

The Old Man and The Sea 老人与海
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Part 1

He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week.

他一个老人，划着小船独自在墨西哥湾中捕鱼；八十四天了还没有捕到过一条鱼。最初的四十天里，小男孩一直都跟着他，而四十天后，男孩的父母便告诉孩子说：这老人的运气肯定是跌到了谷底，简直就是倒霉透顶了。于是男孩在他母亲的命令下，转到了另外一条船上去捕鱼，结果不出一个星期，就捕到了三条大鱼。

It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat.

然而，男孩看着老人日复一日驾着那空空的小船回来，总是为他感到难过。因此总会在老人回来时，上前帮忙提绳索、鱼钩、鱼叉以及从船桅上卸下的船帆等。老人的船帆上满是用面粉袋做成的补丁，使得帆布卷起来时，好似一面象征无限败战的旗帜。

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks.

老人消瘦、憔悴，颈后有很深的皱纹。而从热带海洋的海面上反射出来的强烈阳光，在老人的双颊上，留下了一块块良性皮肤癌棕色的斑点。

The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert.

老人除了两颊布满斑点，双手则刻着深深的勒痕，那是操作粗鱼绳的结果。这些疤痕没有一处是新的伤口，它们就如同一个了无生机的沙漠所经历过的侵蚀那样久远。

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

老人是这么的苍老，但唯有双眼依旧有着像海水一样的颜色，既充满了欢愉，也好像是从来没有被打败过似的。

"Santiago," the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money."

小船被拖曳上岸，老人与男孩爬上了岸边时，小男孩向老人说：「山帝亚哥，我可以再跟你一

起去捕鱼，我们也曾经一起赚过一些钱。」

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.
老人曾经教导小男孩如何捕鱼，而男孩也很敬爱这位老人。

"No," the old man said. "You're with a lucky boat. Stay with them."
「不，」老人说：「你现在跟上的是一条幸运的船，要好好继续待在那儿。」

"But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then we caught big ones every day for three weeks."

「但是你得记得吗？曾经有一次，一连八十七天都没有捕到鱼，然后接下来连续三个礼拜，每天都有捕到大鱼呢。」

"I remember," the old man said. "I know you did not leave me because you doubted."
「我记得，」老人说：「而且我也知道，你并不是因为对我失去信心而离弃我。」

"It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must obey him."
「是爸爸要我离开你的。我是个小孩，我必须听他的话。」

"I know," the old man said. "It is quite normal." "He hasn't much faith." "No," the old man said. "But we have. Haven't we?" "Yes," the boy said. "Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace and then we'll take the stuff home."

「我了解，」老人说：「这是很正常的事。」「他太没有信心了。」「他们是没有，」老人说：「但是我们有呀，不是吗？」「是啊，」男孩说：「让我先请你到露天酒店喝杯啤酒，然后我们再一起把这些东西带回家去吧。」

"Why not?" the old man said, "Between fishermen."
「好啊，」老人说：「打渔的都是一家人嘛。」

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen.

当他们在露天酒店坐下时，许多先前就待在那儿的渔夫都在嘲笑老人，而他并没有因此生气；其它一些年纪较长的渔夫只是看着他，为他难过，不过他们并没有把这份同情表露出来，只是很礼貌地谈论着今天的水流情况、鱼线所垂钓的深度、稳定的好天气，以及海上的所见所闻。

Part2

The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin

out and carried them laid full length across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting.

当天有鱼获的几个渔夫都已经回来了，他们将捕到的马林鱼剖腹处理后，摊平放在两块厚木板上，一头一个人抬着，两人抬着鱼摇摇晃晃地走进鱼屋，等着冷冻车来将他们载往哈瓦那的市场去。而那些捕到鲨鱼的渔夫，也已经把那些鲨鱼送到在小海湾另一边的鲨鱼工厂去了，在那儿鲨鱼被滑轮垂吊起来，然后被取下肝、割掉鳍、剥下皮，肉也被割成条状准备用盐来腌。

When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbor from the shark factory; but today there was only the faint edge of the odor because the wind had backed into the north and then dropped off and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

每当东风吹起，鲨鱼工厂的鱼腥味便飘过港湾吹过来，但是今天只能嗅到一些微弱的腥味，因为风向已转往北方，且逐渐平息了，露天酒店上阳光充足而宜人。

"Santiago," the boy said. "Yes," the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking of many years ago. "Can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow?" "No. Go and play baseball. I can still row and Rogelio will throw the net." "I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you, I would like to serve in some way."

「山帝雅哥，」男孩叫着。「喔！」老人应了一声。他手握着酒杯，正沉浸在多年前的往事回忆中。「我可以出去帮你准备明天要用的沙丁鱼吗？」「不，你去玩棒球吧。我还可以自己划船，而且罗吉里奥委会替我撒网的。」「我想要跟你一道去。即使我不能跟你一起捕鱼，至少我可以在旁边帮帮忙。」

"You bought me a beer," the old man said. "You are already a man." "How old was I when you first took me in a boat?" "Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in too green and he nearly tore the boat to pieces. Can you remember?"

「你请我喝啤酒了啊，」老人说，「你已经是一个大人了。」「你第一次你带我上船的时候，我是几岁呢？」「五岁那一次，你差点把命给丢了，当时我钓上了一条鱼，但是因为太早把它拖上来，几乎让这条船解了体，你还记得吗？」

"I can remember the tail slapping and banging and the thwart breaking and the noise of the clubbing. I can remember you throwing me into the bow where the wet coiled lines were and feeling the whole boat shiver and the noise of you clubbing him like chopping a tree down and the sweet blood smell all over me."

「我记得那条鱼拍打尾巴，打断了船板，还有你用棍子敲打它的声音，我记得，你把我丢进入船头，那里有一堆潮湿的绳索，我感觉整条船都在摇摆，并且听见你用棍子打那条鱼的声音，简直就像是在砍树似的，而我满身都是甜甜的血腥味。」

"Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?" "I remember everything from when we first went together." The old man looked at him with his sun-burned,

confident loving eyes. "If you were my boy I'd take you out and gamble," he said. "But you are your father's and your mother's and you are in a lucky boat."

「你真的能够记得这些吗？还是因为我现在告诉你，你才知道的？」「从我们第一次一起出海，每一件事我都记得很清楚。」老人用他那被阳光照晒、充满信心与爱怜的眼睛望着他。「如果你是我的孩子，我一定带着你出去，去赌一赌，看我们是不是能够成功，」他说，「但是，你是你父亲和母亲的孩子，而你现在又在一条幸运的船上。」

"May I get the sardines? I know where I can get four baits too." "I have mine left from today. I put them in salt in the box." "Let me get four fresh ones."

「我去弄点沙丁鱼来好吗？我还知道哪里可以弄到四个鱼饵哩。」「今天我自己还有剩下一些。已经放在盒子里用盐腌起来了。」「还是让我去弄四个新鲜的来吧。」

"One," the old man said. His hope and his confidence had never gone. But now they were freshening as when the breeze rises. "Two," the boy said. "Two," the old man agreed. "You didn't steal them?" "I would," the boy said. "But I bought these."

「一个就够了，」老人说。他的希望和信心从未消失过，而现在，一股崭新的希望和信心又如微风冉冉升起了。「两个，」男孩说。「两个就两个吧！」老人同意了，「你该不会是去偷的吧？」「我可能会噢！」男孩说：「不过这两个我是用买的。」

"Thank you," the old man said. He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride. "Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current," he said. "Where are you going?" the boy asked.

「谢谢你，」老人说。他实在太单纯了，也没有想到过他何时变得如此谦虚，但他知道已经学会了谦虚，他认为谦虚并不丢脸，何况这又无损于内心那份真正的骄傲。「从这样的水流看来，明天会是好天气。」他说。「你明天到什么地方去？」小孩子问道。

Part 3

"Far out to come in when the wind shifts. I want to be out before it is light." "能去多远的地方就去，只要风转向的时候能回得来就好。我想在天破晓之前就出发。」

"I'll try to get him to work far out," the boy said. "Then if you hook something truly big we can come to your aid."

「我会设法让我的船开远一点，」男孩说：「这样如果你钓到一条什么大鱼的话我们也好帮你的忙。」

"He does not like to work too far out." "No," the boy said. "But I will see something that he cannot see such as a bird working and get him to come out after dolphin." "Are his eyes that bad?" "He is almost blind." "It is strange," the old man said. "He never went turtle-ing. That is what kills the eyes."

「他不喜欢到太远的地方去工作吧。」「是不喜欢，」男孩说：「可是，他看不见的，我却可以看得见，譬如，我看见鸟在捕鱼时，就可以叫他追上去捕海豚哩。」「他的眼力真的那么差吗？」「几乎快瞎了。」「那就奇怪了，」老人说：「他从来没有去捕过海龟，那才真的是伤眼力呢！」

"But you went turtle-ing for years off the Mosquito Coast and your eyes are good."
"I am a strange old man." "But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?" "I think so. And there are many tricks." "Let us take the stuff home," the boy said.
"So I can get the cast net and go after the sardines." They picked up the gear from the boat. The old man carried the mast on his shoulder and the boy carried the wooden box with the coiled, hard-braided brown lines, the gaff and the harpoon with its shaft.

「可是，你在蚊子海岸外捕海龟那么多年，你的眼力依然很好啊？」「我是一个奇怪的老头子。」「那你现在是不是还有足够的体力来应付一条大鱼呢？」「我相信没有问题，而且我还有很多诀窍。」「我们先把这些东西拿回家，」男孩说：「再顺便拿张网，捕些沙丁鱼去。」他们把鱼具从船上拿出来，老人把桅杆扛在他的肩膀上，小男孩抱着木箱子，里面装满了一卷卷结实的棕色绳索、鱼钩和带柄的鱼叉。

The box with the baits was under the stern of the skiff along with the club that was used to subdue the big fish when they were brought alongside. No one would steal from the old man but it was better to take the sail and the heavy lines home as the dew was bad for them and, though he was quite sure no local people would steal from him, the old man thought that a gaff and a harpoon were needless temptations to leave in a boat. They walked up the road together to the old man's shack and went in through its open door.

装鱼饵的箱子和一根棍子一起被放在船尾的底部，这根棍子是用来制伏被拖上船的大鱼的。照理不会有人要偷老人的东西，不过因为露水会浸蚀这些东西，把帆和沉重的鱼线都拿回家去还是比较妥当些。老人虽然晓得当地没有人会偷他的东西，但他认为也不需要把鱼钩与鱼叉留在船上引诱别人。他们一同沿着路走上去，来到老人的小屋，通过敞开的门走进屋内。

The old man leaned the mast with its wrapped sail against the wall and the boy put the box and the other gear beside it. The mast was nearly as long as the one room of the shack. The shack was made of the tough budshields of the royal palm which are called guano and in it there was a bed, a table, one chair and a place on the dirt floor to cook with charcoal. On the brown walls of the flattened, overlapping leaves of the sturdy fibered guano there was a picture in color of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and another of the Virgin of Cobre.

老人将卷着帆的桅杆靠着墙立着，男孩把箱子和其它渔具就放在旁边。桅杆的长度几乎和整个屋内的空间同长。这茅屋是用棕榈树坚硬的嫩芽护壳所搭造成的，而屋里有一张床、一张桌子和一把椅子，另外，就在污泥地上，有一小块可以用煤炭煮饭的地方。茅屋的墙，是以有着坚韧纤维的棕榈叶压平后紧密相迭所构成的；棕色的墙上挂了一幅彩色的耶稣圣心像，和一张考伯圣女图。

These were relics of his wife. Once there had been a tinted photograph of his wife on the wall but he had taken it down because it made him too lonely to see it and it was on the shelf in the corner under his clean shirt. "What do you have to eat?"

the boy asked. "A pot of yellow rice with fish. Do you want some?" "No. I will eat at home. Do you want me to make the fire?" "No. I will make it later on. Or I may eat the rice cold." "May I take the cast net?" "Of course."

这些都是他亡妻的遗物。墙上也曾经挂着一张他妻子的彩色照片，但每每触目，总使他感到无限凄凉，于是他便将它取下放在墙角的架子上，覆盖在一件干净的衬衫下。「你有什么东西吃呢？」男孩问。「一锅黄米饭和鱼。你要不要来一点？」「不，我要回家吃。你要不要我帮你升火？」「不用了，待会儿我自己会升。或许我就吃冷饭也行。」「我可以拿这鱼网吗？」「当然可以」

Part 4

There was no cast net and the boy remembered when they had sold it. But they went through this fiction every day. There was no pot of yellow rice and fish and the boy knew this too.

其实根本没有什么鱼网，男孩记得，他们早就把网卖掉了，可是每天都要虚假地表演一番。小男孩也知道，根本没有一锅黄米饭和鱼。

"Eighty-five is a lucky number," the old man said. "How would you like to see me bring one in that dressed out over a thousand pounds?"

「八十五是一个吉利的数字。」这老人说：「你希不希望看到我拖回一条一千磅重的鱼回来呀？」

"I'll get the cast net and go for sardines. Will you sit in the sun in the doorway?"

"Yes. I have yesterday's paper and I will read the baseball."

「我去拿网，然后把沙丁鱼带来，你坐在门口晒晒太阳好吗？」「好，这儿还有一张昨天的报纸，我来看看有什么棒球赛的消息。」

The boy did not know whether yesterday's paper was a fiction too. But the old man brought it out from under the bed.

这小男孩并不知道这份昨天的报纸是不是也是虚构的，但老人果然从床底下拿出一份报纸。

"Perico gave it to me at the bodega," he explained, "I'll be back when I have the sardines. I'll keep yours and mine together on ice and we can share them in the morning. When I come back you can tell me about the baseball."

「勃瑞戈在酒窖里给我的，」老人解释着。「我弄到沙丁鱼之后就回来，我会把你的和我的那一份都冰起来，明天早上我们就可以分着用了。等我回来，你跟我讲棒球赛的消息。」

"The Yankees cannot lose." "But I fear the Indians of Cleveland." "Have faith in the Yankees my son. Think of the great DiMaggio." "I fear both the Tigers of Detroit and the Indians of Cleveland."

「洋基队不可能输的。」「可是我怕克利夫兰的印地安人队啊。」「孩子，要对洋基队有信心。想想他们里面有个伟大的狄玛基欧。」「我还担心底特律的老虎队和克利夫兰的印地安队会赢。」

"Be careful or you will fear even the Reds of Cincinnati and the White Sox of Chicago."
"You study it and tell me when I come back." "Do you think we should buy a terminal
of the lottery with an eighty-five? Tomorrow is the eighty-fifth day." "We can do
that," the boy said. "But what about the eighty-seven of your great record?" "It could
not happen twice. Do you think you can find an eighty-five?" "I can order one." "One
sheet. That's two dollars and a half. Who can we borrow that from?" "That's easy.
I can always borrow two dollars and a half."

「你再这样没信心下去，恐怕连辛辛那提的红队和芝加哥的白袜队你都会害怕了！」「你再仔
细研究吧，等我回来时再告诉我结果。」「你看我们要不要买一张尾数是八十五号的彩券？明
天就是第八十五天了。」「我们可以买啊！」男孩说：「但是你那伟大的八十七天记录，要怎么
办？」「现在这种情形不可能再发生第二次了，你想你能买到八十五号的彩券吗？」「我可以
订到一张。」「一张要花两块半，我们能跟谁借呢？」「这倒容易。我随时可以借到两块半钱。」

"I think perhaps I can too. But I try not to borrow. First you borrow. Then you beg."
"Keep warm old man," the boy said. "Remember we are in September." "The month when
the great fish come," the old man said. "Anyone can be a fisherman in May." "I go
now for the sardines," the boy said.

「我想我或许也可以借得到，但我尽量不去借。起先你借钱，再来就是乞讨了。」「别受了凉，
老先生，」小孩说：「要知道现在已经是九月天了。」「这正是大鱼来临的月份，」老人说：「在
五月里，每一个人都可以成为渔夫。」「我现在去拿沙丁鱼。」男孩说。

When the boy came back the old man was asleep in the chair and the sun was down. The
boy took the old army blanket off the bed and spread it over the back of the chair
and over the old man's shoulders.

男孩回来的时候，老人坐在椅子上睡着了，而太阳也已经下山。小孩把床上的旧军毯拿来铺
在椅背上，并用部分盖着老人的肩膀。

They were strange shoulders, still powerful although very old, and the neck was still
strong too and the creases did not show so much when the old man was asleep and his
head fallen forward. His shirt had been patched so many times that it was like the
sail and the patches were faded to many different shades by the sun. The old man's
head was very old though and with his eyes closed there was no life in his face. The
newspaper lay across his knees and the weight of his arm held it there in the evening
breeze. He was barefooted.

老人的肩膀虽然年老，但依旧健壮有力，他的脖子也还是那么坚挺，即使是睡着，头朝前垂
下，颈上的皱纹仍不太明显。他的衬衫就像他的帆一样，补过好多次补钉，而随着长久以来
阳光的照射，这些补钉早已褪成深浅不同的颜色。不过，老人的头部却显得相当衰老，只要
他把眼睛闭上，脸上便看不出任何生命的迹象了。报纸摊在他的膝盖上，二只手臂的重量使
它不被黄昏的微风吹走。老人的双脚赤裸着。

Part 5

The boy left him there and when he came back the old man was still asleep. "Wake up old man," the boy said and put his hand on one of the old man's knees. The old man opened his eyes and for a moment he was coming back from a long way away. Then he smiled. "What have you got?" he asked. "Supper," said the boy. "We're going to have supper." "I'm not very hungry." "Come on and eat. You can't fish and not eat. "I have," the old man said getting up and taking the newspaper and folding it. Then he started to fold the blanket.

男孩留他一个人睡着。当他回来的时候，老人仍在熟睡中。「醒醒吧，老先生！」男孩把手放在老人一边的膝盖上说。老人睁开了眼，过了好一会儿才醒过来，他笑了。「你弄到些什么东西？」他问。「晚餐。」小孩说：「我们要吃晚饭了。」「我并不很饿。」「快来吃嘛！你不能够光打渔而不吃东西呀。」「我有吃。」老人说着站起来，把报纸迭起来收好。然后开始折毯子。

"Keep the blanket around you," the boy said. "You'll not fish without eating while I'm alive." "Then live a long time and take care of yourself," the old man said, "What are we eating?" "Black beans and rice, fried bananas, and some stew." The boy had brought them in a two-decker metal container from the Terrace. The two sets of knives and forks and spoons were in his pocket with a paper napkin wrapped around each set. "Who gave this to you?" "Martin. The owner." "I must thank him."

「用毯子围着你的身体嘛！」男孩说：「只要我还活着一天，我绝对不让你光打渔，而不吃东西。」「那么你就该好好照顾自己，活长一点，」老人问：「我们现在吃什么呢？」「黑豆、米饭、煎香蕉，还有一些炖肉。」男孩把这些东西装在双层金属容器中，从露天酒店带了回来。在他的口里，还有两组包在餐巾纸里的刀叉和汤匙。「这是谁给你的？」「马丁，那家餐馆的老板。」「我得谢谢他。」

"I thanked him already," the boy said. "You don't need to thank him." "I'll give him the belly meat of a big fish," the old man said. "Has he done this for us more than once?" "I think so." "I must give him something more than the belly meat then. He is very thoughtful for us." "He sent two beers." "I like the beer in cans best." "I know. But this is in bottles, Hatuey beer, and I take back the bottles." "That's very kind of you," the old man said. "Should we eat?"

「我已经谢过他了，」男孩说：「你不需要再谢他了。」「我会把大鱼的肚子肉给他，」老人说：「他这么招待我们好像不止一次了吧？」「我想是的。」「那么，除了鱼肚子肉，我还得给他一些别的东西。他对我们真是太体贴了。」「他还送了两瓶啤酒呢！」「我最喜欢罐装啤酒。」「我知道，但是这是瓶装的海之味啤酒，我会把瓶子退回去。」「你能这样做真是太好了！」老人说：「我们可以开始吃了吧？」

"I've been asking you to," the boy told him gently. "I have not wished to open the container until you were ready." "I'm ready now," the old man said. "I only needed time to wash." Where did you wash? The boy thought. The village water supply was two streets down the road. I must have water here for him, the boy thought, and soap and a good towel. Why am I so thoughtless? I must get him another shirt and a jacket for the winter and some sort of shoes and another blanket. "Your stew is excellent," the

old man said.

「我一直在等你吃啊，」男孩温和地说：「在你没准备好要吃之前，我不想把饭盒打开。」「我已经准备好了，」老人说：「我只是需要一点时间冲洗一下。」你在什么地方洗啊？男孩想。这村庄的水源供应处和这里足足隔了二条街。我得把水端来这儿给他，男孩想，还要再弄块肥皂和一条好的毛巾来。我怎么这么粗心？我还必须给他弄件冬天的衬衫和夹克，还得弄双象样的鞋，再弄条毯子。「这炖肉很好吃，」老人说。

"Tell me about the baseball," the boy asked him. "In the American League it is the Yankees as I said," the old man said happily. "They lost today," the boy told him. "That means nothing. The great DiMaggio is himself again." "They have other men on the team." "Naturally. But he makes the difference. In the other league, between Brooklyn and Philadelphia I must take Brooklyn. But then I think of Dick Sisler and those great drives in the old park." "There was nothing ever like them. He hits the longest ball I have ever seen."

「讲讲棒球赛的事吧！」男孩央求老人。「就如我所说的，在美国职业棒球联盟里，只有洋基队够看。」老人高兴地说着。「他们今天输了，」男孩告诉老人。「那不算什么，伟大的狄玛基欧今天又恢复了昔日雄风。」「可是他们队里还有其它队员啊。」「是没错，可是有他就不同了。在另外一个棒球联盟里，在布鲁克林队和费城队间，我一定会选择布鲁克林队，不过我会想到的是狄克塞斯乐还有他在旧公园球场里所击出的那些好球。」「没有任何人能击出像他那样的球，他击出的球是我看过最远的。」

Part 6

"Do you remember when he used to come to the Terrace? I wanted to take him fishing but I was too timid to ask him. Then I asked you to ask him and you were too timid." "I know. It was a great mistake. He might have gone with us. Then we would have that for all of our lives." "I would like to take the great DiMaggio fishing," the old man said. "They say his father was a fisherman. Maybe he was as poor as we are and would understand." "The great Sisler's father was never poor and he, the father, was playing in the Big Leagues when he was my age."

「你记不记得他以前时常到露天酒店来？我本来要带他一起去捕鱼，当时我不好意思开口问他，于是就叫你去问他，而你也不好意思开口。」「我记得啊，那真是一个天大的错误，他或许会跟我们去的，如果是那样，我们一辈子都会记得这件事的。」「我想带伟大的狄玛基欧去捕渔，」老人说：「听说他父亲也是个渔夫，或许他跟我们一样穷过，能够了解我们的情况啊。」

「伟大的塞斯乐的父亲一辈子可是都没穷过噢，他父亲在我这个年纪的时候就在打职棒大联盟了。」

"When I was your age I was before the mast on a square rigged ship that ran to Africa and I have seen lions on the beaches in the evening." "I know. You told me." "Should we talk about Africa or about baseball?" "Baseball I think," the boy said. "Tell me about the great John J. McGraw." He said Jota for J. "He used to come to the Terrace

sometimes too in the older days. But he was rough and harsh-spoken and difficult when he was drinking. His mind was on horses as well as baseball.

「我在你这个年纪时，就在一艘开往非洲的方帆船上当水手了。那时晚上我在海滩上看见过狮子。」「我知道，你跟我说过。」「我们要谈非洲还是棒球呢？」「我想谈棒球好了，」男孩说：「说说看，伟大的约翰·杰·马圭诺怎么样了？」他把他的的小名杰（J）念成荷达（用西班牙文发音）。」「很久以前，他有时也会到露天酒店来。不过，这个人喝了酒就会变得很粗鲁，说话刺耳，脾气暴躁。他心里惦记着棒球也想着马匹。」

At least he carried lists of horses at all times in his pocket and frequently spoke the names of horses on the telephone.” “He was a great manager,” the boy said. “My father thinks he was the greatest.” “Because he came here the most times,” the old man said. “If Durocher had continued to come here each year your father would think him the greatest manager.” “Who is the greatest manager, really, Luque or Mike Gonzalez?” “I think they are equal. “And the best fisherman is you.” “ No. I know others better.”

至少他口袋里总是带着好几份马的名单，电话里也开口闭口就是马的名字。」「他是个优秀的经理人才，」男孩说：「我父亲认为他是在这方面可说是顶尖高手。」「那是因为他时常到这里来。」老人说：「如果杜瑞奇持续每年都到这里来的话，你父亲就会认为他才是最了不起的经理人才。」「究竟谁才真正是最顶尖的经理人才，鲁格、麦克或是冈查列兹啊？」「我相信他们应该是伯仲之间。」「而最棒的渔夫，就是你了。」「不，我知道别人比我更了不起。」

“Que va,” the boy said. “There are many good fishermen and some great ones. But there is only you.” “Thank you. You make me happy. I hope no fish will come along so great that he will prove us wrong. “There is no such fish if you are still strong as you say,” “I may not be as strong as I think,” the old man said. “But I know many tricks and I have resolution.” “You ought to go to bed now so that you will be fresh in the morning. I will take the things back to the Terrace.”

「怎么会呢？」男孩用墨西哥话说：「是有很多不错的渔夫，有些也顶优秀的，但是只有你是最棒的。」「谢谢你，你让我好高兴。我希望到时不会出现一条让我无法对付的大鱼，来证明我们根本是在胡说八道。」「只要你像你所说的，依然那么健壮的话，就不会有这样一条鱼的。」「我也许没像我自己所想象的那么强壮吧。」老人说：「不过我倒知道很多诀窍，而且我有决心和毅力。」「你现在该去睡觉了，明天早上精神才会好。我把这些东西送回露天酒店去。」

“Good night then. I will wake you in the morning.” “You’re my alarm clock.” the boy said. “Age is my alarm clock,” the old man said. “Why do old men wake so early? Is it to have one longer day?” “I don’t know, the boy said. All I know is that young boys sleep late and hard.” “I can remember it,” the old man said. “I’ll waken you in time.” “I do not like for him to waken me. It is as though I were inferior.” “I know.” “Sleep well old man.

「那么晚安了。明天一早我就来叫醒你。」「你真是我的闹钟。」男孩说。「年龄是我的闹钟。」老人说：「为什么上了年纪的人总是醒得那么早呢？难道是希望这一天过得长一点吗？」「我不晓得。」男孩说：「我只知道年轻的孩子早上老是起不来，而且睡得沈。」「我记得。」老人说：「我会在时间还没太晚之前就把你叫醒的。」「我不喜欢让那人叫醒我，这样好像是我比不上他似的。」「我了解。」「老先生，好好睡吧。」

Part 7

The boy went out. They had eaten with no light on the table and the old man took off his trousers and went to bed in the dark. He rolled his trousers up to make a pillow, putting the newspaper inside them. He rolled himself in the blanket and slept on the other old newspapers that covered the springs of the bed. He was asleep in a short time and he dreamed of Africa when he was a boy and the long golden beaches and the white beaches, so white they hurt your eyes, and the high capes and the great brown mountains.

男孩走了。他们在没有灯光的桌子上吃完了晚餐之后，老人便脱下了长裤，在黑暗中上了床。他把裤子卷起来，再塞些报纸进去便成了枕头。然后，他把自己也卷进毛毯里，睡在另一张由旧报纸覆盖着的弹簧床上。他很快地就睡着了，他梦见了非洲，梦中他还是个小孩，他梦见那绵延的金色海滩和那白得刺眼的海岸，也梦见那高耸的海岬和棕色的山脉。

He lived along that coast now every night and in his dreams he heard the surf roar and saw the native boats come riding through it. He smelled the tar and oakum of the deck as he slept and he smelled the smell of Africa that the land breeze brought at morning. Usually when he smelled the land breeze he woke up and dressed to go and wake the boy. But tonight the smell of the land breeze came very early and he knew it was too early in his dream and went on dreaming to see the white peaks of the Islands rising from the sea and then he dreamed of the different harbors and roadsteads of the Canary Islands.

现在生活中，他每晚总免不了梦见那海岸，梦中他可以听见海涛呼啸的声音，看见土人的船只乘风破浪地驶来。睡梦中，他闻到船上的焦油味及填塞船缝的麻絮味，还嗅到了晨间的微风吹过非洲大地的气息。通常他一嗅到这陆上吹来的微风就会醒过来，马上穿上衣服，去叫醒小男孩。但是今晚大地上微风的气息吹来得很早，梦中的他也知道太早了，而继续沉浸在梦乡，接着他梦见海岛上白色的峰顶从海面上浮起，而后他又梦见卡那瑞群岛上的各个港口与碇泊处。

He no longer dreamed of storms, nor of women, nor of great occurrences, nor of great fish, nor fights, nor contests of strength, nor of his wife. He only dreamed of places now and of the lions on the beach. They played like young cats in the dusk and he loved them as he loved the boy. He never dreamed about the boy. He simply woke, looked out the open door at the moon and unrolled his trousers and put them on. He urinated outside the shack and then went up the road to wake the boy.

