

漢英對照

中國近代短篇小說選

顧宗沂等譯

著 作 者

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MODERN CHINESE SHORT STORIES

WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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本書所選各篇，俱為中國新文學中之名著，原著者巴金，魯迅，郭沫若，魯彥，郁達夫，謝冰心，張天翼，葉紹鈞，全係文壇巨子。英文譯文亦皆出自名家之手。譯筆流暢忠實。可與原文逐句對照。全書編排新穎，校對嚴格，印刷鮮明，實為研究文學及翻譯者之唯一理想讀物。

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陸莊編選

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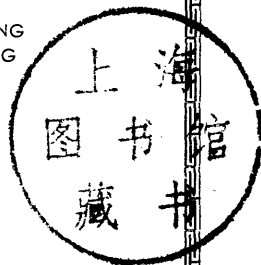
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一篇抄襲的戀愛故事

魯 彥

我在×學校裏擔任國文。一次，在三十餘本的作文簿中間，忽然發現了幾張潦草的稿子。沒有題目，也沒有署名。作者，寫這一篇文字的學生，很像是對於牠的內容未曾把握住，同時又顯然有點羞澀和畏怯，所以不曾填上他的姓名。我很快的把這篇文字讀了一遍，生了氣。真是萬千的荒謬！完全杜撰的而又是東抄西襲的無聊的戀愛故事！在這聰明的人類中，聖潔的戀愛下，怎麼會有這樣糊塗的故事呢！

我憤怒地檢查所有的卷子，和名冊一一對了下去，立刻知道了是誰寫的。一個十六歲的孩子。於是，在這一點上，我不能不寬恕他了；而且，文字也還不錯哩，和全班學生所做的比較起來。我再拿起他的文章來讀，在荒謬的，杜撰和抄襲之外，竟找到了一種意義和真實。是的，荒謬仍是荒謬的，意義也還存在着；瞎想瞎抄出來是不錯的，真實也還在這中間。因此我費了一點時間，把牠抄出來了。

下面便是這個十六歲孩子所做的戀愛故事：——

I

一天夜間，我獨自在學校附近的公園裏散步。月光很皎潔。星星在天空上布着繁密的珠網，閃閃地像要落到樹梢上來的模樣。沒有一點聲息，鳥兒們早已在巢裏睡熟了。園中的樹木們靜悄悄地站着，一動也不動，在地上投出黑的、長的、長的影子。玫瑰花像喫醉酒了似的，不息地呼出芬芳的氣息來。這氣息，在我好像有點熟悉，也好像有點生疏。彷彿是什麼書上，有人描過寫這種月夜，和這種玫瑰花的氣息。——呵，是了，這是戀愛的夜呢！說是有詩意的夜哪！甜蜜的，甜蜜的……

A COPIED LOVE STORY

LU-YEN

I was teaching Chinese in a certain school. One day, among thirty compositions I found one with illegible handwriting. There was no title, nor was the author's name given. It seemed to me that the student who wrote it probably did not grasp its full meaning. On the other hand, he was a bit ashamed and had not the courage to write his name. I read through the essay quickly and became quite enraged. It was all utter nonsense! It was a love story, partly invented, but the greater part of it had undoubtedly been copied from somewhere. How could such a silly love story be possible, as man is wise and love is divine?

Angrily I went over all the compositions and found out at once who the author was. It was written by a sixteen-year old student. Since he was so young, I felt inclined to forgive him. Moreover, the style of the story, when compared with that of the other compositions, was quite fluent. I read it over again and, to my surprise, I found that it was not so absurd after all. There was some meaning to it; there was also something real about it!

The story was as follows:

I.

One evening, I was taking a walk alone in the park near the school. The moonlight was very bright and the sky was painted with unnumbered glittering stars. Silence and peace reigned supreme, and not a single sound was heard. All the trees stood in perfect silence, casting long shadows upon the ground. The beautiful roses, drinking the evening dew, stood fair in silvery light like saintly vestals. Their pure breath sanctified the air and their fragrance filled the night. This kind of fragrance was not unfamiliar to me, but it was also quite new to me. I remembered that in a certain book some author described this kind of moonlight, night and fragrance. O! I see, this was a night of love! The stars were the images of love! The night was full of poetry! It was sweet, sweet, and sweet!

可是，同我戀愛的是誰呀？我可找不出來……靜淑這丫頭的牙齒倒還整齊，白的中間夾上兩粒金牙，笑起來是頗有點趣味的呵……貞姑的臉有點特別，不知怎的兩隻黑眼睛凹了進去，又可怕又可愛……秀金的頭髮總是蓬鬆地披着，像一個妖怪，又像一個仙女……瑞玉的笑窩似乎太大了，但大得也還有意思……瑞英穿得很漂亮……菊寶胭脂搽得好看……但是，這些人中間，我應該愛那一個呢？都有點可愛，都有點不可愛……她們都有點蠢，看見我總是轉過頭去，不但笑也不對我笑一笑，連望也不高興望我一下的樣子！

咳！沒有對像！……其實，我倒不希望有戀愛這麼一回事。有人說，做丈夫的是一個駱駝，像這樣的走路，就真像駱駝了！哈！做駱駝我可不願意呵！……

但是，正當我這樣想着，慢慢地獨自走着的時候，我又聞到了玫瑰花的氣息了。這使我記起了某一本書上所說的，玫瑰花是愛情的象徵的話。哈！爲什麼玫瑰花就是愛情的象徵呢？我可不知道。別的花，比牠更香更好看的不是還多着嗎？小說家們說的話，真有點古怪。而且，愛情又是什麼呢？這真是叫人家不容易回答出來的一個名詞。我們大家只有心裏明白就是了。

像廷文似的，天天送玫瑰花給麗英，該就是愛情的象徵的最好的實例了吧。但是，這麼一來，我們沒有愛人的卻未免有點不方便了。例如，我有一天曾經摘過一朵玫瑰花，被同學看見了。我原是無意的，只不過覺得牠開得怪可憐；不料那位向學卻注意起來，不息的問了：「你把這朵花送給那一個愛人呀？」「愛人是誰呀」……？真叫人難受……哈，我從此怎能再摘玫瑰花呢，倘若還沒有得到愛人？……

是呵，戀愛是一個謎！我願意有這麼一回事，但是也怕有這麼一回事。說是每一個青年男女都會有，且看着吧，等待它自己來找我吧！……

But who was my beloved? I was not certain who she was. . . . Chin-shu was tolerable, and she had two gold teeth. Her smiling face was very charming! Chen-ku had a peculiar face, and her eyes were a little bit too deep. She was terrible to look at, but lovely too. Hsiu-chin's hair was always untidy. She looked just like a ghost, but sometimes she also looked like a fairy. A smile always dimpled Jui-yu's cheeks. The dimple was too big, but it was quite interesting all the same. Jui-ying was always dressed in the height of fashion and Chu-pao looked attractive with her face all painted up. But, which one should I love best? Every girl had something that I loved, and yet every one had something that I did not love. They all seemed very stupid. They never paid any attention to me. They never gave me a smile.

It seemed I had no affinity at all! In fact, I did not like falling in love. "Love is a tempestuous surging passion. Men can hardly enjoy love." Moreover, some author has said that being a husband is very much like being a camel. Ha! I did not like to be a camel!

But, while I was thinking this way, the fragrance of the roses again stirred me. It reminded me that a certain story writer had said: "The rose is the symbol of love." Ha, why should the rose be chosen as the symbol of love? I couldn't understand! There were many other beautiful and lovely flowers besides the rose. Story writers always said things in a strange way. Moreover, what is Love? It's really an unanswerable question. It could only be felt.

T'ing-wen presented Li-ying with a rose every day. I took it for granted that this was good proof showing that the rose was the symbol of love. On the other hand, it could become an inconvenience to those who had no sweethearts. For instance, the other day I plucked a rose without any purpose. It was simply because I liked the rose. A classmate paid special attention to me, asking: "Are you going to present the rose to your sweetheart? Who is she?" I could hardly bear it. Ha! How could I pluck any more roses if I could find no one to love? . . .

Yes, "Love is a mystery!" I should like to have such an adventure. At the same time I was afraid to have such an experience. It was said that every young person would fall in love with some one some day. I believed it and I waited for its coming. . . .

II

突然，我看見一個人影子了，正在我這樣糊亂地想着的時候。在榕樹底下，有一個約有四五尺長的頭和兩三丈長的身體。兩條電桿一般的腿遠遠地向我這邊走過來了。可怕的魔鬼的影子呵！……

「那邊站着的可是密司脫陳嗎？」一種嬌滴滴的女孩子的聲音從對面響了起來。我立刻認出就是靜淑那丫頭。

「是密司周嗎？」

「是呀！爲什麼一個人在這裏呢？」她向我走了過來。

她穿着潔白的短衣，烏黑的裙子，在月光下比陽光下顯得漂亮了許多。她一面說着話，一面露着金牙齒：微笑着，對我特別的溫柔，像含着什麼用意。我未免有點懷疑起來。因爲她和其他的女孩一樣，是向來一看見我就轉過頭去的。現在，她顯然對我來得親密了。她對我微笑，和我說話，慢慢的走到我身邊，靠近着我，——不，她的衣服已經和我的衣服微微地接觸了！我不覺心跳起來，像在夢中似的，覺得將要發生什麼意外了。

「密司脫陳，我送你一朵花……」她忽然轉身摘了一朵半開的玫瑰花，向我遞了過來。我接受了。心仍砰砰的撞着。我不知道應該怎樣對她表示纔好。呆了半響，我忽然記起了小說的中事，於是便把她的花奏到我的嘴唇上，吻了一吻，對着花說，「你真美麗呵！」隨後也便伸手在身邊摘了一朵玫瑰花，酬謝了她，作爲愛情的象徵。但是，當我遞花給她的時候，她忽然把我的手捏住了。

「你……你可……愛我嗎？……」她羞澀的低低的說。

我渾身發起抖來。我應該怎樣回答她呢？沒有一點時間給我思索了！我只得低一低頭，反問她說：「你呢？」

「我……愛……你……」

「我也……愛你……」我捧着玫瑰花羞澀的跟着她說。

III

於是我們的戀愛從此開始了。但因爲我們都是孩子，便不曉得怎樣繼續

II.

Thus meditating deeply I beheld, all of a sudden, a figure standing under the willow tree. It cast a long shadow on the ground. The figure began to move toward me. How terrifying it was! . . .

"Is that Mr. Chen?" uttered a girl's voice, which was not unfamiliar to me. I recognized it at once. It was that lass, Chin-shu.

"Is that Miss Chow?"

"Yes! Why are you walking alone in the garden?" She stepped a little forward.

She was dressed in a white coat and a black skirt. She looked more beautiful than ever under the moonlight. She gave me a sweet smile, exposing her gold teeth! She addressed me in a very gentle way, as if she had some purpose in her mind. I began to suspect her, for she was one of those who had never paid me any attention or smiled at me. But at the moment she became quite intimate with me. She smiled and stood beside me. We stood close together,—no, her clothes already touched mine! My heart began to beat very rapidly. My head grew dizzy, stupefied by the world of beauty around me, and I half believed I was the dupe of an exquisite dream. I felt that something unexpected was going to happen.

"Mr. Chen, let me present you with a flower. . . ." She suddenly turned around, plucked a rose and handed it to me. I accepted it, with my heart beating more rapidly. I didn't know what I should say to her. I remained silent for a little while. Then, remembering some story I had read a long time ago, I pressed the rose against my lips and kissed it, saying, "Rose, you are so beautiful!" I also plucked a rose and presented it to her as a token of love. When I gave it to her, she grasped my hand.

"Do you love me?" she asked shyly.

I trembled from head to foot. How should I answer her? There was no time for consideration. I only lowered my head, asking: "How about you?"

"I love you"

"I love you too," I said in a bashful tone.

III.

Thus our love began. But, as we were too young, we did

下去，呆了許久許久，我們纔記起了小說中所講的愛的表示：接吻和擁抱。我們學着做了……真的，當我們的熱烈的唇互相緊湊着的時候，當我們的手臂互相擁抱着的時候，我們忘記了一切，忘記了世界……

隨後我們在石凳上並排地坐了，密密的，喃喃的談起情話來。從天談到地，從地談到天，談到學校，談到同學，過了許久許久，纔又轉到戀愛上來。

「你從什麼時候起，就愛了我呢，好哥哥？」她這樣的問我，她現在叫我做好哥哥了。

「從那一天起……親愛的妹妹，」我回答她說，像背誦小說一樣，「從那一剎那起……當我第一次在學校的走廊上看見你的時候……你的兩粒發光的金牙齒就永遠留在我的記憶中，我的心也就永遠的忘不了你，永遠的想念你，永遠的愛你，非常的愛你……」我一面想着，一面低低的說，握着她的柔軟的手。

「你以後會丟棄我嗎？」

「那裏，那裏！」我又背書一樣的說，「海枯石爛，我對你的愛永不會冷淡！」

她很幸福，我也很幸福，我們兩人都得到幸福了。我們原是天生成的一對呵！

月亮漸漸高了起來，整個的花園中洒滿了潔白的銀光，一切都靜悄悄地睡熟了，只有繁密的星星在天上對我們眨着眼睛，好像妒忌我們一般。玫瑰花發散着芬芳的氣息，像在我們的熱烈的愛情上灌注着迷醉的幻影。真是一個甜蜜的戀愛的月夜，有詩意的月夜呵。

我們講了很多的話。感謝小說家們，凡他們教給我們的，只要我們記得，我們都一一的學着做了，一一的學着說了。一切都很好！

她回去時，已經很遲，她的腳下有一個很大很肥很矮的影子，像一堆什麼——我可形容不出來！我們兩個都沒有記得把玫瑰花帶回來，彷彿都覺得

not know what we should do next. For a long while we remained speechless; then we remembered all the things the lovers should do in a love story; we kissed and embraced each other. . . . Truly, when her lips pressed mine, I forgot all else. We wanted kisses as we would never want anything else in all of this life. . . .

Then we sat closely together on the stone bench. "Speak low, if you speak of love." So we talked in whispers. We talked about many things, about our future, about our school-mates, about our school, and finally about our love.

"When did you begin to love me, my darling?" she asked, calling me her "darling."

"Beginning from that day . . . dearest", I replied, as if I was reciting a story. "Beginning from that very instant when for the first time I saw you walking in the porch. Your glistening gold teeth and your smiling face captivated me. Ever since that time I could not forget you. Then I loved you all the more. I will love you always and forever, I love you so much. . . ." I was thinking carefully when I answered her in a low voice. I held her hand.

"Will you forget me in the future?"

"Never, never!" I said, as if I was reciting some essay, "The sun may grow cold and the earth may perish, but our love will never die!"

She felt happy, I felt happy, and we both felt happy. We were born to be a happy pair.

By and by the moon climbed higher, shedding forth her silvery beams. The night was more serene, and the air more balmy. Every thing seemed to be slumbering. The garden was at this moment a paradise of tranquil repose. Only the stars twinkled, as if they were jealous of our love. The roses still filled the air with their perfume, as if they wanted to make our love more romantic. It was indeed a night of love! It was indeed a night of poetry!

We talked a great deal. We felt greatly obliged to the story writers, for we had done everything they taught us in the stories. We had done everything, and we felt satisfied.

It was about mid-night when she returned by the way she came. She was very beautiful under the moon. That was all I could say. I was not able to describe it! We forgot to bring back our roses. It seemed that we need not trouble ourselves to cherish those roses, since our love had already become a

戀愛成功了，已沒有再保存這玫瑰花的必要……

我的戀愛故事的開始就在這裏終止了。總結一句：我已完全懂得了戀愛的意義，牠的確是很有趣味的哪！

（選自小小的心）

success. . . .

The beginning of my love story ended here. In short, I have understood the meaning of love. It's really all very interesting!

好人

巴金

在做小孩的時候很少記憶到過去的事，可是年歲增長，記憶就一天天地多起來，似乎過去的事都是值得懷念的了。我可以說不是爲現實而生活，是爲懷念而生活。因爲在現實中簡直沒有值得人留戀的東西。

以前在學校裏讀書的時候，似乎眼睛上束了一層縛帶，我所有看見的只是世界底一小部分，我只看見花，看見光，看見春天的太陽，我覺得世界是十分美麗。

到了一定的期限我和學校生活絕了緣，據說我應該走進社會裏去了。我便開始發見了世界底另一面目。縛帶漸次從眼睛上落了下來，於是世界變得更大，我看見了污泥，我看見了眼淚，我看見了黑暗，因爲我是走進社會裏面了。

我底生活方式也變更了，和以前的完全不一樣。以前在學校裏苦心學得來的東西這時候一點也用不着。我便又開始受着一種新的教育，這纔是真正的喫飯處世的教育。

這教育底第一步就是拚命忘掉在學校裏所學的東西，這時候我倒後悔以前在學校時爲什麼要那樣用功了。我更後悔的是曾經遠渡重洋給我自己增加了更多的記憶材料。

不管這一層是否做得到。然而每天的功課卻是必須做的：奉承上司，統御屬下，打牌，看戲，喝酒，喫飯，換句話說就是向一些人做笑臉，又向另一些人做歪臉，或是請客喫飯或是被人請去喫酒。這並不是因爲我對於這些事本身有興趣，卻是因爲我不得不這樣做。

從前在本省中學校裏讀書的時候，曾經聽過名滿全國的模範督軍底演講，其中講得最響亮的兩句是「學不學個做好人有飯喫學個什麼？——諸生當以此立志。」我和許多同學一樣都是崇拜偉人的，所以從那個時候起我們就

A GOOD MAN

PA CHIN

During my boyhood days, I seldom remembered past events. But as I grew older, I could remember more and more everyday, as if the things of the past were worth recalling. I may say that I am not living for the enjoyment of the present world—in which there is scarcely anything that I can cherish for long—but rather for the enjoyment of the memories of the past.

When I was in school, my eyes seemed to be tightly bound with a bandage. I could see only a very small part of the wide world: flowers and the sunshine of spring. And I thought the world was extremely beautiful.

Then at a certain fixed time, I found myself detached from the school. From all accounts, I was to enter society. So I began seeing a different view of the world. The bandage was gradually slipping off from my eyes, and the world changed even more for me. I saw dirt; I saw tears. I saw darkness. All this because I had entered society.

My mode of living also changed. I was so totally different from what it used to be. The things that I had laboriously learnt in school were quite useless. I began to acquire a new kind of education—the practical education in life.

The first step in this education was to do my utmost to unlearn what I had learnt in school. Then it was that I began to regret having burnt so much midnight oil. What I regretted even more was that I had once gone abroad, and so increasing my stock of materials for recollections.

Regardless of whether I succeed or not, there is the daily routine that had to be carried out: flattering the superiors, supervising the inferiors, playing cards, attending theaters, drinking and eating. In other words, I have to smile to certain people, and pull a long face before others, to invite and be invited. Not that I am interested in them myself, but I am bound to do all that.

When I was studying in the middle school in my native province, I once heard a speech by a renowned tuchun (military governor.) The sentences that impressed me most were: "Behave yourself like a good man: then and only then you can have food—so, students, make this your ideal in life." Like a number of

立了志了。雖然當時也和現在一樣並不知道怎樣纔算做好人，而且模範督軍也並不曾告訴我們，可是現在我卻是有飯喫了。

然而單是有飯喫是不夠的。在喫了飯以後記憶便時常來折磨我。我屢次想把學校時代的舊事忘掉，結果總是這些事情比別的更先湧現在我底頭腦裏。有時候牠們甚至於接連地來把其他的思念都驅了出去。於是我底眼光便落在寫字檯左端的一本藍皮小書上面。（原來我家裏也有一個很好的寫字檯，雖然我平日很少讀書寫字。）我便把書拿在手裏，翻開封面，書前空白葉上的題字便顯現在我底眼簾前：「贈我底青年朋友王，」署的名字是CM。看着那似乎在顫抖的字跡，我便馬上在腦裏構出一個溫和的老年人底相貌，光陰便又倒流到幾年以前去了。

我和查理，穆東先生認識，是我在巴黎讀書的時候。那時的我並不像現在這樣，我是很喜歡讀書的。穆東先生在P街開了一家書舖，離我寄宿的那所旅館只有兩三條街的遠近。穆東先生底店舖是賣舊書的，但新出的書也有，不過封面稍微舊一點，書葉也已經被人裁開了，可是價錢卻因此便宜了許多。我底經濟狀況並不十分寬裕，所以我平日很少進新書店，要買什麼書總是在穆東先生那里買。要是那裏沒有現成的話，就請他隨時替我留心搜求，並不要許多時間，他就會把我要的書找了來。在這個情形下面，我和他便成了朋友。

穆東先生快五十歲了，他有一個妻子，相貌很端正，年紀卻比他小得多，不過是一個聾子。這事我最初還不知道。有一天我去問一本書，正遇着老頭兒不在店裏，我推開門進去，看見她，便招呼了一聲「日安，」可是她並不回答我，好像不曾聽見一樣。我便又大聲說了一句，她依舊不動一動。我覺得非常難堪，因為中國人在外國往往被人輕視，也許就是爲了這個緣故我纔遭她底白眼。我想馬上就走出去，可是我太愛那一本書了。我看見牠高坐

my fellow students, I worshipped heroes: therefore, from that time on we were determined. Although I have no more idea now than I had then as to what constitutes a good man—and the tuchun did not give us an explanation—yet I have food to eat.

However, having something to eat is insufficient for me. Past memories often torture me after meals. From time to time I try very hard to forget all the incidents in my school days, but the result is that those memories are always among the first to come up to my mind, leaving no room, sometimes, for other memories. As every effort proves to be hopeless, my eyes often wander to a little blue book lying at the left side of my desk. (I have a very good desk, though I seldom use it). I take that book in my hand, turn over its cover, and the first thing that comes to my eyes are those words written on the first page of the book: "To my young friend M. Wang—". The name is C. M. Looking at the shaky handwriting, there comes to my mind the picture of a gentleman—and the clock goes back several years.

I had made Monsieur Charles Mouton's acquaintance when I was studying in Paris. At that time, I was not like what I am now—I was very fond of my books. Monsieur Mouton ran a book store in P. Street, a place two or three blocks from my lodging house. It was a store for second-hand books, though sometimes there were new books too. Only their covers were a little old and some pages had been loosened. Their prices were therefore much lower. Owing to my poor financial conditions, I seldom went into a book store where new books were sold. Whenever I wanted to buy some books I went to M. Mouton's store, and if it did not happen to have what I wanted, I would ask him to procure the books elsewhere. Usually he would find the books for me in a short while. I was under such circumstances that we became acquainted.

M. Mouton was nearly fifty; his wife, whose appearance was very dignified, was, however, considerably younger. But she was deaf. I did not know that at the very beginning. One day, I went to his store to enquire about a book. The old man was not in the store, and so when I opened the door I found her there. I said "good day" to her; but she did not answer me, as if she had not heard me at all. So I loudly repeated my greeting, but she still did not move. I felt very embarrassed. The Chinese abroad are often looked down upon by foreigners, and I thought perhaps it was due to this reason that I had been slighted. I felt like leaving the place at once, but I was too enamored of the book

在書櫥底最高一層向我看下來，非常可愛。我不忍和牠分別，所以便冒險再去試一試。這一次我走到她底面前，還未開口，她便笑嘻嘻地招呼我我發出第一句問話時，她就取出了聽筒來，於是我纔知道先前的疑心都是錯誤，她原來是一個聾子。

可是我底好奇心又起來了。我想一個快到五十歲的老頭兒會娶一個很年輕的女郎，她又是個聾子：這是什麼緣故呢？我底好奇心一天一天地增加起來，但我卻不敢問老頭兒，因為當時我和他還不熟識。

機會終於來了。有一天下午我在盧森堡公園裏散步。是在春天，盧森堡之春是非常迷人的，牠有一種魔力，牠給人喚起了生命底烈焰，牠使人覺得生命真是無處不在。每一株樹，每一片草也都含有強烈的生機，甚至於終年立在那里的石像也似乎露出溫和的笑容了。許多十六七歲的姑娘袒着胸露着臂，在稀疏的林間跑，草地上還有男女青年在拍網球。到處都是兒童底笑語聲。我在那噴水池旁邊坐着，看一股一股的水冒上來被風一吹，把水花吹得四散，一絲一絲的，連續不斷。我注意地看着。忽然有人在後面拍我底肩，叫「王先生，」我轉過身子，看見穆東先生立在我底面前。陽光照着他底半禿的頭，依舊是扁平的鼻子，和那發光的眼睛，可是似乎年輕了一些，臉上的血色更多了。「穆東先生，你真是愈活愈年輕了，」我笑着說。他點頭微笑。

我們握了手，就在旁邊找了一個空着的石凳坐下來，開始談着各種閒話，他底口一開，似乎就關不住了，總是我說一句他就說十幾句，決不肯讓我多說。我看見他底興致這樣好，便想起了在胸中懷了許久而未曾吐出的問話。我想這是很好的機會了。於是我大膽問了關於他和他妻子底奇怪的結合的話。

「怎麼會是奇怪的呢？」他驚訝地說，「我覺得一點也不奇怪，很自然

to do so. There it was, on the topmost shelf of the book-case, looking down at me. It was extremely lovable and I could not bear parting with it. So I ventured again, this time approaching her more closely, and before I spoke anything, she smiled at me. As soon as I had asked my first question, she took out her ear-trumpet. It was then that I realized that my suspicions had been groundless. She was deaf.

But my curiosity had been aroused. What was the idea of a man of nearly fifty marrying such a young girl, and deaf too? My curiosity was growing more intense every day, still I did not dare to ask the old man, because at the time he and I weren't too well acquainted with each other.

At last the opportunity came. One afternoon, I was taking a walk in the Jardin de Luxemburg's. Spring was extremely alluring—it had a sort of magic charm that kindled the fire of life and made people feel that life existed everywhere. Every tree, every patch of green held a strong vitality of life, and even the stone statue which had been standing there for years seemed to wear a tender smile. Girls of sixteen and seventeen, with bare arms and breast half exposed, could be seen running in the woods. There were young men and women on the lawn playing tennis. Everywhere was the sound of children's laughter. I sat by the side of a fountain watching the water that was unceasingly spouting only to be blown by the breeze into thin streaks that fell in all directions. While I was watching it with my whole soul, some one behind me tapped my shoulder, calling me "M. Wang." I hastily turned around and saw M. Mouton standing before me. The sunlight was shining on his bald head, his flat nose, and his brilliant eyes, all of which were just as they used to be, but it seemed that he was many years younger, and his complexion much brighter. "Monsieur Mouton, it's you!" I said with a smile. "It seems that the longer you live, the younger you are." He nodded and smiled too.

We shook hands, and after finding a vacant stone bench to sit on, we began to talk about everything that came to hand. Once a conversation was started, he would just talk and talk and talk and would not give me any chance whatsoever to voice my opinion. Seeing he was in such a mood, I instantly recalled the question which had long been kept in my mind and which, I thought, at last found an opportunity to be voiced. So I ventured to ask him about his curious marriage with his wife.

"Why, how can it be curious?" he said surprisingly. "I don't

的，她需要我，我需要她。就完了。」他聳着他底肩。

「事情不會有這樣簡單的罷。每一件事說起來都是很長的呢！」我解釋說。

「好，我告訴你罷，」他點着頭說，「距今二十幾年前我認識一個青年，正是像你這樣的年紀，他起先在大學裏讀書，不知爲什麼後來卻停了學做工去了，大約是因爲沒有錢的緣故罷。聽說他和社會黨人弄在一起。他底兵役的年限到了，他應該去服兵役，可是他拒絕了。因此他就被逮捕受嚴重處分，被押到非洲殖民地地上去作苦工。」說到這里，他忽然問道：「所謂在非洲殖民地地上去作苦工是什麼一回事，你知道嗎？」他並不等我回答，自己又說：「你不會知道的，這就是等於死。」

其實我完全知道，因爲我曾經在臘人館看見過關於這事件的一幕塑像。我知道他底話並沒有誇張。於是那一幕驚心動魄的景象便顯現於我底腦際，但這時候我卻沒有多的時間去想牠，因爲穆東先生又在說話了。

「他從此一去就不回來了。他去了不久他的情人（他們雖然同居，但沒有結婚，）便給他生了一個女孩那時我也常到他家裏去的。

「三四個月以後在一個落大雪的夜晚，我從外面回家，在門口拾了一個包裹。我拿到裏面去看，纔知道這是一個女孩，另外附有一張字條，寫着幾行拙劣的字，這幾句話我至今還記得很清楚：『我也勉強支持了這幾個月，現在不得不放棄她了。我把她交給你，因爲你是他底唯一朋友，你又是一個心腸好的人。我怕你不肯要她，所以纔在這夜晚偷偷放在你底門口。請你看上帝底面上，把她收下撫養罷。』我知道這是誰寫的。

「我從來沒有照料小孩的經驗，我費了很大的力量纔把她安置好了。第二天早晨抱她到她底母親那里去，可是屋子已經空了。

「我只得把孩子帶回自己家裏養，雖然很費力卻也應付過去了。不到一

think it's curious at all, it's only too natural. She needs me, and I need her, that's all.

"But perhaps it's not so simple," I explained. "Every single event has always a long, long story behind it."

"All right, I'll tell you," he nodded his head. "Twenty years or so ago, I made the acquaintance of a young man of just your age, who was at first studying in a college, but later on, perhaps owing to his poverty, he gave up his school career and found a job in a factory. I heard that he was then mixed up with the socialists. By the time he reached the age for military service, he refused to join the army. "So he was immediately arrested, and after a court martial, he was sent to Africa to work." Suddenly he paused and asked: "What do you understand by sending a man to work in Africa?" But not waiting for my answer, he continued: "No, you can't understand. It means the very death."

In fact, I knew all about it, because I had once chanced to see such a scene in the Wax Museum. I knew he was not exaggerating, and the scene once again appeared before my eyes. At that moment, however, I was too much occupied with Monsieur Mouton's narrative to find time to think over the whole scene.

"Well, there he went, and never returned. Shortly after his leaving, his mistress bore him a girl. I recall that at that time I went over to see them quite often.

"Three or four months afterwards, I returned one night very late from the grip of a blinding snow storm, and at the door I found a little bag. I took the bag to my room and found in it a little girl, and on her body was attached a slip of paper with lines of poor handwriting on it. I can still clearly remember its contents which were as follows: I have done my very best in these past few months, but now I am bound to give her up. I entrust it to you, because you are his dear friend, and are ever so kind to us. I was afraid that you would not accept it, so I decided to put it, without your knowledge, at your door in the night. Take care of her for the sake of God.' I knew at once who wrote this letter.

"Never had I had any experience in my life in nursing a baby. With my greatest effort, I finally managed that night to rock her to sleep. The next morning I carried her to see her mother, but I only found her rooms all empty.

"So I had to carry it back to my home, and take care of her myself. Though I succeeded in doing so, it was by no means

個月我得着了了她底母親的消息。她在D縣裏投水死了。究竟是爲什麼緣故，我卻不知道，也沒有人知道。於是撫養這孩子的責任就緊緊地縛在我底身上了。

「孩子一天天地大起來，漸漸成了一個可愛的女孩，我愛她和親生的女兒沒有兩樣，我送她在中學讀了書。後來就在我底店裏幫忙，因爲那時候我已經在開書店了，不過是在我底故鄉。

「在幼小的時候她是我底累贅物，可是慢慢長大的時候她又是我的安慰了。每一天非見着她不快活。她愈是長大起來，我愈是愛她，可是另一種恐怖的感覺又慢慢地生長起來，似乎有誰天天在我底耳邊說：『她愈長大，她離開你的日子便愈近了。』想到這一層我覺得很難受。可是我既不是她底父親，又不是她的親人，我有什麼權利可以留住她呢？她要去時我也只得讓她去。

「從這時候起我底生活便不安定了。我時時刻刻被恐懼纏着。我喜歡見她，但有時卻甚至故意避開她，爲的是怕她會從我底口裏探出來我不是她底父親。

「我所恐懼的事終於來了，這並不是她知道了我不是她底父親，卻是她有了愛人，是一個從巴黎來的富家子弟。他們間的愛情逐漸濃厚起來，我底恐懼也逐漸增加了。我知道我不能夠把他們倆分開，因此我底嫉忌也變得愈厲害了。有幾次我做出悲傷的樣子對他說：『你一點也不愛你底父親嗎？他辛辛苦苦地撫養你這許多年。你現在就忍心離開他跟別人走！』

「這些話雖然賺了她一些眼淚，但終不能消滅她對他的愛情。於是她決定和他訂婚了。

「在這些日子我底心裏起了猛烈的激鬪。幾種衝突的思想互相鬪着。我有時想到爲了她底幸福我應該讓她去，我有時又想她去了以後我自己如何能

an easy job. I heard the news of her mother's drowning herself in a river in the D—district. Like many others, I did not know that was the reason of her doing so. But from that time on, the burden of caring for the child, more so than ever before, fell on me.

