



经典的回声

汉英对照

ECHO OF CLASSICS



老舍等著

沙博理等英译

# 中国现代名家短篇小说选

MASTERPIECES BY MODERN CHINESE FICTION WRITERS

外文出版社

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MASTERPIECES BY MODERN  
CHINESE FICTION  
WRITERS

老舍 等著

沙博理 等译

*Written by* Lao She and Others

*Translated by*

Sidney Shapiro and Others



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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。

外文出版社

## **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.

**Foreign Languages Press**

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# 湖畔儿语

THE CHILD AT THE  
LAKESIDE

王统照 著  
沙博理 译

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Translated by  
Sidney Shapiro

因为我家城里那个向来很著名的湖上，满生了芦苇和满浮了无数的大船，分外显得逼仄、湫隘、喧嚷，所以我也不很高兴常去游逛。有时几个友人约着荡桨湖中，每每到了晚上，各种杂乱的声音一齐并作，锣鼓声、尖利的胡琴声、不很好听的唱声、男人的居心喊闹与粉面光头的女人调笑，更夹杂上小舟卖物的叫声，几乎把静静的湖水掀起了“大波”。因此，我去逛湖的时候，只有收视反听地去寻思些自己的事。有时在夕阳明灭、返映着湖水的时候，我却常常一个人跑到湖边僻静处去乘凉。一边散步，一边听着青蛙在草中奏着雨后之歌，看看小鸟啁啾着向柳枝上飞跳，还觉有些兴致。每在此时，一方引动我对于自然景物的鉴赏，一方却激发起无限的悠渺寻思。

一抹绀色间以青紫色的霞光，返映着湖堤上雨后的碧柳。某某祠庙的东边，有个小小荷荡，这处的荷叶最大不过，高得几乎比人还高。叶下的洁白如玉雕的荷花，到过午后，像慢慢地将花朵闭起。偶然一两只蜜蜂飞来飞去，还留恋着花香的气味，不肯即行归去。红霞照在湛绿的水上，散为金光，而红霞中快下沉的日光，也幻成异样的色彩。一层层的光与色，相荡相薄，闪闪烁烁地都映现在我的眼底。我因昨天一连落了六七个小时的急雨，今日天还晴朗，便独自顺步到湖西岸来，看一看雨后的湖边景色。斜铺的石道上满生了莓苔，我穿的皮鞋踏在上面，显出分明的印痕。

这时湖中正人声乱嚷，且是争吵的厉

I seldom cared to visit the famous lake although I lived in a city along its shore. Filled with reeds and large craft, it seemed exceptionally narrow and cramped and noisy. Sometimes I went rowing with a few friends in the evening, but every night it was the same bedlam. The clash of cymbals, the high-pitched squeal of fiddles, the unpleasant singing, the men's raucous shouts, the seductive laughter of painted women with sleekly oiled hair, the cries of the vendors on the little pedlar boats . . . swept the placid surface of the lake like a huge wave.

And so, whenever I went to the lake, I would close my eyes and ears to my surroundings and withdraw into my own thoughts. Occasionally, when the sunset colours were reflected on the water, I would stroll along a quiet sector of the lakeside green grass after the rain and watch the twittering birds flit among the branches of the trees. I would feel rather stimulated, moved by a profound consciousness of nature and excited by innumerable far-reaching thoughts.

One day at sunset, violet and purple rays illuminated the emerald trailers of the weeping willows on the dyke. In a little pond beside a temple huge lotus leaves grew higher than a man. Although the lotus flowers, pure as carved white jade, had slowly closed their petals after noon, one or two bees, lured by their scent, still hovered, reluctant to depart. On the dark green water, scarlet clouds shimmered golden; the rapidly lowering rays in their midst were a remarkable variety of hues. Layer upon layer of colour, interweaving and interplaying, shone with a dazzling brilliance.

It had rained heavily for six or seven hours the night before. Today the sky was clear and I walked alone along the west bank of the lake, enjoying the fresh-washed scene. My leather shoes left sharp prints on the moss-covered flagstones of the inclined path.