他早已不再梦见暴风雨，也不再梦见女人，或发生过的大事，不再梦见大鱼，与人打架、比力道，也不再梦见亡妻了。如今他只梦见各种不同的地方以及海滩上的狮子。狮子们像小猫似地在暮霭中嬉戏，他喜爱它们，正如他喜爱那男孩一样，但他却从来没有梦见过男孩。他就这么醒来了，往敞开的门外望了一下月亮，然后把卷着的裤子解开来穿上。他到小屋外边小解后，就上路走去叫醒小男孩。

He was shivering with the morning cold. But he knew he would shiver himself warm and

that soon he would be rowing. The door of the house where the boy lived was unlocked and he opened it and walked in quietly with his bare feet. The boy was asleep on a cot in the first room and the old man could see him clearly with the light that came in from the dying moon. He took hold of one foot gently and held it until the boy woke and turned and looked at him. The old man nodded and the boy took his trousers from the chair by the bed and, sitting on the bed, pulled them on.

他在清晨寒冷的空气中发着抖，但他晓得多发抖个几下，便可以让自己暖和起来，而且马上就要划动船桨了。男孩的房门没上锁，他开了门，蹑手蹑脚轻轻地走进去。男孩就睡在第一个房间的小床上，借着外面即将消沉的月光，老人可以很清楚地看见男孩。他轻柔地握住男孩的一只脚，直到男孩醒来转身望着他。老人对他点点头，男孩从床边椅子上拿起裤子，坐在床边把它穿上。

The old man went out the door and the boy came after him. He was sleepy and the old man put his arm across his shoulders and said, "I am sorry." "Que' va," the boy said. "It is what a man must do." They walked down the road to the old man's shack and all along the road, in the dark, barefoot men were moving, carrying the masts of their boats. When they reached the old man's shack the boy took the rolls of line in the basket and the harpoon and gaff and the old man carried the mast with the furled sail on his shoulder.

老人走出门外后，男孩跟着出来，他还很想打瞌睡，老人把手臂搭在他的肩膀上说：「很抱歉。」「怎么会！」男孩说：「这是男子汉应该做的事。」他们沿着路往下走，来到老人的小屋。黑暗中，许多扛着船桅、赤着脚的身影晃动着。他们一来到老人的小屋，男孩便拿起篮中成卷的绳索、鱼叉和鱼钩，老人把卷着帆的桅杆扛在肩上。

Part 8

"Do you want coffee?" the boy asked. "We'll put the gear in the boat and then get some." They had coffee from condensed milk cans at an early morning place that served fishermen. "How did you sleep old man?" the boy asked. He was waking up now although it was still hard for him to leave his sleep. "Very well, Manolin," the old man said. "I feel confident today." "So do I," the boy said. "Now I must get your sardines and mine and your fish baits. He brings our gear himself. He never wants anyone to carry anything."

「你要喝咖啡吗？」男孩问。「我们先把船具放在船上，再弄些咖啡来喝。」他们在一个专供渔夫用早餐的地方，用炼乳罐子喝了咖啡。「老先生，你睡得好吗？」男孩问。虽然很难把他的瞌睡虫驱除，但他已经逐渐醒来。「好极了，马洛林，」老人说：「我今天感到信心十足！」「我也是一样。」男孩说：「现在我要去拿你的以及我自己的沙丁鱼，还有给你的新鲜鱼饵。那人每次都是自己拿鱼具，从来不让别人拿任何东西。」

"We're different," the old man said. "I let you carry things when you were five years old." "I know it," the boy said. "I'll be right back. Have another coffee. We have

credit here." He walked off, bare-footed on the coral rocks, to the ice house where the baits were stored. The old man drank his coffee slowly. It was all he would have all day and he knew that he should take it. For a long time now eating had bored him and he never carried a lunch. He had a bottle of water in the bow of the skiff and that was all he needed for the day.

「我们则不同，」老人说：「你五岁时我就让你拿东西了。」「我知道啊。」男孩说：「我马上回来。再喝一杯咖啡吧，我们在这儿可以赊帐。」他走开了，赤着脚在珊瑚礁上往贮存鱼饵的冰库走去。老人慢慢地喝着他的第二杯咖啡，这将是他在接下的一整天里，唯一吃过的食物，所以他知道他应该喝的。长久以来，吃对他来说，早已是件乏味的事，他从来不带午餐的，他只需在船头放一瓶水，就足以过一整天了。

The boy was back now with the sardines and the two baits wrapped in a newspaper and they went down the trail to the skiff, feeling the pebbled sand under their feet, and lifted the skiff and slid her into the water. "Good luck old man." "Good luck," the old man said. He fitted the rope lashings of the oars onto the thole pins and, leaning forward against the thrust of the blades in the water, he began to row out of the harbor in the dark.

现在，男孩带着沙丁鱼和包在报纸里的两副鱼饵回来了。一路上感觉着底下的沙石，他们循着小路来到了小船停泊的地方，把小船抬起来，让它滑向水里去。「祝你好运，老先生。」「祝你好运。」老人说。他把桨上的绳圈套在桨栓上，然后将桨叶向后深深地插入水中，身体同时往前一倾，老人的小船便在黑暗中挺进，划出了海港。

There were other boats from the other beaches going out to sea and the old man heard the dip and push of their oars even though he could not see them now the moon was below the hills. Sometimes someone would speak in a boat. But most of the boats were silent except for the dip of the oars. They spread apart after they were out of the mouth of the harbor and each one headed for the part of the ocean where he hoped to find fish. The old man knew he was going far out and he left the smell of the land behind and rowed out into the clean early morning smell of the ocean.

这时也有从其它海滩出发的船只正纷纷划向大海。此时月亮已经下山了，老人虽看不见那些船只，但他可以听见他们的船桨下水和划水的声音。有时船里有会说话的声音，但是大部份的船除了划桨声外，都是沈静的。船只一出了海港口便各奔东西了，每个人都各自划向希望可以捕到鱼的地方去。老人晓得他要划得很远，于是便把土地的气息抛在身后，大肆地向清晨海洋的清新气息之处划去。

He saw the phosphorescence of the Gulf weed in the water as he rowed over the part of the ocean that the fishermen called the great well because there was a sudden deep of seven hundred fathoms where all sorts of fish congregated because of the swirl the current made against the steep walls of the flour of the ocean. Here there were concentrations of shrimp and baitfish and sometimes schools of squid in the deepest holes and these rose close to the surface at night where all the wandering fish fed on them.

他看见海湾里海草所发出的磷光，原来老人划到了渔夫们所称「深井」地带的海面上了。这名称的由来，是因为在那儿海底突然出现了一个约有七百呎深的「井」，而因为海潮冲击海床

上的陡壁时所激起的涡，使得各种鱼类都聚集于此，包括虾子、做鱼饵用的鱼，有时候还有大匹的乌贼，都聚集在洞的深处。这些鱼在晚上会飘浮在接近海面的地方，而在那儿漫游的鱼类便以它们为食。

Part 9

In the dark the old man could feel the morning coming and as he rowed he heard the trembling sound as flying fish left the water and the hissing that their stiff set wings made as they soared away in the darkness. He was very fond of flying fish as they were his principal friends on the ocean. He was sorry for the birds, especially the small delicate dark terns that were always flying and looking and almost never finding, and he thought, the birds have a harder life than we do except for the robber birds and the heavy strong ones.

一片漆黑中，老人可以感觉黎明将近。当他在划船时，可以听见飞鱼跃出水面的刹那间轻微的颤抖声，以及他们在黑暗中飞掠时，坚硬的翅膀所发出的嘶嘶声。他非常喜欢飞鱼，因为他们是他在海洋中主要的朋友。鸟儿则令他怜惜，特别是那些纤小黝黑、终日飞翔、寻寻觅觅却几乎从未有所收获的燕鸥。他常想，除了那些专靠掠夺维生的鸟类以及那些体型壮硕的鸟类之外，鸟的生活是比人类更为艰辛啊。

Why did they make birds so delicate and fine as those sea swallows when the ocean can be so cruel? She is kind and very beautiful. But she can be so cruel and it comes so suddenly and such birds that fly, dipping and hunting, with their small sad voices are made too delicately for the sea. He always thought of the sea as la mar which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her. Sometimes those who love her say had things of her but they are always said as though she were a woman.

何以造物者将鸟类如海燕般都创造得如此纤弱，而海洋却是如此的残酷？海洋是慈悲而且美丽的，然而它却同时可以那么残酷，转变得那么突然；那些飞着的鸟，不时还得潜入水中捕食，它们弱小的哀鸣声，在这浩瀚的海洋里，实在是太渺小，太纤弱了。他总是把海洋称为「海娘子」，这是热爱海洋的西班牙人称呼她的方式。有时候，喜欢她的人也会咒骂她，他们总把它比作是一个妇人。

Some of the younger fishermen, those who used buoys as floats for their lines and had motorboats, bought when the shark livers had brought much money, spoke of her as el mar which is masculine. They spoke of her as a contestant or a place or even an enemy. But the old man always thought of her as feminine and as something that gave or withheld great favors, and if she did wild or wicked things it was because she could not help them. The moon affects her as it does a woman, he thought.

一些用浮标作鱼线浮子、驾着马达汽船的年轻渔夫，每当鲨鱼肝为他们赚进大笔金钱时，就会将她当作男性，称它为「海郎」。他们说到她的时候总是把她当成一个竞争的对手，或是一个地方，甚至一个仇敌。可是，老人总认为海洋是女性，有时带来恩惠，有时带来恶运，而当海洋变得蛮横狂暴或是邪恶时，那是因为她没有办法控制。他认为，月亮对于海洋的影响，

正如月亮对于妇人的影响一样。

He was rowing steadily and it was no effort for him since he kept well within his speed and the surface of the ocean was flat except for the occasional swirls of the current. He was letting the current do a third of the work and as it started to be light he saw he was already further out than he had hoped to be at this hour. I worked the deep wells for a week and did nothing, he thought. Today I'll work out where the schools of bonito and albacore are and maybe there will be a big one with them. Before it was really light he had his baits out and was drifting with the current.

他轻松而稳定地划着船，因为他把速度控制得很好，而且这时除了偶尔有些小漩涡外，海洋是一片平静。他借浪潮之助节省了三分之一的力量。这一天刚破晓时，他发现自己已经划得比他预期此时所在的位置还要远了。他心想，我在「深井」已经将近一个星期了，但却一无所获。今天我就到成群鲹鱼和青花鱼出没的地去，也许在它们之中有一条大鱼呢。在天还没有完全亮以前，他已经把鱼饵都放下水了，随着水流漂浮。

One bait was down forty fathoms. The second was at seventy-five and the third and fourth were down in the blue water at one hundred and one hundred and twenty-five fathoms. Each bait hung head down with the shank of the hook inside the bait fish, tied and sewed solid and all the projecting part of the hook, the curve and the point, was covered with fresh sardines. Each sardine was hooked through both eyes so that they made a half-gar-land on the projecting steel. There was no part of the hook that a great fish could fell which was not sweet smelling and good tasting.

其中一个鱼饵垂到大约四十啊深的地方，另一个大约垂到七十五啊的地方，其它分别垂在一百啊及一百二十五啊深蓝色的海水中。每一个鱼饵的头都是朝下的，钩子上端则完全藏在鱼饵的身体里，并且被捆得紧紧的，钩子突出的弯曲部份以及顶端，都被新鲜的沙丁鱼掩藏起来。每一条沙丁鱼的双眼都被钩子穿过去，而鱼身沿着钩子突出部分弯出一个半圆形，像个花环。如此一来，大鱼接近时候会以为整个鱼钩既鲜美又可口。

Part 10

The boy had given him two fresh small tunas, or albacores, which hung on the two deepest lines like plummets and, on the others, he had a big blue runner and a yellow jack that had been used before; but they were in good condition still and had the excellent sardines to give them scent and attractiveness.

男孩给了他两条新鲜的小鲐鱼，或叫青花鱼，现在它们都像铅垂似的挂在两条垂得最深的在线，其它的鱼在线挂的是一条蓝色大鱼和一条黄花鱼，这两个鱼饵虽然已经用过了，但是倒还很完整，而且再加上新鲜的沙丁鱼后，也同样鲜美诱人。

Each line, as thick around as a big pencil, was looped onto a green-sapped stick so that any pull or touch on the bait would make the stick dip and each line had two forty-fathom coils which could be made fast to the other spare coils so that, if it

were necessary, a fish could take out over three hundred fathoms of line. Now the man watched the dip of the three sticks over the side of the skiff and rowed gently to keep the lines straight up and down and at their proper depths. It was quite light and any moment now the sun would rise. The sun rose thinly from the sea and the old man could see the other boats, low on the water and well in toward the shore, spread out across the current.

每一条鱼线大概都像一枝船笔那么粗，上面还捆了一个用树脂做的小杆子，只要鱼饵一被拉动或碰触，小杆子便会往沈。另外每一条线随时都还可以连接两卷四十呎长的预备线，必要时，一条鱼最长可以拖出三百呎长的线。现在，老人守着小船旁的三根小木棍，等待看到它们往下沉，他慢慢地划着，使鱼线随时保持垂直并垂到应有的深度。天色已十分亮了，太阳马上就会升起来了。太阳微微地从海面升起，老人看见了水平线另一边的其它船只，朝着海岸，在水流之上散布开来。

Then the sun was brighter and the glare came on the water and then, as it rose clear, the flat sea sent it back at his eyes so that it hurt sharply and he rowed without looking into it. He looked down into the water and watched the lines that went straight down into the dark of the water. He kept them straighter than anyone did, so that at each level in the darkness of the stream there would be a bait waiting exactly where he wished it to be for any fish that swam there. Others let them drift with the current and sometimes they were at sixty fathoms when the fishermen thought they were at a hundred. But, he thought, I keep them with precision.

天空越来越亮，水面上闪烁着耀眼的阳光，当太阳完全升起来的时候，海面上静止不动的海水将阳光反射到他眼中，他感觉非常刺眼，刺眼得让他只得避开直视阳光而划开去。他望进水里，全神贯注地看着一直垂进水中黑暗之处的鱼线。他比任何人都细心地将鱼线保持垂直，好让每个不同深浅程度的海流中，都如他所愿的有一个鱼饵在那里等着游近的鱼前来上钩。其它人则是让鱼饵随波逐流，以致于有时当鱼饵只有六十呎深，他们却以为是一百呎。然而他却认为，我就是要保持精确。

Only I have no luck any more. But who knows? Maybe today. Every day is a new day. It is better to be lucky. But I would rather be exact. Then when luck comes you are ready. The sun was two hours higher now and it did not hurt his eyes so much to look into the east. There were only three boats in sight now and they showed very low and far inshore. All my life the early sun has hurt my eyes, he thought. Yet they are still good. In the evening I can look straight into it without getting the blackness. It has more force in the evening too. But in the morning it is painful.

只可惜我的运气不再了。可是，谁知道呢？也许就是今天了，每一天都是一个新的开始。幸运当然是最好，不过我还是宁愿准确，这样，当机运来临时，你已经准备好了。太阳已经升起两个小时了，这个时候往东边望去，不再像刚才那样刺眼了，现在在他视线之内只剩下三条船，仿佛低于海平面之下，远在海岸边。他心想，在我一生中，清早的阳光总是刺痛我的双眼，然而它们依然还很好。我可以在黄昏时定眼望着太阳而不致眼前发黑。其实黄昏的阳光更强，但是早晨的阳光就是那么伤人。

Just then he saw a man-of-war bird with his long black wings circling in the sky ahead of him. He made a quick drop, slanting down on his back-swept wings, and then circled

again. "He's got something," the old man said aloud. "He's not just looking." He rowed slowly and steadily toward where the bird was circling. He did not hurry and he kept his lines straight up and down. But he crowded the current a little so that he was still fishing correctly though faster than he would have fished if he was not trying to use the bird.

就在这个时候，他看见一只军舰鸟，展开那长长的黑色翅膀，在他前方的天空中盘旋，突然之间，它将翅膀向后一收，倾身直往下伏冲，然后又开始盘旋。「它一定是抓到什么了，」老人大声地说：「它并不光是看看而已。」他缓慢而稳定地划向鸟儿盘旋的地点，他一点也不匆忙，仍旧保持他的鱼线垂直朝下。但是他稍微设法排挤水流，以便保持正常的捕鱼作业，不过他的船速是比往常捕鱼时快了一些，若不是为了要利用这只鸟，他不会这么做的。

The bird went higher in the air and circled again, his wings motionless. Then he dove suddenly and the old man saw flying fish spurt out of the water and sail desperately over the surface. "Dolphin," the old man said aloud. "Big dolphin." He shipped his oars and brought a small line from under the bow. It had a wire leader and a medium-sized hook and he baited it with one of the sardines. He let it go over the side and then made it fast to a ring bolt in the stern. Then he baited another line and left it coiled in the shade of the bow.

鸟儿往空中飞高了些，并且再度盘旋，它的翅膀一动也没动。然后它突然间往下伏冲，老人看见飞鱼从水中跳出来，拼命地掠过水面。「海豚，」老人大声叫着：「大海豚。」他搁下桨，由船头下拿一条小鱼线，上面有一段铁丝线和一个中型鱼钩，他把它装上沙丁鱼的鱼饵，然后把它从船边放下去，再固定在船尾的环状螺钉上，接着，他装上另外一条鱼线的饵，把线卷好放在船头的阴影处。

He went back to rowing and to watching the long-winged black bird who was working, now, low over the water. As he watched the bird dipped again slanting his wings for the dive and then swinging them wildly and ineffectually as he followed the flying fish. The old man could see the slight bulge in the water that the big dolphin raised as they followed the escaping fish. The dolphins were cutting through the water below the flight of the fish and would be in the water, driving at speed, when the fish dropped.

他又回过头来划船，并注意看着那只长翅膀的黑鸟，现在，它正低低地飞在水面上准备觅食。正当他目不转睛地看着的时候，那鸟倾斜着翅膀，再度伏冲下来，然后猛烈却徒劳无益地拍打着翅膀，追逐着飞鱼。老人看见大海豚凸出的身躯惊鸿一瞥地在水中升起，紧追着逃跑的飞鱼。海豚在飞鱼飞跃的水面之下一路游过来，当鱼潜入水中时，海豚正好可以在那儿加速追赶。

It is a big school of dolphin, he thought. They are widespread and the flying fish have little chance. The bird has no chance. The flying fish are too big for him and they go too fast. He watched the flying fish burst out again and again and the ineffectual movements of the bird. That school has gotten away from me, he thought. They are moving out too fast and too far. But perhaps I will pick up a stray and perhaps my big fish is around them. My big fish must be somewhere.

这是好大一群海豚啊，他想。它们散布地太广，飞鱼几乎没有逃命的机会，就连鸟儿也没有

捕食的机会了。飞鱼的身躯太大，速度也太快了。他眼看着飞鱼一次又一次地从水面跳起来，以及鸟徒劳无功的行动。老人想，那群海豚已经离我远去了，它们实在游动得太快也太远了。但是，也许我能抓到一条落单的，也或许我要的大鱼就在它们里面。我的大鱼一定在某个地方。

The clouds over the land now rose like mountains and the coast was only a long green line with the gray blue hills behind it. The water was a dark blue now, so dark that it was almost purple. As he looked down into it he saw the red sifting of the plankton in the dark water and the strange light the sun made now. He watched his lines to see them go straight down out of sight into the water and he was happy to see so much plankton because it meant fish.

陆地上的云像山峦一样地升起了，海岸变成了一条长长的绿线，后面衬着灰蓝色的小山丘。此刻海水是深蓝色的，深得几乎发紫。他往水中望去，看见红色的浮游生物在深色水中飘浮着，以及此刻阳光照在水中所呈现的奇异色彩。他注视着鱼线，看着它们笔直地垂在水中，直到消失在视线中。他很高兴看见有这么多浮游生物，因为这就表示附近有鱼。

The strange light the sun made in the water, now that the sun was higher, meant good weather and so did the shape of the clouds over the land. But the bird was almost out of sight now and nothing showed on the surface of the water but some patches of yellow, sun-bleached Sargasso weed and the purple, formalized, iridescent, gelatinous bladder of a Portuguese man of war floating close beside the boat. It turned on its side and then righted itself. It floated cheerfully as a bubble with its long deadly purple filaments trailing a yard behind it in the water.

由于太阳又升高了些，阳光照射在水中所呈现的奇异色彩和陆上云朵的形状一样都暗示着好天气。但是，现在那鸟几乎已射下已经褪色的黄色马尾藻，和一只紫色有毒的水母了。它伸张着须夷，凝胶状的气囊飘浮到船边，翻了个身，然后又复原，在水面上仿佛一个气泡一样好轻松愉快地飘浮着，身后拖着一条有毒的紫色细丝，在水里漂着有一码长的距离。

Part 11

"Aqua mala," the man said. "You whore." From where he swung lightly against his oars he looked down into the water and saw the tiny fish that were colored like the trailing filaments and swam between them and under the small shade the bubble made as it drifted. They were immune to its poison. But men were not and when some of the filaments would catch on a line and rest there slimy and purple while the old man was working a fish, he would have welts and sores on his arms and hands of the sort that poison ivy or poison oak ran give.

「贱货，」老人用墨西哥土语骂着「你这婊子。」他轻轻摇着桨，顺着桨往水中望去，看见颜色如那飘浮细丝一般的小鱼，在细丝和气囊飘游时产生的气泡阴影下穿梭。这些小鱼对于水母的毒素可以免疫。但人类就不能了，若紫色的黏稠细丝缠在鱼在线，而老人又在捕鱼时用手碰到了毒丝，他的手臂和手掌上便会有红肿和痒痛的情形，就像碰到了有毒的长春藤和有

毒的橡树时一样。

But these poisonings from the agua mala came quickly and struck like a whiplash. The iridescent bubbles were beautiful. But they were the falsest thing in the sea and the old man loved to see the big sea turtles eating them. The turtles saw them, approached them from the front, then shut their eyes so they were completely carapaced and ate them filaments and all. The old man loved to see the turtles eat them and he loved to walk on them on the beach after a storm and hear them pop when he stepped on them with the horny soles of his feet.

但是这些「贱货」的毒性发作得很快，当它袭击人时很像一条鞭子抽到身上的感觉。那些红色气泡非常美丽。但是它们是海里最虚假的东西。老人最爱看大海龟吃这些气泡的样子。海龟看到这些气泡，会先从正面接近，然后闭着眼睛，完全地缩进壳里，把气泡连同细丝一起吞下去。老人喜欢看海龟吃它们的样子，也很喜欢在暴风雨过后到海边践踏海龟，还有当他把长满厚茧的双脚踏在海龟背上，听海龟所发出的声音。

He loved green turtles and hawk-bills with their elegance and speed and their great value and he had a friendly contempt for the huge, stupid loggerheads, yellow in their armor-plating, strange in their love-making, and happily eating the Portuguese men-of-war with their eyes shut. He had no mysticism about turtles although he had gone in turtle boats for many years. He was sorry for them all, even the great trunk backs that were as long as the skiff and weighed a ton.

他非常喜爱绿色海龟的玳瑁，它们优雅、敏捷，价值又高，可是他对于庞大而笨拙的红海龟，却有一点善意的轻蔑，它们总是懦弱地缩在装甲似的龟壳里，做爱的时候也怪里怪样的，甚至还会陶醉地闭着眼睛吃水母。虽然他曾经在捕龟船上工作了许多年，他对海龟却没有任何迷思。他对它们感到很同情，甚至对那些躯干和背脊像小船这么长、还重上一吨的大海龟也一样。

Most people are heartless about turtles because a turtle's heart will beat for hours after he has been cut up and butchered. But the old man thought, I have such a heart too and my feet and hands are like theirs. He ate the white eggs to give himself strength. He ate them all through May to be strong in September and October for the truly big fish. He also drank a cup of shark liver oil each day from the big drum in the shack where many of the fishermen kept their gear. It was there for all fishermen who wanted it.

许多人对于海龟感到有点害怕。因为一只海龟的心脏在被挖出来之后，还可以跳动好几个小时。可是老人想，我也有同样的一颗心，我的手和脚也和它们的一样。他总是吃白海龟蛋以增进体力。为了准备捕捉大鱼，他从五月就开始吃，一直吃到九月、十月时，身体便会很健壮了。另外，他每天会从渔夫们放渔具的小屋中的大桶子里，倒出一杯鲨鱼肝油喝。渔夫们只要有需要，都可以到那儿任意取用。

Most fishermen hated the taste but it was no worse than getting up at the hours that they rose and it was very good against all colds and gripes and it was good for the eyes. Now the old man looked up and saw that the bird was circling again. "He's found fish," he said aloud. No flying fish broke the surface and there was no scattering

of bait fish. But as the old man watched, a small tuna rose in the air, turned and dropped head first into the water.

但是大多数的渔夫都讨厌那个味道，不过再怎么讲，这味道都不会比早起更难过。鲨鱼肝油可以有效御寒、抵抗感冒，对眼睛也很有益处。此刻，老人仰头，望见鸟儿又在空中盘旋。

「它已经找到鱼了，」老人大声地说。没有飞鱼跳出水面，鱼饵鱼也都没有散开。但是，正当老人仔细看着水面时，一条小鲔鱼跃入空中，翻了一圈之后，头朝下栽入水中。

Part 12

The tuna shone silver in the sun and after he had dropped back into the water another and another rose and they were jumping in all directions, churning the water and leaping in long jumps after the bait. They were circling it and driving it. If they don't travel too fast I will get into them, the old man thought, and he watched the school working the water white and the bird now dropping and dipping into the bait fish that were forced to the surface in their panic.

鲔鱼在阳光中闪烁着银色光泽，当它栽入水中之后，另外几条也此起彼落地跳出水面，它们从四面八方跳跃出来，翻腾着水面，并且跟着饵鱼作长距离的跳跃。它们围着饵鱼兜圈子地追赶着。老人心想，如果它们不要游得太快的话，我就可以逮到它们。他看见这一群鲔鱼在水中激起白色的浪花，这时鸟儿向鱼饵鱼直冲了下来，鱼饵鱼在惊慌之下被逼出了水面。

"The bird is a great help," the old man said. Just then the stern line came taut under his foot, where he had kept a loop of the line, and he dropped his oars and felt the weight of the small tuna's shivering pull as he held the line firm and commenced to haul it in. The shivering increased as he pulled in and he could see the blue back of the fish in the water and the gold of his sides before he swung him over the side and into the boat.

「这只鸟真是个好帮手，」老人说。正在这个时候，他脚下连着船尾那条鱼线的绳圈突然变紧了。他马上放下了桨，紧握绳子准备把鱼拖上船，他感觉到小鲔鱼颤抖的拉力。当他将鱼线向内施时，抖动的力量增大了，就在他把它甩过船边弄上船之前，他看见了水中那条鱼蓝色的背脊和金黄色的两侧。

He lay in the stern in the sun, compact and bullet shaped, his big, unintelligent eyes staring as he thumped his life out against the planking of the boat with the quick shivering strokes of his neat, fast-moving tail. The old man hit him on the head for kindness and kicked him, his body still shuddering, under the shade of the stern. "Albacore," he said aloud. "He'll make a beautiful bait. He'll weigh ten pounds." He did not remember when he had first started to talk aloud when he was by himself.

它躺在阳光照耀着的船尾，长得像一颗子弹的身体十分结实。当它被重重的摔在船板上去，这条面临着死亡的鱼，睁着他那痴呆的大眼，精巧的尾巴急速地颤抖、拍打着。老人为了同情它这般惨状，往它头上打了一下又踢了它几下，然而它的身体依然在船尾的阴影里中颤抖

着。「青花鱼，」他大声地说：「这条鱼可以做很好的鱼饵，它大概有十磅重。」他已经记不得自己从什么时候开始，会在独自一人时，这样大声地自言自语。

He had sung when he was by himself in the old days and he had sung at night sometimes when he was alone steering on his watch in the smacks or in the turtle boats. He had probably started to talk aloud, when alone, when the boy had left. But he did not remember. When he and the boy fished together they usually spoke only when it was necessary. They talked at night or when they were storm-bound by bad weather. It was considered a virtue not to talk unnecessarily at sea and the old man had always considered it so and respected it.

早年当他身旁没人时，总是喜欢唱唱歌。有时晚上在有蓄鱼槽船上、或是捕海龟的船上值班时候他都会唱。可能是那小男孩离开他之后，他才开始会一个人自言自语。但是，他已记不得了。当他和男孩一起捕鱼时，通常只有在必要时他们才说话。譬如在晚上或被暴风雨这样的坏天气所困的时候他们才谈话。在海上不说废话被认为是一种美德，而老人也一直是这样认为的，并且奉行这条美德。

But now he said his thoughts aloud many times since there was no one that they could annoy. "If the others heard me talking out loud they would think that I am crazy," he said aloud. "But since I am not crazy, I do not care. And the rich have radios to talk to them in their boats and to bring them the baseball." Now is no time to think of baseball, he thought. Now is the time to think of only one thing. That which I was born for. There might be a big one around that school, he thought. I picked up only a straggler from the albacore that were feeding.

