

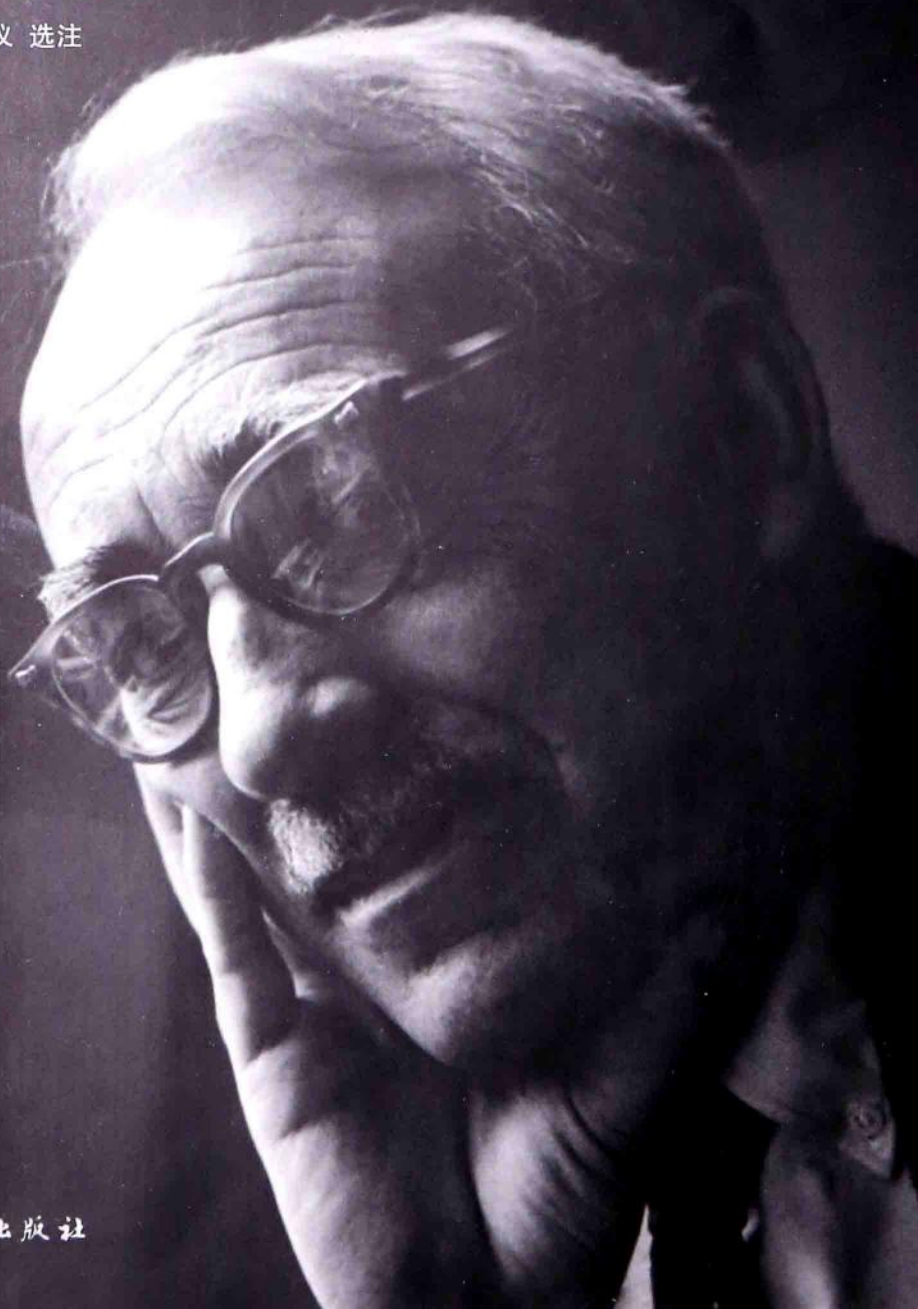
My Oedipus Complex:

