

◎ 吉林大学研究生立项教材

美国文学名篇汉译 难点指津

綦天柱 孙萍 邵蓉 编著

 吉林大学出版社

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前 言

这部《美国文学名篇汉译难点指津》选自美国最著名的作家创作于 19 至 20 世纪的名篇。本着循序渐进的原则,这些故事中有一部分作了适当的改写,有一部分是未经删节或改写的原著。编著者在筛选故事、改写故事以及在故事的排序等方面都很注重科学性、代表性和普遍性。

全书共分七个单元,每四篇为一个单元,其中前三篇为精讲,第四篇为练习。另外,为方便使用者了解原作者,每篇故事的开头均设有“作者简介”。

本书的同时也是这二十八篇故事的译者,在编著过程中,编著者除了翻译这些故事之外,还对翻译中的难点和重点进行了详尽的讲解和透彻的分析,其主旨是帮助使用者尽快掌握常用的文学翻译技巧,最终提高翻译能力和英汉两种语言的对比研究能力。此外,本书还将有助于使用者了解美国文化、历史、日常生活、社会和政治史中的重要人物和重要时期以及有关作者的生平等,对深入开展这方面的学习和研究也将起到一定的推动作用。

愿这部《美国文学名篇汉译难点指津》能够成为广大翻译研究者和爱好者以及大专院校师生欣赏和研究美国名家名篇、提高翻译水平的良朋益友!

编著者 2010 年 10 月 4 日

编著者简介

孙萍,女,1952年9月生,吉林省通化市人,1975年毕业于吉林大学外国语学院英语专业,现任吉林大学公共外语教育学院教授、硕士生导师;中国翻译工作者协会会员。主要研究方向:中英语言文化对比研究与翻译。近年来出版专著《实用英汉翻译新法》、《实用英汉翻译——技巧与实践》、《英汉翻译导论》、《文化视域下英汉语言文学比较研究与翻译》;译著《大瑟尔》、《特意记着》、《柯利希的安宁岁月》、《谋杀者的时代》、《朗文讲透美国经典名著》(第三册)、《朗文精读美国名篇故事》(第三册)、《英语知道 28 篇美国小说》、《英语知道 56 个为什么》;发表相关领域的论文 50 余篇。

綦天柱,男,1976年3月生,吉林省农安县人,2007年毕业于吉林大学公共外语教育学院,获外国语言学及应用语言学硕士学位,2008年吉林大学文学院比较文学与世界文学专业在读博士,现任长春师范学院外国语学院副教授。主要研究方向:翻译理论、译介学。近年来出版专著《文化视域下英汉语言文学比较研究与翻译》;译著《朗文讲透美国经典名著》(第二册)、《朗文精读美国名篇故事》(第二册)、《聪明宝宝》(第二册)、《英语知道 28 篇美国小说》;发表相关领域的论文 20 余篇。

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第一單元

第一篇

BREAKFAST

A story by JOHN STEINBECK

About the Author

John Steinbeck was born in 1902 in Salinas, California. He grew up in a farming valley surrounded by mountains, about a hundred miles south of San Francisco and twenty-five miles from the Pacific Coast. The valley, the mountains, and the coast serve as settings for many of Steinbeck's best and most famous stories. His mother, a schoolteacher, encouraged him to read widely as a child. After taking many courses but no degree from Stanford University, Steinbeck held a variety of jobs that developed in him a deep sympathy for the life of working people. In the 1930s, a time of great economic hardship, Steinbeck wrote five books that became the basis of his future fame. They are *Tortilla Flat* (1935), *In Dubious Battle* (1936), *Of Mice and Men* (1937), *The Long Valley* (1938), a collection of stories from which "Breakfast" is taken, and *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939), a long novel about farming families that many consider his best. Steinbeck's writing is straightforward, natural, and clear, but expresses great emotion beneath its simple surface. Steinbeck published more than thirty books during his productive career; many of his stories were made into films. In 1962, he won the Nobel Prize for literature. He died in 1968.

This thing fills me with pleasure. I don't know why, I can see it in the smallest detail. I find myself recalling it again and again, each time bringing more detail out of sunken memory; remembering brings the curious warm pleasure.

It was very early in the morning. The eastern mountains were black-blue, but behind them the light stood up faintly colored at the mountain rims with a washed red, growing colder, greyer and darker as it went up and overhead until, at a place near the west, it merged with pure night.

