

27: The Lottery (1948)

by Shirley Jackson

【二十七】抽籤 – 傑克生著

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 2nd. But in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

六月二十七號早晨天氣晴朗，陽光普照，開啓了一個漫長而新鮮的溫暖夏日；花開萬朵，碧草如茵。村子裏的人們十點鐘左右開始聚集在郵局與銀行之間的廣場上；在有些鎮，人這麼多，抽籤要進行兩天，而必須提前在二號舉行。但是在這個村子，人口只有三百左右，抽籤從頭到尾只須兩小時不到，所以早晨十點鐘開始，還能在中飯之前結束，好讓村民回家吃飯。

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play. And their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix – the villagers pronounced this name “Dellacroy” – eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys and the very small children rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

當然，小孩子們首先集合起來。學校剛放暑假，他們大多數對這個最近的解放還不怎麼自在；他們通常靜悄悄地聚集在一起一陣子之後，然後才大聲地玩鬧。講話還是關於教室和老師，書本，和怎麼被老師們責罵的。馬布帛已經把口袋塞滿了石頭，其他小男孩也如法炮製，從地上挑選最光滑，最圓的石頭；布帛，瓊哈利，和迪地奇 – 村子的人把這個姓唸成“迪拉可以” – 早在廣場一角纍積一大堆的石頭，守在那裏不讓其他男孩來搶。女孩子們站在另一邊，自己在那邊講話，一邊轉頭來看男孩子，最小的小孩滾在塵土裏面，或者牽著哥哥或姐姐的手。

Soon the men began to gather, surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

隨即，男人們開始聚合，一邊注意自己的小孩，一邊談耕作，下雨，耕耘機，和付稅的事情。他們遠遠地離開那堆石頭站在那個角落，小聲地開著玩笑，微笑而不放聲大笑。女人家們穿著褪色的家常衣裳和毛衣，很快也跟著來到。她們彼此寒暄，閒話一陣子之後，然後各自去到自己先生那裏。她們在先生身邊開始呼喚小孩們，小孩們心不甘情不願地有些要叫四五次之後才過來。馬布帛躲過他媽媽要抓他的手，一邊笑著跑回那堆石頭那裏。於是他爸爸大聲地提起嗓子，布帛才靜悄悄地走回來，站在他父親和最大的哥哥中間。

The lottery was conducted – as were the square dances, the teen club, the Halloween program – by Mr. Summers, who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him, because he had no children and his wife was scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called, “Littles late today, folks.” The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool, and when Mr. Summers said, “Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?” there was a hesitation before two men, Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

抽籤是由 – 就如同跳方塊舞的舞會，少年聚會，以及萬聖節節目一樣 – 杉木先生主持的，他有工夫和精力奉獻於公所舉辦的活動。他的臉圓圓的，快快活活的，經營煤炭生意，人們看他可憐，因為他沒有孩子，而且太太是個泰山壓頂，有三寸不爛之舌的人物。他拿著那個黑盒子來到廣場的時候，村民低沉默默地閒聊，他跟村民揮手說，“今天遲了一點，同鄉。”郵差谷銳福先生跟著他，手裏拿著一支三腳凳子，凳子被擺到廣場中心點，杉木先生把黑盒子放到凳子上。村民們讓開，保持與那凳子之間有一段距離，於是杉木先生發言，“你們之中哪位幫忙我一下？”村民有點遲疑，不久兩個男人，馬先生和他的兒子巴可士，向前扶住那個盒子。杉木先生伸手把盒子裏的紙條攪混均勻。

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. The black box grew shabbier each year: by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

抽籤的原始行頭早就不見了，連現在放在凳子上這個，都是在鎮裏最老的王老頭出生之前啓用的。杉木先生經常跟鎮裏的人提起要換一個新盒子的事情，可是呢，沒有一個人願意搞亂即使是這隻黑盒子所代表的傳統。有人傳聞現在這個盒子有些木條是它的前身所留下來的，也就是這個鎮最早的移民來到的時候所做的那個。年復一年，抽籤之後，杉木先生就跟大家講新盒子的事，也是年復一年，這話題被當成耳邊風，不了了之。年復一年，盒子越見襤褸：到現在，它已經不是全黑色的了，有一邊嚴重破損，連下面的木頭都看到了，有些地方油漆褪了，或者污損了。

