

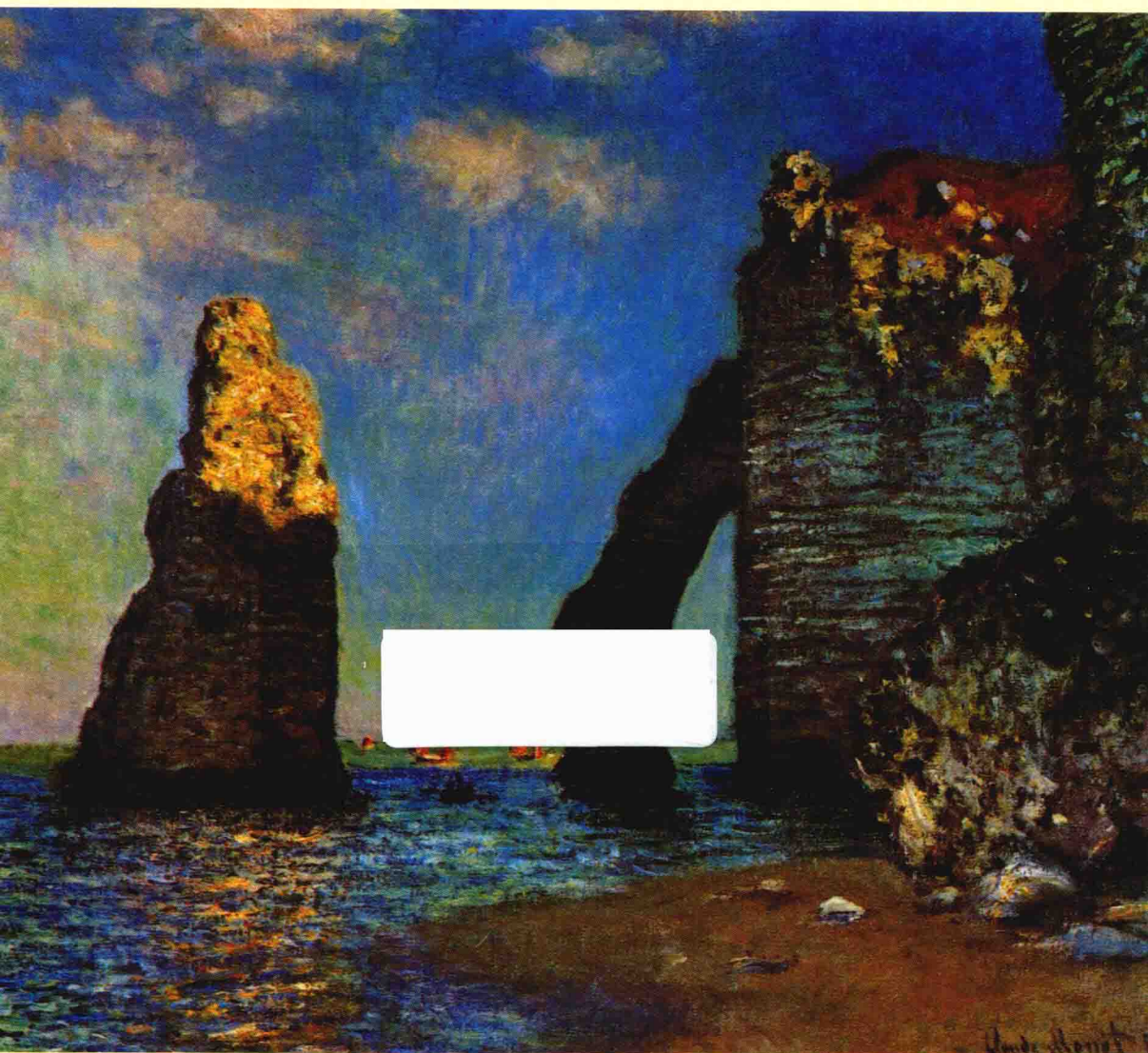
名家经典珍藏版

# 莫泊桑中短篇小说选

(英汉双语)

[法] 莫泊桑◎著 青 闰◎译

STORIES OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT



北京工业大学出版社

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## 图书在版编目 ( CIP ) 数据

莫泊桑中短篇小说选: 英汉对照 / (法) 莫泊桑著;  
青闰译. —北京: 北京工业大学出版社, 2017.7  
ISBN 978-7-5639-5276-2

I. ①莫… II. ①莫… ②青… III. ①英语-汉语-  
对照读物 ②中篇小说-小说集-法国-近代 ③短篇小说-  
小说集-法国-近代 IV. ①H319.4: 1

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2017) 第060335号

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封面设计:  同人文化 · 书装设计

出版发行: 北京工业大学出版社

(北京市朝阳区平乐园100号 邮编: 100124)

