

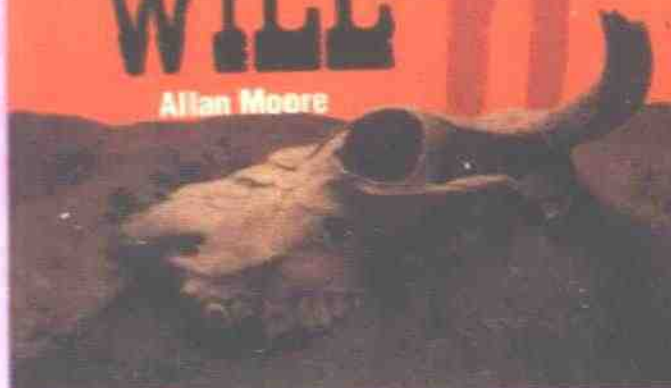
Dawson's City

By RICHARD LAYMON



BILL WAITE'S WILL

Allan Moore



比尔·韦特的遗嘱

心肌梗塞

道森的城市

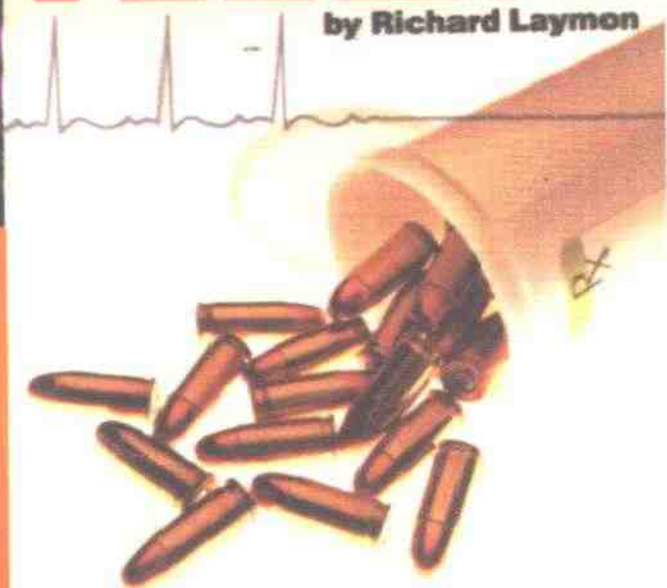
定格的脸



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CARDIAC ARREST

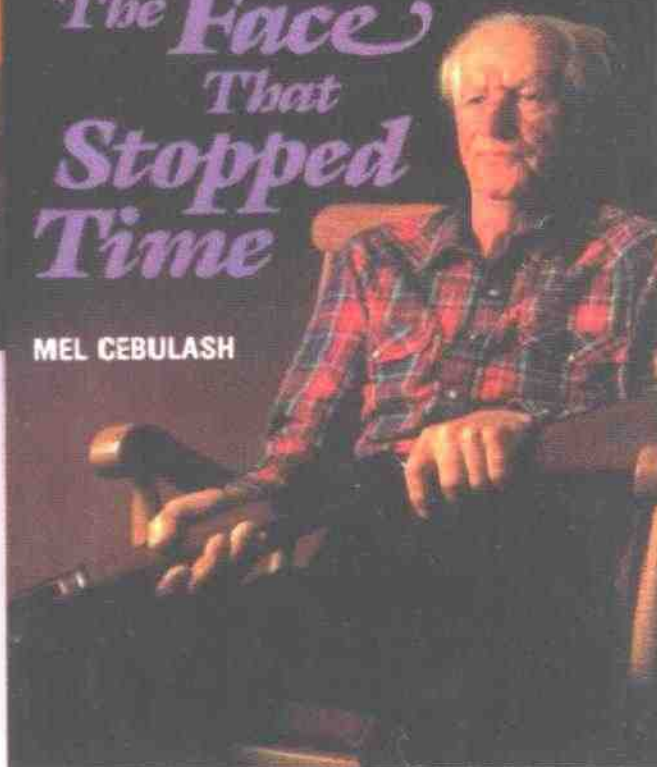
by Richard Laymon



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The Face That Stopped Time

MEL CEBULASH



英语小小说丛书



上海教育出版社



LONGMAN 朗文

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(英汉对照)

