiny shorn hairs stuck to her neck. She had come home annoyed just because they had laughed at her and scolded her at school over Japanese goods. She swept aside the little cat nestled against her, jumped up and stripped off her new azure rayon dress lined with camel's wool. She shook it out a couple of times, and sighed. Miss Lin had heard that this charming frock was made of Japanese material. She tossed it aside and pulled that cute cowhide case out from under the bed. Almost spitefully, she flipped the cover open, and turning the case upside down, dumped its contents on the bed. A rainbow of brightly coloured dresses and knick-knacks rolled and spread. The little cat leaped to the floor, whirled and jumped up on a chair, where he crouched and looked at his mistress in astonishment.

Miss Lin sorted through the pile of clothes, then stood, abstracted, beside the bed. The more she examined her belongings, the more she adored them—and the more they looked like Japanese goods! Couldn't she wear any of them? She hated to part with them—besides, her father wouldn't necessarily be willing to have new ones made for her! Miss Lin's eyes began to smart. She loved these Japanese things, while she hated the Japanese aggressors who invaded the Northeast provinces. If not for that, she could wear Japanese merchandise and no one would say a word.

“Hic—”

The sound came through the door, followed by the thin swaying body of Mrs. Lin. The sight of the heap of clothing on the bed, and her daughter, bemused, standing in only her brief woollen underwear,

件绒线短衣站在床前出神，林大娘这一惊非同小可。心里愈是着急，她那个“呃”却愈是打得多，暂时竟说不出半句话。

林小姐飞跑到母亲身边，哭丧着脸说：

“妈呀！全是东洋货，明儿叫我穿什么衣服？”

林大娘摇着头只是打呃，一手扶住了女儿的肩膀，一手揉磨自己的胸脯，过了一会，她方才挣扎出几句话来：

“阿囡，呃，你干么脱得——呃，光落落？留心冻——呃——我这毛病，呃，生你那年起了这个病痛，呃，近来越发凶了！呃——”

“妈呀！你说明儿我穿什么衣服？我只好躲在家里不出去了，他们要笑我，骂我！”

但是林大娘不回答。她一路打呃，走到床前拣出那件驼绒旗袍来，就替女儿披在身上，又拍拍床，要她坐下。小花又挨到林小姐脚边，昂起了头，眯细着眼睛看看林大娘，又看看林小姐；然后它懒懒地靠到林小姐的脚背上，就林小姐的鞋底来磨擦它的肚皮。林小姐一脚踢开了小花，就势身子一歪，躺在床上，把脸藏在她母亲的身后。

暂时两个都没有话。母亲忙着打呃，女儿忙着盘算“明天怎样出去”；这东洋货问题不但影响到林小姐的所穿，还影响到她的所用；据说她那只常为同学们艳羨的化妆皮夹以及自动铅笔之类，也都是东洋货，而她却又爱这些小玩意儿的！

“阿囡，呃——肚子饿不饿？”林大娘坐定了半晌以后，渐渐少打几个呃了，又开始她日常的疼爱女儿的老功课。

“不饿。喂，妈呀，怎么老是问我饿不饿呢，顶要紧是没

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was more than a little shock. As her excitement increased, the tempo of Mrs. Lin's hiccups grew in proportion. For the moment, she was unable to speak. Miss Lin, grief written all over her face, flew to her mother. "Ma! They're all Japanese goods. What am I going to wear tomorrow?"

Hiccuping, Mrs. Lin shook her head. With one hand she supported herself on her daughter's shoulder, with the other she kneaded her own chest. After a while, she managed to force out a few sentences.

"Child—hic—why have you taken off—hic—all your clothes? The weather's cold—hic—This trouble of mine—hic—began the year you were born. Hic—lately it's getting worse! Hic—"

"Ma, tell me what am I going to wear tomorrow? I'll just hide in the house and not go out! They'll laugh at me, swear at me!"

Mrs. Lin didn't answer. Hiccuping steadily, she walked over to the bed, picked the new azure dress out of the pile, and draped it over her daughter. Then she patted the bed in invitation for Miss Lin to sit down. The little cat returned to beside the girl's legs. Cocking his head, with narrowed eyes he looked first at Mrs. Lin, then at her daughter. Lazily, he rolled over and rubbed his belly against the soles of the girl's shoes. Miss Lin kicked him away and reclined sideways on the bed, with her head hidden behind her mother's back.

Neither of them spoke for a while. Mrs. Lin was busy hiccuping; her daughter was busy calculating "how to go out tomorrow." The problem of Japanese goods not only affected everything Miss Lin wore—it influenced everything she used. Even the powder compact which her fellow students so admired and her automatic pencil were probably made in Japan. And she was crazy about those little gadgets!

"Child—hic—are you hungry?"

After sitting quietly for some time, Mrs. Lin gradually controlled her hiccups, and began her usual doting routine.