010-67391722 (传真) bgdcbs@sina.com

出 版 人: 郝 勇

经销单位: 全国各地新华书店

承印单位: 大厂回族自治县正兴印务有限公司

开 本: 787毫米×1092毫米 1/16

印 张: 18.75

字 数: 419千字

版 次: 2017年7月第1版

印 次: 2017年7月第1次印刷

标准书号: ISBN 978-7-5639-5276-2

定 价: 32.80元

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(如发现印装质量问题, 请寄本社发行部调换 010-67391106)

# C 目录 Contents

Simon's Papa / 西蒙的爸爸 .....	1
My Uncle Jules / 我的叔叔于勒 .....	12
Father Milon / 米隆老爹 .....	22
Two Friends / 两个朋友 .....	31
The Piece of String / 一截细绳 .....	41
On the River / 在河上 .....	50
The Prisoners / 俘虏 .....	58
The Wardrobe / 衣橱 .....	72
The Umbrella / 雨伞 .....	81
In the Wood / 树林里 .....	92
Happiness / 幸福 .....	98
The Diamond Necklace / 钻石项链 .....	106
A Duel / 一场决斗 .....	117
A Stroll / 散步 .....	124
The Blind Man / 盲人 .....	132
The Relic / 圣骨 .....	137
The Wolf / 狼 .....	144

The Devil / 魔鬼 .....	152
Mademoiselle Fifi / 菲菲小姐 .....	161
That Costly Ride / 骑马的代价 .....	176
Clair de Lune / 月光 .....	186
The Little Cask / 小酒桶 .....	193
The False Gems / 珠宝 .....	201
A Coup d'Etat / 一次政变 .....	210
Mademoiselle Pearl / 珍珠小姐 .....	224
Boule de Suif / 羊脂球 .....	244

## Simon's Papa

Noon had just struck. The school door opened and the youngsters darted out, jostling each other in their haste to get out quickly. But instead of promptly dispersing and going home to dinner as usual, they stopped a few paces off, broke up into knots, and began whispering.

The fact was that, that morning, Simon, the son of La Blanchotte, had, for the first time, attended school.

They had all of them in their families heard talk of La Blanchotte; and, although in public she was welcome enough, the mothers among themselves treated her with a somewhat disdainful compassion, which the children had imitated without in the least knowing why.

As for Simon himself, they did not know him, for he never went out, and did not run about with them in the streets of the village, or along the banks of the river. And they did not care for him; so it was with a certain delight, mingled with considerable astonishment, that they met and repeated to each other what had been said by a lad of fourteen or fifteen who appeared to know all about it, so sagaciously did he wink. "You know—Simon—well, he has no papa."

Just then La Blanchotte's son appeared in the doorway of the school. He was seven or eight years old, rather pale, very neat, with a timid and almost awkward manner.

He was starting home to his mother's house when the groups of his schoolmates,

## 西蒙的爸爸

中午十二点的钟声刚刚敲过。校门打开了，孩子们争先恐后地匆匆奔出了校门。但是，他们没有像往常那样很快散开，回家吃饭，而是在离校门几步远的地方停下来，三五成群，开始窃窃私语。

原来是今天早上布朗肖大姐的儿子西蒙第一次到学校上课。

他们在家都听人说起过布朗肖大姐；而且，尽管在公开场合她还算受欢迎，但那些母亲私下对她却是一种既表示同情又有点儿鄙视的态度。孩子们也纷纷仿效，而他们根本不知道是什么原因。

至于西蒙本人，他们并不认识，因为他从不出门，没有跟他们在村里的街道上或河岸上一起玩过，他们不喜欢他，所以他们都怀着某种欣喜，其中掺杂着相当多惊讶的成分，聚在一起，相互转告着其中一个十四五岁大男孩说的话：“你们都知道吧——西蒙——哎呀，他没有爸爸。”这个大男孩好像知道有关这件事的一切，他一边说，一边非常聪敏地眨着眼睛。

正在这时，布朗肖大姐的儿子出现在了校门口。他有七八岁，脸色有点儿苍白，衣着十分整洁，怯生生的，简直是一副笨手笨脚的样子。

他正要回家前往母亲的住所，这时那一群群正在窃窃私语的同学用孩子们决

whispering and watching him with the mischievous and heartless eyes of children bent upon playing a nasty trick, gradually closed in around him and ended by surrounding him altogether. There he stood in their midst, surprised and embarrassed, not understanding what they were going to do with him. But the lad who had brought the news, puffed up with the success he had met with already, demanded: "What is your name?"

He answered: "Simon."

"Simon what?" retorted the other.

The child, altogether bewildered, repeated: "Simon."

The lad shouted at him: "One is named Simon something—that is not a name—Simon indeed."

The child, on the brink of tears, replied for the third time: "My name is Simon."

The urchins began to laugh. The triumphant tormentor cried: "You can see plainly that he has no papa."

A deep silence ensued. The children were dumfounded by this extraordinary, impossible, monstrous thing—a boy who had not a papa; they looked upon him as a phenomenon, an unnatural being, and they felt that hitherto inexplicable contempt of their mothers for La Blanchotte growing upon them.