Selected Short Stories of Frank O'Connor

# 我的俄狄浦斯情结

弗兰克·奥康纳短篇小说选

朱敬才 陈淑仪 选注



南开大学出版社

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## 前 言

弗兰克·奥康纳（Frank O'Connor, 1903—1966）是爱尔兰著名小说家、评论家、传记作家和翻译家，其文学作品可谓丰厚卓越，在短篇小说领域所取得的成就尤为后人瞩目。奥康纳一生笔耕不辍，共创作短篇小说 150 余篇，其中不乏名篇和精品，如《国家的客人》（“Guests of the Nation”）、《我的俄狄浦斯情结》（“My Oedipus Complex”）、《醉汉》（“The Drunkard”）、《第一次忏悔》（“First Confession”）、《森林里的孩子》（“The Babes in the Wood”）等。

1903 年 9 月 17 日，奥康纳出生在爱尔兰南部的科克市（Cork），本名迈克尔·奥多诺万（Michael O'Donovan）。他是独生子，生活在一个较为贫困的家庭。其父曾在英军中服役，参加过第一次世界大战。幼年时的奥康纳与父亲离多聚少，在父亲回家探亲时以及最终退役回到家中之后，奥康纳时常与他产生摩擦。奥康纳的母亲是一位家庭妇女，无固定工作，靠做零活补贴家用。奥康纳与母亲的关系颇为融洽，他甚至视母亲为偶像。从《我的俄狄浦斯情结》等小说中，读者不难看出作家的恋母倾向。

初中毕业后，奥康纳便辍学在家，再也没有接受过正规教育，但他喜好读书，通过自学研读了大量欧洲古典名著，为日后的创作奠定了坚实的基础。青年时期的奥康纳曾参加过爱尔兰共和军（Irish Republican Army, 简称 IRA），1923 年 2 月被自由邦（Free States）俘虏，关押于都柏林郊外的集中营，直至当年年底才重获自由。之后奥康纳从事过多种职业，做过乡村教师和图书管理员，并一度出任 20 世纪爱尔兰最有影响的剧院——阿贝剧院（the Abbey Theatre）的董事和经理。1951 年之后，奥康纳侨居美国，先后任教于美国西北大学、哈佛大学和斯坦福大学，讲授短篇小说理论。其专著《孤独之声——

短篇小说研究》(*The Lonely Voice: A Study of the Short Story*) 一经出版即引起巨大反响, 并已成为文学研究领域的经典之作。1961年, 奥康纳不幸中风, 之后回到爱尔兰, 1966年3月10日在都柏林去世。

鉴于奥康纳在短篇小说领域所取得的成就, 爱尔兰科克市政府于2005年创立了“弗兰克·奥康纳国际短篇小说奖”(Frank O'Connor International Short Story Award), 奖金最高达3.5万欧元, 是迄今为止全世界影响最大、奖金数额最高的短篇小说奖项。

本书共选奥康纳短篇小说20篇, 主要选自作家的 *Collected Stories*、*My Oedipus Complex and Other Stories* 等小说集。在选目时, 我们兼顾作品的趣味性、可读性和代表性, 并尽量选择那些在各种作品选中出现频率较高的作品。注释部分主要针对生僻词汇、语言难点、文化背景等, 目的是帮助读者加深对作品的理解。有些非标准用法和模仿发音的拼写方法, 如 *ye* (等于 *you*)、*'Tis* (等于 *It is*)、*Then poor Denis raised his head and says* (*says* 等于 *said*) 等, 因基本不会影响阅读, 故不予注解。所选20篇均为原文, 选注者未做任何删改。但奥康纳有一个独特的创作习惯, 喜欢对已出版和发表的作品不断修改和润色, 继而再次出版或发表, 这就造成了同一篇名的小说具有多种版本的现象。如果有些读者接触到本书所选作品的其他版本, 或者习惯于参照其他版本进行阅读, 请对作者这种习惯多加理解, 并不要因此感到困惑。

本书的编写对象主要是高校英语专业学生, 但由于在选目时我们特别注意了作品的可读性和难易度, 因此本书也适合具有一定英语水平的普通读者阅读。

由于我们水平有限, 所选篇目和所选注释项未必十分精当, 注释中也难免存在疏漏和不足, 还望广大读者不吝指正。

感谢南开大学出版社和各位编辑老师为本书的出版所作的努力。

朱敬才 陈淑仪

2013年8月于中国民航大学

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# My Oedipus Complex<sup>①</sup>

Father was in the army all through the war—the First War, I mean—so, up to the age of five, I never saw much of him, and what I saw did not worry me. Sometimes I woke and there was a big figure in *khaki*<sup>②</sup> peering down at me in the candlelight. Sometimes in the early morning I heard the slamming of the front door and the clatter of nailed boots down the cobbles of the lane. These were Father's entrances and exits. Like *Santa Claus*<sup>③</sup> he came and went mysteriously.

