

简易汉英对照读物

# 中国现代短篇小说选

## CHINESE SHORT STORIES

外语教学与研究出版社

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原著者	张 洁	樊天胜	贾平凹
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译述者	江晓明	晓 玲	郭健生

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ZHONGGUO XIANDAI DUANPIAN  
XIAOSHUOXUAN

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## 编 辑 说 明

本书选收张洁等当代中国著名中青年作家于一九七九年发表的优秀短篇小说五篇。这些小说的共同特点是：作家用清新活泼的笔调，描写普通人——公共汽车售票员、海员、农村姑娘、青年工人、中学教师——的心灵美，内容隽永，节奏明快，有比较深刻的社会内涵。

为适应简易汉英对照读物的需要，在文字上、格式上作了不同程度的变动并略有删节，如比原著逊色或有不当之处，概由改写者负责。

本书语言明白易懂，用词浅显，句法平顺，可供具有中等水平的英语学习者及通晓英语的汉语学习者阅读。

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## 谁生活得更美好

1176号公共汽车上新换了一个女售票员。

这位姑娘显得那么纤巧，那么单薄，象个容易碎的玻璃人。每当她在人群里挤来挤去卖票的时候，施亚男不由得担心：会不会把她挤碎了？吴欢则想：即使她少卖一张票，公共汽车公司也不会因为这几分钱倒闭，干吗这么小气？

她的嘴角有点上翘，总象是在微笑。长在她那瘦削而苍白的脸上的那双美丽的眼睛，好象总没有注视眼前的人或物，而注视着更远一点的什么地方，给人一种若有所思的、梦幻般的感觉。

当她那双安详的眼睛瞧着你，彬彬有礼地问你去哪里，要不要买票的时候，会使你想起过去人们比较有礼貌的日子。不管天气多么坏，甚至下着大暴雨，她也总是下车收票。她用细瘦的胳膊用力地推着乘客的后背，帮他们挤上公共汽车。

干售票员的工作显然使她有些力不胜任。就是在这人人还穿着棉衣的初春，她那可爱的小鼻子尖上也会凝着细小的汗珠，一缕额发也会从卡子上滑落下来，遮住她的眉毛，挡住她的眼睛。假如她不是个素不相识的人，也许有人会温存地帮她把这缕额发撩上去。

在她面前，小伙子们不知为什么感到拘束。吴欢是个例外。他象往常一样，向他的同伴刻薄地品评着刚从后门上车的一个小青年：“瞧那个‘土鳖’，身上那件西装准是刚从委托商店买来的！”

# Who Lives Better

## I

A new conductress had taken over the bus No. 1176.

The girl seemed so delicate, so frail, like a fragile creature made of glass. Every time she made her way back and forth through the crowd, collecting fares, Shi Ya-nan couldn't help worrying: would she be crushed? But Wu Huan just wondered: even if she charges one fare less, the bus company won't go broke just on account of the few cents. Why be so petty?

The corners of her mouth were a bit upturned, as if she was forever smiling. On her thin and pale face was that pair of beautiful eyes, as if focussed not on people and things immediately in front of her, but somewhere further away, giving the impression that she was lost in some dreamlike thought.

When she looked at you with those serene eyes and asked you courteously where you were going, whether you needed a ticket, it reminded you of the old days when people were more polite. No matter how bad the weather was, even in the worst rainstorm, she always got down the bus to check tickets. She helped the passengers on to the crowded bus by pushing hard on their backs with her's skinny arms.

Obviously, being a conductress was a bit too much for her. For even in this early spring, with everyone still wearing padded clothes, there were tiny drops of sweat on the tip of her lovely little nose, a strip of hair slid down from the pins, covering her brows and blocking her eyes. Had she not been a stranger, someone would have brushed her hair gently back for her.

Young men, for some unknown reason, felt awkward in front of her. Wu Huan was the only exception. As usual, he was making caustic remarks to his fellows about the lad who just got on the bus by the rear door: "Look at that 'freak'. That western-style suit on him must come straight from a commission shop."

几个小伙子笑了，并且有点感谢吴欢给了个机会让他们笑笑，把他们从那种拘束的感觉里解脱出来。

施亚男朝售票员姑娘瞟了一眼，她什么也没有听见，正在专心地数着毛票，给乘客找着零钱。她戴着的那双尼龙手套已经磨破了，食指和姆指间露出了她那纤细的手指。

要是他没有弄错，吴欢也很快地、几乎让人察觉不出来地瞟了那姑娘一眼。

## 二

厂子里的青年们各有各的“小集体”。这种结合是生活自然选择的结果。施亚男他们这个“集体”，绝不同于那些“土鳖”。他们从不跟在姑娘的后头吹口哨、起哄，或者怪声叫好，也不会用那些不伦不类的穿戴把自己打扮得非常寒伧，比起那帮“小市民”，他们的趣味似乎高雅多了。

