



经典文库 英汉对照

SELECTED STORIES OF
ERNEST MILLER HEMINGWAY
海明威中短篇小说选

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[美] 欧内斯特·米勒尔·海明威◎著 青 闰◎译

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**SELECTED
STORIES OF
ERNEST
HEMINGWAY**

前 言

欧内斯特·海明威（1899—1961），当代美国著名小说家、现代文学巨匠、新闻体小说创始人。

海明威的写作风格以简洁著称。他擅长短篇小说的创作，一生创作了数量众多、题材各异的短篇小说，共出版了三部小说集：《在我们的时代里》《没有女人的男人》和《胜者无所得》。他的短篇小说，大部分小说主角都由一个神秘人物尼克·亚当斯充当，写作方法上追求语言的凝练，这样纯熟的技法与他丰富的人生体验、新闻记者出身和对语言的高度感性密不可分。他根据著名的“冰山原则”进行创作，运用一系列象征表现手法，把无限丰富、耐人寻味的内容包含在有限的文字中。

本书选译了《老人与海》《乞力马扎罗山的雪》《一天的等待》《雨中的猫》《一个干净明亮的地方》《印第安人营地》《暴风过后》《阿尔卑斯山牧歌》《拳击家》《世上的光》《蝴蝶与坦克》《杀手》《五万美元》《赌徒、修女和收音机》《白象般的群山》《三天大风》等经典力作。这些作品恰恰体现了作家的这种艺术特色。

《老人与海》就是海明威最著名的作品之一，是海明威1951年在古巴写的一篇中篇小说。它奠定了海明威在世界文学中的突出地位。作品通过老渔夫圣地亚哥连续84天捕不到鱼，后来好不容易捕到了一条鱼，却又被鲨鱼吃掉的故事，歌颂了老渔夫非凡的毅力和坚韧的决心，突出表现了海明威笔下富有感情的人物形象、深刻的人物心理描写和情节与景物之间无与伦比的和谐、融合的高超艺术。

《乞力马扎罗的雪》是对一个临死前的人的精彩描述。故事主要讲述一个作家哈里去非洲狩猎，途中汽车抛锚，皮肤被刺划破，染上了坏疽病。他和妻子在等待一架飞机

来把他送到医院治疗。小说围绕死亡和即将死亡来写，但根本的主题是哈里回到过去，从过去走到现在的历程回顾。本小说一反以前的严谨结构，不仅篇幅较长，而且应用了意识流、象征等多种表现手法，使文章形式新颖。这部小说中哈里的意识流分为昏睡时和清醒时的意识流，这种穿越时空的意识流穿插真实再现了哈里死前的心理世界。除了凝练简约的对话艺术特色，这篇小说还有一个语言风格，就是运用第二人称的写作手法。他用“你”来邀请读者走进他的世界，期望读者与他共同感受生活，与他进行交流，从而拉近彼此的距离。

《一天的等待》讲的是一个九岁男孩因不了解华氏温度和摄氏温度的换算方法，以为自己快要烧死了。小说细致刻画了一个九岁男孩在一天等待死亡的过程中表现出的不惧死亡的非凡勇气。

《雨中的猫》在叙述过程中出现的这两个主要人物，始终没有具体的姓名，只知道他们是一对美国夫妻，这种非具体化的人物显现，也就更加增强了艺术形象的抽象意义。美国妻子看到窗外“雨中的猫”，产生了一系列强烈愿望：想要保护它，或者拥有它，或者喜爱它，或者可怜它，或者以它寄托自己什么不可言状的情绪……总之，这只猫的命运和它所处的境地使她产生一种强烈的共鸣。从小说中我们可以这样理解这个妻子在家庭中的地位：她温柔贤惠、小鸟依人、听丈夫的话，但丈夫对她的态度却无动于衷。她感到自己像那只猫一样楚楚可怜，于是对它生出一种难以言状的同情。尤其是当她遇到了尊重她、体贴她的这个旅馆老板——一个成熟男性的文化符号，女人的自我意识就暂时得到了回归或建立。最终，还是旅馆老板给她送来了猫。这是一个意味深长的结局。

