

海明威作品选

SELECTED WORKS OF HEMINGWAY

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

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美国文学卷

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THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

老人与海

The Old Man and the Sea

老人与海

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat.

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars

老人孤身一人，驾着小船在墨西哥暖流中钓鱼，眼下已经过去 84 天了，他一条鱼也没有钓到。在最初的 40 天里，还有个男孩跟着他。可是当 40 天后，他们还一无所获时，男孩的父母便对他说，如今老人准是走了霉运，运气差到了极点。于是男孩在父母的安排下，去了另外一条船，头一个星期这条船就钓到了 3 条好鱼。每天看见老人回来时船总是空的，男孩都会感到很难受，他总是会上前去，帮老人搬卷好的鱼线、鱼钩和鱼叉，收起绕在桅杆上的帆。帆上有些用面粉口袋打的补丁，当它被收拢之后，看起来就像是永远的失败者打的白旗。

老人非常的消瘦憔悴，后脖颈上布满了深深的皱纹。老人面颊上的褐斑是太阳在热带海面上反射的光线所引起的良性皮肤癌变。这些褐斑从脸的两侧一直延伸下去。他的双手上有许多很深的伤疤，那是用绳索拉大鱼勒出来的。但是这些伤疤没有一块是新的。它们就像在无鱼可打的沙漠中被风化的遗迹似

were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago," the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money."

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.

"No," the old man said. "You're with a lucky boat. Stay with them."

"But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then we caught big ones every day for three weeks."

"I remember," the old man said. "I know you did not leave me because you doubted."

"It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must obey him."

"I know," the old man said. "It is quite normal."

"He hasn't much faith."

"No," the old man said. "But we have. Haven't we?"

"Yes," the boy said. "Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace and then we'll take the stuff home."

"Why not?" the old man said. "Between fishermen."

的，是如此的陈旧。

除了那双像海水一样颜色的蓝眼睛外，他身上的一切都显得那么苍老，在他的眼神里，透着一股愉悦而永不认输的精神。

"圣地亚哥，"当他们俩从小船停靠的地方爬上岸时，男孩对他说，"我又可以陪您出海了。我们现在有点儿钱了。"

是老人教会了男孩捕鱼，男孩喜欢他。

"不，"老人说，"你遇上了一条运气不错的船。跟着他们吧。"

"不过您应该还记得，有一回87天您都没钓到一条鱼，但是在接下来的3个星期里，我们每天都钓到了大鱼。"

"我记得，"老人说。"我知道你并不是因为对我没有信心才走的。"

"是我爸爸让我走的。我还是个孩子，我必须听他的。"

"我知道，"老人说，"这再正常不过了。"

"他没什么信心。"

"是啊，"老人说，"可是我们有，对不对？"

"当然，"孩子说，"我能请您去露台饭店喝杯啤酒吗？然后我们一起把这些打渔的家什带回去。"

"好极了，"老人说，"咱们都是渔夫嘛。"

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen. The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin out and carried them laid full length across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting.

When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbour from the shark factory; but today there was only the faint edge of the odour because the wind had backed into the north and then dropped off and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

"Santiago," the boy said.

"Yes," the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking of many years ago.

他们坐在露台饭店，一些渔夫拿老人开玩笑来，老人并不生气。另外一些年纪大的渔夫则望着他，觉得非常悲哀。不过他们并没有表露出来，只是客客气气地谈论着海流，他们曾经把鱼线送到过多深的海面下，持续的好天气，以及他们的海上见闻。当天满载而归的渔夫们都已经回来时，他们把大马林鱼收拾干净，整齐地排放在两块木板上，然后由两个人抬着每块木板的一端，摇摇晃晃地送到收鱼站，在那儿，这些鱼会被装上冷冻车，运往哈瓦那的市场。那些逮到鲨鱼的渔夫们，会把它们送到海湾另一边的鲨鱼加工厂，在那儿，这些鲨鱼会被吊在滑车上，除去内脏，割掉鱼翅，剥掉外皮，鱼肉被切成一条一条的，用于腌制。

每当刮东风的时候，一股腥气就会越过海湾从鲨鱼加工厂飘过来。但是今天几乎闻不到什么气味，因为风已经转向北方吹了，而且风也在逐渐地平息，阳光明媚地照耀着露台饭店，在那儿待着非常舒服。

"圣地亚哥。" 男孩说道。

"嗯。" 老人回应道。他手里正拿着酒杯，回想着好多年前的事儿。

“Can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow?”

