

to another boat, which caught three good fish in the first week. He saw the old man come back every day empty, and he felt sad, and often went down to help him, either with ropes, or with hooks and harpoons, and with cloth sails coiled in the masts. The sail was patched up in pieces with flour bags and rolled up like a long defeated flag.

老人瘦削而憔悴，颈背皱纹深刻。热带海上阳光的反射引起善性的皮癌，那种褐色的疮疤便长满了两颊，两手时常用索拉扯大鱼，也留下深折的瘢痕。这些瘢痕却都不新，只像无鱼的沙漠里风蚀留痕一样苍老。

The old man was thin and haggard, with deep wrinkles on his neck. The reflection of the tropical sea sun caused a benign skin cancer, the brown sores covered both cheeks, and the hands often pulled the fish with a rope, leaving deep scars. None of these scars are new, but as old as wind scars in a fishless desert.

除了眼睛，他身上处处都显得苍老。可是他的眼睛跟海水一样颜色，活泼而坚定。

男孩和他爬上了小艇拖靠的海岸，对他说：“桑地亚哥，我又可以跟你一同去了。我们赚了点钱。”

老人曾教男孩捕鱼，男孩因此爱他。

“不行，”老人说，“你跟上了一条好运的船。就跟下去吧。”

“可是别忘了：有一次你一连八十七天没捉到鱼，后来我们连着三个星期，天天都捉到大鱼。”

“我记得，”老人说，“我晓得，你并不是因为不相信我才离开我。”

“是爸爸叫我走的。我是小孩，只好听他的话。”

“我晓得，”老人说，“那是应该的。”

“他不大有信心。”

“自然了，”老人说，“可是我们有信心，对不对？”

“对，”男孩说，“我请你去平台上喝杯啤酒，好不好？喝过了，我们再把这些东西拿回去。”

“好呀，打鱼的还用客气吗！”老人说。

他们坐在平台上，许多渔夫就拿老头子寻开心，可是他并不生气。年纪大些的渔夫只是望着他，觉得难过。

可是他们不动声色，却斯文地谈论暖流，谈论他们投索的深度、稳定的好天气，和其他的经历。这一天，满载的渔人已经归来，正剖好马林鱼，横放在两条木板子上，每条板端由两个