但是现在老人都时常把脑子里所想的事情很大声地说出来，反正，他再也不可能干扰到任何人了。「如果别人听见我一个人这么大声地说话，他们一定会认为我是个疯子，」老人又大声地说：「但是，就因为我不是疯子，所以我不在乎。有钱的人在船上无线电和收音机对他们讲话，报导棒球赛的消息啊。」他想，现在没有时间去想棒球。现在只能有时间想一件事情，那就是我与生俱来的目标。他想，在那一群鱼中可能有一条大的。我只是从那一群捕食的青花鱼中，抓到一条落单的而已。

Part 13

But they are working far out and fast. Everything that shows on the surface today travels very fast and to the northeast. Can that be the time of day? Or is it some sign of weather that I do not know? He could not see the green of the shore now but only the tops of the blue hills that showed white as though they were snowcapped and the clouds that looked like high snow mountains above them. The sea was very dark and the light made prisms in the water. 它们跑得好远好快。今天海面上的所有东西似乎都跑得非常快，而且朝东北方去。这是不是一个大好时光？或者是一种我不知道的天气征候呢？此刻他看不见海岸的青绿色了，只能看见蓝色的山顶上出现了一些斑白，仿佛是覆盖了雪似的，而天上的云朵，则像是高高在上的雪山。大海那样的黝暗，照在水中的阳光好像

变成了棱镜：

The myriad flecks of the plankton were annulled now by the high sun and it was only the great deep prisms in the blue water that the old man saw now with his lines going straight down into the water that was a mile deep. The tuna, the fishermen called all the fish of that species tuna and only distinguished among them by their proper names when they came to sell them or to trade them for baits, were down again. The sun was hot now and the old man felt it on the back of his neck and felt the sweat trickle down his back as he rowed.

海面下斑斑点点的浮游生物在高升的太阳照耀下也已消失。老人此刻看见的，只有在蓝色的海水中，那一面面深入海底的巨大棱镜和他垂直伸入水中大约一英里深的鱼线。鲔鱼又在下面出现了。渔夫都把这种类型的鱼通称为鲔鱼，只有当他们在卖鱼或拿鱼去换饵食的时候，才会去明确地分辨它们正式的名字。老人的颈背可以感觉得到阳光已经愈来愈热了；当他划桨的时候，可以感觉得到汗水在他背后直流而下。

I could just drift, he thought, and sleep and put a bight of line around my toe to wake me. But today is eighty-five days and I should fish the day well. Just then, watching his lines, he saw one of the projecting green sticks dip sharply. "Yes," he said. "Yes," and shipped his oars without bumping the boat. He reached out for the line and held it softly between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. He felt no strain nor weight and he held the line lightly. Then it came again. This time it was a tentative pull, not solid nor heavy, and he knew exactly what it was.

他心想，我本来可以任鱼线漂流，睡个觉，弄个绳圈套到我的大拇指上，这样一有动静就会把我拉醒的。但是今天是第八十五天了，我应该好好地打一天渔了。就在这个时候，看着看着，他发现其中一条鱼在线的绿色杆子正急遽地下沉。「来了，」他说，「来了。」他小心地把桨放下，以免震动到船身。他伸出右手用拇指和食指轻轻抓住那根线，却感觉不到一点张力或重量，他继续轻轻拉着线。然后，它又回来了。这次是不实也不重、试探性的扯拉，现在他完全明白这是怎么一回事了。

One hundred fathoms down a marlin was eating the sardines that covered the point and the shank of the hook where the hand-forged hook projected from the head of the small tuna. The old man held the line delicately, and softly, with his left hand, unleashed it from the stick. Now he could let it run through his fingers without the fish feeling any tension. This far out, he must be huge in this month, he thought. Eat them, fish. Eat them. Please eat them. How fresh they are and you down there six hundred feet in that cold water in the dark.

一百零的深处，有一条马林鱼正在吃鱼钩上，覆盖着弯钩和顶端的沙丁鱼。老人用左手小心地握着线，轻轻地将它从杆子上解开。现在鱼线可以在他的手指间，任意地移转，而不会让鱼感觉有任何张力。老人想，在离岸这么远的地方，又在这个月份，这条鱼一定是肥极了。吃吧，鱼儿，吃吧，请好好享用吧。你看你远在六百呎下那么黑暗的冷水里，而这些沙丁鱼是那么地新鲜啊。

Make another turn in the dark and come back and eat them. He felt the light delicate pulling and then a harder pull when a sardine's head must have been more difficult

to break from the hook. Then there was nothing. "Come on," the old man said aloud. "Make another turn. Just smell them. Aren't they lovely? Eat them good now and then there is the tuna. Hard and cold and lovely. Don't be shy, fish. Eat them."

在黑暗中转一圈，回过头来吃它吧。他感觉鱼线被轻微地拉动了，然后又重重地拉一下，一定是一条沙丁鱼的头很难从钩子上扯下来。接下来，便毫无动静了。「来嘛，」老人大声地说。「再打一个转，来闻一闻嘛，这些沙丁鱼不是可爱极了么？现在好好地吃，然后还有鲑鱼呢。坚实、冰凉、又鲜美。鱼儿啊！不要害羞，吃吧！」

Part 14

He waited with the line between his thumb and his finger, watching it and the other lines at the same time for the fish might have swum up or down. Then came the same delicate pulling touch again. "He'll take it," the old man said aloud. "God help him to take it." He did not take it though. He was gone and the old man felt nothing. "He can't have gone," he said. "Christ knows he can't have gone. He's making a turn. Maybe he has been hooked before and he remembers something of it." Then he felt the gentle touch on the line and he was happy.

他把鱼线握在大拇指和食指之间，守望着，同时留意着所有的鱼线，因为鱼儿有可能上下游动。接着，和刚才一样的轻微拉动又开始了。「它一定会吃的，」老人大声地说。「求上帝帮助，让它吃吧！」然而，它却没有吃。它又走了，老人感觉不到任何拉动。「它不可能走了。」老人说：「上帝知道，它绝不可能走了，它正在转圈。它可能曾经被鱼钩勾到过，所以想起了什么。」然后，他反感觉到鱼线被轻轻地拉动了。他高兴极了。

"It was only his turn," he said. "He'll take it." He was happy feeling the gentle pulling and then he felt something hard and unbelievably heavy. It was the weight of the fish and he let the line slip down, down, down, unrolling off the first of the two reserve coils. As it went down, slipping lightly through the old man's fingers, he still could feel the great weight, though the pressure of his thumb and finger were almost imperceptible. "What a fish," he said. "He has it sideways in his mouth now and he is moving off with it."

「它刚才只是在兜圈子而已，」他说：「它会吃的。」然后他兴奋地感觉着这轻轻的力量，然后，这力量开始变得无比沉重了。这是鱼的重量，他让鱼线往下滑，一滑再滑，把两卷预备线中的一卷全拖走了。线从老人的指间里轻轻滑过，虽然在他的拇指和食指之间的压力轻微得好像不存在似的，他依然可以感觉到那条鱼沉甸甸的重量。「好大的一条鱼啊！」他说。「它现在正把饵横衔在嘴里，而且拖着它游走。」

Then he will turn and swallow it, he thought. He did not say that because he knew that if you said a good thing it might not happen. He knew what a huge fish this was and he thought of him moving away in the darkness with the tuna held crosswise in his mouth. At that moment he felt him stop moving but the weight was still there. Then the weight increased and he gave more line. He tightened the pressure of his

thumb and finger for a moment and the weight increased and was going straight down. "He's taken it," he said. "Now I'll let him eat it well."

他心里盘算着，接下来，它就会打转，然后把它吞下去。他并没有把这些话说出口，因为他知道，如果你把好事情说出来，那么这件事也许就不会发生了。他晓得这是一条多么大的鱼，并想象着它在黑暗中把鲑鱼横衔在嘴里拖着走的样子。就在这一刻，他突然感觉鱼停止游动了，但是重量还在。然后，重量又增加了，他又放出了更多的线。他把拇指和食指夹紧了一些，不一会儿，重量又更增加了，而且直直地往下沉。「上钩了。」他说。「现在我就让它好好吃一餐。」

He let the line slip through his fingers while he reached down with his left hand and made fast the free end of the two reserve coils to the loop of the two reserve coils of the next line. Now he was ready. He had three forty fathom coils of line in reserve now, as well as the coil he was using. "Eat it a little more," he said. "Eat it well." Eat it so that the point of the hook goes into your heart and kills you, he thought. Come up easy and let me put the harpoon into you. All right. Are you ready? Have you been long enough at table?

他一面让线继续由手指中往下滑，一面用左手往下伸去，将两卷预备线散开的线头紧紧打成一个结。现在他一切都准备好了。除了手边正在用的这卷线之外，还有了三卷四十啊长的备用线。「再多吃一点点吧，」他说：「好好地吃。」他心中暗自盘算着，好好地吃吧，好让鱼钩伸进你的心脏，取走你小命。然后乖乖地浮上来，好让我把鱼叉刺到你的身体里。好吧！准备好了吗？你这餐饭吃得够久了吧！

"Now!" he said aloud and struck hard with both hands, gained a yard of line and then struck again and again, swinging with each arm alternately on the cord with all the strength of his arms and the pivoted weight of his body. Nothing happened. The fish just moved away slowly and the old man could not raise him an inch. His line was strong and made for heavy fish and he held it against his back until it was so taut that beads of water were jumping from it. Then it began to make a slow hissing sound in the water and he still held it, bracing himself against the thwart and leaning back against the pull. The boat began to move slowly off toward the northwest.

「就是现在！」他大声地说，两只手便开始使劲地拉，总算把鱼线拉回了一码长，然后两手交替着继续不断地拉，不但使尽了所有的手肩力量，连作为主轴的身体，也全都用上了重量。徒劳无功地。鱼只是慢慢地游走，老人连一时都提不起来。还好他的鱼线是专为捕大鱼所设计的，十分地坚固。他把线绳横跨在背上，紧紧握住，紧得连绳子上都挤出水珠来了。线绳在水里发出了缓慢的嘶嘶声，老人让自己在小船的坐板上坐稳，双手仍紧握着鱼线，他吃力地将身体往后靠，以抵抗鱼往前拖的力量。船开始缓慢地朝向西北方移动了。

Part 15

The fish moved steadily and they travelled slowly on the calm water. The other baits were still in the water but there was nothing to be done. "I wish I had the boy,"

the old man said aloud. "I'm being towed by a fish and I'm the towing bit. I could make the line fast. But then he could break it. I must hold him all I can and give him line when he must have it. Thank God he is travelling and not going down."

鱼很稳定地移动，老人和它在平静的水面上一起缓慢地移动着。其它几个鱼饵仍然在水中，但是已经无暇顾之了。「我真希望小男孩在我身边。」老人大声地说：「现在，我竟成了栓在绳子上的杆子一般，被这条鱼拖着走。如果我把线死死地固定住了的话，这条鱼准会把它给挣断。我必须使尽所有力量跟着它，才能在必要时放出线来。感谢上帝保佑，它是往前游，而不是往下沉。」

What I will do if he decides to go down, I don't know. What I'll do if he sounds and dies I don't know. But I'll do something. There are plenty of things I can do. He held the line against his back and watched its slant in the water and the skiff moving steadily to the northwest. This will kill him, the old man thought. He can't do this forever. But four hours later the fish was still swimming steadily out to sea, towing the skiff, and the old man was still braced solidly with the line across his back. 我实在不晓得，如果它决定往下沉时，我该怎么办呢？假如它潜入水底死了，我也不晓得该怎么办。但是我总会想出点办法来的，应该会有很多对策来应付的。他把鱼线横跨在背上，观察着斜入水中的鱼线，小船正稳定地朝西北方向移动。老人心想，这样继续下去那条鱼也会完蛋的，它总不能永远这样撑着啊。但是四个小时过去了，鱼还是很稳定地拖着小船游向大海，那绳子还依然牢牢地跨在老人的背上。

"It was noon when I hooked him," he said. "And I have never seen him." He had pushed his straw hat hard down on his head before he hooked the fish and it was cutting his forehead. He was thirsty too and he got down on his knees and, being careful not to jerk on the line, moved as far into the bow as he could get and reached the water bottle with one hand. He opened it and drank a little. Then he rested against the bow. He rested sitting on the un-stepped mast and sail and tried not to think but only to endure.

「我在中午钓到它，」他说，「直到现在，都还没有看过它呢？」他还没有钓到鱼之前，一直都将头上的草帽用力地往下压，使得他的额头现在像是被割过般的发疼。他的口也渴了，为了怕触动鱼线，他跪下来，尽量小心翼翼地将一只手伸向船头拿水瓶。他打开水瓶喝了点水，然后坐在船桅杆和帆座上，靠着船头休息，尽量叫自己不要去想什么，只要忍耐就是了。

Then he looked behind him and saw that no land was visible. That makes no difference, he thought. I can always come in on the glow from Havana. There are two more hours before the sunsets and maybe he will come up before that. If he doesn't maybe he will come up with the moon. If he does not do that maybe he will come up with the sunrise. I have no cramps and I feel strong. It is he that has the hook in his mouth. But what a fish to pull like that. He must have his mouth shut tight on the wire. I wish I could see him. I wish I could see him only once to know what I have against me. 他回头望了望，发现已经完全看不见陆地了。他想，这也没什么关系，哈瓦那那儿的光总会指引我进港的。离太阳下山还有两个小时，也许那鱼在太阳下山之前就会浮出水面了。如果没有的话，或许它会和月亮一起出现。而如果再不是的话，它大概就会和明天的太阳一起升起。我不常抽筋，而且感觉自己还很健壮，何况嘴里衔着鱼钩的是那条鱼哩。可是，能这样

拖着渔船走的鱼，真是不可思议。它一定是把嘴巴闭得紧紧地，咬着钓上的铁线。真希望能看看它，只要一眼就行，好让我晓得到底是什么在与我作对。

The fish never changed his course nor his direction all that night as far as the man could tell from watching the stars. It was cold after the sun went down and the old man's sweat dried cold on his back and his arms and his old legs. During the day he had taken the sack that covered the bait box and spread it in the sun to dry. After the sun went down he tied it around his neck so that it hung down over his back and he cautiously worked it down under the line that was across his shoulders now. 一整夜鱼都没改变它的航道或航向。老人从观察星象就可以知道了。太阳下山之后空气变得很凉，老人的手臂、背脊，和他那一双老腿上的汗都干了，使他更觉冰冷。白天的时候他拿出一个用来盖鱼饵箱的袋子，把它放在太阳下晒干。太阳下山后，他便把那个袋子围在脖子上绑着，让它垂披在背上，把袋子垫在横跨肩膀的鱼线下。

Part 16

The sack cushioned the line and he had found a way of leaning forward against the bow so that he was almost comfortable. The position actually was only somewhat less intolerable; but he thought of it as almost comfortable. I can do nothing with him and he can do nothing with me, he thought. Not as long as he keeps this up. Once he stood up and urinated over the side of the skiff and looked at the stars and checked his course. The line showed like a photographer streak in the water straight out from his shoulders.

有了袋子垫在鱼线下，再加上他找到了可以依靠着船头的方法，他几乎可说还过得蛮舒服的。而事实上，他现在的姿势只不过是没那么难受而已，但在那时候，他认为这样几乎可说是非常舒服了。他心想，我和这条鱼都拿彼此没办法。就看谁能撑得比较久了。他站起来在船边撒了一泡尿，顺便看了看星辰，分析一下现在的航道。水中的鱼线，像是一条从他肩上一直延伸下去的发光线条。

They were moving more slowly now and the glow of Havana was not so strong, so that he knew the current must be carrying them to the eastward. If I lose the glare of Havana we must be going more to the eastward, he thought. For if the fish's course held true I must see it for many more hours. I wonder how the baseball came out in the grand leagues today, he thought. It would be wonderful to do this with a radio. Then he thought, think of it always. Think of what you are doing. You must do nothing stupid. Then he said aloud, "I wish I had the boy. To help me and to see this." 现在他们移动的速度比较缓慢了，而哈瓦那上面的光也显得更渺茫了。他判断水流正把他们往东边送去。如果我看不见哈瓦那的光了，那就证明我们一定正朝着偏东的方向行走，他心想。如果原先的航向一直没变的话，我应该还有很多的时间是看得到哈瓦那的才对。不知道今天职业棒球大联盟比赛的结果如何？他心想。捕鱼时能有一台收音机多好，但是他心想，总是这么想想而已。还是想想你现在正在做的事，你千万不能做傻事啊。他大声地说：「真希

望那男孩在身边啊，好帮帮我的忙，并且可以亲眼看看现在的情形。」

No one should be alone in their old age, he thought. But it is unavoidable. I must remember to eat the tuna before he spoils in order to keep strong. Remember, no matter how little you want to, that you must eat him in the morning. Remember, he said to himself. During the night two porpoises came around the boat and he could hear them rolling and blowing. He could tell the difference between the blowing noise the male made and the sighing blow of the female. "They are good," he said. "They play and make jokes and love one another. They are our brothers like the flying fish."

他想，任何人上了年纪之后，都不应该独处。可是，那是无法避免的。为了保持体力，我一定要记得在鲔鱼没有坏掉之前把它吃了。切记，不管你多么不想吃，早上你一定要吃。切记，他对自己这么叮咛着。晚间，船边来了两只海豚，他可以听见它们在那里翻滚和喷水。他还能分辨出是公海豚所发出的喷水声，或是母海豚所发出的叹息声。「它们真是很好的一对，」他说。「一起玩、一起嬉闹，又彼此相爱。它们和飞鱼一样，是我们跑船人的兄弟。」

Then he began to pity the great fish that he had hooked. He is wonderful and strange and who knows how old he is, he thought. Never have I had such a strong fish nor one who acted so strangely. Perhaps he is too wise to jump. He could ruin me by jumping or by a wild rush. But perhaps he has been hooked many times before and he knows that this is how he should make his fight. He cannot know that it is only one man against him, nor that it is an old man. But what great fish he is and what will he bring in the markets if the flesh is good.

然后，他开始可怜那条已经上钩的大鱼。他想它如此神勇、特别，谁晓得它到底有多大年纪了呢？我从来就没有遇见过一条这么强壮、但又表现得如此反常的鱼。也许是他太聪明了，所以不跳出来。它只要那么一跳，或者猛撞一下就可以把我搞垮的。也许它曾经上钩很多次，所以知道这就是应战之道。但是它绝对不会知道，现在和它对抗的只是一个人，更不会晓得，他只不过是一个老头子。话说回来，这条鱼还真大啊！如果它的肉够鲜的话，市场上不知可以值多少价钱呢。

He took the bait like a male and he pulls like a male and his fight has no panic in it. I wonder if he has any plans or if he is just as desperate as I am? He remembered the time he had hooked one of a pair of marlin. The male fish always let the female fish feed first and the hooked fish, the female, made a wild, panic-stricken, despairing fight that soon exhausted her, and all the time the male had stayed with her, crossing the line and circling with her on the surface.

看它吃鱼饵和拉扯鱼线的方式，都像一条公鱼，而它面对这场战斗也毫不惊慌。我怀疑它是否有了什么样的计划，或者它只是像我一样地绝望呢？他还记得他从前钓到一对马林鱼其中一只时的情形。由于公鱼总是让母鱼先捕食，因而他钩上的是条母鱼；那条母鱼惊慌疯狂又绝望地挣扎着，很快地就把体力消耗殆尽了。在整个过程中，公鱼都守在她旁边，公鱼游过鱼线，同母鱼在水面上绕转。

He had stayed so close that the old man was afraid he would cut the line with his tail which was sharp as a scythe and almost of that size and shape. When the old man had gaffed her and clubbed her, holding the rapier bill with its sandpaper edge and clubbing her across the top of her head until her color turned to a color almost like the backing of mirrors, and then, with the boy's aid, hoisted her aboard, the male fish had stayed by the side of the boat.

它靠得那么近，使得老人害怕它会用那大小和形状都像把大镰刀的锋利尾巴把鱼线剪断。老人用鱼叉刺母鱼，再握住她那形如茅钩、边缘却粗糙如砂纸的尖嘴，用棒棍朝母鱼的头顶打，直到她变成如镜背一般黝暗的颜色为止。然后小男孩帮忙一起将她拖到船上，那条公鱼还一直在船边徘徊留连。

Then, while the old man was clearing the lines and preparing the harpoon, the male fish jumped high into the air beside the boat to see where the female was and then went down deep, his lavender wings, that were his pectoral fins, spread wide and all his wide lavender stripes showing. He was beautiful, the old man remembered, and he had stayed. That was the saddest thing I ever saw with them, the old man thought. The boy was sad too and we begged her pardon and butchered her promptly.

之后当老人在清理鱼线和鱼叉的时候，公鱼从船边跳上空中，再望母鱼最后一眼，便沉入深水中；那时它将紫色的翅膀，也就是它的胸鳍，完全地伸展开来，露出上面所有紫色的宽纹。老人依然记得，它实在美极了，当时他并为之停驻，久久未离去。那是我在鱼身上所见过最悲哀的事情，老人回想着。男孩也同样地难过，我们乞求母鱼原谅我们，而后很快地就把它宰割了。

"I wish the boy was here," he said aloud and settled himself against the rounded planks of the bow and felt the strength of the great fish through the line he held across his shoulders moving steadily toward whatever he had chosen. When once, through my treachery, it had been necessary to him to make a choice, the old man thought. His choice had been to stay in the deep dark water far out beyond all snares and traps and treacheries. My choice was to go there to find him beyond all people. Beyond all people in the world.

「真希望男孩在这里，」他大声地说着，把他自己靠在船头弧形的木板旁，从跨在他肩上的鱼线，他可以感觉到这条大鱼的力量，以及它决定稳定游往的方向。老人心想，一旦中了我的圈套它就不得不作一个选择。它的选择是继续待在黑暗的深水里，远离所有的陷阱、鱼网，以及奸诈阴谋。而我的选择是，抛开所有的人，它到哪儿，我就到哪儿去找寻它。抛开全世界所有的人。

Now we are joined together and have been since noon. And no one to help either one of us. Perhaps I should not have been a fisherman, he thought. But that was the thing that I was born for. I must surely remember to eat the tuna after it gets light. Some time before daylight something took one of the baits that were behind him. He heard the stick break and the line begin to rush out over the gunwale of the skiff.

现在的我们从中午开始便已经结合在一起了，双方都没有任何外力可以提供帮助。他想，也

许我不应该成为一个渔夫。可是这是我命中注定的。天亮的时候，我千万要记得吃鲔鱼。在天破晓之前，他感觉有什么东西咬住了他后边的其中一个鱼饵。他听见杆子折断的声音，鱼线开始快速地沿着船边拖动。

In the darkness he loosened his sheath knife and taking all the strain of the fish on his left shoulder he leaned back and cut the line against the wood of the gunwale. Then he cut the other line closest to him and in the dark made the loose ends of the reserve coils fast. He worked skillfully with the one hand and put his foot on the coils to hold them as he drew his knots tight. Now he had six reserve coils of line. There were two from each bait he had severed and the two from the bait the fish had taken and they were all connected.

黑暗中，他把小刀从鞘抽了出来，把鱼的重量都移到左边的肩膀来承担，身体往后一靠，用小刀把刚才拖动的那条鱼线，往船舷旁边一刀砍断。他又把最靠近的另外一根线也砍断，然后，在黑暗中，把两卷备用线的线头结在一起。他只用一只手很技巧地完成了这些事。他用一只脚固定住线盘，把结打紧。现在他有六盘预备线了，每一个切断的鱼饵都各连接着两盘预备线，另外两盘则连着这条上钩的鱼，所有鱼线都连结在一起了。

After it is light, he thought, I will work back to the forty-fathom bait and cut it away too and link up the reserve coils. I will have lost two hundred fathoms of good Catalan cardel and the hooks and leaders. That can be replaced. But who replaces this fish if I hook some fish and it cuts him off? I don't know what that fish was that took the bait just now. It could have been a marlin or a broadtail or a shark. I never felt him. I had to get rid of him too fast. Aloud he said, "I wish I had the boy." 他想，天亮了以后，我再回头把那四十啊深处的饵砍断，把它的预备线和其它的结在一起。这样我将会损失两百啊上好的卡特兰线和钩子，还有导管。这些损失，都是可以弥补的。但是如果我因为钩到了其它的鱼，而让那条大鱼跑掉，有谁能够补偿我这样的损失呢？我不知道刚刚咬上鱼饵的是什么鱼，它有可能是条马林鱼或阔嘴鱼，甚至也有可能是一条鲨鱼。但是我还没有来得及去判断，就得尽快把它处理掉。他大声地说：「真希望那男孩在我身边。」

But you haven't got the boy, he thought. You have only yourself and you had better work back to the last line now, in the dark or not in the dark, and cut it away and hook up the two reserve coils. So he did it. It was difficult in the dark and once the fish made a surge that pulled him down on his face and made a cut below his eye. The blood ran down his cheek a little way. But it coagulated and dried before it reached his chin and he worked his way back to the bow and rested against the wood.

可是那男孩偏偏不在你身边，他想。你只有靠你自己了，不管天黑不黑，最好是专心，把最后这条线处理一下吧，砍断它，好把这两卷预备线也连结在一起。于是他这么做了。黑暗中要这么做确实很困难，突然间，那条鱼猛然掀起一阵大浪，把他拖倒了，脸部朝下，一只眼睛下面还割出了道伤口。血沿着脸颊流下，在还没有流到下额之前就凝结了。他吃力地回到船头，靠在木头上休息。

He adjusted the sack and carefully worked the line so that it came across a new part of his shoulders and, holding it anchored with his shoulders, he carefully felt the pull of the fish and then felt with his hand the progress of the skiff through the

water. I wonder what he made that lurch for, he thought. The wire must have slipped on the great hill of his back. Certainly his back cannot feel as badly as mine does. But he cannot pull this skiff forever, no matter how great he is. Now everything is cleared away that might make trouble and I have a big reserve of line; all that a man can ask.

他调整肩上的袋子，很小心地重新将鱼线压在肩膀上另一个新的位置，继续用肩膀撑着线，他专注地感觉鱼的拉力，并用手感觉船在水中航行的情况。它那样乱动是为了什么呢？他想。一定是铁丝从它高如小山的背脊上滑过了。不过可以确定它的背脊绝对不会像我的背脊这样痛。但是，无论它有多大，它绝不可能永远拖着这条小船。现在，可能制造麻烦的东西都已经解决掉了，我又有一大堆的预备线。一个人所能要求的也就只有这么多了。

"Fish," he said softly, aloud, "I'll stay with you until I am dead." He'll stay with me too, I suppose, the old man thought and he waited for it to be light. It was cold now in the time before daylight and he pushed against the wood to be warm. I can do it as long as he can, he thought. And in the first light the line extended out and down into the water. The boat moved steadily and when the first edge of the sun rose it was on the old man's right shoulder. "He's headed north," the old man said.

「鱼啊！」他很温柔，但是很大声地说：「我到死都会一直陪着你。」老人心想，它也会一直陪着我；他等待着黎明。天亮以前的空气凉飕飕的，他紧靠着木头取暖，心里想着，只要它能，我也能。在第一道晨光中，他看见鱼线从小船向外沿伸潜入水中。船很稳定地航行着。当太阳初露一角，阳光正好附在老人的右肩上。「它在朝北方走，」老人说。

Part 18

The current will have set us far to the eastward, he thought. I wish he would turn with the current. That would show that he was tiring. When the sun had risen further the old man realized that the fish was not tiring. There was only one favorable sign. The slant of the line showed he was swimming at a lesser depth. That did not necessarily mean that he would jump. But he might. "God let him jump," the old man said. "I have enough line to handle him."

他想，浪潮将会把我们冲向远远的东方，我真希望它能够随着水流转向，因为这样便表示它已经渐渐疲累了。太阳升得更高，老人明白这条鱼并没有疲累。但是只有一个有利的信号，那就是线绳的倾斜度，可以显示出它所游的深度变浅了。但是这并不一定表示它要跳了，不过也是有这种可能性呀。「上帝啊！让它跳吧！」老人说：「我有足够的线应付它。」

Maybe if I can increase the tension just a little it will hurt him and he will jump, he thought. Now that it is daylight let him jump so that he'll fill the sacks along his backbone with air and then he cannot go deep to die. He tried to increase the tension, but the line had been taut up to the very edge of the breaking point since he had hooked the fish and he felt the harshness as he leaned back to pull and knew he could put no more strain on it. I must not jerk it ever, he thought. Each jerk widens the cut the hook makes and then when he does jump he might throw it.

也许我只要把线再稍微拉紧一点，让它觉得痛，它就会跳起来呀，他想。现在已经是白天了，让它跳吧，它只要跳起来，背脊骨两旁的气囊便会充满空气，那么，它就不可能潜到很深的地方去等待死亡了。他试着把线收紧一点，可是自从它上钩以来，这绳子就已经紧绷到了濒临断裂的边缘了，他接着绳子，将身体向后倾斜时，感觉到绳子很勒手，他知道不能再紧了。他想，绝不能猛拉。每猛拉一次，都会使钩子在鱼身上钩破的伤口裂得更大，那么当它真跳起来时，可能就会脱钩。

Anyway I feel better with the sun and for once I do not have to look into it. There was yellow weed on the line but the old man knew that only made an added drag and he was pleased. It was the yellow Gulf weed that had made so much phosphorescence in the night. "Fish," he said. "I love you and respect you very much. But I will kill you dead before this day ends." Let us hope so, he thought. A small bird came toward the skiff from the north. He was a warbler and flying very low over the water. The old man could see that he was very tired.