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编者的话

手边这套从海外引进的《英语小小说丛书》(英汉对照)即将付梓,作为她的第一读者——编者,想对后来的读者说几句话:

这些小说的用语非常生活化,阅读时,你会惊奇地发现,原来,许多叙说和描述竟可以用如此简单的语汇来表达?体悟到这种轻快简捷的语感后,你对自己的听说能力会陡然信心大增,而这种自信心又最能激活你的语言记忆能力。

这套丛书内容涉及了当代美国社会各个层面的生活现状,其中不乏历史、人文、科技等综合信息,这是一种更深层次的“语感”。

但愿你能获得这两种语感,那对我们编读双方将都是可喜可贺的。

另外,英汉对照这一形式既能使读者品味到语言的“原汁原味”,又能降低或消除阅读障碍,帮助读者提高英语的阅读理解水平,领略中英文两种语言的不同的魅力。

这套丛书和《英语短篇小说丛书》(英汉对照)相比,篇幅要短些,文字稍浅些,表达更直接些,但选取的仍是科幻、刑侦、玄秘、情感、运动等方面的题材,相信广大读者特别是年轻的读者们一定会喜欢的。

英语小小说丛书(英汉对照)第3辑

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BILL WAITE'S WILL

Cally Enright looked down at the town in the valley. Pushing his hat back, he wiped his face with an old bandana. So that was Red Rock. Not much of a place.

"A man could walk right by it in the night," he said aloud to Juliet. The mule swished her tail. She bent her head to chew on the brown desert grass.

The afternoon air was dry and hot. The sun burned in the clear blue sky. Flies buzzed around Cally and the old mule as they stood on the rise. At last, Cally licked his cracked lips and pulled on the

比尔·韦特的遗嘱

卡利·恩赖特俯视着山谷里的城镇。他把帽子往后推了推，用一只旧印花大手帕揩了揩脸。那儿就是红岩镇。一个不起眼的地方。

"晚上正好到那儿，"他大声对朱丽叶说。这匹骡子嗖嗖地挥着尾巴。她低头嚼着那褐色的枯草。

下午空气燥热。太阳在湛蓝的天空中燃烧。卡利和这匹老骡子站在山冈上，而苍蝇在他俩周围嗡嗡地叫着。最后，卡利舔了舔自己干裂的嘴唇，拉了拉绳子。

rope. "C'mon, Juliet," he said. "Let's go down there and take care of business."

Cally was short. His face was covered by a rough, gray beard. The few teeth he had were crooked. His eyes were the color of a summer sky, and the corners were creased into hundreds of tiny wrinkles. He wore an old hat to shade his eyes from the hurting sun. His shirt, pants, and boots were covered with dirt from the mountains. Until two days ago, he had been digging for gold. But today was different—he had business to take care of.

And he needed a drink! His throat was burning from the hot desert air.

“来吧，朱丽叶，”他说。“我们下去，到那儿办事去。”

卡利身材矮小。他的脸布满了粗硬蓬乱的灰白色的胡须。他仅有的几颗牙齿也是歪歪扭扭的。他的眼睛是那种夏天的天空的颜色，眼角处堆满了成百条细小的皱纹。他戴着一顶旧帽子，以此来遮挡灼热的太阳对眼睛的直射。他的上衣、裤子以及靴子沾着山上的泥土。两天以前，他一直在采掘黄金。但今天不同——他有事情要办。

他想水喝！他的喉咙由于这干热的天气烧得难受。

Down in the valley, Cally made his way through the small desert town. He went past ugly, unpainted houses with missing boards. The streets were empty. Nothing moved in the midday heat except a buzzard high in the still air. It made lazy circles in the blue sky.

Cally stopped in front of the first saloon, licking his lips. He tied up the mule and went inside.

"Howdy," someone said.

Cally nodded his head. "Howdy." At first he couldn't see in the sudden darkness of the room. Then he saw the man behind the bar and smiled at him.

"Howdy, friend," Cally said.