As for Simon, he had leaned against a tree to avoid falling, and he remained as if prostrated by an irreparable disaster. He sought to explain, but could think of nothing to say to refute this horrible charge that he had no papa. At last he shouted at them quite recklessly: "Yes, I have one."

"Where is he?" demanded the boy.

心开恶劣玩笑时那种无情的恶意目光打量着他，慢慢地朝他围拢过来，最后完全把他团团围住。他站在他们中间，既惊讶又迷惑，不明白他们要对他干什么。那个传递消息的大男孩见已到了火候，就趾高气扬地问道：“你叫什么名字？”

他回答说：“西蒙。”

“西蒙什么？”对方反问道。

这孩子完全不知所措，重复道：“西蒙。”

大男孩冲他叫道：“一个人的姓名应当是西蒙·某某——西蒙当然不是一个姓。”

这孩子快要哭出来了，第三次回答说：“我叫西蒙。”

顽童们都开始哈哈大笑。那个得意扬扬的大男孩大声嚷道：“你们都可以看清楚了吧，他没有爸爸。”

接着是一阵沉寂。一个男孩没有爸爸，这是一件不可能有的、离奇古怪的事儿。孩子们都目瞪口呆，把他看成是一件不平常的事，看成是一个不正常的人；他们感到，至今他们的母亲对布朗肖大姐的那种莫名其妙的轻蔑，他们都渐渐地习惯了。

至于西蒙，他靠在一棵树上，以免摔倒；他显得有气无力，仿佛遭遇了一场无法弥补的灾难似的。他试图解释，但他想不出要说什么来反驳他没有爸爸这个可怕事实。最后，他干脆不顾一切地对他们大声喊道：“我有，我有爸爸。”

Simon was silent, he did not know. The children roared, tremendously excited; and those country boys, little more than animals, experienced that cruel craving which prompts the fowls of a farmyard to destroy one of their number as soon as it is wounded. Simon suddenly espied a little neighbor, the son of a widow, whom he had seen, as he himself was to be seen, always alone with his mother.

“And no more have you,” he said; “no more have you a papa.”

“Yes,” replied the other, “I have one.”

“Where is he?” rejoined Simon.

“He is dead,” declared the brat, with superb dignity; “he is in the cemetery, is my papa.”

A murmur of approval rose among the little wretches as if this fact of possessing a papa dead in a cemetery had caused their comrade to grow big enough to crush the other one who had no papa at all. And these boys, whose fathers were for the most part bad men, drunkards, thieves, and who beat their wives, jostled each other to press closer and closer, as though they, the legitimate ones, would smother by their pressure one who was illegitimate.

The boy who chanced to be next Simon suddenly put his tongue out at him with a mocking air and shouted at him: “No papa! No papa!”

Simon seized him by the hair with both hands and set to work to disable his legs with kicks, while he bit his cheek ferociously. A tremendous struggle ensued between the two combatants, and Simon found himself beaten, torn, bruised, rolled on the ground in the midst of the ring of applauding schoolboys. As he arose, mechanically brushing with his hand his little blouse all covered with dust, some one shouted at him: “Go and tell your

“他在哪里？”大男孩问道。

西蒙没有吭声，他不知道。那些孩子哈哈大笑，兴奋不已；那些跟禽兽差不多的乡下孩子体验到了一种残忍的欲望，这种欲望就像在同一窝母鸡之中，如果有一只受伤，其他那些就群起而攻之一样。西蒙突然看见一个小邻居，那是一个寡妇的儿子。西蒙见过他像自己一样总是孤零零地跟母亲在一起。

“你也没有，”西蒙说，“你也没有爸爸。”

“不，”对方答道，“我有。”

“他在哪里？”西蒙反问道。

“他死了，”那个小孩非常庄重地说，“我爸爸他就公墓里。”

这群小坏蛋发出了一阵低沉连续的赞许声，好像拥有一个死去、躺在公墓里的爸爸这个事实，使他们的伙伴变得高大，足以压垮根本没有爸爸的另一个人。而这些男孩的父亲大多数是坏蛋、酒鬼、小偷，还打他们的妻子。他们你推我搡，越挤越紧，好像他们这些合法的儿子要把这个不合法的儿子挤死一般。

一个男孩碰巧站在西蒙身边，突然朝他伸出舌头，一副嘲弄的样子，对他叫嚷：“没有爸爸！没有爸爸！”

西蒙两手一把抓住他的头发，一边狠狠地咬他的脸颊，一边踢他的腿。两个人就开始了一场大战。结果，西蒙挨了打，衣服撕烂，鼻青脸肿，滚在地上，那些男生围住他拍手喝彩。他站起来，用一只手机械地拂了拂小罩衫上沾满的尘



papa.”

Then he felt a great sinking at his heart. They were stronger than he was, they had beaten him, and he had no answer to give them, for he knew well that it was true that he had no papa. Full of pride, he attempted for some moments to struggle against the tears which were choking him. He had a feeling of suffocation, and then without any sound he commenced to weep, with great shaking sobs.