“No. Go and play baseball. I can still row and Rogelio will throw the net.”

“I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you. I would like to serve in some way.”

“You bought me a beer,” the old man said. “You are already a man.”

“How old was I when you first took me in a boat?”

“Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in too green and he nearly tore the boat to pieces. Can you remember?”

“I can remember the tail slapping and banging and the thwart breaking and the noise of the clubbing. I can remember you throwing me into the bow where the wet coiled lines were and feeling the whole boat shiver and the noise of you clubbing him like chopping a tree down and the sweet blood smell all over me.”

“Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?”

“I remember everything from when we first went together.”

The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident loving eyes.

“If you were my boy I'd take you out and gamble,” he said. “But you are your father's and your mother's and you are in a lucky boat.”

“我去弄点沙丁鱼给你明天用怎么样？”

“不用了。去打棒球吧。我还能划船，罗格里奥会帮我撒网的。”

“我真希望我能去。即使不能跟您一起钓鱼，我也很想给您做点事。”

“你已经请我喝啤酒了，”老人说，“你已经是个男人啦。”

“您第一次带我上船时，我多大？”

“5岁，那天我把一条活蹦乱跳的鱼拖上船时，它几乎把船撞得粉碎，你也因此差一点送了命。你还记得吗？”

“我记得鱼的尾巴砰砰地乱拍打，把船上的座板都给打断了，还有用棍子打鱼的声音。我记得您把我向船头猛推，那里堆着湿漉漉的鱼线，我觉得整条船都在颤抖，您用棍子啪啪打鱼的声音，就像是在砍一棵树，我浑身上下都是甜丝丝的血腥味儿。”

“你真记得吗？还是不久前我刚跟你说过？”

“打从我们一起出海起，我就什么事儿都记得清清楚楚。”

老人用他那双饱经风霜而透露出自信的眼睛充满爱怜地看着他。

“如果你是我的孩子，我准会带你出去赌一把，”他说，“可你是属于你父母的，而且你搭的又是一条交了好运的船。”

“May I get the sardines? I know where I can get four baits too.”

“I have mine left from today. I put them in salt in the box.”

“Let me get four fresh ones.”

“One,” the old man said. His hope and his confidence had never gone. But now they were freshening as when the breeze rises.

“Two,” the boy said.

“Two,” the old man agreed. “You didn’t steal them?”

“I would,” the boy said. “But I bought these.”

“Thank you,” the old man said. He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride.

“Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current,” he said.

“Where are you going?” the boy asked.

“Far out to come in when the wind shifts. I want to be out before it is light.”

“I’ll try to get him to work far out,” the boy said. “Then if you hook something truly big we can come to your aid.”

“He does not like to work too far out.”

“No,” the boy said. “But I will see something that he cannot see such as a

“我弄点沙丁鱼来怎么样？我还知道从哪儿能弄来4条鱼饵。”

“今天我还有剩下来的。我把它们放在盒子里腌了。”

“让我给您弄4条新鲜的吧。”

“一条吧。”老人说。他的希望和信心从来都没有消失过。不过现在，新的希望和信心又像微风般冉冉升起了。

“两条吧。”孩子说。

“好，就两条，”老人同意了，“你不会是去偷吧？”

“我愿意去偷，”孩子说，“但是这些是买来的。”

“谢谢你。”老人说。他心思单纯，不去想自己从什么时候起开始变得这么谦卑。但是他显然知道这种变化，并不觉得有什么丢脸的，而且觉得对真正的尊严也没什么损失。

“看海流明天会是个好日子。”他说。

“您打算航行到哪儿？”男孩问。

“能去多远就去多远，等风转向了再回来。我想我得天亮前就出发。”

“我也会想法叫船主人开得远些，”男孩说，“这样一来，如果您真的钓到了大鱼，我们可以赶过去帮忙。”

“他可不想去太远的地方工作吧。”

bird working and get him to come out after dolphin.”