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

馬先生和他的大兒子巴可士牢牢把盒子按在凳子上，等到杉木先生用手把盒子裏的紙條完全攪混均勻。因為這儀式很多細節都遺忘了或者摒棄不用了，杉木先生得以用紙條來代替以往一代接著一代所使用的小木片。杉木先生的論點是村子小的時候，沒什麼問題，但是呢，人口超過三百又要繼續增長的時候，必須要使用比較容易放到盒子裏面的東西。抽籤前一夜，杉木先生和谷銳福先生做好這些紙條把它們放到盒子裏，然後擺到杉木先生煤炭公司的保險箱裏面鎖好，一直到隔一天早上，杉木先生再把它拿出來到廣場。一年四季其他時候，盒子就閑擺著，或者這裏，或者那裏；有一年在谷銳福先生的穀倉裏過過，又有一年在郵局腳踏下面過過，有時候在馬氏雜貨店的貨架上，就那麼擺著。

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up—of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

杉木先生宣佈抽籤正式開始之前，繁文縟節很多。要做很多表—家長表，同住者頭家表，每家各處同住人員清單。杉木先生要正式宣誓，這個由這位郵差監誓，然後才成爲正式的抽籤官；有人還記得，以前，抽籤官還要喃喃地唸誦什麼，年復一年，唸一個依樣畫葫蘆單單調調的唸誦詞；有些人相信抽籤官唸誦的時候只需要這麼站著，又有些人相信他唸誦的時候，應該走在人群之中，但是呢，很多年很多年之前，這部分的細節就白白讓它忽略過去了。以前，又有一種儀式性的行禮，那是抽籤官必須向每個上來抽籤的人行的禮，但是這部分也與時改變了，一直到目前，抽籤官向每一個上來的人講話就夠了。杉木先生在這方面極爲內行；他穿著潔白襯衫，藍色牛仔褲，一手漫不經心地靠在黑盒子上面，他跟谷銳福先生和馬家父子不停講話的時候，看起來像在牛刀小試，亮他的看家本領，極有他的風度和威嚴。

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on, "and then I looked out the window and the kids was gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

正當杉木先生終於停止講話，轉向聚集的村民的時候，賀太太匆忙地由那條走道走到廣場，毛衣披在肩膀上，擠進人衆後頭。“把今天是什麼日子忘得一乾二淨，”她跟站在身邊的迪太太講，兩個人都低聲地笑。“還以為老伴在外面堆木柴，”賀太太繼續說，“然後看到窗子外面，小孩不在了，之後我才想起今天是二十七號，於是趕快跑來。”她把手在圍裙上擦乾，然後迪太太說，“妳沒遲到，其實。他們還在那裏窮講話。”

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through; two or three people said, in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your Mrs., Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully, "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now, would you, Joe?" and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

賀太太左右仰起脖子探頭看，透過人群，看到她先生和孩子站在前面的地方。她把迪太太手臂拍了拍算是說再見，然後擠過人衆向前走。人衆好端端地讓開好讓她走過；兩三位把嗓門拉開讓在場的能聽見說，“賀先生，你太太來了，”也有人說，“比爾，她終於趕上了。”賀太太走到她先生那裏，杉木先生已經等了一下子，然後高興地說，“還以為我們等不得妳就要進行了呢，忒西。”賀太太笑著回答，“不願意讓我把盤子留在洗碗盆放著不洗，是嗎，喬？”大家一聽都輕聲地笑，一面移回原來的位罝。

"Well, now," Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

“呃，現在，”杉木先生一本正經地說，“我們該開始了吧，把這個完結，大家都可以回去工作。什麼人不在這裏？”

"Dunbar," several people said. "Dunbar, Dunbar."

