

**Short Stories**  
**by Famous American Writers**

*edited with notes by*

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**SANSHUSHA**

## は し が き

イギリスに比べるとアメリカは歴史が浅く、伝統という点からは多くの文化的領域で一步譲らざるを得ない。しかし短篇小説の分野を見るかぎり、その活動はむしろイギリスを凌駕して来たように思われる。これは小説そのものの確立が18世紀という比較的新しい時代になされ、短篇小説はさらに遅れて発生したものであるからなのだろう。ともかくアメリカでは18世紀末に政治的独立が達成されたのち、最初に現れた重要な文学者 Washington Irving が *The Sketch Book* で名を成して以来、このジャンルでは多くの作家が活躍し、おびただし傑作を産み出して来た。

その中でも E. A. Poe, Ambrose Bierce, O. Henry, Sherwood Anderson といった人たちは、短篇小説の歴史を語る時、決して忘れてはならぬ名前であろう。しかしそれと同様に大切なことは、一般に長篇小説家として知られている作家たちの大部分が、短篇小説の分野でもまた大いに活躍して来たことである。N. Hawthorne や Mark Twain, Henry James らは暫くおくとしても、20世紀の秀れた小説家たちはそのほとんどが短篇小説の名手でもあった。Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Welty, Ann Porter, Salinger さらには Updike や Oates といった具合に、思いつくままに名をあげていっても果てしないほどである。

このように豊かなアメリカの短篇小説について、たとえその一端にせよ示そうとするためには、このテキストは余りに短か過ぎる。しかしここに収録された作家たちはそれぞれがアメリカ文学史の中で重要な働きをしてきた人々であり、またここでの作品はごく短いものではあるが、何らかの意味で彼らの特徴を十分に表しているものである。テキストでの配列は難易度や長短を考えたため必ずしも発表年代順にはなっていないが、次に作家たちを生年順に簡単に紹介しておこう。

### O. Henry (1862~1910)

本名は William Sydney Porter. 種々の職業を経験したのち晩年に

なって短篇小説を書き始めた。したがって作家活動は10年に満たないが、多作な作家で数百にのぼる短篇を残している。その多くはNew Yorkの中・下層市民を扱い、彼らの生活をユーモアとペイソスをもって語った。ときに感傷的になることもあるが、ストーリー・テラーとしての才能は抜群で、多くの愛読者を持っている。

#### **Stephen Crane (1871~1900)**

アメリカの自然主義初期の代表的作家。大学卒業後 New York に出た新聞記者となり、そこの裏町の悲惨な生活をつぶさに観察し、*Maggie, A Girl of the Streets* を書いた。代表作に南北戦争を舞台とした *The Red Badge of Courage* がある。短篇作家としても秀れた作品を残している。環境の力のもとでは無力な存在である人間の姿をアイロニカルに描いたものが多く、テキストで取上げた“A Dark-Brown Dog”にも多分にその味わいがある。

#### **William Carlos Williams (1883~1963)**

Pennsylvania 大学や Leipzig 大学で医学を修め、故郷の New Jersey 州で小児科医として医院を開業するかたわら詩や小説、評論にも手を染めた。とくに詩の領域では20世紀前半の実験派詩人グループの重鎮であった。“The Use of Force”は短い作品であるが、医師らしい客観的な観察力と、文学者としての内省的な精神を見事に結合させている。

#### **Ernest Hemingway (1899~1961)**

William Faulkner と並ぶ20世紀アメリカの代表的小説家。ノーベル文学賞を1954年に受賞している。代表作に、*The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *The Old Man and the Sea* などがあるが、短篇作家としても名手の誉れが高い。1938年に出版した *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories* には彼の多くの傑作短篇小説が含まれている。テキストに収録した作品もこの短篇集からとったものである。

#### **William Saroyan (1908~ )**

アルメニア系の移民の子として California 州の Fresno で生まれた。貧困のため幼時を孤児院で過ごした。高校卒業後種々の職業を経たのち、短篇小説を書き始めた。処女短篇集 *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* で成功を収めて以来、多くの短篇や戯曲を発

表し独得の人気を得ている。幼い頃の貧しく苦しい生活にもかかわらず、彼の作品には常に人間的な温かみを感じられ、簡明な文体の中にも素朴なユーモアとペイソスが潜んでいる。