《印第安人营地》讲述尼克随父亲到印第安营地为一位难产妇女接生的经过。那些与父亲关于生与死的对话，那些血淋淋的生死感官刺激的描写，是为了表现这次经历给小尼克心灵留下深深的烙印。这次随父亲的出诊是对他人生痛苦的第一次探索和体验，是他这一生都无法摆脱的死亡与暴力的阴影。

《杀手》中的尼克偶然目睹了一场杀人未遂的事件，世事的邪恶让他过度敏感和早熟，在邪恶面前只能选择逃跑，只能用这种方法表达对社会的不满。整篇小说以对话贯穿始终，没有人物的介绍，没有情节的来龙去脉，也听不见作者的任何声音，只是通过对话，然后作者加以剪接，增加了作品的层次和表现力度。两个歹徒自称是受人之托来杀拳击手，至于受何人之托，为何目的，小说却略而不写。从这里，我们可以看出海明威小说“冰山原则”的具体表现。

《世上的光》是一篇被海明威称为他自己喜欢却“没有别的人喜欢”的小说，对话占了小说百分之九十的篇幅。他通过对话营造了当时的气氛。尤其是说后面那部分两个

烟花女为了一个共同喜爱的男人开始争风吃醋，仿佛她们就在你面前。“世上的光”是圣经里耶稣说的话，他说“我在世上时，是世上的光”。值得回味的是，这个被两个烟花女喜爱的男人史蒂夫从头到尾都没有在小说里出现过。通过其中两个烟花女的争吵表达了她们内心深处不为人知的情感世界，那个一直没有出场的男人，她们为之心碎而眷恋的男人，在她们口中反复抢夺的男人，是她们唯一的精神所在，他是一道世上的光照亮了她们黑暗而孤独的心灵。

海明威小说语言风格的另一个不可忽视的方面是小说中的对话。海明威的对话成为美国几代作家模仿的榜样，影响深远，他不但追求对话的语调、语气、用词等方面的真实，而且追求对话人的感情、态度、性格等内在的真实。

海明威是一位开一代文风的语言艺术大师。他简约有力的文体和多种现代派手法的出色运用，在美国文学中曾引起了一场“文学革命”，许多欧美作家都明显受到了他的影响。

此外，象征手法的运用更好地体现了他的“冰山原则”，使他的小说的叙述高度凝练，赋予普通的生活素材以含蓄深沉的思想内涵，给抽象的概念赋予具体的形象。

海明威的作品是一个艰苦挑选的结果，作品中每个单词都承担确定的叙事任务。语言上的精雕细琢，反过来在作品中心人物的思想和经历上体现出来，无论这些人物是单纯的讲述者，还是逐步揭示情节的焦点角色。海明威的“冰山原则”在作品中的必然表现就是，作品的全部意义并不仅仅局限于推动情节发展，作品背后总是有一个联系和逻辑性的世界，作品中包含的每个细节背后都有潜在的原因。

作为二十世纪现实主义作家，海明威既有十九世纪现实作家对生活的真实描写，也有二十世纪现实主义作家对现实的曲折反映。在其冰山原则中，他主张作家应从纷繁复杂的社会生活中提取有特征的事件和情节，用高度凝练的笔法，客观准确地描绘出构成表面看得见的“八分之一”，而非直接干预小说中人物的活动和进行任何的说教，而隐藏在其中的主题思想，由读者自己体会作出自己的结论。

海明威的风格简约明快，形象富于动作性。他运用视觉、触觉和听觉等感觉刻画形象，具有很强的可见性。另外，到处可见以对话和细节间接地暗示主题和意向，增强了作品的含蓄和隐晦。因为海明威曾经把自己的作品比作“漂浮在海上的冰山”，强调其作品内在的寓意：“露出水面的只有八分之一，还有八分之七深藏水下。”因此，海明威的作品通常是在看似平淡无奇的“冰山”表层下蕴含着深邃的寓意。