In the centre of the lake people were shouting, quarrel-

害。我便慢慢地踱着，向石道的那边走去。疏疏的柳枝与颤颤的芦苇旁的初开的蓼花，随着西风在水滨摇舞。这里可说是全湖上最冷静幽僻的地方，除了偶尔遇到一二个行人之外，只有噪晚的小鸟在树上叫着。乱草中时有阁阁的蛙声与它们作伴。

我在这片时中觉得心上比较平时恬静好些。但对于这转眼即去的光景，却也不觉得有什么深重的留恋。因为一时的清幽光景的感受，却记起“夕阳黄昏”的旧话，所以对留恋的思想也有点怕去思索了。

低头凝思着，疲重脚步也懒得时时举起。天上绀色与青紫色的霞光，也越散越淡了。而太阳的光已大半沉在返映的水里。我虽知时候渐渐晚了，却又不愿即行回家，遂即拣了一块湖边的白石，坐在上面。听着新秋噪晚的残蝉，便觉得在黄昏迷濛的湖上渐有秋意了。一个人坐在几株柳树之下，看见渐远渐淡的黄昏微光，以及从远处映过来的几星灯火。天气并不十分烦热，到了晚上，觉得有些嫩凉的感触。同时也似乎因此凉意，给了我一些苍苍茫茫的没有着落的兴感。

我正自无意地想着，忽然听得柳树后面有擦擦的声音。在静默中，我听了仿佛有点疑惧！过了一会，又听得有个轻动的脚步声，在后面的苇塘里乱走。我便跳起来绕过柳树，走到后面的苇塘边下。那时模模糊糊地已不能看得清楚。但在苇芽旁边的泥堆上却有个小小的人影，我便叫了一声：“你是谁？”

ling violently. I walked slowly towards the far end of the stone-flagged path. Rustling willow trailers and the water-pepper shrubs that had just come into flower beside the trembling reeds danced in the west breeze at the edge of the water. This was perhaps the coolest and most secluded spot on the entire lake. Except for the steps of an infrequent passer-by or two, the only sound was the twittering of the little birds in the trees greeting the eventide. Frogs in the tangled grass croaked rhythmic accompaniment.

Although this made me feel somewhat more cheerful than usual, I had no desire to retain the rapidly fading scene. For it reminded me of the words, "the dusk of the dying sun"—a phrase I found rather depressing.

My head lowered in thought, I walked with heavy weary tread. The violet and purple sunset rays were growing dimmer, the light of the sun having already more than half sunk in the reflecting water. Although I knew it was getting late. I did not wish to return home. I sat down on a large white rock by the lake's edge. Listening to the last of the cicadas droning in the late summer night, I was conscious of an air of autumn in the golden haze drifting on the water's surface. I sat alone beneath the willows and watched the dusk light fading in the distance and observed far off the tiny glow of the first lamps of evening. The weather was no longer very hot during the day; with evening came a certain soft coolness. At the same time, probably because of this coolness, I was vaguely stirred by an indefinable excitement.

As I sat wrapped in idle thought, suddenly I heard a rustling behind the willows. It came so unexpectedly in the quiet darkness, I was a bit startled. A moment later, I heard light footsteps threshing through a cove of reeds. I leaped up, circled the willows and emerged on the other side of the cove. It was quite dark by then. I couldn't see clearly. On a mud bank beside the reeds I seemed to perceive a small figure.

"Who's there?" I shouted.

不料那个黑影却不答我。

本来这个地方是很僻静的，每当晚上，更没有人在这里停留。况且黑暗的空间越来越大，柳叶与苇叶还时时摇擦着作出微响。于是我觉得有点恐怖了。便接着又将“你是谁”三个字喊了一遍。正在我还没有回过身来的时候，泥堆上小小的黑影，却用细咽无力的声音，给我一个答复是：

“我是小顺，……在这里钓……鱼。”

他后一个字，已经咽了下去，且是有点颤抖。我听这个声音，便断定是个十一二岁男孩子的声音，但我分外疑惑了！便问他道：“天已经黑了下來，水里的鱼还能钓吗？还看得见吗？”那小小的黑影又不答我。

“你在什么地方住？”

“在顺门街马头巷里。……”由他这一句话使我听了这个弱小口音仿佛在哪里听过的。便赶进一步道：“你从前就在马头巷住吗？”

“不，”那个小男孩迅速地说，“我以前住在晏平街。……”

我于是突然把陈事记起，“哦！你不是陈家的小孩子，……你爸爸不是铁匠陈举吗？”

小孩子这时已把竹竿从水中拖起，赤了脚跑下泥堆来道：“是……爸爸是做铁匠的，你是谁？”

我靠近看那个小孩子的面貌，尚可约略分清。哪里是像五六岁时候的可爱的小顺呀！满脸上乌黑，不知是泥还是煤烟。穿了一件蓝布小衫，下边露了多半部的腿，身上发出一阵泥土与汗湿的气味。他见我叫出他的名字，便呆呆地看着我。他的确不知道我是谁，的确他是不记得了。我回想小顺四

But the shadow made no reply.

