

## (9) THE PIMIENTA PANCAKES

### [九]鍋餅之戀

While we were rounding up a bunch of the Triangle-O cattle in the Frio bottoms a projecting branch of a dead mesquite caught my wooden stirrup and gave my ankle a wrench that laid me up in camp for a week.

我們在冷河谷地趕集一群三角圓圈牧場的牛隻的時候，我的馬蹬子卡到一棵枯掉的美士凱樹枝子，一跤把我的腳踝子扭傷，使得我不得不在營裏修養一星期。

On the third day of my compulsory idleness I crawled out near the grub wagon, and reclined helpless under the conversational fire of Judson Odom, the camp cook. Jud was a monologist by nature, whom Destiny, with customary blundering, had set in a profession wherein he was bereaved, for the greater portion of his time, of an audience.

在我強迫在營休息的第三天，我爬出營帳，勉強匍匐前進到餐車旁邊，靠著一棵樹半躺在地上，一面毫無選擇，任憑廚子歐酒雄跟我談天說地。酒雄是天生的一個自言自語的，老天爺也不知道是怎麼的照舊誤打誤撞，給了他這個職業，平常講話就沒甚麼聽眾。

Therefore, I was manna in the desert of Jud's obmutescence.

這麼一來，我成了酒雄的荒漠甘飴。

Betimes I was stirred by invalid longings for something to eat that did not come under the caption of 'grub.' I had visions of the maternal pantry 'deep as first love, and wild with all regret,' and then I asked:

我很快就感覺到一陣癢癢，直想吃不屬[正餐]的點心。我幻想起母親那種[望之渾然忘我，令人如痴如狂]的好手藝。於是我這麼說：

'Jud, can you make pancakes?'

[酒雄，你會做鍋餅嗎？]

Jud laid down his sixshooter, with which he was preparing to pound an antelope steak, and stood over me in what I felt to be a menacing attitude. He further indoreded my impression that his pose was resentful by fixing upon me with his light blue eyes a look of cold suspicion.

酒雄原來準備拿左輪槍敲一塊鹿肉排骨，他一聽我說，便把槍放下，走近來，高高地站在我旁邊在我看來是威脅的姿態。果然，他淺藍眼睛冷冷地瞪了我一眼狐疑，我明白他作這個姿態是在討厭我沒錯。

'Say, you,' he said, with candid, though not excessive, choler, 'did you mean that straight, or was

you trying to throw the gaff into me? Some of the boys been telling you about me and that pancake racket?'

[怎麼樣，]他說，狠狠地，雖然並不過份，[你是當真的還是要來戲弄我？那些人告訴過你有關我和鍋餅的糗事嗎？]

'No, Jud,' I said, sincerely, 'I meant it. It seems to me I'd swap my pony and saddle for a stack of buttered brown pancakes with some first crop, open kettle, New Orleans sweetening. Was there a story about pancakes?'

[沒有啊，酒雄，]我誠懇地說，[我是真的想吃。我寧可拿我的馬和鞍子去換鍋餅吃，一疊第一季麥子磨的粉，敞鍋煎得金黃，澆上黃澄澄的奶油，再加上新奧爾良甜漿。鍋餅還有故事嗎？]

Jud was mollified at once when he saw that I had not been dealing in allusions. He brought some mysterious bags and tin boxes from the grub wagon and set them in the shade of the hackberry where I lay reclined. I watched him as he began to arrange them leisurely and untie their many strings.

酒雄看到我是真心並無二意的時候，他馬上平靜下來。從餐車裏拿出一些神秘的袋子和錫鐵罐子，把它們擺在我靠著的那棵朴樹的樹陰裏。然後，慢條斯理的把它們安排停當，開始解開一大堆的絲繩。

'No, not a story,' said Jud, as he worked, 'but just the logical disclosures in the case of me and that pink-eyed snoozer from Mired Mule Canada and Miss Willella Learight. I don't mind telling you.

[不，不是故事，]酒雄邊工作邊說，[是發生在我和陷驛谷那個粉紅眼放羊的，和李薇雅小姐之間一段戀情的自然發展。我也不在乎把這段歷史講給你聽。

'I was punching then for old Bill Toomey, on the San Miguel. One day I gets all ensnared up in aspirations for to eat some canned grub that hasn't even mooed or baaed or grunted or been in peck measures. So, I gets on my bronc and pushed the wind for Uncle Emsley Telfair's store at the Pimienta Crossing on the Nueces.

[那時候，我是在聖米格那地方替老湯比爾牧牛。有一天，不知怎的，我饞得了不得，就想吃既不是會哞哞叫的牛，也不是會吧吧喊的羊，也不是會吭啞吭啞響的豬，也不是會鳴鳴啼的雞，只想得不聲不響的罐頭水果吃吃。我騎上馬，頂著風，朝牛爺河平茗津查安理叔叔開的雜貨店出發。

'About three in the afternoon I threw my bridle over a mesquite limb and walked the last twenty yards into Uncle Emsley's store. I got up on the counter and told Uncle Emsley that the signs pointed to the devastation of the fruit crop of the world. In a minute I had a bag of crackers

and a long-handled spoon, with an open can each of apricots and pineapples and cherries and green-gages beside of me with Uncle Emsley busy chopping away with the hatchet at the yellow clings. I was feeling like Adam before the apple stampede, and was digging my spurs into the side of the counter and working with my twenty-four-inch spoon when I happened to look out of the window into the yard of Uncle Emsley's house, which was next to the store.