A ferocious joy broke out among his enemies, and, with one accord, just like savages in their fearful festivals, they took each other by the hand and danced round him in a circle, repeating as a refrain: “No papa! No papa!”

But suddenly Simon ceased sobbing. He became ferocious. There were stones under his feet; he picked them up and with all his strength hurled them at his tormentors. Two or three were struck and rushed off yelling, and so formidable did he appear that the rest became panic-stricken. Cowards, as the mob always is in presence of an exasperated man, they broke up and fled.

Left alone, the little fellow without a father set off running toward the fields, for a recollection had been awakened in him which determined his soul to a great resolve. He made up his mind to drown himself in the river.

He remembered, in fact, that eight days before, a poor devil who begged for his livelihood had thrown himself into the water because he had no more money. Simon had been there when they fished him out again; and the wretched man, who usually seemed to him so miserable, and ugly, had then struck him as being so peaceful with his pale cheeks, his long drenched beard, and his open eyes full of calm. The bystanders had

土，这时有人冲他喊道：“去告诉你的爸爸呀。”

他情绪低落极了。他们比他强大，已经打败了他，而且他没法回答他们，因为他清楚自己真的没有爸爸。他自尊心极强，努力想忍住眼泪，但忍了一会儿，就透不过气来了，感到窒息，随后开始无声地哭泣，一边哭泣，一边颤抖不止。

他的对手中间爆发出了一阵凶残的笑声；而且，就像在狂欢中的野人一样，他们手拉手，围着他一边跳，一边像唱叠句一样一遍又一遍地叫着：“没有爸爸！没有爸爸！”

但是，西蒙突然停止了哭泣，他发起狠来。他脚下有几块石头，他拾起来，用尽全力地向那些折磨他的人扔去。两三个人被砸中了，高声叫喊着赶忙跑开了。他的样子非常吓人，其他人也都惊慌失措，吓得四散奔逃，就像一群乌合之众面对一个恼羞成怒的人那样。

现场孤零零只剩下了这个没有父亲的小家伙，他开始撒腿向田野里跑去，因为他回想起一件事，这给了他很大的决心。他决定跳河自杀。

事实上，他想起了八天前，有一个靠乞讨为生的可怜人，因为没有钱，跳河自杀了。有人把他捞出来时，西蒙就在现场；这个不幸的人，平常在西蒙看来那么可怜、那么难看的人，现场竟显得那么安宁，他脸色苍白，长须净湿，睁着的眼睛充满了平静，这给西蒙留下了深刻的印象。看热闹的人说：“他死了。”还有人说：“他现在彻底幸福了。”

said: "He is dead." And some one had said: "He is quite happy now."

And Simon wished to drown himself also, because he had no father, just like the wretched being who had no money.

He reached the water and watched it flowing. Some fish were sporting briskly in the clear stream and occasionally made a little bound and caught the flies flying on the surface. He stopped crying in order to watch them, for their maneuvers interested him greatly. But, at intervals, as in a tempest intervals of calm alternate suddenly with tremendous gusts of wind, which snap off the trees and then lose themselves in the horizon, this thought would return to him with intense pain: "I am going to drown myself because I have no papa."

It was very warm, fine weather. The pleasant sunshine warmed the grass. The water shone like a mirror. And Simon enjoyed some minutes of happiness, of that languor which follows weeping, and felt inclined to fall asleep there upon the grass in the warm sunshine.

A little green frog leaped from under his feet. He endeavored to catch it. It escaped him. He followed it and lost it three times in succession. At last he caught it by one of its hind legs and began to laugh as he saw the efforts the creature made to escape. It gathered itself up on its hind legs and then with a violent spring suddenly stretched them out as stiff as two bars; while it beat the air with its front legs as though they were hands, its round eyes staring in their circle of yellow. It reminded him of a toy made of straight slips of wood nailed zigzag one on the other; which by a similar movement regulated the movements of the little soldiers fastened thereon. Then he thought of his home, and then of his mother, and, overcome by sorrow, he again began to weep. A shiver

西蒙也想跳河自杀，因为没有父亲的他就像那个没有钱的可怜人一样。

他来到河边，望着流水。几条鱼在清澈的溪流中轻快地嬉戏，偶尔轻轻一跃，逮住从水面上飞过的小虫子。看着看着，他停止了哭泣，因为那些鱼逮虫的技巧引起了极大的兴趣。但是，就像一场暴风雨里，风暴暂时平息，还会突然有阵阵狂风刮断树木，然后又消失在天边一样：“我要跳河自杀，因为我没有爸爸。”这个念头总是不时地回到他的脑海里来，让他无比痛苦。