“The child grew up to be a very lovely girl whom I loved very much as if she were my own daughter. I sent her to study in a girl's high school, and after that she helped me in my store, for I had already run a book store in my native province as early as then.

“In her infancy, she had been my curse, but as she grew up she gradually turned out to be my beloved one. Without seeing her, I would feel rather blue throughout the day. The more she grows, ‘I always said to myself, ‘the more I'll love her.’ At the same time, however, a sense of fear was growing inside me and was becoming stronger and stronger, as if to tell me that the more she was growing up, the nearer would be the date of our parting from each other. The very thought of this always made me mad. In fact I was not her father, nor her kinsman—what legal right, then, had I to keep her from going away? Whenever she wanted to leave, I would have to let her do so.

“And from that time on, my life was greatly upset by this constantly haunting fear. I loved to see her, but every now and then, I purposely kept myself away from her, because I was afraid that she might learn the truth that I was not her father.

“At last my forebodings came true. It was not that she knew that I was not her father, but that she had got a lover, a rich man's son from Paris. The fonder they became of each other, the greater was my fear of the impending catastrophe that would possibly fall on me. The fact that I was not in a position to separate them made me even more jealous. On some occasions I would gloomily say to her, “Don't you love your dear Pa, who has ever so very painstakingly taken care of you? You are now going to leave him alone and go with another man!

“Though she would not fail to shed tears on hearing these words, her love for him was in no wise lessened. Finally she decided to announce her engagement to him.

“During those days, my heart was very painfully struggling in the grip of a number of conflicting thoughts. Now I thought I ought to let her go, for the sake of her future happiness; now I imagined what would become of my life in the days to come if I did let her go away. All of these made me sleepless night

夠生活下去。我有幾夜沒有睡好覺，最後我終於決定了，因為事實的進行不容我不決定了。

「在他們訂婚底前夕我跑到他底家裏，把她底來歷告訴了他。說她並不是我底女兒，她底父親是非洲殖民地上她囚徒，她底母親投河而死，而且他們並不曾結過婚。你相信我，我說她都是真話，我並不曾假造一句話來誣蔑我底死友。

「於是他寫了一封信給她，說明他爲什麼緣故不能和她結婚。他真狠心，他把我底話通統寫進去了，不過不曾註明話是我說的。

「她得着信整整哭了半天。她去見他，被他拒絕了。當她知道他在某一晚上搭晚車赴巴黎的時候，她便跑到車站去看他。

「我們底家離車站很遠，那晚上落着大風雪，道路快被雪封了，我苦勸她不要出去，但她無論如何不肯聽從。她終於出去了。我想她一定不會走到車站，她會中途折回的。可是她去了許久還沒有回來，我急了，我覺得定有意外的事情發生了，便連忙找了幾個人打起燈籠去找尋。

「雪漫天的落着，風尖利的割着我們底臉，我屢次要倒下去，但終於支持住了。後來在山坡下一株柏樹下面找到了她，她側着身子臥着一身蓋着雪，只有一絲熱氣。我們把她擡回家裏，費了許多功夫纔把她救醒，第二天；她就病了，病了一兩個月。病好起來，耳卻聾了。

「病好以後她似乎完全忘掉他了。她甚至不願和別的男子多往來。我們底關係，她已經知道了。後來倒是她先向我表示願意嫁給我。於是我們便結婚了。這就是她需要我，我需要她。這樣的結合並不奇怪。你看我們倆過得

after night. Owing to the nearness of the coming event, I finally made up my mind to do something that had long been planned in my heart.

“On the eve of their engagement, I went to the man’s house, and told him everything about her—her not being my daughter, her father being a prisoner in Africa, her mother having drowned herself in the river, and her parent not having legally married. Believe me, I did not say a word disgracing my dead friend. What I said was truth, and nothing but the truth.

“After that, he wrote a letter to her explaining the reason why he could not marry her. He was really a very hardhearted man. He wrote to her almost everything I had told him, saying nothing, of course, about the source of his information.

“Having received the letter, she cried almost for half the day. She went over to see him, but was refused. And then when she got the information that he was going to leave for Paris that night, she went over to the station to see him.

“Our home was situated far, far away from the station. The night was entirely at the mercy of a blinding snow storm, and the roads were all snow-bound. I did my best to dissuade her from going, but she won’t listen to me by any means. So there she went. I was afraid that owing to the menacing stormy weather, she won’t be able to get to the station, and that even if she could, she would hardly return soon. Then quite a long time passed, but still she had not returned. Greatly terrified, I felt instantly that something extraordinary must have happened. So I lost no time in calling someone help me, all of us carrying lanterns.

“Outside, in the dark, it was snowing heavily. The chilly wind was blowing merciless on our faces. Every now and then I almost fell to the ground, but somehow I was able to keep up my balance. Finally under a fir tree below the hillside, I found her lying on the ground, her body all covered with snow, and it was icy cold. We managed to bring her home, and after strenuous exertions on our part, she gradually came to life. Then she fell sick, which continued for about two months. And after she had recovered from her sickness, she became deaf.

“She seemed to have forgotten the man entirely after her convalescence, and went so far as to be unwilling to make any social contacts with any other young man. She had already known what was the sort of relationship between us. Afterwards it was she who first expressed her willingness to marry me, and so we got married. This is what I meant when I said we both need each

很快活的，從來不曾鬧過一次架。我告訴你她底名字叫瑪爾德。」

他敘述完了故事，顯出滿足的笑容，表示他底生活是很幸福的。他說到她底名字時，露出了無限的溫情；我知道他還是在愛她。

可是我卻奇怪他自己所做過的那件事，（即是破壞那一對青年男女底婚姻的事，）居然一點也不覺得悔恨。他好像以為這是很平常的事情，而且他取的手段是正當的，這更使我驚疑不止了。

「怎麼，你說不奇怪？你不是用了不正當的手段取得妻子的嗎？」我驚訝地問。

「不正當的手段？」他也驚訝地望着我說。「什麼不正當的手段？我說過一句假話嗎？我是騙取了她底愛情嗎？我們兩個不是過活得很幸福嗎？」

「可是她應該嫁給那個富家子弟呢！」我莊重地說。

「爲什麼？」他驚疑地問。他忽然笑起來說：「你們東方人真沒有辦法。你真是十足東方人呢！」

我還想和他辯論，卻被他笑得不好意思了。我沉默了一會兒，他卻借這機會告辭走了。

過後我也常常到他那里去，我注意地觀察他們底生活。他們兩個的確非常相愛，我不懂得這是什麼緣故。我想，要是瑪爾德知道了真相呢？……可是我又沒有勇氣把真相告訴她。

他們兩個對我都很好，在回國以前我是他們底好朋友，便在動身回國的時候，穆東先生還把他所寶愛的一本絕版了的遊記送給我，就是這一本藍皮小書了。

回國以後，我還不會忘掉穆東先生，他送我的紀念物——藍皮小書還在我底身邊。我每次看見牠，就想到穆東先生這人，我不覺要問自己：「究竟

other. Such a union is, after all, nothing to be curious about. You see, our marriage life is very happy, and we haven't had any quarrels whatsoever during these years. I tell you, her name is Martha."

Finishing his story, he contentedly smiled, indicating that his was a comfortable and happy life. At the moment he mentioned her name, I noticed that his expression was sweet and tender, and I knew that he was still in love with her.

But I wonder why he did not feel even a bit of regret over his doings—I mean his breaking up the marriage of the young couple. He seemed, to my great surprise, to consider it as a very common thing and his means entirely proper.

"Why do you say it's not strange?" I asked, very much astonished, "Haven't you got your wife through improper means?"

"Improper means?" he ejaculated, amazed, and stared at me. "What do you mean by that? Have I told a lie to earn her love? Haven't we been living together very happily?"

"But, I said in a serious manner, "she should have married that rich man's son."

"Why?" very doubtfully and surprisingly he asked. And then all of a sudden he burst out laughing. "You Orientals are always like that," he said, "You are really a typical Oriental."

"I sought to argue with him further, but greatly embarrassed by his laughing, I had to check myself from saying more. While I remained silent for a moment, he took his departure.

Afterwards, time and again I went over to Monsieur Nouton's book store, and observed them carefully. I noticed that, for some reason which I did not know, they were really very passionately in love with each other, I wondered what would happen if Martha came to know the real truth. But so far as I was concerned, I had not yet the courage to tell her all about it.

We were getting along in a very friendly manner. Before my return to China, they were my only friends. By the time I was going to sail for my native country, Monsieur Mouton presented me with a little blue book, the same book that was lying on my desk—a rare travelling, sketch book which he has treasured very much.

Having returned from abroad, I still have not quite forgotten Monsieur Mouton and the souvenir he gave to me—I mean this little blue book which I keep all the time. Whenever I see the book, I would think of the one who had given it to me. Time and again I would unconsciously ask myself the question, "Isn't

他算不算是好人呢？」我不能夠確定地回答這問題。

我依舊一天天地奉承上司，統御屬下，打牌，看戲，喝酒，喫飯，換句更好聽的話來說，我是在受喫飯和處世的教育。 （選自光明）

Monsieur Mouton a real good man?" which I cannot even answer myself.

But for my part, I am still, day in and day out, doing my routine work, such as flattering high officials, supervising those who are inferior to me, playing cards, attending theaters, wine-shops, and restaurants. In high-sounding words, I am being educated on how to live in this world and how to find food to eat.

狂人日記

魯迅

某君昆仲。今隱其名，皆余昔日在中學校時良友；分隔多年，消息漸闕。日前偶聞其一大病；適歸故鄉，迂道往訪，則僅晤一人，言病者其弟也。勞君遠道來視，然已早愈，赴某地候補矣。因大笑，出示日記二冊，謂可見當日病狀，不妨獻諸舊友。持歸閱一過，知所患蓋「迫害狂」之類。語頗錯雜無倫次，又多荒唐之言；亦不著月日，惟墨色字體不一，知非一時所書。間亦有略具聯絡者，今撮錄一篇，以供醫家研究。記中語誤，一字不易；惟人名雖皆村人，不爲世間所知，無關大體，然亦悉易去。至於書名，則本人愈後所題，不復改也。七年四月二日識。

一

今天晚上，很好的月光。

我不見他，已是三十多年；今天見了，精神分外爽快。纔知道以前的三十多年，全是發昏；然而須十分小心。不然，那趙家的狗，何以看我兩眼呢？

我怕得有理。

THE DIARY OF A CRAZY MAN

LU HSIN
INTRODUCTION

There were two brothers whose names I would not mention. Both were bosom friends of my high school days. We had parted for years, and had practically lost touch of each other until the other day, when I was informed that one of them was very ill. As I was then returning to my native city, I made a detour in order to pay them a visit. When I arrived, I found only elder brother at home. He told me that it was his younger brother that had been ill but he had recovered and gone to a certain place as a candidate waiting for some official post. He thanked me for my trouble and showed me two volumes of a diary kept by his brother during his illness. He asked me to keep them, as it might give me an idea of the invalid's ailment. I took it back and read it, and satisfied myself that it was a case of "persecution mania." The statements in the diary are rather disorderly and confused; in fact, there are many absurd things in it, and no dates are given. However, I inferred that it could not have been written all at one time, but that the various passages were continuous. Hence I have copied and put together some of these passages into a chapter for the study of physicians. Though the diary contains illusory statements, I have not changed a single word of the original, with the exception of names of persons which are all omitted, even though they are all names of country folks only that are unknown to society and hence of little public importance. As to the title of the diary, I have let it stand as it was penned by the author himself after he had recovered from his illness.—April 2, 1918.

I

Excellent moonlight tonight.

I have not seen him for a period of over thirty years. When I saw him today I was in high spirits. Then I realized that for the past thirty years I had been living a mad man's life. Still I must be very careful. If this be not so, why should the Chao's dog give me two glances of the eye?

My fear is not a groundless one.

二

今天全沒月光，我知道不妙。早上小心出門，趙貴翁的眼色便怪：似乎怕我，似乎想害我。還有七八個人，交頭接耳的議論我。又怕我看見。一路上的人，都是如此。其中最兇的一個人，張着嘴，對我笑了一笑；我便從頭直冷到腳跟，曉得他們布置，都已妥當了。

我可不怕，仍舊走我的路。前面一夥小孩子，也在那里議論我；眼色也同趙貴翁一樣，臉色也都鐵青。我想我同小孩子有什麼讎，他也這樣。忍不住大聲說，「你告訴我！」他們可就跑了。

我想：我同趙貴翁有什麼讎，同路上的人又有什麼讎；只有廿年以前，把古久先生的陳年流水簿子，踹了一腳，古久先生很不高興。趙貴翁雖然不認識他，一定也聽到風聲，代抱不平；約定路上的人，同我作冤對。但是小孩子呢？那時候，他們還沒有出世，何以今天也睜着怪眼睛，似乎怕我，似乎想害我。這真教我怕，教我納罕而且傷心。

我明白了。這是他們娘老子教的！

三

晚上總是睡不着。凡事須得研究，纔會明白。

他們——也有給知縣打枷過的，也有給紳士掌過嘴的，也有衙役佔了他妻子的，也有老子娘被債主逼死的；他們那時候的臉色，全沒有昨天這麼怕，也沒有這麼兇。

II

No moonlight at all today, and I know something is wrong. This morning, when I went out carefully, Chao Kuei-weng's glance was already strange: he looked as if he feared me; as if he were designing my destruction. Seven or eight other fellows were whispering together stealthily about me, seemingly afraid of being overheard by me. All the people along the street appeared to be in the same mood, and one of them looked so threatening as to make mouths and give me a cold grin. A shiver ran down straight from my head to my heels, and I knew they had already completed their designs upon me.

Yet I was not afraid of them; I simply went on my way. Yonder I saw a group of children gossiping about me. The glances of their eyes were just like Chao Kuei-weng's, and their faces also turned bluish like steel. I wondered: what grudge had I borne these children to incur such an attitude as this? So I could no longer restrain myself and shouted aloud: "You tell me!" Then they all ran away.

I meditated: What grudge have I borne Chao Kuei-weng and to the crowd in the street? The only bad thing I had done was about twenty years ago, when I trod on the old account books of Mr. Ku Chiu, who after that felt rather bad about it. Chao Kuei-weng was not personally acquainted with Mr. Ku Chiu; he might have heard about it and become indignant over it. It must be he who has instigated the crowd in the street against me. But how about the children who were then not born yet? Why should they, too, have distended their eyes and stared in so strange a manner at me, as if they were afraid of me, yet so bent on mischief upon me? This really gave me fear; it set me wondering; it causes me deep sorrow.

Ah, I understand! They have been so taught by their parents.

III.

I always remain awake at night. Things must be studied in order to be understood.

They—some of them had been sentenced to cangue by the magistrate, some of them had been slapped on the face by the gentry, some had been robbed of their wives by official underlings and attendants, some had their parents persecuted to death by the creditors—yet their faces on such occasions did not show so much fright and ferocity as they did yesterday.

最奇怪的是昨天街上的那個女人，打他兒子，嘴裏說道，「老子呀！我要咬你幾口纔出氣！」他眼睛却看着我。我出了一驚，遮掩不住；那青面獠牙的一夥人，便都哄笑起來。陳老五趕上前，硬把我拖回家中了。

拖我回家。家裏的人都裝作不認識我；他們的眼色，也全同別人一樣。進了書房，便反扣上門，宛然是關了一隻鷄鴨。這一件事，越教我猜不出底細。

前幾天，狼子村的佃戶來告荒，對我大哥說，他們村裏的一個大惡人，給大家打死了；幾個人便挖出他的心肝來，用油煎炒了喫，可以壯壯膽子。我插了一句嘴，佃戶和大哥便都看我幾眼。今天纔曉得他們的眼光，全同外面的那夥人一摸一樣。

想起來，我從頂上直冷到腳跟。

他們會喫人，就未必不會喫我。

你看那女人「咬你幾口」的話，和一夥青面獠牙人的笑，和前天佃戶的話，明明是暗號。我看出他話中全是毒，笑中全是刀，他們的牙齒，全是白厲厲的排着，這就是喫人的家伙。

照我自己想，雖然不是惡人，自從揣了古家的簿子，可就難說了。他們似乎別有心思，我全猜不出。況且他們一翻臉，便說人是惡人。我還記得大哥教我做論，無論怎樣好人，翻他幾句，他便打上幾個圈；原諒壞人幾句，他便說「翻天妙手，與衆不同。」我那里猜得到他們的心思，究竟怎樣；況且是要喫的時候。

凡事總須研究，纔會明白。古來時常喫人，我也還記得，可是不甚清楚

The strangest thing of all is that, the woman in the street who beat her so yesterday—excaliming: “Old man, I’m gonna to bite you a few mouthfuls to give vent to my anger”—also was glancing at me! I had such a fright, and I could not conceal it. Then that group of ferocious fellows—those steel-faced and tusk-ed-mouth fellows—all laughed at me. Just then Ch’en Lao-wu overtook me, and dragged me home.

When I was brought home, my folks pretended that I was a stranger to them. The look in their eyes was just like that of the crowd in the street. After I had been forced into the study, they locked the door upon me as if I was some domestic fowl. Their behavior toward me is a riddle that I can’t solve.

A few days ago, a tenant from Wolves’ Village came to tell us about the famine there. He told my elder brother that a notorious fellow in the village had been beaten to death and that some fellows even took out his heart and had it fried in oil for a dose to hearten up themselves. When I said a word to join their conversation, both the tenant and my brother gave me several glances of their eyes which I now realized bore an exact resemblance to those of the people in the street.

When I thought of this, a chill went down straight from my head to my heels.

They can eat human beings; who knows they will not eat me?

Think of that woman’s remark that she must bit mouthfuls of me; think of the hyena laugh of that gang of steel-faced and boar-tusked fellows and the story of that tenant the other day! Evidently, all these are their secret code. Now I see all their words contain poisons, their laughs hide daggers, and their array of white teeth man-eating instruments.

Though in my own opinion I am not a wicked man, yet since I trod on the Kus’ books, it is hard to say what people took me for. All seem to have some thing in their mind that I have no way to get at. Besides, they could “about face” so suddenly whenever they got sore with a fellow and call him wicked. I still remember how, in teaching me essay writing, my brother would mark my writing with circles of appreciation if I criticize a good man a bit, no matter how good he actually was, and if the topic happened to be a very bad character, I could, just by a little twist of reasoning, secure such praise as “a marvellous apology—unique!” How could I ever understand their heart, especially when on the point of satisfying their cannibal instinct!

The comprehension of things came only after study and

。我翻開歷史一查，這歷史沒有年代，歪歪斜斜的每葉上都寫着「仁義道德」幾個字。我橫堅睡不着，仔細看了半夜，纔從字縫裏看出字來，滿本都寫着兩個字是「喫人」！

書上寫着這許多字，佃戶說了這許多話，却都笑吟吟的睜着怪眼睛看我

我也是人，他們想要喫我了！

四

早上，我靜坐了一會。陳老五送進飯來，一碗菜，一碗蒸魚；這魚的眼睛，白而且硬，張着嘴，同那一夥想喫人的人一樣。喫了幾筷，滑溜溜的不知是魚是人，便把他兜肚連腸的吐出。

我說「老五，對大哥說，我悶得慌，想到園裏走走。」老五不答應，走了，停一會，可就來開了門。

我也不動，研究他們如何擺佈我；知道他們一定不肯放鬆。果然！我大哥引了一個老頭子，慢慢走來；他滿眼兇光，怕我看出，只是低頭向着地，從眼鏡橫邊暗暗看我。大哥說，「今天你彷彿很好。」我說「是的。」大哥說，「今天請何先生來，給你診一診。」我說「可以！」其實我豈不知道這老頭子是劊子手扮的！無非借了看脈這名目，搥一搥肥瘠：因這功勞，也分一片肉喫。我也不怕；雖然不喫人，膽子卻比他們還壯。伸出兩個拳頭，看他如何下手。老頭子坐着，閉了眼睛，摸了好一會，呆了好一會；便張開他

research about them. I had not understood clearly, I had remembered that cannibalism was practised in ancient times. So I looked it up in a history book—history with no dates, but there were written on every page, aslant and crookedly, these few words: “benevolence, righteousness, morality and virtue.” Since I could not sleep at night, I read the book carefully for half the night when I detected, from between the lines and characters, that cannibalism was written on every page of history.

So many words were written on the book, so many words were spoken by the tenant, and yet all of them grinned and stared at me with such strange eyes.

I am a man; hence they must have been thinking of eating me, too!

IV.

This morning I sat still for a while. Ch'en Lao-wu brought the lunch in. A bowl of vegetables and a bowl of steamed fish. The fish, with mouth gaping and eyes stark and opaque, looked just like that gang of cannibal-minded fellows. I tasted a few chopsticks of it; it was so slimy and slippery that I wondered whether it was fish or human flesh. I threw up everything, including its bowels.

I said: “Lao-wu, please tell my brother that I feel very depressed, and want to take a walk in the garden.” Lao-wu went away without a word.

After a while, the door opened.

I did not move, for I wanted to see what they were going to do with me, and I was sure that they would not relax their grasp on me. And so it was! Slowly my brother came with an old man, whose eyes were beaming with cruelty. But, in order to avoid my suspicions, he simply kept his head down and stole a glance at me from over the side rim of his spectacles. My brother said, “You seem to be pretty well today,” I said “Yes”. And he said again: “We have invited Dr. Ho to feel your pulse.” And then I said, “O.K.!” In fact I know that old fox is only an executioner in disguise! To feel my pulse is just a pretence to know how fat I am,—and for this work, he might also have a slice of my flesh. But I was not afraid of him. Though not man-eating, yet I was braver than they. I stretched out my two fists, and I waited to see his movements. That old fox sat down and closed his eyes; he felt my pulse and appeared in a dull

鬼眼睛說，「不要亂想。靜靜的養幾天，就好了。」

不要亂想，靜靜的養！養肥了，他們是自然可以多喫；我有什麼好處，怎麼會「好了」？他們這羣人，又想喫人，又是鬼鬼祟祟，想法子遮掩，不敢直捷下手，真要令我笑死。我忍不住，便放聲大笑起來，十分快活。自己曉得這笑聲裏面，有的是義勇和正氣。老頭子和大哥，都失了色，被我這勇氣正氣鎮壓住了。

但是我有勇氣，他們便越想喫我，沾光一點這勇氣。老頭子跨出門，走不多遠，便低聲對大哥說道，「趕緊喫罷！」大哥點點頭。原來也有你！這一件大發見。雖似意外，也在意中：合夥喫我的人，便是我的哥哥！

喫人的是我哥哥！

我是喫人的人的兄弟！

我自己被人喫了，可仍然是喫人的人的兄弟！

五

這幾天是退一步想：假使那老頭子不是劊子手扮的，真是醫生，也仍然是喫人的人。他們的祖師李時珍做的「本草什麼」上，明明寫着人肉可以煎喫；他還能說自己不喫人麼？

至於我家大哥，也毫不冤枉他。他對我講書的時候，親口說過可以「易子而食」；又一回偶然議論起一個不好的人。他便說不但該殺，還當「食肉寢皮」。我那時年紀還小，心跳了好半天。前天狼子村佃戶來說喫心肝的事

suspense for a while. Then he opened his ghostly eyes and said, "Don't think about nonsense. Rest quietly for a few days and you will get well."

Don't think about nonsense and rest quietly! Rest until I have grown fat; then they would have more to eat! What good would it do to me and how could I get well? These gangs are thinking of man-eating on the one hand, while on the other hand, they are stealing around, not daring to strike a clean blow. This tickled me to death. I could no longer restrain myself, so I burst out into a roar of laughter and felt very happy. I know that in my laughter there is the spirit of courage and righteousness. That old fox and my brother at once turned pale. They have been overcome by my spirit of courage and justice.

But the more courage I have, the more eager they would be to eat me up so as to profit themselves by my bravery. When they had gone out of the door a few steps, the old fox whispered to my brother: "Hurry up with the eating!" My brother nodded his head. And so, brother, you also are one of them. This unexpected discovery is, in fact, not out of my expectation: the man-eating plot is headed by my brother!

My brother is the man who eats man!

I am the brother of a man-eater!

Let me be eaten up, and still we shall be brother (brethren)!

V

During the last few days, I have been reconsidering the matter a little bit: If that old fox were not an executioner in disguise, even though he is a real physician, still he is a man-eater. One of the ancient masters of these physicians, Li Shih-chen, in his "Something of the Materia Medica" (Basic Principles of Medicine), has said very clearly that human flesh could be boiled and taken (as medicine). Hence how could that old fox say that he himself was no cannibal?

As for my brother, I did him no injustice either. Formerly, when explaining lessons to me, he personally told me that it was allowable "to exchange each other's sons to be taken as food"; and, on another occasion, while talking about a certain wicked character, he said that we should not only kill such a person but also "eat his flesh and sleep on his skin"—a remark that set my young heart palpitating for a good half day. When the tenant was telling him the other day the episode of eating some fellow's

，他也毫不奇怪，不住的點頭。可見心思是同從前一樣很。既然可以「易子而食」，便什麼都易得，什麼人都喫得。我從前單聽他講道理，也胡塗過去；現在曉得他講道理的時候，不但唇邊還抹着人油，而且心裏滿裝着喫人的意思。

六

黑漆漆的，不知是日是夜。趙家的狗又叫起來了。

獅子似的凶心，兔子的怯弱，狐狸的狡猾；……

七

我曉得他們的方法，直捷殺了，是不肯的，而且也不敢，怕有禍祟。所以他們大家連絡，布滿了羅網，逼我自戕。試看前幾天街上男女的樣子，和這幾天我大哥的作爲，便足可悟出入九分了。最好是解下腰帶，挂在梁上，自己緊緊勒死；他們沒有殺人的罪名，又償了心願，自然都歡天喜地的發出一種嗚嗚咽咽的笑聲。否則驚嚇憂愁死了，雖則略瘦，也還可以首肯幾下。

他們是只會喫死肉的！——記得什麼書上說，有一種東西，叫「海乙那」的，眼光和樣子都很難看；時常喫死肉，連極大的骨頭，都細細嚼爛，嚥下肚子去，想起來也教人害怕。「海乙那」是狼的親眷，狼是狗的本家。前天趙家的狗，看我幾眼，可見他也同謀，早已接洽。老頭子眼看着地，豈能瞞得我過。

最可憐的是我的大哥。他也是人，何以毫不害怕；而且合夥喫我呢？還

heart, he nodded his head continually without the slightest astonishment. From this, one can see that he is as hard-hearted and cruel as he has been. Since even children might be interchanged as food, anything else might be interchanged, and anybody else might be taken as food. Formerly, when I was listening to his theoretical reasoning, I just let it pass carelessly; but now I know that while he is reasoning, not only his lips are smeared with human oil, but his mind is fully occupied with the idea of eating human beings.

VI.

Dark as pitch; one can't tell day from night; and the dog of the Chaos is barking again.

The ferocity of a lion, the cowardliness of a hare, the craftiness of a fox. . . .

VII.

I know they are neither willing nor brave enough to commit a clear-cut murder; they are afraid of calamities, natural or supernatural. Hence they have conspired against me on all sides with a view to forcing me into suicide. Think of the attitude of those men and women in the streets a few days ago, and my brother's actions during the past few days, and you can already guess the most of it. The thing that will satisfy them best is for me to hang myself from the beams with my own belt. By that they will get what they want without having to force the murder charge; then they will, chuckling, exalt themselves to the skies. Or if I should die from fright and worry, it will still meet with their approbation, although I shall be a bit underweight.

They can eat only carrion! I remember from some book that there is a creature known as the hyena, the eye-glance and appearance of which are very repugnant. It lives upon carcasses, chewing, and grinding even large bones into a fine pulp which it gulps down into its stomach. The mere thought of it gives me horror. The hyena is a close kin to the wolf, and the dog is the latter's own clansman. The glances by the Chao's dog the other day shows that is also in the plot. How could the old man fool me by pretending to look on the ground?

The most pitiable one is my brother. Being a human being, how could he be so devoid of human fear as to plot as a cannibal

是歷來慣了，不以爲非呢？還是喪了良心，明知故犯呢？

我詛咒喫人的人，先從他起頭；要勸轉喫人的人，也先從他下手。

八

其實這種道理，到了現在，他們也該早已懂得，……

忽然來了一個人；年紀不過二十左右，相貌是不很看得清楚，滿面笑容，對了我點頭，他的笑也不像真笑。我便問他，「喫人的事，對麼？」他仍然笑着說，「不是荒年，怎麼會喫人。」我立刻就曉得，他也是一夥，喜歡喫人的；便自勇氣百倍，偏要問他。「對麼？」

「這等事問他甚麼。你真會……說笑話。……今天天氣很好。」

天氣是好，月色也很亮了。可是我要問你，「對麼？」

他不以爲然了。含含糊糊的答道，「不……」

「不對？他們何以竟喫？！」

「沒有的事……」

「沒有的事？狼子村現喫；還有書上都寫着，通紅斬新！」

他便變了臉，鐵一般青。睜着眼說，「有許有的，這是從來如此……」

「從來如此，便對很？」

「我不同你講這些道理；總之你不該說，你說便是你錯！」

我直跳起來，張開眼，這人便不見了。全身出了一大片汗。他的年紀，比我大哥小得遠，居然也是一夥；這一定是他娘老子先教的。恐怕已經教給他兒子了；所以連小孩子，也都惡狠狠的看我。

after me? Has custom and practice taken away the thought that it is wrong? Or has he lost his conscience and is doing this with conscious intention?

I curse man-eaters, and let him be the first one I curse. I preach against the evil practice, and let me also begin with him.

VIII.

In fact, they ought to have known this right principle by now. . . .

A young man in his early twenties suddenly appeared. I couldn't see his face very clearly, but I saw him nodding to me with a beaming smile, though not a sincere one. Well, I asked him, "Is cannibalism justifiable?" "Why cannibalism; there is no famine now?" he replied, still smiling. Immediately I saw that he was also one of the man-eating gang; so with my courage increased a hundred fold, I interrogated him: "Is it right?"

"Why should you bother with such a question? You are really . . . fond of . . . joking . . . Oh, what a fine weather today!"

The weather is fine, the moonlight is quite bright already too, but still I want to ask you, Is it right?

Now he knew it was wrong, for he replied in an indistinct voice, "No. . . ."

"No? But they did eat!"

"Oh, there is no such thing. . . ."

"No such thing? Well, there is a recent case in Wolves' Village; while 'perfectly rosy and fresh of human flesh' is the phrase written all over the books!"

He got angry, his face turning as blue as steel, and with eyes distending he said: "It may have happened sometimes, but this has always been so. . . ."

"I'll not reason with you on such things. Anyhow you ought not to have raised such a question. When you do, you are wrong already!"

I jumped up and opened my eyes wide. The man disappeared, and I perspired all over. So much younger than my brother, yet he has already joined that gang. No doubt he has been taught by his dad and ma. Maybe he has already taught his own kids; and so even the children also gave me looks that are so ferocious.

九

自己想喫人，又怕被別人喫了，都用着疑心極深的眼光，面面相覷。

.....

