

丧钟为谁而鸣

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

中英对照全译本

[美] 欧内斯特·海明威 著

Ernest Hemingway

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

世界图书出版公司

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美国文学卷

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前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



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CHAPTER 1

第一章

He lay flat on the brown, pine-needled floor of the forest, his chin on his folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the pine trees. The mountainside sloped gently where he lay; but below it was steep and he could see the dark of the oiled road winding through the pass. There was a stream alongside the road and far down the pass he saw a mill beside the stream and the falling water of the dam, white in the summer sunlight.

"Is that the mill?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I do not remember it."

"It was built since you were here. The old mill is farther down; much below the pass."

He spread the photostated military map out on the forest floor and looked at it carefully. The old man looked over his shoulder. He was a short and solid old man in a black peasant's smock and gray iron-stiff trousers and he wore rope-soled shoes. He was breathing heavily from the climb and his hand rested on one of the two heavy packs they had been carrying.

"Then you cannot see the bridge from here."

森林中，他趴在一片布满松针、棕褐色的地上，合拢的双臂撑住下巴。在远远的高空，风儿吹拂着松树的树梢。他趴着的那个小山坡坡度和缓；不过再往下就陡峭得多了，他甚至可以看到黑色柏油马路一路蜿蜒至山口。路边流淌着一条小溪，山口远处的溪边开有一家磨坊，从水坝奔流而下的洪水在夏天烈日的照射下闪着丝丝白光。

"那边就是木材厂吗？"他问。

"对。"

"我都记不清了。"

"那个是你走之后新建的。老木材厂还很远呢，在离山口很远的下边。"

他在林地中展开影印的军用地图，仔细查阅着。那个老头儿也从他肩后盯着地图看。他是个结实的小老头儿，身穿黑色的农民罩衫、硬邦邦的灰色裤子，脚蹬一双用绳子做底的鞋。刚爬完山，他现在喘得厉害，一只手搭在他们一路扛来的一个箱包上歇息着。

"那么在这儿就看不到那座桥了。"



"No," the old man said. "This is the easy country of the pass where the stream flows gently. Below, where the road turns out of sight in the trees, it drops suddenly and there is a steep gorge —"

"I remember."

"Across this gorge is the bridge."

"And where are their posts?"

"There is a post at the mill that you see there."

The young man, who was studying the country, took his glasses from the pocket of his faded, khaki flannel shirt, wiped the lenses with a handkerchief, screwed the eyepieces around until the boards of the mill showed suddenly clearly and he saw the wooden bench beside the door; the huge pile of sawdust that rose behind the open shed where the circular saw was, and a stretch of the flume that brought the logs down from the mountainside on the other bank of the stream. The stream showed clear and smooth-looking in the glasses and, below the curl of the falling water, the spray from the dam was blowing in the wind.

"There is no sentry."

"There is smoke coming from the millhouse," the old man said. "There are also clothes hanging on a line."

"I see them but I do not see any sentry."

"Perhaps he is in the shade," the old man explained. "It is hot there now. He

"是的,"老头儿说,"这一带山势平缓,水流轻缓。下边,就是那个山路拐进树林的地方,突然地势降低,在那儿还有个陡峭的峡谷——"

"这个我记得。"

"峡谷上方是那座桥。"

"那他们的哨所在哪儿?"

"你在这儿能看到的那个木材厂旁边就有一个哨所。"

这个正在研究地形的小伙子,从他已有些褪色的卡其色法兰绒衬衫的口袋里掏出了一个望远镜,用手帕把镜片擦干净,调了下焦距,望远镜中立马就清晰地出现了那个木材厂,甚至连里边的木板都看得见,他还看到了门后有一个木板凳,敞篷里有个圆锯,敞篷后面还有一大堆木屑。他还看到那段把木材从河对岸的山坡上传送下来的引水槽。望远镜中的河水看起来清澈而平静,水坝一泻千里的河水涡旋重重,坝下溅起的水雾在风中飘散。

"那边没有岗哨。"

"那边的木材厂房正冒着烟呢,"老头儿说,"绳上还晾着衣服。"

"这些我都见到了,可就是看不到岗哨。"

"或许他在阴凉处呢,"老头

would be in the shadow at the end we do not see."