“敦巴，”有人說。“敦巴，敦巴。”

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar," he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

杉木先生看了看他的表。“克萊敦巴，”他說。“是的。他把腳折斷了，不是嗎？誰替他來抽籤？”

"Me, I guess," a woman said, and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband," Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and

everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

“是我，看起來，”一個女人說，杉木先生轉頭看她。“太太替先生抽籤，”杉木先生道。“妳有沒有長大的兒子能替妳抽的，珍妮？”事實上杉木先生和在場所有村民都清楚得很，只是礙在抽籤這檔事的官方作業，才必須這麼一板一眼的問。杉木先生表情禮貌地等著敦巴太太回答。

“Horace’s not but sixteen yet,” Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. “Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year.”

“胡瑞還不滿十六歲，”敦巴太太抱歉地說。“我想今年我必須替老頭子做這檔事。”

“Right,” Mr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, “Watson boy drawing this year?”

“說得對，”杉木先生回答。他在手裏拿著表上記了一下。然後問說，“華生男孩今年抽籤嗎？”

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. “Here,” he said. “I’m drawing for m’mother and me.” He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like “Good fellow, Jack,” and “Glad to see your mother’s got a man to do it.”

一位高個子的男孩舉起手。“在這裏，”他說。“我替我媽媽和我自己。”人眾裏頭有些人講“好家夥，傑克，”或者“很高興看到你媽媽有個男人替她做這個”的時候，他的眼睛有點緊張地睜睜眨眨，低下頭去。

“Well,” Mr. Summers said, “guess that’s everyone. Old Man Warner make it?”

“這麼樣，”杉木先生講，“我想全都來齊了。王老頭來了嗎？”

“Here,” a voice said, and Mr. Summers nodded.

“在這裏，”一個聲音回答他，杉木先生點點頭。

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. “All ready?” he called. “Now, I’ll read the names—heads of families first—and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?”

杉木先生清了一下喉嚨，開始看手裏拿著表，這時候，人眾突然間安靜下來。“大家都準備好了嗎？”他大聲說。“現在，我要唸名字—首先是家長—家長上來從盒子拿出一張紙條。紙條必須保持摺疊好不能看，一直到每個人都拿了才能打開看。大家都明白了嗎？”

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions; most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, “Adams.” A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. “Hi, Steve,” Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said, “Hi, Joe.” They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went

hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

這些人已經做過好幾次了，只是馬馬虎虎聽著指示；大部分的人安安靜靜地，舌頭舔著嘴唇，目不轉睛。之後杉木先生高高舉起一隻手，說，“亞當斯。”一個男人從人眾之中走出來。“嗨，史提夫，”杉木先生說，亞當斯先生回答他，“嗨，喬。”他們互相嚴肅而緊張地笑笑。然後亞當斯先生伸手到黑盒子裏面拿出一張摺疊的紙條。他緊緊把紙條拿住一角又快快轉身回到人眾裏面原來站立的地方，在那裏，他稍微與家人保持一點距離，沒有往下看他的手。

“Allen,” Mr. Summers said. “Anderson. . . . Bentham.”

“亞綸，”杉木先生說。“安德森 ... 本善。”

“Seems like there’s no time at all between lotteries any more,” Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row. “Seems like we got through with the last one only last week.”

“看起來一次抽籤與下一次抽籤之間根本沒什麼時間了，”迪太太跟谷銳福太太在人眾後排這麼說。“几乎是上星期才做完上次的抽籤。”

“Time sure goes fast,” Mrs. Graves said.

“真的時光易逝，”谷銳福太太講。

“Clark. . . . Delacroix.”

“克拉克 ... 迪拉科。”

“There goes my old man,” Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

“輪到我老公，”迪太太說。她先生往前走的時候，她摒住了呼吸。

“Dunbar,” Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said, “Go on, Janey,” and another said, “There she goes.”