去了這心思，放心做事走路喫飯睡覺，何等舒服。這只是一條門檻，一個關頭。他們可是父子兄弟夫婦朋友師生仇敵和各不相識的人，都結成一夥，互相勸勉，互相牽掣，死也不肯跨過這一步。

十

大清早，去尋我大哥；他立在堂門外看天，我便走到他背後，攔住門，格外沉靜，格外和氣的對他說：「大哥，我有話告訴你。」

「你說就是，」他趕緊回過臉來，點點頭。

「我只有幾句話，可是說不出來。大哥，大約當初野蠻的人，都喫過一點人。後來因爲心思不同，有的不喫人了，一味要好，便變了人，變了真的人。有的卻還喫，——也同蟲子一樣，有的變了魚鳥獠子，一直變到人。有的不要好，至今還是蟲子。這喫人的人比不喫人的人，何等慚愧。怕比蟲子的慚愧獠子，還差得很遠很遠。

易牙蒸了他兒子，給桀紂喫，還是一直從前的事。誰曉得從盤古開闢天地以後，一直喫到易牙的兒子；從易牙的兒子，一直喫到徐錫林；從徐錫林，又一直喫到狼子村捉住的人。去年城裏殺了犯人，還有一個生癆病的人，用饅頭蘸血舐。

他們要喫我，你一個人，原也無法可想；然而又何必去入夥。喫人的人

IX

One wants to eat others and is afraid of being eaten up. With deeply suspicious eyes they watch and gaze on one another. . . .

Once you have given up this thought, you work, you walk, eat, and you sleep with the utmost comfort! This is only a threshold to be stepped over, a pass to be crossed. But fathers and sons, elder and younger brothers, husbands and wives, teachers and pupils, friends, foes, and strangers, simply band themselves into a clique, admonishing one another, checking and restricting one another. They refuse, for life or for death, to step over this threshold.

X.

I went to see my brother in the early morning. He was standing outside the hall, gazing at the sky. I went behind him and planted myself at the door way. With utmost calmness and gentleness, I spoke thus unto him: "Brother, I have something to say to you."

"Say it." He turned quickly, nodding.

"I have only a few words, but somehow I can not express it. Brother, I think probably all savages in primitive ages practised cannibalism a bit. Later, some, having a different mind, stopped man-eating and tried to be good. Eventually these become men, real human beings. But some of them have continued the practice just like those lowly creatures, some have evolved into fishes, birds, monkeys, and finally, men. Some did not want to be good; hence they have remained low in the scale of beings, such as worms and insects. Compared with real human beings, the man-eating man ought to feel very shameful, much more so, I fear, than the lowly worms should toward the monkey.

"I Ya steamed his own son," I continued, "to feast the tyrants Chieh and Chou. This occurred long long ago. Ever since Pan Ku created this world, the man-eating business had continued till the eating of I Ya's son, and from the eating of I Ya's son it has again continued to the eating of Hsu Hsi-lin; and from the eating of Hsu Hsi-lin to the eating of that fellow who was arrested recently in Wolves' Village. Last year when a criminal was executed in the city, there was still a tuberculous patient who licked the beheaded man's blood from steamed dumpling dipped into it.

"They want to eat me," I added, "and of course you could not

，什麼事做不出；他們會喫我，也會喫你，一夥裏面，也會自喫。但只要轉一步，只要立刻改了，也就人人太平。雖然從來如此，我們今天也可以格外要好，說是不能！大哥，我相信你能說，前天佃戶要減租，你說過不能。」

當初，他還只是冷笑，隨後眼光便凶狠起來，一到說破他們的隱情，那就滿臉都變成青色了。大門外立着一夥人，趙貴翁和他的狗，也在裏面，都探頭探腦的挨進來。有的是看不出面貌，似乎用布蒙着；有的是仍舊青面獠牙，抿着嘴笑。我認識他們是一夥，都是喫人的人。可是也曉得他們心思不一樣，一種是以爲從來如此，應該喫的；一種是知道不該喫，可是仍然要喫，又怕別人說破他，所以聽了我的話，越發氣憤不過，可是抿着嘴冷笑。

這時候，大哥也忽然顯出凶相，高聲喝道，

「都出去！瘋子有什麼好看！」

這時候，我又懂得一件他們的巧妙了。他們豈但不肯改，而且早已布置；豫備下一個瘋子的名目罩上我。將來喫了，不但太平無事，怕還會有人見情。佃戶說的大家喫了一個惡人，正是這方法。這是他們的老譜！

陳老五也氣憤憤的直走進來。如何按得住我的口，我偏要對這夥人說，

「你們可以改了，從真心改起！要曉得將來容不得喫人的人，活在世上。你們要不改，自己也會喫盡。即使生得多，也會給真的人除滅了，同獵人打完狼子一樣！——同蟲子一樣！」

那一夥人，都被陳老五趕走了。大哥也不知那里去了。陳老五勸我回屋子裏去。屋裏面全是黑沈沈的。橫梁和椽子都在頭上發抖；抖了一會，就大

stop them all single-handed; but why should you join them? Man-eating fellows may do anything and everything, and since they can eat me, they may also eat you. Even members of the same gang can easily turn upon each other. But if you will only turn and correct yourself, there will be peace in this world. Though things have always been so, yet today we may be specially good to each other. Please don't say it is impossible! Brother, I believe you could say this. The other day, when our tenant was asking you for a rental reduction, you said: "Impossible" . . .

At first he only grinned at me, but afterwards his eyes grew fiercer and fiercer, and when I exposed their secrets, his face turned blue. There was a crowd standing outside the gate, Chao-Kuei-weng and his dog among them. They poked their heads in and tried to crowd in. Some of their faces were indistinct, and seemed to be covered with cloth; others were wearing a ferocious mask; holding their mouths and laughed. I know that they all belong to the same gang, and all man-eaters. Yet I know, too, that they have different minds and intentions. Some of them think that man-eating is traditionally practised and is, therefore, proper and right; others understand that it is wrong, but the eating they want to continue—they are also afraid of the exposure of their secrets. Hence my words have proved very irritating; yet they held their mouths and smiled coldly.

Just then my brother suddenly appeared fierce as he shouted in a loud voice:

"Get out everyboy! What is there to see in a lunatic?"

Now I have learnt another trick of theirs. They have not only refused to reform themselves, but have planned to call me a lunatic. So that when they have a chance to eat me up later, everything would be all right, and witnesses to prove my insanity would also be produced. The tenant said when they ate up a bad fellow, they used the same excuse. That is their old trick!

Ch'en Lao-wu rushed in with an indignant face, and wanted to cover up my mouth. But I was bent on giving them a piece of my mind: You had better correct yourselves now and begin with a sincere heart! You must know that in future this world will not tolerate any cannibals. If you will not correct yourselves, then you will eat up one another. Should you multiply and increase, you will be destroyed by true men, just like the hunter killing up all wolves—not unlike insects and worms!"

Ch'en Lao-wu had driven away the crowd, and my brother had gone somewhere. Lao-wu tried to persuade me to go into

起來。堆在我身上。

萬分沉重，動彈不得；他的意思是要我死。我曉得他的沉重是假的，便掙扎出來，出了一身汗。可是偏要說，

「你們立刻改了，從真心改起！你們要曉得將來是容不得喫人的人，

.....

十一

太陽也不出，門也不開，日日是兩頓飯。

我捏起筷子，便想起我大哥；曉得妹子死掉的緣故，也全在他。那時我妹子纔五歲，可愛可憐的樣子，還在眼前。母親哭個不住，他卻勸母親不要哭；大約因為自己喫了，哭起來不免有點過意不去。如果還能過意不去，

.....

妹子是被大哥喫了，母親知道沒有，我可不得而知。

母親想也知道；不過哭的時候，却並沒有說明，大約也以爲應當的了。記得我四五歲時，坐在堂前乘涼，大哥說爺娘生病，做兒子的須割下一片肉來，煮熟了請他喫，纔算好人；母親也沒有說不行。一片喫得，整個的自然也喫得。但是那天的哭法，現在想起來，實在還教人傷心，這真是奇極的事！

十二

不能想了。

四千年來時時喫人的地方，今天纔明白，我也在其中混了多年；大哥正

the house. Within the building there was complete darkness. Above me, the beams and crossbeams all began to shake; and, after shaking a while, they grew larger and larger until they fell upon my body.

The weight was tremendous and I could not move. Its purpose was to kill me. I knew that its weight was a false one, so I struggled to get out of it, perspiring all over. Still I wanted to shout:

“You must reform at once! Begin with a sincere heart! You must know that in the future this world will not tolerate men who eat up their fellow beings. . . .”

XI.

The sun did not appear; the door did not open; and two meals every day.

Whenever I took up the chopsticks, I thought of my brother, and I knew he was responsible for the death of our sister. At that time, sister was only five years old, and her lovable and yet pitiable appearance was still vivid in my memory. Mother cried and cried without stop, and it was my brother who persuaded mother to stop crying. It is probable that owing to his eating of sister's flesh, he felt rather embarrassed to hear people crying for sister, only if he could feel rather embarrassed toward this. . . .

Sister was eaten by my brother; I do not know whether mother knows it or not.

It is probable that mother has known it already in her crying; however, she did not make it clear—that, I think, is owing to her conception that man-eating is right. I still remember, when I was only about four or five years old, one day we sat at the front of the hall to cool ourselves, and my brother told us that whenever one's parent was ill, in order to be a filial son, one must cut off one piece of his flesh to feed his parent. And at that time, mother was sitting together with us, she did not say that that was not right. If it is permissible to eat one piece of flesh, so is the whole man. But it is curious to note that whenever I think of mother's crying on that day, I always feel rather sad!

XII.

I could think no more.

Now I know that for years I have lived in a place where man-

管着家務，妹子恰恰死了，他未必不和在飯菜裏，暗暗給我們喫。

我未必無意之中，不喫了我妹子的幾片肉，現在也輪到我自己，……
有了四千年喫人履歷的我，當初雖然不知道，現在明白，難見真的人！

十三

沒有喫過人的孩子，或者還有？

救救孩子……

（選自吶喊）

eating has been a constant practice for more than four thousand years. The death of my little sister occurred at the time when my elder brother was managing the household, and her flesh might have been secretly mixed with our food.

Maybe unconsciously I have eaten a few pieces of my sister's flesh, and now it is my turn to be eaten. . . .

Though I was ignorant at first, now I know that man like me, who has a man-eating record of four thousand years, is really hard to meet any real man!

XIII.

Maybe there are still some children who have not yet indulged in man-eating?

Rescue the children! . . .

孟夫子出妻

郭沫若

作者白：這篇東西是從荀子解惑篇的『孟子惡敗而出妻』的一句話敷衍出來的。敗是敗壞身體的敗，不是妻有敗德之意，讀荀子原文可明瞭。孟子是一位禁慾主義者是值得注意的一件事情：因為這件事情一向為後世的儒者所淹沒了。而被孟子所出了的『妻』覺得是尤可同情的。這樣無名無姓的做了犧牲的一位女性，我覺得不亞於孟子的母親且不亞於孟子自己。

孟夫子一清早起身，打着赤膊在園子裏養他的『浩然之氣。』他把兩手按着肚皮，就像雄雞要叫的一樣，把頸子伸起來向後屈，仰望着天，閉着嘴用鼻孔納氣，有得五秒鐘的光景用口吐着把頭復還原位。就這樣反復着在一吐一納。當他納氣時，他那瘦削的胸廓從凹陷下的肚皮上挺出，一片片的肋是可以數得清楚的。那種的工夫，在古時候的人是稱為『熊經鳥申，』直譯出來是『老熊吊頸，雞公司晨，』意譯出來就是『深呼吸。』

但他深呼吸了好一會，頭腦總是昏濛濛的，就像在頭骨下面有一張布怕把腦髓包果着了的一樣。鼻也發燥，眼也發乾，他的目的是要保存着那清涼涼的『夜氣』，而在他的全身中却瀰漫着一團的燥氣。他的四肢也無力，特別是十個指頭，那裏面就像有微溫的湯水在鼓脹着的一樣。

這理由自己是很明白的，他突然嘆息了一口氣來。

——『啊，我的精神如能像那蟬子的聲音那樣的清冽而玲瓏呀！』

他羨慕起在園角上的一株桑樹上叫着的蟬子，自然在孟子的時代人還沒有知道凡是昆蟲的作聲其實是含有性愛的要求的。

——『先生，飯已經弄好了，請上來吃早飯啦！』

年紀怕正當三十的孟夫人，和孟夫子成一個極端的對照，伊和那夏天的清晨一樣，豐滿而新鮮。伊上面穿着白色的葛衣，下面穿着綠色的布裙，打扮得就有點像現今的朝鮮婦人。伊打着赤足，捧着一個食案，走到臨着園子的廊沿上來，請孟夫子上來吃飯。

孟夫子不大高興地把頭掉過來看了伊，感着額，只把頭點了一下沒有作

HOW MENCIOUS PUT AWAY HIS WIFE

Kuo Mo-jo

Mencius rose early one morning, taking what he called "exercise" out in his garden. Naked to the waist, he stood there akimbo, craning his neck, suggestive of a rooster about to crow. He threw back his head, allowing air to go into his nostrils and come out of his mouth, five seconds at a time. When he was drawing his breath, one could see him throwing out his slim chest over his sunken belly, with all his ribs almost visible. This sort of exercise was better known in those days as *Hsing Ching Niao Shen* which, if closely translated, means "an old bear going to hang himself and a rooster preparing to crow," or "deep breathing," to put it more sensibly.

Despite this deep breathing for some time, he was still in a daze, as if his brain were wrapped up in a piece of cloth. His nostrils were dry, and so were his eyes. He has hoped to preserve that refreshing "night air" feeling in him, but actually he was dry all over. He felt weary in his limbs, more so in his fingers—it was as if warm water was bulging in them.

He knew very well what it was. Suddenly, he heaved a sigh.

"Ah! if only my spirit were sprightly as that cicada, and, and as clear as its voice."

He had begun to admire the singing cicada on the mulberry tree in a corner of his garden. Naturally, no one in his time understood that the singing of an insect is really a love call or a call to its mate.

"Sir, the meal is ready. Pray come up and take your breakfast."

Madame Mencius, who was just about thirty, was a direct contrast to her husband. Like a summer morn, she was full and fresh. Attired in a white tunic of grasscloth and a green skirt, she had something of the appearance of a Korean woman of the present day. She was barefooted, holding a tray of food. As she came on to the porch, she called Mencius to come in and have breakfast.

Mencius reluctantly turned his head round and glanced at

聲，但他那無力的脚也被拖着，走上正房來了。他先進側室去穿上了衣服。又回到正房來坐在正中處孟夫人所安好了的席上。這席不用說並不是如後人用的桌椅，乃是字的本義所表示的席。古人的席地而坐的起居，現今還在『日本』這座活的古物館裏面保存着，凡是到過日本，或看過日本生活的照片畫片的人，請把來提醒在眼前，使可以彷彿得孟子和夫人的生活情景。

孟夫人在這時候又從廚裏捧了一個小小的飯甑來。

孟夫子雖然是窮人，但他是儒者，是很講禮節的——這樣的表現却未免太硬，實則古人的所謂講禮節就是現今人所說的『玩點宦派，』說得更摩登一些時，便是要發揮些貴族的風味。因此他是正襟危坐着，讓和顏悅色的孟夫人跪在一邊替他盛飯。孟夫人不用說是不敢和他一道吃的，要等他吃完了，收拾下去，在廚房裏面自己背着吃。就是盛飯時也不能用親手授受，要用木盤來作中介，遞木盤時也要埋着頭雙手捧出去。

就在那樣的情景中孟夫子吃飯。因為他喜歡淡泊，也喜歡吃魚，吃得到也簡單，是一杯魚羹，一碟薑片，一盤涼拌的綠豆芽。這都是孟夫人所經心做出的潔白瀟灑的菜。然而菜雖瀟灑，而孟子却吃得異常矜持，他的視線只筆直地由飯椀移到食案，又由食案移到飯椀，把跪在旁邊的夫人竟連在眼角上也都不掛一下。

這是什麼道理呢？孟子是那樣的頑冥，那樣的把孟夫人看不起嗎？是孟夫人有了什麼失德？不是的，都不是的。這理由在矜持着的孟子和怡悅着的夫人都是很明白！因為昨晚上的情形和今晨是全然不同。昨晚孟夫子愛撫我們的孟夫人不是就給喫甜瓜的一樣，連漿液的一滴都要愛惜的嗎？然而，就

her. He knitted his brows and nodded once but did not say anything. He dragged his tired feet along and came into the room. He first went into an adjoining room, put on his clothes, and returned to the main room, sitting down on a seat which his wife prepared for him. The seat, needless to say, did not consist of the chair and table which later generations used. It was a seat in the original sense of the word. This ancient form of life is still to be found in the living museum that is Japan. Anyone who has been to Japan, or seen photographs and moving pictures of Japanese life—let him put that before him, and he will have an inkling of the mode of life led by Mencius and his wife.

Madame mencius emerged from the kitchen, holding a small pot of rice.

Mencius, though impecunious, was a follower of Confucius, and very particular about manners. This is putting it rather harshly, of course. But the ancients' being particular about manners might be likened to the "display of official airs" of to-day, or—to be even more modern in phraseology—to giving vent to aristocratic propensities. So our Mencius was squatted with all propriety. The cheerful and amiable Madame Mencius knelt on one side to fill his rice bowl. Not only wouldn't she dare to eat together with her husband, but she must needs wait till his meal was over, till she had had the table cleared, and then alone in the kitchen she would have her repast. In serving, she would not take nor give the ricebowl with her own hands, but would use a tray instead; and in holding the tray she must raise her two hands and bend her head down.

It was under such circumstances that Mencius took his meal. He liked light food and he liked fish, too. His fare was simple; he would have a bowl of fish soup, a dish of sliced ginger, and a plate of cold bean-sprouts. All this clean and delicious food came of his wife's cooking. Delicate though the food was, Mencius sat dawn to his breakfast with extraordinary restraint. His eyes moved straight from his rice-bowl to the table, and from the table to the rice-bowl. He did not even give his kneeling wife a glance from the corner of his eyes.

What could be the reason? Had Mencius lost his reason that he should be so contemptuous of his wife? Was it because she had sinned? No, It was neither. But both Mencius and his wife understood what it was—Mencius with his restraint, and his wife with her good cheer. Things were so very different that morning

因爲有昨宵的愛撫，故爾有目前的矜持。事實本是這樣矛盾着的。

原來孟夫子立志要爲聖賢，他的入手的大方針便是要求『不動心』，要求『存夜氣』，然而在他夫人的身旁，特別是在夜間，他的心却不能夠不動。動了，在第二天清早便一身都充滿着燥氣，他心目中的孔夫子便要來苛責他。於是便有這矜持的脾氣發作起來。他盡力矜持，他的夫人便愈顯得天真，在人格上不只高他數字等，這使他倍感着自已的劣敗。尤其使他難於支持的，是他的夫人要遵守禮節跪在他的旁邊，使他的眼睛一點也不敢正視。然而不正視也不濟事。他夫人的全身，那赤裸的全身，其實是充塞着他的感官的全部。那從葛衫下鼓出的一對隆起的乳頭，那把他的秘密什麼都看透了的一雙黑耀石般的眼睛，那和恰，那柔軟，那氣息，那流線……他就給受了千重的縛束一樣，一點也動顫不得。

——啊啊，惡魔！我是孔夫子的弟子，不是爾的弟子啊！他一面吃着飯，一面在心裏這樣反復着叫。

當他快要把第一碗飯吃完的時候，他的夫人又恭敬地把托盤遞過去，要接他的飯碗。但他再不能忍耐了。他硬着乾燥的喉嚨說，『請爾下廚房裏面去，盛飯讓我自己盛！』

孟夫人早就覺悟着他是有這一着的，和順地向他行了一個禮，把飯甌移近他的身旁，照着他的吩咐走下去了。

然而孟夫子的發作却没有因此而被解消：因爲伊所留下的氤氳在伊走了之後却專門在他的嗅覺上作用起來。無論碗盞，飯甌，菜蔬，他身上穿的衣裳，他手中拿着的竹筷，一切都有他夫人的氣味，那似香非香，似甜非甜，似暖非暖，有點令人發痒的氣味。孟夫子急得漲紅起了面孔來，把碗筷一擲，一翻身向着背面的壁上掛着孔子像叩起了頭來。

『孔夫子齋，孔夫子齋，爾提挈我，提挈我！我一定要做爾的弟子。我知道，爾是把夫人出了的，爾的兒子也是把夫人出了的，爾的兒子的兒子也是把夫人出了的，我是孔門的嫡傳，這一層我無論怎樣要學到。爾請保佑我，給我以力量，使我今天就得和我的夫人斷絕關係，使我得以成爲聖人之徒。』

他發出了哭聲來在那裏禱告着。他的夫人在聽見他擲碗筷的時候，吃驚着連忙跑來看他，不料跑到隣室來，却聽見了他的這番禱告。伊躊躇了一下，但終於決了心向孟夫子面前走去。孟夫子還伏在聖像前的席上，沒有擡起頭來。

『先生，爾怎麼了？』孟夫人跪在剛才跪過的東西，躊躇了一下，這樣

from what they had been the night before. Did not Mencius love his wife as one prizes even the last drop of a sweet melon? Yet, just because there had been this affection the night before, there was this frigid restraint in the morning. It is but one of the realities of life, this matter-of-fact contrast.

Mencius had vowed to be a sage. He went about it by inhibiting his physical desires and attaining a state of calm. But he simply couldn't be calm when his wife was around, especially at night. In such a case, he would be ill at ease in the morning. He would find the Confucius he admired chastising. That was why he behaved with that restraint——

"Ah, devil! I follow Confucius, not you," he muttered to himself while eating his meal.

When he was about to finish his first bowl of rice, his wife reverently pushed the tray to receive the empty bowl. Mencius could stand it no longer. "Please go into the kitchen," he said in a hoarse, imperious voice. "Let me help myself to the rice."

She had known that something like this was coming. Agreeably, she made her obeisance, placed the bowl nearer to him, and went out in the manner he had commanded.

Mencius did not, however, feel relieved even with her out of sight. She had left behind an odor that lingered around his sense of smell. It was in the bowl; it was in the rice pot; it was in the food; it was in his clothes; it was in the chopsticks he was holding; it was everywhere. Something fragrant, yet not fragrant; sweet, yet not sweet; warm, yet not warm. Something that tickled. Mencius's face was all flushed. The bowl and chopsticks flew out of the hand. Turning round, he faced the portrait of Confucius and kowtowed.

"O, Master Confucius, help me, help me! I do so want to be your disciple. I know that you parted with your wife; so did your son and your son's son. I am one of your followers. Somehow I must learn to do this. So help me! Give me strength that I may this day renounce my wife, that I may be a disciple of the sage."

He sobbed as he thus prayed. Madame Mencius, on hearing him throw his bowl and chopsticks, excitedly rushed out to see him, but inadvertently landed in an adjoining room. She overheard his importunities and hesitated. In the end, she made up her mind to go to him. He was still couched before the portrait of Confucius, and did not raise his head.

She sat where she had sat awhile ago and again hesitated.

問了一聲。

孟子到這時才突然吃了一驚地把頭擡了起來，眼圈子有點微紅。『我叫爾到廚房裏去，怎的又轉來了？』他返問着。

『我沒得到先生的命令便轉來，很是失禮，但是，先生，爾請饒恕我。我轉來的時候聽見先生又在禱告。』

孟夫子沒有說話。

『前回先生生氣的時候，我不是向先生說過，請先生把我當或先生的弟子或僕人，讓我在先生面前服侍，先生不是許可了我嗎？』

孟子隔了好一晌回答不出來。

『先生，爾不要把我看成爾的妻，也不要把我看成女子，這是辦不到的嗎？……………先生的周圍沒有我，我恐怕先生是會不方便的。……………先生，爾真的把我當成弟子或僕人啦。……………』

孟子長太息了一番，自語一般地說道：『魚我所欲也，熊掌亦我所欲也，……………』

這是孟子所愛說的話，只說了一半便沉默着又把頭埋下去了。聰明的孟夫人是理會了他的意思的，曉得他這時是把魚來比女色，把熊掌來比聖賢，二者不可得兼，他是想舍老婆而取聖賢的。

孟夫人到這時候，覺得孟子委實可憐了起來，伊向他動了一番母性愛，覺得這個聖賢非由伊產生出來不可。伊是決了心要成全他的意志的。

『先生，爾的意思我是明白了，我是要順從爾的意思的，我今天就可以離開先生回到我的娘家去。我日後做女工也可以過活，萬望先生務必成爲聖賢。』

孟夫子把頭垂着沒有說話。

『先生，爾請繼續用飯啣。』

孟夫子依然沒有作聲，只是把頭搖了一下。

『那嗎，我好撤下去。』

夫人說了行了一次禮，把飯甌加在食案上一並撤下去了。

孟子依然在把頭埋着，但他這時候的矜持已經老早地輕解了。他在他的夫人的行動中看出了他的已經死去了的母親。他自己覺得慚愧了起來。他一覺得慚愧，便感着了一個不小的恐慌——便是他的夫人一走，所有油鹽柴米

"Sir," she said, "what is amiss?"

Mencius was startled. He raised his head; there was a tinge of red around his eyes. "I told you to go to the kitchen," he retored, "why are you back here?"

"Sir, it is indeed improper for me to return without your command. But, forgive me; when I returned, I heard you praying." Mencius was silent.

"Sir," she continued, "when last you were angry, did I not ask you let me be your disciple or your servant, and serve before you? And did you not so promise?"

For some time, Mencius remained tongue-tied.

"Sir, do not regard me as your wife, nor indeed as a woman. Would not this be possible? . . . Without me around you, I am afraid you might be inconvenienced. . . . Please, sir, let me be your disciple or servant!"

Mencius heaved a long sigh. "Fish is what I like. Bear's paw is also what I like. . . ." He said this as if talking to himself.

It was something that Mencius was fond of saying. He had only said half of it and then buried his head in silence. With her acumen, she understood it all. She saw the reference of fish to the love for women, and of bear's paw to the virtue of the sage. He couldn't have both. She rather suspected that he preferred the sage to his wife.

Compassion seized her. She felt like being a mother to him. As she viewed it, the coming sage must be born of her. So she grimly resolved to help and make his dream come true.

"Sir, I understand it all. I want to obey your wishes. Even today I can leave you and return to my parents. Hereafter, I can work for my living. I hope most earnestly that you will become a sage."

Mencius hung his head in silence.

"Sir, please go on with your meal!"

Mencius was still wrapped in silence. He only shook his head.

"Then, I may clear the table."

So saying, she made her obeisance. She put the rice pot on the tray, and withdrew.

Mencius's head was still buried. But his restraint had long since been dissipated. In his wife he saw his dead mother. Then a wave of shame swept over him. With it, a gripping fear. Who was going to manage the oil, the salt, the firewood, the rice, after his wife had gone? He was face to face with a plain, simple

的經理，該什麼人來承辦？他到這時候，才覺悟到了一個極淺顯的真理：一個人要成爲聖賢，乃至要想行深呼吸，都是有別的人作着些低賤的勞動來殿底的。

他低回着想了怕有二三十分鐘的光景，最後是決了心走到廚房去，要向他的夫人轉環。

但待他走到廚房時，看見廚房收拾很乾淨，而他的夫人却不見了。他的恐慌愈見增加了起來，『伊真的就不告而去了嗎？』他在心裏驚疑着，把壁上掛着的孟夫人的一件下廚的圍腰取了下來，捧到鼻端去，盡力地聞，感受着怎麼也說不出一種憧憬。

正當他陷沒在那種憧憬的時候，孟夫人由外面回到廚房來了。伊看見孟夫人在捧着她的圍腰，伊連忙的說：

『先生，爾用不着親自下竈啦。我剛才打背道向萬章先生家裏去來，我拜託了他家裏人以後每天關照先生的衣食。他們立刻便要來看先生的。』

可憐孟子就像一個乖覺的小孩子做錯了事向母親求饒的一樣，他把圍腰拋開，突然在孟夫人面前跪下去了。

『師母，爾不去，好麼？我剛才的話是不足數的。』他兩手抓了伊的兩手。

孟夫人趕快把他攙扶了起來，伊那雙黑耀石般的眼睛，加上了一番潤濕的光明。

『不，我多謝爾，先生是天下的師表，不是我一人所能私有的。我留在這兒，於先生沒有好處，我走於先生有好處。只要於先生有好處，就是向火裏去，我也要去。』

孟子在這很尋常的話中，却深切地感受到了啓示。他平常口口聲聲地在講仁說義，誰知道他的夫人並不立言說，已經在實踐躬行。他頓時感覺得他的夫人，好像比孔夫子還要偉大。孔夫子能夠周遊天下，去宣傳他的教義，恐怕也是孔夫人之所賜罷？假使孔夫人不讓他說出就出，他豈不是會有家庭之累？是的，不言而行，實踐！實踐！我與其去遠師孔子，我應該近法我的夫人。……

外面萬章來了，孟夫子只得和他的夫人分了手，走出了廚房來，但他此時的心中已經醞釀着了率領着萬章們到齊梁諸國去宣傳教義的計畫。

（選自雜文）

truth: one who aspired to be a sage, to indulge in deep breathing, must have some one to perform the menial duties for him.

He pondered for some twenty or thirty minutes. Then he made up his mind to go to the kitchen and apologize to his wife.

When he entered the kitchen, he found it spick and span. But his wife—she was gone! His fears mounted. "Has she really gone without telling me?" he thought with mixed feelings of fear and doubt. From the kitchen wall, he took down an apron that his wife used to wear, and smelt it heartily. He was feeling in a way nothing could describe.

Just as he was absorbed in that feeling, his wife came into the kitchen. Seeing Mencius holding her apron, she hastily said:

"Sir, you really need not come into the kitchen yourself. I have just been across to Mr. Wan Chang's house and asked his folks to take care of your food and clothes every day. They are coming over to see you presently."

Poor Mencius! Like a sensible child imploring his mother's forgiveness for a misdeed, he threw away the apron and fell on his knees before his wife.

"Madame, stay, won't you? What I said must not be taken seriously." He was holding her hands in his.

His wife hurriedly helped him up. Her eyes, like shining black stones, glistened with a bright light.

"No, I thank you. You are an illustrious teacher of the land. I cannot have you all to myself. If I stay, it will do you no good. If I go, you will be benefited by it. So long as it will do you good, I am willing even to walk into a fire."

In these simple, ordinary words, Mencius found a revelation. He had preached righteousness and benevolence, his wife had talked nothing, but she had already put the virtues into real practice. In an instant, he felt that she was even greater than Confucius himself. Confucius travelled far and wide to preach his gospel. Was it not perhaps his wife who had made that possible? What if his wife had given him no freedom—would not Confucius have been tied down to his family burden? "Yes. Not words but deeds. Action! Action! I would rather be guided by my wife, who is near, than worship Confucius, who is far. . . ."

Wan Chang had come. Mencius had to leave his wife and the kitchen. But already his mind was filled with plans to take Wan Chang and his other disciples to preach his gospel in the states of Ch'i and Liang.

春風沉醉的晚上

郁 達 夫

(一)

在滬上閒居了半年，因為失業的結果，我的寓所遷移了三處。最初我住在靜安寺路南的一間同鳥籠似的永也沒有太陽晒着的自由的監房裏，這些自由的監房的住民，除了幾個同強盜小竊一樣的兇惡裁縫之外，都是些可憐的無名文士，我當時所以送了那地方一個 Yellow Grub Street 的稱號。在這 Grub Street 裏住了一個月，房租忽漲了價，我就不得不拖了幾本破書，搬上跑馬廳附近一家相識的棧房裏去。後來在這棧房裏又受了種種逼迫，不得不搬了，我便在外白渡橋北岸的鄧脫路中間，日新里對面的貧民窟裏，尋了一間小小的房間，遷移了過去。

鄧脫路的這幾排房子，從地上量到屋頂，只有一丈幾尺高，我住的樓上的那間房間，更是矮小得不堪。若站在樓板上升一升懶腰，兩隻手就要把灰黑的屋頂穿通的。從前面的衞裏踱進了那房子的門，便是房主的住房。在破布洋鐵罐玻璃瓶舊鐵器堆滿的中間，側着身子走進兩步，就有一張中間有幾根橫檔跌落的梯子靠牆擺在那裏。用了這張梯子往上面的黑黝黝的一個二尺寬的洞裏一接，即能走上樓去。黑沈沈的這層樓上，本來只有貓額那樣大，房主人却把牠隔成了兩間小房，外面一間是一個 N 煙公司的女工住在那裏，我所租的是梯子口頭的那間小房，因為外間的住者要從我的房裏出入，所以我的每月的房租要比外間的便宜幾角小洋。

我的房主，是一個五十來歲的灣腰老人。他的臉上的青黃色裏，映射着一層闇黑的油光。兩隻眼睛是一隻大一隻小，顴骨很高，額上頰上的幾條綹

ONE SPRING NIGHT

YU TA-FU

I

During the half year that I spent in Shanghai idle as the result of being out of a job, I was forced to change my lodging three times. At the start I went into a sort of voluntary imprisonment south of Bubbling Well Road, in a cell the size of a bird-cage into which the sun never shone. Apart from a few ferocious tailors who were more like robbers or petty thieves, the inhabitants of this voluntary prison were all wretched and nameless literary men. For that reason I nicknamed the place "Yellow Grub Street." After living a month in Grub Street a sudden increase in the rent forced me to cart my few battered books off and move near the Race Course into a tiny hotel whose owner I knew. Later on, life became full of annoyances here also, and I was obliged to move again. I found a tiny room in the slums facing Jihsin Alley on Dent Road in the quarter north of Garden Bridge, and transferred myself there.