"What will you have, old-timer?" the bartender asked.

"Beer," Cally said, slapping a coin

山谷下，卡利穿越着这座荒凉的小镇。他从那些难看的、未曾油漆过的木板散失的房子旁经过。街道上空无一人。在这炎热的中午，除了在那寂静的天空中有一只鹰外，再也没有什么动的东西。它懒懒地在碧空中盘旋着。

卡利舔了舔嘴唇，在第一家酒馆前停了下来。他系好骡子，走了进去。

"你好，"有人说。

卡利点点头。"你好。"突然走进这漆黑的屋子，一开始他什么也看不见。后来，他看见柜台后面有一个人冲他笑着。"你好，朋友，"卡利说。

"你要点什么，老伯？"这个酒保问。

"啤酒，"卡利边说边啪的一声将一枚硬币放在柜台上。

down on the bar. He smiled as the glass was put before him. Oh! He was thirsty! He drank the beer right down and waved for another.

As the bartender gave the second beer to Cally, he asked, "You bring any news?"

Cally shook his head. "I came from up in the hills."

He looked around. He saw that he was in a long room with tables and a piano. Behind the bar were stacks of glasses and a large mirror. The bartender left Cally with his beer and went back to the end of the bar to look out into the street.

Three other men were in the room. Two of them were playing cards at a back table. One was standing near Cally at the bar. Cally took his glass and moved closer to the stranger.

杯子放到他面前时，他笑起来。哦！他渴极了！他将啤酒一干而尽，又挥手要另一杯。

当酒保把第二杯啤酒递给卡利时，他问，“你带来什么消息？”

卡利摇了摇头。“我从山上来。”

他朝四周看了看。他发现他所呆的这间长长的屋子里有一些桌子和一架钢琴。柜台后面有许多玻璃杯和一面大镜子。酒保离开正在喝啤酒的卡利，又走到柜台另一端朝外面街上望着。

屋子里还有另外三个人。两个正在后面桌子上玩牌。一个在柜台旁正靠着卡利站着。卡利端起杯子，朝这个陌生人换过去。

“Howdy,” he said. “My name’s Cally Enright. I’m from up in the hills. Is there any law here?”

The man turned, and his gray eyes studied Cally. He was dressed as a cowhand, checked shirt and jeans. Then Cally saw the silver star pinned to the shirt. The man smiled.

“Hello, Cally,” the man said. “I’m Jeff Fraser.” He put out his hand. “What do you want law for?” he asked.

Cally shook hands with him. Fraser had a square, honest face with a heavy shadow along his jaw. His badge read “Deputy Sheriff.” Cally fished in his pocket and brought out a folded paper.

“I got a will here, Mr. Fraser. Last will and testament.” He put it back in his pocket.

“你好，”他说。“我叫卡利·恩赖特。我从山上来。这儿有法律吗？”

这个人转过身子，用一双忧郁的眼睛打量着卡利。他穿着格子衬衫和牛仔裤，打扮得像牛仔。紧接着，卡利看到一枚银色的徽章别在他的衬衫上。这个人笑起来。

“你好，卡利，”这个人说。“我叫杰夫·弗雷泽。”他伸出手来。“你要法律干什么？”他问。

卡利和他握了握手。弗雷泽脸型方正，面孔诚实，下颌处掠过一丝忧郁。他的徽章上写着“地方治安副官”。卡利在口袋里摸了摸，拿出一张折叠了的纸。

“我这里有一份遗嘱，弗雷泽先生，遗嘱。”他将它放回口袋。

Fraser asked, "Is that your will?"

"No. My partner, Bill Waite, died a few days ago up in the hills. Fever got him. Old Bill and me were partners for 10 years. We came down here to find a claim about a year back."

The deputy nodded.

Cally said, "I thought I better get the will recorded so I could stay and work the claim. I want it all legal."

"All right, Cally." Fraser rubbed his nose. "That's out of my line, but the sheriff will be in town in the morning. I reckon he'll know what to do. Your claim is across the creek?"

"A couple of days' ride south. Me and Bill used to go over to South Fork for supplies, but there's no law there." Cally drank his last gulp of beer.