天气晴朗，格外暖和，惬意的阳光照得草地暖烘烘的，河水像镜子一样闪闪发亮。西蒙感到了片刻的快乐和哭过后的那种困倦，真想躺在暖烘烘的草地上睡一觉。

一只绿色小青蛙从他的脚下跳出来。他奋力想捉住它，它却逃脱了。他又追它，一连捉了三次都没有捉到。最后，他抓住了它的一条后腿；看到这个小动物挣扎着想逃走的样子，他笑了起来。它收紧后腿，使劲一蹬，两腿猛地伸展，硬得像两根木棍似的；同时它用前腿拍打着空气，仿佛在用手一般；它那圆圆的眼睛长在黄圈里，瞪得溜圆。这使他想起了一种用狭长的木片呈之字形钉在一起的玩具，就是用相似的动作控制钉在上面的小兵。随后，他想到了家，想到了母亲，由此悲痛万分，又开始哭了起来。他浑身颤抖，跪下来，像上床睡觉前那样祷告。但是，他无法完成祷告，因为激动猛烈的哭泣让他浑身颤抖。他什么也不再想了，也不再去看周围的一切了，全神贯注地哭了起来。

passed over him. He knelt down and said his prayers as before going to bed. But he was unable to finish them, for tumultuous, violent sobs shook his whole frame. He no longer thought, he no longer saw anything around him, and was wholly absorbed in crying.

Suddenly a heavy hand was placed upon his shoulder, and a rough voice asked him: "What is it that causes you so much grief, my little man?"

Simon turned round. A tall workman with a beard and black curly hair was staring at him good-naturedly. He answered with his eyes and throat full of tears: "They beat me—because—I—I have no—papa—no papa."

"What!" said the man, smiling; "why, everybody has one."

The child answered painfully amid his spasms of grief: "But I—I—I have none."

Then the workman became serious. He had recognized La Blanchotte's son, and, although himself a new arrival in the neighborhood, he had a vague idea of her history.

"Well," said he, "console yourself, my boy, and come with me home to your mother. They will give you—a papa."

And so they started on the way, the big fellow holding the little fellow by the hand, and the man smiled, for he was not sorry to see this Blanchotte, who was, it was said, one of the prettiest girls of the countryside, and, perhaps, he was saying to himself, at the bottom of his heart, that a lass who had erred might very well err again.

They arrived in front of a very neat little white house.

"There it is," exclaimed the child, and he cried, "Mamma!"

A woman appeared, and the workman instantly left off smiling, for he saw at once that there was no fooling to be done with the tall pale girl who stood austere-ly at her

突然，一只厚重的手放在了他的肩上，一个粗犷的声音问他：“是什么事儿让你这么伤心呀，小家伙？”

西蒙转过身。只见一个留着络腮胡和黑色鬈发的高个子工人和蔼地看着他。他眼含泪水，哽咽着回答说：“他们打我——因为——我——我没有——爸爸——没有爸爸。”

“什么？”那人微笑着说，“哎呀，人人都有爸爸。”

在一阵阵伤心中，孩子痛苦地回答说：“可是，我——我——我没有。”

随后，这个工人变得神情严肃。他认出这是布朗肖大姐的儿子；尽管他刚到-这里不久，但他隐约知道一些她过去的事儿。

“好了，”他说，“我的孩子，别难过了，跟我回家去找你妈妈吧。你会-有——一个爸爸的。”

于是，他们就上了路，大人拉着小孩的手。那个人面带微笑，他去见这个布朗肖大姐，不会感到遗憾，据说她是当地最美丽的一个姑娘，也许他在心底对自己说，一个犯过错的姑娘很可能会再次犯错。

他们来到了一座非常整洁的白色小房子前面。

“到了，”孩子大声说道，然后喊道：“妈妈！”

一个女人走了出来，那个工人立即停止了微笑，因为他马上明白，绝不能跟这个脸色苍白的高个姑娘开玩笑。她神情严肃地站在门口，好像是要防止男人进

door as though to defend from one man the threshold of that house where she had already been betrayed by another. Intimidated, his cap in his hand, he stammered out: "See, madame, I have brought you back your little boy who had lost himself near the river."

But Simon flung his arms about his mother's neck and told her, as he again began to cry: "No, mamma, I wished to drown myself, because the others had beaten me—had beaten me—because I have no papa."

A burning redness covered the young woman's cheeks; and, hurt to the quick, she embraced her child passionately, while the tears coursed down her face. The man, much moved, stood there, not knowing how to get away.

But Simon suddenly ran to him and said: "Will you be my papa?"

A deep silence ensued. La Blanchotte, dumb and tortured with shame, leaned herself against the wall, both her hands upon her heart. The child, seeing that no answer was made him, replied: "If you will not, I shall go back and drown myself."

The workman took the matter as a jest and answered, laughing: "Why, yes, certainly I will."

"What is your name," went on the child, "so that I may tell the others when they wish to know your name?"

"Philip," answered the man.

Simon was silent a moment so that he might get the name well into his head; then he stretched out his arms, quite consoled, as he said: "Well, then, Philip, you are my papa."

The workman, lifting him from the ground, kissed him hastily on both cheeks, and then walked away very quickly with great strides.