These rows of houses on Dent Road measured only about fifteen feet from the ground to the top of the roof. The room which I occupied on the second floor was, of course, frightfully low, so low that if one stood on the floor and stretched himself, his hands would go straight through the grimy roof. From the narrow alley in front one step through the door of the house brought you into the room occupied by the owner. Edging your way a few feet among piles of rags, tin cans, bottles, and bits of machinery, you found leaning against the wall a ladder with a number of broken rungs. By poling the top of the ladder up through a hole two feet square, you were able to get into the upstairs. A dark, gloomy attic, no larger than a cat's forehead to begin with, had been partitioned off by the owner to form two tiny cubicles. The one in front was occupied by a girl from some cigarette factory or other; mine was the diminutive room at the head of the ladder. Inasmuch as the front lodger was obliged to pass in and out through this room, the monthly rent on it was several dimes less than that on the outer room.

My landlord was a bent old man of about fifty, with a sallow face lit by a dark, oily gleam. One eye was larger than the other,

紋裏滿砌着煤灰，好像每天早晨洗也洗不掉的樣子。他每日於八點鐘的時候起來，咳嗽一陣，便挑了一隻竹籃出去，到午後的三四點鐘總仍舊是挑了一隻空籃回來的，有時挑了滿擔回來的時候，他的竹籃裏便是那些破布破鐵器玻璃瓶之類。像這樣的晚上，他必要去買些酒來喝喝，一個人坐在床沿上瞎罵出許多不可捉摸的話來。

我與間壁的同寓者的第一次相遇，是在搬來的那天午後。春天的急景已經快晚了的五點鐘的時候，我點了一枝蠟燭，在那個安放幾本剛從棧房裏搬過來的破書。先把牠們疊成了兩方堆，一堆小些，一堆大些，然後把兩個兩尺長的裝畫的畫架覆在大一點的那堆書上。因為我的器具都賣完了，這一堆書和畫架白天要當寫字臺，晚來可當床睡的。擺好了畫架的板，我就朝着了這張由書疊成的桌子，坐在小一點的那堆書上吸煙，我的背係朝着梯子的接口的。

我一邊吸煙，一邊在那裏呆看放在桌上的蠟燭火，忽而聽見梯子口上起了響動。回頭一看，我只見了一個自家的擴大的投射影子，此外什麼也辨不出來，但我的聽覺分明告訴我說：『有人上來了。』我向暗中凝視了幾秒鐘，一個圓形灰白的面貌，半截纖細的女人的身體，方纔映到我的眼簾上來。一見了她的容貌我就知道她是我的間壁的同居者了。因為我來找房子的時候，那房主的老人便告訴我說，這屋裏除了他一個人外，樓上祇住着一個女工。我一則喜歡房價的便宜，二則喜歡這屋裏沒有別的女人小孩，所以立刻就租定了的。等她走上了梯子，我纔站起來對她點了點頭說：

『對不起，我是今朝纔搬來的，以後要請你照應。』

his cheek bones were very prominent, and the wrinkles in his forehead and cheeks were stuffed with coal dust, which his morning wash seemed unable to remove. He rose each day at eight or nine o'clock, indulged in a spell of coughing, swung a couple of bamboo baskets over his shoulder, and went out. Around three or four in the afternoon he returned, generally with the same empty baskets. Whenever he did had a load, it consisted merely of rags, bottles, broken machinery, and the like. On such evenings he would buy himself a little wine, and sitting on the edge of his bed would pour forth a torrent of confused and unintelligible speech.

My first meeting with my fellow-lodger next door took place in the afternoon of the day on which I moved in. It was after five o'clock, and the short spring day was drawing to a swift close. I lighted a candle and began putting out the worn volumes that I had just brought over from the hotel. I first arranged them in two square piles, one somewhat larger than the other. On the top of larger pile I placed picture frames, each about two feet long. All the rest of my possessions had been sold, and this pile of books and the two frames had therefore to serve me as a writing-desk by day and as a bed at night. After laying on the boards of the picture frames, I sat down on the smaller pile facing my table built of books, and smoked, with my back towards the opening for the ladder.

I was smoking and gazing idly at the candle flame, when I heard a sudden movement of the ladder. Turning my head I saw nothing but an enlarged projection of my own shadow, but although I could distinguish nothing, my sense of hearing told me plainly that some one was ascending. After I had stared fixedly into the darkness for several seconds, a pale round face and half of a slender female form finally made their impression on my retina. Her appearance told me immediately that this must be my next-door neighbor. When I had come looking for rooms, the old landlord had told me that, besides himself, the only other person in the house was a factory girl in an upstairs room. I had settled on the room immediately, because of the low rent, in the first place, and in the second place because of the fact that there would be no other women and children in the house. I waited now until the person coming up had stepped off the ladder, then stood up and nodded to her.

"Pardon me. I just moved in to-day. I hope hereafter to be favored with your watchful care."

她聽了我這話，也並不回答，放了一雙漆黑的大眼，對我深深的看了一眼，就走上她的門口去開了鎖，進房去了。我與她不過這樣的見了一面，不曉是什麼原因，我只覺得她是一個可憐的女子。她的高高的鼻樑，灰白長圓的面貌，清瘦不高的身體，好像都是表明她是可憐的特徵，但是當時正爲了生活問題在那裏操心的我，也無暇去憐惜這還未曾失業的女工，過了幾分鐘我又動也不動的坐在那一小堆書上看蠟燭光了。

在這貧民窟裏過了一個多禮拜，她每天早晨七點鐘去上工和午後六點多鐘下工回來總只見我呆呆的對着蠟燭或油燈坐在那堆書上。大約她的好奇心被我那癡不癡呆不呆的態度挑動了罷。有一天她下了工走上樓來的時候，我依舊和第一天一樣的站起來讓她過去。她走到了我的身邊忽而停住了腳。看了我一眼，吞吞吐吐好像怕什麼似的問我說：『你天天在這裏看的是什麼書？』

（她操的是柔和的蘇州音，聽了這一種聲音以後的感覺，是怎麼也寫不出來的，所以我祇能把她的言語譯成普通的白話。）

我聽了她的話，反而臉上漲紅了。因爲我天天呆坐在那裏，面前雖則有幾本外國書攤着，其實我的腦筋昏亂得很，就是一行一句也看不進去。有時候我祇用了想像在書的上一行與下一行中間的空白裏，填些奇異的模型進去。有時候我祇把書裏邊的插畫翻開來看看，就了那些插畫演繹些不近人情的幻想出來。我那時候的身體因爲失眠與營養不良的結果，實際上已經成了病的狀態了，況且又因爲我的唯一的財產的一件綿袍子已經破得不堪，白天不能走出外面去散步和房裏全沒有光線進來，不論白天晚上，都要點着油燈或蠟燭的緣故，非但我的全部健康不如常人，就是我的眼睛和腳力，也局部的非常萎縮了。在這樣狀態下的我，聽了她這一問，如何能夠不紅起臉來呢？所以我只是含含糊糊的回答說：

『我並不是在看書，不過什麼也不做呆坐在這裏，樣子一定不好看，所以把這幾本書攤放着的。』

她聽了這話，又深深的看了我一眼，作了一種不了解的形容，依舊的走到她的房裏去了。

那幾天裏，若說我完全什麼事情也不去找什麼事情也不會幹，却是假的

She listened to me, but made no reply. After giving me a long serious look from her lacquer-black eyes, she walked over to her door, unlocked it, and entered her room. From this brief meeting with her I felt, I could not say why, that she was a girl very much to be pitied. The high-bridged nose, the pale oval face, the short, slender body—all seemed to call in a special way for sympathy. I was then, however, too much concerned over the problems of my own existence to be able to spare time for pitying a factory girl who, in any event, had a job. After a moment or two, I was sitting again in a motionless position on my pile of books, staring stupidly at the candle or oil lamp. Doubtless her curiosity was aroused by my half-insane manner.

One day as she came up from work, and I had stood up as on the first day in order to let her pass by, she stopped suddenly close to me, gave me a look, and stammered out timidly as though afraid of something:— “What books are these that you read here every day?”

(She spoke with a soft Soochow accent, but as the impression made by her voice could not possibly be set down in writing, I can only translate her speech into the common *paihua*.)

Her question made me blush. In reality, although I had a few foreign books spread out before me as I sat idly day after day here, my mind was so confused that I could not grasp the meaning of a single sentence or phrase. Sometimes I allowed my imagination to fill in the white spaces between the lines with fanciful figures. Sometimes I merely turned over the pictures inserted in the books and let them mingle themselves in grotesque phantasms. Though lack of sleep or proper food, I was really already physically sick. Besides, my single treasure, a long quilted gown, was so unmercifully ragged that I could not go out for a walk in the daytime. In my room it was necessary to have either a candle or a lamp the whole time, since no ray of light ever penetrated here. Because of this, not only was my physical condition quite abnormal, but my eyes and leg muscles were to some extent atrophied. These being the facts, I could not help blushing at her question, and replied stammeringly:—“I’m not really reading. I merely put the books out, because it would not look well for me to sit doing absolutely nothing.”

At my reply she gave me another earnest look, made an expression of incomprehension, and passed into her as usual.

It would not be correct to say that I made no attempt whatever during these days to find job, or that I did no work. At

四有時候，我的腦筋稍微清新一點，也曾譯過幾首英法的小詩，和幾篇不滿。千字德國的短篇小說，於晚上大家睡熟的時候，不聲不響的出去投郵，在寄投給各新開的書局。因為當時我的各方面就職的希望，早已經完全斷絕了，只有這一方面，還能靠了我的枯燥的腦筋，想想法子看。萬一中了他們編輯先生的意，把我譯的東西登了出來，也不難得着幾塊錢的酬報。所以我自遷移到鄧脫路以後，當她第一次同我講話的時候，這樣的譯稿已經發出了三四次了。

(二)

在亂昏昏的上海租界裏住着，四季的變遷和日子的過去是不容易覺得的。我搬到了鄧脫路的貧民窟之後，只覺得身上穿在那裏的那件破綿袍子一天一天的重了起來，熱了起來，所以我心裏想：『大約春光也已經老透了罷！』

但是囊中很羞澀的我，也不能上什麼地方去旅行一次，日夜只是在那暗室的燈光下呆坐。有一天大約是午後了，我也是這樣，坐在那裏，間壁的同住者忽而手裏拿了兩包用紙包好的物件走了上來，我站起來讓她走的時候，她把手裏的紙包放了一包在我的書桌上說：

『這一包是葡萄漿的麵包，請你收藏着，明天好吃的。另外我還有一包香蕉買在這裏，請你到我房裏來一道吃罷！』

我替她拿住了紙包，她就開了門邀我進她的房裏去。共住了這十幾天，她好像已經信用我是一個忠厚的人的樣子。我見她初見我的時候臉上流露出來的那一種疑懼的形容完全沒有了。

我進了她的房裏，纔知道天還未暗，因為她的房裏有一扇朝南的窗，太陽返射的光線從這窗裏投射進來，照見了小小的一間房，由二條板鋪成的一張床，一張黑漆的半桌，一隻板箱，和一條圓凳。床上雖則沒有帳子，但堆着有二條潔淨的青布被褥。半桌上有一隻小洋鐵箱擺在那裏，大約是她的梳

times, when my brain appeared slightly clearer, I had translated a few short poems from English and French, as well as one or two short stories from German, averaging less than four thousand characters each. At night, when people were fast asleep, I had stole noiselessly out to mail these to a publisher. My hopes for securing a position anywhere had long since been completely blasted, so that this was the only remaining resource for my withered brain. If by any chance I should strike the fancy of the editors, and have my translations published, I should be able to count on receiving a few dollars. Since moving to Dent Road, therefore, and up to the time of her first conversation with me, I had sent out manuscript on three or four occasions.

II

Living amidst the bustle of the International Settlement of Shanghai, one is not readily conscious of the change in the seasons or of the passing of days. The only intimation I had, after moving to the slums on Dent Road, was the fact that the quilted gown I wore grew daily heavier and warmer. I said to myself:—"Spring must long ago have reached its height."

But in my penniless condition, a pleasure trip was out of the question, and so I remained sitting idly in the eternal lamplight of the gloomy room. One day—I suppose it was afternoon—I was sitting thus when my fellow-lodger next door came up with two paper packages in her hands. As I stood to let her pass, she placed one of the packages on my book-built table, and said:—

"Those are some current buns. Please take them. You can eat them tomorrow. I have some bananas here, besides. Won't you come into my room and eat them with me?"

I held the package for her, while she opened her door and invited me to come in. After two weeks of this common life, she seemed to have come to the conclusion that I was an honest sort of fellow. The suspicion which had shown in her face at our first meeting had now completely disappeared, I saw.

On entering her room, I had my first intimation that it was still light outside, for she had a window that faced south. Rays of sunshine came through the window, lighting up the tiny room, a bed constructed of two boards, a narrow table painted black, a rough wooden box, and a round stool. The bed had no curtains, but there were two clean blue quilts on it. On the table was a small tin box in which I assumed she kept her toilet articles, as

頭器具，洋鐵箱上已經有許多油污的點子了。她一邊把堆在圓凳上的幾件半舊的洋布綿襖，粗布褲等收在床上，一邊就讓我坐下。我看了她那殷勤待我的樣子，心裏倒不好意思起來，所以就對她說：

『我們本來住在一處，何必這樣的客氣。』

『我並不客氣，但是你每天當我回來的時候，總站起來讓我，我却覺得對不起得很。』

這樣的說着，她就將一包香蕉打開來讓我吃。她自家也拿了一隻，在床上坐下，一邊吃一邊問我說：

『你何以只住在家裏，不出去找點事情做做？』

『我原是這樣的想，但是找來找去總找不着事情。』

『你有朋友麼？』

『朋友是有的，但是到了這樣的時候，他們都不和我來往了。』

『你進過學堂麼？』

『我在外國的學堂裏曾經念過幾年書。』

『你家在什麼地方？何以不回家去？』

她問到了這裏，我忽而感覺到自己的現狀了。因為自去年以來，我只是一日一日的萎靡下去，差不多把『我是什麼人？』『我現在所處的是怎麼一種境遇？』『我的心裏還是悲還是喜？』這些觀念都忘掉了。經她這一問，我重新把半年來困苦的情形一層一層的想了出來。所以聽她的問話以後，我只是呆呆的看她，半晌說不出話來。她看了我這個樣子，以為我也是一個無家可歸的流浪人。臉上就立時起了一種孤寂的表情，微微的嘆着說：

『唉！你也是同我一樣的麼？』

微微的嘆了一聲之後，她就不說話了。我看她的眼圈上有些潮紅起來，所以就想了一個另外的問題問她說：

『你在工廠裏做的是什麼工作？』

『是包紙煙的。』

『一天作幾個鐘頭工？』

『早晨七點鐘起，晚上六點鐘止，中上休息一個鐘頭，每天一共要作十個鐘頭的工。少作一點鐘就要扣錢的。』

『扣多少錢！』

『每月九塊錢，所以是三塊錢十天，三分大洋一個鐘頭。』

there were grease spots on the lid. She moved the few articles of old clothing—a cotton wadded coat, coarse cotton trousers, and the like—from the stool on to the bed, and invited me to sit down. Her careful hospitality began to embarrass me somewhat, so I said:—

“We are just fellow-lodgers. Why should you be so polite?”

“I am not being polite, but you always stand up to let me by when I come home, and I feel I put you to a lot of trouble.”

With this she unwrapped the bananas and offered them to me. Taking one herself, she sat down on the bed and began questioning me as she ate.

“Why is it that you just stay at home? Why don’t you go out to look for work?”

“That’s a good question, but I’ve looked everywhere and can’t find anything to do.”

“Have you friends?”

“They have no interest in me when I am down and out.”

“Have you ever been to school?”

“I’ve studied a few years in foreign schools.”

“Where’s your home? Why don’t you go home?”

Her question awakened me suddenly to a realization of my predicament. Since the previous year I had been growing more lifeless day by day, until I had almost completely lost track of such thoughts as “Who am I?” “What are my present circumstances?” “Do I feel happiness or sorrow?” Her question brought back again vividly to mind the various stages in my half year of misery, and left me staring stupidly at her without a word to offer. From my manner she inferred that I was a homeless wanderer, and a lonely expression came swiftly into her face. She gave a little sign.

“So you are the same as I am, are you?”

After this remark she became silent. I could see her eyes filling, so to change the subject I asked:—

“What sort of work do you do in the factory?”

“Packing cigarettes.”

“How many hours a day?”

“We start at seven in the morning and stop at six at night, with an hour’s rest at noon. Ten hours a day. If you work an hour less, you get docked.”

“Docked how much?”

“The pay is nine dollars a month. That’s three dollars for ten days, three cents big money per hour.”

『餵錢多少？』

『四塊錢一月？』

『這樣算起來每月一個鐘頭也不休息，除了餵錢，可省下五塊錢來。夠你付房錢買衣服的麼？』

『那裏夠呢！并且那管理人要……啊啊！……我……我所以非常恨工廠的。你吃煙的麼？』

『吃的。』

『我勸你頂好還是不吃。就吃也不要去吃我們工廠的煙。我真恨死牠在這裏。』

我看看她那一種切齒怨恨的樣子，就不願意再說下去。把手裏捏着的半個吃剩的香蕉咬了幾口，向四邊一看覺得她的房裏也有些灰黑了，我站起來道了謝，就走回到了我自己的房裏。

她大約作工倦了的緣故，每天回來大概是馬上就入睡的，只有這一晚上，她在房裏好像是直到半夜還沒有就寢。

從這一回之後，她每天回來，總和我說幾句話。我從她自家的口裏聽得，知道她姓陳。名叫二妹是蘇州東鄉人，從小住在上海鄉下長大的。她父親也是紙煙工廠的工人，但是去年秋天死了。她本來和她父親同住在那間房裏，每天同上工廠去的，現在却只剩了她一個人了。她父親死後的一個多月，她早晨上工廠去也一路哭了去，晚上回來也一路哭了回來的。她今年十七歲，也無兄弟姊妹，也無近親的親戚。她父親死後的葬殮等事，是他於未死之前把十五塊錢交給樓下的老人，托這老人包辦的。她說：

『樓下的老人倒是一個好人，對我從來沒有起過壞心，所以我得同父親在日一樣的去作工，不過工廠的一個姓李的管理人却壞得很，知道我父親死了，就天天的想戲弄我。』

她自家和她父親的身世，我差不多全知道了，但我母親是如何的一個人？死了呢還是活在那裏？假使還活着，住在什麼地方？等等，她却從來還沒有說及過。

"What does your food cost you?"

"Four dollars a month."

"In that case, if you don't miss a single hour in the month, you can save five dollars over and above your food. Is that enough for your room and clothes?"

"Of course not! Besides—besides, that foreman is always wanting . . . Oh . . . I. That's why I hate the factory so. Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"I wish you wouldn't. If you must smoke, don't smoke the cigarettes that we put out. I couldn't stand them here."

Seeing her embittered mood, I did not feel like continuing the conversation. I took a few bites of the half of a banana that I was holding and gazed about me. Her room was rather grimy, too. I stood up, thanked her, and returned to mine.

I suppose it was because of fatigue from work that she generally went immediately to her room. Tonight she seemed not to get to sleep till past midnight.

From that time on she chatted a little with me every day when she came home. I learned from her that her family name was Chen, her given name Ermei, and that she came from the countryside east of Soochow. From childhood she had lived near Shanghai. Her father had also been a cigarette factory employee, but he had died during the previous autumn, before that they had lived together in the room, and gone together to their daily work. Now she was left completely alone. For over a month after his death she had cried all the way to work, and all the way home. She was seventeen this year, without brothers or sisters or any near relatives. Before his death her father had turned over fifteen dollars to the old man downstairs, and the latter had looked after all the arrangements for the funeral.

"The old man downstairs," she said, "is really quite a good man, and has never attempted to harm me. So I stay on here and keep going to work just as when my father was alive. But there's a foreman Li at the factory who is a thorough scoundrel. He knows that my father is dead, and is always trying to flirt with me."

I learned practically her whole life history and that of her father, but as to what sort of a person her mother was, whether she was dead or alive, and if alive where she was staying—to these things she never once referred.

(三)

天氣好像變了。幾日來我那獨有的世界，黑暗的小屋裏的腐濁的空氣，同蒸籠裏的蒸氣一樣，蒸得人頭昏欲暈，我每年在春夏之交要發的神經衰弱重症，遇了這樣的氣候，就要使我變成半狂。所以我這幾天來到了晚上，等馬路上人靜之後，也常常想出去散步去。一個人在馬路上從狹隘的深藍天空裏看看羣星，慢慢的向前行走，一邊作些漫無涯際的空想，到是於我的身體很有利益。

當這樣的無可奈何，春風沉醉的晚上，我每要在各處亂走，走到天將明的時候纔回家裏。我這樣的走倦了回去就睡，一睡直可睡到第二天的日中，有幾次竟要睡到二妹下工回來的前後方纔起來，睡眠一足，我的健康狀態也漸漸的回復起來了，平時祇能消化半磅麵包的我的胃部，自從我的深夜遊行的練習開始之後，進步得幾乎能容納麵包一磅了。這是在經濟上雖則是一大打擊，但我的腦筋，受了這些滋養，似乎比從前稍能統一。我於遊行回來之後，就睡之前，却做成了幾篇 Allan Poe 式的短篇小就，自家看看，也不很壞。我改了幾次，抄了幾次，一一投郵寄出之後，心裏雖然起了些微細的希望，但是想想前幾回的譯稿的絕無消息，過了幾天，也便把牠們忘了。

隣住者的二妹，這幾天來，當她早晨出去上工的時候，我總在那裏酣睡，只有午後下工回來的時候，有幾次有見面的機會，但是不曉是什麼原因，我覺得她對我的態度，又回到從前初見面的時候的疑懼狀態去了。有時候她深深的看我一眼，她的黑晶晶，水汪汪的眼睛裏，似乎是滿含着責備我規勸我的意思。

我搬到這貧民窟裏住後，約莫已經有二十多天的樣子，一天午後我正在點上蠟燭，在那裏看一本從舊書鋪裏買來的小說的時候，二妹却急急忙忙的走上樓來對我說：

『樓下有一個送信的在那裏，要你拿了印子去拿信。』

III

The weather seemed to be changing. For the past few days the fetid air in my only world, my gloomy little room, had been like the steam of a cooker, making me faint and dizzy. The neurasthenia that afflicted me every year during the change from spring to summer, combined with this sort of an atmosphere, was sending me half crazy. So during these latter evenings after the streets quieted down, I had been going out for walks. Strolling alone on the street, looking up at the stars in the narrow strip of deep blue sky, going along slowly, indulging in boundless unrestrained fancy,—all this was like a tonic to me.

On such aimless, spring-intoxicated nights, I would wander purposelessly about, not returning until almost day-break. These walks tired me out, so much so that I would sleep until midday of the next day; several times it was not until the time for Ermei to come home from work that I got up. Through having a sufficiency of sleep I began gradually to recover my health, and my stomach, which had been refusing to take more than half a loaf of bread, improved from the start of these nightly walks until it could digest almost a pound. Although this was naturally an economic blow, yet the added nourishment made my brain more capable of concentration than before. In intervals between my return from walking and my going to sleep, I had written several short stories in the style of Allan Poe. They did not seem so bad to me, when I read them over, so after polishing them up and copying them out several times, I mailed them. I was slightly hopeful about them at first, but when I realized that I had never had any word from my earlier translations, I soon forgot all about them.

When Ermei went to work in the mornings, I was always sound asleep. It was only when she came back in the afternoons that there was any opportunity of speaking with her. I was conscious that for some reason her attitude towards me had reverted to her original one of suspicious apprehension. Sometimes she looked long and earnestly at me, her black crystal, liquid eyes full of reproof and entreaty.

It was about twenty days after my arrival in the slums. One afternoon I had just lighted my candle and was looking at a novel that I had bought in a second-hand book-store, when Ermei came clattering up the ladder.

"There's a letter-carrier downstairs. He wants you to take

她對我講這話的時候，她的疑懼我的態度更表示得明顯，她好像在那裏說：『呵呵！你的事件是發覺了啊！』我對她這種態度，心裏非常痛恨，所以就氣急了一點，回答她說：『我有什麼信？不是我的！』

她聽了我這氣憤憤的回答，更好像是得了勝利似的，臉上忽湧出了一種冷笑說：『你自家去看罷！你的事情，只有你自家知道的！』

同時我聽見樓底下門口果真有一個郵差似的人在催着說：『掛號信！』

我把信取來一看，心裏就突突的跳了幾跳，原來我前回寄去的一篇德文短篇的譯稿，已經在某雜誌上發表了，信中寄來的是五圓錢的一張匯票。我囊裏正是將空的時候，有了這五圓錢，非但月底要預付的來月的房金可以無憂，並且付過房金以後，還可以維持幾天食料，當時這五圓錢對我的效用的擴大，是誰也能推想得出來的。

第二天午後，我上郵局去取了錢，在太陽晒着的大街上走了一會，忽而覺得身上就淋出了許多汗來。我向我前後左右的行人一看，復向我自家的身上一看，就不知不覺的把頭低俯了下去。我頸上頭上的汗珠，更同盛雨似的，一顆一顆的鑽出來了。因為當我在深夜遊行的時候，天上並沒有太陽，並且料峭的春寒，於東方微白的殘夜，老在靜寂的街巷中留着，所以我穿的那件破綿袍子，還覺得不十分與節季違異。如今到了陽和的春日晒着的這日中，我還不能自覺，依舊穿了這件夜游的敝袍，在大街上闊步，與前後左右的和節季同時進行的我的同類一比我那得不自慚形穢呢？

我一時竟忘了幾日後不得不付的房金，忘了囊中本來將盡的些微的積聚，便慢慢的走上了石路的估衣鋪去。好久不在天日之下行走的我，看着街上來往的汽車人力車，車中坐着的華美的少年男女和馬路兩邊的綢緞鋪金銀鋪窗裏的豐麗的陳設，聽聽四面的同蜂衙似的嘈雜的人聲，腳步聲，車鈴聲，

your chop down and get a letter."

Her suspicious dread of me seemed to be increased. She appeared to be saying, "Aha! They've found out about you!" Her manner annoyed me, so that I answered rather impatiently:—"I have no mail. It's not mine."

The irritation in my voice seemed to her only another proof that she was right, and a cynical smile showed on her face. "Go and look after it yourself. Nobody knows your business but yourself."

At the same time I became aware that there was actually someone, probably a postman, calling out from below:—"Registered letter!"

When I saw the letter, my heart began to beat violently. One of the translations from the German, which I had mailed a short while ago, had already appeared in a magazine, and the letter contained a postal order for five dollars. My purse was almost empty. With these five dollars I could not only rest easy as to the next month's rent, which had to be paid in advance, but after paying the rent I should still have enough for food for several days. You can imagine the degree of usefulness which these five dollars represented to me.

The next afternoon I went to the post office to cash the order. After walking a short while in the sunshine of the open street, I found myself suddenly bathed in perspiration. I looked at the pedestrians all around me, then back at myself, and hid my head in shame, while the perspiration poured like a heavy rain from my head and neck. There had been no sun in my nocturnal wanderings, only the chilliness of spring, and pale dawn from the east sweeping through the lonely streets, so that I had never felt that my torn quilted gown was so very inappropriate to the season. Here I was striding along the road under warm spring midday sun, all unconscious of the fact that I had donned that wretched night costume as usual. As I compared myself with the fellow-humans to right and left of me, who had kept up with the season, I felt very much abashed.

Immediately I forgot all about the rest that must be paid in a few days, forgot the exhausted condition of my purse, and walked slowly towards the second-hand clothing shops on Fukien Road. It was so long since I had walked about in the daytime that the motor-cars and rickshas passing by the well-dressed young men and women sitting in them, the beautiful window

一時倒也覺得是身到了大羅天上的樣子。我忘記了我自家的存在，也想和我的同胞一樣的歡歌欣舞起來，我的嘴裏便不知不覺的唱起幾句久忘了的京調來了，這一時的涅槃幻境，當我想橫越過馬路，轉入石路去的時候，忽而被一陣鈴聲驚破了。我抬起頭來一看，我的面前正衝來了一乘無軌電車，車艙上站着的那肥胖的機器手，伏出了半身，怒目的大聲罵我說：

『豬頭三！儂（你）艾（眼）睛勿散（生）咯！跌殺時，叫旺（黃）狗（狗）來抵儂（你）命噢！』

我呆呆的站住了脚，目送那無軌電車尾後捲起了一道灰塵，向北過去之後，不知是從何處發出來的感情，忽而竟禁不住哈哈哈哈哈的笑了幾聲。等得四面的人注視我的時候，我纔紅了臉慢慢的走向了石路裏去。

我在幾家估衣鋪裏，問了些夾衫的價錢，還了他們一個我所能出的數目，幾個估衣鋪的店員，好像是一個師父教出的樣子，都擺下了臉面，嘲弄着說：

『儂（你）尋薩咯（什麼）凱（門）心！馬（買）勿起好勿要馬（買）咯！』

一直問到五馬路邊上的一家小鋪子裏，我看看夾衫是怎麼也買不成了，纔買定了一件竹布單衫，馬上就把牠換上。手裏拿了一包換下的綿袍子，默默的走回家來。一邊我心裏却在打算：

『橫豎是不夠用了，我索性來痛快的用牠一下罷。』同時我又想起了那天二妹送我的麵包香蕉等物。不等第二次的回想我就尋着了一家賣糖食的店，進去買了一塊錢巧格力香蕉糖雞蛋糕等雜食。站在那店裏，等店員在那裏替我包好來的時候，我忽而想起我有一月多不洗澡了，今天不如順便也去洗一個澡罷。

洗好了澡，拿了一包綿袍子和一包糖食，回到鄧脫路的時候，馬路兩旁的店家，已經上電燈了。街上來往的行人也很稀少：一陣從黃浦江上吹來的日暮的涼風，吹得我打了幾個冷瘧。我回到了我的房裏，把蠟燭點上。向二妹的房門一照，知道她還沒有回來。那時候我腹中雖則饑餓得很，但我剛買

displays in the silk and jewelry stores lining the street, the confused hum around me of voices, footsteps, carriage bells—all this seemed to transport me into a seventh heaven of delight. I forgot about my personal existence, and longed to mingle in the merry-making of my fellows. Quite involuntarily I began to sing an operatic air that I thought I had long since forgotten. But as I was about to cross the street to turn into Fokien Road, this ecstatic paradise was rudely shattered by the clanging down in front of me. The fat motorman standing at the head leaned half-way out of the car and shouted at me in an irate voice:—

“Pig! Ain’t yer got no eyes! If you get run over, it’s another yellow dog dead!”

I stopped and started stupidly after the cloud of dust behind the railless car rolling northward. I don’t know where the impulse came from, but I broke into a loud laugh. Then seeing that the people about me were staring, I blushed and went slowly into Fokien Road.