"Probably. Where is the next post?"

"Below the bridge. It is at the roadmender's hut at kilometer five from the top of the pass."

"How many men are here?" He pointed at the mill.

"Perhaps four and a corporal."

"And below?"

"More. I will find out."

"And at the bridge?"

"Always two. One at each end."

"We will need a certain number of men," he said. "How many men can you get?"

"I can bring as many men as you wish," the old man said. "There are many men now here in the hills."

"How many?"

"There are more than a hundred. But they are in small bands. How many men will you need?"

"I will let you know when we have studied the bridge."

"Do you wish to study it now?"

"No. Now I wish to go to where we will hide this explosive until it is time. I would like to have it hidden in utmost security at a distance no greater than half an hour from the bridge, if that is possible."

"That is simple," the old man said. "From where we are going, it will all be

儿解释道,“现在这个点儿那边很热。他一定是在我们看不到的背阴面。”

“有可能。下个哨所在哪里?”

“在桥下方,修路工的小屋边,离山口有5公里远。”

“这儿有多少士兵?”他手指着木材厂问道。

“大概是4个,外加一个班长。”

“下面的那个呢?”

“那个多一些。我能打听到。”

“那桥头那个呢?”

“那个一直是两个。一边一个。”

“我们需要一批士兵,”他说,“你能召集多少?”

“你要多少,我就能召集多少,”老头儿说,“现在这一带山里就有很多士兵。”

“有多少?”

“一百多个。不过他们都被分散开来。你需要多少人手?”

“等我们勘察完桥周围的地形以后再告诉你。”

“那你现在就想去勘察桥?”

“没有。我现在想找个地方把炸药藏起来,用的时候再去取。如果可能的话,我希望把它藏在最安全的地方,最好离桥半小时路程以内。”

“这个简单,”老头儿说,“我们要去的地方一直到桥,都是下坡

downhill to the bridge. But now we must climb a little in seriousness to get there. Are you hungry?"

"Yes," the young man said. "But we will eat later. How are you called? I have forgotten." It was a bad sign to him that he had forgotten.

"Anselmo," the old man said. "I am called Anselmo and I come from Barco de Avila. Let me help you with that pack."

The young man, who was tall and thin, with sun-streaked fair hair, and a wind-and-sun-burned face, who wore the sun-faded flannel shirt, a pair of peasant's trousers and rope-soled shoes, leaned over, put his arm through one of the leather pack straps and swung the heavy pack up onto his shoulders. He worked his arm through the other strap and settled the weight of the pack against his back. His shirt was still wet from where the pack had rested.

"I have it up now," he said. "How do we go?"

"We climb." Anselmo said.

Bending under the weight of the packs, sweating, they climbed steadily in the pine forest that covered the mountainside. There was no trail that the young man could see, but they were working up and around the face of the mountain and now they crossed a small stream and the old man went steadily on ahead up the edge of the rocky stream bed. The climbing now

路。不过，我们现在去那里却是需要很认真地爬一会儿山。你饿吗？”

“饿，”年轻人说，“不过我们还是待会儿再吃吧。您怎么称呼来着？我给忘了。”他竟然把这都忘了，这可真是个不祥之兆。

“安森莫，”老头儿回答，“我叫安森莫，来自埃拉·巴尔科。我来帮你提那个包吧。”

这个年轻人又瘦又高，一头金发在阳光下闪烁耀眼，脸上斑驳着风吹日晒的痕迹，身上穿着一件已经褪色的卡其色法兰绒衬衫和一条农夫式裤子，脚上蹬着一双用绳子做底的鞋。他弯下腰去，把胳膊伸进背包的皮肩带里向上一甩，便把那个重重的背包甩上了肩头。然后他又把另一只胳膊伸进另一个肩带里，于是背包的重量便全部附加在他的背部。他衬衫上被背包压过的地方仍旧还是汗湿的。

