

The Old Man and the Sea (草稿)

词汇注解

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<https://github.com/sd44/old-man-and-sea>

此书献给子墨、子韩和 freemdict.com

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《老人与海》相关图鉴

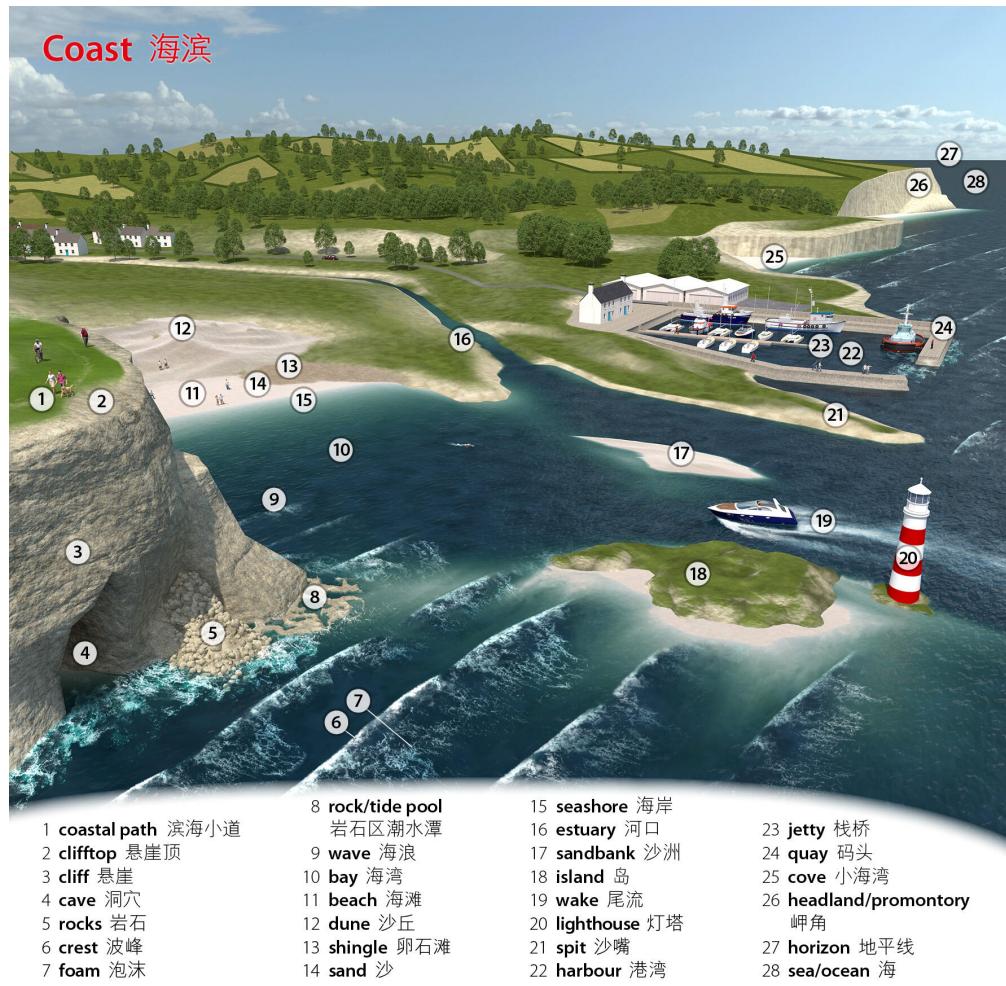


图 1: 海滨各部分图例

鱼类介绍有参考豆瓣 cocojamboo 文章

<https://book.douban.com/subject/1064275/discussion/616533832/>



图 2: marlin, 枪鱼, 马林鱼

老人捕获的马林鱼身长十八尺 (5.48 米), 体重一千五百磅 (680 公斤)



图 3: tuna, 金枪鱼

活跃而敏捷的食肉动物, 拥有光滑的流线型身体, 也是游动速度最快的远洋鱼类之一。



图 4: dolphin, 鲯鳅

体较大且延长侧扁，前部高大，向后渐变细。头大，背部很窄，成鱼头背几呈方形，额部有一骨质隆起，随成长而越明显，尤以雄鱼为甚。

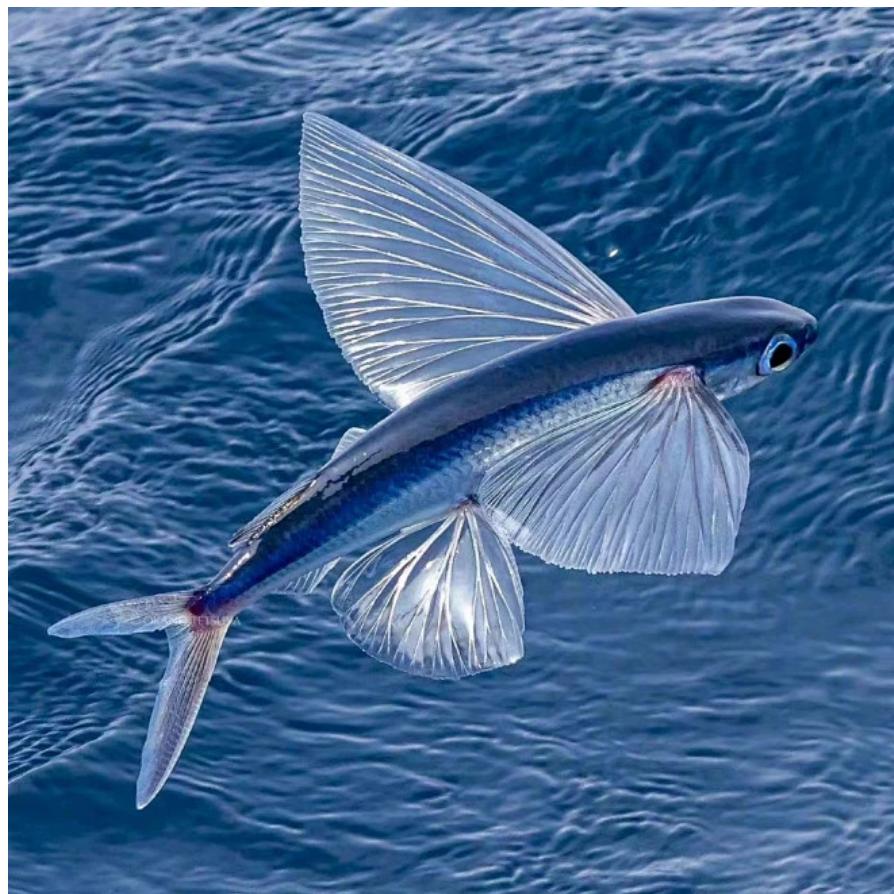


图 5: flying fish, 飞鱼

体态修长，稍稍侧扁，长度一般为 45 厘米。吻短，口小，眼大。胸鳍发达如翼，腹鳍也比较发达。借由尾部迅速摆动，可达到极大的速度，然后跃出水面，张开胸鳍，可滑行百米以上的距离。



图 6: Mako shark, 鲭鲨

老人碰见和杀死的第一条鲨鱼。身体光滑细长，鼻端呈长锥形。它的胸鳍很短，尾鳍呈半月形。尾巴底部有明显的龙骨。牙齿幼长及轻微弯曲，当嘴巴紧合时仍可看见牙齿。雌鲨成年体长约 2 米，雄鲨成年体长约 1.3 米，最大体型约 3.7 米。

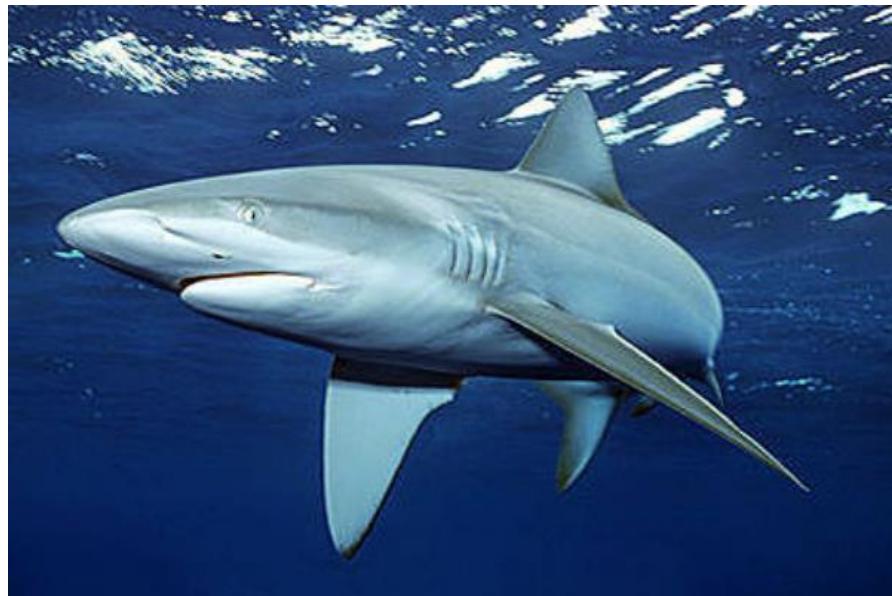


图 7: galanos, 西班牙语中一种鲨鱼，可能是“直翅真鲨”

细长、流线型身体，吻部宽而圆，前鼻瓣不明显，眼睛是圆形的，中等大小，双颚两侧各有 14 排牙齿，其最长可达 3.0 米 (9.8 英尺)，体重可达 85.5 公斤，寿命可达 24 年。



图 8: 1933 年, 欧内斯特·海明威、卡洛斯·古铁雷斯、乔·拉塞尔和乔·洛与马林鱼



图 9: 1934 年, 欧内斯特·海明威和卡洛斯·古铁雷斯驾驶皮拉尔号

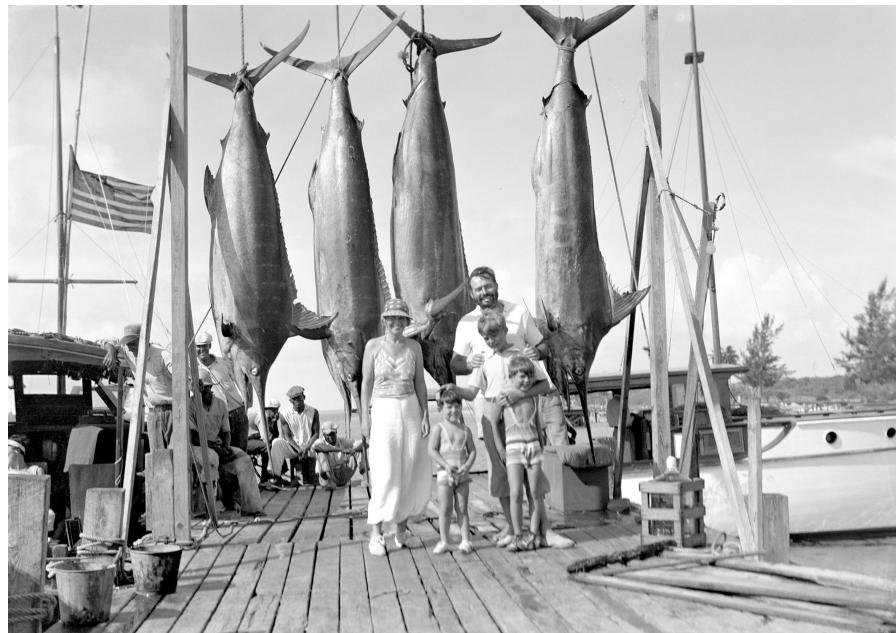


图 10: 1935 年 7 月, 波林·海明威、欧内斯特·海明威和他的三个儿子, 与四条蓝色马林鱼



图 11: 古巴渔民成功捕获鲨鱼



图 12: 1955 年, 古巴科伊马尔的渔民带回了一条马林鱼

The Old Man and the Sea

He was an old man who fished alone in a **skiff** in the **Gulf Stream**¹ and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now **definitely** and finally **salao**², which is **the worst form of unlucky**³, and the boy had gone **at their orders**⁴ in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry **either** the **coiled** lines **or**⁵ the **gaff** and **harpoon** and the **sail** that was **furled** around the **mast**. The sail was patched with **flour sacks** and, **furled**, it looked like the flag of **permanent defeat**.

The old man was thin and **gaunt** with deep **wrinkles** in the back of his neck. The brown **blotches** of the **benevolent skin cancer** **the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea**⁶ were on his **cheeks**. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the **deep-creased scars** from handling heavy fish on the **cords**. But none of these scars were fresh. They were **as old as erosions** in a fishless desert⁷.

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

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

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.

"No," the old man said. "You're with a lucky boat. Stay with them."

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

"I remember," the old man said. "I know you did not leave me because you **doubted**."⁸

"It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must **obey** him."

"I know," the old man said. "It is quite normal."

"He hasn't much **faith**."

"No," the old man said. "But we have. Haven't we?"

"Yes," the boy said. "Can I offer you a beer on the **Terrace** and then we'll take the **stuff** home."

"Why not?" the old man said. "Between fishermen."

¹墨西哥湾

²源自西班牙语 **salado**, 原意是加了盐的, 咸苦的, 引申为倒霉的、不吉利的。

³字面意思是最坏的不幸类型, 十足不幸的意思

⁴听从他们(父母)的命令

⁵either ... or, 或者……或者……, 要么……要么……

⁶前面省略了关系代词 **that**。本句修饰 **blotch**。

⁷无鱼沙漠中的侵蚀。将伤疤与无鱼沙漠侵蚀联系在一起。无鱼沙漠对应捕鱼人的境遇, 突出其凄凉。

⁸同样文字, 不同语调节奏, 会使句子产生不一样的含义, 各国语言皆是。尝试用不同语调节奏朗读本句并且表露不同意思。

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen.⁹ The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin out and carried them laid full length across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting.

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

“Santiago,” the boy said.

“Yes,” the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking of many years ago.

“Can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow?”

“No. Go and play baseball. I can still row and Rogelio will throw the net.”

“I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you. I would like to serve in some way.”

“You bought me a beer,” the old man said. “You are already a man.”

“How old was I when you first took me in a boat?”

“Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in too green¹⁰ and he¹¹ nearly tore the boat to pieces. Can you remember?”

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

“Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?”

“I remember everything from when we first went together.”

The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident loving eyes.

“If you were my boy I’d take you out and gamble,” he said. “But you are your father’s and your mother’s and you are in a lucky boat.”

“May I get the sardines? I know where I can get four baits too.”

“I have mine left from today. I put them in salt in the box.”

“Let me get four fresh ones.”

“One,” the old man said. His hope and his confidence had never gone. But now they were freshening as when the breeze rises.

“Two,” the boy said.

“Two,” the old man agreed. “You didn’t steal them?”

“I would,” the boy said. “But I bought these.”

“Thank you,” the old man said. He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true

⁹其他老渔夫们所谈四件事均是为暖老人心。

¹⁰字面意思“太绿了”。渔民俚语，形容被钓到的鱼没有被耗尽力气，还有太多活力。

¹¹本书中，往往用he来指代大鱼，表示大鱼的雄性阳刚力量及其与渔民的特殊感情。

pride.

“Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current,” he said.

“Where are you going?” the boy asked.

“Far out to come in when the wind **shifts**. I want to be out before it is light.”

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

“He does not like to work too far out.”

“No,” the boy said. “But I will see something that he cannot see such as a bird working and get him to come out after **dolphin**.”

“Are his eyes that bad?”

“He is almost blind.”

“It is strange,” the old man said. “He never went **turtle-ing**. That is what kills the eyes.”

“But you went turtle-ing for years off the Mosquito Coast¹² and your eyes are good.”

“I am a **strange** old man”

“But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?”

“I think so. And there are many **tricks**.”

“Let us take the **stuff** home,” the boy said. “So I can get the **cast** net and go after the sardines.”

They picked up the **gear** from the boat. The old man carried the mast on his **shoulder** and the boy carried the wooden boat with the coiled, hard-**braided**¹³ brown lines, the gaff and the harpoon with its **shaft**. The box with the baits was under the **stern** of the skiff along with the club that was used to **subdue** the big fish when they were brought **alongside**. No one would **steal** from the old man but it was better to take the sail and the heavy lines home as the **dew** was bad for them and, though he was quite sure no local people would steal from him, the old man thought that a gaff and a harpoon were **needless temptations** to leave in a boat.

They walked up the road together to the old man’s **shack** and went in through its open door. The old man **leaned** the mast with its **wrapped** sail **against** the wall and the boy put the box and the other gear beside it. The mast was **nearly** as long as¹⁴ the one room of the shack. The shack was made of the **tough budshields** of the **royal palm** which are called **guano**¹⁵ and in it there was a bed, a table, one chair, and a place on the dirt floor to cook with **charcoal**. On the brown walls of the **flattened, overlapping** leaves of the **sturdy fibered** **guano** there was a **picture** in color of the Sacred Heart of Jesus¹⁶ and another of the Virgin of Cobre¹⁷. These were **relics** of his wife. Once there had been a **tinted** photograph of his wife on the wall but he had taken it down because it made him too lonely to see it and it was on the shelf in the corner under his clean shirt.¹⁸

“What do you have to eat?” the boy asked.

“A **pot** of yellow rice with fish. Do you want some?”

“No. I will eat at home. Do you want me to make the fire?”