#### **Eudora Welty (1909～ )**

Mississippi 州の Jackson に生まれ、Wisconsin, Columbia などの大学で学んだのち、故郷に帰り小説を書き始めた。1941年に“A Visit of Charity”を含む処女短篇集 *A Curtain of Green* を出版して好評をばくした。アメリカ南部の過去と現在の生活を素材とし、微妙にゆれ動く人間心理の陰影を描くことに卓越した才能を持っている。また彼女がその心理的な作品の中で追究しようとしたのは、1940年代の作家に共通する人間の「孤独」の問題であったように思われる。

#### **Bernard Malamud (1914～ )**

1950年から60年代にかけて、いわゆる「ユダヤ系作家の時代」をもたらした代表的小説家の1人。ロシアから移住してきた貧しい商店主の息子として New York の Brooklyn に生まれた。New York 市立大学、Columbia 大学などで学んだのち、作家活動に入ったが、初期の作品には、幼い頃自分の周囲で見聞したユダヤ系移民の生きるための苦闘を扱ったものが多い。彼の代表作 *The Assistant* もそうでありまた、その翌年出版された短篇集 *The Magic Barrel* も同様の素材を扱ったものを多く含んでいる。テキストに収録した“The Loan”もそれらのもののひとつである。

以上が本書で扱った作家たちの簡単な紹介である。先にも述べたように、この僅かなスペースでは到底アメリカ短篇小説の全貌を伝えることはできない。しかしこれらの作品を読んだだけでも、その面白さと雰囲気はかなりの程度味わえるのではないかと期待している。初級の学習者のことも考えて、かなり詳しい注をつけてあるので、これらの作品を読み、できればこれを契機として、さらに多くのアメリカ短篇小説にふれていただければ幸いである。

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編 注 者

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*O. Henry*

## AFTER TWENTY YEARS

**T**HE policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely 10 o'clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh depeopled the streets.

Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye adown the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his stalwart form and slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened

hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.

“It’s all right, officer,” he said, reassuringly. “I’m just  
5 waiting for a friend. It’s an appointment made twenty  
years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn’t it? Well,  
I’ll explain if you’d like to make certain it’s all straight.  
About that long ago there used to be a restaurant where  
this store stands—‘Big Joe’ Brady’s restaurant.”

10 “Until five years ago,” said the policeman. “It was  
torn down then.”

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his  
cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with  
keen eyes, and a little white scar near his right eyebrow.  
15 His scarfpin was a large diamond, oddly set.

“Twenty years ago to-night,” said the man, “I dined  
here at ‘Big Joe’ Brady’s with Jimmy Wells, my best  
chum, and the finest chap in the world. He and I were  
raised here in New York, just like two brothers, to-  
20 gether. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next  
morning I was to start for the West to make my for-  
tune. You couldn’t have dragged Jimmy out of New  
York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well,  
we agreed that night that we would meet here again  
25 exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter

what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be."

"It sounds pretty interesting," said the policeman. 5  
"Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven't you heard from your friend since you left?"

"Well, yes, for a time we corresponded," said the other. "But after a year or two we lost track of each 10  
other. You see, the West is a pretty big proposition, and I kept hustling around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he always was the truest, stanchest old chap in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in 15  
this door to-night, and it's worth it if my old partner turns up."

The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with small diamonds.

"Three minutes to ten," he announced. "It was ex-20  
actly ten o'clock when we parted here at the restaurant door."

"Did pretty well out West, didn't you?" asked the policeman.

"You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He 25



was a kind of plodder, though, good fellow as he was. I've had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile. A man gets in a groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him."

5 The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.

"I'll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going to call time on him sharp?"

"I should say not!" said the other. "I'll give him half  
10 an hour at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he'll be here by that time. So long, officer."

"Good-night, sir," said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.

There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the  
15 wind had risen from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers astir in that quarter hurried dismally and silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand  
20 miles to fill an appointment, uncertain almost to absurdity, with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears,  
25 hurried across from the opposite side of the street.

He went directly to the waiting man.

"Is that you, Bob?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Is that you, Jimmy Wells?" cried the man in the door.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the new arrival, grasping both the other's hands with his own. "It's Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I'd find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well!—twenty years is a long time. The old restaurant's gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?"