“敦巴，”杉木又說，這時候敦巴太太穩穩走到盒子那裏，有個女人說，“加油，珍妮，”又有另外一個說，“她真了不起。”

“We’re next,” Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely, and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hands, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

“我們是下一個，”谷銳福太太說。她看著谷銳福先生從盒子那邊走過來，跟杉木先生嚴肅地打聲招呼，然後從盒子裏面選了一張紙條。到現在，人眾之中已經有許多大大的手掌裏面拿著摺疊的紙條，緊張地在手裏捏來捏去。敦巴太太和兩個兒子站在一起，手裏拿著紙條。

“Harburt. . . . Hutchinson.”

“賀巴 ... 赫金生。”

“Get up there, Bill,” Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed.

“上去，比爾，”賀金生太太說，她旁邊的幾個人笑了。

“Jones.”

“瓊斯。”

“They do say,” Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, “that over in the north village they’re talking of giving up the lottery.”

“有人真的講，”亞當斯先生跟站在旁邊的王老頭說，“在北邊那個村莊，他們在提捐棄抽籤的事。”

Old Man Warner snorted. “Pack of crazy fools,” he said. “Listening to the young folks, nothing’s good enough for them. Next thing you know, they’ll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live that way for a while. Used to be a saying about ‘Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.’ First thing you know, we’d all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There’s always been a lottery,” he added petulantly. “Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody.”

王老頭鼻子哼了一聲。“一群瘋狂的傻瓜，”他說。“聽那些年輕人，沒有一件事令他們滿意的。突然間，他們要回到山洞裏面去住了，不再工作，這樣子生活一陣子。以前有句話說‘六月裏抽籤，玉米快成熟。’突然間，我們都要跟公雞一樣煮雞菜當菜吃，撿橡子當飯吃了。一直就有抽籤這回事的，”他發脾地氣說。“看年輕的杉木喬在臺上和大家說說笑笑，不把他當成一回正經事，已經是夠糟糕的了。”

“Some places have already quit lotteries,” Mrs. Adams said.

“在有些地方他們已經不抽籤了，”亞當斯太太講。

“Nothing but trouble in that,” Old Man Warner said stoutly. “Pack of young fools.”

“那是純粹自找麻煩，”王老頭固執堅決地說。“一群年輕的笨蛋。”

“Martin.” And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. “Overdyke. . . . Percy.”

“馬丁。”馬布帛看他爸爸走向前。“歐迪克...裴西。”

“I wish they’d hurry,” Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. “I wish they’d hurry.”

“真希望他們趕快，”敦巴太太跟大兒子說。“真希望他們趕快。”

“They’re almost through,” her son said.

“他們快完了，”她兒子說。

“You get ready to run tell Dad,” Mrs. Dunbar said.

“準備跑去告訴你爸，”敦巴太太說。

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, “Warner.”

杉木先生喊自己的名字然後胸有成竹地向前走，從盒子裏面選了一張紙條。然後他叫，“王。”

“Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery,” Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd.

“Seventy-seventh time.”

“我抽籤七十七年，”王老頭走過人群一面說。“七十七次了。”

“Watson.” The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, “Don’t be nervous, Jack,” and Mr. Summers said, “Take your time, son.”

“華生。”那個高高個子的男孩彳亍地從人群之中走過。有人說，“不要緊張，傑克，”杉木先生也說，“慢慢來，兒子。”

“Zanini.”

“詹尼。”

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, “All right, fellows.” For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saying, “Who is it?” “Who’s got it?” “Is it the Dunbars?” “Is it the Watsons?” Then the voices began to say, “It’s Hutchinson. It’s Bill,” “Bill Hutchinson’s got it.”

之後，很長的一陣暫停，衆人都屏住氣的暫停，一直到杉木先生舉起手裏拿著他自己的紙條，說道，“好，同鄉。”整整一分鐘，沒有人動彈，之後，所有的紙條都打開了。突然間，在場所有女人異口同聲地說，“是誰？”“誰抽到了？”“敦巴嗎？”“華生嗎？”然後不久雜七雜八的眾口又開始說，“是賀金生。比爾，”“比爾賀金生抽到了。”

“Go tell your father,” Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

“去跟你爸爸講，”敦巴太太告訴他大兒子。

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers, “You didn’t give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn’t fair!”