In fact, I rather liked his visits, though it was an uncomfortable squeeze between Mother and him when I got into the big bed in the early morning. He smoked, which gave him a pleasant musty smell, and shaved, an operation of astounding interest. Each time he left *a trail of*<sup>④</sup> souvenirs—model tanks and *Gurkha knives*<sup>⑤</sup> with handles made of bullet cases, and German helmets and cap badges and *button-sticks*<sup>⑥</sup>, and all sorts of military equipment—carefully stowed away in a long box on top

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① Oedipus Complex: 常译作“俄狄浦斯情结”或“恋母情结”。典出古希腊神话。俄狄浦斯是忒拜(Thebe)国王拉伊奥斯(Laius)和王后约卡斯塔(Jocasta)的儿子,他在不知情的情况下杀死了自己的生父并娶了自己的母亲。俄狄浦斯在得知真相之后,刺瞎双眼,流落他乡,他因此成为欧洲文学史上典型的悲剧人物。“俄狄浦斯情结”后来成为精神分析学术语,由精神分析学创始人西格蒙德·弗洛伊德(Sigmund Freud)提出,指儿童在3至6岁期间形成的一种服从和依恋母亲的心理倾向,和因这种心理而与父亲产生的敌对情绪。

② khaki: 卡其布。一种土黄色的、较为结实的布料,常用来制作军服。

③ Santa Claus: 圣诞老人。

④ a trail of: 一串; 一系列。

⑤ Gurkha knives: 廓尔喀刀。此刀前重后轻,前宽后窄,背厚刃薄,抡砍时力量集中在刀的前部,具有斧子般的杀伤力。它既是尼泊尔人日常生活中不可缺少的物件,也是很好的战斗武器。

⑥ button-sticks: 扣垫。一种金属片或木片,上面开有特别设计的槽,当它穿过一排纽扣时,每个纽扣可以从一个切口露出,这样纽扣可以被擦亮而布面不至于被沾污。

of the wardrobe, in case they ever *came in handy*<sup>①</sup>. *There was a bit of the magpie about Father*<sup>②</sup>; he expected everything to come in handy. When his back was turned, Mother let me get a chair and rummage through his treasures. She didn't seem to think so highly of them as he did.

The war was the most peaceful period of my life. The window of my attic faced southeast. My mother had curtained it, but that had small effect. I always woke with the first light and, with all the responsibilities of the previous day melted, feeling myself rather like the sun, ready to illumine and rejoice. Life never seemed so simple and clear and full of possibilities as then. I put my feet out from under the clothes—I called them Mrs. Left and Mrs. Right—and invented dramatic situations for them in which they discussed the problems of the day. At least Mrs. Right did; she was very demonstrative, but I hadn't the same control of Mrs. Left, so she mostly contented herself with nodding agreement.

They discussed what Mother and I should do during the day, what Santa Claus should give a fellow for Christmas, and what steps should be taken to brighten the home. There was that little matter of the baby, for instance. Mother and I could never agree about that. Ours was the only house in the terrace without a new baby, and Mother said we couldn't afford one till Father came back from the war because they cost *seventeen and six*<sup>③</sup>. That showed how simple she was. The Geneys up the road had a baby, and everyone knew they couldn't afford seventeen and six. It was probably a cheap baby, and Mother wanted something really good, but I felt she was too *exclusive*<sup>④</sup>. *The Geneys' baby would have done us fine*<sup>⑤</sup>.