"Bully; it has given me everything I asked it for. You've changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches."

"Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty."

15

"Doing well in New York, Jimmy?"

"Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob; we'll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times."

The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the West, his egotism enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career. The other, submerged in his overcoat, listened with interest.

At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of

them turned simultaneously to gaze upon the other's face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.

5 "You're not Jimmy Wells," he snapped. "Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man's nose from a Roman to a pug."

"It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one," said the tall man. "You've been under arrest for ten 10 minutes, 'Silky' Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That's sensible. Now, before we go to the station here's a note I was asked to hand to you. You may read it here at the 15 window. It's from Patrolman Wells."

The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.

20 Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself, so I went around and got a plain clothes man to do the job.

*Ernest Hemingway*

## A DAY'S WAIT

**H**E came into the room to shut the windows while we were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was shivering, his face was white, and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

'What's the matter, Schatz?'

5

'I've got a headache.'

'You better go back to bed.'

'No, I'm all right.'

'You go to bed. I'll see you when I'm dressed.'

But when I came downstairs he was dressed, sitting<sup>10</sup> by the fire, looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years. When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever.

'You go up to bed,' I said, 'you're sick.'

'I'm all right,' he said.

15

When the doctor came he took the boy's temperature.

'What is it?' I asked him.

'One hundred and two.'

Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different coloured capsules with instructions for giving them. One was to bring down the fever, another a purgative, the third to overcome an acid condition. 5 The germs of influenza can only exist in an acid condition, he explained. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light epidemic of flu and there was no danger 10 if you avoided pneumonia.

Back in the room I wrote the boy's temperature down and made a note of the time to give the various capsules.

'Do you want me to read to you?'

15 'All right. If you want to,' said the boy. His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in the bed and seemed very detached from what was going on.

I read aloud from Howard Pyle's *Book of Pirates*; 20 but I could see he was not following what I was reading.

'How do you feel, Schatz?' I asked him.

'Just the same, so far,' he said.

I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. It 25 would have been natural for him to go to sleep, but

when I looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed, looking very strangely.

'Why don't you try to go to sleep? I'll wake you up for the medicine.'

'I'd rather stay awake.' 5

After a while he said to me, 'You don't have to stay in here with me, Papa, if it bothers you.'

'It doesn't bother me.'

'No, I mean you don't have to stay if it's going to bother you.' 10

I thought perhaps he was a little lightheaded and after giving him the prescribed capsules at eleven o'clock I went out for a while.

It was a bright, cold day, the ground covered with a sleet that had frozen so that it seemed as if all the bare 15 trees, the bushes, the cut brush and all the grass and the bare ground had been varnished with ice. I took the young Irish setter for a little walk up the road and along a frozen creek, but it was difficult to stand or walk on the glassy surface and the red dog slipped and slithered 20 and I fell twice, hard, once dropping my gun and having it slide away over the ice.

We flushed a covey of quail under a high bank with overhanging brush and I killed two as they went out of sight over the top of the bank. Some of the covey lit in 25

trees, but most of them scattered into brush piles and it was necessary to jump on the ice-coated mounds of brush several times before they would flush. Coming out while you were poised unsteadily on the icy, springy  
5 brush they made difficult shooting and I killed two, missed five, and started back pleased to have found a covey close to the house and happy there were so many left to find on another day.

At the house they said the boy had refused to let  
10 anyone come into the room.

‘You can’t come in,’ he said. ‘You mustn’t get what I have.’

I went up to him and found him in exactly the position I had left him, white-faced, but with the tops  
15 of his cheeks flushed by the fever, staring still, as he had stared, at the foot of the bed.

I took his temperature.

‘What is it?’

‘Something like a hundred,’ I said. It was one hundred  
20 and two and four-tenths.

‘It was a hundred and two,’ he said.

‘Who said so?’

‘The doctor.’

‘Your temperature is all right,’ I said. ‘It’s nothing to  
25 worry about.’

'I don't worry,' he said, 'but I can't keep from thinking.'

'Don't think,' I said. 'Just take it easy.'

'I'm taking it easy,' he said, and looked straight ahead. He was evidently holding tight on to himself about something.

'Take this with water.'

'Do you think it will do any good?'

'Of course it will.'

I sat down and opened the *Pirate* book and commenced to read, but I could see he was not following, so I stopped.