[大概是下午三點吧，我到達目的地，把拴馬的繩子甩上一枝美士凱樹枝，走了最後的二十碼，進到安理叔叔的店鋪裏頭。坐上櫃檯之後，我跟安理叔叔講我想大大地吃一頓世間所有的水果。不一會兒，我的面前擺上一袋蘇打餅乾，一枝長柄調羹，然後杏子，鳳梨，櫻桃，和青梅，各開了一罐。安理叔叔在一旁拿著柴刀開那罐黃毛桃子。我的感覺好像是亞當在爲了吃蘋果亂成一團之前的光景，馬刺釘著櫃檯，舞著那枝兩呎長的調羹埋頭苦幹，直呼過癮，突然，我順著眼光看到窗子外面安理叔叔家的院子，也就是在雜貨店隔壁。

'There was a girl standing there -- an imported girl with fixings on -- philandering with a croquet maul and amusing herself by watching my style of encouraging the fruit canning industry.

[有個女孩站在那兒--一個外地來的女孩，打扮得花枝招展--手裏那著一枝捶球竿，在那裏眉目傳情，望著我大口吃罐頭水果出神。

'I slid off the counter and delivered up my shovel to Uncle Emsley.

[我一溜下了櫃檯，走到安理叔叔那裏，把剷鏟一般的調羹還給他。

"That's my niece," says he; "Miss Willella Learight, down from Palestine on a visit. Do you want that I should make you acquainted?"

[<那是我侄女，>他說，<李薇雅小姐，從巴勒斯坦來的。要我給你們介紹認識認識嗎？>

"The Holy Land," I says to myself, my thought milling some as I tried to run 'em into the corral. "Why not? There was sure angels in Pales -- Why yes, Uncle Emsley," I says out loud, "I'd be awful edified to meet Miss Learight."

[<聖靈之地，>我自言自語地說，想頭有點狂亂，須得像野馬一般把牠們趕進牢圈裏。<有何不可？巴勒斯坦真是有神仙一般的人物--啊，當然，安理叔叔。>我跟他說，<能與李小姐相識是我生平的大幸。>

'So Uncle Emsley took me out in the yard and gave us each other's entitlements.

[安理叔叔把我領到院子裏，然後把我們的名字互相介紹了一下。

'I never was shy about women. I never could understand why some men who can break a mustang before breakfast and shave in the dark, get all left-handed and full of perspiration and excuses when they see a bolt of calico draped around what belongs in it. Inside of eight minutes

me and Miss Willella was aggravating the croquet balls around as amiable as second cousins. She gave me a dig about the quantity of canned fruit I had eaten, and I got back at her, flat-footed, about how a certain lady named Eve started the fruit trouble in the first free-grass pasture -- "Over in Palestine, wasn't it" says I, as easy and pat as roping a one-year-old.

[我從來對女人就不會害羞。在早餐之前能馴服野馬，在黑地裏可以刮鬍子的男子漢大丈夫們，見了女人便坐立不安，渾身冒汗最令我無法理解。幾分鐘之內，我就和薇雅小姐捉對玩捶球，趕得捶球滿地跑，親密得好像堂兄妹一樣。她拿我大吃水果罐頭的模樣奚落我一陣，我也直截了當地還以顏色，說是有個叫夏娃的女士在世界首片的青青草原上挑起水果亂子，在那個叫<巴勒斯坦的地方，不是嗎？>我這麼說，易如反掌地好像在套一隻一歲的小牛一樣。

'That was how I acquired cordiality for the proximities of Miss Willella Learight; and the disposition grew larger as time passed. She was stopping at Pimienta Crossing for her health, which was very good, and for the climate, which was forty per cent hotter than Palestine. I rode over to see her once every week for a while; and then I figured if out that if I doubled the number of trips I would see her twice as often.

[我就是這樣子能接近李薇雅小姐而視為賞心悅事，這傾向又與時而具增。她是為了健康來到平茗津，這對她很好，也是為了這裏的天候，這裏的氣溫倒是比巴勒斯坦要高出許多。有一陣子，我每星期去看她一次；不久，我又加倍了探望的次數。

'One week I slipped in a third trip; and that's where the pancakes and the pink-eyed snoozer busted into the game.

[有一星期，我多跑了額外的一次，也就是在那次，鍋餅和那個粉紅眼放羊的參進了一腳。

'That evening, while I set on the counter with a peach and two damsons in my mouth, I asked Uncle Emsley how Miss Willella was.