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① *came in handy*: 以备不时之用; 以便日后派上用场。

② *There was a bit of the magpie about Father*: 父亲像只喜鹊, 不管什么东西都往巢里衔。*magpie* 在此处指“喜欢收藏杂七杂八东西的人”。

③ *seventeen and six*: 十七镑六先令。

④ *exclusive*: 孤傲的; 挑剔的。

⑤ *The Geneys' baby would have done us fine*: 其实我们家要是有一个 Geney 家那样的宝宝也是不错的。



Having settled my plans for the day, I got up, put a chair under the attic window, and lifted the frame high enough to stick out my head. The window overlooked the front gardens of the terrace behind ours, and beyond these it looked over a deep valley to the tall, red-brick houses terraced up the opposite hillside, which were all still in shadow, while those at our side of the valley were all lit up, though with long strange shadows that made them seem unfamiliar; *rigid and painted*<sup>①</sup>.

After that I went into Mother's room and climbed into the big bed. She woke and I began to tell her of my schemes. By this time, though I never seem to have noticed it, *I was petrified in my nightshirt, and I thawed as I talked*<sup>②</sup> until, the last frost melted, I fell asleep beside her and woke again only when I heard her below in the kitchen, making the breakfast.

After breakfast we went into town; heard Mass at St. Augustine's and said a prayer for Father, and did the shopping. If the afternoon was fine we either went for a walk in the country or a visit to Mother's great friend in the convent, Mother St. Dominic. Mother had them all praying for Father, and every night, going to bed, I asked God to send him back safe from the war to us. Little, indeed, did I know what I was praying for!

One morning, I got into the big bed, and there, sure enough, was Father in his usual Santa Claus manner, but later, instead of uniform, he put on his best blue suit, and Mother was as pleased as anything. I saw nothing to be pleased about, because, out of uniform, Father was altogether less interesting, but she only *beamed*<sup>③</sup>, and explained that our prayers had been answered, and off we went to Mass to thank God for having brought Father safely home.

① *rigid and painted*: (这些影子看上去)僵硬呆板,仿佛是画出来的。

② *I was petrified in my nightshirt, and I thawed as I talked*: 因为只穿了件睡衣,我的身体冻僵了;在跟母亲说话的时候,我渐渐暖和过来。

③ *beamed*: 眉开眼笑;露出乐呵呵的样子。

*The irony of it*<sup>①</sup>! That very day when he came in to dinner he took off his boots and put on his slippers, donned the dirty old cap he wore about the house to save him from colds, crossed his legs, and began to talk gravely to Mother, who looked anxious. Naturally, I disliked her looking anxious, because it destroyed her good looks, so I interrupted him.

“Just a moment, Larry!” she said gently.

This was only what she said when we had boring visitors, so I attached no importance to it and went on talking.

“Do be quiet, Larry!” she said impatiently. “Don’t you hear me talking to Daddy?”

This was the first time I had heard those ominous words, “talking to Daddy,” and I couldn’t help feeling that if this was how God answered prayers, he couldn’t listen to them very attentively.

“Why are you talking to Daddy?” I asked with as great a show of indifference as I could muster.

“Because Daddy and I have business to discuss. Now, don’t interrupt again!”

In the afternoon, at Mother’s request, Father took me for a walk. This time we went into town instead of out the country, and I thought at first, *in my usual optimistic way*<sup>②</sup>, that it might be an improvement. It was nothing of the sort. Father and I had quite different notions of a walk in town. He had no proper interest in trams, ships, and horses, and the only thing that seemed to divert him was talking to fellows as old as himself. When I wanted to stop he simply went on, dragging me behind him by the hand; when he wanted to stop I had no alternative but to do the same. I noticed that it seemed to be a sign that he wanted to stop for a long time whenever he leaned against a wall. The second time I saw him do it I got wild. He seemed to be settling himself forever. I pulled him by the coat and trousers,

---

① *The irony of it*: 真是天大的讽刺啊!

② *in my usual optimistic way*: 生性乐观。

but, unlike Mother who, if you were too persistent, got into a wax and said: “Larry, if you don’t behave yourself, I’ll give you a good slap.” *Father had an extraordinary capacity for amiable inattention*<sup>①</sup>. *I sized him up*<sup>②</sup> and wondered would I cry, but he seemed to be too remote to be annoyed even by that. Really, it was like going for a walk with a mountain! *He either ignored the wrenching and pummelling entirely, or else glanced down with a grin of amusement from his peak*<sup>③</sup>. I had never met anyone so absorbed in himself as he seemed.