这个房门，因为另一个男人曾经背叛过她。他感到胆怯，手里拿着帽子，结结巴巴地说：“看，太太，我已经把您的小孩子送回来了，他在河边迷了路。”

但是，西蒙搂住母亲的脖子，说着说着又开始哭了起来：“不，妈妈，我是想跳河自杀，因为别人打我——打我——因为我没有爸爸。”

年轻女人脸颊烧得通红，伤到了痛处；她紧紧地抱住孩子，眼泪顺着脸颊滚落而下。那个人站在那里，深受感动，不知道该怎么走开。

但是，西蒙突然跑到他身边说道：“您做我的爸爸好吗？”

接着是一阵沉寂。布朗肖大姐靠着墙，两手按住胸口，默不作声，忍受着羞耻的折磨。看到那个人没有回答，孩子又说道：“您要是不愿意的话，我就再回去跳河。”

这个工人把这件事当作玩笑，就笑着回答说：“啊，愿意，我当然愿意。”

“您叫什么名字？”孩子接着问道，“别人想知道您的名字时，我就可以告诉他们了。”

“菲利普。”那个人答道。

西蒙沉默了一会儿，以便把这个名字牢记在心里，然后一副十分快慰的样子，一边伸出双臂，一边说道：“那好，菲利普，您就是我的爸爸了。”

那个工人把他抱起来，在他的双颊上飞快地吻了吻，然后大步流星飞快地走了。

When the child returned to school next day he was received with a spiteful laugh, and at the end of school, when the lads were on the point of recommencing, Simon threw these words at their heads as he would have done a stone: "He is named Philip, my papa."

Yells of delight burst out from all sides. "Philip who? Philip what? What on earth is Philip? Where did you pick up your Philip?"

Simon answered nothing; and, immovable in his faith, he defied them with his eye, ready to be martyred rather than fly before them. The school master came to his rescue and he returned home to his mother.

During three months, the tall workman, Philip, frequently passed by La Blanchotte's house, and sometimes he made bold to speak to her when he saw her sewing near the window. She answered him civilly, always sedately, never joking with him, nor permitting him to enter her house. Notwithstanding, being, like all men, a bit of a coxcomb, he imagined that she was often rosier than usual when she chatted with him.

But a lost reputation is so difficult to regain and always remains so fragile that, in spite of the shy reserve of La Blanchotte, they already gossiped in the neighborhood.

As for Simon he loved his new papa very much, and walked with him nearly every evening when the day's work was done. He went regularly to school, and mixed with great dignity with his schoolfellows without ever answering them back.

One day, however, the lad who had first attacked him said to him: "You have lied. You have not a papa named Philip."

"Why do you say that?" demanded Simon, much disturbed.

The youth rubbed his hands. He replied: "Because if you had one he would be your

第二天，这孩子返校时，迎接他的是一片充满恶意的笑声；放学以后，那些大孩子正要故伎重演，西蒙就像扔石头一样把话劈头盖脸地砸向他们：“我的爸爸叫菲利普。”

周围响起了欢叫声：“菲利普谁？菲利普什么？菲利普到底是什么？你的菲利普是在哪里拾来的？”

西蒙没有回答，他怀着坚定不移的信念，用蔑视的眼光瞪着他们，宁愿被折磨死，也不愿在他们面前逃走。还是校长替他解了围，他才回到了母亲身边。

三个月来，高个子工人菲利普常常路过布朗肖大姐家，有时看见她在窗边缝衣服，他就冒昧地对她说活。她礼貌地回答他，始终镇静，从来不跟他说笑，也不让他进家门。然而，像所有男人一样，他有点儿浮夸，想象着她跟他谈话时，常常脸色比平时红润。

但是，名誉一旦受损，就很难恢复，即使恢复，也总是十分脆弱，所以不管布朗肖大姐多么小心谨慎，周围还是已经有人说起了闲话。

至于西蒙，他非常爱自己的新爸爸，几乎每天晚上都要在新爸爸一天工作结束后一起散步。他按时上学，威风凛凛地在同学们中间走过，从不搭理他们。

然而，有一天，最先攻击他的那个大男孩对他说：“你撒谎，你没有一个叫菲利普的爸爸。”

“你为什么这样说？”西蒙非常不安地问道。

mamma's husband."

Simon was confused by the truth of this reasoning; nevertheless, he retorted: "He is my papa, all the same."

"That can very well be," exclaimed the urchin with a sneer, "but that is not being your papa altogether."

La Blanchotte's little one bowed his head and went off dreaming in the direction of the forge belonging to old Loizon, where Philip worked.

This forge was as though buried beneath trees. It was very dark there; the red glare of a formidable furnace alone lit up with great flashes five blacksmiths; who hammered upon their anvils with a terrible din. They were standing enveloped in flame, like demons, their eyes fixed on the red-hot iron they were pounding; and their dull ideas rose and fell with their hammers.