¹²/mps'ki:təu kəʊst/, 莫斯基托海岸。

¹³复合词。hard 在这里作“坚实的，牢固的”。因为名词短语前置修饰语部分中，一个修饰成分只能是单个词，所以将两词用 hyphen - 连接复合。“牢固编织的”

¹⁴as long as: 一直，整个时间里；只要。

¹⁵royal palm 的西班牙语。

¹⁶耶稣圣心图

¹⁷科布莱圣母图

¹⁸这句建议细加品味。

“No. I will make it later on. Or I may eat the rice cold.”

“May I take the cast net?”

“Of course.”

There was no cast net and the boy remembered when they had sold it¹⁹. But they went through this **fiction** every day. There was no pot of yellow rice and fish and the boy knew this too.²⁰

“Eighty-five is a lucky number,” the old man said. “How would you like to see me bring one in that **dressed out** over a thousand **pounds**²¹? ”

“I’ll get the cast net and go for sardines. Will you sit in the sun in the **doorway**? ”

“Yes. I have yesterday’s paper and I will read the baseball.”

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

“Perico gave it to me at the *bodega*²²,” he explained. “I’ll be back when I have the sardines. I’ll keep yours and mine together on ice and we can share them in the morning. When I come back you can tell me about the baseball.”

“The Yankees²³ cannot lose.”

“But I fear the Indians of Cleveland²⁴.”

“Have faith in the Yankees my son. Think of the great DiMaggio.”

“I fear both the Tigers of Detroit²⁵ and the Indians of Cleveland.”

“Be careful or you will fear even the Reds of Cincinnati and the White Sox of Chicago²⁶.”

“You study it and tell me when I come back.”

“Do you think we should buy a **terminal** of the lottery with an eighty-five? Tomorrow is the eighty-fifth day.”

“We can do that,” the boy said. “But what about the eighty-seven of your great record?”

“It could not happen twice. Do you think you can find an eighty-five?”

“I can **order** one.”

“One sheet. That’s two dollars and a half. Who can we borrow that from?”

“That’s easy. I can always borrow two dollars and a half.”

“I think perhaps I can too. But I try not to borrow²⁷. First you borrow. Then you beg.”

“Keep warm old man,” the boy said. “Remember we are in September.”

“The month when the great fish come²⁸,” the old man said. “Anyone can be a fisherman in May.”

“I go now for the sardines,” the boy said.

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

¹⁹when they had sold it 名词性关系从句

²⁰This sentence is sad yet heartwarming.

²¹that 关系子句的先行词是 one。被需结合紧密的 bring ... in (带来, 介入; 挣到) 中的 in 挤出到后面。

²²bodega, /bəʊ'dɪ:gə/, 西班牙语 “酒店”。

²³纽约扬基棒球队

²⁴克利夫兰印第安人队

²⁵底特律老虎队

²⁶辛辛那提红队和芝加哥白袜队

²⁷not 否定的不是整个句子, 而是 try 之后部分。

²⁸状语关系从句

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

The boy left him there and when he came back the old man was still asleep.

"Wake up old man," the boy said and put his hand on one of the old man's knees.

The old man opened his eyes and for a moment he was coming back from a long way away. Then he smiled.

"What have you got?" he asked.

"Supper," said the boy. "We're going to have supper."

"I'm not very hungry."

"Come on and eat. You can't fish and not eat."

"I have," the old man said getting up and taking the newspaper and **folding** it. Then he started to fold the blanket.

"Keep the blanket around you," the boy said. "You'll not fish without eating while I'm alive."

"Then live a long time and take care of yourself," the old man said. "What are we eating?"

"Black beans and rice, **fried** bananas, and some **stew**."

The boy had brought them in a two-decker metal container from the Terrace. The two **sets** of knives and forks and **spoons** were in his pocket with a paper **napkin** wrapped around each set.

"Who gave this to you?"

"Martin. The owner."

"I must thank him."

"I thanked him already," the boy said. "You don't need to thank him."

"I'll give him the **belly** meat of a big fish," the old man said. "Has he done this for us more than once?"

"I think so."

"I must give him something more than the belly meat then. He is very **thoughtful** for us."

"He sent two beers."

"I like the beer in **cans** best."

"I know. But this is in bottles, Hatuey beer, and I take back the bottles."

"That's very kind of you," the old man said. "Should we eat?"

"I've been asking you to," the boy told him gently. "I have not wished to open the container until you were ready."

"I'm ready now," the old man said. "I only needed time to wash."

Where did you wash? the boy thought. The village water **supply** was two streets down the road²⁹. I must have water here for him, the boy thought, and **soap** and a good **towel**. Why am I so **thoughtless**? I must get him another shirt and a jacket for the winter and some sort of shoes and another blanket.

"Your stew is excellent," the old man said.

²⁹沿着这条路走两条街。

“Tell me about the baseball,” the boy asked him.

“In the American League it is the Yankees as I said,” the old man said happily.”

“They lost today,” the boy told him.

“That means nothing. The great DiMaggio is himself again.”

“They have other men on the team.”

“Naturally. But he makes the difference. In the other league, between Brooklyn and Philadelphia I must take Brooklyn. But then I think of Dick Sisler and those great drives in the old park.”

“There was nothing ever like them. He hits the longest ball I have ever seen.”

“Do you remember when he used to come to the Terrace³⁰? ”

“I wanted to take him fishing but I was too timid to ask him. Then I asked you to ask him and you were too timid.”

“I know. It was a great mistake. He might have gone with us. Then we would have that for all of our lives.”

“I would like to take the great DiMaggio fishing,” the old man said. “They say his father was a fisherman. Maybe he was as poor as we are and would understand.”

“The great Sisler’s father was never poor and he, the father, was playing in the Big Leagues when he was my age.”

“When I was your age I was before the mast on a square rigged ship³¹ that ran to Africa and I have seen lions on the beaches in the evening.”

“I know. You told me.”

“Should we talk about Africa or about baseball?”

“Baseball I think,” the boy said. “Tell me about the great John J. McGraw.” He said Jota for J.

“He used to come to the Terrace sometimes too in the older days. But he was rough and harsh-spoken and difficult when he was drinking. His mind was on horses as well as baseball. At least he carried lists of horses at all times in his pocket and frequently spoke the names of horses on the telephone.”

“He was a great manager,” the boy said. “My father thinks he was the greatest.”

“Because he came here the most times,” the old man said. “If Durocher had continued to come here each year your father would think him the greatest manager³².”

“Who is the greatest manager, really, Luque or Mike Gonzalez?”

“I think they are equal.”

“And the best fisherman is you.”

“No. I know others better.”

“Qué Va³³,” the boy said. “There are many good fishermen and some great ones. But there is only you.”

“Thank you. You make me happy. I hope no fish will come along so great that he will prove us wrong.³⁴”

“There is no such fish if you are still strong as you say.”

³⁰名词性疑问从句

³¹方帆船。

³²试比较本句与上句 thinks he was the greatest 的区别。

³³西班牙语，“干嘛这么说”

³⁴我希望不会出现一条太大的鱼以证明我们是错的。

“I may not be as strong as I think,” the old man said. “But I know many tricks and I have resolution.”

“You ought to go to bed now so that you will be **fresh** in the morning. I will take the things back to the Terrace.”

“Good night then. I will wake you in the morning.”

“You’re my alarm clock,” the boy said.

“Age is my alarm clock,” the old man said. “Why do old men wake so early? Is it to have one longer day?”

“I don’t know,” the boy said. “All I know is that young boys sleep late and hard.”

“I can remember it,” the old man said. “I’ll **waken** you in time.”

“I do not like for him to waken me. It is as though I were **inferior**.”

“I know.”

“Sleep well old man.”

The boy went out. They had eaten with no light on the table and the old man took off his trousers and went to bed in the dark. He **rolled** his trousers up to make a **pillow**, putting the newspaper inside them. He rolled himself in the blanket and slept on the other old newspapers that covered the springs³⁵ of the bed.

He was asleep in a short time and he dreamed of **Africa** when he was a boy and the long golden beaches and the white beaches, so white they hurt your eyes, and the high capes and the great brown mountains. He lived along that coast now every night and in his dreams he heard the **surf roar** and saw the **native** boats come riding through it. He smelled the **tar** and **oakum** of the **deck** as he slept and he smelled the smell of Africa that the land breeze brought at morning.

Usually when he smelled the land breeze he woke up and dressed to go and wake the boy. But tonight the smell of the land breeze came very early and he knew it was too early in his dream and went on³⁶ dreaming to see the white peaks of the Islands rising from the sea and then he dreamed of the different harbours and roadsteads of the Canary Islands.

He no longer dreamed of storms, nor of women, nor of great **occurrences**, nor of great fish, nor fights, nor contests of **strength**, nor of his wife. He only dreamed of places now and of the lions on the beach. They played like young cats in the dusk and he loved them as he loved the boy. He never dreamed about the boy. He simply woke, looked out the open door at the moon and unrolled his trousers and put them on. He **urinated** outside the shack and then went up the road to wake the boy. He was shivering with the morning cold. But he knew he would shiver himself warm and that soon he would be rowing.

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

The old man went out the door and the boy came after him. He was sleepy and the old man put his arm across his shoulders and said, “I am sorry.”

“*Qué Va*,” the boy said. “It is what a man must do.”

³⁵语言是比语法更有活力，想想这里为什么用“春天”，且是复数？中国人是不是也会引申春天的含义呢？

³⁶go on, 继续，坚持。

They walked down the road to the old man's shack and all along the road, in the dark, barefoot men were moving, carrying the masts of their boats.

When they reached the old man's shack the boy took the rolls of line in the basket and the harpoon and gaff and the old man carried the mast with the furled sail on his shoulder.

"Do you want coffee?" the boy asked.

"We'll put the gear in the boat and then get some."

They had coffee from condensed milk cans at an early morning place that served fishermen.

"How did you sleep old man?" the boy asked. He was waking up now although it was still hard for him to leave his sleep.

"Very well, Manolin," the old man said. "I feel confident today."

"So do I," the boy said. "Now I must get your sardines and mine and your fresh baits. He brings our gear himself. He never wants anyone to carry anything."

"We're different," the old man said. "I let you carry things when you were five years old."

"I know it," the boy said. "I'll be right back. Have another coffee. We have credit here."

He walked off, bare-footed on the coral rocks, to the ice house where the baits were stored.

The old man drank his coffee slowly. It was all he would have all day and he knew that he should take it. For a long time now eating had bored him and he never carried a lunch. He had a bottle of water in the bow of the skiff and that was all he needed for the day.

The boy was back now with the sardines and the two baits wrapped in a newspaper and they went down the trail to the skiff, feeling the pebbled sand under their feet, and lifted the skiff and slid her into the water.

"Good luck old man."

"Good luck," the old man said. He fitted the rope lashings of the oars³⁷ onto the thole pins and, leaning forward against the thrust of the blades in the water, he began to row out of the harbour in the dark. There were other boats from the other beaches going out to sea and the old man heard the dip and push of their oars even though he could not see them now the moon was below the hills.

Sometimes someone would speak in a boat. But most of the boats were silent except for the dip of the oars. They spread apart after they were out of the mouth of the harbour and each one headed for the part of the ocean where he hoped to find fish. The old man knew he was going far out and he left the smell of the land behind and rowed out into the clean early morning smell of the ocean. He saw the phosphorescence of the Gulf weed in the water as he rowed over the part of the ocean that the fishermen called the great well³⁸ because there was a sudden deep of seven hundred fathoms where all sorts of fish congregated because of the swirl the current made against the steep walls of the floor of the ocean. Here there were concentrations of shrimp and bait fish and sometimes schools of squid in the deepest holes and these rose close to the surface at night where all the wandering fish fed on them³⁹.

In the dark the old man could feel the morning coming and as he rowed he heard the trembling sound as flying fish left the water and the hissing that their stiff set wings made as they soared away in the darkness. He was very fond of flying fish as they were his principal friends on the

³⁷把船桨上的绳子绑扎好。

³⁸此处 well 为名词，“井，水井，油井，天然气井，电梯井等。”

³⁹fed on them, 以他们为食。fed, feed 的过去式，喂养，饲养。

ocean. He was **sorry** for the birds, especially the small **delicate** dark **terns** that were always flying and looking and almost never finding, and he thought, “the birds have a harder life than we do except for the **robber** birds and the heavy strong ones. Why did they make birds so delicate and fine as those sea **swallows** when⁴⁰ the ocean can be so **cruel**? She⁴¹ is kind and very beautiful. But she can be so cruel and it comes so suddenly and such birds that fly, dipping and **hunting**,⁴² with their small sad voices are made too **delicately** for the sea.”

He always thought of the sea as *la mar*⁴³ which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her. Sometimes those who love her say bad things of her but they are always said as though⁴⁴ she were a woman. Some of the younger fishermen, those who used **buoys** as **floats** for their lines and had motorboats, bought when the shark livers had brought much money, spoke of her as *el mar* which is **masculine**. They spoke of her as a **contestant** or a place or even an **enemy**. But the old man always thought of her as **feminine** and as something that gave or **withheld** great **favours**, and if she did wild or **wicked** things it was because she could not help them. The moon **affects** her as it does a woman, he thought.

He was rowing **steadily** and it was no **effort** for him since he kept well within his speed and the surface of the ocean was flat except for the **occasional** swirls of the current. He was letting the current do a third of the work⁴⁵ and as it started to be light he saw he was already further out than he had hoped to be at this hour.

I worked the deep wells for a week and did nothing, he thought. Today I'll work out where the schools of **bonito** and **albacore** are and maybe there will be a big one with them.

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

The boy had given him two fresh small tunas, or albacores, which hung on the two deepest lines like **plummets** and, on the others, he had a big blue **runner** and a yellow jack⁴⁶ that had been used before; but they were in good **condition** still and had the **excellent** sardines to give them **scent** and **attractiveness**. Each line, as **thick** around as a big pencil, was looped onto a green-sapped **stick**⁴⁷ so that any pull or touch on the bait would make the stick dip and each line had two forty-fathom coils which could be made fast⁴⁸ to the other **spare** coils so that, if it were necessary, a fish could take out over three hundred fathoms of line.

Now the man watched the dip of the three sticks over the side of the skiff and rowed gently to keep the lines straight up and down and at their **proper** depths. It was quite light and any moment

⁴⁰这里的 when 是 “in view of the fact that; considering that: 既然; 考虑到”的意思，不是“什么时候”。

⁴¹大海和船只在渔民眼中往往是女性的。

⁴²夹在两个逗号中间的 dipping and hunting 是非限制性修饰语，修饰 such birds that fly.

⁴³西班牙语，mar 是“海洋”，la 是前面的阴性定冠词，而下文的 el 是阳性定冠词。

⁴⁴同 as if, 好像，似乎，仿佛。

⁴⁵三分之一的力气

⁴⁶blue runner, 金鲹鱼。yellow jack, 巴氏若鲹鱼。

⁴⁷a green-sapped stick, 绿干枝。sapped 有一个较少用到的意思，to drain the sap from sth, 把树的汁液排干。老人用其作为“鱼漂”。

⁴⁸这里的 fast 是古旧用法，表示“securely attached/ firmly tied”“牢固绑定，系牢的”意思。后文还会多次出现。

now the sun would rise.

The sun rose **thinly** from the sea and the old man could see the other boats, low on the water and well in **toward** the **shore**, spread out across the current. Then the sun was brighter and the **glare** came on the water and then, as it rose clear, the **flat** sea sent it back at his eyes so that it hurt **sharply** and he rowed without looking into it. He looked down into the water and watched the lines that went straight down into the dark of the water. He kept them straighter than anyone did, so that at each level in the darkness of the stream there would be a bait waiting exactly where he wished it to be for any fish that swam there. Others let them drift with the current and sometimes they were at sixty fathoms when the fishermen thought they were at a hundred.

But, he thought, I keep them with **precision**. Only I have no luck any more. But who knows? Maybe today. Every day is a new day. It is better to be lucky. But I would rather be exact. Then when luck comes you are ready.

The sun was two hours higher now and it did not hurt his eyes so much to look into the east. There were only three boats in **sight** now and they showed very low and far **inshore**.

All my life the early sun has hurt my eyes, he thought. Yet they are still good. In the evening I can look straight into it without getting the blackness. It has more **force** in the evening too. But in the morning it is **painful**.

Just then he saw a man-of-war bird⁴⁹ with his long black wings circling in the sky **ahead** of him. He made a quick drop, **slanting** down on his back-swept wings, and then circled again.

“He’s got something,” the old man said aloud. “He’s not just looking.”

He rowed slowly and steadily toward where the bird was circling. He did not hurry and he kept his lines straight up and down. But he **crowded** the current a little so that he was still fishing correctly **though faster than he would have fished if he was not trying to use the bird**.

The bird went higher in the air and circled again, his wings **motionless**. Then he **dove** suddenly and the old man saw flying fish **spurt** out of the water and sail **desperately** over the surface.

“Dolphin,” the old man said aloud. “Big dolphin.”

He shipped his oars⁵⁰ and brought a small line from under the bow. It had a **wire leader** and a medium-sized hook and he baited it with one of the sardines. He let it go over the side and then made it **fast** to a ring **bolt** in the stern. Then he baited another line and left it coiled in the shade of the bow. He went back to rowing and to watching⁵¹ the long-winged black bird who was working, now, low over the water.

As he watched the bird dipped again slanting his wings for the dive and then swinging them wildly and **ineffectually** as he followed the flying fish. The old man could see the **slight bulge** in the water that the big dolphin raised as they followed the escaping fish. The dolphin were cutting through the water below the flight of the fish and would be in the water, driving at speed, when the fish dropped. It is a big school of dolphin, he thought. They are **widespread** and the flying fish have little **chance**. The bird has no chance. The flying fish are too big for him and they go too fast.