弗雷泽问：“那是你的遗嘱？”

“不。我的合伙人比尔·韦特几天前在山上死了。发烧要了他的命。老比尔和我是十年的合作伙伴。大约一年前，我们来这里申请了一块土地。”

副官点点头。

卡利说：“我想我最好登记一下这份遗嘱，以便我能在这块土地上居住和劳作。我想让这一切都合乎法律手续。”

“好呀，卡利。”弗雷泽揉了揉鼻子。“那超出了我的职责范围，但今天上午治安官在镇上。我估计他知道该怎么办。你申请的土地在河对岸吧？”

“向南有两天的骑程。我和比尔过去常常到南福克采购物资，但那儿没有法棍。”卡利将剩下的啤酒一大口喝完。

“Donovan,” Fraser called. “Get another beer for my friend Cally.”

“Why, thanks, Mr. Fraser.”

The bartender brought Cally the beer and went back to staring out the window. The deputy asked, “Are you fixing to stay long, Cally?”

Cally shook his head. “I got to get back soon as I can. I got just three dollars in hard money.” He smiled. “It’ll be getting cold, too, pretty soon. I have to fix the roof on the shack.”

Fraser said, “There’s no hotel in town. But you go over to the livery and tell Jonas that I sent you. He’ll let you sleep in one of the stalls.”

“I sure thank you, Mr. Fraser.”

The deputy smiled, nodded to Donovan, and walked out.

“多诺万，”弗雷泽喊道。“给我的朋友卡利再来一杯啤酒。”

“哦，谢谢，弗雷泽先生。”

酒保递给卡利一杯啤酒，又走回去朝窗外盯着。副官问，“你打算长住吗，卡利？”

卡利摇了摇头。“我想尽快回去。我只有3美元硬币。”他笑起来。“况且，天越来越冷，我要修理小木屋的顶棚。”

弗雷泽说，“镇上没有旅馆。但你可以到马房去，告诉乔纳斯是我派你来的。他会让你睡在马厩里。”

“我应该谢谢你，弗雷泽先生。”

副官笑起来，他朝多诺万点点头，接着走了出去。

Cally finished his beer slowly. Then he set the glass down and went out with a wave to Donovan. The bartender nodded to him.

Outside Cally made his way up the dusty street. He led Juliet behind him. Cally was glad that he had come to town. Juliet was company, but not much for conversation.

He found the livery stable at the end of the main street. It was a large building with a corral at the side. A big man sat just inside the open door. Cally figured that the man must be Jonas. He was huge, with dirty black hair, no neck, and heavy shoulders. And he was asleep. A newspaper slipped from his hands as he snored loudly.

卡利慢慢地喝完他的啤酒。然后他把杯子倒过来，向多诺万示意了一下便走了出去。酒保对他点点头。

卡利走在外面这积满灰尘的街道上。他让朱丽叶走在他的后面。卡利对自己终于来到镇上感到很高兴。朱丽叶是个同伴，但交谈不多。

他在大街的尽头找到这家马房。房子很大，旁边有畜栏。门开着，一个块头很大的男人坐在里面。卡利心想这人肯定就是乔纳斯。他身材高大，一头脏兮兮的黑发，看不见脖子，肩膀宽宽。他睡着了。他大声打着鼾，一张报纸从他的手边滑落。

Cally left Juliet in the shade of the building. Then he took off his hat and slapped it against his leg. Jonas opened his eyes.

"Hello, Mr. Jonas," Cally said. "My name is Cally Enright. Deputy Fraser said maybe you'd let me bed down in an empty stall if you had one. I won't be any trouble, and I'm willing to pay."

Jonas looked him over. "I got one," he said at last in a deep voice. "Feed for the mule will cost you, though. I'm not running a hotel."

"Sure," Cally agreed. He rattled the coins in his pocket.

Jonas stood and stretched. "Come on in out of the heat."