“Are his eyes that bad?”

“He is almost blind.”

“It is strange,” the old man said. “He never went turtle-ing. That is what kills the eyes.”

“But you went turtle-ing for years off the Mosquito Coast and your eyes are good.”

“I am a strange old man”

“But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?”

“I think so. And there are many tricks.”

“Let us take the stuff home,” the boy said. “So I can get the cast net and go after the sardines.”

They picked up the gear from the boat. The old man carried the mast on his shoulder and the boy carried the wooden box with the coiled, hard-braided brown lines, the gaff and the harpoon with its shaft. The box with the baits was under the stern of the skiff along with the club that was used to subdue the big fish when they were brought alongside. No one would steal from the old man but it was better to take the sail and the heavy lines home as the dew was bad for them and, though he was quite sure no local people would steal from him, the old man thought that a gaff and a harpoon

“没错,”孩子说,“但是我会看见一些他看不见的东西,比如说空中盘旋的鸟儿,我会让他去追赶麒麟的。”

“他的眼睛这么差吗?”

“他差不多是个瞎子。”

“这可真奇怪,”老人说,“他也没捕过海龟啊。这活儿才伤眼睛呢。”

“可是您在莫斯科托海岸边捕了好多年海龟,视力不是还挺好的嘛。”

“我是个奇怪的老头儿。”

“但是您现在还能对付一条真正的大鱼吗?”

“那当然啦。再说我还有不少诀窍可用呢。”

“我们把打渔的家什拿回去吧,”男孩说。“这样我还可以拿渔网去捕沙丁鱼。”

他们从船上拿起打渔的家什。老人把桅杆扛在肩上,男孩一手拿着木箱,里面放着编得很紧的棕色鱼线,一手拿着鱼钩和带杆子的鱼叉。盛鱼饵的盒子被藏在船尾的下面,旁边还放着棍子,它被用来制伏被拖到船边的大鱼。没有人会来偷老人的东西,不过还是把桅杆和那些鱼线带回家的好,因为露水会把它们打湿,而且尽管老人非常确信当地不会有人来偷他的东西,但是他认为,把鱼钩和鱼叉留在船上,实在是种毫无必要的诱惑。

were needless temptations to leave in a boat.

They walked up the road together to the old man's shack and went in through its open door. The old man leaned the mast with its wrapped sail against the wall and the boy put the box and the other gear beside it. The mast was nearly as long as the one room of the shack. The shack was made of the tough budshields of the royal palm which are called *guano* and in it there was a bed, a table, one chair, and a place on the dirt floor to cook with charcoal. On the brown walls of the flattened, overlapping leaves of the sturdy fibered *guano* there was a picture in color of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and another of the Virgin of Cobre. These were relics of his wife. Once there had been a tinted photograph of his wife on the wall but he had taken it down because it made him too lonely to see it and it was on the shelf in the corner under his clean shirt.

"What do you have to eat?" the boy asked.

"A pot of yellow rice with fish. Do you want some?"

"No. I will eat at home. Do you want me to make the fire?"

"No. I will make it later on. Or I may eat the rice cold."

"May I take the cast net?"

他们一起沿着大路走到老人的小屋，从敞开的门走了进去。老人把缠着帆的桅杆靠在墙上，男孩把木箱和其他家什放在它的旁边。桅杆差不多跟这小屋一般长。小屋是用被称为“海鸟粪”的椰子树的坚韧苞壳建造的，屋里有一张床、一张桌子、一把椅子，另外在泥地里，有一块用木炭烧饭的地方。在用平展的韧性十足的“海鸟粪”垒成的棕色墙壁上，挂着一幅彩色的《耶稣圣心图》和一幅《科布莱圣母图》。这是他妻子留下的遗物。墙上还曾经挂着一幅他妻子的着色照，但是因为每每看到它，他都觉得自己太孤单了，于是他就把它取下了，如今它被放在屋角的搁板上，上面盖着一件他的干净衬衫。

“您吃点儿什么呢？”男孩问老人。

“有锅黄米饭炖鱼。你吃点儿吗？”

“不了。我回家吃。需要我给您生火吗？”

“不用。等会儿我自己来生。或者吃冷饭就行了。”

“我可以把渔网拿走吗？”

“Of course.”