[那天下午，我坐在櫃檯，一隻桃子和兩顆李子咬在嘴裏，我問安理叔叔薇雅小姐好。

"Why," says Uncle Emsley, "she's gone riding with Jackson Bird, the sheep man from over at Mired Mule Canada."

[<你問這個，>安理叔叔說，<她和那個陷驛谷的牧羊人鵝傑生騎馬出遊去了。>

'I swallowed the peach seed and the two damsons seeds. I guess somebody held the counter by the bridle while I got off; and then I walked out straight ahead till I butted against the mesquite where my roan was tied.

[我一聽，把那桃核和那兩顆李核囫圇吞到肚子裏去。我走出來的時候，一定有人扶住櫃

檯，它才沒有倒下去，我往前直走，一直走到我的頭撞到拴著我的馬的那棵美士凱樹。

“She’s gone riding,” I whispered in my bronc’s ear, “with Birdstone Jack, the hired mule from Sheep Man’s Canada. Did you get that, old Leather-and-Gallops?”

[<她騎馬出遊去了，>我在坐騎的耳朵裏小聲說，<和烏蛋傑克，那個羊人谷顧來的騾子。你聽到了嗎，老發泡趕路的？>

‘That bronc of mine wept, in his way. He’d been raised a cow pony and he didn’t care for snoozers.

[我的馬，有模有樣地哭了。因為牠從小就是要養大來牧牛的，所以不喜歡牧羊人。

‘I went back and said to Uncle Emsley: “Did you say a sheep man?”

[我回到店裏和安理叔叔說：<你是說牧羊人？>

“I said a sheep man,” says Uncle again. “You must have heard tell of Jackson Bird. He’s got eight sections of grazing and four thousand head of the finest Merinos south of the Arctic Circle.”

[<我是說牧羊人，>安理叔叔又說了一次。<你一定聽人家講過鶴傑生，他擁有八片牧地和四千頭北極圈以南最好的美玲瓏綿羊。

‘I went out and sat on the ground in the shade of the store and leaned against a prickly pear. I shifted sand into my boots with unthinking hands while I soliloquized a quantity about this bird with the Jackson plumage to his name.

[我走出雜貨店，就店屋陰影裏，靠著一棵仙人掌坐在地上。我像失去了頭神一樣，順手把地上的沙子抓起來往靴子裏篩，一面嘛，又自言自語地，嘮叨了這個名叫傑生的鳥兒一頓。

‘I never had believed in harming sheep men. I see one, one day, reading a Latin grammar on hossback, and I never touched him! They never irritated me like they do most cowmen. You wouldn’t go to work now, and impair and disfigure snoozers, would you, that eat on tables and wear little shoes and speak to you on subjects? I had always let ‘em pass, just as you would a jack-rabbit; with a polite word and a guess about the weather, but no stopping to swap canteens. I never thought it was worth while to be hostile with a snoozer. And because I’d been lenient, and let ‘em live, here was one going around riding with Miss Willella Learright!

[我從來就不覺得傷害牧羊人是應該的事情。有一天我看到一個騎在馬上讀拉丁文法，我連碰都沒碰他一下！儘管他們令許多牧牛人討厭，並不會令我心煩。這個時代一個人不會去工作的時候還要去傷害牧羊人吧，他們規規矩矩地靠著桌子坐，穿小鞋，跟你談天說地？我一向是隨他們便，就像讓一隻兔子自行其便一樣；說句客套話，或者談談天氣，可是

不會停下來乾一兩杯。我一向不值向牧羊人表示惡意。就是因為我仁慈，隨他們活下去，你看，現在就有個和薇雅小姊騎馬兜風去了。

‘An hour by sun they come loping back, and stopped at Uncle Emsley’s gate. The sheep person helped her off; and they stood throwing each other sentences all sprightly and sagacious for a while. And then this feathered Jackson flies up in his saddle and raises his little stewpot of a hat, and trots off in the direction of his mutton ranch. By this time I had turned the sand out of my boots and unpinned myself from the prickly pear; and by the time he gets half a mile out of Pimienta, I singlefoots up beside him on my bronc.

[看看日色是一小時之後的樣子，他們騎馬慢跑回來，停在安理叔叔的院門口。那個放羊的扶她下馬，彼此打情罵俏了一陣。然後嘛，這個長了毛的傑生跳上馬，舉起他頂著的湯鍋模樣的帽子，往他的羊肉牧場慢跑回去。我在一旁靜悄悄的，靴子裏的沙也倒了出來，脫離了仙人掌樹，在他還沒有走出平茗津半哩遠，輕騎趕上了他。

‘I said that snoozer was pink-eyed, but he wasn’t. His seeing arrangement was gray enough, but his eye-lashes was pink and his hair was sandy, and that gave you the idea. Sheep man -- he wasn’t more than a lambman, anyhow -- a little thing with his neck involved in a yellow silk handkerchief, and shoes tied up in bowknots.