除了精彩纷呈的短篇小说，海明威的代表作有中篇小说《老人与海》，长篇小说《太阳照样升起》、《永别了，武器》、《丧钟为谁而鸣》等。他凭借《老人与海》，1953年荣获普利策奖，1954年荣获诺贝尔文学奖，获奖原因是：“因为他精通叙事艺

术，突出表现在他的近著《老人与海》中，同时也因为他在当代风格中发挥的影响。”此外，他一向以“文坛硬汉”著称，对美国文学和20世纪文学的发展产生了重大而深远的影响。

焦作大学 青闰

2016年5月1日

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The Old Man and the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat.

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago," the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money."

老人与海

他是一位老人，独划小船，在墨西哥湾流捕鱼。84天了，他连一条鱼也没有捕到。头40天还有一个男孩子跟随着他。可是，40天后还是没有捕到一条鱼。男孩子的父母就说，老人现在一定是*salao*^[1]，也就是说，倒霉到了极点。于是，男孩子的父母亲命令离开他，上了另一条船，第一周就捕到了3条大鱼。男孩子见老人每天总是空船而归，心里非常难过，常常下岸帮老人，要么是拿盘好的钓线，要么是拿鱼钩和鱼叉，要么是拿缠绕在桅杆上的帆。船帆是用面粉袋片打着一块块补丁，卷起时看上去就像是一面永败之旗。

老人骨瘦如柴，后脖颈上皱纹很深，脸颊上因热带海面反射太阳光造成了良性皮肤癌，落下的褐斑密密麻麻，顺着脸两侧蔓延而下；双手也因常拽绳索拉大鱼而留下了一道道深深的疤痕。而这些伤疤没有一道是新的。它们就像无鱼可捕的沙漠中被侵蚀的地方那样古老。

除了那双眼睛之外，他浑身苍老，那双眼睛是大海般的颜色，神情愉悦，永不言败。

“圣地亚哥，”当他们俩从小船停泊的地方爬上岸时，男孩子对他说。“我又能随

[1] *salao*, 西班牙语，意思是“倒了血霉的”。

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.

“No,” the old man said. “You’re with a lucky boat. Stay with them.”

“But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then we caught big ones every day for three weeks.”

“I remember,” the old man said. “I know you did not leave me because you doubted.”

“It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must obey him.”

“I know,” the old man said. “It is quite normal.”

“He hasn’t much faith.”

“No,” the old man said. “But we have. Haven’t we?”

“Yes,” the boy said. “Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace and then we’ll take the stuff home.”

“Why not?” the old man said. “Between fishermen.”

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen. The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin out and carried them laid full length across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and

你出海了。我们挣到了一些钱。”

老人教会了男孩子捕鱼，男孩子爱他。

“不，”老人说。“你跟了一条交好运的船。还是跟着吧。”

“可是，别忘了，有一次你87天没有捕到一条鱼，后来我们一连3周每天都捕到大鱼。”

“我记得，”老人说。“我知道，你不是因为怀疑才离开我。”

“是爸爸叫我离开的。我是孩子，必须听他的。”

“我明白，”老人说。“这很正常。”

“他没有多大信心。”

“是啊，”老人说。“可是，我们有。不是吗？”

“是，”男孩子说。“我请你到露台饭店喝杯啤酒，然后我们再把这些渔具拿回去。”

“有啥不行？”老人说。“都是打渔人嘛。”

他们坐在露台饭店，好多渔夫跟老人开玩笑，老人并不生气。一些上了年纪的渔夫望着他，为他发愁，但没有流露出来，只是礼貌地聊着海流，聊着他们把钓线送到海里有多深，聊着天气一向多好，聊着他们的见闻。当天有收获的渔夫都已返航，他们剖开枪鱼，半片半片地排在两块木板上，每块木板的末端都由两人抬着，摇摇晃晃地送到收鱼站，在那儿等冷藏车运往哈瓦那的市场。逮到鲨鱼的人们把鱼送到海湾另一头的鲨鱼加工厂，吊到复合滑车上。鱼已去肝，割鳍，剥皮，肉被切成了一条条，以备腌制。

their flesh cut into strips for salting.