Ordinarily, this was a very quiet spot. At night, it was even more deserted. Now, it was growing darker and darker, and the reeds and the willows were rustling faintly. I felt a bit afraid. "Who's there?" I cried again. Just as I was turning to leave, the little dark figure on the mud bank replied in a small weak voice:

"It's me, Little Shun. . . I'm here. . . fishing."

He practically swallowed the last word and his voice trembled slightly. He sounded like an eleven-or twelve-year-old little boy. I was very suspicious.

"How can you fish after dark?" I asked him. "How can you see?"

Again the small shadow did not reply.

"Where do you live?"

"In Horse Head Lane. . . ."

There was something about that weak voice that sounded familiar. I took a step closer and asked, "Have you always lived there?"

"No," the little boy replied quickly. "I used to live on Peace Street. . . ."

Suddenly I remembered. "Oh! You're the Chens' little boy. . . . Isn't your father a blacksmith?"

The child pulled in his bamboo fishing pole and ran to me, barefoot, down the mud bank. "Yes. . . . Papa is a blacksmith. But who are you?"

I drew nearer and peered at the child's face. I could barely recognize him. What had happened to the darling Little Shun of five or six! His face was blackened — either by mud or soot. He wore a short homespun blue robe that was well up above his knees, and he reeked of mud and sweat. When he heard me call his name, he stared at me in astonishment. He didn't know who I was.

I remembered him when he was four or five — I was

五岁的时候,那时我还非常的好戏弄小孩子。每从他家门首走过,看见他同他母亲坐在那棵古干浓阴的大槐树的底下,他每每在母亲的怀中唱小公鸡的儿歌与我听。现在已经有六年多了,我也时常不在家中。但是后来听见家中人说,前街上的小顺迁居走了。这也不过是听自传说,并不知道是迁到什么地方去了。我每经过前街的时候,看看小顺的门首另换了人名的贴纸,我便觉得怅然,仿佛失掉了一件常常作我的伴的东西!在这日黄昏的冷清清的湖畔,忽然遇到他,怎不使我惊疑!尤其可怪的,怎么先时那个红颊白手的小顺,如今竟然同街头的小叫化子差不多了?他父亲是个安分的铁匠,也还可以照顾得起小孩子。哦!

我即刻将他领到我坐的白石上面,与他作详细的问答。

我就先告诉他:他几岁时我怎样常常见他,并且常引逗他喊笑。但他却懵然了。过后我便同他一问一答地谈起来。

“你的爸爸现在在哪里?”

“算在家里。……”小顺迟疑地答我。我从他呆呆目光中,看得出他对于我这老朋友有点奇怪。

“你爸爸还给人家作活吗?”

“什么?……他每天只是不在家,却没有一次,……带回钱来,……作活……吗?……不知道。”

“你妈呢?”

“死了!”小顺简单而急迅地说。

我骤然为之一惊!这也是必然的,因为小顺的母亲是个瘦弱矮小的妇人,据以前我听见人家说过她嫁了十三年,生过七个小孩子,到末后却只剩下小顺一个。然而想不到时间送人却这样的快!

“现在呢,家中还有谁?”

“还有妈,后来的。……”



very fond of playing with children then. Whenever I passed his door I saw him sitting on his mother's lap beneath the big shady old elm tree. He always sang me his song about the little rooster.

More than six years had passed, and I was often away from home. People in my family told me that Little Shun had moved, no one knew exactly where. When I passed his house and saw someone else's name on the door I felt sorry, as if I had lost a constant companion!

Meeting him today again in the cool dusk by the lakeside, how could I help but be surprised? Strangest of all, how could the rosy-cheeked Little Shun with the clean white hands have become virtually the same as the dirty little beggar boys on the street? His father had been a respectable blacksmith, quite able to look after his child financially.

I led Little Shun over to the rock and made him sit down beside me. I told him how I often saw him when he was very young, and how I had played with him and made him laugh. He looked at me, bewildered. I began to question him.

"Where is your papa now?"

"At home, you might say...." Little Shun replied hesitantly. From his expression I could see that he thought this old friend was rather peculiar.

"Is he still working?"

"What?... He goes out every day, but he never... brings home any money.... Working?... I don't know."

"What about your mother?"

"Dead," the boy retorted briefly.

I was shocked. But of course it had to be. Little Shun's mother had been a frail little woman. People said she had borne seven children in thirteen years. Little Shun was the only one that remained alive. But I hadn't thought her time would come so quickly!

"Who else do you have at home now?"

"I've got a ma, a new one...."