[我剛剛說這個放羊的眼睛是粉紅色，事實上不是。他的視覺器官灰得很，只是睫毛是粉色，頭髮沙黃而已，反正就是這個樣。放綿羊的--他不比放小羊的大多少--脖子上圍著一塊黃色絲巾的小不點東西，鞋帶打蝴蝶結。

“Afternoon!” says I to him. “You now ride with a equestrian who is commonly called Dead-Moral-Certainty Judson, on account of the way I shoot. When I want a stranger to know me I always introduce myself before the draw, for I never did like to sake hands with ghosts.”

[<午安！>我跟他說。<你現在跟一個渾號叫準死無疑酒雄的騎士并駕齊驅，那是因為我的槍法的關係才有這個渾號。我要一個陌生人認識我的時候，我總是在拔槍之前先禮後兵，介紹一下自己，我的脾氣不怎麼喜歡和翹了腳的握手。>

“Ah,” says he, just like that -- “Ah, I’m glad to know you, Mr. Judson. I’m Jackson Bird, from over at the Mired Mule Ranch.”

[<啊，>他若無其事地說--<啊，很高興認識你，酒雄先生。我是鶉傑生，陷驛牧場來的。>

‘Just then one of my eyes saw a roadrunner skipping down the hill with a young tarantula in his bill, and the other eye noticed a rabbit-hawk sitting on a dead limb in a water-elm. I popped over one after the other with my forty-five just to show him. “Two out of three,” said I. “Birds just naturally seem to draw my fire wherever I go.”

[就在那時候，我一隻眼瞧到山腰裏跑出一隻快腿鳥，啄子裏啄了一隻毛絨絨大蜘蛛，另一隻眼睛嘛，看到一隻兔鳩坐在一株水榆樹的枯枝上。我拿起45口徑左輪手槍，乒乒兩下子就給牠們轟了個清潔溜溜，讓他見識見識。<三發兩中，>我說。<鳥兒們不論我到那兒，總是惹得我非給牠們薰薰子彈。>

“Nice shooting,” says the sheep man, without a flutter. “But don’t you sometimes ever miss the third shot? Elegant fine rain that was last week for the young grass, Mr. Judson,” says he.

[<槍法不賴，槍法不賴，>趕綿羊的說，連毛都沒抖一下。<可是你不經常三發其中的一發打不中嗎？上星期很端莊的雨，正好滋養新新的幼草，酒雄先生。>他說。

“Willie,” says I, riding over close to his palfrey, “your infatuated parents may have denounced you by the name of Jackson, but you sure moulted into a twittering Willie -- let us slough of this here analysis of rain and the elements, and get down to talk that is outside the vocabulary of parrots. That is a bad habit you have got of riding with young ladies over at Pimienta. I’ve known birds,” says I, “to be served on toast for less than that. Miss Willella,” says I, “don’t ever want any nest made out of sheep’s wool by a tomtit of the Jacksonian branch of ornithology. Now, are you going to quit, or do you wish for to gallop up against this Dead-Moral-Certainty attachment to my name, which is good for two hyphens and at least one set of funeral obsequies?”

[<威理，>我說，一面騎近他騎的那匹女士們騎的馬，<你的父母親可能叫你傑克生把你給叫壞了，依我看嘛，你只配縮成一隻脫了皮吱吱叫的威理--我們少來這個氣象分析，講話也別像鸚鵡一樣牙牙學語，直捷了當地說點有營養的話。你跟平茗津的女士們雙雙騎馬出遊是個壞習慣。我認識一些鳥兒，>我這麼說，<還沒做得那麼半點兒就被烤了上桌。薇雅小姐，>我說，<她不會喜歡拿傑克生族山雀養的綿羊毛來做巢。現在就給我老老實實講個明白，你是要給我乖乖住手，還是要和我這個渾號叫準死無疑的老漢拼命，我這個渾號足足有兩個連接線，外加上一大堆喪禮上說說唱唱的用語？>

‘Jackson Bird flushed up some, and then he laughed.

[鵝傑生臉紅了一下，然後他笑了起來。

“Why, Mr. Judson,” says he, “you’ve got the wrong idea. I’ve called on Miss Learight a few times, but not for the purpose you imagine. My object is purely a gastronomical one.”

[<哎呀，酒雄先生，>他說，<你看錯了。我找過李小姐幾次，但是爲的並非你所想像的。我的目的純是爲了肌腹之慾。>

‘I reached for my gun.

[我伸手準備拔槍。

“Any coyote,” says I, “that would boast of dishonorable--”

[<任何一隻會吹牛的土狼-->我這麼說。

“Wait a minute,” says this Bird, “till I explain. What would I do with a wife? If you ever saw that ranch of mine! I do my own cooking and mending. Eating -- that’s all the pleasure I get out of sheep raising. Mr. Judson, did you ever taste the pancakes that Miss Learight makes?”

[<且慢，且慢，>這隻鶉鳥說，<我先講給你聽。我要一個太太幹甚麼？你看過我的牧場就會知道！我自己煮飯，自己縫補衣服。吃--是我的牧羊生涯唯一的樂趣。酒雄先生，你嚐過李小姐做的鍋餅嗎？>

“Me? No,” I told him. “I never was advised that she was up to any culinary maneuvers.”

