

Tooth And Claw

牙齿和爪子

简介

下面每一则故事的主角都是一种凶悍的动物。它们伤害或吞噬着人类的情景，透射出动物凶残的兽性。故事虚悬、离奇。但让我们更加惊疑的是：这些动物会突然出现在雅致的房间里、芬芳的花园或幽静的小片林地间——那些被我们认为是安全、文明的场所。它们为什么会在那儿？为什么 Saki 把这些猛兽带到了我们的家里？

答案是，我们希望它们在那儿。当然，我们并不想让真正的狼总是呆在我们的花园里，那会兴味索然。但有时，当我们遇到了不速之客，或者内心深处很厌恶却又不得不表现出彬彬有礼的时候，——一只真正的狼有时会非常有用。Saki 所描写的动物时而滑稽，时而残忍；但总能撕破我们的伪装，暴露出我们心底的真实情感。

Saki（赫克托·休·芒罗）生于 1870 年。他是一位记者和作家，以写精彩的短篇故事闻名，1916 年他死于第一次世界大战中。

Sredni Vashtar

Conradin was ten years old and was often ill.

'The boy is not strong, 'said the doctor. 'He will not live much longer. 'But the doctor did not know about Conradin's imagination. In Conradin's lonely, loveless world, his imagination was the only thing that kept him alive.

Conradin's parents were dead and he lived with his aunt. The aunt did not like Conradin and was often unkind to him. Conradin hated her with all his heart, but he obeyed her quietly and took his medicine without arguing. Mostly he kept out of her way. She had no place in his world. His real, everyday life in his aunt's colourless, comfortless house was narrow and uninteresting. But inside his small, dark head exciting and violent thoughts ran wild. In the bright world of his imagination Conradin was strong and brave. It was a wonderful world, and the aunt was locked out of it.

The garden was no fun. There was nothing interesting to do. He was forbidden to pick the flowers. He was forbidden to eat the fruit. He was forbidden to play on

the grass But behind some trees, in a forgotten corner of the garden, there was an old shed Nobody used the shed, and Conradin took it for his own.

To him it became something between a playroom and a church. He filled it with ghosts and animals from his imagination. But there were also two living things in the shed. In one corner lived an old, untidy-looking chicken. Conradin had no people to love, and this chicken was the boy's dearest friend. And in a dark, secret place at the back of the shed was a large wooden box with bars across the front. This was the home of a very large ferret with long, dangerous teeth and claws. Conradin had bought the ferret and its box from a friendly boy, who lived in the village. It had cost him all his money, but Conradin did not mind. He was most terribly afraid of the ferret, but he loved it with all his heart. It was his wonderful, terrible secret. He gave the ferret a strange and beautiful name and it became his god.

The aunt went to church every Sunday. She took Conradin with her, but to Conradin her church and her god were without meaning. They seemed grey and uninteresting. The true god lived in the shed, and his name was Sredni Vashtar.

Every Thursday, in the cool, silent darkness of the shed, Conradin took presents to his god. He took flowers in summer and fruits in autumn, and he made strange and wonderful songs for his god. Sometimes, on days when something important happened, Conradin took special presents. He stole salt from the kitchen and placed it carefully and lovingly in front of the ferret's box.

One day the aunt had the most terrible toothache. It continued for three days. Morning and evening Conradin put salt in front of his god. In the end he almost believed that Sredni Vashtar himself had sent the toothache.

After a time the aunt noticed Conradin's visits to the shed.

'It's not good for him to play out there in the cold,' she said. She could always find a reason to stop Conradin enjoying himself. The next morning at breakfast she told Conradin that she had sold the chicken. She looked at Conradin's white face, and waited for him to cry or to be angry. But Conradin said nothing; there was nothing to say.

Perhaps the aunt felt sorry. That afternoon there was hot buttered toast for tea. Toast was usually forbidden. Conradin loved it, but the aunt said that it was bad for him. Also, it made extra work for the cook. Conradin looked at the toast and quietly took a piece of bread and butter.

'I thought you liked toast,' the aunt said crossly.

'Sometimes,' said Conradin.

In the shed that evening Conradin looked sadly at the empty corner where his

chicken had lived. And, for the first time, he asked his ferret-god to do something for him.

'Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar, 'he said softly.

He did not say what he wanted. Sredni Vashtar was a god, after all. There is no need to explain things to gods. Then, with a last look at the empty corner, Conradin returned to the world that he hated.

And every night, in the shed and in his bedroom, Conradin repeated again and again.

'Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar. '

So Conradin's visits to the shed continued. The aunt noticed, and went to look in the shed again.

'What are you keeping in that locked box? ' she asked. ' I'm sure you're keeping an animal there. It's not good for you.

Conradin said nothing.

The aunt searched his bedroom until she found the key to the box. She marched down to the shed. It was a cold afternoon, and Conradin was forbidden to go outside. From the window of the dining-room Conradin could just see the door of the shed. He stood and waited.

He saw the aunt open the shed door. She went inside. Now, thought Conradin, she has found the box. She is opening the door, and feeling about inside the box where my god lives.

'Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar, 'said Conradin softly. But he said it without hope. She will win, he thought. She always wins. Soon she will come out of the shed and give her orders. Somebody will come and take my wonderful god away-not a god any more, just a brown ferret in a box. Then there will be nothing important in my life... The doctor will be right. I shall sicken and die. She will win. She always wins... In his pain and misery, Conradin began to sing the song of his god:

Sredni Vashtar went into battle.

His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white.

his enemies called for peace but he brought them death.

Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful.

Suddenly he stopped singing and went nearer to the window. The door of the shed was still open. Slowly, very slowly the minutes went by. Conradin watched the

birds on the grass. He counted them, always with one eye on that open door. The unsmiling housekeeper came in with the tea things. Still Sonradin stood and watched and waited. Hope was growing, like a small, sick flower, in his heart. Very softly he sang his song again, and his hope grew and grew. And then he saw a very wonderful thing.

Out of the shed came a long, low, yellow—and—brown animal. There were red, wet stains around its mouth and neck.

'Sredni Vashtar!' said Conradin softly. The ferret—god made its way to the bottom of the garden. It stopped for a moment, then went quietly into the long grass and disappeared for ever.

'Tea is ready,' said the housekeeper. 'Where is your aunt?'

'She went down to the shed,' said Conradin.

And, while the housekeeper went down to call the aunt, Conradin took the toasting—fork out of the dining—room cupboard. He sat by the fire and toasted a piece of bread for himself. While he was toasting it and putting butter on it, Conradin listened to the noises beyond the dining room door. First there were loud screams—that was the housekeeper. Then there was the cook's answering cry. Soon there came the sound of several pairs of feet. They were carrying something heavy into the house.

'Who is going to tell that poor child?' said the housekeeper.

'Well, someone will have to,' answered the cook. And, while they were arguing, Conradin made himself another piece of toast.

斯莱德尼·瓦什塔

康拉丁 10 岁，经常生病。

“这孩子不结实，”医生说，“他活不了太久。”但是医生不了解康拉丁的想像力。在康拉丁孤独无爱的世界里，他的想像力是唯一支撑他活着的東西。

康拉丁的父母已亡故，他和姑妈住在一起。姑妈不喜欢康拉丁，经常对他不好。康拉丁从心底里恨她，但是平静地服从她，而且毫无怨言地服药。多数时间他远离她。她在他的世界里没有一席之地。在姑妈单调不舒服的家里，他真正的日常生活狭窄无趣。但是在他又小又黑的脑袋里，活跃、思想在狂奔。在想像中的明快世界里，康拉丁健壮勇敢。这是一个美好的世界，姑妈被锁在了这个世界之外。

花园里不好玩，没有有趣的事情做。他被禁止摘花，被禁止吃果子，被禁止在草坪上玩耍。但是在一些树后，在花园一个被遗忘的角落有一个陈旧的小屋。

没人用这个小屋，康拉丁便把它据为己有。对他而言小屋成了一个介于游戏室和教堂的地方。他在其中装满了想像中的鬼怪和动物。但是里面也有两个活物。在一个角落有一只蓬头垢面的老母鸡。康拉丁没有什么人去爱，于是这只鸡成了他最好的朋友。在小屋靠后的一个黑暗秘密的地方有一只大木箱，它的前面横竖着一些铁条。在这木箱里有一只长着又长又危险的牙齿和爪子的大雪貂。康拉丁从住在村里的一个很友好的男孩那里买下了这只雪貂和箱子。这花掉了他所有的钱，但是康拉丁不在乎。他非常害怕这只雪貂可又全心全意地爱它。它是他精彩可怕的秘密。他给雪貂起了一个又古怪又好听的名字，它成了他的上帝。

姑妈每个星期天都去教堂。她带康拉丁一起去，但对康拉丁来说她的教堂和上帝毫无意义，而且似乎灰暗枯燥。真正的上帝住在小屋里，它的名字叫斯莱德尼·瓦什塔。

每个星期四，在小屋阴凉沉寂的黑暗中，康拉丁都给他的上帝带些礼物。他带来夏季的鲜花和秋天的果实，他给他的上帝编唱些古怪奇妙的歌曲。有时，在有某件重要事情发生的日子，康拉丁会带来特殊的礼物。他从厨房偷来盐并小心疼爱地放在雪貂箱子前面。

有一天姑妈的牙疼得特别厉害。疼痛持续了三天。早上和晚上康拉丁都在他的上帝面前放点盐。最后他几乎相信是斯莱德尼·瓦什塔带来的牙疼。

过了一段时间，姑妈注意到康拉丁总是去小屋。

“在外面冷风里玩对他不好，”她说。她总是能找到一个理由不让康拉丁玩得开心。第二天早上吃早餐时，她告诉康拉丁她已经卖掉了那只鸡。她看着康拉丁苍白的脸，等着他哭或者生气。但是康拉丁一句话没说；没什么可说的。

可能姑妈觉得内疚了。那天下午喝茶时上了热黄油面包。烤面包平时是不让吃的。康拉丁喜欢吃，但是姑妈说吃烤面包对他不好。而且，烤面包对厨子来说太费事。康拉丁看着烤面包，平静地拿了一片面包和黄油。

“我想你喜欢烤面包，”姑妈生气地说。

“有时候是，”康拉丁说。

那天晚上在小屋里，康拉丁伤心地看着母鸡曾住过的那个空空的角落。于是，第一次，他让他的雪貂上帝为他做一件事。

“为我做一件事，斯莱德尼·瓦什塔，”他轻声地说。

他没有说出他的想法。斯莱德尼·瓦什塔终究是上帝，没有必要向上帝把什么事都说的一清二楚。然后，在看了那个空角落最后一眼之后，康拉丁回到了他憎恨的世界。

每天晚上在小屋和卧室里，康拉丁反复重复着那句话。

“为我做一件事，斯莱德尼·瓦什塔。”

因此康拉丁继续去小屋。姑妈发现后，又去小屋察看。

“你在那个锁着的箱子里养了什么？”她问。“我肯定你在那儿养了一只动物。这对你不好。”

康拉丁一言不发。

姑妈搜他的卧室，最后她终于找到了那个箱子的钥匙。她冲向小屋。这是一个寒冷的下午，康拉丁被禁止到外面去。从餐厅的窗户那儿康拉丁刚好能看见小屋的门。他站着等着。

他看见姑妈打开小屋房门进去了。现在，康拉丁想，她已经找到了箱子。她正在开箱子门，正在我的上帝居住的箱子里面摸索。

“为我做一件事，斯莱德尼·瓦什塔，”康拉丁轻声说。但是他说这话时没有抱什么希望。她会赢，他想，她总是赢。一会儿她就要从小屋出来，对他发号施令。会有人来拿走我的好上帝——再不是上帝了，只是木箱里的一只棕色雪貂。然后我的生活里就没有了重要的东西……医生是对的，我将生病死去。她将赢，她总是赢……在痛苦中，康拉丁开始唱他的上帝之歌：

斯莱德尼·瓦什塔上战场，他的思想鲜红牙齿雪亮。

敌人乞求和平，他将他们灭亡。

美丽的斯莱德尼·瓦什塔。

突然他停止歌唱，走近窗户。小屋的门还开着。慢慢地，非常慢地过了几分钟。康拉丁望着草地上的小鸟，数着它们，一只眼睛却总是看着那扇开着的门。毫无笑容的管家端着茶点进来，康拉丁还是站着、看着、等着。希望在增长，像心里一朵生病的小花。他又非常轻声地唱起了歌，希望又增长了。然后他看见了一个非常奇妙的东西。

从小屋出来一只又长又矮的黄棕色动物，它的嘴和脖子周围有湿红的血斑。

“斯莱德尼·瓦什塔！”康拉丁柔声说。雪貂上帝走向花园深处。它停顿片刻，然后悄悄地走进深远的草丛，永远地消失了。

“茶点好了，”管家说，“你姑妈在哪儿？”

“她下楼去小屋了，”康拉丁说。

于是，管家下楼去叫姑妈时，康拉丁从餐厅的壁柜里拿出面包叉。他坐在炉火旁给自己烤了一片面包。正当他烤着面包、在上面抹黄油时，康拉丁听着餐室外的吵闹声。先是尖叫声——那是管家，然后是厨子的喊叫声。一会儿传来几个人的脚步声。他们正往屋里拍个很沉的东西。

“谁去告诉那可怜的孩子？”管家说。

“哎，总得有人去，”厨子回答。当他们在争论的时候，康拉丁又给自己烤了一片面包。

The Story-Teller

It was a hot, airless afternoon. The train was slow and the next stop was nearly an hour away. The people in the train were hot and tired. There were three small children and their aunt, and a tall man, who was a bachelor. The bachelor did not know the little family, and he did not want to know them.

The aunt and the children talked, but it was not a real conversation. It was more like a battle with a small housefly which will not go away. When the aunt spoke to the children, she always began with 'Don't...' When the children spoke to her, they always began with 'Why...' The bachelor said nothing aloud.

The small boy opened his mouth and closed it again. It made an interesting little noise, so he did it again. Open. Close. Open. Close.

'Don't do that, Cyril,' said the aunt. 'Come and look out of the window.' The boy closed his mouth and sat next to the window. He looked out at the green fields and trees.

'Why is that man taking those sheep out of that field?' he asked suddenly.

'Perhaps he's taking them to another field where there is more grass,' said the aunt. It was not a very good answer, and the boy knew it.

'But there is lots of grass in that field,' he said. 'The field is full of grass, Aunt. Why doesn't the man leave his sheep in that field?'

'I suppose the grass in the other field is better,' answered the aunt.

'Why is it better?' asked Cyril at once.

'Oh, look at those cows!' cried the aunt. There were cows in nearly all the fields along the railway line. Cyril did not look at the cows. He wanted an answer to his question.

'Why is the grass in the other field better?' he said again.

The bachelor gave them an angry look. The aunt saw him. He's a hard, unkind man, she thought. He doesn't like children. She searched for a suitable answer to Cyril's question, but could not find one.

The smaller girl began to say some words from a song:

'On the road to Mandalay, where the happy children play,' she began.

Then she stopped. She could not remember any more words, so she said the first words again, quietly but very clearly. Then she said them again. And again. And again.

The bachelor looked angrily at the girl, and then at the aunt.

'Come here and sit down quietly, 'the aunt said quickly to the children. 'I'm going to tell you a story. '

The children moved slowly towards the aunt's seat. They already looked bored. Clearly, the aunt was not a famous story-teller.

The story was horribly uninteresting. It was about a little girl. She was not a beautiful child, but she was always very, very good. Everybody loved her because she was good. Finally, she fell into a lake and her friends saved her because she was so good, and they loved her so much.

'Did they only save her because she was good? 'asked the bigger girl. Shouldn't we save bad people too, if they fall in to a lake? 'The bachelor wanted to ask the same question, but he said nothing.

'Well, yes, we should, 'said the aunt. 'But I'm sure the little girl's friends ran specially fast because they loved her so much. '

'That was the stupidest story that I've ever heard, 'said the bigger girl.

'I didn't listen after the first few words, 'said Cyril, 'because it was so stupid. '

The smaller girl was already quietly repeating the words of her song for the twentieth time.

'You're not very successful as a story-teller, 'the bachelor said suddenly from his corner.

The aunt looked at him in angry surprise. 'It's not easy to tell stories that children can understand, 'she answered coldly.

'I don't agree with you, 'said the bachelor.

'Perhaps you would like to tell them a story, 'said the aunt. She gave him a cold little smile.

'Yes— tell us a story, 'said the bigger girl.

'A long time ago, 'began the bachelor, 'there was a little girl called Bertha, who was extraordinarily good. She always worked well at school. She always obeyed her teachers and her parents. She was never late, never dirty, and always ate all her vegetables. She was polite, she was tidy, and she never, never told lies. '

'Oh, ' said the children. They were beginning to look bored already.

'Was she pretty? ' asked the smaller girl.

' No, ' said the bachelor. 'She wasn't pretty. But she was horribly good. '

'Horribly good. I like that! ' said Cyril. The children began to look more interested. The words 'horrible' and 'good'together was a new idea for them, and it pleased them.

'Bertha was always good, 'continued the bachelor. 'Because she was so good, Bertha had three medals. There was the "Never Late" medal. There was the "Politeness" medal. And there was the medal for the "Best Child in the World". They were very large medals. Bertha always wore them on her dress, and they clinked as she walked along. She was the only child in her town who had three medals. So everybody knew that she must be an extra good child. '

'Horribly good, ' repeated Cyril happily.

'Everybody talked about Bertha's goodness. The king of that country heard about her, and he was very pleased. "Because Bertha is so good, " he said, "she may come and walk in my palace gardens every Friday afternoon. " The king's gardens were famous. They were large and very beautiful, and children were usually forbidden to go in them. '

'Were there any sheep in the palace gardens? ' asked Cyril.

'No, ' said the bachelor, 'there were no sheep. '

'Why weren't there any sheep? 'asked Cyril at once.

The aunt gave a little smile, and waited with interest for the bachelor's answer.