And it was cold, not painfully so, but cold enough so that I rubbed my hands and

shoved them deep into my pockets, and I hunched my shoulders up and scuffled my feet on the ground. Down in the valley where I was, the earth was that lavender grey of dawn. I walked along a country road and ahead of me I saw a tent that was only a little lighter grey than the ground. Beside the tent there was a flash of orange fire seeping out of the cracks of an old rusty iron stove. Grey smoke spurted up out of the stubby stovepipe, spurted up a long way before it spread out and dissipated.

I saw a young woman beside the stove, really a girl. She was dressed in a faded cotton skirt and waist. As I came close I saw that she carried a baby in a crooked arm and the baby was nursing, its head under her waist out of the cold. The mother moved about, poking the fire, shifting the rusty lids of the stove to make a greater draft, opening the oven door; and all the time the baby was nursing, but that didn't interfere with the mother's work, nor with the light quick gracefulness of her movements. There was something very precise and practiced in her movements. The orange fire flicked out of the cracks in the stove and threw dancing reflections on the tent.

I was close now and I could smell frying bacon and baking bread, the warmest, pleasantest odors I know. From the east the light grew swiftly. I came near to the stove and stretched my hands out to it and shivered all over when the warmth struck me. Then the tent flap jerked up and a young man came out and an older man followed him. They were dressed in new blue dungarees and in new dungaree coats with brass buttons shining. They were sharp-faced men, and they looked much alike.

The younger had a dark stubble beard and the older had a grey stubble beard. Their heads and faces were wet, their hair dripped with water, and water stood out on their stiff beards and their cheeks shone with water. Together they stood looking quietly at the lightening east; they yawned together and looked at the light on the hill rims. They turned and saw me.

"Morning," said the older man. His face was neither friendly nor unfriendly.

"Morning, sir," I said.

"Morning," said the young man.

The water was slowly drying on their faces. They came to the stove and warmed their hands at it.

The girl kept to her work, her face averted and her eyes on what she was doing. Her hair was tied back out of her eyes with a string and it hung down her back and swayed as she worked. She set tin cups on a big packing box, set tin plates and knives and forks out too. Then she scooped fried bacon out of the deep grease and laid it on a big tin platter, and the bacon clicked and rustled as it grew crisp. She opened the rusty oven door and took out a square pan full of high big biscuits.

When the smell of that hot bread came out, both of the men inhaled deeply. The young man said softly, "Keerist!"

The older man turned to me, "Had your breakfast?"

"No."

"Well, sit down with us, then."

That was the signal. We went to the packing case and squatted on the ground about it. The young man asked, "picking cotton?"

"No."

"We have twelve days' work so far," the young man said.

The girl spoke up from the stove. "They even got new clothes."

The two men looked down at their new dungarees and they both smiled a little.

The girl set out the platter of bacon, the brown high biscuits, a bowl of bacon gravy and a pot of coffee, and then she squatted down by the box too. The baby was still nursing, its head up under her waist out of the cold. I could hear the sucking noises it made.

We filled our plates, poured bacon gravy over our biscuits and sugared our coffee. The older man filled his mouth full and he chewed and chewed and swallowed. Then he said, "God Almighty, it's good," and he filled his mouth again.

The young man said, "We been eating good for twelve days."

We all ate quickly, frantically, and refilled our plates and ate quickly again until we were full and warm. The hot bitter coffee scalded our throats. We threw the last little bit with the grounds in it on the earth and refilled our cups.

There was the color of the light now, a reddish gleam that made the air seem colder. The two men faced the east and their faces were lighted by the dawn, and I looked up for a moment and saw the image of the mountain and the light coming over it reflected in the older man's eyes.

Then the two men threw the grounds from their cups on the earth and they stood up together. "Got to get going," the older man said.

The younger man turned to me. "Fyou want to pick cotton, we could maybe get you on."

"No. I got to go along. Thanks for breakfast."

The older man waved his hand in a negative. "O. K. Glad to have you." They walked away together. The air was blazing with light at the eastern skyline. And I walked away down the country road.

That's all. I know, of course, some of the reasons why it was pleasant. But there was some element of great beauty there that makes the rush of warmth when I think of it.