When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbour from the shark factory; but today there was only the faint edge of the odour because the wind had backed into the north and then dropped off and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

"Santiago," the boy said.

"Yes," the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking of many years ago.

"Can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow?"

"No. Go and play baseball. I can still row and Rogelio will throw the net."

"I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you, I would like to serve in some way."

"You bought me a beer," the old man said. "You are already a man."

"How old was I when you first took me in a boat?"

"Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in too green and he nearly tore the boat to pieces. Can you remember?"

"I can remember the tail slapping and banging and the thwart breaking and the noise of the clubbing. I can remember you throwing me into the bow where the wet coiled lines were and feeling the whole boat shiver and the noise of you clubbing him like chopping a tree down and the sweet blood smell all over me."

"Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?"

"I remember everything from when we first went together."

The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident loving eyes.

"If you were my boy I'd take you out and gamble," he said. "But you are your father's and

刮东风时，隔着海湾，一股股鱼腥味也能从鲨鱼加工厂那边飘过来；可是，今天只有淡淡的气味，因为风向倒北，后来也逐渐平息，所以露台饭店阳光明媚，舒适惬意。

“圣地亚哥，”男孩子说。

“噢，”老人应道。他正握着酒杯，想着多年前的事儿。

“我去弄点沙丁鱼给你明天用吧？”

“不用了。打棒球去吧。我还能划船，有罗吉略撒网。”

“我真想去。要是不能随你打渔，我想为你做点什么。”

“你给我买了啤酒，”老人说。“你已经长大了。”

“你第一次带我上船时，我有多大？”

“5岁，那天我把一条鱼拖上船，它活蹦乱跳，差点儿把船撞碎，你也险些丢了命。你还能记得吗？”

“我记得鱼尾巴噼里啪啦一个劲拍打，船上的横座板都被打断了，还有棍棒的敲打声。我记得你把我向船头猛推，那儿放着湿漉漉的钓线卷，我感觉整条船都在摇晃，还听到你用棍子啪啪打鱼的声音，像在砍树似的，还记得我浑身上下有一股甜丝丝的血腥味。”

“你是真能记得那回事，还是我告诉你的？”

“我们第一次一起出海以来的事儿，我都记得。”

老人用久经日晒、自信慈爱的眼睛看着他。

“你要是我的儿子，我一定带你出去赌一把，”他说。“可你是你爸妈的儿子，又

your mother's and you are in a lucky boat.”

“May I get the sardines? I know where I can get four baits too.”

“I have mine left from today. I put them in salt in the box.”

“Let me get four fresh ones.”

“One,” the old man said. His hope and his confidence had never gone. But now they were freshening as when the breeze rises.

“Two,” the boy said.

“Two,” the old man agreed. “You didn’t steal them?”

“I would,” the boy said. “But I bought these.”

“Thank you,” the old man said. He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride.

“Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current,” he said.

“Where are you going?” the boy asked.

“Far out to come in when the wind shifts. I want to be out before it is light.”

“I’ll try to get him to work far out,” the boy said. “Then if you hook something truly big we can come to your aid.”

“He does not like to work too far out.”

“No,” the boy said. “But I will see something that he cannot see such as a bird working and get him to come out after dolphin.”

“Are his eyes that bad?”