There was no cast net and the boy remembered when they had sold it. But they went through this fiction every day. There was no pot of yellow rice and fish and the boy knew this too.

“Eighty-five is a lucky number,” the old man said. “How would you like to see me bring one in that dressed out over a thousand pounds?”

“I’ll get the cast net and go for sardines. Will you sit in the sun in the doorway?”

“Yes. I have yesterday’s paper and I will read the baseball.”

The boy did not know whether yesterday’s paper was a fiction too. But the old man brought it out from under the bed.

“Perico gave it to me at the *bodega*,” he explained.

“I’ll be back when I have the sardines. I’ll keep yours and mine together on ice and we can share them in the morning. When I come back you can tell me about the baseball.”

“The Yankees cannot lose.”

“But I fear the Indians of Cleveland.”

“Have faith in the Yankees my son. Think of the great DiMaggio.”

“I fear both the Tigers of Detroit and the Indians of Cleveland.”

“Be careful or you will fear even the

“当然。”

其实并没有什么渔网，男孩还记得他们是什么时候卖掉的。但是他们每天都要拿出来说一下。这儿也没有什么黄米饭炖鱼，对此男孩也心知肚明。

“85 是个很吉利的数字，”老人说。“你想不想看到我带回一条光鱼肉就有一千多磅重的大鱼呢？”

“我拿渔网捕沙丁鱼去了。您坐在门口晒晒太阳怎么样？”

“好的。我有张昨天的报纸，正好可以看看棒球赛的消息。”

男孩不知道报纸是不是确实存在。但是老人从床下把它取了出来。

“佩里科在小酒馆给我的。”他解释道。

“我一弄到沙丁鱼就回来。我会把咱们的鱼一起用冰镇着，这样明天早上就可以分着用了。等我回来的时候，你正好可以告诉我些棒球赛的消息。”

“扬基队不会输的。”

“但是我有点担心克利夫兰印第安人队会赢。”

“你要对扬基队有点信心，孩子。别忘了伟大的迪马吉奥。”

“对底特律老虎队和克利夫兰印第安人队我都有点担心。”

Reds of Cincinnati and the White Sox of Chicago.”

“You study it and tell me when I come back.”

“Do you think we should buy a terminal of the lottery with an eighty-five? Tomorrow is the eighty-fifth day.”

“We can do that,” the boy said. “But what about the eighty-seven of your great record?”

“It could not happen twice. Do you think you can find an eighty-five?”

“I can order one.”

“One sheet. That’s two dollars and a half. Who can we borrow that from?”

“That’s easy. I can always borrow two dollars and a half.”

“I think perhaps I can too. But I try not to borrow. First you borrow. Then you beg.”

“Keep warm old man,” the boy said. “Remember we are in September.”

“The month when the great fish come,” the old man said. “Anyone can be a fisherman in May.”

“I go now for the sardines,” the boy said.

When the boy came back the old man was asleep in the chair and the sun was down. The boy took the old army blanket off the bed and spread it over the back of the chair and over the old man’s

“是得小心点，要不然连辛辛那提红队和芝加哥白短袜队，你都会担心啦。”

“您看报吧，等我回来了给我好好讲讲。”

“你觉得我们是不是该去买张末位数字是 85 的彩票呢？明天是第八十五天了。”

“可以啊，”男孩说，“但是您最长的纪录是 87 天啊！”

“这种事儿不会发生两次的。你能弄到一张末位是 85 的彩票吗？”

“我能去订一张。”

“一张需要 2.5 美元。我们能朝谁去借这笔钱呢？”

“这很容易。我总能借到 2.5 美元的。”

“没准儿我也能借到。不过我尽量不想借钱。一旦开始借钱。那么下一步就要讨饭啦。”

“穿多点，老爷爷，”男孩说，“别忘了现在可是 9 月份。”

“当大鱼出没的月份到了，”老人说，“在 5 月份，谁都能当个好渔夫的。”

“我现在去捕沙丁鱼啦。”男孩说。

男孩回来的时候，老人已经在椅子上睡着了，夕阳也已经西下。男孩从床上拿起一条旧的军用毛毯，搭在椅背上，盖住了老人的肩

shoulders. They were strange shoulders, still powerful although very old, and the neck was still strong too and the creases did not show so much when the old man was asleep and his head fallen forward. His shirt had been patched so many times that it was like the sail and the patches were faded to many different shades by the sun. The old man's head was very old though and with his eyes closed there was no life in his face. The newspaper lay across his knees and the weight of his arm held it there in the evening breeze. He was barefooted.