早餐

约翰·斯坦贝克

作者简介

约翰·斯坦贝克 1902 年生于美国加利福尼亚州蒙特雷县塞利纳斯镇，在一座群山环抱的峡谷农场里长大成人。农场位于旧金山以南约一百英里，距太平洋沿岸约二十五英里。那峡谷，那群山以及那海岸成了斯坦贝克许多名著的写作背景。他的母亲是一位小学教师。在斯坦贝克儿时，母亲就鼓励他博览群书。斯坦贝克在斯坦福大学主攻多门课程，但最终没有获得学位。继此之后，他从事过多种职业，这些职业使他对劳动人民的生活产生了深切的同情。20 世纪 30 年代，也就是美国发生严重经济危机时期，斯坦贝克创作了五部文学作品，为日后成名奠定了基础。这五部作品包括：《煎饼坪》(1935)、《相持》(1936)、《人鼠之间》(1937)、《长长的峡谷》(1938)，后者是一部故事集，“早餐”正是选自其中。还有《愤怒的葡萄》(1939)，这是一部有关农民家庭生活题材的长篇小说，被认为是他的最佳作品。斯坦贝克的写作风格率直、自然、条理清晰，在貌似简单的外表下隐含着博大深邃的思想情感。在创作丰年，他共发表作品三十多部，其中多数现已改编成电影。他于 1962 年荣获诺贝尔文学奖，1968 年与世长辞。

这件事使我的内心充满了喜悦。我不知道这是为什么，但我至今仍然记忆犹新，连最小的细枝末节也无一遗漏。我不厌其烦地反复回味，每一次都有新的更为详细的细节从已然沉落的记忆中浮现；记忆为我带来了奇妙的温馨。

那是一天清晨，东方的山峦还笼罩着一层深蓝色，但山峦背后已有曙光微启，山的轮廓镶上了淡红色的边儿。那缕晨光慢慢地上升到头顶，最后又在西边的天际与那茫茫的夜色融为一体，这时，它看上去也就越发冷峻和灰暗了。^[1]

天气很冷，虽然还算不得冷彻肺腑，但也足以让我使劲儿磨搓着双手然后再深深地插入衣服口袋里，我又是耸肩，又是往地上蹭脚。在我所居住的峡谷里，大地被染上了黎明时分带有淡紫色彩的灰色。我沿着一条乡村公路向前走着，看到前方有一座帐篷，也是同样的灰色调，只比大地的颜色略微淡化一点儿。在帐篷旁边闪烁着桔红色的火光，那是从一只古老的生了锈的铁炉的裂隙透出来的。灰色的浓烟从短粗的炉筒子里冒出，形成一段烟柱，然后才渐渐消散。^[2]

我看到炉边有个年轻的女人。她非常年轻，简直就是个孩子。她穿着一条褪色的棉布裙子和罩衫。走近一看，她的臂弯里还抱着一个婴儿，那婴儿正在吃奶，小脑袋瓜藏在罩衫里，一点也冻不着。母亲来回走动，一会儿捅捅火，一会儿移动几下生了锈的炉盖子，以便更好地通风，一会儿又打开炉门；母亲干这干那，孩子则一直在吃奶。^[3]孩子吃奶丝毫不影响母

亲的工作,也不影响母亲轻盈而优雅的动作。她的动作准确而娴熟。从铁炉裂隙处透出的桔红色火苗一闪一闪的,把整个帐篷也辉映得闪烁不定。〔4〕

我越走越近了,已经能嗅到煎腊肠和烤面包的香味了,那是我所知道的最令人兴奋和激动的味道。东方的天际眨眼间就露出了曙光。我走近火炉,伸手烤火。一股热气袭来,我不禁打了个冷战。这时,帐篷的门帘猛地拉起,走出一位青年男子,后面还跟着一位年长些的。他们都穿着崭新的蓝布工作服,上衣的铜钮扣闪闪发光。他们的面孔全都棱角分明,看上去也非常相似。

那青年脸上的短须是黑的,而年长者的短须已经花白了。他们的头和脸全都湿漉漉的,头发还在滴水,坚硬的短须上挂着水珠,面颊也因为湿而发光。他们一同站在那里,默默地望着渐渐明亮起来的东方;他们又同时打了个哈欠,望了望霞光初染的山峦,然后才转过身来,一眼看见了我。

“早晨好,”年长的说,他的表情不够热情,但也并不冷淡。

“早晨好,先生,”我说。

他们脸上的水渐渐地晾干了。他们走近火炉烤烤手。

那女人还在干活,她背过脸去看着手中的活。她的头发拢到脑后,用一根绳子扎成一束垂在后边,这束头发就随着她干活的动作摆来摆去。她把一些锡制的杯子摆放到一个大包装箱上,还摆了一些锡制的盘子,以及刀叉之类的东西。然后,她把煎得油汪汪的腊肠盛入一个大浅盘里,腊肠渐渐变脆时发出轻轻的吱吱声和沙沙声。她打开生锈的烤炉,端出满满一方盘蓬松的大块烤饼。

热腾腾的烤饼飘来的香味引得两个男人深深地吸气。那年轻的柔声说:“太美了!”