人們開始轉頭看賀家的人。比爾賀金生靜悄悄站著，低頭望著手裏的紙條。突然間，忒西賀金生跟杉木先生大叫，“你沒有給他足夠時間去選他要的紙條。我看到的。不公平！”

“Be a good sport, Tessie,” Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, “All of us took the same chance.”

“安分點，忒西，”迪太太這麼叫，谷銳福太太也說，“我們大家都是一樣的勾當。”

“Shut up, Tessie,” Bill Hutchinson said.

“閉嘴，忒西，”比爾賀金生說。

“Well, everyone,” Mr. Summers said, “that was done pretty fast, and now we’ve got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time.” He consulted his next list. “Bill,” he said, “you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?”

“好的，諸位，”杉木先生說，“那個很快就完成了，現在起我們必須趕快一點兒才能及時完了。”他看看下一個表。“比爾，”他說，“你替賀家抽籤。賀金生家族裏你還有其他戶口嗎？”

“There’s Don and Eva,” Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. “Make them take their chance!”

“有唐和伊娃，”賀太太大叫。“叫他們也來加入！”

“Daughters draw with their husbands’ families, Tessie,” Mr. Summers said gently. “You know that as well as anyone else.”

“出嫁的女兒跟婆家抽，忒西，”杉木先生心平氣和地說。“妳我和任何其他人一樣都心裏明白。”

“It wasn’t fair,” Tessie said.

“不公平，”忒西說。

“I guess not, Joe,” Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. “My daughter draws with her husband’s family, that’s only fair. And I’ve got no other family except the kids.”

“我也認爲如此，喬，”賀比爾抱歉地說。“我女兒和她婆家抽，那個公平。我呢，除了小孩之外沒有其他家屬。”

“Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it’s you,” Mr. Summers said in explanation, “and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that’s you, too. Right?”

“這麼說，替親屬抽，是你的份，”杉木先生一頭跟他們解釋，“替同住一處的人抽，也是你的份。不是嗎？”

“Right,” Bill Hutchinson said.

“沒錯，”賀比爾說。

“How many kids, Bill?” Mr. Summers asked formally.

“幾個小孩，比爾？”杉木先生正式問道。

“Three,” Bill Hutchinson said. “There’s Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me.”

“三個，”賀比爾說。“那是小比爾，南西，小大衛。加上忒西和我。”

“All right, then,” Mr. Summers said. “Harry, you got their tickets back?”

“好了，這麼個，”杉木先生說。“哈利，你把他們的紙條拿回來了嗎？”

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. “Put them in the box, then,” Mr. Summers directed.

“Take Bill’s and put it in.”

谷銳福先生點點頭，把紙條拿起來給大家看。“那麼，把它們放到盒子裏，”杉木先生指示。

“I think we ought to start over,” Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. “I tell you it wasn’t fair. You didn’t give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that.”

“我想我們該重新做過，”賀太太說，一邊盡可能剋制自己不要高聲說。“告訴大家，這個不公平。你沒有允許他足夠的時間去選。大家都看見的。”

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box, and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground, where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

谷銳福先生已經選出那五張紙條把它們放進盒子，其餘的他丟在地下，都被一陣微風颳走了。

“Listen, everybody,” Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

“大家聽著，”賀太太跟她四周的人說。

“Ready, Bill?” Mr. Summers asked, and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children, nodded.