搭上了走运的船。”

“我去弄些沙丁鱼来吧？我还知道上哪儿能弄到4条鱼饵。”

“今天我自己的还剩下有，放在盒子里腌着。”

“我给你弄4条新鲜的吧。”

“一条就行，”老人说。他的希望和信心从来没有消失过，这时候又像微风起时那样十足。

“两条吧，”男孩子说。

“就两条，”老人表示同意。“你不是偷的吧？”

“我本想去偷，”男孩子说。“不过，这些是我买来的。”

“谢谢你，”老人说。他心地单纯，没有琢磨自己是什么时候开始如此谦卑。可是，他知道他如此谦卑，明白这并不丢脸，也丝毫没有损害真正的自尊心。

“瞧这洋流，明天会是一个不错的日子，”他说。

“你打算上哪儿？”男孩子问。

“跑远些，等倒了风，再回来。我想不等天亮就出发。”

“我会尽力让船主也跑远些捕鱼，”男孩子说。“这样，要是你真的钓到了大鱼，我们就能赶去帮你的忙。”

“他不喜欢跑太远去捕鱼。”

“是的，”男孩子说。“可是，我看见的，他看不见，比如我看见一只鸟儿在盘旋，我会说是鲱鳅，叫他赶老远去追。”

“He is almost blind.”

“It is strange,” the old man said. “He never went turtle-ing. That is what kills the eyes.”

“But you went turtle-ing for years off the Mosquito Coast and your eyes are good.”

“I am a strange old man.”

“But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?”

“I think so. And there are many tricks.”

“Let us take the stuff home,” the boy said. “So I can get the cast net and go after the sardines.”

They picked up the gear from the boat. The old man carried the mast on his shoulder and the boy carried the wooden box with the coiled, hard-braided brown lines, the gaff and the harpoon with its shaft. The box with the baits was under the stern of the skiff along with the club that was used to subdue the big fish when they were brought alongside. No one would steal from the old man but it was better to take the sail and the heavy lines home as the dew was bad for them and, though he was quite sure no local people would steal from him, the old man thought that a gaff and a harpoon were needless temptations to leave in a boat.

They walked up the road together to the old man's shack and went in through its open door. The old man leaned the mast with its wrapped sail against the wall and the boy put the box and the other gear beside it. The mast was nearly as long as the one room of the shack. The shack was made of the tough budshields of the royal palm which are called guano and in it there was a bed, a table, one chair, and a place on the dirt floor to cook with charcoal. On the brown walls of the flattened, overlapping leaves of the sturdy fibered guano there was a

“他的眼神有那么差吗？”

“简直像瞎了差不多。”

“奇怪，”老人说。“他从来没有捕过海龟。那玩艺伤眼力。”

“可是，你在莫斯基托海岸外捕了那么多年海龟，你的眼力现在不是也挺好的嘛。”

“我是一个不同寻常的老头。”

“不过，你现在还足够强壮对付一条非常大的鱼吗？”

“我想是的。再说，我还有不少绝活呢。”

“我们把渔具拿回家，”男孩子说。“我好去取渔网逮沙丁鱼。”

他们从船上取回捕鱼的渔具。老人肩扛桅杆，男孩子手提木箱，里面有编得紧实的褐色钓线卷、鱼钩和带柄的鱼叉。盛鱼饵的盒子，连同在大鱼被拖到船边时用来收服它们的那根棍子，都撤在了小船船尾的下面，谁也不会来偷老人的东西，但还是把桅杆和沉重的钓线拿回家为好，因为露水会损伤这些东西；再说，即使老人深信当地不会有人来偷自己的东西，他也觉得，留鱼钩、鱼叉在船上的确是不必要的诱惑。

他们顺着路一起来到老人的小屋，从敞开的门走了进去。老人把绕着帆的桅杆靠到墙上，男孩子把木箱和其他渔具挨着它放下来。桅杆跟这小屋里的尺寸差不多一样长。

小屋是用大椰子树上叫作“海鸟粪”的坚韧苞壳盖成的，里面有一张床、一张桌子、一把椅子，泥土地面上还有一个用木炭烧饭的地方。在纤维结实、“海鸟粪”抚平、搭接而成的褐色墙壁上，有一幅彩色耶稣圣心图和另一幅科布莱圣母图。这是他妻

picture in color of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and another of the Virgin of Cobre. These were relics of his wife. Once there had been a tinted photograph of his wife on the wall but he had taken it down because it made him too lonely to see it and it was on the shelf in the corner under his clean shirt.