The boy left him there and when he came back the old man was still asleep.

"Wake up old man," the boy said and put his hand on one of the old man's knees.

The old man opened his eyes and for a moment he was coming back from a long way away. Then he smiled.

"What have you got?" he asked.

"Supper," said the boy. "We're going to have supper."

"I'm not very hungry."

"Come on and eat. You can't fish and not eat."

"I have," the old man said getting up and taking the newspaper and folding it. Then he started to fold the blanket.

"Keep the blanket around you," the boy said. "You'll not fish without eating

膀。尽管已经上了年纪，但老人的肩膀非常与众不同，还十分强健有力，颈部也仍旧很壮实，当老人睡着了，脑袋向前耷拉时，连皱纹也不明显了。他的衬衫像他的那张帆一样，不知道打了多少补丁，在阳光的照射下，这些补丁褪成了各种深浅不一的颜色。老人的头十分苍老，闭上眼睛，脸上就没有一丝生气。报纸摊在他的双膝上，靠他一条胳膊压着才没被晚风吹走。他打着赤脚。

男孩走了，等他再次回来时，老人还在熟睡着。

"醒醒，老爷爷。"男孩一边说，一边把手放在老人的膝盖上。

老人睁开眼睛，过了好一会儿他才回过神来。然后他笑了。

"你拿了什么来？"他问。

"晚饭，"男孩说，"我们一起吃吧。"

"我还不饿。"

"吃吧。您不能空着肚子打渔。"

"我这么干过。"老人边说边站起身来，把手里的报纸折好。接着他又开始叠毯子。

"披着毯子吧，"男孩说，"只要我还活着，我就绝不让您空着肚

while I'm alive."

"Then live a long time and take care of yourself," the old man said. "What are we eating?"

"Black beans and rice, fried bananas, and some stew."

The boy had brought them in a two-decker metal container from the Terrace. The two sets of knives and forks and spoons were in his pocket with a paper napkin wrapped around each set.

"Who gave this to you?"

"Martin. The owner."

"I must thank him."

"I thanked him already," the boy said. "You don't need to thank him."

"I'll give him the belly meat of a big fish," the old man said. "Has he done this for us more than once?"

"I think so."

"I must give him something more than the belly meat then. He is very thoughtful for us."

"He sent two beers."

"I like the beer in cans best."

"I know. But this is in bottles, Hatuey beer, and I take back the bottles."

"That's very kind of you," the old man said. "Should we eat?"

"I've been asking you to," the boy told him gently. "I have not wished to open the container until you were ready."

"I'm ready now," the old man said. "I

子去打渔。"

"那就祝你长寿喽，好好照顾你自己，"老人说，"我们吃什么呢？"

"黑豆米饭、油炸香蕉，还有些炖菜。"

这些饭菜是男孩从露台饭店拿来的，用双层金属饭匣装着。他的口袋里还有两副刀叉和汤匙，每一副的外面都用餐巾纸包着。

"谁给你的这些？"

"马丁老板。"

"我必须得去谢谢他。"

"我已经谢过他啦，"男孩说，"您不用再去谢他了。"

"我得给他一块大鱼肚子上的肉才行，"老人说，"他不止一次这样帮我们了吧？"

"我也是这么想的。"

"那除了鱼肚子肉以外，我还得再送些东西给他。他对我们真是很关心。"

"他还送了我们两瓶啤酒。"

"我最喜欢罐装的啤酒啦。"

"我知道。不过这是瓶装的哈士依啤酒，喝完我还得把瓶子送回去。"

"你想得真周到，"老人说，"我们开始吧？"

"我已经问过您啦，"男孩轻声对他说道，"在您还没准备好要吃之前，我可不愿意打开饭匣子。"