'There were no sheep in the king's gardens, ' explained the bachelor, 'because the king's mother had once had a dream. In her dream a voice said to her, "Your son will be killed by a sheep, or by a clock falling on him. " Thst is why the king never kept a sheep in his gardens or a clock in his palace. '

The aunt thought secretly that this was a very clever answer, but she stayed silent.

'Was the king killed by a sheep, or by a clock? asked the bigger girl.

'He is still alive, ' said the bachelor calmly, 'so we don't know if the dream was true or not. But, although there were no sheep, there were lots of little pigs running around everywhere. '

'What colour were the pigs? asked the smaller glrl.

'Black with white faces, white with black faces, all black, grey and white, and some were all white. '

The bachelor stopped for a moment, while the children's imaginations took in these wonderful pictures. Then he went on again.

'Bertha was sorry that there were no flowers in the palace gardens. She had promised her aunts that she would not pick any of the kind king's flowers. She wanted very much to be good and to keep her promise. So she was very cross when she found that there were no flowers to pick. '

'Why weren't there any flowers? '

'Because the pigs had eaten them all, ' said the bachelor immediately. ' The gardeners had told the king that he couldn't have pigs and flowers, because pigs eat flowers. So the king decided to have pigs, and no flowers. '

The children thought that this was an excellent idea.

'Most people choose flowers, ' said Cyril. He looked very pleased. 'But of course, pigs are much better than flowers. '

'There were lots of other wonderful things in the palace gardens, 'the bachelor continued. 'There were lakes with gold and blue and green fish in them. There were trees with beautiful birds that could talk and say clever things. There were also birds that could sing popular songs.

'Well, on the first Friday afternoon in May, Bertha came to the king's gardens, the king's soldiers saw her beautiful white dress and her three medals for goodness, and they opened the doors to the gardens at once.

'Bertha walked up and down and enjoyed herself very much. As she walked along, the three medals on her beautiful white dress clinked against each other. She heard them clinking, and she thought: "I'm here in these lovely gardens because I am the Best Child in the World. " She felt pleased and happy and very, very good.

'Just then a very big, hungry wolf came into the gardens. It wanted to catch a fat little pig for its supper. '

'What colour was the wolf? asked the children, who were listening to the story with great interest.

'He was grey, 'said the bachelor, 'with a black tongue and angry yellow eyes. He had long black claws and big, strong, yellowish teeth. The wolf was hungry. He smelled the ground with his long grey nose. Then he saw Bertha's beautiful, clean white dress and began to move quietly towards her.

'Bertha saw the wolf and she wished she had not come to the gardens. Oh, why did I come here?' she thought. "All the bad children are safe at home. I wish I wasn't an extraordinarily good child! Then I could be safe at home too." She ran as hard as she could, and the wolf came after her on his long grey legs.

'At last Bertha managed to reach some big, sweet smelling myrtle bushes, and she hid herself in the thickest bush. The wolf walked round and round the bushes, with his angry yellow eyes and his long black tongue. But he couldn't see Bertha because the bushes were too thick, and he couldn't smell her because the smell of the myrtle was too strong. So after a while the wolf became bored, and decided to go and catch a little pig for his supper.

'Bertha was terribly frightened. Her heart beat very fast and her body shook with fear. Her arms shook and her legs shook. Her three medals for goodness shook too. And as they shook, they clinked together. The wolf was just moving away, when he heard the medals clinking, and he stopped to listen. The medals clinked again. The wolf's yellow eyes shone, and he ran into the myrtle bushes, pulled Bertha out, and ate her. He ate everything except her shoes, a few small pieces of her dress, and the three medals for goodness.'

'Were any of the little pigs killed?' asked Cyril.

'No, they all escaped.'

'The story began badly,' said the smaller girl, 'but it finished beautifully.'

'It is the most beautiful story that I have ever heard,' said the bigger girl.

'It is the only beautiful story I have ever heard,' said Cyril.

The aunt did not agree. 'It was a most improper story!' she said angrily. 'You mustn't tell children stories like that! You have destroyed years of careful teaching.'

'Well,' said the bachelor. He put on his coat and picked up his bags. 'The children sat still and were quiet for ten minutes while they listened to the story. And they didn't do that for you.'

'I feel sorry for that woman,' thought the bachelor as he stepped down from the train at the next station. 'What will people think when those children ask her for an improper story!'

讲故事的人

这是一个炎热无风的下午。火车缓慢行进，离下一站还有将近一个小时的路程。火车

里的人又热又累。有三个孩子和他们的姑妈，以及一个单身高个子男人。单身男人不认识这个小家庭，也不想认识他们。

姑妈在和孩子们说话，但算不上真正的交谈，更像和一只不愿离开的小家蝇的打斗。姑妈对孩子们说话时总是用“不许……”几个字开头，孩子们对她说话时总是用“为什么……”开头。单身男人没有出声。

小男孩张开嘴又闭上，发出一种有趣的、小小的响声，于是他又这样做了一遍。张嘴闭嘴。张嘴。闭嘴。

“不许那样做，西里尔，”姑妈说。“来看看窗外。”男孩闭上嘴靠窗而坐。他向外面的绿地和树木张望。

“为什么那个人把羊带出田地？”他突然问。

“可能他正带它们去另外一块草多的田地，”姑妈说。这不是一个很好的答案，男孩知道这一点。

“可是那块地里的草很多，”他说。“地里全是草，姑妈。为什么那个人不把羊留在那块地里呢？”“我想别的地里的草更好，”姑妈回答。

“为什么更好？”西里尔马上问。

“哎哟，看那些牛！”姑妈喊道。铁路沿线几乎所有的地里都是牛。西里尔不看牛，他想得到问题的答案。

“为什么别的地里的草更好？”他又说。

单身男人生气地看了他们一眼。姑妈看见了他，认为他是一个严厉、不和善的男人。他不喜欢孩子。她在思索西里尔问题的合适答案，但是没找到。

小女孩开始说歌词：

“在去曼德雷的路上，快乐的孩子在玩耍，”她开始说。

然后她停住了，她记不住更多的词，于是又说前面几句词，声音不大但很清楚。然后她又一遍又一遍地说这几句词。

单身男人生气地看着女孩，又生气地看着她的姑妈。

“到这儿来安静地坐着，”姑妈马上对孩子们说。“我给你们讲个故事。”

孩子们慢慢挪向姑妈的座位。他们已经感到无聊了。很明显姑妈不是讲故事的好手。

故事无聊透顶，是关于一个小女孩的。她不漂亮，但总是非常非常地乖。因为她乖所以每个人都喜欢她。最后，她掉进了湖里，她的朋友救了她，因为她太乖了，他们非常喜欢她。

“他们救她只是因为她乖吗？”大点的女孩问。“如果坏人掉进湖里，我们就不应

该救他们吗？”单身男人想问同样的问题，只是没说出口。

“这个，是的，我们应该救，”姑妈说。“但我能肯定小女孩的朋友跑得飞快，因为他们太喜欢她了。”

“这是我听过的最蠢的故事，”大些的女孩说。

“我只听了前面几句，”西里尔说，“因为它太蠢。”

小女孩已经在第二十次轻声重复她的歌词。

“你的故事讲得不成功，”单身男人突然在他的一角说话了。

姑妈生气地看着他，很惊讶。“讲孩子们能懂的故事不容易，”她冷淡地回答。

“我不同意，”单身男人说。

“可能你想给他们讲个故事，”姑妈说。她对他冷冷地笑了笑。

“给我们讲个故事，”大女孩说。

“很久以前。”单身男人开始讲。“有一个小女孩叫伯莎，她出奇地好。在学校她的成绩总是很好。她总是听老师和家长的话。她从不迟到、邋遢，总是把菜吃光。她有礼貌、整洁而且从不说谎。”

“哦，”孩子们说。他们已经开始不耐烦了。

“她漂亮吗？”小女孩问。

“不，”单身男人说，“她不漂亮，但是她好得可怕。”

“好得可怕！我喜欢！”西里尔说。孩子们开始感兴趣了。把“可怕”和“好”这两个词放在一起对他们是个新鲜的说法，这提起了他们的兴致。

“伯莎总是很好，”单身男人继续说。“因为表现太好，伯莎得了三枚奖章，分别是‘从不迟到’奖章，‘礼貌’奖章和‘世界上最好的孩子’奖章。奖章都很大，伯莎总是把它们戴在衣服上，走路时它们丁当作响。她是镇上唯一得了三枚奖章的孩子，因此每个人都知她一定是个极好的孩子。”

“好得可怕，”西里尔高兴地重复。

“每人都谈论伯莎的好行为。国王听说了她，很高兴。‘伯莎表现这么好，’他说，‘每星期五下午她可以来我皇宫的花园里散步。’国王的花园很有名，很大，很漂亮，孩子们一般是不准进去的。”

“皇宫的花园里有羊吗？”西里尔问。

“没有，”单身男人说，“没有羊。”

“为什么没羊呢？”西里尔马上问。

姑妈轻轻一笑，满有兴趣地等着单身男人的回答。

单身男人解释说，“国王的花园里没有羊是因为国王的母亲曾经做过一个梦。在梦里一个声音对她说，‘你的儿子会被羊杀死，或者被掉下的钟砸死。’所以国王从不在花园里养羊，从不在皇宫里放钟。”

姑妈暗自想这是个很聪明的回答，但她没说话。

“国王是被羊杀死的还是被钟砸死的？”大女孩问。

“他还活着，”单身男人平静地说。“因此我们不知道梦是真的还是假的。但是，虽然没有羊，有很多小猪在里面四处跑。”

“猪是什么颜色？”小女孩问。

“黑猪长着白脸，白猪长着黑脸，都是黑色、灰色和白色相间的，有一些是纯白色的猪。”

孩子们正想像着这些奇妙的图画时，单身男人停顿了片刻，然后他又继续讲：

“皇宫花园里没有花，伯莎觉得很不高兴。她向姑妈保证过她不会摘善良的国王的花。她很愿表现好，信守诺言，因此当发现无花可摘时她很生气。”

“为什么没花？”

“因为猪把花都吃了，”单身男人立刻说。“园丁告诉过国王他不能既有猪又有花，因为猪吃花。于是国王决定养猪，不种花。”

孩子们想这是个好主意。

“大多数人选择花，”西里尔说。他很高兴。“可是猪当然比花好得多。”

“皇宫的花园里还有很多其它好东西，”单身男人继续讲。“湖里有金色、蓝色和绿色的鱼。树上有会说话、会讲聪明事情的鸟。还有会唱流行歌曲的鸟。

“好啦，5月第一个星期五的下午，伯莎来到国王的花园。国王的士兵看见了漂亮的白裙和她的三枚好品行奖章，于是他们马上打开了通往花园的门。

“伯莎来回散步，很开心。她走路时，漂亮白裙上的三枚奖章相互碰撞。她听见奖章的丁当声，想道：‘我来到这漂亮的花园是因为我是世界上最好的孩子。’她愉快、幸福，感觉很好。

“正在这时一只很大的饿狼走进花园，它想捉一只小肥猪当晚餐。”

“狼是什么颜色？”孩子们问，他们都在非常感兴趣地听故事。

“是灰色的，”单身男人说，“长着黑舌头和发怒的黄眼睛，爪子又黑又长，黄牙又大又结实。狼饿了，它用灰色的长鼻子在地上闻味。它看见了伯莎漂亮干净的白裙，开始悄悄地向她走来。

“伯莎看见了狼，她希望她没来花园该多好。‘哦，我为什么来这儿？’她想。‘所有的坏孩子都安全地在家，我希望我不是个好得出奇的孩子！那么我也可以安全地呆在家里。’她拚命跑，狼用灰色的长腿紧追。

“终于伯莎跑到了一片散发着甜味的高大爱神木丛，她把自己藏在了浓密的树丛里。狼在树丛周围走了一圈又一圈，睁着发怒的黄眼睛，吐着又黑又长的舌头。但是它看不见伯莎，因为树丛太密。它闻不出她，因为爱神木的味太冲了。过了一会儿狼厌倦了，决定去抓只小猪当晚餐。

“伯莎吓坏了，她的心在急促跳动，她的身体因害怕而发抖。她的胳膊在抖，腿在抖，连三枚好品行奖章也在抖。奖章抖动时便发出了丁当的响声。狼正要离开时听见了奖章的丁当声，便停下来听。奖章又丁当作响。狼的黄眼睛闪着光，跑进爱神木丛，拖出了伯莎，吃了她。它吃掉了一切，只剩下她的鞋，她裙子的一些小碎片和三枚好品行奖章。”

“有哪只小猪被吃了吗？”西里尔问。

“没有，它们都跑了。”

“故事开头不好，”小女孩说。“但是结尾漂亮。”

“这是我听过的最精彩的故事，”大女孩说。

“这是我听过的唯一一个精彩的故事，”西里尔说。

姑妈不同意。“这是一个最不成体统的故事！”她生气地说。“你不能给孩子讲这样的故事！你破坏了多年的精心教育。”

“好吧，”单身男人说。他穿上大衣提起包。“孩子们听故事时安静地坐了10分钟，他们这么做不是为了你。”

“我为那女人难过。”单身男人在下一站走下火车时想。“当那些孩子让她讲个不成体统的故事时人们会怎么想！”

Gabriel Ernest

Cunningham had spent an agreeable week in the country with his friend Van Cheele. Now Van Cheele was driving his guest back to the station. Cunningham was unusually quiet on the journey, but Van Cheele talked all the time, so he did not notice his friend's silence.

Suddenly Cunningham spoke. 'There is a wild animal in your woods,' he said.

'A wild animal? A few rabbits, perhaps. Nothing very terrible, surely,' said

Van Cheele. Cunningham said nothing.

'What did you mean about a wild animal?' asked Van Cheele later, at the station.

'Nothing. It was my imagination. Here is the train,' said Cunningham.

That afternoon Van Cheele went for a walk through his woods. He knew a little about plants and animals, and he enjoyed walking through the woods around his house and looking at the birds and flowers there. He also enjoyed telling everyone about them afterwards. Of course, he never saw anything very surprising—until that afternoon.

During his walk Van Cheele came to a deep pool under some tall trees. He knew it well: after all, it was his pool. But today, he saw a boy of about sixteen lying on a large rock beside the pool. The boy was drying his wet, naked brown body in the sun. His hair was wet too, and he had long, golden, wolfish eyes. He turned those eyes towards Van Cheele with a look of lazy watchfulness.

Van Cheele was surprised to see the boy. Where does this wild-looking boy come from? he thought. Can he be the miller's son? He disappeared two months ago. People say he fell into the river. It's a fast-running river, and nobody ever found his body. I wonder? But the miller's boy was only a young child...

'What are you doing here?' asked Van Cheele.

'Enjoying the sunshine, of course,' said the boy.

'Where do you live?'

'Here, in these woods.'

'You can't live in these woods,' said Van Cheele.

'They are very nice woods,' said the boy politely.

'But where do you sleep at night?'

'I don't sleep at night. That's my busiest time.'

Van Cheele began to feel cross. What did the boy mean?

'What do you eat?' he asked.

'Meat,' said the boy. He opened his mouth, showing very white teeth.

'Meat? What kind of meat?'

'Well, if you must know, I eat rabbits, wild birds, chickens from the farm and

young sheep from the hills. I like children when I can find them. But they're usually too well locked in at night. It's two months since I tasted child meat. '

The boy is joking about the children, thought Van Cheele. But perhaps he really is stealing animals from the woods and farms. I must find out more about this.

Aloud he said, 'You catch rabbits? You must be joking. Our rabbits are much too fast for you. '

'At night I hunt on four feet, ' was the boy's surprising replp.

'You mean that you hunt with a dog? ' guessed Van Cheele.

The boy sat up suddenly and laughed a strange, low laugh. To Van Cheele that laugh sounded horrlbly like a growl.

'I don't think any dog would like to hunt with me, ' the boy said. 'Not at night...'

There is something horrible about this boy, thought Van Cheele. I don't like the way he looks and I don't like the way he talks.

'I can't let you stay in my woods, ' he said aloud.

'Very well then— shall I come and live in your house? 'replied te boy.

Van Cheele thought about his quiet, tidy house. No, he did not want this strange, wild boy at all. Of course, the boy was joking...but Van Cheele was not amused.

'If you don't go away, ' he said, 'I shall have to call the police. '

At once the boy turned and jumped head-first into the pool. A moment later, his shining, wet body landed half—way up the grassy bank where Van Cheele was standing. Van Cheele stepped backwards. His foot slipped on the wet grass and he fell. He found himself lying on the grass with those wolfish yellow eyes uncomfortably near to his. He felt a moment of horrible fear. The boy laughed again, a laugh that was like the growl of a wild animal, then disaggereed among the bushes.

'What an extraordinarily wild animal! ' said Van Cheele as he picked himself up. And then he remembered Cunning ham's words about a wild animal in his woods.

As he walked slowly home, Van Cheele thought about several things which had happened in and around the village recently. Perhaps this boy knows something about them, he thought...Something has been killing rabbits and birds in the woods lately. Something has been stealing the farmer's chickens and carrying off the young sheep from the hills. Is it possible that this wild boy is hunting at night with a fast, intelligent dog? The boy talked of hunting on four feet at night...But he also said that dogs did not like to hunt with him at night...Very strange indeed.

As Van Cheele walked along, he turned the questions over and over in his head. Suddenly he stopped. The miller's son! he said to himself. The child disappeared two months ago. Everyone thought that he had fallen into the river and been carried away. But the child's mother did not believe this. She said she had heard a scream — and the scream came from the hill, a long way away from the water.

It's impossible, of course, said Van Cheele to himself. But the child disappeared two months ago, and the boy talked about child meat. He was joking, of course... but what a horrible joke!

Van Cheele usually talked to his aunt about the birds, plants and animals he saw on his walks. But today he said nothing. He was an important man in his village. If there was a thief living in his woods, he did not want anyone to know. If people hear about the boy, he thought, perhaps they will want me to pay for their lost chickens and their disappearing sheep.