有谁能象吴欢那样经常捧着一本斯宾诺沙的书？不过人们并不知道，他之所以读那些书，多半是因为它晦涩、难懂，让人感到他趣味高雅。别管我们这个纷乱的地球上发生了什么，也休想让他愤怒地慷慨陈词，或是改变一下他那有板有眼的生活方式，让他夜不成寐、茶饭无味；或是惹得他洒下一滴同情的泪。要是施亚男为电影或小说中人物的命运长吁短叹，几乎忍不住自己的眼泪，他便会打着哈欠，不以为然地耸耸肩膀，说：“何必认真呢？”就连越南侵略柬埔寨，他也不过说上一句：“我早就估计到了！”也就没有下文了。



Several young men laughed, feeling somewhat grateful to Wu Huan for giving them the chance to laugh, thus relieving them from their awkwardness.

Shi Ya-nan threw a glance at the conductress. She had heard nothing and was carefully counting money to give change to a passenger. Her nylon gloves were thread-bare, exposing her slender fingers through holes between her thumb and forefinger.

If he wasn't mistaken, Wu Huan had also thrown a very quick, almost imperceptible glance at the girl.

## II

The young people at the factory all hang around with their own "small gangs". This kind of togetherness was the result of life's natural selection. Shi Ya-nan's gang was definitely different from that of the "freaks". They never followed girls, whistling, shouting or cat-calling; they never wore inappropriate clothes which only made themselves look unsightly. Compared to those "petty city slickers", they seemed to have much finer taste.

Who but Wu Huan always walked around with a book by someone like Spinoza in his hand? Nobody knew that the reason was largely that such books were obscure and incomprehensible, so people would think that he had fine taste. Nothing that happens on this confused planet of ours could ever stir up enough indignation and vehemence for him to speak out his views; nor could it upset his orderly lifestyle, cost him sleepless nights and loss of appetite; or move him to shed a sympathetic tear. When Shi Ya-nan sighed and could hardly keep from crying over the fate of a character in a film or a novel, Wu would yawn and shrug his shoulders nonchalantly, saying: "Why take it so seriously?" Even when the Vietnamese invaded Cambodia, he only commented: "I predicted it long ago!" and no more.

说到人生，说到社会经历，吴欢总是显出深恶痛绝的样子，鄙夷不屑地挖苦一通，好象他还没出生以前，这个世界就欠了他什么！

施亚男和吴欢在一起，常感到自己粗鄙、庸俗，因为他不能象吴欢那样，做一个清心寡欲、悲观厌世的道学家。他是那么喜爱光线、色彩、音响……他对一切生活琐事都感兴趣：春节环城赛跑，邮局门前买广播节目报的长队，甚至发生在这拥挤不堪的公共汽车上的小插曲……他还不喜欢吴欢那录音磁带上香港歌星孟菲菲演唱的什么《蓝耳环》、《出人头地》之类的流行歌曲。她每唱一个字，就象狠狠地咬下一口艮萝卜。可是他从不好意思流露出来，怕吴欢觉得他“嫩”，嘲笑他还够不上一个男子汉。

### 三

男子汉？男子汉？为什么今天吴欢交给他那封信的时候，他的脸竟红的象进了油锅的大虾？

他觉得别扭透了。脸红什么哟！这一脸红，吴欢会想到哪儿去呢？

看着他那绯红的脸，吴欢淡淡地问：“谁来的？”

施亚男就连一句搪塞的话都想不出来。

“情书，嗯？我怎么不知道你什么时候有了女朋友？”

施亚男不置可否地笑了笑，姑且让他以为是情书吧，那也比让他知道真正的底细更好。要是吴欢知道了他偷偷地写诗，他会怎样地取笑他哟！

Talking about human life, talking about social experience, Wu Huan always displayed an intense bitterness. He spoke sarcastically and with indifference, as if the world owed him something even before he was born!

With Wu Huan, Shi Ya-nan always felt himself crude and mundane, because, unlike Wu Huan, he couldn't be a puritanical and pessimistic moralist. So much did he like light, colour, sound . . . every little thing in life was interesting to him: the round-city long-distance race during the Spring Festival; the long queue in front of the post office buying the Radio and TV Guides; even the little dramas taking place on this packed bus. . . Besides, he didn't like Wu Huan's cassettes of pop songs from Hong Kong sung by the singer Meng Fei-fei, *Blue Ring, Go for Fame*, etc. . . She sang every word with such effort that she seemed to be biting hard into a dried turnip. But he was always too self-conscious to show such feelings for fear that Wu Huan would think of him as "immature" and would mock him for being not quite manly enough.

### III

Manly? Manly! Why did he turn red like a prawn in a frying pan, when Wu Huan handed him that letter today?