He watched the flying fish **burst** out again and again and the **ineffectual** movements of the bird. That school has gotten away from me, he thought. They are moving out too fast and too far. But perhaps I will pick up a **stray** and perhaps my big fish is around them. My big fish must be

⁴⁹军舰鸟

⁵⁰将桨搁入船内

⁵¹go back to 中的 to 为介词，后接名词、代词或现在分词。

somewhere.

The clouds over the land now rose like mountains and the coast was only a long green line with the gray blue hills behind it. The water was a dark blue now, so dark that it was almost purple. As he looked down into it he saw the red sifting of the **plankton** in the dark water and the strange light the sun made now. He watched his lines to see them go straight down out of sight into the water and he was happy to see so much plankton because it **meant** fish. The strange light the sun made in the water, now that the sun was higher, meant good weather and so did the shape of the clouds over the land. But the bird was almost out of sight now and nothing showed on the surface of the water but some patches of yellow, sun-**bleached Sargasso weed** and the purple, **formalized, iridescent, gelatinous bladder** of a Portuguese man-of-war⁵² floating close beside the boat. It turned on its side and then righted itself. It floated cheerfully as a **bubble** with its long deadly purple **filaments trailing a yard** behind it in the water.

“Agua mala⁵³,” the man said. “You **whore**.”

From where he **swung** lightly against his oars he looked down into the water and saw the tiny fish that were coloured like the trailing filaments and swam between them and under the small shade the bubble made as it drifted. They were **immune** to its **poison**. But men were not and when same of the filaments would catch on a line and rest there **slimy** and purple while the old man was working a fish, he would have **welts** and **sores** on his arms and hands of the sort that poison ivy or poison oak can give. But these **poisonings** from the agua mala came quickly and **struck** like a **whiplash**.

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

He loved green turtles and **hawksbills** with their elegance and speed and their great value and he had a friendly **contempt** for the huge, stupid **loggerheads**, yellow in their armour-plating, strange in their love-making, and happily eating the Portuguese men-of-war with their eyes shut.

He had no **mysticism** about turtles although he had gone in turtle boats for many years. He was sorry for them all, even the great trunk **backs** that were as long as the skiff and **weighed** a ton. Most people are **heartless** about turtles because a turtle's heart will beat for hours after he has been cut up and butchered. But the old man thought, I have such a heart too and my feet and hands are like theirs. He ate the white eggs to give himself strength. He ate them all through May to be strong in September and October for the truly big fish.

He also drank a cup of shark liver oil each day from the big **drum** in the shack where many of the fishermen kept their gear. It was there for all fishermen who wanted it. Most fishermen hated the taste. But it was no worse than getting up at the hours that they rose and it was very good against all colds and **gripes** and it was good for the eyes.

Now the old man looked up and saw that the bird was circling again.

“He's found fish,” he said aloud. No flying fish broke the surface and there was no **scattering** of bait fish. But as the old man watched, a small tuna rose in the air, turned and dropped head

⁵²葡萄牙僧帽水母，有致命剧毒。

⁵³西班牙语，原意为“被败坏了的海水”，因为水母的触须上有带有毒性的黏液，这里指毒水母。

first into the water. The tuna shone silver in the sun and after he had dropped back into the water another and another rose and they were jumping in all directions, churning the water and leaping in long jumps after the bait. They were circling it and driving it.

If they don't travel too fast I will get into them, the old man thought, and he watched the school working the water white and the bird now dropping and dipping into the bait fish that were forced to the surface in their panic.

"The bird is a great help," the old man said. Just then the stern line came taut under his foot, where he had kept a loop of the line, and he dropped his oars and felt the weight of the small tuna's shivering pull as he held the line firm and commenced to haul it in. The shivering increased as he pulled in and he could see the blue back of the fish in the water and the gold of his sides before he swung him over the side and into the boat. He lay in the stern in the sun, compact and bullet shaped, his big, unintelligent eyes staring as he thumped his life out against the planking of the boat with the quick shivering strokes of his neat, fast-moving tail. The old man hit him on the head for kindness and kicked him, his body still shuddering, under the shade of the stern.

"Albacore," he said aloud. "He'll make a beautiful bait. He'll weigh ten pounds."

He did not remember when he had first started to talk aloud when he was by himself. He had sung when he was by himself in the old days and he had sung at night sometimes when he was alone steering on his watch⁵⁴ in the smacks or in the turtle boats. He had probably started to talk aloud, when alone, when the boy had left. But he did not remember. When he and the boy fished together they usually spoke only when it was necessary. They talked at night or when they were storm-bound by bad weather. It was considered a virtue not to talk unnecessarily at sea and the old man had always considered it so and respected it. But now he said his thoughts aloud many times since there was no one that they could annoy.

"If the others heard me talking out loud they would think that I am crazy," he said aloud. "But since I am not crazy, I do not care. And the rich have radios to talk to them in their boats and to bring them the baseball."

Now is no time to think of baseball, he thought. Now is the time to think of only one thing. That which I was born for. There might be a big one around that school, he thought. I picked up only a straggler from the albacore that were feeding. But they are working far out and fast. Everything that shows on the surface today travels very fast and to the north-east. Can that be the time of day? Or is it some sign of weather that I do not know?

He could not see the green of the shore now but only the tops of the blue hills that showed white as though they were snow-capped and the clouds that looked like high snow mountains above them. The sea was very dark and the light made prisms in the water. The myriad flecks of the plankton were annulled now by the high sun and it was only the great deep prisms in the blue water that the old man saw now with his lines going straight down into the water that was a mile deep.

The tuna, the fishermen called all the fish of that species tuna and only distinguished among them by their proper names when they came to sell them or to trade them for baits, were down again. The sun was hot now and the old man felt it on the back of his neck and felt the sweat trickle down his back as he rowed.

⁵⁴on his watch, 在他值班时。

I could just drift, he thought, and sleep and put a **bight** of line around my **toe** to wake me. But today is eighty-five days and I should fish the day well.

Just then, watching his lines, he saw one of the projecting green sticks dip sharply.

"Yes," he said. "Yes," and shipped his oars without **bumping** the boat. He reached out for the line and held it softly between the **thumb** and **forefinger** of his right hand. He felt no strain nor weight and he held the line lightly. Then it came again. This time it was a **tentative** pull, not solid nor heavy, and he knew exactly what it was. One hundred fathoms down a marlin was eating the sardines that covered the point and the shank of the hook where the hand-forged hook projected from the head of the small tuna.

The old man held the line delicately, and softly, with his left hand, **unleashed** it from the stick. Now he could let it run through his fingers without the fish feeling any **tension**.

This far out, he must be huge in this month, he thought.⁵⁵ Eat them, fish. Eat them. Please eat them. How fresh they are and you down there six hundred feet in that cold water in the dark. Make another turn in the dark and come back and eat them.

He felt the light delicate pulling and then a harder pull when a sardine's head must have been more difficult to break from the hook. Then there was nothing.

"Come on," the old man said aloud. "Make another turn. Just smell them. Aren't they lovely? Eat them good now and then there is the tuna. Hard and cold and lovely. Don't be shy, fish. Eat them."

He waited with the line between his thumb and his finger, watching it and the other lines at the same time for the fish might have swum up or down. Then came the same delicate pulling touch again.

"He'll take it," the old man said aloud. "God help him to take it."

He did not take it though. He was gone and the old man felt nothing.

"He can't have gone," he said. "**Christ** knows he can't have gone. He's making a turn. Maybe he has been hooked before and he remembers something of it."

Then he felt the **gentle** touch on the line and he was happy.

"It was only his turn," he said. "He'll take it."

He was happy feeling the gentle pulling and then he felt something hard and unbelievably heavy. It was the weight of the fish and he let the line **slip** down, down, down, **unrolling** off the first of the two **reserve** coils. As it went down, slipping lightly through the old man's fingers, he still could feel the great weight, though the **pressure** of his thumb and finger were almost **imperceptible**.

"What a fish," he said. "He has it **sideways** in his mouth now and he is moving off with it."

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

"He's taken it," he said. "Now I'll let him eat it well."

⁵⁵本书中，人称代词常常“混用”，以增加亲近感。如本句，前he指大鱼，是老人视角下的所想。后he指老人，指旁观者视角下的老人。

He let the line slip through his fingers while he reached down with his left hand⁵⁶ and made fast the free end of the two reserve coils to the loop of the two reserve coils of the next line. Now he was ready. He had three forty-fathom coils of line in reserve now, as well as the coil he was using.

“Eat it a little more,” he said. “Eat it well.”

Eat it so that the point of the hook goes into your heart and kills you, he thought. Come up easy and let me put the harpoon into you. All right. Are you ready? Have you been long enough at table?

“Now!” he said aloud and struck hard with both hands, gained a yard of line and then struck again and again, swinging with each arm alternately on the cord with all the strength of his arms and the pivoted weight of his body.

Nothing happened. The fish just moved away slowly and the old man could not raise him an inch. His line was strong and made for heavy fish and he held it against his back until it was so taut that beads of water were jumping from it. Then it began to make a slow hissing sound in the water and he still held it, bracing himself against the thwart and leaning back against the pull. The boat began to move slowly off toward the north-west.

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

“I wish I had the boy” the old man said aloud. “I’m being towed by a fish and I’m the towing bitt. I could make the line fast. But then he could break it. I must hold him all I can and give him line when he must have it. Thank God he is travelling and not going down.”

What I will do if he decides to go down, I don’t know. What I’ll do if he sounds and dies I don’t know. But I’ll do something. There are plenty of things I can do.

He held the line against his back and watched its slant in the water and the skiff moving steadily to the north-west.

This will kill him, the old man thought. He can’t do this forever. But four hours later the fish was still swimming steadily out to sea, towing the skiff, and the old man was still braced solidly with the line across his back.

“It was noon when I hooked him,” he said. “And I have never seen him.”

He had pushed his straw hat hard down on his head before he hooked the fish and it was cutting his forehead. He was thirsty too and he got down on his knees and, being careful not to jerk on the line, moved as far into the bow as he could get and reached the water bottle with one hand. He opened it and drank a little. Then he rested against the bow. He rested sitting on the un-stepped mast and sail and tried not to think but only to endure.

Then he looked behind him and saw that no land was visible. That makes no difference, he thought. I can always come in on the glow from Havana. There are two more hours before the sun sets and maybe he will come up before that. If he doesn’t maybe he will come up with the moon. If he does not do that maybe he will come up with the sunrise. I have no cramps and I feel strong. It is he that has the hook in his mouth. But what a fish to pull like that. He must have his mouth shut tight on the wire. I wish I could see him. I wish I could see him only once to know what I have against me.

⁵⁶放低他的左手。

The fish never changed his **course** nor his direction all that night as far as the man could tell from watching the stars⁵⁷. It was cold after the sun went down and the old man's sweat dried cold⁵⁸ on his back and his arms and his old legs. During the day he had taken the sack that covered the bait box and spread it in the sun to dry. After the sun went down he tied it around his neck so that it hung down over his back and he **cautiously** worked it down under the line that was across his shoulders now. The sack **cushioned** the line and he had found a way of leaning forward against the bow so that he was almost **comfortable**. The position actually was only **somewhat** less **intolerable**; but he thought of it as almost comfortable.

I can do nothing with him and he can do nothing with me, he thought. Not as long as he keeps this up.

Once he stood up and urinated over the side of the skiff and looked at the stars and checked his course. The line showed like a **phosphorescent streak** in the water straight out from his shoulders. They were moving more slowly now and the glow of Havana was not so strong, so that he knew the current must be carrying them to the **eastward**. If I lose the glare of Havana we must be going more to the eastward, he thought. For if the fish's course held true I must see it for many more hours. I wonder how the baseball came out in the grand leagues today, he thought. It would be wonderful to do this with a radio. Then he thought, think of it always. Think of what you are doing. You must do nothing stupid.

Then he said aloud, "I wish I had the boy. To help me and to see this."

No one should be alone in their old age, he thought. But it is **unavoidable**. I must remember to eat the tuna before he **spoils** in order to keep strong. Remember, no matter how little you want to, that you must eat him in the morning. Remember, he said to himself.

During the night two **porpoises** came around the boat and he could hear them **rolling** and **blowing**. He could tell the difference between the blowing noise the **male** made and the **sighing** blow of the **female**.

"They are good," he said. "They play and make jokes and love one another. They are our brothers like the flying fish."

Then he began to pity the great fish that he had hooked. He is wonderful and strange and who knows how old he is, he thought. Never have I had such a strong fish nor one who **acted** so strangely. Perhaps he is too **wise** to jump⁵⁹. He could **ruin** me by jumping or by a wild rush. But perhaps he has been hooked many times before and he knows that this is how he should make his fight. He cannot know that it is only one man against him, nor that it is an old man. But what a great fish he is and what will he bring in the market if the flesh is good. He took the bait like a male and he pulls like a male and his fight has no panic in it. I wonder if he has any plans or if he is just as **desperate** as I am?

He remembered the time he had hooked one of a pair of marlin. The male fish always let the female fish feed first and the hooked fish, the female, made a wild, panic-**stricken**, **despairing** fight that soon **exhausted** her, and all the time⁶⁰ the male had stayed with her, crossing the line and circling with her on the surface. He had stayed so close that the old man was afraid he would

⁵⁷就老人观察星星而言。as far as: 如……一样远；就……而言

⁵⁸cold 在动词 dried 之后, 为副词, “完全地, 彻底地”。

⁵⁹too ... to ..., 太过……, 以至于不……。too 表示 more than enough, “比足够还多, 超出界限地”

⁶⁰all the time, 一直, 始终; 常常, 频繁地。

cut the line with his tail which was sharp as a **scythe** and almost of that size and shape. When the old man had gaffed her and clubbed her, holding the **rapier bill** with its **sandpaper** edge and clubbing her across the top of her head until her colour turned to a colour almost like the backing of mirrors, and then, with the boy's aid, hoisted her aboard, the male fish had stayed by the side of the boat. Then, while the old man was clearing the lines and preparing the harpoon, the male fish jumped high into the air beside the boat to see where the female was and then went down deep, his **lavender** wings, that were his **pectoral fins**, spread wide and all his wide lavender **stripes** showing. He was beautiful, the old man remembered, and he had stayed.

That was the saddest thing I ever saw with them, the old man thought. The boy was sad too and we begged her pardon and butchered her **promptly**.

"I wish the boy was here," he said aloud and **settled** himself against the rounded planks of the bow and felt the strength of the great fish through the line he held across his shoulders moving steadily toward whatever he had chosen.

When once, through my **treachery**, it had been necessary to him to make a choice, the old man thought.

His choice had been to stay in the deep dark water far out **beyond** all **snares** and **traps** and treacheries. My choice was to go there to find him beyond all people. Beyond all people in the world. Now we are joined together and have been since noon. And no one to help **either** one of us.

Perhaps I should not have been a fisherman, he thought. But that was the thing that I was born for. I must surely remember to eat the tuna after it gets light.

Some time before daylight something took one of the baits that were behind him. He heard the stick break and the line begin to rush out over the **gunwale** of the skiff. In the darkness he **loosened** his **sheath** knife and taking all the strain of the fish on his left shoulder he leaned back and cut the line against the wood of the gunwale. Then he cut the other line closest to him and in the dark made the **loose** ends of the reserve coils fast. He worked **skillfully** with the one hand and put his foot on the coils to hold them as he **drew** his **knots** tight. Now he had six reserve coils of line. There were two from each bait he had severed and the two from the bait the fish had taken and they were all connected.

After it is light, he thought, I will work back to the forty-fathom bait and cut it away too and link up the reserve coils. I will have lost two hundred fathoms of good Catalan cardel and the hooks and leaders. That can be replaced. But who replaces this fish if I hook some fish and it cuts him off? I don't know what that fish was that took the bait just now. It could have been a marlin or a broadbill or a shark. I never felt him. I had to get rid of him⁶¹ too fast.

Aloud he said, "I wish I had the boy."

But you haven't got the boy, he thought. You have only yourself and you had better⁶² work back to the last line now, in the dark or not in the dark, and cut it away and hook up the two reserve coils.

So he did it. It was difficult in the dark and once the fish made a **surge** that pulled him down on his face and made a cut below his eye. The blood ran down his cheek a little way. But it **coagulated** and dried before it reached his **chin** and he worked his way back to the bow and rested against

⁶¹get rid of sb./sth: 摆脱; 丢弃; 扔掉

⁶²have better, would rather/sooner, be (about, able, allow, likely) to, have got to 等都具有情态助动词的部分特征, 后接动词原形。

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

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

"Fish," he said softly, aloud, "I'll stay with you until I am dead."

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

"He's headed north," the old man said. The current will have set us far to the eastward, he thought. I wish he would turn with the current. That would show that he was tiring.

When the sun had risen further the old man **realized** that the fish was not tiring. There was only one **favorable** sign. The slant of the line showed he was swimming at a lesser depth. That did not **necessarily** mean that he would jump. But he might.

"God let him jump," the old man said. "I have enough line to **handle** him."

Maybe if I can increase the tension just a little it will hurt him and he will jump, he thought. Now that it is daylight let him jump so that he'll fill the sacks along his **backbone** with air and then he cannot go deep to die.