He was unusually quiet at dinner. 'What's the matter with you?' joked his aunt. 'Did you see a wolf on your walk?'

At breakfast the next morning Van Cheele realized that he still felt uncomfortable about yesterday's adventure. I know what I'll do, he said to himself. I'll take the train to London and I'll go and see Cunningham. I'll ask him if he was joking when he said there was a wild animal in my woods.

After he had decided this, Van Cheele felt better. He sang a happy little song as he walked to the sitting-room for his morning cigarette. His fat old dog walked beside him.

As Van Cheele entered the sitting-room, the song died on his lips and his dog ran away with his tail between his legs. There on the day-bed, with his hands comfortably behind his head, lay the boy from the woods. He was drier than yesterday, but he was still naked.

'What are you doing here?' asked Van Cheele angrily.

'You told me I couldn't stay in the woods,' said the boy calmly.

'But I didn't tell you to come here. What if my aunt sees you? What will she think?'

Van Cheele hurriedly covered his unwanted guest's nakedness with a newspaper. At that moment his aunt entered the room.

'This is a poor boy,' explained Van Cheele quickly. 'He has lost his way—and lost his memory too. He doesn't know who he is, or where he comes from.'

Miss Van Cheele was very interested. 'Perhaps his name is on his underclothes,'

she said.

'He has lost his underclothes too, ' said Van Cheele. The newspaper was slipping off the boy's naked body. Van Cheele hurried to replace it.

Miss Van Cheele was a kind old lady. She felt sorry for this naked, helpless child.

'We must help him, ' she said. She sent the housekeeper to a neighbour's house to borrow some clothes.

Soon the boy was clean and tidy, and dressed in shirt, trousers and shoes. Van Cheele thought he looked just as strange and wolfish as before. But Miss Van Cheele thought he was sweet.

'We must give him a name until we know who he really is, ' she said. ' Gabriel Ernest, I think. Those are nice, suitable names. '

Van Cheele agreed. But he was not sure that the boy was a nice, suitable boy. Van Cheele's old dog, when he saw the boy, had run away in fear and would not come back into the house. Van Cheele decided to go and see Cunningham at once.

As he got ready to go to the station, his aunt was busily arranging a children's tea party in the church hall.

'Gabriel Ernest will help me with the little ones, ' she said happily.

When Van Cheele got to London, Cunningham did not want to talk at first. You'll think I'm crazy, ' he said.

'But what did you see? ' asked Van Cheele.

'I saw something—something unbelievable. On the last evening of my visit to you I was standing half-hidden in the bushes, watching the sun go down. Suddenly I noticed a naked boy. He has been swimming in a pool somewhere, I said to myself. He was standing on the hillside and he too was watching the sun go down. Then the sun disappeared behind the hill and its light was gone. At the same moment a very surprising thing happened—the boy disappeared too. '

'What? He disappeared just like that? ' said Van Cheele excitedly.

'No. It was much more horrible than that. On the open hillside where the boy had been, I saw a large, blackish-grey wolf with long white teeth and yellow eyes. You'll think I'm crazy—'

But Van Cheele did not wait. He was running towards the station as fast as he could. He did not know what he could do. I can't send my aunt a message, he thought. What can I say? Gabriel Ernest is a werewolf? My aunt will think I'm

joking. I MUST get home before sundown.

He caught his train. With painful slowness it carried him to the station a few miles from his home. He took a taxi to his village.

'Take me to the church hall— and hurry!' he ordered. The taxi drove along the quiet country roads, and the sky turned pink and purple as the sun got lower and lower in the west.

His aunt was putting away some uneaten cakes and sandwiches when he arrived.

'Where is Gabriel Ernest?' screamed Van Cheele.

'He's taking little Jack Toop home,' said his aunt calmly. 'It was getting so late. I didn't want to send the dear little boy home alone. Isn't the sky beautiful this evening?'

But Van Cheele had no time to talk about the beautiful sky. He ran like the wind down the narrow road that went to the Toops' house. On one side was the fast-running river, on the other was the dark hillside. In a minute I'll catch up with them, Van Cheele thought.

Then the sun went down behind the hill and the whole world became grey and cold. Van Cheele heard a short scream of fear, and he knew he was too late.

Nobody ever saw little Jack Toop or Gabriel Ernest again. Gabriel Ernest's clothes were found lying in the road.

'Poor little Jack fell into the river,' said Miss Van Cheele. 'And dear Gabriel Ernest took off his clothes and jumped into the river to try to save him.'

Mrs Toop had eleven other children and did not cry too long for her lost son. But Miss Van Cheele was terribly sad about Gabriel Ernest.

'He must have a memorial in the church,' she said. She chose the words herself:
GABRIEL ERNEST, AN UNKNOWN BOY
WHO BRAVELY GAVE HIS LIFE
FOR ANOTHER.

Van Cheele usually did what his aunt wanted. But he refused to give any money at all for Gabriel Ernest's memorial.

加布里埃尔·欧内斯特

坎宁安和朋友范·切尔在乡下过了愉快的一周。现在范·切尔正开车送客人去车站。路上坎宁安与往常不一样，非常安静，但是范·切尔一直说个不停，所以没注意到朋友的沉默。

坎宁安突然说，“你家的小树林里有一只野兽。”

“一只野兽？一些兔子还有可能，肯定没有什么太可怕的，”范·切尔说。坎宁安一句话没说。

“你说一只野兽是什么意思？”范·切尔后来在车站问。

“没什么，是我的幻觉，火车来了，”坎宁安说。

那天下午范·切尔去林子里散步。他对植物和动物略知一二，因此喜欢走路穿过他家房子周围的树林，观赏那儿的花鸟。事后他也喜欢向每个人讲述。当然他从没看见过令人非常惊奇的东西——直到那天下午。

范·切尔走到高树下的一个深水塘旁。他对这个水塘非常熟悉：毕竟这是他的。但是今天，他看见一个大约十六岁的男孩正躺在水塘边的大石头上。他正在太阳下晒自己潮湿、裸露的棕色身体。他的头发也是湿的，他长着一双金黄色、狼一样的长眼睛。他眨着那双眼，用懒洋洋的警惕神情看着范·切尔。

范·切尔见到男孩很吃惊。这个相貌野性的男孩从哪儿来？他想。是磨坊主的儿子吗？他两个月前失踪了。人们说他掉进了河里，是湍急的河，没人找到他的尸体。我想，会不会是他？可是磨坊主的儿子还只是一个小孩……

“你在这儿做什么？”范·切尔问。

“当然是享受阳光，”男孩说。

“你住在哪儿？”

“在这儿，在这些树林里。”

“你不可能住在树林里，”范·切尔说。

“树林里挺不错的，”男孩礼貌地说。

“可是你晚上在哪儿睡觉？”

“我晚上不睡觉，那是我最忙的时候。”

范·切尔有点生气了。这个男孩说的是什么意思？

“你吃什么？”他问。

“吃肉，”男孩说，他张开嘴，露出雪白的牙齿。

“肉？什么肉？”

“哎，如果你一定要知道的话，我吃兔子、野鸟、农场的鸡和山上的小羊。如果能找到，我喜欢小孩，可是小孩在晚上总是被锁在家里。我有两个月没有吃小孩肉了。”

范·切尔想这个男孩在开小孩的玩笑。可是他可能真的偷树林和农场的动物，我得把这事搞清楚。

他大声说，“你抓兔子？你一直在开玩笑。我们的兔子跑起来比你快得多。”

“夜里我用四只脚狩猎。”这是男孩令人吃惊的回答。

“你是说你用狗打猎？”范·切尔猜。

男孩突然坐起来，发出了古怪低沉的笑声。对范·切尔来说，这笑声听起来像可怕的嗥叫。

“我想没有哪条狗愿意和我一起打猎，”男孩说，“在晚上没有……”

男孩有些可怕，范·切尔想。我不喜欢他看人的样子和说话的方式。

“我不能让你呆在我的树林里，”他大声说。

“很好，那么——我可以去你家住吗？”男孩回答。

范·切尔想着他平静整洁的家。不，他根本不想接受这个古怪野性的男孩。当然，这个孩子在开玩笑……但是范·切尔不觉得好笑。

“如果你不走，”他说，“我就要叫警察。”

男孩马上头朝下翻身跳进水塘。片刻后，他闪亮、湿淋淋的身体便一半出现在范·切尔站着的长满青草的岸上。范·切尔朝后退，他的脚在湿草上一滑便跌倒了。他发现自己躺在草地上，那双狼似的黄眼睛离他很近，令他不舒服。他感到一阵恐惧。男孩又笑了，笑声像野兽的嗥叫，随即他就消失在树丛里。

“多么离奇的野兽！”范·切尔站起身时说。这时他想起了坎宁安关于他家树林里有野兽的话。

慢慢朝家走时，范·切尔想着最近村子里和周围地方发生的几件事。可能这个孩子知道些什么，他想……最近什么东西一直在杀树林里的兔子和鸟，一直在偷农夫的鸡、吃山上的小羊。有可能是这个野孩子晚上带着一条敏捷聪明的狗在打猎吗？男孩谈到了晚上用四只脚打猎的事……可是他也说了狗不喜欢和他在晚上打猎……真奇怪。

范·切尔走着，脑子里反复想着这些问题。突然他停住脚步。磨坊主的儿子！他自言自语。这孩子两个月前失踪的，每个人都认为他掉进河里被河水卷走了。可是孩子的母亲不相信，她说她听见了一声尖叫——尖叫声从小山传来，那儿离河水很远。那当然不可能，范·切尔对自己说。可这孩子两个月前失踪的，那个男孩说起了小孩肉。他当然是在开玩笑……可这是个多么可怕的玩笑啊！

范·切尔常向姑妈谈论路途上看见的鸟、植物和动物。但是今天他什么都没说。他是村里的一个重要人物，如果他的树林里住着一个贼，他是不想让任何人知道的。如果人们知道了这个男孩，他想，他们可能会让我赔偿他们丢失的鸡和羊。

晚饭时他异乎寻常地安静。“你怎么了？”姑妈逗他说。“你在路上看见狼了吗？”

第二天早餐时范·切尔还在为昨天的奇遇颇为不爽。我知道我要做什么，他自言自语。我要乘火车去伦敦，去看望坎宁安。我要问他当他说我家树林里有一头野兽时是不是在开玩笑。

做出这个决定之后，范·切尔觉得好了一些。朝客厅走去拿早上抽的烟时他唱起了快乐的小曲。他的老肥狗走在他的旁边。

当范·切尔走进客厅，他的歌声在嘴唇上嘎然而止，他的狗夹着尾巴逃跑了。在那张白天休息的床上躺着那个树林里来的男孩他的头舒服地枕在手上。他比昨天干多了，但还是赤身裸体。

“你在这儿做什么？”范·切尔气愤地问。

“你告诉过我我不能呆在树林里，”男孩平静地说。

“但我没告诉你来这儿。我姑妈看见你会怎样？她会怎么想？”

范·切尔赶紧用报纸盖住这位不速之客的光身子。正在这时姑妈进了房间。

“这是个可怜的孩子，”范·切尔马上解释。“他迷了路——也失去了记忆。他不知道他是谁，从哪儿来。”

范·切尔小姐很感兴趣。“他的名字可能在内衣上，”她说。

“他连内衣也丢了，”范·切尔说。报纸从男孩的光身子上滑了下来，范·切尔赶忙又把报纸盖在男孩的身上。

范·切尔小姐是一个和善的老妇人，她为这个裸露无助的孩子感到难过。

“我们得帮助他，”她说。她让管家去邻居家借些衣服。

一会儿男孩变得干净整洁，穿上了衬衣、裤子和鞋。范·切尔认为他和以前一样古怪，就像一只狼，但是范·切尔小姐认为他很可爱。

“在我们知道他到底是谁以前得给他起个名字，”她说。“我想该叫加布里埃尔·欧内斯特。这是合适的好名字。”

范·切尔同意。但是他不敢说这个男孩是个适宜的好孩子。范·切尔的老狗一看见男孩就吓得跑掉了，不愿意回屋里。范·切尔决定马上去见坎宁安。

正当他准备好去车站时，姑妈正忙于筹办在教堂举行的儿童茶会。

“加布里埃尔·欧内斯特将帮我照看小家伙们。”她高兴地说。

范·切尔到了伦敦，坎宁安开始不想谈此事。“你会认为我疯了，”他说。

“可是你看见了什么？”范·切尔问。

“我看见了一件事情——一件让人难以相信的事情。在我拜访你的最后一个晚上我一半隐在树丛里看日落。突然我看见了一个裸着身体的男孩。我对自己说，可能他刚在某个地方的池塘里游过泳。他站在山坡上，也在看日落。过后太阳落山了，光线渐去了。就在同一时刻发生了一件非常惊奇的事——男孩也消失了。”

“什么？他就那样消失了？”范·切尔激动地说。

“不，比那可怕得多。在男孩呆过的山坡空地上，我看见了一只灰黑色的大狼，长着白色的长牙和黄色的眼睛。你会认为我疯了——”

但是范·切尔没再等，他拚命往车站跑。他不知道能做什么。我不能给姑妈捎口信，他想。我能说什么？“加布里埃尔·欧内斯特是个狼人”？姑妈会认为我在开玩笑。我必须在太阳下山前到家。

他上了火车。在令人难受的缓慢中火车把他带到了离家几里的车站。他乘出租车向村子驶去。

“带我去教堂——要快！”他命令说。出租车在安静的乡村路上行驶，在西边太阳越落越低，天空也随着变粉变紫。

他赶到教堂时姑妈正在端走没吃的蛋糕和三明治。

“加布里埃尔·欧内斯特在哪儿？”范·切尔尖叫。

“他正送小杰克·图布回家，”姑妈平静地说。“天太晚，我不想单独让可爱的小家伙回家。今晚天空很美吧？”

可是范·切尔没时间谈论美丽的天空，他像一阵风在通向图布家的窄路上奔跑。路的一旁是快速流动的河水，另一旁是黑漆漆的山坡。再过一分钟我就能赶上他们，范·切尔想。

太阳下山了，整个世界变得灰暗、寒冷。范·切尔听见一声恐怖、短促的尖叫，于是他知道他来得太晚了。

没人再看见小杰克·图布或加布里埃尔·欧内斯特。在路上人们找到了加布里埃尔·欧内斯特的衣服。

“可怜的小杰克掉到河里了，”范·切尔小姐说。“亲爱的加布里埃尔·欧内斯特脱掉衣服跳进河里，想去救他。”

图布夫人还有 11 个孩子，她没有为丢失的儿子哭得太久。可是范·切尔小姐却为加布里埃尔·欧内斯特难过。

“他在教堂里该有个纪念碑，”她说。她亲自选择词句：

加布里埃尔·欧内斯特，
一个不相识的男孩
勇敢地把自己的生命
献给了别人。

范·切尔通常照姑妈的意愿做事，但是他拒绝为加布里埃尔·欧内斯特的纪念碑捐一分钱。

Tobermory

It was a cold, rain-washed afternoon in late August. Lady Blemley and her guests were sitting round the teatable. Everyone was listening open-mouthed to Mr Cornelius Appin.

Although he was one of her guests, Lady Blemley did not know Mr Appin well. She had invited him to stay at Blemley House because she had heard that he was clever. But until teatime that day he had not done or said anything clever. He did not play tennis, or sing, or make intelligent conversation. But now Mr Appin was describing a most extraordinary discovery and the other guests were listening with deep interest. 'Are you telling us that you have found a way of teaching animals to talk?' Sir Wilfrid was saying. 'And our dear old Tobermory is your first successful student?'

'I have studied this problem for seventeen years,' said Mr Appin, 'but I didn't have any real success until eight or nine months ago. Of course, I have studied thousands of animals, but recently I have worked only with cats. A cat, of course, is a wild animal who agrees to live with you. All cats are intelligent, but naturally some cats are more intelligent than others. When I met Tobermory a week ago, I realized at once that here was an extraordinarily intelligent cat, a very special cat indeed. In Tobermory, I found the student I needed. With him I have succeeded in my plan.'

Nobody laughed, and nobody actually said 'Rubbish', although Clovis's lips moved silently...

'And have you really taught Tobermory,' asked Miss Resker, 'to say and understand short, easy words?'

'My dear Miss Resker,' said Mr Appin patiently, 'we teach little children and very slow, stupid adults in that way. But Tobermory is a most intelligent cat. He can speak English as well as you or I can.'

This time Clovis said 'Rubbish!' aloud.

Sir Wilfrid was more polite, but it was clear that he did not believe Mr Appin's story.

'Shall we bring the cat in here and hear him for ourselves?' said Lady Blemley.

Sir Wilfrid went off to look for Tobermory.

'Mr Appin will try to be clever,' said Miss Resker happily, 'but if we watch him carefully, we shall see his lips move.'

In a minute Sir Wilfrid returned, looking very excited.

'It's true, you know!' he said. 'I found Tobermory sleeping in the smoking-room, and called out to him to come for his tea. He lifted his head and opened one eye. I said, "Come on, Toby, don't keep us waiting!" and he said calmly, "I'll come when I'm ready!" I couldn't believe my ears!'

The guests all started talking at once, while Mr Appin sat silently and looked very pleased with himself indeed.

Then Tobermory entered the room and calmly walked over to the tea table. The conversation stopped. Nobody knew what to say to a talking cat. At last Lady Blemley spoke:

'Would you like some milk, Tobermory?' she asked in a high, unnatural voice.

'I don't mind if I do,' answered Tobermory. Lady Blemley's hand shook with excitement and some of the milk went onto the carpet.

'Oh dear! I'm so sorry,' she said.

'I don't mind. It isn't my carpet, after all,' replied Tobermory.

There was another silence, then Miss Resker asked politely, 'Did you find it difficult to learn English, Tobermory?'

Tobermory looked straight through her with his bright green eyes. Clearly, he did not answer questions that did not interest him.