Simon entered without being noticed, and went quietly to pluck his friend by the sleeve. The latter turned round. All at once the work came to a standstill, and all the men looked on, very attentive. Then, in the midst of this unaccustomed silence, rose the slender pipe of Simon: "Say, Philip, the Michau boy told me just now that you were not altogether my papa."

"Why not?" asked the blacksmith.

The child replied with all innocence: "Because you are not my mamma's husband."

No one laughed. Philip remained standing, leaning his forehead upon the back of his great hands, which supported the handle of his hammer standing upright upon the anvil. He mused. His four companions watched him, and Simon, a tiny mite among these

大男孩搓着手，回答说：“因为你要是爸爸的话，他就应该是你妈妈的丈夫。”

西蒙在这个推理事实面前慌张了起来，不过，他还是反击道：“反正他是我的爸爸。”

“这也很有可能，”大男孩冷笑着大声说道，“但他不完全是你的爸爸。”

布朗肖大姐的儿子低着头，神情恍惚，向老卢瓦宗开的铁匠铺走去。菲利普就在那里干活。

铁匠铺仿佛掩藏在树林下面。那里很暗，只有一只高大炉子的熊熊红光闪闪发亮，照着五个铁匠，他们在铁砧上打铁，发出震耳欲聋的声音。他们站在那里，像被火焰包围的魔鬼一样，眼睛盯着正在锤打的红铁块；他们麻木的思想随着铁锤起起落落。

西蒙走进时，没有人注意到。他悄悄地走过去，拽了拽朋友的袖子。他的朋友回过头，马上停了工作，所有的人都目不转睛地看着。接着，在这不寻常的寂静中，响起了西蒙细弱的声音：“喂，菲利普，米肖大妈的儿子刚才对我说您不完全是我的爸爸。”

“为什么不是？”铁匠问道。

孩子一脸天真地回答说：“因为您不是我妈妈的丈夫。”

没有一个人笑。菲利普站在那里一动不动，两只大手扶着直立在铁砧上的

giants, anxiously waited. Suddenly, one of the smiths, answering to the sentiment of all, said to Philip: "La Blanchotte is a good, honest girl, and upright and steady in spite of her misfortune, and would make a worthy wife for an honest man."

"That is true," remarked the three others.

The smith continued: "Is it the girl's fault if she went wrong? She had been promised marriage; and I know more than one who is much respected to-day, and who sinned every bit as much."

"That is true," responded the three men in chorus.

He resumed: "How hard she has toiled, poor thing, to bring up her child all alone, and how she has wept all these years she has never gone out except to church, God only knows."

"This is also true," said the others.

Then nothing was heard but the bellows which fanned the fire of the furnace.

Philip hastily bent himself down to Simon: "Go and tell your mother that I am coming to speak to her this evening."

Then he pushed the child out by the shoulders.

He returned to his work, and with a single blow the five hammers again fell upon their anvils. Thus they wrought the iron until nightfall, strong, powerful, happy, like contented hammers. But just as the great bell of a cathedral resounds upon feast days above the jingling of the other bells, so Philip's hammer, sounding above the rest, clanged second after second with a deafening uproar. And he stood amid the flying sparks plying his trade vigorously.

锤柄，额头靠在手背上。他在沉思。他的四个伙伴望着他。西蒙在这些巨人中间就像一个小不点儿，他焦急地等待着。突然，一个铁匠对菲利普说出了大家的观点：“布朗肖大姐是一个诚实的好姑娘，尽管遭到过不幸，但她正直可靠，配得上一个诚实的男人。”

“这话没错。”另外三个人说。

这个铁匠继续说道：“要是说这位姑娘失过足，难道这是她的过错吗？别人答应过要娶她；我认识不止一个女人，像她一样从前犯过错，现在不是同样颇受尊敬吗？”

“这话没错。”三个人齐声响应。

他接着说道：“可怜的女人，她一个人把孩子拉扯大，吃了多少苦；这些年，除了上教堂之外，她从不出门，哭过多少次，只有上帝知道。”

“这话也没错。”其他三个人说。

随后，只听到风箱呼呼扇动炉火的声音。

菲利普赶忙弯下腰，对西蒙说：“去告诉你的妈妈，今晚我要去跟她谈。”

说完，他就推着肩膀把孩子送了出去。

他回来又开始干活，五把铁锤再次同时落在铁砧上。他们就这样打铁一直打到天黑，而且打得强壮、有力、欢快，好像心甘情愿的铁锤一样。但是，正如大教堂的大钟在节日的回响超过其他钟的叮当声一样，菲利普的铁锤声也盖住了其他人的锤声。他的锤一秒又一秒铿锵作响、震耳欲聋。他站在飞溅的火星中，生



The sky was full of stars as he knocked at La Blanchotte's door. He had on his Sunday blouse, a clean shirt, and his beard was trimmed. The young woman showed herself upon the threshold, and said in a grieved tone: "It is ill to come thus when night has fallen, Mr. Philip."

He wished to answer, but stammered and stood confused before her.