'About what time do you think I'm going to die?' he asked.

'What?'

15

'About how long will it be before I die?'

'You aren't going to die. What's the matter with you?'

'Oh, yes, I am. I heard him say a hundred and two.'

'People don't die with a fever of one hundred and two. That's a silly way to talk.'

'I know they do. At school in France the boys told me you can't live with forty-four degrees. I've got a hundred and two.'

He had been waiting to die all day, ever since nine<sup>25</sup>



o'clock in the morning.

'You poor Schatz,' I said. 'Poor old Schatz. It's like miles and kilometres. You aren't going to die. That's a different thermometer. On that thermometer thirty-  
5 seven is normal. On this kind it's ninety-eight.'

'Absolutely,' I said. 'It's like miles and kilometres. You know, like how many kilometres we make when we do seventy miles in the car?'

'Oh,' he said.

10 But his gaze at the foot of the bed relaxed slowly. The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day it was very slack and he cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.

*William Saroyan*

## THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER

**I**T is the opinion of my grandmother, God bless her, that all men should labour, and at the table, a moment ago, she said to me: You must learn to do some good work, the making of some item useful to man, something out of clay, or out of wood, or metal, 5 or cloth. It is not proper for a young man to be ignorant of an honourable craft. Is there anything you can make? Can you make a simple table, a chair, a plain dish, a rug, a coffee pot? Is there anything you can do?

And my grandmother looked at me with anger. 10

I know, she said, you are supposed to be a writer, and I suppose you are. You certainly smoke enough cigarettes to be anything, and the whole house is full of the smoke, but you must learn to make solid things, things that can be used, that can be seen and touched. 15

There was a king of the Persians, said my grandmother, and he had a son, and this boy fell in love with a shepherd's daughter. He went to his father and he said,

My lord, I love a shepherd's daughter, and I would have her for my wife. And the king said, I am king and you are my son and when I die you shall be king, how can it be that you would marry the daughter of a shepherd? And the son said, My lord, I do not know but I know that I love this girl and would have her for my queen.

The king saw that his son's love for the girl was from God, and he said, I will send a message to her. And he called a messenger to him and he said, Go to the shepherd's daughter and say that my son loves her and would have her for his wife. And the messenger went to the girl and he said, The king's son loves you and would have you for his wife. And the girl said, What labour does he do? And the messenger said, Why, he is the son of the king; he does no labour. And the girl said, He must learn to do some labour. And the messenger returned to the king and spoke the words of the shepherd's daughter.

The king said to his son, The shepherd's daughter wishes you to learn some craft. Would you still have her for your wife? And the son said, Yes, I will learn to weave straw rugs. And the boy was taught to weave rugs of straw, in patterns and in colours and with ornamental designs, and at the end of three days he was

making very fine straw rugs, and the messenger returned to the shepherd's daughter, and he said, These rugs of straw are the work of the king's son.

And the girl went with the messenger to the king's palace, and she became the wife of the king's son. 5

One day, said my grandmother, the king's son was walking through the streets of Baghdad, and he came upon an eating place which was so clean and cool that he entered it and sat at a table.

This place, said my grandmother, was a place of 10 thieves and murderers, and they took the king's son and placed him in a large dungeon where many great men of the city were being held, and the thieves and murderers were killing the fattest of the men and feeding them to the leanest of them, and making sport of it. 15 The king's son was of the leanest of the men, and it was not known that he was the son of the king of the Persians, so his life was spared, and he said to the thieves and murderers, I am a weaver of straw rugs and these rugs have great value. And they brought him straw 20 and asked him to weave and in three days he weaved three rugs, and he said, Carry these rugs to the palace of the king of the Persians, and for each rug he will give you a hundred gold pieces of money. And the rugs were carried to the palace of the king, and when the 25

king saw the rugs he saw that they were the work of his son and he took the rugs to the shepherd's daughter and he said, These rugs were brought to the palace and they are the work of my son who is lost. And the shepherd's daughter took each rug and looked at it closely and in the design of each rug she saw in the written language of the Persians a message from her husband, and she related this message to the king.