而且，反正太阳出来了以后，我就感觉舒服多了，至少我不必一直盯着它。线绳上黏着黄色的海草，但老人晓得那只会增加鱼的负担而已，所以一点也不介意，反而很高兴。那是墨西哥湾区的一种黄色海草，晚上时会发出磷光。「鱼啊！」他说：「我爱你，而且如此地景仰你。但是，在今天结束之前，我将会杀了你。」他想，但愿如此。一只小鸟从北方朝向船边飞了过来，那是一只莺，低低地飞在水面上。老人看得出来它已经很疲累了。

The bird made the stern of the boat and rested there. Then he flew around the old man's head and rested on the line where he was more comfortable. "How old are you?" the old man asked the bird. "Is this your first trip?" The bird looked at him when he spoke. He was too tired even to examine the line and he teetered on it as his delicate feet gripped it fast. "It's steady," the old man told him. "It's too steady. You shouldn't be that tired after a windless night. What are birds coming to?"

鸟儿飞向船尾，在那儿歇息。然后它在老人头上盘旋，最后停在让它感到较舒服的鱼在线。「你几岁了？」老人问小鸟。「这是不是你头一次出远门？」鸟儿望着说话的老人。它已疲倦得没有精神去检查线绳，就用它那纤弱的小爪子紧紧地抓住线绳，在上面晃来晃去。「今天天气很稳定。」老人告诉它。「真得很稳定啊。经过这样一个无风的夜晚，你应该不致于这么疲倦啊，你们鸟儿都在做什么呢？」

Part 19

The hawks, he thought, that come out to sea to meet them. But he said nothing of this to the bird who could not understand him anyway and who would learn about the hawks soon enough. "Take a good rest, small bird," he said. "Then go in and take your chance like any man or bird or fish." It encouraged him to talk because his back had stiffened in the night and it hurt truly now. "Stay at my house if you like, bird," he said. "I am sorry I cannot hoist the sail and take you in with the small breeze that is rising. But I am with a friend."

他想，一定是有老鹰出海捕捉小鸟。但是他没有对小鸟说，因为它反正也不会懂，而且它很快就会见识到了。「小鸟儿啊！好好休息吧。」他说：「接下来，你就得再启程去碰碰运气，就像任何一个人、一只鸟、或一条鱼一样。」他的背经过一夜已经僵硬了，现在正发着要命的疼痛，使得他直想开口说话。「鸟啊，只要你喜欢的话就留在我的屋子里好了，」他说。「我很抱歉没办法乘着微风把帆升起来，把你接进来，因为我正陪着一个朋友呢。」

Just then the fish gave a sudden lurch that pulled the old man down onto the bow and would have pulled him overboard if he had not braced himself and given some line. The bird had flown up when the line jerked and the old man had not even seen him go. He felt the line carefully with his right hand and noticed his hand was bleeding. "Something hurt him then," he said aloud and pulled back on the line to see if he could turn the fish. But when he was touching the breaking point he held steady and settled back against the strain of the line.

正在那个时候，那条鱼又突然乱动了起来，拖着老人跌撞到船头去，如果当时他没坐稳，又没有快速地放线的话，现在可能已经被拖下水了。当鱼线猛然被拉动的时候，鸟飞了起来，老人甚至还没有机会看到它飞走哩。他用右手小心地摸摸鱼线，却发现他的右手正在流血。「它刚才不知被什么弄痛了。」他大声地说，同时把线往后拉，看看是否能够改变鱼的方向。但是，当他把绳子拉到绷裂点上的时候，就稳稳地把它握紧，然后，调整好姿势，用向后靠的力量对抗鱼的拉力。

"You're feeling it now, fish," he said. "And so, God knows, am I." He looked around for the bird now because he would have liked him for company. The bird was gone. You did not stay long, the man thought. But it is rougher where you are going until you make the shore. How did I let the fish cut me with that one quick pull he made? I must be getting very stupid. Or perhaps I was looking at the small bird and thinking of him. Now I will pay attention to my work and then I must eat the tuna so that I will not have a failure of strength.

「鱼啊！你现在开始有感觉了吧！」他说。「上帝知道，我也一样有感觉了。」他四周张望寻找那只鸟儿的踪迹，如果一直有它作伴该有多好。但是，鸟儿已消失的无影无踪了。老人心想，你在这儿没停留多久就走了。但是，在你飞上岸边之前，你所去的任何地方都比这儿艰险。我怎么会让鱼才猛拉了那么一下就弄出一个伤口来呢？我一定是愈来愈笨了。或许是因为我把视线和注意力放在那只小鸟上的关系吧。从现在开始，我要全神贯注在我的工作上，而且我必须吃鲑鱼，来保持体力。

"I wish the boy were here and that I had some salt," he said aloud. Shifting the weight of the line to his left shoulder and kneeling carefully he washed his hand in the ocean and held it there, submerged, for more than a minute watching the blood trail away and the steady movement of the water against his hand as the boat moved. "He has slowed much," he said. The old man would have liked to keep his hand in the salt water longer but he was afraid of another sudden lurch by the fish and he stood up and braced himself and held his hand up against the sun.

「真希望小男孩能在这里，而且真希望我还带了些盐来。」他大声地说。他把绳索的重量转移到左边的肩膀上，小心地跪下，在海中洗手。然后他把手浸在水里大约有一分钟久，随着船向前移动，海水静静地冲着他的手，他凝视着血丝在水中愈行愈远的痕迹。「它已经游得慢多

了。」他说。老人很想让手在盐水里泡久一点，但他担心那条鱼又会突然间动起来，于是他站起来，稳住身体，将手朝着太阳举了起来。

It was only a line burn that had cut his flesh. But it was in the working part of his hand. He knew he would need his hands before this was over and he did not like to be cut before it started.

"Now," he said, when his hand had dried, "I must eat the small tuna. I can reach him with the gaff and eat him here in comfort." He knelt down and found the tuna under the stern with the gaff and drew it toward him keeping it clear of the coiled lines. 只不过是绷紧的绳索割伤到皮肉而已，但那却是工作时最需要的部位。他晓得在这一场战斗还没结束之前，他需要他的双手，所以很不喜欢在还没开始之前就把手给割伤了。手干了之后，他说：「现在呢，我必须吃那条小鲐鱼了，我可以用鱼叉钩到它，然后在这里舒舒服服地吃。」他跪下来，在船尾下找到那条鲐鱼，用鱼叉将它地朝自己拖过小心翼翼地避开旁边的一盘鱼线。

Part 20

Holding the line with his left shoulder again, and bracing on his left hand and arm, he took the tuna off the gaff hook and put the gaff back in place. He put one knee on the fish and cut strips of dark red meat longitudinally from the back of the head to the tail. They were wedge-shaped strips and he cut them from next to the backbone down to the edge of the belly. When he had cut six strips he spread them out on the wood of the bow, wiped his knife on his trousers, and lifted the carcass of the bonito by the tail and dropped it overboard.

他又把鱼线移到左肩上，用整只左手臂和手掌的力量撑着自己，然后把鲐鱼从鱼叉上取下，再把鱼叉放回原处。他将膝盖压在鱼身上，从鱼头一直到尾巴，沿着背脊往鱼肚的边缘切下一条条深红色的鱼肉。他总共切成六条，并且把它们摊开来放在船头的木板上，然后在裤子上擦擦他的刀子，从尾巴将那条鱼的残骸提起来，丢到船外去。

"I don't think I can eat an entire one," he said and drew his knife across one of the strips. He could feel the steady hard pull of the line and his left hand was cramped. It drew up tight on the heavy cord and he looked at it in disgust. "What kind of a hand is that," he said. "Cramp ten if you want. Make yourself into a claw. It will do you no good." Come on, he thought and looked down into the dark water at the slant of the line. Eat it now and it will strengthen the hand.

「我想我大概没办法吃下一整条，」他说着，顺手又在那一条条的鱼肉上横划过一刀。他可以感觉到鱼线依然稳定而沉重的拉力。突然，他的左手抽筋了。他充满厌恶地瞪着那只在粗重的鱼在线绷紧的手。「这到底是什么样的一只手啊！」他说。「你要抽筋就去抽好了。把自己绷成像只爪子似的，对你也不会有什么好处的。」他顺着倾斜的鱼线望向黝黑的海水中，心里想着，现在来吧，吃吧，吃了好让你的手有力量。

It is not the hand's fault and you have been many hours with the fish. But you can stay with him forever. Eat the bonito now. He picked up a piece and put it in his mouth and chewed it slowly. It was not unpleasant. Chew it well, he thought, and get all the juices. It would not be bad to eat with a little lime or with lemon or with salt. "How do you feel, hand?" he asked the cramped hand that was almost as still as rigor mortis. "I'll eat some more for you." He ate the other part of the piece that he had cut in two. He chewed it carefully and then spat out the skin.

虽然这并不是手的过错，你跟这条鱼已经缠斗了好几个小时了。你是很有可能永远跟它这么缠斗下去的，快把这条鱼吃了吧！他拿起一片放在嘴里慢慢地嚼，并不怎么难吃嘛！他想，嚼碎一点，把汁都吞下去，如果能加一点莱姆汁、柠檬或盐巴，倒也不错。「手啊！你感觉怎么样？」他问那只抽筋的手，它僵硬得有如死尸一般。「我要为你再多吃一点。」他把刚才切好的另外半条也吃了。他慢慢地嚼，然后把鱼皮吐掉。

"How does it go, hand? Or is it too early to know?" He took another full piece and chewed it. "It is a strong full-blooded fish," he thought. "I was lucky to get him instead of dolphin. Dolphin is too sweet. This is hardly sweet at all and all the strength is still in it." There is no sense in being anything but practical though, he thought. I wish I had some salt. And I do not know whether the sun will rot or dry what is left, so I had better eat it all although I am not hungry. The fish is calm and steady. I will eat it all and then I will be ready.

「手啊！你现在觉得怎么样啊？可能效果还没那么快吧？」他又拿了另外一整条放进嘴里嚼。这真是条多血又强健的鱼呀。」他想。我运气真好，钓到的是这条鱼而不是海豚。海豚的肉太甜了，这条鱼一点都不甜，吃起来非常强韧。东西如果不实用就没有任何意义了，他想。真希望有盐。不知道太阳会不会把残余的鱼肉晒烂或晒干，所以虽然不怎么饿，我想我最好把它吃掉。趁那鱼还很平静，游得也算稳定。我把鱼吃完了以后一切就准备就绪了。

"Be patient, hand," he said. "I do this for you." I wish I could feed the fish, he thought. He is my brother. But I must kill him and keep strong to do it. Slowly and conscientiously he ate all of the wedge-shaped strips of fish. He straightened up, wiping his hand on his trousers. "Now," he said. "You can let the cord go, hand, and I will handle him with the right arm alone until you stop that nonsense." He put his left foot on the heavy line that the left hand had held and lay back against the pull against his back.

「手啊！你要有耐性，」他说。「我现在吃的都是为了你。」我希望也能好好喂点东西给那条鱼，他想。他是我兄弟。然而我一定要保持体力，等着把它给宰了。他慢条斯理地把这些楔形的鱼肉条全吃光了。他挺一挺腰，在裤子上擦擦手。他说，「手啊！现在你可以把鱼线放开了。在你停止作怪之前，我都将只用右手臂来对付它了。」他把左脚踩在原先握在左手里沉重的粗在线，将身体往后一靠，平衡住线从背上往前拉的力量。

"God help me to have the cramp go," he said. "Because I do not know what the fish is going to do." But he seems calm, he thought, and following his plan. But what is his plan, he thought. And what is mine? Mine I must improvise to his because of his great size. If he will jump I can kill him. But he stays down forever. Then I will stay down with him forever. He rubbed the cramped hand against his trousers and tried

to gentle the fingers. But it would not open. Maybe it will open with the sun, he thought.

「上帝保佑我，赶快停止抽筋吧。」他说。「因为我实在不知道这条鱼接下来底又要耍什么花样了？」他想，此刻它是如此冷静地，进行着它的计划。他又想，但是，它的计划到底什么呢？而我的计划又是什么呢？它的躯体是那样庞大，因而我的计划一定得依照它的计划随时修订。它如果跳起来。我便可以杀死它。可是，他却执意潜在水底，而我也只得在这茫茫大海中无休无止地陪着它。他在裤子上磨擦着那被抽筋的手，想让僵硬的手指松弛，可是，是打不开。他心想，也许晒一晒太阳就会开了。

Maybe it will open when the strong raw tuna is digested. If I have to have it, I will open it, cost whatever it costs. But I do not want to open it now by force. Let it open by itself and come back of its own accord. After all I abused it much in the night when it was necessary to free and untie the various lines. He looked across the sea and knew how alone he was now. But he could see the prisms in the deep dark water and the line stretching ahead and the strange undulation of the calm.

也许，当那些生鲔鱼消化以后，它就有力量张开了。只要我执意要，不管付出什么代价，我一定会让它打开的。可是我现在不愿意硬把它扳开，我要让它自己张开，要它自然而然地恢复到原来的样子，毕竟我在昨晚为了解开一根根的线绳，而过度使用它了。他放眼向海面望去，发现此刻自己是多么地孤独。但是他可以看见深暗的海水中阳光折射如棱镜一般，以及鱼线往前深入水中，还有平静的水面上那奇异的起伏波动。

Part 21

The clouds were building up now for the trade wind and he looked ahead and saw a flight of wild ducks etching themselves against the sky over the water, then blurring, then etching again and he knew no man was ever alone on the sea. He thought of how some men feared being out of sight of land in a small boat and knew they were right in the months of sudden bad weather. But now they were in hurricane months and, when there are no hurricanes, the weather of hurricane months is the best of all the year. 随着即将吹起的贸易风，云朵渐渐多了，他往前望去，看见一群野鸭子在水面上低空飞过、渐渐消失，然后又再度出现。他知道，海洋上没有谁是真正孤单的。他想到，有些人最怕待在一艘小船上却完全看不见陆地的感觉。而他同意，在天气极不稳定的某几个月中这样的想法是对的，但是现在正是飓风季节，只要没有飓风来，这个月份是全年天气最好的时候。

If there is a hurricane you always see the signs of it in the sky for days ahead if you are at sea. They do not see it ashore because they do not know what to look for, he thought. The land must make a difference too, in the shape of the clouds. But we have no hurricane coming now. He looked at the sky and saw the white cumulus built like friendly piles of ice cream and high above were the thin feathers of the cirrus against the high September sky. "Light brisa," he said. "Better weather for me than for you, fish."

假使有飓风的话，那在海上好几天前就可以从天空中看到一些征兆了。他想，如果是在陆地上的话反倒就看不见了，因为人们不晓得看什么为准。一定是陆地使这些云朵改变了形状。不过现在不会有飓风来就是了。他看见天空中一堆堆白色的积层云，仿佛是一层层美味的冰淇淋。在更高的上头则有稀疏羽毛似的卷云，衬托着九月的万里晴空呢。「微风，」他说，「鱼呀！这种天气对我比对你有利多了。」

His left hand was still cramped, but he was unknottting it slowly. I hate a cramp, he thought. It is a treachery of one's own body. It is humiliating before others to have a diarrhea from ptomaine poisoning or to vomit from it. But a cramp, he thought of it as a calambre, humiliates oneself especially when one is alone. If the boy were here he could rub it for me and loosen it down from the forearm, he thought. But it will loosen up. Then, with his right hand he felt the difference in the pull of the line before he saw the slant change in the water.

他的左手依然在痉挛，但是似乎已渐渐舒展开了些。我恨透抽筋，他想。这简直就是跟自己的身体作对。一个人中了尸毒当众上吐下泻固然丢脸，但是对于一个独处的人来说，抽筋更是可耻。他想，如果男孩在我身边，他可以帮我从手肘一直往下揉一揉，让抽筋尽快结束。不过它自己还是会好的。就在他看见水中鱼线的倾斜度改变之前，他的右手就已经感觉到线的拉力有点不同了。

Then, as he leaned against the line and slapped his left hand hard and fast against his thigh he saw the line slanting slowly upward. "He's coming up," he said. "Come on hand. Please come on." The line rose slowly and steadily and then the surface of the ocean bulged ahead of the boat and the fish came out. He came out unendingly and water poured from his sides. He was bright in the sun and his head and back were dark purple and in the sun the stripes on his sides showed wide and a light lavender. His sword was as long as a baseball bat and tapered like a rapier and he rose his full length from the water and then re-entered it, smoothly, like a diver and the old man saw the great scythe-blade of his tail go under and the line commenced to race out. 在他靠着鱼线，左手急促地往大腿重重拍打的同时，他看见那条倾斜的鱼线，缓慢地上升。「它起来了，」他说。「手啊，快好吧！拜托快好吧。」鱼线缓慢而稳定地升起，船头前面，海水波涛汹涌，鱼破水而出了。它直冲上来，水从它的两侧奔流而下，在阳光之下，它是那么耀眼，它的头和背呈深紫色，阳光下，它身侧的淡紫色宽纹展露无遗。它的尖嘴像棒球棍那么长，尖尖的像细长的剑。它全身都浮出了水面，然后像个潜水员般利落地再度没入水中。老人看着它那大镰刀状的尾巴没入水中后，鱼线也跟着向前奔去。

"He is two feet longer than the skiff," the old man said. The line was going out fast but steadily and the fish was not panicked. The old man was trying with both hands to keep the line just inside of breaking strength. He knew that if he could not slow the fish with a steady pressure the fish could take out all the line and break it. 「它比这条小船还要长两呎，」老人说。鱼线放得既快又稳，可是鱼没有惊慌失措。在不扯断鱼线的范围之内，老人的双手使劲握住鱼线。他知道如果没有办法用稳定的拉力减缓鱼的速度，所有的鱼线都可能会被拖光，并断裂。

He is a great fish and I must convince him, he thought. I must never let him learn

his strength nor what he could do if he made his run. If I were him I would put in everything now and go until something broke. But, thank God, they are not as intelligent as we who kill them; although they are more noble and more able. The old man had seen many great fish. He had seen many that weighed more than a thousand pounds and he had caught two of that size in his life, but never alone.

他心想，这是条大鱼，我一定要把它制服。我千万不可以让它明白自己的力量有多大，也不能让它知道可以如何逃跑。假如我是它，我会竭尽所能地跑，直到线被扯断为止。但是，感谢上帝，这些鱼虽然比我们人类更高贵，更有能耐，但却不如我们这些屠杀它们的人那么聪明。老人曾经见过许许多多的大鱼，其中很多都超过一千磅重，而他自己一生中也曾捕过两条这般重的大鱼，但他从来不是单独一个人捕到的。

Now alone, and out of sight of land, he was fast to the biggest fish that he had ever seen and bigger than he had ever heard of, and his left hand was still as tight as the gripped claws of an eagle. It will uncramp though, he thought. Surely it will uncramp to help my right hand. There are three things that are brothers: the fish and my two hands. It must uncramp. It is unworthy of it to be cramped. The fist had slowed again and was going at his usual pace. I wonder why he jumped, the old man thought. He jumped almost as though to show me how big he was.

而现在，他孤零零地一个人，远在陆地之外，他的命运与一条过去所见所闻中的从未碰过的大鱼，紧密地结合在一起；他的左手依然像老鹰的爪子一样僵硬。抽筋总会好的，他想。它当然要松开，帮助我的右手。我有三个兄弟：鱼和我的双手。它必须复元，手若抽筋就一点用也没有啦。那鱼又慢了下来，恢复它往常的速度前进。「我真不知道它为什么要跳上来，」老人想。它跳上来就像是要我看看它有多么大。

Part 22

I know now, anyway, he thought. I wish I could show him what sort of man I am. But then he would see the cramped hand. Let him think I am more man than I am and I will be so. I wish I were the fish, he thought, with everything he has against only my will and my intelligence. He settled comfortably against the wood and took his suffering as it came and the fist swam steadily and the boat moved slowly through the dark water. There was a small sea rising with the wind coming up from the east and at noon the old man's left hand was uncramped.

无论如何，我现在总算明白了，他想，希望我也能够让它看看我是怎样一个人。不过，如果是如此的话，它就会看到这只抽筋的手了，还是，让它把我当作一个很强健的男子吧，那么我就会如此去做了。他想，我真希望我是那条鱼，用那么多的力量来对抗的仅是我的意志和智慧。他很舒服地靠在木头上，干瞪着眼忍受着痛苦，鱼依然稳定地游着，船也在黑暗的水中缓慢地移动。由东方吹来的风，掀起一阵阵轻微的浪潮。到了中午，老人的左手舒展开了。

"Band news for you, fish," he said and shifted the line over the sacks that covered

his shoulders. He was comfortable but suffering, although he did not admit the suffering at all. "I am not religious," he said. "But I will say ten Our Fathers and ten Hail Marys that I should catch this fish, and I promise to make a pilgrimage to the Virgin of Cobre if I catch him. That is a promise." He commenced to say his prayers mechanically. Sometimes he would be so tired that he could not remember the prayer and then he would say them fast so that they would come automatically.

「鱼啊！这对你而言是坏消息呀！」他说着，把垫在布袋上的线绳移了一下位置。他现在感觉舒适，但疼痛仍然折磨着他，只不过他丝毫不肯认罢了。「我没有什么宗教信仰，」他说道，「但是，如果让我抓到这条鱼，我愿意念十遍『天主经』、十遍『圣母经』，而且，我发誓到『考伯圣女』处朝圣。我发誓。」他开始机械似地念祈祷文，有时候因过度疲倦，竟连祈祷文都记不清楚了，于是他便以很快的速度含糊念着，直到正确的词句自动回到他嘴上。

Hail Marys are easier to say than our Fathers, he thought. "Hail Mary full of Grace the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen." Then he added, "Blessed Virgin, pray for the death of this fish. Wonderful though he is." With his prayers said, and feeling much better, but suffering exactly as much, and perhaps a little more, he leaned against the wood of the bow and began, mechanically, to work the fingers of his left hand.

他心想，念『圣母经』要比『天主经』容易多了。「万福玛利亚，满被圣宠者，主与尔皆焉，女中尔为赞美，尔胎子耶稣，并为赞美，天主圣母玛利亚，为我等罪人，今祈天主，及我等死候，阿门。」然后他又补充道，「万福圣母，虽然这条鱼是这么地神勇，祈求你赐它死亡。」当他把祈祷词讲完以后，感觉舒服多了，但是痛苦丝毫没有减少，甚至还比刚才更痛了，又靠回船头的木头上，机械似地运动左手的手指。

The sun was hot now although the breeze was rising gently. "I had better re-bait that little line out over the stern," he said. "If the fish decides to stay another night I will need to eat again and the water is low in the bottle. I don't think I can get anything but a dolphin here. But if I eat him fresh enough he won't be bad. I wish a flying fish would come on board tonight. But I have no light to attract them. A flying fish is excellent to eat raw and I would not have to cut him up. I must save all my strength now. Christ, I did not know he was so big."

虽然微风正温和地吹起，但此刻的太阳非常酷热。「我最好还是把船尾的那条小鱼线，重新装上鱼饵，」他说：「如果这条鱼还要跟我耗上一夜的话，我得再吃些东西，而水瓶里的水所剩不多了。我想除了海豚外，我恐怕什么也抓不到了。不过，如果趁着新鲜吃的话，海豚的味道也还不坏。希望今天晚上会有一条飞鱼扑上船来。可是我没有灯来招引这些鱼。飞鱼生吃最好，而且也不需要切开。现在我一定要想办法节省体力。天啊！我还真没料到它有这么庞大。」

"I'll kill him though," he said. "In all his greatness and his glory." Although it is unjust, he thought. But I will show him what a man can do and what a man endures. "I told the boy I was a strange old man," he said. "Now is when I must prove it." The thousand times that he had proved it meant nothing. Now he was proving it again. Each time was a new time and he never thought about the past when he was doing it.

I wish he'd sleep and I could sleep and dream about the lions, he thought. Why are the lions the main thing that is left?

「不过，我会宰了它的，」他说：「纵然它是如此巨大、如此骄傲。」虽然这并不公平，他想。可是我会让它明白，究竟人类可以做什么，以及能够承担什么样的考验？「我告诉过那男孩我是一个奇怪的老人，」他说。「而现在我必须证明给它看。」以往他所证实过的一千次都不足以挂齿。现在他要再度证实自己的能力。每一次都是一个新的时机，每次到了这个时机，他绝不回想从前。他心想，真希望它睡着了，好让我也可以睡一会儿，再梦见狮子。为什么狮子变成了脑海中最重要东西呢？

Don't think, old man, he said to himself. Rest gently now against the wood and think of nothing. He is working. Work as little as you can. It was getting into the afternoon and the boat still moved slowly and steadily. But there was a added drag now from the easterly breeze and the old man rode gently with the small sea and the hurt of the cord across his back came to him easily and smoothly. Once in the afternoon the line started to rise again. But the fish only continued to swim at a slightly higher level.

不要胡思乱想了，老头子，他对自己这么说。轻轻地靠在木头上休息，什么也别想了。它正在那里挣扎，而次要尽量少劳动为妙。时间已进入午后了，船仍缓慢而稳定地移动着。但是现在从东边吹来的微风逐渐增强，带来了更多的阻力。老人在微浪中平稳的划着船，横勒在背上的绳索令他隐隐作痛。到了下午，鱼线又开始上升。但是鱼只是在水面下高点的地方继续地游着。

The sun was on the old man's left arm and shoulder and on his back. So he knew the fish had turned east of north. Now that he had seen him once, he could picture the fish swimming in the water with his purple pectoral fins set wide as wings and the great erect tail slicing through the dark. I wonder how much he sees at that depth, the old man thought. His eye is huge and a horse, with much less eye, can see in the dark. Once I could see quite well in the dark. Not in the absolute dark. But almost as a cat sees.

太阳晒在老人左臂、左肩和背上，所以他晓得鱼已经转向东北方了。既然他曾经看过这条鱼一眼，他可以想象鱼将它紫色的胸鳍如翅般展开，竖起的尾巴划破黑暗，在水中游动的样子。我怀疑在这么深的地方，它的视线能有多远，老人想。鱼的眼睛和马眼比起来大多了，却和马一样，可以在黑暗中保持视线。从前我在黑暗中也可以看得很清楚的，当然并不是在完全漆黑的状况下，但是几乎和一只猫的视线差不多了。

The sun and his steady movement of his fingers had uncramped his left hand now completely and he began to shift more of the strain to it and he shrugged the muscles of his back to shift the hurt of the cord a little. "If you're not tired, fish," he said aloud, "you must be very strange." He felt very tired now and he knew the night would come soon and he tired to think of other things. He thought of the Big Leagues, to him they were the Gran Ligas, and he knew that the Yankees of New York were playing the Tires of Detroit.

阳光再加上手指不停地运动，他的左手已经不抽筋了，他又开始让左手分担更多的重量，他耸耸肩活动一下肩膀上的肌肉，让绳索的勒痕稍微移动一下位置。他很大声地：「鱼啊！如果

你到现在还不疲累的话，你一定是无比神勇啊。」他感觉非常疲倦，他也晓得黑夜，将很快的来临，他尽量让自己想一想别的事情，譬如职棒大联盟，他说职棒大联盟的时候总用西班牙文发音。他知道纽约的洋基队正在和底特律的老虎队比赛。

This is the second day now that I do not know the result of the juegos, he thought. But I must have confidence and I must be worthy of the great DiMaggio who does all things perfectly even with the pain of the bone spur in his heel. What is a bone spur? He asked himself. Un espuela de hueso. We do not have them. can it be as painful as the spur of a fighting cock in one's heel? I do not think I could endure that or the loss of the eye and of both eyes and continue to fight as the fighting cocks do. Man is not much beside the great birds and beasts.

这已经是第二天了，真不知道这场比赛的结局是怎么样？他想。但是，我必须要有信心，我必须肯定狄玛基欧，即使忍着后脚跟上的骨刺的疼痛，他做起任何事情来都还是那么地完美。骨刺是什么？他问他自己，「鸡眼」他用西班牙文说，我们都没有长过。会不会像安在斗鸡脚上的铁刺刺入人的脚跟一样痛？我想我不能像斗鸡一样忍受那种痛苦，我也不认为自己能够忍受被啄瞎了，还得继续战斗。人是不能和伟大的鸟兽相比的。

Still I would rather be that beast down there in the darkness of the sea. "Unless sharks come," he said aloud. "If sharks come, god pity him and me." Do you believe the great DiMaggio would stay with a fish as long as I will stay with this one? He thought, I am sure he would and more since he is young and strong. Also his father was a fisherman. But would the bone spur hurt him too much? "I do not know," he said aloud. "I never had a bone spur."

不过，我还是宁愿作那头潜在海洋的黑暗之心的野兽。「我会一直待在海上，除非是鲨鱼来了，」他大声地说。「如果鲨鱼来了的话，请上帝怜悯它，也怜悯我吧。」你认为伟大的狄玛基欧，会像我现在跟这条鱼纠缠一样，和一条鱼纠缠那么久吗？他想。我相信他会的，而且还有可能更久，因为他年轻力壮，而且他父亲是个渔夫。但骨刺会不会很困扰他呢？「我不知道啊，」他大声地说。「我从来没有长过骨刺。」

As the sun set he remembered, to give himself more confidence, the time in the tavern at Casablanca when he had played the hand game with the great negro from Cienfuegos who was the strongest man on the docks. They had gone one day and one night with their elbows on a chalk line on the table and their forearms straight up and their hands gripped tight. Each one was trying to force the other's hand down onto the table. There was much betting and people went in and out of the room under the kerosene lights and he had looked at the arm and hand of the negro and at the negro's face.