'What do you think of the intelligence of people?' asked Mavis Pellington.

'Which people's intelligence?' asked Tobermory coldly.

'Well, my intelligence, for example,' said Mavis with a little laugh.

'You make things very uncomfortable for me,' said Tobermory, although he did not look at all uncomfortable. 'When Lady Blemley wanted to invite you here, Sir Wilfrid was not pleased. "Mavis Pellington is the stupidest woman I know," he said. "That's why I want to invite her,"' Lady Blemley replied. "I want her to buy

my old car, and she's stupid enough to do that. ” ’

‘It isn't true!’ cried Lady Blemley. ‘Don't believe him, Mavis!’

‘If it isn't true,’ said Mavis coldly, ‘why did you say this morning that your car would be just right for me?’

Major Barfield did his best to help. He tried to start a new conversation. ‘How are you getting on with your little black and white lady friend in the garden?’ he asked Tobermory.

Everybody realized at once that this was a mistake.

Tobermory gave him an icy look. ‘We do not usually discuss these things in polite company,’ he said. ‘But I have watched you a little since you have been in this house. I think perhaps you would not like me to discuss your lady friends.’

The Major's face became very red, and all the other guests began to look worried and uncomfortable. What was Tobermory going to say next?

‘Would you like to go down to the kitchen now, Tobermory,’ asked Lady Blemley politely, ‘and see if the cook has got your dinner ready?’

‘No, thank you,’ said Tobermory. ‘I've only just had my tea. I don't want to make myself sick.’

‘Cats have nine lives, you know,’ said Sir Wilfrid with a laugh.

‘Possibly,’ answered Tobermory. ‘But only one stomach.’

‘Lady Blemley!’ cried Mrs Cornett, ‘Don't send that cat to the kitchen. He will talk about us to the cook!’

Everyone was very worried now. They remembered uncomfortably that Tobermory moved freely all over the house and gardens, at all hours of the day and night. He could look into any of the bedrooms if he wanted to. What had he seen? What had he heard? Nobody's secrets were safe now.

‘Oh, why did I come here?’ cried Agnes Resker, who could never stay silent for long.

‘You know very well why you came here,’ said Tobermory immediately. ‘You came for the food, of course. I heard you talking to Mrs Cornett in the garden. You said that the Blemleys were terribly boring people, but they had an excellent cook.’

‘You mustn't believe him!’ cried Agnes. ‘I never said that, did I, Mrs Cornett?’

‘Later, Mrs Cornett repeated your words to Bertie van Tahn,’ said

Tobermory. 'She said, "That Resker woman will go anywhere for four good meals a day," and Bertie said—'

Just then Tobermory looked out of the window and saw the doctor's big yellow cat crossing the garden. Immediately he disappeared through the open window.

Everyone started talking at once, and Mr Appin found himself in a storm of angry questions.

'You must stop this at once,' everyone said to him. 'What will happen if Tobermory teaches other cats to talk? We shall never have a moment's peace!'

'It's possible that he has taught the gardener's cat,' replied Mr Appin thoughtfully, 'but I don't believe he has had time to teach any other cats.'

'Then,' said Mrs Cornett, 'although Tobermory is a valuable cat, he and the gardener's cat must die. Don't you agree, Lady Blemley?'

'You're right,' said Lady Blemley sadly. 'My husband and I love Tobermory—well, we did before this afternoon—but now, of course, he must die as soon as possible. "We will poison his dinner," said Sir Wilfrid, "and I will kill the gardener's cat myself. The gardener won't like it, but I'll say it has some kind of disease—'

'But what about my discovery?' cried Mr Appin. 'What about all my years of work? Are you going to destroy my only successful student?'

'You can go and teach the cows on the farm,' said Mrs Cornett coldly, 'or the elephants at the zoo. Elephants are very intelligent, they tell me, and elephants don't hide behind chairs or under beds and listen to people's conversations. Mr Appin knew when he was beaten.

Dinner that evening was not a success. Sir Wilfrid had had a difficult time with the gardener's cat and later with the gardener. Agnes Resker refused to eat anything, while Mavis Pellington ate her meal in silence. Everyone was waiting for Tobermory. A plate of poisoned fish stood ready for him in the dining-room, but he did not come home. Nobody talked much, and nobody laughed. It was a most uncomfortable meal.

After dinner the Blemleys and their guests sat in the smoking-room. Everyone was quiet and worried and nobody wanted to play cards. At eleven o'clock the cook and the housekeeper went to bed. They left the kitchen window open for Tobermory as usual, but he did not come.

At two o'clock Clovis spoke:

'He won't come home tonight. He's probably in the newspaper office selling them his story. They'll love it. The story will be the excitement of the year.'

After that everyone went to bed, but nobody slept.

In the morning Tobermory had still not come home.

Breakfast was another quiet, uncomfortable meal. Then, half-way through the coffee, the gardener brought in Tobermory's blood-stained body.

'Look at his claws!' cried Clovis. 'He's been fighting!' And there, on Tobermory's claws, was the yellow hair of the doctor's cat.

By lunchtime most of the guests had left Blemley House. Lady Blemley began to feel better. She took out her pen and paper and wrote a very angry letter to the doctor about the death of her valuable cat.

Tobermory was Mr Appin's only successful student. A few weeks after Tobermory's death an elephant escaped from the Dresden Zoo and killed an English visitor.

The zoo keeper said that the elephant had always been a calm and gentle animal before. But suddenly it seemed to be — come very angry with the English visitor, who was talking to it.

The dead man's name was reported in the newspapers as Oppin, but his first name was Cornelius.

'If Appin was trying to teach the poor elephant to speak German,' said Clovis, 'I'm not surprised it killed him.'

托博莫里

这是 8 月底一个寒冷的下午。布莱姆雷夫人和客人正坐在桌旁吃茶点。大家听了科尼利厄斯·阿普因先生的话都很吃惊。

虽然他是其中的一个客人，但是布莱姆雷夫人并不太了解阿普因先生。她只是听说他聪明，所以邀请他来布莱姆雷家。但那天直到喝茶的时候他还没有做或说任何聪明的事情。他没打网球、没唱歌也没说什么机智的话。但是现在阿普因先生正在描述一个极其特别的发现，其他客人正兴致勃勃地听着。

“你是说你找到了教动物说话的办法？”威尔弗雷德爵士说。“而且我们可爱的老托博莫里是你的第一个成功的学生？”

“我研究这个问题 17 年了，”阿普因先生说，“但是直到八九个月前我才真正成功了。当然，我研究了成千上万种动物，但是最近我只研究了猫。猫自然是愿意和你生活在一起的野生动物。所有的猫都聪明，但是一些猫自然比其它的更聪明。一星期前遇见托博莫里时，我立刻意识到这是一只极其聪明的猫，一只实际上非常特殊的猫。在托博莫

里身上我找到了我需要的学生，借助于他我成功地实现了我的计划。”

没人笑，没人说“胡说”，虽然克洛维斯的嘴唇在无声地嚅动……

“你真的教了托博莫里说话并听懂一些简单的短句吗？”雷斯克小姐问。

“亲爱的雷斯克小姐，”阿普因先生耐心地说，“我们用这种方式教小孩和非常迟钝、愚笨的成人。但是托博莫里是一只非常聪明的猫，他的英语讲得和你我一样好。”

这次克洛维斯大声地说：“胡说！”

威尔弗雷德爵士比较有礼貌，但是很明显他不相信阿普因先生的故事。

“我们把猫带到这儿来亲自听他说好吗？”布莱姆雷夫人说。

威尔弗雷德爵士离开房间去找托博莫里。

“阿普因先生会想办法来些聪明的把戏，”雷斯克小姐高兴地说，“可是如果我们仔细观察他，我们就会看见他的嘴唇要动。”

一分钟后威尔弗雷德爵士回来了，他看上去非常激动。

“你们知道这是真的！”他说。“我发现托博莫里在吸烟室睡觉，就叫他出来喝茶。他抬起头睁开一只眼。我说，‘来吧，托比，别让我们等你！’他平静地说，‘我准备好了就来！’我真不相信我的耳朵！”

客人马上开始谈论起来，这时阿普因先生沉默地坐着，看起来很为自己高兴。

托博莫里进了屋，沉着地走到茶桌旁。谈话停止了，没人知道该对一只会说话的猫说些什么。最后布莱姆雷夫人说：

“你来点牛奶吗，托博莫里？”她用高而不自然的声音问。

“我不介意来点牛奶，”托博莫里回答。布莱姆雷夫人的手激动得颤抖，牛奶洒在地毯上。

“哦，亲爱的！非常抱歉，”她说。

“没关系，那毕竟不是我的地毯，”托博莫里回答说。

又是一阵沉默，然后雷斯克小姐礼貌地问，“你觉得学英语难吗，托博莫里？”

托博莫里用明亮的绿色眼睛直视着她。很清楚，他不想回答让他不感兴趣的问题。

“你认为人的智力怎么样？”梅维斯·佩林顿问。

“哪个人的智力？”托博莫里冷冷地问。

“这个，比如说我的智力，”梅维斯微笑着说。

“你让我不舒服，”托博莫里说，虽然他根本不像不舒服。“布莱姆雷夫人想邀请你来这儿时，威尔弗雷德爵士不高兴。‘梅维斯·佩林顿是我认识的最愚蠢的女人，’他说。‘那正是我想邀请她的原因，’布莱姆雷夫人回答。‘我想让她买我的旧车，她这么笨，会买的。’”

“这不是真的！”布莱姆雷夫人叫道。“别相信他，梅维斯！”

“如果这不是真的，”梅维斯冷淡地说，“那么今天早上你为什么说你的车对我正合适呢？”

巴菲尔德少校尽力帮忙，他努力开始新的话题。“你和花园里你的黑白色相间的小女士朋友处得怎么样？”他问托博莫里。

马上每个人都意识到这是个错误。

托博莫里冷冰冰地看了他一眼。“我们在礼貌的客人面前通常不谈论这些事情，”他说。“但是自从你来这个房间，我就观察了你一阵子。我想你可能不喜欢我谈论你的女士朋友。”

少校的脸红了，其他客人开始担心和不舒服。托博莫里下一步要说什么？

“你现在愿意去厨房吗，托博莫里？”布莱姆雷夫人礼貌地问，“去看看厨师给你做好晚饭了吗？”

“不，谢谢，”托博莫里说。“我刚喝完茶，我不想让自己生病。”

“要知道猫有九条命，”威尔弗雷德爵士笑着说。

“可能，”托博莫里回答。“但只有一个胃。”

“布莱姆雷夫人！”科尼特夫人叫道，“别让这猫去厨房，他会向厨师谈论我们！”

每个人现在都非常担心。他们不安地记起托博莫里在白天晚上的所有时间里自由自在地在房间和花园里走动。如果他想的话，他可以窥视任何一间卧室。他看见了什么？他听见了什么？没有谁的秘密是安全的。

“哦，我为什么来这儿？”阿格尼丝·雷斯克叫道，她总是不能长时间地保持沉默。

“你很清楚你为什么来这儿，”托博莫里立刻说。“你来当然是为了食物。我听见了你在花园和科尼特夫人的谈话。你说布莱姆雷这家人无聊透顶，可是他们有一个好厨师。”

“你别信他！”阿格尼丝叫喊着。“我从没说过那话，对吗，科尼特夫人？”

“后来，科尼特夫人又把你的话重复给伯蒂·范·塔安，”托博莫里说。“她说，‘那个雷斯克女人为了点好吃的会去任何地方吃四顿饭。’然后伯蒂说——”

正在这时托博莫里朝窗外看，看见了医生的大黄猫正走过花园。随即他从敞开的窗

户那儿消失了。

每个人立刻开始说话，阿普因先生发现自己被愤怒的提问包围了。

“你必须立刻停止这一切，”每个人都对他说。“如果托博莫里教其它的猫说话将会发生什么事情？我们将再不能有片刻的安宁！”

“可能他已经教了园丁的猫说话，”阿普因先生思考着回答，“但我相信他还没时间教其它的猫说话。”

“那么，”科尼特夫人说，“虽然托博莫里是只珍贵的猫，但是他和园丁的猫必须死。你同意吗，布莱姆雷夫人？”

“你说得对，”布莱姆雷夫人难受地说。“我丈夫和我喜欢托博莫里——唉，在今天下午之前喜欢——但是现在，他当然必须尽快死掉。”

“我们在他的晚饭里下毒，”威尔弗雷德爵士说。“我要亲自杀死园丁的猫。园丁可能不喜欢这样做，可我会说他得了某种疾病——”

“可是我的发明怎么办？”阿普因先生嚷道。“我多年的研究怎么办？你要毁掉我唯一的成功的学生吗？”

“你可以去教农场的奶牛，”科尼特夫人冷冷地说，“或者动物园里的大象。别人告诉我大象很聪明，而且不会藏在椅子后面或床下面听人们的谈话。”

阿普因先生知道自己在哪里被驳倒了。

那天晚饭大家都没吃好。威尔弗雷德爵士先是和园丁的猫，后来和园丁很困难地打了一通交道。阿格尼丝·雷斯克拒绝吃任何东西，而梅维斯·佩林顿吃饭的时候一声不吭。每人都在等托博莫里。一盘放了毒药的鱼已经在餐室为他准备好了，但是他没回家。没人多说话，没人笑。这是一顿非常令人不安的晚餐。

晚饭后布莱姆雷夫人和客人在吸烟室坐着。每人都默不出声地焦急地待着，没人想玩牌。11点时厨师和管家上床睡觉了。他们把厨房的窗户像往常一样给托博莫里开着，但是他没有回来。

两点钟克洛维斯说：

“今晚他不回家了，他可能在报馆出卖他的故事，他们喜欢这个故事，它将成为今年的热门话题。”

过后每人都上了床，但是都没睡着。

早上托博莫里还没回家。早餐又是平静不安的一顿饭。然后，在咖啡喝了一半时，园丁带来了托博莫里血迹斑斑的尸体。

“看他的爪子！”克洛维斯叫道。“他打了架！”在托博莫里的爪子上有医生那只猫的黄毛。

午饭时候，多数客人已经离开布莱姆雷家。布莱姆雷夫人开始觉得好受些。她拿出笔和纸，给医生写了一封非常生气的信，叙说她的珍贵的猫的死亡。

托博莫里是阿普因先生唯一成功的学生。托博莫里死后的几个星期之后，一只大象从德莱斯顿动物园跑了出来，杀死了一个英国游客。

动物园管理员说这只大象以前一直很安静、温顺，但是正当这个英国游客和它说话时，它突然变得非常恼怒。

报纸上说这个死去的人姓奥普因，他的名字是科尼利厄斯。

“如果阿普因在尝试教可怜的大象说德语，”克洛维斯说，“它杀死了他，我不觉得奇怪。”

The She-Wolf

To Leonard Bilster the real world was not very agreeable or interesting. He preferred to live in an 'unseen world' of his imagination. Children are often very good at this, but they are happy in their own dream worlds and do not try to make other people believe them. Leonard Bilster talked about 'the unseen world' to anyone who would listen to him. Nothing very strange happened to Leonard, until one year he travelled by train across Eastern Europe. He had a long conversation with a Russian passenger, who talked about magic and 'hidden powers' in a most interesting way. Leonard listened excitedly. He came home with many stories about the strange, dark mysteries which he called Siberian Magic. His aunt, Cecilia Hoops, was deeply interested in Leonard's Siberian Magic. When she told her friends about it ('My dears, he took a garden vegetable and changed it into a bird in front of my eyes!'), her friends realized that she also had a wonderful imagination.

Leonard, together with his hidden powers, was invited to Mary Hampton's house — party. Several other people were also staying in the house, and they all had to listen to Leonard talking about the mysteries of the unseen world.

'Do please change me into a wolf, Mr Bilster,' said Mrs Hampton during lunch on the day of his arrival.

'My dear Mary,' said her husband. 'What a strange idea!'

'A she-wolf, of course,' continued Mrs Hampton. 'I don't want to change into a man as well as an animal!'

'We should not joke about the unseen world,' said Leonard.

'Oh, I'm not joking, I promise you. But don't change me into a wolf tonight. I

want to play cards, and there are only eight of us in the house today. I've invited some more people to come here tomorrow. Wait until tomorrow night. '

Leonard was not amused. 'Mrs Hampton, you really must not laugh at these dark mysteries. They can be stronger and more dangerous than we realize. '

Clovis Sangrail listened silently to this conversation, and after lunch he spoke to Lord Pabham in the smoking-room.

'Tell me, Lord Pabham, 'began Clovis. 'Have you got a she-wolf in your zoo at Pabham Park? A quiet, friendly she-wolf? '

'There's Louisa, 'said Lord Pabham thoughtfully. 'She's very quiet and gentle. Why do you ask? '

'I'd like to borrow her tomorrow evening, 'said Clovis lightly. 'May I, please? '

'Tomorrow night? 'repeated Lord Pabham in surprise.

'Yes. Wolves usually sleep during the day, don't they? So a night-time journey won't hurt her. Could you ask one of your men to bring Louisa here when it is dark? Then he can take her quietly into the conservatory at the same time as Mrs Hampton leaves the dining-room. '

Lord Pabham looked at Clovis in surprise. Then he smiled. 'I understand! 'he said. 'You're going to try a little Siberian Magic. And has Mrs Hampton agreed to help you? 'Mary has promised—if your she-wolf is quiet and gentle.'

'Louisa won't give you any trouble, 'said Lord Pabham. The next day several more guests arrived. Leonard Bil-siter enjoyed telling them all about Siberian Magic and hidden powers. He talked all through dinner. When the coffee arrived at the end of the meal, Leonard's aunt spoke.

'Dear Leonard, 'she said, 'please show us your powers. Change something into another shape. 'She turned to the other guests. 'He can do it if he wants to, 'she told them. 'Oh, please show us, 'said Mavis Pellington excitedly. 'Well...' began Leonard. 'If somebody will give me a small coin...'