And the king, said my grandmother, sent many soldiers to the place of the thieves and murderers, and the soldiers rescued all the captives and killed all the thieves and murderers, and the king's son was returned safely to the palace of his father, and to the company of his wife, the little shepherd's daughter. And when the boy went into the palace and saw again his wife, he humbled himself before her and he embraced her feet, and he said, My love, it is because of you that I am alive, and the king was greatly pleased with the shepherd's daughter.

Now, said my grandmother, do you see why every man should learn an honourable craft?

I see very clearly, I said, and as soon as I earn enough money to buy a saw and a hammer and a piece of lumber I shall do my best to make a simple chair or a shelf for books.

## NOTES

### *After Twenty Years*

20年後の再会を約束して別れた2人の男が、約束通り New York の街角で出会う。その時、一方は警官になっていた。ところが彼が約束の場所に発見したかつての友はお尋ね者の身の上だった。いち早くその場の状況を察知した警官は友達を逮捕するにしのびず、相手に気づかれぬうちにその場を立去る。やがて代わりに現れたのは、彼の手紙を手にして逮捕に現れた彼の同僚の警官だった。運命の皮肉と人情の機微にふれたこの作品は、O. Henry の傑作のひとつと考えられている。

#### Page Line

- 1 1 **on the beat** 「巡回中の」 Cf. a policeman's beat=the precise path on which he comes and goes on duty: to be on the (one's) beat=in the act of going one's rounds (UED)
- 4 **with a taste of rain in them** 「雨まじりの」 a taste=a little bit
- 5 **well nigh**=almost, very nearly
- 7 **Trying doors . . .**=Examining doors . . . 以下の twirling . . . , turning . . . と共に the officer の状況を説明する分詞構文。
- 9 **adown** [ədáun] (《詩》)=down
- 11 **made a fine picture of ~** 「~の素晴らしい絵になっていた」 picture 「まるで絵にかいたような風景(人物)」 e.g. This ship was a perfect picture. (その船は全く一幅の絵だった)
- 12 **kept early hours** 「早寝早起きをする」
- 17 **When about . . .** i.e. When he came about . . .  
**block** 「街区」=(the distance along one of the sides of) a building or group of buildings built between 2 streets (LDCE)
- 2 6 **Sounds a little funny . . .** i.e. It sounds a little funny . . . 「ちょっとばかり奇妙に聞こえる」
- 7 **if you'd like to make certain . . .** 「...を確かめたいのであれば」
- 9 **'Big Joe' Brady's** [bréidi] **restaurant** 「ビッグ・ジョウ・ブレイディの食堂」 'Big Joe' は本名でなく通称のため ' ' を付したもの。
- 15 **His scarfpin . . . , oddly set.** i.e. His scarfpin was oddly set with a diamond.

- 18 **chum**=a good friend, esp. among boys (*LDCE*)  
**chap**=a man or boy (*LDCE*)
- 3 1 (no matter) from what distance we might have to come 「どんなに遠くから我々が来なくてはならないにしろ」  
 3 ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made 「我々の運命も切りひらかれ、運勢も決められているはずだ」  
 4 they *i.e.* fortunes  
 7 heard from ~ 「~から便りをもらった」  
 10 lost track of ~ 「~を見失った、~を忘れた」
- 11 a pretty big proposition 「かなりでっかい代物」 proposition = a problem or undertaking, something to be dealt with (*OAD*)
- 12 over it *i.e.* over the West
- 14 the truest, staunchest old chap in the world 「世界で一番誠実で信頼できる奴」 staunch=staunch 「堅実な、信頼できる」 old は単に親愛の情を示す語で、「老人」の意味ではない。
- 16 it's worth it=it's worth coming a thousand miles
- 17 turn up=appear
- 18 the lids of it set with ... = the lids of it being set with ... lids 「(懐中時計の) 両蓋」
- 23 Did pretty well *i.e.* You did pretty well. do well 「成功する、出世する」
- 25 You bet! 「もちろん、確かに」  
 half as well=half as well as I have done
- 4 1 good fellow as he was=though he was a good fellow  
 2 the sharpest wits going to get my pile = the sharpest wits who were going to get my pile 「私の財産をかつぱらおうとするこの上ない抜け目のない奴ら」 pile=large quantity of money  
 3 gets in a groove [gru:v] 「型にはまる、月並みになる」  
 4 It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him. 「男がかみそりの刃のような鋭さを身につけるには西部という場所が必要だ」  
 8 Going to call time on him sharp? =Are you going to ...?  
 「彼との約束を時間ぴったりで中止するつもりかね」 call time 「(試合時間を)〈一時〉中止する、タイムする」 *e.g.* The umpire called time while the field was cleared. (フィールドが片付くまで審判は試合を一時中止した[タイムを宣した]) (研究社『新英和大辞典』)