At teatime, “talking to Daddy” began again, complicated this time by the fact that he had an evening paper, and every few minutes he put it down and told Mother something new out of it. I felt this was *foul play*<sup>④</sup>. *Man for man*<sup>⑤</sup>, I was prepared to compete with him any time for Mother’s attention, but when he had it all made up for him by other people it left me no chance. Several times I tried to change the subject without success.

“You must be quiet while Daddy is reading, Larry,” Mother said impatiently.

It was clear that she either genuinely liked talking to Father better than talking to me, or else that he had some terrible hold on her which made her afraid to admit the truth.

“Mummy,” I said that night when she was *tucking me up*<sup>⑥</sup>. “Do you think if I prayed hard God would send Daddy back to the war?”

She seemed to think about that for a moment.

“No, dear,” she said with a smile. “I don’t think he would.”

① Father had an extraordinary capacity for amiable inattention: 父亲温厚大度，可以对所有烦恼不予理睬。此句中 amiable inattention 采用的是“移就”(transferred epithet)修辞手法，即 amiable 修饰的是 father，而非 inattention。

② I sized him up: 我将父亲揣摩一番。size up 是“估计”、“估量”或“判断”的意思。

③ He either ignored the wrenching and pummelling entirely, or else glanced down with a grin of amusement from his peak: 他要么对我的拉扯和捶打置之不理，要么低头看着我，咧嘴一笑。句中的 from his peak 指在“我”的眼中，父亲身材高大，看“我”的时候仿佛是从山顶上俯视。

④ foul play: 不公平；不公平的比赛。

⑤ Man for man: 一对一。

⑥ tucking me up: 为我盖好被子。tuck up 意为“使盖好被子安睡”。

“Why wouldn't he, Mummy?”

“Because there isn't a war any longer, dear.”

“But, Mummy, couldn't God make another war, if He liked?”

“He wouldn't like to, dear. It's not God who makes wars, but bad people.”

“Oh!” I said.

I was disappointed about that. I began to think that *God wasn't quite what he was cracked up to be*<sup>①</sup>.

Next morning I woke at my usual hour, *feeling like a bottle of champagne*<sup>②</sup>. I put out my feet and invented a long conversation in which Mrs. Right talked of the trouble she had with her own father till she put him in the Home. I didn't quite know what the Home was but it sounded the right place for Father. Then I got my chair and stuck my head out of the attic window. Dawn was just breaking, with a guilty air that made me feel *I had caught it in the act*<sup>③</sup>. *My head bursting with stories and schemes*<sup>④</sup>, I stumbled in next door, and in the half-darkness scrambled into the big bed. There was no room at Mother's side so I had to get between her and Father. *For the time being*<sup>⑤</sup> I had forgotten about him, and for several minutes I sat bolt upright, *racking my brains*<sup>⑥</sup> to know what I could do with him. He was taking up more than his fair share of the bed, and I couldn't get comfortable, so I gave him several kicks that made him grunt and stretch. He made room all right, though. Mother waked and felt for me. I settled back comfortably in the warmth of the bed with my

---

① God wasn't quite what he was cracked up to be: 上帝并非像人们吹嘘的那样无所不能。crack up 意为“吹捧”。

② feeling like a bottle of champagne: 感觉就像一瓶香槟酒。意指“自己的情绪十分高涨”。

③ I had caught it in the act: 被我当场捉住。catch sb. in the act 表示“当场捉到某人”，等于 catch sb. red-handed。

④ My head bursting with stories and schemes: 脑子里塞满了各种故事和计划。bursting with 表示“充满”、“装满”。该部分为独立主格结构，表示伴随状况。

⑤ For the time being: 眼下；暂时。

⑥ racking my brains: 绞尽脑汁。

thumb in my mouth.

“Mummy!” I hummed, loudly and contentedly.

“Sssh! dear,” she whispered. “Don’t wake Daddy!”

This was a new development, which threatened to be even more serious than “talking to Daddy.” *Life without my early-morning conferences was unthinkable*<sup>①</sup>.

“Why?” I asked severely.

“Because poor Daddy is tired.”