He tried to increase the tension, but the line had been taut up to the very edge of the breaking point since he had hooked the fish and he felt the **harshness** as he leaned back to pull and knew he could put no more strain on it. I must not jerk it ever, he thought. Each jerk **widens** the cut the hook makes and then when he does jump he might throw it. **Anyway** I feel better with the sun and **for once** I do not have to look into it.

There was yellow weed on the line but the old man knew that only made an added **drag** and he was pleased. It was the yellow Gulf weed that had made so much phosphorescence in the night.

"Fish," he said, "I love you and respect you very much. But I will kill you dead before this day ends."

Let us hope so, he thought.

A small bird came toward the skiff from the north. He was a **warbler** and flying very low over the water. The old man could see that he was very tired.

The bird made the stern of the boat and rested there. Then he flew around the old man's head and rested on the line where he was more comfortable.

"How old are you?" the old man asked the bird. "Is this your first trip?"

The bird looked at him when he spoke. He was too tired even to examine the line and he **teetered** on it as his delicate feet **gripped** it fast.

"It's steady," the old man told him. "It's too steady. You shouldn't be that tired after a windless night. What are birds coming to?"

The **hawks**, he thought, that come out to sea to meet them. But he said nothing of this to the bird who could not understand him anyway and who would learn about the hawks soon enough.

"Take a good rest, small bird," he said. "Then go in and take your chance like any man or bird or fish."

It encouraged him to talk because his back had stiffened in the night and it hurt truly now.

"Stay at my house if you like, bird," he said. "I am sorry I cannot hoist the sail and take you in with the small breeze that is rising. But I am with a friend."

Just then the fish gave a sudden lurch that pulled the old man down onto the bow and would have pulled him overboard if he had not braced himself and given some line.

The bird had flown up when the line jerked and the old man had not even seen him go. He felt the line carefully with his right hand and noticed his hand was bleeding.

"Something hurt him then," he said aloud and pulled back on the line to see if he could turn the fish. But when he was touching the breaking point he held steady and settled back against the strain of the line.

"You're feeling it now, fish," he said. "And so, God knows, am I."

He looked around for the bird now because he would have liked him for company. The bird was gone.

You did not stay long, the man thought. But it is rougher where you are going until you make the shore. How did I let the fish cut me with that one quick pull he made? I must be getting very stupid. Or perhaps I was looking at the small bird and thinking of him. Now I will pay attention to my work and then I must eat the tuna so that I will not have a failure of strength.

"I wish the boy were here and that I had some salt,"⁶³ he said aloud. Shifting the weight of the line to his left shoulder and kneeling carefully he washed his hand in the ocean and held it there, submerged, for more than a minute watching the blood trail away and the steady movement of the water against his hand as the boat moved.

"He has slowed much," he said.

The old man would have liked to keep his hand in the salt water longer but he was afraid of another sudden lurch by the fish and he stood up and braced himself and held his hand up against the sun. It was only a line burn that had cut his flesh. But it was in the working part of his hand. He knew he would need his hands before this was over and he did not like to be cut before it started.

"Now," he said, when his hand had dried, "I must eat the small tuna. I can reach him with the gaff and eat him here in comfort."

He knelt down and found the tuna under the stem with the gaff and drew it toward him keeping it clear of⁶⁴ the coiled lines. Holding the line with his left shoulder again, and bracing on his left hand and arm, he took the tuna off the gaff hook and put the gaff back in place. He put one knee on the fish and cut strips of dark red meat longitudinally from the back of the head to the tail. They were wedge-shaped strips and he cut them from next to the back bone down to the edge of the belly. When he had cut six strips he spread them out on the wood of the bow, wiped his knife on his trousers, and lifted the carcass of the bonito by the tail and dropped it overboard.

"I don't think I can eat an entire one," he said and drew his knife across one of the strips. He could feel the steady hard pull of the line and his left hand was cramped. It drew up tight on the

⁶³第三人称单数 the boy 后使用 were, 而非 was, 是 were 过去虚拟语气, 这里老人已经明确小孩不会在这里, 只是梦想。与前面的 wish the boy was here 形成情绪上的起伏。

⁶⁴clear of sth. 避开、不碰到某物

heavy cord and he looked at it in **disgust**.

“What kind of a hand is that,” he said. “Cramp then if you want. Make yourself into a **claw**⁶⁵. It will do you no good.”

Come on, he thought and looked down into the dark water at the slant of the line. Eat it now and it will **strengthen** the hand. It is not the hand’s fault and you have been many hours with the fish. But you can stay with him forever. Eat the bonito now.

He picked up a piece and put it in his mouth and chewed it slowly. It was not unpleasant.

Chew it well, he thought, and get all the juices. It would not be had to eat with a little **lime** or with lemon or with salt.

“How do you feel, hand?” he asked the cramped hand that was almost as stiff as **rigor mortis**. “I’ll eat some more for you.”

He ate the other part of the piece that he had cut in two. He chewed it carefully and then spat out the skin.

“How does it go, hand? Or is it too early to know?”

He took another full piece and chewed it.

“It is a strong **full-blooded** fish,” he thought. “I was lucky to get him **instead** of dolphin. Dolphin is too sweet. This is hardly sweet at all and all the strength is still in it.”

There is no sense in being anything but **practical** though, he thought. I wish I had some salt. And I do not know whether the sun will **rot** or dry what is left, so i had better eat it all although i am not hungry. The fish is calm and steady. I will eat it all and then I will be ready.

“Be patient, hand,” he said. “I do this for you.”

I wish I could feed the fish, he thought. He is my brother. But I must kill him and keep strong to do it. Slowly and **conscientiously** he ate all of the wedge-shaped strips of fish.

He straightened up, wiping his hand on his trousers.

“Now,” he said. “You can let the cord go, hand, and I will handle him with the right arm alone until you stop that **nonsense**.” He put his left foot on the heavy line that the left hand had held and lay back against the pull against his back.

“God help me to have the cramp go,” he said. “Because I do not know what the fish is going to do.”

But he seems calm, he thought, and following his plan. But what is his plan, he thought. And what is mine? Mine I must improvise⁶⁶ to his because of his great size. If he will jump I can kill him. But he stays down forever. Then I will stay down with him forever.

He **rubbed** the cramped hand against his trousers and tried to gentle the fingers. But it would not open. Maybe it will open with the sun, he thought. Maybe it will open when the strong raw tuna is **digested**. If I have to have it, I will open it, cost whatever it costs. But I do not want to open it now by force. Let it open by itself and come back of its own **accord**. After all I **abused** it much in the night when it was necessary to free and **untie** the **various** lines.

He looked across the sea and knew how alone he was now. But he could see the prisms in the deep dark water and the line **stretching** ahead and the strange **undulation** of the calm. The clouds

⁶⁵make somebody/something into somebody/something 把……变成

⁶⁶Mine=my plan, 前置到句首。原句等于 I must improvise mine ...

were building up⁶⁷ now for the trade wind⁶⁸ and he looked ahead and saw a flight of wild ducks etching themselves against the sky over the water, then blurring, then etching again and he knew no man was ever alone on the sea.

He thought of how some men feared being out of sight of land in a small boat and knew they were right in the months of sudden bad weather. But now they were in hurricane months and, when there are no hurricanes, the weather of hurricane months is the best of all the year.

If there is a hurricane you always see the signs of it in the sky for days ahead, if you are at sea. They do not see it ashore because they do not know what to look for, he thought. The land must make a difference too, in the shape of the clouds. But we have no hurricane coming now.

He looked at the sky and saw the white cumulus built like friendly piles of ice cream and high above were the thin feathers of the cirruss against the high September sky.

“Light brisa⁶⁹,” he said. “Better weather for me than for you, fish.”

His left hand was still cramped, but he was unknotting it slowly.

I hate a cramp, he thought. It is a treachery of one’s own body. It is humiliating before others to have a diarrhoeas from ptomaine poisoning or to vomit from it. But a cramp, he thought of it as a calambre⁷⁰, humiliates oneself especially when one is alone.

If the boy were⁷¹ here he could rub it for me and loosen it down from the forearm, he thought. But it will loosen up.

Then, with his right hand he felt the difference in the pull of the line before he saw the slant change in the water. Then, as he leaned against the line and slapped his left hand hard and fast against his thigh he saw the line slanting slowly upward.

“He’s coming up,” he said. “Come on hand. Please come on.”

The line rose slowly and steadily and then the surface of the ocean bulged ahead of the boat and the fish came out. He came out unendingly and water poured from his sides. He was bright in the sun and his head and back were dark purple and in the sun the stripes on his sides showed wide and a light lavender. His sword was as long as a baseball bat and tapered like a rapier and he rose his full length from the water and then re-entered it, smoothly, like a diver and the old man saw the great scythe-blade of his tail go under and the line commenced to race out.

“He is two feet longer than the skiff,” the old man said. The line was going out fast but steadily and the fish was not panicked. The old man was trying with both hands to keep the line just inside of breaking strength. He knew that if he could not slow the fish with a steady pressure the fish could take out all the line and break it.

He is a great fish and I must convince him, he thought. I must never let him learn his strength nor what he could do if he made his run. If I were him I would put in everything now and go until something broke. But, thank God, they are not as intelligent as we who kill them; although they are more noble and more able.

The old man had seen many great fish. He had seen many that weighed more than a thousand pounds and he had caught two of that size in his life, but never alone. Now alone, and out of sight

⁶⁷build up, 逐渐增加、扩大。

⁶⁸trade wind, 信风，贸易风（指从东北或东南方向吹向赤道的热带风）。

⁶⁹原文为西班牙语“微风”。

⁷⁰西班牙语“抽筋”

⁷¹如前，过去式were虚拟语气。

of land, he was fast to the biggest fish that he had ever seen and bigger than he had ever heard of, and his left hand was still as tight as the gripped claws of an eagle.

It will uncramp though, he thought. Surely it will uncramp to help my right hand. There are three things that are brothers: the fish and my two hands. It must uncramp. It is unworthy of it to be cramped. The fish had slowed again and was going at his usual pace.

I wonder why he jumped, the old man thought. He jumped almost as though to show me how big he was. I know now, anyway, he thought. I wish I could show him what sort of man I am. But then he would see the cramped hand. Let him think I am more man than I am and I will be so. I wish I was the fish, he thought, with everything he has against only my will and my intelligence.

He settled comfortably against the wood and took his suffering as it came and the fish swam steadily and the boat moved slowly through the dark water. There was a small sea rising with the wind coming up from the east and at noon the old man's left hand was uncramped.

"Bad news for you, fish," he said and shifted the line over the sacks that covered his shoulders.

He was comfortable but suffering, although he did not admit the suffering at all.

"I am not religious," he said. "But I will say ten Our Fathers and ten Hail Marys⁷² that I should catch this fish, and I promise to make a pilgrimage to the Virgin of Cobre⁷³ if I catch him. That is a promise."

He commenced to say his prayers mechanically. Sometimes he would be so tired that he could not remember the prayer and then he would say them fast so that they would come automatically. Hail Marys are easier to say than Our Fathers, he thought.

"Hail Mary full of Grace the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen.⁷⁴" Then he added, "Blessed Virgin, pray for the death of this fish. Wonderful though he is.⁷⁵"

With his prayers said, and feeling much better, but suffering exactly as much, and perhaps a little more, he leaned against the wood of the bow and began, mechanically, to work the fingers of his left hand.

The sun was hot now although the breeze was rising gently.

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

"I'll kill him though," he said. "In all his greatness and his glory."

Although it is unjust, he thought. But I will show him what a man can do and what a man endures.

"I told the boy I was a strange old man," he said. "Now is when I must prove it."

⁷²十遍天主经和十遍万福玛利亚经

⁷³科布莱圣母

⁷⁴《圣母经》经文

⁷⁵此处将 wonderful 前置，着重说明。

The thousand times that he had proved it meant nothing. Now he was proving it again. Each time was a new time and he never thought about the past when he was doing it.

I wish he'd sleep and I could sleep and dream about the lions, he thought. Why are the lions the main thing that is left? Don't think, old man, he said to himself, Rest gently now against the wood and think of nothing. He is working. Work as little as you can.

It was getting into the afternoon and the boat still moved slowly and steadily. But there was an added drag now from the easterly breeze and the old man rode gently with the small sea and the hurt of the cord across his back came to him easily and smoothly.

Once in the afternoon the line started to rise again. But the fish only continued to swim at a slightly higher level. The sun was on the old man's left arm and shoulder and on his back. So he knew the fish had turned east of north.

Now that he had seen him once, he could picture the fish swimming in the water with his purple pectoral fins set wide as wings and the great erect tail slicing through the dark. I wonder how much he sees at that depth, the old man thought. His eye is huge and a horse, with much less eye, can see in the dark⁷⁶. Once I could see quite well in the dark. Not in the absolute dark. But almost as a cat sees.

The sun and his steady movement of his fingers had uncramped his left hand now completely and he began to shift more of the strain to it and he shrugged the muscles of his back to shift the hurt of the cord a little.

"If you're not tired, fish," he said aloud, "you must be very strange."

He felt very tired now and he knew the night would come soon and he tried to think of other things. He thought of the Big Leagues, to him they were the *Gran Ligas*⁷⁷, and he knew that the Yankees of New York were playing the *Tigres*⁷⁸ of Detroit.

This is the second day now that I do not know the result of the *juegos*⁷⁹, he thought. But I must have confidence and I must be worthy of the great DiMaggio who does all things perfectly even with the pain of the bone spur in his heel. What is a bone spur? he asked himself. *Un espuela de hueso*⁸⁰. We do not have them. Can it be as painful as the spur of a fighting cock in one's heel? I do not think I could endure that or the loss of the eye and of both eyes and continue to fight as the fighting cocks do. Man is not much beside the great birds and beasts. Still I would rather be that beast down there in the darkness of the sea.

"Unless sharks come," he said aloud. "If sharks come, God pity him and me."

Do you believe the great DiMaggio would stay with a fish as long as I will stay with this one? he thought. I am sure he would and more since he is young and strong. Also his father was a fisherman. But would the bone spur hurt him too much?

"I do not know," he said aloud. "I never had a bone spur."

As the sun set he remembered, to give himself more confidence, the time in the tavern at Casablanca when he had played the hand game with the great negro from Cienfuegos who was the strongest man on the docks. They had gone one day and one night with their elbows on a

⁷⁶下划线部分是一整个分句。

⁷⁷西班牙语，“大联赛”。

⁷⁸西班牙语，“老虎”。

⁷⁹西班牙语，“比赛”。

⁸⁰西班牙语，“骨刺”

chalk line on the table and their forearms straight up and their hands gripped tight. Each one was trying to force the other's hand down onto the table. There was much betting and people went in and out of the room under the kerosene lights and he had looked at the arm and hand of the negro and at the negro's face. They changed the referees every four hours after the first eight so that the referees could sleep. Blood came out from under the fingernails of both his and the negro's hands and they looked each other in the eye and at their hands and forearms and the bettors went in and out of the room and sat on high chairs against the wall and watched. The walls were painted bright blue and were of wood and the lamps threw their shadows against them. The negro's shadow was huge and it moved on the wall as the breeze moved the lamps.

The odds would change back and forth all night and they fed the negro rum and lighted cigarettes for him. Then the negro, after the rum, would try for a tremendous effort and once he had the old man, who was not an old man then but was Santiago *El Campeón*, nearly three inches off balance. But the old man had raised his hand up to dead even again. He was sure then that he had the negro, who was a fine man and a great athlete, beaten. And at daylight when the bettors were asking that it be called a draw and the referee was shaking his head, he had unleashed his effort and forced the hand of the negro down and down until it rested on the wood. The match had started on a Sunday morning and ended on a Monday morning. Many of the bettors had asked for a draw because they had to go to work on the docks loading sacks of sugar or at the Havana Coal Company. Otherwise everyone would have wanted it to go to a finish. But he had finished it anyway and before anyone had to go to work.

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

The sun will bake it out well now, he thought. It should not cramp on me again unless it gets too cold in the night. I wonder what this night will bring.

An airplane passed overhead on its course to Miami and he watched its shadow scaring up the schools of flying fish.

"With so much flying fish there should be dolphin," he said, and leaned back on the line to see if it was possible to gain any on his fish. But he could not and it stayed at the hardness and water-drop shivering⁸¹ that preceded breaking. The boat moved ahead slowly and he watched the airplane until he could no longer see it.

It must be very strange in an airplane, he thought. I wonder what the sea looks like from that height? They should be able to see the fish well if they do not fly too high. I would like to fly very slowly at two hundred fathoms high and see the fish from above. In the turtle boats I was in the cross-trees of the mast-head and even at that height I saw much. The dolphin look greener from there and you can see their stripes and their purple spots and you can see all of the school as they swim. Why is it that all the fast-moving fish of the dark current have purple backs and usually

⁸¹water-drop shivering, 作名词短语, 水滴颤抖的状态。

purple stripes or spots? The dolphin looks green of course because he is really golden. But when he comes to feed, truly hungry, purple stripes show on his sides as on a marlin. Can it be **anger**, or the greater speed he makes that brings them out?

Just before it was dark, as they passed a great island of Sargasso weed that **heaved** and swung in the light sea as though the ocean were making love with something under a yellow blanket, his small line was taken by a dolphin. He saw it first when it jumped in the air, true gold in the last of the sun and **bending** and **flapping** wildly in the air. It jumped again and again in the **acrobatics** of its **fear** and he worked his way back to the stern and **crouching** and holding the big line with his right hand and arm, he pulled the dolphin in with his left hand, stepping on the gained line each time with his bare left foot. When the fish was at the **stem**, **plunging** and cutting from side to side in **desperation**, the old man leaned over the stern and lifted the **burnished** gold fish with its purple spots over the stem. Its **jaws** were working **convulsively** in quick bites against the hook and it pounded the bottom of the skiff with its long flat body, its tail and its head until he **clubbed** it across the shining golden head until it shivered and was still.