'Oh, surely you aren't going to do stupid things with disappearing coins? 'said Clovis. 'We want to see something really surprising. '

'That's right, 'said Mary Hampton. 'Why don't you change me into a wolf? You promised! 'She got up from the table and walked into the conservatory with a bowl of fruit for her macaws.

'I have already warned you, 'said Leonard seriously. 'It is dangerous to joke about these things.'

'I don't believe you can do it!' laughed Mary from the conservatory. As she spoke, she disappeared behind a large green plant.

'Mrs Hampton—' began Leonard seriously. Then a icy wind seemed to fill the dining-room, and at the same time Mrs Hampton's macaws began to scream.

'What's wrong with those stupid birds, Mary?' asked her husband. Just then, a big grey wolf stepped out from behind the large green plant.

Leonard's aunt saw it first. 'Leonard!' she screamed. 'Bring Mrs Hampton back at once! We don't want a dangerous wild animal in here!'

'I—I don't know how to bring her back,' said Leonard in a small, frightened voice.

'Rubbish!' shouted Mr Hampton. 'You changed my dear wife into a wolf. Now you must bring her back again!'

'Please believe me,' said Leonard. 'I didn't change your wife into a wolf.'

'Then where is she, and how did that animal get into the conservatory?' asked Mr Hampton angrily.

'Of course, we must believe you when you say that you didn't change Mrs Hampton into a wolf,' said Clovis politely. 'But you must agree that it all looks very strange.'

'How can you stand there arguing,' cried Mavis Pelling—ton, 'with a wild animal in the house?'

'Lord Pabham,' began Mr Hampton, 'you know a lot about wild animals...'

'I buy all my animals,' said Lord Pabham. 'I have never found one in a conservatory before. But this is a wolf, I am sure of that. I think it's probably a North American she—wolf.'

'Oh, who cares where it came from!' screamed Mavis, as the wolf came a few steps further into the room. 'Can't you offer it some food, and take it away safely somewhere before it bites somebody?'

'If this animal is really Mrs Hampton,' said Clovis, 'she's just had an excellent dinner. She won't be interested in food.'

'Oh, Leonard,' cried his aunt, 'can't you use your wonderful powers to change this terrible animal into something small and gentle, like a rabbit?'

'I don't think Mr Hampton would like that,' said Clovis.

'You're right!' shouted Mr Hampton. 'I forbid it!'

'All my wolves love sugar,' said Lord Pabham. 'If you like, I'll offer this one a piece.' He took a piece of sugar from the table and pushed it along the floor towards Louisa. She ate it quickly and then, clearly hoping for more sugar, she followed Lord Pabham out of the room.

The guests left the table thankfully and hurried into the conservatory. It was empty. Mrs Hampton had disappeared.

'The door to the garden is locked on the inside!' said Clovis. (He had quickly turned the key while he was pretending to try the lock.)

Everyone turned towards Leonard Bilsiter.

'If you have not changed my wife into a wolf,' said Mr Hampton, 'will you please explain where she has gone? Clearly she could not go out through a locked door—so where is she?'

'I tell you, I had nothing to do with it!' repeated Leonard again and again. But nobody believed him.

'I'm leaving,' said Mavis Pellington. 'I refuse to stay another hour in this house.'

Just then Mary Hampton entered the room.

'What happened?' she asked crossly. 'Someone has been playing a stupid game with me. I found myself in the kitchen, eating sugar from Lord Pabham's hand. I hate stupid games, and my doctor has forbidden me to eat sugar.'

'Well, my dear...' began Mr Hampton. Mrs Hampton listened excitedly as he explained.

'So you really did change me into a wolf, Mr Bilsiter?' cried Mrs Hampton.

'No, no,' said Leonard. 'It's all a mistake.' 'Actually, I did it,' said Clovis. 'You see, I spent two years in Russia, and I know a little about Siberian Magic. Of course, I don't like to talk about it. But when other people talk a lot of rubbish about hidden powers, I like to show what Siberian Magic can really do... May I please have a drink? I feel a little tired now.'

Leonard Bilsiter looked at Clovis with hate in his eyes. At that moment he wished strongly that he could change Clovis into some small helpless animal, and then step on him very hard.

母狼

对伦纳德·比尔斯特来说现实世界不很惬意或有趣，他喜欢生活在想像中的“神秘世界”里。孩子们经常擅于这样，他们在自己的梦幻世界里非常快乐，并不想让别人相信他们。可伦纳德·比尔斯特对任何愿意听的人都大谈“神秘世界”。

伦纳德没碰到过什么奇特的事情，直到有一年他乘火车穿越东欧旅行。他同一个俄国乘客谈了很长时间，这个人用很有趣的方式大谈魔法和“隐秘的力量”。他带回家很多关于奇怪、隐晦的魔法的故事，并把它们称作“西伯利亚魔法”。

他的姑妈，塞西莉亚·霍普斯，对伦纳德的魔法很着迷。她告诉朋友“天哪，他在我眼前把花园里的一棵菜变成了一只鸟！”朋友们认为她的想像力也真够丰富的。

伦纳德带着他神秘的力量应邀参加玛丽·汉普顿的家庭聚会。屋里还有其他几个人，都在听伦纳德讲述神秘世界里的离奇故事。

“请你一定把我变成一只狼，比尔斯特先生，”汉普顿夫人在他来那天的午餐时说。

“亲爱的玛丽，”她丈夫说，“你这念头真奇怪！”

“当然是一只母狼，”汉普顿夫人继续说，“我不想变成一个男人或一头牲畜！”

“我们不能拿神秘世界开玩笑，”伦纳德说。

“哦，我不是在开玩笑，我向你保证。但是今晚别把我变成狼，我想玩牌，今天屋里只有我们8个人。我已经邀请了更多的人明天来这儿，等到明天晚上。”

伦纳德没有觉得好笑。“汉普顿夫人，你真的不能嘲笑这些隐秘的离奇故事，它们比我们想像的更强大、更危险。”

克洛维斯·桑格瑞尔不出声地听着。午餐后他在吸烟室对帕布汉姆勋爵说起此事。

“告诉我，帕布汉姆勋爵，”克洛维斯说。“帕布汉姆公园你的动物园里有母狼吗？一只安静友好的母狼？”

“有，叫路易莎，”帕布汉姆勋爵思索着说。“她很安静温顺。你为什么问这个？”

“我明晚想借用她，”克洛维斯轻轻地说。“可以吗？”

“明天晚上？”帕布汉姆惊奇地重复。

“是的，狼通常白天睡觉，不是吗？因此白天的旅行不会伤害她。你能让你的一个人在天黑后把她带到这儿吗？然后他可以在汉普顿夫人离开餐厅的时候悄悄把她带进暖房。”

帕布汉姆勋爵吃惊地看着克洛维斯，然后一笑。“我懂！”他说。“你要表演一个西伯利亚小魔法。汉普顿夫人同意帮你了吗？”

“玛丽保证过——如果你的母狼安静温顺。”

“路易莎不会给你们什么麻烦，”帕布汉姆勋爵说。

第二天又来了几个客人。伦纳德津津乐道地给他们讲西伯利亚魔法和神秘的力量。他整个晚餐都在讲这些事。晚餐最后喝咖啡时，伦纳德的姑妈开口了。

“亲爱的伦纳德，”她说，“请给我们表演你的力量，把某件东西变成另外的形状。”她转向其他客人。“如果他愿意他会做到的。”她告诉他们。

“哦，请表演给我们看，”梅维斯·佩林顿激动地说。

“这个……”伦纳德开始说，“如果谁给我一枚小硬币……”

“哦，你当然不会用消失的硬币做傻事吧？”克洛维斯说。“我们想看真正令人吃惊的事情。”

“对，”玛丽·汉普顿说。“你为什么不把我变成一只狼？你保证过！”她从桌旁站起身，端着喂她的鹦鹉的一碗水果走进了暖房。

“我已经警告过你，”伦纳德严肃地说，“开这些事情的玩笑是危险的。”

“我不信你会做这事！”玛丽从暖房笑着说。说着话，她在一颗高大的绿色植物后面消失了。

“汉普顿夫人——”伦纳德开始严肃起来。过后一阵寒风吹进餐室，同时汉普顿夫人的鹦鹉尖叫起来。

“那些笨鸟怎么回事，玛丽？”她丈夫问。就在这时，一只大灰狼从高大的绿色植物后面走出来。

伦纳德的姑妈最先看见。“伦纳德！”她尖叫着。“立刻把汉普顿夫人变回来！我们不想有一只危险的野兽在这儿！”

“我——我不知道怎么把她变回来，”伦纳德小声害怕地说。

“胡说！”汉普顿先生叫嚷道。“你把我亲爱的妻子变成了狼，现在你必须将她再变回来！”

“请相信我，”伦纳德说，“我没有把你的妻子变成狼。”

“那么她在哪儿？那只动物怎么进暖房的？”汉普顿先生气愤地问。

“当你说你没有将汉普顿夫人变成狼时，我们当然相信你，”克洛维斯礼貌地说，“但是你必须承认这太奇怪了。”

“房子里还有一只野兽，你们怎么还能站在那里争来争去？”梅维斯·佩林顿喊道。

“帕布汉姆勋爵，”汉普顿先生说，“你对动物了解很多……”

“我的动物都是买的，”帕布汉姆勋爵说。“我以前从没在暖房见过。可这是一只狼我敢肯定。我想它可能是一只北美母狼——”

“哦，谁管她是哪儿来的！”梅维斯尖叫着，这时狼又走进房屋几步。“你难道不能给它些食物，趁它还没咬谁时把它带到某个安全的地方吗？”

“如果这只动物真的是汉普顿夫人，”克洛维斯说，“她刚吃过丰盛的晚餐，不会对食物感兴趣。”

“哦，伦纳德，”姑妈嚷着，“你难道不能用你神奇的力量把这只可怕的动物变成某个小巧温顺的动物吗？比如说一只兔子？”

“我想汉普顿先生不会喜欢，”克洛维斯说。

“对！”汉普顿先生叫嚷道。“我不准这样做！”

“我所有的狼都喜欢糖，”帕布汉姆勋爵说。“如果你不反对的话，我会给这只狼一块。”他从桌上拿起一块糖，顺着地板推给路易莎。她很快就吃完了，然后就跟着帕布汉姆勋爵出了屋，很明显还想要糖。

客人们非常感谢地离开桌子，急忙走进暖房。暖房是空的，汉普顿夫人不见了。

“通往花园的门是从里面锁着的！”克洛维斯说。（他假装试着开锁时迅速转动了钥匙。）

每个人都转身对着伦纳德·比尔斯特。

“如果你没有把我妻子变成狼，”汉普顿先生说，“那么你能解释她去哪儿了吗？很明显她不会从一扇锁着的门出去——所以她在哪儿？”

“我告诉你，我与此事无关！”伦纳德一遍又一遍地重复着说，但是没人相信他。

“我要走了，”梅维斯·佩林顿说。“我再不愿在这房子里多呆一小时。”

这时玛丽·汉普顿走了进来。

“怎么搞的？”她生气地问。“有人在和我玩愚蠢的游戏。我发现自己在厨房里，吃帕布汉姆勋爵手上的糖。我恨这愚蠢的游戏，医生不准我吃糖。”

“好吧，亲爱的……”汉普顿先生开始说。当他解释时，汉普顿夫人激动地听着。

“那么你真的把我变成了一只狼，比尔斯特先生？”汉普顿夫人喊道。

“不，没有，”伦纳德说。“那只是个误会。”

“事实上，这是我做的，”克洛维斯说。“你知道，我在俄国呆了两年，知道一些西伯利亚魔法。当然我不喜欢谈论它。可当人们说一大堆关于神秘力量的废话时，我愿意显示西伯利亚魔法到底能做些什么……我可以来一杯吗？我现在觉得有点累了。”

伦纳德·比尔斯特用愤恨的眼神看着克洛维斯。就在这时他强烈地希望他能将克洛维斯变成某个矮小无助的动物，然后狠狠地踩上几脚。

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<潘德尔的巫师>

简介

17 世纪的时候，英格兰有许多人相信巫术。巫师可能是一个老太婆，或是一个年轻女子——有时甚至会是一个成年男子或小男孩。不过，巫师通常都是女人。人们都害怕巫师，因为巫师仅凭一句诅咒就能使人丧命。

1612 年，在兰开夏郡的潘德尔山附近住着一个名叫詹妮特·迪瓦斯的小女孩。那时她刚 9 岁，因家里穷时常饿肚子，长得很瘦弱。她缺衣少鞋，有时一连几天吃不上饭。生活对于她来说十分艰难。

詹妮特的外祖母老德姆代克是一个巫师。她的母亲伊丽莎白和她的姐姐艾丽森也都是巫师。就连她可怜兮兮、傻头傻脑的哥哥詹姆斯也是巫师……不管怎样，村民们是这样认为的。

本书以女主人公詹妮特的口吻来讲述她一家人的故事。故事从 1634 年讲起，当时詹妮特被关押在兰开斯特城堡监狱里……

作者罗伊娜·艾金耶米是英国人，曾在非洲生活多年，现在在剑桥市工作、生活。她的这一有关潘德尔巫师的故事取材于发生在兰开夏郡的真实事件。

1 THE PEDLAR

The spring of 1634 arrives, but in the prison of Lancaster Castle it stays cold. The twenty women in the prison are dirty, hungry and cold. There are no beds or chairs

and so they sleep on the cold floor. There are no windows, so it is always dark. The women want to get out of the prison; they want to go home. Sometimes the guards open the big, old door and put some bread and water on the floor. Then they close the door again.

My name is Jennet Device, and I am one of the twenty women in prison. Day after day, I sit on the cold floor and wait. I want to feel warm again; I want to see the sky again, and Pendle Hill, the beautiful hill near my home. But I am in the dark prison of Lancaster Castle, and I sit on the cold floor and wait.

One day, something happens. The guards open the big, old door. 'Jennet Device! 'a guard calls. 'Come here at once, witch! Somebody wants to see you. '

I get up slowly because I'm very cold and I walk across the dark room to the door. Perhaps it's someone from Read Hall! Perhaps I'm going home! 'Jennet Device, be quick! 'the guard calls again.

Someone is standing at the door with the guard. 'Jennet, 'he says quietly.

I see him then: a tall man with brown hair and tired blue eyes. He is not from Read Hall. It is Mr Webster, from the church at Kildwick. My legs stop moving and suddenly I want to sit down.

'Come on, come on, 'the guard says angrily. He begins to close the door.

'Come out here for a minute, Jennet, 'Mr Webster says quietly. 'Sit down and eat something. '

I sit down at a little table near the door. Mr Webster gives me some bread and some meat and I begin to eat hungrily.

'Ten minutes, 'the guard says. 'After ten minutes, she goes in again.

'Thank you, 'Mr Webster says.

'How is everyone at Read Hall? 'I ask at last.

Mr Webster smiles. 'Everyone is well. I was there yesterday. '

I close my eyes for a minute. 'Mr Webster, it's not true. I'm not a witch, you know. '

'I know, Jennet, 'Mr Webster says. 'Last week, I brought Edmund Robinson and his father into my church, and asked them about the boy's story. Many people believed Edmund's story, but some people didn't. Edmund Robinson is going to London tomorrow with his father, and a judge is going to question them. '

The guard comes back and begins to open the door.

'Time!' he says.

Mr Webster stands up. 'God is here with you, Jennet. Never forget that. You can be happy, when God is with you.'

I stand up too, and take the bread from the table. 'Yes, Mr Webster. God is with me; I believe that.' But happy? How can I be happy?

I go back into the dark prison, and the guard closes the door behind me. The women run to me. 'Bread! Give us bread!' they cry.

Quickly, I put the bread in my shirt. I don't want to lose it. I walk across the room and sit down on the floor. I am crying, but I feel a little better. Edmund Robinson, of Newchurch, is only ten years old. Edmund told lies about me and about many women: he saw us at a witches' meeting at a house called Hoarstones. It's not true, but many people believed him. What is he going to say in London? The truth? Or more lies.

But now, in the prison of Lancaster Castle, I want to tell my story. It is a story about rich men and angry villagers; about old women and hungry children. It is a true story, and it happened to me.

I was born in 1603. My family was always very poor, and after my father died, we were poorer. In winter, I was often ill and I was always cold and hungry. In summer, I was sometimes ill and I was often cold and hungry. We lived some miles from the village of New church, in an old house called Malkin Tower. It was dirty and cold. The rain came in through the windows and there were no doors. To the west, was the big hill called Pendle. Pendle Hill was beautiful. I loved Pendle Hill because it sat quietly all year and watched me.

My story begins on the eighteenth day of March in the year 1612. I was nine years old, and my life began to change on that day. My mother and my grandmother were ill and they sat on the floor, with their dogs, near the little fire.

My sister Alizon wanted to go out. 'I'm going to look for bread,' she said.

My brother James sat near the fire, his mouth open. 'Go and look for bread,' he said. 'Go and look for bread.' James often said things again and again.

Alizon ran out of the house and I followed her.

'Go and look for bread!' James called.

Alizon began to go east, up the hill and past the big trees be-hind Malkin Tower. Alizon walked fast. She was eighteen years old and she was tall with

long, dirty brown hair and a white, hungry face. It was cold, but there was no rain. Alizon wore a coat and some shoes, but I had no coat and no shoes.

'Please wait a minute!' I called to my sister. 'I want to come with you.'

'No!' Alizon cried. 'Go back, I don't want you.'

Suddenly, a dog ran in front of Alizon.

'Good dog, good dog!' Alizon called. The dog ran to her and she put her hand on its head. It was my sister's dog and it liked her. It was a big dog with big teeth and I didn't like it because it was always hungry.

I followed Alizon and her dog along the river to Colne. But before we arrived at Colne, we met John Law. John Law was a big fat man, about fifty years old.

'Can I have some money, please?' Alizon called. 'I'm hungry.'