He felt so uncomfortable. Why blush? What would Wu Huan take this blush for?

Looking at his red face, Wu Huan asked casually: "Who's it from?"

Not one single excuse came to Shi Ya-nan's mind.

"Love letter, eh? How come I didn't know you got yourself a girl-friend?"

Shi Ya-nan gave a noncommittal smile. Let him take it for a love-letter. It's better than if he learnt the truth, anyway. How Wu Huan would have laughed at Shi Ya-nan, if he knew that he had been writing poems in private.

等到只剩下施亚男一个人的时候，他才掏出那个中式信封，长久地瞧着那道劲的笔迹和信封下面的落款。仿佛他所崇拜的这位作者就站在他的面前一样，他感到欢悦，惶惑，甚至还有点不知所措。他并不认识这位作者，不过是在报刊上读到过他写的诗。那些诗，象一阵清新的风，拂动了张在他心上的那些弦。弦上颤动起一片微弱的和弦。唯恐这和弦会随风消散，他匆忙地记录下来，寄给了这位作者。

他没有想到，他那封唐突的、充满孩子气的冲动的信，竟能得到诗人诚挚的回答：请他随便什么时候去找作者一同探讨诗歌写作问题。但是，一想到真要把他那蹩脚的诗放在这位有才华的作者面前，他便感到了一种赤身裸体似的困窘，失去了求教的勇气。

#### 四

车上忽然显得拥挤起来。一位老大妈要买一张到西单商场的票，售票员姑娘正在默想看该卖多少钱一张的票，旁边一个快嘴的小痞子说道：“一毛一张！”

买票的人太多了，售票员姑娘没来得及细想，正准备撕下一张一角钱的车票，吴欢低声说道：“不是一毛，是五分！”她眨巴着眼睛想了想，立刻涨红了脸，她害臊了：因为忙乱，差点让乘客多付钱。她感激地瞧了瞧吴欢，嘴角往上翘得更厉害了。

快嘴的小痞子怪模怪样地笑着，吴欢往他眼前凑了凑，对方一看见吴欢那运动员似的体魄，立刻收敛了脸上的那副怪相。

Only when Shi Ya-nan was left alone, did he take out that Chinese-style envelope and stare at the vigorous brush strokes and the return address on the bottom. He felt jubilant, perplexed and even at a bit of a loss, as if the writer he had worshiped was standing right in front of him. He had never met this writer, only read his poems in newspapers and magazines. Like a refreshing breeze, these poems touched the strings of his heart, sounding delicate chords. In a rush, he had written down these chords lest they dissipate in the wind, and sent them to this writer.

He hadn't expected that his letter, blunt and full of childish impulsiveness would be answered so sincerely by the poet himself: He was invited to go and discuss poetry-writing with the writer whenever convenient. However, whenever he imagined presenting his amateurish poems to this talented writer, he felt embarrassed as if he were stripped naked, losing the nerve to ask for advice.

#### IV

Suddenly, the bus seemed more crowded. An old lady wanted a ticket to the Xidan Bazaar. Just as the conductress was silently working out how much she should be charged, a quick-mouthed little punk beside her said: "Ten cents!"

There were too many people waiting to pay fares for the conductress to think carefully. Just as she was about to tear off a ticket for ten cents, Wu Huan said quietly: "Not ten. Five!" She thought for a while, blinking, immediately blushed in embarrassment; because of the rush, she had almost overcharged a passenger. She glanced at Wu Huan gratefully, the corners of her mouth upturned even further upward.

That quick-mouthed little punk laughed with a funny expression. Wu Huan moved a bit closer to him. When he saw Wu Huan's athletic build, his funny expression disappeared.

施亚男不得不佩服吴欢，一切对他都显得那么容易，就连取得一个姑娘的好感也是那么轻而易举。

可是，吴欢为什么又朝大伙得意地、甚至是卖弄地一笑呢？施亚男想起了平时吴欢那种讲究“门第”的根深蒂固的观念，于是，吴欢的笑容，在施亚男的心上引起了一种近乎忧郁的感觉。

日子一天天地过去。售票员姑娘和他们全都熟悉了。要是他们当中有谁没赶上这趟车，虽然她并不说些什么，可她的眼睛里就会流露出一种十分关切的神情，好象在问：“怎么没见那个穿皮茄克的小伙子呢？他是不是病了？”

虽说如此，到了查票的时候，却是不肯含糊，认真得有点过头了。吴欢似乎有意拿她的死心眼儿寻开心，从来不肯拿出他的月票。她不得不问上几次：“同志，你的票呢？”吴欢这才慢吞吞地去摸口袋。他或是把工作证拉到衣袋边上，或是挥挥钱包敷衍一下，总要折腾一通，才会把月票掏出来。

可是，等到他来了兴致，又会变得象个天使，帮她维持车内的秩序；帮她给坐在远处的乘客传递车票和车钱；留神着下车的人是不是都有车票……这一切他都做得那么自然，那么随便，使那些想为售票员姑娘做些什么却又羞于失去男性尊严的小伙子们看了，感到自叹不如。不过这种骑士般的行为让施亚男看来总有一种做游戏的味道，或是使他想起戏剧学校表演系的学生所做的小品。

## 五

为了要乘她当班的这趟车，吴欢甚至改变了总是迟到的习

Shi Ya-nan couldn't help but admire Wu Huan — everything seemed so easy for him, even gaining a girl's favour.