I went into several clothing shops and asked the price of a light lined gown, mentioning what I could afford to pay, but the clerks, as though all coached by the same tutor, replied with a sneer:—

“What’s your game? If you can’t afford it, you don’t have to buy, you know!”

After inquiring all the way along to Canton Road I decided that a lined gown was out of the questions, so in a little shop I bought a thin cotton gown, and changed into it immediately. With the discarded gown done up into a bundle I started quietly homewards.

“I haven’t enough money, anyway,” I thought to myself. “I might just as well have a good time spending it.” I recollected the bread and bananas, sweets, cakes, and such like. As I stood in the shop, waiting for the clerk to make up my package, I suddenly remembered that I had not had a bath in more than a month, and decided that it would not be a bad idea to have one right away.

When I returned to Dent Road after bathing, carrying a bundle of clothing and a package of candy, the shops on both sides of the street had already turned on their electric lights, and pedestrians were rather scarce. The cool twilight breeze from the Whangpoo made me shiver. I returned to my room and lit my candle, but a glance at Ermei’s door told me that she was not yet home. Although I was very hungry, I refused on any

來的那包糖食怎麼也不願意打開來。因為我想等二妹回來同她一道吃。我一邊拿出書來看，一邊口裏儘在咽唾液下去。等了許多時候，二妹終不回來，我的疲倦不知什麼時候出來戰勝了我，就靠在書堆上睡着了。

(四)

二妹回來的響動把我驚醒的時候，我見我面前的一枝十二混司一包的洋蠟已經點去了二寸的樣子，我問她是什麼時候了？她說：

『十點的汽管剛剛放過。』

『何以今天你回來得這樣遲？』

『廠裏因為銷路大了，要我們作夜工。工錢是增加的，不過人太累了。』

『那你可以不去做的。』

『但是工人不夠，不做是不行的。』

她講到這裏，忽而滾了兩粒眼淚出來，我以為她是作工作得倦了，故而動了傷感，一邊心裏雖在可憐她，但一邊看了她這同小孩子似的脾氣，却也感着了些兒快樂。把糖食包打開，請她吃了幾個之後，我就勸她說：

『初作夜工的時候不慣，所以覺得困倦，作慣了以後，也沒有什麼的。』

她默默的坐在我的半高的由書疊成的桌上，吃了幾個巧格力，對我看了幾眼，好像是有話說不出來的樣子，我就催她說：

『你有什麼話說？』

她又沈默了一會，便斷斷續續的問我說：

『我……我……早想問你了，這幾天晚上，你每晚在外邊，可在與壞人作夥友麼？』

我聽了她這話，倒吃了一驚，她好像在疑天天晚上在外面與小竊惡棍混在一塊。她看我呆了不答，便以為我的行為真的被她看破了，所以就柔柔和和的連續着說：

『你何苦要吃這樣好好的東西，要穿這樣的衣服。你可知道這事情是靠不住的。萬一被人家捉了去，你還有什麼面目做人。過去的事情不必去說牠，以後我請你改過了罷。……』

我儘是張大了眼睛張大了嘴呆呆的在看她，因為她的思想太奇突了，使

condition to open up the package of sweets that I had bought, as I wished to wait and share them with Ermei. I took up a book to read, and contented myself with swallowing hard. I waited a long time, but Ermei did not appear. Weariness overpowered me,—I did not know when,—and I fell asleep leaning on my pile of books.

IV

When the sound of Ermei's return awakened me, I saw that two inches of my candle—out of a twelve-ounce package—were gone. I asked her what the time was.

"The ten o'clock whistle has just blown.

"Why are you so late today?"

"Business is booming, and they want us to do nightwork. They pay us extra of course, but it's awfully tiresome."

"Well then, don't go."

"There aren't enough workers. We have to do it."

At this two tears rolled down from her eyes. I suppose she felt bad because she was tired, and while I was sorry for her, I found her childishness somewhat amusing. I opened up the package of sweets, offered her some, and said consolingly:—

"When you first do nightwork you are not used to it, so you feel fatigued. But after you get accustomed to it, it isn't bad."

She did not answer, but sat on my low table of books and ate a few chocolates, throwing occasional glances at me as though she had something she wanted to say but couldn't.

"What were you going to say?" I urged her.

She remained still for a moment, then said very hesitantly:—

"I . . . I . . . wanted to ask you before. You've been going out every night recently. Are you associating with bad people?"

I was astounded at her question, which seemed to imply that I was spending my nights in the company of thieves or crooks. When I did not answer immediately, she assumed that she had ferreted out the truth, and continued very tenderly:—

"Why must you have such fine things to eat, or such fine clothes to wear? You know that that sort of business is risky. If you should get caught, how could you have the face to go on living? Never mind about the past, but you'll make a fresh start, won't you? . . ."

I was staring at her wide-eyed and open-mouthed. Her ideas

我無從辯解起，她沈默了數秒鐘，又接着說：

『就以你吸的煙而論，每天若戒絕了不吸，豈不可省幾個銅子。我早就勸你不要吸烟，尤其是不要吸那我所痛恨的N工廠的煙，你總是不聽。』

她講到了這裏，又忽而落了幾滴眼淚。我知道這是她爲怨恨N工廠而滴的眼淚，但我的心裏，怎麼也不許我這樣的想，我總要把牠們當作因規勸我而洒的。我靜靜兒的想了一回，等她的神經鎮靜下去之後，就把昨天的那封掛號信的來由說給她聽，又把今天的取錢買物的事情說了一遍。最後更將我的神經衰弱症和每晚何以必要出去散步的原因說了。她聽了我這一番辯解，就信用了我，等我說完之後，她頰上忽而起了兩朵紅暈，把眼睛低下去看着桌上，好像是怕羞似的說：

『噢，我錯怪你了，請你不要多心，我本來是沒有歹意的。因爲你的行爲太奇怪了，所以我想到了邪路上去。你若能好好兒的用功，豈不是很好麼？你剛纔說的那——叫什麼的——東西，能夠賣五塊錢，要是每天能做一個，多麼好呢？』

我看了她這種單純的態度，心裏忽而起了一種不可思議的感情，我想把兩隻手伸出去擁抱她一回，但是我的理性却命令我說：

『你莫再作孽了！你可知道你現在處的是什麼境遇！你想把這純潔的處女毒殺了麼？惡魔，惡魔，你現在是沒有愛人的資格的呀！』

我當那種感情起來的時候，曾把眼睛閉上了幾秒鐘，等聽了理性的命令以後，我的眼睛又開了開來，我覺得我的周圍，忽而比前幾秒鐘更光明了。對她微微的笑了一笑，我就催她說：

『夜也深了，你該去睡了罷！明天你還要上工去的呢！我從今天起，就答應你把紙煙戒下來罷。』

她聽了我這話，就站了起來，很喜歡的回到她的房裏去睡了。

她去之後，我又換上一枝洋蠟燭，靜靜兒的想了許多事情：

『我的勞動的結果，第一次得來的這五塊錢已經用去了三塊了。連我原有的一塊多錢合起來，付房錢之後，只能省下二三角小洋來，如何是好呢！

were so extraordinary that I could not think of any defense. After a silence she went on:—

“Take just your smoking, alone. If you would give that up, you could save quite a few coppers a day, couldn't you? I advised you long ago not to smoke, and particularly not to smoke the cigarettes of our factory that I hate so much. But you won't listen me.”

There were tears again as she said this. I knew that they were tears of vexation over the factory, but in my heart I tried hard to believe that they were shed over me. I thought for a moment or two, while she recovered herself, and then told her all about the registered letter that came the day before, and about getting the money and making the purchase today. Finally, I explained about my nervousness which made it necessary for me to take walks at night. She accepted my explanation, and when I was finished she blushed suddenly and dropped her eyes to the table in an embarrassed way:—

“Oh, I was all wrong about—all wrong. Please don't take it to heart. I didn't mean anything bad. But you acted so queerly that I thought right away of some crookedness. If you can keep working steadily, that will be fine, won't it? The thing you just mentioned,—what did you call it?—that you could get five dollars for. If you could make one of those every day, wouldn't that be splendid?”

Her delightful simplicity suddenly aroused in me a curious emotion. I wanted to put my arms and take her to me, but my reason told me:—

“Don't make a slip again. Don't you realize the position you are in? Are you set on poisoning this innocent young virgin? Beast! Beast! You have no right to love anyone now.”

I had closed my eyes under the stress on my emotion, when, sobered by reason, I reopened them, I found everything about me suddenly brighter than before. I smiled at her:—

“It's late,” I urged. “You ought to sleep. You have to go to work again tomorrow. Beginning from today, I'll give up smoking.”

She listened to me happily, rose and went to her room.

After she had gone, I lit a fresh candle, and sat plunged in meditation.

Five dollars, the result of my labor, and three of them spent already. With the dollar or so that I possessed before, I shall have, after paying the rent, just two or three dimes. What am

就把這破綿袍子去當罷！但是當舖裏恐怕不要。

這女孩子真是可憐，但我現在的境遇，可是還趕她不上，她是不想做工而工作要強迫她做，我是想找一點工作，終於找不到。

就去作筋肉的勞動罷！啊啊，但是我這一雙弱腕，怕吃不下一部黃包車的重力。

自殺！我有勇氣，早就幹了。現在還能想到這兩個字，足證我的志氣還沒有完全消磨盡哩！

哈哈哈哈哈！今天的那無軌電車的機器手！他罵我什麼來？黃狗，黃狗倒是一個好名詞，

『

..... 』

我想了許多零亂斷續的思想，終究沒有一個好法子，可以救我出目下的窮狀來。聽見工廠的汽笛，好像在報十二點鐘了，我就站了起來，換上了白天那件破綿袍子，仍復吹熄了蠟燭，走出外面去散步去。

貧民窟裏的人已經睡眠靜了。對面日新里的一排臨鄧脫路的洋樓裏，還有幾家點着了紅綠的電燈，在那裏彈罷拉拉衣加。一聲二聲清脆的歌音，帶着哀調，從靜寂的深夜的冷空氣裏傳到我的早膜上來，這大約是俄國的飄泊的少女，在那裏賣錢的歌唱。天上罩滿了灰白的薄雲，同腐爛的屍體似的沈沈的蓋在那裏。雲層破處也能看得出一點二點星來，但星的近處，黝黝看得出來的天色，好像有無限的哀愁蘊藏着的樣子。

（選自連夫代表作）

I to do about it?

Pawn my ragged gown? Probably the pawn shops would not take it.

I am sorry for this girl, but I am in worse condition than she. Work that she doesn't want comes demanding her, while I, who want to work, cannot find a thing to do.

How about physical work? I fear these weak wrists of mine could never stand the weight of a ricksha.

Suicide? If I had had the courage I would have done it long ago. Yet the fact that I can even think of it is proof that my will is not completely gone.

Ho, ho, ho! That motorman or the railless tram. How was it that he cursed me? "Yellow dog!" Not a bad name, yellow dog. . . .

All manner of disconnected thoughts streamed through my mind, but out of none of them could I derive a plan for escaping from my immediate poverty. A mill whistle blew, announcing twelve o'clock. I got up and put on my ragged quilted gown: blew out the candle and went out to walk.

The slum-dwellers were all asleep. In Jihsin Alley opposite, in the row of foreign-style houses bordering on Dent Road, a few people still had their colored lamps lit, and were playing the balalaika. One or two sweet voices, tinged with melancholy, were borne on the cold still midnight air. There were Russian girl refugees there, probably, singing for money. The sky was overcast with thin cadaverous grey clouds. One or two stars showed through the patches in the cloud-sheet, but the darkness around them seemed to hold nothing but an infinite grief.

二十一 個

張 天 翼

我們在白蘆溝休息下來。……

走了一天兩晚。腳板起泡，泡破了又起，起了又破，結成一塊厚皮，和襪子死死貼住，襪子脫不下來。……身上滿身虱子。打幾下衣服想打下虱子，可是襯衫像郵票黏住着皮肉，打不動。褲子雖然在河裏渡過，現在却牠自己乾了起來；不過，比以前緊些。……

大家的眼白成了紅色，眼黑翻了一半上去，像還沒有閉眼的死尸；眼眶子一圈黑。……腿子發了一點腫，比平素大一圈。……

一吃喝過，大家便躺下，一躺下連骨頭都軟了。心裏想，無論什麼天大的事發生了也躺着再說。……老實話：這時候要是有敵人來了也不想起來的，寧可吃顆把黑棗子。……

可是糟糕。躺着不一會，營裏的傳令騎了匹馬到了連部，叫我們高連長馬上到營部里去開什麼緊急會議。

什麼毛病？又得準備了嗎？

『操他妹子，管牠，睡了覺再說！』一位兄弟哼着鼻子說。

這事情可不大好。並不是害怕。……要是不歇腳，不躺下，再走上幾天幾晚，遇着了敵人倒不怕。可是一休息就完了，一休息，別說開火，就是叫你起來走三五步路你也咒得他的娘。可是……

可是大家呼呼地都睡着了。……

下午一點鐘左右，營長騎了馬到前面來，幾個連長，跑腿跟着：看防務

。

TWENTY-ONE MEN

CHANG T' IEN-I

We rested at White Reed Ditch.

We had marched for a day and two nights. The blisters on the soles of our feet had come up, burst, come up again, and burst again, until there was one thick mass of skin stuck tight to our stockings, which we could not pull off . . . Our bodies were covered with lice. We tried to shake our clothes to get rid of them, but our shirts clung to us like postage stamps, and could not be shaken. Our trousers had been wet in the river, but had dried. They were a little tighter than before, that was all. . . .

The white of our eyes had turned red, and the pupils were rolled up like in the open eyes of a corpse. There were dark rings around the eye-balls. . . . Our legs were rather swollen—a little bigger around than before.

After food and a drink we all lay down, and as soon as we did so our very bones went soft. We told ourselves that we would go on lying there no matter what happened. . . . As a matter of fact, we would not have got up for the enemy if they had come. We would just as soon have swallowed a black date (bullet) or two. . . .

But we had hard luck. We had not been lying there long before an orderly rode up from army head-quarters to summon Captain Kao to an important conference.

What was up? Did we have to get ready again?

"Ravish his sister!" said one of our fellows with a snort. "Let him be! We'll have a sleep and see about it afterwards."

Things didn't look very pleasant. Not that we were afraid. . . . If we didn't stop, if we didn't lie down, if we kept on walking for several more days and nights, and then met the enemy, we shouldn't be afraid. But once we took a rest we were finished. As soon as we rested, if we were asked to walk three or four steps, let alone to fight, we began swearing.

So we lay fast asleep, breathing heavily. . . .

At about one o'clock in the afternoon the general came up on his horse, followed by several captains. He was inspecting the defenses.

過了一會，高連長發了命令，叫向東移三里駐下。

弟兄們張開了一半眼睛，在肚子裏呪他的三十六代祖宗。呪只管呪，起來還是起來。大家用手背揩了揩下巴的唾涎，呵欠也不打一個地就起身，背上那些七七八八的撈什子，開始移動。……臉上的皺紋裏嵌着灰土，耳朵裏也敲得出土來。……顴骨是青色。

『先上水……那邊可沒有水喝。』

不知是誰這麼叫了一聲，大家給逗得做夢似地搶到溝邊，喝了些又上了些。水自然是點黑的，沙虫也多，不過也還乾淨。味有點那個，不知你們叫什麼，我們叫做澀：水味有點澀。……可是其實上了當。其實那邊也有水，跟我們現在上水的這條溝是通的，水也好。

沈振國走在我旁邊。他吐了一口沫，說了句：『操他媽。』他好像只是在肚子裏罵着的，不知道怎麼岔，關不住，便迸了出來。他那意思我真懂得，可是說不出。……他並不是要罵誰。

我想答他句把話。……但還是說不出：肚子裏是有個意思，要變成一句話。要叫別人懂得，可難哩。閉住嘴了，我是不大會說話的。

『快點走！』高連長叫。

來與一步挨一步地拖在頂後面：Kwa！噢班長的槍柄打在腳肚子上。

『操你祖宗，還不快走！』

給打一下似乎就有了點力氣力走，不過腿子還是提不高。

背部彎着：這時候身上那些鳥東西比以前重得多。他們也隨隨便便，不再叫你『胸脯挺出，小肚子吸進』了。

到了那邊就不許再躺下。……

有道理，要一躺下睡着了，大家便得沒命：敵人是在向我們走來着。

……

A moment later Captain Kao gave the order to march one mile east.

Our fellows opened up half an eye and cursed thirty-six generations of his ancestors under their breaths, but in spite of that they got up. Wiping the saliva from their chins with the backs of their hands they stood up without even a yarn, hoisted their truck on to their backs, and set out. . . . The crevices in their faces were stuffed with ashes and dirt. You could shake mud out of their ears. Their cheeks were grey.

"Load up with water first! There's probably no water over there!"

I don't know who shouted this, but we all flocked to the bank of the ditch, as though in a dream, drank some water, and filled our bottles. The water was somewhat black, to be sure, and full of bugs, but it was moderately clean. It had a flavor,—I don't know what you call it—we call it puckery. The water had a puckery taste. . . . But we fooled ourselves after all. There was water at the other place, connected directly with this ditch,—good water, too.

Sun Chen-kuo marched beside me, "Ravish his mother!" he muttered spitting. The oath seemed to have been really inside, and to have slipped out through some crack that he could not close. I understood what he meant, all right, but I can't describe it. . . . He didn't mean to swear at anyone in particular.

I was going to answer, but couldn't think of anything to say. I wanted to put into words, so that people would understand—but it wasn't easy. I kept my mouth shut. I'm not much of a talker.

"Hurry up!" called Captain Kao.

Lai-hsing was dragging along in the rear. Crack! came the butt of the sergeant's gun on his calf.

"Rape of your ancestors! Are you going to hurry?"

The one who was struck seemed to step more energetically, but he still couldn't raise his legs very high.

Our backs were crooked. Those damned things we were carrying seemed heavier than ever. The officers were rather easy on us, and did not yell at us to "throw out the chest, pull in the stomach."

When we arrived we weren't allowed to lie down. . . .

There was some point to that. If we had lain down and gone to sleep, we should all have been killed, as the enemy was approaching us.

『聽，來了！』不知那位弟兄壓着嗓子說。

大家歪着腦袋聽。

真的，Palapala PalapalapalaPala……步槍響！

『還遠哩。』

是的，並不近。

『準備！』高連長說。『別着慌，大家要鎮靜。……我們要取攻勢防禦。……要鎮靜。……』

大家站直了身子。

有幾個揉揉眼睛：眼白老是紅，眼黑老是灰色。

還是歪着腦袋聽。……可是槍聲聽不見了。

站直了身子又彎了一點下來，上眼皮重得只望下掉。……有幾個似乎連槍都拿不穩。……

可是……

『又來了，聽着！』

——Palapala Pala palapalapalapalapa……

近些了，他媽的！

弟兄們把槍都抓緊些，像怕他逃去似地。……有一位弟兄的腮巴子動了兩種，其實他並沒喫東西：誰還喫東西！

正是靜着，營裏的傳令騎着馬飛跑地來，在馬上叫了些話。

『……三十四連掩護退却！……』

我們的耳朵雖然沒害病，但只聽見一句話：『三十四連掩護退却』：掩護退却呀，媽的！這就是說，別人退却，你掩護。……

三十四連和四十連的人闐闐地移動起來：他們開始退。……

高連長只管厲害，可是剛一聽見『三十四連掩護退却』，他也變了點樣子：臉子一陣白，白到了額子上，耳朵上，嘴上，像有一桶石灰水向他頭上潑。……可是他壓住他自己了，這裏說的壓住，就是他自己先說的那鎮靜。

『別慌，』他叫。『這是我們生死關頭。……別慌……振起精神來！……Hay 怎麼啦，你！』

被叫着的那弟兄驚了一下，立即挺一挺胸脯。

高連長又像貓頭鷹叫似地喊連附們。

"Listen! They're coming!" hissed one of our fellows.

We all cocked our heads to one side and listened.

Sure enough! Palapala! Palapala-palapala! The sound of rifles!

"Still a long way off."

Yes, they weren't very close.

"Get ready," said Captain kao. "Don't get excited."

Everybody stay calm . . . We're on the defensive. . . . Be calm . . .

We all stood straight up.

Some of us rubbed our eyes. The whites were still red, and the pupils an ashy grey.

As we stood listening with heads turned, the sound of rifles stopped.

We relaxed a little again, and our eyelids dropped heavily. . . .

Some of us seemed unable to hold our guns steady.

But. . . .

"They're coming on: Listen!"

Palapala!

Nearer, damn them!

Our fellows clutched their rifles tighter, as though afraid they would escape. . . . One fellow moved his jaws, but he was not chewing anything. Who could eat any longer?

Just as all was quiet, the orderly from headquarters galloped up and shouted from his horse:

"...thirty-fourth company to cover the retreat. . . ."

Although our ears were not sick, we heard only the one phrase: "thirty-fourth company to cover the retreat." Cover the retreat, hell! That's as much as saying, "The rest of us are retreating, you people stay on."

The men of the thirty-ninth and fortieth companies started a commotion. They began to retreat. . . .

Captain Kao remained stern, but he changed color at the phrase "thirty-fourth to cover retreat." His face turned white, from his ears to his mouth, and from there to his neck, as though a bucket of whitewash has been dumped over his head. . . . But he controlled himself, with the same self-control that he had recommended to his men.

"Don't get excited," he yelled. "This is a matter of life and death for us. . . . Don't get alarmed. . . . Get your spirits up! . . . Hey, you! What are you doing?"

The fellow who was shouted at gave a start and threw out his chest.

Captain Kao, screeching like an owl, called for the lieutenants.

『吳連附，你們都來。……你們把排上的子彈，都分配一下。』

連附們都忙着了：『……陳得標，你交兩排來。……何光，你拿兩排去。……還有你，Hay……』

『準備！』高連長嘴唇皮緊綳着，說出話好像很費力。『別着慌，這是我們生死關頭。……要鎮靜。……』

接着裂開嗓子叫：

『上刺刀！……』

格拉格拉地大家都上刺刀。

槍聲更近。……走着的時候瞧見遠遠的白雲，一滾一滾地滾上天。雲散了。剛一散 Palapala，又一堆雲。……

再一近，子彈 Sh-Sh 地飛。

都走着，不由自主地，一個跟一個。……心裏空空洞洞的。怕倒不怕：沒有工夫怕。已記不得自己有手，有腳，有腦袋，也記不得自己是什麼東西，只是別人走你也走，別人放槍你也放，別人逃你也逃，跟着別人做，老沒有錯。……大家都在做夢。

敵人拚命喊着，前進着，放槍着。……

散開了，緊緊拿住槍，緊得了發脹。……

『前面發現敵人，五百米連開放！……』

……彎着腰彎着腿，一面扳機子，PaPalapala地打了去。

『前進哪！』王連附跑着喊，『一退就沒命哪！……操他媽，看準標的！』

看準標的，誰不知道。可是都是烟，到處是烟，天下地上。你就看準那『標的』，pa 一聲又打了左偏。……不過，我們總也瞧着打，要是胡打，我們子彈不夠就糟了大糕：我們是掩護退却哩。

Palapala 只是 palapala，子彈 Sh-Sh 着也聽不見了。……

『AY，不好！』來興大腿上帶了花，膝踝子一屈，連身子仆了下來。

誰也顧不得誰。一回頭，來興離我們有兩三丈遠了。……

兩邊愈進愈近。好像有誰在我耳邊放爆竹，耳朵眼裏都是烟。子彈似乎

"Lieutenant Wu, all of you, come here. . . . Hand around the ammunition in clips."

The lieutenants busied themselves. "Chen Te-pao, hand over two clips. Take two more clips, Ho-kuang, . . . and you. . . ."

"Get ready," growled Captain Kao through his teeth, appearing to speak with difficulty. Don't get rattled, This is a matter of life and death for us. . . . Be calm. . . ."

Then he roared at us.

"Fix bayonets!"

There was a clatter of bayonets being attached.

The sound of rifles came closer. . . . As we marched we could see a white cloud in the distance, rolling skywards. As soon as it cleared, palapala! another cloud formed. . . .

As we came nearer, the bullets whistled by.

We marched unconscious, one after another. Our minds were blank. We weren't afraid. We had no time to be afraid. We were not conscious of having hands, or legs, or skulls. We did not even remember who we were. If someone else marched, you marched. If he fired, you fired. If he ran, you ran. Following the rest you couldn't go wrong. . . . It was like a dream.

The enemy advanced, firing and yelling at the top of their voices.

We spread out, holding tightly to our guns—so tightly that our hands were swollen.

"Enemy in sight ahead! Rapid fire at 500 meters. . . ."

Crouching with hips and knees bent, we pulled our triggers and let fire. Palapala!

"Advance!" shouted Lieutenant Wang as he ran. "If we retreat, we're dead! Damnation! Keep your eyes on your target!"

"Eyes on the target!" Who didn't know that much? But it was all smoke. Smoke everywhere, the sky, the ground. Even though you watched your target, pa! you hit to the left. . . . We did need to shoot carefully, though. If we shot wildly, our ammunition would give out and we should be in the soup. After all, we were covering a retreat!

Palapala! That was all. Palapala! you could not hear the bullets whistle.

"Aiya, bad luck!" Lai-hsing had blossoms on his thigh. His knee doubled up and he fell flat.

No one could look out for any other person. In a moment Lai-hsing was thirty feet behind us. . . .

The two sides came closer together. Sometimes seemed to be

飛進耳朵又飛了出來。

何光腦袋上帶了花，怪輕鬆地就躺在泥堆里，剛宰了的雞似地抽動幾下便睡着了。……

都是烟。到處是烟。隔敵人像隔着一片紗。

Pala Pala sh ……

子彈從肩膀上掠過，從手肘裏掠過，從胯下掠過。……

Ch！他媽的帽子打下了。

腦袋呢，我的腦袋，他媽的？

偷出左手摸一摸，還好，我的腦袋在着。……馬上又扳起槍機來。……

敵人就在面前！自然一定都跟我們一樣，我們沒有瞧清他們的臉子——誰有工夫去瞧他們的雞巴臉子！——不過他們眼睛也一定和我們的一樣不大張得開，也一定空跑了個幾天幾晚早路。臉子都青白着，正在動哩。

衝鋒！……

『殺呀，操他媽的！……』

『……殺呀！……殺呀！……』

槍機不能扳了：來不及。……現在要的是用刺刀戳，砍，這我們叫做『劈刺』

可是我們當新兵時學的劈刺如今全用不着。從前是擺個好架子，兩腿稍帶一點彎，進一步，手裏的木槍向空處戳一下，嘴裏就：『殺！』要是叫得不好，班長一拳打在脊背上：

『操你祖宗，叫你喝奶麼！……叫響些！』

如今一點用不着。……誰都沒想要擺個架子，放個好姿勢，叫得有勁。……戳出去也不見得按規矩。戳得出戳在別人肚子上胸脯上當然頂好不過，有時來不得你也會把槍倒過來，拿槍柄子打人腦袋的。……

『殺……殺……』

兩邊都叫着，都不明白是那邊叫的，誰叫的，只知道叫着的都是我們這類人。……聲音都不像本人的嗓子，有時尖些，或者粗些，再不然帶點沙音。『殺！……殺呀！……』

除下叫殺當然還有別的叫聲，以外還有幾下槍響，再就，槍撞着槍響，

setting off firecrackers beside my ears and filling them with smoke. Bullets seemed to fly into my ears and out again.

Ho-kuang had blossoms on his head. He crumpled up in the mud, gave a few flutters like a chicken that had just been killed, and went off to sleep....

It was all smoke, smoke all around. We saw the enemy through a film of gauze.

Palapala!

The bullets bruised by our shoulders, our elbows, under our arms.

Oh! It's knocked off my damned hat!

How about my skull? My skull, blast it!

I stole my left hand up to feel of it. All right! The skull was still there.... I pulled at the trigger again....

Now the enemy is directly in front. They are exactly like us, of course. We cannot see their faces. Who has time to look at their damned faces? Their eyes must be like ours, however, not very wide open. They must have been on the march for several days and nights. Their faces are pale—moving in front of us.

Advance!

“Kill them! Damn their hides!....”

“Kill them... kill them...”

There isn't time for pulling triggers. What we have to do now is to stab and hack with the bayonets,—what we call split-thrusting.”

But the 'split-thrusting' we learned as recruits doesn't help us now. We used to take up a good posture then, legs a little apart, advance one step, and lunge at the air with a wooden gun, yelling 'kill.' If we didn't yell properly, the sergeant punched us in the back with his fist.

“Rape of your ancestors! Are you milksops? Yell louder!”

Now it's all useless. No one thinks about his posture, or his form, or his yelling... Even the stabs do not go by formula.

If you can spike some-one in the belly or chest, fine! If you can't do that, you turn your gun around and smash his skull with the butt....

“Kill them... Kill!”

Both sides yell. You can't be sure from which side it comes, or from whom... You only know that they are human beings like yourself... “Kill!... kill!...”

Besides this there are other cries, of course, and the occasional

刀撞着肉響。

大家是屏住一口氣，死勁砍，戮，打，說是屏住氣，氣力會大些的。

……

有幾個刀刺在額子上倒了。……任忠喫一刀戮在胸脯上，棉軍衣上浸出一塊血，浸開浸開，滿身都是血。……敵人把刀子戮進我們華必勝身上，太使勁，刀子一下抽不出，馬上我們弟兄用槍柄打在他腦袋上開了花，紅的白的濺了出來。

死的人老是先把身子抽動一下，抽動一秒鐘再落氣。可是有一個，我也記不清是那邊的，喫人用刺刀在大肚子上劃了下。剛一倒，即刻有人一脚踹在他肚子。肚子裏一塊塊一條條的東西，和着一湧血，一跳就跳出來了，他沒來得及抽動。……還有是劈下半個腦的也不抽動一下就回了老家的。……

在這裏死什麼幾十雙人真算不了回事。腦漿和熱血是攤了滿地。……

『殺呀！……殺呀，……』

有的一直躺下，有的先跪下來再躺。

個個的身上，手上，腿上，槍上，刀上，全糊着紅水，也不知是別人還是自家的。刺刀上的血流着凝住了，凝住了又串進了誰的什麼東西，便又有血流着：只要刺刀還是在一個活人手裏，那上面的血老會一層層加上去。

腳踹在爛泥似的地，其實並不是爛泥：拔起腳一看，滿腳都是漿糊般濃的紅血水。……

『殺呀！……殺呀！……』叫是叫着，叫得沒先前的有勁。……

可是，我覺得了，我身上壞了一件把東西：手上只流着血，從膀子上流下來。

怎麼樣一來呀，這是？

不知道，自己真一點也不明白。總他媽而言之，我什麼地方帶花了。

……

可不是，肋子窩裏有點癢而痛。……一看，操他……一滴一滴在滴着血。

不知道自己帶花則已，一知道便糟糕。

膝踝子沒勁了，屈下來了。……面前像有成千累萬的螞蟻在爬，接着又

crack of rifles. The clank of guns against each other, and the sound of bayonets ripping through flesh.

All hold their breath, and slash, cut, jab with all their might, They say you have more strength if you hold in your breath.

Some fall from bayonet wounds in the neck. . . . Jen-chung gets a stab in the chest, and the blood gushes over his uniform until his whole body is covered. . . . One of the enemy runs his bayonet into Hwa Pisheng, but he does it too violently and can't draw it out again. We dash in his skull with the butts of our rifles and red and white blossoms spatter out.

Generally the dead go into convulsions for a second before passing out. But there was one fellow—I don't remember on which side he was—who got a slice from a bayonet in his belly. Just as he fell, someone stepped on him, and his blood and entrails came gushing out. That fellow didn't have time to go into convulsions. Another fellow had half his head split off. He went home without convulsions, too.

It seemed nothing that scores of men were dying here. The ground was strewn with brains and warm blood.

"Kill them . . . kill them!"

Some fall down flat; others fall on their knees first, and then down.

Besides, hands, legs, rifles, bayonets—all are splashed with red-water. You can't say whether it's your or someone's else. The blood that flows on the bayonets dries. When it is dry, the bayonet goes through somebody's something and there is blood flowing again. As long as it is in the hands of a living person, fresh, layers of blood keep being added.