那年长者把脸转向我,问:“吃早饭了吗?”

“没有。”

“那就跟我们一块儿坐下来吧。”

这是一种邀请的表示。我们就朝包装箱走去,围着包装箱蹲下了。年轻人问我:“摘棉花吗?”

“不。”

年轻人又说:“我们都干十二天了。”

那女人从火炉边抬起头来说:“他们还领到了新衣服。”

那两个男人低头看了一眼崭新的工作服,相视一笑。

女人摆好腊肠、烤饼、熏肉汤和一壶咖啡,然后也围着包装箱蹲了下来。婴孩仍在吃奶,小脑瓜在背心里抬着,一点也冻不着。听得见它发出的吸奶的声音。

我们往自己的盘子里装满食物,又在烤饼上浇了熏肉汁儿,往咖啡里加了糖。年长的男人嘴里塞得满满的,开始嚼啊嚼,最后终于吞咽下去了。然后,他说:“全能的上帝呀,这可真好,好吃,”于是,他又填满一大口。

那个年轻人说:“这十二天来一直吃得不错。”

我们都吃得又快又猛,吃完一盘又一盘,直到吃得肚子饱饱的;那又热又苦的咖啡烫着嗓子,杯里沉淀的底子泼到地上后,就再续上一杯,喝了一杯又一杯,直到喝得周身暖烘烘的。〔5〕

这时,天才开始亮了起来,朝霞使空气更显寒冷。两个男人面朝东方,他们的面孔也被曙色映得明光通亮。我抬起头来,居然看到年长者眼中映现的远山和越过山顶的曙光。

这时,两个男人把咖啡底子泼到地上,一块站了起来。“得走了,”年长的说。

年轻的转身对我说:“要是想摘棉花的话,我们说不定能替你说上话。”

“不用了,我还得赶路。谢谢你们的早餐。”

那年长的摆摆手以示不必客气。“好了,很高兴你跟我们一起吃饭。”说完,他们俩就一块走了。这时,东方的天际已是霞光万道,我沿着乡村的公路大踏步走了。

要说的就这些。这件事之所以令人感到快慰,其中的一些缘由我当然十分清楚。但除此之外,这里还有着一种极为美好的东西,它使我每每想及此事,就会感到一股暖流遍涌全身。^[6]

难点指津

1. 这是一个现在分词短语做伴随状语,其后还带有一个由 as 引导的状语从句,这个从句本身是个含有 until 从句的复合句。理顺了各成分之间的关系后,再进行换序处理,使译文先叙事后下结论,以符合译语的表达习惯。

2. 这里说的 spurt up a long way 是指那浓烟从炉筒子里喷出后还要经过一段行程后才能消散的情景,译文把它描绘成“一段烟柱”,既简洁,又形象。

3. 前面列举了母亲所做的一系列事情,下文如果说“在此期间,孩子一直在吃奶”感觉就有些生硬,不如说“母亲干这干那,孩子则一直在吃奶”显得随意。

4. 文学翻译特别讲究文采,所以,培养遣词造句的基本功就显得尤为重要。试比较:“桔红色的火苗从铁炉裂隙处向外扑打,把舞蹈着的反光投到帐篷上。”

5. 原文中的 full 指吃了食物后“肚子饱了”,而 warm 主要是指因为喝了热咖啡而“周身发热”,翻译时做了变通处理,顺应了汉语的叙事习惯。而且,译成“吃完一盘又一盘,直到吃得肚子饱饱的”以及“喝了一杯又一杯,直到喝得周身暖哄哄的”也能带来一种语言上的音韵美。

6. 既然文学翻译讲究文采,那么,美的东西就要用美的语言来表达。比较:当然,我知道这件事令人感到快慰的一些理由。但是,还有一种极为美好的东西,它在我想起这事的时候就构成了一股暖流。

第二篇

A DAY'S WAIT

A story by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

About the Author

Ernest Hemingway was born in Oak Park Illinois in 1899. His father, a doctor, encouraged his love of the outdoor life of camping, fishing, and hunting. As a boy he spent summer vacations in the woods of upper Michigan, which later became the setting for some of his best-known stories. In World War I, Hemingway offered his services as a Red Cross ambulance driver, and in 1918 he was seriously wounded in Italy. Three of his best novels—*The Sun Also Rises* (1926), *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940)—take place in Europe during or after a war. Indeed, war, as a personal experience and as a general condition of human life, is central to most of Hemingway's writing. Many of his characters are fighting a battle that was lost before they began fighting. What is important to Hemingway is the way the characters behave in that battle and how they face the difficulties of life. Hemingway's short stories have influenced generations of American writers. Much of the meaning in his stories lies under the surface of his clean, clear writing style. His object, he once wrote, was to "make people feel something more than they understood." He lived most of his last years in Cuba, and his adventures as a hunter and journalist were widely reported. After publishing his famous short novel *The Old Man and the Sea* in 1952, Hemingway was awarded the Pulitzer Prize (1953) and the Nobel Prize for literature (1954). He left Cuba in 1960, moved to Idaho, and in 1961 ended his own life by shooting himself.