“我已经背好了，”他说，“我们怎么走？”

“我们得爬山了。”安森莫说。

他们让一个个背包压弯了腰，挥洒着汗水，一步一步艰难地在地山坡上的松林中攀爬着。在林中，年轻人发现无路可循，不过他们还是继续向上攀爬，来到前山附近，这时他们越过一条小溪，老头儿脚踩溪边的岩石继续坚定地往前爬着。山路越来越险峻，攀爬也越来越艰

was steeper and more difficult, until finally the stream seemed to drop down over the edge of a smooth granite ledge that rose above them and the old man waited at the foot of the ledge for the young man to come up to him.

“How are you making it?”

“All right.” the young man said. He was sweating heavily and his thigh muscles were twitchy from the steepness of the climb.

“Wait here now for me. I go ahead to warn them. You do not want to be shot at carrying that stuff.”

“Not even in a joke,” the young man said. “Is it far?”

“It is very close. How do they call thee?”

“Roberto.” the young man answered. He had slipped the pack off and lowered it gently down between two boulders by the stream bed.

“Wait here, then, Roberto, and I will return for you.”

“Good,” the young man said. “But do you plan to go down this way to the bridge?”

“No. When we go to the bridge it will be by another way. Shorter and easier.”

“I do not want this material to be stored too far from the bridge.”

“You will see. If you are not satisfied, we will take another place.”

难，甚至到最后，溪水就像从他们上方一个平整的花岗岩平台上垂直流下来一样。老头儿在平台下方停了下来，等着年轻人跟上来。

“你还能爬吗？”

“没问题。”年轻人答道。爬着这么陡峭的山路，他满头大汗，大腿上的肌肉也开始抽搐起来。

“你在这儿等下我。我先过去跟他们打个招呼。你总不希望人家看见你带了那玩意儿就朝你开枪吧。”

“当然，”年轻人说，“离那儿远吗？”

“非常近。他们怎么称呼你？”

“罗伯特。”年轻人答道。他把背包从背上卸下来，轻轻地把它放在溪边两块砾石之间。

“那么，罗伯特，你就在这儿等着我吧，我很快就回来接你。”

“好，”年轻人说，“去桥头的话，你也打算顺着这条路下去吗？”

“不是。去桥头是另外一条路。比这条路近，也好走。”

“我不想把这玩意儿贮藏得离桥头太远。”

“到时候看吧。如果你相不中那个地方，我们就再去找别的地

"We will see," the young man said.

He sat by the packs and watched the old man climb the ledge. It was not hard to climb and from the way he found hand-holds without searching for them the young man could see that he had climbed it many times before. Yet whoever was above had been very careful not to leave any trail.

The young man, whose name was Robert Jordan, was extremely hungry and he was worried. He was often hungry but he was not usually worried because he did not give any importance to what happened to himself and he knew from experience how simple it was to move behind the enemy lines in all this country. It was as simple to move behind them as it was to cross through them, if you had a good guide. It was only giving importance to what happened to you if you were caught that made it difficult; that and deciding whom to trust. You had to trust the people you worked with completely or not at all, and you had to make decisions about the trusting. He was not worried about any of that. But there were other things.

This Anselmo had been a good guide and he could travel wonderfully in the mountains. Robert Jordan could walk well enough himself and he knew from following him since before daylight that the old man could walk him to death.