This seemed to me a quite inadequate reason, and I was sickened by the sentimentality of her “poor Daddy.” I never liked that sort of *gush*<sup>②</sup>; it always struck me as insincere.

“Oh!” I said lightly. Then in my most *winning*<sup>③</sup> tone: “Do you know where I want to go with you today, Mummy?”

“No, dear,” she sighed.

“I want to go down the Glen and fish for *thornybacks*<sup>④</sup> with my new net, and then I want to go out to *the Fox and Hounds*<sup>⑤</sup>, and—”

“*Don’t-wake-Daddy*<sup>⑥</sup>!” she hissed angrily, clapping her hand across my mouth.

But it was too late. He was awake, or nearly so. He grunted and reached for the matches. Then he stared incredulously at his watch.

“Like a cup of tea, dear?” asked Mother in a meek, hushed voice I had never heard her use before. It sounded almost as though she were afraid.

“Tea?” he exclaimed indignantly. “Do you know what the time is?”

① *Life without my early-morning conferences was unthinkable*: 不能在清晨与母亲交流的生活是无法想象的。

② *gush*: 过分的热情; 过分渲染的表达方式。

③ *winning*: 动人的; 迷人的。

④ *thornybacks*: 刺背鲮。一种身体扁平、尾巴细长的软骨鱼类。

⑤ *the Fox and Hounds*: 狐狸和猎狗。疑为餐馆或酒店的名字。

⑥ *Don’t-wake-Daddy*: 别——吵——醒——爸——爸! 此处用连字符, 表示母亲说话的时候声音压得很低, 并且音调拖得很长。

“And after that I want to go up the Rathcooney Road,” I said loudly, afraid I’d forget something in all those interruptions.

“Go to sleep at once, Larry!” she said sharply.

I began to snivel. *I couldn’t concentrate, the way that pair went on*<sup>①</sup>, and smothering my early-morning schemes was like burying a family from the cradle.

Father said nothing, but lit his pipe and sucked it, looking out into the shadows without minding Mother or me. I knew he was mad. Every time I made a remark Mother hushed me irritably. I was mortified. I felt it wasn’t fair; there was even something sinister in it. Every time I had pointed out to her the waste of making two beds when we could both sleep in one, she had told me it was healthier like that, and now here was this man, this stranger, sleeping with her without the least regard for her health!

He got up early and made tea, but though he brought Mother a cup he brought none for me.

“Mummy,” I shouted. “I want a cup of tea, too.”

“Yes, dear,” she said patiently. “You can drink from Mummy’s *saucer*<sup>②</sup>.”

That settled it. Either Father or I would have to leave the house. I didn’t want to drink from Mother’s saucer; I wanted to be treated as an equal in my own home, so, just to spite her, I drank it all and left none for her. She took that quietly, too.

But that night when she was putting me to bed she said gently: “Larry, I want you to promise me something.”

“What is it?” I asked.

“Not to come in and disturb poor Daddy in the morning. Promise?”

“Poor Daddy” again! I was becoming suspicious of everything involving that quite impossible man.

“Why?” I asked.

---

① *I couldn’t concentrate, the way that pair went on*: 由于他俩这番作态，我根本无法全神贯注。

② *saucer*: 原意指“茶碟”，此处用来代替“茶杯”。

“Because poor Daddy is worried and tired and he doesn’t sleep well.”

“Why doesn’t he, Mummy?”

“Well, you know, don’t you, that while he was at the war Mummy got the pennies from the Post Office?”

“From Miss MacCarthy?”

“That’s right. But now, you see, Miss MacCarthy hasn’t any more pennies, so Daddy must go out and find us some. You know what would happen if he couldn’t?”

“No,” I said. “Tell us<sup>①</sup>.”

“Well, I think we might have to go out and beg for them like the poor old woman on Fridays. We wouldn’t like that, would we?”

“No,” I agreed. “We wouldn’t.”

“So you’ll promise not to come in and wake him?”

“Promise.”

*Mind you*<sup>②</sup>, I meant that. I knew pennies were a serious matter, and I was all against having to go out and beg like the old woman on Fridays. Mother laid out all my toys in a complete ring round the bed so that, whatever way I got out, I was bound to fall over one of them.