Our feet are in a sort of mire, but not of mud. If you raise a foot you find it covered with blood as thick as paste.

"Kill them . . . kill them!" We kept up the shouts, but with less spirit than before.

Suddenly I realized that something was wrong with somewhere. There was blood on my hand—blood that flowed from the arm. How did it happen, this?

I don't know. I couldn't understand it. In any damn case, there were blossoms on me somewhere.

There was an irritating pain under the armpit. . . . I looked there. . . . Hell, blood was dropping out!

As long as I didn't know I had blossoms, I had been all right. As soon as I knew it, it was all up.

My knees weakened, and I sagged down. Thousands of ants

是黑圈子在前頭旋。……

『A-a-ayo，他媽的，』我退了幾步躺下來。

一躺就什麼都不大知道。……

後來是，據說，敵人等他們的補充隊等不來，支持不住，逃了。他們只剩得八九個人，據說。（爲什麼不乾脆再幹掉那八九個呢？他們也沒有說。）

我們還得趕快退，不然他們又得來：他們知道我們是掩護退却。他們補充隊到了定得追上來的。

……我張開眼睛。

沈振國拿溝裏的水澆我的腦袋。……

他媽的，一看，躺在血泊裏！……衣已經解開了，沈振國撕下了一段布將我的傷處紮住。……地上是血凍，有寸多厚。東一點西一點地，滿地還有零碎東西：什麼大腿，膀子，水壺，槍，肝，腸子。……沒腦袋的，穿肚子的，臉上有窟窿的，都橫七豎八躺着。……四面散着火藥氣。此外還有一種氣味，勉強要說，就譬如……說就譬如……說不出，還是死屍的氣味。……

打死了兩個連附。王連附受了重傷抬到老百姓家裏去躺着。我們一走了便管不着他。……高連長沒打死，站在後面等我們歸隊。……有幾個弟兄在看着帶花的弟兄們，看他們可有救，有救的就歸隊一齊退，沒救的便丢在此地。我的傷不打緊，打傷。要是槍傷便會痛得不同些，有一顆把黑棗在肉裏面是疼得心都要打戰的。……

沈振國拿水給我喝。

『老沈，你沒帶花麼？』我問。

『媽的，喝水罷，』他答。

『怎麼樣，沈振國？』班長後面叫。這混蛋沒給打死哩。

『醒過來了，』沈振國不耐煩地。

『怎麼啦？……快一點！』高連長急着叫。『怎麼，他站不起來就丢了他。……來興快到這裏來。』

seemed to be crawling in front of me, then black and white circles spinning.

"A-a-yo! damnation! I staggered back a few steps and lay down. As soon as I lay down, I knew no more.

They told me afterwards that the enemy, not having received reinforcements, fled when they could not hold out longer. There were only eight or nine of them left, it was said. (Why the eight or nine were not wiped out, they never explained).

We had to retreat quickly or they would be at us again. They knew that we were merely covering a retreat. As soon as reinforcements came up they would attack us again.

... I opened my eyes.

Sun Chen-kuo was pouring ditchwater over my head.

Damn it, I was lying in a pool of blood! My clothes were unfastened. Sun had torn off a piece of cloth and was tying up my wound. ... The ground was a jelly of blood, an inch or so deep. On both sides of me it was littered with odds and ends of things: legs, arms, water bottles, rifles, livers, entrails. ... Men lay sprawled about, headless, with ripped bellies, with holes in their faces. ... The smell of gunpowder was everywhere, and besides this was an odor, if I must say it, like—like—well, like this smell of corpses.

Two lieutenants were dead. Lieutenant Wang was badly wounded, and had been carried to a farmer's cottage. We had not time to look after him. ... Captain Kao had not been killed. He was standing back of us, waiting for us to return to our lines. ... Some of our fellows were looking over the men that had blossoms to see whether they could be saved. If there was hope for them, they would rejoin the lines and retreat along with the rest. If there was no hope, we would leave them. My wound was slight—a bayonet wound. If it were from a gun, it would feel very different. When you have a black date in your flesh it hurts so much that your heart quivers.

Sun Chen-kuo brought me water to drink.

"No blossoms on you, Sun, old fellow?" I asked him.

"Damn it, drink this water," he answered.

"How is he, Sun Chen-kuo?" calling the sergeant from behind. That bastard hadn't been shot.

"He's coming to," said Sun impatiently.

"What's the matter? ... Hurry up," called Captain Kao. Come on. If he can't stand up, leave him there. ... Get over here. Lai-hsing."

來與沒有死！……

我站起來了，扶着沈振國走到連長跟前。

來與高興得很重地拍一下我的肩：『AY，他起得來了。』

『小心點，他媽的肋子窩的傷，』沈振國說。

帶花的弟兄們一撈一撈走了過來。起不來的躺在地上喊媽。

點了點人數：不算連長，二十一個，連班長。

『快走！』高連長說。

有幾個走不動落了後。

『他媽的爲什麼不走！……槍斃你！……』高連長發了火。

『報告連長……真的……實在……連長槍斃我，』說着輾倒下來。

旁邊的弟兄們拉他走。……

PAH？……

『怎麼？』高連長跳了起來。

『報告連長，槍走火，』別排上的弟兄說，槍口子還冒烟。

班長的槍柄在他背上使勁捶了一下：『操他祖宗，槍斃你！』

弟兄們都不大願走：有點走不動，有的是，老實說，大家滿肚子有怨氣，也不準是怨誰，總之有怨，在肚子裏罵着。有幾個肚子裏罵着的忽然迸出聲音來。

『Pay，他媽的！』來與吐了一口沫。

『操他媽，』沈振國說，『要不是鄉裏連稀飯都喫不着，誰來喫窩窩的糧』

『你們說什麼？』連長大叫。

沒人來答應。

『說，你們說什麼！』連長站住了。

我們還是走着，一個也不言語。

『他媽的還了得！……不守紀律……把你們送到後方軍法處去！……』說着，一面濺着唾沫。『說些什麼，你們？……說呀，你們說些什麼！』

沈振國臉上變成怪難看，像有個什麼鬼附在他身上。居然橫了起來：『我說我的！』

大家嚇了一大跳，一輩子沒見過弟兄們對官長這麼說話的。幾十雙眼睛

So Lai-hsing wasn't dead!

I stood up and went toward the captain leaning on Sun Chen-kuo.

Lai-hsing gave me a resounding slap on the back. "Ay, you're up!"

"Careful there. He's got a wound in his damned armpit," said Sun.

The fellows with blossoms came limping up. Those who couldn't stand lay on the ground and yelled for their mothers.

We counted off. Twenty-one, with the sergeant, but not counting the captain.

"Quick march," said Captain Kao.

Some who couldn't walk fell out.

"Why the hell don't you march?" shouted the captain angrily. "I'll shoot you."

"Reporting to the captain . . . It's a fact, sir, . . . absolutely . . . shoot me, captain," the fellow sank down.

His friends at his side dragged him along with them.

PAH!

"What's that?" said Captain Kao, jumping.

"Reporting to the captain, gun went off, sir," said a man in another squad with a gun that was still smoking.

The sergeant's rifle butt came down heavily on his back. "Rape of your ancestors, I'll shoot you."

We all march against our will. Some of us cannot walk, and others are full of resentment. They are not certain against whom they have resentment, but it is resentment all the same, and they swear under their breath. Some of the curses become articulate.

"Pah, damnation!" says Laihsing, spitting.

"Rape their mothers," says Sun Chen-kuo. "If it weren't that there isn't even thin gruel to eat at home, who would take up this blasted work?"

"What did you say?" shouts the captain.

No one pays any attention to him.

"Speak up! What did you say?" The captain stops still.

We go on marching without a word.

"Hell and damnation! Disobeying orders! I'll send you all up for court-martial," he splutters. "What did you say, you? Speak up, what were you saying?"

Sun Chen-kuo gets an ugly look in his face as though a devil has got into him. "It's my business what I say," he says fiercely.

We all jump. No one in his life has heard a man talk that

對沈振國，十幾隻心警着沈振國：弟兄總幫弟兄。……只是心裏幫着，身子却還走着，瞧着，等着，看後來怎樣。都怕沈振國會給解到後方軍法處去，可是怕有什麼用，解去總還得解去。……

『有人跟高連長狠一下也好，』有人只是這樣想的。

『你目無長官！』連長說。

沈振國是個強的，他便偏強到底：

『窩窩的長官媽！……反正也是媽養的。……』

『你目無長官，你叛變，你……』連長氣得臉子發青，『你……槍斃你！』

沈振國突然站住。

『Hm槍斃？』

『班長，你繳下他的槍，你……』

大家都站住了。都興奮着臉色……大家知道不能只是看着沈振國一個人做戲了，就是說我們都應當說幾句，再不然幹一點什麼。……可是都不知道自己應當怎樣說，怎樣幹：這是件非常的事呀。……

沈振國把肩上掛着的槍取了下來。……

班長執行連長的命令，要繳沈振國的槍，他剛要跑過來，來興也像有個什麼東西附在他身上，拔起癆腿跑前去，一把搶掉班長的槍：

『敢動！』

大家都像做夢做醒了。也可說是死去了又活過來。平素一肚子的怨氣，喫苦，挨餓，不發餉，受傷，仇恨，像霰溜彈爆開似地，一時發作。

都把槍捏住，吵起來。

『打死他！』

『幹掉連長……』

『我們要槍斃你。……』

班長一瞧不對勁，馬上把身上的子彈解下來。

『我投降你們……』

班長沒叫得完，來興扳了槍機對他就一槍，打一個着。

高連長一霎眼飛跑了。

Pah, pah 陳得標開了兩槍，該是五十米連開放，可是打偏了。還有一位弟兄和陳得標追上去，跑着還打了幾槍。……高連長逃着也回了幾響駁壳。老半天追的人回來了：沒追着。說是老遠地營裏傳令兵騎馬來，姓高的攀

way to an officer. All eyes are fixed on Sun, and all our hearts beat for him. We fellows always help each other. . . . But we go on marching all the same, watching and waiting to see what will happen. We are all afraid that Sun will be haled before a court-martial, but being afraid doesn't help. If he is taken, he is taken.

"I hope someone gives Captain Kao a piece of his mind." That is what we all think.

"Disrespect to your officers!" shouts the captain.

Sun Chen-kuo is an obstinate fellow and carries it through.

"To hell with the officers! They're all born from women!"

"Disrespect to your officers! Mutiny . . . you!" The captain's face is purple with rage. "You . . . I'll shoot you'."

Sun stops suddenly.

"Hm! Shoot?"

"Sergeant, take away his gun!"

Everyone stands still, with tense face. . . . We all know that we can't leave Sun to carry on alone. We all ought to say something or do something. But no one knows what to say or do. This is a strange business.

Sun Chen-kuo removes the gun from his shoulder.

The sergeant, following the captain's orders, goes to get it, but just as he does so, something seems to take possession of Laihsing. He grabs forward on his bad leg and grabs the sergeant's gun.

"Don't you dare to move!"

We all seem to have wakened from a dream, or to have come to life. All our stored-up resentment over pain, hunger, unpaid wages, wounds, bursts out suddenly like a shrapnel shell.

We grasp our guns and set up a shout.

"Kill him!"

"Finish off the captain!"

"We'll shoot you!"

The sergeant, seeing that things are in a bad way, quickly removes his cartridge belt.

"I surrender to you. . . ."

But before he can finish, Laihsing fires point blank at him.

In a flash Captain Kao had run off.

Pah pah! Chen Te-piao fires two shots but misses at fifty meters. Someone joins him in the pursuit, firing as they go. Captain Kao returns the fire with the revolver.

After a long while the pursuers returned. They had not got him. An orderly, so they said, had come up on a horse, and

上馬跟傳令逃，他倆沒再進。

『糟糕，我們得快走！』

後面躺着的人堆裏有人叫起來。

『誰呀？』我們走過去，一面問。

『我……』說得像蚊子叫，可是還能夠坐起來。

『Ha. 敵人！』——那人確是敵人，衣帽就不同。

『他們也有連長有班長，跟我們一樣，』來興說。

『可不是一樣麼，』沈振國走到了那人身邊，『他們也得是鄉裏連稀飯都喫不着才跑來，操他媽的。……伙計，你起不起得來。』

那人勉強站起來，搖搖地又要倒。沈振國一把扶住他。

還有些起不來的呢？對不起，我們管不着，不然就得累死了。……他們有些叫着媽叫着媽地就閉了氣。……

沈振國扶住那位敵人走出來。……

『咱們還不上上火線？』傻頭傻腦的趙良說。

『自然得上。』

『咱們再打誰？』

『打忘入蛋！』趙良拍拍胸脯子：『得，老子贊成！』

『自然打王入蛋，』沈振國說。『現在再不想升官，祇想打些那烏烟瘴氣的小舅子。』

『我贊成！』來興說。

『以前我還想得幾回火線會升官，操他嫂子，現在不那麼傻了。』

我再說，那時沈振國扶住那敵人走着。……

死了一個班長，來了一個蕭權——就是以前的敵人：我們便又是二十一個了。二十一個一起走：腿好像撐住腿癆的。……

Pah, Pah! ……槍響！

『媽的！』大家祇向側刺裏走。

屏住氣聽，聽了老半天沒什麼道理。……再沒有響了。

Kao, leaping on to the horse, had escaped with him. At that the two gave up the chase.

"We'd better get out of here quickly," we said.

Someone called out from the pile of bodies behind us.

"Who is it?" we asked, going towards it.

"It's I," said a voice as weak as a mosquito's. The man was able to sit up.

"Ha! an enemy!" He was an enemy right enough. His clothes were different.

"They have captains and sergeants, too, just like us," observed Lai-hsing.

"Just the same," said Sun Chen-kou, going closer to the man. "They probably came here only because there wasn't even thin gruel to eat at home. Damn it all! Can you get up, comrade?"

The man drew himself up painfully, swaying from side to side. Sun caught and supported him.

"More of you who can't stand up? Sorry? We can't look after you. You'll hold us back." We left them calling more and more weakly for their mothers.

Sun Chen-kuo came over, supporting the enemy.

"Are we going in the front lines?" asked Chao Liang crazily.

"Sure we are," said someone with a laugh. "But whom are we going to fight? Tell us that."

Chao Liang thought it over a long time, scratching the back of his head. "Let's fight those bastards the officers. What do you say to that?"

"Of course those are the beggars we'll fight," said Sun Chen-kuo. "We want no commissions any longer. All we have to do is to fight those dirty bums."

"I'm for it!" said Lai-hsing.

"I used to think I'd get a commission if I went in the front lines a few times. Now, rape of his aunt! Now I'm not that crazy!"

.....
As I said, Sun Chen-kuo was holding up the enemy as he walked.

With the sergeant dead and Hsiao-ch'uan, the enemy, added, we were twenty-one again, and we marched side by side.

Pah, pah! The sound of rifles!

"Damnation!" We jumped aside.

We held our breath and listened for a long time, but it was to no purpose. . . . There were no futher rifle shots.

『咱們向東再向南。』

大家擠在一起走，大家像有一塊皮肉聯着似地，誰也分不開誰，一分開便得沒命。

九個不帶一點花的打頭走，手指按在槍機上，怕萬一有什麼忘入蛋來。

.....

『操他屁股，掩護退却，這才是掩護退却哩！』來興自語着。

大家都笑了起來。

（選自小彼得）

“We’ll go east and then south,” said Lai-hsing, leading the way.

We walked close together as though we were bound together in one flesh. Not one of us could be parted from another and live.

The nine who were without blossoms went in front, fingers on the trigger in case one of those bastards should appear.

“Bugger them all, covering the retreat. This here is what you call covering a retreat!”

We all laughed.

抗 爭

葉 紹 鈞

清早起來改了二三十本學生作文簿的郭先生放下筆抬起眼來：只覺烏鴉似的一團團的東西在前面亂晃。閉了眼，用手指按了按眼皮，一會兒，再張開來，烏鴉似的一團團的東西沒有了，便翻開剛才送來的當天的地方報，一陣青烟從後屋浮進來，煙火氣刺入鼻際幾乎欲打嚏，同時聽得塌塌地劈木柴的聲響。

「唉，該死！」他把報紙一丟，激怒地說。

「什麼事？」妻在裏面擔心地問，聲音是故意地柔順。

「還有什麼！他們要把我們餓死呢！」

「怎麼了？」

「報上講，今年的欠薪說不定發不發；明年不是打對折，就是學校關門！」

這真是太凶惡的一個消息，妻不自主地離開竈門來到前面，睜着眼看定丈夫的沈鬱的面孔，一時也說不出什麼。心頭是沸水一般，幾日來時刻翻騰的一些想頭又涌上來了；到年底只差一個多月了，有的是這家那家的帳；母親那裏，姑太太那裏，都得去一副年盤，棉襖太不像樣了，至少添一件新布衫；——這些且不講，最要緊的是眼前只賸兩塊光洋幾十個銅子了！明年打對折！要不然，就是學校關門！——她想到這裏，兼之早上起來還沒有喫東西，便覺一陣頭暈，把舊有的肝腸病引起來了。於是醉人似地在一把椅子上

RESISTANCE

YEH SHAO-CHUN

I

Professor Kuo, who had been up since daylight correcting the twenty or thirty compositions of his students, put down his pen and raised his eyes. Flocks of something resembling black crows fluttered about in front of him. He closed his eyes and passed his fingers over the eyelids. When he opened them again a moment later, the crows were gone, and he turned to the daily paper which had just been delivered. Smoke came drifting in from the back of the house. It got into his nose and made him feel like sneezing. He could hear the crack, crack, of firewood being broken up.

"Be damned to them!" he said angrily, tossing the paper away.

His wife, who was inside the kitchen, spoke up anxiously. "What's the matter now?" She tried to speak very tenderly.

"The matter?" They want to starve us to death!"

"What has happened?"

"The paper says that it is uncertain whether the salaries that are in arrears this year can be paid or not, and that for next year either a fifty percent cut or a complete closing down of the schools will be necessary."

This was cruel news, indeed, and the wife was compelled to leave her stove door and came over to stare into his gloomy face. There was nothing she could think of to say. Her mind seethed like boiling water, and the thoughts that she had been turning over and during the last few days bubbled by to the top again: it was not much more than a month now till the end of the year and all that they possessed was bills from this one and bills from that one; there really should be some presents sent to her mother and her aunt: her quilted coat was a perfect sight, and she should have at least one new outer jacket;—apart from all this, there was the impressive fact that two bare dollars and a few score of coppers were all that remained in the house. And next year there was to be a fifty percent cut! When she reached this point in her reflections, and particularly as she had not eaten since rising, she became suddenly dizzy and her chronic illness recurred. She sat down like a drunken person on a chair and

坐下；乾瘦的顴頰泛着淡紅色，用凍紅的手支着。

「能同他們商量商量麼？」她想來想去只有這一絲的希望。

「商量！也不知商量過幾多回了，他們總是一句話，沒有辦法！同他們商量，還不如同牆頭去商量！」

「教人家當教員教書，總不該讓人家沒飯喫餓死的。」她這樣的理由就儘足以折服他們。

「誰管你有沒有飯喫！誰管你餓死不餓死！你不願意當，他們會說本來不會一定要你當！」

「那末怎樣呢？」她悵然了，感得前途是無邊的空虛。

「我們當然要尋生路呀。」他挺一挺胸說，臉上微露高傲的笑意。

「你講。」她用探試的口氣說。

「生路不是沒有，就在不再同他們商量。是軟弱的東西才商量！是沒用的東西才商量！商量由你，不睬你由他們，還不是喫一輩子的虧？現在作夢作醒了，沒有什麼商量！」

「那末怎樣？」她完全茫然。

「他們幹的那些誰不曉得。爲什麼軍費就有錢墊付？爲什麼局長就有錢造洋式房子？爲什麼委員們就有錢喫花酒，打馬將？——你明白了麼？總之一句話，實際上這地方可以不欠薪，不打折扣；所以弄到這般地步，都是他們的荒唐。還商量什麼；只有教員一起聯合起來，去同他們算帳！」

她想像不清楚這個辦法就是一條生路，彷彿覺得這裏頭總有點不妥當，直望着他問，「誰這樣想起的？」

「就是我，我這樣想起的。」他堅定地承認。

「將就些，不要出什麼主張吧！」她相信這樣不但不是一條生路，而且會弄掉現在的位置，雖然是個欠薪又將要打折扣的位置，究竟比無薪可欠無

rested her flushed, emaciated cheeks on her chapped red hands.

"Do you think you could talk it over with them?" This was the only hopeful thing that she could think of.

"Talk it over! I don't know how many times we've talked things over. Their reply is always the same. 'It can't be helped!' As far as talking things over with those people goes, you might just as well talk them over with the wall."

"If they want people to be teachers and to teach, they certainly ought not to let them starve to death." She felt that so reasonable an argument as this should impress them.

"Why cares if you have anything to eat? Who cares whether you die of starvation or not? If you don't want the job, they say, you must remember that they never forced you to take it."

"Then what can we do?" she asked helplessly, conscious that the future was extremely desolate.

"We must find a way, of course." As he said this, he threw out his chest and smiled somewhat loftily.

"Go on." she said, tentatively.

"There is a way all right, but it consists in having no more discussions with them. Only weaklings talk matters over, only worthless things do it. You may initiate a discussion, but whether or not you get any attention is entirely in their hands. You are eternally at a disadvantage. I'm not dreaming any longer. There'll be no more talk!"

"Then what are we to do?" She was completely at sea.

"Everyone understands what they are doing. How does it come about that the chiefs of bureaus have the money to build foreign-style homes? How does it happen that committee men can carouse around and play *majong*?—Do you see? What it comes to is this: there is really no reason whatever should be in arrears or should need to be reduced. It is their revels that have brought us to this state. Are we to talk things over any more? There is only one thing to do. The teachers must organize and demand a reckoning from them!

She did not have a very clear picture of this as a way out, but thought there was something not quite safe about the project. She looked steadily at him. "Who thought this up?"

"I did." He made the admission emphatically. "It's my own idea."

She was now convinced that this was not only not a way out, but that it would end by losing him his present position. Even though there was back pay and the prospect of a cut, it was better

折可打好一點，所以用母親諄囑兒子似的調子說。

「爲什麼？」他準對她的眸子看，似乎要看透她的心。

「聽我說的爲是；我不相信這樣會有好處。」她把底裏的意思掩藏着。

「怎樣沒有好處？算盤是死的；教育費該有多少，歷年用了多少，到現在該不該欠薪打折扣，他們能偷撥一粒算盤珠麼？」

「爲什麼向來沒有同他們算過？」

「因爲怕。謀到一個住置不容易，怕把他失掉了。」

「你倒不怕麼？」

「我原說要許多人聯合起來；單單一個人出來同他們對抗，自然喫他們的虧。你要知道，聯合起來是我們的法寶！」

「他們不睬你們的法寶呢？」

「那末我們全體辭職！」他激昂地說，似乎她就是他正要對抗的人。

這一句正回印到她藏在心底裏的憂慮，她想今後的命運，總得上這條路吧！倏地轉念，又想到僅費的兩塊光洋幾十個銅子；一縷心酸，幾滴淚珠搶着掉下來了；頭腦裏更見得昏昏。她閉了眼嚥了口唾沫凄然說，「總之我不贊成你這樣做。」

「你懂得什麼！」他瞪着眼，有點發怒。

「我不懂麼？凡事謹慎小心爲妙。」

「還要多說！有我在這裏就是了。你看什麼時候了，煮的粥呢？」他簡直大聲呵斥了，對於她的絮聒鄙夷得像一滴污泥，又細微，又討厭。

她傷心極了，眼淚續續下滴，怨恨他全不了解她的衷腸，明明爲着他，卻得到這樣的酬報；從這看來，就是萬一境況好一點，又有什麼意思。可是

than having no salary at all to be unpaid or cut. So she adopted the tone of a mother reasoning with her child. "Leave things alone. Don't start advocating policies."

"Why not?" He looked straight into her eyes, trying to penetrate her thought.

"Just mind what I say. I don't believe that any good would come of it." She did not mention the fear that was at the bottom of her mind.

"Why not? The abacus is a mechanical thing. What is the appropriation for education? Is there any reason now to hold back our salary or to reduce it? Do you think they can sneak off with a single bead of the abacus?"

"Why is it that no one has ever demanded an accounting from them before?"

"Because they were afraid. It isn't easy to secure positions, and people are afraid to lose them."

"But you aren't afraid?"

"I said that a large number of us must unite. If one person tried to resist them alone, of course he would suffer. Don't you see, union is our magic wand."

"And suppose they don't care anything about your magic wand."

"Then we resign in a body!" He spoke excitedly, just as though she were the very person he was resisting.

This remark brought her precisely back to the fear that was lurking in her mind. She felt that future events would work out just that way. By a sudden transition, she thought of the bare dollars and the few score coppers. Her heart sank and tears began to drop. Her head felt increasingly faint. She shut her eyes, gulped, and said disconsolately, "Anyhow, I don't approve of your doing it."

"What do you know about anything?" He glared at her somewhat angrily.

"What do I know? 'In all things be careful and let caution be your guide.'"

"Shut up! You have me here and that ought to be enough! Look at the time. Where's the porridge?"

He barked this at her, contemptuous of her talk as though it were a bit of dirt, magnificent and a nuisance. She was very much hurt, and wept freely. She blamed him because he could not see that her feelings were all for him, and because he rewarded her so badly. If that was the way things were to be, what

一想到他就要上學校去，便站起來陰影似地移向後屋去。

他用餘怒未消的目光看她蓬鬆髮髻青灰破網襖的背影，幾年來她種種的苦辛立刻涌現在腦際，禁不住閉着眼，皺緊眉難，「唉！」

二

教職員聯合會是去年就成立的。所有的成績是一份油印的章程，宗旨項下當然是「研究教育，聯絡感情」一些話；一本開成立大會時的簽名簿，龍蛇飛舞的墨筆字同蠅頭小楷的鉛筆字都有；一本記事錄，記着那天票選出來的職員的名字。

郭先生是會裏的幹事員。他跑去對會長說，眼前的事情與全體教職員有切身的關係，須得召集臨時全體大會，妥籌對付方法。那會長最怕的是開會，踱進會場就要打瞌睡，可是這一次卻捻着髭鬚連連點頭說，「不錯，不錯，非開臨時全體大會不可。」

發出的通告句句打入教職員們的心坎：「爲自己的利益，爲教育的前途，必須大家團結，取一致的步調。所以召集這個臨時全體大會。會場在市立第三小學。」

第三小學在關帝廟內。大股東側有一個廳，作爲教室；殿庭就是運動場。殿庭裏本來有兩棵杏樹，著花時就像兩大個錦繡球；因爲樹幹常常撞着學生的額角，致漲起胡桃大的肉塊，便都被齊根截去了。這一天是星期日，朝陽照在殿頂的瓦楞上，夜來的霜漸漸融化，浮起一層淡淡的煙。庭中還陰黯

was the use even if by some remote chance circumstances should improve? Then she remembered that he had to go to school soon. She rose and retired like a silent shadow to the back room.

He gazed with still angry eyes at her tousled hair and satin coat. Suddenly he became conscious of all the pain that had come to her in the past years. He closed his eyes in a frown. "Yiya!"

II

The Teachers' Association had been formed just the previous year. Concrete results were: one set of hectographed regulations, in which of course the purpose was declared in such terms as "to study education, to promote friendship," and so on; one book of signatures made at the opening meeting, which consisted of everything from snaky scrawls painted with brush and ink to neat little fly-specks inscribed in lead pencil; one book of minutes, which recorded the names of the officers elected at the time.

Professor Kuo was a member of the executive committee. He now went to see the president and declared that current conditions intimately affected the whole body of teachers and that it was therefore imperative that a special meeting be called to formulate a satisfactory policy. There was nothing the president more greatly dreaded than meetings, and immediately on entering the hall he was accustomed to go promptly off into a doze. This time, however, he tugged at his mustache and nodded vigorously. "Quite right! Quite right! We must have a special meeting, by all means."

The announcement of the meeting went straight to the heart of every teacher: "For the sake of our own advantage, and for the future of education, we must combine together and adopt a unified program. For this purpose a meeting is called. Place: This Third Municipal Primary School."

The Third Primary School was located in the temple of the God of War. On the east of the great court was a hall which had been turned into a schoolroom, while the temple courtyard formed the playground. There had originally been two almond trees in the court, like huge embroidered balls at blossom time, but they had been completely rooted out because the pupils were always cracking their foreheads against the branches and raising lumps the size of walnuts. This was a Sunday, and the nightfrost in the tiles of the temple roof was gradually melting in the morning sun and giving off a delicate vapor. It was still dark in the

，有幾隻蜷縮的麻雀停在地上。這時候，已經有到會的人向殿東側探頭窺望了。

「今天開這個臨時會員大會，諸位都已知道，是爲經費的事情」。會長先生雖然極願意開這個會，卻並不能增進他發言時的輕鬆暢快，說了一句，還得照例嚥一口唾沫。在他前面坐着七八十位同業；學生的坐椅太低了，使他們大都偻着背心，用手托着下頷，臂彎支在膝上。從玻璃窗射進來的斜方柱形的陽光，歷亂地印在他們的頭上身上腿足上，大家感得溫溫地有點春意了。

會長先生說完了開會的意思，一手在鬍鬚尖似捻着非捻着地等待大家開口。可是大家回他一個沉默；只聽得些零落的咳嗽聲。

「諸位以爲應該怎樣？」會長先生略微有點窘，蹙着臉兒從左邊想到右邊，又從右邊想到左邊，要想出一個能夠提出意見的。

果然，一個頭髮已經花白，但還沒有留鬚的瘦小的教員勇敢地站起來了。他用沙糙的聲音說，「開會的意思，剛才會長已經說過了。但是郭先生是這個大會的原動議人，我們也得領教領教他的意見。」說罷，向兩旁都看了看，然後坐下。

大家正在躊躇怎麼對付會長先生的問語，聽這樣說，覺得這就最妥當，不由地拍起手掌來。

郭先生坐在最前的一排，抱着滿腔的熱忱，幾乎要握着一個個同業的手說，「爲學生，爲自己，我們真誠而堅固地團結起來吧！」現在看見會長先生望着自己，不等他開口，就立到教臺前面真摯地說：

「會長先生！諸位先生！我們當教員的往往會墮入一個騙局：這個騙局把我們擡得非常之高，結果卻使我們弄得非常之窘；騙子從中得了好處去，

court, where a few sparrows, all tucked in, set about on the ground. Some of the members had already arrived and were peering inquisitively around on the east side.

"Gentlemen, you are already appraised of the reason for this meeting—the question of finances." The president heartily approved of this gathering, but he could not improve on the habitual languidness and hesitancy of his speech, and after each phrase he performed his customary gulp. In front of him sat his seventy or eighty colleagues. His pupils' desks were too low, so that the majority of them sat bunched over, chin in hand, elbows resting on knees. The slanting rays of the sun streaming through the windows made irregular splashes on their heads, bodies and legs. All felt warm and spring-fevered.

When the president had finished expounding the purpose of the meeting, he waited for the discussion to begin, pulling half-heartedly at his mustaches with one hand. The audience, however, responded with a profound silence, broken only by isolated coughs.

"Gentleman, what should be done in your opinion?" The president felt somewhat distressed, and his eyes roamed uncomfortably from left to right and back from right to left, hunting for someone who might be capable of uttering an opinion.

True enough, a weakened professor with greying hair and a beardless face rose up courageously, and began in a cracked voice. "The reason for this gathering has been set forth by our president. But Professor Kuo was the original proponent, and I think we should have the benefit of his ideas." Having delivered himself of this, he looked about him and sat down.

The assembly, which had been perplexed as to how to take up the president's question, immediately recognized this as the safest procedure, and began to clap.

Professor Kuo was seated in the last row, with spirit on fire, so much so that he could scarcely refrain from grasping each of his colleagues by the hand, and saying, "For the sake of our students, for the sake of ourselves, let us unite together firmly and sincerely." Seeing now that the president was looking at him, he did not wait for him to speak, but stepped up in front of the desk and began earnestly:

"Mr. President, gentlemen! We teachers are the victims of a swindle. This swindle appears to raise us to a lofty height, but results in reducing us to extreme distress. The swindlers get the benefit of it and then stand by and smile in quiet amusement.