- 16 **The few foot passengers astir in that quarter** 「そのあたりを歩いているわずかな通行人」
- 20 **uncertain almost to absurdity** 「ばからしい程不確実な」 前に which was を補って考える。
- 5 5 **Bless my heart!** 「こりゃ驚いた」
- 7 **sure as fate** 「全く確実に」
- if you were still in existence** 「まだ君が生きていれば」
- 13 **you were so tall by two or three inches** you were so tall は you were taller than I とすべきところ。
- 6 5 **snapped**=spoke quickly and sharply
- 7 **a Roman (nose)** 「ローマ鼻」 わし鼻に近い、鼻すじの高く通った鼻。
- a pug [pʌg] (nose)** 「獅子っ鼻」
- 9 **You've been under arrest . . . , 'Silky' Bob.** 「シルキー・ボブ、お前はもう10分前から逮捕されているんだ」 silky=(of voice or manner) smooth, soft and caressing (*UED*) 〈人あたりの良い、詐欺師的な〉の意味でつけられたあだ名。
- 10 **Chicago** *i.e.* Chicago Police
- 11 **dropped over our way** 「こちらの方面に立ち回った」
- she** *i.e.* Chicago Police
- 12 **That's sensible.** 「そのほうが身のためだぞ」
- 22 **the man wanted in Chicago** 「シカゴで指名手配中の男」
- 23 **do it** *i.e.* arrest you
- a plain clothes man** 「私服刑事」

### *A Day's Wait*

9歳の少年が流感にかかる。この少年はかつてフランスで、友達から、人間は44°以上熱が出ると生きられないと教わっていた。医師が来て少年の体温が102°だと告げたとき、摂氏と華氏の2通りの測り方の存在を知らなかった少年はひそかに死を決意する。死を思いながら1日を過ごしたのち、父からその違いを教えられてはじめて少年は生気を取りもどす。Hemingwayの作品としては、ごく軽いものであるが、死ぬ運命にあると信じたときの少年の克己的な態度に、この作者の特徴がうかがわれる。



- 7 4 **as though it ached to move** 「まるで動くと思むかのように」  
 5 **Schatz** [ʃa:ts]
- 14 **You go up to bed** 「上に寝に行きなさい」〈命令文〉 寝室は通常2階にある。
- 18 **one hundred and two** 「102度」 one hundred and two degrees Fahrenheit 「華氏102°」のこと。英米では日常生活では華氏を使うのが普通。とくに C (centigrade) と断わらない場合は華氏である。〈 $F=9/5C+32$ 〉したがって  $102^{\circ}F=38.9^{\circ}C$
- 8 4 **purgative** [pɜ:rgatɪv] 「下剤」  
 an **acid condition** 「(血液が)酸性の状態」
- 9 **flu** [flu:] = influenza
- 10 **pneumonia** [nju(:)móunjə] 「肺炎」
- 16 **there were dark areas under his eyes** 「(両)目の下には黒い隈ができていた」
- 19 **Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates** 「ハワード・パイルの『海賊冒険集』」 Howard Pyle (1853-1911), アメリカのさし絵画家であったが、19世紀末に神話伝説や英雄物語の retold 物が盛んになるにつれて、少年向けの物語を多く出版した。
- 20 **he was not following ... i.e. he was not grasping the meaning of ...**
- 23 **at the foot of the bed** 「ベッドの足許のところに」
- 24 **waited for it to be time to give another capsule** 「(時間が)別のカプセルを与える時になるのを待っていた」
- 9 11 **he was a little lightheaded** 「彼は少し頭がおかしくなっていた」
- 14 **a sleet that had frozen** 「雨氷」 気温の低い時に降った雨またはみぞれが樹木、道路、電線などに凍りついたもの。
- 18 **Irish setter** 「アイリッシュ・セッター」〈アイルランドのマホガニー色または濃い栗紅色の鳥獣犬種のイヌ〉(研究社『新英和大辞典』)
- 23 **a covey of quail** [kweil] 「ウズラの一群」 covey [kóvi] 「(ウズラ・シャコなどの)小さな群れ」
- 10 1 **brush piles = brush wood** 「茂ったやぶ」  
 3 **Coming out while you were ... they made difficult shooting**  
 「凍って弾力のあるやぶの上でバランスをとっている間に(ウズラたちが)飛びだして来るので、射撃を困難なものにした」

