



经典文库 英汉对照

SELECTED STORIES OF
GUY DE MAUPASSANT

莫泊桑中短篇小说选

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[法] 莫泊桑◎著 青 闰◎译

天津社会科学院出版社

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前言

居伊·德·莫泊桑（1850—1893），19世纪后半叶法国优秀的批判现实主义作家，与契诃夫和欧·亨利并称为“世界三大短篇小说家”，对后世产生了极大的影响，被誉为“短篇小说之王”。

莫泊桑出生于法国诺曼底的一个没落贵族家庭。中学毕业后，普法战争爆发。他应征入伍。两年的兵营生活使他认识到了战争的残酷，祖国的危难启发了他的爱国思想。战争结束后，他到达巴黎，先后在海军部和教育部任小职员，同时开始了文学创作。1880年，完成了《羊脂球》的创作，轰动了法国文坛。之后离职从事专门的文学创作，并拜师居斯塔夫·福楼拜。十年间，他完成了三百五十多篇短篇小说和六部长篇小说，尤其是短篇小说，使他成为一代短篇小说巨匠。

莫泊桑是19世纪后期自然主义文学潮流中的大作家。他继承了法国现实主义文学的传统，又接受了左拉的影响，带有明显的自然主义倾向。他在相当短暂的一生里取得了令人瞩目的文学成就。他既是一系列著名长篇小说的作者，更是短篇小说创作的巨匠。他数量巨大的短篇小说达到的艺术水平，不仅在法国文学中，而且在世界文坛上，都卓越超群，所以被称为“短篇小说之王”。

莫泊桑是法国文学史上短篇小说创作数量最大、成就最高的作家，三百余篇短篇小说的巨大创作量在19世纪文学中绝无仅有；他的短篇小说描绘的生活面极为广泛，实际上构成了19世纪下半期法国社会的一幅全面风俗画；更重要的是，他把现实主义短篇小说的艺术提高到了一个前所未有的水平，他在文学史上的重要地位主要就是由他短篇小说的成就奠定的。

莫泊桑短篇小说的题材丰富多彩。在他广泛的描写中，又有着三个突出的

重点，即普法战争、巴黎的小公务员生活和诺曼底地区乡镇的风光与轶事。

莫泊桑亲身参加过普法战争，因此在当代作家中就成了这一历史事件最有资格的描述者。他对战争的所见所闻是那样丰富，而他的体验感受又是那么深切，因此他在整个创作的历程中始终执着于普法战争的题材，毫无疑问他是对这场战争描绘得最多的法国作家。莫泊桑关于普法战争的著名短篇有《羊脂球》《菲菲小姐》《女疯子》《两个朋友》《米隆老爹》《一场决斗》《俘虏》等。

在法国文学中，莫泊桑是公务员、小职员这个阶层在文学上的代表，这方面出色的短篇有《骑马的代价》、《珠宝》、《我的叔叔于勒》、《项链》、《散步》等。

在生活的描绘面上，莫泊桑对法国文学作出了开拓性贡献，更多地把诺曼底地区城镇乡村五光十色的生活带进了法国文学。莫泊桑关于诺曼底题材的短篇为数甚多，重要的有《瞎子》、《小狗皮埃罗》、《在乡下》、《一次政变》、《一截细绳》、《老人》、《小酒桶》等。

莫泊桑在文学史上的首要贡献在于，把短篇小说艺术提高到了一个空前的水平。逼真自然是莫泊桑在短篇小说创作中追求的首要目标，也是他现实主义小说艺术的重要标志。在选材上，莫泊桑的短篇大都以日常生活故事或图景为内容，平淡准确得像实际生活一样，没有人工的编排与臆造的戏剧，不以惊心动魄的开端或令人拍案叫绝的结尾取胜，而是以一种真实自然的叙述艺术与描写艺术吸引人。在描述中，莫泊桑甚至不用情节作为短篇的支架与线路，更力戒曲折离奇的效果，总以纤细隐蔽几乎看不见的线索将一些可信的小事巧妙地串联起来，聪明而又不着痕迹地利用最恰当的结构，突出主要者导向结局。在对人物的描绘上，莫泊桑不追求色彩浓重的形象、表情夸张的面目、惊天动地的生平与难以置信的遭遇，致力于描写“处于常态的感情、灵魂和理智的发展”，表现人物内心的真实与本性的自然。