還要在旁邊暗暗地好笑。這是什麼？就是說教育是神聖的事業咯，教員清高，不同凡俗咯，那一套。這些話的骨子裏，簡直就是說幹教育事業的無妨不喫飯；你如要計較喫飯的問題，生活的問題，那就是污了神聖，失了清高！是一種事業，是幹一種事業的人，那一項不清高？那一個不該看自己的事業是神聖？然而這只該自己想着，自己信守，決不能讓人家拿來當餌，自己卻作吞餌的魚！諸位，我們今後的道路，第一要看破這是一個騙局！」

大家等不及他說完篇，熱烈地拍手了，

「既然看破這一個騙局，當然會明白爲自身的利益而說話並不是不神聖，不清高。——如其我們教出學生來，一點不像人，一點沒有用處，那才是我們下賤，我們卑鄙。但是我們也同其他的人一樣，生來就有生存的權利。爲什麼我們該特別犧牲？爲什麼我們的薪水該打折扣，維持不了生活？這有理由麼？何況，實際上並不至於如此，而烏煙瘴氣的人物和事勢竟然弄到如此！」

一陣的拍手聲更其沈著了，一聲聲都代表各人涌到了喉際的一語「痛快！」

郭先生頓了一頓，用感激的眼光望一個個對着自己的臉，繼續說，「我們現在出來說話，也不是厭倒了誰，只要擁護我們固有的權利。不但我們的權利，也是擁護學生們固有的權利。不聽見明年或者要停辦學校麼？從我們信仰教育的人看來，停辦學校就是殺害學生的生命！」

「我們出來說話，應該堅強我們的力量。融合各人的意思，結成個團體的意識，這是堅強不過的。如其各自分散，你就還滿腔悵悵，也終於滿腔悵悵而已。惟有團體的意識，到底必能貫徹，得以化各人的悵悵爲全體的歡暢。教職員聯合會，不是我們的團體麼？兄弟要召集今天的會，就希望諸位各

What is this trick? It is the proposition that education is a sacred profession, that teachers are noble, that they are above the common crowd, and so forth. The essence of this sort of talk is that it makes no particular difference if teachers do not eat. If you become concerned over the question of food or of existence, then you are soiling your spiritual nature and losing your noble purity. Is it not true that all work, and all those who do work, are noble? Where is the man who cannot consider his own work sacred? That is something, however, for him to feel within himself. It is not a thing that others can be allowed to make a bait out of, while he himself becomes a fish to swallow the bait. Gentlemen, the first step in our course from now on consists in seeing through this swindle!"

The audience hardly waited for him to finish before it applauded warmly.

"Once we have seen through the swindle, we naturally realize that to talk about our material welfare is neither sacrilegious nor ignoble. If we should produce, as the result of our teaching, students who were depraved and absolutely worthless, then we would be wicked and dishonorable. But we are no different from other people, and we have an inherent right to live. Why should we be called on to make special sacrifices? Why should our salaries be cut until we cannot live on them? Is this reasonable? Is it reasonable? As a matter of fact, there is no reason whatever for this situation, except that the creatures and circumstances of a rotten world have brought it about."

The applause grew wilder, representative of the cry that was rising to every throat: "Hurrah."

Professor Kuo paused a moment and looked gratefully into the faces upraised to him, then continued. "What we say here involves no desire to overthrow anyone else, but only to protect our own inherent rights. Not our rights alone, but also the inherent rights of the students. Have you not heard that there is a possibility of the schools being closed next year? From the point of view of those of us who believe in education, closing the schools is equivalent to murdering the students.

"What we must do is to fortify ourselves. We must fuse all our individual opinions into a group consciousness. Nothing is more powerful than that. If we remain disunited, you may have a breast full of sorrow, but you will never have anything more. It is only by a group consciousness that we can transform our personal sorrows into a common happiness. The Teachers'

表意見，結成個團體的意識，來應付我們眼前生活上事業的問題！」

郭先生在掌聲中歸了座。一堂的空氣早已緊張起來了；這究竟是大家切身的問題，不像討論教授法那樣地無聊。啞吶的語聲起於四處，調子是沈鬱的，迫切的。會長先生又左邊右邊來回地想着；雖然不覺得疲倦，卻張大口腔打了個呵欠。

「我的意思，」剛才發言的那個花白頭髮的教員站起來說，「我們推舉四個代表去見局長，無論如何，請他儘年內把欠薪發清了；明年的方針，也請他好好地定一定，打折扣同關門都不是辦法！」他說得頗憤憤，坐下去時還鼓起發紅的兩頰。

「四個不夠吧？我的意思是六個。」這聲音發於後排，並不見有人站起來。

「不要單講薪水的話，」一個高高的人挺立起來急促地說，「應該同他們算帳！爲什麼欠薪了，爲什麼要打折扣了，教他們算給我們看，我們也同他們算一算！」

「好，算帳！」本來是含意未伸，現在有人說穿了，好些人就一齊喊出來。

「他們回說不用算，年年的預算決算都登報的，我們又怎樣呢？」說這話的帶着冷峻的口調，顯出他比別人來得精細。

「預算決算，誰相信！」好些人呵斥說。

「不相信，有什麼憑據去駁他們？」那個人冷然回問。

一堂爽然了，大家覺得手頭的確沒有現成的憑據。有些人連帶想起全縣的教育費不知究是多少，彷彿就想問一問；又覺這有點不好意思，只得暫且

Association is our organization, is it not? The reason why I proposed this meeting was because I hoped that out of these opinions we might develop a group consciousness for dealing with the immediate problems of our life and profession."

Professor Kuo returned to his seat amidst applause. The atmosphere in the room was tense. Here, after all, was a subject that concerned one intimately, quite different from those worthless discussions of pedagogical methods. A buzz of conversation arose on all sides, restless and urgent in tone. The president again looked back and forth from right to left. Although he was not tired, his mouth opened on a wide yawn.

"My idea," said the greyhaired man who had spoken before, "is that we should elect four representatives to go to see the superintendent and to request him in any case to pay up the back salaries for this year; and as to next year's policy, to ask him to give it suitable consideration. Cutting salaries and closing schools are not proper tactics!" He spoke very indignantly and his cheeks were still a fiery red when he sat down.

"I don't think four are enough. It's my opinion we should have six." This came from the back row, but no one was seen to stand up.

"Let's not limit the discussion to salaries!" A tall man stood stiffly up and spoke rapidly. "Let's have an accounting from them! Why should salaries be in arrears? Why should they be reduced? Make them figure it for us, and let us figure with them."

"Excellent! An accounting!" This idea had been brewing, and now that someone had introduced it, there was a general shout.

"They reply that there is no need for an accounting, as the estimates and expense accounts are always published in the press. Then what do we do?" This speaker used a tone of deep irony, to show that he was more clear-sighted than the rest.

"Nobody believes the estimates or the expense accounts," clamored several.

"You may not believe them, but what evidence have you as a basis for questioning them," returned the other sarcastically.

The audience became depressed, all realizing that it was true that there was no evidence at hand. Some people began to meditate on the educational appropriation for the district and to wonder how much it actually was. They thought of asking, then felt that they would appear foolish, and so kept the matter to

悶在肚裏。

「要什麼憑據！」高高的人又倏地站起來了。「誰不曉得他們從中弄的玄虛？什麼預算決算，相信他們的鬼畫符！」

大多數人聽說，又覺自己並不空虛，也就無所用其爽然；於是場中復呈闕然的氣象。

郭先生開口了。「帳不是不能算；我們要把本縣的教育引上光明的大路，這一著尤其必要。但算帳必須有靠得住的材料，就是所謂憑據。從今天起，我們不妨做準備的工夫，完密地搜集材料。到材料充足時，然後正式提出去。現在可先依剛才這位的話，推出代表去見局長，傳達我們的必欲達到的期望：一，儘年內把欠薪發清；二，好好地確定明年的方針。是教育，是全縣孩子們的教育，馬馬虎虎不當一回事是不成的！」

「那末，到底推幾個代表呢？」會長先生盡他主席的責任。

「我主張六個。」發於後排的聲音又來了，算是維持他的初意。

「兩個儘夠了。這幾句話要用許多人扛了去麼？」

「哈，哈，哈！」

「諸位注意，推出代表去見局長這一個提案還沒有人附議呢。」這當然又是個冷靜的頭腦。

「哈，哈，哈！」

「我附議！」好些人闕然喊出來，同時歷亂地舉起手臂，像江上的船桅。

討論人數的結果，多數贊成兩個。推舉出來的，一個是那說話很急促的高高的人，大家覺得他最激烈，激烈就好；一個是會長先生，其意無非會長

themselves for the time being.

“What evidence do we need?” said the tall one, rising again suddenly. “Everyone knows that they fabricate them. Estimates and expenditures! Believe that sort of black magic!”

Most of the listeners felt now that things were not so hopeless, and that there was no point in being depressed over it. Thereupon the gathering resumed its animated character.

Professor Kuo spoke again. “The calculation is not impossible. It is particularly important, if we hope to lead education in this district towards a brighter future. But to do this we must have dependable material—evidence. Beginning from today it would be wise for us to do some preparatory work and collect detailed statistics. When the material is complete we can present it formally. Meanwhile, we can follow the suggestion just made by this gentleman, and elect representatives to visit the superintendent and to transmit to him our definite expectations: first, that our salaries for this year will be completely paid up, and second, that there will be a careful decision regarding next year’s policy. This is education, the education of all the children in the district, and it cannot be dealt with in a careless, haphazard manner!”

“Well then, how many representatives shall we elect, anyhow?” The president discharged the responsibility that rested on him as chairman.

“I propose six.” This back row became vocal again, to show that its original motion was still adhered to.

“Two are plenty. Is it going to take a crowd to transport these short remarks?”

“Ha! Ha!”

“I wish to call your attention, gentlemen, to the fact that the motion to elect representatives to go to the superintendent has not yet been seconded.” This, of course, was another cool, clear brain.

“Ha! Ha.”

“I second the motion!” shouted a number of people at once, and simultaneously there was a confused raising of arms, like the masts of junks on the river.

The discussion on the number of representatives resulted in two being approved by the majority. Those who were elected were, first, the tall man who spoke so rapidly. Everyone felt that he was the most vehement, and the more vehement the better. The other was the president. The only reason for electing him was that he represented the whole association, so that if he

是全會的代表，會長去了，差不多全體都去。

「我們的後盾是什麼？」那「冷靜的頭腦」乘人不提防，徐徐站起來說，閉了閉眼。「換一句說，我們說是必欲達到的期望，他們卻回我們個不睬，我們又怎麼辦？」

這話把大家鬆弛了的心情又拉緊了。

「我們一致罷教！」

「大家沒有注意這是誰說的，只覺這辦法真是個堅強的後盾，一齊來不及地拍着手心。

「限他們一星期！一星期沒有好好的答復，一致罷教！」大家混在掌聲中呼喊。郭先生心裏很感動，起來帶着微抖的聲音說：

「今天我們有個團體的意識了！我們要用所有的力量來貫徹；決不讓牠漸漸消散，終於沒有。這是我們生活上事業上的生死關鍵，不是輕微的事。我們一定要貫徹這個團體的意識！」

「大家一致！一星期！沒有答復，全體罷教呀！」

這呼號是報答郭先生的。

於是會長先生宣告散會。全體的教職員闌地站起來；桌椅被推動，一陣亂響。大家的臉給陽光晒得紅紅的；心裏尤覺活躍，彷彿前途懸掛着很好的希望。有幾個人竟至於想自己差不多是「革命黨」了。

三

「諸位先生的意思，兄弟沒有不尊重的。」局長答復兩位代表說，照例是又尊嚴又謙和的臉，眼光時時從眼鏡邊上溜出來。「從前兄弟也當過教員，教員的況味那有不曉得。再說到教育，教育不好好兒辦，中國還有希望麼？所以，諸位先生的意思，爽直說，就是兄弟的意思。」

went, it was almost as if they all went.

"What weapon do we have in reserve?" The "cold, calculating brain" had seized the opportunity of general inattention to rise slowly. He shut his eyes. "To put it in another way, we are stating definite expectations. They pay no attention to us. Then what do we do?"

At this remark the carefree attitude of the gathering stiffened again.

"We all resign!"

No one saw who said this, but all felt that this was a powerful reserve weapon, and hastened to applaud.

"Give them a week. If we don't get a satisfactory answer in a week we'll all resign." There was a general tumult of applause and shouting.

Professor Kuo was deeply moved. He rose and spoke in a voice that shook:

"We have achieved group consciousness today. We must carry through with all our strength and not permit it to gradually dissipate itself until there is nothing left of it. This is a life and death matter for our existence and our work. It is not a trivial thing. We must carry on this group consciousness!"

"All as one man! One week! If there's no answer, we resign in a body!"

This was shouted as a reply to Professor Kuo.

The president dismissed the meeting. The teachers stood up noisily, with a confused scraping of chairs and desks. There was a reddish glow of sunshine on each face. There was an unusual liveliness of spirit, and a feeling that high hopes filled the future. Some had even convinced themselves that they were not far from being "revolutionists."

III

"I have the highest consideration for the opinions that you gentlemen have expressed." The superintendent was giving his reply to the two representatives—his face set, as usual, in lines of modest dignity, and his eyes glancing out from time to time around the edges of his spectacles. "I was once a teacher myself, so that I feel thoroughly acquainted with the conditions of a teacher's life. And as to education, it is clear that there is no hope for China except in a good educational administration. For these reasons, I may say to you quite frankly that my feelings

那位高高的代表聽說，不由得坐來更偏一點；彷彿嫌自己的身軀太高了，只想教背心儘量地彎彎。再發表些意見了？這似乎可以不必；因為局長的意思就是教職員們的意思，那末「咱們一夥兒」了。會長先生是本來不預備擋頭陣的，現在看先鋒尙且不多開口，落得托着下巴靜聽。

「不過，」局長輕歎一聲，意思是重要的話來了「當局的也有當局的難處。能夠想法的地方，決不會不去想的。然而想盡了還是沒有辦法，這就不能一味地責備當局的了。是不是呢？是不是呢？」

兩位代表不自主地都點頭了。

「不過，」局長再來一個轉筆，「兄弟是當過教員的，對於教育又有極端的信念，現在還得從千困萬難中去尋一個好辦法；待有成功，當趕快報告諸位先生。」

「跟你一星期！」那位高高的代表彷彿想這樣說，但立刻覺得這樣說太不文雅了，便換個腔調說，「希望在一星期內聽到局長成功的消息。」

「如其有成功的話，」局長笑了，這笑着藏着好許多的恩惠，「今天就今天，明天就明天，何必一星期。」

再有什麼話說呢？兩位代表就辭別了出來。

這地方教職員們叢集的所在是茶館，接洽一切在這裏，商量什麼在這裏，休憩，打瞌睡在這裏，說笑話，約打馬將的賭伴在這裏：假如把教職員聯合會的會所定在茶館，那就不至於成立會之後只開一次會了。

兩位代表去見局長以後兩三天，茶館裏就有人同教職員們談論起這件事情來了。這些人無非是教育委員公正士紳之類，平時本來混在一塊的，彼此

are identical with yours.”

The tall delegate shifted his seat a little more as he listened. He seemed apologetic over his excessive length, and seemed to be bending every effort to double up his back. Should he say anything further? Apparently it was unnecessary. The superintendent feels precisely as do the teachers, so—“we’re all good fellows!” As to the president, he had never had any intention of putting himself in the forefront, and now that he found his advance guard chary of words he was quite satisfied to rest his chin in his hands and listen in silence.

“But—” The superintendent emitted a slight cough, to indicate that an important remark was on its way. “We have our own difficulties here in the office. It goes without saying that we will attempt anything within the bounds of possibility. But when we have expended every effort in seeking a solution, and are still helpless, it is not fair to lay all the blame on us. That’s right, isn’t it? Isn’t that right?”

The two delegates nodded their heads involuntarily.

“But—” This marked another transition. “I have been a teacher myself, and I have the greatest faith in education. It will now be my aim to seek through a morass of difficulties for a happy solution. As soon as I am successful, I shall let you gentlemen know.”

“We give you a week!” The tall delegate was on the point of saying this, but, deciding that it was a little too crude, he changed his style: “We hope that within a week we shall hear news of your success.”

“If I am successful,” smiled the superintendent,— a most kindly smile,—“it may be today, it may be tomorrow. Why wait for a week?”

What more could one say? The two representatives took their departure.

The gathering place for the teachers of this district was the tea-shop. It was here that jokes were told and *ma-jong* parties made up. If the tea-shop had been selected as the assembly hall for the Teachers’ Association, it would never have come about that only one meeting had been held since the formation of the association.

Two or three days after the visit of the delegates to the superintendent, some of the customers in the tea-shop entered on a discussion of the matter with the teachers. The participants were members of the Board of Education, of the landed gentry, and so

有什麼話不談呢？

「你們去見了局長了？」

「是的，我們推代表去見了局長了。這是我們全體的問題，教育前途的大關鍵，不得不嚴重地提出。而且，我們要他在一星期內有個解決。」

「局長怎麼說？」

「他說總得從千困難中尋出一個辦法。」

「萬一個星期過了，還是沒有解決呢？」

「那是早經決定的了；我們作堅決的表示，一致罷教！」

「好，這方法頂好，因為牠澈底。——不過……」

「不過什麼？」

「你們須得像工人罷工一樣組織起糾察隊來，有誰私下裏上課的就打，有誰敢接受教育局的新聘任的也打；這才顯出你們的力量，最後的勝利一定歸入你們手裏。」

「這是難辦到的。糾察這字面何等難聽；而且，怎麼能動手就打呢？」

「難辦到麼？那末，你們的最後勝利還在不可知之天呢。哈哈！」

「未必吧。」

「不要太樂觀了。還是趁早去組織糾察隊的好。哈哈！」

教職員們雖然說「未必吧，」心裏卻不免有點兒動搖。自己的情況當然知道得最清楚的：四塊錢用一個本校畢業生，教他代了課，自己再去什麼局什麼處弄兼差，領乾脩；或者八塊錢僱一名師範畢業生，把一班的「國」「算」「手」「體」等等完全包給他，再也不用費心。外邊空着一雙手，想當「八塊錢的」「四塊錢的」的人正不知有多少。欠薪，打折扣，都不是他們的問題；他們只要有飯碗，那怕是破的。如其一致罷教，不剛好給他們一個

on—men who associated generally with the teachers, and from whom they had no secrets.

“So you have been to see the superintendent?”

“Yes, we elected representatives to wait on him. This is a question affecting all of us, and a critical point as regards the future of education, so that we were obliged to speak out quite severely. We have asked him to find a solution within a week.”

“What did the superintendent say?”

“He said he would find a way out through a morass of difficulties.”

“And if it should happen that a week passed without any solution?”

“We have already decided in regard to that. We made very firm representations to him that we should all go on strike.”

“Fine! That is the best way, because it is thorough. But—”

“But what?”

“You must do as the workers do when they strike—organize a picket squad. If anyone holds classes secretly, give him a beating. If anyone dares to accept a new appointment from the superintendent, give him a beating, too. That’s the only way to show your power—and that is way to ensure a final victory.”

“That is not so easy. ‘Picket’ is a very unpleasant word. And we can’t go about beating people.”

“Not easy, you think? Then your final victory belongs to a future of indefinite date. Ha! ha!”

“Not necessarily.”

“Don’t be too optimistic. What you had better do is to organize your picket squad as early as possible. Ha! ha!”

Although the teachers said ‘not necessarily,’ it was nevertheless true that their resolution was somewhat shaken. They had no illusions about conditions around them. It would be easy enough to employ a recent graduate as a substitute at four dollars a month, and to get one-self a concurrent lucrative position in some department or office; or else to hire a normal school graduate at eight dollars, turn over to him this whole business of “Lit,” “Math,” “Manual Training,” “Phys. Ed.” and be completely free from worry. There were plenty of suitable eight-dollar-men or four-dollar-men around. Unpaid salaries and wage cuts would not mean anything to them. All they wanted was a rice bowl—even if it was a cracked one. If there should be a strike, would it not afford an excellent opportunity to these fellows? In that case, the resistance would be a complete failure, and they would have

頂好的機會麼？於是，抗爭完全失敗，徒然犧牲了自己。這那裏是聰明人幹的事！

同時，好幾種地方報紙也特地爲此事作起社評來，都不偏不倚地專爲教育着想。舉個例，地方公報這樣說：

近聞教職員聯合會代表謁見教育局長，請於年內發清積欠；明年教費，亦望妥爲籌畫。夫小學教員多寒酸之士，入口嗷嗷，亟待薪資以爲贍養。當局者誠宜及早設法，全其利權，俾得乃心樂育，無復他顧。

惟風聞教職員方面有早擬議，果所請不遂，卽同盟罷教以爲挾持；此則斷乎不可者。教育原屬神聖事業，爲三樂之一，從事於此者，不可不具犧牲之精神；且其滿足快慰，固非飽餐一頓所可倫比者也，苟以區區欠薪問題而相率罷教，置神聖事業於度外，人其謂之何？竊爲吾縣小學教育界不取也。

這尤其使教職員們煩悶。明明是一個騙局，是一頂很高很高的帽子，但是，記者這樣說了，讀者點頭贊同了，不就是非常普遍的輿論麼？

四天沒有回復，五天沒有回復，直到第七天的晚上，還是沒有回復。明天早上，教職員都懷着異樣的心情到學校裏，好似畏怯的旅客臨到艱險的棧道，走又不好，不走又不好，簡直無可奈何。

第一小學的先生沒精打采地望着—場亂螞蟻似的學生，吩咐校役說，「你到二校去問一聲，今天上課不上？」

校役跑到第二小學，兩位先生正在躊躇，低低地議論：說壞在當初不會

made a useless sacrifice of themselves. That would certainly not be the part of wisdom!

At the same time, a number of the newspapers published editorials on the situation, all guided by an unbiased concern for the cause of education. The *Local News*, for example, said:

"It has been recently reported that representatives of the Teachers' Association have been to see the Superintendent, asking for payment of the salaries that are in arrears this year, and expressing the hope that sound policy will be adopted in regard to educational expenditure for the following year. Elementary school teachers are mostly men of limited means with families depending on them for support. The bureau would do well to devise means as soon as possible for conceding them their rights, thereby enabling them to feel pleasure in their work, and relieving them of anxiety.

"It has, however, been further reported that the teachers, on their part, are resolved, should their requests not be granted, to join in a strike as a means of exerting pressure. This is absolutely unthinkable. Education is inherently a sacred profession, and one of the three delights that life affords. Its followers must be imbued with a spirit of sacrifice. The satisfactions which they derive are not those that come from a full meal. To strike as a consequence of salaries not being paid, would be to lose sight of the sacred character of their work, and would expose them to public disapproval. We trust that the elementary school teachers of our district will avoid such a course."

This was especially disturbing to the teachers. Obviously, it was the old swindle, the gift of an extremely high hat. Nevertheless, if the editors talked after this fashion, and if the readers nodded approvingly, must it not represent a very wide-spread public opinion?

Four days passed without an answer; five days without answer. There had been no reply up to the evening of the seventh day. The next morning the teachers went to their schools full of strange feelings, like those of a timed traveler approaching a dangerous mountain trail which must be crossed, yet which would be better avoided. The dilemma was great.

The First Primary School teacher stared abstractedly at his pupils, seeing them as a confused swarm of ants. "Go over to the Second School," he said to the janitor, "and ask them whether or not they are holding classes today."

At the Second Primary School the janitor found the two teachers greatly perplexed and talking together in low tones. The

約定，用一種什麼方法作一致行動的信號。

「先生，你們今天上課麼？」校役毫不顧忌地問。

「今天放學了！」在近旁的學生聽說，就神經過敏地喊起來。

「咄！」一位先生喝止說。「誰胡說！」於是回答一校的校役，當然只得說「我們今天上課。」

「你們怎樣？」另一位先生想起了問。

「我們因爲沒定規，所以來問的。」

校役回到一校，報告說二校是上課的。先生想失約不自我始，無論如何可以不負責任。便決意向校役說，「沒有什麼，你依照時刻搖鈴就是。」

三校的先生經過一校，一轉念便跨進門去，想探聽一點消息。但當望見奔馳叫喊的學生們時，彷彿覺得已經明白，再不用探聽什麼，於是死心蹋地跑到關帝廟裏。

高級小學是裝有電話機的了。這一面取下聽筒來問，「怎樣，你們今天？」

「我們從衆，」那一面回答。「剛才派人出去打聽，各校還是照常地開門呢。」

「那個的話大概是作罷的了。」

「大概是作罷的了。哈哈！」

這一天，郭先生起得特別早，踏着滿街的濃霜歷訪十來個學校。有幾校的先生還沒有到；遇見的幾位先生都呈冷冷的面孔說只怕有人乘機討好，獨個兒上課。

「不問別人，只消問自己。是上星期一致通過了的決議案，到底要不要實行呢？」郭先生的感情頗激動了。

答話卻仍是軟棉棉的。「實行固然頂好。有利益的事體，誰不願意幹。但是，我們的力量薄弱呢。會不會像喫了砒霜藥老虎，是我們應該考慮的。」

great mistake, they said, was in not having arranged beforehand a signal for concerted action.

"Are you having school today, sir?" asked the janitor boldly.

Some of the pupils nearby, hearing this, started shouting excitedly, "Today's a holiday!"

"Hush!" said one of the teachers. "What nonsense are you talking!" In this situation there was nothing left to do but to say to the First School janitor: "Yes, we are having school today."

"How about you?" the other teacher asked.

"I came to ask you, because we had not decided what to do."

The janitor returned to the First School, and reported that the Second School was opening. "I will not be the first, then," thought the teacher, "to break the agreement, so I can't be held responsible." He turned to the janitor. "It's all right," he said in a determined manner. "You may ring the bells according to the usual schedule."

As the teacher of the Third School was passing the First School, he thought of stopping in to hear the news. But when he saw the running, shouting children, he gathered that there was no need to ask, and went dejectedly to the temple of the God of War.

The Higher Primary School was fitted with a telephone. Someone took down the receiver and asked, "How about you, today?"

"We are following the crowd," came the answer. "We have just sent out to inquire. Every school is opening as usual."

"I suppose we've given up this idea."

"I guess it's given up. Ha! ha!"

Professor Kuo rose particularly early on that day, and tramped over the thickly frosted streets to visit the dozen or so schools. Some of the teachers had not arrived. Those that he found all said cynically that they were afraid some people were attempting to curry favor by starting their classes independently of the others.

"Never mind about others," he said angrily. "What are you yourself doing about it? Are we or are we not going to carry out the resolution that was unanimously agreed to last week?"

Every answer was soft as silk: "Certainly it would be the best thing to carry it out. We should all be glad to do anything that would benefit us. But we have so little power. What we have to worry about is whether we may not become like the man who swallowed arsenic himself in order to kill a tiger."

Professor Kuo did not give up all hope. He stalked over to the

郭先生心還沒有死，一口氣跑到會長那裏，把遇見的情形憤憤地說了，末了說，「無論如何，得立刻召集臨時全體大會。」

「你想大家高興到會麼？」會長先生帶着冷笑說。一會兒面孔轉成莊嚴了，「你要召集，你去發通告！」

郭先生碰了一鼻頭的灰，心裏是說不出地感慨。已經望見的，前途的光明，原來只是一撮虛幻的火燄；現在消散了，依然是漫空的漆黑！

到了學校，竟想向學生們宣告，今天不教課了。「但是，獨個兒表示，誰覺着你的厲害呢？沒有意義的事情，做牠也是傻。」

當他捧着一疊算草簿進教室上第一課時，看見一個個凍紅的小臉上一對對的眼光射準自己，不禁詛咒似地想，「討厭的東西！」

但是，一縷的內愧立刻直透心頭，便垂下眼皮默禱，「請你們寬恕，這是我待你們不好的僅有的一次！」

四

學期終了，一切事情都安然過去，雖然教職員們所想要的完全沒有消息

。但是，郭先生已經接到免職的通知了，爲的什麼，並沒有敘明白。他自己總該知道吧。

於是，有不少的心在私下裏慶幸，沒有真個做出來，到底佔便宜；不然，把本來破了的再摔一下，那就粉碎了。

這是這學期末了的一課。郭先生給孩子們溫理教完了的課本，也完畢了；淒然的感覺漸漸上涌，終於激動地說，「告訴你們一句話，你們料不到的一句話，下學期我不是你們的先生了！爲什麼呢？你們一定要這樣問。唉，

president's place and related indignantly to him what he had seen. "Whatever we do," he said at the end, "we must call a special meeting immediately."

"Do you think they would come to a meeting?" scoffed the president. Then in a serious tone: "If you want to call a meeting, you can get out the notice yourself."

Professor Kuo had run his nose into an ash-heap. He felt very much disheartened. The high hopes that he had envisioned for the future had been nothing more than a puff of smoke. Now they were dispersed, leaving 'as before illimitable darkness.

When he reached his school, his first thought was to announce to his pupils that he would not teach today. "But who would feel any force in a lone demonstration? It would be a silly, pointless action."

When he walked into his classroom for the first period, carrying a pile of arithmetic exercise books, and saw the pairs of eyes staring at him out of little frozen faces, he could not resist cursing at them. "Tiresome creatures!"

Immediately he was overcome with remorse and, dropping his eyes, prayed: "Forgive me. That is the only time that I have been unkind to you."

IV

It was the end of the term. Everything had progressed smoothly, although no word had ever been received regarding the expectations of the teachers.

Professor Kuo, however, had received his notice of dismissal. The reason was not explicitly stated. Probably he was supposed to know it himself.

This was the cause of self-congratulation on the part of a good many. It was best, after all, that they had refrained from doing that thing. It would only have been like smashing up an article that was already badly broken.

It was the last lesson of the term. Professor Kuo had been reviewing with his pupils the book that they had completed. Now that was done. Feelings of sadness began to rise to the surface, and he finally spoke in a tone of deep emotion: "I have something to say to you, something that you would never guess: next term I shall not be your teacher. Why? I know you will want to ask that. Oh, you all know nothing beyond playing at school, playing at home, taking a little time out for study. What

你們只曉得在學校裏玩，在家裏玩，抽出時間來做一點功課。你們那裏懂得世間各色各樣的事情。如果曲曲折折地告訴你們，徒然教你們心裏糊塗：還不如不說的好。總之，下學期我不是你們的先生！但決不是我心願離開你們！」

「下學期誰來教我們呢？」冬日的下午，教室裏已漫着昏暗，在那最暗的屋角裏一個孩子悄然問。

「自然是一位新先生，我不知道是誰，所以不能告訴你們。」

「我們跟着你先生去，你還是教我們，好不好？」另一個孩子含着離愁的眼光說。

「那不好；並且，我暫時也不作先生呢。」郭先生嘴裏這樣說，心裏是莫名地難過。自念入世以來，願意贈與自己的心力的就是這班孩子，相與得最坦白沒有一點隔閡的也就是這班孩子，現在卻被迫地離開他們了！

「作先生的沒有不愛學生的。你們的新先生一定會歡喜你們，保護你們，同我一模一樣。你們準備一顆很好很好的心歡迎新先生罷！」郭先生又想到孩子們的前途這樣，懇摯地說。

教室裏十分寂靜，好似所有的脈搏同氣息都凝止了。一對對的眼光集注在郭先生的身上，彷彿嫌平日還沒有看得仔細，看得足夠。

「新先生雖好，你不要去不更好麼？」這一句帶着真誠地埋怨的口氣，破了一堂的沈寂。

「這沒有法子！」郭先生的聲音帶顫而且有點沙啞了。「現在我們要散學了，給你們說，這人教那人教都不成問題，最要緊的是你們自己努力，自己要好！我希望明年你們進步更多，大家成個更好的學生！」他不能再多說，連忙點頭招呼，因為滾出來的淚珠快要給學生們看見了。

學生懶懶地散出去，好似腿上繫着鉛條。郭先生在一個個的背影上都着力看認，就把逐個的性格，癖好，學力等等重又溫理一過。

末了是寂然，死樣地寂然。

can you know of the complexities of this world? If I should try to give you all the details, it would only put your minds in a muddle. It is better for me not to say anything. Anyhow, I shall not be your teacher next term. But not because I want to leave you."