“What do you have to eat?” the boy asked.

“A pot of yellow rice with fish. Do you want some?”

“No. I will eat at home. Do you want me to make the fire?”

“No. I will make it later on. Or I may eat the rice cold.”

“May I take the cast net?”

“Of course.”

There was no cast net and the boy remembered when they had sold it. But they went through this fiction every day. There was no pot of yellow rice and fish and the boy knew this too.

“Eighty-five is a lucky number,” the old man said. “How would you like to see me bring one in that dressed out over a thousand pounds?”

“I’ll get the cast net and go for sardines. Will you sit in the sun in the doorway?”

“Yes. I have yesterday’s paper and I will read the baseball.”

The boy did not know whether yesterday’s paper was a fiction too. But the old man brought it out from under the bed.

“Perico gave it to me at the bodega,” he explained.

“I’ll be back when I have the sardines. I’ll keep yours and mine together on ice and we can share them in the morning. When I come back you can tell me about the baseball.”

子的遗物。墙上曾挂了一幅他妻子的着色照，但他早已取掉了，因为他看了只会使自己越发感到孤单，它如今放在屋角搁板上他的一件干净衬衣的下面。

“吃的有什么？”

“锅鱼煮黄米饭。要吃点吗？”

“不。我回家吃。要我给你生火吗？”

“不用。过一会儿我自己来。也许就吃冷饭。”

“我把渔网拿走可以吗？”

“当然可以。”

其实，根本不存在什么渔网，男孩子还记得他们卖掉渔网的时间。然而，他们每天要扯上这么一段。也根本没有什么鱼煮黄米饭，这一点男孩子也知道。

“85是个吉利数，”老人说。“你有没有想过我逮回一条去掉下脚料还有1000多磅的鱼？”

“我拿渔网捞沙丁鱼去。你坐在门口晒晒太阳好吗？”

“好。我有一张昨天的报纸，我来看看棒球新闻。”

男孩子不知道昨天的报纸是不是也是虚构的。不过，老人把它从床底下取了出来。

“是去杂货铺时，佩里科给我的，”他解释说。

“我弄到沙丁鱼就回来。我要把你的和我的一起冰镇，明天早上我们就能分着用了。我回来时，你就能给我聊聊棒球方面的新闻了。”

“The Yankees cannot lose.”

“But I fear the Indians of Cleveland.”

“Have faith in the Yankees my son. Think of the great DiMaggio.”

“I fear both the Tigers of Detroit and the Indians of Cleveland.”

“Be careful or you will fear even the Reds of Cincinnati and the White Sox of Chicago.”

“You study it and tell me when I come back.”

“Do you think we should buy a terminal of the lottery with an eighty-five? Tomorrow is the eight-fifth day.”

“We can do that,” the boy said. “But what about the eighty-seven of your great record?”

“It could not happen twice. Do you think you can find an eighty-five?”

“I can order one.”

“One sheet. That’s two dollars and a half. Who can we borrow that from?”

“That’s easy. I can always borrow two dollars and a half.”

“I think perhaps I can too. But I try not to borrow. First you borrow. Then you beg.”

“Keep warm old man,” the boy said. “Remember we are in September.”

“The month when the great fish come,” the old man said. “Anyone can be a fisherman in May.”

“I go now for the sardines,” the boy said.