John Law didn't answer. He walked slowly because he was fat and because he carried a big bag on his back. In his bag were a lot of beautiful things. He was a pedlar and he walked across the hills and visited all the villages.

'Can I have some money?' Alizon called again. 'I'm very hungry!'

John Law stopped. 'Stop following me,' he said. 'I'm not going to give you money.'

'Give me money!' Alizon said.

'I don't want to give you money,' the pedlar said. He took his hat off. There was not much hair on his head. 'I don't like you and I don't like your family. A lot of bad women, you are, and your father was a bad man, too.'

Alizon was angry. 'Don't talk about my father—he's dead now! Give me some money, old man!'

John Law's face was red. 'No!' he cried. He began to walk up the hill to the village. 'Go back to your dirty family!'

Alizon began to laugh angrily. 'A dead man! A dead man!' she called. 'Dead before dark, John Law!' She looked down at her dog and put her hand on its head. 'Go after him, dog,' she said. 'Go after him and get him!'

The big dog began to run after the pedlar. John Law stopped. He looked afraid and his face was very red. 'Call your dog back, you bad girl!' he shouted.

Suddenly, his mouth opened and his face went white. Slowly, he began to fall, and his big body hit the road. The dog came up to him, but the pedlar did not

move.

Alizon watched John Law for a minute. Then she said to me, 'Go and call someone from the village. '

I felt afraid, but I ran along the road very quickly. 'Help! Help! 'I called to the villagers. 'The pedlar is ill'

The villagers came out of their houses and followed me down the hill. A young man looked at John Law carefully.

'He's not dead, 'he said, 'but he's very ill. Let's move him to the nearest house. Someone must go and call his son. '

Just then, John Law began to talk very slowly. 'I can't move! ' he said. 'I'm alive, but I can't move! '

I went back to stand near Alizon. The dog sat at her feet.

'That Devil girl...'John Law said slowly, 'she—she cursed me! She wanted me to die! And her dog came to get me.

All the villagers looked at Alizon.

'I'm sorry, 'Alizon said quickly. 'I'm very hungry and I wanted some money, that's all. '

'Go away! ' the villagers cried. 'You're a witch, and we don't want you in our village. '

Alizon began to run away down the hill and her dog followed. I watched the villagers. They carried John Law slowly up the hill to the nearest house. And then I followed my sister down the hill. I was hungry and tired and Malkin Tower was many miles away. I was nine years old and I was angry. I was angry because the pedlar was ill. I was angry because the villagers didn't like me. And I was angry because my sister was a witch.

1 小 贩

1634 年的春天来了，但是在兰开斯特城堡监狱里却是寒冷依旧。关在狱中的 20 个女犯人又脏、又饿、又冷。牢房里既没有床也没有椅子，她们就睡在冰冷的地上。由于没有窗户，房间里总是一片黑暗。女囚们想离开监狱；她们想回家。有时候看守打开破旧的大门，把面包和水放在地上，然后将大门牢牢地关上。

我叫詹妮特·迪瓦斯，是 20 个女囚犯中的一员。日复一日，我坐在冰冷的地上等待着。我希望再次感受到温暖，我希望重新看到蔚蓝的天空和我家附近的美丽的潘德尔山。然而，我却是在黑暗的兰开斯特城堡监狱里，坐在冰冷的地上等待着。

有一天，发生了一件事。看守打开了破旧的大门。“詹妮特·迪瓦斯！”看守喊道。“快过来，女巫！有人要见你。”

因为太冷了，我缓慢地爬起来，穿过黑暗的房间向门口走去。也许是从里德宅院来的什么人！也许我要回家了！

“詹妮特·迪瓦斯，快点！”那个看守又喊道。

有一个人站在门边，和看守在一起。“詹妮特，”他轻轻地说了一声。

这时，我看清楚他了：他是一个长着棕色头发的高个子男人，一双蓝眼睛里带着倦意。他不是里德宅院的人，他是从基尔德威克的教堂来的韦伯斯特先生。我的两条腿停止了挪动，突然，我想坐下来。

“快点，快点。”看守生气地说。他开始关上大门。

“出来呆会儿，詹妮特，”韦伯斯特先生平静地说。“坐下来吃点东西。”

我在靠门的一张桌旁坐了下来。韦伯斯特先生给了我一些面包和肉，我大吃起来。

“10 分钟，”看守说，“10 分钟后她就得回去。”

“谢谢你，”韦伯斯特先生说。

“里德宅院的人们都好吗？”我终于开口问道。

韦伯斯特先生微笑着说：“大家都好。我昨天到那里去了。”

我闭上眼睛，过了一小会儿，我说：“韦伯斯特先生，这不是真的。你知道，我不是女巫。”

“我知道，詹妮特，”韦伯斯特先生说。“上个星期，我把埃德蒙·鲁滨逊和他的父亲带到我的教堂，向他们询问起了埃德蒙讲的故事。许多人相信埃德蒙的话，但是也有些人不相信。明天埃德蒙将和他的父亲一起去伦敦，在那里，法官会盘问他们的。”

那个看守回来了并打开了牢门。

“到时间了！”他说。

韦伯斯特先生站了起来。“上帝与你同在，詹妮特。别忘了这一点。当上帝陪伴着你时，你会快乐的。”

我也站起身来，把面包从桌上拿走。“是的，韦伯斯特先生。上帝与我同在；我相信。”可是，快乐？我怎么可能快乐呢？

我重又回到了黑暗的牢房，看守在我身后关上了牢门。女囚犯们向我跑来：“面包！给我们面包！”她们大喊着。

我迅速地把面包放进衬衣里。我可不愿失去它。我穿过房间坐到了地上。我在哭泣，但是我感觉稍好一点了。纽丘奇村的埃德蒙·鲁滨逊只有 10 岁。他说了有关我和很多妇女的谎话：他说他看到我们在一所名叫霍尔斯特斯的房子里参加女巫会议。那不是真的，可是许多人相信他的话。在伦敦他会讲些什么呢？真话？也许是更多的谎言。

不过现在，在兰开斯特城堡监狱里，我想讲述我的故事。它是一个关于有钱人和愤怒的村民们；关于老年妇女和饥饿的儿童的故事。这是一个真实的故事，它就发生在我身上。

我出生于 1603 年。我的家庭一直非常贫穷。自从我的父亲去世后，我们的日子更艰难了。一年到头，我吃不饱、穿不暖，还常常生病。我们住在一所名叫马尔金塔的老房子里，离纽丘奇村有几英里远。这所房子又脏又冷，连一扇门也没有。下雨时雨水便从窗户浇进来。我家西面有一座潘德尔大山。它很美丽。我爱这座山，因为它终年宁静地坐落在那里，注视着我。

我的故事从这里讲起，那是 1612 年 3 月 18 日。当时我 9 岁。就在那一天，我的生活开始发生了变化。那天，我的妈妈和外祖母都生着病，她们围着一小堆火，和她们的几条狗一起坐在地上。

我的姐姐艾丽森想到外面去。“我去找点面包，”她说。

我哥哥詹姆斯张着嘴靠火坐着。“去找面包，”他说，“去找面包。”詹姆斯经常不断地重复他的话。

艾丽森跑出房子，我在后面跟着她。

“去找面包！”詹姆斯喊道。

艾丽森向东走去。她爬上山，走过马尔金塔后面的棵棵大树。艾丽森走得很快。她那年 18 岁，个子高高的，棕色的长发脏乎乎的。她脸色苍白，饥肠辘辘。天气很冷，但是没有下雨。艾丽森穿着外衣和鞋子，而我却既没有外衣也没有鞋子。

“请等一下！”我冲姐姐喊道。“我想和你一起去。”

“不！”艾丽森大声说。“回去，我不需要你。”

忽然间，一只狗在艾丽森面前跑着。

“乖狗儿，乖狗儿！”艾丽森招呼道。那条狗跑到她面前，艾丽森把手放在它的头上。它是我姐姐的狗，它喜欢她。它是条大狗，牙齿很大，可我不喜欢它，因为它总是显得饥饿不堪。

我跟着艾丽森和她的狗沿着河向科恩村走去。在路上，我们遇到了约翰·劳。他是个

大胖子，五十岁上下。

“您能给点钱吗？”艾丽森大声说。“我饿着呢。”

约翰·劳没有回答。他走得很慢，一来由于他胖，二来因为他背着一个大口袋，口袋里有许多好玩意儿。他是个小商贩，翻山越岭，跑遍了所有村庄。

“能给我点钱吗？”艾丽森又喊了一次。“我很饿！”

约翰·劳停住了。“别跟着我，”他说。“我不会给你钱的。”

“给我钱！”艾丽森说。

“我不想给你钱，”小贩说。他摘下帽子，他的头发已经很稀少了。“我不喜欢你，我不喜欢你们全家。你们都是些坏女人，你的爸爸也是个坏人。”

艾丽森生气了。“不许你提起我父亲——他已经死了！给我钱，老头！”

约翰·劳的脸涨红了。“不！”他喊道。他开始上山往村里走去。“回到你那肮脏的家里去吧！”

艾丽森愤怒地大笑起来。“一个死人！一个死人！”她大喊着。“天黑前就死，约翰·劳！”她低下头看看她的狗，把手放在它的头上。“去追他，”她说，“去追他，抓住他。”

那条大狗奔跑着去追赶小贩。约翰·劳停下了脚步。他看上去很害怕，满脸通红。“把你的狗叫回去，你这个坏女孩！”他大声喊着。

突然，他的嘴张开了，脸色煞白。慢慢地，他倒了下去，他那硕大的身躯摔倒在路上。大狗冲到他身旁，而小贩却一动不动。

艾丽森盯着约翰·劳看了片刻，然后她对我说：“去村里叫人来。”

我很害怕，但还是沿着路快跑起来。”救人呐！救人呐！”我向村民们大喊。“小贩生病了！”

村民们从各自家里出来，跟着我下了山。一个年轻人仔细地看了看约翰·劳。

“他没有死，”他说。“可是他病得很重。咱们把他抬到最近的房子里去吧。必须把他的儿子叫来。”

就在那时，约翰·劳十分缓慢地说道：“我动不了。”他说。“我还活着，可我动不了。”

我回到艾丽森身旁站着。大狗蹲在她的脚边。

“那个迪瓦斯家的女孩子…”约翰·劳慢吞吞地说。“她——她诅咒我！她想让我死！她的狗向我扑过来。”

村民们都看着艾丽森。

“我很抱歉。”艾丽森急忙说。“我很饿，我想要点钱，就是这么回事。”

“快走开！”村民们喊道。“你是个女巫，我们不想让你呆在我们村里。”

艾丽森向山下跑去，她的狗紧跟着她。我看着村民们。他们抬着约翰·劳缓慢地上山，向最近的一所房子走去。随后我跟着我的姐姐下了山。我又饿又乏，而马尔金塔远在数英里之外。那时我9岁，我很生气。我生气，因为小贩病了。我生气，因为村民们不喜欢我。我生气，因为我的姐姐是个女巫。

2 ROGER NOWELL

John Law was ill because Alizon cursed him, and his son wanted Roger Nowell to question Alizon. Roger Nowell was a rich and important man in Lancashire, and he was the judge for all the villages near Pendle Hill. He lived at Read Hall, seven miles from Newchurch.

On the thirtieth day of March, Mr Nowell's men came to Malkin Tower. Mr Nowell wanted to see Alizon at once.

We walked from Malkin Tower to Read Hall: my sister Ali-zon, my brother James, and our mother, Elizabeth Device. I followed them because I didn't want to stay at home with my grandmother. My grandmother was a difficult old woman, and I didn't like her.

Read Hall was an old house with a big garden and many old trees. Mr Nowell's servant opened the door for us.

'Come in,' Mr Nowell said. He was a tall man with a lot of white hair. His black coat looked warm and expensive.

Alizon followed Mr Nowell into a room with a big fire. When I saw the fire, I wanted to go in, too!

'Are you cold, little one?' Mr Nowell asked me. 'Come in, and sit near the fire.'

I went across the room and sat down on the floor, next to the wonderful, hot fire.

Mr Nowell sat behind a big fable. Two or three men, in black coats, stood near the window. Alizon stood in front of Mr Nowell. Her long hair was dirty, and her old dress looked dirty-er.

'Two weeks ago, on the eighteenth day of March, you met John Law near Colne,' Roger Nowell said. His voice was slow and careful. 'Tell me about it.'

'I asked for money,' Alizon said. 'The pedlar was very angry and I didn't like him. I was angry, too, and I wanted him to die!'

'Tell me about your dog.'

'The dog is my friend,' Alizon said slowly. 'I wanted a friend, and I found that dog two months ago. I told my grandmother, and she liked the dog, too.'

'Did the dog run after the pedlar?'

'Yes, of course. I cursed the pedlar, and the dog ran after him!' Alizon said. 'I'm sorry now, because Mr Law is ill.'

'She's a witch!' one of the men said quietly.

Roger Nowell stood up and walked across the room to the door. 'James Device, come in. We want to question you.'

James came in and stood next to Alizon. James was thirteen years old, nearly a man, but he was afraid of many things. He began to cry.

'Don't be afraid,' Mr Nowell said. 'we want you to talk about your grandmother, Old Demdike.'

But Alizon wanted to talk. 'Don't ask him!' she said quickly. 'I can tell you about my grandmother because I'm with her every minute of the day. I go with her from village to village. I go with her across Pendle Hill. She asks people for money and food, and I help her.' Alizon stopped. She looked at James, and then she looked at Mr Nowell. 'She cursed a child once, and the child died later that year.'

'And you!' James said. 'You cursed a child, too! Somebody told me!' James suddenly sat down on the floor and began to laugh loudly.

'Be quiet!' Roger Nowell said coldly. 'Alizon Device, tell me the truth: did you curse a child?'

'Yes, I did,' Alizon cried. 'The child called me a witch, and I was angry. I cursed the child, but I was sorry when the child died.'

James looked up at Alizon, his mouth open. 'The child died, the child died,' he said again and again.

'Alizon Device, you cannot go home again,' Roger Nowell said slowly. 'You must go to the prison at Read.'

'But I need Alizon! 'my mother shouted angrily from the door. 'She takes care of Old Demdike, my mother. '

I looked at my mother, at her red, angry face. I looked at Al-izon in her dirty dress, and at James on the floor with his mouth open. And then I looked at Mr Nowell: his brown eyes were warm, and his face was kind.

On the second day of April, Roger Nowell and his men came to Ashlar House, near the village of Fence. Mr Nowell wanted to talk to my grandmother, and we all went with her to Ashlar House. Fence was not far from Malkin Tower, and my grandmother walked there easily.

Old Demdike was a little old woman with a fat face and no teeth. She was nearly eighty years old and she was a difficult old woman. Without Alizon, she was more difficult because my mother didn't take care of her.

When I saw Mr Nowell again at Ashlar House, I felt happy. I looked at his kind face and his warm brown eyes, and I want-ed to be near him. But there were a lot of people in the room, and I was afraid to go to him.

'Old Demdike, I'm going to ask you some questions, 'Mr Nowell began.

Old Demdike was not afraid. She looked at all the men, in their expensive coats and hats. 'What can a poor old woman tell you rich men? 'She laughed, and when she laughed I felt afraid. My grandmother was going to tell them everything!

And she did!

'Twenty years ago, I met the Devil, 'Old Demdike said. 'He was a boy called Tibb and he was my friend. Then a cat came to visit me—a beautiful cat—and then a dog. They were all my friends. '

Mr Nowell listened quietly to my grandmother, but some of the men began to talk angrily.

'Be careful, you rich men! 'my grandmother cried. 'I can curse you! I can kill people! I make clay pictures of people—man, woman or child. And when I break the clay, that man, woman or child dies! '

People began to shout.

'She's a witch! She must die! '

'Say no more; she must die, with all her family! '

Roger Nowell stood up. 'Be quiet! 'He looked at the guards near the door. 'Take

her away, 'he said. 'Old Demdike and her granddaughter Alizon must go to the prison at Lancaster Castle. '

The guards took my grandmother by the arms and carried her out of the door and put her on a horse. Everyone ran out of Ashlar House. They ran after the horses and shouted: 'Kill the witch! '

I looked for Mr Nowell, but he was on his horse, too, and he followed the guards quickly through the village.

Slowly, I followed my mother and James. Malkin Tower was my home, but I didn't want to go back there. I was a little child, and I wanted someone kind to take care of me.

We stayed at home days, because we were afraid to go out. James sat in front of the fire, with his dog, and talked. 'Lan-caster Castle, Lancaster Castle, 'he said, again and again. My mother hit me and shouted at me because she was angry with the rich men.

But after three days, my mother suddenly said, 'James! We're hungry and we must eat! '

James didn't answer.

My mother went across the room to James and pulled his hair. 'Get up! 'she shouted. 'Go out and find food for us! Your father isn't here now; you must find food for us. ' She hit him over the head.

James stood up slowly. 'Go out and find food, 'he said. 'I must go out and find food. '

It was dark, and James was out for hours. But in the morn-ing, he came back with a sheep.

'I went to Barley, 'James said happily. 'I got this sheep, and now we can eat. '

'Get up, Jennet! 'my mother shouted 'Come and help me! '

It was Friday, the tenth day of April. My family had some friends, poor people, and on that day they came to Malkin Tower. They came and asked about Old Demdike and Alizon, and they stayed to eat and drink.

I helped my mother. We cooked the sheep over a big fire, and our visitors ate with us. At the same time, they drank. They sat by the fire and drank, and talked about Lancaster Castle.

'Let 's go there! 'an old woman cried. 'Let 's go to Lancast-er Castle and find Old Demdike and Alizon! '

'We can curse the guards, and break down the door! ' my mother said.

'Let 's bring them home! ' said an old man.

'Jennet, bring the bottle! We need more drink! 'shouted my mother.

I got up and took more drink to my mother. But I fell over one of the dogs, and the bottle broke on the floor. The drink was gone!