太阳下山了，为了要鼓舞自己的信心，他回想起有一次在卡萨布兰卡的一个酒店里，他和一个从西安弗埃荷斯来的黑奴比手劲，他是这个码头上最强壮的人。足足一天一夜的时间，他俩将手肘放在桌上粉笔画的在线，手臂直立着、手掌握得紧紧的，彼此都卯足了劲想把对方的手压倒桌面上。周围有很多人纷纷下注打赌，而尽管煤油灯下屋子里人来人往，他始终瞪着黑奴的手臂、手掌和鼻子。

They changed the referees every four hours after the first eight so that the referees could sleep. Blood came out form under the fingernails of both his and the negro's

hands and they looked each other in the eye and at their hands and forearms and the bettors went in and out of the room and sat on high chairs against the wall all watched. The walls were painted bright blue and were of wood and the lamps threw their shadows against them. The negro's shadow was huge and it moved on the wall as the breeze moved the lamps.

八个小时过去后，他们的裁判开始每四个小时换一次班，好能够睡觉。血从他和黑鬼子的指甲里渗了出来，他们互相瞪着对方的眼睛、手和胳膊，打赌的人在屋里进进出出的，或坐在靠墙的高椅子上观察这场比赛。墙是木板钉成的，灯光将他们的影子投射在漆成浅蓝色的木墙上。随着微风吹动那盏灯，黑奴庞大的身影也在上摇晃着。

The odds would change back and forth all night and they fed the negro rum and lighted cigarettes for him. Then the negro, after the rum, would try for a tremendous effort and once he had the old man, who was not an old man then but was Santiago El Champion, nearly three inches off balance. But the old man had raised his hand up to dead even again. He was sure then that he had the negro, who was a fine man and a great athlete, beaten.

整夜里，他们一直都平分秋色，他们给黑鬼子喝莱姆酒，又为老人点烟。黑鬼子喝了莱姆酒之后，又使出了更惊人的力气，几乎把老人的手臂扳离中线三吋。那时候老人还不是个老人，而是冠军山帝亚哥。老人拼命地举起手，使得比赛又回到平分的状态。那时他就很确定自己会打垮那个黑人，即使他是一个好人，也是很了不起的运动员。

And at daylight when the bettors were asking that it be called a draw and the referee was shaking his head, he had unleashed his effort and forced the hand of the negro down and down until it rested on the wood. The match had started on a Sunday morning and ended on a Monday morning. Many of the bettors had asked for a draw because they had to go to work on the docks loading sacks of sugar or at the Havana Coal Company. Otherwise everyone would have wanted it to go to a finish. But he had finished it anyway and before anyone had to go to work.

破晓了，下注的人都说，就算平手结束比赛吧，裁判也直摇头，老人于是使出他所有的力量，将黑奴的手一点一点地往下压，直到把他的手压在木桌上，比赛从星期天早晨开始，一直到星期一早晨才结束。之前很多下注的人都要求算平手，因为他们得回到码头装运砂糖，另外有些人则是替哈瓦那煤矿公司工作。要不是这样，每一个人都会希望这场比赛比出胜负为止。不过，他总算在大家得赶回去工作之前把比赛给结束了。

Part 23

For a long time after that everyone had called him the Champion and there had been a return match in the spring. But not much money was bet and he had won it quite easily since he had broken the confidence of the negro from Cienfuegos in the first match. After that he had a few matches and then no more. He decided that he could beat anyone if he wanted to badly enough and he decided that it was bad for his right hand for

fishing. He had tried a few practice matches with his left hand. But his left hand had always been a traitor and would not do what he called on it to do and he did not trust it.

自从那件事情以后，有好长一段时间，人家都叫他「冠军」，第二年春天，他又比赛了一次，但这次人们下的赌注不大，他轻而易举地就赢了，因为在头一次比赛时，他就已经把西安弗荷斯来的黑鬼子的信心都击垮了。而后，他还比赛过几次，之后就没有。他深信，只要他有信心，他可以战胜任何人。而他决心不再比赛，因为这对于他用来捕鱼的右手不利。他曾经有几次试着用左手练习比腕力，但他的左手像个叛逆者似的，永远不按照他的指挥行事，也难怪他从不信任自己的左手。

The sun will bake it out well now, he thought. It should not cramp on me again unless it gets too cold in the night. I wonder what this night will bring. An airplane passed overhead on its course to Miami and he watched its shadow scaring up the schools of flying fish. "With so much flying fish there should be dolphin," he said, and leaned back on the line to see if it was possible to gain any on his fish.

现在，太阳应该已经把他的左手给烤熟了，他想。除非晚上的气温降得太低，否则它不应该再抽筋了。不晓得今晚又会发生什么事。有架飞机从他头顶飞过，朝着迈阿密的方向飞去，他看着飞机的影子把成群的飞鱼吓得惊慌乱动。「这地方有这么多的飞鱼，那一定有海豚了。」他说。他拉住鱼线，身体往后靠，看看能否把线收回来一些。

But he could not and it stayed at the hardness and waterdrop shivering that preceded breaking. The boat moved ahead slowly and he watched the airplane until he could no longer see it. It must be very strange in an airplane, he thought. I wonder what the sea looks like from that height? They should be able to see the fish well if they do not fly too high. I would like to fly very slowly at two hundred fathoms high and see the fish from above. In the turtle boats I was in the cross-trees of the mast-head and even at that height I saw much.

可是他一点也拉不动，线绳依然绷得紧紧的，一滴滴的水珠在上面抖动，这是绳子断裂的前兆。船缓慢地向前移动，他望着飞机直到它消失在他的视线中。他想，在飞机上的感受一定很奇妙。我真好奇从那种高度往下看，海洋到底会是什么样子呢？如果飞得不太高的话，应该可以很清楚地看到那条鱼。我真想在水面两百呎的高度上缓慢地飞行着，从上方来俯视这条鱼。当年在捕乌龟的船上，我在桅杆顶的横桁上那种高度，就可以看得很清楚了。

The dolphin looks greener from there and you can see their stripes and their purple spots and you can see all of the school as they swim. Why is it that all the fast-moving fish of the dark current have purple backs and usually purple stripes or spots? The dolphin looks green of course because he is really golden. But when he comes to feed, truly hungry, purple stripes show on his sides as on a marlin. Can it be anger, or the greater speed he makes that brings them out?

从那里看海豚，颜色更为青绿，而且你可以看到它们身上的条纹和紫色斑点，也可以看到它们成群地游动。为什么在黑潮中游得快的鱼，背部都呈紫色，而且通常还有紫色的条纹和斑点呢？但由于海豚真正的颜色是金色，当然隔着海水看起来像绿色。当它们饿极了，非去捕食不可的时候，在它们身体两侧便会出现像马林鱼般的紫色条纹。不知它们是否因为愤怒或速度加快了，才使得那些条纹显现出来？

Just before it was dark, as they passed a great island of Sargasso weed that heaved and swung in the light sea as though the ocean were making love with something under a yellow blanket, his small line was taken by a dolphin. He saw it first when it jumped in the air, true gold in the last of the sun and bending and flapping wildly in the air. It jumped again and again in the acrobatics of its fear and he worked his way back to the stern and crouching and holding the big line with his right hand and arm, he pulled the dolphin in with his left hand, stepping on the gained line each time with his bare left foot.

就在天快黑之前，他们经过了堆积成一整座小岛般的马尾藻，覆盖在海面上随着轻波飘浮摇晃，好像海洋正盖着条黄色毯子与不明客缠绵做爱。就在此刻他的小鱼钩被一条海豚咬住了。老人看到它的第一眼是在它跳跃到空中那个刹那，夕阳余晖下天空是一片金黄，它在空中疯狂地扭动挣扎。恐惧得像特技表演似地一跳再跳。老人设法向船尾移动，然后弯起腰，用右手和手臂的力量握住那条粗绳，再用左手把海豚拖过来，同时用赤裸的左脚，踏住每一次拖过来的线绳。

When the fish was at the stern, plunging and cutting from side to side in desperation, the old man leaned over the stern and lifted the burnished gold fish with its purple spots over the stern. Its jaws were working convulsively in quick bites against the hook and it pounded the bottom of the skiff with its long flat body, its tail and its head until he clubbed it across the shining golden head until it shivered and was still.

鱼被拖到船尾的时候，绝望地挣扎，翻来覆去地跳动。老人靠向船尾，把这条金光闪闪又带有紫色斑点的鱼提上船尾。鱼在钩上一阵乱咬，下巴像痉挛似地急速颤动，它用那扁长的身体、尾巴和头用力拍打着船板，老人拿棍子敲打它那金黄色的头，直到它在颤抖中渐渐地平静下来。

The old man unhooked the fish, re-baited the line with another sardine and tossed it over. Then he worked his way slowly back to the bow. He washed his left hand and wiped it on his trousers. Then he shifted the heavy line from his right hand to his left and washed his right hand in the sea while he watched the sun go into the ocean and the slant of the big cord. "He hasn't changed at all," he said. But watching the movement of the water against his hand he noted that it was perceptible slower. 老人将鱼从钩上取下，重新装上沙丁鱼当鱼饵，并将鱼线又抛回海里。然后他慢慢地移回船头，将左手洗了洗，在裤子上擦一擦，然后把这条沉重的线绳从右手移到左手，把右手也放在海里洗洗，他的眼睛望着沉入海中的太阳，以及那根斜斜地插入水中的粗绳。「那条鱼仍然没有改变，」他说。但是从水由他手中流过的动态，便可以察觉出鱼的速度已经明显地减慢了。

"I'll lash the two oars together across the stern and that will slow him in the night," he said. "He's good for the night and so am I." It would be better to gut the dolphin a little later to save the blood in the meat, he thought. I can do that a little later and lash the oars to make a drag at the same time. I had better keep the fish quiet now and not disturb him too much at sunset. The setting of the sun is a difficult time for all fish.

「我得把两枝桨捆起来横在船尾，这样晚上时就可以让它的速度慢下来，」他说。「它擅于夜战，而我也一样。」他想，还是晚一点再将海豚破肚好了，这样就可以保存它肉里的血。我可以晚一点再弄，到时把桨也一起绑好，来拖慢鱼的速度。在这日落之际，我最好不要惊动这条鱼，让它保持平静，因为日落时分对于所有的鱼都是最难渡过的时刻。

He let his hand dry in the air then grasped the line with it and eased himself as much as he could and allowed himself to be pulled forward against the wood so that the boat took the strain as much, or more, than he did. I'm learning how to do it, he thought. This part of it anyway. Then too, remember he hasn't eaten since he took the bait and he is huge and needs much food. I have eaten the whole bonito. Tomorrow I will eat the dolphin. He called it dorado. Perhaps I should eat some of it when I clean it. It will be harder to eat than the bonito. But, then, nothing is easy. 他把手在空中晾干后，又握住线绳，并尽量地放松，让自己往前靠在木头上让鱼拉着前进，如此船也可以产生一些或更多的阻力。我已经渐渐学会怎么样来对付它了，他想。至少这一部份我学会了。还有，别忘了它从上了钩以来都还没有吃过东西呢，这么庞大的块头是需要很多食物的，而我已经吞下一整条鲣鱼了。明天我就把那条海豚吃了，他用西班牙语称它为「金色的鱼」。或许把它弄干净之后就应该吃一点。海豚比鲣鱼难吃些，但是话说回来，天底下有什么事情容易呢。

"How do you feel, fish?" he asked aloud. "I feel good and my left hand is better and I have food for a night and a day. Pull the boat, fish." He did not truly feel good because the pain from the cord across his back had almost passed pain and gone into a dullness that he mistrusted. But I have had worse things than that, he thought. My hand is only cut a little and the cramp is gone from the other. My legs are all right. Also now I have gained on him in the question of sustenance. It was dark now as it becomes dark quickly after the sun sets in September.

「鱼啊！你感觉如何？」他大声地问。「我感觉好得很，我的左手好多了，而我的食物还够吃一天一夜哩。鱼啊！使命地拉动这条船吧。」然而他并不是真的感觉很舒服，因为绳索横过他的背部造成的疼痛几乎已经疼过了头，变成令他耽忧的麻木状态。但他心想，我还遇过比那更糟的情况呢。现在我的手只不过是有一点点割伤，另一只手的抽筋又已经好了，而且我的双腿都没事。另外就补给品而言，我也比它要占上风。天色已经变暗了，九月天里太阳下山后天很快就黑了。

He lay against the worn wood of the bow and rested all that he could. The first stars were out. He did not know the name of Rigel but he saw it and knew soon they would all be out and he would have all his distant friends. "The fish is my friend too," he said aloud. "I have never seen or heard of such a fish. But I must kill him. I am glad we do not have to try to kill the stars." Imagine if each day a man must try to kill the moon, he thought. The moon runs away. But imagine if a man each day should have to try to kill the sun? We were born lucky, he thought.

他靠在船头破旧的木板上，想好好休息一下。第一群星星已经出来了。他并不晓得瑞吉星这名称，但是他一看到第一颗，就知道其它星星也很快就会出来了，然后他就有这些遥远的朋友作伴了。「这条鱼也是我的朋友，」他大声地说。「我从来没见过也没听说过像这样的一条鱼。但是我必须杀了它。我真高兴人类至少还不必想尽办法捕杀星星。」想想看，如果人每天都必

需去捕杀月亮，那会是什么情形呢，他想。月亮大概会逃之夭夭的，再想一想，万一人类得日以继夜地捕杀太阳，又会是一会怎么样？他想，我们真是幸运。

Then he was sorry for the great fish that had nothing to eat and his determination to kill him never relaxed in his sorrow for him. How many people will he feed, he thought. But are they worthy to eat him? No, of course not. There is no one worthy of eating him from the manner of his behavior and his great dignity. I do not understand these things, he thought. But it is good that we do not have to try to kill the sun or the moon or the stars. It is enough to live on the sea and kill our true brothers. 接下来，他开始同情那条大鱼，没有东西吃，纵然他为它感到悲哀，但杀它的决心却依然丝毫不减。他想，这条鱼的肉不知可供多少人吃。可是，这些人配吃它吗？不，当然不配。由它的行为举止，和它高贵的自尊看来，没有任何人配得上来吃这条鱼。他又想，我不了解人们为何捕杀。但是我们不需要尝试着去捕杀太阳或月亮或星星，倒是件好事。以海为生，还得捕杀自己的好兄弟们，已经是够受的了。

Now, he thought, I must think about the drag. It has its perils and its merits. I may lose so much line that I will lose him, if he makes his effort and the drag made by the oars is in place and the boat loses all her lightness. Her lightness prolongs both our suffering but it is my safety since he has great speed that he has never yet employed. No matter what passes I must gut the dolphin so he does not spoil and eat some of him to be strong. Now I will rest an hour more and feel that he is solid and steady before I move back to the stern to do the work and make the decision. 他想，此刻，我必需想想我的拖延战术了。这有缺点，也有优点。假使鱼继续使力的话，再加上船尾横绑着两枝桨所产生的阻力，这条船将会变得沉重无比，那么我可能就要放出很多线，最后线若没了，我岂不也失去这条鱼了。但是，船如果一直都很轻的话，即使它的速度目前为止还没有对我造成任何危险，但若鱼继续愈游愈快，那只会延长双方的痛苦而已。不过不管怎样，我都得把这条海豚剖腹以免腐坏了，我要吃一点好保持我的体力。现在，就让自己至少休息一个小时，等感觉到那条鱼完全稳定了之后，再回到船尾继续工作，并决定接下来该怎么做。

In the meantime I can see how he acts and if he shows any changes. The oars are a good trick; but it has reached the time to play for safety. He is much fish still and I saw that the hook was in the corner of his mouth and he has kept his mouth tight shut. The punishment of the hook is nothing. The punishment of hunger, and that he is against something that he does not comprehend, is everything. Best now, old man, and let him work until your next duty comes.

同时，我也可以顺便看看它的反应，看它是否有什么变化。这两个桨横在那边倒是好点子，但是在这个时候，该以安全为重。它依然是条了不起的鱼，可以想见鱼钩仍挂在它紧闭的嘴角上。鱼钩对它的痛苦算不了什么，而饥饿的痛苦，还有对现在与它对抗的这个人一点都不了解，才是最够它受的。休息吧！老头子，先让它尽量去挣扎吧，等一下再看你的了。

He rested for what he believed to be two hours. The moon did not rise now until late and he had no way of judging the time. Nor was he really resting except comparatively. He was still bearing the pull of the fish across his shoulders but he placed his left

hand on the gunwale of the bow and confided more and more of the resistance to the fish to the skiff itself. How simple it would be if I could make the line fast, he thought. But with one small lurch he could break it. I must cushion the pull of the line with my body and at all times be ready to give line with both hands.

他判断自己大概休息了两个小时。月亮要晚一点才会升起，他没有任何精确判断时辰的依据，其实他并没有真的休息，只是比较起来放松一点就是了。他仍然还在忍受着鱼拖拉的力量在他肩膀造成的痛苦，但他正把左手放在船头的舷上，然后渐渐地把鱼的拖力转移到小船身上。他想，如果我能把这条绳子固定住的话，一切就简单多了。可是鱼只要稍微乱动一下，这条绳子就有可能断掉。我必须用我的身体缓冲它拉绳子的力道，而且随时准备用两只手放绳。

"But you have not slept yet, old man," he said aloud. "It is half a day and a night and now another day and you have not slept. You must devise a way so that you sleep a little if he is quiet and steady. If you do not sleep you might become unclear in the head." I'm clear enough in the head, he thought. Too clear! I am as clear as the stars that are my brothers. Still I must sleep. They sleep and the moon and the sun sleep and even the ocean sleeps sometimes on certain days when there is no current and a flat calm.

「但是你还没有睡呢！老头。」他大声地说，「已经过了半天和一整夜了，现在又是另外一天，你都还没睡过。趁着它很稳定的时候，你必须想法子睡一会儿，如果你缺乏睡眠的话，可能你头脑就会不清醒了。」但是他心想，我的头脑是够清醒的了，太清醒了，清醒得就像天上的星星一样。它们都是我的兄弟，不过我还是得睡，月亮、太阳它们都睡了，甚至当没有潮流、海面平坦稳定的时候，就连海洋也会睡它个几天呢。

But remember to sleep, he thought. Make yourself do it and devise some simple and sure way about the lines. Now go back and prepare the dolphin. It is too dangerous to rig the oars as a drag if you must sleep. I could go without sleeping, he told himself. But it would be too dangerous. He started to work his way back to the stern on his hands and knees, being careful not to jerk against the fish. He may be half asleep himself, he thought. But I do not want him to rest. He must pull until he dies. 记着要睡觉，他想。想一个简单而可靠的方法控制住那些鱼线，设法让自己睡一觉。现在先移到船尾把海豚剖腹。如果你必须睡觉的话，就不能把桨横绑在那里造成阻力，否则太危险了。他告诉自己，我就算不睡觉也可以撑得住。但是这样太危险了。他开始小心翼翼地爬回船尾，以免惊动了那条鱼。那条鱼可能已经在半睡眠状态了，他想。可是我不要让它休息，一定要它继续拖着这条船，拖到死为止。

Back in the stern he turned so that his left hand held the strain of the line across his shoulders and drew his knife from its sheath with his right hand. The stars were bright now and he saw the dolphin clearly and he pushed the blade of his knife into his head and drew him out from under the stern. He put one of his feet on the fish and slit him quickly from the vent up to the tip of his lower jaw. Then he put his knife down and gutted him with his right hand, scooping him clean and pulling the gills clear.

爬到船尾以后，他转身回来，用左手握住从肩膀横过来的绳子，然后用右手把刀从刀鞘里抽出。现在星星很亮，他可以很清楚地看见海豚，他把刀子的刃部插进它的头，然后把它从船

尾拖出来。他一只脚踩在鱼身上，很快地由肛门往下巴划了一刀，然后把刀放下，用右手把鱼肚里的东西挖干净，并且把鱼鳃掏出来。

He felt the maw heavy and slippery in his hands and he slit it open. There were two flying fish inside. They were fresh and hard and he laid them side by side and dropped the guts and the gills over the stern. They sank leaving a trail of phosphorescence in the water. The dolphin was cold and a leprous gray-white now in the starlight and the old man skinned one side of him while he held his right foot on the fish's head. Then he turned him over and skinned the other side and cut each side off from the head down to the tail.

他的手感觉鱼的内脏沉沉、滑滑的。接下来他它完全剖开来，里头还有两条很新鲜、坚韧的飞鱼，他把两条飞鱼并排着，然后将海豚肚里的内脏和鱼鳃从船尾丢了去。它们慢慢沈下去，拖着一条发银光的细线在水中。海豚的肉冷了，在星光之下呈现难看的灰白色，老人把它一边的皮剥下来，右脚还一直踏在鱼头上。然后他把它翻过来，再剥另外一边的皮，两边都是从头至尾地割下来。

He slid the carcass overboard and looked to see if there was any swirl in the water. But there was only the light of its slow descent. He turned then and placed the two flying fish inside the two fillets of fish and putting his knife back in its sheath, he worked his way slowly back to the bow. His back was bent with the weight of the line across it and he carried the fish in his right hand. Back in the bow he laid the two fillets of fish out on the wood with the flying fish beside them.

他把鱼的残骸丢到船外，看看水中是否会出现漩涡，却只看见它慢慢下沉的光影。他转过身来，把那两条飞鱼夹在海豚的肉片里，又把刀插回刀鞘，然后慢慢移向船头。由于绳索的重量跨越在肩膀上，他的右手拿着鱼，背部伛偻着。回到船头，他把两片鱼肉放在木板上，把飞鱼放在旁边。

After that he settled the line across his shoulders in a new place and held it again with his left hand resting on the gunwale. Then he leaned over the side and washed the flying fish in the water, noting the speed of the water against his hand. His hand was phosphorescent from skinning the fish and he watched the flow of the water against it. The flow was less strong and as he rubbed the side of his hand against the planking of the skiff, particles of phosphorus floated off and drifted slowly astern.

而后他将肩膀上的绳索挪动一个新的位置，然后用靠在放桨的木栓上的左手握住它。他靠在船边，在水中清洗飞鱼，一面注意着水从他手中流过的速度。他的手因为在去鱼皮时沾了鱼鳞而发出了磷光，但他仍注视着从手中流过的水，水流已经减弱了。当他在船边的木板上摩擦手时，他看见一片片的鱼鳞缓缓向船尾漂去。

"He is tiring or he is resting," the old man said. "Now let me get through the eating of this dolphin and get some rest and a little sleep." Under the stars and with the night colder all the time he ate half of one of the dolphin fillets and one of the flying fish, gutted and with its head cut off. "What an excellent fish dolphin is to eat cooked," he said. "And what a miserable fish raw. I will never go in a boat again without salt or limes." If I had brains I would have splashed water on the bow all day and drying, it would have made salt, he thought.

「它不是累了，就是正在休息，」老人说。「让我赶快把海豚吃了，休息一会睡个觉。」在星光下，他忍着比昨夜更冷的寒气，把半片海豚鱼排和其中一条肠肚已经掏空，头也切掉了的飞鱼慢慢吃完。「煮熟的海豚是绝佳的风味，」他说。「而生吃却难以下咽。以后出海在船上一定要带盐或莱姆。」我要是聪明一点的话，在白天时把海水泼到船里，晾它个一整天，也会制造出一点盐来，他想。

But then I did not hook the dolphin until almost sunset. Still it was a lack of preparation. But I have chewed it all well and I am not nauseated. The sky was clouding over to the east and one after another the stars he knew were gone. It looked now as though he were moving into a great canyon of clouds and the wind had dropped. "There will be bad weather in three or four days," he said. "But not tonight and not tomorrow. Rig now to get some sleep, old man, while the fish is calm and steady."

但我是在日落时才钓到海豚的啊。不管怎么说，都是准备不够。好在我把它嚼得很细很碎，吃起来至少没有反胃的感觉。东边的天空云朵愈堆愈多，而他所认识的星星也一个接一个地都消失了。此刻看起来，那条鱼似乎正朝一个云的大峡谷里前进，此时风速已经减弱了。「三四天之后，天气就要变坏了，」他说。「但不是今晚也不是明天，趁着这条鱼还很稳定的时候，老头子，你赶快想办法睡一下吧！」

He held the line tight in his right hand and then pushed his thigh against his right hand as he leaned all his weight against the wood of the bow. Then he passed the line a little lower on his shoulders and braced his left hand on it. My right hand can hold it as long as it is braced, he thought. If it relaxes in sleep my left hand will wake me as the line goes out. It is hard on the right hand. But he is used to punishment. Even if I sleep twenty minutes or a half an hour it is good.

他用右手紧紧地握住鱼线，大腿抵着右手，全身的重量都落在船头的木板上，于是他将大腿挪过去好支撑他的右手。然后他又把肩膀上的绳索往下拉一点，让绳索支撑他的左手。我的右手只要有了支撑就能稳稳握住绳子，他想。如果右手在我睡着时放松了，当鱼线被拖走的时候，左手会马上把我给叫醒的。我的右手的工作真是吃重。但它已习惯做这些苦差事了。即使睡个二十分钟或半小时都好。

He lay forward cramping himself against the line with all of his body, putting all his weight onto his right hand, and he was asleep. He did not dream of the lions but instead of a vast school of porpoises that stretched for eight or ten miles and it was in the time of their mating and they would leap high into the air and return into the same hole they had made in the water when they leaped. Then he dreamed that he was in the village on his bed and there was a northern and he was very cold and his right arm was asleep because his head had rested on it instead of a pillow.

他身子往前靠，用全身挤紧了绳子，整个重量放在右手上，就这样他睡着了。他没有梦见狮子，却梦到好大的一群海豚，并排着共有八至十哩这么广，在这海豚交配的季节里，它们会跳跃到空中，再落入原来跳起时在水面上所造成的洞里。接着，他梦见自己在某个村落里，躺在床上，以及墨西哥湾流寒冷的北风，他感觉好冷，由于他把头靠在右手上面当枕头用，因此右手麻木了。

After that he began to dream of the long yellow beach and he saw the first of the lions come down onto it in the early dark and then the other lions came and he rested his chin on the wood of the bows where the ship lay anchored with the evening off-shore breeze and he waited to see if there would be more lions and he was happy. The moon had been up for a long time but he slept on and the fish pulled on steadily and the boat moved into the tunnel of clouds.

然后，他梦见那长长的黄色海滩，他看见第一头狮子，在黄昏中从海滩的另一端奔跑过来，于是其它的狮子也跟了过来，他把下额靠在船头的木板上，他的船在傍晚岸上吹来的微风中停泊，他等着想看是不是还有更多的狮子，他好快乐。月亮已经升起好长一段时间了，他继续睡着，鱼很稳定地拖着，船航向云层里。

He woke with the jerk of his right fist coming up against his face and the line burning out through his right hand. He had no feeling of his left hand but he braked all he could with his right and the line rushed out. Finally his left hand found the line and he leaned back against the line and now it burned his back and his left hand, and his left hand was taking all the strain and cutting badly. He looked back at the coils of line and they were feeding smoothly. Just then the fish jumped making a great bursting of the ocean and then a heavy fall.

突然间他的右拳碰到他的脸，鱼线在右手中拖出，像燃烧似的那么刺痛，于是他惊醒过来。他的左手什么都没有感觉到，但他还是尽量用右手把绳索控制住，但绳索还是继续往前冲去，最后他的左手终于也摸到了绳索，他往后紧靠着绳索，现在背脊和左手感觉像是烫伤似的，他的左手因为承受了所有拉力而擦伤得很厉害。他回头看备用绳圈，正毫无阻碍地向前滑溜。这时那条大鱼猛然冲破水面跳起，然后又重重地沈入水中。

Then he jumped again and again and the boat was going fast although line was still racing out and the old man was raising the strain to breaking point and raising it to breaking point again and again. He had been pulled down tight onto the bow and his face was in the cut slice of dolphin and he could not move. This is what we waited for, he thought. So now let us take it. Make him pay for the line, he thought. Make him pay for it.

接着又一次一次地跳起来，虽然线绳仍不断地往前冲，船却移动得好快，老人拼命地拉紧线绳直到濒临断裂点，他继续增强拉力，线绳几度近乎断裂。他被绷紧的拉力拖倒在船头上，而脸正好埋在切开的海豚肉上不能动弹。他想，这就是我们所期待的。所以，现在就让我们好好领受吧。他心中暗想，一定要让它为鱼线付出代价。一定要让它付出代价。

He could not see the fish's jumps but only heard the breaking of the ocean and the heavy splash as he fell. The speed of the line was cutting his hands badly but he had always known this would happen and he tried to keep the cutting across the

calloused parts and not let the line slip into the palm nor cut the fingers. If the boy was here he would wet the coils of line, he thought. Yes. If the boy were here. If the boy were here.

他看不见鱼在跳跃，只听到它冲破海水的声音，和沈入时溅起的水声。绳子快速地滑溜，在他手中刻下了深深的伤痕，但是他对此早有准备，他设法让绳索经过手上长茧的地方，而不要落到掌心，也不能让它割伤手指头。他想，如果男孩在这里的话，他一定会把那些一卷卷的绳子弄湿。是的，如果那男孩在的话。如果男孩在的话。

The line went out and out and out but it was slowing now and he was making the fish earn each inch of it. Now he got his head up from the wood and out of the slice of fish that his cheek had crushed. Then he was on his knees and then he rose slowly to his feet. He was ceding line but more slowly all the time. He worked back to where he could feel with his foot the coils of line that he could not see. There was plenty of line still and now the fish had to pull the friction of all that new line through the water.