“準備好了嗎，比爾？”杉木先生問，賀比爾很快地環視一下他太太和小孩，點了點頭。

“Remember,” Mr. Summers said, “take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave.” Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. “Take a paper out of the box, Davy,” Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. “Take just one paper,” Mr. Summers said. “Harry, you hold it for him.” Mr. Graves took the child’s hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

“記住，”杉木先生說，“拿籤條，不要打開，一直等到所有人都拿了。哈利你幫忙小大衛。”谷銳福先生牽住小男孩的手，這小男孩乖乖心甘情願地跟著他到盒子那裏。“從盒子裏拿一個紙條出來，大衛。”杉木先生說。大衛把手伸進盒子笑了。“只拿一張，”杉木先生叮嚀他。“哈利，你替他拿住。”谷銳福先生抓住這小孩的手，把紙條從緊握的手心拿出來自己拿著，小大衛站在他身邊好奇地看著他。

“Nancy next,” Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward, switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box. “Bill, Jr.,” Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, nearly knocked the box over as he got a paper out. “Tessie,” Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly, and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

“南西，下一個，”杉木先生說。南西十二歲，她搖擺著裙子走向前的時候，她的朋友替她緊張，呼吸都沉著了，她從盒子裏嬌巧地拿出一張紙條。“小比爾，”杉木先生說，這時候小比爾呢，紅紅的臉，腳丫子又超大的，把紙條拿出來的時候差一點沒把盒子撞倒了。“忒西，”杉木先生說。她遲疑呢一會兒，忿忿不平地環視了一下，然後咬著嘴唇走到盒子那裏。她很快地拿出一張紙條放在身後。

“Bill,” Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

“比爾，”杉木先生說，賀比爾伸手到那個盒子裏撈了一撈，終於把手拿出來，拿著一張紙條。

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

群眾靜悄悄的。有個女孩低聲說，"我希望不是南希，"低的說話聲傳到群眾邊緣。

"It's not the way it used to be," Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be."

"不比往日，"王老頭清楚地說。"現在的人不比往日。"

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

"好，"杉木先生說。"把紙條打開。哈利，你打開小大衛的。"

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill, Jr., opened theirs at the same time, and both beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

谷銳福先生把紙條打開，群眾都一致鬆了一口氣，他把紙條高高拿在手上讓每個人都看得見紙條是空白的。南西和小比爾同時打開紙條，兩個人都喜形於色地笑了，他們轉向群眾把紙條高高拿在手裏。

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"忒西，"杉木先生說。有一陣子沒有動靜，然後杉木先生轉向賀比爾，比爾打開紙條然後給衆人看。是空的。

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper, Bill."

"是忒西，"杉木先生說，他把自己聲音壓低。"把她的紙條給我們看，比爾。"

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal-company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

賀比爾走到他太太那裏把她手裏拿的紙條硬拿過來。上面有個黑點，那是前一天晚上杉木先生在煤炭公司用一支大鉛筆畫的。賀比爾把紙條拿的高高的，群眾有些擾動。

"All right, folks," Mr. Summers said. "Let's finish quickly."

"好的，大家，"杉木先生說。"我們快快把事情了結。"

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Mrs. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

儘管村民忘掉了傳統儀式，而且原先的黑盒子也不見了，他們還記得如何丟石頭。早先男孩兒們撿起來放在一起的石頭已經備便；地上四處也有零零落落的石頭和黑盒子拿出來的紙條參雜一起。迪太太挑了一個大石頭，必須雙手才拿得起來，"來，"她轉身向敦巴太太說，"快點。"

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath. "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

敦巴太太雙手拿著小石子，一邊喘著氣說話。“我沒有辦法跑。妳先去，我隨後跟來。”

The children had stones already, and someone gave little Davy Hutchinson a few pebbles.

小孩子們都有了石頭，有一個小孩拿了一些小石頭給賀大衛。

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head.

忒西現在在人群之中一個空出來的地方的中心點，村民走向她的時候，她把雙手向著他們伸出來，明明知道沒有用，還是絕望狂亂地說。“不公平，”她說。一顆石頭打在她的頭一邊。

Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

王老頭說，“來呀，來呀，大家來呀。”亞當斯斯提夫在人群之首，谷銳福太太在他身邊。

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

“不公平，不公平，”賀太太大聲呼叫，然後眾人蜂擁而上。