She resumed: "You understand, do you not, that it will not do for me to be talked about again."

"What does that matter to me, if you will be my wife!"

No voice replied to him, but he believed that he heard in the shadow of the room the sound of a falling body. He entered quickly; and Simon, who had gone to bed, distinguished the sound of a kiss and some words that his mother murmured softly. Then, all at once, he found himself lifted up by the hands of his friend, who, holding him at the length of his herculean arms, exclaimed: "You will tell them, your schoolmates, that your papa is Philip Remy, the blacksmith, and that he will pull the ears of all who do you any harm."

On the morrow, when the school was full and lessons were about to begin, little Simon stood up, quite pale with trembling lips. "My papa," said he in a clear voice, "is Philip Remy, the blacksmith, and he has promised to pull the ears of all who does me any harm."

This time no one laughed, for he was very well known, was Philip Remy, the blacksmith, and was a papa of whom any one in the world would have been proud.

龙活虎地辛苦工作着。

他敲响布朗肖大姐家的门时，已是满天星斗。他穿着节日工装和干净衬衣，胡子剪得整整齐齐。年轻女人来到门口，伤心地说：“菲利普先生，夜幕降临后到这里来，不合适。”

他想应声，但结结巴巴，站在她面前，手足无措。

她接着说道：“你明白，不是吗，不要让人再谈论我了。”

“只要你愿意做我的妻子，那对我又有什么关系呢！”

尽管对方没有回答他，但他相信他听到了房间的黑暗中一个落体的声音，他飞快地走进去。已经上床睡觉的西蒙听到了一个接吻声和他的母亲柔声说出的几句话，紧接着，他突然被朋友的一双手抱了起来。朋友用一双力大无比的胳膊举着他，大声说道：“你可以告诉他们，告诉你的同学们，说你的爸爸是铁匠菲利普·雷米，谁要是伤害你，他就要拽谁的耳朵。”

第二天，全体学生到齐，就要上课时，小西蒙站起来，脸色苍白，嘴唇颤抖。“我的爸爸，”他声音清晰地说，“是铁匠菲利普·雷米，他答应说谁要是伤害我，他就要拽谁的耳朵。”

这一次没有人笑，因为大家都非常熟悉他，就是铁匠菲利普·雷米，世界上谁有他这样的爸爸，都会感到自豪。



## My Uncle Jules

A whitebeard begged us for alms. My companion, Joseph Davranche, gave him five francs. Noticing my surprised look, he said: "That poor man reminds me of a story which I shall tell you, the memory of which continually pursues me. Here it is:

"My family, which came originally from Le Havre, was not rich. We just managed to make both ends meet. My father worked hard, came home late from the office, and earned very little. I had two sisters.

"My mother suffered a good deal from our reduced circumstances, and she often had harsh words for her husband, veiled and sly reproaches. The poor man then made a gesture which used to distress me. He would pass his open hand over his forehead, as if to wipe away perspiration which did not exist, and he would answer nothing. I felt his helpless suffering. We economized on everything, and never would accept an invitation to dinner, so as not to have to return the courtesy. All our provisions were bought at bargain sales. My sisters made their own gowns, and long discussions would arise on the price of a piece of braid worth fifteen centimes a yard. Our meals usually consisted of soup and beef, prepared with every kind of sauce. They say it is wholesome and nourishing, but I should have preferred a change.

"I used to go through terrible scenes on account of lost buttons and torn trousers.

"Every Sunday, dressed in our best, we would take our walk along the breakwater. My father, in a frock coat, high hat and kid gloves, would offer his arm to my mother,

## 我的叔叔于勒

一位白胡子老人向我们乞求施舍。我的同伴约瑟夫·达夫朗什给了他五法郎。他注意到我惊讶的表情，就说道：“这个可怜人使我想起了一件事，对这件事的回忆不断纠缠着我。我告诉你吧，事情是这样的：

“我的一家最初来自勒阿弗尔市，并不富裕，我们仅能勉强度日。我的父亲拼命工作，很晚才下班回家，挣的钱并不多。我还有两个姐姐。

“我们穷困潦倒，我的母亲为此非常痛苦，常常对她的丈夫说一些刻薄无情的话，背地里偷偷指责他。每当此时，这个可怜人总是做出一个常常让我难过的手势。他总是张开手，按一下额头，仿佛要抹去并不存在的汗珠，而且他总是什么也不回答。我体会得到他无助的痛苦。我们样样东西都省着用，从不接受赴宴的邀请，以免不得不回请。我们的所有日用品买的都是减价货。姐姐们的衣服都是她们自己做的，价值十五生丁一码的一条饰带也总要讨价还价半天。我们吃的饭通常是肉汤和备有各种调料的牛肉。据说那样既卫生又营养，但我宁愿换换花样。

“我常常因丢失纽扣和扯破裤子而遭到臭骂。

“每到星期天，我们都身穿节日盛装，沿着防波堤散步。父亲身穿双排扣长