绳子不停、不停地被拖走，但现在速度渐渐慢了，他让那条鱼费力地将绳子一寸一寸地拖走。他把头从木板上被脸颊压烂的鱼肉中抬起来，然后他跪起来，再慢慢地站起来。他仍然不继地放线，但是速度却慢多了。他设法往后移动，用脚碰一下那落在视线之外的鱼线。还有非常充裕的线够它拉的了。现在它必须拖出一卷卷新绳，并克服新绳在水中的磨擦阻力。

Yes, he thought. And now he has jumped more than a dozen times and filled the sacks along his back with air and he cannot go down deep to die where I cannot bring him up. He will start circling soon and then I must work on him. I wonder what started him so suddenly? Could it have been hunger that made him desperate, or was he frightened by something in the night? Maybe he suddenly felt fear. But he was such a calm, strong fish and he seemed so fearless and so confident. It is strange.

太美妙了，他想。它现在已经跳了至少十几次了，它的背脊两边的气囊已吸满了空气，它不可能沈到深处死亡了，否则我是没有办法把它弄上来的。他不久就会开始转圈子了，那时我必须好好对付它。我不知道，是什么原因让它突然地开始激动起来？难道是因为饥饿使得它拼命挣扎吗？或者是晚上被什么东西吓了一跳，也可能是突然感到害怕吧。但是它是这么镇定而坚强的一条鱼，看起来毫无恐惧又充满信心。这真是奇怪。

"You better be fearless and confident yourself, old man," he said. "You're holding him again but you cannot get line. But soon he has to circle." The old man held him with his left hand and his shoulders now and stooped down and scooped up water in his right hand to get the crushed dolphin flesh off of his face. He was afraid that it might nauseate him and he would vomit and lose his strength. When his face was cleaned he washed his right hand in the water over the side and then let it stay in the salt water while he watched the first light come before the sunrise.

「你自己最好勇敢起来，对自己要有信心啊，老头子。」他对自己说。「你现在只是又握稳了绳子，可是你还不能收回绳子。不过，他很快就会开始打圈圈了。」现在老人用左手和肩膀来撑住绳子，弯着身子用右手掬水，把脸上海豚的肉渣子洗掉。他害怕那些东西会让他反胃呕吐，因为吐了之后就没有体力了。把脸洗干净后，他又在船边把右手洗了洗，然后把手泡在盐水中，并注视着太阳升起前的第一道曙光。

Part 25

He's headed almost east, he thought. That means he is tired and going with the current. Soon he will have to circle. Then our true work begins. After he judged that his right hand had been in the water long enough he took it out and looked at it. "It is not bad," he said. "And pain does not matter to a man." He took hold of the line carefully so that it did not fit into any of the fresh line cuts and shifted his weight so that he could put his left hand into the sea on the other side of the skiff.

鱼几乎是在朝东方走，他想。这表示它已经累了，所以顺着海流前进。不久后它就要开始打转了，那时我们便要真正展开对决了。他断定右手在水中已经泡得够久了，于是便把它拿出来瞧一瞧。「还不坏嘛！」他说：「何况疼痛对一个人来说是算不了什么的。」他小心地握着绳子，免得线绳摩擦到新伤口，然后把绳子在肩上的重量转移一下，以便将左手由船的另一侧放进水里。

"You did not do so badly for something worthless," he said to his left hand. "But there was a moment when I could not find you." Why was I not born with two good hands? He thought. Perhaps it was my fault in not training that one properly. But God knows he has had enough chances to learn. He did not do so badly in the night, though, and he has only cramped once. If he cramps again let the line cut him off. When he thought that he knew that he was not being clear-headed and he thought he should chew some more of the dolphin. But I can't, he told himself.

「以废物来说，你还不算太差劲。」他对着自己的左手说。「不过有一阵子我根本就找不到你。」为什么我没能生下来就有两只健全的好手呢？他想。也许错在我没有好好训练另外一只手。但是上帝知道，它有够多的机会可以学习的了。不过话说回来，它昨晚表现还不算太差，只抽过一次筋，如果再抽筋的话，就让这条线绳把它断好了。当他觉得他发现自己的头脑并不大清楚时，就会认为应该再多吃一点海豚。

It is better to be light-headed than to lose your strength from nausea. And I know I cannot keep it if I eat it since my face was in it. I will keep it for an emergency until it goes bad. But it is too late to try for strength now through nourishment. You're stupid, he told himself. Eat the other flying fish. It was there, cleaned and ready, and he picked it up with his left hand and ate it chewing the bones carefully and eating all of it down to the tail.

但是他又告诉自己，不行，宁可头昏眼花，也比呕吐失去体力要好。我晓得我吃了一定会吐的，因为刚才我的脸还在上面呢。直到它坏了之前，我非到必要不吃它。但是现在要靠吸取营养来维持体力，实在太迟了。你真笨，他告诉自己，何不把另一条飞鱼吃了。那条飞鱼已被处理得干干净净，随时可供食用他用左手拿起来放进嘴中，并小心地嚼着骨头，他从头到尾把它吃得精光。

It has more nourishment than almost any fish, he thought. At least the kind of strength

that I need. Now I have done what I can, he thought. Let him begin to circle and let the fight come. The sun was rising for the third time since he had put to sea when the fish started to circle. He could not see by the slant of the line that the fish was circling. It was too early for that. He just felt a faint slackening of the pressure of the line and he commenced to pull on it gently with his right hand. It tightened, as always.

飞鱼几乎比任何一种鱼都更富营养，他想。至少它可以让我产生所需要的力气。他想，现在我能作的都已经做了。就让那条大鱼开始打转吧！让这场战斗来临吧！自从出海以来太阳已是第三次升起了，这时鱼才开始打转。他由绳子的倾斜度并看不出鱼正在打转，现在还太早看不出来。他只感觉绳索上的张力较松弛了，于是他开始慢慢地用右手拉绳，如往常一样绳子又拉紧了。

But just when he reached the point where it would break, line began to come in. He slipped his shoulders and head from under the line and began to pull in line steadily and gently. He used both of his hands in a swinging motion and tried to do the pulling as much as he could with his body and his legs. His old legs and shoulders pivoted with the swinging of the pulling. "It is a very big circle," he said. "But he is circling." Then the line would not come in any more and he held it until he saw the drops jumping from it in the sun. Then it started out.

但是当绳子达到几乎断裂边缘的时候，它开始可以往里面收回来了。他把肩膀和背脊由绳下钻过来，开始很缓慢又稳健地把绳子往里面收回来。他用两只手左右摇晃地拉着绳子，并且尽量使出身体和腿的力量，把绳子往里面拉。他苍老的腿和肩膀顺着拉绳时的摇摆而扭动着。「可真是个大圈子呀，」他说。「它确实是在打转了。」接下来绳子没办法再收进来了，他仍紧握着它，直到看见绳子上在阳光下迸出水珠来，才松开一点。

And the old man knelt down and let it go grudgingly back into the dark water. "He is making the far part of his circle now," he said. I must hold all I can, he thought. The strain will shorten his circle each time. Perhaps in an hour I will see him. Now I must convince him and then I must kill him. But the fish kept on circling slowly and the old man was wet with sweat and tired deep into his bones two hours later. But the circles were much shorter now and from the way the line slanted he could tell the fish had risen steadily while he swam.

老人跪下来，很心不甘情不愿地把绳子放回深暗的水中。「它现在正转到圈子的外弧，」他说。「我必须尽全力握好绳子，」他想。绳子拉紧后，它每一次打转都会使圆弧缩小。也许再过一个小时我就会看到它了，现在我必须要制服它，然后我必须杀了它。但是这条鱼继续慢慢地打转，两个小时之后，老人已汗流浹背、疲倦彻骨。但是圆弧已经小多了，由绳索的倾斜度，他可以晓得鱼已经慢慢地游上来了。

For an hour the old man had been seeing black spots before his eyes and the sweat salted his eyes and salted the cut over his eye and on his forehead. He was not afraid of the black spots. They were normal at the tension that he was pulling on the line. Twice, though, he had felt faint and dizzy and that had worried him. "I could not fail myself and die on a fish like this," he said. "Now that I have him coming so beautifully, God help me endure. I'll say a hundred Our Fathers and a hundred Hail

Marys. But I cannot say them now.”

大约有一小时之久，老人眼前持续地出现一个黑点，咸咸的汗水淹着眼睛以及眼睛上方和额头上的伤口。他并不担心眼前的黑点，因为拉线绳而眼冒金星是紧张状态下正常的现象，然而，令他担心的是，这已是他第二次感觉头晕目眩了。「我可不能不争气呀，为了这么一条鱼送掉了老命，」他说。「既然我已经够这么漂亮地把它弄到手了，上帝请帮助我再撑下去，我会念一百遍『天主经』、一百次『圣母经』，只是我现在没办法念。」

Consider them said, he thought. I'll say them later. Just then he felt a sudden banging and jerking on the line he held with his two hands. It was sharp and hard-feeling and heavy. He is hitting the wire leader with his spear, he thought. That was bound to come. He had to do that. It may make him jump though and I would rather he stayed circling now. The jumps were necessary for him to take air. But after that each one can widen the opening of the hook wound and he can throw the hook. "Don't jump, fish," he said. "Don't jump."

就当已经念过好了，他想。我以后会念的。就在这时候，他突然感觉到手中握着的绳子猛然间被扯动，感觉很是猛烈、沉重。现在它正在用它的尖嘴猛击钓钩与线绳之间的金属线，他想。这终究是会发生的，它必须这么做不过这样做或许会使它跳起来，但现在我宁愿它继续打转。为了呼吸空气它必需跳起来。但它每跳一次就会把它嘴上的伤痕加大，最后就可以挣脱钩子。「鱼啊！不要跳。」他说。「不要跳。」

The fish hit the wire several times more and each time he shook his head the old man gave up a little line. I must hold his pain where it is, he thought. Mine does not matter. I can control mine. But his pain could drive him mad. After a while the fish stopped beating at the wire and started circling slowly again. The old man was gaining line steadily now. But he felt faint again. He lifted some seawater with his left hand and put it on his head. Then he put more on and rubbed the back of his neck. 鱼又攻击了那金属线好几次。每次它一摇头，老人只好把线又放出去一点。我不能增加它的痛苦，他想。我的痛苦算不了什么，我可以控制得住，可是它的痛苦会让它发疯的。过了一会以后，鱼停止攻击钓钩上的金属线，又开始慢慢地旋转。老人现在可以稳定地收回一点线了。但是他又感到一阵晕眩。他用左手从海里撩起一点水来，洒在头上，然后，又多撩了一点水揉搓颈背。

"I have no cramps," he said. "He'll be up soon and I can last. You have to last. Don't even speak of it." He kneeled against the bow and, for a moment, slipped the line over his back again. I'll rest now while he goes out on the circle and then stand up and work on him when he comes in, he decided. It was a great temptation to rest in the bow and let the fish make one circle by himself without recovering any line. But when the strain showed the fish had turned to come toward the boat, the old man rose to his feet and started the pivoting and the weaving pulling that brought in all the line he gained.

「我并没有抽筋，」他说。「它很快就会上来了，我可以支撑下去的。你必须撑下去，想都不必想。」他靠着船头跪了一会儿，然后又把线绳背在背上。当它往外弧打转的时候，我要休息一下，等它转进来的时候，我再站起来好好对付它，他这么决定了。能在船头上休息一下真是太舒服了，就让鱼自己去转一圈，我也别收回任何线来吧。但是，当绳子的张力显示鱼已

经靠近船身时，老人站起来，摇晃着身子和双手，尽量把线绳收回来。

I'm tired than I have ever been, he thought, and now the trade wind is rising. But that will be good to take him in with. I need that badly. "I'll rest on the next turn as he goes out," he said, "I feel much better. Then in two or three turns more I will have him." His straw hat was far on the back of his head and he sank down into the bow with the pull of the line as he felt the fish turn.

此刻的我比任何时候都更疲倦，他想。现在贸易风已经吹起了，我可以借着风把它弄过来。我太需要这样的帮助了。「当他再往外打转的时候，我再休息，」他说。「我感觉好多了。它再转个两圈，我就可以逮到它了。」他的草帽掉在脑后，当他才刚感觉到鱼转动时，就一股脑儿地被绳子的拉力拖倒在船头上。

You work now, fish, he thought. I'll take you at the turn. The sea had risen considerably. But it was a fair weather breeze and he had to have it to get home. "I'll just steer south and west," he said. "A man is never lost at sea and it is a long island." It was on the third turn that he saw the fish first. He saw him first as a dark shadow that took so long to pass under the boat that he could not believe its length. "No," he said. "He can't be that big."

鱼啊！你尽量挣扎吧，他想。等你转弯时，我再把你弄过来。海水已经升得相当高。这正是微风吹拂的好天气，他还得靠这阵风才能回家。「我只管往西南方航驶就是了，」他说。「真正的男人在海上是从来都不会迷失的，何况，那可是个狭长的岛。」当鱼转了第三圈时，他头一次看到了这条鱼。起先他看见这条鱼的黑影游过船底，花了很长的时间才完过通过，他几乎不能相信它有那么的长。「不，」他说。「它不可能那么大。」

Part 26

But he was that big and at the end of this circle he came to the surface only thirty yards away and the man saw his tail out of water. It was higher than a big scythe blade and a very pale lavender above the dark blue water. It raked back and as the fish swam just below the surface the old man could see his huge bulk and the purple stripes that banded him. His dorsal fin was down and his huge pectorals were spread wide. On this circle the old man could see the fish's eye and the two gray sucking fish that swam around him. Sometimes they attached themselves to him. Sometimes they darted off. Sometimes they would swim easily in his shadow.

但是它的确有那么大，在这一圈转完后，它在离老人大概只有三十码的水面浮了上来，他看见它的尾巴露出水面，比一个大镰刀还高耸，在那深蓝色的水中，呈现淡淡的紫色。然后它又往后倒了下去，鱼就在水面上游着，老人可以看见它庞大的身躯和裹在它的身上的紫色条纹。它的背鳍下垂，庞大的胸鳍向外展开着。鱼在转这一圈的时候，老人可以看见它的眼睛以及两条正在哺乳的灰色小鱼跟在它身边游动，有时候它们紧靠着大鱼；有时候又跑开，有时候在大鱼影子下面自由自在地游着。

They were each over three feet long and when they swam fast they lashed their whole bodies like eels. The old man was sweating now but from something else besides the sun. On each calm placid turn the fish made he was gaining line and he was sure that in two turns more he would have a chance to get the harpoon in. But I must get him close, close, close, he thought. I mustn't try for the head. I must get the heart. "Be calm and strong, old man," he said.

它们每一条都超过三英尺长，游得快的时候，全身就像鳗鱼似地猛烈摇动。老人的汗水不停地流了下来，并非只因太阳的曝晒，还为了别的原因。鱼每次平稳地打转时，他都乘机收回一些绳子，他相信只要再两圈之后，他一定有机会把鱼叉射到它身上。他暗想，我必须把它弄靠近、很靠近、很靠近。我绝不可以射它的头。我一定要射它的心脏。「你要镇静，要坚强，老头子，」他说。

On the next circle the fish's back was out but he was a little too far from the boat. On the next circle he was still too far away but he was higher out of water and the old man was sure that by gaining some more line he could have him alongside. He had rigged his harpoon long before and its coil of light rope was in a round basket and the end was made fast to the bitt in the bow. The fish was coming in on his circle now calm and beautiful looking and only his great tail moving.

在转下一圈的时候，鱼的背脊露出了水面，但仍离船稍远了些。它又再一次转圈的时候，仍然离得太远，但浮出水面更高了，老人很确定只要再多收回一点绳子，他就可以把它拖到船边。他的鱼叉老早就准备好了，连着鱼叉的那一捆细绳在圆篮子里待命，而绳子的另一端牢牢地绑在船头的缆柱上。现在鱼又再次转圈，很平静、姿势很优美，只见它硕大的尾巴在摆动着。

The old man pulled on him all that he could to bring him closer. For just a moment the fish turned a little on his side. Then he straightened himself and began another circle. "I moved him," the old man said. "I moved him then." He felt faint again now but he held on the great fish all the strain that he could. I moved him, he thought. Maybe this time I can get him over. Pull, hands, he thought. Hold up, legs. Last for me, head. Last for me. You never went. This time I'll pull him over.

老人竭力将鱼拖近。刹那间，鱼的身子侧翻了一下，然后又摆正，开始再绕另外一圈。「我动到它了，」老人说。「就是刚才，我动到它了。」他又感觉晕眩了，但依然尽其所能地拉住这条鱼。我终于拉动它了，他想。也许这一次我会把它弄过来。拉呀！手啊！他想。脚呀！站稳啊！头脑呀！为我保持清醒吧！为我保持清醒吧！你从来都没有头晕过，这一次我要把它拉过来。

But when he put all of his effort on, starting it well out before the fish came alongside and pulling with all his strength, the fish pulled part way over and then righted himself and swam away. "Fish," the old man said. "Fish, you are going to have to die anyway. Do you have to kill me too?" That way nothing is accomplished, he thought. His mouth was too dry to speak but he could not reach for the water now. I must get him alongside this time, he thought. I am not good for many more turns. Yes you are, he told himself. You're good for ever.

但这条鱼还在老远的地方时，他就使出了全力拼命拉，这条鱼的身体刚倾斜一点，又挺直身

体游开了。「鱼啊！」老人说：「鱼，反正你马上就要死了，你是不是也想把我整死呢？」这样下去不是办法，他想。他的口渴得说不出话来，然而现在他又没办法摸到水。这一次我一定要把它拖到船边，他想。它再多转几圈我就撑不下去了。可以的，你还可以的，他告诉自己。再怎么样你都会有办法的。

On the next turn, he nearly had him. But again the fish righted himself and swam slowly away. You are killing me, fish, the old man thought. But you have a right to. Never have I seen a greater, or more beautiful, or a calmer or more noble thing than you, brother. Come on and kill me. I do not care who kills who. Now you are getting confused in the head, he thought. You must keep your head clear. Keep your head clear and know how to suffer like a man. Or a fish, he thought. "Clear up, head," he said in a voice he could hardly hear. "Clear up."

在下一圈的时候，他几乎把它弄过来了。但是这条鱼又挺直了身体慢慢地游开。你简直整死我了，鱼啊，老人想，不过你是有这个权力。我从来没有见过比你更雄壮、更漂亮、或更镇静、更高贵的事物了，兄弟，来吧！来杀我好了。我不在乎谁杀谁。现在你的头脑已经不清醒了，他想。你必须维持头脑清醒。不但要维持清醒的头脑，还要像男子汉，或像条鱼一样忍受痛苦，他想。「清醒吧，头脑，」他用那种几乎听不见的声音说：「清醒吧。」

Twice more it was the same on the turns. I do not know, the old man thought. He had been on the point of feeling himself go each time. I do not know. But I will try it once more. He tried it once more and he felt himself going when he turned the fish. The fish righted himself and swam off again slowly with the great tail weaving in the air. I'll try it again, the old man promised, although his hands were mushy now and he could only see well in flashes. He tried it again and it was the same.

它又转了两圈，情况还是相同。我实在不懂，老人想。每次拉绳子，他就感觉自己濒临昏厥的边缘。我不懂，但我还要再试一次。他又试了一次，当他把鱼拉动转向时，感觉自己就要昏厥过去了。而鱼又挺直了身体慢慢地游开，大尾巴在空中摇摆着。我要再试一次，老人发誓。虽然他的手现在已是血肉模糊，他的视线也闪烁不明了。他又试了一次，结果还是一样。

So he thought, and he felt himself going before he started; I will try it once again. He took all his pain and what was left of his strength and his long gone pride and he put it against the fish's agony and the fish came over onto his side and swam gently on his side, his bill almost touching the planking of the skiff and started to pass the boat, long, deep, wide, silver and barred with purple and interminable in the water. The old man dropped the line and put his foot on it and lifted the harpoon as high as he could and drove it down with all his strength, and more strength he had just summoned, into the fish's side just behind the great chest fin that rose high in the air to the altitude of the man's chest.

他这么想着，感觉自己都还没开始就要昏了过去。我要再试一次。他忍住所有痛苦，使尽仅存的力量和长久来已消磨殆尽的骄傲，来和这条鱼的痛苦相互抗衡，鱼终于被他拉近船边，慢慢游向他身边，鱼的尖嘴几乎碰到船板。它开始靠着船边游，它的身影长长的、又深又宽，银色的身躯外裹着紫色的条纹，无止尽地在水中游动。老人把绳线放下来，用脚踩住，尽量举高鱼叉，然后使出所有力量。加上刚才力求振作所凝聚的奋起之力，刺向鱼的身侧，刚好刺在那巨大的胸鳍的后方，胸鳍高高地耸立在空中，有老人胸部那么高。

He felt the iron go in and he leaned on it and drove it further and then pushed all his weight after it. Then the fish came alive, with his death in him, and rose high out of the water showing all his great length and width and all his power and his beauty. He seemed to hang in the air above the old man in the skiff. Then he fell into the water with a crash that sent spray over the old man and over all of the skiff. 他知道鱼叉的铁头已经射进去了，然后他把全身重量压在上面，把鱼叉再往里推去。于是那条鱼突然间活跃起来，死亡已进入它的身体了，它高高地冲出水面，展示出它惊人的长度、宽度，以及它的神勇与美丽。它似乎是停留在老人与船的上空，然后再重重地跌入水中，水花溅起，洒满了老人全身以及整艘小船。

The old man felt faint and sick and he could not see well. But he cleared the harpoon line and let it run slowly through his raw hands and, when he could see, he saw the fish was on his back with his silver belly up. The shaft of the harpoon was projecting at an angle from the fish's shoulder and the sea was discoloring with the red of the blood from his heart. First it was dark as a shoal in the blue water that was more than a mile deep. Then it spread like a cloud. The fish was silvery and still and floated with the waves.

老人感觉头昏得难受，视觉糊模。但是他还是把鱼叉的绳索弄好，让绳索经过他开肉绽的双手，慢慢被拖走。当他的视觉恢复了，他看见鱼的背部已经朝下，银色的肚皮朝上。鱼叉的柄部与鱼的肩膀形成一个倾斜角度，海水被它脏喷出来的血染红了。起先血迹就像是深蓝色水中大约一英里深处的黑色沙洲，然后便又像朵云一样地扩散开来。鱼泛着银光，一动也不动地随着波浪漂浮。

The old man looked carefully in the glimpse of vision that he had. Then he took two turns of the harpoon line around the bitt in the bow and laid his head on his hands. "Keep my head clear," he said against the wood of the bow. "I am a tired old man. But I have killed this fish which is my brother and now I must do the slave work." Now I must prepare the nooses and the rope to lash him alongside, he thought. Even if we were two and swamped her to load him and bailed her out, this skiff would never hold him.

老人用他微弱的视线很仔细地瞧了瞧。随后他把鱼叉线绳在船头的木栓上绕了两圈，然后把头靠在双手上。「头脑必须保持清醒」，他对着船头的木头说：「我现在已是累坏了的老头了，但是，我已经把这条鱼给杀了，虽然说它是我的兄弟。现在我必须做接下来的苦差事了。」我必须准备一些绳套和绳子，好把鱼绑在船旁边，他想。即使是只有我和它两个，把它装上船，船里会浸满水，而就算把水汲出，这条船怎么也容纳不下它。

I must prepare everything, then bring him in and lash him well and step the mast and set sail for home. He started to pull the fish in to have him alongside so that he could pass a line through his gills and out his mouth and make his head fast alongside the bow. I want to see him, he thought, and to touch and to feel him. He is my fortune, he thought, but that is not why I wish to feel him. I think I felt his heart, he thought. When I pushed on the harpoon shaft the second time.

我必须将一切准备就绪，然后把它拖过来栓好，升起桅杆，扬起帆回航。他开始把鱼往船边

拖过来，以便从它的鳃穿进绳子，再从口中抽出来，这样就能让它的头紧紧靠住船头。他想我要看看它、碰碰它、摸摸它。它就是我的财富，他想。但这并不是我要摸它的原因。我想刚才已经摸到它的心了，他想，就在那第二次把鱼叉柄推入它身体的时候。

Part 27

Bring him in now and make him fast and get the noose around his tail and another around his middle to bind him to the skiff. "Get to work, old man," he said. He took a very small drink of the water. "There is very much slave work to be done now that the fight is over." He looked up at the sky and then out to his fish. He looked at the sun carefully. It is not much more than noon, he thought. And the trade wind is rising. The lines all mean nothing now. The boy and I will splice them when we are home. 现在把它拖过来，紧紧捆住，并用绳套各别套住它的尾巴和身体的中央，好把它捆在小船上。「快干活吧！老头，」他说着并喝了一小口水。「既然战斗已经结束，还有很多苦差事等要呢。」他仰望天空，然后又往外向他的鱼瞧了瞧，再小心地对着太阳看，他想中午才刚过不久，而贸易风已经吹起。此刻这条鱼线已经毫无意义了，等回到家后，小男孩和我会把这些线绳再编结起来。

"Come on, fish," he said. But the fish did not come. Instead he lay there wallowing now in the seas and the old man pulled the skiff up-onto him. When he was even with him and had the fish's head against the bow he could not believe his size. But he untied the harpoon rope from the bitt, passed it through the fish's gills and out his jaws, made a turn around his sword then passed the rope through the other gill, made another turn around the bill and knotted the double rope and made it fast to the bitt in the bow.

「过来呀，鱼啊！」他说。但是鱼并没过来，它只是杵在那里，在海中打滚，老人只有把小船拉向鱼。当他与鱼并排，且将鱼头拉近船头时，他几乎不能相信它竟是如此的巨大。他把鱼叉的绳索从木栓上解开，让它穿过鱼鳃，从嘴巴抽出来，然后在鱼的尖嘴上绕了一圈，再把绳穿过另一边的鳃，又在尖嘴上转了一圈，把双股绳子打了一个结，而后紧紧地捆在船头木栓上。

He cut the rope then and went astern to noose the tail. The fist had turned silver from his original purple and silver, and the strips showed the same pale violet color as his tail. They were wider than a man's hand with his fingers spread and the fish's eye looked as detached as the mirrors in a periscope or as a saint in a procession. "It was the only way to kill him," the old man said. He was feeling better since the water and he knew he would not go away and his head was clear.

接着，他把多余的绳子切断，然后到船尾用绳套套住鱼的尾巴。鱼已经由原来的银紫色变成银白色了，它身上的条纹，如同尾巴一样，露出苍白的紫色，那些斑纹比人把五指张开的宽度还要宽，鱼的眼睛看上去好像是潜水镜的镜面，或是像迎神游行里的圣徒那么冷漠。「这是唯一杀死它的方法，」老人说。喝了点水之后他感觉好多了，他晓得他不会再晕眩了，他的头

脑已经清醒了。

He's over fifteen hundred pounds the way he is, he thought. Maybe much more. If he dresses out two-thirds of that at thirty cents a pound? "I need a pencil for that," he said. "My head is not that clear. But I think the great DiMaggio would be proud of me today. I had no bone spurs. But the hands and the back hurt truly." I wonder what a bone spur is, he thought. Maybe we have them without knowing of it. He made the fish fast to bow and stern and to the middle thwart. He was so big it was like lashing a much bigger skiff alongside.

由这条鱼的样子看起来，它至少有一千五百磅重，他想。也许更重。如果剖腹处理以后，还剩下三分之二来说，而每一磅卖三十分钱的话？「我需要用只船笔来算才行，」他说。「我的头脑没那么清楚。但是我想伟大的狄玛基欧今天一定会为我感到骄傲。我并没有长骨刺，但是，我的手和背脊却疼痛不堪。」我不晓得骨刺到底是什么，他想。也许我们都有，只是自己不知道而已。他把鱼紧紧地捆在船头、船尾和船中央的坐板位置，这条鱼如此庞大，捆绑起来就像是把另一艘更大的船捆在小船旁边一样。

He cut a piece of line and tied the fish's lower jaw against his bill so his mouth would not open and they would sail as cleanly as possible. Then he stepped the mast and, with the stick that was his gaff and with his boom rigged, the patched sail drew, the boat began to move, and half lying in the stern he sailed southwest. He did not need a compass to tell him where southwest was. He only needed the feel of the trade wind and the drawing of the sail. I better put a small line out with a spoon on it and try and get something to eat and drink for the moisture.

他割了一段绳子，把鱼的下巴和尖嘴捆起来，这样它的嘴巴就不致张开来而使航行受到阻碍。然后他装上桅杆，用鱼叉的杆子与帆下面的木桁，升起补钉累累的帆，船要开始移动了，他于是半躺在船尾，朝西南方航行。他不需要罗盘针来告诉他西南方在哪里，而只要靠着贸易风吹来时的感觉，以及风帆被吹动时摇曳的情形就知道了。我最好用汤匙在它身上划开一条线，再弄点东西吃，并喝点什么，以保持水份。

But he could not find a spoon and his sardines were rotten. So he hooked a patch of yellow Gulf weed with the gaff as they passed and shook it so that the small shrimps that were in it fell onto the planking of the skiff. There were more than a dozen of them and they jumped and kicked like sand fleas. The old man pinched their heads off with his thumb and forefinger and ate them chewing up the shells and the tails. They were very tiny but he knew they were nourishing and they tasted good.