方。”

“好，到时候看吧。”年轻人说。

他坐在背包旁边，看着老头儿爬上那个平台。这平台似乎并不难爬，而且这年轻人从老头儿不费吹灰之力便能顺利地找到把手点来看，显然他已经多次爬上这个平台。不过，住在上面的人却非常谨慎小心，生怕留下什么痕迹。

这个名叫罗伯特·乔丹的年轻人现在非但饿得要死，而且还焦急难耐。饥饿倒是常有的事，不过焦急难耐在他身上却很少发生，因为他总是对自己的境况处之淡然，并且，以他的经验来看，目前这个地盘想要展开敌后活动是多么的简单。只要有个好的向导，不管是在敌后活动还是在敌方防线中间穿插，都很简单。难就难在，一旦你被敌军逮捕，你将怎么办；还有，判断谁可以信得过也是个难题。对于一起并肩奋斗的战友，要么完全信任，要么完全不信任，对此你必须做出选择。他倒是不担心这些，不过还有其他的烦心事。

这个安森莫真是个好向导，他掌握山中地形的本事了得。罗伯特·乔丹自己也是个走山路的高手，不过从破晓之前跟着这个家伙一直走到现在，他感觉到，这家伙有本事让他走到累死。至今，除了

Robert Jordan trusted the man, Anselmo, so far, in everything except judgment. He had not yet had an opportunity to test his judgment, and, anyway, the judgment was his own responsibility. No, he did not worry about Anselmo and the problem of the bridge was no more difficult than many other problems. He knew how to blow any sort of bridge that you could name and he had blown them of all sizes and constructions. There was enough explosive and all equipment in the two packs to blow this bridge properly even if it were twice as big as Anselmo reported it, as he remembered it when he had walked over it on his way to La Granja on a walking trip in 1933, and as Golz had read him the description of it night before last in that upstairs room in the house outside of the Escorial.

“To blow the bridge is nothing,” Golz had said, the lamplight on his scarred, shaved head, pointing with a pencil on the big map. “You understand?”

“Yes, I understand.”

“Absolutely nothing. Merely to blow the bridge is a failure.”

“Yes, Comrade General.”

“To blow the bridge at a stated hour based on the time set for the attack is how it should be done. You see that naturally. That is your right and how it should be done.”

他的判断力，罗伯特·乔丹还是完全信赖这个叫做安森莫的男人的。一直到现在，他还没机会考验这老头儿的判断力，反正这次由他自己来作出判断。不对，他不是在担忧安森莫，况且，桥的问题也不见得就比其他问题难多少。不管什么桥，只要你叫得出名字，他都会炸，无论什么样的尺寸和结构，他都有经验。即便这座桥比安森莫说的还要大两倍，他这两只背包里的炸药和装备也足以让它灰飞烟灭。记得在 1933 年，在他徒步去拉格兰哈旅行时，就曾在这座桥上经过。就在前天晚上，戈尔兹还在埃斯科里亚尔城外的一座房子里给他念过这座桥的一些资料。

“炸桥没什么了不起的，”戈尔兹当时说，屋里的灯光照在他那有伤疤、刚剃过的脑袋上，手里拿着铅笔指向一张大地图，“你懂吧？”

“嗯，我懂。”

“这压根儿就不算什么。仅仅炸掉桥只能说是一种失败。”

“是的，将军先生。”

“根据进攻时间，在规定的时间点完成炸桥才是应该做的。你自然明白这个道理。那就是你的权利，也是你的义务。”

Golz looked at the pencil, then tapped his teeth with it.

Robert Jordan had said nothing.

"You understand that is your right and how it should be done." Golz went on, looking at him and nodding his head. He tapped on the map now with the pencil. "That is how I should do it. That is what we cannot have."

"Why, Comrade General?"

"Why?" Golz said, angrily. "How many attacks have you seen and you ask me why? What is to guarantee that my orders are not changed? What is to guarantee that the attack is not annulled? What is to guarantee that the attack is not postponed? What is to guarantee that it starts within six hours of when it should start? Has any attack ever been as it should?"

"It will start on time if it is your attack," Robert Jordan said.

"They are never my attacks," Golz said. "I make them. But they are not mine. The artillery is not mine. I must put in for it. I have never been given what I ask for even when they have it to give. That is the least of it. There are other things. You know how those people are. It is not necessary to go into all of it. Always there is something. Always some one will interfere. So now be sure you understand."

"So when is the bridge to be blown?" Robert Jordan had asked.

