

神秘的埃及 4

The Phantom and the Fisherman

渔长与鬼

[英]特里·迪瑞 著 韩海清等 译



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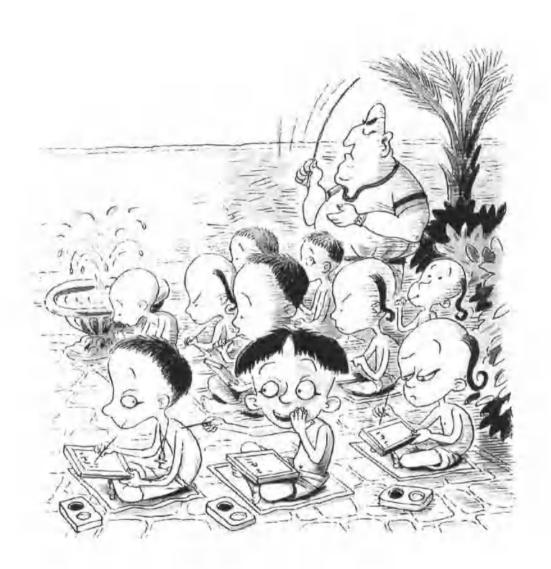


第 1章 可恶的师傅 Chapter 1 The Miserable Master









突然, 美尼斯 听见"嗖"地一声, 接着鞭子就抽在自 己的背上。

"上课的时候不 许说话!"他们那个 胖乎乎、正满头冒 汗的老师厉声呵斥 着。



Menes heard the sudden swish of a stick then felt it strike him on the back.

"No talking in class!" the fat and sweating teacher hissed.



"对不起,麦什维西师傅。"美尼斯 华西师傅。"美尼斯 小声说。然后,赶紧 把头伏在面前的石 膏板上,将芦秆笔在 水里泡泡,又在黑黑 的墨块上摩擦几下, 刷刷地写起来。



"Sorry, Master Meshwesh," Menes muttered. He bent his head over the plaster board in front of him. He dipped his reed pen in water, rubbed it against the black ink-block and started writing again.



尽管上课的地方是在一个清清凉凉的花园里,旁边还有个小喷泉, 美尼斯还是一边写一边流汗。

可胖老师麦什维西还是不肯放过他。

"要是你在写字的时候还说话, 你就永远不可能成为一名出色的书记员。知道不, 美尼斯?"

"我不敢了, 麦什维西师傅。" 小男孩叹着气。

"要是你努力学习,长大了就会成为一名寺庙的书记员,富得像地主一样。美尼斯,你也希望这样,对不对?"

Lessons were in a cool garden with a sparkling fountain. But still Menes sweated over his work.

But fat Master Meshwesh wasn't finished with him yet.

"You will never be a good scribe if you talk when you should be working, will you, Menes?"

"No, Master Meshwesh," the boy sighed.

"But, if you work hard, you will grow to be a temple scribe and as rich as a lord. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Menes?"



fountain n.喷泉 scribe n.抄写员 sigh v.叹气 temple n.庙,寺



"是的, 麦什维西师傅。"

正午的太阳下, 麦什维西一直喘着气, 还时不时舔舔他的厚嘴唇。

"是的, 麦什维西师傅。"他故意捏着嗓子学美尼斯说话的语气,

"学会了写字, 你就能当一名祭司, 甚至成为一名粮食商人, 就像阿莫斯的父亲那样。千万别学你父亲, 成为一个又穷又臭的渔夫。如果你再在课堂上说话, 我就把你扔出学校, 那你就像你那又腥又臭的父亲一样完蛋了。"

"Yes, Master Meshwesh."

The teacher was panting in the midday sun and licking his thick lips. "Yes, Master Meshwesh," he mimicked.

"Rich. Learn to write and you can become a priest. Or even a corn dealer, like Ahmose's father. Not like your father. A poor and stinking fisherman. If you talk in class I'll have you thrown out of school and you'll end up like your fishy, foul father."





麦什维西忽然一把揪住美尼斯的耳朵把他提溜到自己的脚边,满口的洋葱味直喷到可怜的男孩脸上,"你有没有从家里带鱼给我?"



Suddenly the master grabbed Menes by the ear and lifted the boy to his feet. He breathed his onion breath into the boy's face. "Have you brought any fish from home for me?"



"带了,麦什维西师傅!"美尼斯忍不住尖叫起来,因为他的耳朵被麦什维西胖墩墩的手指头捏得死死的。

"这还差不多。" 胖老师说, "既然如此, 我们休息吃午饭吧。"

听了这话,10个小男孩儿立刻把他们的笔用水洗干净,然后站起身,伸伸懒腰。美尼斯打开自己的麻布书包,拿出两片鱼干和一些面包。胖老师这才松开他的耳朵,一把抢过食物攥在大手掌里,咧着嘴,露出里面裂得开了缝的牙笑着。

"Yes, Master Meshwesh!" Menes squealed as the fat thumb and finger squeezed his ear.

"Good," the teacher said. "In that case we will stop for lunch."

The ten boys rinsed their pens in the water, stood up and stretched. Menes opened his linen bag and took out two pieces of dried fish and some bread. The teacher let loose the boy's ear, snatched the food in one huge paw and grinned his gap-toothed grin.



- "太好吃了!"他一边咂着嘴一边说。
- "有一条鱼是给我的!"美尼斯说。



- "Tasty!" he said and smacked his lips.
- "One fish was for me," Menes said.



smack v.拍击