但是他找不到汤匙，而他的沙丁鱼又已经腐坏了。于是当船经过一堆墨西哥湾黄色海草时，他用鱼叉钩住海草并使力摇晃，把里面的小虾都震落在船板上。超过十多只的小虾像沙蚤似的在上面乱跳乱跳。老人用拇指和食指捏掉它们的头，然后连壳带尾地放在嘴里一起咀嚼。虽然这虾很小，但他知道它们营养很丰富，而且尝起来味道鲜美。

The old man still had two drinks of water in the bottle and he used half of one after he had eaten the shrimps. The skiff was sailing well considering the handicaps and he steered with the tiller under his arm. He could see the fish and he had only to look at his hands and feel his back against the stern to know that this had truly

happened and was not a dream. At one time when he was feeling so badly toward the end, he had thought perhaps it was a dream. Then when he had seen the fish come out of the water and hang motionless in the sky before he fell, he was sure there was some great strangeness and he could not believe it.

老人瓶子里的水还剩下两口，吃完了小虾子，他喝了半口水。以船现在的负荷量来说，它在海中航行得还算蛮顺利的，他将舵柄挟在手臂下操作着小船，他看得见鱼，而且只要再看看他的双手，感觉一下靠在船尾的鱼背，就知道这一切都是实实在在发生过的，而不是一个幻梦。在这场战斗快结束之前，曾经有一段时间他感到非常难受，他曾经想，也许这是一个梦吧。然后，当他看见鱼冲出水面，在还没落下之前，停留于空中的静止状态时，他才确定一件神奇的事已经发生了，他之前几乎不能相信。

Then he could not see well, although now he saw as well as ever. Now he knew there was the fish and his hands and back were no dream. The hands cure quickly, he thought. I bled them clean and the salt water will heal them. The dark water of the true gulf is the greatest healer that there is. All I must do is keep the head clear. The hands have done their work and we sail well. With his mouth shut and his tail straight up and down we sail like brothers.

当时他怎么也看不清楚，然而现在却看得如往常一样清楚。现在他知道那条鱼是存在的，而他双手和背上的痛楚都不是在作梦。手很快就会复元的，他想。血已经流干了，海水中的盐份会把这些伤口治疗好的。墨西哥湾深色的海水是最好的治疗药物。我所应该做的就是保持头脑清醒。手该做的工作都已经完成了，我们航行得很顺利。那条鱼的嘴巴紧闭，尾巴直直竖立着，随海波上下起伏，我们像兄弟一般并肩航行。

Then his head started to become a little unclear and he thought, is he bringing me in or am I bringing him in? If I were towing him behind there would be no question. Nor if the fish were in the skiff, with all dignity gone, there would be no question either. But they were sailing together lashed side by side and the old man thought, let him bring me in if it pleases him. I am only better than him through trickery and he meant me no harm. They sailed well and the old man soaked his hands in the salt water and tried to keep his head clear.

接着，他的头脑又开始有点不清楚了，他在想，到底是它在拖着走，还是我在拖着它走，假使我把它拖在后面的话，那就毫无疑问了，或者鱼丧尽尊严地被我载在小船上，那也同样地毋庸置疑。但是他们却互相捆在一起并排航行，老人想，只要能让它高兴，就让它拖着我去吧。我只是耍了一些诡计才胜过它的，而它却对我毫无恶意。他们顺利地航行着，老人把双手浸在温水里，想保持头脑清醒。

There were high cumulus clouds and enough cirrus above them so that the old man knew the breeze would last all night. The old man looked at the fish constantly to make sure it was true. It was an hour before the first shark hit him. The shark was not an accident. He had come up from deep down in the water as the dark cloud of blood had settled and dispersed in the mile deep sea. He had come up so fast and absolutely without caution that he broke the surface of the blue water and was in the sun.

云堆积得很高，上面还有许多卷云，老人知道微风将会彻夜地吹着。老人的目光一直没有离开过鱼，来确定这是真的。一个小时过去之后，第一条鲨鱼开始袭击他。鲨鱼来袭是意料中

的事。鱼深暗色的血在一哩深的海里，像云朵般地扩散开来，鲨鱼闻到血腥味便由深水中游过来。它来得这么快，这么莽撞，倏地冲破了蓝色水面，出现在阳光下。

Then he fell back into the sea and picked up the scent and started swimming on the course the skiff and the fish had taken. Sometimes he lost the scent. But he would pick it up again, or have just a trace of it, and he swam fast and hard on the course. He was a very big Mako shark built to swim as fast as the fastest fish in the sea and everything about him was beautiful except his jaws. His back was as blue as a swordfish's and his belly was silver and his hide was smooth and handsome.

然后又沉回海中，循着血腥味，在小船和鱼游过的航线上一路尾随。有时候鲨鱼会把血腥味给跟丢了，但它总会重新找到，或仅靠着一丝丝气味，拼命而飞快地在这条血腥的航道中游过来。这是一条十分巨大的鳐口鲨，它的体型天生就是被造来游得很快的，是大海中最矫捷的鱼。它全身各处除了嘴巴以外都美极了，它的背脊就像剑鱼的背脊一般蓝，腹部则呈银色，它的皮滑嫩洁净。

He was built as a swordfish except for his huge jaws which were tight shut now as he swam fast, just under the surface with his high dorsal fin knifing through the water without wavering. Inside the closed double lip of his jaws all of his eight rows of teeth were slanted inwards. They were not the ordinary pyramid-shaped teeth of most sharks. They were shaped like a man's fingers when they are crisped like claws. They were nearly as long as the fingers of the old man and they had razor-sharp cutting edges on both sides.

除了一张大嘴巴外，它的体型像极了剑鱼。它游很快，嘴巴紧紧地闭着。它就在水面下用如刀似的背鳍迅速落地划开水面。在它紧闭着的双唇嘴里，八排牙齿都朝内倾斜，而不像大多数鲨鱼的牙齿，呈尖尖的金字塔状。它的牙齿有如人类手指卷曲起来时，像爪子一般，长度就像老人手指那么长，牙齿两边像剃刀那么锐利。

This was a fish built to feed on all the fishes in the sea, that were so fast and strong and well armed that they had no other enemy. Now he speeded up as he smelled the fresher scent and his blue dorsal fin cut the water. When the old man saw him coming he knew that this was a shark that had no fear at all and would do exactly what he wished. He prepared the harpoon and made the rope fast while he watched the shark come on. The rope was short as it lacked what he had cut away to lash the fish. 这种鱼生来就是要称霸海洋，捕食所有的鱼类，它们的速度、健壮的体型和全身武装齐备，使得它们所向无敌。那条鲨鱼闻到了新鲜的血腥味，正加速航行，蓝色的背鳍在水中划过。当老人看见它游过来的样子，就知道它是一条毫无畏惧的鲨鱼，它想怎么样，就会怎么做。他一边目不转睛地注视着鲨鱼游过来，一边准备好鱼叉，把绳索绑紧。绳索少了被切去捆那条大鱼的一段，所以现在已经很短了。

The old man's head was clear and good now and he was full of resolution but he had little hope. It was too good to last, he thought. He took one look at the great fish as he watched the shark close in. It might as well have been a dream, he thought. I cannot keep him from hitting me but maybe I can get him. Dentuso, he thought. Bad luck to your mother. The shark closed fast astern and when he hit the fish the old

man saw his mouth open and his strange eyes and the clicking chop of the teeth as he drove forward in the meat just above the tail.

老人头脑很清醒，也很灵光，他意志坚决，但是希望渺茫。美好的事情总是无法持久，他想。当他看见鲨鱼接近时，他往这条硕壮的大鱼望了一眼，他想，这可能原本就是梦，我没办法阻止它不攻击我，但也许我可以制服它，恶魔，他想。算你娘倒霉！鲨鱼快速地接近船尾，当它咬住大鱼的时候，老人看见它张开的嘴巴以及异样的眼神，当它朝大鱼的尾部扑上去时，满嘴的牙齿都卡嗒卡嗒地响着。

The shark's head was out of water and his back was coming out and the old man could hear the noise of skin and flesh ripping on the big fish when he rammed the harpoon down onto the shark's head at a spot where the line between his eyes intersected with the line that ran straight back from his nose. There were no such lines. There was only the heavy sharp blue head and the big eyes and the clicking, thrusting all-wallowing jaws. But that was the location of the brain and the old man hit it. He hit it with his blood-mashed hands driving a good harpoon with all his strength. 鲨鱼的头出现在水面外，背脊也浮出了水面，老人可以听见大鱼的皮肉被撕开的声音，此刻老人用力将鱼叉刺进鲨鱼头部，刺入的点就在鲨鱼两眼之间的横线，和由鼻子往后直划一条线的交叉点上。而事实上鱼的身上当然并没有这些线。在它身上只能看到沉重的蓝色尖头和大大的眼睛，及卡嗒一声使能将一切吞食的大嘴巴。那交叉点就是它的脑的所在位置，老人用他血肉模糊的手，和一根完好的鱼叉，使尽全力朝它刺去。

He hit it without hope but with resolution and complete malignancy. The shark swung over and the old man saw his eye was not alive and then he swung over once again, wrapping himself in two loops of the rope. The old man knew that he was dead but the shark would not accept it. Then, on his back, with his tail lashing and his jaws clicking, the shark plowed over the water as a speedboat does. The water was white where his tail beat it and three quarters of his body was clear above the water when the rope came taut, shivered, and then snapped.

他不抱任何希望，却充满了决心和敌意地刺下去。鲨鱼翻了一个身，老人看见鱼眼中所透出的目光已是一片死寂，它又翻了个身把绳索卷了两圈。老人晓得它已经死了，但鲨鱼可不愿承认这件事。它背朝下躺着，尾巴不停地摆动，大嘴巴一直在那里卡嗒作响。鲨鱼像快艇似地在水上划游，它的尾巴打起白色的水花，这时绳索一紧，先颤了一下便断了，它的身体的四分之三露出了水面。

The shark lay quietly for a little while on the surface and the old man watched him. Then he went down very slowly. "He took about forty pounds," the old man said aloud. He took my harpoon too and all the rope, he thought, and now my fish bleeds again and there will be others. He did not like to look at the fish anymore since he had been mutilated. When the fish had been hit it was as though he himself were hit. But I killed the shark that hit my fish, he thought. And he was the biggest dentuso that I have ever seen. And God knows that I have seen big ones.

鲨鱼很安静地在水面上躺了一会儿，老人注视着它，然后鲨鱼就慢慢地沉下去了。「它抢了大约四十磅的肉。」老人大声地说。它也把我的鱼叉带走了，还有我所有的绳索，老人想，现在我的鱼叉流血了，将会有其它的鲨鱼再过来的。鱼已经残缺不全了，老人不想多再看它一眼，

当大鱼被攻击的时候，他感觉有如自己被攻击一般。但是我已经杀死了攻击大鱼的那条鲨鱼，它是我看过最大的恶魔，上帝知道，我可看多了大鲨鱼。

It was too good to last, he thought. I wish it had been a dream now and that I had never hooked the fish and was alone in bed on the newspapers. "But man is not made for defeat," he said. "A man can be destroyed but not defeated." I am sorry that I killed the fish though, he thought. Now the bad time is coming and I do not even have the harpoon. The dentuso is cruel and able and strong and intelligent. But I was more intelligent than he was. Perhaps not, he thought. Perhaps I was only better armed. 他想，美好的事物总是那么短暂。现在，真希望一切都是梦，希望我没有钓到这条鱼，希望我独自一个人躺在铺着报纸的床上。「但人并不是为失败而生的，」他说。「一个人可以被毁灭，但是永远不能够被打败。」杀了这条大鱼，我感到很难过，他想。现在恶劣的时刻即将来临，而我却连鱼叉都没了。那恶魔如此残酷、神勇、又聪明。但是，我比它更聪明，也许我没有，他想。也许，只不过是我的武装比它要好。

Part 28

"Don't think, old man," he said aloud. "Sail on this course and take it when it comes." But I must think, he thought. Because it is all I have left. That and baseball. I wonder how the great DiMaggio would have like the way I hit him in the brain? It was no great thing, he thought. Any man could do it. But do you think my hands were as great a handicap as the bone spurs? I cannot know. I never had anything wrong with my heel except the time the sting ray stung it when I stepped on him when swimming and paralyzed the lower leg and made the unbearable pain.

「老头子，不要想了，」他大声地说：「朝着这条航线航行吧！一切顺天由人好了。」他想，但是我必须要思考，我所剩下来的就是思考了。除了会思考外也只有棒球了。不晓得伟大的狄玛基欧会不会喜欢我刺中它头脑的这一击。这没什么了不起，他想。任何人都做得到的。但是，你有没有想过，我这一双手就如你身上的骨刺一样，是多大的障碍吗？我实在不了解，我的脚后跟就从来没出过毛病，除了有一次游泳的时候，不小心踩到一条海鳐鱼，脚后跟被刺了一下后，整条小腿都麻痹了，痛得不能忍受。

"Think about something cheerful, old man," he said. "Every minute now you are closer to home. You sail lighter for the loss of forty pounds." He knew quite well the pattern of what could happen when he reached the inner part of the current. But there was nothing to be done now. "Yes, there is," he said aloud. "I can lash my knife to the butt of one of the oars." So he did that with the tiller under his arm and the sheet of the sail under his foot. "Now," he said. "I am still an old man. But I am not unarmed."

「老头子啊！想点愉快的事吧，」他说。「从现在起的每一分钟，你会离家更近的。因为少了四十磅的肉，所以你航行起来就轻快多了。」他很清楚当他航行到浪潮里面时，会发生什么事情。可是现在已经没办法预先作准备了。「有了，有办法了，」他大声地说：「我可以把我的刀

子绑在一支桨的柄上。」所以他把舵夹在腋下，把帆脚索踩在脚下，他就这么做了。「现在，」他说：「虽然我是个老人，但我并不是手无寸铁。」

The breeze was fresh now and he sailed on well. He watched only the forward part of the fish and some of his hope returned. It is silly not to hope, he thought. Besides I believe it is a sin. Do not think about sin, he thought. There are enough problems now without sin. Also I have no understanding of it. I have no understanding of it and I am not sure that I believe in it. Perhaps it was a sin to kill the fish. I suppose it was even though I did it to keep me alive and feed many people. But then everything is a sin.

微风凉爽地吹着，他航行得很顺利。他只注视着鱼的前半部，因此又寻回一些希望。不存希望的人太愚蠢了，他想。而且我相信，那是一种罪恶。不要想着罪恶，他想。此刻没有罪恶，问题就已经够多了，而且我怎么也搞不懂这些罪恶啊。我不懂罪恶，而且也不能确定我相信罪恶。也许杀害这条大鱼本身就是罪恶。我想，应该是的，即使我杀它是为了生存，而且也为了让许多人有鱼肉吃。但是这样说的话，任何事都是罪恶了。

Do not think about sin. It is much too late for that and there are people who are paid to do it. Let them think about it. You were born to be a fisherman as the fish was born to be a fish. San Pedro was a fisherman as was the father of the great DiMaggio. But he liked to think about all things that he was involved in and since there was nothing to read and he did not have a radio, he thought much and he kept on thinking about sin. You did not kill the fish only to keep alive and to sell for food, he thought. 不要想罪恶，现在想已为时太晚，而且有些人就是专靠这个吃饭的。让那些人去想吧。你生来就是一个渔夫，就像大鱼生来就是一条鱼一样，桑匹德罗是个渔夫，就像狄玛基欧的父亲一样也是个渔夫。他喜欢去思索所有与他有关联的事物，既然没有东西阅读，也没有收音机，他便想得很多，而不断地在思索罪恶。你杀这一条鱼并不完全是为了自己的生存，也不是为了要卖出换取食物，他想。

You killed him for pride and because you are a fisherman. You loved him when he was alive and you loved him after. If you love him, it is not a sin to kill him. Or is it more? "You think too much, old man," he said aloud. But you enjoyed killing the dentuso, he thought. He lives on the live fish as you do. He is not a scavenger nor just a moving appetite as some sharks are. He is beautiful and noble and knows no fear of anything. "I killed him in self-defense," the old man said aloud. "And I killed him well."

你杀它完全是为了个人的骄傲，而且也因为你是一个渔夫。当它活着的时候，你爱它，当它死了以后，你还爱它。如果你爱它，杀了它就不是一种罪恶，或者罪恶更深？他大声说：「老头子，你想得太多了。」但是你杀死那只恶魔鲨鱼，感觉就很痛快。他想。它也靠捕食活鱼维生，和你一样。它也不吃腐肉，也不像其它鲨鱼一样，游到那儿，吃到那儿，它美丽又高贵，对什么都不惧怕。「我杀它是为了自卫。」老人大声地说。「而且杀得很高明。」

Besides, he thought, everything kills everything else in some way. Fishing kills me exactly as it keeps me alive. The boy keeps me alive, he thought. I must not deceive myself too much. He leaned over the side and pulled loose a piece of the meat of the

fish where the shark had cut him. He chewed it and noted its quality and its good taste. It was firm and juicy, like meat, but it was not red. There was no stringiness in it and he knew that it would bring the highest price in the market.

此外他想，总是一物克一物，只是方式不同而已。捕鱼生涯害了我，但是同样地维持了我的生命。是那男孩延续了我的生命，他想。我千万不可太过份地欺骗自己啊。他倚靠在船边，从大鱼被鲨鱼咬破的地方撕下一块肉，放在嘴里嚼一嚼，品尝肉的品质和它的美味，它的肉坚实又多汁，就像其它肉类一样，就差不是红色的。鱼肉里也没有筋，他晓得这拿到市场去可以卖到最好的价钱。

But there was no way to keep its scent out of the water and the old man knew that a very bad time was coming. The breeze was steady. It had backed a little further into the northeast and he knew that meant that it would not fall off. The old man looked ahead of him but he could see no sails nor could he see the hull nor the smoke of any ship. There were only the flying fish that went up from his bow sailing away to either side and he yellow patches of Gulf weed. He could not even see a bird. 但是此刻，他没有办法避免鱼肉的血腥味散溢到水中，老人知道，恶劣的时刻即将来临。微风稳定地吹着，并且更略为吹向东北方了，他知道这表示风不会平息。老人朝前望去，他看不见任何帆影，也看不见任何一艘船，更看不见船上所冒的烟，只有飞鱼从船头的两边掠过，以及一片片黄色的墨西哥湾海草。他甚至看不见一只鸟儿。

He had sailed for two hours, resting in the stern and sometimes chewing a bit of the meat from the marlin, trying to rest and to be strong, when he saw the first of the two sharks. "Ay," he said aloud. There is no translation for this world and perhaps it is just a noise such as a man might make, involuntarily, feeling the nail go through his hands and into the wood. "Galanos," he said aloud. He had seen the second fin now coming up behind the first and had identified them as shovel-nosed sharks by the brown, triangular fin and the sweeping movements of the tail.

他已经航行两个小时了，这期间他靠在船尾歇息，有时从马林鱼身上撕下一片肉放在口中嚼，他正想休息一会儿，以便养精蓄锐时，有两条鲨鱼游来，他看见其中的第一条。「唉呀，」他用墨西哥土语大声喊道。这个字是无法被精确地翻译出来的，也许当一个人的手被钉子穿过，钉到木头上的时候，便会不由自主地发出这种声音。「虎鲨，」他用墨西哥土语大声地喊着。此刻在第一条鲨鱼鳍的后面，他看到了第二条鳍，根据那三角形的棕色背鳍和尾巴摇摆的动作，他可以断定这两条鲨鱼是铲形鼻头的虎鲨。

They had the scent and were excited and in the stupidity of their great hunger they were losing and finding the scent in their excitement. But they were closing all the time. The old man made the sheet fast and jammed the tiller. Then he took up the oar with the knife lashed to it. He lifted it as lightly as he could because his hands rebelled at the pain. Then he opened and closed them on it lightly to loosen them. He closed them firmly so they would take the pain now and would not flinch and watched the sharks come.

鱼的血腥味让它们兴奋了起来。在过度的饥饿和兴奋之下，它们一会儿跟丢了香味，一会儿又找到了香味。可是它们终究正不断地逼近了。老人把帆索栓紧，再把舵柄夹紧，然后拿起绑有刀子的桨柄，由于他的手痛得不听指挥，他尽可能地轻轻举起桨。他的两只手先在桨柄

上张开又握住，以便松弛一下筋骨。然后，他紧紧地握住桨柄，他的手已经可以承受得住疼痛，而不至于畏缩了。他全神贯注地观察着鲨鱼的来临。

He could see their wide, flattened, shovel-pointed heads now and their white-tipped wide pectoral fins. They were hateful sharks, bad smelling, scavengers as well as killers, and when they were hungry they would bite at an oar or the rudder of a boat. It was these sharks that would cut the turtles' legs and flippers off when the turtles were asleep on the surface, and they would hit a man in the water, if they were hungry, even if the man had no smell of fish blood nor of fish slime on him. "Ay," the old man said. "Galanos. Come on galanos."

他可以看到它们那宽大而扁平，如尖形铲的头部，和末端呈白色的宽阔胸鳍。它们是一种可恨的鲨鱼，有恶臭味，吃腐烂的食物，也捕食活鱼，当它们饿的时候，甚至连桨或者船的舵也会咬一口。就是这种鲨鱼，会趁着乌龟在水面上熟睡的时候，咬断乌龟的手脚，也会攻击在水中的人类，当它们饥饿的时候，即使人身上没有鱼的血腥味，也没有鱼的黏液，都会遭到袭击。老人说：「嘿，虎鲨，放马过来吧！」

They came. But they did not come as the Mako had come. One turned and went out of sight under the skiff and the old man could feel the skiff shake as he jerked and pulled on the fish. The other watched the old man with his slotted yellow eyes and then came in fast with his half circle of jaws wide to hit the fish where he had already been bitten. The line showed clearly on the top of his brown head and back where the brain joined the spinal cord and the old man drove the knife on the oar into the juncture, withdrew it, and drove it in again into the shark's yellow cat-like eyes. 它们来了，但它们来的情形不像鳁口鲨一样。其中一只转了一圈后，便跑到船底下，看不见了，当它撕拉鱼肉时，老人可以感觉船在震动。另外一只先是眯着它黄色的细小眼睛望着老人，然后很快地冲上来，用它那几乎是半圆形的下巴，咬住大鱼已经被咬过的地方。它棕色的头和背脊上的条线很清楚，明显地指出大脑与脊髓交会的位置，老人便将那只绑了刀的桨，刺进那交会点，抽回来，又往鲨鱼猫似的黄色眼睛刺下去。

The shark let go of the fish and slid down, swallowing what he had taken as he died. The skiff was still shaking with the destruction the other shark was doing to the fish and the old man let go the sheet so that the skiff would swing broadside and bring the shark out from under. When he saw the shark he leaned over the side and punched at him. He hit only meat and the hide was set hard and he barely got the knife in. The blow hurt not only his hands but his shoulder too.

鲨鱼对大鱼总算松了口，然后溜下去，临死时还把抢走的那块鱼肉硬吞下去。小船仍旧摇动着，因为另外一条鲨鱼还在那儿抢食那条大鱼，老人放松了帆索，让小船打横后，船底下的鲨鱼便暴露出来。当他看见那条鲨鱼的时候，就在船边倾身，向它刺去。却只打到它身上的肉，而鲨鱼的皮很厚，他勉强地把刀子刺了进去。这么一用力，不但手感到疼痛，肩膀也跟着痛了起来。

But the shark came up fast with his head out and the old man hit him squarely in the center of his flat-topped head as his nose came out of water and lay against the fish. The old man withdrew the blade and punched the shark exactly in the same spot again.

He still hung to the fish with his jaws hooked and the old man stabbed him in his left eye. The shark still hung there. "No?" the old man said and he drove the blade between the vertebrae and the brain. It was an easy shot now and he felt the cartilage sever.

但是这条鲨鱼很快地把头露出水面，当它鼻子刚露出水面靠向大鱼的时候，老人很准确地击中它扁平头部的中央。老人把刀子抽出来，然后又在同样的位置刺了一下，但是它仍然用它宽阔的嘴巴，咬住大鱼不放，老人往它左眼刺下去，鲨鱼仍然没有松开口。「你还不走？」老人说，并把刀刃刺向它的背脊骨与大脑之间。这次很容易就刺进去了，他感觉到鲨鱼的软骨被切断了。

Part 29

The old man reversed the oar and put the blade between the shark's jaws to open them. He twisted the blade and as the shark slid loose he said, "Go on, galano. Slide down a mile deep. Go see your friend, or maybe it's your mother." The old man wiped the blade of his knife and laid down the oar. Then he found the sheet and the sail filled and he brought the skiff onto her course. "They must have taken a quarter of him and of the best meat," he said aloud. "I wish it were a dream and that I had never hooked him. I'm sorry about it, fish. It makes everything wrong."

老人把桨颠倒过来，把桨片插向鲨鱼的上下颌之间，撬开它们。当他扭转桨片时，鲨鱼渐渐松了嘴，他说：「滚开，虎鲨！回到一哩深的地方去。去找你的朋友吧，或你妈妈吧。」老人把刀子的刃部擦干净，把桨放下来，之后他又找到了帆脚索，风再度把帆鼓起，将小船带回它的航道。「那条鱼的身体一定有四分之一惨遭掠夺了，而且还是最好的肉，」他大声地说：「但愿这是一场梦，但愿我没钓到这条鱼。鱼啊！我为你现在的遭遇感到痛心，它扰乱了一切。」

He stopped and he did not want to look at the fish now. Drained of blood and awash he looked the colour of the silver backing of a mirror and his stripes still showed. "I shouldn't have gone out so far, fish," he said. "Neither for you nor for me, I'm sorry, fish." Now, he said to himself. Look to the lashing on the knife and see if it had been cut. Then get your hand in order because there still is more to come. 他一时再也说不出话来了，也不愿意再多看鱼一眼。它的血滚滚地流，海水一边将它的身体洗成像镜子后面的那种银色，而它身上的条纹却依然清晰可见。「我不应该划得这么远，鱼啊！」他说。「对你、对我都不应该。鱼啊！我实在很抱歉。」现在他对自己说：看看捆刀子的绳子是不是断了，然后叫你的手准备好，因为还有更多的鲨鱼马上就要来了。

"I wish I had a stone for the knife," the old man said after he had checked the lashing on the oar butt. "I should have brought a stone." You should have brought many things, he thought. But you did not bring them, old man. Now is not time to think of what you do not have. Think of what you can do with what there is. "You give me much good counsel," he said aloud. "I'm tired of it." He held the tiller under his arm and soaked

both his hands in the water as the skiff drove forward.