戈尔兹看着铅笔，然后拿它轻轻敲了敲自己的牙。

罗伯特·乔丹沉默着。

"你知道的，那既是你的权利又是你的义务。" 戈尔兹盯着他继续说道，并冲他点了点头。这时，他又拿着铅笔敲了敲地图。"那是我的义务，却也是我们无法完成的。"

"为什么，将军先生？"

"为什么？" 戈尔兹气急败坏地说，"你身经百战还问我为什么？什么可以保证我的命令不被更改？什么可以保证这次进攻不会被取消？什么可以保证这次进攻不会被推迟？什么可以保证在计划进攻时间后的6小时之内完成进攻？有一次进攻按计划如期执行了吗？"

"如果你来指挥这次进攻，那它一定会如期完成。" 罗伯特·乔丹说。

"我一直都指挥不了，" 戈尔兹说，"我也就是管着发动而已，指挥不了的。炮兵不是我的。我必须得正式申请才可以。即便我想要的是他们可以给的东西，他们也从来没有给过我。这还算是小事，还有其他呢。你也知道这是些什么样的人，也不必细说了。一发起进攻，总会有这样那样的问题出现，总会有人介入其中。所以，现在你要确保自己明白这点。"

“After the attack starts. As soon as the attack has started and not before. So that no reinforcements will come up over that road.” He pointed with his pencil. “I must know that nothing will come up over that road.”

“And when is the attack?”

“I will tell you. But you are to use the date and hour only as an indication of a probability. You must be ready for that time. You will blow the bridge after the attack has started. You see?” he indicated with the pencil. “That is the only road on which they can bring up reinforcements. That is the only road on which they can get up tanks, or artillery, or even move a truck toward the pass which I attack. I must know that bridge is gone. Not before, so it can be repaired if the attack is postponed. No. It must go when the attack starts and I must know it is gone. There are only two sentries. The man who will go with you has just come from there. He is a very reliable man, they say. You will see. He has people in the mountains. Get as many men as you need. Use as few as possible, but use enough. I do not have to tell you these things.”

“And how do I determine that the attack has started?”

“It is to be made with a full division. There will be an aerial bombardment as preparation. You are not deaf, are you?”

“那什么时候炸桥呢？”罗伯特·乔丹问道。

“进攻打响之后。一开始进攻就炸，进攻之前不行。这样，援军就不可能在那条路上开过来了，”他用铅笔指着，“我必须确保那条路上什么都不能出现。”

“那进攻时间呢？”

“我会告诉你的。不过你也只能把我告诉你的日期和时间作为参考。在那时间之前你必须准备就绪。一开始进攻你就炸桥。知道吗？”他用铅笔指着，“那是他们援军唯一可能出现的道路，那也是他们召集坦克、大炮，甚至驾驶卡车到我发动进攻的地方的唯一道路。我必须确保桥已经被炸掉。不能在进攻前炸，否则，进攻一旦被推迟，他们就可以趁机把桥修好。那绝对不可以。一开始进攻就必须确保把桥炸掉，而我必须确保自己控制好这点。那里就只有两个岗哨。那个带你过去的人刚从那边回来。据说他非常可靠。你马上就会明白这点的。山里他有一帮人手。你需要多少就要多少。越少越好，但要保证人手充足。这些我都不必跟你讲了。”

“还有，我怎么判断进攻有没有开始？”

“进攻将会由整整一师的兵力发动。还会有飞机炮轰作为序幕。你不聋，是吧？”

"Then I may take it that when the planes unload, the attack has started?"

"You could not always take it like that," Golz said and shook his head. "But in this case, you may. It is my attack."

"I understand it," Robert Jordan had said. "I do not say I like it very much."

"Neither do I like it very much. If you do not want to undertake it, say so now. If you think you cannot do it, say so now."

"I will do it," Robert Jordan had said. "I will do it all right."

"That is all I have to know," Golz said. "That nothing comes up over that bridge. That is absolute."