"No. Ma, why do you always ask me if I'm hungry? The most im-

有了衣服明天怎样去上学！”

林小姐撒娇说，依然那样拳曲着身体躺着，依然把脸藏在母亲背后。

自始就没弄明白为什么女儿尽嚷着没有衣服穿的林大娘现在第三次听得了这话儿，不能不再注意了，可是她那该死的打呃很不作美地又连连来了。恰在此时林先生走了进来，手里拿着一张字条儿，脸上乌霉霉地像是涂着一层灰。他看见林大娘不住地打呃，女儿躺在满床乱丢的衣服堆里，他就料到了几分，一双眉头就紧紧地皱起。他唤着女儿的名字说道：

“明秀，你的学校里有什么抗日会么？刚送来了这封信。说是明天你再穿东洋货的衣服去，他们就要烧呢——无法无天的话语，咳……”

“呃——呃！”

“真是岂有此理，哪一个人身上没有东洋货，却偏偏找定了我们家来生事！哪一家洋广货铺子里不是堆足了东洋货，偏是我的铺子犯法，一定要封存！咄！”

林先生气愤愤地又加了这几句，就颓然坐在床边的一张椅子上。

“呢，呢，救苦救难观世音，呃——”

“爸爸，我还有一件老式的棉袄，光景不是东洋货，可是穿出去人家又要笑我。”

过了一会儿，林小姐从床上坐起来说，她本来打算进一步要求父亲制一件不是东洋货的新衣，但瞧着父亲的脸色不对，便又不敢冒昧。同时，她的想象中就展开了那件旧棉袄惹人讪笑的情形，她忍不住哭起来了。

“呃，呃——啊哟！——呃，莫哭，——没有人笑你——”

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portant thing is that I have no clothes. How can I go to school tomorrow?" the girl demanded petulantly. She was still curled up on the bed, her face still buried behind her mother.

From the start, Mrs. Lin hadn't understood why her daughter kept complaining that she had no clothes to wear. This was the third time and she couldn't ignore the remark any longer, but those damned hiccups most irritatingly started up again. Just then, Mr. Lin came in. He was holding a sheet of paper in his hand; his face was ashen. He saw his wife struggling with continuous agitated hiccups, his daughter lying on the clothing-strewn bed, and he could guess pretty well what was wrong. His brows drew together in a frown.

"Do you have an Anti-Japanese-Invasion Society in your school, Xiu?" he asked. "This letter just came. It says that if you wear clothes made of Japanese material again tomorrow, they're going to burn them! Of all the wild lawless things to say!"

"Hic—hic!"

"What nonsense! Everyone has something made in Japan on him. But they have to pick on our family to make trouble! There isn't a shop carrying foreign goods that isn't full of Japanese stuff. But they have to make our shop the culprit. They insist on locking up our stocks! Huh!"

"Hic—hic—Goddess Kuanyin protect and preserve us! Hic—"

"Papa, I've got an old style padded jacket. It's probably not made of Japanese material, but if I wear it they'll all laugh at me, it's so out of date," said Miss Lin, sitting up on the bed. She had been thinking of going a step farther and asking Mr. Lin to have a dress made for her out of non-Japanese cloth, but his expression decided her against such a rash move. Still, picturing the jeers her old padded jacket would evoke, she couldn't restrain her tears.

"Hic—hic—child!—hic—don't cry—no one will laugh at you—hic—child. . . ."

呃，阿囡……”

“阿秀，明天不用去读书了！饭快要没得吃了，还读什么书！”

林先生懊恼地说，把手里那张字条儿扯得粉碎，一边走出房去，一边叹气跺脚。然而没多几时，林先生又匆匆地跑了回来，看着林大娘的面孔说道：

“橱门上的钥匙呢？给我！”

林大娘的脸色立刻变成灰白，瞪出了眼睛望着她的丈夫，永远不放松她的打呃忽然静定了半晌。

“没有办法，只好去斋斋那些闲神野鬼了——”

林先生顿住了，叹了一口气，然后又接下去说：

“至多我花四百块。要是党部里还嫌少，我拼着不做生意，等他们来封！——我们对过的裕昌祥，进的东洋货比我多，足足有一万多块钱的码子呢，也只花了五百块，就太平无事了。——五百块！算是吃了几笔倒账罢！——钥匙！咳！那一个金项圈，总可以兑成三百块……”

“呃，呃，真——好比强盗！”

林大娘摸出那钥匙来，手也颤抖了，眼泪扑簌簌地往下掉。林小姐却反不哭了，瞪着一对泪眼，呆呆地出神，她恍惚看见那个曾经到她学校里来演说而且饿狗似的盯住看她的什么委员，一个怪叫人讨厌的黑麻子，捧住了她家的金项圈在半空里跳，张开了大嘴巴笑。随后，她又恍惚看见这强盗似的黑麻子和她的父亲吵嘴，父亲被他打了，……

“啊哟！”

林小姐猛然一声惊叫，就扑在她妈的身上。林大娘慌得没有工夫尽打呃，挣扎着说：

“阿囡，呃，不要哭，——过了年，你爸爸有钱，就给你制新衣服，——呃，那些狠心的强盗！都咬定我们有钱，呃，一