[<我？沒吃過，>我告訴他。<我從來就不知道她會甚麼廚藝。>

“They’re golden sunshine,” says he, “honey-browned by the ambrosial fire of Epicurus. I’d give two years of my life to get the recipe for making them pancakes. That’s what I went to see Miss Learight for,” says Jackson Bird, “but I haven’t been able to get it from her. It’s an old recipe that’s been in the family for seventy-five years. They hand it down from one generation to another, but they don’t give it away to outsiders. If I could get that recipe, so I could make them pancakes for myself on my ranch, I’d be a happy man,” says Bird.

[<它們像金色陽光，>他說，<由美食遠祖易癡鳩禮燒給神仙吃的爐火煎得蜜糖一樣的顏色。我寧可花兩年的時間來想辦法拿到做她們家鍋餅的配方。我找李小姐就是爲了這個，>鶉傑生這麼說，<可是呢，我一直沒辦法拿到。那是她家七十五年之久的祖傳密方。一代傳給下一代，絕不傳給外人。假如我能拿到這個秘密，自己來做鍋餅的話，就會成爲快樂的人，>鶉說。

“Are you sure,” I says to him, “That it ain’t the hand that mixes the pancakes that you’re after?”

[<你確定，>我說，<你要的不是那隻攪鍋餅的手嗎？>

“Sure,” says Jackson. “Miss Learight is a mighty nice girl, but I can assure you my intentions go no further than the gastro--” but he seen my hand going down to my holster and he changed his similitude -- “than the desire to procure a copy of the pancake recipe,” he finishes.

[<當然，>傑生說。<李小姐很不錯，不過我可以跟你保證我的意圖只不過爲了肌腹-->但是他看到我的手伸向槍套，趕緊換了一個形容詞--<爲了想拿到一份鍋餅的配方，>他這麼說完。

“you ain’t such a bad little man,” says I, trying to be fair. “I was thinking some of making orphans of your sheep, but I’ll let you fly away this time. But you stick to pancakes,” says I, “as close as the middle one of a stack; and don’t go and mistake sentiments for syrup, or there’ll be singing at your ranch, and you won’t hear it.”

[<你並不是我想像的那麼個糟糕的人，>我說，試圖合理一點。<我本來要想把你養的羊兒弄成孤兒羊的，我且饒你這一次。你只管專心你的鍋餅，>我說，<就一疊鍋餅的中間規規矩矩站好，不要越過來一點點，把感情當成糖漿來使用，否則，你的牧羊場會有人替你歌頌，你自己卻聽不到。>

“To convince you that I am sincere,” says the sheep man, “I’ll ask you to help me. Miss Learight and you being closer friends, maybe she would do for you what she wouldn’t for me. If you will get me a copy of that pancake recipe, I give you my word that I’ll never call upon her again.”

[<爲了讓你信服起見，>羊人說，<我要請你幫我的忙。李小姐和你是比較親近的朋友，她可能會爲你做些她不願爲我做的事。假如你能替我拿到那鍋餅配方，我跟你保證不再去拜訪她。>

“That’s fair,” I says, and I shook hands with Jackson Bird. “I’ll get it for you if I can, and glad to oblige.” And he turned off down the big pear flat on the Piedra, in the direction of Mired Mule; and I steered north-west for old Bill Toomey’s ranch.

[<這很公平，>我說，然後跟鶉傑生握手。<我會盡量替你拿。我樂意效勞。>他轉過馬頭走下皮爺莊的仙人掌叢，直向陷驛谷走去，我則轉向西北，朝老湯比爾的牧場而行。

‘It was five days afterward when I got another chance to ride over to Pimienta. Miss Willella and me passed a gratifying evening at Uncle Emsley’s. She sang some, and exasperated the piano quite a lot with quotations from the operas. I have imitations of a rattlesnake, and told her about Snaky McFee’s new way of skinning cows, and described the trip I made to Saint Louis once. We was getting along in one another’s estimations fine. Thinks I, if Jackson can now be persuaded to migrate, I win. I recollect his promise about the pancake recipe, and I thinks I will persuade it from Miss Willella and give it to him; and then if I catches Birdie off of Mired Mule again, I’ll make him hop the twig.

[五天之後我又去平茗津。薇雅小姐和我在安理叔叔的地方過了一個愉快的晚上。她又歌，又彈鋼琴，表演了一些歌劇裏的曲子，著實把鋼琴給折磨了一頓。我模仿響尾蛇，告訴她蛇仔麥克飛是怎麼剝牛皮的，然後又告訴她我到聖路易斯的那一次旅行。我們彼此很投契。我想，只要傑生能被說服走路的話，我就贏了。我想起鍋餅的誓言，於是乎決定從薇雅小姐把這鍋餅的秘密套出來給他，這麼一來，只要我再看到這個小鶉鳥兒在陷驛谷之外逗留的話，就有理由讓他吃不完兜著走。

‘So, along about ten o’clock, I put on a wheedling smile and says to Miss Willella: “Now, if there’s any sight I do like better than the sight of a red steer on green grass it’s the taste of a nice hot pancake smothered in sugarhouse molasses.”