"Who is coming to teach us next term?" asked a boy sadly from the darkest corner of the room, which was already growing dim in the winter twilight.

"A new teacher, of course. I don't know who, so I can't tell you."

"If we all go along with you, will you teach us still?" asked another child, with a bereaved look in his eyes.

"That couldn't be done. Anyway, I am not going to teach any more for a while." Professor Kuo felt unspeakably miserable as he said this. One thing in his life he had wanted to give his heart to, this group of boys, with whom his relations had been most pure and intimate. Now he was being driven away from them.

"All teachers," he said, "love their pupils. And your new teacher will surely like you and watch over you, just the same as I have done. What you must do is to prepare a warm welcome in your hearts for your new teacher." His thought for the future of these boys made Professor Kuo speak very earnestly.

It was quite still in the classroom, as though all breathing and heart-beats seemed to have stopped. All these pairs of eyes focussed themselves on Professor Kuo. They seemed to regret not having seen him clearly enough when they had the opportunity, and to be trying now to drink their fill.

"The new teacher may be nice, but why wouldn't it be better if you didn't go?" The tone of sincere lament broke into the quiet of the hall.

"I can't help it." Professor Kuo's voice trembled and broke. "Now we shall break up. I would like to say to you that it does not matter so much who teaches you. The important thing is for you yourselves to work hard and to want to improve. I hope that you will all become finer and better students." He could not say much more, but nodded hastily to the boys, because the tears that were coming out would soon be noticeable to them.

The pupils went out slowly, as though their legs were weighted with lead. Professor Kuo looked turning over in mind his character, his tastes, his ability.

At last there was silence, deathlike silence.

「完了！」郭先生覺得現在真成兩手空空了，沒有憑藉，沒有歸宿，什麼都沒有！他頹然走下教臺，不自主地回頭去看。「呵。我的舞臺，幾年來在這裏演嘔心瀝血的戲，現在被攆下來了！」轉頭來看見呆板的幾排空桌椅。「呵，看慣了的紅潤的黃瘦的乾淨的齜齜的面孔，再沒有福分在這裏一齊看見了！」牆上一列畫幅，是今年秋間帶着學生到野地游散，誘導我們自由寫生的成績。「這種樂趣，怕夢裏也不會再得的了，」

他理清自己的書物，帶着，一溜煙跑出了校門。西風吹得很緊，行人都呈蕭瑟之態。暮色已十分下沉，似乎把他的心也厭得非常沉重，兩腳機械般移動，心裏只是迷惘地想：

「回去，回去怎麼呢？還不是看她的流淚的臉！還不是聽她的怨恨的話！不應該不聽她咯，到底誰的話對咯，總是這幾句。倒楣的事實自會證實她的話，那有什麼法子！她還要說，衣服沒有幾件好當咯，只賸幾個銅元幾個銅元咯，真討厭！不曉得人爲什麼一定要吃飯！」

心思像一縷游絲般漾了開去，「假若沒有她，也就沒有家，豈不自由自在」。肩擔行李頭戴襖笠悠然示來往的行脚僧的印象浮現於他的腦際。但立刻感覺自己太自私了。「她怎能不怨呢？她嫁了過來，簡直是嫁給了愁苦；一切的辛勞，一切的焦心，都有她的分，獨沒有片刻的安適。難道還不讓她暢快地怨幾句麼！」

「還是這班同業實在豈有此理」憤恨便轉了個方向。「他們沒有見識，沒有膽量，只曉得飯碗！飯碗！飯碗就是他們的終生唯一的目的！飯碗也得弄得牢固一點，穩妥一點呀，但他們不想！飯碗以外還得好好地做事業呀，但他們更不想！說什麼教育教育，一切的希望都繫於教育！把教育託給這般

"And that is the end!" Professor Kuo realized that now he was perfectly empty-handed, with nothing to depend on, no home to return to—nothing. He stepped down from the platform, dejectedly, then turned involuntarily to look at it. "Alas, my stage! All these years I have played a whole-souled act on you. They have driven me off, now." Turning his head, he saw the rows of lifeless, empty desks and seats. "All those faces I have learned to look for—rosy ones, pale ones, clean ones, dirty ones—the time will not come when I shall enjoy you here again! On the wall was a row of drawings, free-hand sketches made by his pupils whom he had taken on a trip into the country. "Pleasures like those will never return, even in dreams!"

He sorted out his books and other articles, picked them up, and rushed out from the school. The west wind was blowing sharply, and pedestrians were shivering. Twilight had grown very deep. It seemed to settle heavily on his heart. His feet moved mechanically, and his mind was crowded with forlorn thoughts.

"Go home? Go home to what? To see her tear-stained face, to hear resentful speeches! I should have listened to her. Who was right after all? That was what she would say. The embarrassing facts would substantiate her words. What was there to do about it? She would remark also that there were not many clothes to pawn, that there were only so many coppers left. Oh, it is maddening! Why do people have to eat?"

His thoughts floated off like a loose thread of silk. "If I did not have her, if I had no family, would I not be free then?" Into his mind came the image of a wandering monk with his possessions on his shoulder and a palmleaf hat on his head. Immediately he realized that he was extremely selfish: "Why shouldn't she complain? Ever since she married, she has been married to pain. Of toil and worry she has her share; rest is the only thing that has never been hers. Am I to begrudge her the satisfaction of a few resentful words?"

"The devil take those colleagues of mine!" His thoughts turned angrily in another direction. "They have neither intelligence nor courage. A rice bowl! That is all they know. A rice bowl is the sole object of their life. Even a rice bowl should be made a little stronger, and a little more stable, but they do not think about it! And beyond the rice bowl, to perform a little worthwhile labor—that never enters their heads! They talk of education; all their hopes are pinned on education. Entrusting them

東西，比築屋在沙灘，還要靠不住！」他連平日根本信念也動搖了，深覺當初以為唯這一條路是值得走的，其實只是浮泛的認識；這一條路的荆棘充塞，並不亞於其他的路。於是不但兩手空空，心頭也空空了。空空的心感到的一種况味，說是悲哀並不像，說是痛苦也未為確切，總之只望立刻消毀了這個心才好；但怎能得便消毀了呢？

「錚！錚！」是鐵鋪裏發出來的聲音。郭先生不經意地看過去，在墨黑的小工場裏，三個鐵匠臉上身上耀着鮮紅的光；鐵椎急速地起落，有力而自然；爐子裏的火發一瓣瓣的掀動，像一朵風翻的大蓮花：這幅動人的活的圖畫，似乎是向來不曾見過的。

「呵，他們是神聖！要買釘的，要買鏟的，自然跑來求他們；而他們絕不求人家。他們只須運用自己的精力，製成有用的東西，就什麼問題都解決了。」

「怎麼能跟得上他們？」他收了欣羨的眼光回向內面想，只覺異樣地悵惘，僅有的是個空空的心，配跟誰！

不知又走了多少步，身體突地給別人一撞，才轉過頭去。在電燈桿上貼一張告白，兩三個人湊着燈光在那裏看，也不知道電燈什麼時候亮了的。看那告白文字，說的是新開織襪廠，招收勤謹女工，工資從優的話。

他心頭一動，不禁凝想「她……」

（選自葉紹鈞文選）

with education is less safe than building a house on a sandy shore!" Professor Kuo's basic faith had now been shaken. He recognized how superficial his earlier view had been, when he had thought education the only road worthy of his travelling. Its thorns and its barriers were as many as on any road. So now not only were his hands empty, but his mind also. The thought that dwelt in his empty mind was not quite one of sorrow and hardly one of pain—it was, in fact, a desire immediately to get rid of the mind itself. How to do that was the question.

"Clang! clang!"

Professor Kuo glanced involuntarily towards the blacksmith's shop out of which the sounds were coming. In the small coal-black shop stood three smiths with a bright red glow on their faces and bodies. The sledge-hammers rose and fell rapidly, forceful yet smooth. In the forge the petals of flame quivered, like a great lotus flower rustling in the wind. He seemed never to have seen anything like it,—this striking, living picture.

"Ah, they are the sacred ones! People who want nails, people who want spades, came and beg from them. They never beg from others. They apply their own energy to constructing things that are useful, and all their questions are solved."

"How can I compare with them?" he thought, withdrawing his glance of envious admiration and directing it inward. He became more deeply depressed. All he had was an empty mind, worthy of no comparison.

He had walked some distance when he suddenly bumped up against another pedestrian and raised his head. On an electric light post a notice had been pasted, and two or three people were looking at it in the lamplight. He did not know when the lights had come on. The notice was the announcement of a newly-opened stocking factory. Girls willing to work were wanted, wages were good, so it said.

The thought of his wife flashed into his mind. "She"

超人

謝 冰 心

何彬是一個冷心腸的青年，從來沒有人看見他和人有什麼往來。他住的那一座大樓上，同居的人很多，他却都不理人家，也不和人家在一間食堂裏吃飯，偶然出入遇見了，輕易也不招呼。郵差來的時候，許多青年歡喜跳躍着去接他們的信；何彬却永遠得不着一封信。他除了每天局裏辦事，和同事們說幾句公事上的話以及房東程姥姥替他端飯的時候，也說幾句照例的應酬話，此外就不開口了。

他不但是和人沒有交際，凡帶一點生氣的東西，他都不愛；屋裏連一朵花，一根草，都沒有，冷陰陰的如同山洞一般。書架上却堆滿了書。他從局裏低頭獨步的回來，關上門，摘下帽子，便坐在書桌旁邊，隨手拿起一本書來，無意識的看着，偶然覺得疲倦了，也站起來屋裏走了幾轉，或是拉開簾幕望了一望，但不都一會兒，便又閉上了。

程姥姥總算是他另眼看待的一個人；她端進飯去，有時便站在一邊，絮絮叨叨的和他說話，也問他爲何這樣孤零。她問上幾十句，何彬偶然答應幾句說：『世界是虛空的，人生是無意識的；人和人，和宇宙，和萬物的聚合，都不過如同演劇一般，上了臺是父子女女，親蜜的了不得；下了臺，摘了假面具，便各自散了。哭一場也是這麼一回事，笑一場也是這麼一回事。與其互相牽連，不如互相遺棄；而且尼采說得好，愛和憐憫是惡……』

THE SUPERMAN

HSIEH PING-HSIN

Ho Pin was a cold-hearted young man. None has ever seen him make social contacts with others. In the house where he dwelt, there lived a great many others. But he never went over to talk to them, nor did he eat with them in a common dining room. If by chance he was met by his neighbors while entering or leaving the house, scarcely would he greet them. Other young men were excited and happy when the postman arrived with their letters; but Ho Pin never received any. Excepting for occasional conversations on official matters with his colleagues in the office, or short conventional conversations with Mrs. Cheng, the landlady, when she brought him his meals, he would remain silent all the day long.

Not only did he keep away from men's company, but he would refuse almost everything that was lovely and animated. Not even one single flower or grass could be seen in his room which was as gloomy and sullen as a cave; but there were many, many books heaped on his bookcase. Leaving his office, he used to walk home alone with a bent head; and having shut the door and taken off his hat, he would sit by the side of the table, pick one book from the case, and read it without any purpose in mind. Now and then, when feeling tired, he would walk about the room; or draw aside the curtains and look out, only to drop them before long.

Mrs. Cheng may be looked upon as the only one to whom he would pay any attention. Having brought his meals to him, she would sometimes stand by the side and chatter to him, chancing to ask why he was ever so lonely. In response to her incessant questions, he would peradventure, briefly answer by saying: "The whole world is vacant, and life itself is worthless. The union of man and man, men and the universe, and thousands of millions of things in the world, is merely like an opera show. On the stage, we are parents and children, very familiar and closely related; but off the stage, having torn off our masks, we part with one another. Whether laughing or crying, they sound just the same. Therefore it would be better for us to forsake one another rather than uselessly to tie ourselves together. Furthermore, Nietzsche

程姥姥聽着雖然不很明白，却也懂得一半，便笑道：『要這樣，活在世上有什麼意思？死了，滅了，豈不更好，何必穿衣吃飯？』

他微笑道：『這樣，豈不又太把自己和世界都看重了。不如行雲流水似的，隨他去就完了。』

程姥姥還要往下說話，看見何彬面色冷然，低着頭只管吃飯，也便不敢言語。

這一夜他忽然醒了。聽得對面樓下凄慘的呻吟着，這痛苦的聲音，斷斷續續的，在這沉寂的黑夜裏只管顫動。他雖然毫不動心，却也攪得他一夜睡不着。月光如水，從窗紗外瀉將進來，他想起了許多幼年的事情，——慈愛的母親，天上的繁星，院子裏的花……他的腦子累極了，極力的想攔絕這些思想，無奈這些事只管奔湊了來，直到天明，纔微微的合一合眼。

他聽了三夜的呻吟，看了三夜的月，想了三夜的往事。——

眠食都失了次序，眼圈兒黑了，臉色也慘白了。偶然照了照鏡子，自己也微微的吃了一驚。他每天還是機械似的做他的事——然而在他空洞洞的腦子裏，憑空添了一個深夜的病人。

第七天早起，他忽然問程姥姥對面樓下的病人是誰？

程姥姥一面驚訝着，一面說：『那是廚房裏跑街的孩子祿兒，那天上街去了，不知道爲什麼把腿摔壞了，自己買塊膏藥貼上了，還是不好，每夜呻吟的就是他。這孩子真可憐，今年纔十二歲呢，素日家勤勤懇懇極疼人的……』

once said that love and sympathy are all evils—”

The landlady understood, not thoroughly, to be sure, but only half of it. “Be that as it may,” she said, smiling; “there will be no meaning at all to live in the world. It may be better to die and to be extinguished; what, then, is the use of eating or dressing?”

“Well,” he smiled and replied, “in this way, is it too much to emphasize ourselves and the world at large? Take care of nothing, like the floating clouds and running water.”

Mrs. Cheng tried to continue the conversation; but seeing Ho Pin was busy with his eating, with head bent and his face expressionless, she did not venture to say any more.

That night he suddenly awoke from his sleep. He heard, coming from the opposite downstairs room, that some one was moaning very painfully. The pitiful sound, now rising, now subsiding, quivered in the tranquil night. Though never unduly bothered, he was kept awake all night. The moonlight was like silvery water, streaming through the curtains. He thought of his early days, his past golden days, his mother’s tender love, starry nights, flowers in the garden—until his mind was exhausted by all these memories. He made every effort to shake off these recollections, but they persistently stuck in his mind. He remained awake the whole night until the day dawned.

During the following two nights, he heard the same moaning sound, saw the same silvery moonbeams, and recalled many past events.

From that night on, he began to be sleepless and lose his appetite. His eyes darkened and his face became pale and wan. Chancing to hold a mirror, he was a little startled by the reflection in it. He continued to work, as mechanically as before; but into his empty mind there intruded the memory of that sick person in the night.

One morning, a week later, he suddenly asked Mrs. Cheng who was the sick person in the downstairs room. The latter was much surprised.

“Oh, that’s Lu-erh” she answered, “the page in the kitchen. The other day he was sent to do some shopping, but, for some reason or other, returned with his leg broken. The medicine he bought helped him very little. It was he who was moaning painfully every night. Poor boy, only twelve years of age; and he used to be very painstaking and lovable. . . .”

Ho Pin, not relishing to listen further, put on his things and

何彬自己只管穿衣戴帽，好像沒有聽見似的，自己走到門邊。程姥姥也住了口，端起碗來，剛要出門；何彬慢慢的從袋裏拿出一張鈔票來，遞給程姥姥說，『給那襖兒罷，叫他請大夫治一治』。說完了，頭也不回，逕自走了。——程姥姥一看那鉅大的數目，不禁愕然，何先生也會動起慈悲念頭來，這是破天荒的事情呵！她端着碗，站在門口，只管出神。

呻吟的聲音，漸漸的輕了，月兒也漸漸的缺了。何彬還是朦朧朦朧的——慈愛的母親，天上的繁星，院子裏的花……他的腦子累極了，竭力的想擠絕這些思想，無奈這些事只管奔湊了來。

過了幾天，呻吟的聲音住了，夜色依舊沉寂着，何彬依舊「至人無夢」的睡着。前幾夜的思想，不過如同曉月的微光，照在冰山的峯尖上，一會就過去了。

程姥姥帶着襖兒幾次叩他的門，要跟他道謝；他好像忘記了似的，冷冷的抬起頭來看了一看，又搖了搖頭，仍去看他的書。襖兒仰着黑胖的臉，在門外張着，幾乎要哭了出來。

這一天晚飯的時候，何彬告訴程姥姥說我要調到別的局裏去了，後天早晨他要起身，請她將房租飯錢，都清算一下。程姥姥覺得很失意，這樣清淨的住客，是少有的，然而究竟留他不得，便連忙和他道喜；他略略的點一點頭，便回身去收拾他的書籍。

他覺得很疲倦，一會兒便睡下了。——忽然聽得自己的門鈕動了幾下，接着又聽見似乎有人用手推的樣子。他不言不動，只靜靜的臥着，一會兒也便渺無聲息。

第二天他自己又關着門忙了一天，程姥姥要幫助他，他也不肯，只說有事的時候再煩她。程姥姥下樓之後，他忽然想起一件事來，繩子忘了買了。

walked to the door. Mrs. Cheng had to stop talking. She collected the dishes and got ready to leave the room. Ho Pin slowly drew his hand from his pocket and handed her a note, saying: "Give it to that boy, and tell him to send for a doctor." Then he went away, leaving the landlady greatly puzzled by the big amount.

The moaning sound daily became fainter and fainter; and the full moon waned. Ho Pin, however, was still in a very confused state of mind—mother's tender love; starry nights; flowers in the garden—and his mind was still exhausted by all these memories. He made every possible effort to drive away these recollections, but in vain.

A few days later, there was no more moaning to be heard, and the night was as tranquil as before. Ho Pin again slept very soundly, like those selfish persons who cared nothing about the world. The memories of the previous nights were soon forgotten, like the feeble moonbeams at the break of day, shining for a very little moment at the top of the snow-covered mountains, and then disappearing soon after.

More than once, Mrs. Cheng, together with Lu-erh, would knock at his door in order to thank him. He only raised his head and stared at them, seemingly to have utterly forgotten all about it; and then shook his head, resuming once again his reading. Lu-erh, with head lifted up, gazed at the door, and almost wept.

One evening, at dinner time, he told Mrs. Cheng that he was going to take up his new post in the office of another branch of the bureau in which he was then working; that he would leave for his destination day after tomorrow; and requested her to prepare his bill for settling all the accounts. The landlady was very much disappointed. It was really very rare to have such a quiet lodger. But, knowing that she was not in a position to detain him, she immediately offered her congratulations. He bent forward a little, and then turned back to arrange his books.

He was very tired, and consequently went to bed before long.—Suddenly he heard that some one was turning his door handle, and then pushing it with both hands. Lying still in bed, he did not move, nor make any reply. A few minutes later, there was no more sound at the door.

The next day he was busy packing and arranging his things. Mrs. Cheng offered her services but he declined, saying that he would trouble her only in case of need. But after she had gone

慢慢的開了門，只見人影兒一閃，再看時，祿兒，在對面門後藏着呢。他躊躇着四圍看了一看，一個僕人都沒有，便喚『祿兒，你替我買幾根繩子來。』祿兒趑趄的走過來，歡天喜地的接了錢，如飛走下樓去。

不一會兒，祿兒跑的通紅臉，喘息着走上來，一隻手拿着繩子，一隻手背在身後，微微露着一兩點金黃色星兒。他遞過了繩子，仰着頭似乎要說話，那隻手也漸漸的回過來。何彬却不理會，拿着繩子自己便進去了。

他忙着都收拾好了，握着手周圍看了看，屋子空洞洞的——睡下的時候，他覺得熱極了，便又起來，將窗戶和門，都開了一縫，涼風來回的吹着。

『依舊熱得很。腦筋似乎很雜亂，屋子似乎太空沉。——累了兩天了，起居上自然有些反常。但是爲何又想起深夜的病人——慈愛的……不想了，煩悶的很！』

微微的風，吹揚着他額前的短髮，吹乾了他頭上的汗珠，也漸漸的將他煽進夢裏去。

四面的白壁，一天的微光，屋角幾堆黑影。時間一分一分的過去了。

慈愛的母親，滿天的繁星，院子裏的花。不想了，——煩悶煩悶……

黑影漫上屋頂去，什麼都看不見了，時間一分一分的過去了。

風大了，那壁廂放起光明。繁星歷亂的飛舞進來。星光中間，緩緩地走進一個白衣的婦人，右手擦着裙子，左手按着額前。走近了，清香隨將過來；漸漸的俯下身來看着，靜穆不動的看着，——目光裏充滿了愛。

downstairs, he at once recollected that he had forgotten to buy some ropes to tie his things together. Slowly opening his door, he saw the passing of a shadow. It was Lu-erh, hiding behind the opposite door. Ho Pin looked around and hesitated: no servant was to be found. "Go and buy for me some ropes," he said to the boy. The boy hesitated; then gladly took the money and ran quickly downstairs.

Before long, Lu-erh, out of breath, with face all colored up, returned. One hand held the ropes he had just bought; the other was unseen, there were some golden stars or something of that sort hidden behind. Lu-erh gave the ropes to him and raised his head, evidently attempting to say some thing. The other hand was at that time no longer hidden behind; but Ho Pin did not pay attention to it. He took the ropes and went back to his room.

Almost everything has now been packed and fastened together. He stretched out his hands and looked around—the room was empty. Relaxing in his bed, he felt very warm. He got up and opened the door and windows a little, to let the fresh air in.

"Still feeling very warm," he said to himself, "my mind is all in a jumble. Perhaps the room is too empty. But why should I always think about the sick person in the night?—Mother's tender love, starry nights—Oh, stop it: I am getting sick about all this!"

The breeze blew gently and waved the hair that covered his forehead, cooling him and gradually rocking him to sleep. . . .

Opening his eyes, he could only see the white walls, the gleaming night, and the black shadows piled in the corner. The time was slowly slipping away, minute after minute.

Mother's tender love: starry nights; flowers in the garden. Oh, how confusing!

The black shadows were spreading all over the ceiling, and the time was gliding by, minute after minute.

The wind now began to blow hard. There was something very bright over there. The stars in the sky were peering into the room; and amidst the starry hallucination, there was a lady, all dressed in white, slowly stepping in to his room, one hand holding her train, and the other pressing her forehead. She came near, followed by a kind of heavenly fragrance. She slowly bent her body forward and riveted her eyes on him, very quietly and very gently. Out from her eyes there poured a world of tender love.

神經一時都麻木了！起來罷，不能，這是搖籃裏，呀！母親，——慈愛的母親。

母親呵！我要起來坐在你的懷裏，你抱我起來坐在你的懷裏。

母親呵！我們只是互相牽連，永遠不互相遺棄。

漸漸的向後退了，目光仍舊充滿了愛。模糊了。星落如雨，橫飛着都聚到屋角的黑影上。——

『母親呵，別走，別走！』

十幾年來隱藏起來的愛的神情，又呈露在何彬的臉上；十幾年來不見點滴的淚兒，也珍珠般散落了下來。

清香還在，白衣的人兒還在。微微的睜開眼，四面的白壁，一天的微光屋角的幾堆黑影上，送過清香來。——剛動了一動，忽然覺得有一個小人兒，躡手躡脚的走了出去，臨到門口，還回過小臉兒來，望了一望。他是深夜病人——是祿兒。

何彬竭力的坐起來，那邊細好了的書籍上面，放着一籃金黃色的花兒，他穿着單衣走了過去，花底下還壓着一張紙，上面大字縱橫，藉着微光看時，上面是：

『我也不知道怎樣可以報先生的恩德。我在先生門口看了幾次，桌子上都沒有擺着花兒。——這裏有的是賣花的，不知道先生看見過沒有？——這籃子裏的花，我也不知道是什麼名字，是自己種的，倒是香得很，我最愛他。我想先生必是愛他。我早就要送給先生了，但是總沒有機會。昨天聽說先生要走了，所以趕緊送來。

我想先生一是不要的。然而我有一個母親。她因為愛我的緣故，也很感激先生。先生有母親麼？她也一定是愛先生的。這樣我的母親和先生的母

Ho Pin's nerves seemed to stop functioning. It would be better to get up from the bed, but he could not. This was a cradle and oh, mother—dear mother.

Mother, I would like to get up and lie in your bosom. I wish you could hold me in your arms.

Mother, we were after all closely related: we simply could not forsake each other. . . .

The image was slowly becoming fainter and fainter, but out from her eyes there still poured forth a world of tender love. The illusion then became more and more indistinct. Pattering like raindrops, the stars showered on the black shadows that piled themselves up in the corner of the room.

“Ah, mother, don't go; please don't go. . . .”

The love instinct that had been concealed for years now again appeared on Ho Pin's face; and the pearl-like tears that had been kept back for a long time, began to stain his cheeks.

The heavenly fragrance lingered in the air, and the lady in white was still there. He reluctantly opened his eyes: the lovely fragrance seemed to hover over the white walls, over the gleaming dawn, and over the black shadows in the corner of the room. Moving his body a little, he instantly heard a boy furtively going out. It was that sick person moaning in the night—Lu-erh who glanced around upon reaching the door.

Ho Pin made a great effort to get up, and saw that blooming on the books which had been fastened together, was a basket of flowers of glorious golden tints. Still dressed in his night gown, he walked toward the flowers. Under the basket was a sheet of paper on which were written a few sentences in bad handwriting. He read it by the twilight outside, and it ran as follows:—

“I do not know how to return my gratitude for your kindness. I had been looking through your door several times, and noticed that there was no flower on your table. We have here a great many hawkers carrying flowers for sale. I do not know whether you have seen them or not. The flowers in this basket are all planted by me. I can not name them, but they give out beautiful fragrance. I love them very much and suppose you must love them also. I have been waiting for a chance to send these flowers to you. Knowing only yesterday that you were going to leave here, I have no time to lose in presenting them to you.

“I do not think you will accept these flowers. But I have a mother, who, being very fond of me, is deeply grateful to you. Have you a mother? She must love you very much. Thus my

親是朋友了。所以先生必要收母親的朋友的兒子的東西。 祿兒叩上』

何彬看完了，捧着花兒，回到床前，什麼氣力都盡了，不禁嗚嗚咽咽的痛哭起來。

清香還在，母親走了！——窗內窗外互相輝映的，只有月光，星光，淚光。

早晨程姥姥進來的時候，只見何彬都穿好了，帽兒戴得很低，背着臉站在窗前。程姥姥陪笑着問他用不用點心，他搖了搖頭。——車也來了，箱子也都搬下去了，何彬淚痕滿面，靜默無聲的謝了程姥姥，提着一籃的花兒，遂從此上車走了。

祿兒站在程姥姥的旁邊，兩個人的臉上都堆着驚訝的顏色。看着車塵遠了，程姥姥纔回轉頭對祿兒說：『你去把那間空屋子收拾收拾，再鎖上門罷，鑰匙在門上呢。』

屋裏空洞洞的，牀上却放着一張紙寫着：

『小朋友祿兒：

我先要深深的向你謝罪，我的恩德，就是我的罪。你說你要報答我，我還不知道我應當怎樣的報答你呢！

你深夜的呻吟，使我想起了許多的往事。頭一件就是我的母親，她的愛可以使我止水似的感情，重要蕩漾起來。我這十幾年來，錯認了世界是虛空的，人生是無意識的，愛和憐憫都是惡德，我給你那醫藥費，裏面不含着絲毫的愛和憐憫，不過是拒絕你的呻吟，拒絕我的母親，拒絕了宇宙和人生，拒絕了愛和憐憫。上帝呵！這是什麼念頭呵！

我再深深的感謝你從天真裏指示我的那幾句話。小朋友呵！不錯的，世界上的母親和母親都是好朋友，世界上的兒子和兒子也都是好朋友，都是互相牽連，不是互相遺棄的。

mother and your mother are friends. Therefore, you must accept the things that are presented by the son of your mother's friend.

Lu-erh."

Having finished reading, Ho Pin took the flowers and hurried to his bed. There was nothing to hold him back. He could not restrain himself from crying.

The heavenly fragrance was still in the air, but mother had gone. There were only moonbeams, straight, and tears in the room as well as outside under the clear sky.

Mrs. Cheng, coming into the room the next morning, saw that Ho Pin had already dressed and, with his hat pulled low over his eyes, standing at the window facing outside. She smiled and timidly asked whether he would like to take his breakfast. He shook his head. The hired car was waiting outside; the trunks had all been carried downstairs. Ho Pin, with tear-stained face, thanked the landlady, and took that basket of flowers into the car.

Lu-erh stood by the side of Mrs. Cheng. On their faces there was the same expression of surprise. "Go and clean up that empty room; and lock the door, the key being on the door," she said to Lu-erh after the car had gone far away.

The room was empty. On the bed there was a letter which read as follows—

"Lu-erh, my friend:"—

"First of all, I sincerely hope that you will forgive me. My kindness is my sin. You wrote that you were grateful to me, but I myself do not know how much am I indebted to you.

"Your moaning at night made me think of many, many past events. The first thing I thought of was my dear mother. My emotion is like a stream of stagnant water; but her love causes it to wave and bubble. For many years I thought that the world was vacant, and life worthless, and that love and sympathy were similar to evil. But now I know that I was all wrong. The giving of money to you for sending a doctor did not imply that I loved you or had sympathy for you. It was simply used as a means to stop your moaning, to keep my mother out, to refuse the whole universe and life itself, to refuse love and sympathy. God bless my soul, what crazy idea!

"I am greatly obliged to you for the innocent ideal that you hinted in your letter. It is true, my little friend, that all the mothers in the world are dear friends, and all the sons in the world are pals. We are closely related and never shall we forsake each other.

你送我那一籃花之先，我母親已經先來了。她帶了你的愛來感動我。我必不忘記你的花和你的愛，也請你不要忘了，你的花和你的愛，是借着你朋友的母親帶了來的！

我是冒罪叢過的，我是空無所有的，更沒有東西配送給你——然而這時伴着我的，却有悔罪的淚光，半弦的月光，燦爛的星光。宇宙間只有他們是純潔無罪。我要用一縷柔絲，將淚珠兒穿起，繫在弦月的兩端，摘下滿天的星兒來盛在弦月的圓凹裏，不也是一籃金黃色的花兒麼？他的香氣，就是悔罪的人呼籲的言詞，請你收了罷。只有這籃花配送給你！

天已明了，我要走了。沒有別的話說了，只是感謝你，小朋友，再見！再見！世界上的兒子和兒子都是好朋友，我們永遠是牽連着呵！ 何彬草

我寫了這一大段，你未必都認得都懂得！然而你也用不着都懂得，因為你懂得的，比我多得多了！又及』

『他送給我的那一籃花兒呢？』祿兒仰着黑胖的臉兒，呆呆的望着天上。

（選自超人）

“My mother came to me before you sent me this basket of flowers. She has brought your love to me. I will never forget your flowers and your love; and I hope you will not fail to remember also that all these are merely the manifestations of motherly love.

“I am mean and sinful; and have nothing of my own that is worthy to send you. I am here only accompanied by regretful tears, crescent moonbeams, and the shining stars. In the whole universe they are the only things that are pure and holy. I wish I could use a string of soft materials, threaded with my tears, hang it on the two extremes of the crescent moon; and pick the stars from the sky, nestling them in the bosom of the moon; isn't this like a basket of flowers of glorious golden tints? Its fragrance is my words of regret. Please accept it; for only this is worthy of you.

“The day is dawning. I shall leave here very soon. I have nothing more to say. Thank you very much, little friend. Good-bye, goodbye. All the sons in the world are good pals. We are closely related to each other, forever and ever.

Ho Pin”

“P.S.—I have written too much, and I do not think you will thoroughly understand them. But, never mind, there is no use of knowing their meaning; because what you understand in the world is far much more than many others.”

Lu-erh raised his dark and fat face and looked stupidly into the sky: “He says he is to give me a basket of flowers; but where is it?”

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