But why did Wu Huan flash a triumphant, even showy smile to the others? Shi Ya-nan remembered Wu Huan's extremely deep-rooted "status" consciousness. So Wu Huan's smile aroused a kind of uneasy feeling in Shi Ya-nan.

As days went by, the conductress got to know all these people. If one of them missed the bus, though she wouldn't say anything, there was a deep concern in her eyes, as if asking: "Why isn't he here, that young lad in the leather jacket? Is he sick?"

However, when it came to checking fares, there was no kidding around — she was actually rather meticulous. Wu Huan, as if to deliberately make fun of her meticulousness, was never bothered to show his monthly ticket. She would have to repeat several times: "Comrade, where's your ticket?" to get his hand to reach slowly into his pocket. He would always muddle around for a while, either pulling his I.D. card a little out of his pocket, or waving his wallet perfunctorily, before he took out his ticket.

Nevertheless, when in a good mood, he would act like a saint, helping her keep order on the bus; passing money and tickets for passengers sitting at the far end; seeing to it that everybody getting off the bus had a ticket. . . . All this he did so naturally, so casually that it made the other boys who also wanted to do something for the girl but were too embarrassed to be considered losing their masculine dignity, look up to him with a feeling of inferiority. But this knightly way of doing things always seemed to Shi Ya-nan a bit like play-acting reminded him of a little skit by drama school students.

## V

In order to take the bus of which she was in charge, Wu

惯，特意早早地等在总站；下班之后也不象过去那么急于回到舒适的家，而是站在风地里，在汽车站上空空地放过一辆又一辆公共汽车，直到1176号汽车来了才肯上车。

慢慢地，大伙全都和他开起玩笑来，除了施亚男，谁都以为他跟一般人那样爱上那个女售票员了。这些玩笑，不但不能让施亚男觉得好笑，反而在他的心里激起一种无名的恼怒，好象他们全都污辱了这位可尊敬的、和善的、诚恳的姑娘。

吴欢笑嘻嘻地问他：“你怎么了？”

“没什么。你——当真要和她怎么样吗？”

“什么怎么样？不怎么样！”然后又象大人捉弄孩子似地问道：“你希望我怎么样呢？”

施亚男一直记得小的时候，有一年夏天，爸爸带他到海滨去休假。海水涨潮又落潮，一颗特别美丽的贝留在海滩上，它也许曾经期待着另一次潮水，再把它带回大海，可是没有等到，就被他这个顽皮的孩子捡走了。

离开了大海的滋养，美丽的贝很快就死了。那种扼杀了一个美丽的生命的犯罪感，曾长久地留在施亚男的心上。要不是一个偶然的机会昭示了他，施亚男真不知道这种忧郁会在他的心里纠缠多久。

## 六

当施亚男从美术馆里的一幅画前走开，准备从远处欣赏一



Huan even changed his habit of being late at work and waited early at the terminal; and instead of hurrying back to his comfortable home after work as before, he would stand in the wind at the bus stop only to let one bus after another pass by until No. 1176 came.

By and by, people began to joke with him. Except for Shi Ya-nan, everyone thought that he was in love with the conductress the same way other people were. Far from being amusing, these jokes stirred up a nameless indignation in Shi Ya-nan, as if they had all humiliated this respectable, kind and sincere girl.

"What's the matter with you?" Wu Huan asked him, laughing merrily.

"Nothing. You — really going to have something to do with her?"

"What do you mean, something? Nothing!" Then, like an adult teasing a child, he asked, "What would you wish me to do?"

Shi Ya-nan had always remembered that one summer in his childhood, his father took him to the beach for holiday. Between the coming and going of the tides, an extremely beautiful shell was left on the shore. It might have once been longing for another hightide to take it back into the sea. But before the next tide was in, it had been picked up by the naughty boy, himself.

Away from the nourishment of the great ocean, the beautiful shell soon died. The guilty feeling of having destroyed a beautiful life had for a long time remained in Shi Ya-nan's heart. Had it not been for an accidental happening that enlightened him, Shi Yan-nan couldn't imagine how long his mind would be obsessed by this gloomy feeling.

## VI

As Shi Ya-nan was walking further away from a painting in the Art Gallery, in order to have a better appreciation of the mood