[所以，在十點左右吧，我滿臉堆上諂媚的微笑跟薇雅小姐說，<假如有任何東西比青青草原上的一隻紅公牛還令我喜歡的話，只有煎得熱烘烘的鍋餅澆上粘稠稠的糖漿了。>

‘Miss Willella gives a little jump on the piano stool, and looked at me curious.

[薇雅小姐在鋼琴椅子上驚動了一下，奇怪地看了我一眼。

“‘Yes,” says she, “they’re real nice. What did you say was the name of that street in Saint Louis, Mr. Odom, where you lost your hat?”

[<噢，是的，>她說，<它們很好吃。你剛才說你在聖路易斯那一條街丟掉帽子的，歐先生？>

“‘Pancake Avenue,” says I, with a wink, to show her that I was on about the family recipe, and couldn’t be side-corralled off of the subject. “Come now, Miss Willella,” I says, “let’s hear how you make ‘em. Pancakes is just whirling in my head like wagon wheels. Start her off, now -- pound of flour, eight dozen eggs, and so on. How does the catalogue of constituents run?”

[<鍋餅街，>我回答說，一面跟她擠眼色，意思是跟她說我要的是那個祖傳秘方，不要顧左右而言它。<這樣子吧，薇雅小姐，>我說，<讓我們聽聽你是怎麼做的。鍋餅在我腦袋瓜裏團團轉，好比車輪子一樣。開始吧--一磅麵粉，八打雞蛋，然後呢。作料單子是怎麼個寫的？>

“‘Excuse me for a moment, please,” says Willella, and she gives me a quick kind of sideways look, and slides off the stool. She ambled out into the other room and directly Uncle Emsley comes in in his shirt sleeves, with a pitcher of water. He turns around to get a glass on the table, and I see a forty-five in his hip pocket. “Great post-holes!” thinks I, “but here’s a family thinks a heap of cooking recipes, protecting it with firearm. I’ve known outfits that wouldn’t do that much by a family feud.”

[<對不起，我得離開一下，>薇雅說，她側眼看了我一下，下了鋼琴椅子。她走進另一個房間，馬上安理叔叔就走進來，捲起袖子，一手拿著一瓶水。他轉過身去拿玻璃杯，後口袋裏露出一把45口徑手槍。<老天爺！>我這麼想，<這家人真是把食譜看得珍貴，拿起傢伙來保護。我看過人家，爲了家仇也沒這麼動刀拔槍的。>

“‘Drink this here down,” says Uncle Emsley, handing me the glass of water. “You’ve rid too far to-day, Jud, and got yourself over-excited. Try to think about something else now.”

[<把這個喝下去，>安理叔叔說，一面把那杯水給我。<你今天騎馬騎遠了，酒雄，有點激動。現在想點其它的事。>

“‘Do you know how to make them pancakes, Uncle Emsley?” I asked.

[<你知道怎麼做鍋餅嗎？>我問他。

“‘Well, I’m not as apprised in the anatomy of them as some,” says Uncle Emsley, “but I reckon

you take a sifter of plaster of paris and a little dough and saleratus and corn meal, and mix 'em with eggs and buttermilk as usual. Is old Bill going to ship beeves to Kansas City again this spring, Jud?"

[<我在鍋餅這方面不怎麼為人稱道，>安理叔叔說，<不過在我看嘛，拿個巴黎石膏篩子篩點麵粉，加上一點蘇打粉，一點玉米粉，然後照舊攪上雞蛋和奶油，老比爾今年春還要趕肉牛到堪薩斯城去嗎，酒雄？>

"That was all the pancake specifications I could get that night. I didn't wonder that Jackson Bird found it uphill work. So I dropped the subject and talked with Uncle Emsley a while about hollow-horn and cyclones. And then Miss Willella came and said "Good-night." and I hit the breeze for the ranch.

[那是當天晚上我在挖掘鍋餅秘密上的唯一進展。難怪鶴傑生是在逆水行舟。我放棄了這話題，和安理叔叔胡言亂蓋了一陣。然後薇雅小姐進來說<再見。>我便往牧場喝西北風去了。

"About a week afterward I met Jackson Bird riding out of Pimienta as I rode in, and we stopped in the road for a few frivolous remarks.

[大約一星期之後吧，我在平茗津碰到鶴傑生，那時候我正要進鎮去，他正要出來，我們倆在途中駐了馬，胡亂地寒暄一陣子。

"Got the bill of particulars for them flap-jacks yet?" I asked him.

[<拿到大鍋餅的明細單了嗎？>我問他。

"Well, no," says Jackson. "I don't seem to have any success in getting hold of it. Did you try?"

[<哇，沒有，>傑生說。<我並沒甚麼進展。你試了嗎？>

"I did," says I, "and 'twas like trying to dig a prairie dog out of his hole with a peanut hull. That pancake recipe must be a jooka-lorum, the way they hold on to it."