The old man unhooked the fish, re-baited the line with another sardine and **tossed** it over. Then he worked his way slowly back to the bow. He washed his left hand and wiped it on his trousers. Then he shifted the heavy line from his right hand to his left and washed his right hand in the sea while he watched the sun go into the ocean and the slant of the big cord.

"He hasn't changed at all," he said. But watching the movement of the water against his hand he noted that it was **perceptibly** slower.

"I'll **lash** the two oars together across the stern and that will slow him in the night," he said. "He's good for the night and so am I."

It would be better to gut the dolphin a little later to save the blood in the meat, he thought. I can do that a little later and lash the oars to make a drag at the same time. I had better keep the fish quiet now and not disturb him too much at sunset. The setting of the sun is a difficult time for all fish.

He let his hand dry in the air then **grasped** the line with it and **eased** himself as much as he could and allowed himself to be pulled forward against the wood so that the boat took the strain as much, or more, than he did.

I'm learning how to do it, he thought. This part of it anyway. Then too, remember he hasn't eaten since he took the bait and he is huge and needs much food. I have eaten the whole bonito. Tomorrow I will eat the dolphin. He called it *dorado*⁸². Perhaps I should eat some of it when I clean it. It will be harder to eat than the bonito. But, then, nothing is easy.

"How do you feel, fish?" he asked aloud. "I feel good and my left hand is better and I have food for a night and a day. Pull the boat, fish."

He did not truly feel good because the pain from the cord across his back had almost passed pain and gone into a **dullness** that he **mistrusted**. But I have had worse things than that, he thought. My hand is only cut a little and the cramp is gone from the other. My legs are all right. Also now I have gained on him in the question of **sustenance**.

It was dark now as it becomes dark quickly after the sun sets in September. He lay against the **worn** wood of the bow and rested all that he could. The first stars were out. He did not know

⁸²西班牙语，“黄金”。

the name of Rigel but he saw it and knew soon they would all be out and he would have all his **distant** friends.

"The fish is my friend too," he said aloud. "I have never seen or heard of such a fish. But I must kill him. I am glad we do not have to try to kill the stars."

Imagine if each day a man must try to kill the moon, he thought. The moon runs away. But imagine if a man each day should have to try to kill the sun? We were born lucky, he thought.

Then he was sorry for the great fish that had nothing to eat and his **determination** to kill him never **relaxed** in his **sorrow** for him. How many people will he feed, he thought. But are they worthy to eat him? No, of course not. There is no one worthy of eating him from the **manner** of his **behaviour** and his great **dignity**.

I do not understand these things, he thought. But it is good that we do not have to try to kill the sun or the moon or the stars. It is enough to live on the sea and kill our true brothers.

Now, he thought, I must think about the drag. It has its **perils** and its **merits**. I may lose so much line that I will lose him, if he makes his effort and the drag made by the oars is in place⁸³ and the boat loses all her **lightness**. Her lightness **prolongs** both our suffering but it is my safety since he has great speed that he has never yet **employed**. No matter what passes I must **gut** the dolphin so he does not spoil and eat some of him to be strong.

Now I will rest an hour more and feel that he is solid and steady before I move back to the stern to do the work and make the **decision**. In the **meantime** I can see how he acts and if he shows any changes. The oars are a good trick; but it has reached the time to play for safety. He is much fish still and I saw that the hook was in the corner of his mouth and he has kept his mouth tight shut. The **punishment** of the hook is nothing. The punishment of hunger, and that he is against something that he does not **comprehend**, is everything. Rest now, old man, and let him work until your next duty comes.

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

How simple it would be if I could make the line fast, he thought. But with one small lurch he could break it. I must **cushion** the pull of the line with my body and at all times be ready to give line with both hands.

"But you have not slept yet, old man," he said aloud. "It is half a day and a night and now another day and you have not slept. You must **devise** a way so that you sleep a little if he is quiet and steady. If you do not sleep you might become unclear in the head."

I'm clear enough in the head, he thought. Too clear. I am as clear as the stars that are my brothers. Still I must sleep. They sleep and the moon and the sun sleep and even the ocean sleeps sometimes on certain days when there is no current and a flat calm.

But remember to sleep, he thought. Make yourself do it and devise some simple and sure way about the lines. Now go back and prepare the dolphin. It is too dangerous to **rig** the oars as a drag if you must sleep.

I could go without sleeping, he told himself. But it would be too dangerous.

⁸³in place, 在原地 (美); 在正确位置, 准备就绪。

He started to work his way back to the stern on his hands and knees, being careful not to jerk against the fish. He may be half asleep himself, he thought. But I do not want him to rest. He must pull until he dies.

Back in the stern he turned so that his left hand held the strain of the line across his shoulders and drew his knife from its sheath with his right hand. The stars were bright now and he saw the dolphin clearly and he pushed the blade of his knife into his head and drew him out from under the stern. He put one of his feet on the fish and slit him quickly from the vent up to the tip of his lower jaw. Then he put his knife down and gutted him with his right hand, scooping him clean and pulling the gills clear. He felt the maw heavy and slippery in his hands and he slit it open. There were two flying fish inside. They were fresh and hard and he laid them side by side and dropped the guts and the gills over the stern. They sank leaving a trail of phosphorescence in the water. The dolphin was cold and a leprous gray-white now in the starlight and the old man skinned one side of him while he held his right foot on the fish's head. Then he turned him over and skinned the other side and cut each side off from the head down to the tail.

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

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

"He is tiring or he is resting," the old man said. "Now let me get through the eating of this dolphin and get some rest and a little sleep."

Under the stars and with the night colder all the time he ate half of one of the dolphin fillets and one of the flying fish, gutted and with its head cut off.

"What an excellent fish dolphin is to eat cooked," he said. "And what a miserable fish raw. I will never go in a boat again without salt or limes."

If I had brains I would have splashed water on the bow all day and drying, it would have made salt, he thought. But then I did not hook the dolphin until almost sunset. Still it was a lack of preparation. But I have chewed it all well and I am not nauseated.

The sky was clouding over to the east and one after another the stars he knew were gone. It looked now as though he were moving into a great canyon of clouds and the wind had dropped.

"There will be bad weather in three or four days," he said. "But not tonight and not tomorrow. Rig now to get some sleep, old man, while the fish is calm and steady."

He held the line tight in his right hand and then pushed his thigh against his right hand as he leaned all his weight against the wood of the bow. Then he passed the line a little lower on his shoulders and braced his left hand on it.

My right hand can hold it as long as it is braced, he thought. If it relaxes in sleep my left hand will wake me as the line goes out. It is hard on the right hand. But he is used to punishment. Even

if I sleep twenty minutes or a half an hour it is good. He lay forward cramping himself against the line with all of his body, putting all his weight onto his right hand, and he was asleep.

He did not dream of the lions but instead of a vast school of porpoises that stretched for eight or ten miles and it was in the time of their mating and they would leap high into the air and return into the same hole they had made in the water when they leaped.

Then he dreamed that he was in the village on his bed and there was a norther and he was very cold and his right arm was asleep because his head had rested on it instead of a pillow.

After that he began to dream of the long yellow beach and he saw the first of the lions come down onto it in the early dark and then the other lions came and he rested his chin on the wood of the bows where the ship lay anchored with the evening off-shore breeze and he waited to see if there would be more lions and he was happy.

The moon had been up for a long time but he slept on and the fish pulled on steadily and the boat moved into the tunnel of clouds.

He woke with the jerk of his right fist coming up against his face and the line burning out through his right hand. He had no feeling of his left hand but he braked all he could with his right and the line rushed out. Finally his left hand found the line and he leaned back against the line and now it burned his back and his left hand, and his left hand was taking all the strain and cutting badly. He looked back at the coils of line and they were feeding smoothly. Just then the fish jumped making a great bursting of the ocean and then a heavy fall. Then he jumped again and again and the boat was going fast although line was still racing out and the old man was raising the strain to breaking point and raising it to breaking point again and again. He had been pulled down tight onto the bow and his face was in the cut slice of dolphin and he could not move.

This is what we waited for, he thought. So now let us take it.

Make him pay for the line, he thought. Make him pay for it.

He could not see the fish's jumps but only heard the breaking of the ocean and the heavy splash as he fell. The speed of the line was cutting his hands badly but he had always known this would happen and he tried to keep the cutting across the calloused parts and not let the line slip into the palm nor cut the fingers.

If the boy was here he would wet the coils of line, he thought. Yes. If the boy were here. If the boy were here.

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

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

"You better be fearless and confident yourself, old man," he said. "You're holding him again

but you cannot get line. But soon he has to circle."

The old man held him with his left hand and his shoulders now and stooped down and scooped up water in his right hand to get the crushed dolphin flesh off of his face. He was afraid that it might nauseate him and he would vomit and lose his strength. When his face was cleaned he washed his right hand in the water over the side and then let it stay in the salt water while he watched the first light come before the sunrise. He's headed almost east, he thought. That means he is tired and going with the current. Soon he will have to circle. Then our true work begins.

After he judged that his right hand had been in the water long enough he took it out and looked at it.

"It is not bad," he said. "And pain does not matter to a man."

He took hold of the line ⁸⁴carefully so that it did not fit into any of the fresh line cuts and shifted his weight so that he could put his left hand into the sea on the other side of the skiff.

"You did not do so badly for something worthless," ⁸⁵he said to his left hand. "But there was a moment when I could not find you."

Why was I not born with two good hands? he thought. Perhaps it was my fault in not training that one properly. But God knows he has had enough chances to learn. He did not do so badly in the night, though, and he has only cramped once. If he cramps again let the line cut him off.

When he thought that he knew that he was not being clear-headed and he thought he should chew some more of the dolphin. But I can't, he told himself. It is better to be light-headed than to lose your strength from nausea. And I know I cannot keep it if I eat it since my face was in it. I will keep it for an emergency until it goes bad. But it is too late to try for strength now through nourishment. You're stupid, he told himself. Eat the other flying fish.

It was there, cleaned and ready, and he picked it up with his left hand and ate it chewing the bones carefully and eating all of it down to the tail.

It has more nourishment than almost any fish, he thought. At least the kind of strength that I need. Now I have done what I can, he thought. Let him begin to circle and let the fight come.

The sun was rising for the third time since he had put to sea when the fish started to circle.

He could not see by the slant of the line that the fish was circling. It was too early for that. He just felt a faint slackening of the pressure of the line and he commenced to pull on it gently with his right hand. It tightened, as always, but just when he reached the point where it would break, line began to come in. He slipped his shoulders and head from under the line and began to pull in line steadily and gently. He used both of his hands in a swinging motion and tried to do the pulling as much as he could with his body and his legs. His old legs and shoulders pivoted with the swinging of the pulling.

"It is a very big circle," he said. "But he is circling."

Then the line would not come in any more and he held it until he saw the drops jumping from it in the sun. Then it started out and the old man knelt down and let it go grudgingly back into the dark water.

"He is making the far part of his circle now," he said. I must hold all I can, he thought. The strain will shorten his circle each time. Perhaps in an hour I will see him. Now I must convince him and then I must kill him.

⁸⁴take (a) hold (of sth), “开始完全控制；变得十分强大”。

⁸⁵可翻译成缓和的语气，“你这只左手虽然无用，却还没那么糟糕”。

But the fish kept on circling slowly and the old man was wet with sweat and tired deep into his bones two hours later. But the circles were much shorter now and from the way the line slanted he could tell the fish had risen steadily while he swam.

For an hour the old man had been seeing black spots before his eyes and the sweat salted his eyes and salted the cut over his eye and on his forehead. He was not afraid of the black spots. They were normal at the tension that he was pulling on the line. Twice, though, he had felt faint and **dizzy** and that had worried him.

"I could not fail myself and die on a fish like this," he said. "Now that I have him coming so beautifully, God help me endure. I'll say a hundred Our Fathers and a hundred Hail Marys. But I cannot say them now."

Consider them said, he thought. I'll say them later.

Just then he felt a sudden banging and jerking on the line he held with his two hands. It was sharp and **hard-feeling** and heavy.

He is hitting the wire leader with his **spear**, he thought. That was **bound** to come. He had to do that. It may make him jump though and I would rather he stayed circling now. The jumps were necessary for him to take air. But after that each one can widen the opening of the hook **wound** and he can throw the hook.

"Don't jump, fish," he said. "Don't jump."

The fish hit the wire several times more and each time he **shook** his head the old man gave up a little line.

I must hold his pain where it is, he thought. Mine does not matter. I can control mine. But his pain could drive him mad.

After a while the fish stopped beating at the wire and started circling slowly again. The old man was gaining line steadily now. But he felt faint again. He lifted some sea water with his left hand and put it on his head. Then he put more on and rubbed the back of his neck.

"I have no cramps," he said. "He'll be up soon and I can last. You have to last. Don't even speak of it."

He kneeled against the bow and, for a moment, slipped the line over his back again. I'll rest now while he goes out on the circle and then stand up and work on him when he comes in, he decided.

It was a great **temptation** to rest in the bow and let the fish make one circle by himself without recovering any line. But when the strain showed the fish had turned to come toward the boat, the old man rose to his feet and started the pivoting and the **weaving** pulling that brought in all the line he gained.

I'm tireder than I have ever been, he thought, and now the trade wind is rising. But that will be good to take him in with. I need that badly.

"I'll rest on the next turn as he goes out," he said. "I feel much better. Then in two or three turns more I will have him."

His straw hat was far on the back of his head and he sank down into the bow with the pull of the line as he felt the fish turn.

You work now, fish, he thought. I'll take you at the turn.

The sea had risen **considerably**. But it was a **fair-weather** breeze and he had to have it to get home.

“I’ll just **steer** south and west,” he said. “A man is never lost at sea and it is a long island.”

It was on the third turn that he saw the fish first.

He saw him first as a dark shadow that took so long to pass under the boat that he could not believe its length.

“No,” he said. “He can’t be that big.”

But he was that big and at the end of this circle he came to the surface only thirty yards away and the man saw his tail out of water. It was higher than a big scythe blade and a very **pale** lavender above the dark blue water. It **raked** back and as the fish swam just below the surface the old man could see his huge **bulk** and the purple stripes that **banded** him. His **dorsal** fin was down and his huge **pectorals** were spread wide.

On this circle the old man could see the fish’s eye and the two gray sucking fish⁸⁶ that swam around him. Sometimes they **attached** themselves to him. Sometimes they **darted** off. Sometimes they would swim easily in his shadow. They were each over three feet long and when they swam fast they **lashed** their whole bodies like **eels**.

The old man was sweating now but from something else **besides** the sun. On each calm placid turn the fish made⁸⁷ he was gaining line and he was sure that in two turns more he would have a chance to get the harpoon in.

But I must get him close, close, close, he thought. I mustn’t try for the head. I must get the heart.

“Be calm and strong, old man,” he said.

On the next circle the fish’s back was out but he was a little too far from the boat. On the next circle he was still too far away but he was higher out of water and the old man was sure that by **gaining** some more line he could have him alongside.

He had rigged his harpoon long before and its coil of light rope was in a round basket and the end was made fast to the bitt in the bow.

The fish was coming in on his circle now calm and beautiful looking⁸⁸ and only his great tail moving. The old man pulled on him all that he could to bring him closer. For just a moment the fish turned a little on his side. Then he **straightened** himself and began another circle.

“I moved him,” the old man said. “I moved him then.”

He felt faint again now but he held on the great fish all the strain that he could. I moved him, he thought. Maybe this time I can get him over. Pull, hands, he thought. Hold up, legs. Last for me, head. Last for me. You never went. This time I’ll pull him over.

But when he put all of his effort on, starting it well out before the fish came alongside and pulling with all his strength, the fish pulled part way over and then righted himself and swam away.

“Fish,” the old man said. “Fish, you are going to have to die anyway. Do you have to kill me too?”

That way nothing is **accomplished**, he thought. His mouth was too dry to speak but he could not reach for the water now. I must get him alongside this time, he thought. I am not good for many more turns. Yes you are, he told himself. You’re good for ever.

⁸⁶sucking fish, 字面意思是“吮吸的鱼”，实际指“亚口鱼”。

⁸⁷On each calm placid trun (that) the fish made 作状语。

⁸⁸下划线部分修饰句首 the fish...

On the next turn, he nearly had him. But again the fish righted himself and swam slowly away.

You are killing me, fish, the old man thought. But you have a right to. Never have I seen a greater, or more beautiful, or a calmer or more noble thing than you, brother. Come on and kill me. I do not care who kills who.

Now you are getting **confused** in the head, he thought. You must keep your head clear. Keep your head clear and know how to **suffer** like a man. Or a fish, he thought.

“Clear up, head,” he said in a voice he could hardly hear. “Clear up.”

Twice more it was the same on the turns.⁸⁹

I do not know, the old man thought. He had been on the point of feeling himself go each time. I do not know. But I will try it once more.

He tried it once more and he felt himself going when he turned the fish. The fish righted himself and swam off again slowly with the great tail weaving in the air.

I’ll try it again, the old man promised, although his hands were **mushy** now and he could only see well in flashes⁹⁰.

He tried it again and it was the same. So he thought, and he felt himself going before he started; I will try it once again.