' You bad child! ' my mother shouted. 'You' re a witch, too, you know! 'She got up and began to hit me. She hit me over the head and pulled my hair. An old man laughed, and then ev-eryone laughed.

I ran back across the room. I wasn 't a witch; I was a child, nine years old, and I hated my mother and all her friends! My face felt very hot because I was angry. I left the room and went out of the house. It was afternoon, but the sky was dark with rain. Pendle Hill was dark, too. It sat quietly and watched me.

'I'm going to Mr Nowell, ' I said quietly, to Pendle Hill. 'I'm going to tell him about my mother and her friends. '

2 罗杰·诺埃尔

由于艾丽森的诅咒，约翰·劳病倒了。他的儿子希望罗杰·诺埃尔审问艾丽森。罗杰·诺埃尔是兰开夏郡一个有钱有势的人，他是潘德尔山一带所有村落的法官。他住在里德宅院，离纽丘奇村 7 英里远。

3 月 30 日那天，诺埃尔先生手下的人来到了马尔金塔，因为诺埃尔先生想马上见一见艾丽森。

我们一行离开了马尔金塔步行前往里德宅院：我的姐姐艾丽森，我的哥哥詹姆斯，还有我的母亲伊丽莎白·迪瓦斯。我之所以与他们同行是因为我不想和外祖母一起留在这里。我的外祖母是一个很难相处的老太婆，我不喜欢她。

里德宅院是一所老房子，里面有一个大花园和许多古树。诺埃尔先生的用人为我们打开了房门。

“进来，”诺埃尔先生说。他个子很高，白发苍苍。他的黑色大衣看起来既暖和又昂贵。

艾丽森跟着诺埃尔先生走进了一个房间，那里面生着旺旺的炉火。当我看到炉火时，

真希望自己也能跟着进去！

“你冷吧，小家伙？”诺埃尔先生问我。“进来，坐到炉火旁边去。”

我穿过房间，坐到地板上，紧靠着那美妙的、暖烘烘的炉火。

诺埃尔先生在一张大桌子后面坐下。有两三个穿着黑大衣的男人靠近窗口站着。艾丽森站在诺埃尔先生面前，她的长发脏兮兮的，身上的旧裙子比头发还要脏。

“两个星期前，也就是3月18日那天，你在科恩村附近遇到了约翰·劳，”罗杰·诺埃尔说。他的声音低沉而谨慎。“给我讲讲这件事。”

“我向他要钱，”艾丽森说。“小贩很生气，我不喜欢他。我也很生气，我希望他死！”

“给我讲讲你的狗是怎么回事。”

“它是我的朋友，”艾丽森慢慢地说道。“我想要一个朋友，两个月前我找到了那条狗。我把这件事告诉了我的外祖母，她也喜欢那条狗。”

“那条狗是不是追赶小贩了？”

“当然追了。我诅咒了小贩，那条狗便去追赶他！”艾丽森说。“现在劳先生病了，我很抱歉。”

“她是个女巫！”一个男人轻声说。

罗杰·诺埃尔站了起来，穿过房间走到门口。“詹姆斯·迪瓦斯，进来。我们有话问你。”

詹姆斯走了进来，站在艾丽森身边。詹姆斯13岁，几乎是个男子汉了，但是，他对很多东西都感到恐惧。他哭了起来。

“别害怕，”诺埃尔先生说。“我们想让你讲讲你的外祖母老德姆代克的一些事。”

可是，这时候艾丽森却想说话。“别问他！”她急促地说。“我可以告诉你们关于我外祖母的事，因为我一天到晚和她在一起。我们俩一起翻越潘德尔山，走了一村又一村。她向人们讨饭要钱，我给她帮忙。”艾丽森停住了。她看了看詹姆斯，又看了看诺埃尔先生，接着说：“她曾经诅咒过一个小孩儿，后来，就在那一年，小孩儿死了。”

“还有你！”詹姆斯说。“你也诅咒过一个小孩儿！有人告诉我了！”詹姆斯突然坐到了地板上，大笑起来。

“安静！”罗杰·诺埃尔冷冷地说。“艾丽森·迪瓦斯，对我说真话：你曾诅咒过一个小孩儿吗？”

“是的，诅咒过，”艾丽森喊道。“那个孩子管我叫女巫，我生气了。我就诅咒了他但是对于他的死我很抱歉。”

詹姆斯抬起头，张着嘴看着艾丽森。“那个孩子死了，那个孩子死了，”他一遍遍地说着。

“艾丽森·迪瓦斯，你不能再回家了。”罗杰·诺埃尔缓慢地说道。“我们必须把你送进里德监狱。”

“可是我需要艾丽森！”我的妈妈在门边气愤地喊着。“是她照顾我的母亲老德姆代克。”

我看了看我的妈妈，她的脸涨得通红，脸上带着愤怒的表情。我又看了看穿着脏裙子的艾丽森，还有张着嘴坐在地上的詹姆斯。然后我看了一眼诺埃尔先生：他的棕色眼睛流露出热情，他的面容是和善的。

4月2日，罗杰·诺埃尔和他的随从人员来到了芬斯村附近的艾什拉屋。诺埃尔先生想和我的外祖母谈谈，于是我们全家和她一起去了艾什拉屋。芬斯村离马尔金塔不远，我的外祖母并没有费多少劲就走到了那里。

老德姆代克是个身材矮小的老太婆，她长着一张胖胖的脸，牙齿全掉光了。她快八十岁了，很难相处。艾丽森不在她更使性子，因为我的妈妈根本不照顾她。

当我在艾什拉屋再次看到诺埃尔先生时，我感到很高兴。看着他和善的面孔和充满热情的棕色眼睛，我很想靠他近一些。可是房间里人很多，我不敢过去。

“老德姆代克，我要问你一些问题。”诺埃尔先生说。

老德姆代克并不害怕。她看了看所有衣帽华贵的男人。“一个穷老太婆能告诉你们有钱人什么呢？”她哈哈大笑着说。她的笑声令我恐惧。我的外祖母就要把一切都告诉他们了！

她真地说了！

“20年前，我遇到了魔鬼，”老德姆代克说。“他是一个名叫蒂勃的男孩，他是我的朋友。后来有一只猫来拜访我——一只美丽的猫——随后又来了一条狗。他们都是我的朋友。”

诺埃尔先生安静地听着，但是有些男人生气地交谈起来。

“小心点，你们这些有钱人！”我的外祖母喊道。“我能诅咒你们！我能让人丧命！我用泥制成人像——男人的，女人的或是小孩的，当我打碎人像时，那个男人、女人或小孩就会死去。”

人们开始大喊起来。

“她是个女巫！一定得要她的命！”

“不要再说什么都了，她必须死，和她的全家一起死！”

罗杰·诺埃尔站了起来。“安静！”他看了看守在门口的警卫。“把她带走。”他说。“必须把老德姆代克和她的外孙女艾丽森关进兰开斯特城堡监狱。”

卫兵们抓住我外祖母的胳膊，把她带出门，放到一匹马上。大家全都跑出了艾什拉屋。他们追赶着马队，高喊：“杀死女巫！”

我寻找着诺埃尔先生，可是他也上了马，跟在卫兵们后面迅速地穿过村子走了。

我跟在妈妈和詹姆斯后面慢慢地走着。马尔金塔是我的家，但是我并不想回去。我还是个孩子，我希望有个慈爱的人来关心我。

因为不敢出门，我们在家里呆了好些天。詹姆斯和他的狗坐在火堆前，嘴里念叨着：“兰开斯特城堡，兰开斯特城堡。”他一遍又一遍地说着。我妈妈打我，冲我大嚷大叫，因为那些有钱人很让她恼火。

3天后，妈妈突然说：“詹姆斯！我们饿了，咱们得吃东西呀！”

詹姆斯没有答话。

妈妈穿过房间走到詹姆斯跟前，揪着他的头发。“起来！”她大喊着。“出去给我们找点吃的！你爸爸现在不在了，你必须给我们找吃找喝。”她打了一下他的头。

詹姆斯慢慢腾腾地站起来。“出去找吃的，”他说。“我必须出去找吃的。”

天黑了，詹姆斯已经出去好几个小时了。第二天早上，他带着一只羊回来了。

“我到巴利村去了。”詹姆斯高兴地说。“我找到了这只羊，现在我们可以吃饭了。”

“起来，詹妮特！”我妈妈喊道。“来给我帮忙！”

我们家有一些朋友，都是穷人。4月10日星期五那天，他们来到了马尔金塔。他们来询问老德姆代克和艾丽森的情况，然后留下来又吃又喝。

我帮助妈妈干活。我们在一大堆火上烤羊，客人们和我们一起吃饭。他们还喝起酒来，他们围坐在火堆旁一边喝酒，一边谈论着兰开斯特城堡。

“咱们到那儿去吧！”一个老太太大声说。“咱们去兰开斯特城堡救出老德姆代克和艾丽森！”

“我们可以咒死看守，然后把门打破！”我妈妈说。

“咱们把她俩带回家来！”一个老头儿说。

“詹妮特，把酒瓶拿来！我们得再喝点！”妈妈喊道。

我站起来去给妈妈再拿些酒。可是我绊倒在一只狗身上，酒瓶掉在地上摔碎了，酒

洒了！

“你这个坏孩子！”我妈妈嚷道。“你也是个女巫，你清楚！”她站起来打我。她打我的头，揪我的头发。一个老头哈哈大笑，大家也都跟着哄笑起来。

我穿过房间跑了回去。我不是女巫；我是个9岁的孩子。我恨妈妈和她所有的朋友！由于愤怒我的脸很烫。我离开房间，走出了这所房子。当时是下午，但是由于下着雨，天很黑。潘德尔山也是一片漆黑。它静静地坐落在那里，注视着我。

“我要去找诺埃尔先生，”我平静地对潘德尔山说。“我要告诉他有关我妈妈和她的朋友们的事情。”

3 A FAMILY OF WITCHES

I ran from Malkin Tower, down the hill into Newchurch. James followed me.

'I want to go to Read Hall, too,' he said.

We ran through the trees to Sabden Brook. The noise of the river was beautiful in my ears. We went along the river to the village of Sabden, and then it began to rain.

Suddenly, we heard the noise of horses behind us. We got off the road, and watched the horses. It was Roger Nowell with some of his men. They saw us, and Mr Nowell stopped.

'It's the Device children,' he said. 'What's your name, child?'

'My name is Jennet,' I said. 'We're going to Read Hall. I want to talk to you.'

Roger Nowell looked at me with his warm brown eyes. 'Very well,' he said. 'Come home with me, and we can talk.' He lifted me up on to his horse, and the horse moved quickly along the road to the village of Read. James ran along behind us.

Very soon, we arrived at Read Hall. The servant opened the door for us, and we went into the warm house. James came in, too, and sat down next to me near the fire.

Mr Nowell put his black hat down on the table. 'Bring a hot drink and some food for these children,' he told the servant. 'They're cold and hungry.'

The servant brought bread and hot milk for us, and James and I ate hungrily. I felt warm and happy in Mr Nowell's house. I wanted to stay there all my life; I never wanted to go back to Malkin Tower.

When we finished eating, Mr Nowell looked up from his book. 'You wanted to talk

to me, 'he said quietly. 'Well, I'm listening. '

I got up, went across the room and stood in front of Mr Nowell. 'I'm afraid of my mother, 'I began. 'I'm afraid be-cause she's a witch and she can kill people. '

The room was quiet. Mr Nowell said nothing, but his brown eyes were kind.

'My mother and her friends are at Malkin Tower, 'I told him. 'They want to go to Lancaster Castle and kill the guards. They're going to bring Old Demdike and Alizon home again. '

Mr Nowell got up and left the room. After some time, he came back with two of his friends. They all sat down at the table.

'Jennet, I want you to tell me again about your mother and her friends. '

'They want to kill the guards at Lancaster Castle and bring Old Demdike home to Malkin Tower, 'I said. Then I began to cry.

'Den't cry, 'Mr Nowell said kindly. 'We can help you, but we must talk to your brother first. James! 'he called. 'Tell me about your mother. Is she a witch? '

'She's a witch. We're all witches, 'James began. 'Old Demdike's a witch. One night, she went to the church at Newchurch and got some teeth from dead bodies there. The Devil talked to her and she brought the teeth to Malkin Tower. They're under the ground by our door! '

'Old Demdike's a witch; we know that, 'Mr Nowell said. 'Tell us about your mother. '

'Mother's a witch, 'James said. 'She killed Mr Robinson, from Barley village. She made a clay picture, and then she broke it, and Mr Robinson died a week later. 'James smiled at Mr Nowell. He liked Mr Nowell because Mr Nowell didn't shout at him. 'And I'm a witch, too! I can kill people! '

'No, James! 'I cried. 'You're not a witch! You don't kill people! '

'Yes, I do, 'James said angrily. His face went red. 'My dog, Dandy, is the Devil and he killed a man for me. I wanted a shirt and Mr Duckworth was going to give me one of his old shirts. But in the end, he didn't give it to me and I was very angry. I nearly killed Mr Duckworth! But I called Dandy, and he killed Mr Duckworth for me! '

I began to cry. My brother was a witch, too! All my family were witches!

'Don't cry, Jennet, 'Mr Nowell said. 'Someone must take care of you. You can stay here at Read Hall with me. '

When Mr Nowell's men brought my mother to Read Hall, she said nothing at first.

'Tell us about the pictures of clay,' Mr Nowell said. 'My men found pictures of clay at Malkin Tower.'

My mother said nothing.

'Your mother, Old Demdike, is a witch. Your daughter is a witch,' Mr Nowell said. 'Your son killed Mr Duckworth because of a shirt. Now, tell us about the clay pictures.'

My mother said nothing.

'James told us about Mr Robinson of Barley,' Mr Nowell said. 'Did you kill him?'

Suddenly, my mother's face went red and she began to shout at James. 'A good son, you are! You told this rich man about Jack Robinson of Barley. Well, you told the truth. I killed him! I made a clay picture, and then I broke it, and a week later he died. I killed him because I hated him.'

She stopped and looked at me. I wanted to run away but Mr Nowell's servant stood in front of the door. Then my mother laughed. 'Jennet Device, witch's daughter! You hate us, I know that. Well, it doesn't matter because you're right: you are different. You're my daughter, but you're not the daughter of my husband. Your father was a rich man, but he never gave me money. A witch's child, he called you. And when you were born, he never came near me again. Jack Robinson learnt the truth about your father. He told the villagers of Barley and they called me a bad woman, but they didn't call your father a bad man! Nobody in Barley gave me food again, because of Jack Robinson. I hated him, and so I killed him!'

The room was very quiet and my mother laughed again.

My hands felt cold and my face was hot, but I didn't cry. When Mr Device died, I cried for days. But he was not my father. I looked at my mother, at her dirty hair and her ugly face, at her angry eyes. I hated her then, and I hated her for many years.

3 巫师之家

我跑出马尔金塔，跑下潘德尔山来到了纽丘奇村。詹姆斯一直跟着我。

“我也想去里德宅院。”他说。

我们穿过树林来到了萨卜登小溪。潺潺的流水声在我听来十分悦耳。我们沿着河走到了萨卜登村，这时天下起雨来。

忽然，从我们身后传来了马蹄声。我们离开大路，看着那些马匹。那是罗杰·诺埃尔和他的手下。他们看到了我们俩，诺埃尔先生停了下来。

“原来是迪瓦斯家的孩子们，”他说。“孩子，你叫什么名字？”

“我叫詹妮特，”我说。“我们要去里德宅院。我想和您谈谈。”

罗杰·诺埃尔用他那双充满热情的棕色眼睛看了看我。“很好，”他说。“跟我一起回家吧，这样我们就可以谈谈了。”他把我举起来放到他的马上，马于是迅速地沿着大道向里德村行进。詹姆斯一路跑着跟在我们后面。

很快，我们到达了里德宅院。先生的用人打开屋门，我们走进了十分暖和的房子。詹姆斯也进来了，他挨着我坐在炉火边。

诺埃尔先生把他的黑帽子放在桌子上。“给孩子们拿点热饮和一些吃的来。”他吩咐用人说。“他们又冷又饿。”

用人给我们拿来了面包和热牛奶，詹姆斯和我大吃起来。在诺埃尔先生家里，我感到既温暖又快乐。我希望一辈子呆在那儿；我再也不想回到马尔金塔去了。

我们吃完了饭，诺埃尔先生不再看书，抬起头来。“你有事想对我说，”他轻声说。“好吧，我听着呢。”

我站起身，穿过房间，站在诺埃尔先生面前。“我害怕我妈妈，”我开始说道。“我害怕，因为她是女巫，她能杀人。”

房间里十分安静。诺埃尔先生什么也没说，但是他的棕色眼睛是友善的。

“现在，我妈妈和她的朋友们正聚在马尔金塔，”我告诉他说。“他们想要去兰开斯特城堡杀死看守。他们打算把老德姆代克和艾丽森带回家。”

诺埃尔先生站起身离开了房间。过了一些时候，他和他的两个朋友一起回来了。他们全都在桌前坐了下来。

“詹妮特，我要你再对我说一遍有关你母亲和她朋友的事。”

“他们想杀死兰开斯特城堡的看守，然后把老德姆代克带回马尔金塔。”我说。说完我哭了。

“别哭，”诺埃尔先生和蔼地说。“我们能帮助你，不过我们必须先和你哥哥谈谈。詹姆斯！”他喊了一声。“给我讲讲你母亲的事。她是女巫吗？”

“她是女巫。我们都是巫师。”詹姆斯说。“老德姆代克是个女巫。一天夜里，她去了纽丘奇村的教堂，从那里的尸体上取下了一些牙齿。魔鬼和她对了话，随后她把牙齿带回了马尔金塔，它们就在我家大门旁的地下。”

“老德姆代克是个女巫，这我们知道，”诺埃尔先生说。“把你母亲的事告诉我们。”