He came into the room to shut the windows while we were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was shivering, his face was white, and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

"What's the matter, Schatz?"

"I've got a headache."

"You better go back to bed."

"No. I'm all right."

"You go to bed. I'll see you when I'm dressed."

But when I came downstairs he was dressed, sitting by the fire, looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years. When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever.

"You go up to bed," I said, "you're sick."

"I'm all right," he said.

When the doctor came he took the boy's temperature.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"One hundred and two."

Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different colored capsules with instructions for giving them. One was to bring down the fever, another a purgative, the third to overcome an acid condition. The germs of influenza can only exist in an acid condition, he explained. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light epidemic of flu and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia.

Back in the room I wrote the boy's temperature down and made a note of the time to give the various capsules.

"Do you want me to read to you?"

"All right. If you want to," said the boy. His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in the bed and seemed very detached from what was going on.

I read aloud from Howard Pyle's *Book of Pirates*; but I could see he was not following what I was reading.

"How do you feel, Schatz?" I asked him.

"Just the same, so far," he said.

I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. It would have been natural for him to go to sleep, but when I looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed, looking very strangely.

"Why don't you try to sleep? I'll wake you up for the medicine."

"I'd rather stay awake."

After awhile he said to me, "You don't have to stay in here with me, Papa, if it bothers you."

"It doesn't bother me."

"No, I mean you don't have to stay if it's going to bother you."

I thought perhaps he was a little lightheaded and after giving him the prescribed capsules at eleven o'clock I went out for a while.

It was a bright, cold day, the ground covered with a sleet that had frozen so that it seemed as if all the bare trees, the bushes, the cut brush and all the grass and the bare ground had been varnished with ice. I took the young Irish setter for a little walk up the

road and along a frozen creek, but it was difficult to stand or walk on the glassy surface and the red dog slipped and slithered and I fell twice, hard, once dropping my gun and having it slide away over the ice.

We flushed a covey of quail under a high clay bank with overhanging brush and I killed two as they went out of sight over the top of the bank. Some of the covey lit in trees, but most of them scattered into brush piles and it was necessary to jump on the ice-coated mounds of brush several times before they would flush. Coming out while you were poised unsteadily on the icy, springy brush they made difficult shooting and I killed two, missed five, and started back pleased to have found a covey close to the house and happy there were so many left to find another day.

At the house they said the boy had refused to let anyone come into the room.

"You can't come in," he said. "You mustn't get what I have."

I went up to him and found him in exactly the position I had left him, white-faced, but with the tops of his cheeks flushed by the fever, staring still, as he had stared, at the foot of the bed.

I took his temperature.

"What is it?"

"Something like a hundred," I said. It was one hundred and two and four tenths.

"It was a hundred and two," he said.

"Who said so?"

"The doctor."

"Your temperature is all right," I said. "It's nothing to worry about."

"I don't worry," he said, "but I can't keep from thinking."

"Don't think," I said. "Just take it easy."

"I'm taking it easy," he said and looked straight ahead. He was evidently holding tight onto himself about something.

"Take this with water."

"Do you think it will do any good?"

"Of course it will."

I sat down and opened the *Pirate* book and commenced to read, but I could see he was not following, so I stopped.

"About what time do you think I'm going to die?" he asked.

"What?"

"About how long will it be before I die?"

"You aren't going to die. What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, yes, I am. I heard him say a hundred and two."

"People don't die with a fever of one hundred and two. That's a silly way to talk."

“I know they do. At school in France the boys told me you can't live with forty-four degrees. I've got a hundred and two.”

He had been waiting to die all day, ever since nine o'clock in the morning.

“You poor Schatz,” I said. “It's like miles and kilometers. You know, like how many kilometers we make when we do seventy miles in the car?”

“Oh,” he said.

But his gaze at the foot of the bed relaxed slowly. The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day it was very slack and he cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.

一天的等待

欧内斯特·海明威

作者简介