When I woke I remembered my promise all right. I got up and sat on the floor and played—for hours, it seemed to me. Then I got my chair and looked out the attic window for more hours. I wished it was time for Father to wake; I wished someone would make me a cup of tea. I didn’t feel in the least like the sun; instead, I was bored and so very, very cold! I simply longed for the warmth and depth of the big featherbed.

At last I could stand it no longer. I went into the next room. As there was still no room at Mother’s side I climbed over her and she woke with a start.

“Larry,” she whispered, gripping my arm very tightly. “What did you

① us: 等于 me。

② *Mind you*: 听着; 请注意。

promise?”

“But I did, Mummy,” I wailed, caught in the very act. “I was quiet for ever so long.”

“Oh, dear, and you’re *perished*<sup>①</sup>!” she said sadly, feeling me all over. “Now, if I let you stay will you promise not to talk?”

“But I want to talk, Mummy,” I wailed.

“That has nothing to do with it,” she said with a firmness that was new to me. “Daddy wants to sleep. Now, do you understand that?”

I understood it only too well. I wanted to talk, he wanted to sleep—whose house was it, anyway?

“Mummy,” I said with equal firmness. “I think it would be healthier for Daddy to sleep in his own bed.”

That seemed to stagger her, because she said nothing for a while.

“Now, *once for all*<sup>②</sup>,” she went on. “You’re to be perfectly quiet or go back to your own bed. Which is it to be?”

The injustice of it *got me down*<sup>③</sup>. *I had convicted her out of her own mouth of inconsistency and unreasonableness*<sup>④</sup>, and she hadn’t even attempted to reply. Full of spite, I gave Father a kick, which she didn’t notice but which made him grunt and open his eyes in alarm.

“What time is it?” he asked in a panic-stricken voice, not looking at Mother but at the door, as if he saw someone there.

“It’s early yet,” she replied soothingly. “It’s only the child. Go to sleep again....Now, Larry,” she added, getting out of bed. “You’ve wakened Daddy and you must go back.”

This time, for all her quiet air, I knew she meant it, and knew that my principal rights and privileges were as good as lost unless I asserted them

① *perished*: 冻僵了。perish 在此处的意思是“使麻木”，在本句中该词的后面省略了 *with cold*。

② *once for all*: (我问你) 最后一次。此为固定短语，意思是“一劳永逸地”、“彻底地”等。

③ *got me down*: 令我万般沮丧。

④ *I had convicted her out of her own mouth of inconsistency and unreasonableness*: 我已经用她自己的话证明了她前后矛盾、毫无道理。convict sb. of 的意思是“发现或证明某人犯有某种过错或罪行”。



at once. As she lifted me, I gave a screech, enough to wake the dead, not to mind Father. He groaned.

“That damn child! Doesn’t he ever sleep?”

“It’s only a habit, dear,” she said quietly, though I could see she was vexed.

“Well, it’s time he got out of it,” shouted Father, beginning to heave in the bed. He suddenly gathered all the bedclothes about him, turned to the wall, and then looked back over his shoulder with nothing showing only two small, spiteful, dark eyes. The man looked very wicked.

To open the bedroom door, Mother had to let me down, and I broke free and dashed for the farthest corner, screeching. Father sat bolt upright in bed.

“Shut up, you little puppy!” he said in a choking voice.

I was so astonished that I stopped screeching. Never, never had anyone spoken to me in that tone before. I looked at him incredulously and saw his face convulsed with rage. It was only then that I fully realized how God had *codded*<sup>①</sup> me, listening to my prayers for the safe return of this monster.

“Shut up, you!” I bawled, *beside myself*<sup>②</sup>.

“What’s that you said?” shouted Father, making a wild leap out of the bed.

“Mick, Mick!” cried Mother. “Don’t you see the child isn’t used to you?”

“I see *he’s better fed than taught*<sup>③</sup>,” snarled Father, waving his arms wildly. “*He wants his bottom smacked*<sup>④</sup>.”

All his previous shouting was as nothing to these obscene words

① *codded*: (俚语) 哄骗; 愚弄。

② *beside myself*: 发疯; 发狂; 无法控制自己。

③ *he’s better fed than taught*: 他吃得太好, 教养太差。

④ *He wants his bottom smacked*: 他的屁股欠揍了。