When the boy came back the old man was asleep in the chair and the sun was down. The boy took the old army blanket off the bed and spread it over the back of the chair and over the old man’s shoulders. They were strange shoulders, still powerful although very old, and the neck was still strong too and the creases did not show so much when the old man was

“扬基队不会输。”

“可是，我怕克利夫兰印第安人队会赢。”

“相信扬基队，孩子。想一想了不起的迪马乔。”

“我既担心克利夫兰印第安人队，也担心底特律猛虎队。”

“当心，要不然连辛辛那提红队和芝加哥白短袜队，你都要怕了。”

“你好好看报，等我回来，给我讲讲。”

“你看我们去买一张尾数85的彩票好吗？明天是第85天了。”

“这样做行，”男孩子说。“而你上次创下的纪录是87天，这咋说？”

“这种事儿不会再发生了。你看能弄到一张尾数是85的吗？”

“我去订一张。”

“就一张。两块半一张。我们向谁借这笔钱呢？”

“这个容易。两块半，我总能借到吧。”

“我看说不定我也能借到。可我不想借钱。先借钱，后讨饭。”

“老伙计，穿暖和点儿，”男孩子说。“别忘了，现在是9月。”

“正是大鱼光顾的月份，”老人说。“5月份，任何人都可能是好渔夫。”

“现在我去弄沙丁鱼，”男孩子说。

等男孩子回来时，老人在椅子上睡着了，太阳已经落下。男孩子从床上拿起一条旧军毯，抻开，搭过椅背，盖住了老人的双肩。

asleep and his head fallen forward. His shirt had been patched so many times that it was like the sail and the patches were faded to many different shades by the sun. The old man's head was very old though and with his eyes closed there was no life in his face. The newspaper lay across his knees and the weight of his arm held it there in the evening breeze. He was barefooted.

The boy left him there and when he came back the old was still asleep.

"Wake up old man," the boy said and put his hand on one of the old man's knees.

The old man opened his eyes and for a moment he was coming back from a long way away. Then he smiled.

"What have you got?" he asked.

"Supper," said the boy. "We're going to have supper."

"I'm not very hungry."

"Come on and eat. You can't fish and not eat."

"I have," the old man said getting up and taking the newspaper and folding it. Then he started to fold the blanket.

"Keep the blanket around you," the boy said. "You'll not fish without eating while I'm alive."

"Then live a long time and take care of yourself," the old man said. "What are we eating?"

"Black beans and rice, fried bananas, and some stew."

The boy had brought them in a two-decker metal container from the Terrace. The two sets of knives and forks and spoons were in his pocket with a paper napkin wrapped around each

这是一双非同寻常的肩膀，尽管老迈，但依然强健，脖子也还硬实。老人睡着了，脑袋向前耷拉着，脖子上的皱纹也不那么明显了。他的衬衣上不知打了多少次补丁，弄得像他那张帆一样，补丁被太阳晒得褪成了深浅不一的多种颜色。不过，老人满脸苍老，眼一合上，脸上一点生机都没有。报纸横放在他的膝盖上，幸好他的一条胳膊压在上面才没有被晚风吹走。他光着脚。

男孩子撇下他，走开了，等他再回来时，老人还在睡着。

"老伙计，醒一醒，"说着，男孩子把手放到老人的一个膝盖上。

老人睁开眼，一时仿佛在从遥远的地方回过神来。随后，他微微一笑。

"你弄到了什么？"他问。

"晚饭，"男孩子说。"我们来吃晚饭吧。"

"我不太饿。"

"得了，吃吧。你不能光捕鱼，不吃饭。"

"我这样干过，"说着，老人站起身，拿起报纸，折叠好，接着就要去叠毯子。

"毯子就披身上吧，"男孩子说。"只要我活着，你就不会不吃饭去捕鱼。"

"这么说，祝你长命百岁，多保重，"老人说。"我们吃什么？"

"黑豆米饭、油炸香蕉，还有些炖菜。"

男孩子是把饭菜放在双层饭盒里从露台饭店拿来的。两副刀叉、汤匙，每副用餐巾纸包着，放在口袋里，捎过来。

"这是谁给你的？"