[<我試是試了，>我說，<就好像拿花生殼挖土撥鼠一樣困難。她們這樣子保守秘密，這食譜必定是她們家傳家之寶。>

"I'm 'most ready to give it up," says Jackson, so discouraged in his pronunciations that I felt sorry for him; "but I did want to know how to make them pancakes to eat on my lonely ranch," says he. "I lie awake at nights thinking how good they are."

[<我簡直要放棄了，>傑生說，語氣十分沮喪，我替他難過，<可是嘛，我真想要知道怎麼做那鍋餅在我寂寞的牧場吃，>他說。<我整個晚上想它們，徹夜難眠。>

“You keep on trying for it,” I tells him, “and I’ll do the same. One of us is bound to get a rope over its horns before long. Well, so-long, Jacksy.”

[<你繼續努力，>我告訴他，<我也這麼做。我們其中之一遲早要把它給套著。好吧，再見，傑老弟。>

‘You see, by this time we was on the peacefulest of terms. When I saw that he wasn’t after Miss Willella I had more endurable contemplations of that sandy-haired snoozer. In order to help out the ambitions of his appetite I kept on trying to get that recipe from Miss Willella. But every time I would say “pancakes” she would get sort of remote and fidgety about the eye, and try to change the subject. If I held her to it she would slide out and round up Uncle Emsley with his pitcher of water and hip-pocket howitzer.

[你瞧，這時候我們關係最好不過。我知道他的主意不在薇雅小姐的時候，我對這個土黃髮色的牧羊人較能容忍。爲了迎合他的食慾，我繼續努力從薇雅小姐套那個秘方。可是呢，每當我一題<鍋餅>兩字，她的眼色馬上變得不安而疏遠，而且試圖改變話題。我再堅持，她就會溜出去叫安理叔叔來，一手拿瓶水，後口袋插著他的平射砲。

‘One day I galloped over to the store with a fine bunch of blue verbenas that I cut out of a herd of wild flowers over on Poisoned Dog Prairie. Uncle Emsley looked at ‘em with one eye shut and says:

[有一天，我聘馳到安理叔叔店裏，拿了我在毒狗草原割下的一叢很好看的藍美女櫻花。安理叔叔看了之後，睜一隻眼，閉一隻眼地跟我說：

“Haven’t ye heard the news?”

[<你聽到新聞了嗎？>

“Cattle up?” I asks.

[<怎麼了？>我問。

“Willella and Jackson Bird was married in Palestine yesterday,” says he. “Just got a letter this morning.”

[<薇雅和鶴傑生昨天在巴勒斯坦結婚了，>他說。<我今天早上才接到她們的信。>

‘I dropped them flowers in a cracker-barrel, and let the news trickle in my ears and down toward my upper left-hand shirt pocket until it got to my feet.

[我把花一把丟進餅乾桶裏面，讓這新聞從耳朵裏進去，一直到我左口袋，然後再傳到我的雙腳。

“Would you mind saying that over again once more, Uncle Emsley?” says I. “Maybe my hearing has got wrong, and you only said that prime heifers was 4.80 on the hoof, or something like that.”

[<能不能請你再說一次，安理叔叔？>我說。<也許我的聽覺有問題，你只是說上好牡牛一頭四塊八毛，或者甚麼類似的事情。>

“Married yesterday,” says Uncle Emsley, “and gone to Waco and Niagara Falls on a wedding tour. Why, didn’t you see none of the signs all along? Jackson Bird has been courting Willella ever since that day he took her out riding.”

[<昨天結婚了，>安理叔叔說，<正在汪軻和尼加拉大瀑布做蜜月旅行。怎麼樣，你難到一直沒注意跡象嗎？自從鶉傑生邀薇雅騎馬出遊那天起，他一直在追求她。>

“Then,” says I, in a kind of a yell, “what was all this zizzaparoola he gives me about pancakes? Tell me that.”

[<這麼的話，>我說，連吼帶叫地，<他告訴我有關鍋餅的事到底是甚麼狗屁？告訴我。>

“When I said ‘pancakes’ Uncle Emsley sort of dodged and stepped back.

[我說<鍋餅>兩字的時候，安理叔叔躲了一下，而退了一步。

“Somebody’s been dealing me pancakes from the bottom of the deck,” I says, “and I’ll find out. I believe you know. Talk up,” says I, “or we’ll mix a panful of batter right here.”

[<有人在玩我鍋餅的把戲，>我說，<我要弄個清楚。我相信你知道。給我講清楚，>我說，<否則我們要在這兒攪一鍋麵團。>

“I slid over the counter after Uncle Emsley. He grabbed at his gun, but it was in a drawer, and he missed it two inches. I got him by the front of his shirt and shoved him in a corner.

[我從櫃檯上溜過去追安理叔叔。他想拿他的手槍，但是槍在抽屜裏，差了兩吋沒拿到。我一把抓住他襯衫胸口，把他給逼在牆角。

“Talk pancakes,” says I, “or be made into one. Does Miss Willella make ‘em?”