He took all his pain and what was left of his strength and his long gone pride and he put it against the fish’s **agony** and the fish came over onto his side and swam gently on his side, his bill almost touching the planking of the skiff and started to pass the boat, long, deep, wide, silver and **barred** with purple and **interminable** in the water.

The old man dropped the line and put his foot on it and lifted the harpoon as high as he could and drove it down with all his strength, and more strength he had just **summoned**, into the fish’s side just behind the great **chest** fin that rose high in the air to the **altitude** of the man’s chest. He felt the **iron** go in and he leaned on it and drove it further and then pushed all his weight after it.

Then the fish came alive, with his death in him, and rose high out of the water showing all his great length and width and all his power and his beauty. He seemed to **hang** in the air above the old man in the skiff. Then he fell into the water with a crash that sent **spray** over the old man and over all of the skiff.

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

The old man looked carefully in the **glimpse** of **vision** that he had. Then he took two turns of the harpoon line around the bitt in the bow and **hid** his head on his hands.

“Keep my head dear,” he said against the wood of the bow. “I am a tired old man. But I have killed this fish which is my brother and now I must do the slave work.”

Now I must prepare the **nooses** and the rope to lash him alongside, he thought. Even if we were two and **swamped** her to load him and **bailed** her out, this skiff would never hold him. I must

⁸⁹on the trun, 开始转变, 转变中; (食品) 变质。

⁹⁰in a flash, 是“转眼间、迅速, 马上的意思”。此处用 in flashes, 是“多个瞬间”的意思。

prepare everything, then bring him in and lash him well and step the mast and set sail for home.

He started to pull the fish in to have him alongside so that he could pass a line through his gills and out his mouth and make his head fast alongside the bow. I want to see him, he thought, and to touch and to feel him. He is my **fortune**, he thought. But that is not why I wish to feel him. I think I felt his heart, he thought. When I pushed on the harpoon shaft the second time. Bring him in now and make him fast and get the noose around his tail and another around his middle to bind him to the skiff.

"Get to work, old man," he said. He took a very small drink of the water. "There is very much slave work to be done now that the fight is over."

He looked up at the sky and then out to his fish. He looked at the sun carefully. It is not much more than noon, he thought. And the trade wind is rising. The lines all mean nothing now. The boy and I will **splice** them when we are home.

"Come on, fish," he said. But the fish did not come. Instead he lay there **wallowing** now in the seas and the old man pulled the skiff upon to him.

When he was even with him and had the fish's head against the bow he could not believe his size. But he **untied** the harpoon rope from the bitt, passed it through the fish's gills and out his jaws, made a turn around his **sword** then passed the rope through the other gill, made another turn around the bill and knotted the double rope and made it fast to the bitt in the bow. He cut the rope then and went astern to noose the tail. The fish had turned silver from his original purple and silver, and the stripes showed the same pale **violet** colour as his tail. They were wider than a man's hand with his fingers spread and the fish's eye looked as **detached** as the mirrors in a **periscope** or as a **saint** in a **procession**.

"It was the only way to kill him," the old man said. He was feeling better since the water and he knew he would not go away and his head was clear. He's over fifteen hundred pounds the way he is⁹¹, he thought. Maybe much more. If he dresses out two-thirds of that at thirty cents a pound?

"I need a pencil for that," he said. "My head is not that clear. But I think the great DiMaggio would be proud of me today. I had no bone spurs. But the hands and the back hurt truly." I wonder what a bone spur is, he thought. Maybe we have them without knowing of it.

He made the fish fast to bow and stern and to the middle thwart. He was so big it was like lashing a much bigger skiff alongside. He cut a piece of line and tied the fish's lower jaw against his bill so his mouth would not open and they would sail as cleanly as possible. Then he stepped the mast and, with the stick that was his gaff and with his boom rigged⁹², the patched sail drew, the boat began to move, and half lying in the stern he sailed south-west⁹³.

He did not need a **compass** to tell him where south-west was. He only needed the feel of the trade wind and the drawing of the sail. I better put a small line out with a spoon on it and try and get something to eat and drink for the **moisture**. But he could not find a spoon and his sardines were rotten. So he hooked a patch of yellow Gulf weed with the gaff as they passed and shook it so that the small shrimps that were in it fell onto the planking of the skiff. There were more than a

⁹¹(that) the way he is, 他现在的样子。

⁹²下划线语句修饰句首 he stepped the mast.

⁹³本句有四个独立分句，其主要部分已加粗。

dozen of them and they jumped and kicked like sand **fleas**. The old man **pinched** their heads off⁹⁴ with his thumb and forefinger and ate them chewing up the shells and the tails. They were very tiny but he knew they were **nourishing** and they tasted good.

The old man still had two drinks of water⁹⁵ in the bottle and he used half of one after he had eaten the shrimps. The skiff was sailing well considering the **handicaps** and he **steered** with the **tiller** under his arm. He could see the fish and he had only to look at his hands and feel his back against the stern to know that this had truly happened and was not a dream. At one time⁹⁶ when he was feeling so badly toward the end, he had thought perhaps it was a dream. Then when he had seen the fish come out of the water and hang **motionless** in the sky before he fell, he was sure there was some great **strangeness** and he could not believe it. Then he could not see well, although now he saw as well as ever.

Now he knew there was the fish and his hands and back were no dream. The hands **cure** quickly, he thought. I **bled** them clean and the salt water will **heal** them. The dark water of the true gulf is the greatest **healer** that there is. All I must do is keep the head clear. The hands have done their work and we sail well. With his mouth shut and his tail straight up and down we sail like brothers. Then his head started to become a little unclear and he thought, is he bringing me in or am I bringing him in? If I were **towing** him behind there would be no question. Nor if the fish were in the skiff, with all dignity gone, there would be no question either. But they were sailing together lashed side by side and the old man thought, let him bring me in if it pleases him. I am only better than him through **trickery** and he meant me no **harm**.

They sailed well and the old man **soaked** his hands in the salt water and tried to keep his head clear. There were high cumulus clouds and enough cirrus above them so that the old man knew the breeze would last all night. The old man looked at the fish **constantly** to make sure it was true. It was an hour before the first shark hit him.

The shark was not an **accident**. He had come up from deep down in the water as the dark cloud of blood had settled and **dispersed** in the mile deep sea. He had come up so fast and absolutely without **caution** that he broke the surface of the blue water and was in the sun. Then he fell back into the sea and picked up the scent and started swimming on the course the skiff and the fish had taken.

Sometimes he lost the scent. But he would pick it up again, or have just a **trace** of it, and he swam fast and hard on the course. He was a very big Mako shark⁹⁷ built to swim as fast as the fastest fish in the sea and everything about him was beautiful except his jaws. His back was as blue as a sword fish's and his belly was silver and his hide was smooth and handsome. He was built as a sword fish except for his huge jaws which were tight shut now as he swam fast, just under the surface with his high dorsal fin **knifing** through the water without wavering. Inside the closed double lip of his jaws all of his eight rows of teeth were slanted **inwards**. They were not the **ordinary pyramid**-shaped teeth of most sharks. They were shaped like a man's fingers when they are **crisped** like claws. They were nearly as long as the fingers of the old man and they had **razor**-sharp cutting edges on both sides. This was a fish built to feed on all the fishes in the sea,

⁹⁴ pinch sth. off/out/back, 摘掉, 掐掉某物。

⁹⁵ drink 还有“（一）杯、份、口（水）”的意思。此处 two drinks of water 为 两口水 的意思。

⁹⁶ at one time, 曾经的一段时期, 一度。

⁹⁷ Mako shark, 鲭鲨。其后可视为省略了“that/which was”。

that were so fast and strong and well armed that they had no other enemy. Now he speeded up as he smelled the fresher scent and his blue dorsal fin cut the water.

When the old man saw him coming he knew that this was a shark that had no fear at all and would do exactly what he wished. He prepared the harpoon and made the rope fast while he watched the shark come on. The rope was short as it lacked what he had cut away to lash the fish.

The old man's head was clear and good now and he was full of resolution but he had little hope. It was too good to last, he thought. He took one look at the great fish as he watched the shark close in. It might as well have been a dream⁹⁸, he thought. I cannot keep him from hitting me but maybe I can get him. *Dentuso*⁹⁹, he thought. Bad luck to your mother.

The shark closed fast astern and when he hit the fish the old man saw his mouth open and his strange eyes and the clicking chop of the teeth as he drove forward in the meat just above the tail. The shark's head was out of water and his back was coming out and the old man could hear the noise of skin and flesh ripping on the big fish when he rammed the harpoon down onto the shark's head at a spot where the line between his eyes intersected with the line that ran straight back from his nose. There were no such lines. There was only the heavy sharp blue head and the big eyes and the clicking, thrusting all-swallowing jaws. But that was the location of the brain and the old man hit it. He hit it with his blood mushed hands driving a good harpoon with all his strength. He hit it without hope but with resolution and complete malignancy.

The shark swung over and the old man saw his eye was not alive and then he swung over once again, wrapping himself in two loops of the rope. The old man knew that he was dead but the shark would not accept it. Then, on his back, with his tail lashing and his jaws clicking, the shark plowed over the water as a speedboat does. The water was white where his tail beat it and three-quarters of his body was clear above the water when the rope came taut, shivered, and then snapped. The shark lay quietly for a little while on the surface and the old man watched him. Then he went down very slowly.

"He took about forty pounds," the old man said aloud. He took my harpoon too and all the rope, he thought, and now my fish bleeds again and there will be others.

He did not like to look at the fish anymore since he had been mutilated. When the fish had been hit it was as though he himself were¹⁰⁰ hit.

But I killed the shark that hit my fish, he thought. And he was the biggest *dentuso* that I have ever seen. And God knows that I have seen big ones.

It was too good to last, he thought. I wish it had been a dream now and that I had never hooked the fish and was alone in bed on the newspapers.

"But man is not made for defeat," he said. "A man can be destroyed but not defeated." I am sorry that I killed the fish though, he thought. Now the bad time is coming and I do not even have the harpoon. The *dentuso* is cruel and able and strong and intelligent. But I was more intelligent than he was. Perhaps not, he thought. Perhaps I was only better armed.

"Don't think, old man," he said aloud. "Sail on this course and take it when it comes."

But I must think, he thought. Because it is all I have left. That and baseball. I wonder how the great DiMaggio would have liked the way I hit him in the brain? It was no great thing, he thought.

⁹⁸may/might (just) as well do sth, 不妨做；同样可以做（某事）。

⁹⁹西班牙语，意思为“牙齿锋利的”，这是当地对鲭鲨的俗称。

¹⁰⁰同样是过去式 were 虚拟语气。

Any man could do it. But do you think my hands were as great a handicap¹⁰¹ as the bone spurs? I cannot know. I never had anything wrong with my heel except the time the **stingray stung** it when I stepped on him when swimming and **paralyzed** the lower leg and made the **unbearable** pain.

“Think about something cheerful, old man,” he said. “Every minute now you are closer to home. You sail lighter for the loss of forty pounds.”

He knew quite well the **pattern** of what could happen when he reached the inner part of the current. But there was nothing to be done now.

“Yes there is,” he said aloud. “I can lash my knife to the butt of one of the oars.”

So he did that with the tiller under his arm and the **sheet** of the sail under his foot.

“Now,” he said. “I am still an old man. But I am not unarmed.”

The breeze was fresh now and he sailed on well. He watched only the forward part of the fish and some of his hope returned.

It is **silly** not to hope, he thought. Besides I believe it is a **sin**. Do not think about sin, he thought. There are enough problems now without sin. Also I have no **understanding** of it.

I have no understanding of it and I am not sure that I believe in it. Perhaps it was a sin to kill the fish. I suppose it was even though I did it to keep me alive and feed many people. But then everything is a sin. Do not think about sin. It is much too late for that and there are people who are paid to do it. Let them think about it. You were born to be a fisherman as the fish was born to be a fish. San Pedro was a fisherman as was the father of the great DiMaggio.

But he liked to think about all things that he was **involved** in¹⁰² and since there was nothing to read and he did not have a radio, he thought much and he kept on¹⁰³ thinking about sin. You did not kill the fish only to keep alive and to sell for food, he thought. You killed him for pride and because you are a fisherman. You loved him when he was alive and you loved him after. If you love him, it is not a sin to kill him. Or is it more?

“You think too much, old man,” he said aloud.

But you enjoyed killing the *dentuso*, he thought. He lives on¹⁰⁴ the live fish as you do. He is not a **scavenger** nor just a moving **appetite** as some sharks are. He is beautiful and noble and knows no fear of anything.

“I killed him in self-defense,” the old man said aloud. “And I killed him well.”

Besides, he thought, everything kills everything else in some way. Fishing kills me exactly as it keeps me alive. The boy keeps me alive, he thought. I must not **deceive** myself too much.

He leaned over the side and pulled loose a piece of the meat of the fish where the shark had cut him. He chewed it and noted its **quality** and its good taste. It was firm and juicy, like meat, but it was not red. There was no **stringiness** in it and he knew that it would bring the highest price in the market. But there was no way to keep its scent out of the water and the old man knew that a very hard time was coming.

The breeze was steady. It had backed a little further into the north-east and he knew that meant that it would not fall off¹⁰⁵. The old man looked ahead of him but he could see no sails nor

¹⁰¹ 比较成分 great 前置且修饰 a handicap。

¹⁰² involve sb in sth, 短语动词, 把某人牵涉(或牵扯)到某事里。

¹⁰³ keep on, 短语动词, “继续, 反复做”。

¹⁰⁴ live on, 短语动词, “依靠某物为生, 继续存在着”。

¹⁰⁵ fall off, 短语动词, “(数量、比率、强度等)减少; (从某物上)掉下, 脱落”。

could he see the hull nor the smoke of any ship. There were only the flying fish that went up from his bow sailing away to either side and the yellow patches of Gulf weed. He could not even see a bird.

He had sailed for two hours, resting in the stern and sometimes chewing a bit of the meat from the marlin, trying to rest and to be strong, when he saw the first of the two sharks.

"Ay," he said aloud. There is no translation for this word and perhaps it is just a noise such as a man might make, involuntarily, feeling the nail go through his hands and into the wood.

"*Galanos*¹⁰⁶," he said aloud. He had seen the second fin now coming up behind the first and had identified them as shovel-nosed sharks by the brown, triangular fin and the sweeping movements of the tail. They had the scent and were excited and in the stupidity of their great hunger they were losing and finding the scent in their excitement. But they were closing all the time.

The old man made the sheet fast and jammed the tiller. Then he took up the oar with the knife lashed to it. He lifted it as lightly as he could because his hands rebelled at the pain. Then he opened and closed them on it lightly to loosen them. He closed them firmly so they would take the pain now and would not flinch and watched the sharks come. He could see their wide, flattened, shovel-pointed heads now and their white tipped wide pectoral fins. They were hateful sharks, bad smelling, scavengers as well as killers, and when they were hungry they would bite at an oar or the rudder of a boat. It was these sharks that would cut the turtles' legs and flippers off when the turtles were asleep on the surface, and they would hit a man in the water, if they were hungry, even if the man had no smell of fish blood nor of fish slime on him.

"Ay," the old man said. "*Galanos*. Come on *galanos*."

They came. But they did not come as the Mako had come. One turned and went out of sight under the skiff and the old man could feel the skiff shake as he jerked and pulled on the fish. The other watched the old man with his slitted yellow eyes and then came in fast with his half circle of jaws wide to hit the fish where he had already been bitten. The line showed clearly on the top of his brown head and back where the brain joined the spinal cord and the old man drove the knife on the oar into the juncture, withdrew it, and drove it in again into the shark's yellow cat-like eyes. The shark let go of the fish and slid down, swallowing what he had taken as he died.

The skiff was still shaking with the destruction the other shark was doing to the fish and the old man let go the sheet so that the skiff would swing broadside and bring the shark out from under. When he saw the shark he leaned over the side and punched at him. He hit only meat and the hide was set hard and he barely got the knife in. The blow hurt not only his hands but his shoulder too. But the shark came up fast with his head out and the old man hit him squarely in the center of his flat-topped head as his nose came out of water and lay against the fish. The old man withdrew the blade and punched the shark exactly in the same spot again. He still hung to the fish with his jaws hooked and the old man stabbed him in his left eye. The shark still hung there.

"No?" the old man said and he drove the blade between the vertebrae and the brain. It was an easy shot now and he felt the cartilage sever. The old man reversed the oar and put the blade between the shark's jaws to open them. He twisted the blade and as the shark slid loose, he said, "Go on, *galano*. Slide down a mile deep. Go see your friend, or maybe it's your mother."

¹⁰⁶西班牙语，可能是加拉帕戈斯真鲨，别名直翅真鲨。

The old man wiped the blade of his knife and laid down the oar. Then he found the sheet and the sail filled and he brought the skiff onto her course.

"They must have taken a quarter of him and of the best meat," he said aloud. "I wish it were a dream and that I had never hooked him. I'm sorry about it, fish. It makes everything wrong." He stopped and he did not want to look at the fish now. **Drained** of blood and **awash** he looked the colour of the silver backing of a minor and his stripes still showed.

"I shouldn't have gone out so far, fish," he said. "Neither for you nor for me. I'm sorry, fish."

Now, he said to himself. Look to the lashing on the knife and see if it has been cut. Then get your hand in order¹⁰⁷ because there still is more to come.