"I understand."

"I do not like to ask people to do such things and in such a way," Golz went on. "I could not order you to do it. I understand what you may be forced to do through my putting such conditions. I explain very carefully so that you understand and that you understand all of the possible difficulties and the importance."

"And how will you advance on La Granja if that bridge is blown?"

"We go forward prepared to repair it after we have stormed the pass. It is a very complicated and beautiful operation. As complicated and as beautiful as always. The plan has been manufactured in Madrid. It is another of Vicente Rojo, the

"那么，我是不是可以认为，飞机开始扔炸弹时，进攻就打响了？"

"你也不能老是这么理解，"戈尔兹摇着头说，"不过这次可以这么说。这次是我部署的进攻。"

"明白了，"罗伯特·乔丹说，"老实说我并不是很喜欢这项任务。"

"我也不是很喜欢。如果你不想做了，现在就要说明。如果你觉得自己完成不了，也要现在说明。"

"我会做的，"罗伯特·乔丹说，"我会做的，没有问题。"

"我需要确保一点，"戈尔兹说，"就是桥上不会出现任何东西。这一点绝对要做到。"

"我明白了。"

"我不喜欢要求别人用这种方式、做这种事情，"戈尔兹继续说，"我不可以命令你做这种事。我知道我提出的这些条件会强迫你做出什么。我跟你仔细解释过了，就是为了让你知道所有可能出现的困难以及这项任务的重要性。"

"那么，桥炸了之后，你们怎么攻往拉格兰哈？"

"我们攻下山口之后就开始修桥。这将会是一场繁复又精彩的战役，跟以往的战役一样繁复而精彩。这计划是在马德里制订的。这是那位失意的教授维森特罗霍的又一杰作。我部署这次进攻，跟以

unsuccessful professor's, masterpieces. I make the attack and I make it, as always, not in sufficient force. It is a very possible operation, in spite of that. I am much happier about it than usual. It can be successful with that bridge eliminated. We can take Segovia. Look, I show you how it goes. You see? It is not the top of the pass where we attack. We hold that. It is much beyond. Look - Here - Like this - "

"I would rather not know." Robert Jordan said.

"Good," said Golz. "It is less of baggage to carry with you on the other side, yes?"

"I would always rather not know. Then, no matter what can happen, it was not me that talked."

"It is better not to know," Golz stroked his forehead with the pencil. "Many times I wish I did not know myself. But you do know the one thing you must know about the bridge?"

"Yes. I know that."

"I believe you do," Golz said. "I will not make you any little speech. Let us now have a drink. So much talking makes me very thirsty, Comrade Hordan. You have a funny name in Spanish, Comrade Hordown."

"How do you say Golz in Spanish, Comrade General?"

"Hotze," said Golz grinning, making

往一样，都是在兵力匮乏的情况下进行的。即便是这样，这还是一次非常有希望的进攻。我比以往都更加乐观积极。把桥炸掉之后就胜利在望了。我们还能攻下塞哥维亚。来，我来给你展示一下整个过程。你看到了吗？我们进攻的可不是山顶。我们要守住它。我们要进攻的地方要远得多。看——在这儿——就这样——"

"我还是不知道这些的好。"
罗伯特·乔丹说。

"好，" 戈尔兹说，"这样，到那边你就会少一点压力，是吧？"

"怎么着我也是不知道的好。那么，无论发生了什么，外泄机密的人一定不会是我。"

"的确最好不要知道，" 戈尔兹用铅笔敲打着额头，"我也经常希望自己不知道这些。不过，你必须知道那件关于桥的事，你知道吗？"

"嗯。我知道。"

"我相信你知道了，" 戈尔兹说，"我不讲话啦。咱们来喝一杯吧。说了这么多话，口渴极了，霍丹同志。你这名字用西班牙语念起来很有意思啊，霍丹同志。"

"‘戈尔兹’用西班牙语怎么说，将军先生？"

"‘霍茨’，" 戈尔兹咧着嘴巴