Cally followed the big man inside where the air was slightly cooler. The

卡利让朱丽叶呆在房子的背阴处。他脱下帽子，在腿上拍了拍。乔纳斯睁开眼睛。

"你好，乔纳斯先生，"卡利说。"我叫卡利·恩赖特。弗雷泽副官说，也许你能让我睡在你的空马厩里，如果你有的话。我不会给你带来麻烦，我会付钱的。"

乔纳斯朝他看过来。"我有一间，"最后他低沉着嗓子说。"但喂骡子你要花钱。我不是开旅馆的。"

"当然，"卡利表示同意。他把袋里的硬币弄得哗哗响。

乔纳斯站起来伸了伸懒腰。"进来消消暑。"

卡利随这个大块头走了进去，里面要稍稍凉快些。

smells of animals and fresh hay hung in the air. Cally sighed. This wasn't much like the hot, dusty rocks of the canyon where the claim was.

"You can put your stuff in that stall," Jonas said, pointing. "There's water out back."

"Mighty friendly of you, Jonas." Cally led Juliet into the stall and began to struggle with the knots on the dusty pack.

"You play gin rummy?" demanded the big man.

Cally grinned and nodded. "Sure do."

Cally washed his clothes in a bucket behind the stable. Soon the day had faded into evening. The

空气中弥漫着牲畜和新鲜干草的气味。卡利叹了一口气。这儿一点不像那由炙热的灰石岩组成的峡谷，而申请的土地在那儿。

"你把东西放到那个马厩里，"乔纳斯用手指着说。"外面厩背后有水。"

"你很友好，乔纳斯。"卡利把朱丽叶牵到马厩里，接着费力地解着裹满尘土的结。

"玩金罗美好吗？"大块头请求道。

卡利笑着点点头。"当然行。"

卡利在马房后面一只水桶里洗了洗衣服。不久天暗下来，夜晚到了。

angry sun was gone behind the faraway mountains. The air seemed less dry. A soft, cool breeze made its way through the town. People came to their doors and sat in chairs on their porches. Yellow lights came on in the saloons along Front Street. Cally heard the pianos playing and the sounds of people talking. The town had come alive.

Cally smiled. He sure felt good being with people again. He put out his little cooking fire and covered it with dirt. He had the livery to himself now. Jonas had gone home for a bit and had left him in charge. Cally lit a lamp and hung it by the door. He talked to Juliet a moment and filled his pipe. Not much tobacco left. He would have to stock up at the store tomorrow before he went back.

狂怒的太阳沉到远处群山的背后。天气不再那么干燥了。清凉的微风吹到镇上。人们走到门旁，坐在门廊处的椅子上。沿街的酒馆亮起了黄色的灯光。卡利听到了钢琴的弹奏声和人们正在交谈的声音。城镇变得有生气起来。

卡利笑起来。又和人群在一起他感觉很好。他熄灭微微的炉火，又用土盖起来。现在，马房里就他一个人。乔纳斯回家去呆一会儿，留下他照看马房。卡利点了一盏灯，把它挂到门旁。他和朱丽叶说了一会儿话，并往烟斗里填着烟丝。剩下的烟丝不多了。明天回去前，他要到商店里买一点。

With the pipe going well, Cally pulled out the will and unfolded it. He knew it by heart. It was only a few lines written on the back of an old poster. Bill Waite had insisted on writing it himself. By the lamp's light, Cally read the will once more.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

To whom it may concern. I, Bill Waite, being of sound mind and going to die of fever, hereby leave everything I own to my partner, Cally Enright. This means my half of the claim and my gun.

Bill Waite

The signature made Cally smile. Old Bill had signed his name with fancy big

卡利一边抽着烟，一边掏出遗嘱并展开来。他背得出这份遗嘱。旧布告的背后只写有寥寥数行字。比尔·韦特一定要自己把它写下来。借着灯光，卡利再次读着遗嘱。

遗 嘱

给那些与这份遗嘱有关的人。我，比尔·韦特，心智健全，因发烧即将死亡，特此将我的一切留给我的合伙人卡利·恩赖特。这就是说，申请的土地原属于我的一半和我的枪都给他。

比尔·韦特

那签名使卡利笑起来。老比尔的签名绕着花俏的大圈圈。