"I wish I had a stone for the knife," the old man said after he had checked the lashing on the oar butt. "I should have brought a stone." You should have brought many things, he thought. But you did not bring them, old man. Now is no time to think of what you do not have. Think of what you can do with what there is.

"You give me much good **counsel**," he said aloud. "I'm tired of it."

He held the tiller under his arm and soaked both his hands in the water as the skiff drove forward.

"God knows how much that last one took," he said.

"But she's much lighter now." He did not want to think of the mutilated under-side of the fish. He knew that each of the jerking **bumps** of the shark had been meat **torn** away and that the fish now made a trail for all sharks as wide as a **highway** through the sea.

He was a fish to keep a man all winter, he thought. Don't think of that. Just rest and try to get your hands in shape to defend what is left of him. The blood smell from my hands means nothing now with all that scent in the water. Besides they do not bleed much. There is nothing cut that means anything. The bleeding may keep the left from cramping.

What can I think of now? he thought. Nothing. I must think of nothing and wait for the next ones. I wish it had really been a dream, he thought. But who knows? It might have turned out well¹⁰⁸.

The next shark that came was a single shovelnose. He came like a pig to the trough if a pig had a mouth so wide that you could put your head in it. The old man let him hit the fish and then drove the knife on the oar down into his brain. But the shark jerked backwards as he rolled and the knife blade snapped.

The old man settled himself to steer. He did not even watch the big shark sinking slowly in the water, showing first **life-size**, then small, then tiny. That always **fascinated** the old man. But he did not even watch it now.

"I have the gaff now," he said. "But it will do no good. I have the two oars and the tiller and the short club."

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

He put his hands in the water again to soak them. It was getting late in the afternoon and he saw nothing but the sea and the sky. There was more wind in the sky than there had been, and soon he hoped that he would see land.

¹⁰⁷in order, 整齐, 按顺序, 井然有序。

¹⁰⁸turn out, 原来是, 证明是, 结果是。turn out adj/adv, ……地发展(发生); 结果……。如 turn out well, 向好发展。

"You're tired, old man," he said. "You're tired inside."

The sharks did not hit him again until just before sunset.

The old man saw the brown fins coming along the wide trail the fish must make in the water. They were not even quartering on the scent. They were headed straight for the skiff swimming side by side.

He jammed the tiller, made the sheet fast and reached under the stem for the club. It was an oar handle from a broken oar **sawed-off** to about two and a half feet in length. He could only use it **effectively** with one hand because of the **grip** of the handle and he took good hold of it with his right hand, **flexing** his hand on it, as he watched the sharks come. They were both *galanos*.

I must let the first one get a good hold and hit him on the point of the nose or straight across the top of the head, he thought.

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

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

"Come on, *galano*," the old man said. "Come in again."

The shark came in a rush and the old man hit him as he shut his jaws. He hit him solidly and from as high up as he could raise the club. This time he felt the bone at the base of the brain and he hit him again in the same place while the shark tore the meat loose **sluggishly** and slid down from the fish.

The old man watched for him to come again but neither shark showed. Then he saw one on the surface swimming in circles. He did not see the fin of the other.

I could not expect to kill them, he thought. I could have in my time. But I have hurt them both badly and neither one can feel very good. If I could have used a bat with two hands I could have killed the first one surely. Even now, he thought.

He did not want to look at the fish. He knew that half of him had been destroyed. The sun had gone down while he had been in the fight with the sharks.

"It will be dark soon," he said. "Then I should see the glow of Havana. If I am too far to the eastward I will see the lights of one of the new beaches."

I cannot be too far out now, he thought. I hope no one has been too worried. There is only the boy to worry, of course. But I am sure he would have **confidence**. Many of the older fishermen will worry. Many others too, he thought. I live in a good town.

He could not talk to the fish anymore because the fish had been **ruined** too badly. Then something came into his head.

"Half fish," he said. "Fish that you were. I am sorry that I went too far out. I ruined us both. But we have killed many sharks, you and I, and ruined many others. How many did you ever kill, old fish? You do not have that spear on your head for nothing."

He liked to think of the fish and what he could do to a shark if he were swimming free. I should have **chopped** the bill off to fight them with, he thought. But there was no **hatchet** and then there was no knife.

But if I had, and could have lashed it to an oar **butt**, what a weapon. Then we might have fought them together. What will you do now if they come in the night? What can you do?

"Fight them," he said. "I'll fight them until I die."

But in the dark now and no glow showing and no lights and only the wind and the steady pull of the sail he felt that perhaps he was already dead. He put his two hands together and felt the palms. They were not dead and he could bring the pain of life by simply opening and closing them. He leaned his back against the stern and knew he was not dead. His shoulders told him.

I have all those prayers I promised if I caught the fish, he thought. But I am too tired to say them now. I better get the sack and put it over my shoulders.

He lay in the stern and steered and watched for the glow to come in the sky. I have half of him, he thought. Maybe I'll have the luck to bring the forward half in. I should have some luck. No, he said. You **violated** your luck when you went too far outside.

"Don't be silly," he said aloud. "And keep awake and steer. You may have much luck yet."

"I'd like to buy some if there's any place they sell it," he said.

What could I buy it with? he asked himself. Could I buy it with a lost harpoon and a broken knife and two bad hands?

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

I must not think nonsense, he thought. Luck is a thing that comes in many forms and who can **recognize** her? I would take some though in any form and pay what they asked. I wish I could see the glow from the lights, he thought. I wish too many things. But that is the thing I wish for now. He tried to settle more comfortably to steer and from his pain he knew he was not dead.

He saw the **reflected** glare of the lights of the city at what must have been around ten o'clock at night. They were only **perceptible** at first as the light is in the sky before the moon rises. Then they were steady to see across the ocean which was rough now with the increasing breeze. He steered inside of the glow and he thought that now, soon, he must hit the edge of the stream.

Now it is over, he thought. They will probably hit me again. But what can a man do against them in the dark without a weapon?

He was stiff and sore now and his wounds and all of the **strained** parts of his body hurt with the cold of the night. I hope I do not have to fight again, he thought. I hope so much I do not have to fight again.

But by midnight he fought and this time he knew the fight was **useless**. They came in a pack and he could only see the lines in the water that their fins made and their phosphorescence as they threw themselves on the fish. He clubbed at heads and heard the jaws chop and the shaking of the skiff as they took hold below. He clubbed desperately at what he could only feel and hear and he felt something **seize** the club and it was gone.

He jerked the tiller free from the rudder and beat and chopped with it, holding it in both hands and driving it down again and again. But they were up to the bow now and driving in one after the other and together, **tearing** off the pieces of meat that showed glowing below the sea as they turned to come once more.

One came, finally, against the head itself and he knew that it was over. He swung the tiller across the shark's head where the jaws were caught in the heaviness of the fish's head which would not *tear*. He swung it once and twice and again. He heard the tiller break and he *lunged* at the shark with the *splintered* butt. He felt it go in and knowing it was sharp he drove it in again. The shark let go and rolled away. That was the last shark of the *pack* that came. There was nothing more for them to eat.

The old man could hardly breathe now and he felt a strange taste in his mouth. It was *coppery* and sweet and he was afraid of it for a moment. But there was not much of it.

He *spat* into the ocean and said, "Eat that, *galanos*. And make a dream you've killed a man."

He knew he was beaten now finally and without *remedy* and he went back to the stern and found the *jagged* end of the tiller would *fit* in the slot of the *rudder* well enough for him to steer. He settled the sack around his shoulders and put the skiff on her course. He sailed lightly now and he had no thoughts nor any feelings of any kind. He was past everything now and he sailed the skiff to make his home port as well and as intelligently as he could. In the night sharks hit the carcass as someone might pick up *crumbs* from the table. The old man paid no attention to them and did not pay any attention to anything except steering. He only noticed how lightly and bow well the skiff sailed now there was no great weight beside her.

She's good, he thought. She is sound and not harmed in any way except for the tiller. That is easily replaced.

He could feel he was inside the current now and he could see the lights of the beach *colonies* along the shore. He knew where he was now and it was nothing to get home.

The wind is our friend, anyway, he thought. Then he *added*, sometimes. And the great sea with our friends and our enemies. And bed, he thought. Bed is my friend. Just bed, he thought. Bed will be a great thing. It is easy when you are beaten, he thought. I never knew how easy it was. And what beat you, he thought.

"Nothing," he said aloud. "I went out too far."

When he sailed into the little harbour the lights of the Terrace were out and he knew everyone was in bed. The breeze had risen steadily and was blowing strongly now. It was quiet in the harbour though and he sailed up onto the little patch of *shingle* below the *rocks*. There was no one to help him so he pulled the boat up as far as he could. Then he stepped out and made her fast to a rock.

He unstepped the mast and furled the sail and tied it. Then he shouldered the mast and started to climb. It was then he knew the depth of his *tiredness*. He stopped for a moment and looked back and saw in the reflection from the street light the great tail of the fish standing up well behind the skiff's stern. He saw the white naked line of his backbone and the dark mass of the head with the projecting bill and all the *nakedness* between.

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

Finally he put the mast down and stood up. He picked the mast up and put it on his shoulder and started up the road. He had to sit down five times before he reached his shack.

Inside the shack he leaned the mast against the wall. In the dark he found a water bottle and

took a drink. Then he lay down on the bed. He pulled the blanket over his shoulders and then over his back and legs and he slept face down on the newspapers with his arms out straight and the palms of his hands up.

He was asleep when the boy looked in the door in the morning. It was blowing so hard that the drifting-boats would not be going out and the boy had slept late and then come to the old man's shack as he had come each morning. The boy saw that the old man was breathing and then he saw the old man's hands and he started to cry. He went out very quietly to go to bring some coffee and all the way down the road he was crying.

Many fishermen were around the skiff looking at what was lashed beside it and one was in the water, his trousers rolled up, **measuring** the skeleton with a length of line.

The boy did not go down. He had been there before and one of the fishermen was looking after the skiff for him.

"How is he?" one of the fishermen shouted.

"Sleeping," the boy called. He did not care that they saw him crying. "Let no one disturb him."

"He was eighteen feet from nose to tail," the fisherman who was measuring him called.

"I believe it," the boy said. He went into the Terrace and asked for a can of coffee.

"Hot and with plenty of milk and sugar in it."

"Anything more?"

"No. **Afterwards** I will see what he can eat."

"What a fish it was," the **proprietor** said. "There has never been such a fish. Those were two fine fish you took yesterday too."

"Damn my fish," the boy said and he started to cry again.

"Do you want a drink of any kind?" the proprietor asked.

"No," the boy said. "Tell them not to **bother** Santiago. I'll be back."

"Tell him how sorry I am."

"Thanks," the boy said.

The boy carried the hot can of coffee up to the old man's shack and sat by him until he woke. Once it looked as though he were waking. But he had gone back into heavy sleep and the boy had gone across the road to borrow some wood to **heat** the coffee.

Finally the old man woke.

"Don't sit up," the boy said. "Drink this."

He poured some of the coffee in a glass. The old man took it and drank it.

"They beat me, Manolin," he said. "They truly beat me."

"He didn't beat you. Not the fish."

"No. Truly. It was afterwards."

"Pedrico is looking after the skiff and the gear. What do you want done with the head?"

"Let Pedrico chop it up to use in fish traps."

"And the spear?"

"You keep it if you want it."

"I want it," the boy said. "Now we must make our plans about the other things."

"Did they search for me?"

"Of course. With coast guard and with planes."

“The ocean is very big and a skiff is small and hard to see,” the old man said. He noticed how pleasant it was to have someone to talk to instead of speaking only to himself and to the sea. “I missed you,” he said. “What did you catch?”

“One the first day. One the second and two the third.”

“Very good.”

“Now we fish together again.”

“No. I am not lucky. I am not lucky anymore.”

“The hell with luck,” the boy said. “I’ll bring the luck with me.”

“What will your family say?”

“I do not care. I caught two yesterday. But we will fish together now for I still have much to learn.”

“We must get a good killing **lance** and always have it on board. You can make the blade from a spring leaf¹⁰⁹ from an old Ford. We can **grind** it in Guanabacoa. It should be sharp and not **tempered** so it will break. My knife broke.”

“I’ll get another knife and have the spring ground.”

“How many days of heavy brisa have we?”

“Maybe three. Maybe more.”

“I will have everything in order,” the boy said. “You get your hands well old man.”

“I know how to care for them. In the night I spat something strange and felt something in my chest was broken.”

“Get that well too,” the boy said. “Lie down, old man, and I will bring you your clean shirt. And something to eat.”

“Bring any of the papers of the time that I was gone,” the old man said.

“You must get well fast for there is much that I can learn and you can teach me everything. How much did you suffer?”

“Plenty,” the old man said.

“I’ll bring the food and the papers,” the boy said. “Rest well, old man. I will bring stuff from the **drugstore** for your hands.”

“Don’t forget to tell Pedrico the head is his.”

“No. I will remember.”

As the boy went out the door and down the worn coral rock road he was crying again.

That afternoon there was a party of tourists at the Terrace and looking down in the water among the empty beer cans and dead barracudas a woman saw a great long white **spine** with a huge tail at the end that lifted and swung with the **tide** while the east wind blew a heavy steady sea outside the **entrance** to the harbour.

“What’s that?” she asked a waiter and pointed to the long backbone of the great fish that was now just **garbage** waiting to go out with the tide.

“*Tiburon*¹¹⁰,” the waiter said. “Eshark¹¹¹.” He was meaning to explain what had happened.

“I didn’t know sharks had such handsome, **beautifully** formed tails.”

“I didn’t either,” her male **companion** said.

¹⁰⁹这里的 **spring** 是“弹簧”的意思。sprint leaf, “(车辆) 的钢板弹簧”。

¹¹⁰西班牙语，意为“鲨鱼”。

¹¹¹侍者英语不好，单词发音错误。

Up the road, in his shack, the old man was sleeping again. He was still sleeping on his face and the boy was sitting by him watching him. The old man was dreaming about the lions.

THE END.

Glossary 词汇表

A

able /'eɪbl/ a. 能干的, 能够的 30
absolute /'æbsəlu:t/ a. 绝对的, 完全的, 独立的 32
abused /'ə'bju:zd/ v-ed. 滥用, 妄用 29
accident /'ækseɪdənt/ n. 交通事故; 意外事件, 偶然事件 43
accomplished /'ækʌmplɪʃt/ v-ed. 完成, 实现 40
accord /'ə'kɔ:d/ n. 出于自愿, 主动; 协约, 条约 29
acrobatics /'ækrobætɪks/ n-pl. 杂技, 杂技表演 34
acted /'ækta:d/ vi. 行动, 表演; 起作用, 见效 25
added /'ædɪd/ v-ed. 增加, 添加; 补充说, 继续说 50
adjusted /'ə'dʒʌstɪd/ v-ed. 调整, 整理 27
admit /əd'mɪt/ v. 承认, 接受; 允许进入, 容许 31
affect /'æfekt/ vt. 影响, 感动, 假装; 打动 19
Africa /'æfrɪks/ n. 非洲 17
afterwards /'aftəwədz/ adv. 随后, 以后, 后来 51
against /ə'genst/ prep. 反对, 对着; 倚靠, 靠着; 碰, 撞 13
agony /'ægəni/ n. 苦恼, 剧痛, 濒死的痛苦 41
ahead /ə'hed/ a. adv. 领先, 预先, 向前; 在前面, 在将来 20
aid /eɪd/ n. 帮助, 外援, 帮手 13
albacore /'ælbəkɔ:/ n. 鲭鱼, 包含长鳍金枪鱼和大西洋鲔 19
alongside /ə'lɒn'saɪd/ adv. 在旁边, 靠拢着
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horny /'hɔ:ni/ a. 角的, 角质的, 老茧的 21

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imperceptible /,impa'septibl/ a. 无知觉的, 不能感知的, 微细的 23

inch /inf/ n. 英寸 (2.54cm) 24

ineffectual /,in'efektʃuəl/ a. 无效的, 无益的 20

ineffectually /,in'efektʃuəli/ adv. 无效地, 无益地 20

inferior /'in'fəriər/ a. 较差的, 级别较低的, 下等的 17

inshore /'in'ʃɔ:/ a. adv. 近海岸的(地), 向陆地 20

instead /in'sted/ adv. 替代, 顶替 29

intelligent /in'telɪdʒənt/ a. 聪明的, 智能的 30

interminable /in'tɔ:minəbl/ a. 无限的, 冗长的 41

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intolerable /in'tolərəbl/ a. 无法忍受的, 不能容忍的 25

involuntarily /in'venləntərlı/ adv. 不自觉地, 不由自主地 46

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J

jagged /'dægđ/ a. 参差不齐的; 锯齿状的; 有尖突的 50

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knot /not/ n. 结, 群, 难题
v. 打结, (使) 纠缠 26