莫泊桑艺术描写的逼真自然与他作品中形象的鲜明，首先来自他观察的广泛、深刻与独具见地。在表现形式上，莫泊桑是炉火纯青技艺的掌握者。他不拘成法，不恪守某种既定规则，而是自由自在地运用各种方式与手法。在描述对象上，有时是一个完整故事，有时是事件的某个片断，有时是某个图景，有时是一段心理活动与精神状态，既有故事性强的，也有情节淡化的，甚至根本没有情节的，既有人物众多的，也有人物单一的，甚至还有根本没有

人物的；在描述的时序上，有顺叙，有倒叙，有插叙，有目前与过去两重时间的交叉；在描述的角度上，有客观描述的，也有主观描述的，有时描述者与事件保持了时空的距离，有时描述者则又是事件的参加者，有时描述者有明确的身份，有时则又身份不明。在莫泊桑的短篇里，描述方法的多样化与富于变化，无疑他以前的短篇小说作家并不具备。他大大丰富了短篇小说的描述方式，提高了叙述艺术的水平，为后来的短篇小说创作开辟了更广阔的道路。

莫泊桑的简练并不等于粗略，善于以白描笔法进行勾画是他的特长，而以丰富鲜明的色彩进行细致的描绘，也是他才能之所在，他需要时往往绘制出精细入微的图景。

莫泊桑是法国文学史中的语言大师之一，他摒弃华丽的辞藻，使用最规范的语言，追求“一个字适得其所的力量”。他的文学语言清晰、简洁、准确、生动，像一池透明的清水。他的语言不仅与他精练的叙述方式、简明的白描手法相得益彰，巧合天成，而且在写景状物、绘声绘色上也具有很强的表现力，正是以这种优美的语言，莫泊桑对诺曼底的山川平原、小镇情貌、田舍风光、渔家景象、巴黎街景以及朝暮晦明的自然景色，进行了卓越的描绘，留下了一幅幅构图清爽、色彩鲜明的画面，具有高度的艺术水平。

总的来说，莫泊桑的短篇小说创作体现了一整套完整的现实主义小说艺术，这既是对以往现实主义文学传统的继承，也是对它的补充与丰富。莫泊桑短篇小说语言规范优美、清晰简洁、准确生动，采用自然朴素的白描手法，写景状物能抓住精髓，细致入微，准确传神，布局结构的精巧、典型细节的选用、叙事抒情的手法以及行云流水般的自然文笔，篇幅虽短，蕴含极深，平淡小事，意义不凡。给人以小见大的艺术享受，人物形象的自然化与英雄人物的平凡化，都给后世作家提供了楷模。

他的短篇驰名中外，他在长篇小说创作上的成就却因此被湮没。其实，他不但是短篇小说的高手，在长篇小说创作上也颇有建树。他继承了巴尔扎克、司汤达、福楼拜的现实主义传统，在心理描写上又开拓出新路。《漂亮朋友》就是他的一部长篇代表性作品。莫泊桑不满足于短篇小说取得的成就，在他声誉鹊起后，他经常涉足上流社会，开阔了眼界，便想到从更广阔的背景上去反映社会现实，长篇小说给他提供了一个得心应手的工具。从第一部长篇《一生》到第二部长篇《漂亮朋友》，他的笔触已经从个人生活投向新闻界和政

界，具有丰富得多的内容，堪称一部揭露深刻、讽刺犀利的社会小说。

屠格涅夫认为他是19世纪末法国文坛上“最卓越的天才”。托尔斯泰认为他的小说具有“形式的美感”和“鲜明的爱憎”，他之所以是天才，是因为他“不是按照他所希望看到的样子，而是按照事物本来的样子来看事物”，因而“就能揭发暴露事物，而且使人们爱那值得爱的，恨那值得恨的事物。”左拉说：他的作品“无限丰富多彩，无不精彩绝妙，令人叹为观止”。恩格斯说：“应该向莫泊桑脱帽致敬。”

焦作大学 青闰

2016年2月29日

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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

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。

他们在家里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。

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, 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

他正要回家前往母亲的房子，这时那一群群正在窃窃私语的同学用孩子们决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。那个得意洋洋的大男孩大声嚷道：“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

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.

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

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。”

“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渴望，这种渴望就像驱使鸡窝里的一只母鸡发现有一只受伤就要消灭它一样。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，“他在公墓里，他是我的爸爸。”

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

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 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.

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。

他的敌人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，高声叫喊着赶忙跑走了。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。

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

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 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

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。”

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，两腿猛地挺展，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

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 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

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，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，也不再周围的一切了，全神贯注地哭了起来。

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——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

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 at her 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.”

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，眼泪顺着脸颊滚滚而下。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：“你做我的爸爸好吗？”

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

“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.

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

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。

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。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。