「我真希望有一块石头好磨刀，」老人检查过桨柄上的绳子之后，他说。「我应该带块石头来的，」他想。该带的东西可多呢，老头子，你什么都没有带来。但现在不是想该带什么东西的时候，倒是应该想一想，如何利用现有的东西。「你给了我很多很好的建议，」他大声地说。「可是，我已经厌烦了。」小船继续往前航行着，他把舵柄夹在手臂下面，双手泡在水中。

"God knows how much that last one took," he said. "But she's much lighter now." He did not want to think of the mutilated under-side of the fish. He knew that each of the jerking bumps of the shark had been meat torn away and that the fish now made a trail for all sharks as wide as a highway through the sea. He was a fish to keep a man all winter, he thought. Don't think of that. Just rest and try to get your hands in shape to defend what is left of him. The blood smell from my hands means nothing now with all that scent in the water. 「只有上帝才知道，后面那只鲨鱼到底抢走了多少肉，」他说。「不过可以确定小船现在轻多了。」他不愿想象鱼腹下面残缺的样子。他晓得，鲨鱼每次摇摆猛扯的时候，就是大鱼被撕走一块肉的时候，而现在，那条鱼就像为所有的鲨鱼在它肚下开了一条好比一条公路那么宽的海中通道。他想，这条鱼可以供一个人度过整个冬天啊，不要再想了。好好地休息，把你的手调养好，以便保护剩下的那一部分。我手上的这一点血腥味比起水中的血腥味来说，简直是微不足道。

Besides they do not bleed much. There is nothing but that means anything. The bleeding may keep the left from cramping. What can I think of now? He thought. Nothing. I must think of nothing and wait for the next ones. I wish it and really been a dream, he thought. But who knows It might have turned out well. The next shark that came was a single shovelnose. He came like a pig to the trough if a pig had a mouth so wide that you could put your head in it. 而且手上的血也流得不多。流点血没什么大不了，但却又意义非凡，因为流血可以避免左手抽筋。现在我能想什么呢？他想。什么也不能想，我必须什么也不想，等着下一群鲨鱼。但愿这一切是个梦，他想。但是谁知道？也许会有一个好结局也说不定。接下来，来的是一只铲鼻鲨，它像一只猪冲向食槽一样地来到，而猪若是张大了嘴的话，一个人的头都可以放进去的。

The old man let him hit the fish and then drove the knife on the oar down into his brain. But the shark jerked backwards as the rolled and the knife blade snapped. The old man settled himself to steer. He did not even watch the big shark sinking slowly in the water, showing first life-size, then small, then tiny. That always fascinated the old man. But he did not even watch it now. "I have the gaff now," he said. "But it will do no good. I have the two oars and the tiller and the short club." 老人先让它咬住大鱼，然后用捆绑着刀的桨往它的脑部刺去。然而当鲨鱼扭转着身体猛然往后退时，刀叶突然间断了。老人坐定下来，把着舵。他完全没去注意水中慢慢往下沉的鲨鱼，当鲨鱼下沉时起先可以看到的是它身体实际的长度，然后慢慢变小了，最后变成一丁点。这种事情原本是很吸引老人的。但是，此刻他却连看都不愿意看一眼。「现在我还有鱼叉，」他说。「可是却没有有什么用。不过我还有两把桨、舵柄和短棍。」

Now they have beaten me, he thought. I am too old to club sharks to death. But I will try it as long as I have the oars and the short club and the tiller. He put his hands

in the water again to soak them. It was getting late in the afternoon and he saw nothing but the sea and the sky. There was more wind in the sky than there have been, and soon he hoped that he would see land. "You're tired, old man," he said. "You're tired inside." The sharks did not hit him again until just before sunset. 现在，我已经被打败了，他想。我太老了，没办法用棍子打死鲨鱼。但是只要我还有桨、短棍和舵柄，我都要再试一试。他又把双手泡在水中。现在已经是下午，接近傍晚的时刻，除了海洋和天空，他什么也没看见。现在风比原先大一些，他希望很快就能看到陆地。「老头子，你累了，」他说：「你的内心疼痛不堪。」就在太阳正要落下之前，鲨鱼才又来袭。

The old man saw the brown fins coming along the wide trail the fish must make in the water. They were not even quartering on the scent. They were headed straight for the skiff swimming side by side. He jammed the tiller, made the sheet fast and reached under the stern for the club. It was an oar handle from a broken oar sawed off to about two and a half feet in length. He could only use it effectively with one hand because of the grip of the handle and he took good hold of it with his right hand, flexing his hand on it, as he watched the sharks come. They were both galanos. 老人看见棕色的鳍沿着大鱼在水中所形成的一条血路游过来。它们对一路上的血腥味毫无眷恋，而直接一股脑地并肩朝小船游过来。他把舵柄夹紧，固定好帆脚索，然后伸向船尾拿短棍。那是从一把断桨上锯下来的把手，约有两尺半长。由于把手部分不太好抓，只能以单手操作，他就用右手紧紧握住，手指在上面弯曲扭动地热身，眼睛则盯着鲨鱼游过来。这两条都是虎鲨。

I must let the first one get a good hold and hit him on the point of the nose or straight across the top of the head, he thought. The two sharks closed together and as he saw the one nearest him open his jaws and sink them into the silver side of the fish, he raised the club high and brought it down heavy and slamming onto the top of the shark's broad head. He felt the rubbery solidity as the club came down. But he felt the rigidity of bone too and he struck the shark once more hard across the point of the nose as he slid down from the fish.

我必须在第一条鲨鱼紧紧咬住大鱼之后，从它鼻尖上或头顶正中央刺下去，他想。两条鲨鱼同时包围了上来，他看见靠近的那一条张开大大嘴，将下巴埋入大鱼银色的腹部里，他高高举起棍子，狠狠地打下去，碰的一声落在鲨鱼宽宽的头顶上。木棍落下来的时候，他感觉它的头像橡皮似地那么坚实。但他也感觉到了它那冰冷僵硬的鱼骨。当鲨鱼从大鱼身上滑下来时，他又朝它鼻尖重重地击了一下。

The other shark had been in and out and now came in again with his jaws wide. The old man could see pieces of the meat of the fish spilling white from the corner of his jaws as he bumped the fish and closed his jaws. He swung at him and hit only the head and the shark looked at him and wrenched the meat loose. The old man swung the club down on him again as he slipped away to swallow and hit only the heavy solid rubberiness. "Come on, galano," the old man said. "Come in again."

另外一条鲨鱼一直忽远忽近地徘徊在大鱼身边，现在张大着嘴又靠了过来。当它冲向大鱼咬了一口，阖上嘴的那一刻，老人看见一块块白色的鱼肉从它嘴角掉落下来。他挥着木棍朝它头上打，鲨鱼望着他，仍然把肉撕下来。当它溜到一旁，准备吞下那块肉的时候，老人再次

用木棍挥打它，感觉上却像是在打厚如橡皮的东西。「来吧！虎鲨。」老人说：「再过来吧！」

The shark came in a rush and the old man hit him as he shut his jaws. He hit him solidly and from as high up as he could raise the club. This time he felt the bone at the base of the brain and he hit him again in the same place while the shark tore the meat loose sluggishly and slid down from the fish. The old man watched for him to come again but neither shark showed. Then he saw one on the surface swimming in circles. He did not see the fin of the other.

鲨鱼猛然间冲过来，当它又闭起嘴咬着鱼肉的时候，老人又敲了它一下。他使尽所有力气地把木棍尽量举高，着实地打下去。这一次他觉得打到它脑下的脑骨了，当鲨鱼有气无力地撕下一块肉，从鱼身上退下来的时候，老人又在同一个位置打了一下。老人注视着它，等着它再来，但是两条鲨鱼都没有再出现。然后，他看见一条鲨鱼在水面转圈圈，但没有看到另一条鲨鱼的鳍。

I could not expect to kill them, he thought. I could have in my time. But I have hurt them both badly and neither one can feel very good. If I could have used a bat with two hands I could have killed the first one surely. Even now, he thought. He did not want to look at the fish. He knew that half of him had been destroyed. The sun had gone down while he had been in the fight with the sharks. "It will be dark soon," he said. "Then I should see the glow of Havana. If I am too far to the eastward I will see the lights of one of the new beaches."

我别想能够杀死它们，他想。当我年轻力壮时才能这样希望。不过，至少现在我也已经让它们两个都伤势惨重了，它们俩都不会感到太好受的。如果，我能用两只手握着手的话，说不定早就打死了第一条鲨鱼。他想，即使是现在，还是可以办到的。他不愿意看那大鱼一眼，他晓得，已毁掉一半了。而当他正在跟两条鲨鱼搏斗的时候，太阳已经落下去了。「天很快就要天黑了，」他说。「我将会看到哈瓦那的亮光，而如果我已经太偏东的话，我会看到新海滩上的一些灯火。」

I cannot be too far out now, he thought. I hope no one has been too worried. There is only the boy to worry, of course. But I am sure he would have confidence. Many of the older fishermen will worry. Many others too, he thought. I live in a good town. He could not talk to the fish anymore because the fish had been ruined too badly. Then something came into his head. "Half fish," he said. "Fish that you were. I am sorry that I went too far out. I ruined us both. But we have killed many sharks, you and I, and ruined many others."

我现在离岸不会太远了，他心想。我希望没有人为我太过担忧。当然，只有那小男孩会为我担忧，但是我相信他对我有信心。可能很多年长的渔夫也会担心。还有其它的人也会，他想。我住在一个敦亲睦邻的优良小镇里。因为鱼实在毁损得太严重，他不能够再跟鱼讲话了。于是，他的脑子里产生了一个念头。「你这半条鱼啊！」他说：「你曾经是条完整的鱼，我真悔恨出海那么远，把我们两个都毁了。但是我们也杀了很多条鲨鱼，你和我一起杀的，而且还伤了很多条哩。」

How many did you ever kill, old fish? You do not have that spear on your head for nothing." He liked to think of the fish and what he could do to a shark if he were

swimming free. I should have chopped the bill off to fight them with, he thought. But there was no hatchet and then there was no knife. But if I had, and could have lashed it to an oar butt, what a weapon. Then we might have fought them together. What will you do now if they come in the night? What can you do? "Fight them," he said. "I'll fight them until I die."

老母鱼啊！你曾经杀害过多少鱼呢？看来你头上的那个长矛并不光是好看而已的呀。」他喜欢去想那条鱼，假想它可以自由自在地游动的话，会是如何地对付鲨鱼。他心想，我刚才应该把它长长的尖嘴砍下来，当作与那些鲨鱼搏斗的武器。可是船上没有斧头，也没有这么大的刀。假使我这么做了的话，便可以把它绑在桨杆上，那将会是多么犀利的武器啊。那样的话，我们或许可以并肩作战。假使它们今晚又来的话，你会怎么办？你能怎么办？「和它们搏斗，」他说：「我将和它们搏斗直到死为止。」

But in the dark now and no glow showing and no lights and only the wind and the steady pull of the sail he felt that perhaps he was already dead. He put his two hands together and felt the palms. They were not dead and he could bring the pain of life by simply opening and closing them. He leaned his back against the stern and knew he was not dead. His shoulders told him. I have all those prayers I promised if I caught the fish, he thought. But I am too tired to say them now. I better get the sack and put it over my shoulders.

但是现在处于黑暗中，看不见亮光，也看不见灯火，只有风，和稳定拖曳着的帆，他感觉自己或许已经死了。他把双手合在一起，感觉一下掌心。他只要把手张开又合拢，就可以感到生命的痛楚，他的手并没有死，他靠着船尾倾着身体，便知道自己并没有死。那是他的肩膀告诉他的。他想起：我已经许了愿，如果让我捕到这条鱼，就要念所有的祈祷文。但是我太疲倦了，没办法念。我还是把布袋拿来披在肩膀上吧。

He lay in the stern and steered and watched for the glow to come in the sky. I have half of him, he thought. Maybe I'll have the luck to bring the forward half in. I should have some luck. No, he said. You violated your luck when you went too far outside. "Don't be silly," he said aloud. "And keep awake and steer. You may have much luck yet." "I'd like to buy some if there's any place they sell it," he said. What could I buy it with? he asked himself. Could I buy it with a lost harpoon and a broken knife and two bad hands? "You might," he said.

他站在船尾，把着舵，望着天空，等待亮光出现。我只有半条鱼了，他心想。也许我还有把这半条鱼顺利带回去的运气吧。我应该有点运气了。不，他说。你出海这么远，就已经在你的运气作对了。「不要傻了，」他大声说。「保持清醒，好好把舵，你也许还有很多好运气在后头呢。」「如果有什么地方是卖运气的，我倒想买一点。」他说。我到底用什么买呀！他问自己。我可以拿一只失去的鱼叉、一把已断的小刀和两只受伤的手去买吗？「或许可以，」他说。

Part 30

"You tried to buy it with eighty-four days at sea. They nearly sold it to you too."

I must not think nonsense, he thought. Luck is a thing that comes in many forms and who can recognize her? I would take some thought in any form and pay what they asked. I wish I could see the glow from the lights, he thought. I wish too many things. But that is the thing I wish for now. He tried to settle more comfortably of steer and from his pain he knew he was not dead. He saw the reflected glare of the lights of the city at what must have been around ten o'clock at night.

「你曾试着用海上的八十四天来买，而几乎可说他们也卖给了你。」我千万不可胡思乱想，他心想。运气这种东西，可以许多不同的形态来临，谁又能认得出它来呢？不过无论它是什么形态，我都想买一些，而且不讨价还价。但愿我能看得到灯火的红光，他想。我所希望的事情太多了。但此刻仅有这一个愿望。他试着把自己安置得更舒服一点，以便把舵。从疼痛中他明白自己还没死。大概是晚上十点钟左右，他看见了城市的灯火所反映的亮光。

They were only perceptible at first as the light is in the sky before the moon rises. Then they were steady of see across the ocean which was rough now with the increasing breeze. He steered inside of the glow and he thought that now, soon, he must hit the edge of the stream. Now it is over, he thought. They will probably hit me again. But what can a man do against them in the dark without a weapon? He was stiff and sore now and his wounds and all of the strained parts of his body hurt with the cold of the night.

起先亮光隐约可见，犹如月亮升起前，天空中的光晕。然后，隔着海洋看去，亮光已稳定。此刻风渐趋转强，浪潮汹涌。他已驶入光亮之处，此刻他心想，他马上就要驶入浪潮的边缘了。一切总算过去了，他心想。鲨鱼可能会再来袭击我，但是一个手无寸铁的人，如何在黑暗中对付它们呢？现在他全身僵硬酸痛，寒夜里，所有劳伤过度的部位都感觉疼痛。

I hope I do not have to fight again, he thought. I hope so much I do not have to fight again. But by midnight he fought and this time he knew the fight was useless. They came in a pack and he could only see the lines in the water that their fins made and their phosphorescence as they threw themselves on the fish. He clubbed at heads and heard the jaws chop and the shaking of the skiff as they took hold below. He clubbed desperately at what he could only feel and hear and he felt something seized the club and it was gone.

他想，希望我不必再搏斗了，我殷切希望不必再搏斗了。但是到了午夜时分，他又开始搏斗了，而且他知道这次再怎么斗也没有用的。鲨鱼成群结队地来了，他只能看到它们的鳍在水中所划出的线，以及它们冲向大鱼时身上发出的磷光。他用棍子击打它们的头，听到它们嘴巴抢食的声音，感觉小船在它们由下咬住大鱼时摇摆不已。他仅靠感觉和听声音，拼命地打。他感觉有东西抓住了棍子，之后棍子就被拖走了。

He jerked the tiller free from the rudder and beat an chopped with it, holding it in both hands and driving it down again and again. But they were up to the bow now and driving in one after the other and together, tearing off the pieces of meat that showed glowing below the sea as they turned to come once more. One came, finally, against the head itself and he knew that it was over. He swung the tiller across the shark's head where the jaws were caught in the heaviness of the fish's head which would not tear. He swung it once and twice and again.

他把舵柄由舵上卸下，双手握着它，一次又一次地往下捶打鲨鱼。但是此刻它们已游向船头，一条接着一条，成群拥上来，撕扯大鱼的肉，一片片的肉在海中闪烁着光芒，然后它们转了一圈又再度回来。最后，过来一条鲨鱼来抢食鱼头，他知道一切都完了。他朝鲨鱼头挥舞着舵柄，鲨鱼的嘴咬住大鱼沉重的头，扯不动，也撕不下来，老人一次又一次地挥打。

He heard the tiller break and he lunged at the shark with the splintered butt. He felt it go in and knowing it was sharp he drove it in again. The shark let go and rolled away. That was the last shark of the pack that came. There was nothing more for them to eat. The old man could hardly breathe now and he felt a strange taste in his mouth. It was coppery and sweet and he was afraid of it for a moment. But there was not much of it. He spat into the ocean and said, "Eat that, galanos. And make a dream you've killed a man."

他听到舵柄断裂的声音，但也只好举起断裂的舵柄朝鲨鱼戳刺。他感觉已刺进去了，而且他晓得舵柄仍然尖利，因此再往里面推去。鲨鱼松了嘴，翻滚下来。这是刚才蜂拥而至的鲨鱼中的最后一只。也已经没有什么东西可供它们吃了。老人这时几乎已喘不过气来，他感觉口中有奇水怪的味道。是黄铜的味道，甜甜的，这味道令他担心了一下。但是不严重就是了。他往海里吐了一口唾沫说：「吃吧！虎鲨，去做个梦吧，梦见你们杀死了一个人。」

He knew he was beaten now finally and without remedy and he went back to the stern and found the jagged end of the tiller would fit in the slot of the rudder well enough for him to steer. He settled the sack around his shoulders and put the skiff on her course. He sailed lightly now and he had no thoughts nor any feelings of any kind. He was past everything now and he sailed the skiff to make his homeport as well and as intelligently as he could. In the night sharks hit the carcass as someone might pick up crumbs from the table.

现在他知道，他终于被打败了，而且是一败涂地，他回到了船尾，发现那半截锯齿状的舵柄还可以安置在舵孔里，勉强可以操作航行。他把肩膀上的布袋整理好，将小船驶向航道。这时航行起来很轻便，他已无任何想法，亦无任何感觉，对任何事也不感兴趣了。他尽量保持清醒地驾着小船，朝家乡的港口回航。晚上，鲨鱼又来袭击大鱼的残骸，恰如有些人捡食饭桌下的面包屑一样。

The old man paid no attention to them and did not pay any attention to anything except steering. He only noticed how lightly and how well the skiff sailed now there was no great weight beside her. She's good, he thought. She is sound and not harmed in any way except for the tiller. That is easily replaced. He could feel he was inside the current now and he could see the lights of the beach colonies along the shore. He knew where he was now and it was nothing to get home. The wind is our friend, anyway, he thought. Then he added, sometimes.

老人不再理会它们，除了航行以外，他对任何事情都漠不关心。他只注意到小船现在没有沉重的负荷了，它多么轻巧而顺利地航行着啊。他心想，这真是条好船。很结实，而且除了舵柄以外，一点损坏也没有，那个倒很容易更换。他可以感觉到他已经航进海潮里面来了，同时也可以看见沿着海岸旁边海滨住宅区的灯光。他现在知道自己正处于什么方位了，回家不成问题了。他想，不管怎么说，风总是我们的朋友。他又补充说，有时候是的。

And the great sea with our friends and our enemies. And bed, he thought. Bed is my friend. Just bed, he thought. Bed will be a great thing. It is easy when you are beaten, he thought. I never knew how easy it was. And what beat you, he thought. "Nothing," he said aloud. "I went out too far." When he sailed into the little harbour the lights of the Terrace were out and he knew everyone was in bed. The breeze had risen steadily and was blowing strongly now. It was quiet in the harbour though and he sailed up onto the little patch of shingle below the rocks.

大海中有我们的朋友，也有我们的敌人。还有床，他想。床是我的朋友，只要有一张床就行了，他想。床真是件好东西。当你精疲力竭战败之时，床给你舒适安逸，他想。我从来不晓得，床到底有多舒适安逸。到底是什么将你打败，他想。「没有任何东西，」他大声地说。「是我自己出海太远了。」当他航进小港的时候，露天酒店的灯光已经熄灭，他晓得每一个人都已经上床就寝。风很稳定地加强中，愈吹愈猛烈，然而海湾里面一切平静，他航向岩石下面一堆砂砾的地方。

There was no one to help him so he pulled the boat up as far as he could. Then he stepped out and made her fast to a rock. He unstepped the mast and furled the sail and tied it. Then he shouldered the mast and started to climb. It was then he knew the depth of his tiredness. He stopped for a moment and looked back and saw in the reflection from the street light the great tail of the fish standing up well behind the skiff's stern. He saw the white naked line of his backbone and the dark mass of the head with the projecting bill and all the nakedness between.

没有人帮助他上岸，只有尽自己的能力，把船尽量地往上拖。然后，他走下船把船系在岩石上。他卸下桅杆，把帆卷起来捆好，然后扛在肩上，开始往小木屋的路上爬去。这个时候，他才体会到自己到底有多疲倦。他停下来一会儿，往后望去，由街灯的反光中，他看到那条大鱼的尾巴耸立在船尾后。他还看见它秃得像一条条白线的背脊骨，以及那一团黑漆漆的头骨和突出的嘴，其余都只有光光的躯壳骨架而已。

He started to climb again and at the top he fell and lay for some time with the mast across his shoulder. He tried to get up. But it was too difficult and he sat there with the mast on his shoulder and looked at the road. A cat passed on the far side going about its business and the old man watched it. Then he just watched the road. Finally he put the mast down and stood up. He picked the mast up and put it on his shoulder and started up the road. He had to sit down five times before he reached his shack.

他又继续往上爬，爬到顶上的时候，他摔了一跤，他扛着桅杆在地上休息了一会儿。他努力想要站起来。但对他来说实在太困难了，他坐在那里，肩膀上依旧扛着桅杆，望着路上。一只猫从远处走过，像是要去办自己的事，老人注视着它，然后又望着路。最后他把桅杆放下，站了起来。然后，再把桅杆扛在肩膀上，开始上路。在走到小木屋之前，他总共坐下来休息了五次。

Inside the shack he leaned the mast against the wall. In the dark he found a water bottle and took a drink. Then he lay down on the bed. He pulled the blanket over his shoulders and then over his back and legs and he slept face down on the newspapers with his arms out straight and the palms of his hands up. He was asleep when the boy

looked in the door in the morning. It was blowing so hard that the drifting-boats would not be going out and the boy had slept late and then come to the old man's shack as he had come each morning.

他把桅杆靠在小木屋里的墙上。黑暗中他摸索到一个水瓶，喝了一口水后便倒在床上。他拉起毯子盖在肩膀上、背上和腿上。他脸朝下趴在报纸上，手肩直直地伸着，掌心朝上。早晨当小男孩从门口往里望的时候，他正熟睡着。风强烈地吹着，那些随风飘荡的小船都不出海，因此男孩也就晚一点才起床，就如每天早晨一样，他来到老人的小木屋里察看。

Part 31

The boy saw that the old man was breathing and then he saw the old man's hands and he started to cry. He went out very quietly to go to bring some coffee and all the way down the road he was crying. Many fishermen were around the skiff looking at what was lashed beside it and one was in the water, his trousers rolled up, measuring the skeleton with a length of line.

The boy did not go down. He had been there before and one of the fishermen was looking after the skiff for him. "How is he?" one of the fishermen shouted.

男孩看到老人还在呼吸，而在看见老人的手之后，他开始哭了。他静悄悄地走出去弄些咖啡来，一路上他边走边哭。很多渔夫正围着小船观看，到底是什么东西捆在船边，其中有一人卷起裤子站在水里，用一根线绳在那儿量大鱼骨骼的长度。男孩没有走过去看，因为刚才他就看过了。有一位渔夫在那里帮他看守着小船。

「他还好吗？」一位渔夫叫喊着。

"Sleeping," the boy called. He did not care that they saw him crying. "Let no one disturb him." "He was eighteen feet from nose to tail," the fisherman who was measuring him called. "I believe it," the boy said. He went into the Terrace and asked for a can of coffee. "Hot and with plenty of milk and sugar in it." "Anything more?" "No. Afterwards I will see what he can eat." "What a fish it was," the proprietor said. "There has never been such a fish. Those were two fine fish you took yesterday too."

「正在睡，」小孩喊着。他一点都不在意别人看见他在哭泣。「大家都别去打扰他。」「由鼻子到尾巴共十八呎长，」刚才量鱼骨头的那位渔夫叫着。「我相信。」男孩说。他跑到露天酒店要了一罐咖啡。「要热一点，多加一点牛奶和糖。」「还要别的东西吗？」「不了，待会我看看他能吃得下什么再说吧。」「好大的一条鱼啊！」这老板说。「这里从来没有过这么大的一条鱼。你昨天钓到的那两条鱼也很不错啊。」

"Damn my fish," the boy said and he started to cry again. "Do you want a drink of any kind?" the proprietor asked. "No," the boy said. "Tell them not to bother Santiago. I'll be back." "Tell him how sorry I am." "Thanks," the boy said. The boy carried the hot can of coffee up to the old man's shack and sat by him until he woke. Once it looked as though he were waking. But he had gone back into heavy sleep and the boy had gone across the road to borrow some wood to heat the coffee. Finally the old

man woke.

「我那两条鱼，真他妈的，」小男孩说，然后他又开始哭泣。「你要不要喝点什么东西？」老板问。「不，」男孩说。「告诉他们不要去打扰山帝雅哥，我会再回来的。」「告诉他，我为他感到深深的惋惜。」「谢谢！」男孩说。小孩拿了一罐热咖啡来到老人的木屋，坐在他的旁边，等着他醒来。曾经有一度，他看起来好像已经醒过来了，但却又马上沉沉睡去。男孩跑过马路，去借了一点木材，热一热咖啡。现在，终于老人醒了。

"Don't sit up," the boy said. "Drink this." He poured some of the coffee in a glass. The old man took it and drank it. "They beat me, Manolin," he said. "They truly beat me." "He didn't beat you. Not the fish." "No. Truly, It was afterwards." "Pedrico is looking after the skiff and the gear. What do you want done with the head?" "Let Pedrico chop it up to use in fish traps." "And the spear?" "You keep it if you want it." "I want it," the boy said. "Now we must make our plans about the other things." "Did they search for me?"

「别坐起来，」男孩说，「把这个喝掉。」他倒了一点咖啡在杯子里头。老人接过去，喝了下去。「它们把我打败了，马洛林。」他说，「它们确实实地把我打败了。」「它并没有打败你，鱼不可能打败你。」「不对，是真的把我打败了。那是在捕到它之后。」派德瑞克正在看守着那条小船和船具。「你打算怎么处置那鱼头呢？」「叫派德瑞克把它砍下来，放在捕鱼具里面捕鱼。」「那如长矛的鱼嘴呢？」「如果你要的话，就送给你。」「我要！」这男孩说。「现在我们该为其它事情计划一下了。」「他们有没有到处在找我？」

"Of course. With coast guard and with planes." "The ocean is very big and a skiff is small and hard to see," the old man said. He noticed how pleasant it was to have someone to talk to instead of speaking only to himself and to the sea. "I missed you," he said. "What did you catch?" "One the first day. One the second and two the third." "Very good." "Now we fish together again." "No. I am not lucky. I am not lucky anymore." "The hell with luck," the boy said. "I'll bring the luck with me." "What will your family say?"

「当然啦！海岸警卫队都出动了，还用飞机来搜救。」「海洋太大，船又太小了，所以很难看到。」老人说。他现在感到好高兴，有个人可和他讲讲话，他不必对着海说话或自言自语了。「我想你，」他说。「你捕到了什么？」「第一天捕到一条，第二天捕到一条，第三天捕到两条。」「好极了。」「现在我们又可以一起去捕鱼了。」「不，我太倒霉了。我的运气不会再好了。」「管他妈的什么运气，」男孩说，「我会给你带来好运的。」「你的家人会怎么说呢？」

"I do not care. I caught two yesterday. But we will fish together now for I still have much to learn." "We must get good killing lance and always have it on board. You can make the blade from a spring leaf from an old Ford. We can grind it in Guanabacoa. It should be sharp and not tempered so it will break. My knife broke." "I'll get another knife and have the spring ground. How many days of heavy breeze have we?" "Maybe three. Maybe more." "I will have everything in order," the boy said. "You get your hands well old man."

「我才不管这些，我昨天捕到了两条鱼，而从现在开始我们要一起去捕鱼，因为我还有好多东西要向你学呢。」「我们必须弄一个锋利的长矛，把它一直放在船舱里面。你可以从旧的福特汽车里找一个弹簧叶片，把它做成一把刀。我们可以拿到瓜那巴可那里去磨。一定要很利

才行，而且不可以用火去烧炼，否则很容易断裂。我的刀，就是这么断的。」「我再去弄把刀，把弹簧磨一磨。这种风还会吹几天呢？」「也许三天，也许更久。」「我会把一切都准备好的，」男孩说。「老先生你先把你的手调养好再说吧。」

"I know how to care for them. In the night I spat something strange and felt something in my chest was broken." "Get that well too," the boy said. "Lie down, old man, and I will bring you your clean shirt. And something to eat." "Bring any of the papers of the time that I was gone," the old man said. "You must get well fast for there is much that I can learn and you can teach me everything. How much did you suffer?" "Plenty," the old man said. "I'll bring the food and the papers," the boy said. "Rest well, old man."

「我知道该怎么样治疗手。昨天晚上我吐了一些奇怪的东西，觉得胸口好像有什么东西破了似的。」「你要把它调养好，」男孩说。「老先生，你躺下，我去把你那件干净的衬衫拿来，然后再带一些吃的东西来。」「顺便带几张我不在这里的期间的报纸来，」老人说。「你一定要快快复元，因为我还有好多东西要向你学，你好把一切东西都教给我。你到底受了多少苦啊？」「太多了，」老人说。「我会把食物和报纸带来，」男孩说。「好好休息，老先生。」

I will bring stuff from the drugstore for your hands." "Don't forget to tell Pedrico the head is his." "No. I will remember." As the boy went out the door and down the worn coral rock road he was crying again. That afternoon there was a party of tourists at the Terrace and looking down in the water among the empty beer cans and dead barracudas a woman saw a great long white spine with a huge tail at the end that lifted and swung with the tide while the east wind blew a heavy steady sea outside the entrance to the harbor.

我会至药房里弄点东西给你擦手。」「别忘了告诉派德瑞克，鱼头是给他的。」「不会的，我会记得。」男孩出了门，顺着那碎珊瑚礁铺成的路上走去，泪水又涌出他的眼睛。那天下午露天酒店里来了一群观光客，一个女人从水中那一堆空啤酒罐和死梭鱼之间，望见了一根又大又长的白色背脊骨，以及一个硕大的尾巴。东风吹着，海港外面的风浪很大，庞大的鱼尾巴随着潮水起伏漂动。

"What's that?" she asked a waiter and pointed to the long backbone of the great fish that was now just garbage waiting to go out with the tide. "Tiburón," the waiter said. "Eshark." He was meaning to explain what had happened. "I didn't know sharks had such handsome, beautifully formed tails." "I didn't either," her male companion said. Up the road, in his shack, the old man was sleeping again. He was still sleeping on his face and the boy was sitting by him watching him. The old man was dreaming about the lions.

「那是什么啊！」她问酒店的侍者，手指着大鱼长长的背脊，现在已变成了垃圾，等着潮水把它们带走。「大鲨鱼，」侍者发音不准地回答。「是一只鲨鱼，」他是想把一切的经过情形描述一下。「我还真不晓得鲨鱼有这么雄伟，形状这么美丽的尾巴呢。」「我也不晓得，」他的男伴说。顺路而上，小木屋里，老人又沉沉地睡去。他依然脸朝下地睡，男孩就坐在他身边守候。此刻，老人又梦见了狮子。

The end
全文完