“妈妈是女巫，”詹姆斯说。“她杀死了巴利村的鲁滨逊先生。她做了一个泥像，然后把它打碎，一星期后鲁滨逊先生死去了。”詹姆斯对诺埃尔先生微笑了一下。他喜欢诺埃尔先生，因为诺埃尔先生不冲着他大喊大叫。“还有，我也是个巫师！我能害死人！”

“不，詹姆斯！”我喊道。“你不是巫师！你不杀人！”

“不，我杀人。”詹姆斯生气地说。他的脸红了起来。“我的狗丹迪是魔鬼，它为我杀过一个人。有一次我想要一件衬衣，达克沃思先生准备把他的一件旧衬衣给我。可是最后他没有给我，我非常生气。我差点儿杀了他！不过我喊来了丹迪，它为我杀死了达克沃思先生！”

我哭了起来。我的哥哥也是个巫师！我的全家都是巫师！

“别哭，詹妮特，”诺埃尔先生说。“必须有人照顾你。你可以留在里德宅院，和我在一起。”

诺埃尔先生手下的人把我妈妈带到了里德宅院，起初她一言不发。

“把泥塑像的事告诉我们，”诺埃尔先生说。“我手下的人在马尔金塔找到了一些泥塑像。”

我妈妈没有作声。

“你的母亲老德姆代克是女巫。你的女儿是女巫，”诺埃尔先生说。“你的儿子为了一件衬衣杀死了达克沃思先生。现在把泥塑像的事告诉我们。”

我妈妈什么也没说。

“詹姆斯对我们讲了巴利村鲁滨逊先生的事，”诺埃尔先生说。“是你杀了他吗？”

突然间，我妈妈的脸涨红了，她冲着詹姆斯大喊：“你真是个好儿子！你把巴利村杰克·鲁滨逊的事告诉了这个有钱人。是的，你说的完全属实。是我杀了他！我做了一个泥像，然后把它打碎，一星期后他就死了。我杀了他是因为我恨他。”

她停下来看着我。我想跑开，可是诺埃尔先生的用人正站在门前。妈妈哈哈大笑着说“詹妮特·迪瓦斯，巫师的女儿！我知道，你恨我们。嗯，这没什么，因为你是对的：你是不一样的。你是我女儿，但你不是我丈夫的女儿。你的父亲是个有钱人，可他从来不给我钱。他管你叫巫师的孩子。从你一出生，他就再也没靠近过我。杰克·鲁滨逊得知你亲生父亲的真相后，便告诉了巴利村的居民们。他们说我是坏女人，却不说你父亲是一个坏男人！从那以后，在巴利村，再也没有人给我吃的了，这都是杰克·鲁滨逊造成的。我恨他，所以我杀了他！”

房间里静悄悄的，我的妈妈又大笑起来。

我的手冰凉冰凉，我的脸热辣辣。不过我没有哭。迪瓦斯先生去世时，我哭了好几天然而他不是我父亲。我看着妈妈，看着她那肮脏的头发、丑陋的面容和愤怒的双眼。在那一刻，我真恨她，许多年来我一直恨她。

4 TRUTH AND LIES

On the twenty-seventh day of April, the guards took my mother and James to Lancaster Castle, and my life at Read Hall began. Suddenly, it was spring. The sky was blue and there were beautiful flowers on the hills. From Read Hall, Pendle Hill looked different: it looked smaller, and it was not so important in my life. Sometimes I walked along Sabden Brook to Sabden, and then to Newchurch, and I felt happy to be near Pendle Hill again. But I never visited Malkin Tower again.

Spring changed into summer, and in August I went to Lancaster with Mr Nowell. Lancaster was thirty miles from Read Hall, and I got very tired because I sat on a horse for hours. It was a big, noisy town. I never saw so many people before in my life and I felt afraid.

The trial of the witches of Pendle began at Lancaster Castle on the eighteenth day of August, and the judge was an important man from London. Judge Bromley listened to many people on that day, because there were a lot of witches from Lancashire in the prison. Old Demdike was not there because she died in May, before the judge arrived.

I waited with Mr Nowell's servant, and when a guard called my name, I went through a big door and saw the judge behind a table. Judge Bromley was rich and important, but his eyes were cold. Suddenly, I saw my mother! She was dirty and very thin. When she saw me, her face went red. My hair was clean now, and I wore shoes and an expensive dress. I saw my mother's eyes: she hated me!

'Are you a witch?' Judge Bromley asked my mother.

'No, I'm not,' my mother answered angrily.

'Did you kill Jack Robinson, of Barley village?'

'No, I did not.'

'Jennet Device is here,' a voice said quietly. It was Mr Nowell. 'She can tell us the truth about her mother.'

For a minute, my mother did not move. Then she ran across the room and shouted at me. 'You know nothing, you bad child! And I'm your mother! Don't

forget that! '

The guards ran after my mother and pulled her to the floor.

'I'm no witch! 'my mother shouted. 'It's all lies! Jennet, you're a witch—a child of the Devil! You're my daughter, and I know! '

I was afraid and I put my hands over my eyes. I didn't want to see my mother's ugly face. The guards pulled my mother out of the room and the noise stopped.

'Jennet Device, 'the judge said. 'Tell us the truth about your mother. '

Roger Nowell lifted me up and put me on a table in front of the judge.

'My mother is a witch, 'I began. 'She has a friend, a dog called Ball. When she wants to kill somebody, she tells Ball...'I talked and talked; I told the judge everything.

Judge Bromley listened carefully. 'My child, is this the truth? '

'Yes, 'I answered. 'I'm telling you the truth. '

The guards brought my mother back into the room again. Her face looked tired and her eyes were red.

'Elizabeth Device, your daughter told us about your dog, Ball. Your son, too, told us about the clay pictures. We know everything. '

My mother said nothing. She didn't look at the judge and she didn't look at me.

Next, the guards brought my brother James into the room. When I saw James, I wanted to cry. James was thin and dirty and his hair was very long. He looked at the judge and at all the rich and important men in the room and he began to cry. Then he sat down on the floor.

'Stand up, James Device, 'Judge Bromley said.

The guards pulled James up, but he fell to the floor again.

'You killed Mr Duckworth, 'Judge Bromley said.

'I wanted a shirt, 'James cried.

'Is your brother a witch? 'Judge Bromley asked me.

'Yes, 'I said. My brother sat on the floor, his mouth open. He looked at me, but he didn't know me. I was clean, and fat because of all the good food at Read Hall.

'James told me about his friend, Dandy, 'I began. 'Dandy was the Devil and—'

James heard the name Dandy, and he began to cry again. 'I want Dandy! I want to go home! '

The guards pulled him up from the floor and took him out of the room. I never saw my brother again.

When the guards brought my sister Alizon in front of the judge, I said nothing. John Law, the pedlar, came into the room. He was a thin man now. He walked slowly and he talked slowly and his face looked ill. He told the judge about that day near Colne when Alizon cursed him and her dog ran after him.

'I'm sorry! ' Alizon said. 'I was angry with you that day, but I'm sorry now. ' Alizon's eyes were dark and afraid, but she had no friends in that room and nobody wanted to listen to her.

Then Mr Nowell took me out and I waited with his servant in a different room. An hour later, there was the noise of many people shouting and crying.

The servant smiled. 'The trial is finished, ' he said 'You' re a good child Jennet. You told the judge the truth about the Witches. '

Mr Nowell took me home to Read Hall. And on the twen—tieth day of August 1612, the guards took my mother, my sis—ter and my brother out of prison, and hanged them in front of Lancaster Castle.

And so I lost my family.

When I was a child, I wanted to be happy. I wanted to be warm, to wear shoes, to eat good food. I wanted someone to take care of me. That's all. My mother gave me nothing. She gave me no love. She never took care of me. Because my moth—er was a witch, my father ran away and I never knew him. My father was a rich man without a name, and I lived hungry and cold with a witch. And so I told Judge Bromley the truth about my family. Was I wrong? I don't know.

I was happy for years at Read Hall. For twenty-one years, I forgot my family. I learned to cook for the Nowell family; I worked many hours every day but I was warm and I ate good food. Every Sunday, in my best dress, I went to church; every summer I walked over Pendle Hill. I never thought about my family, because I was happy at Read Hall.

In August 1612, the guards hanged my family in front of Lancaster Castle. But their dead faces waited for me there; and a year ago, in 1633, when the guards put me in the prison in Lancaster Castle, I met them again. Day after day, I see their

ugly, dead faces and hear their cold, angry voices. I think of them all the time. God is with me here, in prison. I believe that. But my dead family is with me too.

Mr Webster, from the church at Kildwick, visits me again. His blue eyes are tired, but he smiles at me.

'Edmund Robinson and his father told the truth in London, 'he says quietly. 'The child told lies about you be-cause he was afraid of his father. He wanted his father to love him. '

I say nothing. Mr Webster wants to be kind, but he cannot help me. Mr Nowell cannot help me because he is dead. Edmund Robinson is only a child; he tells lies one day, and the truth the next day. But the truth cannot help me. What can I do against hate, and lies? When Mr Nowell was alive, the Villagers didn't talk about me. But when Mr Nowell died, the lies began. The villagers are all afraid of me——because my name is Device. They hate me——because my name is Device. They say I am a witch——because my name is Device.

I come from a family of witches, but I am not a witch. No-body died because I cursed them. I never made clay pictures, I never had a cat or dog. I only wanted to live quietly at Read Hall and watch the changing skies over Pendle Hill.

When I was a child, I was always cold and hungry, and I hated my family because they were witches. In 1612, I told the truth, and the truth killed my family. Now, twenty-two years later, lies are going to kill me, here in Lancaster Castle, and I am cold and hungry again.

Mr Webster gives me bread, and I go back into the prison. I can never go back to Read Hall; I know that now. I must stay here in Lancaster Castle, with my dead family.

They are watching me, and waiting for me. I can never be free of them.

This is my true story; and I want to finish it now.

4 真相与谎言

4月27日,看守们把我妈妈和詹姆斯带到了兰开斯特城堡,我在里德宅院开始了新的生活。转眼间,春天来了。天空一片湛蓝,山上开着美丽的花朵。从里德宅院看去,潘德尔山显得和过去有些不同:它看起来小了点,而且它在我的生活中不再那么重要了。有时我沿着萨卜登小溪走到萨卜登村,然后再到纽丘奇村;我真高兴能再次靠近潘德尔山。但是我再也没有去过马尔金塔。

春去夏来,8月份我和诺埃尔先生一起去了兰开斯特。兰开斯特离里德宅院有30英里远,因为一连几小时坐在马背上,我很疲惫。兰开斯特是一个大而喧闹的市镇。我以前

从来没有见过那么多的人，所以有点害怕。

8月18日，在兰开斯特城堡开始了对潘德尔地区的巫师的审判。法官是一位从伦敦来的重要人物。由于监狱里关着许多兰开夏郡的巫师，布罗姆利法官在那一天听取了很多人的证词。老德姆代克没有出庭，因为在法官到达之前，她已经在5月份死去了。

我和诺埃尔先生的用人在一起等候出庭。当看守叫到我的名字时，我穿过一扇大门往前走，看见了桌子后面的法官大人。布罗姆利法官十分富有并且地位显赫，但是他的眼睛冰冷无情。突然，我看到了妈妈！她又脏又瘦。当她看见我时，她的脸变红了。当时我的头发很干净，我还穿着鞋子和一条挺贵的裙子。我从她的眼神中看出：她恨我！

“你是女巫吗？”布罗姆利法官问妈妈。

“不，我不是。”我妈妈生气地回答。

“你是不是害死了巴利村的杰克·鲁滨逊？”

“不，我没有。”

“詹妮特·迪瓦斯就在这里。”一个声音平静地说。那是诺埃尔先生。“她可以告诉我们有关她母亲的真实情况。”

有一小会儿，我的妈妈一动不动。随后她跑着穿过房间，向我大喊：“你什么也不知道，你这个坏孩子！我是你妈妈，别忘了这点！”

看守们追着我妈妈，把她拉倒在地上。

“我不是女巫！”妈妈喊道。“那全是谎言！詹妮特，你是个女巫——魔鬼的孩子！你是我女儿，我知道！”

我很害怕，用手挡住眼睛。我不想看到妈妈那张丑陋的脸。看守们把妈妈拉出了房间，吵嚷声止住了。

“詹妮特·迪瓦斯，”法官说，“把你母亲的真实情况告诉我们。”

罗杰·诺埃尔把我举起来，放在法官前面的一张桌子上。

“我的妈妈是个女巫，”我说道。“她有一个朋友，是一条名叫鲍尔的狗。当她想杀死谁的时候，她就告诉鲍尔……”我讲啊，讲啊，把一切都告诉了法官。

布罗姆利法官仔细地听着。“我的孩子，这是真的吗？”

“是的，”我回答说。“我说的都是真话。”

看守们又把我妈妈带回了房间。她面带倦容，眼睛红红的。

“伊丽莎白·迪瓦斯，你的女儿对我们讲了你的狗鲍尔的事。另外你的儿子对我们说了泥像的事。我们什么都知道了。”

我妈妈一声不吭。她既没有看法官，也没有看我。

接下来，看守们把我的哥哥詹姆斯带进了房间。当我看到哥哥时，我真想哭。詹姆斯又脏又瘦，头发长长的。他看了看法官和房间里有钱有势的人，哭了起来。然后，他坐在地上。

“站起来，詹姆斯·迪瓦斯，”布罗姆利法官说。

看守们把詹姆斯拖了起来，但是他又倒在了地上。

“你害死了达克沃思先生，”布罗姆利法官说。

“我想要件衬衣，”詹姆斯大声说。

“你哥哥是巫师吗？”布罗姆利法官问我。

“是，”我说。我哥哥张着嘴坐在地上。他看了我一眼，可是没认出我来。因为我很干净、胖乎乎的，那是由于在里德宅院吃得很好的缘故。

“詹姆斯给我讲过他的朋友丹迪的事，”我说。“丹迪是魔鬼，并且——”

詹姆斯听到丹迪这个名字，又叫了起来：“我要丹迪！我想回家！”

看守们把他从地上拉起来，带了出去。从此，我再也没有见过哥哥。

当看守们把我姐姐艾丽森带到法官前面时，我什么话都没说。小贩约翰·劳走进了房间。他变得非常瘦，走路、说话都很缓慢，一脸病容。他对法官讲述了那一天在科恩村附近，艾丽森诅咒他以及她的狗追赶他的事情。

“我很抱歉！”艾丽森说。“那天我很生你的气，不过现在我感到抱歉。”艾丽森的眼睛黑黑的，流露出恐惧。但是在那个房间里她没有一个朋友，没有人肯听她的话。

后来，诺埃尔先生把我领了出去，我和他的用人在另外一个房间里等着。一小时后，传来了许多人的哭嚷声。

用人笑了。“审判结束了，”他说。“你是个好孩子，詹妮特，你把有关巫师们的真相告诉了法官。”

诺埃尔先生把我带回里德宅院。1612年8月20日，看守们把我的妈妈、姐姐和哥哥押出监狱，在兰开斯特城堡前绞死了他们。

就这样我失去了我的一家。

当我还是个孩子时，我希望过得快乐。我想穿得暖和，想有鞋穿，有好东西吃。我盼望有人来关心我。仅此而已。我的妈妈什么也没有给过我。她从未给过我一点爱。她从不关心我。因为妈妈是女巫，我的父亲跑掉了，我根本不知道他是谁。他是一个没有名字的钱人，而我却和女巫一起生活，过着饥寒交迫的日子。因此，我把我一家的真相告诉了

布罗姆利法官。我错了吗？我不知道。

在里德宅院我幸福地生活了很多年。21年来，我忘记了我的家人。我学着为诺埃尔一家做饭；虽然每天工作很长时间，但是我穿得暖吃得好。每个星期天，我穿上最好的衣服去教堂祈祷；每年夏天我在潘德尔山上漫步。我从未想到过我的家人，因为我在里德宅院生活得很愉快。

1612年8月，看守们在兰开斯特城堡前绞死了我的一家。然而他们死去的面孔在那里等待着我。一年前，也就是1633年，看守们把我关进了兰开斯特城堡监狱。在狱中，我又遇到了他们。日复一日，我能看见他们丑陋的死去的面孔，听得到他们冰冷、气愤的声音。我总是想到他们。上帝在这里，在监狱中与我同在，对此我深信不疑。可是我死去的一家也与我同在。

基尔德威克教堂的韦伯斯特先生又来看我了。他看上去很疲劳，但是他向我微笑着。

“埃德蒙·鲁滨逊和他父亲在伦敦说了实话，”他轻声说。“那个孩子过去所说的有关你的事都是扯谎，因为他害怕他父亲。他希望父亲爱他。”

我什么也没说。韦伯斯特先生尽量和善地待我，可是他帮不了我。诺埃尔先生也无法帮我，因为他已经去世了。埃德蒙·鲁滨逊只是个孩子；他今天说谎，明天说真话，但是真话也帮不了我。我能做什么来对抗仇恨和谎言呢？诺埃尔先生在世时，村民们没有议论过我。然而诺埃尔先生去世后，谎言便开始流传起来。村民们都害怕我——因为我姓迪瓦斯。他们恨我——因为我姓迪瓦斯。他们说我是女巫——因为我姓迪瓦斯。

我来自巫师之家，可我不是巫师。我从未咒死过任何人。我从未制作过泥像。我从未养过猫或狗。我只想在里德宅院平静地生活，我只想凝望潘德尔山顶上那片不断变化的天空。

孩提时代，我总是挨饿受冻，我恨我的家人，因为他们都是巫师。1612年，我说了真话，而真话害死了我的一家。22年后的今天，谎言将使我在兰开斯特城堡中丧生，我再次陷入了饥寒交迫的苦难中。

韦伯斯特先生给了我面包，我又回到了牢房里。我再也无法重归里德宅院了；现在我知道这点了。我必须呆在兰开斯特城堡监狱里，和我死去的一家在一起。

他们正在注视着我，等待着我，我永远也无法摆脱他们。

这是我的真实故事；就讲到这儿吧。