L

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lash /la:ʃ/ v. 系紧, 拴牢; 鞭打, 棒打 34

lashed /la:ʃt/ v-ed. 猛击, 鞭打; 猛甩, 摆动 40

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lime /laim/ n. 酸橙, 石灰, 粘鸟胶 29

liver /'livə/ n. 肝脏, 生活者, 居民 12

loading /'ləudɪŋ/ n. 装载, 装填 33

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M

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N

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napkin /'næpkɪn/ n. 餐巾, 餐巾纸, 尿布 15
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 a. 本国的, 与生俱来的, 自然的 17
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needless /'ni:dls/ a. 不需要的, 不必要的 13
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- spinal /'spɪnl/** a. 与脊柱有关的, 脊髓的 46
- spine /spaɪn/** n. 背骨, 脊柱, 尖刺 52
- splash /splæʃ/** n. 飞溅, 溅泼声
v. 溅湿, 溅开, 飞溅 37
- splashed /sp'la:ʃt/** v-ed. 36, 见 splash
- splice /splais/** v. 纱接, 捏接 (两段绳子); 胶接, 黏结 (胶片、磁带等) 42
- splintered /'splɪntəd/** a. (木头, 金属, 玻璃等) 碎片的
v-ed. 裂成碎片 50
- spoil /spoɪlz/** vt. 损坏, 破坏, 翱翔
vi. (开始) 变质、变坏、腐败
n. 战利品, 贲物; 废石方, 弃土 25
- spoken /'spəukən/** a. 口头讲的, 口语的
v-ed. speak 16
- spoon /spu:n/** n. 勺, 调羹, 勺
vt. 以勺匙舀起, 使成匙状 15
- spot /spɒt/** n. 污点, 斑点, 点 33

- spray /spreɪ/** n. 浪花, 水花, 喷雾 41
- spread /spred/** n. 传播, 散布, 伸展
a. 双唇展开的, 伸展的
v. 展开, 铺开, 伸展 14
- spring /sprɪŋ/** n. 春天; 弹簧, 弹性; 跳跃; 活力; 泉水
- spur /spɔːr/** n. 马刺, 鞍刺, 刺激物, 鼓舞 32
- spurt /spɔːt/** n. 喷射流; 迸发
v. 喷出, 迸发 20
- square /skweə/** n. 正方形, 街区, 广场, 平方, 直角尺
a. 正方形的, 正直的, 公正的, 平方的, 方正的, 结清的
adv. 成直角地, 对准地
vi. 一致, 符合, 结清
vt. 使成方形, 使平方自乘, 调正, 结清, 使一致 16
- squarely /'skweəlɪ/** adv. 干脆地, 正好, 直角地
- squid /skwɪd/** n. 枪乌贼, 鱿鱼 18
- stab /stæb/** n. v. 刺, 戳
- stabbed /stæbd/** v-ed. 见 **stab**
- staggering /'stægərɪŋ/** v-ing. 蹒跚, 踉跄地走 12
- steadily /'stedɪlɪ/** adv. 稳定地, 无变化地, 有规则地 19
- steady /'stedi/** a. 稳定的, 稳固的, 不动摇的; 规则的, 惯常的 12
- steal /stiːl/** v. 偷窃; 剽窃 12, 13
- steel /stiːl/** n. 钢, 钢制品, 钢铁 19
- steep /stɪp/** a. 险峻的, 陡峭的 18
- steer /stiə/** v. 驾驶; 引导 40
- steered /stiəd/** v-ed. 43, 见 **steer**
- stem /stɛm/** n. 船首 34
- stern /stɜːn/** n. 尾部, 船尾, 臀 13
- stew /stjuː/** n. 炖的肉和蔬菜
v. 炖, 烩, 煨 15
- stick /stɪk/** n. 枝条, 枯枝; 条状物 19
- stiff /stɪf/** a. 坚硬的, 生硬的; 严厉的; 艰难的 18
- stiffened /'stɪfend/** v-ed. 使僵硬、挺直 28
- still /stɪl/** n. 蒸馏室, 寂静, 剧照
v. 蒸馏, (使) 平静, (使) 静止
a. 静止的, 不动的, 静寂的, 不起泡的, 静物摄影的
adv. 仍然, 更, 静止地
conj. 然而, 但是 12
- sting /stɪŋ/** n. v. 叮, 刺痛
- stingray /'stɪŋreɪ/** n. 刺鳐, 俗称黄貂鱼、魔鬼鱼 45
- storm-bound /'stɔːm.baʊnd/** a. 被暴风雨所阻 22
- straggler /'stræglə/** n. 游荡者, 掉队者 22
- straightened /'streitnd/** v-ed. 挺直身子, 平正; 整理, 清理
- strain /strem/** n. (拉到极端的) 张力, 拉力 23
- strained /'streɪnd/** a. 紧张的, 焦悴的, 矫饰的 49
- strange /stremɡ/** a. 奇怪的, 陌生的; 不寻常的, 不可思议的; 奇怪的 13
- strangeness /'stremdʒnəs/** n. 奇妙, 不可思议; 陌生 43
- straw /strɔː/** n. 稻草, 麦管
a. 稻草的, 稻草色的 24
- stray /streɪ/** n. 走失或离群的家畜; 迷路或离群者
a. 走失的, 离群的
v. 逃离, 逃脱 20
- streak /striːk/** n. 条理, 斑纹 25
- stream /striːm/** n. 小河, 小溪; 水、人、气流 11
- strength /strepθ/** n. 力量, 强度 17
- strengthen /'strepθən/** vt. 加强, 变坚固
vi. 变强, 股票上涨 29
- stretched /stretʃt/** v-ed. 伸展, 张开, 曲解 37
- stretching /'stretʃɪŋ/** n. 伸展, 锻伸 29
- stricken /'strɪkən/** a. 受打击的, 负了伤的, 衰老的, 受灾的 25
- stringiness /'stɪŋgɪnəs/** n. 多筋、纤维、柴的状态 45
- strip /striːp/** n. 长条, 条状, 带 12
- stripe /straɪp/** n. 斑纹, 条纹 26
- stroke /strəʊk/** n. 敲打, 击打, 打击 22
- struck /strʌk/** strike 的过去式和过去分词, 碰(到)、撞(到) 21
- stuff /stʌf/** n. 原料, 要素, 材料 11, 13
- stung /stʌŋ/** v-ed. 45, 见 **sting**
- stupidity /'stjuːpɪdɪti/** n. 愚蠢, 糊涂事 46
- sturdy /'stɔːdɪ/** a. 强健的, 健全的 13
- subdue /səb'djuː/** vt. 征服, 制服; 抑制, 克制 13
- submerged /səb'maɪdʒd/** a. 水下的, 在水中的 28
- sudden /'sʌdn/** n. 突然, 忽然
a. 突然的, 意外的, 快速的 18
- suffer /'sʌfə/** v. 受苦, 受难 41
- suffering /'sʌfərɪŋ/** n. 痛苦, 苦难, 折磨 31
- summoned /'sʌmənd/** v-ed. 鼓起, 展现(勇气) 41
- sun-burned** 被太阳灼伤的, 引申为相当光亮的
- sung /sʌŋ/** v-ed. sing 22
- supply /sə'plai/** n. 补给, 供给, 供应品 15
- suppose /sə'poʊz/** vt. 料想, 认为, 估计
vi. 猜想 27
- surf /sɜːf/** n. 海浪 17
- surface /'sɜːfɪs/** n. 表面 18
- surge /sərʒ/** n. 巨涌, 汹涌, 翻腾 26
- sustenance /'səstɪnəns/** n. 生活资料, 食物, 营养 34
- swallow /'swɒləʊ/** n. 燕子; 吞咽
v. 吞, 咽; 吞没, 淹没 19, 23
- swallowing /'swɒləʊɪŋ/** v-ing. 44, 见 **swallow**
- swamped /'swɒmpt/** v-ed. 淹, 淹没 41
- sweat /swet/** n. 汗, 汗水
v. 出汗 22
- sweet /swiːt/** a. 甜的 12
- swinging /'swɪŋɪŋ/** swing 的现在分词 24
- swirl /swɔːl/** n. 漩涡
v. 打旋, 旋转 18
- sword /sɔːd/** n. 剑状物, 剑 42
- swung /swaŋ/** swing 的过去式和过去分词, 摆摆, 旋转 21

T

- tackle /'tækəl/** n. 吊具 12
- tapered /'teɪpəd/** v-ed. 逐渐变窄变细 30
- tar /ta(r)/** v. n. 柏油 17
- taut /tɔːt/** a. 拉紧的, 绷紧的 22
- tavern /'tævən/** n. 酒馆, 客栈 32
- tear /tɪə, teə/** n. 泪滴, 眼泪
v1. 撕裂, 撕碎, 扯破
v2. 50
- tearing /'teərɪŋ/** v-ing. 49, 见 **tear**
- teetered /'tiːtəd/** v-ed. 摆晃, 酣跹, 摆摇欲坠 27
- tempered /'tempəd/** a. 回火的, 缓和的 52
- temptation /temp'tenənz/** n. 诱惑, 诱惑物 13, 39
- tension /'tenʃən/** n. v. 拉紧, 绷紧,(精神上) 紧张 23
- tentative /'tentətɪv/** a. 试探(性)的; 暂时的; 初步的 23
- terminal /'təːmɪnl/** n. 终端机 14
- tern /tɜːn/** n. 鸥鸟 19
- Terrace /'terəs/** 本意是露台、阳台。首字母大写指的是露台店铺, 书中指“露台酒吧”。11

thick /θɪk/ a. 厚的, 粗壮的, 浓的,
adv. 厚地, 密地, 浓浓地 19

thigh /θaɪ/ n. 大腿, 股 30

thinly /'θɪnlɪ/ adv. 薄, 细, 瘦 20

thirsty /'θɜːstɪ/ a. 口渴的, 渴望的, 干燥的 24

thole /θəʊl/ n. 桨拴, 桨架 18

thoughtful /'θɔːfʊl/ a. 深思的, 体贴的 15

thoughtless /'θɔːθlɪs/ a. 欠考虑的, 无深虑的, 轻率的 15

threw /θruː/ throw 的过去式 33

throw /θrəʊ/ v. 丢, 掷, 抛 n. 投掷 12

thrust /θrʌst/ n. v. 猛推、插或刺 18

thumb /θʌm/ n. 拇指 23

thumped /θʌmpt/ v-ed. 重击, 锤击, 撞击 22

thwart /θwɔːt/ n. 划手座, 横坐板 12

tide /taɪd/ n. 潮汐, 趋势, 潮流 52

tied /taɪd/ v. 系 (tie 的过去式和过去分词) 19

tight /taɪt/ a. adv. 紧、牢牢的 (地) 24

tightened /taɪtned/ v-ed. (使) 变紧; (使) 缩紧; 加紧 23

tiller /'tɪlə/ n.(小船的) 舵柄 43

timid /'tɪmɪd/ a. 胆小的, 羞怯的 16

tinted /'tɪntɪd/ a. 染有颜色的 13

tip /tɪp/ n. 顶, 尖端, 梢, 末端, 36

tiredness /'taɪədnɪs/ n. 疲劳, 疲倦 50

toe /təʊ/ n. 脚趾 23

tore /tɔː/ v-ed. tear 的过去式 12, 见 **tear**

torn /tɔːn/ v-ed. tear 的过去分词 47, 见 **tear**

tossed /tɔːst/ v-ed. (轻轻或漫不经心地) 扔, 抛 34

tough /tʌf/ a. 坚韧的, 坚固的 13

toward /tə'wɔːd/ prep. 向, 对于, 为了
a. 即将来临的, 进行中的 20

towed /təʊd/ v-ed. 拖, 拉, 拽 24

towel /'təʊəl/ n. 手巾, 毛巾 15

towing /'təʊɪŋ/ v-ing. 拖, 拉, 牵引 43

trace /treɪs/ n. 痕迹, 踪迹
v. 追踪 43

trail /trےɪl/ n. 小道, 小径; 踪迹, 痕迹
v. 拖, 拉; 蔓生, 蔓延; 追踪 18

trailing /'trےɪlnɪŋ/ a. 牵引的; 后面的; 被拖动的; 蔓延的; 拖尾的 21

traitor /'treɪtə/ n. 叛徒, 叛逆者, 叛国者 33

translation /træn'sleɪʃən/ n. 翻译, 译文, 转化 46

trap /træp/ n. 网套, 陷阱 26

treachery /'treɪʃəri/ n. 欺骗行为, 欺骗性; 背叛, 变节 26

trembling /'tremblɪŋ/ a. 颤动的, 战栗的 18

tremendous /'trɛməndəs/ a. 巨大的, 非常的, 可怕的 33

triangular /tri'æŋgjʊlə/ a. 三角形的, 三人间的 46

trick /trɪk/ n. 诡计, 花招, 骗局 13

trickery /'trɪkəri/ n. 欺骗, 哄骗 43

trickle /'trɪkl/ v. n. 滴, 淌, 细流 22

tropic /'trɒpɪk/ n. a. 热带 (的), 回归线 (的) 11

truly /'truːli/ adv. 真实地, 不假

trunk /trʌŋk/ n. 躯干, 树干

tunnel /'tʌnl/ n. 隧道 37

turtle /'tɜːtl/ n. 海龟, go turtle-ing, 捕海龟 13

twisted /'twɪstɪd/ v-ed. 使弯曲, 使扭曲; 转动

U

unavoidable /,ʌnə'veɪdəbl/ a. 不可避免的, 必然的 25

unbearable /,ʌn'bɪərəbl/ a. 无法忍受的, 不能容忍的 45

undefeated /,ʌndɪ'fiːtɪd/ a. (体育) 不败的, 未尝败绩的 11

understanding /'ʌndə'stændɪŋ/ n. 理解, 领悟, 了解 45

undulation /,ʌndʒu'lɛʃən/ n. 波动, 波状弯曲, 起伏 29

unendingly /'ʌn'endɪŋglɪ/ adv. 无止境地, 不尽地 30

unintelligent /'ʌnm'telɪdʒənt/ a. 缺乏才智的, 愚蠢的 22

unjust /'ʌn'jʌst/ a. 不公平公正的 31

unknotting /'ʌn'knɒtɪŋ/ v-ing. (肌肉) 放松; 解开 (解) 30

unleashed /'ʌn'liːʃt/ v-ed(感情、力量等) 释放 23

unrolling /'ʌn'rəʊlɪŋ/ v-ing. (卷状物) 铺开, 展开 23

un-stepped 从桅座上取下 (桅杆) 24

untie /'ʌn'taɪ/ v. 解开, 松开 29

untied /'ʌn'taɪd/ v-ed. 42, 见 **untie**

unworthy /'ʌn'wɜːðɪ/ a. 不值得的, 不配得到的 31

urinated /'juːrə,nɪtɪd/ v-ed. 小便, 排尿 17

useless /'juːsləs/ a. 无用的, 无效的 49

usual /'juːʒʊəl/ a. 平常的, 通常的 31

V

various /'veərɪəs/ a. 不同的, 各种各样的 29

vast /vɑːst/ a. 巨大的; 广阔的 37

vent /vent/ n. (鱼、鸟等小动物的) 肛门; 排气口, 通风孔 36

vertebrae /vɜːrtɪbrə/ n. 椎骨

violated /vɪələteɪtɪd/ v-ed. 亵渎; 违反; 侵犯 49

violet /'vaɪəlɪt/ n. 萼菜, 紫罗兰
a. 萼菜科的, 紫罗兰色的 42

virtue /'vɔːtʃu:/ n. 德行, 美德 22

visible /'vɪzəbl/ a. 看得见的, 明显的, 显然的 n. 可见物 24

vision /'vɪʒən/ n. 视觉; 眼光; 视力; 幻想 41

vomit /'vɒmɪt/ v. 呕吐 30

W

waken /'weɪkn/ v. 唤醒, 使觉醒 17

wallowing /'wɒləʊɪŋ/ v-ing. 打滚, 颠簸前进 42

wandering /'wɒndərɪŋ/ a. 漫游的; 闲逛的; 流浪的 18

warbler /'wɔːblə/ n. 鸟科鸟, 鸣禽 27

wave /weɪv/ n. 波涛, 波浪 41

weaving /'wɪvɪŋ/ v-ing. 编织 39

wedge-shaped /'wedʒeʃeɪpt/ a. 楔形的 28

weed /wiːd/ n. 杂草, 野草 21

weighed /weɪd/ v-ed. 称重 21

welt /'welt/ n. (被打、撞后的) 红肿 21

whiplash /'wɪplæʃ/ n. 鞭打损伤 21

whore /hɔː/ n. 妓子, 娼妓 21

wicked /'wɪkɪd/ a. 坏的, 邪恶的, 缺德的 19

widen /'waɪdn/ v. 放宽, 加宽, 变宽 27

widespread /'waɪdspreɪd/ a. 充分伸展的, 广布的, 普及的, 流传广的 20

wing /wɪŋ/ n. 翅膀, 机翼 18

wiped /'waɪpt/ v-ed. 擦; 拭 28

wire /'waɪə/ n. 金属丝 (线) 20

wise /waɪz/ a. 聪明的, 智慧的 25

withdraw /'wiðdrɔː/ v. 撤回, 取回, 退出, 撤退

withdrew /'wiðdrʊ:/, /wiθ-/ v-ed. withdraw, (将某物从某处) 抽回;(从战区等地) 撤退 46

withheld /'wiðhɛld/ v-ed. withhold, 拒给, 不给 19

within /'wiðɪn/ n. 内部, 里头
adv. 在内部, 在内心里
prep. 在... 之内

wonder /'wʌndə/ v. n. 惊叹, 惊奇, 想知道 12

worn /wɔ:n/ a. 用旧(坏)的
v-ed. wear 过去分词 [34](#)

wound /wu:nd/ n. 创伤, 伤口 [39](#)

wrapped /ræpt/ v-ed. 用…包裹、缠绕 a. 有包装的 [13](#)

wrenched /renʃt/ v-ed. (猛力地) 扭、拽 [48](#)

wrinkle /'rɪŋkl/ n. 皱纹, 褶皱 [11](#)

Y

yard /jɑ:d/ n. 码(3英尺, 0.91米) [21](#)