

经典的回声 · ECHO OF CLASSICS

# THE SHOP OF THE LIN FAMILY SPRING SILKWORMS

林家铺子  
春蚕



茅盾

著

沙博理

译

外文书出版社

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茅 盾 著  
沙博理 译

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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.

**Foreign Languages Press**



茅盾像

The picture of Mao Dun

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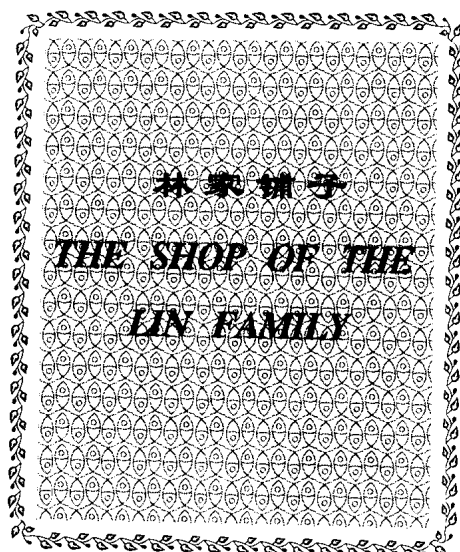


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林小姐这天从学校回来就撅起着小嘴唇。她攒下了书包,并不照例到镜台前梳头发搽粉,却倒在床上看着帐顶出神。小花噗的也跳上床来,挨着林小姐的腰部摩擦,咪呜咪呜地叫了两声。林小姐本能地伸手到小花头上摸了一下,随即翻一个身,把脸埋在枕头里,就叫道:

“妈呀!”

没有回答。妈的房就在间壁,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。

## 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?



然而听不清,只有妈的连声打呃,间歇地飘到林小姐的耳朵。忽然妈的嗓音高了一些,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

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



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，过了一会儿，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！”

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, 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—late-ly it's getting worse! Hic—"

"Ma, tell me what am I going to wear tomorrow?"





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羡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。嗳，妈呀，怎么老是问我饿不饿呢，顶要紧是没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