[<把鍋餅的事講給我聽，>我說，<否則，你會被砸成一個。薇雅小姐做鍋餅嗎？>

“She never made one in her life and I never saw one,” says Uncle Emsley, soothing. “Calm down now, Jud -- calm down. You’ve got excited, and that wound in your head is contaminating your sense of intelligence. Try not to think about pancakes.”

[<她從來沒做過半個，我也從來沒看過她做一個，>安理叔叔說，一面想讓我靜下來。<安

靜下來，酒雄，安靜下來。你激動了，你的頭傷影響了你的智慧。試試不要去想鍋餅。>

“Uncle Emsley,” says I, “I’m not wounded in th head except so far as my natural cogitative instincts run to runts. Jackson Bird told me he was calling on Miss Willella for the purpose of finding out her system of producing pancakes, and he asked me to help him get the bill of lading of the ingredients. I done so, with the results as you see. Have I been sodded down with Johnson grass by a pink-eyed snoozer, or what?”

[<安理叔叔，>我說，<我的頭並沒傷過，只不過我現在的自然知覺反射見了鬼了。鶉傑生告訴我他拜訪薇雅小姐的目的是要拿她做鍋餅的食譜，而且要求我幫忙他取得作料的配方。我照著做了，你也看到怎麼了。我難道被一個粉紅眼牧羊的拿降生草坑掉了不成？>

“Slack up your grip on my dress shirt,” says Uncle Emsley, “and I’ll tell you. Yes, it looks like Jackson Bird has gone and humbugged you some. The day after he went riding with Willella he came back and told me and her to watch out for you whenever you go to talking about pancakes. He said you was in camp once where they was cooking flapjacks, and one of the fellows cut you over the head with a frying pan. Jackson said that whenever you got over-hot or excited that would hurt you and made you kind of crazy, and you went raving about pancakes. He told us to just get you worked off of the subject and soothed down, and you wouldn’t be dangerous. So, me and Willella done the best by you we knew how. Well, well,” says Uncle Emsley, “that Jackson Bird is sure a seldom kind of a snoozer.”

[<把你抓著我的襯衫的手鬆開，>安理叔叔說，<我跟你講。是的，看起來鶉傑生是把你給騙了。他和薇雅騎馬出遊那天，他回來告訴我和她，要我們小心你提到鍋餅。他說，有一回你在營裏的時候，他們在做大鍋餅，其中有一個不小心拿鍋子把你的頭給砸了。傑生說，每當你過火或激動的時候，那個頭傷就會復發，讓你瘋狂，會嚷著鍋餅。他告訴我們，只要想办法讓你轉移話題，靜下來便沒事。所以嘛，我和薇雅都盡力而爲了。這個，這個，>安理叔叔說，<那個鶉傑生可真是個了不起的放羊的。>

‘During the progress of Jud’s story he had been slowly but deftly combining certain portions of the contents of his sacks and cans. Toward the close of it he set before me the finished product -- a pair of red-hot, rich-hued pancakes on a tin plate. From some secret hoarding place he also brought a lump of excellent butter and a bottle of golden syrup.

在他一邊說故事的同時，他慢慢卻熟練地把袋子罐子裏的東西調合起來。故事說完的時候，他把成品承獻我面前--一對紅熱，顏色深濃的鍋餅放在錫鐵盤裏。又從不知道甚麼寶貝地方，拿出一團上好的奶油和一瓶金色糖漿。

‘How long ago did these things happen?’ I asked him.

[這些事是多久之前發生的？]我問他。

‘Three years,’ said Jud. ‘They’re living on the Mired Mule Ranch now. But I haven’t seen either

of ‘em since. They say Jackson Bird was fixing his ranch up fine with rocking chairs and window curtains all the time he was putting me up the pancake tree. Oh, I got over it after a while. But the boys kept the racket up.’

[三年了，]酒雄說。[他們現在住在陷驛牧場。但是自從那次以後，我就一直沒再看過他們。人們說，鶴傑生在搞我鍋餅飛機的時候，他一直在整理牧場，安置搖椅啦，窗簾啦，甚麼的。嗯，我過後不久就沒甚麼了。可是這些人不停地提起我的糗事。]

‘Did you make these cakes by the famous recipe?’ I asked.

[你這鍋餅是照那著名的配方做的嗎？]

‘Didn’t I tell you there wasn’t no recipe?’ said Jud. ‘The boys hollered pancakes till they got pancake hungry, and I cut this recipe out of a newspaper. How does the truck taste?’

[我不是跟你講跟本就沒有甚麼食譜嗎？>酒雄說。<這些人吼吼叫叫一直到他們真的想吃起鍋餅，我是從報紙上看到這食譜，把它剪下來的。這垃圾吃起來怎樣？]

‘They’re delicious,’ I answered. ‘Why don’t you have some, too, Jud?’ I was sure I heard a sigh.

[它們好吃得很，]我回答。[你怎麼不也吃一點，酒雄？]我敢說我聽到嘆息之聲。

‘Me?’ said Jud. ‘I don’t never eat ‘em.’

[我？]酒雄說。[我從來不碰它們。]