- 9 **refused to let anyone come into the room** 「誰も部屋に入るのを許さなかった」
- 11 **You mustn't get what I have.** 「僕がかかっているものにうつつてはいけない」 what I have *i.e.* influenza
- 19 **something like** 「およそ、ざっと」  
**one hundred and two and four-tenths** 「102.4」 four-tenths=  
 4/10
- 11 5 **He was evidently holding tight on to himself about something.**  
 「彼が何かのことについて必死に自己を失うまいとしていたことは明らかだった」 hold tight on to ~ = keep a firm grip on ~
- 19 **Oh, yes, I am.** 「ううん、僕は死ぬんだよ」 *i.e.* I am going to die.
- 22 **I know they do.** *i.e.* I know people die.
- 23 **forty-four degrees** 「44°」 *i.e.* forty-four degrees centigrade = 111°F
- 12 5 **On this kind** *i.e.* On the Fahrenheit thermometer
- 11 **the hold over himself** 「自分を抑えていた力」

### *The Shepherd's Daughter*

作家になろうとしている孫に向かって、祖母が語るという形式で話は進められる。人は何かしら役立つ物を作る技術を身につけなくてはならないと、祖母は言う。そして聞かせるのが、羊飼いの娘と結婚するため、娘の望むままにゴザ (straw rugs) の編み方を習得した王子が、その技術のおかげで、危うく生命が助かるという話である。Saroyanらしい素朴で平明な語り口の中に、寓意的な意味が潜んでいると思われる。

- 13 1 **God bless her** 「神よ彼女に恵みをたれ給え」〈本当に善いおばあさんですよ〉という程度の意味。
- 2 **labour=labor** 「(骨折って) 働く」
- 4 **the making of some item useful to man** 「人間に役立つ物を作ること」
- 7 **an honourable craft** 「尊敬に価する仕事」 craft 「(手先の技術を要する) 職業・仕事」
- 8 **a plain dish** 「素焼きの皿」

- 12 **You certainly smoke enough cigarettes to be anything** 「一人前の作家なみに煙草ばかりふかしていることは確かだけど」 anything=a person of consequence
- 14 **solid things** 「手応えのある確固としたもの」 <創作のような抽象的なものでなく>
- 16 **the Persians** [pɜːʃənz] 「イラン人, (古代) ペルシア人」
- 14 1 **would have her for my wife** 「(私は)彼女を妻として娶りたいのです」
- 3 **you shall be king** 「お前を国王にするつもりだ」
- 8 **from God** 「神(の御心)から出ている」
- 23 **to weave rugs of straw, in patterns and in colours and with ornamental designs** 「柄や色付けや装飾的な意匠をつけて麦わらの敷物を編むこと」
- 15 7 **Baghdad** [bə'ɡdæd] (=Bagdad) 「バグダッド」 イラクの首都, 人口約220万(1970). 古くから栄え, 歴史的, 文化的遺産に富む.
- came upon** <come upon=come across=meet or discover, esp. by chance (LDCE)>
- 13 **were being held** 「収容されていた」
- 15 **making sport of it** 「そのことを楽しんでいた」 sport=fun, amusement *it i.e. killing the fattest of the men... the leanest of them*
- 18 **his life was spared** 「命だけは助かった」 Cf. Save me. (命ばかりはお助けください)
- 16 4 **my son who is lost** 「行方不明の私の息子」
- 13 **to the company of his wife** 「彼の妻のいるところに」
- 15 **humbled himself before her** 「妻の前で謙虚な態度をとった」
- 17 **My love** 「ねえ, おまえ」 夫婦・恋人同士などの間での愛情をこめた呼びかけ。

### *The Use of Force*

往診を頼まれた医者が患者の家につく。両親はおろおろしながら、もう3日間娘の熱がひかないと言う。幼い美しい娘である。多分ジフテリアだろうと見当をつけて、娘の喉を見ようとするが、彼女はがんとして